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The Canadian Spectator.

Contents of Number Fifteen:

THE TIMES.
PREROGATIVES OF THE CROWN.
THE SILVER DOLLAR—A POPULAR DELUSION DISPELLED, by W. Brown.
A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM', by W. R. Greg.
SCIENCE AND THE EXODUS, by Dr. Dawson.
TEN THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.
THE FUTURE LIFE, by Christian.
INVENTIONS.
NINO BIXIO, by Evelyn Carrington.
THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT, by the author of "Patty."

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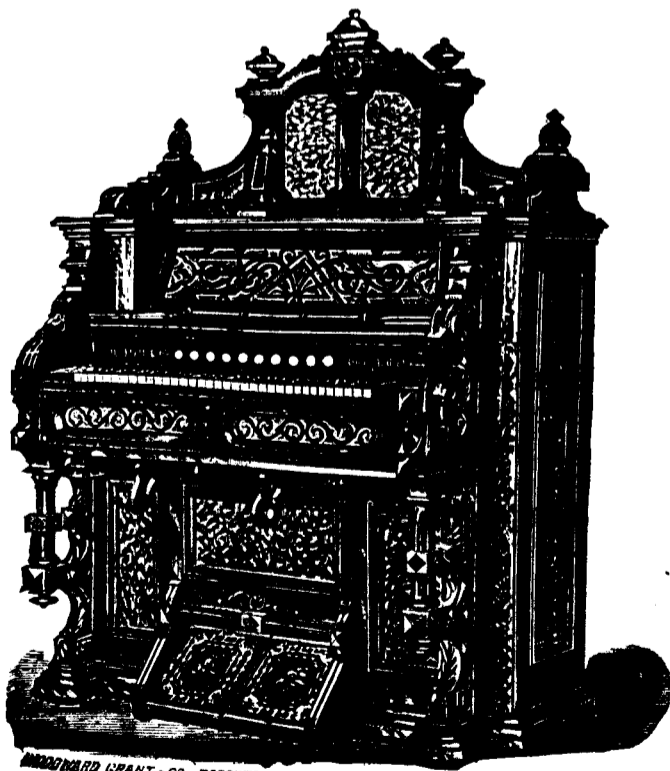
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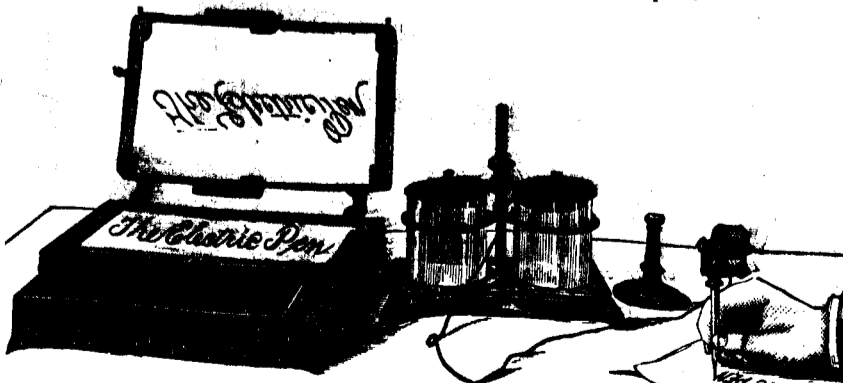
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THE TIMES.

The great debate on the Constitutional question has come off at Ottawa. It began nowhere, passed through Bedlam, and ended in nothing. It had been hoped by many that our Dominion wisdom in council would have analysed the question at issue and laid the thing fairly before us. We had looked for the debate with nervous anxiety. So had the Ministerialists, if Opposition surmises were correct. A cry had been raised that the act of M. Letellier was unconstitutional; and although most of those who made a splutter about it scarcely knew what it meant, still, the cry was good and worth keeping up. To the discussion in the House of Commons we looked for light. The discussion came—but not the light. Sir John A. Macdonald opened with a long speech upon a mild motion—a speech which the *Montreal Gazette* said was "remarkable for an absence of anything like warmth or party feeling. Step by step he traced the development of the British Constitutional system, every point being made calmly and judicially, and showed that even the precedents which had been cited from English history as justifying Mr. Letellier have all been condemned by the best authorities in England." But the *Herald* read it all in quite another way—said Sir John's citations were all against his motion, and that he only gave them to contradict them, and build the Constituion upon his own word. In truth, the *Gazette* exaggerates the value of Sir John's speech, while the *Herald* talks absolute nonsense about it. The speech, like the motion it was based upon, lacked directness of aim and argument. It left too much to be disputed and decided. But it was the only speech during the whole debate that helped in any way to judgment on the subject. Mr. Mackenzie made no effort to reply, or even to defend his Lieutenant-Governor from the grave charges brought against him. The Prime Minister accepted it as a party question and called for a party vote, when he should have put it on higher grounds. Mr. Bernard Devlin made a vigorous speech in which he contended for the independence of the Local Government within its own sphere. Quoth the *Herald*, "This he made to appear with the most perfect lucidity." Quoth the *Gazette*, it was "unmitigated rot." And then came the Bedlam phase of it—confusion worse confounded—politics gone mad, madder, maddest. And then—nothing, that is to say, a party vote.

The politicians of the Province of Quebec have taken their cue from Ottawa, and the "grave Constitutional question" has become a mere party issue. A Liberal dismissed the late Government, and the Liberals must declare the thing right, while the Conservatives must declare the thing wrong, subversive of all "rights of the Crown," opposed to the best interests of the people, &c. So it shall be a question of parties. No matter what the de Boucherville Government have done to bring the Province into a condition verging on bankruptcy; no matter although they have no better men and no better promise for the future, let every Conservative support his party. And it has come to this, that men will sell their reason, their rights, their conscience, their honour, their very manhood for a party. Government by party may, under some circumstances, be good, and it may be an unmitigated evil. It creates passion, and feeds the fire of it; it blinds men to what is right; it leads them to espouse a wrong cause, to compound a political felony, and smile at a mere misdemeanour; anything, in truth, for party. Few things can be more shameful, more unbecoming a reasoning man than such a course. It is degrading to voters and to those for whom they vote. We should care for measures, and the prosperity of the whole body politic.

The Jacques Cartier election case has been decided at last, and in favour of Mr. Laflamme. The charges brought against the Minister of Justice were very numerous. Some of them on the face of it looked grave—grave enough at any rate to make us feel and say that the Supreme Court should not delay its judgment. It was not a matter of small concern that the Minister of Justice should for months have a judgment suspending, or under deliberation. Now that the judgment is given we are satisfied, and are glad that Mr. Laflamme is not found guilty of the charges brought against him. Not on his own account alone—but on the ground of political morality. It need not be wondered at that hard words were used by Opposition papers, and hopes indulged in by those who favoured the petition. Hard and rough language is the fashion in our political circles, and although the *Toronto Globe* affects now and then to condemn it in a lofty sort of a way—that same *Globe* must be held responsible for much of the violence now manifested as between parties. The *Globe* exults over the decision of the Supreme Court, and it has some reason for it. The difference of opinion among the Judges was only on a minor point, and that in no way personal to Mr. Laflamme. But the shout of the *Globe* is like a paraphrastic rendering into politics the song of Jael's wife when she had driven a nail into the head of the sleeping Captain. The *Globe* should rejoice—but always with trembling.

It is a sad pity that so many complaints should have to be made in the House of Commons, and out of it, of the reports given in our newspapers. The way our reporting is done is simply the prostitution of a good and useful work. The difficulty arises from the fact that the reporters are instructed to write up their own party and to write down the other. They may abuse political opponents, misreport them or anything else with perfect impunity. In the country generally the reporter supposes that he has to exercise no discretion, but to publish every bit of news he can pick up. No matter what harm it may do, how distasteful it may be to the friends of those reported, out it goes to the public. The reporters themselves should try to keep a good name, and not be a nuisance. Failing that, newspaper proprietors and editors should be held responsible by the *public*.

The measures which Lord Beaconsfield's Government have taken from the time when our fleet entered Besika Bay, and led Turkey into a false belief that England would back her up in war, to the sailing of the fleet through the Dardanelles, the extraordinary votes of credit, and the calling out of the reserves, have to all appearances been more the policy of bluster than an intention to follow them up by actual declaration of war. The situation in Europe remains almost unchanged. The position to-day appears to be in the hands of Germany, who is exercising her influence to bring about, by diplomacy, what England has failed to do by the show of power, and noisy demonstrations in the metropolis. There can be no doubt that the vast majority of the English nation are not desirous of embarking on a war with Russia, and the Government may well hesitate before entering on a course which must lead to it, when they see such indications at home as a probable strike of 130,000 operatives and their dependent families, concentrated within a few miles of each other, or their being forced to desist from work by a lock-out. Such a large body of men and women, without the means of support, as would doubtless be the case, and provisions at war prices might cause serious disturbances and outbreaks. Distress at home; agrarian outrages in Ireland; fierce competition with foreign countries for trade, and the questionable opinion of the majority of the nation in favour of war, may perhaps prevent even so reckless a statesman as the present Prime Minister of the British Empire, from an undertaking of such disputable necessity and doubtful result, without an ally. It should be remembered that Russia single-handed twenty years ago, with a population of Serfs, fought England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia, for two years, all of whom suffered fearful hardships and humiliation at the commencement of the war; and after its termination counted but the capture of Sebastopol with the loss of Kars, the whole fruits of which war have long ago been swept away. To-day, Russia has a splendid system of railways, a free population, and a veteran army. She will only fight on her own ground, with resources to back her, without foreign supplies, perhaps second to no other country, for defensive warfare.

"A HEAVEN-BORN STATESMAN."

That there are men specially endowed with gifts of government there can be no question, any more than we can question that some men are specially gifted as to poetry, or music, or eloquence of speech, or philosophical or scientific research. But as many rhymesters are called poets, and many dull men are called eloquent, and many mere dreamers are called philosophers, and many mere dabblers in science get called scientific by the undiscerning crowd—so many a poor halting politician gets called and believed to be sent of heaven, or at least to have heaven on his side. Popular instincts often blunder. A man is held to be great when he is only suave, and governs by the power of smiles and familiar nods. Another is held to be great and wise because he is stern, speaks only now and then, and when he speaks is sententious. Another is taken to be a great politician when he simply has a boundless conceit, or a resistless ambition. In this world of men with half-opened eyes, the seeming is often taken for the real, and the merely blatant as the expounder of wisdom. The world is ordained to government; the need for kingship, some ruler, some man with natural capacity for guiding his fellows, is a fact of human consciousness, as truly as is immortality or the being of God. All devils are at the bottom of all being, and among them there is no kingship, no system, no organized rule. Above them the beast, with less fury, a little more light, and a faint shadow of rule. Above the beast, the most barbarous of men, each one a law to himself, all acknowledging a chief, it may be, in time of war, but the strongest of arm is the chief. As the masses rise in culture, in reverence for law and order, so do they recognise the demand for a responsible executive, who shall make right laws and justly administer them. The great *idea* is that the ablest man, that is, the wisest, the most peaceful, the most just, the most pious, shall give guidance to all those below him. Quite naturally we call God, the all of wisdom and justice and truth, by the highest name, KING—the German *König*, which means *can-ning*, able-man. So quite naturally did people get to acknowledge some kind of capacity as that which fitted a man to rule; he took the supreme place by right of his own nature. It seems natural and just that the man *able* to rule should be invested with all the symbols of rulership. But, as Carlyle puts it, "the finding of your able man, and getting him invested with the symbols of ability, with dignity, worship, royalty, kingship, or whatever we call it, so that *he* may actually have room to guide according to his faculty of doing it, is the business, well or ill accomplished, of all social procedure whatsoever in this world. Hastings speeches, parliamentary motions, Reform bills, French Revolutions, all mean at heart this, or else nothing. Find in any country the ablest man that exists there; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him: you have a perfect government for that country." That is so; for Mr. Carlyle is careful to say that by the ablest man he means the truest-hearted, the noblest and justest *man*. Human nature reverences great men, and often honours many a little one under the mistake that he is great. If mankind could have been content to seek for its great man until it had found him and then placed him in the place of power, it would have led the world quickly to its ideal state, and made of earth a very heaven of order and good rule. But wearying of the constant recurring need, it vested the power in a family, or in a class—a blunder always, yet a national one, since the nature of us tends to indifference, if not to laziness. But the world may not perpetuate a blunder long—God interferes. Supreme power vested in the able man makes of him a true king. Supreme power vested in the *unable* man makes of him a despot. And genius for government can no more be transmitted from parent to son than can the gifts of poetry or eloquence. So the King got to have one he called Prime Minister. The King wore the symbols, the Premier bore the rule. The King might take his throne by right of birth, or point of sword, but the idea was that the Premier should take his place by right of his capacity. He is the mind of the nation, as the Church is its conscience, and the King is its will. That is the "heaven born statesman," who can demonstrate by the policy he has, that he is possessed of insight, and instinct and culture of mind and heart to govern the people for their lasting good.

But we must carefully distinguish between the mere politician and the true statesman. The mere politician is a fortune hunter; place or fame is the end of his hopes; he will embrace any policy that shall promise him that end: he takes his inspiration from a party—takes counsel of his leaders, and not of the wants of the people. But the true statesman is a man of heart as well as head; his principle inspires and governs his policy—his action is determined by his deep and sober conviction. His first and last thoughts are not how to have place—but how to *do* for the people. He will uphold the prerogatives of the crown, if the upholding of them tend to the popular good, or, if broad and just rights demand, he will smite royal prerogatives to the dust. The true statesman will be a pious man, for he cannot conceive of just rulership until he has consciousness of the sovereignty of Almighty God. He will have no reverence for law and order unless he has put himself under law, and in the way of good order as to mind and heart

and outward conduct. The basis of a people's life is religion—the inspiration of their life is a true thought of God—the quickening hope of their life is heaven—the strong impulse of their life is faith: and the man who is not in sympathy with what is soberest and truest and best in the people cannot guide them well, for he cannot elevate them. Nothing on earth is more majestic than the majesty of government—nothing on earth is blacker with shame, and more humiliating than the prostitution of it. When it is good, it is also great, and God-like—when it is bad, it is also mean, and devil-like. Mere ecclesiasticism may be separated from true statesmanship, but Religion never. That is the root soil in which the great trees and the delicate flowers must grow.

Where shall we find this MAN—this *able*-man to guide the people? The royal public in the sublime exercise of its own power will take no trouble to find if heaven has let such a man down into its midst or no. King multitude is great and wise by the light of nature, and takes men as representatives who recommend themselves: men who have hardly skimmed the surface of political life with sober, serious thought of bringing peace and a blessing to the land. They have thought of the honour accruing—of possible increase in business—of social position—but little, if at all, of the deep needs of the people. We are flung into chaos, and some of us are crying up through this din of confused tongues, this clash and collision of parties, that heaven would send the able man to rule us for our good. A Despot with a wise mind, a good heart—and only one life—would do the work needed to be done, for Despotism is not an unmitigated evil any more than Democracy is an unmitigated good.

WHEREIN LIES THE MERIT OF OUR INDIAN POLICY?

In a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a writer in the "Contributor's Club" applies himself to meet an impression which appears from his statement to be prevalent in the United States, that the Indian policy of Canada is very greatly superior to that of our American friends. He endeavours to meet this idea with a recital of the advantages—real or supposed—which we enjoy in Canada, which in his opinion fully account for our greater success in dealing with our red man. First of these advantages is placed that of the different antecedents which are assigned to us and ourselves in this connexion. The writer remarks that the American colonists inherited the ill-will and hostility enkindled between the two races by the oppressive conduct of the early British fur-traders, while Canada, on the other hand, has, more fortunate, fallen heir to the more friendly traditions of the French *régime*. But, while it is certainly true that the French were not such thoroughly selfish colonists, as the British traders, still we would think that the bitter and cruel wars under Frontenac and other French governors must have left pretty deep impressions also, and that the British conquest of Canada did by no means leave us with a docile and friendly Indian population that had buried the hatchet and desired henceforth only to smoke the pipe of peace. Not a little assuredly was left to be done, in transforming men who had been excited to massacres and maddened by breaches of faith, into peaceable and friendly neighbours.

We may quite admit the next advantage pointed out as existing on our side, that, namely, of the much smaller number of Indians with which we have to deal. But against this we must set the much larger population of the United States, as a whole, although, of course, we must not forget how rapidly it has grown; and also that the difficulty of dealing with a very large body of wandering savages does not by any means diminish in the exact ratio of the increased numbers of a white population. But we certainly cannot accept the position that our Indians, as a whole, are "tame Indians," while the American Indians are "wild" ones, or that the rough work of taming and civilizing had all been done before we began to deal with them at all. The Iroquois of Canada were as bloodthirsty and savage as any tribe under United States dominion, and were so at the time when De Vaudreuil escaped as a refugee to France. And we find, moreover, that they were very nearly as numerous in 1812 as they were in 1760. Nor, even now, are our Indians all wild basket-makers and fishermen when not civilized altogether, as this writer would lead his readers to suppose. In the appendix to the last edition of "Ocean to Ocean," Principal Grant tells us that "The Blackfeet have always taken rank as perhaps the boldest and bravest tribe in America, and it was generally thought that they would give trouble sooner or later, but we have learned that they desire our friendship and protection." Clearly then, the different character of Canadian and American Indians cannot be the true explanation of our greater success.

We may admit, also, to some extent, the great advantage it has been to Canada to have a great United organization like the Hudson's Bay Company, which has been of such important service in establishing a firm and broad basis of friendly trading relations with the Indians of the North-west. But it has been successful in doing this, just because it has acted upon a principle which our American friends have too much overlooked, that of a *faithful discharge of obligations*. The superiority of our Indian policy may have been overrated, and we may not have allowed sufficiently for exceptionally favouring circumstances; but the main cause of the tranquillity and good order which have characterized our Indian relations has been simply that whatever arrangements we have made we have strictly adhered to, or have trusted the fulfilment of them to thoroughly trustworthy agents, while if in any case the agent should act oppressively, the Indians can appeal to their superiors with full certainty of redress. Of this we had an instance the other day, when a deputation from the Tuscarora Indian Reserve presented an appeal to the Minister of the Interior against alleged malpractices of the agent, and were cordially received and dismissed with promise of an official enquiry.

How matters stand in this respect on the other side of the line, may be

seen from the following extracts from official Reports of the Indian Council of the Indian Territory for 1874 and 1875. Keokuk, Chief of the Soas and Foxes, says:—"If a man or a crowd of men came to a tribe of Indians, and seriously injured them, as it is now, the injured tribe could get no redress." In support of which assertion we have a statement of the Friend's Review that "no law exists under our (U.S.) Government for the punishment of any crime of an Indian agent over Indians." For while a negro freedman is a citizen, the red man, unless he abjures his nationality, is regarded as a foreigner, *but without the rights accorded to unnaturalized aliens in American courts.* However, to go on with the Reports of the Council. An aged, grey haired Comanche Chief on with the Reports of the Council. An aged, grey haired Comanche Chief thus expresses himself:—"Many years ago we lived in Texas, where the Government opened farms and supplied us with cattle and all other domestic animals, which prospered and made us happy for a while, but the citizens of that country soon said 'the Comanches are bad' and arose and drove us from these homes, destroying all we had. Brothers, I'm very glad to see you doing so well, but my heart feels bad when I look back and think what I might have been, had not Texas treated me and my people so bad."

And Buffalo Good, of the Wacos, says:—"It is many years ago since the Wacos commenced to live like the white man, in Texas, and I've often thought had they not been disturbed by the whites, they at this time would have been equal in civilization to any tribe, perhaps, in the Council. But we were driven away from our homes there, into Kansas; and when we had made another commencement, we were again driven away. So that, even now, though we are doing comparatively well, our hearts are not strong, for we are by *no means certain that we will not be driven to some other place.* * * * We have not now any guarantee that we will be allowed to remain long at our present location, and this accounts for our tardiness. The Wacos' history shows that when the white man thinks the Indian is in his way, he has but to rise in his might and drive him, for there is no law to which the Indian can appeal for protection."

In contrast to this picture we may, with some pardonable pride, place the following sketch of the principles of our own Indian policy, again quoting from Principal Grant in "Ocean to Ocean":—

"What is the secret of our wonderful success in dealing with the Indian? It can be told in very few words. We acknowledge their right and title to the land, and a treaty once made with them, we keep it. Lord Dufferin has pointed out what is involved in our acknowledgment that the original title to the land exists in the Indian tribes and communities! Before we touch an acre, we make a treaty with the chiefs representing the bands we are dealing with, and having agreed upon and paid the stipulated price, we enter into possession, but not until then do we consider that we are entitled to deal with an acre! It is well that this should be clearly understood, because the Indians themselves have no manner of doubt on the subject. At the North-West Angle, chief after chief said to the Governor: 'This is what we think, that the Great Spirit has planted us on this ground where we are, as you were where you came from. We think that where we are is our property.' Being well assured that the land is theirs, they demand compensation for it as a right. And who will question their right?" "Something more than making a treaty is needed. It must be kept to the letter, and in the spirit. I am not aware that the Indians ever broke a treaty that was fairly and solemnly made. They believe in the sanctity of an oath, and to a Christian nation, a treaty made with true believers, heretics or pagans, with those old lords and sons of the soil would be worse than to break one with a nation able to resent a breach of faith."

Let us be thankful for the fair record which, in this respect, we inherit, and let us see to it that we do not sully it by either doing or permitting injustice to a people occupying so peculiar a relation towards us, looking forward to the consummation to be desired, when the Indians shall be simply our fellow-subjects, standing upon precisely the same basis of civil rights which we claim as our own.

FIDELIS.

THE STANDARD OF VALUE!

Our attention has been drawn to a couple of letters which lately appeared in the columns of the SPECTATOR, over the signature of Wm. Brown, discussing the merits of the United States silver bill. They are evidently from the pen of a gentleman indulging in the grossest delusions in money matters. The writer goes into ecstasies over that measure as a great triumph of legislation, and by his language, he appears to favor its introduction to Canada. In view of the wide-spread commercial ruin he asks "how is that money over nearly all the world has doubled its purchasing power; and that real estate and every product of labor have lost one half of theirs. How is it that tens of thousands are pining away simply for want of work? Is there not something in this wild and insane determination, to destroy silver, constituting fully one half of the precious metals in the world? He calls upon us Canadians beware! It is indeed a money question that should be probed to the bottom."

To us Mr. Brown's fears and surmises are very gratuitous. It should not require very much probing to ascertain that neither the general, nor our own commercial difficulties have any relation whatever to the discarding of silver, as a standard of value.

Gold and silver have been acknowledged measures of value, from the earliest times, and both usage and law have made them equivalent at a certain ratio, some nations using silver, others gold. But if Great Britain chooses the gold standard, it does not follow that her industry is deprived of the benefit that silver may afford as a standard to other countries. The fact of silver being used elsewhere, as is largely done by European nations, as well as in the distant East, sets free the more gold for the countries that prefer that standard. There is only a certain quantity of these metals in the world, and the steady rates of 15½ to 1 of gold proves they are as actively at work as ever they were. Not even American legislation can increase the quantity of silver, but simply distribute it, and we are only turning Mr. Brown's argument against himself in quoting "The announcement of the passage of the bill caused silver and gold in London to advance towards each other from 15.98 to 1 to the old and normal standard of

15½ to 1." That is, *the gold was cheapened by the enlarged market afforded to silver by the Americans*, who in that act saddled themselves with a tax which is appropriated by the gold standard communities. But supposing both the metals used in this country as standards of value, how could we get either of them without paying for it. We now have to purchase whatever is wanted of gold to keep our bank circulation redeemable, by our industry, and when the balance of trade is unfavourable we have to resort to the exportation of mortgages. It is necessary to have *one* standard of value, but immaterial which, but to be ambitious of two or more standards as our American friends seem to be, is on a par with envying them their gold room, a ring, created by the greenback standard. Standard of value is a "legislating on prices," and the less of that handy work the better. Legislating on prices, or in favour of the debtor, is only another name for cheating the creditor. Depend upon it if you make wrong financial laws the nations you deal with will benefit by your errors. We fail to perceive the good of manufacturing a "people's money" as Mr. Brown chooses to name it, that costs more *labour* to purchase the coin than it did the silver. The measure, however, has some claim to patriotism, as one class within the country will pocket the profits, and they are holders of mining stocks. The vice of all legislation in favour of the debtor class is that it sacrifices industry to financial rings. Since the greenback issue, that country has become notorious for swindles. The more standards of value, the more dubious the terms of contracts are likely to be made; and full play is afforded to that "dangerous and double-meaning word *coin*." For our part, we prefer one standard of value; a uniform standard of weights and measures, as well as a universal language.

Sound financial laws should firstly respect the wishes of the creditor; secondly the wishes of the debtor; and if that order be scrupulously observed, the visits of commercial crises would be few and far between, because it would throw more security into commercial transactions.

In this respect the Canadian banking law is sadly deficient. I have in my pocket a ten dollar bank note which the law obliges me, the creditor, to accept without security; only think!

The crying evil these days is not the lack of a silver standard, but the plentiful lack of security. All countries are afflicted by the dead weight of carrying a large amount of fixed and useless capital; resulting from the action of partial and expedient legislation; and the study now is to make said capital available by an intelligent application of the principles of banking. Will Mr. Brown do his readers the favour of showing how this country might be aided in that direction by the adoption of the defunct "German Silver Bill"? Unfortunately, what Mr. Brown admires most in his favourite measure is of the least advantage to the general good—for instance, the appreciation of the 90-cent dollar to that of 100 cents! He also discourses very learnedly of the average labour values of gold and silver. "It is the labour ratio of centuries, and will in all likelihood be the labour ratio for centuries to come." In our humble opinion the labour ratio is one thing, and the legal or nominal value quite another, and no writer has ever yet defined or explained the connection of the two; and in fact the game is not worth the powder.

Sensible business men know very well that neither gold nor silver are worth anything like their accepted values; but that does not unfit them for being "standards of value." The practical point in establishing a standard of value is to ascertain what the creditor prefers the debt payable in. He chooses that which he can sell most readily, and that suits all parties.

We have explained our views at some length in these columns on "Business," "Banking," "Balance of Trade," "Commercial Depression," &c., the perusal of which letters, we flatter ourselves, will aid one in arriving at the true state of the country in its present embarrassed condition. If our principles are not unassailable, we should be pleased to be corrected. The principles of money and commerce, as Mr. Brown suggests, are by no means too generally understood. The Americans, we admit, are in many respects "a great and generous people," and occupying a country of unrivalled natural resources; but it appears to us that their commercial legislation does much towards sacrificing these natural advantages. At the present time, perhaps no country exhibits more evidences of poverty amongst its active population. In management we have certainly little presented to us as worthy of imitation.

ALPHA.

MYSTERY PLAYS.

The vast proportions of the theatres of ancient Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Syracuse and Rome are evidence of the prominence of the Drama as a means for the entertainment and instruction of the people of those cities. Several were capable of accommodating an audience of 20,000 to 30,000. It is evident that the human voice could not reach the limits of these vast structures, hence the entertainment consisted of *tableaux vivants* and a species of pantomime. In modern times Jenny Lind has been heard by 6,000, and Sankey's voice in sacred melodies was heard distinctly, in every part of Agricultural Hall in London, by an audience of 18,000; but in these instances the buildings were covered and constructed with every regard to the acoustic properties. In the ancient theatres there was seldom a covering. The materials for the tragedies and dramatic tableaux were derived from mythology. It was the eye and the imagination which were addressed rather than the intellect. There must have been some strong attraction to bring together so large audiences as filled, at every performance, these vast amphitheatres. The lessons inculcated were generally good,—virtue was commended and vice denounced. Many were impure, and pandered to the sensual passions of the people. The early Christians denounced these plays, derived from heathen mythology, but after the third century, when Christianity had in a measure gained its freedom, began religious plays, in which were enacted the mysteries of the Passion. In time, the ceremonies of the church, on festivals and other occasions, in their imposing grandeur of altar decoration and display of rich costumes of the celebrants, appear addressed to the eye. Gradually the passion for religious plays extended from east to west, and Germany for a time was the home of scenic representation of religious subjects. These were performed in convents, monasteries, and in buildings erected for the purpose in open fields and

public squares. In the 14th century, Passion and Miracle plays were frequent in England. Henry VIII. forbade the performance of religious plays, and they gradually disappeared from England. In France, Spain and Italy they continued. The subjects were the miracles of our Lord and the parables, but chiefly the sacred Passion. Of all these ancient plays, there has come down to us the Passion play at Ober Ammergau, which is still performed in all its integrity every ten years. The legend of the origin of this play is, that in the year 1633 there raged in the valley of the Ammer a deadly plague, which threatened to depopulate the district, while the village of Ammergau was, from close quarantine, exempt from its ravages. The infection having entered, and in a short time eighty-four of the villagers having died, the terrified survivors made supplication to God, and registered a solemn vow that if He heard their cry and stayed the plague, they would represent every ten years "for thankful remembrance and edifying contemplation, by the help of the Almighty, the sufferings of Jesus, the Saviour of the world." After this the tradition is, that not a person died. The people have ever since most rigorously kept their vow.

Without giving a full description of the passion play, with which many of our readers are familiar, it will suffice to say that its decennial performances bring together a vast concourse of people, sometimes as many as 60,000. Strangers from abroad are attracted by mere curiosity; some by the material advantages of trade; the majority, however, are drawn by religious motives. The latter are no doubt more impressed by the scenic representation of the passion of our Lord than they could be by the most eloquent discourse. All those who personate the sacred characters are individuals of unblemished reputation. Not only are scenic representations of Old Testament history given with the utmost faithfulness, but the principal events in the life of our Lord and his disciples. These tableaux are accompanied with orchestral music, and solos and choruses explaining them. A writer describes the tableaux which precedes the last act of the final drama of the crucifixion: "Christ appears with ten disciples in the garden of Gethsemane and endures His agony. This is acted with exceeding reverence and remarkable naturalness. When the Saviour falls to the earth the third time beneath the bloody agony, an angel with a chalice in his hand appears over His head and addresses Him words of comfort. This appears to strengthen Him, and He returns to the three disciples, whom He finds again asleep. He exhorts them to watchfulness, and tells them the traitor is at hand. The rest of the disciples are in the background, and are suddenly aroused from their sleep by the approach of soldiers, led by Judas, who carries a lantern. Then follows an exact repetition of the Gospel narrative—the kiss of Judas and Christ's reproachful question, the enquiry addressed to the soldiers as to the object of their search, and their sudden prostration at the sound of His dread name, the maiming of Malchus by the impetuous Peter, and the healing of the wound by Christ, who rebukes Peter and tells him he has no need of carnal weapons, since legions of angels would hasten to His side if that were compatible with the recovery of man's fallen race. The soldiers then rush upon Him, bind His hands behind Him and lead Him away. The disciples escape; but John, followed timidly by Peter, returns and goes after the mournful procession." Following this scene, Christ is dragged before Annas, and after He is arraigned before Caiaphas. The whole is enacted with the greatest fidelity to the Gospel narrative, with an entire absence of anything approaching to irreverence.

In the next tableaux the Sanhedrim confirm the sentence of death passed upon Christ before the tribunal of Caiaphas. Judas appears as prominent personage, and the conception of his character is given as leaving no suspicion at first as to the fatal tragedy his treachery was to consummate, but now the realization fills him with horror. Judas had witnessed Christ's miraculous powers, and he doubtless thought that He could baffle all the murderous plots of His enemies. But now, when he sees that Christ cannot or will not save Himself, and that He must die, is overwhelmed with remorse and horror, he rushes into the council and expostulates with vehement grief, only to find mockery and cold contempt. He flings among the priests the price of his treachery, and rushes out to commit suicide upon a neighbouring tree. With breathless attention the vast crowd awaits the final scene in the passion of our Lord. As the curtain rises there appear two crosses erect, each with its victim nailed. Between the two is a taller cross on the ground upon which a sad, wan figure is nailed to it; this is slowly raised and fixed in its socket. The head of the crucified is crowned with thorns. The minutest circumstances of the crucifixion are enacted. As the figure cries "It is finished!" the head drops upon his breast. To the writer, who witnessed the passion play, under less favorable accessories than at Ammergau, the falling of the head in death seemed as real as the pen with which these lines are written is real. The appearance of Joseph of Arimathea, the breaking the legs of the two thieves, the piercing the side of Christ with the spear, the issue of the blood, the drawing of the nails, the descent from the cross, all are managed with wonderful skill and fidelity to the narrative. Nor less wonderful was the guard at the sepulchre, the various visits of the disciples to the empty grave, the differences of Christ after the resurrection, the meeting of the disciples in Galilee and the final ascent from Mount Olivet. The passion play is now closed and the vast multitude retire to their distant homes. There can be no doubt that to the vast majority the impressions of the scenes they have witnessed during the first days of the passion play are calculated to draw out the deepest and purest feelings of the heart. The most eloquent preacher could scarcely impress the vast audience with a deeper sense of the sublime sacrifice of the Son of God upon Calvary for the salvation of man. Most certainly is this true in regard to the uneducated. We have given this sketch of the mystery play of Ammergau in order to notice the revival of these religious plays recently in Paris at the Odeon Theatre. The piece is called "Goodman Misery," and the text is written by a famous dramatic poet, and is introduced with all the accessories of costume and scene for which the French are famous. The "New and Diverting History of Goodman Misery" is one of the many legends of the thirteenth century. It is as follows: Saints Peter and Paul, out on an excursion one evening, are caught in a storm. They are turned away from rich men's doors because they are not over well dressed and look like anything but saints. So they seek shelter in the cottage of a poor old wretch called "Goodman Misery." He is so poor that he cannot even offer them bread to eat, and adds that he might have given them a pear if the wicked inhabitants of the town did not steal the fruit from his one lone pear tree as fast as it ripened. Goodman Misery mentions incidentally that he has

been so much troubled by his neighbours about those pears that he hopes any person who climbs the tree in future may never be able to get down from it without his permission. Peter and Paul exchange glances, and to reward the good man for his hospitality they grant his wish. Next morning, when he finds his pear tree plentifully ornamented with thievish fellows who cannot get down, he makes up his mind that he has entertained angels unawares, and falls on his knees to prayer. All this is reproduced on the stage in the most elaborate manner, and with that astonishing care for smallest details which is the glory of the French stage.

By and by, in the course of events, it happens that Death comes to summon Goodman Misery from this vale of tears. But the good man, like most of his species, is not quite ready to go just then, so he resorts to strategy. "What! are you not afraid of me?" says imperial Death, shaking his bones; "I have made Emperors and Popes tremble." "Afraid?" answers Goodman Misery. "What joy have I on earth, and why should I not be ready to go with you? There is but one thing I regret, and that is that I must leave my one pear tree behind. I should like to have eaten one pear from the old tree before I die, but I am so weak that I cannot reach it!" "Well," says Death, "I see no objection to that. I'll just climb up and get you one."

As soon as Death is in the pear tree he discovers that he is the victim of a conspiracy. Try as he will, he cannot come down. He threatens, he implores, but Goodman Misery agrees to release him only on condition that Death, in his fatal round, shall henceforth forever overlook him. "Agreed," says Death; and the legend ends with this melancholy remark: "Misery hath lived in the same poverty ever since that time; and so long as the world is a world will Misery remain on it."

The verse is full of profound philosophy, and the speech of Death is the original and beautiful. The censors refused to allow Peter and Paul to wear the aureoles with which they are commonly represented in pictures, forgetting the origin of the aureoles on discs of the saints was derived from the heathen gods, and that the object of the polished metal of which they were made was to protect the gods from birds lighting upon their heads and soiling the statue.

The revival of these modern religious plays in Paris is significant of the great change in public sentiment which would not have permitted their performance a few years since.

L. J. S.

THE POPES.

(Continued.)

(45.) CELESTINE I., 423-432, very shortly after his election became involved in a controversy with Augustine and other African bishops, respecting a bishop named Apierius, who had been deposed. Celestine attempted to re-establish this man in office, but a council of bishops again pronounced his deposition, and sent an expostulatory letter to the pope, complaining that he had not acted in accordance with the canons of Nicea. The pope also wrote a letter to the bishops of Gaul, counselling them that no bishop should be ordained in opposition to the wishes of the people; but that the people, the clergy, and the magistrates should severally be consulted.

In the year 429, one Nestorius began to maintain that the Virgin Mary was not to be styled the mother of God. The Pope wrote warning him that if he did not retract this doctrine he would be expelled from the Church. Councils were held at Alexandria and Ephesus, which condemned Nestorius, and also re-enacted canons against the Pelagian heresy. In the following year Celestine sent Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, to Britain, to combat the teaching of the Pelagians, whose influence was spreading among the Christians in that country. The Pope had previously sent to Scotland a deacon by name Palladius, who died there in 431. The same year was also distinguished by the labours in Scotland of St. Patrick, who had before preached the faith in Ireland.

(46.) SIXTUS III., 432-440, exerted himself greatly to bring about a union of the eastern churches, which were divided among themselves. The Emperor was also appealed to, and succeeded in restoring peace. After this a charge of immorality was brought against the Pope by one Basus. The Emperor thereupon called a council of 56 bishops, who declared the charge unfounded, and excommunicated Basus, his property being confiscated. This man died three months later, and the Pope manifested his forgiveness by administering the last sacrament to him.

(47.) LEO, 440-461, had been secretary to Celestine, and was elected while absent in Gaul, where he had gone to effect a reconciliation between two generals in command of the Roman army. On his return to Rome he at once commenced to investigate several irregularities which had arisen among the African bishops, deposing several of them. He also induced the Emperor, Valentinian III., to write a warning letter to Hilarius, Bishop of Arles in Gaul, who had incurred the Pope's displeasure by protesting against the re-installment of a certain bishop who had married a widow. Hilarius even came to Rome to expostulate personally against this step, but the Pope would not listen to him, and authorized the accused bishop to take possession of his See, notwithstanding he had been formally deposed by a council of bishops.

A new heresy was now springing up in Spain, headed by one Priscillian, who was put to death, it is stated with the approval of the Pope. Other controversies arising in the East, led to councils which were held at Ephesus and Calcedon. At the latter council an effort was made to transfer to Constantinople the privileges and authority now claimed by the See of Rome. The Pope wrote to protest against this proposal; but did not attend the Council, though it has since ranked as a General or Œcumenical Council of the Church.

In the year 452, Attila, King of the Huns, invaded Northern Italy, devastating the country; and began to advance upon Rome. The Senate, fearing it would be impossible to defend the city, sent a deputation headed by the Pope, who prevailed upon Attila to withdraw his forces beyond the Danube. Three years later, however, the city surrendered to Genseric, King of the Vandals, who pillaged it for forty days, then departing. Leo introduced many new regulations with regard to the monastic life; and also ordered that instead of

the public confession in the church, confession should be made first to God and then privately to the priests.

(48.) HILARIUS, 461-467, was a Sardinian. His first act was to draw up a canon regulating the date for the observance of Easter, which had again occasioned disputes in the church. A council was held at Rome on the 17th November, 465, to consider two appeals made by bishops in Spain to the Pope. This council adopted a canon forbidding bishops to name their successors. The Emperor Anthimus being accused of favouring heretics, the Pope admonished him openly in St. Peter's Church on this subject.

(49.) SIMPLICIUS, 467-483; shortly after his accession received a letter of congratulation from Leo, Emperor of the East, urging him to acknowledge the canons of the council of Calcedon, which raised the city of Constantinople to the second rank in the episcopal dignity. The Pope, however, did not act on this suggestion. A dispute soon arose between Simplicius and the Patriarch of Constantinople respecting the election of a bishop at Antioch, which ended in the Patriarch giving way. This pontificate was signalized by incessant conflicts between the Roman See and the churches of the East.

(50.) FELIX III., 483-492, was elected by the clergy and magistrates in the church of St. Peter, where they were addressed by the prefect of the city relative to the protection of the property owned by the Church. The Patriarch of Constantinople being charged with protecting heretics, was excommunicated by Felix. This schism between the churches of Rome and Constantinople existed for thirty years.

(51.) GELASIUS I., 492-496, in a letter to the Emperor of the East, Anastasius, claimed for himself the same authority in ecclesiastical matters as the Emperor possessed in matters civil. In the year 494 he held a council to decide which should be recognised as the Canonical Books of the Old Testament. Some irregularities having arisen in the disposal of the property of the churches, the Pope wrote a Decretal, or general order, requiring all ecclesiastical property to be considered as divided into four parts: one-fourth for the bishop, another fourth for the clergy, another for the poor, and the remaining fourth for the maintenance of the church. He also ordered that all Christians should receive the communion under both kinds, regarding as sacrilegious those who would separate the two symbols administered in that sacrament.

(52.) ANASTASIUS II., 496-498, devoted his efforts to the task of bringing about a reconciliation with the eastern church. He even received into communion a prominent partizan of the Patriarch of Constantinople. This act was so displeasing to some of the orthodox party in Rome, that they separated themselves from communion with the Pope. At this time an event of great importance occurred in Gaul; Clovis, King of France, being converted to Christianity. The Pope wrote him a letter of congratulation.

(53.) SYMMACHUS, 498-514. On the same day that Symmachus was elected, some discontented clergy met in one of the churches and chose a priest named Lawrence. A sedition arose in the city in consequence, and several lives were lost in the disturbance. Finally the two candidates were summoned to Ravenna, where they appeared before the Emperor, who decided in favour of Symmachus. A council was then held at Rome, which drew up regulations to prevent a recurrence of such irregular elections. The priest Lawrence subsequently accused the Pope, before the Emperor, of immoral conduct. The Emperor called a council to investigate this charge; but the Pope refused to appear before it, alleging that he was in danger of his life owing to the sedition raised by his rival. The council, in his absence, absolved him of the crimes imputed to him. Another council, in the following year, enacted that all bishops, priests and deacons, should always have with them a person of known probity, who should be witness of all their actions.

(54.) HORMISDAS, 514-523. A council was held at Constantinople in the year 516 with the object of bringing about a union between the churches, to which the Pope sent legates; but no terms could be agreed upon. Three years later, however, a second council was held in that city, at which also Papal envoys were present; and the representatives of the Eastern Churches then acceded to a declaration of faith drawn up by the legates from Rome, thus terminating the long schism between East and West. The Pope next devoted his attention to the churches in Gaul and Spain, appointing the Bishops of Vienne, Tarragona, and Seville, to act as his vicars in those countries. He also interested himself in the study of psalmody, causing the clergy to be well instructed in this subject.

(55.) JOHN I., 523-526, was a native of Tuscany. Disturbances having arisen at Constantinople, owing to the action taken by the Emperor for repressing the heresies which were now flourishing in that city, the Pope was requested to visit the East. He accordingly went to Constantinople, where he was received with great demonstrations of respect; and succeeded in inducing the Emperor to adopt a more conciliatory policy. On his way home, the Pope was arrested at Ravenna by order of Theodoric (Emperor of the West), who had become jealous of his influence in the empire; and being cast into prison he died soon after.

(To be continued.)

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.'

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

(Continued.)

The exceeding readiness and joyfulness with which the truth was welcomed, and the measure in which Christendom—and that means all that is most powerful and progressive in human society—has been moulded by it, are the most notable facts of history. Be it truth, be it fiction, be it dream, one thing is clear: it was a baptism of new life to the world which was touched by it, and it has been near the heart of all the great movements of human society from that day until now. I do not even exclude 'the Revolution,' whose current is under us still. Space is precious, or it would not be difficult to show how deeply the Revolution was indebted to the ideas which this gospel brought into the world. I entirely agree with Lord Blachford that Revelation is the ground on which Christian faith securely rests. But the history of the quickening and the growth of Christian society is a factor of enormous moment in the estimation of the arguments for the truth of immortality. We are assured that the idea had the duldest and

even basest origin. Man has a shadow, it suggested the idea of a second self to him! he has memories of departed friends, he gave them a body and made them ghosts! Very wonderful surely, that mere figments should be the strongest and most productive things in the whole sphere of human activity, and should have stirred the spirit and led the march of the strongest, noblest, and most cultivated peoples; until now, in this nineteenth century, we think that we have discovered, as Miss Martineau tersely puts it, that 'the theological belief of almost everybody in the civilised world is baseless.' Let who will believe it, I cannot.

It may be urged that the idea has strong fascination, that man naturally longs for immortality, and gladly catches at any figment which seems to respond to his yearning and to justify his hope. But this belief is among the clearest, broadest, and strongest features of his experience and history. It must flow out of something very deeply embedded in his constitution. If the force that is behind all the phenomena of life is responsible for all that is, it must be responsible for this also. Somehow man, the masterpiece of the Creation, has got himself wedded to the belief that all things here have relations to issues which lie in a world that is behind the shadow of death. This belief has been at the root of his highest endeavour and of his keenest pain; it is the secret of his chronic unrest. Now Nature through all her orders appears to have made all creatures contented with the conditions of their life. The brute seems fully satisfied with the resources of his world. He shows no sign of being tormented by dreams; his life withers under no blight of regret. All things rest, and are glad and beautiful in their spheres. Violate the order of their nature, rob them of their fit surroundings, and they grow restless, sad, and poor. A plant shut out from light and moisture will twist itself into the most fantastic shapes, and strain itself to ghastly tenuity; nay, it will work its delicate tissues through stone walls or hard rock, to find what its nature has made needful to its life. Having found it, it rests and is glad in its beauty once more. Living things, perverted by human intelligent effort, revert swiftly the moment that the pressure is removed. This marked tendency to reversion seems to be set in Nature as a sign that all things are at rest in their natural conditions, content with their life and its sphere. Only in ways of which they are wholly unconscious, and which rob them of no contentment with their present, do they prepare the way for the higher developments of life.

What then means this restless longing in man for that which lies beyond the range of his visible world? Has Nature wantonly and cruelly made man, her masterpiece, alone of all the creatures restless and sad? Of all beings in the Creation must he alone be made wretched by an unattainable longing, by futile dreams of a visionary world? This were an utter breach of the method of Nature in all her operations. It is impossible to believe that the harmony that runs through all her spheres fails and falls into discord in man. The very order of Nature presses us to the conviction that this insatiable longing which somehow she generates and sustains in man, and which is unquestionably the largest feature of his life, is not visionary and futile, but profoundly significant; pointing with firm finger to the reality of that sphere of being to which she has taught him to lift his thoughts and aspirations, and in which he will find, unless the prophetic order of the Creation has lied to him, the harmonious completeness of his life.

And there seems to be no fair escape from the conclusion by giving up the order, and writing Babel on the world and its life. Whatever it is, it is not confusion. Out of its disorder, order palpably grows; out of its confusion arises a grand and stately progress. Progress is a sacred word with Mr. Harrison. In the progress of humanity he finds his longed-for immortality. But, if I may repeat in other terms a remark which I offered in the first number of this Review, while progress is the human law, the world, the sphere of the progress, is tending slowly but inevitably to dissolution. Is there discord again in this highest region? Mr. Harrison writes of an immortal humanity. How immortal, if the glorious progress is striving to accomplish itself in a world of wreck? Or is the progress that of a race born with sore but joyful travail from the highest level of the material creation into a higher region of being, whence it can watch with calmness the dissolution of all the perishable worlds?

The belief in immortality is so dear to man because he grasps through it the complement of his else unshaped and imperfect life. It seems to be equally the complement of this otherwise hopelessly jangled and disordered world. It is asked triumphantly: Why of all the hosts of creatures does man alone lay claim to this great inheritance? Because in man alone we see the experiences, the strain, the anguish, that demand it, as the sole key to what he does and endures. There is to me something horrible in the thought of such a life as ours, in which for all of us, in some form or other, the Cross must be the most sacred symbol, lived out in that bare, heartless, hopeless world of the material, to which Professor Clifford so lightly limits it. And I cannot but think that there are strong signs in many quarters of an almost fierce revulsion from the ghastly dreariness of such a vision of life.

There seems to me to run through Mr. Harrison's utterances on these great subjects—I say it with honest diffidence of one whose large range of power I so fully recognise, but one must speak frankly if this Symposium is to be worth anything—an instinctive yearning towards Christian ideas, while that faith is denied which alone can vivify them and make them a living power in our world. There is everywhere a shadowy image of a Christian substance; but it reminds one of that formless form, wherein 'what seemed a head, the likeness of a kingly crown had on.' And it is characteristic of much of the finest thinking and writing of our times. The saviour Deronda, the prophet Mordecai, lack just that living heart of faith which would put blood into their pallid lineaments, and make them breathe and move among men. Again I say that we have largely ourselves to thank for this saddening feature of the higher life of our times—we who have narrowed God's great kingdom to the dimensions of our little theological sphere. I am no theologian, though intensely interested in the themes with which the theologians occupy themselves. Urania, with darkened brow, may perhaps rebuke my prating. But I seem to see quite clearly that the sad strain and anguish of our life, social, intellectual, and spiritual, is but the pain by which great stages of growth accomplish themselves. We have quite out-grown our venerable, and in its time large and noble, theological shell. We must wait, not fearful, far less hopeless, while by the help of

those who are working with such admirable energy, courage, and fidelity, outside the visible Christian sphere, that spirit in man which searches and cannot but search 'the deep things of God,' creates for itself a new instrument of thought which will give to it the mastery of a wider, richer, and nobler world.

REV. BALDWIN BROWN.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

No. III.

I have dwelt on the argument against the orthodox doctrine of eternal punishment as it is drawn, first: from the character of God; and second: from the words of Christ and the Epistles. I have granted that there are passages bearing on this question which cannot be explained away. But if the object Christ had in teaching be taken into consideration—also the parabolic form into which he so often threw his words, and I may say, the exaggerated form in which he sometimes spoke in order to force home some truth—if these things are allowed to have weight and then the general teaching of Scripture be taken, the sublime declarations of the final triumphs of truth, the conclusion will be arrived at that the Scriptures do not teach the doctrine of eternal punishment as it is held by the Churches. Let us examine it further.

A great deal is said in Scripture, and testified to by our own consciousness, about the sinner's banishment from God. That was the immediate result of the fall; that is the great lesson taught by that magnificent allegory—the story of the first transgression in paradise. It is a type of all and every sin. Mark the effect: the machinery of man's life is thrown out of gear in a moment: the beautiful harmony of his being is broken up: a gulf of separation divides between him and God. They were one, but they are wrenched apart now. It is said the man was driven forth out of paradise: that is an attempt to convey the truth in a dramatic form. So Christ said He would gather the sheep on his right hand, and the goats on his left, calling the sheep to eternal blessedness, and banishing the goats to everlasting fire. It is an appeal to the imagination; it is the dramatising of an idea to convey the notion of separation from God. So the prodigal son is depicted as leaving his home, and wandering far away from the influence of home and the presence of his father. It is only natural perhaps, that from such passages, Christians should have got the notion that heaven and hell are two distinct places, as much as, say, France and Siberia are distinct places. The one was understood to be a place of unclouded joy—unceasing song, and a steadfast gaze upon the face of Jesus Christ; the other a place of darkness, yet a fiery pit: each man a torture to himself, and to all others. It had great effect in saving men, let it be confessed. I remember being driven from the cricket field with fear tingling at every nerve, by being told by a grave Wesleyan that those who played cricket on earth would be compelled to toss balls of fire to each other in hell. I didn't dare pluck a flower on Sunday—for they told me that those who plucked flowers on Sunday would have to pluck burning thorns and briars in hell. And I can assert that though the effects of such teaching soon wore off, while they lasted they were most powerful to keep me from such things as cricket, and plucking flowers, and other things not quite so harmless, perhaps. Most of us have got rid of that exceeding grossness, I imagine. But it is hard work to get rid of the idea that hell is an actual place. We have done with the literal fire, and the literal worm: we say, these were figures of speech—so were the words "sheep" and "goats"—but with strange inconsistency we will not allow that figure of speech might have gone further. Hell a place; a place where God is not—a life apart from His life? that cannot be. God must be omnipresent in all space. There can be no mote that peoples the sunbeam, no shadow in a corner, no drop of water in a cave, no spot on an insect's wing, no little cell of life which only the microscope can discover in the seed sporule of a moss, but God is there. God is in the mote—in the drop of water—in the tiniest cell of vegetable life. Take a telescope and penetrate into the vast halls of creation—to the furthest nebulous spot seen in Orion's belt—and God is there. He is in all space and in all time. Take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost fringe of creation, and He is there—infinite in power, in wisdom, and in love. In Him all life must live, and move, and have its being, for ever and for ever. In every place He is, and apart from Him is nothing. But there is such a condition as that of separation from God. There is a hell; it is not a place but a state. It is in the here—it is in the hereafter. Wherever there is sin there hell is. The vast majority of mankind are in hell to-day—I speak of the living. They are separated from God. God is in all His handiwork. He looks out on men from all creation, but they see Him not, nor know that He is near. He speaks by the fire, the earthquake, the tempest and the silence, but men are deaf—they hear not the pleading of love and the warning of wisdom. Others consciously keep themselves separate from God. They know right, but will not do it; they know truth, but will not speak it; they know justice, but will not practise it. The whole life, as to conduct, is wrenched away from Him who gave that life. To do God's will, to keep His commandments, to love Him and serve Him, to know Him in mind and heart and conduct, that is to be in heaven. Not to do His will, to break his commandments, to seek the things of time and sense, that is to be in hell—for that must separate the soul from the Author of life and light and peace.

Now, punishment of sin is of two kinds, I take it. The one is *negative*, as simple loss; the other is *positive*, as actual suffering. In the first it is from the non-cultivation of powers; in the second, from the wrong use of powers. For example as to the negative, or loss. I believe every man is endowed with some faculty for perceiving and admiring the beautiful. The charm of a lovely landscape—of the wild flowers in a valley—of the rushing of waters—of the waving of forest trees—of the shining of stars at night, ought to call out the admiration of those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel anything. But hosts of men and women see no beauty in these things; they do not feel the spirit which breathes in all the works of God; they do not see the invisible behind the visible, and the immaterial behind the material. They are heavy and gross: in the midst of nature, yet most unnatural. And those who are lovers of all that is beautiful; those who look on a flower as a thing of joy, almost a sentient thing, that speaking, fills the heart with gladness; those to whom the song of birds, and

the murmur of running brooks, and the laughter of the waves of ocean, are a source of exquisite delight; those say of those others, "poor things, what a pity they are so dull, what a loss they sustain." And they are right. Those dull people are suffering a great loss every day and every hour. They are ignorant of it; they have no sense of loss, but all they save they lose.

Take education again as to literature. Not many would deny that in the culture of the mind there is great and permanent gain. By reading books we enjoy intercourse with the superior minds of every age. In books the greatest of men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their soul into ours. With the power to read books, we command the distant and the dead to speak to us again, we become heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. At my bidding Milton sings to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare opens to me the worlds of imagination and the fierce workings of the human heart. I can warm myself at the fire of genius, rejoice as it flames high and flings a light abroad. I can put myself in the line of all the great and the good, the saints and the heroes who made the mighty past, because I can read. Now, he who in boyhood was neglected, and who after boyhood was done neglected himself, loses all that joy. He knows nothing of the world of intellect, or the working of intellect in all its manifold forms of action; and nothing of that keen delight which all must feel in converse with the living dead. It is loss, great and terrible loss. He feels no pain, no conscious want of intercourse with other minds through books, but every cultured man knows that the neglect of letters is being powerfully revenged.

The same may be said of friendship and love. We are all made for it. By nature we are all gregarious. We find expansion of being, a development of what is true and noble in us, by intercourse with our fellow-men, by loving and being loved. And those who know the joy of friendship, and the dear delights of home, do from their hearts pity the poor cynic who cultivates hatred to men, living unloved and unloving. They know, though he does not, the value of those precious pearls he is despising.

Now, apply this argument to matters of religious life. It is true that he who has most of religion has most of joy. To find God is to find the supreme good of life. It is to find the ideal of all perfection, beauty to the imagination, truth to the reason, justice to the conscience. To find God is to find the peace which passeth understanding, is to enter into the possession of things past, and things present, and things to come. To develop religion in the heart and mind is the condition of the highest happiness which is possible to man. But how many know this, how many do actually realize it in daily and hourly life? Only a few. The people for the most part, are without God in the world, without the consciousness of His gracious presence. But the few know how much the many lose by that. It tortures them to think of the blindness and folly which will cast away the real good of life. So they beseech men to turn to Christ now. Every hour is precious, for every hour the soul of man is kept without faith, without light, and without the heavenly love, is a loss so great that no calculation known to man can give the sum of it. Is not that the reason of our missions, home and foreign? Not even Calvinism, that stern and cruel thing, will consign the heathen to everlasting punishment. It has invented a place, half a heaven and half a hell for them, because they have not heard the sound of the Gospel, and we know that multitudes in our great cities might as well have been born and bred among the savages of Africa for all the good they have got from Christianity. Men and women may be found in the agricultural districts of England, and in the St. Giles' part of London, in the streets of New York and Boston—in Montreal—who are as far removed from Christianity in thought, in feeling, and in conduct, as the wild Indian who hunts for food in the backwoods of America. And to consign them to hell for ever is more than even a fierce Calvinism has ever dared to do. They will be punished, it says, but in modified form. All of us believe that to condemn them for an ignorance which is no fault of their own would be to impugn the universal justice of the universal Father. But, that belief notwithstanding, we spend our tens of thousands every year, that we may employ men of intellect and heart, men of broad sympathy and deep piety, in declaring to the heathen the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. And why? because we in some sort feel the terrible loss they suffer, the irreparable, the eternal loss. To any man and to all men, the past is over for ever. Was it good? then the gain is eternal. Was it bad? then the loss is eternal. An hour once wasted can never be redeemed. An opportunity once neglected can never be recalled. A man cannot live twice in the same time, any more than he can bathe twice in the same wave. The past with each one has glided into the dimward, to be seen by him no more; but by God it has been recorded, for or against him, and is an eternal, and indestructible reality. Thoughts of sin have ripened into wishes, and wishes have broken out into violent acts, and acts have hardened into evil habits—those habits may be broken—the conduct corrected and made chaste, by his own personal endeavour and God's grace within him, but the acts remain, things done. He will find favour with God; will take hold of his helping mercy; will receive conquering strength, but he cannot undo the past; he cannot travel back that winding way of sin. It is irrevocable, even to Omnipotence. He has sown, and he must reap. He has contracted a debt to Nature, and he must pay to the uttermost farthing, for Nature is a pitilessly accurate accountant. God will help man. He will give him sustaining and conquering grace: He will inspire him with courage; but man must pay the debt. The penalty of wrong-doing is eternal. How can it be otherwise? The prodigal son returned,—was received with joy, was feasted and sung over; but the goods he had spent were gone for ever; the wasted years could never be recalled. A boy for the sake of play wastes his time and neglects the work of education; and that loss can never be regained. He may set to work in after years and become a great scholar, but he has to spend the time of manhood in doing what as boy he should have done. A man loses his money, then goes to work and makes some more. He is rich again, but he is still the poorer by more than the amount he first did lose. And so sins, be they what they may, entail eternal punishment. Man was driven from Paradise, and a flaming sword stood guard at the gates for ever after. The five foolish virgins lost the joy of that feast, and lost it for ever. The man's unused talent was taken from him, and that could never be given back again. Some other time, when

suffering has taught him his folly, he will begin again with a gift from God; but all the years are wasted, and the first talent is for ever forfeited. And every sin of man, every violation of truth and justice, every denial of the faith, every neglect of the great salvation, will entail its everlasting penalty. To neglect an opportunity of divine service and communion is to lose an enjoyment,—the delight which flows from the performance of a duty—the satisfaction which arises from a sense of growth in love and holiness; aye, it is to lose a very part of life.

CHRISTIAN.

THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER V.

COEFFIC STITCHES AND TALKS.

Louise had done her errand to the tailor Coeffic in Huelgoat before she went down into the rocky valley, and the next morning the small, bandy-legged man arrived at the Mill of St. Herbot.

Mathurin saw him coming out of the wood. He crossed himself, and disappeared behind the cow-stalls, for the old serving-man was a pious believer in relics, charms, spells, and invocations, and the material creed and practices of this red-haired, crook-backed, limping tailor were to him abhorrent. Moreover, he regarded Coeffic as a fitter associate for women than for men—one who intrigued and manoeuvred, and was altogether feminine in his ways, especially as regarded matchmaking. Mathurin did not wish Louise to marry at present, and he suspected the cause of the tailor's presence.

The tailor tapped at the door of the cottage, and Louise opened it.

"Health and happiness, my pretty child," Coeffic had a fawning, flattering voice, but he looked hideous as he leered at Louise. "Now where is this fine corset that I am to stitch at, and what colours is it to be stitched? See!"

He advanced to the table, and unfastened the strings of a bag which had hung over his shoulder. Out of this he took silk and chenille of various colours, and asked Louise to choose among them. While the girl bent over the gay tints, he laid aside his broad-brimmed hat, and pushed his dark-red hair behind his ears.

"And how is the good mother, pretty Louise? and when is she going to let me find you a husband?"

Louise smiled and tossed her head; but the keen-eyed tailor saw that she also looked confused, and yet he had often before asked her that question.

Madame Rusquec came in at the door. She heard the word "husband," and she frowned.

"Good-day, Stéphane Coeffic. I will give you the cloth, and you can set to work. Louise will give the patterns."

Coeffic raised his eyebrows ever so little at her cold tone; but he took no more notice of Louise.

He had soon cut out the new justin, or corset, a sort of sleeveless body of green stuff, cut square in front, and on this he was to embroider a border round the edges, and also at each eyelet-hole, with blue and scarlet and yellow silk. As soon as he was ready for stitching, he seated himself cross-legged on the table surrounded by his work, while Madame Rusquec drew her stool near, ready to help in the inferior part of the sewing.

Louise hovered about, but so long as he was planning and fixing even Coeffic kept silence, and finding no one to answer her, the girl went out, and left the silent pair alone.

She was too full of excitement to endure her mother's serious reproving looks this morning. Yesterday seemed to have begun a new life for her. In the morning of that day her head had been full of Jean Marie, and then came that charming meeting among the rocks of Huelgoat. She tried to persuade herself that it had come by chance, and that therefore she and Christophe were destined for one another; but now, as she sauntered idly along towards the wood, she felt that she was imposing a falsehood upon herself. She knew very well that she had gone down to see the grotto as an excuse for lingering in Huelgoat, and also in a faint hope of seeing Christophe Mao.

"Still it was a sort of chance," she said, and she went on to the sabotier's hut to find Barba.

Coeffic stitched on in silence, he waited to see if Madame Rusquec would scold him for what he had said to Louise.

She being always slow at speech, a rare contrast to her daughter, stitched a whole seam of Louise's new green skirt before she so much as looked at the tailor. Only the click of the needles, an occasional shuffle as Coeffic shifted his position or his work, and the sleepy purr of a long-tailed, furry, yellow cat lying near the hearth disturbed the silence.

Having finished her seam the widow handed the gay coloured petticoat to the tailor for another to be fixed for her. Then she clasped her fingers round her knee, and spoke the sentence which all this while she had been framing.

"Stéphane Coeffic, it is not well to talk about a husband to Louise; she is too young to be married."

Coeffic grinned till his almost toothless gums showed plainly.

"Madame," he said, smoothly, "we forget our own feelings when we were young. It is the way with us all. Now I am sure from the youthful aspect of Madame herself that when she wedded she was no older than our pretty Louise."

A faint flush came into the widow's long fallow face.

"Perhaps not; but then marriage did not make me so happy that I should wish my girl to follow in my steps."

The tailor put his head on one side and looked at her out of his half-shut eyes. He had not often worked for Widow Rusquec; she had cut up and contrived old gowns of her own for Louise, but he had heard of her as a reserved woman; it was a surprise to him to hear her speak thus openly of her own life.

"It is an old saying, neighbour, that no two leaves of a tree are alike, and, by the same rule, no two lots in life have resemblance. Madame is wise very

wise, and if her superior wisdom choose the husband, our pretty Louise will be a happy wife."

Madame Rusquec had only one strongly-placed bit of self-complacence. She believed in her own judgment, and was usually ready to doubt the opinions of others before they were uttered.

"I do not know that there are any men in these parts wanting wives just now," she said.

The tailor looked up eagerly.

"If that is the only hindrance, be at rest," he said; "I can name three or four. There is Michel Kerest, and Jules Le Houëdec, and, better still, there are the two brothers at the farm of Braspart."

Madame Rusquec looked more interested, and Coeffic noted cunningly her increased attention.

"There is only one man there able to marry."

"With your pardon, there are two; they have both drawn for the conscription, and have both been fortunate. They are therefore free to seek wives."

Madame Rusquec sat upright and looked full of contradiction.

"That may be true about the lots, but only the eldest is free to seek a wife. Christophe Mao has nothing to keep a house with."

The tailor left off his work and held up both hands.

"Ah, but then how is it that the men of Huelgoat keep their wives. There are some who work in the mines, and others who carry about wares for sale, there are few farmers for the land is too barren—there is no farm like that of Braspart."

Madame Rusquec clasped her chin with one hand and sat thinking; the tailor gave her back the work he had fixed and returned to his stitching, and again the click, click of the two needles sounded in the silence.

"That is as I say, Jean Marie Mao is well-to-do, he has a house, and furniture, and chests full of linen; he can take a wife when he pleases; but for the young Christophe it is different."

The tailor looked round him with delight, he seemed to appeal to some unseen audience when he spoke.

"That is it. Did I not say it." He seemed to draw his stitches extra tight to emphasize his sentences. "Is she not a miracle of wisdom? It is indeed different for the young Christophe, but he has already earned money at the fishery: ah, yes, why not? and now he earns wages from his brother. Why should not he marry our Louise, and work the mill in place of poor old stupid Mathurin."

Meantime Louise had not found Barba, and had gone round to the back of the mill; here was another plot of cabbages stretching upwards to the wood; these had mostly been cut, and Mathurin was busy digging the stumps out of the ground and making it ready for fresh planting.

"How busy you are," the girl said, when she had watched him for some minutes, "you and Coeffic are both hard workers, but you do the most because you never talk."

Mathurin stuck his spade in the ground, took off his hat, and wiped his forehead with his blue and yellow handkerchief.

"It would be well for Coeffic if some one stitched his mouth up before he goes jabbering among young girls"—he spoke angrily—"he is a foul-tongued flatterer."

Louise laughed.

"He flatters—yes. But then he is amusing, Mathurin."

The old man went on digging.

"Coeffic has a tongue like a woman." He said this after some minutes' thought.

"See how jealous you are, Mathurin, you will not have any one praised; and you wrong Coeffic, he does not always flatter, he speaks of other things—he asked me if I should like a husband."

Mathurin dug on for some time, throwing up the earth with much unnecessary vigour.

But Louise would not leave him in peace. She pulled her knitting out of her apron-pocket, and seated herself on a lump of stone facing Mathurin.

"Mathurin, guess who I saw yesterday and at Huelgoat?"

"You went to Huelgoat then; why could not I have summoned Coeffic?"

Louise raised her head and tried to look dignified.

"Because I chose to go myself; or, if you must know"—she could not bear not to be friends with everyone—"I had to tell Coeffic about the silks to embroider with. Now could you do that? But you have not guessed," she added, teasingly.

"I do not know who you saw at Huelgoat. The mistress has told me that Jean Marie came here yesterday."

"Yes, and I saw him. Mathurin, I want you to tell me what he and Christophe were like when they were boys. Would either of them do for my husband, old man?" She laughed, but she bent over her knitting to hide her blushing face.

Mathurin stuck his spade into the ground, raised his hat, and crossed himself.

"May St. Yves and the holy saints forbid! The farmer is not a man to marry, and Christophe, who is good and gentle enough for any woman, has no money to keep a wife with."

"Why do you look so alarmed about the farmer? Why should not Jean Marie marry? He is rich, and I am sure he is a fine-looking man. What do you know against him, Mathurin?"

"I know naught of him now. I quarrelled with his father, and with him too; but that is long ago. He was a wild, fierce-tempered boy, always more ready with blows than words. He was jealous, too—so jealous, that the young boy, Christophe, was sent away to sea, to be safe from his brother's temper."

Louise's smiling face had grown serious. She kept silent, and went on knitting.

"I saw Christophe yesterday." She looked up at Mathurin to see how he would take her news. "He looks good-tempered, but he is not so clever as Jean Marie is."

"Christophe is not clever at all, but he is good. He always was good and loving."

"Not clever at all!" Louise felt a sudden disappointment. She knew she was not clever; she was pretty, and that was enough. She believed that a clever woman must of necessity be an ugly one; but she thought that all men should be clever—how else were they to earn money and get on in the world? She was not repelled by this account of Jean Marie; she knew that Mathurin disliked him, and therefore was not likely to do him justice; she was interested in thinking that this wild, fierce man had been so amiable to her.

"Men soften as they grow older," she said, uttering her thoughts aloud more than speaking to Mathurin. "I have heard that Monsieur Mao disliked his stepmother. I daresay she made him wicked."

"There was no stepmother when I lived at the farm of Braspard." Mathurin spoke doggedly. "A man may smooth his tongue, but the will does not change till he grows older than Jean Marie Mao; he is a fierce hard man, and his will is so strong that it will break the will that sets itself against it."

"I like a man to have a strong will"—Louise was talking to herself again, though she spoke aloud—"a strong man will love better than a weak one. I think Jean Marie will make a good husband."

"All women are fools," Mathurin muttered to himself. "He may make a good husband, but I tell you he would not suit you."

Louise smiled. "I am not going to marry him, so you need not be so in earnest; but why should he not suit me?"

The old man looked at her gravely for several minutes, then shook his head, and turned again to his work.

Louise jumped up, and put her hand on his shoulder. "Come, come, Mathurin, no mystery—what is there about me that makes me specially unfit to be his wife?"

Mathurin groaned. "You are pretty, and you are foolish, you do not like work and you like flatterers; if Jean Marie thought his wife liked to be looked at, he would shoot her as he would shoot a wolf."

His dark, sunken eyes gleamed, and Louise shuddered. But again she remembered Mathurin's quarrel with the farmer, and she told herself he was prejudiced.

"You are cross this morning. I suppose that boy, Jules, has vexed you. I shall leave you to digest your ill-temper."

She sauntered round to the pool. The mill was idle this morning, and the dark green water lay in untroubled depth. The girl stood gazing into it. The old man's works had disturbed her.

"How easy it would be to drown here!" she thought. "I wonder why I asked all that about Jean Marie? I like Christophe best; but then, if he cannot marry—well, I shall talk to him at the fête, and dance with him, too. He does not guess that I can dance so well." This last thought was comforting, and chased away her unusual gloom.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SPECTATOR,—Your last number contains an article by "Quis" on the "Prerogatives of the Crown," which is a fair sample of Conservative fairness and reliability in political controversy. I do not propose to criticise the article further than to call the attention of any who may not have Mr. Todd's pamphlet at hand to the fact that in the article Mr. Todd is involved as supporting "Quis" in a position which is directly opposed to the conclusion that Mr. Todd really arrives at. The following passage from Mr. Todd's pamphlet shows the value to be placed on "Quis" as a guide.

Mr. Todd, p. 30, in concluding his remarks on the powers of a Lieutenant-Governor, says:—

"So that, in a modified but *most real sense*, even the Lieutenant-Governors of the Canadian Provinces are *representatives of the Crown*, and inasmuch as the system of responsible government has been extended and applied to the Provincial Constitutions, within their respective spheres of action, as unreservedly as in the Dominion itself, it follows that that system ought to be carried out, in its entirety; and that the Lieutenant-Governor should *stand in the same relation towards his Executive Council, as is occupied by the Governor-General in the Dominion, or by the Queen in the Mother Country.*"

The italics are mine.

Montreal, 5th April, 1878.

BETA.

CHRIST AS A TEMPERANCE REFORMER.—Christ lived in an age when intemperance was as widespread a vice as it is to day. Modern society furnishes no parallel to the Greek symposium, a drinking bout which often lasted for days or even weeks. The heathen religions offered no theoretical remedy to drunkenness; the Jewish religion did not practically prevent it. "It is a shame, said one of the most famous of the Greek moralists "to get drunk except on the feast of Bacchus." "On the feast of Purim," said the Talmudic precept, "the pious Jew should get so mellow that he cannot distinguish between Haman and Mordecai." But it is quite needless to cite such authorities. The first chapter of Romans tells the story of Greek and Roman self-indulgence. The parable of the Prodigal Son would be false to nature if riotous living was not also common in the Holy Land. Into such a state of society the Divine Master came. There was a total abstinence sect, the Essenes; there was a total abstinence society, the Nazarites. His second cousin, John the Baptist, belonged to the latter body. Jesus neither joined nor attacked either body. He did not practise total abstinence Himself; He did not enjoin it upon His followers; but He did not criticise it when practised by others. Various explanations have been offered of His miraculous creation of wine at a wedding. His habitual use of it with His friends, His employment of it as a sacred symbol in the Last Supper. These explanations it is needless for us to discuss. It is certainly true that He did not set the example of total abstinence to His followers, or prescribe it as a specific for drunkenness. He recognised no specific. He proposed no other remedy than that which he employed for all sin. He laboured to develop the spiritual nature of men; to bring them to consecration to God and into communion with God; to put the animal down by bringing the spiritual up. He taught something better than self-control, namely, Divine control. He gave men liberty by making them children of God.—*Christian Word Pulpit.*

If Noah had shut himself up in his ark, and let his family eat nothing but what could be grown upon his decks, he would soon have had an outcry against population, and an Emigration Committee; and Shem, Ham, and Japhet would have been "distressed manufacturers." It can make no difference except in the size of the experiment, whether men are confined to the corn of an ark or an island.—*Thomas P. Thompson.*

CURRENT LITERATURE.

GREEN'S HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE, II. New York: Harper & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The first chapter of this volume is headed "The Monarchy," and describes the principal events that marked the period from 1461 to 1540. The House of York was in power—and under it the nation returned towards Constitutionalism: Monarchy drawing supplies from the people, and the people exercising a check upon the Monarchy. The chapter headed "The Revival of Learning," is full of interest, giving an account of the conditions under which learning revived; and sketches of More, Colet, Erasmus, and Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom we get this glimpse:

The archbishop's life was a simple one; and an hour's pleasant reading, a quiet chat with some learned new-comer, alone broke the endless round of civil and ecclesiastical business. Few men realised so thoroughly as Warham the new conception of an intellectual and moral equality, before which the old distinctions of the world were to vanish away. His favourite relaxation was to sup among a group of scholarly visitors, enjoying their fun and retorting with fun of his own. Colet, who had now become Dean of St. Paul's, and whose sermons were now stirring all London, might often be seen with Grocyn and Linacre at the Primate's board. There, too, might probably have been seen Thomas More, who, young as he was, was already famous through his lectures at St. Lawrence on "The City of God."

When Erasmus wandered to Paris it was Warham's invitation which recalled him to England. When the rest of his patrons left him to starve on the sour beer of Cambridge, it was Warham who sent him fifty angels. "I wish there were thirty legions of them," the Primate puns, in his good-humoured way.

A good, if not brilliant, analysis of More's Utopia is given, so that those who have not read the dream may understand its interpretation, and the condition of society which it was intended to remedy.

But the latter half of the volume will, probably, have most interest for the general reader, for it contains portraits of the men famous in the time of the Reformation, and those who surrounded Elizabeth. Mr. Froude has given in his account of Mary and the Catholic reaction, a brilliant, if not over accurate piece of historical writing. Mr. Green's description of the same event would suffer but little from comparison with Mr. Froude's. In his portraits of Henry VIII., his chief contemporaries, his famous daughters and their advisers, he is most markedly just. Here is one of many paragraphs which might be quoted. Speaking of Elizabeth he says:—

"She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Lord Essex with a box on the ear; she broke now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her Ministers like a fishwife. Strangely in contrast with these violent outlines of her father's temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she drew from Anne Boleyn. Splendour and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph's dream. She loved gaiety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favour. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her vanity remained, even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross."

The sketches of Cromwell are equally good, and what pleases us most in the book is, that while there is evidence of great care and painstaking in the delineation of character and the record of facts, the reading is pleasant. The purpose at first announced is being carried out, and Mr. Green is giving "a history, not of English Kings or English conquests, but of the English people."

SPIRITUAL STRUGGLES OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC. An autobiographical sketch by Louis N. Beaudry. New York: Nelson & Phillips, 1875.

The Rev. Mr. Beaudry is a convert from Romanism who, unlike most "verts," is not given over to the "odium theologicum" in discussing the tenets of his former faith in comparison with Protestantism, but presents what he now conceives to be its errors in a manner that is remarkable for its fairness and kind treatment. The story of his difficulties and the way in which he found an escape from them is told in a series of conversations with his family and some friends, which from their easy style avoid the obtrusiveness of personal narration, and awake interest in the application made by the hearers of Mr. Beaudry's experience. Not the least valuable part of his treatment of Romanism and its contradictions is the amount of correct information as to its real teaching and his condemnation of vulgar errors in this respect, errors too frequently persisted in by even the most intelligent Protestants. Nevertheless, while speaking with all kindness and respect, his argument is plain and forcible, its arrangement skilful and the illustrations apt. Additional interest attaches to the book from the fact that its author, though born in Vermont, is of a French Canadian family.

THE VATICAN LIBRARY.—Passing down the right colonnade of St. Peter's the visitor reaches the chief entrance to the Vatican, the Scala Regia, a gigantic and highly-adorned staircase leading to the audience hall. After traversing various broad and interlacing passages, one comes into a corridor 2,000 feet long, in the walls of which are set 3,000 slabs, covered with ancient inscriptions. This is the famous Lapidarian Gallery. The fragments of pagan origin on the right are confronted on the left with early Christian epitaphs. While walking through this gloomy corridor toward the heavy iron doors near its further end, one can but feel that the striking contrast between the pagan and Christian epitaphs, forms a fit approach to the halls which entomb that vast collection of heathen and Christian literatures, the *Libreria Vaticana*. The scene bursting upon the view as the visitor enters this library is one of ideal splendor. Imagine a grand hall over 200 feet long, divided by seven large ornamented pillars; its walls and high arched ceilings decorated with graceful frescoes and illuminated in gold and brilliant colors; its luminous perspective extended to a junction with two long transverse galleries of magnificent paintings, while in the recesses are shown collections of costly and royal presents, vases of malachite, porcelain, and alabaster, mosaic tables, cabinets of enamels, carvings in ivory, and numberless other precious objects of art. There is no visible suggestion that these halls are a library. Nowhere is a book to be seen. Yet these galleries hold more than 125,000 books and manuscripts, comprising many of the rarest literary treasures of the world. But all are locked up in gilded and decorated cabinets, and seem to be made as difficult of access as possible. Only one small obscure room is assigned for literary work; and this is open but three hours in the day, and from these days are excluded all the numerous Church festival days. The Vatican Library is a vast tomb of books; the tomb is a splendid one, but its decorations and external beauty by no means compensate for the entombment of the treasures which it shuts up from public use.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

The annual report of the Astor Library in New York shows that \$32,113 were expended in 1877, of which \$27,815 were devoted to the purchase of books alone. The fund for the maintenance of the library is \$417,500, and the entire fund amounts to \$1,050,405. The total number of volumes now in the library is 177,387, an increase of 24,541 during the past two years.

The craze for first editions continues unabated. At a recent sale in London the first editions of Milton's "Comus," "Lycidas" and "Paradise Lost" produced respectively \$250, \$390, and \$170; an original set of Byron's poems, \$85; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," \$67; Ruskin's "Modern Painters" and "Stones of Venice," \$146; and the 1640 edition of Shakespeare's poems, \$310.

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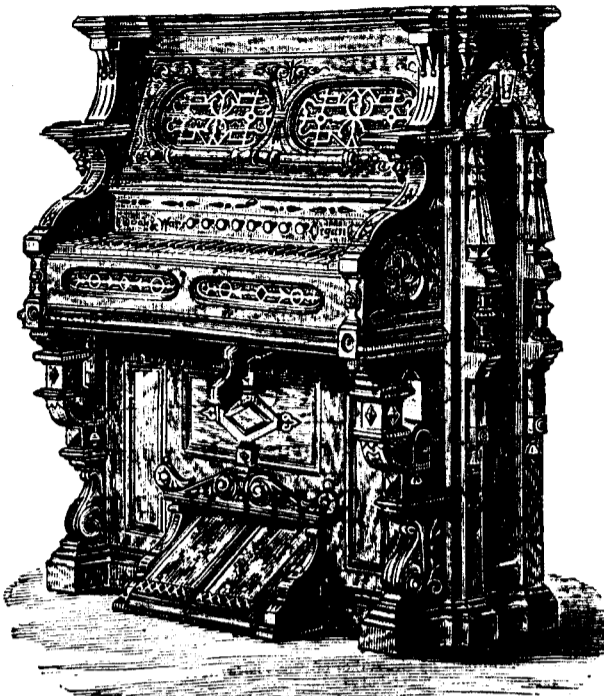


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Circassian	3400	Capt. James Wylie.
Polynesian	3400	Capt. Brown.
Sarmatian	3500	Capt. A. D. Aird.
Hibernian	3484	Lt. F. Archer, R.N.R.
Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
Scandinavian	3200	Capt. R. S. Watts.
Prussian	3300	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Austrian	2700	Capt. H. Wylie.
Nestorian	2700	Capt. Barclay.
Moravian	2650	Capt. Graham.
Peruvian	2600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Manitoban	3150	Capt. McDougall.
Nova Scotian	3300	Capt. Richardson.
Canadian	2600	Capt. Niel McLean.
Acadian	1350	Capt. Cabel.
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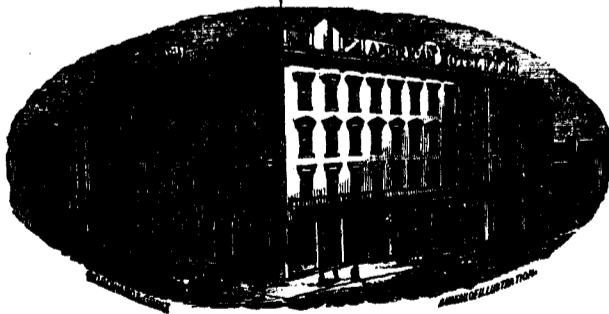
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TORONTO.

To the Electors of the Western Division:

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

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

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

I shall also oppose strongly all attempts at unnecessary taxation.

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

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

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

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

Your obedient servant,

J. McSHANE, Jr.

Montreal, 3rd April, 1878.

MONTREAL WEST.

To the Electors of the Western Division of the City of Montreal.

GENTLEMEN:—

Having been honoured with the unanimous nomination of the Conservative party to again represent this important Division in the Legislative Assembly of the Province, I accept the candidature, and if elected will use my best efforts to do my duty in that as in the other positions of honour in which I have in the past been placed by my fellow citizens.

Your obedient Servant,

J. W. MCGAUVRAN.

Montreal, March 29th, 1878.

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TO THE ELECTORS OF THE Centre Division OF THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

GENTLEMEN:—

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

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

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

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

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

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,

Your Obedient Servant,

WM. H. KERR.