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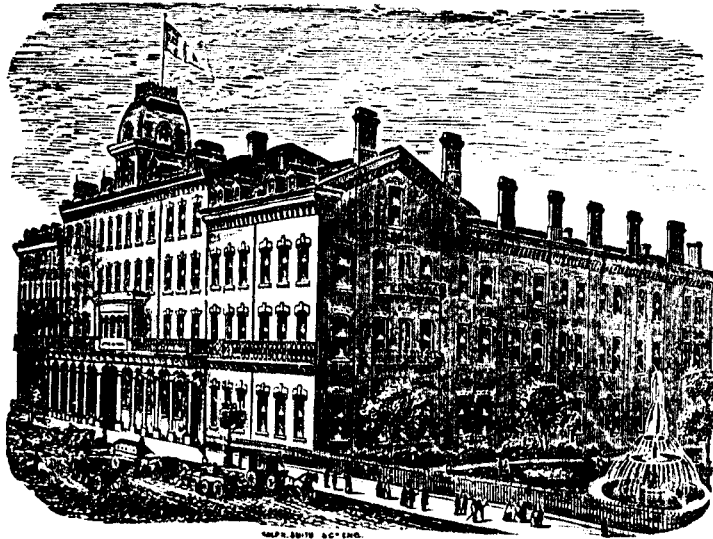
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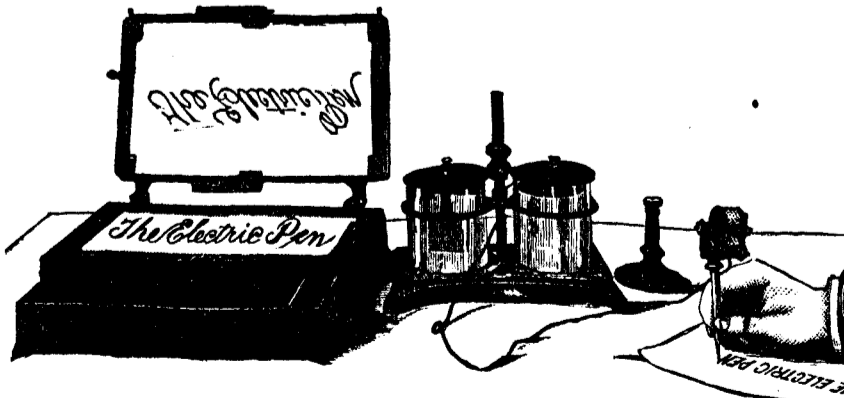
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THE TIMES.

The fight "at Ephesus" has commenced in good earnest, and in very correct Ottawaian style. The speech from the throne was not at all provoking; it propounded no new theories of government; revealed no new lines of policy, and gave no promise of bold measures on the part of the Government. So far as the legislative work of the Session was foreshadowed by the speech, the members of the loyal opposition, and large numbers of the loyal non-opposition, might just as well remain at home. The Premier did certainly exercise a wise discretion in the preparation of his bill of fare, for anything sensational in the speech would have complicated his difficulty. This Session it will be a fight for dear life—that is to say, for office. The Government had the misfortune to stumble on something worse than a blunder, to begin with—the re-election of Mr. Anglin to the Speakership of the House of Commons. He had been disqualified not only for occupying the Speaker's chair, but for occupying a seat in the House; was compelled to resign; was re-elected, and passed, as a new member, straight to the chair of the House. Sir John A. Macdonald was perfectly correct in taking the position he did, and in a just and order-loving assembly would have been supported by the majority. But a small matter of that kind was soon passed over. The speech from the throne came on for discussion, having these points in it: a reference to the Governor-General's visit to the North-west; the Fishery arbitration (accepted with becoming humility); the Sidney Exhibition (highly approved, and likely to lead to large results as to the matter of trade); the Paris Exposition ("exposition" this time, not "exhibition" as in the case of Sidney,—Prime Ministers ought to make the fact evident that they know French as well as most other things); the St. John fire; Indian treaties (by which certain Blackfeet, Blood and Pigeon brothers yield all claims to certain lands in the North-west); Sitting Bull (couldn't Mr. Bull be induced to go to the Paris Exposition?); Pacific Railway Surveys (of which reports will be given, and on which a gentle debate may be expected—no reference to past scandals by either party); the settlement of the North-west; and sundry. Not much to quarrel about, when all is counted.

The Synod of Toronto in connection with the Episcopal Church has a difficulty on hand, small at present, but likely to become greater. The Bishop intends to take a journey to Europe for purposes ecclesiastical and personal, and asks that a coadjutor shall be appointed to administer Episcopal affairs during his absence. The Bishop has grown old, and his coadjutor will, in the nature of things, be his successor in office. But no financial arrangement has been made for the support of the assistant. A man can be found, however, to do the honourable work for nothing, the Provost of Trinity College. Said Provost is known to be considerably High Church in his ecclesiastical notions, and it is suggested that he will lead the churches that way. A majority of the clergy go with him—showing the clerical tendency—a majority of the laity are opposed, for they see in this "the thin end of the wedge." But the clergy will, as usual. What the result will be none can tell.

Montreal has been in a flutter of pleasurable excitement, and its commercial and other ailments have for a while been forgotten under the spell of Vice-Regal influences. His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin have submitted with their accustomed graciousness to a round of festivities expressive of the loyalty of the people, and attesting the very high regard in which the personal qualities of Lord Dufferin are held. A reception, a ball, a banquet, a conversazione at the "Windsor," the opening of the McKay Institute and the conferring of college degrees have been enthusiastically and successfully carried out to the credit of Montreal, and in honour of one who is a deservedly popular and worthy representative of our Gracious Sovereign.

The seething of the Turco-Russian cauldron has been suspended, much to the disappointment of fiery journalists, hungry place seekers and commercial gamblers. But a few days since, the war fiend had full possession of the telegraph, and was doing its utmost to ignite every dried stick and withered leaf within its reach. We were asked to believe that the old world countries would instantly plunge into conflict to drive the Russian from Constantinople, vindicate the rights of the immaculate Turk, and protect British interests. Patriotic Canadians were said to be arming for the fray, and we shall not be surprised if we are yet told that this demonstration has had profound influence with the Court of St. Petersburg. Happily the intelligent and manly public opinion which prevails in England has held in check the dogs of war, deadened the flame of selfish passion, and made more possible a wise settlement of the harrassing Eastern question.

The aristocratic *Post* is indignant with Earl Derby, whose common sense has kept his country out of many a scrape, and whose prudence has modified the warlike aspirations of his colleagues. It speaks pitifully concerning the foreign minister, suggests his retirement from office, and the engraving of "The Dardanelles" as the epitaph on his political tomb. The *Post* promises "to speak in extremely moderate language until deeds shall justify the resumption of that confident tone in which the England of Lord Palmerston used to maintain the cause of law and order." We think it proper that the *Post* should indulge in moderation for once, and we shall be greatly mistaken if any reasonable demand for the adoption of a "confident tone" present itself, especially if that depend upon a revival of the ferocious policy with which the administration of Lord Palmerston was always identified.

A long anticipated event has directed the world's special attention to the seat of Papal rule, and the resources and intentions of the Romish hierarchy. Pio Nono, who for a quarter of a century occupied so prominent a position amongst the monarchs of Europe, and who had to abandon his temporal sovereignty at the bidding of the Italian people, has at length been liberated from what he termed his prison, and will henceforth be spoken of as the distinguished dead. We are naturally curious to learn the decision of the Conclave in reference to the appointment of a successor. It might be very instructive to the world at large, and suggestive to the members of the Roman Catholic Church themselves, if the mode of discovering the infallible course of Apostolic succession were to be disclosed. Other branches of the church catholic, too, might be advantaged, and their faith confirmed, by a knowledge of the true method of electing a Pope.

An index to the probable results of the passage of the Silver Bill is furnished by the following excerpt from the London *Examiner*:—"A further relapse in United States bonds accompanies the increased belief in the probability of the Legislature establishing silver at par. We note, however, a feeling that some modificatory measure will be taken which will prevent any further material decline. The adoption of silver currency would probably, by raising the value of silver, compensate in another way. We hear it gravely remarked that no matter what the United States does in adopting silver instead of gold dollars for the payment of coupons, the balance of trade favourable to America would prevent a loss to the bondholder, just as the foreign holder of French rentes receives his interest in its full equivalent of gold. But in the first place the adoption of such a plan would cause so large an immediate selling of United States stock that the national balance of indebtedness would almost of necessity be against that country. And, further, in France, artificial value is given to silver by the limit put upon its coinage, and no one can say that in America a limit will be put into operation. The resolutions in favour of a silver currency, although distinctly affecting Government bonds, have failed to produce much movement in the price of silver. We presume it is to some extent kept down because the German Government is known to have a large remainder of silver to dispose of."

Whilst the commercial life of the United States is agitated by visions and dreams concerning the Bland Silver bill, the religious atmosphere is being perturbed by the great question of future retribution. Talmage has fired up, as a matter of course, and settled the whole difficulty to his supreme satisfaction. If the five thousand who listened to his declamation were filled, it must be added to the list of modern miracles, for the loaves were remarkably small and the fishes unspeakably stale.

PIUS IX.

We are yet too near the living form of Pope Pius IX. to form an accurate judgment of the man. True, he is dead, and his clay is coffined, and will soon be buried out of sight, but men who have filled a great place in world-thought die slowly. When a figure has become familiar, a part of the ordinary scenes of daily life, it is difficult to think of it as gone, wrenched away, filling a part in the drama no more. When another has filled the same place for a time—has acted the same part through some scenes—then, and not till then, do we know that the past is past, and the man is really dead. And only then, perhaps, can a just estimate be formed of the character of the man, and the nature of the work he did. A great and important personage the Pope of Rome must be—being a link in a chain which may be traced back until the twilight of fable hides it, but leaves evidence that it goes farther back still. And the glory is not merely that which is derived from antiquity, and not merely a reflection of past days and deeds of greatness—but the Pope is still great, greater than any king of the earth. He is the real head of one hundred and fifty millions of human beings—his word to them is both mercy and law—his power goes forth to the ends of the earth, the delicate movements of a vast machinery are in his control—when he curses, millions tremble—when he blesses, they rejoice. If to judge another justly it be necessary to understand somewhat his position, then must the late Pope be beyond ordinary judgment, for few men can even in fancy grasp the full importance of the power wielded by the temporal and spiritual head of the Church of Rome. But according to our lights we must think and speak even of so great a person as a Pope.

Born in stormy times, as to matters ecclesiastical, living through the long period of eighty-five years, which witnessed a series of violent changes—dying at last while a storm was thundering through all Europe, Pius IX., or Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti, as was the real name of him—was never a true child of the storm. Not a man of the world at all—that is, not a cunning, crafty schemer—and not a diplomatist, but altogether a man of the Church, that is, an ecclesiastic by nature and grace, he yet seems to have had but little fitness for the high office to which he was called. He was deeply pious—dreamt dreams and saw visions—had ambitious ideas worthy of a Hildebrand, but lacked calmness and dignity and moral force—so needed to impress the world. As Priest he was devoted to his duties, doing his manful work in an earnest way; as Bishop he manifested an admirable capacity, and had they left him there he might have done all demanded of him, filling his office. But promotion fell to his lot. First administrator of ecclesiastical affairs in an important diocese—then Papal Nuncio at Naples—then Archbishop of Imola in the Romagna—then Cardinal—and then Pope.

There was great rejoicing in all Europe when Cardinal Ferretti was called by the unanimous vote of the Cardinals to assume the Pontifical tiara. For there was a great opportunity at hand for inaugurating reforms, and he seemed the man likely to embrace it and do the needful work. The temporal power of the Popes had been most shamefully abused. Italy was corrupt from centre to circumference—high-handed authority, a pitiful subjection, and crime at the base of it all. It was the Italy of the dark ages, against which the Waldensians hurled such accusations; it was the Rome on which Martin Luther looked and became at once disenchanted. Fanaticism everywhere; misgovernment everywhere; and social and political foulness everywhere. Work enough for any man, the cleansing of those Augean stables. But it was hoped and confidently believed that the Cardinal Ferretti had heart and will for the task. He was personally popular on account of his geniality, his piety, and the capacity he had already displayed in doing the work of a Bishop.

The Italians were not only sick of their own crimes, and in want of social and political reforms, but deep in the heart of them burnt a desire for that which afterwards was called "Italian Unification." Centuries of factious excesses leading to horrible crimes, followed by long periods of silence on account of exhaustion—a silence which was only a dumb degradation, had not been able to extinguish the national spirit or destroy the deep and passionate desire that the parts of the natural whole, so violently and disastrously wrenched asunder, should be brought together again into one body politic. Not more surely did the Jews look and long for deliverance from Rome by the coming of Christ, than did Italy look and long for the re-union of its divided members. The Italian could not believe in the permanent disintegration and degradation of his country. It was hoped, and did appear at first, as if the new Pope had got understanding of the temper of the times. A storm had arisen, was sweeping with great force through divided Italy, threatening to abolish many abuses and shake to the ground some institutions, old, but not venerable, because not good, and it seemed as if the Man had come who could guide the storm and control its fury. Hope kindled an enthusiasm which could scarcely be restrained. Pius the IX. found himself the object of a strong popular affection. But the hope was doomed to end in speedy disappointment. The skies had cleared but for an hour or two—again they gathered

cloud and blackness. It was seen that the Pope had neither the heart nor the power for the work required of him. Instead of seeking to guide and control the storm of revolution, he set himself to oppose and beat it down. The first, he might have done; the last, not a stronger than he could have accomplished. He had not measured its force, nor comprehended its meaning, but dared to stand in the way—he was swept on with the other obstructions. The Revolution is ordained—it is for the people's good; God's will must be done.

In 1848 the revolution was upon them; the Pope was beaten down, though he commanded earth and heaven to send him help; his detested adviser, Count Rossi, was murdered, and he himself driven from Rome—compelled to wander in disguise, and find a refuge at last in Gaeta, a Neapolitan town. From thence he carried on the only war possible for him, that is, the fulmination of decrees and curses and such like innocent things, at which the objects of his temporal and ecclesiastical anger did but laugh, most of the civilised world joining in.

After a year and a half spent in Gaeta the Pope was restored to Rome by the aid of a French army. To Rome, but not to the ancient temporal power. That had received a shock from which it could not recover. The wounded man put on fine raiment, covered himself with all the splendour of earthly authority, but the people knew that the grandeur was but seeming, and that under it was incurable weakness. That was made abundantly apparent, when in 1860 the King of Sardinia took into his own keeping a large portion of the Papal territory. That King had the mind to take it all, as being his by ancient right, and but for the intervention of France would have carried out his purpose. The Pope struggled hard, but was borne along by the resistless march of events. That temporal sovereignty, which dated back to the time when Pepin, of France, gave the Exarchate of Ravenna to Pope Stephen II. because Pope Stephen II. had baptized the world and blessed the devil in the person of Pepin, a conspirator and an assassin, came to an end under Pius IX. Completely to an end. The successor of Hildebrand and Innocent III., who had laid deep and strong the foundations of the Papal power, whose word made kings tremble, and whole nations to obey, found himself stripped of a glory, which for eleven centuries had shone in the eyes of the world, cities, towns, and lands owning him no more—the Vatican the last and only spot on earth he could call his own.

At the time when these events were happening, just when, as all men having eyes could see, the temporal power of the Papacy was tottering to its fall, the Pope asserted his own infallibility, a dogma which only a small part of the world would accept at any time. It was at best a bold, but ridiculous effort to strengthen a failing cause. It challenged the blind faith of the people; from some came eager response; from some others a distinct negative, while many others held it in secret, though silent contempt. Not much better was the reception accorded to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854. It was seen that the Church had departed from its old conservative policy, had brought into contempt the once proud motto and boast of *Semper Eadem*, and turned to violence and change, to prolong, if not to greaten its own life. The Church, conscious of losing its hold upon the people, made wild, convulsive efforts to regain its ancient power.

But it was too late. Every effort ended in failure. France withdrew its protection from the Pope. Victor Emmanuel took possession of Italy, completing its unification. Bismarck led the attack in Prussia, and the Falk laws, though new, were mightier than all the dogmas of Rome. In France, Gambetta fought for the Republic, and won it, in spite of Bourbon intrigues and clerical factions. The Pope might have escaped such complete disasters had he been a wiser man, having more knowledge of the times, and more respect for the logic of events. But he allowed the Jesuits to give him a policy, and Jesuitism is not likely to lead to permanence, because its aim is to establish despotism. The personal character of Pope Pius IX. was, doubtless, admirable; he had great faith and strong convictions, and had he fallen under the guidance of wise, disinterested men, might have failed less signally, perhaps, would have won some great success. But the Ultramontanes were his guides, and they guided him to disaster.

Who the next Pope shall be, at this time of writing, we know not. The Cardinals are in conclave, and, if reports be true, harmony is not a distinguishing feature of their discussions. On whomsoever the choice may fall, the chosen must accept a lot of hardness and trouble. The Catholic world, outside of Lower Canada, is not amiable as to its mood. Unrest and dissatisfaction prevail. Education is making progress, and some changes—thoughts of freedom for the conscience, and the universal mind, right of private judgment are deepening and broadening in the human mind. In spite of all appearance, we believe that Ultramontanism is a fetter men have grown weary of, a yoke they will not bear much longer. Let the next Pope pursue a policy of Jesuitism, let him refuse to recognise the teachings of history, let him continue to demand a blind belief in impossible doctrines, and the Church which now so proudly claims to be one and united, will be broken into a thousand fragments, and be scattered by the strong breath of an enlightened opinion.

ON PRAYING.

The Church Militant has many men of speech, a few of them having the gift of eloquence, fewer still the power to offer public extempore prayers so as to lead the mind of the worshippers to dwell on the spiritual side of life, the verities of the universe, and the great God Himself. The Roman Catholic Church discovered the rarity of this gift quite early, and decreed that the few should serve the many. A liturgy was provided for the clergy, written in stately, unchanging Latin, so that the slow of speech could pray in the language of eloquence, and the dull could think with the thoughts of a passionate piety. The Anglican Church has inherited an affection for a liturgical form of service; and, with few exceptions, very beautiful, very simple, very earnest, and so quite sublime, are the prayers of the Episcopal Church; when not spoiled in the reading, they are mightily impressive. But, to read prayers well or ill is not praying. An earnest spirit will scarcely be content with this mechanical piety, for it must give vent to the thought of the mind and the feeling of the heart, when face to face with Deity, as at no other time. The Puritans were earnest men, and had things to say to the Almighty which the framers of the liturgy had not thought of; so it was put away, and prayer in public was extemporised. The Nonconformist and Methodist Churches of England have the same notion as to those sacred things; they pray, with some few Methodistical exceptions, without a form.

But the happy medium seems not yet to be found. Men use the liturgy who should not, at least not always; and men do not use it all who should. They do not pray, as anyone who has but a slight acquaintance with the clergy must know; they talk a little with the Lord, telling Him many things of time and eternity, as if they knew all, and He but a little. A form is fallen into quite unconsciously; it starts at one point, and, going the round, ends at another, with dull uniformity. On the part of the audience, some go to sleep, some wish they could, while a few cry out in soul agony, "Oh, that the man would pray, would speak out of his experience into the ear and heart of God." But no; there is no wild crying to heaven as of a soul in pain; no subdued and awe-stricken speech, as of a spirit oppressed with a sense of God's presence and holiness; no glad shouting, as of a heart made joyous by the working of mercy; but words running into sentences, and sentences into paragraphs—and nothing more. The early Romans, and the later Anglicans, were right; better enforce a liturgy on all, on even the few who can utter prayer, than force men to pray before the people, who have neither natural gift nor divine ordination for the work.

Prayer is the most difficult exercise to which mortal can turn his powers. Only a few of all the ancient patriarchs and prophets could pray, as far as we may judge from the records given. The Old Testament has many sermons in it; but the reported prayers are few. David was essentially a man of prayer; and the Church has taken to praying in his words. A glance at the royal psalmist will explain that. He was a man of deep and strong passion—of a vast and vivid imagination, which, wandering from the centre to the uttermost fringes of life, clothed all things in garments of heavenly grandeur. Behind the visible he saw the invisible; through the material shone the immaterial; and all things of earth told of the Ruler of all things on earth and in heaven. He was a poet, having a poet's dreamings and power of speech; a poet's fine frenzy, and wild rush of thought. He was also a man of varied experience; suffered and enjoyed as only the few can; had been most highly exalted and most deeply abased; and when over all, and under all, and in all, he saw God, his soul rushed out in words. He spoke from his own mind and heart into the mind and heart of Deity. Moved by joy, or sorrow, or love, or hate, or hope, or despair, he said or sung it out.

A few in these latter times have the same genius. They pray mightily, because they feel deeply and strongly. They have imaginations—a very human experience; a vivid, overwhelming sense of sin and the beauty of holiness; a hate of the evil they see and sometimes do, and a love and desire for goodness. So they talk with God as a child to its mother, and not as a Domine to his class, as is the way with some, or as a courtier flattering a King, as is the way with some others. They pour out the earnest soul in plain but passionate language which rapture, and carry away to the throne of God, the mind and the heart of an audience.

Such men should have no liturgy enforced upon them. It clips their wings, and hinders their loftiest flights. The difference between them and the ordinary preacher is the difference between the poet and the penny-a-liner—between the architect and the stone mason. And in actual practice this difference should be made—the man of genius for prayer should have a liturgy to which he can turn when not in the mood for extempore prayer; and the man who lacks the genius, and uses a liturgy, should be allowed to pray extempore when the rare mood or inspiration is on him. Thus no Church seems to strike the happy medium, or to make even an effort to meet and utilize the variety of talent it has at command. Those will be a blessed people who can be broad enough and free enough, to leave their clergy free to use a ritual,

or not, just as it may suit the mood, or manner, of those who have to lead the devotions of a congregation.

The foregoing remarks have been inspired by the perusal of a book called "Prayers, with a Discourse on Prayer,"* by George Dawson, M.A., of Birmingham, edited by his wife. It is a book of rare excellence, and of great value. George Dawson was in every way a remarkable man. He broke away from the orthodox theology—scoffed at much that was evangelical—was a critic—a vivisectionist as far as dogmas go—and yet few knew how gentle, how tender, how profoundly pious he was. The publication of these prayers will not only ennoble his memory, but will give another evidence of the true power of extempore prayer. Each prayer in the book is based on some event, or thought of his own, or passage of Scripture. It is short, pithy, pure and simple: calm as a rule, yet sometimes strong, earnest, passionate—as if the man had flung his soul into his words. He spoke from his own heart into the heart of God. He prayed, and the congregation must have prayed with him. The language is sublimely simple—the thoughts burn—the sentiments sink down into the mind to live there. They must have been prepared, those prayers; a questionable thing—but they are good, which is beyond question. Clergymen should study this book, it will tell them how Man may feel and express himself before the Great Giver of all good. And, perhaps, it may teach them how to speak in simple, but appropriate, language to Him who hears all true and earnest prayer.

For family devotions this book would be valuable. It will be found to give expression to many and varied feelings; for old and young it has a thought and a voice.

* Published by the MILTON LEAGUE, Montreal.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

Addison says: "A wise man is satisfied when he gains his own approbation, a fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him," but we think self-approbation in Addison's day must have been much harder to gain, self-conceit not such a besetting sin in that age as it is in ours, or he would hardly have penned those words; in fact, it is his readiness to set our own opinion above that of others which gives rise to so much of that false "principle" spoken of in a recent issue of the SPECTATOR.

But while we do not agree with him that self-satisfaction is any evidence of wisdom, neither do we think that the desire for praise marks the fool; were it so mankind must be one vast assemblage of those interesting personages, for there is no feeling more widespread nor more deeply rooted in the human heart. Without this incentive to exertion, how many of those who have taken their places in the front rank of statesmen, orators, generals, poets, authors, would have remained forever in the shades of obscurity, or never risen above mediocrity; and how many noble deeds and thoughts would have been thus lost to the world! Without this desire for fame, how many of those whose talents best fit them to serve their country in the field or in the senate would spend their days in the indolent enjoyment of retirement rather than share the toils and anxieties of public life! How many deeds of self-denial which the world has never heard of have been prompted by the hope of receiving a word of praise perhaps from but one pair of lips; how many desponding ones have been cheered on to dare and do great things by one word given in time; how many hoping ones have been disappointed and gone back to the depths of despair by one word withheld, we shall never know; but certain we are such things have been and will be again. Surely we may judge motives as well as men by their fruits and what more prolific in good deeds than this?

None will deny that the fear of punishment and the hope of reward are legitimate objects to set before children, yet few would not think him a nobler child who would do a thing because he would be called a good boy than he who would do it because he was threatened with a whipping if he neglected it, or promised a piece of cake if he performed it.

We are persuaded that this motive is not sufficiently set before children either at home or at school. The parent who never praises his child, the teacher who never praises a pupil for duty done will not only have less love but less obedience than he who never fails to give to the deserving a word of commendation. It is not, we acknowledge, the highest of all motives, but there is none so high to which it does not add new intensity. Love of right is nobler, but who acts from love of right behind which does not lurk the hope of praise? We can admire the conduct of the noble Athenian heroes who gave to their country a name among the nations which shall never die, but which of us would follow in their footsteps were we sure that the only reward we should have would be such as they received in their lifetime—fine, imprisonment and banishment? Nay, we rather prefer to think with Tennyson:—

"The path of duty is the way to glory,
He that treads it only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes
Shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which out-redden
All voluptuous garden roses."

The path of duty is at best a thorny one; is it just, then, while leaving the thistles which we cannot remove, to pluck each blossom ere it bursts, and rob it of all brightness which might cheer the toiler on his way?

True, like all other good things it may be abused; we may regard that as praise which is not worth the name, and miss the substance in pursuing the shadow. That the remedy is not to be found in decrying the real article, but in learning and in teaching others to discriminate between them. True praise will always be marked by one quality—sincerity—which alone distinguishes it from flattery, that spurious coin which serves but to show forth the baseness of

him who would attempt to make it current, and the ignorance of those who would receive it as such, or knowing its real value, not feel degraded and insulted, rather than honored by the attempt to press it upon them.

Since the great Creator Himself has deigned to be pleased by the praise of the weakest of His creatures, provided only it be not lip-service, surely we ought not to be above receiving real pleasure from the sincere praise of any of our fellow-beings.

But, again, the value of praise is proportionate to the dignity of the character of the giver; for which reason we should be not only wrong, but foolish, did we act in such a manner as to forfeit the approbation of the All-Good, even though we thereby purchased for ourselves world-wide and never-ending earthly fame. Did we keep those two points in mind, there would be very little danger of our running upon those quicksands which sometimes engulf those who are lured on by the desire for praise; and, in proportion as we act ourselves and influence others to act on the principle to praise that which is praiseworthy and value the approbation of the good, so shall our individual characters become more lovely from the motive which makes us desire to make them lovable, and the world at large shall become better, till we reach that much-to-be desired state of things in which "the good alone are great."

"Till in all lands and through all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory."

F. B. G.

PHYSICIAN AND PHARMACIST.

The relations existing between the practice of pharmacy and that of medicine, are, by the very nature of things, most intimate. Indeed, so closely are they allied to one another, that the former is often characterized as the handmaid of the latter. And yet, though thus intimate, though pursuing parallel paths, the best interests of both demand that they should be kept separate and distinct. Whilst then physicians as well as pharmacists should aim at preserving their several professions intact, the public are by no means unconcerned spectators, since the health of mankind is involved in the question. The physician may make a correct diagnosis of his case; he may prescribe the precise remedies indicated, but his diagnosis and prescription will prove alike valueless, if not followed by correctness on the part of the dispenser. From imperfect acquaintance with his art, the incompetent pharmacist may, owing to similarity of terms, or other accidental circumstances hazard valuable life. A clerical error on the part of the physician—for doctors are not infallible—may on the other hand, if unchecked by the druggist, lead to serious results. We are not supposing impossible cases, by any means. The daily press has again and again recorded instances of the former nature, and as for the latter, we venture to assert that there are few pharmacists of any standing in our city who have not at some time or other returned recipes to the prescriber for revision.

In Europe and the United States, the necessity of a line of demarcation between the two professions has been fully recognized for many years. In Germany, France and England, pharmacy is a recognized branch of science, and an organized course of study provided for, either under the direct supervision of the State, or indirectly through the medium of schools of pharmaceutical chemistry. The druggists of Lower Canada—especially those of Montreal—fully alive to the necessities of the case, have ever since 1865, made zealous endeavours to raise the standard of their profession. Schools of pharmacy have been established for the proper training of the young men pursuing their studies. These latter are required before entering upon those studies, to give satisfactory evidence that they possess a fair education. Powers have been obtained whereby the governing body, or Board of Examiners, can exclude from the exercise of the calling of chemist and druggist, such parties as prove upon examination to be incompetent. In fact every precaution has been taken to guard the best interests of the public in this important matter. Comparing the efforts in this direction put forth by the druggists, since their legislative recognition, with those made by the doctors during the period of their guardianship, the latter dwindle away to nothing. Every one knows that the druggists of this province were by law, prior to 1875, under the supervision of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. To this latter body was accorded the power to examine candidates, issue licenses to practice, and to oversee the training of pharmacists. They had also power to prosecute parties practising without their license. So far, however, from exercising that power, they allowed the law to become a dead letter. No attempt was made to prevent incompetent persons from dispensing drugs and medicines. Under their regime even broken down tavern-keepers became transformed in the short space of 24 hours into practising pharmacists.

Not content, however, with ignoring the provisions of the very laws, by virtue of which, they claimed the right of interference in matters pharmaceutical, the physicians—dog-in-the-manger-like—strained every nerve to prevent the passage of the Pharmacy Act, and succeeded in delaying its adoption for four years. It is hard to characterize the course pursued by the Faculty, without using harsh language. To find its parallel we must go to Russia, where we find the Apothecaries struggling to improve their commercial and scientific status, in the face of a bitter and determined opposition from the "Medical Council." Such should not be the case. The physician is equally interested with the public, in any measure which will ensure the training of able and intelligent pharmacists. He is also interested—if he have his own profession at heart—in preventing the amalgamation of the two. Any doubt on this point is speedily dissipated, by a reference to the records of the past. We find that the birth of true pharmaceutical science, dates from the time when pharmacy and medicine were divorced, and physicians no longer occupied themselves with the preparation and dispensing of drugs. Comparing those days with the present, what a contrast we have. Then the ashes of a toad were considered of immense therapeutic value, and its proper calcination a triumph of pharmaceutical skill. Now we have as remedial agents Acids and Salts, Alkaloids and Resinoids, Alcohols and Ethers—real triumphs of pharmaceutical skill. The fact is, to be a thorough pharmacist involves acquirements which it is utterly impossible for a successful physician—one who makes medicine his life's study—to attain. He—the pharmacist—must in addition to informing himself as to the origin, use, and properties of medicines, be more or less versed in many departments of

chemistry. He must understand the atomic theory, be able to conduct analyses, whether volumetric or gravimetric, quantitative or qualitative; must have mastered the system of valency, have some acquaintance with chemical toxicology, and be able to determine the specific gravity of fluids and solids. A curriculum of study such as the foregoing, if faithfully followed, necessarily claims the whole attention of an ordinary man, and precludes the possibility of excelling or even succeeding in any other branch of medical science. Viewing the subject from this standpoint, we can have no difficulty in accounting for the ignorance of physicians during the period they exercised both callings. It is obvious that he who would follow the study of medicine cannot become a practical pharmacist. Nor can he who would acquire a knowledge of pharmaceutical chemistry pursue the study of medicine at the same time. By a parity of reasoning it becomes equally evident that a physician is not calculated to make a good preceptor of pharmacy. The actual details of the latter science can only be acquired from a practical pharmacist. We have known students of pharmacy at Laval, to be entertained (?) for a whole hour over a verbal description of pill-making.

It becomes apparent, then, that the public interests demanded some such change as that so successfully inaugurated by the druggists.

Whilst it is an undoubted fact that they have made for themselves a status which the public cannot possibly refuse to recognize, it is evident that they have still some difficulties to contend against. The recent newspaper discussion over the percentage system, reveals a state of things which is anything but creditable to either doctor or druggist. It is unprofessional on the part of the doctor to demand or receive a percentage on the medicine consumed by his patients. It is equally unprofessional of the druggist to comply with such demand. More than that it is manifestly unfair to the great body of pharmacists, to single out one or two of their number, as the only persons capable of duly dispensing medicines; so unfair indeed as to be almost libellous. The stores of those outside the compact are shunned, and they themselves crippled financially—this, too, through no fault of their own, but solely because they do not happen to have secured the favour of one or two popular physicians. But the evil of such a course extends itself beyond all that, and affects in a serious manner public interests, by removing a great incentive to pharmaceutical research. How can it be expected of youth and the hoarded savings of their scant and hard-earned pay in the acquiring of pharmaceutical knowledge and skill, if on completing their studies, they are confronted with a system which shuts them out from all competition with their fellows, and debars them from putting into practical use that knowledge and skill. It is at this point that public interests coincide with those of the pharmacists. By endorsing a monopoly such as that under discussion, the public inflict a lasting injury on pharmacy, making it an undesirable branch of medical science for young men of talent to enter upon. That the public can remedy the evil is certain. By the system complained of, heads of families and others are influenced in their choice of a pharmacist by their physician. This is not as it should be. The same discretionary powers which actuate them in selecting a doctor, should be exercised in choosing a druggist. By using those powers without any reference to the predilections of physicians, the public can easily break up this unprofessional combination. In a large city like Montreal—possessed of so many efficient pharmacists—the intelligent householder can have no difficulty in making a judicious choice. Nor will he be compelled to traverse the length and breadth of the city in order to do so, as every quarter has at least one well appointed drug store.

It is somewhat singular that physicians who use their "undue influence" to build up any particular drug-business, "for a consideration," seem utterly blind to consequences. It can well be understood that the more physic their patients consume, the greater their profits will be. It matters not then how honorable they may be, how unlikely to pursue such a course, they certainly lay themselves open to the suspicion of cramming their patients with drugs for the sake of the percentage.

We would ask these physicians who profit by this system, if they recognize the unenviable position in which they place themselves. Are they aware that they are neither more nor less than hired touts—on a level with hotel-runners, *et hoc omne genus*—and consequently are contributing towards the lowering of their profession?

It is obvious that the druggist who consents to this monopoly in his favour, is equally culpable with the doctor. Apart from participating in a course which virtually tends to unlimited slandering of his compeers, he becomes guilty of dishonest practices. In order to avoid loss by the percentage, he is compelled in self-defence to advance the charges on his medicine, so that the patient pays for medicine, advice and interference.

It is gratifying to know that this practice is by no means universal. There are many of our first physicians who frown it down, as far as they can; many who recognize that there is an unwritten code of social duty which should be respected by physician and pharmacist alike. It is to be hoped, therefore, in view of the undesirable state of feeling between the two branches of the great medical profession, that the doctors, as a body, will recognize the desirability of at once and forever putting a stop to so unprofessional a custom.

W. AHERN.

NON-INTERVENTION.—For God's sake do not drag me into another war! I am worn down, and worn out, with crusading and defending Europe, and protecting mankind; I must think a little of myself. I am sorry for the Spaniards—I am sorry for the Greeks—I deplore the fate of the Jews; the people of the Sandwich Islands are groaning under the most detestable tyranny; Bagdad is oppressed; I do not like the present state of the most Thibet is not comfortable. Am I to fight for all these people? The world is bursting with sin and sorrow. Am I to be champion of the Decalogue, and to be eternally raising fleets and armies to make all men good and happy? We have just done saving Europe, and I am afraid the consequences will be, that we shall cut each other's throats. No war, dear Lady Grey!—no eloquence; but apathy, selfishness, common sense, arithmetic! I beseech you, secure Lord Grey's swords and pistols, as the housekeeper did Don Quixote's armour. If there is another war, life will not be worth having.

"May the vengeance of Heaven" overtake all the Legitimists of Verona! but, in the present state of rent and taxes, they must be left to the vengeance of Heaven. I allow fighting in such a cause to be a luxury; but the business of a prudent, sensible man, is to guard against luxury.

There is no such thing as a "just war," or, at least, as a wise war.—*Sydney Smith.*

CHARACTERISTICS AND WANTS OF CANADIAN AGRICULTURE.

While the general rules that govern agriculture are the same all the world over, every country has a husbandry peculiar to itself. Its character becomes moulded and fixed by the force of circumstances. There is a certain adaptation about it, and in the study of that adaptation, the secret of success is to be found.

Perhaps the most conspicuous and striking feature of Canadian farming is to be found in the newness of the country which forms its field of operation. So far as the date of its creation is concerned, Canada is as old as Palestine, but it was all primeval forest until a comparatively recent period. In many localities, that ubiquitous personage, "the oldest inhabitant" remembers when the first tree was felled, and the light of day let into the original wilderness. At that time, there was neither sphere nor scope for skilled husbandry, and high farming.

The all-absorbing thought with the hardy pioneer was to make a clearing. "A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes on the thick trees." There was wholesale and indiscriminate slaughter of the woods and forests. Trees were looked upon as the farmer's natural enemies, to be exterminated as unsparingly as the wolves and bears that found lairs in their shade. Hence the older sections of the country have been cleared to bareness, so that the landscape, in many localities, has a naked look. Fields and farmsteads are without shelter. Timber has become scarce for fencing, building and mechanical uses. Climatic changes unfriendly to agriculture have been thus induced. There can be little reason to doubt that the rain-fall has been lessened, and that our now almost chronic summer droughts have been largely caused by a too thorough removal of the trees. The country has been laid open to the sweep of fierce winds. Fall wheat, our choicest product, can hardly be raised now in districts where once it was the chief pride and main dependence of the farmer. If belts of sheltering timber had been left, this crop could be grown without difficulty or uncertainty. Had farm-yards been kept embowered with trees, the average temperature in winter would have been several degrees warmer, the comfort of stock greater, the consumption of food less, and the profit of farming higher. The pioneers were a hardy and industrious race.

"How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!" But they were sadly unscientific and improvident. This is not to be wondered at in view of the fact that most of them knew nothing of either theoretic or practical agriculture. They came to a new home and a new occupation, having everything to learn in the stern and costly school of experience.

Beneath the shade of the now obsolete forest, the early settlers found a virgin soil of astonishing fertility. Its humus was the accumulation of ages. Not only had majestic trees been reared by the rich leaf-mould, but it held a store of wealth for the coming farmer. That store of wealth should have been regarded as capital on which to trade in perpetuity. Instead of this, it was used as spending money, and lavishly squandered. Most of our farmers have run a spendthrift career. They have cropped and cropped again, with the most exhaustive products, neglecting to return to the land by timely manuring, the wealth annually abstracted by abundant harvests. Dire necessity had something to do with this. With their farms to pay for, their families to keep, their stock, tools, and implements to buy, it was not so surprising that they drew upon the virgin soil to the utmost extent possible. But ignorance, as well as necessity, prompted their course of procedure. A better knowledge of scientific agriculture would have dictated smaller clearings, better tillage, more attention to stock raising, and the application of manure while the land was yet in good heart. It is a well authenticated fact, that barns were moved by some of the early settlers because accumulated mountains of manure obstructed access to them! Surely the force of ignorance could no farther go when it had reached this absurd length!

A process of restoration is now the great want of Canadian agriculture; restoration of tree growths, and restoration of lost fertility. The highways ought to be avenueed with trees; groves planted around farm-steadings; and the fields belted with rows of evergreens. Experienced horticulturists well understand the value and importance of shelter. Farms need it, equally with gardens. What is farming but gardening on a large scale, and what is gardening but farming in miniature? The accomplished gardener has recourse to close board fences, evergreen hedges, and even stone walls, to protect the tender growths that are his care; and farmers must adopt similar precautions. There is no lack of trees close at hand both for shade and shelter. For shade, there are the maple, elm, linden, oak, hickory, walnut and many more that must be named to make out a full catalogue. For shelter, there are the cedar, hemlock, and spruce. In all the northern parts of Canada, the White Spruce (*abies alba*) abounds, and there is no finer evergreen in the known world than this. It is not only the peer, but the superior of the far-famed Norway Spruce. Under the lee of a towering wall of verdure, that defies alike the scorching heat of summer, and the arctic cold of winter, in "this Canada of ours," fall wheat will escape the "winter killing" which is now its bane, choice orchards will endure our trying vicissitudes of climate unscathed, and tender growths will flourish that are impossible of culture under present circumstances.

Restoration of lost fertility is another urgent want of Canadian agriculture. A system to which the late Baron Liebig, severely but correctly, gave the name of "spoliation" has been pursued to well-nigh its uttermost limit. As a natural result of it, the impression is widely prevalent that farming does not pay. Alas for "our bleeding country" if this be so! Agriculture must be the basis of our national prosperity, if we are to have any. Unless we can make farming pay, the country will drift into bankruptcy without help or hope. The old system of improvident, exhaustive tillage, that is ever drawing on the resources of the soil, without paying anything back, will not pay. It is like drawing cheques incessantly on a bank account, without making any cash deposits; the result, "no funds." Stock-raising and cattle feeding must be gone into more extensively. "No stock, no manure; no manure, no crops." The opening which now presents for the shipment of our fat cattle and sheep to Britain, and their sale at paying prices there, is most opportune in view of our agricultural condition. There need be no fear of over-production, with such a market accessible. In some

districts where a too exclusive course of grain growing was formerly pursued, the farmers have taken to root culture and stock raising with the best results. In others, grass-growing and dairying are working a welcome change for the better. What is needed is that the whole country should awake to the imperative necessity of recuperating the soil. Better farming is loudly demanded.

If there is to be better farming, there must be better farmers. Those who till the soil must become educated, not in a general way alone, but in the specialties of their vocation. Farming is a business, and men require to be educated and qualified for it just as for every other business. The idea that anybody can farm, is no more sensible than the kindred ideas that anybody can make a horse-shoe, build a house, do cabinet work, prescribe for the sick, conduct a law case, or preach a sermon. There is a widespread prejudice against book-farming and scientific agriculture, which cannot be too soon thrown to the winds. "The coming man" will be a reading man in every walk of life, agriculture not excepted. There is no lack of books and periodicals now, treating on every department of the farmer's calling. It is a pleasing sign of the times that every respectable journal designed for general circulation, devotes a portion of its space to matters of rural economy. There is no excuse for ignorance now, whatever there may have been half a century ago. Even if a farmer's early education has been but scant, there is abundant help for him in the teeming issues of the press. "Read and you will know" is an unerring talisman. Let him study and master the principles of his noble calling; let him emulate the example of the most successful tillers of the soil; let him farm with brain as well as muscle, and he will achieve results of which he little dreams at present.

He will make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and take rank among the benefactors of his race. He will prove himself a true patriot, and be held in grateful remembrance, when thousands of blatant politicians are deservedly forgotten.

WM. F. CLARKE.

Lindenbank, Guelph.

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

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

II.

ST. LUKE xiv. 11-32.

We come to-night to the time of the young man's wandering. We saw last week what sort of a mind was in him. A bold, daring, restless mind it was, a mind that would not be content to move in the old ways, and embrace an old power of faith without knowing the why and the wherefore of it. That spirit of enquiry will soon manifest itself in actual wanderings. You cannot keep it at home, it will rebel, it will rise up in defiance if driven to it. And you must not imagine that these are just the vagrant minds, the worst and lowest, deserving only your pity or scorn. They are of the highest order, they are the most generous and true. It is often love of truth that compels them to break away from the creed of their church or their home. They are driven to wander by the lofty desire to find a larger and a truer faith, a more correct interpretation of God's character and dealings with the world. Massillon, the great French preacher, in a magnificent sermon on the subject of "Religious Doubts," describes all wandering from faith as the direct outcome of sensuality. He says that men persuade themselves into doubts upon religion, and coin false creeds for the sake of killing their conscience or excusing their profligacy. I take leave to question that. It may happen now and then. A rule of universal application it is not. I believe the implication is very limited, of course some wander very jauntily away. It is not unusual to see youths smiling at their father's creed, to hear them mocking at old and venerable forms of faith and interpretations of law, youths who are just as destitute of all knowledge of the subject as they are of all modesty. They read some weekly periodical, weekly, in more than one way of spelling and qualifying a noun, but think themselves most wondrous wise. I always feel toward them as I do toward small boys that I see smoking in the street, the only argument I want to use is a stout cane. But the many of those who wander are impelled by a fierce hunger and thirst after truth, they long to have some better thing in calm possession. If constrained to move in the narrow rounds of the elder brother's ways, life would become intolerable. This younger son, if I have read his nature right, found no pleasure in gathering his portion of goods together. "Not many days after," says the parable; well there were days intervening, and I can imagine that they were days of agony to him. He would wish he could settle down and be at peace: he would wish he could for ever thrust doubt and questioning from his mind. He looks upon the calm face of his brother, and wonders why he too may not be content. But he cannot, he is drawn, he is driven, voices are calling him night and day, and at last, with a heart well nigh broken, he says "it must be," and gathers his goods together and takes his journey into a far country. "And there spent his money in riotous living," says the parable. But the parable only indicates certain stages, it only gives a bare outline. Only a comma here divides the journey and the riot. But what does that comma represent: how much of struggle, of searching, of anguish of soul? No man goes at a bound from obedience to license, from faith to falsehood. It comes to him gradually, he drifts into it almost unconsciously. From the departure to the riot is a long journey and many experiences must be passed through on the way; speaking from personal experience and observation, what are they?

The first stage of that journey lands him among the Theologians, and he gets his first experience there. He finds first of all among them some great general truths of religion, broad and deep principles that have life in them. And he claps his hands for joy, he has found his Canaan and without them. They tell him of God, the one creator and governor of the world, and the Allprovider. They teach him the doctrine of the soul's immortality, and the certainty of retribution. They teach him the moral obligation binding upon every man and all men to obey the law of God. They teach him that there is a connexion between man and God, whereby man receives inspiration and guidance and blessing. Also, and springing from that, a connexion between man and man, making it a duty on the part of one to love another, of all to love each, and of each to love all. Also that man being a sinner, not by his birth, but by his conscious act, God has found out a ransom for him. All that he learns, and in all that he can

rejoice. But he is not allowed to rest there. They begin to tell him all about God. Just as he has made up his mind to think of God as the Father of mankind, invisible, yet greatly felt by all His children, as sowing the earth with pleasures, as He has sown the heavens with stars as making provision for the happiness of every disposition and every human taste; as in providence caring for all, and in love saving all; I say just as he has made up his mind to think of God that way, he is startled by a peal of theologic thunder, and blinded by a flash of theologic lightning. He is taught, not by word, never by word, but by implication, which any honest man will find in what they say; he is taught by implication that God is finite, not infinite, is not perfect, but imperfect, imperfect in love, in power, in wisdom and in justice. He is represented as being at times full of mercy, and at other times hot with a vengeful anger. At one place he is taught that God is omnipotent, but is always thwarted by the devil, his purposes ever being broken off: the children of his mind and heart stolen from him never to be restored again, for the roaring lion has divided the world with the Maker of it. Light is eternal, and so is darkness—misery is as immortal as joy—sin as holiness—hell as heaven.

At another place he hears most of this ridiculed as worse than folly. They use such words as Liberality and Breadth and Utility. They talk of love at the root of all things, and love as the arch of all things, but he finds that this love is but weakness, for mercy to be perfect must have an attribute of justice. And it occurs to him to ask, "Why, if Love is God and God is Love—if the universe is ruled upon the principle of tenderness—why is there so much oppression—why so much weeping and woe in the earth—why so much sin and consequent sorrow?" He asks that—that question which at some time or other will break from the lips of every serious man. He asks the why and the wherefore of so much evil—and the moment he does that he has put his finger upon the awful, gaping, bleeding wound of the universe. He goes from school to school of Theology; hears heavy professors talk in a heavy way, as if they had studied the art of dullness; little parties here and there mumbling out their Shibboleth after the pattern of the Fathers. Great parties here and there with minds discordant and hearts opposed. Contradiction everywhere—assertion and contradiction. Each quite sure of himself—his reason and his judgment. But those many theologic palaces made mostly of straw, can give the young enquirer no home, or even resting place. It is an awful time for him. He is beginning to lose himself in this maze. He is in a dense, dark forest, a score of ways seem leading out, but wherever he turns the road is lost again in the thick undergrowth. He can but flounder on, sick at heart because he has had to give up much, and the mind which was once so calm is now a chaos.

But hold!—what is the sound that comes breaking the silence of the forest, for a sound it is now, swelling—sonorous. He goes toward it, eager, hopeful, Perhaps he will find some teachers here who will solve the problems that trouble in his mind. Ah, he is fortunate, for he has happened upon the sacred cloister of the modern sages where all wisdom is taught. They greet him heartily—congratulate him on having broken with theology and applaud him for his manifest desire to seek and find the truth. Enquiry, they say, is good if in the right direction. And this is the right direction. Science and philosophy will tell the secret of life and the universe. Theology is a science falsely so-called: the facts of theology are at variance with the facts of science. The Hebrew story of creation is a beautiful myth—nothing more. See here, this bit of stone, this bone of an old world mammal—tell another story from that of Moses. And the young enquirer is glad. He will find help now, for he is in the place where they teach with authority. He puts his great first question—"See here, my masters, I am troubled. I used to think of God as a familiar friend: to my childish imagination he was near and always smiling. But I have eaten of the fruit of knowledge and all is changed. The old belief is gone, and yet, I would believe in God—in a King of kings and Lord of lords. I have had moments when the vision took a sweep of meditation, and a great mystic presence seemed to wrap me close around—or, I seemed to grasp as upon some granite pillar and climb until my head broke into a bright, silent, spiritual world, and turning this way and that, I saw, or thought I saw, a God. Again and ever again, as it seems to me, there falls upon my ear a voice. I listen, but cannot tell the words. Will you interpret for me my thought and my vision, for I would know the truth, whether I and the world have a God or no. I would know myself, my life and destiny." And they give him lofty answers with lofty air of wisdom. The first to take the teacher's chair is the immortal British Sphinx. He is a well-bred man, no coarse and slovenly scholar, but a man of culture, of refined sentiments—a man who by natural right has inherited all the wisdom of the past, and borrowed a little from the future. So he is sage and prophet all in one. I mean—who else could I mean—Mr. Matthew Arnold. He opens his mouth and says, "Hear instruction, my son, and listen to the voice of the wise man. I will teach you in the way of 'sweet reasonableness.' I will lead you through flowery fields of knowledge until you shall feel restful in possession of the sweetness and the light. I will show you how to look in literature for true and beautiful dogma. But put away your foolish notion as to God—you have learnt it from the Bible—it is coarse, it is not poetic, it is not philosophic—it is simply—anthropomorphism." "What is that—I beg your pardon, I scarcely caught the word." "I said it is simply anthropomorphism—that is to say, in general, as God is said to have formed man in his image—the image of God—man has returned the compliment, inwardly or outwardly, and has made God in the image of man. So you have constructed a non-natural man by dropping out all that in man seems a source of weakness and inserting the contrary. That is your God. Put the notion away. I will tell you what God is—it is the Eternal Power, not ourselves that makes for righteousness." And the young man who has caught something of the teacher's sweetness and is dazzled by the teacher's light, repeats the mighty phrase, "An Eternal Power, not ourselves that makes for righteousness,"—and meekly to his own soul says, "I wonder what it is?" And the great man says, "You do not understand, dullard that you are, then let me put it in a plainer form, 'God is but the unconscious deification by man of natural law.'" Ah, here is puzzledom commenced. God a non-natural man. God the unconscious deification of natural law. But others come to make it easy—and he puts again his question, "Masters of knowledge, tell me have I a God—what is he? who is he?" "Oh yes," makes answer one well known, "You have a God, for there is somewhere in the universe a maximum finite brain—a finite intelligence higher than all others. Oh no, do not talk of an

Infinite Mind and Will, there is no such thing, there can be no such thing. God is simply the biggest Biologist—the most prodigious Protoplastologist." Confusion worse confounded. What can it be, what will the young man do? He wants bread, and they feed him with wind. He asks for simple answers which a plain man might understand, and they mock his desire with show of wisdom and high sounding words. And what is worse, he finds infinite confusion and endless contradiction in their schools. Talk of the strife of theology and churches—it is a heaven of sweet harmony compared with the clash and jangle and discordant noise in the camps of philosophy and science. What and who is God? is his eager question—is He here—is He father and brother to me—all wise, all powerful, all loving—does goodness go forth from Him to bless and beautify the all of things? Oh no, says Matthew Arnold, speaking for philosophy—"God is only the deification of natural law by ancient Hebrews, only the Eternal Power, not ourselves that makes for righteousness." "Oh, no," says Huxley, speaking for science, "Don't speak of a conscious being, God is simply the greatest scientist of life, which we call Biology. He is simply the great Originator, which we call protoplasm." "It is nonsense to talk of it at all," says S. Mill, "There is no God of any kind, don't use the word except for public purposes to compel decency and order." "Oh yes," says Tyndall, the greatest charlatan of the age, who has just brains enough to appropriate to himself the work of other men. "Oh yes, there is some being you must call God, for in my healthy moments of contemplation, when I see the buds at Spring time bursting into leaf or flower, I feel that there is a mind somewhere greater than my mind, a vast, informing and energizing power working at the roots of all things." So atheism has more theories than theology. Science speaks with the confused tongues of Babel. They all bear eager testimony for negation, but as when Christ stood before his accusers, "neither so doth their witness agree together." "And what about man," asks our young enquirer, now made desperate by bewilderment, "what about man, his origin, his life of intellect and emotion, and his future destiny?" "Oh," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "it is simple enough; man has evolved himself out of the primary inert unconscious pulp. He is the first—the protoplastological evolution of all consciousness." "Nothing of the kind," says Prof. Tyndall, "Man has been developed by the operation of an insoluble mystery." "You are not correct," speaks out our Darwin, "I have traced man back step by step, process by process, and I find that man has been evolved from a monkey. The multitude of ages have been silently but surely working hard to flatten his face a bit and take his tail away." "Bah," says Carlyle, the great worshipper of force, though it lie in the boots of Peter the Great, "I am weary of that, what a poor, miserable, stinking thing it is, Darwin's philosophy of dirt." "See here, I will show you all about it," says Auguste Comte, the science and philosophy of human life, "Read these my books, they are only 94, and you will find that man has three stages; first, the theologic, in which you probably are—a time of childhood, when he must have a God and form of worship; then, the metaphysic stage, to which these gentlemen, the men of science and philosophy have reached; and then, the third stage, which is the positive stage, and which I have reached, in which knowledge is perfect and God is needless. Reach after that and in wisdom find peace." And so they jangle and jar, and use great words to blind the unsuspecting—and build up pretentious looking phrases which, when examined, have of one God, who in Kingdom rules all—and in Providence cares for all—and belts the earth around and touches all with power and will to bless—he has two heartless, pulseless and passionless brother, and "must be" his grim and cruel and ruthless father. Where shall he go? Who will show him any good of truth? Discord everywhere. Do you wonder that he begins to doubt it all? man's life—when the soul begins to find that many of the props it has blindly rested on are not only old, but rotten, and all of them to be suspected: when the soul begins to feel that horrible insecurity which springs from the fact that the hand has loosed its hold upon things once dear, and now the hand is empty, and so is the aching heart. It is an awful hour; let him who has passed through it say how awful, when life begins to lose its meaning and shrivel to a span: when the sad mysterious Here seems to point to no Hereafter—when the grave appears the end of all—God dead and all men orphans—human life but as a floating bubble on the wave, to clash against some rock and break and pass quickly out of sight; when the sky above is but a dead expanse, black with the void from which hope, and even God himself have disappeared. From the edge of that dread abyss some recoil back to a narrower form of faith and life, and find rest in unquestioning assent to some creed that is called infallible. With New-depts, and then in fear and tenderness recoil back and back, to rest in the arms of a tyrant Romanism. They will give up the intellect nor venture further in the way of search. But others like this young prodigal will take the plunge. It looks like liberty beyond. No shadowed gloomy land at all, but smiling fields, and waving forests, and running rivers and singing birds, and feasting men and women. No bewildering theology, no puzzling theories of scientific truth, but liberty and joy, and joy and liberty. So they go crashing over the barrier and into the land of the alien. That is the next stage, among the harlots and riotous

livers. It is not difficult to know what is meant by that. Some of you can recall passages in your past life that will answer to it. The casting off of all restraint, the complete abandonment of mind to all that can intoxicate and bewitch, the God, whose love shall grieve or anger wax hot, no heaven to seek, no hell to shun, no cords of moral law to bind to duty; no outcry of the conscience, no violence done to reason, but liberty, full and perfect liberty. Then if ever that honour is made less than gain, and pleasure is the only duty. Then, if ever the profligate in mind becomes profligate in life, the inward evil bursts out stream. Oh a grand time has come to the wanderer, a time of freedom and of joy: how he laughs at the old scarecrows and bugbears that used to make him tremble! He wonders that his brother can be such a fool and stay in such a narrow home. What a farce all the forms of worship are. What hypocrites the

prophets and priests. If men would only take the trouble to think and search, what a glorious freedom they would find: they would shake off the old enthraling superstitions, laugh at creeds, and those who made them, use the world or abuse it as they liked, for who should call them to account. Higher law, there is none, expediency is the highest law. Be honest if it is politic, or otherwise if not. Enjoy, enjoy, be free and full of joy. So the wanderer is free, away from creeds and dogmas, will have none of them. He has forsaken the church: will have no more of the humming and drumming of parsons, or the farce of an empty worship. I shall show you next week how the feast went on,—the flesh and the wine he took, and how it came to an end; how the sun scorched, and the hot winds blew, and all of green withered, and all of flower perished before his eyes; how the wayside springs got dried up and choked with heat and dust, and how at last there arose a mighty famine in that land and he began to be in want. How he cried to "matter" and "must be," and got no answering voice, and how he tried to feed on husks which the swine did eat. Are you going that way? pause my brother or my sister. Before you take another step, before you practise more of what you are pleased to call "free thinking," look at Christ, read His parables and the sermon on the mount, and say if you do not see a God reflected in all His life and speech. Do the doctrine of Christ and you shall find and know God. Cultivate purity of heart, and the clouds of unbelief shall part above you, and looking through the rift with joy and satisfaction you shall see God, and be for ever blessed. I sympathise with all who desire to find truth. I can quite understand how it is men break away from the old monstrous theologies. I have studied the philosophic and scientific teachings of the day, and know something of the lofty pretensions men make and the hollowness of their high sounding words, but before you allow their puzzles and quibbles and follies to drive you to intellectual abandon and riot, I pray you consider the matter further. These narrow, cramping creeds are not the only ones: there are broader and better, and those men of whom I have spoken have not circled all knowledge and the science. By a mere speculation in which you have been indulging, your brain is filled with an immense clatter of opinions, questions and arguments that confound the reason. Try another way to knowledge. Go out and live the truth you know; you are sure it is right to do right—do right; you are sure it is right to be just—be just then. Begin with a good life, and by and by you will get a good creed. Lay the foundation of just conduct, so shall you build up your manhood in the likeness of Christ, until the top stone is brought off with shoutings of grace, grace unto it.

A MODERN 'SYMPOSIUM.'

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

(Continued.)

The fact that it is impossible to comprehend how it is that a physical state gives rise to a mental state, no more lessens the value of the explanation in the latter case, than the fact that it is utterly impossible to comprehend how motion is communicated from one body to another, weakens the force of the explanation of the motion of one billiard ball by showing that another has hit it.

The finest spiritual sensibility, says Mr. Harrison (and I think that there is a fair presumption that he is right), is a function of a living organism—is in relation with molecular facts. In that case, the physiologist may reply, 'It is my business to find out what these molecular facts are, and whether the relation between them and the said spiritual sensibility is one of antecedence in the molecular fact, and sequence in the spiritual fact, or *vice versa*. If the latter result comes out of my inquiries, I shall have made a contribution towards a moral theory of physical phenomena; if the former, I shall have done somewhat towards building up a physical theory of moral phenomena. But in any case I am not outstepping the limits of my proper province: my business is to get at the truth respecting such questions at all risks; and if you tell me that one of these two results is a corrupting doctrine, I can only say that I perceive the intended reproach conveyed by the observation, but that I fail to recognise its relevance. If the doctrine is true, its social septic or antiseptic properties are not my affair. My business as a biologist is with physiology, not with morals.'

This plea of justification strikes me as complete; whence, then, the following outbreak of angry eloquence?—

The arrogant attempt to dispose of the deepest moral truths of human nature on a bare physical or physiological basis is almost enough to justify the insurrection of some impatient theologians against science itself. (P. 631.)

'That strain again: it has a dying fall; nowise similar to the sweet south upon a bank of violets, however, but like the death-wail of innumerable 'impatient theologians' as from the high 'drum ecclesiastic' they view the waters of science flooding the Church on all hands. The headles have long been washed away; escape by pulpit stairs is even becoming doubtful, without kirtling those outward investments which distinguish the priest from the man so high that no one will see there is anything but the man left. But Mr. Harrison is not an impatient theologian—indeed, no theologian at all, unless, as he speaks of 'Soul' when he means certain bodily functions, and of 'Future life' when he means personal annihilation, he may make his master's *Grand être suprême* the subject of a theology; and one stumbles upon this well-worn fragment of too familiar declamation amongst his vigorous periods, with the unpleasant surprise of one who finds a fly in a precious ointment.

There are people from whom one does not expect well-founded statement and thoughtful, however keen, argumentation, embodied in precise language. From Mr. Harrison one does. But I think he will be at a loss to answer the question, if I pray him to tell me of any representative of physical science who, either arrogantly or otherwise, has ever attempted to dispose of moral truths on a physical or physiological basis. If I am to take the sense of the words literally, I shall not dispute the arrogance of the attempt to dispose of a moral truth on a bare, or even on a covered, physical or physiological basis; for whether the truth is deep or shallow, I cannot conceive how the feat is to be performed. Columbus' difficulty with the egg is as nothing to it. But I suppose what is meant is, that some arrogant people have tried to upset morality by the help of physics and physiology. I am sorry if such people exist, because I shall have to be much ruder to them than Mr. Harrison is. I should not call them

arrogant, any more than I should apply that epithet to a person who attempted to upset Euclid by the help of the Rigveda. Accuracy might be satisfied, if not propriety, by calling such a person a fool; but it appears to me that it would be the height of injustice to term him arrogant.

Whatever else they may be, the laws of morality, under their scientific aspect, are generalisations based upon the observed phenomena of society; and, whatever may be the nature of moral approbation and disapprobation, these feelings are, as a matter of experience, associated with certain acts.

The consequences of men's actions will remain the same, however far our analysis of the causes which lead to them may be pushed: theft and murder would be none the less objectionable if it were possible to prove that they were the result of the activity of special theft and murder cells in that 'grey pulp' of which Mr. Harrison speaks so scornfully. Does any sane man imagine that any quantity of physiological analysis will lead people to think breaking their legs or putting their hands into the fire desirable? And when men really believe that breaches of the moral law involve their penalties as surely as do breaches of the physical law, is it to be supposed that even the very firmest disposal of their moral truths upon 'a bare physical or physiological basis' will tempt them to incur these penalties?

I would gladly learn from Mr. Harrison where, in the course of his studies, he has found anything inconsistent with what I have just said in the writings of physicists or biologists. I would entreat him to tell us who are the true materialists, 'the scientific specialists' who 'neglect all philosophical and religious synthesis,' and who 'submit religion to the test of the scalpel or the electric battery,' where the materialism which is 'marked by the ignoring of religion, the passing by on the other side and shutting the eyes to the spiritual history of mankind,' is to be found.

I will not believe that these phrases are meant to apply to any scientific men of whom I have cognisance, or to any recognised system of scientific thought—they would be too absurdly inappropriate—and I cannot believe that Mr. Harrison indulges in empty rhetoric. But I am disposed to think that they would not have been used at all, except for that deep-seated sympathy with the 'impatient theologian' which characterises the Positivist school, and crops out, characteristically enough, in more than one part of Mr. Harrison's essay.

Mr. Harrison tells us that 'Positivism is prepared to meet the theologians.' (P. 631.) I agree with him, though not exactly in his sense of the words—indeed, I have formerly expressed the opinion that the meeting took place long ago, and that the faithful lovers, impelled by the instinct of a true affinity of nature, have met to part no more. Ecclesiastical to the core from the beginning, Positivism is now exemplifying the law that the outward garment adjusts itself, sooner or later, to the inward man. From its founder onwards, stricken with metaphysical incompetence, and equally incapable of appreciating the true spirit of scientific method, it is now essaying to cover the nakedness of its philosophical materialism with the rags of a spiritualistic phraseology out of which the original sense has wholly departed. I understand and I respect the meaning of the word 'soul,' as used by Pagan and Christian philosophers for what they believe to be the imperishable seat of human personality, bearing throughout eternity its burden of woe, or its capacity for adoration and love. I confess that my dull moral sense does not enable me to see anything base or selfish in the desire for a future life among the spirits of the just made perfect; or even among a few such poor fallible souls as one has known here below.

And if I am not satisfied with the evidence that is offered me that such a soul and such a future life exist, I am content to take what is to be had and to make the best of the brief span of existence that is within my reach, without reviling those whose faith is more robust and whose hopes are richer and fuller. But in the interests of scientific clearness, I object to say that I have a soul, when I mean, all the while, that my organism has certain mental functions which, like the rest, are dependent upon its molecular composition, and come to an end when I die; and I object still more to affirm that I look to a future life, when all that I mean is, that the influence of my sayings and doings will be more or less felt by a number of people after the physical components of that organism are scattered to the four winds.

Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and all time. Shall we say that the stone has a future life?

It is not worth while to have broken away, not without pain and grief, from beliefs which, true or false, embody great and fruitful conceptions, to fall back into the arms of a half-breed between science and theology, endowed, like most half-breeds, with the faults of both parents and the virtues of neither. And it is unwise by such a lapse to expose oneself to the temptation of holding with the hare and hunting with the hounds—of using the weapons of one progenitor to damage the other. I cannot but think that the members of the Positivist school in this country stand in some danger of falling into that fatal error; and I put it to them to consider whether it is either consistent or becoming for those who hold that 'the finest spiritual sensibility' is a mere bodily function, to join in the view-halloo, when the hunt is up against biological science—to use their voices in swelling the senseless cry that 'civilisation is in danger if the workings of the human spirit are to become questions of physiology.'

PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

Douglas Jerrold's advice to a youth eager to see himself in print is excellent. "Be advised by me, young man—don't take down the shutters till there is something in the window."

WHAT THE TELEPHONE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CALLED.—We prophesied even better than we knew the other day, when we said that the adoption of so short a name as "Fernsprecher" for the telephone by the Germans was a matter of congratulation, because they would otherwise soon find a way of smothering it under some frightfully polysyllabic title. To show how closely the fortunate instrument has escaped this fate, a correspondent in Heilderberg writes us that no less than fifty-four names were proposed in German, all of varying degrees of length and atrocity. Some (we will not afflict the reader with the original titles) signified "mile tongue," "kilometre tongue," "speaking post," "word lightning," "world trumpet," and finally one inventor, collecting all his energies for a grand effort, triumphantly produced "doppelstahlblechzungen Sprecher." The jaw can be replaced by pressing on the lower molars with the fingers, and guiding the muscles with the thumbs.—*Scientific American*.

NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

CHAPTER IV.

NO SIGN.

No such intense public excitement had stirred Portmurrrough for years, as that which was aroused by the trial of Dominick Daly for the murder of his wife. It spread far and wide through all the northern province, and more people poured in from the towns than the Court-house could have accommodated had its dimensions been tenfold their extent. The deepest interest was shown in all the arrangements and rumoured arrangements, and the smallest particulars of the prisoner's bearing were received and detailed with avidity. The counsel for the Crown was an eminent barrister in large criminal practice; the counsel for the prisoner was almost as famous a member of the legal profession. It was understood that witnesses to character would not be wanting. Mr. Bellew had worked unremittingly and generously for the accused man, in whose guilt "it went against his instinct," as he said, to believe. It went against other people's instinct, as well, to believe that Dominick Daly was a murderer; but the case was a strong one—the facts were stubborn. It was said that the prisoner's communications to his attorney, Mr. Cormac, had been of the briefest and most meagre kind; and that the only defence to be set up—the "system" of the accused, as it would be called in French legal phraseology—would be the suggestion of certain modes by which the poison which had caused Mrs. Daly's death might have been mixed with the bicarbonate of soda, which, according to the prisoner's declaration, was the sole contents of the packet enclosed in Daly's letter to his wife. A letter, written strongly in the prisoner's interests, and more ingenious than judicious, in which a number of theories and possibilities on this point were set forth and discussed, had been published in one of the local journals, and had excited universal attention and comment. "Forewarned, forearmed," was said to have been the comment of the counsel for the Crown on this zealous indiscretion; "if we had been met, unprepared, with some of these theories, it might have been very difficult to upset them. As it is, there's time to smash them all at our leisure." The story—that is, the popular version of it—of Daly's relations with Katharine Farrell, and the supposed motive for the crime, had spread from Narraghmore in all directions, and had almost assumed the dimensions of a party question. There were those who upheld the woman, maintained her innocence, and declared that it was infamous to charge a girl who had so good a character as Miss Farrell's with being aught but the victim of a designing villain. There were those who maintained that if Daly was guilty, she had tempted him to the deed; who were ready to accept the oldest version of the oldest sin—"the woman beguiled" him. There was even a third party, who held a middle course, and said it was all a mistake: Daly was nothing to Miss Farrell, nor she to him; she had nothing to do with the matter. All parties alike were ignorant of the whereabouts of Miss Farrell. She had given up her school; and it was supposed, but not known, that she had gone back to her friends, Dr. and Mrs. Mangan; about whom, also, there was not a little public curiosity, for the dispensary doctor's assistant, a young man named Sullivan, was to be called by the Crown in the case, and his evidence would bring the possession of arsenic, which had been the fatal agent, home to the prisoner as closely as the prosecution had the power of bringing it. This was, it was said, the one comparatively weak link in the chain; the evidence on the point being strongly presumptive only. Concerning Daly's demeanour, public rumour was agreed. He had borne the long, slow weeks of his imprisonment with a silent composure, in which those who believed him guilty discerned the hardihood of a criminal, and those who did not so believe found the calm of conscious innocence. In this case, as in every other case in which the hearts of human beings are shut from human ken, people judging from externals judged at random, and saw no symptoms but those they were predisposed to see.

No fairer ever dawned over sea and land than the summer morning which ushered in the last hours of Dominick Daly's long anguish of patient waiting. The beauty of the earth was in its full, exquisite prime, and the deep buzz, the indescribable stir of midsummer life was abroad in the air everywhere. Even the brief journey in a close and guarded vehicle, from the prison to the Court-house, gave Daly a glimpse of the fulness of life and beauty which had come to the earth and the sky since he had last looked upon them, a free man. It was only a glimpse, however, he was soon in his place—that dreadful place into which he stepped, a strong man in his prime, with years of lusty life in clear brain, throbbing veins, and muscular limbs, and with all the natural yearning love of life which no sorrow can crush while health is unimpaired, which springs up into agonizing strength and vitality at the least menace to its treasure, and thrills with terrible anguish in the presence of such danger as his;—that dreadful place, which he might leave, young and strong still, but going down more surely to his grave than any fever-stricken wretch, whose hours of existence were only to be guessed—not counted—like his. The murmur and swaying of the crowd, the sound like the sea in a shell, the movement like the surging of a wave, came distantly to him, not hurtfully, for a moment, and he was in a dizzy dream where there were faces, where the solitude of the past weeks was not, and there were light and movement. The next, it faded, and all the hideous reality was before, and around, and with, and in him. He stood in a felon's dock, a turnkey behind him, to be tried for his life, for the murder of his wife. This was the court, these were the jurors on whose words his life would soon depend. He saw it all now, the face of the judge, the array of the lawyers, the men who would presently call the witnesses, those witnesses who would all tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, with the full assurance of their convictions, and assent of their conscience, and yet it would be the deadliest of all falsehoods that ever a grinning devil inspired men withal,—the crowd of spectators, whose faces wore every kind of expression from mere brutish apathy to keen curiosity, and from critical observation to compassionate interest. Yes, there were faces on which he read compassion, in his long look at the place of his agony, before he addressed all the powers of his mind and body to the process of it,—and they did him good. Yes, "good" actually came to the prisoner, whose dark, wasted face, thinned hair, and clothing hanging loose upon the frame it had fitted closely, told a tale which not one interpreted aright in that dismal hour. From first to last Dominick Daly bore his awful ordeal with quiet and manly courage.

The trial proceeded, amid the breathless attention of the spectators who were fortunate enough to have secured places, and was reported with tolerable fidelity to the crowd assembled outside—a crowd which conducted itself with exemplary order and decency. The solemnity, and something which there was of secretly-felt romance in the prisoner's position, appealed to the imaginative side of the Irish people, and nowhere among them would there have been heard the ribaldry and the brutal jests which a similar scene would have provoked among an English mob composed of similar elements. The trial proceeded with fatal smoothness, from the prisoner's plea of "Not guilty," to the examination of the witnesses, few but terribly sufficient. There was only one departure from the course which rumour had marked out to be followed by the counsel for the Crown; it was in the imputation and pressing of motive on the accused. Only a very keen observer could have detected the prisoner's anxiety on this point, or recognized his relief when the learned gentleman contented himself with generalities about the encumbrance on a young man's liberty of an elderly and invalid wife, a sufferer from a repulsive disease, necessarily separated from him, and a burden on his slender means. A modification of the latter argument was procured by the proving that the remnant of the murdered woman's own portion had sufficed to maintain her, but the favourable inference was balanced by the suggestion that the remnant would have reverted to her husband. The strong evidence of Daly's kindness to his suffering wife was easily disposed of by the plea of motive. A man who had such a crime in his mind would naturally seek to establish such a plea, by winning the intended victim's confidence; and was it not exactly this which the prisoner had done? To him, the only living being to whom her death would be an advantage, to whom her continued existence was an evil, the poor woman trustingly, unsuspectingly applied for advice and cure. There came over Daly's mind while he was listening to this a curious, impersonal sense, as of curiosity and question in some matter remote from himself. How easily, how readily, how much as a matter of course, the great criminal lawyer, habituated to the dark shades of human character and life, took for granted a situation abhorrent to the imagination of the man he was depicting, and impossibly unnatural to his character and his daily life! Could anything be too hard or too terrible for him to believe, knowing what

he knew, Daly dimly wondered, as he listened to the argument, as though it concerned somebody else? Perhaps not; and yet such a hell upon earth as the human soul given over to the devices which the glib, polished tongue, on whose accents the crowd hung, was describing, almost outdid his powers. His fancy travelled back to what had been the peaceful, prosaic, well-behaved truth of his former life, and for a moment amazement filled him—a feeling as though himself and all around him were utter unrealities, that nothing could be true, or have tangible existence, where so wildly false a theory was gravely put forward with any chance of ledge of the truth. This gentleman's grave picture of a state of things which never had any existence, his building up of a drama which had no scene, no actors, no life at all, was a trifling accessory to the general illusion of which Daly was the centre. Every few minutes as they passed by added a fresh link to the quickly-forming, soon-to-be-closed-up chain of evidence which should prove—a lie. And there stood the one who knew, the helpless prisoner, in the iron grip of the irresistible and dreadful law, the man by whose will all this was going on, whose word could tumble the whole card edifice into ruins.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

It is difficult to conceive why anyone should have written such a book as this, and still more, why one should be at the trouble of reading it. Artificial in style and sentiment, and without the slightest good taste in design or execution, it adds one more to the third or fourth-rate fictions with which we are inundated. The hero, "Ed. Lyne," falls in love, at the outset of the story, with a beautiful but insane young lady, whom he accidentally sees for a few moments in a lunatic asylum. After this cheerful commencement, it is not surprising that the rest of the book should be largely devoted to the lamentations of our hero over his unhappy fate. He loves "not wisely, but too well." However, as in fictions such as these, all things are possible, it is not surprising that when Lyne meets the lady of his dreams again she is not only a perfect cure, but far more self-possessed and intelligent than the average of young ladies. Her recovery appears to have been miraculous. But as the doctor, who "considered her case hopeless," remarks, "The human body is still a mystery, after science has said its last word. The human mind is a deeper mystery. While I doubted of her recovery, she recovered." After this conclusive and satisfactory statement, of course nothing more need be said, and Lyne is free to marry his "Queen of Sheba," who proves almost as wealthy, if not quite so wise as her Eastern namesake.

Being Americans, it is perhaps needless to state that all the characters are rolling in riches,—indeed the fortune of one individual is said to be "Vanderbiltish,"—and that they pass their time in Geneva, Lucerne, the Schweizerhof hotel, and the Alps generally.

SHAKESPEARE'S KING HENRY THE FIFTH.—Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe, A.M. With engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Mr. Rolfe is editing a very good and convenient series of Shakesperian plays, and has managed to present *variorum* editions, which in small compass and readiness of reference, furnish the general reader and the young student with nearly everything they need to read Shakespear intelligently and critically. The notes are numerous, well arranged and sufficiently full, and the present volume forms no exception to the excellence of the standard editions from which it is derived, the critical comments being very good, fully bringing out the development of the careless Prince Hal into the heroic king. The text is of much use. The general get up of these handy volumes is good, and the engravings, which are very fair, add to their value to the student. Mr. Rolfe is doing excellent service in a good cause, and his edition will be appreciated, not only by students, but by all who care for the great dramatist, and wish to know him well.

BEING A BOY.—By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

This book, with its spirited and graceful illustrations, is one of the most refreshing volumes we have seen for some time. We recommend it to all *exactly* boys, for it is necessary in order to its perfect enjoyment that one should have passed beyond the enchanted land of which it speaks. Dudley Warner's boy is an American, a New England boy to his finger tips; but he rings true to the boy nature all the world over. The author is recalling his own boyhood, glance half humorous, half pathetic, at the far away joys and sorrows which were so keen, and with which he came back all the sweet sights and sounds of country life. He looks with a takes us with him in sympathy and interest. Somehow, we feel that the edge has been rubbed off both pain and pleasure since then, by the friction of time. Can anything equal the "glorious feeling" when a boy is for the first time permitted to drive the oxen, walking by their side, swinging the long lash, and shouting "Gee, Buck!" "Haw Golden!" "Whoa, Bright!" and all the rest of that remarkable language, until he is red in the face, and all the neighbours for half a mile are aware that something unusual is going on. Where all is so good it is difficult to say what is best, but the chapters entitled "No Farming Without a Boy," "Riding to Church," "The Season of Pumpkin Pie," "The Heart of New England," and "The Advent of Sentiment" are all in the author's happiest vein. We quite agree with him in wondering if certainly everything in the heart of the New England hills to feed the imagination of the boy, and excite his longing for strange countries. We, of the city, lay down this book with a sigh. What with over-civilization, heated rooms, late hours, and luxurious fare, we fear lest the "old boy" should be dying out. But he comes of a good stock, and we trust that some chips of the old block are to be found amongst us even yet.

MARMORNE. The No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

The Messrs. Roberts some months ago commenced the publication of a series of novels, the authorship of which is to remain a secret, whence the designation of "No Name Series." The success of each work depends entirely upon the ability of the writer and is not helped by the prestige of a name on the title page; but so far the volumes published, of which there have been some dozen of various degrees of literary merit, have met with a good deal of favour, the ambitious conception having been, on the whole, well carried out. There is, of course, a good deal of inequality in execution, and much difference in style in the different numbers, but they are, as a rule, superior to most of the light literature now current, some deserving high praise and ranking with the best of fiction. The present volume is not, we think, up to the same standard. It is a tale, French in scene and treatment, slightly sensuous country life in France, and the end is not brought to a startling climax, as does away in which the dominant placidity of key is preserved throughout. Some scenes with the franc tirailleurs in the war of 1870 relieve the sameness, and there are here and there some and slowness. The carefulness of construction and attention to detail show study, and the whole tone of the story is graceful and refined. Though, as we have said, not equal to some of its predecessors, it is by no means to be condemned.

There is no being eloquent for Atheism. In that exhausted receiver the mind can not use its wings.—*Hare*.

A man may be a heretic in truth; and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, gladlier put off to another, than the charge and care of their religion.—*John Milton*.

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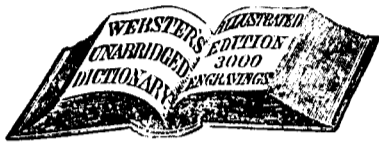
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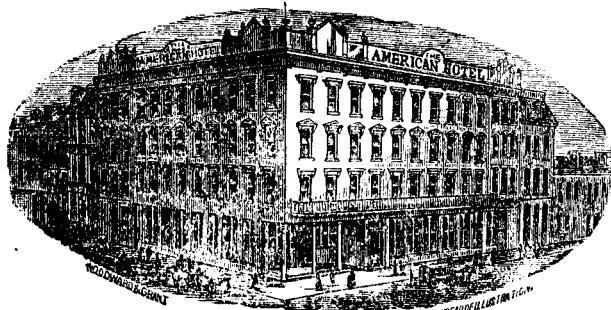
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