

Pure Gold.

TORONTO, JAN. 26, 1872.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

DURING last week but little business of importance was transacted, the House having scarcely got into working order. On Monday a large number of petitions were presented, chiefly pertaining to private legislation. On the same day the following bills were introduced:—Mr. Cameron—To amalgamate the Toronto, Simcoe and Muskoka Junction Railway Company, the Northern Railway Company, and the Northern Extension Railway Company. Mr. McDonald (Leeds)—To incorporate the Shuniah Mining Company. Mr. Springer—To incorporate the North Shore Silver Mining Company. Mr. Cameron—To consolidate the debenture debt of the City of Toronto. Mr. Smith—To authorize the Law Society of Ontario to admit Edward Stonehouse as barrister-at-law.

"Ministerial explanations" were the next order of the day. Let any one should be in doubt as to the meaning of this phrase, we will explain. It means that an entire sitting of the house—not to speak of hundreds of dollars of public money—was spent by Hon. members in "pitching into" one another. Of course, according to the *Globe*, the ministry gained a flaming victory; while according to the *Leader* and *Telegraph* the same Hon. gentlemen cut a sorry figure,—in fact, as brother Jonathan would say, were, "catawampously chawed up." "Which am I to believe?" does a reader say? Whichever you please. One statement is about as correct as the other. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

All things have an end, not excepting "ministerial explanations" and so at last the skirmish ended—"nobody hurt." Mr. Mackenzie then laid on the table the public accounts for 1871, and the House adjourned.

On Tuesday the House met at 3 o'clock, and received a number of petitions; after which bills were introduced as follows:—Mr. Cameron—To incorporate the Toronto Life Insurance and Tontine Company. Mr. Sexton—To amend the Joint Stock Road Companies Act. Mr. Boulbee—To amend Act 31 Vic. chap. 37, entitled an "Act respecting dentistry." Mr. McKellar—To render members of the House of Commons of Canada ineligible as members of the Legislative Assembly. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Blake—To further secure the independence of this Legislative Assembly. Mr. Blake—To make further provision touching the appropriation of the Railway Fund.

After routine business Mr. BLAKE rose to move a resolution, of which he had given notice when leader of the Opposition, in regard to the murder of Thomas Scott. The introduction of this motion was the event of the day, and gave rise to a discussion which was very animated, considering that the speaking was nearly all on one side. At a little before six o'clock the vote was taken, when Mr. Blake's motion was carried 62 to 1.

When the House re-assembled in the evening, Mr. BLAKE referred, in appropriate terms, to the recent illness of the Prince of Wales, and moved "That an address be presented to Her Gracious Majesty expressing the deep sympathy this House has felt for Her Majesty and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during the recent dangerous illness of His Royal Highness, and the great gratification and delight with which this House hails the news of his happy recovery." The resolution was seconded by the Hon. M. C. Cameron, the leader of the Opposition, and unanimously passed. A Committee was then appointed to draft an address in accordance with the resolution.

The report of the Committee of Supply was introduced by the Hon. Mr. MACKENZIE, as received. Mr. BLAKE moved the second reading of a bill for the protection of persons in proving lands under mistaken titles, and it was read accordingly. Mr. CROOKS moved the second reading of the bill to extend the legal capacity of married women, after which the House adjourned.

PURE GOLD, OR WEALTH AND WORTH.

THERE is no doubt that this is a money-seeking age. All the warnings and instruction of moralist and divine about the vanity of riches, have been of no avail. On every side the great race of life is the race to get rich by the easiest and shortest way. The slow processes of honest industry, of mechanical or agricultural, or genuine mercantile skill, are despised. It is complained that our young men refuse to follow occupations where rough toil and home-spun clothing must be their lot, but seek for what is considered to be more respectable, genteel, and agreeable means of subsistence—and the sentiment is condemned. But it is vain to condemn it. The very people who condemn the sentiment are its disciples. We know one parent who had actually written articles according to the small light bestowed on him, against the sentiment, and yet the man put his sons to these genteel occupations,—because he thought it was "low" to make mechanics of them. But he himself had been a mechanic. It is the desire to get rich and to avoid labour. It is the desire for all that riches can get,—pleasure, indolence, luxury, refinement, and influence. It is vain to preach against that desire, and equally vain to preach against the vanity of riches. The very people who urge such preachings are making haste—struggling, panting to get rich. Because, in truth, riches do secure for their holders incalculable power and advantage. Power over social institutions—respect from the multitude—command and control over men, and all that pleases the senses and gratifies the passions. These are

the rewards of riches, and hence the passion for riches grows, and as it grows it produces its evil fruit. Hatred and scorn of class for class are its fruit; and all the fierce struggles between capital and labour—the trades' unionism in its darker features in England, and the terrible communism of France. The unsuccessful envy and hate the successful; and the successful grow in pride and insolence, and self-conceit, and think themselves above the class whose skill and toil make them what they are. But none the less intense is the desire for wealth; and upon those who give themselves up to it and believe it is the greatest aim of life to get rich, its influence is full of peril. "The love of money is the root of ALL EVIL," are words of prophecy, as they are of solemn truth; for this love of money leads to all the gambling speculations; the corruption in public bodies; the frauds in business; the robberies by "confidential servants," which mark and disgrace this age and defy the best efforts and influences of virtue and religion. And the evil is the more dangerous because it marks the professor of religion as much as the heretic of no church. The simple and truthful words of holy writ, just quoted, are put to scorn, and reproach, and shame, because in the sanctuary—in the very house of prayer—sitting in communion and observing all the outward forms of christian fellowship are to be found men greedy for wealth—making haste to get rich—assuming the actions, and words, and looks of humility and religion on the Sabbath—given up utterly to the pursuit of riches every day in the week,—professing christian charity and fellowship before the altar, but in the shop grinding, greedily, overbearing, inconsiderate of the rights of others, unmerciful to their dependents, and to all without wealth, scornful and proud. The love of money is the root of all evil, and this is its worst fruit, that it not only corrupts and hardens the heart, but because money is needful to the support of the church,—the rich giver thinks that he is a righteous christian because he gives to the altar what he gets so easily and can so easily spare.

It is vain to preach on the emptiness of riches while their power is sovereign. We must undermine that power. We must not only labour to make men feel that there are nobler qualities in mental culture and purity of heart than in riches, both to secure happiness to the possessor and to advance the work of God in life; but we must pay deeper honour to those qualities, and raise him into higher esteem and confidence, who gives himself to a good work, than him who gives a cheque on his bank. No doubt, however, it is well to understand that the power and advantages of riches are as nothing compared with qualities which all could possess did they but make the effort. The fact most clear of all is, that the honour paid to sterling worth is genuine, but that paid to the rich man is insincere and hollow. Cleon, who has amassed a large fortune in his mercantile speculations, contemplates greatness; builds him a palatial residence, and displays the manufactured finery of his wife and daughters in a splendid equipage, may think that all the homage paid to his residence, his grounds, his equipage, his power over dollars is paid to him; and yet he must know and tremble as he knows, that the poor bankrupt whose ruin may have enriched him, and who sinks into not unmerited oblivion because he has no money left, is but an illustration of the worth and worthlessness of riches. We admit at once that he who owns and makes a right and liberal use of riches, wins and deserves genuine honour. But really he is not any better nor abler for good than the man of cultivated mind and pure heart. The liberal rich man is but the dispenser of other men's produce. He is a just steward in his time and place, and only the more to be honoured because he is an unusual exception to a general law. For here, indeed, is another evidence that mental culture and purity of heart are safer as investments for personal effort, than the pursuit of wealth. The tendency of the former is to elevate and develop all that is great and good in man. All mental culture exalts, refines, and ennobles the mind, and all efforts by practical virtues to purify the heart, add to personal influence, and secure the deepest peace. But not only does the possession or the pursuit of riches favour indifference to all practical benevolence to all that concerns human progress, but in the satisfaction with his own resources which it fosters in a man, it hinders development and elevation of character. Now because God has so made us that all from within the man is a thousand fold more influential for good or evil than from any thing external and accidental to him, so it is certain, however a vulgar public opinion may decide otherwise, and however it may bow the knee to golden calves, that the man of cultured mind, but above all of pure heart and active philanthropy, has greater power and does more good than he whose best recommendation is his cheque-book.

Well, then, compare the enjoyments of the two men. As a rule, we may be assured that the man who has given his best efforts to make a fortune, knows nothing of intellectual tastes or delights. Of course the moneyed man has his pictures, statues, and books, because he "must assume" a virtue though he have it not. Intellect has some power, and money must bow to it as a matter of policy, on the same principle that it pays tribute to the church—not of love but fear. But it is impossible for the man whose mental energies have been concentrated on schemes of amassing wealth to have those deep intellectual tastes which books and works of art, and science, and nature give to the cultivated mind. Refined intellectual taste is the fruit of culture; and the mind long perverted by low tastes and limited to one narrow, selfish

sphere of action and contemplation, can never find delight in the grander and purer regions of immortal thought. In this respect, culture gives a reward which the man of wealth does envy but can never possess, and which the man of culture would never exchange for all the vulgar power, ostentation and luxury that wealth delights to own and display. But cannot a man make money—that is a fortune, and pursue intellectual tastes? Emphatically no. Exceptions have sometimes happened. Men of culture have been men of business success sometimes, but so rare are those instances of incongruous habits found harmonizing, that the rule is a safe one, that he who makes a fortune in the usual way, can neither have time, taste, nor ability for intellectual pursuits.

Finally, let us add to all this the fact that the wiser way is the easier one. For one who succeeds in the game for riches, how many lose? It is true that there are many grades in the ranks of wealth, and that he who wins his thousands per annum may have some of the power and luxury possessed by him who wins his tens of thousands. But the influence on character is the same, the main difference probably being that the less successful gambler is full of envy and discontent;—he feels that the possession of wealth gets no genuine respect—gives no genuine happiness. But the wiser pursuit is a source of constant enjoyment; and every man who wields any influence on account of his mental or moral qualities, knows that the respect and honour paid him are genuine. It is his Worth, and not his Wealth, that men bow to, and every good action he performs, and every mental effort he makes, deepens and strengthens his power over his fellow-men.

It is true that much of this doctrine has always been enforced, and in a thousand better ways. But the times demand revivals. Our young men yearn for fortunes, our young women for rich husbands. The lust of greed is undermining the strength of nations. Education is dishonoured and intellect degraded, because both are only valued according to their power in helping a man to "get on." "What's the use of it?" or "will it pay?" is the question incessantly put by ignorance and narrow-sightedness in reference to everything outside of the shop. The church suffers from it: it looks for support to its wealthy members rather than to its men and women of mental power and nobleness of heart. Worth is sensitive and jealous of its rights. It knows how infinitely higher are its claims, and is its power for good than wealth; and if the church believes its prosperity is better advanced by the dross than by the "pure gold," its membership will be rotten, its influence and work are formal ceremonies, and utterly unworthy of its great mission. Much of this already prevails. Indifferentism and skepticism are strong because the solemn accusation is brought against christian churches that they are not sound in fellowship and practice. But mental culture and purity of heart, and the spirit of pure religion are kindred and congenial in nature; and the power of mind and practical example have done more to advance christianity than the abundance of the treasury. It behoves ministers, then, to war with this homage to health, and give tribute to worth, which is the only pure gold that can sustain the church.

And the State will suffer from this greed for riches. There is unsoundness and hollowness in the immense commercial wealth of England. Her capitalists are too rich—her productive classes too poor,—the great aim of life is to get rich; and while the successful few are amassing princely fortunes and receiving princely incomes, discontent, envy and jealousy are burning in the hearts of the multitude, who cannot understand the economy that dooms them to perpetual and ill-paid toil, whose fruits are seized and enjoyed by the rich. Unless a higher sentiment expels the meaner ambition, we betide the nation given up to the pursuit of riches, and believing that mere commercial prosperity is an evidence of power and happiness. The Battle of Dorking will be the sure and merited issue of such a spirit. The strength of Germany lies in her mental and moral culture. Individually the Germans are not rich. Merchant princes do not flourish there; and the people desire knowledge and honour culture for their own sake, because they are the sources of true manliness and lasting influence, not because they may help to make fortunes. While Germany sustains this sentiment, she will grow in moral and physical power, and assume that supreme rank amongst nations to which on such conditions she will be the best entitled. Individuals or nations ought to fail when they are false to the doctrine which declares worth higher than wealth.

Let us, too, beware. The desire to get rich is strong amongst us—far too strong. Too many of us believe this to be the great purpose of life. It is too much the custom with us,—if there come into our assemblies a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, to have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing; and say unto him, "Sit thou here in a good place; and to say to the poor stand thou there or sit here under my footstool." But we are young as a nation, and if we would attain the stature of true manhood and national greatness, we must cultivate a contempt for riches as the source of happiness. The right idea is that an exceedingly rich man is always a suspicious character. He has taken care of number one. He has had an eye to his own interests. He may have benefited the community in getting rich, but the main business of life with him has been to feather his own nest; and whatever indirect good he has done, has been richly paid for in the profits of the speculation. The true riches are those of heart and mind,—the "pure gold" which moth and rust cannot corrupt—which alone exalts the christian church, strengthens the State, and makes the man; and the only gold which ought to claim homage and love is WORTH.

RICHARD LEWIS.

HALF-HOURS WITH POPULAR AUTHORS.

WILL M. CARLETON.

A WRITER, over the above signature, has been attracting considerable attention in the United States by a series of "Farm Ballads," two or three of which have already appeared in the columns of PURE GOLD. We have no knowledge of Mr. Carleton's antecedents; but it must be evident to all who have read his productions that he promises to become an author of more than ordinary power. Mr. Carleton has not, as yet, soared into the higher regions of poetic fancy; but he touches commonplace, every-day topics with a master's hand, and has already, we think, earned the title of "popular"—an opinion in which our readers will doubtless agree, when they have read the following on

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.

'Twas night in the beautiful city,  
The famous and wonderful city,  
The proud and magnificent city,  
The Queen of the North and the West.

The riches of nations were gathered in wondrous and plentiful store;  
The swift-speeding bearers of Commerce were waiting on river and shore;  
The great staring walls towered skyward, with visage undaunted and bold,  
And said, "We are ready, O Winter! come on with your hunger and cold!  
Sweep down with your storms from the Northward! come out from your ice-guarded lair!  
Our larders have food for a nation! our wardrobes have clothing to spare!  
For off from the corn-bladed prairies, and out from the valleys and hills,  
The farmer has swept up his harvests, the miller has emptied his mills;  
And here, in the lap of our city, the treasures of Autumn shall rest,  
In golden-crowned, glorious Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West!"

'Twas night in the church-guarded city,  
The templed and altar-decked city,  
The sacred and spire-adorned city,  
The Queen of the North and the West!

And out from the beautiful temples that Wealth in its fullness had made,  
And out from the haunts that were humble, where Poverty peacefully prayed,  
Where praises and thanks had been offered to Him where they rightly belonged,  
In peaceful quietude homeward the worshipping multitude thronged.  
The Pharisee, laden with riches and jewellery, costly and rare,  
Who proudly deemed thanks to Jehovah he was not as other men are;  
The penitent, crushed in his weakness, and laden with pain and with sin;  
The outcast, who yearningly waited to hear the glad bidding, "Come in!"  
And thus went they quietly homeward, with sins and omissions confessed,  
In spire-adorned, templed Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West.

'Twas night in the sin-burdened city,  
The turbulent, vice-laden city,  
The sin-compassed, rogue-haunted city,  
Though Queen of the North and the West.

And low in their caves of pollution great beasts of humanity growled;  
And over his money-strewn table the gambler bent fiercely and scowled;  
And men with no seeming of manhood, with countenance flaming and fell,  
Drank deep from the fire-laden fountains that spring from the rivers of hell;  
And men with no seeming of manhood, who dreaded the coming of day,  
Prowled, cat-like, for blood-purchased plunder from men who were better than they;  
And men with no seeming of manhood, whose dearest-craved glory was shame,  
Whose joys were the sorrows of others, whose harvests were acres of flame,  
Slunk, whispering and low, in their corners, with bowie and pistol tight-pressed,  
In rogue-haunted, sin-cursed Chicago, though Queen of the North and the West.

'Twas night in the elegant city,  
The rich and voluptuous city,  
The beauty-thronged, mansion-decked city,  
Gay Queen of the North and the West.

And childhood was placidly resting in slumber untroubled and deep;  
And softly the mother was fondling her innocent baby to sleep;  
And maidens were dreaming of pleasures and triumphs the future should show,  
And scanning the brightness and glory of joys they were never to know;  
And firesides were cheerful and happy, and Comfort smiled sweetly around;  
But grim Desolation and Ruin looked into the window and frowned,  
And pitying angels looked downward, and gazed on their loved ones below,  
And longed to reach forth a deliverance, and yearned to beat backward the foe;  
But Pleasure and Comfort were reigning, no danger was spoken or guessed,  
In beautiful, golden Chicago, gay Queen of the North and the West.

Then up in the streets of the city,  
The careless and negligent city,  
The soon-to-be-sacrificed city,  
Doomed Queen of the North and the West.

Crept, softly and slyly, so tiny it hardly was worth the name,  
Crept, slowly and soft through the rubbish, a radiant serpent of flame.  
The South-wind and West-wind came shrieking, "Rouse up in your strength and your ire!  
For many a year they have chained you, and crushed you, O demon of fire!  
Now, rouse you, and dig for this city a fiery and desolate grave!  
Freight heavy with grief and with wailing her world-scattered pride and renown!  
Charge straight on her mansions of splendour, and battle her battlements down!  
And we, the strong South-wind and West-wind, with thrice-doubled fury possessed,  
Will sweep with you over this city, this Queen of the North and the West!"

Then straight at the great quiet city,  
The strong and o'er-confident city,  
The well-nigh invincible city,  
Doomed Queen of the North and the West.

The Fire-devil rallied his legions, and speeded them forth on the wind,  
With tinder and treasures before him, with ruin and tempests behind.  
The tennent crushed 'neath his foot-step, the mansion oped wide at his knock;  
And walls that had frowned him defiance, they trembled and fell with a shock;  
And down on the hot, smoking house-tops, came raining a deluge of fire;  
And serpents of flame writhed and clambered and twisted on steeple and spire;  
And beautiful, glorious Chicago, the city of riches and fame,  
Was swept by a storm of destruction, was flooded by billows of flame,  
The Fire-king loomed high in his glory, with crimson and fire-streaming crest,  
And grinned his fierce scorn on Chicago, doomed Queen of the North and the West.

Then swiftly the quick-breathing city,  
The fearful and panic-struck city,  
The startled and fire-deluged city,  
Rushed back from the South and the West.

And loudly the fire-bells were clanging, and ringing their funeral notes;  
And loudly wild accents of terror came pealing from thousands of throats;  
And loud was the wagon's deep rumbling, and loud the wheel's clatter and creak,  
And loud were the hoofs of the horses, and loud was the tramping of feet,  
And louder, yet louder, the crashing of roofs and of walls as they fell,  
And louder, yet louder, the roaring that told of the coming of hell.  
The Fire-king threw back his black mantle from off his great blood-dappled breast,  
And sneered in the face of Chicago, the Queen of the North and the West.

'Twas morn in the desolate city,  
The ragged and ruin-heaped city,  
The homeless and hot-smoking city,  
The grief of the North and the West.

But down from the West came the bidding, "O Queen, lift in courage thy head!  
Thy friends and thy neighbours awaken, and hasten, with raiment and bread!"  
And up from the South came the bidding, "Cheer up, fairest Queen of the Lakes!  
For comfort and aid shall be coming from out our savannahs and brakes!"  
And down from the North came the bidding, "O City, be hopeful of cheer!  
We've somewhat to spare for thy sufferers, for all of our suffering here!"  
And up from the East came the bidding, "O City, be dauntless and bold!  
Look hither for food and for raiment—look hither for credit and gold!"  
And all through the world went the bidding, "Bring hither your choicest and best,  
For weary and hungry Chicago—sad Queen of the North and the West!"

O crushed, but invincible city!  
O broken, but fast-rising city!  
O glorious, but unconquered city,  
Still Queen of the North and the West!

The long, golden years of the future, with treasures increasing and rare,  
Shall glisten upon thy rich garments—shall twine in the folds of thy hair!  
From out the black heaps of thy ruins new columns of beauty shall rise,  
And glittering domes shall fling grandly our nation's proud flag to the skies!  
From off the wide prairies of splendor the treasures of Autumn shall pour,  
The breezes shall sweep from the Northward, and hurry the ships to thy shore!  
For Heaven will look downward in mercy on those who've passed under the rod,  
And happily again they will prosper, and bask in the blessing of God.  
Once more thou shalt stand mid the cities, by prosperous breezes caressed,  
O, grand and unconquer! Chicago, still Queen of the North and the West!