

of a few. Spencer and Mill admitted that the rented value of land was the product of the community and not of an individual. But this is no more a socialistic idea than free seats in a park, or a ride in the elevator of the Windsor Hotel. Give us, not less production, but proper distribution. Destroy monopolies, restore equality and brotherhood, let society make justice its aim, and our men shall have no long weary hours to groan under, but enjoy time and leisure for books, music, art, and all that refines.

The lecturer was greeted with a perfect storm of applause, and received a compliment which falls to the lot of few speakers in Montreal,—a few questions which insisted upon answers.

The Fifth Company of Royal Scots, three hundred strong, paraded to St. Andrew's Church on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. J. Edgar Hill preached a courageous sermon upon "Honour the King." Mr. Hill has adopted a rôle different from that of his predecessor. He has thrown himself into the questions of this country, instead of insisting upon this country throwing itself into the questions of Scotland, a somewhat surprising achievement for a clergyman trained among the Scots, who are famous for boasting that they carry their prejudices about with them wherever they go. Mr. Hill's sermon was alive with soldierly discipline and reverence for law. He touched on the moral sentiment in our laws, the laxity in the administration of them, and the abundant opportunities of evading punishment which our laws supply; and forcibly denounced two neighbouring states which shelter each other's thieves. We vote down the Orangemen and the Jesuits because of a secret fear that these societies will become stronger than the law, that the executive will prove itself too weak to control them. All true patriots should direct their attention towards strengthening the executive. We possess the power to carry these desires into effect. Let us send to Parliament only such men who shall honour the position and put down every intriguing schemer who plays off our party ties and our ecclesiastical prejudices to forward his own selfish ends. Such men, wherever found, ought to be tabooed by all honest men as traitors to their country and as enemies to religion.

The Protestant Associated Charities have had a meeting at which an important matter was introduced and discussed. After referring to the visible improvement in emigrants since the Government had ceased to supply assistance, and the convenience and economy effected by the steamships bringing them on to Montreal instead of leaving them at Quebec, the chairman stated that a committee had been appointed to wait upon the Government in order to secure accommodation for their arrival here, similar to what had been provided at Quebec, and that the City Council is to be asked to act with and aid the Government in this matter. The chairman then proceeded to lay before the meeting a circular in which the dwellings of the poor were described and their privations and possible improvement discussed. In this it is proposed to raise a fund for the purchase of a lot as an experiment, and to construct, upon the Peabody Model, blocks of houses four stories in height. These, with shops below, would each provide about fifty dwellings of three or four rooms apiece. If planned for dwellings throughout, the accommodation might supply as many as sixty-four homes for respectable working families. These are to face on an open square intended as a breathing spot and play-ground for children, and are to supply at the very lowest expenditure of outlay the very best possible accommodation with healthy surroundings. The gentlemen present appeared to think charity and business might be combined, and that the venture might be made in the form of a speculation yielding at least a fair percentage. The circular is to be printed for circulation.

According to the theory of Dr. McGlynn, a scheme of this sort, with all its glamour of benevolence, is but a perpetuation of glorified poverty. So long as men will persist in under-paying their workmen and then easing their consciences by building them blocks of houses to pack themselves out of sight in, instead of paying them enough to enable them to enjoy the unheard-of and undreamt-of ecstasy of knowing they have houses themselves, it is but a wolf in sheep's clothing, robbing in the guise of generosity, mammon dressed up in robes of heaven.

A pretty little church, under the inspiration of our Wesleyan citizens, has broken ground, grown up, and been formally opened up at Côte St. Antoine since the last issue of THE WEEK. On Monday last the lot was secured, the timber laid down, and the building commenced. On Sunday the church was full-blown, opened, and consecrated. Two great sermons were preached. Crowds listened. A Sunday-school met. Superintendent, secretary, treasurer, teachers and organist were elected. The edifice is a neat and inviting structure, seated with chairs for 150 people, and cost \$2,000. Flowers decorated the desk; donations were handed in; a pastor is on the wing; and all in the space of six days. Verily the apostolic days are returning.

All who have enjoyed the trips of the steamer Prince of Wales through the lovely Ottawa River scenery and back by the Lachine Rapids, will be pleased to learn that after thirty years' service during which the good old ship boasts of never an accident, she is to retire on half-pay and half-service. A magnificent new companion is about ready to take up the route, with dining-room to seat sixty people, beautifully finished in cherry and ash, and an upper deck saloon 170 feet long. The steamer will run her first trip on Dominion Day, is built for 700 passengers, and goes by another royal name—The Sovereign.

A reverend gentleman has just arrived from England

bringing with him a batch of 100 emigrants, the first contingent of 600, who are being sent out on the new method, the Self-Help Society. The party consists of families, young men, and unattached boys, all possessing some means, and mainly destined for farms. They left England under the most favourable auspices, having been addressed at the railway station by the Earl of Aberdeen and Lady Balfour, who are interested in the Society.

VILLE MARIE.

A FLOWER LEGEND.

SWEET is the legend of a happy soul,
Pacing, in dreams, the sword of Paradise;
Above her hung fruits tinct with fiery flush,
Around her blew flowers myriad in device.

Low was the clime, a twilight arched with stars,
Long, arrowy lights on cedared hill and dale,
Filled with a mellow atmosphere whose heart
Breathed of myrrh and spice and galingale.

She, pausing underneath the tree of life,
Heard all its mystic branches palpitate,
And a low voice:—"Take thou the fairest flower
Between the eastern and the western gate."

And, rising up, she wandered forth amidst
Lilies beloved in time by Solomon;
And forest frankincense and wondrous blooms,
Whose chalices were dyed with moon and sun.

Rounding her path, there glimmered in blue dusk
Vast star-eyed blossoms, bright and marvellous—
Great charms of streaked splendour; living flowers
Lost to the fallen world and unto us.

At dawn the angel found her at the gate
Weeping, but looping in her vesture's folds
Of all the gorgeous blooms of Paradise,
Passionate violets and marigolds.

And lifting up her low eyes, dashed with rain,
"I paced," she said, "between the east and west;
Heaven's fairest flowers were subject to my hand,
But I did gather what I loved the best."

Answered the radiant angel:—"Sweet and wise,
Thy tender care hath chosen the fairer part,
Henceforth shall violets be loved of love,
And marigolds refresh the tired heart.

"Awake!" And she unclosed her eyes to see
The morning sunlight beating on the blind;
And round her bed the breath of marigolds
Swam with the violets on the garden wind.

Woodside, Berlin.

J. K.

BALLADE: WHO ARE THE CANADIANS?*

THEY whose homes have been made in this fair land of ours
Whether hard by the rocks of the wave-beaten shore,
Or 'neath some pine-clad mount that in majesty towers,
Or where rolleth the prairie, behind and before,
Perchance, where the forest is rich with the store,
Of pure, soothing fragrance from cedar and pine,
Wherever—the breadth of our heritage o'er—
Oh, Canada! are they not children of thine?

They whose hopes have been set on the growth of thy powers,
Our country—while praying the God they adore,
To pierce through each national storm-cloud that lowers,
And choicest of blessings on thee freely pour,
Whose hearts, for thy sorrows, are saddened and sore,
Yet who see in thy fairness full many a sign
Of the glorious future that waits at thy door,
Oh, Canada! are they not children of thine?

They whose hearts have been filled with a strong love that dowers
Our country with wealth that is countlessly more
Than the jewels barbaric the Orient showers
On her fierce-visaged Princes—such love as they bore,
Who have given the best of their work or their lore
To the land which has nourished their fig-tree and vine,
Whose waters have smiled at the dip of their oar,
Oh, Canada! are they not children of thine?

Canadians—they who would now, as of yore,
The bloom of the Rose with our Maple Leave twine,
Their patriot loyalty sound to the core!
Oh, Canada! are they not children of thine?

Montreal.

HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

ANGELINA—"And now that you have visited her school, Edwin, what is your decision regarding Madame Frangais for our children? As to discipline, does she give that proper attention?" Edwin—"Indeed she does, my dear. I was there the whole morning, and Madame seemed to devote the entire time to preserving order."—*Editor's Drawer, Harper's Magazine for June.*

*Subject of Principal Grant's address before the Royal Canadian society.

A TOUR IN CAPE BRETON.

HAVING now accomplished our purpose of voyaging the length of Cape Breton, a distance of over one hundred miles, we determined to return as far as Baddeck by land. A railway is now in course of construction in another part of the island, between Sidney and Port Hawkesbury; but it will probably be a long time before the whistle of the iron-horse wakes the echoes of the north. The main roads in Cape Breton are fairly good, but our course over the mountains was not so easy. Setting out from North Bay in the morning, we jolted slowly, but without adventure, over the stones to the half-way house on the road to Ingonish. A few miles further on, however, we entered a bog, and came within a little of staying in it. Happily, we encountered a native rider, who, though seeming rather proud than otherwise of the disgraceful condition of the highway, was good enough to tell us that by unharnessing our horses and taking them round through the bush we might manage to pull our waggon across the slough. We attempted, with partial success, to carry out his advice. The bush-path was discovered, and our horses landed on *terra firma*, but our driver, in his praiseworthy solicitude for the waggon, treading between and not upon the slender timbers with which indifferent local charity had bridged the gulf, was fished up in a muddy condition, and treated to the condolence which, in lieu of anything better, we were glad to offer him. But not even the perils by the way could blind us to the picturesqueness of a scenery unsurpassed, perhaps, on the whole continent. A turn in the road revealed now and then the open sea, or a perpendicular cliff looked down upon us, or a dashing waterfall seemed to leap out of the heart of the forest. At night we reached Ingonish Bay, having accomplished, according to the Government survey, a paltry distance of twenty-six miles. Ingonish Bay is about eight miles across, and pretty fishing villages lie at both ends of it. Here we spent another day among the trout, this time with good success. It was cold work wading up to the waist in the pools, but the eager sport took away the discomfort, and the hours passed away merrily. Up the river we halted at a small farm-house and presenting part of our treasures begged the favour of hospitality. We were graciously received. The house boasted of only two rooms, one of them reached by a ladder. From the upper chamber descended, shortly after our arrival, a surprising apparition—a city-made girl, with all the modern appliances of dress, who, having spent a winter in Boston, was attempting to transplant into the wildwood the enticing manners of the Hub of the universe. We were quite unprepared for such an encounter, and involuntarily glanced at our bedraggled garments, painfully conscious that our general dishevelment would jar on the sensitive nerves of our hostess' daughter. That worthy matron, however, was intent on cooking our fish: and, with the aid of some salt, which, providentially, we had brought with us, the house not boasting that luxury, they were rendered quite palatable. A little embarrassment attended our departure. We felt unwilling to establish a precedent which might check spontaneous kindness in the future. But the deed was done; and even Mary Ann seemed visibly mollified by our trifling *solatium*.

The inhabitants of Cape Breton are chiefly of Highland Scotch and Acadian French descent. Among the former the Sabbath is observed with scrupulous exactness. It must be tantalizing to know that the fish are breaking the day of rest by coming in shoals into the bay; but they are not molested till the morning—when, alas! they may be gone. For nearly a week, at the annual communion seasons in July, no work is done at all, and it would be thought sacrilegious to indulge in any form of amusement. A vast concourse of people gather from all the country round, holding protracted services in the open field, and quartering themselves in case of need, upon the adjacent farm-houses. But the natural depravity of man seems to assert itself even in the face of such rigorous discipline, and, by a revolt not much to be wondered at, sometimes joins a great deal of religion with a meagre stock of morality. In many parts, English is an unfamiliar, if not unknown, tongue, and the Gaelic flourishes in its native grandeur. If you can say, "Cia-mar a tha sibh an diugh?"—a feat by no means easy of accomplishment—which being interpreted is, "How are you to-day?" you have open sesame to all hearts, and will be considered a person of some taste and culture. We admit having employed the shibboleth ourselves, with an effect to which our intrinsic merit scarcely entitled us. It must be hard work for the minister to discourse for an hour in English to a congregation, half of whom do not understand what he is saying, and then, after a brief respite, repeat the message to those who have grace to know the language of Paradise. But the critical spirit seems to be penetrating even into these remote regions. After a service, at which we were present, I ventured to say to a stalwart Highlander that the sermon was excellent. He stroked his beard, shrugged his shoulders, and replied, indifferently, "Aye, no' sae bad, for him."

In spite of the rugged character of the country the means of subsistence are easily obtainable, and there is little or no poverty. The land, though rocky, is fertile between the rocks, and even with indifferent care yields a good harvest. A greater pressure of material need, or a stronger desire for material possessions would do much to develop more fully the resources of agriculture. Many of the people exhibit that easy unconcern of the flight of time which under less favourable circumstances would probably