

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 33.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

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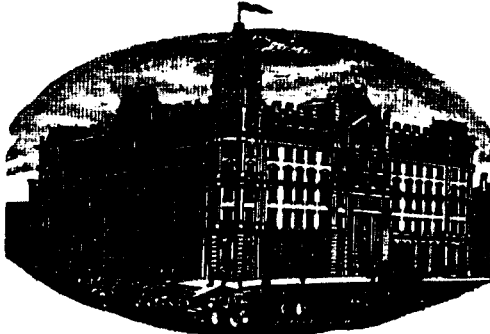
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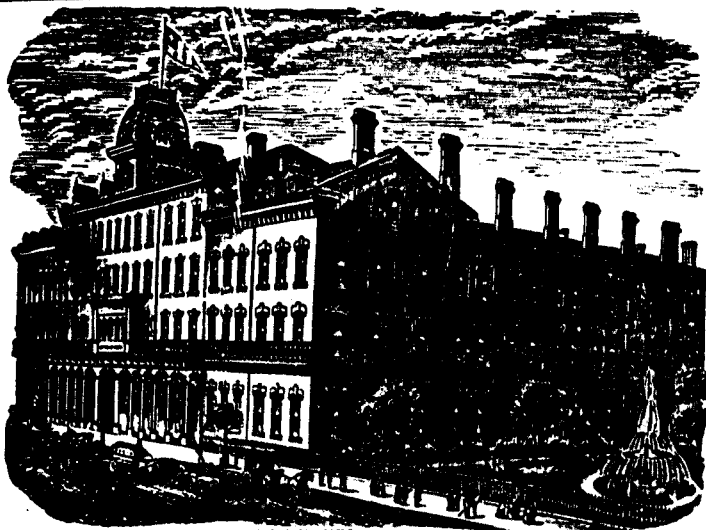


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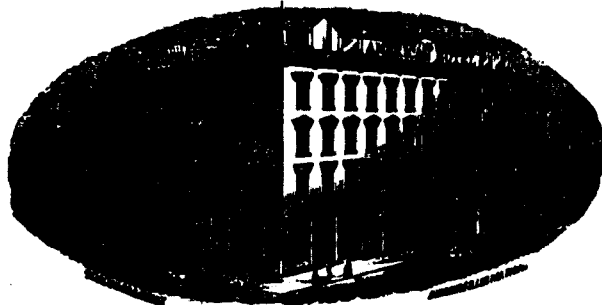
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The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 33.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

THE TIMES.

Montreal is threatened with a political epidemic—Independence is the frightful disease. It began with Mr. Bernard Devlin, and has spread from him with startling rapidity. Mr. McNamee is the last up to this present who is going to be an "Independent Catholic." What on earth is that? Which is to come first, the "Independent" or the "Catholic?" Will Mr. McNamee be independent of parties in the House and in the country? Will Mr. McNamee be independent of the Catholic Church? Roman Catholicism has got its politics, but Mr. McNamee doesn't seem to know it. There never was an "Independent Catholic," and if Mr. McNamee shall succeed in achieving that he will be a phenomenon. If he means that he is going to ask the electors to send him to represent the Roman Catholic Church as opposed to the Protestant, he is going to work mischief; and if he means that being a Catholic he is going to be independent in politics, he is going to work a miracle. We should like to watch the progress of the revolution.

Mr. Ryan's address "to the electors of the electoral division of Montreal Centre" is out, and a queer thing it is. It is exactly like a leader in the *Gazette*. Mr. Ryan's literary friend, who wrote it for him, called up all his reserve of high-sounding words and grandiloquent phrases. Mr. Ryan was asked to become a candidate by "very many of all creeds and origins in the Dominion." He was also nominated by "a large and influential meeting" of the Liberal-Conservative party. In truth, everybody who spoke to Mr. Ryan about it seems to have been "large and influential." Mr. Ryan condemns "the policy of the present Government in fiscal matters," and points with moving pathos to "our prostrate industries, silent factories, and closed refineries," as proof of the "mal-administration" of the party in power. Mr. Ryan demands that the Government which is to be shall have as "the main plank of its platform" a "fair and just system of protection to our national industries." Any party accepting that "main plank" will have "my adhesion." But the odd thing is that the "nomination tendered to me (Mr. Ryan) has been made unconditionally; in that untrammelled way I have accepted it." Mr. Ryan promises to give expression to the views of Griffintown, and to carry them out to the best of his ability; accepts what is called the "National Policy;" declares his readiness to be in a state of happy "adhesion" with the leaders of the Opposition, who, he believes, "are imbued with the desire to inaugurate a new policy in the direction of protection"; and yet the nomination was unconditional and he is untrammelled. We have no quarrel with Mr. Ryan's politics, but we wish he would express himself in good honest English, and not in balderdash.

I am glad to find that Judge Coursol is going to enter our Canadian world of politics. He is a Catholic, but I would vote for him in preference to many a Protestant I could name. He is not a bigot, though holding, I believe, decided convictions—but is a well-educated and liberal-minded man. He will certainly be elected, and the constituency should be proud of him. I wish we had more men like him.

There is something about the politics of the Montreal *Evening Post* which—as Lord Dundreary has it—"no fellow can understand." We are often urged by it—in a most perfervid way to forget old world distinctions and differences; it gets almost maudlin in its patriotic talk about "this Canada of ours," and the Editor is quite as self-sacrificing as was Artemus Ward when he declared his willingness to let all his wife's relatives go to fight in the sacred cause of the North. But the Canadian Patriotism of the *Post* is peculiar. It is crying and wringing its hands over the poor forgotten Irish—it demands a place for them in Parliament—not because they are Canadians, but because they are Irish. They are called upon to be Irishmen first of all—then Canadians—and everything is to be sacrificed to that first of all. I should be sorry to provoke the *Post* to wrath and strong language—but will mildly suggest a cultivation of the grace of consistency. That is needful even in politics. If the *Post* wants to keep up an Irish party how can it ever hope to see Orangeism put down? for that too is Irish. Then we must in all fairness have an English party—and a Scotch party—and as there are Americans in the country they will be demand-

ing a Yankee representative—and as there are a few Welsh, they will want a Welshman in Parliament—and, as the Chinese have begun to import themselves, they will want a Celestial in the House—and, as the Mennonites are coming in large numbers, they will want to choose a brother of their own faith and order—and Parliament will be a Babel of conflicting tongues and opinions. Then legislation will be impossible—and the *Post* will be happy, for it may revel in chaos. If the *Post* should live long I hope it will grow wiser, learning to know that legislation here must not be for England or Ireland or Scotland, but for Canada.

The meetings at Toronto in favour of a "National Policy" and the Conservative party seem to be hardly a success. The *Globe* complains that they are one-sided—that they are packed—that speakers of a different mind have no chance of a hearing, and such like things. And yet—those meetings should ventilate the subject, which has need of ventilation. It seems to me, and many others, that this tariff question is not at all understood by the mass of the people.

The *Globe* in an article on the Intercolonial Railway says:—"Two Governments are about to be put upon their trial before the country." * * * "It will be by the respective records of the two Administrations the electors will be enabled to judge as to which leader shall be given their confidence." No—the *Globe* is wrong. The electors are not inclined to glory in the past of either party. The *tu quoque* argument has been put forward with marvellous success, and many are saying, "A plague on both your Houses." The electors will rather weigh the promises that are made for the future, and the power they hold to compel the redemption of them.

It is pretty evident that the wave of High Churchism is beating on the shores of Canada. In Toronto great efforts have been made in that direction, and its friends—baffled for a time by the sturdy Low Church laymen—are returning to the attack in a more systematic and intelligent way. Letters discussing the old question of Priest and Presbyter have appeared in the *Globe*, and serious men are dealing with the learned side of it. But surely English Ritualism can gain no permanent footing in this country? Viewed in one aspect of it, the thing would be a calamity—but, it would create a breeze and stir a little the placid pool of our ecclesiastical life; and that would be a good. The Churches are afflicted with dulness.

We congratulate our Canadian athletes on their record, and especially on the accession of their new laurels; at billiards, at snow-shoeing, and on the lacrosse field, they have long since proved their prowess; at Wimbledon, when they won the prize, and this year again, when they nearly won it, they made their mark; and now in another manly exercise Hanlan has thrice borne the palm, within as many weeks, (if we may alter Shakespeare a little) "Witching the world with noble oarsmanship."

What with the plethora of Bishops in London there is quite a spiritual odour cast over the metropolis. A few days ago a missionary meeting was held, when bishops were as plentiful as blackberries, and they were edified by the discourse of a Mr. Hayden who has for some time been a missionary to Paris. Mr. Hayden's duty, it would seem, sometimes takes him into exceedingly pleasant company, and he told, with great gusto, how he had managed to introduce himself, or be introduced, to the 16 beautiful young English ladies who officiate at the English buffet at the Exhibition, and who are guarded as strictly as any Spanish beauty of the olden time. These charming damsels were selected, so said Mr. Hayden, for their grace and beauty, from among four hundred candidates. They are conveyed to and from the Exhibition in close carriages; they live in a house by themselves, and worse than all, they have signed an agreement by which they have bound themselves not to enter a place of worship during their stay in Paris. Unhappy ladies! No sidelong looks at male devotees, no criticising of bonnets and Princess' robes, no exhibition of dainty costumes for them. After this, one is not surprised to hear that Mr. Hayden found the whole sixteen sighing for the means of grace. And yet we live in the nineteenth century!

TO THE ORANGEMEN.

I find it broadly and angrily asserted that I have "gone back upon my word" with regard to the Orangemen,—that I first incited them to walk, and then deserted them and their cause when the trial time had come upon them, by writing against Orangeism. That I did write against it is well enough known. I wrote calmly and with knowledge of the subject, and not one word do I wish to recall, or to express regret on account of.

But the accusation is that I have changed my front. Will my accusers who have delighted in calling me hard names tell me how and in what? At my first entrance upon public life in this country I did to the best of my ability speak against the presumptions and assumptions of the Roman Catholic Church the world over in general, and in the Province of Quebec in particular. I denounced its politics in no measured terms. Public and private threats came fast and furious; letters were rained upon me warning me to prepare for a speedy exit from this world. I got one lithographed and published, offering a small reward to any one who would discover the writer; the fools took fright and wrote in that way no more. Now, it is quite true that at that time the Orangemen befriended me by offering and affording protection to me in Montreal, and perhaps elsewhere. I was not at all afraid of the dogs that delight to bark, but are generally afraid to bite; still, I was grateful for the kindness of those who were kind. But all the time I never uttered a word about Orangeism. I spoke for the Protestant faith, and not for the Orange Order. Indeed, I knew but little of that Order. I made myself acquainted with the Ecclesiastical history of this country, but did not find that Orangeism held any prominent position therein. And my contention was *against* the Roman Catholic Church, as to its political position, and not against the Irish portion of it simply—and *for* Protestantism; not any portion of it which might by the promptings of vanity call itself that *par excellence*. I was not aware, and am not aware now, that the Orangemen are the natural champions of Protestantism. I had known a sturdy Protestantism before the period to which I refer, but it existed without the countenance and help of Orangeism. I had never been taught that the one was needful to the other. It is true that I declared on a public platform that the Orangemen had as much right to walk in procession through the street as the Catholics had on the *Fete Dieu* or any other *fete*. I said: If we are to have Free Trade, let us have it all round; if we are to have Protection, let us have it all round. Every procession is a nuisance, and should be put down; but all must be treated alike. To that I have adhered. I joined other clergymen in an attempt to stop the procession on the 12th of last month, feeling sure that trouble and no good would come of it; but when the day came I was on the streets prepared to protect the Orangemen in what I considered their rights. They were brutally treated, and I said so. I didn't go a-fishing that day, or keep out of harm's way, but said my say to anybody that cared to hear it. Many of those who had said quite as much as I had, found it convenient to spend that day in the country. They are still heroes—and have not "gone back upon their word."

True, I had written against Orangeism in the meantime, and I did so from a profound conviction that we were getting much harm and no good from it. I read the story of England's treatment to Ireland, as given by Lecky, in his recently published "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." I talked with Roman Catholic Irishmen on the subject—I had one say to me: "Look here—my grandmother was 'cropped' in Ireland—what do you think I feel when I hear 'Croppies lie down?'" I have forty thousand dollars' worth of real estate in Montreal—I would rather see it all reduced to ashes than see an Orange procession through the streets." I found many others sharing that opinion, and feeling just as strongly.

And then I diligently enquired what this Orangeism had done for Canada. I found it had been mixed up with politics more or less; yielding itself to adroit wire-pullers—having no particular party, and no particular politics—going with one party in one Province, and with the other party in another. I do not find that Orangeism has identified itself with any great scheme for national reform—it has not put forth an effort—as far as I know—to put the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec on a level with the Protestant Churches. When we have demanded a real education for the French *habitant*, Orangeism has not come forward with insistence, and when we have asked that the iniquity of clerical exemption from taxation be done away, from the Orangemen—as a body—we have had no help. So I was driven to ask for the object and aim of Orangeism. No definite and satisfactory answer have I found. I can understand a benevolent society—I can understand a Protestant Alliance—I can understand a Civil Rights Alliance—but the need for Orangeism, I cannot see. It is an old world institution—it is out of climate—out of date—and ought to be out of breath and buried. Anything that can be done by it may be accomplished in a much better way; because it persuades none—it convinces none—it converts none—it only irritates and works in the way of violence. It has no logic, and no prayer—only a stick or a

pistol; it flaunts a red flag in the face of a mad bull; I get that mad bull by the horns and he shoves his way into my china-shop. I shall conquer that bull by and by—but then—I wish that red flag had never been passed before his eyes; it has made the bull the fiercer and my work the harder.

I am sure the simile is good. The Orangemen have roused all the fury of the Irish Catholics—they have driven them to unreason and riot; they have succeeded in uniting—for the time being—the Irish and the French-Canadian in a common cause—and they have restored a power to the priests which was fast slipping from their hands. For the Irish Catholics have small sympathy toward the French-Canadians, just because the latter hold every acre of ecclesiastical real estate in Montreal. But Herod and Pilate have shaken hands over the illstarred proposal of the Orangemen to have a procession on the 12th of July; it has paralyzed trade—held the city up to scorn and ridicule—turned Mayor Beaudry from an ape into a hero—and, worst calamity of all—started, and keeps alive the Montreal *Evening Post*. I am a practical man, accustomed to look at things and societies from a utilitarian point of view, and I ask Orangemen to reckon up the gain and loss to the country accruing from the organization. I make the loss to be more than the gain.

Believing as I do, and as I have said, why should the Orangemen blame me for speaking out my thoughts. We have the same objects in view, and the same ends to attain, but they are trying to attain them by a way that seems to me not simply perilous, but wrong. I have not modified my Protestant articles of belief. I have not toadied to the priests, or in any way sought the good word of the Catholic press. I have said, and do firmly believe, that the British have been too generous to the Roman Catholics of this Province—that they enjoy privileges which are not rights, and, in the interests of peace and national prosperity, should be taken from them. I agree with Mr. Stevenson that we cannot tolerate intolerance—that while the Roman Catholic Church holds its present political creed it should be regarded as an enemy to national peace and prosperity. I am asked if I am "prepared to abandon everything that is a source of annoyance to the Irish Catholics?" No—I am not. For I am sure that they can be annoyed and irritated by almost anything. I only ask: Is this the best method of attaining our purpose? I know how they can shift their ground, and am not much given to a policy of conciliation; but stick against stick is poor play after all. If it must be, I am prepared to take a full share of responsibility and risk—but meantime, I would prefer more reasonable methods.

And I am sure that we have more reasonable methods at command. The great work of laying the foundations of this country firm in equity and in truth will not be accomplished by the mere insistence upon the legal right to bear a particular name—or wear a certain badge—or walk in procession through the streets. It seems to me that the name, and the badge, and the procession, are folly—and the anger against them is madness. How will you get rid of the madness? By putting away the cause of it. But the Orangemen hold it as a political and religious principle that they shall wear the orange regalia and walk in procession? Yes; and the Irish Catholics hold it as a principle that they must fight against it. And the truth is, that there is no *principle* at stake on either side. What is to be gained by processions? Nothing at all, and they should be put down at once, one and all of them. As matters now stand, we are drifting into a great and organized *Vendetta*; anger and revenge will be handed on from generation to generation, and the whole must be a prolonged disaster. We cannot afford that—it is asking the country to pay too great a price for the luxury of allowing processions. And the mass of the people feel this—they are looking for the just; all this vast machinery we call the State is our attempt to organize justice; we have theories of right which we would reduce to general practice. We know that our Legislature now is but an organized selfishness; we must make an effort to cure that evil. That will not be done by every man or every body of men mistaking their crotchet for their conscience—or exalting a fancy into a right. We all have *rights*, which, if insisted upon, would keep the world in a ferment with universal revolution. We are called upon constantly to sacrifice the lower to the higher—the particular to the general—in order that the common good may be attained, and law, embodied in justice, administered without passion.

If the Orangemen of Canada are true Protestants, as they say they are—if they have the best interests of this nation at heart, as they protest they have—if they are seeking the advancement of piety,—then I have to say: Gentlemen,—You are seeking a most desirable end in, what appears to me, a most undesirable way. You are creating difficulties for yourselves and those who desire to achieve the same result—and thinking this, it is my duty to tell you so. If I had lent any countenance to your opponents you would have a right to be angry; but I have not done so. I have simply exercised my right of reason and free speech—you applauded that when it told against the Roman Catholics; if you are veritable champions of general and individual freedom of judgment and speech, you will at least tolerate

them when they are against you. Those who are reasonable will do this, and for the rest—I will wait until they grow older and wiser; meantime, I shall say what I think is right and just.

ALFRED J. BRAY.

WHAT IS A NATIONAL POLICY ?

Of late years Canadians have been made familiar with the cry of Nationalism,—the demand for a National Policy in opposition to the interests of a party. Whether the Canadian Confederacy may claim, or may even hope, to be recognised as a nationality, has been questioned. We have been reminded, in reference to the day which ushered in the young Confederacy eleven years ago, that “the mere explosion of tons of gunpowder in pyrotechnic displays, and salvos of artillery, and *feux de joie*, does not constitute the baptism of fire by which a people announces that it has been born into the family of the nations.” We have been told that the force of repulsion among the heterogeneous elements of our population is stronger than any force of cohesion, and that therefore there is little likelihood of these elements ever being welded into one nation.

If there is any ground for protesting against such a gloomy forecast of our future, it is surely to be discovered in that cry of Nationalism which has recently made itself heard above the din of our party strifes. It would be premature, indeed, to found much upon the popular cry, so inarticulate as this must be acknowledged still to be; for its influence in fusing the elements of our population into the unity of a national existence must depend on the direction it takes. But it may surely with fairness be taken as evidence of an aspiration after national unity existing and operating in the minds of many Canadians. Whether this aspiration will assume predominance among the political tendencies of our people, it would be hazardous to predict; but it is a significant fact, in view both of its future influence and its future direction, that it has manifested itself, not in the passionate shouts of an unreasoning mob, but in the quiet, thoughtful, and often earnest, utterances of the more intelligent, especially among the younger men of Canada. Let those who would lead the dominant party of the future take note of this fact!

It has just been pointed out that this demand for a National Policy is still a somewhat inarticulate cry, and that its value will depend upon the direction which it may take. It is incumbent, therefore, upon those who sympathise with this demand, or recognise the valuable service it may render in purifying our political life, to direct it, if possible, into such a channel as will most certainly lead to the end at which it aims. It is with a view to this that the question is proposed, which heads this article,—What is a National Policy? It may be assumed that those who desire an answer to this question, though unconnected with any political party, do not intend to make of themselves political hermits, but are anxious to use their political influence, and to use it justly, even though it should amount to no more than the recording of a vote. This necessity of political action, while one is eager to enjoy an atmosphere free from the poison of party spirit, often entails a conflict of considerations, amid which the line of duty becomes hard to trace. The very crisis, at which we now stand on the eve of a general election, imposes upon the adherents of a National, as opposed to a Party Policy, this difficulty of determining the course which a National Policy demands. For unfortunately the problem necessarily takes the form of a party question. We are not merely called to discover, by a dispassionate philosophical investigation, the abstract policy which is most conducive to the national interests; we are required to determine, whether the national interests can be more effectively secured by voting for the Government or for the Opposition. It is true, there is a question, which has been raised into some prominence in the controversy between the two parties, and which cannot be said to be a mere party question. This is the question which usually goes by the name of Protection. But for many reasons it is desirable that this aspect of the controversy between the two parties should be reserved for consideration in a separate article. The rival claims of the two parties upon the adherents of a National Policy may, with advantage, be first of all considered apart from the question of Protection. The party on the Opposition benches claim that, as a party, they are more worthy of controlling the policy and the treasury of the nation than the party who form the Government. Are we to recognise their claim? And if so, for what reason?

The party who make such a claim, accept the *onus probandi*, impose on themselves the obligation of proving their right to supplant the occupants of the Treasury benches. On the other hand, the people of Canada have a right to require that the reasons for supplementing the present Government are of sufficient weight to justify such a violent disturbance of our political life. Now, apart from the subject of Protection which has been reserved for future discussion, what are the sum and substance of the reasons urged for expelling the present Ministry from office? These reasons may be generally described as consisting in a criticism of the conduct of the Government. It is urged that the administration of public affairs in general, or that some particular act or acts of the administration, have been such as to make ministers forfeit the further confidence of the country. The charge against the Ministry is here put in two aspects; for the criticism of their conduct sometimes fastens on particular acts, but, perhaps, more commonly, expatiates at large over their management of public affairs. As long as the criticism assumes only the latter form, it is too vague to admit of any satisfactory discussion. It is but fair, however, to point out that a general review of the public business since the present Ministry came into office does not exhibit to the unprejudiced mind any evidence of such flagrant maladministration as to require the extreme measure which the Opposition demand. Is there any more satisfaction to be obtained from a detailed examination into the public acts of the Ministry? Can any particular act or acts be signalled, which call for an outbreak of public indignation against the Government, and an unequivocal condemnation of them at the polls? If the Opposition can adduce any evidence of this sort, on which to base a verdict against the Ministry, they have certainly hitherto failed to do so in a decided way. Among all the shortcomings of the Government, which have been paraded on the left side of the House and reiterated to weariness by the

Opposition press, not an action has been obtruded into view, over which it was possible to work up any indignant passion, except among the speakers and writers, whose party connections necessitate that kind of performance. In this respect there is a prominent contrast between the position of affairs in which the present Government are placed, and that in which their predecessors were driven from office. That memorable crisis in our political history is too recent to require that it should be related here. It is sufficient to remember that, at that period, a great crime against the national honour, which blazoned our political corruption before the world, formed the ground of a verdict in which the people of Canada simply confirmed the unanimous condemnation which had been passed upon their rulers in the dispassionate political criticism of other countries. Until the Opposition can charge upon the Government some misdemeanour which would justify a similar expression of popular indignation, the elector, to whom it is the interests of a nation and not of a party that are at stake, must refuse to vote for the expulsion of the present ministers from office.

In all this it is by no means to be understood that the conduct of the Government has been faultless. On the contrary, were this the proper place, numerous objections might be brought against the course pursued by the Government on several occasions; and I believe I am not mistaken in asserting that none would more frankly admit the imperfections of his administration than the First Minister of the Crown himself. But, setting aside the worthless assertions of that unscrupulous mendacity which is generated in our party strifes, let us admit every just complaint that even the severest criticism has brought home to the Government: have the Opposition thereby made out their case? We know well enough, even without the vehement talking and writing of our Opposition friends, that the administration of affairs for the past five years has been far from perfect in Canada, or, for that matter, in any other country under the sun; but that is not what we want to know. We want to know what ground there is for believing that the management of public business would be stained with less corruption and incompetence in the hands of the Opposition than in those of the present Ministry; and with the memory of the shame which they brought upon our country five years ago, it does seem like an insult to our intelligence when we are asked to hand over the national treasury to the Opposition in the hope of a more honourable administration of the trust than is at present secured.

It appears, then, from the above considerations that the elector who desires to promote a truly national policy has no interest in supplanting the party in power merely to make way for another party, who not only give no proof of superior purity or superior competence, but were proved to have brought the country into dishonour before the world, when last they held the reins of power. But in all these considerations an important question has been waived. It is urged that the refusal of the Government to protect the manufacturing interests of the country constitutes a political delinquency sufficiently grave to require that the confidence of the people should be withdrawn from them at the coming elections. Have the Government thereby shown themselves incompetent or unwilling to advance a truly national policy? This is the question reserved for discussion in another article.

J. CLARK MURRAY.

SOME FACTS FROM WITHIN.

Any student of history who has watched the changes going on in the Roman Catholic Church within the last twenty years, must be convinced that side by side with a watchful resistance, the policy of neutrality is often the wisest. I am frequently reminded of the dilemma into which a peacemaker may get who undertakes to interfere between a quarrelling man and wife, when I observe how often the stupid zeal of narrow-minded observers puts a stumbling-block in the way of Protestant progress. Many a zealot has brought disaster upon a good cause. There are zealots and zealots. But the worst of evils is your blind zealot, who is ready to knock his own head, or his neighbour's, against a wall, in fulsome hope that a breach may be made. The consequence is generally that the breach is made in the man's head instead of in the wall.

I wish to point out by a few facts from history past and present, how such a policy as that favoured by the Orange advisers in this Province may be a very unwise and foolish display of mistaken zeal.

Is it not a fact that the Church of Rome in all ages has tyrannized over its own people, and that in its bosom, from among the children it has nursed, the great movements against it have always been born? It is a harsh friend to us, but it is also a cruel mother to its own; and God has not made the human mind and heart for man to mould into slavish obedience to the fearful oppression of any hierarchy in the world. Let us briefly look at a few facts.

In Germany, in the 16th century, it was a Roman Catholic priest who began the work of the Reformation, and Roman Catholic priests who were martyred for resisting the arrogance of their Church. When in this century the Pope ordered his bishops to disobey the civil law, and presumed to nullify laws made for the protection of the State, it was Roman Catholics under Dollinger who protested, and resisted the Ultramontane crusade against the unity of the German Empire and the supremacy of its Protestant King. In France it was a Roman Catholic (Abbé Michaud) Vicar of the Madeleine, a well known divine, who openly opposed infallibility. Large numbers of Roman Catholic priests and laymen refused to allow the Pope to supplant Christ by the Syllabus, and education has been taken out of the hands of the clergy. We hear much of infidelity among the French. A couple of years ago I travelled through France, and met many educated Frenchmen who spoke with the greatest contempt of the ignorance of their hierarchy, and blamed them for any infidelity existing. In Portugal it was Roman Catholics who boldly resisted the modern aggressions of their priests. In Mexico it is Roman Catholics who have fought against Papal intolerance. In Brazil the Council of State has decided that Papal bulls cannot take effect without receiving the Government permission, and that excommunication has no effect in civil relations. In Guatemala, where the Romish was the only and established Church, the craft and greed of the Jesuits overstepped itself, and Government has decreed religious liberty in that Republic, and declared that “the Roman Catholic Church is purer in

countries where there is liberty of worship, and it finds itself surrounded by other churches." Barefooted friars and Dominicans have been banished for conspiracy against the Government, and have emigrated to California and to Canada. In Chili, one of the most bigoted Roman Catholic countries in the world, the "privileges of the Roman Catholic clergy" have been abrogated, civil marriages legalized, and the ecclesiastical trustees of Roman Catholic cemeteries compelled to set apart a portion for the burial of Protestants, while future cemeteries are to be common to all. In Russian Poland, forty-five Roman Catholic parishes *with their clergy* have left the Roman Catholic Church and joined the Greek communion as the direct result of the Papal assumptions at Rome,—50,000 people admitted in one month, of whom twenty-four were Roman Catholic priests, leaving only a Roman Catholic population of 20,000. In poor priest-ridden Spain, liberty of worship was proclaimed,—has been rejected and again proclaimed. Sixty thousand Spaniards have become Protestants since the Revolution of 1868: the people in Cadiz tore down the images in the churches; in Salamanca priests were shot and churches turned into barracks; the "Catholic Association" closed by order of Government "as a nest of conspiracy"; and Carlism, instigated by the priests, is running its neck into a noose which will play with and hang it to death. Switzerland has defeated the Ultramontane assault on its Constitution by a majority of 78 to 19 in the Assemblée Nationale; has banished the Papal nominees from some of the Cantons because they disobeyed the civil law; while mass meetings of Roman Catholics have been held in Geneva and elsewhere to reject the doctrine of the supremacy of the Church over the State. When I was in Belgium in 1875, I found that swarms of the Jesuits expelled from Germany had insinuated themselves into the Chambers of Representatives, controlling the members much as they do in Quebec, and preaching politics from the pulpits, organizing political clubs, publishing pamphlets and papers, entering the very taverns to bait for influence. The educated classes and the Universities of Liege, Ghent and Brussels opposed the Hierarchy, and a short time before I was in Antwerp a serious riot had occurred during the Jubilee procession. Many leading Belgians have formally renounced Romanism, and one of the principal members of the Royal Academy of Belgium (M. De Lavelayé) has published a most telling pamphlet on the influence of Protestantism and Romanism on the prosperity of nations. Austria, where for eleven hundred years the Church of Rome had been absolute, reigning supreme over Emperor, nobles and subjects, where it was established, had education entirely under its wing, births, marriages and burials only legalized by its consent, has issued peremptory decrees, and by a majority of 130 to 24 in her Legislature, abolished the Concordat between Austria and Rome, thus giving religious liberty and emancipating education from Rome's control. Turkey has refused, by an imperial edict, to let the last Papal bull be recognized, and has ordered the Pope's representative to quit the country. China has intimated to the Vatican that Roman Catholic missionaries are too frequently political schemers. And then Italy. Yes; what about Italy, where Popery surely is known. The very Pope himself, with all his traditional thunders, is hated by his own people. The Italian poet, Alfieri, said: "We are slaves, but ever fretting." The old spirit was not dead. Here, where Romanism has its stronghold, Roman Catholics alone revolted to overthrow the temporal power, and the misgovernment which in every age and land has followed priestly rule. Here, in the very face of the infallible Pope, and under the very eyes of the grand assembly of the Œcumenical Council, a Roman Catholic national government answered Papal pretensions by introducing into Rome all the Italian codes and even military conscription; by dismembering the orders of priests and nuns who were eating into the vitals of the land; by dismissing all the Jesuit professors from the Roman colleges; by the solid determination to maintain the national unity at all hazards, temporal and spiritual, and to make Victor Emmanuel superior to Pope Pius; by the protection given Protestant churches and ministers; by the fact that out of 105 Bishops appointed to vacant Italian sees by the Pope in one year, only two were recognized by the Italian Government! A strange tale this to come from the cradle of Romanism. In 1852, even the Pope's carbiniers fraternized with the mob, who threatened in their frenzy to murder the clergy; and when the Pope's Secretary was killed and the cannon shook the Vatican, and the Pope himself had to fly for his infallible life in disguise from a Roman Catholic people, from the very heart of his flock, and from the very sacred seat of Peter itself, who dare tell us that the temporal power was not distasteful to the Roman Catholic Italian people? We know the joy which the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Rome occasioned, and the popular cries of "Down with the Jesuits!" with far more meaning than the old "No Popery" cry in England. When, too, the calm vote of the people took place to decide whether the temporal power of the Pope or Victor Emmanuel was to be perpetuated in Rome, and fifty thousand votes were cast for the King and fifty for the Pope—one thousand to one, did this indicate any popular love for the rule of the Pope? I can't see it. And here in our own Canada we find Roman Catholics again, represented by "L'Institut Canadien," battling for many years against the intolerance and assumptions of their priesthood: carrying the Guibord case through the toadyism of our courts to the Privy Council of England, and winning their rights. We see, too, the large conversions to Protestantism among our French fellow-countrymen. What does it all mean? Does it not clearly point out that anything like Orangeism is a mischievous interference with a natural conflict between an arrogant Hierarchy and the modern instinct of liberty? Priests would put all liberty under the ban; but no priesthood can destroy man's god-born love of freedom. If Orangeism has any good work to do, it certainly is not by public displays or offensive celebrations. There are still constitutional means to remedy any grievance under which we labour. Orangeism can only retard the working of liberty in the Catholic mind. It would have been a boon to the hierarchy of any of the countries above named, had some such organization as it been at hand, whereby a dissatisfied people could be re-united. Orangemen can safely leave the Church of Rome to its own inevitable destiny. They cannot hasten its downfall in the least.

G.

The badness of the times very often depends more upon those who govern the ship than the weather.

THE PROTESTANT PULPIT OF MONTREAL.

IV.

But Dr. Jenkins, of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, must be mentioned without further delay. Perhaps it is unpardonable that he should not have had precedence in speaking of Presbyterian ministers; for has he not reached the apex of dignity in the body to which he belongs? To be Moderator of the General Assembly of the united churches is a grand ambition; and Dr. Jenkins has attained it. He must now sit down and weep, for there are no more worlds to conquer! The official position Dr. Jenkins has reached is the more notable, inasmuch as he is not "to the manor born"; but swung right around the theological circle from Methodism into his present connection. It was a bit of ecclesiastical *trapeze* work which startled many at the time; and is not yet forgotten. However, the good Doctor is now quite at home: and if not "porphyrygenitus," yet at least the purple sits gracefully on his shoulders. His pulpit manner and performance is calm, deliberate and dignified; but he is not a preacher of note. He has administrative qualities; and a certain sharp incisive way of putting things which often makes his addresses effective: but he does not strive after effect; and seldom reaches it.

Rev. James Fleck is a young Irishman who came to Canada about two years ago to take charge of Knox Church. Mr. Fleck is not without ability as a preacher: being able to give a clear statement of the truths he wishes to teach, in calm and easy periods which flow without apparent effort and which are of such pleasant tone that they fall acceptably on the listener's ear. And as he also keeps rigidly in the old theological paths and even to the old theological terms he is well suited to the pulpit he fills; which is nothing if not orthodox. Across the Square from Knox, the back of Stanley Street Presbyterian Church is visible: a white brick building where worships a congregation which sprang, full-armed, from the head, or heart, of Erskine Church, a very few years ago. From the heart, probably; as there was certainly more feeling than sense about the movement; which had its rise in the great "Organ Question." The majority introduced the "whistles"; and the minority at once "whistled o'er the lea" to build a church where their ears should not be vexed with the ungodly sounds. Stanley Street Church has a pulpit—it also has a pastor: the Rev. J. C. Baxter, a middle-age Scotchman of weight and ability and character; who was for a time very popular in Montreal, but who has been unable to achieve the impossible in lifting the new church into popularity and out of debt. He is at present on an extended leave of absence in Scotland; and his church is dark about its future.

Before leaving the Presbyterian churches reference must be made to Rev. J. Scrimgeour, of St. Joseph Street; who is a man of good presence and address; and of an acute and investigating mind. Mr. Scrimgeour ought to be better known than he is, for the quality of his pulpit work warrants it: but he is diffident and modest. However, he is working his way to the front. There are other good men, in the classic Griffintown, in Point St. Charles, and elsewhere in the suburbs who cannot be mentioned although worthy of all respect. But they labour under the disadvantage of being so far out of the way that their pulpit characteristics remain comparatively unknown. There are also, in the different leading denominations, College Professors and Secretaries of Societies who fill pulpits well and attractively on occasion; but who not being in regular charge, do not come within the purview of this article.

It will have been noticed that comparatively little has been said of the Methodist pulpits of the city. This arises simply from the unavoidable working of the Methodist system. It may fairly be questioned whether that system is calculated to foster pulpit excellence. On the one hand, the general method of what is called "extemporaneous" delivery, develops a readiness and smartness of speech which is of great value: and there can be no question that—other things being equal—the address where the eye and attention are free is the more effective; but on the other hand, the "fatal facility" of extemporization is frequently destructive of habits of close study and careful preparation. There is equally little doubt that the circulating system of the Methodist pulpit detracts greatly from its possible value. The necessity for constantly renewed study being removed, one great element of growth in excellence is taken away: and few young men have grace enough, when they are thrown every three years into a fresh field, to lay aside their old sermons, and renew their study of the old topics. But quite apart from such considerations, the Stationing Committee of the Methodist Church has just made such clean sweep of the Montreal pulpits that they have not the prominence to-day to which they should be entitled. Had this article been written a year ago, the Methodist Church must have had larger place in it; but it will take a year or two to make the new men known, and to give them what is probably their due weight in the community.

There are other estimable men who have been passed in silence: who are doing quiet unobtrusive work in their charges. For instance, on Guy Street is a little Congregational Church, grown out of a Mission-school, which is bravely struggling for the right to be. It has for pastor a Mr. J. L. Forster: a young man who, after some ecclesiastical changes in Canada and the United States, has landed in Congregationalism in Montreal. He is a man of good presence and ready speech: more popular than scholarly. He has a difficult field, but being an indefatigable visitor, may succeed in forming a congregation in a few years time. And away in the north of the city is Rev. Peter Wright; a bright good humoured young Presbyterian, who is working faithfully in Chalmers Church. And near him is Rev. James Allen (B.A.) who as minister of the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church is doing his best to draw together again the ravelled ends caused by the rending off of Mr. Roy's adherents. So, also are there others who, perforce, must remain unmentioned, as it is time to draw these papers to a close.

Reviewing what has been said, it is evident that the pulpit of Montreal is one of no ordinary power and excellence. It is not simply that there are one or two men in it of exceptional gifts; such as are rarely met with in any locality, but that there are many of steady even character and ability who give a weight and dignity to it of still greater value. It will also have been noticed, that while there are one or two men of restless investigating spirit, who are not afraid to discard the old ideas and beliefs, yet that the great bulk in all the

denominations are men who, whatever freshness may be in their pulpit methods (or otherwise), are content with the spiritual truths which have come down to them, and which they have tried and tested in their own heart-experience as well as in the conduct of their ministerial work. One thing must be allowed, the pulpit of Montreal is not stagnant: every topic started in the theological world, and every change and circumstance of earthly affairs, citizenship &c., receives fair mention and full discussion. True, the temper of this discussion might sometimes be improved; but a little turbidity in the current is a lesser evil than stagnancy or sluggishness. In conclusion, if in the course of these papers some things seem to have been harshly said, on the other hand many things have been extenuated; and, surely, naught has been set down in malice. These are but brief and hasty sketches by a quiet observer who, of course, has drawn from his own point of view. Who he may be is of little consequence: in fact,

QUIEN SABE?

"A BUSINESS SERMON."

BY A LAYMAN.

The world is getting daily more and more full of business. Work, spiritual, mental, physical, is the order of the day. Practical progress in invention, trade, and manufactures is emphatically the spirit of the age. Men now-a-days are a little ashamed to be men of leisure. They long for daily occupation, as they long for daily food. It is an age of activity. But is this activity mere restlessness—or rather restiveness at the condition it finds itself placed in, or is it the calm, restful exercise of all our faculties finding their satisfaction in their usefulness?

That question can be best answered by scrutinizing the aim to which all our energies tend—the motive power which brings them forth and animates them. Is it to serve self—to attain dignity, political or otherwise, which shall enable us to rule other men, and render them subservient to our schemes of self-advancement? Or, is it undertaken simply from the heartfelt desire to be useful to the community—to serve and help our fellow-men, as God wills to serve them, hoping for nothing again except by Love to beget love? It is certainly the service of the one kind or the other. Every man has some end or aim which is the one controlling desire of his heart, ruling all his actions by the power of concentrated will. *That* is his master. He is a willing slave. He cannot serve two such masters. Although for the sake of gaining his end he may put on an appearance of doing so, "he cannot serve God and Mammon." These are the two masters between whom he must choose. The choice is seen in the fruits it brings forth; and these are, either destruction of all but self, or preservation of all, regardless of personal loss in the struggle.

The enormous increase of energy developing among mankind in this nineteenth century—the enterprise, the invention, the application of science to practical undertakings—are not to be deplored. The capacity for hard work, mental or physical, the courage displayed in facing the anxieties, uncertainties and practical difficulties which surround all new undertakings, are good things—signs of progress. How great a courage is needed to conduct even an ordinary business in these days, is known only to those who have tried it. If it be a new and an untrodden path one attempts to open up, the strain is increased an hundredfold, for their courage must not only animate self, but must infuse faith into others. The nameless, unknown men who have tried such a course and failed, are to be found in shoals, their history unwritten, their deeds of heroism unsung, save in their own hearts. If they have sought to serve self only, their scars are deep, the wounds rankle, perhaps fester and breed an outflow of impurity which hurts others more than themselves. If the service of others urged them on, you will find them fresh and vigorous, trying it again with redoubled energy, but with new surroundings.

How is it then with the business of this busy world? What is the master that controls all this whirl of work and worry which we call Business? The answer is in every one's heart and springs at once to the lips. Self and selfishness is *the* power that moves the world. Exceptions are so exceptional that they only prove the rule. We worship and admire success, because we ourselves so ardently long to succeed; and, to worship and bow down to Mammon, robed in such success, may enlist the god on our behalf to yield us some crumbs from his table by which to nourish and develop our life. Blind to reason and his common sense, we do not perceive that Mammon cannot reward *all*. It can only reward the *one* at the expense of the many. To propitiate the god may make any of us that one—to offend him *might* make us one of the miserable many. In a struggle for place or power where all are struggling, only by the wildest effort, the most frantic zeal, the most lurid earnestness of purpose, can the one succeed. Yet so it is to-day in the business world. Who among you regards usefulness to the community as anything, except in so far as it brings himself reward? The least amount of usefulness for the largest possible price is the aim of nearly all. Trade is tinged with it. Its motto is, to buy in the cheapest, and to sell in the dearest market. Manufacturers are dyed with it—hence the lack of fast colours. To make goods that *look* well enough to sell at high prices is the noble end kept in view. The learned professions live by it. They are called *professions*—not realities. Politics revel in it. Nostrums of sham protection, intemperate temperance measures, class legislation pandering to the weaknesses of men, appeals to selfish personal interests, form the rungs of the ladder up which politicians hope to climb—a ladder whose base rests on the solid earth of men's basest aspirations, whose top therefore rests on nothing, and must topple over with a crash so soon as the climber reaches an altitude sufficient to make his ill-balanced weight fall.

Clergymen too—but no we will not touch upon that point, but get back to business.

The state of things at present in the business world is such that were merchants, manufacturers and traders suddenly to resolve to live for usefulness, regardless of gain, the whole fabric of commercial greatness all over the world would at once undergo the most tremendous shaking the history of trade has ever recorded. Yet, tremble not, there are no perceptible signs of any immediate danger. The commercial crisis of incalculable magnitude which would be the inevitable result will probably be postponed till further notice. Yet, you

know how it is yourself, dear reader. Suppose you went down to your store to-morrow, resolved to sell only genuine goods—goods exactly what they are represented to be—at the smallest possible living profit, instead of the greatest, so as to give the consumer the most durable materials only, at the least possible cost, what a pile of stock you would at once find utterly useless for such a purpose! What a large and brilliant bonfire you could make of it—unless, of course, you are in the hardware trade. How sickly a chance your creditors would have of getting paid after you had so disposed of it. Yet there is no other way you could dispose of it on these principles. It is best destroyed. To sell it cheap and represent it truthfully as what it is, would only be affording a temptation to others to buy it in order to perpetuate the evil of false representations to others that they might make a profit on it. To save the consumer, who is also your fellow-man, you must call the bonfire to your aid. To do this and then face your creditors with the tale, would probably consign you to an asylum for the insane, and the world's verdict would be "served him right—a most dangerous man to be at large." You would be "a man of no principle—a religious monomaniac—a melancholy instance of perverted religious views developing insanity." Yet such a course is right, and appeals to every honest dealer's best instincts, when he considers that his real usefulness to that part of the community which he knows as customers, can only be truly served by utilizing his superior knowledge of the sources of supply to obtain for them articles of genuine value—in all respects what he represents them to be—useful for the purposes they are intended for—not shams and imitations of the real and the enduring.

The manufacturer, who, full of enthusiasm, starts out to make good goods from the best materials, gains some reputation at first, but little, if any, profit. Still, his goods sell well at low prices. By and bye one of his customers tries to grind his price down still lower. The market is glutted a little. The manufacturer must keep going. He takes the order, but, self still uppermost, he puts in a little shoddy. Other manufacturers do it, he knows. Why shouldn't he? The goods sell on their acquired reputation. He gets another order at a further reduction in price. A little more shoddy then comes into requisition. More customers are thus deceived. Some consumers learn to avoid these goods, but others are still ignorant and can be "roped in" by appearances. And so the thing goes on till the brand he uses has lost caste entirely with the public. This breeds a new kind of deception. The old brand is discarded, a new and more stylish one is adopted, the appearance improved, the reality deteriorated, and thus the poor consumer is again deceived by a new conspiracy between merchant and manufacturer. The consummation of trickery is reached,—the honest manufacturer, striving with heart and brain and hands to do useful work, is stamped out, and in his place we have no longer a *man*, but a *thief* seeking to gain money under false pretences.

Where is all this to end? Canada is not free from it; England is not free from it; yet both countries have religion, as they think, of the purest and highest kind. Sacred edifices for the service of that religion are both numerous and magnificent, built largely from the proceeds of just such dishonest trade, and filled on Sundays with just such dishonest traders, who worship God *one* day in seven, and Mammon much more diligently the other *six*. Were even this one day's *worship* actually carried out, we would have one-seventh of honesty in business and six-sevenths of trickery, which would, in present circumstances, be certainly a great boon. But when the service of personal gain is so decidedly in the ascendant, there is a tendency to make a gain even of *apparent* godliness, and so we reach a pitch when very nearly seven-eighths of business becomes tinged with trickery, and the church itself is used as a kind of sanctified advertisement,—expensive, but productive. Credit, respectability, customers, are gained by it, and the mantle of charity is thrown over little hardinesses in business by the excellent use So-and-so makes of his money in furthering church work. What if he be a little mean to his clerks—what though he grind the poor manufacturers who supply him and teach them dishonest tricks? He may be a sharp nian of business, but he is honest; he pays what he owes. He fulfils his bargains *always*, when you have them written down in black and white and he can't get out of them. What do you want more? Is he not an honest man?

There are many such honest (?) men in the business world; and their labour is productive—very productive indeed—of much evil and misery to themselves and others. They persist in their evil and deceptive course till the clouds of distrust they engender almost hide entirely from manhood the Sun of Righteousness. The very existence of such a source of Life and Light begins to be doubted. Faith in man once lost, faith in God becomes dim. The clouds gather in heavier and yet heavier masses, the whole atmosphere in which men live and breathe become hot and oppressive with the breathings of the baffled selfishness of the many outgeneralled and repressed by the few greater than itself, till the storm bursts, the gathered thunder roars, and the Light cleaves its way, dispersing the clouds and clearing the atmosphere. The crisis is over. The sun shines once more, revealing the Light of Truth to man that Righteousness is a Sun that shines for all. Its warmth is Love—its light, Wisdom—and its name, Jehovah our Righteousness, the one God of heaven and earth, whose very Life is to bless all in whom is the breath of Life. Such Life from Him can only be a blessing to us if, like Him, we bless others; for Love is our own life also. Let us not then love in word only, but in deed and in truth. He that loveth his brother abideth in the Light, and gives no occasion of stumbling to others. He does not tempt manufacturers to adulterate their goods, nor to lie to their customers about the quality of their goods, nor oppress their clerks as regards their wages. He neither gives usury for long credit, nor exacts it from others, but in all things regards the good of others more than his own. Through time such rise to the full stature of men, because all their faculties of will, intellect and action are filled with the Life from above. The field for such Life is the world. The harvest is ready, but the labourers who care to harvest the fruits of the soil, for the *world* and not for *self*, are few.

Do you care to enter on such a work? The way is open. Things are so arranged that the yoke can be rendered easy, the burden of care for others, light. Few there are who are so utterly dead and buried in the grave of self and selfishness that they love no human being but themselves. If they can still

love any they can come to love all. In such love there is hope of life; for if we are still capable of loving one another, God still dwelleth in us, and by that means it is still possible that His love may become perfected in our life. The world only waits till men catch some idea of the beauty and usefulness of a life lived for others, and begin to do good for goodness' sake, to enter again on that glorious era—lost for a while, but the path to which is now regained—the Golden age. Then shall begin in earnest the service of God, and out of each of us shall die and be forgotten the service of

"MAMMON"

LIFE INSURANCE.

In these days of great pressure, both mental and physical, nothing behooves provident people of all classes more than the determination to make provision for unforeseen circumstances, accidents, etc. Things have now arrived at such a stage that with a little care, discrimination, forethought and economy, such a provision may be made to a certainty, and thus life may be robbed at once of one of its greatest anxieties, viz., the leaving of those closely connected to us unprovided for. In another of our columns we have extracted from the *United States Review* a statement having reference to the Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company, in which some of the salient points of the affairs of this Company are pointed out; but before inserting this we saw the Manager of the Company, Mr. Wells of this city, asking him if such a satisfactory position was really held by the Company. That this was the case was proved to us by the following figures, made up to January of the present year, and duly audited.

ASSETS.

Balance Ledger Assets, 31st December, 1878.....	\$4,139,363.99
Premiums received during the year 1877.....	693,281.98
Interest, rents, profits on bonds sold.....	216,039.62

\$5,048,685.59

LIABILITIES.

Paid for losses and endowments.....	\$453,378.60
Paid for surrendered policies and rebate of policy holders.....	215,824.58
Paid for stockholders for interest.....	14,528.44
Commission, taxes, and all other expenses.....	334,531.95
Leaving a balance of no less than.....	4,030,422.02

\$5,048,685.59

The liabilities of the Company amount to some four million dollars—which liabilities include every possible claim that can be made against the Company—while the assets amount to between four and five millions; so that, under any circumstances, there must be plenty of margin to pay every claim for which the Company can be called upon. The Manager also states that an investigation of more than usual severity has just been finished, and that the New York State Insurance Commissioner has examined every bond, deed, mortgage, and all securities of the Company, with the most satisfactory result. This Company has been established 13 years, so that it has had time to acquire solidity—a very necessary thing with an insurance company—and during that time it has returned to its policy-holders about \$6,000,000. During the present year—to August 1st—they have issued and revived 1862 policies, insuring an amount of \$1,432,000. In fact the growth of this Company has been very rapid both in the United States and in Canada. Organized in 1864, it has up to date issued 41,816 different policies; paid in death claims to date, \$3,467,543; endowment policies paid to date, \$234,809; and dividends, surrender values, and return premiums paid to date, \$2,213,336; or, in all, over \$5,915,000. One very strong point in this Company is that it is a *bona fide* Life Insurance Company, and is not mixed up in any way with fire insurance. In a young country where a large portion of the houses are of wooden construction, the latter business is inevitably risky, and the Globe Mutual Insurance Company do well, in our opinion, in keeping entirely aloof from any risk of this kind. A life insurance company, well managed, *must* be a success. Nothing is done by rule of thumb, but everything by accepted and proved tables; and if, with plenty of business and abundance of capital (both of which the Globe seems to have), it cannot prosper, something must be wrong somewhere. However, before people insure their lives they should look closely into the affairs of the company in which they propose insuring, and this the Globe invites people to do.

LA PETITE MADELAINE.

By MRS. SOUTHEY.

The truth was told—the full, simple truth—and no sooner told than Walter's better nature rejoiced at the disclosure, rejoiced at its release from the debasing shackles imposed by worldly considerations, and grateful to the young ingenuous creature whose impulsive honesty had saved them both from perseverance in the dangerous paths of deception, even at the cost of those important advantages which might have resulted from a temporary concealment of their union. Tenderly raising and supporting her he was now free to call his own in the sight of men and angels, he drew her gently towards the incensed parent, the expected storm of whose just wrath he prepared himself to meet respectfully, and to deprecate with all due humility. But the preparation proved perfectly unnecessary. Madame du Résnel, whose rigidity of feature had relaxed into no change of line or muscle indicative of surprise or emotion at her daughter's abrupt confession, now listened with equally imperturbable composure to Walter's rather hurried and confused attempts at excusing what was, in the strict sense, inexcusable; and to his frank and manly professions of attachment to her daughter, and of his desire, if he might be received as a son by that daughter's mother, to prove, by every act of his future life, his sense of such generous forgiveness. Having heard him to the end, with the most exemplary patience and faultless good-breeding, Madame du Résnel begged to assure Monsieur Barnard, that, "so far from assuming to herself any right of

censure over him or his actions, past, present, or to come, she begged leave to assure him she was incapable of such impertinent interference; and that, with regard to the lady who had ceased to be her daughter on becoming the wife of Monsieur Barnard, she resigned from that moment all claims on the duty she had violated, and all control over her future actions. Les effets appartenant à Mademoiselle Madelaine du Résnel—[poor little Madelaine, few and little worth were thy worldly goods!—]—should be ready for delivery to any authorised claimant." "Au reste"—Madame du Résnel had the honour to felicitate Monsieur and Madame Barnard on their auspicious union, and to wish them a very good morning—an adieu sans au revoir—with which tender conclusion she dropped a profound and dignified curtsy, and with her attendant daughters (who dutifully followed the maternal example) passed through the gate of the Manoir, and closed it after her, with no violence, but a deliberate firmness, that spoke to those without more convincingly than words could have expressed it,—"Henceforward, and for ever, this barrier is closed against you."

That moment was one of bitterness to the new-made wife,—to the discarded daughter; and, for a time, all the feelings that had led to her violation of filial duty—all the excuses she had framed to herself for breaking its sacred obligations—all the "shortcomings" of love she had been subjected to in her own home—and all—ay, even all the love, passing speech, which had bound up her life with Walter Barnard's—all was forgotten—merged in one absorbing agony of distress, at the sudden and violent wrench-asunder of Nature's first and holiest ties. She clung to the side-post of the old gate that opened to her paternal domain—to the house of her fathers. She kissed the bars that excluded her for ever. Was it for ever? A gleam of hope brightened in her streaming eyes—"Her dear Armand! Le petit frère would return to the Manoir, and he would never shut its gates against poor Madelaine."

Her husband availed himself of the auspicious moment; he encouraged her hopes, and she listened with the eager simplicity of a child; he spoke words of comfort, and she was comforted; of love, and she forgot her fault and her remorse—her home—her friends—the world—and everything in it but himself.

Three days from that ever-memorable morning, la petite Madelaine stood with her husband upon English ground, but for him, a stranger in a strange land—the portionless bride of a poor subaltern. For though she had brought with her all the "effets" which, through Madame's special indulgence, she had been permitted to remove from her own little turret-chamber, they helped but poorly towards the future ménage, consisting only of her scanty wardrobe, a few books (her most precious property), a little embroidered purse, containing a louis-d'or, sundry old silver coins, and pièces de dix sous, a bonbonnière full of dragées, a birthday present from le petit frère, a gold etui, the gift of her grandmother, and a pair of silver sugar-tongs, the bequest of old Jeannette. To this splendid inventory she was, however, graciously allowed to annex the transfer of honest Roland, her father's ancient servitor, who, as if endowed with rational comprehension, made shift to leap into the cart which conveyed to Caen the poor possessions of his master's daughter, and came crouching to her feet, with looks and actions needing no interpretation to speak intelligently,—"Mistress! lead on, and I will follow thee."

The married pair were indeed embarked together on a rough sea, with little provision for the voyage, to which they had been in a manner prematurely driven; but, by the blessing of Providence, they weathered out its storms, now sheltering for a season in some calm and friendly haven, and anon compelled (but with recruited courage) to renew their conflict with the winds and waves. But throughout, their hearts were strong, for they were faithfully united; and that devoted affection for her husband, which had saved the heart of Madelaine from breaking in its first and sharpest agony (the sharpest, because mingled with remorse), was the continued support and sweetener of her after-life, through a lot of infinite vicissitude.

If haply I have evinced some partiality to poor little Madelaine, even in the detail of her unsanctioned nuptials, accuse me not, reader, of making light of the sin of filial disobedience. I have told you that *she judged herself*;—let you and I do likewise, and abstain from passing sentence on others. But if your Christian charity, righteous reader! is so rigidly exacting as to require punishment as well as penitence, be comforted even on that score, and lay the assurance to your feeling heart, that la petite Madelaine *had* her full share of worldly troubles; the last and crowning one of all, that she was doomed to be, by some years, the survivor of the husband of her youth—the friend and companion of her life—the prop and staff of her declining days.

But she was not long an outcast from her own people and her early home. "Le petit frère" found means, soon after the attainment of his majority, and the full rights and titles it conferred on him, as lord of himself and the Manoir du Résnel, to prevail on his lady-mother (who still remained mistress of the establishment) to receive, on the footing of occasional guests, her long-banished child, with her English husband. From that time, Monsieur du Résnel proved himself, on all occasions, the affectionate brother and unfailing friend of Walter and Madelaine; and the good understanding then established between themselves and Madame du Résnel was never interrupted, though jealousies among the elder sisters were always at work to undermine it by innumerable petty artifices. Madame was not their dupe, however. Nature had formed her with a cold heart, but a strong understanding. She felt and knew that the respect and attention invariably shown towards her by Madelaine and her husband, were the fruits of right principle and kindly disposition, unswayed by any interested consideration, and that her other daughters were actuated by the sordid view of appropriating to themselves exclusively, at her decease, the small hoard she might have accumulated in the long course of her rigid and undeviating economy. As the burden of years pressed more heavily upon her, she became more and more sensible of the worth and tenderness of her once-slighted Madelaine; and when circumstances made it expedient that she should remove from her son's roof, she took up her last lodging among the living under that of the dutiful child, whose widowed sorrows were soothed by her tender performance of the sacred duty which had thus unexpectedly devolved upon her.

When the mother and daughter were reunited under circumstances so affecting, the latter had almost numbered the threescore years, so near the age of man; and the former, with all her mental faculties in their full vigour, and retaining her bodily strength and all her senses to an extraordinary degree, was

on the verge of fourscore years and five. But the tender and unremitting cares of her filial guardian were blessed for three years longer in their pious aim,—

"To explore the wish—explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky,"

Then the full of days was summoned to depart, and I—yes—I remember well the last scene of her long pilgrimage, though a little child when present at it, and carried in my nurse's arms to the chamber of death. My mother was there also, for she was the granddaughter of that aged dying woman—the daughter of Walter Barnard and Madelaine du Résnel. And so it came to pass that la petite Madelaine was my own dear grandmother, and that the fact was (I suppose) written on my forehead, for the future investigation of that "grim white woman," the daughter of Adrienne de St. Hilaire, who, impelled by curiosity, and armed with hereditary hate, dismayed me by that mysterious visit, which, opening up the forgotten sources of old traditional memories, gave rise to my after daydream and to this long story.

THE END.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We have been compelled to hold over until next week several articles and communications from correspondents, for want of space.

BOWING AT THE NAME OF JESUS.

SIR,—With reference to your item in last week's issue on the above subject, the following may be interesting. Sir Edward Dering was a celebrated Royalist M. P. during the reign of Charles I., and upon a bill being introduced proposing the abolition of certain ceremonies as idolatrous, Sir Edward made the following earnest speech:—

"Hear me with patience, and refute me with reason. Your command is that all corporal bowing at the name of Jesus be henceforth foreborne.

"I have often wished that we might decline these dogmatical resolutions in divinity. I say it again and again that we are not *idonei et competentes iudices* in doctrinal determinations. The theme we are now upon is a sad point: I pray, consider severely on it.

"You know there is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. You know that this is a Name above every name. *Oleum effusum nomen ejus*—it is the carrol of his own spouse. This name is by a Father styled *Mel in ore, melos in aure, jubulum in corde*. This, it is the sweetest and the fullest of comfort of all the names and attributes of God, *God my Saviour*. If Christ were not our Jesus, Heaven were then our envy which is now our blessed hope.

"And must I, Sir, hereafter, do no exterior reverence, none at all, to God my Saviour, at the mention of his saving name Jesus? Why, Sir, not to do it, to omit it, and to leave it undone, it is questionable; it is controvertible; it is at least a moot point in divinity. But to deny it—to forbid it to be done—take heed, Sir! God will never own you, if you forbid his honour. Truly, Sir, it horrors me to think of this.

"For my part, I do humbly ask pardon of this House, and thereupon I take leave and liberty to give you my resolute resolution. I may, I must, I will do bodily reverence unto my Saviour; and that upon occasion taken at the mention of his saving name Jesus. And if I should do it also as oft as the name of God, or Jehovah, or Christ, is named in our solemn devotions, I do not know any argument in divinity to control me.

"Mr. Speaker, I shall never be frightened from this with that fond shallow argument, Oh, you make an idol of a name. I beseech you, Sir, paint me a voice; make a sound visible, if you can. When you have taught mine ears to see, and mine eyes to hear, I may then perhaps understand this subtle argument. In the meantime, reduce this dainty species of new idolatry under its proper head, the second commandment, if you can; and if I find it there, I will fly from it *ultra Sauromatas*, any whither with you.

"—Was it ever heard before, that any men, of any religion, in any age, did ever cut short and abridge any worship, upon any occasion, to their God? Take heed, Sir, and let us all take heed whither we are going! If Christ be JESUS, if JESUS be God, all reverence, exterior as well as interior, is too little for him. I hope we are not going up the back-stairs to Socinianism.

"In a word, certainly, Sir, I shall never obey your order, so long as I have a hand to lift up to Heaven, so long as I have an eye to lift up to Heaven. For these are corporal bowings, and my Saviour shall have them at his name JESUS."

JUDEX.

REV. EDITOR,—On the subject of "Bowling at the Name of Jesus," allow me to quote from Dean Hook's Church Dictionary:—"It is enjoined by the eighteenth canon of the Constitutions of the Church of England, that 'When in time of Divine service the Lord Jesus shall be mentioned, due and lowly reverence shall be done by all persons present, as it hath been accustomed, testifying by these outward ceremonies and gestures, their inward humility, Christian resolution, and due acknowledgment that the Lord Jesus Christ, the true eternal Son of God, is the only Saviour of the world, in whom alone all the mercies, graces, and promises of God to mankind, for this life and the life to come, are fully and wholly comprised.' We do not bow when our Lord is come, are fully and wholly comprised." We do not bow when our Lord is spoken of as Christ, for when we speak of Him as the Christ, we speak of His office, the Anointed, the Prophet, Priest and King of our race, which implies His Divine nature. But Jesus is the name of His humanity, the name He was known by as man; whenever, therefore, we pronounce that name, we bow, to signify that He who for our sakes became man, is also God."

The eighteenth canon, quoted by Dean Hook, contains several other directions of a similar nature, which you will perceive should be observed by every member of the English Church. I have also in mind a tradition that the custom of "Bowling at the Name of Jesus" became general amongst the orthodox at the outset of the Arian heresy.

Yours truly, CHAS. G. KILNER.

Adamsville, August 12, 1878.

"THE PROTESTANT PULPIT OF MONTREAL."

SRR,—I observe that the series of articles on the "Protestant Pulpit of Montreal" culminated in No. III. in the mention of the Swedenborgian Church. True, it is merely named; yet, could your contributor but know the thrill of gratitude he has called forth by this means, it would doubtless be grateful to him. To be ranked as a Church at all, and much more, as a Protestant one, is indeed a sweet boon. It is, however, perhaps hardly deserved. We "Swedenborgians," as we are nicknamed, are hardly yet an outward and visible church at all, and scarcely aspire to rank among Protestant

systems of religion. We are more a sort of religious Freemasonry, whose field is the world—not the Church. If we can succeed in bringing religion into the every-day work of the world, and making it tell there, we might become a Church yet: "Quien sabe?" It may be instructive to your correspondent to know that there are few walks in life where he will fail to find us. In England the press teems with so-called Swedenborgian views on all practical subjects, and few schemes of genuine reform are called out there without some of us either at the helm or on the look-out to help them aright. In the United States we pursue much the same line, but a little more rigidly regulated into sect formularies, and have consequently made less progress. In Germany, France, Belgium and Italy we are far from asleep, yet still in these countries we are among the people—our life their life—our work their work. Into that we must contrive to throw our religion, or prove it and our faith alike vain. In Canada the Press is hardly honest enough to be able to put up with us—yet. We are few and far between; and here, emphatically, our field is the world. Yet we are neither dead nor sleeping, and ere long Canada will find that out, and be none the worse for the discovery.

Pardon this intrusion on your space. We are a people who strive to abound in charity: yet we do not wish to have that charity tried too much. I venture to address you, therefore, merely to beg that your contributor, when next he does us the favour to mention us, will not describe us under the heading of a "Prostant Pulpit"—a dead thing—a thing of wood—very stationary—hemmed in with solid walls—but as men of the world, whose place, and power, and life, are only to be known and recognized on the common platform of our common humanity. I may, I think, confidently venture to assert that this represents most truthfully the attitude of every

"READER OF SWEDENBORG."

Toronto, 10th August, 1878.

"THE PROTESTANT PULPIT OF MONTREAL."

"Many people think that so little troubled as is Montreal by the vagaries of the High Church party and with so many excellent evangelical churchmen amongst us there is scarcely need of the half-way house to 'non-conformity' which has been set up in the Hall of the Natural History Society" (*i.e.* the Reformed Episcopal Church.)

The above is a portion of a paragraph appearing in your paper. Anticipating a failure on the part of the Primitive Methodists to establish their cause in Montreal, your correspondent starts out with a question regarding the future of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and, as "many people" think we are a half-way house to non-conformity and we are not "needed" for reasons stated, you will permit me to inform your readers what we are, and why we are here. Were our Protestant fathers to rise from their graves and enter a Reformed Episcopal Church to worship on the Sabbath Day, they would feel at home, they would say, "this is the old Protestant Church of England as I knew it." There is no half-way house about us, we are old-time Episcopalians who have become ashamed of unchristian exclusiveness, and recognizing the validity of the ministerial orders of all Protestant clergymen, are alive to the pleasure and privileges of Christian courtesy, and willing to exchange pulpits with any faithful minister of our Lord Jesus Christ. We are not Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, or Baptists, there would have been no earthly excuse for the organization of another denomination patterning after any of these, recognising them all as regiments in the great army of the Church of Christ, we simply claim to be the Protestant Episcopalian regiment or division, loyal to the same king. The Anglican majority have drifted from their moorings and are sweeping on the tide of sacerdotalism to Rome; we have taken a life-boat, and with the treasures given us by our fathers in the Reformation (which the Jesuits on the old ship wanted to sink overboard) have landed, and are happy to have escaped being swamped on Popery. We have made a refuge for all that are of the same mind, and have left our old-time sanctuaries for the preservation of our faith, we have left nothing behind, not even the "Apostolic Succession" (what ever its worth), *we call it* historic succession, and are proud of it for the sake of "auld lang syne," and if we thought it conveyed any spiritual grace, we would give it free as water to all who wanted it, but *knowing* it does not, we regard it as a sort of family heirloom of no value to any but ourselves. Money, brick and mortar, old-time memories, and must I say it, dear old friends who look coldly on us now, have been parted with, but it has all been for Christ's sake, and the faithful grieved ones we have left behind us will yet see and commend our wisdom.

Between the Gospel that is preached in all its faithfulness at the Cathedral, St. George's, and other Evangelical Episcopal Churches in this city and that preached in the Reformed Episcopal Church *there is no difference*. The difference lies in the fact that the Prayer-book of the Anglican Church *does not harmonise* with the Gospel as preached by such men as Canon Baldwin and Dean Bond, while the Prayer-book of the Reformed Episcopal Church preserves all the liturgical beauties of the Church of England, and *is* Scriptural. Reformed Episcopalians have "no explaining away" to do, priest, altar and sacrifice are gone, bag and baggage, we have done just what the evangelical ministers in the Anglican Church would do if they could, *viz.*, revise the Prayer-book, but they cannot, and they must not blame people, when for twenty or more years of active ministry, they have been preaching Reformed Episcopal principles in a rapidly Romanizing Church, if, when opportunity offers the laity, *believing* in what they taught, go where they can practise it.

We of the Reformed Episcopal Church are, here in Montreal and elsewhere throughout the world, an unlocalized Church, maintaining the principles handed down to us by our fathers in the Reformation. If the first Reformation was right, the second is. Popery was the cause of both. The errors in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer are acknowledged to be such by evangelical ministers; they were re-introduced by the most corrupt of corruptionists; the Ritualist has this Prayer-book as his authority, and he is loyal to it. "Montreal, says 'Quien Sabe,' is little troubled with the vagaries of the High Church party." The Diocese of Toronto was once the same, but how is it now? High Churchmen are only timid Ritualists, and many think that some Ritualists are Jesuits, be this as it may, *we* can now look on at the bitter fight, which means extermination of the Low Church party, instead of being forced into it. The Church of

England is torn by schism, Ritualist and Evangelical have nothing in common, they are as antagonistic as fire and water. We of the Reformed Episcopal Church left the Anglican Church to avoid schism, in keeping with Archbishop Lauds' assurance (a High Church authority) that "they are guilty of schism who give the cause, not they who make the separation."

So far as our future is concerned in this city, if our work is of God it will prosper; speaking from a human standpoint, we have come to stay.

I remain, faithfully yours,

B. B. USSHER, M.D.,

Rector St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal Church, Montreal.

ARARAT.

SIR,—Your bold image of "Ararat and the Ark" is certainly sufficiently puzzling in the application.

What is needed, as it seems to me, is to show that you can give up Calvinism without giving up the Epistle to the Romans.

And, at the outset of the argument, the term "Calvinism" ought to be defined, because there are a good many different shades of opinion that have been set forth under the one head of "Calvinism."

I suppose we shall agree in considering that all Doctrine is based upon Divine Revelation, and not on human opinion.

If a Doctrine is true, it is true always. If we have formed false conceptions about it, we are at liberty to modify them.

TRUTH THE ARK.

MELONS.—A subscriber asks, "How may melons be kept till Christmas?" There are two kinds of melons, called the white and red winter Malta melon, which will keep till February. We have kept them till March. These melons often appear in the market in the fall, imported from Spain. Minorca melons will keep for several weeks and even months, provided the temperature be kept equal. In Persia and Asiatic Russia melons are kept till February, by placing them in a niche in the thick wall of the house, where a uniform temperature is preserved. The melon of the future will be a Hybrid—Minorca and Malta melon—which will combine the fine flavor and texture of the Minorca with the keeping qualities of the Malta. Such a melon would be a great boon to the market gardener, and make a delicious addition to our winter fruits.

THE GLOBE MUTUAL.

A few weeks ago, says the *United States Review* as was duly noted in these columns at the time, the results of the official examination of the Globe Mutual Life Insurance Company were announced by the managers of the company, and met very generally with favorable acceptance, albeit in some quarters there was disappointment that the official report of Superintendent Smyth upon the examination was not itself forthcoming. That report has now appeared, and almost simultaneously with its appearance certain important changes are effected in the management of the company. The venerable Pliny Freeman continues as president, but his son, James M. Freeman, has ceased to be secretary, and is succeeded by Mr. C. Seton Lindsay, who has for several years been at the head of one of the important departments of the company's business. Mr. George Lorillard, long connected with the company as a director, and prominently identified with the commercial interests of New York City, has been elected vice-president, and Mr. J. G. Holbrooke, who for some time past has held an advisory position in the office of the company, has been appointed to the position of superintendent of agencies. It is understood among those informed as to the details of the change, that Mr. Holbrooke is possessed of large powers in the management of the company's business, and it cannot be otherwise than eminently satisfactory to all the friends of the company that such is the case. Few men have had so long and thorough an experience with life insurance affairs as Mr. Holbrooke. Well-skilled in both the science and practical development of the business, and possessed of the qualities that must command the respect and confidence of the agents and office-employees, there can be no question that his services in the company's behalf will accomplish for it commendable results. It may be remembered by our readers that the net surplus of the company, over and above its liabilities of some four million dollars, was placed by the Insurance Department of New York at \$163,117.39. These figures were given as of January 1st of this year, and we are pleased in this connection to announce that on July 1st the books of the company showed a net gain during the six months in question of \$120,000, thus bringing the surplus on the latter date up to \$283,000. We trust that similarly favorable progress, by a wise and faithful administration of the company's affairs, may continue to be realized.

MUSICAL.

THE DE MURSKA CONCERTS.

Montreal is so seldom favoured with anything approaching a first-class concert troupe that, although only one member of this troupe could even be ranked as a *first-class artist*, and all of them are now bordering on the "sere and yellow leaf," we listened with pleasure to their performances, some of their selections reminding us of the palmy days of Mario, Grisi and Titiens, when Ilma de Murska, with a voice both rich and highly cultivated, astonished all London by her wonderful execution of the florid music in "Die Zauberflöte," the role of "Queen of Night" being especially adapted to her high and flexible voice.

We have had quite a musical feast—two concerts, one matinee, and an opera, at least a sketch of an opera; and at all of these performances there was much that we enjoyed. The troupe consists of Madame Ilma de Murska, Signori Susini, Brignoli and Bablo, and Messrs. Hill and Makin. Madame de Murska's rendering of the vocal waltz by Giorza, "For ever I Love Thee," was one of the most exquisite performances it has ever been our good fortune to hear, and we regret that so few availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing such a genuine artiste as she undoubtedly is. After the first few bars one forgets entirely to criticize, and listens with rapture to the passages and roudades so perfectly vocalized, and the turns and trills so gracefully performed, as if in mere playfulness, and not as we often hear them, as some difficult task to be done with as little awkwardness as possible.

As a bravura singer, Madame de Murska is unexcelled, if indeed she be equalled anywhere in Europe; she also sang "Within a Mile o' Edinboro' Town," "Way down upon the Swanee River," and "The Last Rose of Summer" with taste and skill, but interpolated into all of them more or less of the bravura style, in the shape of trills and cadenzas, which, to

our thinking, detracted from the general effect. Fancy, for instance, ending the "Last Rose" on the upper F, with a bravura flourish on the words "scentless and dead," or twisting the "Swanee River" so out of shape as to take five minutes to each verse, leaving us amidst its windings and turnings a very indistinct idea of what the composer had written. However, notwithstanding all that, her performances throughout were very enjoyable, and we would gladly attend four more of a like character. Signor Susini did not impress us favourably as a concert singer; as a buffo operatic singer he is first class, and as "Don Pasquale" was a decided success. He has a fine bass voice, and seems to delight in letting it all out, and (like the organist who always held down the pedal which made the church windows rattle) whenever he gets a good round note, likes to give you plenty of it. Beside Susini, Brignoli appeared to advantage, as he has some little idea of light and shade; he sang several Italian songs very acceptably, and, on the first evening, gave the inevitable "Good Bye, Sweet-heart," in good style, receiving tremendous applause. His singing of "Come into the Garden, Maud," on the second night, was calculated to frighten any average "Maud" out of her senses, and we are sure that were Signor Brignoli absolutely in the position in which he was supposed to be, he would have sung a little more naturally, not to speak of taste or education at all. At the close of each verse he fairly howled, and we were in momentary anticipation of seeing "Maud's" father come rushing from the wings with a horsewhip. Signor Brignoli has, or rather had, a good tenor voice, with the conventional operatic ring in it, and by dint of singing a few bars in stentorian tones, and then reducing his voice to a whisper, manages to captivate the average concert-goer; he succeeds fairly in opera, which does not require so much *artistic singing as general style*, but in the higher branches of vocal art, he is simply "nowhere." His phrasing is bad, and his voice uneven, but his upper G forced out with abnormal lung pressure never fails to "bring the house down." We are satisfied, from the applause bestowed on some of his songs, that were Mr. Sims Reeves to come here unheralded, he would prove an utter failure.

The other gentlemen who sang at these concerts had "vox, et preterea nihil," and very poor "vox" at that; Mr. Hill accompanied exquisitely, and, judging from his piano solos, we would consider him a pianist of considerable ability. His playing contributed in no small degree to the success of the concerts, and we cannot understand why his name should be placed in small type at the foot of the bill, whilst third and fourth-rate singers (called artists by courtesy) are set forth in all the glory of gigantic capitals. Surely a good pianist is equal to a bad vocalist!

The opera on Monday night was highly successful, and was fairly attended. All the singers seemed more at home in operatic than in ballad music, and the acting was above the average. The want of a chorus and orchestra, particularly the latter, marred the general effect, but we have to be content with such faint glimpses of lyric art, Montreal being sparsely populated, and only a few hundred people being attainable for any performance, no matter how good. Our people, too, although in London or Paris, they can pay three or four dollars to hear an opera or an oratorio, cannot afford more than one dollar to have the same thing brought to their own doors, and instead of fostering any attempt towards such an end, endeavour to show their superiority by exclaiming, "Oh! you should hear that work performed in London, there they do it *proprietly*," &c. This is how we have to listen, year after year, to worn out opera singers, instead of having, for a short time at least, the best who visit the continent. As regards a chorus, we could organize in three or four weeks a chorus equal to any in New York or London, operatic choruses being a mere bagatelle compared to what we hear here every day; the orchestra would be more difficult to maintain, but is it *impossible*? If not let us have it; all we want is money, and not much of that. Let each one who enjoys good music labor towards obtaining a permanent orchestra in Montreal; we have a good nucleus here already and more than one efficient conductor. What we want is a fund to enable these men to devote a certain amount of time to practice, and then, when we establish our operas and our oratorios, and symphonies, many players may be obtained from various parts who will be glad to come to a city where they can obtain employment.

Mr. Henry Robinson has been appointed organist and choirmaster of the Church of St. James the Apostle in this city. Mr. Robinson was formerly organist of Trinity Church, but has been studying for some time in England; he is a young man of great promise, and we gladly welcome him back among us, as a good organist is a *rara avis* in Montreal.

Dr. MacLagan's series of organ recitals in Zion Church will commence on Monday next. This species of entertainment is becoming popular, not only in the United States and England, but also in the great continental cities. At the Paris Exhibition, the Committee on Organ Music recommended a series of performances "semblables aux séances communes en Angleterre sous le nom de *Recitals*," and on this continent the success of the Plymouth Church organ recitals in Brooklyn (the admission fee being fifteen cents) has been unparalleled. Speaking of them the *Orpheus* of New York says:—"The organ concerts of Plymouth Church, which were instituted over nine years ago, have been a great instructor to organ music, and have done more than all other influences to promote a taste for organ performances throughout the country. The one hundred and twenty-third concert—the last of the present season—was probably the most remarkable ever given."

We wish these recitals were more common in our churches. It is not the business of the organist to perform fugues and organ concertos during divine service; rather let him extemporise to suit the particular portion of the service into which instrumental music is introduced and reserve the works of Bach, Mendelssohn, Hesse, &c., for performance during the week. To hear an organist, after a solemn address from the pulpit, dash into Bach's "G." minor fugue, or worse still, one of the ephemeral productions of Batiste or Wely, we think shocking in the extreme; yet we hear still greater incongruities every Sunday in our churches. Even a Symphony we consider out of place during service; and, much as we love to hear one at any time, we would prefer to listen to it during the week.

We think it would be well if in every church we had one evening in each week set apart for these delightful and refining entertainments, and an opportunity given to the congregation to hear good music at a trifling cost.

THE DE MURSKA CONCERTS.

SIR,—Your valuable musical column is becoming much appreciated for one reason particularly—among many others—and that is when you criticise the performance of any artist or singer, you, careless of popularity, give an honest and fearless critique. It is by these means only that we can hope to purge our musical proscenium of many of the so-called singers that at present invade it. Now I have nothing to say against the De Murska concerts—much for them, considerable merit being shown—but when a contemporary of yours (*The Jester*) talks such vapid nonsense in speaking of Brignoli's singing as that "his impassioned notes vibrate in the air like a trumpet blast; his soft tones are like the sighing of the wind," I begin to think that the gentleman writing such "balderdash" was not present at the concerts, and consequently "called upon his imagination for his facts and his memory for his 'figures!'"

VERA.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION. By Professor A. M. Bell, of Brantford, Ont. Publisher: Thomas Henderson, Box 431, Brantford.

We have before us this valuable and very useful Manual, which from beginning to the end is full of instruction in this very desirable branch of education. Professor Bell has divided and subdivided his work into parts and chapters, treating the subject in such an exhaustive manner, that truly one cannot read it without gaining knowledge. Professor Bell is well known, and has acquired a position as Watkins Lecturer in Queen's University, Kingston; and we may add that the present is the fourth edition of the work.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA is now issuing Policies and Permits for Travel, covering all accidents by land or water—fatal or non-fatal—at the same rate which had hitherto been charged for Insurances covering *accidental death only* when beyond the limits of Canada. An Insurance of \$5,000 if killed, or \$25 a week if injured, for a three months' trip to Europe, costs now only \$25 in this Company. The Head Offices at 123 St. Francis Xavier Street.—EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.—Adv.

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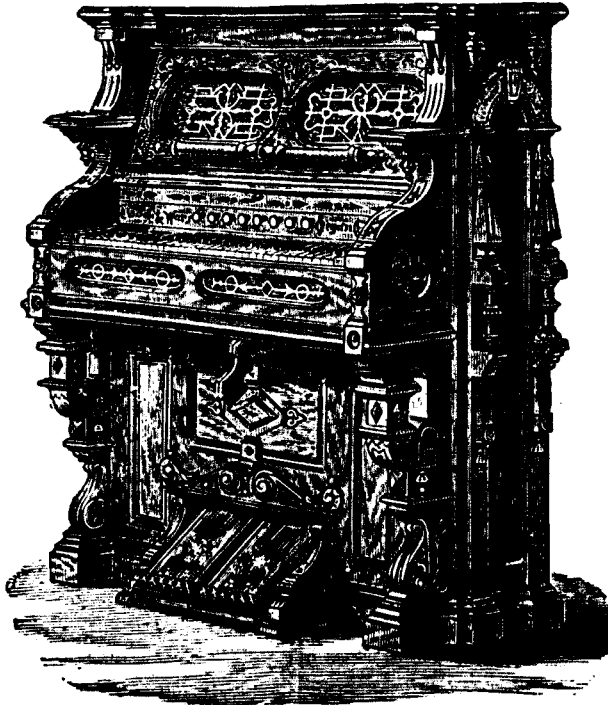
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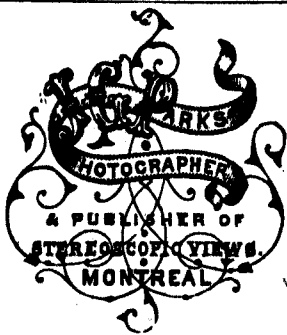
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