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## THE TIMES.

SIR,—You fearlessly invite criticism of preachers and preaching; and you are right. The true prophet who speaks of God's laws of life and liberty must know something of the desires, the longings, the aspirations, of the people ere he can know how to adapt his message to their comprehension and capacity. He must bring the truth given to him out into the facts of life with which they are familiar, and show it there, so that it may be seen and known. Only then and thus can it be either received and lived, or incur the hatred and opposition of that evil which loves darkness and hates light.

Speaking generally of preachers as a class, it is a self-evident proposition that they do not meet the real heartfelt longing of the age we live in. This age longs for truth, truth on all subjects—longs to know, that it may use the knowledge, either for self or for usefulness to others; and is quite prepared to believe that there is a boundless eternity of truth still to be revealed to man. Science relentlessly overturns any or every received axiom or supposed discovery in its search after truth. Political doctrine coolly dismisses bygone conclusions, though hitherto accepted as authoritatively as proven mathematical problems. For illustration, take the "N. P." recently inaugurated in the very teeth of all "free-trade" theories. Orthodoxy, however hoary with years and honours, cannot help but feel the same force of new and fresh enquiry, and must meet it or—perish. Modern preaching, as a whole, though there are individual exceptions, continues to assert that truth is authoritative and must be permitted voluntarily to over-ride the rational faculties vouchsafed to man, else no truth can be received. This is not a sufficient reply to one in a thousand of men or women in this age where science, natural and social, has penetrated every mind with more or less of knowledge of material facts, processes, and laws. A creed is sought for that shall rather reconcile existing material conditions or effects with their causes in spiritual or mental conditions. Men say, and say truly, it cannot be a high spiritual condition which induces belief that the world was created out of nothing in six days; that a serpent is more subtle than any beast of the field; that the sun stood still in order that Joshua might complete, by daylight, a savage war of extermination; for then a man must believe and assert what, in its literal sense, he knows to be untrue. Modern preaching must lose power daily and hourly so long as it continues to reject the light which Science, directed wisely by a Divine power, throws upon the sacred page, slaying the "letter which killeth," in order that the spiritual meaning within the letter, as a kernel within its shell, may shed its husk and fructify in the added warmth and radiance. The spiritual meaning of the Scriptures contains that spiritual science of which natural science is but the effect. When modern preachers are willing to learn that the external aspect of nature and the laws which mould and govern material things are but the correspondences or symbols of spiritual substances and spiritual laws, and are used in the Divine Word as the means whereby knowledge of man's spiritual condition and being may be perceived and rationally understood, then the conflict between Science and Religion will cease, for the two will work to one end. The more knowledge of Nature's laws we attain, the more wisdom, or spiritual knowledge of the causes of things as they appear will be opened up to us, and religion become a living force, controlling every action, every phase, of every-day life.

The modern preacher is without excuse. Surely modern science has already driven him from a literal interpretation of such passages as those to which reference has just been made. By the light of New Testament relation he might discern that the words of Jehovah our Lord which are spirit and life, live in Genesis as well as in Revelations; revealing the initial chapters of the Bible as the genesis of the moral heavens and earth within man, the dawn of conscious spiritual life both in the race and in each individual man as well now

as then; the serpent he might descry is sensuality, the love of self, sin—call it which you will—tempting man still with unabated vigour. He might see in Joshua's history that light from the sun of righteousness is never withdrawn from the man who desires in his heart utterly to exterminate and drive out the evils inherent in his own being, till that work be completed.

The modern preacher may yet learn, if he will, from the divine word, spiritual science—the science of those causes from which all material effects flow. Love of self and consequent hatred of others, lead *still* to enmity and war. War desolates the land, and famine follows. Scanty nourishment for the body and the careless and uncleanly habits bred of poverty and want, bring our pestilence. The cause is not a blind evolution, but wilful sin, love of self, transgression of those laws which pervade our being, framed as it is beneficently for usefulness and helpfulness to others, and not for self gratification. Such truth is written in Nature so that he who runs can read, and the origin of such truth, the science which permeates and guides the evolution of all the life of all the earths in the universe is contained in the spiritual meaning of scripture.

Reject it if ye will ye modern preachers. Cease to be useful if you will to have it so. Make of yourselves flaming torches only, gleaming fitfully in the night of a dark past; but, the dawn has begun. Light is abroad among the people; and when the new day has fully come your feeble ray must pale before it. Why not throw aside your self-derived man-made hereditary torch-light and come to the "True Light." Even though your deeds should be reproved by it, new life from above will give you strength for greater and better deeds than any you have yet done. You have helped to maintain some light amid the darkness. Work for the growth and spread of a gentler warmth of love and a fuller light of wisdom among your fellows now that it is called *day*.  
*"Excelsior."*

SIR,—I have a word to say anent your remarks on preaching in last week's SPECTATOR.

I understand putting "religion in a sermon" to mean that the minister shall expatiate on man's natural and actual depravity, but always in a general way, e.g., dwelling on the abandoned condition of the human race, the depth of degradation to which it has sunk, and the absence of anything good in man in his present condition; he must also dwell on the terrible retribution that is awaiting man hereafter, which cannot be depicted in too glowing colours; and, lastly, he must speak of the easy method of escaping from the consequences of sin, both here and hereafter, by simply believing. Let this be repeated Sunday after Sunday, and the more humanity is abused, and the greater the prospective retribution depicted, and the more men can be assured that at any moment in their career they can stop, and cancel all their past sins, with their present and future consequences, by a simple act of will, the more hearty will be their verdict that "this is Gospel preaching."

I have no wish to ridicule the great truths of man's sin and the terrible consequences of it, and of God's mercy to sinners; but I do think that the difference between "religion in a sermon" and "no religion in a sermon" lies chiefly in the former treating of sin, punishment and retribution in a general, stereotyped manner, while the latter treats of the individual and the community—e.g., sins of private life, idleness, self-indulgence, intellectual apathy, selfishness, pride, wrong doing in commerce, unrighteousness in high places, in the city and in the Government.

It is dwelling on these themes as special subjects with the earnest effort to induce men to live a more moral life, apart from a direct appeal to flee from the terrible retribution that is awaiting them as a just reward of their sins, that is considered a "sermon without any religion in it."  
*Sinner.*

SIR,—With reference to your remarks in last SPECTATOR on the intended expansion of the Dominion currency, I have only to remark:—

1. That there is but one institution in the world that by its charter carries dollar for dollar in gold in its coffers for liquidation of its notes, and that is the Bank of England.

2. That if you will refer to any standard book on banking you will find that this provision is considered unnecessary. All that is needful is that there should be a fund, however located, that can be drawn upon to liquidate in gold every note when presented for payment.

3. That a Government stands in a stronger position than any bank in one respect; and that is, that it has the power, whenever its credit might be

endangered from any cause (a contingency not apparent in our case), to raise the necessary means by public assessment within the limits of the people's ability to bear such taxation or assessment.

4. That the field of circulation of the new notes will be (over and above any wants that may exist in the older Provinces of the Dominion) in the rapidly developing and civilizing area of Manitoba and the North-West; the general rule being that a country whose population is increasing will demand additions of currency at proper intervals, while one on the decreasing scale will require its note currency to be curtailed in proportion to such periodical decrease.

5. That contraction of circulation will at any time be possible if more or gradually made, but that it is hard to see how this could become necessary if the original issues shall have been adjusted to the local needs and capacities, because the working and trading population of the new districts is not likely to become seriously diminished at any time that we can conceive of—not even when the line of the Pacific Railway shall have been completed.

Yours, &c.,

Critic.

I have received a letter from M. Bilbon, le Secrétaire de la Société des Symphonistes de Montreal, but it is too late for insertion this week.

Those of us who are outside of Parliament and violent party politics find it hard to understand why there should be so much bitter personality in the House of Commons debates. Criticism there should be at all times; strong and determined opposition sometimes; but why should gentlemen yield to the depravity that is in them and abuse each other as if the world could find no worse personal enemies? What a fight the newly made knights indulged in over the Budget Speech? Sir Leonard Tilley was calm, clear and fairly reasonable in criticism and prophecy. Sir Richard Cartwright tried to keep in the straight path of fair discussion, but deflected now and then to the right and to the left. Sir Charles Tupper followed, and by whole leagues out-Heroded Herod; it was a very storm of abuse; it was a hurricane; words roared and rattled about the House; great hail from a cloud beat upon that poor "fly on the wheel," and accomplished—nothing, nothing at all. It was not even amusing. These knightly combats are out of date. Mr. Ross managed to mar an otherwise very good speech by indulging in the same objectionable style of oratory. He, too, ranted against those opposed to him, as if vulgarity could sustain an argument. This is not what we are demanding of our M.P.'s. We want a critical discussion of Sir Leonard's Budget; we want to know how far his figures may be relied upon, and whether his calculations are reasonable. But this invective gives no information, and abuse is not argument. When will our politicians learn this?

There are well authenticated rumours of troubles in the Quebec Cabinet. They have been inevitable from the first, and the only wonder is that they have been staved off so long. M. Chapleau foresaw the difficulties, and was anxious to wait for the final assault upon M. Joly until expenditure should drive the Premier to ask for direct taxation. When the unbridled zeal-for-office of his party, and the heedless councillors had forced M. Joly from power, M. Chapleau tried to form a coalition government. In that he failed, for the Liberals were, with a few exceptions, true to their cause and leaders. But now the pressure begins to tell upon the newly-formed Ministry. Money must be found, and the question is, where to find it? If M. Chapleau should call the Provincial Parliament together and propound a scheme for direct taxation he will certainly be beaten; if he appeal from the Legislature to the electors he will be beaten again. At present two courses are open to him; the first is, to appeal to the Province on the general question of confidence—which would probably send him back to office with an increased majority; the second is, to get from the Liberal side of the House some of its strongest members to join his Cabinet. The former he can do, if he will; the latter is problematical. If I were a *Bleu* I should say, ask for a dissolution.

Mr. Granville C. Cunningham discusses "Federation, Annexation or Independence" in the current number of the *Canadian Monthly*, starting with the postulate that the question "will ere long be brought within the domain of practical politics." That may be true, for Mr.

Cunningham has had an easy task in proving "that the position in which this country at present stands to the rest of the world is not a permanent position; that the growth and expansion of the country, in wealth, population, and territorial control, must be accompanied by a corresponding growth and expansion of the political system." So much is allowed on all sides; some having gone so far as to say that when we have a population of ten millions we must have some change in our commercial and political relations with the outside world. And, as it is possible, though not at all probable, that we shall reach that figure during the next fifty years, it seems necessary that we should discuss all kinds of changes in order that we may, when the time comes, adopt that which is best. "Shall we have an Imperial Federation of the British Empire," says the writer named, "with all parts of the Empire represented in one Imperial Parliament? or shall we have annexation to the United States, with representatives at the Congress at Washington? or shall we have Canadian Independence, with our own Chief Executive officer, and our own Supreme Parliament. Which?"

Mr. Cunningham proceeds to say that one or other we must decide for, and backs up his statement by showing that if England were to go to war to-morrow with any of the Great Powers of Europe it would disastrously affect Canada, and that in matters of commerce Canada has no power to make treaties with foreign nations; and also, that we have no "right to confer naturalization upon foreigners, and to afford protection to them when abroad." From all this Mr. Cunningham argues that a change is inevitable. He considers first of all the idea of Federation, and convincing himself that this is the best of all possible schemes, has no difficulty in proving that anything else is not to be thought of. Granted. "Annexation or Independence" is not to be thought of. Only double-dyed traitors ever think of either the one or the other. These are not open questions; they are beneath consideration, to say nothing of controversy. Canada cannot be annexed to the United States, nor can Canada become an independent nation. But an Imperial Federation is possible. Did Mr. Cunningham, of Toronto, ever try the experiment of sitting down and crying for the moon? What a splendid idea? "The Imperial House might at first be 300, distributed somewhat as follows:—

England.....	180
Scotland .....	25
Ireland .....	45
Colonies.....	50."

Out of this Canada is to have 20 members. So, in this brilliant scheme, English votes are to outnumber all the rest, and India, Wales, the Cape, and half a dozen other places belonging to the Empire are not counted. The scheme is just as much to the English mind as Home Rule for Ireland, and the realization of it just as near as the Greek Kalends. Mr. Cunningham decidedly strangles his own idea and speaks the truth when he says:—

"Though the benefit resulting to England and her colonies from a Federal Union are immense, and scarcely to be over-estimated; yet we cannot be blind to the fact that there would be great difficulties in the way of securing this. Not the least among these would be the stubborn resistance of the English people to change, in the political system, simply because it was change. Though a federation of the Empire is now favourably viewed by many of the leading men in England in various classes in life; though it could be shown to be most productive of beneficial results to both England and her colonies under various aspects; yet it must be a considerable time before the arguments in its favour have sufficiently permeated society to become a moving force in any political action. In the present state of public opinion, no political leader could adopt 'Federation of the Empire' as the watch-word of his party. Perhaps, too, before this proper understanding had been reached, the forces at work in Canada would have advised separation from England as the readier and better way of bringing about the desired political change."

The peculiarity of all this is that Mr. Cunningham tells us we cannot have what would best serve our interests, and shall be compelled to accept what will prove our entire absorption by the United States, or, being relegated to the ridiculous position of an independent country. Imperial Federation is only a dream, and whenever any

British statesman attempts to bring it into "the domain of practical politics," he will lift the curtain upon the concluding act in the drama. When England withdrew her troops from Canada, burnt the bedding, and ran the cannon down into old iron, she gave a distinct intimation that future relations would not be of so close and intimate a character. Canada accepted the position, and, when it appeared necessary, broke with the Free Trade policy in which England glories. We may endeavour to retrace our steps and return to the good old commercial ways, but appeal for permission to send legislators to the House of Commons from Canada would be taken by the English people as a huge joke, perpetrated by a small and far-distant country.

Whatever our future may be as to political relations, there can be no doubt as to the financial condition we are rapidly bringing about. It is almost incredible that a people endowed with ordinary common sense and business ability should allow themselves to be led open-eyed into bankruptcy. In 1867 our debt was \$75,728,641; in 1879 it was \$147,481,070. During that period our yearly expenditure has increased from \$13,486,092 to over \$25,000,000—we have paid more than \$8,000,000 as charges on our indebtedness. This is not reckoning the condition of the Provinces—every one of which is heavily in debt, except Ontario. Quebec will have to get aid from the Dominion Government in some form or other soon, or resort to direct taxation. It is more than probable, well-nigh certain, that changes in our political relations with other countries are a very remote contingency, but if we continue at this breakneck pace we shall not be long in finding the slough of repudiation.

Now that the great army of assignees is about to be disbanded and turned upon the labour market of our business world, it has occurred to me to suggest that shareholders in insurance, banking and other such institutions should try to get some of them as directors. They would have time to attend to their duties. As it now stands in our larger cities directorships and presidencies are confined to a few, and they the very busiest of men. A man, by a turn of good fortune, or by business ability and industry—it matters nothing which—has become wealthy, and at once he is in great demand as a director. His hands may be full, but he takes a little more work, or undertakes an office that ought to mean work; he becomes president, perhaps, but has no time to look closely after the affairs over which he is supposed to preside; he is compelled to accept statements on trust, when the importance of them demands a careful examination, and the stockholders lose their money and complain. If enquiry was made as to the number of offices held by some of our business men, we should wonder at so few failures. Why not use some of the assignees this way? they have learnt to look sharply after their own affairs at any rate.

The *Times* in a recent issue says: "Italian policy, even when it is formally cautious and reticent, has often to be reckoned with rather as a disturbing than a tranquillizing force. It is all the more to be regretted that this should be so, because Italy as much as any country in Europe needs peace and the prosperity which follows peace, and has domestic problems of the highest importance to settle which cannot be fairly dealt with while uncertainty with respect to foreign affairs is allowed to prevail."

The Mansion House Relief Committee announce that they have received since the 11th inst. the sum of £7,861. The total of the subscriptions now amounts to £117,124, of which the sum of £62,402 has been expended. The Committee have received, since the 11th inst., £500 from Calcutta and £1,000 from Madras, India; £1,080 from Kimberley, South Africa; £200 from Greymouth, New Zealand; £700 from Sandhurst, Australia; £200 from Kumara, £306 from the Irish Relief Fund of Sacramento, Cal.; £82 from the Northwestern Branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Milwaukee, Wis., and £115 from the Irish Relief Committee of New York. This proves that the fountains of charity are not dried up; but it is natural to ask why the Committee should retain fifty per cent.

of the money received. We have been given to understand that the Irish distress has been very great, and that the worst of it is now over. But the Mansion House Relief Committee hold more than £50,000 in hand still. Why? So long as misery is widespread and deep; so long as the cry of the starving is heard, money should be disbursed with a free hand. Better an empty treasury for the Mansion House Committee than empty stomachs in Ireland.

The prospects of the Liberal party in England are anything but cheering. Lord Beaconsfield has long been waiting for his chance to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country for another lease of power; but success would not attend his much-vaunted foreign policy; Jingoism shouted itself down to an early grave; visions of glory departed one after the other, and the lookout from a Conservative point of view was dreary in the extreme. The Liberal leaders had contented themselves with pursuing a policy of criticism and attack, and did much to convince the country that the Premier in whom they trusted had deceived them. But Lord Hartington thought he saw an opening in the direction of a mild advocacy of Home Rule for Ireland and went in to win, but has missed altogether and ruined the chances he had of carrying the elections. It was just what Beaconsfield was waiting for. He knew British sentiment and the value of the Home Rule agitation better than his opponent. The hour that Hartington gave the appearance of a leaning toward the expedient of Home Rule for Ireland, he gave the astute Premier the opportunity for which he had been watching. For it gave him the chance of charging, and with a show of reason, that the Liberal party is anti-national and prepared to consider a scheme which is only a monstrous and impracticable chimera, entertained by a few agitators for personal ends.

Home Rule is not a debatable question. The English sentiment is as decisively opposed to it as it would be to any other proposal which meant the entire disruption of the Empire. Lord Ramsay made a very palpable bid for the Irish vote in Liverpool by intimating that he would favour the appointment of a commission of enquiry into Irish grievances, but he failed to secure a solid Irish vote. On the whole he lost more Liberals than he conciliated Irish. And it will be the same the whole country over. The Home Rule agitation is made out of most miserable stuff; the Americans understood the nature of it when Mr. Parnell had made less than half-a-dozen speeches among them, and Lord Hartington should have estimated it in the same manner. Home Rule is the cry of a few individuals anxious to maintain their present political positions and to increase their influence if they can. But it is by no means certain that even Mr. Parnell and his co-agitators will be able to hold their position in perpetuity; for there is every reason to believe that many of them will lose their seats at the coming elections. The Liberal Leader has in truth committed a fatal blunder in not emphatically and indignantly disclaiming the veriest shadow of sympathy with the impossible theory of Home Rule for Ireland.

The *Saturday Review*, in a cleverly argued article on "One-Sided Free Trade," closes with the remark that "Protection is neither more nor less than a grant in aid of wages"—the protection referred to being that on manufactured goods. Can this be true? Is there no such thing as internal or home competition in manufactures? Must the manufacture of a given article by a given country always result in a close monopoly? Protection, in its effect upon wages, I should rather say, may be the means either of raising or depressing the rate, in proportion as home competition happens to result from it, and to be less or greater than the former competition from abroad—wages being bound up, as they should be, in the realizable price of goods. Cheerful prophets in Canada will expect protection to promote employment and lead to the payment of fair and legitimate wages. For there is such a thing as a fair local wage, however competitive economists may choose to obscure the fact; and trade-strikes are the very worst way of attempting to realise it.

## THE LATE HON. LUTHER H. HOLTON.

"And Nicanor lie dead in his harness."

Death is a common-place—a common-place, however, of eternal interest. The shadow of death is near the writer as he pens these lines; for during the last few hours one gifted in intellect and talent has passed from amongst us, and thereby another friend has become to him a memory. How the beat of the heart slackens when one thinks of the man of yesterday being the dust of to-day! one to whom the to-morrows of aspirations, plans, endeavours, labours, endurance, come no more; to whom the hopes, the aims, the loves, the charities of yesterday are as if they were not. "In the midst of life we are in death," and in the midst of death we are in life! and we know not which sand-grain in the glass of time shall fix our fate forever, for we are of those

"Things which are made to fade and fall away  
When they have blossomed but a few short hours."

Change is the law of life, and the last great change is death—mysterious death, whose viewless might is everywhere.

I am led into this train of thought by the awfully sudden death of our esteemed friend and fellow-citizen the Hon. Luther H. Holton. It was with much pain throughout this city that the terrible news from Ottawa was read which told us of the sudden snatching away of one of Canada's greatest statesmen.

Mr. Holton had passed a long life in Montreal, having filled many important positions in society, always with honour to himself and advantage to the public. He was by nature a politician; and from his return to Parliament as one of the members for Montreal in 1854 to the hour of his death, he had borne a prominent part in the struggles of the times, having also filled with honour several offices in the Government. During his entire political career no shadow ever passed over the fair fame of our deceased friend. One of his oldest political friends is able to record:—

"No politician was ever more consistent than Mr. Holton. He had on many occasions to see those who had been co-operating with him abandon their principles and accept the Tory shilling; but with him there was no shadow of turning."

Mr. Holton was a man of very generous impulses, and if he had any defect it was greatly reduced by his sterling honesty of purpose, which made him scorn to dissemble his real feelings, and equally refuse to accept any post or duty, except with the understanding that he was to do his duty in it. His statesmanship was of the practical working order, in which industry effects more than diplomacy, and well-disciplined common sense than showy talent. He was painstaking, and sedulous for the public weal.

He had a fertile mind and a subtle reasoning faculty; he was exceedingly transparent and straightforward, ever impatient to realize his convictions. He stood above the midmost men in their own walks, and was especially remarkable for his manageable power over every faculty of his mind and every item of his knowledge. Ever alert, self-possessed, clear in judgment, work-enjoying, and with a mind always open to the latest light.

He was a man who in wise cheerfulness, geniality and frankness, freshened the whole moral atmosphere around him. He was sincerity itself in the perfect candour of his nature, and yet charitable in his judgment of others. He was most unostentatious, though he had in himself stores of information; he was literally a living Parliamentary encyclopædia, which was continually applied to the immediate state of things; many are those who are indebted to his researches, for he ungrudgingly imparted what he had laboriously acquired.

Only sixty-three years of life among the stir and labour of men! and then when the need for his life seemed greatest, to be called hence in an hour when all seemed serene and fair; in the midst of the hopes of useful years to come, there came forth the great invisible hand that gave the fatal stroke.

How hearty was his greeting, and how constantly alive his intellect and his humour! His ready thoughtfulness and his steady friendship made him not less valued than his amazing acquisitions, his untiring industry, his manifold genius, and his successful achievements. Death has taken him away after sixty-three years of toilsome progress and endeavour. On Canada's memory he has left his imprint, his faithful performance of duty is his monument, and his reputation is safe, for he was always a friend to the people, of whom he was a choice specimen.

In Mr. Holton a great name passes into the annals of Canada, it is a part of the history of the country; his perseverance, manly fortitude and power of self-assertion, enabled him to accomplish things which other, less resolute and less persevering men have failed in achieving. It was not the privilege of the writer of this tribute to the worth of our deceased statesman, to enjoy his intimate friendship, but enough is known to record that Canada in future years will mark the fourteenth of March as a sad day in her annals, for on that day Luther Hamilton Holton died.

H. M.

## FINE ARTS AT THE CAPITAL.

The Exhibition of Pictures, Sculptures, Drawings, Designs, *et cetera*, which has been collected under the auspices of the Canadian Academy of Arts, and formally opened at Ottawa by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne on Saturday the 6th instant, deserves a passing comment. Believing that the SPECTATOR has been, now is, and, I hope, ever will be, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time" in the matter of "things" of more than general interest, I pen these few lines.

Not being present at the inaugural opening, I shall content myself with re-echoing some of the pertinent remarks made by His Excellency, the President, and the Vice-President of the new Academy.

The Marquis of Lorne said: "It is impossible to agree with the remark that we have no material in Canada for our present purposes" (the founding a School of Art), "when we see so many excellent works on these walls, and if some do not come up to the standard we may set ourselves, what is this but an additional argument for the creation of some body which shall act as an educator in this manner."

After a ramble through the various rooms in which the pictures are exhibited, I am bound to confess my astonishment at the wonderful progress Canadian art has made during the last decade, and I am warranted in saying that with the "*technique*," the talent, the genius displayed in some of the works, the artists, if not cramped by external circumstances, and if opportunities are given them for putting forth their powers, by the Government and the wealthy, their imaginations will move in a higher region of art, and, possibly, in a region of beauty, sublimity, and truth.

Among the Loan Collection are some fine pictures, which must have a tendency not only to educate the mind and eye of the Canadian artist, but the mind and eye of the public, so that the latter may be the better able to pass judgment wisely and with understanding upon the works of our "Canadian Academicians." This education of the mind and eye the Art Association of Montreal has laboured to make more general, feeling certain that with an increased knowledge of art, an increased demand for our local artists' works will arise if the artists will only carefully use, or I may say read, the book given us by Nature—the book wants laborious study, and their art wants continual practice, aided by a lively imagination. There is a world of beauty and grandeur in the book of Nature which is spread out before our artists in Canada, and judging from the Ottawa Exhibition, it has been read by them. If I may be allowed to vocabularize the language of Nature, using the following terms and words:—Air; atmosphere; bright skies; clouds, fantastic in shape, brilliant in colour, whether illumined by sunset or sunrise; fog; mist; snow; lakes; rivers; torrents; cascades; lofty cliffs; foaming cataracts; mountains; rocks; vales; forest trees (the beautiful elm, the luxuriant larch, the weeping birch, the stately pine, the dark cypress); birds; and flowers; such have been put into language by Jacobi, O'Brien, Edson, Sandham, Fraser, Creswell, Fowler and others. This vocabulary, though not put into such glowing passages, such harmonious styles, such breadth of effect, and with such energy of character as are displayed in the pencillings of the old and new masters,—Salvator Rosa, Poussin, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Claude Lorraine, Hobbina and Weenix; Constable, Turner, Wilson, Pyne, Stanfield, Creswick and Lance, yet there is a sufficient technical knowledge of the art of construction, and a dawn of genius manifested in these essays which deserve "gentle criticism."

The art material is in the hands, and the spirit of art is within the hearts of these new Canadian Academicians, and though there is, at present, a wide gulf which separates our newly born Academy from its elder sisters in Europe, and though it may—naturally enough—occupy an inferior position in painting, sculpture, and architecture, yet every school must have its beginning.—In the beginning, the Garden of Eden was not on this earth.

Though the road to the Temple of Fame may be attended with difficulties, and its way be long and painful before our architects will rival the works of Bramante or Palladio; Wren or Barry; or our sculptors those of Phidias or Praxiteles; Canova or Flaxman; or our painters those of Correggio or Titian; Reynolds or Lawrence; to say nothing of the master pieces of Greek, Roman, and Italian architecture, sculpture and painting which yet continue to excite the wonder of the student, yet, let them not despair. The works of Greece Rome and Italy we must not expect to see rivalled in this country unless there arise such men as Pericles, the Medicis, and Pope Leo X. In their day the wealthy sought the artist, and encouragement was given to the pursuit of art. The Architect, the Sculptor and the Painter had minds and hearts to speak to, they could enjoy communion of thought with men exalted above the petty cares and troubles of life, whose imagination moved in a higher and purer region, no wonder that, under such circumstances, the artists were enabled to grow and ripen into maturity.

It is a good thing to know that H. R. H. The Princess Louise has her whole heart and soul on the objects of the Canadian Academy, and that she is resolved to help forward and promote any and every good work connected with its programme viz:—the formation of a National Gallery. It is also a good thing to know that His Excellency takes such a deep interest in the



welfare of Art, as I personally witnessed when in Ottawa, whilst visiting the exhibition. It has been the fashion with some to sneer at the idea of having a Canadian Academy, and that our artists should be allowed to use the affix C. A. The custom of sneering is an old one "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" How is it possible for the art of painting to flourish among men who are of humble parentage—men who have not received a classical or liberal education? Such questioners forget that Genius fills a void which education cannot do. Among the founders of the great European schools of painting were men of humble origin, yet men upon whose heads it pleased Heaven to accumulate gifts and graces not generally bestowed upon mortals. It pleased Heaven also to endow them with that spirit or genius which has immortalized their names and their works. Art did not prevent the lowly and humble from associating with the noble and great—condition and caste did not ostracise genius and talent.

Let our Canadian artists take heart—Rome was not built in a day. And though they have neither in the capital an Art Gallery, with beautiful proportions, nor a Museum filled with casts—the best that can be procured—of the noble specimens of plastic art from the days of Pericles to those of Queen Victoria; nor autotype copies of the sketches of Michael Angelo and Raffaele, nor prints to make them familiar with the subjects and manner of treatment of the greatest artists, yet they may remember what steadfastness of purpose, and earnest application, combined with fertility of invention, and power of imagination, did for Caravaggio, a mason's labourer, whose works now adorn the walls of the Vatican and the Louvre; what such qualities did for Guercino, the son of a poor ox driver, who acquired the flattering surname of the "Magician of Painting," for Tintoretto, the son of a dyer, for Annibal Carracci, the son of a tailor, and for Ludovico, the son of a butcher, whose works grace the Palaces and Museums of Italy; and though they may not be so fortunate as the haughty Guido, to whom, when he came to Rome, Pope Paul V. and the Cardinals sent their carriages as far as the Ponte Molle to meet him; or the accomplished Raffaele who had a niece of one of the Cardinals of Leo X. offered him in marriage; yet they may congratulate themselves upon having the Queen of England as a purchaser of their works, her daughter for a patroness, and His Excellency "infusing life and vitality into all their efforts, and extending a helping hand to them, and seeking to attract to him those who cultivate a taste for the beautiful, so that he might make their career less difficult, and their object more attractive."

In conclusion, I only echo the sentiments of many of my *confreres* of the Art Association of Montreal, that a knowledge of the principles of art will be widely diffused and more deeply seated in our minds, so that we can better enjoy and appreciate the works of our Canadian Academicians, who have shown an earnestness in the pursuit of their art, and though they may be deficient in some of the higher qualities which are so conspicuous in the great English Landscape Painters, yet they have evidenced a love for nature and a striving after truth.

*Thos. D. King.*

### THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO,

WITH THE VIEW THAT OTHER CITIES MAY KNOW.

Who has not heard of the wonderful salubrity of the climate of the Queen City of the West?—so free from fevers and the like. Hush! don't speak so loud—*there were sixteen funerals in the Queen City last Sabbath. Sixteen!* May the Lord have mercy on us! Amen.

Some months ago the ministers of Toronto had a meeting to discuss the matter of Sunday funerals, and it was decided that each minister should request his congregation that individually they would refrain from burying their dead on the Sabbath, except in cases of absolute necessity. Sixteen bodies were interred last Sabbath from this most healthful city—sixteen cases of necessity—no postponement being possible.

And yet our local papers at times teem with accounts of the remarkable health of the city; the air is so bracing, so exhilarating, the great lack of disease in our midst is something truly astounding. Sooner or later—later, in all probability—the authorities will rouse up from their sleep and shake off their lethargy; then they will attempt perhaps to improve our drainage—perhaps they may see fit to permit us to have water to drink a little different from filtered swamp-juice and decomposed sewage slush. It is just as likely as not that after a contagious fever has broken out in some of the back streets, our City Fathers may think perhaps that the Don marsh and the Island ditto can be improved to a slight extent. There can be very little doubt about it, Toronto is the healthiest city in Canada, which is to be partially accounted for by the redundancy of churches in Toronto, and the long prayers made in them.

"Give a man the name of being an early riser and he may sleep all day in his bed." This remark applies to cities in regard to their religious advancement, and especially to Toronto. It is astonishing that this young city, which to the careless stranger appears so fair, should, upon inspection, be found to be tainted with such bad odours of filth, indecency, debauchery and crime, as are

to be found on every hand, in every street, flaunting at every turning. And it is more astonishing that such evils are permitted to flourish and thrive with scarcely an attempt at remedy or extirpation on the part of the Mayor or Commissioners of Police.

And yet, with all this noisome cesspool of vilest back-slum society and bad-houses in our midst, we have the audacity, and worse than conceit, to proclaim to the world the purity of the morals of this remarkably holy place. What are all our grand Societies, our Young Men's and Young Women's Associations, our countless "Young People's" Associations, our eighty fine and elaborate churches for 75,000 population, but so much sham and sanctimonious cant, and show, and parade of a false system of devotion, professed but never practised,—an immoral, Pharisical conceit!

As if the hideousness of the mockery were not palpable to those we try to deceive. And yet, God help us! most of us believe in our consistency, and will hear with indignation any attempt at disparagement of the hypocrisy. However we managed to become so overloaded with such abominable conceit is a mystery. We shout our mock praises Sabbath after Sabbath in theatrical tabernacles of tinsel and sham, erected without any substantial foundation on paper, by split congregations of affected and disaffected sects. Our churches are thronged week after week with most devout and attentive gatherings, who sit and gape and sleep, or yawn and wink, or flirt across the galleries, or with open mouths listen to the sensational harangue of a fashionable parson, of which Toronto has her share. By your leave, we learn from this that we are a select company; we are a model city; we are a little angel in the shape of a golden calf, which we take delight in worshipping; we are indeed the original and only living example of the "goodey goodey" stamp so much spoken of by the ancients; we are, as a city, a second Mecca, if you will—don't be shocked—a pattern to our foes and our neighbours; a city to which a pilgrimage, by the devout Canadians of—say wicked Montreal—would be extremely in keeping with our holiness. The "City of Churches,"—the name hangs round our neck like a mill-stone,—alas! for every church or place of worship in this good town there are found at least two disreputable houses of mal-fame stocked with abandoned women, sport for the "bloods" of the place; visited night after night by high and low, rich and poor; those in authority, and those out of authority; and men scarcely care to hide their faces entering these shocking dens, so fashionable is the sin. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Aye, young men of this holy city make a great boast of their amours before admiring friends. There is no attempt made to hide the ill-fame of these degrading resorts, openly winked at by the police and authorities; and yet! and yet! we are the "City of Churches." We do not allow our taverns, or saloons, or bars to be open for the sale of liquor on the Sabbath. O! no; but who does not know that behind the dark blinds of our saloons on Sunday night, scores of young men come and go drinking their glass on the sly, while the excited bar-tender noiselessly serves the adulterated dram. We have no excursions for pleasure on the Sabbath—God forbid; and yet how are we to account for the sly little "dodgers" passed around at the wharves on Saturday evenings when the afternoon excursion boats return. O! you may very readily guess that we know what we are about; we are cunning, we are. The good people say "these excursions are indulged in on the sly." No! they are not; everything is open and above board. "Sly" or no "sly," the excursion boats are patronized to overflowing, and for the glorious "City of Churches," these excursions exist and thrive wonderfully. Our theatres are not open on the Sabbath. Hush again! be still! The Royal Opera House is trying an experiment, and expects to succeed. They called it a "Sacred Concert." Very likely it was, as the place, especially in the "gods," is notable for sacredness. Call it what you like, the people flock to hear, and will do so again and again. O yes; this is the "City of Churches." Do what we will, we can always fall back on the name; it sounds grand.

Read the following letter:—

CINCINNATI, February 28th, 1880.

DEAR SIR,—Without a morsel of doubt you are right in your speculation on the "Conceit of Toronto." I faithfully am of the opinion that Toronto can't be beat for conceit. As I take it, Toronto is the most absurd little city it has been my luck to discover. I endorse without qualification your remarks upon the subject in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR. I rather suspect, if the truth were known, that you were born under the "Stars and Stripes." (*Note.*—I was born in England, and have the welfare of Canada at heart.) I have had the felicity of doing the Provincial Capital of Ontario as often as twice. It is two years since I took boat from the Niagara River for Toronto with a large excursion party. I somehow got into conversation with a youthful citizen of Toronto of some nineteen brilliant summers—I saw quite a few of his stamp afterwards—who volunteered information. He mentioned something about the harbour being first-rate, protected, he said, by a very nice pleasure island to the south. The entrances to the harbour were through two straits that were perfectly safe and convenient. We stuck fast in the mud two hours afterwards, and were drawn off by a tug, in one of these *perfectly safe and convenient* straits. He dwelt largely on the fact that Toronto was a city of churches, of which I had heard something before; everybody went to church. I was given to understand that the public buildings were the great feature of the city. I searched through Toronto for the public buildings which constituted the "great feature of the city," and was shown a very excellent College ("Queen's," I think), also a large building with stone columns in front of it, a Court House, I believe, of which I was given to understand there were several in Toronto; and, lastly, an immense Lunatic Asylum, which appeared to be a great boast, but which I looked at with sorrow. My

quodam informant let me know that the Episcopal Cathedral was a splendid structure, the best on the Continent; I think he remarked it was the finest in the world. I failed to appreciate this marvel upon inspection; the tin spire reminded me of the old-time candle extinguisher, being too large for the substructure, and of a different colour to the stone work.

I inquired about manufactories; ah! that was what gave life to the city—but I never saw these large manufactories, and those I did see were almost empty. After we were towed off the mud in the strait, I said to my friend, "Why don't you get your island fixed up?" An elderly gentleman, sitting near, said sharply, "Why, what's the matter with it, boss?" I only thought the swamp looked feverish. I received some very startling information from one of the "cloth" who sat in the bow of the boat. "You see that church, my friend," said he, "that is the 'Metropolitan,' sir, the largest Methodist Church in the world." I thanked him, and whistled two stanzas of "Sweet by and by."

I took a stroll through the eastern part of the city, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the gas works. I went through a large distillery there; one of the men there informed me, confidentially, that it was the largest distillery in the world, "they send their whiskey to Germany and France and England and the United States and they make it into brandy." I tried to inform him that the gigantic firm of Ames N. Goff & Co., of Cincinnati, would do four or five times the quantity of whiskey that they would in the same length of time, but he smiled incredulously.

I attended the Metropolitan Methodist Church, which was crammed full, but the St. Paul's Methodist Church, of Cincinnati, I guess, will hold comfortably double the number. I was told that all the churches of the city were crammed morning and evening. I was particularly struck with the solemn stillness of the streets in the evening of the Sabbath; everybody seemed to be at church, as indeed they were, but presently the main streets were full of pedestrians, let out from church, and for the next two hours and a half the streets were almost impassable, the whole of the young men and women of the city seemed bent on having a spree; the crowd seemed to be composed of loose females and doubtful swells, and such like. The air for a mile or so was like that of a saloon, smoke and slang and back talk, mixed with obscene language and oaths. The city of churches appeared to be on Sunday night a sort of Canal street, Buffalo. For desecration of God's day I never saw anything worse in any of our cities in the Union than I saw on Toronto Island and the park (save the mark) and at the excursions of the "Falgate." For the three weeks that I put in in Toronto at that time, I heard more about its institutions and devotion (?) and wisdom and what not than I wish to hear again in any city as long as I live. I am glad I have written this letter to you, for my mind, as it were, feels easier. I feel as though I had done my duty.

Yours to command,

A\*\*\*\*\* L\*\*.

My correspondent, a stranger to me, seems to have discovered the failing of the Queen City, viz.:—Nominative I.

Herbert G. Paull.

### WHAT IS RELIGION?

Your correspondent, "Querist," has scarcely put his question in the happiest shape, nevertheless in asking "What is Religion?" he has opened a wide field of enquiry,—one which may be regarded from many standpoints, and one it is almost impossible to condense within prescribed limits; I venture, however, to submit a few thoughts on the subject.

The fashionable Religion of the day apparently consists of going to church, making devotion a matter of public form and observance between man and man, instead of a governing principle, or silent communion between the heart and its Creator; converting the accessory into the principal, and mistaking the symbol and stimulant of pious inspiration for the inspirer; worshipping the type, instead of the archetype; being visibly devout, that is to say, when anybody sees you.

Religion, "pure and undefiled before God," is the last that enters into the contemplation of the numerous classes of Christians, most of whom are too busy in fashioning some fantastical religion of their own to search for it in the Scriptures.

General Religion may be regarded as an accidental inheritance, for which, whether it be good or bad, we deserve neither praise nor censure, provided that we are sincere and virtuous. Far be it from me to assert that men should be indifferent to the choice of religion, still less that all are alike. I maintain only that in the great majority of instances little or no choice is allowed, and it is my object to inculcate that humility as to my own opinions, and that toleration for others, in which the most devout are very apt to be the most deficient.

An old poet has said:—

"Religion is the mind's complexion,  
Governed by birth, not self-election,  
And the great mass of us adore,  
Just as our fathers did before.  
Why should we then, ourselves exalt  
For what we casually inherit,  
Or view, in others, as a fault,  
What, in ourselves, we deem a merit?"

The religion that renders good men gloomy and unhappy, can scarcely be a true one. Blair says in his Sermon on Devotion: "He who does not feel joy in religion, is far from the Kingdom of Heaven." Never can a slavish and cowering fear afford a proper basis for the religion of so dignified a nature as man, who, in paying honours must feel that he keeps his honour, and is not disunited from himself, even in his communion with God. Reverence of ourselves is, in fact, the highest of all reverences; for, in the image of the Deity, we recognize the prototype: and thus elevated in soul, we may humbly strive to imitate the divine virtues, without pride or presumption. Religion has been

designated as the love of the good and the fair, wherever it exists, but chiefly when absolute and boundless excellence is contemplated in "the first good, first perfect, and first fair." With this feeling in their hearts, the virtues could never wander from the right faith; and yet, how many good men seek it among the dry spinosities and tortuous labyrinths of theology. It was a homely saying of Selden, "that men look after religion, as the butcher did after his knife, when he had it in his mouth."

Religion is an acknowledgment that goodness is supreme in the universe. This belief has been uttered more or less clearly in all times and nations with the history of which we are familiar. It has been held in the midst of superstitions: almost lost among them; uttering itself rarely in them or in spite of them. So far as any heart has truly held this belief, under whatever form, it has had a power to strengthen it and to uphold it. Any religion or any form of religion is true just so far as it embodies this faith, and is false just so far as it denies this. In the degree in which any form of religion places evil or caprice instead of good at the centre or on the throne of things, it is superstition and not religion. Whatever in any way shadows this faith in the perfect and omnipotent goodness, is either superstition or unbelief.

In the second place, religion is a worship. The soul turns directly towards this power of good that it feels is watching over it and all things. Through all the forms of the visible world, through all the machinery of forces and eternal laws, its vision penetrates, until it sees through all, and in all, and over all, this presence that it calls Divine. It thus meets this presence as if face to face. It brings to it its best love and worship. It bows before it in awe, or it rises towards it with a glad ecstasy of devotion. It pours all its sorrows and weaknesses into this infinite heart of love. It whispers to it even its sins. It utters to it its most secret hopes, its sublimest aspirations.

Whatever helps to bring the individual or the congregation into this face-to-face with God, whatever uplifts the spirit without intoxicating it, whatever is any way a revelation of the Divine perfection, may be an element of worship. Nothing else has any connection with real worship. Multitudes seem to fancy that God is pleased by vestments, or postures, or ceremonies, as if He would favour those who make use of them more than those who do not. All such rites thus used are a sort of magical incantation. Their object is to bribe or flatter the Supreme power, so as to win from it partisan favours. Men use these rites hoping to get God on their side. The real object of worship is to put ourselves on the side of God. It is to bring our spirits into harmony with the eternal goodness. It is not to make the will of God submissive to our will, but to make our will submissive unto His; or rather, it is to make our will one with His.

Religion is a life. If religious faith is faith in the perfect goodness, and religious worship is the adoration of the perfect goodness and the communing with it, then the religious life is a life that has drawn this goodness into itself. So far as any life becomes the medium of this goodness, so far as it is a life of love and service, of self-sacrifice or self-forgetfulness, so far is it a religious life. A life of mere worship would not be a religious life. A life of mere faith in the Divine goodness would not be a religious life. Only one thing can make a life religious, and that is the presence of that self-forgetting love which is peculiar to no sect, or creed, or nation.

When these three elements of religion are united they make the perfect religion. But it is a singular and important fact that one of these may exist without the others. A man may have a religious faith, and yet his life may be irreligious; or he may have a religious life and be destitute of religious faith, and have no share in any form of religious worship. Each of these elements is imperfect without the other, but there is a great difference in the degree of this imperfection. Religious faith without the religious life is empty and vain, while the religious life without religious faith and religious worship lacks, indeed, a peace, a joy, a strength, and an inspiration, but in itself is real religion, for it is consecrated to that goodness which is the very nature and substance of God Himself.

Thus it may be that at last our age shall be seen to be as religious as any other, for though it is less marked by the forms of external worship, it is, in spite of its vices and its sins, animated by a spirit of far-reaching philanthropy and love, and as the apostle tells us, "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him." And those who would be found among the religious spirits of the times must have part in the great work which makes the age.

*Laius.*

### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

In our last issue, the concluding paragraph of the Politico-Economical article, by "Civis Canadensis," was accidentally omitted. Referring to the subject, he says:—What I have written is only a sketchy outline of the matter, the details of which the reader will easily fill out for himself, and in the meantime, Mr. Editor, I shall be happy to read your comments, as well as those of your readers, and should any of them take sufficient interest to communicate with me directly, I shall hope to hear from them, addressing "Civis Canadensis," SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James street, Montreal.

### CARDINAL MANNING ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AND MODERN SOCIETY.

Modern society presents many complicated problems. Everywhere there is an unsettlement of ideas. The present is an age of criticism and transition. The critical spirit born of the Reformation is still at work. The old order of things—the feudal system and mediæval church, the two moulds into which European life had been cast unable to contain and express the vital energy then awakened, were destined to be destroyed by it. The new wine must rend the old bottles. But the work of demolition was not accomplished in a century. It is still going on. Through terrible convulsions like the French Revolution, or more peaceably, the old political order of the feudal system has been broken up and is slowly passing away. Unlike the foundations of the mediæval church which corresponded to it are being rapidly undermined by the progress of the arts and sciences and the stream of quickened intellectual life which has everywhere set in. The age of superstitious faith is past; that of intelligence has come, when faiths and institutions which seemed to form a necessary part of the established order of the universe must justify themselves on clear and rational grounds. We thus live amidst the wreck and ashes of a former order. But at the same time in sight of a new and higher order slowly struggling to rise out of the ruins of the past. Men cannot rest permanently in criticism. A constructive era of necessity succeeds one of criticism and demolition. After John had done his work, came Jesus.

But the old order dies slowly; struggles hard with inevitable Destiny. Once and again it seems to become animated with new vigour. With the feeling of renewed strength comes the consciousness of a new lease of life and an undying force, which claims to rule the future as it had done the past. And amidst the chaos of ideas and conflict caused by the passing away of one and the growth of another order of things, it is interesting as it is also instructive to note how it all appears from the point of men of the decaying system. The article of Cardinal Manning, therefore, on the Church's attitude to modern society in the February number of the *North American Review* deserves more than passing notice, coming as it does from such a prominent advocate of the Roman Catholic Church's extremist claims. The object of the Cardinal Archbishop of London is to point out the relation of the Catholic Church in the nineteenth century to the political society of the world in the nineteenth century, and to mark off the sphere of the social and political duties of the members of that church.

At and prior to the Reformation the Church enveloped and controlled the whole of human life. From the ruins of Imperial Rome, the Roman Papacy arose to wield a vaster power. Conquerors over the Empire of the Caesars, the barbarian Teutons were conquered by the representatives of an unseen, spiritual power. Leading captivity captive the Roman see and church speedily rose into prominence. To the political chaos that ensued on the fall of the empire, the church opposed a system of order and unity. To the rude life of the conquerors, the monastic ideal of obedience, chastity and poverty. The monastery, symbol of a higher life, offered a sharp contrast to the lawless life outside it. The barbarians were ignorant; therefore they implicitly received the dogmas of the church. Direct spiritual communion with God was impossible to them; therefore the Priest came as the daysman. Wordly affairs were secondary; the ideal life, that of the ascetic who renounced all earthly concerns. Under the influence of this spirit the church speedily rose till it became the one power in individual social and national life. The proudest and most powerful monarchs of Europe owned its power, and were content to remain the vassals of its head at Rome who "held the church and the world alike within his sway, and ruled with an undivided sceptre, unrivalled and alone."

The necessary consequence of the Reformation was the overthrow of the previously existing political and religious order. From Cardinal Manning's point of view, therefore, the modern political society of the nineteenth century is "the old society of the Christian world mutilated (!) by the character forced on it for the last three hundred years." From any point of view, however, a marked change of conditions has arisen. What then should be the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church under these new conditions? Formerly it had claimed to be and was "concentric, coextensive, and coincident" with human life in all its forms and relationships. It claims to be still. And Cardinal Manning urges on all its members the duty of realising that claim in actual fact as speedily and as far as possible in the present altered aspect of affairs. The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, nor good Catholics with Heretics so long as they were able to dispose of them by burning at the stake. But the heretics having vindicated their right to exist, and established a political order without the church's pale, the members of the church have been compelled to recognise and enter into relationships with them. "The Church," so writes the Cardinal, "never withdraws from the state, but continues to save and uphold it, and, without taking the contagion, is in contact with its maladies to treat them." And hence he insists on all its members discharging their political and other citizen duties and using whatever power and influence they can command to further the claims and interests of the church on every possible occasion.

"The church" indeed, he says, "can hold no relations with the revolutionary politics of France or Italy, nor with the civil power of any state under the domain of an erroneous religion or schism or royal supremacy. But under these lies national society in all its domestic, social and civil relations, and with these the church co-operates for the common good, having (1) to guard and conserve all of christian faith and morals remaining (2) to minimise the evils of their legislation or government, and (3) to recall them by all possible influences to a better condition."

All this sounds well. But it is only a repetition of the old pre-Reformation dogma, which it is the duty of every member of the church even now to apply as far as possible. The church abates no single jot of its intolerant claims. Cardinal Manning no doubt says that "perpetual hostility to the political order of any state is no duty of the church." But he significantly adds "unless such order be intrinsically anti-Christian or anti-Catholic, which to him will amount to much the same. Jesuitry has been well termed a perpetual conspiracy against the liberties of the state." And the Ultramontanism which is its latest progeny, is an enemy even to the institutions of those nations whose tolerance admits it to a place within their borders. The theory at first proceeded, and still proceeds on the assumption of a sharp antithesis between the world and church; the infinite superiority of the latter and its ends and purposes over the former, and the consequent inherent right the church possesses in the person of its Pope, absolutely to define the boundary line between them; and generally to control, direct and rule the State as in every way subordinate to and existing only for the church. Such a theory is utterly impracticable. An old man may become childish; he can never become a child again. National life too has its progressive stages of development; and the institutions suited to one stage of its growth become utterly useless, or a positive injury to another. The mediæval church was doubtless suited to the feudal system and mediæval order, and did a work of righteousness and truth in its day and generation. But that time has passed, and with a new order of things, the old ecclesiastical institutions are incomputible. Dogmatic Protestantism itself is an anomaly. It is not a permanent, but at best a temporary phase of things; a bathing ground in a process of transition. To the leaders of the new movement in the sixteenth century, the work of the Reformation was the substitution of one dogmatic system for another. In its universal aim and spirit it is the abolition of all dogmatism, and the assertion by the human intellect of its native right of untrammelled investigation and belief. And it is simply intolerable that any one shall ask the results of the criticism of the last 300 years to be abandoned for the dogmas of an infallible church, with which as M. Capel writes "to doubt wilfully any one article of faith, or to enter on the examination of any dogma with the intention of suspending belief until the conclusion of such examination, would be a deadly sin." Having with great difficulty secured its freedom, it is impossible the emancipated intellect can again allow itself to become entangled in a yoke of bondage so complete and detestable as that which the Roman Catholic Church imposes on its members.

The Reformation was the assertion of the liberty of the individual; of freedom of opinion against the thralldom of church dogmatism on the one hand, and political freedom against absolute despotism on the other. To Cardinal Manning the French Revolutionary doctrines of 1789 are false. They are the *proton keudos* (the biggest lie) of the nineteenth century. But the Reformation inevitably tended to the modern idea that power and authority are ultimately vested in the people; that rulers and political institutions exist for the benefit of the public, and not *vice versa*; and to the various forms of *constitutional* that have superseded those of *absolute* and *despotic* government. The Cardinal is especially sore at the national systems of education having in so many instances been wrested from the church. He ignores the fact that the church has here ignominiously failed; that in countries like Spain and Ireland where its influence is greatest the most helpless ignorance and grossest superstitions prevail; and that the church's power diminishes in exact proportion as knowledge and culture are increased. He does not choose to see that if the citizens of any country are to become fit to discharge the duties arising from their newly acquired rights, it was imperative on their rulers to provide a national system of education entirely independent of the church and all its narrowing and repressing influences.

In short, it comes to this, that the world can get along without the Roman Catholic Church; that the future will be built up independently of it; and that though galvanized into seeming life for a time, it is slowly yielding to its inevitable destiny, and must finally disappear as one of the great formative forces in human life. To Cardinal Manning the prospect must be dismal. He has a keen eye to detect what influences are at work in the complex life of the present day. And much that he says concerning the disintegrating forces at present active in society is true, and should commend itself to the student of contemporary life and thought. "The depression of the moral order of righteousness and truth," he writes, "is the elevation of the material order of coercion and force. Behind the civil power there is one, invisible, everywhere at work, but not holy; and the Governments of the world are being impelled towards a precipice over which monarchies and law and the civil order of Christian society will go down together." This contains a deep and compre-



hensive and far-reaching view, such as is rarely met with. But the Cardinal, in his remedy for the ills that bulk so largely in his eye, claims too much for the Church. Statesmen have to choose, he says, between revolution and anarchy and the Church of God, to wit the Roman Catholic Church of Cardinal Manning. The salvation of the world—of nations as of individuals—can be accomplished only through the influence of those principles of life to which religion gives its sanction. But they are in no way bound up or synonymous with the Roman Catholic Church. So to identify them is to confound the temporary and accidental form with the eternal spirit. The letter of the truth is constantly changing; the spirit of it, never. The Roman Catholic Church as an ecclesiastico-political institution must yield before the Time Spirit that is destroying it. But the salvation of men and of the world will be achieved by the operation of the same eternal principles of truth and righteousness which found in it a temporary abode. Christianity has proved itself the salvation of the world in the past; and as a principle of divine life in the souls of men and nations, is not confined to one particular body or to any outward form. As a living motive power for good, therefore, it shall endure though the Roman Catholic Church and all the other churches in existence should disappear at once. What is universal and eternal in them will reappear in higher forms. Only their temporary and accidental elements can perish.

### THE POOR WIDOWS!

Who, in reading the lines—

“No! in the kingdoms those spirits are reaching  
Vain are our words the emotions to tell;  
Vain the distinctions our senses are teaching,  
For pain has its heaven and pleasure its hell,”—

can help acknowledging their deep truth. It may appear rather paradoxical to say “heaven of pain,” or “pleasure of hell,” but nearly every one has experienced such an avalanche of painful events, or such a surfeit of pleasure, as to affirm the above contradictions of terms. As an almost perfect illustration of the “pleasure of pain,” we may cite the fact that in the dramatic representation of tragical events the pleasure experienced is surely evolved from pain. Persons who have met with sad bereavements, in the loss of husbands, parents or friends, and who have nothing to occupy their minds, usually make of their pain a pleasure, and amuse themselves in inflicting upon their acquaintances a long and doleful history of their woes. It gives them something to do, and perhaps serves to vary the monotony of conversation, when one is not residing with them, otherwise it is rather uncomfortable. It may be useful, however, to remind one of the “gingham widow” of the farce who moves in a flood of tears.

Lady Constance says:

“Grief fills the room up of my absent . . .  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,  
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.”

These lines express appositely the pith of the whole matter. When we find persons parading their grief and indulging in tears upon the slightest hint (such as the mention of a name), we may be satisfied that they are fond of grief; this sort of grief is only a dreary, meaningless jolliness.

We find people who will put on mourning and lamentations on each anniversary of an event—will retire to their chambers and pharisaically bottle their saline tears, secretly pluming themselves that they can yet weep. In these the absurdity is of course evident, while in the case of those who do this enjoyable sort of thing all the year around, the spectator is apt, in some cases, to regard it as sincere: a mistake—an entire mistake. The weepers may believe themselves sincere, but they are not; they are only amusing themselves with this funny sadness. It is related of a certain lady that, while weeping in her room on the sad anniversary, a bouquet was brought to her by a servant. The weeping ceased. The servant was told: “Now, Simpson, put these in water, and they will do for my dinner-party to-morrow night.” The servant retired, and the weeping was again taken up as easily as a piece of embroidery. Oh, ye hypocrites—it is better far to be born without a heart than to have such a spongey substitute.

Another phase of pleasure in grief is, the profession of grief for relations with whom one may have never been *en rapport*, or whom one may not have seen for years, or whom one may have sent away to get rid of. This phase is indulged in chiefly by those who are desirous of making obeisance to the social world, or by those who think mourning improves their personal appearance. There is not much to be learnt from people of this stamp; they are merely toadies to fashion or to their own vanity. We see them every day, and do not not take much notice of them.

Those that trouble us are the persons who chase grief year after year and find occupation and pleasure in the chase. On the other hand, we must not say that we should forget those who are gone, but surely we can remember them with love without making fools of ourselves. Respect for and remembrance of the dead is one of the holiest feelings of the human heart, but in the over-indulgence we commit sin.

There is a great deal of truth in the following story, though the circumstances are not befitting: “Jones was telling a friend about a widow who was present at the lowering of the coffin containing her husband’s body, and he told that the widow had fallen into the grave, she was so moved by grief.” His friend, who was of a practical turn of mind, said “that he supposed she wanted to pound him down, so that he would not rise to trouble her second husband—when she got him.” There is more truth than poetry about this. Tony Veller was a very correct, though eccentric judge and critic of those weeping contradictions, “the vidders.” Perhaps the widows will answer that they are moved by the feeling that “misery loves company,” and they wish, being or rather pretending to be miserable, that all their friends should follow their example. What can we think of this? The human heart is very tough and elastic, recovering from any heavy loss when the person is at all sensible—there is no use moping or crying over spilt milk. It is much more comfortable to take things philosophically, congratulating ourselves that very few events are so painful but that they might be worse. This grief for the dead is carried sometimes to such a painful extent that the statement has been made by widows that they would not care to go to heaven itself if the dearly-beloved one was not there. They had better try and get to heaven *themselves* without thinking much whether their “dearies” are there or not.

We find a noble, true, and sincere example of widowhood in our gracious Queen, but we find in her a strict and careful attention to her duties as a mother and a Queen. We find no moping, no useless weepings interfering with her daily life. Now, any widow who presumes to compare herself with the Queen, and who ventures to think that she can justify herself in remaining a widow, is necessarily obliged to follow the Queen’s example in all its particulars and be useful to others. When we analyze these extreme feelings of grief, we often find a want of balance intellectually, or an overweening vanity or aimlessness of life. Will any widow explain why she keeps up this endless “pageantry of woe,” or can she? That the memory of kind friends is sweet, and should be enduring, is true, most true—a name often and properly bringing up gentle echoes of the past:

“Yet still thy name, thy precious name,  
My lonely bosom fills  
Like an *echo* that has lost itself  
Among the distant hills—  
Which still with melancholy moan  
Keeps faintly lingering on  
When the joyous note which gave it birth  
Is gone—forever gone.”

The history of the world is the memory of the dead, but that we should therefore weep does not necessarily follow; it is a glorious and noble thought to think of the dead as warriors who have fought in the tourney of life and have passed away—when their turn has come—the sadness or grief for the dead is deep indeed if we think the dead have not fought their fight or done their duty, otherwise we must think of the dead with more cheerfulness than sorrow. When we are told of the death of the leaf—we should not think it sad—it is a noble death, the leaf has faithfully served the tree and falls to the ground to renew the growing tree. Let us therefore so live that in our life we may sustain others, and in our death cause memories of the past to spring up diffusing happiness and encouragement to those we leave behind; let us die in the true and perfect performance of our duty—yea, even as the humble leaf.

Omega.

### OTHER TRAITS OF CITY GIRLS.

Not long since we had an article in the SPECTATOR on “City Girls,” which was more truthful than complimentary; and, I fear some city girls have other traits which are even more objectionable than scandal, sarcasm, and silliness. Perhaps we should not call it a trait of the city girl but whatever we may call it, it is certainly true that many who consider themselves fashionable and highly respectable are allowed to attend evening entertainments, and go about generally with only a young man as escort. In the old countries such conduct would be considered vulgar and only permitted by the lower classes. No young lady of any position in society would be seen in public unless chaperoned by some members of her family, or married lady friend. Our American cousins used to meet all objections to this custom by saying that their girls were smart enough to take care of themselves; and their young men sufficiently honourable to ensure the respectful treatment of young ladies entrusted to their care. This may be so in the majority of cases, but even Americans are beginning to see that it does not enhance the matrimonial value of a young lady when it is known that she has been out for two or three seasons escorted by every Tom, Dick or Harry of her set, until each one has either tired of her company or she has tired of his attentions, and some new admirer has been found to act as general escort, purveyor of candies, ice-cream and bouquets and sometimes more expensive, and therefore, more objectionable presents. The better classes of Americans no longer allow their daughters to go about in this way, and really well-bred Canadians have never done so; still the custom is so universal that we may well consider it as to its effect on our young people; who are allowed to begin this career of flirtation at a very early age. Girls from

sixteen and boys from eighteen may be seen going about together at concerts, socials and skating rinks; and some people may see no harm in this. They are so young and so innocent why shouldn't they be happy? Yes, but learning other considerations out of view, who pays for all this amusement? Even a social or the cheapest concert costs twenty-five cents—fifty cents for two. If the distance is great or the night stormy it seems mean not to take a sleigh; then sometimes the refreshments are extra, sometimes the entertainment costs fifty or seventy-five cents a ticket. How fast the money flies! Where does it come from? Four or five dollars a week won't go far towards defraying the expenses attendant on paying attentions to a Montreal girl of the period. How much salary have these young men of twenty, or thereabouts? Are their parents rich? and if they are do they approve of their sons spending time and money so profitlessly? Perhaps it is the fact of my being the mother of boys only that leads me to consider this subject with regard to its effect on the young men who act as escorts to these pleasure loving young damsels. Alas! I know of some young men of respectable families, good position, and fair prospects, who have been led into extravagance through a desire to stand well with the young girls of their acquaintance. These young men have finally pilfered from their employers, been dismissed from their situations and only escaped public disgrace through the influence of their families. It is the parents who allow their daughters to go about in this way who are to blame for all the sorrow, or disgrace that may follow. We must not blame young girls for loving company and amusement and when their parents do not provide it at home or take their girls out themselves, it is not strange that they should gladly accept the escort of any young man who offers his attentions. Girls have but little knowledge of the value of money and, unless they have wise mothers to instruct them, it is natural that they should consider a young man mean or otherwise according to the amount that he expends; and what will a very young man not do rather than appear mean in the eyes of his Angelina Jane of the moment? She may be some-body else's Angelina Jane next week, if Augustus does not succeed in making things sufficiently lively for her; and then how poor Gus's young heart will ache, and how heavily the green-eyed monster will sit upon his soul; until he resolves to console himself in the society of Evelina Ann, who will perhaps prove to have a still greater craving for amusement and larger capacity for candies and ice-cream. Poor Augustus! How many of these flirtations must he go through? How much money will they cost him? How many heart-aches will they leave him, and how much benefit will he derive from them? Let us leave these questions to be answered by those who advocate the custom.

Meanwhile, let us say a few words to the young girls who have entered on this career of pleasure-seeking which is to be paid for by young men who were strangers to them a few months ago, and who will possibly be strangers to them again in another few months; for these foolish flirtations generally end in a quarrel, and the young lady forgets all the pleasure she has enjoyed at the young man's expense, and sometimes even forgets to return the presents she has received. But let us hope few are capable of such meanness; and let us beg that those who are only thoughtless will give the subject a few moments' consideration. Remember that a young man's purse is not usually very long, and even if it were, it is not in good taste, nor according to the usages of good society, for a lady to allow herself to be placed under money obligations to a gentleman. That the subject is getting serious from this point of view, we may feel assured by the many cartoons in our comic papers showing the devices to which young men resort in the endeavour to distract the attention of their fair companions from the places of refreshment which they may be passing; while a foot-note informs us as to the amount in the young man's pocket and the probable capacity of the ladies' appetites. Sometimes the matter is more serious than a joke, as when, for instance, last summer in New York a young man, who was escorting two ladies from the theatre, invited them to partake of supper in a fashionable restaurant, the girls foolishly ordered a sumptuous repast of the most expensive dishes, and we may judge of the young man's feelings when a bill of seventeen dollars was brought, to him, all the cash he had in the world being the eleven dollars and fifty cents then in his pocket. To be sure he was a cowardly fellow, for after sitting for a few moments in agony, he rose suddenly and rushed away, leaving the young ladies to settle the bill. Fortunately they were the daughters of a rich man, but not having over five dollars between them, they were exposed to grave suspicions, and an unenviable amount of notoriety; and must have gone through a pretty bad quarter of an hour before their father could be communicated with and arrive to release them from their disagreeable dilemma.

Canadian girls may not be so extravagant in their demands, but perhaps considering the small amounts their juvenile escorts can afford to spend, they are just as apt to bring these poor boys into trouble, unless warned by older and wiser counsels. Subscribers to the SPECTATOR being of the higher classes are not likely to favour such a vulgar fashion; but I trust they will draw the attention of others to it, and that in future we shall more often see very young girls accompanied by their parents when at public places. Indeed if the very young girls could be persuaded to stay at home, and study their lessons for a

year or two longer before going into society it would be an advantage both to themselves and their friends, and especially to the very young men whose heads they are now turning, and who also might be better employed in pursuing some course of study which would prove of advantage to them in future years.

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

We have, this week, a letter from a lady who has held a high position in Montreal for many years, and who has been a liberal supporter of our charitable institutions. This lady has a great deal of executive ability, and thoroughly understands the working of large establishments, therefore her views are worthy of serious consideration. She gives us her name and address, together with those of several other ladies of good position who are interested in this subject, and willing to join in any movement which may lead to the better education of all classes in domestic economy. Our correspondent says:—"The starting of a regular training school would be a more serious undertaking than you seem to imagine, and would require the co-operation of a few wealthy citizens, ladies or gentlemen, who would be willing to take stock in the enterprise. About \$1,000 should be subscribed before attempting to open the school. I have no doubt it would eventually prove self-supporting, and even probably a source of profit to the shareholders, besides doing an immense amount of good to all connected with it. My idea would be to make it a school of Domestic Economy, which would combine training in cooking, general household management, sewing in all its branches, and a home for nurses training in the hospitals." This lady's views may seem rather broad to begin with, but it is quite possible that they should be carried out in one establishment. At first there probably would not be many resident pupils. The young girls attending the sewing classes would generally come and go every day. The demonstration classes for ladies and young girls would soon become fashionable here, as they have elsewhere. These classes would also pay well. There might be short courses of training in cooking and general housework for girls from the country. Farmers' daughters, who are generally fairly educated and intelligent, would gladly give a few weeks service and pay something besides for the training and instruction which would at once place them in command of higher wages. A country girl after even six weeks training in a cooking school would, probably, know more than after years of service with mistresses, who have neither time nor patience, even if they have the necessary knowledge to impart. As to trained nurses, we all know the necessity for them, and we should be more likely to get a better class of young women to study the profession, if we had a proper home for them, where they could be made comfortable and happy during their course of training. We believe many girls would gladly embrace this profession, were it not that dread of being obliged to live in the hospital. We have not as yet consulted our local doctors as to the terms on which nurses in training would be admitted to the hospitals, but we know that the medical faculty would make all possible concessions to induce a higher class of women to undertake the necessary training for this most important profession.

In New York trained nurses receive \$20 a week for their services, and are eagerly sought for. About a week ago a young girl from one of the Western States, who is attending a New York academy, was taken dangerously ill. Her teacher, who happens to be a Canadian young lady of brilliant attainments who was educated in Montreal, at first undertook to nurse her pupil, but the doctors ordered a trained nurse to be procured. On sending to the nurses' training school it was found that not one was to be had and that the names of forty applicants awaited those who might first be disengaged.

Here is a noble and lucrative employment for poor gentlewomen who are now trying to eke out a miserable existence by poorly paid fancy work or the hard drudgery of plain sewing. We know that an intelligent nurse would be better paid and more highly respected among our American neighbours than she might be by our would-be aristocratic population; nevertheless sickness and death are great levellers, and she who can ease pain or ward off danger will soon find herself regarded with respect, gratitude, and even love. Let us pray that Montreal may soon be blessed with intelligent, well-trained nurses. Alas! one beautiful little boy lies under the snow of Mount Royal who might be here to brighten our home to-day had he been watched over by a skilful nurse instead of an ignorant though loving mother. We must all live for others as well as for ourselves; and the rich man who refuses his aid towards the support of a training-school for nurses and cooks to-day may feel his need of the one or the other to-morrow. We are strangely dependent on one another for help and comfort, from the highest to the lowest; and sometimes when he have only endeavoured to help others we have found that we ourselves have gained great benefit.

If all those who are interested in this enterprise would send in their names together with any suggestions they can make, we might have the subject fully discussed and be ready to make a beginning next autumn, when people have returned to the city and country girls come in to take situations. This enterprise, if fairly started, might tend greatly to the happiness and prosperity of many hard-working women who now live lives of penury and drudgery, and at the same time would certainly tend to the prosperity of our city and the comfort of many citizens.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—As you have been called upon to divulge the author of the letter signed "Tax Payer," which appeared in the SPECTATOR of the 28th ultimo, I publicly acknowledge the writing it, and beg to disclaim either personal or malicious intent in so doing; and, further, to say that I was solely prompted in the matter by information received.

Yours obediently, *Thos. D. King.*  
March 12th, 188c.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—In the article which appeared in the SPECTATOR of last week, entitled "Food as a Brain-power," there was one sentence in particular which very much amused and surprised the writer of this letter, and, no doubt, a great many other readers of your paper. This is the sentence: "The Irishman is volatile, careless and combative on potatoes and whiskey."

Now, the idea of speaking of *whiskey* as an important part of the "food" of a nation seems to me simply absurd. Why did the learned essayist single out Ireland? Why did he not speak of whiskey as forming a portion of the Scotsman's diet also, if he wished to be sarcastic? I think it is pretty well agreed that there is more of the liquor in question drunk in Scotland than in Ireland in proportion to the population.

My opinion is (and I think most people who have read the article will agree with me) that the sentence above quoted is not only an insult to Irishmen, but also strongly indicative of prejudice or ignorance. It would have been more in keeping with the nature of the essay if the writer of it had argued that *Ireland being a country abounding with fish, this might partly account for some of the powerful intellects which that country has produced.*

I do not wish it to be thought that this is written by an Irishman. It is not. It is written by a Canadian, a reader of the SPECTATOR, and one who does not like to see its columns disfigured by fallacious nonsense.

London, Ont., March 9th, 188c. *F. H. T.*

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—In these days when crude correspondents continue to discuss the merits or demerits of oil paintings I have maintained a discreet silence and for no other reason than that I am utterly incompetent to say anything that might tend to allay the apparently endless discord. I have only one unassuming engraving in my possession, and that fitly represents my old Professor, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers.

Yesterday I was absent from church—my venerable buggy had broken down some days previously, when two of my sons were on their way to Huntingdon for supplies. But the day was not unprofitably spent, at least that portion of it which was taken up in reading a discourse by the Rev. A. J. Bray, on "Church Debts and Difficulties." If the author be in difficulties of any amount or pressure, I know not one clerical gentleman in the Dominion of Canada who can sooner emancipate himself and his flock.

From my standpoint, however, I am not surprised to see an able man encompassed and all but overwhelmed with difficulties who struggles to maintain his ground in opposition to the blighting influences of voluntaryism pure and simple. Carping, groundless, ill-conditioned gossip will continue to prevail and cramp the best energies of a clergyman, so long as he is destitute of extraneous support and depending upon what is called the spontaneous liberality of the Christian people. The purse-strings being in their possession, they can starve him into obedience. Let his incumbency be long or short, he is made to feel that he speaks and looks by sufferance.

I am unhappily but too well aware that it is absolutely meaningless even to allude to the Scriptural principle of a church establishment in this Canada of ours, but while this is so I cannot be blamed for maintaining the conviction created and fostered by the most powerful advocate of church establishments the world has ever seen. Even Canning, the accomplished statesman, in his day, exclaimed, after he had listened one day to an eloquent appeal from Chalmers, "the Northman beats us hollow."

It was my privilege in by-gone days to enjoy the friendship of the great "Northman," and I know that, when from a variety of untoward circumstances, he was forced into the position of a dissenter, his spirit succumbed under the unexpected and unnatural pressure. Nor did he stand alone in his advocacy. In the year 1834, when the ten years' conflict had begun, the House of Commons appointed a Committee to consider the law of patronage. On that Committee sat Sir Robert Peel, Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Lord Dunfermline and Lord Dalmeny. The following sentence formed a part of their report:—"No institution has ever existed, which, at so little cost, has accomplished so much good." Even now the disposition to maintain the establishment in Scotland, at least, is as strong as ever among not a few of the leading spirits in the Free Church there. Hear what the Rev. George Smeaton, D.D., Professor of Exegetical Theology in the Free Church College says, in a letter to me, of recent date:—"I am convinced by Scripture, by history and experience, that religion will not flourish in a country, unless Church and State, God's ordinances, are in harmonious co-operation."  
*Hugh Niven.*

P.S.—An exposé of grammatical blunders from various quarters must be held in *retentis* until another occasion.  
*H. N.*

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	188c.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight.	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk.....	Mar. 13	47,500	147,606	190,106	179,752	10,354	.....	11 w'ks	159,288	.....
Great Western.....	" "	32,862	61,149	94,011	86,617	7,394	.....	9 "	57,301	.....
Northern & H. & N.W.	" "	6,173	14,019	20,192	15,958	4,234	.....	9 "	15,268	.....
Toronto & Nipissing..	" "	1,589	1,994	3,583	2,854	729	.....	8 "	5,821	.....
Midland.....	Feb. 28	1,640	2,693	4,333	3,304	1,029	.....	8 "	4,405	.....
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	Mar. 1	1,519	1,082	2,601	2,907	306	.....	fm Jan. 1	2,305	.....
Whitby, Pt Perry & L.	" "	603	1,071	1,674	1,439	235	.....	" "	3,345	.....
Canada Central.....	" "	2,219	2,206	4,425	4,214	211	.....	9 w'ks	5,795	.....
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	Feb. 27	2,101	3,381	5,482	2,875	2,607	.....	8 "	8,687	.....
Q. M. O. & O. West. D.	" "	2,637	2,547	5,184	4,079	1,105	.....	8 "	4,755	.....
" " " East. D.	" "	3,196	3,412	6,608	.....	.....	.....	" "	.....	.....
Intercolonial.....	Month Feb.	9,020	23,559	32,559	19,535	13,024	.....	2 m'nths	46,071	.....

\*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 188c; omitting them the week's increase is \$34,214, aggregate increase \$190,134 for 10 weeks.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 March 17, 188c.	Price per \$100 March 17, 1879.	Two last 1/2-yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend based on price of Stock.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,000,000	\$5,000,000	\$141	\$138	10	7
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,000	100,000	78	61	6	7 1/2
Molsons.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	79 1/2	77	6	7 1/2
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	.....	127	115	7	5 1/2
Jacques Cartier.....	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	70	133	5 1/2	7 1/2
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,511,040	475,000	95 1/2	79	6	6 1/2
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,381,980	200,000	98 1/2	96	7	7
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	.....	.....	6	.....
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	119	100 1/2	8	6 1/2
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	93	104 1/2	7	7 1/2
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	.....	39	39 1/2	4 1/2	11 1/2
City Passenger Railway.....	50	.....	600,000	163,000	93 1/2	74	5	5 1/2
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	.....	121	110	10	8 1/2

\*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

STATISTICS OF IMMIGRATION.

UNITED STATES.

There arrived at the port of New York during the month of February, 188c, 8,328 immigrants; in 1879 the number of arrivals were 2,818.

The arrivals at the port of New York during the twelve months ended February 29th, 188c, as compared with the twelve months ended February 28th, 1879, were as follows:—

	188c.	1879.
Immigrants.....	147,963	82,454
Citizens of the United States returned.....	31,869	34,859
Sojourners.....	5,970	6,127
Total.....	185,802	123,440

CANADA.

The following are the details of immigration showing the routes of immigrants to Canada:—

	1878	1879.
Via the St. Lawrence.....	10,295	17,251
Via the Suspension Bridge and inland ports, including Manitoba.....	15,814	30,771
Maritime Provinces, including Portland.....	2,488	3,955
Entered at Custom Houses with settlers' good.....	11,435	9,775
Total.....	40,032	61,752

The arrivals increased from 57,873 in 1867 to 99,109 in 1873, and decreased up to 1877, when they were 35,285.

\*Summary of exports for week ending February 21st, 188c:—

From—	Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, bush.	Rye, bush.	Pease, bush.
New York*.....	64,318	883,285	774,653	2,528	90,585	19,602
Boston.....	14,685	7,050	286,019	86	.....	.....
Portland†.....	7,091	63,456	.....	4,500	.....	43,784
Montreal.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Philadelphia.....	6,237	102,334	471,388	134	.....	.....
Baltimore.....	5,375	252,304	846,299	.....	.....	.....
Total per week.....	97,706	1,308,429	2,378,359	7,248	90,585	63,386
Corresponding week of '79.....	103,113	1,414,849	1,361,810	7,581	116,051	10,647

\*13,783 bushels Barley. †43,147 bushels Barley.

\*The receipts of Live Stock at New York for the last four weeks have been as follows:—

	Beeves.	Cows.	Calves	Sheep.	Swine.
March 8.....	10,965	265	1,000	25,366	32,165
March 1.....	9,564	158	822	22,302	29,522
February 23.....	9,592	166	770	22,636	25,626
February 16.....	11,122	213	800	25,626	36,627
Total 4 weeks.....	41,243	802	3,392	95,931	124,240
Corresponding 4 weeks 1879.....	38,963	374	3,548	88,889	133,116
Corresponding week 1879.....	8,407	141	1,087	22,134	26,516
Weekly average, 1879.....	10,933	142	2,998	29,005	33,089
Corresponding week 1878.....	6,831	83	870	19,839	27,803

\*From New York Produce Exchange.

**Musical.**

Notices of Concerts in Provincial towns, &c. are invited, so as to keep musical amateurs well informed concerning the progress of the art in Canada.

All correspondence intended for this column should be directed to the Musical Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

WE have received a copy of "The Poet's Flower" a song composed by Mr. Ernest Lavigne, the English version being from the pen of Mr. John Lesperance. As the song is a joint composition of two Canadians, and is dedicated (by special permission) to H. R. H. Princess Louise, we would fain give it a word of commendation, but candour compels us to say that it is, as a piece of vocal music, utterly valueless. The music is written in waltz rhythm, demanding an accented syllable on the first of every bar, and in no case requires more than ten syllables to the line; in this edition however the lines are of ten and eleven syllables alternately, and the accent is placed almost invariably on the *weakest* part of the bar, turning the whole into a complete burlesque. We do not know whether a copy was submitted to the Princess before publication, but if so, we think it highly reprehensible in her to lend her name to the circulation of such unscientific trash. We see that the *Gazette* and other daily papers speak highly of this composition, and recommend it to their readers. This style of thing cannot be too highly censured; it is impossible to make head or tail of the song as it now stands, and any money expended on it is simply thrown away.

THE new concert-hall will not be opened till next season; it is to contain a large concert organ, with all the modern improvements, and will be in every way a credit to Sir Hugh Allan and to the city.

MR. PRUME'S concert will shortly be announced; he has engaged Mr. Werner, the eminent violincellist from New York, and Messrs. Bouche and Reichling will take the 2nd, violin and viola parts in the concerted music.

GRAU'S French Opera Company will perform in the Academy during Easter week, with Paola-Marie as Prima Donna, and Victor Capoul as leading Tenor. They will perform, among other things, "Les Cloches de Corneville," and "Mignon."

DR. MACLAGAN has commenced the rehearsal of his Operetta, "The Queen's Shilling," and expects to have it ready for production before the close of the present season.

WE are to have a series of popular piano recitals in Nordheimer's Hall, commencing on Friday evening. Dr. Satter is to be the first performer.

**PROVINCIAL NOTES.**

HAMILTON, ONT.—Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Aldous gave their fifth concert in the Ascension Schoolhouse, March 10th. Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens" Overture was played by a septette, as also two movements from Romberg's "Turkish Symphony." Mrs. Adamson played the Andante of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in a manner worthy of the composition, and joined Mrs. Thomson and Mr. Aldous in an Andante from one of Reissiger's Trios. Mr. Aldous played Liszt's "Rigoletto" with accuracy as well as brilliancy, and united with Miss Maggie Ambrose in playing Schumann's Andante and Variations for two pianofortes. Miss Ambrose is an exceedingly finished player, with great depth of expression, and gave a very fine rendering of her part. The vocal portion of the concert consisted of Molloy's "Kerry Dance" and Grazia's "Sweet and Low" sung by Miss Maggie Barr—to the latter song belongs a flute obligato, which was very well played by Mr. W. F. Findlay and added a great charm to the song; Miss Barr's expressive singing is a great feature in these concerts. Mr. H. Power sang "When the heart is young," by Dudley Buck, in a manner that elicited hearty applause both for himself and for his beautiful selection.

AN English writer, Mr. Growdy, writing on church music in the *London Musical Standard*, says: "All choirs should be paid. I believe there is a sentiment, in some places, against this. A 'voluntary choir' seems to be with some clergymen quite a matter of principle; and to hear them talk you would imagine they were 'voluntary' themselves, and gave their ministrations without stipend. It is time enough for a clergyman to object 'on principle' to paid singers when he, 'on principle,' surrenders the emoluments of his living. But, in truth, the 'principle' in question is both unhealthy and inconvenient. 'The labourer is worthy of his hire' (as the clergy tell us, when it is a question of a collection for the curate); and the worker who gets no pay will work as long, as much, and as well as he pleased—no longer, no more, and no better. Every choir should be paid, for the sake not so much of the choir as of the minister. By this means only can a lever be obtained for governing them. Whatever the pay may be, no money will ever be better laid out in connection with worship. In an unpaid choir, some one or other is always taking offence, and seceding—attendance at services and at practices is irregular—jealousies are nourished. If you pay, secession involves a loss to the seceder, and the place can be filled; irregular attendance entails fine or dismissal; jealousy is out of place. Payment, moreover, as might have been remarked earlier, renders selection by merit possible, and takes the sting out of rejection. He who pays has a right to choose his man. For these and other reasons a paid choir is always and everywhere to be preferred. At the same time it is not necessary to confine the choral complement to paid members; have an adequate nucleus paid and adopt honorary supernumeraries. Only let the paid nucleus be such that you do not care greatly whether the supernumeraries make their appearance or not." All of which we heartily and fully endorse, as well as another remark made in a different part of the article, viz.: that "an organist should be engaged of some standing, given full powers, and interfered with as little as possible."

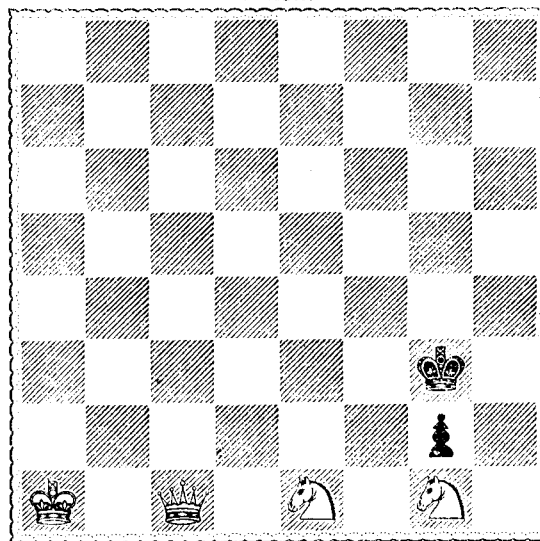
**Chess.**

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

Montreal, March 20th, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. LXIII.

By Mr. F. A. Knapp. For the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LX. By Mr. R. Omond.

White. Black. White. Black. White.  
1 Kt to K 7 K takes Kt 2 Q to K B 8 (ch) K takes Q 3 B Mates.

Correct solution received from J. H., Montreal; D. H., Brantford; E. S., Jr., Quebec; J. B., Montreal, "I consider the problem to be a most skilfully contrived, elegant and subtle three-mover, and deserves the commendatory remarks you have passed on it."

GAME NO. LIX.

Recently played at the St. George's Chess Club, between Mr. Anthony and Mr. Steinitz. From *The Field*.

COUNTER GAMBIT IN THE KING'S KNIGHT'S GAME.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Edwyn Anthony.	W. Steinitz.	7 K Kt to Kt 5	Q to K 2 (d)	14 Kt to R7 disch	P to K Kt 4
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	8 Kt to Q 5 (e)	Kt takes Kt	15 Kt takes Q	P takes Q
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	9 B takes Kt	P to B 5	16 Kt to Kt 6 (ch)	K takes B
3 K B to B 4	P to K B 4 (a)	10 Q to R 5 (ch)	P to K Kt 3	17 Kt takes R (ch)	K to Kt 2
4 P to Q 3 (b)	K Kt to B 3	11 Q to R 6	Q to B sq (f)	18 P to K Kt 3	B to R 6
5 Q Kt to B 3 (c)	B to Kt 5	12 B to B 7 (ch)	K to K 2	19 P takes B P	K takes Kt
6 Castles	P to Q 3	13 Q to R 4	P to K R 3		Resigns.

NOTES.—(a) Unsound; but it requires to be well up in the opening to defeat it.  
(b) P to Q 4 is recommended by the authorities, but the move made is also quite good enough.  
(c) This releases Black's K B unnecessarily. It was high time to proceed with the attack by Kt to Kt 5.  
(d) On the same principle as in the King's Gambit Declined.  
(e) White gained nothing now by checking with B, for the K would move to B sq, followed by P to K R 7, if the B retired to Kt 3. The Kt would then be lost if he attacked the R at B 7, for Black would answer R to R 2, followed by P to K Kt 4.  
(f) Kt to Q sq was such an obvious defence as to show that Black had fully prepared the curious and original combination which follows.  
(g) The game was lost now. Kt to Kt 6 (dis ch) would have been met by the same answer, and any other move lost a clear piece.

ERRATUM.—In Game No. 38 in our last issue, between Messrs. Kittson and Clawson, Black's 45th move should read K to Q 5.

**CHESS INTELLIGENCE.**

WARE-GRUNDY.—THE AMERICAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.—We have in a previous number pretty clearly expressed our views in this abominable scandal. It is, however, the inevitable recurrence of that *bête noir* without which no American conclave can meet. To make the matter worse, it receives an endorsement by being smoothed over by those who ought unmercifully to condemn such conduct, with that gloss which tints or taints American social, moral, political and commercial life generally. We had great confidence in the Committee chosen by the American Chess Association that they would visit these two men, Ware and Grundy, with equal condemnation, and we are not disappointed. But what do we see? That their recommendations are disregarded by the Association, and furthermore the outrageous proceeding of the Chairman, Col. Fellows, quitting the chair to make a speech in favour of this man Ware!! This is not the first time that corrupt practices have been attributed to Ware, and until this fellow is extirpated from American chess circles there is a taint round the whole American chess atmosphere. Last year *Turf, Field and Farm* unmercifully condemned S. Loyd for his nefarious practices in problem tournaments, but that journal is the first in which publicity is given to the endorsement of equally disreputable conduct in the Game Tourney of the Fifth American Chess Congress. The Association debarred Grundy from any participation in future tournaments. Not being a member of the Association, we may question the legality of their public interference with Mr. Grundy and characterise their dealings with any one outside of their membership as the height of impertinence. Ware, we believe, is a member of the Association. He is suspended for one year. We do not know what this means. The Chess Association of the United States is a body of which much can never be expected, and still less when it is found that the moving heads countenance or at least palliate corruption among their body. The effrontery of the man Ware knows no bounds. Think of a culprit coming before a judge, acknowledging his crime and coolly proposing two punishments either of which he says he is willing to undergo! We did pride ourselves on the belief that chess was pure from gambling practices; but the Centennial Tourney, the Manhattan Club Tourney and the last Congress have thoroughly degraded American chess. Out of the ten players in this last Congress, Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times* says six are tainted with corruption. The *Brooklyn Eagle* has equally grave charges against the chess fraternity of New York. Until Ware is expelled from American chess circles and it becomes known that the American Chess Association will uncompromisingly stamp out all cheater, no one will look forward to the proposed Congress of 1883 except as a put up job to place some public money in the pockets of some unconscionable men whose moral obliquity, if exposed in any other path of life, would consign them to perpetual obscurity.

ITEMS.—We very much miss since February 7th the Chess Column so ably conducted by Mr. Healey in *The British Empire*.—The match between Mr. Von Bokum and Mr. Ascher of the Montreal Club is now progressing. The score stands one each.—The first two games in the match between Messrs. Barnes and Delmar have resulted in victories for the latter gentleman.





**Quebec Government Railways.**

**IRON SUPERSTRUCTURE FOR CHAUDIERE BRIDGE.**

**TENDERS WANTED.**

TENDERS, addressed to the Hon. the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works of the Province of Quebec, at Quebec, and endorsed, 'Tender for Superstructure of Chaudiere Bridge,' will be received at the Department of Public Works up to Noon of

**THURSDAY, 1st April next,**

for the construction, delivery and erection of the Iron Superstructure required for the Chaudiere Bridge, which is to consist of 10 Spans, each 150 feet in length—one Span of 135 feet, one of 160 feet, and one of 225 feet.

Specifications and all other information may be obtained upon application to Mr. P. A. PETERSON, Chief Engineer, 16 St. James street, Montreal.

No tender will be received unless made upon the printed form attached to the Specification, nor unless accompanied with a certified cheque for One Thousand Dollars, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rate and on the terms stated in his tender. Cheques will be remitted to those whose tender shall not be accepted; and for the full execution of the contract satisfactory security will be required to an amount of Four Thousand Dollars.

The Government does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, **E. MOREAU,** Secretary.

Quebec, 12th February, 1880.



**SALMON ANGLING.**

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES, FISHERIES BRANCH, Ottawa, 31st Dec., 1879.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to the ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:—

- River Kegashka (North Shore).
- Washesheo do
- Washecootal do
- Romaine do
- Musquarbo do
- Pashasheeboo do
- Cornelle do
- Agwanus do
- Magpie do
- Trout do
- St. Marguerite do
- Pentecost do
- Mistassini do
- Becscie do
- Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).
- Nouvelle do
- Escumenac do
- Malbaie (near Perce).
- Magdalen (South Shore).
- Montlouis do
- Tobique (New Brunswick).
- Nashwaak do
- Jacquet do
- Charlo do
- Jupiter (Anticosti Island).
- Salmon do

Rent per annum to be stated; payable in advance. Leases to run for from one to five years. Lessees to employ guardians at private cost.

By Order, **W. F. WHITCHER,** Commissioner of Fisheries

**Canadian Pacific Railway.**

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section West of RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until Noon on MONDAY, the 29th of March next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary in Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 11th Feb., 1880.



**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**

**Tenders for Rolling Stock.**

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz.:

- 20 Locomotive Engines,
- 16 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers),
- 20 Second-class Cars, do
- 3 Express and Baggage Cars,
- 3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
- 240 Box Freight Cars,
- 100 Flat Cars,
- 2 Wing Ploughs,
- 2 Snow Ploughs,
- 2 Flangers,
- 40 Hand Cars,

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JULY next.

By order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, February 7th, 1880.



**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.**

**PARLIAMENT HOUSE.**

**PRIVATE BILLS.**

Parties intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries, or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in full in the Quebec Official Gazette), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object) in the Quebec Official Gazette, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper, published in the District affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending copies of the first and last of such notices, to the Private Bill Office of each House, and any persons who shall make application, shall, within one week from the first publication of such notice in the Official Gazette, forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the first two weeks of the Session.

L. DELORME, Clerk Legislative Assembly. Quebec, 16th February, 1880.

**PIANOFORTES.**

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 Claims Paid in Canada, over - - - 1,200,000  
 Investments in Canada, over - - - 900,000

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Prospectuses with full information may be obtained at the Head Office in Montreal, or at any of the Company's Agencies.

**W. M. RAMSAY,** Manager, Canada.

**ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.,**

160 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

This Company having closed its Fire Agencies in the United States, will now give special attention to Canadian business, which will continue to be taken on the most favourable terms.

**JAMES DAVISON,** Manager.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

**Summer 1880, Suburban Trains.**

The Local Trains between Montreal and St. Hyacinthe, and Ste. Annes and Vaudreuil, will run the same as last year, commencing about the 1st MAY.

**LACHINE BRANCH.**

The Morning and Evening Trains will run as at present, and additional Trains will be put on to accommodate families desirous of taking up their residence at Lachine, full particulars of which will be announced in due time.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,** General Manager.

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MONTREAL.

The CANADIAN SPECTATOR has lived through two years of hard and difficult times, and ventures now to appeal to its many friends for a renewal of the expression of their confidence. When the journal was started it was said on all hands that an independent paper could not live in Canada; and when it was seen that the SPECTATOR intended to give the public articles fair as to politics and first-class as to literary merit, the sapient shook their heads and said: "The thing cannot last: there is no market for such wares." But the supply has created the demand, and now the SPECTATOR has a recognised place and power in the Dominion. The topics of the day have been discussed with frankness and fearlessness; those who have an opinion and are able to express it have had a hearing, and no phase of religious or political faith has been denied freedom of speech in its columns.

Additional departments have been opened from those first contemplated; e.g., the Trade and Finance article, which is conducted in an able and trustworthy manner, so that commercial men may confidently rely upon the figures they find under that heading.

Then there is space devoted to a review and criticism of what is done in the musical world generally; the editor of which understands his work thoroughly and is left free from all limitations and restrictions imposed by managerial considerations of job printing or advertising.

Last of all comes the Chess, the conduct of which is most clever, say the chess players; in fact those chess players are so delighted with what they find in the Chess Column of the SPECTATOR that they have sent a numerous signed requisition that the chess editor be allowed two columns per week instead of one.

The SPECTATOR has now passed into the hands of a Joint Stock Company, Limited, with a largely increased capital, so that friends need entertain no fear, and enemies may put away all hope, that it will come to an abrupt and speedy termination. Already it is demonstrated that an independent and high-class literary paper can live in Canada, and now it is intended that demonstration shall be given to the effect that said paper can command prosperity. No effort will be spared to make the journal better and more useful than it has ever yet been. Reviews will be thorough and searching; criticism will be fair and candid; researches after right and truth will be conducted fearlessly, and every endeavour will be made to put down cant and foul hypocrisy, and to promote the cause of real morality and religion among men.