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TORONTO AND ABOUT.

I have waited rather anxiously to see if any of our important journals, religious or secular, would take up the subject of Sunday observance in Toronto, and churches in general, under which heading I made a few short comments in the SPECTATOR a short time ago. I have discovered that many of the local papers have discussed the matter pretty freely, and several of the leading newspapers in other places; some of them denounce my statements as outrageous, and some of them endorse my comments to the letter. I have the authority of distinguished ministers of the Gospel for what I wrote respecting Toronto, and also the support of our most influential newspapers, notably the *Mail*. If it were necessary I could give the names of several of the ministers and organists and churches interested, imputed by me to be exceedingly short of funds and subjected to scandal. I am surprised that a respectable weekly like *Grip* should become incensed at what I wrote, for it must indeed be misinformed and ignorant of the state of affairs in our churches, to publish such a bitter contradiction of my statements. I should advise *Grip* to study as much as possible the true interest of Toronto and her churches before assuming to give the lie direct to a statement that can be supported by facts.

The *Mail*, as the leading Conservative organ, is in a difficulty. The *Mail* is not just exactly in favour of Mr. Beaty, the Conservative candidate for West Toronto, because some time ago Mr. Mayor Beaty denied the existence of fifty houses of ill-fame in Toronto, whereupon the *Mail* immediately gave the names and addresses of more than a hundred, and agreed to supply fifty more. At the time, the altercation between the Mayor and the *Mail* was very hot, and to this day the *Mail* has not forgotten it; however, it has to support Mr. Beaty now, and Mr. Beaty is jubilant.

Mr. Capreol persists in entering the political arena to contest the vacant seat of West Toronto with Mayor Beaty, Pat. Ryan (a Roman Catholic), and A. W. Wright. I believe the majority of the electors would vote for Mr. Capreol on account of his connection with the Huron and Ontario Canal, but they say they want a younger man; they forget that M. de Lesseps is scarcely four years the junior of Mr. Capreol. The fact of securing Mr. Capreol for West Toronto simply means the construction of the canal. If the people are so short-sighted as to leave him out in the cold, "farewell to the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal and the prosperity of Toronto" say Mr. Capreol's friends. I should like to see Mr. Capreol represent West Toronto on account of his past services, but I am afraid his chances are slim.

The London *Free Press* is being extensively circulated in Toronto. It contains the most disgusting details of the Handford scandal. The letter of Elizabeth Gorham is disgraceful and obscene, and a respectable journal like the *Free Press* should have refused to publish it. Nothing has been proved against the letter, but as a piece of disgusting literature it is perfect. So perfect is it, that all the papers throughout Ontario are copying it verbatim. It is deplorable that so much

publicity is given to such a disgraceful affair. It was right that both Mrs. Gorham and Handford should be expelled from the church, as they have been. It is to be hoped the matter is now for ever hushed up. The deacons have resigned, and a committee of management has been appointed to conduct the affairs of the church.

The retirement of Sir John Macdonald is being discussed, but without grounds. Sir John A. has often said in public that he should like to live to see the completion of the Canada Pacific Ry., and as he certainly has the welfare of the Dominion at heart we do not wonder at his wishing to see so enormous an undertaking completed, but I fancy our great statesman will have to live for a considerable length of time yet to see the completion of so great an enterprise.

Toronto for a number of years past has been desirous of securing iron works in Toronto, but without success. It is as yet a matter of doubt how much importance we are to attach to the fact of the Toronto Iron Company seeking incorporation to operate in the countries of Victoria, Hastings and Addington, with chief place of operation in Toronto; but I should doubt the chances of success for the enterprise on account of the usual difficulty of the extravagant price of coal, and Toronto being at so great a distance from both iron and coal mines. The Company has capital stock to the amount of \$15,000 at \$100 a share, but this amount is not nearly large enough to make the scheme practicable, although the name of Henry S. Howland as first director may be of some assistance.

If anything were wanting to show the reckless way in which the government of the city is carried on, it is supplied in the fact of an attempt being made and actually endorsed by the leading city dailies to consolidate the offices of city commissioner, water works engineer and city engineer into one, making one man do the work of six. How it can be possible for one man to fill all those offices is a mystery. Mr. Shanley found the work of city engineer difficult and labourious. Mr. Brough finds an assistant necessary, and Mr. Coatsworth the commissioner is beside himself with hard work. Far better to have the offices filled by good and practical men, than to reduce the salary of the engineer and make his successor do the work of three distinct officials, as is suggested. A more bungling or foolish proposition could hardly be proposed.

The *Telegram* advocates the holding of a convention of delegates from all parts of Canada and United States to discuss the question of Commercial Union between the two countries. The *Telegram* suggests the time and place, viz:—in Toronto during the Industrial Exhibition. The idea is a good one and if acted upon might be fruitful of much good. The time however is too short to permit of delegates from the States and Canada meeting without preparation to discuss so important a subject. A delegation of this description is desirable but the time for such international discussion is not yet come.

There is much talk about the tremendous size of the *Mail* newspaper building. It is prophesied that the *Mail* must "go to smash." The *Globe*, *Mail*, and *Telegram* evidently are running a tremendous race, and it remains to be seen if three can live at the rate they are going. The *Globe* certainly intends giving its rivals a tough run, when it reduces the price of its editions from three to one and one-third cents.

Queen City.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

A GLUT OF MONEY.

Can nobody suggest a stiff bit of work for English capitalists to do? They are standing idle in heaps, and they do not like it at all. According to the *Statist* of July 17, a sum of money estimated at £200,000,000, or say nearly three years' revenue, is lying waiting for the profitable investment which is so difficult to find, and although that figure may be an exaggeration—we see no reason for thinking so—it is certain that the total sum available for new forms of enterprise must be very large. Bad as the times have been, and large as the expenditure of the late government was, Englishmen made and saved in the five lean years a great deal of money, which was not, as it often is, flung away in preposterous speculations. No State plundered us much, no great amount of money was wasted on unreal discoveries, and there was a great deal of more or less stringent economy. The number of persons who, panic-stricken by the decline of trade, or the difficulty of collecting rents for large farms, commenced retrenching was very great; they had often very good incomes, and men who once retrench usually do it with a will. It is so uncomfortable a process that they want to see something solid—a good sized bank balance, for example—on the other side of the account.

If you are to retrench at all, especially for a few years only, let your "place," and live on £500 a year, like a clergyman. Then, of course, though many trades suffered heavily and some branches of commerce became unproductive, a great deal of business continued to be done and large accumulations to result. The dealer in East India produce might be losing money, and Lord Greenshire might be cramped, and Mr. Bondstreet, the jeweller, bought nothing on speculation; but we do not suppose that Messrs. Bass brewed less, or that the ordinary production of ordinary luxuries fell off at all heavily. Money was made and was put away, always in very safe places, and now that prosperity is reviving, as the revenue returns begin to show, the state of affairs is very much in this wise: A great deal of money has been made, and a great deal more is making, and all the safe places for putting it away are getting choked. The "old stockings" and "teapots" are all full. Consols are very high; railway debentures are very high; India stocks are inexplicably high, unless buyers think that they are practically guaranteed; colonial bonds are high, though not so high as they would be if there were not a good deal of latent distrust, and a good deal of muddling about the right of paying off, and French rentes is at a figure which, sure as France may be to pay her dividends, is, considering the immense fluctuations which have occurred and may occur in the capital value of that security, preposterously high. The French rentier is sure his dividends will be paid, because the vote, the bayonet and the bond are all in the same hand, but he is not sure that his threes to-day at 85 may not be next week at 70.

Capital, in fact, has been invested in the sounder securities till they are too dear even for very cautious men, and new accumulations are held loosely, their owners looking out eagerly for investments which look sound, and will, at all events, yield the four per cent. which is just now procurable. There is not, so far as we know, a clear and permanent four per cent. in the market. There must be very much money waiting investment, even if there is not, £200,000,000, and the fine old way of investing it—the purchase of land—is, for the moment, discredited. There never was such a time for men with large means, really large means, to form large landed estates. In the southern and eastern countries, and, indeed, everywhere throughout England where farms are large and no great city is immediately at hand, land is going, estate agents say, "for a song," that is, it is to be purchased for ready money at a reduction of twenty per cent. on normal prices. Utterly disbelieving that in this thickly populated country, with its fixed social prejudices, land will permanently fall, we should have thought that form of investment attractive; but people read American statistics, they do not know that the "enfranchisement of the soil" will add ten years' purchase to its saleable value, and they shrink back and wait, as they say, to see what the reduction of rent will ultimately be. They keep their spare money and trust Exchequer bills, without trusting the future of the country. They are wrong, for notwithstanding all that may be done, your grandson with 10,000 acres will be a very important and very wealthy person, but they think they are right.

Under these circumstances, if they continue, a burst of speculation is ultimately a certainty, and it depends a good deal upon accident whether the speculation is sound. If a good wide grove for the employment of capital is discerned in reasonable time the enterprise will be legitimate; but if not, much money will yet in no time be eagerly and triumphantly chucked into the sea. No doubt a great many people have lost a great deal, and foreign loans are discredited, and a ship railway across Honduras would not attract again, and everybody has grown very much wiser about his cash. But we suspect, for all that, the money is beginning, as the children say, to burn holes in men's pockets; that the spirit of caution is wearing out, as it periodically does, and that speculators are getting, like pike in an east wind, too hungry to see hooks. A good many businesses are becoming "limited" very easily, and one distrusts people who sell good businesses. There is a sort of eagerness to

believe pleasant things about large profits coming to banks. Reports about South Indian gold reets seem to be trusted very readily, and there is an increasing vagueness in the messages as the probable production of the metal to the ton of rock crushed, which, to those who only look on, is not without significance. Everything may be all right. South India may be going to yield gold in greater proportion to wages than Australia, for anything we know, though we adhere to our permanent view that gold is the least profit-giving of the metals; but if the tide of speculation were not rising there would be a good deal more doubt about those rose-coloured prophecies than there is. Every tea Company did not prosper because the Assam Tea Company did, and we do not believe in the equality of all gold-bearing rocks in Malabar.

The thermometer of speculation is rising, and nothing would surprise us less than the appearance of some quite new industry, a rumour of fabulous profits, a wild rush, and the disappearance or transfer of a great deal of good money wasted upon projects almost demonstrably absurd. It is time for honest projectors to bestir themselves and see if there is not a big bit of honest work somewhere waiting to be done. France, for example is very rich—too rich—sending millions to India to subscribe to rupee loans and ready to give millions for any reasonable project. Has France enough canals? Canals pay, and canals are wanted even when railways have been made, and France does not abound in navigable rivers. Would it not pay to lend money for wheat culture in the Far West and Canada, with the wheat to be grown as security? Is there not fifty per cent, to be had from fruit culture on the shores of the Mediterranean? Shrewd Yankees make that out of orange gardens, and—we note for the benefit of Mincing Lane—are just going heavily into tea growing in Georgia. There is fortune in that if Congress will leave the Chinese labourers alone. Is it certain that great companies, working on the great scale, could make nothing of that immense and hitherto heart-breaking industry, the conversion of cane juice and beet into saleable white sugar? Has science said its last word about building materials? There are entire classes who would build if only a cheap material could be found, and with the immense development to which the power of crushing things together has now reached there ought to be a cheap material procurable. We can crush carbon into diamond, why not sea sand or common mud into building material? There is a good deal of sea sand in the world.—*London Spectator.*

We read in the *Gazette* of the 18th instant:—

"We understand that after a pretty thorough examination of the whole question, an award has been made by which the Grand Trunk Railway is to receive one-tenth of the proceeds of all the traffic from Chicago eastward. We are not aware whether this apportionment meets with the approbation of the company or not; although, we presume, that having taken part in the proceedings it will be accepted."

As regards this statement of the *Gazette*, we would say that "we understand" that the award made was—ten per cent. of the dead freight, and six per cent. of the live freight.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares per value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Aug. 16, 1886.	Price per \$100 Aug. 18, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per an. num of last div. on present price
Montreal	200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$149 1/2	\$127	4	5.36
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	87	55	3	6.00
Molsons	50	2,000,000	1,999,045	100,000	94	63 1/2	3	6.38
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	136	109	3 1/2	5.15
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	...	57 1/2	2 1/2	...
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	103 1/2	71	3	5.80
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,937	200,000	3 1/2	...
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	3	...
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	129	105 1/2	4	6.20
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	123 1/2	88	4	6.48
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	...	50	42
City Passenger Railway	50	...	600,000	163,000	116	75	4 1/2	4.31
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	...	139 1/2	116 1/2	5	7.18

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund. ‡Per annum.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.			1879.			Aggregate.		
		Pass. Mails & Express	Freight.	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk	Week Aug. 14	\$ 68,100	\$ 146,612	\$ 214,712	\$ 161,210	\$ 56,502	...	7 w'ks	\$ 340,905	...
Great Western	" 6	39,799	58,635	98,434	79,390	19,044	...	6 "	109,227	...
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 8	8,600	19,489	28,179	23,160	5,019	...	5 "	36,197	...
Toronto & Nipissing	" 7	1,267	2,184	3,451	2,760	691	...	5 "	816	...
Midland	" 7	2,028	4,927	6,955	5,831	1,124	...	5 "	8,426	...
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 7	1,363	884	2,247	2,579	...	332	fm Jan. 1	2,380	...
Whitby, Pt. Perry & Lindsay	" 14	613	1,031	1,644	1,375	269	...	"	11,623	...
Canada Central	" 7	2,885	4,649	7,534	5,704	1,830	...	5 w'ks	10,136	...
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	July 24	2,016	2,842	4,858	4,860	...	2	4 "	456	...
†Q., M., O. & O.	31	9,848	4,313	14,161	6,845	7,316	...	4 "	31,901	...
Intercolonial	Month July 31	64,430	\$1,884	146,314	107,873	38,441	...	1 m'th	38,441	...

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$59,502. Aggregate increase is \$369,105 for seven weeks.

†NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. RY.—Eastern Division receipts not included in returns for 1879.

A GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

A Sermon preached by the Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

I indicated in a previous sermon, when speaking of the Gospel of *laissez faire*, which is so popular in these days, that I should have something to say on the positive side this evening. My criticism was, I suppose, purely destructive, and that is but to utter the thoughts and feelings of men now and for a generation past. They feel, what they do not often say, that theology and the preaching of it are out of date; they have ceased to believe in what is merely vague; they no longer care to spend their mental energies and time in trying to solve the insoluble, and to analyze that which is too subtle for any analysis, and to use that which is too delicate for the rough-and-tumble life they have to live on the earth. Two men in England, both in their way representative men, have lately given utterance to their impressions concerning the ministry of the day. Earl Carnarvon discoursed on the subject of preaching, and expressed the opinion that sermons are almost entirely without result, and that because preachers are below the standard of their work in ability and earnestness, and that while people still like and must have sermons, they regulate their lives upon the assumption that what the preacher says will not come to pass in the matter of rewards and punishments. A greater than the Earl of Carnarvon (John Bright) has also been giving his opinion as to the general utility of the Christian ministry. And Mr. Bright ventured to say, in effect at least, that of no class of men is it so true as of Christian ministers that there are no appreciable results of their labours. He spoke neither in scorn nor in anger—hardly in a way of criticism—but simply gave a general impression received no doubt through many years of close and careful, and I am sure, kindly observation. What he said, a multitude of others think. Men, earnest, practical men, hold the clerical profession in respect just because it is an ancient and venerable institution—one that they believe is needful to society in general, and to their wives and children in particular; useful in fact as a part of that great whole we call society and the nation. But, as I said last Sunday night, they do not find with us any real substance of life—any set of authoritative rules co-extensive with wrong conduct; they do not find a sufficient and saving inspiration in all the wide range of our teachings. In other words, we have a gospel of history, and a gospel of prophecy—theories about things which we declare unknowable—conclusions which have no premises, and premises which have no conclusions—a gospel of cloudland and mystery, but no gospel for life here and now to guide men, and bless them, and give them triumph in the life they live in the hot arenas of the world. We have succeeded in persuading them that they can do nothing but lie low and wait for developments. They accept the preaching that “there is a Providence which shapes our ends rough hew them as we may.”

And all this has been brought about by our abstract way of preaching. I am prepared to accept John Bright's criticisms on the ministry, for I believe it to be fair and just. No class of men work for such small results, speaking of what may be seen, as we. For the most part we care more for creeds and forms than for men's souls. At any rate, the stand we take is that of men set for the defence of certain opinions—we look on men from our place in the creeds, rather than look on creeds from our place among men. No wonder that sermons are poor. It is hard, depressing work to talk in the ears of dull uninterested people who appear to listen as a matter of good breeding. Our sermons attract less attention than the leaders in a daily newspaper, which is reducing it to the lowest modicum of interested intelligence. There is a little of what is practical in newspaper leaders, because they deal with the affairs of to-day, but sermons lack even that merit. Said a lady to me the other day: “I went to hear a sermon on the battle of life—thinking I could hear something about the kind of life we have to live here in society, and the kind of life we might and ought to live, but we were told about the fighting good old Joshua did when Israel was conquering Canaan.” She knew that bit of history and took small interest in it then; she would rather have heard something about matters as they stand between the nations of Europe or the prospects of trade on this continent.

I do not say that this gospel of *laissez aller* is one that is altogether good for men, but I do say that we should take blame to ourselves for having brought about a state of things which naturally resulted in this; and that now we ought to recognize the grim fact and try how best we can meet it. We have dogmatized so much, and declaimed so loudly, and so persistently on the supernatural—we have had such curiously wrought abstract theories, that religion in the mind of many, if not of most, is a mere abstraction or at best a supernaturalism for the fancy to brood upon, and speculate with, and we cull from it strange fantastic forms to please itself. I hope no one will accuse me of a lack of faith in the supernatural, for with every fibre of my mental and moral nature I abhor materialism. I have a profound reverence and passionate faith in spiritual worlds, and forces and persons; but I am certain that in our preaching and teaching we have neglected the practical life of the earth, and thus have broken the living connection between what is called the spirit world and the world of work and care, and pain and pity.

If you will consult history, and your own experience, you will find that a

mere passive trust in the supernatural has never been fruitful of great results. Providence has been on the side of the big battalions and great pious Cromwell, who was a Calvinist to the care of his intellect, said to his men “trust in God, and keep your powder dry”—and that is a popular sentiment, our theology to the contrary notwithstanding. Men profess to cast themselves on the Lord, but none the less do they fight against want and calamity as if they alone were the arbiters of their own fate. Those who talk most of the Providence which will take care of the man on the morrow are generally the most eager to make provision for times of storm. Those who profess to live by faith are just those who work hardest or beg hardest. Their lives belie their lips constantly.

And that I think is inevitable—men are compelled to be practical—to carry out the laws of heaven and earth and being in spite of themselves. Nature, which is of God, is mightier than theology, which is of man. Life asserts itself and battles ever against corrupting influences. It is half a heresy perhaps, but as I believe a true statement, to say that Christianity is not based upon the miraculous and that supernaturalism is not its strongest pillar. We have long been contending that it is so. If men demanded proof of our Christian dogmas we at once fell back upon miracles—if they said “We do not understand,” they got for answer, “Of course you do not—how could you?—that is miraculous—you cannot comprehend the supernatural.” If they said “We want more proof that these stupendous assertions are truth,” we pointed again to the record of miracles wrought in the olden time. It is grandly true that we have authenticated statements as to mighty miracles which were done in the name of God. I do not deny miracles either as to possibility or actuality of them—he is unwise and foolhardy who will deny them—but miracles are not religion—they are not Christianity—they are at best only collateral evidences of the power and truth of Him who wrought them. To reverse the expression I would go further and say that religion is not based upon the supernatural, and miracles are not the mightiest things we can use in evidence before men. Jesus Christ never stood forth before the people and said, “there is something in me—something about me which you cannot understand, therefore you must believe in me—or, these are works done by me which you cannot trace to their source, therefore I demand your faith.” It is true that He more than once pointed to those works as evidencing the divinity of his character and mission—but he was dealing with hard-headed, hard-hearted argumentative Pharisees—and then what He said was, “These are they which testify of me.” They were only testimonies. To enquiring John the Baptist He sent word that by Him the blind received sight, the deaf heard, the lame walked, and the dead were raised to life, but He never used such arguments to the multitude as the main facts of the religion he had brought to ennoble and sanctify man's life. He said, “these works that I have done bear witness of me. Not they, but I, am the way, the truth and the life. A man cometh unto the Father not by them, but by me.” Christ never sought to bear down the people's reason and judgment by lofty assumptions of supernaturalism—He never swept their puzzles out of the way by merely dogmatic assertions—He did not appeal to men's sense of mystery at all—He made ordinary life divine—made common-place work sublime and spoke from His mind into the minds of the people; from His heart into their heart—from His experience to theirs, and they understood him, and believed. They understood Him and the appeal was to their eyes, and ears, and reason and affections.

That was vastly different from what they had known before. Judaism had become a mere mysticism, with outward forms of dullest and deadest kind. It was the subject of cloistered contemplation, of hurried debate, of logical disquisitions in the Temple and in the Synagogue, it inspired to the practice of a mere semblance, it produced long and sham prayers in the streets, ostentatious and sham giving, pretentious and sham dress, and, nothing more. A mere abstraction could produce nothing more. Only life can give life, unreality can bring into the world nothing but show. Jesus Christ put Himself into violent antagonism with that. He gave them no new philosophy, a mere reaching-up of the human intellect through Himself to the attainment of a little higher truth and a little more truth than had been mastered before, but He unsealed the treasury of the skies, caused an overflow into time of the Infinite light and grace to illumine and regenerate the world. He stood up before the Church, with its manifold abstract theories, and its fantastic dreams, and its unreality, and dull conventionalism, and said, “Jesus came that they might have LIFE, and that they might have it more abundantly.”

We have fallen into precisely the same condition. Judaism had nothing for the ordinary life of men; it had no power to inspire great thoughts; to harmonise and organise mental and moral forces; it had nothing to say to a youthful science, and a mature art; it had no word for the poor but a curse, and a fast day for the common crowd. The Apostle Paul looked the state of things in the face, examined it, and felt what was needed. The Jews had made of religion a mystery, to be attested and known only by a miracle, the Greeks demanded an appeal, and a satisfaction for the reason. Spurning the popular demand for a sign on the one hand and for wisdom on the other, he said, “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ—for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.” The Gospel of Christ? What did he mean? Evengels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, with annotations and

commentaries by the learned? No. Those Evangelists had not written their sublime records of life and love. His own letters were the earliest documents of our New Testament, and he did not, and could not, hold the modern conception of Christianity as a *legacy* of celestial life, of inspiration in archives, and verified by affidavits; and of the New Testament as a parchment protocol of the Holy Ghost, enclosing the finished and final truth on which Christendom is to live for ever. Paul could never have imagined that the time would come when Christians would be as much in bondage to letter and form as ever Jews had been; he could never have dreamed that Christians would lapse into a merely memorial theory of eternal life—a second-hand religion, a national religion, dry and hard and distant. To his mind, Christianity was the communication of a power to human souls through Christ, which revealed God directly as the Father, and wakened the dormant spiritual capacities to great, joyous and intense life. It did this, not by declaring truth abstractly and outwardly, but by lifting the soul into fellowship with the Divine, making it a joint heir of God with Christ; delivering it from bondage to sin and the slavish service of an unsympathetic and blasting law, by the supply of a celestial strength that raised it to the disposition of free and joyous consecration to the Infinite Iane. That was what he meant by the Gospel of Christ; it was the mind which was in Christ passing into men and animating them to a great and good life. It was not a *perceptive* religion; it was not involved at all with questions of documents; it was not implicated with the morality of every paragraph of memorabilia; it was not pledged to theories of the plenary and verbal inspiration of narratives that differ in a hundred instances of incident and detail—it was a *life*—deeper, higher, broader, and intenser than any other life—a Divine power—a Divine character, giving itself to the mortal for his cleansing and salvation. The religion he taught was practical; it was for practical life; for the strengthening and blessing of it; it gave power to men during the day of work and care; it helped them to live right lives; it gave them the world as a place of discipline, and in which manhood was to be developed and perfected—and the world had for a background an infinite heaven blazing with eternal glory.

We want a return of what is practical—living to-day. A return to the old, or something new, which is it? Is Christianity worn out just as Judaism was worn out? Has it played its intended Providential part in the life and history of the world? Has it in turn become effete? and do we now look for a new development of the old—a revolution and recasting of things? or for a new creation—a new thought for the mind, and a new energy for the life, and a more plainly discernible goal toward which it shall tend? That is a great question. It concerns you and me as nothing else can. I am on the side of poor puzzled humanity. I care more for the souls of men than for any institution, however venerable, or for any creed, however precious it may have been to the generations dead. I value relics, but I do not worship them. I admire great and good historical characters, but I do not hang my all of time and eternity upon them. If I am satisfied that while Christ's teaching was good, was great, was admirable for His day, but not adopted to the more advanced times of literary, philosophical and scientific achievement in which we live—then I would no more accept those teachings as my guide in life than I accept Plato as my master in what is mental or moral—or Cæsar's theories of war and government—or Paul on the utility of marriage. If the day of Christianity has set naturally, I for one do not want to walk in the child shadows of evening, deluding myself with the fancy that the sun is still shining in the heavens; if the Gospel of Christ was for a time a link in the chain which the eternal God is drawing up, a preparation for what is higher and better, then let us recognise the fact and be glad because of that which is new. As I said, I am on the side of Humanity. I cannot feed my soul on the dust of crumbled greatness any more than you can. If I preach a letter that kills, then I shall die by my own preaching. A thing that is true for you is true for me, and I must take the salvation I offer. Has Christianity passed from the sphere for men's utility? Let us see. Christianity professed to do three things for men:—

- I. To teach a comprehensive scheme of life and thought;
- II. To unite men in masses—to form a Brotherhood; and
- III. It imposed upon all a rule of conduct which was just to the individual and to the whole.

These are the teachings which men require now. I have been complaining because we lack these essential elements of individual and general life. These are the practical teachings I am asking for. I said last Sunday that men could not find in our utterances that which is co-extensive with their life, and I am sure that as ever men want, must have, a comprehensive scheme of life and thought. But where must it come from? Take that as an axiom for a minute—as not drawn from the Bible at all, but from our own consciousness, and from our knowledge of society. What are the ordinary virtues now a man should have and exhibit in order to live and live well? You will agree with me when I say: Cleanliness, courage, goodness, usefulness, veracity, are indispensable to a life that seeks approval. How do you know that? How has it come to pass that we have no manner of doubt as to the necessity for the exercise of these virtues? "Our nature teaches us so much," you will proba-

bly say; "we learn that from the instincts of our being." I think not. I should say, judging from observation, that dirtiness is an instinct. A child follows its instinct and gravitates toward a mud-pool, but cries at the sight of a bath. Heathendom deals but little in soap and water, and brooms and drains. Courage, again—is that an instinct? The mere propensity to fight may be instinctive; but true courage—moral, patriotic, philanthropic, unselfish—is not. It is grafted on to the nature. Take goodness, again—meaning by it kindness, benevolence, benignity [of heart, charity. Are they drawn from within the nature—original growths from original germs? You will not believe it. Nothing known to men is more natural than selfishness. I do not deny that sympathy is natural, but sympathetic characters, left without cultivation and given up to their own sympathetic instinct, are as selfish as others. The only difference is in the *kind* of selfishness they exhibit; they may be very amiable and delightful to those with whom they sympathise, and grossly unjust and unfeeling to the rest of the world—and that falls far short of the idea we have of goodness. And then there is *veracity*. That might seem of all virtues to have the most plausible claim to being natural; it seems as if lying must have been invented and imposed upon man by the devil. Rousseau, and writers of that school, used to delight in decorating savage life with this sparkling virtue of truthfulness, and set it in striking contrast with the treachery and trickery of civilization. Such writers of fiction as Cooper have followed in the same way, and the noble savage has been made the subject of much fine painting. But unfortunately it is but a fancy picture, contradicted by all the realities of savage life. Your noble savage is always a liar. He has not the faintest notion of truth as a virtue. He has no idea of betraying himself to his own hurt. So that veracity, that virtue without which friendship is impossible, and love only the dream of fools—that pivoted thing around which the great world spins is the product of civilization, and civilization is the product of what? You will answer: "It is the product of religion." For it has come to this, that we have these virtues—we are sure that they are indispensable to a life which desires to call itself worthy—a life without them is poor and mean and brutal, uninspired, miserable—but they are not natural, they are not instinctive—they have been drawn from sources outside of man himself. But I am not so much in search now of the well-head of this living stream as of the stream itself. I want to know, can I find outside of Christianity a comprehensive scheme of life and thought? I cannot. In Christianity I can. Not in the Christianity of the churches—not in orthodox theology as it is preached from pulpits—but in the gospel of Christ as Paul understood it and preached it, I can. God was no mere abstraction—and no mere monarch dwelling in unapproachable isolation—no omnipotent chancellor of the moral realm—administering justice according to technical covenants, and holding a bankrupt humanity to all that is nominated in the bond. He was a present, intimate, gracious and cleansing spirit. Jesus Christ had come as a permanent force in the world, to act as a new organic power upon souls. By the reception of this a man was enabled to live a free, filial and victorious life in the world. The soul obtained participation in the divine life. A faculty higher than the natural understanding was awakened and sustained—he was shown his duty by immediate light—his will was pledged and invigorated—his affections were sweetened and his joy increased. This was no mere idealising of life—no demand that men depend for everything upon an abstraction. There is a God, said the nature of man imperatively—what is He? "Love" said Christ—a tender Father, "What is the chief thing a man should seek after?" was a question which had broken many a time from white despairing lips. "*Manhood*," said Christ—the development and full perfection of all your powers—your moral, your spiritual, your intellectual nature—train it all—put away evil of habit—of passion by putting away evil thoughts out of your mind. "But how do that?" came the question—man is weak and ignorant and half blind at his best estate. Can dry bones live? can the Ethiopian change his skin? can a man be born when he is old? and the answer comes like a burst of music on a sad soul—yes—a man can be born again of the Holy Ghost, and begin a new life. The influences of God will help him—the faith of his own heart will be his great impetus, the exercise of the ordinary graces will ennoble his life—make it grand, and fill his heart with satisfaction. What is he to exercise? Meekness, temperance, justice, love. And there you have a scheme of life and thought. Tell me—can you find a better? Can you find another that commends itself to your common-sense as being workable? If I could find you a man modelled after Christ's precepts—a man who is living out the law of life as revealed by Christ—would he be good enough for you to accept as the model for all other men? You will say yes—give us a man, not after the churches, but after Christ—and we will be content. And that is proof that your dissatisfaction is with our creeds and forms and not with Christ.

Christianity unites men in masses—forms them into a brotherhood. Life is based upon a mutuality of affectionate self-sacrifice—every one working for the whole and the whole working for everyone. Upon them all is imposed a rule of life—the law of love: the strong to help the weak, the rich the poor, the wise the ignorant; nothing is to be lost, nothing good is to die—no true thought, no true affection—life is to be always getting better by being nobler;

it is to be ever broadening out, until when it has got too big for the narrow bounds of earth and time, it changes climes, to find better, eternal circumstances of light and liberty. Will that do, my brother? Is that a practical theory for life? You cannot carry it out by sitting down to hear expositions of it, by subscribing to it when formulated into creeds, by admiring it—it means *work*—constant, hard, painful work. You don't expect to get a education by looking at books or hearing lectures on literature—you don't expect to succeed in the market because you have learnt the buying and selling prices of stuff—you are practical men and you go to work in a practical manner. Be practical here in this matter of the soul. Work, exercise virtues—compel yourself to think right and do well. I am sick of mere sentiment, of vague generalities, of devotion to the conventional, of the miserable mean lives we call Christian, of the hardness and divisions and persecutions of orthodoxy—I am ashamed of this merely professional religion which consist of clothes, and grimaces, and ritual—I long for a freer life, for what is natural and so divine, but I cannot find it in sentimental philosophies, in the vague moralisings of social economists. I cannot find what I want in theories of evolution and ideas of immortality which blot the immortal out; but I *can* find it in Christ. That is the only Gospel that is practical for life, for time, and for eternity; that reveals the only way by which man can be saved. *Faith*—that is practical. *Love*—that is practical. A life built up in faith and love saved for ever—that is practical. Christ is still a practical Teacher and Saviour, and the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto men's salvation.

DECORATIVE ART.

ORNAMENT AND ITS APPLICATION.

PART II.

In a rude state, before the intellect becomes developed and disciplined, our judgment in matters of taste is liable to error and to be governed by impulse. It selects the striking, delights in startling contrasts, and is swayed by fashion or prejudice. When in its best form, it is the result of the cultivation of the imagination under the guidance of reason, and becomes harmonious when brought under the subduing influence of refinement; by its cultivation we are enabled to detect beauty under whatever form it may be presented to our sight. As a proof of good taste, there can be no surer guide than the selection of beauty by the eye when viewing objects of art, giving evidence of the power to discriminate between the true and the false. And the very fact that there is a harmony in the minds of the cultivated fully proves the genuineness of the laws of taste. By a knowledge of those laws we are enabled not only to tell what to like, but how to employ our likings.

Many are prone to find fault with the taste of others, because they differ from them in their likes and dislikes. All objects of beauty do not appeal in the same manner and degree to different individuals; and we see no reason why any one should not be justified in having a preference for one object over another, provided they do not transgress the laws of taste. There can be no wrong in any one exhibiting his admiration for the Greek style of ornamentation, with its just balance of ground and ornament, its chaste simplicity and elegance in preference to the massive richness of the Roman, or the quaint symbolism and geometrical forms of the Gothic, or *vice versa*. It is only when we offend by an injudicious choice, or carry to excess, or mix or misplace ornament that we are guilty of breaking the laws of taste.

Among the styles of ornament there are such strongly marked characteristics, and they are so clearly defined, being so carefully designed and adapted to their respective places, that if we attempt to mix them we offend the laws of good taste. They are mediums of expression of different sentiments appealing to the eye, and through it to the mind, of symbolism, or conventional forms of beauty, or harmony of colour.

An improper use of ornament leads to a falsity. Let us take an example. The mind, through the medium of association, has adopted the urn as a symbol of death, and for this reason a designer of monumental work frequently uses it over the graves of the departed, and, like the inverted torch when so used, it has a symbolic significance; but, when placed over an art-gallery, the emblematic urn is out of place; it is no excuse that it was used to break the horizontal line—there were other and better ways of doing it than by the use of such an ornament.

Harmony should exist at all times between the fine arts and the industrial, for all alike have been subject to the same causations flourishing at certain periods and then declining, being superseded by some other order or style which was called into use by the different nations, their modes of life, religion and thought.

It is an interesting study to follow the causations which have acted upon the arts, and to observe how closely they are allied to the history, manners and customs of the people. In Egypt they are the type of absolute power, the will of the few carried out by the many,—hieroglyphic, symbolic, and conventional; in Greece they are the embodiment of beauty; in Rome they are full of a massive richness, bordering on over-elaboration. The Byzantine is full

of the symbolism of a new faith, carefully avoiding anything savouring of paganism; the Saracenic, with its love of colour and strict avoidance of naturalism; the Gothic, with its pure religious feeling, its symbolism and its beautiful geometrical traceries; the Renaissance, with its revival of the classic style; the Cinquecento, with its graceful forms, partaking of the conventional and natural; then the French, with its gorgeous display of panelling and gilding. All these styles have had in the past, and still have in the present day, their advocates; but it is to this last, the French, or what is generally called by the name of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, we wish to direct attention; for it is owing to the faults of this style, with its frippery of stucco-work, gilding, desire for novelty, and excessive curvature of lines, so destructive of strength and durability, that we are indebted for the changes taking place in much of our modern decoration. The rage (for you can call it by no other name) which prevailed in England for this style, brought out those strictures upon it so clearly pointed out by Charles L. Eastlake in his work on "Household Taste." The influence of this writer has materially changed our ideas of decorative art, and awakened in the minds not only of manufacturers, but of the masses, a desire for knowledge upon this subject. As a natural consequence we have had a season of agitation, and a number of books have been published treating upon art in the drawing-room, art in the dining-room, and art in the bedroom, &c. Out of this much good may result, and on the other hand many falsities may be propagated.

A writer in the *Athenaeum* makes these remarks (and they are as applicable to the decorative as well as the fine arts):—"That art demands practice, and the unceasing exercise of individual thought, judgment and taste, above all, the incessant observation and study of nature. Ability in these respects is not to be gained from books, be they written ever so wisely." The truth of the above is strongly borne out by the rage which has lately prevailed for what some are pleased to call the "Eastlake style." Now, Eastlake never claimed that he created a style, and it is unjust to him, and his book, to call many of the articles manufactured at the present day by such a name. Simplicity, strength, durability and use, are the qualities which he advocates. Does some of the modern furniture, called Eastlake, partake of this? Take many of the sideboards, classed under this name, do they possess the above qualities? Are they not rather ponderous looking affairs? And if you examine the articles closely, you will find a great deal about them which partakes of the character of a sham—bright, with polished veneering and jig-sawed ornaments, glued on here and there, without beauty of form or any meaning. It is one thing to call any manufactured article by name, but quite another to make it upon principle.

Nor are many of the furniture designs accompanying the letter-press of Eastlake's book to be admired, or imitated, or taken as good examples of decorative art. To many men of cultivated taste, he has by such designs laid himself open to the charge of being "an apostle of ugliness." But this we must concede to him, that he has caused us to look more into the spirit which should guide us in the decorative arts, and his writings abound with good, sound maxims. Perhaps in his zeal in the crusade against the curved lines of the French style he has allowed himself to run into an excess of square lines, and every true designer and architect knows that a great deal of the elements of beauty consists in a judicious mixture of straight and curved lines; if any one doubts this, let them carefully and intelligently examine a few specimens of Greek mouldings, and, I think, they will perceive the beauty arising from a proper blending and use of straight and curved lines.

It is by the proper study of good examples, that we will succeed in elevating the decorative arts above what they are among us at the present, and not by books, or Christmas or New Year's cards. Naturalism is not ornament. Ornament means something more than the mere imitation of natural objects. It must be applied as an accessory to something else, to break up a flat surface, or impart a play of light and shade; it must be a beautifier, and may represent the flat or round, and when flat it must contrast as to light and dark, and when in the round as to light and shade (although these terms, light and dark, and light and shade, appear similar, yet there is a wide distinction.) In the flat ornament a play of line forms the main feature, the round affords a play of masses. Colour may be used in both, but acts with far greater force in the flat, because it is so dependent upon light. Ornament then, we see, is capable of affording us pleasure through its system of contrasts and its infinite variety. There are right-line, or curved-line series, series of simple curves, or clustered curves.

Ornament, like the object which it is intended to decorate, must have the quality of use stamped upon it. Judgment must guide its application so that it will enhance the beauty of the article decorated, and be constructed so that it will show to advantage when in its position. If intended to be seen near, and not subject to breakage, its manipulation may be fine. If to be seen at a distance, it requires less detail and larger masses. It should spring from the object it is intended to decorate, and not look as if it were an after-thought. If any part can be broken off, and not missed, there has been over-decoration. This should be carefully avoided, as simplicity forms one of the great elements of beauty in design, which does not detract from its richness. All good design should combine simplicity, variety, richness and utility.

How often have we heard manufacturers complain, and say "they have had to give valuable time to acquire even a little knowledge of design which should have been taught them when young." And let me ask the question, in all earnestness, why the principles of ornamental art, as applied to manufactures, do not form a part in our educational system?

It is just as necessary, and will prove more beneficial in after-years, than much imparted to the young at present in our schools, for do they not enter into every occupation of life? This is not only a question of utility, but affords us pleasure; it strengthens the arm of the mechanic, and it imparts taste, as well as skill, lifting his labour out of the common-place, gives more interest to his work, and not only the mechanic, but the public generally, and the country at large are benefited by it. And how are we to raise the standard of taste but by educating the youths of the country in a correct knowledge of the true elements of ornamental design and their application to the necessities of life.

J. W. Gray.

A CRUISE IN GREEK WATERS.

An Eastern sunrise in a clear sky is always beautiful, but in the midst of the Cyclades it is something not soon to be forgotten. The deep blue of the water, the quaint fishing craft with their deep red sails, the first rays catching the island-tops in the far distance—all combine to make a scene of fairy-like beauty. Nothing could have been more delightful than our passage to Tenos, where we landed about 11 am., on Saturday and proceeded at once inland. Strangers are extremely rare in this part of the world, and the islanders could not have exhibited signs of greater astonishment had a phoenix appeared among them. An immense crowd collected to watch us disembark, and when we were on *terra firma* and walked through the little town, we were still followed by a large troop of wonder struck gazers. With some difficulty our interpreter found a room in which to prepare our breakfast, but before the meal was over he had managed to pick a quarrel with the proprietor, the consequences of which threatened to be serious; and but for the timely interference of the police, represented by a single native in the white petticoat and bare legs of the country, we were like to have been roughly handled. At length we were safely lodged in the police station, whence, after resting a little while to collect our thoughts, we emerged to visit the famous monastery of the island. To this thousands of pilgrims are wont to resort, containing as it does, a gorgeous image of the Virgin, resplendent with silver and gold, and presumed to possess miraculous powers of healing. Indeed, the dragoman assured us "on his honour," with a modern Greek perhaps a rather questionable guarantee, that several of his own personal friends suffering from divers incurable maladies, had, on presenting themselves before the image, been immediately restored to health. *Credat Judeus.* We found it difficult to procure food, but some things were very cheap, especially wine and lemons; of the latter we bought six as big as cocoa-nuts for a penny. It was not thought advisable to pass the night in the island, as the inhabitants had already evinced symptoms of barbarism, so after dinner we went on board, and at 9 p. m., weighed anchor and made for Delos, sleeping as best we might at the bottom of the boat, and taking away with us no very favourable impression of the dwellers in "long and lofty Tenos."

Early on the following morning we arrived at the birthplace of Apollo and Artemis, once famous as the treasure-house of Greece, but now uninhabited, save for a few goats and cattle, which are conveyed thither from the neighbouring islands to feed on the aromatic shrubs. From the top of Mount Cynthus, the highest point in the island, a magnificent view of almost all the Cyclades is gained. Strange indeed is it from this lofty standpoint to look round and contemplate the wilderness of broken columns, where not a sound is heard but the shriek of the sea-fowl or the bleating of the goat. Our captain, however, was not of a sentimental turn of mind; he had his eye on a promising litter of small pigs, which were running wild among the rocks, and after a very exciting chase, in which we all joined *con amore*, he succeeded in making an important addition to our larder. There are numbers of wild flowers, chiefly anemones, which carpet the soil of Delos; and the beauty and wonderful stillness of the sacred island won for it the first place in my estimation. We spent the whole day there wandering about and picking up odds and ends of antiquity, charmed to find ourselves in a place where we were so entirely free from importunate crowds. At Naxos, bearing in mind our melancholy experience at Tenos, we thought it well to make no attempt to get a lodging in the town, and accordingly slept soundly on board *sub Jove frigido*.

Next morning we procured mules and rode far into the island to a village called Melanis, where we found many ruins, and a primitive race of inhabitants much more to our taste than the dwellers in the town. A most lovely ride was that, through fruitful valleys and over vine-clad hills; and there, and almost there only, did we come upon any trace of Greek personal beauty. Meantime, the weather still continuing boisterous, we rather shrank from another night on the waves, and cordially fell in with the dragoman's suggestion that he should find some sleeping accommodation for us on dry land. He departed accordingly on this humane errand, and after some hours' absence returned exuberant with delight, having discovered a distant cousin in a remote part of the town,

who (for adequate remuneration) was willing to put us up. He warned us, however, that this outlying relative of his was not quite right in his head, and adjured us to keep our eyes open and avoid exasperating him. Then, conducting us to a decent-looking house, with the staircase outside, as is the fashion with most of the island dwellings, he bade us enter, and forthwith introduced us to his cousin, an aged man with a moist eye, a diffident manner, and uncertain gait, who with his wife Arethusa promised us hospitality. We were all put into a single large room, our host occupying an apartment which led directly into it, whence he could command a good view of our movements, and yet be himself invisible. My companions were soon snoring; for myself I thought it well to remain awake as long as possible in order to counteract any playful eccentricities on the part of our lunatic entertainer. In the dead of the night I heard a door opened, and soon by the sound of stealthy steps, was convinced that there was another in the room beside ourselves. In the dim starlight I was ere long able to distinguish Arethusa's wayward husband groping about and fingering the various items of our property. He then contemplated the snoring dragoman for some minutes, muttering to himself the while and gesticulating in an idiotic manner. Then he came to me, and stared at me for a long time with an expression of such utter inanity, that for the life of me I could not help laughing, whereat he muttered more vehemently than before, and made a number of unintelligible signs. I remonstrated with him in my best Greek, and begged to know his business. He smiled vaguely, and in an absent manner proceeded to fill his pipe from my tobacco pouch. The pipe has been regarded as an emblem of peace from the days of the Red Indians downwards, so that I was no longer apprehensive of any dangerous result from this midnight visit, and indeed he soon afterward took his departure, muttering and gesticulating as before. He made, however, several similar raids in the course of the night, and when we came to look over our property next day, we detected a considerable number of small peculations. Still I should be sorry to think worse of the old man than that he was suffering from kleptomania, though the enthusiastic manner in which he embraced us on our departure (bearing in mind, no doubt, the good thing he had made of us), and the readiness with which he accepted some tobacco and drachmas, quite reassured me as to his sanity, on some points at least. And so we said good-bye to Naxos, perhaps the most beautiful, as it certainly is the most fertile, of all the group. Though the island abounds in fruit, the inhabitants themselves seem to live by preference on dried starfish, which looks a most unpalatable dish, but doubtless suits the native digestion. We started in a furious gale for Paros, but were unable to enter the harbour, and were obliged to land on a rocky coast about three miles from the fishing village of Santa Maria. We spent the next day in visiting a famous grotto among the mountains, which contains many stalactites and some ancient statues carved in the marble. I thought nothing could equal the brightness and whiteness of the marble from Pentelicus, of which the Parthenon and other temples at Athens are built, but my eyes were fairly dazzled by the fields of glistening Parian over which we rode. The mules, of which we availed ourselves on this occasion, are quite a race by themselves, and walk steadily on the brink of yawning precipices and over enormous blocks of marble and stone, where on foot one would never venture to tread.

Leaving Paros at sunrise, we sailed with a fair wind to Antiparos, noted for the finest natural grotto in Europe, which is larger and grander than even Adelsberg. Beyond the grotto, however, there is not much of interest in this island; and seeing that it was now Tuesday night, and that the steamer from Syra for the Piræus sailed on the Wednesday, we intended to make the best of our way to our old prison. But the windy weather, the wind, too, being in quite the wrong quarter for us, effectually balked this little plan, and we found ourselves, therefore, on the wild coast of Antiparos, without a prospect of return to Syra, and a good hundred miles from Athens. We had to choose between two evils: we must either stay on the coast indefinitely, or else abandon the idea of returning *via* Syra, and make the best of our way in our little ship to the Piræus, for which the wind was favourable. We chose the latter, though not without some misgivings, for the sudden storms of the Ægean are proverbial. Howbeit, hoping for the best, we laid in what stores we could get, such as live fowls, and eggs and bread, and at sunrise on Thursday morning left Antiparos, bound for the north. Fortunately the wind, though strong, was in the right direction, and our skipper was quite at home in this part of the Archipelago. The *Euaggelistria*, tiny fishing boat though she was, behaved admirably, and covered herself with waves and glory, weathering a large amount of heavy sea in a manner which did credit to her name. We rounded Sunium (Cape Kolonos) on Saturday morning, but there the wind left us, and we spent the whole day and half the following night in getting up the Saronic Gulf to the Piræus, being rewarded, however, with a glorious sunset and magnificent views of Athens. The rays of the setting sun, lighting up the columns of the Parthenon, and kindling Hymettus beyond with a flood of purple light, the dead calm of the dark blue sea, the intense silence broken only by the occasional goat-bell, the sight of so many islands of historical interest around, such as Salamis, Ægina, and others, all these circumstances combined to make that slow progress up the Saronic Gulf a memorable one.

Thus ended a brief but adventurous cruise among the Cyclades. They are islands so seldom visited that it has been thought worth while to place this little account on record, that others, who find themselves in that neighbourhood, may haply follow our example. A good dragoman is the chief requisite, for the dialect of the islands is very different from the language talked on the mainland, and there are, of course, constant emergencies, from which it needs native shrewdness and familiarity with the manners and customs of the islanders to extricate the traveller.—*St. James's Magazine.*

THE ROMANCE OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

Of things remarkable some are treasured for their intrinsic worth, and others for the associations, historical or otherwise, which time has grouped around them. The subject of this sketch possesses both these claims to fame. Of itself it is one of the most valuable and beautiful of gems, while the romance of its history clothes it with a lustre other than its own. Tradition commences the story of its marvellous career more than three thousand years ago, when it is said to have been worn by Carna, Rajah of Angar, who fell in the "great war." By some accounts the gem is connected with an ancient legend of the Talmud, which ascribes its creation to the Hindoo god Krishna, though another theory, with the same show of reason, declares it to have been discovered in the bed of the Godavery, near Masulipatam. Apart from traditions, however, it is more than probable that at a very remote period the Koh-i-noor was in the possession of the Hindoo priesthood, and possibly adorned the shrine of the deity to whom its creation was ascribed.

But leaving this doubtful basis of legendary lore for the more solid ground of absolute history, we find the really reliable account of the stone to commence about the year 1531. In the "Memories of the Mogul Baber," written about that time, it is affirmed to have passed into the treasury of Delhi, after the subjugation of Malwa by Ala-uddeen, about the year 1304, and is described as weighing the equivalent of 184 carats of modern weight. Here the gem remained after the death of Baber until the days of the Great Mogul, when in 1738, Nadir Shah, incensed by the protection afforded by the Mogul to a number of Afghan refugees who sought refuge from his vengeance within the walls of Delhi, laid siege to the city, and ultimately forced its surrender. As usual in uncivilized warfare, the town was sacked, and the rich collection of gems and jewels acquired under the Mogul sovereigns passed into the hands of Nadir Shah. This accomplished, the Nadir restored the Great Mogul to the throne of the despoiled city, to hold the same in vassalage to himself. The Nadir having noticed a fine diamond in the turban of the Great Mogul, and not wishing to acquire it by force, suggested to his new vassal that they should exchange turbans in token of friendship, and in this way the Koh-i-noor passed into the hands of Nadir Shah.

On the death of Nadir by assassination the Koh-i-noor came into the possession of his nephew, Ali Rokh Shah, a man of small capacity and little vigour, who presented it to Ahmed Shah El Aldahy, a most successful soldier, as a reward for military services rendered to him. From Ahmed Shah the stone descended to his sons, Shah Soujah, the eldest, being its next possessor. Runjeet Singh, the younger son, however, a fierce and violent man, renowned in war, and consequently popular with the army, greatly coveted his brother's dominions, and notwithstanding the fact that Shah Soujah had rewarded his military services by making him King of Lahore, declared war against his brother, and ultimately conquered him. Shah Soujah fled to Cabul, of which city Runjeet allowed him to be styled king, and in his flight managed to carry off the Koh-i-noor. Runjeet, however, had not forgotten the brilliant gem, and he determined by some means to obtain possession of it. To this end he adopted a truly Eastern method, and "made a feast," at which he invited the attendance of his brother, but Shah Soujah suspecting the designs of Runjeet, took the precaution to have a crystal made of the same size and shape as the Koh-i-noor, which he wore on his person in place of the original gem.

Arrived at the Court of Runjeet, the stone was almost immediately demanded of him, and after some show of resistance the counterfeit was delivered to the avaricious monarch. Runjeet was delighted with his new treasure, and Soujah was allowed to depart for Cabul with the Koh-i-noor still in his possession. The deception, however, was but short-lived, for the king's lapidary soon detected the cheat, and Runjeet's rejoicing was turned into mortification and hate. The palace of the Soujah was immediately invested and searched from top to bottom, and at length, through the treachery of a slave, the gem was found beneath a heap of ashes. Upon the death of Runjeet the stone came into the possession of Khurruck Singh and Shew Singh successively, both of whom were killed after reigning but a short time, "battle, murder, and sudden death" seeming to be inseparable from its possession.

The throne and its valuables next devolved upon a son of Runjeet Singh, a feeble youth, whose mother for some years acted as regent. In 1845, however, while under the regency, matters assumed so serious an aspect that the British authorities were compelled in self-defence to assume a share in the government of the kingdom, and in 1849, after every other expediency had

been tried in vain, Lord Dalhousie, the Governor-General, formally annexed the Punjab to the British dominions. The terms upon which Dhuleep Singh resigned for himself, his heirs, and successors all right, title, and claim to the sovereignty of the Punjab, were as follows:—That the property of the State should be confiscated to the Honourable East India Company, that the gem called the Koh-i-noor should be surrendered to the Queen of England, and that H. R. H. Dhuleep Singh should receive an annal pension of four lacs of rupees for the support of himself and his relatives, conditionally upon his remaining obedient to the British Government, and residing at such place as the Governor-General might select.

In this way the Koh-i-noor became a British possession, and on June 3, 1850, it was presented to Her Majesty the Queen. In the following year the gem was exhibited at the Great Exhibition, where it attracted a great deal of attention. Shortly after this the authorities determined on having the gem re-cut, and the late Duke of Wellington placed it on the mill for that purpose.* The wisdom of thus destroying the identity and depreciating the value of this remarkable stone has been much disputed, and doubtless there was much to be said in favour of maintaining the form in which it passed through its romantic history. Prior to its re-cutting it ranked second only to the Orloff of European gems, but now it ranks sixth, the Mogul, the Orloff, the Grand Tuscan, the Regent, and the Star of the South all taking precedence of it both for weight and purity. Let us hope that having passed through experiences of so much war and bloodshed, the remainder of its existence may be spent in peace.—

Excelsior.

* Two diamond-cutters being brought from Holland, where alone the art is at present kept up. A small steam-engine was erected for the purpose of cutting the gem, and the cost of the operation was £8,000. The Hindoos have a superstition that it brings ruin and disaster upon its possessor.—*ED. CAN. SPEC.*

A LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY FELTON LEA.

"Uncle Ralph, I think I will play truant this afternoon, if you will not look very threatening," said Noel Brandon as he dropped lazily into his accustomed chair in the office. "I believe my father may be here to-morrow and then good bye to holidays. Will you give your leave and blessing?"

"Noel, you are not fitting yourself to follow in the steps of your father. This half-work, three-quarters-play sort of going-on will ruin your business prospects as sure as my name is Ralph Brandon. My boy, it really is time you had a fixed purpose in life. This shilly-shallying only needs time to wreck you as it has so many before you."

"For pity's sake, Uncle Ralph, do not sermonize; I cannot stand it. Mamma does that enough, and I feel all the better, or rather worse after listening, though she never 'riles' a fellow with what she says; but I am like a cat rubbed the wrong way when anyone else 'tries it on'; so if you think it such an awful dereliction of duty just to take an afternoon now and then, why, I submit. So here goes. What is my part in the programme? I am sick of adding up figures, making bills of lading and the whole thing,"—and to judge from Noel Brandon's face, there was something very serious likely to result from his ailment.

"Look here, Noel," said his uncle facing him, and drawing up his tall well-knit figure to its utmost height, "I am disappointed in you, I tell you candidly. Hear me out, sir, for I shall not interfere with you again. I judged from the promise of your schoolboy days, you were worthy to carry on our firm. I need not tell you what the world thinks of Brandon Bros. The name is enough. For generations it has stood firm in its strict integrity, and looked upon the struggles of others, seen their downfall, but no panic, no calamity has so much as touched us, and now for once in your life think,—how will it fare in your hands?"

"If ever there was an unlucky fellow under the sun, it's me with a vengeance," said Noel impetuously, and with a bound he cleared the back of his chair, lighting on the table right in front of his astonished relative, who drew back his head in time to avoid a collision. "It's no good" continued Noel, grasping his uncle by the shoulder and making him an unwilling prisoner by the further addition of pinioning his legs as he made an impromptu foot stool of them for his own. "I tell you, sir, you shall hear me," and his imitation of his uncle's manner was perfect. "How dare you ask me such a question? What are you going to do,—emigrate? And what is going to become of your father, eh? Are you going to desert the old hulk and expect me to pilot her through all weathers. I guess you are not quite so far gone as that," and such a boyish laugh echoed again and again through the room, that the reserved, dignified Mr. Ralph Brandon unbent a little, as he adroitly regained his liberty, and then standing erect said: "You know my meaning well enough—so long as Gilbert and Ralph Brandon can hold a pen and charter a ship, this office will never see their place vacant; but we want our boys to be ready to take the command when the time may come for their need, and Noel, my dear nephew, you are drifting into uselessness. Without system no

business can succeed—that is the secret of our success. Our fathers before us drilled us as if we were machines, and it pays, boy, it pays; ah, I know it is not what youth likes. I thought it irksome at first, but use becomes second nature. Once determine to do your work, no matter what it may be, in a certain course, and you know what you are about; but doing a bit here, grasping at this speculation dabbling at this or that venture,—one day running with zeal, the next with apathy, drawn of by the whim of the moment, and success will never follow, it is an impossibility, but I tell you one thing is sure and certain, and it comes sooner or later, and that is—Ruin. Be thorough; I do hate these half-and-half ways.”

“Uncle Ralph, you say you once felt it irksome, can you not feel for me? I do of course mean to go in for it, all earned after a bit, but its awful hard work taking kindly to wear harness after being so long at grass. I daresay I shall eventually trot in it as well as most fellows. Anyhow,” he broke off with another ringingly laugh, “I can’t for shame baulk much when I follow in the lead of you two old thorough-bred, sure-footed steeds.”

“Noel, I do not wish to be hard upon you, or curtail your holidays when they are ‘systematically’ adopted. If you take a week, or say a month at a given time, I should never be the one to say nay; but I most assuredly shall ever protest against irregularities. You will ruin the firm when it passes into your keeping, and be without the least satisfaction to yourself in the cause you adopt. You will find, my boy, the men who enjoy their holidays, their recreations, are those who have laboured steadily. Make pleasure-seeking your occupation, and it has its revenge in making you search for it. The searching, as you grow older, becomes far and wide; the finding of the object more and more difficult. Once thoroughly make the determination to do the duty you know is yours, and you will be astonished at the zest your recreation will bring to you. No need to search for it, my boy.”

“Then I will go in for it with a vengeance,” said Noel with a saucy laugh as he flung his coat across the room, and with another flying leap regained his usual seat. “Now, I was going up the river with ever such a nice party, and you really ought to feel some compunction to have disappointed two or three gentlemen of the opposite sex; but, no matter, I am taking you at your word, and if your promised recreation does not follow sticking at it, and is not better than my proposed one, I shall desert the old beaten tracks and try new ones. Now please give me that precious consignment and see how soon I will enter it. Why, you are not angry with a fellow, surely?”

Very few could be long angry with Noel Brandon. There was too much of real worth mixed up with his odd defects, and as his uncle complied with his request, he felt a pressure of the hand that did not come from the papers, and Noel in his generous, impulsive manner said, with glistening eyes, “You are a dear old uncle, and I will remember what you say—and, yes I will make a rash statement; from this time I’ll merit your recreations, see if I do not.”

“Hush! do not”—

Whatever Mr. Ralph Brandon was about to say was never said, for at that moment the faint tinkle of the bell at his side told him the head manager of the firm was wanting his attention. “Come in,” and at once the uncle was lost in the dignity of the principal of the firm.

Noel had begun in good earnest with his work, and too much accustomed to the routine of the office, did not notice the entrance or exit of Mr. Claxton—A groan startled him “What is it?” he cried, hastily going up to his uncle, whose face was buried in his hands and whose voice was shaking as an aspen leaf. Even as he asked the question his eye fell upon an open telegram lying on the table: “Come at once: train ran down an embankment; bring Noel.”

Not a sound came from the white parted lips of Noel; he felt nothing, he only saw the cruel words; he was as if turned into a block of stone without the power of thought or feeling. How long he stood looking at those words he knew not; it might have been years, from the change undergone. Mechanically he picked up his coat, so gayly flung aside; he even smoothed his hat before putting it on, and then with a bewildered air stood as if wondering what next to do. The shaking form of his uncle arrested his attention, and he gazed at him as if with no recollection of his identity. Slowly the paralysis seemed to be giving way to returning life, and as the cold perspiration broke out in large drops on his brow, he wiped them off with one hand as he shook his uncle with the other.

Mr. Ralph looked up with a white set face, but the one look at Noel restrained any more signs of feeling on his part. Without a word he rang his bell; the same attendant answered the summons, and as he looked at the two facing him whitened—the manager entered and obeyed the injunction which beckoned him to read the paper, lying so still with its awful message of woe; the mute sympathy of look was all he dared to show in reply. Taking the arm of the Noel and crushing his hat over his eyes, Mr. Ralph Brandon, with an almost inarticulate “I leave you in charge,” walked from the room before Mr. Claxton could recall his scattered senses.

The time seemed neither long nor short to Noel as he rode by the side of his uncle. Some one asked him to put up the window, and he did it mechanically; but whether they went by steam or how, he could not tell. The words as he had read them seemed beaten into his brain, and beyond these he

realized nothing; he did not even realize what they meant, and in the same stupor followed wherever his uncle led. He did not see the many pitying glances at his white set face, or hear the kindly “God comfort you, whatever your trouble may be,” from a poor woman whom he instinctively put forth his hand to help, as she stumbled in the darkness as they were leaving the train.

“Mr. Ralph Brandon,” said a gentleman interrogatively. A lifting of the hat was the only reply. Noel strained his ears, and the tension of his nerves was agonising as he waited to hear what the stranger might have to say, but assured of their identity, he merely led them to a carriage in waiting. Accustomed as he was to witness sorrow and prepare hopeful, loving hearts to hope no longer, but bow to the inevitable, he yet shrank from communicating what must be told to the stern, horror-struck old man, and the beseeching, pathetic pleading look of the one just in the pride of his young manhood. Closing the door upon them, he astonished his coachman by taking a seat on the box beside him. A short drive, and once more they alighted.

“My dear Sir,” said Dr. Stanley, as he ushered them into a small room, softly closing the door, “I must beg of you and my young friend here to rouse yourselves; you must think for others, and spare them witnessing what you cannot but feel; but, whatever your feelings, I must enforce upon you the necessity of suppressing them, as the least exhibition of such may prove fatal at once to both sufferers.”

“Is there any hope, Doctor?” asked Mr. Ralph, with a determined effort to overcome the sickening tightening at his heart as the tone of caution told more even than the words.

A gasp as of one suffocating broke from the parted lips of Noel, and the blue veins stood out like cords upon his white, eager face. The doctor looked at him with womanly sympathy, but with the eye of the practised physician. Without speaking he left the room. A moment, and he was back. Before Noel could assent or refuse, he compelled him to drain the glass held to his lips. The watchful eye never relaxed its scrutiny until he saw the face assuming a more natural hue, then with sympathy in voice and look spoke the oft-spoken sentence that has bowed so many hearts in the deepest agony. A low moan, and Noel fell lifeless to the ground.

“Poor lad! poor lad!” muttered the doctor. “Mr. Brandon, your nephew must not attempt to see his father or mother until he is physically stronger. Their few remaining hours of life will be shortend by the least emotion. From the manner of Mrs. Brandon I think she will restrain herself, but if this poor fellow were to give way, she would be gone at once. The injury to both is internal, and any excitement will bring on hemorrhage.”

“I understand, and now please let me see my brother,” said Mr. Ralph Brandon in a firm, hard voice.

The moment the door closed upon them, Noel sprang up fiercely and locked it. He was no longer the automaton of the past few hours, every pulse was beating with a wild vehemence. The loss of consciousness was but momentary, and every word Dr. Stanley had said he had heard. His whole being rebelled at the decree. It would have been just as useless to tell the wildly tossed tree in a storm to be still, as for one to have spoken of submission to this affliction to Noel Brandon; but what was impossible for man to have effected was possible for One. “Mamam,” as he called his mother by way of a pet endearment, seemed suddenly to stand out startlingly clear from amidst his bitter rebellious thoughts.

“Oh! Mamam! Oh! Mamam!” he moaned, “you could keep me going right, and now—” For the first time in the life of Noel Brandon he prayed—for the first time he felt a want nothing earthly could supply. Like so many—ah! how many!—he had knelt from custom morning and evening, and in a Christian land with all its benefits and blessings surrounding him, and living under its teaching, was practically as dark as any heathen. How shocked he would have been had anyone told him this, yet it was true. There is a lip-service for many; alas! that of the heart does not number so many adherents.

“Can I trust you?” asked Dr. Stanley some half-an-hour later as with Noel he stood outside the room in which the mother lay.

“Poor Noel”—what a piteous look he turned upon his questioner. “God help you, my boy, but do not try your mother—think of her—forget yourself. Are you ready?”

“Lord help me,” broke from the aching heart of Noel. “It is too hard to bear. One moment, doctor.” The next he was in his mother’s arms.

“Now, my own boy, I must have you quite quiet whilst we have one of our old talks!”

Noel could scarcely believe his sense of hearing, and looked for the first time into his mother’s face, whilst she had kissed his forehead, and pressed his hair from it. He had not dared to look at her; he did not know himself what he expected to see, and hearing her now speak as she had done for so many years with such gentle cheerfulness, hope bounded to his heart and sent a glad, eager look into his eyes.

“Mama, that doctor has frightened me for nothing. You will get better again” he affirmed with feverish earnestness. “Why, you look just the same, dear mama, only a little paler.”

“Now, Noel, I am going to talk to my grown son, not my little Noel, and

you must remember this, I am not making believe—and am not showing a calmness I do not feel. Noel, my own boy," questioned the mother with such a world of tenderness in her voice and caressing action, "Ought we not all so to live as to be ready when the call comes? I have asked from a child to be delivered from the fear of death, because then, the thought of it was so terrible, and He in whom is all my trust, has heard and answered. We speak of death, it is only such to the body—we our thinking selves do not die. 'Absent from the body, present with the Lord.' If I had summoned you to tell you the Queen had appointed me near her person to fulfil some office of trust, you would have let me go and for the sake of the honour put aside missing mother for a while, but, Noel dear, this is a summons from all pain, care, or sorrow, for freedom and safety, our learning time over here we go to practise there—Noel, what are you learning? I had hoped to see my boy enlisted on the safe side, but must wait awhile."

"Mother! mother! I promise to be what you want," burst from his full heart.

"Hush, my boy," she said gently, "I would not even ask you to promise such for *my sake*. Unless you surrender of your own free will, from LOVE—*from love*, Noel—it will bring no abiding peace to you, or glory to your Master. It is this alone He first demands; it is only love that gilds our path here and makes heaven begin below. That decision, my boy, must be between your Maker and yourself. But I am going to ask something of you."

"I will do it before you ask, mother."

"Noel, the greatest influence of your life, for right or wrong, will be in your choice of a wife. I ask you, then, to let neither position nor appearance influence you; seek one who has decided to go in the narrow path. And to you I leave my Violet, dear child; she will need mother, but the need will be supplied. Tell her I wish her to consult Aunt Mary, as I do you, in my stead. She will be the truest friend either could ever have."

Noel gazed in wondering reverence. Was this what humanity ever shrank from? Was this calm, smiling assurance the terrors of dissolution? Involuntarily he said under his breath, "O Death, where is thy sting?"

"In sin, only in sin," was the quick reply.

"Oh, Mama, but you have always been on the right side and advancing. It is easier for such as you."

"The only sure way, Noel, is not to look at what we have done or left undone, but to keep a firm hold on our Ransom. My boy, when you surrender to Him, keep near to His life, as near to it as frail mortal can. Remember always what He says 'without Me ye can do nothing.' Now kiss me, Noel," she added, pressing one long, lingering pressure upon his lips. "Good night, dear," and those simple words were the last he ever heard from her.

"Your father wants you," whispered Dr. Stanley, as Noel knelt watching the placid breathing of his mother, even yet hope was busy whispering delusive suppositions, and with a questioning hopefulness he asked if it were not possible life might be spared.

With a grave shake of the head Dr. Stanley led the way to the other bedside. As Noel entered the room his Uncle Ralph hurriedly passed out.

"Father, dear father," he faltered.

"Noel, I have left all instructions and my wishes with your uncle—see, boy, you give heed to carrying them out. I had just got the threads of extending our connection in another direction, but you—"

"Never mind the business," said Noel grasping his father's hand impulsively, his whole being recoiling at what was so valueless in the presence of that mighty hereafter. "Father, have you mother's peace?" and Noel shook with trembling anxiety for this assurance.

Mr. Brandon, the mighty business potentate, looked with a gathering surprise into the face of his son. "Mother's peace," he echoed. He shut his eyes, and for the first time in his life, allowed himself to face a question so often silently put before him in the daily life of his wife. He had been a regular occupier of his pew, liberal in his charities, just and upright in his dealings with his fellow-men. Not one act could be pointed at in his life that could bring a flush of shame to his brow, but now his son's question awakened him to a knowledge that this was not all that his life had been given for. "Mother's peace," he muttered again. "How is she, Noel?" he asked sharply.

"Father, I could not picture her to you," sobbed Noel. "Oh! there is something in this hidden life one hears of. Good as we know her to have been, she will not so much as look at her life; her only trust is in the Saviour."

Mr. Brandon listened eagerly, but no word passed his lips. Ever a reticent man, this was not the time to change his nature. Noel, as he stood with the shadow of the other world so about him, was unconsciously ministering to its one grand theme. What thought of it may have entered so late, as a living reality, into his father's heart, this world would be ever silent upon—only the next can reveal.

In the morning paper the world read of the fatal railway accident that had made Noel an orphan. "Many injured, it is feared fatally. Right killed." And then the busy world entered into the why and wherefore of accidents, forgot the subject in the business enterprises of the day, and buying, selling, bartering—all went on just as if there were no bleeding hearts or weary brains beating side by side.

What mighty changes may happen in one week (a small space in time) but how laden with events colouring a lifetime. A week ago Noel Brandon was full of the joy of youth, secure in the dearest home ties, the future possessor of honourably-gotten wealth—heedless of the great purpose for which every life is given—sporting in the sunshine of hope, indifferent to the clouds that gather sooner or later, however bright the rays may be,—and now was sunken into the very depths of suffering from which nothing seemed to arouse him.

Mr. Ralph Brandon grew anxious, when Time, the great healer of all woes, made no mark upon one who was as his own son, and his own aching heart, hidden under a demeanour, growing sterner longed for something to arouse Noel from what nature could not long be taxed to bear, and give no sign of its impeded regular action.

The late Mr. Gilbert Brandon, the elder brother of Brandon Brothers, had been on his way home with his wife from spending the one month he took every summer from business, from their pleasant sojourn at the lovely marine mansion of the brother of Mrs. Brandon's girlhood's friend, Mrs. Fitzroy, and, as usual, had left Violet to return later on with that lady, her sister and niece, but for that Noel might have been bereft of every tie, and now he was longing, yet dreading, his sister's return.

"Noel, I have decided to give up my house, and we will all live together at Hazlewood."

Noel turned to his uncle, and for the first time evinced something of interest outside his sorrow, as he said, though his lip trembled—

"You are very good, uncle Ralph. But will it not be taxing your kindness too much?"

"My boy, I am going to trust you with a secret that no mortal has ever suspected, so that you may understand my doings, and I shall then be spared any comments."

"Do not distress yourself to speak of anything that I am sure I should never ask a question about," said Noel, looking in surprise at the unusual emotion of one so cold and devoid apparently of great feeling.

"Noel, you have again and again, as with others, wondered I preferred my solitary home when I might have been a welcome member of yours, but—but, my boy, I could not honourably have done this, for I loved your mother before ever your father saw her. Mine is not a nature of change, and now you know why I am a lonely old man. She never guessed I loved her but as a sister, but her children are as dear as if mine own. Now you understand why Uncle Ralph has tried to keep her boy from becoming a man without a set purpose in his life. There are times in our lives when words seem even coarse in their gentleness, sympathy too repulsive to be offered—a mute caress, a touch, all that can be ventured upon. Man as Gilbert Brandon was, there was the refinement of the sensitive nature of a woman in his one act, that no words could have so expressed."

Stepping lightly, as if in the chamber of death, Noel crossed to his uncle and pressed his lips reverently and longingly to his and silently left the room. From that moment they clung to each other as father and son, but never once did either revert to the sacred past.

The Honourable Misses Fitzroy were ladies of ancient family and from their high position regarded by the lesser luminaries of Campbellton as planets whose orbits conferred distinction on those who were fortunate enough to be within revolving distance. The daughters of the late Lord Somerset and sisters of the present representative of that distinguished family, having large fortunes in their own right,—who would suppose either lacked anything earth could not supply? But trouble does not always sit at the hearth of the poor or toil-worn, and never enter the mansion of the titled or great; it comes alike to all, spares neither the crowned head nor the one exposed to the blasts of poverty and the chill winds of despair, and it beat heavily on the gentle, delicately nurtured Mary Fitzroy, and with one fell blow she lay smitten whilst life should last. On the eve of a brilliant marriage, that would have made her of the foremost rank of the upper ten, she saw her young lover gaily smiling his last adieu as his thorough-bred steed curvetted impatiently under the restraining rein,—the next moment the sound of a loud report, and the young Duke lay lifeless as the frightened animal reared and fell heavily upon his rider. One great cry and Mary Fitzroy lay at the bottom of the flight of steps ascending to the stately home from which she had so playfully spoken her last words to one she was never to see again on earth.

It was months afterwards when she fully realized that health was only to be partially hers; her fall had injured her spine, and henceforth pain and weariness must ever go hand in hand.

Trouble tries what the nature is capable of—it is the one sure test whether it is pure gold, or how much of the alloy is in its composition, and Mary Fitzroy showed pure as mortal can be, and her one hope, her one fixed purpose was to hear the welcome tidings, "well done."

Her sister, the Hon. Miss Barbara Fitzroy, had her life's trial, but hers betrayed that the gold was not quite without the alloy. Her disappointment created a hardness of front with a spice of "vinegry" sharpness in her future look-out on life; but she was just what the plough is to the ground,—she went straight at things and people. "No mistaking Miss Barbara Fitzroy," as she once said

when her gentle sister mildly suggested a more considerate way of propounding her ideas than in full tilt to the opposer. "It is of no use, Mary, I will not call a spade a fork to please any one who may hold that opinion. A spade is a spade with me, and shall always say so, offend or please."

She had loved well, but not wisely, for her heart's hopes had centred upon one her lordly father did not consider had claims to an equality in wealth or position, so her plighted word was given to one who had to betake himself to that Elysium of the hope for riches (India) and await his portion, which was to be shared with the one from whom the bright suggestion came, and who had promised to follow when of age to carry out the bright project.

But both sisters were to walk alone through life—not here are these strange contradictions to be unravelled—well for those who can patiently await "What thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter," for before Barbara Fitzroy had seen the sweet pure crocus just unfolding in the warmer rays of spring, the hopeful future darkened and bitterness strewn its path, when she learned that Arnold Hartley had married a young girl he had met for the first time on board the ship that took him out.

Ever of an energetic, enthusiastic nature, she grew more intensely so. A proud scorn was shown to the world; not even to her sister, the only one from whom she had no reserve, was a word given expressive of her feelings. Mortification and wounded pride healed the sore, and woe betide anyone who had ventured even a look of sympathy. So the Hon. Miss Barbara Fitzroy found out she had a mission, and she prosecuted it with unflinching zeal, with untiring energy. But for her position she would have been proscribed to a leper field for carrying it on, and the force and common-sense of it would have failed of its purpose. She would have been vetoed as one of society's nuisances and unceremoniously hurled into oblivion. But such as she are sadly needed in this enlightened nineteenth century, though it requires more mental superiority than many attain to, or care so to do, if possessing the power. But, sure in her position, needing nothing at the hands of any, able to give from her abundance, with relatives and friends, titled and influential, and as numerous as blackberries on a bush, she had worked on her way, never sparing look or comment, but with one firm, unalterable determination to frown down all "shams," and to uphold good, old-fashioned realities.

(To be continued.)

UPHILL WORK.

The act of engaging in labour may be uphill work at the outset of life; but the work itself which we do may become ever more arduous, if we are not content with quantity of effect, but aspire to perfection in quality. Those who are possessed by this ambition will find the whole of their life's journey lying uphill. There are for them no level plains on which to settle down to reap the reward of former toil. For them the shades of evening bring no relaxation of effort. Their expectations may be less unlimited as time goes on, and less of their strength will be wasted in vain endeavours to grasp at what is beyond their reach; but the upward strain will not be relaxed; it will only be economised, as experience takes the guidance of their steps. And with the life-long toil of ascent comes the life-long expansion of horizon; the journey which is all uphill must needs conduct the wayfarer to fresher air and serener solitudes; away from the crowd and the smoke, up to the heights from which what is mean and trivial falls out of sight, and the sounds of strife are hushed. A freshness more exquisite than the freshness of youth is reserved for some of the aged; but it can be attained only by a path which lies from first to last uphill.

Uphill work, both literally and figuratively, means work in two directions at once; literally, it is going forward while we raise our own weight; figuratively, it is doing things and learning how to do them at the same time; thus lifting ourselves on to a higher platform of moral or intellectual being. There is always in some senses an ascending slope before us, which we may scale if we will. But happily it does not rest with ourselves to decide whether the general tenor of our lives shall be that of laborious ascent or of gentle downward gliding. The force of gravitation need not be always regarded as a type of the depraved tendencies of the human heart. There is a time for all things, says the wise man, and if there is a time for learning, so is there, happily, a time for forgetting; and also a time for idly applying and enjoying what we have learnt. There is a time for scrambling upwards, and a time for lying on the grass in the valley; a time for climbing fruit-trees, and a time for letting the ripe fruit drop into our mouths. Even Christian, who was not the man to flinch from his share of climbing, found rest and refreshment in the Valley of Humiliation, and it would be a poor view of life which valued nothing that was not gained by the sweat of our brow. Let life tend ever so steadily upwards in its moral and spiritual aspects, and intellectual labour be ever so strenuously directed towards higher and higher levels of attainment, still there will be in the outward life our pauses from all activity, and welcome and gentle relaxations of effort, when our wisdom is to sit still and receive the riches which flow into our souls from above. Hard work is no doubt a cure for many evils,

and the taste for it a most excellent one to acquire if we can; but not to be able to abstain from it for a time, not to have any idea of enjoyment without it, is a miserable slavery and blindness.

The most exquisite pleasure which we ever take in the work of our own hands or brains is probably derived from some rapid achievement wrought without conscious effort in some direction in which we have lately been working hard. After making a series of labourious studies, with perhaps little apparent result, we suddenly find ourselves rendering an impression, either in words or in colour, with an unstudied felicity which has gone far beyond the result of all our former labour, and perhaps by means of which we can give no complete account. Such moments are like those in which, after a long steep climb in the shadow up the jutting shoulder of a mountain, we suddenly turn a corner, and find ourselves face to face with the whole expanse of the western heavens.—*Saturday Review*.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

DETECTOR FOR BASE COIN.

Professor Roberts, the chemist to the Mint, has applied a modification of the telephone for the purpose of detecting light and base coins by means of electricity. It appears that equal and similar volumes of various metals and alloys have each a different effect on an electric current flowing round a coil of wire. As might be inferred, if two equally strong rapidly intermittent currents are flowing in two coils connected by a wire, their balance may be upset by putting a bit of metal in one of the coils, and a telephone can easily be made to indicate the disturbance thus created by the intruder. But if an exact duplicate of the piece of metal be put into the other coil, the balance of the currents will be restored and the tell-tale telephone silenced. The practical application of this experiment in connection with coin-testing is plain and simple. Let a newly-minted sovereign be always kept at hand for testing purposes. If this is placed within one of the coils and the suspected coin inserted with the other, one of two things will at once occur—either the telephone will cease to "speak" if the last inserted coin is perfectly correct as to weight and fineness, and therefore good, or it will continue to sound, in which case it is plain the coin cannot be in composition and weight the same as the test coin, as it proves itself incapable of balancing it as a disturber of the induction currents.

A STRANGER IN AMERICA.

Nothing surprised me more than to see the parks of New York, abutting Broadway, without a fence around the greensward. A million unresting feet passed by them, and none trampled on the delicate grass—while, in England, Board Schools put up a prison wall around them, so that poor children cannot see a flower-girl go by in the streets; and the back windows of the houses of mechanics in Lambeth remain blocked up, whereby no inmate can look on a green tree in the Palace grounds. In Florence, in Northampton, where the Holyoke mountain looks on the ever-winding Connecticut River, as elsewhere, there are thousands of mansions to be seen without a rail around their lawns. Acres of plantations lie unenclosed between the beautiful houses, where a crowd of wanderers might rest unchallenged, and watch mountain, river, and sky. In England, if an indigent wanderer sat down on house-ground or wayside, the probability is a policeman would come and look at him—the farmer would come and demand what he wanted, and the relieving officer would suggest to him that he had better pass on to his own parish. Every man in America feels as though he owns the country, because the charm of recognised equality and the golden chances of ownership have entered his mind. He is proud of the statues and the public buildings. The great rivers, the trackless prairies, the regal mountains, all seem his. In America there is no American, and the people are kings, and they know it. I had not landed on the American shores an hour before I became aware that I was in a new nation, animated by a new life which I had never seen.—*Nineteenth Century*.

ANTIQUITY OF GLOVES.

As Xenophon, in his "Cyropædia," mentions that on one occasion Cyrus went without his gloves, there are good grounds for believing that the ancient Persians were not ignorant of their use, and it is known that both Greeks and Romans sometimes wore them. The period when gloves were first used in England, however, is likely to be of more interest to our readers; and this could not have been much before the time of Ethelred II., when five pairs made a considerable part of the duty paid by some German merchants to that king for the protection of their trade. In the reign of Richard and John gloves were worn by the higher classes, sometimes short and sometimes to the elbow, jewelled on the backs and embroidered at the tops. Our ancestors closely connected gloves with chivalry, both in love and war; and the custom of throwing down the glove was equivalent to a challenge; the person defied signifying his acceptance of it by taking up his opponent's glove and throwing down his own. Biting the gloves meant, on the Border, a pledge of mortal revenge, and a story is told of a gentleman of Teviotdale who, after a hard drinking bout,

observing in the morning that he had bitten his glove, inquired with whom he had quarrelled, and finding he had had words with one of his companions, insisted on satisfaction, saying that although he remembered nothing of the dispute, he would never have bitten his glove unless he had received unparadonable insult. He fell in the duel, which was fought near Selkirk. The following lines from "Marmion" show that the sending of a glove by a lady to her knight was a token of love, and a command to do her bidding:—

For the fair Queen of France
Sent him a turquoise ring and glove,
And charged him, as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance.

In these practical days of ours chivalry has quite died out, and gloves are now for the most part merely regarded as a covering for the hands. One important use made of them in modern society is in the form of bets between the two sexes on such occasions as the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, Royal Ascot, and other races. There is yet one old custom connected with gloves which has lived down to our times, but is seldom called into practice. I allude to "gloves in law." At an assize, when no prisoners are to be tried, the sheriff presents the judge with a pair of white gloves, and this custom is also observed in Scotland.—*Boot and Shoe Maker.*

WE are informed that Lovell's Advanced Geography (148 pages) was published on the 18th inst. It contains 45 Coloured Maps, 210 Illustrations, a number of Statistical Tables, and a Pronouncing Vocabulary. Price \$1.50.

TO MEMORY.

The age of miracle will never end.
There is a wonder-worker with me now,
Whose feats would raise no blush upon the brow
Of old-time conjurors—nay, rather lend
An unclaim'd lustre to each mystic crown.
What can he do? He cannot walk through fire
Unharm'd, nor bring the lightning down
Upon the altar of my soul's desire;
Nor smite the rock and bid the water flow;
Nor ever stay the sun and moon, that go
Chasing each other through the boundless blue—
Lover and lov'd, that never can embrace,
Forever hopeless, but forever true,
And she with all his passion on her face.

But other powers there be: what have I done,
Or seen, or felt, or for a moment thought,
That I could wish another moment brought
Back from the greedy whelming streams that run
Forever onward through the gloomy land
Forgetfulness, into the sea of Death?
O then arise, and with thy magic wand
(Spirit, or sprite, or what thou wilt, that hath
Thy home within me)—with thy magic wand
Upon the banks of Time's swift river stand,
And at my bidding bid the rushing waves
Roll back, and show me what their depths contain,
Bitter or sweet—whate'er my fancy craves—
One moment bare it to my gaze again!

What is it I desire? What should it be—
Exiled from all I love—but to behold
The smiles that I have seen so oft of old
Upon the faces that are dear to me?
I will, and it is done. O wondrous power!
What glamour is like thine? what fancy spell
In home's sweet circle for a happy hour
Could on the instant take me thus to dwell?
The present fades, the city is no more;
In the dim past I tread another shore:
The scent of heather from the breezy hill,
And carol of the wild bird, fills the day;
While looks of love my soul with rapture fill,
And kindly words,—too soon to die away.

What, gone already! Art thou gone so soon,
Bright vision of the well-remember'd past
That brought me pleasure all too deep to last?
How quickly was thy soul-bewitching boon
Withdrawn!—as quickly as it came it went;
But I have that within me that can lure
Thee back again, therefore I am content,—
Nay, not content—for thou wilt not endure.
O wizard, thou art mighty, but, alas!
Thy might has limits, and thy wonders pass;
And with a sigh I turn from thee to list
Hope's voice soft-stealing on my charmed ear,
Whose whispers hint that I shall yet be blest
In seeing all I sit and dream of here.

Robt. Wanlock.

Chess.

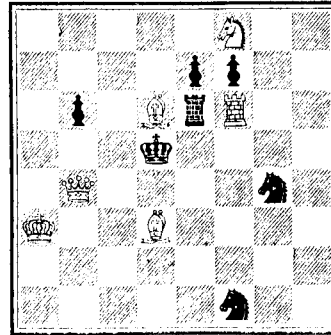
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, August 21st, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

SET NO. 12. MOTTO: *Gemini.*

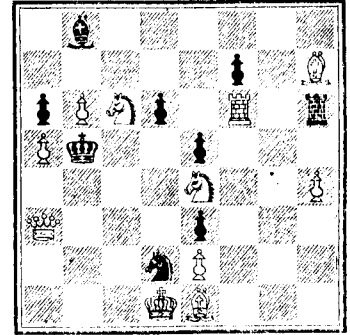
PROBLEM NO. XCVIII.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM NO. XCIX.
BLACK.



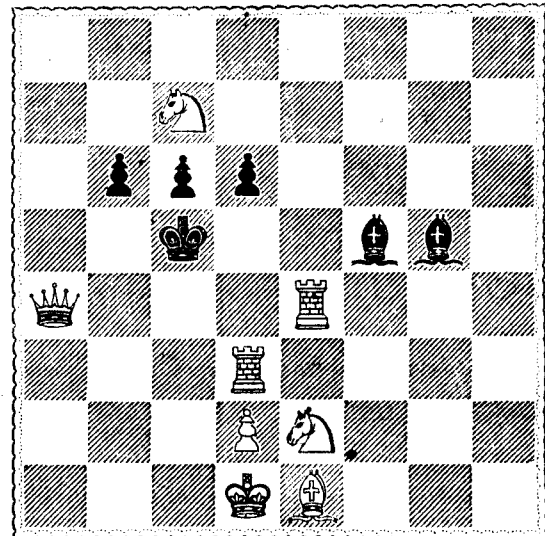
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. C.

Composed by Dr. S. Gold, Vienna, Austria, and dedicated to Count Arnold Pougriez Von Tirnau, on his 70th birthday. Contributed to the CANADIAN SPECTATOR by Joseph Steele, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and smate in four moves.

This is the first problem of its kind which we have inserted in our column. It is highly ingenious, and will amply repay our solvers for the time spent in solving it.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 90.—MOTTO: "Honour to whom honour is due."

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to B 5	1 K to K 5 (a)	2 Q takes P (ch)	(b) 1 B to Kt 7 (c)
2 Kt to K 3 (dis ch)	2 K to Q 5	3 Q to Q 4 (ch)	2 K takes Kt
3 Q to Q B 7	3 Anything	4 Q or B mates	3 K moves
4 Q or Kt mates	if 2 K to K 4		(c) 1 P moves
3 Q to B 7 (ch)	3 K to Q 5	2 Q to R 7	2 B takes Kt
4 Q to B 3 mate	(a) 1 B takes Kt (b)	3 Q to B 5	3 K moves
2 Q to R 7	2 P moves	4 Q mates	if 2 K to K 5
3 Q to B 5	3 K moves	3 Kt to K B 4	3 Anything
4 Q mates		4 Q mates	

These are the leading variations, but there are many others, which we leave to the ingenuity of solvers.

Correct solution received from:—J.H., Montreal; H.F.L., Brantford.

TOURNEY SET No. 9.—"A Happy Thought."

PROBLEMS No. 91 and 92.

As before intimated this set is unsound, neither of the problems being solvable in the author's way. The key-moves given are:—No. 91, R to K Kt 3; and No. 92, (1) Q to K Kt 3.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 93.—R to R 4.

Correct solution received from:—H.F.L., Brantford; J.W.S., Montreal. "Scarcely up to 'dedication' standard. Considering the number of pieces at Black's disposal, his defences are very limited."

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

The editor of the Holyoke Transcript says:—"Last week we had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Worrell at the residence of Mrs. Favar, 40 West 24th street, New York city. We were very cordially received, and after a very pleasant chat about chess matters, we contested three games with Mrs. Worrell, and lost them all. We have since heard that all that Capt. Mackenzie gives the lady odds, is a pawn and move; if we had been aware of this we should certainly have asked, at the least, the odds of a knight from the lady, and now, after testing her fine and superior play, we are surprised at our temerity in playing on even terms with her. We played with a set of chessmen which, we think, Mrs. Worrell stated that Mr. Worrell had won from Mr. Staunton. Mrs. Worrell formerly resided in Mexico, and has often played chess with the famous Mexican players, Senors Vasquez and Carrington."

