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CANADIAN CULTURE.

BY PROFESSOR J. E. WELLS, WOODSTOCK.

YOUNG Canada is fast putting away childish things, and assuming the attitudes and tones, and to some extent the responsibilities, of nationality. She aspires to become a power in the world, and to take rank one day amongst its most enlightened and progressive peoples. This form of statement, whose truth is doubtless in inverse ratio to its originality, is not intended to commit us to any particular solution of the prematurely vexed question of the future relations of the petted colony to the indulgent mother state. But the fact does surely devolve upon every patriotic citizen the duty of studying closely the tendencies of this critical period in his country's history, and of inquiring anxiously what is to be the distinguishing type of the developing national character. The features of our progress most strongly marked as yet are, it must be confessed, mainly of a material cast. The growth of our commercial marine, the multiplication of railways and other means of internal communication, the development of various sources of wealth in soil and mine, in river, lake, and forest, and the steady influx of a hardy and intelligent, and to some extent homogeneous population, may certainly be accepted as good pledges of rapid increase in the physical elements of power. So, too, the gradual giving way of the cramping fetters of sectionalism and partyism, as petty local interests are submerged in larger issues and politics broaden into statesmanship, we hail as at once a promise that this material growth will not be stunted by lack of the fostering care of economic science, and a prophecy of a steady development of the political elements of power and prestige. But Canadians, it is hoped, are not the people to be satisfied with either or both these types of national greatness. They inherit, to little purpose the blood and the traditions of the races from which they spring, if they do not cherish a higher ambition, if their aspirations do not embrace better and nobler ends than those which in themselves do but tend to luxury and effeminacy on the one hand, or to arrogance and warfare on the other. True, the order of Nature must be followed. The purely physical processes come first and demand the first attention. Bone and muscle and nerve fibre must be developed as the necessary antecedents of brain power. But it should not be forgotten that these derive their chief value from their relations to that brain power of which they are the indispensable, but, as every day's observation shows, not the *sole* condition.

We do not always, perhaps, fully realize that national *character* is just as real and positive a fact as personal character, and one just as largely dependent upon determinable influences—just as easily shaped and modified, not to say moulded, by agencies under human control. As in the one case so in the other, there are certain inborn traits and tendencies, and certain predetermined surroundings and influences, which together rough-hew the outlines. But there is none the less in the growth of the one, as in that of the other, the plastic stage during which every new contact and association without, and every new thought and volition and impulse within—all alike controllable by the choice of the subject—is little by little graving and remodelling those changing features of the man, or the nation, which in their turn are, under the very process, gradually hardening into inflexibility.

Nor does the analogy stop here. Every one who has come to years of maturity knows something, probably, of a kind of transition period—a crisis—in the individual life, when there is a strange, often sudden, awakening from the day-dreams of youth into an intense consciousness of real life, with all its actualities and possibilities. The mental energies are aroused to unwonted activity, new aspirations are enkindled in the soul, larger purposes begin to take root; in short, the whole life is stimulated and the whole man stirred by impulses deeper and mightier than any before known—impulses which soon either ripen into fruitful activities, or wither away in a more cowardly and inglorious lethargy.

Through such a critical stage we seem to be just now passing in our history as a people. The tendencies of our development are not yet fully settled, nor is its goal clearly in sight. Questions involving issues almost vital to our future well-being are still coming to the surface. The elements of our nationality, so recently in a state of upheaval, are gradually settling into position and solidity. Customs and institutions and modes of thought and feeling which will have much to do in shaping our destiny for all future time are just now crystallizing into shape. In short a thousand exigencies, springing out of our new relations, remind us how large are the possibilities within our reach, and how truly the current decade constitutes for us a crisis in which we

> "May rise on stepping-stones
> Of our dead selves to higher things."

What, let us then ask, is to be the intellectual character of the typical Canadian one century or five centuries hence? The present tendencies of our Christian civilization are manifestly towards rivalry in the arts of peace, the pursuit of science, the culture of mind. The happy day when national duels will come to be regarded by civilized peoples as being as truly barbarous in themselves, and as utterly worthless for the decision of questions of *right*, as personal duels, may be yet far in the future, but it is, it may be hoped, approaching. Even now, military prowess is no longer admittedly the highest, much less the sole, standard by which to measure a nation's greatness; while even the same prowess is itself, year by year, becoming more and more a question of skill and intelligence, of scientific knowledge and mind power. Hence, every consideration, the most selfish and the most elevated alike, urge those who have something to do—as what citizen has not?—with shaping the course of events in this our formative stage, to use their endeavours to secure and foster the very best agencies for the promotion of a thorough and widespread mental culture. Nor is our infant horoscope without some combinations full of promise in this respect. The Canadian people are descendants of some of the most intellectual races of the world. They have free access to the literary stores of both hemispheres. Situated well up in the temperate zone, their climatic conditions are such as have usually proved most favourable to mental as well as physical development. The main question, and that which we propose to discuss briefly, is whether and to what extent provision is being made amongst us for that culture and that stimulus which are the most indispensable conditions of large intellectual growth and achievement.

The question of our Common and High Schools we do not propose to touch, not because these appear to us to have already reached the highest pitch of excellence, but because there are many indications that they are just now being subjected to a healthful and hopeful scrutiny. It is always a good omen to see the stage of self-complacency passing away, and a sense of dissatisfaction setting in and begetting enquiry and candid

criticism. Judging from many indications, the people of Ontario (our system of education being provincial rather than national, our remarks will primarily regard this Province) will no longer be content with the assurance, however often or loudly reiterated, that they have a Public School system second to none in Christendom. The question is being asked, to what extent all this immense and well-adjusted machinery is under the control of high intelligence; whether a living soul informs and energizes every part of the vast system; or whether too large a part of what is proudly pointed to as mind culture, especially in the earlier stages of our educational processes, may not, after all, prove to be little more than lifeless, mechanical routine. We are fain to draw a hopeful augury from the starting of such inquiries. They seem to foreshadow a good time coming, when the trustees of our town and village schools will no longer think it either humane or wise to send forth a single youth or maiden, as a kind of forlorn hope, to struggle single-handed—one against a host—with the powers of juvenile ignorance and depravity, or to entrust the earliest and by no means least important stage in the formation of the young Canadian's mental habits to the care of such professional talent as may be commanded by a pittance of twenty or forty dollars per month. Will not both parents and trustees sometime learn that it *pays*, even from a ledger point of view, and pays a hundred-fold in regard to all the higher ends in view, to employ the best talent and the best culture to superintend even the initial processes of mental training? Or shall we be obliged to wait until parents themselves are induced to try the experiment by a generation of trustees appointed *ad interim* by some more competent method?

Perhaps it would be premature, and so scarcely fair, to pass judgment upon the efficiency of our provision for higher education by any results as yet manifest. Ontario is still too young to have much of a record of intellectual achievement. Learning and culture are trees of slow growth. Not only time, but wealth and leisure are necessary conditions of their fullest development. The laws, too, of supply and demand are operative here no less than in other spheres of human activity, so that it would be idle to expect the rich products of patient thought and profound research so long as the public demand for such commodities is wanting or extremely limited. Hence, by the conditions of the problem, we are forbidden to seek as yet any very large results of Canadian scholarship embedded in a Canadian literature. And yet, after making all due allowances, may there not be some ground for the suspicion which is beginning to find expression, that our intellectual growth is scarcely keeping pace with our commercial and industrial progress? Canadian ships, freighted with the products of Canadian industry, are to be found floating in almost every sea. How many foreign nations know anything of Canadian thought or scholarship? To what department of mental toil shall we turn for evidence of original work or highly developed power? How many native-born and home-educated Canadians have widened the domain of Science, enriched the galleries of Art, found the clue to an intricate maze in history, turned, or even tinged, the currents of philosophic thought? How many are our native poets, orators, statesmen, with more than local reputation or influence? Intense mental activity is one of the phenomena of the age. Bold speculation and fearless investigation abound. No truth in politics, morals or religion is too well established, or too sacred to be ruthlessly overhauled and re-examined; the most venerable creeds and dogmas are vehemently attacked and as vigorously defended; in short, no question affecting human life in all its various phases, or human destiny with all its solemn issues, is taken as settled, or left in abeyance. And the appeal, be it observed, is made in every instance, to an extent probably never before equalled, to dispassionate, trained, and disciplined reason. This ferment of thought, however we may sometimes fear its temporary effects upon a weak, half-rooted-faith, is, in itself considered, a hopeful omen. Whatever tends to raise the thoughts of a class, or a people, from the low average range to a higher level, to beckon them aside for a little from the temple of Mammon, to make them feel that man cannot live by bread alone, can scarcely fail to exert, on the whole, a salutary influence upon life and character. If even a few minds in a community are raised for a little above low and selfish ends, the average of thought and morality in that community is raised higher in proportion.

Now it can scarcely have failed to strike the student of these signs of the times to how small an extent our Canadian thinking has been affected. The great waves raised by these cross currents of thought on the other side of the Atlantic dwindle to the merest ripples before reaching our shores. Whether we take platform, or pulpit, or press, for our tests, the feebleness of the thrill with which the Canadian mind responds to the electric flashes of higher thought from older lands, would seem to indicate a comparatively low degree of intellectual vitality.

We turn for a moment to view the question in another aspect. Brain power is a thing of culture. The native mental energy must be developed and stimulated by vigorous and continued training before it can rise to the height of lofty arguments and far-reaching issues. And this higher mental culture must have breadth or extent of surface, no less than depth. In other words, the *number* of those enjoying it is a factor of no less importance in the intellectual product than the thoroughness of the culture itself. May not this truth be liable to be sometimes overlooked when we are disposed to point with complacent pride to the high *status* of our Provincial University, with its one College? No matter how able the Professors, how extended the curriculum, how rigid the examinations, so long as but a very small fraction of the population are able or disposed to avail themselves of the advantages offered, the intellectual standing of the people, as a whole, can never reach a very high grade. Other things being equal, it is clear that the greater the number of those in any country who receive a broad culture the higher will be the average of its scholarship, the wider the diffusion of high intelligence, and the greater the probabilities of cases of individual pre-eminence.

We had proposed to collect for this article statistics to show the number of Graduates in Arts from the various Universities of the Dominion, and especially of Ontario, during the last five or six years. But further reflection convinced us that such a table would afford no reliable basis for an estimate of the state of higher education amongst us. Its value for practical purposes would be rendered about *nil* by two facts, viz.: the broad and manifest difference on the one hand in the value of the degrees themselves, according to the mode of bestowal and the amount of real mental training represented; and, on the other, the existence here and there throughout the land of colleges, neither possessing nor desiring the power of conferring degrees, whose work, nevertheless, falls in extent but little, and in thoroughness not at all, below that of the smaller denominational Universities. But we think most of those who have given attention to the subject will, on a survey of the whole ground, be ready to admit, without statistical verification, that the per centage of our young men at present receiving a really liberal and thorough mental culture is not such as to assure us of Canada's early admission into the first rank of nations, as classified on the basis of intellectual development. Especially will this appear when it is borne in mind how many of those who do pass, partially or wholly, through our University courses belong either to the class of those who are reading solely with a view to some chosen profession, or that of those who, without any genuine love of culture or of knowledge for its own sake, are merely "cramming" under the stimulus of some prospective prize [illegible] of which classes will, as a rule, stop short in the pursuit of liberal culture as soon as the special end has been attained. Of course we do not deny that both these classes of students are numerous in every country, but we fear that, in the hurry and bustle of this western world, the temptations to rush prematurely into active life are greatly strengthened. And this suggests a kindred fact which seems to us to go far towards justifying the fear that the foundations of our future intellectual life are not being laid sufficiently broad and deep. We view with alarm the facilities afforded for short cuts into what are termed the learned professions, and the numbers of our young men who are but too glad to avail themselves of those facilities. Take for instance the medical profession. Whether we regard the vast range of the field of study and the subtle and intricate nature of the phenomena it presents, or the weighty responsibilities resting upon the practitioner in view of all the solemn interests at stake, we should say that here at least is a temple of science whose doors must be forever barred against ignorance and superficiality. And yet which of us has not been time and again startled, on meeting some one whom we may have

known two or three years before as a stripling of very modest, if not meagre, mental resources, at having an M.D., and possibly half-a-dozen other strings of cabalistic capitals flaunted in his face? Nor are indications wanting on the part of candidates for the legal profession, the approaches to whose *adytum* have hitherto been better guarded, towards the same degenerating policy. The bearing of these and similar tendencies—to say nothing of other results of a still more serious nature—upon our theme is manifest. The probabilities of the ranks of truly eminent men—those men of surpassing mental and moral power whose mission it is to use from above the levers of ennobling thought and stimulating example for the elevation of the masses—being largely recruited from these sources are diminished just in proportion as the standards of entrance in the professions are lowered. To those who agree with us in believing that the wisest motto for the young country that would cherish a truly noble ambition is "the highest possible culture for the largest possible number," such considerations as the foregoing will probably seem to justify the conclusion that we ought not yet to be willing to "rest and be thankful." If we can as yet point to but the most meagre products of Canadian thinking, if the really thorough training our institutions afford is limited in quantity by the smallness of the numbers availing themselves of it, if much that passes for higher education is unworthy of the name, and if even the badges of professional rank are no sure guarantee of well-trained intellect or sound learning, the practical question is, What can be done to improve our standing in these respects? We stay not here to argue the case with those who think our supply of educated minds already ample for our real wants. Many, we are aware, are ready to deprecate any large increase in the number of our college trained young men. A "practical education" is, they tell us, "the demand of the age." They point with dismay to the crowds already jostling each other on the thresholds and in the lower stories of the professions, and cite our attention to the swarms of educated poor to be found clamouring for a morsel of bread in older lands. We write for those who regard education as a thing of intrinsic value, quite apart from its relation to any special occupation. The mistake made and the false impressions conveyed by those who seek exemption from honest toil on the ground of superior mental acquirements are due not to education, but to the want of it, or of that sterling common sense which is its essential substratum. The notion, however prevalent, that the development of brain power—of genuine thinking capacity—can possibly of itself unfit a man for success in any sphere of honest labour seems too absurd for serious refutation. The presence even now, here and there among our yeomen and mechanics, of a man of broad culture, fitted thereby not only to excel in his own chosen industry, but also to enter, in his leisure moments, avenues of pleasure and recreation, elevated far above the reach or conception of his uneducated fellows, is of itself a standing refutation of so mistaken an opinion. This class a true patriotism will seek to enlarge to the utmost possible extent, inasmuch as every additional young man going forth to his life-work, of whatever kind, with a well-stored and cultivated mind, raises the average of Canadian intelligence, and so strengthens the barriers against the onflow of ignorance and its attendant vices.

How, then, are the best facilities to be afforded, and the most powerful legitimate *stimuli* applied, for the accomplishment of this desirable end? We advocate no large increase in the expenditure of public money for the purposes of higher education. The tendencies of the thinking of the day are rather against such a course, on the grounds both of political economy and of abstract justice. A question of principle, of *right*, is now being raised in regard to the use of the money of the whole people in the establishment and support of expensive institutions, whose advantages can at best be enjoyed, directly at least, by but a small fraction of the whole population. "Should not all higher education," the masses are beginning to ask, and the inquiry will, doubtless, ultimately become emphatic, "be left, like other luxuries, to be furnished by private enterprise, and paid for by those who can enjoy it?" The question belongs manifestly to those economical and ethical planes where mathematical lines and tangible walls of partition are impossible. But it is becoming increasingly evident that the legislative wisdom of the future is to find its legitimate sphere not so much in doing or

in providing, as in giving impulse and direction to voluntary effort.

We advocate then not any new scheme, or stupendous outlay, for the promotion of Canadian culture, but more direct and earnest effort to reduce to practical working the scheme we already have on the statute book —a scheme whose wise foresight impresses us the more deeply the more closely we study its provisions. Even so long ago as 1861, we find a carefully elaborated plan, in which provision was made for a Central University, which was to be simply an examining and degree-conferring body, whose Senate should "have power to establish a common curriculum of study for all affiliated colleges," to "appoint examiners and provide for payment of the same," to make provision "that the University examinations of candidates shall be held in the respective colleges, where also the degree shall be conferred," "that all students who have passed the examination of the Senate, and graduated in their respective colleges, shall be entitled to rank as graduates of the University," &c. Such were some of the recommendations of the Royal Commission whose report was made the basis of legislation in respect to our collegiate system. Can any one doubt that could they have been put in practical operation our higher education would now be in a much more advanced state than that in which we find it? To what extent have they been reduced to practice? Let our Toronto University with its *one* college, and our public denominational colleges with university powers, answer. Except in reference to that one really efficient college the plan has, up to the present time, resulted in manifest failure. We are far from wishing to disparage our denominational institutions, as will presently appear. But it would be strange indeed if, with all the advantages of a comparatively magnificent endowment, and consequently a comparatively large and talented staff of lecturers, and with its fine buildings, library, scientific apparatus and other appliances for its work, *in addition to other advantages to be presently referred to*, it could not successfully claim to be far in advance, in regard to the extent and thoroughness of its course in Arts, of those institutions whose sole dependence for support is upon the voluntary contributions of those specially interested in them and their work. That these latter, however, are by virtue of their very dependence, and all that it involves, in possession of exclusive compensating advantages, which the state cannot afford to dispense with, we shall attempt to show.

Without inquiring too closely into causes, except in so far as may be necessary in seeking the remedy, we wish to ask, Is there no means of converting the failure of the affiliation scheme, in the past, into a large success in the future? We frankly confess that we are not sufficiently well acquainted with the *minutiæ* of subsequent legislation and management to enable us to discuss confidently the historical aspects of the question. If, however, any reasonable and persistent effort has ever been made to bring about a real affiliation of the various denominational colleges, we have been unable to learn the fact. On the other hand, we strongly suspect that a principal cause of the want of progress in that direction has been the tacit assumption, which has sometimes found expression, that it was only by the multiplication of colleges supported and controlled by the State, like that in Toronto of which we are all justly proud, that the work of our Provincial University can be enlarged. This is, we conceive, a fatal mistake. The true policy, and that clearly contemplated in the report from which we have quoted, is to encourage and stimulate to a healthful competition those institutions which have been already, or may be hereafter established on voluntary principles. The arguments in favour of *one* such central college as that in Toronto, well equipped and endowed at public expense, to operate as a model and a means of maintaining a high standard of excellence, are many and convincing. It renders a full curriculum and rigid examinations possible. But to attempt to multiply such, so as to meet the wants of the various localities and of the growing population of our great Province, would be to impose upon the people a burden as unnecessary and impolitic as it would be useless. The system of denominational colleges is too deeply rooted in the practice and in the convictions of the majority of our people to admit of their being supplanted by any State institutions, however numerous or excellent. The soundness of this system we are not now discussing. The fact which we wish to emphasize is that these colleges, however despised, have, by virtue of their origin and nature, points of

contact with the minds and hearts of the people such as no State institution can ever have. They take hold upon the sympathies, they live on the affections of their patrons and supporters. The mass of religious people will not be persuaded that the principles of Mathematics or Greek, much less of Metaphysics or Natural Science, can be set forth in neutral tints. They refuse to believe that any man possessing mental weight and calibre sufficient to fit him for the position of lecturer in a college of high standing can possibly divest himself, if he would, of such an atmosphere of influence as must, however unconsciously inhaled, operate powerfully upon the susceptibilities of the admiring student, whose mind is just in that formative stage which renders the college years the very pivot of the intellectual and moral life. Hence the importance, in their estimation, of placing the young during the period when the mental habits are most plastic, and the tendency to hero-worship the strongest, under such *positively* religious influences as can, in their estimation, be secured only in institutions under denominational control.

Again, the State college cannot compromise its dignity by canvassing for students; nor has it, indeed, any special motive for so doing. The denominational college, on the other hand, has its agents, official or unofficial, constantly in the field—ministers, subscribers, patrons, students, the *esprit de corps* of the latter being usually one of the strongest props of such institutions. One of our leading dailies quoted recently, with strong approval, some of the arguments of the President of Cornell University in favour of State as opposed to denominational colleges, in which he dealt with especial force upon the fact that large numbers of the graduates of the latter class of American institutions go to the celebrated European Universities to complete their education. Granted. But how many of those young men would have ever attended either an American or a foreign State University but for the impulse given and the intellectual thirst excited through the medium of the denominational college? How much of the best scholarship and most vigorous intellect in the United States—and in Canada, too—has been drawn forth from remote hamlets and "back-woods" farms by the far-reaching magnetism generated in the close contact of those little colleges with the minds and hearts of the common people?

We believe that the readiest and best means by which the higher mental culture of our country can be made at the same time more widespread and more thorough would be found in a *real* and *practical* affiliation of the different colleges scattered over the country with Toronto University. Can the denominational institutions be induced to enter into such a scheme, voluntarily resigning their vested rights and university powers? Perhaps not. But has the attempt at such a compromise ever been seriously made upon any basis that could possibly be accepted? No return to any mode of subsidy or State endowment is either possible or desirable. Hence, the contest must necessarily be somewhat unequal between a college sustained on purely voluntary or self-supporting principles and one liberally endowed from the State exchequer, *even if the latter were as completely separate and distinct from the examining and degree-conferring body as the former.* How could it be supposed that any institution could even attempt such a rivalry so long as the examiners of the central university were all, or any one of them, connected with the teaching department of a particular college. We hope that it is unnecessary to add that, in making these remarks, we repudiate utterly any feeling in the least degree unfriendly to the University College, or any intention of casting the slightest imputation upon the honour or fairness of any such examiner. We refer simply to the well-known, undeniable advantage the candidate at a competitive examination must derive from a lecture-room familiarity with the mental modes and idiosyncrasies of his examiner. We are glad to learn that for some time past the practice to which we refer in the choice of examiners has been largely modified in the direction of discontinuance. But we should be trebly glad to hear of an earnest effort being made upon the basis of the entire disconnection of the University and its examiners with any teaching institution, and other reasonable concessions, to bring about such an affiliation as that contemplated in the earlier history of the University. The statesman who shall accomplish such a result will gain an enviable immortality in the annals of his country and the hearts of his countrymen. We shall merely add that could but

an instalment of success be secured at first, could but two or three institutions be induced to enter heartily into the plan, the scheme must win its way to gradual victory. The superior *status* of the graduates of such an university could not fail to act as a powerful loadstone upon the ambition of the young man seeking literary culture. Moreover, growing colleges which have not yet sought university powers, and new ones yet to be founded, would doubtless readily and gladly fall into line, until our whole Province should be girded with a cordon of strongholds worth more a thousand-fold than any military defence. A high authority has proposed a solution of the problem by the voluntary removal of the denominational colleges to Toronto, there to form the *nuclei* of a second Oxford. The idea is ambitious and attractive, but to the mind of any one who will seriously consider all the sacrifice it would involve on the part of those who have struggled long and expended much in the erection of expensive buildings and the generation of powerful local associations, manifestly impracticable. Moreover, deeper reflection will, we think, convince most persons that, on the whole, for many reasons to which we have not space even to allude, *decentralization* is the wiser and more hopeful policy.

We can barely allude to two closely related topics, which we had intended to treat more fully. Complaint is often made of the dearth of *original* work on the part of Canadian students in all departments of science and literature. This dearth must naturally continue until its causes are removed or mitigated. One of the most effective of these causes is, doubtless, the lack of the pecuniary conditions of leisurely investigation, and the rush towards "practical" ends, which is so characteristic of the time, and especially of this continent. The talented and successful student who has been chafing for the goal of his university career recognises no inducement to linger in academic groves. In most cases he has not the means of doing so. The pressure of necessity is upon him, or the spirit of the day urges him forward, and he hastes into some kind of active life, or some course of special technical preparation for it. In either case his nascent love of investigation and of truth for its own sake is soon overborne and swallowed up in the vortex of stronger, if less unselfish and elevating, impulses. In how many cases might these tendencies be counteracted, greatly to the advantage of Canadian culture and sound learning, could but some prizes, in the shape, say, of means for a few additional years of independent and more leisurely research in some chosen field of study, be offered as a reward of special merit! Could not funds be obtained, either from public sources or, much better, from the philanthropy of wealthy citizens, for the establishment of something akin to the fellowships of the great English universities? Modifications and adaptations to meet our special circumstances could easily be made, and such conditions annexed as would best secure the end in view, the promotion of Canadian scholarship. Who amongst our men of wealth and public spirit in Ontario will transmit his name to posterity, as the founder of the first fellowship in connection with our Provincial University?

Mr. W. R. Greg, the modern Cassandra, discovers one of the most dangerous of the "rocks ahead" of the British ship of State in the great and growing discrepancy between the intelligence and culture of men and those of women. It is to be feared that this danger is not wholly the creation of a gloomy fancy. Whatever exception may be taken to the foregoing views in regard to the higher education of our young men, we feel persuaded that very few who have given any attention to the subject will deny that our appliances for securing any really high and thorough culture of the feminine moiety of Canadian intellect are sadly inadequate. We invite the sceptic, if there be such, to a study of the *curricula* on the one hand, and the *registers* on the other, of our Ladies' Colleges and Seminaries. These institutions, we are glad to see, are increasing in number and improving in efficiency. Still what active mind, accustomed to substantial viands, can study the workings of the greater number of these institutions, and analyze the mental pabulum promised or supplied for our sisters and daughters, without suffering the pangs of intellectual hunger by proxy. The whole subject of higher education for women was so fully and ably discussed in an article in the February number of this magazine, that we gladly refrain from enlarging. We simply touch the subject as one which in our opinion stands in most intimate and vital relation to the future well-being of our country.

Indeed we more than question whether any very high intellectual attainment is possible for a people so long as everything approaching thorough mental development is tacitly withheld from one half its population, and that half the mothers and wives and sisters of the coming race. We introduce the subject here mainly in order to ask the attention of those interested to one practical suggestion. Might not some immediate and most profitable use be made of the powers entrusted by recent legislation to the University Senate, in respect to competitive examinations for ladies? Surely it is not thought necessary to defer action until, from the intermittent courses of lectures being delivered to ladies in Toronto, shall have been developed an institution coördinate with University College. This is highly desirable, and we hope for its early establishment. But why wait for this, when their are high schools and seminaries here and there throughout the country, ready to provide facilities for all lady students who are ambitious of something better than the old prescriptions, as soon as the needed inducements are offered? But the supply can only be proportionate to the demand, and both need healthful stimulus. How could such stimulus be more easily or effectually applied than by the establishment of a series of written examinations, not at first too severe, under the auspices of the Provincial University, and open to all comers; the successful candidates to be awarded graded certificates under the seal of the University? Sound scholarship for women would thus receive a recognition and an impulse which would be immediately fruitful. With a judicious selection of subjects, conformed as far as expedient to the first stages of the University course in order that existing facilities for instruction may be to some extent utilized, with a moderate prize list to commence with, and with some just recognition on the part of our Public School authorities of the value of these certificates to lady candidates for teachers' licenses, a very few years, we doubt not, would prove sufficient to arouse a vigorous competition. Hundreds of minds now languid for want of adequate inducement to exertion would be quickened to healthful activity. Ladies' seminaries and colleges would, in self-interest and *con amore*, adapt their courses to the new requirements, ambitious lady teachers and private students would fly to their text-books, and a generous rivalry in a worthy and ennobling pursuit would crush out in many a noble nature the early buddings of that pitiful devotion to idleness, finery, small-talk, and frivolity, which otherwise so soon ripen into purposeless and life-long insipidity.

A LEGEND OF ROLAND.

BY E. C. R.

Bulwer, in his charming "Pilgrims of the Rhine," gives the following description of the scene of the Legend of Roland:—"On the shore opposite the Drachenfels stand the Ruins of Rolandseck—they are the shattered crown of a lofty and perpendicular mountain, consecrated to the memory of the brave Roland; below, the trees of an island to which the lady of Roland retired rise thick and verdant from the smooth tide. Nothing can exceed the eloquent and wild grandeur of the whole scene. That spot is the pride and beauty of the Rhine. The legend that consecrates the tower and the island is briefly told, it belongs to a class so common to the Romaunts of Germany." Bulwer then gives a short sketch of the legend, which is embodied in the following lines:—

BY the Drachenfels' high mountain,
On the blue and castled Rhine,
Stands there many a mouldering ruin,
Many a pilgrim's ancient shrine!

All are mouldering, all are crumbling
Into ruin and decay;
There the bats fly round at evening,
And the rooks caw all the day.

But when midnight's hour hath sounded,
Then the Spirits leave their lair,
Who, in ages long departed,
Lived in stately splendour there:

Mailéd knights and high-born ladies,
Sweep across the marble floor;
And the clang of arms resoundeth
In the courtyards, as of yore:

Plumed and crested are their helmets,
And their swords are keen and brave;
Then the music proudly swelleth,
And their lofty banners wave.

But one face alone is missing,
One is absent from the Hall.
Where art thou, O Beauteous Maiden?
Fairest thou among them all!

Looks a window from that castle,
On the blue and winding Rhine,
On the Drachenfels' high mountain,
On the hills all clad with vine:

At that window stands a maiden,
Watching sadly night and day;
And her brow with grief is laden,
For she mourns for one away.

And the shadows fall around her,
But she heedeth not the gloom;
And her eye hath lost its brightness,
And her cheek its early bloom,

Watching for the white ship's pennons,
Fluttering in the sudden gale:—
But the river floweth onward;
Up the stream no ship doth sail.

Now there rides a mounted courier
Up the steep and rugged hill:
"Speak! What tidings dost thou bear me?
Answer! be they good or ill!"

"He is dead!" the courier answers;
"All thy watching is in vain;
On the field of battle fighting,
Was thy hero, Roland, slain."

"He is dead!" the lady answered;
"Let his death then be my doom;
And my life and woes be buried
In the convent's living tomb!

"In the cloister's holy shadows,
There alone shall I find rest;
And among those saintly sisters
Shall my weary soul be blest."

Now the solemn rites are ended,
And the Church's aid invoked,
And the vestal vows are taken,
That may never be revoked.

And they chant the *Miserere*,
And they sing the solemn prayer—
When the clang of arms resoundeth,
Songs of triumph cleave the air.

Who outspeeds those stalwart horsemen?
Who so proudly rides ahead?
"It is Roland! it is Roland!
Hath he risen from the dead?"

"I have fought and won your battles,
I have come to claim my bride!"
All the knights beheld in silence,
And no human voice replied.

Then he drew his blood-stained falchion;
But the gentle Abbess said
"In this cloister's peaceful shadows,
Unto thee thy bride is dead.

"Through long years she waited for thee,
But her watch was kept in vain,
Till at length the rumour reached her,
That in battle thou wert slain.

"Then to higher aspirations
Turned her spirit in its grief;
And in Holy Church's bosom
She hath sought and found relief.

"Nought avails it now to sorrow
O'er the irrevocable past;
Look upon her through this grating,
Let that farewell be thy last!"

Sternly, sadly, then spake Roland,
To the nun he spake with pride:
"I will never look upon her,
Since she cannot be my bride!"

But he built the lordly castle
That looks down upon the Rhine,
Where in Nonnenwerth's still cloister,
Wept his lady at her shrine.

From those lofty castle windows
He would gaze in mournful gloom,
On the monastery's turrets,
On his lady's living tomb.

But that castle now is crumbling
Into ruin and decay;
There the bats fly round at evening,
There the rooks caw all the day.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.

"I shall know by the gleam and glitter
Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
The fire they have had to bear."

ABOUT a fortnight after George Arnold's accident, Lenore was seated at work beside him one afternoon—the first on which he had been allowed, as a convalescent, to leave the bed to which he had been kept a close prisoner, and sit up, or rather recline, in an easy chair at the window. It was an exquisite September day; the air soft, balmy, with a sort of hazy golden lustre about it peculiarly softening and idealizing. The rich blossoms that still brightened the flower-beds with a blaze of colour seemed all the lovelier because they must, ere long, be cut down by the blighting frosts; and yellow butterflies darted hither and thither over the parterres, and through the vine-trellises, where the yellowing leaves already showed in contrast to the fast purpling clusters that loaded the vines. George looked out with a rather languid enjoyment on the soft autumnal beauty that lay outspread beneath the open window. His face had come to wear a gentler, more softened expression during his illness, and another influence had come still further to soften him—the arrival, namely, of a tiny son and heir, born about a week after its father's accident, and which, though so tiny as to require the utmost care, was yet prospering so as to do great credit to his numerous and assiduous nurses. This small individual, wrapped in his richly embroidered blanket, had just been carried in to be exhibited to his papa, who felt rather exalted by the possession of his new dignity, and Lenore fervently hoped that this new responsibility might be a turning point for good in George's too "easy-going" life.

Lenore had taken the favourable opportunity of George's softened mood to bring forward the subject of her betrothal to Alan, which he had willingly left to her tact and discretion to introduce. George heard it with a clouded brow, though without the ebullition of passionate displeasure which she had dreaded. He said nothing for some time; then he began, moodily enough—

"Well, of course you have a right to please yourself, though you can't expect me to rejoice in it exactly, or to commend your taste. There's your money, too; it will be confoundedly hard to realize yours and Renée's too, out of the business, in its present condition. However, I suppose I must make the effort, come what may, even if it cripples us irretrievably!"

"George, I care very little about the money," Lenore said, "and neither, I am sure, does Alan. That can wait your convenience, and we are not in any hurry."

"Well, that's more than Renée ever said, and Mortimer seems just as stiff about her getting every penny of her's right off, as if he hadn't a shilling of his own in the world. I expect somebody's been putting mischief in his head about the business. That would have been all well enough, if I hadn't been laid aside in this provoking manner. I suppose everything's been going wrong while I have been away."

"George," said Lenore, rather timidly—dubious as to the effect of the communication—"when you were laid up so completely, Addie begged me to ask Alan to take charge of the business till you should be able to go about again, and he has done so."

George's brow contracted, as if with physical pain. He did not speak for a few

minutes, then, with a heavy sigh he half muttered—

"Seems clear I can't get rid of the fellow, at all events! Since that is the case, Lenore, suppose, instead of trying to realize your money just now—which, I don't mind telling you, would be a serious thing for me—suppose I put it down to his account and take him into partnership?"

Lenore's face brightened at once. "Oh, George!" she exclaimed, "just the very thing I was longing to have you do. It would be so nice!"

"But would he agree?" asked George. "Mind, you mustn't expect me to go and make a humble apology. I know I did treat him pretty badly, but it isn't in my line to go and say I'm sorry."

"But you are sorry, George dear," persisted Lenore, "and I am sure if I told him so, he would never think of it again."

"Well, you can try to arrange it if you like. If you settle the matter, I'll get the formalities arranged as soon as I'm able," said George, languidly, with a weary sigh. "I must say," he added, "that you are not very ambitious, when you might have been Mrs. Mortimer, of Mortimer Hall."

Lenore coloured, and laughingly put her hand on her brother's lips, saying that he "had talked quite enough for one day;" and then, with a restlessness which she could not control, she hurried down into the open air, to watch from the lawn the sun setting in a crimson lustre through the thickening haze, and to think with grateful gladness how brightly the way seemed opening out of her perplexities.

Alan, meantime, had been faithfully transacting the duties of the business, which he found had got considerably into arrears during his own absence from it. By dint of great diligence, for which he felt fully repaid by Lenore's smiling thanks when they met, he was getting the tangle somewhat straightened, and feeling the burden of responsibility a good deal lighter.

The excitement of the election had almost died away, though it would be long before its effects were completely obliterated. Previous to Mr. Fulton's departure, the rejoicing Carringtonians, feeling secure now of their railway, had a grand *fête*—getting their new member to turn the first sod, while beer flowed in profusion, to signalize the event by tempting back to habits of intoxication a number of the men whom Ralph Myles, assisted by Alan, had been trying hard to recover from its slavery and degradation. Alan sorrowfully marked one after another, who had for some time been manfully trying to resist the temptation, staggering homewards after the day's celebration.

Then there had been a grand triumphal procession to escort Mr. Fulton to the railway station on his departure. Mr. Dunbar and Alan both watched it, somewhat sadly and cynically. If only all that rejoicing had been over the return of one really determined, in all honesty and sincerity, to seek the best interests of his constituents—to legislate for the real welfare of his country—then both felt they could have rejoiced in spite of defeat. But when they thought of all the hollow pretence, covering the grossest selfishness; of the political chicanery, misnamed public spirit and patriotism; of the determination to uphold the party, happen what would to the State; both felt heartsick and hopeless as to the political future. So many noble aims and purposes disregarded and likely to remain so, while individual or party ambition was to hold the first place as a motive of action! So many desirable reforms and improvements that might be accomplished, while the minds of those who should accomplish them were filled only, or chiefly, with party bickerings and political animosities!

On that particular September day, when Lenore held the above recorded conversation with her brother, Alan had gone out to Mapleford, where he was to dine and then go on to the mills at Heron Bay, to arrange for some additional lumber which he required to have sent on, in order to fill a large order that had just been received. Philip Dunbar had, somewhat to his surprise, offered to accompany him, and on the way had confided to him, what Alan, with a brother's blindness, had not discovered, his attachment to Jeanie, which he had made known to her by letter, receiving a reply which had made him eager to go and have her consent ratified *viva voce*. He had, perhaps, been encouraged to proceed to this step, by being made a confidant of Alan's new happiness. The news, though it took Alan by surprise, gave him almost as much delight as his own newly found and cherished hopes; and the two friends found the drive a very pleasant

and short one, as they discussed, with mutual congratulations, their prospects of domestic happiness, which made the political defeat, Mr. Dunbar said, seem a very small matter indeed.

One thought only arrested Alan's enthusiastic pleasure in the unexpected tidings, the inward wonder how his sister's strong religious faith would harmonize with Philip's sceptical tendencies. The latter divined the perplexed feeling by Alan's look and a half-uttered sentence, and set his mind at rest by telling him, in a few words—for he was not inclined to enlarge upon his most sacred feelings—that a great change had been gradually passing over his thoughts on these matters. This, indeed, Alan had half suspected, at times, from various slight indications, such as his friend's greater willingness to accompany him to church, his manner of earnest attention while there, and other signs which he had noticed in silence. Jeanie's strong, unconscious influence, but still more, Ralph Myles's earnest downrightness and intense realization of the faith he professed, and the strong white light he had thrown into Philip's conscience by holding up to it the ineffable purity of the Divine Ideal, had shown him, by degrees, that there were many things not included in his philosophy, that he had never really comprehended either Christianity or himself. In the light of a purer ideal, he could see how far the cynical spirit he had fostered was removed from the divine requirement of love for his brother; and the cold indifference with which he had repelled the thought of the Higher Love which had at last touched his heart, he now saw, with an intensity of self-reproach, to be the darkest ingratitude. Seeing himself thus, in what was to him altogether a new light, he could feel without any exaggeration that he, Philip Dunbar, needed the purifying faith he had despised, as much as any of the miserable and degraded around him, for whom alone he, in his self-sufficiency, had thought it adapted. And the conviction had brought him a happiness and peace and a new impulse for life and work which he had never known before. Of this he told Alan something briefly, quite enough, however, to enable him, from his own experience, to understand it all.

The day was, as has been said, a soft, hazy, autumn one, very like an Indian summer day had it not been so early. Both Alan and Mr. Dunbar had been noticing, as they approached Mapleford, the gradually increasing haziness, even smokiness, of the atmosphere, and were speculating as to its cause. Fires in the woods had not then been so disastrously prevalent as they have since unfortunately been, and it was not for some time that the true cause of what they at first attributed to the state of the atmosphere occurred, as it did at last, to Alan.

"There must be a fire in the woods somewhere," he exclaimed, as, at a turn in the road, the light breeze which was blowing brought towards them a slight access of the prevailing haze, with a faint odour as of burning pine-woods far away.

"Of course! that's just it," Philip replied. "If we hadn't been so preoccupied," he added, smiling, "that explanation would have occurred to us before. I hope it isn't anywhere near Mapleford," he said, noticing the anxious look in Alan's eye.

"Oh, no! it isn't in that direction; I'm a little afraid 'tis near Heron Bay, though: at any rate, I'd like to push on and see," and he touched his horse with the whip to urge him to a faster pace.

As they approached Mapleford, Alan met a farmer who told him that the fire was within a mile or two of the mills at Heron Bay, and if the present direction of the wind continued, it might come into rather alarming proximity. Alan decided to go straight on without stopping at home, even for a moment, as he felt he might be of use in an emergency, and Philip, with praiseworthy self-denial, agreed to accompany him.

As they rapidly drove along the road to Heron Bay, the increasing density of the smoke, and even a perceptibly greater degree of heat told them of the nearness of the fire, and now and then they even thought they could distinguish the distant roar, which any one who has once been in the vicinity of a fire in the woods can never mistake. At Heron Bay Alan found the workmen in a state of considerable excitement. The fire, they said, was only about a mile distant, and the wind was blowing it straight down upon them. It was only within the last hour or two that they had become seriously alarmed, and no one seemed able to organize any vigorous preventive measures. Alan and Mr. Dunbar urged them to immediate action, and offered

to head a band of volunteers to go forward to meet the fire, and endeavour, by chopping down a belt of wood in its course, to stop its progress by lack of aliment.

A strong band of men was soon mustered, including all the hands about the place, and an additional supply was hurriedly sent for from Mapleford, who, when they arrived, proved a valuable reinforcement. They went as far as it was possible to go with safety, until the hot breath of the fire fiend, and the dense volumes of smoke, and the hissing sound of the flames, and crackling of falling boughs, and crashing of great trees, warned them to approach no nearer. They worked as hard as men could work, plying their axes with unflinching zeal and industry, stimulated by Alan's vigorous example, and by his judiciously applied stimulus of offered reward. He felt that the destruction of the mills, and the valuable timber stored at Heron Bay, would be so serious a loss to the Arnolds as almost to involve their commercial failure; and he was resolved to allow no effort to be spared in order to avert such a calamity.

But, fast as the men worked, the fire seemed to approach faster still. They were almost stifled with its hot breath, and blinded by the smoke, and one by one retreated before its violence, declaring they could stand it no longer. Alan worked in the forefront of the battle with an energy that seemed almost superhuman. The excitement of feeling how much was at stake seemed to render him almost insensible to either fatigue or suffering. Philip watched him anxiously, fearing lest he should seriously injure himself, and repeatedly begged him to retreat. But he was determined to make the breach in the destroyer's way as wide as possible before he gave in.

As the sun set and the dusk drew on, the scene became indescribably grand. The line of blazing, hissing fire became brilliantly visible behind the dark forms of the intervening trees. They could see one woodland giant after another catch the fire on its far-stretching branches, which blazed and crackled, like forked lightning, against the sky, and tossed showers of sparks like fiery crests around them, spreading the flame in every direction. At last, the little advance party had to quit their perilous outpost and retreat to a distance, to watch whether the breach they had made would do anything to check or divert the progress of the fire. Alan had previously sent a large detachment of the men, who had declined to continue working at the outpost, to take every precaution, by keeping the buildings and piles of lumber thoroughly wetted, to prevent their taking fire from the showers of sparks that fell so thickly around. The little fire-engine at Carrington did good service in accomplishing this important end.

Alan was almost in despair when he saw that the fire seemed ready to overleap the breach which had cost them an afternoon's labour, as if it were an interruption of the most trifling account. Those beautiful woods must go, then, he thought sadly, involving an immense loss in that alone; and if they went, not their most strenuous exertions could save the mills and lumber yard.

But just as his discouragement had reached the lowest ebb, the wind changed. There could be no mistake about it; the sparks and the billows of red smoke had changed their direction, and, instead of bearing right down upon them, were spreading away diagonally—towards the creek. The breach would stop it now! There was no fear of that, when the added force of the wind was removed; and when the fire reached the creek it would be fairly brought to bay. Alan watched for some time, scarcely daring to trust his sight, till he saw the other side of the belt a long line of smouldering red embers—the fire heading decidedly in the direction of the creek, in which it must find an effectual check. Then, when the intense strain on mind and body was so suddenly and entirely removed, Alan, for the first time in his life, fainted completely away.

Philip Dunbar had him at once conveyed to Mapleford, after restoratives had brought him back to consciousness, leaving him, however, in a state of complete prostration, so that the first meeting between Jeanie and Philip, as plighted lovers, took place, strangely enough, under almost the same circumstances as that of Alan and Lenore. But in this case their fears were not seriously excited, nor, indeed, did they know at first how severe were the internal injuries which Alan had sustained from breathing so long and unremittingly the heated air, in spite of the precaution they had all taken of binding a wet handkerchief over mouth and nose.

Philip went back to Carrington early next

day, and of course went at once to Ivystone to report what had happened—the fire being then almost burned out—and to add to his report a reassuring message which Alan had sent to Lenore.

But, in spite of the message, it need hardly be said that Lenore's uneasiness was seriously excited; and as Philip hinted that nothing would be so likely to restore and rouse Alan as her own presence, she was soon on her way to Carrington, accompanied by Dr. Wilmot.

Alan's recovery was not a matter of a day or two merely, as he had at first hoped. The heated air he had inhaled so profusely had affected his lungs, and he continued to suffer from pain and prostration for many days. But, cheered by Lenore's society and loving ministrations, he did not find his illness a dreary time; indeed, he almost congratulated himself upon it, as being the cause of his seeing so much of his betrothed, and learning to know and appreciate her better even than he had done before. For the exquisite tenderness of Lenore's loving and sympathetic nature never shone so brightly as in a time of suffering or sorrow.

One day during his convalescence, a time enjoyed doubly both by himself and Lenore, Jeanie came in, with a little parcel in her hand, which, with a somewhat mischievous smile, she handed to Alan, asking whether he remembered the "white squaw." Alan almost started when, opening the parcel, he recognised the moccasins and card-case given him by Ben's grandmother so long before, and recalled the varied associations which the sight of them brought so vividly back.

Lenore knew all Alan's history long before this time. He had kept nothing back from her, and they had had plenty of opportunity for going back over the past, which seemed now so confusedly mingled with the present. He told her now the history of the old squaw's parting gift, and insisted on Lenore's trying on the moccasins. They fitted her little feet to perfection, and Jeanie told Alan, laughing, that it was well the prince had found Cinderella at last, to which Alan replied with a retort that forced Jeanie to a blushing retreat.

That winter Lenore's friends remarked what dainty embroidered moccasins she wore, and her odd Indian card-case became the theme of a good deal of remark, since she would use it instead of her own pretty little mother-of-pearl one. But there were other things observable about Lenore that winter that were more noteworthy still. There was in her face and manner a brightness that did not use to be there; the expression of her dark eyes was not so wistful; her movements had a spring and energy about them that they were not wont to possess. She continued well and strong too, though she did not go southward; and, with the exception of one or two trifling colds, her continued health justified Dr. Wilmot's permission, somewhat reluctantly extorted, to remain at home.

Miss Honeydew, who was in the secret of the engagement, was completely won over by Lenore's devotion to Alan during his illness, and was compelled to give in her cordial approval of Alan's choice somewhat in spite of herself; for, having failed in her first attempt to induce Alan to turn his thoughts in the direction of Mary Burridge, she had been indulging in a pleasant little dream of making up to her favourite for his first disappointment, by providing him with a sweet and by no means portionless little wife, in the person of her niece, Bertha Honeydew. But, like many a similar match-maker in intention, she found herself frustrated once more, and submitted with all the better grace that this time even her sharp eyes could find no fault in Alan's choice.

As for Mrs. Campbell, she already loved Lenore as a daughter, and Lenore clung to her as one who had long sorely missed a mother's affection.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RESULTS AND CONCLUSION.

"Ah! who am I, that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved,
To set me higher?"

As may easily be supposed after the events narrated in the last chapter, there could not be much further difficulty in the way either of the recognition of the engagement of Alan and Lenore, or of the proposed partnership. George Arnold could not refuse to thank Alan most heartily for

the exertions to which he owed so much, since, but for the vigorous measures he had taken, it was hardly probable that even the change of wind would have saved his property. The thanks were not, it is true, given with the best grace in the world, and the first interview was rather a constrained and unpleasant one for both parties; but, for Lenore's sake, Alan would have gone cheerfully through a much more embarrassing meeting.

It was, however, thought to be both the pleasantest and the wisest arrangement that Alan should reside at Heron Bay, taking charge of the mills there, which were fast rising in importance; so that now he would unexpectedly be able to embody, in tangible form, the very "castle in the air" he had once built, under very different circumstances, at Heron Bay

Renée Arnold's marriage took place during the winter with great pomp and circumstance, as became a bride who was to be the lady of an English manor. Half the girls in Carrington envied the fortunate bride, and could talk of nothing else for weeks than the rich trousseau — partly ordered from Paris—and the magnificent wedding presents that came from the bridegroom's English relatives. They wondered, too, whether Lenore were not a little repentant, if, as rumour said, she might, in the first place, have secured so brilliant a match; which only proved that they could not in the least sound the depths of Lenore's heart, or know how heartily content she felt, when she officiated as one of her sister's bridesmaids, that she was the betrothed of Alan Campbell, not the bride of Lionel Mortimer.

The other wedding, at which Lenore officiated in the same capacity two or three months late was very different as to external pomp and ceremony, but certainly not less happy in its quiet simplicity. And when Philip Dunbar brought home his wife from their short wedding-tour, to brighten, with a sunshine the more precious that it came so late, his formerly lonely home, neither of them, in the tranquil happiness of their quiet domestic life, found any room for envy of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, then making an extended Continental tour; though Philip playfully promised his wife that they should yet, some time or other, go together to visit the old lands which her imagination had often wandered over, and which she still sometimes longed to see with her bodily eyes.

In June came the well-remembered Fenian raid, alarming enough at the time, though its sudden collapse makes it assume rather insignificant proportions now that it is viewed as a thing of the past. It was with a throbbing anxiety which she never forgot, that Lenore saw Alan depart at the head of a detachment of the Carrington volunteers, which was ordered to the front—in a most trying uncertainty whether he might not be going direct into active service. But even if she could have done so, Lenore would not have sought to keep back her betrothed from the duty he owed to his country; and with a half murmured "God bless and keep you, dearest!" she saw him depart, as many another Canadian did at that crisis, taking his life in his hand, in order to defend his country against a foe whose quarrel was not with Canada, but England.

It may be remarked, in passing, that Mr. Richard Sharpley displayed "the better part of valour," by remaining quietly at home as chairman of the Carrington Home Defence Committee—a post which, considering the remoteness of that place from the frontier, could scarcely be regarded as one of extreme peril.

However, those troubles happily passed over with a comparatively small amount of bloodshed, only costing the lives of some half-dozen brave Canadian volunteers; and Alan returned to find the happiness of the tranquillity that succeeded the excitement only enhanced by the passing cloud of anxiety.

It was in the golden September days of that summer that Lenore Arnold became Lenore Campbell, and Alan and his wife took possession of "Forest Lawn," as they called their new home at Heron Bay, a pretty, tasteful, brown cottage with a wide verandah, built upon the green slope which Alan had fixed upon, on the day of the picnic, as so charming a situation for a home. Most of the large forest trees have been left, and form behind the house a protective belt, screening it from northerly and easterly winds. In front, a sunny, green lawn, dotted in course of time with bright flower-beds and shrubberies, extends down to the blue lake lying calmly, with its islands, below. The wide verandah, with its lovely view, affords in summer a pleasant sitting-room,

where Lenore frequently sits, book or work in hand, but often beguiled from either by the fair page of nature's beauty which lies outspread before her. There, too, often sits Mrs. Campbell, who resides chiefly with her son, at his and Lenore's earnest request, though Jeanie also often claims a large share of her mother's time. And there, too, in summer, usually lies Ponto, who has continued to be his master's faithful attendant, although advancing age now somewhat impedes his following him, as of old, on all occasions.

Lenore's little drawing-room, opening on the verandah, is furnished unpretendingly, as becomes a cottage, but with refinement and taste; and she is far more proud of her cottage and her little *ménage* than she ever was of all the state and luxury of Ivystone; nor have her health or spirits ever suffered, as her sister-in-law predicted, from her removal to a home where a willing simplicity and economy are brightened and beautified by complete sympathy and happy love.

In Alan's office at the Mills hangs the identical photograph of Lenore which he had first seen on his visit to the photographer's in company with Lottie. He still has in his possession the photograph of the latter which was taken on that occasion, which he had never been asked to return. When he meets with it, as he occasionally does, he can hardly help the involuntary comparison of the pictured face with the sweet face of his precious Lenore, and the wonder how his boyish imagination could ever have been so deeply impressed with Lottie's mere sensuous beauty—a beauty that he now sees to have been so completely that of mere external form and colouring, in which he can detect the germs of the selfishness and sensuousness that are fast developing themselves, to the rapid deterioration of Mrs. Sharpley's youthful good looks.

She and her husband "get on," with a fair amount of smoothness, so far at least as their interests and pursuits harmonize. But when these clash, or Lottie's pleasure is incompatible with Dick's—as happens not infrequently—Dick, determined as he is, usually has to give in before Lottie's greater persistency. Mr. Ward died somewhat suddenly, and Mrs. Ward lives chiefly with her married daughters in Radnor. Lottie is quite determined to be yet, in course of time, "as good as the Arnolds," whatever she means by that; and as Dick continues to prosper in the world, it is possible that she may succeed in her aim—according to her own estimate, at least. But her mother, owing both to her increasing infirmities and her "unfashionable" aspect, would be a drag upon her, to which Lottie could not submit. If Mrs. Ward ever feels the sharpness of having "a thankless child"—though as her faculties are failing somewhat, she may not feel it very acutely—she will hardly, perhaps, have the discernment to trace Lottie's conduct to the selfishness of motive and action inherited from herself, and fostered by her own maxims and example.

Miss Honeydew is once more alone, in her vine-embowered cottage, happy with her flowers and pets. Her solitude is, however, enlivened by occasional visits from her niece Bertha, who, as well as Miss Honeydew, is always a most welcome guest at Forest Lawn. When Bertha is visiting her, Miss Hepzibah finds that Ralph Myles, who now usually resides in that vicinity, is suspiciously apt to drop in, and she sometimes wonders whether anything is likely to come of it; whether Bertha, with her city habits and luxurious nurture, would ever consent to share the hard and laborious life of a country missionary. Sometimes she thinks she will, and prepares herself for the task of persuading her brother to "make the young people happy."

Her brother, by the way, on one of his visits to Mapleford, made an exploring expedition with Alan into the back-country, then just beginning to acquire a reputation for mineral wealth, in the course of which they stumbled upon Alan's unappreciated bit of property at Deer Lake, which turned out to be one of the best mining sites in the vicinity, and was in due time profitably sold to an American Mining Company, organized under Mr. Honeydew's auspices. The proceeds Alan generously invested to meet the expenses of Hugh's education, a piece of brotherly generosity which was, however, accepted by Hugh only on the condition that it should be regarded merely as an advance, to be repaid when he should have arrived at the coveted point of earning an income of his own by his legal practice. To this end he is working hard and steadily, hoping, by and by, to enter into a partner-

ship with his brother-in-law, Mr. Dunbar. He retains his old boyish admiration for Pauline, and the two have many a playful flirtation at Ivystone or Forest Lawn, between which Pauline divides her time.

Ben is "getting on," as his zeal and steadiness deserve. He is foreman now at Heron Bay, and is likely from present appearances to take to himself a "white squaw," in the person of Helen Morgan, who, her mother being dead, accompanied Lenore to Heron Bay as her principal domestic.

The happiest people, they say, have no history, and the tranquil happiness of our Alan and Lenore is not likely to afford much of the tragic element without which a story can hardly be deeply interesting. It is possible that, at a future time, we may have something to say of Pauline's maiden history, and may have another glimpse of Lenore as a happy matron. Suffice it, at present, to say that the family life at Forest Lawn is happy enough to fill both Alan and Lenore with an ever-grateful gladness, and to make Alan rejoice heartily when, in looking back over his past life, he discerns all he has "LOST AND WON."

CHRISTMAS.

THE birthday of the Christ-child dawneth slow,
Out of the opal east, in rosy flame;
As if a luminous picture, in its frame—
A great cathedral window—toward the sun
Lifted a form divine, that still below
Stretched hands of benediction; while the air
Swayed the bright aureole of the flowing hair
Which lit our upturned faces;—even so
Look on us from the heavens, Divinest One!
And let us hear through the slow-moving years,
(Long centuries of wrongs, and crimes, and tears,)
The echo of the angels' song again,—
"Peace and goodwill—goodwill and peace to men!"
A little space make silence,—that our ears,
Filled with the din of toil, and moil, and pain,
May catch the jubilant rapture of the skies,
The Glorias of the choirs of Paradise.

The hills still tremble when the thunders cease
Of the loud diapason,—and again
Through the rapt stillness steals the hymn of peace,
Melodious and sweet its far refrain,
Dying in distance, as the shadows die
Of white wings vanished up the morning sky—
"Peace and goodwill—goodwill and peace to men!"

Ingersoll, Ont. KATE SEYMOUR MCLEAN.

THE STORY OF WILL ADAMS,

THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN WHO VISITED JAPAN.*

BY C. H. REDHEAD, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

THOUGH the City of Yeddo cannot compare in either historical or romantic interest with many other cities in the Empire of Japan, yet it has several claims to the interest of both Japanese and foreigners which none possesses in a greater degree. From one end of it to the other, both inside and outside the walls, are the Yashities (residences) of Daimios (noblemen), each of whom has a history connected with his family—its rise, and the fortunes and adventures of all its members both good and bad;—and thus the history of the city and that of the Princes who were formerly obliged to reside there for nearly the half of their lives became closely interwoven with each other. What a number of cities in Europe would be uninteresting to the traveller, in spite of civilization, picturesque scenery, and the beauty of their buildings, were it not for the personal histories and associations connected with them! And so it is with this great city of the East—in size nearly equal to London. Here, in a narrow street leading from the Nipon Bashi—a place almost in the heart of the fishmongers' quarter, and one which has nothing in itself to induce any one to visit it—stood the former residence of William Adams, the first Englishman who visited and lived among the natives. This man deserves to be remembered by every one who takes any interest or thought respecting foreign intercourse with that country; and if Marco Polo be mentioned with respect as the first European who published to the world that there was such a country as Japan, although he had never visited it, but only heard of it, when he was staying at the Court of Kublai Khan, about the end of the thirteenth century; if François Xavier enjoys a venerated reputation as the founder of Christianity in the ancient Empire; no less should Will Adams hold a niche among the most worthy of those who, in days when the navigation of the high seas was a very different matter from what it is now, undertook to conduct a squadron through the Straits of Magellan, in order to seek a profitable market for Dutch merchandise in the country of the Kami.

Enquiries were first made in the Anjin Cho, in Yeddo, in the hopes of finding some traditions of Will Adams, the old pilot. But to only one question of the many which were asked of the Cho Yakunin (or head man) was any satisfactory reply given. The first enquiry was whether it was known why the Cho was named Anjin? The ready reply was, "Yes, it was named after a very good foreigner who lived there a long time ago." The next question was, "How long ago?" But upon this the officer was entirely out of his latitude—"Oh, a very long time—about six or seven hundred years." As the city was not in existence more than about three hundred years ago, this at once showed that persons instituting enquiries were not likely to make much out of him; and so it proved: he did not know what became of Adams, or where he died or was buried. All he did know was that a certain O'Matsuri, or Festival, which is held on the 15th day of the 6th month, although not named after him, is generally considered to have been held in honour of "the good foreigner," as they called him.

Many prominent writers since his day have mentioned Will Adams, but his name has only very lately come under the notice of foreigners, from the circumstance of his grave having been discovered, and that, too, within a short distance of Yokohama, the principal open consular Port of Japan. A gentleman of my acquaintance, engaged

* This sketch is written from notes personally gathered by the writer during a five years' residence in Japan.

in one of the mercantile houses in Yokohama, who has improved his time during his residence in Japan by endeavouring to acquaint himself with the language, manners, and customs of the people, was recently, while reading Hildreth's "Japan and the Japanese," as he informed me, struck with the fact that no foreigner had made any effort to learn anything about Will Adams beyond what was to be read in books. Yet one fact mentioned by Hildreth gave him a clue which he at once seized upon, and availed himself of. In the account of the presentation of a certain captain of an English expedition, which reached Japan about the year 1612, to some of the highest officials at Suruga, in which he was accompanied by Adams, it was stated that, in returning to Yeddo, they saw many very beautiful temples on the way, one of which contained a gigantic image of Buddha, made of copper, hollow within, but of very substantial thickness. It was, as they guessed, about thirty feet high, in likeness of a man kneeling on the ground and seated on his heels, clothed in a kimouo (or gown), the pattern of which was related by the priests to have been cut out by Joss himself in the early days of the Empire, and was considered by them to be the height of perfection, although to European eyes it bore a very strong likeness to an old tattooed South Sea Islander. The echo of the shouts of some of the company who visited this monster was very loud; but to make this intelligible I must state that the whole of them got into his head through a small trap-door kept there by the native clergy, or Bosans, for the purpose of extorting money from the many too-confiding pilgrims who visited the image annually, in return for which they were promised wealth in this world and a certain seat with Joss in the next. It is stated that, even in those remote days, some of the English visitors inscribed their names on the image, after the usual Cockney fashion, showing very clearly that they, as well as the natives, wished to be immortalized by their visit to this great Japanese Joss. This seemed to point to their having visited the great and famous image called Daibutz, near Kamakura, a beautiful village where the seven sacred temples stand, and which is the resort of many foreigners when any holiday occurs, principally on account of the beauty of the scenery and the magnificent decorations of the temples. Sacred white horses and tortoises are also kept there. One of the latter is stated by the priest in charge of the largest temple to be some two thousand years old; and however absurd this may appear to Europeans, it is firmly believed in by the Japanese. It occurred to the gentleman before mentioned that the priest of the great idol might know of some tradition connected with such visitors, and he took an early opportunity of paying him a visit and making enquiries of him, but received no further satisfaction from him than a promise to endeavour to ascertain whether anything was known of the Englishman who, in the days of Iyeyas, occupied a residence in Anjin Cho, near Nipon Bashi, Yeddo. In a few days the priest visited him, and stated that, with the clue he had given him, he had found, in a native book called "Miurashi," some information respecting Anjin Sama (*Sama*, equal to Mr.), and, especially, that he had lived at a small village near Yokoska (the present site of the Japanese naval yard, dry docks, and gun factories, &c.), and that he died and was buried there. He also mentioned certain relics which had belonged to Adams, and were amongst the most prized at the Temple of Zookozan Yoodoshi, near the village.

With this information from the priest he hurried off to the place indicated, and there found everything he had been led to expect, and, with the assistance of the priests of the temple, found the grave of Will Adams and his wife. The latter is represented to have been the most beautiful girl in the village; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that Adams had been able to obtain the consent of her parents to their marriage, but after much energy and perseverance they were obliged to succumb, and he became the happy possessor of his fair bride, according to the rites of the Buddhist Church or creed. A beautiful monument has been erected to their memory, and a long inscription in Japanese characters, setting forth the virtues of them both, in the most glowing terms, was written thereon, calling vividly to mind, from the beauty of the romantic spot in which their remains had been laid, the touching story of Paul and Virginia.

According to some old papers and books which were found among other relics in the temple, and which had been preserved by

the Japanese from the time of his death, William Adams was born in Kent. He was apprenticed to the sea at an early age, and served for twelve years under an old sea captain named Nicholas Diggins. He subsequently entered the royal navy during the reign of Elizabeth, rose to the rank of master or pilot, and then, returning to the merchant service, ultimately engaged to go on board the *Charity*, of one hundred and sixty tons, and carrying one hundred and ten men, as chief pilot of a squadron of five vessels which were fitted out in Holland for a trading voyage to Japan. The names of the five ships were, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity* (before mentioned), *Fidelity*, and *Good News*, the last-named vessel being of only seventy-five tons, and carrying fifty men. Of the whole squadron the *Charity* alone reached Japan, and even then only after great trials and hardships. The account of the voyage presents a picture of suffering and disaster which makes one wonder that any inducements could prevail on men to risk them. The squadron left Holland, as far as I remember the story, about June, and in two months afterwards reached the Cape de Verde Islands, where they remained about three weeks, to refresh the men, of whom many were sick with scurvy, including their commander-in-chief, who died soon after they recommenced their voyage. They fell in with nothing but heavy gales ahead, and frightful weather generally, seas running mountains high; and having been obliged to heave to for many days, they drifted on to the coast of Guinea, and landed on Cape Gonsalves, just south of the Equator. The sick were sent ashore, and soon after a French sailor came on board, who promised to use his influence for them with the negro king. The country was more or less barren and could furnish but few supplies; and as the sick recovered from scurvy those who had been well hitherto began to suffer from fever.

In this state of distress they again got under weigh, and steered a course for the coast of Brazil; but falling in soon after with the Island of Annobon, in the Gulf of Guinea, they landed, took the town, which contained only about eighty houses, and obtained a supply of beef and of fruits. Still the men continued to die, and they buried more than thirty on this island alone. Two months were thus spent on the African coast, the ships setting sail again about the middle of November. However, they were again greatly delayed, this time by one of the vessels having carried away her mainmast, and it was no less than five months before they reached the Strait of Magellan, the crews during most of the time being on short allowance, and actually coming to such extremities at last as to be obliged to eat the calf skin with which the ropes were covered to protect them from the weather.

Having entered the Strait, in April, 1599, they obtained a good supply of penguins for food; but the commander stopping to wood and water, they were overtaken by the winter, then just setting in, during which they lost more than one hundred men from cold and hunger, and were thus detained (though, according to Adams, there were many times when they might have got through) till September, when at last they entered the South Sea.

A few days afterwards they encountered a heavy gale, by which the ships were separated. The *Faith* and *Fidelity* were driven back into the Strait, and the crews of those vessels are supposed to have perished on the inhospitable shores of Patagonia. The other three ships steered separately for the coast of Chili, where a rendezvous, in latitude 46°, had been appointed. The *Charity*, in which Will Adams was, on reaching the place of rendezvous, found some Indians, who at first furnished some sheep in exchange for knives, axes, &c., with which they seemed well satisfied. They shortly after disappeared, however, probably through Spanish influence. Having waited a month, and hearing nothing of her consorts, the *Charity* ran up to the Island of Mocha, and thence to a neighbouring island called Santa Maria. Here, on the mainland close by, they saw a number of people, and boats were sent ashore for a parley, but the inhabitants tried to prevent the sailors from landing, by shooting at them with hundreds of arrows. "Nevertheless," says Adams, "having no food in our ship, and hoping to find some on shore, we landed forcibly about thirty men, and drove the savages from the water side, but most of them were more or less wounded with their arrows. Having landed, they made signs of friendship, and gave them to understand there was not the slightest ill-feeling, and in the end came to a parley, with signs that their wish was to ex-

change iron, silver, cloth, &c., with them for food; whereupon they gave the men wine, with batatas (a kind of sweet potato), and other fruits, and told them by signs and tokens to go on board again, and the next day to come and they would bring more."

The next day, after a council of war had been held, in which it was resolved not to land more than two or three men at a time, the captain approached the shore with all the force he had. Great numbers of savages were seen on the beach, who made signs for the boats to land, and in the end, as the people would not come near the boats, about thirty men landed, with muskets, and marched up towards three or four houses; but before they had gone a hundred yards they found themselves in an ambush, and the whole were taken or killed on the beach. The boats waited a short distance from the beach for a long time to see if any of the crew might return, but seeing no hope of recovering any of them, they returned to the ship with the bad news that all the men who landed were killed; which made the look-out a very poor one, as they had barely enough men left to weigh anchor and work the ship.

After waiting a day longer, they went over to the neighbouring island of Santa Maria, where they found the *Hope*, which had just arrived, but in as bad a plight as themselves, having, at the Island of Mocha, the day before the *Charity* had passed there, lost their captain and twenty-seven men in an attempt to land and obtain provisions. Some provisions were finally got by detaining two Spaniards who came to look at the ships, and informing them that before they could go on shore again they would have to pay a ransom in sheep and bullocks. A council was held on board the ships, and it was proposed to burn or sink one of them, as they had not enough men left to work them both; but the new captains, who had just been appointed, could not agree which ship should be thus dealt with. At length, the men being somewhat refreshed, they debated what should be done to make the voyage as profitable as possible to the merchants. It was stated by one of the sailors, who had been on the coast of Japan in a Portuguese ship, that woollen cloth, of which they had much on board, was the best merchandise for that market, and considering that the East Indies were not countries in which cloths would be likely to be very acceptable, they concluded to keep all they had of this article for the Japanese market. Hearing also from the people on shore that Spanish cruisers were after them—by whom in fact they had lost their third vessel—it was finally resolved to stand away for Japan. In their way they encountered a group of islands lying about 16 degrees North latitude (in all probability the Sandwich Islands), to which eight of their men ran away with the pinnace, seven of whom were eaten by the Islanders, as was reported by the remaining man, who was retaken. How this man escaped the same fate as his companions could never be clearly ascertained, as when he was recovered he was partly deranged, probably in consequence of the horrible sight he must have witnessed when his friends were being cut up and roasted before his eyes. However, he did escape, and was picked up by one of the boats, a few days afterwards, in a very sorry condition. On his arrival on board the ship again he became sullen, and scarcely spoke or looked at any one for the rest of the voyage, or rather until he died, some weeks afterwards. The ships sailed in consort for some weeks, with fine variable weather, until one night it came on to blow a tremendous gale, with thunder and lightning fearful to behold. In the morning the *Charity* was leaking and labouring heavily, but the wind was rapidly dying away. During the height of the gale the ships separated, and the *Hope* was never afterwards heard of, and was supposed to have foundered during the gale. The *Charity* still kept on her course, as it was about the only thing to be done. A number of her men were sick and many of them dead when, in the middle of April, being then in great misery, with only four or five men, out of a company of five-and-twenty, able to walk, and as many more to crawl about the deck on their hands and knees, the glad cry of "Land Ho!" was heard, and it was soon ascertained to be the eastern coast of Ximo, in Japan. The ship was almost immediately boarded by numerous boats which they had no force to resist, but the boatmen offered no injury beyond stealing everything they could lay their hands on. This, however, was put a stop to the next day by the Governor of the neighbouring district, who sent soldiers on board to protect the cargo, and who treated

the crew with great kindness, furnishing them with all necessary refreshments, and giving them a house on shore for their sick, of whom nine finally died.

For some days the only conversation held was by signs; but before long a Portuguese Jesuit, with some other Portuguese, arrived from Nagasaki, on the opposite or western coast of the island. The Dutch now had an interpreter; but what with religious and national antipathies, little was to be hoped from a Jesuit and a Portuguese; in fact, the Portuguese accused them of being pirates, and two of their own company, in hopes of getting control of the cargo, turned traitors and plotted with the Portuguese. After five days, the Emperor sent five junks, in one of which Will Adams, attended by one of the sailors, was conveyed to Osaka (now a consular open port), distant about two hundred and forty miles. Here he found the Emperor, "in a wonderfully costly house, gilded with gold in abundance," who in several interviews treated him with great kindness, and was very inquisitive as to his country and the cause of his coming. Adams replied that the English were a people who had long sought out the East Indies, desiring friendship in the way of trade with all kings and potentates, and having in their country any quantity of merchandise which might be exchanged to mutual advantage. The Emperor then inquired if the people in Adams's country had no wars. He was answered that they had with the Spanish and Portuguese, but were at peace with all other nations. He also inquired as to Adams's religious opinions. Adams in answer informed His Majesty that he was a Kalathumpian, which found great favour in the eyes of the Emperor, as he intimated to Adams that he was one himself. His Majesty next asked how he got to Japan, and when Adams, by way of answer, produced a chart of the world, and pointed out the passage through the Strait of Magellan, the Emperor smiled and said, in Japanese, "Wakarungi," equivalent to "No, you don't," and showed plainly extraordinary signs of incredulity.

Notwithstanding this friendly reception, Adams was ordered back to prison, where he was kept for thirty-nine days, expecting, though well treated, to be crucified, which he learned was the customary mode of execution in that country. Adams thought of home, and vowed that if he ever got out of the country, nothing short of lunacy would ever get him to undertake a second journey to it. In fact, as he afterwards discovered, the Portuguese were employing this interval in poisoning the minds of the natives against these new comers, whom they represented as thieves and common sea robbers, whom it was necessary to put to death to prevent any more of their freebooting countrymen from coming to ruin the Japanese trade. At length, however, the Emperor gave this answer: that as yet these strangers had done no damage to him or to any of his people, and it would be against reason and justice to punish them, and, sending again for Adams, after another long conversation, and taking into consideration his religious views, he set him at liberty, giving him leave to visit the ship and his companions, of whom in the interval he had heard nothing. Adams found them close by, the ship in the meantime having been brought to Takai, within seven miles of Osaka. The men had suffered nothing, but the ship had been completely stripped, her whole company being thus left with only the clothes on their backs. The Emperor, indeed, ordered restitution, but the plundered articles were so disposed of and concealed that nothing could be recovered except fifty thousand small silver coins, equal to about $5,000, which had formed part of the cargo, and which were given up to the officers as a fund for their support and that of the men. Afterwards the ship was taken still eastwards, to a port near Yeddo. All means were used to get her clear, with leave to depart, in which suit a considerable part of this money was spent; till, at the end of two years, the men refusing any longer to obey Adams and the master, the remaining money was, "for quietness sake," divided, and each was left to shift for himself: the Emperor, however, added an allowance to each man of two pounds of rice a day (which is the usual allowance made to a Japanese labourer), besides an annual pension in money amounting to about twenty-four dollars (Ni Ju Shi Rio). In Will Adams's case this pension was afterwards raised to about one hundred and forty dollars (Hiaku Shi Ju Rio), as a reward for having built two ships for the Emperor on the European model. Adams's knowledge of mathematics also proved serviceable to him, and he was soon in such favour as to be able, according to the account found among

his papers, to return good for evil to several of his former maligners. The Emperor acknowledged his services, and endeavoured to content him by giving him a living like unto a lordship in England, with eighty or ninety retainers as his servants or slaves, and the usual number of wives for persons of his rank. I may mention here, as a trait of Japanese custom, that any man may have as many wives as he can find rice for, although only the first wife and her offspring are legitimate, so far as inheriting property is concerned. However, notwithstanding all these advantages (?), he still pined for home, and importuned for leave to depart, desiring, as he says, "to see his poor wife and children according to conscience and nature." This suit he again renewed upon hearing from some Japanese traders that Dutch merchants had established themselves at Acheen, in Sumatra, on the coast of Malacca. He promised to bring both the Dutch and English to trade with Japan; but all he could obtain was leave for the Dutch captain and the rest of the Dutchmen to depart. This they presently did, for Acheen, in a Japanese junk furnished by the King or Prince of Ferando, whence they proceeded to Jor, at the southern end of the Peninsula of Malacca, where they found a Dutch fleet of nine sail. In this fleet the Dutch captain obtained an appointment as master, but was soon after killed in a sea fight with the Portuguese, with whom the Dutch were then vigorously contending for the mastery of the Eastern seas.

From this time Will Adams, being alone, the rest of the crew having departed or died, grew more and more into favour with the Emperor. He was employed in superintending the building of ships, drilling soldiers, and giving advice in the Privy Council, where he was considered to be little less than a prophet; and being a very shrewd and, in his way, clever kind of man, he soon made himself quite indispensable.

In many of the rebellions and disturbances to which the Princes were very liable in those days, he distinguished himself, and soon became a hero among them. On one occasion, when a very serious outbreak occurred in the South, and the eldest son of the Emperor (or Prince Imperial) was leading on the troops, Adams, who held a rank equal to that of captain, in the course of a short hand-to-hand struggle which took place, saved the life of the Prince at great risk of his own. This was the climax; the Emperor could not do enough for him; he conferred upon him the Order of Otentasama (the Sun), the highest honour short of Royalty which could be given to any of the nobility. Strange to relate, this honour given to a stranger is said to have caused no jealousy among the Japanese, but, on the contrary, every one showed him the greatest consideration and kindness, and vied with each other as to who could show him the most friendship. He enjoyed for many years the position which he had gained, and always filled it with credit and to the satisfaction of the Government. Still, however, he was constantly requesting to be allowed to return to his own country, which was as often refused.

In the end, when an old, grey-headed man, he retired almost entirely from public life, and secluded himself in the little village of Yokoska before mentioned, with his first wife, where for many years he was looked up to and respected among all who knew him. It was with the deepest regret that the news of his death was received, and great was the grief of his friends for the "good foreigner" who had lived so long and been so useful among them. The Emperor ordered a monument to be erected to his memory, with the inscription to which I have referred written upon it. His wife only survived him a few weeks, and was buried by the side of his grave. And so ends the history of a remarkable man, whose memory, but for an accident, would have been buried in oblivion.

A VISIT TO SOME OF THE DETROIT SCHOOLS.

BY J. M. BUCHAN, M. A., HAMILTON.

ON a recent occasion I had the opportunity of spending two days in the Detroit schools, and it is my purpose in this brief paper to give an account of what I then learned, and of the general impression made on me by what I saw and heard. To some of the readers of this magazine the facts which I shall relate may not be new, but those who are already acquainted with them may be interested in comparing the opinions they have formed with those to which the same facts have given birth in my mind. At any rate a state of supercilious contempt for, or indifferent ignorance in regard to, the executive arrangements of a foreign country, though a prominent British, and, I am inclined to think, an equally prominent Yankee characteristic, is not a frame of mind to be encouraged either in those whose main business it is to enlighten the minds of the young, and to prepare the way for the future progress of the community by increasing the capacity of its members for discriminating between what is good and what is evil, or in the members of the community at large, since they are interested in seeing that business well performed.

Though I presented myself at the doors of the Detroit schools without introduction of any kind, I was received with unvarying courtesy, and I have to acknowledge the uniform urbanity with which my numerous and sometimes perplexing questions were answered. There is a sort of freemasonry among teachers which although unenforced by oath or secret obligation invariably secures to him who can show that he is a master of its mysteries a welcome from brothers in the craft. Accordingly, if I have failed to obtain a correct idea of the leading features of the Michigan school system as exemplified in Detroit, the fault does not lie with my sources of information but with myself.

The first points to which the attention of a person entering a school-room is naturally directed are the outward and visible signs of good government. I visited in all four schools, the High School, the Capitol School, the Cass School, and the Everett School, and in all these the order was unexceptionable and the absence of unnecessary noise remarkable. Indeed, to everything that will impress a superficial observer great attention is paid—and justly paid. The discipline which causes a youth to completely subordinate his individual interests to the good of the school, not only facilitates the successful working of a large educational institution, but increases the value of the social units whose characters are formed under it. The means adopted to maintain discipline are eminently judicious. In one of the lower schools I had ocular evidence that there is one use of leather which is not unknown on the other side of the Detroit River. In the High School I had the good fortune to listen to an excellent address on the behaviour of pupils, made by the head master, in which he successfully appealed to all the motives capable of influencing boys. I was at first informed that in the High School, where the pupils are of such an age that corporal punishment would be eminently unsuitable, the principle of government was moral suasion. Such it is in name: in reality, the monitions of the inner light of conscience are wonderfully strengthened by the certainty that cases of flagrant misbehaviour will be detected and visited with appropriate punishment. The avoidance of noise is inculcated by example as well as by precept, and the shuffling gait of some of the masters which is one of the undesirable results of the system is sufficiently ludicrous, though perhaps not sufficiently important to deserve mention. The necessity of giving orders by word of mouth is to a great extent obviated by the use of printed cards, and I noticed that the principal of the High School, instead of calling a pupil to whom he wished to speak privately, wrote

his name on the blackboard and directed attention to it with a pointer.

The High School authorities have recently introduced military drill as a regular compulsory school exercise. The male pupils constitute three companies known as the Detroit Cadets. The uniforms are provided by the parents of the pupils, and the undress uniform, being of serviceable material, constitutes the ordinary school dress of the majority of the boys. It is contended by the principal, that, inasmuch as through the intervention of the school officials the uniforms are purchased at wholesale rates, the amount which the parents are annually compelled to expend in clothing their children is not increased. The plan seems a good one and worthy of imitation on this side of the line. The want of the pulsing national life and the vigorous public spirit which exist in Detroit will, however, be a serious obstacle in the way of any attempt to make military drill really a part of the course of our Canadian High Schools.

Perhaps the most striking superficial difference between the Detroit schools and our city schools consists in the use which is made of music. I do not think that they are more successful in teaching music than we are in those Canadian schools in which attention is paid to the subject. At least, I find that the same difficulty is experienced in securing the maintenance of order during the music lessons there as here. This of course indicates that, owing to the system adopted or to some other cause, there is a failure to excite an interest in the subject among the majority of the pupils. But the system of marching the pupils out to their classes to the sound of music is, as far as I know, not adopted in any school in Ontario. It seems to me to be not only a valuable means of securing order in large schools, but also well calculated to pave the way to a better appreciation of the importance of music as an element of national culture.

I purposely spent the greater portion of my time in observing the working of the High School. The High School course covers a period of four years, and pupils are admitted to the school by examination. Theoretically, the pupils in the schools below the High School are promoted from class to class on examination, but I have my doubts whether this rule is strictly carried out. When they are once in the High School they are passed on from form to form, whether they pass creditable examinations or not; but no diploma is granted at the conclusion of the course to those who have not been regularly advanced. Judging from the proficiency of a class in English grammar which I heard recite in the Cass School, I should say that the pupils who enter the High School are fully up to the standard exacted in this Province. On the other hand, the most advanced class is not equal to the University class in our best high schools and collegiate institutes in respect to the knowledge of Latin and Greek manifested by its members, and, though they have gone over more ground in mathematics and the physical sciences, I suspect that they would be found, on examination, to be less thorough. Indeed, the two stimuli which most affect our Canadian high schools are wanting in Detroit. There is no high-school inspection in Michigan, and classical graduates of the Detroit High School are admitted to Ann Arbor University without examination.

In the High School of Detroit greater attention is paid to the literary form of the answers given in the class than is usual with us. Attention is also given to the art of public speaking. I heard one of the senior pupils deliver, with appropriate gestures, before the entire school, a brief address—his own composition, but of course revised by the teacher. I consider the exercise a useful one. There is no reading of English classical authors. In the pronunciation of Latin the conclusions of the latest investigators of this subject are adopted in their entirety. To this new pronunciation the name of Roman has been, perhaps too confidently, given. *Veni, vidi, vici*, pronounced according to this method, may be represented in English by WAYNEE, WEEDEE, WEEKEE; *jeci* by YAYKEE, *aut* by OUT, *Cicero* by KIKERO, &c.

The various courses of study afforded by the Detroit High School are substantially one course with certain options, which chiefly affect the languages. There are nine instructors employed, of whom three are men and six women. Of the one hundred and eighty-one teachers employed by the Detroit Board of Education, only seven are men. Of course the real reason why such a large number of women are employed is an economical one. Yet, with a singular dis-

regard of economic laws, Mr. Charles K. Backus, President of the Board for 1873, records in his annual report a protest against paying women less than would be paid to men competent to fill the same positions. The women's rights party have recently conducted to an unsuccessful issue an agitation for the amendment of the constitution of Michigan by the adoption of female suffrage, and it would be interesting to know whether Mr. Backus favoured the movement. It is, at any rate, singular that he does not perceive that, under the present social system, the sole effect of offering for the performance of the duties of any position a salary sufficient to command the services of a competent man would be to fill it with a man.

According to the law of Michigan all persons between five and twenty are of school age. As the majority of the inhabitants of Detroit who are between fourteen and twenty years of age must, in the nature of things, have left school, it is difficult to ascertain from the statistics what percentage of the population is growing up in ignorance. It is however sufficiently evident that there are some children receiving no education, and it may be inferred that the Compulsory Act passed by the Michigan Legislature, in 1871, is as barren of immediate results as ours. Indeed, though, on account of the size and wealth of Detroit, it possesses a good system of schools, I conjecture from what I have heard that the school system of Michigan is generally less effective than our own. There is nothing in Michigan corresponding to our system of inspection and to our teachers' examinations. Frequent as are the changes of teachers in the rural sections of Ontario, they do not approach the Michigan country sections in this respect. There it is the custom to engage a male teacher for the winter and a female teacher for the summer months, so that there are in a very great number of sections invariably two changes every year.

The principle of the Civil Rights Bill is evidently fairly carried out by the Detroit Board of Education. Not only are coloured children to be seen in all the schools, but at least one coloured teacher is employed by the Board. On my visit to the Kindergarten, which occupies a room in the Everett School, I was astonished to find that its conductor was a coloured woman. She proved to be a remarkably intelligent and able person, and a lady in the best sense of the word. She was in charge of about thirty-five children of all colours, and I was informed, and can readily believe, that she is very popular with the white parents. The exhibition of the Kindergarten method which she was so good as to make for my benefit was exceedingly interesting. No one after seeing it could doubt that the system is beneficial to both the minds and the bodies of the children. The essential feature of the Kindergarten system is that, instead of simply teaching the rudiments of reading and spelling, it aims at developing the whole nature of the child by natural methods. The children in this Kindergarten not only learn their letters and begin to read, but they become acquainted with the various kinds of lines; they learn the names of the Pythagorean solids and of various natural and artificial objects; they play games, they sing, they act, they dance, they applaud, in concert; they draw on their slates, they prick figures in paper, and they perform numerous other exercises. To carry out the system properly, the teacher should have a considerable stock of apparatus provided, and should not have the charge of more than twenty-five pupils. This would, of course, considerably increase the expenditure of any Board of School Trustees that might undertake to give all the children of suitable age under its charge the benefits of the Kindergarten system. Even in Detroit the Board of Education regard the method as too expensive and intend to change the school which I visited into an ordinary primary school.

It is undoubtedly true that the Kindergarten system is far more expensive than the present system. It is likewise, in all probability, true that many of the private Kindergærten of New York city, have become hotbeds of juvenile dissipation. Private Kindergærten, being, like other private schools, dependent on the caprice of a comparatively few individuals for their existence, are apt to be managed rather with a view to direct pecuniary, than to remote educational results. It is also true that there is, as the late John Stuart Mill wisely says, a danger lest by our modern improvements in education we may train up a race incapable of doing anything disagreeable. But it

seems, likewise, equally true that, by the Kindergarten method, elevating and refining influences can be brought to bear at an early age far more effectually than by any other system. If that be the case, then subsequent improvements in our methods of primary school instruction must take the direction of the Kindergarten. Indeed, the Kindergarten system, in so far at least as it seeks to give exact ideas by the presentation of objects to the view of the children to be instructed, meets and satisfies the demand for actuality in teaching which is pressed at the present time with great force by scientific writers on education. It is certainly an utter waste of time and labour to attempt to teach the physical sciences formally to any child who cannot read and write with ease, spell accurately, and perform intelligently the principal arithmetical operations. In acquiring these accomplishments, several years must be spent. But children can acquire at an early age a knowledge of an immense number of physical facts and their powers of observation—then naturally strong and quick—can by a little judicious exercise be much strengthened ar· quickened; and in this way the very bes foundation for the teaching of physical science in after years can be laid. This course would not only lead to no interference with the acquisition of what is now learned, but it would probably facilitate progress in the studies at present pursued, by increasing the general intelligence of the children taught.

As I crossed the Detroit River on my return home, and looked back on the noble city which, gilded with the rays of the setting sun, then lay behind me, I cannot say that I, as a Canadian, did not envy the people of the United States their vast and fertile territories, their immense resources and their milder climate. But, as nature abounds in compensations, perhaps the harsher skies and the less rapid development of Canada may produce a hardier, a more virtuous, and an abler race of men. Perhaps, too, the fact that there has been no such violent breach in the continuity of our political traditions as has taken place in the history of the United States; that we are still, though living in another hemisphere, closely connected with that small island which has witnessed the gradual development of the rude customs of its German conquerors into those noble free institutions which have been admired and imitated by the most civilised nations of the world; that we are still ruled by a descendant of the first king of the West-Saxons; and that we can regard the late as well as the early glories of the British Empire as our heritage, may prove a potent influence in giving a mingled stability, enthusiasm, and love of progress to the Canadian character. It is, of course, impossible to forecast the future. But the consideration of the influences that form national character is a topic to which an educator may well devote his attention in his vacant hours.

PRESENT-DAY SONNETS.

SCYLLA.

GOD hath His martyrs still, in very deed,
Though rack, and stake, and fagot are forgot,
And, ofttimes, he who dares to speak his thought,—
Appeal from old tradition, human creed,
To Truth Divine,—though pure in life and deed,
Must be prepared for furnace seven times hot,
Of bitter words, and harsh and hasty thought!
Not yet our Faith from Tyranny is freed,
And she who on the seven hills sat so long
Hath cruel words as fierce as sword or flame!
Oh! when we think of all the bitter wrong
That hath been wrought in *Orthodoxy's* name,
How must we long for that thrice blessed day,
When "*all their idols*" shall be swept away!

CHARYBDIS.

Still, as through Eden, rings the tempter's cry,
"Yea *hath* God said?—Is there one only way
To light and truth? We boldly answer—Nay!
Faith is an ancient dream;—so let it die!
Come forth and gather knowledge—'How' and 'Why.'
Leave Faith to fighting bigots! *Fact*, we say,
Must be our guide of life from day to day;
Then sleep we well, when down at last we lie;
We but believe what we can *see* and *know*;
Where reason guides us not we cannot pass,—
No touch Divine to heal our sin and woe,
No light from Heaven to fall upon the grass
That hides our dearest! All we dare to say
Is but—we live and dream, and pass away!"

FIDES.

To whom we answer—Faith can *never* die,
So on Eternal Love she keep her hold:
We venture not to sound the depths that fold
A fuller knowledge from the straining eye:
Enough, that to our *hearts* HE makes reply,
Who *is* our Faith—no creed of human mould,
All clamped with iron logic, hard and cold—
But *He*—for ever living, ever nigh—
The One, One only real 'mid shifting dreams,
All-true, all-loving, undefiled by sin:
Your boasted knowledge is but of what *seems*;
He liveth evermore our hearts within;
Our guide to life hereafter—here our Stay—
THOU *art* our Faith, our Life, our Truth, our Way!

FIDELIS.

THE STUDENT'S STORY.

BY F. R., BARRIE.

I.

IT was some forty years ago that I was sent to educate myself in a quiet German town, and though, while there, my reading was rather desultory, I soon had the language at my tongue's end.

One set of my fellow-students were pale bookworms, who read and smoked their little brains away, while the rest accomplished the same pleasant end by smoking and drinking, without any reading at all. I could not chum with either of these, so I felt doubly glad when I came across a fellow-countryman who would work with me far into the night, sleep for an hour or two, lead or be led a picturesque walk all day, fish or sketch, and come back ready for more study, or a drinking bout at the tavern and a dance at the beer gardens.

We led a happy life. Poor Dick! We out-read the veriest saps on their pet subjects, drank down the best topers at the Hof, and danced with more and prettier partners than any others in our time.

It was about the girls that we had our only difference. All the town was mad just then after a certain Gretchen. There! I will not describe her; but hardly a student did not fancy himself the favoured one; from which you will rightly conclude that she was a bit of a coquette. I passed through the fever pretty well, but after she had jilted me I still felt a sneaking kindness for her, which I tried to hide by saying all the hard things I could.

Dick was some time before he fell into her traps, but at last one evening I caught him looking unutterable nothings at a scrap of hair—I always said she couldn't afford each of her lovers a regular curl, unless she wished to be prematurely bald—and I fell to chaffing him.

He looked up in a confused way and said, "Ah, Hal! it *is* hard for you, when you loved her so" (an indignant "Never!" from me)—"It's no use—you did; and she served you badly, I allow it; but don't you think there is a *locus pœnitentiæ* even for a flirt? and that at last some man's love (perhaps the poorest love she has ever had offered her, who knows?) may really touch her heart?"

"You're a regular fool," said I, for I felt my voice growing husky as I recalled my thoughts—oh, *how* similar!—of a year back.

"Don't be angry, old man," he resumed, "because *I* am the fortunate one; a little while ago I'd have been glad if it had been you! Goodbye."

"Where are you off to?" I said; "I counted on your being here to-night, as I can't go out." I had hurt my ankle that morning, skating.

He blushed and answered, "I *was* going to—your man-eater, but I'll stop if you want me."

Just then one of our acquaintances came in; without noticing him I went on at Dick: "Don't go," I said, "she doesn't care a scrap for you!"

"I'll stop for your sake, Hal."

"No!" I exclaimed, with the petulance of an invalid, "you shall not stop for *me;* go and be made a fool of!" and I slammed the door after him.

Our friend looked at me curiously: he had not quite followed our conversation, which was in English, and he said something about that girl having made enough good fellows jealous and quarrelsome before now. I didn't take the trouble to undeceive him and tell him that it was for my friend's sake I had spoken so harshly; besides, there was, perhaps, some atom of jealousy lurking in the bottom of my heart still. So I let the conversation drop, and we read English together (he was going out to America), and after an hour he left me.

The evening passed slowly, but at last I grew interested in my reading; the subject, which had long puzzled me, seemed to un-

fold itself; the words of the book contained the germs of marvellous truths which the author had failed to grasp, and I felt as if his mantle had fallen on me, and I was to carry on his researches with a greater skill and more decided success.

Suddenly I stretched out my hand for ink and paper to jot down the heads of my new ideas, when I perceived the lamp was expiring. I turned it out and limped to the window. The night was bitterly cold and frosty; every star shone, and the courtyard below was empty. As I threw a glance up the street to see if Dick were coming, I heard a slight noise in his room, which was next to mine. At first I took it for the creaking of an old clothes press, but, on listening more attentively, could plainly distinguish a voice crooning or muttering to itself, and the occasional crumpling of paper.

I looked at my watch—it had run down at half-past twelve. Dick must have come up and gone to bed without my hearing him. Yet it was strange that he hadn't come in to me first, so I walked across the passage to make sure he was really there.

I had no candle, and expected to find the stairs quite dark, so I was surprised to see a bright light through the chinks and key-hole of his door. Not a steady, fixed light, but one that wavered, now rising like a conflagration, now sinking again, and all the while accompanied by a suffocating smell of burnt paper.

"A new trick this," I said to myself, and hobbling to the door, grasped the handle, intending to enter and expostulate with my friend.

To my amazement the door was locked, a thing I had never known Dick do before. I rattled the knob and waited. No answer! I got alarmed. "Dick!" I called, and then heard my heart beat, though I didn't know what at, "Dick, open!"

A pause and a long stream of light; then came the words, steadily, 'Can't you open it?"

"No, it's locked," I answered, rather reassured at hearing his voice.

"Yes, I remember now I locked it," came back the slow and deliberate reply.

"Then you don't want me, I suppose; haven't we made up our quarrel yet?" No answer. "How long have you been in? I never heard you." Still no sound but the crackling paper, no sign but the fitful light.

"Are you ill, old fellow?" I asked anxiously. "Let me in, and do for goodness sake leave off burning paper like a second Guy Fawkes. . . . . Give me a word, only one."

Bang! My heart leapt in me as, across the passage, I plainly heard a pebble thrown against my casement. Who *could* it be? I knew no one else to let in—I never opened to any one but Dick—and I stood irresolute whether to go down and send the intruder away, or turn into bed at once. My bad foot decided me, and shouting "Good night" to Dick, I entered my room. Rattle, rattle! A handful of small gravel and stones startled me again, and going to the window I angrily threw it open. A cloaked figure was impatiently standing by the door, and was stooping to pick up another stone. If I had not known Dick was in the next room, I should have sworn that this was he; he was whistling Dick's favourite air.

I called; he turned his face up, and by the moonlight I could see his features tolerably distinctly: it was Dick to the life—heavy moustache, smooth chin, straight nose, and all! He threatened me humorously with his stone, but did not speak.

In great perplexity I pulled to the window, and reflected. One must be a counterfeit, but which? The one below had not spoken, nor had I seen the one in the back room; it was a case of evidence, eyes and ears flatly contradicting each other. How could my paper-burning friend have deceived the landlady and got up, if he were not the real tenant of No. 12?

I hurried into the passage again. "Dick!" I cried, "if you *are* Dick, and not a midnight spectre, open your door, come out and see either a capital imitation of yourself, or your veritable doppel-ganger!" No answer again! "Shall I let him in, Dick, and introduce him to you? I suppose you don't believe me?"

Smash! The window-glass came rattling in over the floor of my room before a well-directed and viciously thrown brick-bat. "Does that convince you, Dick? it does me, and I shall let in the distinguished stranger, in hopes that he will prove more communicative than you."

I hurried down, but as I got to the last broad flight of stairs I paused, quite uncertain whether to go up or down, for all the passage was flooded with light, and I feared

from the smoke that Dick had contrived to set himself on fire. But the person outside began to rap so vigorously that I hastened to the door, and opened it a little way, asking "Who's there?"

"You're a pretty fellow!" replied my comrade's voice; "Dick Worsley's here, and has been here quite long enough; who else do you expect to see?"

"Wait a moment, Dick," I said, with a cold perspiration on my forehead; "I thought you were upstairs. I spoke with you, I left you there a minute ago; but come in. Let me feel you," I continued, pulling him towards me; "are you sure you are flesh and blood?"

"Quite sure," he replied, "and *cold* flesh and blood too; but what have you seen? You are as pale as a fever patient after a bleeding!" As I shut the door the high church clock chimed two, and, blending strangely with its carillons, a piercing cry thrilled through the house.

Dick was startled. "What devil's pranks have you been playing, Hal? You look as guilty as . . . . ."

"Quick, quick!" I interrupted him, "the house is on fire; run up and save him. Can't you smell the smoke?"

"Smoke? yes! your fusty tobacco smoke, but nothing else. And who am I to save?"

"Save? Who? Why, Dick, Dick, I'm not mad, but your double's upstairs locked in your room, and must have set fire to the bed!"

Dick shook his head, looked at me suspiciously, and finally took me by the arm and gently led me to the foot of the stairs. "Why, Hal, you're as cold as possible," said he, gently chafing my hand; "you've read too long and got dyspepsia or something."

I tried to smile, and looked eagerly for the light at his door, but there was none! "All right, old chap," said my friend. "No bonfire, and depend on it no door locked either;" and so it was! We entered the room to find it quite empty of any human being, no traces of recent occupation, no heap of burnt paper, and no visible means of escape.

"What has he done with the ashes?" asked Dick, satirically. "I *am* disappointed at not seeing him. Just fancy," he continued, snatching up a foil, "what fun to have fenced my double! There could hardly be a closer match for height, age, weight, agility, and practice; I'm afraid it would have been a drawn match, unless you came to my aid. But that you could hardly have done, as you wouldn't have known which was which!"

So he tried to laugh me out of belief, and for the time I allowed him to think that he had succeeded.

The next day, however, I adhered firmly to my tale, and told it to our friends, predicting that some fine morning Dick would "wake up and find himself burnt."

II.

A month passed by. Dick was the happiest man alive, whilst I was for ever moping—"croaking," as he called it—and full of unpleasant surmises. The evil I had anticipated at length came upon us.

As I walked up the hillside above the arsenal one fine afternoon, I saw a student I knew, and had good reason to dislike, walking arm in arm with Gretchen, and a sudden turn in the path brought us face to face. They both looked confused, and I took the liberty of speaking reproachfully to her, saying in plain terms that if she had made up her mind to leave Dick, she should have told him so.

She gave a graceful shrug of disgust at my rudeness, made a sort of confused gesture to her companion, and disappeared between the trunks of the leafless trees.

The fellow addressed me curtly: "If you take such an interest in your friend, give him this packet; I was to have taken it myself; there'll be small thanks for the bearer," and with these words he followed Gretchen.

With a sad heart I sought my friend. He was standing with a knot of our particular chums in the "Kaiser-platz," and as I heard his merry laugh I felt quite glad again, and hoped that he would be able to throw off his unworthy love with no more than a momentary pang, and soon be his old self again.

My face brightened as I elbowed my way into the middle of the group. Max called out as he caught sight of me, "Here comes Heinrich the glum, only he is not grave today, but gay as a bridegroom!" But I shook my head and beckoned Dick aside, half-showing him the packet.

He caught at it eagerly when he saw the direction, and began shouting out theatrically, "Fair Cupid's post, that comes so

mannerly!" while he untied the string. The contents were loosely packed, and a lot of little notes and longer effusions, all indited in his honest round hand, and all bearing—ah me!—one and the same superscription, dropped on to the ground! He cast a severe glance at me and muttered, "Did you know what was inside, Hal?"

"I?" I answered, half-flustered, "I did not *know*, but I could *guess*, you know!"

"Oh!" he replied slowly, "you could guess."

The others stood round, puzzled. Dick hastily picked up the letters, and, while replacing them in the cover, he noticed a few lines pencilled on it. He read them—twice—and then he threw up his right arm as though he had been shot. I caught him by the shoulder, fearing he would fall, but he shook me off sternly, saying in a sad, hurt tone, "Why didn't you kill me first, Hal? You *will* be the death of me!" Then turning to Max, he said, "*You* must second me; we" (nodding at me) "fight to-morrow!" He was deadly pale as he said this.

"With sabres!" exclaimed Max (an inveterate duellist), rubbing his hands with delight; "with pleasure. You are well matched."

"No, no!" said Dick, hurriedly; "no, Max—with pistols!"

"Hardly!" said the other.

Dick pulled him aside and held out the papers, which, as Max read them, seemed to send the blood flowing to his honest face. He looked at me with a loathing countenance, and asked stiffly for the name of my second.

"Don't publish it, Max," said Dick, in an off-hand, careless tone, which it went to my heart to hear him affect, "don't publish it, or he'll hardly find anyone to back him!"

"Fight?" I stammered; "why, Max, he must be mad—we have never had a harsh word, far less a quarrel!"

"What? a coward too?" exclaimed Dick, striding towards me, "Take the harsh word now, and the blow as well, cowardly traitor!" and he struck at me. He was pulled off by Max, and we were led different ways, Dick going to his rooms, still hugging the fatal packet, and I protesting that come what might, coward or no coward, I would fire no shot at my friend.

I was dragged to a tavern, and there my seconds sat drinking the night away, while I lay on a big chest behind the door, with a couple of cloaks thrown over me. Fitful snatches of their talk and songs came to me now and again, between my painful dreaming thoughts of Dick and Gretchen, till at last I heard one mention the date, the 22nd, and my thoughts ran back to that day last month and the terrible vision I had had. As I lay dozing, the vision seemed to live again; the tavern fire seemed to mock that flickering light of my dream; once more the smoke choked my breath. Suddenly I heard a voice crying, "Hal! Hal!" and woke shivering.

It was not Dick crying for help, but one of my friends calling my attention to a messenger who stood at my side. He was a little boy whom Dick had often employed on errands, though he knew but little English, and the only words he now uttered were, "Herr Richard, Sir," and he put something into my hand.

I looked at it dazedly, as one does on first awakening from a troubled sleep. It was a ring, one which I had given him when we first swore friendship. We had been reading legends about amulets and talismans, and had exchanged rings as a charm to preserve our love for each other—his ring was on my finger now. But lately I had noticed that he wore mine no longer; still I did not like to question him, as I fancied Gretchen, in her usual captivating way (I myself had felt the sting of it), might have seen the bauble, and begged for it. But that could not be, since it now came by his messenger. What then did it mean? Did he want *his* ring back, as being now a meaningless token? I drew it off my finger and turned to the messenger; he was gone!

Suddenly I recalled another fact connected with the rings. We had talked of the tale of Elizabeth and Essex, and, whilst cursing the faithless messenger, we had bargained that *our* rings should have a similar significance. This, then, was a proof of yet surviving love; a petition for forgiveness; a cry for help, and in this case the messenger had come faithfully. *I* would not be wanting, and I sprang to my feet.

"Has the Englisher seen a ghost?" asked one of my seconds, ceasing in his clamorous cry for more tobacco, and staring at me open-mouthed. I was looking intently at the ring, and could hear nothing but a strange cry for help. Then I turned away and

opened the door, but before I could pass Ludwig caught hold of one arm and Carl the other and dragged me back.

"Whither away, friend?" they cried. "Stay with us; one's nerves must be kept cool on the eve of such a Schutzen-fest!"

"Dick!" was all I could stammer out.

"Irregular," they exclaimed. "All communications must now be through the seconds."

"Listen!" I cried, getting more and more excited; "listen, I hear him; remember . . . . ," but my voice broke off, and throwing Carl on one side and tripping up Ludwig, I was out in a minute, running for life along the white, snow-clad streets.

For a dozen yards or so I heard the cries of the revellers, who stood with open door, wondering at my flight. Then the door swung to and cut off the noise. I turned a corner and crossed a little bridge, just as I heard the clock at the Stadt-house, which was proverbially five minutes fast, chime *Two*.

Faster still I ran; not far to go now, but should I not be too late? Too late? The thought flashed before me. Too late for what? My swiftness had no reason in it, and yet I ran; stumbling through the fore-court-yard and pushing open the door; but at the foot of the stairs I paused, for I heard again that awful cry, and the solemn sound of the church clock striking two!

Upstairs I sped; ruddy light beamed where I had seen it shine before; the huge bannisters cast flickering shadows that seemed to race each other up and down the walls before and behind me; smoke curled out from the top of his door; and still that fearful cry which I can never forget pealed over it all—that frenzied shriek for "Help!"

I dashed against the door. It was locked! "Dick, Dick!" I cried, "I am here! open!"

"Hal, Hal! open! can't you open it? I am burning!"

"Help—it is locked!" I answered.

"Oh! I remember now that I locked it!" came the faint reply amid the roaring of the flames; then louder, "Open, Hal! *won't* you save me?"

I rushed to the head of the stairs and saw lights below and heard steps beginning to ascend—oh so slowly—from below. I tore off part of the bannister and attacked the door fiercely; it was of tough oak, studded with nails, and did not yield an inch. I shouted for a rope and beam to sling it down, but my voice was hoarse, and I was not understood. One below cried for ladders, another for buckets, a third recommended some one else to go for the pompions, but no one did anything, and the cries within grew fainter.

I put my fingers in my ears; I could not listen to his dying cries; how could I listen when I could not help?

Suddenly an idea shocked me. The key! *my* key would fit his door! Fool that I was not to have remembered it! I rushed across the landing and groped at the key-hole of my room door It was not there! The watch was coming up the stairs, but I did not heed them—I only crouched with my hands over my head, stupefied with horror. I knew it would take five minutes at least to burst the door, and that would be too late. My brain seemed turning, and I thought of little trifling things, caught myself repeating "the key, the key," senselessly, and counted the blows which two strong men with sledge hammers were now dealing the door.

The officer in command suddenly motioned to the men to cease striking, and bent his ear to the key-hole. Then we heard his last words, "*Won't* you save me, Hal?"

That moment, as I bent back, half sickened with horror, against the wall, I felt a loose brick move.

In an instant I remembered that it was the place where I had often secreted my key when I went out; I pushed it aside and seized the key, but my mind was too much overwrought, and I fell in a swoon on the ground.

* * * *

"Hold him up," said the officer, and two soldiers lifted me towards the glare of the torches.

I roused a little and saw the shattered doorway, and the blackened room which men were still drenching with water.

"Is he saved?" I asked eagerly, hoping against hope.

"He is dead," was the cool reply; "ashes!—would you see them?"

"Christ! I have killed him!" I faltered, and fainted again, whilst the key fell from my grasp.

* * * *

You can guess the result. I was dragged to prison amid hisses and groans; half the town was out: the students swore to lynch me, and attacked the guard savagely, so that they had to use their swords before they could bring me off safely.

It was the talk of a week. "What could be plainer?" asked one. "It all comes of fast friendships," said another, who had never kept a friend three days.

"I regret it, but it is the natural result of promiscuous gallantry," observed the University Don Juan, and tried to look innocent.

The defenders of circumstantial evidence had an easy task, and their usual opponents said nothing in my favour. Had not the people heard him beseech me piteously to open the door? Did not the first man who came to his assistance find me there already? Was I not seen crouching down motionless? And finally, had not the soldiers at the last moment surprised me in an attempt to secrete the key, by which alone he might have been saved?

Then I could not enter the room and see the ashes of my friend without a blanched cheek; and had not my tongue betrayed me in that foul confession, "Oh! I have killed him!"

People's theories varied as to *how* I had committed the crime, but no doubt was allowed to exist as to the fact. "Did you not, accused," said the Public Prosecutor, "did you not lock the door from *without* by means of the key afterwards found in your hands? Did *he* ever lock, did you ever know him lock, his door himself?"

The night of the vision rose to my mind, and I opened my mouth to speak, but checked myself. Once more I thought I beheld his remains—a blackened, charred mass, on the bed: the heavy oak table dragged across his chest, pinioning him down; the oil from the overturned lamp still smouldering among covers of books; those poor letters and presents (his and hers); and the smoking shreds of the bed-clothes! Horrors unspeakable!

III.

It was night, and I was in my cell. Even then and there I could not help hearing the two honest gaolers disputing about my crime in the ante-chamber

"You see, he foretold himself that it would happen," said one; "and when a man prophecies, he may put a spoke in the wheel of events to bring his words to pass."

"Prophecy!" growled the other; "a pretty prophecy! I might say 'I will marry Annette next week,' and if I did it, should you hold me a prophet?"

"Nay, the odds are she would spoil the prophecy by refusing the prophet! . . . Don't be angry, man!"

"Suppose I were to poison your beer, then, would that prophecy please you better?"

"Don't talk so, Fritz,—you make me nervous, when there is such an incarnate devil so near! Curse it! you've been playing no pranks with the liquor, have you, comrade?"

"Ha, ha! Not so bad if I had, so as to frighten you out of your share! But see, *I* drink with you; tell me this prophecy you make so much of."

So they drank together and talked of my vision. "The devil came to him and gave him his choice, either to kill his friend, marry the girl, and sell his soul, or else meet his fate at the hands of the other, before whom the fiend was about to lay similar terms. You know they were both heretics."

"How did the devil appear?"

"No one knows; the prisoner has confessed all to the priest, except that!"

For some time I had heard voices below the window, and now the great outer door creaked, as it was gently opened, and steps entered the passage. Some people must have had access to the court-yard from the governor's house, besides possessing a secret pass-key.

The keepers were so much off their guard that they noticed nothing, and the first thing I heard was a piercing cry. I dragged my chain to the little grating in the door and saw an awful masquerade. The gaolers were crouching in a corner, hiding their eyes and muttering invocations. Full in front stood a tall figure in a loose white night dress, blackened in parts and scarred with the action of fire; the face, smeared with soot and hardly recognisable, yet bore a strange similitude to my dead friend!

The ghastly form stood motionless in the glare of the wood-fire, and I was so entranced by it that for some time I did not notice another figure. This was a man in a mask, who abstracted the keys from the table, advanced to my cell, unlocked the

door and my padlock, and finally led me up to the phantom.

As I saw the open door, and thought I recognised the face of my conductor through his visor, the truth suddenly burst upon me that I was in the hands of men who would give no mercy and hear no plea for delay. And yet I did not struggle. In less than a minute I was handcuffed to the dumb figure, and, without shrinking from the companionship, I suffered myself to be hurried out through a dark corridor into the street.

The sentry outside the gate was sleeping. Three men, wrapped in long cloaks, passed us immediately, and though there must have been something awfully grotesque in our appearance, they took no notice. The spectre by my side had now donned a huge horseman's cloak, and we quickly passed the market-place and dived into a complexity of narrow streets.

Two soldiers at a corner were inspecting us rather closely, when, as if by magic, two or three groups of students started up from behind doorways and out of dark entries; five or six stalwart fellows with cudgels formed a ring round us, while the others got up immediately a squabble and fight, which drew off the attention of the *gendarmes*.

Curiously, however, no sooner were we safe down the next street than our guard vanished as mysteriously as they came, and after two more turnings we plunged into an alley, my eyes bandaged; I was lifted from my feet and carried down some uneven steps, along a narrow passage into a large subterranean room.

Long before my eyes were unbandaged I knew where I was. The hall was quiet, yet from slight noises I knew it was full. Every now and then a shadow would pass before my face; I heard a low whisper, and knew for certain that one of my old chums was near. But I derived no comfort from this; no friendly word sounded in my ears, no hand pressed mine, but loathing was discovered by every accent, and some spat on the ground as they turned away.

Presently a bell rang and all was silent. Then a voice I knew well, the voice of my old chum, Max, was heard addressing the students. He explained briefly what they already knew, the reason of this assembly. By old custom they alone should try such a crime; and so I had been snatched from the clutches of the law, and my life placed in their hands.

Then proclamation was made for an accuser. The tale of my crime was repeated. No evidence was demanded, for the facts were within every one's knowledge; but at once a man arose and in impassioned language denounced me to the crowd and demanded instant execution. Another rose, and then others, till five had spoken against me, and at the end of each sanguinary speech a low hum of approval filled the vaulted room. "Death on the spot!" exclaimed the last speaker; "death before this rope ceases its vibrations!" and he twisted a looped rope that hung from a beam.

My eyes were unbandaged. The rope swung slowly like a pendulum close before me; behind rose tier after tier of eager, angry faces, and by my side stood the ghastly theatrical figure of Max, in his hideous disguise.

No voice was heard for me. By rule, five might now have raised their hands and spoken in my defence.

Suddenly Max stepped to the tribune. I cannot give you his words, but I knew how he loved to sway the minds of people who had already come to a conclusion. He rejoiced to swim against the current, and nobly he did it now.

At first he was mystical and difficult to follow, saying that he, in the dress and likeness of the dead man, pleaded for me; and were the dead here, *he* would address them on the same side.

Then he drew a pathetic picture of my friendship with Dick, which had even become a by-word, and asked if such an ending were possible? He asked what sane person, intending to commit such a foul murder, would have told of such a vision as I had seen; related how I had burst from the tavern not six minutes before Dick's last moments on earth; and told how, when he had entered my cell in that awful semblance, I had neither started nor turned pale.

He demanded my acquittal. The audience wavered. Then to my utter horror he changed his tone! If I were guilty, he said —and proceeded to paint such a fearful crime in its blackest colours—what punishment was too bad? The answer came in a howl of fury, that threatened to tear me to pieces before he could finish. But he held

up his hand for silence, and continued, "... punishment would be bad enough if ... y? What should be done to me if I were innocent?

And he said that but one doom would answer both questions, and he gave *his* voice and sentence that I should *live!*

Max had spoken thus to try the temper of his audience, and as soon as he found that he had made the required impression, and when all the students thought he had finished, he began again in quite a different tone, clear, fluent, and argumentative, to lay some evidence before them.

The theory of the accusers, he began, is that these men were rivals, and that the victim having, as he thought, been jilted for the other, challenged him to fight. The successful lover, either fearing his friend's just indignation, or not caring to risk his newly-found happiness on such a venture, declined the proffered duel in favour of assassination. All this has prejudiced you against the prisoner.

"Now, though I appear in the latter's favour, I have to relate a fact which *primâ facie* tells against him. The letter which accompanied the packet from Gretchen, and which, as you know, I alone saw, informed Herr Richard coldly and courteously that he was dismissed in favour of the bearer."

Max dropped his voice here, and all the hall listened. Presently he resumed:

"Let us not judge hastily. I have enquired, and find that Herr Heinrich was *not* the bearer so referred to, but another of us, Wilhelm Romer. In confirmation of this, I will ask whether it is not true that the accused had already had the Gretchen-fever, and had shown no symptoms of relapse?"

Max had been listened to so far patiently, and a feeling was springing up in my favour. But now a noise was heard outside, and the men at the back benches were clamouring that Max had exceeded his time.

"Enough!" he whispered to me, "your fate no longer rests with them." As he spoke, a dozen or so closed round me, and we pushed for a back entrance. The others would have hindered us, but at that moment the secrecy of the meeting was disturbed by the sudden entrance of a body of *gendarmes*, intent on breaking up this irregular tribunal and recapturing their prisoner. A scuffle ensued, under cover of which we left, and thus my enemies themselves assisted me in my escape.

In a minute we were out in the open and running down to the river. From words which fell from my companions, I learned that Max, distrusting his power of obtaining an acquittal, had himself warned the authorities. As he put me into a boat and helped to push it into the stream, I pressed his hand thankfully, and whispered, "The ring?"

"Oh!" he answered,—"*he* gave it to Gretchen some time ago, and she had forgotten to enclose it to him with the other things, so she sent it to you as you had taken the packet. The message was imperfect. You should have supplied '*for*' Herr Richard, not '*from*' him. *Liebe wohl!*"

And I sculled down stream to liberty.

A CRITICISM OF CRITICS.

BY JEHU MATHEWS, TORONTO.

MY papers on "The Political Future of Canada" having been honoured by no less than three replies, at the hands of Messrs. Norris and Fisher, and these gentlemen having complacently assumed that they have left me, in old-fashioned phrase, "without a leg to stand on," I feel it due to my readers, my cause, and myself, to offer a few reasons which lead me to doubt the correctness of my opponents' assumptions. I am well aware that prolonged controversy is usually inexpedient. The reason is that as the controversialists' blood gets warmed each becomes more anxious to lay bare what is wrong in his opponent than what is right in fact. In consequence of

this tendency each is led to shirk issues on which he feels himself defeated, and to attempt to extract absurd conclusions from his opponents' arguments; and, by these means, readers' minds become confused and the real points at issue are lost sight of. On the other hand, if the discussion is not permitted to wander, and the issues are honestly faced, controversy may be highly useful, by enabling readers to hear both sides of a case, and to judge between them. Aware of these facts I shall strive carefully to avoid the faults which I have indicated, though, of course, I cannot promise that in this I shall succeed. I shall deal with each of my opponents separately, and with Mr. Norris in the first instance.

Mr. Norris, in his reply, does me the honour to say that my style is free from the "glaring coarseness" of other anti-nationalists, and continues as follows:—"His nativity may possibly be a reason for it; but it is nevertheless no less pleasing to think that we are indebted to a Canadian for the change." Mr. Norris is again at fault. I come from the isle which its own people, and others too, regard as the "first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea," and never set foot in Canada until I was twenty years of age. Might I timidly remark that this is but one of many instances in which Mr. Norris has enunciated theories before he has mastered facts.

Going on to consider the feasibility of Canadian nationality, I fell athwart of Mr. Norris. That gentleman, in his pamphlet on "The Canadian Question," said, "Independence would do the same thing for Canada that it has for the United States. It would create a nationality which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States, and effectually prevent the absorption of the country by that power." (p. 65.) I replied that, even supposing it to have united them as closely as they could be united, it would fail to prevent absorption; since to do so it would be requisite for a population of 4,000,000 to be able to repel an assault from one of 40,000,000; that, setting aside the *probability* of such an attack being made, none could deny its *possibility;* "hence the stubborn fact that the Canadian nationality would be *dependent for its existence* on the forbearance of the United States remained unshaken and indisputable," and that this must continue to be the case so long as the present disproportion in the population of the two countries exists. (See pp. 57, 58, and 60.) Also, I contended that Mr. Norris's position was inconsistent, because, while asserting that Independence would prevent annexation, he proposed that England should "protect and guarantee Canadian independence." He replies to my arguments simply by *reiterating his own.* In his essay in the MONTHLY he says:—"As to the general argument in the paper, respecting the danger arising to Canada from her proximity to the United States, facts are against the theory." (p. 238.) And, after making this statement, he goes on to say:—"Again, if England desires to see Canada independent, why should she [not] give a guarantee? Assuming that she does desire it, the present helpless condition of the country is an assurance that by giving it up she would only be handing it over to her rival the United States." (p. 241.) If Mr. Norris cannot see that it is impossible for *both* of these positions to be correct, I must regard him as a foe unworthy of my own or any other man's pen. If Canada can maintain her own independence she does not need to have it guaranteed. If the refusal of a guarantee by England would hand the country over to the States, it follows that instead of "facts" being "against the theory respecting the danger arising to Canada from her proximity to the United States" my arguments on that point are correct. Let Mr. Norris choose for himself on which horn of the dilemma he will be impaled. In reply to my arguments to prove that an attack by the United States on independent Canada is to be expected, Mr. Norris offers other arguments to prove such a contingency to be improbable. It is for our readers to judge between us. But in reference to the ability of four millions of people to repel an attack by forty millions he is silent, for the simple reason that even he dares not expect victory in the face of tenfold odds. Hence my position, that Canadian nationality would be dependent for its existence on the forbearance of the United States to make such an attack, still remains undisputed; and the question for Canadians to consider still is whether such a species of "Independence" is to be coveted.

Even Mr. Norris does not seem to covet it; consequently he turns to the scheme of

a Canadian nationality guaranteed by England. In reply to my position on the subject, he says:—"Mr. Mathews says such a guarantee is not attainable; though he does not say why." (p. 241.) The statement is incorrect. I not only did say why, but also devoted the first two pages of my second paper to explaining why; the burden of my explanation being, that the effect of a system of guarantees would be to place the terms of connection on a footing still more unfavourable to the mother country in a military, diplomatic, commercial, and moral point of view than that which Emancipationists now denounce as being unfair to her—that it would in fact place her in a position in which she might fairly say to the Colonies: heads, I lose; tails, you win. And, after having endeavoured to establish these positions, I wound up by asking, "Is anything more requisite to prove the scheme to be an absurdity? If England should determine to maintain Canadian or Colonial independence, would she not prefer to do it on the present terms, which at least secure her some return, rather than on those which would leave her destitute of any." This is my reason for holding such a guarantee to be unattainable. Yet Mr. Norris not only ignores it, but affirms that it was not stated! Nor does the former process end here. In order to show the probability of an English guarantee being obtained, he argues that the need for it would be only temporary; "twenty-five years of independence would put Canada in such a position as not to require it" (p. 242). But while thus writing, he altogether omits to notice the argument which I advanced in opposition to this very theory in the words: "It may be replied, however, that the alliance may exist until Canada has become sufficiently strong to stand alone. * * * The United States, although we may continue to gain on them, *must always remain sufficiently ahead of us* to enable them to array against us a force which would crush any that we could oppose to it: and *so long as this should be the case* we should hold our political life at the pleasure of our neighbours." Mr. Norris evidently requires to learn that to ignore an opponent's arguments is not to refute them, and that to argue successively on inconsistent bases of reasoning, is to destroy the value of all our conclusions.

As to Mr. Norris's observations on the guarantee of Belgian independence by England, space allows me only to say that, when he has mastered the facts of the case, he will feel somewhat ashamed of what he has written, as any of our readers who chooses to take the trouble of learning what Power England wished to keep out of the Scheldt may see for himself.

In reply to Mr. Norris's contention that "the dependent position of Canada not only prevents immigration, but also prevents the investment of capital in the country," I adduced the case of Australia, the growth of which, *while in a similar dependent position*, had exceeded even that of the Western States, "thereby proving most decisively that inability to offer citizenship does not repel immigration." Mr. Norris replies that I leave out of sight the gold discoveries, and do not contrast Australia with California, "a country in analogous circumstances" (p. 240). I have not the slightest objection to do so, but think that Mr. Norris's reply would have been more complete than it is had he made the comparison himself. The population of California in 1850 was 92,597, and in 1870 it was 560,247, showing an increase, in round numbers, of 500 per cent.* The population of Victoria in 1851 was 77,345, and in 1871 it was 731,528, showing an increase of nearly 900 per cent. The population of New South Wales—including the country now called Queensland—Victoria, and South Australia was 328,488 in 1851, and in 1871 it had increased to 1,541,239.† Mr. Norris tells us that from 1850 to 1870 the population of the North-western States increased from 5,403,597 to 12,966,930. In the latter case we have an increase of 139 per cent., while in that of the Australian colonies the increase is 365 per cent. I fear the result does not prove that, other things being equal, "the dependent position" repels immigration, in the case of the British colonies at least, where many go in order to retain their nationality. But besides adducing the case of Australia, I argued that if Canada had been part of the Union, nobody would ever have said

* Compendium of the U. S. Census for 1870, p. 8.

† Statistics for 1851 are taken from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, eighth edition, Vol. III., pp. 283, 287, and 296; and those for 1871, from the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1875.

that her growth had been below that of the other States; pointed out the absurdity of expecting the *aggregate* growth of a small country like Canada to be equal to that of a large one like the Union; and strove to show that in spite of the many advantages enjoyed by the States, in the shape of a start in the race, climate, resources, and prestige, the *rate of growth* in Canada had been more rapid than in the Union, as its population stood to ours in 1790 as 30 to 1, and in 1870 as only 10 or 11 to 1; and as the population of Ontario and Quebec had increased between 1830 and 1870 from 700,000 to 2,800,000, or 300 per cent., whilst the increase in the States during the same time was only 199 per cent. And all this Mr. Norris quietly ignores!

In refutation of the theory that our "dependent position" prevents the investment of capital, I pointed out the fact that of the funded debt of Canada there are $85,798,000 payable in London, and only $8,914,000 in Canada. In reply, Mr. Norris says that if it were possible to learn the amount of British capital loaned to American Governments and invested in private enterprises in the States, "the amount of British capital in Canada would appear utterly insignificant" (p. 240). I am happy to say that it would appear small in the aggregate; our "progress" in increasing debt has been quite rapid enough for my taste, and I don't envy the States their superiority on this point. But the fact is, that the above sum is over three-fourths of our net debt bearing interest, its total amount being $108,324,000.† If it can be shown that *a like proportion* of the American debt has been contributed by England, I will admit that our dependent position "prevents the investment of capital in the country." As to Mr. Norris's statement that—"Heretofore, it is a notorious fact that Provincial Governments stood no chance in the English money market as against the most feeble independent Power," it is decisively refuted by the facts that for fifteen years past Canada has always been able to borrow at five per cent., while the States have never borrowed at less, and sometimes have had to pay six; that in October, 1875, when Canada and South Australia sought to effect loans at *four* per cent., they had more money offered than they wanted; and that on the 29th of October, 1875, Canadian "fives" were selling at 106½ to 107½, and American "fives" at 103½ to 104.‡ As to investments in local enterprises, I drew attention to the fact that $160,000,000 had been invested by English capitalists in our railways; but as this fact does not suit Mr. Norris, he follows his usual policy in such cases and ignores it.

Mr. Norris alleged in his pamphlet that Canada's weakness consists in differences among her people, caused by different nationalities and religions with no common stand-point of union; that immigrants are ready to betray the land of their adoption; and that independence alone would unite the people and prevent the absorption of the country by the States. In reply, I quoted Mr. Norris's own statement, that "eighty-three in every 100 of the population are native-born Canadians, and probably ten more in every 100 were brought to Canada so young as to regard it as their native land." Hence I argued that if all immigrants were ready to betray the land of their adoption, they would be powerless to do so, as native-born Canadians outnumber them by nearly five to one. In reply it is said:—"How does the fact that there are five native Canadians—or for that matter five hundred—to one foreign-born, disprove it, or even affect it? Evidently what Mr. Mathews means is, that no matter what may be the opinion of foreigners, their number, in comparison with that of native Canadians, is such as to make them powerless. Again, facts are against him. Who are 'at home,' attending State balls and associating with dukes and earls on the strength of their power over Canadians? Two *Scotchmen*, who by force of party organization have arrived at the top" (pp. 237-8). I do mean that the number of "foreigners" is so small as to make them powerless against the will of native-born Canadians. Granting that two *Scotchmen* have arrived at the top—though it is not the fact—Mr. Norris leaves it unexplained how party organization could place them there without its action being endorsed by a class which constitutes from eighty-three to ninety-three per cent. of the electorate; and also how, when the people are thus potent, any "mean, despicable tyranny"—save one of their own

† Public Accounts of Canada, 1874, p. 11.

‡ See London *Economist*, October 30, pp. 1290-1.

creation—can exist in the land, as he says it does?

I cannot part from Mr. Norris without saying that he is about the last man in Canada who should cast any doubt on the faithfulness of his English, Irish, and Scotch fellow-countrymen to her interests. The reason is that he is, *on his own showing*, morally guilty of an attempt to betray her interests himself. In his paper in the CANADIAN MONTHLY he says:—"If there were *no feeling but that for England to prevent it*, the Americans could offer us such advantages as would induce three-fourths of the Canadian people to advocate annexation to-morrow" (p. 238). This being his belief, one would naturally expect that, as in his case there is no feeling for England to prevent it, he would use his talents in endeavouring to open his countrymen's eyes to the benefits of annexation. Yet, whilst holding this opinion, we find him writing a pamphlet in which he advocates Independence on the express ground that "it would create a nationality which would unite the people as one man against all encroachments by the United States, and effectually prevent the absorption of the country by that Power. *Nothing but independence can avert this misfortune, which, like a black cloud, continually overhangs the country*" (p. 65). Either Mr. Norris does not know his own mind, or he wrote his pamphlet with the view of diverting his country from the course which he believes would be most conducive to her interests. The adjectives applicable to a man in either of these positions I leave it to my readers to supply.

After such a weary contest with one who seriously advances platitudes for arguments, it is refreshing to turn to an opponent who holds a definite position, and understands in what reasoning consists. Between Mr. Roswell Fisher's views and my own there is a wide divergence; but the issue between us is narrowed to something intelligible, and worthy of very serious discussion.

In considering my plea that, whatever may be our rate of growth, Canada must always remain behind the Union, and, therefore, unable single-handed to maintain her national existence against that Power, Mr. Fisher says—"It is hardly possible to deny the force of this argument" (p. 429). We differ considerably as to the probability of an assault being made, but agree that Canada would hold her independence on sufferance, and that such a position would be most undesirable. Such being the case, there is no need for me to offer any observation on the subordinate points concerning independence, on which we disagree. I must remark, however, that instead of expecting annexation in any shape to bring us "prospects of wealth," I should expect even commercial union to prove decidedly mischievous, and should like to see Mr. Fisher's reasons for believing the contrary. Mr. Fisher then goes on to admit that—"Even if our autonomy were in no danger from the threats or the bribes of our great neighbour, it is by no means certain or even probable that we should ever be in a position to declare our independence with any chance of permanent success," in consequence of the probability of internal dissension. (See pp. 429-30). All that he has written on this point I fully endorse, and, for the sake of Canada, am glad to find it coming from one who, unlike myself, cannot be charged with being more British than Canadian. We thus agree in thinking that Canada must adopt an alliance either with Britain or with America as her policy, and also agree in preferring a British to an American alliance. Our difference is in reference to the form which that alliance should assume. I advocate the establishment of a Pan-Britannic Federation, with equal privileges and responsibilities throughout. Mr. Fisher says that this scheme is impracticable and inexpedient, and offers the following in its stead:—"The following agreement is proposed as that which would probably secure, both to Canada and Great Britain, the greatest advantages at the least possible cost. Great Britain would still appoint the Governor-General, by which we should be saved from Presidential elections; would act as inter-Provincial arbitrator, with power to carry out her decisions by force if necessary, by which we should be saved from secession. Great Britain shall also defend Canada from any external attack, but in all cases between Canada and the United States, and Great Britain and the United States, both Canada and Great Britain shall be proportionately represented in the consequent negotiations; as a corollary of which, Canada would undertake her full share of the burdens of any war with the United States. Canada to have full control of her finances, including tariffs. In the

case of a foreign war, other than American, Canada to close her ports to the enemy and encounter what marine risks might ensue. This may be said to be practically the situation at present, but it would be well, in the interests of both Canada and Great Britain, that it should be more clearly defined." (p. 431).

When Mr. Fisher wrote the above, he either forgot some important points, or, in the style of Mr. Norris, passed over them because they were rather difficult to meet. He admits, in reference to his own scheme, that "this is practically the situation at present." But he omits to notice the arguments which, when considering a similar proposal by Messrs. Fuller and Drummond, I advanced for believing a prolongation of the alliance on its present terms to be impossible. The ground I took was that "unity of action is the basis of every sort of association, be it political, ecclesiastical, commercial, benevolent, or fraudulent;" then I went on to argue that there is *now* no provision to secure such unity of action —even in reference to diplomacy, armaments, commerce, or finance—in the British Empire; consequently, that on the occurrence of any quarrel it must fall to pieces, and that as we could not reckon on the absence of quarrels for any considerable period, we should make provision for their prevention and settlement if we wished the connection to be maintained. (See pp. 90 to 92). Mr. Fisher simply renews the proposal to have the alliance maintained on its present basis without attempting to controvert the arguments which I have advanced to show that it is impossible to do so. What is this but simply begging the question and declining to face the point at issue? Then, when renewing this previously combatted proposal, Mr. Fisher seems dimly to apprehend that there are two parties to an alliance, and that the Fatherland might have something to say on the terms of it. This, however, is rather disagreeable, and so it is thrust aside with a few words, in defiance of the fact that it is discontent with such terms of alliance as are proposed that has led to the formation of the Emancipationist party in England. Mr. Fisher and his friends simply propose that Canada, and all the colonies, shall enjoy the privileges of childhood and manhood simultaneously: that the offspring shall be allowed to earn for himself, and dispose of his earnings at pleasure; but that he shall also be allowed to reside under the paternal roof, enjoy all its privileges, and even—in some matters—have a veto on the paternal will, without contributing one cent to the household expenses. For what else than this is the proposal that England shall undertake to keep the peace among us at home; shall hold herself ready to defend us against foreign aggression; and shall allow us a voice in all negotiations with the United States; whilst we shall neither furnish her with financial subsidy, nor military or naval contingent, and shall stand free to tax her products without any regard to her own will on the subject? As to assisting in any war with the States, and encountering marine risks, we should have no choice in the matter, as the foe would soon teach us. The alliance has stood for some years on these terms; but it is from the fact that the signs of the times seem to indicate that England will not, and cannot, let it so stand very much longer that the chief need for discussion arises. To defend the insignificant settlements of seventy years ago was a very different task from that of defending the great Canadian and Australian nations of to-day; to be ready to face the United States when their population was but five millions was rather less serious than to meet them with one of forty-four millions; to guard the shores of Australia with no possible enemy on the Pacific was rather easier than to perform the same task when Russian and American fleets float upon its waters. The growth of the colonies, and of their possible foes, renders it impossible for England to continue to stand ready to defend them single-handed, even were she inclined to offer such service and they mean enough to accept it. Hence they must arrive at some clear understanding as to their relative responsibilities, or part. I proposed that privileges and responsibilities shall be equalized all over the Home and strictly Colonial parts of the Empire, and a central Legislature formed to enforce the terms of union, and I am told that my scheme is inexpedient and impracticable. Let us see what new arguments Mr. Fisher offers to support this view of the case.

Mr. Fisher says that, in my papers in the MONTHLY, I did not attempt to prove that the countries in question possessed "those conditions of race, political and commercial

interests, and geographical position which are the necessary elements of the problem." It is true that I did not attempt to prove, *a priori*, that the necessary conditions of Federal union existed. But I stated my reason for not doing so in the words :—"Fully to explain and defend the details of these measures would require a volume ; and as I have already devoted one to the subject, I must take the liberty of referring my readers to it should they desire to pursue the subject" (p. 94). In case Mr. Fisher should not have taken the trouble to consult it, I point out in a foot-note the exact pages at which my views on these points are to be found.* But in endeavouring to prove the possibility of uniting Fatherland and Colonies into one grand Pan-Britannic Federation, I took, in these papers, what I still believe to be a shorter and more decisive mode of argument. People may dispute until doomsday as to whether the necessary conditions of union exist in any case, as they may disagree on the previous question of the nature of these conditions. But let it once be proved that such a union as is desired has actually existed, and argument must cease ; that the conditions of union exist has been proved by experience. Acting on this fact I said that all the arguments against the establishment of an Imperial Federation had been concisely stated by Mr. Mill, in the words :—"Countries separated by half the globe do not present the natural conditions for being under one government, or even members of one federation ;" and said in reply :—"The answer to this *theory* is the *fact*, that all the countries in question have been thus united for about a century." To my answer Mr. Fisher replies :—"A truly astonishing assumption !" I would remark that it is still more astonishing to find Mr. Fisher, after confessing that he "has not read the work of Mr. Mill from which the above sentence is quoted," going on to enlighten us as to what Mr. Mill's opinions on the subject must have been.

Nevertheless I reiterate my statement that the United Kingdom and its colonies have been under one Government, and members of one Federation, for about a century. Is it not the fundamental basis of a Federation that the countries comprised in it shall bear allegiance to one central authority while possessing separate governments for the management of their local affairs ? Have not both Colonies and Fatherland possessed such governments, and have not all of them borne allegiance to the British Crown? Nay, have not the Colonies even acknowledged a substantial supremacy, on some points, to reside in the Imperial Legislature ? Is it not another basis of a Federation that its members shall be united in an offensive and defensive alliance, and shall have the same friends and foes all the world over, and has not this also been the case with the countries in question ? Is it not another basis of union that the Federation shall have a common system of diplomacy, and of naval and military armaments, and has not the British Empire had both, they being supplied, until the last few years, entirely by England ? A common system of finance, and freedom of trade throughout the Federation, are further bases of union which of late have not existed ; but as I wrote to prove that these, and some others, might be supplied in so far as is essential to union, I cannot be charged with alleging that *all* the bases of union existed. Admitting some, however, to be absent, the above indisputable facts prove a good many to be in existence. Mr. Mill's views on the subject, are as follows :—"Every colony has thus as full power over its own affairs as it could have if it were a member of the loosest federation ; and much fuller than would belong to it under the Constitution of the United States, being free even to tax at its pleasure the commodities imported from the mother-country. Their union with Great Britain is *the slightest kind of federal union ; but not a strictly equal federation, the mother-country retaining to itself the powers of a Federal Government, though reduced in practice to their very narrowest limits.* This inequality is, of course, so far as it goes, a disadvantage to the dependencies, which have no voice in foreign policy, but are bound by the decisions of the superior country. They are compelled to join England in war, without being in any way consulted previous to engaging in it."† These are my reasons for believing that the facts of the case, and the views of the great Liberal philosopher, justify my "truly astonishing statement" that

* See "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," pp. 117 to 130.

†Representative Government, p. 132. People's edition.

the countries in question have been under one Government and members of one Federation for about a century.

I believe, however, that inequality of privilege and responsibility is tending to destroy the Federation as it now exists; and as I believe that this would be a very great calamity to all, I propose to strive to prevent it by placing all its members on a footing of equality. Mr. Fisher says that this is impossible from "racial," political, commercial, and geographical obstacles. As to his "racial" obstacle I am content to let it pass for what it is worth.

Mr. Fisher alleges that "if we were to take an active share in the naval and military concerns of the Empire . . . the bargain would be against us. Great Britain has numbers of possible, not to say probable, enemies, whereas we have only one, and the other colonies we may say none" (p. 336). As to the latter assumption I think that it is rather far-fetched. Were states so weak as the colonies, and so well adapted to supply many of the wants of the great military monarchies of Europe, left alone in the world, they might very soon find foes in plenty. As to the statement that England would bring us more enemies than we should bring her, the answer is that she would also bring us more strength; that our share in the Federal Government would enable us to prevent a sacrifice, and secure a maintenance, of our interests, which we cannot do at present; and that the increased strength of the Empire consequent on its union would cause foreigners to respect its will rather more than they have done of late, and thus leave us in a situation to fear no foe.

Mr. Fisher says that on this question of political interests I bear witness against my own side, since I say that England's "interests are more involved in Belgian than in Canadian independence." I certainly believe that *if Canada were an independent nationality* England would be less interested in keeping it from falling into the hands of the States than in keeping Belgium from falling into those of France. But I did not say that this would be the case were Canada part of a Pan-Britannic Empire, and federally united with her Fatherland for better for worse.

Mr. Fisher says that our commercial interests are adverse to those of England, and that I dispose of this important question with a very illogical answer to the assertion of Mr. Fuller, that the attempt to establish a common tariff would alone make shipwreck of any scheme of confederation. In the first place I never said anything about "a common tariff." I did say that "the commercial relations of the several members [of the Federation] would be adjusted by an agreement that no Province should impose customs duties above a certain rate on the produce of other parts of the Empire," leaving each free to deal with foreign goods as it might desire, I am told in reply that the connection may exist in the absence of any provision against a war of tariffs, but is impossible if it be established. I retort that this is saying that the lesser obstacle would be more effective than the greater, and Mr. Fisher says that my reply is illogical. Our readers must judge between us. He says, however, that "the question of tariffs or no tariffs at all . . would not hinder ultimate collision of commercial interests." (p. 336). I reply that, even granting such an improbable event as that countries destitute of coal, like Ontario and Quebec, should overtake England in manufacturing, we need not quarrel over it so long as "free and unrestricted competition" is allowed.

The position of parties on this commercial question is to me somewhat amusing. I find Conservatives, the beginning and end of whose political creed is "British Connection," advocating a Protectionist policy, in face of the fact that it is better adapted than anything else to bring that connection to an end. And I find "Advanced Liberals," who usually support Free Trade with something like religious enthusiasm, condemning a proposal to establish between the different parts of the Empire a commercial treaty such as they are so anxious to conclude with foreigners. Oh! consistency thou art a jewel!

On the geographical difficulty Mr. Fisher says that "so far from telegraph and steam having changed its conditions, they have accomplished relatively little in this direction, as can easily be shown. . . A very little reflection will show that separation by sea has been of quite another character than separation by land, or rather connection by land" (pp. 337–8). Had Mr. Fisher cast his eyes across the line he might have found reason to alter his views on this point. He would there have found proof that, with

steam-navigation and without railroad communication, the sea is a much more convenient highway than the land. California is connected with Washington by land, but for twenty years after it had entered the Union communication between the two points was carried on by sea, even with a transhipment through a foreign territory. Yet, according to Mr. Fisher's theory, political connection would have been impossible without the existence of a terrestrial connection which was never made use of. Besides this, he has seen these Pacific States, while thus *practically* united to what we may call their mother-country only by sea, loyal members of the Union, and those immediately adjacent to one another engaged in a bloody strife. Territorial unity may be essential to the formation of *a nation*, but that is a different thing from *a league of nations*, one in race, language, and historic associations, such as is proposed in the present instance. This, the history of the United States and of the British Empire seems to me to indicate, cannot be secured by the existence, nor prevented by the absence, of territorial unity. Its stability seems to be dependent on unity of sentiment and a conviction of the expediency of the league. That these exist in the present instance is pretty well proved by the fact that even "Nationalists" like Mr. Fisher complain that there are "too many Canadians who are first British and then Canadian," and are yet forced to admit that the maintenance of the connection is the best policy which we can adopt.

There are other points on which I shou'd have liked to touch; but my space is exhausted and I must stop. I cannot do so, however, without pointing out the fact that Mr. Fisher, in his concluding words, strives to encourage the hope of a Canadian nationality, after having admitted (p. 429) the correctness of my argument that the disproportion between our resources and those of the States must be permanent, and that this discrepancy must render such a nationality impossible. This is very unwise. Any attempt to sit between two stools must always be dangerous, but cannot fail to prove fatal when one of them is admitted to be ricketty.

This controversy will not have been waged in vain if it should enable our readers to realize the fact that Canada must choose between a British and an American alliance, and cannot stand alone. The form which I desire the alliance to assume is that which such men as Mr. Fisher would probably believe to be most inimical to Canadian interests. Nevertheless, I should be perfectly willing to compare, from an exclusively Canadian stand-point, the position which Canada would occupy as a member of a Pan-Britannic Federation, with that which she would fill if annexed. I should prefer the former, because it would certainly allow us greater local independence than we should enjoy if annexed; because it would subject us to an almost incomparably smaller increase of taxation; because I think that our commerce and manufactures would be much more likely to thrive with a fifteen per cent. duty all round, than with our markets free to eastern manufacturers and a Morrill tariff on the seaboard, which would simply be a differential duty in favour of the States; because I believe that our increased intimacy with the Fatherland would turn such a tide of British immigration and capital to our shores as would double or treble our past rate of growth; and because I am of opinion that we should be much more likely to enjoy good government, and to retain the inestimable blessing of political liberty, under our Old Flag and tried Institutions, than under the new-fangled system of unmixed democracy which—in the words of Macaulay—"must in the end destroy liberty or civilization, or both."

I have elsewhere made some attempt at such a comparison,* and in the future may have something more to say on the subject; but am of opinion that, for the present, our readers will have heard enough even on the most important matter which can engage the attention of Canadians.

* See "A Colonist on the Colonial Question," Chap. VIII.

DANCING THE OLD YEAR OUT.

SISTER, come away and leave the dancers,
Leave the laugh for lighter lips than ours;
Would that we had wept instead of jested,
In the year's last hours!

Did you hear it when the band was loudest?
Come away, for I can dance no more!
There was sobbing louder than the music,
From One at the door.

Did you see the shadow in the doorway?
A pale spirit weeping mournfully;
Saying,—"Pass me softly, O my children,
In an hour I die!

"Let me hear a prayer upon my death-bed;
Lay me chanting in the grave of years;
Keep your smiles to celebrate my sister;
Bury me with tears.

"I shall die at midnight, O my children;
O my careless children, fare-ye-well!
When the clock strikes twelve times ye'll remember
'Tis my passing-bell."

"Happy New Year!" As the dancers wished it,
That pale spirit fled along the floor,
Wringing such sad hands:—Come home, sweet sister,
We will dance no more!

ALICE HORTON.

ONLY A FIDDLE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY CATHERINE OWEN, MONTREAL.

I.

"BUT suppose they should not pay to-day, mother?"

"Oh, don't talk of such a thing, Kitty, they must pay; there is the water rate must be paid, or it will be cut off; and Tossy's shoes, poor child, she has been promised so long; and I don't know where the money is to come from if they don't pay their rent."

Kitty looked dubious: it had so often happened in her young life that lodgers did not pay their rent, and poor mother had so often had to leave taxes unpaid, shoes and even food unbought, that the fact of the present necessity of the case did not strike her as a very likely reason why these lodgers should pay any more than many others.

It so happened that the shabby (very shabby) genteel lodgings poor Mrs. Garrett had to let were more often patronized by those very genteel people whose motto is "Dig I cannot, to beg I am ashamed," but whose shamefacedness did not prevent them from swindling the poor lodging-house keeper of as much rent as her patience allowed them; and as her patience was long, and her credulity considerable to any one who pitched a good story in refined English, her losses were frequent—so frequent that Kitty, with the precocity of the city-bred child, had a keen eye to the number of trunks a new lodger brought; and this autumn, after the first floor had been empty so long that the card "Furnished Apartments to Let," put up in summer, had become fly-spotted and yellow, Mrs. Garrett declared one morning to her confidante, Kitty—

"Kitty, I'll put up a new card for luck; this one is dirty enough to frighten people away."

And Kitty was despatched with three half-pence to the stationer's for a card, with strict injunctions to choose a nice one without flourishes. And sure enough that very afternoon there came a resonant rat-tat-tat at the door. With anxious haste Mrs. Garrett showed her rooms to the lady who applied for them. When she came back to the sitting-room, where Kitty was waiting with anxiety second only to her mother's, Mrs. Garrett's radiant face told the story of success.

"Let at last, Kitty!"

"I hope they'll pay," said Kitty, cautiously.

"Oh, there is not much fear," said her mother, whose bump of hopefulness must have been abnormally developed; "there is not much fear this time, Kitty; look here!"

As she spoke she held out her hand, with three half-crowns in it.

"That is a good deposit, mother," said Kitty, her eyes sparkling.

"She has paid half a week in advance, because she doesn't want to trouble about references; and she wants to pay the rent monthly, because she receives her income once a month."

Mrs. Garrett's face was not quite so bright now, as she thought that the seven and sixpence she held was all the money she would have for the rooms for a month. Kitty's face was a picture to see, so worldly-wise, so expressive of doubt and anxiety.

"But, mother, how can we wait for a month?"

"That is what I thought first," said her mother, "but then, I don't know—it will come in a lump. The water rate must wait, and then we must try and pay the poor rates from father's money: the butcher must wait too for a few weeks; he gets his money pretty regularly, and will wait without grumbling: after all, we shall not be worse off than as if we had not let."

And so Mrs. Philpots and her husband came to live at Mrs. Garrett's. Kitty looked doubtfully at the one small trunk they brought, and decidedly did not like Mrs. Philpots, nor did her mother after the new lodgers had been in her house a few days.

In the first place, it was evident she did not treat her husband well. He was many years older than his wife; a weak and submissive old man; his manner was that of a "perfect gentleman," to use his landlady's expression, but his wife treated him like a boy; he was sent on errands, and abused if he did not acquit himself satisfactorily. So little food came into the house, and Mrs. Philpots was so much out of it, that Mrs. Garrett was afraid the poor old man had often not enough to eat; he appeared, however, to have one consolation—he played the violin, and when he was alone, the house resounded with the sweetest and wildest music; his taste, however, was never indulged when his wife was at home. So much Mrs. Garrett knew from observation, and she concocted a little romance in her own mind to account for this state of things between husband and wife; for, poor as Mrs. Garrett was, she spared a penny a week for the *Family Herald*—that light of the London masses, which, with its contemporaries of the same class—let the despisers of cheap literature scoff as they will—is too often the only softening influence they know in the utter sordidness of their poverty. And of this beneficent print she and Kitty were assiduous readers; for, shocking as it may appear to well-to-do Canadian or English mammas that a little girl of ten years should be allowed to read such "trash," such things are, and I do not know that the moral injury is very great.

To Mrs. Garrett's imaginative mind, Mr. Philpots was a man who had been married for his money, which his wife was spending among her own people, which accounted for the hours she was away; and taking advantage of the submissive temper of the old man, she kept him without money, and with barely clothes to cover him, and, Mrs. Garrett was quite sure, very short of food. Now, she was a woman who had seen better days, that is to say, she had been lady's maid, and seen high life from a distance, and when she was married her husband's earnings had sufficed for comfort; but now, with seven children, they were very far from doing that, and with the advent of each of the seven they had drawn a step nearer the poverty in which they now were. Having been maid to one or two ladies of rank, Mrs. Garrett considered herself qualified to judge better than most people in her condition of a true gentleman or lady when she met one, and she was sure Mr. Philpots was one, and respected him accordingly; equally sure was she that his wife was not of the same condition of life as himself. But no doubt entered her mind as to the safety of her rent until the month's end, when we find her patiently and hopefully waiting for it, and Kitty suggesting a possibility of disappointment; and as the day waned and evening came without Mrs. Philpots's return, her heart misgave her, and yet she bravely told herself she had no reason for misgiving. Mrs. Philpots's being later than usual was not a sign that she would not pay, if not to-night, to-morrow morning; and when she did come home, and Mrs. Garrett heard her ascend the stairs without calling at her door, she tried to feel no misgiving.

"Mother," said Kitty, "won't you ask her for it, we want it so badly?"

"I must ask her to-morrow morning, though asking is a thing I hate."

"I don't hate it with her," said Kitty, who usually "hated" it as much as her mother. "I'll go up to-night and ask, if you'll let me, mother; it would be so nice to go to bed and feel we have the money safe."

"I know it would, but I can't bear to be so sharp; no, I'll get your father to write a note before he goes, and if she doesn't pay early you shall take it up."

A "note" was the usual resource when there was any asking to be done. This was about all the part Mr. Garrett took in the management of his household affairs; an easy man, he considered he had done his duty when he earned the money that paid the house-rent and butcher and baker; to his wife he left the task of making it do as much more as possible, and of eking it out by letting lodgings. He gave his advice when consulted, and complacently said "I told you so," when she had to bewail the wickedness of some very genteel lodger who had gone away without paying her. To-night when he came in and saw her anxious face, and that there was no little extra dainty for his supper (for, in true Cockney fashion, every good that happened was

celebrated by a treat in the shape of a good supper, or a lobster for tea) he knew the Philpots had not paid.

"No rent?" he asked.

"No, I suppose we shall have it to-morrow; but you had better write a note in case they don't pay?"

"Oh, don't bother about writing notes, Kate; ask 'em plainly."

"I hate to ask when it is only just due; will you do it?"

"Oh no, I have had nothing to do with them yet. I'll write a note, but you had far better ask."

The next morning Mrs. Garrett and Kitty waited hour after hour, hoping Mrs. Philpots would make her appearance, money in hand. The note was kept ready, so that when she came down to go out, which she usually did much earlier than this, Kitty might intercept her with it; but "the best-laid plans of mice and men" are apt to go astray, and so it was that Kitty sat on the *qui vive* all day listening for Mrs. Philpots to go out, in vain, Between Mrs. Garrett and her, in the evening, it was decided that the note must go up. The door was opened by the old man, who looked, to Kitty's fancy, as if he had expected some one and was frightened at seeing them; she gave him the note, which he took with trembling hands.

"Mrs. Philpots will attend to this when she comes home; she is out now."

"She must have slipped out, mother," said Kitty, coming into the room breathless from her errand "she is out, the old gentleman says."

"Out! how can she be out? It must be an excuse!"

"I think she is out, because he was sitting without a candle, and I don't think there was much fire."

"That looks bad, Kitty, If she was not afraid to be asked for the rent, why need she slip out to-day any more than other days? There is one thing I am determined," said the poor woman, with a great show of spirit, "I'll take Mrs. Honey's advice—I'll keep their luggage. Every one else does it; why should I be so easy?"

"That is right, mother; you have always been too easy, father says,"

Well! they did not pay. Mrs. Philpots was caught the next morning just as she was going out very silently, and promised the money in a few days.

"If you could only give me a few shillings," said Mrs. Garrett, apologetically, for her own; "I need it so much, or I should not have asked for it so soon."

"My good woman, I will not only give you a few shillings, I will give you all in a day or two, when I take my Christmas dividends."

At the sound of the word "dividend," Mrs. Garrett took heart. She knew people often were short just before dividend day; but in the meantime what were they to do? Things had been very bad last month, they were worse now; the butcher, who had been put off then, was clamorous now, and refused them further credit.

"Dick, what ever shall we do?" asked the poor woman in her despair, "Christmas just upon us and not a penny in the house. The last sack of coals I got are gone again, and the children all want boots. A pretty Christmas for them."

"I don't know, my dear, I am sure. I wish we had fifty pounds. I would not stay in the country another month."

"We may as well wish for the moon, Dick," said his wife, rather impatiently, for he had been wishing for fifty pounds ever since they had been married, and the wish always found expression when they were in some exasperating difficulty for want of fifty shillings.

The day on which Mrs. Philpots said she would receive her dividends came and passed, and she still had no money, and at last was told she must leave, and that her trunk would be detained if she did not pay; at which she expressed great indignation, but went out next morning, as usual.

Once sure that no money was to come, Mrs. Garrett had to cast about for the possibility of appeasing the butcher, and getting shoes for the poor little cold feet that wanted them so badly. They had nothing valuable to part with now but poor Garrett's silver watch—the chain had been sent to the pawnbroker's long ago. It was a wrench to him to part with his watch, but he handed it forth gallantly, only saying—

"I wish we could get fifty pounds on it, Kate."

"I wish we could get fifty shillings, though it would only be the more interest to pay," she said mournfully.

"Never mind, old girl, there's a good

time coming," said Dick, with an effort to be cheerful.

This was on the day Mrs. Philpots had been told to vacate her rooms. Mrs. Garrett expected her to come back before leaving finally, but in the afternoon a timid knock came to her room door, and Mr. Philpots entered, looking so woe-begone and ill that she was startled.

"I have come to ask a great favour, Mrs. Garrett, and no one can be more sensible than I am that I have no right to expect you to grant any favour, but things are not as I wish them. If I had money you should be paid, or if I could get it."

"I feel sure of that," said tender-hearted Mrs. Garrett. "I never have blamed you, I am sure, Mr. Philpots, and anything I can do for you, I will gladly."

"You are a good woman," said the old man with apparent emotion; "I—I wish all women were like you. The favour I have to ask you is that you will allow me to take away a small parcel. My wife told me nothing was to go out of the house, but what I wish to be allowed to take is my violin. It is an old one; had it been a handsome one, in good condition, it would have been sold long ago," he said bitterly; "but old as it is, I am very fond of it. I could almost as soon part with my life," he said, clasping his thin hands.

"Oh, certainly, take it, sir. I should not think of keeping anything, only we are very poor, and my neighbours laugh at me for being so easy, and perhaps Mrs. Philpots may try and pay me a little to get her trunk back."

The old man shook his head mournfully.

"I thank you. You at least shall not lose by us, even if you have to wait long for your money; but I don't think it will be long now," he added, more to himself than to his listener.

"Mother," said Kitty, after he had left the room to go up-stairs, "did you see how eagerly he looked at the bread on the table? I believe he is very hungry."

"I am afraid so; I don't think they have cooked a thing since they have been here. She gets enough out of the house, I dare say."

"Oh, she'll take care of herself," said Kitty; "but couldn't we give him some tea and bread and butter, mother?"

"He needs bread and meat and beer, if he has had nothing substantial for so long." Mrs. Garrett looked troubled; she knew she could not afford what she wished to do; that if she did it, even her good-natured husband would laugh at her. At last, looking out into the pitiless streets, down which the sleet was driving fast, her resolution seemed taken.

"Kitty," she said, "I couldn't sleep in my bed to-night if I let that old man go out without anything in such weather. I'll send for a quarter of round of beef and half a pint of stout, if we go without our dinner to-morrow for it. But the weather is almost too bad for you to go out," she added, again looking out on the frosty streets.

"Oh, no, mother," said Kitty, with alacrity, for her mother had just been proposing what she had been longing to suggest, "I can soon run round to the ham and beef shop, and get the beer when I come back."

"Very well; wrap up as warmly as you can."

Off sped Kitty through the pitiless streets, fleet messenger of her mother's charity, and quickly returned, panting, out of breath, and with her fingers holding a roll of paper containing the beef, which, seeing Mr. Philpots in the room as she entered, she quickly hid under her cape, and left the room, and brought it back on a plate. The mother had laid a cloth, and knife and fork, and glass meanwhile, and when Kitty appeared, said, "I don't suppose you have had your dinner, Mr. Philpots; pray sit down, and eat a snack before you go out."

The poor old man, who had been hungrily eyeing the food, looked up in amazement.

"For me! I can't refuse it, for I—ah! —you have guessed the truth, I am hungry."

Tears rose to Mrs. Garrett's eyes as she watched his keen relish of the food, which, to tell the truth, her own stomach craved, for she herself had meat but seldom.

Kitty stood by in sympathy, warming her trembling limbs at the small fire.

"Oh, Kitty, run and change your clothes, child; the sleet has melted, and you are wet through," said Mrs. Garrett, whose attention had been drawn to shivering Kitty, who was thinly clad.

"I will in a minute," said Kitty, anxious, child-like, to hear what Mr. Philpots might say when he had appeased his appetite.

"Dinner! no," he said at last, "it is many a day since I had anything more than bread for my dinner."

"But," said Mrs. Garrett, "Mrs. Philpots, does she——"

"I don't know how Mrs. Philpots fares, except that it is well; she would not allow herself to fare ill. You see what sort of woman my wife is, Mrs. Garrett. Ten years ago I was a moderately rich man. I rescued that woman from a life of shame, to which she had, I supposed, been driven by poverty. I married her, and cut myself adrift from all my kin by so doing. In three years she had beggared me—how, I know not—I trusted her so blindly. My life since then has been that of a slave; that is all," he said, rising; "it will soon be ended."

Mrs. Garrett, as she looked at his feeble form, could not help thinking it might end even sooner than he expected.

"I thank you," he said at last, with emotion; "you shall never regret this Christian act, you noble woman." He pressed her hand silently, and taking up his napless hat, left the room and the house.

Mrs. Garrett had been silent herself from emotion. As he went through the passage she heard him take up the parcel which he had asked permission to have, and which, with rare delicacy, she had not thought to look at, and then he left the house.

Turning round, Mrs. Garrett saw Kitty, still in her wet things, standing with tears streaming down her cheeks; in the interest of the scene the danger from damp clothes had been forgotten.

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, you'll catch your death!"

II.

It was a week later, the 23rd of December. A sad little party was gathered in Mrs. Garrett's sitting-room, for poor Kitty was said to be dying. The room contained a sofa-bedstead, which was now used for the sick child, and the sorrowing father and mother were on either side of it.

"It almost seems as if I am punished for doing a kindness, Dick," said Mrs. Garrett. "They always say one never suffers for doing good, yet I have been laughed at by Mrs. Honey and you, and looked upon as next thing to an idiot, for believing the old gentleman's story, which you say was got up to get the best things out of the house. But laughter's nothing, and whether true or not, he was hungry, and my intentions were the same. I could have stood being mocked at, but to think my poor angel should be taken from us through it! I'll never do a kind thing again if anything happens to her," said the poor mother in her despair.

"No, don't say that, Kate; rewards and punishments are not given to us in this world like that. If you had done an unkind thing it would have seemed like a judgment; if some good luck had happened, we might have thought it was a reward; but it's neither one nor the other—it was wet clothes that did it!"

"I know, I know. But my poor Kitty! Oh, I thought Christmas was going to be bad enough for us, but what was our trouble to this? Oh, my poor Kitty, my darling!"

"Let's hope for the best, Kate. While there's life there is hope, and the doctor says if she comes out of this sleep conscious, with care she may get well."

"To think that we should be at Christmas without a dinner in the house—not that we mind about dinners," she said, with a sigh, an odd mixture of housewifely feeling mingling with her grief.

"If the doctor gives us hope for Kitty, it will be a bright Christmas after all," said cheerful Dick.

As he ceased speaking there came a knock at the street door, and, the children being in bed, Dick went to it himself.

A boy handed in a parcel and a note for Mrs. Garrett."

"A parcel for me! Good gracious! who can it be from? It looks like a goose, but no one would send us one. Oh! if it was, and poor Kitty was able to eat a bit!"

Dick had meanwhile opened and read the note.

"Why, it's from Mr. Philpots. He says:—'My dear, good woman, I told you you should never lose by us, but I had not courage to give up the one thing that made life bearable to me until the last. That has come. I am dying, and I send you my violin. It is a treasure; no one knows its value but myself; if I leave it until after my death you would not get it. I did not think the end was so near. Heaven bless and prosper you!—Horace Philpots.'"

"Poor old man!" said Mrs. Garrett, "I thought he would not live long; you see I was not fooled by him,"

"No, I suppose he was honest enough, but I don't see what good this poor old fiddle is going to do us; it won't cure

Kitty, nor give her anything to eat if she does get better, which she will do, please God."

"No, but he sent us all he had, poor old man, and it was a treasure to him, so we will take care of it. One of the boys may take a notion to learn the fiddle when they get older."

So saying, she laid it carefully aside, and turned to her watch over Kitty, while Dick Garrett sat brooding over the fire.

"Kate," he said, at last, in a low tone, "do you think our stock of furniture would fetch fifty pounds? They've cost us a pretty sight more from time to time."

"Dick, don't think of selling them; they wouldn't bring twenty pounds, and our home would be gone."

"I would not think of selling them unless they would bring enough to take us to Canada or Australia; anywhere where a man can bring up his family decently, and not see his wife ground down with poverty and trying to make both ends meet."

"I should be sorry to leave dear old England, Dick."

"So should I, Kitty; I have no fault to find with England, only she's too full—a man hasn't a chance. I am not going because I want a republic or anything of that sort; it's a free enough country for me, and if I had the money to-morrow I should want to go where the old flag waves. Australia or Canada for me."

"Well, there is no chance of us going, so we need not talk about it."

"No, not much chance, worse luck!"

The next morning the anxious mother awaited the doctor's visit with anxiety. Kitty had awakened, conscious, in the night, and had gone off to sleep again; and they were indulging in strong hope of her getting better.

When Dr. Graham came and saw her, he said: "She'll come round now, with care, good nursing, and plenty of nourishment; her constitution had run down before she was attacked, poor child. I suppose you have had pretty hard times, Mrs. Garrett."

"Indeed we have, sir; no one knows how hard. You can't do much with twenty-five shillings a week, and thirty pounds a year rent, and no lodgers to speak of; for when we've got them they don't pay. The first floor ought to more than pay the rent, and here I have not had five pounds from it since last Christmas."

"Very sad, very sad! I wish I was a richer man myself a dozen times a day when I see cases like yours; but something must be done for this little lassie or she will sink, and we mean her to swim. However, I will send her a bottle of wine, and you must try and give her plenty of fresh eggs beaten up in milk, and beef tea."

Poor Mrs. Garrett looked almost despairingly as she thanked the good doctor gratefully for the wine, and silently wondered what they could sell or pawn to get nourishment for poor Kitty. Fresh eggs at Christmas! when eggs were so dear, and her illness, short as it had been, had cost so much that Dick had drawn his wages before they were due!

Dr. Graham had walked to the corner cupboard, where the violin was lying; he was an amateur of music, and so passionately fond of it that he was a real musician. He took up the instrument and looked at it keenly; then taking up the bow, he softly drew it across the strings, not to arouse Kitty.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, after examining it minutely.

Mrs. Garrett related to him how she became possessed of it.

"Will you sell it?"

"That I will, if it will fetch anything," she replied with alacrity, thinking if it only fetched half a crown it would buy proper food for Kitty.

"I have a friend who is fond of such things; I will show it him, and I think you may find a purchaser. I will take it at once."

"Oh, thank you, sir, I will call little Dickey to carry it for you."

"Oh, by no means; I will carry it myself."

And to her repeated entreaties he was deaf. He took the violin, handled it as tenderly as if it were a baby, and, much to Mrs. Garrett's mortification, carried it (for he was not rich enough to indulge in a carriage) himself.

When Dick came home in the evening, after telling him about Kitty, she said—

"Have you been able to get any money, Dick? We must have things to-night for Kitty. The doctor said he would send a bottle of wine; but he sent the medicine, and

the boy said nothing, so I suppose he has forgotten it."

"I've got sixpence, that's all, and that I borrowed; but I've borrowed so often that men are shy of lending me."

"I know, Dick; but that will get beef-tea for Kitty: the other children can have bread and treacle for dinner to-morrow."

"Poor children," said Dick; "a pretty bad Christmas dinner for them!"

"Yes, and I've a pretty bad Christmas-eve supper for you—nothing but tea and dry bread. Do you remember the nice supper we always had that night, and what fun we used to have after? I am afraid those days will never come again. But what do you think, Dick? The doctor has a friend who is fond of old fiddles, and he has taken Mr. Philpots's; he thinks he will buy it. There! —the doctor's knock, I declare!"—she exclaimed, as a double knock sounded on the door.

Dick got up quickly, and in came the doctor, covered with snow, but looking bright and ruddy from his brisk walk in the frosty night air.

"You are not very merry here, friends, for Christmas-eve," said he, looking at Dick's bare tea and dry bread.

"Not very, sir," said Dick, "yet we're very thankful Kitty is better, and ought to be happy enough. Last night I thought if I could hear that news I should hardly wish for anything more, and here I am wishing the other poor children could have a good Christmas dinner," said Dick, ruefully.

"A very natural wish, I am sure. Well, here's the wine I promised you," said he, drawing a bottle from under his coat; "and now what do you think your fiddle is worth?"

"I don't know, I am sure. Do you, Dick?"

Dick looked perplexed; he felt he would not give half a crown for it himself, and yet he thought, as the doctor had taken so much trouble about it, it must be good, and might be worth five shillings, and he did not want to say too little.

"I don't know the value of such things myself, but if five shillings is too much I'll sell it for anything you think right."

"Well, your old lodger left you a little fortune, though you don't seem to know it. Your old fiddle is a genuine Cremona, and worth a great deal; my friend will give you a hundred pounds for it. Here is a cheque for the money, if you are satisfied; and as it is late, and you want your Christmas dinner, I will lend you a sovereign for to-night, and wish a merry Christmas to you."

He laid the sovereign and the cheque on the table, and giving a glance at his patient, he left the house before the astonished people could do anything but stammer their thanks and wonderment.

Such a merry Christmas-eve as the Garretts had! A fire was lighted in the kitchen, so that Kitty might not be disturbed, and all the children called up, while Dick went forth to make purchases. Such a supper of hot sausages as these extravagant people had after that, and then all hands helped mother to stone plums for the pudding—for of course there must be a Christmas pudding after such luck. And how they all admired the white down on the breast of the goose—a prodigious goose too; and then they wound up with a snapdragon. Such a merry party as they were, with only one saddening thought, that dear little Kitty was not able to share their fun. But next day, happy Christmas morning, Mrs. Garrett could not refrain from whispering to her: "I'll tell you some good news if you will ask no questions, and not excite yourself, Kitty darling."

Kitty smiled faintly, and her mother told her the news. "And now make haste and get well, my dear."

Need I say what a jolly day they spent; how they blessed Mr. Philpots, and how Dick enjoyed himself amid the uproarious fun of his children, in thinking of the great things that awaited them in another land?

He had only one trouble that day, and that was to decide which land it should be—Canada or Australia. Nor will it be necessary to state how good, simple Mrs. Garrett crowed over her astute neighbour, Mrs. Honey, who never lost anything by good-nature, and who had laughed and sneered at Mrs. Garrett's simplicity in being duped by the old man's story. "And actually to have treated him to a dinner! What could such soft people expect but to be poor?"

Such comments having been repeated to "soft" Mrs. Garrett, who can blame her if she exulted over her neighbour, even if one should not be uncharitable on the blessed Christmas Day?

PRAYER AND MODERN SCIENCE.

BY S. E. DAWSON, MONTREAL.

THE discussion concerning the value of Prayer, which three years ago broke out with so much vigour in England, has at last reached Canada, and Mr. Le Sueur, in his paper on Prayer and Modern Thought, has done no more than give utterance to doubts which are discomforting many minds. For although the present is often described as a materialistic age, it is also to a very great extent a theological one; and we cannot, if we would, escape in Canada the discussion of questions which are agitating the world. The stir of thought—at once the cause and the result of the material progress of this century—could not fail to bring up for reconsideration and even readjustment the grounds of our theological beliefs. If Mr. Le Sueur can adduce F. W. Newman as an instance of its set in one direction, Mr. Newman's brother, at the least no less learned and no less gifted, may be adduced as a proof of its current in another. The attention of practical statesmen is now occupied by religious questions to an extent unknown for centuries. Even in the unchanging East, where Mahometanism, Buddhism, and Brahmanism prevail, these systems are being profoundly agitated as their adherents are being attracted or repelled by the contact of Western civilization; while, on the other hand, Mahometan fatalism, Buddhistic nihilism, and Brahminical pantheism have gained many real though unacknowledged converts among the very *élite* of Western thinkers. What wonder then that such a discussion as the present should arise in a magazine like the CANADIAN MONTHLY, even in busy and practical Canada?

It seems strange that any who really hold with firm grasp a belief in the Christian system, should be alarmed at these questions being raised, because the counsel of the wise Gamaliel[1] is as applicable now as it was 1800 years ago. Let these new theories alone. If they are true they will live; but if not they will run their course and die. Repression is apt to give an adventitious vitality to error, and moreover a little reflection will show, that, in fact, *modern* thought has contributed nothing but a new shape to the old objections against prayer, because its triumphs being all in the domain of physical facts, it has not conquered metaphysics, but ignored them.

The *Nation*, while reviewing this question in its issue of August 26, asserts with confidence that "Butler's Analogy, though a work of immense merit, is based upon an assumption which is now generally acknowledged to be fallacious." From this proposition of the *Nation* the present writer most profoundly dissents; and that he does so with reason will appear by an attentive perusal of Tyndall's celebrated address at Belfast. In that much misrepresented address, the Professor singles out Bishop Butler as the one antagonist worthy of special attention. He states his opponent's arguments with candour and clearness, and carries on at considerable length a lively imaginary discussion. But so far is he from supposing that he has answered the Bishop's arguments, that he confesses the battle a drawn one, in these emphatic words, "I hold the Bishop's reasoning to be unanswerable and his liberality to be worthy of imitation."[2] Can anything be more reasonable than the proposition that,[3] inasmuch as nature and revelation proceed from the one Divine Being, similar difficulties are likely to present themselves in both systems? Or why should we demand an absolute mathematical certainty in religious matters when we are content to transact the whole practical business of life upon evidence of a much less degree of certainty? Would it be in accor-

(1) Acts v. 38.

(2) Tyndall—Address before the British Association at Belfast.

(3) Butler's Analogy of Religion—Introduction.

dance with practical wisdom to sit down and refuse to work because I have no proof that I, or any one I care for, will be alive next year? The precise point, however, in which I differ from Mr. Le Sueur is this—that taking into consideration the recent discoveries of science, and especially those in chemistry and physics, I find it much more easy to conceive the possibility and the probability of Divine answers to prayer than under those theories of matter which were previously held.

The result of recent speculation and research is to consider matter as consisting of atoms uniform in size but differing in weight; and as acted on by forces which, though seemingly diverse, are in reality one. The atoms, so far as we at present know, are of sixty-three kinds.[1] These are the elementary substances; but we are carefully warned that this name is merely provisional; because, with increasing knowledge, we shall doubtless be able still further to contract the number of elements. Chlorine, bromine, and iodine are doubtless forms of a simpler substance. Silicon and boron have also a remarkable similarity in chemical properties. Carbon is a very Proteus, taking on three shapes, different as lampblack is from diamond, and yet remaining essentially the same. Thus we are led to the opinion that all our present elementary bodies are compounds of one universal substance. Even hydrogen, the lightest known element, and the one to which the weights of all the others are referred, is supposed to be compound. The scientist, reaching out by the spectroscope to the sun and stars, discovers the lines of a substance lighter than hydrogen which the dissociating power of intense heat has been able to separate. This, Dumas (by what Tyndall so happily calls the scientific imagination)[2] conjectures to be one-fourth the weight of hydrogen, by this means finding a unit of which all other substances will be exact multiples; and reducing within the limits of errors of observation all the fractions in the atomic weights of our present elements to whole numbers. Thus modern thought tends to the conception of ultimate atoms of one kind, which, by uniting in different proportions, constitute the immense diversity of the universe—a theory very probable when we reflect that all organic chemistry is merely a register of the metamorphoses of the compounds of carbon.

While our idea of matter is in this way tending towards unity, the unity of the physical forces which control it has been for the most part demonstrated. Not many years have passed since heat and electricity were fluids, and light was something material. Now they are resolved into modes of motion or force, visible sometimes in the effects of light and heat; but often invisible in electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity, and attraction. These forces are all imponderable, and act by means of a universal imponderable and invisible medium—the luminiferous ether—which, although its existence cannot be demonstrated, is yet firmly believed to be the vehicle of the forces which act upon the passive atoms in causing their vibrations and combinations. In this manner we are led to conceive how the visible, the material, and the ponderable is dominated and controlled by the invisible, the imponderable, and the immaterial.

But although we may receive the hypothesis because it best explains the greatest number of observed facts, we must remember that it is not a demonstrated, but only a highly probable theory. No one has yet seen, much less weighed or measured, an atom or a molecule. Chemists talk of atomic weights, but these are merely relative weights referred to hydrogen as the most convenient standard. They even go further, and draw diagrams representing atoms by little circles, and affinities by little connecting dashes, but this is simply a graphic method of classifying and remembering chemical reactions and chemical compounds; and while grateful for the assistance it affords us, and by no means denying its objective truth, we must not, to use Sterry Hunt's words, "confound the image with the thing itself." Hunt indeed has gone so far as to say, in his address before the assembled chemists at the centennial of Priestley's discovery of oxygen, "the atomic hypothesis, by the aid of which Dalton sought to explain his great generalizations, has done good service in chemistry, as the Newtonian theory of light did in optics, but it is already[3] losing its

(1) Lucretius taught that the atoms were of a limited number, of different shapes, and possessed the property of very rapid motion. Excepting in shape all atoms were alike.

(2) Sterry Hunt—Address at the Centennial of Chemistry, 1874.

(3) American Chemist, vol. 5.

hold on many advanced thinkers in our science."

Wherever we turn, then, we are met by mystery. "Every science commences in the unknown, and builds upon some unprovable postulate."[1] How can the scientist turn upon a believer in the Christian theory of life with a sneer of superiority? If in his inner consciousness the Christian finds the doctrine of Jesus of Nazareth suited best to what he feels to be the demands of his higher nature, in what is he more unreasonable than the chemist who clings to the atomic theory until he finds another which better accounts for the facts he observes? When the physicist can measure an aspiration, or the chemist analyse an affection, it will be time enough to accept physical methods in the domain of thought, and to receive physical dogmas in that metaphysical region which underlies and transcends the visible forms of matter.

Complaints there have been enough, and with reason too, of the dogmatism and intolerance of theologians in the past; but at the present time the dogmatism seems to be with the philosophers. There is a satisfaction in looking at the Papal Syllabus and remembering that, excepting in three or four points, the clergymen who have successively occupied the chair of Peter have, for a few centuries at least, shown a tolerable degree of unanimity; but the air of dogmatic certainty with which men like Professor Clifford talk to crowded assemblies concerning the gyrations of atoms, and illustrate the "bumping"[2] and "hitting" of these "invisible somethings" against each other by means of fiddles and billiard balls and bells fastened to elastic frames of whalebone, tries one's faith very much. And when he proceeds to pass sentence of intellectual excommunication, and even to use coarse[3] language to those who do not at once swallow the conclusions which he announces as the result of modern thought, one's patience is still more tried. Here we have just arrived at a theory which Democritus reached on *a priori* grounds twenty-five hundred years ago; and yet words seem to fail Professor Clifford in expressing his contempt[4] for those who cling to the belief in God and immortality upon *a priori* evidence. If the anatomist fails with the dissecting knife to find the soul; and if the astronomer with his highest power cannot discover God, does it therefore follow that these have no existence? One longs for some of the Greek culture also, seeing that we are borrowing the Greek physics. Professor Clifford is not noted for his original researches, and we do not grudge him any such Thersites-like contributions to scientific rhetoric. In the company of men like Leibnitz, Davy, Newton, Kepler, or Faraday, even intellectual excommunication becomes tolerable; and if we prefer the religious imagination of Augustine to the scientific imagination of Tyndall, we must only plead with the Cliffords in the words of Job, when his friends were trying to argue him out of his consciousness, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom will die with you; but I have understanding as well as you; I am not inferior to you; yea, who knows not such things as these?"[5] We must appeal from the assumptions of such philosophers to those who are called, by Bishop Magee, "the true high-priests of science;" to those "who, in the inmost shrine of her temple, stand, ever reverently, with bowed heads, before a veil of mystery which they know they can neither lift nor rend, and yet through which they feel there ever streams a hidden and inscrutable, yet mighty power—a veil behind which they know there is a light whose source they cannot reach to, and yet whose rays are still the light of all their life."[6]

In Prof. Tyndall's celebrated presidential address, our obligations to Leucippus, Democritus, and Lucretius are candidly acknowledged. He omitted, however, to mention another ancient master of thought—Heraclitus—who, at the same early period, anticipated another of the currently received products of modern thought. Modern science has brought his philosophy into clearer light, and shown his precise meaning when he compared the universe to a river, the particles of which flow away, and never continue for an instant in one stay.

(1) Ribot—English Psychology.

(2) Prof. Clifford, on Atoms—Manchester Science Lectures, Nov. 1872.

(3) Clifford, on the Unseen Universe. Fortnightly Review, June, 1875.

(4) Fortnightly Review, June, 1875.

(5) Job xii. 1,

(6) Sermon at Norwich on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association.

The theory of the incessant mobility of this world, to our senses so stable and permanent, is startling and attractive:

> "The journeying atoms,
> Primordial wholes,
> Firmly draw, firmly drive
> By their animate poles." [1]

Take, for instance, a mass of iron, apparently so dense; it is in reality a porous mass—an aggregation of molecules not in absolute contact, but each separated from the other by the luminiferous ether which is, as before stated, the vehicle of the imponderable forces. These molecules are never quiescent, but vibrate with greater or less rapidity as the ceaseless ever-changing forces flow around them. Some of these vibrations affect our senses as heat—some as light—others as sound; but besides these, there are chemical, electric, and magnetic forces vibrating incessantly, not only through our frames, but through the solid earth, with rapidity as inconceivable as that with which the force generated at one end of a telegraph cable transmits molecular disturbance to the other side of the world, and returns in its circuit through the solid earth. Every moment, as the rays of the sun fall with accelerating or diminishing force at morning, noon, or evening, at midsummer or midwinter, our globe shudders to its very core under the ever-changing influences of the forces impinging upon its surface. Our senses give no evidence of this; in fact, the most potent rays of the sun are the invisible chemical rays, which vibrate too swiftly to be detected by our eyes. The light rays are visible down to a certain state of vibration, when they fade from the spectrum; but because we cannot see them, we do not argue that rays of a lower rapidity do not exist. Our ears are adapted for atmospheric vibrations, but only within limited bounds. Many sounds are too shrill, and many too low in pitch to be heard; just as a schoolboy's top, when it spins most rapidly, is said in schoolboy parlance to fall asleep. And not the physical forces alone, but the so-called vital forces, contribute to the incessant clash and clang of atoms. Professor Huxley, pondering upon the circulation in the protoplasm of a nettle, says: "The wonderful silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dulness of our hearing; and could our ears catch the murmur of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the innumerable myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city."[2] This passage is a beautiful illustration of the play of the scientific imagination. It recalls the vivid language of an Irish emigrant who, writing to his hesitating friends at home, declared that in the West he could hear on a still evening the potatoes growing; and indeed the Irishman might be thankful that his ears were not actually as quick as his wit, for an acre of busy plants like potato plants, in the agonies of protoplasmic maelstroms, would be more than human flesh and blood could survive. "Science," says Professor Clifford (who, after all, is the one infallible fountain of knowledge), "is organized common sense."[3] Now, we do not wish to express any doubt concerning protoplasmic noises, but would humbly submit that "common sense" does not bear witness to them, and that the currently received belief concerning religious matters is vastly more credible. But, after all, when we wish to describe this outcome of modern thought, we prefer Heraclitus: "The truth of the universe is not Being, but Becoming—it is not a fixed and abiding existence, but a fluxional and ever-changing process—this it is in the estimation of reason. To the senses, indeed, it appears, or much of it appears, to be permanent and at rest. The process of Becoming seems frequently to the senses to have subsided into Being. But the report of the senses is not to be trusted; they are bad evidences of the truth. Reason alone reveals to us the truth. and declares that the truth for all intellect is, that the universe is a process of Becoming, and not a system of Being."[4] "Science," says the infallible Professor Clifford, "has at last aroused herself, and has something to say upon metaphysical questions."[5] Yes, she is endeavouring to arrive by physical methods at the *a priori* deductions of two thousand five hundred years ago. To borrow the words of Dumas: "Dalton was the son of Leucippus, and the ideas of Faraday, concerning matter, atoms,

(1) Emerson.—The Sphinx.

(2) Huxley—Physical Basis of Life.

(3) Fortnightly Review—On Body and Mind.

(4) Prof. Ferrier—Lectures on Greek Philosophy.

(5) Fortnightly Review—Body and Mind.

force and motion, were those of a Greek philosopher."[1]

Availing himself of the subtle laws which govern the changes of matter, the chemist daily advances the outposts of science and conquers new territory. He imitates in his laboratory the slower processes of nature, and produces compounds heretofore supposed to be producible by the vital powers of plants and animals alone. He builds up synthetically such substances as indigo, madder, urea, taurine, and he acquaints us by analysis with the ultimate composition of the albumen which, under its new name protoplasm, is, according to Professor Huxley, the physical basis of life. The chemist can put together, in due proportion, these elements, and can construct protoplasm; but it is dead protoplasm, and the mysterious powers of contractility and reproduction are wanting. It is vain to attempt to bridge by a phrase the gulf between life and death, and to explain that "vitality is a property of protoplasm as aquosity is of water;"[2] or, again, that the brain secretes thought. The physiologists delude us with words while they evade the difficulty. What is that mysterious something which exists in living protoplasm, but not in the chemically identical dead protoplasm; that something of which we can see the effects but cannot tell whence it comes or whither it goes. The chemist answers that he does not know. Let us turn a moment from the complacent omniscience of the Cliffords to the venerable Dumas, the life-long friend of Faraday, chosen for his eminent attainments to deliver the first commemorative Faraday Lecture before the Chemical Society of London. What any man knows or has known upon this point he knows; for he is discoverer of the substitution method, and organic chemistry has been the glory and the labour of his life. He tells us "the chemist has never manufactured anything which, near or distant, was susceptible even of the appearance of life. As soon as he approaches life he is disarmed."[3] Again, "Is the intimate nature of matter known to us? No! Do we know the nature of the force which regulates the movements of the heavenly bodies and of atoms? No! Do we know the nature of the principle of life? No! In such questions the ignorant would fain believe they know everything—the philosopher is aware that he knows nothing. The ignorant do not hesitate to deny everything; the philosopher has the right and courage to believe everything. He can point with his finger to the abyss which separates him from those great mysteries—universal attraction which controls matter—life, which is the source of organization, and thought. Life is still the continuance of life, its origin is hidden from us as well as its end. We have never witnessed the beginning of life. We have never seen how it terminates."[4]

Has *modern thought*, then, contributed any certain addition to our knowledge concerning God, the soul, life, or the real nature of matter? No! These mysteries are as insoluble to science as ever. Theories we have in abundance, many plausible, many highly probable, but theories they still remain. "God," says Pascal, "is a hidden God"[5]—nature conceals Him, and offers us only secondary causes. He is declared by revelation to be a Spiritual Being, and His relations to us can be apprehended only by our spirits. But the Sadducees of the *Fortnightly* deny spirit, and God, and metaphysics, contrary to the evidence of the universal consciousness of mankind. This denial they call science, but it is nothing more than *nescience;* and they call upon us to give up the light of our life and follow the Jack-o'-Lantern glimmering of a bumptious and conceited Cliffordism.

In Canada these questions have not been raised by people who assert the eternity of matter. The existence of a Creator is admitted; but with FIDELIS, He is a God who arranges answers to prayer a long time ago by His foreknowledge, and with Mr. Le Sueur He is the God of Epicurus sitting in blissful indifference upon the outside of His universe, as Carlyle says, "an absentee God."[6] But is it not after all an anthropomorphism to apply to an eternal and purely spiritual Being those forms of thought—space and time—which are necessitated by our life in this world? God reveals Himself as the "I AM,"[7] and to Him time and space are

(1) Faraday Lecture.
(2) Huxley—Physical Basis of Life.
(3) Dumas—First Faraday Lecture before the Chemical Society.
(4) Dumas—Faraday Lecture.
(5) Pensées.
(6) Sartor Resartus.
(7) John ix. 59.

no more applicable than the physical attributes of eyes and arms. These we need as props for our thoughts, but can it be right to project such a purely human notion as foreknowledge into the infinite present? Even to ourselves, what is time when in sleep and in dreams our senses are quiescent? A man falls asleep and dreams of events stretching out over a lifetime—he carries on great enterprises—passes through labours and anxieties, and awakes to find that he has been asleep for a few minutes. The moment of waking was the moment of dreaming, and all these sensations have occupied but the time of a lightning flash. Those who have been near death by drowning can testify to a similar detachment from time. This theory of FIDELIS seems to put God very far away from us in time, while Mr. Le Sueur seems to remove Him far away in space, and tied up to what is called "law," but what in reality is a certain sequence which by observation we conclude to be invariable. But what if we conceive that law is the will of God acting through nature as we know that the will of man acts through his physical frame; and what if the unchanging will of God be that His creatures calling upon Him in His appointed way shall always receive aid; such aid could easily reach us in a way indistinguishable from the usual course of nature. Our ideas of a personal God are so bound up with the limitations of body and matter that the omnipresence of God is apt to escape us, and in seeking to avoid Pantheism we fall into the opposite extreme. St. Paul does not confound God with the universe when he says, "In Him we live and move and have our being."[1] In like manner St. Augustine, "Do the heaven and the earth then contain Thee since Thou fillest them? Or dost Thou fill them and yet overflow, since they do not contain Thee? and whither when the heaven and the earth are filled pourest Thou forth the remainder of Thyself? or hast Thou no need that aught contain Thee who containest all things since what Thou fillest Thou fillest by containing it? Most hidden yet most present—unchangeable yet all changing—never new, never old—ever working, ever at rest."[2] This conception of God helps us in prayer—a God indwelling in nature, whose will is the "*natura naturans*," and whose vesture is the "*natura naturata*." The same thought is indicated in Psalm 102: "Of old hast Thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish but Thou shalt endure. Yea, all of them shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail." This is enlarged upon by Carlyle, who quotes from the Earth Spirit in Goethe's Faust:—

> "In beings flood, in actions storm,
> I walk and work, above beneath;
> Work and weave, in endless motion,
> Birth and death,
> An infinite ocean,
> A seizing and giving
> The fire of living.
> 'Tis thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
> And weave for God the garment thou seest
> Him by!"

But we can see nothing but the garment. With our delicate physical instruments we can discover physical things only, and yet St. Paul says that He is all the while very near to each one of us.[3]

The secret of the unrest of the present day is the craving for a certainty in religious matters which the very idea of man as a free moral agent forbids. For if spiritual truth could be certainly demonstrated there could be no moral discipline. And moreover, in what better position is mathematical truth than religious truth? All mathematical science is contained in axioms, definitions, and postulates, which are assumed without proof, and out of these everything is deduced. If it be said that these axioms are intuitively perceived to be true, then we would also invoke the intuitive perceptions of the whole human race which in all ages and in all countries has offered up prayer and sacrifice. We have, in fact, much more certainty for our religious belief than we have in the affairs of every-day life, as has been most conclusively shown by Bishop Butler.[4] Beyond doubt we can get no certainty of truth in Materialism; for it is utterly unable to account for human misery, pain, and death. Comte, towards the close of his life, saw the inadequacy of his system, and to complete it invented

(1) Acts xvii. 28.
(2) St. Augustine's Confessions, Book I.
(3) Acts xvii. 27.
(4) Analogy of Religion, Part II.

what he called the religion of humanity, with saints and saints' days, and priesthood; spiritualizing in some way his dead mistress, at whose grave he was even wont to spend many hours in prayer or worship. Before the dread mystery of death Materialism is powerless, as Figuier has well shown in his erratic book, "The To-morrow of Death." His son, a young man of great promise, fell in the late German war bravely fighting for France. The father, who was devotedly attached to him, felt his philosophy reeling under the blow. He could not believe that that special aggregation of molecules which he had reared and tended from infancy—which gave such brilliant promise for the future—was shattered and dissipated for ever. Life to him was a mockery, if his philosophy were true; and so he invented a system strangely compounded of modern science and the doctrine of Metempsychosis, which will restore to him in some distant planet that son whose death has overshadowed his remaining years. Philosophers like Tyndall are ready to admit the uncertainty of their most cherished theories. He claims only a high degree of probability for the luminiferous ether as theory,[1] but when we want absolute certainty it is to Prof. Clifford we must turn. "The luminiferous ether," says that oracle, "has been taken from the region of hypothesis into that of fact."[2]

There are certain facts, however, in the consciousness of every human being which are known with a certainty passing all demonstration. Among these are the facts of our continuous identity and of our self-determining will. The axioms of Euclid do not come home to us so closely as these, for the learned and the ignorant alike bear witness to them. If science be common sense, the recognition of these facts is common to mankind everywhere and in all ages. Even a Buddhist, necessitarian in most things though he be, sets to work to redeem himself from the world of matter by patient endurance, prayer, and works of mercy; never doubting the power of his will to achieve what he considers his own salvation. Every man feels and knows that he possesses a will which is his own—he knows that up to certain limits he can produce, or abstain from producing, physical results—that he can overcome and modify the laws of nature up to the limit of his strength and knowledge—that he can influence other wills, and, in conjunction with them, build cities, and by planting, draining, and cultivating, modify climate and change the face of nature. We are aware that Buckle and his school deny this, and that some physiologists are now weaving theories based on certain facts of what is called unconscious cerebration; but we may safely assert that a doctrine so utterly repugnant to common knowledge and experience as the supposition that men are merely automata, whose actions are all reflex and determined by the stimulus of the outer world, will always remain among the curiosities of speculation. This freedom of the will is the greatest mystery of our lives; but because we cannot understand it, is it reasonable to endeavour to round off our systems of philosophy by denying its existence? We see it every day influencing the actions of men—the very instinct of self-preservation goes down before it. Millions of armed men in Europe now stand waiting to exterminate each other at a signal from some five or six of their fellow-creatures, and do not hesitate to brave mutilation or destruction in a quarrel with which they have no immediate concern. To the present day we feel the influence of Cæsar and of Charlemagne, and their wills were oftimes influenced by apparently slight causes. Kinglake tells us that the Russian war was decided upon at a sleepy council, and was mainly the result of the will of one man; but what great results and how many lives hung on that decision!

As the collective wills of men effect great physical changes, so each individual will is able, up to a certain extent, to control or suspend the laws of nature. The vital forces override the lower laws of chemical affinity and compel the elements to take on beautiful but unstable forms of leaf and flower, or of flesh and blood. What that force is we know not; but we know that the moment it ceases to act the laws of affinity resume their sway.

On a still higher plane moves the force of the will, which, calling to its aid the inventive powers, compels the lightning to deliver its messages, and the sea and the

(1) Tyndall — Lectures at New York, January, 1873.

(2) Clifford.—Manchester Science Lecture on Atoms, December, 1872.

winds to bear its burdens. It can arrest the law of gravitation, as when we stop the motion of a falling body; and that law will not resume its action until the superior force is withdrawn. Now, although the power of gravitation is overcome immediately by the expenditure of the nerve and tissue treasured up by vital force, yet, in the last analysis, it is the strength of the unseen, spiritual will which acts upon and expends that infinitesimal portion of organized material which performs the act.

In this world of mobile matter, dominated by unseen and imponderable forces, there is then a spiritual factor, the human will, which, up to the limits of its power, continually introduces new series of causation. We do not call this force supernatural or miraculous, because it is usual; nor do we ever stop to wonder that things so different as will and matter can have any relation at all to each other. Now, when we once conceive of the will acting upon the outer world, the difference between a weight of 50 pounds and one of 500 is a difference of degree alone. The human will, acting through the muscles, has at its command only a small number of foot-pounds of force; but, acting through its other faculties, it rends mountains by nitro-glycerine, and raises a Menai bridge by hydraulic pressure.

It is just at this point where human notions concerning God choke our faith in miracle and prayer; for both stand or fall together. It is nothing wonderful to us if men continually introduce into the world new causes with their subsequent series: that we think to be natural; but the moment we imagine God's will acting we call that supernatural, and say it is inconceivable. "My Father worketh hitherto and I work," said Jesus. It is because we persist in applying to God the limitations which hedge in our own personalities that we call God's action supernatural instead of superhuman. The word supernatural is one of these misleading theory-involving words which should be banished from our vocabularies. It takes for granted that God made the world and wound it up, like an eight-day clock, and sits, to use Carlyle's words, "outside His universe, seeing it go."[1] God is the central power of the universe, and the sum of all its forces is in His will. Therefore nature exists in Him, and His being constitutes its order. All nature is miraculous; and if God were to hasten the operation of His laws, or to do something in our view contrary to them, it would still be in the order of nature.[2] A miracle, says Bishop Butler, may be something different from the course of nature as known, but in harmony with it as unknown; or, as Henry Rogers puts it, the difference between the natural and the supernatural is relative, not essential. In his chapter on Natural Supernaturalism, Carlyle makes this very clear: "But is not a real miracle a violation of the laws of nature? ask several. Whom, I answer by this new question—What are the laws of nature? To me, perhaps, the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these laws, but a confirmation; some far deeper law, now first penetrated into, and by spiritual force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear upon us with its material force. But is it not the deepest law of nature that she be constant? cries an illuminated class; is not the machine of the universe fixed to move by unalterable rules? Probable enough, good friends; nay, even I too must believe that the God whom ancient inspired men assert to be without variableness or shadow of turning, does indeed never change; that nature, that the universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry, what those same unalterable rules, forming the complete statute-book of nature, may possibly be?" This is the precise difficulty—we require the complete statute-book. Meantime, these theories of the unity and mobility of matter, of the unity of force under all its forms, and its dominion over matter, help us much in conceiving the *rationale* of miracles, and in indicating the line where spiritual force and material force may easily be supposed to meet. How many answers to prayer may we not have had which we do not recognize? They come in natural channels; we are assisted we know not how. Some obscure turn in our affairs, originating in an apparent chance; some occult change occurring when life struggles with death, and one or two more pulsations of the heart may carry us through the critical moment; some slight impulse of the mind influencing a

(1) Sartor Resartus.

(2) Rev. John Hunt—Essay on Pantheism.

decision ; some flash of light thrown on a difficult path ; some strengthening impulse supporting us through wearisome duty ; these and such like may and do occur, and whence the hidden impulse comes who can tell? Let us look again into Arthur Clough's poems, and on the very page where the poem quoted by Mr. Le Sueur ends, we find :—

"It may be true
That while we walk the troublous tossing sea,
And when we see the o'ertopping waves advance,
And when we feel our feet beneath us sink,
There are who walk beside us ; and the cry
That rises so spontaneous to the lips,
The 'Help us or we perish,' is not nought,
An evanescent spectrum of disease.
It may be that in deed, and not in fancy,
A hand that is not ours upstays our steps,
A voice that is not ours commands the waves ;
Commands the waves and whispers in our ear,
O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt?
At any rate,
That there are Beings above us, I believe;
And when we lift up holy hands of prayer,
I will not say they will not give us aid."

We have endeavoured to show that there is no antecedent difficulty from the side of science, and especially from the discoveries, apart from the theories, of modern scientists, which might have prevented Arthur Clough from speaking with more certainty. May we not go farther, and, on the authority of the Great Teacher, say that faith has always the power to call forth the fitting sequence, as the touch of the diseased woman drew forth from Him the hidden virtue?[1] The crowd thronged round Him and pressed Him on every side, but only one touched Him,[2] and, quick and certain as the hidden spark, flashed out the power responsive to that touch of faith. No special volition is indicated by the narrative on the part of Christ, for He turned to ask and see who touched Him; and this incident would lead us to believe that the will of God concerning prayer is as invariable a spiritual law as the law of gravitation is in the outer world. Like any other law, however, its conditions must be complied with.

It is too often the case that in matters of prayer it is not aid that we ask for, but some special thing upon which our minds are set, and to obtain which we seek to employ omnipotent power. Failing to receive the answer we wish, we become discontented, whereas in fact we had not complied with the conditions of the law or promise. To ascertain these conditions we must go to revelation, for science is utterly nescient here. St. James, upon some of whose sayings this discussion has chiefly turned, urges the example[3] of Elijah, whose prayers were so efficient at a critical time in the history of Israel. But did Elijah pray to glorify himself, and was his career so prosperous that many would envy him even with all his wonderful powers? Almost single-handed he struggled for the truth, while day by day his countrymen sank deeper in the degrading worship of the Phœnician Baal. If he prayed that the windows of heaven might be closed, it was in order that disaster and famine might teach the lesson which abundance could not teach. When on the height of Carmel the truth he loved beyond life triumphed, the rain he prayed for was not for his own glory. He did not pray for his own advancement when, broken in courage and despairing, he fled to the desert, but that death might release him from his labours. He was not answered in the terms of his prayer, but strength was given him to perform what remained to be done.[4]

Then, again, the prayers of Christ, were they ever for His own necessities? We are told that in the wilderness He refused to exercise His miraculous powers for His own sustenance.[5] Only once, and that in His bitterest agony, He prayed for Himself : "Father, if Thou be willing, remove this cup from me."[6] His prayer was answered, but not in its terms, for "there appeared an angel strengthening Him." Surely here we have an insight into the law of prayer.

St. James probably gives the key to many of our disappointments. "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your pleasures."[7] Now, if (as Bishop Butler has shown to be very probable) this world is a school for a future state, it may very well happen that there is no law of the universe by which we should

(1) Mark v. 25.

(2) Archbishop Trench—Notes on the Miracles.

(3) James v. 17.

(4) I. Kings, xix.

(5) Matt. iv. 3.

(6) Luke xxii. 42.

(7) James iv. 3. The word "pleasures" is in the margin—the word "lusts" has undergone a modification of meaning since the Bible was translated.

be rich or influential, or even that we should have any special situation we may consider ourselves fit for. We must believe that the lower exists for the sake of the higher, and the material world for the sake of the moral world; and if it could be shown that the advancement of any person would tend to diminish the moral confusion which exists in the world, or even to the moral elevation of that particular person, we could believe that it would be a legitimate subject for prayer. A traveller in Madagascar once overheard a native praying to his god in this fashion—"Ye are gods—give me money—give me slaves—give me oxen—give me to be carried about like this Englishman."[1] This was only, after all, asking for servants and horses. Perhaps the prayers we are disappointed about come nearer to the Madagascan's than to Elijah's. It was a beautiful fancy of the old alchemists, many of whom were deeply religious men, that no one ever attained to the Hermetic knowledge until his passions had been subdued and his soul purified by the long research, so that the philosopher needed not the gold and cared not for the life—the gifts of the precious elixir—but allowed the secret to die with him, lest it should bring more confusion into the world. "When Socrates prayed, his petition was only this, that the gods would give him those things that were good. And this he did, forasmuch as they alone knew what was good for man. But he who should ask for gold or silver, or increase of dominion, acted not, in his opinion, more wisely than one who should pray for the opportunity to fight, or game, or anything of the like nature; the consequence of which, being altogether doubtful, might turn out, for aught he knew, to his disadvantage."[2] This part of the question may be summed in this saying: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him."[3] The prayer then may not be fruitless because it transcends the physical order, but because it clashes with the moral order.

No doubt we are told to pray for our daily bread, but that may not mean any particular style of living which we consider suited to our deserts. The son of Agar used to pray, "Feed me with food convenient for me."[4] Our ideas of what is convenient or suitable to our station are apt to keep extending. We are placed in this world, and our daily bread is necessary for us, as well as health and vigour, to carry on our daily work. The rain and the sunshine benefit the farmer in the first instance only—they are necessary to the seedtime and harvest, which supply the food of all. These and such like things falling in the range of the Divine order, we may consider to be legitimate subjects of prayer. When, however, we find that labour irksome which God has enjoined on us all, and we strive by speculation, "corners," or any other devices of "modern thought" to escape it; when we seek to shirk through the world, consuming and wasting the products of others' labour, while we contribute nothing to the common stock; we must expect in time to suffer from the confusion we create. Even if our fortunes are at hazard, and immediate ruin impends, we cannot expect superhuman aid to prop up the mischievous inventions of mankind. God is a God of order in the moral as well as the physical world; and when we say "Thy kingdom come," we mean the reduction of all human will to the Divine order.

> Our wills are ours—we know not how;
> Our wills are ours—to make them Thine.[5]

Prayer should run in the lines of the moral order, which is the meaning of the words "Thy will be done."

"Modern thought" might now ask—but what absolute proof have we then of the objective value of prayer? Apart from revelation, the theories concerning it are deductive; whereas the boast of modern science is its inductive method. Now, seeing that all the recently adopted theories of the universe were arrived at deductively, and propounded 2,500 years ago, such a remark comes with very ill grace. However, we are told by brilliant lecturers and essayists of sounds no one has ever heard—of motions no one has ever felt—of atoms no one has ever seen—of a material ether extending to the remotest bounds of the universe, so attenuated that it encircles every atom, and so potent that it can convey for 92 millions of miles the force which causes the solid earth to quiver with

(1) Mission Life, Volume for 1868, p. 606.
(2) Xenophon. Memorabilia of Socrates. 1-3.
(3) Matthew vii. 11.
(4) Proverbs xxx. 8.
(5) Tennyson—In Memoriam. Introduction.

imperceptible vibration; and yet when we speak of that immediate and axiomatic intuition by which the human mind everywhere arrives, and has always arrived, at the existence of God and the importance and practice of prayer, we are compassionately told that "science knows nothing of such things." Can any one with candid mind go over those old-world cathedrals, where the religious aspirations of our forefathers have crystallised into forms of solemn beauty, pointing upwards with their myriad spires, and not feel that any system which "knows nothing of such things," knows nothing of the master springs which move human action, and is blind to facts a million-fold more certain than the luminiferous ether?

The geologist, searching out the rocky archives of far-distant ages, sees in the large eyes of the trilobite conclusive evidence of the existence of light. He believes that God would not have created these eyes without the light to correspond; or, if he rejects this idea of creation, he knows that such eyes could not have been developed in Silurian ages excepting under the stimulus of clear skies and bright sunshine. By a like process of induction we argue, that as the need, the practice, and the faculty of prayer, have existed in the human mind at all times and under all conditions, that either the creation of this faculty by God, or its development by the operation of law, equally bear witness to a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering Deity.

These facts of consciousness are more immediately certain than any other class of facts. It is laid down by Mill, "as a truth obvious in itself and admitted by all whom it is at present necessary to take into consideration, that of the outward world we know, and can know, absolutely nothing, except the sensations which we experience from it."[1] If this be so, why should science, whose arena is in the outer world, pass into the sphere of metaphysics, and dogmatize upon subjects it cannot possibly know anything about? It deals, and can deal, only with physical phenomena. Concerning the realities which underlie the phenomena it is as ignorant now as ever. Go where we will, an ocean of mystery flows around the ground of our knowledge.

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."[2]

From mystery we pass to mystery, flashing into consciousness in this world like motes through a sunbeam. These thoughts of God—these intuitive efforts of prayer—are they the memory of a life which is past, or the dim presage of a life to come? We know only that we possess them; and we believe that the Great Being who made the universe is not mocking us—that He is not tormenting us with hopes never to be realised, with objectless aspirations never to be attained. That calm repose upon the unseen, that consciousness of an ever-present, all-wise, loving Father, ever working and ever using human wills as His instruments in gradually reducing all humanity to the Divine order; that actual experience of superhuman aid which we feel in our higher moods, and which, more or less, are ever present with us;—if these are merely dreams of a disordered mind, then life is a mockery, and a wise man would, like Lucretius, refuse to live under such conditions, and, like him, would evade the malignant world-power by resigning a life so vain. We would not, like Mr. Le Sueur, turn to Shelley as a guide. Beautiful though his poetry may be, his shattered and wasted life has few attrac, tions. We would rather turn to Tennyson and say:—

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."[3]

(1) John Stuart Mill—System of Logic.

(2) Tennyson—In Memoriam, p. 53.

(3) Tennyson—Morte d'Arthur.

MODERN CULTURE AND CHRISTIANITY.

BY LAON.

I AM glad to find that the tone and method of my last article* were alike satisfactory to the Rev. Mr. Grant. I wish I could record my own opinion that he, upon his side, had discussed the questions at issue between us as seriously and methodically as the public were led to expect he would do, when he so impressively warned the publishers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY that, if they allowed such articles as LAON'S to appear, they must be prepared to grant ample space for their refutation. "We must be allowed space," said the reverend gentleman in the September number, "to show the reasonableness of our faith and its consistency with all true modern thought, and it is impossible to do so in anything like the space that is necessary for an assumption." It is a singular comment on this very formal and warlike declaration, to find the author of it, on taking the field a second time, contenting himself with an article of *four* pages in reply to one of *nine*, and then bidding farewell to the controversy. One cannot but ask, was the Rev. Mr. Grant really prepared for a thorough discussion of these burning questions, or were these "*prave 'orts*" intended only to deter the publishers of the Magazine from giving place in future to articles written from the stand-point of free-thought? The latter is the conclusion to which the facts would seem to lead. Let us, however, proceed to examine, as briefly as possible, those points upon which the facts or arguments contained in my last article have been controverted.

It is alleged that I do not understand the language of the Bible, nor yet that of Mr. Moody. Now herein is a marvellous thing, that the language of a book given—so we are told—as a revelation to all mankind, and the language of one of the most popular expositors of Bible truth, a man celebrated for the directness and simplicity of his speech, should alike be misapprehended by a person acknowledged not to be a "bungler," and acquitted of any intentional misrepresentation—a person, moreover, educated in Christian society, and familiar from earliest childhood with Christian ideas. No proof whatever is offered of my misunderstanding of Mr. Moody. The charge that I misunderstood the Bible, is supported by the fact that I imputed to Mr. Moody, as a literal interpreter of the Bible, and a despiser of scientific objections, the belief that "the beasts from the four quarters of the globe came trooping into the ark." Where the misunderstanding comes in, it is difficult to see. Would Mr. Grant deny for a moment that the belief of the Christian world for centuries was, that all the land on the face of the globe had been submerged, and that the only animals saved were those that took refuge in the ark—seven pairs of every "clean" and two of every "unclean" kind? If, indeed, light is needed on this subject, let us turn to the pages of Sir Charles Lyell, who, in the introduction to his "Principles of Geology," has given an interesting sketch of the rise and progress of geological science:

"The theologians who now (1670) entered the field in Italy, Germany, France, and England, were innumerable; and henceforward they who refused to subscribe to the position, that all marine organic remains were proofs of the Mosaic deluge, were exposed to the imputation of disbelieving the whole of the sacred writings. * * An additional century and a half was now destined to be consumed in exploding the hypothesis that organized fossils had all been buried in the solid strata by Noah's flood. Never did a theoretical fallacy in any branch of science interfere more seriously with accurate observation and sys-

* "Proofs and Disproofs," in CANADIAN MONTHLY for October.

tematic classification of facts. * * * Quirini, in 1676, * * *was the first writer who ventured to maintain that the universality of the Mosaic cataclysm ought not to be insisted upon."**

A later writer than Quirini, Woodward (1695), conceived —Sir Charles quotes his own words—"the whole terrestrial globe to have been taken to pieces and dissolved at the flood, and the strata to have settled down from this promiscuous mass as any earthy sediment from a fluid;"† while Whiston, in 1696, published a work bearing the striking title of "A New Theory of the Earth; wherein the Creation of the World in six days, the Universal Deluge, and the General Conflagration, as laid down in the Holy Scriptures, are shown to be perfectly agreeable to Reason and Philosophy."‡ But down even to our own day those absurd theories have lingered, n t of course in the high places of science, but in quarters where science is made very little of, in comparison with an unquestioning belief in the Bible, such, for example, as Mr. Moody appears to possess. When, therefore, I imputed to the latter gentleman the old-fashioned belief on the subject of the Deluge, I may or may not have done him an injustice; but I certainly committed myself to no theory of Scripture interpretation; so that, as far as this goes, the charge that I fail to understand the language of Scripture is absolutely baseless. Possibly, however, my treatment of the parable of the Unjust Steward would be cited in support of the same charge, so a word on that subject. What I stated in "Proofs and Disproofs" was, that "the story is of no ethical value whatever, or rather is of a hurtful tendency, since crime is represented as actually receiving praise." It was not the crime, observes the Rev. Mr. Grant, but "the shrewdness and self-regard" that accompanied it, upon which praise is bestowed. The moral of the tale, then, on this theory, would be: "If you steal, do it cleverly —let there be commendable shrewdness; and in all your arrangements look out for number one—let there be an admirable self-regard." I am quite prepared to accept this amendment, and to withdraw my blunt assertion that "the crime" received praise; only I must still be allowed to wonder that intelligent and moral men should consent to accept this as inspired teaching. The Rev. Mr. Grant tells us that the master also was "a child of this generation." Where does he find that in the record? The record, I do not hesitate to say, implies the contrary; but to adopt the supposition only makes the case stronger on my side, for of what "ethical value" is the admiration with which one unprincipled man regards the clever roguery of another?

Considering the unshaken faith professed by the Rev. Mr. Grant in the Scriptural account of the fall of Jericho, I cannot but wonder to find him now saying with reference to it that "those parts of the Bible were written for the infancy of the world"—that "they are still the delight of children, and grown men delight in them when they have imagination to conceive the surroundings." Why should sober, authentic history be more suited to children than to men, or to imaginative men than to men of weak imagination?* Of course, if these things were fables, such language would be very natural; but seeing they are not fables, but as much matters of history as the French Revolution or the passing of the last Reform Bill, it is very singular to find them handed over to children and to grown-up people of lively fancy. The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews cited a long list of just such marvels (including the sack of Jericho and the saving of Rahab, whose house was on top of the wall that fell down, and who, by special understanding, was in her house at the time), not to amuse children, or to tickle the fancy of

* "Principles of Geology"—American, from 9th London, Edition, page 25.

† Do. page 31.

‡ Do. page 32.

* Strange to say, Dr. Mozley, in his Bampton Lectures on Miracles, points to imagination as one of the most potent causes in promoting *disbelief* in miracles. "A cause," he says, "which has had just as much to do with it as science is what I may call the historical imagination" (page 2). As regards the mass of men, he continues (page 3), "the past is an inanimate image in their minds, which does not beat with the pulse of life. And this want of reality attaching to the *time*, certain occurrences in it do not raise the questionings which those very occurrences realized would raise." On the other hand, when such things are imaginatively realized, they excite surprise, and "surprise when it once comes in takes two directions: it either makes belief more real or it destroys belief." Considering the general efficacy attributed by Dr. Mozley to the historical imagination in weakening the belief in miracles, there can be no doubt as to the direction the surprise excited *ordinarily* takes.

the fanciful, but to strengthen the faith of his readers generally. Does faith not require strengthening in these days, or is the method of the inspired writer hopelessly obsolete?

These, however, are comparatively unimportant details. More worthy of attention is the position taken by my critic, when he maintains that theology, considered as "a department of thought," is not responsible for the sinister peculiarities so widely prevalent (as shown in my last article) in theological discussion. "In every department," he says, "man advances slowly, not only because of his ignorance and the difficulties of the subject, but because of his prejudices, his one-sidedness, and the demand made upon him for false logic by his interests or his passions." That the parallel here suggested is no parallel at all, a very brief consideration will suffice to show.

Glance first at human science. It is in its nature progressive. It has its origin in the unaided perceptions of man's senses; but before there can be a science worthy of the name, those perceptions must be vastly multiplied, carefully classified, and sagaciously interpreted. The building up of a science is therefore a work requiring prolonged labour and experience, and it is, of course, subject to such vicissitudes as attend all human efforts. A plausible but false theory may retard its progress for centuries; as in the case of astronomy, which for many ages was studied on the hypothesis that the earth was, as it seemed, the centre of the universe. It is, however, no reproach to astronomy that the geocentric theory should at first have prevailed: nothing else was possible in the infancy of human knowledge. Can the same ground be taken for theology? Is it, as the passage above quoted suggests, a science of human origin, depending for its advancement upon the laborious efforts of men, and subject to have its very foundations overthrown by advancing knowledge? By no means: it purports to be based on a revelation once made to the world and now unalterable. Here is just the rub. The natural sciences suffer more or less, in the harmony and continuity of their development, from the prejudices and passions of men; but it is the very life of science to seek out new facts, to admit new principles, and to perfect its theories through whatever sacrifice of previous conceptions may be necessary. Take a case in point. The Darwinian theory, when first given to the world, encountered no little opposition from scientific men (as of course it encounters some still), but on what ground? On the ground of the insufficiency of its proofs. The man of science, in so far as he was a man of science, *could* make no other objection to it than that. Let the theory once establish itself by adequate proofs, and henceforth it becomes one of the glories of science, and its author receives the honour due to one who has vastly enlarged the boundaries of human thought and knowledge.

Speaking generally, then, the controversies that have marked the history of science have simply represented the legitimate and very necessary cross-examination and sifting of new theories, not perverse rejection of new light. How has it been in the theological region? The one overmastering instinct of theology has been to protect itself from change. The words *semper eadem* constitute the proudest boast of the most powerful section of the Christian Church; and other denominations, one cannot doubt, envy her her motto. At the laying of the corner-stone this year of a church belonging to one of the evangelical Protestant bodies, a leading clergyman thanked God that, amidst the many changes of one kind and another which this generation had witnessed, there was no change, so far as his Church was concerned, in the theology he had learnt at his mother's knee. The sentiment would by most people be considered a very fine one; but when men are in this state of mind, what are we to expect when they are asked to reconsider the theology learnt at their mothers' knees? What are we to expect? Just what we see; just what the authorities cited in my last article describe—all kinds of shifts resorted to to avoid unwelcome conclusions. The Rev. Mr. Grant would have all the blame of disingenuous reasoning in such matters thrown upon the individuals concerned; but how can we do this when we find an antecedent necessity laid upon them to shape their conclusions in a certain way; when we find the law of progress, in which the scientific man glories, repudiated at the outset, not by these persons thinking and acting for themselves, but by the system in which they were born, and which, through the force of early association, has become almost part and parcel of themselves? No doubt the individuals must be held responsible in a certain degree; since

"a measure of the spirit (of truth) is given to every man to profit withal;" but it is the merest charity to throw the heaviest burden of condemnation on the system in which they are entangled.

Again take an illustration. The London *Spectator*, in referring to the celebrated Speaker's "Commentary," upon which a large number of the most eminent and learned men of the Church of England have been engaged, and which was designed, to some extent, as a counterblast to modern sceptical criticism, says: "Whatever the promises in the original prospectus, every real student of the Bible knows that he need not look to that 'Commentary' for any thoroughly honest criticism, such as is available in all good commentaries on the classical literatures. Orthodoxy, not truth, is, we might say avowedly, the first object of the editors and contributors. In as far as orthodoxy coincides with truth, as it does in the main, these commentators uphold the truth with more or less ability; * * * but wherever modern science has shown that the old orthodox notions and phrases are not true in their literal and still popular acceptation—as in reference to the Creation, the Deluge, the longevity of the antediluvians, and many other unverified traditions—these orthodox errors are dressed up in language made to look as like as possible to that of honest criticism within the lines of modern thought and knowledge, but really meaning nothing after all."

This we may presume is the *Spectator's* honest opinion, for that journal has a high reputation, wherever it is known, for its candid and honourable tone. Well, then, should the writer of that notice throw the undivided blame on the critics of the "Commentary," and set them all down bluntly as dishonest men? But they are only average theologians; in intellectual qualifications indeed, they are far above the average. Any equal number that could have been got together for the same work would, we may be certain, have laid themselves open to a precisely similar criticism. At least, there is no reason in the world to suppose anything else. Now, seriously speaking, does this kind of thing go on in connection with the study of science or history, or any other branch of secular knowledge? Men have their rivalries and their hobbies and their prejudices; but, since science cast away the leading strings of theology, who ever heard of such a thing as a whole band of distinguished scientific men conspiring to give a certain arbitrary character to their speculations in order to bolster up an established theory? The *Spectator* may not be right in this particular case, though its opinion is entitled to great weight; but, however this may be, the accusation as it stands runs precisely parallel to the avowals made by the theological writers referred to in my last article.

In proof of the antagonism between "modern culture" and doctrinal Christianity, I adduced in my last article a number of testimonies from prominent writers on the orthodox side. In making these quotations, I used every care to do no injustice whatever to the writers in question; such indeed was the abundance of material at my command that, had I even been capable, which I trust I am not, of practising unfairness in a matter of this kind, all motive to do so would have been wanting. It is with no little surprise and regret, therefore, that I find the Rev. Mr. Grant hinting to my readers, that if they examine for themselves the context of the works referred to, they will see "how highly developed is the art of quotation making." There is an art in quotation-making, I grant; and doubtless the readers of this magazine had the truth brought home to them when they were asked to believe, on the authority of a quotation, that Thomas Carlyle had "a most orthodox belief in future punishment." Fortunately for me, my critic has made one attempt to justify his insinuation. I wish he had made more, but I am thankful for this one. The following passage from "The Patience of Hope" was one of those cited in my article: "We are met by little direct opposition to revealed religion; its moral teaching is respected; the sacred person of its founder is held in reverence; it is as a power that Christianity is denied. . . . The lightest leaf will show which way the wind is setting, and I know not where we are met by a plainer expression of this tacit, and in some degree respectful, denial than in the popular literature of the day. Here we see a systematic ignoring of Christianity, combined with a rather inconsistent exaltation of the benevolent aspect peculiarly belonging to it." Why did I not, asks the Rev. Mr. Grant, quote the sentence that follows the first of the above two, and which reads:

"Our age has nothing in common with the degrading scepticism of the last century,* which cast its scorn up to God through the foul dishonouring of his image?" My answer is very simple. I did not quote the sentence in question, because the point at issue was the *extent* of modern scepticism, not its *character*, as coarse or refined, respectful or disrespectful; whereas the omitted sentence deals entirely with the contrast in tone between the scepticism of to-day and that of the last century. Far from wishing to suppress this contrast, I should have been only too glad, had occasion offered, to call special attention to it. As it was, the sentence I quoted, where it is said that "the moral teaching (of Christianity) is respected" and "the sacred person of its Founder held in reverence," was surely enough, in the case of any person of the most ordinary information, to accentuate the difference between the sceptics of this generation and the Voltaires, Diderots, d'Holbachs, Chaumettes, and Paines. One would suppose the Rev. Mr. Grant to be under the impression that no one can distinctly and completely reject the authority of any system without heaping sarcasm and obloquy upon it, and that to make your disagreement with an opponent a matter of absolute certainty you must proceed to insult him. Fortunately such a view does not widely prevail; and the philosophers of to-day find it quite possible to combine reasonable firmness in their own opinions with perfect respect towards those of others. This is true on whichever side of the field we look: M. Renan is not a greater improvement on Voltaire, than the Archbishop of York or Canon Liddon upon Warburton.†

It may seem superfluous to cite any further evidence in support of my position as to the relations between modern culture and Christianity, considered as a system of doctrine supernaturally revealed; but the following declarations of the Bishop of Oxford in a recent charge to his clergy are so strong that they deserve special attention: "We cannot on such an occasion omit all notice of the unbelief with which our educated classes are leavened continually more and more. To speak the simple truth, a considerable number of graduates who hold office in the university, or fellowships in the colleges, have ceased to be Christians in anything but name; in some cases even the name is repudiated when arguments based on its relation are pressed. It is not only that text-books in some branches of study are recognised, which assume a disbelief of Christian doctrine, and that some lecturers hint or express their own rejection of it—there is a reserve on the part of Christian teachers in commending to their pupils the truths they believe. Thirty years ago the ablest and most esteemed of Oxford tutors took it for granted, in their ethical teaching, that Christianity furnished the only certain standard in morals, and were accustomed to correct the shortcomings of other systems by its rule: Christians are expected to forget the existence of such an authority when they cross the threshold of their lecture-rooms now. The historical facts of Christianity fare no better than its precepts; deference to scientific criticism (whatever that may mean) forbids them to be taken for true."

To support the views I have advanced by parallel opinions from the most authoritative sources is what a religious paper very widely circulated in this Province—the *Christian Guardian*—calls "special pleading."‡ The charge is so "aculeate and proper," to use

* The Rev. Mr. Grant breaks off *his* quotation of this sentence at this point, making "&c." do service for the rest. Let the reader judge whether there is "art" in this.

† Mr. Farrar, in his Bampton Lectures—"A Critical History of Free Thought"—treats this point somewhat fully. I need not say that he is very far from interpreting the higher moral character of contemporary scepticism as any indication of its feebleness or of its approximation to Christian faith. For example, in words which might almost seem to have furnished the mould for the sentences quoted from "The Patience of Hope," he says that a prominent feature of the scepticism of this age is "a keen appreciation of the beauty of the character of the great Founder of Christianity, and of the type of Christian morality, yet mixed with an entire distrust in the reality of all doctrines respecting the object of faith."—(Page 429, original Edition.) "The unbelief of the present day," he further says, "differs from that of the last century in tone and character. . . The writers are men whose minds and characters forbid the idea that their unbelief is intended as an excuse for licentiousness."—(Pp. 432-3.)

‡ Vide *Christian Guardian* of Oct. 13—notice of CANADIAN MONTHLY. Let me earnestly invite that journal to resort to a little "special pleading" of the same kind in support of its dictum as to Thomas Carlyle being "in substantial harmony with Christianity and giving expression to *strong faith in its central truths*." (Italics mine.)

Lord Bacon's words, that it carries a powerful sting; nevertheless, as I happen to know that this peculiar form of "special pleading" is far from ineffective, that common people in fact regard it as a very honest and natural method of substantiating what one has advanced, I am prepared to endure the sting again rather than suppress another very powerful corroborative passage that I have at hand. The Rev. Dr. F. W. Farrar, author of the "Life of Christ," in his Hulsean Lectures entitled "The Witness of History to Christ," writes as follows: "It was the direction of the pious founder of these lectures (Rev. John Hulse, 1708-1790) that they should deal with recent attacks on the faith of Christians. In his day such attacks were sufficiently rare to be easily distinguishable, sufficiently definite to be separately resisted. It is not so now. We are, as it were, in the very focus of the storm. It is not that every now and then there is a burst of thunder and a glare of lightning; but the whole air is electric with quivering flames. And what is the point around which all the dangers of the storm converge? Not around minor questions, the mere ἀδιάφορα of Theology, the things unessential respecting which there need be only charity; but the storm now rages about the very Ark of God. . . . Nor is it any longer against this or that treatise that we must defend the most vital principles of Christian doctrine. It is against whole literatures; it is against whole philosophies; it is against the vague doubts of eminent thinkers; it is against the innumerable sneers, the repeated assumptions, the ever-varying criticisms of a powerful and intellectual press. It is impossible to deny the fact; it is useless to deplore it."

Whole literatures! whole philosophies! If it will please the Rev. Mr. Grant or any of my opponents, I am perfectly willing to withdraw every word I have myself written on the subject of the opposition between modern culture and Christianity, provided only I am allowed to substitute, as a statement of the case, the language of Prof. Christlieb, the Bishop of Oxford, and Dr. Farrar, three men of eminent position, distinguished at once for their talents and their orthodoxy. It is perfectly incomprehensible, indeed, why a quarrel should be sought with me on this subject, except on the supposition that the readers of the MONTHLY are innocents who should not be allowed to know what is going on in the big world—babes whom the strong meat of truth will only throw into a fever. Alas! those who wish to withhold the strong meat in such a case are not to be depended on even for "sincere milk."

"The opposition," says the Rev. Mr. Grant, "between supernatural Christianity and true human thought is not fundamental, and it must eventually disappear. The opposition springs from the evil in us, and, therefore, the more man attains to true culture, the less will it be." If this is a correct statement, we must be prepared to accept the following propositions:

1. The prodigious development of unbelief in the present day is preparatory to the disappearance of all unbelief.

2. The present age being peculiarly marked by unbelief, must be peculiarly deficient in true culture.

3. The most highly educated classes, amongst whom there is the maximum of unbelief, must possess the minimum of true culture.

It is enough to state these propositions to ensure their rejection by all thoughtful persons; so, without wasting any argument upon them, let me proceed to consider, from my own point of view, the relations between the culture of the age and Christianity. Here at the outset we are met by a difficulty. The culture of the age is something easy enough to understand in its leading characteristics and tendencies, but who is going authoritatively to define Christianity? If I were to say that I discovered an antagonism between modern culture and Roman Catholicism, Protestant readers would very heartily concur in my opinion. On the other hand, if I were to say that I discovered an antagonism between modern culture and Protestant evangelicalism, there would be frowns where before there were smiles; but a certain number would again give assent to my views, while claiming that evangelicalism does not represent the free spirit of Christianity. The definition the latter would give of pure Christianity would, I fear, be something too vague for popular apprehension; but, if it is true that in their conception of it there is nothing that can possibly conflict with the natural development of human thought, far be it from me to force an unnecessary quarrel. For the purpose of my present argument I adhere to the ordinary evangelical conception of Christianity, as being that of by far the larger

number of those whom these remarks may be expected to reach. How then does modern culture conflict with that?

1. It conflicts with it in claiming perfect freedom for human thought, and for the human conscience the right of direct spontaneous judgment. Orthodoxy tells us that certain things are true, and that, if we venture to think about them at all, we had better see and bring our conclusions round to the right point.

> "Haec est fides orthodoxa
> Non hic error sine noxa."

All the sects, however they may repudiate Roman absolutism, echo the sense of these lines. Each has its "little system," but will not hear of its being only for a day. If the Laureate's lines gain any admiration in the theological world, it is from zealous religionists, who make a comforting application of them to the "little systems" of their neighbours. The world, however, has arrived at its present intellectual and moral state by the assimilation of truth from all quarters; and the very consciousness of the cultivated man of to-day tells him that the limitations which the theologian would impose on his thought are arbitrary, tyrannical, and unnatural. Modern culture is indeed the result, speaking broadly, of the moral and intellectual education the world has been undergoing since the first dawn of human intelligence. It has its foundation deeply laid in the thought, experience, and practical activity of the race. It has absorbed into itself the best elements of many systems; and it cannot now acknowledge the sole authority of one. It cannot submit to that arrest of its own development which orthodoxy, blindly appealing to texts and creeds, would accomplish if it had its way. It has but one standard; and that, to use Matthew Arnold's words, is "the best that is known and thought in the world." Theology spends its strength in laborious comments upon ancient documents, and in trying to give a universal character to a partial manifestation of truth; culture makes free appeal to facts, and is much more interested in knowing what is than what was. "Did men seventeen or eighteen centuries ago venture to decide that such and such writings were inspired of God?" We feel it necessary (say the representatives of modern culture) to revise that question for ourselves, and decide it on what to us is evidence. The spiritual wants of that age corresponded no more with ours than their canons of criticism or their notions of literary honesty. It may well be, therefore, that what seemed a revelation to them may be none to us and that what they accepted as an authentic text may to us be little better than a forgery. At any rate we are in no sense bound by their decisions. We cannot throw our responsibilities on their shoulders, or forego our independent right of judgment because we are later-born than they. We too are a living race. To us has been given our own measure of inward illumination, to which, at all costs, we must be true."

Such, as I conceive it, is the language of emancipated thought in the present day. We hear it, in fact, in various forms, on every hand. Its proper tone is not one of hostility or vain confidence, still less of contempt; but simply one of manly courage and well-grounded hope. Theology meanwhile stands trembling before her oracles, asking for a sign and receiving none—bemoaning the confusion of the age, in which her own sad perplexity is above all conspicuous, and vainly recalling mankind to the beliefs of their childhood.

2. But not only is the free movement of the human spirit impossible within the limitations that theology would impose, but the culture of the age may be said to have made up its mind finally that certain of the doctrines taught by theology, and necessary to its integrity as a system, are irreconcilably opposed to reason and conscience. The proof of this is not the outspoken declarations of disbelief in those doctrines now so frquently met with; for these only reveal the state of mind of individuals; but the sedulous avoidance of them by those who are their official upholders, particularly where they have educated congregations to address. The pulpit reflects the state of belief in the pews, and it is a fact which no one will dispute, that if you want good stiff doctrine nowadays you must go for it to the back-woods. For my own part, my lot has not thrown me into the forest; and I can go to church all the year round with a congregation whose traditions carry them back to the sternest of all dogmatic teaching, and hear very little that conflicts in any way with modern thought, or that reminds one of the rigid and merciless formulas which the clergyman is supposed, *ex officio*,

to believe. Yet the formulas are there; much as some may try to hide them away, they possess full legal vitality; and if, not content with avoiding themes on which he cannot speak with full orthodox conviction, a clergyman ventures upon any direct opposition to the semi-inspired teaching of a "subordinate standard," there are always some ready to bring him to account. What have we seen within the last month? One of the most estimable ministers of the Presbyterian Church called in question touching a hope he had expressed that the torment of those who go into punishment might sometime have an end. That the anguish of these poor souls should last as long as God Himself seemed to him a most overwhelming thought, and one hopelessly irreconcilable with the idea of God's goodness. The fact that he finds the doctrine in the "Confession of Faith" does not suffice for him. He appeals to the Bible; if it is plainly taught there he will believe it, horrible though it be. But why, I ask, in the name of human conscience, why? Was the Bible given to crush all hope out of human hearts? Was it given to darken the face of heaven, and force men on their knees before a sullen and remorseless tyranny? If such things are in the Bible, it is bad enough that former generations should have believed them; let us not abuse ourselves by accepting as truth respecting God what violates the deepest instincts and purest promptings of our moral nature. O, brother man, shall anything override a law which you feel to be written on your heart by the finger of God Himself? What can the Bible give you in exchange for a prostrate soul? When the Bible itself checks the very faith you instinctively seek to exercise towards God, what profit is there in it? Face to face with a doctrine of this kind, "modern culture" does not say, "This doctrine is not to be believed because it is not fully supported by Scripture," but "This doctrine is not believable, *whether supported by Scripture or not;* since, if it is Scriptural, it alone suffices to neutralize any reasons that could possibly exist for believing in Scripture." The human mind, like material bodies, moves in the direction of least resistance; but that direction is not the same in all states of human development. Tertullian could gloat over the thought of the sufferings to be endured by the lost hereafter, the rich, the mighty, the wise in this world; and could promise the spectacle of their hopeless agonies as a rare and exquisite enjoyment to the saved;* we may, therefore, presume that the darkest declarations of Scripture on this subject were an aid instead of an obstacle to his faith. Many centuries later, a distinguished adherent of the Reformed faith, Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII, could write thus to Calvin, her spiritual guide: "I have not forgotten what you wrote to me about David hating the enemies of God with a mortal hatred; and I have no wish to contradict the doctrine or to weaken its force in any degree; for were I to know that the king my father, the queen my mother, my deceased husband, and all my children were excluded from the number of the elect, I should wish to hate them with mortal hatred, and should desire hell to be their portion."* Up to this time, then, and unhappily much later, nothing was too horrible to be believed with respect to the Deity: but now, at length, though dark superstitions still linger in priest-led minds, the developed humanity of the race has taken voice and proclaimed in unmistakable terms that henceforth the idea of God must be framed by the free spiritual consciousness of mankind according to its own highest intuitions of moral excellence; that too long have men's instincts been depraved by corrupt traditions authoritatively imposed; that too long has faith been checked by fear; and that now a new order of things must begin, and religion be made synonymous with the highest law man can impose upon himself, and the highest hopes which the constitution of his nature authorizes him to entertain.

On one side it is the moral nature of man that comes into conflict with dogmatic teachings; on another it is his enlarged scientific and historical knowledge. The theologians at present hardly know whether to renounce all supernatural authority for the Bible in scientific and historical matters or not. They will sometimes tell us that the Bible was not meant to teach men what they could find out for themselves, but at other times they will make a stand showing how dearly they

* "De Spectaculis," c. xxx. Quoted in Lecky's Hist. of Rationalism, Vol I. p. 328.

* Quoted in Louis Blanc's "History of the French Revolution," Vol, I. p. 75.

would love to be able to represent the accounts of the Creation and the Flood as no less inspired than the Gospels themselves. Thus Professor Christlieb, at the Evangelical Alliance at New York, maintained "that the statement of physical facts (in the Bible) is so broad and general, that room is left for all later discoveries of details. Indeed," he continues. "they are given in such a shape as to unfold their hidden truths with the advances of science, and this, I think, is no small proof of their inspiration."* So what are we to believe: Does the Bible teach science or does it not? If its general statements as regards physical facts have been supernaturally preserved from error, why not its minutest statements in all departments of human knowledge? According to the Mosaic cosmogony, as every one is aware, light was created on the first day, vegetable forms on the third, and the sun, the source at present of all life on the globe, only on the fourth. This seems confusing enough; but the Mosaic account, the learned Professor tells us, has been "brilliantly justified" by the discovery in the coal strata of ringless trees which must have grown by the aid of light not derived from the sun, and at a time when as yet there was no alternation of seasons. Here then, if we accept these facts, is a signal instance of the "sacred penman" being guided to the expression of a natural truth which lay utterly beyond his individual ken, and which only the discoveries of to-day have rendered intelligible. The Bible then not only teaches science, but teaches the very profoundest and most recondite of scientific truths; and by those who believe this, how is its authority on any point to be questioned? Let us return to the Six Days, to Noah's Ark, and the arrest of the Sun and Moon at the word of Joshua, in order to the fuller destruction of the unhappy Amorites. But no, the theologians will not have it so; they will neither occupy the ground nor abandon it. Press them with an unanswerable objection, and straightway they will tell you that the Bible is a revelation of spiritual, not of scientific, truth; but let some apparent corroboration of the Biblical record be discovered, and for a moment the old lines are drawn again. A few months ago, riding in the street cars, I sat beside an aged clergyman who was telling an aged lady on his other side how all the discoveries of science in the present day were lending the most remarkable confirmation to the statements of the Bible. The aged lady received the information with smiles of the benignest satisfaction. Apparently she had never felt her faith imperilled by geology. Only too many of the clergy continue to talk in this way; in charity, let us hope they do it ignorantly, and in charity also let us hope that their ignorance may soon be enlightened. Science, meanwhile, takes its own course, knowing that the science of the Bible, instead of having gone before it as a light, has, in every age, pressed upon it as an incubus, and determined never more to be entangled in the yoke of bondage.

3. The culture of the present age is becoming more and more unfavourable to the belief in miracles. Upon this point I cannot do better than quote the words used by Mr. Arnold in the closing chapter of his "Review of Objections to Literature and Dogma:"

"Epiphanius tells us that at each anniversary of the miracle of Cana, the water of Cibyra in Caria, and Gerasa in Arabia, was changed into wine; that he himself had drunk of the transformed water of Cibyra, and his brothers of that of Gerasa. Fifty years ago a plain Englishman would have had no difficulty in thinking that the Cana miracle was true and the other two miracles were fables. He is now irresistibly led to class all these occurrences in one category as unsubstantial tales of marvel. Scales seem to drop from his eyes in regard to miracles; and if he is to hold fast his Christianity, it must no longer depend upon them. It was not to discredit miracles that "Literature and Dogma" was written, but because miracles are so widely and deeply discredited already. * * * Mankind did not originally accept miracles because it had formal proof of them, but because its imperfect experience inclined it to accept them. Nor will mankind now drop miracles because it has formal proof against them, but because its more complete experience detaches it from them."* This is a perfectly

† Modern Infidelity, page 59. Compare, however, with the remark as to the extreme generality with which "physical facts" are stated in the Bible, the confession on page 63, that the harmony, which he claims to exist, on a general view, between the teachings of Genesis and those of science, "does not extend to *all details*."

* Contemporary Review, September, 1875, page 698.

true statement of the case; scales seem, indeed, to be falling from the eyes of men, and hereafter it will be a matter of infinite wonderment how it was that we were so long in bringing ourselves to view these things in a natural light. It is a somewhat oppressive thought, how vast a portion of the literature of the present and of preceding ages—the portion, namely, that is concerned with the attack and defence of theological doctrines—will cease to have any significance for our descendants. "*Quantâ laborabatis Charybdi!*" will probably express the sum of their comments.

No one can be better aware than I am myself how little of argument such as could, or ought to, weigh with hesitating* minds is contained in what precedes. My aim has been simply to show how the relations of modern culture and of Christianity appear from the position I myself occupy. Taking Christianity as a system, and considering modern culture in its most pronounced tendencies, I find the relations almost wholly hostile. There is, however, as already hinted, another way of taking Christianity—of which Mr. Goldwin Smith's lecture on "Some Supposed Consequences of the Doctrine of Historical Progress"† is a prominent example—which places the whole question on a totally different footing. If, with the distinguished writer just mentioned, we consider the essence of Christianity as residing in the spirit it has diffused throughout the world, and the type of character it has set up for the imitation and education of mankind, then indeed "modern culture" has still much to learn from Christianity; and it would indeed be well if the obstacles which now prevent it, to a certain extent, from refreshing and purifying itself at that source were speedily removed.‡ So long as the war of criticism lasts—so long as irrational pretensions have to be met by firm rejection—so long as men have to defend their intellectual and spiritual liberty against those who menace it in the name of Christianity, so long will the conditions be unfavourable for justice being done to what there is of permanent and universal value in Christian teaching. Many of us, I doubt not, feel our own vision blurred, and our spirits jaded, by the strife and confusion of the time; but better so than that we should be supinely acquiescing in that which has ceased to be true to us, and so evading the duties we owe not less to our fellow-men than to ourselves. Better to be wearied and wasted and maimed, or even slain, in a glorious war, than to nourish and comfort ourselves in an ignoble peace.

One remark only would I make on the view of Christianity last referred to. If the Christian life can be lived by those who have ceased to hold Christian doctrines, even the most fundamental; if, in other words, men can appropriate what is most vital in Christianity without adhering to any of its form ' elements; may not, or rather must not, this fact be held to signify "the removing of those things that are shaken, *as of things that are made*, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain?" That men can do so seems, so far as I can judge, to be freely admitted in the lecture above mentioned. "If I go not away," said Christ Himself, "the Comforter will not come." Now again something that men have held inexpressibly precious seems about to depart; and may we not hope that, as it does, a new Comforter will take its place, even the Spirit of Truth, that shall lead us into all truth? Science is crowding new ideas upon us with wonderful rapidity; but science does not speak to the heart, for a man may understand all mysteries and yet be lacking in that which alone makes him, in the highest sense, a man—Charity. What the world wants now is a union of the scientific spirit with the profoundly ethical and human spirit of the Gospel; and then, per-

* "Hesitating," *i. e.*, as to whether to regard Christianity as sufficiently or insufficiently authenticated.

† Lectures on the Study of History.

‡ In *spirit*, however, it should be borne in mind, there is not so much difference between Christianity and other great religions. The more these have been studied in their original documents the more are they seen to approximate to Christianity in their moral teaching. As Max Müller has said, the points of resemblance between any two of the great religions of the world are of far more importance than their differences. This, without doubt, is one of the most interesting fields of study that modern science has opened up. Mr. Edward Clodd's book on "The Childhood of Religions" presents in an attractive and popular form—none too simple for the majority of readers—some of the best results of recent research. See also an able article by M. Paul Janet on "L'Unité morale de l'espèce humaine," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for 15th October, 1868.

haps—certainly not till then—will humanity have entered upon the last and happiest phase of its career. Then, we may hope, the intellect will no longer vex the affections, nor the affections the intellect; but man, at one with himself and in harmony with nature, will reap with joy the golden harvests of the thousand years of peace.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE return of Hon. J. B. Robinson as member for West Toronto has brought vividly to public recollection a contest in which the hon. member took part nearly twenty years ago. At that election, however, parties occupied positions which they have since exchanged with as much ease as a total disregard of principle could enable them to do. In the political battles of Toronto, the Roman Catholic and Orange parties, owing to their superior organization, have always been in the market on one side or the other at the bidding of their leaders. Occasionally, as at the Mayoralty election when Mr. Bowes triumphed, they have coalesced for the nonce, and the Orange and the Green have waved peacefully side by side, as they did in the early stages of the rebellion of 1798. Such ill-omened unions have always been short-lived, and before the shouts of the allies were lost upon the air, something occurred to set Irishmen again by the ears. In 1857, Mr. Robinson was a candidate for the representation of the city. He had been guilty of all sorts of offences against the Protestant faith—supporting separate schools, voting for the incorporation of ecclesiastical institutions, and upholding "French domination." Mr. Brown, therefore, mounted the Orange horse and poured the vials of his wrath upon bishops, priests, and nuns. There was nothing too foul for utterance by the *Globe* in those days of ultra-Puritan zeal. Not only were green cards issued to beguile the Protestant voter, but caricatures of a peculiarly offensive character were circulated against the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church. With the prospect of attaining power, however, all this was changed. The downfall of Sir George Cartier, the union between the hierarchy and the Reds of Quebec, and the formation of the League in Ontario, gave a new complexion to the *soi-disant* Liberalism of the *Globe*. The "Dogans" were taken into favour, and the priests and nuns ceased to be vile and unprincipled. By an unnatural compact, the party was sold to the clergy at the very moment when the Vatican decrees had made their position less palatable to Protestants. Nothing could have brought about this result but an insatiable greed for office and power, and these were secured at a sacrifice of every principle advocated in opposition. The same journal which had reviled the Roman Catholic clergy and monastic orders appeared as their champion—the organ of the Archbishop and the opponent of Mr. Gladstone. Having constituted itself in past years the unscrupulous libeller of a religion, it suddenly began to fawn upon it without offering an excuse for its inconsistency. But the whirligig of time has brought about its revenges, and the *quondam* idol of Orangeism has been pleading against "the flames of sectarian bigotry" from 1872 until now. For eighteen years, in defiance of the wiser and more temperate of its party, the Grit organ fanned those flames until it had divided the population of the Province into two hostile camps. For all this there was no excuse, except such as an ungovernable ambition might offer for its unruly self-will. The Orange party have many faults, but they have at least been true to their text; and if green placards were issued at the recent election, it was only because they had learned the trick from their former allies. Those whose memory extends back to that fanatical time have not forgotten to whom its bitterness was due, and they are not likely to give its instigator credit for his tardy repentance. The elec-

tion in West Toronto ought to be a warning to those who deal with theological combustibles. Zeal without knowledge is more easily aroused than extinguished; and the *Globe* has, perhaps, learned this moral from Mr. Robinson's election, that the party it was for years educating in bigotry will not consent to unlearn the lesson in a day. It is quite certain that, under the cloak of the ballot, many a Grit proved recalcitrant and voted against his party, not because Mr. Turner was personally obnoxious, but because the wire-pullers of the sanctum desired to use him as a puppet for selfish purposes. That is the inference to be drawn from Mr. Robinson's majority of three hundred and fifty-one as compared with the triumphant return of Mr. Moss and the small majority—a minority in the Commons Division—of Mr. Bell. It is to be deeply regretted that either Orangemen or Roman Catholics should permit themselves to be made the tools of party leaders who take them up or fling them aside at pleasure. Until every elector learns to be intelligent and independent enough to think and act for himself, the party hucksters will continue to delude and chouse them with impunity. So long as they persist in acting like "dumb, driven cattle," they must expect to be goaded and lashed in a herd, and the vulgar and degrading unreason of bigotry will continue to furnish the means to any unscrupulous schemer who requires the assistance of their votes. The secrecy of the ballot is, perhaps, the best security we have for freedom from party trammels, and the late election in Toronto seems to afford some promise that it will be effective.

The Local Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec have assembled for the business of the year. In the former, Mr. Wells has been re-elected to the Speakership unanimously, the Opposition not venturing upon a nomination. Mr. Cameron expressed a strong opinion in favour of Mr. Hodgins, and with that opinion we concur. It is certainly desirable that the Speaker, even though a party man, should be a man in whose impartiality both sides can feel confidence. We are far from asserting that Mr. Wells has been intentionally one-sided in his decisions, but the imputation cast upon him by the Opposition leader cannot fail to impair his usefulness. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that he has only occupied the chair for two Sessions—too short a term, perhaps, to rid himself of party bias, whether he is conscious of its influence or not. The Ministerial programme is not of a striking character—the chief measures being the establishment of an Educational Department, and some tinkering at the Election Laws. In the Quebec Legislature, the Government seems to be getting on smoothly, despite Mr. Joly's attempt to raise a breeze upon the everlasting railway question. When the elections were concluded, the Opposition assured the public that the majority in favour of the De Boucherville ministry was so narrow that its early collapse might be regarded as certain. The exertions put forth by the hierarchy, however, rendered a Conservative triumph a matter of little doubt. The member for Lothbinière divided the House on the address, but only mustered fifteen votes to forty-five; but of the majority, some, including Mr. Irvine, disclaimed the title of Government supporters. Still, after making the necessary deductions, Ministers will have a good margin—quite sufficient, in fact, to carry them safely through the Session.

The Municipal Elections of Ontario are close at hand. This year they will be held by ballot—a clear gain to the ranks of integrity and a clear loss to partvism in all its forms. There is pressing need for a change in the *personnel* of our Corporations and perhaps in their mode of selection—especially in cities and towns. In the country the municipal system seems to work fairly well; but in urban districts, notwithstanding every attempt at reform, matters are extremely unsatisfactory and grow more so every year, as wealth and the consequent opportunities for jobbing increase. Step by step the Legislature has deprived the Councils of their jurisdiction in important civic matters. First the issue of licenses; then the control of the police; and finally the construction of water-works. Yet, as the investigation now being held by Judge Duggan proves, there are abundant openings for corruption still workable with profit by the ward politicians and their creatures. The entire civic system seems hopelessly tainted, and, to make matters worse, the weekly meetings of the councils are periodical exhibitions of disorder and personal

recrimination. The appointment of Mr. Shanly as City Engineer in Toronto will not mend matters, so long as the present Board of Works system, with its vicious method of ward appropriations is continued. He will find himself hampered at every turn by the pressure intriguing aldermen and crafty contractors can bring to bear upon him, and he will be compelled, in the end, either to succumb to that pressure or resign his office. The members of the Council find it their interest to cultivate the acquaintance and angle for the support of a set of men who make civic politics a source of personal gain, and to whom contracts are doled out without regard to the efficiency of their work or the wants of the people. Aldermen have also been guilty of making roads and sewers with a view to the improvement of their own property, or their chances of re-election. In short, no system could be devised better calculated to encourage peculation and fraud, and to demoralize not merely public officers, but large classes of the electorate, from the contractor to the day-labourer. Under it the need of any particular work, and its faithful execution, are considerations of secondary importance —the first being to gain and consolidate power in the hands of cliques and rings. The result is that the Council of a city like Toronto is able to set public opinion at defiance, as they did in the matter of the Queen's Park, or make a jest of judicial exposure, as they will do in the matter of the George Street sewer. Whilst the public works and parks continue under the management of conspirators against the public purse and the public interest, this state of things will be perpetuated to the injury of our cities. Plans of municipal reform have been propounded from time to time, but they are always either impracticable or futile as remedies for a growing evil. It has been suggested that the affairs of cities should be entrusted to a paid board, larger than the Water Commission, but resembling it in general character. There is no doubt the councils are too large and their responsibilities too much divided, but it is only too certain that a paid board would entail more serious mischief than it was intended to cure. At the same time the proposal to consolidate the City and Water Works engineerships, and place both under the control of a man like Mr. Shanly, is a step in advance, always providing he is not hampered by the governing clique in the Council. As to elevating the standard of the franchise and thus excluding the "residuum," it could not be seriously entertained. To propose it would be suicidal; to effect it in this country, impossible. We have made our democratic bed and must be content to lie in it. Some hope may be cherished that a leaven of probity and intelligence may be set to work by the income franchise; but, after all, the remedy lies with those who clamour for good civic government and yet neglect the most obvious means of securing it. Whilst the honest class hold aloof on the pretext that municipal affairs are hopelessly corrupt there can be no reasonable expectation of change. The party of peculators and incapables is only a small minority, and if the bulk of the electors would cease to neglect their duty, either by refusing to offer themselves at the ballot-box as candidates and voters or by suffering themselves to be led by any plausible demagogue who presents himself for their suffrages, the aspect of affairs would speedily be changed. It is to be hoped that they have been sufficiently awakened by the events of the year to a sense of the obligations imposed on them as citizens; if not, so far as voting is concerned, the law should step in and enforce them.

The subject of exemptions from taxation will probably form a prominent topic of discussion in Parliament this session. If it be true, as has been stated, that ten millions of dollars worth of property is now free of the tax-collector, it is time that some change were made. The times are hard, and the increase of debt and other causes of expenditure are pressing heavily upon all classes of society. It is impossible that the people should much longer submit to the locking up of large squares in mortmain, entirely exempt from municipal charges. *La Minerve* calls the taxation of church property sacrilege, and some who do not mount the high Ultramontane horse speak of it as irreverence. With what sense can either of these imputations be made? Religious communities monopolize large areas of land, and each strives to outdo its neighbour in erecting costly edifices: why should they not support their share of the general burden? Churches require good.

roads and broader side-walks, and are clamorous for gas-lamps and police protection —why should they enjoy them gratis at the expense of the rest of the community? Mr. Baldwin's Clergy Reserve Act proclaimed it desirable that all semblance of connection between Church and State should be done away; can any one assert that this has been effected when every church in Ontario is endowed by exemption from taxation? It might be anticipated that those who, on principle, object to State aid would insist on rendering to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's; but they are far from doing so simple an act of justice. Propose to tax church property and the outcry of sacrilege or irreverence is raised by the most uncompromising voluntaries. Yet what does it matter whether you cancel a debt due the State in the shape of taxes, or receive an equivalent sum taken directly from the treasury? The first step towards a rational view of this question was taken in Montreal, where the vicious system exists in a peculiarly aggravated form. In Toronto, the City Council and the Board of Trade have both moved in the matter, and it certainly demands the earnest attention of the House. Year by year these exemptions interfere more and more with the proper incidence of taxation; the treasury is depleted to an extent incommensurate with the growth of the population, and it is time that they were restrained within narrow limits or, better still, abolished altogether. A first step should be to levy the rates on all church property above a fixed sum, as we do already on incomes over four hundred dollars.

Mr. Forster's address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution possesses special interest to Canadians, as it discusses a question about which there seems to be some ferment at work both in England and the colonies. If we did not know that in Scotland "philosophy" is sometimes beaten out so as to cover very wide areas, there might have been some doubt as to the propriety of troubling the *savants* of Edinburgh with so unphilosophical a subject as "Our Colonial Empire." Certainly if Sir John Hawkshaw had treated of it in his Inaugural Address before the British Association, its connection with science would have been little more disputable than its connection with philosophy. There is some danger that Mr. Forster is in the course of transmutation into a second Frederick Peel. Since the passage of the Education Act, he has been visibly deteriorating, and he now lands in that quicksand of politicians—statistics. What induced the ex-Vice-President to add up the number of square miles and the miles of coast line in "Our Colonial Empire," it is difficult to say. Why, for instance, he should have excluded a large portion of the Dominion because the growth of grain is impracticable, and included the Australian desert where it is equally so, is to be accounted for only by a confirmed statistician. As for his general views, they are of that *laissez faire* kind which calls for little comment. He has no difficulty in proving that those whom he selects as his opponents, notably Mr. Goldwin Smith, have no revolutionary project in their heads and desire to knit together, rather than dissolve, the union which attaches the various Anglo-Saxon communities, one to another. The London *Times*, on the other hand, is discovered to be itself an offender, as indeed Mr. Goldwin Smith had already shown it to be. The truth appears to us to lie in the main with Mr. Forster; although his conclusion is rather one of official habit or temperament than of knowledge and foresight. A change has passed, by delicate gradations, over English opinion on colonial questions. Mr. Forster, as well as his late party chief, is moving farther and farther from the Manchester School, which has ceased to be a power in England. Its work was valuable in its time; but it is done for good and all. So far as the colonial question is concerned, the followers of Cobden were powerless for anything but harm. Their sympathies were entirely with the United States, and they cared little or nothing about the struggling fortunes of fellow-subjects on this side the line, for the obvious reason that Manchester and Rochdale made more by the American people. The foundation of their economic and ethical theories was gain, as interpreted by utilitarian moralists, with a dash of factitious philanthropy to give it flavour. On the people of England, their scheme never obtained a hold; it was the dream of *doctrinaires*, seducing some eminent men to their political destruction. No English statesman or teacher thinks now of cutting the colonies unceremoniously adrift. England is in an acquisitive mood at present, as her

approval of Fijian annexation distinctly shows. The Australians desire to secure the possession of New Guinea and, although Lord Carnarvon, with Conservative timorousness, turns a deaf ear to their request, the project is slowly ripening under the guise of a colonization scheme. Indeed, it would startle no one, and raise comparatively little protest, if Upper Burmah, Japan, and a respectable slice of China were acquired to-morrow. Any publicist, therefore, who should venture to advocate the anti-colonial system as a practical policy of to day, would find the tide set as strongly against him as the Mrs. Partington of Sydney Smith. But it is quite another thing when the future relations of England and her colonies are in question. As Mr. Forster cheerfully admits, it is open to any student of political science to attempt a forecast of the future, and if he is satisfied that the horoscope indicates the severance of the colonial tie, it becomes his right, nay his duty, to do so without incurring the imputation of treason or drawing down upon his head a shower of abuse from party hacks of the press or platform. The political seer may be mistaken or he may not; but in either case that opponent must be a scurvy one who, without attempting argument, stones the prophet merely because his prophecy is unpalatable. The real enemies of England and her colonies must be sought for otherwhere—in the insolent and ignorant petulance of the *Times*, and the plutocracy it represents. If colonial loyalty were not something less delicate than the "empty sentiment" indicated by the leading journal, it would have been shrivelled long since like the "parched scroll" in the fire of a selfish and calculating criticism. It is a misfortune to any country when the *bourgeoisie* obtains the control of its affairs—especially its colonial and foreign affairs. Its morality may be eminently respectable in a money-grubbing point of view, but it is cold, shallow, and inhuman at bottom always, and oftimes on the surface. England has never submitted to the yoke without losing her own self-respect and lowering herself in the eyes of the world—in Europe craven, in Asia and Africa aggressive, in America subservient and obsequious. Lay the finger on any spot in England's history during the past thirty years, of which an Englishman has reason to be ashamed, from the Opium War of 1842 to the Washington Treaty, and it will be seen on inquiry that the plutocracy was at the bottom of the disgrace. Whenever you find a reasonless policy adopted *pour servir le temps*, wars undertaken from "gain-making desires," sympathy with tyranny or slavery, ignoble concessions or cowardly bullying, that class is the cause of it or of them. And whenever the English press is moved to inveigh against colonial tariffs, grumble causelessly at the expense of colonial establishments, or to make a jest of colonial loyalty, it may be traced to the same quarter. When the scholars or the statesmen treat of the future of Britain's colonies, it is as a scholar or a statesman should treat it, and not with the petty bookkeeping spirit of the huckster. The one meditates upon it with deep and serious moral purpose; the other with pure and un disguised selfishness. The plutocrat trembles for his ducats whenever a free community exercises its right of self-government; the man of thought sees in the distance an Imperial Confederation, or a league of indedendent Anglo-Saxon States under the hegemony of Great Britain, as a potent factor in the sum of human interests and of human happiness. According as the one class of minds or the other finally bears sway in the councils of England will the tie of kinship endure or be violently rent asunder in bitterness and anger.

Two facts to which Mr. Forster drew attention, may perhaps lead the self-seeking to pause and reflect. The one was that the burden of the colonies is light and growing lighter year by year; the other that "the trade follows the flag," and that independent communities are not as good customers as free colonies. His scheme, or rather no scheme, of Federation, is exceedingly misty—as much so as Mr. Disraeli's. We find no fault with that, for time and the hour will determine the permanent relation between the parent-land and her matured offspring. For the present, judging from his Guildhall speech, even the ingenuity of the Prime Minister has sought a solution of the problem in vain. Canadians, at any rate, are meanwhile satisfied with the existing system; all they protest against is any proposed Zollverein in which the fiscal system is to be settled by the voice of the manufacturing interest at home. We are earnestly and devotedly loyal to Queen and Empire;

but we are first and above all freemen, unwilling to hold our liberties as tenants at will of a commercial plutocracy.

More than two centuries and a quarter ago, and for five years and a half before the cutting-off of Charles's head, an Assembly of Divines met in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster to settle and formulate Christian doctrine as it was to be "by law established," a phrase which meant a great deal more in those days than it is ever likely to mean again. What one party proposed to effect by this convention is clear from the General Assembly's commission. It was to secure "a union of this Island in one form of Kirk-government, one Confession of Faith," &c, "according to the instructions they (the Commissioners) have received from this Assembly." In other words, the Scottish clergy were to provide the English people with a creed and an army, but not with the one without the other. Had it not been for Cromwell and his Ironsides, England would have realized the truth of Milton's complaint that "new Presbyter was only old Priest writ large." The Assembly was composed of good and pious men—learned also, as knowledge went in those days. Of course they had heard nothing of conflicting codices, of inscriptions, hieroglyphic or cuneiform, of archæology, of textual criticism, of geology, or anthropology. Theirs, then, would have been "a simple faith" if they had not set to work, with assistance from Geneva, to make it as complex and intricate as possible. Dogmatism was the weak point in the Westminster theology, as it has been with most other theologies. The zeal which kindled an aureola about their heads, of which they were not unworthy, was a zeal not so much "*without* knowledge" as *above* it. In discussing the most recondite mysteries they never were "in endless mazes lost;" all was clear to their simple and primitive exegesis. The Bible they assumed to be one book and not, as it is, an entire library. Esther, in which the name of God is not once mentioned, was of equal value and authority with the unsurpassed grandeur of Job; and the "seraphic fire" of Isaiah stood on a level with the Song of Solomon, which had been deodorized by an imaginative series of chapter headings. Their task, therefore, was comparatively easy. It consisted in crushing down the Book into sentences, as a miner crushes the quartz, assorting the fragments and scraping them into little piles with the ecclesiastic rake. Each heap having been properly fused, the whole became a dogma. The process had been gone through in every Christian age, from the rise of Gnosticism to the Council of Trent. This eclectic treatment of Scripture possesses some advantages from a sacerdotal point of view; but it labours under one inherent defect—that it can take no thought for context and make no allowances for gradual development in spiritual conception, intellect, or civilization. It makes of the Bible, indeed, what the old monkish doggerel called it—the book in which each man seeks his dogma and never fails to find it.

The Westminster Confession, with its three and thirty chapters, is a valuable monument in religious history, marking a stage in the march out of the Romish fold. It is only to be regretted that it took a crystalline form before the smell of the burning had passed away. The spirit of scholasticism is indelibly impressed upon it—the love of hair-splitting distinctions and angularity of definition, coupled with intolerance of dissent. If its authors had desired to make shipwreck of the faith, they could hardly have encountered more unerringly every theological snag or reef beneath the tide.

To earnest students of the Bible there will come seasons of perplexity, culminating in an eclipse, either of reason or of faith. The incubus of unfathomable mystery lies heavy on the burdened soul, and they are to be esteemed the happiest of men who have groped through this black darkness to the light. To the struggling soul, this Confession affords no aid, no consolations. The faith of its compilers was too robust for sympathy; their delight would appear to have been to break the bruised reed and quench the smoking flax. The hidden things of God are defined and expounded by them in the most repulsive colours, and with more than mathematical precision. In fact, if we may be allowed a Toronto professor, the Confession and the Multiplication-table are near akin. The mystery of the Trinity is familiarly explained with a clearness and fulness to be found nowhere, except in the pseudo-Athanasian creed. The origin of evil is unfolded in a chapter, which leaves us in doubt whether Manichæism be true,

or the beneficent Father is Himself the author of sin, since His providence "extendeth" itself to the fall, and that "not by a bare permission," but also by "a bounding and otherwise ordering and governing them." We learn that the non-elect are incapable of good works, and yet it is a sin in them to neglect their performance. From which it may be gathered that the popular classification of acts into good, bad, and indifferent is incomplete. On the Calvinistic doctrines proper, (chap. iii., x. and xi.), we need not enlarge, further than to say, that he who can believe them, *ex animô*, must possess an intellectual stomach of more than mortal fibre. The division of mankind dying in infancy, into the elect and non-elect—the saved and the lost—is only one of the deadly and malignant shafts in the quiver. Liberty of the conscience and liberty of the press are to be restrained, when they venture to run counter to the utterances *ex cathedrâ* of the Church (ch. xx. 4), and offenders are to be given over to the secular arm (*id.* and xxiii. 3). In conclusion, we may note the unscriptural treatment of Sabbatarianism (ch. xxi.) and of the doctrine of corporeal resurrection (ch. xxxii.), which St. Paul treated in a very different way.

This extraordinary document then, useful and enlightened even in its time, is still clung to with affectionate persistence in a Church, itself made venerable by a long roll of sainted worthies, long after its temporary service had been done. When the last remaining obstacle to Presbyterian union was overcome we were not slow to express our satisfaction. It is only the theologico-political press which revels in schism everywhere save in its own fold. But it appeared then, and it is still clearer now, that the continuance of obsolete formulas, time-honoured though they be, was a mistake. They are called "subordinate standards," it is true; but how can there be a standard which is not supreme? A yard, a gallon, a pound, are standards also, to which we appeal in human matters, but can a Church have more than one standard in faith? If we appeal to the Confession itself, it will be found that it lays no claim to infallibility, but impliedly disclaims it. In chap. xxxi. 4, we read, in terms almost identical with those of the Anglican Article xxi.:—"All synods and councils since the Apostles' times, whether general or particular, may err, and many have erred; therefore they are not to be made the rule [standard?] of faith or practice, but to be used as a help thereto."* It would appear that the Westminster Assembly understood the meaning of a standard better than their theological children who formed the basis of Union in Canada. The Committee certainly did not invent, but inherited, the phrase "subordinate standards;" still they lost an unexceptional opportunity of simplifying the Creed of the Church by discarding the "ecclesiastical fetters," and taking an intelligible stand upon the celebrated *dictum* of Chillingworth.

The Presbytery of Toronto, last month, garnered in, or rather left to ripen or rot, the first fruits of an honest attempt to relax old bonds, and an equally honest but unreasonable attempt to maintain them. The Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's Church, in one of a series of discourses on Paul's Epistle to the Romans, had ventured to collate a number of passages from the New Testament in which there was a real or apparent contradiction on a momentous question. For himself, he pronounced no dogmatic opinion; but the obvious tendency of his remarks was towards a belief in the final restoration of the entire human race. In brief, he threw doubts, both from as criptural and from an ethical point of view, upon the theological dogma of eternal punishment. They were cautiously thrown, and with evident reluctance, yet with a brave determination not to cloak from his people's minds the difficulties which had perplexed his own. So far from endeavouring to dogmatize upon the subject, Mr. Macdonnell failed to state his premises fully, and confessed his inability to draw a satisfying conclusion. With the dogma itself it is not necessary to deal, the object being to awaken attention to the necessity of reform in theological formulas. Some unnecessary and unjustifiable censure has been passed upon the members of the Presbytery. From their stand-point we can hardly see how they could have acted otherwise. If it be a condition of entry into, or continuance in, the Presbyterian ministry, that a man must surrender the right of pri-

* See also Conf. ch. i., 9 and 10, as more immediately bearing on the case which has suggested these observations.

vate judgment and accept the Westminster definition of the mysteries of faith, whether his reason or conscience entirely approves of them *en bloc* or not, outsiders have no reason to object to the step Rome-wards. If men want an infallible human guide, they are surely at liberty to choose Pope, Assembly, or Council, as the authority from whose decision no appeal lies, either to the Bible, or to reason, or to conscience. The only cautionary remark necessary is this, that those who do so must not delude themselves with the idea that they are Protestants in anything but name. It may be added that the Presbytery proceedings were conducted in a conciliatory spirit, and we are quite willing to believe that it was no mean desire to stifle an incipient scandal that prompted the adjustment which followed. Professors Caven and McLaren especially bore themselves as Christian gentlemen, under circumstances personally trying. It was certainly by no fault of theirs, though they have been accessories after the fact, that burdens have been laid upon men's shoulders which they are not able to bear, whatever their fathers may have borne before them.

Still the disagreeable question remains—"Why were not Mr. Macdonnell's difficulties solved, if need were, by appeal to Scripture? Why, for instance, did Mr. Robb, the hierophant of Philistinism in religion, refuse an appeal from man's theology to God's word? Was there not a latent conviction that the "standards" marked a stronger line of defence than the citadel they affect to guard? The gauntlet was not, in form, thrown down, it is true; but why was not the "heretic" examined according to "the rule of faith and practice" prescribed by the Confession itself? Why, in fine, should them who believe Scripture to be the *fons et origo veritatis*, be called upon to seek unto those that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards of theology that peep and that mutter, seeking unto their God for the living to the dead formulas of the past?* Mr. Robb knows where to find the answer.

It is urged that a Church must have a creed or it could not exist—which we take to be the baldest of truisms. Every associated body, whether secular or religious, must, of course, be founded upon some principle or principles assented to by all its members; it needs no ghost to reveal the fact that believers must believe something. The real question at issue is not as to the propriety of a creed, but as to its character and extent. Should it be as exclusive as some theologians would have it, or should it be as comprehensive as Christian charity can make it? Or we may ask, if the metaphor be admissible, should the spiritual franchise be placed as low as is consistent with the welfare of the Church, or should the sphere of religion be made the dogmatist's "rotten borough?" The answer will depend upon our notions of the purposes for which the Christian Church was founded. These may be briefly stated in a phrase—the moral and spiritual regeneration and elevation of the race; and if we turn to the words of Jesus, and indeed to the New Testament as a whole, we shall see how little there is of settled dogma or systematic theology there. Belief, that is trust, in the Saviour, purity of heart and life, with self-denial, were all that He required. Speculations touching the future destiny of man beyond the grave, and the number of those who should be saved at death, were rebuked by Him in the memorable injunction, "Enter ye in at the straight gate." He proclaimed nothing about fate, or foreknowledge, or predestination; but He blessed all little children in the beautiful utterances which the Westminster Confession actually gives as a proof for the classification of infants into elect and non-elect. The Apostles, notably St. Paul, were impelled by their environment to make doctrinal statements; but they scarcely ever rose to the exactness of a definition. Even "the article of a standing or falling church" is suggested rather than formulated in the Pauline theology, and is ignored and apparently disapproved by James, whose letter, on that ground, Luther rejected as "an epistle of straw." There are various criteria of belief stated, all centering, however, upon the passion, death, and resurrection of Jesus. In three instances where the religious life is sketched in Scripture, there is no mention of doctrine at all—"fearing God and loving righteousness," "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God," "to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Any one approaching the subject for the

* Isaiah viii. 19, 20.

first time, with a mind free from the theological bias, would decide that the Church should follow its Lord and His followers in drawing up articles of faith, making them few, simple, comprehensive, and intelligible. Above all, they should claim the spontaneous assent of the heart and conscience, and be entirely free from metaphysical or scholastic subtleties. Those who admire elaborate creeds would do well to reflect that dogma took formal shape when Christianity had lost the first freshness of its primitive simplicity. No one would be more astounded than St. Paul himself, if he were enabled to wade through the thirty-three chapters of the Westminster Confession to-day, and see how human ingenuity has transformed the religion of his Master. Truth, we are told, is one and the same, now, always, and everywhere; and therefore should be capable of precise statement and definition. Admitted that "the eternal verities," as Carlyle calls them— or absolute truth, that is to say —are of necessity immutable, that can only be true objectively, not subjectively. Truth changes not, but man's knowledge of it and his capacity for assimilating it does, in infinite vicissitudes. To hear some men talk of truth, you would suppose that it resembled a small closet, all or nearly all of which may be taken in at a single glance. On the contrary, it is a many-sided crystal, "a gem of purest ray serene," presenting to the light now one aspect, now another, sometimes radiant and sparkling, anon dull and opaque, varying ever in tint and hue through all the delicate shades of the prismatic spectrum. They rise most above their fellows who can command a view of more than one facet at a time. When we reflect how little of what is knowable and cognizable as truth has been possessed by any age from the time of Augustus until now, and how much of the mystery of Thought and Being is completely veiled from mortal ken, it seems marvellous that any man should seek to impose human mouldings of Divine truth upon their fellows. It will not do to say that this truth has been revealed to us, because that is not true, as we have seen, in the sense dogmatists affirm it. We can only arrive at defined dogmas by collecting materials, stating premises, and inferring conclusions. All these processes are human, and therefore liable to be vitiated by faults of the understanding, of the imagination, and of the will, and by biasses manifold. Besides, we know, as a matter of fact, that men never have agreed, and perhaps never will agree, on the answer to Pilate's question: "What is truth?" Nay, it may be affirmed, with some confidence, that no two individuals, however closely their opinions may apparently coincide, apprehend religious truth precisely alike. We are forced then to conclude not only that truth is only partially unfolded to the race as a whole, and presents to it a different aspect at different times, but that the complexity of man's nature entails a further difficulty in the manufacture of stereotyped dogma, authoritatively pronounced by Pope, Monarch, or Divine. Freedom of thought and liberty of speech and action, are practical recognitions, imperfectly conceived and conceded it is true, of the infinite shades of diversity amongst individual men. On this important point we need not dilate, because it is universally admitted.

These considerations should suffice to convince any reasonable being not hopelessly warped by "the theological bias," that any attempt at elaboration or completeness in creeds, articles, or confessions, is not only impolitic but highly dangerous. The simpler the symbol, the more likely it will be to embody the truth, and the less likely to be alloyed with human errors and conceits. The theologian, like all who claim to be scientific men, and he more than the rest, should be exceedingly modest in declaring *ex cathedrâ* what is binding upon the reason or the reverse. That theology is not religion may be a trite remark, but it seems to be one which, often as it has been made, is lost upon doctrinal experts. Yet the reflection that theology is essentially human—man's mode of cutting and setting the jewel of Divine truth—should check, and, we believe, is gradually checking, the arrogance of dogmatism. It may be said that error will always insinuate itself into man's conceptions of religious truth; to us this appears an additional reason why exhaustive statements on doctrinal matters, especially where they are beyond the knowledge or above the comprehension of the mind, should be earnestly eschewed. Religion is not a scheme, a system, or a science, but a life. The Master Himself declared His word to be, not dogma, but "the spirit and the life," and when He spoke of doctrine, it was only to give it the second place—"If

any man will *do* His will" (an impossibility according to the Confession) "he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." On the other hand, there are the creed-makers, with interminable strings of propositions, often metaphysical, paradoxical, incomprehensible, or unbelievable—sometimes revolting to the moral instincts of humanity. Man craves for something, as Prof. Tyndall declares, "to satisfy the religious emotions," the heart; he asks for the bread of life and receives in return the stone of dogma.

Many points which naturally occur to the mind must remain unnoticed here. The Toronto "heresy" case has been discussed so much in the journals that perhaps what we have said is more than enough. So far as Mr. Macdonnell and his Church Courts are concerned, we hope we have heard the last of it; but we trust it will not be at the expense of Mr. Macdonnell's conscientious convictions, or his peace of mind. In any case, the blame must be placed on the right shoulders—the shoulders of those who compelled the Presbytery to take cognizance of the matter. The Confession of Faith was evidently used as a screen to hide the Biblical dilemma presented by the cited clergyman. There is not a Sunday passing over our heads on which, from many a Presbyterian pulpit, the decrees of Westminster are not trampled under foot, either heedlessly, unwittingly, or ostentatiously. In fact there can be but few Presbyterian clergymen, and still fewer Presbyterian laymen, who could or would declare their belief *ex animô* in every clause of the Confession in any but a qualified or "non-natural" sense. It would be sad indeed were it otherwise. We have the most sincere desire to see the Presbyterian Church of Canada prosper in the land, and that it may do so more abundantly we urge a reform of the "standards," a loosening of the "fetters," and a simplification of the criteria of orthodoxy. The earlier creeds of Christendom, even that universally received symbol known as the Apostles', are open to criticism; but they are not oppressive to the conscience; *au reste*, the creed of the false Athanasius, the Canons of Trent and of the Vatican, the Articles of 1562, and the Westminster Confession of 1643, together with the Catechisms, Larger and Shorter, should be swept into the limbo assigned to abortive human inventions, as derogating from religion, fomenting schism, stimulating scepticism, and binding in worse than chains of iron those whom the truth makes free.

The announcement that the Government have decided to commute the sentence of the Davises to imprisonment for life has surprised no one. Public feeling has had an opportunity of regaining its wonted calm, and the strong and natural indignation aroused by the discovery of the atrocious deed has yielded to reason. The action of the Executive will no doubt be disapproved of by a large number of people on various grounds, more or less valid. It may be urged that the law having pronounced the crime to be murder and its punishment death, this interference is improper. The argument, however, proves too much, because it is equally valid against the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy in any case, except, perhaps, where new evidence not producible at the trial, or the prisoner's insanity, may be considered justifications for it. This is not the constitutional theory. The Judge's notes are sent to the Governor-General, in order that he, with his advisers, may review the case, and consider it in all its bearings. Capital punishment has essential points of difference from other penalties. In the latter the sentence admits of grades according to the nature of the case, and it may be cancelled, should justice require it, by a pardon. The death penalty, therefore, is unique in this, that the law cannot lessen it, or intensify it except by the employment of torture, and that it admits of no recall. It is consonant, therefore, with the dictates both of justice and humanity that it should never be inflicted until every plea in favour of mercy is satisfactorily sifted. This the jury cannot do except by a recommendation, and that may be withheld through misconception, or offered without reason—indeed we have heard of its being made by way of compromise where the jury were divided. The Judge can do nought but pronounce the prescribed sentence, no matter what view he may take of the moral quality of the particular act. The Executive alone can review the surrounding circumstances, weigh facts which the legal rules of evidence excluded at the trial, and render the final decision. The public, therefore, ought to

abstain as far as possible from criticism when a commutation is granted or refused. Ministers have always declined to give any reasons to Parliament for the exercise of the Royal prerogative, on the ground that it is supposed by courtesy to be a gracious act personally performed by the sovereign. Besides, the mere fact of the law prescribing a penalty is no ground for its infliction in every case. When death was the only penalty for rape, the sentence was always pronounced in due course, although everybody was aware that it would be commuted. We may also again call the attention of our readers to the bid held out by Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie to the jury, whom he told, with the air of one having authority, that it did not at all follow that the prisoners would be hanged, even if they were convicted. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that it has not hitherto been the practice to execute for fatal abortion. The precedents are against it, as they were in the case of rape. In Dr. Sparham's case, there was the aggravating circumstance that, as a licensed practitioner, he was pledged to maintain an honourable professional character: Davis, on the other hand, scarcely attempted to conceal his business, and had no character to lose. Why should the "M.D." be spared and the charlatan hanged?

Another objection advanced—in an able article in the *Mail*, in which we find but one serious fault, the exceeding vehemence of its tone—is this, that the hanging of Davis, and we presume his wife, would be "the only expiation of his crime likely to deter imitators of his practices." Without alleging that the death penalty is too severe for the crime, or for many other crime, we should like to ask how often this plea for the extreme penalty has been employed from Sir S. Romilly's time to our own? We venture to affirm that the advocates of hanging used precisely the same argument, if argument it may be called, on behalf of the bloody penal code of George III., which punished with death between two and three hundred offences, without being an effectual deterrent from any one of them. So far as example is concerned, imprisonment for life is quite as valuable as hanging. It is punishment in the abstract, and not the form of it, that keeps the timid from crime. We perceive that our Conservative contemporary has nothing further to urge in the case of Mrs. Davis; and we cannot help thinking, that in objecting to commutation in the case of the male prisoner, it has exceeded the limits of calm, judicial criticism. The *Mail* claims, and we have no doubt with perfect sincerity, "that it is actuated by no political bias;" but it is the fate of party journalism to be hardly judged, and the *Mail* must expect to hear from the other side that no complaint would have been made had Sir John Macdonald been Minister of Justice instead of Mr. Blake. In our last number we purposely refrained from touching the case of Arthur Paul Davis, because it appeared to us that the reasons in favour of a reprieve and those against it were almost evenly balanced. "The circumstances are exceptional," as the *Mail* admits, and therefore we preferred to leave the matter with those upon whom the constitution had laid the responsibility. Their decision has been rendered and, for the reasons we have given, we believe it to be not only merciful but equitable and just.

The arrest of an ex-alderman of Toronto on the charge of being an accomplice of the Davises, is *sub judice*, and therefore nothing should be said about it to influence the public mind against the accused. It is to be regretted that some of our daily papers have already condemned Mr. Clements in advance, before a tittle of evidence has been adduced against him. The necessity of having Davis as a witness is the reason assigned by the *Globe* for his reprieve. As a sole ground for that reprieve, we do not think it sufficient; but it certainly very powerfully reinforces the general arguments in its favour. We confess to a difficulty in understanding the *Mail's* meaning when it observes that "should the case under arrest break down, the action of the Executive in reprieving Davis will come in for general censure." For what reason we should like to know? Even suppose that the need for the convict's testimony were the sole reason for the reprieve—and there is no evidence that it was—how could Clements's acquittal affect Mr. Blake's position? Mr. Mowat, or the County Crown Attorney, must certainly have informed the Minister that Davis's evidence was required in the interests of justice; and we cannot conjecture what Mr. Blake has to do with the case awaiting investigation, so far at least as its issue is concerned. Even if he were himself the Crown Counsel, surely the *Mail* would not desire him to employ

undue pressure against Clements in order to justify the reprieve. The Crown cannot predetermine the effect of the testimony they propose to adduce; they cannot forecast the nature of the defence, or sway the minds of the jury. The only question to be decided is, whether the case in hand, including Davis's confession, is *primâ facie* strong enough to warrant the Grand Jury in returning a true bill.

The November elections in the United States have, on the whole, been favourable to the Republicans; but an examination of the returns tends to show that they have achieved no marked success. In the State of New York, for example, the party expected to carry all before them; indeed it was at first supposed that they had done so. It turns out, however, that Bigelow, the Democratic nominee for Secretary of State defeated Frederick Seward, son of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet Minister, by between fifteen and sixteen thousand, the other State officers being also selected from the same side. It is true that the Republicans have secured a majority of ten in each branch of the Legislature; that Governor Tilden's majority has not been repeated on this occasion. This, however, is a bye-election in which the full party strength has not been brought out, and in addition to that, the Democrats have been divided into two camps, with two "tickets," in New York City, where the party generally obtains its majorities. The anti-Tammany candidates were supported by the Republicans and the result was a triumph over "Boss" Kelly, especially in the re-election of Recorder Hackett and District Attorney Phelps, both of whom, upright and efficient officers though they were, the Tammany chief desired to supplant by creatures of his own. A repetition of the Tweed *regime* is thus rendered impossible for the time. In Pennsylvania, the Republican Governor has been re-elected, but by a reduced majority. Had it not been for the inflation agitation unwisely raised and defeated in Ohio, it is not unlikely that the Democrats would have carried the day. Governor Gaston, who managed to carry Massachusetts two years ago in the Democratic interest, was defeated by the Republican (Rice), who was only returned by a plurality of five thousand, there being four candidates in the field. In New Jersey, the Republican majority fell from thirteen thousand in 1874 to about two thousand this year; but the election was not one in which parties took a deep interest. It may be remarked that in this little State, the Roman Catholic hierarchy made strenuous exertions to get a slice of the Common School Fund, but completely failed. It is stated that not a tithe of the Roman Catholic vote was polled in favour of the sacerdotal measure. In the other States, Southern and Western, there is no material change in the attitude of parties. As the net result, the death of the inflation and repudiation parties may be considered probable, and the extinction of General Butler as a politician tolerably certain.

The death of Vice-President Wilson does not call for any special remark. As the second officer of the American Executive and a possible President, however, he claims a brief notice. Mr. Wilson was one of those ardent and energetic men who have so often risen to positions of eminence in America, under some disadvantages, social and educational. His early occupation was that of a shoemaker—a craft which has given to the United States more than one eminent name. The story of his life, until he obtained some reputation as an abolitionist and Republican speaker and as the colleague of Charles Sumner, is the ordinary story of a "self-made" man. The dominant party are much indebted to him for the persistent zeal he displayed in its cause, at the time when the slave-holding interest was sustained by at least four-fifths of the American people. The war, which made and unmade military reputations, threw mere civilians somewhat in the background. Mr. Wilson, however, although he never succeeded in obtaining the first place, survived the war-fever, and retained to the last the confidence of his party. As presiding officer in the Senate, he comported himself with dignity and credit. During the "third term" controversy he took strong ground against the re-election of General Grant, and although he disavowed any ambition in that direction his letters were generally regarded as bids for a Presidential nomination. The Vice-Presidency will remain vacant, there being no constitutional provision for an *ad interim* election; but the Chairman elected by the Senate would, in the event of the President's demise, succeed him and fill the chief executive office for the balance of the term.

In England the members of the Cabinet, having returned to town, are busily engaged on the programme for next Session. It is reported that Mr. Disraeli intends to call Parliament together before Christmas, for the purpose of obtaining legislative sanction to a purchase of the Khedive's shares in the Suez Canal. The Government has, no doubt, acted wisely in securing a large, though it will not yet be a preponderating influence in the link which binds the Indian Ocean to the Mediterranean. Whether the latest relapse of the "sick man" prove fatal or not, it is the obvious duty of England to secure her communications with India, even if, to do so, it should be necessary to "acquire" a portion of Egyptian territory. The forbearance, or rather, perhaps, the jealousies of the Empires "more immediately interested" may defer the evil day; still "if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all." Mr. Disraeli delivered the usual speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 9th ultimo. It was intended to be reassuring; coming from a Minister of the Crown, however, it cannot be pronounced to be a success. Of course the most was made of the arrangement which Mr. Wade has managed to conclude with China. A war with the Celestial Empire has been the bogey of the English people for some time past, and general satisfaction therefore is felt at the result of the negotiations. It was Mr. Disraeli's remarks on the Turkish question which naturally excited the deepest interest, and although, with native adroitness, the Premier endeavoured to express a hope that there was no fear of a rupture, he was evidently ill at ease. When the best face a coiner of phrases can put upon the outlook is this: "I wish I could say with regard to foreign affairs nearer home, that they were in a position as satisfactory as I think we may now consider our relations with China," every body sees, or thinks he sees, that there is an *arrière pensée* concealed beneath the announcement of ominous import. It was all very well for Mr. Disraeli, with Count Von Beust sitting beside him, to dwell upon "the forbearance of the Great Powers immediately interested in the question;" but the death's head disclosed itself at the Guildhall feast in the sentences which followed. It was not the Herzegovian insurrection which "brought about a state of affairs which in that part of the world very often becomes critical." If that had been all, the matter might have been arranged; but unfortunately "the financial catastrophe of one of our allies (*Anglice*, Turkish bankruptcy) revived the expiring struggle, gave a new aspect to all the circumstances, and created hopes and fears in quarters and in circles, which before that did not exist. It is impossible to deny that circumstances of this character are critical; but, *for my own part*, I have still confidence in that forbearance to which I have referred. I believe that it will continue to be exercised, and I have myself, not only as a trust, but a conviction, that means will be ascertained which will bring about a satisfactory result," &c. Mr. Disraeli "himself" refuses to "contemplate any other result." The singular self-isolation marked by our italics may or may not have their significance. Lord Derby makes no sign, and his chief resumes the sibyl's garment. Perhaps he is the only member of his cabinet who possesses an historical trust and an historical form of conviction, the counterparts of his "historical conscience." If Mr. Gladstone, who wears his heart upon his sleeve, had uttered the observations we have quoted, the stock-exchange and the outside world would have known what to think; but Mr. Disraeli, in his *rôle* of Sphinx, is in every way unfortunate. When he is in earnest he is supposed to be in jest; when he desires to calm popular excitement he generally succeeds in intensifying it; when he banters and hurls quips and epigrams, he is taken for an oracle. It does not appear, from the latest telegrams, that there is any danger of a general outbreak, yet, if we may judge from the feverishness of Europe as its symptoms are disclosed by intelligent journals or the fluctuations on 'change, there is a sense of insecurity, an apprehension of impending trouble, for which people would find it difficult to account.

A conversation of Count Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, with the Sultan, or an article in the Moscow *Gazette*, seems sufficient to excite Europe to the verge of panic. Yet nothing seems to the onlooker more certainly fixed, for some time than Russia's determination to check any precipitate solution of the Eastern question, and to bide her time. Alexander is not a Nicholas, nor are the circumstances of 1875 similar to those of

1853. The problem which the old Czar set himself to solve has grown more complicated, and Russia finds herself obliged to balance her fears against her ambition. Germany, not France, will probably be her next foe, and her task appears to be to wait until the inevitable conflict be precipitated. Whether Alexander cares to cultivate the French alliance or not is not clear. Personally, he shrinks from a European war, and would doubtless make many sacrifices to avoid it He is the nephew of the Emperor William, and desires to live in amity with the new Teutonic Empire ; but between the Russian and German peoples, and especially their armies, there is an intensity of hatred, not covert but avowed, which must burst into a flame of war, early or late. Austria is recruiting her strength—if strength can be made robust in an Empire so heterogeneous in its elements. There can be little question that the Turkish insurgents and the Servian war party have received aid and comfort from north of the Danube, and perhaps it is no less true that Russia has persistently, and perhaps rudely, kept her Austrian rival in check. For the present, at any rate, we may hope, with the English Premier, that a temporary issue may be arrived at "which will be consistent with the maintenance of peace, and which will be satisfactory to the public opinion of E rope."

The French Assembly has met and laid the coping-stone upon that composite structure—the Conservative Republic. In the matter of electoral divisions, the Government has triumphed by a majority of thirty-one, and the Electoral Bill as a whole passed its final stage by a two-thirds vote. Not only has the *scrutin d'arrondissement* triumphed over the *scrutin de liste*, but the *arrondissements* themselves may be subdivided into "circumscriptions," where the population exceeds a hundred thousand. M. Buffet and his section of the constitutional coalition have thus got it all their own way, so far as the central authority or local influence can exert pressure on the electorate. M. Gambetta and his friends of the Left do not seem dismayed at the prospect. Having convinced themselves that France is overwhelmingly republican in their sense, they have gracefully submitted to the inevitable. In fact, Hobson's choice has been presented them—a dissolution with voting by districts or none at all, and they have wisely accepted the former alternative. The elections will probably take place in February, 1876, although that is not definitively settled. And after that? Who shall say?

There is nothing special to record regarding the rest of the Continent. Germany is enjoying a respite from exciting topics, ecclesiastical or foreign; Italy rests after her enthusiastic reception of the Kaiser at Milan; and Spain continues to defeat the Carlists without crushing them; with the blessings of peace, sound finance, a generous freedom, and a stable government, she "never is, but always to be blest."

BOOK REVIEWS.

MONEY AND THE MECHANISM OF EXCHANGE. By W. Stanley Jevons, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Logic and Political Economy in the Owens College, Manchester. London: Henry S. King & Co. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875.

This handy volume, the seventeenth of "The International Scientific Series," is the best introduction we have yet seen to the abstruse subjects of currency and exchange. There is nothing people are so constantly talking of, haggling about, or thirsting for, as money, and yet it is singular how hazy their ideas usually are about it. If nine men out of ten were asked to define the term, they would either do so by limiting it to specie; excluding even bullion, or bank notes convertible on demand; or they would do as the economists have done, from Adam Smith to the lamented Professor Cairnes, restrict or extend the definition, according as they admitted or excluded any one or more of the numerous credit documents ordinarily negotiable. Nor can it be said that the crudeness

of popular and even scientific notions has been unproductive of mischief. On the contrary, there is no subject on which men have allowed ignorance and misconception to lead them farther astray. A history of financiering during the past three hundred years would disclose an amount of credulous gullibility, imaginative theorising, and dogmatic ignorance not greatly exceeded by the other superstitions of which we are so constantly reminded. The absurd movement in the United States to which a large portion of the Democratic party has committed itself, is only the repetition of a folly which has cropped up at intervals since the days of John Law. Professor Jevons in his preface hints at a few of these crazes as follows:—"There are men who spend their time and fortunes in endeavouring to convince a dull world that poverty can be abolished by issue of printed bits of paper. I know one gentleman who holds that exchequer bills are the panacea for the evils of humanity. Other philanthropists wish to make us all rich by coining the national debt, or coining the lands of the country, or coining everything. Another class of persons have long been indignant that, in this age of free trade, the Mint price of gold should still remain arbitrarily fixed by statute. A member of Parliament lately discovered a new grievance, and made his reputation by agitating against the oppressive restrictions on the coinage of silver at the Mint. No wonder so many people are paupers when there is a deficiency of shillings and sixpences, and when the amount merely of the rates and taxes paid in a year exceeds the whole sum of money circulating in the kingdom" (p. 7).

Prof. Jevons's volume has the unusual merit of being at once clear, interesting and comprehensive. The style is lucid, and although something like mathematical terseness is aimed at in definition, it never involves obscurity. Moreover, there is nothing pretentious about it; it is what it professes to be, an elementary work—an introduction, its author modestly suggests, to Mr. Bagehot's "Lombard Street," or, we may add, the work on Currency and Banking by Prof. Bonamy Price, now passing through the press.

The words "money" and "cash" are purposely left undefined, because the author thinks any attempt at exactness in this respect a waste of labour. "All such attempts at definition seem to me to involve the logical blunder of supposing that we may, by settling the meaning of a single word, avoid all the complex differences and various conditions of many things, each requiring its own definition" (p. 248). For example, unconvertible paper may be made legal tender, and then for inland purposes it would be money, whereas for foreign exchange it would not. Bullion again is not money strictly speaking, not being coin, but foreign payments can be made in it quite as well; and so on. The author prefers to plunge at once *in medias res* by commencing with the primitive system of barter and its three disadvantages—want of coincidence in the wants of persons willing to exchange, want of a measure of value, want of the means of subdivision. Then follows a statement of the elementary principles of exchange, and their bearing upon money and its functions. The subject is then treated historically as it gradually developed itself in the progress of civilization, including the invention of coining. In treating of the principles of circulation, Prof. Jevons dwells upon a point generally ignored by economists, probably as unscientific—the force of habit in circulation. It is here that the law or theorem of Sir Thomas Gresham plays its part—"that bad money drives out good money, but that good money cannot drive out bad money." To our author it is evident that a neglect of this phenomenon has impeded reforms in the currency, "to the great cost of States, and the perplexity of statesmen who had not studied the principles of monetary science." He goes further, and would extend the theorem so that it may be stated thus:—"Gold compared with silver, or silver with copper, or paper compared with gold, are subject to the same law, that the relatively cheaper medium will be retained in circulation, and the relatively dearer will disappear." Space will not admit of even a cursory glance at the wide range of topics treated in this compact work. The metallic currencies of the various nations are reviewed; the various kinds of representative or credit money, including promissory, bank and Government notes, cheques, bills of exchange, &c.; the clearing system, the question of a common international system of coinage and many others, are treated with unexceptionable clearness and ability. In the chapter on the Battle of the Standards, Prof. Jevons states his objection to the double unit of value, and argues distinctly in favour of gold and the demonetization of silver. At the same time, he doubts whether the German Government, in arranging for a gold standard after the close of this year, has gone about it in the right way. If the prognostications of the English press prove true, our author's apprehensions will be confirmed; indeed, they have already been confirmed in part. The paper circulation is to be largely and suddenly contracted on January 1st; gold is to be legal tender instead of silver; and in order to maintain the circulation at the necessary amount, the German Mint has been busy coining gold. Gresham's law, however, has come into operation, and the gold coin vanishes as fast as it is issued; hence the Government will find itself, should it persevere, in a financial crisis, where it intended only a monetary reform. With regard to an unconvertible paper currency, the Professor states two principal objections. the great temptation to over-

issue and consequent depreciation; and the impossibility of varying its amount in accordance with the requirements of trade. In the United States, the inflationists are past all argument on this subject, and no one can doubt that their constant vituperation of banks and bondholders has but one meaning—repudiation. We have one crow to pluck with Prof. Jevons, which to Canadians will seem a *rara avis in terris*. The author tells his readers that it is impossible to tell what the currency of Canada is, there being such a chaos of systems and coinages (p. 73). The allusions to the Dominion in two places are absurd and misleading in the extreme; and it would not be amiss if some of our bank officers were to call the Professor's attention to our legislation both on currency and banking, concerning which he is in Egyptian darkness.

With this exception, the work may be warmly commended as the most readable and instructive treatise on a most important and absorbing subject.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT: Is the Doctrine *de Fide?* and if not, is it True? By the Rev. F. N. Oxenham. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1875.

This letter, addressed to Mr. Gladstone by a clergyman of the Church of England, has been reprinted in Toronto at an opportune juncture. There is no necessity for more than a passing reference to the controversy regarding eternal punishment aroused by the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell's sermon. It may be interesting to note the present attitude of the Church of England regarding it. Some of our readers may remember the excitement aroused by a little *brochure* from the pen of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, entitled "The Word 'Eternal,' as applied in the New Testament to the Punishment of the Wicked." Mr. Maurice was a Professor in King's College, London, and was expelled from his office by what Mr. Gladstone characterizes as "an unwise and ruthless violence." Since that time the question has assumed a legal aspect, and it has been definitively settled by the Judicial Committee that the dogma in question is not *de fide*—not an essential article of Christian belief. Their judgment in the case of Wilson *v.* Fendall pronounces "that the hope that the punishment of the wicked may not endure to all eternity is certainly not at variance with anything that is found in the Apostles' Creed, or the Nicene Creed, or in the Absolution, or in the Burial Service." They therefore declined to declare as penal the expression of hope by a clergyman that even the ultimate pardon of the wicked who are condemned in the day of judgment may be consistent with the will of Almighty God. By that decision, Christian liberty in non-essentials of belief was vindicated, and few attempts to "crib, cabin, or confine" the English Church clergyman has been attempted since the "Essays and Reviews" panic. The Rev. Mr. Llewelyn Davies, of Marylebone, and many others, speak of the imposed dogma as "the old intolerable doctrine," "that detestable doctrine," without rebuke.

Mr. Oxenham, the author of the pamphlet before us, appears to be a High-Churchman. His general tone is that of Keble, and he devotes a disproportionate space to the opinion of the Universal Church on the subject. It would be impossible to enter upon the various aspects of the subject as presented by the writer—some of them far too curtly. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with a few remarks indicative of its character and scope. After stating the doctrine fairly, Mr. Oxenham deduces three general corollaries from it. It seems, he says, *seems* to imply: (α) The charge against God of amazing cruelty and oppression. (β) The failure, to a very great extent, not merely apparent and temporary, but real and eternal failure, to redeem and save mankind. (γ) That good will never fully overcome evil and destroy it, but that good and evil will be alike everlasting. "For these reasons (*inter alia*) the common doctrine of everlasting punishment is at least very hard to be believed;" and he urges that if the language of Scripture supposed to give it countenance is susceptible of another signification, it should be cheerfully welcomed. It is to be regretted that Mr. Oxenham devoted so little of his letter to this view of the subject, because the so-called orthodox doctrine is chiefly a stumbling-block in its ethical aspect. Mr. Mill's argument has been that of many another earnest and intelligent man:—"If God had no other purpose but our happiness and that of other living creatures, it is not credible that He would have called them into existence with the prospect of being so completely baffled." (Theism, p. 192, American edition.)

Mr. Oxenham proceeds to an examination of the Scripture text. The word translated "eternal" or "everlasting" in this connection is αιωνιος, from the root αιων, Latin *ævum*, an age or period. We are surprised that the writer does not notice the more emphatic form, "to ages of ages" (αιωνας των αιωνων), translated "for ever and ever," in the English Bible. Bishop Wordsworth, however, is quoted as observing that the radical idea of the word is "*indefinite time*." The Bishop adds that "this consideration may perhaps check rash speculations regarding the duration of future punishments." There is yet another word, αιδιος, everlasting, from αει, ever; it occurs in Romans i. 20 and Jude 6., but is not applied to human punishment. Another word appears in the passage, "the fire that shall never be quenched,"

ασβεστος. Mr. Oxenham rightly states this means unextinguished, and that "never" is an interpolation. In the Iliad of Homer the same adjective is linked with "strength," "the din of battle," and even "laughter," and conveys no idea of eternity in any case. We should like to have found in this letter some illustrations of these words from classic authors; because parallel passages of this description would have been extremely useful in elucidating the sacred text. It may be added, in conclusion, that Mr. Oxenham's letter deserves serious and attentive perusal at a time when men are proving all things, and endeavouring to hold fast to that which is good.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN the February number of the *Canadian Monthly* we reprinted Professor Tyndall's preface to a new edition of his Belfast Address. In the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* the learned Professor returns to the charge in a most interesting paper entitled—"Materialism and its Opponents." It would give us great pleasure to insert it *in extenso*, but from want of space we are compelled to exclude it at present. As it is, we must content ourselves with a brief account of this new rejoinder, which is in every way important as coming from one of the chief ministers of science. If a reconciliation between religion and science is to be accomplished speedily, it can only be when the champions of both sides thoroughly understand each other's method and *point d'appui*. So long as theologians and men of science, like Agamemnon and Achilles, stand apart, having quarrelled, refusing to hear aright the message they think they have received from God or nature, so long will the breach widen, instead of filling up. The *Spectator*, in a notice of the paper before us, remarks:—"Perhaps it is our own fault that the moment Professor Tyndall leaves physical philosophy and betakes himself to the theological or metaphysical assumptions which underlie it, we never fail to be bewildered as to what his meaning really is." The reason is not far to seek. Neither belligerent understands, or apparently cares to understand the attitude, methods, intellectual tone, or technical language even, of the other. Like two armies which have come into conflict during a mist, each of them ignorant of its opponent's strength and strategy, vigorous are their charges against imaginary battalions, and cautious and rapid their retreat when no one is pursuing. The man of science despises the subjects which absorb the spiritual philosopher, and looks down, as from a superior vantage-ground, upon his ignorance of phenomenal nature; the other, in turn, regards the scientific professor as a rash, conceited man, who essays to deal with things too high for him. The *Spectator* expresses the position of the metaphysician. Prof. Tyndall may be quoted as an illustration of the scientist. He is speaking especially of the Ultramontanes:—"Eyes they have and see not; ears they have and hear not; for both eyes and ears are taken possession of by the lights and sounds of another age. In relation to science, the Ultramontane brain, through lack of exercise, is virtually the undeveloped brain of the child. And thus it is that as children in scientific knowledge, but as potent wielders of spiritual power among the ignorant, they countenance and enforce practices sufficient to bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the more intelligent among themselves."—(p. 580.) Again, quoting from a *brochure* the conversation of a layman and a clergyman, in which the former essays the Socratic method, the question is put regarding the Mosaic record:—"Do you, without mental reservation, believe these things? If you do *not* believe those events to have so happened or do so with a mental reservation which destroys the whole sense and meaning of the narrative, *why do you not say so from your pulpits?*"

Prof. Tyndall, as Mr. Seebohm has well shown in the *Spectator*, is not without cause of complaint that the charge of Atheism and anti-spirituality should be brought against him. He declares himself open to a reconciliation with theology; and on this point his utterance is especially important: "Quitting the more grotesque forms of the Theological, I already see, or think I see, emerging from recent discussions, that wonderful plasticity of the Theistic Idea, which enables it to maintain, through many changes, its hold upon superior minds; and which, if it is to last, will eventually enable it to shape itself in accordance with scientific conditions." Prof. Tyndall's paper is mainly occupied, so far as opponents are concerned, with a reply to the Rev. James Martineau. We have no space to follow out the positions taken by the Professor, as against the talented Principal of Manchester New College. He complains of misconception, and repels the imputation of inconsistency by re-affirming an opinion broached in 1868: "You cannot satisfy the hu-

man understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of the human mind."

The difficulty experienced by the student who desires to lay tangible hold upon Prof. Tyndall's theory of mind and matter appears to be occasioned by the palpable evidence he gives that he has no theory at all. For instance, after tracing the development of matter, by its "potency," in the snow crystal and the oak, he anticipates the objection "Who imposed the principle of life into the tree? I say in answer, that our present question is not this but another—not who made the tree, but what *is* it? Is there anything besides matter in the tree? If so, what and where?" In like manner, he deals with all nature, organic and inorganic, culminating with man, and again he asks, "Is there anything but matter there?" Of course that will depend very much upon what Prof. Tyndall means by "matter," which is not made so clear as it might be. Is it used in the popular sense, or does it include force? Is force an attribute of matter or is matter a mode of force?

"Matter," says the Professor, "I define as that mysterious thing by which all this" (*i. e.* the mechanism of the eye and ear) is "accomplished. How it came to have this power is a question on which I never ventured an opinion. Theories of evolution go but a short way towards the explanation of this mystery; while in its presence, the notion of an atomic manufacturer and artificer of souls raises the doubt, whether those who entertain it were ever really penetrated by the solemnity of the problem for which they offer such a solution." In his conclusion, Dr. Tyndall says: "The world will have religion of some kind, even though it fly for it to the intellectual whoredom of 'spiritualism.' What is really wanted is the lifting power of an ideal element in human life. But the free play of this power must be preceded by its release from the torn swaddling-bands of the past, and from the practical *materialism* of the present. It is now in danger of being strangled by the one, or stupefied by the other."

To the other papers in this number of the *Fortnightly* we can only devote a brief space. Mr. Grant Duff writes upon the hackneyed topic, "England and Russia in the East." Of course the ex-Under-Secretary thinks, as he always thought, that Russia should be watched in her progress India-wards, but that she has really no aggressive designs. Her apprehensions of an approaching conflict with Germany are sufficient security for her good behaviour in Central Asia. Colonel Chesney's paper on "Sherman and Johnson" is, in the main, eulogistic, although he is rather severe upon both for the tone of their writings. Both, he says, are "unsparing of others' feelings, regardless of the cloud of controversies which must rise on their criticisms, and gifted with strong confidence in their own personal infallibility." "The Book of Job, and Plato's Dialogue on Justice" (the "Republic"), by Mr. Henry Hoare, is an able and instructive comparison of the ethical theory enunciated in the two books—the one Semitic, "austere, passionate, and profoundly religious;" the Greek, "artistic, calm, human: the one has in view the relation of man to God, the other the relation of man to the State and to society." The key-note in the one is, "Does Job serve God for nought?" in the other, "Does selfishness determine justice?" The writer endeavours to show that Job and Plato, each from his own stand-point, coincide in their repudiation of the selfish theory of ethics. Mr. Morley gives part of his monograph on "Diderot," which embraces his *Dialogues*. This portion of the work is exceedingly varied in character, being mainly concerned with a sort of Socratic treatment of questions of ethics, casuistry, and social life. Mr. Henry Crompton's paper on "The Reform of the Magistracy," should be read by our law officers. The evils complained of are not, perhaps, felt here in so large a measure; still, our justice of the peace requires to be looked after as well as his English brother.

In the *Contemporary Review*, we again come face to face with the irrepressible Grant Duff, who gives a lot of loose opinions on "India: Political and Social." The paper was written in compliance with a request of the *Review* editor, who submitted fifteen questions, which Mr. Grant Duff answers *seriatim* and at great length. The Rev. Dr. Littledale, a well-known High Churchman, contributes a paper on "The Last Attempt to Reform the Church of Rome from within." His paper is to dispel any hope that may yet linger in the minds of Protestants and Liberal Roman Catholics of internal reform in the Papal Church. It is a graphic sketch of the struggles of a reforming prelate, Scipio de' Ricci, Bishop of Pistoia (A.D. 1780). He was an earnest and devout man, whose soul was grieved at the abuses and scandals surrounding him on every side. There appears to have been a want of *savoir faire* and a rashness in his character which would have passed for indomitable courage had he succeeded. He attempted to apply the pruning-hook in all quarters, doctrinal, ritualistic, and disciplinary. For a time his reforms seemed likely to prevail. He was supported by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and one Pope sanctioned his measures, but the patron became Emperor, and forgot him, and the Pope died. Pius VI. fulminated his *Auctorem Dei* against him; he was deposed and imprisoned, and at last yielded, dying in 1810. Dr. Littledale says:—"There seems no ground for supposing that his opinions ever really altered;

but he was not a strong man naturally, and could not do battle unsupported." The conclusion is: "If he failed so signally with a Catholic sovereign at his back, and at a time when the Bishops of the Roman Church still enjoyed at least a shadow of independent jurisdiction, it may be gathered what hope there is for internal reform now." Mr. Julian Hawthorne, in a sequel to his "Saxon Studies," writes as entertainingly as ever, and is not quite so cynical. Mr. St. George Mivart assails Mr. Darwin's cardinal thesis of "the survival of the fittest," in his paper on "Likenesses; or, Philosophical Anatomy." Taking a survey of the different kinds of homology, he carries the war into the enemy's camp by observing that "structures are being continually discovered (in animals of different kinds) so strikingly alike that their resemblance would naturally be taken, on the theory of evolution, for a sign of genetic affinity, and yet the circumstances under which they occur preclude any such explanation." The writer's conclusion is that "Philosophical Anatomy, types, divine prototypal ideas, are, one by one, emerging and reappearing, refreshed and invigorated by the bath of Darwinian Evolutionism through which they have been made to pass." Mr. Hewlett's "Modern Ballads" breaks somewhat new ground in comparing the old ballad literature with modern efforts in the same department. The analogies, as well as the contrasts, are neatly brought out, with illustrative examples. Mr. Strahan, the publisher, in a short paper, earnestly protests against the penny garbage diffused amongst the young of both sexes in England. We believe there is far too little supervision exercised over the reading of the young people, and therefore the protest is a sensible one. Mr. Frederick Harrison commences a series of papers on "The Religious and Constitutional Aspects of Positivism." As only the first part appears, we reserve a fuller reference to it for a future occasion.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

"WE take our amusements sadly," some one has said, and the remark is one that may truly be made of the manner in which the patrons of the drama in Canada enjoy their occasional evening at the theatre. There is little of that old-world zest for the play, or of that hearty interest in the attractions of the stage, that characterizes the veteran play-goer of the mother-land. We have not here, of course, the high order of attractions that "draw" audiences in the home theatres, nor have we that range or variety of entertainment that evokes the enthusiasm of the frequenters of the theatre abroad. But with even the best entertainments provided at our opera houses, their success owes little to the sympathy and appreciation of the audience. The houses are cold in their recognition of effort; the audience spiritless and indifferent in showing its acceptance of the play, and utterly lacking in that contagious feeling of pleasure and satisfaction which good acting merits, and is entitled to receive. But there is not only the withholding of that magnetic influence which an appreciative audience imparts, with often surprising effect to the player, but there is too often that feeling shown that the spectators come together merely out of compliment—and only a very occasional one—either to the management, or to a special star, or to the friend they may occasionally bring to the house. There is ittle desire to come to the play actuated by an intelligent interest in the drama, or from sympathy with its history and traditions, or from the motive of comparing actor with actor in the rendition of their parts. Only from the lower motives of seeking an easily satisfied pleasure, or to pass an otherwise tedious evening, do we find the bulk of our theatre audiences drawn to the house. And what wonder that we take our amusements sadly, if our recreative motives are inspired by no higher aim, or are held in check by the chilling effects of mere indifferentism. Other motives, it is true, are often at work. Some, we know, are controlled by habits of duty, by conscientious though often unreasonable scruples, and in these times many would-be frequenters of the play have their ardour cooled by the stern limitations of a light purse, and it may be an anxious mind. All these considerations we must acknowledge and respect, but there is something to be said for, and something due to, him who

> "Sheds upon the cold, dull trade of life,
> An hour of poetic glory"—

some appreciation of the labours of a profession that is capable of teaching the noblest lessons; that calls into play all the poetry, pathos, and passion that lie hid in the heart; that elevates the life and brightens the surroundings of humanity. We know it is difficult, in these modern and utilitarian days, to

make the drama a natural growth in our social life. It is too often a suspiciously regarded graft. But this is not the inherent fault of the stage. The drama has always been what the public taste that supported it has made it. The eye and the ear have been too often aimed at, rather than the head. But with its functions and capabilities properly recognised, there is no need that it should decline either from an intellectual or a moral point of view; or that, as a means of healthful and approved recreation and instruction, it should not be all that the genius and talent enlisted in its service have designed that it should be. No age has been less propitious than ours to the dramatic art, and there has been none that has witnessed such a materializing of life, or that has been more alien to the instincts of gentlemanhood, or more barren of the graces of chivalric feeling and unstained honour. The theatre was no less a commercial speculation in the past than it is to-day, but it flourished better when the ballet was unknown to it, and it had more patrons when its plays were of a healthier sort, and when its boards were less familiar with modern sensationalism. The moralist, of course, will say "close the doors rather than that objectionable plays should be acted, or if the plays we would wish to see upon the stage fail to draw to any extent commensurate with the expense of their representation." This is very easy to say, but the lyceum is a legitimate place of amusement, and theatres will be "run" as such, and from the motives of gain that govern similar enterprises. The question should rather be how to support them in their legitimate successes; how to make them subserve the interests of culture and refinement; and how to utilize them in providing healthful recreation and in promoting high social enjoyment. These are the considerations that should come home to our people; and were they intelligently reflected upon, the result would be beneficial to the community, while theatrical management would be more steadily directed into proper channels. We may safely say, from what we know of the management of the Grand Opera House in our midst, that none would hail more heartily the awakening of a deeper interest in dramatic representations, and be more responsive to the demands of a higher and more critical taste, than would its intelligent and cultivated directress. Mrs. Morrison's efforts in the interest of the local drama are worthy of all praise; and we can ·ite understand the repeated compliments offered to her in the benefit entertainments such as that of last Thursday—compliments which not only manifest the kindly feeling felt towards her, but that also express sympathy with her professional enterprise and appreciation of her personal services. Such labours as those Mrs. Morrison undertakes are trying indeed under ·ordinary circumstances; but few know their burden and irksomeness when the difficulties are intensified in the pursuit of high ideals, and after an attainment marked by that elevation of standard, and scrupulous regard for the proprieties, which characterize the management of the Opera House. If Mrs. Morrison has not always succeeded in presenting such entertainments as would be acceptable to the most fastidious theatre-goer, it has been because one scarcely knows now-a-days where to turn for material for worthy representation. The taste for the Shakespearian drama has sadly suffered eclipse; and the robust representations of a past era have given place to mere farce acting, or to the stupidities of modern sensationalism. The star system, too, has had a prejudicial effect upon the modern stage; and here in Canada this is especially so, where we are subject to the inroads from the other side of the lines of a school of acting which, though it has meritorious exceptions, is of a style alien to British tastes and predilections.

Of course we do not mean to say that all the difficulty in maintaining a high class theatre in our midst comes from without, either in regard to the actors who present themselves, or in the amount of appreciation shown them. There are shortcomings, however much care may be exercised in regard to the formation of stock companies, which materially diminish public satisfaction with their work; though the directorate should not always be held responsible for this while the substantial aid in the procurement of higher talent is withheld by those in whose interests the entertainments are provided.

As a whole, the present troupe under Mrs. Morrison's management may be said to be fairly up to its work; and thanks, no doubt, to the advantage the company possesses in acting under the eye and inspiration of that lady, and with her on the boards in much of its work, the success achieved has been very creditable to the house. Individually, there is not a little to find fault with, which if we indicate may be more of a service to the company than a pleasant duty to the critic.

The most unpleasant feature exhibited by the company's acting is deficiency of education and a lack of refinement in personation. This is the more noticeable in the male cast, with the exception of Mr. De Groat, who more than held his own against the balance of the company, and whose withdrawal from the theatre we much regretted. Mr. Grismer, as a leading man, is wanting in many of the essentials required for the part. His conception of the characters assumed by him is frequently but half realized, if not positively false. His manner and gesture are bad, and he totally fails in the representation of any part requiring ease and high breeding. Mr. Farwell makes a capital villain, and is occasionally good in the old man parts; but in the higher personations

of society life he is not at home. Mr. Sambrook only occasionally pleases, as he has to contend against seemingly ineradicable defects of voice and intonation, which render him an unattractive actor. His manner partakes of a rather unctuous character, and his utterance is often unmanly and whining. Mr. Curtis's manner is occasionally droll, and his acting is sometimes whipped up to sprightliness; but he is lumbering in his speech, and he has but little idea of the congruities of representation. Mr. Stokes is ponderous and ungainly on the stage, and has, in an aggravated degree, the defects of voice which we have noticed in his fellow-actors. Mr. Spackman, the successor of Mr. De Groat, creditably and satisfactorily replaces the best actor in the company, though he lacks the finish and delicacy which characterized Mr. De Groat's playing. Of the ladies it may be said, without laying oneself open to the charge of partisanship, that they largely compensate, by their appearance and acting, for the defects and deficiencies of the actors. Miss Carr is always up to her work, and has the faculty of realizing her part exceedingly well, and plays it with a degree of finish and satisfaction agreeable to the spectator. Mrs. Vernon is a decided acquisition to the strentgh of the company, and her acting is a vast improvement upon the heavy and tasteless playing of Miss May Preston. Miss Davenport is a painstaking actress, and appears to a decided advantage upon the stage both with regard to her acting, her dressing, and her looks. But she fails in the art of pleasing, and represses in the spectator the feeling of satisfaction which the faithful rendition of her parts secures to her, by a frigid and unsympathetic manner. Mrs. Marlowe possesses the happy faculty of adapting herself well to anything on the boards; and there is no part, entailing however much of effort, and drawing however much upon good nature, that she will not assume that may lend a hearty aid to the piece, and impart to its representation the needed harmony and completeness. Of Mrs. Morrison herself we scarcely deem it necessary to speak, as her acting is always in accord with those perceptions of the dramatic art, and the design and ideal of the playwright, that gratify the critic and delight the audience. There is invariably in her playing that happy union of art and nature that charms the spectator, inspires the play, and is independent of all adventitious aids. Her acting is characterised by vigour and rapidity, ease and precision, and is always in excellent taste and ever happy in its effect. But writing at this length, we have left ourselves without space to speak of the plays presented at the Opera House, and of the parts severally taken in them by the members of the company. Had our space permitted notice of these, we should, probably, have had something more favourable to say of the actors of the troupe, the rendition of whose parts, in some instances, merited commendation. It will be understood, however, that the reference made to them has been that necessary in dealing with their general characteristics, and not with their more special qualifications, or with their capacity for achieving greater success. Nothing so enfeebles the dramatic effect produced by the player's art as a lack of intelligence, and a failure to realize the delicate subtleties of conception and the niceties of emotional expression, on the part of the actor. In these important respects there is need that the male portion of the company, at any rate, should give more attention to their representations, while all might find profit in increased histrionic study and the acquisition of more general culture. Limited as we have hinted our space to be, we are constrained also to omit reference to those actors whose temporary engagement during the past month have given us pleasure—notably to Mr. McWade, in the *rôle* of Rip Van Winkle, whose calm and unobtrusive acting, and pleasing interpretation of the part, we should have liked to have done justice to.

Let us, however, before closing, revert to the subject of our opening remarks—the apparent insensibility of our theatre audiences to the exhibitions of the dramatist's art in all but the broader lines of comedy or of farce. If we are serious in desiring the elevation of the drama, and of utilizing the stage as a medium for the inculcation of lofty moral truth, as well as a means of wholesome and legitimate recreation, it must receive more recognition from those whose influence in society is effective for good. As a means for good or evil the theatre is an all-powerful factor; and the class who usually hold aloof from it, from conscientious motives, have a duty to perform towards it far other than the negative one of ignoring or condemning its influence. The stimulus that a keener appreciation of the actor's profession, and a greater sympathy with him in his work, is capable of giving to managerial enterprise cannot but be admitted; and where this is extended to those engaged in theatrical management, directed in their work by cultivated tastes and influenced by high ideals, the result must be helpful to the progress of æsthetic culture and beneficial in its educational and social aspects to the community.

LITERARY NOTES.

Referring to our announcement of October last, with respect to the arrangements made for clubbing THE CANADIAN MONTHLY with the London *Academy*, we have the pleasure to add that similar arrangements have been made with the Toronto *Nation*, notice of which will be found, with terms, appended to the prospectus of this magazine for 1876, published on the fourth page of the cover. Specimen copies of the *Academy*, together with the *Nation* and THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, will be forwarded free to the address of any intending subscribers.

A new volume of Sermons of the Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of Brantford, entitled "Christ and Christian Life," is announced for early publication.

Messrs. Belford Brothers, Toronto, send us copies of their new reprints of recent novels —"Norine's Revenge," by Miss May Agnes Fleming; and "Parkwater;" or "Told in the Twilight," by Mrs. Henry Wood.

Activity in the domain of religious thought seems to be much stimulated just now by the discussion that is taking place, both in the old world and the new, on the "burning questions" concerning Christian doctrine, &c., and which bear fruit in the following announcements which we transcribe for the information of book hunters and those more specially interested in their subjects:—"The Credentials of Christianity," the new volume of the Christian Evidence Society; "The Doctrine of Retribution," the Bampton Lecture for 1875; "The Doctrinal System of St. John considered as evidence for the date of his Gospel," by the Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A.; "Canonicity, or Early Testimonies to the Existence and Use of the Books of the New Testament," by A H. Charteris, D.D.; "The English Bible: an external and critical history of the various English translations of Scripture, with remarks on the nature and necessity of revision, especially of the New Testament," by John Eadie, D.D., LL.D.; "Foundations of Religion in the Mind and Heart of Man," by Sir John Byles; and "A Dictionary of Christian Biography and Doctrines, between the times of the Apostles to the age of Charlemagne," edited by Dr. Wm. Smith.

Messrs. Brown Brothers, Toronto, have now completed the issue of their manifold varieties of Canadian Office and Pocket Diaries for 1876. The enterprise of this firm, together with the superiority and adaptedness of their manufacture of these useful articles, has secured them the market against all foreign competition. It will be sufficient to say that their series meet every possible requirement, and that the workmanship is creditable to their manufacturers.

Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co.'s important publication of "The Canadian Almanac" for the coming year is announced for the 8th inst., comprising the usual large amount of valuable information respecting Canadian affairs,&c.,&c.

Messrs. James Campbell & Son have just issued a Canadian copyright edition of "Sankey's Hymns and Songs," with music, which have met with an enormous sale in Britain during the author's sojourn there in company with his brother evangelist, Mr. D. L. Moody.

Messrs. T. & T. Clark, of Edinburgh, the publishers of the valuable "Foreign Theological Library," have just published a translation of Prof. Luthardt's defence of the authenticity of St. John's Gospel, under the title of "St. John, the author of the Fourth Gospel." So much has come from the negative school of writers on this subject, that the work of so able an apologetic writer as Prof. Luthardt will be eagerly looked for, and his verdict in favour of the accepted canon be gladly hailed.

Messrs. Longman announce the fourth volume of Prof. Max Müller's interesting series of essays, chiefly on the Science of Language, under the title of "Chips from a German Workshop." This issue is to complete the series of papers. The same firm announce a collection of the Lectures delivered in America, in 1874, by the late Canon Kingsley.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to India has already had its effect in the publishing world in the announcement of a number of works on India, its native princes, its history, scenery, &c., &c. Many of them are elaborately produced in chromo-lithography, photography, and high-class wood engraving. The holiday trade bids fair to have a large competition from this description of illustrated presentation books.

Mr. Murray's announcements embrace the first volumes of Mr. John Forster's "Life of Dean Swift," and Dr. Wm. Smith's long-promised work, "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities." A new volume from the pen of Samuel Smiles, entitled "Thrift," and a new work by Mr. St. George Mivart, entitled "Lessons from Nature as manifested in Mind and Matter," are announced from the same house.

The new novel of George Macdonald, author of "Alec Forbes," &c., is now published in book form. It has been appearing in the London *Graphic*, and is entitled, "St. Michael and St. George."