

OTTAWA LETTER.

SIX months ago His Grace Archbishop Duhamel left Ottawa to pay a visit to the Eternal City. His mission was to lay at the feet of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. the petition that the Ottawa College receive his special permission to be created into a Catholic university. Since the moment that His Grace entrusted his sacred person to the raging billows of the spring equinox to return, English and French have vied with each other in committee activity over schemes of welcome and fealty. As the ship dropped her anchor in New York harbour a deputation of one hundred Catholics proceeded to Montreal to convey His Grace in a special car from the commercial to the parliamentary capital of the Dominion. The journey was a royal progress, with addresses and replies at the wayside villages, and the arrival in Ottawa was anticipated by a crowding and cramming into the Basilica, and a rivalry in street decorations. As the Church does not indulge in the factions which seem to be at once the bane and the antidote of the State, the reception had no cold shoulder of opposition popes and archbishops wagging their heads in insincere approval. Two mounted marshals led the van, followed by standard-bearers guarded by glittering lancers and forty different societies or branches of societies. His Grace, accompanied by the Vicar-General, sat in a four-in-hand, protected from the vulgar touch by a mounted guard of honour, and attended by one thousand of his clergy in carriages. Amid floating flags, martial music, and dancing decorations, the procession made for the Basilica, where women were already being carried out exhausted with the crush. Welcomed and robed at the entrance, in full canonicals with mitre and staff, and supported by a large body of clergy, the sacred personage—the representative of Vice-Regal Pontificality—passed up the aisles, and with pompous meekness knelt before the high altar, the societies having preceded and taken up their respective places in the church. Special choristers sang "Ave Maria Stella" most exquisitely; the Te Deum sounded through the sacred precincts, and, with dainty and solemn tread His Grace descended to the chancel. Addresses of welcome were read: one from the English Catholics illuminated with borders of shamrocks, roses and thistles; another in French with the fleur de lis; and a third from the clergy of the diocese. His Grace made a reply which was pious, humble and reverent. He was gratified at the reception accorded him by the Holy Father, and proud at the success of his mission. He had had several audiences with His Holiness, though always under guard of a soldier. Yes! The Pope is a prisoner—a prisoner in his own palace—and deprived of all temporal power, and the heart of His Grace was deeply touched at the thought. But it had given him great satisfaction to learn that in his absence his flock had protested against this imprisonment, and it gladdened his soul to think that 250,000,000 Catholics would join their protest to that of his parishioners, and the injustice would be swept away. After some words of comfort in French, His Grace pronounced the Apostolic benediction with which he had been specially entrusted by the Pope.

That the average unit in the mass of the Church, even here where the State has crystallized into forms based upon a clearly defined non-recognition of moral or religious connection with it, is still as amenable as ever to what is known as "a good sermon," is a fact proved by the constant succession of crowds which gather in St. Andrew's Church on a Sunday evening. When the pulpit fails, the failure is certainly from the pulpit. Men imagine that the pulpit is an exception to the law of supply and demand; that it can continue to supply weak and insipid essences and expect spiritual and moral manhood to sow systematic evasions of every-day questions and look for grapes and thistles. The pastor of St. Andrew's is a revolution. Young, bold, earnest—he feels, he speaks, he hits. To a congregation of politicians and Pharisees he preaches practical piety, not mag-piety. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" attracted over Sir John last Sunday. The Church and the State? They are two, and still one; diverse, but united. The clergy must look into politics. If the province of preaching be an explanation of the principles and practice of thought and action, upon what analogy do we exclude politics from the influence of such a power? Church and State are unfortunately separated where they ought to be blended, but under the Mosaic Law, a two-sided policy, one for the tabernacle and one for the tent, had never been dreamt of. In so far as the State resents interference from the Church, just so far is she in deadly need of it. The one is as much a divine institution as the other. The State can, as little as the Church, afford to become subservient to the special purposes of a particular sect, or act in opposition to the high and universal principles of Christianity. In presence of our two great creeds there are two courses open to us as a nation: to refuse to allow ourselves to be governed by a broad spirit of tolerance, and see history repeated in the extermination of one and the self-glorification of the other, or to let the "two walk together" even if not "agreed." That it may be done was decided on the plains of Abraham by the double monuments of Wolfe and Montcalm. Let vanquisher and vanquished, English and French, Protestant and Roman be welded together. While holding firmly by our ancestral principles, let others hold to theirs, and work manfully, hopefully, forbearingly for the national union of our great Dominion.

The First Assistant-Director of the Geological Survey, Dr. Robert Bell, gave a delightful lecture on our fur-

bearing animals. Few men have a better right to speak on such a subject, and few are able to put their right to such charming use. His thirty years' wanderings in our North-West should be preserved as part of our Canadian Archives, and if written in the interesting and realistic manner in which, as occasion offers, they are talked of, they should form a fund of adventure and instruction for the rising and the next generation. The lecturer sketched the chief characteristics of our fur animals, and the causes of their temporary and local scarcity or abundance, which, though varying much in particular seasons, has maintained the same average for twenty years. He told how to choose a fur, how to prepare it and how to preserve it for market; and afforded a glimpse behind the scenes in "conversion" processes: that is, how the fur of the common musk rat is converted into river fur; German mink into Baltic seal; white rabbit into black German or silver fox. The life of the Indian hunter and his modes of trapping furs supplied material for many Canadian "Kingstons."

A number of gentlemen interested in dairy matters met in a committee-room of the House of Commons to discuss the advisability of organizing themselves into an association for the purpose of remedying the frauds in factory and farm, to which their business is subjected; to improve the facilities for shipping dairy products without injury; and to secure a uniform standard for the manufacture of butter and cheese. In reference to the first object, it appears that the milk supplied from the farms to the factories is open to every ratio of adulteration, and inspection was urged which would secure a standard of butter fat $3\frac{1}{2}$, and solids other than fat $8\frac{1}{2}$ —in all 12 per cent. of solids. Regarding the second object, an example might be taken from the improvements made in the means for the shipping of cattle by the Stock Association. The third object will aim at raising the general standard of our dairy produce to one uniform platform, and at securing one common system of manufacture. Our American cousins, it appears, are in the habit of branding their own inferior grades as Canadian. The proposed name of the organization is the Dominion Dairymen's Association; an application has been made to Government for a grant of money; a committee was appointed to draft a constitution; and it was arranged to have a vigorous meeting at the opening of the next session of Parliament.

Lent in Ottawa is by no means a season of fasting, public or private. Indeed if an *e* be inserted in the word before *a*, a nearer approach to fact is arrived at. Sometimes the business of entertaining is so brisk that the orders first in are first served, and one does not need to refrain from the speculation for want of a good *raison d'être*. The member for Restigouche was presented with a pipe and a gold locket and chain by a few admirers, and all adjourned to the House of Commons restaurant. Besides a chronic indulgence in promiscuous invitations, the Press Gallery had its annual feast of eating, speaking, and singing; and immediately afterwards these popular and indispensable gentlemen were the objects of a special entertainment from three members, who invited the Hansard staff and a number of convivial bodies and spirits to meet them. Then when Government insists upon cutting off a mass of legislation out of which some fun had been anticipated, the members generally console themselves by spending a day with the "King of the Gatineau." His majesty is the member for Ottawa county, a man of princely popularity and patriarchal hospitality. Men of every nationality, party and province, meet around his smiling hearth, and since the sterner sex are not so sensitive as the gentler, it may be recorded that these feasts are historic, having been inaugurated contemporary with our Confederation. But for these glimpses into the human side of our Legislation, life in Ottawa would petrify into adamantine asperity and hopeless hostility. If the Premier, the Cabinet Ministers, the heads of factions could shuffle off their entertainments of prescribed partyism; if, when the House adjourns, they could disrobe themselves of their political prejudices and jaundiced sentiments, and don the mantle of human nature, there might arise in our Dominion a unity, strength and patriotism which would of itself settle the question of Imperial Federation, Annexation, or Independence.

RAMBLER.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE sombre moods of our Lenten days are gradually disappearing under gladdening April suns. The Misérables are dying out, and we are attuning our hearts afresh for Easter joy. Mr. Lloyd has aroused a revived interest in the "Lost Chord" by setting it in a new relation—piano, organ, flute, violin and cello accompaniment. Miss Lessier, our blind sister in song, gave a farewell concert before her departure for Boston. She came on the platform with a double welcome: she is a Canadian, and she was heralded by her great Canadian mistress and patroness, Albani, who, after hearing her sing, could not leave without writing to her to say how much she had been enchanted with her voice. The songstress has achieved for herself a third element in her welcome: she is an artiste. Her perfectly sweet and sympathetic notes were a genuine treat; her fascinating tranquillity arrested the entire attention of her audience and concentrated it upon her voice; and she has gone leaving behind her a fragrance which will linger till her return.

The two Henschels gave a series of four concerts which

for pure pleasure and moderate pathos were artistic features of the music of the winter.

Our two great rivals, the Mendelssohn Choir and the Philharmonic Society, have given us, for the first time on successive nights, a chance of comparison, if comparison be possible, the Mendelssohn on the 9th in its usual varied and sparkling programme, and the Philharmonic on the 10th and 11th in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," to Sullivan's music, and Gade's "Crusaders." To say that we have every winter an opportunity of proving that we can appreciate something which is Canadian in musical execution if not in composition is capable of a interpretation deeper than lies on the surface. To the Montrealer these two societies must be spoken of with bated breath, and written of with choicest ink. Their public appearances are the only occasions we possess of rivalling, in numerical audience, strolling minstrel troupes and premature prodigies; and their private practices and rehearsals are bread and water to the hungry and thirsting musical soul.

On Good Friday evening we are to have a performance of more than ordinary interest. The united choirs of two of our churches, fifty voices, are preparing "Holy City" and a selection of music for Passion Week. Two items, descriptive passages for the organ, while admirable as gymnastic exercises, shall afford us an opportunity of deciding whether the organist considers that the music exists for him or that he does for the music.

A generous-hearted lady, Mrs. Charles Phillips, interested in the praises of the Church of St. James The Apostle, which has so long enjoyed the paternal supervision of the Rev. Canon Ellegood, affectionately known among his people as Father Jacob, has bestowed upon the congregation the gift of a Chime of Bells. A correspondence was instituted by her attorney with English and American founders, and the tender accepted was that of Meneely Bell Company of Troy, N.Y., at a cost of \$6,000. The bells are now arriving and are being hung in the belfry which has been prepared to receive them. The Chime consists of ten bells, in the key of E flat, which have been cast especially for the capacity and acoustics of of the belfry, and with their beams, represent an aggregate weight of 18,000 pounds. The work will be completed in time for the chimes to usher in Easter Morning. The founder, being an American, pronounces his own eulogy on his own peal as the finest on this continent, but we, as Canadians, accept his judgment as we do his greenbacks, when there is nothing better offered. Nevertheless, being the first and only musical bells of the Protestant Church in Montreal, their arrival is a red-letter day in our ecclesiastical calendar.

The late Rev. Mr. Sommerville, a clergyman of Montreal, left \$4,000 to endow an annual course of Free Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects. The money was entrusted to the Natural History Society, who used it for their building, and came under an obligation to provide the lectures. For many years the subjects were of a desultory character; but recently an effort has been made to supply a connected course on different branches of the same subject. For the present winter the programme has comprised: "Agricultural Education," "Forestry for Canada," "Our Fruits, Past and Present," "Economic Entomology as a Branch of Agriculture," "The Food of Plants," and "Sugar Producing Plants."

The most recent addition to our societies, The Society of Canadian Literature, is just completing a satisfactorily successful first season. Instituted in order to cultivate a taste for our national poetry, romance, history, etc., it has inaugurated itself with peculiar vigour. Already "Mrs. Moodie," "Haliburton," "Frechette," "Heavysege," and "Octave Cremazie," have secured respective evenings, when to audiences well-sprinkled with ladies, papers have been read and discussed, which in sympathetic insight and patriotic appreciation prove that we possess a *clientèle* as importantly national as our literature. The opening address of the President was a scholarly and masterly presentation of the entire field. "William Kirby" has still a place of honour as last if not least on the programme, and thereafter the youthful society intends to proceed to take up its position socially by a *Conversazione and Reception*, at which Dame Rumour says some literary celebrities of the Queen City will be guests.

The movement on behalf of the Donalda Students to procure medical education in Montreal has taken a definite shape. A large meeting of the Ladies' Committee was held on the afternoon of the 12th, when after much discussion of the pros and cons of the scheme a unanimous decision was arrived at, to prosecute with all vigour the objects of the Association organized the week before. Lady Stephen was elected Honorary President; Mrs. P. S. Stevenson, President; and the duties of Secretary were urged upon Miss Octavia Grace Ritchie, B.A., now a student of medicine in Queen's College, and the graduate of the Donalda Course in McGill College, who, last year made herself celebrated by her valedictory address in which she gently but firmly gave the first fan to the flame which had been latterly flickering. An executive committee of ladies, and an advisory of gentlemen were appointed, and a communication was sent to the Medical Faculty of the University asking 1st, for a formal expression of opinion on the merits of the general question of women's medical education, and 2nd, for a conference with the Association as to the possibility of procuring said education in Montreal.

It must be odd for the denizens of the West from their standpoint of practical advance on this question to contemplate the glimmer of dawn in the East. The entire responsibility, however, does not rest on Montreal. The