

cannot see through the ridiculous trickery. Shams! There is a class of men in the City of Toronto, and I presume a special variety of the same class is to be found in all cities, who call themselves speculators, (builders, so-called), and trade in their own honesty for so much cash, who wilfully and with intent to deceive, erect such match-box, tinder houses, that in a few years, they must become worthless. If such shameless houses were detached and appeared in isolated cases, I should be a knave indeed to speak against such a fraud. But, indeed, I find row after row, and terrace after terrace, erected and being erected, of the same class of houses, whose foundations, in many cases, are little more than eighteen inches under ground, two feet less than the frost line; and this before the very eyes of our City Commissioners, and in other cases the foundation below ground of brick, and above ground for a foot or so are of stone, so that the unwary purchaser is deceived into the belief that the substructure is a strong stone foundation. I would not have called public attention to this class of deception, but to state that the men who have the proprietorship and the control in these house building speculations are the *pillars of the Church* though, in many instances, their names do not appear. They indeed are the rich men who sway alike both the minister and the congregation. In fact, such a hold has this class of men upon the clergy and laity, that with all the unholy hypocrisy imaginable, they manage to become in the Methodist Church Exhorters and Local preachers. And, indeed, I speak a solemn truth when I cite, for example, the case of a man who attempted to preach (I say attempted, advisedly, for his sermon I considered blasphemy) not three Sundays ago in one of the large churches of Toronto to an unsuspecting congregation who, not ten days before was seen in the lowest haunt of indecency in the city, the Queen's Theatre, relishing (as evident by his boisterous laughter) with delight, the obscene talk of the disgraceful actors. In the name of the Most High, are there none in authority in our cities who have the fearlessness to be just; is the name of Jehovah to be insulted Sabbath after Sabbath in the House of God, and out of it by all the bold audacity of indecent hypocrisy.

We seem to be all links in some unholy chain tied together, bound hand and foot, as it were, not able to move. The clergy dares not denounce the people, because of their hire, and the people to serve their own ends tolerate this evil. The people cry out for sensational preaching and are satiated with it. Our clergy are mere caterers to the public's love of loud talking rather than the worship of the True God.

The people may pay for and receive just such preaching as they choose: "if you don't succeed, try again." It is your own fault if you are not carried into Heaven on a through ticket. If you believe in the comfortable doctrine of no eternal punishment, the Rev. So-and-so preaches that way; go and hear him. If you prefer a hell, try —, D.D. If you like it hot and heavy, with a little profanity now and then for effect, go to another of our city churches. Do you admire a crowd, then go to the Cathedral. Perhaps you are a musician and love excellent singing; you had better hire a pew in the large church with the big choir and the fifteen-thousand-dollar organ and the fifteen-hundred-dollar conductor, in the splendid church with the three-thousand-dollar eloquent rhetorical pastor and the eminently architectural edifice of the florid ecclesiastical Gothic style of the fifteenth century, and there you will meet with all that the heart can desire, though you are the worst man in the world to please. If you like free thought, indeed, even that class of people have a hall in which to exhibit their profanity. So that there is no excuse for even the most fastidious taste in the world. Oh! this Religion is a strange instrument in the hands of some men; it shuts the mouths of men, and opens them at pleasure; it blinds or gives sight. This Religion is a fine screen to crawl down behind and curl oneself up like a loathsome worm to hide. This Religion for the weak is a strong staff to lean upon, and for the proud a gaudy banner to awe the people withal. But our Heavenly Father did not mean it thus. O this deception of religion covers a multitude of sins, and can be used in the most improbable ways; can be utilized to carry men, like the immortal Pecksniff, through the most trying ordeals; and in fact, in large doses, if used with discretion, will put a man or party into power in the Legislative Assembly. And in passing I would say, with regard to the Local Houses, that it is a cause for great concern and wonder how such men, as (but I must not mention names, or people will say I am vindictive) we find not very far from East Toronto, ever manage to get a vote. Either the people must be bribed or they cannot vote intelligently, or they are depraved; for men who would cheat and lie, and notably make their thousands unblushingly by deception and fraud out of the Government of their country, are scarcely the men to place in responsible positions of trust and power to represent honest men of this great Dominion.

We talk about our educational advantages here in this Canada of ours being the most magnificent system in the world, and yet it cannot, with all its boasted ability and munificence, take the conceit and profanity out of the ordinary Canadian youth and grown up "old boy" of our land. And, faith, what can we expect when we find such a paper as *The Christian Guardian*, for instance, setting the example in such headings as "Our Righteous Dead," and then follows a long and transcendently eloquent eulogium on the bright example of some ancient sinner whose very name is a nonentity. I consider this as being nothing more or less than profanity.

One of our noblest men of Toronto, a clergyman of whom Canada will yet be proud, sorrowfully made complaint yesterday on the above heading, "Our Righteous Dead," and pronounced it very trash, unseasonable and discordant to this Christian age. Yes, talking of the conceit and profanity of Canadians at large, the words of Moore pronounced upon America years ago come back with peculiar force and significance to the present time.

"While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
The bloom is poisoned and the heart decays!
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death;
And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She is old in youth—she's blasted in her prime!"

Pardon me, sir, for the great liberty I have taken in writing at such length, but as a Spectator in this Vanity Fair I could do no less than, when seeing the evils about me, help at least to draw the attention of the unthinking to them.

Toronto, June 12th, 1879.

Herbert G. Paull.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE LOVER'S TALE, by Alfred Tennyson. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston; Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

The author tells us in his preface that he wrote three sections of this poem in his 19th year, and that two of the three parts were printed at the time, though not published.

"Feeling the imperfection of the poem," he adds, "I withdrew it from the press." Some years afterwards he wrote the fourth section, which appears amongst his other published poems, as "The Golden Supper," and now, as the earlier portion, first circulated among friends, has been several times reprinted "without the omissions and amendments he had in contemplation, and marred by many misprints," Mr. Tennyson resolved to reissue the whole work, including the short third part, which had never before seen the light, in a form agreeable to himself. In so doing, he has conferred a boon on his many admirers and all students of his poetry. The whole of the portion he wished to suppress is quite good enough to live, and the first part gives delightful evidence of his talent. From the confused thought and stumbling verse of the second and third sections, however, it is easy to see why the poet got weary of his work and desired to forget it; while in the fourth part, "The Golden Supper," we see how, years afterwards, he returned to his early theme, and handled it with all the strength of his matured genius.

This little volume is a valuable illustration of some stages in Mr. Tennyson's poetical career, the theme is well suited to the fantastic side of the Laureate's genius, and he has not often written much finer poetry.

WAIFS IN VERSE, by G. W. Wicksteed, Q. C., Law Clerk, House of Commons, Ottawa.

This little volume of versicles, printed for presentation amongst the author's friends, should not be permitted to float "adown the gulf of time" without a cordial greeting. They were written at odd moments, and many of them date from years ago, hence nothing but a kindly reception at the passing moment was ever hoped for them; nevertheless, the idea of gathering them and binding the garland together in their present acceptable shape was a "happy thought," and one which will lay "troops of friends" under an obligation. Many of the pieces deserve more than a transient fame, whilst several of them, e.g., "The Queen's Birthday, 1878," and "National Anthem," demand a stronger name than "Waifs." One mistake Mr. Wicksteed makes is calling his preface "An Apology for my Waifs"; if the word is to be taken "as an excuse for," then, they need no apology. They bear upon their front evidence of a kind heart and gentlemanly culture, which does not refrain, on occasion, from a little good-natured fun. The author evidently, with poor Hood, "doats upon a jest within the limits of becoming mirth."

The July number of *Harper's Magazine* is a worthy successor to the beautiful June number. The social gaieties of a fashionable seaside resort are presented in vivid colours in the leading article on Narragansett Pier. Howard Pyle's delightful and interesting gossip concerning life on the Eastern Shore is concluded. The peach orchards of Delaware, cypress shingle making in the Dismal Swamp, its sleepy old capital and yachting along its coast, afford Mr. Pyle splendid opportunities for the use of his pencil as well as his pen. Wm. H. Rideing contributes a charming article on The Land o' Burns—Ayr and its neighbourhood, with many beautiful illustrations. In remembrance of the Glorious Fourth, a spirited and valuable narrative of The Storming of Stony Point, July 15, 1799, with illustrations, is contributed by H. P. Johnston. The first of a series of papers on American Art, covering fifty years from 1828 to 1878, illustrated with remarkably fine reproductions of paintings by well known artists. J. T. Fields contributes a humorous poem, The Owl Critic. E. E. Hale has a story, The Happy Island, conveying good humored and whole-some satire. Miss Mulock's beautiful love story, Young Mrs. Jardine, is continued. E. P. Whipple has a very interesting paper, Recollections of Charles Sumner.

Scribner & Co. have purchased the plates and copyrights of Songs for the Sanctuary, and all Dr. Robinson's other works, and will at once enter upon a new field in the publication of Hymn and Tune books for church use. Their success in the publication of their magazines, and their ample facilities for this new enterprise, will guarantee an equally sure success.

Any one is liable to be Scalded, and every one may find relief from the agony, by simply binding on some of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. As the Liniment walks on, the pain walks off. If any one doubts, try it on and see how it works; but be sure to keep a bottle in the house.

We have frequently heard mothers say they would not be without Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, from the birth of the child until it had finished with the teething siege, on any consideration whatever. It gives an infant, troubled with colic pains, quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest at night.