

tions as will make her name a by-word in Europe, and cause her voice to be despised in all the questions of the times.—Prince Bismarck, as competent authorities tell us—the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, for instance—has been disappointed at the prospects of peace, and, failing the promised war with Russia, has attempted to embroil England with France concerning Egypt.—He had previously used his influence in an endeavour to neutralise the Baltic so that English war-ships might be excluded and prevented from attacking the Russian ports or ships, and he made a like attempt to close the Dardanelles and shut the English fleet out of the Black Sea. His determination, in short, was that Russia should have all the advantages which her superior land forces would give her against England, deprived of the full power of her fleet.—Nor has Prince Bismarck tried to disguise his attitude in this matter—and, above all, his declaration to Lord Rosebery who visited him in Berlin the other day, was most bare-faced and insulting. It was simply the declaration of an enemy of England resolved to see her humbled.—Egypt, said the Chancellor, must be neutralised under the strong rule of a popular Khedive, and that meant the deposition of England's protégé the weak Tewfik Pascha, and England's own retirement from the control of the country. He declined, moreover, to interfere with the Russian designs on Afghanistan, and would only recommend the Czar to content himself with the position he now holds in that country until England had fortified her frontier beyond the Indus. That is, he would support Russia in whatever designs she might have upon the territory of the Ameer, and would leave England to defend her Indian empire as best she might. We do not know whether this attitude of Prince Bismarck's has influenced Lord Salisbury in his negotiations with the Russian Government, but it is accepted as having been the true cause of Mr. Gladstone's altered tone, and of the concessions he was ready to make.—If, moreover, the reports be true that Maruchak is to be ceded to the Russians as the price of their relinquishing the Zulfikar pass, we may believe that the Conservative Cabinet also feels obliged to yield to the malign influence. According to Sir Lepel Griffen, the power that holds Penj-deh can always command the Zulfikar Pass, and the acquisition of Maruchak, a well fortified place—would give to the Russians another important position on the Murghab river, to whose source, as well as that of the Heri-rud in the same direction, they must necessarily seek to go. Prince Krapotkine, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, has explained that for the safety of their position in Central Asia it is absolutely necessary for the Russians to command the sources of the rivers, and that nothing can stop their attempting an onward march with such an end.—Lord Rosebery, then, who is generally believed in his ostensible visit of civility to Count Herbert Bismarck, to have had the real object of inquiring into the intentions of the Chancellor with respect to English affairs generally, received but little comfort, and was snubbed on all the points he submitted to the Prince's consideration. He was told plainly that the sympathies of Germany went with Russia, that Germany had no fear of the competition in trade with England, but was considered capable of even beating her from the field, and was resolved on having equality and liberty in the commerce of the world so that she might do so; that Egypt must be abandoned, and that if all the behests of the Chancellor were not complied with, England must expect to remain isolated in Europe, and in a position of constant danger. Lord Rosebery's mission was a humiliating one from the beginning. He must have left London to pursue it in an humble frame of mind—but who can picture the state of humility in which he returned to explain his message to his chief.—Behold, then, how the champion of the *Kulturkampf* rewards his sympathetic friends, and how the victory of Sedan make the echoes of its jubilation resound through England to-day. May we hear them no nearer to our own shores, and may Prince Bismarck's ulterior object be something other than a fresh annexation of an unwilling people, to be brought about by means of war. But who can tell? He is a daring man, and one by no means scrupulous.

VICTOR HUGO in one of his books likened Paris to Paganism a pendulum swinging between Thermopylæ and BAMPANT. Gomorrha. Towards which extreme did the pendulum incline the other day when that great heathen spectacle of the poet's funeral took place? His death was a sad one, without religion and without comfort. The Archbishop of Paris had written offering, although himself suffering from illness, to visit the dying man if he should desire it, but his offer, as, indeed, he must have feared, for he evidently made the trial only as a forlorn hope, was refused, and Hugo died clinging to the earthly effections that were being torn from his failing heart, clasping the hand of his grandson and bidding his grand-daughter farewell, with no mention of that meeting in another world that dulls the sting of death. All that vanity could do was done to honour his remains. Those cold worthless things, out of which all the fire of genius had gone, that had lost their love and kindness and human feeling, that must now pass through putrefaction into dust and be no more for ever and ever, for so the people reasoned who honoured them. Could vanity find a moté fitting work, and did not the pendulum incline rather towards

Gomorrha with its wickedness and death and desolation than toward Thermopylæ, glowing with a noble life? What a difference there was between this funeral and that of one whom they bury in the Christian's hope of a glorious resurrection—the hope that no one but God Himself, knowing the needs of the human heart and pitying them, could have given to us—and of which no one but the devil, delighting in cruelty, and revelling even in making death more deadly and bitter, could take away. The Christian who lays his dead in an honoured grave has reason in what he does, but the Atheist makes a mockery of the miserable corpse over which he displays his vain parade. And Victor Hugo's burial was a mockery. Grand as was the ceremonial, and imposing as were all the circumstances of the parade a heartless mockery was the essence of the whole thing. That caustic workman well expressed the meaning of it all, who was heard to parody the title of the poet's play in explaining what was in truth taking place, "*Le Roi S'Amuse*," the people, who are now the king, were amusing themselves. But that such a display should be made in the heart of the once Catholic France is a lamentable thing. That such a procession should climb up the hill of St. Geneviève, and deposit their awful burden thus sacrilegiously in her church, was an outrage that added another terrible crime to the account entered before God against the city in which it all took place, and by which one day sooner or later a reckoning must be made. It cannot be but that the people who have so flagrantly offended and so often in the face of the world will at last, in the face of the world also, receive their punishment. The presence of ten just men, indeed, would have saved Gomorrha from its fiery end, but Gomorrha had not corrupted the whole earth, and sent out blasphemy into all the corners of the universe. And by a special act of the legislature religion was outraged in a particular manner on this occasion. It was not enough that the pageant should be conducted apart from all mention of the name of God, and that the chanting of the priests, imploring mercy on a sinful soul gone before the judgment seat, should be replaced by bands playing the "*Marseillaise*" and other patriotic tunes, but, in order to prepare it to receive the body so led up there, the church of St. Geneviève was secularised, once more suffering one of those blasphemous transformations that have so strangely overtaken it. Indeed we may borrow Victor Hugo's own simile, and say that this church also swings between the glorious and the infamous. Now the temple of God, and now the monument of some man who defied God. It has been the tomb of Marat whose remains were afterwards flung out by the mob and trampled in the gutter of the streets, and of Voltaire and Rousseau and Lapelletier. It has also been used for other purposes besides those of religion or of sacrilegious burial. It again became a pantheon under Louis Philippe; it was the head-quarters of the insurgents in 1848; during the German siege of Paris it was used as a magazine and store-house, and the communards barricaded themselves there against the troops. But the act of sacrilege now performed is not excused by those that have preceded it, and the scandal is no less than it would be were the sanctuary for the first time violated. The Archbishop of Paris protested against the act, and denounced it as displeasing even to the soul of the dead man himself. "He could not have wished his funeral to degenerate into an act of public impiety. He knew and comprehended the majesty of our temples, the sanctity of our worship." But though Victor Hugo may have believed in the immortality of the soul and in God, his teaching had gone to encourage and barden those who believe in neither. Still, let us be warned by the charity of the Archbishop. Let us admit that he honestly wished by his teaching to incline the hearts of those who heard him towards Thermopylæ instead of towards Gomorrha, that he tried to teach patriotism and nobility, but, mistaking the manner of bringing about his ends, succeeded only in increasing the sum of selfishness, impiety, and wickedness. The effort of his teaching, and that of such as he, were well revealed in this pagan spectacle, wherein the city that honoured him pursued its Gomorrha-like course.

There has been another debate in Parliament on MORE BIBLE-IN-BIBLE reading in the Government schools. The SOHOOLS. motion was defeated by a large majority and, therefore, the naturally easy consciences of those good

people satisfied to claim only a false appearance must remain, for some time longer at least, disturbed. The "unaided Word" shall no as yet be cast upon the waters of the childish understanding, and embryo theologians must still remain unencouraged. We do not know, however, that the embryo theologian must needs develop into an adult fearing God and regarding man, as Mr. Macandrew seems to certainly expect, and, if all we have to look forward to for the future prosperity of the colony is a scrap of promiscuous unexplained Bible-reading rot through with hurriedly every morning, it is but too probable that very unpleasant times indeed are ahead of us. Besides the budding theologian should have sound data to found his opinions on, and if the choice between the Douay and the Protestant Bible, mentioned as a difficulty by Mr. Montgomery, be after all no difficult one, as every enlightened Protestant legislator, or, for the matter of that, every sincere