

# The Canadian

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The Canadian Spectator.

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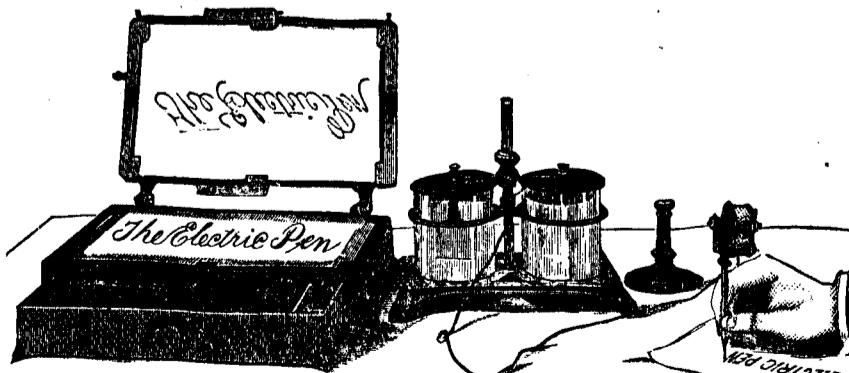
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# The Canadian Spectator.

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1878.

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CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THE TIMES.

In England the question upon every lip is will it be war or peace? Some are vehemently shouting for war—others are earnestly pleading for peace. What will decide it? Probably the action which may be taken by the Emperor of Russia. It is said he will advance upon Constantinople, and after that, the deluge. For a tremendous British interest is in some mysterious way linked on to Constantinople. The Earl of Beaconsfield understands what it is, so does the Earl of Derby, and so do a few Tory squires, but to ordinary people it is a mystery. The Earl of Beaconsfield has spent many epigrams on this war. The Earl of Derby has done much waiting on Providence and the British public. The Earl of Salisbury has done the work of a high spirited statesman, and mere rumor has it that there is a split in the Conservative camp. Certain it is that the Cabinet was called together at Christmas—a most unusual occurrence—and that Parliament has been summoned to meet at an early date. It is a grave crisis. All lovers of peace and concord can but trust that wise counsels may prevail—that a European war on a great scale may be averted, and that Turkish oppression may be broken for ever.

The commercial depression continues and deepens. All classes are taking the alarm. There is evident retrenchment on every hand, and a period of economy in personal expenditure is entered upon. Great capitalists are retiring from business, in many instances, preparing to realize their money, and not run further risk. The imminence of war adds to the general consternation. Turkey has gulled the English out of some millions, and may yet repeat the operation. To increase the difficulty the workmen are on strike by thousands. As a way out of it, some are beginning to question the advisability of Free Trade. On the whole, English commerce is not healthy.

As to religious matters, meaning thereby Theology, a storm is thundering over every idea and sentiment. The orthodox have been startled by an attack upon the doctrine of eternal damnation from the seat and centre of calm religious teachings—Westminster Abbey—and by no less a personage than the learned and eloquent Canon Farrar.

In Scotland a Conservative reaction seems to have set in. The Universities are largely representative of popular bias, and when Lord Hartington is chosen Rector of Edinburgh University, Mr. Gladstone of Glasgow, Lord Selborne of St. Andrews, Mr. Forster of Aberdeen, the indication seems strange.

The Scottish Church Establishment is vigorously attacked. Lectures on Church and State have been delivered by Principal Rainy, Lord Moncreiff and Mr. Taylor Innes, all advocating disestablishment. Lord Hartington's speech in which he referred to the general question of disestablishment as one for the Liberal party and which he would not oppose, has given fresh impetus to the movement.

Presbyterianism is greatly agitated, for the Westminster confession is boldly impeached. The supporters of Calvinism and the standards are toning down, those who oppose them are toning themselves up. They may be expected to meet in peace on one platform some day.

Rome is seeking an entrance with the consent of the Crown, but Scotland be trusted to look after a few Roman Catholic bishops and priests.

The United States promise some excitement. The Indian difficulty still exists, and a Mexican trouble is threatened. The silver question is more serious, and is at present the absorbing topic of press and platform. The President is in favor of the remonetization of silver, but General Butler is opposing it at Boston, Senator Bayard in Delaware, and Treasury agents are telling of the bad effects the opposition has had upon United States bonds in the London market. Bankers and Boards of Trade are sending petitions to Congress to defer action for the present at least. Popular meetings are being held in the South and West, passing resolutions which call on their representatives to vote for the Bland bill, which, it is supposed, will revive the industries of the world. All those differing parties declare themselves most anxious to maintain the honour and credit of the nation, how to do well unto themselves and keep a good character is the problem. The commercial depression continues—deepens. Death is sinking down the business. Fraud is breaking down. May it go on until the primeval on which trade again may build—Justice.

Political life is enjoying a pause. Office holders and those who are girding themselves for the work of the session. The session will open on the 7th day of February—there will be the usual skirmishing, the close hand-to-hand fencing. the

warming-up process, and then—the fight, proposition and counter proposition to try the strength of parties—crimination and recrimination, to try the force of words, and the power of patience; angry feelings poured out in hot language, not often well chosen, and then—chaos—that is to say, a general election. Meantime, all over the Dominion, very much Government—eight subordinate against the one insubordinate, each busily engaged in the sacred task of developing the resources of the country and doing well unto itself.

Quebec alone among the provinces will be happy. It is Conservative, and that in itself gives calm comfort; it may denounce the Dominion Government, and that is a ground for positive joy. It is Ultramontane, in favour of Rome and the Pope, and all else that is good and progressive, and that is a reason for shouting. Ten years ago it began its great career with one million dollars to its credit, it has steadily gone into debt, and now has to pay seven per cent. on its credit. The Church has grown in wealth, if the state has grown in poverty—so the one may stand over against the other. But the principal reason for rejoicing is found in the fact that a bright particular star has dawned on the popular vision. It dawned with exceeding brightness—rushed into view—over the cloud of increasing debt, which looks like threatened bankruptcy; over the lowering clouds of ecclesiastical troubles it shines with a steady, clear light. A MAN has been found at last—M. Tarte the name of him. Not merely a man of talent—but a man of genius. Ordinary men, when put to move the speech from the throne in a maiden way, as to speaking—do it in quiet, modest fashion, with an eye for the commendation of the Opposition leader. But not so M. Tarte—for he is not ordinary—and why should a man deny himself or wait. The extraordinary must do things in an extraordinary way, and be careful not to practise deception. M. Tarte thundered and lightened against the Dominion Government—against religious fanaticism in general, and the Orangemen in particular. The Prime Minister, the whole Protestant body, ecclesiastical and civil, and most of creation turned pale and trembled. "Religious fanaticism" furlled its banner and put it away, and a great calm fell on all the people. All the Christmastide M. Tarte has been nursing the mighty fires of his genius—when they burst forth again *Miserere Domine.*

In one thing at least, Canada is agreed—in its readiness to hear from its big brother across the line as to the award of the Fisheries Commission. That the amount will be paid soon after the meeting of Congress, there is no doubt. No advantage will be taken of that little slip as to unanimity on the part of the Commissioners, for all can see—the members of Congress included—that to demand a unanimous vote would be no arbitration at all. And they will not forget the eloquent and indignant protest of Chief Justice Cockburn against the Geneva award on the Alabama Claims, and that England paid the money notwithstanding, without hesitation or demur. The United States can scarcely fail to follow that excellent example. It is easier since the money is at hand. The five and a half million dollars may be paid out of the Geneva award, and then leave a nice little sum for an emergency in an election. Canada is not anxious—only waiting; Canada has faith—also patience.

The business of the country generally for the month of December is expected to foot up to an amount that compares favourably with any month in the year.

The absence of sleighing has diminished the crop deliveries, and as a consequence December payments have been lighter than was hoped for; while the mild weather has had the effect of postponing winter purchases, which frequently means postponement for another year.

For the year before us there is a hopeful prospect. The crops which have not been marketed will now be turned into money. Our fresh indebtedness is small compared with the three preceding years, and the general opinion of bankers and leading merchants is that we have got down to "hard pan." The disasters of business houses have been numerous and serious during the past year, and to those who have weathered the storm, the business to be done is certainly in their own hands to a greater extent than for many years. The illegitimate and rash competition of weak houses will not have to be contended against, and with the "thinning out" that has taken place, the business pulse is certainly stronger, and the whole commercial system in a fair way to convalescence.

We give greeting to the people of Canada, and hope and look for a warm welcome, and a steady support. We shall try to deserve it by fair and legitimate means, that is, by conducting the paper on business principles and offering to the public, reading matter of an interesting and instructive kind. We offer no chromos, and no skates; and we do not ask for children's letters written by grown up people, nor grown up people's letters written by children. Bribery and corruption of every sort will be eschewed. We shall aim to make it a religious paper in the highest sense, regarding everything from a religious point of view, and seeking to promote all manner of good. But we shall not talk as if we were the first inventors of religion and now the main pillar of heaven—nor, as if we were the only champions of Truth, but always with a due regard to the rights of others, and a recognition of their sincerity and earnestness. Religious questions and discussions open up the way to all other questions of importance to men, Political freedom, social culture, excellent institutions, must all find their reason

and root in religion. A false faith will produce a false form of life, in communities and individuals. Contracted views of religion will lead to bigotry, bigotry to intolerance, and intolerance is tyranny.

To burk discussion on religious subjects is worse than folly. Only Rome can consistently frown it down, for only Rome has claimed to have reached finality. Men seeking for religious rights have found their eyes opened to all other kinds of rights. Resistance to religious usurpation led men to withstand political oppression. Religious discussions have roused the minds of all classes to free and vigorous thought.

But there is no occasion for uncharitableness—there is no occasion for violence—occasion only, and great need, for the exercise of generosity. The orthodox man is sincere in his orthodoxy, the heterodox man in his heterodoxy—let each maintain his theories as best he can, nor count his opponent an enemy. All recognise the great obligation to be right and do right: starting from that they may travel by different lines and reach the same end. Each one thinks his path the better—the more wisely chosen—divinely marked out; let him. He finds confidence from his faith, and *may* be right—is not likely to be altogether wrong. But a religious paper must be also political—since the greater includes the lesser. Politics cannot be separated from religion; they are a part of it—must be inspired and guided by it. The religious man *must* be a politician; for he must seek to make good laws for himself and all others. If he can be content while bad and oppressive laws are in operation, then is his life a practical denial of his faith. The moment politics demand positive action, that moment religion has got to do with the matter. Picnic vulgarities and violent personal altercations may be little more than sins against culture; but political corruption is a sin against the highest and deepest interests of mankind. It is an evil thing and a calamity when politics are divorced from religion, and the making and administering of laws are left to self-seeking and unscrupulous men.

But to be political need not involve partizanship as a constant thing and a necessity. There are times when sides must be taken—for there are times when a well defined line must be drawn—but in party politics lurks a danger. Associate men together for a common cause, be it good or bad, and array against them a body resolutely pledged to an opposite interest, and a new passion, quite distinct from the original sentiment which brought them together—a fierce, fiery zeal, consisting chiefly of aversion to those who differ from them—is roused within them to fearful activity. Human nature seems incapable of a stronger and more unrelenting passion. It is hard for an individual, when contending alone for an interest or an opinion, to keep down his pride, his love of victory, and the angry uprising of his nature. But let him join a multitude in the same warfare, and, without great care and great self-control, he will receive into his single breast the vehemence and obstinacy of all; the triumphs of party will become immeasurably dearer to him than the principle which was the original ground of division; the conflict will become a struggle—not for principle, but for victory and power; that is the danger which besets all nations. But the people of Canada have more than ordinary need for care. All are for party, and few seem for the state. Men are ranging under the banner of the Conservative or the Liberal leaders; the fight is mostly for office; a few are looking for the national flag. This is no onslaught on parties, but a warning to men not to fall into the folly of seeing, hearing and judging by the senses and understanding of a party—not to surrender the natural rights of manhood to use and speak their own mind—not to wait for the rod of a leader, but to have a judgment and exercise it—not to be the tool of men who seek to secure a vote by an appeal to the passions; but to labour for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community, and then act in the higher interests of all the people. Then some part of the great work of life will be done.

**RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN SWEDEN.**—The Copenhagen correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing on the 10th inst., says:—"An extraordinary religious movement is taking place in Sweden, where a petition, signed by nearly 25,000 persons, has been presented to the King, praying that 'the use of the Holy Communion may be free, like the use of God's Word,' or, in other words, that the celebration of the Communion may take place also out of the churches, and that the celebrants may be other than persons in holy orders. The Ecclesiastical Court at the Cathedral Chapter of Upsala, to whom the petition has been referred, has reported against such an innovation, which, in their opinion, would eventually destroy the Church.' The Government will probably refuse the prayer of the petitioners, and the consequence will be a serious split in the Swedish Church. It may, perhaps, not be generally known. English readers that until very lately there was no religious liberty in Sweden, Roman Catholics and Jews, for instance, being unable to exercise their religion publicly; the consequence being that even at present the total number of Jews in Sweden barely amounts to a thousand persons out of a population of nearly four million inhabitants, being, with the exception of Spain, the smallest proportion in Europe."

**WHY THE MOABITE STONE WAS DESTROYED.**—Mr. M. W. Shapira, writing in the *Athenaeum*, says:—"The Bedawins believe that the inscriptions are charms or directions for finding hidden treasure, and that to reveal where they are to be found should be punished by death for the following reason. They have a tradition that their ancestors were not satisfied with plenty of water and bread, but greedy for riches, and that God gave them for seven days a rain of gold, but no rain afterwards for many years. On their praying for rain, they were commanded to throw away the gold, which was hidden in certain places in the earth, and they vowed never to search for, or use charms to recover, it. Their punishment for breaking the vow was to be seven years of dearth. The Mesa stone they broke on account of this idea, and curiously enough, three years of suffering from drought followed; had it been removed whole, they believe that seven years of drought would have been their punishment. There was scarcely any rain round Diban this year, and they say it is because they allowed Dr. Almkvist to dig for treasure, though he dug at night, and only once by day in great danger of his life."

Hear men talk about the seducer. They tell you how he creeps, how his eye glares, how he sweetens his words, how he throws one web after another into the snare that he is weaving, and how at last he seizes and destroys his victims, having found before him a garden of Eden, and leaving behind a desolate wilderness. Everybody is ready to damn him. No words of condemnation are so masterful that men will not apply them to this kind of destroying the household. But there sits in the household one who never eats too much, who never drinks too much, and who never steals, but whose mouth is an open crater and whose words are lava; and the children cannot live there happily, the servants cannot live there happily, nobody can live there happily; and they are in a constant tumult from week to week and from month to month; and at last some combustion quarrel breaks out and the household is destroyed. Thus one man's ugliness may work destruction in a household as much as another man's salacious appetites. I do not say that the two things are to be compared in all respects; I do not say that they are exactly equal in their disastrous results; but I say that, so far as the destruction of a household is concerned, it can be accomplished by a person whose temper is violent, whose exactions are intolerable, whose lips are blistered with fiery words as a forge is with sparks, as well as by a person who enters it and destroys it in seductive ways.—*Beecher.*

## A CANADIAN NATIONAL POLICY.

The use of the terms "Free Trade" and "Protection" has done much to confuse the question which above and before all others is important, in its present and future influence upon the prosperity of this country. Absolute Free Trade, that is the unrestricted admission of all goods without the payment of dues of any description to the Government, or in other words, the abolition of Custom Houses, except, perhaps, for purposes of statistical information, exists nowhere in the world, and is especially impossible in Canada. Our revenue must always be derived, as to the larger part of it at any rate, from duties of customs. So Protection, in the sense of absolute prohibition, which our free trade friends tell us is the logical conclusion of the argument in favour of the system which goes by that name, is equally impossible. Our tariff in Canada, under any possible system, must be to a large extent a revenue tariff. The necessities of the Government, the obligations which have been incurred for public works, and the further obligations which the necessities of the future, in relation particularly to the development of the resources of our great north-west territories—upon which our prosperity so largely depends, make that a self-evident proposition, and one which, we fancy, all parties will be prepared to accept.

Recent discussions, however, have tended to define, with tolerable clearness, the line which divides the parties who are known conventionally as free traders and protectionists. The former, as represented by the governing party in Canada to-day, hold the view that the only consideration of importance in the framing of a tariff, is the question of revenue. The Government require so much money, and the one thought, in providing for that requirement, is, how can duties be so adjusted as to yield the amount with the greatest certainty? To consider for a moment the wants of special industries, and to apportion the duties in such a way as afford them encouragement and support, is, according to them, to act contrary to all sound economic principles. Governments have nothing to do with building up commerce or manufactures. That is a result depending upon the individual energy and enterprise of merchants and manufacturers themselves. The Finance Minister, when in one of his budget speeches he declared that governments had no more to do with the prosperity or depression of trade and commerce than the fly on the wheel had to do with its revolution, stated this view very clearly. In fact so strongly is it held by the leading men belonging to the free trade school of thought, that they have almost come to regard manufacturers as in some sort enemies to the country. Mr. Cartwright's defence of his refusal to consider the demands of the manufacturers, that he was unwilling to build up great interests in the country, which would have an almost controlling lobby influence upon Parliament and the Government; and his subsequent defence based upon the evils resulting from the concentration of population in cities and towns, are sufficient proof that with him—and we cite him as the leading representative of his school—it is not only not the duty of the Government of the country to encourage the establishment of a manufacturing industry among the people, but that if they did so they would be doing an injury to the people.

On the other hand, the Protectionists, who in the party divisions in Parliament and the country, are represented by the Opposition, hold the opposite view. They take the ground that no community can be prosperous in which diversity of employment for the people does not exist. Recognizing the great importance of the agricultural interests, they hold that however prosperous in itself, alone it can never build up a strong and healthy nation; that its own prosperity is impossible, unless there are centres of population which become the local consumers for the products, especially for the perishable products, of the farm; and that, situated as we are in Canada, prosperous centres of population, large cities and towns, are impossible unless manufacturing industry is flourishing. And starting with these premises, they hold it to be the duty of the Government so to adjust the fiscal policy of the country, as to afford encouragement to its trade and industries. Thus, leaving aside all questions of detail as to the manner in which a protective policy should be framed, the two parties stand upon directly opposite and easily definable grounds. The one recognising on the part of the Government no duty to consider, in framing the tariff, the interests either of the commerce or industries of the country, their only thought being directed to the one question of revenue; while the other hold that the first consideration in the imposition of duties should be the effect which they will have in building up the industries and fostering the commerce of the country, and that it is incumbent to so apportion them that these results may be secured, as far as is consistent with the revenue requirements of the country.

Which of these two opposite opinions best meets the wants of a young country like the Dominion of Canada? We are fortunate in the discussion of this question, in having the experience of our neighbours in the United States. They have adopted the policy of protection, and with all the imperfections of their system, arising out of the circumstances under which the tariff was originally adopted and has been from time to time changed, they have prospered wonderfully under it. It is true that they, like all the rest of the world, have suffered during the last few years from commercial depression. But to charge the depression as in any way due to the system of protection, would involve curious consequences for free traders, who would be compelled to account for the depression in Great Britain as well. In spite of this depression, in spite of the over-production which has in some branches of business caused embarrassment and failure, what has been the general result? We take a free trade authority from which to answer this question. The *London Telegraph* had an article recently, in which, admitting that England stood alone among the nations of the world in its practical advocacy of free trade principles, and still uttering words of encouragement for the future of the industries of the mother-country, it was compelled to make some striking confessions. After stating that there is "a lessened foreign demand for our (England's) staple manufactures," and that England has "reached the anomalous position of being supplied from foreigners exactly twice as much" as she sells them, the *Telegraph* makes the following remarkable statements:

"American calicoes are reported to meet with increasing success. The saws and cutlery of Philadelphia and Pittsburg are some manufactures produced in Sheffield. The machine-made water-supply supplanted the solid horlogie workmanship of Coventry. Leather

from the tanners of Bermondsey the confession that they are no longer able to sell the material of a certain quantity against the Transatlantic product. Agricultural implements bearing the trade mark of a New York company are to be found exposed for sale in English hardware shops; and indents from the colonies entrusted to firms in London and Birmingham for execution, actually include American edge tools. The town last named was until recently regarded as the chief source for the supply of small arms to the world; and it was confidently anticipated that the present struggle in the East would have imparted a potent stimulus to gun manufacture in that locality. But for the first time in the history of modern warfare, that branch of industry in the Midland metropolis has failed to reap any advantage. The Winchester rifle in use by the Turk, is produced in Rhode Island."

These are certainly most remarkable statements. They set at rest two popular arguments against the principle of protection, viz: that the tendency of that system is to increase the cost of the article produced, and that it destroys all incentives to excellence in production. It is, in fact, the lesser cost, and the greater excellence in workmanship and finish, in American manufactures, that have produced these wonderful results. England had the markets of the world, and if the principle of free trade deserves the encomiums bestowed upon it by its votaries, should have been able to hold them against all comers. And yet protectionist America, is by English testimony, successfully competing with free trade England, and that in spite of all the prejudice which undeniably existed in former years against that country, as the land of wooden nutmegs, bass wood hams and Yankee notions generally. The most remarkable feature, however, of the state of things portrayed by the *Telegraph*, is the fact that the greatest success achieved by American manufacturers in foreign markets has been precisely in those lines in which, according to all so-called economic laws, success should have been impossible. The coal and iron mines of the United States have been developed by means of a system of protection. And yet from these spring the raw material for precisely those manufactures in which our neighbours have achieved their greatest success in foreign markets. The fact is pregnant with instruction for Canada, possessing as we do almost inexhaustible mineral resources.

There are reasons in favour of a policy of protection which are peculiar to this country, and to which brief reference may be made. Situated as we are in close proximity to a great and successful manufacturing people like those of the United States, with no questions of cost of transportation to enter as an element into the question, the competition must necessarily be most severe. The addition of four millions of consumers to the manufacturers of the United States, right at their doors, nearer to them in fact than many of their customers in their own country, is an object which must almost prompt them to the greatest efforts to destroy possible competition from among ourselves. For a while, enormous prices prevailed as one of the results of the war with its inflated currency, and its system of internal taxation, and the manufacturers of Canada prospered. That is passing away. The balance of trade has been steadily growing against Canada during recent years, until it amounted, as will be found when the Trade Returns are brought down, to about twenty-seven millions of dollars last year, an increase of about ten millions of dollars, as compared with the previous year. That one general fact shows how this country is going behind in its trade relations with the neighbouring Republic. Is it desirable that the labourers of this country should be compelled to seek employment in the United States, and that we should become the consumers of the product of their labour in United States factories? That is what is in fact going on today, and it is most seriously injuring not only the present prosperity, but the future prospects of the Dominion.

Our relation to the United States is such, however, that it is not only in the matter of manufactures, but in the foreign trade of the Dominion, that we are now suffering, and are likely to suffer still more in the future. Mr. Cartwright's policy in repealing the Act passed by Sir Francis Hincks, which opposed a ten per cent. differential duty on tea coming from the United States to that which they charged upon imports from Great Britain or Canada, transferred the greater part of the distributing tea trade from the merchants of Canada to those of Great Britain. The result of that was seriously to injure the grocery trade, and as all the branches of trade are interdependent, to seriously injure the wholesale trade generally. It illustrates the argument which we think has received too little attention at the hands of the public men of Canada. It should not be a matter of indifference whether the distributing point for goods for the retailers of Canada is New York or Montreal. If the former secures this boon, as under existing circumstances there is too much reason to fear it may, the result is the building up of American foreign trade, and the increase of the advantage which New York already possesses as the great shipping point for the produce of the west. If, by the adoption of a policy which will encourage trade by the St. Lawrence, we make Montreal the distributing point for imported goods, the foreign trade of the Dominion, with all that a prosperous foreign trade implies, will be ours. We are expending large sums of money in the improvement of the facilities for transport on our inland waters. Our object in this expenditure is to encourage the shipment of the produce of the great West, American as well as Canadian, by the St. Lawrence. All these expenditures, however, will be fruitless unless we have ships at Montreal, or Quebec, to compete with those at American ports; and these we cannot have, if the import trade, or more properly, the distributing trade of the Dominion, is to be transferred to American ports. This is not a question of whether the wholesale trade is to be done at Montreal or Toronto or any other Canadian city. It is simply whether the handling of foreign goods required for the use of Canada, shall be by Canadian or American merchants.

We venture to think that the policy of the future will be a policy of differential duties against the United States. The right of Canada to adopt such a policy cannot be successfully denied. Sir Francis Hincks adopted it when he put ten per cent. on tea purchased in the United States, while tea from any other part of the world was free of duty. The adoption of the ad valorem system—which is practically a premium upon the long voyage, is in its practical result, a system of differential duties against our near neighbour. But whether it would be wise to adopt the system against the United States alone or not, there can be little doubt that it would be quite within the power, and quite within the national policy of this country, part and parcel as it is of the British Empire, to have a scale of duties upon goods imported from Great Britain or her colonies, and a higher rate on the same goods when imported from any other country. Such a policy would, of course, require a careful selection of the articles upon which the

increased duty should be charged. Its adoption would unite the interests of the Dominion with the interests of the mother country. It would be an incentive to the Dominion as a Canadian policy; and its tendency would be at once to inspire confidence in the investment of capital in the manufacturing industries of the Dominion, and to promote the foreign trade of the Dominion by our own great water highway.

THOMAS WHITE,  
Editor of *Montreal Gazette*

## THE ROMISH AND THE PROTESTANT MIND.

There are two classes of mind in the world of very different mental tendencies of which we may take as typical examples, John Locke and John Henry Newman. The tendency of the one class is towards freedom of thought, personal liberty of investigation, and looking at things at first hand. That of the other is towards clinging to authority, leaning on persons, and looking at things through the eyes of others. To these latter "*the traditions of the Elders*" present an almost insurmountable obstacle to the reception of the new, however true. To them it is always the "hoary old," never the grey and decrepit; and the words of Christ, "Why, even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" has little meaning.

I do not say that these two classes are very clearly marked off by any hard and fast lines of separation, but that, in a kind of general way, there is a class of thinkers and a class of leaners; of child-minds and of men-minds; of minds with natural Protestant tendencies, and of minds with natural Catholic tendencies. Nor is this Protestant mental characteristic *always* a result of great energy of character or of high intellectual endowment, but rather of a simple directness of vision and sensitive moral nature, alive to, and able to discriminate between, the substances and the shows of things; between the living kernel and the dead outer husk. The Pharisees connected somehow the idea of sanctity and defilement with fasting from or eating certain things at certain times (owing to some church traditions probably), but Christ shewed them that no external rite—that nothing that affected the mere body or entered by the mouth, could, as such, touch the moral character, or injure or benefit the soul of the man. And the most learned Pundit often makes a mistake here, at which the simple, honest mind is lost in astonishment.

Again, these minds with natural Protestant tendencies are marked by all degrees and shades of difference, from great robustness and independence of thinking, down to such a modified character of it, as is scarce distinguishable from that tethered thinking, which essentially is Catholic, and which concerns itself chiefly with *confirming* the so called thinker and others in a *foregone* conclusion. This, in the proper sense, is not thinking at all, only looking for arguments to support an assumed position. Such a person seeks not to determine the measure of truth in any theory, but only sets himself the task to prove it true. The difference is substantive and real. It is the difference between the old Romish Ecclesiastic trying to bend the system of the universe to the demands of his religious theory—to make the sun and the planets and the stars themselves, in their immeasurable depths, spin round the *central* earth—each revolution in a day-span—with a velocity exceeding a thousandfold the velocity of light, and, so, *accommodate themselves* to his (now exploded) hypothesis—exploded into a thousand fragments, in spite of Index and Inquisition and schoolman and the Pope himself—the difference between such, I say, and the student of nature who is simply content to shape his theory by the truth of things—the "*homo minister et interpret nature.*"

For the purpose of theory, America had no business to have been at all. For was it not the Romish Council of Salamanca which endeavoured to divert Columbus from his great undertaking by opposing Patristic interpretation and theory to his belief in the true figure of the earth, and pronounced it heretical to persist in his enterprise?

But what, indeed, has been the whole history of the Papacy but a series of blunder after blunder, and an endeavour, by dogma and *the stake*, to control the free action of the mind, to narrow the horizon of thought to the little area of Monk-life, and to fasten despotically the yoke of her opinion upon the neck of the human race. And what is Catholicism but the slavish acceptance of this yoke—the blind acquiescence in her dogmatic teaching, though that teaching has been so often upset by the clear evidence of fact; and in her infallibility, though that infallibility is unsupported by a tittle of real evidence, and has broken down again and again before the logic of the human mind.

And yet they tell us that there is no salvation out of the pale of Rome; that character and upright life, and obedience to the behests of conscience, the love of truth and the honest struggle to live it out, go for nothing, if unaccompanied by a belief in the dogmas of Trent, and unless, renouncing the plainest evidence of all our human senses, we believe that the bread and wine in "the Lord's Supper" are not bread and wine at all, but bones and blood and brains and muscles, and that, at such times, we are eating, in very deed, a living man.

When a man can be reduced to such a state of mentality; when his manhood can descend to this; when the thinking, active soul can become the passive slave of such a dogma, truly may we exclaim, in the words of the poet,

"O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
AND MEN HAVE LOST THEIR REASON."

With such men can there be any common stand-ground on which to reason at all? Do conscience, intellect, common sense, history count for nothing; or is this solid-ribbed world anything better than the football of a schoolboy's dream, to be kicked hither and thither as the game demands, or the victory alternates either side.

J. A. ALLEN.

Perhaps of all the actions into which the evil passions of humanity are led, there none more base than that of writing an anonymous letter. It is a moral assassination, or by a masked murderer—a lie without an author—the mean-spirited act of the dishonest, in whose heart gall has replaced the wholesome blood, and whose malice and revenge vent themselves in slander. I would as soon trust my purse with friendship with the hangman, my name with a coquette, take a serpent in my hand to my heart, as hold communion of love, friendship, or interest, with the despiser of an anonymous letter.—*J. E. Smith.*

## THE STORY OF THE OKA INDIANS.

## PRELIMINARY.

opose to tell the story of the Oka Indians with as much historical as I can command, and without either malice or imagination in dealing with the events of recent times. I think it is a story which, as Seneca says, "is often repeated till it is sufficiently learned," and while I will be responsible for the conclusions I may draw, I am not responsible for the facts which have forced those conclusions upon many minds besides my own. If my tale appear to be overdrawn, it will be the fault of the facts, not of my fancy; for truth was never stranger than fiction in the history of the red Indians of Canada, and in the vicissitudes and wrongs of the Indians of the Lake of the Two Mountains. Once the only defence of the Sulpicians, when Montreal was a small French village; now become a special mark for Sulpician persecution: once enjoying the fullest and freest right to fish, hunt and maintain themselves on and out of the lands given to the Sulpicians as their trustees; now treated as squatters and worried by law-suits for cutting wood for fuel, or for the small manufactures upon which their humble existence largely depends: once holding a balance of power which kept Sulpician fate, and doing faithfully the brave deeds which alone saved the Sulpicians from annihilation; now spurned with hate as an obstruction to the aggrandizement and political schemes, of the very people for whose protection they fought against their own flesh and blood! I am aware that I have to meet the opposing public opinion on this question in three ranks: A front rank of a wealthy corporation which has done much good, but which has left the very largest part of its work undone; which according to the highest legal opinion in England and Canada, given over thirty years before the illegal confirmation of the Seminary claims in 1840, has no valid title to the estates it got "confirmed," but which belong to the Crown by right of conquest; which has neither fulfilled fully the obligations of that title to the Island of Montreal, nor to the Lake of the Two Mountains; and which has sanctioned most miserable and cruel persecutions in Oka, perhaps thinking with Saul when he consented to the stoning of Stephen, that it was doing God service." A second rank, a lay element, led by political adventurers and a few religious bigots, who hurl forth both falsehood and vulgarity in lieu of argument and reason, and who are mentally incapacitated to look truth, in the face if it wears not the hue they wish it. A third rank, well in the rear, a sort of reserve, as ready to run when the foe comes as to rush on when the foe retreats—the time-serving class of one creed and all parties; who have brave words for the Okas when the indignation of a country is aroused and some party aim can be handled, but who pay penance for their valour in trimming when indignation has passed away; who want to be thought as Protestants of very staunch principle by Protestants, and as Protestants of very elastic principle by Catholics who to both sides show a smooth face and a yielding assent or so gentle a dissent as to be easily mistaken. They hate persecution, but they have an eye to business. They love civil and religious rights, but they hate to lose a customer. They have that sort of manhood which will let you kick it blue if you buy its wares, and that sort of hypocrisy "which is honestly indignant that you should think it hypocritical."

But there is a public opinion in Canada which will yet master these three; which will yet rise in protest against the demoralizing tendency to sink principle in party, honor, in "business," right, in expediency. If the story I have to tell wakens the people to protest against gross wrong, if it wakens more love for even Indian humanity, more of that British determination to enforce justice and right at all hazards, even for an Indian, I will feel the work not in vain.

## EARLY HISTORY.

The "Oka Indians," as they are now called have not "enjoyed" their present distinctive name more than a few years. Oka was the name of one of their old Chiefs, who died some years ago. The village where the people now live was formerly called the "Indian Village of Two Mountains." The Seminary of St. Sulpice, among its ways and means to obliterate the Indian connection dropped this name, and paid the people the left-handed compliment of the present substitute, which after all may be claimed to mean the French *Dore*, or the English "Golden Fish." Bouchette† says these Indians are descendants of a tribe that inhabited or frequented the lands bordering upon Lake Huron, and who escaped a massacre of their people, and came northward. When Bouchette wrote (1831) they were occupying the Lake of the Two Mountains, Caughnawaga, and St. Regis. I find that while the Iroquois, or Mohawks, monopolized Caughnawaga and St. Regis, the Lake of the Two Mountains contained Algonquins, Iroquois, Nippissings, and afterwards the Tete de Boule Indians, who hunted on the River St. Maurice; and that either by that sort of "adoption" which prevailed among the two former, or by migration, the two latter were lost sight of, and no tribes but the Algonquins and Iroquois recognized. The Algonquins once outnumbered the Iroquois at Oka. They were a less agricultural people; fonder of hunting, and about 300 were easily influenced by the Seminary restrictions and the willing aid it got from the Hon. Mr. Langevin when Secretary of State, to retire to the Township of Mamivaka or River Desert. The Iroquois, who now almost exclusively occupy Oka, persistently refused to accept any money or land inducement to leave. Inheriting a strong attachment to their old home and birthplace; anxious to cultivate the soil, to improve their conditions, to keep near the metropolis where they could find market for their bead-work and other industries, and strongly convinced that they had inalienable rights in the Seigniorship, they have remained from first to fixed in their determination to stay where they have lived for over a hundred and fifty years.

The earliest history of the Oka's would necessarily be that of the two tribes, the Algonquins and Iroquois, and of that part of them living north of the St. Lawrence. Four hundred and forty-two years ago, the first saw Hochelaga, he found here a palisaded town of birchen built by Huron Iroquois—not by Algonquins as he thought. Sixty years before Champlain could find no trace either of Hochelaga or Stadacona.

† *History of Canada*, vol. vi.  
 Appendix and Statistical Description of British Dominions in America."

In 1366, when the Jesuit missionaries established themselves on Montreal Island, they were told by the Algonquins that it had belonged to their fathers; but Colder in his history of the Five Nations says that the Iroquois claim to have been the original owners. It is certain that long before the advent of the pale-face, a war of races had existed for an unknown time; that although the Iroquois were the most courageous and the best organized, so as to be called by Europeans the Romans of the West, the Algonquins far outnumbered them, and were once supreme in Canada and parts of the adjoining districts. The Iroquois extended their territory from Lake Champlain to the end of Lake Ontario on the south side of the St. Lawrence and of the Lake; and were also in New England, Nova Scotia, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the Ottawa, and some of its tributary streams. The Algonquins occupied the northern bank of the St. Lawrence, principally, when the pale-face came, but they had extended from Hudson's Bay to the Carolinas, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi.

Between their nomadic character and the onslaught of foes, frequent migrations took place, and the tribes who frequented the eastern shores of Lake Huron seemed to come northward. Champlain, writing of the chain of lakes by which he came to Lake Ontario, notes the many deserted clearings of old Indian villages along the shores—vestiges of which may still be seen. When Ville-Marie was founded by Maissonneuve (1642) a few Algonquins came within reach of the missionaries, and were "instructed"; but it is quite clear that at that time of the dainty French cooking tickled and tempted the palate of the redskin—who, though a savage, was an epicure—and the kindness of the nuns who nursed him in the hospital when sick, took care of his women and children when he went on the war-path, and won converts by presents of guns, had their weighty influence. The French made a strong effort to form an agricultural settlement of Algonquins on the island, but the Iroquois having accidentally discovered Ville-Marie, made constant havoc upon white and red skins, and in time drove the Algonquins from the St. Lawrence to the western shores of Lake Huron and the banks of the Ottawa. In 1650 the Iroquois were at the height of their power, having adopted many of the Hurons, Neutrals, Eries and Andastes, after laying waste their towns and villages—permitting the Algonquins to live upon condition of paying yearly tributes of wampum. They had attacked and beaten them from the Saguenay to the Lake of the Nipissings.

In 1626, the Seminary of St. Sulpice was founded at Montreal, as a dependency of the college of the same name in Paris. In 1647 they acquired by purchase all the proprietary rights of the first possessors of the island. In 1677 the Seminary established a special mission to the Indians at the fort on the Mountain of Montreal, which was afterwards transferred to the Sault au Recollet, or back river. During the residence of the Indians near the mountain mission, they frequently took up arms against outside members of their own tribe, and saved the Sulpicians from extermination. During the subsequent period, the Iroquois made many raids upon the Algonquins: one band in 1691 attacking them at Point aux Trembles, another at the Sault, where they captured thirty-five warriors. About the time that the Seminary purchased Montreal Island, the Iroquois were prosecuting a vigorous war against the French. About 1689, when war broke out between England and France, the Iroquois destroyed Montreal and murdered the inhabitants. In 1693 the Iroquois made overtures of peace to Frontenac, sending a deputation to the French, and another to the Algonquins at Sault au Recollet. Frontenac rejected this, and accused the Iroquois of tampering with the Sault Indians. A few weeks afterwards a deputation consisting of two chiefs of each of the Five Nations met in Quebec, where we also find present the dignitaries of the colony, priests, and the Christian chiefs of the Sault and the Mountain. When peace was finally made in 1700 at Montreal, the converts of the Sault and the Mountain were present. In fact, it is clear that this special mission of Indians was recognized by the French and the Seminary as meriting special honour and attention. They were brought to their councils in all such critical affairs, and were evidently a people for the experiment of evangelization. Upon the establishment of the Iroquois, while still maintaining their rights as an independent people, more within the material advantages as well as religious influence of the Seminary; settled in knots on different parts of the Island, and finally were brought closer together at the Sault. In 1718 the Indian mission was transferred to the Lake of the Two Mountains, and the seigniorship there obtained by the Seminary from the King of France in the sole name of and on the sole behalf of the Indians of the Sault.

In my next paper I will deal with the deeds of concession and the early settlement at the Lake—now called Oka.

W. GEO. BEERS.

There is another evil to be avoided and that is the disposition to play the trimmer in the journey of life. All men, if they be worthy of the name, are ambitious of the respect and good opinion of their neighbours. All men wish to be popular, but too many make sad wreck in their efforts to attain this popularity. I know of few sadder spectacles than that of a man, seizing upon every ruffle of popular excitement, in the hope of sailing in upon the crest of the wave; whose anxiety to please makes him an object of discomfort to himself, an object of contempt to all who watch his efforts in that direction. Popular impulses are often misdirected and are often unjust. Too frequently they are at the services of demagogues who pay the people the disrespect of appealing to their feelings and prejudices rather than to their reason. But after all popular impulses in the long run are generally sound and true, and it is for this reason that mere popularity hunters are almost invariably doomed to final disappointment. The public respect which is worth having is that which is begotten of a popular conviction of actual worth, and the surest way to attain it is by preserving jealously one's self-respect, doing nothing which, known to the whole world, would make us blush. A spirit of sturdy independence is a good spirit to cultivate. Not the spurious article which too often passes for it. Men often get credit for independence by rushing to the front rank of their own set, in times of popular or civic commotion. That is an easy kind of independence. What is most frequently the real article, is much more difficult. Any man can sail with the wind and tide. But it is often hard to subject one's motives to misconstruction by boldly refusing either to lead or follow, with those with whom we usually act, when we think them in the wrong. It is in such cases that true independence is needed. It is in such cases that the honest devotion to truth, to our own convictions of duty, shows most conspicuously, although it is in such cases, that for the moment at any rate we are apt to get least credit for it. What is conventionally called "backbone" is, in nine cases out of ten, neither more nor less than a blatant pandering to some popular feeling of the hour. It is not independence; it is not a respectable counterfeit of independence; it is, in fact, the very opposite of independence. This honest adherence to truth is not inconsistent with the most perfect spirit of tolerance. From a lecture delivered at the "White on 'The Ladder of Life.'" ation.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF POLITICS.

What is the destination of the Canadian Dominion? This question has been prominently obtruded upon the attention of Canadians within the last few months, by circumstances to which no reference is needed here. But it has not been always observed that the question has a two-fold bearing; it may refer either to the actual or to the ideal destination of Canada. For it is one problem to try and discover the actual destination to which the young Dominion is doomed by the sheer force of the laws that govern human history; it is another problem to discover the ideal destination which the Dominion ought to take upon itself, and endeavour to work out as far as the actual condition of things may allow.

What the future fate of Canada is to be, I must leave to the decision of those who profess a wider and deeper knowledge than I dare claim, of the causes which control the course of human events. It seems to be generally agreed, and it may be accepted, perhaps, as tolerably certain, that the existing political relations of the Dominion cannot be permanent,—that the connection with the Imperial Government of Great Britain must become either closer or more remote. But whether we are to be absorbed in the American Republic, or to form a new state with some of its more northern sections, or to assume a novel position in a reorganized confederation of the British Empire, or to establish an independent nationality, or perhaps, after all, to drift on with our present organization unaltered,—these are questions on which all may speculate who have leisure and taste for such an intellectual exercise. The problem of chief interest to us and to all men concerns, not the form, but the spirit, in which our political task is done.

What then is the political task which is set for us to work out in our history? It is a task which is imposed, not upon Canada in particular, but upon all nations alike; it is the task of organizing and managing a government which will secure the highest welfare of the people. Only there is an intenser sacredness in the task as it is imposed upon Canada, owing to the peculiar circumstances in which she has entered upon her work. The young Dominion begins her history with an inheritance such as few, if any, colonies have ever received from a mother country. The political constitution, given to us by Great Britain, places us, at the outset of the career, in a position of inestimable advantage for solving many of the problems of national welfare. Surely such an inheritance is to be accepted as a sacred trust, imposing a sacred obligation to use all the appliances at our disposal, by which that trust may be honourably fulfilled. Have we shown a sufficient sense of our privileges, sufficient earnestness in endeavouring to draw from them all the advantages they afford?

In seeking an answer to this question it does seem, at the first glance, as if it were possible to charge us with almost any political offence rather than with indifference to our political duties. The quantity and the fervour of the discussions in our periodical literature, the exuberance of energy which bursts out at elections, the keenness of competition for public offices—all these symptoms appear to indicate the vigour of political life in Canada. But is this a correct interpretation of these symptoms? It has been remarked, perhaps cynically, about modern Geneva, that it produces many theologians, but no theology; may it not be said, without any cynicism, about Canada, that she produces many politicians, but no politics? The abundance of activity on her political arena it is impossible to ignore; most on-lookers might be inclined to believe that such an amount of political activity is superfluous, perhaps even perilous to the peaceful development of the national industries. But what, after all, does this excessive activity imply? Does it arise from the intellect of Canada being largely absorbed in the earnest solution of problems affecting the national welfare; or is it not rather mainly due to the fact, that an unnecessarily large number of men have adopted political occupations as a profession—as a means of making money? The activity of such men in political life is certainly not a matter of surprise: but it is not an indication of political zeal in the truer and nobler sense of that term; it is merely a misdirected manifestation of that spirit which finds a less pretentious, but more appropriate, outlet in commercial enterprise. It is for this reason that our political discussions assume the aspect which they commonly present to foreigners, and even to Canadians who have no desire to make a living at the expense of their fellow-countrymen. For it is a significant fact, that nearly all outsiders who have endeavoured to master our political condition, have come to the opinion that it resolves itself into a meaningless contest of factions, who are opposed to each other only because of their common faith in the desirability of occupying the Treasury benches.

In this condition there is no room for the discussion of political questions on their own merits; political leaders are obliged to stave off all problems, however urgent, which may disorganize their respective parties. Does Mr. Blake, in a moment of generous speculation, broach theories of an advanced political thought which have not been accepted by his party, which might even lead to the dreaded consummation of dispensing with parties altogether in our government? The organs of his own party criticise his utterances as disparagingly as those of his opponents, and only his indispensable services save him from political ruin. Does Sir Alexander Galt, or any other liberal thinker, point out the perils to which constitutional government is exposed from the advances of clerical absolutism in Quebec? either party is equally ready to disclaim any suspicion which might direct the influence of the Quebec clergy against itself.

The time has come when the country must rise and protest against this tyranny, which sacrifices the national interests to those of the party politicians. What is it to us whether our Government be dubbed Conservatives or Reformers, provided they honestly endeavour to conserve all that is conducive to the welfare of the people, and to reform every institution that has become liable to abuse?

"Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,  
Like some of the simple great ones gone  
For ever and ever by;  
One still strong man in a blatant land,  
Whatever they call him, what care I,  
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one  
Who can rule and dare not lie!"

But to obtain a Government of this stamp, our politicians must be sought

among men who are able to look at national questions apart from the exigencies of party warfare, with the impartial calm of the philosophic mind; and the teaching of Plato re-asserts its truth, after two thousand years, that the competent ruler must be a philosopher.

It is true that the political theorist is apt to be ridiculed, if he is not dreaded, by the practical politicians: he is ridiculed as a man who amuses the world by his harmless dreams of an impossible Utopia; or he is dreaded as one who would shatter to pieces the existing social order for the purpose of forcing upon society an ideal order of very doubtful superiority. The *doctrinaire* is undoubtedly an enemy to the healthful development of social life; but his influence is not destroyed by inducing a people to scorn the sober lessons of a dispassionate political philosophy, and leaving them to the undirected passions of actual political life. On the contrary, there is no surer way of exposing a people to all the illusions of *doctrinaires* than by refusing them the guidance of any political school,

"But that where blind and naked Ignorance  
Delivers brawling judgments, unashamed,  
On all things all day long."

One of the most elementary teachings of political philosophy is the fact that society is like an organism whose growth cannot be forced by a sudden leap from childhood to maturity. The political philosopher, therefore, knows better than any other man, that to develop the social organism in vigorous health, it must not run the risk of being disorganised by the very means intended for its development. It is not the possession, it is the want, of a sound political philosophy, that would force upon any society institutions which are not the normal developments of its previous growth. In such a philosophy, and in such a philosophy alone, is found the harmony of Conservatism and Reform. It is the philosophical student of politics who knows how to combine the aspirations of youth after an advancing future, with the reverence of age for a stable past; and thus to maintain that historical connection between the different stages of a nation's growth, which forms the indispensable condition of all true progress towards the common weal.

But it is surely unnecessary to plead the value of political knowledge in the conduct of political life. In no other department of labour is ignorance regarded as a qualification for success; in no other department are the workers allowed to dispense with special knowledge. We require from our medical practitioners an elaborate course of study and examination in the various sciences of medicine; from our lawyers a preliminary training in legal theory and practice; our divines are generally expected to sweep the encyclopædia of the theological sciences, and to run through the most important branches of a liberal culture as well; even the commonest handicraft prescribes a certain apprenticeship for those who aspire to its practice. Is it too much to expect that men, who undertake political occupations, should be obliged to qualify themselves by a preliminary study of political philosophy? If such a standard of qualification is enforced among our public men, we may leave the future destiny of Canada to be decided, as it must be, by influences which are necessarily beyond our control, and of which it is impossible for us to estimate the force. We cannot determine the external form which our future may assume; but we can mould our history by such a spirit, that it shall long hold a place in the general history of the world among those ennobling records, from which the great and good of the coming generations shall find light to aspire after purer ideals, and be inspired with fresh courage in their efforts for the welfare of mankind.

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## PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

I have been asked to write a series of articles for the CANADIAN SPECTATOR, on Practical Science, and in the consideration of this most important subject, I shall hope to engage the earnest attention of the public, being persuaded that its true conception and appreciation must lead to results most progressive in their tendencies and eminently useful in all the pursuits of life. That the application of scientific principles to the requirements of man is continually diminishing the rigour of labour and increasing our powers of production, is a matter of every day observation, but especially is this manifest in those departments which have to do with the Industrial Arts. A survey of the last 70 years discovers to us a change of so remarkable a character as to render it almost incredible. We see one class treading close upon the heels of another class; social conditions broken down; markets overstocked; professions overflowed, and the surface of the globe itself seems to have gone through a transformation wondrous as the variations of a geologic era. Watt, Stephenson and Wheatstone have, by their discoveries, caused a complete revolution in all our social conditions, and have totally altered the relations of every country of the world with its neighbours. Railways now run in every direction, enclosing whole countries, as it were, in a network of iron; magnificent docks and harbours of refuge have been constructed along our coasts; the ocean has become an easily travelled highway; mountain-chains have been tunneled; barriers heretofore impassable have been surmounted, and the world has been girdled with a most stupendous and intricate telegraphic system. Stephenson was born at a time when there was a widespread demand for some new method of internal intercourse, and he, by his invention of the locomotive, gave such an impulse to science and art, to commerce and civilization, that we are altogether unable to estimate its ultimate effect.

The advancement in every department of knowledge has been made with truly rapid and gigantic strides; commerce, endowed like the octopus as it were, with a multitude of arms, has drawn into its embrace all inhabited countries, and civilization is fast extending to every nation and people and tongue.

Compare the engineering or machine establishments of the present times with those which existed 70 years ago, and whose sole stock consisted of a few ill-made lathes, drills and boring-machines, and one cannot but be filled with wonder at the marvellous changes and improvements in constructive machinery. So, too, in the apartment of machine-making; an ordinary machinist can now turn, bore, and shape with facility and with almost mathematical accuracy, and mechanical operations are now possible, which in the beginning of the present century could not have been accomplished at any cost. Again, it is hardly 50 years since the lumbering stage coaches began to fall into disuse, and railway

travelling came into fashion, and in this comparatively short period one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railway have been made in different countries, at an outlay of about fourteen thousand millions of dollars, and involving an expenditure of engineering skill and work of such vast magnitude and importance that, in comparison, all the previous engineering works of the world seem to fall almost into insignificance. Look for a moment at the development of the manufacturing industry as applied to cotton, and we learn that Mr. Arkwright built his first mill at Cromford, in Derbyshire, England. It was driven by water, but it was not till 1790, or some time after, when the steam engine of Watt came into use, that the cotton trade advanced at such an accelerated speed, as to render its increase and present magnitude almost beyond conception. This universal extension is not only a subject of deep interest to the philosopher and statesman, but one which is likely to furnish a larger field of observation for the future historian of his country.

Our knowledge of force, too, has become so complete, and so extended are our powers of adapting it to useful ends, as to render it by no means improbable that ere long all the severer forms of labour will be performed entirely by machinery. And still the progress continues, and we are ever craving for a fuller knowledge of outward things and natural forces, and for a deeper insight into, and a clearer conception of this wonderful universe of ours. But with all this advancement there has been a consequent increase of the subjects of knowledge, and these have multiplied so exceedingly as to render it utterly impossible for the most ardent and successful student to cope with more than a very small portion of them. We have the ancient and modern languages, the corresponding literature, all the "ologies," and all the sciences, and it has thus become a matter of the utmost importance to select from these, the subjects which will enable a youth to qualify himself most effectually for that particular occupation which he intends to pursue, and which shall teach him that his education is not merely intended to make him a skilful workman or a prudent man of business, but also to develop his manhood, to make him upright in his walk in life, and true in word and thought. Now, the prosperity of a country depends, undoubtedly, in a very great measure upon the condition of its industries, and it is therefore most essential to study them in every branch, and endeavour by all possible means to bring them into a state of good and healthy progress. To do so effectually, the people must be raised and educated to a higher degree of scientific attainment, so that for the time to come, we may possess a better educated class of masters and workmen, who will be able to meet the requirements of the age, which demand an increased intelligence, not only in the workshop, but in all departments of knowledge.

I cannot, then, impress too strongly upon the people of this Dominion, the necessity of providing for the more complete education of students in Practical Science. Canada is a young and growing country, and, in all probability, has a great future in store, and in the natural course of events railways will have to be laid down and worked, towns will have to be drained and supplied with water (for example, Montreal), roads will have to be made, ports and harbours will have to be constructed, and rivers will have to be made navigable. These are works involving enormous cost, and of the greatest importance to the people; they require, in their execution, the most consummate knowledge and skill, and the people will therefore do well to pay the utmost attention to the training and selection of those who will have to carry out such works. Consider our modern railways, and we shall find that in those countries in which the engineering systems have been prudently selected, and in which the engineers have been carefully trained and educated in their work, the railways have been laid down cheaply, and have been worked with economy and profit; but where they have been reckless and ignorant, the railways have been very costly, have been extravagantly worked, and have been altogether unprofitable. In a very able and instructive work on technical education, Mr. Scott Russell, in speaking of foreign railways, says:—

"It is notorious that those foreign railways which have been made by themselves in the educated countries of Germany and Switzerland, have been made far cheaper than those constructed by us in England; it is known that they have been made by pupils of the industrial schools and technical colleges of these countries, and I know many of their distinguished men who take pride in saying that they owe their positions entirely to their technical schools. I find everywhere throughout their work marks of that method, order, symmetry, absence of waste which arise from plans well thought out, the judicious application of principles, conscientious parsimony, and a high feeling of professional responsibility. In the accurate cutting of their slopes and embankments, in the careful design and thoughtful execution of their beautiful and economical stonemasonry, in the self-denying economy of their large span bridges, the experienced traveller can read as he travels the work of a superiorly educated class of men; and when we come down to details, to the construction of permanent way, arrangement of signals, points and sidings, and the endless details of stations, we everywhere feel that we are in the hands of men who have spared no pains, and who have applied high professional skill to minute details."

Our early practitioners in architecture and engineering were, with the exception of a few remarkable men, totally unacquainted with the first principles of their profession, and their reasonings were consequently difficult, precarious and unsatisfactory, and led them into malconstruction and many of those errors which a knowledge of science would have warned them to avoid. At the hands of such men as these, an immense expenditure has been made in the production of totally unscientific work, and we have often been called upon to witness failures and abortion in the art of construction which an extended knowledge and superior skill would have prevented.

To render the subject of these articles as intelligible as possible, I shall treat it under the following heads:—

- I. On the harmony between theory and practice.
- II. Educational institutions in Great Britain, Europe, and in the United States.
- III. Educational institutions in Canada.
- IV. General conclusions.

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## THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

[The following article and another which will follow, are taken from *The Nineteenth Century*—an English high-class monthly, devoted to the free discussion of all matters of importance. Mr. Frederic Harrison is a disciple of Auguste Comte—the celebrated French positivist philosopher—and in these articles defines and defends his teachings on "The Soul and Immortality." The articles are followed by a modern symposium—written by the leading Philosophers, Scientists and Theologians of England. That symposium will be given as it appeared in the above named periodical. It is hoped that it will be found to interest and edify.—EDITOR.]

How many men and women continue to give a mechanical acquiescence to the creeds, long after they have parted with all definite theology, out of mere clinging to some hope of a future life, in however dim and inarticulate a way! And how many, whose own faith is too evanescent to be put into words, profess a sovereign pity for the practical philosophy wherein there is no place for their particular yearning for a Heaven to come! They imagine themselves to be, by virtue of this very yearning, beings of a superior order, and, as if they inhabited some higher zone amidst the clouds, they flout sober thought as it toils in the plain below; they counsel it to drown itself in sheer despair or take to evil living; they rebuke it with some sonorous household word from the Bible or the poets—"Eat, drink, for to-morrow ye die"—"Were it not better not to be?" And they assume the question closed, when they have murmured triumphantly, "Behind the veil, behind the veil."

They are right, and they are wrong: right to cling to a hope of something that shall endure beyond the grave; wrong in their rebukes to men who in a different spirit cling to this hope as earnestly as they. We too turn our thoughts to that which is behind the veil. We strive to pierce its secret with eyes, we trust, as eager and as fearless; and even it may be more patient in searching for the realities beyond the gloom. That which shall come *after* is no less solemn to us than to you. We ask you, therefore, What do you *know* of it? Tell us; we will tell you what we hope. Let us reason together in sober and precise prose. Why should this great end, staring at all of us along the vista of each human life, be for ever a matter for dithyrambic hypotheses and evasive tropes? What in the language of clear sense does any one of us hope for after death: what precise kind of life, and on what grounds? It is too great a thing to be trusted to poetic ejaculations, to be made a field for Pharisaic scorn. At least be it acknowledged that a man may think of the Soul and of Death and of Future Life in ways strictly positive (that is, without ever quitting the region of evidence), and yet may make the world beyond the grave the centre to himself of moral life. He will give the spiritual life a place as high, and will dwell upon the promises of that which is after death as confidently as the believers in a celestial resurrection. And he can do this without trusting his all to a *perhaps* so vague that a spasm of doubt can wreck it, but trusting rather to a mass of solid knowledge, which no man of any school denies to be true so far as it goes.

### I.

There ought to be no misunderstanding at the outset as to what we who trust in positive methods mean by the word Soul, or by the words 'spiritual,' 'materialist,' and 'future life.' We certainly would use that ancient and beautiful word Soul, provided there be no misconception involved in its use. We assert as fully as any theologian the supreme importance of spiritual life. We agree with the theologians that there is current a great deal of real materialism, deadening to our higher feeling. And we deplore the too common indifference to the world beyond the grave. And yet we find the centre of our religion and our philosophy in Man and man's Earth.

To follow out this use of old words, and to see that there is no paradox in thus using them, we must go back a little to general principles. The matter turns altogether upon habits of thought. What seems to you so shocking will often seem to us so ennobling, and what seems to us flimsy will often seem to you sublime, simply because our minds have been trained in different logical methods; and hence you will call that a beautiful truth which strikes us as nothing but a random guess. It is idle, of course, to dispute about our respective logical methods, or to pit this habit of mind in a combat with what. But we may understand each other better if we can agree to follow out the moral and religious temper, and learn that it is quite compatible with this or that mental procedure. It may teach us again that ancient truth, how much human nature there is in men; what fellowship there is in our common aspirations and moral forces; how we all live the same spiritual life; whilst the philosophies are but the ceaseless toil of the intellect seeking again and again to *explain* more clearly that spiritual life, and to furnish it with reasons for the faith that is in it.

This would be no place to expound or to defend the positive method of thought. The question before us is simply, if this positive method has a place in the spiritual world or has anything to say about a future beyond the grave. Suffice it that we mean by the positive method of thought (and we will now use the term in a sense not limited to the social construction of Comte) that method which would base life and conduct, as well as knowledge, upon such evidence as can be referred to logical canons of *proof*, which would place all that occupies man in a homogeneous system of *law*. On the other hand, this method turns aside from *hypotheses* not to be tested by any known logical canon familiar to science, whether the hypothesis claim support from intuition, aspiration, or general plausibility. And again, this method turns aside from ideal standards which avow themselves to be *lawless*, which profess to transcend the field of law. We say, life and conduct shall stand for us wholly on a basis of law, and must rest entirely in that region of science (not physical but moral and social science) where we are free to use our intelligence in the methods known to us as intelligible logic, methods which the intellect can analyse. When you confront us stated in terms of the rest of our knowledge, if they are disparate to that world of sequence and sensation which to us is the ultimate base of all our real knowledge, then we shake our heads and turn aside. I say, turn aside; and I do not to knowledge in our aspirations or our presentiments, as there might be in our dreams by night as well as by day; we courteously salute the hypotheses, as we might love our pleasant dreams; we seek to prove no negatives. We do not pretend there are no mysteries, we do not frown on the poetic splendours of the

FROM THE HINDOO POINT OF VIEW.—A native paper of Madras says:—"We are notoriously a superstitious race, while the English, those resident in India at least, are so emancipated from superstition that they protest against paying their priests; and these are accordingly paid out of the taxation of the superstitious natives."



fancy. There is a world of beauty and of pathos in the vast aether of the Unknown in which this solid ball hangs like a speck. Let all who list, who have true imagination and not mere paltering with a loose fancy, let them indulge their gift, and tell us what their soaring has unfolded. Only let us not waste life in crude dreaming, or loosen the knees of action. For life and conduct, and the great emotions which react on life and conduct, we can place nowhere but in the same sphere of knowledge, under the same canons of proof, to which we entrust all parts of our life. We will ask the same philosophy which teaches us the lessons of civilization to guide our lives as responsible men; and we go again to the same philosophy which orders our lives to explain to us the lessons of death. We crave to have the supreme hours of our existence lighted up by thoughts and motives such as we can measure beside the common acts of our daily existence, so that each hour of our life up to the grave may be linked to the life beyond the grave as one continuous whole, 'bound each to each by natural piety.' And so, wasting no sighs over the incommensurable possibilities of the fancy, we will march on with a firm step till we knock at the Gates of Death; bearing always the same human temper, in the same reasonable beliefs, and with the same earthly hopes of prolonged activity amongst our fellows, with which we set out gaily in the morning of life.

When we come to the problem of the human Soul; we simply treat man as man, and we study him in accordance with our human experience. Man is a marvellous and complex being, we may fairly say of complexity past any hope of final analysis of ours, fearfully and wonderfully made to the point of being mysterious. But incredible progress has been won in reading this complexity, in reducing this mystery to order. Who can say that man shall ever be anything but an object of awe and of unfathomable pondering to himself? Yet he would be false to all that is great in him, if he decried what he already has achieved towards self-knowledge. Man has probed his own corporeal and animal life, and is each day arranging it in more accurate adjustment with the immense procession of animal life around him. He has grouped the intellectual powers, he has traced to their relations the functions of mind, and ordered the laws of thought into a logic of a regular kind. He has analysed and grouped the capacities of action, the moral faculties, the instincts and emotions. And not only is the analysis of these tolerably clear, but the associations and correlations of each with the other are fairly made manifest. At the lowest, we are all assured that every single faculty of man is capable of scientific study. Philosophy simply means, that every part of human nature acts upon a method, and does not act chaotically, inscrutably, or in mere caprice.

But then we find throughout man's knowledge of himself signs of a common type. There is organic unity in the whole. These laws of the separate functions, of body, mind, or feeling, have visible relations to each other, are inextricably woven in with each other, act and react, depend and interdepend one on the other. There is no such thing as an isolated phenomenon, nothing *sui generis*, in our entire scrutiny of human nature. Whatever the complexities of it, there is through the whole the solidarity of a single unit. Touch the smallest fibre of the corporeal man, and in some infinitesimal way we may watch the effect in the moral man, and we may trace this effect up into the highest pinnacles of the spiritual life. On the other hand, when we rouse chords of the most glorious ecstasy of the soul, we may see the vibration of them visibly thrilling upon the skin. The very animals about us can perceive the emotion. Suppose a martyr nerved to the last sacrifice, or a saint in the act of relieving a sufferer, the sacred passion within them is stamped in the eye, or plays about the mouth, with a connection as visible as when we see a muscle acting on a bone, or the brain affected by the supply of blood. Thus from the summit of spiritual life to the base of corporeal life, whether we pass up or down the gamut of human forces, there runs one organic correlation and sympathy of parts. Man is one, however compound. Fire his conscience, and he blushes. Check his circulation, and he thinks wildly, or thinks not at all. Impair his secretions, and moral sense is dulled, discoloured, or depraved; his aspirations flag, his hope, love, faith reel. Impair them still more, and he becomes a brute. A cup of drink degrades his moral nature below that of a swine. Again, a violent emotion of pity or horror makes him vomit. A lancet will restore him from delirium to clear thought. Excess of thought will waste his sinews. Excess of muscular exercise will deaden thought. An emotion will double the strength of his muscles. And at last the prick of a needle or a grain of mineral will in an instant lay to rest for ever his body and its unity, and all the spontaneous activities of intelligence, feeling and action, with which that compound organism was charged.

These are the obvious and ancient observations about the human organism. But modern philosophy and science have carried these hints into complete explanations. By a vast accumulation of proof positive thought at last has established a distinct correspondence between every process of thought or of feeling and some corporeal phenomenon. Even when we cannot explain the precise relation, we can show that definite correlations exist. To positive methods, every fact of thinking reveals itself as having functional relation with molecular change. Every fact of will or of feeling is in similar relation with kindred molecular facts. And all these facts again have some relation to each other. Hence we have established an organic correspondence in all manifestations of human life. To think implies a corresponding adjustment of molecular activity. To feel emotion implies nervous organs of feeling. To will implies vital cerebral hemispheres. Observation, reflection, memory, imagination, judgment, have all been analysed out, till they stand forth as functions of living organs in given conditions of the organism, that is in a particular environment. The whole range of man's powers, from the finest spiritual sensibility down to a mere automatic contraction, falls into one coherent scheme: being all the multifarious functions of a living organism in presence of its encircling conditions.

But complex as it is, there is no confusion in this whole when conceived by positive methods. No rational thinker now pretends that imagination is simply the vibration of a particular fibre. No man can explain volition by purely anatomical study. Whilst keeping in view the due relations between moral and corporeal facts, we distinguish moral from biologic facts, moral science from biology. Moral science is based upon biological science; but it is not comprised in it: it has its own special facts and its own special methods, though always in the sphere of law. Just so, the mechanism of the body is based upon

mechanics, would be unintelligible but for mechanics, but could not be explained by mechanics alone, or by anything but a complete anatomy and biology. To explain the activity of the intellect as included in the activity of the body, is as idle as to explain the activity of the body as included in the motion of solid bodies. And it is equally idle to explain the activity of the will, or the emotions, as included in the theory of the intellect. All the spheres of human life are logically separable, though they are organically interdependent. Now the combined activity of the human powers organised around the highest of them we call the Soul. The combination of intellectual and moral energy which is the source of Religion, we call the spiritual life. The explaining the spiritual side of life by physical instead of moral and spiritual reasoning, we call materialism.

The consensus of the human faculties, which we call the Soul, comprises all sides of human nature according to one homogeneous theory. But the intuitional methods ask us to insert into the midst of this harmonious system of parts, as an underlying explanation of it, an indescribable entity; and to this hypothesis, since the days of Descartes (or possibly of Aquinas), the good old word Soul has been usually restricted. How and when this entity ever got into the organism, how it abides in it, what are its relations to it, how it acts on it, why and when it goes out of it—all is mystery. We ask for some evidence of the existence of any such entity; the answer is, we must imagine it in order to explain the organism. We ask what are its methods, its laws, its affinities; we are told that it simply has none, or none knowable. We ask for some description of it, of its course of development, for some single fact about it, stateable in terms of the rest of our knowledge; the reply is—mystery, absence of everything so stateable or cognisable, a line of poetry, or an ejaculation. It has no place, no matter, no modes, neither evolution nor decay; it is without body, parts, or passions: a spiritual essence, incommensurable, incomparable, indescribable. Yet with all this, it is, we are told, an entity, the most real and perfect of all entities short of the divine.

If we ask why we are to assume the existence of something of which we have certainly no direct evidence, and which is so wrapped in mystery that for practical purposes it becomes a nonentity, we are told that we need to conceive it, because a mere organism cannot act as we see the human organism act. Why not? They say there must be a *principle* within as the cause of this life. But what do we gain by supposing a 'principle?' The 'principle' only adds a fresh difficulty. Why should a 'principle,' or an entity, be more capable of possessing these marvellous human powers than the human organism? Besides, we shall have to imagine a 'principle' to explain not only why a man can feel affection, but also why a dog can feel affection. If a mother cannot love her child—merely *qua* human organism—unless her love be a manifestation of an eternal soul, how can a cat love her kittens—merely *qua* feline organism—without an immaterial principle, or soul? Nay, we shall have to go on to invent a principle to account for a tree growing, or a thunderstorm roaring, and for every force of nature. Now this very supposition was made in a way by the Greeks, and to some extent by Aquinas, the authors of the vast substructure of *anima* underlying all nature, of which our human Soul is the fragment that alone survives. One by one the steps in this series of hypothesis have faded away. Greek and mediæval philosophy imagined that every activity, resulted not from the body which exhibited the activity, but from some mysterious entity inside it. If marble was hard, it had a 'form' informing its hardness; if a blade of grass sprang up, it had a vegetative spirit mysteriously impelling it; if a dog obeyed his master, it had an animal spirit mysteriously controlling its organs. The mediæval physicists, as Molière reminds us, thought that opium induced sleep *quia est in eo vertus dormitiva*. Nothing was allowed to act as it did by its own force or vitality. In every explanation of science we were told to postulate an intercalary hypothesis. Of this huge mountain of figment, the notion of man's immaterial Soul is the one feeble residuum.

Orthodoxy has so long been accustomed to take itself for granted, that we are apt to forget how very short a period of human history this sublimated essence has been current. From Plato to Hegel the idea has been continually taking fresh shapes. There is not a trace of it in the Bible in its present sense, and nothing in the least akin to it in the Old Testament. Till the time of Aquinas theories of a material soul, as a sort of gas, were never eliminated; and until the time of Descartes, our present ideas of the antithesis of Soul and Body were never clearly defined. Thus the Bible, the Fathers, and the Mediæval Church, as was natural when philosophy was in a state of flux, all represented the Soul in very different ways; and none of these ways were those of a modern divine. It is a curious instance of the power of words that the practical weight of the popular religion is now hung on a metaphysical hypothesis, which itself has been in vogue for only a few centuries in the history of speculation, and which is now become to those trained in positive habits of thought a mere juggle of ideas.

We have in all this sought only to state what we mean by man's soul, and what we do not mean. But we make no attempt to prove a negative, or to demonstrate the non-existence of the supposed entity. Our purpose now is a very different one. We start out from this—that this positive mode of treating man is in this, as in other things, morally sufficient; that it leaves no voids and chasms in human life; that the moral and religious sequelæ which are sometimes assigned to its teaching have no foundation in fact. We say, that on this basis, not only have we an entrance into the spiritual realm, but that we have a firmer hold on the spiritual life than on the basis of hypothesis. On this theory, the world beyond the grave is in closer and truer relation to conduct than on the spiritualist theory. We look on man as man, not as man plus a heterogeneous entity. And we think that we lose nothing, but gain much thereby, in the religious as well as in the moral world. We do not deny the conceivable existence of the heterogeneous entity. But we believe that human nature is adequately equipped on human and natural grounds without this disparate nondescript.

Let us be careful to describe the method we employ as that which looks on man as man, and repudiate the various labels, such as materialist, physical, unspiritual methods, and the like, which are used as equivalent for the rational or positive method of treating man. The method of treating man as man insists, at least as much as any other method, that man has a moral, emotional, religious life, different in kind from his material and practical life, but perfectly co-ordinate with that physical life, and to be studied on similar scientific methods. The

spiritual sympathies of man are undoubtedly the highest part of human nature ; and our method condemns as loudly as any system physical explanations of spiritual life. We claim the right to use the terms 'soul,' 'spiritual,' and the like, in their natural meaning. In the same way, we think that there are theories which are justly called 'Materialist,' that there are physical conceptions of human nature which are truly dangerous to morality, to goodness, and religion. It is sometimes thought to be a sufficient proof of the reality of this heterogeneous entity of the soul, that otherwise we must assume the most spiritual emotions of man to be a secretion of cerebral matter, and that, whatever the difficulties of conceiving the union of Soul and Body, it is something less difficult than the conceiving that the nerves think, or the tissues love. We repudiate such language as much as any one can, but there is another alternative. It is possible to invest with the highest dignity the spiritual life of mankind by treating it as an ultimate fact, without trying to find an explanation for it either in a perfectly unthinkable hypothesis or in an irrational and debasing physicalism.

We certainly do reject, as earnestly as any school can, that which is most fairly called Materialism, and we will second every word of those who cry out that civilization is in danger if the workings of the human spirit are to become questions of physiology, and if death is the end of a man, as it is the end of a sparrow. We not only assent to such protests, but we see very pressing need for making them. It is a corrupting doctrine to open a brain, and to tell us that devotion is a definite molecular change in this and that convolution of grey pulp, and that if man is the first of living animals, he passes away after a short space like the beasts that perish. And all doctrines, more or less, do tend to this, which offer physical theories as explaining moral phenomena, which deny man a spiritual in addition to a moral nature, which limit his moral life to the span of his bodily organism, and which have no place for 'religion' in the proper sense of the word.

It is true that in this age, or rather in this country, we seldom hear the stupid and brutal materialism which pretends that the subtleties of thought and emotion are simply this or that agitation in some grey matter, to be ultimately expounded by the professors of grey matter. But this is hardly the danger which besets our time. The true materialism to fear is the prevailing tendency of anatomical habits of mind or specialist habits of mind to intrude into the regions of religion and philosophy. A man whose whole thoughts are absorbed in cutting up dead monkeys and live frogs has no more business to dogmatise about religion, than a mere chemist to improvise a zoology. Biological reasoning about spiritual things is as presumptuous as the theories of an electrician about the organic facts of nervous life. We live amidst a constant and growing usurpation of science in the province of philosophy ; of biology in the province of sociology ; of physics in that of religion. Nothing is more common than the use of the term science, when what is meant is merely physical and physiological science, not social and moral science. The arrogant attempt to dispose of the deepest moral truths of human nature on a bare physical or physiological basis is almost enough to justify the insurrection of some impatient theologians against science itself. It is impossible not to sympathise with men who at least are defending the paramount claim of the moral laws and the religious sentiment. The solution of the dispute is of course that physicists and theologians have each hold of a partial truth. As the latter insist, the grand problems of man's life must be ever referred to moral and social argument ; but then, as the physicists insist, this moral and social argument can only be built up on a physical and physiological foundation. The physical part of science is indeed merely the vestibule to social, and thence to moral science ; and of science in all its forms the philosophy of religion alone holds the key. The true Materialism lies in the habit of scientific specialists to neglect all philosophical and religious synthesis. It is marked by the ignoring of religion, the passing by on the other side, and shutting the eyes to the spiritual history of mankind. The spiritual traditions of mankind, a supreme philosophy of life and thought, religion in the proper sense of the word, all these have to play a larger and ever larger part in human knowledge ; not as we are often told, and so commonly is assumed, a waning and vanishing part. And it is in this field, the field which has so long been abandoned to theology, that Positivism is prepared to meet the theologians. We at any rate do not ask them to submit religion to the test of the scalpel or the electric battery. It is true that we base our theory of society and our theory of morals, and hence our religion itself, on a curriculum of physical, and especially of biological science. It is true that our moral and social science is but a prolongation of these other sciences. But then we insist that it is not science in the narrow sense which can order our beliefs, but Philosophy ; not science which can solve our problems of life, but Religion. And religion demands for its understanding the religious mind and the spiritual experience.

Does it seem to anyone a paradox to hold such language, and yet to have nothing to say about the immaterial entity which many assume to be the cause behind this spiritual life? The answer is that we occupy ourselves with this spiritual life as an ultimate fact, and consistently with the whole of our philosophy, we decline to assign a cause at all. We argue, with the theologians, that it is ridiculous to go to the scalpel for an adequate account of a mother's love ; but we do not think it is explained (any more than it is by the scalpel) by a hypothesis for which not only is there no shadow of evidence, but which cannot even be stated in philosophic language. We find the same absurdity in the notion that maternal love is a branch of the anatomy of the *mamma*, and in the notion that the phenomena of lactation are produced by an immaterial entity. Both are forms of the same fallacy, that of trying to reach ultimate causes instead of studying laws. We certainly do find that maternal love and lactation have close correspondences, and that both are phenomena of certain female organisms. And we say that to talk of maternal love being exhibited by an entity which not only is not a female organism, but is not an organism at all, is to use language which to us, at least, is unintelligible.

The philosophy which treats man as man simply affirms that *man* loves, thinks, acts, not that the ganglia, or the sinuses, or any organ of man, loves and thinks and acts. The thoughts, aspirations, and impulses are not secretions, and the science which teaches us about secretions will not teach us much about them ; our thoughts, aspirations, and impulses are faculties of a man. Now, as a man implies a body, so we say these also imply a body. And to talk to us

about a bodiless being thinking and loving is simply to talk about the thoughts and feelings of Nothing.

This fundamental position each one determines according to the whole bias of his intellectual and moral nature. But on the positive, as on the theological, method there is ample scope for the spiritual life, for moral responsibility, for the world beyond the grave, its hopes and its duties ; which remain to us perfectly real without the unintelligible hypothesis. However much men cling to the hypothesis from old association, if they reflect, they will find that they do not use it to give them any actual knowledge about man's spiritual life ; that all their methodical reasoning about the moral world is exclusively based on the phenomena of this world, and not on the phenomena of any other world. And thus the absence of the hypothesis altogether does not make the serious difference which theologians suppose.

To follow out this into particulars : Analysis of human nature shows us man with a great variety of faculties ; his moral powers are just as distinguishable as his intellectual powers ; and both are mentally separable from his physical powers. Moral and mental laws are reduced to something like system by moral and mental science, with or without the theological hypothesis. The most extreme form of materialism does not dispute that moral and mental science is for logical purposes something more than physical science. So, the most extreme form of spiritualism gets its mental and moral science by observation and argument from phenomena ; it does not, or it does not any longer, build such science by abstract deduction from any proposition as to an immaterial entity. There have been, in ages past, attempts to do this. Plato, for instance, attempted to found, not only his mental and moral philosophy, but his general philosophy of the universe, by deduction from a mere hypothesis. He imagined immaterial entities, the ideas, of things inorganic, as much as organic. But then Plato was consistent and had the courage of his opinions. If he imagined an idea, or soul, of a man, he imagined one also for a dog, for a tree, for a statue, for a chair. He thought that a statue or a chair were what they are, by virtue of an immaterial entity which gave them form. The hypothesis did not add much to the art of statuary or to that of the carpenter ; nor, to do him justice, did Plato look for much practical result in these spheres. One form of the doctrine alone survives,—that man is what he is by virtue of an immaterial entity temporarily indwelling in his body. But, though the hypothesis survives, it is in no sense any longer the basis of the science of human nature with any school. No school is now content to sit in its study and evolve its knowledge of the moral qualities of man out of abstract deductions from the conception of an immaterial entity. All without exception profess to get their knowledge of the moral qualities by observing the qualities which men actually do exhibit or have exhibited. And those who are persuaded that man has, over and above his man's nature, an immaterial entity, find themselves who regard man as man—i. e. who regard man's nature as capable of being referred to a homogeneous system of law. Spiritualists and materialists, however much they may differ in their explanations of moral phenomena, describe their relations in the same language, the language of law, not of illusionism.

Those, therefore, who dispense with a transcendental explanation are just as free as those who maintain it, to handle the spiritual and religious phenomena of human nature, treating them simply as phenomena. No one has ever suggested that the former philosophy is not quite as well entitled to analyse the intellectual faculties of man as the stoutest believer in the immaterial entity. It would raise a smile now-a-days to hear it said that such an one must be incompetent to treat of the canons of inductive reasoning, because he was unorthodox as to the immortality of the Soul. And if, notwithstanding this unorthodoxy, he is thought competent to investigate the laws of thought, why not the moral laws, the sentiments and the emotions? As a fact, every moral faculty of man is recognised by him just as much as by any transcendentalist. He does not limit himself, any more than the theologian does, to mere morality. He is fully alive to the spiritual emotions in all their depth, purity, and beauty. He recognises in man the yearning for the power outside his individual self which he may venerate, a love for the author of his chief good, the need for sympathy with something greater than himself. All these are positive facts which rest on observation, quite apart from any explanation of the hypothetical cause of these tendencies in man. There, at any rate, the scientific observer finds them ; and he is at liberty to give them quite as high a place in his scheme of human nature as the most complete theologian. He may possibly give them a far higher place, and bind them far more truly into the entire tissues of his whole view of life, because they are built up for him on precisely the same ground of experience as the rest of his knowledge, and have no element at all heterogeneous from the rest of his life. With the language of spiritual emotion he is perfectly in unison. The spirit of devotion, of spiritual communion with an ever-present power, of sympathy and fellowship with the living world, of awe and submission towards the material world, the sense of adoration, love, resignation, mystery, are at least as potent with the one system as with the other. He can share the religious emotion of every age, and can enter into the language of every truly religious heart. For myself, I believe that this is only done on a complete as well as a real basis of the religion of Humanity, but we need not confine the present argument to that ground. I venture to believe that this spirit is truly shared by all, whatever their hypothesis about the human soul, who treat these highest emotions of man's nature as facts of primary value, and who have any intelligible theory whereby these emotions can be aroused.

All positive methods of treating man of a comprehensive kind adopt to the full all that has ever been said about the dignity of man's moral and spiritual life, and treat these phenomena as distinct from the intellectual and the physical life. These methods also recognise the unity of consciousness, the facts of conscience, the sense of identity, and the longing for perpetuation of that identity. They decline to explain these phenomena by the popular hypotheses ; but they neither deny their existence, nor lessen their importance. Man, they argue, has a complex existence, made up of the phenomena of his physical organs, of his intellectual powers, of his moral faculties, crowned and harmonised ultimately by his religious sympathies,—love, gratitude, veneration, submission towards the dominant force by which he finds himself surrounded. I use

words which are not limited to a particular philosophy or religion—I do not now confine my language to the philosophy or religion of Comte—for this same conception of man is common to many philosophies and many religions. It characterises such systems as those of Spinoza or Shelley or Fichte as much as those of Confucius or Bouddha. In a word, the reality and the supremacy of the spiritual life have never been carried further than by men who have departed most widely from the popular hypotheses of the immaterial entity.

Many of these men, no doubt, have indulged in hypotheses of their own quite as arbitrary as those of theology. It is characteristic of the positive thought of our age that it stands upon a firmer basis. Though not confounding the moral facts with the physical, it will never lose sight of the correspondence and consensus between all sides of human life. Led by an enormous and complete array of evidences, it associates every fact of thought or of emotion with a fact of physiology, with molecular change in the body. Without pretending to explain the first by the second, it denies that the first can be explained without the second. But with this solid basis of reality to work on, it gives their place of supremacy to the highest sensibilities of man, through the heights and depths of the spiritual life.

Nothing is more idle than a discussion about words. But when some deny the use of the word 'soul' to those who mean by it this consensus, and not any immaterial entity, we may remind them that our use of the word agrees with its etymology and its history. It is the mode in which it is used in the Bible, the well-spring of our true English speech. It may, indeed, be contended that there is no instance in the Bible in which Soul does mean an immaterial entity, the idea not having been familiar to any of the writers, with the doubtful exception of St. Paul. But without entering upon Biblical philology, it may be said that for one passage in the Bible in which the word 'soul' can be forced to bear the meaning of immaterial entity, there are ten texts in which it cannot possibly refer to anything but breath, life, moral sense, or spiritual emotion. When the Psalmist says, 'Deliver my soul from death,' 'Heal my soul, for I have sinned,' 'My soul is cast down within me,' 'Return unto my rest, O my soul,' he means by 'soul' what we mean,—the conscious unity of our being culminating in its religious emotions; and until we find some English word that better expresses this idea, we shall continue to use the phraseology of David.

It is not merely that we are denied the language of religion, but we sometimes find attempts to exclude us from the thing. There are some who say that worship, spiritual life, and that exaltation of the sentiments which we call devotion, have no possible meaning unless applied to the special theology of the particular speaker. A little attention to history, a single reflection on religion as a whole, suffice to show the hollowness of this assumption. If devotion mean the surrender of self to an adored Power, there has been devotion in creeds with many gods, with one God, with no gods; if spiritual life mean the cultivation of this temper towards moral purification, there was spiritual life long before the notion of an immaterial entity inside the human being was excogitated; and as to worship, men have worshipped, with intense and overwhelming passion, all kinds of objects, organic and inorganic, material and spiritual, abstract ideas as well as visible forces. Is it implied that Confucius, and the countless millions who have followed him, had no idea of religion, as it is certain that they had none of theology; that Bouddha and the Bouddhists were incapable of spiritual emotion; that the Fire-worshippers and the Sun-worshippers never practised worship; that the pantheists and the humanists, from Marcus Aurelius to Fichte, had the springs of spiritual life dried up in them for want of an Old or new Testament? If this is intended, one can only wonder at the power of a self-complacent conformity to close men's eyes to the native dignity of man. Religion, and its elements in emotion—attachment, veneration, love—are as old exactly as human nature. They moved the first men, and the first women. They have found a hundred objects to inspire them, and have bowed to a great variety of powers. They were in full force long before Theology was, and before the rise of Christianity; and it would be strange indeed if they should cease with the decline of either. It is not the emotional elements of Religion which fail us. For these, with the growing goodness of mankind, are gaining in purity and strength. Rather, it is the intellectual elements of religion which are conspicuously at fault. We need to-day, not the faculty of worship (that is ever fresh in the heart), but a clearer vision of the power we should worship. Nay, it is not we who are borrowing the privileges of theology; rather it is theology which seeks to appropriate to itself the most universal privilege of man.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

Mr. Bright has been having rather a lively time with the Bishops. In a speech at Rochdale, with the old ring of earnestness and strength so characteristic of the man, and an eloquence worthy even of his palmy days, he boldly attacked the Established Church, and among other illustrations of its baneful influence, pointed to a speech of the new Bishop of Truro, and the intimation it gave of his purpose to suppress Dissent. Two or three days passed, and then a "member of the Conference" at which the speech was delivered, interposed to throw his shield over the diocesan, and to state that though the reporter had condensed his powerful address into an exhortation to "combat Dissent with its own weapons," yet the printed copy of the address contained no such expression, nor any other indication of the feeling attributed to Dr. Benson. The next day came a still more emphatic repudiation of the statement from the Bishop himself, and that was followed by a manly letter from Mr. Bright, making the *amende honorable* in a way which ought to have ended the controversy, and which appeared to us far beyond anything which justice or courtesy required. It has been followed, however, by a series of homilies from a class of writers who are eager to prove their own wisdom and moderation by administering chastisement to an extreme man like Mr. Bright, "who is becoming, don't you know, quite an agitator again."—*The Congregationalist*.

The Marquis of Hartington's speech marks an epoch in the history of Dis-establishment. It does not mean that the Liberal party is going to make religious equality a "plank" inch platform, or even that those grievances about which the noble Marquis feels so keenly, under which the "Free and Dissenting" Churches in Scotland are suffering, are to be immediately redressed, or that England is soon to be the only part of the United Kingdom in which an Establishment is to be left standing. But while we take very moderate views as to the immediate consequences of his declaration, we do not therefore attach to it the less importance.

## ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CANADA, Viewed in its Civil Aspects.

I want to say a few words by way of preamble, or explanation. I am fully aware that not a few condemn the course I have taken, and do still take, in this question of the Roman Catholic Church. They are excellent persons, I have no doubt; they are very fond of quiet, even though it has to be purchased at a great price; they would rather go a good way round to escape a difficulty, than take the right and straight path where they will have to face and fight it down. And they are quite indignant at being disturbed. They take it as a personal affront that one should dare speak out his mind, or seek to unsettle things that they may get a better settlement. Others again cry out *cui bono?* You are in a minority; these are old standing abuses; the government is all for a party; public spirit is dead and can hardly be galvanized into the semblance of life; British sentiment is but a boast; you can do no good in that way; don't try. Now, I quite see that those gentlemen have a right to their opinions, and to the free expression of them. If they choose to bear the unnecessary ills of life, of course they must. But, then, I have also the right to exercise my own gifts and graces, even if they differ from those of the majority. I find it as hard to be quiet and submissive before what appears to me to be injustice, as it is for some of my friends to rouse themselves to speech and action when they are sure that wrong is done. A part of this arises from the nature of me; a part from my education. A true English nonconformist can hardly be other than opposed to any ecclesiastical ascendancy. In England I was opposed to the state church—not as it concerned her creeds, or methods of working, but as it concerned her union with the civil power. I have been accustomed to see the supporters of churches and institutions criticise each other freely. But I never heard that such criticisms could be construed into insults until I came to Canada. Roman Catholics in England freely criticise, and unsparingly condemn, the Protestants; but I never heard that the Protestants called themselves insulted by it. I remember that not so very long ago the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford said in a sermon that the Protestant Bishop of Manchester was no Bishop at all. Whereupon the Bishop of Manchester took up the cudgels, and a great fight came off. The Episcopalians didn't bluster and talk of insult, and send threatening letters, but rather enjoyed the lordly war of words; many of us thinking that he of the Catholic Church had rather the best of it. The nonconformists are called Schismatics, and Spoliators and a host of ugly things; but they never talk of being insulted, as the people do here. And I cannot help expressing my disappointment at the poor namby-pamby spirit I find here among many people. You have only to say that you are going to subject a church, or an institution, to a little historical airing and criticism, and a lot of people begin to grind their knuckles into their eyes and blubber. They take it as an attack upon themselves, and pay it back, not in defending their institutions and answering your arguments or no arguments, but in heaping personal abuse upon you. That is a state of things I do not understand. Why there should be so much anger and so much vulgar abuse heaped upon a man who has never attacked persons from the first to the last, or uttered a word that could be construed into anything more than a fair criticism I do not know. Nor do I understand how it is that the press allows such violent personal attacks under a *nom de plume*. I have written a great deal at one time and another for newspapers, but never in my life did I send an anonymous letter. And I am amazed to find here a lot of scoundrels, who have nothing to lose that anybody would care to find, allowed to skulk behind the hedge and fling dirt. I do hope that the press will put a stop to that. I can see very well that if a public question is under discussion the cause may gain nothing by having the name of a writer; but when it is merely a malicious attack upon a person the case is different. I have no hesitation in saying—and my judgment is based on general principles and particular cases—that a man who will malign the character of another under a pseudonym would rob a till or strike a woman. And this too I affirm that the man who takes a criticism or an attack upon an institution, or organization, ecclesiastical or other, as a personal attack, or insult, is thereby proven to be devoid of all knowledge of educated society. I deny that I insult a man by denouncing his dogmas, if I use reasonable language. A Redemptorist Father used language of us awhile ago, that some of us thought not quite polished; he even damned us with energy. And why not? He meant it I am sure. Who was insulted? Not I. I would have eaten salt with him after his sermon. Hard words break no bones, and if you want to enforce a point you must use strong language. Don't let us talk of insult as if we were small boys; let us be men and manly. By a good healthy criticism we learn our own faults and how to put them away. It is the salt of society; it is the root—nourishment of institutions. It is as needful as a strong opposition in the parliament, without which political corruptions would never become "Pacific Scandals," or foolish contracts "rusting steel rails." Being in Canada, it did occur to me that I was in duty bound to take some interest in Canadian affairs and some share in the work of the nation. I have some ecclesiastical education, and some strong political instincts. I indulge both. I am a pastor of a church, which office I fulfil to the best of my ability, thus far without serious complaint on the part of my people. I am also a member of the state, and think it my duty to turn my attention and my efforts that way when I can. In the year or so that I have been here I have wrought hard to acquaint myself with the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of this country. And I would impress upon you the feeling that has come upon myself. I see clearly that there is resting upon the people of this Dominion a very great and grave responsibility. It seems a law—be it a law or no—it is a fact, that for many generations past the tide of life has been flowing westward. This continent is but a thing of yesterday—but see what a day has done. See the millions of people, their religious and political institutions—their commerce and industry. In almost everything outstripping the old world. And here you have a magnificent country—great rivers, great lakes, great woods, and a fertile soil—and in the people you have the nucleus of a great and prosperous nation. The people are hardy, thrifty, and given to piety in an extraordinary degree. Out of an old world we have to build a new nation. All history is before our eyes, revealing the excellencies that we may copy them, and the blunders that we may shun them, of the old nations of Europe. Never before, it seems to me, in world history has such an opportunity occurred to any people. It is not that the Indians are called upon to make the country,

but Europeans have to do it. We are now but laying the foundations—and we want to so lay them—we all want to so lay them, French, Irish, English—that they shall be firm and enduring. We want to be able to offer inducements in the shape of excellent institutions to the crowded populations of the old countries. We want to show them that here are fields for their labour, and life freed from the galling prejudices of the old world. We want to make England care for us, and care to hold us, and take an interest in us. And I want to say to politicians and those who make our laws:—"Gentlemen, you cannot secure the real and lasting interests of this country by building upon expedients—or following a merely tentative policy—or fighting for party and office—you must build upon principles; you must seek for the right; else you are not a blessing at all, but a snare and a curse."

I am glad to find that in some things the people are trying to avoid the old world blunders. You would, if you might, accept and exercise the great and true principle of Free Trade. You know well enough, all of you, that Protection is but a miserable expediency, and not a general or lasting good. And if you ask for it, some of you, you only mean to ask for reciprocity, that you may not be quite ruined by the selfish policy of others. But there is another danger, greater and graver than that of Protection, which we should most carefully avoid—that is, a State Church. No difficulty so great has ever presented itself to European statesmen as that of a State Church. It has been the difficulty in France, in Germany, in England. I believe there is not a statesman in either country, who would to-day establish or endow any Church. There is scarcely a statesman who doesn't deplore anything like ecclesiastical rule in civil affairs. Not a leading politician in England would give the Bishops a seat in the House of Lords, or any semblance of temporal power, if the thing had to be done now. But there, it is not so much the establishment as the endowment that gives the trouble. Disestablishment is easy enough, but Disendowment—how will you do that? The principle is not out of reach, for the Irish Church was disestablished; but the magnitude of the work in England presents the difficulty. And that is the danger which lies great and darkling in our way here,—a vast and rapid accumulation of wealth in the shape of property, and that not for the general good, but for the interest of a sect—a dominant Church. For property means power. And I have not sufficient confidence in any ecclesiastical body to give it such power as that. That power—the power of great wealth, the governance of educational institutions—of the conscience of many people—of civil affairs—what does it mean? what will it mean in the hands of Rome? That is the grave question I set before myself and you, and I am going to ask you to deal with it before it becomes too gigantic in its proportions for you to manage. By the pretensions put forward to-day you may reckon what you will have to deal with soon. We had better look our work in the face and begin it now. I am going to plead for civil and religious liberty—for equal rights for all men and all Churches—for complete freedom for faith and worship. That is the only true and safe principle. I can give you illustrations of countries plunged into most horrible anarchy and bloodshed because of the dominance of ecclesiastical over civil power—but I have searched history in vain for a single instance of a nation being overthrown, or even harmed in its interests, by the exercise of the principle of toleration and religious liberty.

You will sympathise with me in putting forth that plea, I am sure. And not you alone, many more. For I am happy to find that a Union has lately been formed here, whose principles, as enunciated, I hereby declare and fully adopt:—"The principle of mutual forbearance and good will which has heretofore guided the inhabitants of this Dominion, has greatly contributed to the general benefit by securing those rights, without which citizenship ceases to be a blessing, and cementing more firmly the bonds of that political union within which all are striving to work out their common destiny."

"The members of the Catholic Union of Canada, while cherishing the religious and national traditions of the respective races to which they belong, ask for themselves nothing which they refuse to their neighbours, and while maintaining their own just and lawful rights, are at the same time willing to respect those of others, and to remove whatever might give a cause or occasion of destroying or endangering the harmony of good feeling which has prevailed in the past, and which they are anxious to restore and perpetuate, and for which they appeal to the support and sympathy of their fellow-citizens of every creed and class, that again it may be their pride that nowhere on the face of the earth is there a fuller measure of civil and religious liberty than in this Dominion of Canada." I accept that manifesto of the Irish Catholic Union in good faith. I endorse every word of it most heartily, and feel sure that if we can only meet each other in that spirit, half our work is done. If it shall prove that I am wrong in my reading of history, in my interpretation of statute, in my estimate of position, I only beg to be met in the spirit of that manifesto. I disclaim any intention of insulting any person, or attacking any man's faith. I am only to deal with this question of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada as a politician—viewing it only in its civil aspects. I do not speak in the interest of any Church. I do not wish to elevate one Church by the depression or repression of another. I do not seek to make proselytes, for I have small regard for them and those who engage in that work. But I speak in the interests of all Churches, of all classes of the people, of all the nation, when I expose a wrong and seek to have it abolished. If I am told that I disturb the peace by making people angry, my answer is short and simple. If they were not consciously guilty of acting unjustly they would not grow angry. The offence lies in the original fault, not in those who seek by legitimate means to remove it. If there is no fault at all, then no one need be afraid of fault-finding. I have most carefully gone through the history of the Roman Catholic Church in Canada to see whether the Roman Catholics, who say we have no grievances, or the Protestants, who say we have many, are right. I will give you the results of my searching.

You must all be more or less familiar with the story of Canada. It is not old; it is not long; but it is wonderful. Just three hundred years ago this magnificent land was but the hunting-ground of the Indian—the wild Huron and the fierce Iroquois—whose origin fades back into remote antiquity. But the discovery of Columbus had turned the eyes of the old world this way. European merchants thought of new fields for adventure and commerce. English puritans thought in this free and virgin soil they might plant the standard of liberty, and be no more vexed with "Star Chamber" impositions, and the faithless tyrant Stuart. In 1534, Jacques Cartier, a brave and skilful

sailor, passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, sailed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, landed at Gaspé, erected a cross surmounted by a fleur-de-lys, thus devoting the land to God and the King of France. He kidnapped two men and took them back, in the name of which of the two proprietors I could not say. And again he came, having dreams of what men had done in Peru. In August, 1535, he sailed up the magnificent river on the festival day of the martyr Lawrence, and named the river after the Saint. But Canada was no second or other Peru, with its thin soil and silver and gold and general poverty; it was a country offering fields for honest toil, and a fair, natural reward for good labour. Cartier cast anchor opposite the village of Stadacona, which is now the town of Quebec, to the no small fright of the Indians. Passing up the river he came on the Huron village of Hochelaga, where the town of Montreal now stands. I can fancy the feelings of this bold pioneer, Jacques Cartier, as he rode up the river. A man from the old world; from busy, beautiful France; dreamy, feverish France; songful, musical France; chivalrous France; a man passing from that up the river St. Lawrence. He had seen the Seine that flows through Paris, and the German Rhine, and the English Thames it may be; but he had never seen a river before. On its broad bosom floated and sported vast flocks of water-fowl. On the shores stood great primeval forests, flashing in the glory of strangest autumnal tints, and vocal with the notes of the whip-poor-will and other birds of varied tone and plumage. Here and there rose up thin pillars of smoke from the low rough huts of the Indian; and here and there gleamed the ripe corn-fields which had sprung up from Indian industry. Sun-down showed a glory strange to Eastern eyes; hills of gold piled up in the sky, from which streamed out great rivers of beautiful shining, red, and purple, and colours that cannot be told; bands of gold lying along the hill side; and the far-stretching forests tipped with golden hues and bathed with beauty down to the sod. No gold hid away in the bed of the river, or under the grass of the field—under that grass only good, honest life, waiting to heave up to the light as bread for the eater. But in the sky, on the trees, on the hill top, in the valley, gold; golden light; gold that may be possessed and enjoyed, but cannot be minted for barter. And the calm, solemn night fell down—light in a different form; and the stars shone out in a glory exceeding all thought—shone out and trembled in the blue deeps of heaven, as if swaying in the breath of their Maker. No wonder the man was impressed—profoundly impressed, for there came upon him a sense of greatness and God.

Four years later came Roberval, not adding much that was new or profitable. Then the fur trade began, and in 1603 came Champlain to survey the country; and De Mont, sent to establish the Roman Catholic religion, who founded a settlement on the coast of the Bay of Fundy, and called it Port Royal, after the famous French monastery of that name I imagine. But the work of colonization was slow and uncertain. The trade was not great, and there arose disputes among the traders. But France was a religious nation, and the king, while giving a charter to a company to carry on commerce, made provision for the teaching of the faith. New France must know something of the religion of old France. So the Jesuits of France were applied to that missions might be established. The great Prince of Condé caused a small fleet to be equipped and sent out with settlers from Rouen and St. Malo. With them came four fathers of the Recollet Order, with intent to convert the Indians. In 1625 five Jesuits and one more of the Recollet Order landed in Quebec. The Jesuits were looked upon coldly, and must have returned but for the kind Recollets. They soon got a footing, however, those Jesuits, and as is the way of them, took the first thought for themselves. They got a track of land granted them at the confluence of the Lairet and the St. Charles—cleared it with their own hands, got money sent out from France—got money and land of settlers—began by amassing wealth as the surest way to power. The Recollets worked in like manner, but with less zeal and less success. The story of the early French missionaries is a great one, a tale of heroism. They were heroes, those early Jesuits. I think some of them were saints. It is true that some of them did sink the missionary in the adventurer, borne along, as it seems, by the novelties of a new land and savage tribes. But many of them by their endurance and daring, their sublime perseverance, their disdain of death—choosing to remain on the battlefield to minister to the dying and dead, rather than seek safety in flight—marked them as men of no mean and cowardly souls.

(To be continued.)

By ALFRED J. BRAY.

When representatives have been chosen, Christians should see to it that they act honestly; and when any attempt is made such as that infamous one at Washington, to enrich a silver company by stealing eight cents from every dollar owed by the United States, they should brand it as it deserves. When I think that a majority of the Lower House of Congress passed that bill of infamy, I cannot help looking upon this country as a good mission-field; and I wish some foreign country would send good men here and teach us honesty.—*Rev. W. M. Taylor (Presbyterian), New York.*

Not by mutual conflict, but by mutual help and sympathy is prosperity to come. O capitalist! defraud not, neither oppress, but render to every man that which is just and equal. O workman! be steady and industrious and saving. Keep clear of vice, for vice impoverishes. What railroad or factory corporation crushes manhood out of you like the dram-shop? . . . Let us not despair of the republic. For a hundred years the nation has been brought in safety through the trials of war, and of peace and prosperity. There are perils, not from without our borders, but from within; and we must guard against them. The only foes which need to fear are those of our own household.—*Rev. J. L. Boswell, in Methoist.*

"He gave some to be apostles, some prophets, some teachers"; and now comes a man endowed with a new gift,—the gift of persuading religious societies to pay off their big debts! Mr. Edward F. Kimball, once a Sunday-school teacher of Mr. Moody, has been anointed for this new function, and has already shown the faith that can remove mountains. Wanted next—and pretty soon,—one mightier than Kimball, who shall dissuade churches from getting into debt, and introduce the fashion of paying as we go, all round. But isn't it funny for people to send for a man to come and persuade them to meet their engagements?

There is a Christ—not a slain, defeated Christ, but a living Christ—advancing, ever coming, and ordained to truth and triumph "from the foundation of the world." And there entering redemption, and dispensing emancipation everywhere, rising in strength and freedom in the earth, no bolt on her lip, but in the freedom of God's servant, scattering truth and life and hope and right hand.—*Rev. J. L. Dudley, Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, Boston.*

The London correspondent of the *Newark Advertiser* is not surprised that the English ritualists are furious against Canon Farrar for his sermon against endless punishment; but he is "surprised that men like Canon Farrar can conscientiously remain in a church, accepting her emoluments, but rejecting and attacking her creed."

## NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEVY.

JUST PUBL

Mr. EDWAR

CHAPTER I.

"TH"

CANDIDATE NUMBER FIVE.

MY story belongs to a period a little later than that terrible time which young people of the present know nothing about, and we who lived in it have almost forgotten—the "Irish famine years," 1847-8.

The events of my story took place in Ireland, near a town which I shall not call by its real name, though I shall try to give a faint idea of the beauty of the scene which witnessed them.

If the persons and the incidents of my story shall arouse any interest, it will be because those persons lived and those incidents happened.

The town of Narraghmore is built of stone of the bluish grey, that looks dingy and dismal when one walks along the dull streets and regards them in detail, but which harmonizes with its setting of green field and upland, with sweeping mountain curves at the back, and of broad river, with a thickly-wooded bank at one side, and a stern majestic stretch of mountain and moorland trending to the sea at the other. It is a grave, substantial town, and the beauty of its site and surroundings is much commented upon by travellers on the great line of railroad which runs from the Irish capital, through the province of Ulster, up to the Northern coast—the coast of famous caves and cliffs, of thundering seas, and the legend-haunted stairs of the Giants. This beauty comes unexpectedly, after a long stretch of barren country, where poor patches of wretched tillage strive with the stony hill-side slope, and the turf bog; where the heron flies low over the narrow but bright streamlets; so that there lingers with the traveller on his northward way a delightful vision of a verdure-clad valley, with a broad river, and stately woods beyond, a mountain range whose outline is a succession of delicious curves, without one harsh line or abrupt projection throughout all its length, and in the far distance, the sail-flecked bosom of a wide bay. The grey town lies in that valley, and some of its out-buildings dot the rising ground beyond. It has somewhat of the stir and importance of a seaport, for though the river is not navigable all the way up to Narraghmore, it has been supplemented by a canal, and the two channels unite, down towards the river-mouth, at a spot where the contrast between the wooded loveliness of the one bank, and the stern majestic grandeur of the other is strongest and most impressive. Narraghmore is not a county town, but it is a thriving place, where there are large timber-yards, and where other kinds of commerce also flourish. It has a bank and a prison, a courthouse, military barracks, and a number of churches belonging to a number of sects. On the rising ground beyond it, is more than one venerable ivy-grown ruin, which had a history in the troublous times, and an ancient burial-ground stands out conspicuous for its grey and moss-grown stones, its gnarled old trees, and the peace and solitude which dwell upon it, and cast their spell over the long narrow sloping gardens, rich in fruit, and flower, and greenery, which share the hillside with it. Also outside the town in the sense of continuity and sociability, but beautifully situated too, as it might be the chosen abode of pleasantness and of happy household life, stands the "Poorhouse," as the institution known in England as "the Workhouse," or "the Union," according to its local conditions, is called in Ireland.

The Narraghmore Poorhouse was a long, narrow building, with bluish grey walls, black slated roof, and tall, narrow, greenish paned windows set in black frames, with a bare courtyard on three sides of it, and high rough walls dashed with lime, which required the ceaseless vigilance of the authorities to keep them free from opprobrious and mocking inscriptions and caricatures, among which the august chairman of the Board of Guardians himself had not unfrequently figured. In 1850 the Irish Poor Law was still known as the "New" poor law—just as at a later date the new police were popularly known as "Peelers"—and the frightful strain which the years of insurrection, famine, fever, and exodus, had put upon it, as upon every other institution, was hardly yet relaxed. The amenities of modern architecture, which have done so much to modify the formerly uncompromising grimness of all institutions intended for the relief of suffering humanity—whether they put forward their claim under the compulsory form of pauperism, which must be housed and fed for reasons inherent in the existence of the State and of Society, or under the persuasive guise of Mercy, which is "twice blessed"—had not extended to Irish Poorhouses then, and have, indeed, fallen short of them up to the present time. The Narraghmore Poorhouse was as unlovely as the destinies of its inmates, as little adorned as were the hard facts of their lives.

In the vicinity of the workhouse, boasting as little adornment as that great institution itself, and probably as profoundly detested by the majority of its frequenters, stood the Poor School. This building was also low, long, and enclosed within a high wall, and, as its roof sprang from a height of only two or three feet above that boundary, it may be supposed that it was not enlivened with any extensive prospect, and did not err on the side of cheerfulness. The distraction of the juvenile learners in this humble temple of knowledge, would certainly not come from without, or be stimulated by the vanity of the eye. The school for boys and that for girls were under the same roof, but divided by a wall which intersected the bare yard, euphoniously designated the Play-ground, and bounded by the external wall. The school-rooms stood back to back, and each had its narrow, black door, up those grey stone steps, with a triangular wooden frame above it, with "Boys' School" on the end which faced the hill-side, and "Girls' School" on the end which faced the river.

The place was not enlivening to look upon, but the teaching to be had within its walls was by no means despicable. Poor schools of Ireland held then, as they hold now, high rank among the rarely successful expedients of popular instruction, and turned out pupils, both male and female, who had at least so much of a fair start in life as sound, if elementary, teaching could give them.

The post of Schoolmistress to the girls' school at Narraghmore was vacant at the time when my story takes up the threads of the human destinies involved in it, and a well-attended meeting of the Board of Guardians had just been convened to consider the applications for the office which had reached them, and to select the candidate whom their united judgment should approve. The number was not great, and the tests to which each young woman was subjected were not difficult, but they were carefully applied, for the Board was chiefly composed of men who were zealous for the success and respectability of the schools; and Mr. Bellew, the chairman, a portly, middle-aged gentleman, with grey hair and very discerning spectacles, who had made a good deal of money in the flax-growing department of the linen trade, was considered to be almost dangerously advanced in his notions of what was really good for little boys and girls, especially little girls, in the way of education. The discussion of the question was taking place in the Board-room—a lengthy and substantially-furnished apartment on the ground floor of the men's side of the workhouse—and the parties to it were seated on either side of a ponderous table, provided with writing materials, and covered with a green baize cloth, much the worse for ink. Mr. Bellew, the chairman, occupied his official seat at the top of the table, with his back to the high grey-stone chimney-piece, over which was displayed a fly-spotted map of the province of Ulster, his co-Guardians of the Poor had pulled their chairs up close on either side, and were inspecting some loose sheets of paper scattered upon the table, at whose foot sat an official, with a formal array of documents in front of him, and the expression, attentive, yet unconcerned, of one who records, but does not participate in the business of the hour. This official was the "Clerk to the Union," and in that capacity secretary to the Board of Guardians; and his duty on the present occasion, had simply consisted of presenting to the Board the letters of recommendation and certificates brought by the applicants for the post of schoolmistress, and recording the names and qualifications of the latter, who had been placed in a waiting-room, until the turn of each for inspection should arrive.

"Now, then, let's have in No. 5," says the chairman, "and see whether she has a better notion of what is wanted here, than this Mary Conway."

Mr. Bellew spoke with some acerbity. Candidate No. 4, who was well recommended, and had her certificates all right, had failed signally in a test which he regarded as of very great importance. It was that of handwriting. Mr. Bellew wrote a fine hand himself, of the "commercial" order, and he esteemed a fine hand as the highest achievement of practical education, besides imputing to it some not very clearly defined moral significance. "I never

trust a man, woman, or child, who does not look me straight in the face," is a frequently-uttered prejudice fondly cherished by its professors, especially if nature has preserved them from shyness, and endowed them with a gift of steady and unabashed staring. "I never trust people who do not write plain," was Mr. Bellew's profession of unfaith. "Depend upon it, there's something astray when people can't put down plain words in plain letters. Your slurs and your curly queues, and your loops and your dashes, your big letters where there ought to be little ones, and your little letters where ought to be big, your words cut in two, and your lines running uphill, your confounded gentlemanly and ladylike hands, sir, all mean something wrong! Something wrong, sir, I don't care whether it's the head or the heart, or both; there's something radically wrong with the man or the woman who doesn't write a good, plain hand, according to the copybook rule, sir,—the good old rule that we're all slipping further and further away from every day of our lives, and more's the pity, as time will show when I'm gone, and you're gone, and everybody's gone—a hand that their neighbours can read, sir, without puzzling eyes and brains over their confounded indolence and impudence; for you won't deny people can learn to write plain hands if they choose. Very well, if they don't do it, that's indolence, and as their infernal scrawl plagues other people, whom they haven't any right to plague, that's impudence. No, no; the man or woman who writes a plain hand and minds the rules is the man or woman for my money."

As, in the present instance, Mr. Bellew's money meant the money of the community—in other words, the salary of the schoolmistress—and his fellow-guardians were prepared to agree with him that a good handwriting was much to be desired on the part of the candidate to be approved, some especial interest attached itself to the manner in which one young woman after another, when the preliminary examination of certificates and recommendations, and the brief customary interrogation, had been gone through, acquitted herself of the task subsequently imposed upon her. It was only this. She was required to take a seat at a side table (like the central one, covered with a green baize cloth the worse for ink, and supplied with writing materials), and to write upon a sheet of foolscap paper a sentence of her own selection, to be read by the gentlemen at the central table. It had been curious to observe the difficulty which this seemingly simple direction had occasioned to the four candidates, and the blundering manner in which they had respectively fulfilled it, although their previous training, as indicated by their certificates, ought to have rendered it perfectly easy. Mr. Bellew waxed impatient when the candidate under inspection would fidget on her chair, take up the pen timidly, fumble with the paper before her, turn red in the face, cough, look round as if she longed desperately to run away; and finally, on being reminded that she was wasting time, write something in desperation, and finishing it, and her own chance with it, by a blot and a smear.

Of the four handwritings which had already been submitted to the Board, that of No. 4 was the nearest approach to anything which would have a chance with Mr. Bellew. But No. 4 had taken an unconscionable time to consider what she should write, and turned redder, coughed in a more tangled fashion, fidgeted longer with the sheet of foolscap paper before her, looked around her with more evident stupidity and embarrassment than her three predecessors, and finally written very slowly, and with extraordinary pains—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I hope you are very well.

"I remain, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"MARY CONWAY."

When the Clerk to the Union opened the door, that candidate No. 4 might pass out, which he did as politely as if she had been a lady and he a gentleman, he knew, and she knew, that it was all over with her.

After a momentary delay the fifth candidate presented herself, and if the Clerk to the Union had been one of those persons who conceive distrust of every individual who does not look an interlocutor straight in the face, he would have had his suspicions of No. 5 from the first, as she curtsied deeply at the door, advanced to the great table, laid her papers before the chairman, and replied to Mr. Bellew's first question,

My name is Katharine Farrell, sir."

The Clerk had extended his hand to take the small packet of papers which she held, as a matter of course; but she passed his outstretched hand unnoticed. His back was turned to the table until she had spoken her first words. Then he closed the door and resumed his place.

Katharine Farrell was directed, as her predecessors had been, to take a seat while the gentlemen present should be engaged looking over her papers. She complied, but differed from the preceding candidates by her self-possession. The gentlemen were all looking at her, though some of them were pretending to read the certificates of her fitness for the post of a teacher, and the letters of recommendation from the parish where she had recently resided—and she knew it. The clerk was not looking at her—and she knew it too.

The woman on whom the four pairs of eyes were fixed, from whom the fifth pair were turned and held away, was perhaps four-and-twenty years old, tall, and finely formed, after that best and rarest fashion which has the freedom of the peasant from artificial restraints, from cramping modes of dress and carriage, and the impress of a wholesome life in fresh air upon it, without any injurious touch of coarseness or suggestion of the weariness of toil. Symmetrical of figure, firm of step, with shoulders and bust whose fine outline showed well under the thin black shawl so neatly adjusted, and with white throat lightly touched at the nape of the neck by silken rings of rich red hair. The lavish surplus of the massive coils upon the back of the long flat head, were just discernible under the ribbon "curtain" of the plain, neat straw bonnet, of wide circumference, and tied with large, carefully-adjusted bows under the firm, square, powerful chin. Bonnets were veritable coverings for the head in 1850, and hid those characteristic features, the ears. Katharine Farrell's bonnets hid ears, which, whether characteristic or not, were out of harmony with her singular beauty, for they were large, thick at the lobes, and less delicately colored than her face, which might have been one of those which the winds of heaven are never suffered to visit too roughly—one of those that appertain to the "hot-house plant" order of loveliness, and, except to expert eyes keen to discern the indications of exceptional character, have all the delicate and indolent charm of the aristocratic type. This woman, who came to try if haply she might win the privilege of setting pauper children their monotonous tasks in a bare and stuffy school-room day after day, had the cut of feature, and the tinge and texture of complexion, which persons of limited power of observation and fixed prejudices describe as "fit for a duchess,"—as though Nature conducted her operations on the haberdashery scale and system—and the hands which she hid in coarse brown cotton gloves, the feet which were imprisoned in strong country-made boots, would have equally answered to that description. From her broad, low forehead, white as milk like her throat, her rippling red hair rolled back, with golden dots at the roots of it, and warm gleams in the waves of it which might have defied any painter since the giants set the beauty of Venetian women upon their canvas in the good days of old; and under the arched brow her deep-set eyes long, and though well nigh as colourless, to the full as bright as water, and shaded by thick up-turned lashes of a browner red than her hair, looked up, or held themselves resolutely downward, as she chose, with power, will, and dauntlessness rarely to be seen in the eyes of any woman. The expression of those glittering light eyes was so noticeable, that it would have marked the face, if that face had not been beautiful, and the complexion of that almost dazzling whiteness and purity sometimes seen in combination with hair of tint which no sophistry or softening effects can claim as anything but red—uncompromising red—the complexion with which a very few freckles go well, and which resists with equal impunity every kind of wind and weather.

A similar interrogation to that which had already taken place in the case of each of the four preceding candidates, was conducted by Mr. Bellew in that of Katharine Farrell. It seemed as if the other members of the Board were content to listen and look on, especially to look on. She acquitted herself well, and though the chairman put questions to her which savoured as much of personal curiosity respecting this uncommon applicant for a post of humble import and small emolument, as of zeal and discretion in the choice which he and his colleagues had met to make, no flicker of a smile or slightest look of consciousness betrayed that she was aware of the exceptional nature of the interrogatory. The facts elicited by it were of an ordinary kind. Her story was very simple.

Katharine Farrell was a native of Dublin, where she had been brought up by a man and

his wife, people in a small way of business as provision dealers—in fact, hucksters—who had taken her as a "nurse child" when they were in a still smaller way, and on whose charitable hands she had been left. Of her birth and parentage she knew nothing; her foster-parents had done all they could for her; not a little, considering their lights and their circumstances. She had been well taught at the National School, and when, in the "fever year," her foster-parents died within a few hours of each other, and the little they left had to be divided between their two children, a son and daughter, the girl who had had a child's share in their home and affection was qualified to earn her own living, and immediately placed in a position to do so by the influence of the doctor who attended the good old people in their fatal illness. Dr. Rourke had no notion, until after the death of his patients, that Katharine Farrell was not their own child; and though cases of so complete adoption are by no means rare in Ireland, he wondered that he could have been so mistaken in this instance, for the couple and their own children had nothing in common with the handsome and capable young woman who had attended them during their mortal illness with equal intelligence, devotion and fearlessness. When Patrick and Bridget Mooney rested well under the sod at Glasnevin, the fictitious family tie was loosened. The younger Mooneys cared little for Katharine, and she cared nothing for them. They would no more have turned her out of their home than their father and mother before them; but "why wouldn't she do for herself?" was a question which the younger Mooneys put to one another at an early stage of the changed condition of affairs, especially as Kate had always taken kindly to learning, which was not in Margy Mooney's line at all, and had ways with her that would please the "quality."

Early as the brother and sister with whom she had been reared, but had never been at one, discussed this question, they were later with it than Katharine, who had thought it all out, and taken her decision, before the shutters were down from the front of the little shop in the small street which had been her home as long as she could remember. She could get a certificate from the school which she had attended, and where she had learned to complete-ness all that was taught, and recommendation from the convent whither she had gone to be instructed in needlework and lace-making, and where she had acquired a certain refinement, both of ideas and manners, which widened the gap by increasing the dissimilarity between her and her foster-parents' children.

Dr. Rourke had a sister married to a medical man of lower rank than himself in their common profession, a "dispensary doctor" in a town in county Monaghan. Mrs. Mangan had four children, small means, a kind heart, a sweet temper, and the easiest-going husband that ever was "well-liked" and irregularly paid by a numerous but impecunious *clientele*. He took it out, however, to his perfect satisfaction, in sociability. There was not much money about in the Mangan household for purposes of education, and Mrs. Mangan, was, perhaps, rather overworked in ministering to the bodily and mental necessities of four little girls, whose cheery father had a general notion that "anything" would do to clothe, and "anybody" would do to teach them; and that there was no need to "bother," so long as he could keep them in food and physic. Dr. Rourke saw his way to helping Katharine Farrell to a respectable home, and also to providing his sister with efficient and not distasteful help, by sending the former as "nursery governess" to the children of the latter at a small salary. Accordingly, Katharine found herself installed in Mrs. Mangan's disorderly but kindly house, in a brief space after the death of her foster-parents. That portion of her story was now more than two years old, and Dr. Rourke's experiment had worked well. The handsome girl from the little shop in Dublin had not proved too uncouth or too ignorant, and Mrs. Mangan and Katharine Farrell became very good friends.

"That is to say," Mrs. Mangan afterwards explained, "as good friends as can be, when all the freeheartedness is on one side. I'm sure she knew from me every mortal thing there was to be known, and, God knows, Tom was never famous for holding his tongue about his own affairs or anybody else's; and sure, for that matter, what was there to hide? There wasn't a trouble I had—and I had plenty of them, for it was all going out and little coming in with us in those days—that Katharine didn't know as well as myself; and not a word did I know about her, all the time she was in the house, more than my brother told me when he sent her to us. She was taken up with the children and with us, and may be there was nothing to tell; anyhow, she did not tell it. I was always thinking about ourselves too, and it did not come into my head that the girl was secret-like until she took me by surprise by saying she could not stay any longer, the place did not agree with her. I never was so much taken aback. Up to that hour I'd have sworn she doted on me and the children, particularly Carline, and never had a notion of anything but that this was her home. However, she was as cool, and quiet, and determined as ever I saw any one, and stuck to it like a leech that the place did not agree with her, and that she had not her health in it. I never suspected it was an excuse, but I knew it must be a fancy; for she was the picture of health, and never took a drop of physic to my knowledge all the time she was in the place, though there was no stint of it, God knows, and it just under her hand, as one might say. But no matter, go she must, and go she would, and go she did. She bid the children good bye, and never a tear in her eye; but she felt it for all that, in her own queer way, and she trembled all over when I told her she must be sure to come to us for her holidays, and we'd pay her fare; and if she didn't get this school she was going after, she was to come back to us. The children missed her and so did I, I'll not deny it. As for Flora, it took all the peppermint lozenges and jubes in the surgery to stop her crying for a full week, and I did not know where to turn for anything. Tom was the only person in the house that did not mind much, but that was through Sam Sullivan, his assistant. 'I never could get any good of him while that girl was in the place, my dear,' he would say, 'and as to trusting him to make up a prescription or remember a direction if she was about the surgery, I daren't do it. Sam would have poisoned half the parish if I had not caught him in time more than once, Mrs. Mangan, so don't fret, it's all for the best. We'll send the children to dayschool, or, if you must have a governess, look out for a red-haired fright this time, not a red-haired beauty. It wasn't fair to me, ma'am, to me,' Tom would say, to make me laugh; but I would only tell him not to bother; he didn't know what a loss she was to me; how could he? No man ever knows how things get done in a house, let alone a man like Tom, that doesn't mind whether they do get done or whether they don't, so long as his boots are polished and there's a leg of mutton for dinner."

Candidate No. 5 gave her brief clear replies to the questions put to her. At the conclusion of the interrogatory, which elicited satisfactory evidence of her competency, she was directed to write a sentence on a sheet of foolscap, as the other four candidates had done.

The Clerk rose, and indicated the place at the side-table. Katharine Farrell took the seat he pointed out, and drew off her cotton gloves, displaying a white and shapely hand; then, without either hurry or hesitation, she wrote for a few minutes on the paper before her. The Clerk stood at a little distance, and when she laid down her pen, he took up the sheet, and placed it before the chairman. In a perfectly legible hand, every letter well formed, candidate No. 5 had written—

"If the Board of Guardians shall be pleased to appoint me to the post of Schoolmistress, I will do my utmost to fulfil its duties to their satisfaction. "KATHARINE FARRELL."

"I think we have got our Schoolmistress," said Mr. Bellew, when Candidate No. 5 had retired to the waiting-room. "I never saw such a handwriting, for a woman, in my life."

"I don't think I ever saw such a face," remarked an elderly guardian on the chairman's right.

"Never mind that," said Mr. Bellew; "a pretty face is no hurt to a sensible young woman, and she's evidently a rock of sense. Look at her upstrokes; look at her n's and her u's—no mistaking one for the other. Not an uncrossed t, or an undotted i. Strong indication of character—order, method, conscientiousness. And what a capital notion, to write that sentence! First-rate, I call it, quite first-rate. My opinion is, that we've got our Schoolmistress. What say you, gentlemen?"

They said "Yes," and the chairman proposed that Katharine Farrell should be informed at once of the result of their deliberation. Thus it came to pass that the successful Candidate was No. 5.

(To be continued.)

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

"ROME IN CANADA," by Charles Lindsay. Toronto: Lovell Brothers.

ROME IN CANADA is a book of more than ordinary value. The style is a little heavy and cumbersome, but the information given is accurate, and gives evidence of careful research. The writer understands his subject thoroughly—writes not in passion, but with calmness and reason; while feeling the importance of the subject discussed, feels also that invective will not mend matters. It is conclusively shown that the Church of France was established in Canada, that is, the Gallican Church with all its ancient rights. From the Ultramontane have come all the troubles arising from priestly interference at elections, the claims of the Church to be above the authority of the state, &c. If this book shall succeed in interesting the people of Ontario in this question as it affects the Province of Quebec; and if it shall do anything to awaken the sleepy Protestants of the said Province, Mr. Lindsey will have done a good work. We most heartily commend the book to all who desire to understand the position and assumptions of the Church of Rome in Canada.

"THE KHEDIVÉ'S EGYPT." By Edward DeLeon, Agent and Consul-General. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1878.

The condition and prospects of Egypt have a special interest at present, and the American reprint of Mr. DeLeon's book comes opportunely. Since the Israelitish exodus, every traveller in the land of the Nile has thought himself compelled to write or lecture about it. Books upon it are as plentiful as the flies that plagued Pharaoh. But because it has been to most people simply the land of the Nile, the Pyramids and the Sphinx, there happens to be a great deal to be said about its government, people, resources, finances, development and future. The tourist, like the flies, buzzes loudly and gets over much ground in a short time, but picks up only very small scraps. Mr. DeLeon, from his office and long residence, was able to go below the surface, and had the best of opportunities for forming opinions. The result he gives in a most graphic form, and his book is easy and pleasant, at best very instructive reading. Its sketches of character are vivacious, its conclusions shrewd and well reasoned. Its title is the key to its author's views. The present Khedive, in spite of all its extravagance has regenerated Egypt. The sketches of Ismail's public and private life, obviously, impartially and certainly vividly drawn, give us an estimate of him which bears the mark of *vérité*. Successful merchant prince, unsuccessful financier, strong of mind, keen of perception, ambitious, extravagant, hard-working, hospitable, an amiable ruler and a good father, is Mr. DeLeon's estimate of the Khedive's character. Ismail's great weakness was thus admitted by himself: "Every man is mad on some one subject, my mania is for building." To this our author adds, "a passion for real estate, and a vaulting ambition which sometimes overleaps itself." How his manias have worked for good and for evil we must refer our readers to the book itself. His predecessors and their dreams; the life and influence of the old foreign colony; the natural divisions of the country; its productions; its inhabitants, their treatment from the time of the Pharaohs till now, their present condition, what has been done and what needs to be done for them, are the subjects of several pleasant chapters. Mr. DeLeon thinks that the Fellahs have not risen much above the level of that life, of which the sculptured walls, built thousands of years ago, tell the story; and that taxation and extortion have made their state a disgrace to humanity. Their endurance he ascribes to centuries of oppression and their easy good nature. But these opinions may be seriously questioned, and can be satisfactorily dealt with only by the test of figures. The story of the Suez Canal; the great irrigation works; the exploration of the Soudan; the slave trade; the army; the judicial system; education and social life, are all well treated by our author; and so sharp are the lights thrown upon them that we pass them over with great reluctance. The chapter on finance cites briefly the opinions of the most eminent of those financiers who were summoned to devise some plan of extricating the Khedive from his difficulties, and who so signally disagreed; but the figures are not detailed enough to furnish a sound basis for argument. Mr. DeLeon's own opinion is that, with time and freedom from undue pressure, the Khedive's affairs will straighten themselves. "The shadow of the stranger" furnishes another interesting chapter, in which the international interests and jealousies are pointed out. In conclusion our author, who firmly believes in Egypt's resources and prosperous future, raises the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians." The book furnishes material enough for the formation of an opinion on this subject, and readers can judge for themselves; if European politics do not settle the question for them soon. There are several appendices; two containing much information as to the Suez Canal and the attitude of England; the others giving statistics on various subjects, notably on exports and prices of crops, and a summary of the scientific results accomplished by the latest expeditions into the interior. Mr. DeLeon's style is crisp and well balanced, and his book, as a whole, one of the most interesting of the season.

"ART DECORATION APPLIED TO FURNITURE," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Illustrated. (New York: Harper and Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1878.)

Since 1871, when Eastlake's "Hints on Household Taste" began to spread the principles of art to every day furniture, the "Aesthetic Movement," in spite of much jeering and of the eccentricities of amiably idiotic extremists, has made much progress. It has crossed the Atlantic, and aided by the culture and wealth of the older cities of the United States, exercises a sensible force against the barrenness on the one hand, and shoddy decoration on the other, of American houses. For a time Eastlake was the only authority, but, though the good done by his book can never be undervalued, for it was the beginning of the domestic crusade against falsity and ugliness, it was soon evident that guidance to a wider knowledge and means for obtaining a more liberal interpretation of the principles of taste were needed. To these ends much has been written, and Mrs. Spofford is among the authors who have increased the popular knowledge and afforded guidance to natural taste. Her articles, which appeared last year in *Harper's Bazaar* have been collected in book form, and in spite of the difficulty of the subject, make an excellent handbook. The arrangement is philosophical and historical giving the reader a good opportunity to follow the development of the subject as a whole, or to consult the work on any particular point. Constructive differences are, for the general reader, amply indicated, the author wisely avoiding the quagmire of detail, though much more is given than would be thought possible. Ornament is dealt with very fairly, the chapter on its theory, application and legitimacy being worth careful reading. Mrs. Spofford is strong in the faith that its *raison d'être* should be apparent, and that it should be sternly subordinated to general effect. The influence for the Renaissance for good and for bad, is also handled well, and is traced through its intricacies with much ability. The chapter on the "Queen Anne" style is a pleasant essay, and explains clearly how this deservedly favourite style, came, in its present modification, to be so natural, unaffected, beautiful and convenient. We would like to follow Mrs. Spofford's remarks on the different articles of furniture, hangings, carpets and the treatment of the different rooms, and to notice the chapter upon the Pompeian, Oriental and Moorish styles, but to raise exceptions and to criticize fairly is beyond our limits, though we hope to return to the subject in another manner. The final chapter "on the art of furnishing" is a neat little essay, a notable point being the satisfactory explanation of the "home feeling." One grave defect is, we think, the small consideration given to colour. It may be urged it is a separate subject, but we cannot imagine effective treatment of furnishing without full guidance as to the correspondence between form and colour. However, there is a page and a half, and it is a pity there is not much more of such sound advice, though throughout the book it is by no means absolutely wanting. There are many other points on which Mrs. Spofford's ideas might be challenged, but her work is truly unbiassed, and presents a freedom of choice from lucidly and clearly given information expressed in a graceful style well suited to the subject. The author's qualifications as a guide are evident, but never more than in her closing words. "Taste, after all, as we have said, the offspring of genius and 'tact, is the great secret of the art of furnishing, and, although that is a thing to be cultivated, just as much as any seedling that the gardener transforms from its barbarous wildness to 'full beauty, yet no rules can supply its original deficiency." She has shown research, care and good judgment with a thorough love of art, and is a good example of that woman's influence, to which she gives a chapter. The book is well got up, paper, typography and illustrations are excellent, and will make a good present, in which and all other ways we hope its principles will be widely spread.

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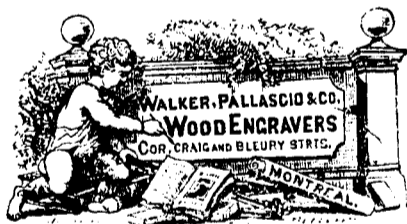
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