

the clearer sun, he keeps away from the hidden rocks where the shipwrecks lie, and lands at last in safety. He who seeks the better 'home' must launch forth upon the ocean of the Bible's truth. Often will he, doubtless, feel himself to be alone. There will be times when he will see no shore. The sun will go down, and he will long for light and land. But let him be warned by the breakers that roar about the shipwrecks of those whose faith and whose good conscience have foundered on the sunken rocks of error; and, as he journeys, there will walk beside him One whose voice will ring out clear and encouraging: 'It is I, be not afraid.'

The question of the Commune is a more vital one in continental Europe than is generally supposed. It is Home Rule under another name. In France it takes the form of municipal autonomy, as in such great centres as Paris. In Spain it has the character of Provincial independence. The rights of the Fueros were one of the underlying causes of the Carlist war, and now that Don Carlos has fled, will form another among the many difficulties of the Madrid Government. The contention has already begun. The Junta of Guipuzcoa, one of the Carlist Provinces has elected five delegates to proceed to Madrid to confer with the Government. All five of the delegates are irreconcilable partisans of the Fueros. The Junta instructed them to decline any compromise fettering the future action of Guipuzcoa, to oppose conscription, to consent to moderate taxation in aid of the national treasury, and to withdraw from the conference and protest if the Government attempts any modification of the Fueros. The municipal authorities of San Sebastian persevere in their irreconcilable attitude, and the irritation in the interior of the Province continues.

We see much idle discussion in the papers about the late sittings of our Parliament telling upon the health of the members. We do not believe a word of it. Let the members talk and intrigue less, and work more, and the session will be less costly, more satisfactory, while the members will be all the better both in body and mind.

We may mention that the sermon of Rev. Jas. Roy, noticed elsewhere, together with a fine portrait by FIELD, are for sale at all the newsdealers for the benefit of the Sherbrooke Street Sabbath School Library.

THE FREE LANCE.

The wits of London are poking all sorts of fun at Mr. Disraeli for his passage of the Royal Titles Bill. Here is one of the cleverest:

Ducem creatat Benjaminus. Exempti Ducem creat Gladstoneus amulius tumb. At ille si creatat Imperatorem. Gladstone, noli vincier, crea Papani.

It may be Englished thus:

Ben Dizzie made a Duke. Bill Gladstone took His rival's hint and also made a Duke. And now the former has made an Emperor. T'other must make a Pope, nor more nor less.

A gentleman in Kansas, the other day, who must have been clothed in the Horatian oak and triple brass, had the hardihood to kiss Dr. Mary Walker. I am told the following dialogue passed between them:

"Sir, what do you mean?" "It is the custom, in Europe, madam, for men to kiss each other on the cheek." "But I am not a man." "Madam!" "I am only dressed as a man." "Oh, then, pardon me, madam. It was a mistake of ad-dress."

There are nearly 250 doctors in Montreal. No wonder the death rate is so abnormal.

At that solemn midnight hour, after the theatre or the concert, when the gasaliers burn low and, amid an impressive stillness, belated pedestrians wind their way through the vestibule of the St. Lawrence Hall, down into the resolute shades beneath, it has been remarked that there is almost always some solitary individual pacing about in silence and casting furtive glances at the dizzy spiral staircase which leads to the bar. The other night, as two young fellows were coming up, in amiable mood, after a night-cap, one said:

"Here is that poor dead beat again; let us take him down and give him a drink."

"Hush," whispered his friend, "that is a member of the Vigilance Association. He will spot us both."

Have you ever had a twenty-cent piece passed on you for a twenty-five?

Often. Have you ever succeeded in passing on others a twenty-cent piece for a twenty-five? Never.

It is remarkable how acute people are at detecting coin. On dark nights, in crowded rooms, in the midst of hurry and bustle, try and palm off a shilling for a quarter, and see how often you will be disappointed. The trader, the conductor and others, turn it under their thumb, give a glance at it and sing out "20 cents, sir," to your infinite disgust. And yet, how often have you been taken in.

FAIR IMPENITENT.—A lady of the world, wishing to reform a little during Lent, made a clean breast of all her peccadilloes to her pastor. The worthy clergyman looked glum all through the recital, and at one or two points, shook his head ominously. When his penitent came to the dancing and waltzing during the carnival, he lost patience, and bluntly told her that she had been guilty of so many mortal sins.

"Mortal!" exclaimed rosy-cheeks. "Come now, if they were, I should be dead long ago." The pastor laughed; what else could he do with such a perverse little rogue?

Arabella, an aristocratic beauty, meets Gustavus, a third cousin of hers, in Victoria Square. He proposes that she should visit his sister, living a little above Chaboulez Square.

"Very well, but we must take a cab." "I thought you were so fond of walking." "In Sherbrooke Street and Beaver Hall, yes; but I wouldn't for the world be seen walking in St. Joseph Street. People might think I live there."

The lobsters are coming back to us. Oh! the exquisite delight of a salad with Chablis or Claret cup. Last night, as I selected a couple of good big fellows, a man stepped up and said to Grimson, the dealer.

"Are these lobsters fresh?" "Of course they are, Sir, don't you see they are alive?"

The man saw that he was caught, but he put on a sardonic grin as he went away muttering: "My old woman is alive too, but she isn't fresh by a deuced sight."

A wag informs me that the journalists and literary men of Montreal have imagined a new mode of paying up their dues.

A creditor calls upon one of these, for at least the twentieth time, and presses for money.

"Please wait till the end of the month," says the Bohemian suppliantly.

"Why, you don't expect any extras then, do you?"

"I do. Last night, I had the happiness of being thrashed by..."

"The happiness of being thrashed?"

"Yes, and I will sue for five hundred dollars damage. You will get your share out of that!"

There are several ways of praising a woman. If she is married, without children, praise her husband.

If she is married and a mother, praise the baby.

If she is not married, but engaged, praise the betrothed.

If she is free, praise herself.

A wholesale liquor and spirit dealer of St. Paul Street was conversing with a friend about the improvements which the new Water Committee is expected to introduce.

"But what are these hydrometers?"

"They are meant to measure and thus curtail your supply of water."

"By Jove! What shall I do with these five hundred puncheons of high wines which I have to dilute into whiskey for the spring trade?"

What is that which is broken by being merely mentioned? Silence.

The Globe says that Sir John "was never much in Opposition." That is a fact. He was nearly always in office.

"One might have heard a pin fall," is a proverbial expression of silence; but it has been eclipsed by the French phrase, "You might have heard the unfolding of a lady's cambric handkerchief."

LACLEDE.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

We have received advance sheets of the life of this famous clergyman from Belford Bros., Toronto, who, with their usual energy and judgment, are issuing a Canadian copyright edition of the work which we cordially recommend to all our readers. From these sheets we have extracted the following notes of biography, but for fuller particulars the work itself should be purchased and perused.

Norman Macleod was born at Campbelltown, Argyllshire, on June 3, 1812. His father was Norman Macleod D. D., Minister of Columbia, Glasgow, and Dean of the Royal Chapel. The name of his mother was Agnes Maxwell. He seems from his childhood to have had many of the characteristics which distinguished him

through life—being affectionate, bright, humorous, and talkative. His mother, and that aunt who was the friend of his earliest as well as of his latest years, remember many incidents illustrative of his extreme lovingness and ceaseless merriment. Another, of his own age, relates, as one of her earliest memories, how she used to sit among the group of children round the nursery fire, listening to the stories and talk of this one child "whose tongue never lay." When a boy, he was sent to the Burgh school, where all the families of the place, high and low, met and mingled, but the great event of his boyhood was his being sent to Morven. He had been frequently there as a young child, but his father, anxious that his son should know Gaelic, and, if possible, be a Highland minister, determined to board him with old Mr. Cameron, the parish schoolmaster in Morven, and so, when about twelve years of age, he was sent first to the Manse and then to the schoolmaster's house.

When Norman was still a boy his family removed to Campsie, near Glasgow—a bit of mountain-country on the edge of all the bustling wealth of manufacture and trade, which became the home of his most beloved recollections, and where he now sleeps by the side of his father and brothers. His college career does not seem to have been of any special interest; he was no classical student, nor had he the kind of mind which is attracted by that absorbing enthusiasm which makes the scholar. Scotland to him was infinitely more interesting and attractive than Greece, and Wordsworth among his neighbouring mountains more near and dear than Homer or Sophocles. He was fond of talk and argument, and that unbounded reading for which youth alone has both time and appetite sufficient, and which stands the mature intellectual workman in such stead at a latter period. He became tutor to a young Englishman, Mr. Preston, of Moreby, when he was about twenty, and with him went to Weimar, where the two lads, the preceptor not much older nor more serious than the pupil, seem to have enjoyed themselves at least, if nothing else—singing, dancing, reading, flirting, nay, falling in love with all the fervour of youth. If Norman got any harm by this quaint outbreak of gaiety, it never makes any appearance in his after-life.

After returning to Scotland and completing his theological studies, he was admitted into the Ministry and appointed to Loudoun in 1838 where he spent five years. His part in the celebrated Disruption Controversy of 1843 is one of the most stirring and eventful episodes of his life, and our readers are particularly referred to it. In that same year he was transferred to Dalkeith where he remained till 1845.

The General Assembly of 1845 having determined to send a deputation to British North America, to visit the congregations connected with the Church of Scotland in these colonies, the late Dr. Simpson of Kirknewton, Dr. John Macleod, of Morven, and Norman Macleod, of Dalkeith, were appointed deputies. They accordingly sailed from Liverpool in June, and were absent on this duty for five months. The purpose of the deputation was to preach to the many congregations which had been deprived of their clergy during the recent ecclesiastical troubles, and to explain, when called upon, the views which had determined the policy of those who had remained by the Church of their fathers. They determined not to utter a disrespectful word regarding their Free Church brethren, and while firmly vindicating their own Church, to do nothing likely to interfere with the usefulness of any other Christian body. Norman Macleod's Canadian reminiscences are full of interest and will be found in Chapter X. On his return he made a tour in Prussian Poland and Silesia in connection with the Evangelical Alliance. He then spent from 1848 till 1851 at Dalkeith again. In 1851 he was inducted minister of the Barony parish, Glasgow, in July; and on the 11th of August in the same year was married to Catharine Ann Mackintosh. The particulars of his labors from this time till his death are too important and numerous for rehearsal here.

Dr. Macleod never seems to have recovered anything like vigorous health after his Indian expedition; and his last great public effort was a speech upon this subject, made in the Assembly of 1872, one part of which was an indignant and eloquent protest against sending missionaries to India bound in strictest swaddling bands of doctrine; and forcing even Hindoo converts to "sign the Westminster Confession of the Church of Scotland, or the Doed of Demission and Protest of the Free Church."

In this same speech, which is said to have produced a very great impression, he announced his relinquishment of public work in consequence of his failing health, and bade a farewell to the Church in the pathetic words of the Psalmist: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." This farewell was not supposed by any one to be final. He was to withdraw from work to temporary rest, to fit himself for other labours to come.

But within a few days his manful and Christian career was ended. On the 3rd of June he was sixty, and his family were all gathered round him to celebrate the anniversary—his admirable and much-beloved mother—strange fortune for a man of that age!—joining his children round his table. He wrote his journal, he wrote letters to various dear friends. He assembled his children about him, nine of them, an unbroken circle, and no doubt there were murmurs, if too timid for bold utterance, of happy days to come. A day or two after he went out and caught a chill, but did his best to

keep his attendants merry on the last sleepless, restless nights, beguiling the monotony of the long hours by quips and jests and wretched smiles, smiles of a mirth more touching than tears. Then quite suddenly on the peaceful Sunday, everything still around him, his girls gone to church, his wife sitting by him, the church bell just ending, he laid back his head—and entered a better church than theirs.

PRUME AND LAVALLEE.

II.

It gave me great pleasure to note, on the evening of the 25th ult., an even larger audience at Association Hall, assembled to listen to the second classical concert given by Messrs. Prume and Lavallee. Mr. Prume played Mendelssohn's Concerto in E, a Cavatine by Raff, and a Rondo Capriccioso of his own composition with exquisite skill and expression; his technique is something marvellous, his conception of Mendelssohn and Raff perfection. Prume's Rondo Capriccioso is a beautiful and masterly composition, and its rendering caused prolonged applause to such an extent, that Mr. Prume was forced to depart from the strict rule and play an encore-piece. In performing his share of the second concert, Mr. Prume, if possible, surpassed himself and deserves justly the highest encomiums. I am forced to state that Mr. Lavallee did not reach, by any means, the same point of excellence evinced in the first concert. The only piece, coming anywhere near his usual style, was Ravina's Duo, from Weber's Euryanthe, played by him and Mr. Couturier, who showed great power of execution and precision in time, but it lacked warmth, coloring and feeling, altho' brilliantly played. I was very much pained by the incoherent playing, the unequal and often faulty phrasing, the departure from well and justly established rules in the rendition of the remaining piano-piece. The first movement of Beethoven's Op. 27, No. 2., (Moonlight Sonata) bears the following: "Sempre pp. e senza sordini"; it must throughout never rise in its crescendo above piano, else its delicious characteristics, repose and quietude, are fatally destroyed, and it becomes—what happened to it on the 25th—a mere medley of sound and broken chords. The second and third movements were far better rendered, particularly the Presto. The phrasing in Field's Nocturne, No. 5, was rather at variance with Field's composition, while the Saltarello was played too wild and fast. A large amount of Mr. Lavallee's failure, to do him justice, is no doubt due to a severe indisposition under which he was laboring on the day of the concert; but this cannot wholly excuse his irregular playing. I sincerely hope that I shall have the pleasant duty to chronicle in my next report a complete success for Mr. Lavallee. The first movement of Beethoven's Trio, (Op. 1, No. 1,) performed by Messrs. Lavallee, Prume and Wills, was excellently rendered; Messrs. Prume and Lavallee playing in their well-known style, whilst Mr. Wills fully realized the hopes I expressed in my last, and proved himself entire master of the violoncello. I venture to express the hope of hearing Mr. Wills during the next season, in some of Beethoven's Cello Sonatas and Kummer's Concertos.

Mrs. Prume's *chef-d'œuvre* of the evening was without doubt, "Flora," a vocal Bolero, composed by Mr. Prume; it is a noble composition and was nobly sung; her singing was far superior to that of the first night; she was sarer of her voice and in better tone. Mr. Couture's singing was not as good as on the 15th ult., but his failure to win complete success in the Air du Comte Ory, was not altogether owing to any fault of his own, but rather to having the accompaniment played far too fast for him. It would be an improvement if Mr. Couture would be polite enough to conduct the lady, who so kindly plays his accompaniment, on and off the stage, instead of preceding her and letting her follow as best she may. The Orchestra accompaniment to Mendelssohn's Concerto was very well played, Mr. Maple's winning golden opinions by the charming style in which he, at the proper moment, took up the melody from Mr. Prume; it was not a continuation of the Solo, but rather its echo without its faintness, which produced a most pleasing effect, an effect no doubt intended by Mendelssohn.

As a whole, the second concert was not as decided a success as the first, but from all I hear the third and last bids fair to be superior to either of the preceding concerts. Vox.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NILSSON is expected to return to New York in October.

The income of Offenbach, the composer, is said to be \$60,000 a year.

Miss Emilie Kiralfy, the youngest of the Kiralfy troupe of dancers, was married recently in New York, to Gabriel Drebnauer, a merchant.

The husband of Agnes Ethel, the retired actress, has come into possession of his mother's estate, worth about \$200,000. His name is Tracey, and he lives in Buffalo.

BLOCCA, the new prima donna, is all the rage in New York society, and people are continually talking about her grace and beauty. She has been "taken up," as the saying is, quite as eagerly as Miss Nilsson was at the time of her first visit to the United States.

ILLNESS prevented Miss Adelaide Neilson from appearing at a London theatre the other evening, and with much fear and trembling the manager permitted a young American girl, just finishing her studies for the stage, to take the part. She did so well that the Londoners like her nearly as well as Neilson.