THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

A SONNET.

Flashes of gold that fleck the sober grey;
Dark ruddy tints that crimson in the light;
Soft streaks of silver glimmering pearly white,
Amid the russet browns half hid away;
Pure green of spring that lingers while it may;
Patches of ivy-foliage dark as night;
Rich purple shades that peep out from the height;
Such crown with glory the September day.
Oh autumn woods! I lie beside the stream
That winds you round about so lovingly,
And rapt in sense of wondrous beauty, see
How vain must be ambition's lofty dream
To rival this like yours, or dare to trace
Your perfect harmony, your perfect grace.

G. WEATHERLY.

My wife and child, come close to me,
The world to us is a stormy sea,
With your hands in mine, if your eyes but shine,
I care not how wild the storm may be.

For the fiercest wind that ever blew
Is nothing to me, so I shelter you:
No warmth do I lack, for the howl at my back
Slings down to my heart, "Man, bold and true."

A pleasant sail, my child! my wife!
O'er a pleasant sea, to many is life;
The wind blows warm and they dread no storm,
And wherever they go, kind friends are rife.

But, wife and child! the love, the love,
That lifteth us to the saints above,
Could only have grown where storms have blown,
The truth and strength of the heart to prove

EBENEZER JONES.

HOW I LOVE YOU.

BY W. B.

You ask me how I love you,
And pray that I would tell,
Know, then, the love I own, dear,
Is deep as deepest well—
Is high as highest mountain,
As wide as endless space,
And fresh as clearest fountain,
And pure as purest grace.

You know I love you, darling:
Why do you ever ask?
You know this all my pleasure,
My heart's delightful task.
It comes as free as sunlight,
That shines in summer bowers,
And falls as free as dewdrops,
That gem the blessed flowers.

Now ask me if I love you.
If I can tell you more,
I'll tell it, dear, by action,
And not by phrases poor;
I'll tell you late and early
Of love that fills my heart,
That binds our lives together,
No more, no more to part.

Our Paris Letter.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

It is well known that Gambetta laughs at abuse, and the more he is personally attacked, the happier he feels. That mode of treatment seems to make him stout, as sighing or care expanded Falstaff. Gambetta has been blamed for preferring beer to wine, and reproached for having one eye, as if he was a consenting party to the loss. He is denounced as a pariah because he demands that Catholics as well as free-thinkers, the clergy as well as the laity, be required to obey the law of the land; indeed his audacity goes the length of demanding that no distinctions be made before the Code, and that clerical students in France, as is the case in Italy, be trained to arms, like other secular young men, till ordained. He is upbraided with being a grocer's son; but he might retort, as Sagden did on the hustings to a rival who accused him of being a barber's son—"Were you such, you would be a barber's son still." One must commence greatness at some point; Sydney Smith dated his ancestry from a grandfather who disappeared at the time of the York Assizes, and Tennyson makes his old gardener and wife smile at the claims of long descent. Blue blood is the accident of birth, often the consequence of the accident of an accident, but to be the architect of one's own fortune is also a nobility. The last bundle of green wood, as the French say, thrown at Gambetta, is the presumption of his getting married; three ladies are named as wooing him, but as the Princess Troubotzkoi's husband is living, she may be eliminated. There remain two widows, Mmes. Arnaud and Adam. The latter is pretty, but averse to matrimony; the former is very wealthy—a fortune of 40,000,000fr.—almost a playmate of Gambetta's, whose uncle was his oldest friend. She has a beautiful chateau at Les Cretes, in the prettiest corner of Switzerland, where Gambetta for many years has ever passed the autumn. Under the Restoration Mme. Reamier held political sway in her salon. Now Mme. Arnaud performs the same role for the Republic, and the other two ladies are in a sense her satellites.

The volumes that M. Jules Simon has published on the "Government of M. Thiers," testify to the extraordinary physical and mental power of the late ex-President. The book demonstrates also that the intrigue to supplant him by the Marshal was prepared long beforehand. It is here where history will be severe on MacMahon, and hold him accountable for the lion's share of the internal difficulties of the country since May 1873. Had the Marshal refused to play into the hands of the United Monarchists, the Republic would have been definitely established five years ago.

M. Simon shows us Thiers as an obstinate, hasty, and resolute statesman, excellent in private life, laughing at a good joke or a smutty story, even when weighted with the miseries of France. He was a Protectionist to the back bone, and said Jules Simon was enclowed with every talent, but absolutely devoid of common sense on the question of free trade. Thiers had an astonishing amount of work and "go" in him; he meddled in everything, and knew the affairs of every public office by heart. Not a telegram or despatch was received but passed under his eyes first, so that he was always posted up before Ministers themselves. Then he rose at five o'clock, three hours earlier than the members of his Cabinet. M. Thiers, in common with all rulers from *Father Fritz* down to the present, had a weakness to be regaled with the reports of the secret police. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

The Exhibition world is displaying fresh animation for two more fetes—that of the Distribution of the Prizes, and the Versailles Fete on the 23rd of October, when the curtain officially falls on the World's Fair of 1878. The same royal representatives will be present at the "finish" as at the opening. The King of Italy is rapidly falling into consumption and cannot come; and the King of Spain, *de facto*, will not, for he is soured against mundane matters and feels acutely the little sympathy shown for the memory of his deceased queen, at the funeral ceremony, just celebrated at the Escurial and where the three sisters of Donna Mercedes, as well as Madrid society, were conspicuous by their absence. All that fountains, fireworks, and electricity can accomplish at Versailles will be tried. This will be some consolation to the moiety of the total exhibitors unrewarded. Respecting the Exhibition being a "financial failure," such is not exact. It was never intended by the State that the "Congress of Human Intelligence" should have a vulgar cash balance the right side of the ledger. In point of receipts, the present show has already considerably exceeded that of 1867. Then Paris receives an increase of a few millions to her barrier dues, consequent on augmented articles of consumption, and the State more taxes from greater railway traffic and kindred sources. As to the educational and commercial benefits from the cosmopolitan gathering, escape pecuniary measurement.

There can be no doubt, for example, that the bringing of hundreds of skilled workmen from the provinces, and explaining to them by technical guides the leading features of prominent exhibits, must be productive of results. The expenses of these workmen are defrayed from the Lotteries Fund. For every 125 miles distant from Paris an artisan receives 100fr., and thus in proportion; he is admitted to the building free. It is said that the watchmakers and locksmiths have been startled on visiting the American section to perceive all their handiwork executed by machinery, and the manufactured article offered at such a low price. Ice importers, etc., ought also to be surprised at M. Giffard's—brother of the owner of the Captive Balloon—machine, which makes ice by means of air and water, thus dispensing with all chemical agents; he turns out ice at a cost of 5fr. per ton; the present retail price of this commodity—almost now a necessity—is 450fr. per ton. The brewers, the candle, chocolate and dynamite manufacturers, who use such quantities of ice, ought to give the public the benefit of the discovery.

A speculator has offered to purchase the entire collection of photos of the subscribers and free ticket-holders for 3,000fr.; he would thus have a collection to make the tour of the world. The collection will be handed over to the police museum, and lodged in the "wanted" department perhaps. The French restaurants in the grounds assert they have lost money by the Exhibition—which I do not believe—alleging foreign restaurants were free to employ musicians, and thus induce the flies to walk into the parlours, because a foreign orchestra was employed, while they were debarred the privilege, owing to discoursing home music.

Switzerland astonishes us by the extent and variety of its manufactures, although she possesses neither a navy, a coal or iron mine, dyes, etc. Her raw materials are all imported, and then manufactured and exported to every quarter of the globe, for having but a small population, she could not rely on home consumption for her silks, cottons, etc. Switzerland was thus compelled to be a free-trader. Four different tongues are spoken by her population of 2¾ millions, of which German is the most general, and then French. Despite this disparity of languages and differences of religions, the country is intensely national. The display of calicoes is extensive, and varied in patterns and colours, to suit alike the tastes of Europe and those of Madagascar. The embroidery by the hand and machinery is excellent, and the show of machinery is most creditable. The German cantons are occupied with spinning and weaving, the French with watch and clock-making; the latter trades already reply to the Americans by employing machinery to make the parts of watches, but not less than one-half of the total 40,000 artizans will be thrown out of employment, and must experience the fate of machinery displacing hand-labour. Happily the world's population is increasing, and since a watch can be had in France for 5fr., perhaps the day is less distant when every Frenchman shall have a time-keeper in his fob, than pending the coming of the good time desired by Henri IV., when every Frenchman could count upon having a fowl in his pot on Sundays. Plaited straw, the preparation of leather, and paper, are also important industries in Switzerland, and toy-making is proverbial. In the four months' season of summer, the Swiss become guides, hotel-keepers, waiters, etc.; in winter sculptors of toys, with the natural scenery of the land for models. Of agricultural products Switzerland displays few—not having many; there is excellent cheese, condensed milk—capital during a siege or an Arctic voyage—several liqueurs, and numerous cordials. She ranks proudly in the educational section, and with justice; in certain of the Protestant cantons not more than four persons out of a thousand are illiterate; her budget for public education is higher than that for her army; education is obligatory, and for the needy gratuitous; a national teacher is paid from 1,200fr. to 3,300fr., and often lodged. But education is a specialty in Switzerland; the cantons of Geneva and Vaud professors for exportation, as that of the Grisons supplies the universe with pastry-cooks and sugar-bakers.

The authorities are occupied devising measures for the heating and lighting of the Trocadero; it will be interesting to know to what uses the vast rooms will be applied after the Exhibition, and during the winter. The structure may become a kind of South Kensington Museum, but then the distance from Paris!

China did not demand space in the drug class proper, yet she exhibits a few of her simples that challenge comparison with patent medicines. Old remedies are honoured by the Celestials; the animal world forms the basis of their medicaments, but the same was common to the philtres of Virgil and Theocritus. From the catalogue of remedies, there is one for fainting fits and hysterics for ladies, and convulsions for children; place a live toad in a bottle, and cover him with flour; he will sweat himself to death; in time when all is dried employ the powder as snuff. Locusts or grasshoppers, dried and roasted, are good for headaches, and far superior to a morning draught of brandy and soda-water. For a general medicine, a bear's gall is admired, save by Turkey and Europe. For rheumatism and colds, the inside of a stag's horn; a decoction of donkey's hide is invaluable for consumption; a fowl's gizzard is good for indigestion—a fact that Capt. Burnaby ought to try for his next Ride in the East. The ashes from the incinerated skin of an elephant restores flexibility to stiff joints; a tincture of scorpions constitutes a capital stimulant, which nobody ought to deny; and superior as a tonic to bark, steel pills, or cod-liver oil, is a paste made of prepared tiger's bones. In antiquity, herculean youths were fed with lion's marrow.

The law upon prostitutes will be altered, so far as crushing the autocratic powers of the police is concerned, who can arrest any woman on suspicion. A few days ago they made a terrible mistake by arresting a stranger, an old maid, who came to do the Exhibition alone. She was submitted to the usual shameful indignities, but pronounced to be virtuous. This fact appears to have roused the virtuous ladies of the Anti-Prostitution, etc., Society; they have petitioned the Home Minister to not license prostitutes. The French are puzzled at virtuous matrons meddling in the filthy matter. When the Pope was a temporal ruler, part of the municipal revenue of Rome came from the permits of prostitution. But two blacks do not make a white. A man has been condemned for stealing an old Pontifical flag, and a grave-digger's son has been arrested for leaving Paris in a most business-like manner, and murdering his grand-parents for their little wealth—which turned out to be nil. He took even a return-ticket. The assassin of the latest cut-up woman—at Boulogne-sur-Mer—has been arrested. A few good examples of cutting up of the male sex would seem to be required.

The popularity of the Prince of Wales with the French may be estimated from the fact that a journal which alluded to his manner of enjoying Paris has been furiously attacked by the other journals. If the Prince dines with the Free and Accepted Masons, he will hardly escape the clerical press. When will society allow its members to amuse themselves as they please, so long as nobody is interfered with?

A bull escaped from a cattle truck at the terminus of the Northern railway a few days ago, and made for the waiting-room; the porters brought the animal down by shying sticks between his legs.

A gentleman renowned—being in the trade—for his opposition to a certain champagne, has been cured of his weakness for offering cigars by writing the name of the champagne over the cigar case.

PARIS, France, October 5, 1878.

A Message to the Empress.

Among the curiosities preserved in the museum of the Czar's country palace at Tsarskoe Selo (Czar's village), sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, there is one very singular relic, known as "Orloffskaya Trubetchka" (Orloff's Trumpet). It is a large silver dish, rolled together like a sheet of music, the legend attached to which is as follows: When Count Gregory Orloff, one of the innumerable favourites of Catherine II., and the leading agent in the murder of her husband, Peter III., presented himself at the winter palace on his promotion to the rank of admiral of the fleet, the hall porter, who had but newly entered the imperial household, inquired his name. Orloff, whose feats of strength had made him almost as well known in St. Petersburg as the empress herself, looked indignantly at the man, and taking up a salver from the table beside him twisted it up like a scroll of paper. "There," growled he, handing it to the terrified lackey, "give that to the *gosudarina* (empress), and she will know who I am." In later days it was a favourite enterprise with the more athletic members of the court to attempt the undoing of this modern Gordian knot, but all their efforts were in vain.

Now is your time to purchase an ostrich before winter sets in and the prices rise. A public sale of ostriches was recently held at Middleburgh, South Africa, and the birds sold at an average of $1,000 per pair. Who would grudge $500 for a first-class ostrich, warranted sound and kind? One pair went as low as $650—dirt cheap, as the auctioneer remarked at the time. The highest price paid was $1,410 for a particularly fine pair. People should take care and not purchase a great number of ostriches hoping to raise them economically on oyster cans. It is not true that ostriches eat such things. However well they may relish ten-penny nails, old horseshoes and rusty spikes, this noble bird draws the line at oyster cans and sardine boxes. They are too light as a steady diet, although, of course, they are not objected to as a relish to more solid and sustaining food. Ostriches are getting very scarce. Even the Zoological Society of London does not possess a single specimen of the African ostrich. The late birds exhibited in Regent's Park were poisoned by the idiocy of the visitors, who, amused to see the birds swallow stones and other hard substances, used to throw coppers into the paddock, the consequence being that the birds were killed by the verdigris that engendered in their crops.

It is said that one of the Siamese ambassadors, on going home from his European visits, made an elaborate report on all he had seen, including the music he had heard in the West. He was very little impressed by the music, save and except that which he said was "produced by a great trunk set upon legs." "A woman," he wrote, "sits in front of this, and, tickling a sort of tail it has with her toe, produces a variety of sounds by beating rapidly with her fingers on a number of little bits of ivory in front of it."

The Secret of Snake Charming.

Simply a Question of Whether Snake or Juggler is Quickest.

[From the London Daily Telegraph.]

In India the favourite snake for exhibition is the cobra, partly because of its more striking appearance, and partly because, its deadly character being so well known, any trifling with it appears to the uninitiated public the more wonderful. Nor, indeed, do the performances of the Hindu snake charmer lose, on better acquaintance, all their marvellousness, for courage of a high order, arising partly from the confidence acquired by long practice, is manifested in seizing and bagging the dreadful ophidian.

In most cases the charmer renders the reptiles harmless by drawing their poison fangs, and the exhibition becomes then merely one of the snake's highly trained condition. On the other hand, it often happens that the baskets contains the veritable death dealer, and a cobra with its fangs undrawn is nearly always forthcoming if the temptation in money be sufficiently strong. But in the handling of the creature when once exposed there is no hesitation, for hesitation means death, and in the swift seizure and sudden release there is daring of an exceptional kind. A cobra strikes, when it has really made up its mind to strike, with lightning rapidity, and to dodge lightning successfully requires considerable agility.

The snake charmers, however, when put on their mettle, will grasp the erect cobra with impunity, owing solely to the superior speed of their movements, for by a feint they provoke the reptile to strike, and before it can recover its attitude, seize it below the jaws. In the same way the ichneumon or mongoose secures in contest with venomous snakes a comparative immunity. It was for a long time an article of faith with writers of popular works on natural history, that this animal enjoyed a complete immunity, but scientific experiment has corrected the fallacy. A mongoose and a cobra confined together fought freely, and though the latter seemed to the eye to strike his antagonist repeatedly, the mongoose, on being examined after it had killed the snake, was found to be untouched.

Another cobra was then brought on to the scene, and, being made to close its fangs on the mongoose's leg, the animal confessed its susceptibility to the poison by dying in about four minutes. It was therefore by superior activity alone that, in fair fight with the reptile it had escaped unhurt, and to the same cause the snake charmer owes the immunity that attends his exhibition. But as in the case of the mongoose, the snake charmer when actually bitten dies as rapidly as any other creature, and in spite of all the powers of his charms, his roots, and snake stones. The Hindu spectator refuses to believe this, and enjoys, therefore, by his credulity, a pleasure denied to more intelligent audiences, for if we could only accept as truth the charmer's statement that he has really bitten, and that red drops on the bitten spot were actually blood exuding from the fatal puncture, and could then believe that the root he smelt, the stone he applied to the wound, and the charms he muttered were veritably counteracting the magic of the cobra's poison, the spectacle would be of surpassing interest, since it would be a miracle.

For the cobra's bite there is no remedy except instant amputation, and the snake charmer himself knows this well. As a means of general security he confides in his dexterous sleight of hand, but in case of accidents, he carries a broad-bladed knife.

How the Good Newspaper has Displaced the Book.

There is a general complaint that there is but a small demand for books, and some contend that the taste for reading is dying out with the present generation. The circumstance that fewer books are sold than formerly does not afford in itself sufficient evidence that people are reading less than they did a few years ago. Newspapers have, in a great measure, taken the place of books. Newspapers now treat of everything. They produce things as old as well as new. There is a prospect of a war in an obscure portion of Asia, and with the account of the origin of the difficulty are given a geographical account of the country, a sketch of its history, a biography of its present ruler, the succession of its sovereigns, etc. There is no occasion to ransack a library for information. The morning after the cable brought the intelligence that the British had acquired Cyprus the readers of prominent newspapers had presented to them all that was worth knowing of the geography history, inhabitants, commerce and products of the famous island.

With most persons the newspaper furnishes all the matter they have time to read. Till somewhat recently a large portion of Sunday was devoted to reading books. The advent of the Sunday paper, however, changed the matter to be read. It furnished a large and varied stock of reading, enough in most cases to satisfy the demands of the day. Few people now call at a store on their return from business on Saturday and buy a book to read on the following Sunday. They know that they will find on their doorstep what please them better. Public libraries, supported by taxation, and circulating libraries, open to subscribers, do away in a great measure with the necessity of purchasing books by individuals. Persons who are taxed for the support of a library seem to think they expend all they can afford to on books. Comparatively few persons have the means to purchase a reference library and if they live in a large city there is little occasion for one. Many families are now supplied with encyclopædias that are in themselves libraries of reference.

In Emergencies.

What to do in Certain Cases and How to do it.

1. Child two years old has an attack of croup at night. Doctor at a dissance. What is to be done?

The child should be immediately undressed, and put in a warm bath. Then give an emetic, composed of one part of antimony wine to two of ipecac. The dose is a teaspoonful. If the antimony is not at hand, give warm water, mustard and water, or any other simple emetic; dry the child and wrap it carefully in a warm blanket.

2. Hired girl sprains her ankle violently.

First bathe in warm water, then put the white of an egg in a saucer, stir with a piece of alum the size of a walnut until it is a thick jelly: place a portion of it on a piece of lint or tow large enough to cover the sprain, changing it as often as it feels warm or dry; the limb is to be kept in a horizontal position by placing it on a chair.

3. Bees swarm, and the man who hives them gets severely stung in the face.

The sting of a bee is hollow and barbed and as it contains the poison the first thing to be done is to remove it. The part stung should then be bathed in warm water, and a little ammonia be rubbed on them.

4. Some one's nose bleeds, and cannot be stopped.

Take a plug of lint, moisten, dip in equal parts of powdered alum and gum arabic, and insert in the nose. Bathe the forehead in cold water.

5. Child eats a piece of bread on which arsenic has been placed for killing rats.

Give plenty of warm water, new milk in large quantities, gruel, linseed tea, foment the bowels. Scrape iron rust off anything, mix warm water, and give in large draughts frequently. Never give large draughts of fluid until those given before have been vomited, because the stomach will not contract properly if filled, and the object is to get rid of the poison as quickly as possible.

6. Young lady sits in draught, and comes home with a bad sore throat.

Wrap flannel around the throat, keep out of draughts and sudden changes of atmosphere, and every half hour take a pinch of chloride of potash, place it on the tongue and allow it to dissolve in the mouth.

7. Nurse suffers from a whitlow on her finger.

Place the whitlow in water as hot as can be borne, then poultice with linseed meal, taking care to mix a little grease with the poultice, to prevent it from growing hard. Bathe and poultice morning and evening.

8. Child falls backward against a tub of boiling water and is much scalded.

Carefully undress child, lay it on a bed on its breast as the back is scalded, be sure all draughts are excluded, then dust over the part scalded with bicarbonate of soda, lay muslin over it, then make a tent, by placing two boxes with a board over them in the bed, to prevent the covering from pressing on the scald; cover up warmly.

9. Mower cut driver's legs as he is thrown from seat.

Put a tight bandage around the limb, above the cut slip a cork under it, in the direction of a line drawn from the inner part of the knees to a little outside of the groin. Draw the edges of the cut together with sticking plaster.

10. Child has a bad earache.

Dip a plug of cotton wool in olive oil, warm it and place in the ear. Wrap up the head and keep out of draughts.

11. Youth goes to skate; falls through the ice; brought home insensible.

Strip the body and rub it dry; then rub with a warm blanket and place it in a warm bed in warm room. Cleanse away froth and mucus from the nose and mouth. Apply warm bottles, bricks, etc., to the arm pits, between the thighs and the soles of the feet. Rub the surface of the body with the hand incased in a warm, dry, worsted sock. To restore breathing close the nostrils and breathe steadily into the mouth; inflate the lungs till the breast be raised a little, then set the nostrils free and press gently on the breast until signs of life appear. Then give a warm drink and put to bed. Do not give up hope for at least three hours after the accident.

12. Child gets sand in his eye.

Place your forefinger on the cheekbone, having the child before you. Then draw up your finger and you will probably be able to remove it; but if you cannot get at the sand this way, repeat the operation while you have a knitting needle laid against the eyelids: this will turn the lid inside out, and then the sand may be removed with a silk handkerchief. Bathe in cold water and exclude the light for a day.

The City: Its Sins and Sorrows.

[From the Toronto Saturday Night.]

Talmage has been visiting the "painted sepulchres" of Brooklyn and New York, and thinks that he cannot spend his Sunday mornings better than by telling crowds of young men and maidens what he saw there. He is going to save lots of fast fellows—as many as ten thousand at least—and to make vice appear as loathsome and offensive as it really is. The dear good Christian semi mountebank speaks out some plain, though perhaps not very palatable truths. He says that those palaces of vice are but poor tawdry places after all; that the pictures are paltry, the music bad, and the finery of the painted Jezebels contemptible. Great numbers of people are crying out against the scandalous nature of Talmage's proceedings, and a good many of the protesters are no doubt among those who have been hit pretty hard, and would wish people to believe that it is because they are so virtuous that they are so angry. It is the same in Toronto in reference to our small way of telling like unpalatable truths. We are assured that in New York the great supporters and frequenters of these dens of iniquity are married men, of good social, commercial, and in many cases religious standing. The same thing is true of Toronto, Hamilton, London, and every city, almost every town, in the Dominion. Members of Parliament both local and general, flourish considerably on the list. So do lawyers and doctors. Merchants also furnish their full share. And because, poor innocent, we said so, we are called everything that is bad. Why should we? We put the finger on the sore spot, and forthwith the patient winces and calls us names for the trouble we take. Mothers, whose sons are as wild ripe as are to be found anywhere, protest that their children are as innocent of such knowledge as the babe unborn. Wives who wish to be loyal to their husbands, and careful of their own fair fame, are angry at the faintest hint that their lords and masters are not what they ought to be, though they, poor creatures, are dying by inches because of these husbands sins, while their innocent children will, through life, bear in poor health and diseased blood the brand which nature puts upon the ways of sin. There are wives in every rank in Toronto who know only too well the secret of that terrible languor that makes life a continued burden to them, but of which they dare not speak even to their own mothers. There are children who in their puny imbecility and blotched and ruined frames lift up their sad, silent, and solemn testimony against their fathers' vices which have made their young lives one terrible heritage of shame and suffering. There are blasted, ruined lives by the score, nay, by the hundred, that are only a little less terrible than that of Jennie Gilmour's—in some respects even more terrible, because they are far more dishonoured and degraded before the end comes. And who brought all the ruin? Who were the authors of all that terrible desolation? Men that hold their heads high on King street; men that wear gloves and claim to be gentlemen,—the employers of those girls, or the persons,—boarders in houses where those poor girls were the drudges,—big wigs in city councils, either now or in days gone by,—talkers of cheap charity,—professors of a barren faith,—builders of grand churches,—mourners over city wickedness,—gray haired sinners with as demure faces as ever were worn,—as loud-tongued patriots as ever praised their country and served themselves.

Toronto has got a refuge for the poor weary children of shame, and the hapless victims of devouring licence. And what a story it tells! Hapless infants beginning to die almost before they had begun to live, unwedded mothers by the score, and these only as specimens of the great and growing sisterhood who have early taken the downward path, and find few ready to help them up, though plenty are eager enough to give them a downward shove. Girls unsexed before they have ceased to be children, women utterly lost before they are out of their teens. And if all this is but hinted at, ancient dowagers and reformed rakes, with a good many others who are anything but reformed, cry out "For shame," and fancy they will never be mistaken for thieves because they most eagerly shout "Fire."

Early marriages, indeed! We should just say that something of the kind was necessary. But who would wish to see their sisters or daughters married to even "golden youths" if these are already sodden with vice and ready for the dung-hill? Young men, it seems, are not selfish. Young women are not extravagant. Of a good many this can with all truth be said. But at the same time too many are the very reverse. The girl with the "tin" is looked after that the husband may live a life of idleness, self-indulgence, and vice. The young woman marries the man as old as her father in order to have finery and fooling to her utmost bent. Are such not prostitutes in everything but the name? Have they not as really sold themselves as if they had stood on the auction block and been knocked down to the highest bidder? Why marriage is often as much a piece of business as the purchase of a ton of coal or a pair of gloves. The carriage and the carriage horses are made complete by a wife to match. But all this is to be changed now. The stern moralist and Benedict of our metropolitan press, with a pathos which is peculiar, an eloquence which is unique, and an experience as varied as it is valuable, has brought all his powers to the advocacy of love in a cottage, and with his foot upon the cradle, his sublime head striking the stars, and his hand grasping the thunderbolt, has called upon noble matrons to mend pants, Bank clerks to scrub floors and generally perform household duties with a vigour that is as refreshing as it is perennial, while King street beauties are invited to the wash tub, and are asked to practise from their earliest years the mysteries of white seam and stocking darning. This is all right and proper. They could do all that and a great deal more, and far from being less lady-like by the exercise, they would be a great deal more so.

Let us all go in for marriage and moderation. Some Solon has said that all incomes above $2,000 are burdensome, and provocative of extravagance and vice. Let one thousand be the highest allowed in Canada. Why should some have so much while others can scarcely live? Why should some have ten thousand dollars while others have not as many cents? If all had a thousand, or even less, what a happy world it would be! All married, all happy, all simple, all serene, all contented. Not a grumble, not a grudge. The world's curse rolled off. Paradise restored. Who'll begin? Somebody must, and evidently before the change a good many houses will need to be pulled down and a good many carriage horses sent to grass. The leaders and laughers at the late Christian Conference might take the initiative. Why cut down the young men's cigars and the young ladies' bonnets, and leave all those palatial mansions in which good Christians make themselves so grand and so comfortable, and where they thank the Lord so earnestly that neither in their characters nor castles are they like other men who trust in lying vanities and give themselves to the pomps and pleasures of a world lying in wickedness? Love in a cottage! Yes? "It is very nice," chimes in the whole sweet sisterhood that neither toils nor spins—"but—hem! Well—you know—what would Mrs. Grundy say?" Mrs. Grundy! What has she to do in Paradise restored? Nothing whatever, though truth to say she sometimes gives a squint over the walls, and might put out many a young Eve should the latter be caught cooking the apples for her Adam's dinner.

"Commercial Travellers."

Much has, from time to time, been said respecting this useful body of men, but we do not think that the public generally are aware of what a *bona fide* commercial man is, beyond the fact that he travels, and holds sundry meetings, as seen, but seldom read about, in the daily papers.

Well, our heading does not imply a trip to the seaside for pleasure; far from it; in fact we would not be far astray if we say that commercial travellers, as a body, supply the place in civilization that the early pioneers do in the uncivilized portions of our country.

These men are continually pushing along further and further from the great centres of trade—looking for fresh fields and pastures new. Following in their wake are railroads and freight for those roads; they create the want of a new hotel in this village, place a finer line or range of merchandize in that. Banks find that they have created a want for their services and a "branch office" is opened, thereby facilitating trade and benefitting, not the town or village alone, but the farming interests in the rural districts adjoining. They divert trade from the old channels and put it into smoother groves, put new life into an old community and start new places where before but a waste of land perchance existed. They, it is, who create wants and then supply those wants. Yes, truly they are the new pioneers. And the men, the much-abused and long-suffering men, who do this, what of them? Well—in times gone by, when we were a young people, commercial men and commercial travellers were *not* what they now are. Then, no doubt, there were many men "on the road" who would not now be tolerated, either by their employers or yet by the public in general, much less by the present class of men forming this body. Then, indeed, there was a large amount of drinking done, and, in fact, it was a well-known thing that a *temperance* man had no "show" on the road. Now, reflect, that if such was the case, the *merchants* were the ones to blame, for *they would* drink when buying goods and if a merchant took *a few* drinks with a man and that man called on five or six, multiply five or six by a *few* and the total in most cases is one drunken salesman, and, *perhaps*, five or six sober merchants. But, as we have said, things are changed; they have worked their own cure, and the merchants of to-day are a much more business-like lot of men than formerly. *Then*, drink contributed largely to the sales; now goods are sold on their own merits. Then, a *temperance* traveller was the exception, and we are glad to be able to point to the fact that each year brings a larger number of commercial travellers out on the platform of temperance.

There is nothing, perhaps, in this world will cling to one longer or more tenaciously than a bad name. Let a person live a good life and they die unknown, unheard of, save to their own circle; but step outside, and do something wrong, and generations after you are dead you will be spoken of as "the man who did so and so." Thus it was that in the outset commercial travellers got a bad name, and, in a great measure, deserved it; and the name sticks to them to this day. Did you ever hear of a commercial man doing anything good? No. Did you ever hear of him doing anything bad? Yes, certainly; but does that prove that they do nothing good? We sometimes hear of a minister doing wrong; that does not bring discredit on the clergy as a body does it? Remember, that if the sins of a traveller are many, as compared with *yours*, his *temptations* are tenfold more numerous. He endures the heat of summer day by day in a dusty railroad car; or sits for hours in the scorching sun on a waggon. Hail, rain, or snow, when *you* are comfortably housed, *he* has to be up and doing, braving wind and weather, in sickness and in sorrow, away from companionship, among strangers, a hermit in a crowd, deprived of home comforts and all that tends to soften man's nature. Travelling at all hours in the night, and getting what rest he may sitting up in a train and next day up to business ready to battle with life, subject to insults, bound to humour many a crusty customer, bear the blame of goods not selling, or any or every hitch which he has no direct hand in, and still be good tempered through it all. The commercial man braves death in many a form and escapes many an accident that the world in general wots not of.

The public close their doors to him and then cry, "See they are men who do not seek good society." A respectable young lady married to a commercial man hears the remark—alas too often from some old prude—"Oh, your husband is a traveller," as though one would say, "oh, your husband is in gaol." And then when she goes into society they delight in retailing all the stories of fact, founded on fact or straight lies—it matters not to these Christian people—detrimental to the class in general and bearing in husband in particular. And yet, we would ask, where can you find more affectionate sons or brothers, more devoted fathers, more considerate husbands? They are so much away from home that they of all men know how to appreciate home and its innumerable comforts.

We would call upon the public to be generous and just in this matter, inconsiderate when you find cause, but be *British*, and do not cry guilty till proven, or even give the Scotch "not proven" when you can do no better. Open your doors to those who are *anxious* to enter, and know how to approach the boon, and give a helping hand to those who are trying to raise the moral tone of the men, and examine and see if all classes of men really come up to the standard of the commercial traveller.

The Church and the State.

We have before now alluded to what we believe is the mistaken attitude assumed by the clergy generally towards the stage; and if we refer to the subject again it is because we believe that by their generally hostile attitude to all things theatrical they are doing more harm than good to the cause they seek to advance.

At the recent Church Congress at Sheffield, England, the subject was under discussion, and as usual, the general sentiment was antagonistic. The vices and the faults of the theatre are fiercely denounced; the theatre and all appertaining to it were declared pernicious and anti-Christian, and to be discountenanced and condemned by all Christian people.

This was the general sentiment of the congress, but it was not the unanimous opinion. Lord Mulgrave—an eminent vicar of the English Church—made a bold defence of the theatre, assuring his audience that the Church did not do her duty in the matter; that the theatre should not be so sweepingly condemned because of evils which might and could be remedied, and which the Church should endeavour to remedy by condemning whatsoever was evil, and encouraging whatever was good. The eloquent Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, took the same ground in a forcible and masterly speech, but without any appreciable effect on the general sentiment of the Congress, which was decidedly adverse to all things theatrical, one minister going so far as to say that "if the theatre was not abolished Christ was lost."

It is to be regretted that so antagonistic a feeling should exist in the minds of doubtless well meaning and conscientious people towards an institution which might be especially an ally of the Church for the diffusion of good influence and for the working of moral results. These people seem to ignore altogether the immense influence which theatrical entertainments have over the popular mind. There is such a vigorous instinct for amusement, and so deeply rooted a love for dramatic representations made so powerful in the human nature, that it is a matter of certainty that the stage will always keep its place as one of the most popular amusements. It is folly to imagine for a moment that it can by any means be suppressed. The theatre is bound to exist, spite of all that may be said against it; and such being the fact, may it not be well that the question should be decided whether the influence it undoubtedly exercises is to be for good or for evil? That it is capable of being made beneficial rather than pernicious to society will, we think, be admitted by all unprejudiced thinkers.

But we have gone over the same ground so recently that we prefer to conclude our remarks by quoting the conclusion of an able article in a New York contemporary, in which the writer, taking the same ground that we take and always have taken, says:—

Granting so much, that the theatre is destined to continued existence, and that, however depraved it may have been or may now be, it is susceptible of being used as an agency of good, to instruct, elevate, and purify mankind, what is the duty of pious and conscientious people and of the Christian Church as an organized body in the premises? Will they better the case by withdrawing their own presence and countenance from the stage, and leaving it to be supported wholly by those who have not their exalted motives and purpose, and to receive its character from the demands of this class? Would they not rather confer a benefit upon society and help to redeem the stage by letting their own purer tastes and higher appreciation of art and literature enter into the effective demand for theatrical representations, and exert an influence upon managers and actors to induce them to provide for their gratification? Suppose the virtuous and religious people of the community to determine with one accord to become habitual and frequent theatre-goers, but not to tolerate anything vicious, immoral, or trivial on the stage, they would find that managers would respond with alacrity; only too glad to find so large, respectable, and influential a body of supporters upon whom they could rely, provided they offered them a high order of entertainment. The effect upon the character of dramatic literature and stage exhibitions would be marked and immediate. If it is true that performances are such as the public tasta demands, the way to improve them is to purify and exalt public taste, but so far as this question is concerned, public taste is that of the theatre-going public, and the quickest and most effectual way to produce an improvement is for the great body of people of high character, cultivated minds, and religious sentiments to make themselves at once an effective part of the theatre-going public. It is not by keeping aloof and indulging in denunciations that they can work regeneration, but by taking the matter in some measure into their own hands and under the control of their own influence.

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