

**BRITISH THEORY AND PRACTICE.**

We may know something of what the Religion of Christ may do for the world. We may think we know a little of what particular forms of Christianity ought to do and do not. The enunciation of vital truth, however, is as old as the Garden of Eden, and it has had its followers from that hour to this. It comes to a region quite irrespective of types or evolutions, and though it may be affected by these—it is by itself that the region is transformed. What it is doing for Britons at home and in the Colonies in their social life and organization, as well as in its personal appeal to their minds and hearts, is a fair subject of enquiry. Sir Stafford Northcote asserts, with an impressiveness that is acknowledged by the sincere enquirer, that the weaknesses of the time among the British Communities—if we consider, as we well may do, that he looked beyond the mere limits of the islands—are vanity and the love of excitement—and to him the *Spectator*, the journal which has so admirably advocated native interests in India, rejoins that those faults are not more prevalent—if as prevalent—now, than in a former era; but that whereas they were wont to assume a social and physical habit, they have now put on a literary one. While for ourselves claiming that the love of good opinion and the love of novelty have also their useful forms and presentations, we rather think the *Spectator* is raising a new issue, and that the question was not so much comparison of time with one or the other period immediately preceding, as with the demands of common sense, or with an ideal or any good era. There was ambition amongst the ancient Jews, but subdued by the theocratic sense of duty and the human kindness that tempered the Mosaic rule. In Homer's age there was vanity enough and excitement too, in all the pomp and circumstance of war amongst the Greeks, but in their social intercourse in time of peace, setting aside their polytheistic and pantheistic superstitions and resulting corruptions, they were hospitable, elegant and practical. Their best traditions we assume to have come from Jewish sources through the Egyptians, and they transmitted part of the fruits of their civilization to the power that followed them. Universal refinement cannot, of course, be claimed for the Greeks, who drew their leisure from the labours of a servile population; but concurrent testimony and the wonderful relics they have left in art, science and literature are proofs sufficient of the advance they made. That extraordinary civilization of half a dozen centuries may appear a historical puzzle—fit for the analysis of a Ruskin—but it is idle to disregard it. In the early days of the Roman Republic there was an almost passionate watchfulness over the welfare of the citizens—one of the most beautiful things in history. However afterwards corrupted and lost sight of the system of patron and client which endured even to Imperial times and at length became a mere travesty, was one of the developments of the commonwealth of Romulus. Coming down the ages, and looking at States founded under the auspices of Christianity—a religion of the heart as well as an ethical system—we find in Britain, under the Saxon rule, men making themselves responsible for one another's well-being and conduct, in hundreds, ward motes and juries. Such was Alfred's system, under Norman Feudalism. With all its ignorance and contentions, an intimate link of mutual support and intercourse was developed between rich and poor, baron or knight and vassal. Following the Reformation came the middle or the trading class as a power in the state, but it did not succeed in extinguishing entirely the feudal relation. In process of time came the modern Economy, born of commerce and shaped to its demands, while calling itself "Political," and for its auxiliary the portentous birth of huge mechanical forces sprung from science and invention. The very air it breathes is a deductive logic in substitution for the grand inductive method which had for two centuries been making good progress. The new commercial philosophy is now a hundred years old, and humanity, in its multiplied interests, has gained immensely and lost immensely by their mighty ethical and physical creations. The mechanical auxiliaries with many conveniences have introduced a host of new dangers and destructions; and as demand and supply can be only very partially applied to human life risks, these have gone unheeded and been largely enhanced in their effects. The weight and pressure of the commercial philosophy often sitting like a nightmare upon the popular form, has enforced the advance of the good angel of the new philanthropy, striving to relieve in the kindest way it knows, always trying to find a substitute for the lost social bond. It should now be seeking union of interests and a restoration of the Inductive Rule. We have already spoken of social habits. Hospitality differs from display, elegance from mere glitter and colors, vital economy from a load of only partially useful, and quite often injurious appliances. An ideal is present to most intelligent minds and hearts even when not fully realized in the conceptions, and it is made up of our impressions more or less correct and modified by surrounding influences of the serviceable and the attractive. There is an excellence in things, however, independent of our opinion of them, and by thought and patient enquiry we should be constantly bringing our civilization into harmony with the human constitution we are gifted with—Nature and Scripture being our guides—and seeking instead of

shunning the aid of experts in all departments. If we will only pursue such a course, vanity and excitement will be put under bonds, and the approach towards the unattainable perfection to which so many longing eyes are turned in this active time, may at least appear more manifest. We must admit the skill and refinement and generally conscientious ends of modern criticism, but when we regard its treatment of social claims there is an evident want of practical perception and elegance, almost of deficient hospitality—for example,—in the grave dissensions in the *Saturday Review* as to the possibility of a private citizen living on some considerable number of thousands a year—Thackeray would say so at any rate—and we feel it to be a matter that we have very little to do with in the Colonies. There is enough of elaborate prosecution of enquiry in every department of more or less fanciful analysis, such as evolution and archeology, all very good in their place and degree, and emanating from literary habitudes that have no doubt become as second nature to their professors; but the fact remains, that the men who are in earnest cannot so far get space devoted to an argument on the need of making an approved mechanical appliance, like water-tight compartments in passenger and equipment ships, an established fact of the social life of the Empire. We are not now speaking of mines and other tracts of life and labours in which the same neglect prevails to fearfully bitter results. And when the perceptions of the literary body are thus obscured—that they are not always obscured the good service in Railway Reform of the very same journal will prove—we cannot even provide for them the full excuse made for Theodore of Abyssinia, who "did not know" about the Queen's guns at Portsmouth, and the same Theodore, at least, led his people, while our cities would seem in such cases to be only following their's. Their object are avowedly Imperial and federative and social, and unlike Theodore's, and they cannot, as citizens of this highly estimated country, be uninterested in the conquest of nature by man—nor in the condition of the people in their homes and travels,—nor afraid to speak on any but a popular topic, like the Social Science expansive congresses—and yet, with it all, we find a form of literary variety which is often a more injurious element than that supposed social variety of a past age in Britain, to which the present is supposed by the *Spectator* to offer a fine contrast—for the earlier habit with all its faults often seemed, to the extent of its light, to do the thing most immediately called for. Mr. Pepys, for example would no doubt have done any number of kind things if he had known how, and done them at the right time too. Here is this never-to-be-forgotten consideration that the literary sphere cannot be purely negative in its influence, but that it absorbs the general mind, which the mere tawdry and personal display did not do to at all the same extent, and here lies its immense responsibility. If it does not do, it will undo;—in the absence of a counteracting influence. If it does not aim at some completeness in physics and sociology, it will be merely obstructive, and will, of course, in the end, go the way of obstructives. As we see it, it is in some degree imbued with the competitive which, if useful, is not a highly reflective spirit, and it talks of things which is the partizan's business, or the fashion to talk about, and in the way that is fashionable and partizan, while the value of an independent mind is before it, if unrecognized, in the homage rendered to Carlyle for his good sense rather than his philosophy. And so, for the want, not of ability, but of such human, moral and literary efforts as would meet the case in the view of plain men—culminating, as they would do, in practical rules and laws and appliances—for the country will follow a reasonable press sooner or later—we are all doomed, among many other social miseries, to be witnesses while grand ships freighted with noble souls go staggering down under the waters, and so into the depth of the ocean, to be no more seen or heard of by the community that sent them forth, unimproved, whether in a fatal hope or calculation defiant of monetary losses. In Miranda's beautiful hyperbole, echoing the feelings of our Christian humanity, in which, changing a word or two, we keep the meaning:

"Oh! their cry should knock against our very hearts! Poor souls! they perished. Had we been gifted with the power, we would have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere it should the huge ships have swallowed and the freighting souls within them."

CANADENSIS.

**ECHOES FROM PARIS.**

PARISIANS are playing base-ball—and now Monsieur le pitcheur gracefully pitches the ball to Monsieur le strikair, who makes a trois base hit into the estomac of Monsieur le champ à la gauche (left field), who exclaims "Ventrebleu!" and sits down on the grass for rest and refreshments.

THE authorities of Paris are having executed at this time numerous improvements in the pavements and sidewalks of the streets. On the 1st of April, 1878, the capital will possess 865 kilometres of public ways, representing a surface of 7,743,250 square metres, of which over two-thirds are in granite, the remainder being macadamized, laid in asphalt, or paved with wood.

Mlle ALBANI has at last been positively engaged by the manager of Les Italiens for a series of representations, including, not only the characters in which she charmed the Parisians last season, but two important new creations as well. The season at Les Italiens promises to be exceptionally brilliant. Tamberlick will be the first "star," and will open the season in *Poluto*, with Mme. Urban as Poalma.

A FAMILY of Esquimaux is about to arrive at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris. It consists of the father of the group, who is thirty-two years of age, about four feet in height, his face of a deep yellow, and with thick black locks falling square on either side of the head; his wife, twenty-three years old, not so tall as her husband, a northern beauty; and their two children, aged one and two years.

AMONG the objects of interest at the Exhibition of 1878, will be a monster captive balloon—it will be 16ft. higher than the Arc de Triomphe. It will be strong enough to carry an engine and its driver; it will hold 50 passengers at one time, and raise them to an elevation of 1,600 feet. It will be made of alternate layers of silk and India-rubber, which will be joined together by more than three and a half miles of cotton. The balloon will be held captive by cables capable of resisting a strain of 10,000 kilogrs.

GERMANY has elected, as the only country, to take no part in the Paris Exhibition of 1878. "The reason of her isolation," it has been said, "is not very far to seek. The Exhibition has been designed to show that France has, after a disastrous and almost overwhelming war, been able to retain her ancient strength, so that the revival of the country can be judged by an international competition. The reasons that influence France in promoting the Exhibition are much the same as those of Russia, who will be a considerable contributor to the show. Russia is anxious to demonstrate that the present war is not so exhausting that the country cannot bring forward the proofs of its industry. Probably the same idea is present in the mind of the Porte, who has requested that a place should be reserved for Turkish manufactures."

SPEAKING of the death of a man at Pau who reached 104 years, a journal shows the number of dynastic and Government changes which have occurred in France during that period. The deceased must have seen the reigns of Louis XV., Louis XVI., the Convention, Directory, Consulate, Empire, Louis XVIII., the Hundred Days, the Restoration, Charles X., the Revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, the Revolution of 1848, the Republic, the Empire, the Republic! All those events were contained in a single life! With such historical facts, who can desire to occupy a throne in France?

MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has left Paris for Russia, where she is about to fulfil an engagement of four months. During the Crimean War the Emperor Nicholas ordered his nobles to show themselves at the opera, and there is every reason to believe that a similar air of fictitious brilliancy will be imported into the present season. At the end of her Russian engagement Madame Nilsson will visit several cities of Germany, Prussia being specially excluded, and she will finish by taking part in the season of Italian opera at Vienna. Hitherto she has sung in Italian, while the other members of the company have replied to her in German, but next year she will sing without this confusion of tongues.

THE works at the Palace of the Universal Exhibition are advancing rapidly. The colonnade of the great Salle des Fêtes and the galleries belonging to it, and which consist of 360 pillars of the Corinthian order, are receiving the finishing touches. The immense hall itself, which is 50 metres in diameter and 45 high, is almost entirely completed. Preparations are being made to instal the colossal organ intended for it. The magnificent mosaic pavement of the adjoining vestibules is already far advanced. Nine hundred workmen are employed on the building, including the carvers, who are occupied in embellishing the two great galleries of the Retrospective Exhibition of Archaeology. They will be ready at the beginning of November to receive glass cases destined to contain the finest collection in the world. The objects which will be brought together here are estimated to be worth more than 300,000,000 fr.

A PERFECT luncheon given by Brillat Savarin is thus described in his book, *Gastronomy as a Fine Art*: "Punctual to the minute, I saw my guests arrive, clean shaven, their hair fresh from the barber; two little old men still hale and hearty. They smiled with delight on seeing the table laid for three, and at each plate two dozen oysters with a bright golden lemon. At each end of the table stood a bottle of sauterne, carefully wiped, all except the cork, which showed unmistakably that it was long since the wine had been bottled. Alas! I have lived to see nearly the last of those cheerful luncheons, once so common, when oysters were swallowed by thousands. I regret them, but it is as a philosopher; if time modifies governments, how great must have been its influence upon the simple social usages. After the oysters, which were found quite fresh, the servant brought to table some roasted kidneys, a jar of truffled foie

gras, and, last of all, the *fontuc*. The constituents were altogether in a saucepan, which was placed on the table over a chafing dish heated with spirits of wine. I commenced operations, and not a single one of my evolutions on the field of battle was lost sight of by my guests. They were loud in their praises of my success, and asked to have the recipe, which I promised, at the same time telling them two tales that hang thereby. After the *fontuc* came the fruits of the season, and sweets, with a cup of genuine Mocha done *a la Dubellay*, a mode then coming into fashion, finishing off with two liqueurs—one a spirit to clear, and the other an oil to soothe."

**THE HOUSE OF DUPUIS FRERES.**

In the spring of 1869, the late Jos. Nazaire Dupuis, at that time a clerk of Messrs. Stirling, McCall & Co., opened a small store at the corner of Montcalm and St. Catherine streets. Owing to his slender means, not being in a position to abandon his position as clerk, nor the service of his patron, he was obliged to make his purchases during meal hours, and classify, mark, and sell his goods at night. Incapable of rest and despising the pleasures and amusements of his age, he saw and understood only one thing—to labor without ceasing and procure the well-being of his family. Soon, under the direction of his mother and aided by his brothers, whom he guided and prepared for the fine commercial position which they now occupy, his establishment became too small. Although he had neither money nor credit to begin with, he persevered in his efforts to enlarge the sphere of his operations, and two years later, in April, 1871, he removed to the adjoining store, which was then even too capacious for the wants of the locality. Still, business increased rapidly, and with the assistance of his second brother, who is at present one of his successors, he enlarged his premises still more, occupying the upper stories, which had previously been used as a residence, and adding a wing. Through his assiduity and proverbial honesty, he soon secured the custom of the principal religious houses of Montreal and the Province—a circumstance which, while it widened the circle of his orders, and the diversity of his goods, led him to attempt direct importations. Accordingly, in September, 1872, he crossed to Europe for the first time, and he continued his semi-yearly voyages till 1875, when he removed to St. Paul street, with the view of devoting himself to the wholesale trade, in spite of the financial crisis which was already invading the community. In this new field, he was achieving signal success, when he was carried off prematurely by death. This unforeseen decease and the inconvenience of a hasty winding up of the estate, did not, however, dishearten his three younger brothers, who immediately got about the erection of the immense warehouse, a sketch of which we publish to-day. This store, one of the finest and best assorted on St. Catherine st., and even in Montreal, is 110 ft. in length, 28 in breadth, and four storeys high. We invite our friends to judge for themselves by visiting the establishment, on the corner of Amherst and St. Catherine streets. The Messrs. Dupuis will always be happy to receive their clients and show them over their premises. The best order prevails in all the departments. The numerous clerks are distinguished for their courtesy, and in especial, the house is distinguished for the quantity, variety, and richness of their goods, and the extreme low prices at which they are sold.

**HUMOROUS.**

COOL, BUT NOT ALWAYS COLLECTED.—An ice bill.

WHENEVER you feel that the land is suffering for rain, either get up a family pic-nic or go and camp out.

THE summer is gone, and winter approaches with the business-like pace of a man who is coming to collect a bill.

SOMEBODY says: "Every failure is a step to success." This will explain why the oftener some men fall the richer they become.

HALF of a newspaper editor's life is spent in hunting through the dictionary to discover the difference between ultimo and proximo.

It looks as though there'd be no difficulties in keeping the wolf from the door next winter. There won't be any thing at the door to tempt the wolf.

THE principal resemblance between a man who stops his team on the sidewalk of a crowded street and half a barrel of flour is that both make about a hundred walt.

A CHICAGO fashionable clergyman has failed. Liabilities, \$15,000; assets, twenty-two pairs of worked slippers, assorted sizes, thirteen dressing gowns, thirty pen-wipers, two dozen fancy pincushions, nine watch pockets, and seven cushions, for easy chair.

"I want five cents' worth of starch," said a little girl to a grocer's clerk. The clerk, wishing to tease the child, asked: "What do you want five cents' worth of starch for?" "Why, for five cents, of course," she answered, and the clerk concluded to attend to his own business.

THE Russians are evidently suffering severely from sickness in the Dobrudscha. We've had pains in our head, pains in our stomach, and pains everywhere else, save in our Dobrudscha. Thank Heaven we're all right there yet. When a man's Dobrudscha gives out, he'd better measure his length on the ground and send for an undertaker. He's gone, sure.

A FRIEND of a well-known bibliophile, looking over his books the other day, saw one that interested him very much, and asked for the loan of it. "Lend you a book?" said the bookworm; "impossible!" "Why?" "Because I borrowed a book of you long since, and you never asked for it back again. I could not lend my books to a man with such a memory as that."