

was a delegate to England on public business in 1874, and was first returned to Parliament for Sherbrooke, his present seat, at the general elections of 1867. He was re-elected by acclamation on his appointment to office, again at the general elections of 1876, and again last year. Mr. Robertson is an experienced and practical financier, and his previous administration of the Provincial Treasury gives promise of successful work in the present difficult straits of the Exchequer.

HON. J. J. ROSS,

President of the Council, represents the Division of Shawinigan, is the son of G. McIntosh Ross, Esq., of St. Amos, formerly a West Indian merchant, by Marie Louise Gouin, and was born at St. Amos. He is a physician and surgeon, and a Governor of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Lower Canada; is also Surgeon of the 1st Battalion Champlain Militia, President of the Champlain Agricultural Society, and a member of the Agricultural Council of Quebec. He was elected Vice-President of the North Shore Railway Company in 1875. He was a member of the Executive Council of Quebec, and Speaker of the Legislative Council from 27th February, 1873, to August, 1874, when he resigned; he was re-appointed on the 27th January, 1876, and retained the position until the dismissal of the Government in 1878. He sat for the Canada Assembly from the general elections in 1861 until the Union, when he was returned to the House of Commons and Local Assembly. He resigned his seat in the latter on his appointment to the Legislative Council in 1867. He continued to represent Champlain in the House of Commons until the general elections of 1874, when he retired. During the political crisis just ended, it was Dr. Ross who led the Council in their refusal to vote the Supplies.

HON. LOUIS ONESIME LORANGER,

Attorney-General, is a son of the late Mr. Joseph Loranger by Marie Louise Dugal, and is a brother of Hon. Mr. Justice Loranger late of the Superior Court. The hon. gentleman was born at Ste. Anne d'Yamachiche, P.Q., on the 10th April, 1837, and was educated in Montreal. He married on the 3rd October, 1867, Marie Annie Rosalie, daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice Lafontaine, by Marie Rosalie Dessaulles. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1858, and has been a member of the Council of the Bar of Montreal, and an alderman of the city for many years. He is Vice-President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society, and was elected President of the Special Committee appointed to superintend the grand national demonstration in 1875. He was first elected to Parliament for Laval at the general elections of 1875, and returned at the general elections of 1878 by acclamation. For some time past Mr. Loranger has acted in the House as first lieutenant of the Hon. Mr. Chapleau, late Opposition leader. Mr. Loranger is essentially a "sympathetic" man, of refined manners, genial culture, a fine speaker and powerful debater. Throughout the late crisis he was Mr. Chapleau's trusted lieutenant.

HON. WILLIAM WARREN LYNCH,

Solicitor-General, is of Irish parentage, and was born at Bedford, P.Q., 30th September, 1845. He was educated at Stanbridge Academy, Vermont University, and at McGill University, at which latter institution he took the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal for proficiency in Roman Law, and graduated B.C.L., 1868. He married 25th May, 1874, Ellen Florence, eldest daughter of J. C. Petter, Esq., of Knowlton. Called to the Bar of Lower Canada June, 1868. He was editor of the *Observer* (Cowansville) for a short period; and has held the Presidency of the Provincial Association of Protestant Teachers of Quebec. First returned to Parliament for present seat by acclamation at general election, 1871; re-elected by acclamation at general election 1875, and again returned at last general election; a Conservative. Mr. Lynch is Mayor of the Township of Biome and Warden of the County, and an universal favourite. He is a man of moderation, fairness and excellent judgment, besides being an eloquent speaker.

HON. EDMUND JAMES FLYNN, LL.D.,

Commissioner of Crown Lands, has represented in Parliament the County of Gaspe. His parents, on the paternal side, are of Irish descent, but born in Gaspe. On the maternal side they are from Guernsey. Father's name, James Flynn, trader and farmer; mother's, Elizabeth Fortevin. He was born 16th November, 1847, in Percé, shiretown of the County of Gaspe, and educated in the Quebec Seminary. He married, 11th May, 1875, Augustine Côté, daughter of Augustin Côté, editor of the *Le Journal de Québec*. Graduated as LL.B. at Laval University, 30th June, 1874. Called to the Bar 15th September, 1873. Received title of LL.D. from Laval University, 15th May, 1878. Has been Professor of Roman Law in the Laval University since 1874. Has been a practicing attorney before Quebec Bar since his admission to the Bar. Although new to public life, Mr. Flynn has already displayed capacity and influence, while his moderation is a pledge of administrative efficiency.

HON. ETIENNE THEODORE PAQUET.

Provincial Secretary, was born at St. Nicholas, Levis, on the 8th January, 1850. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary, at Fordham College, New York, and at Laval University.

Mr. Paquet is unmarried. He is President of the *Club Canadien*, Quebec, and was first returned for Levis at the general elections of 1875 and again last year. He is by profession a notary. Mr. Paquet is the youngest man of the Ministry, but it is said by those who know him to possess both talents and strength of character.

We may remark that the order of numbers used in the portraits of the Ministers was only for convenience and has no bearing on their relative rank in the Cabinet. We may also add that we are indebted for the photographs to our friend, Mr. C. W. Massiah, of Quebec, whom we desire to thank for his zeal and promptness in forwarding them to us.

A SUNDAY TALK.

I have been to hear my old friend Augustus Softleigh, D.D., and at the close of the service I lingered for him at the church door. I do not regularly wait upon the means of grace as provided at Softleigh's establishment; I am connected with another denomination. Our religious views differ; I consider myself quite orthodox, and can prove it from the Bible. Softleigh is also orthodox; and he can prove his position from the Bible. The probabilities are that one of us is mistaken; perhaps both. Singular, is it not, how we can prove so many different theories from the same text-book—to our own satisfaction? There is a great deal in that wonderful book the Bible. And yet, I am afraid when we go to it, we carry a good many of our own notions with us; and then persuade ourselves we found them all there.

But though Softleigh and I cannot fellowship with each other to any great extent in spiritual matters, we have a charitable pity for each other's heresies; and each hopes the other will be converted before he gets to Heaven—or very soon after—so that our earthly friendship may be continued over the river. And then we used to go to school together long since, where he stole my cake, pretending it was some of his own he had accidentally left in my trunk, and I broke his head with a stone aimed at a runaway "yaller dog"; so that our souls became knit together about as closely as two souls of the same sex can ever be made to knit. For this reason I go to hear Softleigh preach occasionally; and am prepared to maintain that his preaching is as good as can be obtained in the neighbourhood from any other man outside the true church. And Softleigh has been heard to admit that I am considerably better than the creed I profess. From these indications it may be judged that our relations are on as charitable a basis as could be expected.

But to return to our sheep. I waited for Softleigh this Sunday referred to; and slipped my arm through his as he came out of the door. "Come with me," I said; "you have been telling us about the blessedness of returning good for evil, and I declare myself a believer in your doctrines. You gave me a sermon; come and I will give you a dinner."

A deprecatory smile stole over his face for a moment. Clergymen never heartily sympathize with any joking on their professional performances—on the part of the laity. Next door to blasphemy, they seem to think it which encouraged, might lead to unpardonable sins. But he did not decline my invitation to dinner. The superintendent of my domestic affairs takes pride in her *cuisine*; and Softleigh has been there before. He professes to have conscientious scruples against fasting and mortification of the body, which he thinks savors too much of Rome. But I am inclined to the belief that it is part of his nature to enjoy a good dinner. I like him all the better for it. I prefer a clergyman who has a good taste as well as a good appetite; who can appreciate a properly prepared meal, and has a slight tendency towards that exercise to which the French give the untranslatable title of *gourmandise*. There is a breadth of sympathy and a warmth of charity about such a man that you do not always find in a pale-faced, attenuated despoiler of gastronomic pleasures. But this is a digression. Perhaps I may relate some day a conversation I once had with my clerical friend on the relation which the stomach bears to religion.

We turned our faces homeward, but said little to each other on the road; for many of Softleigh's flock went that way; and there were elderly sheep to whom a kindly word was due; and pretty little lambs who lingered for the accustomed little pat; not to mention a few of the black-fleeced, crooked-horned variety who might not be overlooked. But as we sat comfortably in our easy-chairs, waiting for the music of the dinner bell, Softleigh mildly turned my thoughts towards the proper subject for the day. What did I think of the sermon? And how did I enjoy the service?

With most people the unwritten laws of society would have required me to go into raptures in response to such questions, but Softleigh and I know each other too well to dull our consciences with telling fashionable lies; and generally speak our minds plainly. What did I think of the sermon? Up to the average; quite correct doctrine neatly expressed; advocating what everybody believes. How did I enjoy the sermon? Not particularly well. Had a drowsy sensation over me tempting me to slumber, while at the same time the seats were not arranged with a due regard to sleeping accommodation. No man who has a proper regard for his own dignity cares to go to sleep sitting up straight in a church pew, and have his

head bob over uncomfortably and ungracefully every few minutes. It is impossible thoroughly to enjoy a religious service under such circumstances. Why don't the manufacturers of church furniture invent some kind of an easy-chair for religious purposes in which a man—or a woman—can recline gracefully and slumber comfortably? I wonder if they could not get up some kind of a patent attachment for the back of the pew, with a soft-cushioned moveable rest, which could be fixed at the proper angle to suit the weary head of the worshipper, who could thus place himself in a dignified posture, close his eyes to all distressing earthly objects, compose his mind to holy thoughts, and sleep the sleep of the just?

Softleigh seemed to feel rather sorry; not that I could not go to sleep comfortably, but that I wanted to sleep at all. Had tried not to be dull and wearisome, he said.

Of course not; I was not finding fault with either the matter or the manner of the preacher. But people will get drowsy sometimes—even under the best preaching.

Yes, Softleigh said; there was the case of Eutychus. What a consolation that was to preachers! If men would go to sleep under the ministrations of Paul, they would go to sleep anywhere. When clergymen thought of this poor youth, they could look on a sleepy congregation with equanimity.

So I had heard. But the case ought to be equally consoling to those who have conscientious scruples against sleeping in churches—if any such there be—and yet are occasionally overcome with drowsiness. If Eutychus did tumble down from the gallery and bump his head badly, he came round all right again, and neither Providence nor Paul seemed to be very angry. But it is quite easy for a person to go sleep under a good minister; and neither minister nor sleeper be to blame in the matter. The sexton is the offender; he has not ventilated the church properly. Carbonic acid makes people drowsy; and all the preachers in Christendom cannot keep a man wide awake when the bright red blood in his arteries takes on a dusky hue and begins to bathe his brain with its nepenthe. The average sexton knows only one way of ventilating a building, and that is to open doors and windows wide and let the wind and sunshine beat full upon the unfortunate congregation. There are two alternatives of discomfort for most church-goers on a hot summer day: either to have the place closed up tightly, with only the minimum of fresh air, or else to have it all open to the hot sun, and no less hot breeze. It is just as impossible to have a room comfortable when the hot air is coming in freely and turning it into a furnace, as it is to have no air coming in at all. The sexton who understands how to exclude the sunshine on a sweltering day, how to let cool fresh air in through the basement, and turn the respired air of the room and through the ceiling is a jewel; and deserves a bigger salary than the leader of the quartette choir.

I must not praise up the sexton too highly, did you say? He will begin to think himself as important a personage as the preacher in the summer time; will he? I don't know but what I consider him that myself; all depends on who the preacher might be. But I certainly rank him high in the list of church officials. And not in summer time only. Winter is the season in which he can exercise his talents to even greater advantage than in the summer. In summer people do not expect much in church; and as a rule they are not disappointed. But winter is the time when both pulpit and pew try to do the best work and make the best appearance. Now, on a moderately cold day things may be passably comfortable; but when a Sunday morning comes with the thermometer down so low that it seems as if it would never be able to get up again; and the wind blowing around the street corners as though it had just arrived in a great hurry from Greenland's icy mountains, and was looking about for a cheap boarding-house; and John Frost standing outside your door waiting to catch hold of your nose the moment that useful member of your corporation makes its appearance; then, the average church may be the gates of paradise for a polar bear, but it freezes the religion out of humanity.

You have not been in the habit of considering temperature as a means of grace? Well, you should. In these days a comfortable church buildings tends to godliness more than a long sermon or a loud prayer. The devout worshipper may have an inward spiritual fire burning at a white heat, while his body is shivering in a cold church. He may; for everything is possible in these—mostly everything at least. But he is more likely under such circumstances to think of his present state than his future; and to incline to the belief that he is getting his full share of punishment now. And then, what kind of eloquence can the preacher display as he gazes upon a freezing audience, with blue lips and pinched noses, and watery eyes; when all the while a frosty vapor of ascending breath accompanies his own utterances, and he can almost feel the words dropping in icicles from his lips, until he begins to fear that he will soon find himself standing up to the knees in his own congealed eloquence—as somebody once said about an orator up North! A congregation will wait and pray a long time for a revival in an ice-house. All the available spiritual fervor in such cases is needed to antidote frost-bites.

Here Softleigh wanted to know if I ever thought how our great, great grandfathers used to sit out patiently a three-hours' sermon on a

freezing day with not a particle of artificial heat inside the church doors.

Thought of it? Of course I have; and felt very sorry for them. No wonder the milk of human kindness often froze in the veins of steady church-goers in those days. But while I sympathize with my unfortunate ancestors, that is no reason why I should voluntarily suffer all the ills to which circumstances compelled them to submit. They had no railroads, telegraphs, gas works, water works, political conventions, book agents and such like luxuries that we enjoy. Let us pity their misfortunes, and be thankful that there is no necessity for us to put ourselves in their places.

There is a close connection between grace and temperature; and there is an intimate relation between the preacher and the sexton. The one looks after the spiritual; the other the temporal. But a proper attention to the temporalities of a church has considerable to do with its spiritual prosperity. In this way the sexton may be nearly as important a personage as the preacher. His place is to see that the seats are kept clean; that the exhausted tobacco quids deposited on the floor and the dust shaken off the feet of the congregation are properly removed; that the ventilation is properly attended to in summer and the fires kept burning briskly when the thermometer is down among the zero figures. You will notice that no matter how lively a revival may be going on in a church your first-class sexton never takes an active part in the spiritual exercises. Amid all the enthusiasm that surrounds him; amid the loud "hallelujahs" and the earnest "amens;" unmoved by the eloquence, the fervor of prayer, and the jubilation of praise, he moves calm and cool—picking up the scattered books, arranging the disordered seats, stirring up the fire, regulating the gas, and looking after the temporalities generally. You might think from his appearance that he cared for no man's soul nor woman's either; and yet he may be as tender-hearted and as spiritual-minded as the liveliest deacon in the place. But he knows his business, and attends to it; leaving other people to attend to theirs. It is his place to keep the church clean and comfortable; and he knows that if he does not do his whole duty, the institution will not be a success. Godliness will not flourish in a pig-pen; religious zeal will not burn bright in an ice-house; piety goes to sleep in an ill-ventilated room. I lay down a rule here, that you will find has few exceptions in this nineteenth century: Where the temporal comfort (not luxuries) of a religious society are disregarded the spirituality of the people is either of a stunted or a crooked growth.

Let us be thankful! cried Softleigh; here comes the summons to the dining-room. You promised to return good for evil by giving me a dinner for my sermon; but you have compelled me first to listen to a little sermonizing of your own!

And I should not be surprised if there was some ground for my friend's reproach.

C. T. C.

London, Ont., October, 1879.

HUMOROUS.

THE New York *Nears* denominates amiability as "gilt edged politeness."

THE latest toast: "Drink this an' ye'll never die, but pine away like a daisy."

AMONG the other well disguised blessings that Adam and Eve escaped was the book agent.

A MISSOURI doctor paid a patient 402 visits and squared the bill for a barrel of cider and a load of bricks.

THE latest invention is a flat candle. The baby can be spanked with it without extinguishing the light.

SMYTHEKIN's idea of window gardening is to sit in the window and watch other people do the gardening outside.

"If you do not want to be robbed of your good name," says the *Minneapolis Tribune*, "don't have it printed on your umbrella."

AN exchange says: "The Queen of Greece is a charming conversationalist." Except, we suppose, when the King refuses to get up and build the fire.

WHEN Douglas Jerrold heard a society bore speaking of a song that always carried him away when he heard it, Jerrold kindly asked if some one present would please to sing it.

THE woman who can pretend to slip and sit down suddenly on her back hair when she drops it on the street, possesses a coolness that would render it invaluable to an ice company.

SOME anonymous wretch ventilates the opinion that if the women of the land would do without ribbons they would save nearly fifteen million dollars to help out the men in having cigars.

A GODLY person complained to an elderly person of his congregation that her daughter appeared to be wholly taken up with trifles or worldly fancies. Instead of fixing her mind on things above. "You are certainly mistaken, sir," said she. "I know that the girl appears to an observer to be taken up with worldly things, but you cannot judge correctly of the direction her mind really takes, as she is a little cross-eyed."

A LETTER, addressed as below, was sent to the New Haven post-office, one of the local lies where Postmaster-General Key's "misdirection order" was a peculiar injustice:

Mr. Enos A. Hale,
Assistant Postmaster,
250 Orchard street,
New Haven,
City of New Haven,
Town of New Haven,
County of New Haven,
State of Connecticut,
United States of America,
Western continent,
Planet earth,
Solar system,
Universe.