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SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878.

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The Canadian Spectator.

Contents of Number Twelve :

THE TIMES.

THE POPES.

A LETTER FROM A COUNTRY COUSIN.

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A PEER ON RELIGIOUS DEMOCRACY, by

Sydney Robjohans.

THE PRODIGAL SON, by Rev. A. J. Bray.

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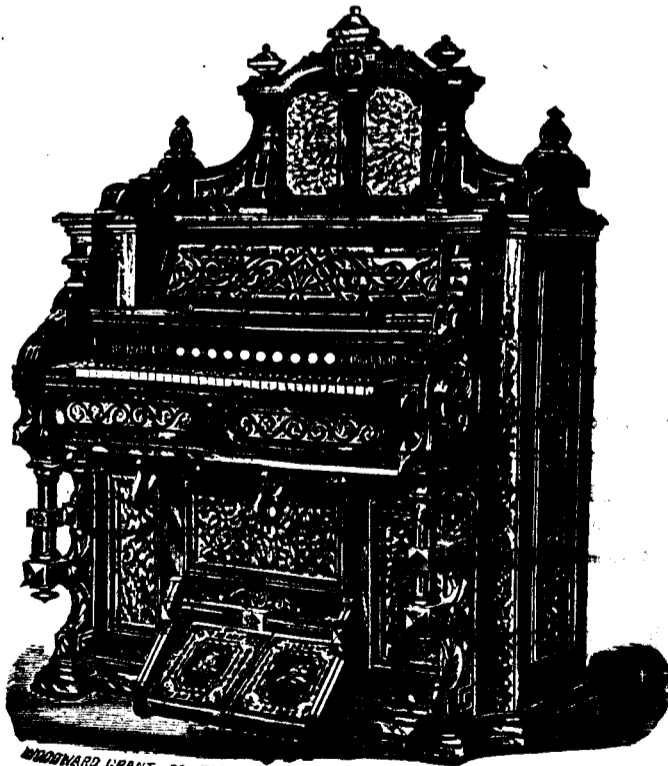
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THE TIMES.

The condition of things at Ottawa remains unchanged. All is dull routine. The Quebec *coup d'etat* gave promise of livelier times, but the promise has not been fulfilled. Mr. Laflamme goes on demonstrating his utter unfitness to be Minister of Justice, but still keeping fortune well on his side in the matter of the Supreme Court, while Mr. Workman proves his faithfulness to his party by not resigning his seat, and his faithfulness to himself by not taking it. So that as the net result, Mr. Bernard Devlin is saved from a seat in the Senate and Montreal is saved the expense of an election, the party from the loss of a seat, and himself from the payment of an indemnity. All parties are profited, and all are pleased.

Montreal should rejoice and be exceeding glad, for glory hath come to it. Nothing more surely happens than the unlooked for. Who could have imagined a few months ago the honour in store for it. While the battle of the Orangemen and the Irish Catholic Union was raging, and the Grand Jury were making their name immortal in our annals of crime and injustice, others were over the sea gathering riches with which to endow us. A learned Principal had a great desire, which one day found speech and the next day fulfilment. The desire was to have for the college library a copy of the *Codex Sinaiticus*. Nothing easier. The learned Principal had a friend who was a friend of the friend of the Russian King. This friend of the King wrote at once, and sent his letter by a special messenger. The King answered eagerly. He would have brought it himself, but that he had some matters to settle with the Turks which were pressing. And he sent *two*. Not because he had a good many and was glad to get rid of them; but because it was the first time he had been asked, and reckoned it would be the last. And the Emperor Alexander II. is a pious man, and would like the fact known; is also a learned man, and it may happen that he will be called upon to give an address to some one of the many colleges they are opening there in Russia, and he will need a model address before his eyes—not for copying purposes, he being an honest man—but just to see how it is done; and it will be well for him to have one personal friend well up in the work. Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, saw more even than this in this new friendship he was forming. England had been rather saucy, for she believed herself able to try a fall with the Russian Bear, and a great deal of her confidence had come from the fact that Canada was ready to send an army to help her. Alexander knew that. They told him of it one day when he was at dinner, and he had his plate changed—so stunned was he. But when the messenger came, bringing the letter which asked for the *Codex*, he was restored to peace, for he said: "My friend of England and his friend of Canada shall stand between me and danger. I will send them the book. I will send them *two* of the books, and then when Canada soundeth to arms against me, my friend will show the *fac simile*, and say, 'Alexander is generous and good.'" So a new, and most touching friendship has been formed; a valuable book is acquired, bound in Russia to the shame of all binding in Turkey; and that book is going to correct all other books of the new Testament, for it is the whole new Testament, without even the slightest defect, and an additional Epistle—that of Barnabas.

Separate schools in Ontario are now emphatically on their trial. If they cannot march with the times they are doomed. The most ardent advocate of the system can scarcely feel satisfied with the present aspect of the denominational schools in that province. Toronto, at all events, does not present the sectarian system in an attractive light. Yet there, if anywhere, one would expect to see that system at its best. In that

city the Romanist population, though a minority, forms a numerous, compact, and fairly prosperous section of the community. The separate schools, however, are a source of perpetual discord. It has become an ordinary occurrence for the meetings of the Board of Trustees to break up in confusion. The clerical and lay elements stand arranged in apparently irreconcilable hostility. For want of efficient supervision, the office of Local Superintendent being held, nominally by the Archbishop, whose spare time available for school inspection must, to say the least, be very limited,—the Roman Catholic schools are fast deteriorating.

Some of our Canadian cities illustrate in a very marked degree the tendency of churches of the same denomination to cluster around some special district or locality. Toronto and Hamilton afford remarkable instances of this. At the former city two Presbyterian Churches were opened last Sunday, situate within a few hundred yards of each other. A new church of the same denomination, opened last summer, stands within easy reach towards the west; and yet another, two or three blocks towards the north. Four churches within this very limited space should be ample evidence of the liberality and enterprise of Toronto Presbyterianism; nevertheless, a fifth congregation of that communion is understood to have its eye on an eligible corner lot situate within sight of the already established quadrilateral. At Hamilton, on James street, stands a Presbyterian Church which for architectural beauty has few rivals in Canada. Close at hand, towards the north-west, is the Central Presbyterian; westward, St. Andrew's; southward a block or two, McNab Street Presbyterian; four again, exponents of the same doctrine and discipline, within a few minutes walk. Of course this result is in each case due to special local considerations, which left little choice in the matter. This clustering of Churches is not, however, an unmitigated evil, for it favours the exhibition of a spirit of unity, the existence of which would be otherwise unsuspected. In Montreal this arrangement is found helpful to a class of missionaries who endeavor to serve their day and generation by a vigilant observance of the flocks that err and stray from orthodox paths. All attempts at proselytism and pew-letting being at the same time carefully avoided.

In a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Gladstone revived an anecdote in the life of Bishop Butler, which tells that walking in the garden one day with his chaplain, Dean Tucker, the Bishop asked whether in his, Dean Tucker's, judgment it were possible that there could be in nations or kingdoms a frame of mind analogous to that which in individuals constitutes madness? For, said the Bishop, if there cannot, it seems very difficult to account for the major part of the transactions recorded in history. Mr. Gladstone adds that, evidently, the Bishop had in view the wars and conflicts, of which the blood-stained web of history has been usually woven. It seems as if the English people are passing now through one of those periods of very general mental aberration. No one can understand it, still less account for it. When the war broke out between Russia and Turkey a portion of the press went mad; the *Daily Telegraph* the maddest of all. Even the distant colonies caught the war spirit. Our Colonial Conservatives followed their brethren at home, shouting as loudly, and as loosely, as their leaders. They wanted a fight. "British interests" they shouted. They lashed themselves into madness. They were invited to define what they meant by "British interests," and when and what for they wished war, but no clear answer was ever obtained from them. Sober men imagined that the interests of Great Britain would best be promoted by a general European peace, but the Turcophiles knew better, and wanted to hunt down once again the wild Russian Bear. Unfortunately they were led or supported by the Government, the head of which was ever bellicose in the manner of his speaking. A little time ago it looked as if the war-storm had blown itself out and peace was assured. But now it has assumed a new phase, and one full of danger. It is no longer a matter of "interest," but a matter of *honour*. And when that question is raised peace is put in great peril. It is just as difficult to see where the matter of honour comes in as ever it was to see where the "interests" came in; but it is easy to see that a desperate game is being played between the diplomatists of Europe, and no one can say which of them all will win. But the chances are on the side of Prince

Bismarck. There may be a Conference or a Congress, but it will do nothing that shall be binding on all, or either, of the parties; and at any hour war may be declared. It is a great disaster that general European peace should be put at risk by such a man as the Earl of Beaconsfield, who is neither a first rate politician nor even an ordinary patriot, but a seeker of self-glory. He and Prince Bismarck have more need of watching than Russia.

QUEBEC POLITICS.

An earthquake has gone rending through our Provincial mudpool, and things are in a general state of confusion. By the publication of correspondence, explanations, &c., we now know for certain that the Lieutenant-Governor did most incontinently dismiss the DeBoucherville Government—that Government commanding a majority of the votes in the House. The Constitutional bugbear was set up at once, and some friends of good order seem as if afraid that the universe is about to collapse. Some men, old in politics, are taking advantage of the opportunity of retiring from public life—others are emerging from a well-deserved obscurity and declare themselves willing to spend and be spent in the interests of their friends. The daily papers lead the combat, those which have no arguments at command using strong language instead—hoping that the public will not make an effort to discriminate. Let lovers of order keep calm: Ottawa and Heaven will see to it that the Province is cared for.

But there is great danger of this confusion becoming for a time worse confounded. By one party the whole issue is made to turn on the Constitution question. A false issue as we think, altogether. That the act of the Lieutenant-Governor in dismissing the Government was ill-timed and unwise, we have no doubt, but that he was well within his rights we are assured. Had the Government been defeated in the House there would have been no occasion for the Lieutenant-Governor's interference. It is only over the majority that he can be called upon to exercise the rights of the crown. And to say that now the question is to be carried before the public for decision as to whether he was constitutionally right or wrong is to raise a false issue. The Lieutenant-Governor is answerable to the Dominion Parliament; and the Government there, has been, and is, sustained by the majority of voters in the country. The Dominion Parliament should settle the Constitutional question—and it will be found that Sir Francis Hincks is strictly correct in his judgment—that the Lieutenant-Governor had the right to do as he has done.

What the voters of the Province of Quebec have before them is the twofold question of men and measures. As to the *men* they are well before us. By the exercise of an exceeding great charity the public may feel well toward some of them, indifferently toward others of them, and nothing at all about the rest of them. As to *measures* who can say what they are? M. Joly is pledged to carry out certain schemes for retrenchment in matters of expenditure, and there is a vague notion abroad that he will be opposed to the general Ultramontane policy of the late Government. But a careful perusal of his political history gives small assurance on that score. There is no record of his great deeds or great efforts in that direction. That the Railway bill, and the Tax bill will be dropped there can be no doubt. But the De Boucherville party will do that if returned to power. Those bills are lost whatever the issue of the elections may be. But what other bills may we look for? What changes will be attempted, or reforms inaugurated? We are told M. De Boucherville will not be the Premier of the Government again if the Conservatives are sent back to power. Then who will? And how do they propose to do the Provincial financing in the future? What guarantee have the people that some new bill for taxation will not be introduced as absurd as the last? There are many ways of playing the fool—the late Government found out most of them and walked therein. But more may yet be discovered by an ingenious Conservative. We do not know that the Liberal will do any better, but they are as yet untried, so there is room for faith and hope as far as they are concerned. They deserve a trial.

But the voters should be careful not be drawn off the right track by false scents. The blundering of the Lieutenant-Governor has furnished the Conservative party with a fine election cry. There is great scope for eloquence when a man has to plead the cause of the British Constitution, and a great temptation to make an *ad captandum* speech. But the past of the De Boucherville party must not be forgotten. They may try to sever themselves from what they have done when in place and power, asking to be regarded simply as the patriotic upholders of the Constitution; but their past is on record, and should be remembered. The issue is between the two parties, and not between the late Government and the Lieutenant-Governor; and from such an able man as Mr. Kerr, for example, we have a right to look for some well-defined policy. Liberal and Conservative are simply names, meaning nothing as to real politics in this Province, and opposition to the De Boucherville party need have no signification whatever in regard to Dominion politics.

SCIENCE AND THE EXODUS.*

BY PRINCIPAL DAWSON, MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

I.—THE RED SEA TO REPHIDIM.

(Continued.)

The members of the expedition select the vicinity of Suez as the place of the crossing of the Israelites, in preference to the basin of the Bitter Lakes, as suggested by Mr. Poole and M. DeLesseps and by the engineers of the Suez canal, and to the wider part of the gulf further down, as held traditionally by the Arabs and supported by some of the older authorities. The requirements of the narrative accord best with this medium view, which has been accepted by most modern travellers. It is to be observed that the point of crossing below Suez would imply a journey of five miles through the bed of the sea in one night, which would be impossible for so great a host so encumbered, while the width of the Gulf at Suez is only about one mile. The first camp in the desert would thus be around the small oasis which surrounds the well known "Wells of Moses"—*Ayun Mousa*, accepted traditionally in all ages as the initial point of the desert journey. Here the Israelites rested after the passage of the sea, with its terrific accompaniments of wind and rain, almost paralleled, according to the explorers, at this day, by the wild storms of north-east wind which occasionally draw down this gulf. Here they could rejoice in their deliverance, and sing that song of Moses which still holds its place in literature as the most wonderful contemporary ode commemorative of a national deliverance.

Mr. E. H. Palmer, one of the party, in his work "The Desert of the Exodus," refers to some of the questions as to the place of crossing, and remarks that as the Israelites were commanded not to go by the desert route to Palestine, but to double around the end of the Gulf of Suez, then probably longer than now; and as they were followed by the Egyptians too rapidly to allow them to round the head of the Gulf, they would be compelled either to take to the water, or to fall into the hands of their enemies. Further, it is conceivable that the strong north-east wind occurring with an ebb tide, may have laid bare one of the sand banks crossing the head of the Gulf forming a road for the people, while the water on both sides protected their flanks as a wall of defence. A change of wind to the west immediately following their passage would bring back the waters on their enemies; and that this change actually took place is shown by the fact, stated in Exodus, that the bodies of the Egyptians were cast up on the east side of the sea, which could only have taken place with a west wind.

From the Wells of Moses the Israelites, if they intended to go to Sinai, had but one course open to them, and this accompanied with many difficulties. Before them and nearly parallel with the coast, runs that precipitous wall of rocks which forms the edge of the great desert table-land in the centre of the peninsula, the Badiet et Tih, or Desert of the Wanderings. The escarpment of the Tih consists of nearly horizontal beds of limestone, of the Cretaceous period, or of the same geological age with the chalk and greensand of England, or the greensands of New Jersey, and which spreads over a great area in Arabia, resting on an older sandstone, to be subsequently mentioned, and capped in places by later limestones of eocene age, the nummulitic limestones. These are all marine formations, and they yield in most places a dry barren soil with many flints, of which there are great numbers in the limestones. From this wall the district in which the Israelites had entered probably derives its Scriptural name of Wilderness of Shur, or of the wall. The great escarpment thus designated not only presented an obstacle to the direct route to the eastward, but the desert above it was no doubt occupied by formidable bands of Amalekites. Hence we find the Israelites turning to the south, along the plain between the Shur and the sea.

"As the Israelites leaving *Ayun Mousa* turned their faces southward, away from the land of their bondage and the scene of their great deliverance, they must have gazed on the same features which now strike the eye of the traveller on his way from Suez to Jebel Musa, for the general aspect of the desert can have altered little. On their left would be the long level range of Er Rahah, an unbroken wall, except where the triple peak of Jebel Bisher breaks the monotony of the outline; in front, the terraced plain several miles broad sloping gently down to the bright blue sea, and beyond the sea to their right the picturesque line of cliffs on one point of which the name of Ras Atakah (Mount of Deliverance) still lingers."

But in this wilderness of Shur, the faith of the people must have met with a sore trial. Accustomed to the abundant water and verdure of Egypt, they now had to march three days without water; and, however warned by the experience of Moses in this desert in his earlier life, as to the necessity of carrying supplies of the precious liquid from the wells they had left, their sufferings must have been intense. When at length, foot-sore and consumed with thirst, they reached the springs of Marah, probably those known at present as Ain Hawwarah, or those a little farther on at Wady Amarah, they found the water bitter and unpalatable, being impregnated with carbonate of soda and other salts. It is little wonder that they murmured, and that Moses was instructed to work a miracle for their relief. This miracle of sweetening the waters by throwing into them a tree, is one of the most remarkable chemical miracles on record, inasmuch as soda is one of the last possible bases to be precipitated from water by any known means. It is amusing to notice the expedients by which learned and well-meaning writers have endeavored to explain the sweetening of the waters by natural agencies. One informs us that branches thrown into saline waters cause the salts to be deposited on them and removed from the water, apparently not knowing that this implies a state of saturation of the water with saline matter altogether incompatible with potability. Another naively says that the Arabs at present know of no means of sweetening the waters, which is not wonderful since it would puzzle any chemist in the world to do so, or even to suggest a means by which it might be done. This miracle, small though it appears, is less explicable by natural agencies than the crossing of the Red Sea or the bringing water

* From *Sunday Afternoon*, and republished in the SPECTATOR at Dr. Dawson's request.

out of the rock. Neither the nature of the result nor the means employed are intelligible; and whatever the change effected on the waters it was temporary, for they have returned to their bitterness, although it is said that, after the wet season, when the water becomes more abundant, it is more potable.

A little further on are Wady Gharandel and Wady Useit, one of which must be the Elim of Scripture, with its wells and seventy palms—how pathetic and eye-witness-like the counting of these trees, the only ones probably in a long stretch of desert journey. From Wady Gharandel two roads lead toward Sinai, one inland, the other near the coast, the second being the easier; and the writer of the Book of Numbers, no doubt aware of this double road, informs us that the way toward the shore was followed by the Israelites, and that after leaving Elim they encamped by the sea. (Numbers xxxiii: 10.)

This part of the journey, extending from the Wells of Moses about eighty miles to the southward, is through a desert country with no general verdure except a few herbs and shrubs sufficient to afford browsing to Arab flocks, and supplies of water only at few places, including the Wells of Moses—this place and Wady Gharandel, the probable Elim, being the only places where it is good and plentiful. The country so far is sufficiently open to afford no serious impediment to men and animals, or even to carts.

Beyond the encampment by the sea the Israelites entered on a new and hard stage of their journey—the “Wilderness of Sin,” identified with the desert plain of El Marka, which is characterized by Captain Palmer as one of the most dismal spots in the whole peninsula. It is, he says, in great part, a “wretched, desolate expanse of flints and sand, nearly destitute of vegetation.”

Here the Israelites approached one of the mining districts and smelting works of the old Egyptians. In the plain of El Marka, and in neighboring Wadys, are still to be seen extensive heaps of slag; and copper ores as well as turquoise mines were worked in the sandstone east of the plain, as well as in the syenite ridges beyond. It appears from the inscriptions discovered that these mines had been worked long before the Exodus, and that they were probably abandoned at the time of the passage of the Israelites; or if not, the slaves employed in them would fraternize with the mixed multitude which followed the camp. The name “Sin,” applied to this wilderness, is derived by some Hebrew scholars from a root signifying “to be sharp,” and from which it is conjectured that Sinai itself may come; and that this may mean the sharp or peaked mountain. As to the plain, it may have been called Sin from its thorny bushes; or as these are common everywhere, perhaps, more likely, from its peculiar abundance of sharp flints, making it painful to the feet.

In this wilderness of Sin the Israelites, as was but too natural, seem to have reached an uncontrollable stage of discontent and murmuring; saying, “Would to God we had died in the land of Egypt.” The following extract will show something of the reason of this, as appreciated by the officers of the survey in passing over this plain.

“To journey over these low, scorching plains in the full glare of an Arabian sun, is something more than trying, even in the winter months. * * * From about nine to eleven in the morning of a bright day, when the sun's power is not yet tempered by a cooling sea breeze, travel is almost intolerable. Heat is everywhere present, seen as well as felt. The waters of the Gulf, beautiful in color, are mirror-like, almost motionless, only breaking upon the beach in a sluggish, quiet ripple. The sky, also beautifully blue, is clear and hot and without a cloud; the soil of the desert is arid, baked and glowing. The camel-men, usually talkative and noisily quarrelsome, grow pensive and silent, the camels grunt and sigh, yet toil along under their burdens in a resolute, plodding way. The Europeans of the party, half roasted, half suffocated, become languid and feverish, and wish themselves anywhere out of the exhausting heat and glare. Even the Bedaween, usually indifferent to the sun's rays, now draw their *thaubs*, or white linen tunics over their heads and shoulders, and tramp along under the lee of their camels, glad to avail themselves of the niggard scraps of shadow.”

It is interesting to observe that the murmurings of the Israelites in this wilderness are not for water, which exists in springs along the inner margin of the plain, but for food; and it was here that the quails and the manna were first given to them.

From the Wilderness of Sin the Israelites, in order to reach the Sinaitic Mountains, must have turned eastward, inland, by the valley now known as Wady Feiran, and they may either have entered directly the mouth of this valley, or crossed over by the Egyptian mining settlement of Magharah. The former is thought the most probable route, unless a portion of the less encumbered of the host may have separated and crossed over by the latter. To have gone farther south would have involved them in a still more formidable desert, with less practicable means of access to the objective point of their march.

Along the Wady Feiran, the host marched until it was arrested for a time by the Amalekite resistance at Rephidim.

The battle of Rephidim evidently arose from a mustering of the Amalekite and other Arab tribes to oppose the entrance of the Israelites into the heart of the Peninsula, where their own towns and pasture lands were situated. The scouts of these people must have watched from the eastern ridges the progress of the Hebrews southward, uncertain perhaps of their ultimate intentions; but when they turned inland along the Wady Feiran, the main and most accessible route to the interior, their object must have been at once understood; and an immediate muster would take place of all the available force of the Amalekites to bar their farther progress, while it appears that parties were also sent to cut off stragglers in the rear, or to make flank attacks from the lateral wadys, so as to impede their advance,—a mode of warfare suited to the character of the country, and referred to in Deut. 25, 18:—“How he met thee by the way and slew the hindmost of thee, all the feeble behind thee, when thou wast faint and weary.” This passage is thus perfectly connected with the account of the battle in Exodus.

The ground for the decisive contest was well chosen by the desert tribes, long accustomed to defend their country against the Egyptian armies; but we must describe the scene of the battle, and the subsequent march to Sinai, in a second paper.

J. W. DAWSON.

(To be continued.)

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.—*Christian World Pulpit*.

EDUCATION OF CANADIAN GIRLS.

Our girls must be educated! No one in his senses in this age of progress would dare advance the worn-out theory, that a girl is to be instructed in nothing except cookery and the use of the needle. Mrs. Grundy would lift her hands in holy horror, if such an idea were advanced; and all wise people would agree with her. Well then, what is all the discussion about? Why are so many articles written on the subject, in our leading papers? What is the point on which, the learned disputants differ? Simply this—not whether girls shall be educated, but *how* they shall be educated, to what extent, in what branches? A hurdy-gurdy man was training his monkey; some one present expressed wonder at the patience of the man, and the pains he took to teach the perverse little creature his steps. “Yes sir, it takes a world of trouble,” explained the man of music, “but dancing’s to be his particular calling in life you see, so he’s got to learn it.” Now let us not be misunderstood; we neither wish to say that Canadian girls are monkeys; nor, that dancing is their particular calling. The point we wish to make is this; let the girls have at least the same fair play as the monkey. Give them that education, which is best calculated to fit them for the position they are to occupy. And what is this position? Ah, we have reached the root of the whole matter now. Is there anyone bold enough to answer our question?

We are all familiar with the simile of the vine and the oak. The man in whose poetic soul, the idea first had birth ought to be gratefully remembered by an admiring world; but, alas! while the simile has been sung by poets in all ages, and will continue to be sung as long as genius receives its just homage, the name of its originator is forgotten.

To be beautiful! To cling gracefully! how delightful! Suppose you try it girls. You must not be taught anything useful. Oh no! you must not have your minds strengthened by the study of mathematics or mental science. You might become able to stand alone now and then, and that would spoil the simile. You may learn to read of course, then you can amuse yourself with those charming yellow-backed novels. All about girls just like yourself, who dress so beautifully, and go to such splendid parties and flirt, and play on the piano—you must play on the piano you know, and wear rings that will sparkle when your fingers run over the keys—you must be careful to do nothing to spoil your hands, but keep them white and soft, for you know you are to cultivate the beautiful. *That’s what you’re for.* Then if you keep on being beautiful some one will fall in love with you. *Such a splendid fellow!*—the splendid fellows always fall in love with girls like you—and he’ll *pet* you so much, and you’ll have a *lovely* time getting your trousseau ready, and then there’ll be a wedding, and a tour, and all the fun of getting things for house-keeping. You’ll amuse your Augustus so much by asking his advice about everything, and he’ll be so proud to feel you clinging to him, that he will not mind in the least, when his dinner is not fit to eat or, when long bills for household expenses come in. If he gets into difficulties of any kind, or anything disagreeable happens, tell him that he promised to shelter you from all trouble; that he has deceived you; that he is a mean fellow, and that you wish you hadn’t married him. Then weep,—there is nothing more graceful, more touching or more beautiful than a woman in tears.

Reader, have you ever heard of the juvenile lovers, who went out one bright winter morning to amuse themselves with a new hand sleigh. Darby was twelve years old, Joan eleven. “Sit down on the sleigh, Joan,” said Darby lovingly, “let me tuck you up snug and warm. I’m going to give you a splendid ride all the way to cloverhill and back.” “Oh Darby, you’ll be tired, you’ll let me draw you a little, won’t you?” “Joan,” said Darby, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, “boys don’t get tired drawing a hand sleigh; it’s only girls.” Darby took the rope in his hand, and away they went. “How splendid it is to be a boy,” thought Joan, “this is lovely.” But soon Darby began to go much more slowly; his face was very red, and he gave a great sigh as they came to a hill. “Darby is getting tired,” thought Joan, but she was much too wise to say so. “I believe I’d like to walk up this hill, Darby,” she said, not appearing to notice her companion’s weariness. “Very well, Joan, you can if you like, you’re not as light as you were at first, do you know?” “Oh Darby, how could I have grown in that little time! You were fresh at first, so you didn’t mind it. I wonder how heavy you are; sit down just for a minute, and let me try if I can draw you.” Darby looked round to see that there was no one near; he laughed condescendingly, and finally sat down. “I say, Joan, this is capital, you’re pretty strong after all; say we take it by turns, that would be the fairest way, wouldn’t it?”

Yes, this is what it generally comes to in the end. The oak and vine theory is merely a poetic license—a thrilling fiction founded on rather commonplace fact. If you must have a simile, here is one, which, if not quite so pretty, not quite so flattering to the lords of creation, at least has the advantage of representing things as they are. Two saplings standing side by side, the one on the outside, against which perhaps the fiercest storms beat, is a little the stronger, but both are more or less exposed; each in its turn, as the wind veers round, becomes the shelter or the sheltered.

The merely ornamental, superficial education, which so many girls have received, and many more are receiving, is the cause of a great deal of the suffering and misery in the world. It is not fair to the girls themselves. What would you think of an officer who led his soldiers to suppose that no preparation was needed for the battle, but handsome regimentals and a graceful bearing? Such troops might present a brilliant spectacle at a dress parade, but how would they stand in the hardships of the camp and the din of the fight? Let our girls receive an education which will strengthen them mentally and physically, as much as their natures are capable of being strengthened.

There is a cry in the present day echoed by some of the wisest and best men of the age: “Give our girls the same chance as our boys! Open the universities to them! Let them learn Latin and Greek! In fact, let them receive exactly the same training as their brothers.” Now we agree with this in part. We repeat most heartily, “Open the universities! Let the girls learn Latin and even Greek if they choose, but do *not* let them be educated in all respects like their brothers. This would still be giving them a worse chance of success than the hurdy-gurdy man gave his monkey. Let them, if you please,

receive as good and as thorough an education as the boys, but let it be *different*. Let it be such an education as will fit them for their own particular duties, qualify them the better to fill their own true place.

In spite of the modern hubbub about woman's rights, female suffrage, etc., etc., there is implanted in the breast of every right-feeling person a something that instinctively says such a thing is womanly, such a thing is unwomanly. Man has his own place, and woman has hers, and for either to ape the character of the other is to excite ridicule and disgust. What young gentleman would feel flattered at hearing himself spoken of by his young lady friends as, "*such a Miss Molly of a fellow!*" What young lady would like to hear herself referred to as, that "*Jack of a woman!*"

Have you ever met Miss Cecelia Phast—Sis Phast, as she is generally called? If not, you certainly have met some one like her, for fortunately—or unfortunately, we leave you to determine which—there are a good many young ladies like her in Canada. She generally wears a gentleman's hat, a little on one side of her head. She talks in an off-hand reckless style, using slang phrases and rather startling expressions, with the utmost coolness. If you are shocked, so much the better. She likes to shock people; in fact, she glories in it. Nothing can be proposed too wild for her to do; and when remonstrated with, she looks up at you with a saucy smile, knocks her "*yum-yum*" hat a little more to the one side, and says, "Well, sir, I don't care a straw what people think." She should have added, *provided they think me a very engaging and original young lady.* To be original is her one aim. This, as she understands it, means being as unlike every one else as possible. She affects a passion for gentlemen's sports, terms them "*boss*," but denounces all the occupations and amusements generally patronized by ladies as "*horridly slow*," "*simply beastly*," or as a "*dreadful bore*." Miss Phast has her admirers; there is young Phewbrains, for instance, who "*votes*" her a "*deuced fine girl*,"—plenty of "*go*" in her, and he likes "*go*" in a girl. As he says this he twirls the end of his moustache with his gloved hand, and simpers—simpling is chronic with young Phewbrains, so are light kids, and as for fingering his moustache, he probably acquired the habit when the appendage was still in its infancy, and he felt a natural anxiety to assure himself from time to time that it was still there. But it is unnecessary to lengthen this description, you have recognized Miss Phast as an acquaintance. You laugh at her, and still she is not a bad sort of a girl by any means; her education is more to blame than she is. Had the demands of her active energetic nature been satisfied; had she been given a liberal education, which would have opened to her new avenues of thought, suggested new lines of action, she would have been a useful, high-spirited and, perhaps, a brilliant girl. Are you fond of Miss Bluestocking? You worship her afar off, it may be—the farther off the better for you. This young lady determines all her actions by the rule of three; reads Latin and Greek as well as Mrs. Julius Cæsar or Homer's grandmother, and never deigns to converse on subjects less sublime than Homer's method, or the siege of Troy, or Mill's "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy," or Herbert Spencer's Sociology. Of course she is above criticism. So, for the time we forbear, and in our next article will proceed to describe what we conceive to be the ideal education for a Canadian girl in this nineteenth century.

E. A. C.

SENSITIVENESS.

Most people like to be thought sensitive. We are generally flattered by being credited with virtues we know we do not possess. "I am so sensitive, things which other people would scarcely feel, affect me so much I can never get over them nor forget them," loudly asseverated an injured individual to a friend, in our hearing. "Nor forgive them," her friend might have added, for the lady in question was not sensitive, but only selfish, and her *amour-propre* was more easily touched than her neighbour's. Of course it is delightful when we are only touchy and vain, to lay the flattering unction of "over-sensitiveness" to our souls. But in all probability no one is deceived but ourselves. Somehow, our friends in the long run form a pretty correct estimate of us, independently of the hints we give them concerning our particular merits. Keenly sensitive natures are the finest observers of the golden rule; doing unto others as they would that men should do unto them. Acutely feeling pain themselves they are slow to inflict it. Intensely susceptible to pleasure, they are eager to bestow it. The most lovely, as well as the most beloved amongst men, are those who go through the world keeping this sweet responsiveness to impressions healthily awake. For the difficulty lies just here. If it escapes the hardening and coarsening influences of life on the one hand, will it not be rendered morbidly acute on the other? One sees men like Cavendish, of whom it was said "he did not love, he did not hate, he did not fear, he did not worship, as others do." A good deal of stone, and very little life,—all the sensitiveness knocked out of him. The other extreme is reached by such temperaments as Alfred de Musset's, who would wail on the floor of his room like a child when things went wrong, and dance in an intoxication of delight when the clouds cleared again. It is true that de Musset was a Frenchman, and belonged besides to the *genus irritabile* of Poets. Sensitiveness, however, should not be regarded as entirely temperamental. What little there was in such a man as Cavendish might have been made the most of by cultivation, so as to have given the world a living, breathing man instead of a graven image; while in the case of Alfred de Musset it needed what in reading his life one sees it never had, guidance and control. What we want is not the sensitiveness of children, but the *educated* sensitiveness of men and women. And it is worth while cultivating. Without it how much we lose! For some of us the breath of spring—the blue of the mid-day heavens—the sweet scent of a flower, and the thousand softening influences which are born and die around us all day long are as though they were not, for want of a heart that "watches and receives." And if this applies to the natural, how much more does it to the mental and moral world. There are men, aye, and women too, around us, on whom the grief of a little child, the pleading tones of mother-love, or a strong man's agony, would leave but little impress. "Ears have they, and hear not; eyes, but they see not." To these people Tennyson's "In Memoriam" would say less than a street ballad; a fashion plate would be

more carefully studied by them than Holman Hunt's finest picture. Only the other day we heard of a gentleman of position and influence in this city who never read anything but the daily paper. "I do not wonder," says Ruskin, "at what men suffer, but I wonder often at what they lose. We may see how good rises out of pain and evil; but the dead, naked, eyeless loss, what good comes out of that?" What good, indeed? What good even out of vast possessions, if in the common, pushing, driving, vulgar life we have led to secure them, we have lost the inner, finer sense which alone can teach us how truly to enjoy them? Then to take a less serious standpoint. The sensitive man will never render himself obtrusive, or a bore. He will not insist on seeing you "just for one moment, on business of importance," and bring you from your work in a heavenly frame of mind, to discover that the "business" was of consequence to his self-importance only. He will not button-hole you in the street when you are pressed for time, or suffering from the toothache, with "my dear sir, permit me one word." He will not, on committees, intrude his everlasting red-tapeism, to the hindrance of good work which might otherwise be done. He will not be a man with a grievance, nor a man with a prejudice, nor a man with a theory, nor a man with a nostrum. But when he comes he will be welcomed, and when he goes he will be missed.

Whether "this Canada of ours" may prove the kindest soil for the production of such natures we will not too closely enquire. It is probable that "ächt Britische beschränktheit" along with them; and that the days of "sweetness and light" have not fully risen even upon this age of progress. But our prophets are foretelling it, and when it comes we shall be nobler, wiser, more reasonable men.

M. B. STEVENSON.

A MODERN SYMPOSIUM.

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

(Continued.)

It would seem impossible for Mr. Harrison to write anything that is not stamped with a vigour and racy eloquence peculiarly his own; and the paper which has opened the present discussion is probably far the finest he has given to the world. There is a lofty tone in its imaginative passages which strikes us as unique among Negationists, and a vein of what is almost tenderness pervading them, which was not observed in his previous writings. The two combined render the second portion one of the most touching and impressive speculations we have read. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Harrison's innate energy is apt to boil over into a vehemence approaching the intemperate; and the antagonistic atmosphere is so native to his spirit that he can scarcely enter the lists of controversy without an irresistible tendency to become aggressive and unjust; and he is too inclined to forget the first duty of the chivalric militant logician, namely, to select the adversary you assail from the nobler and not the lower form and rank of the doctrine in dispute. The inconsistencies and weaknesses into which this neglect has betrayed him in the instance before us have, however, been so severely dealt with by Mr. Hutton and Professor Huxley, that I wish rather to direct attention to two or three points of his argument that might otherwise be in danger of escaping the appreciation and gratitude they may fairly claim.

We owe him something, it appears to me, for having inaugurated a discussion which has stirred so many minds to give us on such a question so much interesting and profound, and more especially so much suggestive, thought. We owe him much, too, because, in dealing with a thesis which it is specially the temptation and the practice to handle as a theme for declamation, he has so written as to force his antagonists to treat it argumentatively and searchingly as well. Some gratitude, moreover, is due to the man who had the moral courage boldly to avow his adhesion to the negative view, when that view is not only in the highest degree unpopular, but is regarded for the most part as condemnable into the bargain, and when, besides, it can scarcely fail to be painful to every man of vivid imagination and of strong affections. It is to his credit, also, I venture to think, that, holding this view, he has put it forward, not as an opinion or speculation, but as a settled and deliberate conviction, maintainable by distinct and reputable reasonings, and to be controverted only by pleas analogous in character. For if there be a topic within the wide range of human questioning in reference to which tampering with mental integrity might seem at first sight pardonable, it is that of a future and continued existence. If belief be ever permissible—perhaps I ought to say, if belief be ever possible—on the ground that "there is peace and joy in believing," it is here, where the issues are so vast, where the conception in its highest form is so ennobling, where the practical influences of the Creed are, in appearance at least, so beneficent. But faith thus arrived at has ever clinging to it the curse belonging to all illegitimate possessions. It is precarious, because the flaw in its title-deeds, barely suspected perhaps and never acknowledged, may any moment be discovered; misgivings crop up most surely in those hard and gloomy crises of our lives when unflinching confidence is most essential to our peace; and the fairy fabric, built up not on grounded conviction but on craving need, crumbles into dust, and leaves the spirit with no solid sustenance to rest upon.

Unconsciously and by implication Mr. Harrison bears a testimony he little intended, not indeed to the future existence he denies, but to the irresistible longing and necessity for the very belief he labours to destroy. Perhaps no writer has more undesignedly betrayed his conviction that men will not and cannot be expected to surrender their faith and hope without at least something like a compensation; certainly no one has ever toiled with more noble rhetoric to gild and illuminate the substitute with which he would fain persuade us to rest satisfied. The nearly universal craving for posthumous existence and enduring consciousness, which he depreciates with so harsh a scorn, and which he will not accept as offering even the shadow or *simulacrum* of an argument for the Creed, he yet respects enough to recognise that it has its foundation deep in the framework of our being, that it cannot be silenced and may not be ignored. Having no precious metal to pay it with, he issues paper money instead, skilfully engraved and gorgeously gilded to look as like the real coin as may be. It is in vain to deny that there is something touching and elevating in the glowing eloquence

with which he paints the picture of lives devoted to efforts in the service of the race, spent in labouring, each of us in his own sphere, to bring about the grand ideal he fancies for humanity, and drawing strength and reward for long years of toil in the anticipation of what man will be when those noble dreams shall have been realised at last—even though we shall never see what we have wrought so hard to win. It is vain to deny, moreover, that these dreams appear more solid and less wild or vague when we remember how close an analogy we may detect in the labours of thousands around us who spend their whole career on earth in building up, by sacrifice and painful struggles, wealth, station, fame, and character for their children, whose enjoyment of these possessions they will never live to witness, without their passionate zeal in the pursuit being in any way cooled by the discouraging reflection. Does not this oblige us to confess that the posthumous existence Mr. Harrison describes is not altogether an airy fiction? Still, somehow, after a few moments spent in the thin atmosphere into which his brilliant language and unselfish imagination have combined to raise us, we—ninety-nine out of every hundred of us at the least—sink back breathless and wearied after the unaccustomed soaring amid light so dim, and craving as of yore after something more personal, more solid, and more certain.

THE PRODIGAL SON, OR THE STORY OF AN INTELLECTUAL WANDERING.

The third of four Sermons preached in Zion Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

III.—(Continued.)

Now I want to look at that young prodigal there in the fields, tending the swine and feeding, or trying to feed, on the husks. What sort of a meal does he get. Remember he is not at home, he is in the land of the alien, and the meal is not of his own choosing. Well, see what they give him.* The first course is the atheist's theory of the world of matter. He is asked to believe that the world of matter is eternal, always was and always will be, but with no thought or will; that all things came by chance, that is to say in technical language, "the fortuitous concurrence of matter," which has no thought, no plan. There is order everywhere, regularity and law. The sun moves in its circuit, the stars swing in silent magnificence through space; the earth in spring time puts forth buds, which in summer become blossom and in autumn fruit; the air is nicely adapted to light and warm the earth, wraps it round like a swaddling garment to keep in its specific heat, also as circulating wind it helps to cleanse and purify; promotes the life of animal and plant; bears sound from place to place, drawing music from ocean's heart and bird and tree and stream, but all came by chance; there is no presiding mind; there was no plan or purpose; no Creator and no Providence; there is no hand that paints the lily, or feeds the hungry lions; no eye to mark the sparrow's or the hero's fall; no heart to love the stricken man, to bless the sinner or the saint. That is the first course. Eat, my poor wanderer, eat thy fill of that hard, dry dish.

There is a second—it is the Atheist's theory of individual life. Man knows but little; he is "darkly wise and meanly great," but there is no one with higher knowledge or greater wisdom. Life is a chapter of accidents, and nothing in the world can tell what a day may bring forth. Fortune is blind as love, and quite as irresponsible. Fate has a grip of iron and a heart of steel, and a mind as dark as night. The universe is drifting into the void inane, and man is drifting with it, as ignorant of his whence or his whither as the clod of earth he treads upon. To-morrow is empty; life is tending to nothing. Get joy if you can, but it means no more than an hour's laugh. If you get sorrow, all the worse for you—nothing comes of it. You may serve men if you like; sacrifice yourself for another's good; rescue the house of the widow and the orphan's patrimony from the Pharisee's grasp; but all you will get in return is the ingratitude of the widow and orphan, and a shower of stones from the baffled Pharisee. The philanthropist spends his goods, his health, his life, to bless his fellow-men; he dies and is forgotten; there is no recompense; no place or person to give a reward. The patriot fights for his country; in the Senate, or on the battle-field amid fire and smoke and cries of the dying; he gets wounds, and his country provides him with plaster; or he loses a limb, and his country finds him a crutch; that is all, and death is the end. The mother wastes sight, health, life, in watching her feeble child; they die together, but never meet again—there is no place for meeting—there is no meeting, for mother and child have ceased to be. A father lays in the ground one dearest to him, an only daughter it may be; he looked on that life when in the bud, and greatly loved it; it burst into blossom, and he loved it more—it was the better part of his life; but now he sits by a new made grave, with eyes too hot for weeping, and moans out his sorrow, "Ah! a worm has come and eaten up my flower; the life has gone, and with it all the light; hope lies buried there, and the earth will have no spring-time or summer for me again, only a dull, cold winter and a longing for the night of everlasting sleep." It is so with each and all. In spite of your dreams and longing, there is no Providence—there is no universal Father—there is no immortality. Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die—die into dust. Young man, laugh and sing, for the morning will soon be gone. Strong man, work, work and get and spend for bread and pleasure, for the evening will soon be here. Old man, sitting solitary over the fire, rake the few embers together, for they are getting low and the evening is near—*night*, whispering with cold breath—"for ever." Men and women oppressed with toil, stricken with pain and sorrow, look up! see you the brooding cloud? there is no rainbow to hang like radiant scarf upon its shoulders; it is full of thunder, with not a point of light, and *night* is beyond—*night* without a star—*night* that never again shall yield to rosy morning. Look at your dead; they are *dead*, not sleeping; the effacing fingers have put out the light and crushed the life; body and soul are gone to dust, and that is the lot of all.

That is the second course; husks, husks, a meal of husks. There is yet another course—the Atheist's theory of the life of mankind. All men came by chance; the family, the society, the nation—all of them came by chance; and the self-made things are self-governed. The strong will rule the weak; the

wise the foolish; the trusting will bow down to the crafty. Justice, wisdom, truth and honesty, are just what man by statute law shall make them; man must fix the standard, and shift it as he will. Tyrants grasp the sceptre and hold it, building up their strong palaces with human bodies and blood, and the cries of the oppressed go throbbing through the weltering wastes of time—but there is no avenger, for there is no God. The earth is full of misery, outrage and wrong, and it must continue, for there is no Almighty wisdom and power to come forth and throne Justice in the earth, and make Love to king the nations. So pride treads the people underfoot; the Pharisee devours widows' houses; and the weak and the foolish suffer and die. The bubble of human life floats on the stream of time—floats awhile, then breaks and passes out of sight, bearing with it into nothingness virtue unrewarded, heroism unrequited, sorrows that were not medicines but fires to eat the life away—bearing all away, life's hopes and life's joys, life's pleasures and pains—all of strong aspiration and swelling great desire, borne away and flung into the insatiable maw of oblivion. That is the meal of husks—how does it look to you? I know that they would denur to my interpretation of their theories, those men of science and philosophy. They would say they have left a God to man, and a religion, and an immortality; but put into ordinary language, stripped of mere verbiage and refinements, that meal of husks I have described is what they give. And can any mortal man feed on that and be content—man with heart and soul in him? Can any man find satisfaction from such fare as that? Oh yes, some do. They hold it and are happy in a way. But how long will they feel content? I will tell you how long—just so long as they can go along in smooth and pleasant ways—just so long as they can feel their strength and lean upon it, and no longer. When the earthquake rends the mountain of their strength, they will tremble and look for a delivering God. I know when some of you will have done with your god "must be," will cease talking of immortality as a mere ideality passing through each age—it will be when some great calamity comes rushing in as a whirlwind—when some awful reverse has beaten you down, when one lies before you dead, whose voice had become the natural music of the world, whose spirit had mingled with yours as jets of water in the fountain's basin, whose love had soothed you in your saddest hour, and made you strong for the manful work of life, dead, cold, gone, then you will need, and cry out for some other God than "must be," and some other life than an ideal life in the life of others; you will wake then, and feel an inward pain, a pain that deepens with anguish, and sharpens to a sense of perishing, which will force open your locked lips and break out in a wild cry for a living God and a heaven. Ah, many a man has mocked at Wisdom's earnest crying, or passed her by unheeding, many a man has spurned her counsel and would have none of her reproof; but the hour of fear came—came as desolation and destruction, came as a whirlwind—then with clasped hands and eager look to heaven, he cried out for a God strong and willing to deliver. Laugh and sing and riot, riot away your goods, riot through the day, but the night will come, and sorrow, and prayer.

Turn to the prodigal again a moment, the whole is true to the life. I see him there in the sultry fields, and casting a long, wistful gaze away, and away toward the home of his youth and his father. He is not satisfied, he cannot be. He has tried the service of the alien, but found no lasting pleasure therein, no escape from the sharp pangs of the famine. He has tried self-reliance, but the ship leaked at every seam, and is lying now water-logged in the trough of the waves. The cistern he had hewn for himself with such labour and care has a fatal flaw in the bottom, and the water has oozed out and got lost in the sand. He thought he could stand by himself; has tried and fallen, and lies there with bruised and aching limbs. He thought he could be self-reliant and pilot himself, and finds now that he cannot. He thought he could do without God, and finds now that his soul thirsteth for God—even for the living God. His heart is hungering for a heart to love, and that will love him in return. His spirit craves for a spirit higher and holier, before which he can bow down in loving worship, upon which he can lean, and by which he can live. The living man begins to feel his deep and desperate need of a living God. Sitting there in the sultry fields he begins to awake, to feel his hunger and long for his home.

And what voices come to him there. The ear is open, the mind inclined to reverent attention, and the fields ring and echo to the many voices that have come to call him home. The birds seem to sing of the Father and his love; the sunbeams write it large in letters of gold; the winds are telling the story day and night; the stars that shine aloft seem messengers of love; and as he sits and muses there, thinks of his wanderings and his shame, of all that he had loved and lost, of the pain he had suffered and the wrong he had done, musing of his father and his home, a voice of wondrous sweetness strikes upon his ear, a voice of invitation and of mercy; a hand is stretched out to lift him up and lead him back. Yes, it is true. A MAN is come, a brother and a friend, come all the weary way into the stranger's land; footsore and travel stained, he has journeyed on to find the lost; walking under the burning sun by day, and resting amid the dews at night, borne up and on by a love divine and quenchless, he has found the wanderer at last, and looking on him with that love which is stronger than want and weariness, aye stronger than death or the grave says, "brother, come home, home to thy father." The prodigal starts to his feet with a new thrill of joy in the heart, and the light of hope smiting on his face, and the cry rings across the fields, and the far away hills echo it back again, "I will arise and go to my father." Grand, sublime decision. Prodigal wanderer, well done. From this moment thou art blessed. "And he arose and came to his father." The action followed quick upon the word, you see. He didn't begin to analyse his emotions; and finger at the roots of his fine feelings; he didn't go to his old companions in riot, or to his last new master, the "man of that country," and consult about it. The famine was upon him; his heart was sinking, dying in him. If he would *live* he must go back home. Hope was over him like a divinely kindled star, travelling with a guiding light toward his father's house. And he said, "I will yield to the want within me, and the light without that beckons on. I will follow this Christ, who through hunger, pain, death, has followed me here with heart to love and hand to help and save. I will follow him in faith and love to purity and peace, and heaven. I will go back and cry, 'father, receive the wanderer, forgive.'" "And he arose and came to his father."

Brothers, there is an example, follow it. You have wandered away from your early faiths. I have not quarrelled with you because of it. I have not spoken scornfully or pitifully of you or your wanderings. I sympathize with you,

(* I think in giving the theories that follow I am just reproducing some thoughts of Theodore Parker's. It is from memory, but I wish to acknowledge my helpers.)

for I think I understand them a little. But now the famine has come upon you; you are hungry; you are full of unsatisfied longings; you are greatly disappointed; the fire of want is burning in the soul; you are athirst for God—even for the living God—then arise and go to your home with the cry of a son upon your lips, and the trust of a child in your heart. Don't let shame or pride hinder you; you have blundered; you have sinned; confess it all, and turn your face homeward. You know not what to say; you want a creed—some form of expression for the faith you have—here, I give you this, Father. It is the centre of religion; it is the heart of all faith. Will you take it? Poor vagrant, wandered, starving minds, will you take it? Will you say, "I will arise and go to my Father." Will you? Try, Try.

(To be continued.)

NINO BIXIO.

BY EVELYN CARRINGTON.

(Continued.)

To return. It is not for us here to write the history of the heroic *morituri te salutant*, proffered to Italy from Rome. Bixio's part in the defence is told in few words. He was Garibaldi's orderly officer; his right hand in a dozen brilliant engagements. On one occasion he had the good fortune to make 300 French prisoners on his own account. In the action of the 3rd of June at the Villa Corsini, he was severely wounded. "Write to my brother in France," he cried, "and tell him I am struck down by a French bullet." The same day, the hospital to which he was taken received another wounded soldier, Goffredo Mameli. The poor boy died after intense suffering, during which he was constantly speaking of his country, and prophesying her future. His "Fratelli d'Italia" is one of the most popular patriotic hymns of Italy, and an especial favourite with Garibaldi. We find this entry in Bixio's diary: "At half-past 7 a.m. on the 6th of July, 1849, in the hospital of the Trinità di Pellegrini, Goffredo Mameli yielded up his great soul!"

It was not until after the fall of the city that Bixio was well enough to return to Genoa. Always a sailor at heart, he now devoted himself to the study of navigation, and obtained a captain's certificate. But before seeking an appointment, he consulted Mazzini as to whether he might consider himself "on leave" from the service of Italian Independence, and Mazzini answered, "No." Thus his departure was put off, till the *coup d'état* of Napoleon dissipated all immediate prospect of a renewal of the struggle suspended beneath the walls of Rome and Venice. Bixio then re-entered the Genoese merchant service; but the more he saw of it, the further it fell short of his conception of what it ought to be. What he wanted, was a mercantile marine worthy of comparison with the old princely commerce of republican Genoa: worthy to compete, under the colours of a great nation—the Italy of the future—with the vast argosies of British trade. A man of action and energy in whatever he gave his mind to, he did not rest until he was in command of a fine clipper—the *Goffredo Mameli*—constructed under his own eyes, and destined to transact business with distant stations. The ship sailed from Genoa in 1855, bound for Melbourne, the first Italian vessel that ever took the direct route for Australia. A little while before leaving, Bixio married his relative Adelaide Parodi, who still lives. His marine venture had not the success it deserved; and time hastening on, brought the year 1859, which summoned him to other work.

The early part of 1859 was a period of the utmost suspense and anxiety for Italian patriots. A momentous crisis was plainly at hand; what would be its issue? There had been enough of magnificent failures in Italy. Only eighteen months before, the pure-minded chivalrous Pisacane, Garibaldi's precursor in Naples, had added one more to the list. And in the January of the year previous, a fateful event had powerfully stimulated Napoleon's considerations of "*Qu'y a-t-il à faire pour l'Italie?*" Whilst waiting for the sword to be unsheathed, Bixio took up the pen and started a journal, for the purpose of advocating the temporary military dictatorship of Piedmont. "We will follow the Government, if the Government will lead." Such was Bixio's programme now, as it had been when he uttered the famous "Cross the Ticino, and we are all with you." It embodied the consistent conviction of his life—a conviction inspired neither by any great partiality for the house of Savoy, nor by quite the feeling which suggested Dante's phrase, "*Fare Italia anche col diavolo!*" The fact was that Bixio did not attach very much importance to the forms of Government. He held that the question of Monarchy or Republic should be regulated by the political expediency of the moment. But it should not be forgotten that this expediency was that of Italy. Bixio, and those who think with him—we suppose the bulk of the Italian nation to be amongst them—do not deserve to be called base, selfish, or corrupt, for seeking the regeneration of their country in the manner they believed most likely to succeed, notwithstanding that to certain lofty minds the relinquishment of the republic may appear to be the negation of one section of a grand religious idea.

If, however, Piedmont was to be followed, she must lead. "Arm! arm! forward! forward!" cried Bixio, day by day. "Do you want money?" he said. "Take it. Do you want men? They are only waiting for you to call them." And he added, with prescient wisdom, "the utilization of the whole available force of the nation will not be less, but more imperative, in the event of a French alliance; for an alliance between the weak and the strong means the relations of *servant and master*. Had Piedmont, casting aside her fears of the revolutionary element in Italy, honestly and uncompromisingly accepted this advice, subsequent events might not have been what they were.

When war was declared, Bixio followed Garibaldi and his fortune. What that fortune was we need not stay to relate. How the corps of 3,600 volunteers—the *cacciatori delle Alpi*—performed prodigy after prodigy, won Varese, San Fermo, defended the Stelvio, covered the Valtellina, how it almost contrived to draw off the world's attention from the great operations of the allied armies—all this has been told, and well told, in numberless records. Then came the thunderbolt of Villafranca; then came the demand for Italian provinces. A recent Italian writer has well pointed out the one grain of consolation which existed for Italy in all this sad disillusionment. "Had Napoleon III., he

observes, "remained faithful to his first manifesto, 'From the Alps to the Adriatic,' the subjection of Italy to the French tutelage would have henceforth known no limit whatsoever." As it was, that tutelage exercised a sufficiently baneful influence over the new kingdom. But the statement above cited is substantially correct; the treaty of Villafranca freed Italy from what would have been overpowering obligations. The cession of Nice and Savoy cancelled the debt of gratitude incurred at Solferino and Magenta; not the debt of heartfelt thanks due to the Frenchmen dead among the Lombard maize fields, but the debt of political allegiance to France, and in particular to Napoleon. France will not see this, but it is none the less true on that account.

In the campaign of 1859, Bixio acted as major in the second battalion of Medici's regiment. His position in that of 1860 was one of far greater independence and importance. Garibaldi entrusted him with the delicate mission of superintending the embarkation of the "Thousand," which had to be performed with the utmost promptitude, and under the guise of secrecy. "Let us go, even with twenty men," Garibaldi had said to Bixio, who was eager to be off, "provided we go at once." The ex sea-captain desired nothing better; he pushed on the business with all despatch, losing his temper, of course, fifty times a day, and not even taking notice of the wife and children he loved so well. At length the arms and ammunition were deposited upon an old hulk which lay in the port of Genoa, jammed in between two steaming vessels, the "Piedmont" and the "Lombard," belonging to Raffaele Rubattino, the proprietor of the well-known Indian and Mediterranean lines of Italian mail steamers. Rubattino, good patriot, but at the same time cautious man of business, was quite willing, his ships should be used, only they must be taken "by force." At dusk on the fourth of May, some forty of the flower of the Garibaldians silently assembled upon the old hulk, and between nine and ten o'clock, Bixio stepped on board and drawing from his pocket the *kepi* of a Lieutenant-Colonel, said, "Gentlemen, from this moment you are under my command; attend to my orders." The orders were to possess themselves, revolver in hand, of the two neighbouring steamers, to carry on board the cases of arms and ammunition, and to prepare for immediate departure. By early dawn the ships were under weigh for Quarto, were Garibaldi was awaiting them in the midst of his Thousand. In his latest work, "I Mille," he has given an account of this night-watch at Quarto. "The stars shone out in all their southern splendour, and," he says, "an indefinable spiritual harmony seemed to make its presence felt. Who doubted the victory?" he exclaims. Not he, certainly. All who were gathered together on that occasion are witnesses to the serene tranquility of his bearing, the placid smile which from time to time lit up his countenance. His was the faith which moves mountains. But not all who were there assembled professed that faith. Some among that strange medley of veterans and children, of proscriptions and soldiers of liberty from different lands, were not so assured of the success of the expedition which was going forth against fifty thousand picked Bourbon troops in Sicily, with a fleet to back them up. Some hoped for little but martyrdom. Some believed victory impossible, but said, with Sirtori, "Where Garibaldi goes, we follow." But all were quite at one in the resolve to "do or die," and in that was their strength.

The hours wore on, and the little throng stamped their feet upon the sea-shore with impatience. What if the ships did not come after all? What if they had been stopped or hindered in their passage? "Bixio and his companions are not the men to be foiled in what they undertake to do," remarked the eldest of the Cairoli, "with that angelic calmness of his." Many, however, have anxious faces. Some look at their watches, others whisper, "Must we return as we came?" But these harassing doubts and fears are suddenly changed to a tumult of satisfaction, for off the promontory appear, too visibly to be mistaken, the outlines of the "Piedmont" and the "Lombard," and in less than two hours the Thousand, with their chief, are safely embarked.

It is little to say that the anxieties of the expedition were not ended, but begun; but it was shortly threatened with a danger that had not been counted on. The speed of the two steamers was different—and Bixio, on the "Piedmont," had wholly lost sight of the "Lombard," when in the clear darkness of the May midnight he discerned an ominous black mass upon the water—obviously an enemy lying in wait! Bixio's excitement was tremendous; mindful of certain last instructions he had received from Garibaldi, he decided upon his course of action, raised a desperate shout of alarm, desired the engine-man to put on all steam, and commanded the pilot to steer straight upon the redoubtable apparition. The volunteers rushed on deck, clutching their arms, and re-echoing the cry of "Board her! board her!" without much knowing what it meant. Bixio stood at the prow, ready to be first in the assault. They were within an ace of collision, when a sonorous voice sounded—

"Capitano Bixio!—Garibaldi!"

Bixio's heart sank within him. He was just able to stammer out—

"General!"

"What are you about? Do you want to send us to the bottom?"

"General, I saw no signals."

"Eh! don't you see we are in the middle of the enemy's lines! Make for Marsala."

"All right, General."

So ended this historic dialogue.

(To be continued.)

Louis Kossuth, whose age and experience give him a title to prophecy, has a paper in the Contemporary Review on "What is in Store for Europe."

Innumerable anecdotes are told of the eccentricities of the late German Field Marshal Von Wrangle. "What is your name, sir?" he once asked, at a general inspection, an ensign born at Poeckelwitz? "Von Keudell," answered the young officer. "Were you, sir?" Two years later the ensign had become a lieutenant, and is still honoured with the attention of the Field Marshal. "What is your name, sir?" "Von Keudell." "Were you born at Poeckelwitz?" "No, sir." "Do you buy your horses at Poeckelwitz?" "No, sir." Two years later the lieutenant was a captain. Again came the Field Marshal. "What is your name, sir?" he begins. But this time the Captain: "My name is Von Keudell, I was not born at Poeckelwitz, and I do not buy my horses there." The Field Marshal, agast with bewilderment: "Wonderful.—That captain answers my questions even before my putting them!—a first-class officer. Let him be a major!"

THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER II.

THE MILL.

The village of St. Herbot is about four miles from Huelgoat, but the mill of Rusquec lies high above the solitary grey old church, and stands at the beginning of the cascades. In summer-time the cascades are comparatively quiet. One hears their roar as one mounts through the thick steep wood which overhangs the road; but it is subdued, not like the awful thunder that in winter and spring-time seems to make the old tree trunks rock, as the torrent swelled by the mountain floods falls more than one hundred feet, and then rushes violently along the rocky river-bed for nearly six hundred feet farther. Such rocks too! huge boulders of granite, and yet mere playthings in the hands of the giant Guéord, who flung them, so tradition says, into the river-bed, in order to clear the ground of his friend, a Druid who dwelt on the hill which overhangs the torrent.

The ground all round the mill is strewn with these rocky fragments, and it is a hard matter to get space for even a cabbage garden—that necessity of a Breton household. The cottage belonging to the mill is so perched among the rocks, that it is a wonder it has not been carried away when the torrent, which sweeps so close by, has been more swollen than usual. The house is a miniature of the Braspart farmhouse, except that one steps at once into the family room; there is no entrance passage, and the sweet breath of the cows comes through an arched opening on one side; cocks and hens cluck in and out through this opening, in search of stray crumbs, which Louise or her mother may have let fall from their supper.

There is no table spread for this meal. The old woman in her black gown and white muslin cap, the long lappets of which are pinned behind her head, sits on one side of the open fireplace, with a red bowl on her knees; Louise sits opposite. She is dressed like her mother, except that she wears greenish blue instead of black, and that the long broad-hemmed ends of her cap reach nearly to her waist. She has a keen appetite, for while her mother plays with her wooden spoon, and looks seriously into the fire, the girl goes on swallowing spoonful after spoonful of the crêpe and sour butter-milk which makes her supper.

A much larger red bowl, filled with the same uninviting-looking meal, is on the long oak table that stands across the room, between the front door and the back window, for the only light from the front of the house comes through the open half of the entrance door.

"Mathurin is late for his supper," the girl looked at the bowl on the table; "he will be hungry, poor old man! hast thou anything in the pot, mother, to warm him with this cold, windy evening? he works so hard."

"Thou art a spendthrift, Louise." Madame Rusquec's heavy severe face did not soften even when she looked at her pretty daughter; "meat costs too dear to eat every day, and Mathurin had ragout at dinner-time."

"Well, mother, thou knowest best, and the money is thine, but it seems to me that men need meat more than we women do; they have more need of strength."

Madame Rusquec shook her head, and drew down her long upper lip. "Thou hast yet to begin life, Louise; thou knowest nothing. Mathurin works fairly, but then he is a paid servant; if he were my husband would he take so large a share of labour? No, no. Wait, child, wait; thou art but a child. I am not vexed with thee"—this because she saw tears in the bright blue eyes—"thou canst not have the knowledge without the sorrow, and I would keep thee from sorrow as long as I can."

The pretty, round childish face still worked nervously. "Mother," the girl sat thinking for some minutes before she spoke; "if husbands make their wives work so hard, why do women marry?"

Mère Rusquec raised her head, which had sunk on her breast, and looked sharply at her daughter.

"Child, there are many reasons. They marry to live; for though a girl may have a portion, there may not be enough to keep her for life, and if she is to work, she may as well work for two as for one; then they marry for company, it is dull to be always alone, and there are the children at home if the husband stays abroad. Bah!" she ended impatiently, "a girl marries because she is asked; she knows it is what she is made for, and when God sends her a husband she takes him."

Louise smiled as she listened—she said to herself, "Perhaps all husbands are not tyrants; if a bachelor sends to ask for me I will marry him if he is handsome, and if he will take me to all the fairs of the neighbourhood. Yes—yes; I will marry."

"Mother, didst thou take the first bachelor who asked for thee?" Madame Rusquec's heavy, straight eyebrows knit together, and her thick lips parted and opened inquiringly, showing her large teeth.

"Idle questions are not good for thee nor for me. I took the man I liked, and he was thy father, Louise. No need to trouble thy little head by asking questions."

She got up and drew a quaint old spinning-wheel close to the half-open door, and was soon plying her distaff and filling the cottage with the whirr of the wheel.

Louise was not so active-minded as her mother, she slowly washed up the red bowls and set them on one of a row of black shelves, and the spoons in a curious rack just below; then she went and looked out of the back window.

"Mother," she called out presently, "why has not any bachelor asked for me?"

The whirr of the wheel suddenly ceased, and Madame Rusquec's thread snapped.

"The child is a fool though she is so pretty," she muttered. "Thou art spoiled, Louise," she went on, "and Mathurin says it is my fault; he says if I gave thee more to do instead of doing all myself, thou wouldst have less time for talking, thou wouldst have something more useful to think of than a bachelor."

"Then why dost thou spoil me, mother?"

She came across to her mother and looked down in her face, putting one plump pink hand on the old woman's shoulder.

"Thou art set on asking questions, child. Who can always give reasons for what he does? It may be because I know that this is thy holiday time I wish thee to enjoy it; and see, all that thou thinkest of is how to shorten it by taking a husband."

Louise kissed the brown puckered forehead; but she pouted, and her fair face looked sad. She was very pretty, like a pink and white sweet-pea or a bunch of honeysuckle newly opened; her fair hair scarcely showed on her forehead, but through her clear muslin cap it was easy to see golden silky coils rolled round and round her head, leaving the delicate little ears visible. A deeper tinge of colour flamed up into her cheeks when she spoke again.

"But, mother, I may be lucky; all men are not alike—perhaps my husband will not expect me to work hard."

"There—there, silly child, have done—go and look for Mathurin. Perhaps the stones in the cascades will change themselves into loaves of bread and feed the beggars; perhaps wheat will grow among the boulders—there is no end to 'perhaps,' Louise, it is the largest word that was ever spelled with seven letters."

She fastened her thread together, and whirr, whirr went the wheel again.

Louise had gone back to the window, but this time she did not look out. Instead, she gazed earnestly at the tall, broad-shouldered woman stooping over the spinning-wheel as the thread slipped a little.

"It is all very well," she thought, a bright saucy look came on her face, "mother was a fine woman, no doubt, but she never could have been so pretty as I am. I get my looks from father. Mother has fine dark eyes still, but they are so sunk in her head, and she must always have had a sallow skin. Ah, I shall have more chances than she had, I know—I know. It must be so sad not to be pretty."

She gave her mother a compassionate glance, and looked out of the window again.

There was not much to be seen beyond the early green of the trees, for the wood began here and stretched downwards over the whole breadth of the lofty hill, until it ended in the valley of St. Herbot. The trees wore the exquisite clothing which no autumn tints can rival in tenderness of colour though they may surpass in richness; and among the lovely green, and grey, and yellow of beech, and ash, and sycamore, the oak showed as yet only a russet bronze, which looked gilded in the strange, weird light of the setting sun.

"Here he is—here is Mathurin."

Louise clapped her hands, and went out to meet the old servant.

He moved with long strides through the trees—bent with age as well as with the weight of the package strapped on his back. His long white hair streamed from under his broad-brimmed hat, one lock fell over his wrinkled face, and he pushed it aside as he saw Louise springing over the stones to meet him.

"Give me your cudgel, old man," she said, gaily, "and tell me some news. Ah! I wish I were you, Mathurin, then I would find a reason for going to Huelgoat twice a week at least."

Mathurin smiled grimly. He stopped and drew a long breath as the girl pulled his heavy penbas out of his hand.

"If I had your young legs I might like it also; but I should like to see you climb the wood with this burden on your back, maiden."

"Tell me some news, quick—quick," she looked towards the cottage, as if to signify that she wished to hear the news out of her mother's presence.

"News—well, the Widow Coatfrec has lost a cow, and she is angry; she says she laid a whole tuft of the cow's tail on the saint's tomb and that he ought to have spared her. It seems as if St. Herbot had been asleep, for Pierre Kerest's pigs are dying of measles and every one knows how pious a man is Pierre Kerest."

Louise looked quite unmoved, there was not even a smile on her lips as she walked beside Mathurin.

"Yes—yes, but is there no news about people, as well as about cows and pigs?"

A cynical smile came on Mathurin's thin lips.

"Cows and pigs are of more worth than some people, but, in truth, there is no news. Stay," he had paused for a moment to think, "Christophe Mao, the young brother of the farmer of Braspart—dost thou remember him?"

"No"—Louise's eyes sparkled at this mention of a new bachelor—"I have seen Jean Marie Mao, but it is years ago, he must be ever so old now; but you say this brother is younger."

Mathurin frowned.

"Jean Marie Mao is not old, and Christophe is but a full-grown boy. I ought to know for I was at his birth. He has come home from the sea-fishing but lately, and the news is that he tells me he is not going back, he is going to stay on at Huelgoat, and to work for Jean Marie."

Louise felt full of sudden delight. She rarely went to Huelgoat, but she knew the names of its inhabitants, and since she was a child, although children were born and people died, marriages had been rare at Huelgoat, and no new inhabitants had come into its secluded monotonous life.

They were close to the cottage, and there was a glow of excitement in the girl's eyes as she put her hand on Mathurin's arm—

"Stop a minute, till you have told me what Christophe Mao is like."

But Mathurin was tired out, he wanted his supper.

"Like—why like a man, to be sure."

He pushed past her without the slightest deference, and went into the cottage.

"Like a man," thought Louise; "foolish old creature, just now he said he was a full-grown boy."

(To be continued.)

Try to understand politics and to study important questions as they arise, so that you may be always ready to support with all the influence you may happen to have, the measure and policy which you have satisfied yourself will be best for your country.—Thomas Hughes.

OUR QUESTIONERS.

Availing myself of the SPECTATOR's liberal offer to answer reasonable questions, I would ask, was a worthy Ecclesiastic in Montreal justified in describing the turning to the East, during the recitation of a creed, as a species of "Sun Worship?" I had always thought that the position was symbolical, and in no way idolatrous. A description of the origin of the custom would be interesting to many.

We are under the impression that the Ecclesiastic referred to must have been misreported, for we think that no clergyman in Montreal was likely to fall into a mistake on the subject. We refer our correspondent to the writings of Wheatley, Secker, Collis and others, but perhaps a short extract from Secker will suffice:—

"Turning towards the east is an ancient custom—as indeed in most religions, men have directed their worship some particular way. And this practice being intended to honour CHRIST, the Sun of Righteousness, who hath risen upon us, to enlighten us with that doctrine of salvation to which we then declare our adherence, it ought not to be condemned as superstition."

The term Scientist is used so frequently in our pulpits now-a-days in a sense hostile to the interests of true religion, that one would like to know what range ministers would assign to it. Does it include all who devote their lives to the study of Science, or has it some exclusive signification which brings it specially within the realm of pulpit warnings?

The term is used quite loosely, with no well defined idea as to its meaning. But Ministers have got to imagine that the Scientist is opposed to the interests of Religion, when as a rule, he is only trying to find out what are the facts of the world of nature. In this way he is brought into collision with Biblical interpreters, for his assured facts do not always agree with their theology. Ministers only regard the Scientist as opposed to the interests of Religion when said Scientist does not fully accept their dogmas. If he will—he gets applauded—for he gives confirmation to what they have advanced. So that before we can say what "the term Scientist includes," we must know what the particular Scientist teaches. Ministers as a general thing do not carefully discriminate, and warn you against all who do not agree with them.

Can a satisfactory reason be assigned for the apparent inability of the American nation to maintain any humorous or comic journal to equal in good taste, refinement and genuine wit, the English *Punch*? Attempts have been made in this direction but they have utterly failed, and the specimens which are now struggling to take root in Canada are for the most part distinguished for their vulgarity and feebleness, and give no evidence of the possession of the smallest germ of wit.

The youth of the American nation is the best reason we can give. A young people are rarely humorous in the true sense of the word. Humour is in good part criticism, and criticism is only likely to be well received when a people have so much history at their back, and so many great institutions which have grown grey in demonstrating their goodness that they can afford to be laughed at. The American people are sensitive to all criticism, for they are not quite sure of their position. They are proud of the things they have done, yet envious of older countries. This will correct itself by and by.

As to Canada, the same thing applies—plus—our people do not read much. They have old world notions of Conservatism, and do not like to be laughed at. The comic papers are at a great disadvantage, just as high-class literary papers are, for the people do not require them. Change will happen here too let us hope.

Oblige a stranger by defining the terms Conservative, Liberal, Grit and Rouge as they apply to Canadian politicians, and say if these distinctions bear precisely the same interpretation in each Province of the Dominion.

Couldn't, dear stranger. No mortal could define the political phrases in use among us. Broadly, the followers of Sir John A. Macdonald are called Conservatives, and the followers of Mr. Mackenzie are called Liberals, or Grits, a kind of nickname. The only difference between them now is the question of protection vs. free trade, and the highest aim of each party is office. The Conservatives are not conservative in the English sense of the word. Still less are the Liberals like English Liberals. The Toronto *Globe* is the great organ of the Liberal party, but its liberalism could not be discovered by the aid of a powerful microscope.

The distinctions do not bear precisely the same meaning in each province. Liberals of the Province of Quebec are often Dominion Conservatives. It is simply a question of men and place.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE FUTURE LIFE."

SIR,—The late Charles Kingsley toward the close of his life, said he had often almost wished to die in order that he might see and know something of the life beyond. He seemed, however, to have had no very definite views concerning it, except that he believed and took comfort from the fact that God was the loving Father of us all, and consequently He would deal kindly and tenderly with us, as His erring children. In that hope he lived and died. Now, he is no doubt in full possession of that knowledge which he so long and so anxiously desired.

At this time there are many who have similar longings, and hopes, for on this subject there is a deep and widespread interest, especially among theological students, young ministers, and young men generally, as well as among thoughtful Christians, more advanced in life. This being the case, many would no doubt like to see the subject thoroughly discussed, by competent writers, in the pages of your excellent journal. I do not see why we should be afraid of it. If the old orthodox view be correct and scriptural, it would lose nothing by discussion, it would rather tend, I should think, to confirm and establish it, in the minds of those who are now wavering and perplexed. On the other hand, if it can be shown that the old view is not "according to the Scriptures," we should accept it with thankfulness, for such a discovery could not be displeasing to Him who delighteth in them that hope in His mercy, and whose word is truth. While said doctrine may not be one of the "fundamentals," it is so regarded by church authorities generally, therefore it is important that we should

know whether it be of God, or man—human or divine. The sooner the matter is thoroughly examined and settled, as far as it can be settled, the better. This duty, it seems to me, devolves upon the Professors in our Theological Schools, the leading Ministers of the Gospel, and Editors of religious periodicals and newspapers. In England the discussion is already considerably advanced, and no harm has been done. Among the Congregationalists, the *English Independent* informs us that it is now "an open question" in the Churches, and some of the leading and most influential ministers have discarded the old idea (like Canon Farrar, of Westminster,) and that without either disturbing the Churches, or affecting their Christian or ministerial standing in the least.

I am aware that several articles, by writers of some note, have already appeared in the SPECTATOR, but while they might be suitable for certain high-class readers, they were not exactly the thing for the common people, they were a little too abstruse and metaphysical for some of your readers, and did not look at the subject from a Bible standpoint. While metaphysics and science may help us to the discovery of truth, we want in this case especially to find out the true meaning of the word of God. We must stand or fall by that, and to that only can we appeal in the investigation and settlement of this deeply interesting and solemn question.

I will close this letter by indicating what I think should be the points and order of discussion, without giving offence to any except those who for certain reasons prefer darkness to light, and error to truth. There are three opinions relating to the future life, all of which are supposed to be susceptible of proof from the word of God, viz., everlasting conscious suffering, conditional immortality, or life in Christ only, and restoration, either universal or partial, according to conduct, in the world to come. If these three phases of the subject were discussed in the SPECTATOR, in a temperate and Christian manner, I am sure good would be done, and many who are now perplexed and anxious, might find mental quiet and rest.

Montreal, March 29th, 1878.

QUARTUS.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

BY PROXY. A novel by James Payn. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Paper; pp. 158. Price 35 cents.

Mr. Payn's last book is sensational enough to satisfy the most jaded novel reader, and to wake up the attention even of those to whom the burden of new novels is sore. The plot is founded on an almost inconceivable incident, but it is an original conception. The stealing of a jewel from a Buddhist idol, it is true, may have been suggested by Wilkie Collins' "Moonstone," but the idea of a man consenting to undergo the most horrible form of death life, but to purchase a daughter's future prosperity, is a bold device on which to found a story. The working out of the idea not unnaturally suggests that the unworthy specimen of an Englishman who could consent to such a bargain, finds the temptation to fulfil his part of an irresistible, and the consequent complications in the love affairs of his son and his deliverer's of originality in every point is compensated for by the daring nature of the main incident, Ralph Pennycook, who suffers by proxy, is well drawn, and the analysis of his nature consistent and skillful. Indeed it is in the treatment of Pennycook and of Conway, the victim of his own life and regrets, that the excellence of the story consists; in these subordinate characters are not strongly marked, excepting an eccentric old gentleman with a large heart and a passion for auction sales. His kindly and somewhat vulgar wife is a pleasant personage, but we think we have met her before—in fiction, of course, for the reality is frequent enough. The Chinese scenes, and the manner in which the Pecksniffishness of celestial philosophy and the horrible stolidity and cruelty of the denizens of the Flowery Land are told, are novel, striking, and cleverly handled; they sharply contrast with our western conceptions of "the fitness of things." The idea expressed in the title is ingeniously worked into the named. There is a want of thoroughness of thought and carefulness of style which suggests that a little more pains might have made this a very powerful novel instead of a possibly repay the author for a lost opportunity, which might have shown, not only possibilities in the way of sensation and scene without going out of ordinary life to find them, but also ability to make the most of them when found.

DAVID'S LITTLE LAD, by L. T. Meade. THE ROMANCE PERIOD. English Literature Primers, by Eugene Lawrence. Harper's Half-Hour Series. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Price 25 cents each.

These are two new numbers in the Series. The first a pretty story of Welsh life, sound and good in thought and teaching; the second containing a wonderful little essay on English Literature from Chaucer to Bacon. How Mr. Lawrence says so much and so well in such small compass is amazing.

PLATONIS DIALOGI VI. Harper's Greek and Latin Texts. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 18 mo., pp. 327; Paper, 42 cents. Cloth, 65 cents.

Messrs. Harpers publish in very convenient form a number of Greek and Latin texts, which are well adapted for the use of schools and colleges, but more so, perhaps, for those who like to keep up their classics by occasional reference to a handy volume on the desk or in the pocket. The present number contains the Euthyphron, Apologia Socratis, Crito, Phaedo, Gorgias and Protagoras, edited by Hermann. The typography is excellent, paper and binding both good, and the whole marvellously cheap.

George Eliot has cleared £40,000 on "Daniel Deronda."

The diary of Napoleon at St. Helena will shortly be published.

"The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston," by his son, is in preparation by the Appletons.

William and Mary Howitt are living at Merau, in the Tyrol, where they are busy with literary work. William is eighty-two years old.

The paper of the late Hon. Gideon Welles on Grant's final campaign in Virginia was divided by the editor of the *Atlantic*, and the last half will be published in the April number.

Among some autograph letters lately sold in London, was one written by Kitty Clive to David Garrick, in reference to the stoppage of her salary, in which she says: "I hope the stoppage of money is not a french fashion." This brought something over \$75.

Mr. Stanley's forthcoming book of "New Discoveries in Africa," has been competed for by the principal London publishers. But the house of Sampson, Low & Co., a member of which went to the Continent to get it, is supposed to have carried off the prize.

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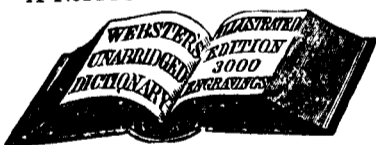
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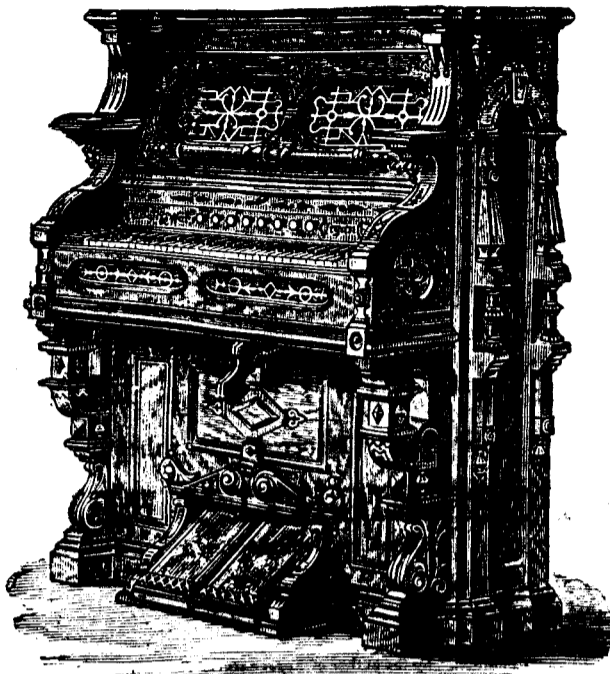
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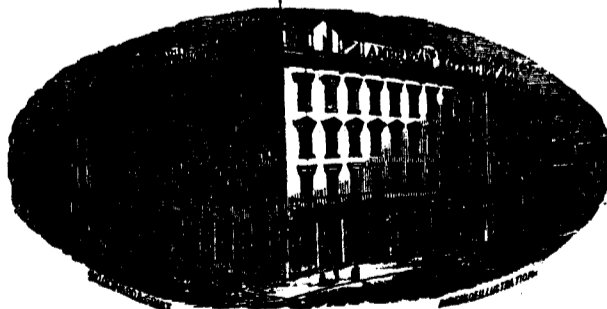
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TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

Centre Division

OF THE

CITY OF MONTREAL.

GENTLEMEN:—

In reply to the very flattering requisition presented to me by the Conservative party of the City of Montreal, I beg to offer myself as a candidate for your suffrages at the approaching Local Election.

I may say in accepting, that I am a Conservative, and will support the true principles of that party. I am, therefore, opposed to the present Ministry as being unconstitutional in existence.

I disapprove of and would have opposed the bills imposing taxation on mercantile contracts introduced by the late Government, and I am also opposed to the measures provided by the Railway Bill for the enforcement of its provisions.

If elected, I shall advocate economy in every way, and shall maintain the interests and rights of the City of Montreal.

I shall endeavor to improve the administration of justice in this Province, and shall try to do my duty as your representative in every respect.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,

WM. H. KERR.

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