

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I, No. 22.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - - - - - TWO DOLLARS
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Published every Friday at 162 St. James Street,
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Orders for Advertisements to be addressed to the
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The Canadian Spectator.

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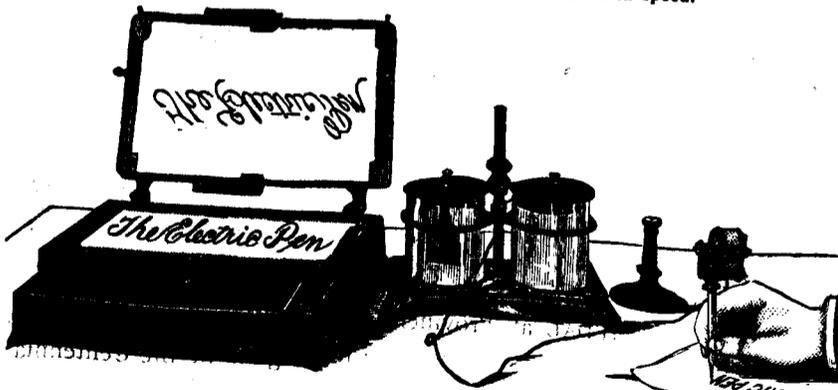
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The Canadian Spectator.

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THE TIMES.

It looks as if we are to have some pleasant picnics here and there in the country before the general election, in order to prepare the public mind and help it to make up itself when the time shall have come. Mr. Costigan and Dr. Bernier have challenged the conflict in Victoria County, N.B.; Sir John Macdonald and the Hon. Mr. Cameron have addressed the electors of East York at Yorkville, and the Premier is about to strengthen the Liberal mind of the working-men of Toronto. The last named thing of the near future we are glad of, for Mr. Mackenzie will doubtless call together the mass of working-men, without distinction as to party, and tell them how near their interests lie to his heart, and how much better they can live under the flag of Free Trade than they could under the rag of Protection. He will, of course, make a new speech for the great occasion, and will forget, it may be allowed us to hope, to draw the contrast—so often drawn by his masterly hand—between the working-men now and those of the time when Abraham lived in Egypt and the Pyramids were being built. Some of his audience may call to mind that Abraham can scarcely be quoted as having lived in Egypt, and that the Pyramids had been built at least some months previous to his unfortunate visit there. But if the Prime Minister will let Abraham and the Pyramids alone, and fairly discuss this question of what is called a "national policy," showing how Free Trade will develop the resources of the country more surely and more safely, he will do something of real value to himself, to his party, to the working-men and to the whole country.

An English writer has ventured to write an article in the *British Quarterly Review* on "The First Ten Years of the Canadian Dominion," which shows some knowledge of the country and the work done in it. We are glad to see this and accept it as promise of the time when England shall think a little more of Canada. The Quarterly Reviewer is fairly accurate when he deals with Canadian history, giving credit to Sir John Macdonald for the prominent part he played "in getting the new ship of State fairly off the stocks"; also in his estimate of the mischief wrought by the Hon. George Brown, to which, jealousy of Sir John was the inspiration. But he (the British Quarterly Reviewer) is not so near the truth when he speaks of the present position of things, for he says: "The temper of political discussion, both in the House of Commons at Ottawa and throughout the Dominion, gives too much reason to fear that politicians are again settling into two factions, separated by no principle except the common conviction of the desirability of office." That is pardonable in an Englishman, for he is not on the spot. He does not understand the great, the sublime principle which separates the Liberal-Conservative party from the Reformers. It is a principle, says the *Toronto Mail*, "on which the future of this country depends; it is a principle so vital that if the opponents of the national policy could keep power we might write 'Ichabod' over this young and potentially great country; for its glory would depart before it well got on to the advanced hours of morning." We are moved—we are convinced—by the beautiful poetry and pathos of the *Mail*. What a dreadful thing to have no "national policy" and no glory of the Lord—all gone before we "had well got on to the advanced hours of the morning." The Conservatives and the glory of the Lord; the Liberals and Ichabod; who can hesitate? It is a question of future or no future; of heaven or—a Liberal Government.

We welcome with much pleasure the able and eloquent address of the Rev. Baldwin Brown, the Chairman, for the current year, of the

Congregational Union of England and Wales. Mr. Brown's subject is, "Our Theology, in relation to the intellectual movement of our times," and it is discussed with a wealth of historical learning and a breadth and comprehensiveness of view which leave nothing to be desired. People in England are evidently not afraid of facing the vast questions of theology and of life. And there are clearly many among them who have a perfect confidence that the Christian faith is able to bear all the intellectual and moral strain put upon it by this inquisitive and restless age. Mr. Brown is one of these. He affirms the main positions of a creed which may be called evangelical and even theologically conservative, but he discusses the great questions of the relations of theology to physical science, and to social changes, either in progress or near at hand, with a thoroughness and fearlessness that we find wonderfully refreshing. On one thing Mr. Brown is emphatic. He is dead against the proposal of meeting the exigencies of the time by closer or more stringent theological definitions. He believes that the truth can take care of itself, or rather that God will take care of it. He rejoices in the comparative liberty of his own denomination, and would extend rather than contract its freedom. Some of the members of the Union had held a meeting or "conference" with others, outside their own body, to consider whether the terms of communion between different Churches would not bear a little widening. They had been severely criticised for doing so, and it was understood that the Committee of the Union were about to propose a string of resolutions affirming the essentially "evangelical" basis of the Congregational faith. Mr. Brown, though in the chair, declared his regret at this policy. Nobody, he said, had questioned the evangelical sentiments of the Union. The question raised was not whether evangelical sentiments are true, but how far evangelical people may hold communion with other people, and that would decide itself by the experiment. People who had no affinities would not long remain together, so that the true cure for laxity of views is intensity of spiritual life. The resolutions were afterwards introduced and passed, notwithstanding the Chairman's expressions of disapproval, and the Congregational Union has solemnly affirmed—what nobody doubted—its own orthodoxy. But Mr. Brown's admirable address cannot be cancelled. It remains, and will continue, one of the noblest pleas for perfect liberty of thought delivered to any ecclesiastical gathering for many years. We wish that some church assemblies on this continent could be induced to consider it. They might then learn, before they have driven all the inquiring and honest intellects away from their communion, how great a mistake it is to stamp out free discussion like a malarious disease, and to wrap the Christian faith in swaddling clothes, as though it were a sickly child to be killed by a breath of fresh air.

The debate on the resolutions of the Committee followed the Chairman's address, and was ably sustained. Among the principal speakers were Dr. Mellor, Mr. Wilson, Dr. Parker, Mr. Allanson Picton, and Dr. Dale. Mr. Picton's speech was an earnest and pathetic plea for toleration and evidently made a deep impression on the meeting. Altogether, the effect of the debate was to make it evident that the time is gone by for crushing down the investigation of religious problems *vi et armis*. Every day makes it more clear that those churches, and those only, will hold their position and make progress in a time like ours, which provide the freest scope for thought in combination with the most devout intensity of the religious activities.

The Presbyterians are getting into trouble all the world over. The Scottish heresies are no sooner put down than questions arise in America affecting the position of time-honoured creeds. Before the General Assembly, now in session in Pittsburg, has been brought a resolution to expunge from the Apostle's Creed the sentence, "He descended into hell, on the ground that it is offensive as an unscriptural interpretation." Dr. Patterson, who moved the resolution, said he was actuated by a desire to support the Creed; that he would not press his motion, but had brought it forward just "to relieve his conscience." He was supported by Dr. Loyall Young, who said, in his opinion, three classes of Presbyterians desired to retain the clause. "One class cared nothing about it, and never used the creed; another class were opposed generally to changes in Church standards; and a third class were those who wished to glide toward Episcopacy. The Doctor could find no other class to mention.

England and Europe are both anxious for peace, and both are preparing for it in a peculiar way. The negotiations in progress, we are assured, have peace in view, and all parties desire that as the issue of them. But all parties are making gigantic efforts to be ready for war, and more is being done for the army than by the diplomatists. The Russian lines around Constantinople are drawing nearer to the city, while Count Schouvaloff is away on an errand of peace; the Turks are begging and working that war may cease, but—they are also massing a formidable army within their lines, and mounting great guns on all the fortifications. England holds peace meetings—has Cabinet councils to promote the same thing—gets up petitions and makes speeches in Parliament, and—mobilizes another army corps; fixes the first day of the session of Congress, and—sends for another battalion from Bengal, just to strengthen her hands in the Conference. These warlike preparations for peace are becoming a puzzle to ordinary mortals. All that can be made of it is that the two parties entertain a profound respect for each other, and each by a show of preparedness and strength will seek to intimidate the other. True, Russia is in possession of European Turkey, which will compel the Turks, if they fight at all, to fight from an Asiatic basis; but Russia is financially weak—on the verge of national bankruptcy, while England is strong in money, and every week gets stronger in men. So the advantages from delay are all on the side of England. And now the tidings are that a Congress is agreed upon; that is to say, Russia has consented that the whole treaty of San Stefano shall be discussed by the representatives of all the great European powers. The Earl of Beaconsfield is still on the side of the angels.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

A pleasant thing it was on the Queen's Birthday to see a small party of American volunteers, with band playing, and stars and stripes flying, marching in line with the Canadians at Montreal; and good it was to have the Governor-General speak to them such warm words of welcome and approval; and good again to have heard from their captain the honest hearty sentiments he spoke at the dinner table on behalf of himself and fellow-workingmen of the States. The whole was in striking and pleasing contrast to the attitude assumed by the *New York Herald*, which almost every day has an article breathing fierce hate towards England. It not only claims a peculiar friendship for Russia, but declares that the best interests of America will be promoted by actions inimical to England. A few days ago it was urging an amendment of the Registry laws, saying, "Mr. Woods proposed legislation to accord registry to all vessels owned wholly by citizens of the United States, without regard to where they were built, would set right a grievous evil in the present condition of our law, and would, in case of war between England and Russia, by opening the protection of a neutral flag through the simple process of a change of ownership in vessels, restore to us in great part, if not wholly, the enormous commerce lost through English depredations on our trade made under the Confederate colours." It declares that the recovery of American commerce through England's calamity would be American revenge for the harm done them in the civil war—it would satisfy in full that deep sense of unredressed wrong which inspired the famous "indirect claims" of the Geneva litigation, and asserts that if the national legislature fail to embrace this opportunity it will be "justly regarded as an adherent to the enemy's cause." This is about as indecent a way of talking as any people could adopt toward another people with whom they are not at actual war. It is utterly devoid of morality, of political fairness, of diplomatic acuteness, and possesses not even the excuse of smart writing. It is the language of an enraged and unreasonable Fenian, who cannot fight, but hopes to get something by the fighting of others. The danger that arises from such a style of writing is great. The sentiments are not put forward in letters, but in leaders. And the *New York Herald* is read by just the Fenian rowdy class that is most capable of being wrought upon by such vile bluster. If the *Herald* could see that harm might be done to England by a Fenian raid upon Canada, it would advocate that; but it knows well enough that the Fenians are a set of brainless cowards, and that Canada can take care of her own peace, as far as they are concerned. So it is advocating the adoption of a policy toward England by the nation, which for its unreasonableness and immorality, is without a parallel in the history of even a heathen nation.

But the *New York Herald* does not represent the American people, not even any respectable class of Americans. We prefer to take the volunteers who marched in Montreal on the Queen's Birthday; we believe their captain spoke truly when he said that the workingmen of America desired peace and goodwill between the two great nations of English-speaking people; and we would contrast the treasonable, disgraceful and impolitic language of the *New York Herald* with the words addressed by the Governor-General to the United States company, when he said, "I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing to you, on my own behalf, on behalf of the Government, and of

Her Most Gracious Majesty, whose representative I am, the extreme satisfaction I feel in thus being able to welcome you on behalf of the people of Canada to the soil of this Dominion. A greater compliment could hardly be paid by one people to another, than the one you are good enough to confer by thus joining us to celebrate the Birthday of our Queen. I accept this demonstration on your part as an additional proof of the indestructible friendship which I hope will ever unite the people of both countries." Those are the words of a gentleman—they are the expression of an universal British sentiment, and will find an earnest response in the hearts of all Americans who are worth counting. The Fenian has put away his pistol, and taken up a pen, but he is still a fool.

RUSSIA AND ENGLAND.

The last pretext for the course the Imperial Government is pursuing has been shifted from "British Interests" to "Rights of Treaties."

England, since peace has been signed between Russia and Turkey, has herself violated Treaty rights, by sending her ships of war into the Sea of Marmora, despite the protests of Turkey, and by keeping them there, has caused the Russian forces to be held in close proximity to Constantinople as a set off to so menacing a demonstration of the power of Great Britain.

The last declaration that the fleet is there to protect British inhabitants in Constantinople is too apparent a continuation of the deception the Government have been practising on the credulity of the British public. At a time when peace was signed, it is not likely that Russia would occupy the Turkish Capital, and most of the Russian forces would, doubtless, have long since been home-ward bound, had it not been for the irritation imported into the question by the sensational policy of Lord Beaconsfield.

Bringing native Indian troops into Europe, is only on a par with the general proceedings of the Premier's life. He governs not by wise statesmanship, but by keeping the nation in continual excitement. When there is no war expectancy, we have Royal journeys to India, and new Orders or Titles created for women—from the Sovereign downwards.

It is a dangerous precedent for the English nation to sanction the bringing of troops from India to Malta, on the mere caprice of a Ministry, without the sanction of Parliament, and during a recess. India is not ruled by Parliamentary Government; troops may be raised there in any number, and it may be to England or Ireland that they will be brought on a future day.

Will the liberties of the British people be always safe, if a majority of Parliament will sanction the withdrawal of 7,000 troops (which might be augmented to 70,000, or more) from where they are supposed to be required for duty? If they are not a necessity in India, a useless expense is being incurred in the maintenance of so large a force, which it is asserted, by the action taken, can be withdrawn with safety for service elsewhere.

The persistent cavilling of the Government of Great Britain, instead of months ago entering a Congress, has had its effect adequately described by "Industry paralyzed, Capital stagnant, Taxation increased already, and a further increase imminent."

Meanwhile Tory tactics prevail, and the arguments of the opponents of war, are met by their meetings being disturbed, and violence to those attending them. If peace is maintained, it will be by the strong counter opinion which has found voice in England, and forced upon the Government pacific declarations which their acts have singularly belied.

Russia will be irritated, menaced, and bullied into unreasonable concessions. She has fought many powers combined, and her people, who to-day are free, are not less sensitive and jealous of their honor and dignity, than was the nation under Nicholas.

If war is averted, it will be, as has lately been said, "not by the policy of the Government, but in spite of it."

It is positive now that a Congress will meet at an early date, and that the whole of the Treaty of San Stefano will be submitted for discussion. Should any obstacle arise to a satisfactory settlement of the question between England and Russia in the Congress, we hope that the protocol embodied in the Treaty of Paris will then have practical application. It recommends that "States between which any serious misunderstanding may arise, should, before appealing to arms, have offices of a friendly Power."

Public opinion in England is being educated to the support of this view, which might have had an earlier consideration, but the Tory party have always been in favor of the increase of armaments.

So favorable an opportunity of raising a war feeling, and augmenting the services, could not be ignored by the early adoption of a policy which knitted the bonds of unity between Canada and the United States so strongly together, as was evinced by the sentiments and actions of our cousins across the line on the Queen's Birthday, while a few years ago our relations had become most embittered by the action of England during the American war.

Arbitration settled the "Alabama" matter; the Fisheries Award appears likely to be concurred in, and now a sentiment of friendship exists between England, Canada and the United States.

We do not see why the European Continent should be deluged with blood, and treasure wasted, when so humane and sensible a means of settling differences are embodied in a Treaty. Let Lord Beaconsfield propose this, if all other measures fail.

The "recommendation" in a Treaty may not have the force of "European law," but those who profess such high respect for Treaty rights, cannot ignore it without giving it a trial, and we therefore have hopes that a peaceful solution will be found by that course being pursued, if it should come to such an extremity.

PATRIA.

The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as they consist with the laws of God and of his country.—*Cowley*.

THE TEMPORALITIES FUND OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

I.

Recent events have led to warm discussions as to the powers of Local Legislatures in this country, and as to the constitutional position they occupy. It was scarcely to be expected that the great change effected by the confederation of the Provinces could be accomplished without doubts arising as to the limits of the powers and duties of the Federal Parliament and the Local Legislatures. Hence, whatever the political result of the present discussions, there seems to be little doubt that light will be thrown on such points, and that the boundaries and limits of the powers of these legislative bodies will, in course of time, be marked out and established.

The political bearings of the question I have no intention to examine. But in connection with important Trusts and Trust properties, with which Local Legislatures believe themselves empowered to deal, under the clause of the British North America Act, assigning to them a jurisdiction over property and civil rights, there have arisen many difficulties. The Temporalities Fund of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland is one of the Trusts dealt with by the Local Legislatures, on what I conceive to be a mistaken idea of their powers.

For the sake of clearness it may be well, before shewing the origin of the Fund, to give a brief statement of the relation to it of the various ecclesiastical bodies to which the residue of the Fund (if there be any) has been assigned, on the sole ground, apparently, that they are all Presbyterians and that a majority has so willed it, although that majority never had any claim on the Fund, and one portion of these bodies distinctly laid it down as a principle that it would not accept aid from the State directly or indirectly. These bodies, in common with the Church of Scotland, having one general mode of Church government, through various Church Courts, but with no recognised permanent ecclesiastical head, such as a bishop, are known as Presbyterian Churches. It is a popular, but erroneous, belief that the title Presbyterian indicates a given set of doctrines or a distinct creed. It, on the contrary, refers simply and solely to the form of Church government, as Episcopal describes one differently constituted. In the one case the Church is ruled by presbyters, pastors of parishes or congregations, as the case may be, all of equal rank, presided over at their meetings by a chairman or Moderator, chosen from among themselves and invested with no higher rank on that score beyond the time during which he presides, that being, in the case of the Moderator or General Assembly or other supreme ecclesiastical court, usually for a year. With them are associated ruling elders (ordained from the laymen), in the sittings of Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly. In the other case the Church is ruled by bishops and archbishops, with, in the case of the Roman and Greek Churches, a supreme bishop, styled in the one, Pope, in the other, Patriarch.

It will, no doubt, be maintained that all Presbyterian Churches hold one creed, formulated under the name of the Confession of Faith, and it is constantly affirmed that because they do so they are one. To some extent it is true that they have one Confession of Faith, but they "wear their ruc with a difference." There are clear and distinct lines of separation between the various orders of Presbyterians, well known to those who are acquainted with ecclesiastical history. The Westminster Confession of Faith is accepted in one sense by the Church of Scotland, and in another sense by the Free Church; the United Presbyterians, again, hold it in a different sense from either, they having expunged from it a whole chapter, that relating to the duty of the civil magistrate. The Church of Scotland acknowledges that in all *civil* matters, even such as in certain ecclesiastical proceedings arise from Church cases, the court of final appeal is the civil power. And this is the only constitutional ground to adopt. The Free Church contends that it possesses a certain attribute called spiritual independence, having co-ordinate jurisdiction with the civil power in questions arising in the course of ecclesiastical procedure. It is simply another name for ecclesiastical supremacy, for in the government of any kingdom or state there must be some one power supreme within the civil domain. There cannot be two, for if there is a difference of opinion between two courts on a subject in the decision of which each is supreme, it is plain that one must yield, or each is powerless. The United Presbyterian body, on the other hand, maintains that Christ's kingdom not being of this world, the civil magistrate has no right to interfere in ecclesiastical questions in one form or another, and that it is sinful to receive State aid for the promotion of religion.

Such a cloud of mystery has, however, gathered about this word Presbyterian, and what it means, that, at the risk of being tedious, I fall back upon the word Episcopal to illustrate the danger of being misled by a mere name.

The Eastern and Western Episcopal Churches, equally with the Presbyterian Churches, hold one Confession of Faith. In their case it is the Nicene Creed. There is no need to enter into the discussion of the change in that Creed made in Western Christendom, nor of the addition of other creeds. The Nicene Creed is one common to all the Churches referred to. The change in it is not greater than that made in the Westminster Confession of Faith by those Churches which have dissented or withdrawn from communion with the Church of Scotland, yet no intelligent man would venture to assert that because the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church and the Anglican Church are all Episcopal Churches, and all hold the Nicene Creed, they are not three but one, as has been said with respect to the Church of Scotland, the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church.

Then as to the allegation that people can tell no difference in the doctrines, forms of service, &c., as presented in any one of the Presbyterian Churches compared with those to be found in another, there is no doubt in this a certain amount of truth. But it cannot be denied, either, that thousands of men can tell no difference between the teachings in any of them and those to be heard from a Methodist pulpit, although in many very important respects the doctrines are diametrically opposed and the interpretations of Scripture teaching at complete variance with each other. Popular impressions are not very safe guides in such cases.

Leaving aside the consideration of the modifications that have been made

by some of the Presbyterian bodies in the United States, the relative grounds taken by the leading Presbyterian Churches in Scotland in respect to their position to the State may be thus roughly tabulated. By their interpretation of the Confession of Faith:

The Church of Scotland declares itself to be a Free Church in a Free State.

The Free Church declares itself to be a Free Church above the State.

The United Presbyterian Church declares itself to be a Free Church ignoring the State.

These distinctions are not purely theoretical, as they lead to very grave practical results.

The position held by the Church of Scotland in no respect depends upon its legal recognition by the State as the National Church, nor on the ground of the compact mutually entered into between the Church and State. It flows necessarily and inevitably from the whole theory and practice of civil society. The Church is free and untrammelled in the exercise of its ecclesiastical and spiritual functions, whether it be a Church established by law as a National Church, or be a voluntary religious organization. But if it transgress the bounds of the law, or seek to coerce the individuals forming its component parts, by attempting to compel them to abandon their civil rights by forced obligations to abstain from an appeal to the civil power when these rights are invaded, or refuse to abide by the rules by which it has agreed to be guided, it must then come under the power of the civil law when that is appealed to by those who consider themselves to be wronged. The status of the ecclesiastic does not set aside the status of the citizen. This is well set out in the very important controversy which took place between Rome and Sardinia in reference to the reforms in the administration of the Kingdom which had been taking place for some time and which extended to ecclesiastical corporations. In the course of the discussion the Court of Rome declared that

"Whatever may be the reforms which it has been thought proper to adopt in the civil legislation of the realm of Sardinia, the venerable laws of the Church must always be paramount to them, and should surely be respected in a Catholic kingdom."

In the Allocution issued by the Papal Court dated the 22nd January, 1855, after enumerating all the wrong-doings of Sardinia, the Pope declares authoritatively that all laws whatever of the Sardinian State which were detrimental to religion, the Church, or the Papal See, were absolutely null and void. The claims set up by the Sec of Rome in this document had been answered by anticipation by the Piedmontese envoy, sent to negotiate a new Concordat. After acknowledging fully the incontestable right of the Church to deal with questions of dogma, discipline and purely ecclesiastical questions generally, but as firmly maintaining that in all civil and criminal causes the persons and property of ecclesiastics should be subject to the temporal judge, as well as questions relating to patronage, benefices and the property of the Church, the proposal sets out:

"Moreover, as ecclesiastical persons, by living in civil society, belong to it, constitute one of its integrating parts, and enjoy all its advantages, why should they be exempt from the jurisdiction? Why should they decline the subjection common to all? An arrangement, which, if it was originally incongruous, must undoubtedly appear much more so in the present day, when the fundamental and universal law of the realm invites all to the same rights, declares all to be equal in its own eye, without any sort of distinction, and permits none to be withdrawn, in virtue of any privilege, from the sphere of the ordinary tribunals of the land. As nothing can be more strictly secular than property moveable or immoveable together with its proceeds, so its nature is not a whit changed by its being connected with an ecclesiastical office through the medium of canonical erection into a benefice."

It was upon this principle that the case of McMillan, the Free Church minister of Cadross, against the General Assembly of the Free Church was decided. It is not necessary to state more of the case than this, that McMillan appealed to the civil courts against the decision of the ecclesiastical courts of his Church. For this offence he was summarily deposed, without form of trial or process, on the ground that he had contracted not to appeal to the civil power against the decisions of the Church courts, even should these affect his civil rights. The decision of the civil courts declared such a bargain illegal and void in its nature, and was a clear though undesigned evidence of the fallacy of the argument against the Church of Scotland that it was subject to the civil power and compelled to give up its independence in ecclesiastical matters because it was a State Church. It reaffirmed the obligation of all to obey the laws and to observe the internal regulations by which the affairs of the Church, of every Church, are guided, when these do not conflict with the well-being of the State and are not contrary to good order. Over and over again the judgments of the court have decided that when the Church of Scotland, acting in her judicial capacity, observed the proper procedure prescribed and arrived regularly at a decision—even if that decision were glaringly wrong, the civil courts could not interfere. How this acted on the affairs of the Church of Scotland will be shown in another article.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

THE ENGLISH COUNTY COURTS.

At the present moment when the usefulness of our District Magistrates is under discussion, the following paragraph from the London *Daily Telegraph* will be found interesting; but it has to be borne in mind that our magistrates are charged with an important summary jurisdiction in criminal cases and in those embodying frauds on the Revenue, so that the parallel, though useful for guidance, does not fully apply to the Canadian case.

"Before the Session concludes, the question as to the extent and nature of the jurisdiction of our County Court Judges, and of their *status* and remuneration, will once again be brought before Parliament, and an opportunity will be afforded of doing justice to a most able and industrious body of public servants. Our County Courts are an institution of which it is difficult to speak too highly. It may be said of them, in truth, that they have brought cheap justice home to every man's door. Before their creation, the sole resource of a creditor was to sue in the superior courts. We know what sort of a bill of costs a lawsuit at Westminster or upon circuit of necessity involves, and we consequently need not wonder that in only too many instances creditors chose to forego their remedy rather than have recourse to the expensive, tedious, and sometimes un-

certain process of litigation. This state of things at once ceased when the County Courts were created; but for some time the jurisdiction conferred upon the new tribunals was very limited. Solicitors entertained a professional objection to cheap law; though the Bar, for once in a way, was in accord with the other branch of the profession. It was felt that the demand for cheap justice in small cases could not be resisted, but it was resolved that the cases should be as small as possible, and the County when at first instituted were in effect little more than tribunals for the speedy recovery of petty debts. The small farmer, the village shopkeeper, the agricultural labourer, came to them to recover trifling sums or to adjust minor matters of dispute. So complete, however, was the success of the new courts, so expeditious, simple and certain was the manner in which they administered justice, and so great became the public confidence in them, that year by year their jurisdiction was enlarged, and fresh work was imposed upon their Judges. Originally a County Court Judge could try none but what are called personal actions of a value not exceeding £20. Since then, their primary jurisdiction has been extended to £50, and in addition they have, from time to time, had conferred upon them jurisdiction of a varied kind over charities, friendly societies, and probate of wills. In 1865 powers were given them to decide equity cases up to £500 in value. Later still, authority has been vested in them to try actions with regard to real estate of £20 a year, Admiralty cases, bankruptcy cases, and personal actions of any amount, referred to them by any of the superior courts. It may, in short, be said that the more important portion of the work of a County Court Judge is fully as serious in its character as a great part of that which comes before the High Court of Justice itself.

Three bills have been presented to the House of Commons, and have been referred by it to a Select Committee, each of which proposes further to increase the power of County Court Judges. Mr. Norwood would give them jurisdiction up to £100, Sir Eardley Wilmot up to £200, and Mr. Rowley Hill up to £500, although he qualifies this extended jurisdiction by giving the defendant the absolute right of removing the cause into the High Court of Justice. The Select Committee will, we presume, present its report upon these bills sooner or later after Parliament resumes its labours."

"THE CAD."

The name I have here writ down passes current, and is accepted as a generic term, but not many perhaps have an exact idea of its definition. If you look for him in our dictionaries, you will scarcely find him. In the county of England from which I come, the smallest pig of a litter is called "a cad"; and in Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary you will find "CAD, a very small pig." I have not been able to find any other definition than this, and it seems good enough. The Cad is a social pig, and a very small and measly specimen at that. He can hardly be described as the product of these later days, for he must have existed from all times; but there is much in modern society very congenial to his growth and development. He finds that in our habits and manners on which to flourish, and society can certainly boast as many varieties of Cads now as in any period of our history.

The Cad is not confined to any class of society. The higher class is as favourable to the growth of the "very small pig" as the lowest. Wherever impudence and ignorance are found in combination,—wherever loudness of manner and rudeness of nature go together, there you have the Cad. He must be coarse and selfish; dead to all the finer instincts of our nature, regardless of all that constitutes the charm of social intercourse, a model of bad taste, and supremely unconscious that this is his characteristic. There is no mistaking him. He may be a lord or a lout—may live in a mansion or lurk in a garret—the creature is the same: his brain is as small, his heart as hard, his tastes as low, his morals as debased, his habits as offensive, his company as undesirable. If anything, a pig in a *parlour* is more detestable than a pig in a *stye*. At all events, it is still a pig.

You may know the Cad in an instant, whether he be encountered at the Theatre, the Rink, or a Mechanics' Hall, the railroad car, the drawing-room, or at the hotel bar. His get-up is generally "loud"; but this is not always a safe rule to go by. There are Cads who do not wear chess-board pattern ulsters, startling shirts or brilliant ties; and some even refrain from going about with a shop-windowful of samples of sham jewellery. Of course, on the other hand, those who do thus revel in display all belong to the same class, but a man may dress quietly and yet be a shining member of it too. The Cad at the theatre distinguishes himself in many ways. He thrusts himself on the attention of the audience as much as possible, especially if he happens to occupy a box from which he is visible. There he sits well forward and uses his opera-glass to an unnecessary degree, especially in the way of directing it so that he may stare rudely at ladies who are strangers to him, but who cannot resent his impudence. If he has a seat in the stalls, he comes late so as to disturb the music-loving people in their enjoyment of the overture; but he makes up for coming late—as Charles Lamb did when clerk at the India House—by "going early," and so destroying other people's pleasure in the *finale*. Added to this, he goes in and out between every act, no matter what annoyance he causes, and pushes past people, treads on the toes of the men, and cannons against the head-dresses of the ladies with supreme indifference, and without a word of apology. Of course he knows nothing of music, and can only appreciate a "toon"; therefore he talks or yawns during the better part of the performance, and vociferates wildly to shew his delight at all the vulgar, commonplace, or clap-trap airs. It is he who begins yelling "encore" after everything which is stupidly enough or coarsely enough done to come down to the level of his little mind. He is the nuisance of the house, and it is to please him that the Manager produces all kinds of rubbish and balderdash—with a dash of immorality, at which the authorities wink—to the disgust of the decent playgoer.

In all the relations of life, and in every position in which you can encounter him, the Cad is equally offensive. He does not always mean to be so—indeed, he sometimes aims at politeness; but his attempts at good manners are, if possible, a degree worse than his natural ill-breeding. If he wishes to show a lady any delicate attention, he overdoes it, or sets about it so clumsily, that his

attempts to play the gentleman excite nothing but disgust. His every movement is an affront,—his very presence an offence. The cause of it all is ignorance. The Cad has a small brain, and has taken no pains to cultivate the little patch nature has given him. He does not think,—he only cerebrates. That is to say, his mind performs its functions pretty much as his digestive organs do,—without effort on his part. The lower animals are the same in this respect, and, in fact, the "very small pig" of society is only just one degree—if he is one degree—elevated above the creatures to whom philosophers deny reason, crediting them with instinct only. It is this want of intelligence which leaves the Cad hopelessly ignorant of the culture of his day, and leads him to denounce as a "bore" everything in which rational people take an interest. You will hear the "swell" of this breed refer to Shakespeare as a "jolly old muff," and avow his preference for burlesque. About anything good in the drama or the arts they know nothing, and their reading is on a level with their amusements. Sporting papers are their delight,—watching the betting their highest intellectual effort. The name of an artist or an author a little out of the common they in their dim mental light take to be the name of a race-horse or an athlete, and prepare to learn the odds on him. Their wit takes the form of slang. Humour they take to be another word for indecency or horse-play. Like the lower animals generally, they never get beyond—self; and their mental powers are just sufficient to give them low cunning enough to serve their own selfish and miserable ends. One would no more expect a Cad to do a noble and disinterested action than to display a high sense of honour, or any appreciable soundness of morals. It would be irrational to do so. You do not look to the chimpanzee for the virtues which distinguish a Cato, nor anticipate a high measure of self-abnegation in the banded-armadillo or the skunk.

It is a melancholy reflection, too, to think that the Cad has reached even our Legislature,—no place appears to be safe from his detestable presence.

Allowance ought, no doubt, to be made for the "very small pig," both on account of his moral shortcomings and the want of advantages enjoyed by higher specimens of men. The Cad should have our commiseration, where we are apt only to show our contempt. But he is really such a pest to society that it is impossible to tolerate him with common patience. If it were possible to make use of him as the Spartans did their drunken helots, in order to inspire disgust in the young, it would be possible to believe that he played some good part in the economy of nature. This is impossible, and unfortunately his example is worse than himself. He sets a fashion such as it is. One Cad makes many, and among them some capable of better things. I have met with Cads with brains, but never one that I recollect with anything that could be called heart,—with any manly instinct, generous impulse, or glimmer of refinement. In this they are all alike. The Right Honorable Cad is no better than the common Bob or Jem.

What to do with the Cad is the question. There he is, and there he is likely to remain, unless the war, in favour of which he clamours in his cups, sweeps him off. It is one of the uses of war to free the State of material of this kind,—rubbish that may be shot. Not that the Cad will fight if he can help it. He will do the howling and incendiary business, but will not risk his precious life in a hurry.

We have it in our power to abate the nuisance by giving the Cad no quarter, but, on the contrary, holding him and his doings up to merited contempt. Parents especially should sternly repress any tendency to slang, to brag, to offensive manner, loud dressing, vulgar habits, contempt for what is good, noble and refining, and toleration of what is calculated to deprave the taste, undermine the morals, lower the standard of honour, and obliterate the qualities which make even the poorest and humblest an honour to the community. Thus each may help to efface that disgrace to our culture—the "Cad."

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

TEN THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.

(Continued.)

Leaving Chicago the following morning, I took the westbound express of the Burlington and Quincy Railway. This is one of the three great routes extending from Lake Michigan to the Missouri River; and although it is somewhat longer than the others, making a considerable detour towards the South through the State of Iowa, yet it appears to be in high favour with the travelling public. Indeed, a railway that pays nine per cent. profit to its shareholders in these hard times is such a curiosity among American lines that one should feel proud of a chance to travel by it. This road strikes across Illinois in a south-westerly direction, traversing a rich and fertile prairie land, with numerous villages and small towns at every few miles. Soon after dusk we reached the Mississippi, and I saw for the first time the muddy Father of Waters. Then came half an hour's halt at Burlington, which I employed in the search for a telegraph office, finding one at last in the third story of a block some hundreds of yards away. But it is not at all a pleasant sensation that one experiences when running round the streets of a strange city on such an errand, after night-fall, with the knowledge that one's train may start off at any moment. Nor had I until this time so low an opinion of western enterprise as to suppose that a city of twenty thousand inhabitants would be content to exist without a telegraph office in some reasonably accessible locality for the benefit of travellers by the rail.

Now we are in the State of Iowa, not many miles from the northern limit of the adjacent State of Missouri. But one can see nothing of the country at this time of night, so there is no help for it but to turn into one's berth in the sleeping car, which is rather too crowded to be quite comfortable. But by this time we overland passengers have learned to accommodate ourselves to such trifling inconveniences, and accordingly contrive to put in a passable night's rest. Next morning the train is found to be careering along at a moderate pace through a rolling prairie, with here and there a solitary farm-house. Presently comes a small town on a sloping hill-side, with a bright little frame church of the familiar down-east pattern. By nine o'clock we enter a broad level valley, now striking off towards the north, with a precipitous cliff-range a few miles distant

on our right. Soon after this the train comes to a halt at a platform where a good deal of time is taken up in unloading baggage and taking off cars. This is Council Bluffs. Several railways from the east and north converge at this point. Here passengers for the west are transferred to a train which takes them across the river to the terminus of the Union Pacific Railway.

A more unpicturesque river than the Missouri can scarcely be imagined. It is a huge ditch, half-full of very muddy water; and that is all that can be said for it. The bridge which conveys trains across has a very fragile appearance for such immense spans. It appears to be a point of honour with American engineers to reduce the material in such works to the smallest possible margin above the breaking point. Disasters like those at Ashtabula and Tariffville should teach them a lesson of caution.

From the bridge there is a fine view of the High School of Omaha, with a portion of the city, which lies away at some distance north from the railway. Soon after crossing, the train runs into the depot of the Union Pacific Railroad, a large and handsome structure, with a suite of offices occupied by the officers of the road. There is an hour and a half to wait here, giving passengers, who have no baggage to look after, an opportunity to take a run around the city. But for those who have baggage there is a chance to display the virtues of patience and resignation. Each article of baggage is subjected to a tedious process of weighing, registering, and calculation at so many cents per pound in excess of the moderate weight allowed free of charge. The officials are as courteous as possible; but by the time one has got checks for one's baggage an hour is gone, and no chance left to see what Omaha is like. Well, let us be content with a stroll round the station buildings, to fill up another quarter of an hour, not forgetting to set back one's watch thirty-five minutes to agree with railroad time. By this time our train is standing at the platform, ready to start on its long journey west. There is nothing specially noteworthy in its appearance, except the unusual number of Pullman sleeping cars, and a second-class car or two in the forepart of the train. The sleeping cars are of a somewhat different pattern from those run on eastern roads; each car being divided into two or more compartments by cross partitions extending two-thirds of the width of the car. The sleeping accommodation is exceedingly comfortable and well arranged.

Just at noon we make a start for the west. There are heavy grades and sharp curves on the first section of the road, and for two or three hours there is rather slow progress. Then the road strikes the valley of the Platte. This country is mainly devoted to grazing purposes, large herds of cattle being frequently seen, but very few houses or indications of permanent settlement. The Platte River is at this time of the year a very insignificant stream indeed. It is not in sight from this section of the railway, but probably if it were we should see only a succession of shallow pools in the bed of the river. About two o'clock, at Fremont, we make acquaintance with the first dining station. These institutions are very much alike all along the road. There is a large frame building forming part of the station house, which is kept as a hotel for travellers; the lower part of the house forming a spacious dining saloon. The meal furnished is not exactly up to the level of what you would expect for a dollar elsewhere; but the table is amply supplied with plain and substantial food. Trains stop twenty-five minutes at each eating station, and as few American travellers care to sit at table for that length of time, there is always a crowd of passengers promenading around for fully ten minutes before the train starts.

Grand Island is the supper place, at seven o'clock. The train stops at many little way stations, where a solitary stock-drover is usually the only passenger. We are all getting weary of the monotonous level prairie. This great State of Nebraska that we are passing through seems meant to be the grazing land for the whole continent, but that must be a powerful imagination which can find here any possible attraction for the emigrant or agriculturist. Sunset on the prairies is something worth seeing, however; and to one who has never seen it before it is a most surprisingly brilliant spectacle. The western half of the sky is lighted up for several minutes with tints of superb brilliancy that would baffle the painter's art to reproduce.

Next morning we wake up early. Here we are fairly out on the great plains, with nothing in sight in any direction except the same apparently limitless expanse of level waste, quite devoid of any appearance of vegetation. At this time of the year the country is so burnt and baked by the long and intense heat of the summer months that it presents almost as hopeless an appearance as any African desert. At Sidney we are introduced to a genuine city of the plains. Here, after breakfasting, we take a walk around and wonder what on earth can reconcile people to life in this dreary wilderness. The city consists of stores and saloons parallel to the railway, at perhaps a hundred yards distance on either side. The risk of fire from the locomotives keeps them at that respectful distance. A single spark from a passing engine would be enough to wipe out one-half of this city of frame shanties. The population consists mainly of storekeepers and others who furnish supplies to the miners in the Black Hills. This is the favourite fitting-out place for that famous mining country; and here we see waggons standing around by the score, ready loaded for their trip of two hundred miles northward to the gold country. One of them has a long string of mules attached, as if just about to start. The Indians are the local aristocracy, lounging about in the laziest way, as if their lives were a burden to them for want of something to do.

From this point westward at every important station these Indians are always on hand. The men stand around smoking—the incarnation of sulky laziness, clad in one uniform suit with blanket and broad-brimmed hat of the regulation pattern served out to them by the Government. When they are not loafing and smoking or leaning dreamily against a door-post, they are seated about in groups of four, playing cards, or else they are riding about on the trains. It is one of the privileges specially reserved for them, to be allowed to travel free on the railway, as much as they like, provided they do not enter the cars. So every train carries as many of these aborigines as choose to cluster themselves about the platforms of the baggage-cars, or anywhere else where they are not likely to be in the way of passengers. Sometimes a dozen of them will cluster to the top of some passing freight train, and there solemnly sit smoking or gambling by the hour, while enjoying a free ride through the country. The men have their faces painted with vermilion and other brilliant colours in horizontal streaks or bands. At every station where the train stops

for meals, the squaws bring their "papooses" to be admired by the passengers, who are expected to emphasize their admiration by gifts of small change. The women seem to be just as fond of travelling on the cars as their mates; contentedly sitting on the car-platforms for half a day at a stretch, careless of the heat and dust. Occasionally they fall off and get run over, and then there is a chance for the Indian Department to economize a few dollars on its annual supplies of food and clothing.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE FISHERS—AND THEIR VOTARIES.

A FANTASTICAL LEGEND.

I.

Three fishers set out on a Government quest,
And they trimmed their lamps as the sun went down,
Each thought of the voters that loved him the best,
And how these same voters could best be done:
For men will drink and women will weep,
Though Acts be fashioned by we who are deep
To save the land from moaning.

2.

One trimmed his lamp with a Temperance Act,
The temperance voters he sought to attract,
For these voters were weeping and wringing their hands,
And welding themselves into crusading bands:
So M. P.s must plan their position to keep,
And mustn't be thought to be falling asleep
While the temperance voters are groaning.

3.

So he filled his lamp with diplomacy,
To blind their eyes, that they might not see
That the Act he was planning was not in the least
A practical one, though it looked the best:
For one-fourth must sign for it ere there's a vote;
So he laughed in his sleeve to think it was naught—
The verdant voters scorning.

4.

He knew that by his light distillers would see
The depth of his own hypocrisy,
And, feeling quite safe, his prudence would laud
And yield him their votes, nay, even applaud:
For men are selfish, and leaders are weak
And don't always mean just that which they speak
When sham virtue is all their adorning.

5.

The next man seemed burning with zeal intense
For everything good, in the perfect tense,
So he trimmed his lamp feebly, so's not to know
What the other was not inclined to show:
For he also thought of the voters' power
And fanned his light with the breeze of the hour
And passed the Act, secretly mourning.

6.

But the third trimmed his lamp to a manlier flame,
And, heedless whatever explosion came,
Let it burn more fully, and flashed its light
On wrong and injustice and trampled right:
Showed men are deceitful and sham to repent
So long as it does not cost them a cent
To indemnify those they are wronging.

7.

Three corpses lie out in the Government tower—
The political dead, deprived of all power—
And the nation is gladsome and clappeth its hand
For joy that they'll never revive in the land:
The birth of the Act slew him who it bore,
And stifled the man who t'oppose it forbore
Lest the temperance vote he'd be losing.

8.

The third corpse, rolled its Government sheet,
Exposed to the hail of an angry sleet.
The poor Act rested—a letter quite dead,
By the nation's intelligence knocked on the head:
For men should be wise, and ought to cut straight
At the root of an evil—show themselves great,
Pay the price of repentance, injustice abhorring.

9.

These funerals Canada will not deplore,
For so long as injustice and fraud are in store
In the innermost heart of the temperance vote,
They never will strive to act as they ought:
Nor, as England has done when she purchased the slaves
Which were legally owned, buy the right which she craves,
And pay to end licenses, injustice scorning.

EUSEBIUS.

A PSALM OF MONTREAL.

We find the following in the London *Spectator* of 18th May, and as it may be interesting to the inhabitants of our fair city, we give it as we find it :

[The city of Montreal is one of the most rising and, in many respects, most agreeable on the American continent, but its inhabitants are as yet too busy with commerce to care greatly about the masterpieces of old Greek Art. A cast, however, of one of these masterpieces—the finest of the several statues of Discoboli, or Quoit-throwers—was found by the present writer in the Montreal Museum of Natural History; it was, however, banished from public view, to a room where were all manner of skins, plants, snakes, insects, &c., and in the middle of these, an old man stuffing an owl. The dialogue—perhaps true, perhaps imaginary, perhaps a little of one and a little of the other—between the writer and this old man gave rise to the lines that follow.]

Stowed away in a Montreal lumber-room,
The Discobolus standeth, and turneth his face to the wall ;
Dusty, cobweb-covered, maimed and set at naught,
Beauty crieth in an attic, and no man regardeth.
Oh God ! oh Montreal !

Beautiful by night and day, beautiful in summer and winter,
Whole or maimed, always and alike beautiful,—
He preacheth gospel of grace to the skins of owls,
And to one who seasoneth the skins of Canadian owls.
Oh God ! oh Montreal !

When I saw him, I was wroth, and I said, "O Discobolus !
Beautiful Discobolus, a Prince both among gods and men,
What doest thou here, how camest thou here, Discobolus,
Preaching gospel in vain to the skins of owls?"
Oh God ! oh Montreal !

And I turned to the man of skins, and said unto him, "Oh ! thou man
of skins,
Wherefore hast thou done thus, to shame the beauty of the Discobolus?"
But the Lord had hardened the heart of the man of skins,
And he answered, "My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
Oh God ! oh Montreal !

"The Discobolus is put here because he is vulgar,—
He hath neither vest nor pants with which to cover his limbs ;
I, sir, am a person of most respectable connections,—
My brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
Oh God ! oh Montreal !

Then I said, "O brother-in-law to Mr. Spurgeon's haberdasher !
Who seasonest also the skins of Canadian owls,
Thou callest 'trousers' 'pants,' whereas I call them 'trousers,'
Therefore thou art in hell-fire, and may the Lord pity thee !
Oh God ! oh Montreal !

Preferrest thou the gospel of Montreal to the gospel of Hellas,
The gospel of thy connection with Mr. Spurgeon's haberdashery to the
gospel of the Discobolus ?"
Yet none the less blasphemed he beauty, saying, "The Discobolus hath
no gospel,—
But my brother-in-law is haberdasher to Mr. Spurgeon."
Oh God ! oh Montreal !

PARABLES OF THE TIMES.

I.—TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A knight had been fighting for weary hours upon the battle-field of Thought ; many were the slain around him, and he leant upon his sword to rest. And looking up, he saw the leafless trees waving their slender, sunlit branches against the blue sky ; and there was such exquisite beauty in the contrast, that he dimly recognized an unseen presence, and, though worn with conflict and bleeding from many wounds, he smiled. But as he gazed, listening eagerly, as though some golden wave of harmony would flow to him out of the infinite, across the battle-field there loomed a mighty shadow, and two figures stood beside him. Then the knight turned, almost with a groan, at sight of these fresh foes, for his strength was well-nigh spent ; and to the knight's query the first gave a scornful smile, and answered :

"I am Falsehood."

He shook his right arm with a strength terrible to imagine, and beside his trailing robe the shades of night would look white. But the knight asked not the other's name, for lo ! the figure had faded away into a dim mist. And the knight cried out in agony :

"Oh, Truth, where art thou?"

But so far off that it seemed to come from the depths of his own heart, came the whisper, "Ever near."

Then Falsehood cried, "Believe it not ; it is but an echo that thou hearest, for I alone am here."

And, even as he spoke, the mist grew fainter, and the sky grey again.

"And wherefore this warfare?" continued the false one ; "the world's God is 'gain, and its motto, 'I want to.' Deny it if thou canst. Thou wouldst worship something higher, but the desire is vain, and its fruit this endless conflict upon the field of Thought, in pursuance of a phantom men call Truth."

"Not so," returned the knight, in answer to these words ; "there *must* be something nobler than thyself, oh Falsehood, which though I cannot see, I feel."

Then the foe waved his hand mockingly towards the mist that enshrouded Truth, and answered, "Is it there?"

Then a dim perception waking within him, made the knight to cry, "Oh, Truth, speak ! is there not a nobler God than gain, and a higher aim than selfish inclination?"

But there was silence still, only he saw raised to heaven a shadowy hand.

Yet the knight felt nerved for the fight, and thrust out his sword to the advancing foe. Then for hours the battle waged fiercely ; and the raiment of Falsehood was so rent by the knight's good sword, that it hung around him in tattered rags. But it chanced that the knight dropped his shield, and, ere he could recover it, was felled by his powerful foe. Then, as Falsehood was about to crush him, Truth, who had been standing afar off, drew nigh to the wounded knight. But his eyes were so dim that he could not distinguish between friend or foe, though he still faintly whispered her name. The which hearing, Truth smiled. In the glory of that smile, no longer the robes of Truth seemed misty, but shone forth white as the day, whilst the name upon her forehead burned like fire. And, at the glance of her clear eyes, the form of Falsehood no longer towered like a giant's, but shrivelled up into a hideous dwarf, and, turning, fled affrighted.

Then the knight lifted his pallid face, as one who from a woeful dream has found a rapturous awakening. The sun had long set, but he thought he heard the stars singing, in the far skies. Truth stooped, and touched him ; he rose in haste to follow her. Then she flung around his brow garlands of victory, and led him by the hand for ever and ever.

MAPLE LEAF.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS THERE A PERSONAL DEVIL?

Your correspondent "Quartus," if one may judge from his last letter, seems concerned for the personal identity of His Satanic Majesty. Still he does not seem to show very clearly the *usefulness* of such a belief, except that the Bible says so, and that to give credence to what is there stated must necessarily be right. In that I am at one with him. But does the Bible really teach it? It appears to me that reason is at one with Scripture on this as on all matters. Judging from what we see around us in this life, where we find that though there are many ring-leaders in evil, there is no one central chief who controls and directs the whole world's wickedness, we would rationally conclude that in the real life which succeeds this, when such men leave the body, similar rivalries in evil will continue to exist, preventing one from having complete control over all others. In diversity of evil lies safety to the evil themselves. The Bible seems to be quite in accordance with this. True, it speaks in the *literal* sense of a devil by name ; but in order to bring out the full inner meaning of all such passages it is essential to substitute in our thought for the idea of a personal power outside of ourselves, evil as an abstract quality within ourselves, i.e., perverted life. This is especially necessary where the term "devil" is used. Falsity or perverted truth is meant where the term "Satan" is used. The Bible does teach both in the literal sense and inner meaning that there are many devils—many qualities or types of perverted life, and many Satans—many sorts of falsities ; but that there is one grand self-existent Being who causes and dominates them all, it does not teach. Take, for instance, some of the words "Quartus" quotes. "The Devil and his angels" means simply evil and its messengers, or the evil perverted will of a man using all his faculties as messengers to work out its evil. "Simon, Simon, Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat," cannot clearly be taken literally, but rather as meaning "falsity is desirable to appropriate and pervert all the good seed of truth in you." No doubt "the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience" is evil. The disobedience shows the will to be evil, tending to disorder, and perverted life.

Then take the quotation from St. Jude's Epistle, on which most stress has always been laid in proving the existence of a personal devil. Michael the Archangel is a messenger powerful in quality of celestial good (hence he is called *archangel*) and in contending with evil as regards the mere externals of the Mosaic Law (the *body* of Moses) brings no railing or scornful accusation, but in the words "the Lord rebuke thee" seems to say, with a gentleness born from above, God give thee light to see what is hidden within these mere externals, which you are bending to the service of your own evil.

Your correspondent "Quartus" may perhaps take exception to this free method of interpreting Scripture. Let me simply ask which is the more rational interpretation of a passage he has not quoted, viz., "resist the devil and he will flee from you." Is it more rational to believe that this is meant to teach that if we resist a certain powerful personal wicked spirit who rules all others he will run away : or will it have more practical effect on our lives and conduct to take it to mean : Shun evils in yourselves and you will be enabled to drive them out?

It is painful, no doubt, to many of us, sinful and erring as we all are, to have our faith in a personal devil rudely shaken. Once give up that and no longer can we say as Eve did long ago when her sensual appetites and desires tempted her, because she loved them, as ours do now for the same reason, "the serpent beguiled me and I did satisfy my craving." Give up the devil ! and we have no one to blame for our evils but ourselves. For God only gives us good life, which we too often pervert to evil uses. Still it is perhaps well that this flimsy excuse for our misdeeds should be taken away from us, that the veil should be withdrawn from our eyes that we may be the better able within the boundaries of our own nature to discern and drive out, by the power of God-given regenerating life, that love of evil which is

DIABOLUS.

"THE FUTURE LIFE."

SIR,—There are some good things, well said, in the article signed "Charity," in last week's SPECTATOR, but it would, I think, have been better if it had been headed the *present* instead of the *future* life, as I could not find in it any argument for future life at all, and indeed it might have been written by Frederic Harrison himself. "Quartus" did not ask for information on the subject of the future life on his own account, but for the many who are known to be longing for more light on that subject, especially young men. He

requested those writing on the subject to confine themselves to Scripture proof, and I do not find one single passage in proof, in said article, for either side. We have now had several articles on each side of the future life, and on the whole it appears to me that the balance of evidence is somewhat in favor of the orthodox side, although some rather strong reasons have been given against it. That the sins of one short life, committed by weak mortals, ever surrounded by temptations, should be punished with eternal torment is indeed hard to believe, especially when inflicted by the Father, and beneficent Creator of the race. It seems, as a certain writer has observed, that it would be better, far better, that all the race should die in infancy than be exposed to such a dreadful infliction. Those who have espoused the doctrine of final and universal restoration only hope for this after a long "indefinite period" of suffering, and that is almost as bad as everlasting punishment, and gives us but little relief, as it may be for "ages of ages." If the Bible really does teach the doctrine of eternal torment, is it not strange that it is not found in the Old Testament Scriptures? And is it not still more strange that it is not taught in the Gospel of St. John, and that little or nothing is said about it by either St. Paul or St. Peter? We ask for further light on these points. The thing is so inconceivably dreadful that it is difficult to accept it, and yet we cannot do otherwise, if found to be according to the Scriptures. The late Dr. Norman Macleod, with all his tenderness and pity for suffering humanity, and after searching the Scriptures for some ground of hope, says he was compelled to abide by his first faith.

I have observed that nothing has been said in the articles on the future life on what is now known as the doctrine of conditional immortality. The advocates of this doctrine maintain that most of the terms used in the Scriptures relating to this subject should be understood in their literal sense, and as in common use in every-day life,—consume, destroy, destruction, life and death mean in the Bible just what they mean when used by us in common life. That the wicked after judgment are destroyed, and that eternal life is given to all believers. "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ." This appears to many the most just, and the most Scriptural view, but we want more light. Perhaps some one holding these views will be kind enough to favour the SPECTATOR with the Scripture reasons why they hold them.

MARCUS.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

DEAR SIR,—As this subject is now being written on by a correspondent over the signature of "Christian," and as it is one of vital importance to every body, I trust you will favour me with a space in your justly reliable journal.

Writers should remember that their articles are merely their own deductions from what they have read and studied, and should be most careful how they advance ideas that may be read by some, at least, whose peace of mind might be seriously disturbed, and whether right or wrong, might induce them to jeopardise their future happiness. I will not follow your said correspondent's arguments *seriatim*, but simply answer him logically and as briefly as possible.

I cannot find, by searching "Johnson's Dictionary," that there is any difference between Everlasting and Eternal, in both cases the meaning is precisely this, "*perpetual, without end.*" That there is such a state in the future is beyond all cavil to true Christians, and just as sure are there two states in that future, or why such rigid laws; the mere fact of there being laws shows that there must be some object to be attained through their operation. St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Galatians, "the law was a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ." What therefore could be the object of bringing us to Christ? And as that object is undoubtedly our salvation, what does salvation mean if in the future there is not an eternal punishment? The very fact of our Saviour's condescending to take our nature upon Him, and offer up Himself a sacrifice for sin, without spot or blemish, shows beyond a doubt the awfulness of the future punishment to all those who persistently reject his proffered conditions of salvation. The Gospel is properly called "The Gospel of your salvation."—Ephesians 1-13, and in St. Matthew's Gospel it is recorded that the angel said "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins." Now, to admit that there is salvation, admits that there must be also a state of punishment, or what are we saved from? His people, without doubt, are those only who rightly believe on Him as their Saviour, and love and obey Him. When He saves them from their sins, it is quite evident that He means *the effect of their sins*, and in either case no one can deny that sin is the transgression of the law, and that implies punishment.

The law required *complete and perfect obedience in every iota*, to satisfy the justice and Majesty of the Lawgiver, and as there was none able to do this, God in His infinite mercy provided one in the person of Jesus Christ. Although the sacrifice is sufficient for the whole world, and is freely offered to all, yet all do not accept it, nor does it appear reasonable to suppose that our Saviour meant nothing when He said, "Whosoever denieth Me before men, him will I also deny before God in the day of judgment." Again, "Depart from Me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. Now the devil's angels are all those who reject Christ, and His terms of salvation.

"As in Adam *all* die, even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive;" it does not follow from this quotation of your said correspondent that all, without exception, shall be saved, for remember that man must *live everlastingly* in the future, yet his *life* will be strictly "according to the deeds committed in the body." If he possess a saving faith, his life will be in the presence of his God and Saviour, and if he rejects the merciful offers of salvation, it must be because he has chosen the service of Satan, and as a consequence, will be one of his angels and will *live* with him everlastingly in woe and misery. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be *anathema* Maranatha," (or accursed.)—1st Corinthians 16th chap. and 22 verse. "He that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth of the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life *everlasting.*"—Galatians 6th chap. and 7th and 8th verses. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

In concluding this article I would say let your correspondent weigh well the awful responsibility he is incurring in trying to lead people to ignore the fact of the certainty of two distinct places in the future, one a sure place of bliss, and

the other as sure a place of woe; and do not, under any circumstance, say that God is partial or that He is not merciful, for He has shown His mercy in providing a way of salvation. He is not partial, for He offers it freely to all, yet He is also just in not putting the rebellious and obstinate scoffers and rejectors of His mercies on the same footing.

Yours truly,

THOMAS R. JOHNSON,

Montreal, April 12, 1878.

THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

CHAPTER XI.

BEHIND THE HAYSTACK.

When Christophe saw Jean Marie lying senseless, his heart turned to his brother; for the time Louise and her charms were effaced by his agony of remorse. The farmer lay so rigid and death-like that others beside Christophe thought that he was killed.

But after awhile Jean Marie regained his senses, and then Christophe took him home in Pierre Kerest's waggon.

By next day the careful nursing of Jeanne and Christophe had brought him greatly round, for the young man sat up all night applying cooling lotion to his brother's head, and plasters to the severe bruises caused by the fall.

Jean Marie seemed thankful for his devotion, and at times he felt more at one with his brother than he had felt since the meeting at Madame Rusquec's. Strong man as he was, and well used to these rough sports, he had never before been thrown so violently, and when he tried to rise, his head swam and his legs tottered under him.

"You must lie on your bed, master," Jeanne said, and after some resistance he was glad to lie there quietly.

Jeanne felt for the mortification he must suffer at his defeat, but this formed a very small part of the torment that raged in her master as he lay seemingly so quiet on his bed. He knew that he should have conquered Christophe, that he was nerved to give him his final overthrow when those agonized words had reached him, and he saw the look of anguish on Louise's face. It smote him so suddenly, so convincingly, that his strength seemed to depart at once, and when he again took hold of Christophe his grasp was so feeble and mechanical, that the young man thought his brother was reserving himself for another mighty effort; he was astonished at his own victory. It was impossible that any explanation could take place between them, and yet Jean Marie at times judged Christophe fairly; at others fits of blind impotent fury possessed him—lying there almost hopeless he saw his brother stride across the floor in the full pride of his youth and strength, and he longed to strike him down, and for ever rid himself of so dangerous a rival. This mental tumult increased the pain and confusion in his head and acted against Jeanne's remedies.

Meantime Christophe waited impatiently for his brother's recovery. Coeffic waylaid him each time he left the farm, but the young man shrank from grieving Jean Marie. Yet he had shown his feelings to Louise, and he owed duty to her as well as to his brother, and he had on the terms Jean Marie himself proposed fairly won the right to ask her to be his wife. He did not feel confident of success with her, spite of Coeffic's assurances, but at last yielded to the Bazalvan's entreaties, and sent him to plead with Louise.

On the evening of the fourth day Jean Marie felt much stronger. He was calmer too, more in his right mind. It had come to him that he had judged Louise hastily and foolishly. True, she had uttered that cry which had so unnerved him in the ring, but what then? She liked Christophe, and it pained her to see him hurt. Other women did not feel these things, but then Louise was tender and soft-hearted.

"Jeanne says she left the ring sobbing, as soon as I fell—that might have been for me. She did not even speak to Christophe. Why have I been so hasty and so faint-hearted? It is certain Madame Rusquec would not hesitate between us two." And then the remembrance that he had himself given up the chance of first asking for Louise by the bargain made with Christophe, sent him back into dogged sullenness. Still through this there shone a gleam of hope. Christophe might be refused. He called for Jeanne, but no answer came, and he hobbled to the back door wondering how soon he should reach the mill; he heard a murmur of voices beyond the haystack which stood some twenty yards from the house. Always suspicious, and in his present state jealously alive to all that might be said concerning his defeat, he crept lightly across the yard, littered here also with straw, and soon was near enough to distinguish words, and to discover that the speakers were Jeanne and his brother.

"You will tell the master," Jeanne said.

"Tell him yourself," said Christophe; "I have given him pain enough, I do not care to make him suffer."

Jean Marie's face grew dark, and he set his teeth hard one against another, and thrust his head forward that he might not lose a word.

"It is best to tell him yourself," said the old woman; "but if you cannot, then I will. He should know before others."

"Yes, yes, you must tell him, and then there is this to be settled. Coeffic says the next step is for me to go with him, and with my nearest relative, to see Louise's mother. I thought as Louise and I had understood one another before, these formalities might have been set aside, but he says no; now, Jeanne, I cannot ask Jean Marie to answer for me."

There was a pause. Then Jeanne said, "The master would counsel you; but there is your cousin, the barber, Kerharo; it is true he is a new-comer in Huelgoat, but still he is the son of your father's sister, and he is therefore of your blood; he will do for you what is wanted."

But Jean Marie's jealous fury had risen beyond his control; he limped forward with surprising swiftness, and stood facing Christophe and Jeanne.

"I have heard you," he said, with concentrated passion in his voice, "and I tell thee, Christophe Mao, not to make too sure." The young man shrank from his gleaming eyes. "Thou hast had thy chance, now I will take mine, and

we will yet see who will win Louise. Curse thee, thou biter of the hand that feeds thee; thou art coward and deceiver too. I tell thee I was a fool to put to the trial that of which I was so sure; and I tell thee, that Louise Rusquec shall not be the wife of any man but me."

His face was distorted with ungovernable anger, and while Christophe stood shocked and silent, old Jeanne took the younger brother's arm, and led him away.

"Do not answer him," she said, gently; "he has had these fits all his life, and woe betide the man or woman that crosses him at such a time. I have seen him shoot a dog dead for even caressing him in such a mood."

"How long will it last?" said Christophe, moodily.

"I cannot tell, but he is always very gentle afterwards. Perhaps you were right, my boy, perhaps it would have been better to have kept silence until the marriage was decided."

"I will keep silence now with a vengeance, and I shall no longer hesitate to grieve him. He has cursed me. I go to-morrow with Kerharo, and the Bazvalan, to make my formal demand for Louise."

(To be continued.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ESTHER PENNEFATHER, by Alice Perry. Harper's Library of American Fiction. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Price, 75 cents.

The Harpers have begun a new series of novels, under the name of the Library of American Fiction, the book before us being the first number. In strong contrast to the sombre brown wrapper so long associated with their reprints in readers' minds is the prettily designed and quaintly coloured cover, an improvement in every way upon the ordinary conceptions and suggestive of relief for the eye, at least when sight and understanding are wearied by the platitudes of would-be authors. In the case of "Esther Pennefather," however, there will be no recourse to the artistic merits of the cover, for the contents are in some respects startlingly original and the most curious specimen of fiction that it has been our lot to meet for a long time. The assurance that the author is young, and this her first work is needless, every page bears witness to the facts, and indeed it is impossible that any one but a schoolgirl could have written such an extraordinary novel. Nevertheless the announcement of the series is right enough in saying that she "gives promise of still larger performance in the future," and when Miss Perry has got into long dresses and lost the smell of bread and butter, the cleverness she shows may be expected to be turned to good account, for the vigour of this young person will assuredly carry her safely over the too often fatal exhaustion of a first book and enable her to deal more dexterously with the next idea that occurs to her, while a glimpse of the world as seen outside of a boarding school will enlarge her experience. We have all heard of the school-girls' fancy for falling in love with each other, and of the amount of affection lavished upon the chosen object with a warmth that is perhaps the safety valve for young feelings soon to be turned towards the other and inferior sex, and have looked upon either as an elaborately sustained fiction, or as a manifestation of the same kind as slate-pencil eating. But if we are to believe Miss Perry, there are more things in a schoolgirl's heaven than are dreamt of in the ignorant and selfish philosophy of men, and it is to be confessed that she is difficult to believe, when she makes a schoolmistress the object of the burning love of her scholars and the devastator of feminine hearts. But this is exactly the novelty of the theme. We have been told time and again that no woman ever loves another, and we believe it, not, of course, supposing that our readers will misunderstand the sense in which the term is used. But Miriam Snow, the aforesaid schoolmistress, or lady principal—to give her the title which she has in the book—not only makes all her scholars fall in love with her, but has them mad with jealousy, and unable to live without her favour. She is moreover a sort of femininely apotheosized heart-breaker with that fondness for making victims, and that cold attractiveness that marks the male hero in Ouida's young lady, delighting in travesties, and the charm of which seems about as unreal as the character itself. Of course, she is beautiful beyond compare, classic and stately, all that goes without saying, and her admirers fall down and worship her. The secret of all this fascination is accounted for by her power of mesmerism, and her love of influence. The girls vow all manner of absurdities to prevent this delightful creature feeling the least shade of pain, and the outcome of it is that Esther Pennefather marries a "half-bred man, neither a rough nor a gentleman," simply because he tells her that Miss Snow's brother once forced a check and that if Esther doesn't marry him he will tell some one else. Esther eventually dies, but sticks to her idol through everything. More girls fall in love with other girls, and commit any amount of absurdities, the tragic details of which are recounted with much seriousness, the only approach to real life which we have been able to find being the elopement of one with a married man and the admiration which another awakes in the heart of a policeman. Until these familiar occurrences take place, we feel quite in another world, but they are reassuring, and show that the author can descend from the heights of ineffable romance to the commonplaces of life. There is much misguided cleverness, and some easy writing in this extraordinary story, which will well bear reading, and may be the predecessor of something more sensible. Perhaps after all it may be a satirical way of showing the folly of wasting female time upon a petticoated lover, but if so an unnecessary amount of mystery and tragedy have been expended in a lesson which women rarely need.

JUSTINE'S LOVERS. Harper's Library of American Fiction. New York: Harper & Bros., 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Price 60 cents.

This story is as full of the essence of everyday life as "Esther Pennefather" is void of it. Justine is an American girl who is born rich and has to live poor for some time while her mother and she are seeking to gain their living, and she tells of her lovers who were men and many. The manner of the telling is excellent, and the character sketching done with a strong, skilful hand. There is plenty of humour and no small amount of keen observation in the story, which takes us from the first boy who won her girlish fancy to her final determination to marry, for this we gather to be her intention from the conclusion, which hits a happy mean between the "all went happily ever afterwards" and the "misery all round" styles. A pompous young ass, clever enough to be a successful barrister, scoundrel enough to desert her because of her loss of fortune, and rogue enough to attempt a penitential offer of heart-broken affection when he knows the good luck which makes her an heiress and she does not, is excellently drawn, as also his father and mother, the former a gentleman and man of honour, the latter "shoddy" to the backbone. She goes to Washington in search of a Government clerkship and while waiting there introduces us to the rest of her lovers, among them an old friend of the family, who was a partner of her father and had got himself a Government situation after many bankruptcies and much see-sawing in the world. He is as fresh and cheery a personage as has appeared in fiction for a considerable time. After her failure she tries a Kindergarten, and the sketches of the children are most amusing. Through her care of her little pupils and her love for her mother she wins the heart of the man to whom she is engaged when he dies and leaves her a fortune. The book must be read as a whole to appreciate cleverness of its plan—we use the word advisedly, for the plot of the story is simple—it is shrewd, dashing and well sustained. Among the noticeable features are the portrayal of the Head of the Department's bearing towards office seekers, and the analysis of the feelings of the unlucky applicants themselves. There are many allusions which would be plain to anyone knowing Washington, and which doubtless, judging from the slight clues only that a stranger can possess, are among the good points made. In ability and experience "Justine's Lovers" shows a somewhat practical hand at work.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND. By Mary Cecil Hay. Harper's Half Hour Series. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1878. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

An odd little story, making a pleasant number of the Series.

MUSICAL.

SINGING AND VOICE CULTURE.

(Continued.)

When the voice has been well exercised on every note of the scale, continue practising, but begin a fifth above the lowest note of the voice, taking care to produce a perfectly even tone throughout. In order to practise exercises on different syllables, take the following sounds:—A as in *far, fall, take, mat*; E as in *me, bed*; I as in *mine, tin*; and O as in *tone, top*.

Whilst great attention has been given to the cultivation of the voice and vocalization, very little heed seems to have been paid to articulation and pronunciation, which seems the more extraordinary in that whilst many singers vocalize fairly without any special preparation, very few, if any, pronounce their words so as to get a good tone on every syllable. Air, acting on certain membranes or fibres in the larynx puts them in motion and produces sound, which, if always propelled in the same direction, with the muscles at the same degree of tension, produces precisely the same sound both as regards pitch and quality; but if the conditions are changed—for example, if the shape of the mouth be changed so that the air in passing through it impinges on any part, (the palate, teeth, or gums) so as to change the focus of vibration—the quality of tone is altered accordingly.

The sound of A as in *fall* is perhaps the most satisfactory to begin with. After the student has obtained a satisfactory tone with the organs in the position necessary to produce that sound, let him change their position by taking in rotation the others given above, and endeavour to get a good tone on each. To quote an eminent authority who has given the subject much thought: "Every form or position needed should be assumed with flexibility, and every movement should be as freely made." After a position has once been taken, it should be steadily maintained till change is desired. This change in the form or position should be freely and perfectly made, but without interrupting any other process, and by the application of flexible power only.

All the forms belonging to each element of language, or vowel are to be practised upon each degree of pitch. Thus, sounding the first note we form A as in the word *day*; while sustaining the sound, we produce the four forms or positions of A thus: A long, as in *fate*; A Italian, as in *arm*; A as in *ask, grass*; A short, as in *add, fat*. Then ascend and descend the exercise, making all the forms upon each degree of pitch before changing to the next higher or lower tone.

The movements which are used to give the forms of E are peculiar. The first position taken involves the smallest aperture of any used in language. The second position is produced by separating the teeth, as in the word *led*, but not so widely, for instance, as in the word *art*.

In producing the vowel I, these movements are reversed. Taking I as in the word *time*, we change the position as given in the word *tin*; and the greatest care should be used to secure the exact position required. A little closing of the teeth will change the form to that of E in the word *bee*. This, of course, must be avoided; and the position taken and retained must be that only which gives the precise form of the vowel sound.

(To be continued.)

THE ANNIVERSARY OF "TOM MOORE."

The fifth annual celebration of the birthday of "Ireland's great bard," Tom Moore, took place at the Mechanics' Hall, on Tuesday evening last, when the Catholic Young Men's Association gave an excellent concert. The engagement of Madame Chatterton Bohrer was a wise act on the part of the management, as the applause which attended her beautiful rendering of Irish airs certified. Madame Bohrer is a harpist of considerable merit, and comes from one of the best schools in England. She is a pupil of her father, Mr. Frederick Chatterton, probably one of the best exponents of this instrument in his time. Irish music is very seldom well played on this continent, because it does not receive that attention which its merits in formal, characteristic and ideal beauty demand, but to which European artists give attention. The Melodies of Ireland, to which Moore added his sublime verse, and which gave him an undying fame, have done much to make European artists popular in England, Irish music being soul stirring and full of life. We hail then, with pleasure, the presence of one amongst us who can understand and appreciate this part of the grand science, and by her broad and artistic rendering of Ireland's music, raise an ambition amongst the people to foster and cultivate it. The Reverend Father Salmon's address was very pleasing and to the point, since he touched upon most of the salient points of Moore's great literary career, although he (Father Salmon) said, he had had a very short time to prepare it, and was therefore obliged to read his address. The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the concert:—Misses Kelly, Aumond, Crompton, Beauchamp, Griffin, and Messrs. Lefevre, McMahon and Roussel. Recitations were given by Messrs. O'Hara and Buchanan. We cannot close this article without calling attention to the excellent singing of Misses Kelly, Aumond and Crompton, also that of Mr. Lefevre. Mr. Maffre, organist at St. Andrew's, and Dr. Trudel were accompanists, and also performed their parts well.

Marie Roze is a musical success, but a financial failure.

Rubenstein says he will come to America again—if some one will pay him enough. We will agree to go to Europe on the same terms.

An anatomist has been examining the hands of Liszt, the great pianist and composer, and finds them to possess some remarkable characteristics. The middle finger of each hand is knotted and powerful, and the force of the little fingers is very great. The knuckles seem to be made of iron, and those of the second finger are like a hinge. The hand in general is a large, square one, the first and second fingers being blunt, and the third and fourth flat and broad.

Mr. Myron Whitney, the great American basso and Carl Zerrahn were engaged for the Musical Festival at San Francisco last week.

Mrs. Osgood's farewell concert at the St. James' Hall, London, was well attended, and proved a fitting close to a successful season. She will return to England in the autumn, and is sure of a most cordial welcome. In our next issue we shall have the pleasure, we trust, of recording her other laurels won in our own city, where our musical friends will have had an opportunity of hearing her in the "Messiah."

During the past season fifty-two different operatic works were represented at the Court Theatre of Vienna. Among these Richard Wagner takes the lead with six operas and thirty-seven performances; very close upon the latter follows Meyerbeer, with likewise six operas and thirty-four representations. Next ranks Verdi, with five operas and twenty-nine representations. Mozart obtained a hearing on only eleven occasions, Weber on only four.

If he who makes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before be a benefactor to his species, how much greater is he who has planted the rich harvest of truth in the place of the rank weeds of ignorance and error, and engrafted thought upon a mind that would otherwise have been barren of speculation.—*Sydney Smith*.

A MAN is worth infinitely more than the saloons, and the costumes, and the show of the universe. He was made to tread all these beneath his feet. What an insult to humanity is the present deference to dress and upholstery, as if silkworms, and looms, and scissors, and needles, could produce something nobler than man!—*Channing*.

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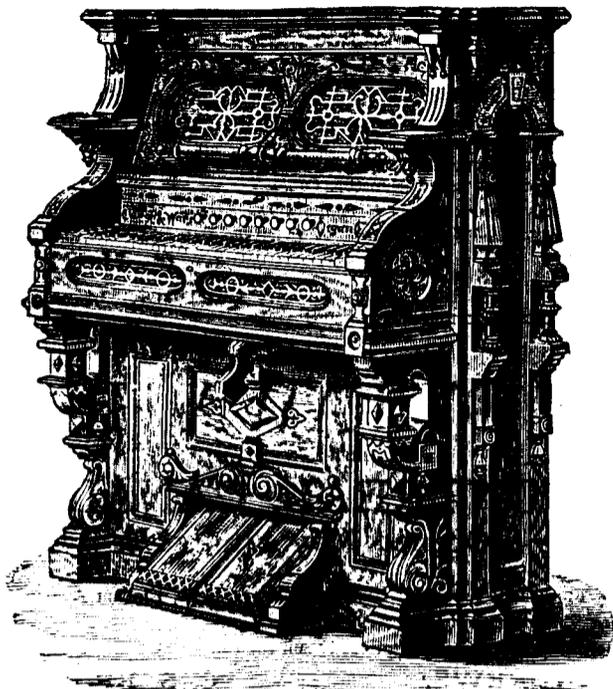
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Nestorian	2700	Capt. Barclay.
Moravian	3650	Capt. Graham.
Peruvian	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Manitoban	2700	Capt. McDougall.
Nova Scotian	3200	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Canadian	2600	Capt. Niel McLean.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Menzies.
Acadian	1350	Capt. Cabel.
Waldensian	2300	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Phoenician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Newfoundland	1500	Capt. Mylins.

THE STEAMERS OF THE

LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,

sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY (calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland), are intended to be despatched

FROM QUEBEC:

Moravian	Saturday, 25th May
Peruvian	Saturday, 1st June
Scandinavian	Saturday, 8th June
Polynesian	Saturday, 15th June
Sarmatian	Saturday, 22nd June
Circassian	Saturday, 29th June

Rates of Passage from Quebec:

Cabin	\$70 or \$80
(According to accommodation.)	
Intermediate	\$40.00
Steerage via Halifax	25.00

The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from Quebec for the Clyde on or about every Thursday:

Phoenician	Thursday, May 23
Corinthian	Thursday, May 30
Canadian	Thursday, June 6
Austrian	Thursday, June 13
Austrian	Thursday, June 20

The steamers of the Halifax Line will leave Halifax for St. John's, N.F., and Liverpool as follows:

Nova Scotian	28th May
Hibernian	11th June
Caspian	25th June

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:

Cabin	\$20.00
Steerage	6.00

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.

Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada via Halifax and the Intercolonial Railway.

For Freight or other particulars apply in Portland to H. & A. Allan, or to J. L. Farmer, in Quebec, to Allans, Rae & Co.; in Havre, to John M. Currie, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris, to Gustave Bossange, Rue du Quatre Septembre; in Antwerp, to Aug. Schmitz & Co., or Richard Berns; in Rotterdam, to Ruys & Co.; in Hamburg, to C. Hugo; in Bordeaux, to James Moss & Co.; in Bremen, to Heirn Ruppel & Sons; in Belfast, to Charley & Malcolm; in London, to Montgomerie & Greenhorne; 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow, to James and Alex. Allan, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool, to Allan Bros., James Street; in Chicago, to Allan & Co., 72 LaSalle Street.

H. & A. ALLAN,
Cor. Youville and Common Sts., Montreal.

TENDERS.

DRUGGIST'S STOCK FOR SALE.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of
W. J. LANGFORD, of Ottawa,
An Insolvent.

Tenders are invited, until the SIXTH day of JUNE next, for the Estate of this Insolvent, as follows:

Stock, per Inventory	\$3,004 45
Fixtures, per Inventory	1,332 65
Book Debts, per List	3,697 93
	\$8,035 03

Tenders to include rent of Premises until FIRST of NOVEMBER next, and may be made for the entire Estate *en bloc*, or for the Stock and Fixtures only. Parties desiring time to state security offered.

The highest or any Tender not necessarily accepted.

Full particulars may be ascertained at the Insolvent's place of business, Wellington Street, Ottawa, or at the Office of the undersigned.

EDWARD EVANS,
Official Assignee.

Office of Evans & Riddell,
22 St. John street,
Montreal, May 23, 1878.

RELIANCE MUTUAL LIFE Assurance Society of London, Eng.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE - 196 St. James Street, Montreal.

RESIDENT SECRETARY - - - FREDERICK STANCLIFFE.

The RELIANCE is well known for its financial strength and stability, being one of the Offices selected by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, for Assuring the lives of Post-Office Officials, throughout the United Kingdom. Canadian management; Canadian rates; Canadian investments. Policies issued from this Office.

These important changes virtually establish the Society as a Home Institution, giving the greatest possible security to its Canadian Policy-holders.

F. C. IRELAND,
City and District Manager, Montreal.

THE NEW OTTAWA HOTEL
(EUROPEAN PLAN)
MONTREAL, CANADA.

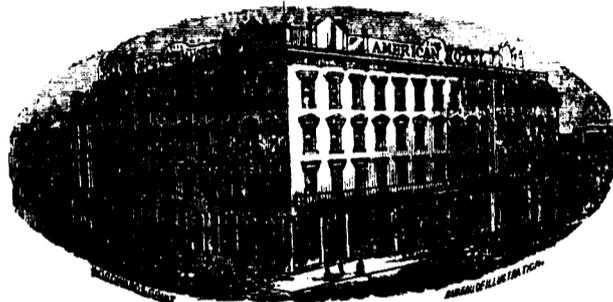
Opened May 14th, 1878.

Elegantly Furnished, Passenger Elevator, Electric Bells, Elegant Apartments with Bath-rooms *en suite*. Every room heated with steam.

All modern improvements, and prices to suit the times.

HARRY ANDREWS,
Manager.

C. S. BROWNE,
Proprietor.



AMERICAN HOTEL, TORONTO.

Reduced the Rates so as to meet the Times.

Seventy five Rooms at \$2.00, and seventy five at \$1.50. Incontestably the most central and convenient Hotel in the city, both for commerce and family travel. Three minutes walk from the Union and Great Western Depots; and first-class in every respect, except price.

GEORGE BROWN, Proprietor.

H. A. NELSON & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FANCY GOODS, DRUGGISTS', TOBACCONISTS', STATIONERS' AND GROCERS' SUNDRIES.

FANS—American, French and Japanese.

POCKET-BOOKS in Russia, Calf, Morocco, Sheepskin, &c.

Ladies' and Gents' TRAVELLING BAGS a speciality.

BABY CARRIAGES, TOY CARTS, VELOCIPEDES, &c., &c.

56 & 58 FRONT STREET, WEST,
TORONTO.

91 to 97 ST. PETER STREET,
MONTREAL.

TENDERS.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of
WM. G. LEROY, of Bryson.
An Insolvent.

Offers are solicited by the undersigned for the under-mentioned property, situate in the Village of Bryson.

Liberal terms will be given.

1. Store and Dwelling, with outbuildings, at present occupied by the insolvent.
2. Village Lot No. 2, on Clarendon street, with dwelling house, stable and woodshed.
3. do East side 16, in Main street, dwelling house.
4. do West side 17, in do do
5. do At present occupied by Mr. Gardner, dwelling house, stable and shed.
6. 100 acres, bush lot.

Application made to either the insolvent at Bryson or the undersigned assignee, will be promptly responded to.

JOHN TAYLOR,
Assignee.

Office of TAYLOR & DUFF,
Assignees and Accountants,
353 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Paganic People, their loves and lives, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. \$1.50.
Studies in Mercantile Architecture, comprising fifty suggestive designs for warehouse, shop and office buildings, by W. S. Ogden. \$9.

Justine's Lovers. 60c.

Esther Pennefather. 75c.

Reaping the Whirlwind, by Mary Cecil Hay. 15c.

The Godson of a Marquis. 60c.

Viva, by Mrs. Forester, author of Doloras. \$1.50.

Is he Popenjoy? by Anthony Trollope. 15c.

Out on a Comet, a Journey Through Space, by Jules Verne. \$1.50.

The China Collector's Pocket Companion, by Mrs. Bury Palmer. \$1.50.

Modern Dwellings in Town and Country, with Chapters on Furniture and Decoration, by H. H. Holly, with 100 original designs. \$4.50.

Studies in Spectrum Analysis, by Norman Lockyer. \$2.50.

Studio, Field and Gallery, a Marvel of Painting for the Student and Amateur, by Horace J. Rollin. \$1.50.

Fletcher's Model Houses for the Industrial Classes. \$1.75.

Godwin's Designs for Art Furniture. 2.25.

Robson's Modern Domestic Building Construction. \$10.75.

Studies in the Creative Week, by George D. Boardman. \$1.75.

Cheap Edition of Victor Hugo's History of a Crime. 10 cents.

New Edition of Lord Dufferin's Letters from High Latitudes, illustrated. \$1.50.

Thucydides, new volume of Blackwood's Ancient Classics.

Margaret Chetwyn, by Mrs. Morley. \$1.50.

The Augustinian Doctrine of Predestination, by Canon Mozeley. \$2.75.

FOR SALE BY
DAWSON BROTHERS,
St. James street.

Sales by Auction.

By **W. E. Shaw.**

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, and Amending Acts.

In the matter of
R. BECKHAM,
Insolvent.

I am instructed by **EDWARD EVANS, Esq., Assignee,** to sell by auction in the premises, No. 229 Chatham street, on

WEDNESDAY, the 5th day of June next at Two o'clock in the Afternoon,

The contents of Carpenter's Shop, consisting of:—
Planer, Sticker, Morticing Machine, Wooden Frame Sticker, Scroll Saw, Band Saw, Turning Machine, Lathe, besides a large quantity of valuable Carpenters' Tools, appertaining to a first-class establishment, and immediately afterwards a valuable draught of Horse, 2 Setts Harness, Cart, Waggon, 2 Buggies, and 2 Sleighs.

W. E. SHAW,
Auctioneer.
EDWARD EVANS,
Official Assignee.

Montreal, 27th May, 1878.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, and Amending Acts.

In the matter of
W. L. KINMOND & Co., of the City of Montreal.
Insolvents.

The undersigned Assignee will sell by Public Auction, at the Factory of the above-named Insolvents, known as the Canada File Works, Cote St. Paul, at so much in the dollar on the inventory valuation, the balance of the assets of the above Estate, in three lots, as follows, namely.

- 1st. Stock in Trade, consisting of Files manufactured and in process of manufacture, and File Steel, round, flat, &c., &c., amounting to about - - - \$ 2,900.00
 - 2nd. Balance of Book Debts - - - - - 896.23
 - 3rd. Buildings and Flume - - - - - 902.65
 - Plant and Machinery - - - - - 2,250.00
 - 4,566.71
- \$11,515.59

Sale to take place on
MONDAY, the THIRD DAY OF JUNE,
1878, at 12 o'clock NOON.

Terms made known day of Sale.
All further information given on application at the Office of Perkins Beausoleil & Perkins, 60 St. James Street, Montreal.

ARTHUR M. PERKINS,
Assignee.
W. E. SHAW,
Auctioneer.

Office of
PERKINS, BEAUSOLEIL & PERKINS,
60 St. James Street.

WILLIAM E. SHAW,
GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

195 St. James Street, Montreal.
Best stand in the city.

40 Beaver Hall Terrace,

MONTREAL, MAY 1.

I have, this day, admitted **J. LAUDER, L.D.S., D.D.S.,** a partner in my practice, which will be continued under the name of **BEERS & LAUDER.**

W. GEO. BEERS,
Surgeon Dentist.

CHAS. LEGGE & CO.,
(Established 1859.)

Solicitors of Patents, 162 St. St. James Street, Montreal. Canadian, American, British and European Patents obtained; Copyrights, Trade Marks and Designs registered; Interferences conducted, and all Patent business transacted.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

On and after **MONDAY, MAY 13th,**
A LOCAL TRAIN will leave Bonaventure Station for **VAUDREUIL,** at 6.15 p.m.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal May 9th, 1878.