

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 42.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.
SUNDAY, 20th OCT.,
Pastor, REV. A. J. BRAY.
SUBJECT—Why do the people not go to Church?
ANTHEM—"And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed."—Handel.

CHARLES ALEXANDER,
387 and 391 Notre Dame Street,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL CONFECTIONER.
Everything of the best quality.
Luncheons as usual.

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Firkins and Half Firkins.
SEPTEMBER CATCH NOW LANDING.

McGibbon & Baird

MALAGA FRUIT.
LOOSE MUSCATELS,
LONDON LAYERS,
BLACK BASKET,
BLACK CROWN,
BLUE CROWN,
JORDAN ALMONDS,
LEMONS,
AND GRAPES.

Also,
FINEST CURRANTS in Cases,
FINEST SULTANA RAISINS,
FINEST VALENCIA RAISINS,
FINEST TURKEY FIGS,
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ALL CROP 1878.

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297 NOTRE DAME STREET.

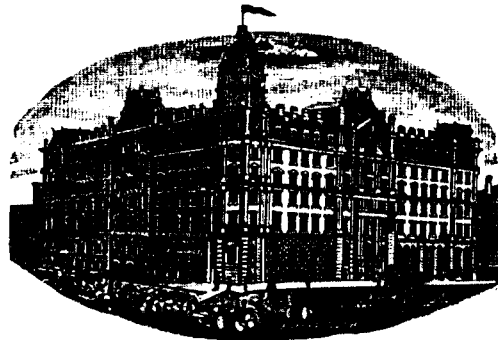
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A trial respectfully solicited.
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PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
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98 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

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THE OLD ESTABLISHED
Cooks' Friend Baking Powder,
PURE,
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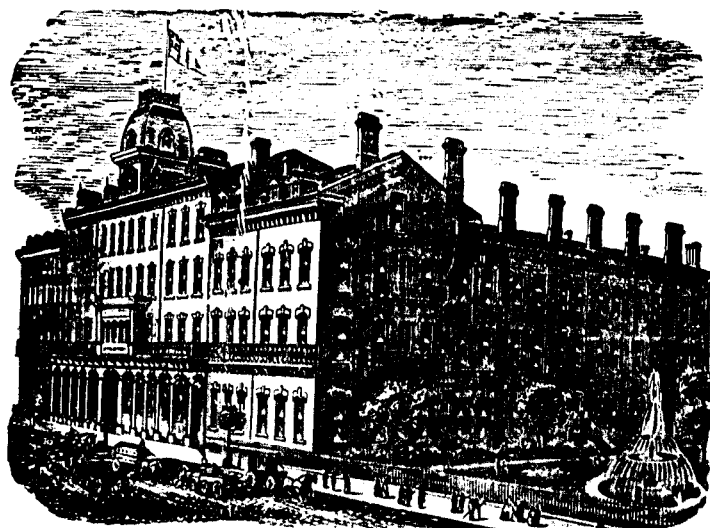


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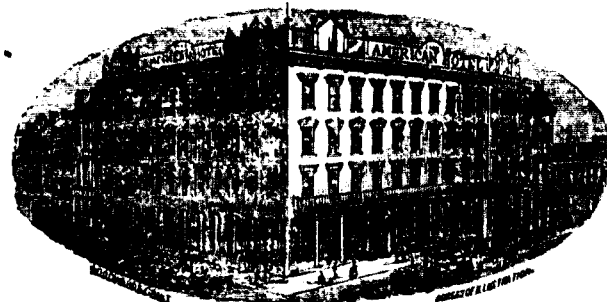
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Corner St. Lawrence & St. Catherine Sts.,
MONTREAL.
Agent for the Portland Kerosene Oil Co.

WEEKLY TEST.

Number of purchasers served during week ending Oct 12th, 1878	5,768
Same week last year	4,349
Increase	1,419

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Our Canton Flannels are selling faster this season than any previous one, which proves that we are giving better value than ever.

Canton Flannels, 27 inches wide, 6½c yd.
Canton Flannels, 28 inches wide, 8½c yd.
Canton Flannels, 29 inches wide, 11½c yd.
Canton Flannels, 30 inches wide, 15c yd.

Our Canton Flannels at 18c and 21c yd will be found wider and heavier than can be bought elsewhere.

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Fancy Angola Flannels, 12c, 16c and 18c yd.
Special lot of all Wool Fancy Flannels, 25c yd.
Good all Wool Shirting Flannels, worth 45c reduced to 37c yd.

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We have just received a line of extra heavy Fancy Flannels, in new patterns, which we are offering at 25c yd.

Heavy all Wool Flannels, 25c and 30c yd.
Heavy Grey Flannels, 27c and 33c yd.
Heavy Grey Flannels, plain and twilled, 34c yd.

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Best White Kersseys, 50c, 60c and 68c yd.

NAVY BLUE SERGES.

Heavy Blue Serges, 26c yd.
Heavy Blue Serges, 30c and 33c yd.
Heavy all Wool Serges, 40c yd.

SCARLET FLANNELS.

Scarlet Saxony Flannels, 19c and 23c yd.
Scarlet Lancashire Flannels, 27c and 35c yd.
Scarlet Twill Shaker Flannel, 37c, 40c, and 45c yd.

WHITE FLANNELS.

White Saxony Flannels, 23c, 25c and 27c yd.
White Shaker Flannels, 20c and 26c yd.
White Yorkshire Flannels, 30c, 33c and 37c yd.
American White Flannels, from 17c to 50c.

SALESBURY FLANNELS.

New Salesbury Flannels, small patterns, blue and scarlet grounds, 38c yd.
Best Salesbury Flannels, 43c yd.

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One yard wide, White Skirting Flannels, 75c and 85c.
One yard wide, Scarlet Skirting Flannels, 85c yd.
Three yards wide, White Bath Skirting Flannel, \$2.75 yd.
Three yards wide, Scarlet Bath Skirting Flannels, \$2.50 yd.
One yard wide, Scarlet Shaker Flannels, 50c.

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393 AND 395 NOTRE DAME STREET.

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Shirts made to order, and a good fit guaranteed.

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Is the most valuable substitute for the mother's milk known to the world.
In the fever-stricken South it is sustaining infant life in the cities in a marvellous manner.
In these election times it is giving "PROTECTION" to the class that most needs it, viz, the infants.
Every mother should protect her infant from impure mixtures and from adulterated milk by using

NESTLE'S MILK FOOD.

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SOLE AGENTS.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Issued at Office of TAYLOR & DUFF,
Official Assignee and Accountants,
353 Notre Dame street.

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THE TIMES.

Sir John has formed his Cabinet, but has not yet declared it to the country. There will be much disappointment, no doubt. Poor Mr. Phipps may be off his head, as they say—but there are plenty of others just as crazed. As witness the Irish Catholics of Montreal, who got up a deputation to Sir John to urge upon him the need, or even necessity, for giving Mr. M. P. Ryan a seat in the Cabinet. For what rhyme or reason no man can tell, except that he is an Irish Catholic, and singularly unable to fill any responsible office. Why should the different races and religions be represented? Give us the ablest men if they should happen to be all Irish Catholics.

Our Montreal "City Passenger Railway" has another monopoly of the streets, and I think it would be correct to state that five times out of six, if any one will go to a given point, and instead of waiting for the cars, walk a mile on the line of the street track, he will save time, and the money too. This shews how bad the service is. After paying the men small wages, and working them long hours, the Company invent one check after another to detect them in dishonesty, and send them forth (almost labelled,) with a locked bag round their necks for passengers to put their money in; but even with this ingenuity, the men have been too much for the Company, and now the Directors intend to make the public pay for it; they have raised their fares twenty-five per cent., besides charging for children the full fare, when they paid only half-fare before. The citizens of Montreal are a long-suffering people, who never complain.

The dividend on the watered stock of the Company has been reduced by a stingy policy to 5 per cent. on an actual cost of what?—few can tell—so much is it disguised by scrip dividends which have been paid from time to time. I believe that it would pay to carry people at half the present price if a constant succession of vehicles passed along the streets, when they would be patronized as they are in Chicago and other large cities; but the car service, as well as the supplying of gas and water, I think should be in the hands of the city, and be worked for the benefit of the whole population, as they are not at present. The main element for working the roadway belongs to the public, and I cannot see why it should be made a source of profit to only a few individuals.

The bulls and bears of the Stock Exchange have had an exciting time these last few days. "Telegraph" has often been subject to variations before; but in one week to have it rise ten to fifteen per cent., and City Gas and Bank of Montreal—the former of which has been a good conservative investment—drop twenty-five points in a few days, and the latter twelve per cent. in an afternoon, must have made a state of puzzlement for those who speculate on a small margin. But there has been nothing in this to make persons holding any of these stocks as an investment fear that everything will not be right and safe, except the loss of one per cent. in their income. The latter I regard as a good sign of honest bank management, in not being afraid to face events despite previous promises about the rest securing uniform dividends, &c.

The holders of Gas Stocks have had a rude shock by the sudden decline in their price, caused by the Edison light scare. Whether the electric light will ever be used to effectually light the earth when the sun has gone down, instead of the dull flicker we now get on the streets from diluted gas, no one can say—not Mr. Edison himself, I think. But it is pretty palpable that we shall in no case be able to utilise it for domestic purposes, and so I am afraid we shall have to submit to pay a high price for our house gas for a long time to come. It may even happen that the new invention will tend to raise the price of the gas we are compelled to use. But meantime it would be a good thing if in some way—by way of the Corporation or public opinion—we were to interfere with those companies who, having had a monopoly of public property, yet continue to compel the public to pay a good price for a bad article.

Dean Bond has been elected Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Montreal, and a better choice could not have been made. The Dean

has won the respect of all who know him or have heard of his gentle manners and earnest methods of working. No man has a better acquaintance with the needs of the Diocese, especially as to its missionary work, and no man is better qualified to administer to those wants. Bishop Bond will be no more brilliant than was the Dean of that name; but then brilliance is scarcely the quality needed in an Episcopal Bishop here.

My remarks last week on the Municipal Government of Toronto have brought upon me a flood of letters, and they contain information which is perfectly astounding. Montreal is bad enough in all conscience—our Mayor is a man of mediocre ability, and his ability is the best thing about him. Our Aldermen are—well they could be better—but Montreal is a very Paradise to Toronto. They tell me that certain of the Aldermen there are interested with the contractors for supplying the city with coal, stone, cement, gravel, sewer bricks, &c. The character given of the Aldermen is not very flattering to them, and the municipal affairs seem as bad as they can be. I shall put a competent person to work to investigate this and report.

Here is one of the letters I have referred to as coming from Toronto:—

SIR,—In your last issue you describe the Toronto Municipal Government as positively bad, and hope there are no Boss Tweeds feathering their nests. I regret to say that the hope is vain, and the Municipal Government wholly disgraceful, and Tweedism more than suspected. A kind of Vigilance Committee has been formed to watch over municipal matters, known as the Property Owners' Association, and the scandals they have brought to light prove that they have not come into existence a moment too soon. The taxes this year are 26 mills on the full value of the property; to these are to be added sewer and water rates, so that the taxes on a property worth \$10,000 are equivalent to the interest of a mortgage of \$4,000 at 7 per cent.—that is, the Corporation have put a mortgage of 40 cents on the dollar on every citizen's property. The principal causes of this state of things are the low class of men elected as Aldermen, and the appointment of officials (generally ex-Aldermen) who are notoriously incompetent, and sometimes worse. The important position of City Treasurer is filled by an unsuccessful lawyer, who has only two ideas,—more salary for himself, and more taxes for the citizens; and is described by the *Monetary Times* as "looking upon ratepayers as taxpaying animals, out of whom as much as possible is to be squeezed." The City Weigh-master, City Commissioner, Harbour-master, City Solicitor, and others, all owe their appointments to their having been Aldermen. Amongst the items unearthed by the Property Owners' Association was \$1,318 for cab hire, \$80 for kid gloves, and \$631 for refreshments spent by the 1877 Council. One of the present Aldermen was recently before the Police Court charged with receiving stolen goods, another for rowdyism. Another Alderman while voting for every item that can increase the city debt and taxes, owns considerable property outside of the city limits, and people are invited to leave the city and settle on this eligible property to avoid city taxes. More than one member of the Corporation is frequently seen the worse of liquor. Another department that is constantly before the public in some muddle or other is that of the City Solicitors. The senior Solicitor is a respectable man, but does not give much personal attention to his business. His junior is—well, nearly as respectable as some of the Aldermen, but always making blunders. If asked for an opinion, he wants the advice of Counsel, for which the city pays, and the law costs have in three years increased from \$4,900 to \$9,000. While Montreal, only paying half the rate of taxation that Toronto does, prudently reduces Corporation salaries, Toronto official salaries have been increased \$6,500 this year. Our Mayor gets \$3,000; your's is content with \$1,800. Our only hope for a change is by appealing to the press to help us. Will you be one?

Butler and Kearney are still working in the United States in the avowed interests of the millennium—that is, when the Government shall take to itself the power of making money for the workingmen; but their efforts are not nearly so practical and well defined as the work the Rev. Mr. Talmage has cut out for himself. This eminent serio-comic has decided to visit the places of vice in New York and Brooklyn, and has promised to save ten thousand souls by giving a recital of all the wonders the places contain. Mr. Talmage has nobly resolved to sacrifice himself and those who accompany him in his nocturnal rounds that he may save the ten thousand. And yet foolish people say that the heroic age is past! How can they? when Mr. Talmage fits himself to preach some sermons on "The haunts of vice"; fills his church an hour before the time of service; fills the streets in the vicinity; wins a perfect ovation from the gathered thousands;

and, promising to tell them something more spicy next week, and to save ten thousand souls, sits down "panting hard, and looking very red in the face"—as the *New York World* has it.

The English papers are speaking with a good deal of ignorance on "The Canadian Situation." They seem to think that we have decided for Protection, pure and simple, and even to contemplate setting up for ourselves independently of the mother country. But that is not so at all. We have only decided on readjustment of tariff—which as yet is only a phrase—a thing to charm by. Independence may come; but it will not come yet, and a prohibitive tariff as against England will not be introduced by the Government just entered upon power. We were reckless during election time, but we are going to be careful and cautious in the matter of changes. We are going to try a trade skirmish with the forty millions over the border, but we are not disposed to say good-bye to Great Britain. If English writers knew Canada better they would write differently.

The whirligig of time in the course of its spinning brings most unlooked for things to pass. Here is one: Lord Beaconsfield has subscribed ten pounds towards a memorial to Earl Russell. His opinions must have undergone a considerable change, for in the "Runnymede Letters" he writes thus:—

"Your character is a curious one. You were born with a strong ambition and a feeble intellect. Cold, inanimate, with a weak voice and a mincing manner, the failure of your intellect was complete. . . . You are now exhaling upon the constitution of your country all that long-hoarded venom and all those distempered humours that for years have accumulated in your petty heart. . . . Your aim is to reduce everything to your own mean level, to degrade everything to your malignant standard. In all your conduct it is not difficult to detect the workings of a mean and long-mortified spirit. . . . Your part in the mighty drama must soon close. I can picture to myself an intelligent foreigner visiting this country, and can conceive his appalled astonishment when he is told to recognise a Secretary of State in an infinitely small scarabæus! When our traveller learns that you are the leader of the House of Commons he may begin to comprehend how the Egyptians worshipped an insect."

The Afghan war threatens to assume serious proportions, and is creating profound uneasiness in the English mind. The brunt of it will be thrown upon India, and it is said Lord Lytton is vigorously preparing to avenge the affront which Shere Ali offered to England when he rejected the English mission. But it may very well happen that the work of vindicating British honour in Afghanistan may be more than the Indian army can accomplish—and if that should prove to be the case, it will be serious work for England. This is not the time she can afford to have an Asiatic war on her hands. The *World* seems to think—and not without some show of reason—that the policy of Russia is to create difficulties in Asia which shall absorb the attention of England, that she—Russia—may work her will in Europe. Whether that is so, or not, certain it is that Europe is beginning to learn the worthless nature of the Treaty of Berlin.

EDITOR.

"FIFTY YEARS OF MINISTRY."

It is not often that in this age of terrific energy—when men think fast, and work hard, and wear out quickly—that it is given to any man to speak of fifty years of labour. We are greatly developed: in a wonderful degree we are masters of ourselves, and the press of circumstance is so severe that we are compelled to do much work in a little time. Therefore it is the more to be noted that Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal, could stand up and say: For half a century I have been a preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. With bodily force somewhat impaired, but, with mental vigour unabated, he stood forth and spoke his words of history and of hope.

It was a rare occasion, and the audience was a sight to witness. Almost every Protestant Church was represented. Old men and women went to hear again the voice of him from whose lips they had heard in the youth long dead—but not forgotten—words of counsel and rebuke. What a flood of memory must have rushed in upon them. Fifty years of battle—sometimes marked by defeat and sometimes by victory—hopes kindled and quenched—joy and sorrow crowding each on the heels of the other—all looking back through a long vista of years, and on to the coming of night. How much work the preacher had done in that time, not even himself could tell; enough that he had set in motion great influences for good, which have gone working on making men out of children, and good out of stuff indifferent.

At about twenty-two years of age Dr. Wilkes relinquished a good and promising commercial position to enter upon the Christian ministry—passed through the ordinary college course of training in Scotland, and then undertook a charge in the city of Edinburgh. It was curious, and still more instructive, to hear the good Dr. talk of his early troubles with orthodoxy. He is now regarded as the main pillar and stay of orthodoxy; that he holds to what he called "the grand old verities of the Gospel" with strong faith in their truth and power to save—although every body knows that the Dr. is a marvel of liberality which arises from his general kindness, and not from any lurking doubt—and he is often quoted as an example to those of us who—led, perhaps, by impulses peculiar to the young and the hopeful—are disposed to question the right of some old things to life and veneration. But we can take comfort from the fact that Dr. Wilkes when young had—in the name of truth and his

own conscience—to withstand the charge of heresy. The heresy of that day is the orthodoxy of this, and one could but wonder at the rapidity with which changes take place in the world of theology. In this age—when men are fingering at the roots of all our fine thoughts of God and man, time and eternity—when we have to make sure once again of our foundations—when our fundamental dogmas are assailed in the name of Mathematics, and Philosophy, and Science, and Art—it is almost startling to be told by a preacher that when he was young the grave and reverend Rabbis of the time rebuked him for declaring that the salvation of Christ is universal. Those same grave and reverend Rabbis have nearly always been wrong. Time seems to have the habit of crystallising its children. We rush away from the doomed place of settled ways—look back—and, go no further. I am getting to believe that the old proverb is true: "Whom the gods love die young."

As a rule that is—for Dr. Wilkes is a splendid exception. It can hardly be expected that he should have broadened much in the last few years—for men do not materially change their habits of life and thought after forty—but the Dr. has so fine an admixture of generosity in his nature that he could not be narrow and a bigot without doing violence to his deepest and strongest instincts.

Forty-two years ago Dr. Wilkes came to Canada in a semi-missionary character. Congregationalism was hardly known here, and the Dr. thinking it should be well known, and having convinced the Church of that name and order in England of the same necessity, obtained the needful help. That missionary character has been sustained by him throughout his long and useful career. He has been from the first until now the head of the denomination—its principal counsellor and guide—second to no one as preacher—the accredited leader in all matters of organization—filling all possible offices—doing all possible work—as preacher going from end to end of the country—as secretary for various societies—as treasurer administering their funds—and as president of the only college in the denomination in this country. This last was inevitable, for the Dr. always took a warm and wise interest in the work of educating young men for the ministry. Knowing well the advantages of culture, he sought to send forth men well prepared for their sacred work.

But along with all this general work for the denomination has been carried the particular function of a pastor in Montreal—which means that Dr. Wilkes found here a church having a membership of a little over forty—worked on, winning the esteem of the whole Protestant community—preached on, drawing many by the strength of his words—and so built up a church, which for numbers, for wealth, and for influence was hardly second to no church in the Dominion. To do that in the City of Montreal meant the exercise of ability and patience of no ordinary kind. For Congregationalism is a kind of Church life and government but little understood and appreciated in this city. No wonder—for we are brought into contact and collision with the greatest and best organization in the world—that of Popery—and it looks as if only an organization equally perfect can hold its own against it. So the Presbyterians, and the Methodists, and the Episcopalians have occupied the ground.

And then the Protestants of the city, by the very nature of them, are not Congregationalists. If they are Scotch, the Presbyterian Church claims them. If they are English, the Episcopal regards them as its own. If they are Canadian, they seem to turn to Methodism. But few English Congregationalists come to this country, for the reason, probably, that as a class in England they are wealthy and not much in need of wandering far to find a living. It is evident enough, then, that the denomination to which Dr. Wilkes belongs is at a great disadvantage in this country. The people are too busy about their worldly affairs to give much time and attention to church; so they fall into the Church to which custom has led them, and which imposes upon them least individual thought and trouble. That Dr. Wilkes gathered about him a large and wealthy congregation in spite of all those difficulties, is proof of his ability and the strength of his character.

But the work was not accomplished without hard toiling and pain, as the Dr. told us on Sunday morning. There were times of heart-sickening disappointment—times of weary waiting in comparative obscurity and poverty which must have been a sore trial to the man's faith. It is hard to believe that we are right in our calling and our choice of place when success will not be wooed nor commanded; hard to believe that we ought to work on and wait when we cannot see what the working and waiting will bring. Yet that is just what Dr. Wilkes did; uttered no complaint; refused to lose heart or hope; went bravely on, and found his reward in the appreciation of many people and the satisfaction of his own heart.

Success was achieved by good and constant work, rather than by brilliance—as he himself tells us. The Dr. seems to have been haunted by a dread of making too manifest his own personality—of appearing to make an effort to shine by his own proper light; a ghost that one should hardly respect in these or any other days. Heaven intends that man shall do his best, and will only consent to supplement that best. Many of us would have been glad to possess some memorial of the Dr. when all his energies were put forth to produce a sermon. Brilliance in the pulpit is as rare as common sense—the Dr. had the latter, and if he had put it out in a still more attractive form we should have reaped the benefit. I was glad to hear from his own lips that he did not recommend the same excessive modesty to young men of this day. But worth all the rest was the splendid protest made that self-sacrifice is worth the doing. I looked up in wonder and admiration—an old man with robust frame and kindling eye, and hand uplifted to Heaven—was telling us in tones that rang out clear and strong over the great audience, that to live unselfishly, in poverty and disappointment, for men and for God, is the way to peace. An old man of seventy-three years told us life is worth the living and death is not a thing to fear. A man who has preached for half a century all he knew of truth and hope and life, was still glad to preach and speak strong words of comfort to young and old. There was no complaining, no halting—no bitter criticism of men and institutions, but a broad charity—a living hope, a clinging glad faith in well nigh every sentence. I hope the whole denomination will seek and find some way of conveying to our good Dr. its sense of his worth. I hope he will get some of the honour he so well deserves while he is able to enjoy it. It is good to have the sermon—it will be better if we can copy the example he has given of good living and patient able working.

EDITOR.

BEING TALKED ABOUT.

It seems to have been the opinion of the most ancient philosophers, that the world loves "a bit of scandal," and we shrewdly suspect that present and future philosophers may preserve the same prejudice of belief, without running any risk of their judgment being impugned.

It is to be feared that the love of scandal is born with us all, from the highest to the lowest in society. While a man is immaculate, he gets little notice taken of him; he may walk, talk, and have his being like other proper people; he excites no degree of unusual interest among his compeers; but let him make a real or reputed slip from the regular highways of lawful rectitude, and the distinguished mark of "being talked about" is immediately earned.

This common idiom appears to possess but one interpretation. We never get "talked about" for our sufferings, our virtues, or our abstinences. Oh dear, no! We must "do something" in some shape or other, or at least be suspected of having an intention to "do something," before any of our good-natured friends will deem us worthy of this honour. Only let us hear that So-and-So is "being talked about," and we ask any impartial reader, what the instantaneous and conclusive impression is,—why, that he has committed or is committing some questionable something.

A flirtation of an aggravated order, an impending insolvency, an elopement—in short, anything that is ignored by highly respectable people, is immediately guessed at; and the very circumstance, that this idiom is invariably accepted in only one sense, of calumniating import, is ample proof that we have an unwholesome preference for the garbage of gossiping food, and that the errors, supposed or positive, of our fellow-creatures, are unceasingly agreeable and exciting themes to dwell and dilate on.

I was led into these remarks by having been present the other evening at a select and social party, where about a dozen ladies and gentlemen of considerable standing in society, and of unimpeachable religious principles, were gathered together to enjoy conversation, mocha and music, toast and twaddle (we beg pardon, the last word was a slip: no doubt the alliteration led us into it) finishing up with cold chicken *ad libitum*.

The entertainment afforded, consisted of conversational spasms under the effects of conventional opium, and we began to wish most heartily that we were at home. At length the talk turned on a subject which led to a discussion on the glorious light of Christian charity and the supreme beauty of mercy. The amount of generous sentiment expressed would have civilized the Thugs, and quotations to illustrate the subject fluttered about as thick as mosquitoes on a sultry summer evening. We heard that "mercy is twice blest," and so forth; and some remote voice gave the appeal of

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me,"

The great golden rule of "Do unto others," &c., met our ear twice; and all were edified exceedingly by scraps and sentences with which most had been acquainted since the date of our first eating pudding.

At length the speakers became very poor and very few, like mourners at a pauper's funeral; and a remark from an eminent reverend gentleman, that he thought one great feature of charity was, not to be too ready to think ill of our brethren, was the last we distinctly remember.

A mental mist succeeded, very cold and very still. Then came short coughs and using of handkerchiefs. A couple of ladies took desperately to an Album, which lay on the table, in the very height of scarlet-fever, turned up with golden jaundice. The hostess was embarrassed, and everybody sat as though improved and superior Newton's "Principias" were in psychological preparation by them; in short, one of those fits of social catalepsy occurred, which terrify nervous people, and seriously affect even the bravest of the pioneers of society.

Every one was either shy, stupid, or silent—perhaps all three blended; when I suddenly hit upon a plan which I had adopted once before in the like distress.

"Pray," said I, "addressing myself to the company generally, "have any of you heard how Mr. Manby is being "talked about"? A squib thrown among the dozen ladies and gentlemen would scarcely have moved them so effectually. The album was left wide open, without an eye to the striking likeness of some well-known beauty, the hostess breathed more freely, and a sort of mental ant-hill began to work.

A sudden thought struck the reverend gentleman, that Mr. Manby had lately increased his number of horses; that he had built a new wing to his house; that his drawing-rooms had been refurnished in a superb style; and the simultaneous conjunction of ideas was, that Mr. Manby was being "talked about" through having lived too fast.

An elderly lady, who had lately quoted the Great Teacher's rule, suddenly remembered that she had seen Mr. Manby walking in his grounds and talking very confidentially with his housekeeper; and, moreover, the housekeeper was a good-looking woman, so, of course, it was most likely that Mr. Manby was being "talked about" through some delinquency on the score of domestic propriety.

A gentleman, of very Low Church principles, had an impulsive conviction that Mr. Manby had gone over to Catholicism. The Low Church gentleman knew that Mr. Manby had contributed largely to some Irish schools, and that he was enthusiastic over his recollections of witnessing High Mass at St. Peter's at Rome, and that he declared it as his opinion, that a good Catholic was as much to be respected as a good Protestant; consequently, there could be little doubt that Mr. Manby was "talked about" for these reasons.

Each and every one present was deeply anxious to learn the extent of Mr. Manby's misdoings; for it was plain enough they all thought Mr. Manby must have done something *wrong* before he could be "talked about."

I permitted the appetite for scandal's highly-seasoned made-dishes to become as voracious as I deemed prudent, and then simply stated that Mr. Manby was being "talked about" for having generously taken his sister's two orphan children to bring up. Dear reader, you should have seen the sudden disappointment that marked every countenance,—the "Oh! is that all?" sort of expression which pervaded the Low Church lineaments, and the positive

sneer of indifference which sat upon the lady's lips who had incorporated the good-looking housekeeper in her liberal conclusion. You would have gleaned ample testimony that the love of detraction is very like an instinct, in all human bipeds, and that being "talked about" is tantamount to having infringed some law, either civil, moral, or conventional.

A positive relish for the follies and crimes of our brothers and sisters seems to preponderate in ninety-nine dispositions out of a hundred. If we cannot find circumstances that involve a damaged reputation, to amuse our speculative minds and tongues, we generally contrive to fish out some eccentric deviation from worldly customs—nay, the chatters will even raise their jargon over those who are to be pitied rather than blamed, and whose sad position claims our delicate sympathy rather than our loud and coarse discussion.

We have doubtless heard men—wise, benevolent, grey-headed men—"talking about" a lady, in a public conveyance, with reckless indiscretion, laughing over vile insinuations, and promulgating unseemly reports with careless tongue, while, to our positive knowledge, every word they uttered was false.

It strikes me that parties should be soundly authorized before they "talk about" a woman's character to the ears of the crowd; and even if they held convincing proof of an erring sister's wrong, it would savour more of manhood and nobility to deal gently with it.

There is a fearful amount of unhappiness and injustice wrought by this "talking about," and doubtless the fullest and most mischievous libels published are stereotyped in the every-day prating which escapes all indictment, and eludes all proof.

It would be a great sanitary reform in social life, if men and women would learn to swallow their wine, and drink their tea, without "talking about" people, of whose real principles and actual conduct they know little or nothing.

This being "talked about" is a tax which we all pay, more or less. I have heard a lady "talked about" for daring to wear the same dress at five separate evening parties, and at last she was rudely stigmatized as "Miss Evergreen," the unfortunate dress being of that colour; and a thoughtless cousin of mine, incurred no end of being "talked about" by asking for a glass of ale at one of these parties.

It is certain that those who are most prone to gloat over the fancied or existing misdemeanours of others are frequently not among the most immaculate of creation. Our wholesale denouncers of impropriety, our stern, inflexible censors, and our gabbling purveyors of peccadilloes, are not invariably taintless themselves.

But I must be careful and not weary your readers with more illustrations of the odious "talking about" habit than are necessary; and if this slight sketch deters one thoughtless or mischievous tongue from saying that which is alike cowardly and scandalous, or at least frivolous and paltry, I shall be well repaid for the hour I have spent over my desk; and I can assure my dearest friends that, highly as I respect Lady Fame, I would much rather have this scrap of writing acted upon than "talked about." QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

HIGH SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

The other day, Jones and I were comparing notes on the subject of what is called the "higher education" of women. (I may remark that Jones is an authority on female education; having been such a careful observer of young women for the last thirty years that he is still—at fifty—a bachelor.) Our conversation could scarcely be called controversy, for I found myself in pretty strong sympathy with my friend's views; and if I now and then dissented, it was rather to "draw" Jones than to confute him. "Look at this paper," said he; "these are 'Regulations for the Higher Examination of Women,' just laid down by a certain University: tell me what you think of them." I ran my eye over the paper, and found it to be a list of subjects upon which it was proposed to examine "women over sixteen years of age," in order to the granting them certificates as "Senior Associates in Arts." Some of the subjects were "imperative," others optional. The first were pretty extensive; embracing in Latin, Livy, Cicero and Virgil, with Prose Composition, etc., or Greek in various authors, including the Philippics of Demosthenes; then came, in Mathematics, almost the whole of Euclid, Algebra beyond Quadratics, and Trigonometry. Next came Logic, Anglo-Saxon, and Philology; Roman Greek, and English History being appended to their respective courses. The list of Options embraced Botany, Chemistry, (with chemical manipulation,) Mathematical and Experimental Physics, Biology, Geology, Mental Philosophy; winding up with Language and Literature in English, French and German. "Now," said Jones, "I maintain that this is a monstrous perversion of nature; and that, like all perversions, it has a harmful influence on society. No true girl can take such a course of study, and hope to become a true woman." "Jones," said I, "you are behind the age: don't you know that it is the glory of our day to have at last recognized the superior mental endowments of women, and that they are fast going ahead of us, not only in literature, but in art and science? Are they not fast displacing us at the bar, in the pulpit, on the rostrum, and in the medical and scientific chairs? Are they not even now gathering for a final assault upon our legislative halls? Have they not discovered the source of power in the law-making prerogative, and is not the woman the 'coming man'?"

"Ah," replied Jones, "now you have hit it. The woman is fast becoming a man; and at any rate she is fast losing her femininity. The distinctive grace and delicacy of womanhood is being sacrificed for an unnecessary imitation of a man. Competing in study with boys and men, girls inevitably imitate their language and manners; and if they do not become manly, at least become unwomanly. Why, in our own little town the so-called 'High School' is lower in manners and morals than many of the common schools. The boys and girls are too closely associated; and those citizens who live near the school buildings declare that they cannot send their children to have their moral tone lowered and their girls to become only distinguishable from their boys by their dress."

Here I ventured to observe that surely girls had a right to the same educational advantages as boys; that many of them would have to fight their own way in the world; and that it was only fair that they should enter on the struggle as well equipped as the sterner sex. Says Jones, "You cannot alter the law of humanity any more than the law of gravity. The woman was never

meant to be the rival and competitor of the man, but his counterpart and the complement of his being. If you don't like to take the Book of Genesis as an authority, take any good book on Physiology and you will find that there is Sex in mind as well as in body; and that, if there is, there must be Sex in education. You must train your boys to be men, and gentlemen if possible; no less must you (if you would obey nature, and so have success) train your girls to be women, and—if that is still possible, to be GENTLE-WOMEN. But I am afraid that this will soon be one of the lost arts. A true gentlewoman—even now—is almost as rare as the Dodo."

"Jones," said I, "you are a cynic: and—a bachelor."

"Look here, my boy," he replied, "the whole thing lies in a nut-shell. You enter your girl at a so-called 'High' school; by and by to pass to the curriculum of a 'Ladies' college,' and then to grind for one of these hermaphrodite degrees: now one of two things will certainly happen; either this strained intellectual training will be successful in its object, or it will not. Grant that it is: even then you will find that your poor girl has paid too high a price for it. If she has to enter into the competitive life of the world she has fearfully handicapped herself by a weakened, if not ruined constitution. The intellectual work that a boy can endure without physical injury cannot be undertaken by a girl with her more highly strung sensitive nature and weaker constitution. Maudsley has made that abundantly clear. Bearing his own testimony—the result of his English education and experience—he adds that of three American physiologists; the last of whom he quotes as saying 'Most destructive in every way is the American view of female education. The time taken for the most serious instruction of girls extends to the age of eighteen, and rarely over this. During these years they are undergoing such organic development as renders them remarkably sensitive . . . To-day the American woman is, to speak plainly, physically unfit for her duties as woman; and is, perhaps, of all civilized females, the least qualified to undertake those weightier tasks which tax so heavily the nervous system of man. She is not fairly up to what Nature asks from her as a wife and mother: how will she sustain herself under the pressure of those yet more exacting duties which now-a-days she is so eager to share with man?'"

"Jones," I said solemnly, "you are prejudiced. I have read Maudsley also; and I well remember that he is fair enough to quote other American testimony to the maintenance of average health in the female colleges. You don't mean to say that even a large proportion of the 'lady-graduates' are weak and sickly?"

"No!" said he smartly. "There's the joke of the thing. I said they either did or did not succeed in attaining the high intellectual development they were seeking: the fact is, very many do *not* succeed. They get a surface smattering in, the long list of 'ologies' and 'osophies'; but it is only skin-deep. You won't accuse Mrs. Beecher of despising her sex or her country; but here"—and he hunted a scrap of newspaper out of his vest-pocket—"is what *she* says about it"—"Parents are at great expense to give their daughters a most elaborate education in the highest schools and colleges. They are proud of their growing attainments, and when after long years of close study they graduate with perhaps the highest honours, and it may be with impaired health from over-study, the fond parents feel that they have done all that they could for their daughters. . . . Not long since we were told of a young lady who, on graduating, took the first honours as a brilliant scientific and chemical scholar. She was preparing to teach, or intended in some way to turn her education to pecuniary profit. She was supposed to be thorough in chemistry, but when required to give a practical demonstration of this knowledge, to put it to the test in common every-day affairs, she was as helpless as a child. She had at her tongue's end the rules. The nomenclature of chemistry was perfectly familiar; but why such terms were used, what they really signified, was to her an unknown tongue. Unhappily this superficial education is very common." "Nine times out of ten all that is got is the show and the sham of intellectual culture."

"Well," I said, "then what harm is done, after all? The craze for 'culture' may be silly, but nobody is hurt."

"I beg your pardon: whether all this cramming is successful in the culture of the intellect or not, may be a small matter; but it is not a small thing that such a training leaves no place for the truer preparation of our girls for the probable and—to most of them—inevitable duties of their after life."

"Well, then," I cried, in despair (for I wanted to get rid of Jones) what would you recommend as to female education? What is your idea of a High School for Girls?"

Jones gathered himself for a final effort, and burst forth energetically: "Do? I will tell you what I would *not* do. I would *not* send my daughters to a school where they would come in frequent contact with rough boys and youths, to begin ogling and flirting and sly note-dropping before they were well in their teens. I would *not* send them where the delicate bloom of maidenly reserve and modesty must inevitably be rubbed off; to be replaced by the coarse *rouge* of an unwomanly horsey-slangy 'girl of the period.' I would *not* send them to catch at a shadowy degree in Arts, and to drop in seizing it the substance of the true culture of all womanly affections and sympathies and household amenities. Keep the true end in view. The vision of the future which Nature raises in the girl's mind is a home; and a family circle; where the husband wants to find a wife, and not another husband; the children a mother, and not a second father. Together these are to be the parent for the children; mutually complementary; and in no sense rivals. My girls should not therefore be given into the care of teachers who care only to cram for examinations; and with whom 'marks' are the synonym for virtues. I do not blame them; they are themselves the victims of the system, and cannot give out what is not in them. They have neither time, opportunity nor aptitude for the cultivation of the higher mental faculties of the affections and the will; and with these untrained a girl is uneducated, or worse. My thought would be to rehabilitate the almost worn-out idea of true femininity by placing my girls in the home of a well-informed and modest gentlewoman—herself a mother and the head of a family—who should be content to devote her life to the task of giving loving watchful care to the development in right lines of all a girl's really grand faculties of heart and mind; who should instruct her charge in domestic duties, and the lighter pleasantries of home and social life; who should teach them from the good old Book to love their husbands and their children, to be

discreet and chaste; who should make them so acquainted with literature as to be pleasant companions to their husbands and capable guides to their children; who should form them to good manners uncorrupted by evil communication; who should, in a word, be able to say to me and to other parents, 'Take back your dear girls; they have lost nothing good beneath my roof, they have found nothing evil. Take them; worthy wives for your noblest men; worthy mothers for the coming race.'

Perhaps Jones is not so very far out after all. Perhaps he is waiting himself for one of the pupils! But have we such schools? QUISQUIS.

THE POPE ON HERESY.

The Vatican must be a strange and wonderful place. All things human succumb to its influence, when once they are stationed there. Pio Nono—peace to his dust—began life as an ardent reformer, intent on sweeping away the ancient collection of abuses and deceptions which the museum of the Vatican presented, but suddenly his efforts in that direction ceased. The young reformer became as narrow as he was formerly broad, and the determination which at first was so well directed changed its course, and was reinforced, as the years rolled on, by a jealous and a querulous temper. All Europe felt that some unseen power was at work, moulding the will of the great Spiritual Dictator into the form and fashion which seemed best to that unseen power.

Pio Nono died and was buried. The accession of Leo XIII. to the Papal Throne opened, it was confidently believed, a new chapter in the history of the Roman Catholic Church. Europe then hoped that at length there had come a cessation of those ecclesiastico-political hostilities which vexed and troubled the otherwise comparatively serene aspect of affairs; and the first utterances of Leo gave further ground for expectation and hope. More modest than Pio Nono, he did not put forward such extravagant pretensions to infallibility; being also much more sagacious, the suppression of the temporal power was not so wildly and so petulantly demanded; while his learning gave hope that he would not so easily be blinded by the flattering homage which his predecessor pined for almost as ardently as he pined for the *Obolo* of St. Peter.

But suddenly it seemed as though that same unseen power had again stretched forth its hand, and that Leo too must yield as did his predecessor. Either that or Leo's conceptions of the extent of the spiritual authority of the Popedom have developed. His Holiness no doubt thinks the latter to be the case. Be that as it may, the peace of Italy, and what is of more consequence, its independence is again threatened. The journals of Rome have published an important letter written by Leo XIII. to Cardinal Nina, the new Pontifical Secretary of State, a few days after the latter's appointment. And as is usual in all such ecclesiastical documents—whether they emanate from the *Curia* or the palaces of Canadian Archbishops—"the prevalence of error and the ever increasing disorders to which society is subject" are whined over with a whine truly pitiful. His Holiness informs the Cardinal of his desire "that his voice should be heard by those who rule the nations," inviting them not to refuse the valid support which the Church offers. Urged by Apostolical charity he also appeals to those who are not united to him in the bonds of the Catholic faith. But, above all, the Pope draws the Cardinal's attention to the difficult position created for the Head of the Church in Italy and in Rome since it has been despoiled of its sceptre. He will not—he writes—pause to reflect here that the violation of the sacred rights of the Apostolic See and of the Roman Pontiff is fatal to the tranquility and well-being of the peoples; neither will he detain the Cardinal by showing, what he might easily show, that the Catholics in the different States can never be tranquil until their chief Pontiff, the master of their faith and the moderator of their conscience is surrounded by true liberty and independence; but to enter at length upon the subject of the progress of heresy in the city of Rome, where "with impunity," says His Holiness, "heretodox churches and schools are being opened in large numbers."

From this and similar utterances, it is easy to gather that the spirit which has long controlled the Vatican is not dead, and has not changed. Leo XIII. began with the assumption that the descendant of St. Peter was the Spiritual Dictator in the Church terrestrial; and this being a harmless claim on his part, none cared to dispute it. But a few months sufficed to lead Leo to the belief that the Spiritual and Temporal are so closely connected that authority in the one is nothing without authority in the other. Leo in this was certainly logical; but then all logic is not practical, particularly if based upon false premises. The Italian government evidently recognizes this fact. They have made decided advances in the direction of civil and religious liberty, and they cannot afford to retrograde. They cannot even discuss the matter, and religious toleration is now, we hope, as safe from any serious attacks in Italy as it is in every other civilized country. The candour of Leo is charming. He would forcibly suppress every outward and visible sign of heterodoxy in Rome, and doubtless all over Italy; and for that matter, all over the world too, if only he were able. He in one sentence bewails the violation of his sacred rights and the loss of temporal power, and in the next invites all not to refuse the valid support which the Church affords. If His Holiness has means of "valid support" for others, why does he not use it for himself, and why does he bemoan the loss of temporal power? Clearly, His Holiness is logical only when it suits him. We cannot but observe, too, how tenderly he invited all not united with him in the bonds of the Catholic faith to be one with him, and yet the fact is well known that he has hurled all the thunderbolts of the Church at the heretics and their abettors, placing their institutions under a terrible ban—terrible, that is, if possessed of even half the influence it is believed by Leo to possess, while at the same time boasting of the numbers and success of his own institutions,—a fact which shows at least that the latter got fair play. But the Pope finds that his solemn denunciations are of no avail. The schools and churches of heterodoxy flourish. Leo's faith in the effectual working of his bulls and anathemas evidently grows weaker, and he is struggling to obtain what he by the act evidently considers of more avail than these denunciations,—the assistance of the temporal power.

The world moves. All except one ancient pile on Mons Vaticanus; but the time will come when that too shall move. Then we shall have general progress, and the sure promise of peace.

A CHURCH WITH BELLS.

"Bells," said a child, "I want to go,
Sir, to a church with bells."
And whether High, or Broad, or Low,
With hope my spirit swells
When such a church as this I find,
And hear the heavenly chime;
Oh, then, I have a holy mind,
Oh then, a happy time.
And, though my hours are weak and sad,
I feel my life sublime;
Of Love the first, and Love the last
If any service tells,
All thy anxiety is past,
I've found a church with bells.

I to an ancient Abbey went,
And sat beside a tomb;
'Twas on a showery day in Lent,
But near the Day of Bloom.
Along with me a blind man knelt,
No glories could he see;
But oh! the music how he felt,—
"Have mercy Lord!" sang we;
And angels from the window smiled
Upon both him and me.
Said I, "Antiquity and grace
Blend here their holy spells;
In truth this is a noble place,
This is a church with bells."

Whitewashed, upon a windy hill,
There stood a building square;
I entered gently, hoping still
That bells I might find there.
"Come, weary folks," an old man said,
"You have come,—come again,
'Tis every night you need your bed,
Not only now and then.
Lord, give us better, safer rest,"
The people said "Amen."
And when the kindly talk I heard,
That angry sorrow quells,
"Here sounds," said I, "the inviting word,
This is a church with bells."

I went the silent Friends to see,
And there no bells could ring;
For how can any music be
Where nobody will sing?
But as we all were sitting hushed,
Up rose a sister grey,
And said, with face a little flushed,
"This is a sunny day,
And Jesus is our inward light,
To guide us on our way."
"Ah yes," said I "this sister pure
The old glad tidings tells;
And here, too, I am very sure,
I've found a church with bells."

Then by a door, I heard men say,
"He is not 'sound' we fear."
Thought I, before I turn away,
I'll try if bells are here.
"Quit you like men," a strong voice cried,
"Nor hang the bulrush head,
Our father's God is by our side,
For truth our fathers bled.
Let no man sell his liberty,
For butter or for bread."
Said I, "That's no unholy note,
How loud and clear it swells,
St. Paul's a stirring man to quote,—
This is a church with bells."

Oh I have found of sweet bells eight,
And you may have the same;
I ring them early, ring them late,
And know them each by name:—
There's Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Peace,
And Joy and Liberty,
And then before the chime can cease,
Patience and Victory;
Come, neighbours, listen to the bells
That ring for you and me.
When windy skies are all aflame,
Of rest their chiming tells;
We've never been since Jesus came,
In want of Heavenly Bells.

—Thomas Lynch.

For Upwards of Thirty Years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy.—*Adv.*

SCIENTIFIC—SANITARY ENGINEERING.

Lectures by Professor H. T. Bovey, of McGill College.

LECTURE III.

8. Sanitary Appliances of District.

In any district in which the water carriage system is to be adopted for the conveyance away through sewers of fœcal and other refuse, the engineer will easily determine the probable volume of sewage to be dealt with.

Some authorities object to the universal introduction of the water-closet system:—(1) Because of the increased volume of water to be procured, if their use became general; (2) On the ground that they are the sole cause of the pollution of rivers and streams.

The great consumption of water, however, is not so much due to the general use of water-closets as to imperfect "fittings," &c.

Further, after carefully investigating the question, the Rivers Pollution Commissioners of Great Britain have concluded—"That it seems hopeless to anticipate any substantial reduction of sewage pollution by dealing with solid excrementitious matters only."

The same provision, indeed, should be made in the size of sewers, both in districts with ash-pits, earth-closets, &c., and in districts in which water-closets have been universally adopted.

Experiments have been made with the view of separating the fœcal matter from sewers, and also the urine from the solid fœces, but rather for agricultural than sanitary purposes.

9. Position of Outfall and Disposition of Sewage.

The "position of the outfall" is one of the first points to be fixed by the engineer, and to do so, he will first of all have to determine upon the mode of treatment of the sewage. The reasons for this are: (1) The liquid refuse must ultimately find its way into the sea, into a tidal river or estuary, into an inland river or watercourse forming the natural outfall of the district. (2) The prevailing inclination must be towards one or other of the points of ultimate discharge, although there may be considerable variation in the direction of the internal sewers, in consequence of internal undulations of the surface.

To prevent the pollution of the pure natural streams of a country, the sewage must be dealt with at some point between the ultimate point of discharge and the point at which the main bulk of the sewage is concentrated.

The further points to be considered in fixing the locality for the treatment of the sewage are:—(1) The existence of a site free from objection on the score of nuisance; (2) The means of reaching such site, either wholly by gravitation, or partly by gravitation and partly by pumping; (3) The expediency or necessity of first depositing the whole of the sewage upon a lower level, and then lifting it to the site upon which it is to be cleansed; (4) The price to be paid for the site.

In "Seaboard Towns" it will be found most economical to convey the sewage directly into the sea; but, generally speaking, it should be deodorized or otherwise treated before reaching the sea.

In "Towns on Estuaries and Tidal Rivers," the ebb and flow of the tide render it very difficult to deal effectually with the sewage. The sewage before being discharged into the water, even if such water be never used for drinking purposes, should be cleansed of its putrescible matters sufficiently to prevent any nuisance from the consequent stench. It may be necessary to separate the solid matters and to clarify the sewage by chemical precipitation, or by some other process, and also to purify it.

In "Inland Towns" the effluent sewage should, *without compromise*, be cleansed of all foul or noxious matters. Chemical or mechanical systems palliate in some degree the evils of pollution, but they should, almost invariably, be supplemented by "intermittent filtration" or "irrigation works." Hitherto, it has proved ineffectual to utilize the sewage in its fresh state upon properly prepared land.

The above remarks as to the disposal of liquid refuse, apply equally to "Villages and Hamlets." Land is easily found on which the sewage may be deposited and cleansed, but the difficulty lies in the organization of permanent and effective arrangements. It would seem especially the thing to apply the sewage to the land with the aid of some means of collecting the sewage, such as the self-acting sewage regulator.

All outfalls must be protected by special arrangements to exclude reverse currents of water or air.

Questions.

1. What influence has the physical outline of a district on the ventilation of sewers?
2. State the volume of sewage for which provision should be made, when laying down a system of sewers?
3. What precautions should be taken in obtaining "water supply" in the proximity of dwellings?
4. What are the objections to the water-closet system? State your opinion as these objections?
5. What is the best method of disposing of the sewage in "Inland Towns?"

H. TAYLOR BOVEY.

17th October, 1878.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN LECTURE NO. II.

(1.) In what way does a condition of low water in the soil affect the general health?

Ans. The general health of the inhabitants of any locality is materially affected by the lowering of the water level, proof of which we have from the fact that most of the epidemics happen during such times, and that when the water level of any place is lowered, as it is in a warm, dry season, it is almost sure to be followed by an unusual amount of sickness. The rising of the water level has almost precisely the same effect; so that whenever there has been a sudden fluctuation of this level, it is likely to be followed by sickness. We have an example of this in the prevalence of yellow fever in the South this

season. The cause of this is to be accounted for in several ways:—(1.) All waters contain certain impurities, and in dry seasons, when the sources of water are very much lessened, the water as a consequence is more impure, as almost the same impurities are concentrated into a smaller volume of water. (2.) The subsoil water itself has great influence, and when subsiding from the surface will carry the impurities from thence with it, and in light, pervious soil, this will have a decided effect for quite a distance. This is the case more especially where the places are supplied from well and spring water. Here if the soil be pure and uncontaminated, the water will also be pure; but as soon as impurities are introduced by the subsoil water, sickness is likely to follow the use of the well. (3.) The purities of these wells will be effected by their position, if they are placed so that the natural fall of the level will convey these impurities away instead of to them; and it is well known that when there is a gradual slope to the sea that levels correspond, and the well should, if practicable, be placed so as to take advantage of this fact. T. DRUMMOND (2nd year).

(2.) How would you secure the utmost economy of water for drainage purposes?

Ans. The utmost economy of water for drainage purposes can only be obtained when the sewer has a sufficient slope to carry off the sewage without the introduction of surface water to flush the sewer.

R. W. WADDELL (2nd year).

(3.) Describe, with a sketch, some method by which the water from an excessive rainfall may be excluded from the ordinary sewers.

Ans. This method is based on the principle that a certain momentum is acquired by the water flowing through the rainfall sewer. If there be but a small quantity of water in this sewer, its momentum will not be sufficient to carry it over the opening A, which is constructed of such a width as to receive the rainfall up to a certain quantity and no more; and it will consequently fall into the intercepting sewer below and pass off with the sewerage. But, should it exceed the quantity intended to be received into the lower sewer, and upon which the width of the opening A is determined, its momentum will carry it over that opening, and it will run off into the river or water course. The rainfall sewer, being constructed and connected with the intercepted sewer, as in the sketch, should also have an inclination of from 1 in 300 to 1 in 600, to produce a sufficient current in the water; and should be of a size varying with the circumstances of the case.

J. S. O'DWYER (3rd year).

(4.) How is the expense of sewerage works affected by "pumping"?

Ans. Very materially, by making the works more expensive in first cost, and also by increasing their annual expense of maintenance. Cost of pumping and lifting 1,000,000 gallons through a height of 50 feet will be at least \$2,000 per annum.

F. MORKILL (Partial).

The expense of raising water is not as great as is generally supposed, when the vast amount of water raised is compared with the expense of the power; but the cost of sewerage works would be much increased if pumping had to be resorted to. Statements from experiments show that from 22,000 to 80,000 gallons of water can be raised 100 feet high for \$.02; but it is also shown that at a single pumping station the machinery for raising the sewage cost \$700,000, besides the expense of working it. This alone would greatly increase the expense of the sewerage works.

F. F. BUSTEED (2nd year).

(5.) Give a brief statement of the main features of "water supply."

Ans. The water supply constitutes one of the principal elements to be taken into consideration for the general maintenance of the health and comfort of the inhabitants of all cities. The means of obtaining, and when obtained, of economising as much water as possible, is therefore of much importance, and we have to be guided to a great extent by the natural advantages which any locality may possess. In this way the physical outline of the country will have to be taken into the calculations as to the cost of obtaining this supply. We shall also require to look at the distance from which it will be conveyed. The sources are lakes, rivers, streams, springs, wells and rain. Then there is the quantity necessary for the annual consumption, not only for the present time, but also for the increasing wants in the future of the growing place. It has been found from statistics of cities that, on an average, thirty gallons per head per day is a sufficient supply. This would include water used for domestic purposes, baths, public gardens, manufactories, extinction of fires, &c., and as there are about five people on an average in each house it would be easy to calculate the quantity required for the city, and by taking the increase for a number of years back, we can judge from that the ordinary increase for the same time in the future. Another use to which it is put is in watering and cleansing the streets, and the quantity required can also be very easily determined on. The next consideration is the purity of the water. Rain-water in its natural condition is the purest, but in towns could hardly be utilized on account of the impurities it would gather up. The general sources are therefore lakes, streams, springs and wells, and the quality of the water will be very much effected by the formation of the rocks and soils through which these streams may pass, and when there is more than one source of supply they should be carefully examined so as to judge which may be the best.

T. DRUMMOND (2nd year).

HILLSIDE GLEANINGS.

There is nothing more depressing than a dull, lowering Sabbath day, when the skies seem ready to drop rain, and the effect upon one's mental faculties is equally sombre. In this frame of mind I entered the village church one October Sunday, and listened to a sermon on what I should call the penance of giving. And the refrain was only "give," "give," and your reward shall be in heaven. I wondered as I listened why money was thus placed so high, why so much stress was put upon it as the one gift required. So many people have a diversity of gifts to use in the Master's service, and yet these are not taken into consideration. Then, when giving was called charity, I remembered the verse which says—"though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor and have not charity"—so it is not all gold and silver that is required in the Book of Books. Do not misjudge me. I believe in free giving for every benevolent

object and church need, but I despise the *bribe* held out sometimes from the pulpit to coerce people into opening their pocket-books. It savors too much of the teaching of that large body of worshippers we are trying to evangelize, when we are told to give all our worldly goods for the benefit of the Church, and *thereby* secure a reward in heaven. I thought of the thousands of families in city and country, who deny themselves pleasures and luxuries, to give their time and money to the cause of Christ, and the many ways in which they aid the Church, of those who sing at concerts called for, and attend to bazaars, of the children who send to the missionary societies their few hoarded pence, and the hard-working farmer who, perhaps, overwhelmed with a mortgage, or a bequeathed debt, struggles to give his pittance to the good cause, and I wondered if the minister from his elevated position understood these things. A dreary, drizzling rain overshadowed the Hillside, the autumn flowers were drenched; there were no happy birds to sing, all nature seemed wrapped in gloom, but as a help to my thoughts I gleaned from the Book that "in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and of earth, and some to honor, and some to dishonor." A. L. J.

WITTICISMS.

Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
To relish a joke, and rejoice in a pun.—GOLDSMITH.

The best time on record—lunch time.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

Heaven gave women tongues to ask questions with, and eyes to give answers with.

A bachelor merchant's advice in selecting a wife: "Get hold of a piece of calico that will wash."

A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, five dollars."

A Frenchman was recently heard to remark of a Senior: "There stands Mr. B. wrapt in the originality of his own conceptions."—*Argosy*.

TRUTH:—

"When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire;
Ha! how soon they all are silent, thus Truth silences the liar."

"Suppose I should work myself up to the interrogation point?" said a beau to his sweetheart. "I should respond with an exclamation," was the reply.

Professor to late student: "You, gentlemen, should come in a body and not be straggling in in this way." Thoughtful student: "I did come in in the body, sir."—*Argosy*.

Jeannette: "Ma, are you going to give me another piece of pie?" Ma: "What do you want to know for?" Jeannette: "Because, if you ain't, I want to eat this piece slowly."

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—Gent (literary conversation): "After all, I prefer the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'" Lady: "Dear me, you surprise me. I never read religious books."

Square umbrellas are reported as the latest things in Paris. That's nothing. We have been using square umbrellas a long time. At least, they are never round—when wanted.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Mrs. A.: "Now, Mrs. B., will you come and see our apiary?" Mrs. B. (who has been putting it off all the afternoon): "Well, Mrs. A., the thing is, you know, I'm—rather afraid of monkeys."

"There are seventeen sculptors and painters from the United States now residing in Rome," read Mrs. Bemis from the newspaper. "H'm!" grunted Mr. Bemis. "No wonder I couldn't get a painter to whitewash that shed."

A commander was inspecting an English yeomanry regiment on outpost duty. "What are you doing here, my man?" he asked a vidette. "Makin' a fule o' mysel', sir." "How so?" "Why, I should be at hame, carryin' hay."

Sophomore (shouting from lower floor): "What fellow do those feet, at the top of the stairs, belong to?" Professor (from top of stairs): "Gentlemen, have you forgotten the rules about noises in the halls during recitation hours?"

"Sam," observed the magistrate, "have you hooked any chickens and geese lately?" "No, sah!" replied Sam, promptly. But when he got home he threw down a bundle and remarked; "Ef he'd a-said duck, Dinah, he'd a-had me."

At a young ladies' seminary, a few days since, during an examination in history, one of the not most promising pupils was interrogated:—"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the prompt reply; "he was excommunicated by a bull!"

By a PARAGRAPHIST.—"Par" writing is, *par excellence*, par-t and par-cel of a journalist's qualification. Always judge him by his "par" excellence. If he can't write a "par" don't par-se his work, but send him home to his mar and his par. A "par" here and there is the editor's par-adise. The French translate here and there, as *par ici et par la*. That shows what they think about it *à Par-is*. But we must not translate a "blue" par as *par bleu*.—*Old Parr*.

Lines addressed to Sir John Bowring (the celebrated linguist) by Thomas Hood:—

To BOWRING, man of many tongues,
All over tongues, like rumour,
This tributary verse belongs,
To suit his learned humour.

Strange tongues, whate'er men may them call:
In short, the man is able
To tell you "What's o'clock" in all
The *dialects* of Babel.

All kinds of gabs he knows, I wis,
Servian, Slavonian, Scottish,
As fluent as a parrot is
But far more *Polly-glottish*.

He talks them all with equal ease,
The German and the Spanish,
The Magyar, Polish, Portuguese,
Bohemian, Tuscan, Spanish.

No language too obscure he meets,
However dark and verby,
He gabbles Greek about the streets,
And often "*Rus(s) in urbe*."

Try him with these and twenty such,
His skill will not diminish,
Although you should begin with Dutch,
And end like me with *Finn-ish*.

The following pithy lines were especially applicable to the sermons of the seventeenth century:—

“Some take a text sublime and fraught with sense,
But quickly fall into impertinence.
On trifles eloquent with great delight
They flourish out on some strange mystic rite;
But to subdue the passions, or direct,
And all life's moral duties, they neglect.
Most preachers err, except the wiser few,
Thinking established doctrines, therefore, true.
Others, too fond of novelty and schemes,
Amuse the world with airy, idle dreams.
Thus too much faith or too presuming wit
Are rocks where bigots or freethinkers split.
'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
To make us feel it *you* must feel it too,
Show yourself warm, and that will warmth impart
To every hearer's sympathising heart.”

THE LARGE-SOULED WOMAN.

Large-souled is an epithet for whose discovery the English language is indebted to George Eliot, and which, though applicable on occasions to men, is principally used to define a new species of the feminine character. Every portion of humanity has at different epochs of the world's history received its own especial deification—the body in time of the Greeks and Romans, the mind amongst the metaphysicians of the eighteenth century, and the heart in the romantic German school. The present fashion is to extol the soul, a kind of mystical combination of intellect, brain, heart, and sometimes even body, which constitutes a large-souled person. We have the affinities of the soul, the friendships of the soul, the passions of the soul, the longings of the soul. At the feast of reason the soul is served up in many various forms: it is introduced into the soup; it is minced up in the *entrées*; it is presented, whole and well flavoured, as a *pièce de résistance*; it is produced as a frothy compound of surfeit sweetness for dessert. The soul is like those mysterious essences affected by the sorcerers of old, which were compressed into the very smallest vial; but when once the cork was removed, they swelled and swelled until a good-sized room was insufficient to contain them. It is intangible and undefinable, and yet it is very real. Some people have so diminutive a portion of soul that it will scarcely suffice for the ordinary necessities of life; while others overflow with soul to such an extent that they must needs give out of their abundance to their poorer neighbours. The first are the grovelling ordinary members of society, the latter the large-souled creatures. Amongst the initiated there is much jargon used. For instance, American poets are apt to say, ‘I care not for your face, the touch of your hand is nothing to me; but let me know your inner self, let me see your naked soul.’

The large-souled woman in her perfection has big melancholy questioning eyes that seem to read your most hidden thoughts; she has a soft sad voice, and would have been christened in French romances the *femme incomprise*. She is that, but she is something more. Her soul is so large that, though it may have a few small pulsations for husband and children, it beats with a mighty throb of love for all mankind. The regeneration of the universe is her regard for stitches in time, the purity of collars and cuffs, or the absence of hair-pins. She will lash herself into enthusiasm about the tragedies of life, the sufferings of other large-souled women, or the abominable tyranny of the laws of conventionality. The large-souled woman is a religion to herself. She is not tied down by doctrines of parsons; her revelation is the desire of her soul, and her creed that right is might. She lays down the broad lines of good and evil as her soul inspires her, and dashes in the details with sweeping and eccentric splashes of colour. She is always on the look-out for congenial beings, and she is cosmopolitan in her tastes. They need not all be young, or pretty, or bright, or rich, or learned, but they *must* be large-souled. They must have no prejudices of caste, or nation, or rank, or religion, or taste. She is staunch and loyal to the friends of her choice, though occasionally strangely indifferent to the wishes and requirements of those who, by the harsh freak of Nature, are her relations, her dependents, or a portion of her daily environment. She does not mind originality, and will occasionally do startling things for the pleasure of seeing the public stare. She will drive in her carriage with a beggar in rags; or ask queer unkempt men with long hair and dirty nails to dinner; or seat black chiefs, flaring with diamonds and arrayed in a Joseph's coat of many colours, in the front of her opera-box; or she will be seen at surgical lectures, or in the Jewish synagogue, or in a reformatory for fallen women; or she will lecture at a working man's club, or adopt orphans picked from the gutter. She is never unwomanly, though doing all manner of things apparently likely to unsex her. She will explain that all her actions are intended for the culture of her soul. She must read passionate poetry. She must be surrounded by art and luxury to content the longings of her soul. She must taste the delights of love, or her soul will sicken and pine.

The soul appears to be a troublesome if unknown quantity: it is omnivorous and insatiable; it has longings and burnings and yearnings and thirsts that must be quenched, and needs that must be satisfied, and droopings that must be raised, and troubles that must be comforted. And all these sensations and requirements are not lightly to be gratified; only the initiated can understand them; sometimes, it may be, a lifetime must elapse before the large-souled woman finds her element. Husbands, brothers, sisters, or parents constantly misinterpret and ignore her; but she is secure, like the lady in Charles de Bernard's pretty story, that somewhere in some land her kindred soul is gazing upon the identical star on which she looks with the same unfulfilled yearning of the soul. Recondite psychological questions especially fill her mind; the strange vagaries, ‘*où l'amour va se nicher*,’ delight her leisure moments; she is never happier than when reading or listening to some story of a soul that, casting off the trammels of etiquette and the bonds of ordinary law, shone

sublime in its brilliancy of affection and self-sacrifice. Those whom the world calls sinners she calls victims; the acts which society reprobates she extols. For what is society? A collection of ill-natured, canting, jealous creatures, who cannot enjoy themselves, and want no one else to do so. A full life,—a life of emotion, of experience, of sorrow even, but a life that is not even and rippleless like the calm surface of a Dutch canal,—such is the code of the large-souled woman. She agrees with this epigram on a fine old man: ‘A fine old man! If his head or his heart had been worth anything, they would have worn him out long ago.’

The remarkable French women of the eighteenth century, Madame Geoffrin, Madame Du Deffand, Ninon de Lenclos, were without prejudices, but they were also without sympathies. Excepting in their own particular sphere, they did not concern themselves much about the hopes and aspirations of others. The ‘*peuple*’ was the ‘people,’ nothing more. *Vox populi, vox Dei*, is purely an outcome of revolutionary principles. The large-souled woman is correct, in a measure. She takes a larger, a wider, a noble view of life and its duties. The great doctrine of universal brotherhood has its pythonesses, but their utterances, like those of the oracle at Delphi, are usually capable of several interpretations. Only so far as we sympathise can we understand. *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner*. The large-souled woman rightly believes that sympathy is the great motive-power of civilisation. It is this conviction which produces men and women like Elizabeth Fry, John Howard, or Florence Nightingale. The most painstaking benevolence unaccompanied by sympathy will leave the criminal hard, the prodigal unreclaimed, the barbarian rude. But the large-souled woman forgets in her admiration for this universal sympathy that she is worshipping the power of doing, and not the deed. She has erected her soul, this thermometer of good works, into a fetish, and like all idols it has proved itself of clay. In her extreme culture of the soul, which is a *means*, the flowering of the redemption of humanity, which is the *end*, becomes forgotten. The large-souled woman is so full of herself, of her needs, of her eclecticism, of her ambitions, that the good of mankind, and especially the happiness of her own little belongings, are repeatedly ignored. She may be loved and lovable, clever and well-meaning; but she constantly defeats her own aims, and forces her friends to long, like Dr. Johnson, that the possession of a large soul were not only difficult, but impossible. Vices and virtues, when carried to excess, so closely resemble each other that a very little exaggeration will convert large hearts into narrow minds. It is this which causes the large-souled woman so often to appear, in the eyes of the world, when she is not mischievous, at least absurd.—*The World*.

WHY DO PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH?

A Discourse by the Rev. A. J. Bray at Zion Church, Montreal, October 13, 1878.

I am to speak to-night on the question, “Why do people go to church?” It is a most important question, and I want to treat it in all seriousness.

The civilised community the world over is divided into church-goers and non-church-goers. It would not be fair and just to say that the dividing line decides also between the religious and the irreligious, for that is quite a different thing. There are many men and women of profound piety who do not go to church; and there are those who attend church with great regularity whose piety, or even morals, no one would go bond for.

Church-goers are composed, speaking generally, of the more respectable portion of the community—that is, the middle class; for it is evident that as a rule the very poor and the very rich, the very ignorant and the very cultured, do not go to church at all. The church flourishes best in the temperate zone; at either pole her influence is not great. Why this is so I shall leave for more careful enquiry next Sunday night. To-night I want to analyse and classify the multitudes who go, and give what I apprehend is the reason or motive.

And first of all I would mark off those who go from mere curiosity. When I have been travelling in countries almost wholly Roman Catholic, I have gone to church on the Sunday invariably; and I have gone from no hunger of soul, from no desire for communion through the service, but just to hear the fine music and see the way in which things were done. And there are hosts of church-goers who are impelled by no other conscious motive. It is a cheap entertainment, costing as a rule the smallest coin the law of the realm will allow to be minted, and it need not cost even that. They can have a good cushioned seat, hear fairly good music, and a discourse of intellectual or rhetorical merit; they demand all those things—a good seat, not in the gallery, but downstairs where they can see well and hear well, and then they are willing to listen to good music and a good sermon. They are not very critical generally, the effort is too great for them; but after it is over they dash off a judgment in a masterful sort of way. They patronise the music, they patronise the minister, and when in gracious mood they will condescend to patronise Providence Himself. They never think of the infinite meaning that lies in the service; they never look for light to shine from the preacher's words; they never allow their reason to follow his reasoning, or their fancy to catch the fire of his imagination, or the heart to receive a pure emotion, or the soul to bend and sway before his eloquence as corn in the summer wind; but they look and listen as they would to a play, judging the preacher by the same rules as they would judge an actor. They say, “He has reasoned well,” but they are not convinced; or, “He is in earnest,” but they have not come within the circle of the radiating heat of the preacher's heart. A few of those I am describing will consent to use their intellectual powers; they are flattered with the preacher's compliment to their reasoning force, and they will follow him in his arguments, watch him with approval as he skilfully works his way from premiss to conclusion; but the great majority of them prefer to enjoy the pleasure of imagination. It is easier, it is more real while it lasts, and the sooner forgotten. If theatres and places of general amusement were to be opened on Sundays, this class would largely be lost to the church, for the counter attraction would be too powerful. In Roman Catholic countries they know this, and only ask the people to attend church in the morning—the theatres and gardens and museums are opened in the evening. In Protestant countries they know this, but meet the dangerous

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rivalry in another way—they close all but the churches all the day. In order to meet the lack of extraordinary, or even good, preachers to attract that class, the church in many places has organised a gorgeous ritual; that is, believing that ecclesiasticism is a business, just like anything else, and that people must be tempted to it by an appeal to the senses, they have gilded the gold and tinselled over the silver, and tickled the prurient fancy—that is all. That is all, at least, that we can see, but not all that we may hope for. I am not of those who loudly condemn the class of church-goers I have been describing. It is better to be impelled by curiosity than to have no motive that can move the soul that way; better to employ the imagination a little than let all the nature sleep—for the fancy is an avenue to the mind and to the heart, and some new sleep—some new desire, may rush from the circle to the centre of the being thought, and change the man. Men come here, and go there, attracted by the preacher's power of reason, or skill in the use of words, or grace of gesture, or by an imposing ceremony in which they are invited to join: And you say, "What is the good?" they do not reason with the purpose of finding facts of life and peace; they do not put themselves in the line of the preacher's thought, or under the influence of the divine holiness: they wear the cross of Christ as an ornament intellectually and morally; what is the good?" Well, here is the good, I take it: most of the impressions we receive for good or for evil we receive unconsciously. The wind brings seed floating from a far off continent, which drops noiselessly into the soil of life; the soil is dry, hard, baked by the sun; but one day the plough of affliction drives its shear through the soil, ripping it up; and the clouds gather blackness, and the storm thunders down, and the seed sprouts, and spring-time has come for the man. There was great sensation in Judea at one time; a surprise was sprung on the people. A man who dared to defy the conventional—had lived his own life in the desert and come out to speak his own thought of life and peace. A nine days' wonder, said some, let us go; a reed shaken by the wind, that is all. A man clothed in soft raiment, perhaps, said others, let us pay respect to the dwellers in kings' houses. And they went and found—a reed? no; a dweller in kings' houses? no; but a man, a prophet—aye, more than a prophet, a preacher of repentance and truth. You go to church from curiosity—to be entertained—to be pleased, because there is nothing more interesting at hand. Ah, you look abroad upon the face of nature by day, or up at the stars at night, from curiosity; you read a book to be entertained; you seek a friendship or a love to be interested; and some day the eyes of the Lord will look back at you from the face of the earth, or from the stars that glance in the blue depths of heaven: or a voice will come from the book you are reading which will wake the echoes in every chamber of your soul; or the love of earth will tell you it is only a hint of the love which is heavenly and divine. What to-day you call curiosity, will perhaps by and by deepen into actual hunger and thirst, and rise up in prayer to God, bringing peace as the answer.

But I pass on to notice a still more numerous class of church-goers—those who go from education and habit. The story of the world's life is a history of progress. Some portion of what we possess we inherit—and some portion of it is new—that is, we have created it. Every succeeding age is a new stage in the process of development—at one time a hatchet of stone was man's best tool for industry—we have outlived and outgrown these things, steel taking the place of stone. It is so with all things. The highway of history is marked by works abandoned—tools that have served out their time are disbanded, because superseded. Our fathers once fed on acorns and beechnuts—but we feed on bread. So feelings, thoughts, and actions develop, and forms of institutions, arts, laws, sciences must put on new phases to adapt themselves to the new condition of things. A machine is a contrivance of thought organized in matter—an institution is a contrivance of thought organized in man. New, and better thought will demand better machines, and better institutions. At one time the polygamous family of the savage, which was ruled not by mutual love, but by despotic force, was the best domestic institution of mankind—now we have "home," with its beauty and peace. At one time a military despotism was the best tool man had devised for political work—now we glory in a constitution which gives to man freedom and his own proper place. Commerce is the product of the industrial element in us—science is the product of the reflective element—home is the product of the love element—the nation is the result of a political instinct, and the Church is the product of the religious element in our nature. The Church is as natural as the home—as friendship, as patriotism. The religious element—call it the soul—begins its activity with emotions, mere feelings—these lead to thoughts, and they to actions: and so the Church gets formed—a human instrument, or machinery for expressing man's idea of God, and for the embodiment of His action of holiness.

Men and women born in a country are patriotic, because they are English, or Canadian, or American, and not because they have come to an intelligent conclusion as to the advantage of being English, or Canadian, or American. We own to the home and the family in which we were born, and to which we belong by ties of kinship. We have never stopped to consider as to whether the home was worth the loving, or the kin were worth the owning. And so, the many people have grown up in their allegiance to the Church. There is their altar where their fathers and their mothers plighted a sacred troth—there they offered sacrifice and bowed in prayer—from those teachings they got courage for the battle of life, and strength for the burden, and winged comfort in the hour of dying—and why should not they walk in the ways of their fathers? Now, life of that kind is a very dull thing, I grant you—it is a mere routine—a mere conventionalism—shines with no light—glows with no heat—and has small power of motion; it has no consciousness—no feeling, and no thought. And I believe that by far the greater portion of our church-goers go from no other reason. Just as naturally as they go to business through six days, do they go to church on the seventh. I have heard men say in Montreal that they always sleep during the service—yet—they are always there. Do they deceive themselves with the notion that they are religious, so long as they are in church? No—they have no care for that. Do they imagine that they act a pious fraud upon the Almighty? No—they never give the thing a thought. They go to church as they go to work in the morning—the service interests them far less than would an ordinary business transaction in the course of a day—they keep no profit and loss account for the affairs of the soul—have never thought of

summing up the value of the Sabbath and the service; the wheel of life is under the stream of time—it is quickened now and then by a fall of rain away in the uplands—on the seventh day the wheel is thrown out—the machinery is stopped—and that is all—inaction. The thought turned Godward? No. The will polarized by the graces of God—the soul open and the currents of heaven sweeping through—the eye turned up in gladness to the clear shining face? No; dullness—a dull mind, a dull heart, a dull conscience, a dull man; a body without a soul—an altar without a fire, or a sacrifice; a temple with no shekinah to flash through the folds of the curtains. They lie and cheat through the whole week, and go to church on the Sunday. Why not? What has the service to do with the life? They hear of a God, but it has no meaning for them—they hear of a heaven, it has no charm for them—they hear of hell and its terrors, it is nothing when put alongside of depression of trade, and depreciation of stock, and bankruptcy. They were educated to go to church, and they went—it has grown to be a habit, and they go. The Psalms they know—the portion of Scripture? of course it will come—to omit it would be a shock; the prayer of course—the usual platitudes going up a light cloud, coming down a thin pater of rain, just to cool the air and lay the dust in the streets; and the sermon? as dull as the cushion the preacher beats, and then—the preacher's benediction—and then—the duty is done. Dwellers on church soil—habitants—ecclesiastical habitants—that is all; there, not by intelligent choice, not by result of reason, not by affection, not by conviction, but by a habit, and nothing more.

But I pass on to notice a third class—the really earnest and sincere church-goers—the people who go for the good they can get—for the thoughts and feelings of religion. There are multitudes of men and women who believe in church-going as they believe in God—it is the expression of their religious convictions—the outward and visible proof of their piety. But I must divide them again, for they do not all think of religion in the same way. A portion—a large portion of them regard the church, the institution, not as a means of worship, but as the thing to be worshipped—not as a help to the thought, but as the object of contemplation—not as the body of which God is the living heart and the informing mind, but as the seat and centre of life. We accuse some Roman Catholics of worshipping the pictures which were at first intended merely as helps to the imagination and the memory—and doubtless the charge is true in many cases. And it is true that many of us worship the letter of the Bible instead of seeking the Spirit that shines from its pages; and it is true again that many of our sincere church-goers know of nothing—think of nothing beyond the institution—the machinery. They are the avowed enemies to all change—the machinery must work in the same way, or they will be troubled. They do not want individuality, distinct life, powerful personality, and they will not tolerate it in others. They want, in ecclesiastical matters, to reduce all men and women to one pattern—to level the landscape of church-going humanity to a dead plain. There must be nothing original in the theological language, nothing eccentric, nothing erratic. They do not object to progress, but movement must be smooth and ordinary. Originality is a rudeness and an insult. Now, I hold that these are the veritable adversaries to the church—all the more to be dreaded because of their earnestness and sincerity. They cannot see, or seeing will hate men of genius—because those men of genius cannot help being in conflict with the known and accredited methods of action. They shock the church—and the church doesn't know that nothing better could happen to it. And so the spirit of custom shadows the church, and genius if it were to enter would live but a little while. I have no desire to be hypercritical, but this I say without hesitation—the ecclesiastical life of this country is so dull, so humdrum, so conventional, that an original man could not be developed in it. I am sorry for the theological students of this country—they will have small opportunity for bringing out the man that is in them. Each denomination has its lines clearly defined—almost every pulpit is fenced round and guarded—and to be suspected of heresy is to be credited with a breach of almost all the decalogue.

They are sincere—oh, terribly sincere—those people. If they could only be induced to doubt their infallibility a little there would be hope for us—but they will not. Just as it was when Christ came to the world—men are bowed down to a multitude of fixed rules and maxims—they are hedged in on all sides. It is all arranged, how they are to live, and how they are to die, and where they shall go after death: how to pray and believe, and repent—a fine and finished conventionalism. And you know how it was when Christ came—entirely original—proclaiming new ideas—or at least, old truths in a new form; making thoughts universal which had been particular, overthrowing worn-out ceremonies; satirising and denouncing things grey with the dust of ages; letting in the light of truth into the chambers where the priests of the theology spun their webs to ensnare the free souls of men: You know how He refused to keep the Sabbath day—how He ate and drank—iniquity—with publicans and sinners—how He taught in a different way from the Scribes—how He declined to live the time-honoured and ascetic life of a prophet—how He dared speak against their priesthood, disturbed their maxims, and set at naught their customs—and the people were sincere lovers of their form of life and worship, and said, "Come, let us kill him." That would happen again. Do you think Canadian church-goers, who love and try so desperately to live by their forms and creeds, would tolerate a man who should be so absolutely careless and scornful of many of the very palladia of society as Christ was. A man who would denounce many of your cherished maxims, and live in opposition to your cherished rules—who would tear away the flimsy veil of words by which Christians excuse their corrupt practices in political and commercial life—what would you do with him? There is, I believe, a kind of reaction going on. Young souls are rebelling against your narrow creeds and stereotyped forms. There is hope in it, and there is danger; hope of change—freer thought—bolder expression—and greated life—but danger that the reaction may set in with a current so strong that many things old, but still dear and worthy of life, may be swept away and lost. But whatever may happen in the future, there is the fact in the present, that men and women go to church because they have faith in the forms—they repeat the creed, and believe it in a dull sort of way—they imagine that attendance at worship is worship—that to be at the service is to render service to God—that to listen to a prayer or to repeat a formula of prayer is to pray—that to recognise the institution is to recognise God. It is easy—it demands no effort of the will—no cleansing of the heart—no mighty uplifting of thought

—no clasping and clinging of faith—no struggle with passion and sin—no vehement crying for life. Obedience to the outward—to the conventional—that is all; and they crowd off to church, believing that God is the patron of their form of worship and their theological system. Forms and creeds differ as men, and times, and places differ; but each sect believes all the other sects wrong, and Jerusalem condemns Gerizim, and Gerizim mocks at Jerusalem, and bigotry and uncharitableness prevail.

But there is yet another class of church-goers, of whom I delight to think and speak. I mean the men and women who go for some quickened thought or emotion of God—to whom the form is but a crutch, or a stick, in the hand of the soul to help it in climbing the mountain of holiness—to whom the creed is but an effort of the mind to give expression to its great and swelling thoughts of God and Christ, and human duty and destiny—the men who believe that Christ, and not the preacher, is the true minister of the sanctuary—and who know that though there may be a great deal preached in which they cannot recognise the voice of God, and though the forms be administered by hands that seem to be impure, yet they can derive profit from a halting speaker, and strength from a dull prayer. There are such—men and women in our churches of great and honest hearts—who have taken religion as a thing to live by and to die with—who are honestly striving to be honest; to think right, and speak right, and do right. But they find it hard—sometimes impossible. In all their works, and in themselves they find a perplexing antithesis—conflicting things as ideas, and desires working outward and appearing as sinful conduct. They would do good—but evil is present with them—in their desires and appetites—flaming out as passions. They would have and exercise charity—but there is selfishness, a great dominant force in all their nature, and hurrying them into the conflicts of commerce or politics. They would do what is just—but false maxims and false men press upon them, and it seems as if they too must be false—or give up and die. I know men in political work who long with a fervent longing to do great and good work in a clean way—but how can they with howling, hounding, degenerate parties behind them. I know men in commercial life who desire passionately to act with absolute justice toward all men, to maintain a just balance and make figures speak truth—but what can they do against the full sweeping tide of fraud and black deceit? what can they do with wife and family dependent upon them? I know people who not only admire purity, but love it, and crave to have it shining in all their thought and speech and conduct—but fierce and strong passions heave and burn and thunder in them—and inward desire can so easily command outward circumstance that they are conquered again and again; and they come here—or go elsewhere, and turn up white, mute faces to the preachers that say—“Brother, can you help us? Can you give us some thought of God that shall save us from despair? Can you give us hope that will shine as a star in this black and chilly night? Can you inspire us with patience and strength? We hope you are not tempted as we are—we hope you are stronger—we somehow think you have found more of God than we can yet find. Speak, brother, a word of truth and of love. Pray, that we may feel God in our heart, and be sure that He will bless our lives.” Yes; that is why some people go to church. They use the form—the ritual, the creed to help them in their endeavour to worship God in spirit and in truth: upon the wings of psalm or sermon, or prayer, they mount aloft to the throne of God's eternal power.

And now, friends, I have said my say,—what is your answer? How do you classify yourselves? I have not wasted my time and yours in talking of those who go to church to be seen, or to see; nor of those who find it a convenient rendezvous; for these things would apply to but a few. But are you only the curious, attracted by the preacher or the service, and driven by your desire for an entertainment. Or, broadening the circle: Are you in quest of an answer to some of the great problems of life? Are you puzzled to know whether nature or your reasoning is out of gear? Or, are you simply led by a blind habit, or a reverence for creeds and forms? Or, are you conscious of your soul, and God, and sin, and Christ and salvation—earnest in the desire to be good and true by living a life of faith on Christ the Son of God? Are you among those who have grasped the meaning of life, and heaven and hell? What is the Church doing for you? What are you doing with the Church? Has it any vital influence upon your thought, your feeling, your conduct? Classify yourselves. Are you only curious and frivolous, or only formal—yielding obedience to habit and custom? or are you grandly in earnest, using the Church to build up your life? Which?

THE POPES.

(112.) MARTIN II., 882-884, a native of France, was next elected. He condemned the action of his predecessor with regard to the patriarchate, and declared Photius to be deposed. In compliance with a request from Alfred the Great, King of England, he conferred upon the English College at Rome the privilege of freedom from taxation. Martin died after a short term of office.

(113.) ADRIAN III., 884-885.—This Pope ordered the *Filioque* clause to be replaced in the creed, and to be read in the office of the church. Hearing of this, the Patriarch of Constantinople wrote a letter denouncing the clause, and condemning those who had adopted it. The Pope decreed that in future the Bishops of Rome should be consecrated to the pontificate without waiting for the Emperor's sanction. Italy was now in the greatest disorder, having no settled government; the country being ravaged and overrun by the armies of several pretenders to the crown. From this time also the Eastern Churches became entirely separated from the Roman Church, owing mainly to the dispute about the *Filioque*.

(114.) STEPHEN VI., 885-889, succeeded to the Papal See at the time when there was a great famine in the city. Finding the Church's treasury quite exhausted, he generously devoted the whole of his property to the relief of the poor. He exerted himself to the utmost in the endeavour to obtain a peaceful settlement of the troubles which were now distracting Europe.

(115.) FORMOSUS I., 891-896.—Acting on instructions from the newly-elected Pope, the Archbishop of Rheims crowned Charles (surnamed The Simple) as King of France. Arnoul, King of Germany, displeased at this,

marched against Rome and took possession of the city; where he then received the crown of Italy at the hands of the Pope. Formosus died shortly after at the age of eighty.—[The election which followed resulted in the choice of a candidate named Boniface, who according to some writers had been previously deposed from the priesthood. He lived but fifteen days after. His death is said to have been caused by the gout. He is not generally ranked among the Popes.]

(116.) STEPHEN VII., 897-900.—The records of this period of anarchy are very untrustworthy. But historians narrate that the bishop elected as successor to Formosus caused the body of that Pope to be exhumed and then set up in scorn in St. Peter's Church, afterwards causing it to be thrown into the river. All ordinations conferred by Formosus he declared to be null. At length the people arose in insurrection and cast him into prison, loading him with heavy chains; and there he soon perished miserably by being strangled.

(117.) ROMANUS I., 900, was then elected. His first step was to annul the acts of his predecessor against the memory of Formosus. At this time the Church of Rome was a prey to the utmost disorder and irregularity. Romanus only held possession of the See for four months.

(118.) THEODORE II., 900.—This Pontiff endeavoured to bring about union in the Church by recalling the bishops deposed by previous Popes. But he held office only twenty days.

(119.) JOHN IX., 900-905.—A Council was now called at Rome to consider the state of the Church. This Council drew up twelve Articles for the regulation of ecclesiastical matters; one of which records that the bishops “reject absolutely the Council held under Pope Stephen VII., when the venerable body of Pope Formosus was drawn from its grave and dragged on the ground to a pretended judgment.” The Council further enacted that “henceforth the Pope shall be elected in the Assembly of the Bishops and of all the clergy, on the demand of the Senate and of the people, and shall afterwards be consecrated in the presence of the envoys of the Emperor.”

(120.) BENEDICT IV., 905.—Nothing of special note occurred during this Pontificate. About this time Edgar, King of England, in a speech addressed to the bishops of that country, drew their attention to the fearful corruptions which had sprung up in the Church.

(121.) LEO V., 906.—Shortly after the election of Leo, a priest named Christofle succeeded in causing his deposition. Leo was cast into prison, and soon died.

(122.) CHRISTOFLE, 906.—This priest then usurped the pontifical authority. But before many days had passed, another priest named Sergius obtained control of the city and Christofle shared the fate of his predecessors.

(123.) SERGIUS III., 907-910.—Through the influence of his powerful relative, the Marquis of Tuscany, Sergius was then elected to the Papacy. He denounced his four predecessors as usurpers, and caused the remains of Stephen VII. to be honourably re-interred. The government of Rome was now delegated by the Marquis of Tuscany to a woman of abandoned character, named Theodora, under whose rule the city became the scene of the grossest immorality.

(124.) ANASTASIUS III., 910-912.—The principal event of this Pontificate was the appeal of Nicholas, Patriarch of Constantinople, who wrote to the Pope complaining of the calumnies which had been circulated against him by Papal legates, and requesting that they should be punished.

(125.) LADON, 912.—Little is recorded of this Pope, beyond the fact that he succeeded in mediating between the rival claimants to the Italian crown, and thus prevented a threatened civil war.

(126.) JOHN X., 912-928, had previously been Archbishop of Ravenna. The Saracens again advanced upon Rome, but were defeated by the Papal troops. In the year 925, the Archbishop of Rheims being dead, a coalition was formed in France which compelled the clergy and people to elect Hugh, son of Count Hebert, a lad only five years of age. This election was subsequently confirmed by the Bishops and the King, and finally approved by the Pope. The Count of Arles now assumed the government of Italy, his brother Guy remaining in command at Rome. The wife of the latter became possessed with a violent aversion to the Pope, and caused him to be arrested in the church of the Lateran, whence he was conveyed to prison, dying soon after.

(127.) LEO VI., 928, was then elected. During his brief Pontificate of a few months he strenuously endeavoured to restore peace both in Church and State.

(128.) STEPHEN VIII., 929-931.—Nothing whatever is known of the events of this period, beyond the general testimony of historians to the mild and pious disposition manifested by this Pope.

(129.) JOHN XI., 931-936, was a reputed son of Pope Sergius III., his mother afterwards becoming wife to Guy, Marquis of Tuscany. He was elected and ordained, through the influence of his mother, at the age of twenty-five; but does not appear to have exercised any authority in ecclesiastical matters. An insurrection soon broke out in Rome, and the Pope was imprisoned, with his mother, dying in captivity.

(130.) LEO VII., 926-939, was elected against his will, but at length accepted office. Being very desirous to restore peace in Italy, he sent for Odo, Abbot of the Cluny Monastery in France, to act as mediator between the contending claimants for the throne of Italy, who succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the two chief opponents.

(131.) STEPHEN IX., 940-943, was a German, and obtained election through the influence of Hugh, the newly-proclaimed King of Italy. His election caused a fresh outbreak on the part of Hugh's opponents; and ultimately Odo was again appealed to to restore peace. Stephen held office a little over three years.

(132.) MARTIN III., 943-946.—This Pope was strongly attached to the monastic life, and during the three years of his Pontificate he applied himself solely to the duties of religion.

(133.) AGAPET III., 946-956.—The only event of importance during this term was the calling of a Council of Bishops at Ingelheim, by Otho, Emperor of Germany, at which Papal legates were present and many irregularities which had crept into the churches of that country were reformed.

(134.) JOHN XII., 956-963.—This was the son of one of the claimants of the Italian throne. He held the command of Rome, and assumed the

Pontifical authority, though only eighteen years old. Cardinal Baronius, the celebrated Church historian, refuses him the title of legitimate Pope, but says that notwithstanding his corrupt morals he was still revered as the successor of St. Peter. The Church of Constantinople was at this time a prey to equal disorders, its Patriarch being a lad of sixteen, devoted to the chase and other pleasures, and selling bishoprics to the highest bidder. Great disturbances again broke out in Italy. The Pope put himself at the head of the Roman troops and endeavoured to restore order, but was at length compelled to appeal to the German Emperor. Otho thereupon brought his army into Italy and vanquished the insurgents, and then visited Rome, where he was received by the Pope with great honour, and crowned King of Italy. He then confirmed to the Pope the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne, reserving to himself only the rights of the supreme monarchy. Nevertheless, after the departure of the Emperor, the Pope favoured a sedition raised by Prince Adalbert against the imperial authority. Otho thereupon returned to Rome in the year 963, and the Pope took to flight. The Italian and German bishops then prevailed upon the Emperor to call a Council; at which the Cardinals brought charges against the Pope of horrible immoralities. The Pope was cited to appear, but replied by a letter excommunicating the entire Council. The Council then wrote to him again, urging him to appear before them and offer his defence, adding: "If you come to the Council to justify yourself we will defer to your authority; but if you refuse to come without having some hindrance or legitimate excuse, we shall despise your excommunication and return it upon yourself. Judas had received with the other Apostles the power to bind and to unloose; but after his crime he could bind only himself." This letter was sent to the place from which the Pope had written; but before its arrival he had disappeared, and no information could be obtained as to his place of concealment.

(135.) LEO VIII., 963-964.—The Council then unanimously chose a Roman priest by the name of Leo, who was approved by the Emperor, and at once received consecration at the hands of the Cardinals. The Emperor remained in Rome until the Christmas of 963, having previously sent away the greater part of his army. A sedition was raised among the citizens, who had become jealous of the Emperor's authority. On the 2nd January, 964, the people rushed to arms and attacked the imperial guard. Otho at once put himself at the head of his guard, and drove back the citizens, slaughtering an immense number of them. He then left the city and rejoined his army.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ARRANGING FLOWERS.—Of all decorations which a house can have, flowers are the most beautiful, but much of their effect depends upon the manner in which they are arranged, and even the colour of the vase is of importance. Bright reds and blues, for instance, should never be selected, for they do not harmonize with the delicate hues of the flowers. Bronze or black vases, dark green, pure white, or silver, always produce a good effect, and so does a straw basket; while clear glass, which shows the graceful interwindings of the stems, is the most desirable of all, in my opinion. Delicate flowers, such as lilies of the valley, sweet peas and forget-me-nots, should be placed by themselves, in slender, tapering glasses. Violets should nestle their fragrant petals in a tiny china vase, and the bright-faced pansies should be arranged in flat, open dishes, and mixed with geranium leaves, which is also the only way to arrange double balsams. Flowers should never be overcrowded: a monstrous bunch made up of all the flowers that the garden could furnish, can never be elegant. If you desire to make an arrangement of many varieties, take care not to mingle hues which will surely destroy each other. Scarlets and pinks will not show well side by side with blues and purples, and light lilacs and yellows do not heighten each other's beauty, but white and green should always divide them. If your vase or dish is a very large one, and will hold a great quantity of flowers, it is well to arrange it with an eye to divisions of colours, making each half or quarter harmonious in itself, and then blend the whole with lines of white flowers and green leaves, such as feathery ferns and any delicate, small, white flowers. But every group of mixed flowers should have a vivid touch of yellow to brighten it, yet it must be tastefully mingled. It will be good practice to experiment in this way: Arrange a vase of maroon, scarlet and white geraniums, mingled with their own foliage, and add a cluster of gold-coloured calceolaria, and see how it will light up the whole bouquet. And now, after these practical suggestions, I must indulge in a little sentiment, and beg you to cultivate your flowers with a tender love, and learn to associate them closely with joy and sorrow; then, as you grow older, you will find them most cheerful companions, and think no room well furnished that does not contain them, both in vase and plant-stand.

SUNFLOWERS AND MALAKIA.—This subject received some attention a few years ago, when a conversation between General Sherman and the correspondent of a London paper, respecting the pestilential marshes around Rome, was published. The General said: "We utilize such places and make them healthy; we just sow them with sunflower-seed—common sunflower—and that does it." My own experience points to the same conclusion. Taking up the cultivation of the sunflower a few years ago, my attention was forcibly drawn to the subject of its extensive cultivation having a marked beneficial effect on the surrounding atmosphere, by the fact that one season the village near which I resided was visited by a severe epidemic of scarlet fever and typhus; many children died—one in a cottage, where the whole family was prostrated at one time not a hundred yards from my own house. All my family escaped without a touch of sickness. I had at that time about sixty very large sunflower plants in my garden surrounding the house, many of them being twelve feet high. My personal experience of the efficiency of the cultivation of the sunflower as a preventive of miasmatic fever has been fully borne out by other and worthier authorities, of whom General Sherman is one. A land-owner on the banks of the Scheldt sowed the sunflower extensively on his property near the river, with such effect that there has not been a single case of miasmatic fever among his tenants for years although the disease continues to prevail in the neighborhood. The medical men in France, Italy, and Germany believe the cultivation of the

sunflower to be effectual in removing the sources of disease. It may not be generally known that the sunflower absorbs during its growth a vast quantity of impure gases; it feeds largely by its leaves, absorbs nitrogen more rapidly than any other plant, and will evaporate as much as a quart of water daily. I am convinced that the cultivation of this much neglected plant on a larger scale would not only be beneficial, but remunerative. The fibre can be used for making paper; the ripe seed is most useful as food for poultry, especially during the moulting season; from it a fine oil—second only to olive—is extracted; the leaves are much relished by rabbits, and the thick stems may be used as fuel.—*Letter to Exchange.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return those that are rejected.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

QUIEN SABE?

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I regret to find that the name of a minister of this city has been spoken of in connection with the authorship of the "Quien Sabe" papers. As you are aware, the responsibility begins and ends with the CANADIAN SPECTATOR office and its employés. I regret also that the paper on "Ministers' Wives" has given offence to several ladies; each of whom imagines the sketch intended for herself. The fact is that many of the sketches are English, and some of the circumstances twenty years old. Some of the portraits—notably that of "Dora"—are also composite; like the "Venus" of a great painter; one British lady who sat for part of it having been long deceased. The grotesque nomenclature and local colouring were added for effect; and to stimulate curiosity. The fact that there are different claimants for the same portrait shews that the resemblance is but fanciful.

QUIEN SABE?

"THE TORONTO PULPIT."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I am a reader of your paper, and am much impressed with the quality of the matter that appears in its columns. Three contributions on "the Toronto Pulpit," from the pen of a person signing himself "Quien Sabe," have recently appeared that have not a little excited my attention. Many of the ministers whom "Quien Sabe" has criticised I have frequently heard preach. But before I read his remarks I had never heard the Rev. Mr. Rainsford. Indeed, I had never seen the gentleman to know him. Although residing in Toronto during the time of his evangelistic services, my interest was never so much arrested as to feel a desire to hear him. I had heard of the success that had attended his work in London, Ontario, prior to his coming to Toronto, but even that did not cause me to think that his method of preaching had any attraction for me. It was not until I read what "Quien Sabe" had written on the subject that I felt a wish to hear Mr. Rainsford.

For the first time, then, I listened to Mr. Rainsford on Sunday the 6th instant, and last Sunday, the 13th instant, I heard him twice, and I have come to the conclusion that he is the ablest preacher that I have ever heard in the Toronto or any pulpit. It may be that I am not a competent judge, and that my knowledge of preachers is limited. That is a matter I do not wish to argue, for the most of my leisure time has been taken up in reading works that preachers are prone to denounce as being subversive of Christ and his Gospel. Buckley, Mill, Tyndall, Huxley and Herbert Spencer are never referred to in the Toronto pulpit, either directly or indirectly, that I have heard, but in terms of reproach and condemnation. I look upon these as honest men—men who have the courage of their opinions, and who are therefore worthy factors in the economy of God's providence in relation to humanity. The tendency of an acquaintance with the works of such writers is to divest the mind, at least, of bigotry. I can honestly confess that in my religion I am not sectarian, nor wedded by prejudice to the merits or demerits of any preacher whom I have heard. I judge Mr. Rainsford from an ordinary standard of intelligence. He is a young man of fine form and presence. There is action, and graceful action too, in every atom of the man's frame; that is, if I may be allowed to predicate of the atom from the action of the whole man. He is possessed largely of the stuff of which ability and greatness are made.

When first I heard his sermon was upon the invitation of Christ to His people to partake of the holy communion. The sermon was simplicity itself. There was nothing high-sounding nor laboured about it. He had no metaphysical subtleties with which to consume time and impress his hearers with his intellectual grasp. It was not a sermon that had first been committed to paper and afterwards to memory—none of that. But in simple and earnest words, eloquent with sympathy, he conveyed the Divine invitation.

However, that was not sufficient evidence for me that "Quien Sabe" had overstepped the bounds of just criticism in regard to Mr. Rainsford. I must hear him again, and a third time. I heard him on the afternoon of the 13th to a small congregation of about fifty persons. Such a number in St. James Cathedral was the next thing to a church of empty pews. Mr. Rainsford, however, preached with the zeal of a man whose soul was in his work. From the congregation that came to hear him in the evening it was evident that few knew that he would preach in the afternoon. He preaches extempore. His language is vigorous and exact—his intonation and inflection are pleasing, and his illustrations are in accord with science or in harmony with God's truths that are not found in the Bible. For example, he spoke of the wonderful piece of mechanism (in his sermon on Sunday evening) by which a steamer is propelled across the Atlantic with its freight of souls that would suffice for the population of a small town. The exact relation of parts in the engine, and the conse-

quences if any part or bearing failed in the duty it had to perform. We are all more or less parts or bearings in God's system, and whether in the Church or in the State it is necessary that each be true in the performance of duty. Such was Mr. Rainsford's method of rebuking the sin of backsliding. There is reality in the man, and, having ability and sympathy in abundance, people are irresistibly attracted to hear him. I need not tell you what a power sympathy is in the world in reforming mankind. You know the estimate that Adam Smith put upon it, and you are aware of the value Herbert Spencer attaches to sympathy in the government of mankind.

I believe Mr. Rainsford preaches and acts it with sincerity, and therefore I like the man even though he may have faults in the matter of dress and the order of his hair. It is not the function of true criticism, as I gather it from Mathew Arnold, to present that which is only calculated to prejudice a man and impair his usefulness amongst his fellows. The finer the instrument the more sensitive it is. This is just as true of man as it is of a piece of mechanism. Most people like praise whether they deserve it or not. Ministers like praise. If they did not they would not be human. In this world of detraction and faultfinding, praise is grateful to human nature. In what "Quien Sabe" has said commendatory of the other ministers whom I have heard I cordially agree. They are large-hearted, sincere men, and not deficient in ability, because they wear prunella boots or indulge in some eccentricity of dress. Were I to affirm such a proposition I should feel that I did them an injustice, and that I exposed myself as an unworthy critic. None, I am sure, would deny the common heritage of faults. That is granted on all sides. But the duty of man to man is to enable or assist his brother to overcome his faults with a generous and sympathetic regard in the little daily occurrences of life. Invidious criticism is always harsh, and is not congenial to the development of a higher manhood. With no ill-will to "Quien Sabe," I am, &c., FRATER.

Toronto, October 14, 1878.

MUSICAL.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

That Montreal is advancing with rapid strides as regards music was apparent to anyone who attended the performance of the "Creation," by the Philharmonic Society, on Monday evening. In order fully to appreciate the great improvement that has taken place in a few years, it will be necessary to go back to the time when, the troops having ceased to occupy Canada, we were left to our own resources for instrumental performers; many of the principal vocalists also were connected with the army and, together with a large number of wealthy patrons of the art, were lost to Montreal. About this time Mr. George Carter organized the "Musical Union," which gave occasional concerts in the Synod Hall, and numbered about 25 members. The concerts consisted chiefly of ballads and part songs; although at times such works as the "The May Queen" and "St. Cecilia" were given, the accompaniment being played by Mr. Carter on the piano. The "Mendelssohn Choir" was then in embryo, and met for practice at Mr. Gould's piano warerooms, where concerts were occasionally given. These concerts, like those of the "Musical Union," consisted chiefly of unaccompanied part songs, and the simpler choruses from the oratorios; complete works being, so far as we know, never attempted. This choir has gradually increased in membership and usefulness, and is still in active operation.

A few years ago Mr. Fowler, who had been conductor of the "Oratorio Society" at the time of military occupation, made a laudable effort to form a new society on a similar plan. He succeeded in performing the "Creation" (or parts of it) two or three times, the solos being taken by members of the choir, which numbered about 30 voices. The piano accompaniment was strengthened with a few orchestral instruments, but many of the most beautiful, such as oboe, bassoon, and horn, were not available.

The Philharmonic Society was organized in the autumn of last year, being now scarcely a year in existence. The concert on Monday evening was the first of the present season, and was anxiously looked forward to by musical amateurs to see whether the Philharmonic was growing in efficiency, year by year, or, like many other Societies, was, after a brief existence, to sink into mediocrity or die out altogether. The fact, too, that their ears had been tortured for so many years with what was called "Haydn's Creation," made many anxious to hear it properly performed with *artists* as soloists, in order to ascertain if the report were true that it is really a grand musical composition. Whether from curiosity, or from admiration of the Society, an immense audience assembled at the Rink; and, judging from the plaudits with which the singers were received, those present were greatly delighted with the performance.

Mrs. Osgood sang with great taste throughout, and received very great applause, particularly for her magnificent rendering of "On Mighty Pens," which seemed to suit her voice admirably. Mr. Stanley sang his first recitation in good style, also the accompanied recitation, "In Splendor Bright," but with the remaining pieces he did not seem quite familiar. We must except, however, "In Rosy Mantle," which was artistically sung and well played by the orchestra. In the bass solos Mr. Whitney displayed his fine voice to advantage, his singing throughout the entire work marking him as an artist of the highest order. "Rolling in Foaming Billows" was splendidly sung, and made a great impression on the audience.

Most of the concerted pieces went well, the chorus parts being particularly fine. "The Marvellous Work" could not possibly have gone better; the oboe obligato was beautifully played, and soloist, choir and orchestra kept well together. Another excellent performance was "The Lord is Great"; both soloists and choir kept well together, and received great applause at the close. We cannot say as much for "On These Each Living Soul Awaits"; with the exception of Mr. Whitney's solo passage, it was very poorly sung, being the weakest number of the whole work. Mrs. Osgood hurried the time perceptibly and so bewildered the tenor that, had a less skilful basso than Mr. Whitney been associated with them, it would inevitably have broken down. The orchestra were perfectly bewildered as to whom they were to follow, but towards the close they effected a compromise and ended fairly together. We know how hard it

is, however, to perform concerted pieces at a moment's notice with singers unaccustomed to each other, and would on these grounds excuse the soloist in question.

The most difficult department to manage in a performance of this kind is the orchestra, and we confess we had great misgivings as regards their inability to cope with such a work as "The Creation." While we cannot place them on the same footing as the choir or the soloists as regards efficiency, we must say that the excellent and careful playing of some of the members contributed in no small degree to the success of the performance. The "Representation of Chaos" was splendidly played; also the difficult introduction to the third part. Once the second violins were "at sea," owing, we are informed, to a cut having been made in the solo by Mrs. Osgood and imperfectly marked. We were a little disappointed with the French horns, and the cornets were sometimes too loud to be agreeable; but the oboes, flutes, clarionets and bassoons were all apparently in good hands. As for the strings, we have never heard better playing anywhere, and it is a significant fact that not one of the vocalists found the slightest fault with the accompaniment.

The choir seemed not only to please, but to astonish everybody. It was well balanced, all the leads were taken up promptly and with a vigor of attack that would have done credit to the best choirs of Germany or England, whilst the shading was not overlooked. The "Heavens are Telling" had a poor start, most of the members being apparently lost in wonder at the ease with which Mr. Stanley sang upper G at the close of his recitative.

We will eschew further criticism, however, and say that such a performance, or anything in any way approaching to it, has never been given in this city before, and we think that the greatest credit is due to Dr. MacLagan for having, in so short a time, brought his choir and orchestra to such a high state of efficiency. When we look back a few years, and compare even the best concerts of our musical societies with the artistic performance of Monday evening, we cannot but feel that we are both *swiftly* and *surely* advancing as a musical people, and we owe not a little of that advancement to the excellent management of the "Philharmonic Society."

We are sorry to say the concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club was poorly attended. This was no doubt in a great measure owing to the Strakosch fizzle, which not only deprived our concert-goers of their surplus cash, but so disgusted them for a time as to injure, as we said it would do, every musical entertainment which followed. Then the Philharmonic Concert being fixed for the following Monday prevented many who would under other circumstances have done so, from attending the concert. The "Overture to Oberon" was splendidly played, and drew forth great applause. Mr. Heindl's flute playing seemed to please the audience; for ourselves, though we are willing to admit that Mr. Heindl's playing is excellent (the best indeed we have ever heard), yet we fail to see any music in flute solos, and thought it savoured more of the character of an *acrobatic* performance than that of an artistic one. Mr. Listemann, whom we remember as a member of the Boston Philharmonic Club, proved himself a thorough artist by his performance on the violin, whilst Mr. Hennig on the violoncello made a very good impression. As a Club the organization is beyond criticism, though why six gentlemen call themselves a *quintette* club we do not clearly understand, and on looking at the programme we find quartette solos, and concerted pieces, but *no quintette at all!* What's in a name anyhow? it was an excellent performance. Mrs. Knowles was the vocalist, and gave great satisfaction.

An organ recital will be given by Mr. Barnes in the American Presbyterian Church, on the 18th inst. The programme is a good one, comprising selections from Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Beethoven and others, and together with the songs by Mrs. Barnes cannot fail to afford a delightful entertainment.

Dr. Deseve gave a concert in the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening. There was a large audience, who seemed to thoroughly enjoy the young artist's performance.

We understand that arrangements are being made to induce Mr. Mapleson to bring his famous troupe of opera singers to Montreal, to give two or three nights of opera in the Academy of Music with a complete chorus, etc. The troupe comprises Signori Foli and Campanini, Madlles. Minnie Hauck and Bauermeister, Signor del Puente and other celebrated artists. We auger for them a brilliant reception should they visit this city.

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"Charity's" arguments are excellent. Musicians have a perfect right to work for nothing. We thoroughly agree with "Charity" that anything to the contrary is unreasonable, and that anyone who advances such a doctrine is a selfish, narrow-minded fool, knowing nothing of logic, and still less of Christian virtues. It is a pity "Charity" took such trouble, and expended so much brains (we are sure he has none to spare) in convincing us of what we have never denied. If we said that musicians had no right to give their money or their services when and where they pleased, we were a selfish, narrow-minded, illogical set; but—*We never said so!!* Please read again.

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BIRTH.

TRENHOLME.—On the 10th instant, at 89 University street, Mrs. Norman Trenholme of a son.

MARRIED.

SANBORN—FEEHAN.—On Thursday, the 10th of October, at St. John's Church, Ogdensburgh, N.Y., by the Rev. J. D. Morrison, S. Brooks Sanborn, of Sherbrooke, P.Q., advocate, son of the late Hon. Justice Sanborn, of Montreal, to Florence T. Feehan, of Brockville, Ont.

DIED.

LYMAN.—At Granby, P.Q., on the 9th October, Horace Lyman, Esq., aged 80 years and 6 months.

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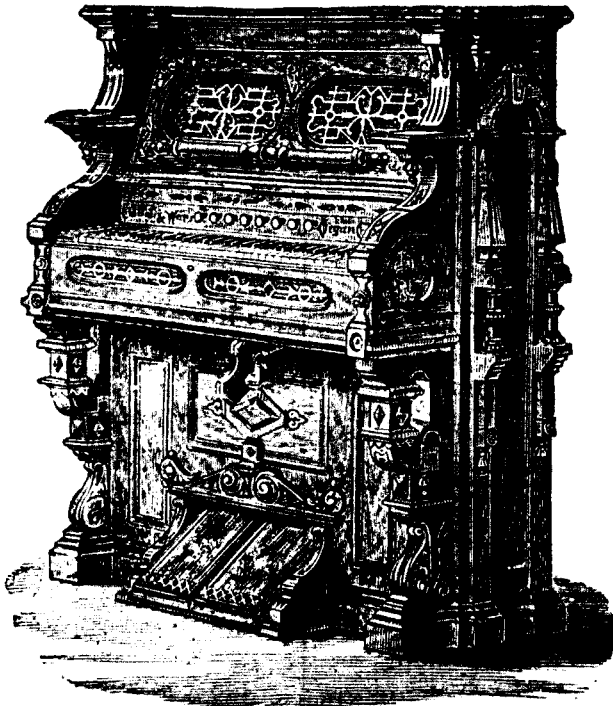
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