

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 39.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.
 REV. ALFRED J. BRAY, Pastor.
 SUNDAY, 29th SEPT.,
 Subject—"THE PRODIGAL SON."
 Anthem—"Life nor death shall us dis sever."

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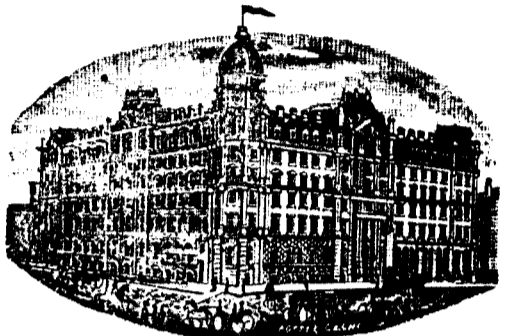
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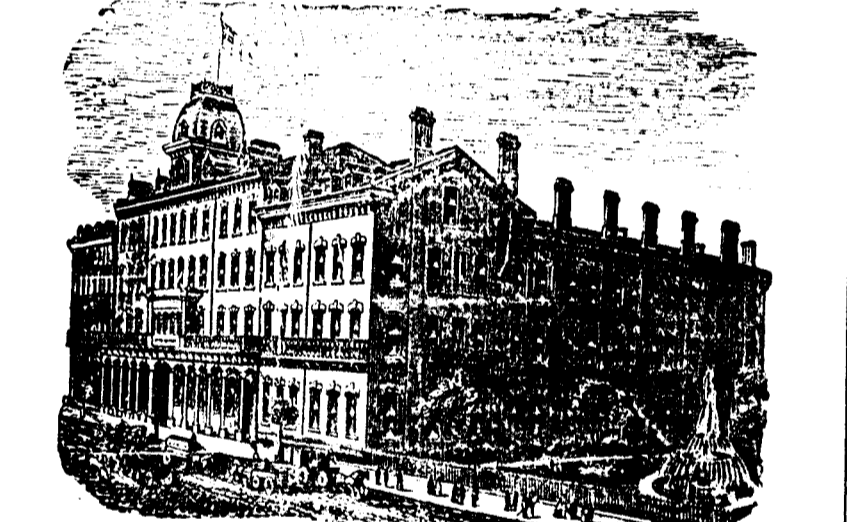
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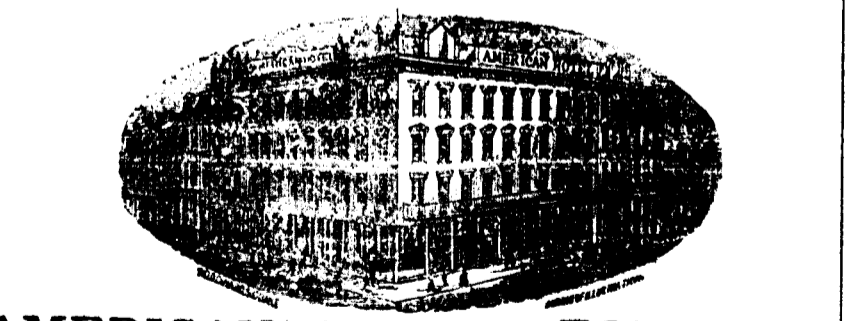
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THE PUBLISHERS OF THE "CANADIAN SPECTATOR," TO ITS SUBSCRIBERS, PATRONS AND ADVERTISERS.

With No. 27, a hope was expressed of being soon able to increase the size of the journal. To-day that is an accomplished fact. Advertisers have discovered that the SPECTATOR is of service to them, so they advertise, and two more pages are needed. Two pages of reading matter go along with it, and the Editor promises to try and popularize the paper still more, so that it may not only suit the more intellectual among us, but have something of interest for every one of the four millions of our people. It is worth while for advertisers to bear in mind that the SPECTATOR has a large circulation in England and the United States.

In future we shall devote a portion of our space for the record of Births, Marriages and Deaths, the charge for which will be 25 cents for each insertion. Notices should be in the office before 10 a.m. on Thursday.

THE TIMES.

The elections were a surprise to all but two or three extraordinary mortals who saw the end from the first; but rarely has it happened that a political party had a victory that had less of real triumph in it. The Liberals—for the most part—take their defeat quietly—having decided to wait until the revenge shall come—and many leading Conservatives feel that they have got a white elephant upon their hands. They wanted office, and have got it, and can manage that—but, what about all the promises they have made to the country. It is all very well to have an election cry—but when you are taken at your word the thing gets to be serious. Bad times came upon us all—no trade could be done—factories were closed—labour was hard to get at any price—said the Conservatives: The face of things may be changed—it is easy; have Protection and you will have prosperity. Will you, said the people—try it. A hard pressed—a depressed—an impoverished people said at the polls, "try it," casting the vote enthusiastically enough, but not very intelligently. So, the fly has been swept off the wheel, and the whole machinery put in motion, and the leaders put into a state of fear and trembling. And no wonder—for they have promised what they can never perform. They will make some changes, but only in the direction of readjustment of tariff—for a complete protective policy cannot be adopted. But there will be prosperity—as a permanent thing, if the times have really changed—only for a brief period if they have not—and then will come the downfall and ruin of the present popular party.

We need not be afraid of Sir John; he is statesman enough to understand the difficulties and requirements of the country, but his party may prove too big and too strong for him to control. They have promised so much, and are able to perform so little, that there is danger that half in hope, half in despair, they will rush into extremes and calamity. The leaders of the Conservative party are preaching moderation and caution. I hope their wise counsels will prevail, and that they have not too many office-hunters on hand.

A lady tells me that she was riding in a street car a few days ago, when a woman came in carrying a sick child. After awhile it was discovered that the child had small-pox: the passengers insisted on its removal; the conductor gave the woman back her fare and helped her out. For that woman to have got into that car with a child dying from small-pox was to endanger the lives of all the passengers and their families, and if the offence is not punishable by law it should be made so at once. A heavy fine ought to be inflicted on all such sinners against the health of the citizens.

So our wise city fathers, with our wise city Mayor at their head, have decided, by a vote in Council, not to pay the volunteers for their services on the 12th of July last. It is illegal, they say; and they ought to know all about the law and such simple things. Law appears to be very foggy in this blessed P.Q.—but the city fathers can see a long way in a fog. I think their conclusion as to the legal part of it is absurd, and is going to land the city in trouble and expense, and still further contempt; but of this, I am sure; we owe the peace of the 12th of July to the presence of the volunteers. Some of the

magistrates who called out the military don't know, for they had business out of town that day—and the Mayor doesn't know, for he stuck close to the Orange hall that day with his Specials around him, commanding a few yards of St. James street, and thinking, poor man, that he had control of the city—and Ald. Mercer doesn't know, for he took a great interest in the Mayor that day, and remained by his side all the time; I went into the midst of the Mayor's mob—those whom he called gentlemen—his friends from Quebec—and into the midst of those who do not admire the Mayor, and would gladly have "gone for" his Specials—and am satisfied that the peace was kept only because the military lined the squares and commanded the streets. If Mr. McNamee cares to do so, he can enlighten Mr. Mayor and Mr. Mercer.

I hardly think the rejection of the Hon. Peter Mitchell by the electors down east should be passed over without notice. They must be ungrateful, to say the least of it, for the Hon. Peter has studied the interests of his constituency in a zealous way. And he has done some service, for he it was who devised, and went a long way toward carrying out, the system of lighting our river and gulf. I hope he will have a seat somewhere, and yet again be Minister of Marine and Fisheries.

The long-projected Telegraph Service for the gulf and islands will be attended to, I hope, for it is needful if we care for the safety of our ships and our sailors. Mr. Mackenzie seemed to take but small interest in the matter, having probably what he considered more important matters on his hands; but the Conservatives will do well to make an effort to carry into effect some good and useful measures of a domestic character. The best possible "protection" should be afforded our sailors. They tell me that the Hon. P. Fortin has given time and attention in a special way to the Telegraph System, and "knows it like a book." If that is true, he should be appointed Commissioner for the construction and subsequent working of it.

A gentleman writing to me on some political matters says, we "must not put the ownership of our Pacific Railway into the greedy maw of a Joint Stock Company. Let a Company contract to build—let it work the line on short leases if you will—but own it—never. That is the real slavery for a people, and the germ of a Landed aristocracy of the very worst kind." I agree with him as to his premises—but the conclusion is queer. I don't see where the "slavery" comes in, or the dreadful "germ."

It is given forth as a proposition that a testimonial of some \$50,000 be presented to the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, and I want to ask the intelligent givers—"What for? Has he done anything more than his duty during the past five years? That he has been personally honest, I fully believe, but are we going to say that honesty is such a rare virtue in our politicians that it must be rewarded in a special way?" It surely is a calamity if we have sunk so low that a thing which is so ordinary in most civilized countries has become worthy of special mention and reward in Canada. The mere mention of such a thing is a disgrace to Mr. Mackenzie.

The Orangemen of Montreal are in a most difficult position, as it seems. Those of their number accused before the City P. M. of intent to provoke a breach of the peace have been committed for trial at the Court of Queen's Bench in a most peculiar way. The judgment of the P. M. is given *in extenso* as if he was giving judgment on the whole case, and not simply on the *prima facie* evidence as to its fitness for trial. But the peculiar part of it lies in the fact about a week before the P. M. trial was concluded, the P. M. said:—"That as regards two of the defendants they had nothing against them, and they might as well be discharged"—the counsel for the prosecution agreeing. But the defendants refused to accept the terms offered—those of not bringing a counter-action—and they were committed. How did that come about? They have done nothing since in the way of law-breaking, and why should they have been committed for trial?

One result of the late election is good—that is—it is demonstrated that the terrorism so long exercised by the Toronto *Globe* has come to an end. The influence that paper exercised in the Province of Ontario

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was most unhealthy—free thought and free speech could hardly be indulged in—speaking of matters political. But lately men have been freeing themselves from that tyranny, and the victory of the Conservatives was not altogether on account of the general desire for Protection—it was in part a vigorous and effective protest against the domination of the Browns.

Is Butler—the American Butler, I mean, who is now a candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts—a big R.—or a big F.? For sometimes he plays the part of the R.—and sometimes of the F.—and occasionally the two get mixed and act out a little comedy together. He is a Greenbacker, of course, and he promises to make all the Americans rich—that is he and Kearney have put their wits to work, and the plan is complete to their eyes. And this is how it is to be done, as given in a speech:—"When all was chaos and without form and void, and darkness covered the earth as a pall, God said these words, which are in the Latin, '*Fiat lux*,' 'Let there be light' and there was light. The morning stars sang together and the earth was fruitful and happy. *Fiat money* means simply that the United States Government should say, 'Let there be money! Nothing more, nothing less.' Now then—what is he? I give it up. I am glad to know that the great Creational words were spoken in Latin—but why, oh why was it ever said *Fiat Butlerus*."

"Peace with honour" is not yet a settled fact for the people of England, for they appear to be on the eve of another Afghan war. For two months past the London papers have been in a state of abnormal uneasiness over the mysterious expedition of General Kaufmann in Turkestan and the Russian mission to Cabul. These military and diplomatic movements have been conducted with the most absolute secrecy—the British Foreign Office not being aware that a new expedition had been planned until the Russian columns were in motion. And even now nothing is known of the object or destination of the troops. It may be that the march to Balkh has been deferred and that the troops are returning to Tashkend from the frontiers of Bokhara, but none the less has the supremacy of the Russians been acknowledged in the Khanates, south of Samarcand, and it is evident enough that Shere Ali is courting an alliance with the Northern power. The Earl of Beaconsfield declared that there was room enough in Asia for Russia and England, but that seems correct in no sense except that there is room enough there for them to fight out all their quarrels.

This will be all the more readily brought about from the fact that England is in a dangerously belligerent mood. She has adopted what is called a "spirited foreign policy," and has flaunted it in the face of the world. She has meddled with Afghan intrigues, and could hardly let them alone now with honour. The Tory press has taken to blustering about it—no unusual thing with the Tory press—telling the Government that an end must be put to Russian interference in Afghanistan, with or without the good will of the Amcer; that no more such missions as General Abramoff's must be allowed, and that military pressure must be applied and the country brought that way under the control of the crown. The last Afghan war cost the country something like \$75,000,000, and ended in what was little less than a retreat; and the Indian exchequer is in a hopeless condition, but they have the great Earl and a "spirited foreign policy," and, like everybody else, they must pay for their luxuries.

Still more about this "peace with honour": Not many weeks have elapsed since the great Earl framed those words! Already the enthusiasm is dead and gone; for the people are beginning to see that they have in prospect neither peace nor honour. Throughout Turkey Christians and Mahometans are killing each other whenever they get the chance; the Greeks are threatening Thrace; Bulgarians are preparing for an attack on Macedonia; the Albanians are in open rebellion, and war is raging in Bosnia. The moneyed classes of Britain have no faith in the regeneration of Asia Minor as a commercial undertaking, and it is discovered that Cyprus is a fever-stricken island, having not a single harbour, and utterly worthless to anybody.

Greece wants to get a new loan of £2,000,000, and the English speculators appear to entertain the matter seriously. How or why, except as a mere speculation, it is difficult to understand; for Greece is one of the poorest countries upon the face of the earth. It has to import corn, and besides a little olive oil—and wine so bad that even a Canadian would know it is bad—it exports nothing but a few currants. The Greeks are pledged to pay £75,000 annually to their present creditors—and now are willing to promise to pay some £140,000 per year more. But she will be able to raise the loan—for the English have a large faith in the East. If they would transfer a little of it Westward to Canada they would find more reasonable, because more safe and profitable investments.

EDITOR.

WHAT GOVERNMENT CANNOT DO.

We all want protection. We should like to be protected from heat and cold, from froth and fume, from hunger and from mosquitoes. Unhappily we cannot get all this protection in this world, whereupon many people postpone it till after death, and think of heaven as a place in which they will be protected not only from competition but from all sorts of inconveniences. As to the matter of protection in trade, one wonders how far it is to be carried. A gentleman told me the other day of a Cote des Nieves farmer who gloried in Sir John because the farmers of Quebec would now be protected from the competition of those of Ontario. "They won't send their apples down here and cut us out now," he said, triumphantly. Of course we laugh at him, believers in the "chieftain" included; but it would be easy to show that he has reason in part on his side. If he could keep the Ontario fruit out of the market, he could work less and earn more. He might sleep half his time and offer damaged fruit for sale, and still grow rich at the expense of—all the rest of us. And why he should not it is difficult to see. If a sugar refiner, or a dry goods merchant, or a commercial great man of any kind is to tax us for the benefit of his profits, why should not the poor fruit-grower? As to the injury inflicted on Ontario, what have we to do with that? Is not selfishness—no, I beg pardon for the ugly word—is not "enlightened self-interest" the law of life? True, we read in an old book about doing to others as we would they should do unto us, but that is a little *passé* now. Modern philosophy has enlightened us wonderfully, and taught us, as the great Mr. John P. Robinson puts it, that "they didn't know everythin' down in Judee." Every country for itself, say some; why not, then, every province for itself, and finally every man? Then would come the good old plan of monopolies, and paradise—for the monopolists.

For the difficulty is just here: we cannot all be protected, and those who are so must get their protection by the taxation of those who are not. We are told to protect the producer and never mind the consumer. With all my heart, I reply, if you can prevent the immense majority of the nation from being consumers. Or if you can—O divine Sir John—manage to protect us all round, I will at all events try to believe in you. If you will put down the competition among bankers' clerks, policemen, servant girls, day labourers, railroad officials, or even among clergymen. Won't you give us a tax on the last, now, so that England may no longer make a slaughter market of poor Canada? She has been sending her clerical goods, some of them abominably damaged, too, for a long time past, and it is quite time to put a stop to it. And as the last man in the coach is always the first to say "No more room," we shall probably before long have a loud cry among the imported clergy for protection from further ship loads of pulpit eloquence at a discount. If we can get that, and then an equal protection for everybody, so that nobody may be exposed to unpleasant competition, I shall begin to see what a new tariff will do for the nation; but till then it is very difficult to understand how taking money from one pocket and putting it into the other is to make the country rich. And by the way, if we are to be so protected it must be in the first place by diminishing our numbers, for even now we have among us too many of a trade. What do you say to a premium on murders by way of a beginning, and then to a tax on marriages? Or, since it is wise to stop an evil in its sources, it might be better to shut up all the young ladies in nunneries, or put out the eyes of the young men so that the beauty of our country-women could no longer tempt them. As to the premium on murders, no new arrangements need be made. It is only necessary to keep the present Mayor of Montreal in office, and to extend his policy to the rest of the Dominion, and the thing is done. We shall be thinned off splendidly, till no more are left than can pick up a living in the woods.

It is not to be denied that some benefit may accrue to certain branches of industry by a revision of the tariff. But it would be very easy to exaggerate the amount of possible change for the better. It is not only true, as has been pointed out, that the rise in prices must be paid by the rest of the community, but it is also true that it will be some time before any marked change can set in. A great advance in prices would now mean, not larger profits, but less demand, and it would be only slowly that capital and industry were drawn into the protected trades so as to send down prices again to such a degree as to restore consumption. When people fancy that high prices will make them rich, they forget that poor people (and we are all poor now) will not buy dearly what they can in any way do without. The other day a gentleman of my acquaintance went into a store for a cheap pair of slippers. "What is the price?" he asked. "A dollar." "That's a good deal for these." "Wait till the new Government's in and they will be a dollar and a half." "Very good," said my friend, "then I shall go without them." The plan of going without is one to which numbers will resort, and which our eager expectants will do well to take into consideration.

I know it will be said that a new tariff will help the working class by giving them employment. Without altogether denying that, there are reasons why too much should not be made of it. If the men so employed are otherwise employed now, they will only be drawn off from one kind of work to another, and to one which, so far as the nation is concerned, does not pay its way, and has to be supported by a subsidy. If they are not employed at present, they are probably unskilled labourers, and many of them unable to learn a trade which involves mechanical or other dexterity. As to the importation of foreign workmen, of which some speak as a good thing, three things are clear, first, that it is the very opposite of protection to the native labourer, and utterly inconsistent therefore with the fluent promises of which we have lately had so many. Secondly, that it will soon beat down wages in the protected trades to a very low level, and thirdly, that these imported labourers add nothing to the wealth of the country, since the whole community is taxed, in the form of high prices, to pay their wages. It would be one degree less wise, and only one, to maintain all the able-bodied tramps in the land in luxuriant jollity at the public expense.

There is very much yet lingering among us of what political economists know as the mercantile theory, the idea namely that money is wealth, and that where money is flying about, a people must be prosperous. If prices are high, all is supposed to be well. If a coat sells for fifty dollars and a pair of boots for ten, the millenium is at the doors. All that would be very well if we could

eat and drink money, or weave it into clothes and wear it. But what good do you do me by doubling my income if you double my expenditure as well? Put twenty per cent. on all I buy, and you must put a good deal more than that on my earnings to make the change a benefit. In the French Revolution people starved in the streets with sums of twenty and thirty francs in their pockets. Impossible, you say. Not at all; it cost a hundred francs to buy a loaf of bread.

The fact is that the only real way of bringing wealth to the community is by bringing money's worth. And that again must be done not by shifting money from one man's pocket to another's, but by developing the proper resources of the country. I mean that we shall only become wealthy by doing what we can do for ourselves more cheaply than others can do it for us. Sooner or later we have to come back to that. All wealth is created by labour put into raw material, and the raw material most easily accessible to us, is what nature means us to work up. There is plenty of dust flying about, some of it raised by chieftains and divine statesmen who take care to keep their own heads far above it. A great deal of this dust gets into the eyes of honest men, who go about with a vague expectation that the great rain maker, about to come into power, will call the clouds together and refresh us with showers of fertility. I hope the new Ministry may do all this, but I am afraid they cannot. They must be a little alarmed, one cannot but think, at their own victory. A man who pledged himself to alter the laws of nature finds himself in an awkward fix when people take him at his word.

I do not think therefore that prosperity is coming in consequence of the present political change. The Ministry will either alter very little, and that will have no effect, or they will alter very much, and that will have a bad effect. On the whole, I hope they will do a little thinking, which will leave things much as they are, and let their party writers satisfy the rank and file by blowing the big trumpet.

But though I have a keen appreciation of what Government cannot do, I have also a profound respect for what it might and ought to do. Let it not be supposed that it is any part of my object to underrate the importance of Government influence. While it is doubtful whether any good can come of direct attempts to rectify trade and commerce, it is certain that prosperity may be greatly, though indirectly, promoted by Government keeping its proper province and doing its own work well.

What, for example, if it should give us order in our public streets and rescue our principal cities from the control of religious fanaticism? If it pleases any of our fellow countrymen to howl like wild beasts, and to denounce eternal perdition against the members of other churches, by all means let them indulge these little eccentricities. They are grand proofs of orthodoxy, and admirable exercise for the lungs. But the principal street of a leading city is not the place in which it is advisable that heads should be broken for the glory of the faith. Protection from violence is the clear and most conspicuous duty of Government, and it is quite time we began to have a taste of it. This, moreover, is the kind of protection which will tend most strongly to revive our trade. If better times are to come, Protestant and Catholic alike must be able to live without being shot down in the streets, or torn to pieces by five hundred special ruffians sworn in by a partizan Mayor. Grand Juries must not ignore facts as clear as the sunlight that orthodox murderers may walk about free. And if these things are done under local governments which have degenerated into organs of the mob, divine statesmen must interfere. Most potent, grave, and reverend seniors, my very noble and approved good masters, give us a strong impartial policy and security from violence,—in a word, take away the evil name which is driving peaceable men out some of our cities and keeping merchants of capital and enterprise from settling there, and there are those of us who will forgive you if a few of your impossible promises are left unfulfilled.

It is within the province of Government also to see that we have a strict administration of justice irrespectively of all questions of race or of creed. There are places in the Dominion where a man of one creed may steal a horse, while his neighbour of another may not look over the hedge. Juries and even Judges ask, or are believed to ask, not so much whether a man is guilty as whether he is orthodox. This is a new and rather unsafe version of the doctrine of salvation by faith, especially as it means perdition to the rights and property, if not to the souls, of those of a different creed. If half the time spent in legislating over matters which are better left to settle themselves were devoted to seeing that the elementary rights of citizenship were really enforced, we should cease to feel (and it is useless to disguise that we now feel) that the laws of the country are so administered as to give the religious minority almost no redress if they happen to get awry in their relations with persons of the majority.

It is part of the same reformation to give us cheaper and more direct means of enforcing the law, especially the law of contracts. Why do we want inspectors of houses and drains, of ships and factories, and I know not of what besides? Is it not because the simple law of contract is so ill enforced? Why do we allow ourselves to be plundered by all who work for us, and cheated on the right hand and on the left? Clearly, because it is of no use to throw good money after bad by attempting to get redress at the risk of having to pay the costs of the rascal who plundered us as well as our own. On the whole, it is cheaper to let a man rob you, knock you down, slander you, embezzle your money, refuse to pay you what he owes, or, in short, commit any injustice toward you than to seek redress at the hands of the law. We live by our mutual forbearance and toleration, not by the safeguards of law; for, so far as our comfort and security go, these are worth little more than a grenadier's cap, which, though it looks so terrible, is as harmless as a bearskin without the bear. I have every respect for advocates, attorneys, notaries, and all the race of those who live by the quarrels and misfortunes of others. Many of these are excellent and honourable men; the majority are, I quite believe, by no means so bad as they are painted, but matters are come to a serious issue when legal proceedings can be described by an honourable member of their own profession, as "a system of elaborate devices for running up costs." Protect us from "the law's delay," O ye great deliverers, and we will bless you!

Could not our new bankruptcy law also be sent to wind up its own affairs without the option of starting again? It certainly has, what Milton so much

reprobated, a wonderful faculty of making "confusion worse confounded." If a man owes money and cannot pay in full, it is small consolation to his creditors to see the little he does possess find its way into the pockets of third parties, the more so, if the third should share it with fourth or even fifth parties. It is pitiful to see the waste of fine estates under the present arrangements, and a change is all but essential. This bears, too, so directly upon our present state of commercial depression that it is to be hoped it will not escape the notice of those who have promised to set us to rights. It is a matter which falls rightly within their province, and which really could be amended, and amended at once. I am sorry for poor debtors, but I am equally sorry, and sometimes more so still, for poor creditors. When an estate will pay seventy-five cents on the dollar, it is heartbreaking to see an honest but struggling creditor obliged to content himself with almost nothing.

Such, it seems to me, are some of the offices which Government might do for us, and with all their details they are neither few nor insignificant. They have this great advantage also that Government, while it may accomplish them, only Government can. But the laws of trade and commerce, speaking generally, are laws of nature, which man did not make and cannot control, and with the unimpeded operation of which he interferes only to produce widely spread confusion and disaster.

J. F. STEVENSON.

Extract from the Toronto "Globe" of 20th September, 1883.

VICTORY!!!

GRAND REACTION.

THE DOMINION SPEAKS WITH ONE VOICE—HON. ED. BLAKE NOBLY SUSTAINED
—THE "NATIONAL REFORM PARTY" TRIUMPHANT.

Majority 85 to go!!!

We can only briefly sum up the triumphs of yesterday. The success of the National Reform Party has been unexampled in the history of the Dominion. The tide has indeed turned. Experience has taught—those who needed that great teacher. We forbear to taunt. Facts speak eloquently enough; and, moreover, the fearful array of difficulties with which our honoured leader will have to contend, the many evils which lie before him to redress—rotten finances, inflated trade, accumulated stocks of manufactured goods, starving and riotous operatives, bubble schemes, and a complex texture of unsound legal enactments, which verily have made Law a terror to those who do well, and a harbour of refuge to evil-doers—form a chapter of incidents far from accidental, which, for the time at least, sobers the otherwise unmingled gladness of undoubted victory!

We congratulate the Nation at large on this triumph of sound principles in Trade, Finance and Law—of Truth over error—of Wisdom over mere surface knowledge—of Right over expediency—of a far-seeing policy, which forecasts the future, and seeks the ultimate and lasting good of the nation as a whole, over the selfish hand-to-mouth course of action these last five years have beheld, during which immediate gain for a selfish privileged few blinded itself to the certain misery it was bringing upon the injured masses, and, through them, as surely, on itself.

Instead of chronicling our victories, let us rather trace the causes to which they are properly to be attributed. To these causes, and to no political trickery or high sounding, but empty political cries, do we owe the triumph of the day.

In February, 1879, the intelligent inventors of the "National Policy," as it was then called, commenced their headlong career. The gifted leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, brought down his then celebrated, but now notorious, "Protection" Tariff, of which \$1 a ton on coal, 35 per cent. on woollens, 27½ per cent. on general dry goods, 20 per cent. on cottons (unbleached) and 40 per cent. on manufactured hardware, were the salient features. This was afterwards supplemented by a 15 per cent. impost on pig iron and 45 per cent. on silk with a long list of free goods, supposed to be raw materials. The results of these violent changes are too well known, and too deeply graven on the tablets of memory by the finger of bitter experience to demand extended comment now. The enormous impetus given to established manufactures soon produced the glut so certainly prophesied. Fools rushed in to manufacturing just when the angels (?) already engaged in that mission were fluttering their wings, trying to rise above the difficulties which chained them by the strong links of invested capital, to enterprises which, from lack of a sufficient market, were rapidly becoming unprofitable and burdensome. Bankers lost their heads, and the song of inflation was heard in the land. Many a Nova Scotian now mourns over his treasure, which he has buried forever alongside of that iron from which he hoped to regain his capital, with increase, by the aid of a 15 per cent. tariff. That iron, transmuted into steel rails, the rust doth corrupt. As table and pocket knives, scythes and pruning hooks, it rests peacefully on many a shelf, undisturbed by any frenzied demand on the part of the buyer. In spite of the \$1 tax on imported coal, Ontario found the Pennsylvania article more profitable as fuel to drive its factories, even with the added cost, while the householder raged and would not be pacified at Sir John A.'s threat of another dollar to soothe the savage breast of the coal-mine shareholders of the Lower Province.

These are some of the means by which the Dominion became convinced that the "one-man power" of the Mackenzie administration, the outcry against which was so serviceable to the Protectionist party in attaining power and place five years ago, was nothing but the power of Truth. Embodied perhaps somewhat roughly by the Hon. George Brown, it was quite as fully, if more gently, shed forth by the entire party. Nor is it matter for surprise that it was hated by those who preferred the darkness because they selfishly desired to get gain at the expense of others, and would find that difficult of accomplishment, if Light were thrown strongly upon their principles. They have had opportunity at length to try the experiment and through that have reached the Light.

To redress these evils is our task. Much tact and discretion will be needed to avert the impending ruin. But we are confident in the keen far-

sightedness of our honoured leader, the Hon. Edward Blake, the steadfast integrity and justice of the Hon. A. Mackenzie, and the practical skill inherent in the phalanx of talent which recent events has placed at the disposal of the National Reform party. Now there is *Hope*, inspired by *Faith*, in the integrity of our leaders—the best men of the day—filled with that *Charity* which suffered long and is kind—mindful of the needs—not of self—but of each class of our populations, rational in its aims and truly National in its Policy—seeking not its own honour or emolument, but finding in the good of others its true

"PROPHET."

THE INDUSTRIAL STATE.

We can no more put the question of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market upon the high ground of human rights, than we can put a supposed right of immunity from taxation and connection with the State under which one lives upon the same high ground. But it may still be contended that it would be economically desirable that we should always enjoy the two privileges referred to, and that matters should be arranged for our obtaining them. This is a fair enough subject for discussion—the general welfare of all the citizens composing the State being the object kept in view, and not the mere aggrandisement of individuals. Such an object will compel the consideration of the claims of producer and consumer alike. Upon the high ethical ground it is plainly wrong to pay for any commodity a price so small that the producer or maker of the article is injured in his life, health, or well-being for the want of a fuller and at the same time fair remuneration. This has much more the aspect of an ultimate human right. He that seeth his brother have need should relieve him. The best way to relieve him is to employ him fairly; and, in practice, we only get rid of the obligation by closing our eyes to the facts of the case. We do not often know how much it actually costs the worker to produce the article we are purchasing; and so, without scruple of conscience, we are pleased to get it over the counter at as low a price as the dealer will allow it to go for. Still the labourer is worthy of his hire, and the master-purchaser should give the servant-producer that which is just and equal. If he could only find out how to do this, what a world of controversy it would save! Our ignorance of the details of labour compels us to resort to other and compensatory methods. In comparatively rare instances—as, for example, in that "Song of a Shirt," which emanated from the happy inspiration of Thomas Hood, and so vividly depicted the state of female employment in London in 1844—we had a compendious history of the manufacture of one class of our purchases brought home forcibly to the mind and conscience—but, even so, we know it would have been nearly useless to volunteer a larger sum in payment for the article, as the dealer alone would probably have reaped the benefit, the condition of the worker remaining as before. And so we are thrown by all such considerations upon various social plans for the direct assistance of the classes of people who may be working under great disadvantages—such as emigration and colonization, home migration, lodging houses, transfer of employments, &c., &c., in every one of which, sympathetic assistance is essential, in order to get the work accomplished with any degree of success.

All the free-trade we could offer those depressed work-people would fail very perceptibly to alleviate their condition, for free-trade invariably stimulates competition, and competition is the very thing they are suffering from. Frequently the employer does his best for his people, in the presence of adverse circumstances, and suffers in company with them. And yet this said competition is not altogether a bad thing. A fair competition, either foreign or domestic, being not so heavy as to become prohibitive, will have a large tendency to stimulate the energies of the manufacturing body. If excessive, it can only destroy those energies. The competition should also be steady, and not fitful or capricious, in order to be of service. There is generally little fear of a deficiency in the article of competition in these times. Monopolies do not long endure among a free and energetic and moderately wealthy people. For so soon as any manufacture is seen to be thriving, others will strive to enter it—there being no exclusive privileges, as in olden times, to hinder their doing so; and skill and capital alone acting as the protectors of a speciality in manufacture. When such competition becomes excessive, the law of self-protection and of common sense will soon lead to a diminished production.

All this refers to competition among fellow-citizens and fellow-residents. But the competition of a much more numerous community, across an international border, is, on the contrary, liable to become a far from healthy competition, or one promotive of steady improvement in the home manufacture. The best words to describe it by are irritation and distress. In its nature it is fitful and very often dishonourable—using the latter term for sales which have but little reference to values. In the particular competition to which we as a people find ourselves chiefly exposed, the proceedings are generally taken upon a settled purpose and organized plan of crushing out with the longer purse and greater pertinacity our nascent industries, one by one, and then supplanting them by foreign ones. The home manufacture destroyed, monopoly follows, and higher, instead of lower, prices are the final result. We cannot see that any one is benefitted here, except the foreign manufacturer and dealer, and they only in the way of wild and uncommercial speculation. The philosophy that pervaded the period of Adam Smith's writing and teaching in England was a skeptical philosophy, and he himself pretended not to shape his views according to any Christian leanings. However his followers may now, occasionally, talk of human rights, his study was mainly for the accumulation of material wealth, without much reference to its distribution. So long as it succeeded in expanding the power of "nations," he was satisfied—just as, somewhat earlier in date, Defoe could talk with complacency of purchasing slaves. And in this view of his, man, the worker, was regarded in the light of a machine and a section of the great national industrial engine. In the century that has elapsed since his light dawned, the world has seen great changes, and the social question has been subjected to much finer and more complete analysis; while later, Communistic vagaries, with their disastrous consequences, have not blinded the eyes of sober thinkers to the undoubted fact that under any social system in which Christian principles are at all recognized

the workers are seen to be entitled to fair treatment, so as not generally to be subjected with absolute rigidity to the fluctuations of the markets, while those fluctuations are always mitigated by the agrarian alternative. Had Adam Smith made the workers' condition a part of his enquiry, his clear perceptions would soon have established for him the truth that the vital agent, being really in manufacture, a machine as well as a person—and a machine affected for its continuance as for its well-being by the treatment to which it is subjected, has to be maintained in its force during the whole course of employment, not only by money-payment, but by various sanitary and moral arrangements. This painfully obvious fact has been a good deal ignored in the past, as we know, though we do not shut our eyes to the important reforms that have marked the later practice of many great manufacturing communities. Much still remains to be done, and we know that in the discussion of such questions we have lighted upon matters in themselves quite as important in a social sense as any that relate to mere markets and demand-and-supply.

The concrete problem of the industrial well-being of a people being thus found to include a broader group of propositions than free-trade disciples commonly allow their minds to be burdened with, we shall all have to wait for the advent of such necessary expansion of view, before the law of common-sense will be thoroughly and rationally applied to individual cases of production and use.

The nation has certain plain industrial conditions to deal with, but differing widely in the details of particular cases. There is certainly a good deal to ameliorate, and we shall be ready to acknowledge that, without undue interference, our efforts should be tempered with the benignant and serviceable principles of Christianity and the New Testament, remembering that it is Canada we are legislating for, and not the world at large.

CIVIS.

THE POPES.

(99.) ADRIAN I., 772-795, was a Roman of noble family, who had made himself generally beloved by the people. The Lombards again advanced into Italy and took possession of Ravenna, whereupon the Pope appealed to Charlemagne, King of France, who crossed the Alps with an army, and besieged Ravenna, where the King of the Lombards had taken refuge. Charlemagne then visited Rome, and was met with great ceremony by the clergy and people; and while in that city he drew up and signed a deed confirming the donation of cities and territory made by Pepin to the Pope, also extending it to include Venice, with Istria, and other territories. Some years later envoys arrived at Rome bearing letters of the Empress of Constantinople, and also from the Patriarch of that city, requesting the Pope to send legates to a Council which was to be held with reference to the question of images. The Pope acceded to this request, and the Council assembled at Nicea on the 24th of September, 787, nearly four hundred bishops being present. At this, which is known as the Second General Council of Nicea, a decision was arrived at in favour of retaining images under certain restrictions, and permitting to be offered to them "the adoration of honour, not the true worship which belongs only to the Divine nature." The Emperor then caused images to be everywhere replaced in the churches. On receiving from his legates a copy of the acts of the Council in the original Greek, the Pope sent a copy of this document to the King of France, to be examined and approved by the western bishops. The bishops however found the decision of the Council contrary to the French usage; as, although they permitted images in their churches, no veneration was rendered to these. They then drew up a protest stating that while receiving the six General Councils, they rejected with contempt the novelties such as the adoration of images. The King (Charlemagne) wrote to the Pope giving assurance of his firm adherence to the Christian faith, but informing him that "the Fathers of the (French) Council have rejected and despise absolutely this adoration and this servitude, and they have condemned it unanimously."

(100.) LEO III., 796-816.—On the day of the burial of Adrian, a priest was unanimously elected, by the name of Leo, and was consecrated the following day. Athelrade, Archbishop of Canterbury, came to Rome with letters from Quenulfe, King of Mercia, offering congratulations to the Pope, and promising obedience to his wishes. In the year 799 Leo had become very unpopular in the city, and an attempt was made upon his life, in consequence of which he took refuge in France, where the King received him very kindly. After a few months he returned to Rome, where, in the following year, the French King arrived on a visit, and inflicted punishment upon the conspirators against the Pope. Ten years later, Charlemagne, now Emperor of Western Europe, called a Council of Bishops at Aix-la-Chapelle to discuss the question "whether the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Son as from the Father." He then sent envoys to Rome to consult the Pope, who in reply recommended them to omit the words "and the Son" from their version of the Nicene creed, thus conforming to that of the Roman Church.

(101.) STEPHEN V., 816-817, shortly after his election, compelled the people of Rome to take the oath of Louis I., King of France and Emperor of the West. He then visited that monarch at St. Remy, near Rheims, and held conference with the king for several days on matters relating to the Church. His death occurred soon after his return to Rome.

(102.) PASCAL I., 817-824, was chosen two days later, and was ordained without waiting for the approval of the King. Notwithstanding this disregard for his authority, Louis confirmed the gifts of his predecessors to the papacy, adding to them the city and duchy of Rome, with Corsica and Sardinia.

(103.) EUGENIUS II., 824-827.—During this pontiff's term, the controversy respecting images was again opened by Michel, Emperor of Constantinople, who sent ambassadors to confer with the King of France on this subject. In November, 825, a Council of the French bishops again condemned the veneration of images. The ambassadors from Constantinople then came to Rome to consult the Pope. Thereupon arose a discussion which was carried on by letter between the Pope, the French King and the Emperor of the East, with no definite result.

(104.) VALENTINE, 827, was elected on the fourth day after the death of Eugenius, but lived to hold office only five weeks

(105.) GREGORY IV., 828-844.—A rebellion having broken out in France, the Pope visited that country with the object of aiding in the restoration of peace. The French bishops appear to have resented this interference, as they addressed to him a letter of remonstrance. Ultimately the King established one of his sons as King of Italy, but not long after found it necessary to send an army to Rome to protect the city against his son's encroachments.

(106.) SERGIUS II., 844-847.—About this time the Church of Milan separated itself from the Roman communion, thus commencing a schism which lasted for nearly two hundred years. In the year 846 the vicinity of Rome was ravaged by the Moors, who pillaged the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, which were at that time outside the city walls.

(107.) LEO IV., 847-855.—The most important event during the term of this Pope was the extension of the City of Rome to include the Church of St. Peter. This new portion of the city, which has since been known as the "Leonine," in memory of this Pope, was finished and dedicated on the 27th June, 862.

[Here some historians insert the very doubtful story of the "Popess" Jean. Sixty different versions of this tale are found in the works of Catholic writers, but there is not sufficient authority for regarding any of them as genuine.]

(108.) BENEDICT III., 855-858.—Great uproar now broke out in the city, owing to a double election. The deputies of the Emperor favoured the election of one Anastasius, but the influence of the clergy ultimately turned the scale in favour of Benedict. In the year 856 there came to Rome, Ethelulfe, King of Sussex, bringing a crown of gold as a present to the Pope. During his stay at Rome he distinguished himself by his liberality to the poor.

(109.) NICOLAS I., 858-867.—In the year 859 a layman named Photius succeeded in obtaining control of the patriarchate of Constantinople, and drove out the incumbent of that office, Ignatius by name. A Council of 318 bishops was then held at that city, to which the Pope sent legates. The Council, however, denounced and excommunicated Ignatius, the papal legates concurring. The Pope thereupon disavowed their action; subsequently calling a council, which declared the legates to be excommunicated, and declared Ignatius to be reinstated. The King of the Bulgarians having accepted the Christian faith, sent an embassy to Rome in 866 asking for bishops and priests. The Pope accordingly sent two bishops, with a letter treating of discipline, also a copy of the Scriptures. This mission in Bulgaria proved very successful, the King being so much gratified with the conduct of the Roman missionaries that he expelled from the country several Greek priests who had previously established missions there. Photius, who was still acting as Bishop of Constantinople, called a Council, at which the Emperor was present. This Council adjudged the Pope to be deposed, and wrote letters to the Western Churches denouncing him for teaching "that the Holy Ghost does not proceed from the Father only, but also from the Son."

In the year 839, at the instigation of Charles, King of France, a priest named Ratramne wrote a treatise on the subject of the Holy Eucharist, or Communion, declaring that in it "the body and blood of Christ are figuratively, mystically, and sacramentally present," in opposition to the doctrine of a bodily presence which by this time had come into general acceptance. The discipline of the Church of France also differed on many points from that of Rome. The Pope however wrote many letters to the King on this subject, and at length the French Archbishop, named Hincmar, acting on the Pope's instructions, caused the discipline to be remodelled in accordance with that of Rome.

(110.) ADRIAN II., 867-872, is said to have been chosen at two previous elections, but had hitherto declined to accept the office. However, being now unanimously elected, he at length consented, though now seventy-three years of age. Before entering the Church he had been married, and his wife still lived. The Emperor Basil, who had succeeded Michel, deposed Photius from the patriarchate of Constantinople and reinstated Ignatius, who thereupon wrote to the Pope, acknowledging the authority of the Roman See. This action was in the following year confirmed by a Council held at Constantinople, which is styled by the Roman writers the Eighth General Council. The decisions of this Council were however afterwards repudiated by the Eastern Churches, on the ground that, contrary to the ancient canons the Church of Constantinople had been placed in subjection to the Church of Rome, and that the words "and the Son" were added to the Nicene Creed. In 871 the Pope sent legates to France protesting against the action of the King in regard to the acquisition of certain territories, and summoning Hincmar, the Archbishop of Rheims, to Rome. The King replied in very positive terms, refusing to send the Archbishop, and declining to submit to the Pope's wishes, adding: "We beg you again, in God's honour, and for the respect of the Holy Apostles, that you send no more either to us or to our bishops, nor to the nobility of our kingdom, such letters or such orders." A Council of Bishops held at Douai replied to the Pope in the same tone. On this the Pope endeavoured to conciliate the King by offering the influence of himself and the Roman Church to obtain the King's election to the imperial dignity in the event of his outliving the Emperor of Constantinople. Shortly after this the people of Bulgaria refused to acknowledge any longer the authority of the Roman Pontiff, and submitted to the jurisdiction of a Greek archbishop sent to them by the Patriarch of Constantinople.

(111.) JOHN VIII., 873-882.—Two years after the accession of this Pope, King Louis died; Charles, King of France, immediately came to Rome and was crowned King of Italy. The Pope then established the Archbishop of Sens as Primate of Gaul and Germany, notwithstanding the protest of the French bishops. In 877 the Pope applied to the King for help against the Saracens, who were pillaging the country round Rome, destroying towns and churches and carrying away captive the priests and monks. Charles accordingly marched into Italy with an army; but was soon compelled to return to France in consequence of a conspiracy against him, and there soon after met his death by poison. The Pope then contrived to make his escape by sea to Lyons, in France, where he crowned Louis as King of France. In the course of the same year the Pope was enabled to return to Rome. In 879, Ignatius being dead, Photius succeeded in getting himself replaced in the patriarchate of Constantinople, and received a letter from the Pope recognizing his title to that

position, and admitting him into communion with the Roman Church. The Pope also wrote him a letter on the subject of the *Filioque* clause which had been added to the Nicene Creed, denouncing the words "and from the Son" as blasphemous; adding that he had ordered it to be abandoned in the churches.

(To be continued.)

THE SUMMER SABBATH.

The wood's my Church, to-day—my preacher, boughs,
Whispering high homilies through leafy lips;
And worshippers, in every bee that sips
Sweet cordial from the tiniest flower that grows
'Mid the young grass, and, in each bird, that dips
Light pinions in the sunshine as it throws
Gold showers upon green trees. All things around
Are full of Prayer! The very blush which tips
Yon snowy cloud, is bright with adoration!
The grass breathes incense forth, and all the ground
Is a wide altar; while the stillest sound
Is vibrating with praise. No profanation
Reaches the thoughts, while thus to ears and eyes
Nature her music and her prayer supplies!

AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Horticultural Society was held last week in the Victoria Skating Rink. As a tastefully decorated hall, as a pleasant place of resort mid fragrant flowers and the delightful strains of music, it was a great success. The varieties of Ferns and foliage plants were unusually large, chiefly from Mr. Duff, of St. Denis Street. There was a magnificent specimen of the *Lygodium Scandens*, covering a lattice six feet in height. There were several Tree Ferns of fine proportions. Altogether the display of Ferns was most excellent, and was the chief attraction of the Exhibition. With the exception of hot-house Grapes, the display of fruits and vegetables would scarcely rival Bonsecours Market. The Bee-hives and specimens of very fine honey were interesting as showing what can be done by patience and ingenuity in apiculture. Every family may have its bee-hive if they have a few feet of space on which to place them, as bees take long journeys for their stores of honey. The hive may be in the midst of a garden of flowers, yet the bee will fly a mile to a favorite clover field or bass tree. One of the requisites for bee keeping is there must be a clear path through the air to the hive, so that the heavily-loaded insect need not fly upwards or on a level to reach the storehouse. It would be difficult to find a dwelling where bees could not be safely and successfully kept.

A very good feature of the Exhibition was the number of amateur florists who sent specimens of their skill in cultivating flowers. This should be encouraged, for although practical results may not flow from it in the advancement of horticulture, yet the influence of cultivating flowers upon the individual and upon the family are salutary and elevating. Every window plant; every Scarlet Runner or *Convolvulus* that hides a shabby fence; every Geranium that struggles against the heat and wind in the back yard, adds something to the attractions of home. The Society cannot benefit the community more than by encouraging to the fullest extent the cultivation of window-gardening, both among the rich and poor.

The bouquets and devices evinced little taste; they were the conventional style of fifty years ago. Flowers are intended to be seen in a bouquet, and their graceful forms and colour set off by contrast. Most of the bouquets were of umbrella shape, the flowers packed together, showing a mass of colour without allowing the individual character and form to appear except in the flower forming the centre of the bouquet. There is, too, in this mode of making bouquets a great waste of material. Four roses standing out in a bouquet so as to show clearly the form and shades of colour are more effective than a dozen packed together as in ordinary bouquets. There were one or two bouquets and wreaths to which the above criticism does not apply. There are so many excellent illustrated books on floral devices and decorations that it is strange more attention is not given to the subject. The large vases for lawns filled with Coleas, *Abutilon* and other plants were very beautiful. So also were several hanging baskets. Two filled with Maiden Hair forming a complete globe of this delicate fern were very effective.

It was gratifying to see competition for apples from distant townships. It speaks volumes for the thrift and industry of Vaudreuil, Huntingdon, Abbottsford and other places that such fine specimens of fruits are grown in these districts. The time of a farmer is valuable, and it indicates an enterprise and public spirit highly commendable to make a journey to Montreal to exhibit their fruits. Among the apples there was a great variety of crabs, showing the rudiments of the larger apple, thus there were distinct *pomme gris*, *fameuse*, *bourasa*, *fall pippin*, *bell flower*, &c., just as there can be found on the mountain the same varieties of wild apple which appear the type of the crab. Thus in the range of large crabs, such as *Montreal Beauty* and apples with long stems, and in color and form like the small crab, there is found the rudiment of the perfect apple. Has the apple reached perfection, or is it to be still further evolved. So far there appears the following stages:—First, the wild apple; second step, the small crab; third step, the large crab, of which the *Montreal Beauty* is a type; fourth step, the perfect apple of to-day, of which the *fameuse*, *gravenstein* and northern spy are types.

There was little in the Exhibition to show much advance in Horticulture during the past 25 years in this city, and it is a question whether both the public grants and private subscriptions would not be more usefully employed in dissemination of Horticultural literature and magazines than in the large expenditure entailed in providing annually a pleasant resort for the public, such as the Exhibition furnishes, without corresponding advantages.

GARIBALDI AT CAPRERA.

The scene is the deck of the steamboat Washington lying in the Bay of Naples. A few distinguished Italian patriots are bidding good-bye to Giuseppe Garibaldi, who has just resigned the dictatorship of Naples into the hands of the King of Italy, and is returning to his island-home. They are talking earnestly of the future, of that Rome they hoped would some day become the capital of Italy, and of Hungary and Poland especially; but the General's innermost thoughts are towards his 'hearth,' and he suddenly takes his secretary on one side and says to him, 'Bassi, avete conservato quel sacco di castagne, perche ci fara molto comolo a Caprera.' He was joyfully leaving conquests and power to become again what he had been before. He had played his part well; he had served his king and his country faithfully; and he was returning to his simple life of earlier days with no other anxiety than what related to a bag of chestnuts some friends had sent to him from Calabria. His purse contained 3,600 francs, the extent of his earthly belongings save a cottage with a few acres of land, some swords of honour, one or two presents (such as a coverlet for his bed and a donkey-engine to work his cornmill) he had kept for the sake of the donors, and a couple of frames containing his mother's portrait and his wife Anita's hair. No sooner had he set foot on shore than, without even turning towards his cottage, he started off to see how some young pine-trees he had planted six years before were thriving, talking as he went with the two or three shepherds—the sum-total of the inhabitants of the place—who had gone down to the shore to meet him, asking them how they had fared during his absence, what weather they had had, what visitors they had seen on the island. Late as it was when he arrived, his first thought on entering his cottage was to go and see in what condition his fishing-tackle and hunting-gear were; and next morning, long before his sons and the one or two friends who had accompanied him were awake, he was out and busy digging a certain plot of ground called Fontanaccia, for which he has a special fondness.

Caprera is a small narrow island—a great rock in fact, with a few patches of soil here and there—of about twenty-two miles in circuit and three to four in width, separated from the northernmost point of Sardinia—as Valentia is from the coast of Kerry—by a strip of sea some two and a half miles across. It was once well known to the British sailor, for it lies close to the Maddalena, one of Nelson's stations in the Mediterranean. The only inhabitants are a few shepherds' huts and Garibaldi's house situated on the western side, about three-quarters of a mile on the higher ground. It is a one-storied building, *i.e.*, a ground floor only, divided into seven plain unadorned rooms: a kitchen, with appliances any small farmer's wife in England would consider very insufficient; a dining-room, with a plain deal table, large enough, however, to accommodate a party of twenty-five; a little storeroom; three bedrooms for his children and any friends who may land upon the island; and his own bedchamber and study combined—a good-sized room with two windows (one to the east, the other to the south), a carpetless boarded floor like the deck of a ship, and whitewashed walls. Its chief articles of furniture are a plain roomy iron bedstead, four common chairs, a simple writing-table, an old-fashioned chest of drawers, and a shower-bath. Everything of the most ordinary kind, but there is no affectation of Spartan simplicity, and in striking contrast to the modest aspect of the place are a number of things scattered about. On the bed is a splendid counterpane of white cashmere, most exquisitely embroidered for him in silk by the ladies of Milan; and standing in one corner, as carelessly placed as if they were a bundle of sticks, are several swords of honour with Damascus blades and hilts of gold set with gems, presented to him by his fellow-countrymen of Nice, Rome and other cities; but what he prizes far more is a box of tools for cultivating and ingrafting vines sent him by some friend in England. Flung over the back of one of the chairs is a handsome *poncho* of a rich white material lined with red, the gift of a distinguished Milanese lady. Hung against the wall are a telescope and a binocular, both presents from England. These were used by him in the campaign of 1860; and on his writing-table, together with a volume of Plutarch and some works on mathematics, lies a book of harbour plans given to him years ago at a moment of need by the captain of an English vessel in the Port of Canton. On the floor by his bedside there is a tiger skin to step upon; above the head of the bed hangs his mother's portrait, and at the side is a stand on which lie a revolver and a dagger. This dagger is another record of his wife. She always wore it hanging from her waist; and after her death, during the retreat from Rome in 1849, Garibaldi continued to carry it in remembrance of her until he lost it from his side during the fight at Caserta on the 1st of October, 1860. It was found, however, by a Calabrese, who restored it to the General, and since then its place has been by his bedside. Unless the General rings his bell, no one is permitted to enter his room with the exception only of his son Menotti. On the walls of the dining-room hang some water-colours representing episodes in the Montevidean war of independence, a photograph of an incident in the siege of Venice in 1849, and in one corner a Brazilian lance carried by one of his favourite troopers in South America. Outside the door of his room is a Mexican saddle, with stirrups of silver made in the form of reversed crowns. This was a present from a Mexican friend, and is a record of the battle of Melazzo. It was when he used it there that part of one of the stirrups was shot away by a cannon-ball. A little to the north of the cottage stands one of those portable iron habitations for colonial use sent to Garibaldi from England. Its four little rooms and kitchen are occupied by Bassi, his secretary, and opposite to it is the mill where the flour for the General's family and household is ground. The household, however, is not numerous. It numbers but three persons—an old soldier, a Venetian emigrant, who acts as the General's orderly, and serves for love, not for money; another man who cooks; and a woman to do the washing and tidying-up. The guests at Caprera are required to make their own beds.

The first on foot in the morning is the General himself. He rises at four o'clock, and without taking anything to eat goes off to look after some pets who inhabit the border and surface of a small pond not far from the house—a flock of geese. On the alert for his coming, they waddle, cackling and clapping their wings, to meet him. He feeds them, and then, having gone back to the house for a few moments to get his cup of black coffee, he sets to work in his fields until about an hour before midday, when he returns home, looks over and signs

letters Bassi, his secretary, has written according to his instructions, and attends to other matters until dinner-time at noon. Some twelve or thirteen years ago he used to employ this hour before dinner in teaching a little shepherd-lad named Luca Spano. The boy was little more than a cretin; but by dint of steady, quiet perseverance and kindness Garibaldi succeeded in making something of him. He had learned to read well, write a good hand, and was progressing well when, on the 24th July, 1866, he fell by the General's side, fighting like a hero, at Monte Suello in the Tyrol. Of this brave death, and other incidents connected with his adventurous life, the General freely discourses as he sits at the head of the board, his son Menotti and his friends on one side and the other, and the servants 'below the salt.' Dinner at Caprera is always a very simple meal: minestra, *i.e.* soup with Italian paste or vegetables in it, followed by two dishes at the most, and no wine on the table. The conversation continues after the plates are removed—Garibaldi is ever ready to talk of his early adventures in South America, and if his Sicilian exploits are spoken of he always says that he would never have been able to pass the Straits of Messina but for the tacit assistance of England. At the end of about an hour the General leaves the table, and going to his room throws himself dressed upon the bed, sleeps for a while and then reads the papers or any book he is interested in. At four o'clock he goes back to his work in the fields until six or half-past, when he returns home again to sup. After supper he returns to his room, never neglects to write a page in his journal and note the meteorological changes of the day, and is generally in bed at the time when a great part of the world are beginning to turn night into day.

(Concluded in our next.)

THE TORONTO PULPIT.

I.

The Toronto pulpit of the present day is one of great power and excellence. It will well bear comparison with its own past, or with the existing pulpit of Montreal or any other city in the Dominion. Yet among the many contrasts of the eastern and western cities, the ecclesiastical differences are not the least prominent. The restless, nervous activity of western life and character find play in church relations equally with civic or social. There is an exhilarating element in the very air of Western Canada which makes repose impossible. Movement—even if it be not progress—is the normal condition of things. Thus the rapid growth and continual alteration of the city shews itself equally in relation to the churches. Up-town movements—alterations—enlargements—rebuildings—are the order of the day: to say nothing of the "swarming-off" process which is repeated perpetually. Eleven new or enlarged churches were the outcome of this restlessness and pressure of growth, last year alone. Every denomination took part in it: except—perhaps—the Baptist. If life be motion, the Toronto churches are evidently all alive: and if it be "movement in the easiest line of advance," then the easiest thing for churches to do would seem to be to run up new buildings on a scale of advancing size and increasing ornamentation.

The Toronto Pulpit stands also contrasted with that of Montreal in regard to the development of denominational peculiarities. In the eastern metropolis the presence and pressure of Romanism drive the denominations closer together; and the narrow limits of the Protestant element afford less scope for sectarian swing and play. But in the western city, denominational idiosyncracies have wider limits and unfold more fully. A stream of new population is constantly flowing into the arteries of the city, and each organic structure unconsciously strives to assimilate those particles which have greatest affinity for its substance and function. Thus the denominations are somewhat broadly marked: we have the Presbyterian Pulpit cautious, conservative, cool and logical, while the Methodist is emotional, fiery, authoritative and dictatorial. We have also the Congregational Pulpit appealing to the intellectual side of the community; and Episcopalianism to its sensuous or "aesthetic" sympathies. Such generalizations are necessarily imperfect, yet may be allowed to hold good in the main. Probably the exceptions would no more than prove the rule.

Certainly Toronto Episcopalianism cannot be said to represent either the cultured intellect of the city or its deep spiritual life; and as it does not represent its conservative instincts, the function assigned it is nearly all that is left. Such is the sober judgment of most reflecting people after one or two visits to the Church of the Holy Trinity, which the Rev. Mr. Darling has transformed into a sort of Canadian St. Alban's, and where the dear good twaddler keeps up the form of a sermon, whittled down to so fine a point as not to count for much in the general sum of the services. It is a marvel how little brains will serve a man—even in a pulpit—if he can but hit the whim of the day. And as Ritualism is one of these whims, and as Mr. Darling has hit it squarely, and as he well sets off the ecclesiastical millinery, why he can dispense with the encumbrance of brains. So can his curates; one of whom—a Mr. Day—used to fill fifteen minutes every Sunday with the most delicious *non sequiturs*, taking such seven-leagued strides in argument and making such astounding assumptions as fairly to take away the breath of any one accustomed to think. A few platitudes, a little holy bosh, formed the staple of a school-boy essay; these, with a sprinkling of "b, bn." and similar expletives, filled the copy-book taken into the pulpit to wind off the religious instruction of the people week by week. But there were the choir with its entrances, processions and exits; the 'priests' with their fancy dresses and posturing; the lights and the music, the flowers and the gilding; and Holy Trinity became a popular Church. It is a blessing that it is not the *only* popular Episcopal Church. The banner of the reformed faith is still manfully upheld in other churches, notably in St. James', the Cathedral of the Diocese. Not that Bishop Bethune holds it up, for all his sympathies are with the High Church party, and when he condescends to preach it is to have a slap at those who are "dividing the church" by refusing to adopt "the ancient ritual." But the calm and scholarly Dean Grasset still holds the fort of the Cathedral pulpit; and the Bishop is not regarded as a friend when he approaches it; although it is yielded willingly to Mr. Rainsford and his genus for evangelistic services. While he lived,

Canon Baldwin waged unflinching warfare for evangelical truth; and even now his honoured name is not without its worthy representative in the Toronto Pulpit. But the Episcopal Church here, as elsewhere, is not favourable to the development of the gift of preaching.

The Congregationalists, on the contrary, have the reputation of subordinating everything in the service to the sermon. There are some grains of truth in the charge. Certainly, in nearly all localities, their preachers are in the front ranks. Here in Toronto there are none finer. And foremost among them is the Rev. T. W. Handford. Mr. Handford is the pastor of the Second or Bond Street Congregational Church, so long under the charge of Rev. Mr. Marling. For reasons well known to the public, it is preferred to speak here of Mr. Handford simply in his public capacity. It is partly the chapter of accidents, and partly his unquestioned gift for public speaking which have placed him in his present position. It was not attained without a battle: and the victory cost the church a large and respectable section of its membership: some opposing on the abstract question of the right of a fallen man again to stand in the pulpit, though penitent; and others conceding the right, but denying the fact of penitence itself. The public has treated Mr. Handford mercifully. It goes to hear him. In such numbers does it go that it has been found necessary to build a much larger church: which is being done on the old site. Gradually also he is obtaining recognition and fellowship among other churches; and perhaps may consider the agony past. His pulpit power is conceded by all. Every one says 'he is an excellent man in the pulpit': though alas! one cannot keep him there always. His pulpit power is of varied character. It is not merely that he has a fine facility for flinging off phrases; though he has this to perfection: but he has much more. He has an unusual sympathetic power: and much of his strength lies in the beauty and freshness of his groupings, comparisons and antitheses. Not that he deals in fanciful analogies of the Swedenborg type: nothing is further from the genius of his preaching: but he can group with exquisite skill and nice discrimination the characteristics and facts required for the illustration of his subject. Thus, preaching on the 'missing link' in many men's lives, he sketched with beautiful effect the character and circumstances of King Solomon and of the young ruler who went away, sorrowful, from Christ. One had material and intellectual wealth; the other, material and moral riches: but there was wanting, in each case, a link in the chain of connection between their life and God. One winds up with "vanitas vanitatum"; the other though coming so near, yet turns away. A few sentences to point the fact that the 'missing link' was *Christ*, ended a discourse of singular interest and descriptive beauty, containing a single truth of transcendent importance which was pressed home with eloquent earnestness of manner and becoming gesture. When it is added that Mr. Handford has a good presence and powerful voice, with a piercing though shifty and uneasy eye, little more need be added. Time must prove the man and his work.

Another Congregationalist of ability is the Rev. H. D. Powis, the newly settled minister of Zion Church. Mr. Powis is but recently from Quebec, where the bulk of his ministerial life was spent. Steady and constant himself, he has come to a congregation which is given to change. But he has come with the weight of an unblemished life and undoubted piety: and in the maturity of powers which are more than respectable. Warmth, tenderness and sober truth are the characteristics of the man and of his preaching. He has difficulties before him: the congregation is thin, from removals towards the outskirts. Still, if personal worth and fervid truthful preaching can again fill Zion Church, Mr. Powis will achieve the end.

The third or Northern Congregational Church is ministered unto by the Rev. Mr. Dickson. This is another of the churches recently enlarged. But Mr. Dickson's church is filled rather by Mr. Handford than by his own powers. For it was here that the great secession from Bond Street attached itself, and made enlargement needful and possible. The pastor is a strong 'evangelical': has written some tracts; and works well in 'revival' seasons. He is not charged with over-study; and while very 'earnest' in the pulpit, sometimes hits rather wildly. He is not classed with the great preachers of Toronto.

A word in regard to two young Congregational ministers in the west and north of the city, will conclude the notice of that denomination. The Rev. J. B. Silcox is nothing if not a preacher. No doubt he will be one with care and self-watchfulness. He has good powers, can study, and has sufficient self-confidence: quite. He is decidedly "smart;" but unfortunately affects smartness. He also affects singularity; which is quite superfluous. His preaching is sufficiently original, and his points well-made and pushed home. He only needs time, and careful study of himself, to progress well forward in the ministerial ranks. He needs also to guard against a vulgar and sometimes "slangy" style of speech; the assumption of which is by no means necessary to effect. The other young preacher alluded to is the newly-ordained W. H. Warriner, a minister of great promise, who will increasingly attach his people to himself by his gentleness and tender affection. His preaching is biblical, simple, and instructive; and his manner unassuming, if not diffident. His literary acquirements are above mediocrity, and should more than compensate for his less prominent gifts of speech.

Midway between Congregationalism and Methodism (though now in nominal connection with the latter) stands the Rev. J. G. Manly. Not in pastoral charge, he is yet such a frequent and welcome occupant of Toronto pulpits as to claim a place in these papers. Mr. Manly's excellencies are many: his failing, a reserve and stately coolness of manner which has often been mistaken for dislike or indifference by those who have failed to penetrate the outer crust of the man. As a biblical exegete he has few rivals. He is the man of one book (*par excellence*) whom we are taught to fear as a man of power. In the pulpit he is rapid, direct and terribly in earnest. His enforcement of moral truth is merciless in the severity of its logic. In language he is copious, choice and ready: a little given to alliteration, and rather fond of a recondite phrase, but always apt and lucid. No man can misapprehend his meaning. Just now he has been preaching and lecturing on the New Testament doctrine of the Second Advent; having made special and exhaustive study of the subject. His study may have led him farther than he thought, and farther than some people would care to follow him, but the result is timely to the worst

features of Moodyism. The general result reached is that the Second Advent is past, and that the world is now under the personal rule of Christ, and that rule strengthening and spreading as the ages roll on.

QUIEN SABE?

(To be continued.)

HILLSIDE GLEANINGS.

"Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar,
A touch can make, a touch can mar,
And shall it to the Potter say,
What maketh thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they."

This beautiful quotation from Longfellow's "Keramos" was very apt during a conversation I had been holding with friend Medusa. "What is the good," she remarked, "of all this talk of yours about Science. It seems a foolish thing for boys and girls to spend their time in such studies as Botany and Geology—or the different departments of Zoology. What good does it do to a business man? a farmer? or one about to enter a profession?" I waited until I was sure she was really in earnest, and seeing the scornful look upon her face, ventured to reply. "Hath not a business man eyes? Why then should he go through the world without seeing the wonderful gifts of God? for it is only by science that one can learn to see these things with clear and improved vision. What study more suitable to a farmer than that of the trees and grains and flowers—the weeds and useful plants among which he lives, or the rocks that show their wonderful markings under his feet. With what awe can any thoughtful man or woman study the science of the heavens that 'declare the glory of God,' or like the Sciarbee, with a microscope, magnify into a wonderful beauty the minute insects that are to be found. The college course shows the value placed upon these studies, as any one reading the varied calendars can see, and it is a part of a young woman's education that should not be ignored, even if only used for her own personal benefit, or to enable her to answer the questions of the children that may be committed to her care. A woman's education is not complete when she can play the piano, paint a china cup, or know seven different stitches of fine lace work that are making her prematurely blind. And the schools of the future will, let us hope, have classes in simple scientific subjects, with lessons on the care of the sick, the science of the food we eat, and the mental, moral and physical care of children, that if learned, will make happier wives and better mothers than the present system can possibly do.

ANNIE L. JACK.

PROFESSIONALS.

It is not always that men talk shop; but, even when they do not, there is for the most part a certain subtle something about them which lets you behind the scenes, and gives you a clue to their calling. Could anyone, with as much perception as would enable him to know a hawk from a handsaw, confound a Baptist grocer with a Bohemian artist, an erudite Oxford Don with a self-made millionaire, a long-haired musician with an experimental biologist? The types are as distinct as the professions, and it would be almost impossible to merge them one into the other.

To be sure, there are cognate types which might be mistaken not unreasonably, the difference being only in the methods by which the same result has been produced. That grave, precisely-speaking, didactic kind of man in a high white neckcloth, whose voice has in it a slight ring of habitual reproof, and to whom it seems quite as a thing of course that he should put your facts straight and modify your statements, what can he be but a pedagogue who has been so long accustomed to deal with inferiority that he does not know how to meet equality?—one to whom the world is a succession of classes, imperfectly instructed, which it is his mission to correct and inform? But running curricula with him and to be easily mistaken for the same thing, is that staid old country lawyer who, accustomed like his pedagogue brother to deal with specialised ignorance, and therefore accustomed to reprove and instruct, sets to rights all who talk with him, and enjoys nothing so much as a sounding rap on the knuckles of some babbler who pretends to knowledge which he does not possess, and makes loose statements that can be contradicted and destroyed. The two may well be confounded together when met with for only a short hour; but in time something is sure to come out that shows the individual shop, and a Latin quotation of a hackneyed kind, or a rule of grammar hotly advocated, will mark the one as surely as a reference to an Act of Parliament, or a legal term unconsciously employed, will betray the other.

When a man looks at you watchfully, with a tabulating kind of air, evidently noting you not your circumstances; when he puts a few questions that somehow lead you to speak of your health, and takes interest in all that you tell him about your fever or your gout; what is he but a doctor either on the look out for providential patients, or one who carries his shop on his back as a snail carries its shell? You can soon know his speciality if you are sharp. He, tall and handsome, with the softly-modulated voice, his manner a fine mixture of the deferential and caressing, his head slightly bent, expressive of attention and sympathy, is the lady's doctor *par excellence*. So is he with the moist lip, the roving eye, the plump hand, the confidential air—successful men, both of them; eminently successful in more perhaps than mere professional cases. That broad-shouldered fellow, with his air of command and a far-away kind of look as if his real self were somehow not here, is the military surgeon just home from active service, who has seen too many men die in hospital and left on the field, to have much sympathy for feminine fads or hysterical fancies, or for the frivolities of fashionable life anyhow. He whose speech, eyes, and gesture are all rapid, as of one whose life is at his finger-tips—who carves that old bird with such ghostly precision, and uses his hands as if they were mathematical instruments—what is he also but a surgeon in full practice and who knows every turn of his profession?—while the shop stands confessed in that coarse, high-coloured country practitioner—a cross between a grazier and a

shopkeeper—who does not boggle at a definite detail nor mince an explanatory term.

That smooth-shaven, bright-eyed man, with a mobile face and rather affected manner, as of one trying to show how fine a gentleman he is, proves himself at a glance an actor of genteel comedy. If he tells a good story, changes his voice rapidly, uses much gesture, mimics well, and rather forces the fun, then you know his line to be farce, and the main object of his ambition to make the "public" laugh; but if he stands apart in studied poses, is melancholy, majestic, reserved, poetic, as one conscious of his own dignity and round whom the sense of royalty still clings, then you know him for tragedy to the backbone—a man who never quite shakes off the impression that he is the king, the hero, the martyr for love's sake whom he personated last night and will personate to-morrow—one whose mission in life is to set forth the beauty of stateliness, and to stand before the world as an eminently superior person. By one thing also shall you know the whole tribe—the self-consciousness which never for one moment deserts them. Actor or actress, farce, tragedy, or comedy, voice or legs, it is all the same; the instant the stage enters the room that instant does it betray its sign by the self-consciousness of every word and action, which makes you wonder if these people look natural even when they are asleep.

Who but men of letters by profession would talk of the ephemeral articles of the daily press as if they contained the intellectual pith of the generation? Indeed, who else would talk of this kind of literature as if it were everything for which man should live, and the cause of all the movement and progress of the day? Science, statesmanship, those actions of human life which do not lend themselves to leaders or paragraphs, all this is nothing to the journalists whose hearts are in their shop, compared to the verbal brilliancy, the literary strength of this magazine article or that newspaper leader, which to-morrow will be stale and the next day forgotten. With them, too, when they are not jealous of speech because of print—not chary of their good things spoken because desirous of reserving them for their books—there is a certain flash and brilliancy of talk not always without effort and seldom without affectation. It is something like the fun of the actor, pumped up because it is expected of them, and because it will never do to let A. shine without trying to make at least as big, if not a bigger, blaze. Hence a meeting of writers where the tone of the house is specially free—or where, on the contrary, it is stilted, and so has to be "dressed up to"—is sure to be brilliant enough in literary allusions and verbal sparkle; and the merest tyro would understand the sign of the shop wherein he found himself when he heard the characters in plays or the personages of novels treated as if they were living people, and newspaper articles discussed as if they were important political utterances; while anything graver or more profound, say in a monthly or a quarterly, was accepted as the very propelling power of current history, without which the world would not go on as it does and progress would be arrested.

Men who talk mainly of other men's fortunes, and apportion honour according to capital, are sure to be of that vague shop called "something in the city"; just as surely as those who talk only of the weather and the crops, who will hunt the hounds this year, and how many guns they can ask, are typical country gentlemen with places at which they live for years at a stretch, and given up to field sports as the highest pursuit as well as pleasure of man. The speech, too, of these men bewrayeth them. Those city fellows do so often deal in supplementary y's after their vowels, and are so seldom impeccable in the matter of that stumbling-block of offence, the "h"—while the country gentlemen tell their special county to a fine ear by the delicate but unmistakable accent which traverses their English, while every now and then a racy provincialism throws over the whole a dash of local colour which is their shibboleth, and serves as their shop-sign quite as well as their conservatism and their righteous abhorrence of vulpicide.

Who can fail to recognise the ecclesiastic? He need not have his shovel-hat and apron, nor yet his straight-cut coat and priest-like band as his sign-manual. He has his face, his head, his voice, his manner; and these make a legend large enough for all who run to read. Under every form he is unmistakable. The Evangelical, with his chronic dyspepsia and chronic depression, as if in perpetual mourning for the miseries of life and the sins of the human race; his kind of apologetic air when forced to confess that this or that is pleasant to the human senses—unless he gives God thanks for His mercy in making the sun warm, the fruit sweet, or the flower lovely—can he be confounded with any other type of man living? False or sincere, playing a part because he thinks it due to his profession or having really schooled himself into believing that the one chief business of man is to escape the eternal damnation to which he is naturally predestined, the Low Church clergyman is as easily distinguishable from all other men, and even from his co-professionals, as an atropa from a solanum. The man who would impoverish human life till not a pleasure was left in it; who deems its very affections snares, and whose feeble vitality cannot understand the wholesomeness of its passion; to whom science is but another name for the devil, the love of art rank Paganism, the love of beauty idolatrous and sensual; the man to whom Luther's grand exhortation, "Sin boldly and leave the rest to God," comes as flat blasphemy, but who compounds for the courage of sincerity by the cowardice of self-deception—that man could not be mistaken for the Broad Churchman of the muscular school, who puts on his priesthood only with his surplice, and for the rest of the time is a jolly good fellow with no humbug in him, as an English gentleman should be. He takes life rationally and disdains neither art nor science, neither the senses nor the affections. If he is æsthetic he buys pictures and blue china, and studies wall-paper as carefully as he studies his Sunday text; if he is inclined to Rationalism he accepts the newest discoveries in chemistry and physiology in spite of their ultimate tendency; but he does his best meanwhile to reconcile the irreconcilable, and to make Lyell somehow prove the seven days, and Darwin a witness for the creation of Adam. If the miracles are his stumbling-block of offence, he vaults over them altogether; if the doctrine of eternal punishment distresses his sense of justice, he takes refuge in an imperfect translation; if that of the atonement is hard of digestion, he denies that the early disciples held it in our present form. Whatever goes against the new lights he also rejects. Is he not eclectic? and is it not his mission to show men

how to make the best of both worlds, and how easy it is to square the theological circle by the algebra of science?

And for the High Churchman? Well, the High Churchman is, we confess it, protean, and not always to be distinguished from the rest. Sometimes he displays his shop-sign clearly—this, when he is of a bold temperament, or has struck his black roots so firmly into the locality where he finds himself as to have no need for simulation or concealment. But sometimes, again, he makes himself solemn as an Evangelical, blithe as a Broad Churchman, *debonnair* as a man of the world—each according to the "work" which he has to do, and the "prejudices" to be overcome. For he has borrowed from the Jesuit, his progenitor, the art of masquerading to perfection, and, like the father of both, can make himself an angel of light when necessary. Yet he, too, can be distinguished by a critical eye, if not as to the side of the way on which his shop stands, yet as to the shop itself; for one must be exceptionally dull not to be able to identify the ecclesiastic under any form in which he shows himself.

The ecclesiastical face, or faces, are like none other. The high and narrow head, the keen nose, the thin, close lips, the shallow chest belong to the "learned divine," aristocratic to his finger-tips, and sure to become a dignitary. The rounder head and fuller brow, more mobile lips, more power of passion, mark the eloquent preacher who gains the faith of men as well as the love of women; the furtive eyes are common property; the academic voice is common property; and in all, save the few exceptions of perfectly honest and unaffected men, is the artificial solemnity of pretenders conscious of playing a part like the augurs of old, while professing to believe that which they dare not examine and may not criticise—of men who offer themselves as divinely consecrated to the knowledge of the unknowable—interpreters of unfathomable mysteries—cajolers of the Great Spirit by their incantations like the African Obi-man or the North American medicine-man—and subjugators of the human race through the superstition that is born of the ignorance and fear which they themselves foster and provoke.—*Truth.*

HOW FAITH SAVES, OR THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. A. J. Bray.

ACTS vi., 25-34.

This story of the Philippian jailer's conversion is quite familiar to us all. And it ought to be. The question is the most momentous that can agitate the mind of any man. It embraces all that can be of interest to a life. And the Apostle's answer circles and comprehends the divine response to that great human cry. But to be familiar with a narrative is no guarantee that we understand it. Wisdom may cry in the streets until her voice ceases to attract. An oft repeated truth is always in danger of becoming a half-understood truism. So when the question has been put, "What must I do to be saved?" we have answered back in the words of Paul, without trying to find what Paul meant by them, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Call to mind for a moment how the question came to be put. Paul and Silas had visited Philippi, and soon found themselves achieving most wonderful successes. The new light was welcomed by many people. Hearts that had long been sick got healed and greatly gladdened. Men and women found in their words the spring of a new hope, and the promise of a newer and richer life. For a time they suffered no interruption, but preached when and where they would. But when Paul exercised his gifts upon a fortune-teller, so interfering with the interests of certain who employed her, he brought down upon himself and fellow-disciple the anger of those who had suffered by the miracle. They sought the aid of the civil power, which has rarely been very wise or very just, and so the preachers are hauled up for trial, accused in an inflammatory speech which maddens the gathered crowd and procures a sentence for scourging and imprisonment. Now that would create great talk and commotion in the city. The doctrines which Paul and Silas had been proclaiming would be discussed in public and in private. The affair of the miracle would fill the mind of all with surprise. The jailer himself would be fully informed of what taken place. He would marvel at the miracle and wonder from whence they had such power. He was a little afraid of them, it seems, for when he was commanded to keep them safe he thrust them into an inner prison, and to make assurance doubly sure, fastened their feet in the stocks. All of which are proofs that this jailer's imagination had been powerfully wrought upon by what had already taken place. At night the wonder is greatly increased, for from that inner prison comes the sound of two men singing. It is a stupendous novelty: it is incomprehensible; it is startling. Two men who have just suffered shame before the unsympathising people; whose backs are yet smarting from the scourge; whose feet are now fast in stocks; those men are singing praises to God at midnight. No complaining; no reviling; only a great glad song of praise, which all the prisoners could hear. You can imagine the impression all this would produce upon the mind of the jailer—a thoughtful man, I fancy, though not free from the prevalent superstitions. So when there came that sudden crash and roar of earthquake which shook the prison walls from foundation to roof, he would connect it with those men singing in the cell. It was another miracle, or perhaps a divine interposition to rescue them and punish with immediate death all who had opposed them. With the ground heaving under his feet; prison walls rocking to and fro like reeds in the wind; prison doors flying open when no hand had turned a key; prisoners shrieking in the terrible darkness; the jailer, in a paralysis of fear, rushed to Paul and Silas, set them free, and then the great cry broke from his pale and quivering lips, "What must I do to be saved?" It was a surprise, a startled cry, a wild rush of inward fear finding articulate speech. The danger was imminent; death was striding about in the dark, and any moment might smite him down. He wanted to live—he wanted to be saved from this horrible earthquake—those tottering walls—he believed that those men who had wrought a miracle in the streets, and sang praises to God in the cell could tell him how salvation might be found—they could perhaps save him—so he loosed them from their bonds and put his eager question.

But it was not mere death he feared, and mere life he sought. A moment ago, thinking his prisoners had escaped, he was about to take his own life at

the point of his own sword. A dread of something else had seized him—the spell of the supernatural was instantly laid upon his soul—the lurid flames of a future retribution gleamed before his eyes—sins in hideous misshape rose up, and called him on to judgment. The fear of the earthquake quickly passed—but the fear of that worse thing remained—the soul was aroused—the conscience alarmed—the imagination was painting pictures of exceeding gloom and horror—he wanted to escape—to find deliverance from danger—so the question of a moment passed into the struggle of a life—a *work* in fear and faith toward salvation.

Let us pause here to make an observation or two. Here we have the story of an immediate awaking to the great facts and concerns of spiritual life—and the awaking was brought about by what appeared outward danger and calamity. The currents of heaven came pouring in upon the soul through channels of earth and clay. Disaster did but shake its finger at the man, and his spirit awoke to consciousness. Calamity with a rough hand swept away the illusions of a lifetime, and set him trembling, face to face with the realities of eternity. Everlasting life broke through a flimsy incident. That is but a type. Temporal calamity—the sudden crash and sweep of danger—is often the cry that calls the soul from slumber. You may see a man going on from year to year—eating, drinking, working, getting pleasure—with scarce a thought about his moral manhood, or the eternal destiny he is here to achieve. He will prosper, nor ever think of God. He becomes all of this world—no great thoughts ever agitate his worldly mind—no great and noble sentiments of truth and humanity and religion ever throb in his bosom—no lofty idea for man's recovery and God's glory ever finds welcome and entertainment beneath his roof—his heart has never glowed with charitable passion—and his hands have never turned the wheel of good and generous deeds. He is sordid, worldly, temporal altogether. But one day a commercial panic comes, which even *he* could not foresee—comes and shears off the half of his estate, rending the other half in shreds. Sickness flings open the door of his house and passes on from room to room—the windows rattle and the walls shake at this earthquake of misfortune—child after child drops through the wealthy floor to perish in the unseen night beneath. And in the trouble the man finds himself—through the rents in his walls eternity shines in—the spirit of God struggles and speaks through the hoarse crying of the storm—sorrow raises the heart that had been so long buried—the clouds of vanity comes down in a cold, thin pattering of rain—upon the heels of sickness through the door comes marching in the spirit of truth and love—after the storm is heard the still small voice of God that awes, yet saves the soul. Calamity is often the salt of life—a sudden storm that wrecks the house, dispels the deadly vapour and saves the man. God has many ways of speaking to the heart—many agencies at His command. He seeks to quicken the torpid nature, to arouse the soul, to polarise the will, and methods are innumerable. Sometimes it is by the slow intermixing of grace in domestic education. Sometimes it comes in adult years by a sudden feeling of unrest in the satisfactions which the world gives when the forces of life are prosperous—sometimes it is by the gnawing sense of bondage in corrupt and shameful habits—sometimes it is by the torment bubbling up through memory of a crime done and hidden out of sight. It is brought about by the sudden pain of bereaved affections—or meditation on the Scriptures, the shadows, and the mysteries of life—or some reading of the Gospel, when the letter, instead of encrusting the truth, blazes before the eyes with great, immeasurable meaning; or else by the sudden crash of some misfortune, the vision of danger near; but the object is the same—to arouse the soul to a consciousness of truth, and bring from the lips the startled cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

Another observation I would make is this: the question of this newly awakened man must be drawn out and filled up from our knowledge of the circumstances and what he felt. The soul, when in agony, doesn't go searching about for precise phrases and logical forms of speech. It puts time and eternity into a single cry. The brief question was perfectly intelligible to Paul and Silas, but it wouldn't have been to any other prisoner in that jail. "What must I do to be saved?" That is only half a question—it is only a hint. "To be saved from what?" What do you fear? What is it you would escape? What is the nature of the danger that threatens? And if any man would get or give an intelligent and satisfactory answer, the question must be filled up. The record given here is but a fragment—a short sentence giving the substance of the question—and another giving the substance of the answer. Each must be filled up and interpreted. How will you interpret the jailer's question? "What must I do to be saved" *from*—what? for all are not in the like danger. A young man sees himself drifting into evil company—sinful pleasures and shameful habits. Awake to the danger, he cries—"what must I do to be saved from the baneful influences of those men—from those degrading habits and pleasures—from the ruin that lies darkling in the way what must I do to be saved?" A man finds himself in the fierce grip of covetousness—held down by it—fettered on every limb—it is on him like the fabled old man of the mountains, riding the victim to death, and in dismay he cries, "What must I do to be saved?" So the drunkard often cries as the fires burn in him and he feels his impotence to battle with the passion. Men fear to reap the harvest when they have sown the seed of evil-doing—they could sow gaily to the wind, but tremble at thought of the whirlwind's coming. They fear to confront the just Judge of quick and dead; they fear to enter the unknown with a character shaped by sin; and so they cry—"what must I do to be saved?" How be able to break away from the degradation and ruin of an evil habit—how escape the fierce fangs of remorse for sin done—how recover the manhood bartered away and lost—how get restored to strength and beauty and the perfect image of God—how leave the husks, and the swine, and the famine, and find the way home; and how escape the hell that burns within, and the hotter hell that lies on before? "What must I do to be saved?" is a general cry—but you must go on. "What must I do to be saved" *from*—and then you fasten on particulars. For each man has his sin and his danger—his idol and his evil lord, from which to seek salvation. Man by asking the how and the way of salvation means, or ought to mean, that he is rushing upon some peril, and some peril is rushing on him—some dark evil from which he would escape—some impending ruin that threatens to overwhelm him.

I dare say you will think I am uttering only platitudes, and dwelling on very familiar teachings. Well, it may be so—but I am convinced that

this important question of the Philippian jailer is often put, and the answer of Paul, as recorded here, repeated, when in the minds of questioner and him who gives the answer, there is a very vague and indistinct notion as to what is meant. I have heard a score of times and more such dialogues in the enquiry room after a revival service as this: "Do you want to be saved?" Answer—"Yes." "Well, can't you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" "Yes." "You believe that He died for you?" "I believe that—yes." "Then you are saved—go home and rejoice," and there it ended. Now, I mean to say that such teachings are false and misleading and unchristian in spirit and in doctrine. That was not Paul's way of dealing with the awakened and trembling jailer. Paul "spoke unto him the word of the Lord." When I come to dwell upon the second part of this subject I shall tell what I think Paul would say to the enquiring man. But let it suffice for me now to say that the man was alarmed—he began to fear that he had disbelieved when he should have had faith—he saw that his words and works had been of sin and shaping his soul for ruin. Hence the cry what must I do to be saved from the sin that besets me, and the ruin that lies on before. The treating of this question as a merely general thing, and giving the answer in the same way, has led to most fatal consequences. We have made salvation to mean a simple dogma, or a sentiment in the mind, instead of Christ's likeness of character and working. What is the sneer thrown at us now? Why, just this—"you have had a revival, you say—a great revival—you have got many members in your church. Well—how does it show itself—are the Christians more brotherly—are they more generous and kind and pitiful—thinking less evil, and more given to patient long-suffering—are they less grasping in commercial affairs—less envious in social life—are the magistrates left with less work on their hands—are the jails less full than they were—are the records of crime made shorter and less revolting." That is a sneer, of course. Good is done, and much of it by the work of the churches—real and permanent benefit to the souls and lives of men—but before that sneer I hang my head in shame. We deserve it, for we have robbed Christian faith of half its meaning, and all its glory, by reducing it to an empty and profitless dogma. "What must I do to be saved"—*from* pride—from the ruin which passion works—from infidelity of mind and heart and life—"What shall I do to be saved from my sin"—that is it. Make it definite, my friend. What do you want deliverance *from*? Set that well before your mind, and then cry aloud for information. Know the danger, and then look for a Saviour mighty enough to save.

Just one other remark. This question that broke from the newly awakened soul of the man, gave expression to a great fact of human consciousness: This—that each man must *do* in order to be saved. Nature speaks out her immortal principles in moments of surprise. When the earthquake of fear has rent the surface, the fire of truth leaps up in kindling flame through every fissure. And because the fact is found in human nature, it is in the Gospel. Salvation is not a thing let down from heaven—something out of myself and beyond myself, and I have only to remain quiescent in order to be saved. It is a power put in me—in my mind, my heart, my conscience. It is a character to be worked out—a destiny to be achieved—and I, leaning on the arm of God, drawing on His grace and love, must do it. If I gain it, it is mine—mine for ever and always. If I lose, the loss is mine—mine for ever and always. Helps are given me in manifold form—helps from facts of history—helps from the good and the true of earth—helps from Christ and God. I stand at the confluence of great rivers that pour through my nature with power of cleansing—but still I have a work to do with patience, and fear, and trembling. I pray you take that to heart. You are unconcerned now—content with the duties and joys of the day. But the time of concern and care will come—a time of fierce agony and deepening despair—a time when you will seem to stand with reeling brain, and failing limbs upon the edge of some horrible abyss. And if not until then, *then* will the cry break through your dry and trembling lips, What must I do to be saved? What will you do then? A dark past behind you—a darker future before—at your feet a sheer descent into the weltering wastes of horror. What will you *do* then? *What?*

PESSIMISTS.

We are so highly and so widely cultivated in these days, thanks to the profound researches of the monthly magazines, that we may safely assume that all our readers are acquainted with the existence of a modern school of philosophy which declares existence to be so unbearable that if men were truly wise they would agree to put an end to human existence by a joint and simultaneous act of suicide. Nor do the teachers of this seductive doctrine remain content with stating their opinion. They have written erudite volumes, with the object of showing how this desirable consummation of universal disappearance may be attained. This, no doubt, is pessimism with a vengeance; and we may leave the study of this engaging form of philosophy to our more learned contemporaries, while we seek to throw a little modest light on minor, but more interesting forms of the same mental disease. Who does not know a pessimist or two? Nay, who does not number among his acquaintances a considerable number of pessimists? The world is full of people who have failed; and a pessimist is nearly always a person who has failed. Many "failures" possess so elastic and generous a temperament that they remain optimists to the very moment when they are screwed down in their coffin. They are the people who justify Pope's line,—

"Man never is, but always *to be* blest."

They are going to succeed—to-morrow. It is despair of success that makes so many persons adopt pessimism as a standing creed. Consumed by an incapable ambition, they vent upon mankind and the arrangements of the universe the spleen that springs from their own personal mortification. Mr. Disraeli once made the just observation that every man has a right to be conceited until he is successful; and, perhaps, every man has more or less of an excuse for being a pessimist until the same date. Who ever knew a successful painter believe that art was going to the dogs? Where will you find a politician despairing of his country, so long as his own party is in power? When Mr. Gladstone was in office, all Tories believed that the star of England had set

for ever; while Liberals never doubted that England was the cynosure and envy of mankind. The root of most pessimism is self-love. Was it a most successful ball? Ask two young ladies who were there, and they shall return diametrically opposite answers. Listen to one—you will conclude that the floor was perfect, that the music was divine, that all the nice people of London were present, that partners were abundant, that the supper was admirable, and that the entire entertainment was a triumph for the hostess and a delight to her guests. Turn to the other witness; and what do you gather? That there was a preponderance of "scrugnugs," that the rooms were hot and crowded, that there were not enough men, and most of those who were asked would not dance, that the supper was ill-arranged, and the ball a failure! How is this discrepancy of testimony to be explained? By the laws, we submit, which account for pessimism. Pursue the inquiry more closely, and you will find that the first witness is a lovely, radiant, and seductive creature, who danced every dance, and had ten suppliants for each waltz; and that the second is either in the decline of her beauty or never possessed it, and fails to make amends for lack of physical charm by grace of manner and winsomeness of address. But it does not follow that the ball was a good one. All we can safely conclude is, that one witness exaggerates its pleasing features, and the other deepens its more sombre aspects. But women are not the only creatures subject to be warped in their judgment of things by their own personal experience. Who does not continually hear, on the one hand, that we live in the greatest and grandest of all ages, an age of progress, science, free trade, mechanical invention, and religious aspirations; and, on the other, that the times are out of joint, that the age is material, sceptical, sordid, voluptuous, vulgar, and rushing to perdition. It all depends who it is that is put into the witness-box. In times when men are doing a roaring trade, when looms are whirring and singing, when coal is being brought up from the bowels of the earth ton after ton, yet supply cannot keep pace with demand, when the sound of the hammer is never silent in the dockyard, when money is fairly abundant, and every enterprise brings huge profits, then merchants, bankers, coal owners, mill-owners, and stockbrokers are firmly convinced that this is the best of all possible worlds. During the same epoch the preacher becomes mournful and denunciatory; the poet, finding that he is a voice crying in the wilderness, bewails the low organization and base ideals of his kind; and the unread philosopher labours to explain that life is neither real nor earnest, but a bad phantasmagoria, in which figure puppets it would be desirable to shiver into atoms. Who is right? Let us not answer the question, but rather shift the scene to a period when coal is not worth getting, when smelting furnaces are extinguished, when capital lies idle, and when retrenchment and parsimony succeed to luxury and extravagance. Then the very same witnesses who pronounced this the best of all possible worlds grow lugubrious in turn. They do not stop at the assertion that "times are bad." All things are bad. The law, the constitution, the relations between labour and capital, the conditions of society—everything is wrong somehow. Thus all men are pessimists, more or less, at some one period of their life; and by noting this fact, and explaining it, we come to understand how it is that some people are always pessimists, and from one end of life to the other. The world never allows their schemes to ripen; their innings never arrives; they move on from one disappointment to another; and, of course, in their eyes, it is a beggarly world. People who have the rheumatics aver that it was a damp spring, a cold summer, and a foggy autumn; whilst active and perfervid youth hunts, shoots, dances, and plays lawn tennis, and finds the seasons delightful.

Yet our remarks would be incomplete if we did not acknowledge, in all seriousness, that there are some successful and even some happy people who are in a certain sense pessimists. They do not fail, and the world is very complaisant to them. Yet they bewail the general life, whilst recognising the felicity of their own. In their own heart a linnets sits and sings; yet they constantly hear the sad, sweet music of humanity. But these are the select spirits of this world. Most men and women are not so discriminating, but deplore the sunshine that scorches instead of ripening their particular crop.—*Truth.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

[If "Manchester Schooled," and others who have sent letters for publication, will let me have their names—it need not be for publication—they will receive all the attention and courtesy they could desire.—EDITOR.]

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In the issue of the SPECTATOR of the 14th inst., I find the following sentence from the pen of the Rev. J. Clark Murray:—"If Free Trade is a splendid ideal of international communion which must be realized in the perfected development of the human race, then at the peril of our souls let us work for it, at the peril of our national honour let us strive to make it the policy of our country." An ukase this of some pretension—have the nations of Europe been indulging in willing thralldom until the comparatively modern times of Messrs. Cobden and Bright? Is their past history to be reduced to comparative nothingness, and are they to be constrained to listen to the expositions of an ethical philosopher, as he points the way to a bettered condition? Lo! he speaks as if invested with authority to enjoin obedience—pains and penalties are within his reach—"at the peril of our souls let us work for free trade." I am disposed to believe that his object in addressing the readers of the SPECTATOR takes its rise not from zeal for free trade, but from a desire to enlist the sympathies of electors to support the present administration; of course he is at liberty to do this, but in furthering his views, let not the effort be obscured by a transparent veil of ethical philosophy. Were I summoned to sit in judgment on the case, I would say that in carrying out his views, the learned gentleman loses sight of prudence and discretion; most men, even reformers, are more likely to be wooed into obedience, than intimidated by perils endangering the soul. It is possible that from past experience as a Free Church minister in the West of Scotland, he may have found which of the plans comes accompanied with most success; his translation to a chair in Kingston University caused him for the time to tone down his former modes of thinking and action; admitted now within the pale of the Established Church of Scotland, he bids adieu, without difficulty to his Free Kirk principles; in the course of

years a greater sphere of usefulness was held out for his acceptance. I am not aware that his departure from Kingston formed the subject-matter of abiding regret. I do recollect, however, of reading a speech by Professor Murray on the eve of his secession, in which he gave some sage counsel to his bereaved colleagues. His career there had ended, and therefore he could speak boldly. He asserted that in the event of his advice being disregarded that "the *Globe* would be down upon them."

On his arrival in Montreal, and being installed in his chair in McGill College, he found his way to a vacant pew in St. Andrew's Church, where he found the atmosphere too close for his progressive spirit, and while he remained in St. Andrew's he felt it to be his duty to tamper with the convictions of those whose devotion to the Church of Scotland, unlike his own, was steadfast and immovable; 1875 saw his hopes realized in the consummation of a thing called Union at the time he was connected with a congregation which had not followed the multitude, so another change of base must be gone through. No obstacle intervenes. An elastic conscience discloses an easy pathway. Easy because trodden more than once before. Secession again points to a solution of short-lived embarrassment. In company with a few kindred spirits they seek repose in Russell Hall or elsewhere—their pastor *there* had a short incumbency. Why short after an apparently serious effort to build a fashionable church, I know not. It is certain that the services of their spiritual adviser were dispensed with, and his congregation found their way to the *vacant* pews in St. Paul's. Here the Professor, who is so much concerned about the ethics of nations, finds repose and I hope edification.

I may not enter the arena to combat the opinion of a philosopher. Enough for me that I dabble a little in biography.

There is one phrase more in the last sentence of Mr. Murray's article which invites comment, and that is, "harmless smuggling." Is a philosopher warranted in saying that any kind of smuggling is harmless? If it be harmless and the revenue be not defrauded by either importer or exporter, then I submit it ceases to be smuggling. Could not the Professor have used the term venial, and so disarmed criticism?

HUGH NIVEN.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

DEAR SPECTATOR,—With the bragadocio of the Donnybrook Irishman, yet with an utter absence of the manly courage, I hear in the air, from an individual who has "no desire whatever to provoke a controversy," the echo of "tread on the tail of my coat if you dar"; but, with more caution than bravery, your correspondent hides behind the name "Ritualist." I signed my full name, and claim the verdict of the public on this point.

"The much-persecuted and reviled Ritualists have become accustomed to the cry of Popery and Jesuitry," so writes "Ritualist," and this skulking behind the name of his party, rather than writing over his own, is part of the programme in these matters of our faith that smacks of the dishonesty with which I now charge "Ritualist," and which dishonesty I shall prove ere I bring this letter to a close. With that pomposity that grows upon men who flush their souls with the pleasing delusion that they belong to *the Church*, and that no one else knows anything, or has any right to know or dispute these monarchs of profundity, I am informed that "the *sole* object is to correct certain historical errors concerning the nature and object of the English Reformation which were recently advanced in this paper by the Rev. Dr. Usher." The mountain has laboured since the 17th of August, on which day my article in answer to my friend "Quien Sabe" was published on the 267th page of the SPECTATOR, and as I read it over, *I fail to find a single historical statement in it,—ergo*, "Ritualist's" "sole object" is to provoke controversy, and even a mouse of truth is not forthcoming.

I grant that "the elimination of Papal errors were the *real* and *only* objects of our martyred forefathers," and I would ask "Ritualist," Did not our martyred forefathers give us, under the good King Edward the VIth, a Protestant and more Scriptural Revision of the Prayer Book than any issued previously?—a Prayer Book that differs only from the Reformed Episcopal Book on the one point of Baptismal regeneration, which, had the martyrs lived, would have been made to accord with Scripture. The minds of the Reformers were making steady strides toward Protestantism. When the accession of Mary cut their work short. I ask "Ritualist" which is most like the 2nd Prayer Book of Edward the VIth, the Anglican Book of to-day or the Reformed Episcopal Book? If the latter (which, if he would state the truth, he must acknowledge), then I claim that we of the Reformed Episcopal Church are in line with the Reformers of Edward's time, having, as our *real* and *only* object, the elimination of the reintroduced Romish errors they discarded, and the carrying on to completion the work they were not permitted (owing to Romish persecution) to finish.

Again, I grant "that our martyred forefathers had in view the emancipation of Protestants from the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome," from which they used to say in the Litany "good Lord deliver us"; but "Ritualist" must be very ignorant indeed of the doings and sayings of his own party leaders if he does not know that after the sentence of Rev. Mr. Mackonochie was reversed, the Ritualists held a meeting, and the Rev. Mr. Oxenham, a priest in the Church of England, proposed that they appoint a committee to wait on Cardinal Manning and see how they could bridge things over, and fix it so that the married clergy could be received as priests by the Roman Pontiff. Does this look like getting away from Rome? The doctrines of the real presence, and sacerdotalism generally, were rejected by the Reformers. The first Prayer Book of Edward VI. was Romish in its teaching, and it was only when Cranmer and his confreres were enlightened by the Presbyterian Protestant Divines—Peter Martyn and Martin Bucer—that the glare of Scripture truth and the alone priesthood of Christ began to shine upon them; and to their glory be it said, they rapidly grew into Protestantism, and were so steadfast, that they lighted candles in England that shine the world over, and "Ritualist" can never put them out, though his party leaders pronounce "Protestantism a failure and the Reformation a mistake."

It would be a little interesting if "Ritualist" would point out to us poor ignorant people when the Church of Rome ever recognized such a thing as the "Anglo-Catholic Church." When Augustin planted the Church of Rome in

Britain, did he call it the Anglo-Catholic? Do not let us, in answer to this, have any of the modern unhistorical bosh of a branch of the Christian Church being in Britain prior to Augustin's time,—a theory gotten up to patch up the Apostolical-succession business when it was inconveniently urged that Rome had excommunicated the English Bishops.

Again, I grant that "an enemy in disguise was permitted to enter the Church, which in after years proved to be as deadly a foe to truth as the Papacy had ever been." Your correspondent has failed to name the enemy, but I shall not, *they are the Ritualists*. Romanists in disguise, however with Jesuitical sophistry they deny it, their doctrines and symbols proclaim them, and soon the disguise now so thin will be discarded. If the Reformers taught the truth, then certain it is the Ritualists do not teach what the Reformers did. They discarded error; Romanists in the Church of England brought it back, and the Ritualist is busy now teaching it by symbols, and the High Churchman is only the timid Ritualist who fears for many *considerations* to act as he thinks, but is content to bide his time and let ultra men be pioneers, men whom many think are merely Jesuits at work in the Anglican fold.

"Ritualist" says "It is true a few objectionable things were retained" (in what he terms the last revision in 1662), "but this was the result of Puritan machinations, and all true churchmen are anxiously looking forward for the time when the ancient liturgy shall be restored and the Anglican Church freed from all Puritan innovations, be as she was in the 'glorious morn' of the Reformation." Mr. Editor, Protestant Episcopalians, readers of the SPECTATOR, what does this mean? It is acknowledged that the tendency to evil-living of Charles the Second and his corrupt trio of revisionists, Bishops Sheldon, Gunning and Morley, was to go back to "first principles," in other words un-Protestantise the Prayer Book; and now we hear that some objectionable things were left in as the result of Puritan machinations. Does this not mean the Thirty-nine Articles, which are Protestant but inconsistent with the services and offices? So, then, the Anglican Church to be as she was in the "glorious morn" of the Reformation simply means back to the first year of Edward's reign, when everything in ceremonies was Romish and the dawn of Protestantism was only in a few hearts, and these faint rays Anglo-Catholics would have striven to obscure.

I now shall reply to "Ritualist's" assertions concerning the Reformed Episcopal Church, and before I prove him guilty of stating what is utterly false, as I said I would, I desire to inform him that we find the possession of the "Apostolic Succession" very valuable, in as much as it stops Anglican twaddle about the non-validity of Orders; the highest Ritualistic authorities in England's Church say we have got it, and, as I said in my former communication, if we thought it conveyed any spiritual grace we would give it free as water to all who wanted it; nay, more than this, I think I know the feeling of the Reformed Episcopal ministry, and I can safely say we would send men to our sister Churches and beg them to take it at our hands; but now we look on it as a little family matter that while it pleases us does not puff us up. In as much as we of the Reformed Episcopal Church do not differ one whit from the evangelical brethren still in the Anglican fold, but "hold the faith once delivered unto the saints," I am amused considering the great lights of the evangelical party in the Church of England, not to mention any of my own Christian brethren in the Reformed Episcopalian ministry that the world does not deem either unlearned or dishonest nor yet lacking in brains, I say I am amused at the cool effrontery that tells us we have adopted as articles of faith doctrines unknown alike to the New Testament and to the Church Catholic for nearly seventeen centuries.

Perhaps it will lighten the darkness of "Ritualist" when I tell him that in 1785 Bishop White of the Protestant Episcopal Church took the revision made in the reign of William the Third, Prince of Orange, which was but little different from Edward the Sixth's second book having the error of baptismal regeneration corrected, and making it suited to the United States Republic, offered it to the convention; it was rejected by sleepy Evangelicals and stubborn, wide-awake Ritualists, and that is the revision we have in the Reformed Episcopal Church to-day. We hold the same doctrinal views as the Ryles, the Alfordes, the Grossets, the Baldwins, the Bonds, the Tyngs, the hosts of evangelical men the world over, and it remains for "Ritualist" to tell us all that we hold doctrines unknown to the New Testament.

Now as to conversion, we believe that the repentance required by scripture is a change of mind toward God, and is the effect of the conviction of sin wrought by the Holy Ghost. Shame or self-reproach will not do; any more than a murderer's grief at his unfortunate position when under sentence of death will release him from the consequences of his crime. The sinner comes to Christ through no laboured process of repenting and sorrowing, but he comes to Christ and repentance both at once by means of simply believing; and ever afterwards his repentance is deep and genuine in proportion as his faith is simple and childlike. So much for our views on conversion or repentance. (See Article XIII., Reformed Episcopal Prayer Book.)

And now, Mr. Editor, just compare the following statement of "Ritualist" with the XIXth Article of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and judge is it worth while to waste valuable time in answering the oft-repeated misstatements of men who have no principle and less brains. I quote from "Ritualist." He accuses us of adopting the doctrine of "human perfection, teaching that he that is born of God in this sensible conversion *sins not ever after*." Were this from any but a Jesuit, who believes "the end justifies the means," I would not credit it. Our Article XIX. reads as follows:—"The grant of repentance is not to be denied to such as *fall into sin after conversion*, etc., for after we have received the Holy Ghost *we may, through unbelief, carelessness, and worldliness fall into sin*, and by the grace of God we may arise again and amend our lives." Also see Collect for grace, p. 15, in the 1st Prayer Book. Thus is the unwarrantable misrepresentation of your correspondent met by our printed standards of religion. I am quite used to it, as are the most of my brethren, and were it not that many in our city might be misled, I would not trespass on your valuable space, or jeopardize my dignity as a man to notice it.

I remain, yours very truly,

B. B. USSHER,
Rector St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal.

MUSICAL.

COMING EVENTS.

Montrealers will have no reason to complain of a scarcity of good music next month; we will have plenty of it, and that of the very best. Hitherto we have had to listen to second and third rate artists,—some of these, too, only deigned to visit us when their powers were on the wane,—but in music, as in other things, Montreal is steadily advancing, and now we are to have quite a musical feast.

Mr. Strakosch has evidently learned that we will not patronize second-class performances, but are just as hard to please as his patrons in Boston and New York; he accordingly has made arrangements to give two concerts with his complete troupe of artists, which is certainly the best he has yet brought to this city. We are glad to know that the seats are being rapidly taken; it will encourage the great impresario to visit us again, and may perhaps have the effect of inducing Mr. Mapleson to follow his example.

The performance of "The Creation" by the Philharmonic Society promises to surpass any of their former efforts. The choir is immensely improved since last year, and is much more evenly balanced; the orchestra is the finest we have yet heard in Canada, being immeasurably superior to that of last season, particularly as regards the wind instruments. With some of the first artists of the day as soloists, we cannot but expect an excellent performance, and will be greatly disappointed if we do not have to record the finest musical performance which has ever been given in this city.

Mr. Whitney, the great American Bass, is engaged for this concert. The greatest Bass in Europe is supposed to be Signor Foli, Mr. Whitney being without a rival in America; Mr. Strakosch, however, brings a Mr. Conly, whom he claims is the "premier basso in the world." We have never heard Mr. Conly (even his name being unfamiliar to us), but if he can sing nearly as well as either of the two gentlemen mentioned above, we anticipate for him a brilliant reception. As these two gentlemen (Messrs. Whitney and Conly) appear within a short time of each other, the public will have a capital opportunity of judging for themselves as to their respective merits.

There is to be a public rehearsal previous to the grand performance of "The Creation," the solo parts being taken by amateurs. This is a new departure, and it seems to us a sensible one. The orchestra will become fully conversant with the solo parts before the arrival of the artists, so that their magnificent singing may not be marred from want of proper knowledge of the solo parts by those who are to accompany them; the choir, too, will second the efforts of the soloists more efficiently if they have a thorough rehearsal of the whole work.

With regard to the public, we would say that they too derive benefit from the new arrangement. In order to thoroughly enjoy a great work such as "The Creation," it is necessary to have some previous knowledge of its general character and framework, which can be best obtained by hearing it performed as nearly as possible in its entirety; and we feel sure that those who attend the full rehearsal, and thus obtain an idea of the beauty and grandeur of the work, will not, on any account, fail to attend the "Grand Performance" and hear the sublime work interpreted by the best exponents of oratorio music on the continent.

In addition to the performance of "The Creation" and the two concerts mentioned above, we are promised a visit from the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, and later from the "Marie-Koze" concert troupe, so that, as we predicted, Montreal will have no reason to complain of either the quantity or quality of the musical entertainments offered this season. We would suggest that all who take an interest in the progress of art in our city (and who doesn't?) should support these concerts liberally; otherwise we may relapse into the old state of affairs, and we will certainly not be able to throw the blame on Mr. Strakosch, Mr. Ryan, or the Committee of the Philharmonic Society.

Dr. MacLagan's organ recital on Monday evening was well attended. The programme was an excellent one, and was on the whole rendered with greater taste and finish than any of the preceding ones. Bach's A minor fugue was remarkably well played; subject, answer and stretto being brought out distinctly. Dr. MacLagan plays his pedals clearly and evenly, and seems to have great facility of execution, the finale (in fugue style) to "God Save the Queen" was performed in a thoroughly artistic manner, and reflected great credit on the performer. The "Coronation March" was played with precision and vigor; in the softer passages, however, the reeds "hung fire," giving to the melody an effect far from agreeable. The vocalists were Miss McLea and Mr. Redfern; the former received tremendous applause for her rendering of "The Message," by Blumenthal; the latter sang Gounod's "Nazareth" fairly, but seemed to be suffering from a cold. Previous to the performance of the last piece, Rev. Mr. Bray announced that the next recital would be the last for a time; we are sorry that they are discontinued, and hope that the doctor will receive sufficient encouragement next Monday evening to induce him to recommence them at an early date.

Mr. Alfred Deseve, the Canadian violinist, is about to give a concert in the Academy of Music, on the 10th October. We wish Mr. Deseve every success, but are sorry he should have fixed on the same date as the Mendelssohn Quintette Club; Montreal is not yet sufficiently musical to support two first-class concerts on the one evening.

We learn that a "grand concert" is to be given in the Rink this week on behalf of the sufferers in the South. Several of our local musicians have volunteered their assistance.

Whilst acknowledging the claims of the Southern sufferers on all who are able to assist them; admiring also the praiseworthy generosity of those who give their time and talents to so worthy a cause; on behalf of the musical profession we must protest against this mode of raising money for charitable objects. Is a "Benevolent Society" in need of funds, or an "Orphan Asylum" or "Female Home" verging on bankruptcy, they *give a concert*; that is, they importune the members of the musical profession to give their time, talents, and energies to prop up their failing institutions, although musicians, as a class are not supposed to be very wealthy or more able than other people to contribute either money or time (which to a man of ability is equivalent to money) to benefit their fellow-creatures, no matter how worthy the object they may be.

Let a merchant give twenty dollars to a charity, and he is lauded to the skies as a warm-hearted, generous man. Should a musician give *ten* it would probably be considered a liberal donation; but let that same musician give his services, which are worth perhaps five or six times that amount, he not only sacrifices that money, but from frequent appearance at charitable performances loses his commercial value as an artist, and is perhaps dubbed by the local press (vide Montreal Star, Sept. 23rd,) one of our "most talented amateurs." Now, why should musicians be expected to contribute more to charities than other people? We would not expect a grocer to open a shop *in opposition to his own* to benefit a charity! the thing would be preposterous. Yet that is what the public seem to expect of musicians; they not only organize amateur performances for charitable objects (which, of course, are a source of direct injury to professionals) but they seem to expect the artists to help in killing out their own profession by *assisting* at these performances, and, metaphorically speaking, to cut their own throats. If a charity is worthy of assistance let us aid it promptly and nobly, but if we wish to encourage art, and to give professional musicians an opportunity of making a living, let us not select their particular profession in order to raise the necessary funds; let us rather, having solicited a cash contribution in proportion to their means, call on the members of other professions, &c., not to buy tickets for a bazaar or concert, but to give an honest subscription to a worthy object, and leave the musicians to the free exercise of their own vocation. Were these propositions carried out in this city, we should see an improvement in the musical entertainments provided for us that would fairly astonish us; we should then be expected to patronize only those concerts which were of real artistic merit, and concert-goers would cease to be disgusted by frequent weak and inartistic performances.

We notice with pleasure that the Rev. Fredric Hinckley will visit this city and deliver two lectures on "Washington and its Institutions." The two lectures form a complete and exceedingly attractive description of "the Federal city," and we understand that the stereopticon views are so good that one seems to be transported to the places themselves. Those who have heard Mr. Hinckley, praise highly his descriptive style of speaking, which admirably adapts him to the work he has set himself. The lectures take place at the Mechanic's Hall on Friday and Saturday at 8 o'clock in the evening, and as the price of admission is so small, a pleasant evening may thus be spent at very little cost.

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