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The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. III.—NO. 32.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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GENERAL NOTES.

We hear that the Indian reserve at Caughnawaga is to be surveyed, and that the Government have selected Messrs. Bulman and Walbank, of this city, as surveyors, to establish the boundaries of the reserve. The duties and work have fallen into good hands, and will, no doubt, be well performed. The survey, it is believed, will be commenced at once, and will occupy some little time. It would be desirable if the agricultural resources of the reserve attracted more attention from the Indians.

The Citizens' Association of the Dominion Exhibition are actively engaged in advancing their plans; judging from the announcements, we will have a grand display, and large numbers of people will doubtless be attracted to the city. There is one thing to which we feel obliged to draw attention, namely, what preparations are being made for the conveyance of the public to the grounds; in nearly every case the cabs are with the greatest difficulty secured, and only at very exorbitant rates, while the City Passenger Railway has been in the past notoriously unequal to any emergency. It would be advisable to have a regular line of 'busses leaving certain points at certain hours, and carrying a specified number of passengers, so that visitors might reach the Exhibition grounds with some comfort.

We happened to drop in at the Art Craio rooms at 53 Bleury street, and were very much pleased with the drawings exhibited. There is one in particular which attracted our attention, and is well worth a visit, entitled "Pharaoh's Horses," beautifully executed, and the lines as sharply defined as in the best of steel engravings. We also saw some drawings drawn by pupils after taking *one* lesson, and they seemed to us to be fully equal in artistic merit to those done after a year's study of the old methods. We would advise any persons desirous of learning to inspect these drawings.

The Porte has refused to comply with the conditions agreed upon by the Powers at the Berlin Conference, and has sent a defiant answer in reply to their note. The Sultan will not admit the right of the Powers to settle the Grecian boundaries, and there is danger of war. A naval demonstration is to be made in order to awaken Turkey to a sense of its duties, though France will probably not take any part in it. The result will be that Turkey will have to submit to the arbitration, or else be parcelled out to different Powers. The Eastern question is to a great extent affected by the jealousies of the six governments, and this jealousy exhibited itself in such a way at the Berlin Conference as to prevent the dismemberment of Turkey in Europe. If another European war arises, Turkey will be wiped off the map of Europe, and a good riddance it would be. Greece has been encouraged by France and England in her demands for more territory, and it is now a question whether the Porte will grant the land demanded, or whether it will be taken forcibly. We must look to Bismarck for the solution; he is master of the situation, and most probably will decide

in favour of Greece. It is certain that if the question were left to the Turks and Greeks to decide for themselves, the Greeks would undoubtedly lose, as in the Turkish army there are quite a number of veterans.

The recent terrible reverse in Afghanistan has brought grief to many homes—and it is probable that before retribution is meted out, many more lives will be sacrificed. That the honour of the British flag must be kept unstained cannot be disputed, but the pity is that the Afghans should find themselves between two jealous powers,—a position from which they cannot escape, and the result of which will be annexation to one power or the other. The unfortunate Major Cavagnari, in March, 1879, informed the Viceroy of India that "all hope of a peaceful arrangement with Yakoob Khan must be abandoned," and his statement has been grievously verified by recent events. The "scientific frontier," or as the *Times* has put it, "invulnerable frontier," is in the opinion of many a necessity for the preservation of India. This is to be had by fortifying the Passes; but to speak of subduing the Afghans by a war is chimerical, and though the Afghans cannot fight us, they can survive us, and they will. It is indisputable that the hill-tribes have to be quieted, and the quartering of soldiers in Cabul will not have this effect, but rather the opposite. Besides, in order to maintain communications with Cabul it will be necessary to have ten thousand men on duty. There is no doubt that the Afghans will have to be punished, but what then?—the British troops retire, and soldiers' bones are left to bleach upon the mountains' sides. The Afghans will be quiet for a time until Russian intrigue has again excited them into aggression, and the wheel will make another revolution—the end we cannot see.

Vanity Fair publishes the following:—

"A most disgraceful scene took place last week at Newmarket. A number of ladies of high position and rank, and well known in society, assembled after dinner at the house of one of their number to play baccarat. The hostess took the bank, together with a gentleman of the party; but at her first deal an objection was made to her manner of dealing. She dealt again, when another point was raised, and thereupon ensued the most discreditable 'row' that probably ever took place between ladies. Smoking and swearing, the heroines of the affair hurled every kind of uncomplimentary remark to each other for the space of something like half-an-hour, to the great fright of such of them as still retained the ordinary timidity of womanhood. At length the 'row' ended, but so great an effect was produced by it that it was thought necessary by the hostess to ask an exalted personage to come down and play the next night at the house in order to rehabilitate it and her—which the personage was good-naturedly pleased to do. It is right to add that the hostess herself is said to have acted properly throughout. But the point is that it is a simple disgrace that ladies should gamble at all in this business-like and professional manner; that it is doubly disgraceful that they should gamble as they do with mere paper; and that it is trebly disgraceful for them to adopt the manners of scullerymaids and the language of coal-heavers.

"While this scene was taking place inside, the crowd were engaged in killing a policeman outside, while the doors were not even shut. It reminds one of the preliminary scenes of the French Revolution."

Truth says:—

"The most fashionable jerseys are transparent. These are worn in the day-time. I saw two or three in the Park the other morning."

And speaking of English girls it remarks:—

"As to laughing, how seldom, except on the stage, do we hear a really musical laugh. Some girls make dreadful grimaces when they laugh. A little education in the art would not make their laughter artificial, and they would surely enjoy it all the more if they could realize that they might indulge in mirth without making themselves look so very ugly, as is occasionally the case."

TORONTO AND ABOUT.

I have never yet had the good fortune to live in a city having such a disregard of its shipping interest as Toronto, where the carrying trade of our vessels forms so large a portion of our commercial prosperity. I desire to call attention more particularly to the fact of our inability to provide accommodation of any sort for disabled vessels. Perhaps there is no city on the Continent that sees so much contention and discussion with so little accomplishment. Ten or twelve years ago a Company was about to be formed to build dry docks at the river Humber, or near the entrance of the proposed chimerical Huron and Ontario Ship Canal. Much talk and comment occurred amongst the citizens over the undertaking at the time; the success of the affair was assured. Who could doubt it? A large dividend was sure to be reaped by the adventurers, and the city was to be incalculably profited thereby; but the scheme fell through, and nothing more has been heard of the wonderful Company to the present day. Again, and later, a vague rumour, which appeared to increase to certainty, that a Company had actually been formed to dredge and build a dry dock at the island, startled the natives; but history records that beyond the rumour the public at large felt no advantage from the proposed speculation. And now it was understood that operations would commence immediately on the Don Flats, if only the City Fathers came down handsomely and helped by bonus or exemption a *bona fide* Company really incorporated. But, alas! the indifference of the City Fathers was deplorable; no bonus was forthcoming, and the really incorporated Company came and went in a flash. Later, Joseph Gearing, or more correctly Alderman Gearing, with others decided upon constructing a dry dock between the worthy Alderman's wharf and his neighbours' at the foot of Frederick street. This was final; there could be no mistake about it, Toronto was to have the necessary convenience of a dry dock after all—hurrah! But "man proposes," &c. Joseph Gearing a few weeks afterwards made a compromise with his creditors, and the wharves at the foot of Frederick street will never enclose a dry dock. Last year a new idea was sprung upon the credulous. By means of *caissons*, or sunk cribs, or something of the sort—nobody appeared to know anything about the matter—we were at last to see the accomplishment of our aspirations. Months, however, passed, and still our steamboats, our yachts and sailing vessels, for the slightest damage done to keels or elsewhere, were towed across the lake to Port Dalhousie, a port one-tenth as large as the Provincial capital, or down the lake to Ogdensburg. Up to the present time all our attempts to obtain dry docks have proved futile; we are apparently as far off as ever. There is one hope, however; there appears to be a legitimate Company formed for the above purpose of building dry docks in Toronto, a good Company, a Company not likely to get into financial difficulties, and this competent Company is prepared to go on with the work *now*, provided they (the Company) are exempt from taxation for five years or so, and as the City Council at a late meeting saw fit to grant the exemption, there is a prospect at least of seeing this much-talked-of hospital for disabled ships constructed.

But what we want to know about the affair is this: why should the poor pay heavy taxes, for the taxes are heavy, to put money in the hands of wealthy capitalists? What reasons, in the name of common sense, can these influential corporation and companies put forward in favour of exemption from taxation? I must confess I can see none. If on the other hand the company is poor, why should the ratepayers be forced to give their aid in this way without any shadow of return? I have as much right to demand a bonus from my neighbour when I build a fine house adjoining his vacant lot, on the ground that his property is improved by the erection, as these companies have in demanding exemption from taxation until such time as these manufactories, or what you will, are in good paying order. A precedent has been adopted in this exemption that is pernicious and unjust.

The Central Committee discussion is but another example and proof of the fact that the Ontario system of Education is not all it is famous for. Is it right for Inspectors of Public Schools and Public School Examiners, who are instructed to authorize text books, to

compile text books themselves, which although not really authorized, are nevertheless used as the basis and ground of examination by them? Although a great deal that has been said by party journals is nothing but what the *Globe* says "wholesale mud flinging," yet it cannot be denied that the principle is infamous which permits an Inspector or Examiner to receive a royalty for such a publication.

With the exception of Buffalo I presume there is no city on the Continent that takes such an interest in Niagara Falls as Toronto. Two or three excursion boats leave Toronto every day for Niagara, while on holidays the accommodation of all the boats combined is scarcely sufficient for the demand; hence we feel more than a passing interest in the proposed International Park. No doubt Senator Campbell and Allan, and Messrs. J. B. Plumb and A. Desjardins members of the House of Commons, forming the Canadian Commission to act in concert with the authorities of New York State, will do all in their power to see that the undertaking so far as Canada is concerned shall be a success, yet it appears the whole scheme is very likely to fall to the ground. The commission is tardy: there should be no delay, for presently such difficulties may arise, through this procrastination, as to effectually stay the entire proposal. Already, as the *New York Herald* intimates, the people of that state are becoming sceptical of the whole affair.

At a meeting of interested persons lately, the subject of foresting was broached, with a view to find out how far we are indebted for the remarkable change in our climate about Toronto, produced within the last decade, to the demolition of our forests. The subject is one for the local legislature to deal with, and is of infinite importance. Twenty years ago the fall of snow in Ontario and especially about Toronto was enormous and continuous throughout the winter. But with the decline of the forests a remarkable change has taken place in the climate, instead of snow, we have rain; instead of Arctic cold, we have British moisture. The meteorological report of Ontario for the last twenty years shows this change to be gradual but sure, and in a direct ratio to the devastation of the forests. This is important and the local legislature might well take the subject in hand and discountenance the indiscriminate destruction of our trees, and encourage the preservation and planting of trees in certain portions of the Province.

As I mentioned in last week's SPECTATOR, the Sunday Island traffic has proved to be a snare. Last Friday the Managers of the Young Men's Christian Association adopted the following resolution: "Whereas the Board of this association having been informed by its Tract Committee that the hands employed on the ferry boats complain of being compelled to work on the Lord's Day, desire to enter a strong protest against all such Sunday traffic, and against all that in any way directly or indirectly, leads to the violation of God's law, or aids and abets a cause whereby our fellow-citizens men are deprived of needed physical rest, or attendance on the more needed means of grace." I cannot see how those Rev. gentlemen who countenanced these Sunday pleasure boats, can reconcile the traffic with the command "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

Now when it is too late, the Civic Committee propose to make all the six railway lines entering Toronto have a converging point at Union Station. It is not at all likely that any sort of amicable arrangement can be made with the several lines, as all of them have their own stations erected at great expense, and although this accommodation might be desirable it is by no means necessary. Our Civic Committee and other Municipal Committees are constantly attempting something impossible. I believe the citizens as a body would rather just at present see the streets put into something like repair, or made permanent, than witness any other municipal revolution. In driving beyond the several railway tracks at the new Reformatory last Saturday, on the principal street of the city, the wheels of my phaeton sank two feet in the mud, and this sort of road for half a mile. Where are our aldermen who went to Chicago lately to copy their block pavement?

Queen City.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

The official statement of the United States foreign commerce is at hand, and from statistics made up to June 30 it is found the trade is the largest ever known in the history of the country. The total exports were \$852,936,843. Total imports, \$760,919,875. Excess of exports, \$82,016,968. The imports were greater than in any former year, and this fact may furnish an instructive lesson to the public. It will be noticed that although the exports aggregated such an immense sum the difference was comparatively small in our favour. The excess, if kept up in the same ratio, would easily be changed by a bad year in favour of foreign account, and the balance of trade be against us. With all our unprecedented exports the excess is so small that the loss of a single harvest would change the whole condition of affairs. In our prosperous years we are making no provision for crop failures or cattle plagues that are liable to occur with disastrous results in view of our imports so rapidly increasing. It must be borne in mind that our exports are largely agricultural, and as they are dependent on the weather can never be safely counted upon until actually produced. We have no products of manufacture to send abroad that would in any degree make up the deficiency of crop failure. Europe takes nothing from us but breadstuffs and provisions, and the loss of foreign markets for lack of home supply would send the gold abroad once more to settle trade balances. In prosperous years we seem to forget the lessons of prudence and economy that sober judgment should teach us, and cultivate an insane desire to spend money for luxuries. We do not provide for calamities but go on in lavish expenditure of dress and living.

The countries of Europe could teach us a good example in this respect. They save up in good times for contingencies that are likely to arise in future trade complications, and in that way become in a measure prepared for disaster. We pursue the other course. We imagine our resources are so wonderful, our country so rapidly developing in wealth, our crops so abundant, that we can outbid the Old World in ostentatious display. And so with exports for the year ending June 30, 1880, aggregating nearly \$900,000,000, the trade balance is less than \$100,000,000 in our favour. A partial failure of our wheat crop alone would wipe out this excess. Let it be borne in mind that the foreign merchandise we import is largely in the way of luxuries, and our widespread extravagance is more fully apprehended. The extravagance is not confined alone to the large cities on the Atlantic coast, but it extends to all sections, permeates rural districts, farming regions, and ramifies all grades of society. No permanent prosperity can ever come to the country so long as such reckless waste and expenditure is maintained. If as a nation with all our unexampled resources we spend as much abroad or nearly so as we produce, we are laying up no capital to provide against disaster. Public sentiment must be enlightened on this subject, and it must be remembered that while we take pleasure in the exhibit of such an unprecedented foreign trade there is another side to the picture, and it is well to give it careful attention.—U. S. Economist.

Another Company for the manufacture of beet-root sugar has been organized, and will probably make a start; as to its success there may be considerable doubt. The prospectuses of these companies usually assume too high an average yield per acre; moreover, it usually requires two years to get the land into proper order for the growth of the sugar-beet. We have grown the sugar-beet and found that a larger yield was obtained by having the beets closer together than is usual with other roots, and we have it on good authority that the sugar-beets should be covered with earth as much as possible. But these are matters of detail which will be attended to by the Company. The point which we wish particularly to draw attention to is the yield per acre—this is in many cases grossly exaggerated, and has a very important bearing upon the profits of the Company. It will be at least two years before the average yield will be anything like what is usually stated. We notice that there has been a change in the French Sugar Bounties, of which the *Times* speaks as follows:—

“The news that the French Senate has agreed to the Bill for reducing the wine and sugar duties from October 1 next is of not a little interest at the present moment. As regards the wine duties it has long been a reproach to France, in negotiating commercial treaties with other countries, that the internal duties on wine in France, taking into account the *octroi* in large towns, were higher than the foreign duties on that article, which it was a principal object of the French Government in these treaties to have reduced. Now there will be less room for the *tu quoque* to France, the National Government at least, whatever may be the case with the municipalities, having a clearer record to appeal to than it had. The reduction will certainly give France a better footing for its negotiations with foreign countries, and the end, it may be hoped, will be a mutual reduction of tariffs by the leading commercial countries. The reduction of the sugar duties has even a more direct interest for us. It has a direct bearing on that agitation for the imposition of a countervailing duty on foreign ‘bounty fed’ sugar of which we have heard so much during the last few years, and which has even gone so far that there is actually some danger of the House of Commons Committee on the Sugar Industries reporting in its

favour. The reduction of duties and other provisions of the Bill will destroy the French bounty, which has been the chief theme of complaint. In this way the pretext for a countervailing duty will be removed, and the agitators left without a case. We cannot suppose that there was any real danger of a countervailing duty being imposed in any case, but we may perhaps be saved a troublesome discussion by this fortunate action of the French Legislature.

“The details of the Bill as regards sugar are in this view not without interest. As our readers know, the bounty of which so much complaint is made is given under the guise of a drawback on the exports of refined sugar from France. Sugar in a raw state is entered for refining, and pays duty according to a certain estimate of its yield of refined. When the refined is exported a drawback is paid, and as the real yield is greater than the estimated yield, a surplus remains after export, which goes into consumption in France practically free of duty. There have been many disputes as to what the bounty in this way amounts to. The sugar refiners here have tried to diffuse the belief that it is £800,000 or £1,000,000, per annum, equal to 4s. 6d. or 5s. per cwt. on the sugar exported; but this contention has disappeared in the crucible of a Parliamentary inquiry, and the bounty has been shown not to exceed 1s. 6d. per cwt. Such a bounty is too small to have any effect on refining in this country for the home market; but whatever its effect may be, the new Bill, it is plain, will practically destroy it. It reduces the duty, in round figures, from 30s. to 17s. 6d. per cwt; and, as the bounty is obtained by so much excess sugar passing into France duty free, the reduction of duty will practically involve a proportionate reduction of the bounty. From 1s. 6d. per cwt., which is the outside estimate, it will practically be reduced by this means alone to less than 1s. per cwt. Other provisions of the Bill will still further limit the bounty.

“The legal estimate of the yield of raw sugar is to be raised in such a way that the excess yield will itself be diminished by one-half. The bounty then will not even be 1s., but probably 6d. or less, at the very most—a sum which is palpably insufficient to enable the French refiner to compete in our home markets, as he has a difference of nearly three times that amount in cost of transit and other charges against him. All this, besides, is on the supposition that the bounty is a pure gain to the French refiner, whereas the fact is that sugar-making is diverted from its natural process in order to give him a sugar suitable for his manipulation, and the cost of this diversion must count for something. For all practical purposes, then, the new Bill will be the complete destruction of the French bounty. Nothing will be left which ought to damage our refiners in the home market, and there will be nothing consequently to countervail. We may congratulate Parliament, therefore, on the disappearance to a large extent of the main cause of the Sugar Industries Committee. Before that committee reports this Bill will be before them as an Act, and Parliament will hardly have risen when French refining will be carried on under the new system.”

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares per value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per share Aug. 4, 1880.	Price per share Aug. 4, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$145	\$136	4	5.52
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	86½	63	3	6.94
Molsons	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	91	71	3	6.59
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	130	109	3½	5.38
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	80	59	2½	6.25
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	104	75	3	5.77
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,500	1,382,037	200,000	3½	..
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	3	..
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	126	107½	4	6.35
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	114	88½	4	7.02
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	43½	45	43½
City Passenger Railway	50	..	600,000	163,000	109½	83½	15	4.58
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	135	116	5	7.41

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk	Week July 31	\$ 63,389	\$ 138,059	\$ 201,448	\$ 152,423	\$ 49,025	..	5 w'ks	\$ 232,901	..
Great Western	" 23	34,932	52,661	87,593	69,308	18,285	..	4 "	72,342	..
Northern & H. & N.W	" 22	7,697	18,425	26,122	19,826	6,696	..	3 "	18,762	..
Toronto & Nipissing	" 21	1,285	2,259	3,544	3,347	197	..	3 "	172	..
Midland	" 21	2,326	4,577	6,903	5,444	1,459	..	3 "	4,056	..
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 24	1,378	1,034	2,412	2,658	..	246	Jan. 1	2,577	..
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 31	745	1,528	2,273	1,666	577	11,454	..
Canada Central	" 21	2,646	5,098	7,744	5,167	2,577	..	3 w'ks	5,766	..
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 24	2,016	2,842	4,858	4,860	..	2	4 "	456	..
Q., M., O. & O.	" 15	7,944	4,488	12,522	5,350	7,172	..	2 "	16,706	..
Intercolonial	Month June 30	57,571	79,810	137,381	95,663	41,718	..	6 m'nths	228,859	..

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$53,225. Aggregate increase is \$253,901 for five weeks.

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

CANT: POLITICAL, SOCIAL, AND RELIGIOUS.

Chant and Cant are slightly varied forms of the same word signifying *song*. Language flows like a stream; and the meaning of a term sometimes, like the course of a river, will divide into branches, the one passing through regions of cheerfulness, joy and melody; the other along a dreary district of profession, falsehood, and hypocrisy. The service of the Church in old times was performed in a tone raised above, and prolonged beyond, the ordinary mode of speaking; perhaps originally for the purpose of making a large and partly distant auditory hear better. This practice occasioned the simple forms of musical notation, and afterwards led to the elaborate harmony of cathedral worship. An association of sacredness was thus connected with this peculiar mode of enunciation. The tone employed by the monks was imitated by beggars who asked for charity in the name of the Deity. The term "cant" came to designate their whining supplications, and from that very naturally passed to the language of pretension and hollowness, and that of an attempt at imposition. By an easy transition, it designated the technical terms used by particular professions. Words which wrested language from its ordinary application were called "cant terms," and at last an association was established between "cant" and whatever is hypocritical, glozing and attempts at cajolery, either in reference to things of earth or of heaven. Thus did the word fulfil its course, until the last meaning was widely divided from the first; as widely as the ebullition of a gladsome heart, the artistical melody that soothes the soul or thrills the nerves, or the song of the lark at heaven's gate, from the solemn mechanical tone indicating a task, in which there is neither heart nor soul, the meaning of the word either not understood or altogether disregarded, and the external repetition only awakening the suggestion of internal falsehood—that is to say, as widely as the difference between the feathered chanter of the field and the surpliced canter of the cathedral.

We owe the word, as well as the thing, to the Church. It has been the course of proceeding ever since there were churches in the world, to set up an artificial standard of goodness, moral superiority, and what is called saintship, and to include in this renunciation of much that nature commends as good, true, and beautiful to the common sense and feeling of humanity. Throughout the history of the Church there has always been something artificial connected with saintship; an intolerance of the simplest enjoyments of nature and the most genuine dictates of our intellectual and moral being. There is a cant in action, and a cant in words. Saintship has passed very much from the cant of action in ancient times to the easier cant of words in modern times. It was something in the old days to be a saint, as in the fourth and fifth centuries; it implied no little energy in a man. There was that great saint, Simeon Stylites, the pillar-saint. He did not earn his reputation so smoothly as the bustling members of our missionary societies. He was something like a saint! Think of him in comparison with some of our modern saints; he would look down upon them as Nelson from the top of his pillar on the pedestrians in Notre Dame Street. Now, a man has nothing to do but to repeat a few familiar phrases and pull a long face on proper occasions; to attend three sermons on Sunday, and two prayer-meetings on week-days; be present at the meetings of missionary societies; draw his purse-strings, and be zealous in sectarian movements; and he is reckoned for as good a saint as ever walked the earth—doing all by this easier cant of words instead of that old cant of action, which implied some nerve, and a really enduring and indomitable energy.

Among the various forms which canting takes, one of the most conspicuous is that in which certain solemn wishes and desires are repeated from time to time without any effort made to realize them. We are fully justified in calling by the name of "cant" a wish that is uttered a hundred times by those who never lift a finger for its accomplishment. As an illustration of this, we may refer to New Year resolutions of amendment,—the "turning over a new leaf,"—or the occasional spurts in the temperance cause; we need go no further back than what was called the "Rine movement;" how many members of our community publicly "resolved, and re-resolved," and how many of the converts have become *re-verts*. I say such a declaration so repeated is cant, and nothing more than cant. Why, it would do just as well if wishes and prayers of this kind could be repeated by machinery, be ground by steam-engines, or played by barrel-organs; or if they were like the devotions of the Calmucks, who put their prayers into a cylinder, and then turn it round with might and main, believing that the more heartily and the longer they turn, the more acceptable their prayers are, and the more likely to bring down blessings from their divinities.

There is an alarming amount of newspaper cant current, and the reporters have much to answer for on this head; beyond the stereotyped phrases, as the "devouring element" applied to a fire, and the "happy couple" when recording a fashionable wedding; why should a man everlastingly be "taken by surprise" when a testimonial is presented to him, and if taken by surprise, how is it that he invariably returns thanks in a few "well-chosen sentences,"—why, Mr. Editor, upon my honour, I have in my memory a case of this kind, of recent occurrence, where the recipient, to my certain knowledge, could not have said "Bo! to a goose."

Possibly, the place of all places for cant is the chapel of a gaol—that is its peculiar chosen temple; and the appropriate priests seem generally to be felicitously selected. The office is a not very desirable one, it is true—that of gaol-chaplain. It is said that the hangman is the best paid workman in the country, because he is exposed to the least competition. The administration of justice ought to know nothing of spiritual confidences, yet there generally springs up a sympathy between the chaplain and a person condemned to be hanged. Generally, too, according to the chaplain, the culprit gives most decided symptoms of divine grace, and what he even calls miraculous intervention. His prayers are most edifying, and his whole demeanour (we are told) is that of a child of Heaven, &c. If all that the chaplain says be true, in many cases, instead of being hanged, the condemned man should have been made a bishop.

Before dismissing religious cant, I may say that the very worst phase of religious cant is the parson who, with the name of the Saviour on his lips, exhorts his hearers to lead good lives, he himself setting so vicious an example that it may well be shunned by the meanest of his congregation. How many examples could we call to mind, both here and elsewhere. There exists a homily preached by one Thomas Hood which I commend to the notice of all canters. A few extracts may not unworthily serve to convey the deepest meaning:—

"A man may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat;
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
A man has got a belly full of meat
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth.
* * * * *

"I will not own a notion so unholy,
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heaven, whereas the poor and lowly
Must work their passage, as they do in ships."
* * * * *

"But must
Religion have its own Utilitarians,
Labelled with evangelical phylacteries,
To make the road to heaven a railway trust,
And churches—that's the naked fact—mere factories."

There are many phases of political cant which would fairly occupy another paper. One, which might almost be taken as a pleasantry, is—the responsibility of Ministers. On one occasion Sir Robert Peel told the House of Commons by no means to throw out the Bill under discussion—to visit him with punishment if they would, but at any rate to pass the Bill. He fell back on his responsibility. Now, I take that responsibility to be a very easy matter. It is just the responsibility of holding office as long as office can be held, and then being at the head of an Opposition. The Ministers in this country have often talked of their responsibility, and been threatened with their responsibility by Opposition leaders. It has seemed a very serious affair, and one not used to political language—political cant, that is—would think there really were crimes and accusers, and that by-and-by there would be impeachments and penalties, perhaps the scaffold. But nothing of the sort happens. Charles James Fox reminded Lord North of his responsibility through the American War, denouncing him and his measures for the violation of all constitutional privilege and natural right; and then when the time came, when the crime, if crime it was, had been completed, when the season for retribution and judgment had arrived, what did he? Coalesced with Lord North instead of impeaching him. After having for so many years called him both "fool" and "beast," the world saw him, as Canning said in his song:

"In spite of his real or fancied alarms,
Take the fool to his councils, the beast to his arms."

Pitt used to appeal to his responsibility when suspending the *Habeas Corpus* Act, when incarcerating innocent men, without any charge whatever, in gaol for years, when he was trampling on the liberty of the press, when he was wasting blood and treasure by wholesale, entailing on the country difficulties with which it has ever since struggled, and is struggling against even to this day—Pitt ever and anon appealed to his responsibility. And how was he held to that responsibility? Why, he died, and the people paid his debts and built a monument to his memory. Such is ministerial responsibility! If you want real responsibility, let a poor starving man, steal a loaf of bread from a grocery store, and you will soon find it. It is to be found for petty larceny; but for corrupting a whole people, and sustaining systems of fraud, bribery, and misrepresentation, for wasting human lives by thousands, for entailing misery on generations, for degrading a great nation, and impeding the progress of civilization, for all this there is no such thing, it is nothing but cant.

I have used Fox and Pitt as representative names. I might have come nearer home for my examples but we are taught from our childhood that it is rude to point at any one.

For the past two years I have written my "day-dreams" for the SPECTATOR, I am not conscious of having penned a line for its pages which I would wish to blot; as this will probably be my last appearance, I would like

to leave these few words as a legacy to my readers—Never be deceived by words. Always try to penetrate the realities. Have your wits sharpened, your senses exercised to discern good and evil. Be not imposed upon by pompous manners. Many a solemnly-uttered sentence is often a sheer inanity, which will not bear the scrutiny of an observant intellect. Be not frightened by denunciations; by being told that you are not a good subject, or a good Christian, if you do not believe, or say that you believe, this or that. Be not led astray by iteration; mistake not the familiar for the intelligible. Ascertain what words are meant to convey, and what they actually do convey. Go to the substance and soul of whatever is propounded. Be on your guard against bold assumptions, nor let them bear you away against the dictates of your own understanding. Look at phrases as counters, or paper money, that may pass for much or little, according to circumstances. Endeavour to arrive at truth, and make that your treasure. Be ever wide awake to see through any veil of sophistry and cant; nor, by the agency of words, be made the dupe of any critic, lawyer, priest or politician.

Quevedo Redivivus.

BOYS—AN ADAPTATION.

It has often occurred to me what a happy time Adam and Eve must have had with their boys—their boys never belonged to a lacrosse or boating club, and never teased for a pair of skates, so Mrs. Eve could prepare, without being bothered by questions, her three meals a day, 365 times a year, and had time to chase the flies out of the sitting-room. Parents now-a-days have a different time of it. You have your own boy to look after, or your neighbour has a boy, whom you can look after much more closely than his mother does, and much more to your own satisfaction than to the boy's comfort. Your boy is an animal that asks questions; if there were any truth in the old theory of the transmigration of souls, when a boy died he would pass into an interrogation point, and he'd stay there, he'd never get out of it for he never get through asking questions. The older he grows the more he asks and the more perplexing his questions are and the more unreasonable he is about wanting them answered to suit himself. The oldest boy I ever knew—he was about 57 years old and he taught school—could and did ask the hardest questions for a boy to answer and when his questions were not answered to suit him, he would take up a long slender rod which always lay near the big dictionary and with it smite us ignorant boys: this custom of his was, strange to say a custom more honoured in the breeches than the observance. A boy ever looks forward to the time when he will be a man and know every thing—that happy far-away manhood which never comes to any of us; which would never come to him if he lived a thousand years; manhood, that like boyhood, ever looks forward from day to day to the morrow; still peering into the future for brighter light and broader knowledge; day after day, as its world opens before it, stumbling upon ever new and unsolved mysteries; manhood that so often looks over its shoulder and glances back toward boyhood and only finally reaches the grandeur of boyhood—and now in a few years your boy, without entirely ceasing to ask questions, begins to answer them, until you are amazed at the extent of his knowledge. He thinks he knows everything—he will tell you how to distinguish good mushrooms from bad ones and will manage to give you the bad ones and he knows lots of roots to make medicinal drinks and brings them home and comes very near sending the whole family to the cemetery with his experiments. He has a formula, repeating which nine times a day, and pointing his finger toward the sun, causes warts to disappear in three days; he has one particular marble which he calls blood alley or commie and with which only he can so he thinks have any luck. If he loses this, he stops playing, and like older boys fails with his pockets full and holds a creditors' meeting, perhaps in the school house porch. A boy's world is open to no one but a boy; you never really revisit your boyhood years much as you may dream of them. After you get into a tail-coat and tight boots, you never again set foot in boy world; you lose your instinct for the woods, and cannot tell a hickory-nut tree from a maple; you can't make friends with strange dogs; you can't make terrific noises with your mouth, beside a host of other things which a boy can do. Your boy gets on; he reaches the dime-novel period; he wants to go to Sunday-school or build a church, or he may want to be a missionary or a pirate or an Indian scout or a councillor—he is not particular which, nor does he see any difference. Perhaps he would rather be a pirate, as he thinks he can make more money than as a missionary, and runs less chance of being devoured. He likes school at this time, and every time he dreams of being a pirate he dreams of hanging his school-teacher at the yard-arm in the presence of all the delighted scholars. His voice develops and gets louder; it develops much more than his morals. In the yard, down the street, at the railway station, on the river—in fact, everywhere, the voice of your boy is heard. He whispers in shouts and converses by means of shrieks. He talks about his father's domestic matters over the fence with your neighbour's boy, so that all the neighbourhood can hear that you are about to be sued, or that there is a mortgage on your house. He hates company, and cannot be induced to walk down stairs, and by sliding down the banisters soon loosens every rail, and the lamp-stand at the foot of the stairway

is knocked over every night, curing the family of the careless habit of leaving it there. On rainy days he wears his father's boots, and brings in mud to be left on the carpets. He carefully and designedly steps over the door-mat, and until he is about seventeen years' old never knows that a door scraper is intended for use and not for ornament. He draws with a pencil or a burnt match, artistic pictures on the new wall paper; he always wants a new hat or a new pair of boots; he wears his hat in the air and on the ground far more than he does on his head, and he hardly ever hangs it up without either pulling the hook through the crown or pulling the hat-rack over. He can make a kite that will fly higher than any balloon; he will make a sled out of the pantry shelves that will go, as he says, "like the very dickens"; he will build a splendid mouse-trap out of the water pitcher and the family Bible, so splendid that it is only equalled by the excuse he makes for having used the Bible for such a purpose. He steals the clothes'-lines and drives a team of six-in-hand composed of boys like himself. Perhaps you send him on a message—there are three ladies in the parlour; you have waited for them to go; they have shown alarming symptoms of staying to tea, and you know that there is not enough preserves or fruit to go around. It is only three minutes' walk to the grocery, however, and your boy sets off like a rocket and you are so pleased at his quickness. He is however gone a long time—ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, perhaps half-an-hour pass away, and your boy returns at last—he comes back and asks humbly what it was you wanted him to get. Your boy falls in love; he brings his sister and gets cuffed for it, and two hours later another boy—not your boy, but one a little older—will come in and will hug as much as he likes, and all that is said is "must he go so soon," and does not go until perhaps you come in and ask him if he is going to stay to breakfast.

To be more serious, your boy's life is not all fun and mischief at this period. Go up to his room some night and his sleeping face will tell you that he has griefs and troubles that sometimes weigh his little heart down almost to breaking. The stained hand outside the sheet is soiled and rough, and the cut finger with the rude bandage of the boy's own making plead with a mute pathos of their own for the mischievous hand that is never idle. On the browned cheek the trace of a tear marks the piteous close of the day's troubles—trouble at school with books that were too many for him, temptations too strong to resist, just as come to his father—and at last in his home, trouble has pursued him until feeling utterly friendless and in everybody's way he has crawled off to what is called the boys' room, and his over-charged heart has welled up into his eyes, and his last waking breath has broken into a sob, and while he thinks there is nothing but trouble in this world, he falls asleep. However, all is forgotten in the morning, and his hand is against everybody's, and everybody's hand is against him, when they can catch him. He wears his mother's slipper on his jacket just as much as she wears it on her foot; this is wrong however; it spreads the slipper and discourages the boy; and often, when his poor mother is pained because she has to slipper him, your boy is chuckling over the thought that he was cute enough to wear two coats. By and by your boy develops into a tail-coat—he does not appreciate it at first—how he sidles along the fence and what a wary eye he keeps in every direction for other boys. It seems to him to be an ill-fitting monster. Passing into the tail-coat period your boy finds out that he has hands. He is not very positive how many, and hitherto he would wear anything on his feet but now he wants a glove-fitting boot, and learns to smile while his feet are in agony. And, his mother never cuts his hair again. Never. His hair will be trimmed and clipped, barberously it may be, but she will not be accissory before the fact. She may sometimes long to have her boy kneel down before her, while she gnaws around his terrified locks with a pair of scissors that were sharpened when they were made, and have since then cut acres of calico, and miles and miles of paper, and great stretches of cloth, and snarls and coils of string, and lamp wicks, and have snuffed candles, and have dug refractory corks out of the family ink bottle, and punched holes in skate straps, and trimmed the family nails, and perhaps have been used to cut stove-pipe lengths once a year, and to open sardine cans—well these scissors have gone snarlingly and toilsomely around your boy's head and made him an object of terror to the children on the street—but it is done no more. And now, your boy makes a wonderful discovery, though it dawns but slowly upon his consciousness, it is the great fact that the upper lip is intended by Nature to be used as a mustache pasture. He explores the land of promise with the tip of his little finger, delicately backing up the grade the wrong way, going always against the grain, so as to perceive the velvety resistance. And in the first dawning consciousness that the mustache is there and needs only to be brought out like the vote, your boy walks down to the barber shop, gazes in at the window and walks past. And how often when he musters up courage to go in and climbs into the chair, and is just about to whisper that he would like a shave, he gets frightened and has his hair cut again. Often, in fact more often he begins to learn to shave by using his father's razor, and his father asks who has been opening fruit-cans with his razor, and nobody knows. Your boy strops the razor furiously, or rather he razors the strop: he slashes and cuts the strop in as many directions as he can make motions with the razor, and would cut it oftener if the strop lasted longer; then he nicks the razor against the side of the mug; then he drops it on the floor and steps on

it and nicks it again. They are small nicks, and he flatters himself his father will never see them; then he tries to get his upper lip into approachable shape and usually cuts his nose; he gashes the corners of his mouth, scratches his cheek, and soon knows what a nick in a razor is good for. But he learns to shave after a while, just before he cuts his lip entirely off. Boys at this period of their life are called shavers. By and bye his mustache takes a start, the world begins to notice it, and he has to endure dark hints about his face being dirty. He does not follow his father's advice to use a table-spoonful of cream and the family cat. When his little sisters innocently inquire, "Tom, what have you on your upper lip," he is silent and ignores the frivolous small talk of women. And when his younger brother takes advantage of the presence of company to shout loudly through the house that Tom is raising mustachers, Tom smiles—a ghost of a smile.

(To be continued.)

ATHEISM AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A Sermon preached by R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, England.

(Concluded.)

And now I want to ask to what extent this Faith exists among the English people, among those who attend public worship—among ourselves. The appearance of the member for Northampton at the table of the House of Commons has seemed to large numbers of good people a portentous and unexampled event. That man who declares that neither in the heavens above nor on the earth beneath, neither in the history of the race nor in his personal life, can he find any evidence of the existence of God, and who has therefore renounced his faith in it and openly proclaims his unbelief—that such a man should claim a seat in the House of Commons, has produced a horror which has been felt through the whole nation. But where are the signs of the active energy of the Faith which the member for Northampton rejects? Thank God the signs exist and exist in all classes of society. There are large numbers of men and women in every rank in whose lives Faith in God is the supreme force, and to whom this Faith is the supreme joy and consolation—men and women who "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and to whom wealth and honour and pleasure and ease have ceased to be the great sources of anxiety and the great objects of desire. There are still large numbers of persons in whose lives Faith is militant though not completely and conspicuously victorious. At times they are penetrated with awe and reverence, inspired with trust and joy by the greatness and by the glory of God. Even when their Faith is latent it is ready to spring into energetic activity to resist the assault of temptation or to enforce the claims of duty. If their general standard of morality does not rise much above the height of the accepted morals of society, yet, at points, their conceptions of what human life should be, are touched and transfigured by their knowledge of God and of immortality. In them Faith is not "dead," though its strength is too infirm and its authority too limited. But do such persons constitute the majority of the nation? Can we, however much we strain our charity, can we believe that the English people generally love God with so great a love that compared with this sovereign devotion all other affections and passions are weak and cold? Is it true that the great masses of the working people are working not so much for wages as to obey the will of God; that the majority of our manufacturers, tradesmen, merchants, professional men are so completely controlled by the divine authority that in the choice of their business or profession, and in their conduct of it, their great endeavour is to please God by serving mankind; that the members of the House of Commons—or, to narrow the inquiry—the members whose vote prevented the member for Northampton from taking his seat, became candidates at the last election, made their speeches, spent their money, simply because they want to get the will of God done on earth as it is done in heaven?

These are natural inquiries. They are the inquiries which a minister of religion is forced to make in the presence of the excitements and conflicts of last week. They are in the spirit of the words of the Apostle, "Thou believest that there is one God: thou doest well; but art thou willing to know, O vain man, that faith without works is dead?" Faith without works is dead; this is so obvious that if a man does not know it, it is because he will not; and the man who does not know it, is a vain man—a man whose life is hollow, empty, unreal.

Atheism is of two kinds. There is practical Atheism, in which all the active powers of man refuse to acknowledge the supreme authority of God, though the fact of His existence is admitted by the intellect. There is theoretical Atheism, in which His existence is denied, and His authority is, therefore, disregarded. To those of us who desire to bring our thoughts into harmony with the thoughts of God, who wish to look at things as they are, and not as mere human custom may make them seem to be, I ask, whether there is any real and serious difference between the two?

Let us take a parallel case. One man believes that there is an eternal difference between right and wrong, that it is his duty to be honest, truthful, temperate, pure; this is a great and noble faith. Another man denies that

there is any obligation to be virtuous, and maintains that a man is at liberty to follow the impulse of his passions and to live according to his own views of his personal interests; this is miserable unbelief. But both men are habitually guilty of dishonesty, of lying, of drunkenness, of profligacy. Does the acknowledgment of the obligations of duty cover or palliate the vices of the one and make him a better man than the other? Would you more readily place the one in a position of trust than the other? Would not both be the objects of your moral censure and indignation?

There are great numbers of men who would resent the charge of Atheism. They believe in God—so far they do well. But where is the glory of their faith—where its power? How often do they hear its voice? What provinces of their life are under its command? Its should be crowned, sceptred, enthroned. If the works which are the proof of its authority and strength are absent, James says that it is dead. Yes, the only difference between the practical and the speculative atheist is this: in the soul of the practical atheist the dead corpse of faith is still lying, placed perhaps, in a costly and splendid sarcophagus of religious observance, clothed as I have seen the bodies of dead men clothed, in vestments of honour—decorated with jewels—but dead, really dead. From the soul of the speculative atheist the corpse has been removed, and hardly a trace remains that it was ever there.

Many years ago I was told of a conversation between two men, both of whom I know, and it was from the one I know best that I received the report of the conversation. My friend is a man of honourable, exemplary, and beautiful character. The other man, whose character is also honourable and exemplary, said to him—"I do not believe in the existence of God, but if I did, I do not see that in any one respect my life would be different from what it is." My friend replied—"I do believe in the existence of God, but if I ceased to believe, I do not see that in any one respect my life would be different from what it is." The corpse of faith was there, but nothing more. "Faith without works is dead."

From what I have said you can infer the impression produced on my own by the proceedings in the House of Commons last week. I can understand and sympathise with those who regard the return of the member for Northampton with anxiety and alarm, and to whom his appearance at the table of the House of Commons seemed a portent of evil omen. But the debate was more ominous still. It was an appalling revelation of unreality and hollowness of much that passes for religious faith, and of the inability of some men, whose religious faith is beyond question, to distinguish between the empty forms and the eternal substance of religion. You remember the great sentence of Mr. Bright's last Monday—in which there breathed the very spirit of the ancient prophets, the exaggeration of his words being the proof of the uncontrollable energy of his moral indignation—"The working classes of this country," he said, "care as little for the dogmas of Christianity as the higher classes care for the practice of that religion." This was followed by cries of "order" and "withdraw." "I wish in my heart," he replied, "I could withdraw." It was a tremendous indictment, and many members of the House seem to have writhed under it. How was it answered? One member wished that Mr. Bright could have been with him on the preceding Sunday and seen ladies of title carrying flowers. Where they were carrying them, or why, the speaker did not say, as his sentence was interrupted by derisive laughter from the Liberal benches. I suppose they were carrying them into a church to decorate the altar. But consider the state of mind and of belief which made such an answer possible to such a charge. It is declared that the upper classes care very little for the practice of Christianity; and the reply is that ladies of title have been seen carrying flowers—I suppose, into a church. It was natural to meet such a reply with derision; and yet it might well have been listened to with silent wonder and tears. But this incident was of a piece with the hollowness of the whole debate. One member urged that "an atheist was not likely to be a member of high moral character"—*not likely to be*—and this was a ground for excluding the member for Northampton from the House. But I wonder what the same gentleman would say if it were proposed to exclude all men from the House who are actually and flagrantly not men of high moral character—who gamble and get drunk, and live a profligate life. Such men may enter the House without difficulty, and when they win a hardly contested election, their own side will receive them with enthusiastic cheers. The argument was hollow and unreal.

But, you may say that this is a religious rather than a moral question. Well, what shall we say of the zeal for the sanctities of religion which would exclude a man from the House of Commons who is known to deny the divine existence, but which consents to receive men who are known to break the plainest divine laws? What shall we say of the zeal of the House for God—its horror at the very proposal to admit a man who has lectured on Atheism, and declared in a letter that the most solemn words of the oath had no meaning for him—when the House knows that there are already sitting on its benches men who are as destitute of faith as the member for Northampton himself? What shall we say of the protest against the profanity of permitting an atheist to take the oath, when the very member who, in the first instance, led the attack, and became the representative of the religious faith of the House, spoke of the members of the House as "having some God or another," and seemed to think

that if a man had "some God or another," this would satisfy the conscience and religious instincts of those for whom he was speaking.

What shall we say of the sincerity of the religious resistance to the entrance of the member for Northampton into the House, when it was distinctly avowed that if in the first instance, he had come to the table and proposed to take the oath, no opposition would have been offered to his doing it? His opinions were as notorious then as they are now. Every ground, every reason, for objecting to his presence in the House was known then as perfectly as it is known now. But if he had not asked to be permitted to affirm; if he had consented, at first, to make that tremendous appeal to God which, on his lips, could have no significance—he would have been allowed to take his seat without protest. It is enough to freeze one's blood to see the most august and awful cause insulted, outraged, humiliated, and profaned by a defence like this.

What course will be taken by Parliament to solve the grave constitutional question which the recent proceedings have left unsolved, I do not know. It is the contention of the Prime Minister that the member for Northampton is under a statutory obligation to take the oath or to affirm, and that under the statute enforcing the oath of allegiance Parliament has no authority to intercept him in the discharge of that obligation. This is not the place to discuss nice questions of law.

The objection from our point of view to the oath being taken in the present case is obvious and grave. There is profanity in an appeal to God on the part of a man who does not believe that God exists. But if the law imposes the oath on a member elected to the House of Commons, the House has no legal right while the law is unrepealed to prevent him from obeying it. The profanity has been committed too often already. The member for Northampton declares he is willing to commit it again. Now that we are brought face to face with the facts, a swift remedy should be found; either the law imposing an oath should be repealed altogether, or any man who claims exemption from it should be permitted to affirm.

I may be told that this would be a dangerous relaxation of securities which are necessary for the public safety; that in courts of justice many a reckless, irreligious, immoral man is restrained from giving false testimony by a certain dread of the religious sanctions attaching to an oath; and that, similarly, a traitor to the crown might consent to affirm his allegiance, and yet shrink from confirming it by swearing. There is some force in the plea. The authority of Superstition survives the authority of Faith, and those who so dishonour Faith as to regard it as nothing more than an effective agent of police, may, without scruple, accept the service of Superstition when Faith has vanished. There was a conspiracy of one of the great families of Florence against Lorenzo and Giuliano Medici: a brigand undertook to commit the murder at a banquet, but declined to attempt the murder in the Cathedral. Certain of the clergy, says an old historian "who were familiar with the sacred place and consequently had no fear" consented to act in his stead. The clergy were unable to complete the crime. The superstition of the brigand caused the partial failure of the conspiracy. For a man who has a real faith in the living God a declaration is as binding as an oath; for a man who has no belief in the divine existence a declaration is as binding as an oath. For a superstitious man an oath may have binding authority when a declaration has none. Whether in courts of justice we should consent to employ this appeal to superstition in order to secure honest testimony, is a question of public policy. A true reverence for the majesty of God makes us shrink from it. In the House of Commons I believe that the oath is valueless. We were reminded last week that the oath of allegiance to the Hanoverian dynasty did not prevent the followers of the Stuarts from entering Parliament. The circumstances and position of a member required to declare his allegiance to the crown are wholly different from the circumstances of witnesses called upon to give testimony in a court of justice, for or against their friends and neighbours, on matters which affect life, property, and freedom. The solemn affirmation of allegiance gives us all the guarantees of loyalty which need be asked for.

But the question returns whether morality—and the kind of morality necessary for the right discharge of the grave duties of a member of the House of Commons—does not lose one of its chief defences if the existence of God is denied. It does. It loses more than that. It loses the inspiration, the dignity, the breadth which come from religious faith. But does the oath secure these nobler and firmer morals? You have had the oath for three centuries. Have the members of the English Parliament stood conspicuous before the nation for their lofty conception of duty, for the purity of their lives, for their fidelity to the law of God? Has the oath secured you against that fierceness of party strife in which the interests of the nation and the laws of justice and truth are forgotten? Has it secured you against iniquitous legislation in the interest of powerful classes in the state? Has it secured you against unjust and cruel wars? Has it secured you against the selfish ambition of party leaders, who, to win power and place, have been careless of all moral restraints? What is it that you fear? It is not an opinion. It is moral conduct which is uncontrolled by the authority of God; practical Atheism; an habitual dis-

regard of the divine laws; an habitual indifference to the divine approval and the divine anger. And against practical Atheism no oath can protect you. What the apostle James thought of the moral and religious value of that bare acknowledgment of the divine existence, to which some good men attribute such immense importance, appears in the text: "Thou believest that there is one God; thou doest well; the devils believe and tremble." Under the fires of that superb and awful scorn religious formalism should be utterly consumed. Had the apostle been in the House of Commons last week, his indignation would have been fiercer and more terrible than Mr. Bright's.

The oath, as now interpreted, contains no guarantee of morality. It may be taken by a Deist, whose God is remote and inaccessible: who created the universe, indeed, but has left it to work itself like a great machine, and never interferes in the moral government of mankind. The God of the Deist ought not to satisfy you. How far will you go? You and I believe that the loftiest principles and surest supports of morality are to be found in the Christian revelation; and if in the interests of morality we have a right to impose any religious tests on members of the House of Commons, we ought in consistency to require them to be Christians. Will you, then, revert to the legislation of former years, and exclude Jews from Parliament? We are Protestants, and believe that the intervention of the authority of the Church and of the priest between the individual soul and God must impair the vigour of the moral life and have disastrous moral results. Do you propose, in the interests of morality, to revive the oath which excluded Roman Catholics from the House of Commons? You and I believe that the revelation of judgment to come, and the promise of eternal life to those that are loyal to Christ, and the menace of eternal destruction against those who are not, add immeasurably to the strength of the motives to right doing and of the restraints from sin. Are you prepared to require the members of the House of Commons to declare their rejection of the doctrine of universal restoration? We believe—and this after all is the gravest question of all—we believe that it is only a living Faith in Christ that can give the highest energy and noblest development to the moral life, and that a dead faith is worthless. Do you propose to insist that every member of the House of Commons should give satisfactory proof of his personal faith and devoutness? We Evangelical Nonconformists have been contending for the spirit and reality of the religion of Christ for three hundred years. We are recreant to all our principles and traditions, if we now sink into formalism. If we ask for faith at all it must be for faith of a real and energetic kind—the faith that roots the life of man in the life of God.

I ask again—How far will you go? It is with the electors that the ultimate control of the Government of England rests. Within the last three months we have seen a strong Government and a strong majority in the House of Commons broken, scattered, and destroyed, and, as the result, our national policy is wholly changed. That immense revolution was the work, not of the members of the House, but of the constituencies. It is they who determine the aims and principles by which the legislation and policy of the government are controlled; and the same guarantees that are necessary for the morality of members are necessary for the morality of electors.

We must begin in the constituencies. But if we are to begin there it must not be with oaths and tests, but with that religious reformation which is pressed upon us with new and augmented urgency by these disastrous discussions. I know of no method of securing the morality of Parliament but one—secure the morality of the nation. I know of no method of securing the religious loyalty of Parliament but one—secure the religious loyalty of the people. We have had it forced upon our minds that among our countrymen there are men who can find no evidence that God exists. We knew it, indeed, before. For many years this great debate as to the existence of the living God has been going on in every part of England among all ranks and conditions of the people. Those who have regarded this conflict with indifference may now begin to see the magnitude of its issues. But the speculative controversy—vast as it is—is almost lost in a wider, deeper and more awful question. Among men who confess the Divine existence—and these are the immense majority of the nation—is there real and living Faith in God, or is their Faith—however fair to look upon, powerless, lifeless—a corpse which unless quickened by the inspiration of God must soon turn to rotteness and dust? That is the question which we have to confront; and whatever may be our judgment as to the extent to which a practical atheism has taken possession of the English people, there is enough of it to create in us the keenest distress, and to demand from us the most earnest efforts to make known to our countrymen the authority and the love of God. That is the lesson of this controversy. Practical atheism is as terrible as theoretical atheism, and is far more widely spread. We ourselves must begin afresh to live as in the eye of God; for us His will must be supreme; and then we should attempt, with new and more energetic earnestness, to bring our countrymen to God.

Do GOOD, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year; you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

TRUE MODESTY.

It may seem a matter of trivial import to have asked the question I did concerning the amount of modesty requisite to enable a lady to appear at evening parties in what is known as "full" dress, and the reply, able and bearing upon one phase of it, is, I own, unanswerable. One remark furnishes me with a return of the ball, if "X" will condescend to catch it. As he judges the first throw came from the hand of a woman, it may not be worth while possibly to notice a second, but if he has the welfare of womankind at heart, a thought upon the subject may not be so insignificant as on the first glance appears. His statement, "the modesty of an action is not always to be determined by the action itself, but by the influence which the action has upon the minds of the actors and their associates," is well argued by the illustrations which follow the remark. But is not perversion of the "real" thing itself likely to accrue from following in the wake of others? How white is the flake of snow as it falls upon the bare earth, but contact with it soon mars its whiteness, and modesty inherent in all, but more delicately so in women, is just as pure in the child, and only contact with others whose first bloom has lost its exquisite freshness begins to tell upon what nature has made so susceptible,—and it is the want of thought upon this subject that is bringing evils morally and physically. With the latter I do not meddle; time will show where folly, if not modesty, begins and ends; but, morally, I am persuaded there is much harm being quietly done under the guise of custom and fashion, and if "X" will use his pen to show its evils, he will be helping in a good and needed cause.

It was not the doubt of there being such a thing as a chameleon, the debaters upon it argued, but how it appeared to them, each averring his view of colour was the right one; so modesty is the question we have before us, not its different aspects, and to argue that a woman is modest only when shoulders and bust are covered, immodest when the reverse, is not my meaning, but that to "feel" any shame under different conditions of time and place, as to apparel, does seem to me to have distorted ideas as to what true modesty really is.

There are but two roads in life, the right one and the wrong one; to invent a middle one, going under the name of expediency, brings all the mischief mankind suffers under, and so I ask—is it "true" modesty to feel shame at one time and yet be without any at another, merely because expediency, *i.e.*, fashion, custom, demand it? A woman who feels shame because a male acquaintance sees her bare shoulders in the morning, feeling none in the evening, must have undergone a process of brushing off nature's dower; for, if in St. Paul's day, it was not seemly for a woman to stand up with uncovered head in the church, it surely is not less so to stand before a crowd as women do in this age. As to the effects of the action upon the associates of the actors, can "X" deliberately side with some of the latter in the full dress of the period, when he stands before them and not think, if he does not say, that modesty, like the National Policy, seems in danger? That an infatuation for going as far as possible to the boundaries of indecency is not a growing evil, even associates in the custom being quite uneasy about it, is a fact testified to by the popular Princess of Wales, who recently intimated to some ladies attending the State Ball, she wished "shoulder straps" either discontinued, or that the wearers should refrain from attending again.

The true conception of what modesty "really" is, of what it consists in, will alone save fashion from such well-merited rebukes. Let woman but bring quiet thought to the subject, settle what modesty is, act upon it, and I venture to predict every one of the opposite sex, *whose good opinion is worth having*, will hail with respectful admiration "woman clothed in her right mind," no longer to be the sport and target for the witticisms of men, upon whose foreheads ought to be inscribed "apartments vacant within."

MARRIAGE.

It has been said that "friendship may turn to love, but love to friendship never," and this saying is probably true. In fact we generally find that nearly all love springs into existence from friendship in the first place, there being but few consistent examples of love at first sight. We find, moreover, that the lack of love after marriage is due to the lack of friendship before the marital contract has been too hastily consummated, either through want of care or else through pandering to one's vanity. "Friendship is the soil upon which the plant of love grows; the silken cord that binds when other ties are severed,"—so before you marry be absolutely certain that true friendship exists, and when you are married, that your wife is your best friend. For her you should live, and to her you should look for sympathy, and upon her you should pour out all the wealth of your love. She is ever your best friend, and your kindest thoughts, cheeriest words and best love are hers by right. In her keeping you need never have the slightest fear for the honour of your name or the sanctity of your home—if you have deserved it of her. To the wife we would say that the contract of a marriage brings obligations as well, and in some cases the husband's love is lost through the wife's ignorance of him; you must

not think that because you have won him, or he has won you, that your grace of pleasing is not to be exercised any more. What was it that attracted or charmed your husband before marriage—you know perfectly—well, continue to please him in the same manner; perhaps it was the sparkling witchery of your eyes, or the gentle, kindly rippling laugh—or your good common-sense. Whichever it was, continue to use it. If it charmed him at first, it will ever charm him—his love needs something to feed upon; he is flattered that you are his, and you can easily please him if you will make up your mind to understand him. He is just as much a contradiction as you are; has just as many whims and fancies, and needs petting just as much, though perhaps in a less sentimental manner. He is extremely gratified at your clinging dependence upon him, and the more you are dependent, the better he likes it, though he may pretend to be bothered by your unceasing questions. You can even sometimes, perhaps often, have your own way, by deferring to his opinions, or seeming to yield, while gently leading him. As a rule, husbands are selfish and egotistical, and you must make a man of him; this you can not do by wounding his egotism or depriving him of his own way openly. You must use the same arts and tactics which won him, and your control over him will be lasting. You make the home, and domestic happiness depends as much on you as on him; keep him at home by making it attractive and lovable. Dean Swift has said that "the reason why so few marriages are happy is because ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages." Is this true, or is it a libel? If it be truth, it is the plain duty of wives to so act and live that no philosopher of the present time can re-assert it.

Further, do not depend altogether upon your beauty, your dress or external attributes, for the continuance of your husband's love—depend also upon the truth, worth and goodness of your mind; be always true, never deceive and never show temper; be unruffled in your disposition, if you can, or to as great an extent as possible. Your kindness and truth will wear longer and have more lasting influence than mere beauty; in verity, it is doubtful, extremely doubtful, whether true beauty exists without a kind and good heart—a bad heart mars any beautiful face, either by the expression of the eyes, the quiver of the lip, or the contemptuous uplifting of the eyebrows—signs which show the tempest within.

"Virtue is a jewel best plain set," so do not mar its lustre by the over-elegance of your attire. Above all, make your husband feel that you love him, and tell him so often; he knows it, but the words are sweet to him, and he never tires of hearing them. And husband, "never let the cherries on your wife's lips drop ungathered. A kiss is often more to a woman than a crown," and its memory sweeter than honey.

Aggie Fern.

THE EDUCATION OF OUR DAUGHTERS.

If it be true that intellectual pride is the characteristic of this latter part of the nineteenth century, the full outcome of the evil will be tenfold augmented if the desire for a *mere* intellectual eminence should be abetted and favoured among the young girls of this period. The veil that masters a man is intensified when it conquers a woman. The worldly dissipation, which is fast becoming the curse of this age, will spoil a daughter, or mother, even more than it will injure a son or a husband. Woman's nature is finer than man's. It is more susceptible, and therefore more vehement; more ardent, and therefore less open to those adverse counteractions and balancings which come to the aid of a more calculating judgment.

On the other hand, let me guard myself against even seeming to create a prejudice in relation to the very highest intellectual culture among young ladies. The most educated and learned woman of this century was Mrs. Somerville, and her Memoirs convey the impression of a lady who came behind in no womanly duty or family requirement. I lived in Florence for a time when Mrs. E. Barret Browning had her home in that fair city. She was everywhere spoken of, not only as a gifted prophetess, but as a woman of surpassing gentleness, sympathy, considerateness for the poor and suffering, and who was remarkably practical in her methods of benevolence and in her home-life. These names are merely quoted as examples of thousands of women in Europe and America, who combine high intellectual attainments with practical abilities and spiritual sympathies.

We may go further. Few things were more demanded fifteen years ago than those literary examinations which proved that young ladies were capable of intellectual attainments of the highest order, and that in point of solid learning they were rivalling their brothers. The institution of these examinations formed an epoch in the history of Great Britain, and has done much to raise woman's strength and influence. But danger lurks in the path of every advance. The rebound of the ball that strikes another carries it further than was desired. A gentleman graduate makes his certificate or degree to be tributary to his practical success in life; a lady graduate who intends to be a teacher is equally helped forward in the very noblest of vocations by her literary honours: but what if her mission in life is not that of a teacher, but of a daughter or wife? A degree may give her weight, and the intellectual culture whereby it was reached may have strengthened and enriched her

mentally, but it has not the same mark of utility as in the other case. Here, then, will be a temptation. If a young girl in starting life strikes the key-note not of utility but of self-eminence, the note will dominate all her subsequent manifestations, well engender a self-seeking, and may be followed by very serious deteriorations of moral influence.

On this subject, second to none in its import and results, we cannot too carefully remind ourselves that the noblest and most effective of woman's endowments are found in the domain of the affections. She awakens chivalry and reverence, because her greatness moves in other lines than those of the intellect. Yes, the glory of woman is the pathos of her sympathy, the strength that lies in her affections, the endurance that springs from fortitude, and the patience that perfects. But an intellectual training which ignores the spiritual, may starve these highest distinctions of woman, and may dwarf and enfeeble her most ennobling and loftiest qualities.—*The Christian.*

HOW I BECAME A MURDERER.

(Concluded.)

III.

I locked the copy of the register in a safe, where I kept my own private personal papers, shut up my office, and went out to walk myself cool. I had met with a skeleton from St. Moor's indeed! I could see the whole miserable history as if it had been written out for me. The young barrister had made a fool of himself, as many other wise men have done. He had been entrapped by this woman in Paris. Perhaps the pitifulness of her unprotected condition had imposed upon him quite as much as her bright cheeks and her great black eyes. She had stuck to him and drawn him into marriage; no doubt his sense of honour had helped her, however much his reason must have opposed her. It was she no doubt, who had swallowed up the whole of his little fortune and kept him under water. It was she who had been the cause of those long vacations in Paris, which he used to make even during term time. And then, when fortune came to him, he had gone abroad to hide what had, no doubt, proved a disgraceful marriage. And then, no less beyond doubt, he had discovered unfaithfulness in her and had left her, half ashamed, half relieved, as such a man would have left such a woman, simply, utterly, and without a word of blame. And then true love had come into his heart. Perhaps he really believed his first wife dead. Perhaps the belief was too much due to the wish—who knows? It was not for me to judge Reginald Gervase. I knew the man as he was, whatever he had done, however weak he might have shown himself in one thing.

And what was I to do? Nothing?

Nothing? When I, and I only, realized the nature of the blow that was about to fall? On the one hand, there was, the true Reginald Gervase, my more than friend, brother, and father, who had plainly been able to free himself of the old shadow, trusted, honoured, loved by all the world, whose whole life was a growth in goodness and usefulness, and whose loss would be public as well as private, and felt none could guess how far round his home. There was the wife, who believed in him as a hero, and who loved him with her whole heart and soul. There were his young children—what need I say of them? On the other hand, there was ruin, scandal, the dock, the prison cell, a wife's broken heart, and four children's lives blasted for all their days; and only because a worthless woman had not died. The thing looked too hideous to be possible; and I dreamed of such a word as—nothing. Well, thank God that he was not at St. Moor's. Every day delayed was a day gained, if only for thinking what could be done.

I was walking along the narrow coastguard path overhanging the sea, which was the shortest cut from Spendrith to the nearest market town, when I was met by a lad who acted as rural postman, and who stopped me with a letter. I took it with scarcely a word of good evening, and opened it absently.

"Dear Lambourn"—I read without even thinking of the handwriting—"One line in haste to say that we shall all be home to-morrow evening, almost as soon as this reaches you. Everything's all right, but Jenny would rather be safe at home just now, and so would I. Look me up for a weed, there's a good fellow, about nine, and we'll have a good big talk about the drains. I feel like a school-boy off for the holidays. R. G."

It was like destiny. He and his wife—yes, I would still call her so—were hurrying back full sail into the storm. I knew what their coming back sooner than usual meant; it was one of Gervase's crotchets that all his children should be of Foamshire, and of their home, bred and born. Well, that made matters worse a thousand times. He was coming where that woman—I could not call her his wife—was waiting to lay hands upon him and to destroy him more terribly than even she could dream. I was not to see her again till next day, and did not know where she was to be found. I suppose I had acted stupidly; but it is hard to keep one's presence of mind where one's heart is concerned too deeply. How could I meet Gervase this very night with this terrible secret upon me? I could not. And yet what right had I to leave him in his fool's paradise for a single avoidable hour? I tried to ask myself what I should have done had I been simply his lawyer instead of his friend. And yet I could find no answer.

It seemed strange that the thunder of the sea, as it rose higher and higher, with the advancing tide against the cliffs, did not change its tone.

The letter-carrier could not have left me many minutes—long as they seemed—when he came running back breathlessly, shouting and pointing behind him with his arm.

"Mr. Lambourn!" he panted out, "there be some un down yonder on the Carricks as lone as lone, and not half an hour o' tide!"

I was startled out of such thoughts as even mine. I knew every inch of that coast as well as if I had been a smuggler of the old times, and nobody who knows the cliffs about Spendrith needs telling what being alone on the Carricks mean within even an hour of high tide. The Carricks are a point of rather low rocks, projecting something like the blade of a scythe, or rather like the pointed ram of an ancient galley, from the base of the cliff, easily to be reached within about two hours of the highest tide; but after that, breaking the calmest sea into a rage, and entirely cut off from reach either from above or below. At absolutely full tide the most shoreward of these rocks was a full two fathoms under high-water line. The cliff, itself a promontory, rose up sheer from the rocks for some distance, and then bowed out over them, and then finished its course of some hundred and fifty feet to the overhanging path on which I was standing. All these meant, in a dozen words, that he who found himself alone on the Carricks half an hour before the tide turned would be a dead man in half an hour, for there was no point among the network of currents which the strongest swimmer could hope to gain.

"Who is it?" I asked. "Could you tell?"

"I couldn't see for sure; but it looked to seem like Lucy Green that keeps company with Master Brooks—"

"A woman—good God!" In this peril, at least, something might possibly be done. As fast as I could cover the ground I was at the coast-guard station, only to find a single old sailor on what was by courtesy called duty, a strong fellow enough with any quantity of rope at hand; but what could two men do?

Nothing, certainly, without trying. We could carry to the edge of the cliff rope enough to reach the Carricks twice over. But that was little. How could a woman, even if she had the courage, fasten herself safely to it and keep herself from being dashed to pieces against the face of the cliff on her giddy upward journey? And how could one man reach her, with one pair of hands to hold the rope above him?

Happily, the sea was tolerably calm; otherwise, considering the shortness of the time at our disposal, nothing could have been done. It was only too certain that somebody was there. The letter-carrier was positive that he had twice seen a woman on the rocks; the second time, while I was on my way to the coast-guard station, he had seen her trying to clamber further out seaward as if she had become fully aware of her danger, and was trying to place herself where she might have a chance of being seen from the shore. I looked at my watch, and the sailor looked out to sea. There was no boat that could be signalled, and not nearly time to obtain one for ourselves and to row round.

The question of the boat was settled in a single look from one to the other. But the same look set the sailor's wits working.

"Run to the station," he said to the letter-carrier, "and get all the oars you can lay your hands on, and bring them here, and look alive."

He craned over the edge of the path, and so did I, though more cautiously; but there were no means of seeing any more in that way. The sea had already risen in a surge of white foam and dark green cascades over nearly the whole length of the rocks below, so that any prisoner upon them must have been driven for respite from under the bulging part of the cliff, where she would be altogether out of sight of all but the sea-gulls. Then the old sailor looked out westward, where a broken patch of white and gray cloud seemed to be rising from the sea into the sky in the shape of a spire.

"The wind won't be here till after the turn, Sir," said he, "There won't be so much swing on as there might be." He put his hands to his mouth and shouted downward, but no answer returned. "Where's that young slug with the oars?"

I could only hope he had some plan. I certainly could think of none. Perhaps, though as anxious as any human creature must be when a man or woman is drowning under his eyes, and when he can do nothing but wait above and listen for the dead heave of full tide against the cliff to tell him all was over, I may not have been so absorbed in the emergency as I should have been two or three hours ago. What was a moment's struggle with the sea compared with that worse than death against which I was trying to put out my hands no less in vain? I was not, I feel sure, at that moment consciously thinking of the greater peril in the immediate face of the less; but that it was the greater which had well-nigh paralyzed me I know.

At last the lad hurried back with four long oars. The old sailor laid them all together, fagot-wise and bar-wise, over a cleft in the edge of the path, so that the bundle of oars might serve for one strong beam, and that the rope might run through the cleft for a groove before swinging from the projecting rim of the cliff out into the air. The beam of oars was kept from being pulled forward instead of downward by the form of the path, which rose up slightly toward the edge, and by the chance—on which the whole plan depended—that

the natural gutter ran between two ears of crag just high enough to serve as posts for the beam behind them. He fastened one end of our longest line of rope, with practiced skill, round the middle of the oars; he had already made the other end into a noose, as soon as his ready eyes had taken in at a glance the chances of the ground. He paid out the whole rope over the edge of the cliff; there was no time left for arguing about who should go down.

Indeed, I felt as if forced by an impulse from outside myself to take that matter into my own hands. It is true, I was a great deal younger and by so much the more active than the old tar, who was still as strong in the arms and shoulders as tugging at oars can make a man, but had certainly not been in the habit, as I had been, of spending his leisure in clambering among rocks instead of staring through a spy-glass at the offing; so that I was likely to feel a great deal more at home among the gulls and cormorants than he. There was every reason for placing him at the fast head of the rope, and me at the noose. But had it been otherwise I should have stood upon my rights, as representing the lord of the manor, to do as I pleased above the line of high water. Do something I must—something, anything which had the semblance of helping a living creature, however unconnected it might be with the storm that was gathering over the head of my friend. As I have said, there was no time left for a needless word; I took my way, and, resolutely thinking of nothing but of keeping my eyes fixed on the highest visible part of the cliff, was, before a word could be spoken, letting myself down the rope with my knees and hands. It was not that I had room left in my heart to care, save in the most general way, for the woman on the Carricks. I was in anything but a philanthropic mood, or in one that would excite me to risk a sprained wrist for any soul on earth but Reginald Gervase. It was all sheer impulse; neither foolhardiness on the one hand, nor courage on the other. I claim no credit for the climb; rather blame. It could in nowise be of the smallest help to Gervase; on the contrary, I was risking the only life that could in any way hope to aid him. Only I had no hope for him left in me, in the face of these proofs and of the woman in whose hands they were. It all came from just what I have said, the overwhelming hunger for action of any sort or form.

Of course our idea was to fasten whomever I might find below to the loose end of the rope, in the hope that the sailor, with whatever hope the letter-carrier could give him, would be able to draw her up, and then let down the rope again, so that I might follow. With a view to the first part of the work, I carried down with me a second rope to fasten to the noose and to act as a guide from below, so that she might not swing against the face of the cliff on her upward journey. As to my own return, I might manage a good deal by climbing, or I might, at any rate, be pulled up far enough to swing above the tide until further help should come.

At last I stood upon the last slab of slippery rock which the sea had not wholly covered. There was just room enough upon it for two. And I stood face to face with Adrienne Lavalle—nay, I must call her so—Lady Gervase.

Why had she been brought here, out of the reach of all aid but mine? Why had the tidings of her peril been brought to me? What was the true nature of that impulse which had brought me—me of all men—face to face with her thus, and here?

Think of the first sentence of this history! We were absolutely, utterly, alone together, unseen even from the cliffs that rose up between us two and the whole world. Her secret was known to me alone: its proof was in my own hands. If she had died there unaided, what would have signified the loss of a woman such as she? Why had she not been left there to die? And if she was left to live—in one instant I saw the whole of that vision upon which my mind and been dwelling ever since she had left me—the ruined lives, the broken hearts, all the world's loss, all the shame, all the cruel punishment of an innocent mother and her children for the weakness of a good man. I had despaired of helping them all. But what was that now? Nothing, less than nothing, when I realized that all this storm would burst upon them, no longer from the hands of this woman, because she lived, but from my hands, because I did not let her die.

Would there not be something unspeakably mean and cowardly in preferring the perfect serenity of my own selfish conscience to the lives of those to whom I owed more than even a worse sin for their sake could repay? Surely the ways of justice are not the same as human law. For the sake of others we must punish what, for the sake of others, we must call crimes; but we do not call crimes necessarily sins, and what we condemn with our cold reason we may in our hearts and souls approve. At last I could do all things for Reginald Gervase. Was I to flinch, so that my weakness should let loose upon him all from which I could save him, and that in such a way that he would never guess the peril in which he had been? I swear that I felt as if for this very purpose she had, as if by Providence, been delivered into my hands. If only that wretched lad had never caught sight of her? But was I to let such a miserable chance as that destroy Reginald Gervase? Was I there but to counteract chance, and to do all things for him? Suppose I did murder her, what but good would have been done? I did not shrink from thinking of the thing by its name. I had completely cooled my blood by now.

What she read in my face I know not. But something she must have read,

or it was very far from the birth of a hope of rescue that I saw in hers. She seemed looking through my eyes into my heart, as if she feared it more than the sea. Neither of us spoke a word; but, meanwhile, the sea itself rose and rose, and the wind began to rise too.

I was absolutely making plans. I could leave her there—it would not be my fault if she was found drowned. The body could be recovered at low water, and buried, and nobody would be the wiser. I must give up Lottie, of course; it was one thing to commit a murder, but quite another to make her the wife of a murderer, even though of one who had right on his side. I could take it into my head to leave England, and should soon be forgotten.

"Can you save me?" she said, at last. "What are you going to do with me?"

"I with you?" I asked. "God knows. What are you doing with Reginald Gervase? Look, the tide will be waist-high soon. I am his friend. Are your rights or is your life the dearer to you? But I can't trust you."

I turned faint and sick at heart. How could I nerve myself even for his sake, to be strong enough to let this weak woman die? Suddenly a heavy wave swept over the rock, brought her to her knees, and would have carried her into deep water at once had I not instinctively thrown the noose round her and held her so. It must be done, though; it was some weaker self that had saved her for a minute more.

"You can save me, and you bid me sell my rights for my life!" she said, with real scorn, and with a courage that startled me. "Yes, you say truly; you are his friend. Like master, like man."

Should I have held her there till she was drowned? Should I have been able to face the unspeakable shame of returning to the cliff alone, or should I have waited there until the tide had covered me also? I say to myself, and I say to you, what I said to myself. God knows. I trust not; but I have never very confidently believed on the goodness of the good or the badness of the bad, or the weakness of the weak or the strength of the strong since that day.

"Ahoy, there! Hold on!" I heard a shout, and the grind of wood on the rock, and the unshipping of oars. I think we were both in the boat before we knew where we were. She was saved without my help, and I—I scarce know from what, if from anything, I had been saved.

Sir Reginald himself was at the helm. What could I do now? Absolutely nothing, at last, except give up everything to despair, I waited for the storm to burst even there and then.

It was simply to my amaze that no look or sign of recognition passed between the husband and the wife whom he—he, not I—had saved to destroy him. I waited in vain.

"Thank God I saw you from the yacht in time!" said he. "It was like you, old fellow, to try to break your neck for nothing, but I don't think both of you could have got up without damage. May I ask the name of the lady whom I have been lucky enough to—Allow me to introduce myself."

"I am Lady Gervase!" she said, with a scornful look at me. "I thank you, Sir, for saving my life—"

"Lady Gervase!"

"You seem surprised? I am the wife of Sir Reginald Gervase, of St. Moor's. May I know whom I have to thank for—"

"I really must ask you to pardon me," said he courteously bewildered. "But Lady Gervase happens to be on board that yacht yonder. I am Sir Reginald Gervase."

What could it all mean?

If you reader, cannot guess, you must be as blind as I had been. You must have forgotten my telling you that my Sir Reginald had inherited St. Moor's from a cousin of his own age, and that Reginald was the family name. If that cousin had chosen to die suddenly before he had time to communicate with his wife or his friends, or to make a will, his wife was perfectly entitled to call herself Lady Gervase if she pleased; but it could not possibly effect his heir beyond compelling him to pay a certain part of the personal estate to the widow, which he was able enough to do. What a worse than fool I had been!

When I have heard people talk lightly of their temptations to do this or that, I have said. "The greatest and strongest temptation I ever felt was to murder, in cold blood, a woman who had never done me a shadow of wrong." People think me jesting; but it is true.

THE following anecdote of General Garfield, the Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States, has a special literary interest. Once he was visited at Washington, and found surrounded with a huge pile of books. He explained his occupation by saying: "I find I am overworked, and need recreation. Now, my theory is that the best way to rest the mind is not to let it be idle, but to put it to something quite outside of the ordinary line of its employment. So I am resting by learning all the Congressional Library can show about Horace and the various editions and translations of his poems."

THE following curious advertisement appears in the Paris paper *Les Petits Affiches*: "A poor blind man wants an infirm woman, unable to work, that would lead him. She would have two francs a day, without her food, or she might share his daily earnings; or he would be glad to meet with an afflicted little boy, from 10 to 12 years old, and able to read. He desires either of these persons to address him (M. Pierre) either in—street or else on the Boulevard—, the places where he is always to be found."

CRUSH THE DEAD LEAVES UNDER THY FEET.

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet,"
Gaze not on them with mournful sigh;
Think not earth has no glory left,
Because a few of its frail things die.
Spring time will bring fresh verdure as sweet,
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Look not back with despairing heart,
Think not life's morning has been in vain;
Rich broad fields lie before thee yet,
Ready to yield their golden grain;
Autumn may bring thee a fruitage sweet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Murmur not if the shadows fall
Thick and dark on thy earthly way;
Hearts there are which must walk in shade,
Till they reach the light of eternal day:
Life is not long, and the years are fleet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Bravely work with a steadfast soul;
Make others happy, and thou shalt find
Happiness flowing back to thy heart,
A quiet peace and contented mind;
If earth be lonely, then Heaven is sweet—
"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

THE POET AND HIS SONGS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

As the birds come in the Spring,
We know not from where;
As the stars come at evening
From depths of the air;

As the rain comes from the cloud,
And the brook from the ground;
As suddenly low or loud,
Out of silence a sound;

As the grape comes to the vine,
The fruit to the tree;
As the wind comes to the pine,
And the tide to the sea;

As come the white sails of ships
O'er the ocean's verge;
As come the smiles to the lips,
The foam to the surge;

So come to the Poet his songs,
All hitherward blown
From the misty land, that belongs
To the vast Unknown.

His, and not his, are the lays
He sings; and their fame
Is his, and not his; and the praise
And the pride of a name.

For voices pursue him by day,
And haunt him by night,
And he listens, and needs must obey,
When the Angel says: "Write!"

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"DRESS AND HEALTH; OR, HOW TO BE STRONG: A BOOK FOR LADIES," is the rather pretentious title of a book we have lately received from Messrs. John Dougall & Son. The author (?) states that it is a compilation, and we quite agree with this statement. It is a compilation, and put together in a very disconnected shape. While fully sympathizing with the object of the work, we cannot but regret that enthusiasts should rush into print with the vain hope of effecting reforms or being dubbed authors merely on account of tacking together newspaper clippings. In the introduction we find the following statement, which is misleading, speaking of the reform in dress, the author says: "From Boston the idea spread rapidly over the United States and Canada, and it has now taken firm root in the Old World, women in England and Scotland showing themselves far more ready to accept the change than their sisters on this side of the Atlantic." For many years we have read in the *Lancet* articles advocating reform in Dress. To speak favourably of the book, we can say that the extracts are good, and a pattern at the end reminds us of Mark Twain's curious map of Paris, to understand which one is obliged to stand on his head.

"MEMOIRS OF A CANADIAN SECRETARY: A POSTHUMOUS PAPER." This is a brochure written evidently by some one who would have been much better occupied in some other pursuit than literature. It is a confused medley of politics, erratic prophecies, and senseless platitudes. It is a lame and over-drawn attack upon the Liberal bugbear,—the National Policy; and though it were an easy task to have made out a good case, the writer of the above has signally failed. We regard this pamphlet with a little pleasure, for the reason that it has afforded some little occupation to the printer, and we have pleasure in assuring readers that "a contemplated Sketch will not be missed by Canadian readers." *Cela va sans dire* and the author has scored a point.

Chess.

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

Montreal, August 7th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

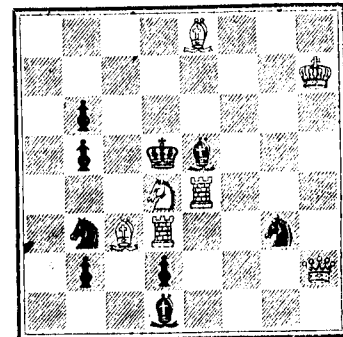
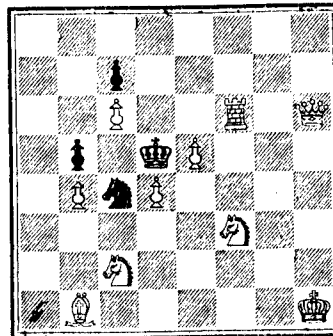
SET NO. 10. MOTTO: *Sic Est Vita.*

PROBLEM No. XCIV.

PROBLEM No. XCV.

BLACK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO TOURNEY SET No. 7.—*Problematic Characters.*

PROBLEM No. 86.—B to K Kt sq.

This problem can also be solved by R to K B 3.
Author's solution received from:—J.W.S., Pax.

PROBLEM No. 87.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1 Q to K Kt 6	Q takes Q	2 R to K 4 (ch)	Q takes R	3 Kt mates
	R to Q 3	2 Q takes R (ch)	Q to Q 4 (ch)	3 Kt mates
	Q to K 3	2 Q takes Q	R to K 8	3 Kt mates
			R to Q sq	3 Q mates
			B takes B	3 Q mates

Correct solution received from:—Pax.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAX.—Postal card received. By referring to our last issue, you will see that you are not quite correct in No. 84. In No. 85, you are right. Solutions of Nos. 86 and 87 are acknowledged above. We are glad to learn that you mastered No. 83, but as you sent us the wrong key move, we had to leave you out in the cold!

TO OUR SOLVERS.—Problem No. 85, which appeared July 10th, in our Tourney Set, No. 6, under the motto: *Strategy*, has made a pleasure trip to Scotland, has been solved, duly admired, published in *The Ayr Argus*, and returns to our desk on July 31st, exactly three weeks after the date of its publication in the SPECTATOR. And yet we received only one correct solution of this problem from our solvers, though they have nearly three weeks time in which to send in their solutions of the problems. We trust that the lesson taught by this instance of modern rapid transit will stimulate them to greater and more earnest efforts in the future.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

We are informed, on good authority, that there will be no meeting of the "Canadian Chess Association" this year. A meeting, however, will probably be held early in January, 1881, in the city of Ottawa, to consider the future prospects of the association. We hope that arrangements will then be made to place the association on a more satisfactory basis than it seems to have hitherto occupied. It has been suggested, we understand, that a new association be formed, to include chess players from the Maritime Provinces, the Province of Quebec, and that part of Ontario east of Kingston. The players of Ottawa and vicinity would prefer joining such an association rather than the Ontario Association. One of the reasons given for this preference is that Toronto, Hamilton and London, which are the probable places of meeting for the Ontario Association, are too far distant from Ottawa, owing to the lack of direct communication, while Montreal, Sherbrooke and Quebec are all easily accessible to visitors from Ottawa and vicinity. A good title for the proposed new association would be, "The Eastern Canada Chess Association," to distinguish it from the Western, or Ontario Association.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE PROBLEMS.—It is with great regret we learn that the first prize set "*Per aspera ad astra*" proves to be unsound, No. 2 having a second solution by (1) Q to Q R sq. The credit of this discovery is due to Mr. Jacob Elson, of Philadelphia. It is curious that this solution should have escaped the notice of the three eminent judges who made the awards in this tourney.

CHESS POEM.—The Quebec *Chronicle* has lately published in its Chess Department a long poem, extending over two columns, written by the Chess Editor, Mr. M. J. Murphy. The subject is the recently concluded "Chess Correspondence Tourney" of Mr. J. W. Shaw, of this city, and the poem is dedicated to that gentleman. It is well written, the style is graceful, and somewhat after the model of the *Aeneid*, though parts of it remind us of Parnelle's "Battle of the Frogs and Mice." By far the greater part of the poem is devoted to a picturesque description of a game in this tourney contested between the poet and the Conductor of the tourney. As a means of adding interest to a game somewhat lacking in that respect, this manner of recording games may be pronounced a success; but, regarded simply as a new style of chess notation, it may, with some justice, be claimed that it is the reverse of concise. It is, however, pleasant reading for those who love poetry better than chess, and we must not expect to find all the virtues walking hand in hand.

After reading such an elaborate record of a game—certainly not one of the best in the tourney—we cannot help thinking that two or three lines form but a meagre tribute to the puissance of the victor—the all-conquering hero of the tourney!

The poem concludes with a warm, and doubtless well-merited, tribute to the ability, amiability and affability of the conductor of the tourney, without whose indefatigable energy, we may remark, *en passant*, neither the tourney nor this pleasing poem would have found a place in the history of Canadian chess.

The Chess Editor of the SPECTATOR, whose chair we endeavour to keep in equilibrium during his absence from the city, has promised to write us a review of this poem—conceived, we trust, in a more amiable spirit than our remarks—which we hope to be able to publish in our next issue.—[CHESS EDITOR, *pro tem.*]



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

TO ACCOMMODATE RETURN SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKET-HOLDERS, a SPECIAL TRAIN

is arranged to run from Vaudreuil to Montreal on AUGUST 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th, leaving Vaudreuil at 7.15; St. Anne's, 7.25; Beaconsfield, 7.35; Pointe Claire, 7.40; Valois, 7.45; Dorval, 7.53; Lachine Bank, 7.57; arriving at Montreal, 8.15 a.m.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.
Montreal, July 31st, 1880.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 28th,
Trains will run as follows:—

For Gorham and Portland..... 7.30 a.m.
For Gorham, Portland Quebec and I.C.R. Points..... 10.00 p.m.
For Island Pond..... 3.15 "
For " (Mixed)..... 7.00 a.m.
For St. Hyacinthe and Intermediate Stations..... 5.15 p.m.
For Boston and New York..... 6.30 "
For St. Johns and Points South..... 3.20 "
For St. Lambert..... 6.10 "

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.
Montreal, June 24th, 1880.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

THE SPECIAL TRAINS ADVERTISED
to leave Cacouna on Mondays and Fridays will not be run after this date.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.
Montreal, June 25th, 1880.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

A DINING CAR
will be run on the Express Train, leaving Montreal for the West at 9.30 a.m., on and after MONDAY NEXT, the 14th instant, returning by the Day Express.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.
Montreal, June 10th, 1880.

Midland Railway of Canada,
AND
WHITBY, PORT PERRY and LINDSAY R. R.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

ALL FREIGHT FOR POINTS ON THE
above roads should be shipped via the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, when it will be forwarded by the shortest route without transshipment and at the cheapest rates.

FAST FREIGHT TRAINS RUN THROUGH TO
Peterborough, Fenelon Falls, Kinmount, Minden, Orillia, Lindsay, Haliburton, Midland, and Wau-bashene, connecting with fast steamers for Parry Sound and Byng Inlet,

For rates, etc., apply to local agents, or to A. WHITE, General Traffic agent, Port Hope.

GEO. A. COX,
Managing Director, M. R. of C.
JAS. HOLDEN,
Managing Director, W., P.P., & L. Ry.

CHARLES D. EDWARDS,
MANUFACTURER OF
FIRE PROOF SAFES,
39 Bonaventure Street,
MONTREAL.



Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.

CHANGE OF TIME.

COMMENCING ON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1880,

Trains will run as follows:

	Mixed.	Mail.	Express
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.	1.00 AM	8.30 AM	5.15 PM
Arrive at Hull.....	10.30 "	12.40 PM	9.25 "
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.	1.00 "	8.20 AM	5.05 "
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 "	12.30 PM	9.15 "
		Night Passenger	
Lve Hochelaga for Quebec.	6.00 PM	10.00 PM	3.00 "
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 "	6.30 AM	9.25 "
Lve Quebec for Hochelaga.	5.30 "	9.30 PM	10.10 AM
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 AM	6.30 AM	4.40 PM
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 PM	Mixed.	
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 "		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....		6.45 AM	
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 "	

(Local Trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile End Station seven minutes later.
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 7 p.m.
All Trains run by Montreal time.

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TICKET OFFICES:
13 PLACE D'ARMES, } MONTREAL.
202 ST. JAMES STREET, }
OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS HOTEL, QUEBEC.
L. A. SENECAI,
Gen'l Supt.



Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.

NAVIGATION LINE

FROM

ST. EUSTACHE
to **STE. ROSE,**
And vice versa, in direct connection with the Railway.

The steamer "TOURIST" will be at STE. ROSE on the arrival of each train for ST. EUSTACHE.

L. A. SENECAI,
General Superintendent.



Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, MAY 16th, and on each succeeding SUNDAY, until further notice, an EXPRESS TRAIN, with PALACE CAR attached, will leave HOCHELAGA for QUEBEC at 4.00 p.m., and a similar train will leave QUEBEC for MONTREAL at same hour, arriving at destination at 10.40 p.m.

L. A. SENECAI,
General Superintendent.

Q., M., O. & O. RAILWAY.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued at

ONE SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE,
good to return from HULL and all intermediate stations by first Train on MONDAY MORNING, and from QUEBEC and all intermediate stations by SUNDAY EVENING Train.

L. A. SENECAI,
General Superintendent.
Montreal, May 12th, 1880.

W. S. WALKER, B.C.L.,
BARRISTER, ADVOCATE, &c.
Commissioner for Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Manitoba.
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Office: "Herald" Building, 155 St. James Street.

Ottawa River Navigation Company.



MAIL LINE DAY STEAMERS,
BETWEEN
MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Passengers for Ottawa and all intermediate ports take 7.15 a.m. train for Lachine to connect with steamer.

First-class Fare to Ottawa..... \$2.50
Do. return do..... 4.00
Second-class Fare to Ottawa..... 1.50
For the CALEDONIA SPRINGS, Excursion Tickets at reduced rates.
Baggage checked through to all ports at Bonaventure Depot.

DAILY EXCURSION FROM THE CITY.

All Day Trip to Carillon and back (passing St. Anne's, Lake of Two Mountains, Oka, Como, Rigaud, North River, &c.) Nice Grove near the wharf at Carillon. Steamer remains there about one hour and a half. Returns to Montreal via Rapids, reaching the city at 6.30 p.m.
Fare for Round Trip from Montreal, \$1.25.
On Saturdays, fare \$1.

DOWN THE RAPIDS EVERY AFTERNOON
Take 5 p.m. train for Lachine. Fare for Round Trip, 50c.

Saturday Afternoon Excursions to St. Anne's.
Leave Bonaventure Depot by 2 p.m. train (or an earlier train) for St. Anne's, returning home by steamer "Prince of Wales" via Rapids.
Fare for Round Trip, 80c from Montreal.
Tickets at Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure street, or the Grand Trunk Railway Offices and Depot
R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE,
THE GREAT
ENGLISH REMEDY,

Will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of indiscretion, excess, or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
TORONTO, ONT., Canada.

Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists in Canada and the United States.

FOR COCKROACHES,

BEETLES, BUGS, &c.,

USE
"Breakell's Canadian Insect Extremator," non-poisonous. Retail by Chemists, Grocers and Hardwaremen. Wholesale, Lyman Sons & Co.

N.B.—The proprietor, in order to introduce his powder, will undertake to clear gentlemen's residences, hotels, &c., of these pests for a moderate sum. City references. Address

H. E. BREAKELL,
194 St. James street.

SPERMATORINE

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FITS EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. Goulard's Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these Powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, post-paid, a free Trial box. As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case, or refund all money expended.

Price, for large box, \$3, or four boxes for \$10, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D.

CONSUMPTION POSITIVELY CURED.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try Dr. Kissner's Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them—and also to convince that they are no humbug—we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial box.

We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you.

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360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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\$20,000

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New and Commodious Buildings have been erected, and every facility will be afforded to Exhibitors.

The rack of the Q., M., O. and O. Railway will be extended to the Exhibition Grounds.

Many new and interesting features will be introduced in connection with the Exhibition.

Ample provision is made for the display of Machinery in motion, in order that Processes of Manufacture may be shown.

A splendid Exhibit will be made of the products of Manitoba and Indian Curiosities from the Great North-West.

A first-class Band of Music will be present every day during the Exhibition.

The attractions intended to be offered, in addition to the regular Exhibition, will be on a grand scale, and will include among others:

A LACROSSE TOURNAMENT,

Which is intended to comprise a series of match games between the four crack clubs of Canada, including the present Champions. This tournament will probably present the finest opportunity to witness a display of Lacrosse ever seen in this or any other country.

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A Grand Provincial Horticultural Exhibition will take place on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th instants, at which \$1,500 in premiums will be awarded.

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GRAND FIREMEN'S PARADE AND EXHIBITION.

HYDRAULIC DISPLAY.

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THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY'S GAMES.

BALLOON ASCENSIONS.

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HORSE RACING.

Arrangements have been made with the Railway and Steamboat Companies to run cheap excursions, and to issue return tickets at

REDUCED RATES

From all parts of the Dominion and neighboring States.

For Prize Lists, Entry Forms, or any other information, apply to the undersigned,

S. C. STEVENSON,
Secretary, C. of A. and M.S.

OR TO

GEO. LECLERE,
Secretary, C. of Agr.

Montreal, 2nd August, 1880.