

PURE A WEEKLY JOURNAL



GOLD FOR CANADIAN HOMES

Vol. I. No. 4.

TORONTO, JULY 14th, 1871.

Price Five Cents.



J. YOUNG,
(Late from G. Armstrong's Undertaking Establishment, Montreal.)

UNDERTAKER,
351 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.

Funerals furnished with everything required.
Agent for Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases.
Refrigerator Coffins supplied when required.

Toronto Color Store.

BRONSDON & PATON,

Importers and Dealers in

WINDOW GLASS,
OILS, PAINTS,
VARNISHES, &c.

NO. 84 YONGE STREET,

Fourth Door North of King. TORONTO.

N.B.—Mixed Paints always on hand. Also, 21 and 26 oz. Smethwick cut to all sizes.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

E. H. MOORE,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENT, 51
Front Street West, Toronto. General
Agent in Ontario for C. D. Edwards'

Fire-Proof Safes!

A stock always on hand. A number of second-hand now in stock, including some of Taylor's. Send for Price List.

**CANADIAN COPYRIGHT
EDITION.**

MESSRS. HUNTER, ROSE & Co.,
beg to announce that, early in August, they will publish their edition of Mr. Charles Reade's GREAT STORY,

"A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION!"

A work which is now creating a great sensation. "Mr. Reade's new serial promises to illustrate his high artistic and dramatic power as a writer quite as fully as anything which he has heretofore done. Since the death of Dickens, Reade is confessedly at the head of living novelists."—MORNING STAR.

It will be got up in Crown 8vo. size, printed on good paper, and also be handsomely illustrated. Price, Paper Cover, \$1.00, Cloth \$1.25. May be ordered through any bookseller.

HUNTER, ROSE AND CO.,
Printers and Publishers.

Toronto, June 26th, 1871.

H. J. MATTHEWS & BRO.,
Carvers and Gilders!

Importers of

Decalcomanie and Decalcomanie Materials.

Wholesale and Retail

PICTURE FRAME

AND

LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURERS,
95 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

WASHABLE Gilt and Rosewood
Mouldings of superior style and finish; Square, Oval, Rustic and other Picture Frames; Washable Gilt and Rosewood and Gilt Arch-top Looking Glass Frames; Looking Glass Plates; Oil Paintings, Chromos, Engravings, Lithographs, &c., &c.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

141 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1843.

E. M. MORPHY,
Regulator of Toronto University and Normal School Time.

IMPORTER of Watches, Clocks,
Jewellery, Silver and Plated Ware, Fancy Goods, Spectacles for every sight, &c. Watches and Jewellery carefully repaired by first-class workmen.
New and Second-hand Pianos and Melodeons for sale or to rent.

CRYSTAL HALL.

JOSEPH P. BUGG,
IMPORTER, and Wholesale and
Retail Dealer in China, Glass, Earthenware, Lamps, &c. Cheap for cash.

Note the address—265 YONGE STREET, Toronto, 5 doors south of Cruickshank Street.

Glass Preserve Jars, Jelly Mugs, White Ware.

R. C. BOTHWELL,

IMPORTER and Wholesale Dealer in
Fancy Goods, Jewellery, Cutlery, Combs, Berlin Wool, Small Wares, &c., &c.
Wholesale Manufacturers of India Rubber Jewellery, India Rubber and Horn Combs.

No. 107 YONGE STREET
Two Doors below Adelaide Street,
TORONTO.

W. K. KNOWLTON,

DEALER IN

Flour and Produce,
Oat Meal, Corn Meal, Wheat Meal, Buckwheat Flour, Rye Flour, Cracked Wheat, Oats, Bran, and Shorts.

168 QUEEN STREET WEST,
TORONTO.

G. J. FITZSIMONS,

Jeweller and Diamond Setter,
81 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
UPSTAIRS.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

GEO. C. PATTERSON,

Plain and Ornamental

BOOK AND JOB PRINTER,
44 KING STREET EAST,
Over Dominion Bank, TORONTO.

TORONTO VINEGAR WORKS.

W. W. PARK & CO.,
VINEGAR MANUFACTURERS,
92, 94, 96 and 98 Adelaide St. East,
TORONTO, ONT.

T. CLAXTON,

DEALER in First Class Violins, Eng-
lish German and Anglo-German Concertinas, Guitars, Flutes, Fifes Bows, Strings, etc.

Musical Instruments of all kinds Tuned and repaired.

197 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

M. J. GRAND,

General Job Printer,
Nos. 3 AND 5 VICTORIA HALL.

Entrance 11 King Street West, Toronto.

J. ROONEY,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer
in Flour and Feed, Hay, Straw, Potatoes, and Country Produce generally.
No. 81 Church Street, Toronto.

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST,

95 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO,

has given attention to his profession in all its parts, and recommends the new Base to those needing Artificial Teeth.

J. W. ELLIOT, DENTIST, Nos. 43
J. and 45 KING STREET WEST (over E. Hooper & Co.'s Drug Store), Toronto.

REFERENCES—The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Toronto; The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Huron; The Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Ontario.

R. G. TROTTER,

DENTIST,

53 King St. East, opposite Toronto St., TORONTO, ONT.

MR. CALLENDER, DENTIST.

OFFICE—Corner of King and Jordan Streets. Mr. C. makes the preservation of the Natural Teeth a specialty.

MORGAN & THORNE,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,
NOTARIES, ETC.,
COURT STREET, TORONTO.

T. KEATON MORGAN. HORACE THORNE.

TORONTO.—MACLENNAN,
DOWNEY & HENDERSON, Solicitors,
Attorneys, etc.

Offices—Mechanics' Institute, Church Street, Toronto.
James Maclellan, John Downey, Elmes Henderson.

KINGSTONE & BROUGH,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
NOTARIES PUBLIC,
62 CHURCH STREET,
TORONTO.

F. W. KINGSTONE.

C. A. BROUGH.

SHAVING, HAIR CUTTING,
Bathing Rooms. JAS. B. MARSHALL,
Proprietor. No. 60 King Street West, Toronto.
Razors, Knives, Scissors, and Barbers' Shears, ground, &c.

HILLOCK & KENT,

WHOLESALE Dealers in Pine and
Hardwood Lumber, Lath and Shingles, Fancy Woods, Veneers and Mouldings.
Bay Street, near Front, Toronto.

MENDON SEWING MACHINE.



THE MENDON Lock-stitch
is the best Cheap Shuttle Sewing Machine in the world, being constructed in an elegant, simple, strong and durable manner, on the combined principle of the Singer and Howe, and doing with ease a range of work from the lightest muslin fabric to the heaviest beaver cloth.

WILL HEM, FELL, BIND,
BRAID, QUILT, TUCK,
FRILL, GATHER AND
CORD.

Is sold on the best of terms, and

**EVERY MACHINE FULLY
WARRANTED.**

AGENTS WANTED.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS

L. C. MENDON,
3 ROSSIN HOUSE BLOCK,
TORONTO, ONT.

E. K. CORBET, Travelling Agent.

J. SEGSWORTH,

IMPORTER of Watches, Clocks and
Fancy Goods, and Manufacturer of Solid Gold and Silver Jewellery. Masonic Emblems made to order.

113 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Spectacles to suit every sight.

CROCKERY HALL.

M. GUNN,

207 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Have just received a large supply of CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE, and for sale

CHEAPER THAN EVER.

CENTRAL IRON WORKS,
35 and 37 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Steam Engines, Castings, Mill Gearing, Shafting, Pulleys, Hangers, &c. Machinery of every description. Repairs and alterations.

JOHN FENSOM.

"THE ALBERT HOUSE,"
ROBERT LAWSON & CO.,
Proprietors,
218 Yonge Street, and 1 and 3 Albert St.

CHOICE Teas, Family Groceries, and
Provisions of every kind, of the best quality, and at the lowest price, always on hand. Purchasers should not forget to call at this establishment.

NO LIQUORS ARE KEPT FOR SALE.
Note the address.—ROBT. LAWSON & Co., Family Grocers, 218 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Victoria Tea Warehouse.

THE OLDEST TEMPERANCE HOUSE IN THE CITY, ESTABLISHED
over 27 years, and the Pioneer in selling Pure Teas at Low Prices.

Over 2,000 packages in stock put up in 5 lb and 10 lb Tin Canisters, and also in original packages of 20, 40, and 60 lbs each.

Over 50 varieties at from \$2.00 the 5 lb canister. Price Lists sent free on application.

A trial is all that is asked to secure future patronage.

93 KING STREET. SIGN OF THE QUEEN.

EDWARD LAWSON,
THE PIONEER TEA MERCHANT.

"THE OSBORN" LOCK-STITCH
Family Sewing and Light Manufacturing Machines.



Is the result of a great deal of inventive ingenuity and experiments. None but the best and simplest combinations of mechanism are employed in its construction. It is built on the "cam" principle, experience proving it to be a thoroughly reliable one. Such useless complications as Springs, Cranks, Cog-Wheels and Bolts are dispensed with. From the enormous outlay required for machinery and tools in the production of machines on this principle, but few parties have yet attempted it. Having surmounted the difficulty, however, we are enabled to give positive and perfect motions with one-half less machinery than contained in machines using intricate "head-gear" and "heart motions," and present it to purchasers as a first-class article, believing it to be the BEST FAMILY AND LIGHT MANUFACTURING SEWING MACHINE NOW IN USE. It is simple, compact, strong, beautiful and durable. It is capable of a range and variety of work such as was thought impossible long ago to perform by machinery. It is the best made, best adjusted, easiest operated, cheapest and most beautiful in model, quiet, and rapid in its movements, of any family Machine in the market.

THE GUELPH SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

AGENT FOR TORONTO:

ALBERT W. DRAYCOTT, 326 Yonge Street.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS. LIBERAL DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

WM. SHARP & SON,
UNDERTAKERS.

Warerooms and Residence:
Nos. 7 and 9 Queen Street West,
(Adjoining Knox's Church.)
TORONTO.



COFFINS of every size and quality
always on hand. First-class Hearses.
A liberal discount to Churches and Societies who
bury their deceased members.

SUBSCRIBE
FOR
"PURE GOLD,"
A WEEKLY JOURNAL,
FOR CANADIAN HOMES.
TERMS—\$2.00 per annum, invariably in advance

JAMES WEEKES,
Dealer in
NEW AND SECOND-HAND
FURNITURE.

247 AND 249 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO, ONT.

FURNITURE EXCHANGED.

S. MEADOWS,
PLUMBER, STEAM AND GAS
FITTER,

PATENTEE of the Mirror Plated
Reflector, the best that has ever been shown
to the public. Suitable for Churches, Halls,
Theaters, and Store Windows.
21 AND 23 QUEEN STREET WEST.

JOHN LUMBERS,
Corner of Francis and Adelaide Streets,
DEALER IN
FLOUR, PRODUCE, BRAN AND
OATS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

A GREAT MISTAKE:
BUYING A SEWING MACHINE BEFORE SEEING
E. H. ARMS'
New Shuttle or Lock-Stitch Machines,
FOR FAMILY USE AND LIGHT MANUFACTURE.

SIMPLE AND COMPACT.
PRICE \$28.00.



EFFICIENT AND DURABLE.
PRICE \$28.00.

THE most simple Machine in the WORLD. It has only about ONE-FOURTH the parts in its construction that is in other Machines,—thus Simplifying it, and therefore can only be ONE-FOURTH as liable to get out of repair. It makes the genuine SHUTTLE OR LOCK-STITCH alike on both sides. It runs LIGHT and RAPID. It sews Light and Heavy Goods without change of TENSION or STITCH. It uses a Short Straight Needle, which is not near so liable to break. It has the under or FOUR MOTION FEED,—the best in use. It never skips Stitches, or breaks a thread,—for reasons *Why*, call at our office, or send for circular. It has a Complete Outfit, without extra charge. It is highly finished, equal to the highest priced Machine. It will FRINGE, HEM, FELL, TUCK, CORD, BIND, QUILT, BRAID, GATHER and SEW on at the same time, or anything that is possible to do with any Sewing Machine. It is fully WARRANTED, and just the Machine for PRIVATE FAMILIES, MILLINERS, DRESS-MAKERS, TAILORS and FARMERS. It has many points of excellence which we cannot explain here, but will be pleased to have you call at our Office or the nearest Agent's, and see the Machines in motion.

Agents Wanted—both Travelling and Local.

J. C. TODD, No. 7 Rossin House Block, Toronto, Ont.

GREAT REDUCTION!

WHEELER & WILSON'S
SILENT MOTION
SEWING MACHINES.



WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTORIES,

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U. S.

Front, 368 feet; Depth, 307 feet.

Front, 527 feet; Depth, 219 feet.

Hitherto the facilities of the Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co., great as they were, have been inadequate to supply the unprecedented demand of this favorite machine. Recent extensive additions to the Company's manufacturing resources, however enable them now, not only to supply the demand of the world, but at a much cheaper rate. The public in Canada will now reap the benefit of these changes, and it is expected the present large reduction will not only increase the sale still more extensively, but enable the very poorer classes to procure them, and by our system of easy monthly payments, every family in the land may become the possessors of a machine celebrated the world over for its sterling worth and great durability.

CATALOGUE AND REDUCED PRICE LIST POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS!

G. A. WALTON, General Agent:

85 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO; 37 SPARK STREET, OTTAWA;
54 JAMES STREET, HAMILTON.

TO THOSE WHO ARE AFFLICTED WITH,
EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS,

USE PEARSON'S REMEDY, which has stood the test of years, and is acknowledged to be a perfect cure.

DAVID MILLAR, DRUGGIST, 104 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

THE
Temperance House AGENTS WANTED
IS
VARIETY HALL.

A. FARLEY & SON,
Wholesale & Retail Grocers

IMPORTERS, AND

General Merchants,

VARIETY HALL,

No. 291 QUEEN STREET WEST,
Corner of Peter Street.

Families supplied with Groceries by the month,
and delivered to all parts of the city.

GIVE THEM A TRIAL.

CANADIAN STOVE DEPOT
AND
RAILROAD LAMP MANUFACTORY

50 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, AND
ONTARIO STREET, STRATFORD.

J. BOXALL.

FURNACES, REFRIGERATORS,

CHALLENGE HEATERS,

VENTILATORS, STOVES,

COAL OIL, LAMPS,

WICKS, CHIMNEYS & TINWARE,
FOR SALE.

TO CANVAS FOR

"PURE GOLD,"

IN EVERY COUNTY

IN THE DOMINION.

REMOVAL.

MCCLEARY & MCCOMB,

BUILDERS,

Will remove their place of business to Widmer Street, north of King.

FOUR NEW BRICK HOUSES TO LET on
Widmer Street. Enquire on the premises.

MCCLEARY & MCCOMB.

SUBSCRIBE at once for **PURE GOLD,**
—Price \$2.00 per year; \$1.00 for 6 months.

OLD:

lian Homes.

and Moral Sentiment of the Dominion.

No. 4.

PHILOLOGICAL FILBERTS.

No. 2.

IT has been laid down as a canon of criticism, that comic incidents and characters may be introduced into a serious poem without injuring the higher tone of the general colouring, but giving to it the effect of light and shade, provided the due mock heroic stateliness be kept up in the language. It was some feeling of this rule, we suppose that led Mr. Lowell to employ so many new and hard words in the lighter portions of his picturesque and philosophic poem, "the Cathedral." Among these "mock heroic," "stately" expressions we find "loudened,"—"de-saxonized"—"rumorous"—"invirile"—"disnated"—and the very formidable, polly-syllabic word "undisprivacied."

For the benefit of those who have not read the poem, I give the passage in which the last word occurs, fearing that without the context its meaning may be undiscovered. Mr. Lowell visits a pleasure garden in the neighborhood of his cathedral and is struck with the contrast between the constrained manners of an Englishman or American when the public eye is on him, and the ease which the Frenchman enjoys when similarly circumstanced. He can

"Play with his child, make love, and shriek his mind,
By throngs of strangers UNDISPRIVACIED"

In this instance and in regard to the other words named, Mr. Lowell is excused, if not justified by the rule laid down, though he strains it rather severely; but we are disposed to quarrel with him when he obscures the sense of one of his finest passages by employing unusual words, thereby retarding all but thoroughly classical readers from enjoying a sublime and beautiful comparison. After quitting the pleasure grounds, with eyes cast down "in hopes to take his Minster unawares," the poet suddenly looks up and beholds it,

"Silent and gray as forest-leaguered cliff
Left inland by the ocean's slow retreat,
That hears afar the breeze-borne rote, and longs,
Remembering shocks of surf that clomb, and fell,
Spume-sliding down the baffled decuman,
It rose before me, patiently remote
From the great tides of life it breasted once,
Hearing the noise of men as in a dream

This is glorious poetry, though not transparently clear, and the ordinary reader, annoyed at not taking in at once all the meaning which he knows is there, perhaps irreverently asks, "what is a *decuman* a baffled *decuman*?" He may ever be puzzled by the phrase "breeze-borne rote," but a little thought soon solves that riddle. "Rote" is of course the repeated sound of the waves beating on the seacoast, "borne" inland by the "breeze," and very fine is the image thus painted by a single word; but we are sorry to say that we consulted our dictionaries.—English, French, Latin—for *decuman* in vain. The latter gave us just a glimpse—that "little learning" which, as Pope says "is a dangerous thing." We found that "Decuman" were tything men—collectors of tythe; and that *decumanus*, the tenth, was sometimes used in the sense of fair, of huge, or vast; the trouble was how to apply our "little learning" to the text. Could a rock, upon which a portion of the water dashed against it remains, be called on that account a collection of tythes? but if so, why baffled? Moreover it would be absurd to

education. Hence the high claims of the subject on the vast importance of enforcing it as a duty and a condition that no one is qualified to exercise the prerogative of freedom, who is not in the highest sense an intelligent and rational being.

But in this view that education is the salvation of a free people, there presses upon us another consideration—that of the *quality* of the education. We admit that all knowledge is good, and better than ignorance. A child who passes through the commonest routine of a common school education is safer—nearer to all the conditions that make a good citizen than one who wanders from infancy to manhood in the unrestrained liberty of our city savages. The discipline of the school, the morbid culture, the power to read and to think more logically, which are inevitable to any school education, cannot fail to do good. Whatever evil comes from defective education, is not the result of education, but of its want. There has not been enough of it. But above all it has not been established on a firm basis. The end of all education is the moral and religious culture of man. Literature and science, when the first is pure, and the second sound, cannot do harm, except as they aim not at the final purpose, and are not pervaded of the sentiments of duty to man, and reverence and love to God. The state is not called upon to educate the people for special and temporal advantages—to make mechanics, or professional men, or merchants. These objects are no doubt important to the temporal prosperity of the nation; but the final purpose, and that which makes national education an imperative duty, to neglect which will bring inevitable disaster and ruin on the nation, is that the moral law sustained and pervaded by a deep religious sentiment, shall be the supreme guide of every man in the State. We do not mean by this that education shall

suppose that a man of Lowell's taste would employ so ludicrous an image in a serious description. As *decumanus* also means fair, huge, vast, presumably because ten is a perfect number, we guessed again that *Rupis decumana* might be a classical expression for a rock of enormous size, and we felt that although this term would be inadequate it would not be inappropriate to the text. We were getting nearer to the truth, but if it had not been for a piece of good luck, we should have remained after all almost as completely "baffled," as if we ourselves, had been a decuman. We were turning over some miscellaneous criticisms of Politian's and he kindly told us all about it, teaching us in the first place to apply the term "decuman" to the water rather than to the land.

The Latins set great value upon the number Ten. They seem to have believed that the tenth or *decuman* wave rolled a greater volume of water than any other, that the tenth egg produced the largest chicken, and so on. Hence they applied the term *decuman* to whatever was pre-eminent; the gate best fitted to resist the attacks of an enemy was the *decuman* gate, and the shield most capable of guarding its owner's person was a *decuman* shield; the learned Beroaldus devotes a chapter of his annotations to correct a passage of Lucilius; that satirist had been quoted as reproving the spendthrift, Gallonius, for supping off a *decuman* dish, when in reality the censure was for supping upon a *decuman* sturgeon, which gastronomical Romans of that day considered the most toothsome of the finny tribes, and which constantly could only be purchased for a *decuman* price.

But our business is with *decuman* waves, and on this point quite a chorus of the poets supply Politiano with quotations, which we translate for the benefit of our readers.

Thus quaintly and explicitly does Ovid express himself in his *Tristia*.

"The wave surpassing other waves in strength
Follows the ninth and goes before the eleventh."

In the *Metamorphoses*, the same poet says,

"With vaster sweep the tenth wave rushes on,"

Silius Italicus tells us,

"Not otherwise swift Boreas from the height
Of Rhodope urges his headlong might,
And doth the drown'd land with the tenth wave smite."

After this fashion does Seneca doom a fleet to destruction:

"This settles down, another with crushed sides
Yields to the flood, and one the tenth wave hides."

In each of the two following quotations, the *decuman* like Mr. Lowell's is *baffled*.

"How thoroughly, how oft, through Pallas' aid,
The tenth wave's lofty swell was harmless made."

VALERIUS FLACCUS.

"And wondrous to relate, e'en the tenth wave
Lifts up the damaged hull it cannot save."

LUCAN.

Of course Professor Lowell and his university friends know all about these things, and crack, every day of their lives, harder nuts than our "philological filberts." Nevertheless we warn the poet, when next he launches a venture on the sea of Public Opinion that, although the plaudits of the learned *few* may form a pleasant tide on which to quit the harbour, it is the *many*, who constitute the *decuman wave* which can waft him to the Fortunate Isles of Fame, strand him amidst the shallows of Neglect, or roughly dash him on the rocks of Scorn.

SYLVESTER EVERGREEN.

Rev. C. G. Ames, of California, has a wife who is a help-meet indeed, taking her husband's place in his pulpit in case of his sickness or absence. On a recent Sabbath she "got up in the morning, prepared breakfast, washed and dressed her baby, dressed her little daughter for Sabbath school, put baby to sleep, and sat down and reviewed her sermon before time to take the cars for church, when, consigning baby to the loving care of his grandmother, she went to church, and preached, to the entire satisfaction of a large and critical audience."

THE MONOLITH OF MOAB;

OR, A NEWLY FOUND CHAPTER OF A LONG LOST HISTORY.

WE notice that for several months past a discussion has been carried on in the columns of some leading English journals concerning the character and history of an inscription on a certain stone pillar discovered about eighteen months ago within the ancient territory of Moab, to the east of the River Jordan, and in the immediate vicinity of the Dead Sea. The announcement by Mons. Ganneau of the discovery of this antique monolith attracted much attention to the exploring expedition which he represented, and created no little excitement amongst savans on the shores of the Levant. Early in 1870, during our sojourn at Port Said, a steamer put into that city, en route from Jaffa to Alexandria, having a large fragment of the monolith on board,—the said fragment being destined for the Imperial museum at Paris. We were permitted to go on board along with a band of "curious folks," and had the pleasure of gazing on a work of art executed nearly twenty-eight centuries ago. It was about two feet long by one and a half feet wide and nine inches in thickness—a mere fragment of the original column. It contained a portion of several sentences. The character seemed to indicate a Hebrew origin; but on looking closer they would be found to contain several "extraneous" letters—apparently resembling some members of the old Celtic Alphabet. We ask for an explanation, on noticing this discrepancy, and the gentleman in charge furnished the desired information. He then produced the *fac simile* of a copy of the complete inscription taken by the discoverer before the superstitious Arabs demolished the column, and proceeded to translate the contents, and

with his assistance we transcribed some of the most important sentences. This gentleman, Mons. Clement, a member of the exploration party, informed us that himself and companions were utterly surprised on examining the monolith to find that "the language on the rock was a dialect of the old Hebrew" or that used in Israel before the captivity.

The inscription when complete consisted of 36 lines comprising about 1,200 letters. The lines, with the exception of the first three, were of equal length and the sentiments were expressed in verse after the Hebrew manner. The style, orthography and arrangement, are said to bear a very close resemblance to old manuscript copies of the books of Chronicles and Kings. It is worthy of note also that the words were separated by points and the sentences and phrases by vertical lines. The variations in the formation of some of the characters may be ascribed to national innovations or improvements—such innovations for instance as the Yankees are fond of making in the English language. But the Moabites being less ambitious confined themselves to innovations in the alphabet. It seems to us that this Monolith clearly proves that the Israelites and the Moabites spoke the same language. This is the more probable seeing that they sprang from the same stock.

The stone containing the inscription was a polished pillar of basalt hewn, probably, cut of the neighbouring Mountains of Nebo. It was of a dark blue colour, very dense, hard and of enormous size. It was admirably dressed and the characters must have been cut with a steel instrument of more than ordinary temper. Although the column has been subject to "the wear and tear" of nearly thirty centuries, yet the letters are as deep, as clear and precise as if they had been the work of yesterday. How the sculptors of ancient Moab managed to cut these beautiful characters on a rock so dense and hard, is a matter of much conjecture.

The local tribes in this wild region possess many characteristics in dress, language, and physical appearance, which would seem to distinguish them from the genuine Arab. This fact has induced some to affirm that though Moab has perished as a nation, still her people live as a race. The local tribes affirm that, according to a certain tradition, it was one King Dibon who erected this remarkable pillar. They add that the inscription indicated where the monarch's treasure was concealed. It was to prevent the Turks from finding the fabulous wealth that the superstitious Bedouins broke up the column after it had been "unearthed." Its fragments have since found their way into nearly every Museum in Europe.

If the present inhabitants of Moab be the descendants of the ancient Moabites (and there are many reasons for believing so) they have, like many modern nations, forgotten the language of their ancestors. This is evident from their ignorance of the meaning of the inscription on the column.

It would seem that after the death of Ahab, King of Israel, the tributary (see ii Samuel viii chap.) principality of Moab rebelled under the guidance of Mesha, who had been sheep master to the Hebrew Kings (see ii Kings iii chap.) Jehoram and Jehoshaphat, Kings of Israel and Judah, united their forces and marched to meet Mesha, and his rebellious army. The allies were very successful during the early stages of the war. They defeated the rebel armies, storming city after city, and at last laid siege to Kir-Haraseth. Being hard pressed Mesha endeavoured to cut his way through the lines of the besiegers, but failing to do so, he offered up his eldest son as a burnt sacrifice on the walls of the city; after which an unaccountable panic seized on the allies and they fled every man "to his own land." King Mesha followed hard on their footsteps "smiting them hip and thigh" even to the passes of the Jordan. This singular panic and sudden flight of the allies enabled Mesha not only to establish his independence but also to annex a large section of the territory of the tribe of Reuben. This territory had formerly belonged to the Moabites, but had been taken from them by Sihon, King of the Amorites, from whom

it was wrested by the Israelites prior to the death of Moses (see Numb. 21st chap. 23-35.)

The stone seems to have been erected to commemorate the deeds of the monarch, and on the occasion of the consecration of a temple to Chemosh or Chamos—the Jove or Jehovah of the Moabites. The inscription is a royal proclamation glorifying Mesha and his god. But we let his Majesty of Moab speak for himself. He now addresses young Canaan through his translator and interpreter, Sir H. Rawlinson and Mons. Ganneau. He says:—

*"I am Mesha, King of Moab. My father was king for thirty years; and I succeeded my father. * * * Twenty years I have reigned by the grace of Chemosh. * * * He has been my sword and my buckler all my life long. * * * I, Mesha, am his servant whom he sheltered from all attack, and to whom he has given repose."*

The King then alludes to the sub-division of Israel under Rehoboam, the usurpation of Omri, and relates the evils which characterized the subjugation of Moab by Israel under King David. Allusion is then made to a decisive battle at Kir, and the capture of great spoils, amongst which was something of enormous value, which he "hung up before the face of Chemosh at Cheroth."

It is probable that "Kir" was the common name of Kir-Haraseth, and that the battle alluded to was fought by him against the allies before the walls of that town, from which they afterwards fled (being panic-stricken), leaving their spoils behind. Mesha refers to the reconstruction of Baal-meon, Beth-nimra, Ash-taroth, and Kir-Luthim, cities re-conquered by him from the region seized by Israel after defeating Sihon. Mesha then relates the history of another of his campaigns against the King of Israel. He says that:—

*"Chemosh speaking in the visions of the night said: 'Get thee hence, Mesha, and take dominion over Israel. Behold, I have given him into thine hand. His mighty men shall fall before thee, and his fenced cities will be thine. Avenge the children of Moab on Israel.' I went in the night, and fought Israel from the rising of the sun to mid-day, when he fled before the face of Chemosh. * * We slew seven thousand of his valiant men. * * Ere the sun went down we sacrificed to the Elohim (gods) of Moab. * * I carried off the sacred vessels of Jehovah, and consecrated them before the face of Chemosh. * * Great was the renown of Mesha. Verily there is no god but Chemosh."*

Mesha then mentions his invasion of the ancient territory of Moab, in which the tribe of Reuben had settled (See Numbers xxi, ver. 23-31), and his expulsion of the Hebrew squatters.

"The King of Israel," says he, *"built the city of Jahaz (East of the Jordan), and dwelt there when I made war against him. * * He fled before Chemosh, and the men of Moab recovered the inheritance of their fathers. * * I smote the cities of Jahaz, Dibon, Bezer, Beth-Molech and others, with the edge of the sword, measuring them with a line, and casting them down to the dust. * * I slew of their inhabitants two and twenty thousand men."*

He then names some cities which he built, fortified, and garrisoned in the re-conquered territory. The inscription would seem to indicate that the Israelites made some efforts to recover their lost territory; for—

*"At the commencement of the year (probably B.C. 830), at the time kings go forth to war, the King of Israel came up with his hosts to Horonaim (a city in the disputed territory), and I, Mesha, by order of Chemosh, went out to meet him and set the battle in array. * * Chemosh fought for Mesha, and the men of Moab smote Israel at Horonaim."*

After this the land had rest, and Mesha seems to have reigned in peace during the rest of his life. Israel, we suppose, accepted "the situation."

Ahab, (King of Israel, died B.C. 897, and Mesha rebelled the same year. The Monolith or column under discussion must have been erected about twenty years after that event; for Mesha tells us that at the time of its erection he had reigned that length of time. He may possibly reckon the twenty years he had

reigned, not from the date of his revolt, but from the death of his father. In that case a few years must be added to the age of the Monolith—an age which may be regarded as 2,750 years, nearly twenty-eight centuries. The inscription is the oldest and most interesting known to antiquarians. To the Christian historian it will be peculiarly attractive, giving as it does the summary of an interesting chapter of the lost history of Moab, whilst supplementing, explaining, and corroborating many incidents alluded to in Holy Writ. How singular that this stone should be brought to light at a time when many cavillers had dared to question even the authenticity of the Sacred Book itself? How strange that King Mesha, after a sleep of nearly three thousand years, should come forth, as it were, from his long-forgotten tomb to tell us the story of other days! In these latter times, even, the stones of the field bear testimony to the truth of Divine revelation, and prove that the God of the Bible is the God of History.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES.

BY E. H. A. F.

THE other day my little daughter was admiring the contents of her grandmother's jewel-casket, and so great was her anxiety to learn the history of the different gems and stones she there beheld, that I determined to put together the following facts for her information; thinking others might like to read them also, I herewith present them to the readers of PURE GOLD:—

The *Amethyst* is a precious stone, generally of a violet or purple hue, and of a transparent and shining nature. The hues of different Amethysts are as various as the tints of purple—that is, as are all the mixtures of blue and red. It is also found colourless, and may easily be made so by putting it in the fire. In this state it so much resembles the Diamond that its want of hardness seems the only way of distinguishing it. Amethysts are found in the East and West Indies, and in several parts of Europe; those from Oriental parts—at least some of the finest specimens—being so hard and bright as to equal any of the coloured gems in value.

Beryl.—This is a pellucid gem, of a light green colour, found in the East Indies, Brazil, Peru, Siberia, &c. It is considered by Cleveland as a subspecies of Emerald; it is nearly as hard as Topaz, and can scarcely be melted without adding some other substance. With borax it melts easily, however. It becomes electrical by rubbing. It is found in primitive rocks, with quartz, felspar, garnet, and topaz.

Bloodstone is a species of quartz, of a deep green colour, much used for seals and paper-weights. It is usually variegated with blood-red and yellowish dots, and is more or less translucent. It is generally supposed to be chalcidony, coloured with green earth or chlorite.

Cornelian.—A precious stone, either red, flesh-colour, or white. The finest is that of the East Indies; but there are some beautiful specimens in the rivers of Silesia and Bohemia. Some good ones, also, are found in Great Britain.

The *Carbuncle* is a beautiful gem of a deep red or scarlet colour—like red-currant jelly, children say. It was known to the ancients as the Anthax. When held up against the sun it loses its deep tinge, and becomes exactly like burning charcoal—whence its name. Some people fancy the Carbuncle was the Garnet of the ancients.

Chalcidony.—A genus of semi-pellucid gems of regular texture; semi-opaque, crystalline basis—of different coloured cloudy spots such as Bloodstone, Cornelian, Onyx, and Sardonyx.

Chrostasima is a name given to pellucid gems which appear in one simple and permanent colour in all lights.

Chrysoberyl.—A yellowish gem, usually found in round pieces, or crystalized into eight-sided prisms. It is much used in jewellery, and is next to the Sapphire in hardness.

Chrysolite.—A mineral of a greenish hue, often transparent. It is sometimes granular, and at other times appears in small crystals. It is much used for necklaces.

Diamond.—The most valuable and hardest of gems. When pure, it is perfectly clear and pellucid, and is eminently distinguished from all other substances by its vivid splendour and bright reflections.

The *Emerald* is a well known gem, of a beautiful

Public Opinion.

AMERICAN CUTENESS.

green colour, harder than quartz, and ranks next to the Oriental Ruby and Sapphire. It becomes electric by friction; is often transparent, but sometimes only translucent. The most intensely green and valuable Emeralds are brought from Peru.

Garnet.—A precious stone of great beauty. Its prevailing colour is red of various shades; but often brown, and sometimes green, yellow, or black; but valuable Garnets are always red. Fine specimens are brought from Ceylon, Brazil, and Peru, and they are very abundant in Germany.

Hyacinth.—A pellucid gem, of a red yellow colour, found in various sizes.

Jasper.—A gem of stones of great variety of colour, emulating the appearance of the finest marbles or semi-pellucid gems. They readily strike fire with steel.

Malachite.—Green carbonate of copper; found often crystalized into long, slender needles; of much value when pure.

Opals.—Precious stones of various colours; pellucid. Found in many parts of Europe, especially in Hungary. There are different kinds of Opals.

Onyx.—A sort of agate, stratified with opaque and transparent lines; being a semi-pellucid gem of different colours. The bluish white is looked upon as the Onyx of the ancients.

Ophite is a dusky green stone of different shades, and sprinkled with spots or crystals of a lighter green. The serpentine or green porphyry.

Pearls.—Gems of great value, when pure; found inside oyster shells and mussels; of a silvery, bluish white colour. They are produced by a distemper in the animal, and are formed of the same matter as the inside of the shell. There are many inferior Pearls sold as the pure article, and many "imitation Pearls" of no value at all, of course.

Porphyry.—A granular and crystalized mass. Its composition and colours are very various; of a speckled appearance, and very hard; susceptible of a very high polish.

The **Ruby** is a precious stone, next to the Diamond in value. The most esteemed and rarest coloured is the Oriental Ruby—pure red, or blood color. When well polished, it produces a blaze of a most unrivalled tint. It is, however, more or less pale, with a shade of blue in it. There are eight different sorts. A perfect Ruby, in colour and transparency, is much less common than a good Diamond.

The **Sapphire** is of a fine blue colour; inferior only in hardness to the Diamond; found in mines with Rubies.

Topaz.—A precious stone, generally of a fine yellow or gold color. Oriental Topaz is of an orange colour. There are inferior kinds of pink Topazes, and the Oriental aqua-marine, or blue Topaz, found mostly in Peru.

Turquoise.—A gem of a bright greenish-blue colour; found in opaque roundish masses, from the size of a pea to that of a small egg. They come mostly from the clay-slate beds in Persia.

There are also stones and gems of a secondary sort, such as crystalline, quartz, lapis-lazuli (a beautiful blue stone), agates and Sardonyx; but these being of little value, are not deserving of much notice.

The **Jade-stone** or **Nephrite** is a stone much prized by the Chinese, who use it as talismans, and handles for daggers, &c. It is of a dark leek-green colour, verging into blue. Jade-stone is not, however, much used in Europe.

My little daughter soon learnt her lesson, and as a reward for her attention her grandmama gave her a ring, and told her that the first letter in the name of each of the stones, of which the ring was composed, formed part of the word which this ring was meant to express.

The ring was a half-hoop, and the first stone was a Ruby, and stood for R
The second was an Emerald, and stood for E
The third Garnet, G
The fourth Amethyst, A
The fifth Ruby, R
The sixth Diamond, D

And the whole present was a token of grandmama's "regard" for her little grandchild.

That great bronze image of Buddha, known as the Statue of Daiboots, about fifteen miles from Yokohama in Japan, of which Prof. Pumpelly gives so fine a view in his late most interesting volume, is about to be broken up for old bronze. It is of colossal size, about forty feet high in its sitting posture, and will make a large contribution to the old metal department. The iconoclastic zeal of Shintoism, as by law established, has found expression in an edict dooming this curiosity to destruction.

BROTHER JONATHAN is great on bargains. With him it seems to be a settled maxim to get all he can and keep all he can get; and in his anxiety for the "best end of the bargain," he is not always over-scrupulous in regard to the means he employs. He is a natural-born "trader," and his peculiar trading instincts crop out in all kinds of transactions, from international treaties down to the manufacture of basswood hams.

This national characteristic has lately been displayed in a marked degree in the settlement of the *Alabama* claims. The Joint High Commission has met, and, as usual, Jonathan has come off first best—at least, so far as material advantages are concerned. Nor is this the first instance in which Yankee shrewdness has proved too much for British diplomacy. In illustration, we publish the following account of the famous Ashburton Treaty, as given by Dr. Gesner in his *History of New Brunswick* (London: Simmonds & Wood, 1847). The account will be read with interest, as furnishing another instance of the ignorance or carelessness of British diplomatists where colonial interests are concerned:—

"It was not until after the peace between Great Britain and the United States had been ratified in 1815, that the Americans began to occupy a tract of country situated between the state of Maine and New Brunswick, since known as the Disputed Territory. As early as 1783 the British had settled a party of Acadians at Madawasca, and they had exercised jurisdiction over the country from its first discovery, except at those periods when it was held by the French as forming a part of ancient Acadia, or Nova Scotia.

"The vague terms employed in the treaties between the two Governments respecting the North-western boundary of the province began to attract the attention of some of the inhabitants of the Northern States. At first a kind of undefined title was sent up to certain lands southward of St. John, and finally their claim was extended northward to the high lands that overlook the St. Lawrence. That the framers of the Treaty of 1783, and the treaty itself, never contemplated such a claim, is certain; and it was only by the imperfect phraseology of the article establishing the boundaries, that the Americans hoped to be successful in extending their North-eastern frontier. The treaty declares that the north-west boundary of Nova Scotia, which then included New Brunswick, shall be "formed by a line drawn due north from the source of the St. Croix to the high lands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the North-westernmost head of the Connecticut River." The words which form a part of the treaty were written without any knowledge of the country they were intended to dispose of. Instead of one chain of high lands from which the water falls in opposite directions into the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there are two, and between them is situated the territory that was in dispute. The British insisted upon making one of those chains the line, and the Americans the other; and thus a controversy arose that had nearly involved the two nations in war. All the rivers on the south side of the British line do fall into the Atlantic Ocean; but on the northern side of that line they flow into the St. John, and not into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The line claimed by the Americans was also at variance with the treaty; for from one of its sides all the waters fall into the St. Lawrence, and from the other they descend into the Restigouche, opening into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and into the St. John, opening into the Bay of Fundy.

"But the treaty contemplated "reciprocal advantages" and "neutral convenience" upon "principles of liberal equality and reciprocity." With such principles the territory in dispute would be assigned to the British; and the whole history of the country, from its earliest date to the present time, clearly gives Great Britain a just title to all the lands she has now given away to the American States.

"Even a brief review of the Report and other works that have been written on the subject would occupy a volume. The Messages of the Governors of Maine had teemed with invective against the British, for holding what they had always possessed; and the Congress of the United States was yearly pressed with this vexatious question. The intemperate portion of the American press also found in the "disputed territory" an ample field for animadversion, until the agitation required to be appeased by the final adjustment of the line between the two Powers. Although an able work was written on the subject by a gentleman at St. John, and the press of the British Colonies occasionally touched upon the dispute, the Legislature of New Brunswick appeared to view the matter with indifference, until they found it necessary to place a sum of money at the disposal of the Government, to prevent the farther encroachments of the people of Maine, and to prepare for a threatened Border war.

"A commission was appointed to establish the line, under Jay's Treaty, in 1794. The commissioners agreed in regard to the identity of the St. Croix, and established the boundary along that river and the Cheputnicook to its source, and thence to Mars Hill. From that point the American Commissioners insisted upon extending the due-north line to

the River Metis, falling into the St. Lawrence. The British declared Mars Hill to be the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, and at that point the due north-line should have terminated. From Mars Hill a continuous chain of mountains and hills separates the sources of the Penobscot, Kenebec, and Androscoggin Rivers, which fall into the Atlantic, from the branches of the St. John, falling into the Bay of Fundy, and the Chaudiere, and other streams, descending into the St. Lawrence.

"Whatever may be the language of the treaty, these are evidently the high lands to which it alludes as being the boundary. From this disagreement the Commissioners abandoned the work, and the question remained unsettled. "by the Treaty of Ghent of 1815, a provision was made for the final settlement of the question; and the whole matter in dispute was referred to the King of the Netherlands, who was chosen an arbitrator between the two Powers. After hearing the arguments, and examining the report on both sides, his Majesty took a common course in such cases, and, to use an American expression, "split the difference" between the contending parties.

"The line of the award extended from the source of the St. Croix due north to the St. John, thence along the middle of the "Thalweg" (deepest channel of that river) to the St. Francis, and thence along certain lines marked on map to the North-westernmost source of Connecticut River.

"Notwithstanding the astringent clauses of the Treaty of Ghent to make the decision of the King of the Netherlands binding and conclusive, it was not agreed to by the American Government, and the whole matter being thrown open, soon became a source of strife and contention on the borders, and endangered the peace of the two nations.

"In the mean time, the Government of the state of Maine spared no pains or expense in obtaining an accurate knowledge of the country. Topographical and geological surveys of the "disputed territory" were authorised, and the information gained by her own people afterwards afforded the United States a great advantage in the final settlement of the question.

"In July 1839, Lieutenant-Colonel Mudge, of the Royal Engineers, and Mr. Featherstonhaugh, were appointed Commissioners to examine and report upon the boundary. The professional celebrity of the former gentlemen would attach great weight to the report made afterwards; but the time allowed to survey an extensive wilderness region was far too short for him to perform the task, and the work appears to have been assumed by his colleague, who spent a few weeks near the territory in dispute, and then compiled the Report.

"Although this *ex-parte* survey cost the Government a large sum of money, it was not attended with any good results. Some of the statements in the Report were found to be incorrect; the charge made against the former Commissioners was unfair, and but few of the facts stated were collected by persons employed in the survey. The Americans, ever ready to avail themselves of a favourable circumstance, made the Report a subject of severe criticism, and an instrument to weaken the British claim.

"While Great Britain was extending large sums of money in negotiations, commissions, surveys, explorations, &c., the people of the United States were taking possession of the territory in dispute. They crossed the high lands separating the waters that flow into the St. John from those that flow through the American territory into the Atlantic, and pitched their tents upon the Aroostook, where they erected Fort Fairfield. They also built another fort a few miles above Madawasca; they granted the lands, made roads, and opened settlements in a tract of country which justly belonged to Great Britain.

"In 1842 a Border war was threatened, and Lord Ashburton was dispatched to America with power to settle the Boundary Line. After much negotiation the matter was amicably disposed of, but with a great sacrifice on the part of Great Britain. The line established by the Ashburton Treaty does not differ materially from that awarded by the King of Netherlands; but while it has secured to England a communication between New Brunswick and Canada, it has yielded to the Americans a vast tract of excellent land and timber, and also the navigation of the St. John, along which munitions of war may be sent by the Republic into the very heart of a British province previous to the outbreak of hostilities.

"The President of the United States, in his message to Congress in 1845, has said in reference to the Oregon question, and the navigation of the Columbia River, that "the right of any foreign power to the free navigation of any of our rivers though the heart of the country was one" he "was unwilling to concede." If such are the views of the President and the people of the United States in regard to a river to which they have no claim, how must Lord Ashburton blush when he considers that he gave away the navigation of the St. John to that same power, and to those who had never claimed it! The following facts are derived from indisputable authority.

"The sentiments advanced by the senators during the secret discussion in the United States Senate, in August 1842, on the question of ratifying the Ashburton Treaty for the settlement of the Boundary Line dispute, have recently been made public, with some of the inducements which led to the approval of the Senate. Amongst these, a most important document was brought forward by Mr. Rivers, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, who stated, that it was due to the distinguished gentleman (Mr. Jared Sparks, of Boston,) by whom the document referred to was discovered in the Archives of France, while pursuing his laborious and intelligent researches connected with the history of the United States, that the account of it should be given in his own words, as contained in a communication addressed by him to the Department of State. The following is a copy of the communication:—

"While pursuing my researches among the voluminous papers relating to the American Revolution in the *Archives des Affaires Etrangères* in Paris, I found in one of the bound volumes an original letter from Dr. Franklin to Count de Vergennes, of which the following is an exact transcript:—

"Passy, December 6, 1782.

"SIR,—I have the honor of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desire, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American Plenipotentiaries.

"With great respect, I am, &c.,

"B. FRANKLIN.

"This letter was written six days after the preliminaries were signed; and if we could procure the identical map mentioned by Franklin, it would seem to afford conclusive evidence as to the meaning affixed by the Commissioners to the language of the treaty on the subject of the boundaries. You may well suppose that I lost no time in making inquiry for the map, not doubting that it would confirm all my previous opinions respecting the validity of our claim. In the geographical department of the Archives are sixty thousand maps and charts—but so well arranged with catalogues and indexes that any one of them may be easily found. After a little research in the American division, with the aid of the keeper, I came upon a map of North America, by D'Anville, dated 1746, in size about eighteen inches square, on which was drawn a strong red line through the entire boundary of the United States, answering precisely to Franklin's description. The line is bold and distinct in every part, made with red ink, and apparently drawn with a camel-hair pencil, or a pen with a blunt point. There is no other colouring on any part of the map.

"Imagine my surprise on discovering that this line runs wholly south of St. John, and between the head waters of that river and those of the Penobscot and Kennebec. In short, it is exactly the line now contended for by Great Britain, except that it concedes more than is claimed. The north line, after departing from the source of the St. Croix, instead of proceeding to Mars Hill, stops far short of that point, and turns off to the west, so as to leave on the British side all the streams which flow into the St. John between the source of the St. Croix and Mars Hill. It is evident that the line from the St. Croix to the Canadian high land is intended to exclude all the waters running into the St. John.

"There is no positive proof that this map is actually the one marked by Franklin; yet, upon any other supposition, it would be difficult to explain the circumstances of its agreeing so perfectly with its description, and of its being preserved in the place where it would naturally be deposited by the Count de Vergennes. I also found another map in the Archives, on which the same boundary was traced in a dotted red line with a pen, apparently coloured from the other.

"I enclose herewith a map of Maine, on which I have drawn a strong black line, corresponding with the red one above mentioned.

"JARED SPARKS."

"Not only do this document and the map referred to go directly to prove that the original line claimed by the British was the line understood by the Plenipotentiaries of both countries when the treaty of peace was concluded, but this undeniable fact is corroborated by proof from the archives of an American statesman. Mr. Rives said:—

"A map has been vauntingly paraded here, from Mr. Jefferson's collection, in the zeal of opposition, (without taking time to see what it was,) to confront and invalidate the map found by Mr. Sparks in the Foreign Office at Paris; but the moment it is examined, it is found to contain, by the most precise and remarkable correspondence, in every feature, the map communicated by Mr. Sparks! The Senator who produced it could see nothing but the microscopic dotted line running off in a north-easterly direction; but the moment other eyes were applied to it, there was found, in bold relief, a strong red line, indicating the limits of the United States, according to the treaty of peace, and coinciding, minutely and exactly, with the boundary traced on the map of Mr. Sparks. That this red line, and not the hardly-visible dotted line, was intended to represent the limits of the United States, according to the treaty of peace, is conclusively shown by the circumstance, that the red line is drawn on the map all around the exterior boundary of the United States; through the middle of the Northern Lakes, thence through the Long Lake and the Rainy Lake to the Lake of the Woods, and from the western extremity of the Lake of the Woods to the River Mississippi; and along that river to the point where the boundary of the United States, according to the treaty of peace, leaves it, and thence, by its easterly course, to the mouth of the St. Mary's on the Atlantic."

"With such evidence of the correctness of the position taken by the British Government in the possession of the American Cabinet, the readiness of these wily statesmen to assent to a proposition by which they would knowingly overreach honest and unsuspecting John Bull is easily accounted for; and Britain must only blame herself in being so unprepared to defeat the designing trickery of which, in the present instance, she has been the subject. *We envy not the feelings of the American people, however, in the matter: the nations of the world must view with merited indignation and disgust a Government which could stoop to such meanness; but it seems to be merely an approval, in high places, of the REPUDIATING system adopted by public bodies and States of the Union—which, it is to be hoped, will meet with its reward.*"

* The territory in dispute between the two Powers contained 12,029 square miles, or 7,697,280 square acres: of these by the Ashburton Treaty, the United States obtain 7,015 square miles, equal to 4,480,600 acres, and England 5,012 square miles, or 3,207,680 acres. By the line of the King of the Netherlands, the United States would have had 7,908 square miles (5,061,120 acres), and England 4,119 square miles (2,656,160 acres).

An old lady gave her idea of a great man; "One who is keeplful of his clothes, don't drink spirits, kin read the Bible without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on a wash day without grumblng."

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

THE following communication from J. G. Hodgins, L.L.D., in reference to the debate in the Anglican Synod, held in this city a few week's ago, we clip from the *Church Herald* of last week:

MY DEAR SIR,—With many others, I felt much regret at the re-introduction into the Synod, this year, by the Rev. Canon Beaven and the Rev. Provost Whittaker, of their resolution of last year, on the subject of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, the more so, as the resolution will prove of no practical value.

When these gentlemen proposed their resolution at a late period of the Synod last year, I ventured to suggest delay and enquiry. The opposition to the resolution caused its withdrawal, and thus delay was secured; but my reasonable request to obtain accurate information on the subject was resisted, although it could have been procured in ample time to have enabled the Synod to have taken up the subject, if desired, and to have discussed it intelligently and calmly. I felt that in a large mixed body, like our Synod, questions of this character, of no immediate necessity, and involving personal and family matters, should not be pressed to an immediate vote until both sides of the house should have had an opportunity of fully understanding and discussing them. The subject is, no doubt, familiar to the Clergy; but the mass of the lay representatives have given it but little consideration; while most of them know that there is a conflict between Church Law and Civil Law on this very question.

I had no personal interest in the question; but I knew that the passage of even Dr. Beaven's ineffective resolution would cause unnecessary pain to very many worthy members of our own communion, who refuse to acknowledge the authority of the Civil and Canon Law of England in Canada, and who prefer to follow the civil law as they find it in this country. I also felt that the resolution was most inopportune. It would likely be interpreted as aimed directly, and in an unfriendly spirit (just then), at a most distinguished English minister who is the head of the Wesleyan body in this country, and who, as that very time, was in great personal affliction, caused by a sudden and calamitous event, which had brought with it deep and poignant sorrow, and had cast a dark shadow over a truly happy home. Fortunately no allusion was made, last year, to the Rev. Mr. Punshon's case, and the matter passed off, I trust, without attracting notice. This year, however, it was otherwise, as might have been expected; and a few days ago I received a note from Mr. Punshon, portions of which I will, with your permission, append to this letter. I trust he will pardon the liberty which I have taken; but as I could not hope to do justice to his views in the matter, I prefer to let that distinguished gentleman utter them in his own language. The marked allusion made by gentlemen in the Synod, (who are unaccustomed to do such things,) to the utterances of a sister Church on this subject, made the reference to Mr. Punshon by other members the more pointed, especially as the opinions and practice of the equally large body over which he presides, were not referred to at all, although they were known to be decidedly at variance with those of many of the Presbyterian body.

It may be urged that, as our Synod does not legislate for those in other communions, it would be unreasonable to ask us to defer to their views and opinions, or to take into account their peculiar circumstances. True; but we may, nevertheless, in our zeal, overlook the obligations of Christian courtesy, forbearance and good feeling, and utter expressions and characterize acts, lawful in themselves, as in this instance, in a manner calculated to deeply wound those—equally honourable, highminded and obedient to God's laws with ourselves—who may happen to differ from us,—or, as Mr. Punshon forcibly puts it—"we may speak to the hurt of those whom God hath wounded." This I felt, and regretted, was the cause of this discussion.

The experienced mover and seconder of the resolution in the Synod adduced several reasons in support of their motion, which are by no means admitted as valid by high authorities in our own body; but nevertheless they might have been admitted without serious question by the Synod had any good reason been shown why it was so absolutely necessary just now to pass the resolution at all. I pointed out that the Bishops in the various Dioceses of Canada had already emphatically spoken on the subject; and all felt and admitted that there was no uncertainty in the regulations of the Prayer Book in the matter. Why then compel the laity, to re-enact a law already binding on the clergy, but not on the laity, especially as it is notorious that we have no court of competent jurisdiction to enforce obedience to the law, even when it passed? The Synod on the first day of its meeting

refused to re-enact a By-law which was shown to have passed ten years previously; even when doubts were expressed as to whether it had not been repealed; and yet in this case the solemn declaration of the Bishops of our Church in Canada, and the venerable law of the Prayer Book itself were not considered sufficient to bind the clergy; but we were pressed to pass a law on the subject ourselves, and afterwards invoke the Provincial Synod to do the same! Why, I again ask, was it so necessary to do all this just now, especially as it is well known that the House of Commons, and a large and influential minority in the House of Lords are moving every year in a directly opposite direction. Our own law, too, is against it. I think such reasons, and others which were adduced, were sufficient to have caused us to defer action, and to have directed an inquiry to be made into the subject, before passing a resolution, which can do no good. The inquiry suggested by me, I propose to leave chiefly in the hands of the mover and seconder of the resolution, knowing that they would deal fairly with the matter of that inquiry.

The following is a copy of the Rev. Mr. Punshon's letter.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. GEORGE HODGINS.

Toronto, June 30th, 1871.

REV. MR. PUNSHON'S LETTER.

[COPY.]

Montreal, June 23, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me to thank you for your deprecation of personalities in your Synod discussion the other day, and to say, at the same time, that I should like you to know, and, if the opportunity comes in your way, to affirm (privately) on my behalf, that—

I. When I married, in 1868, my deceased wife's sister, I did so advisedly, from no impulse of passion, but from a deliberate, well-considered, prayerful conviction of duty.

II. That I try to love Jesus, and was, *and am*, convinced, after seeking His will in earnest and continued prayer, that in this matter I was rightly led, and for two happy years I have not had the slightest misgiving of the scriptural lawfulness and hallowed sanction of the course I took.

III. I thought out the whole scriptural argument on the question as long ago as 1856, when I had no idea that it could ever apply to myself, and became then firmly persuaded that such marriages are as scripturally lawful as they are in many cases socially expedient.

I need not remind you that there are as many bright Church of England names to be quoted on the one side as on the other—such as Bickersteth, Champneys, Hook, Whately, Villiers, Dale, J. C. Miller, C. J. Vaughan, (who knew of my contemplated marriage and affirmed its propriety,) and that the warm opponents of such marriages are to be found generally among the High Church or ascetic schools.

Shall I tell you one or two of the arguments which convinced me? With Dr. McCaul, (brother of the esteemed President of the University, and one of the first Hebraists of his time), I believe that all criticism must bow before the plain, straightforward meaning of the words in Lev. xviii. 18. The explainers-away suggest two thoughts:—

1. This is a prohibition of bigamy as the margin reads "one wife to another." I submit this cannot be, because we know for a fact that bigamy was practised to a much later period by those who were bound by these Levitical laws—and also because in Deut. xxi. 15,—part of the second giving of the law, and therefore later,—bigamy is recognized as existing, and for a certain contingency growing out of it, legislated for, and surely that would not be actually legislated for which had been for a short while before positively forbidden.

Then it is said that in the 16th verse of Lev. xviii., marriage with a brother's wife is forbidden, and by "parity of reasoning" (a wonderful phrase) the same relationship is included on the other hand.

They do not see the dilemma in which this places them. In the 21st verse of the xx. chap. of Lev., the penalty is denounced against the taking of the brother's wife—*i. e.* childlessness. If the prohibition applies, the penalty must apply also. Need I do more than to remind you of instances within your own knowledge, (say * * * and also * * *) where no such penalty has followed. Either then the Scripture is broken, and its threatenings a dead letter, or, the prohibition does not imply.

2. Again, take the Apostle's words in Romans vi. 2, which appear to me significant. "She is freed from the law of her husband—not from her husband—but from all the obligations of the relationship into which her relationship with him brought her. It appears, and has always appeared to me that the doctrine of this passage is that the relationship of *affinity*, created by

law, ceases when the law ceases. If death has no effect to abrogate the "law of the husband"—if my wife's sister is still my wife's sister, then logically my wife is still my wife, and so far from restricting my liberty to marry to her own relations, her death—as it does not alter my relations to her—does not leave me at liberty to marry at all.

I could go on, but I have wearied you. I had no intention of thus enlarging when I began, but I was anxious that you should know and feel that I have acted conscientiously, and have violated, in my judgment, no canon of social order, much less any law of God.

I laid my account with the wonder of many good men, and even that (as lately) some should speak to the hurt of those whom God hath wounded. I force no man's conscience; but I claim equal liberty for my own.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) W. MORLEY PUNSHON.
To J. George Hodgins, Esq., L.L.D., Toronto.

"PURE GOLD" PREMIUM LIST.

FOR the purpose of extending our circulation in every part of the country, we have determined to give the following very liberal premiums to all who interest themselves in our behalf so much as to act as Agents for PURE GOLD:

To any person sending us the names of Two subscribers, with \$4.00, we will give—

A copy of any of the English Poets, Nimo's Edition. Selling price, \$1.00.

To any person sending us the names of Three subscribers, with \$6.00, we will give a copy of—

McGee's History of Ireland; or McGee's History of America; or Motley's History of the Dutch Republic; or Book of Novels, Tales and Poetry; or Smith's Wealth of Nations; or Ontario Cabinet Lawyer—selling price \$1.50.

To any person sending us the names of Four subscribers, with \$8.00, we will give—

A Lady's Leather Satchel; or a Dressing Case; or a Writing Desk; (Furnished); or the Canadian Magazine for one year; or any Magazine or Periodical at \$2.00 per year; or any of the following excellent Steel Engravings, handsomely framed—Balmoral Castle; Wesley at his Mother's Tomb; Meeting of Wellington and Blucher; and England's Glory—selling price \$2.00.

To any person sending us the names of Five subscribers, with \$10.00, we will give—

A Rosewood Alarm Clock, with best finished movement, warranted from W. E. Cornell's, King Street, Toronto; or any of the following works: Biographies of Celebrated Canadians, by Morgan; Darwin's Origin of Species; Macaulay, Carlyle, or any British Essayist—selling price \$2.50; or any Magazine at \$2.50.

To any person sending us the names of Ten subscribers, with \$20.00 we will give—

A Valise, (Calf,) or any of the following works: Cassel's Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress (illustrated); Gibbon's Rome, 3 vols.; World of Wonders—selling price \$3.00.

To any person sending us the names of Fifteen subscribers, with \$30.00, we will give a copy of—

Sir Walter Scott's Literary Friends at Abbotsford—an excellent Steel Engraving, size 31 by 25, in elegant gilt frame; or a copy of Members of Humane Society, one of Prang's celebrated American Chromo Lithographs, gilt frame; or Worcester's Unabridged Dictionary; Hume's History of England—selling price \$8.00.

To any one sending us the names of Twenty subscribers, with \$40.00, we will give—

An Office Eight-Day Clock, best brass finished movement, rosewood case, warranted, from W. E. Cornell's; or a copy of any of the following Chromo Lithographs, gilt frame: Whittier's Barefooted Boy; Cherries and Basket; Strawberries and Basket—selling price \$10.00.

To any one sending us the names of Thirty subscribers, with \$60.00, we will give—

A Silver Hunting Lever Watch, 15 jewels, in beautiful engraved case, and warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's; or a solid Gold Albert Chain, with pendulous Seal Key, Bar and Swivel complete, warranted pure, from W. E. Cornell's; or a copy of Matthew Henry's Commentary, 3 vols.; or a pair of Prang's celebrated American Chromo Lithographs, Marine Scenes, gilt frames; or a copy of the Maiden's Prayer, Chromo, gilt frame, or Birthplace of Whittier, Chromo, gilt frame—selling price \$15.00.

To any person sending us the names of Fifty subscribers, with \$100.00 in cash, we will give—

A Lady's Gold Lepine Watch, beautifully engraved and chased, Four holes jewelled, and warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's; or a Silver Hunting, Full Jewelled Watch, handsome dial, improved movement, and warranted, from W. E. Cornell's; or a copy of Family Scene in Pompeii, gilt frame—selling price \$25.00.

To any person sending us the names of Eighty subscribers, with \$160.00, we will give

A Sewing Machine, Ornamented Iron Stand, Black Walnut Table and Drawer, or any Sewing Machine valued at \$40.00; or a Silver Electroplate Tea Set, five pieces, beautifully engraved and polished upon the best White Metal, from W. E. Cornell's; or a Lady's Gold Hunting Case Lever Watch, Full Jewelled, warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's—selling price \$40.00.

To any person sending us the names of One Hundred subscribers, with \$200.00, we will give—

A Lady's Fine Gold Hunting RUSSELL WATCH, with Lever movement, Jewelled in 15 holes, White Enamel dial, Gold Hands, and warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's; or any Sewing Machine, valued at \$50.00.

To any person sending us the names of One Hundred and Fifty subscribers, with \$300.00, we will give

A Gent's Fine Gold RUSSELL WATCH, with Lever movement, Jewelled in 25 holes, warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's; or any Sewing Machine valued at \$75.00; or a Single Reed Victoria Organ, Five Octaves, and finished in Black Walnut cases, carved Trusses, pannelled ends and front, bevelled top, knee swells, automatic bellows, varnish or oil finish; or a Melodeon, in Walnut Case, Five Octaves, well-finished—selling price \$75.00.

To any person sending us the names of Two Hundred subscribers, with \$400.00, we will give—

A Five Octave, Double Reed Victoria Organ, with knee stop, price \$110.00; or a Victoria Organ, in Fine Rosewood case, Single Reed, for small parlors, price \$100.00; or a Melodeon, modern style of case, in Rosewood, for parlor use (large parlor,) from R. S. Williams, Yonge street, Toronto—selling price \$100.00.

The above list offers a good chance for any person, organization or society desiring any of the above-mentioned articles, to obtain them.

If any person sending in a Club should wish for any article not mentioned in our list, the article desired will be sent, if obtainable, at the usual retail price thereof.

All remittances should be sent by P. O. order to
GEORGE H. FLINT,
Publisher Pure Gold.
Office, 40 Church Street, Toronto.

Pure Gold.

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1871.

"NO LIQUORS KEPT."

Our readers have doubtless noticed, on the last page of "Pure Gold," the advertisement of Messrs Perkins & Clarke of Hamilton, wholesale grocers and spice merchants; doubtless may have been struck with the bold announcement at the end of the advertisement "NO LIQUORS KEPT." The announcement is suggestive, not only does it indicate that the members of the firm are staunch temperance men, but it also indicates a healthful change in public-sentiment in regard to the liquor traffic. Time was, and that not long ago, when such an announcement by a wholesale grocer, would have been regarded as utterly suicidal. Indeed the opinion is still held by not a few, that to carry on a grocery business successfully without selling intoxicating liquors, is utterly impossible. It cannot be denied that the man who conducts a grocery business on temperance principles, is placed at considerable disadvantage in competing with those who have no scruples as regards the sale of strong drinks, because the immense profits realized on all kinds of intoxicating liquors, enables those who deal in them to undersell the temperance grocer on many other articles. Still we are glad to know that the number of those who are willing to put up with small profits, rather than grow quickly rich by the sale of strong drink, is steadily increasing, while the gratifying success which has crowned the efforts of many of them, has proved to a demonstration that a safe and remunerative business, can be done without resorting to the sale of these stimulants.

A number of years ago, when our friend Edward Lawson opened a grocery on temperance principles, he was met everywhere with the cry: "you can't succeed unless you sell liquor." "Well" responded Mr. L. with characteristic decision, "if I can't do business without selling whiskey, I'll go back to my farm and my plough." Nobly did he adhere to his resolution through years of trial and discouragement, not only has he succeeded in working up an extensive and profitable business, but as the result of his noble example we have now quite a number of groceries in the city of

Toronto, (some of them first-class) doing a large and lucrative business, without the sale of a drop of liquor.

If temperance men would only rally round and support those who refuse to sell strong drink, a vast number of grocers both wholesale and retail, would find it to their interests to follow the example of our friend Perkins, and the time would yet come when the motto would be inscribed on the Commerce of the Dominion "NO LIQUORS KEPT."

SELLING WHISKEY ON SUNDAY.

The "Collingwood Bulletin" of July 12th, in an editorial, entitled "Independence of the press" would lead us to infer that old fogysm is still rife in some portions of Canada. The "Bulletin" as every local paper, which has the interest and prosperity of the town at heart should have done, reported in its columns the conduct of a couple of hotel keepers of the place, who contrary to the law of the country, sold liquor on Sunday.

Instead of feeling grateful to the "Bulletin" for the very mild reproof administered, these hotel-keepers conceived, in their fertile imaginations, what they considered to be a systematic and masterly scheme of retribution.

Not satisfied with withdrawing their own support from the only paper of the town, which was bold enough to speak out in favour of the maintenance of the laws of the country, and against the desecration of the Sabbath, these high minded individuals went from party to party, endeavouring to force a withdrawal of patronage from it. Mr. Brown, a butcher by trade, was to have his temporal affairs wound up by these gentlemen in a most abrupt manner, if he did not remove his advertising patronage from the "Bulletin" Mr. Brown however still lives and *metes* out to admiring customers.

It is sad to think that in Canada, a paper which so ably advocates the interests of the town in which it is, should in its endeavours to enforce the laws of the country, be subjected to such marks of petty spite. It remains with the law abiding and loyal citizens of Collingwood, to ably co-operate with the "Bulletin" in maintaining the stand it has taken. We are glad to see that the "Bulletin" has not suffered financially, and we hope that a still increasing circulation and a hearty support will show that it has the sympathies of the people on its side, as regards the enforcing of the liquor laws. In the mean time the authorities will see that these men *have not a perfect right to sell wiskey on Sunday if they please.*

THE EARLY CLOSING MOVEMENT.

IT is a theory accepted and acted on by all sensible men and women, that man was made to enjoy this life while he remained in it. One great course of conduct tending to this is the devoting a reasonable portion of his time to the pursuit of relaxation; for relaxation, either from business or study, is just as essential to a healthy, happy life as is a proper proportion of oxygen. Those who refuse this theory for themselves, or refuse the opportunity of putting it into practice to those they employ, are, we say, guilty of a mischievous error.

Such conduct, however, is practised wholesale in this city, through the late closing system adopted by so many employers. As we promised in our last issue, when briefly stating the case, we intend this week to consider the question of early closing in its social, moral, and physical aspects. We will deal with the last division of the subject first.

Throughout animated nature, open air exercise seems to be a law of its being; nor can full development and perfect health be attained without it. Proper food, cleanliness, pure air and exercise are the great essentials to long life. For the first two of these requisites, young people are themselves responsible; the enjoyment of the last two depends upon the hearts and brains of those who employ them. "Organized beings must exercise or die," is a law of physical economy. Why, then, should men take it upon themselves to deny to those about them the opportunity of fulfilling this law?

It has been truly said, that "legitimate commerce and general trade are necessary, but are very liable to be overdone." Legitimate trade is certainly overdone, if in its pursuance more than the twelve hours of the day are passed.

And it surely cannot be believed by those who become assistants in stores that they will escape *labour*, because but few kinds of occupation are more irksome than this we are now speaking of. Look at the pallid cheeks and narrow sloping shoulders of our young men, if you want a visible proof of how long and late hours may, directly and indirectly, injure health and depar digestion.

The exercise obtained in a close shop is by no means the kind of exercise to be desired; in fact, it tires rather than strengthens. What is wanted is sufficient time in which to take meals, and then a reasonable amount of leisure in the evening—not in the night—for a good bracing walk, which shall fill the lungs with a supply of pure fresh air, and nerve the flaccid muscles for the next day's labours. This ought to be granted.

A few words now on the social aspect of the case. A principle as often denied as it is accepted in the practices and teachings of society, is that man is the creature of circumstances. Now, although it is not our *credo* that circumstances are the whole of life, or the all of man, and although it is our creed that there is something beside them, above them, in fact their master, and although one might advise a friend never to consent to be governed by circumstances, at the same time there would be a lingering suspicion if he would ever be governed by anything else. Man is a creature of circumstances and influences in this light—they give direction to his course.

Let us apply this:—If these assistants of whom we are speaking leave the stores at an hour when there is no time to take a walk, and when our places of "innocent amusement" are closed, or the performances half completed, what remains, except for those who are thoroughly domesticated, but to drop into drinking saloons and beer-shops, and so put a finishing stroke to an unhealthy day's work? The contraction of these habits simply means, the beginning of the end. It will be distinctly understood that the frequent or regular visiting of indoor places of amusement is by no means advocated; but amusement of some kind we believe to be absolutely necessary. But not only this; there are meetings whose object is the conveyance and propagation of sound social doctrines; and the same absurd reason, which debar the attendance from the temples of Thespis and Apollo, stands equally as a barrier to the attendance of the temple of Minerva.

Another evil, consequent on the hours of freedom occurring only in the latest part of the day, is that young men and women, when seen parading the streets at unseasonable hours—though not in their case inexcusable—are looked upon suspiciously, and get the harshly-whispered stigma of rowdiness attached to them.

Some of these young men, too, are married; and we protest against that system of employ which sends home a man to his wife so utterly fagged and wearied by long work that he is unfit, physically and socially, to be a pleasant, sympathising companion for the "little woman" at home. He is too tired to accompany her for a stroll, too tired to read to her, and usually spends the evening—if he spends it at home—dozing on the sofa, or lolling lazily in the rocking chair, with a pipe in his mouth.

Besides, employers do themselves a great though unintentional injury in continuing these hours of lengthened servitude, for it must in a very great measure destroy that *entente cordiale* so necessary between employer and employed. If the employed sees that his employer has for an object only to "get out" of him an unreasonable amount of work, sooner or later an unhealthy feeling of discontent and indifference will spring up, and the seeds of grumbling are sown. If the bitter fruit of open rebellion is not borne, the tares choke the good seed of peaceful, harmonious co-working, and an opportunity is given to those who are younger or lower in the world for sneering at that principle of benevolence and those pure manly feelings, which they have been taught make others think of and act for them as they would think of and act for themselves.

We now pass on to speak of the moral effects of recreation, and naturally of the contrary effects of its prohibition. Here we must start with the belief that "the cheapest pleasures are the best;" and surely no pleasures are so cheap or so lasting as those gathered from the great volume of creation—a volume in which every chapter teems with what has been called "the playfulness of wisdom."

"Here is a great library of enjoyment, a great field of pleasure, Fitted for all seasons, with the gain and gladness they bestow."

But when are our cooped-up ones to find time for the enjoyment of these pleasures? In a chance holiday only, for no time can be snatched from the toiling, moiling store to study Dame Nature's comely face.

The sensible recreation of sound reading, too, is largely shut off; for the inclination to pursue anything that tires

or requires attention is of the very faintest, and works of the lightest character are sought after, and the mind lies in the vacancy of sheer unintellectual amusement. Decidedly there are exceptions, but they only prove the rule.

If temporal happiness were alone considered, a course of conduct which allows of no time for moral culture is highly reprehensible. Contentment springs from the legitimate gratification of all the mental powers and moral attributes; and without the means being afforded for the gratification of these, by the granting of sufficient leisure, they become prostituted, dwindled and warped.

The least employers can do is to throw the responsibility off their own shoulders, and give those they employ the opportunity of developing those talents with which they have been entrusted. It would not make them less happy, if they not only granted the necessary leisure, but did all they could to open the eyes of those they employ to what is false in theory and repugnant to the best interests of society; so leading them step by step in that correct moral culture which would teach them to study "those things that make for peace."

T. J. V.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE 12TH OF JULY was celebrated by the Orangemen of Canada in grand style. In this city, the procession was very imposing, those taking part in it presenting an excellent appearance and conducting themselves with great propriety. We noticed that the temperance lodge in connection with the order, though not so large as some others, presented a good front, and compared well with the other lodges. We must compliment the fraternity on the sobriety and good conduct of its members. There was considerable drinking, and as a result some drunkenness; but we observed with pleasure that comparatively few Orangemen showed signs of having indulged too freely. Though we enjoyed a comparative absence from "rows" in Toronto, and the Dominion generally, the citizens of New York did not escape the troubles which they anticipated, and of which we spoke in our last. In view of the looked for disturbance, Governor Hoffman issued a proclamation giving permission to the Orangemen to walk peaceably and quietly, guaranteeing the full protection of the law, while they continued to act properly, and warning all who attempted to break up any procession, or the like, except under his directions, that "all powers at his command, civil and military," would be "used to preserve peace, and put down, at all hazards, every attempt at disturbance." It was fondly hoped that the Governor's action upon the matter would have the desired effect. It was not so, however, and during the day attacks were made upon the Orangemen. The aid of the police and military was called in. The mob in some places became so violent that the authorities had to resort to the force of arms. Several are reported to have been killed on both sides; but it is difficult to ascertain the exact number. The action of the Governor, was, we believe, correct; but it is a question if it would not have been better for the Orangemen to have dispensed with their procession for the nonce; especially as the good likely to flow out of it is hardly as it appears to us, equal to the evil upon such occasions as these.

Later accounts give the number of rioters arrested as 200. Thirty-one are reported as having been killed, and 300 wounded.

THE REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., of New York city, lectured here on Monday evening last, in Cooke's Church, on the subject of "Mischievous Mistakes." The Church was well filled, and the lecturer fully sustained his well-earned reputation as a careful and close thinker, and powerful and popular speaker.

A GANG of Bushrangers that has been disturbing the peace of certain of the inhabitants of Toronto, was successfully broken up a few days ago.

A CELEBRATED "character," in one of our Canadian cities, has, according to the statement of a contemporary, been arrested for the "three hundred and ninety first time," for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. We do not vouch for the correctness of the figures; but mention the case to ask the question,—are not inebriate asylums better than prisons for such men?

The trial of MRS. LYDIA SHERMAN, a resident of one of the American cities, who was lately arrested upon the charge of having murdered several children, and (we think) three husbands, is at present in progress. The case is attaching a large amount of attention in the States.

THE RETURNS of the British census have been made. The population of Scotland on the 3rd of April, 1871, is given at 3,358,613, being an increase since 1861, of 296,319 persons. There has been a large amount of emigration from the United Kingdom during the past ten years. The number of those who have left to seek homes in the New World, is said to be 1,978,800, the largest amount of emigration being from the Emerald Isle. The Irish population is given as 5,402,759, a decrease of 396,208 since 1871. We have not yet obtained the returns of the population of England.

CABLE DISPATCHES speak unfavorably of the crop prospects in England. It is feared that there will be but a small yield.

THE SECOND coloured jury, which has even sat in the United States, was empannelled at Cambridge, Guernsey Co., Ohio, a few days since. The case that they are to try is one of

shooting, with intent to kill, by a colored man named Robert Wright.

A TERRIBLE TORNADO visited Dayton, Ohio, last Monday, unroofing houses, blowing down bridges, and causing great destruction of property generally. The loss is estimated at \$500,000.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, having subdued the Communists, are now puzzled to know what to do with them. Large numbers have been pardoned. It is reported that a proposition has been made to M. Thiers, to allow the Communist prisoners who have yet to be tried, to emigrate to America. Propositions have come from Colorado, Arizona, and Lower California, to have the Communists settle these colonies.

M. THEIRS is said to have expressed his sympathy with the Pope, but he urges him to remain in Rome, France being in a position to render him no aid. How much of the professed sympathy with the Pope, on the part of any of the political parties of France, may be relied upon as genuine, it is impossible to determine, the various parties being probably desirous to make political capital out of the present state of affairs in Rome.

NEGOTIATIONS are being made in order to the reduction of the postage rates between the United States and Great Britain. The Postmaster General is said to be opposed to this proposed reduction, contending that the time has not yet come for it, and that it will cause loss to the revenue.

SOME \$34,000 are estimated to have been realized this year out of the Strawberry crop, by farmers around Smyrna, Del.

WE have received through the kindness of a friend, a copy of the ENGLISH GOOD TEMPLAR the organ of the Grand Lodge of England, from which we cull the following encouraging and interesting items:—

"On the 20th, of October 1870, the first Good Templars' Lodge was instituted in Ireland, already in Ulster we have 41 Lodges numbering a membership of about 4,000, with seven degree temples, we have fairly started on the grand aims of our Noble Order. Already we can see the fruits in many who were accustomed to grovel in the mire of drunkenness, being snatched as brands from the burning, who are now restored to the world, and placed in positions of honor and usefulness.

"We hope soon to have a Grand Lodge established in Ireland, and are determined to push forward in the glorious work, until we have fixed in the highest pinnacle of our country's glory the noble flag of Temperance.

In Scotland, there are between 500 & 600 lodges, numbering 50,000 members.

Within the past year, about 120 lodges have been opened in England, which now number some 5,000 members.

We will give a notice of the personnel and contents of the "Good Templar" next week.

The Union Temperance Excursion, under the auspices of the I. O. of G. Templars in Toronto, on the 24th inst., promises to be a very interesting and successful affair. The Committee have made arrangements to visit all the places of interest at half price, and to have a "good square meal" provided on the ground at a reasonable rate, we have no doubt the weather proving fine, that it will be one of the best of the season.

Our favourite exchange is the Newspaper Directory, Published by Rowell & Co., New York. It always brings us something fresh, spicy and good and is ever a welcome visitant to our sanctum.

NEW MUSIC—Among the most beautiful and brilliant, consequently the most fashionable songs, are "Three Little Words," by J. A. Butterfield, author of "Sweet Ethel May," "When you and I were young, Maggie," etc., and "The Beautiful Days that are Past," by Frank Howard, author of "Guess who?" and "Little Barefoot."

If not obtainable at the music stores, they may be had by enclosing 35 cents for each and sending it to the Publisher,

T. W. MARTIN, P. O. Box 547 Chicago, Ill.

"ALBERT" TEMPLE, of the I. O. Good Templars was organized at Hartville, Coleraine P.O., on Tuesday, 11th inst., with 16 members, by M. Nasmith, G. W. Treasurer of the Order, assisted by Bros. Revs. Goodman and Johnston, and Bros. Porter, Robinson, and Sister Porter, of "Victoria" Temple, Clairville. We wish the new Temple success.

THE STEEPLE CLAYDON MURDER.—The woman Catherine Muir, charged with the murder of a little child, named Bruce Dunlop Logan, at Steeple Claydon, on May, 10, was brought before the magistrates on Tuesday. The victim is one of four children whose parents are at present in India. The evidence was to the effect, that on Thursday morning about half-past eight, the deceased was found in the nursery at Camp Farm-house, where he, with his brother and sister, boarded with the Misses Macdonald, lying in bed with his throat cut in a horrible manner. The prisoner was crouched on the floor in the corner of the room in her night dress, her hands and clothes smeared with blood. She was in a stupid, half drunken state, and on being raised a table knife covered with blood, was found under her. On the dressing table was found a bottle containing about a quarter of a pint of brandy, one of the servants having the day before fetched her a whole bottle full. The prisoner was conveyed to the police-station, and admitted at once that she had perpetrated the murder, saying she knew her lot, and that she would be hung.

Tales and Sketches.

(From the Christian Union.)

MY WIFE AND I;

OR,

HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

My shadow-wife grew up by my side under my mother's creative toil. It was for her I studied; and for her I should touch. The thought of providing for her took the sordid element out of my economy and made it unselfish. She was to be to me adviser, friend, inspirer, charmer. She was to be my companion, not alone in one faculty, but through all the range of my being—there should be nothing wherein I and she could not by appreciative sympathy commune together. As I thought of her she seemed higher than I. I must love up and not down I said. She must stand on a height and I must climb to her—she must be a princess worthy of many toils and many labors. Gradually she became to me a controlling power.

The thought of what she would think, closed for me many a book that I felt she and I could not read together—her fair image barred the way to many a door and avenue, which if a young man enters, he must leave his good angel behind,—and for her sake I abjured intimacies that I felt she could not approve, and it was my ambition to keep the inner temple of my heart and thoughts so pure, that it might be a worthy resting place for her at last.

CHAPTER IV.

I START FOR COLLEGE AND MY UNCLE JACOB ADVISES ME.

THE time came at last when the sacred habit of intimacy with my mother was broken, and I was to leave her for college.

It was the more painful to her, as only a year before, my father had died, leaving her more than ever depending on the society of her children.

My father died as he had lived, rejoicing in his work and feeling that if he had a hundred lives to live, he would devote them to the same object for which he had spent that one—the preaching of the Gospel. He left to my mother the homestead and a small farm, which was under the care of one of my brothers, so that the event of his death made no change in our family home center, and I was to go to college and fulfill the hope of his heart and the desire of my mother's life, in consecrating myself to the work of the Christian ministry.

My father and mother had always kept sacredly a little fund laid by for the education of their children; it was the result of many small savings and self-denials—but self-denials so cheerfully and hopefully encountered that they had almost changed their nature and become preferences. The family fund for this purpose had been used in turn by two of my elder brothers, who, as soon as they gained an independent foothold in life, appropriated each his first earnings to replacing this sum for the use of the next.

It was not, however, a fund large enough to dispense with the need of a strict economy, and a supplemental self-helpfulness on our part.

The terms in some of our New England colleges are thoughtfully arranged so that the students can teach for three of the winter months, and the resources thus gained help out their college expenses. Thus at the same time they educate themselves and help to educate others, and they study with the maturity of mind and the appreciation of the value of what they are gaining, resulting from the habit of measuring themselves with the actual needs of life.

The time that the boy goes to college is the time that he feels manhood to begin. He is no longer a boy, but an unfledged, undeveloped man—a creature, half of the past and half of the future. Yet every one gives him a good word and a congratulatory shake of hand on his entrance to his new plateau of life. It is a time when advice is as plentiful as blackberries in August and often held quite as cheap—but nevertheless a young fellow may as well look at what his elders tell him at this time and see what he can make of it.

As I was "our minister's son," all the village thought it had something to do with my going. "Hallo, Harry, so you've got into college! Think you'll be as smart a man as your dad?" said one. "Wa-al, so I

hear you're going to college. Stick to it now. I could a made a suthin ef I'd a had larin at your age," said old Jerry Smith, who rung the meeting-house bell, sawed wood, and took care of miscellaneous gardens for sundry widows in the vicinity.

But the sayings that struck me as most to the purpose came from my Uncle Jacob.

Uncle Jacob was my mother's brother, and the doctor not only of our village, but of all the neighbourhood for ten miles round. He was a man celebrated for medical knowledge through the State, and known by his articles in medical journals far beyond. He might have easily commanded a wider and more lucrative sphere of practice by going to any of the larger towns and cities, but Uncle Jacob was a philosopher and preferred to live in a small quiet way in a place whose scenery suited him, and where he could act precisely as he felt disposed, and carry out all his little humors and pet ideas without rubbing against conventionalities.

He had a secret adoration for my mother, whom he regarded as the top and crown of all womanhood, and he also enjoyed the society of my father, using him as a sort of whetstone to sharpen his wits on. Uncle Jacob was a church member in good standing, but in the matter of belief he was somewhat like a high mettled horse in pasture,—he enjoyed once in a while having a free argumentative race with my father all round the theological lot. Away he would go in full career, dodging definitions, doubling and turning with elastic extensity, and sometimes ending by leaping over all the fences, with most astounding assertions, after which he would calm down, and gradually suffer the theological saddle and bridle to be put on him and go on with edifying paces, apparently much refreshed by his metaphysical capers.

Uncle Jacob was reported to have a wonderful skill in the healing craft. He compounded certain pills which were stated to have most wonderful effects. He was accustomed to exact that, in order fully to develop their medical properties, they should be taken after a daily bath, and be followed immediately by a brisk walk of a specific duration in the open air. The steady use of these pills had been known to make wonderful changes in the cases of confirmed invalids, a fact which Uncle Jacob used to notice with a peculiar twinkle in the corner of his eye. It was sometimes whispered that the composition of them was neither more nor less than simple white sugar with a flavor of some harmless essence, but upon this subject my Uncle Jacob was impenetrable. He used to say, with the afore-mentioned waggish twinkle, that their preparation was his secret.

Uncle Jacob had always had a special favor for me, shown after his own odd and original manner. He would take me in his chase with him when driving about his business, and keep my mind on a perpetual stretch with his odd questions, and droll, suggestive remarks or stories. There was a shrewd keen quality to all that he said, that stimulated like a mental tonic, and none the less so for a stinging flavor of sarcasm and cynicism that stirred up and provoked one's self-esteem. Yet as Uncle Jacob was companionable and loved a listener, I think he was none the less agreeable to me for this slight touch of his claws. One likes to find power of any kind—and he who shows that he can both scratch and bite effectively, if he holds his talons in sheath, comes in time to be regarded as a sort of benefactor for his forbearance, and so, though I got many a shrewd mental nip and gripe from my Uncle Jacob, I gave on the whole more heed to his opinion than that of anybody else that I knew.

From the time that I had been detected with my self-invented manuscript, up to the time of my going to college, the expression of my thoughts by writing had always been a passion with me, and from year to year my mind had been busy with its own creations, which it was a solace and amusement for me to record.

Of course there was ever so much crabbed manuscript, and no less confused, immature thought. I wrote poems, essays, stories, tragedies and comedies. I demonstrated the immortality of the soul. I sustained the future immortality of the souls of animals. I wrote sonnets and odes, in whole or in part, on almost everything that could be mentioned in creation.

My mother advised me to make Uncle Jacob my literary mentor, and the best of my productions were laid under his eye.

"Poor trash!" he was wont to say, with his usual kindly twinkle. "But there must be poor trash in the beginning. We must all eat our peck of dirt, and learn to write sense by writing nonsense." Then he would pick out here and there a line or expression which he assured me was "not bad." Now and then he condescended to tell me that for a boy of my age, so and thing one of these days, which was to me more encouragement than much more decided praise from any other quarter.

We all notice that he who is reluctant to praise, whose commendation is scarce and well-earned, is he

for whose good word everybody is fighting; he comes at last to be the judge in the race. After all, the fact which Uncle Jacob could not disguise, that he had a certain good opinion of me, in spite of his sharp criticisms and scant praises, made him the one whose dicta on every subject were the most important to me.

I went to him in all the glow of satisfaction and the tremble of self-importance that a boy feels, who is taking the first step into the land of manhood.

I have the image of him now, as he stood with his back to the fire, and the newspaper in his hand, giving me his last counsels. A little wirey, keen-looking man, with a blue, hawk-like eye, a hooked nose, a high forehead, shadowed with grizzled hair, and a criss-cross of deeply lined wrinkles in his face.

"So you are going to college, boy? Well, away with you; there's no use advising you: you'll do as all the rest do. In one year you'll know more than your father, your mother, or I, or all your college officers—in fact, than the Lord Himself. You'll have doubts about the Bible, and think you could have made a better one. You'll think that if the Lord had consulted you, He could have laid the foundations of the earth better, and arranged the course of Nature to more purpose. In short, you'll be a god, knowing good and evil, and running all over creation, measuring everybody and everything in your pint cup. There'll be no living with you. But you'll get over it,—it's only the febrile stage of knowledge. But if you have a good constitution, you'll come through with it."

I humbly suggested to him that I should try to keep clear of the febrile stage; that forewarned was fore-armed.

"Oh, tut! tut! you must go through your fooleries. These are the regular diseases, the chicken-pox, measles, and mumps of young manhood: you'll have them all. We only pray that you may have them light, and not break your constitution for all your life through, by them. For instance, you'll fall in love with some baby-faced young thing, with pink cheeks and long eye-lashes, and goodness only knows what abominations of sonnets you'll be guilty of. That isn't fatal, however. Only don't get engaged. Take it as the chicken-pox—keep your pores open, and don't get cold, and it'll pass off and leave you none the worse."

"And she!" said I, indignantly. "You talk as if it was no matter what became of her—"

"What, the baby? Oh, she'll outgrow it, too. The fact is, soberly and seriously, Harry, marriage is the thing that makes or mars a man; it's the gate through which he goes up or down, and you shouldn't pledge yourself to it till you come to your full senses. Look at your mother, boy; see what a woman may be; see what she was to your father, what she is to me, to you, to every one that knows her. Such a woman, to speak reverently, is a pearl of great price; a man might well sell all he had to buy her. But it isn't that kind of woman that flirts with college boys. You don't pick up such pearls every day."

Of course I declared that nothing was further from my thoughts than anything of that nature.

"The fact is, Harry, you can't afford fooleries," said my uncle. "You have your own way to make, and nothing to make it with but your own head and hands, and you must begin now to count the cost of everything. You have a healthy, sound body; see that you take care of it. God gives you a body but once. He don't take care of it for you, and whatever of it you lose, you lose for good. Many a chap goes into college fresh as you are, and comes out with weak eyes and crooked back, yellow complexion and dyspeptic stomach. He has only himself to thank for it. When you get to college they'll want you to smoke, and you'll want to, just for idleness and goodfellowship. Now before you begin, just calculate what it'll cost you. You can't get a good cigar under ten cents, and your smoker wants three a day, at the least. There go thirty cents a day, two dollars and ten cents a week or a hundred and nine dollars and twenty cents a year. Take the next ten years at that rate, and you can invest over a thousand dollars, in tobacco smoke. That thousand dollars, invested in a savings bank, would give permanent income of seventy dollars a year,—a handy thing as you'll find, just as you are beginning life. Now, I know you think all this is prosy; you are amazingly given to figures of rhetoric, but, after all, you've got to get on in a world where things go by the rules of arithmetic."

"Well, uncle," I said, a little nettled, "I pledge you my word that I won't smoke or drink. I never have done either, and I don't know why I should."

"Good for you! your hand on that, my boy. You don't need either tobacco or spirits any more than you need water in your shoes. There's no danger in doing without them, and great danger in doing with them; so let's look on that as settled."

"Now, as to the rest. You have a faculty for stringing words together, and a hankering after it, that may make or mar you. Many a fellow comes to naught because he can string pretty phrases and turn a good line of poetry. He gets the notion that he's to be a

poet, or orator, or genius of some sort, and neglects study. Now, Harry, remember that an empty bag can't stand upright; and that if you are ever to be a writer you must have something to say, and that you've got to dig for knowledge as for hidden treasure. A genius for *hard work* is the best kind of genius. Look at great writers, and see how many had it. What a student Muller was, and Goethe! Great fellows, those!—like trees that grow out in a pasture lot, with branches all around. Composition is the flowering out of a man's mind. When he has made growth, all studies and all learning, all that makes woody fibre, go into it. Now study books; observe nature; practice. If you make a good firm mental growth, I hope to see some blossoms and fruits from it one of these days. So go your ways, and God bless you!"

The last words were said as Uncle Jacob slipped into my hand an envelope, containing a sum of money. "You'll need it," he said, "to furnish your room; and hark'e! if you get into any troubles that you don't want to burden your mother with, come to me."

There was warmth in the grip with which these last words were said, and a sort of misty moisture came over his keen blue eye, little signs which meant as much from his shrewd and reticent nature as a caress, or an expression of tenderness might from another.

My mother's last words, after hours of talk over the evening fire, were these: "I want you to be a good man. A great many have tried to be great men, and failed; but nobody ever sincerely tried to be a good man, and failed."

I suppose it is about the happiest era in a young fellow's life, when he goes to college for the first time.

The future is all a land of blue, distinct mists and shadows, radiant as an Italian landscape. The boundaries between the possible and the not possible are so charmingly vague! There is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow forever waiting for each new comer. Generations have not exhausted it!

De Balzac said, of writing his novels, that the dreaming out of them was altogether the best of it. "To imagine," he said, "is to smoke enchanted cigarettes; to bring out one's imaginations into words—that is *work!*"

The same may be said of the romance of one's life. The dream-life is beautiful, but the rendering into reality quite another thing.

I believe every boy who has a good father and mother, goes to college meaning, in a general way, to be a good fellow. He will not disappoint them.—No! a thousand times, no! In the main, he will be a good boy,—not that he is going quite to walk according to the counsels of his elders. He is not going to fall over any precipices—not he—but he is going to walk warily and advisedly along the edge of them, and take a dispassionate survey of the prospect, and gather a few botanical specimens here and there. It might be dangerous for a less steady head than his; but he understands himself, and with regard to all things he says, "We shall see." The world is full of possibilities and open questions. Up sail, and away; let us test them!

As I scaled the mountains and descended the valleys on my way to college, I thought over all that my mother and Uncle Jacob had said to me, and had my own opinion of it.

Of course I was not the person to err in the ways he had suggested. I was not to be the dupe of a boy and girl flirtation. My standard of manhood was too exalted, I reflected, and I thought with complacency how little Uncle Jacob knew of me.

To be sure, it is a curious kind of a thought to a young man, that somewhere in this world, unknown to him, and as yet unknowing him, lives the woman that is to be his earthly fate,—to make or mar his destiny.

We have all read the pretty story about the Princess of China and the young Prince of Tartary, whom a fairy and genius in a freak of caprice showed to each other in an enchanted sleep, and then whisked away again, leaving them to years of vain pursuit and wanderings. Such is the ideal image of *somebody*, who must exist *somewhere*, and is to be found *sometime*, and when found, is to be ours.

"Uncle Jacob is all right in the main," I said; "but if I should meet the true woman even in my college days, why, that, indeed, would be quite another thing."

(To be Continued.)

A lady made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came to dinner, she said: "I have been to see Mrs. —." "Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy." "Happy! Well, I should think she ought to be; she has a camels'-hair shawl, two-thirds border."

C. A. Trench, at Light street, Columbia county, Pa., has built an office entirely of paper. The paper was manufactured in his mill expressly for the house, and is a heavy manilla. The roof and siding, inside and outside, is paper, and the only wood in the structure is the floor, doors and windows. The house is an experiment.

(For PURE GOLD.)

THE POETRY OF WINE.

"And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as thy mind,
And pledge me, in one generous toast,
The whole of human kind.

To those who love us, second fill,
But not to those whom *we* love,
Lest we love those who love us not;
A third to thee and me love."

So sang Horace Grant; and Nellie Hastings poured out the ruby wine, with her own white hands, and with a merry laugh ringing from her red lips, proffered him a glass, and sipped another herself. Another and another bumper the gentleman quaffed, until his toast included alike friends and foes; those who loved him, and those who loved him not. At last he arose to depart, and as he held the young girl's hand in his, he bent over her and pressed his lips, heavy with the fumes of wine, to her brow. She did not shrink from the polluting touch. Why should she? When she held the poisoned chalice in her own hand, and bade her lover drink, would it not have been ungallant for him to refuse? *Very!* And Horace Grant had not the moral courage to do an ungentlemanly deed. If some poor, battered drunkard, with a black bottle and cracked tumbler, had offered him a glass, do you suppose he would have taken it? Certainly not. But then it is very different when a young lady, in an elegantly furnished parlor, with cut glass decanters before her, and gilt goblets, asks one to drink. To decline is not to be thought of for a moment. What would be a matter of course with a drunkard on the street, would be rudeness in the parlor. The beverage in the decanter and that in the black bottle might be one and the same; but the cut glass, and rich apartments, and soft tones of the giver, add lustre to the former, and render it respectable; for is there not a respectability in drunkenness as it is practised by the upper classes of society?

There was an oyster supper at the hotel that night, and Horace Grant was one of the jovial spirits that formed the company. Late in the evening Louis North leaned back in his chair, holding a glass of wine between him and the light, which he surveyed with the air of a connoisseur.

"See," he exclaimed, "how bright and beautiful. The rich, red, sparkling wine! Fairer than the blushing maiden, and sweeter than the first kiss of love."

Pity some kaleidoscopic vision could not have revealed to him the shiny, writhing serpent, which that same beautiful wine concealed.

"Did you ever have a chance to prove that assertion?" Horace Grant asked in an uncertain tone, blinking strangely at the light.

"I had a better glass of wine, than that this evening," he continued.

"Ha! ha!" laughed several voices; "you stole a march on us. That wasn't fair."

"Yes, it was fair, it was a fair lady that gave it to me, anyway," Horace answered, looking round with the silly expression of an intoxicated man.

"Who was she?" some one asked.

"Oh, I'm not going to tell her name."

"Why not?"

"Because it wouldn't be just gentlemanly."

"We won't tell," some one said.

But Horace sturdily shook his head, until after much entreaty and many promises on their honours, what little the maudlin wretches had left, he revealed the secret; told the name of his betrothed in such a company as that!

How would the cheeks of Nellie Hastings have burnt with shame and indignation, could she have heard the comments made on her by such a group, at such a time, and in such a place! And yet it was not because he did not love her that Horace Grant listened to language which at any other time he would have hotly resented, it was because liquor had weakened his perceptions so that he could no longer discriminate between the low and insulting jests of his comrades, and the respect due to woman.

Slower and at longer intervals his sentences were uttered until he sank back in a state of hopeless intoxication. A cab was called, and amid the laughter of his less seriously affected companions he was conveyed to it and entrusted to the care of the driver. Rolling from side to side like an animated barrel he succeeded in occupying, by turns, the whole of the vehicle, and arriving at his own door he was half-dragged out by the driver and dumped on the side-walk, with scarcely sense enough to stagger to the bell and ring it. What would Nellie Hastings have said, could she have seen him then? What *could* she have said? Did not she, with her own hand, give him the cup which contained a poison more fatal to hope and happiness than the odor of the Upas is to vitality? What wonder that youth and manhood yield to the tempter's spell, when

wives, and mothers, and maidens, and sisters can tolerate its debasing presence? Women, beware! lest while ye are praying, "Lead us not into temptation," ye pave the path to eternal destruction, and by your own actions invite the feet of your dear ones to walk therein!

"I'm so tired, cousin Claudia," and Nellie Hastings, the spoiled and petted child of fortune, laid her head in her cousin's lap, and closed her eyes in utter weariness.

"Poor thing!" said Claudia Westmore in her dulcet tones. "I'm so sorry for you. You've dressed twice to-day, played three tunes on the piano, and walked up-stairs once. You've accomplished all that within seven hours—no, six and a half. You arose at half-past nine; it is now four; you must be fatigued! Pray recline on a couch," Claudia went on sarcastically, "and I will fan you gently, and bathe your brow with rose-water. That will restore you."

"Don't be nonsensical, Claudia; I haven't done anything to-day, and I know it. That is just where the fault is. If I had something to do, and was made to do it, then I would enjoy my leisure time when I had any; but this senseless, aimless life is enough to kill one. Get up in the morning, any time before noon; eat my breakfast, dawdle over the piano for awhile, or saunter through the streets, or anything else to put in the time until dinner. Then in the evening, when theatres and parties do not take up the time, I read or sew until I go to bed. That is the whole routine of my life, including a few calls and visits. If it isn't animating, I don't know what is."

"What more do you want?" Claudia asked, as she stroked Nellie's dark locks back from her white brow.

"O, I don't know," Nellie sighed; "I suppose I am very ungrateful, when I have everything that wealth can supply, to be dissatisfied; but I am tired of doing nothing."

"Well, I'll tell you; join the Sisters of Charity, and they will give you employment. You will be allowed to wash ten children every morning, and comb their hair, and teach them their prayers."

"I never could learn prayers for myself, to say nothing of teaching them to others; besides, I have heard or read some place that the worthy Sisters are all compelled to wash, one after another, in the same water every morning. Now, I couldn't tolerate that, unless I was up in time to get the first dip, and early rising never was my forte."

"I can vouch for that fact," said Claudia. "I see no chance of you taking the veil, so the next best thing I can advise is for you to marry a poor man, and spend the remainder of your days in domestic duties."

(To be continued.)

CRAYONS OF CANADIAN CLERGYMEN.

THE REV. CHARLES WALKER, OF ST. CATHARINES.

This is a prominent minister of the Baptist denomination in the Province. We do not know that he received a collegiate training—certainly he does not sport a degree; and he may not appear as dignified as some of his clerical brethren, which will be a drawback with a certain class of minds. Yet we have found few better posted in matters of general information, or in what is really necessary to a minister.

Early lameness seems to have shut him up to school and study; as the result of which, his knowledge of the fundamentals of an English education is evident and thorough. We know of no person better adapted to test the attainments of a common school than he.

He is a native of Scotland—we should think somewhere near the Highlands, for he can personate both the Highlander and Lowlander to perfection. Otherwise, he is not very Scottish in manner or accent. His religious education was Presbyterian, but his conversion did not take place till he had arrived at manhood, and, we think, occurred in London, England. It took place suddenly, after a long course of mental distress and agony. The comfort he received was the result of a total abandonment of all trust in the value of his own performances, and the casting of himself on Christ. If he ever errs in the matter of theological teaching, which we do not say he does, it will be more in the direction of *salafidianism* than the merit of human works. No practical antinomian is he, however, either personally or ministerially; but he is ever ready to try the value of any effort which promises to advance the interests of religion or morality.

Embracing Baptist views, his abilities would naturally point him out as adapted to their ministry. At some period of his life, he seems to have prosecuted successfully the study of the original Scriptures in both the languages in which they were written. He had the pastoral charge for some time of the congregations of Font-Hill and Welland. Whether he ever had a previous charge, we know not. He has been the pas-

tor of the Baptist congregation in St. Catharines six or seven years.

Although inconvenienced with a chronic lameness in one of his legs, so serious as to prevent his walking without a cane, and only so for a short distance, and though he has to resort to a carriage to enable him to perform his pastoral duties, he is, nevertheless, a man of great and constant activity. There is no more familiar object on the streets of "St. Kitts" than the Rev. Mr. Walker's old sorrel horse.

He is a ready scribe and talker, takes a part in all sorts of public meetings, and often acts as secretary. He is a decided friend of Temperance, and identifies himself with the organizations to promote it; indeed, although somewhat doubtful of the utility of some of the organizations for moral purposes outside of the church, yet he generally acts as though co-operation is the least of two evils—that it is better than not having the work done at all. He is a favorite on the platform. His geniality, approaching to hilarity sometimes, may partly account for his popularity.

Yet he does not always prophecy smooth things; at times he is rather blunt than otherwise. For discussion, whether oral or written, he is nothing loath, and has been engaged in several public ones. His readiness for disputation has left the impression on some minds that he is litigious, but no better dispositioned man ever lived. He can differ with a friend without interrupting the friendship. He knows how to laugh over a hard knock. Earlier in his public life, he may have been somewhat prejudiced against those who differ from the views of his denomination; but those prejudices are wearing away, if not wholly worn out of his mind, which we rather believe. He is very neighbourly with brother ministers of other persuasions. He bears acquaintance well; and his favour with the community and the cause he serves in St. Catharines is rising. We wish him still greater success.

We can say but little of his preaching from personal knowledge. He generally deals with a single topic at once in the pulpit, although he is not slavishly confined to it. His method may be pronounced extemporaneous, with sometimes copious notes to prompt him—a method, to our notion, pretty difficult of execution.

Mr. W. is very ready and free on the platform, although both there and in the pulpit his action is somewhat modified by the necessity of his resorting to some support.

His apparent impulsiveness and out-spreading tendency may prevent, as it does in other communities, his being an acknowledged leader of public thought; but, as is the case with all such men, public opinion may be shaped by them more than is seen, or more than will be acknowledged, at least. There are plenty in all communities who have not the originality to conceive, or the courage to avow, an advanced opinion; yet when public opinion has been created by men whose temerity they have blamed, and when they see that action can be no longer delayed, will then lend themselves to the inevitable, and take the credit of it.

Our subject has very decided views on public questions, nor is he slow to announce them. It would be very hard for him not to define his position in an election contest; and, though such interference is generally condemned in ministers of the Gospel, yet it seems to be expected from Mr. Walker—he is a politician on principle.

Those who have read the above will wish to know something of the *person* of the man. He is perhaps forty-five years of age, medium sized, and dark complexioned. He has a lively, pleasing countenance, and is very cordial in his manners. The heartiness of his shake hands is very refreshing. Though we have broken a lance with him, very pleasant memories have we of the Rev. CHARLES WALKER.

The most unfortunate man in the world is now living in Arkansas. He is condemned to be hanged, but all the carpenters in the neighborhood refuse to build the scaffold. He is himself a carpenter by trade, and the Sheriff proposed that he should put up the gallows. He declares, however, that that is asking too much of him, and that he won't do it—that he'll see the rest of the people hanged first!

Heroism is found among the very children of France. A story is told of a boy of thirteen who was found fighting in Paris, and was about to be shot. He did not seem frightened, but, taking a silver watch from his pocket, said:

"Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it."

Oh, you scamp!" said the officer. "I understand—you want to run off."

"My word of honor, I will come back again," said the boy; and the captain seeing it was a child, was only too glad to get rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back, and took his stand with his face to the wall. "Here I am—fire!"

Does Roman history tell us anything braver? The

captain boxed the little hero's ears, and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him.

The Home Circle.

JOHN'S WIFE.

A young wife stood with her head on her broom,
And looking around the little room;
"Nothing but toil forever," she said,
"From early morn till the light has fled.
If you were only a merchant now,
We need not live by the sweat of our brow."
Pegging away spoke shoemaker John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A lady stood by her husband's chair,
And quietly passed her hand o'er his hair.
"You never have time for me now," she said,
And a tear-drop fell on the low bent head.
"If we were only rich, my dear,
With nothing to do from year to year,
But amuse each other—oh, dear me!
What a happy woman I should be."
Looking up from his ledger spoke merchant John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

A stately form in velvet dressed—
A diamond gleaming on her breast;
"Nothing but toil for fashion," she said,
"Till I sometimes wish that I were dead.
If I might cast this wealth aside,
And be once more the poor man's bride."
From his easy chair, spoke gentleman John—
"We ne'er see well what we're standing on."

JOAN OF ALL TRADES.

DOES any one ever consider how many trades, veritable professions, go to make up the business denominated "household work,"—not merely the amount of labour which domestic occupations involve, but the knowledge, ability and dexterity required in several most opposite arts, or at least in several which have little similarity, before the several necessities of the house and its occupants are satisfied? It would appear, indeed, that this is a view of the subject which has, as yet, met with but little attention. In the arrangements made for meeting these necessities all the civilized world in this country seem to have agreed that one head and one pair of hands are, or ought to be, all-sufficient; every other retained for service being looked upon rather in the light of an appendage to rank and wealth, or a mark of them, than as an indispensable means.

It may fairly be presumed that, notwithstanding what has been written on domestic matters lately—and it has become a fashion to write on them—not one man in five hundred—perhaps five thousand—knows what is really comprehended in the duties undertaken by a maid-of-all-work. He hears "of the greatest plague of life" when she has to be parted with for some fault, real or imaginary; and he hears of "a perfect treasure" during the first week of the new maid's arrival, until her faults are developed, or her perfections become too familiar. He believes she does the "cleaning," and has an impression that she does the cooking, because of that he can scarcely be certain, as he has heard of wonderful receipts given and theories propounded concerning various culinary concoctions, which make it appear as if that department fell usually to some other female member of the household. Beyond this uncertain knowledge, his ideas are altogether vague. He finds that fires are lighted, and that beds are made, and the water is boiled for breakfast, and the table laid for dinner; but by what particular process these things are done, or what time may be needed in which to do them, are secrets which he has not taken the trouble to unravel.

A servant-of-all-work has, when she rises in the morning, to light in summer one, in winter two or three, fires; she has to sweep, dust and otherwise arrange the common sitting room; to clean the passage and door steps, including the shaking of rugs and mats; to set the breakfast things, to boil water, to receive from various tradesmen articles which may be sent in, or to give orders for those which are to be sent in—all before the early breakfast which is necessary in order that the master of the house may be at his place of business in time. Is this all? It certainly ought to be all, "and enough too," any reasonable person will say; but most frequently she has to carry to the chamber of each member of the family hot water for the toilet; she has to clean boots and brush clothes for those who have to be abroad early; she has occa-

sionally to help get the children ready for breakfast or for school; she has to air linen; she has, beside laying the table, to prepare the tea or coffee, to make toast, to cut bread-and-butter, to fry bacon, to boil eggs, sometimes to go and fetch those or any other things which may have been forgotten the day before; she has to—Stop! stop! our breath is taken away. How is she to do all this? Ay, that is the question! How is she to do all this during the short cold hours of a winter's morning before you come down to drink your tea and eat your muffin beside the bright fire, in the brighter stove? And, by the way, we had forgotten to ask how she, during the progress of these various tasks, found time to polish that stove to such a degree of brilliancy.

Breakfast over, the breakfast things have to be washed and put away, the beds, made, and the bedrooms, like the sitting-room, swept, or at least, dusted; more "orders" given or "taken in;" a second sitting-room on some days to be likewise cleaned and arranged; the kitchen fire made up for the one o'clock dinner, and the kitchen itself made tidy. This is the every day forenoon's work; the indispensable business; but lest this should not be enough there are various services which caprice or indolence may exact from her besides. If her mistress be a determined person (to speak of a lady in this connexion is not possible), she may be rung up from the washing of the breakfast things, or down from the making of the beds, to put coal on the parlour fire, or fetch something from another apartment; and either of these demands most frequently entails two journeys up and down stairs; while if madame be also fanciful, Joan may have to re-arrange the whole furniture of a room in consequence of having put a few articles out of place during the progress of dusting. Even if her mistress be neither lazy or fanciful, still there comes the "cleaning" day, when rooms have not only to be swept but scrubbed; or the morning when the sweeps ring her up before daylight, and leave her the additional work caused by their operations; or the other morning after there have been "friends to tea and supper," and a treble quantity of glass and china has to be washed up and laid by.

But to return to the day's regular work. Now come the preparations for dinner. She has to roast, or boil, or bake, or stew the meat; to boil potatoes or other vegetables; to boil or bake, perhaps to make a pudding or a tart; to lay the table, for which purpose she has frequently to clean the knives and forks which have been used at breakfast; and if she can, to "clean herself" in order to wait on those who are to eat it.

Dinner is over. Dear reader, have you ever seen a kitchen after that meal, and before it has been cleaned up? Not a kitchen where there are half a dozen assistants besides the well dressed cook, and the buxom, comely-looking housekeeper, who sails in from her own sanctum now and then to watch progress, but such a one as belongs to the sphere of the maid-of-all-work. Verily, it is a chaos sufficient to make a physically sensitive person sit down and cry. And out of this chaos she has to evolve the neat, bright, cheery aspect which all tidy housewives expect it to present before it is time to set the tea-tray, and transfer the bubbling kettle to the parlour fire. Saucepans, dripping-pans, spits, skewers, ladles, and other cooking apparatus have to be cleaned and put by; the ashes of the dinner fire to be raked down and taken away, and the fire itself replenished; all the *debris* of the dinner to be disposed of; dishes, plates, and glasses to be washed, knives, forks, and spoons cleaned; and before all this is done, or during the progress of doing it, her own dinner to be eaten with what appetite she may, and such digestion as waits on a dinner eaten in such a manner. If the household be at all what can be called a regular one, and that it be not cleaning day, or there be no company, the afternoon's work may be got through with something less worry and bustle than the morning's; and tea is a comparatively a peaceful meal, involving less preparation and less clearing away than breakfast or dinner; but seldom, indeed, can all the arrangements of a middle-class household be carried on so regularly but that quite sufficient of the morning's or forenoon's work must be allowed to lie over, to be finished during this period of comparative leisure, and fill up the chinks of time until the supper-tray proclaims the close of day.

Now is not this, without the slightest exaggeration, the life of a maid-of-all-work? And we put it to any Christian woman how any one leading such a life is to find time for her religious duties, for increasing her knowledge in the arts she undertakes, for proper economy in the disposal of the money she earns, nay, even for that on which her money earning depends,—necessary attention to her health! At what period during the long working-hours, stretching not from morning to night, but often far into the night, can she take or make opportunities for prayer, for reading, if she be so inclined, for making or mending her clothes, for writing to friends at a distance, or seeing those who are near, or for thorough personal cleanliness? And bear in mind that what I have written is a description of life

in its best aspect. We have only to look over the advertisement pages of our newspapers to see that some employers require, in addition to all this, that the servant should "not object to children," and should "do a little washing,"—demands which the maid-of-all-work knows full well may mean tubbing half a dozen dirty urchins on Saturday night, or hushing a squaling baby to sleep while "mistress is spending the evening with a friend," and washing the dirtiest portion of the family linen—the children's soaks and pinafores.

Cook, kitchen-maid, house-maid, nurse, waiting-maid, laundress, and what else besides! One species of labour jostling another out of her hands; one art confusing itself with another in her mind; one business getting into arrears while another is being ill-performed; one employment to be taken up before the fatigue and anxiety of another has subsided:—

"Work, work, work, till the heavy eyes grow dim,
And work, work, work, till the brain begins to swim."

Ladies, ladies, as you choose to be called, when you give women—young women—such a life as this (and the only intermission to such a life is an hour out after the city has put on her lamplight dress), are you, are they, or even the unprincipled and profligate of the other sex, most accountable for the number of domestic servants who swell the ranks of that wretched army which makes our streets a hideous scandal?

We look at this servant's question in a spirit merely of fairness and justice; we speak not of philanthropy or benevolence, which would but encumber the subject. Mistresses might be exhorted to more sympathy, more tenderness, more moral care, more sisterly feeling towards their female domestics; but although the practice of sweet charity in this relation of life, as in all others, makes the obligations on both sides more sacred as well as more sweet, it does not come within the "letter of the bond." Fair work for fair wages must be the rule, here as elsewhere, between employer and employed, and such work means such proportion of time and labor as shall not imperil body and soul or prevent the worker from becoming more skillful in what is necessary to improve one's condition in life, and lay up something for a rainy day. What the life of a servant-of-all-work may be made by a mistress who is utterly unprincipled, or irreclaimably ill-tempered, is fearful to contemplate, but it has to be endured by thousands. There are houses where, if a member of the family be out at night to any scene of amusement, the tired slave has to sit up through the long hours, the cold hours of a winter's night with the fire raked out to prevent waste, or the sultry hours of a summer eve, when the suffocating heat of the stove cannot be cooled down. There are families where, if any one be ill, she has to undertake the duties of sick-nurse in addition to her own employments, and be rated in no mild terms if the gruel be smoked, or the broth greasy, or the invalid's bell not answered on the instant—where she will be expected to take her turn at night watching, and if she should get ill herself, be sent to her poor home and the comforts of her own wretched resources, because no one will for Christian charity or decency give up a few days' nursing in her turn, or even a few days' rest while nature is recruiting her exhausted energies. There are houses where no scruple of conscience prevents the heads of the family from heaping a double amount of cooking and cleaning on her during the holy Sabbath by having Sunday parties, or from cutting off her afternoon abroad, and making it impossible for her to attend public worship by going out themselves and leaving her the children to mind. There are houses where the washing is, not a little, but a great deal, and where all the before-breakfast duties enumerated have to be performed after she has already stood two hours at the washtub on a winter's morning, with the thermometer below zero; or almost worse, where a two hours' ironing will have to be done on a midsummer night after the supper tray has been removed. And there are houses, too, where all this, and far more than this, has to be done, amidst a storm of reproachful words, an unceasing current of disheartening complaints, a studied harshness of manner, or a peevish unthankfulness or acceptance, and too often with every one of these together. There are mistresses who will resent as a fraud on themselves the few minutes a servant tries to snatch, perhaps from her own rest, to make or repair a garment which should otherwise be paid for out of her poor wages. There are mistresses who will not only give a young girl no other time to go abroad except that in which temptation sallies forth to meet her, or hardened vice to shock her, but will actually send her abroad at that time on errands which were only delayed till then that they might not lose an hour of her time at any other period of the day. And is this done in Canada, and not in New Orleans? by Canadian matrons, not by Southern slave-drivers? by the force of refusal to recommend, not by the weight of the lash?

How to be altered or remedied? It would be utter-

ly impossible to lay down a rule or rules to meet every case. It is a problem which every mistress of a family must work out for herself. There are some simple suggestions, however, which may make it easy for any conscientious woman, sincerely desirous of arriving at a right conclusion, to do so. In the first place *no personal attendance whatever*, except in the case of sudden illness, should be demanded from a maid-of-all-work. It is an outrage upon humanity that a woman, worse, a young girl, should lounge in an arm chair while she rings another young girl up a steep flight of stairs, to send her up two other flights in search of a missing bunch of keys or a forgotten pocket-handkerchief. What the feelings or principles of a man (but a man is often kinder to his servant than to the softer sex) can, be who sends her on similar errands one would not choose to describe. In every house where there is but one servant, every man, woman, boy and girl, nay, every child capable of going alone, ought to help themselves. Another excellent rule is "Lay on her no responsibility, but take all the business of planning, ordering, and recollecting the household arrangements yourself." It is quite enough for hands to be at work; let her brain be at rest.

For a third rule, remember that "the more orderly, regular, and tidy every member of a family is in his or her own personal arrangements, the less will be the servants' labour." If books, writing-desks, work-boxes, &c., are all laid by in their several places by those who have used them, much less time will put the room in order than would otherwise be required. Lastly, let all people whose means not do admit of keeping more than one servant make up their minds to bear cheerfully a state of things which would not, and indeed should not, be tolerated in the larger establishments belonging to their wealthier acquaintance. If a servant is to act as house-maid, kitchen-maid, and parlour-maid, if she is expected to help in cooking, cleaning, &c., you must also expect her not to be perfect in all these capacities, and her imperfections must be borne with accordingly. Her employers must learn to sacrifice their tastes and wishes to their position and means, instead of sacrificing her to their desires of living. There is, no doubt, great ignorance and incapacity among the class of domestics known as "general servants," more than there ought to be! and it is well that there should be training schools for their improvement. Still, there is little doubt that some portion of their ignorance may be laid to the blame of their employers; and a reasonable apprehension may arise in sceptical minds that if we ever succeed in getting a class of well-instructed and capable servants, the Joans of all Trades may in their turn demand training schools for their mistresses.—*The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.*

THERE IS ROOM AT THE TOP.

They say the professions are crowded,
By seekers for fame and for bread;
That the members are pushing each other,
As close as their footsteps can tread.
But be not discouraged, my brother,
Nor suffer exertion to stop,
Though thousands are pressing around you,
There is plenty of room at the top.

Be true to thy love and thy country—
The dastard wins never a prize;
But the earnest are ever the victors,
And he who on justice relies.
Who wins the good guerdon by labor,
Will garner sweet rest as his crop,
And find, as the hills sink below him,
That there is room enough left at the top.

Oh! let not the evil disturb you,
There's good if you but search it out;
Make pure thine own conscience, my brother,
Nor mind what the rest are about.
And whether your work may have fallen
In sanctum, or office, or shop,
Remember the low grounds are crowded,
But there always is room at the top.

Vice President Colfax thinks the next presidential issue before the people will be "The protection of every American citizen, wherever he lives, under the American flag, against outrage." We agree with him; and the chief "protection against outrage" is required against the rum traffic, legalized now, under whose "outrages" there is now no "protection" to man or woman, child or beast! May the God of the oppressed, hasten that "issue."—*Prohibition Herald.*

"Henpeck" is the name of a new village in Illinois—which is said to be a bad name for a post-office. Mails avoid it.

THE MODERN LUTHER.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

SINCE the time when Martin Luther, then a monk and a devout believer in papacy, a little more than three centuries and a half ago, posted on the doors of Schlosskirche, at Wittenberg, his noble protest against the sale of indulgences, nothing has occurred in the history of the Romish Church so startling and so significant as the out spoken protest of Dr. Dollinger against the doctrine of papal infallibility. As in Luther's case, excommunication has followed swiftly on the heels of the courageous exercise of the right of private judgement. As the majority of Catholics among his own countrymen, as well as the court of Bavaria, sustain him in his course, the step may lead to the most important results. It is hardly to be expected, in the view of Dr. Dollinger's well-known views and antecedents, that he will avow himself a Protestant. To do so would be to run counter to a public life of half a century, upon the honesty and sincerity of which no one has ventured to cast a slur. It is more probable that he and those learned and zealous men who think and act with him in Bavaria and Austria will assume the independent attitude taken by the Catholic clergy of France a century ago, in this position they will undoubtedly be able to do the cause of civil and religious liberty greater service than if they should separate themselves wholly from the Church and faith of their countrymen.

The man who has been well styled the "modern Luther" was born at Bamberg, in Bavaria, in 1799, and became chaplain to the diocese Bamberg almost immediately after receiving priest's orders in 1822. In 1826 he published a work on "The Doctrine of the Eucharist during the First Three Centuries," and was the same year invited to lecture before the University of Munich on the history of the Church. The substance of his lectures before that institution was published in his "Manual of the History of the Church," in 1828, and in a more extended form in his "Treatise on the History of the Church" which appeared in 1838. In 1845 M. Dollinger turned his attention to politics, and represented the University at Munich in the Bavarian Parliament, and in 1851 was a delegate to that of Frankfurt, where he voted for the absolute separation of the Church from the state. In 1861 he delivered some lectures advocating the abandonment of the temporal power by the Roman see. These lectures attracted much attention throughout Europe. His recent acts have been already referred to. The University of Oxford, in testimony of his zeal in the cause of religious freedom has lately conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

WEAR AND TEAR.

(N. Y. Tribune.)

IT is a relief to receive at last a few words of explanation and warning from an authoritative source. A monograph on the subject, entitled "Wear and Tear," has just been written by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, one of the most eminent authorities on Nervous Diseases in the country. The National Hospital for the cure of such diseases established by Government during the war, and placed under his charge, is still maintained, and offers him an opportunity for close and accurate observation among the educated classes of the effects of overtaxing the brain. The facts he states are more alarming than even the general uneasiness would have anticipated. He goes direct to the death-rates to prove the sudden increase of nervous maladies, which is hardly fair to his own argument, as it necessarily excludes palsy in children and neuralgia in the milder forms. Taking Chicago as "an illustration, in concentrated form, of causes which are at work throughout the land," he reports from 1852 to 1857 (omitting 1854, the cholera year) that the deaths from nervous disorders were to the total mortality as 1 in 26. Ten years later, from 1864 to 1868, inclusive, the neural deaths were 1 in 9. Among those diseases whose increase has been so inordinate are apoplexy, palsy and epilepsy, which are in the vast majority of cases due to direct disease of the nerve-centers. The cause of this appalling lack of endurance in the nervous systems of Americans, he attributes not only to the suicidal strain upon them, but to the fact that the climate of the United States exhausts them sooner than that of other countries. "I believe," he says, "that something in our country makes intellectual work of all kinds harder to do than it is in Europe; and, since we do it with a terrible energy, the result shows itself very soon. Among the higher intellectual workers, such as astronomers, physicists, and naturalists, I have frequently heard this belief expressed, and by none so positively as those who have lived on both continents." In confirmation of this, he quotes the personal experience of Agassiz and others, digressing from the main point to show that physical labor also is more trying here than

abroad. "Why this is," he adds, "I cannot say; but it is not more mysterious than the fact that agents which, as sedatives or excitants, affect the great nerve-centers, do this very differently in different climates. It is possible to drink with safety in England quantities of wine which here would be disagreeable in their first effect and perilous in their ultimate results. The Cuban, who takes coffee enormously at home, and smokes endlessly, can do here neither the one nor the other to the same degree. And so also the amount of climatic influences."

The statistics which his note-books furnish with regard to the classes of men most likely to suffer from cerebral exhaustion will surprise in some points the ordinary observer. "Next to overtasked men of science, manufacturers and certain classes of railway officials are the most liable to suffer from neural exhaustion. "After these come merchants in general, brokers, etc.; then less frequently clergymen; still less often lawyers; and more rarely doctors; while distressing cases are apt to occur among the over-schooled young of both sexes. The worst instances to be met with are among young men suddenly cast into business positions involving weighty responsibility."

The ages when the man is most apt to manifest these diseases is, he states, "When the mind is maturing, and at the turning point of life when the brain has attained its fullest power." An immature man goes into business with borrowed capital; the life-long strain follows. Then came "overwork, late hours of work, irregular meals bolted in haste away from home, the want of holidays and pursuits outside of business. When they get to be fifty or thereabouts, and are thinking 'Now we will stop and enjoy ourselves,' the brain suddenly refuses to work, and the mischief is done."

There is no attempt in this treatise to usurp the doctor's place; the hints are those of prevention rather than cure, and the effect to enable the victim to feel, as it were, the pulse of his brain in order to find when the doctor is necessary. There are but two other untechnical books on this subject, and both of these are out of print. Dr. Mitchell's effort is, therefore, not only timely, but essential.

A RACY SKETCH.

WHY THE MINISTER KICKED THE DEACON.

A good many years ago, when the Methodists were rather unpopular in the Eastern States, a witty divine of that denomination was serving his second year in a country town in New England. It was rather remarkable in those days for the Conference to send the same minister two successive years to the same church, especially in a country town; but it was done in this instance, and it seemed to be entirely satisfactory to all concerned. The clergyman enjoyed the confidence and love of his own church and parish, and he had, by his piety and fidelity to the cause of Christ, won the respect of all good people who knew him, outside of his own parish. So the other two Churches, Congregationalist and Baptist, had begun to manifest a spirit of tolerance towards him and his church, quite unusual for them.

But, Thanksgiving time, a regular attendant of the Baptist church died; the Baptist minister was sick, and the Congregationalist minister was out of town. Under these circumstances, it was decided to invite the Methodist minister to conduct the funeral exercises. The invitation was accepted, and at the proper time the good clergyman started for the house of mourning. He had some four miles to travel on foot, and, to save distance, left the roads, and went across fields and through woods. Near the by-way where he was traveling lived an old lady, a member of his church. As he was so near, he thought he would call a moment. The old lady did not get out to church very often, it was so far from her home, and she was lame, too; she was, therefore, of course, overjoyed to see her minister, and what he had intended should be a momentary call was prolonged into quite a visit, in spite of all his efforts to get away.

The old lady was making sausages when he called. At last he told her he must go, but she said he must wait a minute while she put up a mess of sausages for him to carry home with him—enough for his family's dinner. He tried to explain the impropriety of her plan under the circumstances, but she was inexorable; take the sausages he must, and she could fix them so they would be no inconvenience to him, and the matter need not come to the knowledge of any one else.

The sausages were neatly done up in a white cloth and strongly pinned—two parcels—and put in the pockets of his swallow-tailed coat behind, a parcel in each pocket. Then he hurried away. Innocent, kind-hearted old lady! she did not imagine what grief, shame, mortification, and sorrow of heart this little act would cause her pastor; and he, in his hurry to make up lost time, little dreamed what awaited him in consequence of the old lady's gift!

When he arrived at the house of the diseased, he found a large company waiting. The neighbouring farmers from far and near had assembled to pay their tribute of respect, and perform the last sad offices that the living can perform for the dead: some had come with carriages, and their horses were hitched to surrounding trees, fences, and posts. They had allowed their dogs to follow them. There was a large gathering of men and boys about the door-yard, waiting for the minister, who was late; the women had mostly gone inside, and the dogs were exchanging civilities, or incivilities, in true dog style, as they happened to have a liking, or disliking, to each other—trotting about with their tails rolled up in rigid coils, scratching the ground aside at a time, causing the dust and dead grass to fly, and casting approving glances, or uttering low growls of warning, according as they felt towards each other.

When the minister arrived he was recognized, shook hands with such as he was acquainted with, and was introduced to others. He had hurried to get there in time, got heated up, and warmed up the sausages in his pocket. They were very savory, and were emitting a fragrance that soon came in contact with the olfactory nerves of the hungry dogs. The latter left off their attentions to each other and began to sniff for the source of the pleasant odor, which they highly appreciated; and they soon traced it to the minister. They clustered about him in a very friendly manner, but no notice was taken of them; and when he went into the house, they went too.

A prayer was offered at the residence, during which the dogs smelled out the whereabouts of the savory meat exactly, and in the doing of this they greatly annoyed the minister, and caused his cheeks to burn and heart to ache. After the prayer, the corpse was carried to the church, which was near by, and thither the whole company followed, where the services were to be more pretracted. The dogs went, too, and soon after the minister took his place in the pulpit they began to skirmish around his coat-pockets. If it had been anywhere except in a church, or on any occasion but a funeral, the dogs would have been cudgelled and sent howling away; but as it was, no one wished to disturb the quiet sanctity of the place by the yelping of dogs. They seemed to comprehend the situation and made the most of it. They went up into the pulpit—a single one at a time—two and three at a time. Sometimes two companies would meet coming from opposite sides of the pulpit, but all centering behind the minister, whose only means of defence was in kicking out behind at them, by guess; but the dogs were wary, good at dodging, and none got hit.

Thus the service went on. The mental anguish of the good minister cannot be described; but there was no alternative—he must proceed as best he could. At last, to his great relief, he was about to close his part of the service by pronouncing the benediction—had already closed his eyes and was raising his hands for this purpose—when a worthy deacon of the Baptist Church wished to have the minister read a notice. The Deacon was a man of rather diminutive size, and walked as lightly as a cat. He had approached the pulpit with the notice in his hand, unperceived by the minister, and was on the stairs, within reach, when the minister raised his hands. The Deacon, to attract his attention twiggled his coat tail. Of course the minister thought it was a dog, and that it was necessary for him to kick once more, which he did. The Deacon not on the lookout, like the dogs, received the minister's foot in his side and tumbled headlong down the stairs.

There was a scream, a rush of the Deacon's family, a general uprising of the whole congregation, and exit of dogs. In the midst of the confusion, the minister waved his hand to restore order. After the people were seated and quiet again reigned, he told the people the story of the sausages in all its particulars, which seemed a satisfactory explanation, and the funeral proceeded; but that minister was never know to carry sausages in his coat pockets again.

A novelty in domestic arts is the introduction of starch colored to any desired tint. By its use a dress may be done up in different colors, as the owner may wish, thus obviating, at times, the necessity for new articles of clothing. Crimson is made by rubbing three parts of fuchsine, dissolved in water, into twenty parts of glycerine and then adding 150 parts of finely pulverized starch.

Aunt Jane is a most busy, energetic woman always bearing an Atlas of cares upon her shoulders. In one of her overwhelmed moods she exclaimed: "Forever its hurry, hurry, work, work. Never will there be any rest for me!" Uncle Elihu mildly suggested: "She was daily drawing nearer a place of long quiet and rest." "Rest, rest! No, indeed. If I should die to-morrow, the Resurrection would be sure to come next day, so there should be no rest for me. It would be just my luck!"

(From Harper's Weekly.)

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

BX WILL M. CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken, a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I'm not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favour, if one can live without.

I am willing and anxious and ready any day
To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young and han'some—I was, upon my soul—
Once my cheeks were roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house and home was open then to me;
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbours would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean and neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised them every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to've done;
Only perhaps we humoured 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown,
And when exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer and nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts he came one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin' and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know,
But she was hard and proud, and I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, and that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too far;
And I told her once, 'fore company, (an' it almost made her sick,)
That I never swallowed a grammer, or et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before, the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage for one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

And I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, and then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned agin me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with her children three,
'Twas easy to discover there wasan't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas's, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the childr'n was on me—I couldnt stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was coming there to boss.

And then I went to Rebecca, my girl that lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said it was too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had the opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, and shifted me about—
So they have well nigh soured me and worn my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well an' wasnt much put down,
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childr'n dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh!
And God 'll judge between us; but I will al'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

Temperance Directory.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

TUESDAY EVENING—Metropolitan Temple No. 600 meets in Good Templars' Hall, corner of James and Louisa Sts.

Maple Leaf Temple cor. of Frances and Adelaide Sts.,

WEDNESDAY EVENING—Nasmith Temple, Good Templars' Hall, corner of James and Louisa Sts.

Enterprise Temple, Temperance Hall, Temperance Street.

THURSDAY EVENING—Rescue Temple, Temperance Hall, Temperance St.

FRIDAY EVENING—Star Temple, Temperance Hall, Temperance St. St. John's Temple Mission Church Sayer St.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

MONDAY EVENING—Ontario Division No. 26, Temperance Hall, Temperance St.

TUESDAY EVENING—Crystal Fountain Division, Temperance Hall, Temperance St.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—Coldstream Division, Brock St. Hall, Brock St.

THURSDAY EVENING—Eureka Division, Cor. Church & King Sts. Armstrong's Photograph Gallery.

WOODBIDGE—Berwick and Pine Grove Division, No. 339, S. of T., meets every Saturday Evening in the Son's Hall—W. P. Bro. John Brown

PURE GOLD

WILL CONTAIN

LIVE ARTICLES,

By able writers, on the most important MORAL, SOCIAL, EDUCATIONAL, AND PUBLIC QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

A BRIEF RECORD OF PUBLIC OPINION;

OR,

SELECTIONS FROM THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS.

TALES,

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL,

LITERARY SELECTIONS, IN POETRY AND PROSE,

SCIENTIFIC READINGS, &c., &c.,

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES,

AND

PROGRESS OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORM.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Such as may be read with pleasure and profit at every fireside in the Dominion.

Sixteen Pages a Week!

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

Five Cents a Week.

Office, Corner of King & Church Streets.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE

The World-Renowned

HOWE SEWING MACHINES

ARE THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED OF ANY IN THE WORLD,

They being the first Sewing Machines ever made, and having been manufactured continuously under the supervision of the Original Inventor, ELIAS HOWE Jr., since their first introduction, in 1845.

117 YONGE STREET.



117 YONGE STREET.

The Howe Sewing Machines.

In range of work this Machine cannot be equalled. Will work equally well on thin or thick goods, from gauze to heaviest beaver coatings, or even leather, without change of needle, tension or thread. We will warrant them to do this. Our fine work is equal to any, and our heavy work excels that of any other machine in the world.

This Machine makes the celebrated Lock-Stitch, the stitch invented by Mr. Howe, alike on both sides. The tensions are positive for both upper and lower thread. The shuttle tension is upon the thread as it leaves the shuttle, and not upon the bobbin, as in most machines; and this tension is invariable, whether the bobbin be nearly full or empty. It is obtained by turning a screw in the shuttle, and can be changed in a moment, without taking out the work, breaking the thread, or threading through holes.

What we claim in substance, is, that this is an HONEST machine, and, if put in your family, will do any and all of your work perfectly, will last a life-time, is a willing and ready servant, and is not subject to FITS.

Persons who have tried all machines are unanimous in declaring this to be the easiest learned of any in the market. In the majority of cases, our customers learn from the instruction book without further aid.



POINTS OF SUPERIORITY. SIMPLICITY AND PERFECTION OF MECHANISM. DURABILITY—WILL LAST A LIFE-TIME. RANGE OF WORK—WITHOUT PARALLEL.

POINTS OF SUPERIORITY. PERFECTION OF STITCH AND TENSION. EASE OF OPERATION AND MANAGEMENT. SELF-ADJUSTING TAKE-UP—ADJUSTABLE HEAD.

A FAMILY FAVORITE.—The Improved Howe Sewing Machine has changed the drudgery of family sewing into a pleasant pastime. It runs very lightly; never gets out of order; is easily managed; is almost noiseless, and is the best and most convenient machine in use. Call and see it.

117 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

FRENCH TUITION.

MONS. VIVIAN,

Of Notre Dame College, (Recipient of the Croix de la merite.)

Has pleasure in stating that he is open to make engagements for the delivery of lessons in French. The first attention paid towards imparting a pure accent to the student, and rendering the pupil a good and fluent conversationalist.

Address Box 1010.

PURE GOLD.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES.

Representative of all that is best and truest in the current thought and moral sentiment of the whole Dominion.

BEAVER PLATING WORKS.

WEST BROS.,

GOLD AND SILVER PLATERS, AND SHOW-CASE MAKERS,

Beaver Plating and Show-Case Works, 10 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

SHOP SASH, WINDOW BARS,

Nickle Silver Show Cases

MADE TO ANY DESIGN, AT THE MOST REASONABLE RATES.

DOOR PLATES AND NUMBERS

MADE TO ORDER,

Either in Brass or Silver Plated.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

EDITED BY ROBERT RIDGWAY.

THE Magazine will contain sixty-four pages of reading matter, printed from beautiful new type, on good white paper, with full page illustrations.

The staff of writers will embrace the ablest NATIVE and ADOPTED Canadian talent, while noted and clever English and other writers will be engaged to give a desirable variety.

The Publishers have great pleasure in stating that they have made arrangements with Mrs. CRAIK (Mis Mulock), author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., for the copyright of her new and probably last novel, which will be published in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE. This novel, Mrs. CRAIK, in her letter to us, states, "is on a subject strongly interesting to the Colonies, and on which they and the Mother Country differ, viz., marriage with a deceased wife's sister."

The subscription price of the Magazine will be TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable strictly in advance.

To advertisers, the Magazine will offer a valuable medium, and we have made the terms moderate.

To Authors and Publishers, we open our Review columns, and promise such selections from their works as will best exhibit the style, subject and attractive features of the work under review.

To Correspondents, we open our Magazine for Tales, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Essays, Descriptive Pieces, of Local Scenery, Incidents and Reminiscences of Travel and Adventure by land and water, field and flood, Papers on Scientific and Art subjects, Poetry and Wit.

Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be legibly written, and only on one side of each leaf.

All communications for the Editor should be addressed to R. RIDGWAY, Esq.

Postage on MSS. is only ONE CENT per ounce.

Letters on general business must be addressed to

IRVING, FLINT & CO.

Publishers and Proprietors,

Office—12 Melinda Street, Toronto.

W. H. FLINT'S

PRINTING & PUBLISHING OFFICE.

F. S. WILLIAMS, Manager.

The Printing Office of "Pure Gold" and the "Canadian Magazine," corner of King and Church Sts. Entrance from Church St.

Book work, Pamphlets, Cards, Posters, &c., executed neatly, cheaply, and with despatch.

Estimates Furnished to Authors

for the publication of MSS.

All MSS. sent to the Proprietor for publication, will be carefully revised by proficient proof-readers before it is sent to press. All orders sent by letter, will be carefully attended to.

Toronto, June, 1871.

HISTORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF UPPER CANADA, (ONTARIO.)

BY WM. CANNIFF, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

The only complete work of the kind yet published.

From the Toronto Globe.

We thank Dr. Canniff for the patient industry with which he has compiled this volume, and trust that the sale of it will be such as to show that his efforts have not been unappreciated.

From the Christian Guardian.

It has the rare honour of occupying a ground not previously cultivated, the author being the first to write a work of the kind. The design of the work is well calculated to excite curiosity, and its contents cannot fail to interest and instruct the reader.

All orders sent to the Office of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, will be promptly attended to.

Hamilton Advertisements.

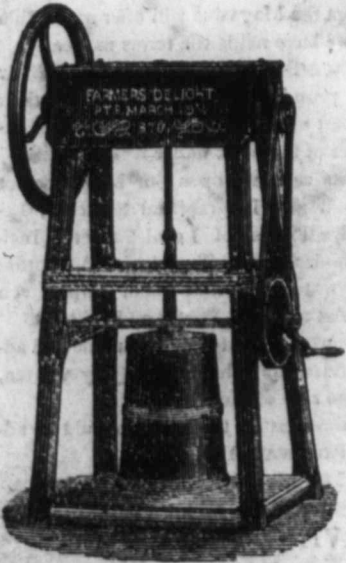
GOLDSMITHS' HALL,
12 KING STREET,
Opposite the Large Fountain.

T. B. STEWARD,
WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER,
SILVERSMITH,
Importer and Manufacturer of
Masonic, Odd Fellow, and Good Templar
Jewellery.
WATCHES, CLOCKS, DIAMONDS,
SILVERWARE.

Watches and Jewellery sent per C. O. D. Ex-
press, on approbation, to any address in Ontario,
on receipt of 10 per cent of the value.
Price Lists and estimates furnished on application.

T. B. STEWARD,
Sole Agent American Waltham Watch Co.

Farmers' Delight.



TOOK THE FIRST PRIZE
AT THE
WENTWORTH AGRICULTURAL SHOW
IN HAMILTON, OCTOBER 13TH, 1870.

PATENTED BY JOHN R. TEMPLE,
OF HAMILTON, ONT., March 15th, 1870.

Comprises all the good qualities of the old Dasher
Churn, while it does away with the hard
labor of using it.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT IT.

How simple it is.
It works like a charm.
Why has not somebody thought of it before?
There is nothing about it to get out of repair, or
wear out.
It will last a life time.
My little girl, six years old, does our churning
before breakfast, and calls it fun.
No trouble to churn now. I can read and churn
at the same time.
Mr. Temple ought to be called the Woman's
Friend for inventing the FARMERS' DELIGHT, for
it lightens her labours wonderfully.

ACT AS AGENT FOR PURE GOLD
AND SECURE A PREMIUM.

PREMIUM LIST.

The Publisher of PURE GOLD, being
determined to have a copy of this Fam-
ily Paper in every household in the Do-
minion, offers the following bona fide
premiums to getters-up of Clubs:—

To any person procuring one sub-
scriber, and remitting \$2.00, we will
send by first express, a complete copy
of Chase's Receipts; Burns' Poetical
Works; Life of Napoleon; Cook's Voy-
ages.

To two subscribers, with \$4.00, a
beautiful Album; Our Girls; a hand-
some Pocket-knife, worth 75 cts.; any of
Dickens' Novels, his own edition.

To three subscribers, with \$6.00
Shakespeare, Byron, Longfellow, Willis,
or any one of the British Poets, hand-
somerly bound and illustrated; Walker's
unabridged Dictionary; Carlyle's Ma-
sonry; Gold Pen (small size).

To four subscribers, with \$8.00, the
following articles, Ladies' Leather Sat-
chel; Gentleman's Dining Case; Writ-
ing Desk, furnished; &c., &c.

To five subscribers, with \$10.00, the
following articles, Darwin's Origin of
Species; Outan's Cabinet Lawyer;
Macaulay's, Carlyle's or any British
Essayists.

To ten subscribers, with \$20.00, any
two books at \$2.00 each; Gentleman's
Dressing Case, furnished; excellent
Family Bible, illustrated, &c., &c.

GEO. H. FLINT, PUBLISHER.

Hamilton Advertisements.

PERKINS & CLARK,
CATHARINE STREET, HAMILTON,

WHOLESALE GROCERS
AND
SPICE MERCHANTS.

A large and complete stock of General Groceries.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF SPICES, CREAM TARTAR, &c.

NO LIQUORS KEPT.

L. ECKERSON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
No. 9 JAMES STREET, HAMILTON.

Enlargements made from the Smallest
Pictures to Life Size.

Liberal Deduction to Photographers.

JAS. THORNTON
Manufacturer of

IMPROVED CHURCH, SCHOOL AND
PARLOR
ORGANS AND MELODEONS.

FACTORY AND WAREROOMS:
FLORENCE BLOCK,

CORNER OF KING AND BAY STREETS,
HAMILTON.

MANUFACTURED

ON THE

MOST APPROVED

SYSTEM

OF

VENTILATION.

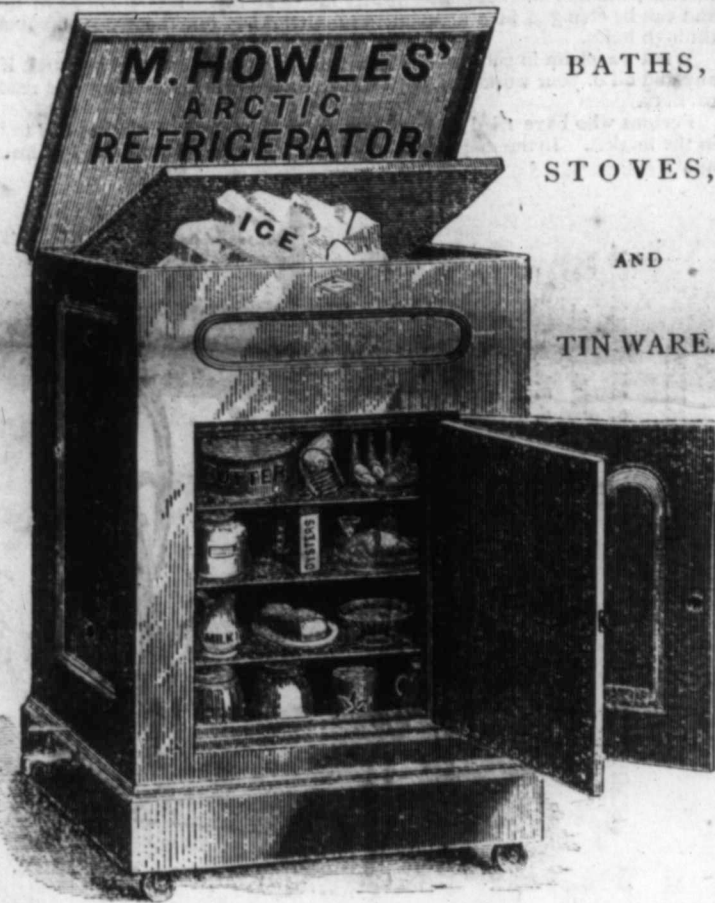
NON-CORROSIVE,

HANDSOMELY

FINISHED,

AND

WARRANTED.



BATHS,

STOVES,

AND

TIN WARE.

METALLIC MOTH PROOF FUR CASES.

Call and see the MONITOR PATENT COFFEE-POT, which is pro-
nounced to be superior to all others.

M. HOWLES,
114 KING STREET WEST.

Hamilton, June 3rd, 1871.

The Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co.

FIRE & LIFE.

Capital, - - - - - \$10,000,000. Annual Revenue: over - - - \$6,000,000.
Invested Funds, - - - - \$19,300,000. Funds Invested in Canada, \$350,000.
Amount of Special Reserve for payment of Life Claims, - - - - \$11,500,000.

LIBERAL SETTLEMENTS.
PROMPT PAYMENTS,

LARGE RESERVES.
MODERATE RATES.

BONUS GUARANTEED ON LIFE POLICIES.

"Life Claims payable one Month after proof of Death."

A. MACNIDER, Manager Bank of Montreal, } Agents at Hamilton.
F. L. HOOPER, }

Hamilton Advertisements.

JOHN BOICE & CO.,
IMPORTERS,

ENGLISH,
FRENCH,
GERMAN,
AND AMERICAN

Fancy Goods & Small Wares

No. 3 KING STREET,
HAMILTON, ONT.

- Buttons, great variety
- Braids
- Hair Nets
- Silk Ties and Scarfs
- Belt Ribbons
- Ladies' Belts
- Boys' Belts
- Linen Thread
- Machine Thread
- Spool Thread
- Machine do
- Sewing Silk
- Machine do
- Crochet Cotton
- Coton a' Broder
- Boof and Shoe Laces
- Shirt Fronts
- Linen Collars
- Paper do
- Berlin Wool
- Berlin Wool Canvass
- Fleecy Wool
- Fingering Yarn
- Pipes
- Soaps and Perfumery
- Ladies' Companions
- Hooks and Eyes
- Buckles and Jet Goods
- Napkin Rings
- Bell Corals
- Egg Boilers
- Work Boxes
- Writing Desks
- Dressing Cases
- Fancy Boxes
- Pictures
- Concertinas
- Violin Strings
- Gun Caps
- Steel Pens
- Silk Twist and Braces
- Travelling Bags
- Ladies' Bags
- Bag Purses, Tapes
- Combs, Brushes
- Pencils, Pen Holders
- Rubber Goods
- Thimbles, Needles
- Pins, Hair Pins
- Albums, Jewellery, Clocks
- Tattooing Shuttles
- Corset Clasps
- Table Mats
- Spectacles
- Spectacle Cases
- Ribbon Wire
- Elastic Cord
- Elastic Frilling
- Rubber Balls
- Crickit Balls and Bats
- Boot Web
- Feather Dusters, Fans
- Marbles, Slates
- Jews Harps, Harmonicas
- Skiping Ropes
- Fish Hooks and Lines
- Dolls, Toys (all kinds)
- Hosiery, &c., &c.

HAMILTON AGRICULTURAL
WORKS.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

L. D. SAWYER & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

We would call attention to our

OHIO COMBINED REAPER AND
MOWER,

WITH

Dodge's Self-Rake Improved for 1871.

We use a Wrought Iron Guard with Steel
Ledger Plate, which is far better than any Male-
able Cast Guard. It will cut grain that is lodged
and tangled better than any other rake. Any or
all arms of the reel can be made to act as rakes.
The cutting apparatus is in rear of the machine,
bringing the resistance near the team, throws all
the weight on the drive wheels, and uses it for
power, and enables the driver to see obstacles and
avoid them.

Ohio Combined Hand Raking Reaper
and Mower.

Johnston's Self-Raking Reaper.

Wood's Patent Jointed Bar Mower.

Buffalo & Taylor's Sulky Horse Rake.

Combination Grain Drill.

Carter's Ditching Machine.

Threshing Machines Improved for 1871

First Prize Clover Thresher and Huller,
&c., &c.

Hamilton, May 24, 1871.

3m

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE
HAMILTON.

NEXT YEAR OPENS 6TH SEPT'R,

WITH

A STAFF OF SIXTEEN TEACHERS.

Circular on application to

REV. S. D. RICE, D.D.

May 28th, 1870.