

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.
 SUNDAY, 13th OCT.,
 MORNING REV. DR. WILKES.
 Anniversary Sermon—Fifty Years of Ministry.
 EVENING REV. A. J. BRAY.
 Subject—Why do people go to Church?

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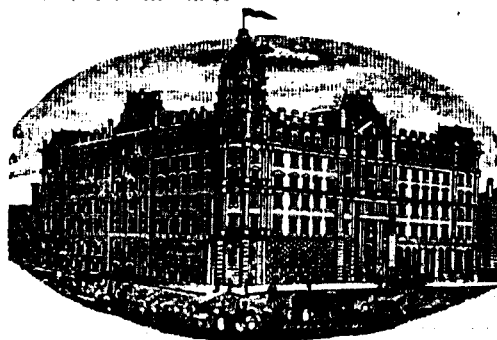
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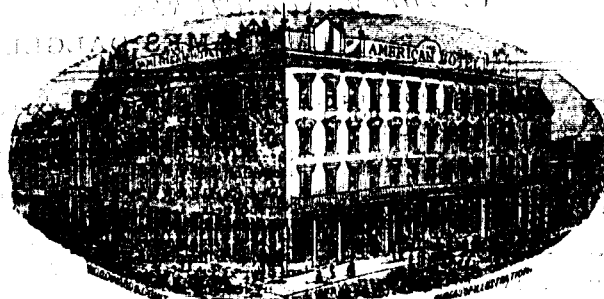
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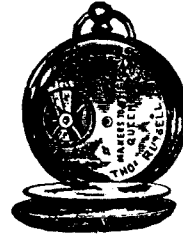
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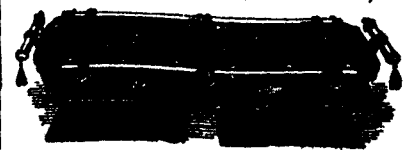
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The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878.

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THE TIMES.

Mr. Mackenzie has resigned, as I said last week he would, and Sir John is engaged in patching up a Cabinet out of the various Provinces.

On Saturday Canada will lose the most popular Governor-General it has ever had. And it is more than likely that Canada will never have another able to fill just the same place as that occupied by Earl Dufferin. A more useful man may be found—one whose personal powers and influence shall be used to direct our political life; but a more ornamental Governor-General is not likely to appear. The Earl richly deserves all the popularity he has had in the Dominion, for he has sought it with earnestness,—and a keen appreciation of its value. Everything Canadian he has patronised and praised; he has stroked us the right way always, and said "Good boy," and—believing in our own goodness we have lauded the Earl's wonderful discernment. What powers of statesmanship he would have displayed had there been occasion for the exercise of such things we, of course, cannot tell, for we never allowed the occasion to arise; but there is no reason for our believing that the Earl is not a very great statesman. But he is popular, and he deserves to be; and we say him "Good bye" with profound regret.

I have been reading the Marquis of Lorne's farewell speech to his constituency in Scotland, and have to confess to some disappointment, if not of apprehension, as the result of it. The Marquis did lecture the people in a most wonderful manner. All that I can learn from it is:—He is conscious of his youth and is hopeful that time may correct that, so he never attempted much speaking in the House of Commons—acting wisely, no doubt. He is a firm believer in the aristocracy of Great Britain as at present constituted. He is attached to the idea and practice of having an Established—and of course endowed—Church in the nation, holding that such establishment only can give a guarantee against theological narrowness and bigotry. He is convinced that it is wrong for the people of Great Britain to "look at all matters connected with any part of our great empire or any colonial question only from a home point of view;" and goes on to say that the wishes of colonies should be judged mainly from their own point of view—sound enough in matters ethical, but doubtful in matters political, as those things are at present understood. He is importantly uninformed as to the state of politics in this country; for speaking of the foreign policy of Great Britain he said: "Your countrymen in the colonies often judge these things well, for they are out of the swirl of party passions." The next session of Parliament will make it impossible that he shall ever fall into that mistake again.

I had always been led to suppose that the duty of a Judge in summing up a case for the jury was to lay before them the various points urged in the prosecution and the defence, give the merits of them, a clear view of the case, and the law as it bears upon it. That is not how Judge Ramsay evidently interprets his position and duty; for in the case against Osborne at the Court of Queen's Bench the Judge summed up as if he was the counsel for the prosecution. He got excited in a most rhetorical way, and in effect directed the jury to find the prisoner guilty or they would fail in their duty and prove themselves fools. Unfortunately the speech is not printed, but I say this on the best possible authority.

Of course Judge Ramsay was convinced that Osborne was guilty; but I want to ask if it is fair and right for any Judge to pronounce his opinion in so decided and incisive a manner before the jury have

retired to consider their verdict? If so, what is the use of the jury at all? The jury went to the room sure that the presiding Judge was satisfied of Osborne's guilt and expected from them a verdict of "guilty." It is bad enough to have had a poor defence to offer, but worse to have the Judge instructing the jury as to the verdict. We must have justice for our citizens; and we can hardly afford to dispense with dignity on the part of our Judges.

It is a matter for general regret in Montreal, and outside of it, that the old and respected firm of "Savage and Lyman" has had to yield to the pressure of bad times. Nothing could more forcibly tell how terrible the trade depression has been. For this failure is not owing to speculations outside of their legitimate trade, or fraudulent dealings, inside of it—or to a lack of industry—or to extravagant expenditure—but to simple and sheer hardness of times. Articles of luxury can easily be dispensed with, and they naturally are left unbought when people are poor. Those who deal in them must suffer more than any other traders from the dullness that has fallen upon us. The firm of "Savage and Lyman" has lost nothing but its money. The name is good as ever.

The way in which some of the Conservatives in this country have gloated over the fall of their political opponents is about the most unseemly thing I have ever witnessed in political life. Witness the vile and witless caricature given in the St. John, N.B., *Sun* and copied into the *Montreal Gazette* last Saturday. The imaginary conversation in the Cabinet was lacking any suspicion of wit, and the boy who wrote it had not even the common decency to use fictitious names. Such things can serve no purpose in the world but to bring politics into contempt. Such writers as the *Sun* seems to employ have done that for themselves already.

The concert season has begun—and begun well—in Montreal. For a time I hesitated to go to the Academy of Music, having the fear of Mrs. Grundy before my eyes; but all scruples vanished when I saw the concerts were advertised in the *Witness*. Others will criticise the musical performances, but I must say that I never saw a concert so badly managed. We had for programmes great ugly dirty sheets on which the advertisements smothered the names of the pieces to be sung and played. We had to find our own seats when we got to the Academy, and for the first few minutes were kept in a state of suspense as to whether we were right in sitting there. The management was certainly very poor and very mean.

I am a sufficiently bad musician to admire a florid piece of music—but why Madame Rivé-King should have chosen Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hungroise" just to show how well she could finger the instrument—and why Miss Kellogg should introduce variations into a song, just to show how she can run up and down, and twist in and out, and gurgle and quiver—I do not understand. It was very artistic and very melodious screaming—but it was screaming—and one felt it all the more when she sang a simple ballad so magnificently.

It was an outrage on all good faith and good taste, and a wrong to Mr. Conly to have announced him as the "Premier Basso in the world." Premier fiddlesticks, M. Strakosh—he is just a fairly good singer who deserves to get a living by his voice—that is all—and nobody knows it better than himself, and he wishes not to be made to appear ridiculous.

It was very amusing to hear Signor Rosnati attempt a song in English—but his English was not nearly so amusing as his attitude when singing—which was somewhere between the figure of a Greek racer waiting for the word to start, and White Eagle keeping goal at a lacrosse match. The Signor would do well to pay a visit to a dancing master.

But anything so unreasonable as the repeated demands for *encore* I have never seen as that displayed by the audience. They had paid their money and were determined to have their money's worth. But they should remember that they had paid a certain price to hear a certain number of songs and instrumental pieces. What right, in

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reason or honesty, have people to demand twice as much as they bargained for? Madame Rivé-King was encored, and many looked surprised when she only bowed to the house—now Madame Rivé-King was paid \$200 I believe for playing two pieces—and the audience invited her to favour them with another \$100 worth. Mr. Sims Reeves has set a good example in England—he will never respond to an *encore* unless he is paid for it.

We are likely to have a good deal of sensation, if not some experience of an ecclesiastical storm in the "Anglican Diocese of Montreal," as it is grandiloquently called. The time for the election of a Bishop draws near, and the party which calls itself "High," and the party which calls itself "Low," are equally agitated. It is quite true that there is no Cathedral for the Bishop—and that he will have no civil status beyond that of any other clergyman in Montreal—and that the title is purely ecclesiastical, just as is the case with the dignitaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or the Reformed Episcopal Church; still there will be some considerable responsibility attaching to the office, because considerable influence must go with it. That is why each party is so anxious to secure the election of one who is in sympathy with its views. Caucuses have been held, and several names suggested at them, but it looks as if the choice will lie between Principal Lobley for the High Church party, and Dean Bond for the Evangelicals.

Two things the Episcopalians might do with great credit to their common sense and generosity—narrow their claims, as put forth in their titles, that is first. "Bishop" is not at all objectionable, but it should be "Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Montreal," and not "Bishop of Montreal." "Rectors," "Deans," "Canons," &c., are merely ecclesiastical titles in this country—as far as the Protestant portion of the community is concerned—and nothing more. To talk of "parishes" here is absurd—but I heard some poor people talking of "dissenters" the other day, and on asking the reason was told by them that the Episcopal Church in Canada is in exactly the same position as the Episcopal Church in England. They know the Catechism well, and they should learn a few other things.

And then the Episcopalians of Canada would help on their own life and work, and better exemplify Christian charity if they would hold more communication with other denominations in the Church. It does seem a pity that the Old World exclusiveness in that matter should be fostered here. There they have an excuse—here there is none; for there the Episcopal Church is by law established, and by law governed—here it is in a different position. It has no more connection with the state than have the Methodists. But, just exactly as in England, there is no interchange of pulpits between the Episcopal and other denominations, but a proud and hurtful exclusiveness; not on the ground of law, and not on the ground of creed distinctions, but on grounds simply and purely ecclesiastical. I commend this to the attention of both parties in the Episcopal Church of Canada.

Canon Baldwin has returned from Europe with an increased power to read "The Signs of the Times." But, judging from a sermon printed in the Montreal *Star* on that subject, the Canon is not quite clear as to the reading. He is reported as having said, "First (as a sign of the times) was the exhibition of the ideas of certain political economists as to the power of trade and civilization. Many of his hearers, no doubt, had seen Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' a book which has embodied the ideas of many on this subject, and which was looked upon as a great work on civilization. Mill and others had written in the same strain as Buckle, and their idea had been that commerce and civilization had the power, inherent in themselves, to still the passions of the human heart, to still the great restless ocean of public thought, and to produce not only the calm, but insensible at first, and sensible afterwards, progress towards the great and good." On reading that I was startled, for I thought I knew Buckle and Mill—but could remember nothing in their teachings that sounded like that. And I took down my Buckle and my Mill and failed to find it anywhere. The nearest approach to it seems to be in this sentence—"looking at things upon a large scale, the religion of mankind is the effect of their improvement, not the cause of it." And then he goes on to admit that looking at things upon a small scale "circumstances will occasionally occur which disturb the general order, and apparently, reverse the natural process." Would the Canon go further than that? And before giving the teachings of Buckle and Mill wouldn't he read them once more?

But the deduction from the Exhibition of 1851 was the most peculiar. After telling of the opening, and the singing of the 100th Psalm on the occasion, he says:—But no sooner was the Exhibition over than war broke out," and really the Canon rates that Exhibition as if it was the cause of that war. More "signs of the times" are "the fallacy of philosophy, the impotency of human intellect, the utter failure of human wisdom." Dear me—it is time to get frightened. If we

are such poor bankrupt mortals as the Canon says we are, having no philosophy, no strength of intellect, and no wisdom that is of use to us what can we do? If we haven't intellect, or wisdom enough left to take hold of the Canon's teaching are we to be blamed for it?

And so Mr. Laflamme is counted out. The question of the judgeship is settled without Mr. Mackenzie's intervention, and—well, one more national mercy is added to the list of good things done for us.

"Unhappy that I am." The ecclesiastical circles of the Western metropolis are made angry by the mild criticisms of "Quien Sabe" in the SPECTATOR. Letters of remonstrance have rained in upon me, but they cannot appear, because the gentlemen have forgotten their cards, or to give me some clue to their personality. No harm will come of these criticisms, ladies and gentlemen; on the contrary, good will be the result, for some among you will see themselves as calm onlookers see them. But I would advise you to moderate your anger, or we shall begin to think that "Quien Sabe" has been speaking some plain words in truth.

If Toronto is to become the leading city in the Dominion, as it boasts it will, there must be some considerable changes in many aspects of its city life. That is, if the criticism a gentleman sends me is at all fair. He writes thus of the churches and the city: "I will give them (the churches) credit for being desirous of doing good, but they are not brilliant; and perhaps brilliancy is not required, for there seems to be a lack of it among the laity as well as the clergy; in fact, this is an "rus in urbe" sort of a place, a large village, a sort of hobbledehoy. The municipal government of Montreal may not be good, but here it is positively bad. They have the worst sidewalks of any place I know of; the streets are abominably paved, and the lanes between streets in respectable and even fashionable districts abound with decayed tomatoes, apples, parings, dead rats and all sorts of indescribable garbage. In addition to all this the taxes are enormous—heavier than I could have thought it possible any community would have endured. I will refrain from giving you examples now. I don't know where the money goes, but I hope there are no Boss Tweeds feathering their nests here." I commend this to the Torontonians as coming from an impartial observer who had no idea that his words would be printed when he wrote them.

When will our brethren of the Yankeeland learn that at times they must come off second best? At present they do not seem to understand that anything in law or physical strength can be on the side opposed to them. When the Geneva award was made they praised the glories of arbitration, took the money, and felt justified in keeping the big surplus which remained in their hands when all possible claims had been met. But when the Fisheries award went against them they howled with pain and rage, execrating everybody concerned in the matter. And now the Canadian Hanlan has beaten the American Courtney at boat-racing, and there is wild talk of selling the race; that is, they would rather believe their countryman a thorough-paced scoundrel than that another man may have more muscular power and more skill in the use of a pair of paddles. It hardly speaks well for a people when they are so ready to believe in villainy.

What has England gained by the acquisition of Cyprus? It has already cost a considerable sum, and is going to cost more. It has no harbours; has a pauper population, and is a splendid place for killing off troops, or civilians, by fever. The Earl of Beaconsfield went to the great European fair and bought a pig in a poke—and still he is a great statesman.

He is a great statesman—that is, in the eyes of Mr. Levy, of the *Daily Telegraph*, and of Mr. Walter, of the *Times*, who are looking out for honours as payment for their fealty. In the estimation of all thinking people the Earl is dropping, and will soon be less than zero.

If England should have the misfortune to take Afghanistan, it would have to take Persia also, because the line of defence in Asia Minor would be cut into like a wedge by Persia. And this is going to land England in a most expensive kind of amusement. The people will awake by and by to a conviction that they have to pay overmuch for the luxury of a "spirited foreign policy."

The Afghan question is assuming very considerable proportions for the people of England. It seems to mean war, and war of the most troublesome and unsatisfactory kind—unsatisfactory because no material good and no glory can be got out of it. Afghanistan is described as a land of rocks, sand, desert, ice and snow. If a small force be taken, it will be beaten; if a large one, it will be starved. The Afghans are anxious to be annexed neither to Russia nor to England—are anxious for nothing but independence, and for that they will fight, and they can fight well.

"BUSINESS FRIENDSHIPS."

"There is a sore evil that is done under the sun" of this Northern Hemisphere. Winter is the season of social intercourse and enjoyment; but that social intercourse partakes too much of the quality of our clear, cold, winter sunshine. The sunshine within seems to imbibe the character of the sunshine without,—light minus heat. The light of intellect is ever in the ascendancy, smart, brilliant, sparkling. Social intercourse has much *show* of cordiality, kindness, hospitality, joyousness, but it is the enjoyment of each for self—the desire to have light and to shine by it—not the warmth of love, which desires to see others enjoy—to make life a pleasure to those who have but little of their own wherewith to make it enjoyable. Would we could say that Canada is the solitary instance of this. She is not alone; but she is conspicuous. The reason is not far to seek. In a new country the compelling desire of men is to "get on," to "rise in life," as it is called. This is laudable enough, if it be the desire to broaden one's life—to radiate the good in it into the lives of others; not laudable, but devilish, if it be to rise above others by trampling them under foot, or trading on their weaknesses, faults and follies.

The struggle for existence in a climate like ours is necessarily severe. To rise to ease and comfort is a perfectly natural desire, strengthened greatly—nay, almost thrust upon us—by the terrible miseries poverty entails where the heat of summer and the intense cold of winter alike demand artificial means of protection. The temptation peculiarly ours is, therefore, to make everything subservient to this one great longing for success. Social intercourse is apt to be viewed only as a means to this end. We choose our friends or acquaintances with a view to it. We try to be brilliant in society that we may be admired and courted by those further advanced in the race for riches than we are. We sink personal likes and dislikes, because we "cannot afford them."

We want to get on—as Political aspirants. We join Political Clubs, Debating Societies, Young Men's Christian Associations, Church Literary Unions, &c., and put forth our best powers to shine at these, to sparkle with our own light, to draw attention to ourselves, rather than quietly and unostentatiously to permit the Divine Light of Truth to find entrance and exit through us that it may benefit others.

As Merchants or Traders we keep up appearances, aspire to mix on equal terms, in business and society, with those who have a solid basis to work upon, which is as yet to us only a fondly cherished dream, seeking through such intercourse to compel attention and success by *seeming* to have it. We make use of any or every means to this end. We join the most influential church, or, wiser perhaps in our day and generation, a less conspicuous one, in which we can more readily take a foremost place, and shine more rapidly and emphatically as lights of the religious world.

As young men, anxious for success in life we marry the wealthy Mr. —'s daughter, loving—not her, but the position and prospects to which she is the pathway. As young women, we marry the same wealthy gentleman's son, feeling perhaps some inward qualms of hidden contempt for him, but much respect and affection for the house, equipage, and social position which he carries in the hollow of that hand of his we so lovingly (?) clasp at the altar.

Nay, more—in so far as *credit* forms so large a part of the wealth we see around us in this country, we feel constrained, in the race for success, to choose such social connections only as will help us to acquire that Lamp of Aladdin. We *dare* not show even a slight acquaintanceship with those who are unsuccessful or obscure. We must cultivate those who enjoy credit, that we may rank with them, and inflate ourselves and our affairs with the same favouring breeze. Our sails once fairly spread and filled, we career along, compelled to keep our attention fixed on those alongside or ahead of us, oblivious of all that lag behind. We must crowd on as much sail as the foremost to be included in the race at all. Constantly and ever, in all the relations of life, we must keep our place, or—*forfeit* it.

If this is a true picture, and speaks to the experience of many among us, is it any wonder that social intercourse of all kinds is hollow and unsatisfactory—that real and enduring friendships are as few and far between as angels' visits among us? Is any real social feeling possible where each one's whole thought is bent on his own things and not on the things of others, except to his own use—when each is minding high things, and feels that he is condescending very much when he has anything at all to do with men of low estate? (We make them feel that too.)

If this is a sure way to rise in our own esteem, it is also a sure means to fall in the estimation of others—nay, to fall actually and commercially. For, though a man take care of his house, his firm, and his affairs with all the forces of his being, armed at all points, yet the moment there arises a stronger than he, equally well equipped for the battle of self, he will spoil his goods and bring to naught his wildest plans. Where are then all his superficial friendships? They are gone. They exist no longer. These friends loved, not *him* but *his*. That love still remains true to the *things* that it loved though transferred to the hands of that other.

It is truly a dreadful pass a nation has come to when such a spirit has attained its perfect work, and men seek to know their fellows socially only to be the better able to "gull" them and blind them to their sinister designs by the semblance of personal affection. Yet, strange to say, so deeply rooted is the belief of humanity in the *possibility* of disinterested affection, that even those who are utterly incapable of it themselves are prone to believe it *may* exist in others. Jones does not believe that Brown could love anybody else disinterestedly, yet Jones is sure that Brown has a sincere personal liking for *him*. Robinson he knows is a sneak and a toady, and more than that, a wily fellow, who "plays it on you" before you know where you are, gets you involved in his schemes, and generally contrives to get out himself, leaving you to fall into the pit he has dug; and yet, so persistent is this principle of human nature—this remnant of goodness and truth—that Jones really believes Robinson has a "sneaking kindness" for *him*—alone of all others—and would not, even if he could, take *him* in. Still, he has more confidence in his own ability to see through Robinson's "little games" than he has in his affection, till, by intelligently uniting these two forces of self-confidence, Robinson proves himself the

stronger man by playing both on his liking for him and his belief in his own extraordinary shrewdness, he "has him"—hard and fast in the mire.

It seems almost a pity that this innate confidence in the possibility of disinterested love—this feeble, yet never wholly slain longing for some one's love in which to trust fully—so persistently prevents selfishness from possessing her perfect work in the life of some man, just that we might see how utterly abhorrent a monster it produces.

But this God-given instinct—this yearning for love—never in this world wholly dies out of any man. No nation could long hold together if the bonds of friendship and mutual disinterested goodwill existed nowhere among its people. Love, friendship, kindness towards others is the one life-link along which communion with God is possible. Love is our very Life—the love of self—or, the love of others. He who loses this life of self—his selfhood—merging it in a life for others—shall find a new life springing up within him and reanimating his whole being,—a life that is properly his—life eternal. And the yearnings of that life—that love—for answering love and sympathy shall be fully satisfied for ever. Even in this world and the things of this world it shall rest on, and be sustained by, God—"God manifest in the flesh."

Cultivate friendship, then: seek social intercourse with men of high or low degree. There is some bond of union by which every man can reach his fellow-man. The dove of peace sent forth by us from the ark in which we have found shelter may roam for long o'er the troubled waters which form the inner nature, mental or spiritual, of a man who has brought this flood of evil on himself, yet sooner or later some resting place may be found, and the olive branch brought as a token, give us assurance of some sure ground on which we can meet while the flood evaporates in the consuming fire of a disinterested love.

Social intercourse is only thus rendered possible. Social life only begins when each feels assured that each esteems the other more than self, and strives to make his neighbour—not himself—show to advantage. Such a social circle of true friends is Heaven, whether in this world or the next. Try, strive, struggle to begin it here, secure at least of God's friendship and all-powerful aid; and it may be that He will grant, impossible though it may seem, that the love He enables you to give out to others may rouse such love in some fellow-man as shall make him your friend, who loves you better than self, because he has found in you something of that Divine-Humanity whose "Life was the Light of men" shining through what you have been to him. It may be that the friend you thus gain is one of the least of those whom He, the Divine Man, disdained not to call His brethren His friends, and therefore honours and blesses you with His

"FRIENDSHIP."

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HAND-SHAKING.

(Concluded.)

Another hand-shaker whose method is intolerable, and with whom it is next to impossible to remain on friendly terms, is the one who offers you one finger instead of five, as much as to say I am either too pre-occupied in myself, or think too little of you, to give you my whole hand. With such a man the interchange of any but the barest and scantiest courtesy is rendered difficult. Friendship is wholly out of the question.

To give the left hand to the man who offers you his right, or to present the left hand for the purpose of a friendly greeting is a piece of discourtesy—sometimes intentional on the part of superiors in rank to their inferiors, and an act that no true gentleman will commit. There is no reason why it should be considered more discourteous, than it would be to kiss the left cheek instead of the right; but doubtless the custom that makes the right hand imperative in all sincere salutation dates from those early times when hand-shaking first began; and the hand that shook or was shaken in friendship was of necessity weaponless. The poor left hand, that one would think ought to be of as much value and strength as the right, just as the left foot or leg is as strong as the right foot or leg because they are both used equally, has fallen into disrepute as well as into comparative disuse, until it has become an accepted phrase to say of any proceeding that is inauspicious, artful, sly, or secretly malicious, that it is "sinister"—that is, left handed.

To shake hands without removing the glove is an act of discourtesy, which, if unintentional and thoughtless, requires an apology for the hurry or inadvertence which led to it. This idea would also seem to be an occult remnant of the old notion that the glove might conceal a weapon. Hence true courtesy and friendship required that the hand should be naked as a proof of good faith.

To be "hand and glove" with any one is a proverbial expression, of which the meaning is not obvious, though possibly it may signify such a degree of confidence, intimacy, and familiarity between the parties as to make it certain that the gloved hand is as free from an offensive weapon as the ungloved.

To refuse pointedly to shake hands with one who offers you the opportunity in a friendly manner amounts to a declaration of hostility. And after a quarrel—or act of open hostility—the acceptance of the hand offered is alike the sign and the ratification of peace.

The nations of continental Europe are scarcely so much addicted to hand-shaking as the English, while the English in this respect are far less demonstrative and apparently cordial than the Americans, who shake hands with one another from morning to night, if even the slightest excuse or opportunity arises. "Since my arrival in the United States," wrote the late Mr. Smith O'Brien, "I have been surrounded by crowds of well-wishers, whose greatest desire seemed to be to shake hands with me. In Ireland this practice does not prevail, but here it seems to be a universal custom." All travellers are equally struck with the undue prevalence of this custom, as they cannot fail to be after they have been a few days in the country. The stranger, if a man of any eminence or renown, is often introduced to forty or fifty people at a time, and to omit to shake hands with any one of them would be an act of disrespect. And even the Irish and German waiters at the great hotels expect you to shake hands with them, on your second arrival, if they happen to remember your face or name, or have received a gratuity at your hands for their previous services or attentions. And you must shake hands with the dirty as well as with the

clean, and with your tailor or shoemaker, equally as with the man who invites you to dinner.

One of the greatest penalties attached to the by no means enviable office of president, is the stupendous amount of hand-shaking which that functionary has to undergo. The late good-natured President Lincoln was a serious sufferer, though it must be confessed that he gave some too importunate hand-shaker such a squeeze of his powerful grasp as made him wince, and remember him with pain for a few hours after the infliction of his cordiality. Both he and other occupants of his uneasy and thankless office have, on New Year's Day, especially, and on many other occasions, to undergo an amount of hand-shaking, sufficient almost to wrench the arm off, or at least to make it ache for a fortnight afterwards. Five or six thousand people of all ranks and classes of men—from the polite European ambassadors and diplomatic agents at Washington—and the legislators, bankers, merchants, lawyers, newspaper editors and reporters, the military and naval officers, down to the common soldiers and sailors, and, lower still, down to the very rowdies and roughs of the street, are all admitted without the intervention of a gold stick or any other kind of stick, or a black or a white rod, or any kind of usher or introduction, and in any costume they please, even in that of the navy with his heavy boots and his working jacket, or the sweep with the soot still on his face;—though it must be admitted as a rule that the rowdies, the sweeps, and the navvies, put on their best clothes on such great occasions. All of them pass through the reception hall, and each expects to shake hands with the chief magistrate.

To shake five thousand hands in succession, and to betray no indifference or want of cordiality in the mode of doing it—to even the humblest of the owners of the hands—is no easy task, either physically or mentally. Were not ambition more powerful to impel a man to seek high station than love of formal ease, to keep him comfortable in a lower walk of life, it is possible that many an aspiring politician, after he has become president, would gladly resign the office, to escape the hardships and inflictions—the hand-shaking not the least of them—that must be accepted along with it, like the thorns with the roses.

I have nothing to say against hand-shaking. It is pleasant to touch the hand of an honest man or woman, and to be on such terms of acquaintanceship with either of these masterpieces of creation, as to justify you in the thought that you are their equal; and that a moral sympathy may flow from you to them, or from them to you. Even to grasp the paw of an honest and intelligent dog, who holds it up for you to shake, on being asked to do so, is something. For the dog, unlike some men, would scorn to give his paw to one, in whose eye, and in whose face, he, by his fine instinct, in some respects the equal, if not the superior, of reason, discovery or evil.

CHAS. MACKAY.

"THE UN-ORTHODOX HEARER" vs. "THE ORTHODOX PREACHER."

There is considerable lamentation in this age over the indifference of many to the teachings of the Clergy. It is not so much that men do not attend church. They do, in large numbers. It is that they take so little interest in it, and are so indifferent to what is heard and done there, that it hardly ever enters their thoughts or their conversation throughout the week.

But the Laity have something also to lament over. Their complaint is surely worthy of consideration. They find Politics, Trade, Finance, Science, Manufactures, interesting, and learn willingly from books, newspapers, and magazines something of each or all. Nor are they indifferent to Religion, or unwilling to learn. Never, perhaps, in all these nineteen centuries has there been such a deep interest felt in that which is good, and that which is true, as at the present day. Men hunger for some reality, outside of worldly things, on which they can implicitly rely, as a safe and sure guiding hand to direct them amid the inextricable intricacies of modern life. They, only too often, fail to find this in the religion they hear preached, or see practised. They listen forbearingly to sermons, in a spirit of charity, willing to catch any grains of practical truth, bearing on real life, which they may find amid the bushel of chaff too frequently emptied upon them. They want grain which can be made into bread to nourish and support life. If they only get a stony truth in doctrinal form, with no fructifying power of love in it, they naturally turn away with indifference. Indifference is the mildest type; for, if the hunger be intense, this mockery of their wants strikes deep, and produces contempt and aversion. Is it any wonder?

Thrown back thus on themselves, thoughtful men are driven to other means of satisfying their wants. They lose all hope of rational theory, and choose experience as their teacher. A new line of thought is therefore beginning to stir men's minds. This world at least is before them. They love, they try to understand it, to live in and for it, and to learn its lessons. They rub against other men of like passions with themselves in the battle of life, and by and bye experience teaches that the struggle for power, and place, and wealth, however wisely conducted and ardently pursued, does not always attain its end—that the best-laid schemes often come to naught—that to seek personal influence is not always the best way to gain it—that to rob, and steal, and oppress others, even when done so ingeniously as to keep within the bounds of human law, infringes somehow or other—how, they cannot tell—on some mysterious law of their being which they cannot circumvent, which takes all the poetry out of existence, and turns to gall and wormwood all their supposed success. Nay more, the more intensely they follow after self and self gratification, the more impossible it is to attain it. Their very excess of zeal is apt to make them lose sight of prudence, and bring destruction on their projects, by an over-graspingness which made them oblivious to those laws of trade they know so well. For the moment, in the height of the self-exaltation which follows success, they had thought these laws were not applicable to them and their actions, although they constantly study and use them in their relation to others, so as to profit by means of them.

Men generally start thus. Sooner or later—when more or less of painful experience has taught them to reflect—they begin to see and feel that such principles produce only misery—that by self-seeking self cannot be served—that the men who succeed substantially are those who do good service to the

community—that the men who have most influence are those who seek it least, but who speak and live what they honestly think right, regardless of public opinion—who thus rule public opinion, but are not ruled by it. They begin to do likewise, in order to gain the like reward—trying, from selfish motives, to do good. The impossibility of this soon dawns upon them. They find it cannot be done. Experience soon convinces them that it is the *motive* in these men that gives the power. There is a vast difference between the work that has only the motive to *seem* good running through it, and the work through which penetrates to every part the effort to make it really useful whether it *seem* so or not. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." "If any man will do My will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." These things are plain. There is no "mystery" here, such as they hear about in church—no "atonement"—no "sacrifice" for sin—no "substitution" of Christ's acts, and words, and sufferings, instead of the man's own. He himself is to *do* these things; and if those who "grow weary and heavy laden" by the difficulties that beset them in the doing of them will "come unto Him, He will give them rest." What can he mean by that? Surely not that they are to rest from doing them, but rather that He will give them the power which shall make such action only the restful exercise of a force that delights in exertion. He finds nothing about "faith" as salvation, but about deeds, as a means to develop power and gain enlightenment. Love is the animating power promised him. Love for others that will labour and suffer for them as Christ did, and thus draw from them a love which will make life beautiful and death as nothing, because he lives in and for others. The inherent divinity of such a love is plain to him. No man ever yet wholly attained to it. Here he sees it in its perfection, in thought, word and deed,—the one God in a real Life such as man can understand, because it reaches down to the very inception of his being in infancy, and up to the full stature of man in Christ Jesus. This must be God. He feels it—he knows it; for he reads that "God is Love." In the Old Testament and the New he finds it,—the key-note of the whole. "Who is a God like unto Thee who pardoneth iniquity and passeth by transgression?" "What doth the Lord require of thee but to *do* justly, to *love* mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God—to cease to do evil and learn (from God) to do well." This is God, the God who is Love, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. No sacrifice needed or spoken of anywhere of one God to satisfy the vengeance of another God. No sacrifice asked or sought for, but the sacrifice of self—the yielding up of the whole man to God's divine influence, in the longing to be sacrificed—that is, made holy. "Create in me a clean heart, Oh Lord; renew in me a free—a willing—spirit" is his cry. In that cry there is the New Birth—a willing obedience to the command "ye must be born again"—the dawn of a new life—the beginning of that regeneration which goes on till the whole man is redeemed, sanctified, purified, saved *from* his sins, and therefore from their consequences. The sacrifices of the Jewish dispensation he sees to be types and symbols of that giving up of earthly possessions to the service of God and man, which is required from him, also, for to these Jews their cattle was their wealth—their peace offerings, their first fruits a yielding up of the fruits of their labour. Through all the Old Testament he sees an inner meaning brought to light by the New, and written in plainest characters on the Life of the Divine-Humanity. That "Life is the Light of men," revealing through the clouds of the letter of Scripture all things which puzzled him. By the light of God's life on earth he can test and try and illumine them. Now he perceives why God assumed humanity nearly nineteen centuries ago—not to satisfy his own justice, as we understand it, for Love is justice. It is unjust to do aught but love. Love makes men just. Hate and vengeance lead to all injustice. The love which is God in essence and in person, His essence and existence, could not but try to redeem man, for He *loved* men. "God was in Christ reconciling"—not Himself to the world—but "the world to Himself," thus taking the only course by which man could be brought to understand God—to know His love and feel the power of that Love in Life, till it drew from him some faint love in return, growing with his growth in the new birth, strengthening with his strength, till it became his very life, Divinely infused till it penetrated to his every act. Verily, he sees that this is—must be—the one "True God and Eternal Life."

Then comes the craving for deeper knowledge—for Light on the realities of life—that he may be able more fully to *do the will* of his Father in Heaven. And, verily, He will listen to the preacher who gives it to him, and will turn away from those who do not.

Clergymen! it is in your own hands. Search the Scriptures and preach consistent Truth, which can be utilized in real life—which shows love by what means to flow out most practically in benefitting man. You will find it in every jot and tittle of the Bible, within the literal sense, in that spiritual meaning which underlies every word, every symbol, and all the imagery of Scripture, when read in the Light shed forth by that "fulness of the Godhead bodily," Who assumed Humanity, and made it Divine, that by the power of His Life infused into men, He might save them from sin by showing them His

"RIGHTEOUSNESS."

HILLSIDE GLEANINGS.

"I could not stay in the country after the first of September, said Volatilla, with a shiver; why, summer is over and it is so cold and dismal." Yet to-day the Hillside is gorgeous, with such a splendour as only October knows—an effulgence that no day of summer could see. For in the far off woods there is a mass of yellow and crimson and brown that only our Canadian forest trees can show, and the days are steeped in quiet sunshine, with a strange gleam that we never see at other times. The frost has killed the asters, browned the wild grape vine, and blackened all tender things; but the scarlet phlox is a blaze of beauty, and the pansy is faithful still, its richness of purple, gold and violet make it queen of the garden now. But in the city everybody is busy; there is no time for a summer's gleanings; the worship of Mammon and Society has

begun, and in that willing bondage fields and woods, fleeting clouds and glorious sunsets, become as a dream—pleasant to remember, but with the past.

To-day we found a strange October "gleaning," for among the rich clover of the orchard the children discovered *strawberries* ripe and red, as in later June—the delicate aroma still fresh, the exquisite colour all there; and with the last of the roses we enjoyed their mingled perfume to the full.

ANNIE L. JACK.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

THE PRAYER.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunder roars above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand,
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me, and my feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fleeting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand
And reaching down
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

THE ANSWER.

The way is dark, my child, but leads to light,
I would not always have thee walk by sight;
My dealings now thou canst not understand,
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The way is long, my child, but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand
And, quick and straight,
Lead to heaven's gate,
My child!

The path is rough, my child, but oh! how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet;—
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And, safe and blest,
With me shall rest,
My child!

The cross is heavy, child, yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee—My Son,
My well-beloved! For Him, bear thine, and stand
With Him at last, and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A correspondent writes: The statement that the use of tomatoes as an article of food produces or promotes the development of cancer has created some excitement here. Is there any foundation for such a belief? A. No.

TO GET RID OF MOULD IN CELLARS.—A correspondent recently asked us for a simple and effectual remedy for fungus and mould in cellars. A German agricultural journal gives the following: Put some roll brimstone into a pan and set fire to it; close the doors, making the cellar as nearly air-tight as possible, for two or three hours, when the fungi will be destroyed and the mould dried up. Repeat this simple and inexpensive operation every two or three months, and you will have your cellar free from all parasitical growth. Carbolic acid in proportion of 4 oz. to the bucketful of whitewash will also prevent moulds.

TO PURIFY WELLS.—The best way, of course, is to draw off the water and remove all sediment. The walls should be thoroughly scrubbed with a broom or brush. When this cannot be done, suspend in the water a sack of charcoal containing a half bushel, or less if a small tank; after a few weeks the charcoal may be re-burnt. If the water of a tank is offensive, examine carefully to see that no dead rats or animals are in it.

DELICIOUS WATER.—After water is filtered, bottle it and place on ice or in the ice chest. It is always ready for use, and sufficiently cold.

WHEN TO PAINT HOUSES.—Paint, says the *Manufacturer and Builder*, applied to the exterior of buildings in autumn or winter will endure twice as long as when applied in early summer or in hot weather. In the former it dries slowly, and becomes hard like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterward by the weather or worn off by the beating of storms. But in very hot weather the oil in paint soaks into the wood at once, as if into a sponge, leaving the lead nearly dry, and ready to crumble off. This last difficulty, however, might in a measure be guarded against, though at an increased expense, by first going over the surface with raw oil. Furthermore, by painting in cold weather the annoyance of small flies, which invariably collect during the warm season on fresh paint, is avoided. As an offset to this, there is a trouble with slow-drying paint—it is that the dust, which always will collect upon exposed surfaces, will keep collecting as long as the paint is not dry, and stick to it, so that to obtain a smooth surface free from adhering dust it is necessary to secure quick drying. This is especially the case when varnishing; we have often been disappointed, and no doubt so have many others, that the varnish used dried so slowly that dust had time to settle on it before it became hard.

CONSUMPTIVE PERCH.—Seth Green has lately been examining the perch and sunfish that have died in great numbers in Lake George. He finds that the disease is a fungus growth on the gills, resembling pulmonary consumption, and warns the people against eating the fish.

PERFUMED CARBOLIC ACID.—The following proportions:

Carbolic Acid..... 1 part.
Oil of lemon..... 3 parts.
Alcohol at 36°..... 100 parts.

The mixture is quite perfect and appears to be very stable. The odour of the oil is alone appreciable. This preparation will be valuable to housekeepers when it is necessary to destroy the odour of the kitchen.

TREATMENT OF CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.—In reply to a question by a correspondent in the *British Medical Journal* for May 4th, p. 669, regarding the best treatment for the tremors of chronic alcoholism and a substitute for the constant craving for drink which exists, Dr. Lauder Brunton recommends fifteen minims of tincture of perchloride of iron, with ten minims of tincture of nux vomica, as most efficacious for the tremors, combined with bromide of potassium if restless at night. The chalybeate mixture, either alone or with the addition of tincture of capsicum (five or ten minims), relieves the craving for drink, for which purpose also a mixture of carbonate of ammonia in infusion of gentian is valuable. If there be derangement of the stomach, it should be treated by ten-grain doses of subnitrate or carbonate of bismuth, with magnesia and tragacanth.—*London Medical Record*.

PROTECTING BUTTONS.—We find in the *Scientific News* the following short anecdote illustrating to what excess protection can be carried:—"At one time Birmingham, England, supplied nearly the whole world with buttons and buckles. It furnished every variety of these useful articles, but its chief staple was the metal button. When shoe buckles went out of fashion, the affrighted makers went about in shoestrings, begging Parliament to compel people to wear buckles. In like manner the London wigmakers called upon George III., dressed in plain hair, and asked him to restore the departing custom of powder and wigs. When the metal button yielded to the mould of wood or horn covered with silk or some other woven material, the metal-button makers so besieged Parliament by their shrieking entreaties to be saved from ruin, that a law was passed which made it illegal for a tailor to sew on to a suit of a clothes any button made of cloth, serge, camlet, or any other "stuff." Unless this law was swept away by the enactment which recently abolished all laws that had become practically obsolete, this button act is still in force. About half-a-dozen years ago a tailor named Shirley sued a customer named King for £9, the price of a suit of clothes made for the latter. The defendant's counsel asked the tailor of what material were the buttons made, and being told they were of cloth or silk on horn moulds, he remarked that by the law made for the protection of the Birmingham button makers, not only could the tailor not recover, but if the defendant chose to sue for the penalties, the plaintiff would have to pay forty shillings for every dozen of such buttons sewed on by him. The judge agreed, and the tailor was non-suited.

IN A HAMMOCK.

OCTOBER, 1878.

Rock me, wild wind, I am lying,
Tossed by the breeze, in my swing;
The wind whispers, flowers are dying,
With never a robin to sing.
The leaves that around me are falling,
The yellow, the green, and the red,
With rustle and whisper are calling
That summer, sweet summer, is dead.

The sunshine above me is gleaming,
It plays with the rich-tinted leaves.
'Tis Nature's last marvel of seeming—
That only the eastern wind grieves.
Where are my roses, sad south?
West wind, the violets have fled.
The north wind has frost in his mouth,
And summer, sweet summer, is dead.

A. L. J.

SANITARY ENGINEERING.—TOWN AND VILLAGE.

[It is proposed to give week by week the syllabus of Professor Bovey's lectures, with the questions to his students and their answers. The subject is one of great importance, and demands our best attention.—EDITOR.]

LECTURE I.

The object of the sanitary engineer is to obtain pure air and pure water, and the success of this object will depend chiefly upon the character of the works executed.

Sewage works have to perform three distinct operations:—(1) The drainage of the surface. (2) The drainage of the subsoil. (3) The removal of the fecal and other liquid refuse.

The preliminary inquiry in a district will embrace:—(1) The area of the district to be sewered. (2) The rainfall of the district, and the proportion to be admitted into the sewers. (3) The geological character and physical outline of the district. (4) The present and prospective numbers of the inhabitants. (5) The trades and occupations, generally, of the people. (6) The water supply of the district. (7) The road material. (8) The sanitary appliances already in operation, or to be adopted. (9) The ultimate destination of the sewage.

I.—AREA OF DISTRICT TO BE SEWERED.

A careful survey with levels must be made of the district, and should enclose as much of the surrounding country as contributes "surface" and "subsoil water."

("Surface water" is the water thrown off the surface tributary to the river, streams, or water courses.)

("Subsoil water" depends upon the nature of the subsoil, and the depth of the underlying strata.)

If an abundance of rain fall upon the high lands above the district, it is best to conduct it away by the natural courses, or to provide artificial means for its carriage, so as not to overburden the sewers by a large and intermittent supply.

II.—RAINFALL AND SEWERS.

The sewage works of a district must be designed to convey away, by sewers, storm-water overflows, or by special works, the maximum quantity of rain which falls in a minimum time, without flooding and inconvenience to the inhabitants.

The amount of surface water contributed by the rainfall will depend much upon the character of the receiving surface, but in no case is it advisable to exclude the *whole* of the surface water from the sewers.

The intention of such exclusion is:—(1) To increase the manurial value of the sewage. (2) To obviate the inconvenience attending the purification of a large and uncertain volume of sewage in times of rainfall. (3) To convey the rainfall to the rivers and the sewage to the lands.

The dilution of sewage by the rainfall is found, however, not to diminish materially its total collective value, though the expense of the application to agricultural purposes may be considerably increased. Also, it may be advisable to exclude the surface waters in some districts, but in others these are most impure, and would greatly vitiate the streams and rivers.

These impure surface waters occur:—(1) In urban districts, closely peopled, or liable to much traffic. (2) In districts with small rainfall. (3) Wherever they wash the streets, courts, roofs, &c.

In all such cases a large proportion of the rainfall must be admitted into the sewers and treated with the sewage.

The rainfall in rural districts is comparatively pure, and may be admitted to the ordinary watercourses.

In seaside towns, or wherever the sewers may become locked, the rainfall should be conveyed away so as not to overburden the sewers.

The "rainfall" is to be excluded from the sewers, when the sewage is to be chemically treated.

When pumping has to be resorted to, it is desirable to "intercept" the rainfall.

When the rainfall is admitted into the sewers, a percentage only of the actual rain finds its way there.

The mode of disposing of the sewage must have a predominating influence in ruling the admission or exclusion of surface waters.

Questions.

1. Give reasons showing the necessity of sewage works.
2. Diphtheria and typhoid fever have shown themselves in a group of houses; what are the most likely sources of it, and how would you proceed to examine for them?
3. What are the advantages and disadvantages of admitting rainfall to sewers?
4. Give your opinion as to the manurial value of sewage. H. T. B.

Replies.

1. The great reason seems to be the preservation of health among the inhabitants of densely populated places, such as cities, towns, and also in villages; and the size of the place would seem to be an important consideration, as the absence of sewers would not be felt so much in the country as in a village, or in a village so much as in a city. For the preservation of health, it is necessary to remove such water as may descend in rainfall, and with it all impure matters which it may have collected, such as dust and refuse deposited on the roofs of houses by the smoke from manufactories, houses, &c., also garbage, animal, vegetable, and earthy matters which gather in the streets, and sullage and liquid refuse of all kinds, which, if allowed to remain and become stagnant and decomposed in streets, would produce noxious gases and vapours, which are well known to be the germs of different diseases, and as these diseases are generally contagious, it would have a great effect on the mortality of the place. It would be likely also, by its soaking into the soil, to impregnate the water used for domestic purposes, and such we find to be very often the case. By comparing the present rate of mortality in towns which have a

good system of sewage with that of former years, before the system was brought to its present state of perfection, we find that they have experienced a very great decrease in the death rate, which would therefore seem to be one of the reasons shewing the necessity of sewage works. T. DRUMMOND.

2. Impure water for household use, cesspools, heaps of garbage and refuse and the noxious gases and vapours arising from them, and also from the drains in a defective system of drainage. The first thing to be done would be to examine the water, and if discovered to be impure to find out the cause, if there are noxious smells to find out where they proceed from, to examine the subsoil to find out whether it may be impregnated with impure matter, and whether the drains are satisfactory and in working order, and also if the ventilation is good. T. DRUMMOND.

3. The advantages of admitting rain-fall into the sewers are, that the rain-water helps to keep them from being choked up with filth, and washes all the refuse from the roads and streets. The rain also dissolves a portion of the noxious gases that are generated in the sewers, which would otherwise rise into the atmosphere. One of the disadvantages of admitting the rain is, that while it tends to carry away and empty the sewers of refuse matter, it introduces sand and gravel, which being in themselves much heavier than water will not move unless there is a very considerable incline, or slope in the sewer; thus the sand and gravel gradually choke up the sewer, and thus tend to increase rather than obviate one of the difficulties for which the rain was admitted. Another disadvantage is that if the sewage is to be treated chemically the admission of rain-fall would very much increase the expense. The capacity of the sewers will also be increased, thus increasing again the cost. R. W. WADDEL.

4. Sewage for a manure is one of the cheapest and best, for though the cost of laying pipes and making arrangements for the distribution of the sewage may be large, it will ultimately pay; for lands which have been treated properly with sewage are valued in some places at £8 to £12 stg. per acre, while lands adjoining, which have not been so treated, are only valued at 30s to 40s.

In dry weather the sewage is used to greatest advantage, for it not only manures the land but waters it.

In some places the land manured with sewage has become so rich that the proprietors find it necessary to pass the sewage through long, deep ponds, so that the sediment may settle before the water is carried over the grounds.

These lands bring a rent from £24 to £30, and some even as high as £57, per acre; so that the cost of laying pipes, &c., to convey the sewage to the lands would soon be counterbalanced by the high rents that the lands would bring or the value of the rich crops that they would yield. F. F. BUSTEED.

LECTURE II.

3. Geological character and Physical outline of a district.

The character of the geological strata has a most important influence upon the health of a district, and also materially affects the amount of surface water to be collected.

The physical outline of a district governs, to a great extent, the surface discharge, and the ventilation of sewers.

If a sewer is not water-tight:—1. The subsoil water enters and dilutes the sewage. (2.) The level of the subsoil water is lowered. (3.) Under an appreciable pressure, the sewage escapes into the soil.

Therefore:—1. Sewers should be water-tight. (2.) Subsoil water should be removed by a separate drain. (3.) Systematic drainage should accompany systematic sewage.

The contractor's temporary drains for removing surplus water during the progress of sewerage works may be easily made permanent and at a very little extra cost.

The common sewer and subsoil drain may generally occupy the same trench, but at times it may be injudicious to lay a subsoil drain directly below the sewer, and it may again be more economical to lower the subsoil water by drains altogether independent of the sewer.

4. Population.

Care must be taken to ascertain the present and prospective population of a district, so as to determine who do and will contribute sewage, and for whom water has to be supplied.

It must be considered, also, how far circumstances may alter the conditions of a town or village, and how far provision must be made for the admission of sewage from probable suburban parts.

5. Trades and occupations of the people.

The capacity of sewers is to a great extent governed by the amount of the liquid refuse from special and local trades to be admitted.

The water used by various trades is liable to become much polluted. This pollution, in some cases, will not prevent the utilization of the sewage upon land, nor its chemical conversion into dry manure, but in others the sewage will prove positively destructive to vegetation both in the liquid or dry state.

6. Water supply.

The sewerage works of a district are affected by the water supply by reason of the volume of water to be conveyed away.

The sources of supply to be considered are:—(1.) The volume of water distributed by specially constructed water works. (2.) The volume taken from tanks or wells. (3.) The volume contributed by manufactories.

Generally speaking the volume of water supplied for public purposes may be assumed to average 25 gallons per head for towns, and 15 gallons per head for villages.

The quantity of water used in a district will depend upon:—(1) The facilities afforded to the public for procuring a supply. (2) The sanitary appliances in operation within the district. (3) The character of the population supplied with water.

A higher rate of consumption of water will occur in districts where the water closet is universally used than where the supply is from isolated stand pipes, and in which the asphalt or some other dry process is in operation.

7. Road material.

The disposition of the material washed from the road and streets is a question of the utmost importance, and especially where such material is easily

disintegrated. If the sewage is to be utilised upon land, or to be chemically treated, the difficulty of dealing with it will increase as the amount of detritus mixed with it increases, and the less valuable will the sewage become from a manurial point of view.

Road detritus, freed from putrescible matter and from the salts of sewage, may be sold as material for mortar or for foundry purposes, or as ballast. The salts left from the sewage are said, however, to affect the mortar injuriously.

Catchpits may be provided to intercept the road and street detritus, when there is any difficulty regarding its disposition.

Questions.

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

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

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

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

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

H. TAYLOR BOVEY.

WITTICISMS.

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."—POPE.

Cupid's delights—Art Unions.

A lawyer's definition of short trousers:—Brief-bags.

An Exchange says: "Mr. Mackenzie is right." We think he is left.

The handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense is to address her as such.

Riches will take to themselves wings and fly away, unless you sprinkle the salt of economy on their tails.

Customer (in quest of a particular brand of cigars): "Are those these?"

Dealer (affably): "Yes, sir; these are those."

Customer: "Waiter, this turbot is not so good as that you gave us yesterday." Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir; it's off the same fish."

"Is the intensity of gravity greater at the poles or the equator?" Sophomore: "Yes, sir." Professor: "Which?" Sophomore: "It's greater."

REGULAR IRREGULARITY.—Passenger (in a hurry): "Is this train punctual?" Porter: "Yessir, generally a quarter of an hour late to a minute!"

MENTAL SCIENCE.—Professor: "That is the genesis of this experience." Weary Student (*sotto voce*): "Never mind the genesis; an exodus is what we want now."

"Governesses should never be required to do low menial work," said a gentleman. "Certainly not; but they frequently aspire to the hymeneal," replied the lady.

An aurist was so remarkably clever that, having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady, who had hitherto been insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness next day of hearing from her husband in Australia.

He had brought her the very things she wanted from the supper table to her safe retreat on the stairs, and she was moved to say, half laughingly: "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. B——." "Just what I am after," he answered, quick as a flash, covering her with confusion.

"What are those purple posies down by the brook?" asks Gus. "If you mean," replies Clara, "those glorious masses of empurpled efflorescence that bloom in the bosky dells and fringe the wimpling streamlets, they are *Campylopus rotundiflorus*." Gus plays billiards for a living, and Clara goes to a girls' college.

An apology is as great a peacemaker as an "if." In all cases it is an excuse rather than an exculpation, and if adroitly managed, may be made to confirm what it seems to recall, and to aggravate the offence which it pretends to extenuate. A man who had accused his neighbour of falsehood, was called on for an apology, which began in the following amphibological terms:—"I called you a liar—it is true. You spoke truth: I have told a lie."—*Horace Smith*.

A book was formerly a thing put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is, at present, divided into two classes,—those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Bookbinding, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in everything else, the market is so completely overstocked, that our literary operatives, if they wish to avoid starving, must eat up one another. They have for some time been employed in cutting up each other, as if to prepare for the meal. Alas! they may have reason for their feast without finding it a feast of reason.

OF MARRIAGES.—To make a marriage, three things are required,—first, that the parties will marry; secondly, that they can; and thirdly, that they do; though to us it seems that if they do, it matters little whether they will, and that if they will, it is of little consequence whether they can; for if they do, they do; and if they will, they must; because where there is a will there is a way, and therefore they can if they choose; and if they don't, it is because they won't, which brings us to the conclusion, that if they do, it is absurd to speculate whether they will or can marry.—*Gilbert A. A'Becket*.

DETERMINED TO HOLD THE POSITION.—At the weekly conference meetings the Rev. Dr. Blank was a good deal pestered by a zealous brother who was very much edified by his own exhortations, and it was often deemed necessary to "head him off" by calling on somebody else to speak or pray just as he was about to begin. On one occasion, as he rose to speak, the pastor gently interrupted him by saying, "Brother, will you lead us in prayer?" The brother hesitated but a moment, and made answer: "I was about to offer a few remarks, but perhaps I can throw them into the form of a prayer."—*Boston Index*.

THE TORONTO PULPIT.

III.

Presbyterian conservatism and Presbyterian appreciation of personal worth receive fresh illustration in the case of the Rev. Dr. Topp. The doctor is the venerable and most excellent pastor of Knox Church, over which he has presided for many years. He has grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength; each year finding him more deeply rooted in the respect and affection of his people. Not that he has always pleased them, in the weaker sense of the word, for he has often had to withstand them, and generally for their benefit. But his peaceful, equable temperament and weight of character have usually made his position strong and disarmed any antagonist. The Dr. is a man of power in the pulpit. His stately amiability prepossesses one; and his tender sweetness in prayer strengthens the impression. And one soon finds that behind the placid features is a calm, clear mind which takes forceful hold of the Scriptures and analyses them with a critical acumen which has a special value in these days of pulpit "fuss and feathers"; of declamatory "sound and fury, signifying nothing"; of humanitarian essays and theatrical posings. Dr. Topp has also the happy faculty of presenting truth as clearly as he sees it himself: his measured sentences and closely-welded chain of reasoning winding out together as he lets down his anchor into the depths of spiritual truth to reach the rock-bottom. With all this, Dr. Topp is not especially attractive in the pulpit. His calmness is sometimes frigidity; his clearness is also dryness; and the restless Canadian temperament is often severely taxed, and its limited patience tried to the straining-point, by this absence of fire in the manner and moisture in the matter. The Dr. has received all the honours his brethren have to bestow, having lately passed the Moderator's chair with considerable credit. He now enjoys his ease with characteristic dignity in his elegant mansion; a house whose external aspect and internal surroundings are as much conformed to the man as a conch shell to its inmate. One seems made for the other, but which for which one hardly knows. There has long been talk of an assistant for the worthy doctor, who should freshen matters in the pulpit and give a needed variety. This would be a happy solution of the trouble. An additional salary to pay would be a small matter to the large and wealthy congregation of Knox Church. Possibly the good man's *amour propre* is a little touched by the proposal; but it is a pity that such a settlement of similar difficulties is not more generally reached. The alternative too often adopted is to vex the soul and starve the body of an aged minister till—if he have an atom of self-respect—he resigns, preferring to starve outside the pulpit rather than in it.

The transit to Cooke's Church is easy and natural. It represents the Irish, as Knox does the Scotch, element of Presbyterianism. Its pastor is the Rev. Dr. Robb, who has made himself famous—or notorious—in the Great Hymn-Book Controversy: the record of which will probably be disinterred by some Disraeli of the twenty-first century, and added to the new editions of the "Curiosities of Literature." The controversy was sufficiently curious, even for the nineteenth century. That a man should stand in the midst of the treasures of Christian hymnology and desire to scourge them all out of the temple as "positively sinful" in the public worship of God, is simply astounding. It is an ignoring of taste and beauty; of all history; and especially of the ever-multiplying experiences of the Church of God. Yet Dr. Robb's speech in defence of his position is a marvel of ingenuity. The chain of his logic is perfect in the number of its links; but every link is unsound: it drops asunder of its own weight. He proves too much: almost persuading us that not only the disciples at the Supper, but Paul and Silas in jail at Philippi sang a Greek version of the Scottish Psalms! But Dr. Robb will go down to posterity (as long as posterity cares to remember him) associated as to his speech with Mrs. Partington in her famous effort to keep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom. For the rest, the good man will hardly trouble posterity: unless it be through the fame arising from his strong and steady temperance principles and habits. He is a determined enemy to cork-drawing: regarding it as even more "positively sinful" than hymn-singing! He bears constant testimony to this; at home and abroad.

Last, but by no means least in the notice of the Presbyterian pulpit, comes the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's Church. To the old building, a few years ago, came a young minister, called from his first charge in Peterborough. His coming was for some time in doubt. Mr. Macdonnell did not jump directly at the bait of the proposed transfer from a back-country town to a pulpit in the Western metropolis. He stipulated for a good many things: and, above all, for a certain freedom of position and action, which it was hard to make compatible with the Presbyterian system. But all was finally arranged: and the fresh, eager, nervous young man, stood in the old, dingy pulpit as the pastor of St. Andrew's Church. Then Toronto had a sensation. The poor old rickety building began to fill up its deserted pews: then the outside crowd began to flock to St. Andrew's; and Mr. Macdonnell awoke to find himself famous—and the fashion. Soon a new church became necessary, and a move was made to the west-end of the city; where a vast structure was erected in rough-stone, which is something of a cross between a Gothic Cathedral and a Norman fortress. Here, Mr. Macdonnell, from being the fashion became the rage. And in the very height of his popularity, he made a stroke for broader fame by the delivery of a sermon on which his ministerial brethren pounced at once. To their keen scent for heresy it seemed to be rank and to smell to heaven. Here at last, was the secret of the popularity which so much troubled them! No wonder the people had itching ears, when they were tickled in this fashion.

The sermon in question was full of force and beauty: nervous and masterly: poetic in its style and structure, and tender in loving in its spirit. Moreover, it was on a subject just then beginning to exercise a singular fascination upon every thinker; not only on account of the problems contained, but also from the issues involved: the subject of a possible hope for an impenitent sinner beyond the grave. It was an anticipation of the daring speculative fight since taken by Canon Farrar into the regions of what he calls "eternal hope." Mr. Macdonnell's words were these:—"Not that a man can go on sinning all his life to his death's day, and then enter heaven as though he had

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GOING NORTH.

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been righteous all his life. The question is—not 'is there a hell?' for there is: it is not about punishment, but the eternity of it. It is not the question of suffering beyond the grave: for we shall suffer as surely as we go to bed to-night. But there is nothing dangerous in telling poor sinners that men will have a chance to gain life, beyond the grave." And again:—"the death, spiritual and carnal, shall be eternally done away." To quote once more:—"For good or evil the race is one organic whole. The stream of sin has flowed uninter- ruptedly from the one fountain, Adam; the stream of righteousness flows perennially from the one fountain, Jesus Christ. As the whole race suffered through Adam's sin, so the whole race shall be benefitted by Christ's righteous- ness." On these pretty broad utterances of universalism, a battle royal raged in Presbytery and General Assembly for nearly two years. Significantly enough, the men of the old Kirk (to which Mr. Macdonnell had belonged) rallied round their young brother. They defended him on the ground that his words were the expression of a hope, and not a dogmatic utterance! So serious was the con- troversy that for some time it bade fair to break up the lately formed Union of the Churches. It was tided over at the Toronto Assembly, to come up again at the Halifax the next year. The hope of the church leaders was that the logic of events would settle the question by Mr. Macdonnell's translation to another sphere:—perhaps to a heavenly! But the Halifax Assembly came round without this happening; and the respective champions went down to do or die. But they did neither. By some mystical hocus-pocus, Mr. Macdonnell (who held tenaciously to his position) was supposed to have said something which— in a Pickwickian sense—implied that, under certain circumstances, it might possibly be wrong in him to make certain statements in a certain sense, and so, —and so. Both parties professed themselves satisfied, and Mr. Macdonnell (who had reason to be) came back to Toronto with flying colors to the embrace of his church, which had stood loyally by him through the whole business. It was a lame and impotent conclusion to a sufficiently serious matter. Mr. Macdonnell still holds his own; though he has now formidable rivals in the Toronto pulpit. His nervous constitution, which is other men's weakness, is to him a source of power. It seems to put him *en rapport* with his audience: so that the eager over-lapping of his words, and the stuttering, almost chattering— movement—of his speech is quite overlooked.

Of the formidable rivals, one is Dr. Castle. (By the way, the docterial fever has broken out virulently in Toronto!) Dr. Castle is minister of the new and palatial Baptist Church on Gerrard Street. This magnificent building is constructed after the most approved American type. It is an immense structure; quite an ecclesiastical "establishment" in itself: its array of lecture- rooms and class-rooms, and church-parlors and church-kitchens covering with the church proper a large space of ground. Internally the building is amphi- theatric in form; highly decorated in black walnut mouldings and carvings. At the back is the grand organ, a notable feature; then comes a platform for the choir; then the pulpit-desk, well advanced towards the middle of the church. This is not all, for in front of the minister sits the organist, separated from his instrument by pulpit and choir, and simply fingering a bank of keys which have no visible connection with the organ structure in the rear. Of all the novelties and attractions of this place, the pastor is, however, the greatest. He is an elaborate and finished actor, who throws himself into the characters he portrays and gives a vivid *resemblance* to the scenes he sketches. Though generally deprecated, this method of dramatic action in the pulpit has much to say for itself. Certainly the old Hebrew prophets with their acted parables, or charades, worked out in the presence of the people, must have been intensely dramatic. One can be more lenient, also, when—as in the case of Dr. Castle—the dramatic gift is used solely for the enforcement of stern moral truth and the persuading of men to righteousness.

In concluding these notices of the Toronto Pulpit, only a passing reference can be made to other worthy men and good preachers, clerical and lay. Presbyterian professors in the college do much to strengthen the Toronto pulpit. Principal Cavan is deservedly liked and respected. Apart from his singularly high-pitched and monotonous voice, there are few more instructive and interesting preachers in Canada. In the Methodist body, also, are some who cannot be named, but who are doing good service. The Primitive Methodists are also ably represented in Toronto. Of the laymen, Mr. John Macdonald might almost be called a "stated supply," so frequent is his appear- ance in the pulpit. Of somewhat less note is Mr. Robert Walker and Mr. Robert Wilkes, who always find willing listeners. And if in these rapid sketches the writer has touched the sensibilities of any worthy minister, let such an one accept his assurance that no harm is intended, and he may be sure that an ephemer as our newspaper literature is—no harm is done.

QUIEN SABE?

SUFFERING WITH CHRIST, A CONDITION OF GLORY WITH CHRIST.

A Sermon Preached at Manchester, by Alexander Maclaren.

"Joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together."—ROMANS, viii. 17.

In the former part of this verse the Apostle tells us that in order to be heirs of God we must become sons through and joint-heirs with Christ. He seems at first sight to add in these words of our text another condition to those already specified, namely, that of suffering with Christ.

Now, of course, whatever may be the operation of suffering in fitting for the possession of the Christian inheritance, either here or in another world, the sonship and the sorrows do not stand on the same level in regard to it. The one is the indispensable condition of all; the other is but a means for the operation of the condition. The one,—being sons, "joint-heirs with Christ," is the root of the whole matter; the other,—the "suffering with Him," is but the various process by which from the root there come "the blade, and the ear, and the full corn in the ear." Given, the sonship,—if it is to be worked out into power and beauty, there must be suffering with Christ. But unless there be sonship, there is no possibility of inheriting God; discipline and suffering will be of no use at all.

The chief lesson which I wish to gather from this text now is that all God's sons must suffer with Christ, and in addition to this principle, we may complete our considerations by adding briefly, that the inheritance must be won by suffering, and that if we suffer with Him, we certainly shall receive the inheritance.

First, then, *Sonship with Christ necessarily involves suffering with Him.* I think that we entirely misapprehend the force of this passage before us, if we suppose it to refer principally or merely to the outward calamities, what you call trials and afflictions, which befall people; and see in it only the teaching, that the sorrows of daily life may have in them a sign of our being children of God, and some power to prepare us for the glory that is to come. There is a great deal more in the thought than that, brethren. This is not merely a text for people that are in affliction, but for all of us. It does not merely contain a law for a certain part of life, but it contains a law for the whole of life. It is not merely a promise that "in all our afflictions Christ shall be afflicted," but it is a solemn injunction that we seek to know "the fellowship of His sufferings, and be made comfortable to the image of His death," if we expect to be "found in the likeness of His resurrection," and to have any share in the community of His glory. In other words, the foundation of it is not that Christ shares in our sufferings; but that we, as Christians, in a deep and real sense do necessarily share and participate in Christ's. We "suffer with Him;" *not*, He suffers with us.

Now, do not let us misunderstand each other, or the Apostle's teaching. Do not suppose that I am forgetting, or wishing you to account as of small importance, the awful sense in which Christ's suffering stands as a thing by itself and unapproachable, a solitary pillar rising up, above the waste of time, to which all men everywhere are to turn with the one thought. "I can do nothing like that; I need to do nothing like it; it has been done once, and once for all; and what I have to do is, simply to lie down before Him, and let the power and the blessings of that death and those sufferings flow into my heart." The Divine Redeemer makes eternal redemption. The sufferings of Christ—the sufferings of His life, and the sufferings of His death—both because of the nature which bore them, and of the aspect which they wore in regard to us, are in their source, in their intensity, in their character, and consequences, unap- proachable, incapable of repetition, and needing no repetition whilst the world shall stand. But then, do not let us forget that the very books and writers in the New Testament that preach most broadly Christ's sole, all-sufficient, eternal redemption for the world, by His sufferings and death, turn round and say to us too, "Be planted together in the likeness of His death;" you are "crucified to the world" by the cross of Christ; you are to "fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ." He Himself speaks of our drinking of the cup that He drank of, and being baptized with the baptism that he was baptized with, if we desire to sit yonder on His throne, and share with Him in His glory. Now what do the Apostles, and what does Christ Himself, in that passage that I have quoted, mean, by such solemn words as these? Some people shrink from them, and say that it is trenching upon the central doctrines of the Gospel, when we speak about drinking of the cup which Christ drank of. They ask, Can it be? Yes, it can be, if you will think thus:—If a Christian has the spirit and life of Christ in him, his career will be moulded, imperfectly but really, by the same spirit that dwelt in his Lord; and similar causes will produce corre- sponding effects. The life of Christ which—Divine, pure, incapable of copy and repetition—in one aspect has passed away for ever from men, remains to be lived, in another view of it, by every Christian, who in like manner has to fight with the world, who in like manner has to resist temptation, who in like manner has to stand, by God's help, pure and sinless, in so far as the new nature of him is concerned, in the midst of a world that is full of evil. For were the sufferings of the Lord only the sufferings that were wrought upon Calvary? Were the sufferings of the Lord only the sufferings which came from the "contradiction of sinners against Himself?" Were the sufferings of the Lord only the sufferings which were connected with the bodily afflictions and pain, precious and priceless as they were, and operative causes of our redemption as they were? Oh no. Conceive of that perfect, sinless, really human life, in the midst of a system of things that is all full of corruption and of sin; coming ever and anon against misery, and wrong-doing, and rebellion; and ask yourselves whether part of His sufferings did not spring from the contact of the sinless Son of man with a sinful world, and the apparently vain attempt to influence and leaven that sinful world with care for itself and love for the Father. If there had been nothing more than that, yet Christ's sufferings as the Son of God in the minds of sinful men would have been deep and real. "Oh faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" was wrung from Him by the painful sense of want of sympathy between His aims and theirs. "Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then I would fly away and be at rest," must often be the language of those who are like Him in spirit, and in consequent sufferings.

And then again, another branch of the "sufferings of Christ" is to be found in that deep and mysterious fact on which I durst not venture to speak beyond what the actual words of Scripture put into my lips—the fact that Christ wrought out His perfect obedience as a man, *through temptation, and by suffering.* There was no sin *within* Him, no tendency to sin, no yielding to the evil that assailed. "The Prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in Me." But yet, when that dark Power stood by His side, and said, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down," it was a real temptation and not a sham one. No wish to do it, no faltering for a moment, no hesitation. There was no rising up in that calm will, of even a moment's impulse to do the thing that was presented; but yet it was presented, and, when Christ triumphed, and the tempter departed for a season, there had been a temptation and there had been a conflict. And though obedience be a joy, and the doing of His Father's will was His delight, as it must needs be in pure and in purified hearts; yet obedience which is sus- tained in the face of temptation, and which never fails, though its path lead to bodily pains, and the "contradiction of sinners," may well be called suffering. We cannot speak of our Lord's obedience as the surrender of His own will to the Father's, with the implication that these two wills ever did or could move except in harmony. There was no place in Christ's obedience for that casting out of sinful self, which makes our submission a surrender joined with suffering. But He knew temptation. Flesh, and sense, and the world, and the prince of

the world presented it to Him; and therefore His obedience too was suffering, even though to do the will of His Father were His meat, and His drink, His sustenance, and His refreshment.

But then, let me remind you still further, that not only does the life of Christ, as sinless in the midst of sinful men; and the life of Christ, as sinless whilst yet there was temptation presented to it—assume the aspect of being a life of suffering, and become in that respect, the model for us; but that also the death of Christ, besides its aspect as an atonement and sacrifice for sin, the power by which transgression is put away, and God's love flows out upon our souls, has another power given to it in the teaching of the New Testament. The death of Christ is a type of the Christian's life, which is to be one long—protracted and daily dying to sin, to self, to the world. The crucifixion of the old manhood is to be the life's work of every Christian, through the power of faith in that cross by which "the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." That thought comes over and over again in all forms of earnest presentation in the Apostle's teaching. Do not slur it over as if it were a mere fanciful metaphor. It carries in its type a most solemn reality. The truth is, that, if a Christian, you have a double life. There is Christ, with His power, with His Spirit, giving you a nature which is pure and sinless, incapable of transgression, like His own. The new man, that which is born of God, sinneth not, cannot sin. But side by side with it, working through it, working in it, leavening it, indistinguishable from it to your consciousness, by anything but this, that the one works righteousness, and the other works transgression—there is the "old man," "the flesh," "the old Adam," your own godless, independent, selfish, proud being. And the one is to slay the other! Ah, let me tell you, these words—crucifying, casting out the old man, plucking out the right eye, maiming self of the right hand, mortifying the deeds of the body,—they are something very much deeper and more awful than poetical symbols and metaphors. They teach us this—there is no growth without sore sorrow. Conflict not Progress is the word that defines man's path from darkness into light. No holiness is won by any other means than this, that wickedness should be *slain* day by day, and hour by hour. In long lingering agony often, with the blood of the heart pouring out at every quivering vein, you are to cut right through the life and being of that sinful self; to do what the Word does, pierce to the dividing asunder of the thoughts and intents of the heart, and get rid by crucifying and slaying—a long process, a painful process—of your own sinful self. And not until you can stand up, and say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," have you accomplished that to which you are consecrated and vowed by your sonship—"being conformed unto the likeness of His death," and "knowing the fellowship of His sufferings."

It is this process, the inward strife and conflict in getting rid of evil, which the Apostle designates here with the name of "suffering with Christ, that we may be also glorified together." On this high level and not upon the lower one of the consideration that Christ will help us to bear outward infirmities and afflictions, do we find the true meaning of all that Scripture teaching that says indeed, "Yes, our sufferings are *His*," but lays the foundation of it in this, "His sufferings are *ours*." It begins by telling us that Christ has done a work and borne a sorrow that no second can ever do. Then it tells us that Christ's life of obedience—which, because it *was* a life of obedience, was a life of suffering, and brought Him into a condition of hostility to the men around Him—is to be repeated in us. It sets before us the cross of Calvary, and the sorrows and pains that were felt there; and it says to us, Christian men and women, if you want the power for holy living, have fellowship in that atoning death; and if you want the pattern of holy living, look at that cross and feel, "I am crucified to the world by it; and, the life that I live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God."

Such considerations as these, however, do not necessarily exclude the other one (which we may just mention and dwell on for a moment), namely, that where there is this spiritual participation in the sufferings of Christ, and where His death is reproduced and perpetuated, as it were, in our daily mortifying ourselves in the present evil world,—there *Christ is with us in our afflictions*. God forbid that I should try to strike away any word of consolation that has come, as these words of my text have come, to so many hearts in all generations, like music in the night and like cold waters to a thirsty soul. We need not hold that there is no reference here to that comforting thought, "In all our afflictions He is afflicted." Brethren, you and I have, each of us—one in one way, and one in another, all in some way, all in the right way, none in too severe a way, none in too slight a way—to tread in the path of sorrow; and is it not a blessed thing, as we go along through that dark valley of the shadow of death down into which the sunniest paths go sometimes, to come, amidst the twilight and the gathering clouds, upon tokens that Jesus has been on the road before us? They tell us that in some trackless lands, when one friend passes through the pathless forests, he breaks a twig ever and anon as he goes, that those who come after may see the traces of his having been there, and may know that they are not out of the road. Oh, when we are journeying through the murky night, and the dark woods of affliction and sorrow, it is something to find here and there a spray broken, or a leafy stem bent down with the tread of His foot and the brush of His hand as He passed; and to remember that the path He trod He has hallowed, and thus to find lingering fragrances and hidden strengths in the remembrance of Him as "in all points tempted like as we are," bearing grief *for* us, bearing grief *with* us, bearing grief *like* us. Oh do not, do not, my brethren, keep these sacred thoughts of Christ's companionship in sorrow, for the larger trials of life. If the mote in the eye be large enough to annoy you, it is large enough to bring out His sympathy; and if the grief be too small for Him to compassionate and share, it is too small for you to be troubled by it. If you are ashamed to apply that Divine thought, "Christ bears this grief with me," to those petty molehills that you magnify into mountains sometimes, think to yourselves that then it is a shame for you to be stumbling over them. But on the other hand, never fear to be irreverent or too familiar in the thought, that Christ is willing to bear and help me to bear, the pettiest, the minutest, and most insignificant of the daily annoyances that may come to ruffle me. Whether it be a poison from one serpent sting, or whether it be poison from a million of buzzing tiny mosquitoes; if there be a smart, go to Him, and He will help you to bear it. He will do more, He will bear it with you, for if so be that we suffer with Him, He suffers with us, and our oneness

with Christ brings about a community of possessions whereby it becomes true of each trusting soul in its relations to Him, that "all mine (joys and sorrows alike) are thine, and all thine are mine."

There remain some other considerations which may be briefly stated, in order to complete the lessons of this text. In the second place, *This community of suffering is a necessary preparation for the community of glory*.

I name this principally for the sake of putting in a caution. The Apostle does not mean to tell us, of course, that if there were such a case as that of a man becoming a son of God, and having no occasion or opportunity afterwards, by brevity of life or other causes, for passing through the discipline of sorrow, his inheritance would be forfeited. We must always take such passages as this, —which seem to make the discipline of the world an essential part of the preparing of us for glory—in conjunction with the other undeniable truth which completes them, that when a man has the love of God in his heart, however feebly, however newly, there and then he is fit for the inheritance. I think that Christian people make vast mistakes sometimes in talking about "being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," about being "ripe for glory," and the like. One thing at any rate is very certain, it is not the discipline that fits. That which fits goes before the discipline, and the discipline only develops the fitness. "God *hath made* us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," says the Apostle. That is a past act. The preparedness for heaven comes at the moment,—if it be a momentary act,—when a man turns to Christ. You may take the lowest and most abandoned form of human character, and in one moment (it is possible, and it is often the case) the entrance into that soul of the feeble germ of that new affliction, shall at once change the whole moral habitude of that man. Though it *be* true, then, that heaven is only open to those who are capable,—by holy aspirations and Divine desires,—of entering into it, it is equally true that such aspirations and desires may be the work of an instant, and may be superinduced in a moment in a heart the most debased and the most degraded. "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise,"—*fit* for the inheritance!

And, therefore, let us not misunderstand such words as this text, and fancy that the necessary discipline, which we have to go through before we are ready for heaven, is necessary in anything like the same sense in which it is necessary that a man should have faith in Christ in order to be saved. The one may be dispensed with, the other cannot. A Christian at any period of his Christian experience, if it please God to take him, is fit for the kingdom. The life *is* life, whether it be the budding beauty and feebleness of childhood, or the strength of manhood, or the maturity and calm peace of old age. But "add to your faith," that "an entrance may be ministered unto you *abundantly*." Remember that though the root of the matter, the seed of the kingdom, may be in you; and that though, therefore, you have a right to feel that, at any period of your Christian experience, if it please God to take you out of this world, you are fit for heaven,—yet in His mercy He is leaving you here, training you, disciplining you, cleansing you, making you to be polished shafts in His quiver; and that all the glowing furnaces of fiery trial and all the cold waters of affliction, are but the preparation through which the rough iron is to be passed before it becomes tempered steel, a shaft in the Master's hand. And so learn to look upon all trial as being at once the seal of your sonship, and the means by which God puts it within your power to win a higher place, a loftier throne, a nobler crown, a closer fellowship with Him "who hath suffered, being tempted," and who will receive into His own blessedness and rest them that are tempted. "The child, though he be an heir, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all; but is under tutors and governors." God puts us to the school of sorrow under that stern tutor and governor here, and gives us the opportunity of "suffering with Christ," that by the daily crucifixion of our old nature, by the lessons and blessings of outward calamities and change, there may grow up in us a still nobler and purer, and perfecter Divine life; and that we may so be made capable—more capable, and capable of more—of that inheritance for which the only necessary thing is the death of Christ, and the only fitness is faith in His name.

Finally, *That inheritance is the necessary result of the suffering* that has gone before. The suffering results from the union with Christ. That union must needs culminate in glory. It is not only because the joy hereafter seems required in order to vindicate God's love to His children, who here reap sorrow from their sonship, that the discipline of life cannot end in blessedness. *That* ground of mere compensation is a low one on which to rest the certainty of future bliss. But the inheritance is sure to all who here suffer with Christ, because the one cause—union with the Lord—produces both the present result of fellowship in His sorrows, and the future result of joy in His joy, of possession in His possessions. The inheritance is sure because Christ possesses it now. The inheritance is sure because earth's sorrows not merely require to be repaid by its peace, but because they have an evident design to fit us for it, and it would be destructive to all faith in God's wisdom, and God's knowledge of His own purposes, not to believe, that what He has wrought for us will be given to us. Trials have no meaning, unless they are means to an end. The end is the inheritance—and sorrows here, as well as the Spirit's work here, are the earnest of the inheritance. Measure the greatness of the glory by what has preceded it. God takes all these years of life, and all the sore trials and afflictions that belong inevitably to an earthly career and works them in, into the blessedness that *shall* come. If a fair measure of the greatness of any result of productive power be the length of time that was taken for getting it ready, we can dimly conceive what that joy must be for which seventy years of strife, and pain, and sorrow, are but a momentary preparation; and what must be the weight of that glory which is the counterpoise and consequence to the afflictions of this lower world. The further the pendulum swings on the one side, the further it goes up on the other. The deeper God plunges the comet into the darkness, out yonder, the closer does it come to the sun at its nearest distance, and the longer does it stand basking and glowing in the full blaze of the glory from the central orb. So in *our* revolution, the measure of the distance from the farthest point of our darkest earthly sorrow, to the throne, may help us to the measure of the closeness of the bright, perfect, perpetual glory above, when we are *on* the throne: for if so be that we are sons, we *must* suffer with Him; if so be that we suffer, we *must* be glorified together!

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

CHRIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—I notice a paragraph in your paper in which it was stated that Mr. Barnes was organising a choir composed of members of the various city church choirs to perform "Full Choral Evensong" in the Cathedral. Now, without expressing an opinion as to the advisability of forcing such a service on an evangelical congregation, may I ask what right Mr. Barnes claims to interfere with the various city church choirs, or why should he, more than the organist of St. George's, St. Luke's or St. Stephen's, call himself "cathedral organist"?

Christ Church (if it be at any time a cathedral) is, as regards its Sunday services, no more nor less than any other church in the city. The organist is appointed and paid by the Rector and Wardens (parish church officers), and is in no way connected with the cathedral body; and although previous organists have assumed the position, they were never anything more than parish church officers, like their confreres in the churches named above.

If Mr. Barnes cannot organise an efficient choir without aid from other choirmasters, let him acknowledge the fact, and draw on their good nature for assistance, but let him not pretend to a position to which he is in no sense entitled.

Yours, &c.,

EPISCOPALIAN.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—I was a good deal surprised to read in the SPECTATOR of last week an article condemning, in common with all similar efforts for charitable purposes, the concert recently given at the Rink in behalf of the yellow fever sufferers; and this on the ground that such concerts conflict with the pecuniary interests of the musical profession. I am pretty well acquainted with the profession in this city, and, unless the writer of the article in question is one of them, I make bold to say that there is not a professional musician in Montreal who entertains so narrow and selfish sentiments as are expressed in the SPECTATOR'S article. In plain English it means: Let the Southern people die, if they must. We have our own interests to protect, and unless we are paid for our services Southern sufferers and anyone else may go to Jericho for all we will do for them.

It's well enough to talk about asking money subscriptions, but musicians, like other people, have need of all that commodity that they can command, and, as a rule, it is much easier for them to sing a song or play a solo than to subscribe money. The idea that they must not do this, if so disposed, lest they prevent some one else from earning a fee, is about as reasonable as it would be to claim that a gentleman must not send his private carriage to give a needy invalid a drive, because his doing so might possibly prevent a city carter from getting a job. I cannot help thinking that the profession of this city will not thank their self-constituted champion for advancing in their behalf such a doctrine as this. If any of them, at any time, see fit to give either money or their services for a charitable object, I have yet to learn that it is not their undoubted right to do so.

CHARITY.

Montreal, October 9th, 1878.

THE "REFORMED" EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

DEAR SIR,—In writing over a *nom de plume*, I have only availed myself of the privilege usually granted to correspondents; but since this seems to have given grievous offence to Dr. Ussher, I will at once remove what seems to me to be a mere "straw of stumbling," and in the future I will sign my full name and "claim the verdict of the public on the point."

Dr. Ussher states that the "Reformed" Episcopal Prayer Book, with the exception of the one point of Baptismal Regeneration, is identical with the Second Book of Edward VI. But I find the latter contains the Absolution in its declaratory form, and in the service for the Ordination of Priests, the only form inserted, was, "Receive the Holy Ghost," &c., both of which points have been omitted in the Cummins Prayer Book. In fact, it was into the Second Book of Edward VI, that the Reformers inserted in the Baptismal Service for infants the declaration, "Seeing * * * that this child is regenerate," and in the thanksgiving, "That it hath pleased Thee to regenerate this infant," &c.

In the "Reformed" book, provision is made for the introduction of extempore prayers into the service, which was not done in the Second Book of Edward VI.

In the Memorials of Lord Cecil it is recorded that extempore prayer was first introduced into public worship in England (A.D. 1567) by Cummins, a Jesuit, who was engaged by Pope Pius V., and sowed the seeds of dissension in the English Church by teaching that the English Prayer Book was not only unscriptural in its teachings but also that it was the Roman Mass in disguise and that in order to pray spiritually one must pray extemporaneously. From the similarity of the arguments used by the Jesuit Cummins with those employed by "Bishop" Cummins and his followers to induce disaffected persons to leave the Church, may not this latter movement owe its origin to Jesuitical intrigue and machination?

In order to show the utter incorrectness of Dr. Ussher's assertion that the First Book of Edward VI. was "Romish in its teachings," I will give from I. H. Blunt a brief summary of the doctrinal points in Edward's First Book regarding Romanism. (1.) Rejection of the supremacy of the Pope. (2.) Transubstantiation was declared to be no doctrine of the Anglo-Catholic Church. (3.) Roman purgatory was repudiated. (4.) Worship of the Blessed

Virgin and the Saints was removed from the devotional offices. (5.) Two Sacraments only, viz., Baptism and Holy Eucharist, were set forth as being generally necessary to salvation.

Perhaps it was nothing more than *forgetfulness* that caused Dr. Ussher to omit all mention of the fact that when Mr. Oxenham waited upon Cardinal Manning as the representative of Ritualists he did so entirely upon his own responsibility, without any authority from his party, and his conduct was strongly censured by the leading Ritualists in the English papers at the time.

Dean Hook and Archbishop Usher both prove that (A.D. 182) a school was founded for the training of teachers for the British Church.

In the records of the Council of Arles (A.D. 314, nearly three hundred years before Augustine landed in Britain,) we find that three Bishops of the British Church were present, viz: Eborius of York, Restitutius of London, and Adelfius of Caerleon; and at the Councils of Sardicæ (A.D. 347) and Arminium (A.D. 367) the British Church was represented by her bishops. In the latter part of the fourth century, Augustine and Jerome tell us that the Church in Britain was not only in a flourishing state but also that it was orthodox in faith. In the beginning of the fifth century, the Church in Britain was troubled by Pelagianism, whose founder was Morgan, a native of Wales; and Germanius, one of the Gallican Bishops not under Rome, came over in order to assist the British Bishops in confuting this heresy. According to the Saxon writer Bede, shortly after Augustine's arrival in England he held a conference with the British Bishops to settle the question concerning the Easter Day festival.

In the face of all these facts Dr. Ussher has no grounds whatever for asserting that the existence of a branch of the Church Catholic in Britain prior to Augustine's time is a piece of "modern unhistorical bosh."

F. C. LAWRENCE, M. D., (RITUALIST).

MUSICAL.

THE STRAKOSCH CONCERTS.

These concerts, for which we have waited so anxiously and expectantly, took place in the Academy of Music on Monday and Tuesday evenings. We recommended these concerts to our readers, because, so far as we knew, the troupe was a good one, Misses Cary and Kellogg and Madame Rivé-King being known to us as artists, and the host of additional talent promised by Mr. Strakosch, comprising (as we innocently supposed) some of the finest European singers, picked up by Mr. Strakosch in his travels, was sufficient to make us anticipate a musical feast of rare excellence.

That the concerts as a whole did not come up to our expectations we are now compelled to admit; nay more, that there has been deliberate misrepresentation on the part of Mr. Strakosch or his agents we unhesitatingly assert, and we think it our duty to denounce this practice of promising a certain entertainment, and giving one immeasurably inferior. Montreal people have been so frequently misled by extravagant advertisements that they are getting to mistrust everybody, and honest concert-givers, who go simply upon their merits, have no chance of obtaining an audience.

Mr. Strakosch is one of the *most promising* men of the age. With "Parturiunt montes" for a motto, he announced "grand operatic concerts" by his entire troupe, including Misses Kellogg and Cary, Madame Litta, Signor Rosnati, *the finest tenor in Europe*, Herr Henry Wertberg, Signor Pomptaloni, Mr. Gottschalk, Mr. Conly, *premier basso of the world*, and Herr Weizand as vocalists; Mesdames Maretzek and Rivé-King as instrumentalists. One soprano, two contraltos, two tenors, two baritones, two basses, and these *culled from the leading opera-houses and concert halls of the world*!! it fairly took our breath away, and with busy pen we implored our readers not to miss this rare opportunity.

Now what *did* we hear—two concerts certainly, two instrumentalists, one soprano, *one* contralto, *one* tenor, *one* basso, and *no baritones at all*!! Madame Litta, the great contralto, Herr Westberg, the fine European tenor; Signori Pomptaloni and Gottschalk, the eminent basses, did not even look at us or say—"We are here; we think you would rather not hear us sing, as we are only hired to fill out the bills with our high-sounding German names, but *we are in existence at any rate*, and have come to let you look at us."

Of the nine vocalists announced, four only appeared, the majority being conspicuous by their absence. Of those who *did* sing, we would say Miss Cary sang, as she always does, like an artist, Miss Kellogg sang with taste and expression, and proved her right to her high position, but as for the rest. We give Mr. Strakosch his choice of resting under the imputation of having wilfully misled the public, or being no judge of singing, and unfit to cater for public entertainments. *Mr. Conly, the first basso in the world*! go and hear Whitney next week at the Rink, go to New York and hear Foli—nay, do not mention such singers at all. Have we not heard in this very city Messrs. Campbell, Winch and many others far superior? Conly has a good voice, and, with proper training, may yet take rank as a singer, but we judge him as we hear him, and the heading of one of the advertisements on the programme, "A Singing Type-founder," a more fitting appellation than a singing musician.

Rosnati cannot compare with Conly for a moment; Mr. Strakosch was evidently joking when he sent him to appear before such an audience as "the first tenor in Europe. Our amateur tenors are all about to resign their situations and go into the profession; you may say "non e ver," but we have heard Mattee's fine song much better sung by amateurs.

We have done now with the vocalists, and have the pleasanter task of noticing the performance of Mesdames Maretzek and Rivé-King. Madame Maretzek's performance on the harp pleased us very much. Her playing is clear and brilliant, the greatest difficulties being managed with perfect ease; in the quieter passages she played with taste and judgment, and left us nothing to criticise even were we so disposed.

As for Madame Rivé-King, it is seldom we have listened to a finer pianiste. Her technique is without a fault, her execution neat and brilliant, whilst her various pieces were rendered in a thoroughly artistic manner. Liszt seems her favourite, as she played his Hungarian Fantasia at the first concert, and his arrangement of the "Tannhäuser" March at the second; we

preferred, however, the fugue by Guilmant, which was played clearly and evenly throughout, the grand chords at the close being drawn out of the magnificent piano (we never heard a finer instrument) with skilful fingers. Madame Rivé-King's playing did much to give an artistic air to the concerts, but she seemed to us to be out of place. We regret that such a musician should have to play second fiddle to mere opera singers, and hope the day is not far distant when an artist will be duly appreciated.

Mr. Strakosch has broken faith with the people of Montreal, and we hope that if ever he comes here again they will show him plainly that had he announced honestly what he intended to perform it would in the long run be better for his own interests.

Since writing the above we have received a visit from Mr. Conly with reference to our notice of last week. He says he never claimed to be superior to Whitney or authorised the announcement made on the bills, and throws the blame on an advertising agent named Wallace, who knows nothing about music.

We feel for Mr. Conly, and think he has been placed in a very awkward position. But the bills appeared, the public paid their money, and we must criticise accordingly.

THE ORATORIO.

Music is universally acknowledged to have an elevating and refining influence. In almost every grade of society, music of some kind or another, plays an important part in furnishing pure and refined entertainment, which physiologists declare to be absolutely necessary to the preservation of health. In private we play or sing in order to get a little relaxation from the toil and cares of everyday life; or, if we are unable to do so, we ask those who can to play or sing for us, and find pleasure in listening to the sweet sounds produced by their melodious voices or skilful fingers.

Originally music consisted for the most part of melody only, the chorus, if any, being sung in unison; but as harmony was developed and grew to be a science, songs were written consisting of two, three, four or more parts, and still later we have every shade and quality of tone produced by means of the grand modern orchestra. With such resources at their command, it is no wonder that the great musicians sought for some form of composition other than the solo or part song on which to expend their giant strength—some grand art work consisting of both solos and concerted pieces, in which the combined forces of vocal and instrumental music could be used with the greatest effect and advantage.

A combination of the musical and dramatic art, known as opera, was invented, and is still considered by many to be the highest form of musical composition. While there can be no doubt that music and poetry can be satisfactorily wedded together, it is quite questionable if the opera is a true art work at all; it seems to us to be (like the painting of a ship with real canvas sails and rigging) a combination of the real and the artistic or imaginary, which is always unsatisfactory to the true artist, who strives by means of the resources of his art alone to exert an influence over mankind, without the assistance of real or natural objects.

A strict analogy between music and painting cannot be made. The painter imitates something that exists somewhere; his colours are formed into shapes familiar to the eye, and the closer the resemblance is to nature, the more highly do we esteem the painting. Music, on the contrary, does not imitate anything that exists; it excites in the listener certain emotions, which science has so far been unable to unravel or explain, but which affect all in a greater or less degree, although no words or sentiments may be spoken at all.

The drama is, as it pretends to be, a representation of real life; actors talk, look, and gesticulate as they suppose those they represent would do. The opera is not a representation of real life, and in many instances is not only senseless but positively absurd. In the "Magic Flute," for instance, Astria-fiamente, having lost her daughter, gives vent to her feelings by singing the song "Lonely reef," &c., and then starts off into a brilliant aria in bravura style, which under the circumstances could only be expected from an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Several attempts have been made to dramatise grand musical works, such as "Acis and Galatea," "Esther," &c., but they have always been utter failures, people preferring to exercise their imagination freely, without having the characters burlesqued by a ridiculous representation. Fancy, for instance, an opera called "The Creation." Adam and Eve walking through painted scenery, with artificial lions, tigers, &c., walking across a wooden stage, the loving couple (we mean the gentleman and lady) singing duets in the most approved modern fashion, with trills, roulades and cadenzas interspersed; it might do very well as a burlesque or for a children's entertainment, but to the adult mind the incongruity would appear too ridiculous. In "Lucia di Lammermoor," the tenor, stabbed to the heart, instead of sending for a physician or a clergyman, throws out his chest and sings the finest song in the opera, evincing no sign of weakness to the close.

Most of the great musicians have tried their skill at opera. Some (notably Beethoven and Mozart) have succeeded in writing such exquisite music that all absurdities and incongruities are overlooked for the moment, and the ear is delighted with the magnificent strains. Still, we hardly think anyone will claim that Handel, Beethoven, Mozart or Mendelssohn are known to fame as operatic composers; even Rossini (who has written several fine operas) is known generally as the composer of the *Stabat Mater*.

Handel's operas were utter failures; his solos were too solid for the public taste, and his choruses too massive and scholarly for the loungers in the pit of the theatre; so he invented a new form of art work called "oratorio," in which the musician appeals to the imagination of the listener, exerting his power solely through the medium of sound, and unaided by dress, gesture, or gaudy scenery. This we take to be the highest and purest form of art; and the grandest musical works, and those by which the great composers attained their world-wide fame, are oratorios and symphonies.

Handel's "Messiah," "Samson" and "Israel in Egypt"; Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons"; Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" and "Mount of Olives"; Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" and "Elijah"; in fact, all the masterpieces of harmony are in this form.

Mozart confined himself chiefly to masses, his "Requiem" and "Twelfth"

Masses being superior as choral works to any of his operas. Haydn left operas almost if not entirely alone. Mendelssohn tried his hand at one, but only, like Beethoven, to show that he could do it.

Wagner, in the present day, has discovered that opera, as we know it, is a false form of art, and has got a little nearer the truth by letting everyday life alone and taking mythical subjects for his operas. But the great power of the oratorio lies in the fact that instead of mythical legends and conventional love-making, we have for our subjects scenes and characters which actually existed in olden time, and with which, from our early education, we are all familiar. Then, as a rule, the music of Handel, Haydn and their fellows is wedded to the poetry of such men as Milton, Dryden and Thomson, which is so vastly superior to the ephemeral trash of our libretto-writers.

As regards the relative position of opera and oratorio singers, we think much misconception exists. Most people regard an opera-singer as a musical artist, when she is really only a good actress with a powerful voice. We are well aware that many of our most celebrated prime donne (the late Mdlle. Titiens, for example) have taken a high rank in both branches of the art; still we consider that it would be much easier for an oratorio singer to perform in opera than for an operatic singer to sing an oratorio effectively, the latter requiring more skill and vocal culture, and the accessories of dress, gesture, &c., being wanting, more attention is paid to the tone, phrasing, &c., of the oratorio singer. We have known many amateurs get through an opera fairly, but never heard any amateur perform one of Handel's works even tolerably. The opera is still fashionable amongst the elite of London and Paris; but musical people are beginning to patronise Exeter Hall and the Symphony Concerts. On this continent, not having had the opportunity of hearing operas at all, we must be excused for patronising them for a few years longer. But the day is not far distant when musical people will be educated to listen to the best musical works only, and the days of "La donna e mobile" and "O luce di quest'anima" will be numbered.

A LITTLE opera in one act, entitled "Le Pain Bis," will shortly be produced at the Paris Opéra Comique. The music is by M. Theodore Dubois, and the book by MM. Brunswick and de Brauplan. Rumour predicts a great success for the work, equal to that of "Les Noces de Jeannette." M. Carvalho's programme for the ensuing season at the same theatre contains the following new works.—"Un Jour de Noces" (three acts), by MM. Sardon, de Najac, and Delfès; "Suzanne" (three acts), by MM. Lecroy, Cormon, and Paladilhe; "Zingarella" (one act), by MM. Jules Adenis, Montini, and O'Kelly; "Le Vizir dans l'Embaras" (one act), by MM. Ernest de Calonne, Gustave Roger, and Emile Bourgeois; and "L'Urne," by MM. Octave Feuillet, Jules Barbier, and Eugène Ortolan.

MDLLE. VAILLANT has achieved a complete success at her *début* at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels in M. Gounod's "Mireille." A breach of contract seems to be the sure means of earning popularity for a singer. Brussels has not seen a more enthusiastic or brilliant reception than that accorded to her. It was natural that the circumstances attending her engagement should cause some interest, but it is due to her own remarkable talent that her first appearance was one continued ovation. MM. Halanzier and Carvalho, the managers of the subsidized opera-houses in Paris had a right to command her services, being a pupil of the Conservatoire, but Signor Calabresi offered her better terms to appear in the Belgian capital, and in spite of a fine of 15,000 fr. with costs, she determined to accept them. The order of the French tribunal, by the way, cannot be enforced in Brussels, as it is a civil cause.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN, M.P., presided on Tuesday last at the opening of the National Welsh Eisteddfod at Birkenhead. The chief competition, for a price of £60 and a gold medal for the best renderings of three anthems, was won by the Acrefair Philharmonic Society of Ruabon.

SOMETHING NEW IN LABELS.—An old newspaper man from Ohio has started a drug store in the city of Detroit, and a local paper, commenting on his innovations, remarks that he will either be a millionaire during the next three years, or "bust" in less than six months. His store is very cheerful. Skulls, crutches, forceps, chromos, bones, false teeth, almanacs, parrots, and sticks of bottle without an original label. On one drawer he has: "Glue—She sticks slowly and chew fine." On another: "Paris green—Sure in its operation—lasting in its effects." The label on one of the bottles reads: "Buy some of me and stop that blamed cough." On another: "I'm sal. petre—who are you?" On another: "Prussic acid—Don't fool around with a revolver." Hanging against the wall is a beautiful sign, which reads: "If you don't want to ask for a fine comb, point your finger at me!" At the back end of the store is a still missing lamb. Sometimes you find him in the bedstead. I keep the stuff to make him weary of life. Don't ask for bed-bug poison, but call it 'The Lost Lamb Restorative.' I shall know what you mean." The front of the store bears several happy thoughts. Among them is one reading: "Walk right in here if you had buckwheat for breakfast last winter." Another says: "I can cure that red nose in just fourteen days." A third reads: "You man with the catarrh—please step this way.—*Homoeopathic World*."

On our outer sheet will be seen a list of testimonials referring to the Holman Liver Pad. Mr. Notman, the owner of the right to vend the Pad in Canada, assures us that under no circumstances whatever has a single testimonial ever been solicited, but they have always been sent unasked, and that the success of the Pad is due to its intrinsic merits.

MARRIED.

WITCHER—WICKSTEED.—On the 2nd instant, at Christ Church, Ottawa, by the Rev. James Boydell, B.A., brother-in-law of the bridegroom, assisted by Archdeacon Lauder, Arthur Henry Witcher, Esq., Inspector of Surveys, Winnipeg, Manitoba, to Martha Henrietta, second daughter of Gustavus Wm. Wicksteed, Q.C., Law Clerk, House of Commons.

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MANUFACTURER OF
FIRE PROOF SAFES,
49 St. Joseph Street,
MONTREAL.

HAMILTON & CO.,
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
105 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
(Opposite Dupre Lane)
MONTREAL.

"The Culexifuge is indeed an Insect-Drive,
for amid clouds of Mosquitoes I fished un-
harmed."

[TRADE MARK.]
CULEXIFUGE,
—OR—
SPORTSMAN'S FRIEND ;
A SURE PROTECTION

Against the attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Fleas
and Anis. In pocket bottles.
For sale by J. A. Harte, C. J. Covernton, corner of
Bleury and Dorchester streets, and Kerry, Watson
& Co.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY
FURNISHED BY THE
ETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This Company having transacted business in Canada
so acceptably for twenty-seven years past as to have,
to-day, the largest Canada income of any Life Com-
pany save one (and a larger proportional income than
even that one).

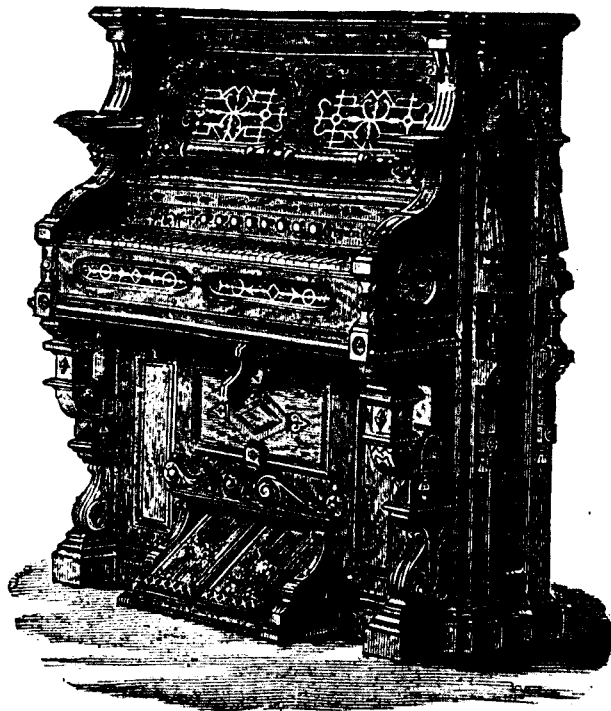
NOW ANNOUNCES
that it will deposit, in the hands of the Government of
Canada, at Ottawa, the whole RESERVE, or RE-INSUR-
ANCE FUND, from year to year, upon each Policy
issued in Canada after the 31st March, 1878. Every
such Policy will then be as secure as if issued by the
Government of Canada itself, so far as the safety of
the funds is concerned.

The importance of having even a strong Company,
like the **ETNA LIFE**, backed by Government Deposits,
will be appreciated when attention is directed to the
millions of money lost, even in our own Canada,
through the mismanagement of Directors and others
during a very few years past.
Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,
J. R. ALEXANDER, M.D., Manager.
EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,
ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.

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CAPTIVATE THE WORLD.



EVERY INSTRUMENT
FULLY WARRANTED.

PRE-EMINENT FOR
PURITY OF TONE.

Having not only received Diploma of Honor and Medal of Highest Merit at the United
States Centennial International Exhibition, but having been UNANIMOUSLY
PRONOUNCED, BY THE WORLD'S BEST JUDGES, AS SUPERIOR
TO ALL OTHERS.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

ADDRESS:

CLOUGH & WARREN ORGAN CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.

LILLA & EDWARDS'
DEK HO

BRITISH-INDIA CHUTNEY
SAUCE

NOW IS THE TIME!

HAVING decided to go exclusively into
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, I will
this Fall sell off my entire Stock of STAPLE AND
FANCY DRY GOODS, at startling prices. Having
the best Stock in the West End, this is an oppor-
tunity seldom met with of securing the best Goods
at low prices.

BUY YOUR DRY GOODS AT
THOS. BRADY'S
400 ST. JOSEPH ST. 400.

Testimonial to the efficacy of
SUTTON'S PHILOTETRON.
Montreal, March 21st, 1877.

Mr. Thos. Sutton:
DEAR SIR,—I wish to express my thanks to you for
the use of your splendid "Philotetron for the Hair."
I cordially recommend it to all. It has stopped my
hair from falling out, and it has since grown as thick
as ever it was.
Yours, &c.,
W. S. HARPER.
Prepared only by
THOMAS SUTTON,
114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.



ESTABLISHED 1850.
J. H. WALAER,
WOOD ENGRAVER,
13 Place d'Armes Hill,
Near Craig street.

Having dispensed with
all assistance, I beg to indi-
cate that I will now devote
my entire attention to the
artistic production of the
better class of work.
Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

Henry & Wilson,

236 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

HILL & CORMACK,

AUCTIONEERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND VALUATORS,

Montreal.

LIBERAL ADVANCE MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS.

Sale-Rooms, 65 St. James Street.

Post-Office Box 759.

C. F. HILL,

M. CORMACK.

REFERENCE:

- HON. HENRY STARNES, Montreal.
- MESSRS. CLENDINNING & EUARD, Montreal.
- MESSRS. JUDAK & BRANCAUD, Montreal.
- OGILVY & Co., Toronto, Ont.
- J. D. LAIDLAW, Toronto, Ont.
- LAIDLAW, NICOL & Co., Stayner, Ont.

CANADA PAPER CO.,

374 to 378 ST. PAUL STREET,

MONTREAL.

Works at Windsor Mills and Sherbrooke, P. Q.

Manufacturers of Writing, Book, News and Colored
Papers; Manila, Brown and Grey Wrappings; Felt
and Match Paper. Importers of all Goods required by
Stationers and Printers.
Dominion Agents for the Celebrated Gray's Fairy
Printing and Lithographic Inks and Varnishes.

Insolvent Act of 1875

AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the Matter of

MULHOLLAND & BAKER,

Insolvents.

The magnificent Property, belonging to the Estate
of Mr. HENRY MULHOLLAND, fronting on Sherbrooke,
Drummond and Mountain Streets, has been sub-
divided into lots, and will be sold by Public Auction,
at the rooms of John J. Arnton, Auctioneer, on
**TUESDAY, the 22nd October next, at Eleven
o'clock in the Forenoon.**

Particulars in future advertisement.

Plans of the Property and full information may be
obtained from Mr. Arnton, or from the Assignee.

JOHN J. ARNTON,
Auctioneer.

JOHN FAIR,
Assignee.

Montreal, 25th September, 1878.

Insolvent Act of 1875

AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of

**JEAN BAPTISTE PARDELLIAN and JAMES
EATHORNE,** both of the City and District of
Montreal, Auctioneers, Commission Merchants
and Traders, and there doing business together
in copartnership, under the name, style and
firm of PARDELLIAN & EATHORNE,
Insolvents.

A Writ of Attachment has issued in this cause, and
the Creditors are notified to meet at the office of
LAJOIE, PERRAULT AND SEATH, No. 64, 66 and 68 St.
James street, in the City of Montreal, on

**WEDNESDAY, the Sixteenth Day of October,
1878, at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon,**

To receive statements of affairs, to appoint an
Assignee, if they see fit, and for the ordering of the
Estate generally.

L. JOSEPH LAJOIE,

Official Assignee.

Office of LAJOIE, PERRAULT & SEATH,
Montreal, Sept. 28th, 1878.

Insolvent Act of 1875

AND AMENDING ACTS.

CANADA
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal.

SUPERIOR COURT.

WILLIAM DONALDSON, of the City and District
of Montreal, Agent,

Plaintiff,

VS.

RICHARD R. MILLOY, of the City and District
of Montreal, Trader,

Defendant.

A Writ of Attachment has issued in this cause.

GEORGE BURY,

Official Assignee.

Office of BURY & MYCINTOSH,
Molson's Bank Chambers,
Montreal, 4th October, 1878.

GALBRAITH & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 378 Notre Dame Street, (Corner of St. John St.)

MONTREAL.

JOHN GALBRAITH, Manager.

MOVING! MOVING!!

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR MOVING

AT

360 DORCHESTER STREET,

SIMPSON'S EXPRESS.

ORGAN.

A PERFECTLY NEW BELL & CO. ORGAN
for sale very cheap. Original price, \$305. En-
quire at CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office.

FOR SALE.

ONE OR TWO BRAND NEW SINGER
SEWING MACHINES of the best pattern.
Address, P. O. Bbx 350, Montreal.

VICTORIA MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, Hamilton, Ontario. W. D. BOOKER, Secretary. GEO. H. MILLS, President.

WATER WORKS BRANCH: Continues to issue policies—short date or for three years—on property of all kinds within range of the city water system, or other localities having efficient water works.

GENERAL BRANCH: On Farm or other non-hazardous property only. RATES—Exceptionally low, and prompt payment of losses.

MONTREAL OFFICE: 4 HOSPITAL STREET. EDWD. T. TAYLOR, Agent.

MONTREAL Philharmonic Society.

SEASON 1878-9.

The subscription list is now open at De Zouche's Music Store, St. James street. It is proposed to give three Concerts during the coming season, with full Orchestra and Choir, assisted in the Solo parts by Artists of the highest reputation; and the Committee are determined that no effort or outlay shall be wanting on their part to ensure a proper rendering of the works selected for performance. Public rehearsals will also be given previous to each Concert.

The Subscription will be, as heretofore, \$10; Subscribers, who are limited to three hundred in number, receiving two tickets for each of the three concerts, and the same number for each public rehearsal. Additional Tickets for these Concerts may be purchased by the Subscribers, before the plan is opened to the general public, and the like privilege of choice of seats will also be accorded them in the event of any extra concerts being given by the Society.

All persons possessing good voices and having a knowledge of music, are eligible for membership. The subscription for gentlemen is \$10, ladies are not subjected to any charge. Application for membership may be made to the Secretary, 60 St. James Street, or to the conductor at any of the practices.

ARTHUR M. PERKINS, Secretary-Treasurer.

MUSIC LESSONS.

Piano, \$8.00; Piano beginners, \$5.00; Singing, \$18.00. Per Term of Ten Weeks.

Apply to DR. MACLAGAN, 31 VICTORIA STREET.

HENRY PRINCE,

305 NOTRE DAME STREET.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

GEORGE PAYNE, GUN MAKER.

Dealer in Fishing Tackle and Sportsmen's Requisites. Repairs promptly attended to.

111 St. Antoine St., Corner Cathedral St., MONTREAL.

MERCER'S HYPOFOSFIC ELIXIR

The True Elixir of Life.



This elegant preparation surpasses all other health restoring tonics, acting through the blood on the brain, nerves, muscles and tissues. Its influence is rapidly felt and it is invaluable in all cases of nervous debility, lassitude arising from over work or anxiety, and all liver, chest, and rheumatic complaints. It greatly hastens recovery and restores strength after sickness of every kind.

Ordinary Dose one Teaspoonful in Water, PREPARED IN THE LABORATORY OF

NATHAN MERCER & CO., MONTREAL.

Price one Dollar. Sold by all Druggists.

ALBERT I. ULLEY, CANADA BRUSH WORKS, 18 and 20 LITTLE ST. ANTOINE STREET.

All Brushes from this establishment bear the mark and are warranted.

No connection with any other factory or shop. OBSERVE THE ADDRESS.

ABSORPTION vs. DISEASE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

FIVE HUNDRED TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED (UNSOLICITED) FROM WELL KNOWN GENTLEMEN LIVING IN OUR MIDST OF WHAT THE HOLMAN PAD HAS DONE FOR THEM.

NO OTHER SYSTEM OF TREATMENT CAN SHOW SUCH A RESULT.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

FENELON FALLS, Ont., 26th April, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., 301 Notre Dame street, Montreal.

GENTLEMEN.—With feelings of gratitude and pleasure I add my testimonial to the many you have already received, as to the wonderful effects produced by your valuable Liver Pad. I commenced wearing the Pad five weeks ago. Previous to that time I suffered from indigestion, bilious headache and diarrhoea. When I had worn the Pad two weeks my health began to improve. My general health is now good and I consider myself cured.

Yours truly,

REV. WM. LOHEAD.

St. MARY'S, Ont., May 21st, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

GENTLEMEN.—Having for several years been a sufferer from biliousness, and having tried a great many kinds of medicine, all of which failed even to relieve me, I was induced by a friend to procure one of Holman's Liver Pads and wear it. I did so, with gratifying results. I have worn it for over two months, and feel a different man; I have no doubt but a second Pad will effect a permanent cure. I have advised others to procure and wear a Pad, all of whom are satisfied with its results. It is a pity that the Pad is not for sale in every town and city in the Dominion, instead of having to order a Pad when needed, and wait until it comes. Were they kept on hand in the drug stores, more would be sold. I am addressing every bilious person with whom I come in contact to do as I have done.

Yours truly,

REV. JAMES G. CALDER.

Pastor of the Regular Baptist Church.

GANANOQUE, Nov. 6th, 1877.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

DEAR SIRS.—After wearing the Pad for two weeks I felt like another man. It is now four weeks since I put it on, and I am now enjoying good health. I shall, with pleasure, recommend Holman's Pad to all parties suffering from liver complaints, etc., etc.

Yours respectfully,

REV. WM. JOLIFFE.

FULLARTON, Sept. 17, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., 301 Notre Dame street, Montreal:

GENTLEMEN.—Being much troubled at times with Tropic Liver I was induced to try your Liver Pad. I am happy to say that I have been very greatly benefited by its use for Liver troubles. I am convinced that there is no remedy equal to it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others.

Yours truly,

I am, Gentlemen, truly yours,

REV. D. LAING.

STRATFORD, July 2nd, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., 301 Notre Dame street, Montreal:

DEAR SIRS.—By the advice of my friend, Mr. Inglis, of your city, you sent me a "Holman Liver Pad" nearly four weeks ago. It is a matter of advice, etc., etc., and I requested you to let me know what effect the Pad was producing in about ten days. Well, sir, in the advertisement of the Pad had been sent I never would have purchased one, and the idea of letting you know in ten days the beneficial results from simply wearing it seemed to me, who had been suffering for nearly six months, a sort of cruel joke. However, as the Pad was to hand I resolved, after reading the "lecture" sent, to give it a trial, but I confess I had no faith in its efficacy. Well, thanks to the discoverer of the Pad, it seems to require no faith on the part of the wearer to be benefited by it. I was astonished at the end of ten days, to find that the pain I suffered on attempting to take a full inspiration had, as well the cough, almost left me. Please find enclosed \$5 to pay for the Pad sent, and also for another, which I hope will complete the work so well begun. I am truly thankful for the relief I have found from the use of this Magic Little "Doctor Pad." Long life to him! Please also convey my thanks to Mr. Inglis for having sent it.

Very respectfully yours,

G. Y. MAITLAND.

CLIFTON, May 20th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

DEAR SIRS.—Having tried one of Holman's Pads for constipation and torpid liver, after being two years under medical treatment and one year that I was compelled to use drugs every night, I find the Pad has done more for me than any other thing I ever used. From the day I put it on I required no medicine, and feel the most beneficial results, and find it all that is claimed for it. I heartily recommend it to all who suffer from the above complaint.

Yours very truly,

JAMES C. ROSS.

Citton, Susp. Bridge, Ont.

MONTREAL, March 26th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

GENTLEMEN.—I take great pleasure in recommending Holman's Pad. I was troubled with dyspepsia for the last five years. After wearing the Pad for three days I felt a great change, and now I can say I am entirely cured after wearing the Pad thirty days.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS LAPOINTE.

115 St. George Street.

Office of the Travellers' Insurance Co.'s Agency at

DRUMMONDVILLE, Ont., Nov. 2nd, 1877.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

GENTLEMEN.—This is to certify that I have used one of Holman's Fever and Ague Liver Pads, and have derived great benefit from the same, and would most cheerfully recommend to all who are suffering from dyspepsia or any such cause to procure one at once.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD BROWN.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

DEAR SIRS.—With pleasure I communicate to you the benefit I have received in the use of your Fever and Ague Liver Pad. From the first day I put it on it again left me, and I now feel comfortable; it also acted on my bowels like a charm, and I feel thankful to my Heavenly Father, that my attention was directed to it, and also to you. I have certainly become your missionary for your Pad and Plasters. Please find enclosed \$3 for Pad and Plasters, and address them to Mrs. Hoggarth, Ingersoll, Ont.

Yours truly,

JAMES C. BENT.

MONTREAL, April 16th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., 301 Notre Dame Street, Montreal:

DEAR SIRS.—I have much pleasure in stating that the Holman Fever and Ague Liver Pad I bought from you and wore during two weeks has produced very good results. I believe it to be all that you claim, and that it has been greatly instrumental in curing me of acute exsima and blood poisoning, from which I have been suffering for some months.

Believe me, dear sirs, yours gratefully,

RUDOLPH BETANCOURT.

Traveller for J. Rastry & Co.

BATTLEFORD, Manitoba, July 29th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., 301 Notre Dame Street, Montreal:

GENTLEMEN.—I have been using the Pad for about a month for Lumbago and Rheumatic pains in hips and thighs. Since putting on the Pad I have improved daily, and now I am almost well. Enclosed please find five dollars for another special Pad and three body Plasters, which please forward by mail.

Yours respectfully,

J. B. MAHONEY.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD COMPANY.

Head Office—MONTREAL, 301 Notre Dame Street; TORONTO, 71 King Street West; HALIFAX, 119 Hollis Street.

DESCRIPTION OF SHAW'S GREAT WHOLESALE & RETAIL FURNITURE

AND PIANO ESTABLISHMENT

724, 726 & 728 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

This is the Wholesale and Retail Agency for the largest Furniture Manufacturer in the great walnut growing countries of the United States, from which the Furniture is sent in the rough, and fitted up, finished and upholstered in the finest style on the premises, thus enabling the purchaser to procure the best material and workmanship of the American manufacturers at the least possible cost. A fair portion of the furniture of the Windsor Hotel, and all the furniture of the new Ottawa Hotel, was purchased at this Establishment. Shipments are made daily to towns in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island.

DESCRIPTION OF THE BUILDING (728).—The basement floor of the main building contains Common Chairs and Tables, Kitchen Furniture, Mattresses, Gasaliers, Crockery, Oilcloth, Carpets (new and second hand), and Cheap Mirrors and Pictures.

THE PIANO SALE ROOM (724) is also situated on this flat which has a separate entrance at the west front of the building on Craig street, and is approached by a descent of a few steps from the sidewalk. The fine flag pavement front was laid down without expense to the Corporation, and has an arch vault underneath for the reception of coal. The building was erected by Mr. Shaw a few years ago at an expense of \$37,000, and with land is said to be worth about \$70,000. It is about 43 x 150 feet, comprises about 30,000 square feet of flooring, is heated with steam and is said to be one of the finest and best arranged stores in Montreal.

THE PRINCIPAL FLAT, MAIN ENTRANCE. (720) comprises a magnificent display of Bedroom Furniture, including the new Elizabeth, Queen Anne and Eastlake styles, in great variety and beauty of style and workmanship; also Bookcases, Wardrobes, Desks, Library and Centre Tables, Sideboards, Music Stands, Bedroom Chairs and Ladies' Couches, in hair cloth, reps and morocco leather; Ladies' Writing Desks and Work Tables in great variety.

SECOND FLAT (APPROACHED BY A LARGE STAIRCASE AND STEAM ELEVATOR).—This flat comprises the Drawing-room and Parlor Suites in hair cloth, terry, reps, satins and broadcloths in great variety of style, in Carved Walnut wood, and upholstered in soft and luxurious styles, very rich and comfortable; the large Mantel Mirrors and elegant Morocco Leather covered Dining Chairs and Couches will also be found here; also the Store-room for Silks, Morocco, Cretonnes and Curtain Stuffs.

THE THIRD FLAT is the large Store-room where the finished goods are arranged and prepared for shipping and delivery, the great steam elevator being kept almost constantly going for this purpose.

THE FOURTH AND FIFTH FLATS are occupied by the workmen polishing furniture in oil and varnish. The upholstery room is situated in the west hall of the 4th flat and is a lofty, well ventilated room, with every appliance for the work carried on.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.—This is one of the largest branches of business carried on by Mr. Shaw. Being the Wholesale Agent of several of the leading manufacturers in the United States, he sells to the trade, schools, convents, and private parties probably more than all the other dealers in the city. In this way music teachers and others are able to procure a good instrument at about one-half the usual selling price. Mr. Shaw has now for sale the celebrated Pianos of Albert Weber and Chickering & Sons, as well as the "Hale" and "Vose" Pianos, which he sells at the wholesale price, and guarantees every instrument for five years.

TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS, in this way, will purchase a first-class Rosewood Piano, 7 octaves, with all the late Additions and other improvements, and at this price is boxed and delivered free on board cars or boat. All pianos shipped are carefully regulated and tuned before packing, so that the purchaser will be sure to have a first class instrument ready for use on landing. The same may be said of the Organs, large number of which are sold and shipped from this House. In this way many families in moderate circumstances are enjoying the pleasures of the Piano and Organ, who otherwise could not purchase it, and recently some of the well-to-do families, induced by the general money stringency, prefer sending to Mr. Shaw direct for their Pianos rather than pay nearly twice the price for inferior instruments to travelling agents and tuners, whose commissions are always added to the price of the instrument.

PARTIES REQUIRING FIRST CLASS PIANOS OR ORGANS should not pay any attention to travelling agents, who decry the Pianos sold at this House. The great names of Albert Weber, (New York); Hale, Chickering & Sons, and Vose & Sons, are too well known in the great centres of trade to be affected by their misrepresentations. These people are generally employed in the country to sell worthless Pianos, at from \$350 to \$500, giving from one to two years' credit, and pocketing about one-half the price for commission. By dealing directly with Mr. Shaw this commission is saved by the purchaser, and a reliable instrument secured.

PIANOS AND THEIR PRICES.—The highest price for the grand "Weber" Piano, said to be the finest in the world same as ordered through Mr. Shaw for the grand promenade of the Windsor Hotel, at retail, is \$1,600, and the lowest price is \$650. Mr. Shaw will take \$250 off the one, and \$600 off the other, thereby allowing the private purchaser the trade discount. The same will be done with the "Chickering & Sons" Pianos. The several grades of the "Hale" and "Vose & Sons" Pianos will be sold at from \$200 to \$400 under the former prices, and all are warranted perfect instruments in the best of No wood Cases, and guaranteed for five years. Basswood or bogus Pianos are sold by this house, none but the best instruments of the best makers, and a child can purchase as low as the smartest. HENRY J. SHAW'S Wholesale Agency, Address HENRY J. SHAW, Shaw's Buildings, Craig Street, Victoria Square, Montreal.