



most remote from selfishness,—for perhaps none ever desired fame who did not aim at deserving it. When on the one side there is this overmastering impulse, and on the other is the suffering of a creature who cannot use any argument for itself, and whom the student may deprive even of the power to utter a cry, it should not be considered that we make any imputation on him in refusing to accept his estimate of the thing which he observes only under this temptation to minimise its significance. We merely assume that he is not exceptionally free from the limitations of ordinary humanity. The scientific view of the suffering inflicted by him should be checked by a knowledge of that pain in minds not steeped in the atmosphere of eager anticipation, and influenced by the strongest intellectual stimulus known to man. It is this which we would urge on our readers. We have no hope that we could induce a single person who does not care for the suffering of animals, to consider it by any representations or descriptions of ours; and, in fact, the question of vivisection does not appear to us a good opportunity for any endeavour to create that sympathy where it does not already exist in some degree. All we would urge is, that if it is right to do these things, it is right to know what they are,—and right that persons who stand outside the engrossing interests of those who do them, should know what they are. To rouse ordinary persons to a duty so painful, is indeed difficult; but it should not be impossible, if the promise, “Thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee,” be no exclusive privilege of our species, but (as we believe) the enunciation of a universal law.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

We have already noticed the principal article in the *Nineteenth Century*, the defence of her opinions by the authoress of *Robert Elsmere*; but the number, though it contains nothing striking, is full of good papers. Mr. Plimsoll returns to his favourite subject, the protection of sailors and ships from loss at sea, dwelling this time on the pecuniary damage to the country inflicted by our carelessness in not securing that ships shall be thoroughly well appointed. He estimates this loss, apparently on sound data, at twelve millions a year, and implores all commercial men, as well as all good men, to put a stop to it. He attributes much of the loss to the practice of allowing owners to insure their ships for more than their value, and calls upon the Legislature to prohibit that practice first of all. Of course, the article being Mr. Plimsoll's, it contains a great deal of watery sentiment; but there is a great deal of sense in it too, and we do not ourselves see where a complete answer is to be found. Certainly there can be neither justice nor wisdom in allowing an owner to insure his vessel, as in many of the instances quoted by Mr. Plimsoll, to double its value. That must be an encouragement to carelessness, if not to fraud.

Dr. Wace continues his controversy with Professor Huxley, and certainly, in our judgment, convicts him of either misquoting or misunderstanding Renan; and the Bishop of Peterborough explains his meaning in calling some agnostics cowardly. He did not call them all cowardly; that would be absurd, he says, in the face of Professor Huxley's writings; but he thinks there are cowardly agnostics as well as cowardly Christians, and has in his eye especially a class who escape the difficulties of the problem by saying, “I don't know!” which often means, “I don't care!” Dr. Magee might have added that there are a good many “agnostics” who have convinced themselves, or at least think they have, that thoroughgoing materialism is the only truth, but who conceal their conclusion from fear of the social consequences which still, outside London, fall upon those who openly profess a disbelief in God. There is surely cowardice in that attitude, though we should admit, as fully as the Bishop does, that many agnostics, probably a majority of those before the public, were even haughtily sincere. It is a symptom of the time, however, that negative theology is becoming so far popular that it is attracting hypocrites, men who are only agnostics because they fancy that to believe is somehow un-intellectual.—Mr. Lucy, with his immense experience of the actual working of the House of Commons, declares that the new rules have greatly improved procedure, but that it is still indispensable to abolish the debate on the Address, and to allow business to go on from Session to Session, though not from Parliament to Parliament.

That would be an immense change, and it deserves much more consideration than it has received; but Mr. Lucy does not dispose of the argument that it might stop legislation altogether. It is the fear of a lengthy Session which now enables Government to pass its Bills, and that fear would be removed or greatly decreased.—Mr. Myers's essay on “Tennyson as Prophet,” contains some admirable writing, open mainly to this cavil, that it is a pity in criticism, which, however scientific in reality, should be literary in form, to employ strictly metaphysical terminology. It cannot always be helped, but it always impedes the general acceptance of what else might be popular thought. More is gained, we fear, towards inspiring conviction by sentences of restrained, yet intelligible satire, like this description of the Comtist philosophy:—“Never have we come nearer to ‘the grin without the cat’ of the popular fairy tale than in the brilliant paradoxes with which some kindly rhetorician—himself steeped in deserved prosperity—would fain persuade us that all in this sad world is well, since Auguste Comte has demonstrated that the effect of our deeds lives after us, so that what we used to call eternal death—the cessation, in point of fact, of our own existence—may just as well be considered as eternal life of a very superior description.” With Mr. Myers's general view of the Laureate as the poet of spiritual hope, we fully coincide; but do not see that to take that view requires any great earnestness of study.—Mr. Knowles makes the noteworthy suggestion that instead of adding a Monumental Chapel to Westminster Abbey, the Cloisters, which are, in fact, parts of it, should be utilised as a Pantheon, the green space in the centre being used occasionally for the actual interment of the illustrious dead. This suggestion, which would, in the architect's opinion, afford space for at least another century, is one for experts, but it is one which, on the ground of economy alone, is worthy of serious consideration. To that which Mr. W. Morris sends as Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, we cannot accord the same praise. He would substitute for the religious chapel a Pagan hall, with a loggia as entrance, and so destroy the whole idea of the Abbey. He says:—“We may venture to suggest as a body interested in architecture generally (though some of our detractors will not allow this), that the form which such a building should take ought not to be that of a ‘chapel,’ which implies an altar and ritual—things which might hurt the susceptibilities of some of the successful competitors—but rather of a long hall with a loggia as covered entrance to it.”—All interested in emigration should study carefully Mr. Tuke's report on the prosperous condition of the emigrants whom he has helped to send from the most congested districts of Ireland to Minnesota. He has now sent away ten thousand persons—unhappily, a mere drop in the ocean—and so great is the desire to emigrate, that hundreds of families have within the last few weeks sailed for South America, to a land they know nothing of, populated by a stranger people, being attracted solely by the free passages offered by the Argentine Republic.

The March number of the *Contemporary Review* is unusually dull. There are papers of value, the best, perhaps, being Mr. E. Whymper's on “The Panama Canal;” but there is nothing to which the ordinary reader seeking entertainment will turn with hope, unless, indeed, he is of a kind to be attracted by Canon Wilberforce's sentimental wish-wash about the Christian duty of surrendering Ireland, in the name of “love,” to be governed by the nominees of the National League. Mr. Wilberforce believes that there is something divine about a majority, that “movements wakened into activity from the central fires of a nation's heart are finally irresistible;” but he accords no reverence to a majority if it is Unionist, and would despise the “fire” in England's heart if it flamed up at the thought of a bitter humiliation. He even ventures to say:—“The intellect, the wealth, the social rank of Judea combined against the claims of Him whom the common people ‘heard gladly,’ and the inspired narrative affords an impressive example that the instincts of the less well instructed masses, when in direct opposition to the classes, the professions, the ecclesiastics, can be right.” The Canon, one would think, might have remembered that it was because of the cry of the common people that Christ was executed, in opposition to the cold judgment of the Roman gentleman, and that the Jewish masses, so far from accepting