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The Canadian Spectator.

Contents of Number 23.

- THE TIMES.
 - MR. MACKENZIE ON THE STUMP, by the Editor.
 - THE ERA OF EXHIBITIONS, by H. M.
 - MONTREAL HARBOR, TRADE, & SHIPPING.
 - THE TEMPORALITIES FUND, by Douglas Brymner.
 - THE POPES.
 - AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.
 - A LAY OF A LONDONER.
 - CORRESPONDENCE.
 - THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT, by the author of "Patty."
 - CURRENT LITERATURE.
 - MUSICAL.
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VOL. I., NO. 24.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1878.

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CONTENTS :

THE TIMES.	AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.
CLERICAL EDITORS.	THE BARREL-ORGAN.
THE TURKS AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.	CORRESPONDENCE.
THE TEMPORALITIES FUND OF THE PRES- BYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.	THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT, BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."
THE "JINGOES."	MUSICAL.
	CURRENT LITERATURE.
	♫. ♫. ♫.

THE TIMES.

The Quebec Government is *in extremis*—the Opposition in despair. The Government was beaten on the constitutional question by a majority of one. But Mr. Joly did not resign. He acted wisely and in the interests of the Province. For it is evident enough that Mr. Chapleau, as matters now stand, could not carry on the Government, but now that this misty matter of constitutional right is disposed of, we may look for a sufficient, if not a large majority, on the Government side. In any case, it does seem a marvel that our provincial politicians do not see that government by a party has been a miserable failure at Quebec. Why should it be? Of course it suits the purposes of the Ottawa place hunters, but it is a sin that the Province of Quebec should be almost ruined in the interests of these men. A party Government in a Province like this is absurd—just as absurd and wasteful as would be Government by political party in one of the large English cities. If Mr. Joly would make an effort to form a coalition ministry, or to govern by an executive chosen from the whole House, each being held responsible for his own particular office and work, he would inaugurate a reform creditable to himself and all who should join him. There can be no public reason why Mr. Chapleau should not hold office along with Mr. Joly, and if the position were second, Mr. Chapleau is young enough and able enough to accept it with dignity. He must know that the loftiest soul can most easily stoop—to be jealous of honours is no sign of worth, and the more able a man is the better he can afford. If the Quebec so-called Conservatives and Liberals would throw their wire-pulling and self-seeking leaders at Ottawa overboard, and work for the good of the Province, they would deserve and have the thanks of all honest men, and the anger of all who are the opposite of honest—a twofold blessing, and a thing to be sought after.

While the Quebec Parliament has been trying to solve the Constitutional question by a vote, the Quebec citizens—as to the working part of them—have been indulging in the expensive luxury of a riot. Mr. Mackenzie should go to the ancient city and use his historical knowledge about Abraham and the Pyramids, and his reasoning powers to convince the workmen that they can raise the scale of wages by rows in the streets, sacking stores and such like deeds of violence. Labour is governed by the law of supply and demand just as any other kind of capital, and can never be controlled by the mob. The workmen in rioting against low wages are just as reasonable as would be general traders rioting against the Banks to get a lower rate of interest. But the workmen have not learnt this—and the men who go about to get their vote at election time do not tell them so—but only pamper and mislead them, by giving them to understand that Government can influence the scale of wages. Mr. Mackenzie's statement that he wants to make this a cheap country to live in is about as mischievous a phrase as a man could use, and is one of those things that lead to such riotous proceedings as we have had in the City of Quebec.

And again we have to record in connection with those Quebec riots a lamentable loss of life through the tardiness of the authorities in reading the Riot Act. A mob is rarely in a reasoning mood, and to parley with it is the worst policy that can be adopted. Instant and stern measures should have been taken at Quebec—should be taken everywhere to preserve the public peace. Perhaps the Mayor of Montreal will learn a lesson from his brother of Quebec.

The people of France have been troubled about the matter of public processions just as are the people of the city of Montreal. The admirers of the great Frenchman, Voltaire, had decided to celebrate his centenary with great pomp and circumstance, public money was to

be voted, and a popular demonstration made in the streets. The Paris Municipal Council entered into the thing with enthusiasm. But there are many people in Paris who do not reverence the work or the memory of Voltaire,—for he was opposed to the Church, and they are the friends of the Church. So a dilemma and a promise of trouble. But the Government of France holds itself responsible for the maintenance of public peace, and said,—You can have what you like in private, but you must not cause offence by parading the streets. While this was taking place in Paris, the Municipal Council of Marseilles was engaged in putting a stop to a proposed procession through the streets on the Feast of Corpus Christi, contending that religious processions through the streets are an offence to those who are not Catholics, and that to allow them is to give a public recognition to the Church and its ceremonies, which is not consistent with religious equality. Whether the two things are equal—the Voltaire and the Corpus Christi celebrations need not be discussed—but as each would be regarded as an offence by some of the people, the French Government and the Marseilles Municipal Council did right to forbid the processions.

A strong Government in this country, or a decided Municipal Council in Montreal would put an end to all processions as the French people have done. The celebration of the twelfth of July is becoming a little ridiculous. The Irish Catholics violently oppose it, but on what grounds it is difficult to discover. We had an idea that the memory of the Battle of the Boyne was sweet to some Irish Catholics and bitter to others. No, says the Editor of the *True Witness*, that is not it at all; we have no sentiment whatever about that battle; but the Orangemen have always been a violent and persecuting body, therefore we shall oppose them at any cost. Now, that is absurd. Why should the Orangemen of Canada have to bear the sins of their fathers, committed in other parts of the world? Would our friends, the Catholics, like to be held responsible for the persecutions inflicted on Protestants by Catholics? We Protestants decline to answer for the crimes of our ancestry in Ecclesiastical life. But the Orangemen offer to give up processions, if all other bodies will do the same. Let the challenge be accepted at once. The Corpus Christi procession is a nuisance at least, and if it is not intended as an annoyance, it is difficult to account for the route always chosen—for the Catholics go out of their way to pass Protestant Churches and interfere with their service. The Orangemen are reasonable, and now we look for a little reasonable, if not generous, conduct on the part of the Catholics, and in any case—for decisive action on the part of the Municipal Council.

We mourn the death of William Cullen Bryant, the octogenarian poet and journalist. He, almost alone of men, achieved fame by the publication of his first poem, "Thanatopsis," sixty-five years ago; but his last public utterance gained for him still further dignity. A clearer proof of Mr. Bryant's undoubted genius than we could discover in even his most pleasing poems is revealed to us in his correct appreciation of Joseph Mazzini,—a man perfectly unlike himself in every respect except moral worth.

Whether the movement of native troops to Malta was perfectly constitutional, as the Earl of Beaconsfield thought and argued, or was inconsistent with the general principle of Parliamentary authority, as Lord Hartington endeavoured to show, there can be no question of its general inadvisability. It was well enough to tell Russia that England in that way had a second army in India upon which it could draw, but we know from private and reliable sources that it has caused great uneasiness among the English residents in many parts of India. For the portion of the army moved to Malta is just that part which the English could rely upon in case of disturbance, and they look upon the absence of the loyal soldiers with something like dismay. But if the Congress can be brought to decide upon the terms of peace at an early date, the danger in India may yet be warded off. The hundred thousand pounds, or so, which it will cost England is as nothing, the constitutional question is not very much when weighed against the fact that India is now at the mercy of the kind of soldiers who filled the world with horror some twenty years ago. The only thing that can be reckoned as a set-off to the peril is that Lord Beaconsfield has made another stroke of genius.

CLERICAL EDITORS.

I have been much amused since I undertook the editorship of the SPECTATOR at the number of serious criticisms, small jokes, and smaller sneers, which have been aimed at my head by the knowing writers of newspaper articles. To say "the Rev. Editor," seems to be understood as a witticism; and to suggest that said Rev. should confine himself to preaching and visiting, and not go beyond his legitimate sphere, is regarded as the very voice of worldly or other kind of Wisdom crying in the gates. A clergyman to write anything about politics! Bah! The heavens might as well come down at once. It is an effort—an unholy effort—to invert the order of the universe. The clergyman ought to know that he has been ordained of heaven and earth to teach the people to try and save what they are pleased to call their Soul; he is a machine set to do one kind of work, and he has no more right to attempt some other kind of work than a reaping-machine has to try and drive an ocean vessel. Here are his duties as defined by the unwritten, but emphatic, rules of civilized society: Not particular in insisting upon definiteness in the matter of theology, but an assumption of having the whole of truth from its beginning to its term, from its centre to its circumference, in calm possession; but he must be careful to talk about religious matters always and everywhere, not recognizing that anything else can be of interest to mortals when he is near; his coat or waistcoat—society has left a choice as to which—must be of peculiar cut, generally called, and known by the name of, "clerical"; concerning the necktie, it must be white; concerning the garment which covers the other extreme of the reverend personality civilized society has not dogmatized, except to say—Sir, whatever shape you like, but your—must be black. There is no regulation length, I believe, for the face, but it is generally understood that it must be long, with a look upon it that shows a mixture of thought and tender sentiment, and inward peace and certainty as to the future of the wearer, but dashed with a concern and doubt as to the future of the great, bad world of laymen. If he should call for a glass of water, he must by tone of voice let his hearers know that hymns are said and sung in church. If he should go to buy anything, the vendor will knock off ten per cent. because his customer is a clergyman. But he must diligently confine himself to his own peculiar and particular work, not meddling with business, or corporations, or—and that most decidedly—politics.

Now this is all very good for a man who wants to live an easy, uneventful life. For myself, I do not at all object to some parts of the programme. I have no serious objection to that ten per cent. off, for I know that the tradesman will not sell his goods at a loss, thus robbing his wife and family for the sake of me and Mother Church. True, the Corporation dry-nurse me; but then they pay me about \$100 per year for the favour, and why should I grumble? True, also, that other citizens must bear burdens of which I ought to bear a share; but, I am a law-abiding citizen, and a clergyman, and accept the duty imposed upon me. The civilized world is divided into men, women, and the clergy, and the last named are treated tenderly by the stern and the tender sex. The priests of the Roman Catholic Church act with consistency; for, knowing that they are a class apart, with gender undefined, they wear a petticoat of black stuff and a man's coat over it. But I have no concern about that consistency. The fashion of a coat is nothing at all, and every one may do that which is right in his own eyes. I have no philosophy, and no religion of clothes.

But I am concerned about this matter of marking off the clergy and putting bounds to their work. For it seems to me, that if any man should have a manifoldness of interest, so as to keep life fresh and strong and many-sided in him, that man is the preacher. The man of mere business grows to be a money grub, a miser; the man of science who thinks only of his flint flakes, and his gases, gets to feel scornful towards all other men who follow life in other ways; the mere theologian soon gets to believe that he has a right to dogmatise, and that all the world must listen or be lost. And so the politician,—that is to say, the newspaper writers,—have got to think that they have a monopoly of political knowledge, and no other dog must bark. They drive clergymen into a theological bigotry in order that they may indulge in the bigotry of politics.

The clergyman must talk of business, and of social matters, and why not of politics? For politics are sacred; they teach the life of the man, the life of the community, the life of the nation, the life of the world. Said an over-wise writer in a Toronto paper the other day: "Whenever the clergy have turned to politics, it has ended badly," or words to that effect, and he gave some instances drawn from his not over-lively fancy. His knowledge of history is limited, or he would have known that clergymen have often played, not merely a conspicuous, but a great and noble part in the political life of nations; he might have known that many English and Scotch clergymen now are powerful politicians. I was trained to regard politics with great and constant interest. The Nonconformist Clergy of England are politicians almost to a man, and they often sway the judgment of the nation. I hold that a clergyman should not only have understanding of political

matters, but he should say the thought of his mind in criticism, or censure, or approval of the conduct of those who have undertaken to guide the affairs of the nation. I know that clergymen have often made a mess of politics, but then, so have the learned gentlemen who write the leaders for daily papers.

I am not one of those who think that the clergyman should be barred by law or by custom from taking part in political matters. I do not object to his exercising all the influence he can bring to bear upon the people as an educated and thinking man. To the PRIEST, with his pretensions to represent the Church and the Pope and Christ—with his claims to wield the powers of hell, and to command the benedictions of heaven on the obedient, I do object. His appeal is not to reason, but to the superstitions of the ignorant. It is not so with myself, or other Protestant ministers. Our people have been taught from their childhood up to think and judge for themselves, and with the favours they bestow upon us, that of infallibility is not among them. The Protestant clergy can only lead—the priests attempt to drive; the first use an argument—the last a lash. If the priests can influence elections in a legitimate way, by all means let them have the rights of men and do it.

But I am forgetting that the great sin in question is that of Clerical Editorship. "The Reverend Editor"—that's the rub. Quoth the wise man of Toronto beforementioned—"what if newspaper editors should get behind a velvet cushion and attempt to preach?" Answer I—why not? If they can preach, let them do it. There is no law against it, and certainly the Gospel would allow the thing. They do write on theology—and occasionally succeed very well. A man who can preach well, is a man who has understanding of the people's condition and needs—and he can write well—and he can judge what is good writing in others. I could give the names of men who were indifferent preachers, but have made good editors. I could give the names of those who are good preachers and good editors. I could give the names of good editors who are also good preachers, and speak with authority on matters of politics and matters of theology. I could name editors who should be—well doing something they are better fitted for. So that really there is no law in the matter, my dear critics.

Of this I am sure—the introduction of another and a purer element into the conduct of our Canadian daily press would do no harm to the people. A little more truthfulness in the parliamentary, and other reports—a little less garbage as to the social sins that are done—a little less violence in party strife—a little less countenance given to scurrilous scribblers, who dare not put their names to what they have written, would be a general and lasting good. I have great faith in the clergy, and wish they would speak and write more about politics. And as to newspaper work, I believe in "the survival of the fittest."

A. J. BRAY.

THE TURKS AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

Now that the Congress has been decided upon, and peace is almost a certainty, and the excitement has died down in consequence, it seems a fitting opportunity for giving something like a history of the Turks and the war and the Eastern question in general. Of course, this cannot be done in one article, for many books have to be epitomised, and many points discussed; but it shall be done briefly and in as pleasant a manner as any we have at command. At any rate, we will give information enough for sensible people to base an opinion upon, and to have a judgment of the doings of the Earl of Beaconsfield and those who go with him.

And first as to the Turkish Empire and people. They sprang from some numerous and extensive tribes, originally scattered over the plains and table lands of Central and Western Asia—and were known by the ancients under the general denomination of Scythians. There was a kind of nationality among those several tribes, to be found in a certain conformity of physiognomy and by the prevalence of a common speech. Of course, like almost all nationalities, they have a legendary history which fades off into remote antiquity. They claim to be descended from an individual named Turk—a grandson, they say, of Japheth—and recognised by some as the Togarmah of sacred history, and the Targitaos of Herodotus. It is probable that they once occupied the high plateau of Central Asia, which extends from the frontier of China proper to the Altai Mountains—and it is also probable that they are identical with a powerful and celebrated people mentioned in Chinese history, as having threatened the Celestial Empire before the Christian era. But it was not until the 5th or 6th century that they were heard of in Europe. The knowledge of them was gained then through the medium of the Byzantine or Greek-Roman Empire. For about that time, having migrated westward from the barren table lands of Mongolia, they spread over the vast Steppes, now bearing the name of Turkestan, and appeared on the banks of the Oxus. Some, I imagine, in search of better pasture ground—but more led by warlike Khans, were intent on Empire and on spoil. At a later period, having established themselves in Persia, they came into contact with the Mohammedan powers. They gradually embraced Islamism, entered the service of the Caliphs of Bagdad, and swelled their armies by every means at command, until the commanders of the Faithful were compelled to give their temporal supremacy to the new converts, the new converts affecting to hold in great respect their spiritual authority. Solhr was the first chief of importance who became a convert to Islamism, and called his tribe Turk-imams, or Turks of the Faith, to distinguish them from their brethren who remained in heathendom. The name Turk-imams is the original of the name we know so well, Turkomans. The first Turkish tribe which became famous in history was

that of the Seljukians, which settled in Khorasan. There it established an independent sovereignty—three princes ruled in turn, and ruled vigorously, greatly enlarging its bounds. This period coincides with the Norman age in England. The Empire finally included the whole of Persia, Armenia and Syria, the greater part of Asia Minor, with the country from the Oxus to beyond the Jaxartes, that is, from the shores of the Mediterranean on the West to the borders of China on the East. A vast, and for the most part, a fertile country.

It was under the rulership of Malek Shah that the Empire attained its greatest prosperity. Agriculture was promoted; canals and water-courses were constructed; mosques and colleges were built; learned men were patronised, and the computation of time was improved by an assembly of Eastern astronomers. In religion, the Seljukians outdid all other Moslems of their age in ferocious intolerance, and by reason of it provoked the famous Crusades of western nations. Having wrested the ancient city of Jerusalem from the dominion of Egypt, they perpetrated such hardships and atrocities upon the resident and pilgrim Christians that Europe rose up in magnificent sympathy and wrath, armed for the deliverance of their oppressed co-religionists.

Malek Shah died, and his Empire was divided. One part of it comprised the larger portion of Asia Minor, forming the Kingdom of Rouen, or the Romans, because it was a part of the Greek-Roman Empire. Nice was the capital until the Crusaders stormed it, and then Iconium became the seat of government. The churches there, whose first foundations had been laid on the work of Paul and Barnabas, were converted into mosques, and used to pervert the form of an ancient good. About the middle of the thirteenth century, a wandering tribe of Turks, seeking a settlement in Asia Minor, had the good fortune to help Aladdin to conquer an invading horde of Mongols, and by way of grateful acknowledgment received a territory consisting of the rich plains around Shergut, in the valley of the Saugarius and of the Black Mountains, on the borders of Phrygia and Bithynia. And in this domain was born and nurtured Othman, the founder of a dynasty and an empire, and giving his name to all the Turks, who, all must know, love to call themselves Ottoman, or Osmanli, rejecting the name of Turk as fiercely as certain members of a church reject the name of Romish. Othman was the child of much care and many prayers, and got the blessing of a Moslem saint of high repute, which did him good, or he thought it did, which came to much the same. Iconium?—or Koniah, as it is now called—if time would permit we might take our stand among its ruins and call up before us many a page of great history, and many a stirring scene of interest. We could look on many a splendid pageantry of ancient polytheism, and many a conquest of primitive Christianity. We might trace the slow but sure corruption of the truth; the establishment of a false system of religion; the barbaric pomps of the Moslem princes; and deeds of great chivalry by the army of the Christian Crusaders encamped upon its plains. And the great historic facts to be learnt are these: a pure Christianity supplanted heathendom; a false profession and practice of the faith of Christ gave way to the pretensions of the Moslem. Christianity there became but the patron of superstition and war, of violence and bloodshed; and when that is so, there or here, or any where, there is room for the cast out devil to return with seven worse than he.

Othman, or "bone-breaker," as it means, united in his own character that of the shepherd, the warrior and the free-booter. At first he held to the Sultan of Iconium much the same relation as at one time subsisted between the chief of a Scottish clan and his sovereign. The Sultan was his liege lord, to whom he was bound to render service when required, but otherwise he was free to prey upon his neighbours and govern his dependants: that government was mostly of a patriarchal kind. Othman became free from even this, and as the story tells, had a dream of coming greatness. Any Turk could tell that one night when Othman was sleeping under the roof of a sheik whose daughter he was to marry, he saw in fancy a tree sprout from his own person, rapidly grow in size and foliage till its spreading branches covered the three continents of Europe, Asia and America. Beneath this tree four enormous mountains raised their snowy heads—the Caucasus, the Atlas, the Taurus and the Hæmas—like four lofty columns supporting the vast leafy tent. From the sides of the four mountains issued four rivers—the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube and the Nile; a great multitude of vessels sailed on the streams, almost hiding the face of the water. The far-stretching plains through which they ran shone with the glory of harvest; waving forests crowned the hills, and smaller rivers wandered through garden and grove. Through the vistas of the valleys could be seen cities adorned with domes, cupolas, towers, minarets and columns. The sacred crescent gleamed on every spire; and from every minaret was heard the voice of the muezzin calling the hour of prayer. Nightingales and other birds of song made music among the trees. Of a sudden, as he wondering looked, the leaves and branches were transfigured into the form of a glittering sabre. The wind turned it to point on Constantinople. That city, in its grand position, the junction of two seas and two continents, seemed like a noble diamond in setting of sapphires and emeralds. Othman was in the act of celebrating his marriage with the Byzantine city, the capital of the world, by placing that ring upon his finger, when lo! the sleeper awoke. It was a dream, they say, with a prophecy at the heart of it. Perhaps. It was a pleasant dream if he dreamed it; a fine effort and play of the fancy; a great going forth of the imagination. The Turks say it was really a dream, and was sent from heaven; but then, never a Turk yet, since Turks began to be, was like the good child Washington before his father, and his hatchet in his hand; nor like that other who *could*, but wouldn't. Be the dream what it may, the reality was great and stirring enough. Othman was by nature bold, active and ambitious—qualities that usually make mark and conquest in the world; and the time and the place were in his favour. He was seated on the verge of the decaying Greek Empire to the West, and in the van of disturbed and discontented Eastern populations willing to enlist under any vigorous leader. Behind him great masses of people on which to draw for an army; in front, a realm distracted by dissensions, enfeebled by luxury, with a Government so careless or incapable as to leave the passes of Olympus open to any invader. On the 12th of July, 1299, Othman entered the Greek territory and began the siege of Nicomedia. I am careful to notice that date, for that was the commencing epoch of the Ottoman power. Edward I. was then King of England; Philip the Fair was King of France, and Andronicus Palæologus was reigning at Constantinople. Othman made

gradual encroachments upon the Imperial dominions; made more inroads every year; placed his strongholds in the most defensible places, and raised his army to great strength and discipline. He captured Prusa, and at once made it his seat of government. Prusa, now called Broussa, is a most remarkable place; it is renowned for its thermal waters; it occupies a plain sparkling with streams, gay with flowers, and diversified with meadows, gardens and mulberry woods; the whole surrounded by a framework of mountains, among which the noble head of Olympus is seen from afar, through most of the year silvered with snow. Here at a remote period the Kings of Bithynia kept their court; the illustrious Hannibal found an asylum in days of reverse, and ended his eventful life; here Pliny wrote of the early progress of Christianity, and gave illustrations of the piety of primitive Christians; here also, as if in the judgment of Providence, the founder of the Ottoman dynasty was allowed to establish Mohammedan institutions. In 1855 it was reduced to ruin by an earthquake.

Othman lived in the simplicity of pastoral manners, and died in 1326. Orcham his son reigned in his stead.

A. J. BRAY.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPORALITIES' FUND OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

III.

To whom does this Fund belong? To those who adhere to the Church in whose name it is held in trust, or to those who have seceded from her communion? Were it under the control of a worldly corporation, there would be no difficulty in the matter, but as there are ecclesiastical bodies involved, it would seem that these questions can only be answered by tracing the history of the claims of the adherents in Canada of the Church of Scotland, on the Clergy Reserves, and then showing the terms and conditions on which the Fund was constituted. The subject will thus, very naturally, fall under two simple divisions. 1. The grounds on which the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland, claimed the right to participate equally with the Church of England in the Clergy Reserves; and 2. The terms and conditions on which the commuting minister agreed to unite the amounts to which they were severally entitled, by the Commutation Act, so as to form a permanent Fund for that Church.

Shortly after the conquest of Canada, it was provided in the first Constitutional Act (1776), that His Majesty and successors might make provision out of the accustomed dues and rights for the encouragement of the Protestant religion and for the maintenance and support of a Protestant clergy. By the Constitutional Act of 1791, His Majesty was authorised to reserve out of all lands granted, or to be granted, in the Province, a quantity equal to one-seventh of the lands so granted, for the support and maintenance of a *Protestant clergy*. The description was vague, and the Church of England demanded that the whole of the proceeds of the Reserves should be appropriated to the use of that Church, as the National Church of the Empire, a claim which was conceded for many years. Much dissatisfaction was felt at the concession to this demand, and other causes contributed to create a still further feeling of hostility to the system of Reserves, the chief of which, in the first instance, was the hindrance which the Reserves presented to settlement. In 1819, the first significant step was taken by the members of the Church of Scotland to test the claim of the Church of England to the sole proprietorship in the reserved lands and their proceeds. That step was taken by the Church of Scotland congregation at Niagara, by petition, which was referred to the Law Officers of the Crown, who, on the 15th November of the same year, gave the following opinion:—

"We are of opinion that though the provisions made by 31, George III., Cap. 31, ss. 36 and 42, for the support and maintenance of a Protestant Clergy, are not confined solely to the clergy of the Church of England, but may be extended also to the clergy of the Church of Scotland, if there be any such settled in Canada, (as appears to have been admitted in the debate upon the passing of the Act), yet they do not extend to the dissenting ministers, since we think the term 'Protestant Clergy' can apply only to Protestant Clergy recognised and established by law."

Lord Bathurst instructed Sir Peregrine Maitland, then Lieutenant-Governor, to carry into effect this opinion, and to allot a proper amount for the ministers of the Church of Scotland. The Lieutenant-Governor, however, threw every obstacle in the way, but the Church of Scotland continued to press its recognised claims, and so far successfully, that the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada, on the motion of Mr. William Morris, passed an Address to the King on the subject, basing the claim of the Church of Scotland to an equality of rights with the Church of England on the Act of Union between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland supported the claim of its adherents in Canada, on the same grounds. In 1826 a first instalment was given as an acknowledgment of the justice of the claim, and a certain amount continued to be paid for some years to the ministers presenting their individual claims, the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland not having been formed till 1831. From the date of its formation all communications between Government and the Church were carried on through the instrumentality of the Synod, which was distinctly recognised as the representative in Canada of the Church of Scotland, one of the National Churches of the Empire. From this period, therefore, it must be borne in mind that in all the official communications, civil or ecclesiastical, the title Church of Scotland, when used to describe her adherents in Canada, means the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, to which a proportionate share of the Clergy Reserves was granted, and for the benefit of whose adherents the Temporalities' Fund was created. As, however, those who have lately seceded, attempt to deny that there ever was any real connection between the Church of Scotland and the Church here, having as part of her title, the designation "In connection with the Church of Scotland," it is proper to adduce ample proof on that point, although the name itself should be sufficient evidence.

The testimony on this subject of the Rev. John Cook, D.D., of Quebec, should certainly be received without cavil by our seceding brethren. On the

1st June, 1837, Mr. (now Dr.) Cook read to the Presbytery of Quebec, which then included Montreal, the draft of a letter of instruction to Dr. Mathieson, who was proceeding to Scotland as a representative to the Mother Church. The draft was approved and ordered to be transmitted. It is signed by "John Cook, Moderator of the Presbytery of Quebec." The letter throughout takes for granted the real connection that exists between the Church in Canada and the Church of Scotland, but these words seem to place the matter beyond doubt:—

"CLERGY RESERVES.—You will endeavour to keep alive, in the Church of Scotland, the interest already expressed in our just claims to a portion of these reserves, as belonging to an Established Church of the British Empire, co-ordinate with the Church of England."

To plain, simple, honest men, but one meaning can attach to these words. Yet in the face of these, and as I shall shortly show them, other expressions equally strong, Dr. Cook, the writer of these words, and who signed in his official capacity, had the boldness, as a member of the Board which sought to appropriate the Fund belonging to the Church he and other members of the Board had left, to instruct his attorneys to set up the plea to set aside the Writ of Injunction obtained in 1875, that there never had been any real connection with the Church of Scotland on the part of the Church in Canada which, to use his own words, had demanded recognition, as belonging to an Established Church of the British Empire, co-ordinate with the Church of England! The question may very pertinently be asked:—Was there any attempt made to obtain a share of the benefits of the Clergy Reserves, by setting up the false pretence that the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland represented in Canada one of the National Churches so completely that she was entitled to all the advantages bestowed by the Act of Union, equally with the Church of England, or was the statement in 1875, in the legal plea a direct violation of the truth? These, to say the least, singular variations may be allowable to an advocate anxious to gain his case; they can scarcely add to the reputation of a Minister of the Gospel.

The evidence of the Hon. William Morris as to the connection with the Church of Scotland can as little be doubted as that of Dr. Cook. In the same year, 1837, that gentleman was sent to Great Britain in reference to the claims of members of the Church of Scotland living in Canada, that is, members and adherents of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland. It is necessary to be very particular on this head. At a meeting held in Cobourg, at which Mr. Morris was appointed, the following, among other resolutions, were passed:

"That under and by virtue of the Act of Union, the adherents to the Church of Scotland, in any British Colony, are entitled to a communication of all civil and religious rights, &c., equally with the adherents of the Church of England.

"That in terms of the Act of Union, the status of the Church of Scotland, is co-ordinate with that of the Church of England, &c.

"That with the view of effectually removing the disabilities under which we labour, we address His Majesty and the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, praying that a declaratory Act of the Imperial Parliament may be passed, to remove all our disabilities and to restore us to that position to which by the Act of Union we are entitled.

"That all members of our Church throughout Canada should resist by every constitutional means all attempts to encroach on our rights, and should rest only when no disability shall remain to be removed, and when the provisions of the Act of Union, in reference to the Church of Scotland, shall be fully complied with."

There were sixteen resolutions in all, but the extracts sufficiently show their nature. It is unnecessary to speak in detail of the steps taken by Mr. Morris to vindicate the claims of the Church which he was sent to represent. He emphatically claimed for it the privileges asked for by the petition which he carried with him, and on his return received the thanks of the Synod and a testimonial to be preserved as an heir-loom in his family. Yet Mr. John L. Morris, his son, a member of the Board which is administering for the benefit of those who have joined another communion the fund belonging solely to the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, had the hardihood, in 1875, to set up the plea that there never was any real connection with the Church of Scotland. As one of the attorneys for the Board it may be laudable in him to use any plea, but that can scarcely be a virtue in an advocate which is a sin in an elder. However, he may plead the example of ecclesiastical gentlemen in mitigation of the offence, for we know that

Ev'n ministers they hae been kened
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid at times to vend
And nail't wi' Scripture."

It may be objected that the claims set up by the adherents in Canada of the Church of Scotland were never acknowledged as valid, and that therefore those who had seceded in 1875 must not be condemned as inconsistent in first making the demands and then, finding them untenable, accepting the defeat and conforming their actions to the reality as brought home to them by an adverse decision. I will in answer to this supposed objection show: 1. That the Church of Scotland admitted and supported the claim of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland to be her representative in Canada, and as such entitled to demand and receive all the benefits arising from the fact of her being a National Church; and 2. That the Imperial Parliament recognised and provided for the claims of that Church.

At the meeting of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in May, 1837, the report of a committee appointed to consider the position of the Church relative to the appropriation of the Clergy Reserves recommended that the most energetic measures should be adopted by the Assembly to procure a portion of that source of revenue for the Church of Scotland in the colonies. That report was approved of.

In May, 1839, at the meeting of Assembly, the report of the Colonial Committee, adopted by the Assembly, states that "the Committee embrace every opportunity for asserting and maintaining the rights of members of the Church of Scotland resident in the British Colonies to all the privileges and emoluments secured by the Treaty of Union to the Established Churches of the United Kingdom." The Assembly itself records its heartfelt acknowledgment for the "satisfactory assurance given to the representatives with reference to the claims of the Church of Scotland on the Clergy Reserves in Canada." In the appendix to the Committee's report is a letter, dated 4th January, 1839, from Sir George Grey, Colonial Secretary, addressed to the chairman of Committee, containing, when viewed in the light of the counter statement of Dr. Cook in

1875, the following remarkable words: "Your letter of the 20th November, on the subject of the memorial of the Rev. Dr. John Cook relative to the grant to the Church of Scotland in Lower Canada out of the Clergy Reserve Fund, was received," &c. On the 5th of March, 1839, the Colonial Committee of the General Assembly, speaking of the Clergy Reserves, "conceive that a memorial should be prepared to be laid before Her Majesty's Government respecting the legal claims of the Church of Scotland; a recognition should be sought from Government as to the rights of the Church of Scotland to be considered as an essential part of the Protestant established religion in Canada, . . . and further agreed to the recommendation of the acting Committee, that a deputation should be sent to London to present the memorial and urge the claims of the Church of Scotland in Canada on the consideration of Her Majesty's Government," (that is, the claims of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland).

So much for the action of the Mother Church. What course did the Government follow? On the 7th August, 1840, an Act was passed (3 and 4 Vic., cap. lxxviii.) recognising the claims thus put forward, and providing, amongst other arrangements respecting the Reserves, that "the net interest, &c., accruing upon the investments of the proceeds of all sales of such Reserves . . . shall be divided into three equal parts, of which two shall be appropriated to the Church of England and one to the Church of Scotland in Canada."

The first secession, which took place in 1844, actually divides the history of the Church into two periods up to 1875, when the second secession took place. I shall in another paper show the subsequent events until the secularization of the Reserves in 1855.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

THE "JINGOES."

History has to deal with few things more curious than the way in which odd names come to be associated with national parties or movements. Every political crisis gives rise to certain words, either minted for, or adapted to, the occasion, and the origin of these becomes in time matter of curious speculation. Party spirit is fertile in nicknames and terms of contempt; and while many of them die out and are forgotten, others stick to those to whom they are applied, and in process of time lose the "sting" which was in the original application, and so pass into general use as a mere matter of convenience.

Almost all our party designations were originally applied contemptuously. This we know; but in most cases this is all we know. Historians find, for example, that at a certain period the terms "Tory" and "Whig" were in general use. Now, these are very peculiar terms, and it is natural to enquire, When and under what circumstances did they originate? There is little definite information to be found on this point, and what is to be obtained is unsatisfactory. We are told that Tory meant originally "an Irish robber," and that "the Tories were noted for their ferocity and murders." Turning to "Whig," we find it described as "a term originally applied to the fanatical conventiclers of Scotland; and Halliwell enables us to conjecture why the term was used, since he describes it as a Lincolnshire word for "sour whey,"—and the whey-faced conventicler was sour enough in all conscience. Here, then, we have the words in their original meaning; but that seems to have nothing to do with the political meaning. How came they to be adopted in the designations of the two great parties in the British House of Commons. The question is more easily asked than answered. The historians give all sorts of accounts, pointing to various and different epochs, clearly knowing very little about it. In the main, we may take it that the Jacobites were Tories, and the Hanoverians the Whigs, in the old time, when England was distracted by the squabbles for the supremacy of the rival Houses.

It is certain that for two centuries, or thereabout, the Tories and the Whigs divided public opinion pretty much between them, though not always precisely on the same grounds. Once the terms were defined as meaning—Tories, those who curb the power of the people; Whigs, those who would control the power of the Crown.—which is hardly a sufficiently exact or capacious definition to embrace what the terms now imply.

Somewhere about 1840 the new terms "Conservatives" and "Liberals" came into fashion, and still more recently we have the super-refined title "Liberal-Conservative," the prefix (as we have been reminded in the records of the Police Court within the last week) being added, *teste* Goldwin Smith, as a "deodorizer"; still, we fancy the old "Tory" may be found behind the mask if we only take the trouble to look for him.

Supplementing these parties, we have the "Radicals"; and here for once we are able to see precisely in what manner the term arose. It was first applied as a party name in 1818 to Henry Hunt and his followers, who were fond of talking of a "radical reform" in Parliamentary Representation. Here is plain sailing; but we get into the fog again when we come to some other of the terms now quite familiar to us as indicating parties—political and others—unknown to our forefathers.

It is beyond our limit to do more than mention the "Chartists" and the "Fenians" as representatives of the violent and wicked outgrowth of modern discontent, whose main object seems to have rested in the hope that in a scramble, something in the shape of "portable property" might fall to their share.

The silly and meaningless party titles which have existed at intervals in the United States, and have gone to a merited oblivion, may also be passed by,—we refer to such rubbish as "Loco-focos," the "Barn-burners," the "Know-nothings," the "Hard-shells," &c. &c.; but it is worthy of notice, that the titles "Democrat" and "Republican" seem to have a different meaning from that which is attached to these terms in any other country; so we have here in Canada our "Grits" and "Clear Grits," our "Bleus" and "Rouges," all of which appear to pass current, with some sort of meaning.

Why, again, are the followers of John Wesley called "Methodists?" It is said that the term was suggested by the Latin appellative *Methodistæ*, given to a college of physicians in ancient Rome in consequence of the strict regimen

under which they placed their patients; but this is going a long way off to account for something the origin of which probably lies much nearer home. So with "Teetotallers." Did it originally imply persons who drank nothing stronger than tea, or Tea-totallers? or is there any truth in the story of the stammering man who tried to say that he was a "te-te-total abstainer," and was so laughed at that the wits applied the term to the party.

Without doubt the happiest and the most stinging name ever fastened on a political party was that applied to the Hon. Robert Lowe and his small band of followers by John Bright, when he christened them the "Adullamites."

Why, it may be asked, should this subject engage our attention at the present moment? Partly because it is interesting in itself—partly because one or two new terms have sprung into use of late in connection with English politics, the origin of which is likely to exercise the ingenuity of posterity. Only the close student of parliamentary history will be able to make anything of "Obstructives." We understand, of course, perfectly that it applies to that section of the Irish party which has adopted a line of policy out of keeping with parliamentary usage, and calculated less to effect the objects intended than to cover those indulging in it with ridicule. Probably it is only a passing phase of politics, and the name will in probability die out with the thing itself, unless, as is possible, it survives to express something quite different from it, just as Whig and Tory have ceased to mean anything in relation to the Stuarts, and have come to have a distinct modern political significance.

And now we come to the "JINGOES"! Will posterity know anything about them? and if so, what meaning will they attach to it? Imagine a dryasdust old grubber in the records of the past, a century hence, anxious to ascertain what the term meant, and to what party in the State it applied. He would with difficulty gather that it in some way originated in a silly, although popular, song sung in a London Music Hall, in which occurred the words,

"We do not want to fight,
But, by JINGO! if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men
And we've got the money, too!"

Having got thus far, he would naturally ask himself "What was the subtle meaning of 'St. Jingo!' which made the name of that saint a party cry? Heretofore St. George had been the Patron Saint of England, and his name had been used as a war-cry. Why in 1877-8 did the name of St. Jingo supplant it?" That would be the puzzle. Turning to his books he would find that St. Jingo is said to be a corruption of St. Gengulphus or Gingoulph, who, if we recollect rightly, was hewn to pieces, and displayed his saintly power thereupon in a miraculous fashion, inasmuch as when his limbs were off, they would not die like ordinary limbs severed from the trunk, but leaped and hopped about in a frisky and animated style, thereby striking terror into the souls of those entrusted with the Saint's execution. Hood has immortalised the phrase in the following quatrain:—

"Never go to France,
Unless you know the *lingo*,
For if you do, like me,
You'll rue the day, by *Jingo!*"

Hence, as we take it, the popular phrase, "By the living Jingo!" Mr. Dryasdust will then proceed to inquire when the phrase first came into use, and he will find that it dates back at least as far as Queen Anne's time. If he has the good fortune to possess Mr. Rands' "Tangled Talk," a delightful book, he will find a note to this effect, "I let this phrase remain for the sake of saying a word for Robert Southey." He has been accused of irreverence for using, somewhere, the expression, "By the living Jingo!" It deserves to be remarked that at all events he did not *invent* it, as he is supposed to have done. It is to be found in the "Vicar of Wakefield," where it occurs as one of the flowers of speech of Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs. All this is pretty clear, but how does it account for the name of the Saint becoming the name of a political party? We know, of course, well enough. We are aware of the popularity of the song, and of the resentment some part of the community feel to the sentiment it expresses. We know, further, that by a happy thought, a letter on the subject in the *Times* newspaper was headed "THE JINGOES." It was a short, unimportant letter, by G. Jacob Holyoake, but the phrase stuck. From that day the ultra-war party, the loud and clamorous partisans of bloodshed, were "JINGOES." The term hardly includes all supporters of Earl Beaconsfield—certainly not the more moderate—but it is well understood, if not very explicit; and it remains to be seen whether it will die out with the present crisis, or pass into history.

On this subject of party names, we will only further remark that it is only in times of great excitement that such names have any vitality in them. If we look through the history of England, we will find that at the time of the Commonwealth, when political feeling was at its strongest, nicknames and party terms of contempt were plentiful as blackberries. It is not, indeed, a good sign of the times, indicating, as it always does, animosities and unrest. And as it has been said, "Happy is the country that has no history," so that epoch is to be congratulated in which there originates no party names.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

CLIMBERS.—(Continued.)

DUTCHMAN'S PIPE is a hardy vine, but difficult of propagation. Mr. Bailey, of Plattsburg, propagates this vine, selling them for 50 cents each. The leaves are of enormous size and free from insects, which is a very desirable consideration for verandah vines. The flower is more curious than beautiful, and resembles a Dutchman's pipe. Its leaves serve to cover plants from the sun and to wrap up fruit and butter.

PASSIFLORA CERULEA.—This is hardy, but requiring protection in winter. The passion flower is one of the most beautiful and interesting of all climbers. There are very many varieties, but only one or two which are hardy. It requires hot sun and rich earth for vigorous growth.

The wild grape vine forms a fine shade for verandahs.

Honeysuckle, Roses, &c., are so familiar that it is not necessary to describe them.

The above list are the best hardy climbers. There are annuals worthy of attention.

BAZELLA TUBEROSA (Madeira vine) is a vine growing from a tuber similar to the potato. It flourishes indoors as well as outdoors. If forced in a hot-bed or in the house it will grow to forty or fifty feet, and in September will give clusters of bloom similar in form and fragrance to Mignonette. This vine requires plenty of water and rich earth. The tubers should be taken up in the Fall and kept like potatoes. If a length of forty feet of vine is cut off before frost, and the end placed in a bottle or jar of water, the creeper may be pinned to the curtain or carried around the room, where it will flourish for a few weeks.

COBEA SCANDENS.—This is the most satisfactory of all annual creepers. The seeds, which are the size of a sixpence, must be started in hot-beds, and must be planted on the edge or they will not grow. The cobeia can be grown as a perennial in the greenhouse, and as such attains enormous size. In the garden it will grow, in favourable situations, sixty feet. The flower, at first pale yellow, turns as it matures to a purple bell the size and form of the Canterbury bell. The cobeia is free from insects. This vine, like the Madeira vine, will remain fresh after cutting if placed in water.

SMILAX (*Myrsiphillum Asparagoides*) is the great favourite for trimming dresses, table decoration, church ornamentation, for bouquets and for drawing rooms. It is difficult to grow, except in a warm, moist atmosphere, and such atmosphere is not very favourable to health. Seeds may be sown early, and will be ready for transplanting to pots in the fall. Invisible wire should be used for training this vine, as more convenient for trimming dresses and personal adornment.

LYGODIUM SCANDENS, a climbing fern similar to *L. Palmatum*, is one of the most beautiful of vines. It is well suited for growing indoors. For all kinds of floral devices and for personal adornment, it is superior to the smilax. It was a short time since very scarce and expensive, but can now be procured from florists at a trifling cost.

CYPRESS VINE, one of the most delicate and beautiful of all vines. It has very delicate fern-like foliage, with scarlet trumpet-shaped flowers. There are three varieties,—red, white and rose. It grows about fifteen feet in height.

CANARY-BIRD FLOWER (*Tropeolum Canariensis*).—This is a very pretty climber, with canary-bird like flower. Helebre or phosphorus soap should be used to keep it from insects.

There are many other annual climbers, such as morning glory, ornamental gourd, hyacinth bean, and others which want of space compels the omission.

THE BARREL-ORGAN.

Tune—THE TURK IN LANCASHIRE.

SCENE—*The Sultan's divan at Stamboul. As the curtain rises his Imperial Majesty is discovered in discussion with his Pashas of state.*

The Sultan. And what say you the fresh despatches say?

1st Pasha. They tell of horrors worse and worse each day;
More houses burned, more cotton factories sacked,
More murderous threats, more "cotton lords" attacked.

The Sultan. The laws defied, in fact?

1st Pasha. Without a doubt.
2nd Pasha (reading a fresh despatch). In sooth, the soldiers have
been now called out;

Already many rioters are shot.

The Sultan. Your information—comes it from the spot?

2nd Pasha. It does, your Majesty; nor can it err.

'Tis from the Consul we've at Manchester,
Who, with a Russian, in the same position,
Has made himself into a "Special mission,"

And has already, with becoming speed,
Sent us his first report, which I will read.

The Sultan. But stay! d'you think we had not better wait?—

Inquiry, p'rhaps, the horrors may abate,
And time, which heals the worst of animosities,
May make less sad these "Lancashire atrocities."

1st Pasha. Nay, nay, your Majesty; did England stay
It's judgment harsh on us the other day?

Did it not rush with eagerness to blame
Our Government and brand it with ill-fame?

Did not its journals hasten to unfold
A tale of woe which made the blood run cold,

And charge us, without hearing our defence,
With having prompted ruth and violence?

The Sultan. Ah, yes! 'tis true they made us answer for
Dark deeds which I for one, abhor.

1st Pasha. Just so; and now the British Government
We will hold guilty to the same extent.

They're liable for all that has been done
Since the Lancastrian riots have begun;

And we must send as quickly as we can
A picked commissioner—an able man—

Who shall inquire into the means they've used,
And note how far those means have been abused,

In putting down the riots.

2nd Pasha. 'Tis well said;

We needs must follow where Great Britain's led.

3rd Pasha. Exactly, and we also must take care
The trials of the rioters be fair;

And England, therefore, surely will not grudge

A seat for our Pasha beside the judge!
 She could not well, indeed, the seat forbid
 When she recalls what Mr. Baring did!

1st Pasha. Of course she could not, nor can she refuse
 To banish the mill-owners we may choose
 In our despatch for punishment to claim—
 All those who fired upon the mob we'll name.

The Sultan. I know you all advise me for the best,
 But can we do, d'you think, all you suggest?

2nd Pasha. We'll try at all events. Let England see,
 If she can be so meddling, so can we!

1st Pasha. And there is one thing must forthwith be done;
 'Tis time the public meetings were begun.

The Sultan. The public meetings?

1st Pasha. Can't you then recall,
 How England met in Chapel and in Hall,
 And there, without a moment's hesitation,
 Poured out on us her hottest indignation?
 We must have meetings, too, throughout the realm,
 And England with our people's wrath o'erwhelm.

The Sultan. But surely, for the present you should wait;
 Our details are but scarcely up to date.
 It may turn out when everything is known,
 Our Consul's used too critical a tone.

3rd Pasha. The very reason, our experience taking,
 Why we this move so promptly should be making.
 No matter if they should turn out untrue,
4th Pasha. My brother's right; no doubt our present plan
 Must be to rouse the people if we can;
 And it is nonsense, therefore, to presume
 That we for facts alone can now find room.
 In short, for my part, in such things I feel,
 You can't too freely to romance appeal.
 I think some rioters were shot, you said?

2nd Pasha. 'Tis so reported.

4th Pasha. Well, upon that head
 I would announce:
 "THE SLAIN IN HEAPS ARE LYING;
 WALLS OF THE WOUNDED! MOANING OF THE DYING!"
 I think a house or two likewise were burned?

1st Pasha. 'Tis so.

2nd Pasha. Then that in this way could be turned:
 "WHOLE TOWNS IN RUINS! CITIES BURNED AND SACKED!"

The Sultan. But wouldn't that be very inexact?

4th Pasha. Not more so in proportion than the story
 That was through England published *con amore*,
 Of what two years since in this land befell
 When we an insurrection had to quell.
 What really happened was bad enough, forsooth;
 But yet, not satisfied with the sad truth,
 Our English critics hurried here and there,
 To paint us blacker than we really were;
 Hundreds of victims were to thousands turned,
 One village fired became three cities burned;
 A single family passed for a score,
 A pool of blood became a sea of gore;
 A skeleton a valley of dry bones,
 A widow's sigh unnumbered widows' moans.
 In short, exaggeration's artful aid,
 Of us worse sinners than we had been, made!

The Sultan. Ah, yes, it cost us dear, for never since
 Has England cared its friendship to evince.

1st Pasha. So now, say I, let us forthwith all rush,
 And tar these hypocrites with their own brush.
 They have with no armed rebels to contend,
 And yet for troops with cruel haste they send,
 And helpless girls and thoughtless boys shoot down,
 And call on Justice such dark deeds to crown.

2nd Pasha. What shall we say, too, of the Government
 'Neath which the people are so turbulent?
 When our Bulgarians rose 'twas on that score
 They said the Porte was rotten at the core;
 So now Lancastrians rise, it must be true
 That England's heart is getting rotten, too.

3rd Pasha. In fact, I think, your Majesty, that we
 Should to a Conference at once agree,
 Which should at London sit, to extricate
 Poor England, if it can be, from her fate.

The Sultan. But would she let us?

3rd Pasha. Her we would not ask,
 But simply set about our well-meant task?
 Meanwhile, though, we must our meetings plan.

4th Pasha. And send to England some efficient man
 As our commissioner.

The Sultan. His task will be
 To make inquiry and due scrutiny
 Into the cotton riots, and take care
 That all concerned in them be treated fair.
 That's so, I think?

The Pashas. It is!

The Sultan. Then I'll proceed
 To nominate a man.

The Pashas. Agreed! agreed!

[Left nominating.]

—"The Truth," of London.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IMPERSONALITY OF THE DEVIL.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Angelus" seems to feel a little sore at the idea of our being deprived of a personal devil on whom to lay the blame of our original, as well as what he calls "our other sins." This is only what might be expected from one who bases the history of his Satanic Majesty on Milton's poetical flights. Few men, now-a-days, are inclined to yield to Milton infallible authority on theological points, however much they may admire his genius.

By my interpretations of the inner meaning of the few passages of Scripture quoted in my last I merely hoped to indicate the line along which the true inner or spiritual meaning might be found to run. If, however, "Angelus" will take the Bible literally on the point, let him be consistent, set out at once in search of that "roaring lion which (literally) goeth about seeking whom it may devour," capture it, and chain it up in a place of safety, instead of taking an inner and higher meaning from the passage which will make it really practically applicable to us. The lion is the strongest instance of mere animal will or force we know of, seeks ever its prey to rend and devour it for self-gratification, but only for that, serving no use but the destruction of other animals of lesser power. Fit emblem, surely, of the evil of self-love, devouring all for self; all its force of will bent on the destruction of others to minister to the support of its own power. Napoleon the Great was another emblem clothed, in the form of a man instead of a lion. I fear there may be others even in this enlightened (?) age.

I am sure "Angelus" will feel as great a horror as myself at the only possible interpretation which can be put on his final argument, viz., that "as there is one Godhead so there is one head of devils." If this means anything, it means, as there is one head of Gods so there is one head of devils." He has not carried out his thought to its logical conclusion, else he too must have started back aghast at the proposition involved in it. There is—there can be—but one God, though we may perceive that one God in different aspects according to the state in which we ourselves are; and as there is but one source of all life, it is only the perversion of that life to our own selfish uses contrary to the laws of our being which develops and aggregates itself, through many generations, into that direful mass of selfishness within us which we find described in the Word of God as

"DIABOLUS."

THE FUTURE LIFE.

SIR,—A very sensible letter on this subject by "Marcus" appears in your No. 22. Like "Quartus," he wants more light. The information is said to be wanted chiefly by young men; but old as well as young are in want of it. It is so important to us all that every additional glimpse will be thankfully received. Where is the light to come from? The Bible alone. Science has no information to give concerning it; history and analogy are alike dumb. "Life and immortality are brought to light by the Gospel." It was therefore quite pertinent for "Quartus" to request those writing on the subject to confine themselves to Scripture proof.

By your kind permission I shall refer to a few passages.

The term "future life" is not to be found in Scripture; but a similar one, "the world to come," is of frequent occurrence, and to passages containing it I now refer.

It may be of use to remark that in the Greek Testament there are four words which have been translated by the word "world." *Kosmos*, the universe or system of creation; *aion*, the age or dispensation; *oikoumene*, the empire, state or administration; and *ge*, the earth; words of such different meanings that it seems surprising they should be rendered by the one word "world." Let us see which of them the sacred writers use in speaking of the "world to come," and in what sense they are to be understood.

We first meet with it in Matt. xii., 32, "Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." Here it is *aion*, and the meaning therefore is, neither in this nor the coming age. The sin, whatever it was, was unpardonable in the Mosaic, and would be equally so in the Christian, dispensation.

Mark x., 30. "Shall receive an hundred-fold now in this time, and in the world to come eternal life." Here again it is *aion*: in the *aion* to come, *aionian* life: in the dispensation to come, the blessings peculiar to that dispensation.

Luke xviii., 30, is the same statement, and the same word is used.

Ephesians ii., 7. "That in the ages to come, He might show the exceeding riches of His grace," &c. The same word in the plural: in the *aioi* to come. But here it is correctly rendered "ages."

Hebrews ii., 5. "Unto the angels hath He not put into subjection the world to come, whereof we speak." In this passage it is *oikoumene*: the administration. The writer had described the Mosaic dispensation as administered by *servants*, and now contrasts with it the coming Christian dispensation, more excellent in being administered by a *son*.

Hebrews vi., 5. "It is impossible for those—who have tasted the powers of the world to come—if they shall fall away, to renew again unto repentance." Here again *aion* is the word: the powers of the coming age or dispensation: the influences of the Holy Spirit.

These are the only passages I can find containing this expression, and the meaning in all of them seems to be, not a state of existence still further to be entered upon after death, but the *present Christian era*. It was "the world to come" at the time these Scriptures were written, and although it has now come to some extent in the spread of Christianity, so little real progress has been made towards the conversion of the kingdoms of this world into the kingdom of Our Lord and Saviour, that it may still be called "the world to come."

There is another expression even more in accordance with "the future life" than that we have been considering. It is in 1 Timothy iv., 8. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of *that which is to come*." I think this is the only place in the Bible where the expression occurs "the life which is to come." But it is very doubtful if this, any

more than the other, has any reference to what is usually meant by the future state or life; "the life that now is" meaning the things pertaining to this life—its business, its wealth, its pleasures, &c. (compare Ps. xvii., 14, 1 Cor. vi., 3, 4, and xv., 19), and "the life which is to come," the things "pertaining to life and Godliness." The new life, begun by the teaching, and life, and death of Christ, and still *coming* in its greater manifestation, (compare John v., 40, xxi., 31, 1 John v., 12, Rom. vi., 4, Ephes. v., 14.)

But this letter is long enough, and perhaps some other correspondent may be suggesting some other passages that will throw more light on the subject; if not, I may in another letter state how the gospel appears to me to bring life and immortality to light.

SENEX.

"THE FUTURE LIFE."

SIR,—Will you permit me to say a few words on this subject. I am a simple citizen, and may well be pardoned if I do not rise to the height of this great question. I have read the several articles which have appeared in the SPECTATOR, and the paper by the Rev. Dr. Wilkes appears to me the clearest exposition of the subject; the four articles by "Christian," able as they undoubtedly are, failed to convince me. In his opening paper "Christian" says: "I do not expect that I shall make it quite clear to any one. It is not quite clear to my own mind." How, then, can I do more than set down what I feel on this question. I do not object to the thorough discussion of this or any other subject, but my own convictions are so deeply rooted, that as yet they have not been shaken.

Man is authorised to say to the world that there is a God, for he believes in God; and surely he is entitled to say what he thinks of himself, his being, his prayers, and his destiny. The voice of nature interrogates him, asking "Who art thou?—whence coming, and whither going?" and his reply—the reply of all ages, the reply of all countries—has been: "I am the child of God; I am the heir of immortality." Men of intellect, instructed minds have at different times avowed their disbelief in immortality, and even in the Deity, yet they have never been found so in affinity with the common sense and feeling of mankind as for any course of time to establish their blank negation in the world. It may have prevailed for a time, but it has soon passed away; they might be addressed in the language of the bard to Edward:

"Fond, impious man I think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And glads the nations with redoubled ray."

And so has ever the faith in God and immortality risen from these seasons of eclipse, and poured forth a brighter and stronger tide of light upon the nations.

The notion of a future life—of immortality—has always presented itself as a religious idea; it has always assumed the form, the character, the relations of a religious idea. There are passions of the earth that rule, and run their course in reference to earthly things. Ambition delights in the tumult of battle, the shout of victory, the formation and the conquest of empires. Avarice accumulates its stores, and drives its thriving trade, with reference either to the mere possession of wealth, or to the various uses and advantages which wealth gives in society. The poet pours forth his song, because the thought is burning within him, and he must speak and give it utterance. Human passions, affections, interests, build up, and have ever built up, family relations. They all pursue their earthly course, they might pursue that same course if religion entered not at all into the human mind. But when the religious sentiment is excited, then the hope of immortality appears in strength and beauty and glory. Place man in the light of religious sentiment, and he sees beyond the dark portals of the grave. When the choral song of multitudes is swelling in adoration of the God and Father of all; when the spirit is in unison with the harmonies of nature, and drinks in delight and instruction from every object of sight or sound, luxuriating, as it were, in the beauties of the fields, the woods, the blue heavens, or the boundless ocean; when meditation communes with its own heart upon its bed, and is still, and in the silence hears the low voice within, whispering holy oracles; when bereavement stands by the yet uncovered grave, weeping over its blighted hopes,—then, and in all circumstances inducing similar states of emotion, exciting the religious sentiments, human nature feels that a future life is an undoubted reality; and when is human nature more to be trusted than under such circumstances?

Indeed, what is religion without this? It may be only a secondary idea; but does not the primal one of Deity, by close affinity, bring this in its train? Can man call God his Father without implying his own childhood, and in that filial relation, his own future destiny? Does he not feel the truth of the saying, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living?" Must he not have the conviction that "all live to Him?"

In that melody, "Art thou not from everlasting to everlasting, O God, mine Holy One? We shall not die,"—is there not a sequence of thoughts as close as in the most logical chain of causes and effects that was ever linked together? If religion were capable of existing in its proper strength and greatness, without the immortality of man, it would become fainter as we approach the verge of our existence; it would grow less and less in the prospect of dissolution; it would partake of that oblivion which is spread over wealth and power, and so many other things by which man's passions and ambition are excited in their most active moments. Is this the fact? Is it not most directly the reverse? Is not the triumph of religion, the hope of immortality, always greater at such times? Is not the death-bed the scene, the peculiar scene, of the vigour of the religious sentiment, including this as one essential idea, though only a secondary one, of that religious sentiment? So it was rightly judged by him who sang that Hope would

"Light her torch at Nature's funeral pile."

She lights it at the funeral pile of the individual, as well as at that of congregated Nature,

"Unfading Hope! When life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return,
Heaven to thy charge resigns that awful hour,
Oh! then thy kingdom comes, immortal Power!"

If we take it from the ground of a logical deduction, it is not a lowering, but a raising of it, for we place it on the same footing with the existence and perfection of the Divinity. There may it stand—*independent of tradition and legend*—not resting upon the questionable testimony of historical evidence—unlinked from an association with preternatural wonders—but resting and remaining, like the enduring pyramids, or rather like some mountain heaved up by Nature herself, to tower aloft and hold communion with the skies—those skies which are the type of Divinity. "Love to God and love to man" was the summary of the stone tables of natural and Christian duty. There is a summary of the religion of Nature inscribed on the tables of the heart, and that summary is,—*"The perfection of Divinity—the immortality of humanity."*

SPES.

THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XII. (Continued.)

"Oh, my little one, be reasonable; you will break my heart." He spoke so tenderly that the girl was thrilled through with surprise; "Louise, if you guessed how I love, you would not be so cruel."

Louise looked at him for a moment, the imploring appeal in his eyes swayed her weak nature.

"I do not ask you to marry me now," he said; "I only ask you to listen to my love, and to give up Christophe."

He waited, but no answer came; he pressed her hand tightly in his. "I will not leave you," he said, "until you promise to give him up."

Louise looked round in terror; if she screamed ever so loud she would not be heard at the mill, for the noise of the cascade deadened all sound around the cottage. She had no strength to free herself from the tight grasp on her hand, and she knew she might stand there for hours for the chance of a passer-by, and Christophe had said he should not come that evening.

"Promise!" Jean Marie's eyes never left her face, and again they seemed to fascinate her by some irresistible power.

"Oh, how cruel you are; if you loved me you would not frighten me so." She repented her words as she said them. Jean Marie pressed her hand to his lips, and covered it with kisses.

"It is you who make me cruel, my beloved," he said passionately. "Say you give him up and I release you; you are driving me mad, Louise—I cannot answer for myself." She looked up in sudden fear; his face was working strangely and his eyes glared wildly.

"Yes, yes, I give him up—let me go." The girl was half-crazed with terror, and the strange tumult of conflicting feeling which the man's wild, passionate love had stirred in her unawakened nature.

Jean Marie stood as if paralyzed with the sudden joy; he put his hand to his head, clasping his brow tightly with his fingers; then he loosened his grasp of her hand, but still held it tight enough to prevent her escape.

"God bless you, child,—I have one more word to which you must listen, Louise. To-day I swore a solemn oath that you should never be the living wife of Christophe, and I have never failed to keep an oath, see that you keep yours," he said in a stern voice; then more gently, "Now I will take what every lover has a right to take, and then I will walk with you to the mill." He stooped and kissed her, but Louise struggled and slipped from his grasp, then she fled away before he could stop her—not towards the mill, for Jean Marie stood in the path upwards, but downwards towards St. Herbot.

He looked after her for a moment, and then he went back among the trees.

Louise ran on till her breath and knees alike failed, and then she stood gasping, leaning against a tree.

"What have I done?" she sobbed; "oh, what have I done?"

She had stopped mechanically where the path ended in an almost open space; in front of her was a ruined cottage—probably the former abode of some sabotier or charcoal-burner, for there were many in the district, spite of the wolves which in winter came out of their forest dens, and prowled in the woods. The cottage was quite deserted and overgrown with brambles. Since their betrothal it had been a favorite trysting-place for Christophe and Louise, and the sight of it made her self-reproach yet more bitter.

"Oh how could I listen to him for one moment," she cried; "what will Christophe say to me?"

The upward path through the wood was narrow, and encroached on by a thick growth of trees, but here the trees had been cut down, or were more sparsely planted, and the path beside which the ruined cottage stood went right and left straight for only a little way, and then both ends of the path struck downwards towards the avenue which leads to St. Herbot.

The noise of the cascade was faint at this distance, and as Louise stood shivering with fear and grief, she heard a sound which checked her sobs, and made her listen with hope, and with straining ears. The sound was the swing of the gate at the end of the avenue, and her hope was that the person who had passed through the gate might be coming through the wood, instead of merely skirting it by continuing along the avenue. Whoever it might be, she should ask for protection or companionship. She felt that she dared not meet Jean Marie alone again, or pass alone through the wood to the mill.

For some time she was in anxious doubt. Though the trees were sparsely planted, their boles were larger here, and she could not distinguish a figure beneath the trees in that fast waning light; but suddenly it came nearer. She gave a scream of joy as she recognised the tall, alert figure of Christophe. She sprang forward, but he had seen her and was beside her in a moment.

"Oh, Christophe," she cried, and her tears came freely now, as she threw both arms round his neck, and sobbed like a frightened child on his breast.

He put her gently away with one hand, and looked surprised in her tear-stained face.

"What is it, my poor little one; who has frightened you, my Louise?" She drew herself away, and shook her head.

"Oh, Christophe, what shall I do? I have promised to give you up; if you are angry with me I shall die."

Christophe frowned; he looked very angry indeed.

"You have seen Jean Marie," he said; "Jeanne told me he had gone towards St. Herbot with his gun, and I felt anxious, I hardly know, and I followed; but now I see I have cause," he said gravely; "where is he!" and he looked round. "You have deceived me, Louise?"

"Oh no, no!" she almost shrieked; it was terrible that Christophe should turn against her; "I was frightened, and I said what I did not mean."

"Louise," there was a sad calm in the young man's voice which quieted her at once, "have you promised to marry my brother?"

"No, no," as she looked up in Christophe's face all her love came back; how could she for any fear have promised to give him up? "he said he loved me, and he would marry me, and I said I was promised to you, and then"—here she sobbed so bitterly that he could hardly hear her words—"he frightened me, and swore he would never let me go unless I promised to give you up."

Christophe looked at her, unable to believe her words. "And just because you were afraid of a man's anger who would not dare hurt you, you promised—oh, Louise, I cannot believe your own words." He turned away in bitter sorrow, and Louise felt that he despised her.

A sudden power came to the girl; she laid her hand upon Christophe's arm.

"Listen!" She raised her voice, for it seemed to her that he was leaving her for ever. "I know all you think; you think because Jean Marie is rich that I would change you for him. I tell you, if he were ten times richer than he is I would not marry Jean Marie, for I could never love him—never, never. I love you, you only, dear, dear Christophe."

She raised her arms to fling them round him—staggered and fell dead into his arms. Jean Marie had witnessed her interview with his brother, and at her last words had taken aim deliberately at her heart.

In untold anguish Christophe bent over the lifeless girl, while Jean Marie stood looking on, a dark-frowning, motionless figure, with both arms resting on his gun.

Christophe Mao went back to the fishing in the Morbihan when his brother's trial was over. Jean Marie was at first sentenced to death for the murder of Louise Rusquec; but it was urged that the fall at the wrestling had affected his brain, and that there were extenuating circumstances. He escaped capital punishment, and is still working out his sentence in one of the French penal settlements. Christophe has never returned to Huelgoat, and the old farmhouse of Braspart is let to strangers.

THE END.

MUSICAL.

SINGING AND VOICE CULTURE.

(Continued.)

When the student has practised the scale sufficiently, and is enabled to obtain a good and even tone throughout the entire compass of his voice, let him select a few exercises or solfeggios from the works of Lablache, Rossini, Concone, or any other good writer upon the voice, in order to practice the junction of sounds and correct vocalization. After a time a simple song with slow, sustained notes might be attempted, care being taken to vocalize it several times before using the words; the pronunciation of each syllable should also be well practised before attempting to sing.

At some future time we purpose giving full and explicit directions accompanied with exercises, by means of which a student of average intelligence may, with a little patience and attention, advance to the highest degree of proficiency. For the present, being somewhat restricted as to space, we have contented ourselves with giving a few hints which (though doubtless known to all good teachers) we have never seen in any work on singing. If the student is within reach of a good master, and has the means at his disposal, by all means let him take private lessons, as no two voices are alike, and besides, a teacher's practised ear will detect and locate faults that to the ordinary listener are either unnoticeable, or, if observed, can neither be accounted for nor corrected. The few hints which are given here will, however, if carefully noticed and made use of, do much to improve the uncultured singer; and, simple as they may appear, contain all that is necessary to enable anyone—with ordinary voice and taste—to sing a simple song acceptably. The rules for phrasing and expression are the same as in reading; all one has to do in order to get the correct phrasing and breathings is, to read the song carefully over several times before singing it, getting the sense and expression of each word and sentence, it being the business of the composer to accent the words properly, and to see that the rhythm is correct. Style can only be formed by the personal supervision of a good master, but the general principles are founded on natural laws, and are comparatively easy of acquirement.

There is more trickery and charlatanism about the teaching of singing than, perhaps, any other occupation or profession. Like many another calling, it is practised neither exclusively by skilful and honest men nor by quacks. There is the thoroughly competent teacher, who conscientiously strives (and generally succeeds) to bring the pupil to a state of proficiency by careful and judicious treatment; there is, also, unfortunately, the wily, pretentious charlatan, who trades on the ignorance of his pupils, and whose anxious care is, not how much he can teach, but how much he can make his pupil imagine he knows himself. He talks of Anatomy and Physiology; of Abdominal, Dorsal, Waist and Intercostal breathings; of Laryngeal and Pharyngeal mechanisms, till the pupil is so bewildered as to retain an indistinct sense of having been taught a great deal, without really having advanced in the slightest degree.

A knowledge of Anatomy is no more necessary for a singer than for a gymnast. We do not expect that a pedestrian would walk faster if he knew the precise muscles engaged in each motion; nor do we find, as a rule, that professional surgeons sing any better than other people. We daily masticate and swallow a certain quantity of food without troubling ourselves about the precise muscles engaged in the operation; we manage to do it efficiently and are satisfied. Of course, we expect most people who study singing to know what is meant by the tongue, teeth, palate, chest, throat, and lungs, but this we hardly think can be called Anatomy. The question is not concerning the shape, colour, or location of any membrane or tissue, but how to use and develop them to their fullest extent. We need not even know the names of the parts used in the production of sound; certain fibres (call them what you will, and locate them where you please) are set in motion by the action of air or breath, which we expel from the lungs by the simple act of volition, and produce sound; we produce the tone most agreeable to the ear, from an instrument by practising till we can sing an even scale, and then proceed to develop it by simple and natural laws, which can be explained without the study of Anatomy, Physiology, Therapeutics, or any of the sciences. People in general, however, rather like to be mystified; the conjuring trick loses half its charm when performed by a person in the ordinary attire of an Englishman; our physician also may save our lives by advice and judicious treatment, but he must give us bread pills and coloured water, if he expect his services to be properly valued or paid for.

To sensible people we would only say—when a person who professes to teach you singing talks about Abdominal and Dorsal breathings, Pharyngeal mechanisms and such like, *question him closely*, make him explain the matter practically, and then ask him to demonstrate the advantage of all this superabundance of scientific lore by singing a simple aria with faultless intonation, pure and even tone, correct articulation and appreciation of the words; then, unless he demonstrate this clearly and satisfactorily, you may put him down as an imposter, who seeks to cover his ignorance under a heap of technical and scientific terms of which he hardly understands the meaning. Many profess to teach singing, because they play the organ, piano, or other instrument correctly, or because they have musical diplomas from some University or Conservatory of repute; others, because they have studied under some great master for a month or two and have a "method." Before committing so tender and delicate an organ as the voice to such an one, we would ask for a practical illustration of the superiority of this "method," and if we found him (or her) breathe audibly in every measure, spoil the phrasing, sing unevenly, or fail to pronounce every word clearly and distinctly, though he produced diplomas and medals from every institution in Europe, we would refuse to commit to his care an instrument that, once spoilt, can never be replaced and which, properly cultivated is superior to the finest production of a Stainer, an Amati or a Straduarus.

Miss Lillian Norton, of Boston, who is singing at the Gilmore concerts in Europe, has aroused great enthusiasm wherever she has been heard. The Liverpool correspondent of the *London Choir* says of her:—"The band is assisted by a very prepossessing young lady, Miss Lillian Norton, who sang 'Vanne, Vanne,' from Meyerbeer's 'Robert,' 'My Pretty Dreamer,' in which she accompanied herself; Sullivan's 'Once Again,' and 'The Star Spangled Banner,' both to the band. She is a really good soprano, with a very extended compass, with great equality of tone, and much taste and expression. She has good powers of declamation without exaggeration, and whilst perfectly at her ease, is thoroughly unaffected." Miss Norton is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, where she has studied under Mr. John O'Neill, who is everywhere recognized as one of the best vocal teachers. The late Mlle. Titieni, who heard Miss Norton sing while in Boston, pronounced her method perfect. That she is likely to create in foreign lands a most favorable impression on behalf of American musical culture is already demonstrated.

Mr. Charles Adams, the great American tenor, sang in "Lucia de Lammermoor," in English, with the Carleton Opera Troupe, at Bosten, last week.

Emma Thursby agrees with Kellogg and Casy in thinking that Art requires the whole attention of its exponents.

Gilmore will give an old-fashioned Boston Common Concert in Paris, on the 4th of July. Cannon and all!

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BITS OF TRAVEL AT HOME.—By H. H.: Roberts Brothers, Boston. Dawson Brothers, Montreal, pp. 413, 1878.

We have here a gossiping, nicely-told story of travel from Chicago to San Francisco, taking Ogden and Salt Lake City by the way. It is not by any means a guide-book, although abounding with information, and the marvellous scenery of California is described in a pleasant and captivating manner; the Centennial State, (as we suppose Colorado is proud of being called) occupies half of the volume, and there are some very pretty descriptive chapters, especially one on the flowers of Colorado, which is a little gem. Another, telling of the glories of the sunrises there, is very charming. Nor must we forget to say that there are four chapters devoted to New England, which are pretty enough to make us wish they were longer. The authoress (Mrs. Helen Hunt) has done her work lovingly, and hence has produced a very readable book, having about it but few of the characteristics of an ordinary book of travels. It is of a handy size, too, which would render it a pleasant companion for a summer holiday.

A MODERN SYMPOSIUM. The Rose-Belford Publishing Co., Detroit and Toronto, 1878.

This volume is a reprint of the essays on "The Soul and Future Life" which have appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, and also on "The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief." The leading subject dealt with in this volume is one of those which lie at the bottom of all religion—the existence and immortality of the human soul. The present discussion is certainly the weightiest contribution towards the solution of the momentous question at issue that has ever appeared, and the numerous allusions to it which have been made on this continent as well as in England, are proofs of the profound impression which it has created. Nor is this widespread interest a matter of wonder, for the ability of the several contributors is fully acknowledged, and the question must ever be the most solemn and heart-searching. It is obvious that a searching enquiry into the relation of morality to religion must be of the greatest practical importance in a time of such vital changes as that in which we live. One feature of the controversy is the tolerance, gentleness and courtesy shown towards the most opposite views, however manifestly distasteful.

It is a "sign of the times" that a popular edition of these remarkable essays should be called for, the subjects are of such great importance as to make it a vital necessity to grapple with both sides of the question, and in this volume we have them handled with marked ability.

FICTITIOUS VALUES.—In these days of platitudes and generalities, when every one is writing upon the monetary topics of the day with erudition derived from a hasty perusal of the newspapers and not from actual observation or experience, it is a real satisfaction to turn to the pages of an author who wrote for the preceding generation as well as for our own, and in his words of calmness to read a lesson concerning the uncertainty of all business built upon so fictitious and uncertain a basis as speculation of all kinds always affords. Washington Irving laid down a principle which is none the less true now than when he wrote. It was called forth by the reaction which followed the extraordinary speculations of 1835 and the disastrous failures of 1837, and is as applicable to the present days of depression as to those in which he lived. The words of the principle which he states are as follows:—

"Speculation is the romance of trade, and casts contempt upon all its sober realities. It elevates the merchant into a kind of knight-errant, or rather a commercial Quixote. It slow but sure gains of a snug percentage become despicable in his eyes; no 'operation' is thought worthy of attention that does not double or treble the investment. No business is worth following that does not promise an immediate fortune. As he sits musing over his ledger, with pen behind his ear, he is like LaMancha's hero in his study, dreaming over his books of chivalry.

A POPULAR FALLACY CONCERNING OVERWORK.—The subject of overwork is one of the greatest importance to study, and has to be discussed daily by all of us. My own opinion has already been expressed, that the evils attending it on the community at large are vastly over-estimated; and, judging from my own experience, the persons with unstrung nerves who apply to the doctor are, not the prime minister, the bishops, judges, and hard-working professional men, but merchants and stockbrokers retired from business, government clerks who work from ten to four, women whose domestic duties and bad servants are driving them to the grave, young ladies whose visits or Sunday performance on the organ are undermining their health, and so on. In short, in my experience I see more ailments arise from want of occupation than from overwork, and taking the various kinds of nervous and dyspeptic ailments which we are constantly treating, I find at least six due to idleness to one from overwork.—*Dr. Wilks in London Lancet.*

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Circassian	4300	Capt. James Wylie.
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Sarmatian	3600	Capt. A. D. Aird.
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Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
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THE STEAMERS OF THE

LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,

sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY (calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland), are intended to be despatched

FROM QUEBEC:

Scandinavian	Saturday, 8th June
Polynesian	Saturday, 15th June
Sarmatian	Saturday, 22nd June
Circassian	Saturday, 29th June

Rates of Passage from Quebec:

Cabin	\$70 or \$80
(According to accommodation.)	
Intermediate	\$40.00
Steerage, via Halifax	25.00

The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from Quebec for the Clyde on or about every Thursday:

Canadian	Thursday, June 6
Austrian	Thursday, June 13
	Thursday, June 20

The steamers of the Halifax Line will leave Halifax for St. John's, N.F., and Liverpool as follows:

Nova Scotian	28th May
Hibernian	11th June
Caspian	25th June

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:—

Cabin	\$20.00
Steerage	6.00

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.

Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada via Halifax and the Intercolonial Railway.

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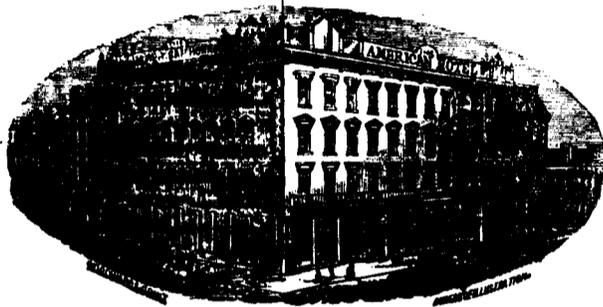
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Dr. CODERRE'S Tonic Elixir, for all cases of Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the skin or blood.

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64 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL.

40 Beaver Hall Terrace,

MONTREAL, May 1.

I have, this day, admitted J. LAUDER, L.D.S., D.D.S., a partner in my practice, which will be continued under the name of BEERS & LAUDER.

W. GEO. BEERS,
Surgeon Dentist.

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Against the attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Fleas and Ants. In pocket bottles.

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Testimonial to the efficacy of **SUTTON'S PHILOTETRON.**

EDWARDSBURGH, ONT., July 14th, 1874:

Mr. THOS. SUTTON, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—For over five years I was very much troubled with Dandruff, so much so, in fact, that my hair had nearly all fallen off. I did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your Philotetron, and its effect upon my hair was very soon evident, inasmuch as I had been nearly bald, but after its use my hair was not only restored, but in much larger quantities. I can attribute this only to the use of your Philotetron.

Yours truly, M. CORMACK.

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GRAY'S CASTOR FLUID.—(Trade Mark registered.) A hair dressing which entirely supercedes the thick oils so much used. Cooling, Stimulating, Cleansing, Beautifying. Prevents the hair from falling; eradicates Dandruff; promotes the growth. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence St., Montreal. 25 cents per bottle.

"SALYCILIC CHARCOAL TOOTH SOAP.

(Trade Mark.)

For Cleaning the Teeth, giving Sweetness to the Breath, and Refreshment to the Mouth. This compound Tooth Soap is one of the results of the new discoveries in Chemistry, and is now presented for the first time to the public. It will not be advertised, but will depend upon its extraordinary merits for its success. The Druggist selling it is authorized to return the purchase money to any not perfectly satisfied. Children using the Soap will secure for themselves sound teeth in old age, and freedom from tooth-ache in their youth. The Salylic Soap prevents the formation of animalcules on the teeth. The Salylic Soap does not injure the mucous membranes of the mouth, as is the case with liquid dentrifices. The Salylic Tooth Soap frees the breath from the odour of tobacco, &c. The Salylic Soap is most refreshing in fevers. The Salylic Soap prevents the evil effects of confectionery, &c., on the teeth. This Tooth Soap will be found convenient for travellers, as it is compact and easily used. It removes foul breath from decayed teeth. It is recommended especially for artificial teeth and plates. The Soap is clean and does not stain. For sale at the Druggists.

Sales by Auction.

By W. E. Shaw.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE SALE

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875,
AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the Matter of
CHARLES ALEXANDER,
An Insolvent.

Will be sold by Auction, at the Office of Evans & Riddell, Western Chambers, No 22 St. John Street,

On **SATURDAY, 15th JUNE,** at **ELEVEN** o'clock in the Forenoon,

1st. The Store No. 1311 St. Catherine Street, corner of Queen's Hall Block, known as part of Cadastral Lot No. 1,302, St. Antoine Ward, 26 ft. 8 in. in front and rear, by 121 feet in depth.

2nd. The Residence and Grounds on University Street, known as Cadastral Lot No. 1,828, St. Antoine Ward.

3rd. The Two Stone Stores Nos. 389 and 391 Notre Dame Street (including all the machinery, engine, boiler, shafting, &c., of the confectionery) known as Lot No. 159, West Ward.

Terms cash.

EDWARD EVANS,
Assignee.
W. E. SHAW,
Auctioneer.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875,
and Amending Acts.

In the matter of
HENRY POTTER, of the City and District of Montreal, Restaurant Keeper and Trader,
An Insolvent.

A Writ of Attachment has issued in this cause, and creditors are notified to meet at my Office, No. 22 ST. JOHN STREET, in the City of Montreal, on

THURSDAY, the 27th day of June inst., at 3 o'clock in the Afternoon,

To receive a statement of his affairs, to appoint an Assignee if they see fit, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

EDWARD EVANS,
Official Assignee.

Montreal, 10th June, 1878.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875,
AND AMENDMENTS THERETO.

SALE OF BOOK DEBTS.

The undersigned will offer for sale, at his office, on

TUESDAY, 18th JUNE, Inst.,

at Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the undermoted Book Debts, lists of which may be seen on application up to the hour sale:

Estate Daniel McLean, of Almonte . . . \$1,058 60
" H. W. & R. D. Rorison, of Renfrew 318 08

JOHN TAYLOR,
Assignee.

Office of TAYLOR & DUFF,
353 Notre Dame Street,
Montreal, 5th June, 1878.

TENDERS.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875,
AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of
WM. G. LEROY, of Bryson.
An Insolvent.

Offers are solicited by the undersigned for the under-mentioned property, situate in the Village of Bryson. Liberal terms will be given.

1. Store and Dwelling, with outbuildings, at present occupied by the insolvent.

2. Village Lot No. 2, on Clarendon street, with dwelling house, stable and woodshed.

3. do East side 16, in Main street, dwelling house.

4. do West side 11, in do do

5. do At present occupied by Mr. Gardner, dwelling house, stable and shed.

6. 100 acres, bush lot.

Application made to either the insolvent at Bryson or the undersigned assignee, will be promptly responded to.

JOHN TAYLOR,
Assignee.

Office of TAYLOR & DUFF,
Assignees and Accountants,
353 Notre Dame St., Montreal.