

*Dr. Cumpp 111*

# PURE A WEEKLY JOURNAL



# GOLD For CANADIAN HOMES

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TORONTO, JULY 21st, 1871.

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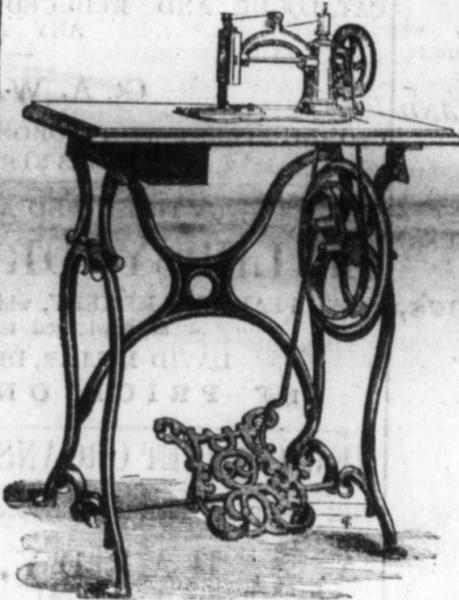
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Vol. I.

TORONTO, JULY 21st, 1871.

No. 5.

## Original Articles.

### THE UNITED STATESIANS.

THEIR MANNERS, MORALS, AND PROCESS OF DEVELOPMENT.

BY COSMOPOLITAN.

CHAPTER I.

A WRITER often finds it more difficult to fix upon a subject than to discuss one. That, however, is not my difficulty in this case; for, having my subject, the knotty problem has been what to call it. The people of the republic, commonly known as the United States, sometimes endeavour to monopolize the term "American;" but that cannot be. They are Americans, just as a Turk, a Spaniard, or a Finn is a European; and yet, if I were about to pen some notes anent the followers of Mahommed on the Bosphorus, I should hardly be justified in heading my papers with "Manners and Customs of the Europeans." So in the present instance. I am not proposing to dilate upon the alleged baby-eating propensities of the Patagonians, or the super-eminent virtues of the Canadians, or the epicurean propensities of the Greenlanders, or even the political merits of the Mexicans, or the morals of French Guiana. My project is far more humble, and is limited to the people of those thirty-seven States, &c., called "United." I should, therefore, be practising a gross and unwarrantable deception upon the readers of PURE GOLD if I had written "The American People" at the head of this column. This people is in fact an anonymous people; and therefore my first business was to save them from that reflection any longer. "To be honest, I had to name them. "American" was too comprehensive; "Yankee," according to the diction of the people themselves, was not comprehensive enough; and in truth I saw none better than that I have chosen. It is not euphonious, but it is definite, and the best under the circumstances, in my belief. I therefore commend it for adoption by that delightfully intelligent entity, which we call the Public.

The United Statesians—what are they? It is easy enough to say that they are the inhabitants—with trifling unimportant exceptions—of that portion of North America which lies between Canada and Mexico; but it is not so easy to answer the question as it ought to be answered. It has been taken hold of by anthropologists, and various opinions expressed concerning it; but I do not hesitate to say that no one, whose voice is worth anything, can admit that any of them are of much value. The truth is, that while the United States is a nation, the people of the United States are not a nation. They have political nationality and civil nationality, but not ethnic nationality. There have been impulses enough to effect political unity, but not time enough for the accomplishment of racial unity. They are a nation, but not a people; rather an aggregation of peoples, biding their time to be welded into one. All ethnological enquiries concerning them must, therefore, partake rather of the hypothetical and prospective, than of the actual and accomplished. In almost all other instances

the finger of anthropology points to the remote past, and directs us to the earliest ages of mankind; but in this case it points into the distant future, and directs us to discern what is to come from that which former lessons teach us is and has been.

To any one who has studied the matter at all carefully, and on the spot, it must, I think, be quite evident that this division of the Anglo-Saxon race will one day possess all the characteristics, both social and physical, of a distinct nationality. I believe that the political differences will be those which are the least marked. What, then, are the probabilities concerning those characteristics? and what are the influences that will affect them? The answer to the latter question must comprise, as an important item, the present habits of the people; but these will occupy my pen in future papers. I confine myself now to the ethnological aspect of the question. The materials out of which the future United Statesian has to be formed are not so numerous as they are diverse in character. Within the limits of the Republic, it would be easy to find representatives of many nationalities—not of all, as is oftentimes boasted, nor nearly all, but many. Of these again several may be left altogether out of consideration, and the remainder will then consist of English (including some Scotch), Celts (including Irish and some French), Germans, Spaniards, French, Negroes, and Mongolians (including Chinese and the native Indians). Many centuries must elapse before the blood of these various nationalities or tribes is equally diffused throughout the country. Possibly such a time may never occur; but this may safely be predicted, that everywhere the English, or so-called Anglo-Saxon element, will remain most prominent. I doubt whether Spanish blood will come far north, nor do I expect that that of Germany will be spread far into the south. If I should be in error in either of these views, there is no doubt that external circumstances, especially climate, will exercise considerable influence in modifying the peculiarities of origin. There are two reasons for believing that the Anglo-Saxon element will always be pre-eminent. In the first place, it is most abundant, and it is also the most powerful. All the history of colonization, which is only another term for the transplanting of a people, goes to show that the Anglo-Saxon blood asserts itself with a force that is peculiarly its own, when brought into contact with other races. This is particularly the case when those races are aboriginal tribes; but it is also the case when they are well-defined nationalities of Europe, as can be shown by numerous illustrations. There is also good reason to believe that the German element will more readily be lost when brought into contact with the Anglo-Saxon than would that of either of the Latin nations. Of these three, the French is the most obstinate, and perhaps the least useful; but when it yields it is lost. The Spanish is the most easily affected, but its evidences are the most enduring. It may, by careful examination, be traced long after its features have for practical purposes disappeared; whereas the French, when its practical effects cease, is nothing. I do not anticipate much enduring influence from the Irish flood towards this continent.

I am willing to take all the responsibility of saying that the Irish Celt—which term does not include all so-called Irishmen, although, so far as my meaning goes, it almost might—is not a

desirable ingredient in the manufacture of a population; and viewed in this light, it is gratifying to know that the enduring power of this element is remarkably small. The typical South-of-Ireland Celt does not readily intermingle with other people, as long as he has a chance left of intermarrying with his own; and it is worthy of note that the offspring of such unions, allowed to grow up in close attrition with other people—especially if they be of Anglo-Saxon lineage—is vastly different from what it would have been if it had developed amid the violent prejudices, religious and political, which are cultivated unhappily throughout a large part of Ireland. There is, however, another direction in which the Irish Celt will undoubtedly make a mark upon the future, aided by a new importation.

The native Indian of North America is a Mongolian, closely allied to the Chinese in Asia and to some of the subjects of the Czar in Europe, and his blood will be a marked and probably enduring element in the people of this country. I am aware that few United Statesians like the contemplation of this fact, yet I do not know why they should object to it. I have studied with some care, and under ample advantages, the Mongolian character, and I believe that it possesses qualities far more valuable than many that are predominant in some of the proudest lineages of Europe. Many New Englanders show in a very marked degree the possession of Indian blood, which, instead of disappearing in succeeding generations, seems rather to produce a permanent typical distinction. I have met natives of Massachusetts who, whatever others might think, doubtless ranked themselves among the noblest, most refined, and—republicanism notwithstanding—the most aristocratic of the human race, but in whom the indications of Indian blood were evident to the most ordinary observer. Not that I think these indications were any defect for a people of America; but there is a strong prejudice against them, and an equally strong, though utterly futile desire to conceal them. Some of these people, arrayed in proper costume, and their skins darkened a little, might pass well for native Indians, before even a practised eye. And it must be remembered that this is one of the oldest admixtures to be found in the country. It is an historical fact that the institution of slavery in America originated with the Puritans of Massachusetts, who, in the course of their cruel persecution in early times, transported many of the natives to the South, retaining the women and children in the condition of slavery—and worse. Out of this state of things a race of half-breeds came into existence, through which the native blood was firmly established in New England—especially in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and parts of New Hampshire—giving a marked physical character to many, which, through them, is becoming at this moment disseminated throughout the States. Some enquirers think they have discovered a tendency in this people generally to approach in physical conformation the type of the Red Indian, and I am not prepared to deny this, but rather to endorse it; still, I think the admixture of Indian blood is far greater than many suppose, while its effects are not only well defined, but promising to be permanent. How far this mixture has affected the moral character or disposition is a question of great importance, which, perhaps, cannot be

safely answered without further experience; but I lean strongly to the opinion, as a result of my own observation, that the best features of the Indian character have not been preserved so decidedly as others of less value.

The influx of Chinese to California, and thence in smaller numbers throughout the country, even as far as Boston, must not be left out of consideration in this discussion: Chinese half-breeds are by no means uncommon; and in every instance which I have met with the mother is invariably Irish. It is not likely that these children will be taken to China; on the contrary, they will remain in the States, as the means of introducing in the West, just as the Indian has in the East, a strong current of Mongolian blood into the future United Statesian, and adding a new mark to his distinctive nationality.

Last comes the Negro. Since the close of the civil war—or, as it might more correctly be called, the second revolutionary war—different political parties have chosen to publish statistics of a very opposite tendency as to the condition of the Negro race. On one side, it is represented as fast disappearing; on the other, we are told that it has multiplied considerably since the abolition of slavery. These two statements may, I think, be reconciled. There can be little doubt that the full-blooded Negro is rapidly becoming more scarce. In the North he is rarely to be seen, and in the South his numbers are rapidly diminishing. The cessation of importations is partly the cause of this; but, however strongly we may deprecate slavery, we cannot honestly deny that the condition of the Negro has not been improved since slavery was abolished, and as a consequence he is gradually but surely disappearing from amongst us. Not so the half-breed—in which term I for convenience include all grades of admixture of the two races. These are increasing. The number of people having more or less of Negro blood in their veins has increased greatly during the last ten years, and will further increase. It is more than probable that in the space of another generation—especially if European emigration diminishes, as it most likely will—a very large proportion of the people of the United States will show indications which point back to the old days when men and women were bought and sold. I do not say that the race will be degenerated by this general fusion of African blood. On another occasion I shall have to allude to the subject of female beauty among this people; but I may here incidentally remark that some of the finest women in the United States—those, too, with the best formed features—are women in whom the Negro relationship is strongly marked. Nor do I anticipate any deterioration in the mental powers, although modification of national character is inevitable.

Briefly, then, to summarize the points thus superficially enumerated, it seems probable that while at all times and everywhere throughout the States their future people must retain most prominently the marks of their Anglo-Saxon connection, yet these marks will be greatly modified by other influences. For a short time Germany will leave her impress in the middle Northern States. For probably a longer time Texas may bear the imprint of Spain; but both of these will ultimately disappear, as must, at a yet earlier date, the French element even in Louisiana. Irish immigration, too, is destined to be forgotten, and its effects to be obliterated; while the blood of what are called the inferior races—the Mongolian and the Negro—will remain to give an enduring character to the United Statesian throughout all time. Other influences, as I indicated above, will do their part to modify the national character, and these I shall have to consider. They are both social and political—habits as well as thoughts; but independent of these, and even while climatic influences conduct back to the type of the native Red Indian, I think we may very safely assume that when the people of this Republic are old enough to have attained an ethnic nationality, they must have for their basis such an element as I have described.

Scatter diligently into susceptible minds the germs of the true and beautiful.

## GENIUS—ITS CHARACTERISTICS.

FIRST PAPER.

WHAT is Genius? It is difficult to define. The world delights to do it homage, rejoices in its manifestations, and yet cannot tell in what it consists. It is known and perceived only by its developments in action and in thought. Every age has its controlling spirits, its great men—men of transcendent powers, who stand up as prodigies among their fellows—who, by the mere strength of their natural parts, achieve wonders, and, dying, leave behind them monuments of their greatness. They are called *men of genius*, and the world worships them.

Genius is a mystery in itself; and no wonder that a quality so subtle and impalpable was regarded by the ancients as an unseen guide and guardian spirit presiding over man's being and shaping his destiny. It is an energy of the intellect, surpassing that of ordinary men, an uncommon aptitude for a particular pursuit; the power of doing great things by an inherent native force. "Genius," says Sir J. Reynolds, "is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies which are out of the reach of the rules of art—a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire." This strong quality of mind is received from nature, and is the result of conformation. Genius is divine, the splendid donation of heaven. It is "a spark from the burning essence of its God."

Genius is *not Taste*, although Taste is inseparable from Genius. Taste, derived from the Latin *Tango*, "to touch," seems to designate the capacity of drawing pleasure from an object. It has been compared to that exquisite sense of the bee, which at once discovers and extracts the essence of every flower, and sets aside all the rest. Taste is the power of judging; Genius is the power of executing. He who is susceptible of all the pleasures of music may be said to have a taste for music; but he who becomes a proficient in the theory and practice of music may be said to have a genius for it. The one who admires painting may be said to have a taste for it; but he who makes the canvas *glow* has a genius for it. Taste can be attained; Genius is an incommunicable gift. We may "acquire a taste," but we cannot acquire genius. We may have a taste without genius; but we cannot have genius for a thing without having a taste for it. Taste is essential to genius, but genius includes taste.

Nor is Genius what we call Talent. Talent is the power to become familiar with various branches of knowledge; genius is a superior innate power in a particular department of science or art. Talent is the power of development, the power of disclosing the causes of facts, the reasons and proofs of principles; genius is the power of imparting new propositions of truth. Talent is the power of application; genius is the power of revelation; and the man of genius is in a certain degree inspired. Talent must acknowledge its obligations to education; genius is often independent of culture. Genius is intense and dazzling, and borne along on the full tide of inspiration, gains sublime heights; talent is clear and steady, has no inspirations, makes no sudden leaps, but arduously, toilingly climbs up to its goal. Genius startles; talent guides. Genius discovers; talent elaborates.

"The one gets wisdom as the flower gets hue;  
The other *hives* it as the toiling bee."

The one is imparted to the few; the other is the birth-right of the race. Talent is capacity, the power of acquiring and holding; genius is creative, the power of calling into existence. Franklin was a man of talent, of clear understanding, of extensive erudition, of great and persevering industry; Galileo was a man of genius, who made wonderful discoveries and inventions in an age little favourable to study and inquiry. Talent and genius, it is true, are not separated from each other by an "impassable gulf," for the highest order of talent seems lost in the effulgence of genius; yet between them there is a clearly-defined line of demarcation, which we have endeavoured to point out.

There are various characteristics belonging to genius. Foremost among these stands *attention*. This has been called the soul of genius. "Genius," says Helvitius, "is nothing but a continued attention." Every man of genius has had a remarkable power of abstraction. Socrates was seen to stand a whole day and night, motionless, and absorbed in thought. Archimedes was so lost in geometrical meditation that he was first aware of the storming of Syracuse by his own death wound, and his exclamation on the entrance of the Roman soldiers was, "Noli turbare circulos meos." Newton was known to sit for twelve hours, half-dressed, on the edge of his bed, arrested in rising by some master-thought; and that great philosopher has modestly said: "Whatever I have done is due to patient and continued thought."

Closely allied to attention is fervent *enthusiasm*. The man of genius lives only in the circle of thought relating to his character. His whole being is concentrated into a burning enthusiasm with his pursuits. He idolizes it; it shapes his dreams by night, and is his only thought by day; and with his soul *incandescent*, he gives forth "thoughts that breathe," "words that burn," and performs deeds that go rolling in music "down the centuries."

Another distinctive characteristic of genius is *originality*. It has a generating power. It is the creator, not the creature. It is not the moon, shining with derived and reflected light, but sun-like, as a source of light in itself and to others. It does not affect to be original—it cannot help it. It must stamp its own individual character upon whatever it touches. It is productive—not the standing pool, but the broad flood, pouring forth its deep waters; not the star, shining with borrowed lustre, but the bright sun, flinging its radiance over mountain and valley, and filling the world with its splendour.

Genius is a divine gift, but let us not be too much dazzled by it. It has accomplished great things in the world. It holds its place among us, like Vulcan among the gods of Greece. "He built the houses of the gods. He made for them the golden shoes with which they trod the air or the water, or moved from place to place with the speed of the wind. He shod the celestial steeds which whirled the charriots of the gods through the air or along the surface of the sea. He even endowed with intelligence the golden hand-maidens whom he made to wait on himself."

Thus genius has impressed the men who stand above the level of common humanity—who occupy the foreground of history, and are called *great*. But greatness is not the noblest thing in our world. To be good and to be true is better than to be great.

"He's true to God who's true to man, wherever wrong is done,  
To the humblest and the weakest 'neath the all-beholding sun;  
That wrong is also done to us, and they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves and not for all their race.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being free,  
With parallels of latitude, with mountain range or sea;  
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,  
From soul to soul o'er all the world leaps one electric thrill."

We have much pleasure in recording a distinguished honour which was, on the 20th ult., conferred upon a Canadian who took part in the late German war, and was present at most of the bloody engagements fought upon the ground between Moselle and Paris. Dr. Warren, of Niagara, who studied his profession in this city at Victoria College, is the gentleman who has received this compliment. Although he had retired from the service, and was pursuing his studies among the hospitals of London, he was sought out and requested to go to the Bavarian Ambassador, Count Hombasche, who in the name of the King of Bavaria, decorated him with the merit cross of the order of Ludwig. When we remember that honours have not been lavishly bestowed by the Germans, the honour is all the greater. We are informed that Dr. Warren has been appointed to the post of Demonstrator of Anatomy in Victoria medical school, and will consequently take up his residence in Toronto.—*Daily Telegraph*.

## ANECDOTES OF WITTY MEN.

THE late D'Arcy McGee was as noted for his native wit as for his graceful oratory. Once, while spending an evening with a relative in Wexford, he was requested by some of the young ladies present to sing one of his patriotic songs. The lady, being a near relative, was well aware that he could write or speak much better than he could sing; but pretending to be ignorant of his *organic* structure, she pressed her suit, saying:—"Pray, Tom, do sing one of your old songs—a native air, you know—I am sure *you will transport us.*" "I am sure *you* deserve it," replied McGee, "and I would gladly comply, were it not that I fear to involve so many innocent and charming companions in your punishment."

Charles Kendal Bushe, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, one of the most learned and eloquent men of the last generation, was remarkably fond of a good joke, and on more than one occasion the wits of the time used their weapons against his lordship. During the troublesome times that immediately preceded the death of the Irish Parliament, Bushe, who opposed the union with Great Britain, attended a public meeting in the Rotunda, Dublin, in the character of *cicerone* to two lady friends. Soon after they had taken their seats, a certain wit named Oulton, by accident or design, took a seat in front of the justice, and between his lady companions and the platform. With all the sweetness and grace of superior breeding, Bushe asked the intruder, who was an acquaintance, to re-adjust his position, so as not to intercept the view of his fair *protogees*. Oulton bowed and rectified his position, but owing to the pressure of the crowd he gradually resumed his former attitude, whereupon his lordship whispered: "Oulton, if you continue to intercept the ladies' view, they will fine you." "I regret, my lord, that I have been compelled to incommode them," said the intruder, "but hope, should they fine me, they will be pleased to *refine* your lordship."

An excellent anecdote is told of John Philpott Curran, who, according to Macaulay, was "the greatest orator, statesman, and lawyer of his time." This gentleman, when he first commenced to practice law, was in very needy circumstances. Indeed, himself and wife and child are said to have existed for months in a state of semi-starvation, ere he was so fortunate as to get into "the lucky current." One day, while walking round Stephen's Green, being yet almost "a briefless barrister," he happened to meet an old friend of the family, Dr. Hall, who was hurrying home after his morning's professional visits. "Where are you going now, Curran?" said the physician, with his usual *brusquerie*. "On circuit," replied Curran. "How is that?" enquired the man of physic, "I understood that the courts were not in session just now." "Oh! well, to be *brief*," answered the *briefless* barrister, "I am looking for a friend to lend me ten pounds, and fear I shall have to make the circuit of the city ere I find him." The doctor laughed, took the hint, and, pulling out his purse, handed the contents—ten guineas—to Curran. "Thanks, my friend," said the latter; "but pray is this the result of your morning's *pill-age*?" "It is but one fee," replied the physician; "I got it from 'Old Kafoozalem,' of Merion Square, and he died while I was in the room—probably from the effects of giving it." "A clear case of poisoning," said the man of law; "you have attempted to bribe me to conceal your mal-practices, but I'll not be a party for such a trifle as this. Come, old fellow, double the temptation, or I'll turn informer immediately." And the doctor doubled it, slyly remarking while writing out the cheque, that he "had almost forgotten that lawyers, like men of meaner mould, always require a *retainer* to retain even family secrets."

A scion of the House of MacDonald meeting lately with a certain "impoverished" ex-official who had just returned to Canada from the States, by a train which had met with an accident on a very uncertain railroad, asked what had become of his fellow-traveller—a well-known politician, named "Jenkins." "Oh," replied the Grit, "as to Jenkins, I left him in Washington, where John A. left his honour." In glancing

at his "friend," the "Coalitionist" missed the huge chain and cluster of golden seals that had formerly adorned the Grit's person, and thought he saw an opportunity of turning the conversation, and of being revenged on such a "satirical old Puritan." Accordingly, he pulled out his watch, from the chain of which hung a seal of office, and, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he exclaimed: "By the by, I have an appointment at five. Would you be so kind as to tell me the time, sir?—my watch has gone down." "So has mine," said the Grit, "and I am now on the watch myself."

Many years ago, there was an "immense dinner" given in Toronto in honour of William Lyon MacKenzie, who then "affected to be the champion of the people, if not the hero of Canada." For years he had been strongly advocating certain reforms, which were as strongly refused by the party in power—a party known in history as "the Family Compact." Six times, if we remember aright, was MacKenzie elected to Parliament, and six times did the dominant party "refuse him permission" to take or retain his seat. Once was he dragged from his seat and expelled from the House by his political opponents—a fact which does not reflect much credit on the Parliaments of that era. The people, after the committal of the last of these outrages, gave the dinner referred to, in order to mark their appreciation of MacKenzie's efforts in their behalf. The usual preliminaries of the banquet being over, "the guest of the evening" rose to address his friends. During the delivery of his very powerful oration, it was noticed that he glanced slyly along a row of beautiful women who occupied one of the front "benches," occasionally fixing his eyes on one who was transcendently lovely, even among that lovely group. Towards the close of his speech, he suddenly paused; then, bowing to the fair phalanx, he glanced round the room, and swore, "by the beauty of the women of Toronto, that unless the people were allowed to govern themselves, *that* should be the year of Canadian independence." He had scarcely uttered the soul-stirring words, when an old clergyman—the Rev. Dr. O'Brien—arose and said: "MacKenzie, your words are good, and deserve a nation's glad applause; but I think you should kiss the book by which you swear." The cheering which followed was taken up outside, and continued along the streets until it reached the Government House, where it so terrified the Governor as to induce him to call the troops to arms—thinking, doubtless, that the Clan MacKenzie were about to storm his stronghold. An anecdote similar to this is related of O'Connell; but at this distance of time it is difficult to say which of the two contemporary orators—the Canadian or the Irish—had the honour of its origination.

## THE LIFE OF NATIONS—ENGLAND, UNITED STATES AND CANADA

IN many respects the life of a nation is similar to the life of an individual being; indeed there are some philosophers who hold that in all respects the resemblance is perfect. If we look at the past we find much to support the belief. The history of the world tell us of many nations, all of which had a period of birth, a period corresponding to infancy, another to adolescence, another to mature age, and another period marked by decline, which terminated in death. As in man so among the nations, the life may be cut short at any time—during any period. Instead of a natural decline and death a violent termination may close the career. If we are asked to accept this theory we must do so with the proviso that one or more of the stages of life may be indefinitely prolonged. We should be sorry to have to believe that a time would come when old England the mother of nations should sit helpless from age with nothing but her past to give glory to her name, and with nothing but pitying respect to preserve her from the trespasses of neighbours. And still there are to be found those who think that already such a period of her history has come, or is nigh at hand. Some of the acts of her statesmen, and her avowed policy towards the colonies are seemingly all

intended to secure immunity from attack as if dreading a blow, or powerless to ward off a blow. But we prefer to believe that it is Christian England who thus acts, that it is the fulfilment of a Divine command, that it is because the principles of christianity have permeated the national mind. The man who upon receiving a blow upon one cheek turns the other or who at last turns away from his assailant, instead of returning the blow, may be called a coward or thought a weak old man, while he is actuated by the highest motives of christian love and forbearance; and a nation in carrying out the same principles may be likewise stigmatized. We trust Great Britain will long remain in the mature period of her life, giving constant and vigorous manifestations of life and energy. But whatever may be said with respect to the inevitable decadence of nations, there is manifestly with all a period of birth, of growth, and of development; unless indeed these be arrested by adverse circumstances.

The new world has supplied a grand field for the offspring of the old world nations, and upon her virgin soil has been planted colonies which have grown and developed into nations. Among these, we think we may say, the most illustrious are those planted by the Anglo Saxon race. At first scattered seed—insulated plantations, we now see developed two great powers, America and Canada. The rebellion of the thirteen colonies of England in 1776—83 was the birth wail of a new born child among the nations of the world. The time was a propitious one, there was no reason why the child should not grow. Indeed it would have been contrary to natural laws if the rugged child full of vitality, and well supplied with the richest nourishment, and care had not grown to manhood. It may be a question with some if the growth has not been altogether too rapid to be lasting,—whether the tree is not too much of the nature of the fungus to be enduring—whether its trunk is strong and full of enough o'sap, to be able to stand the noon-tide heat of prosperity, or the fierce blast of adversity. At all events the circumstances attending the life of the young native naturally led to rapid growth. The principles of political freedom had been germinating in Great Britain; religious liberty had been secured; the art of printing had just been discovered; the pent up nations of Western Europe required an outlet for a surplus population, and English capitalists wrought chances for investments. No wonder that a stream of emigration and of wealth should set in and flow with increasing strength and volume towards the rich lands of the West. It has been the boast of Americans that the rapid advancement of the United States was due to the superior institutions of a Republican form of Government; but the results would have been the same under any form of Government not despotic; perhaps indeed a more healthy growth would have attended the institutions of a limited monarchy. The United States nation is now ninety years old, and it must be admitted it has grown apace.

One result of the American Independence was the planting of several other British colonies; these together with French Canada, constituted the germ of another nation. They have now coalesced; and four years ago a new nation was born upon the continent of America. The event was of a more peaceful nature than that of the birth of the elder sister, but we believe it was none the less grand. It may seem, nay, it has seemed strange to the eyes of European nations, that so long a time should be required for Canada to attain to its present political importance; but the time is no longer than that which elapsed between the first settlement of the Atlantic colonies and their Independence. Then the circumstances attending the early colonial life of Canada, were by no means favorable to speedy growth. The U. E. Loyalists and disbanded soldiers shut up in the wilderness, found it enough to do to obtain the very necessities of life for many a year. Meanwhile the elder sister was basking upon the sunny shores of the Atlantic. It was an important advantage to stand, tall and comely, at the front door of the New World, and invitingly stretch forth arms of welcome. The little, rugged urchin, Canada, was effectually concealed in the back room. The blooming

maiden, America, told her European lovers, that she alone occupied the house. True, she would admit, when asked, there are fading tribes of Indians, and in the south, effeminate Mexicans, and along our northern borders, a few straggling and miserable Canadians, who barely subsist in that region of almost perpetual snow. But all these communities will soon cease to exist, and will be absorbed into the Great Republic. "The whole boundless continent is ours." Such has been the attitude and language of the United States; and people came to think it true. For years, even the wisest Europeans, which perhaps is not saying much so far as their knowledge of Canada is concerned, fully believed that sooner or later Canada as well as other people outside of the United States, would become a part of the Union. But young Canada, although kept in the back ground, and sometimes suffering from the effects to starve her, and sometimes half clothed, had a good constitution, and plenty of fresh air, and exercise, was steadily growing in strength and self-reliance. She put up with her sister's impertinence the best way she could, biding her time. And when she undertook to slap her, and even crush her in 1812, a slap was received back which she has not forgotten to this day. In later days the eldest sister has tried to tease the younger by fostering Fenian raiders, but only the other day she got a sting from the viper, she nourished to destroy her young sister. It would take a long time to mention the various ways in which the elder has endeavored to injure and destroy the younger; but in spite of it all, young Canada has prospered. Not being given to showy dress, and bragging, she may not have secured the attention, as yet, her elder sister has enjoyed; but her constitution is yet sound, and what beauty she has is natural, there is no rouge. Her powers of life have not been vitiated, she has not been guilty of excess; there is nothing on record to blot her virgin purity. If the growth has seemingly been slow, the roots have taken deep hold; and now, as she gradually rises above the overshadowing Union, so as to catch the bright sun's rays, in the form of emigration and capital, the world begins to open its eyes. The elder sister with her paint, and gaudy artifice of flowers, in vain essays to snub the "little brat," and as she scans her own fading features in the glass, the green-eyed monster gleams from her sunken eye. There only remains to try and obtain more of the young country's patrimony. How far she has been successful in the provisions of the Treaty of Washington is yet a question.

**Public Opinion.**

**LONG LIFE AND SOUND HEALTH—THE EXPERIENCE OF TWO LIVE VETERANS.**

(N. Y. Tribunc.)

THE venerable and vivacious American poet Bryant, who displayed his genius in early youth, who has lead a long life of great industry and activity, and who, though now approaching four score years of age, is still possessed of a lithe and vigorous frame, a clear intellect, and joyous disposition, has lately written a most interesting letter to one of his friends giving some account of his habits of life, so far, at least, as regards diet, exercise and occupation.

It is nothing wonderful or startling that the venerable poet tells about his habits or experiences. There is nothing in his ways of life involving trouble or requiring any great amount of self-denial, or necessitating the use of any far-fetched medicaments. He practises nothing that may not easily be practised by almost everybody; and though he himself has refrained from offering advice to anybody, we are free to give our opinion that those who may carry out the lesson of his example will not be long in learning its practical advantage. We do not, by any means, intend to say that his ways of life should be copied literally and in detail. People differ in their organization and constitution, in their condition and pursuits, in their necessities and ability; and many of us are compelled to take these things into account in our efforts to regulate the habits of our lives. But we do mean to say that the general principles of life involved in Mr. Bryant's happy experience of it—principles that have often been urged upon public notice by the scientific students of the laws of health and longevity—such principles as are implied in wholesome food, purity of person, lively exercise, regular sleep at proper time, active occupation,

avoidance of stimulants and narcotics, and intelligent care in other respects—are of universal application, and that their negligence is the main cause of the bodily ailments which so grievously afflict a great part of the human race, and the premature death which overtakes so large a proportion of mankind.

Let us quote now, from the vivacious old poet's letter, his own account of his daily habits.

"I rise early," he says, (in summer about five and in winter an hour later) "Immediately, with very little incumbrance of clothing. I begin a series of exercises, for the most part, designed to extend the chest, and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb bells, the very lightest, covered with flannel; with a pole, a horizontal bar, and a light chair swung around my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country, I sometimes shorten my exercises in the chamber, and, going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work which requires brisk exercise.

"My breakfast is a simple one—hominy and milk, or, in place of hominy, brown bread, or oat-meal, or wheaten grits, and, in the season, baked sweet apples. Buckwheat cakes I do not decline, nor any other article of vegetable food, but animal food I never take at breakfast. Tea and coffee I never touch at any time. Sometimes I take a cup of chocolate, which has no narcotic effect and agrees with me very well. At breakfast I often take fruit, either in its natural state or freshly stewed.

"After breakfast I occupy myself for a while with my studies, and then, when in New York I walk down to the office of the "Evening Post," nearly three miles distant, and after about three hours, return, always walking, whatever be the weather or the state of the streets. In the country I am engaged in my literary tasks till a feeling of weariness drives me out into the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden and prune the trees, or perform some other work about them which they need and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out preferring to walk.

"In the country I dine early, and it is only at that meal that I take either meat or fish, and of these but a moderate quantity, making my dinner mostly of vegetables. At the meal which is called tea, I take only a little bread and butter, with fruit, if it be on the table. In town, where I dine later, I make but two meals a day. Fruit makes a considerable part of my diet, and I eat it at almost any hour of the day without inconvenience. My drink is water yet I sometimes, though rarely, take a glass of wine. I am a natural temperance man, finding myself rather confused than exhilarated by wine, I never meddle with tobacco except to quarrel with its use.

"That I may rise early, I, of course, go to bed early; in the town as early as ten; in the country somewhat earlier. I abominate all drugs and narcotics, and have always carefully avoided everything which spurs nature to exertions which it would not otherwise make. Even with my food I do not take the usual condiments, such as pepper, and the like."

This interesting record of the personal habits of a remarkable man, may be supplemented by a brief notice of another letter recently published from a much older veteran, who is however hardly less vivacious, and who has also given some account of his habits of life, which, unfortunately, is less explicit and detailed than that of Mr. Bryant. We refer to "Father Cleveland," of Boston, who was a century old last month. He tells, in his letter, that he secures simple and nourishing food at all his meals, avoiding what are called luxuries; that he tastes no spirituous liquors, but drinks golden ale at table, and that he abhors tobacco in all its forms. He retires at an early hour, not later than ten, and rises about sunrise all the year round, thus securing sleep in its season, undisturbed and refreshing.

Such experiences are pregnant with philosophy. There is no doubt that there are people who suffer ill-health even with correct habits, and there is no doubt that there are people who enjoy health and long life, though they violate the laws of nature. But these are, after all, exceptional cases, dependant on special circumstances, and no general conclusion can be drawn from them. When God created man's wonderful body, organized its forces, endowed it with vitality, and gave intelligence to control it, he established for its welfare, certain principles, which if studied and conformed to, will produce happy results, but the neglect of which will inevitably end in suffering.

REVENUE FROM DUTIES ON INTOXICATING LIQUORS.—In the year ending March 30, 1870, the gross amount of revenue collected from home-made spirits, foreign and colonial spirits, malt, wine, and from licences to sell intoxicating liquors in Great Britain, was 24,620,505*l.* The machinery required by Government to attend to the evils resulting from the use of liquor cost the nation more than double the revenue derived from strong drink.

**EXPERIMENTS ON BREAD DIET.**

(London Lancet.)

THE last part of the *Zeitschrift fur Biologie* (Band vii. Heft 1) contains some interesting investigations by M. Gustav. Meyer, of Oldenberg, on the effects of bread diet on man and dogs. The experiments on dogs showed the bad economy of exclusive bread diet, as compared with one in which there was a due proportion of meat. Where bread alone is consumed, a considerable quantity of its albuminous constituents pass away unabsorbed, by the faeces, which under such circumstances are always abundant. Their character is peculiar. They are of yellowish colour, homogenous, soft, contain numerous air-bubbles, and on the average 79 per cent. of water, and 26 per cent. of unaltered starch. There is no sugar, but part of the starch appears, as stated by Bischoff, to undergo metamorphosis into the lower fatty acids, especially butyric, in the large intestine, which occasions the rapid evacuation of the faeces, and confers upon them a strong acid reaction. Bread diet faeces contain 32 per cent. more water than the bread itself; meat diet faeces on the other hand, contain 30 per cent. less water than the original flesh. It appears to be a matter of importance in what form the flour of the different kinds of corn is consumed; as bread, more faeces are discharged, and less absorbed, than in the form of cakes, dumplings, &c. The peasants in Alt-Bavaria and Suabia are chiefly fed on fatty, compact dumplings (*Nudein, Knodeln, Spatzlein, Schmarren*), from which good digestive organs can extract more nourishment than from bread, of which in many parts only a small quantity is consumed. We have here additional evidence that the nutritive value of a substance does not depend exclusively upon its chemical composition, but is affected by other circumstances. With meat diet the sparing quantity of faeces discharged is only in very small proportion composed of the unabsorbed remains of the meat consumed, 2500 grammes of meat making scarcely more faeces than 500 of bread. An addition of sugar in no wise alters the quantity or the quality of the faeces, the sugar undergoing complete resorption. An addition of starch, especially in the form of bread, on the other hand, changes both the quantity and quality of the faeces, which come to resemble the food ingested, and to augment in quantity with its increase. On account of the abundant faecal evacuations with bread diet, it is difficult to preserve the albuminous constituents of the body at their normal standard. The following table exemplifies some of these facts:—

Exp.	Food in grammes.	Dry faeces.	Nitrogen in faeces.
1.	1000 bread	70=13 per cent.	2.4=19 per cent.
2.	1000 " 100 meat	66=12 "	2.1=13 "
3.	1000 " 300 "	75=12 "	2.3=19 "
4.	377 meat 184 fat	26=7 "	1.0=8 "
5.	377 " 442 starch	68=13 "	1.5=12 "

From this it appears that it is disadvantageous to attempt to nourish an organism on bread alone; the addition of a small quantity of meat to full bread diet is of great assistance in promoting its nutritive value. The same rule is applicable alike to man and dog in this respect. On bread diet, or, in other words, on insufficient albuminous diet, the various tissues of the body become more watery, which again render them more liable to disease. M. Meyer, finding that considerable differences in the nutritive power of bread diet resulted from the mode of preparation in dogs, was naturally led to investigate this point in relation to man; and he determined to ascertain the effects of dieting on different kinds of bread-stuffs on a healthy young man. Each experiment lasted four days. It was found impossible to give sufficient bread to maintain the individual at his full weight. To facilitate digestion, 50 grammes of butter and 2 litres of beer were allowed, and the quantity of bread given was 800 grammes per diem. The bread-stuffs employed were—first, the Horsford-Liebig rye bread. This bread contains no bran, is made without yeast, and is rendered porous by means of the carbonic acid generated by carbonate of soda by the admixture of the acid phosphate of lime and magnesia (and of chloride of potassium), which salts form part of its nutrient properties. The bread was enjoyed, but the subject of the experiment complained much of hunger, especially in the morning. The second was Munich rye-bread, which was less relished, and was also insufficient to satisfy hunger. The third was white wheaten bread, which was much liked; but the feeling of hunger on the fourth day was unbearable. The last was North German black bread (*Pumpernickel*). This being the ordinary food of the subject, was of course liked best. The Horsford-Liebig bread is solid and compact, and offers resistance to the process of digestion; hence its solution and absorption are slow, and occasion large faecal evacuations. The Munich rye-bread is looser in texture, is therefore more easily digested and the faeces are both less in quantity and contain less nitrogen, though the bread contains more than the Horsford-Liebig bread. The wheaten bread is still more perfectly digested, no less than 94.4 per cent. of the dry

material being absorbed. The *Pumpernickel*, on the other hand, offers the greatest resistance to digestion, on account of its density and the coarseness of the meal, and only 81 per cent. of the dry material is absorbed. These experiments therefore, show, in opposition to the generally received opinion, that with equal consumption of dry material, wheaten bread is by far the most nutritious of the above four kinds of bread, as it furnishes the smallest amount of feces, containing also the least proportion of nitrogen. In feeding large numbers, however, calculations respecting relative cost must be considered, and from these experiments it may be shown that the order of the value of the four kinds of bread is—Munich rye-bread; *Pumpernickel*; Horsford-Liebig bread; wheaten bread. Finally, he makes some observations on bran, the addition of which to bread he thinks, of little value in a nutritive point of view.

### CEYLON AND ALCOHOL.

(From a speech by the Rev. Dr. Kessen of England.)

I was not aware till within the last few days that the Wesleyan chaplain of Parkhurst would attend this conference. He will give, or rather repeat, his testimony against intemperance. But I may observe that he has published an interesting manual on this subject, in which he gives the opinions of nearly all classes and professions in favour of total abstinence. And I may further observe, that one who can write as follows leaves very little to be added:—"I had scarcely commenced my missionary career in foreign lands, when I was struck with the fact that the drinking habits of all classes of the community formed a serious barrier to the progress of the Gospel. And when I considered that in most places the intemperance of the natives was traceable to the influence and example of my own countrymen, who had brought the fire-water into districts where it was never known before, I felt deeply humbled, and resolved to abstain totally from all kinds of intoxicating drinks. In prosecuting my missionary work, my lot has been cast in some of the most unhealthy climates in the world. I have traversed the wilds of western and southern Africa; I have laboured in the West Indies and on the continent of America; I have slept on the cold ground, and risen wet with the dew of heaven; I have been exposed to the hurricane, the earthquake, and the pestilence, and yet I never found it necessary to resort to these artificial stimulants."

I now come to that part of the mission field with which I was long connected. Ceylon is truly "the Eden of the Eastern wave." Every natural prospect pleases, and everywhere around is much that is interesting to the man of learning and of science, as well as to the missionary. To the traveller approaching the island from the south or the south-west in the early morn, one of the most prominent objects is the hill of Samanal, the "Adam's Peak" of the Arab voyager, who with his co-religionists, believes that here was the scene of the banishment and death of the parents of our race. On the summit is the fancied impression of a foot, attributed by the Buddhist to Gautama—by the Hindu, to Siva—by the Mahometan, to Adam—while the early Portuguese connected it with the visit of St. Thomas or the Ethiopian eunuch. The mountain is therefore held sacred, and at this season crowds of pilgrims from all parts of India and Ceylon ascend and descend its rough and steep pathway. The population of the island is at present about two and one-third millions, and comprehends, in addition to the faiths referred to, Protestants, Phsees, and Demon-worshippers.

There, as elsewhere, intemperance has its long and gloomy roll of victims. No class, no condition, no calling, the most secular or the most sacred, has been spared. And yet I must admit that, so far as I am acquainted with the western, southern and central provinces, the vice is principally confined to the lower classes. The missionary churches are pure, and the resident European, as well as the burgher community, is generally temperate. The Mahometans number about 134,000; and by religious profession they are total abstainers. The Hindus are 684,000; and the distinguished representative of that race now in England speaks of them as abhorring intoxicating liquor. On a very late occasion he expressed his gratitude to the British nation for the blessings conferred on India, but, at the same time, he denounced the introduction of the liquor traffic into his country as an appalling stain on the British administration. "The widows and orphans who are desolated by it are hating the Government which made that and the opium traffic the sources of revenue." The Buddhists of Ceylon amount to 1,350,000, and amongst them the following commands are of permanent obligation: (1) Not to take life; (2) not to steal; (3) not to commit adultery; (4) not to lie; and (5) not to take intoxicating drink. During the rule of the native kings, the manufacture

and sale of arrack were strictly forbidden, and drunkenness was unknown, but no sooner was the English Government firmly established than taverns were opened all over the island. At first the revenue from this source was only a few pounds annually; in 1834 it amounted to £27,000, in 1851 to £60,000, and at present to £100,000, or about the tenth of the whole. "Let the work go on a few years longer," says a native writer, "and Government will find, in the words of the reports of a Parliamentary committee on Aboriginal tribes, that for the extermination of men who are exempt from the restraints both of Christianity and civilisation, there is no weapon so deadly or so certain as the produce of the distilleries." Not a few missionaries have abstained for longer or shorter periods of their residence in Ceylon, and some have totally abstained throughout. All the American brethren whom I have had the pleasure of meeting have done so; and, if I mistake not, total abstinence is one of their conditions of church-membership. The late Rev. E. Daniel, of the Baptist mission—"the Apostle of Ceylon," though dead, yet speaks by instruction and example against intemperance. Other names might be mentioned, but from one cause or another—and perhaps chiefly from constant changes among the European population—the efforts to form and sustain temperance societies and total abstinence societies have not been successful.

The subject of revenue derived from the sale of intoxicating drinks has been anxiously discussed in Ceylon; and it has yet to be discussed elsewhere. "Thou shalt not bring the price of a dog into the house of the Lord thy God," contains a principle of universal application. The future of this great empire is unknown to any save Omniscient eye; but it is largely entrusted to ourselves; and if we are to keep our place and extend our influence, we must get rid of those plague spots that disfigure and destroy the body politic. Intemperance like infidelity, is a running sore; and one could wish that no portion of revenue, Imperial or colonial, were derived from a source so polluted and destructive.

### WHAT AN EDITOR SHOULD EAT.

(American Newspaper Reporter.)

It is often said that editors are born not made. This is doubtless true, as it is of many other occupations in life. Yet we have abundant evidence to show that men born with great capacity for certain occupations are frequently beaten in the race by men of much lower calibre. It is clear that to be born for a position is by no means all that is necessary to enable one to fill it satisfactorily. In the editorial profession, many of the most noticeable failures have been the result of bad habits—mental, moral or physical. Publishers will almost always prefer the even good sense and correct habits of average capacity to the fitful brilliancy of a born editor, whose habits are constantly stealing away his efficiency. To be a thorough editor, however, in all things, is a high ambition, and given first the mental capacity at birth, adding a thorough education and good habits, and everything worth having will be his. The question of food has assumed a large importance in the scientific world, and few things have so great a power over intellectual usefulness as to what we eat and drink. An organism which is expected to be always clear, reliable, and ready, requires careful treatment to insure its usefulness. In all questions of stimulus an ambitious editor will always be a radical. No reliance can be placed in any stimulant whatever. They betray when least expected to do so, and often destroy in a moment all that the labor of months, or even years, had accomplished. "I have never trusted," says Parton, "to a single sentence written under the influence of a stimulant." And it is well known that none of our journalists who have a reputation for long continued, or arduous literary labor, ever depend upon stimulants in order to accomplish it.

After abstinence from stimulus, and a habit of perfect regularity in all things, the food question becomes of the highest importance. It is well known that certain kinds of food are peculiarly fitted for keeping the brain in a state of healthy activity. Many literary men here and in Europe, permit themselves coffee, tea and condiments in moderation, and for the rest confine themselves almost entirely to fish, fruit, vegetables, milk and the various kinds of farinaceous food. Graham bread and oat-meal taking the lead. These articles have, by repeated experiments, been found to be the best for brain workers. Some constitutions, however, seem to thrive best on a strictly vegetable diet.

Miles Grant, editor of the *World's Crisis*, has done a vast amount of intellectual labor; yet, after being eighteen years a vegetarian, he finds himself in the most perfect mental and physical health. The articles chosen are those preferred in the highest scientific circles, though, as we have indicated, a few consider coffee and animal food in strict moderation, injurious.

The bread adopted by Mr. Grant, and which he says with reason, will enable one to labour longer, and with less fatigue than any other one substance, is made with coarse Graham flour, mixed with water, and baked in an oven. Oat-meal in its various forms, is next on the list, and beans (boiled without meat), and baked apples are next in order. Two meals a day are found to be better than three, and they should be taken, Mr. Grant thinks, wholly without condiment, though equally high authority says that a sufficiency of condiment should be used to render the food palatable. A window in the sleeping room should be left open, feather beds avoided and the hours kept as regularly as possible.

These seem simple directions, but Mr. Grant affirms that it is through these means that he has been enabled to fulfil his editing duties with comfort, and to preach when necessary, fifteen sermons per week.

### CLERICAL COMMON-SENSE.

(Harper's Weekly.)

BISHOP Clark, of Rhode Island, a man of great practical sagacity, as well as of recognized ability, recently urged upon the Episcopal Convention of his State, provision by the churches of life-insurance for their rectors. The suggestion of the Episcopal prelate is worthy of the most general consideration and practical application. There is certainly, no body of laborers in society of whom more is expected for less wages than the mass of Protestant clergymen. And the misfortune of their position is, that while they must necessarily spend all that they receive, they are liable at any moment to find themselves unemployed, with diminished chances of occupation. It is one of the practical evils of the voluntary system, especially among sects who have no large relief endowments; and the plan suggested by Bishop Clark is good for two reasons—first, that it secures the family of a faithful pastor from actual poverty at his death, and then that it tends to make the pastoral relation more permanent.

There is, indeed, a vague theory that clergymen should be superior to pecuniary motives; and there is a very stale sarcasm about "loud calls," the loudness being determined by the amount of the salary. Everybody else, from a miner to a railway president, may properly consider his advantage and convenience in accepting or declining offers of employment; but a clergyman is sordid, and is trying to squeeze, camel-like through a needle's eye, if he reflects upon the comfort of his family or his own taste in deciding between various calls. But to such insinuations he may always urge one conclusive answer—namely, that the spiritual consideration is always the same: for whether it is a rich city society that will pay him eight or ten thousand a year, or a poor country parish that offers him six hundred, they are all miserable sinners, and equally in need of hearing the gospel preached of charity and good-will. A man who will sell his home and the sacred hearth of his children if he can get a thousand dollars more than he gave for it, thinks his minister dreadfully worldly if he tries to relieve the cruel pinching of his poverty by gladly accepting an additional five hundred a year.

When the celibacy of the clergy was abolished by the good sense of Christendom, the minister was acknowledged as a man subject to the ordinary conditions of human life. But there is still a very general disposition to regard him as especially released from those conditions. Bread and meat and clothing have for the rest of mankind a very positive price. Butchers and bakers and tailors, in their turn, have also to pay appreciable prices for what they want. They can not conveniently put joints and loaves and coats in the plate for the minister, and it is not entirely clear that they would even if they could. So long, then, as we insist that the minister shall subsist as a man, and as a well-dressed, well-bred, educated, family man, let us abolish, as effectually as his celibacy has been abolished, the nonsense about his "sacred profession" as an excuse for starving him. This is the practical point of Bishop Clark's suggestion, and every intelligent man will say amen.

Was the wine made by Jesus from water, at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, intoxicating? This question, substantially, was discussed lately in six successive meetings of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Philadelphia. The body was divided on the question, at the end as at the beginning of the discussion; but all united in the resolution "that, in view of the deplorable results, temporal and eternal, which in so many cases are clearly traceable to the custom of wine drinking, especially as part of a social entertainment; and in view also of the divine precept that the strong bear the infirmities of the weak, not pleasing himself, even as Christ also pleased not himself; this Association regards the entire disuse of wine, as well as other intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by individuals or at social assemblies, as a duty which, under the Christian vow of self-denial, is now due to suffering humanity."

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A Lady's Gold Lepine Watch, beautifully engraved and chased, Four holes jewelled, and warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's; or a Silver Hunting Full Jewelled Watch, handsome dial, improved movement, and warranted, from W. E. Cornell's; or a copy of Family Scene in Pompeii, gilt frame—selling price \$25.00.

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A Sewing Machine, Ornamented Iron Stand, Black Walnut Table and Drawer, or any Sewing Machine valued at \$40.00; or a Silver Electroplate Tea Set, five pieces, beautifully engraved and polished upon the best White Metal, from W. E. Cornell's; or a Lady's Gold Hunting Case Lever Watch, Full Jewelled, warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's—selling price \$40.00.

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A Lady's Fine Gold Hunting RUSSELL WATCH, with Lever movement, Jewelled in 15 holes, White Enamel dial, Gold Hands, and warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's; or any Sewing Machine, valued at \$50.00.

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A Gent's Fine Gold RUSSELL WATCH, with Lever movement, Jewelled in 25 holes, warranted reliable, from W. E. Cornell's; or any Sewing Machine valued at \$75.00; or a Single Reed Victoria Organ, Five Octaves, and finished in Black Walnut cases, carved Trusses, pannelled ends and front, bevelled top, knee swells, automatic bellows, varnish or oil finish; or a Me-

lodeon, in Walnut Case, Five Octaves, well-finished,—selling price \$75.00.

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GEORGE H. FLINT,

Publisher Pure Gold.

Office, 40 Church Street, Toronto.

## Pure Gold.

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1871.

### SABBATH REFORMATION.

WE have received the annual report of the Kingston Sabbath Reformation Society for the past year. From what we can gather, the Society has not been able to accomplish much—perhaps for the simple reason that Sabbath desecration, in any form, is not very common in Kingston, or, indeed, as far as our knowledge goes, in any part of Ontario. Still, there is a manifest tendency, especially in connection with the principal railways, to infringe more and more on the sanctity of the Day of Rest; and as prevention is undoubtedly better than cure, we would be glad to see the attention of the Christian public more fully directed to this important question. Better put a stop to the work now done on the Sabbath, than wait until the evil has assumed graver proportions. We may mention, as a fact bearing upon the question, that, in the month of May, 1870, about thirty men employed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company at Point Edward were refused work on Monday for declining to work in unloading the propeller *Caldwell* on the previous Sabbath.

The city of Toronto has hitherto held high rank among the towns of the Dominion for the quietude of its Sabbaths; but there are certain practices now tolerated by the authorities which, unless speedily checked, will rob our city of its good name in regard to Sabbath observance. In illustration, we clip the following from the *Globe* of Monday last:—

"Yesterday evening, just as the steamer 'Princess of Wales' was landing her passengers at Tinning's wharf, some youths wearing Orange neck-ties, and therefore probably Young Britons, had a free fight with some other youngsters whose opinions were probably of an opposite nature. For a few minutes the scene was rather a lively one, and imprecations, mingled with the screams of the females on board, filled the air. The combatants were separated, and their hats appeared to have suffered more than their persons. There was a good deal of vengeance vowed when they got on to the wharf, and for a time another row appeared imminent, but finally the party dispersed without striking any more blows."

The point to which we wish to call attention is the fact that the ferry boats are allowed to ply their trade on the Sabbath without let or hindrance. Hundreds of persons visit the Island every Sabbath, and the result is a great deal of drunkenness, and, not unfrequently, just such disgraceful proceedings as are chronicled above. The thing is bad enough in itself, but it is only the "beginning of the end." Let the ferry boats continue to run on the Sabbath, and it will not be long before all the railway trains will run also; the places of amusement will be opened, saloons and taverns will ply their nefarious trade, shops will be opened for the sale of goods, and, in a few years, our *Christian Sabbath* will be a thing of the past.

If anything is to be accomplished in preventing Sabbath desecration, there must be united action throughout the whole Province. A single society at Kingston cannot

accomplish much, unless it has the co-operation of similar associations in other places. With the view of bringing the matter definitely before the Christian public, we append the Constitution of the Kingston Society, which may serve as a basis on which to organize other similar societies. Dr. Mair is the Secretary, and we have no doubt he will be glad to correspond with all persons who desire further information in regard to the work of the Society.

#### CONSTITUTION OF THE KINGSTON SABBATH REFORMATION SOCIETY.

I.—The name of the Association shall be "The Kingston Sabbath Reformation Society."

II.—The object shall be to employ every legitimate instrumentality for promoting the sanctification of the Sabbath.

III.—The Society shall consist of persons who "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and by money contributions or otherwise aid in preventing its public desecration.

IV.—The oversight of the affairs of this Association shall be entrusted to a Board, consisting of President, Vice-Presidents, Treasurer, and Secretary, with a Committee, with power to add to their numbers.

V.—That all Ministers of the Gospel who approve of the objects of the Society be ex officio members of the Committee.

VI.—Meetings for the transaction of business shall be called by the Secretary, as occasion may require.

VII.—That an Annual Meeting shall be held in January, when a report of the proceedings of the Society shall be presented to a new Board of Management.

VIII.—That the following be a general outline of the duties of the said Board:

1.—To collect information as to the different ways in which the Sabbath is desecrated, and the means which have been successfully made use of in other places for securing its better observance.

2.—Respectfully to solicit ministers of all evangelical denominations to bring this important subject directly under the notice of those committed to their spiritual oversight, and likewise Superintendents of Sabbath Schools amongst those over whom their influence extends.

3.—Either through the channel of Tract Societies already in existence, or otherwise, to promote the circulation of some of the best Tracts or small publications bearing on the subject.

4.—To endeavour to secure the services of Clergymen, or other qualified Lecturers, to visit as many localities in the vicinity as possible, with the view of directing public attention to the subject and getting kindred societies formed.

5.—To correspond with similar institutions elsewhere.

6.—To endeavour, as soon as possible, to get a Canada Sabbath Alliance instituted, which shall consist of delegates from the individual local societies throughout the Province.

7.—To keep a watchful eye on the proceedings of the public authorities on this important question, and to superintend the framing of memorials in favour of the abolition of Sabbath labour in the various departments of the public service.

8.—To employ any other means for the promotion of Sabbath observance which circumstances or experience may suggest, provided that such means be strictly moral and not compulsory.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

*Health by Good Living.* By W. W. HALL, M.D.  
Toronto: MACLEAR & CO.

This is a chatty volume of 300 pages, the object of which is "to show how high health can be maintained, and common disease cured, by 'good living,' which means eating with a relish the best food, prepared in the best manner." Dr. Hall (the Editor of *Hall's Journal of Health*) is an acknowledged authority on all that pertains to the preservation of health, and the rational treatment of disease. In the present volume he discourses of—The Object of Eating, When to Eat, What to Eat, How and How Much to Eat, Regularity in Eating; together with sensible talks on Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Air and Exercise, etc., etc. As a sample of Dr. Hall's style, we give the following, selected at random, and commend it to the consideration of our business friends, merchants, and others, in Toronto:—

"What has made down-town dinners the deadly things they are, is their connection with a lunch, which is of itself a full dinner, and made more tempting and more excessive by the liquors which are used with them and the high seasonings which make part of them. After this full lunch, too often hasty, and taken with a perturbed state of mind, men dive again into their business, with every nerve strung to its highest tension, leaving the food to digest very slowly; in fact, so slow is the process that by the late dinner hour it has not yet been passed to the other parts of the system; and the man allowing himself to be under the hallucination that he has not taken dinner, but only lunch, feels late in the afternoon that he must take dinner, and forces it upon himself, or by strong potations gets up a fictitious appetite, which he gratifies to the full, and to his own certain undoing,—because he is not only taking a late dinner, but an early one too, which is more than one stomach can manage, and disease in some form or other, painful and protracted, is an inevitable result. It is thus seen that neither are lunches or late dinners, in and of themselves, the murderous things they are represented to be, but are made so by a confusion of ideas, and by the circumstances which are connected with them. Man is an adaptable animal, intended to live in all latitudes and in all climes, to be surrounded by a great variety of changing circumstances: and he can live healthfully and long under the equator or at the poles, if he will only conduct himself in wise accordance with his surroundings."

*Five Thousand a Year; and how I made it in five years' time, starting without capital.* By EDWARD MITCHELL. Toronto: MACLEAR & CO.

The title of the above should insure an almost unlimited sale; for the great question with most people is how to make money quickly. Well, Mr. Mitchell has solved the problem. Does the reader wish to know how? Let him read the book, and he will see. The cost is only 25 cents.

PASSING EVENTS.

**T**HE troubles of the Pope appear to be on the increase. His Holiness is reported to have spoken thus, at a consistory, held at Rome on the 28th ult.

"We are, my very dear brothers, in the hands of Divine Providence. We have nothing to expect from human aid, for man has abandoned us. Why should we dissemble? It is better I should tell you that Kings and Governments, forgetting their promises, leave us to our fate. They have addressed us in fine phrases; they sent us the warmest congratulations on the day of our jubilee. But they are far from taking any steps in support of their messages. We can hope for no help from any quarter. King Victor Emanuel will be here in a few days. He will be attended by the Ministers of the Catholic States. We have done all that was in our power, but our efforts have failed. All is lost. You will tell me, perhaps, that we have still hope in France; but France can do nothing. She is going through a frightful crisis, which may be succeeded by others yet more dreadful. I repeat it, all is lost! Only a miracle can save us. Turn, then, to the Almighty and seek this intercession from Him."

**IT DOES NOT** certainly accord with the boasted liberty of conscience of the nineteenth century, that deeds similar to the assault lately made upon the Rev. Mr. Muraine, the French Protestant minister, who was lately attacked while visiting the volunteers at the camp of Point Levis, should take place in our midst. It appears that Mr. Muraine, according to his own statement, was coming out of a tent, where he had been conversing with some of the men, when he was struck with a tin pan on the head. This was followed by a sort of irregular attack, which was kept up all the time he was seeking to leave the camp. Though he asked the assistance of two or three officers, it was refused him, on the ground that they (the officers) were on "duty." At last one took him under his protection; but upon ascertaining that Mr. Muraine was a Protestant, he was left to his fate. The attack was brutal in the extreme, and appears to have been made without any provocation. Certainly no cause can be advanced for conduct of this description, and those volunteers who were guilty of such base impropriety deserve severe censure. We might look for such conduct among the Hindoos, but we blush for it among a professedly Christian people.

**A BRUTAL OUTRAGE** was enacted near Thorndale last week. The cabin of Mr. George Campbell, a peaceable and inoffensive citizen of the place, was entered by some roughs, who murdered the owner in a most savage manner. After the murder had been committed the cabin was searched, apparently with the intention of taking whatever valuables might be found in it. Only ten cents were discovered, which the brutes took. The detail of the affair is most shocking, and make one wonder what country and year this is. A man has been arrested, and circumstances appear to favour the view that he is, at least, one of the guilty parties.

**POLAND** has been attacked by the Asiatic cholera, and it is reported that it is spreading rapidly. Energetic efforts are being put forth to prevent its spread in Russia, and hopes are entertained that it will not make much headway there.

**THE LATE RIOTS** in New York city have called forth a large amount of criticism and comment. The opinion of the people on the action of the Governor appears to be largely divided. At a late meeting of the Police Commissioners, a preamble was offered setting forth that it was desirable that no processions, except civic, military, funeral, or the like, should be allowed to walk in the public streets, unless permission were granted by the proper authorities. Hoffman's effigy was burned a few days since, the following inscription being on it: "John S. Hoffman, Governor of New York, died July 12th, 1871." This circumstance caused great excitement, and it was feared that it would cause another outbreak. The Irish Democrats held a meeting on the same evening as the above occurrence took place. Resolutions strongly condemnatory of the Governor's action were passed, and it was determined that they (the Irish Democrats) should offer a strong opposition to him if he presented himself as a candidate for any political office. It is asserted in certain quarters that there was an unnecessary loss of life caused by the hasty action of the military and civic authorities. On the other hand, the Governor's action is upheld, and the Mayor's condemned. After all, it is not so much a question of parties, but it amounts just about to this: Shall the mob rule, or not? It appears to us that it is unfair to make it a question of Orangism or Catholicism. It is not, in fact, a religious affair at all. The time has come when it must be decided whether New York shall be cowed down by the roughs or not. It must now be decided who shall be masters of the situation; and, taking that view of the case, we think that every patriotic citizen should unite in maintaining order and good government, laying aside all party and political feelings as unworthy of the occasion. The crisis, as it appears to us, has come, and upon the action of the hour much of the future prosperity and welfare of that great city may depend.

**THE TRIAL** of M. Rochefort is causing considerable uneasiness in certain circles in France. The "counts" upon which he is tried are stated to be,—first, provocation of hatred among the citizen's; second, incitement to civil war and pillage; third, publication of false news and spurious despatches, knowing them to be false, consequently counterfeiting public and private writings; fourth, complicity in murder by inciting the arrest and execution of hostages.

**A TELEGRAM** from London dated July 16th states that the Standard announces that Mr. Gladstone purposes to abolish, by "royal warrant," the purchase of army commissions in the future.

**THE PRESS ASSOCIATION** of Canada held its annual meeting in this city last week. Some forty members being present Mr. Jackson, President of the Association, Editor of Newmarket Era, occupied the chair, and delivered a short address. After the transaction of some usual business, the election of officers were proceeded with. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. James Somerville, Dundas Banner; 1st Vice-President, Rev. W. F. Clarke, Ontario Farmer; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Miles, Belleville; Secy.-Treasurer, Mr. R. Matheson, Brantford Expositor; Assistant co., Mr. H. Hough, Cobourg; Executive Committee—Messrs. Gillespie, of Hamilton; Bowell of Belleville; McLaughlin, of St. Thomas, and John Smith, of Elora.

**THE AGITATION** against the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope is said to be increasing in Germany. Meetings are held, and popular feeling is strong upon the subject. It is expected that Dr. Dollinger will publish a comprehensive pamphlet on the question at issue before long.

TEMPERANCE REFORM.

ELM STREET TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

**T**HE regular meeting of the Elm Street Christian Total Abstinence Society was held on Friday evening last, in the lecture room of the Elm Street Wesleyan Methodist Church. The Rev. W. S. Griffin, pastor of the church, occupied the chair. Excellent addresses were delivered by Mr. John E. Rose, who spoke very forcibly of the need for well-conducted inebriate asylums in the Dominion; and by the Rev. Mr. Healy, who addressed his remarks chiefly to the younger portion of the audience. The musical part of the programme was admirably sustained by the Misses Small, Miss Bilton, Miss E. J. Miller, the Rev. Mr. Healy, and others. In addition to the above, was a reading entitled "Lines on the Death of the Author of 'Home, Sweet Home,'" by Mr. G. H. Flint. Some forty names were added to the list of members, and altogether the meeting was one of great interest. We wish the Association abundant success in its praiseworthy labours.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE IN IRELAND.

The annual Conference of the Methodist Church has recently been sitting in Belfast. In connection with it, a temperance demonstration has been held in the Ulster Hall, Belfast, which was well filled. On the platform were a large number of Methodist clergymen and other gentlemen. The chair was taken by James Lynn, Esq., M.D., Armagh.

Mr. John Greenhill (Belfast) moved the adoption of the following petition:—

To the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled: The humble petition of a public meeting convened in Ulster Hall, Belfast, sheweth—That your petitioners, being convinced that the present licensing system for the sale of intoxicating liquors is the direct cause of much intemperance, and entails upon this country a fearful amount of immorality, poverty, disease, crime, and taxation, believe that it demands the immediate attention of the Legislature. Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray your honourable House to pass the Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill, which enables the owners and occupiers of property in certain districts to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors within such districts. And your petitioners will ever pray, &c."

Mr. J. K. Mitchell seconded the motion, which was put to the meeting and adopted.

THE LICENCE SUSPENSION ACT.

The following is the text of a Bill prepared and brought in by Sir Robert Anstruther, Sir Harcourt Johnstone, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Thomas Hughes, Mr. Wentworth Beaumont, Mr. Samuelson, Mr. Mundella, and Mr. Pease, to suspend the grant of new licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors:—

Whereas it is expedient that no increase shall be made in the number of licences for the sale of intoxicating liquors by retail, pending the amendment of the general law regulating the grant of such licences:

Be it therefore enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1. From and after the passing of this Act, no new licence shall be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors by retail to any person whomsoever: Provided always, that the words "new licence" shall not include any retail licence renewed to the holder thereof at the general annual licensing meeting next after the passing of this Act: Provided also, that nothing in this Act contained shall be held to prohibit the transfer of retail licences so that the number thereof be not increased.

2. This Act shall be and remain in force until the first day of October one thousand eight hundred and seventy two.

3. This act may be cited as "The Licence Suspension Act, 1871."

This Bill is proposed and promoted by the National Society for Promoting Amendments in the Laws Relating to the Liquor Traffic, of which Sir R. Anstruther is Chairman of Council, and Mr. Ellison Chairman of Committee, Mr. Rooke, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. White, Hon. Secs.

THE TRAFFIC AND ITS RESULTS.

A melancholy affair occurred about four miles from Perth on Thursday last July 17. Two men, Thomas McGarry and John Dowdell, had been in town on that day, and during the afternoon had been drinking. About ten o'clock at night they started for home, accompanied by two other men in a buggy. When near the residence of McGarry, who had been sleeping since he left Perth, he was requested to wake up by one of the men. On leaving the buggy, McGarry dragged Dowdell after him, when a scuffle ensued, during which Dowdell drew a knife and made a dreadful wound in the abdomen of McGarry, letting out his bowels on the road. The man was picked up and carried to his residence, and medical assistance at once secured. But his injuries were of such a dreadful nature that he lingered in great suffering until Saturday, when he died. An inquest was held on Monday on the body, when a verdict of manslaughter was returned by the jury against Dowdell. Both men were respectably connected, and the affair has cast a gloom over the neighbourhood.—*Toronto Globe*.

**STABBING AFFRAY.**—About three o'clock yesterday afternoon a Manilla sailor, named John Harrison, was "larking" with some of his countrymen in Park-lane, when he became greatly excited by the jibes of some bystander, and, drawing a sheath knife, rushed upon two men named William Dickson, living at No. 14, in 2 Court, Bolton-street, and Hugh Kennedy, 120, Upper Fredrick street, and inflicted serious injuries upon them. The fellow, who was drunk, and in a most infuriated state, was secured, and the wounded men were taken to the Southern Hospital, where they were attended by Dr. Little, who found that Dickson had received a severe cut upon the wrist nearly three inches in length, from which he had lost a great quantity of blood, and that Kennedy had been stabbed on the back of the right ear. Dickson remains in the hospital, but Kennedy was sent home after his wounds were dressed. The prisoner will be brought before the magistrates to-day.—*Liverpool Mercury*, June 29.

**STABBING.**—On Saturday night, between eight and nine o'clock, a party of iron-workers were drinking in a beerhouse in Whessoe Lane, and adjourned to the backyard for the purpose it is said, of playing at pitch-and-toss. Samuel Harris, a roller, who lately came from Staffordshire, and a young man about 19 or 20, whose name we could not ascertain, had some dispute, the latter having won some money from Harris which he did not give up. Shortly after the parties left the house, and a scuffle took place in the road about the money, when Harris was seen to take a knife out of his pocket, and rush towards the young man and plunged it into his abdomen, and then run away. The wound is a very bad one, as the knife must have been turned round while in the body. The injured man was taken into the Risé Carr Hotel, where he lies in a dangerous state. There has been a great deal of hemorrhage for the wound.—*Newcastle Chronicle*, July 3.

**WIFE MURDER.**—Last evening a shocking crime took place at Breakenhead, a man named Thomas Harvey, a furniture broker in Oliver street, having killed his wife, Catherine Harvey, who had been addicted to habits of intemperance signed the total abstinence pledge, but kept it but a short time, and continued to pursue a course of dissipation at intervals. Last night about ten o'clock, the husband, on reaching home, found her drunk, and, in a fit of passion, struck her a blow with his fist on the side of the neck. The woman fell upon the floor, and in a few minutes appeared to be dead. Harvey immediately sent a girl for Dr. Walker, of Hamilton Square, who did all in his power to restore animation, but without effect. The husband, in a state of great agony, gave himself into custody, and was locked up on the charge of murdering his wife. Mrs. Harvey was about 50 years of age, and has left three children, the youngest 14 months old.—*Liverpool Mercury*, July 4.

A respectable farmer, named Turnbull, residing at Hagersville, fell from his waggon on Saturday and broke his neck. The *Hamilton Spectator* says it appears that deceased had been drinking rather freely, and when near Ryckman's Corner he collided with a buggy driven by a couple of ladies, doing considerable damage to the buggy. He immediately stopped, got off his waggon, and assisted the ladies, telling them who he was, that he was sorry and that he would make good all damages. He then went into a tavern near by and partook of more liquor, returning to his waggon and started for home. It is supposed that he fell asleep and that the jolting of the wagon threw him out. The hind wheel passed over his neck and instantly dislocated it.

**UNION TEMPERANCE EXCURSION.**—We again remind our readers of the excursion which takes place on Monday next. The steamer *City of Toronto* will leave Yonge street wharf at 7 a.m. The splendid band of the Tenth Royals will accompany the excursion; and as no pains have been spared by the committee to have all who patronize the excursion enjoy a pleasant day, we trust a large number of citizens will embrace the opportunity of showing their sympathy with the Temperance movement. Tickets to the Falls, and return, only \$1.50.

A Union Camp Meeting will be held (D.V.) for Whites and Indians, to commence on Wednesday, August 23rd, to close on the following Tuesday. Further particulars will be published as soon as arrangements are completed.

## Tales and Sketches.

(From the Christian Union.)

### MY WIFE AND I;

OR,

### HARRY HENDERSON'S HISTORY.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A STROLL IN THE ENCHANTED GROUND.

ALL things prospered with me in my college life. I had a sunny room commanding a fine prospect, and my uncle Jacob's parting liberality enabled me to furnish it commodiously.

I bought the furniture of a departing senior at a reduced price, and felt quite the spirit of a householder in my possessions. I was well prepared on my studies and did not find my tasks difficult.

My stock of interior garnishment included several French lithographs, for the most part of female heads, looking up, with very dark bright eyes, or looking down, with very long dark eye-lashes.

These heads of dream women are, after all, not to be laughed at; they show the yearning for womanly society which follows the young man in his enforced monastic seclusion from all family life and family atmosphere. These little fanciful French lithographs, generally, are chosen for quite other than artistic reasons. If we search into it we shall find that one is selected because it is like sister "Nell," and another puts one in mind of "Bessie," and then again, there is another "like a girl I used to know." Now and then one of them has such a piquant, provoking air of individuality, that one is sure that it must have been sketched from nature. Some teasing, coaxing, "don't-care-what-you-think" sort of a sprite, must have wreathed poppies and blue corn-flowers just so in her hair, and looked gay defiance at the artist who drew it. There was just such a saucy, spirited gipsy over my mantle piece, who seemed to defy me to find her if I searched the world over—with whom I held sometimes airy colloquies—not in the least was she like my dream-wife, but I liked her for all that, and thought I would "give something" to know what she would have to say to me, just for the curiosity of the thing.

The college was in a little village, and there was no particular amity between the townspeople and the students. I believe it is the understanding in such cases, that college students are to be regarded and treated as a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, whose hand is against every man, and they in their turn are not backward to make good the character. Public opinion shuts them up together—they are a state within a state—with a public sentiment, laws, manners, and modes of thinking of their own. It is a state, too, without women. When we think of this, and remember that all this experience is gone through in the most gaseous and yeasty period of human existence, we no longer wonder that there are college rows and scrapes, that all sort of grotesque capers become hereditary and traditional; that an apple-cart occasionally appears on top of one of the steeples, and cannon balls are rolled surreptitiously down the college stairs, and that tutors' doors are mysteriously found locked at recitation hours. One simply wonders that the roof is not blown off, and the windows out, by the combined excitability of so many fermenting natures.

There is a tendency now in society to open the college course equally to women—to continue through college life that interaction of the comparative influence of the sexes which is begun in the family.

To a certain extent this experiment has been always favorably tried in the New England rural Academies, where young men are fitted for college in the same classes and studies with women.

In these time-honored institutions, young women have kept step with young men in the daily pursuit of science, not only without disorder or unseemly scandal, but with manifestly more quietness and refinement of manner than obtains in institutions where female association ceases altogether. The presence of a couple of dozen of well-bred ladies in the lecture and recitation room of college would probably be a preventive of many of the unseemly and clumsy jokes wherewith it has been customary to diversify the paths of science, to the affliction of the souls of professors.

But for us boys, there was no gospel of womanhood, except what was to be got from the letters of mothers and sisters; and such imperfect and flitting acquaintance as we could pick up in the streets with the girls

of the village. Now though there might be profit, could young men and women see each other daily under the responsibility of serious business, keeping step with one another in higher studies, yet it by no means follows that this kind of flitting glimpse-like acquaintance, formed merely in the exchange of a few outside superficialities, can have any particularly good effect. No element of true worthy friendship, of sober appreciation, or manly or womanly good sense, generally enter into these girl-and-boy flirtations, which are the only substitute for family association during the barren years of student life. The students were not often invited into families, and those who gained a character as ladies' men were not favourably looked upon by our elders. Now and then by rare and exceptional good luck a college student is made at home in some good family, where there is a nice kind mother and the wholesome atmosphere of human life; or, he forms the acquaintance of some woman, older and wiser than himself, who can talk with him on all the multitude of topics his college studies suggest. But such cases are only exceptions. In general there is no choice between flirtation and monastic isolation.

For my part, I posed myself on the exemplary platform, and I remembered my uncle Jacob's advice, contemplated life with a grim rigidity of a philosopher. I was going to have no trifling, and surveyed the girls at church, on Sunday, with a distant and severe air—as gay creatures of an hour, who could hold no place in my serious meditations. Plato or Aristotle, in person, could not have contemplated life and society from a more serene height of composure. I was favourably known by my teachers, and held rank at the head of my class, and was stigmatized as a "dig," by frisky young gentlemen who enjoyed rolling cannon balls down stairs—taking the tongue out of the chapel bell—greasing the seats, and other thread-bare college jokes, which they had not genius enough to vary, so as to give them a spice of originality.

But one bright June Sunday—just one of those days that seem made to put all one's philosophy into confusion, when apple-blossoms were bursting their pink shells, and robins singing, and leaves twittering and talking to each other in undertones, there came to me a great revelation.

How innocently I brushed my hair and tied my neck tie, on that fateful morning, contemplating my growing moustache and whiskers hopefully in the small square of looking-glass which served for me these useful purposes of self-knowledge. I looked at my lineaments as those of a free young junior, without fear and without anxiety, without even an incipient inquiry what any one else would think of them—least of all any woman; and I marched forth obediently and took my wonted seat in that gallery of the village church which was assigned to the college students of Congregational descent; where, like so many sheep in a pen, we joined in the services of the common sheep-fold.

I suppose there is moral profit even in the decent self-denial of such weekly recurring religious exercises. To be forced to a certain period of silence, order, quiet, and to have therein a possibility and a suggestion of communion with a Higher Power, and an out-look into immortality, is something not to be undervalued in education, and justifies the stringency with which our New England colleges preserve and guard this part of their regime.

But it was to be confessed in our case, that the number who really seemed to have any spiritual participation, or sympathy in the great purposes of the exercises, was not a majority. A general, dull decency of demeanour was the most frequent attainment, and such small recreations as could be pursued without drawing the attention of the monitors, were in vogue. There was some telegraphy of eyes between the girls of the village and some of the more society loving fellows, who had cultivated intimacies in that quarter; there were some novels, stealthily introduced and artfully concealed and read by the owner, while his head, resting on the seat before him, seemed bowed in devotion; and some artistic exercises in sketching caricatures on the part of others. For my own part, having been trained religiously, I gave strict outward and decorous attention; but the fact was that my mind generally sailed off on some cloud of fancy, and wandered through dreamland, so that not a word of anything present reached my ear. This habit of reverie and castle-building, repressed all the week by the severe necessity of definite tasks, came upon me Sundays as Bunyan describes the hot, sleepy atmosphere of the enchanted ground.

Our pastor was a good man, who wrote a kind of smooth, elegant, unexceptionable English; whose measured cadences and easy flow, were, to use the scriptural language, as a "very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play sweetly upon an instrument." I heard him as one hears murmurs and voices through one's sleep, while my spirit went everywhere under the sun. I travelled in foreign lands, I saw picture's, cathedrals; I had thrilling adventures

and hair breadth escapes; formed strange and exciting acquaintances; in short was the hero of a romance, whose scenes changed so airily and easily as the sunset clouds of evening. So really and so vividly did this suppositions life excite me that I have actually found myself with tears in my eyes through the paths of these unsubstantial visions.

It was in one of the lulling pauses of such a romance, while I yet heard the voice of our good pastor proving that selfishness was the essence of moral evil, that I lifted up my eyes, and became for the first time conscious of a new face, in the third pew of the broad aisle below me. It was a new one—one that certainly had never been there before, and was altogether just the face to enter into the most ethereal perceptions of my visionary life. I started with a sort of awakening thrill, such, perhaps, as Adam had when he woke from his sleep and saw his Eve. There, to be sure, was the face of my dream-wife, incarnate and visible! That face, so refined, so spiritual, so pure! a baptized, Christianized Greek face! A cross between Venus and the Virgin Mary! The outlines were purely, severely classical, such as I have since seen in the Psyche of the Naples gallery; but the large, tremulous pathetic eyes redeemed them from statuesque coldness. They were eyes that *thought*, that looked deep into life, death, and eternity—so I said to myself as I gazed down on her, and held my breath with a kind of religious awe. The vision was all in white, as such visions must be and the gauzy crape bonnet with its flowers upon her head, dissolved under my eyes into a sort of sacred aureole, such as surrounds the heads of saints. I saw her, and only her, through the remaining hour of church. I studied every movement. The radiant eyes were fixed upon the minister, and with an expression so sadly earnest that I blushed for my own wandering thoughts, and began to endeavour to turn my mind to the truths I was hearing told; but, after all, I thought more about her than the discourse. I saw her search the hymn-book for the hymn, and wished that I were down there to find it for her. I saw her standing up, and looking down at her hymns with the wonderful eyes veiled by long lashes, and singing—

"Call me away from earth and sense,  
One sovereign word can draw me thence,  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign."

How miserably gross, and wordy, and unworthy I felt at that moment! How I longed for an ideal, superhuman spirituality,—something that should make me worthy to touch the hem of her garment!

When the blessing was pronounced, I hastened down and stood where I might see her as she passed out of church. I had not been alone in my discoveries: there had been dozens of others that saw the same star, and there were whisperings, and elbowings, and consultations, as a knot of juniors and seniors stationed themselves as I had done to see her pass out.

As she passed by she raised her eyes slowly, and as it were by accident, and they fell like a ray of sunlight on one of our number,—Jim Fellows—who immediately bowed. A slight pink flush rose in her cheeks as she gracefully returned the salutation, and passed on. Jim was instantly the great man of the hour; he knew her, it seems.

"It's Miss Ellery, of Portland. Haven't you heard of her?" he said, with an air of importance. "She's the great beauty of Portland. They call her the 'little divinity.'" Met her last summer at Mount Desert," he added, with the comfortable air of a man in possession of the leading fact of the hour—the fact about which everybody else is inquiring.

I walked home behind her in a kind of trance, disdaining to join in what I thought the very flippant and unworthy comments of the boys. I saw the last wave of her white garments as she passed between the two evergreens in front of deacon Brown's square white house, which at that moment became to me a mysterious and glorified shrine; there the angel held her tabernacle.

At this moment I met Miss Dotha Brown, the deacon's eldest daughter, a rosy-cheeked, pleasant-faced girl, to whom I had been introduced the week before. Instantly she was clothed upon with a new interest in my eyes, and I saluted her with *empressment*; if not the rose, she at least was the clay that was imbibing the perfume of the rose; and I don't doubt that my delight at seeing her assumed the appearance of personal admiration. "What a charming Sunday," I said, with emphasis. "Perfectly charming," said Miss Brown, sympathetically.

"You have an interesting young friend staying with you, I observe," said I.

"Who, Miss Ellery? oh, yes. Oh! Mr Henderson, she is the sweetest girl!" said Dotha, with effusion.

I didn't doubt it, and listened eagerly to her praises, and grateful to Miss Brown for the warm invitation to "call" which followed. Miss Ellery was to make them a long visit, and she would be so happy to introduce me.

That evening Miss Ellery was a topic of excited dis-

cussion in our entry, and Jim Fellows plumed himself largely on his Mount Desert experiences, which he related in a way to produce the impression that he had been regarded with a favorable eye by the divinity.

I was in a state of silent indignation, at him, at all the rest of the boys, at everybody in general, being fully persuaded that they were utterly incapable of understanding or appreciating this wonderful creature.

"Hal, why don't you talk?" said one of them to me, when I had sat silent, pretending to read for a long time; "What do you think of her?"

"Oh, I'm no ladies' man, as you all know," I said, evasively, and actually pretended not to have remarked Miss Ellery except in a cursory manner.

Then followed a period of weeks and months, when that one image was never for a moment out of my thoughts. By a strange law of our being, a certain idea can accompany us everywhere, not stopping or interrupting the course of the thought, but going on in a sort of shadowy way with it, as an invisible presence.

(To be continued.)

(For PURE GOLD.)

### THE POETRY OF WINE.

"I would make a great help-meet for a poor man, truly," Nellie answered, looking down at her slender, delicate hands. "There is no use talking of that, though, for the man I will marry is rich."

"Who is he, if it is not an impertinent question?" Claudia asked.

"No impertinence from you, dear," Nellie replied, squeezing her cousin's hand, while her cheek took on a deeper hue. "It is Horace Grant."

The colour suddenly fled from Claudia Westmore's cheeks and lips, leaving them as white as her marble brow, and a steely gleam flashed from her grey eyes. Nellie winced at the convulsive clasp which tightened around her hand, and looking up in surprise, she saw her cousin leaning back in her chair pale and rigid.

"Does anything ail you?" she asked in alarm.

"No, nothing; only a pain in my head that I often have," Claudia answered, in a constrained tone, pressing her hand to her temples. "You were speaking of Mr. Grant. Have you been engaged long?"

"About three months, and such a time as I have had," Nellie sighed. "Pa lectures me, and Ma scolds me, and I cry. Horace's visits are the only drop of comfort in my cup of gall. They do manage to treat him with freezing politeness when he comes; but I make amends after he goes away for any little courtesy they bestow on him."

"Do they object to your engagement?"

"Yes, as much as they dare."

"On what grounds?"

"O, the grounds of his unworthiness of their invaluable daughter. They say he's dissipated; that he drinks. I don't believe that he drinks to excess, though. The most I ever saw him take was an occasional glass of wine, and that wont hurt anybody. At all events, I am determined to marry him, so they may as well quit the field."

"You undutiful child! to talk so of such parents as yours! I must say, Nellie, you are an ingrate," Claudia exclaimed, with a lightness of tone and manner which she was far from feeling.

"It does sound unkind; but I am in a dreadfully fault-finding mood this afternoon, and could condemn every one's shortcomings."

"Come out, then, for a walk, and see if that will not restore your better temper."

"Where would we go?"

"On the streets, to see the sights."

"What sights?" Nellie asked querulously. "There are sights of gaudy, gabbling girls, that I've seen until I'm tired of them. And then the men, I know them all by heart. First, one will meet a row of business men, generally dressed in light-coloured clothes, either blocking up the crossing, or stretched all across the street, talking so busily that they can never see one until they nearly crowd them off the pavement. A few fussy old gentlemen, with hands and pockets full of papers, follow in the wake; then some miscellaneous individuals, and then another row of young men, dressed in black, with shining, squeaking boots, and gloves and hair so sleek that they look as if they had been dipped in an oil-can. But the worst feature of all is the detestable cane they each carry under their arms, for no earthly purpose that I could ever see but to keep those in the rear in mortal terror of losing their eyes. They must be a great assistance to them in walking, especially as they never touch the ground. There ought to be a law condemning every weak-minded son of Adam, found guilty of carrying a walking-stick, to a three month's imprisonment in the city gaol. If I was a legislator, there should be such a law, and it would be rigidly enforced to!"

"And what about Mr. Grant?" Claudia spoke the name as lightly as if it did not thrill her very heart,—*for she loved that man!* "In what rank does he walk, that you have not described him in your travels?"

"Oh, he is a sort of a nondescript; he does not belong to any particular clan. Moreover, I hadn't the happiness of meeting him this evening."

"You will see him, though, at Mr. Redmon's party to-night," Claudia answered.

An hour later she stood before her mirror, her long hair unbound, and sweeping around her, the gas-light shining full on her white face.

"How pale I look!" she murmured, wearily. "Oh, Horace! Horace! I little thought when I separated from you that night with such bitter scorn, that I would ever regret it like this!"

She bowed her face in her hands, while the hot tears dripped through her delicate fingers. Then she aroused herself and commenced her toilet.

"I will win him back, or separate them," she said, in a whisper that sounded through the still room like a serpent's hiss. "To leave me for that doll-faced creature is humiliating! But I will be revenged. The how and the when—time must decide."

Queen Claudia was beautiful that night with the innocent and fascinating beauty of a light-hearted girl. None would have dreamed, when they looked on her face, of the dark and evil passions that were raging in her heart. Her lips were wreathed in smiles, reflected by eyes whose sparkle outvied the gems on her bosom. The hatred of a passionate woman is deeper, more malignant and inveterate than that of a man's. A man may "smile, and smile, and be a villain," but a woman can do more. She can wear Society's mask with greater tact than he, and from behind it she can cast her poisoned darts with an unerring hand, without pity and without remorse.

Pretty Nelly Hastings, in her simple robe of white, with blue forget-me-nots in her shining hair, gay and happy, by her lover's side, roamed at will through the crowded rooms, giving a smile to one, a nod to another, but ever pursued by the baneful glance of her cousin's eyes.

Horace Grant was unusually assiduous in his attentions, perhaps because he knew who was watching him, and he wished to show her that his sometime attachment no longer existed. Not one tender gesture missed her observation; not one low-spoken word greeted Nellie's ear, but Claudia fancied what it might be; and all the while she was keeping up a brilliant conversation with Louis Narth, who was more than delighted to pay his court to the belle of the evening.

"We are likely soon to have a wedding, if one may judge from appearances," he said, with his eyes fixed on Nellie and her lover, who were standing in the shadow of a recess; talking earnestly.

Claudia followed the direction of his glance, and a look of deadly hatred settled over her face. Veiling it by a smile, she answered softly:

"Appearances deceive sometimes, Mr. Narth."

"But Mr. Grant admits it himself; he as much as told a party of us at the hotel the other night, that the lady in question was his affianced wife."

"Does Mr. Grant speak of his lady-love in such public places as hotels?" Claudia asked, with biting scorn in look and tone.

"Well, you see," Louis Narth drawled apologetically, "it was a select party, and even then I don't suppose he would have mentioned her name if he hadn't had more wine than was good for him."

"Does he drink?" Claudia questioned eagerly, forgetting her momentary surprise in the pursuit of a new idea.

"You had better believe he drinks, and a droll-looking creature he is when drunk. I don't believe the like of him could be found in Toronto, or even in all Canada."

"I don't know about that. There are some strange things to be seen even among the Torontonians," Claudia replied, with a look of covert contempt at the gentleman by her side, which he was far from understanding.

She looked across the room at Mr. Grant, where he stood leaning his handsome head on his white hand. Could it be that that fine form and noble intellect would ever yield to the debasing influence of alcohol? She turned again to her companion, and measured by a look how far he was in her power. Her plan of revenge was marked out, her resolve taken; and that Louis Narth was the man to assist her in carrying out her designs she did not doubt, when she noticed his cringing admiration of herself, and the vacillating principle that was defined on every feature of his foppish face.

There was a long and confidential chat between them, which lasted until Nellie and her lover approached.

"I will see you on Wednesday evening," the former was saying.

"Yes," Mr. Grant replied, "I will call around that evening."

Claudia instantly turned to her companion, and said in a low voice:

"We will postpone our engagement until Thursday."

He bowed in recognition of her meaning, and accompanied her to the carriage.

"You will not fail to fulfil your agreement?" Claudia spoke almost in a whisper, and she allowed her hand to linger in that of Louis Narth, as she bade him good-night. "Remember, it is an act of charity to undeceive the poor misguided girl."

"You may rely on me doing my duty, Miss Westmore," was the reply; and Louis Narth went home elated with the thought of having achieved a brilliant conquest.

Nellie and Mr. Grant were enjoying some lover-like talk on the other side of the carriage. There was a protracted leave-taking between the lovers, and Mr. Grant walked away, only awarding a cool good-night to Miss Westmore.

Had he treated her with any of his old accustomed kindness, she might have been moved to spare him the deep humiliation that was in store for him; but when she saw his indifference, almost amounting to aversion, her resolve was unalterable.

She could afford to be cousinly to her cousin—she could almost like her again, now that the hour, of triumph to her, of disappointment and sorrow to Nellie, was so near at hand.

"It is getting late, cousin Claudia; let us hurry home," said Nellie Hastings, as she drew her rich furs more closely around her, and nestled up to her tall cousin.

Claudia applied the whip, and drew the reins more tightly, until the speed of the ponies increased to a rapid trot.

"There is no great haste necessary. Uncle Hastings knows I am an experienced hand with horses," she replied.

"But it is getting late. See, the gas is already lighted. I am afraid Pa will be uneasy," Nellie expostulated.

"I have to stop at the hotel," said Claudia, turning the horses heads in the direction of the building indicated.

"What can take you to a hotel at this hour of the evening?" Nellie asked, in amazement. "You have surely taken leave of your senses."

"I have an appointment there with a gentleman," Claudia answered curtly.

"This is a very strange proceeding, Claudia," said Nellie, in a severe tone. "If Pa had known what was going on, he would not, I am sure, have let you had the horses; and I am very sure I would not have accompanied you."

"I would inform you, for your peace of mind, that Uncle Hastings knows of my doings, and approves of them entirely." Here Claudia drew up at the entrance to the hotel and alighted, giving the horses in charge of a servant.

"I will remain here," said Nellie, when her cousin turned to her, "until you have transacted your business, whatever it may be."

"As you please," Claudia answered indifferently; "but remember, Mr. Hastings' steeds are not strangers around town, and it may not be just pleasant for his daughter to be recognized here at this hour."

She was not surprised at the effect of her words, when, an instant after, Nellie sprang to the ground and followed her. Claudia led the way up-stairs, wrapping her cloud closely around her face, and Nellie did the same.

"I think this must be the room," said the former, half aloud, as she paused before a door in some uncertainty.

She listened for some sound to guide her, and then quietly opened the door and peered in. Satisfied that it was the right place, she admitted Nellie, who was in a stupefaction of wonder at such proceedings, and entering after her, closed the door and locked it.

They seated themselves on the sofa, and had not remained there long when a door opened from what appeared to be an adjoining bed-room, and Louis Narth entered.

"Ah! good evening, ladies!" he exclaimed, with his usual polished politeness, and he sat down and began to talk on indifferent matters.

At the end of five minutes, he had conveyed to Miss Westmore, by telegraphic signals, the information that all was right, and he returned again to the other apartment. Through the partly open door came the murmur of voices; then there was a momentary silence, followed by the sound of a heavy body falling to the floor. Claudia sprang up and seized Nellie by the wrist, who, bewildered, frightened, and scarcely conscious of what she was doing, allowed herself to be dragged to the door.

There lay Horace Grant on the floor in a state of beastly intoxication, Louis Narth bending over him, and trying to assist him to arise. Tugging might and main, he succeeded in raising him to a sitting posture, when, either purposely or through inability to support him, Louis lost his hold, and he fell back, his head coming forcibly in contact with the floor.

## CRAYONS OF CANADIAN CLERGYMEN.

AN EDITOR AND PREACHER.

HOW pleasant it is to observe the development of a vigorous and influential mind from out the untutored intellect of some ungainly country boy. This pleasure is afforded by the contemplation of the subject of the present sketch. About twenty-eight years ago the Rev. William Young was stationed in what was then called the Asphodel Mission, a field of labor at that time thought to be far in the interior and very undesirable, being new and rough, and only reached by the worst of roads. Money was very scarce, but the good people of the circuit furnished in kind what they could not pay for in cash. Especially fuel was plenty, and there were ready axemen to chop it in the bush, and strong teams to draw it to the parsonage; yea, and good natured neighbour boys to drop in from the settlement around and cut it up to the required length for the fire, in the door yard. This was considerate and kind, for the preacher had a wide area to traverse, and absences from his family, were frequent and long continued, and it was most desirable that when at home his time should be spent in study and not in chopping wood.

One day a large-boned, ungainly looking boy of fifteen years of age, was sent by his worthy Methodist parents, an honest, struggling couple from the North of Ireland, with quite a large family of boys (all of whom have since distinguished themselves in one way or another), among whom the boy referred to was the second eldest—to chop wood a day for the "preacher. Edward went to work with a will and knocked away all the forenoon with good results. At noon he went in for dinner. While in the house he was instinctively drawn to examine the minister's library. A colloquy ensued: "Edward, are you fond of books?" "Yes Sir, very fond." "Well, if there is any book in that collection you would like to read, you are welcome to the loan of it." This was the introduction of a young lad thirsting after knowledge, to the man to whom he now acknowledges himself under greater obligations than any other person. The parson naturally thought the youngster would select some small book, light and easy to master, but how great was his surprise when he selected the first of the two octavo volumes of *Watson's Theological Institutes*. It was taken home, and in a few days he returned for the second volume, having read the other through. There were no schools in the neighbourhood, but his father used to borrow books, for Edward in Peterboro' before he began to borrow from the preachers. He was known to walk 16 miles barefoot to borrow a book. Such were the early struggles of *Edward Hartley Dewart*—along with Sutherland, Cochran, Potts, and a dozen other rising lights, among the coming men of the Wesleyan Conference. He had been converted about one year before the incident related. He found peace, after a long previous seeking, on a sick-bed. His attempts to get to some Institution of learning were negated by the imperious refusal of 'stern penury,' which 'repressed' the noble rage, and froze the genial current of his soul. At length the notice of the Normal School caught his eye, and he resolved to enter it. He was one of the first students in that noble Institution, which has done so much for this Province. He trudged the whole weary way on foot, in the snow from Asphodel to Toronto, a distance of 120 miles. He soon took rank as one of the most acute minds and best students among those under training. His cleverness and ability to express his ideas caused him at an early period of his course of study to be often, in the absence of his Professor, appointed to lecture in his place. Attendance at the Institution for two sessions was all that his present high position owes to academic training of any kind. The period which intervened between his leaving the Normal School and his going out into the itinerant field was spent in School teaching, in which he was very popular and successful. He is remembered by the present writer as a willing assistant of the Superintendent of the Toronto City Circuit, along with the Rev. Isaac Crane, Wm. Watson, Esq., of Weston, and Dr. Wright now of Berlin, all of them youthful students, in sustaining a well organized Sunday School beyond the limits of the city. He soon became an efficient temperance lecturer and on other benevolent and reformatory measures, but he was averse to preaching. Sympathy, however for a disabled preacher which induced him to supply his Sabbath appointments on the Dunnville Circuit during the Conference year 1850-51, first committed him to this glorious employment. In the spring of 1851, in obedience to the call of the authorities of the Church, he gave up his \$300 a year salary for one third of the sum, and went on to St. Thomas' Circuit. The Circuits he travelled and his upward career till 1867 may be learned by any one interested, by consulting Rev. G. H. Corinsh's invaluable hand book. He was the first appointed to the North Toronto City Circuit, thence he went at the end of two years to Ingersoll, whence he was called by the ballot

vote of his brethren to fill the editorial chair of the *Connexion*.

As a writer, Mr. Dewart is ready, versatile, thorough, and always pertinent and useful. It is needless to inform the public that the *Guardian* has been edited with great industry, research and ability. He is thoroughly loyal to Methodism, evangelical and faithful, but shows a tendency to enlightened progressiveness and liberality. He is an unflinching and consistent advocate of Temperance. No purer man is to be found in the Ministry of the Church than he.

Our subject was born in the County Cavan, Ireland, in 1828, so that he is now 43 years of age, although he does not look to be so old. He left Ireland at the tender age of six, before which, however, he had learned to read. In person, Mr. D. is above the medium size, being 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighing about 170 pounds. His complexion is fair, his face oval, his forehead receding, and his walk careless, if not slouching. We would not have it altered—it is Edward Dewart's. His obliviousness of self gives him a very free and unconstrained manner. There is in him a consciousness of worth and power, which prevents him from being exacting. He seems to act on the principle that he may leave his dignity to take care of itself. He is short sighted and wears glasses.

One of the best of preachers is he. Truly pious and earnest for souls, thoroughly grounded in theology, with a mind imbued with various knowledge, and a ready recollection that can extemporize the very best of illustrations for his subject as he passes along, joined to full, agreeable voice and deliberate easy utterance, how can he help being one of the most hearable, rememberable, and profitable preachers?

We have been led to these observations by hearing him on Sunday night, June 11th, in the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Belleville. But how shall we do justice to that delightful sermon and service. The text and outline of his sermon is as below. It will be surprising to those who heard the discourse, that that wonderful deliverance was all evolved from the following scanty notes: Luke 13. 10.—The Old Story—A Sinner—Hope—Repentance—An Objection—Limits—God's Capacity—A Possible Answer—The Condition of the World—"Lost Boy"—The Character of Angels—Lessons They see things differently. 2. Full of encouragement—undeserved love. 3. The value of the soul—in danger. 4. Rebukes on lukewarmness—the young—"the ship on fire" 5. Rebukes our unthankfulness. 6. Leads to anticipation.

We had almost forgotten the most noticeable point of all he is a poet, and true poets are very rare. If we were required to define poetry, it is possible we could not particularize its constituent elements, and yet the reading of Dewart's "Songs of Life" make us feel that he is a poet. There is not one of the poems in that book but what affects us with a feeling of elevation and tenderness, such as we think poetry inspires. The oldest men of the Conference may rest satisfied that the future destinies of the Church may (under God) be safely entrusted to the hands of such men as the present editor of the *Guardian*.

A RUMSELLER'S EPITAPH.—A dissipated old man, remarkable for his poetical genius, was once refused any further credit by a landlord named Hertzell. Just then some of his acquaintances offered to "treat" him if he would furnish an epitaph for the landlord. He drank the liquor, and then annihilated old Hertzell thus—

"Here lies old Hertzell stiff and still,  
Oh, Satan, treat him kindly;  
If aught he's done against thy will,  
He must have done it blindly."

The true newspaper—that which would represent the true mission of the press in this wonderful age of progress—must have a great heart in it, and a never-sleeping conscience. It must be magnanimous and godly—"with charity toward all, and malice toward none." It must speak the truth boldly for the truth's sake, and cherish justice as the apple of its eye. It must seek by the prosperity of right principles and right thoughts—to be useful as well as popular—to build up the truth and tear down error,—in short, to improve and ennoble, as well as to enlighten mankind.

CAUSE OF EXCITEMENT.—The Rev. Dr. Arnot being charged with "excitement" when speaking of total abstinence replied: "People need not tell me that I am excited on these questions. I know that I am. I should be ashamed before God and man if I were not. There is more in the public houses of Glasgow to stir the spirit of a minister than all that Paul saw at Athens. In my ministry I meet the horrid fruits of these whisky shops. I see men and women perishing in these pit-falls. The number of

the victims is so great that it overwhelms me. My brain is burning, my heart is breaking. The Church is asleep and the world too, and they are hugging each other. I am weary with holding in. I must cry. I would rather be counted singular in the judgment of man than be unfaithful in the Judgment of God."

## The Home Circle.

ECHO.

I stood on the banks of a swift flowing river,  
While I marked its clear current roll speedily past;  
It seemed to my fancy forever respecting.  
That the dearest enjoyments of life would not last.  
Oh tell I said rapid stream of the valley,  
That bearest in thy bosom the blue waters away,  
Can the joys of life's morning awake but to vanish?  
Can the feelings of love be all doomed to decay?  
An echo repeated—"All doomed to decay."

Flow on in thy course, rapid stream of the valley,  
Since the pleasures of life we so quickly resign;  
My heart shall rejoice in the wild scenes of nature,  
And friendships delights while they yet may be mine.  
Must all the sweet charms of mortality perish?  
And friendships endearments, Ah, will they not stay?  
The simple enchantments of soft blooming nature,  
And the pleasures of mind must they too fade away?  
The echo slow answered, "They too fade away."

Then where, I exclaimed, is there hope for the mourner?  
A balm for his sorrow, a smile for his grief?  
If beautiful scenes like the present must vanish  
Where, where shall we seek for a certain relief?  
Oh fly said my soul, to the feet of thy Saviour,  
Believe in his mercy, for pardon then pray;  
With him there is fulness of joy and salvation,  
Thy gladness shall live and shall never decay,  
The echo said sweetly "Shall never decay."

## ETIQUETTE.

"It is well known," says Sir Walter Scott, "that a man may with more impunity be guilty of an actual breach either of good-breeding or of good morals than appear ignorant of the most minute point of etiquette." In fact etiquette is the manual exercise and regulation of society. It is to the citizen what drill and exercise are to the soldier. The latter may be a brave man, but he cannot be an accomplished soldier unless he is acquainted with the minutiae of his profession. A knowledge of etiquette, therefore, may be said to be an important part of good breeding. Now all persons desire to be thought well-bred. Inferiority in any thing is not pleasant; but inferiority in that which is so constantly manifest, and in that in which all claim to be equal, is most wounding to that extremely sensitive feature in human character—vanity. A breach of etiquette almost always draws ridicule upon the offender. It betokens a want of acquaintance with the rules of society, a want of familiarity with the manners of refined life. Society, too, is always lynx-eyed, critical, and exacting. It promptly avenges the violation of its minutest laws, whether those laws be founded in reason or not. It will more easily endure bad morals than vulgarity. Thus, at the feast given by Prince John, after the tournament of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, Cedric the Saxon, "who dried his hands with a towel; instead of suffering the moisture to exhale by waving them gracefully in the air, incurred more ridicule from the cultivated Normans, than his companion, Athelstane, when the latter swallowed for his own single share, the whole of a large pasty, composed of the most exquisite foreign delicacies, termed at that time a *Karum-pie*."

It requires a great deal of hardihood or insensibility of character to escape from the feeling of mortification or chagrin which always accompanies the exhibition of an ignorance of etiquette. Yet nothing is more arbitrary than etiquette. It varies with the nation and with the city, and it may well be asked: How is it to be learned? Must the etiquette of all the world be studied to constitute one well-bred? To a certain extent it must, or one must be content either to remain at home or pass for uncultivated, and thus not infrequently meet with mortifications which might have been avoided. Ignorance of the etiquette of the society in which we ordinarily move is unpardonable; the arbitrary rules of other society may be sufficiently ascertained to enable one to move in it with propriety, if not with elegance. The American who has learned in New York and Paris that a gentleman should always appear gloved in a drawing-room, and would not venture to display himself ungloved in the saloons of either of the

cities we have mentioned, would naturally feel surprised upon entering the drawing-room of the Queen with irreproachable lavender, to find himself quietly requested to remove his gloves, as it is not the etiquette to cover the hands in the presence of her Majesty. If the same gentleman were to sport his beaver in the presence of the King of Spain, because he saw others do so, he would be quietly informed that it was not the etiquette for a foreigner to infringe the peculiar privileges of the grandees of the Castile. A little inquiry would prevent such errors and the chagrin that ever accompanies them. No person should presume to mingle in a society which is unfamiliar to him, without endeavoring first to learn some of its peculiarities. When Hajji Baba went to England, attached to the legation of the Turkish ambassador, and heard the people hiss the Prince Regent, he thought it was the thing to hiss, and so he hissed with all his might; but very soon Hajji found that he had "eaten dirt." An incident once occurred in St. Petersburg, which illustrates the annoyance which may spring from an absence of an acquaintance with a particular usage or matter of etiquette. During the life of the late Emperor, a court dinner was given in honor of a foreign gentleman and his daughter. The latter of course occupied the seat of honor on the right of his Majesty.

Toward the close of the dinner white grapes were offered, and, as usual, the survivor presented the golden vase crowned with white grapes of rare quality to the young lady first. She had been brought up, if not in a sunny clime, at least where white grapes were no uncommon fruit. It was winter. But doubtless, the young lady had often seen white grapes on her father's table at home even in winter, and was not surprised to find them on the table of the Czar in January. Acting, therefore as she would have done at home, without any hesitation she took a cluster from the vase and laid it upon the golden plate before her. Shortly, however, she observed that when the grapes were offered to the other guests each one took a golden knife which was upon the vase, and cut off one, two, or, at the most, three grapes. Even the Emperor did not exceed the latter number. Evidently white grapes were regarded in St. Petersburg at that season as an elegant luxury, and were to be tasted—as Lord Beaconsfield said some books ought to be—not eaten. Nevertheless there lay the bunch of grapes upon the young lady's plate, the too unfortunate evidence of her dereliction of etiquette. It can be easily imagined how excessively she was annoyed at her mistake. Indeed, she afterwards remarked, when telling the story, that she never in all her life contemplated anything half so disagreeable as that bunch of grapes was to her under circumstance. Yet it was a very natural mistake—one that most any American would have made—but we venture to say, that, though it was an awkward incident, it did not even excite a smile at the expense of the beautiful representative—for she was beautiful—of republican America, on the countenances of the refined *habitués* of the imperial court.

Mr. Marshall used to relate an amusing case of ignorance to which he was witness at Washington. It took place at the White House during dinner, or rather at the close of it. When the finger glasses were put on, a member of the Congress from that part of the country where De Tocqueville says there is plenty of population but no society, who had never seen one before, observing that the glass placed before him contained a little water and a slice of lemon, supposed that it was lemonade, and immediately drank it up. Shortly after the servant, noticing that the member's glass had no water in it, removed it, and placed another properly filled in its stead. The contents of this was promptly disposed of also. The waiter soon furnished a third glass. But this was two much for the philosophy of the worthy member, so stopping the waiter, he said to him, "Take it to that gentleman over there; he's only had one." The colored gentleman, who had "acquired" during his service at the White House, and had "seen life," was much amused.

Etiquette is near akin to courtesy, which we know was born of chivalry. If chivalry possessed no other merit it certainly had that of refining the manners of the world. Before the days of chivalry politeness was but little understood, and particular politeness to woman was hardly known. The strongest "took the wall" of his neighbour. Chivalry, however, taught that generosity is a virtue, and that strength must waive its rights. When the horse of DeGrantmesnil, at the tournament of Ashby, swerved in his course, Ivanhoe declined to take the advantage which this accident afforded him; and "DeGrantmesnil acknowledged himself vanquished, as much by the courtesy as by the skill of his opponent." The principle is seen now in a gentleman's giving the wall to the lady, and in doffing his beaver in salutation. Only the boor is unacquainted with these ordinary customs. The extremity to which such politeness is carried in our country—which makes it the paradise of women—may be observed any day in the railroad cars, where

an old gentleman is often seen to stand up for a mile in order to give a seat to a young lady, who very likely is more able to stand than he is. We wish that some of our fair country-women, who are the prettiest and most pleasing women in the world, knew that etiquette requires of them to show some sense of the politeness of which they are so often the subjects in the public conveyances by at least a smile of appreciation. Rudeness and awkwardness are apt to shade into each other; they produce something of the same effect. To have a lady neglect to recognize a politeness which costs you something, and to have a gentleman tug at his well-fitting glove to get it off in order to shake hands with you, when he ought to know that when gloved he ought to shake hands with his gloves on, are equally annoying. The continual iteration of the word, Sir, is a habit unfortunately too common in our country, and which should be amended. In really refined society it is never heard. In England it is deemed servile.

We have said that etiquette is arbitrary. Yet, in some points, it will be found to be based upon reason and good taste. For instance, upon entering a room at a party the gentleman should offer his right arm to the lady, in order that she may have her right hand free, and also be able to display her drapery to the best advantage. Upon taking leave the lady should not take the gentleman's arm, so that both may have their right hands free in case the hostess should offer to shake hands on parting. When the farewell is made the lady should take the gentleman's arm to retire. In going up stairs the gentleman should always precede the lady; in going down stairs the lady should lead. Shaking hands is so universal in our country that it has grown into a mere form, and means very little. In England a gentleman will bow to one to whom he would not give his hand. The latter is considered private and due only to a friend, and is extended only as a sign of regard, or through especial courtesy. In our country to refuse the hand is considered rude, and both ladies and gentlemen shake hands at all times and in all places.

Etiquette is closely connected with politeness, and politeness should spring, not from mere discipline, but from a kind regard for the feelings of others. If you should be asked, "What route did you take last summer?" do not reply, pronouncing the word *route*, but avoid the use of the word *route*, so that you hurt not the feelings of the questioner, who chances not to be acquainted with the new, fashionable pronunciation. It was formerly considered a marked evidence of true politeness in a certain gentleman in England, that, in alluding to any one who had been engaged in the last rebellion, he always spoke of him as having been "out in the affair of '45." It showed refined feeling. The principle might be carried throughout the entire intercourse of life, with much advantage to all. Consideration does much to oil the hinges of society. We know a gentleman in New York whose correspondence probably exceeds that of any other private person in the State; he receives numbers of letters making the most singular requests, and yet he never leaves one unanswered, because he thinks every one is entitled to courtesy and respect. When we say that it is a common occurrence for him to receive letters asking for subscriptions to various projects; for notation of divers objects; for gifts of many sorts; for a silk dress with "all the trimming;" for a library of books; for board until educated; for furniture to start in life; and for much more which we have no time to mention, it will be seen that his politeness, as well as his large fortune and liberality, are pretty well tried. But the former never and the latter rarely fails. A kind if not always satisfactory answer is sent to every letter.

There is an especial etiquette which appertains to the several professions. When the clergy enter a church in procession, the youngest lead, and the inverse order, as it is called, is preserved down to the bishop, who comes last. In their seats the highest in position always takes precedence. It is the etiquette for the laity not to go up the aisles while the people are at prayer; and we may add that it is good manners to pay respect to the customs of the church one may chance to be in.

The etiquette of the army is very particular. It is said that an officer, once placed in command at West Point, attempted to disregard the time-honoured usages of the point, but he soon found that he must conform to them. The etiquette of the navy is not less exacting than that of the army. The superior officer always occupies the windward side of the deck; he also enters a boat *last*, and leaves it *first*.

The etiquette of the bench, of the bar, and of the physician, is likewise thoroughly marked. There is also an etiquette among commercial men; and, too, among authors. It would take a volume to recount the whole. We can not even attempt to illustrate the subject further by examples. Our object has not been to teach etiquette, but to show that it exists through-

out society, and that a knowledge of it forms an element in good-breeding. The observance of it will make all persons more acceptable, and enable them to move more easily in society. Especially will gentlemen be better appreciated who, as Cowper says, have het "ladies' etiquette by heart."—*Harper's Monthly*.

#### "FALLING IN LOVE."

THIS expression has a vast amount of material infelicity to answer for; as it it were a kind of accidental plunge into the dark, with ten chances to one that it would be a break-neck operation, any way. Genuine love is not a mere passionate attraction; its abiding place is in the soul. It should be guided by judgment, affectional judgment—an intuitive perception of suitability; or adaptedness. We do not advocate a selection from expediency or interest, governed wholly by reason or intellectual appreciation, nor should the dictates of the heart be violated by an exercise of judgment alone; but in a matter of such vast import, great care should be taken lest mere fancy, passion, or caprice lead the heart captive.

It will not do to affirm that unions are predestined in heaven; that love is intended to be stone-blind, although a majority of marriages would unfortunately confirm the latter assertion. It will not do to trust to chance that the sequel will be glorious; that luck will bring it out all right. Such expressions, in regard to matters of the heart, are as fatal, as in all other affairs of life—indeed they are more so: they are but the blind vagaries of a blind optimism.

Love will bear dissection; poets and dreamers to the contrary notwithstanding. It is as capable of giving a good and intelligent *raison d'être*, if interrogated as is friendship and surely no one is so chimerical as to cherish a blind infatuation for a friend, without seeing in that friend a reasonable foundation for such esteem. Mere theorists may insist that love is positive, inexorable, and irresistible; but the sober-minded and practical know just as surely that it is amenable to good judgment and common sense; that it can be held in by bit and bridle, and guided into wholesome paths.—*Overland Monthly*.

#### FOOD VALUE OF FRUITS.

DR. Cameron says fruits are used as a staple food in many warm countries; but in most parts of Europe they are regarded chiefly in the light of luxuries. Deprived of their stones or seeds, they contain often not more than five per cent. of solid matter. They are very poor in albuminoids; but they are usually rich in sugar, and many of them contain much acid. There is the greatest variation in the relative amounts of pectose, sugar, and acid in edible fruits. berries contain as a rule, more acid than stone fruit, the grape contains from thirteen to twenty per cent. of sugar; the cherry only one-and-a-half per cent. In the peach there is about nine per cent. of soluble pectin and gum, whilst the gooseberry includes only two per cent. of these bodies. In the common fruits the percentage of free acids varies from a mere trace to about three per cent. The pear is almost wholly free from acids, while the currant often contains three times as much free acid as sugar. The grape is probably the best fruit adapted for the sick. As heat and force producing foods, five pounds and a half of grapes, six pounds and two two-thirds of apples or cherries, ten pounds and three-quarters of currants, and twelve pounds and one third of strawberries are equal to one pound of starch. The dietic value of the fruit is chiefly due to their fine flavor and their abundance of saline matter.

#### PECULIARITY OF VISION.

IN the preface to a new work, under the title of *The Poor Artist; or, Seven Eyesights and One Object*, some curious facts are given as to the varieties of vision among different people. Spiritualism, with its almost inaudible manifestations: has long been a subject of mingled doubt and fear in society generally. But when we are told—as we are in the work to which we refer—that a man can, in plain language, see a thing without looking at it, we come down to material facts, dealing with our own living selves, even more remarkable, because more practicable, than the peculiar privileges which seem to be accorded to "mediums" in their conversations with the departed spirits of Socrates, General Washington, Sancho Panza, or any other distinguished characters of by-gone days. We are told for instance, that the Poet Laureate has no need to fix his eyes upon anything; and, indeed has been found sometimes to have seen the whole of any exquisite piece of landscape, when apparently looking inwardly, as in a walking dream, and lost to all around him. This astonished Mr. Moxon, on a certain tour with the Laureate, who naturally thought that the poet

ought to have been looking earnestly on all sides to take in the whole scene. Hazlitt, the great essayist had a peculiar gift of vision; he could see behind him. A good story is told with regard to Hazlitt in this respect. One day he went to see Northcote, the famous but penurious painter. It was in the depth of winter, and the room in which Northcote received his visitor was miserably cold. Hazlitt casually, during the conversation, placed some coals upon the fire. Presently afterward, Hazlitt's back being turned while looking closely into a picture at the opposite side of the room, he saw Northcote stoop down to the tongs take off the fresh coals, and softly replace them in the scuttle. Descending from Tennyson and Hazlitt to less dignified characters, we will quote one more instance of this peculiar power of the eye, or instinct, whichever we may like to call it. A constable once reproached a cabman, the last on the stand, for not attending to his business. "Oh, you're mistaken" replied the cabman. "I'm attentive on all sides. I've one eye on my horse's head, and one eye for passengers, I could see a man eating oysters on one side of the street, and a woman pick up a pin on the other, and still never lose sight of the horse's ears."

#### GIVE US BACK THE TAILS.

If we, as Mr. Darwin says,  
From monkeys are descended,  
Old Time in changing things, hath not  
As yet the matter mended.  
Descendants of our ancestors  
Have no such times as they,  
Who had no rent of house or tax  
Of government to pay.  
No tailor bills came in—Dame Nature  
Clothing gave—  
And freaks of fashion did not make  
Of monkey-girl a slave.  
So the olden way's the happiest way;  
The new condition fails;  
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,  
Just give us back the tails.

No hurrying out of bed had they,  
No bolting breakfast down,  
No hasty walk to shop in fear  
Of some old boss's frown.  
The Lady-monkey sat not up  
Till day the night did rout,  
In waiting for the lodge to close  
And let her husband out,  
They had no votes, 'tis true, but they'd  
No officers to keep,  
And o'er defaulter's cash account  
They never had to weep.  
So the olden way's the happiest way;  
The new condition fails;  
And, Darwin, if you can, my boy,  
Just give us back the tails.

They had no fashion's promenade,  
Where beauty's feet could stray;  
But then the old boss-monkey had  
No milliner to pay.  
They had no wine, the monkeys young,  
Through night to keep a-storming;  
They saved thereby (you know yourself)  
A headache in the morning.  
A peaceful race were they, who ne'er  
To war's appeal did fly;  
They saved thereby occasion for  
A Joint Commission High.  
A smarter race were they than that  
Which from them hath descended,  
And Time by changing things, hath not  
As yet the matter mended.  
For the olden way's the happiest way;  
The new condition fails;  
So, Darwin, if you can, my boy,  
Please give us back the tails.

#### A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

**T**IME: half-past eleven in the morning. Place: the small yard on the premises of the Police Court, in Court Street, Toronto, lying between a rusty, uninged iron door, a broken goods box, and some disjointed stove pipes, a very old woman.

Fifty people might pass by the small, huddled mass of ragged clothes and dirt, without discovering it to be a human creature that lay there so strangely still and quiet, amongst the tangled weeds of the back yard.

Out from the bottom of a tattered print skirt, were thrust what once were a pair of boots; the poor thin pointed shoulders were but partially covered with a rotting brown jacket, whilst the remnants of an old garden bonnet had fallen back from the withered face and left it there pitilessly exposed to the full blaze of a sweltering July sun.

The unkempt strands of her thin, grey hair straggled across the brown wrinkled forehead, trailed down the weazened face into the rust and greasy soot of the stove pipes.

One skinny, blackened hand hung listlessly by her side, the thin bony fingers of the other clutched a rank weed with a nerveless grasp, while the attenuated, half-clad limbs were twisted up under the frail body.

And from the bridge of the shrivelled nose, where a new bruise festered, up to the closed moistening eyelids, and then down to the crust on the heat-baked lips, the busy, eager flies had it all their own way.

With that peculiar feeling we all experience, when we suppose we are looking on that which is only clay, the grovelling figure was pointed out to a policeman, who attempted to move it. The old, grey head was lifted up, and the old, grey head fell limply down again, the puckered mouth and closed eyes moved not, only the busy, eager flies buzzed off a moment, and then once more settled down to the feast.

Dead?  
But the policeman smiles a smile of superior wisdom and sad experience, and says, "only drunk." *Only drunk!*

Once more he attempts to lift the motionless woman, who once more sinks back on her couch of soot and weeds. She is placed to sit on the box, but she topples over, and once more lies on her couch of soot and weeds.

This time, however, a pair of bleared and blood-shot eyes look up with a vacant and stupid expression, the thin, wearied arms are flung up, and the blackened lips open, and slowly beg for "something to drink!"

How much pity should be given to such an one, and yet how much punishment could be given to the helpless victim lying there?

A cart is fetched, the besotted creature who was once a woman, and whose sons if happily she have any—and who for the dear sake of filial love, God forbid should see her thus—must be more than half way through their journey, this woman, the limp thing, begging for "something to drink," succeeds in crawling up into the cart.

In the cart, closing the bleared eyes once more, and lying like a sack she feebly reiterates the cry for "something to drink."

Look at her, ladies and gentlemen; pity her men and women, this old, old woman, with nearly all that is human crushed out of her, bereft of all that is womanly, with her old, weary feet half in the grave, all sense of shame gone from her, lying there a lump in the rumbling cart, that is taking her to the cells, drunk, "dead drunk, *only drunk!*"

T. J. V.

#### ADVERTISING—ITS WHIMS AND WONDERS.

(Pittsburgh Post.)

**I**N a previous number of the *Post* we referred to the thousand and one devices which are resorted to in order to catch the eye. This species of advertising is rapidly coming into vogue, and its success in attracting public attention is undoubted. We append a few additional specimens gleaned promiscuously from the Gulf to the Lakes. A majestic one who has been on Olympus, and climbed Parnassus, unbosoms himself about his "Polish" in the following gushing lines:—

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more—  
Men are deceivers ever;  
But if you use the Raven Polish,  
Your locks will lack gloss never.

A "woolen" man named Thompson, whom we suppose is a son of old Thompson, and resides in Mount Holly, in "New Jarsee," tells his illustrious and high-born fellow-citizens how to spell "cheap" in the following encouraging ditty:—

If you want to buy things cheap,  
Just go to Thompson's and you will reap  
The benefits of your good sense,  
At a very slight expense.

For Thompson is unquestionably the very cheapest dealer in woollens in town. See him.

He'll pass.

One of those Chicago chaps—bitter boys—sharp shavers, whose shadow would cut a man in the dark warbles in this wise:—

When young Jenny Wren did faint  
To see Cock Robin fall,  
Why didn't Parson Rook,  
For Grecian Bitters call?  
They would at once revive  
The charming little friend;

She would chirrup sweetly,  
And forget her Robin's end.

If the Bitter man would only practice a "leettle," he might be poet laureate some day. As it is, he combines bitters and buncombe tolerably well,

A woman's rights wiseacre out in "Omaha," tells all he knows about his Baking Powder, and throws in an extra line gracefully about the wondrous wise woman who used his compound of alum and white buckwheat. Listen how he throws his poetry around:—

There was a woman in our town,  
And she was wondrous wise,  
She used Jones' Cream Baking Powder  
For her biscuits, cakes, and pies;  
And when she saw it nearly gone,  
With all her might and main,  
She made straight for a grocer, who  
Supplied her with the same.

A sad little singist, whose brother keeps a "popecary" shop up near the Upper Basin, plaintively lets the secret out about the tadpole water in the following doleful doggerel:—

Mary had a little lamb,  
She tied it with a halter,  
Because it bought so many quarts,  
Of Arctic soda water.

Which means that if you can stand a stomach pump, "go in" on the arctic water and fruit syrups, or let the lamb try it first.

A denizen of Germantown, which is a suburb of the city of "Brotherly Love," explains the joy in the Jones family in real Tennysonian stateliness, thusly:—

Mary had a little lamb,  
With wool all over its bones,  
It died with joy when Mary's shoes,  
Were bought at Brown & Jones'.

The whole scene is exceedingly lamb-like.

A Venango boy, who has "been there" and knows how "it is himself," who like coal-oil Johnny, scattered his diamonds, or like the thousand and one luckless adventurers who never struck "ile," or striking it, failed "to quit when they had enough," tells his "feller-citizens" and the rest of mankind, solemnly, seriously, and on his responsibility as an oil merchant, and one "who nose" that

If you have fortune, faith, or what you will  
That gains success without the aid of skill,  
Go risk your dollars on some greasy bluff.  
Strike oil, make money, quit when you've enough.  
If in the mud you find some driller stuck,  
Speak to him gently; say "the fool hath luck."

P. S.—We have some certificates of "ile" stock we would like to sell. Time!

A PATRON of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher:

"Mr. Printer, how is it you have never called on me for pay for your paper?"

"Oh," said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed," replied the patron, "how do you manage to get along when they don't pay you?"

"Why," said the editor, "after a certain time we conclude he is no gentleman, and then we ask him."

"Oh,—ah—yes—I see. Mr. Editor, please give me a receipt," and hands him a V., "Make my name all right on your books."

#### TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

##### NORTHERN RAILWAY.

MOVING NORTH.			
TORONTO.	NEW MARKET.	BARRIE.	COLLINGWOOD.
City Hall Station.			
MAIL—7.00 a. m.	8.50 a. m.	10.40 a. m.	arrive 12.25 a. m.
EXPRESS, 4.00 p. m.	5.50 p. m.	7.40 p. m.	" 9.25 a. m.
MOVING SOUTH.			
COLLINGWOOD.	BARRIE.	NEW MARKET.	TORONTO.
			City Hall.
EXPRESS, 5.10 a. m.	6.55 a. m.	8.50 a. m.	10.35 a. m.
MAIL, 3.45 p. m.	5.30 p. m.	7.25 p. m.	9.10 p. m.

##### G. W. RAILWAY.

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.	
DEPART.	ARRIVE.
EXPRESS, - - - 7.00 a. m.	8.45 a. m.
" - - - 11.50 a. m.	1.45 p. m.
ACCOMM. - - - 4.00 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
EXPRESS, - - - 8.00 p. m.	9.40 p. m.
HAMILTON TO TORONTO.	
DEPART.	ARRIVE.
ACCOM. - - - 9.10 a. m.	11.00 a. m.
EXPRESS, - - - 11.30 a. m.	1.15 p. m.
MAIL, - - - 3.35 p. m.	5.30 p. m.
ACCOM. - - - 7.30 p. m.	9.20 p. m.

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*Maple Leaf Temple cor. of Frances and Adelaide Sts.,*

WEDNESDAY EVENING—*Nasmith Temple*, Good Templars' Hall, corner of James and Louisa Sts.

*Enterprise Temple*, Temperance Hall, Temperance Street.

THURSDAY EVENING—*Rescue Temple*, Temperance Hall, Temperance St.

FRIDAY EVENING—*Star Temple*, Temperance Hall, Temperance St.  
*St. John's Temple* Mission Church Sayer St.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

MONDAY EVENING—*Ontario Division* No. 26, Temperance Hall, Temperance St.

TUESDAY EVENING—*Crystal Fountain Division*, Temperance Hall, Temperance St.

WEDNESDAY EVENING—*Coldstream Division*, Brock St. Hall, Brock St.

THURSDAY EVENING—*Eureka Division*, Cor. Church & King Sts. Armstrong's Photograph Gallery.

WOODBIDGE—*Berwick and Pine Grove Division*, No. 339. S. of T., meets every Saturday Evening in the Son's Hall—W. P. Bro. John Brown

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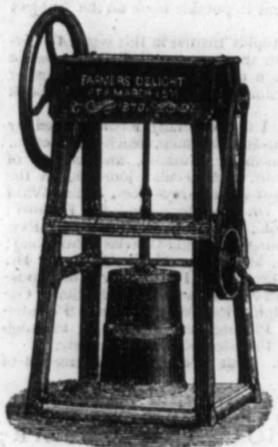
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II.—Wherein lies the strength of this great social vice?

- (1.) In the cupidity of avaricious men. (2.) In a vicious legislation. (3.) In false social customs. (4.) In false views. (5.) In the apathy of Christian people.

III.—How is this great social evil to be met?

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