

regularity. There are four main streets, each fifty yards wide, meeting in the centre, where there is an immense domed building called the Charsoo. Beneath it is a covered space where proclamations are read, where the mutilated bodies of malefactors are exposed, and where the best stores are located. In one portion of the Charsoo is the Nakarra, or room where the royal band plays, and it is from the terrace of this apartment that our sketch is taken. The music of the Afghan band, which performs here daily, is rather trying to the nerves of European visitors. One traveller says of it: "Nothing can surpass the stunning and unearthly music of his Majesty's band. The performers attempt only three or four notes, repeated in regular rotation on a dozen deafening drums, discordant horns, and hoarse speaking-trumpets, from the most dismal bass to a high braying treble, the whole burden of the strain being 'Shah Shujau—Shah—uh—Shu—jau.' These reverberations, heard for miles around, proclaim the entrance of the sovereign and the princes, and serve likewise to mark the divisions of the day, as the band plays at daybreak, mid-day, and midnight, after which hour until the morning beat no one can appear in the streets under pain of imprisonment and fine." The best part of Candahar is the suburbs. Passing out of the town by the gate leading toward Herat, the visitor finds himself in the gardens of the former rulers of Afghanistan, and among the ruins of the old city. These cover a great extent of surface along the base and slope of a high ridge that rises on a plain about four miles west of the present town. In the suburbs are also many gardens and vineyards producing various kinds of grapes and a great variety of fruits. The military force quartered at Candahar is always considerable. The distance from it to Quetta, on the frontier, where an English force is established, is 150 miles, but the country, between is so difficult to traverse that on one occasion a body of troops were eighteen days in making the journey, although their advance was unresisted.

WHY PEOPLE DO NOT GO TO CHURCH.

Perhaps it may be profitable to consider why a large percentage of otherwise good and respectable persons systematically absent themselves from public worship. Religion is at the present moment passing through a phase of transition and difficulty, and the ship of the Church is rocked to and fro by the winds of many doctrines. The dread of priestcraft has resulted in the glorification of rationalism, and strong minds who have begun with thought have ended in doubt. It is not surprising that a large proportion of the sheep nominally in the sheepfold have a secret desire to stray from the safe and sheltered road pointed out by the shepherd, and it may be reasonably averred that the three principal causes why people shrink from the external observances of religion are infidelity, moral torpor, and self-will.

It is a commonly received notion that men may be more lax about religious practices than women. Thus if the father of the family stays from church it is attributed to a hundred-and-one excellent reasons sooner than the true one, that he does not believe. Possibly he considers himself a pantheist, a theist, or a deist; probably he is an excellent member of society and a pattern of conjugal and fatherly virtue. If he be very sensitive, and honest with himself, he ceases to go to church, as some people abstain from wine, because it heats and excites him. He cannot listen Sunday after Sunday to truths which he does not allow to be truths, or join in prayers the efficacy of which he denies. Yet he has not the moral courage openly to proclaim his opinions. They would shock his wife, who trusts in his superior judgment on all mundane matters, or might injure the prospects of his sons and daughters. Those whose consciences are not so sensitive do not go to church simply because, not crediting the efficacy or necessity of such worship, they regard it as pure loss of time. Nominally belonging to the Church, they are in reality her bitterest enemies, for an open foe is always less dangerous than a false friend. Again, with most thinking men there has come a phase in their life when they have doubted everything—God, religion, love, themselves. Well-balanced minds recover, as the horse steadies himself on landing after a tremendous leap; but doubt being very real, and for the time being as potent as faith, they cannot go to church and act a lie. In time "the beneficent harness of routine" reduces them to order, and they become tame and tractable like the rest of the world. They are human *Ætnas*, with their periods of eruption and wild riot; but after a lapse all settles down, the grass grows, and cities spring up, regardless of the dangerous crater on which their foundations are laid. But the fire of the volcanic temperament in the individual usually becomes extinct—occasionally from old age, which mellows all things; frequently from a sense of responsibility, which beloved women and helpless children, butchers' bills and exorbitant house-rent, must inevitably entail.

The second class of non-worshippers are the chronic victims of a certain moral torpor. The Bishop of London once said, "An earnest service does not always mean a praying people;" and in the sense in which he used it, the assertion was true. It has further been remarked that no religion is worth anything for which its votaries are not prepared to die. This it was which gave such intense vitality to the Christian religion

in the first centuries, when frantic fanatics had to be forcibly held back from martyrdom. Contrast this with the placid indifference of our days, when to go to church or not is a purely personal question, depends on a rain-cloud, may be controlled by the fact of possessing a pair of thick boots, or guided by the exact temperature of the place of worship. Moral torpor is a catching malady; it is at some seasons and in some classes an epidemic. Its victims would indignantly deny the fact were they charged with being unbelievers. Yet to what other conclusion do their habits point? "Oh, I am a Church-woman," they will answer; "but really I can say my prayers just as well at home, undisturbed by distracting sights and sounds; and I know best what suits my own especial state of mind." Were these peculiarly nervous organizations closely pressed it would probably appear that the religious service conducted in the privacy of their chambers consisted in the perusal of a French novel, with their feet on the fender, or a communion with Nature in the shape of a doze under an apple-tree in the garden. Very queer vagaries have been seen in the ranks of those who, if they go to church at all, do it from a strange sense of the proprieties of religion. One of the most remarkable instances of this frame of mind was exemplified by the Marchioness of Salisbury, who, on arriving late and finding the church door closed, remarked to her daughter, as she turned away, "Well, we've done the civil, at any rate." An odder jumble of pride, profanity, and well-meaning endeavour to do right cannot be imagined.

Many avoid church from self-will. The brilliant writer asks indignantly how we can expect him to sit calmly listening to a preacher whose reasoning is assertion, and whose illustrations are dragged in inappositely by the head and shoulders, whose rhetoric is froth, and whose grammar is doubtful; or the aesthetically educated girl will plaintively remark that her ear, accustomed to harmony, cannot endure the twang of the village choir, led by a phthisic schoolmaster, and plentifully enriched with the local accent. One person objects to the omission of the Litany, another to the introduction of the Athanasian Creed, a third to the tone of the officiating clergyman, some to the wearing of surplices, others to the nasal chanting and the incense; in short, as it is impossible to please everyone, it ends by one and all eschewing church, each on his or her own especial ground of complaint. It is very easy to palm off upon others our own shortcomings, and to credit them with our laziness or self-will. As a gifted author has said, "I have found that men carry their religion in other men's heads, and their morality in their own pockets." Preachers may occasionally give their congregation legitimate ground of offence, but that sermon must be indeed a bad one out of which some grain of wisdom cannot be extracted, some little germ from which may spring a whole tree of wholesome and invigorating thought. Self-will thus deprives many good souls of the benefit of public worship, and many excellent clergymen of the satisfaction of overflowing congregations. Possibly it might be well for us if we could go to church in the spirit of the old Scotch-woman, who, when asked if she understood a peculiarly metaphysical and scholastic sermon, to which she had been listening with great gravity, replied, "Wad ye have me presume to understand what the meenister says?"

Is it, then, an unmitigated evil that people calling themselves Churchmen should not attend the rites instituted by their own ecclesiastical polity? It must be regarded as a discredit to religion that congregations should be thin, churches empty, and services chill and depressing, from the evident inattention and indifference of the worshippers. We may not appoint lovers' rendezvous or pass billets-doux, as they have a habit of doing in Spanish cathedrals; but we occasionally show an amount of torpor which is the reverse of an honour to the time-hallowed usage of assembling ourselves together. Yet it is very possibly not from a hatred nor from a cold reluctance to acknowledge the necessity of a faith of some kind, in order to vivify and enlarge the moral perceptions, but rather from a deep sense of the real truths underlying the perfunctory practice of rites indifferently acquiesced in by the many, and a kind of desire that principle and practice might be more in unison, that numberless honest and straightforward people eschew church.

ILLUSTRATED AUSTRALIAN NEWS.

We have received by this mail from Mr. George Collins Levey, Secretary to the Commissioners for the Colony of Victoria at the Paris Exhibition, a copy of the above paper. It consists in a double number specially prepared for visitors at the Paris Exhibition; as an illustrated paper it ranks equal to any on this continent. It contains a series of engravings representing the more important buildings, manufactures, and works at Melbourne, and some of the other towns of Victoria, Australia. Amongst them will be found a view of Melbourne, and of the buildings now in course of construction for the International Exhibition, which is to be held in that city during 1880.

The newspaper also contains a short but interesting account, in French and English, of the Colony, its history, its climate, its institutions, and the advantages which it offers to colonists.

We acknowledge the receipt of this paper with thanks, and note with satisfaction the progress of our Antipodean cousins.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The management of the Academy of Music has been taught a lesson, which it will, if it is wise, take to heart. Montrealers, who have been accustomed to look upon the Academy as a place of entertainment where the exponent of art can do justice to them as well as to himself, expressed their indignation at the performance which dragged on a miserable existence last week. In the so-called spectacular play of "Magia," there was neither wit, comicality nor acting, and in the matter of dress the motto of the actresses seems to have been "they wanted but little here below and wanted that little short." On the first night the public hissed to their hearts' content, and during the rest of the week left the performers in presence of empty seats. If Mr. Barnes wishes to secure a successful season during the winter, we would suggest that he employ only the best material and never present any spectacle that is not in every respect true to the promises of the programme. On Friday and Saturday next will be produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with Miss Lottie as *Topsy*, and from the 5th to the 9th inst., Stetson's Opera Bouffe Company will occupy the boards, opening with "Evangeline."

JOURNALISTIC.—The *Pembroke Standard*—one of the most enterprising of the Ottawa Valley weeklies—referring to our *Pembroke* number, says:—"The *News* also contains a lengthy and very ably written article from the pen of Mr. Tolley, on the rise and progress of our young town. We give the letter-press *in extenso* on our first and second pages. The enterprise of the *News* in thus illustrating our Canadian towns is very commendable, and cannot fail to have a beneficial effect with persons at a distance who are somehow inclined to look on us, in this part of the country particularly, as little better than savages."

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of No. 1, Vol. 5 of the *McGill Gazette*, which reflects great credit on the *alumni* of our University, and compares most favourably with other similar periodicals. Besides a couple of cleverly-written poems it embodies several papers of merit, sporting news and reviews of American University journals. We wish the *McGill Gazette* long life and prosperity. Another *Gazette* also makes its appearance this month, the *Canadian Military Gazette*, a paper devoted to the interests of the Active Militia of the Dominion. It is full of valuable information and interesting news for our volunteers, who will no doubt give it their support.

THE last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* contains splendid pictures of all the new Cabinet, besides some other very excellent illustrations.—*Hatifax Herald*.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SOUL LUSTRE.—It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore. Far inland, where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful—angular, not rounded. It is where long white lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. So in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre.

DO EVERYTHING WELL.—If you have something to attend to, go about it coolly and thoughtfully, and do it just as well as you can. Do it as though it were the only thing you ever had to do in your life, and as if everything depended upon it. Then your work will be well done, and it will afford you genuine satisfaction. Often much more does depend upon the manner in which things seemingly trivial are performed than one would suppose, or than it is possible to foresee. Do everything well, and you will find it conducive to your happiness, and that of those with whom you come in contact.

BE FRANK.—Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend. Be anxious, when you relate anything, to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people in telling real things add a little to them, and as they pass through a dozen mouths the original stories are turned into something entirely different. So when you attempt to tell something that you have seen with your own eyes, relate it correctly in every particular, and as you grow older you will reap the advantages of this course.

SYMPATHY.—Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy; a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety, but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river, and lessen into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide, but increase the flame; and, though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run on my friend's cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of Heaven, because they shine by numbers, by unions and confederates of light and joy.

RIDICULE.—If ridicule is ever allowable or justifiable, it certainly is not so when directed against physical or mental defects. Some parents, teachers, and other guardians of the young think it wise to use this weapon for the purpose of stimulating the ambition or of improving the manners of their children or their pupils. It may perhaps avail where there is no sensitiveness in the individual—in which case other means will answer quite as well, and better. Ridicule however is a most cruel and dangerous remedy for any fault or failing, and is likely to be productive of greater evils than that upon which it bears, especially as it is almost always aimed at those things which the poor victim is thoroughly conscious of, but is not able to help.

A WAYSIDE COURTESY.—I was once walking a short distance behind a handsomely-dressed young lady, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes as much pains with her heart as she does with her body." A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and, just before he reached us, he made two attempts to get into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the young girl, springing lightly forward; "I'll hold the gate open." And she held the gate open till he passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

A THOUGHT.—"I remember," says Macaulay, "that Adam Smith and Gibbon had told us that there would never again be a destruction of civilization by barbarians. The flood, they said, would no more return to cover the earth; and they seemed to reason justly, for they compared the immense strength of the civilized part of the world with the weakness of that part which remained savage, and asked from whence were to come those Huns, and from whence were to come those Vandals who were again to destroy civilization? Alas! it did not occur to them that, in the very heart of great capitals, in the very neighbourhood of splendid palaces, and churches, and theatres, and libraries, and museums, vice, ignorance, and misery might produce a race of Huns fiercer than those who marched under Attila."

HUMOROUS.

THE drowsy, innocent wasp comes indoors these fine, cold autumn days. He is no aristocrat this wasp; he picks you up with one tine of his fork.

THE tramps are a lucky lot, after all. The returns are all in, and it is a positive fact that not a single solitary tramp lost a dollar by the Bank of Glasgow failure.

GOLD keeps coming down, we hear, and really it must have gone down past us while we were asleep. We must go down and see what has become of it, and what it is doing.

ANOTHER one of those things that no fellow can find out, is why a man's wife thinks he cares nothing for preserves and other choice dainties save when she has "company" for supper.

SOME young men on West Hill organized a string band last week. They have only had two rehearsals, and broke up a cottage prayer meeting, a debating club, three whist parties and a beer saloon. The defenceless villagers are now talking about an injunction.

"EVER since," said Mr. Smiley at the breakfast table the other morning, "ever since that little fellow, Jimmy Puck, put a griddle cake round the earth—and it only took him forty minutes to do it—I have always held that a buckwheat flap-jack, with a little sprinkling of honey, was fit food for a fairy. Hannah, pass us a hot one!"

A MEAN spirited Ohio man took a fourteen pound club with a knob on the bad end, and got his friends to put him in a coffin and place it in a vault. By the gray of the dawn two solitary figures were seen coming along the highway into Cincinnati. One of them went lamed to the Ohio medical college with a lump on his head that lifted his hat off, and the other went to a quiet home, with a spoiled club under his arm and the glad light of a happy smile shedding the light of peace and duty over his honest countenance.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.—Some time ago a leading London journal threw out the suggestion that it would be a good thing if some practical analyst, or somebody else, would discover an EXTRACT of unusual strength-renewing property to reanimate the enfeebled constitution of those who by over-work or study had sacrificed themselves. The idea was admirable, and one which doubtless thousands have often expressed. And it will be surprising and welcome news to such to learn that there is already an Extract just of the nature so ardently longed for. We refer to "JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF," which possesses all the nutritive properties that can possibly be contained in any preparation. It has the unqualified recommendation of the Faculty, and is now being exclusively administered in all the leading Hospitals in Great Britain, and is even gaining popular favour on the Continent, and in America. In cases of consumption it is unparalleled, and is an admirable substitute for stimulating *solidi*. It is sold in tins at a moderate cost, and may be obtained of the leading chemists and purveyors everywhere.—*The Christian Union Glasgow*

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.