

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 38.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

**ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.**  
 REV. ALFRED J. BRAY, Pastor.  
 SUNDAY, 22nd SEPT.,  
 Subject—"THE PRODIGAL SON."  
 Anthem—"A Sea of Shine."  
**CHARLES ALEXANDER,**  
 387 and 391 Notre Dame Street,  
 WHOLESALE and RETAIL CONFECTIONER.  
 Everything of the best quality.  
 Lunches as usual.

**ORGAN.**  
**A PERFECTLY NEW BELL & CO. ORGAN**  
 for sale very cheap. Original price, \$305. En-  
 quire at CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office.  
**FOR SALE.**

**ONE OR TWO BRAND NEW SINGER**  
 SEWING MACHINES of the best pattern.  
 Address, P. O. Box 357, Montreal.

**SHIRTS! SHIRTS!**  
**A. H. SIMS & CO.,**  
 Montreal,  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
 SHIRTS, COLLARS, AND CUFFS,  
 WHOLESALE.  
 Orders from the trade solicited.

**NEW CROP TEAS.**  
 MCGIBBON & BAIRD'S RETAIL PRICES.  
 Extra Breakfast Souchong 8.00  
 Fine Breakfast Souchong 7.00  
 Extra Breakfast Congou 6.00  
 Choice Family Congou 5.00  
 Good Family Congou 4.00  
 Finest Young Hyson 8.00  
 Fine Young Hyson 7.00  
 Superior Young Hyson 6.00  
 Extra Choice Japan 6.00  
 Superior Japan 5.00  
 Choice Japan 4.50  
 Good Japan 4.00  
 Extra Oolong 7.00  
 Finest Gunpowder 8.00  
 Good Young Hyson 5.00  
 Fair Young Hyson 4.00  
 A reduction of 2 1/2 cents on 10-lb Catties, and 5 cents  
 on 20-lb Catties off these prices. Our fine Black and  
 Green Teas are selected at places of growth for our  
 own special trade. Samples sent on application.

**OUR N. Y. COFFEE**  
 IS STILL THE FAVOURITE.  
**McGibbon & Baird**  
 221 ST. JAMES STREET,  
 Branch—St. Catherine Street.

**GENUINE NEW YORK**  
**SINGER SEWING MACHINES**  
 THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



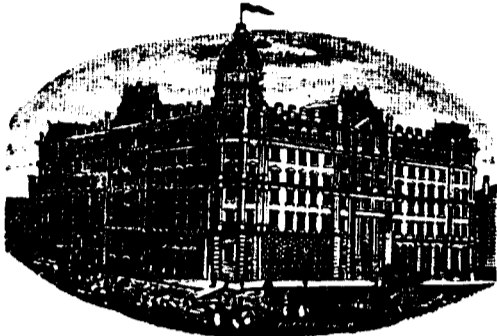
Buy only the  
 GENUINE.  
 Beware of  
 COUNTERFEITS.  
 None genuine without  
 our Trade Mark stamp-  
 ed on the arm of the  
 Machine.

THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO. SOLD IN 1877  
**282,812 MACHINES,**  
 Being the largest number of Sewing-Machines ever  
 sold by any Company in a single year. Machines sold  
 on monthly payments.

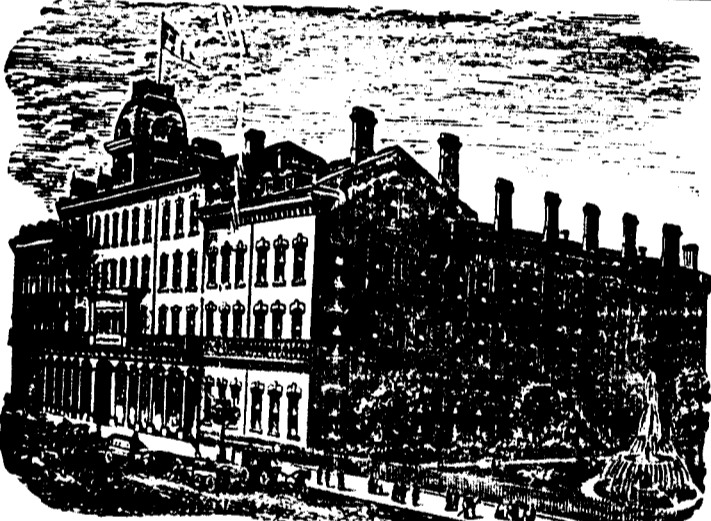
**THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO.,**  
 281 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
 MONTREAL, P. Q.

**EVANS & RIDDELL,**  
 PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS  
 EDWARD EVANS, Official Assignee,  
 Western Chambers,  
 No. 22 ST. JOHN STREET.

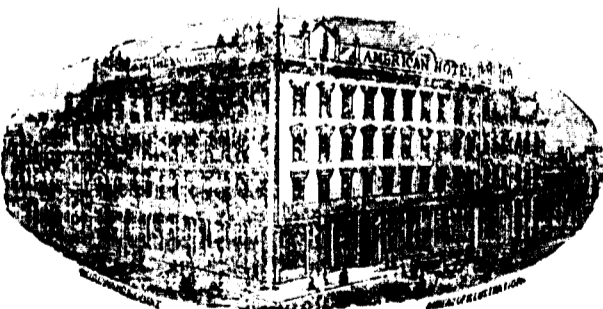
**LIGHT!! LIGHT!!**  
**LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, PENDANTS.**  
 Handsome display of finest goods, with all latest  
 improvements.  
 PRICES LOW.  
**FRED. R. COLE,**  
 LAMP AND OIL DEPOT,  
 95 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.  
**THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE,**  
 THE OLD ESTABLISHED  
**Cooks' Friend Baking Powder,**  
 PURE,  
 HEALTHY,  
 RELIABLE.  
 Manufactured only by  
 W. D. McLAREN,  
 55 and 57 College St.  
 Retailed everywhere.



**THE WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.**  
 This Hotel has special advantages for the comfort of guests: with spacious parlours and promenades. Its  
 location is high, which insures pure air, with views of the River and Mountm. Has a room for commercial men at 117 St. Francois Xavier Street.  
 Rates . . . . \$2.50 per day, and upwards.  
**JAMES WORTHINGTON, Proprietor.**



**THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,--TORONTO, CANADA,**  
 MCGAW & WINNETT, PROPRIETORS.  
 Patronized by Royalty and the best families. Prices graduated according to rooms.



**AMERICAN HOTEL, TORONTO.**  
 Reduced the Rates so as to meet the Times.  
 Seventy-five Rooms at \$2.00, and seventy-five at \$1.50.  
 Incontestably the most central and convenient Hotel in the city, both for commerce and family travel.  
 Three minutes walk from the Union and Great Western Depots; and first-class in every respect, except  
 price.  
**GEORGE BROWN, Proprietor.**

**H. A. NELSON & SONS,**  
 IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FANCY GOODS, DRUGGISTS', TOBAC-**  
**CONISTS', STATIONERS' AND GROCERS' SUNDRIES.**  
 FANS—American, French and Japanese.  
 POCKET-BOOKS in Russia, Calf, Morocco, Sheepskin, &c.  
 Ladies' and Gents' TRAVELLING BAGS a specialty.  
 BABY CARRIAGES, TOY CARTS, VELOCIPEDES, &c., &c.  
 56 & 58 FRONT STREET, WEST, TORONTO. | 91 to 97 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

Established 1845.  
**WILLIAM ELLIOT,**  
 Successor to W. D. McLaren & Co.,  
 IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
**CHOICE GROCERIES,**  
 Corner St. Lawrence & St. Catherine Sts.,  
 MONTREAL.  
 Genuine Portland Kerosene Oil.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.**  
 The subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and  
 the public that he has opened a  
**GALLERY,**  
 ON THE  
 Corner of CRAIG & VICTORIA SQUARE,  
 Where pictures of all descriptions are made, at  
 reasonable prices.  
 A trial respectfully solicited.  
**G. C. ARLESS.**

**OYSTERS! OYSTERS!!**  
 WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
 L. W. SMITH, 665 CRAIG STREET, corner Bleury,  
 AGENT FOR  
**HUNT, BARNES & CO.,**  
 CELEBRATED BALTIMORE OYSTERS.

**MERCER'S**  
**SLEEPING ELIXIR.**  
 CONTAINS NO OPIATE.  
 PRODUCES REFRESHING SLEEP  
 NO HEADACHE IN THE MORNING.  
 CALMS THE NERVES.  
 INVALUABLE FOR MENTAL WORRY  
 OR OVERWORKED BRAIN.  
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**JOHN ROBERTSON,**  
 Importer and General Dealer in  
**GROCERIES, WINES, FRUITS, &c.,**  
 12 PHILLIPS SQUARE,  
 MONTREAL.

**NESTLE'S MILK FOOD**  
 Is the most valuable substitute for the mother's  
 milk known to the world.  
 In the fever-stricken South it is sustaining infant life  
 in the cities in a marvellous manner.  
 In these election times it is giving "PROTECTION"  
 to the class that most needs it, viz., the infants.  
 Every mother should protect her infant from impure  
 mixtures and from adulterated milk by using  
**NESTLE'S MILK FOOD.**  
**THOS. LEEMING & CO.,**  
 SOLE AGENTS.

**GEORGE PAYNE,**  
 GUN MAKER,  
 Dealer in Fishing Tackle and Sportsmen's Requisites.  
 Repairs promptly attended to.  
 111 St. Antoine St., Corner Cathedral St.,  
 MONTREAL.

**CANADA PAPER CO.,**  
 374 TO 378 ST. PAUL STREET,  
 MONTREAL.  
 Works at Windsor Mills and Sherbrooke, P. Q.  
 Manufacturers of Writing, Book, News and Colored  
 Papers; Manila, Brown and Grey Wrappings; Felt  
 and Match Paper. Importers of all Goods required by  
 Stationers and Printers.  
 Dominion Agents for the Celebrated Gray's Ferry  
 Printing and Lithographic Inks and Varnishes.

**NOTMAN & SANDHAM,**  
 PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN,  
 17 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
 BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX,  
 ALSO AT  
 BOSTON, MASS., ALBANY, N.Y., AND ST.  
 JOHN, N.B.

Medals awarded LONDON 1861, PARIS 1867,  
 CENTENNIAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.  
**MARRIAGE LICENSES**  
 Issued by JOHN M. M. DUFF,  
 Of Taylor & Duff, Assignees and Accountants,  
 333 Notre Dame Street.



# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 38.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In the matter of subscriptions some of our friends have responded promptly but a great number are putting the matter off for a more convenient season; we ask such to remember that subscriptions are due *in advance*, and the amount is so low as to make promptness in paying not only desirable, but absolutely necessary.

## THE TIMES.

The result of the elections is a surprise to everybody. I expected the Liberals would have gone back with a small majority—but on the contrary the Conservatives have swept the country, and the Liberals will have to return to their place in Opposition which they knew so long before. I do not profess to mourn on account of it—for in the main my sympathies are with the majority of the electors. Sir John A. Macdonald is the one man in this country who should be at the head of its political affairs, for he is a statesman, and personally honest. The Pacific Scandal was a great scandal—but Sir John did not pocket the money—he did what many another has done—that is, he lent himself to evil for the sake of party and power. That sin lies at the door of the violent party spirit of this country, which the *Toronto Globe* has been fiercely active in keeping alive. The Liberals have built themselves a pretty big glass-house during the last five years, and it would have been all the better for them if they had not thrown stones about so recklessly.

My predictions with regard to Montreal have become facts, Messrs. Coursol, Gault and Ryan being returned, and that in spite of the unholy tricks practised by Mr. Devlin at some of the polling-booths and the shameful falsehoods circulated with regard to Mr. Gault's mission to the Oka Indians, and Mr. Coursol being a Freemason. Such tactics deserved to fail as they have.

But I am heartily sorry that Mr. Darling will not have a seat in the House, for with his strong common-sense and general business abilities, he would have been an acquisition. He may rest assured that the vote was not cast against himself, personally, but only against the party he aspired to represent. The truth is that being in desperately bad times, the country is anxious to try if by a movement in the direction of Protection they can be mended. The feeling is abroad that, while Free Trade is the best in theory and the best in all matters ethical, it is made impractical to us in Canada on account of the way our big neighbour looks at things. To that anxiety Mr. Darling must most of all attribute his defeat. I hope he will try again some day, and somewhere else, and succeed.

I am glad Mr. Thomas White is elected at last. He deserves it—for although he may have done some trimming in his day—as what politician in this country has not?—he is an able man—a good speaker—and well up in the politics of the country. I shall expect to find him playing a conspicuous part in the administration of affairs. He should be placed at the head of the Postal Department at once.

Sir John has had to part company with his old friends at Kingston. This seems strange to the ordinary observer of things and men, for this constituency to which he has been faithful for a period of thirty-five years endorsed him when he had to quit office on account of the Pacific Scandal, but has deserted him when the whole country has pronounced for him and his policy. But I am told that he will be offered an accommodation seat at Ottawa. He is not the first leader of a party, and head of a Government who has had to accept such doubtful honours, and this change will not affect matters much as Sir John is not of a desponding turn of mind.

But I hope he will be cool and moderate in the hour of triumph. In the matter of readjustment of the tariff something may, perhaps must, be done, but any violent change would work disastrously, so that caution will be needed. And we can hardly hope that a triumphant party will take into consideration the possibility of softening party bitterness. But if Sir John would make an effort in that direc-

tion he would be a benefactor of the country. A coalition government could hardly be effected now—the Conservatives having so strong a majority, and so many friends to please—still, as there is little or no reason for government by party in this country, and as Sir John is not a man to bear malice, or nurse an ill-temper—some step might be taken in that direction. For example, Mr. Blake should not only be in the House, but should be there as Minister of Justice. And some other desirable things I could suggest equally as good.

The course Mr. Mackenzie should pursue is the subject of much debate in the circles of the interested and the knowing—but the thing is plain and simple: he should hold himself ready to resign so soon as the Conservatives are ready to take office. That is the course Mr. Gladstone followed when he and his party suffered a crushing defeat in 1874. I think I am correct in saying that he sent a letter to Mr. Disraeli intimating that he would only carry on the Government until such time as the victors were prepared to form a Cabinet. Mr. Mackenzie should do something of that sort.

The *Montreal Herald* has behaved very well under the trial which has happened to it—but the *Toronto Globe* is struck dumb. It has spluttered a few words in an agonized way on the first page—but Wednesday's leader was on "Prison Dietary." Is the Hon. George Brown trying to anticipate the future?

A good story is told me: a Reformer going to town on Wednesday met a workingman on his way to the Sugar Refinery at Griffintown—who on being asked why he was going there, made for answer: "Sir John is in, and of course the Refinery is open." That explains the Conservative victory.

The Orange case, after long and weary and vexatious examinations is taken *en deliberé* by the Police Magistrate, who has promised to give his decision next week. Many of us thought that the examination before the P. M. was too long—but more of us are asking "what on earth does he want a whole week or more to deliberate on this matter for?" The P. M. is only a P. M. and not a Judge. The P. M. has only to decide whether there shall be a trial or not; and I humbly submit that three hours should have given him sufficient evidence upon which to base a conclusion. I suggest two improvements in the conduct of those preliminary proceedings,—employ a competent short-hand writer—and exclude Counsel.

Only a man with a fertile imagination could fancy the Orangemen committed for trial. But it is to be hoped none the less that the whole question will be brought before the Civil Courts. It certainly would have been more dignified if the gentlemen, who fenced and refused to answer, had declared themselves Orangemen, and said, "if the institution is illegal, the institution, or the law, must be changed." Now the prosecution is able to say, "these men are either ashamed or afraid to confess that they belong to the Orange Order," a point that might be used effectively in an appeal to a jury. Already the counsel for the prosecution has had the luxury of applying to the Government for a pardon for any who might be induced to confess that they are Orangemen.

*The Sentinel, and Orange and Protestant Advocate* is a peculiar paper. It has sent forth a second article on "Rev. Mr. Bray and Orangeism," which is just as stupid as the first. The writer is evidently some broad-minded brother who "often went to hear that truly-evangelical man," Dr. Wilkes, in the olden times, but "left as the grand organ and the Brussels carpets came in." He imagines "utilitarian" to mean "will it pay;" he is unable to distinguish between a sermon delivered on the Sabbath and a lecture given on a week-day; he is so well-posted as a newspaper writer that he imagines an article specially addressed to Orangemen should be full of abuse of their opponents; he, an Orange writer, has the consistency to say that lectures in criticism of "churches differing from our own must be subversive of that Christian humility which should lead us to think of others as better than ourselves." If I could supply that writer with a little common sense I would do so, but I can't. He is beyond the reach of reason, but he is not past praying for.

Something ought to be done in the matter of the terms of the Court of Queen's Bench. There should be three instead of two. A poor man has been in the Montreal gaol for five months waiting his trial. He has had to live in a felon's cell—to feed on felon's fare—has been made a bankrupt—his family left to starve on charity, because the Police Magistrate judged that his case should go to a jury for trial. Now that the political parties have got their answer from the country as to Free Trade *versus* Protection, couldn't we turn our attention to these matters for a little to some purpose?

It is rumoured in England that Lord Beaconsfield is going to offer the British Commissionership connected with British Protectorate over Asia Minor to Earl Dufferin. If that should come to pass it will not please many Conservative supporters, who will be angry at seeing good things given to Liberals, but it will put the right man in the right place; for, if any man living can make England popular in Asia Minor, Lord Dufferin is that man.

Says the London *Truth* :—

"The unexpected result of the election for Argyleshire has created equal rage, wonder, and dismay in the Tory ranks, and it placed the Ministerial press in a peculiarly difficult and embarrassing situation. The seat had everywhere been declared to be safe (for Lord Lorne has consistently supported the Government in its Eastern policy throughout), Colonel Malcolm had dissolved his connection with Boston to take possession of it, and, as it is usual now, the Liberals were completely taken by surprise. The *Times* certainly is not squeamish, for it related the sad reverse in that hocus-pocus style by which Napoleon's bulletins converted the retreat from Moscow into a triumph, and at once published an article expressing surprise, as unlimited as the previous confidence that the Tories, should have thought it worth while to contest the seat at all. If Lord Lorne's appointment to Canada had been announced two months back, and the writ had been issued at once, the election would have taken place about the time of Lord Beaconsfield's triumphant entry into London, and would probably have terminated in the manner expected and desired by the Tory party; but people are beginning to discover that the Treaty of Berlin has settled nothing, that the Ministers are as full of tricks as a pack of cards, and that Cyprus, instead of being only a little short of Golconda, is unhealthy, and at present comparatively unproductive."

EDITOR.

#### WHAT GOVERNMENT CANNOT DO.

We are slow to learn how little can be done for us by others. Constantly we find that what we need for our comfort or our progress is effected best by ourselves. And yet we are for ever looking to some outward agency, whether circumstance, or accident, or other men, to do for us what we could far better do by our own activity. Like Mr. Micawber, we hang around and spend all we have while we wait in vain for something to "turn up."

Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the confidence we place in the almost supernatural powers of Government interference to set right whatever may be wrong. If we were told that the only functions that Government is fitted for are to protect life, property, and individual freedom, and to enforce contracts between man and man,—in short, to protect us from the violence or fraud of each other, leaving us in other respects to take care of ourselves,—it would seem to most men a sort of impiety, something in the nature of a political blasphemy. The omnipotence of Government is the primary article of our social creed. If Government speaks, it is done; if Government commands, it stands fast. Is there any evil in society? We stick fast in the mud and call upon Government, like another Jupiter, to help us. Does a railway train run off the track? There must be Government inspectors of railroads. Does some tradesman mix sand with his sugar, or give us short measure when we buy silk or calico? Though nothing would be easier than to get the mixture analyzed, or the fabric measured, and publish the result, and no punishment so efficacious, we are struck with paralysis and cannot move a muscle till Government passes a law and appoints a staff of officers. Have we a bad drain in the house? We must wait to get it set right till we have been to headquarters and altered the law, though if we had a cheap and easy means of enforcing contracts our landlord might be made to do the necessary repairs to-morrow. Our faith in Government is quite touching and pathetic. We look up to it as a baby to its mother.

If it were not characteristic of faith to believe without evidence we might wonder upon what our confidence in Government assistance is founded. Certainly it cannot be the efficiency of Governmental control in those things which it has hitherto undertaken, even when they fall within its proper province. We never take up a newspaper without coming across abundant instances of official bungling. In one column some wretched job or utter imbecility is exposed, even though in the next we have a demand for further officialism. Do we not all of us know that the worst of all executants of public works is the Government? Who builds the worst ships? Who wastes the most time over needless improvements? Where shall we go for badly constructed buildings, ill-drained barracks, unventilated offices, execrably paved streets, impassable roads, engines warranted not to do their work, the commonest conveniences neglected altogether, or paid for at three times their proper cost? Who makes its soldiers coats of shoddy and charges for them as though they were broadcloth? Who clothes brave men in India in a way insanely unsuited to the climate, and thrusts them into buildings that fall upon and crush them, as in the case of the ninety-five men killed at one of our Eastern stations? Who sets them, in actual war, to march barefoot, to fight without food, to lie in filthy shanties, to rot away in dysentery, and to burn up in loathsome fever? Who does all this, and more, and yet is believed in with a simplicity of faith which makes us wonder more than ever at the gullibility of mankind?

"How not to do it" is an art which has been thoroughly mastered in too many Government offices. We trust these men with beautiful confidence, nevertheless. When we compare Government control with private enterprise, we reason in the opposite way to that divinely taught us in the Parable of the Talents. The Government officers, like the fountains in our public squares, do nothing but "play every day from ten o'clock till four." Therefore, we commit to them the best interests of society. Private energy has made roads, established banks, invented steam traffic, built cities, turned deserts into gardens; therefore, we will have nothing to do with private energy. Take away the ten talents from him who has doubled his stock, and give them to him who has hidden his solitary talent in a napkin, folded his arms, and gone to sleep. A logic this more honourable to our ingenuous confidence than to our common-sense.

It is not denied that Government is a necessary institution, but it may be reasonably maintained that its proper sphere is very limited, and the moment it goes beyond its province, it does incomparably more harm than good. Whatever private enterprise *can* do, it ought, as a rule, to be left to do. The proof is that even in what falls within its proper province, such, for example, as police and military arrangements, Government goes about its business in the most indirect and least efficient way. Leave Government to its appropriate duty—the duty of protecting us from mutual violence and from foreign aggression—and depend in other matters upon the native energies of society embodied in schemes of private enterprise. These have saved us in the past; they have been the main factors of preservation, and the only instruments of progress. It is to these, therefore, that we shall do wisely to trust the future.

Government does things slowly, expensively, indirectly, with the maximum of corruption, and the minimum of efficiency. Private energy is swift in action, cheap in expenditure, direct in aim, and bound under the penalties of immediate detection and hopeless failure, to be at least moderately pure and efficient. Let common-sense draw the conclusion.

There need be no apology for drawing attention to this question. There is a cry throughout the country for help from Government to save us from the commercial pressure of the times. People have an impression that some divine Sir Somebody has only to step into Mr. MacOtherbody's vacant place, and say, like a conjuror, "Presto! Quickly!" and all will go well. Let the Jews believe that—if they choose to do so, though I have too much respect for their intellect to think that they are so foolish—assuredly I will not. There may or may not be reasons for a change of Ministry—on that I say nothing. But those who think that it will greatly affect the commercial condition of the country, might as well imagine that it will control the height of the tides, or alter the succession of the Seasons.

But of this, more in another article.

J. F. STEVENSON.

#### PREACHERS AND PASTORAL WORK.

The first and main work of a clergyman undoubtedly is to preach—that is to have thoughts of God and Christ and life, and then speak them out in the best language he can command. In order to do his work well, he must be a student of books and of men; he must—like his Master—identify himself with those he would help. There are but few real preachers in the world—plenty of men who can put themselves into lively and look grave—plenty of men who can take a text of Scripture as a peg to hang a few platitudes upon, said platitudes having been culled from about a dozen different printed sermons—plenty of men even who can create a little dullness of speech, which by courtesy we call a sermon—but only a few men can preach. For a man to be a preacher he must combine in himself manifold gifts and graces. He must be a psychologist, have some understanding of metaphysics—he must be a logician, with ability to analyse and synthesise—he must be an artist, and a poet, and an actor, and most of all, a MAN: he must have thought deeply and felt profoundly—fought great battles in the heated arena of his own life, some of them lost and some of them won, else he can never know how to speak strong and helpful words to others. For words taken from books and put into a sermon are neither strong nor helpful. They may have been both when originally spoken, but a storm of emotions can never be printed and so preserved in full force. Lightning and thunder can never be reproduced—they die at the birth. So it is with the vehement emotion of the preacher; his words may be borrowed, but not the soul that was in them.

Of course there are degrees of preachers, just as there are degrees of artists, and poets and actors, and writers of books. There is a Tennyson, and there is a Martin Tupper, and both are poets: there is a London *Times*, and there is a Montreal daily *Witness*, and both are newspapers, and both, perhaps, are needful. There is ordinary work to be done everywhere which only ordinary men can do; and the second or third rate preacher, who is neither a logician, nor an artist, nor a poet, nor an actor, but is merely an ecclesiastic, is a good and useful, and much-to-be-respected member of society.

But, it will be said, to preach sermons is not the only work of a clergyman; he has to take the pastoral oversight of his church—by which is meant, attendance at 6 or 8 meetings in the week; some of them devotional, and some of them the opposite of that—visits to the sick and to the well—funerals—baptisms—weddings. To do that pastoral overseeing means that he must have sufficient light of nature and of grace to know who is sick without being told—to know who desire his visits and who object to them—to know with whom he should have family prayer, and with whom he should hold friendly and profitable conversation about the sad failings of dear Brother Smith or Robinson. By the same light he must discern when some of his flock are going away, and when it would be a convenient time for him to call and say them good-by—for, of course, they will not call upon him and say a farewell word. Then, he must have the faculty of observing what strangers are in his congregation, that he may find out where they live and give them a hearty welcome—for, of course, no such courtesy as a call can be due to him. It can never be expected that those who desire his friendship and his ministry shall call upon him, and if they should "sit under" him for a year, all the time avoiding personal contact with him, they will feel and declare that he has sadly neglected his pastoral duties.

In short, he must know all those things in heaven and earth of which our philosophy has never dreamed.

Would it be out of place to mildly insinuate here that the whole Church expectant should pray that the Lord would work a miracle in the case of the clergy, and give them that supernatural light which will enable them to see when and where they are wanted—a supernatural patience with the whims and crotchets of their friends, and a thick skin so as to withstand all the assaults of gossip.

But, pending that miracle, it may be well to ask, is that pastoral oversight, of which we hear so much, the legitimate work of the preacher? I answer—it is not. That is work that must be done—those meetings—those baptisms and marriages and funerals, and friendly visits must be done. It is most needful work. But it is *Church* work, and not ministerial work. The minister may suggest, but the Church must execute; he may organize, but he cannot be organizer and organisation all in one. The Church was very small just after Pentecost—the only bit of organisation they had was a common fund for the poor—but the disciples declined to do even that, and asked for deacons. They were devoted to the work of preaching Christ and Him crucified, and left it to others to see that the executive work of the institution was done. It soon came to pass that there was a great variety of wants to be met, and a great variety of work to be done—there were “diversities of gifts” and “differences of administration;” and to meet that “God” did “set some in the Church, first apostles, secondarily prophets, thirdly teachers, after that miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues.” But, the old order changeth—and the modern Church has got to believe that it is possible to have all those gifts and graces and powers centred in one man. He, the minister, is expected to combine in himself all those qualities which in the earlier times were divided between many.

Are the churches wise or foolish in acting thus? Foolish without a doubt—for they expect in one man what nothing short of a miracle could give them. Since the Christian ministry was first ordained of heaven it has never happened that a man has been able to fill the double office of minister and pastor well. Men try—they try hard—and fail in both. That is not to be wondered at; for the two are mutually exclusive. The born preacher is an artist born—and a poet—the bent of his mind is such as to unfit him for the position of “help” and “government” and the general oversight of an organization. He has the habits of a student, with the mind and heart of a man who lives intensely in the world of stern realities. On the other hand, the man with mental inclination for the work of helping and governing—of visiting, and of guiding the routine of an institution can never foster the gifts and graces of the preacher. The churches will never be wise until they have learnt to recognise this diversity of gifts and offices. The commercial, and scientific, and literary life of the world would soon languish and die if we attempted to carry them on in the same way as we attempt to carry on our ecclesiastical life, for we are looking for beauty and usefulness out of things which God has ordained shall be incongruous. If the churches want to live real and great lives—if they want to speak and act truth before the eyes of the people, they must take up their own burden of responsibility and bear it along the dusty way. Each church must do its own work, and not make impossible demands upon its minister. The most flourishing churches in Christendom are those in which the clergyman is left to his preaching and the members look after the rest.

If proof were needed that the Ministry is a divine institution, it would be found in the fact that it still exists. The people have made prolonged efforts to make it dull, to bring it into disrepute—to kill it—for they have made hard-and-fast lines for it, denying to it freedom of thought and interpretation—they have formed the clergy into a class, prescribing for them their dress, and their drawl and their facial expression—they have heaped honours upon them, many of which are in themselves a degradation—they have, in truth, put a premium upon dullness and hypocrisy, and yet the institutions is not only needful to the world's life—it is the best and most pure upon the face of the earth. I believe that the Clergy, as a class, are more able, more earnest, and more honest than any other class of men known to us; that hosts of them are saints, and many of them heroes—and this in spite of the popular and persistent effort to make of them men of little soul and mean—an effort in which too many of their own number have joined. If the institution had not been Divine—if it had not been dear to the head and heart of mankind—if it had not been needful for warning and instruction, it would long ago have ceased to live. But, rightly estimated and rightly used—allowed to do its own proper work—it would live a far greater and more noble, because a far more useful life.

CLERICUS.

### IS “PROTECTION” POSSIBLE?

The “National Policy” strikes the unprejudiced onlooker who has been mercifully delivered from the fetters of party spirit, as a very decided misnomer. It has certainly nothing National in its composition. It is class legislation entirely—Protection for a class—exposure to the malignity of selfishness for all besides.

Strange as it may appear in this age of realities (?), in which “faith” saves, and “works” are regarded as deadly, true Religion and Free Trade are nevertheless in fact identical.

To establish this, it is only needful to penetrate far enough into Scripture to reach the Ten Commandments. These are the moral law, and therefore a safe and practicable rule of life.

Take for example the eighth: “Thou shalt not steal.” All are agreed that this is right. Even those who have broken it—thieves themselves—say their conduct is a mistake; for ill-gotten gain cannot, in the nature of things, bring enjoyment. It is so written in the Book of Fate, bound in enduring covers by the Ten Commandments. To steal a man's liberty is the very worst and most oppressive kind of theft. Take my money, but rob me not of liberty,—of life. Leave me but the free air of heaven, the glorious scenes, the abundant gifts of Mother Earth, and freedom to roam o'er her bosom and pick here or there what she bestows, and I am alive; none of my faculties dwarfed, but each developed of them bringing its suitable reward. Leave me this and you can

steal my purse if you will; it is but trash in comparison. Such liberty protectionist theories would fain steal from me. I am not to use my faculties when or where I choose. I am to be prohibited from selecting Dame Nature's gifts where these are most abundant. I am denied liberty to roam in search of her choicest blessings most suitable to my condition. I am to be forced to take just what lies nearest to me, or with the materials most appropriate, however poorly these may be adapted to the forming of the useful article my thoughts have conjured up, I must make some mean imitation of that which my thought has conceived, which, however I may toil and labour, cannot reach the perfection which the same thought, with other more suitable materials, could embody in the perfection of usefulness. Out upon such theft of my liberty, and my God-given rights! On such a Government Policy the finger of Providence has carved, in enduring characters, the truth—“Thou shalt not steal” any of the rights of men. “Thou shalt not” implies “thou *canst* not.” There is no escape. Men *take* their rights, and no narrow law, however vigilant, can prevent men from using their liberty and choosing the gifts of Providence in Nature which are most suitable to their needs, wherever they may be found. Such laws are but a fly on that wheel—that perfect circle of Divine command—which turns relentlessly, ever evolving usefulness and adaptation to the wants of humanity. Progress ever revolves, but ever on the same axis, the hub of Divine law. This so-called “Protection” is a theft which gains nothing. The theft steals—transgresses the command “thou shalt not,” and finds ere long the command is an inevitable law as well. That which he vainly tried to steal eludes his grasp, and even if still retained becomes useless to him. It is simply impossible by means of theft to get gain. The evil will that prompted the theft blinds the eyes and inflames the desire at one and the same time, till, ceasing to be vigilant, discovery and ruin overwhelm him. The eighth commandment, as well as the other nine, are not *only* commands, but the very conditions of our being, by which alone we can continue to exist as a community, or as individuals. No government can steal the rights of the governed without bringing destruction on itself. No individual can steal from his neighbour and long enjoy, or even possess, what belongs of right to others. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Do not the physical, mental and spiritual worlds exist by Him, and can their formation be contrary to His life which supports them?

But the tenth commandment carries the principle still further. “Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, nor his wife, nor his man-servant or maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his trade, nor anything that is thy neighbour's.” This is the most spiritual of all the commandments. It speaks to the will, or ever it has formed itself into act. Thou shalt not even form the desire to injure others. How does the “Protection” theory square with this? Does it not covet its neighbour's trade? It covets the gain which other nations make from the supply of its legitimate wants. It covets the trade of its neighbour whether his wants be thereby well supplied or not. The will to have this steps out into act, and strives, by law to deprive the neighbour of his liberty of choice—or at least to limit such choice. He shall buy only from those within his country, and shall sell only within the same narrow limits. He shall not be a free man, seeking communion and trade with *all* his fellows, but a slave, bound to the will of those who rule over him—fettered in his labour—no hope beyond the narrow circle he inhabits.

For Protection applied to Imports ought logically to apply equally to Exports. If it be best for the community that it should buy as little as possible from other communities, it is best surely that it should sell as little as possible, but retain all its produce for its own use. The means of subsistence would be thus cheapened, the cost of labour therefore lessened, and manufactured goods be better, cheaper, and more in demand. Covetousness in former ages did reach that height; and did not prove a shining success either. Now it cloaks itself with a garb of virtue. “The greatest good of the greatest number” is its motto. It covets the trade of the producer—the farmer—merely that it may send it back in blessings on his head in the shape of increased prices for his produce to feed its artisans. It leaves producers free to get this high price, but also free to get any price they can from other nations. But in this it is not consistent; for it does not put an import tax on produce, nor yet an export tax, which latter would most correctly carry out its principles. By thus conveniently ignoring its principles, it reduces the home market for the necessities of life to the level of the produce markets of the world. Protection not only covets the consumpt trade of the community for its manufactures, but it insists that the manufacturer shall buy his supplies of food for self and employees wherever he can do best. The home market for produce must compete with foreign—the home market for manufacturers must be protected (save the mark!) from all foreign competition. The reasons are obvious on the surface. That death's head—class legislation—shows its hideous visage.

Yet, mark the inevitable law of our own being, of which the Divine commandments are but the verbal expression. This covetousness overreaches itself. It cannot retain that which it would fain steal. To manufacture becomes so profitable, for the moment, that the greed of many is roused to share in the spoils—spoils of trampled liberty, wrong and oppression. Too much is manufactured—more than the country can use. Prices fall, employees are discharged, want, misery and loss follow; for most of the surplus of goods made are, from the very necessity of the case, fitted only for use in the “protected” country. Experience, sharp and bitter, then begins to teach men the inner meaning of the eighth and tenth commandments, when each is forced no longer to steal or covet the property of others, but to earn property by the sweat of the brow or brain, and invention and painstaking labour, to adapt the articles made to the wants of other countries, enable the manufacturer to do what he ought to have done at first from principle,—work with his hands or brain the thing which is good, of benefit to *all* his fellows, and reap his reward from *usefulness*—not from a “protection” alike dishonourable to himself and contrary to the laws of God.

Thus men learn that His commandments are not grievous, but true to Nature and experience, and to act contrary to them is the only cause of misery in the world—that evil works itself out—that the attempt to do evil, to wrong and oppress persistently, is equally foolish and

“IMPOSSIBLE.”

## MINISTERS' WIVES.

The articles lately published in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR on the "Protestant Pulpit" have naturally suggested the topic of ministers' wives. Indeed, wives might well have been included in the articles: for, as when we say "pulpit," we understand also the man who fills it, so, when we say "minister," we must likewise understand the better-half of the good man. That is, we Protestants: for in spite of St. Paul's "right to lead about a wife," and the stubborn fact that St. Peter *had* a wife, our friends of Rome stoutly maintain the necessity of episcopal and presbyterial celibacy. Under the Jesuit system—a system of mission labor in its inception—one can understand the advantages of a man having no *impedimenta* when he was liable to be ordered off from Europe to Cathay at a moment's notice. Few women would have cared to share the chances in those early days of helping to make (*passive voice*) a missionary pie, or contribute to an *al-fresco* banquet amid the wilds of North America. Even St. Paul knew that his "right" would be an inconvenient one to exercise. Woman is essentially a home animal: and however much some women like to *gad* about, very few would care to be *led* about. No doubt it was this feminine disinclination that stopped short St. Philip's itinerancy through the seaboard towns of Palestine, when he came to Cesarea. He had to stay there: and there to give us one of the earliest examples of a good minister doing the work of an evangelist as heartily as a Paul in *his* sphere, and at the same time bringing up a family in such a way as even to be helpful in his Gospel work.

The Greek craze on this subject stands in curious contrast to the Latin. By some marvellous intellectual shunt, the Greek exegetes ran off the track at the point of the apostolic injunction against polygamy; and settled it forever that the *pater* should be literally "the husband of one wife." One he *must* have, and *only* one. This gives the lady a great advantage. If she does not get her own way, she can threaten to pine away and die, and straightway the poor *papa* is all obedience. Mormonism, on the other hand, gives the prophet and the elder special privileges in this regard, and "seals" to him an unlimited number of wives. It is not quite certain whether this is done as a reward of merit, and that the holy man may have abundant opportunity to leaven the community with his piety, or whether it is arranged for the benefit of the fair sex: that *as many women as possible* may get a good husband! The Protestant churches have hit the happy medium between these extremes, and give a minister as many wives as he chooses: only—one at a time! And there are few who do not avail themselves of the privilege. In fact, so ready are they for its exercise, that we generally are compelled to tie down our theological students with an obligation not to commit matrimony until they have ended their curriculum. Then, the cord being broken, the bent bow relaxes suddenly; and graduation, ordination, installation, and matrimony, follow in quick succession. The wooing is usually done as a co-incident of the college course; so as to lose no time.

Hence, "Ministers' Wives" is a broad and fruitful theme: and any man, like myself, of venerable age and world-wide travel, of extensive marital experience and large powers of observation, should be able to present some points of interest. And here let me guard myself from misconception. This paper has no connection with those alluded to on "The Protestant Pulpit of Montreal." None of the ladies herein spoken of must be looked for within a magic circle of One Hundred Miles round Montreal! Let no reader think therefore that he recognises a portrait. It will be at most that occasional and casual resemblance by which we are often perplexed and deceived.

For instance, a dozen readers may suppose that they know my friend James Ryckson's wife. James was a young curate in Middlesex County, who, being in sole charge, brought home to share his home and parish duties, a little lady of seventeen. The poor little doll was pretty and 'amiable': that is to say, characterless. She shrunk with nervous dread from contact with her husband's people; and wanted to reserve all her sweetness for himself. And James was obliged to tell them that Mrs. Ryckson could not visit: that she was too fragile to be brought in contact with all sorts of people. And when some murmured, he boldly told them that *he* was charged with the care of their souls; and not his wife. And as the murmurings grew louder, so did poor James. He said that when his wife married him she didn't marry the parish; that the stipend he received was for his services alone; that his wife ought to be no more in the parish than any other lady; &c. But they 'couldn't see it': and Ryckson soon found it convenient to exchange for a charge in North Ebor: where he and his Dora still fight it out on the same line. She is much the same vapid nonentity as ever; but the people understood the case from the first: they don't see much of Dora: and they don't want to. Still, as a minister's wife Mrs. Ryckson cannot be called a success. Neither can the stately Mrs. Sparling of the same town. *She* was never troubled with nerves: but she seldom gave the Doctor's parishioners more than the most distant of nods: and seldom—to use their own expression—"darkened their doors." Neither the Sunday-school nor the 'Dorcas Society' ever had its serenity or its arrangements disturbed by her. Undisturbed, she rolled on in her own affairs whether the people thought well or ill; till, in the course of the whirligig of time, Dr. Sparling rolled off to another 'sphere of labour' in a distant southern city.

Lingering in Ebor parvum, it is a pleasure to call to mind the bright and sunny helper of good bishop Pepys; who was recently translated to that see from the far-east of Labrador. Pepys has a treasure in his wife. A strong man himself in his diocese, she makes him stronger. Smiling and affable even to the humblest, she has yet the instinct of a true lady: and can mix with all sorts of petty people without belittling herself. Her kindness is in her heart rather than on her lips. She has the rare secret of maintaining her husband's dignity without boasting of or puffing him: setting constantly the example of deference to his opinions and wishes; and enforcing his teaching by her own glad acquiescence. Not less is the dear lady a helpmeet to her husband within doors. Few men anywhere, and very few in the ministry, breathe a healthier and happier home-atmosphere than bishop Pepys. Pepys may have a turbulent set to manage in his diocese,—I know he has—but whatever the weather without, he is sure of sunshine at home. Long may they be helpers of each other's joy.

In the same class may be placed the little woman who strengthens the hands and rejoices the heart of my friend Crownchild, of St. Stanislas, in the Northwest Territory. My friend himself is not without his parochial difficulties; although he has a fair proportion of the beauty and fashion of the Territory on his Church list. The people of that elevated region breathe the air of freedom, and are sometimes hard to manage. He who would drive the ecclesiastical chariot, must know when to give the horses their head and make them think they are not in harness, and when to pull a tight rein and make them feel the bit. Crownchild knows how to do this, perhaps, as well as any man. And his good wife knows how to help him. I have often admired the ready tact with which she manages the lady section of her husband's charge. She has the happy talent of being dreadfully interested in all feminine matters of Church-work, without damping the interest of the ladies. She can direct, while seeming only to suggest; and is even ready to adopt a good suggestion, and get others to do so. Wisely content with actual power and influence, she does not care for the show of it, and is quite content that Mrs. Trueman or Mrs. Wildman, or anybody else, shall think they are leading, when they are only following. Mrs. Crownchild is a woman of resources. I have, unfortunately, no word but *bonhomie* to give to her general bearing; but apart from this, she is equally at home in the sewing circle or the sick-room, in the Bible class or the confessional—that sweet and holy Protestant confessional of Christian privilege, which enables one to be the sharer of another's secret trials and sorrows and spiritual difficulties. A minister's daughter and a minister's wife, she knows her business within and without the house. Her children are rising up to call her blessed; the young people and the women of the Church make her their friend and confidant; while the men, equally at home with her, give her respectful admiration. If Crownchild should fail to hold his own, it will not be his wife's fault. The worst trouble is that, while there are no poor at St. Stanislas, there are little sets and circles which are pretty sharply defined; and it is hard for the best-intentioned minister's wife to be impartial in the distribution of her time and attentions.

I wish I could write down as an equal success the wife of the little bishop of the Episcopal Presbyterians in Dakota. Bishop Wynkyn is a genius in his way; and has a patent invention for securing a wife worthy of his most worthy self and his important position in the tribe. The Dakotans who attend St. Saulomon's were astounded when the venerable doctor presented as his second wife a smart, prim, blooming damsel, younger than some of his own children. They thought it was a great mistake; but the bishop knew what he was about. The new Mrs. W. could learn from the former one; and so an object-lesson was speedily set up in the Cathedral in the shape of a shining marble tablet, which—a memorial for the dead—might educate the living to tread in her steps. There, as she sits in the family pew, Mrs. Wynkyn can ponder the virtues of her predecessor, and cherish the aspiration to have her own name added some day as the next "beloved wife." Meantime, she does her best; and is a most worthy, and I trust a happy lady; fairly liked and respected.

Mrs. Pennicuick is something of a character. Her husband is a pluralist; being the non-resident Rector of a poor parish in Eastern Labrador, while he actively presides over a faculty of the Hyperborean University. An excellent couple, they are well-matched; indeed, their only fault is that they are almost *too* good. Mrs. Pennicuick affects the "higher life," ardently patronizing the wandering evangelists who preach Perfectionism and the Second Advent. Well, it pleases her, and doesn't hurt her husband or any one else: and if she has not much influence, what she has is good.

Do second wives *always* improve upon the first? This is a question I should like to see worked out. It is so practical. For if so, then the man of many wives is increasingly blest. And how happy must old William Jay, of Bath, have been when his fourth wife led the good old man to the altar! Heaven bless the woman anywhere who gives herself to solace and comfort the old minister wearing out in his Master's service. It is a pretty sight to see her slender hand steadying his step, and smoothing his cushion, and watching upon his wants, and lovingly waiting upon him at home and abroad: his infirmities awakening her sympathy, and sympathy quickening her love: and the cords of their mutual affection strengthening as the years roll by. I raise my hat and bow my head to such a woman: and can only wish that all ministers had such wives. But alas! I know three men at this moment, whose wives are the trial and curse of their life. There is poor Hibernicus, constantly moving on from curacy to curacy, hunted out by the violence and malevolence of a bitter-tempered woman who renders life a very burden to him. Poor fellow: the last I heard of him he had buried himself in a little charge in the neighborhood of a pine forest somewhere towards the setting-sun. But he will have to move on—to him. She does not scruple to repeat all his little failings to his parishioners: and as he has plenty of them (and a few greater ones) this keeps things particularly lively in the parish. Oldham Wall has a thorn in the flesh of the same character. But he has reached the point of callosity. He was never very thin-skinned, and has now a moral hide like a rhinoceros. When I saw him last winter, after a long separation, he was as erect and pompous and empty as ever. While on this subject, I must refer also to the hungry little American woman who is wife to old Dobson, of Johannisberg. She has but two topics of conversation: dress and dinner. It is as good as a banquet to listen to her description of one: especially of the "chicken fixins" and the pastry. Dobson is a really good fellow; but his wife is a little too much for him—and for his people. She will sponge anywhere for a feed; or hint loudly for a present of gloves, or lace, or even a new bonnet.

I would like to say a word about that scamp, Handyferry, who has a wife whom he treats like a brute, as he is: although his people won't believe it: at the poor lady is pretty well crushed down: and talking about her will, of improve her lot. And I have no time to speak of the pastor's wife of the Hyr-ski-noi Church in Ekaterinesburg, in Western Russia. I could not say much about her, in any case; for, while a nice little woman enough, she is "not much to her."

But I must say a word about my old friend Gildhelm and *his* wife; and with that experience I will close. I have known Gildhelm any time these ten years; and have a great respect for him and his wife. G. had the misfortune

to accept the charge of a church among the Segregationalists of the Levant: a people who were not only poor but ignorant. Had he been a minister in any other denomination it would have been all right: but the motto of these peculiar people is 'the minister is our servant: and therefore his wife (who is *his* minister) is doubly so.' Acting out this theory they led Gildhelm's wife an awful life. He has told me that she would come home with suppressed tears choking her utterance: and he would draw out of her how she had been drilled and jockeyed at some 'Dorcas' society or 'Mothers' meeting.' Every one wanted to take possession of her singly; and impress on her their own views of people and things in the church that she might take them home and in turn impress them upon the minister. But the poor woman had strong common-sense, and a pretty good will of her own: and when she refused to be dictated to, and to become the tool of a party, all parties combined to harass and annoy her. She bore it bravely for some time; but one last attempt to humiliate her was too much for Gildhelm; who 'put down his foot,' and—raising it quickly—upset the whole affair, and moved away.

It is hard to draw the line of the special duty of a minister's wife. Our Lord approved a woman who had "done what she could": and this must be the only universal rule. Till ministers' wives are all alike in character and health and temperament and circumstances; till they have the same family duties, and, above all, the same sort of husbands, it is idle to try to lay down a fixed line of conduct for them. One thing ought to be fully understood, that for whatever they do or leave undone in church work they are in no way responsible to the church: but simply to their husbands and their conscience.

QUEEN SABE?

### HILLSIDE GLEANINGS.

"The harvest is past." The grain, whether light or heavy, is gathered into the storehouses, and the bare and yellow fields show us only what *has* been. We look back, as upon a dream, to the heat of July, the intense sunshine of August, and feel ready for a fire of wood or anthracite as the evenings become cold. Then, as we look backward and forward, comes the natural question, After the summer—what? There is for the men who have passed their holidays by sea or shore, on mountain top or in quiet valley, the routine of business or profession, the treadmill only allowed them a little rest, in the steady round of duty, and they know well what is before them. But the wives, daughters, sisters of this busy crowd of workers, whether in city or country, what is to be their winter's work?

No doubt a smile of pity will beam on many faces as the reply comes: "We have our houses, our children, our servants,—hard enough work for one weak woman's hands." More than enough, my sister, in your case; but how many have not these duties, and spend their time in aimless frivolity. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" As through the summer I have watched the manner in which young and care-free ladies spent their hours, without study or aim, often at a loss how to kill the time, it has occurred to me the question, "What will the harvest be?" Has the mind been richly stored with knowledge brought from the fields and woods to add zest to the study of botany? Has the mountain and sea-shore whispered new secrets to the student of geology? or, living amid simplicity, with plain and homely fare, have our young ladies returned to the city resolved to take lessons in the high art of cooking, which is in itself a science very imperfectly understood? What will the harvest be for the winter before us? With a rich store of knowledge such as may be gained in a summer's leisure, will the return be wheat or chaff? Is heart and mind refreshed, to renew the battle of life, to do good to others, to gain self-knowledge? or enervated and enfeebled by inane idleness, that becomes second nature?

"For soon or late to all that sow  
The time of harvest shall be given:  
The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,  
If not on earth, at last in heaven."

A. L. J.

### ENGLAND'S AMERICAN FOE.

The greenback-labour question, threatening as it does to disturb the existing balance of political parties in the United States, is one in which European countries are so closely interested that it is of great importance to investigate its immediate bearing and forecast its future influence. American politicians are usually blinded to such an extent by party feeling that they are unable dispassionately to estimate results which may be unfavourable to their fondly-cherished hopes, or which are opposed to the opinions they had formed prior to the existence of the changed conditions incidental to the new issue. A sanguine and superficial mode of treating political dangers, and a dislike to grapple with problems which may be postponed, often lead them to underrate the forces at work in their own country, and so to mislead not merely themselves, but foreigners who are vainly endeavouring to follow the tangled web of American politics. In this case, however, it is no unknown or local question which forces itself upon our attention, but one with which unfortunately we are far more familiar than our American kinsmen, and which is certain sooner or later, in the Old World as in the New, to force a solution.

The fact that a man of such undoubted ability as General Butler has allied himself with Mr. Kearney, the Californian agitator, to represent the claims of labour against capital in the impending political contests in the United States, is one which, however much Republicans and Democrats may scoff at it, they will be unable to ignore. If a combination of engineers and firemen during the summer of last year, lasting a week, could produce a panic that spread from one end of the Union to the other, paralysing the industries of the large manufacturing centres, interrupting all communication, involving the destruction by fire of some millions of dollars' worth of property, and the loss of several hundred lives in bloody riots, it is clear that, with an able leader and a wider and more complete organisation, the working classes, who were taken by surprise by the suddenness of the last movement, and only rallied to it when it

was too late, might hope to achieve far greater results. It is not, however, by violence that Butler and Kearney profess their intention of enforcing the claims of labour. They see in the recent fraudulent election of the present President of the United States, in the universal depression in all branches of trade, in the consequent poverty and discontent, and in the various issues which have arisen to divide internally both the Republicans and Democrats, an opportunity for creating a new party out of the malcontents of both, and this Mr. Kearney proposes to do by the ingenious device, to use his own expression, of 'pooling the issues.'

In General Butler he finds a leader eminently qualified to undertake this delicate operation. An experienced and disappointed political intriguer; unscrupulous, audacious, cunning, and with boundless fertility of resource; discredited among all honest men, but feared alike by men of all parties or shades of morality,—the desperate venture to which Kearney and his 'shirt-sleeve' partisans invite him is one that exactly suits his temperament. He is sound, according to their view, on all the various issues which are to be pooled, and represents every unprincipled aspiration and economical fallacy of the class that is now constituting him its leader. A rabid protectionist, he will push the doctrine till it becomes the appropriation of the wealth he attacks by those whom he protects. A believer in a paper currency irredeemable by the Government, he proposes to make the working man's counters of equal value with the rich man's gold. The bitterness of his personal animosity to England has long since led him to enrol himself as a Fenian; and his attacks upon England in Congress, where he still violently resists the payment of the fishery award, endear him to the hearts of Irishmen. He is the champion of the 'carpet-baggers,' who have suffered by the Hayes Administration, and have flocked North to revenge themselves upon it by any means that Butler or any other enemy may suggest. The Grangers, who represent the agricultural interest of the West, and have been vainly fighting against the railroad monopolies by which they were oppressed, will cast their 'issue' into Butler's 'pool.' The Southern negroes, who once belonged to the army of the Republic, still regard him as their natural leader; while his hatred of Chinamen in the West is only equalled by the fervour of his affection for the negroes of the South.

He thus hopes to take from both parties all those who think they will materially improve their condition by contributing to his pool. The Irish, who constitute an important element in the Democratic vote, will desert their party in large numbers to join a man ready to lead them to a war on capital and on England. The Germans, who cherish the aspirations of Socialism, will flock to him, for he is ready to pool the social issue. The enormous party in the West in favour of unlimited inflation of the paper currency will find in him the apostle of the repudiation they advocate. Grangers, Republican or Democrat, hate monopolists more than they hate each other, and will meet on this common ground. In all sections of the Union, then, when the time comes, General Butler may hope to gain adherents from both the old parties; but in the mean time he will make his first experiment in Massachusetts, where he will run for Governor at the impending election. He will be certain of a powerful support from the dissatisfied Republicans, who have been alienated from the party by the conduct and policy of the present Administration, and he will be equally sure of a powerful Democratic support from the Irish vote for the reasons already specified. It is not improbable that he will make what the French call a 'transaction' with Conkling, who heads the Republican opposition to Hayes, by which the former will again be returned to the Senate for the State of New York, the rest of the representation of the State remaining Democratic.

If General Butler is elected Governor of Massachusetts it will be impossible even for the most optimistic American to shut his eyes to the danger. As greenback-labour candidate at the next Presidential election he will compel his opponents, both Republican and Democrat, to consider how far it may not be necessary for them also to 'pool their old issues'; and in the event of their deeming the danger too serious to be disregarded, they would in all probability decide upon nominating General Grant for a third term, on the simple principle that he is a soldier who would understand how to deal with Butler and his Adullamite rabble, if it came to a trial of strength. If they despise their enemy and adhere to the old party lines, there would certainly be a danger of their letting their enemy slip in. It is probable that the Democratic party, who now feel certain of winning the next Presidential election, will be reluctant to admit that Butler constitutes a danger so great as to warrant them in abandoning their party candidate. It is impossible at this distance of time to predict whether this may be so or not, but there can be no doubt that, should an unforeseen combination place General Butler in the Presidential chair, the consequences will be more serious to England than any election which has ever taken place in the United States since the days of Washington.

### SACRIFICE.

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

MATTHEW xx., 28.—Even as the Son of Man came—to give His life a ransom for many.

These words form part of a severe rebuke administered by Christ to ten of His disciples. Zebedee's wife had come with her two sons to ask a special favour—no less than that her two sons should have the highest places and highest honours Christ had to bestow. Christ told her and them plainly enough that even He, King as He was, had no power to give such things. In the new kingdom promotion must be by merit. Nothing, perhaps, could better show us how crude were the notions of the disciples concerning Christ and His work. The two sons of Zebedee would never have made such a demand but under the impulse of a false conception of Christ's mission on earth and the nature of the kingdom He had come to set up. But the others were no better informed. The ten, by being moved with indignation at the brethren, demonstrated that if not of equal ambition they were equally shortsighted. There is a general movement among them all for high place and honour. Each is anxious to have as high a place as any other. And they have fallen into the very common

blunder that real honour must come by way of gift. But Christ tells them: No, it must be earned before it can be had. In the world, where there is so much falsehood and fraud and injustice, you may buy or beg a distinguished place or name; but in the kingdom of God, which is the kingdom of truth and justice and righteousness, each will get the place and the name he merits by his endeavour. But to save them from another blunder, Christ also tells them what is the way to true greatness. It is not to walk the earth as a lord, demanding homage and service from all; it is to walk in the way of a servant, and be content with the work of ministering. The kingdom of God is the reverse of the kingdoms of earth. In them men seek and find by loud self-assertion; by thrusting others down and then climbing over their prostrate bodies; by cunning, or cajolery, or violence; but in that kingdom the greatest are they who serve, the most honoured are they who seek an obscure usefulness. The highest illustration He can give them of that principle is Himself. He, the highest, best, most royal in strength and beauty—the very Son of Man—has come to minister and to give His life a ransom for many. The last clause of the verse is a great deal larger than the first. To give His life a ransom for many is more, more in its intensity and larger in the area of its teaching, than the assertion that He had come to minister unto others. It is nothing less than the laying bare of the great and strong foundations of the temple of Humanity that Christ was building up. It is the secret of Christ's, and of every Christian's, enthusiasm—love—a self-sacrificing love. He has come to give His life a ransom for many. That is sacrifice—it is vicarious sacrifice.

Let us look at that a moment. Men object to the term very much. They say you must not talk about Christ's vicarious sacrifice, for there is no such thing. Christ's work, they say, had reference to man and only to man. God was always a tender Father, full of love and ready to forgive. That is the broad theology, or the advanced school. Well, I am a member of that advanced school, but I believe most earnestly in the sacrifice, the vicarious sacrifice, of Christ. I believe He did what He said here, "give His life a ransom for many." How can I say—how can any man say that there is no such thing as vicarious sacrifice when all the world abounds with it. It is pressed upon our sight every day and every hour; life is sacrificed for life. The earth is one great altar streaming with the blood of offering. I don't know when it begun nor when it will cease. We know that long before the advent of man to this earth the mighty lizards tore each other to pieces in the slimy mud and primeval marshes of the world. There they are in the fossil state, kept at the British Museum and other-where, dreadful but unquestionable witnesses to this great law of sacrifice, vicarious sacrifice—one creature sacrificed for the life of another. The same thing is going on now. The feeble animal becomes a prey to the stronger one, the mouse becomes food for the hawk; the lion devours the antelope; the tiger leaps on the ox; and man himself, man at his best, is doing the same thing—he feeds on animals. By no consent of their own they suffer and die for us; their lives are the ransom for ours.

And it does not end there. The life of the animal is sacrificed for man, and man takes the life of his fellow-man for ransom. I don't mean Cannibalism, but the way in which human beings by the thousand are not only sacrificed to the lies, and cowardice, and selfishness, and lust of others, but to the wants and necessities of others. You and I have a share in it every day, and we cannot help it. The law of vicarious sacrifice is interwoven with all our civilised life; and the higher and more perfect the state of our civilisation, the more pressing seems to be the demands of that law. Look at the life of a great city, and you will see how imperious is that law of sacrifice. To meet our wants men have to work at unhealthy trades and in a poisoned atmosphere; they are not free to do it even; they are lashed into it by the whip of a stern necessity. While you are listening to the glorious harmonies at a concert, a man perhaps is blowing his lungs away into his instrument. The glass blower works, knowing that his days are numbered. Thousands of women in our cities are week by week making garments with a double thread—"at once a shroud and a shirt"—and we reap the benefit of it. The work must be done, done at the price of life-breath. Lace makers go blind at their work. Miners go down into the dark, and the dirt, and the pestilent vapour—and we get our metals, or coals.

But it does not stop there; the law seems to spare none. The rich are burdened and taxed for the poor; honest men have to work for the support of rogues; the idle everywhere prey upon the hardworking and industrious part of the population. By no consent of my own I have to pay for the maintenance of those who can but will not provide for themselves.

Now, how has all this come about? To whom, to what is this great and continual sacrifice? The stronger among animals did not demand it of the weaker. The need was in the stronger; and in preying upon others they did but obey a natural instinct. The sacrifice is made to the law of being, and God is the author of that. He has ordained that life shall live upon life; that life shall be the ransom for life. It is not the result of sin—a moral perversion of the universe; it is the natural and necessary working of an eternal law. Sin has perverted that law, misused it, broken it; but it has the great right of God as foundation. It is very dark, and a great mystery; but there it is—vicarious sacrifice.

It is very dark on that side, but very bright and all glorious on the other. The sacrifice I have spoken of is involuntary; it is a thing imposed; it is wrung out at the cost of tears and groans and suffering and death. But there is a voluntary sacrifice; in it there are tears and groans and suffering and death, but not a speck of darkness and not a shadow of mystery, for it is all voluntary; it is the outburst of the heart's love. Men do, they suffer, they die for others because they love those others. And this voluntary sacrifice changes the whole aspect of the law which imposes it. It is no longer dark, pitiless and mysterious; it is transfigured and made radiant. In our midst every day we have the working of this glorious law which demands that men shall offer vicarious sacrifice. Every day the saint suffers for the sinner—the good bear the iniquities of the bad. What are all our social, charitable and philanthropic institutions, our hospitals and reformatories? Why, instruments by means of which the honest and upright and good ward off from the vicious and idle and profligate the consequences of their sin. The desert of the idle is hunger, starvation; but the industrious step between him and the penalty, and say, "No, we hate his sin, he shall not die for it, we will feed him." The fool is shielded

from the results of his folly: and the mad from the consequences of his madness. Some men bear what is actually due to others. And not simply in a general way by public institutions, but they thrust themselves between the sinner and his punishment. How many a mother has suffered for her children's sake till her heart broke? How many fathers now are almost every day receiving the knife thrust into their own quivering flesh to shield their sons? Many of you are bravely standing between your children and a bad world; you want to keep them pure; you want to save them from suffering; you use your brains to spare theirs; you deny yourselves to give them an education; you die daily on their behalf; you find joy in suffering for them; and all that is vicarious sacrifice. The foolish and the wicked do not bear the full penalty of their sins; and the wise and the good suffer for them and save them.

And that law is stronger and more beautiful in its operations than any other law which is known to man. See the workings of that, and you see religion in its fullness. Why then should it be said that a vicarious sacrifice could never be; that it would not be just or righteous for Jesus Christ to bear the sins of others and give His life a ransom for many? It is considered not only just and righteous in the life of the family and the nation, but absolutely necessary. We know that without it society would never hold together. And is Christ to be denied the joy of giving free, full, infinite exercise to His unbounded love? The father and mother suffer to save their children, and shall not He, who is father and mother of all mankind, suffer to save His own? The patriot dies for his country, and shall not Christ die for the world which He has made and loved? I do not see then, why it should be called a strange and unjust transaction when we speak of Jesus Christ as standing between the sinner and the consequences of his sin; when we say that He bore the sins of the whole world, and that by His stripes we are healed. For I find vicarious sacrifice down at the very roots of being, and sending the sap streaming upward to nourish the fibre of the tree of life. I see it breaking out in one direction, and it is called patriotism. I see it building hospitals for the sick and charity. And it is charity; love in motion; love doing; love giving out itself to others; it is vicarious sacrifice. And then I can confidently turn to Him who was all love, who was God to man and man to God, and say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." Behold Him who died, the just for the unjust, and gave His life a ransom for many.

And why should this view of Christ's suffering and sacrifice give us hard thoughts of God the Father, causing us to think of Him as the grim chancellor of the moral realm, administering justice according to technical covenants, and demanding so much suffering for so much mercy to be shown? We don't complain against God when parents suffer for their children, or good men suffer for bad men. We know that it is the working of a law by which life is being purged and perfected; we know that they who suffer, impelled to it by a great love, find joy in pain, and pluck life from the very jaws of death. And so in a higher, nobler and diviner way did Jesus Christ, for the joy that was set before Him, endure the cross, despising the shame. It was His Father's will, and it was His delight. In love, in obedience to the law of His being, He gave Himself to death, that we might have life and have it more abundantly. There was no infinite anger to be appeased by human agony; there was no grim, fierce justice demanding satisfaction; but man had sinned, and the effects must follow, no power in heaven or on earth could stop them; the penalty must be borne, but by whom? "By Me," said the Son of God; and "He gave His life a ransom for many." You say, "Then Christ was smitten by God?" Yes, in the sense that God is author of the law which demands it everywhere and for everybody. The patriot is sacrificed to the heroic fidelity of his life to the public good. The martyr's blood is shed as a seal and a witness of that holy faith by which he longs to light and bless the world. The missionary goes forth to lands of fever and malaria and to early death for the sake of giving the heathen some glimpses of truth. Do you look on the imprisoned patriot, the ashes of the martyr, the fever-stricken frame of the missionary, and say, "This is cruel, for it is vengeance; God has smitten the men?" Oh no. And no more ought we to say that God imposed suffering upon Christ. God did not tear His flesh and torment His spirit; God did not stretch Him on the cross and crown His brow with the cruel thorn. Christ stepped into the place of suffering and died for man—died in his stead—bore his stripes and ransomed him.

I have based my argument for Christ's vicarious sacrifice on the fact apparent to us all that the good do willingly and with love suffer for and instead of the bad. If motherhood and fatherhood can do it, then why not Christhood? If earthly love is equal to it, then surely heavenly love may be. And if it is just and good and beautiful in the family and the nation, then why not in Him who is elder Brother of all the world. But though I have put it in that way, I hope I shall not be understood to teach that Christ's sacrifice was only that of a martyr, greater in degree but similar in kind to that which Paul or Latimer offered. For I believe that there entered into the death, the sacrifice of Christ, elements other than those which belong to any, even to the suffering and death of the best of men: that there were in it avowed, though unexplained, relations to the unseen world, to moral influences and to the eternal King of the universe. I believe that the sacrifice of Christ had some influence that was far different from anything we know. What it is I cannot tell. It is simply given as a fact, and left there; as a fact I accept it and leave it there. It is a dark place, but from it issues a stream of living waters, and I with joy stoop down and drink.

Now, friends, I have just two words to say about this—"Christ gave His life a ransom for many" for you—believe that. Behold in Him your Saviour, your Redeemer. Accept the ransom He died to give you. Faith in Him as your sacrifice, means a full and loving acceptance of the great, glorious, eternal life He offers. Believe His word and take His gift.

And then, copy Him. He gave Himself to others and for others—do that. You cannot die for others, but better still, you can live for others. Give of your strength to the weak—give your bread to the hungry—give your money for the spread of truth and righteousness in the earth. Christ demands that He "gave Himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." Work good works, always living unto Him who died for you and rose again.



## A BIG DREAM.

A very amusing anecdote is told of Sir William Johnson, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Mohawk Valley, in 1755, and as it throws some light upon the easy manner in which fortunes were made in those days, may not be uninteresting to your readers. Sir William, by his usual courteous and kindly manner to the Indians, had gained an ascendancy over them generally, and particularly over a chief, named Hendrick. On one occasion Sir William was unpacking a large box of clothing which had just arrived from England, Hendrick happening to be in the room. He was particularly attracted by a richly embroidered coat which was brought forth and shaken out in all its glittering splendour of gold and lace, and gilded buttons and bright silk trimmings. The Indian's eyes sparkled, and he could scarcely keep his hands from the coveted prize, but he held back and kept his peace for the time. On the following morning, however, the chieftain waited upon Sir William for a purpose, as was evident from the intensity of his looks. "Sir William," he said, "I have a great dream last night; I dream that you say to me, 'Good Hendrick, you have been my friend, and now I will reward you,' and you gave me the new coat, with the bright gold on it that came in the box." The baronet reflected for a few moments, and finally said: "It is true, Hendrick, you have been my friend; the coat is yours. The chief went away fairly beside himself with joy. A few days after Sir William said to him, 'Hendrick, I had a dream last night.' 'Ah! what did my white brother dream?' 'I dreamt that you took me by the hand and said, 'Sir William Johnson, you have been my true friend, and I will give you a proof of my love,' and you gave me the tract of land on the great river and Canada Creek," describing a square territory embracing nearly one hundred thousand acres of choice land. The chief was for a little time confounded. This was the fairest part of his domain. But he was not to be outdone in generosity. "My pale-faced brother," he said, "the land is yours." After a pause he added with a nod, "Sir William, we won't dream any more. You dream one too big dream for me." I.

## AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

## DEARBORATION OF CANADA.

The first effort of the settler is to clear his land, to destroy the forest, using what portions of timber and wood are required for his own wants, and leaving the remainder, which is often of great value. He often uses the ashes to prepare potash, thus depriving the land of a valuable fertilizer. But the great portion of the forest is destroyed without reason. By mere accident a few trees may be left, affording shade and grateful shelter for years. No sooner does the settler reach that condition when his utmost efforts are not required for supplying his daily wants and he gathers around him the comforts and conveniences of life, than he begins to perceive the want of trees for shade and for ornament. Along the road on the border of his land he plants young trees, and just as he reaches the allotted age of man his trees are in their prime. He has provided for the generation following him a few trees for ornament and shade. When drawing fuel from the distant forest, how often do the farmer's sons regret the wanton destruction of wood on the first settlement of the land? How often, if the farm is to be sold, does the lack of trees for shelter and ornament detract from its value? This is not the only loss by denuding the land of trees. The climatic effect is still more serious. Deprived of shelter from the cold winds of winter and the burning sun of summer, the soil becomes dry and the springs dried up. The farmer, often discouraged, buys new land to go through the same process of burning and destroying forests.

What the improvident farmer is doing on a small scale, is going on in the lumber regions of Canada on a large scale. Our magnificent forests are gradually being destroyed, a minimum portion being utilized as timber. With the management of private property the Government cannot interfere; but certain regulations can be insisted upon in the timber limits under its control to prevent the complete dearboration of Canada. Not a tree can be cut down in the Old Country without the consent of a Government inspector or the forester of the landlord. In the iron districts of the north of France, the wanton destruction of the forest for charcoal annihilated one of the greatest industries of France, and where once was a thriving population of artisans is now a poverty-stricken district. In the iron districts of Connecticut, the prudent forethought of the Government in enacting that wood for charcoal should be cut once in twenty-five years has preserved the iron industry, which has been a source of wealth to thousands. What will be the condition of Canada in a few years if the wanton destruction of forest trees goes on at the present rate it is fearful to contemplate. In the Baltic Islands, formerly abounding in forests of pines for shipbuilding, are now sand wastes, uninhabited, annually yielding to the encroachments of the sea, owing to the cupidity of the people of a former generation.

The vast forests of Canada, which serve as stores of water to supply the rivers and protection from the northern blast, are fast disappearing, and will render adjacent districts uninhabitable.

At the present rate, not many years will suffice to denude the forest lands of Canada in all districts accessible to navigation or railways. What is the remedy? First: Government should enact laws that all trees cut down, whether for timber or the convenience of lumbermen, should be paid for; that every lumber district should have an Inspector, to prevent the wanton destruction of trees not required for lumber. Second: Municipal authorities should insist on the planting of trees on the public highways. Third: The charter of every railway should contain a clause providing that trees be planted at certain distances along the line on both sides.

The Pacific Railway Company are now planting trees along their line for their own interests. It is a provision, we believe, in grants for lands in Manitoba, that the settler is required to plant a certain number of trees before he can obtain his title.

This subject is well worthy the attention of our Provincial as well as our Federal Legislature.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

**ANILINE STAINS.**—A solution of sulphide of sodium will remove immediately the stains of aniline dyes from the hands.

**WATER TANKS.**—It is a great mistake to suppose that because the tank water is supplied from rain, it is therefore purer than that from river or well. The rain carries from the roof a portion of organic matter, which causes fermentation and the development of acetic acid; this acts upon the lead and produces a poison not easily detected without tests. There is comparatively no danger of river or well water being contaminated by lead, as the mineral salt contained in river water forms an insoluble compound with the lead of the pipes or tanks. All tanks near water closets should be covered to prevent dust from falling. They should be carefully and frequently cleaned; indeed, every kind of tank requires constant care and looking after, even if the water is only employed for external application.

Tanks and cisterns should be carefully cleaned, and all droppings of solder and lime should be removed. They should be well cleaned once a month and well covered up.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE "REFORMED" EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

MR. EDITOR,—As an apology to the readers of the SPECTATOR for the appearance of this article in its columns, I will merely state that my sole object is to correct certain historical errors concerning the nature and object of the English Reformation which were recently advanced in this paper by the Rev. Dr. Ussher, and that I have no desire whatever to provoke a controversy.

The elimination of Papal errors, the emancipation of the Anglo-Catholic Church from the usurpation of the Bishop of Rome, and the return to the faith and practice of the primitive church, were the *real* and *only* objects of our martyred forefathers.

The first Prayer Book of Edward VI., fully accepted by the Church (A. D. 1549), was the result arrived at by the Reformers before the encroachments of Continental influences. In A. D. 1552, this book was revised, in order to satisfy some objections raised against it by parties who had imbibed the principles of those of the Foreign Reformers, who had fled to England to escape persecution. By making a few apparently unimportant concessions, our Reformers sought to unite all the Reformed Churches in one body, without surrendering the *all-important* principles. But the work of conciliation failed, and an enemy in disguise was permitted to enter the Church, which in after years proved to be as deadly a foe to truth as the Papacy had ever been.

After the Marian persecution, Queen Elizabeth with her advisers, Cecil and Parker, desired to adopt the Reformation, as the Reformers had left it, but the Puritans clamoured loudly for concessions, and the Prayer-book of A. D. 1552, was proposed as a compromise. But the Book had never been generally accepted by the Church since it contained things, which had a tendency to teach doctrines contrary to the spirit of the Reformation; and, while it was adopted, several additions were made to it from the original Book, so as to not only prevent the dissemination of false doctrine, but at the same time, to endeavour to conciliate the Puritans, who were in sympathy with the teachings of the Prayer-book of A. D. 1552.

It will not be necessary, in this article, to trace the progress of the English Church during the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and the nine years of persecution under Cromwell, when nearly 8,000 of her clergy perished either by violence or starvation, when it was a penal offence to even use in private the Prayer-book, and the Church pulpits were filled by the most ignorant and depraved of the masses; when Laud, who with all his faults, was sincerely devoted to the *true* principles of the Reformation, endured a martyr's death at the hands of a howling rabble, who called themselves law-makers; who reached the *acme* of their ambition, when Charles I., lay headless at their feet, and Communism and its twin sister, Infidelity, reigned supreme. All those facts are matters of history, and need not be further entered into in this article, and we will go on to the last revision of the Prayer-book, A. D. 1662. The alterations then made indicated a strong inclination to return to the first principles of the Reformation, as laid down in the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., and the result was, the Prayer-book, as we have it to-day. It is true, a few objectional things were retained, but this was the result of Puritan machinations, and all true Churchmen are anxiously looking forward and longing for the time when the ancient Liturgy shall be restored, and the Anglican Church, freed from all Puritan innovations, will be as she was in the "glorious morn" of the Reformation.

Bearing these facts in mind, it is difficult to see how our Prayer-book can be said to contain doctrines tending towards Romanism and at variance with *true* Evangelical doctrines, as held by the Apostles and the Primitive Church.

Instead of the followers of the late Bishop Cummings, taking, as they assert for their model, the true Protestant Church of England, they have in reality adopted as their principal articles of faith the following doctrines, unknown alike to the New Testament, and to the Church Catholic for nearly seventeen centuries, viz.:—

Firstly, the doctrine of Instantaneous and Sensible Conversion, being the Holy Spirit's unvarying method of dealing with the soul, calling it the "New Birth," which latter terms the Holy Scriptures *invariably* applies to the grace of Baptism.

Secondly, the doctrine of Human Perfection, teaching that he that is "born of God" in this sensible conversion, *sins not ever after*. The ultimate tendency of these doctrines, when fully developed, is to set up an *individual infallibility*, equally as arrogant as that assumed by the Bishop of Rome; and the doctrine of *salvation, by works of merit*, both utterly repugnant to, and at variance with Holy Scripture.

If these "Reformers" do not attribute any efficacy to the Apostolic Succession, why have their leaders taken such careful precautions to obtain and perpetuate it?

Founded, as this movement was, to gratify the inordinate vanity of a few disappointed parties, it has indeed proved to be, for the Church, a "blessing in disguise" since it has not only more closely brought together all true Churchmen, but it has hastened the work of elimination of the noxious weeds which was choking out the life of the Church. The much persecuted and reviled Ritualists have become accustomed to the cry of "Popery" and "Jesuitry," falsely raised against them by their enemies, and need have no fears for the future, for the great Church revival is marching on with gigantic strides, and ere long, their work will be done, and the Church will be freed from Puritan innovations, even as our Early Reformation Fathers delivered Her from the bondage of Rome.

RITUALIST.

## MUSICAL.

The Philharmonic Society's Concert will take place in the Rink on Monday, 14th October. The Committee seem determined to give the public no excuse for withholding their support from this society, and have, with laudable enterprise, engaged some of the first artists of the day to sustain the solo parts. Mrs. Osgood is to be the prima donna, and we need hardly say that a better selection could hardly have been made. Mrs. Osgood's performance of *The Messiah* is still fresh in our memory, and we rejoice that we are to hear such an artist once more before her departure for Europe. The part of "Eve" is particularly well suited to her fresh and beautiful voice. Mr. W. H. Stanley, the tenor, though well-known in England, is a comparative stranger on this continent. He has been travelling in the United States with the Kellogg Opera Company, and sings here for the last time before returning to England. Our readers will be pleased to learn that the services of Mr. M. W. Whitney, the great American Basso, have been secured, and that he will sustain the part of "Adam" at this concert. This gentleman's reputation is very great on both sides of the Atlantic, he is universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest artists of the day, and created quite a *furor* in London, some years ago. Such a combination of artists has never appeared in Montreal before, and we feel sure that the Committee will find that whatever extra expense they may have gone to will be more than repaid by the increased attendance at the concert.

We are glad to learn that the new organist of the Cathedral, Mr. Barnes, is determined to place the music of that Church on a first-class footing, and to introduce full choral service, with a complete choir, thoroughly trained. Tallis' pieces will be used, and though we doubt whether the esteemed Rector will intone the versicles; yet, it is, so far, a step in the right direction, and one that will commend itself to all who love the sublime ritual of the Anglican Church. Mr. Barnes is about to form a special choir out of all the city church choirs, to celebrate "Full Choral Evensong" every Sunday afternoon in the Cathedral; this will, of course, necessitate performing the Litany service in the morning, but that difficulty, we have no doubt, will be easily overcome. We will then be able to go to the Cathedral to hear good church music, which, for the past few years, has been sadly neglected by the authorities.

Dr. MacLagan gave his fifth organ recital on Monday evening. It seems to us he is taxing himself too much; his playing throughout evinced a lack of spirit, and was, in consequence, somewhat dull. The programme was fairly selected, and contained some very fine *morceaux*; others were not only insipid, but even childish. Miss Wilkes sang "Flee as a bird" in a pleasing manner; she has a rich contralto voice, and sang in a truly devotional style. Mr. Delahunt essayed Favre's "Palm branches," but whether he sang in French, Greek, or Latin, is impossible for us to decide, his pronunciation being very indistinct. The organist made a capital *crescendo* at the close, but, as Mr. Delahunt dropped his voice at the same moment, the effect was lost altogether. We have heard it remarked "What more can we expect for fifteen cents?" Our answer is that we expect the performers to do their best, no matter what is charged for admission, and of this we are certain, that on this occasion, at least neither of the gentlemen mentioned above did their best. We look for a more careful performance, if the same audience which attended last Monday evening is expected at these recitals.

We are glad to learn that the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston, intend this year to again visit and perform in Montreal. We welcome to our city all artists who have any real pretensions to merit, but especially do we extend the right hand of fellowship to this company, since we consider they have had a great deal to do with the cultivation of a taste for really good music in our city. This Club has for so long a period as twenty-nine years given concerts of high order throughout the continent of America, and with ever-increasing popularity. We understand the instrumentalists are as follows:—S. E. Jacobsohn (Violin), Gustav Dannreuther (Violin), Thomas Ryan (Clarinet and Viola), Edward Heindl (Flute and Viola), Rudolph Hennig (Violoncello), Ludwig E. Manoly (Contra-Basso). They propose to perform in Montreal on Oct. 10th.

## HOW TO SING A SONG.

BY WM. H. CUMMINGS.

"Since singing is so good a thing,  
I wish all men would learn to sing."

These doggerel lines, affixed by William Byrde to some songs published 300 years ago, are true and applicable to our times. The author gives the following brief reasons for persuading every one to learn to sing:

"1. It is a knowledge easily taught and quickly learnt, where there is a good master and an apt scholar.

"2. The exercise of singing is delightful to nature, and good to preserve the health of man.

"3. It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes.

"4. It is a singular good remedy for a stuttering and stammering in the speech.

"5. It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator.

"6. It is the only way to know where nature hath bestowed the benefit of a good voice; which gift is so rare, as there is not one among a thousand that hath it; and in many that excellent gift is lost, because they want art to express nature.

"7. There is not any music of instruments whatsoever comparable to that which is made of the voices of men, where the voices are good, and the same well sorted and ordered.

"8. The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honor and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be applied to that end."

Quaintly as this is put by Master Byrde, one cannot help thinking of Shakespeare's dictum, "Much virtue in it." Of course, if an apt scholar with the rare voice of one in a thousand study with diligence under a good master, the result is a foregone conclusion; but believing as I do, that 999 out of 1,000 people may have passably fair voices, and sufficient natural musical capacity to be able to experience a never-failing delight and solace in the exercise of singing, if properly directed, I propose to say a few words on the subject of "How to sing a song." I choose the word *song* as an inclusive term, which may be very readily understood to embrace sacred or secular song or ballad, the one condition being that the composition is some ditty for a single voice, which can be sung with accompaniment, and in some instances without; for it must not be forgotten that a great number of our old-fashioned songs, including those of Dibdin, were originally intended to be sung without the extraneous aid of an instrumental accompaniment of any kind.

It may serve to encourage those who are gifted with *silver voices* and *nightingale throats*, to be reminded that many of our best exponents of song have possessed but insignificant physical powers, and have therefore acquired their fame and celebrity by dint of persevering vocal study and mental cultivation; and it is also equally true that many singers in every age,

endowed with the most exquisite voices, have wholly failed to command attention or to ravish the ears and hearts of the listening throng, simply because they lacked refinement and cultivation. Rossini was once asked what were the requisite qualifications to make a singer, and it is said that he answered, "Three—a voice, and a voice, and a voice." This was of course true so far as it went, for without some capital or foundation to commence with, progress would be impossible. I, however, very much doubt whether the young of either sex are ever wholly deficient of musical ability; certainly our ordinary and common observation abundantly demonstrates that the voiceless are extremely rare. Of course if people live through the bloom of youth and the prime of life without ever attempting to exercise their vocal faculties musically, they may possibly attain the unenviable condition of losing the desire and the power of attempting to join in the concord of sweet sounds. Infants have naturally the powers of locomotion, but it is only from teaching and practical perseverance that they acquire the art of walking. If, then, you have never taken the first steps in singing, and are anxious to try your powers, you will find nothing more simple or improving than a slow scale of eight sounds, sung gently, ascending and descending. Commence on some sound easily produced, and be careful that neither the highest nor the lowest sound needs any strain or undue effort. The voice must grow naturally like a plant upwards and downwards, and it is folly to force it in either direction.

In considering the question, "How to sing a song," the primary difficulty is in the choice. People go to a concert and hear some popular singer vocalize a song, perhaps a good one, and not impossibly a very bad one; and forgetful of the fact that the singer, with reputation at stake, has been studying for weeks how to "make the song go down," the listener is pleased, thinks it easy and effective, and believes that it is only necessary to buy the song and sing it, and produce an equally favorable result. How often is this done, and how often does disappointment ensue?

In choosing a song, select something with at least sensible words; the better and more interesting they are, the greater will be your chance of success. Be careful to get a song wholly within your vocal powers, for if you attempt something too high or too low you will probably subject yourself to ridicule. Having chosen your song, study the words carefully, that you may fully comprehend the sense and sentiment; popular singers make it a practice to learn the words by heart—a habit worthy of all commendation and imitation. When you thoroughly understand the words, you may attempt them in conjunction with the tune or music, and in doing so endeavour to arrange breathing-places. These should be fixed so as to aid the sense, or at least not to mar the meaning and intent of the poetry. When you have decided where to take breath, mark the places with a pencil, and be careful in studying to observe those marks. As a general rule, unless a phrase of the poetry commences with the first beat of the music bar, we shall find that a bad place for breathing.

Many singers never dream of prearranging the places for taking breath, and this fact alone would suffice to account for much of the bad singing we hear. In one of Horsley's glees the bass voice has to sing alone the line, "Mista! black terrific maid;" and when the vocalist, as often happens, takes breath after "black" instead of after "Mista," the effect is truly comical, making the line sound like "Mr. Black, terrific maid."

Every word should be pronounced distinctly, even more so than in ordinary conversation. We sometimes miss the aspirate "h" when listening to a careless reader, but the loss is felt with greater force when words are allied to music. I have heard a line from "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" sound like "Before I give you a penny sweet-tart," simply because the singer had forgotten to give fully the "h" in "sweet heart." Again, the letter "r," which the English almost ignore in common talk, should certainly be observed in singing. How otherwise are we to know, in such a song as "The Message," what is meant on the long holding notes by the word "farther?" The absence of the "r," as too commonly sung, produces "father"; and so we get the line, "I heard it float father and father." These remarks as to the words have all been made in reference to English. Of course we ought not to attempt any other language before we know that we have acquired a proper control over its special pronunciation and accent, and then we should be careful to acquaint ourselves with the meaning and sentiment of the words before we venture to sing them for others to hear, and possibly to criticise.

So much for the words; we now turn to the music, and the first caution we have to give is as to singing the notes in their integrity, not only as regards pitch and intonation, but also as regards the length of the individual sounds. A familiar instance of the unconcerned manner in which a popular song is often murdered occurs to me. The charming melody from the opera "Faust," "Quando a te lieta," is a great favorite with young ladies, but not one in ten sings it correctly. To produce the effect intended by the composer, Gounod, each note should be made exactly the length indicated in the text; but almost invariably the fair vocalists introduce numberless dots after the notes, thereby destroying all the charm of the song. Turns, cadences, shakes, and trills should not be introduced into music. The day for the display of musical fireworks is past—at least for a time; fashion, in its strange turnings, may bring them back again, but that will certainly not be for long years to come. Ornaments and embellishments which have been inserted by the composer should be practised until they can be accomplished perfectly and with ease.

All the marks of expression in the song should be carefully observed and regulated, from the softest *piano* to the loudest *forte*, remembering never to allow the latter to degenerate into a shout. In singing, the golden rule as to tone should be "quality, not quantity."

Something must be said about the accompaniment for a song. We may take it, as a rule, that this will be played on the domestic orchestra, the piano-forte; and probably the singer will need to play his or her own accompaniment, and therein lies a great danger, for many a tolerably correct and pleasing vocalist utterly ruins the song and singing by injudicious and perhaps false and vicious accompaniment. It is indispensable that the accompaniment of a song should be studied and mastered quite independently of the song or melody. When this is accomplished, the two may be practised together, care being taken that the harmonies set down are not added to or altered in any way, and still greater care that the foot be kept away from what is commonly called the loud pedal. This should not be touched excepting by thoroughly efficient pianists, for, if it be held down during the transition from one harmony to another, the effect is somewhat similar to that produced by a school boy, who, immediately he has finished writing a copy, wipes it all over with his sleeve. The accompaniment, as its name implies, should always be subordinate to the voice. The last, but not the least important, requisite of "How to sing a song" is nerve. If the singer allow nervousness to get the mastery, it is impossible that the song can be well sung. Of course, some degree of nervousness is natural and desirable, as evidence that the vocalist possesses both soul and sensibility; but nervousness must be controlled, and the best antidote against it is the consciousness that the singer has well studied the song, and knows that he or she can render it competently and correctly; and I may add that the singer must not be discouraged if the first attempt at singing a well studied song should not prove as successful as it ought to have done. The second trial will probably right matters; the old mottoes, "perseverance," and "try, try again," are as applicable to singing as to all other undertakings. I cannot better conclude than by recording a tradition of John Bartleman, the most celebrated singer of the last century. He was described as "small of stature, but a leviathan in intellect," and, it is said, used to declare that he "never sang a song in his life before the public until he had studied it, the words more especially for twelve months." We may allow for the gradual exaggeration of the story by passing from one narration to another, and also something for the slow pace of olden days; but even then the anecdote gives us a hint which we ought not to be too dull to profit by.—From *Orpheus*.

THE close relation often found existing between things and persons far apart, suggests, not so much the smallness of the world as the possible importance of the least things done in it, and is better explained by the grander teaching of Carlyle: "That causes and effects connecting every man and thing with every other, extend through all space and time."—John Foster.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA is now issuing Policies and Permits for Travel, covering all accidents by land or water—fatal or non-fatal—at the same rate which had hitherto been charged for Insurances covering accidental death only when beyond the limits of Canada. An Insurance of \$5,000 if killed, or \$25 a week if injured, for a three months' trip to Europe, costs now only \$25 in this Company. The Head Offices at 203 St. Francois Xavier Street.—EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.—Advt.

**ENVELOPES.**

MY STOCK is now complete in all the grades, colours and sizes required, and I would call attention to a few lines and prices as below:—

Cheap Manila	Envelopes at \$0.75 per M.
A very fair Buff	0.90 "
A very good White	1.10 "
A very fine Amber	1.25 "
A very fine Cream Laid	1.50 "
Extra fine Cream Laid	2.00 "
Superfine Cream Laid	2.25 "
Extra Superfine Cream Laid	2.50 "

JOHN PARSLOW,

Stationer and Account Book Manufacturer,  
47 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,  
MONTREAL.

ENGLISH PATTERN

**IRON BEDSTEADS**

IN GREAT VARIETY.

Warranted Strong and Perfect Fitting. Handsomely Decorated.

FOLDING BEDSTEADS, CRIBS, &c.

Manufactured by

**H. R. IVES & CO.,**  
QUEEN STREET.

JOHN GARDNER,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
(From LONDON, ENGLAND.)

1307 St. Catherine Street West.

Sole agent by appointment for Cheavin's

**RAPID WATER FILTERS**

MACMABIER, HALL & GREENSHIELDS

Advocates, Barristers, Etc.,

No. 181 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

D. Macmabier,

John S. Hall, Jr.

J. N. Greenshields.

JOHN FAIR,

ACCOUNTANT & OFFICIAL ASS'GNEE,

HAS REMOVED TO

No. 115 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST.

JACKSON'S CHAMOMILE PILLS are the best remedy for Indigestion and Habitual Constipation.

Price 50c per box. Sent by post to any address for 50c. Prepared only by

H. F. JACKSON,

FAMILY AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,

1369 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

ROYAL HOTEL,

T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor,

ST. JOHN, N.B.

D. BENTLEY & CO.,

FINE JOB PRINTERS,

364 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

BOUQUETS, CUT FLOWERS & FLORAL Decoration for Parties, Weddings, and Funerals.

Funeral Flowers Elegantly Preserved.

BOSTON FLORAL MART,

339 St. Catherine Street, corner Victoria Street, MONTREAL.

JOHNSON'S FLUID BEEF, pronounced by the British Medical Faculty to be the most perfect Food for Invalids ever introduced.

Sold by leading Chemists and Grocers, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. Agents—BELLHOUSE, MACPHERSON & CO., Montreal.

CRESTS AND MONOGRAMS.

STAMPING FROM DIES.

1,000 IMPRESSIONS IN BRILLIANT COLOURS on Paper and Envelopes for \$2.50, at

Scott's Die-Sinking and Engraving Offices, 470 and 572 1/2 Craig Street.



ELOCUTION.

MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give Lessons in Elocution at No. 58 Victoria Street.

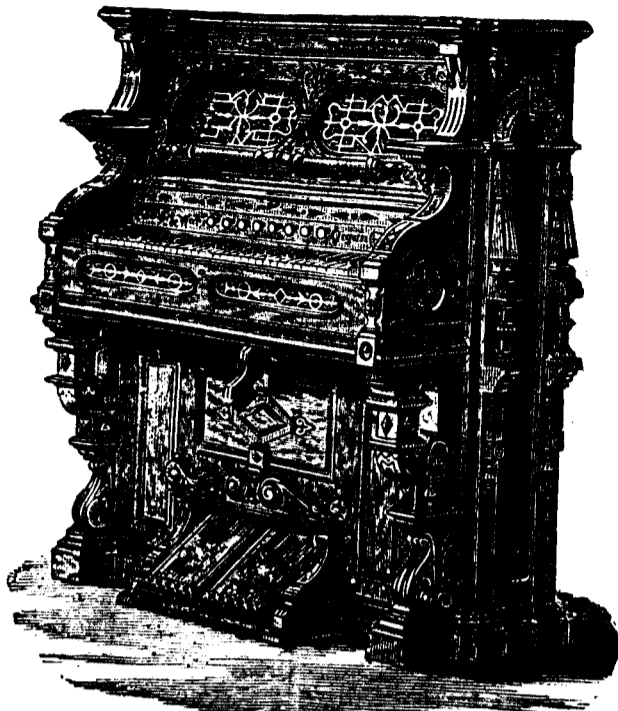
Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Private Lessons if preferred.

Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.

**CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS**

CAPTIVATE THE WORLD.



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

PRE-EMINENT FOR PURITY OF TONE.

Having not only received Diploma of Honor and Medal of Highest Merit at the United States Centennial International Exhibition, but having been UNANIMOUSLY PRONOUNCED, BY THE WORLD'S BEST JUDGES, AS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS,

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

**CLOUGH & WARREN ORGAN CO.,**  
DETROIT, MICH.

ORIGINAL

**D'ISRAELI'S TONIC BITTERS**

NOW

**EARL BEACONSFIELD'S.**

A SUPERLATIVE TONIC, AND DIURETIC AND ANTI-DYSPEPTIC REMEDY.

Sold in enormous quantities in Scotland, where it has been recommended by the Medical Faculty for upwards of twenty years.

PREPARED BY

**JAMES DALGLEISH, J. & R. DALGLEISH & CO.**

EDINBURGH,

SCOTLAND.

SOLD BY

At their Dominion Office,  
102 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST.,  
MONTREAL.

P. O. Box, 550.

NOTHING GENUINE UNLESS BEARING THE AUTOGRAPH OF THE MANUFACTURER,

**JAMES DALGLEISH.**

**RICHELIEU**

**RENAL WATER,**

For the relief and cure of diseases of the Urinary Organs, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, Calculus of Stone in the Bladder, Albuminaria, Irritability of the Bladder with pain while voiding urine, Gout, Rheumatism, &c., &c.

**WAX FLOWERS.**—The largest Stock of Wax and Materials in the Dominion, will be found at the GLASGOW DRUG HALL. Teachers supplied on liberal terms. Country orders promptly filled.

**HOMCEPATHY.**—A full Stock of Fresh and Genuine Medicines always on hand. Also, Books, Humphrey's Specifics, Pond's Extract and Witch Hazel.

J. A. HARTE, Druggist,  
No. 400 Notre Dame Street.

**THOMAS RUSSELL & SON'S**

CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSE  
Is now

No. 9 KING STREET,  
WEST TORONTO.

Where their celebrated WATCHES are sold directly to the public, under Guarantee Cards from the Liverpool House.

T. RUSSELL & SON.

ROBT. CUTHBERT,

Manager.

No. 9 KING STREET, WEST TORONTO.

**ROBERTSON & CO.,**

UNDERTAKERS,

No. 47 Bleury Street.

Office Desks and Jobbing a Specialty.

**CANADA WIRE WORKS**

THOS. OVERING,

Practical Wire Worker and Manufacturer of Furniture and Cylinder Cloths for Paper Mills, Wire-Cloth Sieves, Riddles, Fenders, Grate and Safe Guards, Meat Safes, Rat and Mouse Traps, Bird Cages, &c.

Practical attention paid to Builders Work. Cemetery, Garden and Farm Fencing made to order. Wire shutters and Wire Signs made at shortest notice.

757 CRAIG STREET,

(West of Victoria Square.)

MONTREAL.

**A. N. Greig,**

PAINTER AND DECORATIVE ARTIST

(From Manchester, Eng.)

All kinds of

HOUSE PAINTING,

TINTING, WHITEWASHING,

&c. &c. &c.

GILDING AND SIGN WRITING,

GRAINING, MARBLING AND INLAYING

Executed by Mr. Greig, a specialty.

Seven First Prizes awarded in England, America and Canada.

743 CRAIG STREET. 743

**For First-Class STEAM ENGINES,**

BOILERS AND PUMPS, SAW MILLS, SHINGLE MILLS, BARK MILLS, SHAFING, PULLIES, HANGERS AND GEARS, PATENT HAND AND POWER HOISTS,

Address **GEO. BRUSH, EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL.**

ALSO AGENT FOR

Warrick's Patent Universal Steam Engines.

Waters' Perfect Steam Governor.

Fitzgibbon's Patent Tube Bender.

Heald & Sisco's Centrifugal Pumps.

**Registry.**

**CENTRAL REGISTRY OFFICE FOR SERVANTS.**

Fruits, Flowers, &c., always on hand.  
J. SMITH, 58 St. Antoine Street.

EXPERIENCED and Good Plain Cooks, House and Table Maids, Experienced Nurses, and General Servants, with good references, can be obtained at shortest notice at

**MISS O'GRADY'S REGISTRY OFFICE,**  
No. 806 CRAIG STREET.

**R. P. MADDEN,** Montreal Registry Office, 30 Bleury Street. Ladies and gentlemen requiring good servants, both male and female, with undoubted references, will find every satisfaction by applying to the above office. Good servants requiring situations will find immediate employment by applying to 30 BLEURY STREET.

