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"EVEN AS WE HAVE BEEN APPROVED OF GOD TO BE INTRUSTED WITH THE GOSPEL, SO WE SPEAK; NOT AS PLEASING MEN, BUT GOD WHICH PROVETH OUR HEARTS."

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CHARLES READE.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

[The design of these verses is to reproduce in swift, panoramic succession a few only of the representative characters and scenes of Charles Reade's novels. To have enlarged this conception to the extent of bringing forward *all* of his noteworthy personages and strong dramatic situations would have demanded a poem of inordinate length.]

THE worn Magician drops his wand! But see how clear and bright
His brave creations walk the world, beyond the grasp of Night!
No sickly myths of withered flower from Fancy's rootless bud,
But instinct with humanity, warm shoots of flesh and blood.

They come! They come! From first to last we clasp their loving hands,
Of varied tongues and hostile creeds, from diverse times and lands.
O! say what nobler brain and heart, in this, our fruitful age,
Hath left a worthier progeny to fill a lordlier stage?

"Good morrow, thou frank, fisher-lass."* Thou comest like a breeze,
Fraught with the scent of hawthorn-blooms and fragrance of fresh seas;
An air of large simplicity in glorious form and face,
But crowned with pride, and magnified by almost royal grace!

By Aphrodite! A brave sight to watch her flush and pale!
Borne o'er the cataract rush and sweep of Ipsden's magic tale;
Her heart is falcon-plumed, and soars above the antique years;
And in her eyes an Eden-mist seems deepening into tears.

Anon, her tragic brows relax, her blue orbs gladly shine
With mirth as bright as sun glints flashed on beakers brimmed with wine;
A lilt of Scottish song dies off beside the rippling bay,
And echoes skim the waves as light as beach-birds' wings in May.

But that gay mouth, which, like the South, is wreathed in joyous breath,
'Ere long sends forth a clarion-hail across the waste of death;
And those white arms that Eros' self might well be blithe to kiss,
Have snatched a struggling soul from out the stern sea's black abyss!

Unknown whose priceless life was saved, she gains the noisy pier,
And, smiling, stoops to free from spray her drenched and glittering hair;
She catches next an eager voice, she sees the great crowd part,
And in a breathless moment more sinks on her Lover's heart!

Fair Peggy† laughs her silvery laugh. Hark! Hark! It rings again,
As clear and sweet as when of old it thrilled the ear of Vane,
And all the birds of Fancy seemed about her and above,
To pour the triple joyance forth of youth and hope and love.

At length the mimic curtain falls, and in her faded eyes
The flame of genius sadly wanes, the glow of victory dies;
Yet on her face we slowly trace the light of souls forgiven,
That "second birth" which brings to earth the angelic calms of Heaven.

The time is changed, and changed the scene! Who walks indignant there,
Between the stifling prison-walls, those dungeons of despair?
One strong in faith, who, girding high his loins of valor up,
Dashed from a host of suffering lips the blind Law's poisoned cup!

Thou, warrior priest,* the world should mark forevermore in thee
The union of a Godlike *will* with Christlike charity,
And bless the limner's righteous art whereby 'tis ours to scan
This radiant type of all that makes a loyal Christian man!

Grouped round him is a complex throng, so vivid, vigorous, true,
From Meadows, the unfathomed knave, to the fierce-hearted Jew,†
All framed in landscape loveliness, from England's centuried trees,
To those lush splendors of a realm by Australasian seas.

They pass; and 'neath the cloudless sun a stately vessel sweeps!
And which is calmer, who can tell—the sky-gulfs or the deep's?
Yet soon the shining blue is blurred by black Plutonian smoke;
And on the wide tranquility the storm of battle broke.

Enchanted prose! A rhythmic pulse throbs through each fiery word.
Shame on the cold and callous heart which is not wildly stirred!
We watch the "Agra's" tops‡ ablaze; we hear the rifles crack;
And the deep-roaring cannonades send thunderous answers back!

The Indiaman her awful prow uplifts with prescient frown.
Crash! Crash! Through smoke and blood and foam the Pirate ship whirls down;
Only a flickering drift before, a gory wake behind,
And yells of baffled murderers borne far down the shuddering wind.

O! scene of somber majesty! But kindred scenes as grand
Return, when Memory, vivified, uprears her signal-hand.
We hear the clash of hostile steel, the wrenched and shattered chain,
What time the freed Dujardin§ leaves his dungeon walls in Spain,

With all that followed his swift flight—the hope, the love, the fear,
Which circled round the giant oak that guarded Beaurepair;
The tempest of heroic souls; the long, deep, anguished strife
That tore the husband's lion heart and crucified the wife!

A conflict of emotions, wrought to such transcendent hight,
That somewhat of Shakespearean fire flames through its passionate might;
Until one man* of marvelous will fronts the vast psychal shock,
And 'gainst the rage of Impulse towers—a moveless, human Rock.

Once more the time and place are changed! We lift our wondering eyes
To view, borne back o'er History's track, a vanished Century rise—
The *avant-courier* of a morn which flushed the heavens with gold,
When the new lights of Truth laid bare the banded lies of old!

"The ages dark" are near their close! Pass we by kings and queens,
To journey with a humbler pair through countless changeful scenes,
Now wildly rife with blood and strife, now touched by pious balms,
That, dew-like, fall from grace of God in sacred cloister calms!

O! Son of Eli! Brave Gerard! What soul, more fiercely tried,
Hath striven in vain to vanquish wrong, since Christ, the Stainless, died?
O! Margaret, flower of womanhood! by luminous love impearled,
Thy fragrant memory sweetens still the households of the world!

Long centuries sped! But are they dead? They seem not far away,
Nearer, in sooth, than some with whom we walk life's path to-day;
Ah! seldom yet hath genius brought a lustier child to birth
Than this, baptized by deathless Fame, "The Cloister and the Hearth."

No fine anatomist wert thou! Thine art was hale and stout;
Thy women and thy men were not turned, deftly, inside out;
Nor didst thou deem, as some do now, that Fiction's loftiest hope
Lies in the skill wherewith we use the psychal microscope!

O! grand thine eloquence in life, to counsel, warn, or save;
But grander those carved words of power, which sublimate thy grave.
From death's dark "keep" thy voice is deep, and, like Truth's trumpet, blown
By Heaven's archangel, peals above thy monumental stone.

GROVETOWN, GA.

* Christie Johnson.

† Peg Woffington.

* The Rev. Francis Eden. A significant name, truly.

† Perhaps these two wonderfully depicted characters may be considered the most powerful in "Never too Late to Mend."

‡ Algernon Swinburne has cited the "Agra's" sea-fight in "Hard Cash" as one of the most magnificent descriptions of the kind in our language. Mr. Swinburne is right.

§ Camille Dujardin in "White Lies."

* Raynal.

MINISTER OR DOCTOR?

BY T. T. MUNGER, D.D.

THE colleges have just graduated their annual quota of several thousand young men, many of whom, it may be presumed, have not yet decided upon a vocation and are now in an active state of meditation upon the subject.

Primarily, a vocation should be decided by preference; for no man can do any work well unless it falls in with his sympathies and tastes; otherwise it is drudgery and will lack the chief condition of success—namely, good-will or heartiness. But preference is a plastic element, and may be molded and directed and also cultivated. A preference for a certain vocation need not preclude one from entering upon another, provided it is kindred in its main quality. The man will accommodate himself to one or the other if they agree in appealing to some central or general purpose in him. Thus the vocations of the physician and the clergyman are grounded in a common devotion to humanity and under the special form of deliverance from evil. No one should choose the ministry because he enjoys public speaking; nor the practice of medicine because he is fond of anatomy; his preference must be grounded in the *end* of the profession. As it is the same in both, there is no reason why—all other things being equal—one should not enter the ministerial profession as readily as that of medicine; the inspiring motive is equally met in either choice. This point once settled, other considerations may enter in to determine the choice.

I wish to call the attention of the young men who are now standing at this grand parting of the ways to one consideration, that can only be measured from an experience of life, and may, therefore, well be a matter of advice. I refer to the homely and prosaic manner of earning a living. As a rule professional men do not acquire wealth. The only hope they can properly cherish in this respect is that of securing a living. Young men who are entering the professions are not justified by facts and statistics in any other expectation. Being shut up to this, it is quite right that they should ask in which profession they can most surely realize it. It is the last feature in the choice of a profession that a young man is apt to consider; but if, morally, one is first to seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and trust that all other things will be given him, logically, this feature comes first. It is only in the heroism of great devotion that one is permitted to enter upon a pursuit without counting the cost of an honest and decent support. There will be no freedom and power in the work of life if it does not feed and clothe and shelter the man. So much is due to the body and to the order of society. Now, presupposing intellectual fitness, moral earnestness, devotion to humanity and all else that enters into a good minister or physician, I claim that the former is far surer of earning a living than the latter. In other words, the ministry is the better profession of the two, even from the worldly point of view. This may seem a very sordid view of the subject; but it will not seem sordid except to sordid minds; nor is it sordid, when other and higher considerations are presupposed. It is, rather, something that cannot be left out in the ordinary plan of life. "This wise world is mainly right," and it rigidly requires that a man shall not pauperize himself, and that he shall earn his living and plan for it.

My point is this: the medical profession is overcrowded, and to such a degree that it no longer promises a support to those who enter it. Here is a solid fact for aspirants in that direction to consider. The causes are evident and need not be rehearsed. The fact is all we have to do with at present. A few years ago there was, in New York city, one physician to fifteen hundred of the population. According to the average ratio of the sick to the well—twenty in one thousand—this gave about thirty patients to each physician. But as a part of these were paupers, and a part went without treatment or used quack medicines, the physician could rely only on fifteen to twenty paying patients, provided they had been evenly distributed. To-day, however, there is, in the United States, one physician to every 650 persons; in the state of New York, one to every 600; in New York city, one to every 550. Thus the ratio of the sick to the well offers to the physician throughout the whole country only about ten possible patients, a part of whom go without treatment and a part pay nothing. As a matter of fact, the average

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number of paying patients for each physician is from six to eight. But the older and more noted practitioners get the greater part of these, and so leave the newcomers with nothing to do, which is actually the case. Figures and experience go hand in hand in confirmation. A young man who now enters the profession of medicine simply invokes poverty and want; and—what is worse—he defeats the end of his training through not exercising it. It may be noble and spirited to brave poverty; but nothing can justify a choice that necessitates idleness. There are, of course, exceptions springing out of wealth, family influence, good luck and special talent—conditions on which few can count. The young physician, let him go where he will—to New York or Dakota—must contend with older and well-established physicians for a living to be got from seven or eight sick people. His chances are about the same as of picking up lost purses in the street; and his only hope is in praying, with Gil Blas: "By the blessing of God, may there be much sickness in this place." It is unnecessary to picture the results of this overcrowding—the poverty, the degradation of mind and character that grows out of extreme poverty, the weary waiting, the heart-ache and heart-break, the defeat of purpose, the despair, the loss of skill, the dissipation sought to kill the sorrow, the unprofessional spirit and conduct induced by the struggle to gain a foothold. These common and increasing results are dangerous, also, to society.

The hungry lawyer is to be feared; but Heaven save us from the hungry doctor! It is hard to understand why intelligent, forecasting young men should choose this profession in its present state.

All this is far different in the other professions. The ministry cannot be said to be crowded when the breadth and opportunity of the whole country is considered. It may be crowded at the East; but even in New England the minister earns a living from the first; and this the average physician does not. The pastors on these Berkshire hills see more dollars in a year than does the average doctor. But physicians scatter themselves over the whole country. Every hamlet from St. Paul to Puget Sound already has its quota of one to every 650 inhabitants. Why should not ministers imitate them? Rather, why should not those who propose to study medicine—those, of course, who have the moral qualification—become ministers and go where the physicians go, with the certainty of earning a better and surer support and of rendering as good service to humanity? Conscious that I am taking what is called a low view of the subject and waiving its higher features, I assert that the ministry, upon the whole and in the long run, is a better paid profession than that of medicine. God forbid that any one should enter it for this reason; but God forbid, also, that any young man fit to be a minister should throw himself away by entering a profession that cannot support him!

The advantages of the minister are these: he earns a living from the first; his training is perfected by immediate use and is not dulled by waiting; he has the most work to do when strongest; his services as a young man have even more value than as an old man. He may find himself on the hills or on the prairies; but he has the physician beside him—two or three to his one—and he earns a better living, incurs less criticism, secures more good will and realizes more fully the end of professional life than do his medical neighbors.

The ministry has come to be regarded as a waning profession, and it no longer attracts college students as in former days. The other professions are considered more respectable; but it might be well to inquire if the life, conditions, returns, and whole environment of the average minister are not quite as respectable as those of the average physician. It might be well, also, to inquire from our American standpoint of success, and also from the universal standpoint of manliness in its relation to earning a living, if the career of the average young physician is quite respectable. The calling of the minister is becoming such that, by virtue of his position, he touches society at more points of influence than any other class. If influence, power, grade and amount of labor are tests of respectability, the ministry offers them beyond any other profession. And if a young man with a conscience wishes to do a work in the world, and not spend half his life in waiting for it, he will find his readiest opportunity in the ministry. The whole country is before him as a field, save a few avenues in the larger cities. The minister can go and can live where the doctor can, and can find enough to do, which the other cannot. The choice between the professions is a choice between work and a living on one side, and idleness and poverty on the other.

NORTH ADAMS, MASS.

RUSTY OLD IRON AND BRIGHT NEW STEEL.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

LORD TENNYSON'S letter to his Montreal editor is suggestive of several questions of literary importance. No accusation is easier to bring against a writer than that of plagiarism, or more difficult to answer to the satisfaction of the malcontents who make it. The word is supposed to be derived from the Latin *plagiarius (plagium*, used by Martial), a kidnapper; one who steals another person's child and passes it off as his own. Coleridge, in a beautiful passage in which he defends himself against the charge which some carping criticaster had brought against him, says that people of this class "forget that there are such things as fountains in the human mind, and imagine that every stream which they see flowing comes from a perforation made in some other man's tank." This admirable simile might serve as a sufficient answer to the charge so too commonly made, often with no greater justification than the man would have who accused a Vanderbilt or a Rothschild of purloining a sixpence.

The lark which this morning sang far aloft, at the edge of a sun-tinted cloud, though it sang the same song which was sung by the lark in the days of Homer and Shakespeare, is not, on this account, except by an idiot, to be accused of borrowing from those great poets.

Plagiarism, if consciously committed, is, of course, a literary fraud; but, if the plagiarist not only steals the thought, but the words in which it is conveyed, and spoils both in the process, the offense becomes an aggravated one, and is worthy both of contempt and reprobation.

But there are cases in which conscious plagiarism may be condoned, and even justified. And, more even than that, it may, on some occasions, be entitled to gratitude. If a man finds a piece of rusty old iron lying perdu on the roadside, literally not worth a farthing, and he picks it up, being a cunning worker in metals, and throws it into the crucible, tempers it, and converts it into the finest steel, fit to make watch-springs of, worth, perhaps, a thousand pounds, is he not a public benefactor? Robert Burns found the happy phrase of "Auld Lang Syne" floating, bodiless and formless, on the popular breath, and converted it, by the alchemy of his genius, into the immortal song which all the world knows and admires under that title. Is he not to be commended, and is not the world his debtor?

In like manner, when he found, in Allan Ramsay's very inferior poems, the mediocre verses entitled

"A man's a man for a' that,
An twice as meikle's a' that,"

and converted them into the magnificent lyric that has rung throughout all the English-speaking world in two hemispheres, and in Australia and New Zealand, if those may be included in either, did he not increase the intellectual wealth of the nations, and does not the so-called plagiarism merit the higher name of a gift to the world, deserving of its gratitude?

Unconscious plagiarism is not the result of literary dishonesty, but of a too retentive memory, that retains good things, not knowing whence or how it received them or being able to account in any way for its possession or use of them. Literature abounds with instances of this kind, which it may interest many lynx-eyed critics to point out, but which entail no blame upon the innocent perpetrators.

Thomas Campbell, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," has long been accused of willfully stealing the line, so often quoted:

"Like angel visits, *few* and far between."

In this case plagiarism was probably not willful, or the poet would not have stolen a gem and spoiled it in the process. The original poet, from whom he took it, wrote:

"Like angel visits, *short* and far between,"

which was infinitely better. If the visits were "*few*," there was no necessity to add that they were "far between"; but if they were "*short*" as well as "far between," a new element of regret was added to that afforded by their infrequency.

Byron had wealth enough in his own genius to be above the necessity of robbing any other author of his thoughts; but that he did so rob another is evident from his appropriation of the fine line, in which he denounces the people

"Who hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell."

He took this bodily from "Vathek," a book which, by his own confession, he previously read and admired. It is difficult to believe that he was conscious of the plagiarism.

It is my opinion that conscious plagiarism is exceedingly rare among literary men; that true genius, which is not yet extinct in the world, would not condescend to be guilty of it; and that men of mere talent and cleverness, as distinguished from genius, would not care to incur the accusation, with the almost certainty of being discovered and exposed.

Complete literary originality in this age of the world is almost impossible, unless it borrow from dementia, in which originality may be easy enough. Nevertheless, as Coleridge says, "there are such things as fountains in the human mind," just as the larks and the nightingales will continue to sing, though they have no books to read, except the Book of Nature, which is as open to men as to birds.

FERN DELL, DORKING, SURREY, ENGLAND.

MARY LYON AND MR. MOODY—AS EDUCATORS.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

THIS is a rather singular combination of names; but it is suggested to me by a visit to the Northfield Female Seminary, which was established, four years ago, by Mr. Dwight L. Moody. Both are representative New England characters, tasting of the soil; neither would have been exactly the same person if born anywhere else than on Puritan soil. Both are intensely evangelical, and self-consecrated to the service of Christ with a peculiar entireness and enthusiasm. The one was the great pioneer in a high order of mental and physical and Christian culture of American girls; the other is endeavoring to follow in her footsteps, enlarging and perpetuating her methods.

Mary Lyon was, in some respects, the most effective woman that New England has yet produced; and her biography (by her pupil, Fidelia Fiske) is widely read in Old England as the story of a typical career. The land of the Puritans has given birth to a multitude of noble women; but it is not too much to say of the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Other cultured brains and pens have fashioned graceful poems and brilliant books; but her holy life was an epic. A woman who studied fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, in order to fit herself for the exalted station of teacher, who gave her entire energies to the work of founding an educational institution worthy of her sex, who begged for its endowments from town to town, who wrapped herself in a buffalo-robe and rode through wintry nights over Massachusetts hills to rally friends to her enterprise, who refused offers of marriage that she might live singly for her darling project, and who, at length, founded, molded and bequeathed to the world Mount Holyoke Seminary—that woman "rides brightest" in the galaxy of American womanhood. Her famous school became a pioneer in a certain style of practical preparation for life's duties. The dead hand of Mary Lyon has molded and still guides the "Wellesleys," the "Elmiras," the "Smiths," the "Northfields," and scores of other educational institutions.

She recognized the claims of her sex for both physical and moral training, and rose to the full measure of woman's mission as the child of God and the educator of the whole human race, realizing that "she who rocks the cradle rules the world." The heart, with her, took precedence of the head. She taught her pupils that "to live is Christ," and that sermons in shoes were the most effective method for woman to preach the Gospel, and to Christianize the race. From her original training school have gone out one hundred foreign missionaries, and ten times as many pastors' wives and teachers and Christian workers in manifold lines of labor. Two of her golden sentences ought to be inscribed on the walls of every female seminary. One of them is this: "There is nothing in the universe I fear but that I may not know all my duty, or may fail to do it." When her pupils graduated, she was wont to say to them: "Girls, when you choose your fields of labor, *go where nobody else is willing to go.*" Abraham Lincoln's "With malice toward none, with charity for all" has not a sublimer resemblance to Scripture phrase than these Christlike words. The seed of every enterprise of love to rescue the perishing; the seed of all self-consecrations to philanthrophy—of fair young Harriet Newell in her Indian isle, of Ann Judson amid the boors of Burmah, of Florence Nightingale in the hospitals of Scutari; yea, of every noble woman's plunge into darkness and danger to seek out and save the lost—is to be found in that immortal utterance of the heroine of Mount Holyoke. In these days of self-indulgence, when so many young ladies have no higher ambition than to be walking fashion-plates, it is wholesome to recall such a robust specimen of Puritan womanhood as Mary Lyon. At a time when missionary work is the foremost line of distinctive Christian activity, it is well to sound out anew the watchword: "Go where nobody else is willing to go."

Dwight L. Moody is, among New England men, precisely what Mary Lyon was among New England women—the apostle of practical Christian work. There is not an ounce of pious nonsense in either of them. Both believed and have proved that the way to do a thing is *to do it*. Mr. Moody, feeling deeply the lack of early educational advantages, and also seeing the need of a more self-denying and practical style of Christian activity in our churches, determined to establish two schools in his native village of Northfield in Massachusetts. The one, for boys, is on the western bank of the Connecticut river. For the accommodation of about eighty lads, between the ages of eight and fourteen, four buildings have just been completed, by the liberality of Mr. Hiram Camp, of New Haven. This school, intended for poor but bright boys who have had no chance in life elsewhere, is yet in its infancy, and but little need be said about it.

The "Northfield Seminary" for young ladies stands on the beautiful hillside on the eastern bank of the river, in full view of the Green Mountains of Vermont. This institution is four years old, and has just graduated its first class, after a fairly distributed course of classical, literary and scientific instruction. The supply of libraries, scientific apparatus, etc., is as yet very limited; but the energy of Mr. Moody and his hold on the purses of rich and benevolent Christians will rapidly make up these deficiencies. Already several substantial buildings have been completed; and the fine "Frederick Marquand Memorial Hall" will be ready for use by Christmas. One hundred and sixty pupils, all over fifteen years of age, have been under instruction during the past year; and, lest any one should suspect that this article is a sly advertisement to attract pupils, I may say that Mr. Moody cannot accommodate now one-half of those who apply for admission. The offer to furnish board and admirable tuition for the exceedingly low price of $100 a year is an alluring bait t thousands of American girls; but the managers of the school sift the applicants by a pretty thorough process. Invalids and the indolent are both excluded by the stringent

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rule that all the household work in the buildings (except certain laundry labor) shall be performed by the pupils themselves. As I watched the rosy and robust young maidens, waiting on the tables, sweeping the halls, arranging the rooms, etc., I thought that it was what Emerson would call a most "æsthetic and fertilizing" spectacle. Mary Lyon would have been as much gratified by that as she would by seeing over one hundred of the young women engaged in their Bible study and prayer-meeting.

The foremost idea with Mr. Moody is to train up efficient teachers, and also to prepare earnest young Christians for missionary and other Christian work. A large proportion of the scholars are minister's daughters; no rich fashion-worshipers were to be found among the plainly dressed, modest and industrious maidens who trooped down from the hillside to the village church last Sabbath morning. Ere long, full five hundred of these brave daughters of our land—its best blood, if not its "bluest"—will be gathered within the recitation halls of Northfield Seminary. Mr. Moody already regards the founding of these twain schools as his greatest work, and may reasonably claim that they will be his most enduring monument.

BROOKLYN, L. I., June 20th, 1884.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM—IRELAND.

BY PROF. D. B. KING.

THE two main objections that have been urged against the Representation of the People Bill are that it will give votes to several hundred thousand Irishmen, the large majority of whom are said to be disloyal and without sufficient knowledge and experience of affairs to enable tuem to vote intelligently, and that it is to be followed by a scheme for redistribution by which Ireland will continue to have quite a number more representatives than she is entitled to either on the basis of population or wealth. There are, it is true, those who oppose placing the balance of power so entirely in the hands of the workingmen. Mr. Goschen has expressed very strongly his apprehensions of the danger of so suddenly changing so radically the character of the electorate of the country. In 1866 the number of voters in the United Kingdom was 1,136,000. To this number the legislation enacted from 1867 to 1869 added 1,312,000. The new voters since added to the list, many of whom owe their right to vote to these reform measures, have swelled the entire number to something like 3,000,000. The present bill proposes to enfranchise upward of 2,000,000 more. If it becomes a law, there will be considerably more than 5,000,000 voters in the United Kingdom, or nearly five times as many as there were eighteen years ago. The great majority of these new voters will not be owners of real estate but workingmen and small shopkeepers. In view of these facts it is not at all surprising that those who regard the franchise not as a right but a privilege extended by the Government, and who think that the owners of property are the only citizens capable of intelligently and honestly exercising this high privilege, should look with great alarm on this radical change in the character of the parliamentary constituencies and should fear that the Parliament elected by these millions of new voters of the working classes will be lacking in intelligence and independence and apt to register as laws the sudden impulses and passions of the laborers, regardless of the counsels of the wiser and more intelligent, and of the interests of the nation. Even in this country, where a far larger proportion of the people live in their own homes, and thus have a property interest at stake, and where the lines between the different classes are far less sharply drawn than in England, there are not a few intelligent observers who look with serious apprehension on the power of the large number of voters who have no property and no intelligent appreciation of their political rights. It is natural that this feeling should be much more general and strong in England, where, to so large a degree, the history, the traditions, and the associations of the franchise have been in favor of property qualifications for voters. With a few exceptions the opponents to the extension of the right of voting are Conservatives. They are, however, stopped from direct opposition to extending the franchise to the workingmen in the counties by having themselves voted to enfranchise the same classes in the boroughs. Besides, it would be ruinous to the party to oppose an apparently irresistible movement to nearly double the number of voters in the United Kingdom. The opposition must, therefore, be chiefly of the indirect kind. The provisions of the measure relating to Ireland seem to be the most vulnerable parts of the measure.

The Irish people have long complained that they have been treated very unfairly in regard to the franchise, household suffrage not yet having been extended to the boroughs, and the property qualifications being so high in the counties as to exclude the great majority of householders. The following statistics, taken from the census returns for 1881 and the registers of voters for 1882, show the proportion of voters to population and inhabited houses in the United Kingdom:

	Inhabited houses.	*Population.*	*Electors.*	*Per ct. of Electors to the pop'n.*
England..	4,833,844	25,968,286	2,591,402	10
Scotland..	729,010	3,734,370	315,121	8.5
Ireland....	912,761	5,159,839	223,018	4.4

While, therefore, England has one elector for every ten of her population, Ireland has only one for every twenty-five. England has somewhat more than one elector for every two inhabited houses, while Ireland has less than one elector for every four inhabited houses. Mr. Parnell recently declared that it was admitted on all hands that "the Irish system of registration and the Irish franchise was an utter sham and could not be said in any way to represent the great mass of people of the country."

The bill now before Parliament proposes to add to the list of electors in England more than 1,300,000, in Scotland more than 200,000, and in Ireland more than 400,000. The increase in England will be a little more than fifty, in Scotland a little more than sixty, and in Ireland nearly 180 per cent. of the present number. The change in the character of the constituencies in Ireland will, therefore, be far greater than in England and Scotland, and the objection to so suddenly transferring the balance of power in the constituencies, will apply with much greater force in Ireland than in the other parts of the United Kingdom. The objection that the men to whom the bill proposes to give votes are, as a rule, without sufficient intelligence to enable them to exercise their privilege wisely, also applies with greater force to Ireland than to England or Scotland. In 1881, in Galway county and town, nearly forty-six per cent. of those over five years old could neither read nor write, while in the entire province of Connaught, those who could neither read nor write were nearly forty per cent. of the whole population. The people of Ireland have, however, during the last forty years made great progress in regard to education. The per cent. of illiterates decreased from fifty-three in 1841 to forty-seven in 1851, to thirty-nine in 1861, to thirty-three in 1871, and to twenty-five in 1881, while the per cent. of those between fifteen and twenty years of age, who were unable to read or write, decreased from 27.3 in 1861 to 17.5 in 1871, and to 12.4 in 1881. Very rapid and substantial progress has, therefore, been made. The masses of the people manifest great interest in educational matters. Even the recent violent agitations have had the good effect of exciting in many of the people desires for more extensive knowledge and better education, while they have led the masses to take a more active interest in all public affairs. While, therefore, the ignorance and inexperience of many of the new electors will be a serious drawback, the outlook for the future is certainly quite hopeful so far as educational qualifications are concerned. The educating influence which will come from the extension of the franchise to these masses of the people is also well worth considering.

It has repeatedly been argued that many of these candidates for the franchise have so little property, "so little stock in the country," that it would be unwise to give them votes. Mr. Gibson and others have strongly objected to including the occupants of mud cabins among the voting householders.

The dwellings in Ireland are divided by the census commissioners into four classes, the fourth comprising mud cabins having only one room, the third mud houses having from two to four rooms and windows, the second "good farmhouses or houses in town with from five to nine rooms and windows," and the first all houses of a better description. The following figures show that there has been a remarkable improvement in the dwellings of the Irish people since 1841:

	1841.	1881.
First Class....................	40,080	66,727
Second "	264,184	422,241
Third "	533,297	384,475
Fourth "	491,278	40,665

It will be seen that there has been an increase of 65 per cent. in the number of houses of the first class and of sixty per cent. in those of the second, while the third and fourth classes have decreased respectively twenty-eight and ninety-two per cent. It is also obvious from these figures that the 600,000 householders whom Mr. Gladstone said the bill would add to the voters could be found without including many of the occupants of mud houses, as the first and second classes of houses together number nearly 500,000. Just how many, however, of the occupants of the smaller houses and cabins will be included on the list will depend somewhat on the system of rating and registration that may be adopted. A very important consideration, and one which does not seemed to have occurred to those who oppose extending the franchise in Ireland, is the fact that the Irish Land Law Act of 1881 secured to the Irish tenant the right to his improvements and to occupy his holding without interruption by his landlord, and that, therefore, a great many of these new voters will have real estate interests of considerable and increasing value.

It is also asserted that the new voters in Ireland will nearly all belong to the disloyal classes, and that the nation, by enfranchising them, will be putting weapons into the hands of its enemies. The Parnellites claim that, in case of a new election without the extension of the franchise, they would return to Westminster seventy-five strong. With the new franchises extended to Ireland, they would probably have ninety members. The more loyal, intelligent, and substantial citizens would, it is claimed, as a rule be unable to elect their representatives and be practically disfranchised, while the disloyal elements would be able to send almost the entire representation. Ninety Parnellites would, it is said, effectually obstruct legislation in Parliament and hold the balance of power. It is not at all strange, in view of the course which the party of obstruction and exasperation has pursued during the past four years, that many, even of those who are friendly to Ireland, should ask very anxiously whether the business of Parliament, which has often been almost completely blocked by thirty-five, could be carried on at all with ninety members on the obstruction benches. The great majority, however, of the English Liberals claim that it is but just and right that the suffrage should be extended in Ireland to the same classes that are to have it in England, so that a gross injustice and a great grievance may be removed and the Irish members represent the Irish people, and not merely a class, as at present.

It is extremely doubtful whether, after the removal of this grievance, it will be possible for the disloyal elements in Ireland to send to Parliament ninety members who will stand together against a government that is disposed, as is the present one, to extend to Ireland every privilege and right enjoyed by the people in the other parts of the Kingdom. The cohesive power of the Irish Parliamentary party has never been great, and it will be weakened by the removal of every just ground of grievance. If the Liberal party can once convince the Irish people that it sincerely desires that there shall be "complete equality between England and Ireland in all civil, municipal and political rights," and that "on account of some suspicion or jealousy" Ireland is not to have "curtailed and mutilated rights," they may be trusted to send representatives who will help and not hinder the making of the reforms which Mr. Gladstone and his associates have marked out. It is quite true that the Land Act does no seem to have won over the people to a kindlier feeling toward the Government. The benefits of that act are, however, only now becoming apparent to the great body of the people. Undoubtedly shrewd demagogues will be able for some time to further their own ends by keeping alive the old animosities of race, rank and religion. It is, however, scarcely possible that the great majority of the people will long fail to see that the English Liberals, who have done so much to remove their grievances and secure their rights, are the real friends of Ireland, and that the best interests of their country will be promoted by their acting in harmony with the party of reform and progress.

In order to prevent the Parnellites from getting a majority in nearly every county and borough in Ireland, and thus practically disfranchising the more loyal minority, and for other reasons as well, minority representation is being advocated by a large and rapidly increasing number of members of Parliament and others in England. There is, also, a very positive determination on the part of many Englishmen, including not a few prominent Liberals, that, in the redistribution, Ireland shall not be allowed more representatives than she is entitled to on the basis of population. On the basis of population she would have from ninety to ninety-five, instead of one hundred and three, her present number. The enemies of the Representation of the People Bill have tried hard to induce those who are in favor of it, but opposed to Mr. Gladstone's plan for redistribution (by which the representation now accorded to Ireland shall not be diminished), to join them in opposing the measure. If this combination could be brought about, the bill would be in great danger of being defeated.

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THE GERMAN REFORMED LITURGICAL MOVEMENT.

BY PROF. E. V. GERHART, D.D.

THE "Directory of Worship" was approved, without a dissenting voice, by the General Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States at the triennial meeting, convened at Baltimore, May 7th, 1884. A succinct history of the protracted agitation, commonly called the liturgical movement, will afford an insight into the significance of this almost unanimous action, and exhibit the present attitude of the divergent tendencies of theology and cultus which, fifteen and even ten years ago, seriously threatened the unity of the Church.

The General Synod was not in existence until 1863, when the first meeting was held at Pittsburgh. For thirty-five years previously there were two synodical organizations, one in the East, embracing Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, the other in the West, embracing Ohio and adjacent states. These two synods held the same faith, had the same form of government, and observed the same order of worship; but there was no organic connection between them, each having supreme authority within its own territorial limits.

The older, and by far the stronger body was the Synod East. Organized in Philadelphia, 1747, by authority of the Synod of Holland, it was subject to foreign jurisdiction until 1793, when it, until then bearing the title of the Reformed Coetus of Pennsylvania, by a declaration of autonomy became the Synod of the German Reformed Church in the United States—the title which the organization still bears, excepting that the prefix "German" was, by amendment of the constitution, stricken out in 1869. In 1820 its territory was subdivided into districts, called classes, corresponding to presbyteries in the Presbyterian Church, since which time the Synod is made up of delegates, ministers, and elders, chosen by the classes. Since 1863 no less than three additional district synods, two English and one German, have been formed on the original territory of the old Synod, yet, as regards the number of members and ministers, the old Synod continues to be the strongest body.

In 1820 a classis was also organized in Ohio. Though the members of the churches

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