

# The Canadian Spectator.

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SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM

## The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

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Yearly subscriptions are now due, and should be forwarded without delay.

## The Canadian Spectator.

Contents of Number Nineteen:

- THE TIMES.
- MR. THOS. WHITE AND THE GOLD MEDAL.
- THE ORANGEMEN AND PUBLIC PEACE.
- THE NEW YORK HERALD ON THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA.
- THE SEMINARY AND THE OKA INDIANS, by Rev. John Borland.
- WHAT THE MAN OF THE WORLD THINKS, by Fred. Hamilton.
- EDUCATION FOR CANADIAN GIRLS, by A. E. Lyman.
- THE STATE OF MONTREAL, by Theta.
- THE FUTURE LIFE—THE OTHER SIDE, by Quartus.
- ABRAHAM SANCTA CLARA.
- THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT, by the author of "Patty."
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Subject for Evening Discourse:  
**LAW AND THE PEOPLE.**  
ANTHEM—

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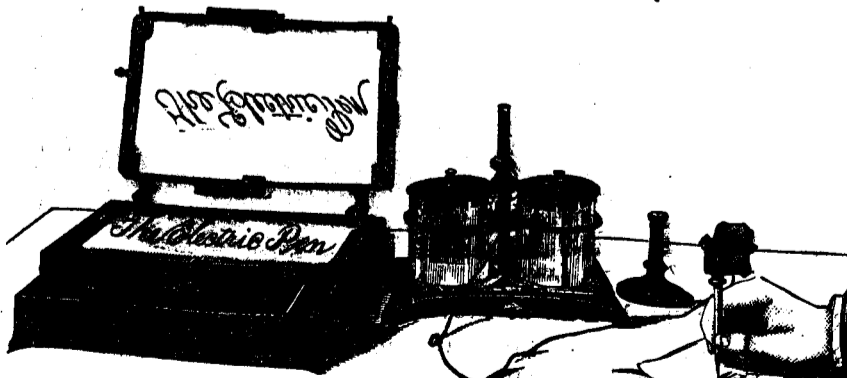
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# The Canadian Spectator.

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## THE TIMES.

The Provincial Parliament of Quebec will soon meet and the parties will try their strength, probably, over the election of a Speaker. Each side claims a majority, and which is right will only be decided when the vote is taken. As far as we can judge they are pretty evenly balanced, too evenly for the peaceful and prosperous working of Government; and too evenly, it is said, to allow the ordinary bribery to take full effect. Still, there must be a few "on the fence," and it will depend on the side to which they incline at the last moment. If the Conservatives follow the advice of the *Montreal Gazette*, they will at once pass a vote of censure on the Joly Government—that is, on the Lieutenant-Governor, which must result in an immediate dissolution and another appeal to the electors, which we venture to say will be a blunder. The Conservative party is not organized, having neither a recognized head nor a declared policy, and if another election be brought about, it is more than probable that M. Joly will carry a larger number of constituencies than in the last election. He has had no opportunity of forfeiting the confidence reposed in him; on the contrary, his bearing has been judicious and full of promise, while the caucus of Conservatives held in Montreal the other day, gave evidence, to those who needed it, that they are determined to make the Province serve the ends of Dominion party politics. Not content with having tried to influence the Provincial elections in the interests of the party, they are now making an effort to turn the politicians at Quebec into tools for the politicians at Ottawa. If another election be forced upon us we hope the electors will resent this. The *Gazette* might take a hint and be a little more prudent. It was a mistake to import Dominion politics into the Provincial election, and he who proclaimed that if the Liberals won, a general election would take place in a fortnight, was not even the grandson of a prophet.

Toronto has rejoiced once again in the presence of Sir John A. Macdonald, who, it must be allowed, is the first of all Canadians, and who in fifty years from now will be more appreciated than he is to-day. Sir John possesses all the qualities of a statesman; and taking count of the raw stuff he has had to work up into fashion, he has done some good and lasting labour: but Sir John has also a lively fancy, and the other day that fancy ran away with his sober judgment, and made him say to the citizens of Toronto that "he believed the people would rise in their might at the coming election and sweep jobbery, corruption and incapacity into one common ruin." That is a hard saying—who can hear it? Sir John being a student of history must be more or less of a prophet, and if his faith shall only bring forth just and great works in the people, then indeed hard times are at hand for our politicians. The picture is fine. In the foreground a heaving, seething, chaotic mass of jobbery, bribery and corruption, which Sir John and Mr. Mackenzie are vainly endeavouring to reduce to order. The background black and thunderous, shooting occasional fire; the blackness rolls on, the thunder grows louder, and then the flood's wild rush on the land—that is, a general election—the waters rise, cover the Quebec Liberals, also the Ontario Liberals, also all Liberals to the last mountain of their might; and then only the Conservative Ark floating majestically on the waste of waters; then a dove sent out (say Mr. White) in search of some green thing (say a constituency) to rest upon; subsidence of the waters; stranding of the Ark; coming forth of the family of Noah and—the rest that may remain when all jobbery and corruption and incapacity are swept away; coming forth of—only a few couples of creeping things. It is frightful to contemplate. Oh! Sir John, please don't induce the people to rise in their might and sweep away all the things you mentioned. The land would be forsaken. Beg them to

leave us, at least, the *Globe* as a paper to read, and an occasional *Witness*; and, if they would let us, we should be glad to keep Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Blake and yourself, and a few other friends.

The Montreal City Councillors have shown that while one-half the taxes are paid by Protestants, two-thirds of the nationality of the Police is Catholic. If the Catholic population is poorer than the Protestants, we have no objection to the classification; but we do dissent from the doctrine endeavoured to be enforced, that Protestant citizens shall not meet for amusement, concert, ball or other recreation, and when threatened with violence shall not be protected, *when they pay half the taxes*. Alderman Donovan has set an example of rampant bigotry from his place in the Council, rarely met with, and the *Herald*, who ought to know, as the Alderman is the Government nominee on the Harbour Board, calls him a "civic firebrand," and says, "One thing is quite certain, and that is that by his behaviour, and the lack of judgment—not to say worse—Mr. Donovan has shewn himself quite unfit for any position of public trust." Will the Government act on what their organ in this city considers right? The *Gazette* says he is a type of the very worst class of the community, but it then says Alderman Clendinneng's reply was in quite as bad taste, from which, we think, at least the Protestant community will totally differ. When ultra irritating and insulting speeches like Mr. Donovan's are made from public and official places, they should be answered, and Alderman Clendinneng expressed views which if carried out would ensure justice and protection to all alike. If the answer had not been given, the class of which the *Gazette* considers Alderman Donovan a "type" would have been jubilant, and an impetus given to their actions, which the city is bound by its best interests to prevent.

The faithful of Scotland have much tribulation through the burden of heresy that is laid upon them. The United Presbyterian Presbytery of Glasgow has called Mr. Ferguson to account on the 8th ult. Mr. Ferguson seemed not at all afraid, but made a long statement setting forth his objections to the relevancy of the libel which had been served upon him; and although he had no wish to be separated from the church, of which he had so long been a member, he was under duty to say that the whole prosecution was one huge irregularity. The Free Synod of Aberdeen has also uttered its voice, and to the effect that the finding of the Presbytery in condemnation of Professor Smith was wrong. All this seems to tell that a new era has dawned upon the ecclesiasticism of Scotland. Mr. Ferguson said, what a great many have long felt, that the Confession of Faith is a "fetter to thought," and "an engine of spiritual oppression." The matter is not decided, but when to all that is added the formal establishment of Roman Catholicism in the land again, it will be seen that our Scottish friends have excitement enough to live well upon.

The members of the Imperial Government are constant in their assurances of their desire for peace, and yet while negotiations are in progress they are taking the most active measures in preparations for war and incurring a vast expenditure only exceeded by war itself. Two members of the Government, in whom the nation reposed confidence, have severed their connection from the Ministry; while they were in the Cabinet the people knew that every means which could avert war would be employed. Now we appear to be advancing step by step to a point where war appears inevitable and peace impossible. Schouvaloff's mission to St. Petersburg has not caused England to relax for one moment her gigantic preparations. The Queen is reviewing the troops, as 25 years ago she reviewed the fleet, at Spithead. Without an ally, with a divided England, and social disorders in the North, with Scotland, Ireland and Wales almost entirely hostile to the Ministry, they possess a large majority in the House of Commons which is ready to follow the bidding of their Tory leaders, and vote money and men for an object as utterly unnecessary as the "Crimean war," which is everywhere admitted now to have been a great mistake and blunder, if not a crime, and the results of which have long since been swept away. It is cheering in the midst of even such a black outlook to see a speck of light in the misty clouds, and we are glad to find that great monitor, which is no where more powerful than in England—public opinion—has been roused, and its potent voice is on the right side.

## THE PAST SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

The Session which has just closed can scarcely be classed among the remarkable events of the time, still it may afford matter for reflection and comment. It is only by noting the past that we can gather wisdom for future action. Each Session marks, or should mark, a stage in the development of our country. Each Session tells us who and what our politicians are, bringing to light any statesman whom it may have pleased Providence to grant unto us.

Parliament, of course, assembled to do the work of the country, and quite naturally we turn back to see what has been accomplished. The list of Acts passed is not a long one, and there is not a single measure among them that could be considered as of first-rate importance. They deal mostly with private companies and such like things of small consequence. There is not much ground for complaint in this, for the House did that which came to its hand, wisely abstaining from the search for anything of higher concern.

The work of examining and voting on the thirty-three Acts which have been passed might have been got through in a fortnight by a dozen men who knew their business; but our two hundred and sixty representatives required nearly four months. This is largely owing to the fact that while the House is not blessed with the presence of any, if any, great speakers, it is cursed with the presence of a large number of small talkers. Their speechifications are like the measles—not very dangerous, but very tiresome, and they consume a lot of precious time. There has not been a really able and brilliant speech, that we can call to mind, during the whole Session. Sir John Macdonald's on the dismissal of the Government of Quebec by Lieutenant-Governor Letellier being the best. For the rest the speaking has been below even Colonial par. But what has been lacking in quantity has been more than made up in quality, and the right of free parliamentary speech has been fully asserted. In an assembly where nearly all can talk and but a few can really speak in a way that could be called eloquent, this is inevitable. The only way to heal the disease is for the country to send—if it can find them—men who have power of brilliant speech in them, who could crush the small fry of the House into a more general silence. Then we should have a few refreshing great speeches, and less of wearisome small talk.

Unfortunately not a single new star has heaved above the horizon. Mr. Blake, a really able man, has allowed himself to become a failure. He gave great promise, and many confidently looked to him as the future leader, but indifferent health and a modicum of conscience drove him from the Cabinet. Then our attention was turned to M. Laurier as the coming man. He was taken into the Cabinet, and all men rejoiced. Even the Conservatives spoke well of his abilities, and only mourned that he was not on the other and better side of the House; while the Liberals felt that a new lease of power and place had been granted, and rubbed their hands and smiled and said, "Now then." The country, generally answered back, "Now then," and waited to see what would come of the introduction into the Cabinet of a gentleman who while yet young had earned the reputation of being a more than ordinarily able man, and free and independent enough to wear a Presbyterian-looking waistcoat and collar, not caring for those who glory in appearance and not in heart and brain. But M. Laurier has been a disappointment to all his friends, not having made manifest that he is possessed of the able qualities of a debater or statesman. Mr. Jones, perhaps, of all the Ministerialists, has done the best. He seemed to understand the work allotted to him, and being railed railed back again, coarsely sometimes but effectively always.

The Opposition have developed no particular power of oratory, and it was not needful that they should set their hand to the work of legislation. On the whole the best of the talking has been on the Opposition side of the House. Too much of it; we must complain; too much fault-finding and unnecessary criticism, but perhaps not more than we should expect from gentlemen who honestly believe that they ought to be governing the affairs of the nation for the national good. Still, Sir John has curbed the impatience of his followers, and at times helped the Government very materially in the despatch of business.

The most painful feature in the whole retrospect is the rampant rowdiness that prevailed. The session began with a most unseemly brawl; violent altercations and personal abuse succeeded each other in rapid succession. Our parliamentarians set themselves to blacken each other's character and prospered in the disgraceful undertaking in a way most appalling. Reputations were played with as boys play at shuttlecock—beard-pulling and fisticuffs came into the game—the whole winding up with a scene so disgraceful that had it occurred in a tavern the keeper of it would have stood a chance to lose his license. Not many people will be found to take pride in a Parliament that left the House at its last sitting to the cries of "coward," "liar," and "d—d scoundrel." The man who brought on that scene should have no chance to repeat it.

The conclusion is forced upon us that the country can only hope for a better state of things,—first, by curbing in every possible way this

violent party spirit which now prevails, and which degrades politics, hinders the progress of the country, and makes the press a mere vehicle for the dissemination of falsehoods and slanders; politicians do not reflect the people, but only the party at Ottawa. The daily papers do not set themselves to give information, but only to further the interests of the party. Reports are one-sided, garbled, falsified, all for the party. That spirit should be repressed by the voters, who can deal with the parliamentary representatives; and by the general reading people who support the press. And then, the people should begin to consider the wisdom of continuing to pay their politicians. The policy is a bad one, it has led to a pernicious multiplication of governments, to prolonged sessions, caused by mere talk, to an expenditure which is unnecessary, extravagant and ruinous, and the introduction of men into Parliament who would more creditably get their living in some other way.

## "SCALING" OF WAGES IN CANADA.

Not a few newspaper men in Canada have been of late piously exercised over a "scaling" of debts which has had no existence except in their own brains. But here in Canada, in our depreciated silver, is a veritable scaling, not of the debts of the rich, but of the wages of the poor throughout all Canada. Suppose we invite these indignant men now to look nearer home. The so-called "fall" of silver in London must have affected our already degraded half and quarter dollar pieces, just as it is said to have affected United States silver. This "token" money, the officers of the British Mint will at once tell you, is robbed of a considerable portion of its silver—to be exact, when silver is at 5s. per ounce in London, it is within a fraction of 10 per cent. Add to that the 10 per cent. of loss which the gold standard men so strenuously urge has recently overtaken silver bullion, and we have the people of Canada being paid for their labor in a coinage debased 20 per cent. Perhaps these newspaper men will satisfy themselves with the reflection that this silver is only "subsidiary," that it buys a joint of mutton for the poor man as well as could be done by a bit of gold (that may prove a puzzle for them), that it is for "small transactions" and for small people, and can therefore at the worst be but a small fraud; that it is good enough for the retail trade of the country, vast though that trade be, and where producers really meet consumers, but that gold is more dignified for that wholesale trade and for those large "transactions" around which gamblers and speculators most do congregate; that it is limited in amount, and therefore not an unlimited debasement; that even if 50 per cent. of silver were surreptitiously abstracted from the coins, they would be quite the thing for workingmen; in short, that though hardly respectable enough to be tendered to bondholders, they are good enough for paying the wages and the debts of all who produce our wealth. But I know whereof I write, and let me say to the people of Canada that their earnings are "scaled" 10 per cent. by this combined falsehood and fraud of subsidiary silver, and that where the workingmen across the lines are paid a dollar a day in the silver dollar now being coined, they are paid 13 per cent. better wages than the workingman of Canada when paid a dollar a day in this degraded English coinage. The Press of Canada has rivalled certain newspapers on a portion of the eastern seaboard of the Union in its denunciation of all "scaling" processes. Here is an opportunity, and within its own borders, not of wasting its virtues on a shadow, but of exposing a "scaling" as gross as was ever perpetrated on poor and unsuspecting industry. I will not prostitute the pages of the SPECTATOR by a defence of the subsidiary coins of the United States, but this much I will say, that the Americans have never robbed or clipped their coins to the extent done by England and Canada. It would be well for those who have held up an entire nation to infamy and scorn, simply because that nation is recoinng its silver on the ratio agreed upon with its bondholders—written on its bonds, embodied in its laws—to take these facts home with them, and learn, if they can, to what extent even a "Queen's Head" may conceal a multitude of sins.

When Canada erects her own Mint—as she certainly will one day do—and prepare her own gold and silver, minting her coins from the largest to the smallest, full weight and full standard, and lets these coins out amongst her people, not shutting them up in vaults and subterranean places, then, and not till then, will this young nation know the meaning of steady commercial progress and of general prosperity within all her borders. Then, and not till then, will she crown herself with that word which ought even to stand as the brightest and best in all our commercial vocabulary—*righteousness*.

WILLIAM BROWN.

CLASSES OF MANKIND.—I have divided mankind into classes. There is the Noodle,—very numerous, but well known. The Affliction-woman,—a valuable member of society, generally an ancient spinster, or distant relation of the family, in small circumstances: the moment she hears of any accident or distress in the family, she sets off, packs up her little bag, and is immediately established there, to comfort, flatter, fetch, and carry. The Up-takers,—a class of people who only see through their fingers' ends, and go through a room taking up and touching everything, however visible and however tender. The Clearers,—who begin at the small the supply, and rare the contents. The Sleep-walkers,—those who never deviate from the beaten track, who think as their fathers have thought since the Flood, who start from a new idea as they would from guilt. The Lemon-squeezers of society,—people who act on you as a wet blanket, who see a cloud in the sunshine, the nails of the coffin in the ribbons of the bride, predictors of evil, extinguishers of hope; who, where there are two sides, see only the worst,—people whose very look curdles the milk, and sets your teeth on edge. The Let-well-alone-ers,—cousins-german to the Noodle, yet a variety; people who have begun to think and to act, but are timid, and afraid to try their wings, and tremble at the sound of their own footsteps as they advance, and think it safer to stand still. Then the Washerwomen,—very numerous, who exclaim, "Well! as sure as ever I put on my best bonnet, it is certain to rain." &c. There are many more, but I forget them.

Oh yes! there is another class, as you say; people who are always treading on your gaiter-foot, or talking in your deaf ear, or asking you to give them something with your lame hand, stirring up your weak point, rubbing your sore, &c.—*Sydney Smith*.



## THE FUTURE LIFE.

Your correspondent "Quartus" is not alone in the intense longing he expresses for definite knowledge of the future state. It is right this desire should be satisfied. It is also possible for him to attain the required information ere he leaves this world, by using the means his present condition of life places at his disposal. The Bible, nature and experience each bring their quota of information to the rational part of him, which if he will use rationally shall bathe his life in spiritual light.

May I be permitted to act for him somewhat in the manner of a fingerpost, which, though not conspicuous for celerity of motion itself, yet points the way on which his Intellectual Pegasus may run and find safe footing?

A man needs only to regard himself and his every physical act from an outside point of view to realize the fact that his physical nature is not himself. That is only matter which he can wield as his inner consciousness or will may direct. Projecting himself, as it were, still further outside of himself, he will find himself able to view and calmly judge of his own thoughts, directing them also by that same will into any channel he may choose. For instance, his will wills to pluck an apple from a tree near by. His will bends his thoughts to the accomplishment of that object; his feet are constrained to run for a ladder; his hands to grasp it and place it against the tree. By a continued effort of will, he mounts the ladder and grasps the tempting fruit. If, however, his will be accustomed to regard use and economy of time and labour as well as self-gratification, he may reflect that the ripe apples are the easiest to detach and also the most useful and nutritious; then he will simply *shake the tree* and stoop to pick up the falling fruit.

But why waste printer's ink on such a simple piece of common-place? Why, merely to ask, What plucked the apple—the man's bodily hand, or his will animating his spiritual hand? I fancy there can be but one rational answer. His will was the motive power in the whole transaction; a dead body cannot be galvanized into plucking apples. The will, therefore, is the true inner spiritual living man. The will is the life—*independent of the body*, yet acting through and by it so long as that body is capable of performing its uses. When that ceases to be the case through disease, the gradual decay of its powers, or the violent destruction of its members, what we call death ensues—*death physical*. But does the conscious will with its conscious thought—the *real man*—die? We cannot kill the will and its thought. The words and thoughts and deeds of men live long after we cease to see the physical forms in which they manifested themselves to us. His will and its thought were the conscious life of the man while in the body. Is it unreasonable to suppose they are still his conscious life after he has left his body.

We find, then, that the will or love principle—the faculty which longs for or desires—is really man's life. Will, love, life, are synonymous terms. The thought or understanding—the intellectual principle—is the out-growth of that will, formed by it as a means whereby to attain the end desired. Their joint endeavour is the whole spiritual man ultimating himself to our comprehension in deeds. Is not this true to Nature? Is it not true to that Word of God which plainly declares the kingdom of heaven to be *within* us? When that kingdom is established in the very innermost will principle or life of a man, does it not emerge in thought and deed? If otherwise, there is no truth or consistency in the command "If ye love God, keep His commandments." Is it not true also to the facts of daily life? We all know by actual experience that the man of most power and influence is he whose will forces his thoughts and actions into perfect harmony with itself, be its aim good or evil. That it is within the power of will to do this is a self-evident fact. Where we find a man—that is a will—who cannot do this, we call him insane, nor do we err in so doing.

If, then, the will, which is the real, spiritual, substantial man, acts through and by the present material body so as to show his true nature and quality as fully as he can with the imperfect means at his disposal, how much more intensely and really must his true nature reveal itself when freed from the restraint of matter. However perfectly organized our physical nature may be, no man finds it efficient to perform all he would have it do. He cannot write in an hour what he can think in one minute. He cannot find language to express the one-thousandth part of his emotions. The pressure of the hand, the glance of the eye, express but feebly the love of hearts that beat with love and sympathy for each other. The cannon's roar, presaging its messenger of death, the clash of armies, the tortures of the Inquisition, do, alas! but feebly represent the hatred, wrath and malice of the evil. But deprive man of the "disabilities" of his corporeal nature, and behold! the good or evil will, which *is* himself, leaps at once from restraint into comparative perfect freedom to work its will, to choose its associates in a fellowship closer and more real than the contact of matter with matter could ever give.

Such is the secret of the future life. Closer, more real, communion with good men and God for those who because they love God, love their brethren also; for the evil, closer communion with other evil men and greater liberty to depart from God. Closer communion—more real life—because spiritual and not material. Being let go they go to their own associates. They *will* to be with them. They *love* them.

Heaven is a state then, not a place. The heavenly state is love of goodness and truth, and therefore love towards God, Who *is* love. At present it is hard for men to see this, though capable, if they will, of "seeing Him who is invisible" in that incarnate Wisdom the Divine Humanity of our Lord God and Saviour. If a man has but the first faint dawn of this new Life of Love within him, it brings him into immediate conjunction with all in a similar state. These are swift to aid him in every good thought and deed till he attain at length that rest which remaineth for the people of God, attained only when, by the voluntary co-operation and conjunction of his own will with the will of his Creator, every wish and every thought and act have been brought into harmony with Divine order and the Divine Life fills and animates his whole being. This life then takes the form of goodness; his thoughts the form of truth because both are regenerated or born of God.

Evil on the other hand is but the perversion to selfish uses of that Divine Life or will power which is constantly flowing into man. Every sin is but a form

of selfishness—Life used for self and self-gratification, not for the good of others. Love for self means hatred of all others. Experience, in this world, shows this. Who does not know men who put their own ends, their own gratification, constantly first? Anything which interferes with that must give way or perish if they have power or opportunity to carry out their will. Does such a state of life emerge in peace, concord, harmony, brotherly love, happiness and heaven here? If not, can it hereafter? when the same will is let loose from the restraints of matter? Neither now nor then does God need to punish sin. Sin punishes itself, because it is contrary to the order of man's very being. Man is made in God's image formed as a recipient of His Divine Life of Love and Divine Wisdom. If man will reverse these into self-love, instead of love to his fellow-man he reverses every fibre and faculty of his being. Every faculty which was meant to bless him and render him happy and useful in its exercise brings him only misery. Nothing can stop it but his own will. That is his God-given life. God cannot force that without destroying utterly the life He Himself has bestowed. When there is no remnant of anything but evil self-love left in a man, and every shadow of a wish to mitigate the sufferings of others is utterly gone, it may be that all power to draw life of any kind from the great source of all Life, is lost and the man ceases to have any conscious life at all. It seems possible, but so far we have no revelation of it and no analogy to it in nature or experience. Perhaps the evil in the future state do not even wish it. Certain it is the evil in this world do not wish it, but would prefer, if they could, to live always.

Does your correspondent, "Quartus," now see how the Fingerpost points? Do good to others from love to them and purely for goodness' sake, for that *is* love from God to God. That love, the more it is received and exercised, will bring with it the Light of Truth. If his opportunities be small, and his position in his own estimation at least, a mean or petty one, in this world, there is yet room enough in it to do all he can. That is all that can be expected of him. If faint and weary, and sad at heart at the poor results he feels he has power to attain, while his will to bless and benefit others seems to him large enough to fill the whole earth with happiness and peace if only he could find vent for it, let him live in hope, nay certainty, of wider opportunity, extended power, continual progress, "when this mortal shall have put on immortality," when "he shall know even as he is known," and be able to act *exactly* as he feels. Blessed indeed are they who are thus pure in heart, for they shall perceive God and shall increase that perception by added Life from Him throughout eternity, permitted then as now to lessen the misery of the evil and erring as much as they themselves will allow, and drinking in and communicating new life from kindred spirits whose aims are at one with his in the pursuit and practice of a boundless

"CHARITY."

## TEN THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.

Here is Chicago at last, with the westbound mail train waiting in the depot for any passengers who are going through without stop. For the rest of us, who intend to remain in this city for twenty-four hours, here is the polite agent of the Omnibus Company, ready to contract for conveyance of self and baggage to any hotel that may be named. Chicago is proud of its hotels, and there are so many of these that the inexperienced traveller has some difficulty in making a choice. However, he will not be far wrong if he goes to the Palmer House.

The Chicago of to-day does not show many traces of the great calamity which overtook the city six years ago. As you walk along Clark street or State street and view the stately edifices which line those streets and many others for miles and miles, it is difficult to realize the fact that so lately as October, 1871, the whole business portion of Chicago was utterly swept out of existence. This district, two miles in length by fully a mile in width, which then exhibited such a scene of desolation, now presents to the view a new city of palaces such as can be seen nowhere else in the world. It is true that every building is mortgaged to the last brick, but that fact does not lessen one's wonder at the indications on every hand of the most lavish outlay. The fire came just at the time of Chicago's greatest prosperity, and when the great destruction came, everybody had confidence in her future success beyond even her previous record. But those days are gone. The supremacy of Chicago is a thing of the past. This city has suffered perhaps more than any other from the commercial earthquake that shook this entire continent four years ago. The capitalists at Boston and New York who advanced immense sums of money to rebuild Chicago will rue the day they parted with their cash.

There are still, however, some few specimens to be seen of the fire-fiend's handiwork. Some of the railway buildings that were partly wrecked by the flames still show blackened walls and shapeless ruins that were left standing and have since been utilized by the aid of temporary roofing and other such expedients to serve their purpose until more costly renewals can be undertaken. For few indeed are there among the western railways that can afford to spend a single dollar which can possibly be economised. Another relic of the fire may be found in the shape of a forlorn and deserted ruin which looks as if it might once have been a church. I remember walking round this part of the city four years ago, when building operations were actively progressing throughout the burned district. It struck me then that the Chicago people were too much absorbed in rebuilding their stores and warehouses to think about restoring the churches. Then, too, I noticed this same dismal ruin of ecclesiastical aspect which stands here now more forlorn than ever. New Chicago appears to think churches superfluous. At all events, that is the conclusion one would be apt to arrive at after an hour's walk around the city without encountering any edifice of obviously ecclesiastical intent. But take a ride through the suburbs of the city before jumping at hasty conclusions. There you find churches broad-cast, a steeple at almost every corner.

There are in this, as in every other western city, two distinct worlds in matters religious, political, social, and even commercial. On the one side is the New England type of American citizen, with ideas of religion and of political and social morality pretty much the same as his stern forefathers propounded on Plymouth Rock. This man carries with him wherever he goes, his intense Calvinism, his unyielding Republicanism, and his respect for law and order. On the other hand there is ranked a phalanx of southern and western

men, with a strong foreign contingent from every nation upon earth; who care not a fig for all that the New Englander holds sacred, And when it comes to a square party fight on such a question as the opening of German Beer-gardens on Sundays, the foreigners acting in combination can and do outvote the native Americans on every ballot.

(To be continued.)

### HOUSE DRAINAGE.

The city drainage may be divided for convenience sake into Arterial Drainage and Capillary Drainage,—the former to include the main system of sewers; the latter, the smaller courses of pipes and drains which fall into the larger ones, and by which the refuse fluids of the houses are carried away.

Drainage is now recognized by the intelligent part of the community as a question of paramount importance, and events in the mother country involving the health and safety of several high personages have called public attention to what has the greatest claims to be considered a popular question.

In a wooden district, wooden drains are the standard abomination. In all localities so affected, a crusade might well be preached against them, and that a vigorous one. With all our tender and Christian sympathies in regard to spiritual essences and relations, we must certainly be open to lively impressions upon a subject which may at any moment, by the chemic agencies so deeply affecting our mortal lives, cast down our most exalted wishes and designs. While we admit that such are only a part of the dangers that beset the advances of luxury and civilization, we see that the beauty and comfort of our dwellings will be every hour in an inevitable subordination to the systems that protect us from these fell influences.

Hidden out of sight, these insidious enemies of human well-being carry on their warfare from day to day, and will do so until properly attended to, and that is the state of things which we have to change.

We must give particular attention to getting the best material for our drains, glazed piping, closed with cement of the first quality, being about the best known. When such piping as this is additionally protected by a sufficient covering of earth, the human beings on the surface of the ground, and above the drainage system, may, in the absence of more wholesale leakage, be considered out of danger; but this should not blind us to the fact that no material that is at all available for the purpose of carrying fluids is impervious to the passage of gasses under pressure. There are many degrees of penetrability, but to a greater or less extent, metal, earthenware, brick or stone, as well as the denounced wooden drains, will all permit the passage of gases through their substance. This creates an undoubted difficulty, when we have to consider the introduction of a drain of any kind under the floor of a dwelling house.

With a sufficient inducement to run into particular courses—what we know as air-drafts—gases, so long as the draft can be kept up, are harmless enough, because of their own will, as we may phrase it, they avoid coming in contact with the breathing subject; but where this outflow is checked, there will be pressure of the steam of gas, a pressure caused partly by the temperature and partly by the intrinsic weights of the sewer gasses, causing them to rise, wherever able, into the air above.

In this connection, a great difficulty seemed to be solved when Mr. McLaren announced to the public his sewer-ventilator or upright shaft through the house to carry the gases to an opening above the roof. So much was the public impressed with the value of his plans, that meetings of experts were called to discuss them, and the Council of Montreal seemed to be at the point of making their adoption compulsory in the city.

The plan is in actual operation, and although the novelty of the invention may be worn off in some degree, we are not aware that the value of the principle has been at all impugned. A renewed discussion of this branch of the subject would certainly do good. But apart from the question of outflow of gases into the higher atmosphere is that of trapping the sewers to keep the gases from rising where they are not wanted to go, while permitting the passage of the fluids to be carried off.

Almost all sewer-traps are founded upon the principle of an inverted syphon. It is present as a principle both in the bent pipe and the Bell-trap. It may be observed that every known form of trap seems to have its particular fault or liability to derangement inherent in its construction. Sewer traps are subject to choking with solid matter—to puncture or cracking—to evaporation of the fluids from disuse, and any of these causes may bring the gases that are so dangerous to the breathing organs into the air of the dwelling-house. Mr. Rawlinson, writing to the *London Times*, has assured us that no traps can be at all times depended on.

Still they have to be used, and ought to be studied, although, for the moment, we will not enter upon the discussion of their relative merits.

The suggestion we want particularly to bring out, just now, is the proper point in the house drain for placing a trap.

As far as the interior salubrity of the house is concerned, there could be nothing better, in summer, than a fountain trap placed outside for the delivery of the house-water, as this would effect a complete break in the passage or tube, so that the gases from the sewer would, if they rose at all, expend themselves in the outer air, the house sewage falling outside the external wall into a receptacle or small basin, while the rise of the sewer-gases into the air would be avoided by trapping below the jet.

But then, that plan would certainly not work in winter in Canada.

What, then, must be our rule for winter drainage, as regards the dwelling?

Undoubtedly, to trap the sewer as close to the outer wall of the dwelling as possible—on its inner side—and in this way to avoid all the dangers arising from escapes of gas through porous or ill-joined pipes into the house. If the gasses are not allowed to pass into the interior house-drain, it is plain that the porousness of that drain will not be the means of their rising into the dwelling.

Get the drain trapped quite close to the wall, we say, as others have already said and done, and have it trapped *again* close to the infloor or sink. In this way we are protected at once from the emanations from the sewer outside and

from the less dangerous fumes which might arise from interior sewage after resting in the pipes.

Above the trap placed against the outer wall on the inside of the kitchen, scullery or basement, there should be a small covered opening in the floor, so that the apparatus may at any time be examined without difficulty.

The plan is very simple, and almost perfectly protective.

As to the various forms to be preferred for sewer-traps, suggestions might be invited from experts willing to contribute to the public health and safety.

THETA.

### CARDINAL WISDOM.

Cardinal Manning is a shrewd observer of men and things, but as he is not yet Pope he can hardly lay claim to infallibility. A fortnight since he met the clergy of his archdiocese, and gave them an account of the last days of Pius IX., with a brief sketch of his personal character. Pope Pius, according to Cardinal Manning, amidst all his calamities, was enabled to draw, as no previous Pontiff had ever done, the Catholics of the world around the See of St. Peter. We may be pardoned for expressing our astonishment at this remark. We were under the impression that the Papacy has for years past been losing its hold upon Italy, that in France its influence has waned almost to a vanishing point, and that in Germany its authority has been handled with rude severity. When Cardinal Manning says that the late Pope restored the unity of the episcopate and the fidelity of the laity, we are tempted to remind him of the Old Catholic movement, and of the manner in which the promulgation of the Dogma of Infallibility was secured. It is always easy to obtain unity of opinion if you are able to exclude those who differ from you. It would be unfair to complain of Cardinal Manning for speaking kindly of the Pontiff who had befriended him. But it is difficult to reconcile his eulogy of Pius IX. with his lavish praise of Leo XIII. The new Pope, we are told, was "formed to his office from his youth, and trained in every stage of life by manifold gifts and varied experience" to fill the place and perpetuate the actions of Pius IX. He is the "man prepared in secret by God to rise up to the full elevation of the primacy of Peter." But the new Pope has steadily and deliberately set himself to work to undo the actions of his predecessor. No one knows this better than Cardinal Manning himself. When, therefore, he speaks of both of them with equal admiration and affection, it is impossible to avoid remarking that his professions do greater credit to his loyalty than to his sincerity.

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

**NURSING.**—It is a well known fact that after a severe illness the stage of convalescence is in many respects the most trying of all. It is then that petty annoyances, such as arise from noises, draughts, smoke, foul vapours, bad or ill-managed light, improperly-cooked food, nauseous remedies administered in uncleanly and uncomfortable cups or glasses, knives, forks, and spoons that turn over with a clatter, things that fall or are readily knocked down, irritating wall-papers, hard, lumpy, or too soft, beds, burdensome or cold, bedclothes, beds that that can only be put in order with labour and confusion. There is scarcely an article or piece of apparatus for the sick chamber which is not obviously susceptible of improvement, and would not repay the thought expended upon it, if placed within reach of families with small incomes, who feel the cost of comfort in sickness. None of these matters are beneath the consideration of the medical practitioner. In no small proportion of cases they are relatively of high moment. It is neither wise nor safe to leave the care of such details to nurses, whether trained or domestic. The physician should be able to direct those in charge of the sick what to provide, where to obtain all necessary appliances, and how to use them when at hand. This is a matter of more than common importance, and it is with the view of reminding the profession and the producers of special apparatus—efficient and inexpensive—of the conspicuous part their enterprise should play in minimising the discomforts of the sick, we bring the subject under notice.

**RULES FOR NURSES.**—1. For invalids, never make a large quantity of one thing, as they seldom require much at a time, and it is desirable that variety be provided for them.

2. Always have something in readiness; a little beef-tea, nicely made and nicely skimmed, a few spoonfuls of jelly, etc., that it may be administered as soon as the invalid wishes for it. If obliged to wait a long time, the patient loses the desire to eat, and often turns against the food when brought to him or her.

3. In sending dishes or preparations up to invalids, let everything look as tempting as possible. Have a clean cloth laid smoothly over the tray; let the spoons, tumblers, cups and saucers, etc., be very clean and bright.

4. Never leave food about a sick room; if the patient cannot eat it when brought to him, take it away, and bring it to him in an hour or two's time. Miss Nightingale says: "To leave the patient's untasted food by his side, from meal to meal, in hopes that he will eat in the interval, is simply to prevent him from taking any food at all." She adds: "I have known patients literally incapacitated from taking one article of food after another by this piece of ignorance. Let the food come at the right time, and be taken away, eaten or uneaten, at the right time, but never let a patient have something always standing by him, if you don't wish to disgust him with everything."

5. Never serve beef-tea or broth with the smallest particle of fat or grease on the surface. It is better, instead of making either of these, to have in readiness a pot of Johnston's Fluid Beef, and prepare each time it is wanted, as much as may be required. Two or three pieces of clean whity-brown paper laid on the broth will absorb any greasy particles that may be floating at the top, as the grease will cling to the paper.

6. Roast mutton, chickens, rabbits, calves' feet, game, fish (simply dressed), and simple puddings, are all light food, and easily digested. Of course, these things are only partaken of supposing the patient is recovering.

7. A mutton chop, nicely cut, trimmed, and broiled to a turn, is a dish

to be recommended for invalids; but it must not be served with all the fat at the end, nor must it be too thickly cut. Let it be cooked over a fire free from smoke, and sent up with the gravy in it, between two very hot plates. Nothing is more disagreeable to an invalid than smoked food.

8. In making toast-water, never blacken the bread, but toast it only a nice brown. Never leave toast-water to make until the moment it is required, as it cannot then be properly prepared—at least, the patient will be obliged to drink it warm, which is anything but agreeable.

9. In boiling eggs for invalids, let the white be just set; if boiled hard, they will be likely to disagree with the patient.

HOW TO KEEP A PIANO.—Otto Brunning, writing to the *Journal de Musique* of Paris, says:—The piano is constructed almost exclusively of various kinds of woods and metals; cloth, skin and felt being also used in the mechanical portion. For this reason atmospheric changes have a great effect on the quality and durability of the instrument, and it is necessary to protect it from all external influences which might affect the materials of which it is composed. It must be shaded from the sun, kept out of a draught, and, above all, guarded against sudden changes of temperature. This latter is a most frequent cause of the piano getting out of tune, and the instrument should be kept in a temperature not lower than 54 deg. and not higher than 86 deg. F. When too cold the wood, cloth and skin swell, and the mechanism works badly; when too warm these materials shrink and produce clicking, squeaking and other disagreeable sounds. Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against. In a very short time damp will destroy every good point about the instrument. The tone becomes dull and flat, the wires rusty and easily broken, the joints of the mechanism stiff and the hammers do not strike with precision, and if these symptoms are not attended to at once the piano is irretrievably spoiled. Therefore do not put your piano in a damp ground-floor room, or between two windows, or between the door and the window where there is a thorough draught. Never leave the piano open when not in use, and above all when the room is being cleaned. Do not put it near a stove, chimney, or hot-air pipes. Always wipe the keys after playing. Never pile books, music, or other heavy things on the top. Be careful when using the soft pedal not to thump the notes. Do not allow five-note or other exercises of a small compass on a piano you have any regard for. A leather cover should be kept on the instrument when not in use, and removed every day for the purpose of dusting. A cushion of wadding or a strip of flannel laid on the keys will help to keep them white and preserve the polish. Never leave the piano open after a musical evening or dance. If you are obliged to have it in a damp room, do not place it against the wall, and raise it from the floor by means of insulators, and always cover it after playing. Employ the best tuner you can get, and if a new instrument let it be tuned every two months during the first year, and at least three times a year afterwards. Always have it tuned after a *soirée* if the room has been very hot.

#### DR. FARRAR ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Canon of Westminster, has recently delivered in the time-honoured Abbey, a series of five sermons which has excited no slight degree of attention both at home and over this continent. These sermons are remarkable alike for their divergence from the usual orthodox routine, for their passionate, almost fierce, denunciations of the old-fangled method of interpreting Scripture, and for the eloquence and beauty of their style. Canon Farrar has endeavoured in these efforts to show, that, although there is a terrible retribution upon impenitent sin hereafter, and that no man can hope to see the Lord without forsaking and repenting of sin, the Bible does not teach the nightmares which some unhealthy imaginations have based upon the sacred text. He repudiates and denounces the fell idea, "that the moment a human being dies—at whatever age, under whatever disadvantages—his fate is sealed hopelessly and for ever; and that if he dies in unrepented sin, that fate is a never ending agony, amid physical tortures the most frightful that can be imagined; so that when we think of the human race we must conceive of a vast and burning prison in which the lost souls of millions and millions writhe and shriek forever, tormented in a flame that never will be quenched." He believes that an immediate and irrevocable sentence to everlasting agony is not taught in the Bible but that there is some intermediate state "wherein souls which, at the time of death, are still imperfect and unworthy, and not yet in a state of grace—and of such are the large majority of us all—may still be reached by God's mercy beyond the grave." Farther:—"That God has given us no clear and decisive revelation on the final condition of those who have died in sin. It is revealed to us that 'God is love;' and that, 'Him to know is life eternal;' and that it is not His will that any should perish; and that, as in 'Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive;' but how long, even after death, man may continue to resist His will; how long he may continue in that spiritual death which is alienation from God; that is one of the secret things which God hath not revealed."

It will be observed by the above excerpts that the Canon has departed very widely from the ordinary orthodox doctrine of the eternal punishment of the wicked. Does the Canon deem the wrathful sentence, "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," not "vindictive" but only "corrective?" and delivered by a merciful, loving Creator, whose patience over His weak, sinful creature, man, was still far from exhausted, yet would He torment him in a sort of refined purgatory, for an indefinite term, until his sins are "burnt and purged away?" Looking at the question in all calmness and with due deliberation, I, for one, cannot accept Dr. Farrar's conclusions, any more than I can accept the words of that divine who told his hearers of the babes in hell, a "span long." Either may be true, but in the clear light of reason both views seem abnormal and to lack confirmation. I may here state for the benefit of those whose opinions differ from mine, that I do not arrogantly claim infallibility for Reason, or anything approaching it, yet I believe if it were oftener made use of when questions like these are before the mind, much superstition and nonsense would be instantly and forever rejected.

If the reader will get his English Bible and turn to Matthew xxv. chap. and 46th verse, he will find these words: "And these (the wicked) shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." In the inspired (?) original, the same word is used for both "everlasting" and "eternal"—the Greek word *aionios*. As a great deal depends upon this word from the use which the writers of the New Testament made of it in dealing with the future, it will not be out of place to give the opinion of one or two scholars regarding it, who are thoroughly qualified to speak. Wordsworth says: "*aionios* corresponds to the Hebrew *olam*, which appears to be derived from unused root *alam*, to conceal; so that the radical idea in *aionios*, as used in Holy Scripture, is indefinite time, and thus the word seems to be fitly applied to this world, of which we do not know the duration; and also to the world to come, of which no end is visible, because the world is eternal." Lange thinks *aionios* has nothing to do with hiding or concealing, "but comes probably from *aio*, to breathe, to blow; hence life, generation, age: then indefinitely for endless duration, eternity." De Quincey, one of the best Greek scholars of his day, declares that *aionios* does not necessarily mean everlasting in either case, but represents the duration or cycle of existence belonging to any object, not individually for itself, but universally in right of its genus.

Farrar deems the word in both clauses to mean "eternal—by which (in this connection) we mean something *above and beyond time*, time being simply a mode of thought necessary only to our finite condition—yet it is by no means necessarily the case that the word should have identically the same meaning in both clauses, since the meaning of the same adjective might quite conceivably be modified, and even altered, by that of the substantive to which it is attached. Nothing could be more in accordance with the ordinary genius of human speech than that the same adjective might have its fullest meaning in one clause, in which that meaning is entirely consonant with reason and conscience, yet not have it in the other where it would be shocking and terrible."

In the above cited authorities, the two first represent the opinions of the large majority of the commentators; De Quincey, as far as I know, stands alone; and Dr. Farrar represents a small but ever increasing party of the present day who profess to perceive in Holy Scripture—only that "which is consonant with reason and conscience"—in other words, just what suit their individual degree of culture.

My limited space will not permit of a lengthened examination of any of these various views. I am prepared to accept (as far as the derivation of the word is concerned) any one of them as true; yet I hold, however limited the word *aionios* may be in meaning, it was the most expressive epithet for the perpetuity of time which the Greek contains, and as such was used by the New Testament writers to express their ideas on future punishment and future reward, and must be understood to assert, as far as the writers had words to assert, the endless duration of punishment and reward. Farrar says that the term is frequently used to designate things which have come and shall come to an end. Very true. But is Dr. Farrar so forgetful of his own mother tongue as not to remark that such phrases as "everlasting strife," "eternal disgrace," "endless conflict," are frequently used to-day, and were doubtless used eighteen hundred years ago? Dr. Bartlett, alluding to this, well observes: "The fact is not affected by occasional instances in either language where impassioned utterances or popular phraseology may apply them without rigid exactness; where a speaker may call that eternal of which he can see no end, confounding the indefinite with the infinite; or where no termination is contemplated, even though as a matter of fact it may speedily come. The meaning of the terms remains the same, notwithstanding the overstrained and careless use; and, in calm and well considered utterances, not the slightest doubt attaches to the meaning."

The language employed in the Scriptures is everywhere the language of the people, and it is in constantly overlooking this patent fact that scholars overreach themselves. It is too often forgotten that the humble, and generally ignorant, writers of Holy Writ never used metaphysical terms, probably were incapable of using them; and yet we can scarcely take up in these times an expository work on the Bible without meeting with the grossest absurdities, which, on examination, are generally found to be based on the plainest and simplest words conceivable. The later exegetes, particularly, are open to criticism on this score. They, apparently, find it impossible, with their modern culture and fastidiousness, to teach the bold and often coarse doctrines which their ancestors swallowed without choking; and they forthwith commence to adapt these doctrines to suit themselves. Dr. Farrar dislikes the bold words "hell," "damnation," "for ever." He investigates their meaning, and finally comes to the conclusion that they can be evaporated into "gehenna," "condemned," and "something above and beyond time," and is satisfied that he has done something noteworthy as an exegete as well as fulfilled the requirements of a refined and polished age. In reality, what has the Canon gained? In regard to *Gehenna*, it was originally the valley of Hinnom, which King Josiah, as Lange says, converted into a place of abomination, by throwing there dead bodies and burning them, and hence it served as a symbol of condemnation and of the abode of lost spirits. So *Gehenna* or Hell, which you will? The difference between "damned" and "condemned" is not worth while considering. That between "forever" and "above and beyond time" is *prima facie* of the same quibbling nature as the first. In connection with this word *aionios*, where it occurs twice in the same sentence, though in different clauses, as in Matt. xxv. 46, Canon Farrar makes a statement which, if sustained, would go very far towards establishing his position. He says: "It is by no means necessarily the case that the word should have identically the same meaning in both clauses, since the meaning of the same adjective might quite conceivably be modified, and even altered, by that of the substantive to which it is attached." Now, as a matter of fact, Canon Farrar has here been led into another error in his efforts to adapt the text to his preconceived ideas of what it should be. Archbishop Trench (Synonyms New Test. p. 47) asserts very strongly that the *kolasis aionios* of Matthew xxv. 46, is no corrective, and therefore temporary discipline; and cites authorities to show that the derivative name to which the qualifying term is attached had acquired in Hellenistic Greek a severer sense (Dr. Farrar ignores this), and was used simply as punishment or torment, with no necessary under-thought of the bettering through it of him who endured it.



Other writers bear equally strong testimony. Dr. Bartlett shows that although *kolasis* in Aristotle meant the improvement of the offender, this meaning disappeared from the word, and in later times was frequently put interchangeably with *timoria*, which was used for the vindication of law and justice. I might easily multiply authorities on this and other questions discussed had I time and space, but I have too much of neither at my disposal for the refutation of these "refined evaporations exhaled by courtly theologians."

Canon Farrar in conjuring into existence a refined purgatory has done a harmless thing enough doubtless, but he has at the same time gone farther into the region of absurdity than has any one of the vast herd who accept the popular notion of hell. The latter has at least the plain, unmistakable words of his English Bible in support of what he believes; the former has only the disputed meaning of a Greek adjective and metaphysical moonshine for his.

However commendable Canon Farrar's desire to get rid of the loathsome eternal hell of the English Bible may be in itself, it is a pitiable thing that no other direction could be found than the one he has chosen. There are to be found among us some minds as refined and highly cultured, in all probability, as Dr. Farrar's, who, in common with the Canon of Westminster, abominate the repulsive doctrine of eternal torment, yet hold that it is taught by Scripture, and in doing away with it, it follows that you do away with a most important part of God's word. The words of the sacred text, or, failing them, the spirit of it, too amply manifests the writer's meaning ever to be wholly explained away without carrying to an inglorious grave more than even such men as Canon Farrar would like to see go. "If the faith of the future is to be a faith which can satisfy the most cultivated as well as the feeblest intellects, it must be founded on an unflinching respect for realities."

R. W. DOUGLAS.

### SPRING.

Again the wintry host of storms are fled,  
That long have kept the realm of light in fear;  
Again the sun leans out his kindly head,  
And Morning smiles (with cheeks once more grown red),  
On Spring, that is the morning of the year.  
All brooks are loud, all rivers full and fast,  
The last snows wet the grass beneath the hills,  
Willows sprout green o'er rills.  
And in this morning's haze the ploughman passed,  
Whistling, as oft he broke a birchen spray  
Or snapped the pinken buds along the way.

This is the sweetest season of the four,  
A season dearer than the rest to me,  
When stream and wind repeat the joyous lore  
They whispered on a morning once before—  
The fragrant morning when I met with thee.  
Same song they sing, (now merrily and clear,  
Which then they masked in many a hint divine,)  
Linking the grace of everything with thine;  
And oft the swallow dips to cry it near,  
Safely so bold, since love is all benign.

How dearly have I held thee ever since,  
Yet with an aim as high as thou thyself.  
Love never came to me a trifling elf,  
But grand of thought, like Denmark's ancient prince,  
And ever, ever aimed to be  
Some kindred to the good in thee.  
And shouldst thou frown that I have dared to press  
Light, fervent fingers to the Teian lyre,  
That frown might veil but never damp the fire  
That burns in honour of thy gentleness;  
For well I deem the worthier goal  
No need of smiles, but an ennobled soul.  
In dearth of favour, hope shall have no dearth,  
But raise its eyes and farther look ahead;  
Since men must reckon heaven as well as earth,  
And life's long wish may sometime bless the dead.

But if the sun do shine upon my quest  
And thou dost deign to lend compassion ear,  
Then let these slow-tongued doubts lie all at rest  
And welcome be the season and its cheer!  
Welcome the warm wind lingering from the west!  
Welcome the wings so quick and throats so clear!  
All hail the rustling showers and changing sky—  
Song-vault of larks:—and hail, lone forest world!  
And pouring brooks, and mists that hover by,  
And creamy foams by reckless river whirled!  
Now may we note the early paper birch  
Greening her dusky twigs; and soon the oak  
And maple, and the poplars by the church,  
And elm that long his gladness seems to choke,  
And butternut that last year last awoke.

The Attic crocus now, and violet meek,  
Bud in our cottage garden near the urn;  
And on yon mountain-side we soon may seek,  
'Mid echoing chat, the tender-fronded fern.  
Nor let us miss that pageant in the east  
Which early greets the golden-armoured knight;  
Nor noon's rich heaven; nor sunset, loved not least;  
Nor eve's horizon, inked against the light;  
And lastly, let our reel of joy be wound  
In night, with all its faery-land of sound.

It is the cream of truths I sing,  
That love of one is love of everything.

FORWARD.

"We put too much faith in systems, and look too little to men."—B. Disraeli.

"Happy is the man who finds what his work is and does it. To find it is our profession, and to do it is to find our highest good and peace."—Norman Macleod.

### FATHER SELLE.

Father Selle, a Dominican, preached a sermon in Poland before Cardinal de Jansen, an ambassador there. It is a specimen of current Roman Catholic oratory. Robinson quotes it in his well-known translation of Claude.

"Gen. ix. 13, *I do set my bow in the cloud.* It is not enough for the celestial rainbow to please the eye—it conveys the richest consolation into the heart; the Word of God having constituted it the happy presage of tranquility and peace, *I do set my bow in the cloud.*

The bow, enriched with clouds, becomes the crown of the world—the gracefulness of the air—the garland of the universe—the salubrity of heaven—the pomp of nature—the triumph of serenity—the ensign of love—the picture of clemency—the messenger of liberality—the mansion of amorous smiles—the rich stanza of pleasure—in fine, the trumpet of peace, for *I do set my bow in the cloud.*

"It is a bow, gentlemen, with which the roaring thunder being appeased, the heavenly Orpheus, in order insensibly to enchant the whole creation, already become immovable by his divine harmony, *plays upon the violin* of this universe, which has as many strings as it has elements—for *I do set my bow in the cloud.*

"Yes, it is a bow in which we see Mars, the eternal god of war, who was just now ready to overwhelm the world with tempest, metamorphosed into a god of love. Yes, it is a bow all gilded with golden rays—a silver dew—a theatre of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, to increase the riches of this poor beggarly world. *But you perceive, gentlemen, I am speaking of that celestial star, that bow in the cloud, Mary Magdalen!*

"Bravo! Mary Magdalen is like a rainbow, and a rainbow is like a fiddlestick!"

### THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

#### CHAPTER IX.

IN THE WRESTLING RING.

It is not only on the side of the cascades that St. Herbot is shadowed by a lofty hill. The dark grey-green old church stands circled round by hills: and from break of day on the morning of the Pardon these hills were veined by strings of pilgrims, toiling over them from far and near to worship and lay their offerings—a tuft of horse or cow's hair—on the shrine of the saint; for these offerings, when sold, are a chief part of the old church's revenue. Formerly the beasts themselves came from far and near to ask for blessings and cures; and during the three days of the Pardon no beast of burden is worked, but the cows and sheep chiefly stay at home now, and represent themselves by the locks of hair and wool on the altar, or on the tomb of St. Herbot.

The church, usually so quiet and solitary, girt about with trees, through which a brook found its way to the road, the group of cottages which called itself the village, and which, except for the presence of pigs and children, had, during the rest of the year, a most deserted aspect, to-day seemed transformed. All around the church were booths for the sale of rosaries, medals, charms and trinkets; articles of clothing, from the large broad-brimmed felt and beaver hats to wooden sabots and gold and silver ribbons; booths filled with eatables and drinkables, stood under the trees; and in all directions among the huge blocks of stone which cumber the ground were impromptu charcoal fires, over which breakfasts were cooking. The crowd, which thickened every moment, was very quiet and decorous. Masses had begun very early, and most of the assembled multitude had already paid their devotions, but the church was still full of worshippers. Each pilgrim on arriving went straight into church, and increased the kneeling crowd. Ever since early morning there had been picturesque groups of kneeling devotees within the grey-green walls of the church; the men's dresses, with their embroidered waistcoats and jackets, were as quaint and almost as full of colour as the women's were.

Louise looked very gay and pretty as she walked beside Madame Rusquec through the fair. For two years her mother had been ill, and so the girl had been obliged to give up the festival. She looked eagerly for the brothers Mao. Her mother had not spoken to her, since their visit, of Jean Marie and Christophe. Madame Rusquec thought that if the farmer was in earnest, he would go to work the right way. About Christophe she did not think at all, except as a pleasant and frank boy.

Louise was puzzled at herself. When she thought of Christophe she seemed to shrink from Jean Marie, and yet she knew that Christophe was not able to marry. Still at first she was very happy; men looked at her with admiring glances; and though she had few acquaintances, the crowd, and the gay dresses, and the pretty things in the jewellers' booths, pleased her greatly. Then there were all the preparations to be looked at; the great greased pole, up which, next day, men and boys would climb for prizes; and out in a large field, the great wrestling ring, circled by posts and a strong cord, with a tall forked stick in the midst, on which the prizes hung.

Louise was quite surprised to think how time had flown when the procession, with crosses and banners, came out of church, singing, and circled round the fair. There was a general movement in the crowd towards the great ring, the wrestling being the chief attraction of to-day's sports, for the Pardon lasts three days at St. Herbot. Along one side of the field ran a low wall, and on this some men were sitting. Louise recognized Christophe among them, but he was talking, and did not see her pass. The judges stood about carelessly, near the forked stick in the centre of the ground, with no attempt at formality in their arrangements. The crowd was forming thickly round the circle.

Louise pulled her mother's arm. "We shall not get a place if we are not quick," she said, presently; "and Mathurin says the wrestling will be splendid."

As she spoke there came a beat of drum, and the surrounding crowd, scattered in groups through the fair, joined and rolled up in one way to thicken the black line round the ring. Madame Rusquec was a head taller than Louise, but even she could see nothing, the crowd was so thick. Louise looked sadly up and down, the wrestling had begun and she had not got a place. All her



enjoyment was overcast. Great hot tears sprung into her eyes, but she tried to gather them up with her lashes—she so feared they should stain the embroidery of her new bodice.

A woman standing in front turned round and saw her tears.

"You lose nothing, little one," she said, compassionately, "as yet the wrestlers are only young boys, and these two are not good at it either."

In less than five minutes the beating of the drum announced that one of the wrestlers had fallen. Louise felt a hand on her arm, she turned quickly and saw the dark face of Jean Marie. He smiled encouragingly at her.

"Good-day; you want a better place," he said, "and you shall have one," and then he nodded at Madame Rusquec.

Louise looked admiringly at the square-shouldered man as he forced a way in front of her through the densest part of the crowd; men and women drew back right and left before the determined pressure, and Louise and her mother, following closely, found themselves, to the great joy of the girl, close to the rope.

"O thank you," she looked gratefully at the farmer, "I so want to see the wrestling."

"Yes," said Jean Marie, "you will see it well from here."

Yes, she should see him conquer the right to ask her to be his wife, for he felt that he should gain that right.

Several matches followed, but without any special interest. At last, at the monotonous rub-a-dub of the drum, a man stepped into the ring carrying a sheep on his shoulders. He was a tall, powerful fellow, and he held the sheep by its feet slung round his neck, as if it had been a scarf. This was Yves Guerrien, the best wrestler of St. Herbot, and unless he were challenged he would carry off the sheep as a prize, and remain the acknowledged champion of the ring. He was a large, powerfully-made man, about the same age as Jean Marie, but he had a hideously scarred face, and one eye was closed.

"Will no one challenge that monster?" said Louise, "how proud and haughty he looks."

Jean Marie longed to jump into the ring and take up Yves Guerrien's challenge; but he checked the longing; if he used up his strength on such a powerful antagonist as Yves he would have little chance of conquering Christophe.

He and his brother had scarcely spoken since their meeting at the mill; but neither of them had forgotten the trial which lay before them. Jean Marie had little fear of the result. He had never let a year pass without exercising his skill in these rough games, and he guessed that Christophe would have had little practice since his boyhood—for wrestling in the Morbihan is far less frequent than it is in Finistère.

Before Yves had completed his first circuit of the ring, a short, thick-set man sprang into the circle, and in a few minutes he and the challenger were locked in a close struggle.

Jean Marie looked at Louise. She was gazing intently at the combatants. He wanted to find out her real feelings towards him, but he did not know what to say.

At length Yves flung his antagonist, over his shoulder, on the ground—the judges proclaimed a fall, and the drum beat.

"Louise"—Jean Marie's voice was so earnest that the girl turned her eyes from the wrestlers to his face—"if you saw two struggling for you there, would you choose the strongest?"

"Louise smiled. "Of course I would; but I would never choose Yves Guerrien, he looks cruel, and he is ugly too."

Jean Marie had bent his head very near her while he listened. Two women beside them gazed with round, widely-opened eyes, for it was the first time the farmer of Braspart had spoken to so young a woman in public.

All at once he heard his name called, and he looked up. Christophe was standing in the ring facing him and Louise; he had taken off his hat, and jacket, and shoes, and he was calling on his brother to fulfil his pledge. Louise looked from one to the other in astonishment. She thought Christophe seemed sorrowful; but as she looked at him she forgot Jean Marie, and again she felt the warm tide of sympathy that had from the first linked her to the younger man.

"Come," said Christophe; "or are you afraid?" he added this with a rude laugh as he came nearer—for it seemed to him that Jean Marie had broken faith in seeking Louise before the result of the trial.

Jean Marie had been soothed by the girl's presence and by the pleasure she had shown at the service rendered her; but as Christophe spoke he saw Louise glance at the young man, and although he could not fully read her glance, it stirred his jealousy into a blaze. In an instant he had sprung over the rope, and was laying aside his coat, and waistcoat, and shoes. He flung his long hair behind his ears, drew his shirt tightly over his body, and then still as a statue, his arms crossed over his broad chest in the centre of the ring. Christophe lingered an instant.

"Louise," he said in a hurried whisper; "we wrestle for you; do you wish me to conquer?"

A lovely blush rose on the girl's face. "You will conquer," she said; go, he waits for you."

But a different opinion prevailed in the silent crowd that thronged the ring. It was not an uncommon sight to see brothers wrestle together in the ring, but then they were always well matched. In this struggle which seemed impending Christophe was considered a very unequal opponent for Jean Marie, who was one of the best wrestlers in the arrondissement; and a low murmur was heard, as Christophe took his place before his brother. Madame Rusquec had been a silent witness of the public notice bestowed on her daughter, first by Jean Marie, then by Christophe, it was positive proof to her that the farmer wished to marry Louise. She wished he was less stern, but like a true Breton woman she resigned herself to that which appeared inevitable.

But the change that had overspread Jean Marie's face at the sight of Christophe had alarmed her. Men always went to wrestle as friends, but these brothers had exchanged the looks of enemies.

"Are they quarreling about Louise?" she asked herself, and then the deep murmur of the multitude reached her ears.

But as the two men stood face to face ready to begin the struggle, so differently formed, and yet both so determined-looking, the murmur died away, a breathless hush spread around, and Louise's heart sank with dread, for Jean Marie's face was far more full of determination and confidence than his brother's was, and his lean, sinewy frame seemed more fit to wrestle than Christophe's taller, fuller figure. Christophe had a small, well-poised head, and he threw it back frankly as he surveyed his adversary; while Jean Marie's square head, somewhat sunk between his shoulders, projected forward as he held out his right hand preparatory to taking his hold.

They seemed to grip one another in precisely the same manner, each by the front of the other's strong canvas shirt, and then each set his head against his brother's shoulder, and thus they stood locked, their legs well apart, keeping a wary watch.

All at once Jean Marie gave way, and then pressing suddenly forward he raised Christophe from the ground, but Christophe was not off his guard; he twined his legs like snakes round his brother's, and for some minutes the two bodies so desperately gripped together rocked from side to side as if the twining legs and arms belonged to one man. Then all at once, by a determined effort, Jean Marie forced Christophe against his side and heaved him over his head—Christophe fell on the grass as if thrown from a horse.

He lay on his side in the midst of the ring, and held up his right hand to show the judges that he was not fully thrown.

But Louise only saw that he had fallen. She gave one loud cry and then burst into a fit of sobs. The cry reached Jean Marie, and in an instant the suffused purple caused by the struggle left his face; he looked livid as his blood-shot baggard eyes fastened on the girl sobbing in front of the ring. He folded his arms across his chest, and looked fiercely at the judges.

"It was a fair fall," he said, hoarsely. "I swear I threw him fairly; if there is another struggle it must be a new one. I have won this fall."

"No—no," "Oh no," was heard on every side, and the judges were unanimous.

Jean Marie's eyes glared like those of a balked wolf, but he closed his lips firmly against further words.

Meanwhile her mother spoke sternly to Louise, for meaning looks were turned on her, and Madame Rusquec felt that the girl's good name might suffer. But Louise had learned her true feelings in that moment of anguish, and she overleapt fear and prudence too.

"Oh stop them, stop them!" she cried so wildly that her words reached Jean Marie, as he stood waiting with folded arms till Christophe should recommence the struggle. "He will kill Christophe."

Mathurin was in the crowd, but at some distance from his mistress. He could not hear Louise's words, the serried press of the people that stood between them choked sound, but he saw their effect on Jean Marie. The pallor on his face grew so death-like, that some in the crowd called to give him water; but Mathurin saw the look of hatred with which he regarded Christophe, and he shuddered.

"Holy Virgin! there will be death before this is ended," the old man thought.

The suspense was not prolonged. Once more the wrestlers took their hold of each other, and once more each strove to raise the other from the ground. Suddenly Jean Marie's grasp slackened, and almost without Christophe's volition the strong frame he grasped yielded to his strain, and was flung heavily behind him.

This time the drum beat loudly. Jean Marie lay seemingly lifeless on his back, while blood streamed from his mouth and nostrils.

(To be continued.)

Let us never glorify revolution. Statesmanship is the art of avoiding it, and of making progress at once continuous and calm. Revolutions are not only full of all that a good Christian hates while they last, but they leave a long train of bitterness behind. The energy and the exaltation of character which they call forth are paid for in the lassitude, the depression, the political infidelity which ensue. The great spirits of the English Revolution were followed by the men of Charles II. Whatever of moral greatness there was in the French Revolution was followed by Bonapartism and Talleyrand. Even while the great men are on the scene, violence and onesidedness mar their greatness. Let us pray that our political contests may be carried on as the contests of fellow citizens, and beneath the unassailed majority of law. But the chiefest authors of revolutions have been, not the chimerical and intemperate friends of progress, but the blind obstructers of progress; those who, in defiance of nature, struggle to avert the inevitable future, to recall the irrevocable past; who chafe to fury by damming up its course the river which would otherwise flow calmly between its banks, which has ever flowed, and which, do what they will, must flow for ever. If a revolution ever was redeemed by its grandeur, it was the revolution which was opened by Pym, which was closed by Cromwell, of which Milton was the apostle and the poet. The material forces have been seen in action on a more imposing scale, the moral forces never. Why is that regard for principle, which was so strong then, comparatively so weak now? The greatest member of Parliament that ever lived, the greatest master of the convictions and feelings of the House of Commons, was not Robert Peel, but John Pym. But if Pym, in modern garb and using modern phrase, could now rise in his old place, his words, though as practical as they are lofty, would, I fear, be thought "too clever for the House." Is it that wealth, too much accumulated and too little diffused, has placed the leadership of the nation in less noble hands?—*Essay on John Pym*, by GOLDWIN SMITH.

HEATING A CITY BY STEAM.—The time will probably come when our houses will be heated by steam from a central station, as they are now lighted by gas made at a distance on a wholesale system. The experiment has lately been tried on a considerable scale in Lockport, N. Y., and it is said to have proved highly successful. Three miles of pipe, covered with non-conducting material, laid under ground, radiate from a central boiler-house; and fifty different dwellings and other edifices, including one large public-school building, have been thoroughly warmed all winter by steam thus distributed and turned on or off as required by the tenant. Dwellings more than a mile distant from the steam-generator are heated as readily as those next door. Steam-meters are provided, so that each consumer need only pay for what he uses. It is stated that the system can be so developed as to furnish steam at fifty pounds pressure, transmitted through twenty miles of pipe, which could, therefore, supply power for engines and manufactures, and steam for baking and laundry purposes, for extinguishing fires, for cleaning streets of ice or snow, or protecting hydrants from frost. The rates actually charged to the consumer do not exceed what his coal and wood cost him to produce the same result.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE PARTY DISTURBANCES.

SIR,—It is some satisfaction to find that at last our civic authorities are beginning to see the necessity of something being done to stop the acts of violence and bloodshed which have too long disgraced this city.

The Council, in approving generally of Mr. Blake's Bill, and in urging the incorporation into the Criminal Law of the Dominion of stringent measures against the carrying of deadly weapons in the streets and public places, adopted a very proper course; but I am afraid that the suggested punishment of offenders by imprisonment will be altogether too wild and too inadequate as a means of stamping out the evil under which we are labouring.

It will be remembered that some few years ago all England, and especially Lancashire, was thrown into a state of alarm by the many violent robberies committed by the "garotters," who, seizing their victim from behind with a sudden grip of the left arm thrown around his neck and locked tightly across it by being grasped at the wrist with the assailant's right hand, rendered him quickly unconscious, and thus an easy prey to their thievish purpose. The "garotte," in cases attended with death, became a terrible "scare"; and long terms of imprisonment to which offenders were consigned, instead of checking the evil only seemed to have the opposite effect, until the Judges introduced the lash as an accompaniment to the ordinary punishment by imprisonment. This at once struck terror into the hearts of the villains; and in a very short time the "garotter" had entirely disappeared.

I have a Manchester (Eng.) newspaper, giving the experience of a garotter who had undergone the "lashing operation," as the narrator, in his technical "slang patter," prefers to style a flogging; and without troubling you with the whole of the narrative, which is rather lengthy, the following passages from it will serve to give some idea of the deterring effect of the lash upon criminals of the violent class, and will also show with what contempt they look upon the milder punishment by imprisonment.

"When the Judge said I was to get a seven stretch (seven years penal servitude) and two dozen lashes I 'funked' it, I can tell you. \* \* \* \* \* If any one had come and told me I could get off by having another five stretch put on the seven, I should have jumped at it. \* \* \* \* \* At last one morning I was told I was to be 'scrat.' I was led from the cells into the yard \* \* \* \* \* and then I got my lashing. \* \* \* \* \* Is there anything like a lashing? Nothing that I know of. I've had most kinds of knocking about, but it licks all. There's no punishment comes anywhere near it \* \* \* \* \* What do the 'guns' (thieves) think of a lashing? Well, any one who puts up a man for anything under two or three hundred (pounds) in it is a regular flat. No good cross-man would do it. It's only these green 'uns that's starving. None of us fly snobs do the 'grip' now."

Have the people of Montreal less to fear from these revolver carriers and loiterers than the people of England had from the garotters? Is shooting less dangerous to life and limb than garotting? I think not; and if the lash was not considered too severe or too degrading a punishment and proved so effectual a remedy in the English garotting cases, why shouldn't it be applied with equal success in the revolver cases here?

Just let these reckless youths, whose lawlessness—on both sides—is threatening to throw the city into endless confusion, get a taste of the 'cat'; and, depend upon it that then, and not till then, we may hope to secure the peace of our city, and arrest the dire consequences which otherwise will most surely overtake us.

Yours very respectfully,

AN ENGLISHMAN.

Montreal, May 8th, 1878.

## THE EUCALYPTUS AS AN INSECTICIDE.

In a letter to the *Illustration Horticole* M. Baltet says: "Lately my brother-in-law, Captain Mignard, being very much disturbed in his sleep by mosquitoes, took it into his head to place a young plant of eucalyptus in his bed-room over night. From that moment the insects disappeared, and he slept in comfort. I have been following his example with the same result."

The Essential Oil of Eucalyptus will answer quite as well as the plant. A small piece of cotton wool saturated with it and placed near the bed and in the window, will drive away mosquitoes. The Eucalyptus is not an "insecticide," but is disagreeable to insects of all kinds, especially the *cimex*, which so often disturbs our sleep or suggest dreams. The odor of the Eucalyptus is not unwholesome, on the contrary, its well known anti-malarial qualities have induced its cultivation all over the world. It would form a very good plant for the dry atmosphere of Canadian houses, though its rapid growth in a few years would take the roof off. It attains in Australia a height of 480 feet and although recently introduced in California, there are already trees there over one hundred feet in height.

A DARING THERAPEUTIST.—At a late meeting of the Massachusetts Dental Society, Dr. Waters, of Salem, stated that bicarbonate of soda, such as used for cooking purposes, or any other alkali in neutral form, would afford instantaneous cessation of pain from the severest burns or scalds, and would cure such injuries in a few hours. Dipping a sponge into boiling water, the Doctor squeezed it over his right wrist, producing a severe scald around his arm and some two inches in width. Then, despite the suffering occasioned, he applied the scalding water to his wrist for half a minute. Bicarbonate of soda was at once dusted over the surface, a wet cloth applied, and the pain, the experimenter said, was almost instantly deadened. Although the wound was of a nature to be open and painful for a considerable time, on the day following the single application of the soda the less injured portion was practically healed, only a slight discoloration of the flesh being perceptible. The severer wound in a few days, with no other treatment than a wet cloth kept over it, showed every sign of rapid healing.—*Medical and Surgical Reporter*.

## MUSICAL.

## SINGING AND VOICE CULTURE.

In order to sing well, it is necessary to have a good, pleasant-toned voice of average strength and compass; and although the voice is capable of an extraordinary amount of development, yet no amount of training or culture will produce a voice where nature has not bestowed it. As well might we set a blind man to school, or a lame man to run, as expect to make a singer of any one without this grand requisite.

Singing is a natural exercise, and an extremely healthy and beneficial one. It requires an erect posture; the chest is expanded to its fullest extent, and the lungs and muscles of the chest are exercised more fully than in any other employment. The qualifications of a good singer are—voice, sound lungs, good teeth, ear for music, linguistic knowledge, taste, expression, and general education; and in proportion as each student possesses these qualifications may he expect to take rank as a vocalist.

Voice is breath made vocal or phonetic. The sounds of the human voice are formed in the larynx, which is situated immediately above the windpipe; and the different notes of the musical scale are produced by the combined action of the muscles upon certain membranes in the interior of the larynx, which form an aperture called the *rima glottidis*. In the higher notes of the scales this aperture is proportionately contracted, and in those requiring a deeper intonation the membranes are relaxed, and the aperture enlarged. The glottis exercises an office similar to that of a reed in a wind instrument, and the muscles are made to act upon it with such precision and agility that it surpasses the most expressive of these instruments in rapidity and neatness of execution.

A tone, firmly delivered, and a succession of tones well connected with each other, form, as far as *technique* is concerned, the whole elements of the art. It is essential, therefore, that great attention be paid to these first principles, and that they be carefully studied before the more difficult exercises are attempted, otherwise the pupil's last efforts will be marked with want of evenness and firmness of execution. The first thing for the vocalist to study is how to take breath. Stand erect, with the head thrown well back, the feet firmly planted on the ground. Take a deep inspiration, lifting the framework of the chest to its fullest capacity, and then exhale slowly. Repeat several times, taking care always to breathe noiselessly. When the lungs have been exercised in this manner for a few minutes, take a deep inspiration, and sound the note G (2nd line, treble clef); (if a bass voice, an octave lower); practise daily, till it can be sustained for 25 or 30 seconds with ease.

Now we come to the development of the vocal organs. Open the mouth well, take a deep inspiration, and sound the note F (1st space, treble clef), pronouncing A as in far; sustain while counting eight slowly. See that a good full tone is produced, and note the way in which you produce the best quality. Practise in this manner every note of the first tetrachord, viz., F, G, A, B flat, beginning mezzo-forte, and gradually increasing the time. Let the alto and bass voices use C, first leger line below the treble clef. Be careful to open the mouth before striking the note, and to strike the note firmly and suddenly.

When a fair tone is obtained on these notes, practise the same exercise, beginning on G sharp, G, A sharp, A, B sharp, and B, successively. In this manner the student will not to proceed to one tetrachord till the preceding one has been well practised and a good and even tone obtained on every note.

The next step is to practise slowly the diatonic scale. Most books on singing recommend the student to increase the tone on each note to fortissimo, gradually diminishing it towards the close; but when we consider the matter practically for a moment it will be seen that the crescendo and diminuendo are comparatively easy of attainment, and that more attention ought to be given to sustaining each note without increasing or diminishing the tone, which is one of the greatest difficulties in singing.

(To be continued.)

The entertainment at Zion Church on Tuesday, 21st instant, should be interesting. It will consist of a lecture on Mendelssohn by the Rev. Alfred J. Bray, who will speak of the great composer's life and works. The lecture will be illustrated by the rendering of secular and sacred pieces by the choir, under the leadership of Dr. MacLagan, who will preside at the organ. There is ample scope for both lecturer and choir, for Mendelssohn's life, though short, was beautiful, and his music has greatly enriched the world.

Montreal will have a Musical Jubilee soon.

A benefit is shortly to be given in England to Mario, who is very poor. The following great artists have consented to appear on his behalf:—Messdams Nilsson, Trebellis, Bettini, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley and Signor Foli.

Flotow, the composer of "Martha," is a man of sixty-six, with long, white hair, beard, and moustache. His cheeks are round and full, and he makes constant use of perfumes. He arrived in Paris lately with several new operas on hand.

Nilsson has been nominated Imperial Russian singer.

Albani and Capoul are making a sensation at the Paris Grand Opera House.

Mme. Pappenheim goes to Europe in June. She has an engagement at Her Majesty's Opera House for three seasons.

They say Adelina Patti has received \$2,500,000 in salaries up to the present time.

On Tuesday evening the reopening of the Ottawa Hotel took place. The Hotel has been thoroughly renovated, and can now be rated as a first-class hotel. It is to be carried on under what is termed the "European system." Mr. Brown, the landlord, provided for his guests a supper of ample dimensions, which was a happy omen of the ability of his *chef-de-cuisine*. After all had enjoyed the repast, Alderman Nelson was voted to the chair. Of the many gentlemen present, we noticed Mr. Harrison Stephens, Aldermen Clendinning and Thibault, and the Rev. Mr. Green, several of whom spoke in happy terms of both the landlord and the proprietor. We sincerely wish success to the Ottawa.

HIGH-HEEL BOOTS.—The absurd and ungainly practice of mounting the hinder part of the feet on stilts while the toes press the ground and bear the weight, as in the use of high-heels, is one, says the *Lancet*, against which it is not easy to write with temper. The device of strangling the waist with tightly-laced corsets was contemptible for its ignorance; that to which we now allude is outrageous in its defiance of the laws of gravity. It does not need a knowledge of anatomy to convince the shallowest thinkers of the sex which worship the idol of Fashion, that the foot is forced into a wholly unnatural position, and distorted, by the heel being raised and the body made to rest on the ball of the toes. It should be unnecessary to explain that this disturbance of the foundation throws the whole superstructure out of gear, and deranges every mechanical function. A moment's reflection should lead to the instant abandonment of a practice so manifestly irrational and ridiculous; but, forsooth, the foot looks somewhat smaller as seen from the front or side when placed obliquely; so, regardless of common sense and common prudence, the practice prevails. Such is the folly and wantonness of vanity!

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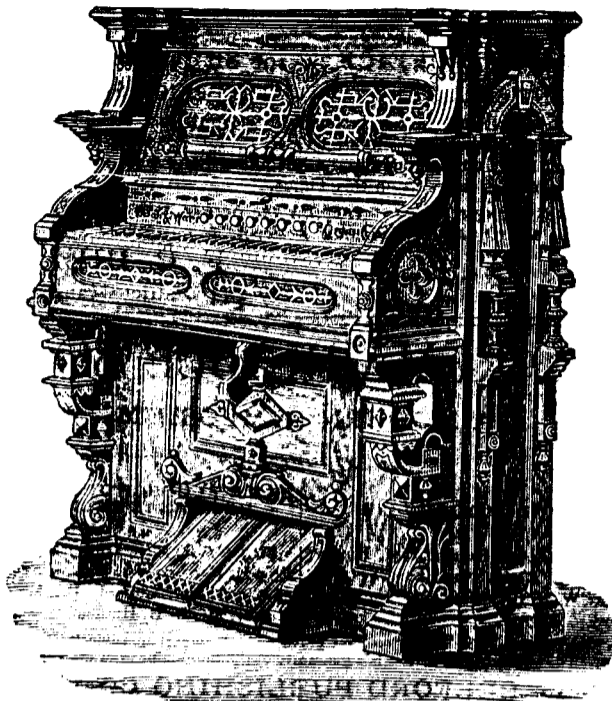
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Circassian . . . . .	Saturday, 18 h May
Moravian . . . . .	Saturday, 25th May
Sardinian . . . . .	Saturday, 1st June
Peruvian . . . . .	Saturday, 8th June
Polynesian . . . . .	Saturday, 15th June
Sarmatian . . . . .	Saturday, 22nd June

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Manitoban . . . . .	Thursday, May 9
Waldensian . . . . .	Thursday, May 16
Phoenician . . . . .	Thursday, May 25

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Caspian . . . . .	5th May
Austrian . . . . .	14th May
Nova Scotian . . . . .	28th May

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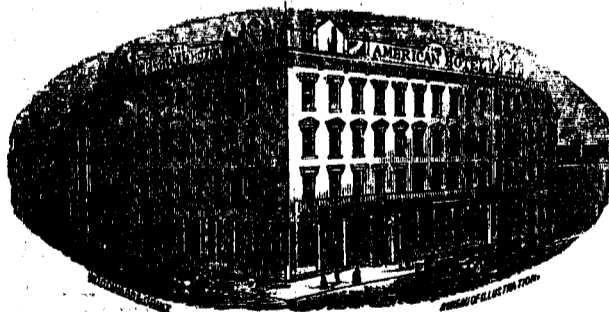
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