

that large faith than to echo his wail, "Whatever is, is wrong." Indeed the study of Pope's entire "Essay on Man" ought to act as a wholesome corrective to our author's pessimism.

The Christian's God is "The Maker of Heaven and Earth and of all things visible and invisible"—who at first revealed Himself as Infinite Power (El Shaddai)—later on (Exodus vi. 3) as Eternally Self-Existent (Jehovah)—then "at various times and in divers manners" as Infinite Wisdom—and "in these last days when He hath spoken unto us by His Son" (Heb. i. 1, 2), hath revealed Himself in all His Glory as Infinite Love.

This God—the God of Nature as well as of Grace—having thus revealed Himself and having given us the promise of eternal life, we can bear patiently, bravely, hopefully, the inevitable trials which "the unkind hand of Nature" inflicts, feeling assured that ultimately "our sorrow shall be turned into joy," and that "all things shall work together for good" to them who, like the Master, are "made perfect through suffering."

Is not this a happier, healthier, more vigorous, more practical condition of mind, even for this present secular life, than the unmanly wailing of the poor pessimist sceptic, railing at Nature and at Nature's God—and yet "murmuring ceaseless prayers," and "yearning for" a God that will especially suit his own morbid "imaginings?"

GEO. J. LOW.

THE RIVER OF PAIN.

THERE is a stream which flows beneath the skies,
Whose flood is fed by aching hearts and eyes;
Onward it rolls forever down the years,
Its torrent dark with grief, and brimmed with tears.

Few seek to trace it to its secret source;
Few arms are stretched to stay it in its course;
With life it flows, with life's expiring breath
It leaps in anguish to the sea of death.

Yet allurements upon its surface glow,
And on its bank the flowers of passion blow;
The charmed water silvers on the oar,
Its hollow laughter peals from shore to shore.

For there the world doth sail, affects to rest,
Or seeks some fleeting joy upon its breast;
Sleeps and awakes to find itself again
But further borne adown this stream of pain.

Beset with fears, perturbed by human ill,
It dreads the fateful stream, yet haunts it still;
Still shuts the eye, in search of vain desires,
Like men who build o'er subterranean fires.

Nor doth discern the yet diviner pain
Whereby earth's wrongs may righted be again;
The current—counter to the world's device—
Of stern repression and self-sacrifice;

Or catches sight of that immortal clue—
Yea, clearly sees, when sense to soul is true,
Yet coldly turns aside, nor seeks to gain
A chastened issue from the maze of pain.

But idly sighs, sufficient for the day
The ills thereof—inseparable from life's way;
Or, other men may come when we are gone,
And solve the problem; let the stream roll on
Prince Albert, N. W. T. C. MAIR.

MONTREAL LETTER.

ARCHBISHOP FABRE has issued a circular for the guidance of the clergy, in which matters of no small practical moment are touched on. With much common sense the abuses of bazaars, concerts, and excursions for religious purposes are depicted, and such institutions are prohibited, except where the Bishop, being satisfied of their safety, shall give permission. None are to be held on Sundays or Holy Days, and no intoxicating liquors are to be sold. Priests are urged to make their wills when still in health and reason. Public meetings at church doors, however necessary or useful in the past, are forbidden in the future. In bazaars, the fanciful election which has too often resulted in serious estrangement and discord among the families concerned, is forbidden, and no layman or cleric, collecting money, is to be received unless endorsed by the Archbishop. It is forbidden to advertise that masses shall be said for those who contribute to a certain church scheme, or bazaar. The dangers of pilgrimages, especially of a promiscuous nature in trains and steamboats, are dwelt upon, and priests are forbidden to hear confession from women in such circumstances. Parents are commanded to educate their children but are warned against Protestant schools. Even when costing more, children must be sent to separate schools, and men and women, though without children, must contribute to them. Catholics are prohibited from aiding in the erection and maintenance of Protestant schools, unless compelled by law. The great and growing evils of intemperance are eloquently shewn forth by His Grace, and three methods are suggested to the clergy for more vigorous and effectual warfare: 1. Temperance societies in parishes; 2. Organized effort to reduce the number of licenses; 3.

The refusal of absolution to members of Municipal Councils who knowingly grant licenses to the unworthy, to those who abuse their license, and to those who sell without any. In refusing ecclesiastical burial the Church is guided rather by its duty to the living than by a desire to punish the dead. Public sinners and the excommunicated may, upon signs of genuine repentance, be granted ecclesiastical burial, but without pomp or solemnity. The faithful are cautioned against the theatre, the circus, the private theatrical, the snow-shoe tramp, slides, clubs, dime museums, and pleasure excursions which are special snares to the young. Amateur theatricals in concerts are absolutely forbidden, and secular schools which indulge in them, are not to be attended. Doctors should not postpone the sad duty of informing the sick that they cannot recover, or give remedies which deaden the faculties, so that the last acts of piety may be rendered impossible. Catholic writers are commanded to submit to their bishops in all things, especially in matters concerning Church and State, and the craze for scandal in newspapers is most forcibly denounced.

One of the most extraordinary buildings ever erected in Montreal has just been completed, and formally opened. It is built on Place d'Armes Square by the New York Life Insurance Company, and has been in the course of erection for three years. Its architecture is of the modern school, *upright* and *skyward*, with an unbroken front of hard lines, not only out to proportion in itself, but a distinct interruption of any harmony which may be said to exist in the square, with Notre Dame Cathedral, the Bank of Montreal, and the Post Office. Its tremendous bulk is its chief characteristic, and until it is softened by surrounding bulk, it must remain, possibly a good financial investment, but an eye-sore to the city notwithstanding. Nevertheless, it is possessed of all recent improvements in sanitation, ventilation, and slow combustion. Its floors are inlaid, its ceilings frescoed, and its walls of polished marble. It is lighted by electricity, heated by steam, and furnished throughout in natural woods. Telephone and telegraph in every room, and postal arrangements and facilities are among the inducements to tenants, and the rent includes lighting, heating, fire-protection, assessments, caretaking, and the thousand and one minor items which drive ordinary tenants distracted. A flight of marble stairways and an elevator run you up with well-nigh a dozen stories. A tower is mounted by a spiral staircase, from which, no doubt one can see—the future of Canada, Annexation or Independence, and when the elevator is continued to the top of the flagstaff, we shall be able to perceive the fashions on Broadway. The extraordinary structure has been officially inspected and opened. The public were invited to a formal reception by the Company Officers, and in the evening all sat down to a feast and speeches in the Windsor.

The Bible Society has moved its Depository up town, a very important step for such a staid and unprogressive organization. Hitherto it has enjoyed possession of a part of the ground floor of the Young Men's Christian Association Building on Victoria Square, the most public thoroughfare in the city. The young men have purchased a lot on Dominion Square, directly opposite the Windsor Hotel, and are about to commence a magnificent pile for their evangelistic and educational work, and the Society was compelled to look around. Doubtless it has its own reasons for its unpolished windows, for the dust and spider-webs in which its sacred wares were allowed to languish for all these years. But the Holy Scriptures have but one sale-room in Montreal, and if that sale-room is less attractive in tempting tidiness than the commonest auction room, it is evident that the extension of Bible knowledge must depend upon something else than the efforts of the Society. For the object of the Society is not to make us revere, study, or practise the Scriptures; but simply to make us buy them. And if our material needs, with all their pressing urgency, have to be trained and captivated by brightness and beauty and competition, what can we say of the taste for "the bread of life," which is left to worse than chance? In the new quarters of the Society, on St. Catherine Street, we hope for better things; but do not expect too much. The Depository is a private residence. It is isolated. It is exactly *between two stones*, being safely east of the Beaver Hall route, and quite out of danger of coming in for the Blury Street thoroughfare. The door is always religiously closed; for does not the agent live up stairs? and except one has in the deepest recesses of one's heart a reverential love for "the words that were spoken as never man spoke them," there is no great likelihood that the Depository of the Bible Society would remind him of its existence. Why is not the window bright with beauty? the door temptingly open? the Sacred Book in piles out on the door-step? swinging in packages on the trees, for that part of it, like other things that intend to find purchasers?

Many features of life in Montreal deserve more intelligent study than they receive. One of these, perhaps the very finest of all, is the manner in which the people are in the habit of "leaving town," as they call it, for the summer. One would fancy they had serious intentions of leaving it for ever. Express waggons block the way from sunrise of a May or June morning, and professional teamsters rival each other in the mathematical skill with which they succeed in stowing away, in one four-wheeled vehicle, the entire furniture for a cottage in the country, expected to accommodate from ten to twenty individuals. After sending, per the professional teamster, the beds, sofas, tables, chairs, tubs, barrels, boxes, bundles, pictures, ham-

mocks, perambulators, and bicycles for the family, paterfamilias, who comes into town every day, takes out with him a daily supply of food, laundry-work, toys, and candies, which the baggage-master has been in the habit of winking at for a trifle at the end of the season. It is said that an occasional paterfamilias, no doubt at the suggestion of his economical missus, has been known to entrust to the baggage-master a row-boat, a canoe, the timber for a bath-house, and a few odd window and door-sashes. It has been a great convenience, no doubt, and paterfamilias, with an eye to business, has put up with a little crowding in the passenger cars—indeed, has been known to be one of an odd hundred who stand all the way into town to let sleeping dogs lie. But somebody has kicked the dog, or has stepped upon his gouty toe, or has in some way roused him. Some say it was the C.P.R. dog who set him on. At all events paterfamilias has been notified by the G.T.R. that he can no longer have a special train for his own peculiar convenience; and that his packages are hereafter to be sent through the Express Company, who will kindly charge for everything and be responsible for nothing. Some are wicked enough to say that the C.P.R., planned it all to unsettle the G.T.R. in its priority of monopoly in the suburban service, intending at the right moment to step in with its own remedy. Meantime, the G.T.R., having got through the bait to the hook, has sent a soothing syrup to paterfamilias, who, the G.T.R. hopes will not be so base as to imagine that the railway expected to gain anything by the move. But paterfamilias, though long enduring, enjoys a fling at a railway when he gets the chance, and one bottle has not wrought a perfect cure. Meantime an applauding crowd is looking on, and the ire of paterfamilias is mollified by his unexpected notoriety, which is doubtless, like the serial story, intended "to be continued."

VILLE MARIE.

A POLITICAL RETROSPECT—II.

THE Hon. Robert Baldwin, who was the moving spirit in the political entanglement between Sir Charles Metcalfe and his cabinet, was less able in debate than some of his compeers. As a party leader he had been successful up to a certain point; and the best proof of his moderation lies in the fact of his preferring exclusion from his party rather than consent to certain levelling changes in the Upper Canada Court of Chancery. Scant justice has been done to the memory of Mr. Baldwin. It is well known that he retired in disgust on account of the ingratitude of the party, a section of them having pitted against him an opponent unworthy the position he aspired to, that of a Legislative Councillor. He felt the insult keenly, and it undoubtedly aggravated the brief illness which hurried him to the grave. To Mr. Baldwin his native province is indebted for the boon of Responsible Government, and the present admirable municipal system.

Mr. Draper, known by the political soubriquet of "Sweet William," having succeeded to the leadership of the House, gathered his faithful followers around him, but unhappily he proved unequal to the task. Able and experienced as he was at the Bar, he knew comparatively little about leading a party, much less conducting the affairs of Government, and soon found himself entangled. The forensic abilities of Mr. Draper were unquestioned; he had greatly distinguished himself at the Bar, and was every way qualified to wear the ermine, which he finally assumed. As a politician he was unsuccessful, and with all his ingenuity failed to make his mark in politics. When Lord Metcalfe resigned, and had been succeeded by Lord Cathcart as administrator of the Government, Mr. Draper introduced and carried a Bill appointing commissioners to investigate the claims of parties in Upper Canada who had suffered loss by the Rebellion. The Ministry was soon doomed, and Mr. Draper having resigned his position in the Cabinet, took a Judgeship, thus proving his want of political independence.

Mr. Sherwood was a member of the Draper Ministry, and afterwards signalized himself by carrying a resolution to bring perambulating parliaments into vogue, a system which lasted longer than was expected, the removal of the seat of Government every four years to and from Toronto and Quebec being so absurd. It was got rid of, however, without much trouble. Lord Metcalfe could not have failed to perceive that his success against Messrs. Baldwin, Lafontaine and their friends had not produced an enduring effect upon the country. The fallen leaders saw with complacency that their successors in office were gradually yielding to the force of circumstances. Before throwing up office, Mr. Draper introduced another Bill to provide, this time, for the payment of losses caused by the Rebellion in Lower Canada, the same to be made chargeable against the Marriage License Fund, just as in Upper Canada the payments there had been charged against the tavern and other license funds. Little could Mr. Draper and his friends have thought when, in order to conciliate the French Canadians they proposed the appropriation of £10,000 to meet the losses in question, that such a storm would arise as did three years afterwards when their successors in office carried out a nearly similar measure to that which the Conservative Government introduced but could not pass.

This parliament was noted as presenting some of the best debating talent the country has ever known. Sir Allan MacNab was Speaker, and on the floor of the House were such men as Messrs. Lafontaine, Daly, Viger, Malcolm Cameron—afterwards known as "the Coon"—Hume Blake, Draper, Ogle R. Gowan, Hincks, Morris,