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A CHRISTMAS ODE.

In Bethlehem the Lord was born,
Whose birth has brought us life and light,
On Calvary that death of scorn,
He died, that broke Death's cruel might;
I wander'd from a western strand
And sought through many an Eastern land,
Yet found I greater nought than ye,
O Bethlehem and Calvary!

Ye wonders of the ancient world,
How hath your pomp been swept away,
And earthly strength to ruin hurled,
By power that knows not of decay!
The ruined heaps on every side;
But lowly glory still I see
Round Bethlehem and Calvary.

Ye Pyramids are but a tomb
Wherein did toiling mortals build
Death's utter darkness; 'tis his gloom,
Not peace, wherewith your depths are
filled.

Ye Sphinxes, to the world of old
Could life's e signa ne'er unfold:
'Tis solved for ages yet to be
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

O Syria's earthly Paradise,
Fair Schisaz' gardens of the rose,
Ye palmy plains 'neath Indian skies,
Ye shores where soft the spice-wind blows,
Death stalks through all that looks so fair,
I trace his shadow everywhere:
Look up, and Life's true Fountain see
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

Thou Kaaba, black desert-stone,
Against which half the world to-day
Still stumbles, strive to keep thy throne
Lit by thy Crescent's pallid ray;
The moon before the sun must pale,
That brighter Sign shall yet prevail,
Of Him whose cry of victory
Is Bethlehem and Calvary.

O Thou, who didst not once disdain
The childish form, the Manger poor;
Who once to take from us our pain
All pain didst on the Cross endure;
Pride to Thy Manger cannot bend,
Thy Cross doth haughty minds offend,
But lowly hearts draw close to Thee
In Bethlehem and Calvary!

The Kings approach, to worship there
The Paschal Lamb, the Shepherd rare;
And thitherwards the nations fare
As pilgrims to the Holy Place;
The storm of warfare on them breaks,
The World but not the Cross it shakes,
When East and West in strife ye see
For Bethlehem and Calvary!

O not like those, with weaponed hand,
But with the Spirit let us go
To conquer back the Holy Land,
As Christ is conquering still below;
Let beams of light on ev'ry side
Speed as Apostles far and wide,
Till all the Earth draws light from thee,
O Bethlehem, O Calvary!

With pilgrim hat and staff I went
Afar through Orient lands to roam,
My years of pilgrimage are spent,
And this the word I bring you home
The pilgrim's staff ye need not crave
To seek God's Cradle or His Grave,
But seek within you, there shall be
His Bethle hem and Calvary!

O Heart, what helps it to adore
His Cradle where the sunrise glows?
Or what avail to kneel before
The Grave whence long ago He rose?
That He should find in thee a birth,
That thou shouldst seek to die to earth
And live to Him;—this, this must be
Thy Bethlehem and Calvary!

OUR ENGLISH VISITORS.

We count it a happy event that on the heels of the Geneva award we have the privilege of welcoming to our shores a number of eminent Englishmen, and of showing by our treatment of them and absence from our hearts of all national animosity. We think that all of them must be convinced by this time that America recognizes the ties of blood that bind us together, and that all our government has sought in the settlement of our international differences has been simple justice. Our best people have thronged to do honor to these men with a heartiness entirely foreign to the suggestions of policy. Their greeting has been as spontaneous, as sincere, and as enthusiastic as if these strangers were all Americans who in some foreign field, had been winning for American honor and fame the greatest heroic achievements. They are recognized as friends and benefactors. Mr. Froude explored the fields of English history for us, and his pictures of great historic characters adorn all our walls. Mr. Tyndall has discovered and speculated for us. Mr. MacDonald has raised the windows and thrown wide the doors of British life that we may see, and interpret to us its meanings and tendencies with a voice that has taught and inspired. We have all been made rich by these men, and when they come to us we forget that they are only cousins and 'kac them to our hearts as brothers.

It is a good thing, too, that they have come to us, that we may learn how simple, how unpretending and how pure greatness is. In a country abounding with wealth and garish with its display, it is instructive to witness the simplicity of eminent scholarship. Even among men whose only possession is wealth, there is an unconscious reverence for brains and culture and great literary achievements. There are things that money cannot buy. In their presence the money-maker and money-holder stand powerless and dumb. Their gold is exchangeable for equipage and fine houses. It can spread costly feasts and rear to itself costly monuments. It can bedizen itself, or it can unselfishly feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but it cannot purchase learning or genius, or the power of teaching and reading and inspiring the world with ideas. So wealth bows to scholarship and feels honoured in taking its hand and sheltering its head; and while it does this it learns how modestly the holders of unpurchasable wealth entertain their possessions. The rich man, who can only compel people to look at him at all by flaunting his four-in-hand upon the avenue, sees a humble man upon the platform to whom the people bend in honour, or listen with eager ears, and learn how vulgar is all his display. The exhibition is one which holds before our money-seeking people a standard of excellence and acquisition that cannot fail to do us all good. It is something to be a Vanderbilt or an Astor, or a Stewart, but these men, placed in company with MacDonald, Tyndall, any Froude, would find, even in this money-loving country of ours, that brains carry off all the desirable social honors. So there is something better than wealth; and we know and realize it anew and emphatically in the presence of these visitors.

There is still another reason why it is good for these men to be here. They will have an opportunity of learning America for themselves. America has arrived at that position which enables her, with some degree of complacency, to desire that her neighbors study her. We believe in our own institutions. We believe that a remarkable national life is in progress of development under them. We believe that our purposes are good and that our sentiments are just, and we know that our people are prosperous and happy. We know, too, that it is impossible for an Englishman to realize at home the progress that has been made in America. He has lived all his life in an old country, with buildings around him which were old when the Mayflower fronted Plymouth Rock; and this country of forty millions has

spring into existence since. He cannot, therefore dissociate the country from the ideas of youthfulness and rawness. He cannot realize, when away from here, that our civilization is a part of our own, and that it is the product of a continuous stream of English life flowing under other skies. It began in America where it left off in England, with all the gathered force of the centuries of European civilization. Something of his youthfulness and rawness there undoubtedly is, but it is less than he naturally supposes. We are glad to have him learn this with his own keen eyes; and, more than this, we are glad to have him our friend. This we are sure he cannot fail to become, and in the years that lie before us we shall have need of him to explain to his countrymen the difficulties which beset us in the great task of assimilating to our life the multiplied nationalities that come to make their home with us. Col. Higginson, at the Froude dinner in this city, related a suggestive incident which occurred during a walk with Mr. Froude and Mr. Carlyle in Hyde Park. Some street children were playing upon the grass, and one little Arab approached Mr. Carlyle and said: "Please, Mister, can we roll on this 'ere grass?"—"Ay, boy," said Mr. Carlyle, heartily, "roll at discretion." In like manner Col. Higginson flung open our whole green country and bade the great historian "roll at discretion." We echo the eloquent Colonel's words, and extend them not only to Mr. Froude but to all his eminent companions. There is nothing that the American desires so much as that they shall see everything in his country, and come into contact with the friendly hearts of our people everywhere. Indeed we do not intend to permit them to return to their homes until they have ceased to know whether they are themselves American or English, or whether we are English or American.—
HOLLAND.

IRELAND'S FUTURE.

Now, having arrived at this point, Mr. Froude glances, in a masterly manner, over the great questions that have taken place since the day that Emancipation was demanded. He speaks words the most eloquent and compassionate over the terrible period of '46 and '47—words reading which brought tears to my eyes, words of compassion that he gave to the people who suffered, for which I pray God to bless him and to reward him. He speaks words of generous, enlightened, statesmanlike sympathy for the peasantry of Ireland, and for those words, Mr. Froude, if you were an Englishman ten thousand times over, I love you. I now attempt to speak of the future of Ireland. Perhaps it is a dangerous thing for me to attempt yet, I suppose, that all that we have been discussing in the past must have some reference to the future. For, surely, the verdict that Mr. Froude looks for is not a mere verdict of absolution for past iniquities. He has come here—though he is not a Catholic—he has come to America, like a man going to confession, and he cries out loudly, "We have sinned! we have sinned! we have grievously sinned!" The verdict which he calls for must, surely, regard the future more than the past; for, how, in the name of God, can this great historian, or any other man, ask a verdict justifying the iniquity and heart-rending record of cruelty and injustice, the traditions of robbery and bloodshed which we have suffered? My friends there must be a future. What is that future? Well, my friends—first of all, my American Grand Jury, you must remember that I am only a monk, not a man of the world, and I do not understand much about these things; and there are wiser heads than mine, and I will give you their opinion. There is a particular class of men who love Ireland, and think, in their love for Ireland, that if ever she is to be freed it is by insurrection, by rising in arms—men who hold that Ireland is enslaved if you will. Well if the history which Mr. Froude has given, and which I have attempted to review, teaches us anything, it teaches us, as Irishmen, that there is no use appealing to the sword or to armed insurrections in Ireland. Mr. Froude says that, to succeed, there are two things necessary; namely—union as one man, and a determination not to sheath that sword until the work is done. I know that I would earn louder plaudits, citizens of America, and speak a more-popular language in the ears of

my auditors, if I were to declare my adhesion to this class of Irishmen. But there is not a living man that loves Ireland more dearly than I do. There are those who may love her more fervently, and some love her with greater distinction. But there is no man living that loves Ireland more tenderly or more sincerely than I do. I prize, citizens of America, the good-will of my fellow-Irishmen; I prize it next to the grace of God. I also prize the popularity which however unworthily, I possess with them. But I tell you, American citizens, for all that popularity, for all that good-will, I would not compromise one iota of my convictions; nor would I state what I do not believe to be true. I do not believe in insurrectionary movements in a country so divided as Ireland.

There's another class of Irishmen who hold that Ireland has a future—a glorious future; that that future is to be wrought out in this way. They say—and I think, with a good right—that wealth, acquired by industry, brings with it power and political influence. They say, therefore to the Irish at home, "Try and accumulate wealth; lay hold of industry; develop the resources of your country; try in the meantime to effect that blessing of union, without which there can never be a future for Ireland. That union can be effected by largeness of mind, by generosity and urbanity toward your fellow-citizens; by rising above the miserable bigotry that carries religious differences into relations of life that don't belong to religion."

"Meantime," they say to the men of Ireland, to acquire property, wealth; and this can only be done by peaceful, assiduous industry; and that industry can only be exercised so long as the country is at peace, so long as there is truce to violent political agitation." Then, these men say again to the Irishmen in America: "Men of Ireland in America, men of Irish birth, men of American birth but of Irish blood, we believe that God has largely intrusted the destinies of Ireland to you. America demands of her citizens only energy, industry, truthfulness, temperance, obedience to the law."

Accordingly, the man that has these cannot fail to realize the future, and a glorious future, in this grand republic. And if you are faithful to America in these respects America will be faithful to you. And in proportion as the grand Irish element in America rises in wealth, it will rise in political influence and power—a political influence and power which in a few years is destined to overshadow the whole world, and to bring about peace, justice, and a far greater revolution in the cause of honor and the cause of humanity than has ever been effected by the sword. This is the programme of a second class of Irishmen. Now, I tell you candidly, that to this programme, I give my heart and soul.

THE LAST MURDER.

The recent shooting of Mr. O'Neill by Mr. King in the city of New York has naturally drawn the attention to the plea alluded in justification of such occurrences. All that is known is that Mr. King asserts that his victim wronged his honor. He draws a pistol and fires. The first shot misses, the second and third strike and kill. He runs into a room and locks the door, and when it is broken open, he is arrested. The declaration of his motive is supposed to be, speak for him public sympathy; for the offence which he charges upon his victim is sometimes regarded as one which society properly suffers to be summarily punished by murder. Everybody, then, holds his life at the mercy of anybody who may allege that his honor has been outraged, or that he suspects it has been outraged. The whole proceeding is a relic of barbarism. It belongs to the time of the duel, the exquisite absurdity of which was shown the other day in an advertisement published by Mr. N. B. Forrest, who asserted that somebody was a coward, a scoundrel, and a contemptible villain, and concluded by proposing to let the rascal have a shot at him. Does Mr. Forrest mean to say that a coward and a scoundrel can injure his honor? So the theory that the misconduct of a wife injures the husband springs from the barbarous idea that she is in some sense his property, and is not a responsible person. A man can not be dishonoured by the conduct of others. He may be wounded, shocked, exasperated, heart-broken,

but his honor is in his own keeping exclusively. The offence alleged in the present case probably arouses a deeper indignation than any other. But the honor of a husband is stained only when he is himself guilty of the offence which Mr. King charges upon his wife.

However this may be, it is time to decide whether homicide is to be held justifiable for such reasons as are often gravely urged. And if there be a tendency to polliate murder—if "hanging is played out"—is it because public opinion is so averse to hanging that it will permit the murderer to escape rather than suffer the penalty of the law? Nothing is more fully established than that undue severity of punishment is a premium upon crime. But the law should be either enforced or changed, for there is undoubtedly a growing feeling that life is insecure, owing to the law's delay or evasion.

If, however, such homicides as this last are considered justifiable, that also should be fully understood. For if the reasoning be that the offence will diminish if summary shooting, for it is permitted, we must, in order to preserve the flood order of society, let the permission be known. Then if the murderer happens to mistake and shoot the wrong person, or discover after the murder that his suspicions were not well founded, his offence will be presumably mitigated by the fact that it would have been justifiable had he only happened to shoot the right person, or had his suspicions been correct.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

PRAYING A SERMON.—A young licentiate, after throwing off a highly wrought, and, as he thought, eloquent gospel sermon in the pulpit, in the presence of a venerable pastor, solicited of his experienced friend the benefit of his criticisms upon the performance. "I have just one remark to make," was his reply, "and that is, to request you to pray that sermon."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean literally just what I say; pray it, if you can and you will find the attempt a better criticism than any I can make upon it."

The request still puzzled the young man beyond measure; the idea of praying a sermon was a thing he had never heard or conceived of; and the singularity of the suggestion wrought powerfully on his imagination and feelings. He resolved to attempt the task. He laid his manuscript before him, and on his knees before God, undertook to make it into a prayer. But it would not pray; the spirit of prayer was not in it, and that, for the very good reason, as he then clearly saw for the first time, that the spirit of prayer and piety did not compose it. For the first time he saw that his heart was not right with God; and this conviction left him no peace until he had "Christ formed in him the hope of glory." With a renewed heart, he applied himself anew to the work of composing sermons for the pulpit; preached again in the presence of the pious pastor who had given him such timely advice and again solicited the benefit of his critical remarks. "I have no remarks to make," was his reply; "you can pray that sermon."

A YANKEE was narrating some of the war sights he had seen to a crowd of astonished Germans, and among the rest he said, "Why, when I was in Mexico under Scott, I saw a ball larger than this house." This was too much for the credulity of the Germans, and one of them said:

"Dunder and blitzen! vere would dey got de cannon to fire it off?"

"Dunno," replied the imperturbable Yankee, "but I saw it."

"Vat kind of ball vas it?"

"Oh, a ball given by the general in Mexico to celebrate the victory."

If a poor lone youth, with a waned end to his moustache, should write a young lady in this city to meet him by moonlight alone, and the young lady's old mother should come in on a tangent and tan the gent until the plane of his coat4ail formed an angle with a vertical line, would the hypothenuse of the community be equal to the sum of the squares described by the young man in "gittin away from dar?" And if so—how?