

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 36.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.
SUNDAY, 8th SEPT.,
Anthem—"Who are these like stars appearing?"—
ROBINSON.

CHARLES ALEXANDER,
387 and 391 Notre Dame Street,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL CONFECTIONER.
Everything of the best quality.
Luncheons as usual.

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

FOR SALE.
ONE OR TWO BRAND NEW SINGER
SEWING MACHINES of the best pattern.
Address, P. O. Box 350, Montreal.

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

NEW CROP TEAS.
McGIBBON & BAIRD'S RETAIL PRICES.
Extra Breakfast Souchong 80c
Fine Breakfast Souchong 70c
Extra Breakfast Congou 60c
Choice Family Congou 50c
Good Family Congou 40c
Finest Young Hyson 80c
Fine Young Hyson 70c
Superior Young Hyson 60c
Extra Choice Japan 60c
Superior Japan 50c
Choice Japan 45c
Good Japan 40c
Extra Oolong 70c
Finest Gunpowder 80c
Good Young Hyson 50c
Fair Young Hyson 40c
A reduction of 2 1/2 cents on 10-lb Catties, and 5 cents
on 20-lb Catties of these prices. Our fine Black and
Green Teas are selected at places of growth for our
own special trade. Samples sent on application.

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

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



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

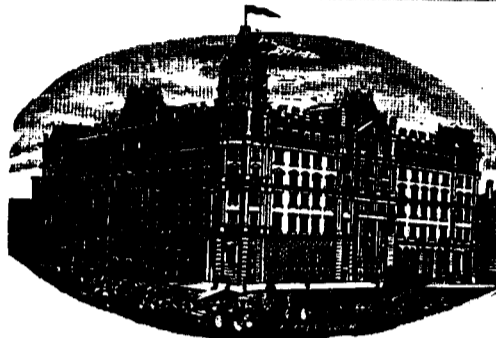
THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO. SOLD IN 1877
282,812 MACHINES,
Being the largest number of Sewing-Machines ever
sold by any Company in a single year. Machines sold
on monthly payments.

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

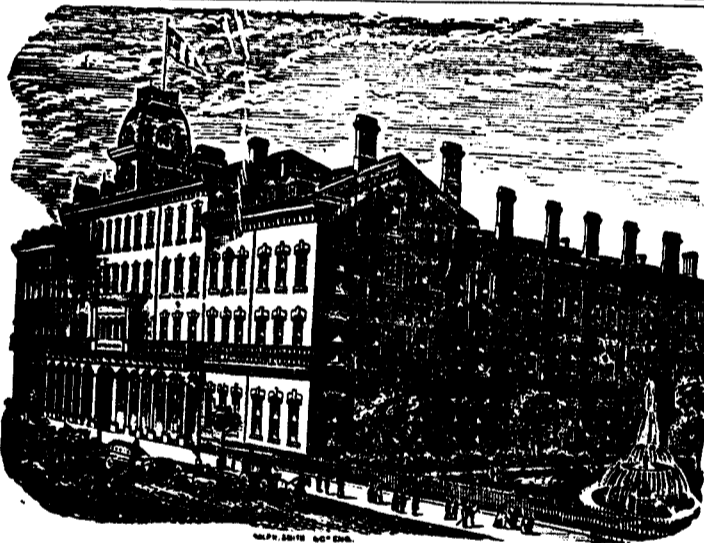
EVANS & RIDDELL,
PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS
EDWARD EVANS, Official Assignee,
Western Chambers,
No. 22 ST. JOHN STREET.

LIGHT!! LIGHT!!
LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, PENDANTS.
Handsome display of finest goods, with all latest
improvements.
PRICES LOW.
FRED. R. COLE,
LAMP AND OIL DEPOT,
98 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

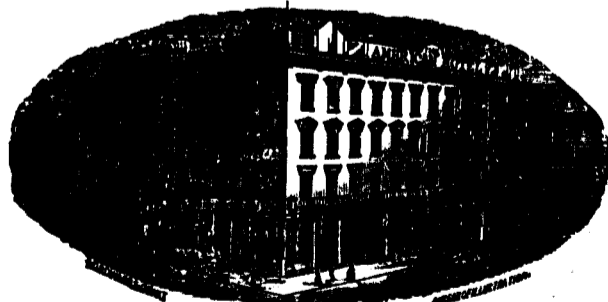
THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE,
THE OLD ESTABLISHED
Cooks' Friend Baking Powder,
PURE,
HEALTHY,
RELIABLE.
Manufactured only by
W. D. McLAREN,
55 and 57 College St.
Retailed everywhere.



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



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



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

H. A. NELSON & SONS,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FANCY GOODS, DRUGGISTS', TOBAC-
CONISTS', STATIONERS' AND GROCERS' SUNDRIES.
FANS—American, French and Japanese.
POCKET-BOOKS in Russia, Calf, Morocco, Sheepskin, &c.
Ladies' and Gents' TRAVELLING BAGS a specialty.
BABY CARRIAGES, TOY CARTS, VELOCIPEDS, &c., &c.
55 & 58 FRONT STREET, WEST, TORONTO. 91 to 97 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

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

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

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

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION CO.
Daily direct river route between MONTREAL and
OTTAWA. (Mail Steamers.) Passengers by Day
Boats leave by 7:15 a.m. Train for Lachine, to con-
nect with Steamer. Return Tickets at Reduced Rates.
Excursions.—For DAY TRIP through Lake of
Two Mountains to Carillon, returning OVER RAPIDS
in evening, take 7:15 a.m. Train for Lachine, to con-
nect with Steamer. Fare, for round trip, \$1.25.
For Excursion OVER RAPIDS, Steamer leave
Lachine on arrival of 5 p.m. Train from Montreal.
Fare, for round trip, 50c. Tickets at Principal Hotels
and Grand Trunk Railway Office.
COMPANY'S OFFICE: 13 BONAVENTURE ST.
Freight forwarded daily at Low Rates, from Freight
Office, 87 Common Street, Canal Basin.
R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

**MONTREAL & BOSTON AIR LINE AND
SOUTH-EASTERN RAILROADS.**

On and after MONDAY, July 1, this reliable, short
and grand scenery route to Boston, New York, and
all New England cities, passing Lake Memphremagog
and White Mountains, will run
Day Express, with Parlor Car attached, leaving
Montreal 9 a.m., arriving in Boston at 9.30 p.m.
Night Express, with Pullman Sleeping Car, leaving
Montreal 4 p.m., arriving in Boston 8.25 a.m.

**LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG
ALL RAIL ROUTE. BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.
NO CHANGE OF CARS.**

Passing through a country noted for its beautiful
Lake, Valley and Mountain Scenery, unsurpassed on
the Continent.
Leave Montreal for Newport at 9 a.m. and 4 p.m.,
Newport for Montreal, 3.38 a.m. and 4.40 p.m.
Fare to Newport and return, from Montreal, \$5.
Friday Excursion.—Tickets good from Friday
p.m. to Monday p.m., price \$3.50, from Montreal to
Newport and return; and to all Stations on S. O. Ry.
at greatly reduced fares.

H. P. ALDEN, A. B. FOSTER,
Genl Pass Agt S E Ry. Mgr S E Ry.
G. LEVE, Can Agt M & B Air Line and S E Ry.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.
Cabin, Intermediate and Steerage Passage Tickets
to all parts of Europe, by most reliable lines, sailing
every WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATUR-
DAY from New York and Boston, at lowest rates.
Choice Staterooms secured by telegraph, free of
charge. Offices: 202 St. James street, Montreal, and
271 Broadway, New York.
G. LEVE, General Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
NOTICE.

On FRIDAY, August 30th, and TUESDAY,
September 10th,
A Special Train, with Pullman Palace Cars attached,
will be run from Cacouns to Montreal, leaving at 9
a.m. for the accommodation of summer residents.
JOSEPH HICKSON,
GENERAL MANAGER.
Montreal, August 17, 1878.

MARRIAGE LICENSES
Issued by JOHN M. M. DUFF,
Of Taylor & Duff, Assignees and Accountants,
353 Notre Dame Street.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.,
Brewers and Maltsters.

SUPERIOR PALE AND BROWN MALT,
India Pale and Other Ales, Extra Double and
Single Stout, in wood and bottle.

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

The following Bottlers only are authorized to use
our labels, viz.:-

- Thos. J. Howard - - - - 173 St. Peter street.
- Jas. Virtue - - - - - 79 Aylmer street.
- Thos. Ferguson - - - 289 St. Constant street.
- James Rowan - - - - 152 St. Urbain street.
- Wm. Bishop - - - - 697 1/2 St. Catherine street.
- Thos. Kinsella - - - - 144 Ottawa street.
- C. Maisonneuve - - - 588 St. Dominique street.

WILLIAM E. SHAW,
GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:
195 St. James Street, Montreal.
Best stand in the city.

John Date,

Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter, Brass
Founder and Finisher,
Keeps constantly on hand a well selected assortment of
GAS FIXTURES,

Comprising, in part,
Chandeliers, Brackets,
Cut, Opal and Etched Globes,
Portable Lights, &c. &c.
DIVING APPARATUS.

The manufacture of complete sets of Submarine
Armour is a specialty, and full lines of these goods
are always in stock, Air Engines, Helmets, Rubber
Dresses, &c., &c.

COPPER AND BRASS WORK,
Of all descriptions, made to order on the shortest
notice.

655 and 657 Craig Street.

CHARLES D. EDWARDS,

MANUFACTURER OF

FIRE PROOF SAFES,

49 St. Joseph Street,

MONTREAL.

HAMILTON & CO.,

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
105 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
(Opposite Dupre Lane)
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GEO. BOND & CO.,

SHIRT AND COLLAR MAKERS,

Shirts made to order, and a good fit guar-
anteed.

415 NOTRE DAME STREET

Opposite Thompson's Hat Store.

JAS. K. POLLOCK,

Looking-Glass, Picture Frame and Passe-Partout
Manufacturer,
No. 15 BLEURY STREET, - - MONTREAL.

ST. LAWRENCE DYE WORKS,

31 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL
JAMES M. MACDONALD, Silk and Woollen
Dyer, Scourer, Hot Presser, &c., &c. Gentlemen's
Clothes Cleaned and Dyed. Kid Gloves Cleaned.
Established 1863.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY
FURNISHED BY THE
ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This Company having transacted business in Canada
so acceptably for twenty-seven years past as to have,
to-day, the largest Canada income of any Life Com-
pany save one (and a larger proportional income than
even that one).

NOW ANNOUNCES

that it will deposit, in the hands of the Government of
Canada, at Ottawa, the whole RESERVE, or RE-INSUR-
ANCE FUND, from year to year, upon each Policy
issued in Canada after the 31st March, 1878. Every
such Policy will then be as secure as if issued by the
Government of Canada itself, so far as the safety of
the funds is concerned.

The importance of having even a strong Company,
like the ÆTNA LIFE, backed by Government Deposits,
will be appreciated when attention is directed to the
millions of money lost, even in our own Canada,
through the mismanagement of Directors and others
during a very few years past.

Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,
J. R. ALEXANDER, M.D., Manager.

EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,
ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.

NOW IS THE TIME!

HAVING decided to go exclusively into
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, I will
this Fall sell off my entire Stock of STAPLE AND
FANCY DRY GOODS, at startling prices. Having
the best Stock in the West End, this is an oppor-
tunity seldom met with of securing the best Goods
at low prices.

BUY YOUR DRY GOODS AT

THOS. BRADY'S
400 ST. JOSEPH ST. 400.

GALBRAITH & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 378 Notre Dame Street, (Corner of St. John St.,)
MONTREAL.

JOHN GALBRAITH, Manager.

MOVING! MOVING!!

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR MOVING

AT

580 DORCHESTER STREET,

SIMPSON'S EXPRESS.

A MERICAN CEDAR CAMPHOR,
For Preserving Furs and Woollen Goods,
IN PACKETS, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.
For sale by
J. HAWKES,

21 Place d'Armes and 441 St. Lawrence Main St.
Fresh Plantaganet Water, wholesale and retail.

BONAVENTURE CABINET FACTORY.

CRAIG & CO.,

Manufacturers of Chamber & Dining-Room Furniture.
Retail Department:
463 NOTRE DAME STREET, - - MONTREAL,
Where Goods can be bought at wholesale prices.
CRAIG & CO., Proprietors.

PERCIVAL B. WINNING,
SON & CO.,

FRUIT SYRUPS,
CORDIALS,
GINGER WINE,
&c., &c., &c.

Sole Agents Winnington Wine and Spirit Co.
Proprietors celebrated Carratraca, Mineral Springs,
Plantagenet, Ont.

OFFICES: 393 ST. PAUL STREET
MONTREAL.

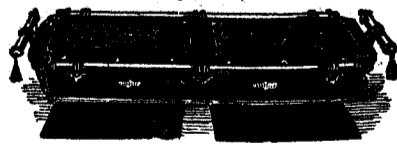
DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING
SYRUP, for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c.
Dr. CODERRE'S Infant's Syrup, for Infantile
Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful
Dentition, &c.

Dr. CODERRE'S Tonic Elixir, for all cases of
Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the
skin or blood.

These valuable remedies are all prepared under the
immediate direction of Dr. J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D.,
of over 25 years experience, and are recommended by
many leading Physicians.

For sale at all the principal Druggists,
For further information, we refer our readers to
Dr. J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D.,
64 St. Denis Street,
MONTREAL.

G. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL,



UNDERTAKERS.

ALEXANDER & CO.,

of Montreal,
CONFECTIONERY AND LUNCH ROOMS,
TORONTO,

Corner Church and Adelaide,
MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING,
Montrealers visiting Toronto will find our establish-
ment convenient and comfortable.
A call respectfully solicited.

NORMAN'S

ELECTRIC BELTS and INSOLES

are superior to all other curative agents; they give
immediate relief in all nervous diseases. No other
charge for consultations or circulars.

A. NORMAN,
4 Queen street East, Toronto.



ESTABLISHED 1850.

J. H. WALKER,
WOOD ENGRAVER
13 Place d'Armes Hill,
Near Craig street.

Having dispensed with
all assistance, I beg to inti-
mate that I will now devote
my entire attention to the
artistic production of the
better class of work.
Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

Henry & Wilson,

236 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

Washington Warehouse.

JAMES McCORMICK,

Family Grocer,

IMPORTER OF

TEAS, COFFEES, STAPLE AND FANCY GRO-
CERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., &c.,

Corner of BLEURY and ONTARIO Streets.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

HILL & CORMACK,

AUCTIONEERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND VALUATORS,

MONTREAL.

LIBERAL ADVANCE MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS.

Sale-Rooms, 65 St. James Street.

Post-Office Box 759.

C. F. HILL, M. CORMACK.

REFERENCE:

- HON. HENRY STARNES, Montreal.
- MESSRS. CLENDINNING & EUARD, Montreal.
- MESSRS. JUDAH & BRANCHAUD, Montreal.
- Ogilvy & Co., Toronto, Ont.
- J. D. LAIDLAW, Toronto, Ont.
- LAIDLAW, NICOL & Co., Stayner, Ont.

PATENTS.

CHARLES LEGGE & CO.,
SOLICITORS OF PATENTS.

(Established 1859.)

162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

GRAY'S CASTOR FLUID.—(Trade Mark re-
gistered.) A hair dressing which entirely super-
sede the thick oils so much used. Cooling, Stimulat-
ing, Cleansing, Beautifying. Prevents the hair from
falling; eradicates Dandruff; promotes the growth.
HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence St.,
Montreal. 25 cents per bottle.

MARY YOUNG,
(Successor to James T. Young.)
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
661 CRAIG STREET, - Corner of Bleury Street.
Custom Work a Specialty. Repairs punctually
attended to. The best Dollar Boot in the city.

Testimonial to the efficacy of

SUTTON'S PHILOTETRON.
Montreal, May 29th, 1878.

Mr. Sutton:
DEAR SIR,—I have very much pleasure in telling
you that the three bottles of Philotetron which you
sold me have completely restored hair on all the bald
spots on my head, for which accept my thanks, and I
would recommend its use to all now likewise afflicted,
believing it to be a really good hair medicine.

I am, thankfully yours,
PATRICK McKEOGH,
Corner St. Henry and St. Maurice Streets.

Prepared only by
THOMAS SUTTON,
114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

EXCELSIOR RUBBER STAMPS

For Banking and General Business Purposes,
Marking Clothing, Printing Cards, &c.

SELF-INKING POCKET STAMPS,
RUBBER PRINTING WHEELS,
RUBBER DATING & CANCELLING STAMPS,
RUBBER COATS-OF-ARMS,
RUBBER CRESTS, SEALS, AUTOGRAPHS,
MONOGRAMS, FANCY INITIAL LETTERS, &c.

Stamp Ink a Specialty.

MANUFACTURED BY

C. E. THOMPSON,

240 ST. JAMES STREET.
P. O. Box 1273, Montreal.

NEW PIANO WAREROOM

ON

ST. JAMES STREET.

Having leased the beautifully fitted Rooms, No. 183
St. James Street, Montreal, near the Methodist Church,
formerly occupied as a Piano Room by Alderman
HOOD, we opened a new PIANO AND ORGAN
STOKE there

On SATURDAY, the 6th Instant.

None but the best and most perfect Instruments will
be kept, including those of ALBERT WEBER, New
York; CHICKERING & SONS, Boston; J. P. HALE and
VOSE & SONS, &c., and these will be sold at a small
advance on the cost of manufacturing, and fully war-
ranted. We will also allow full value for old Pianos in
exchange for new, or will purchase them for cash, as
the parties may desire.

Having fine storage on the first flat of our new
premises, we will store and insure Pianos for parties
requiring it at a small cost, and will hire out, by the
month or quarter, Pianos or Organs to responsible
parties, or strangers giving security. We will also sell
on the instalment plan, giving parties unable to pay all
cash, an opportunity to procure a good instrument on
easy terms. We respectfully invite an examination of
the Instruments and comparison of the prices.

NEW YORK PIANO COMPANY,

183 ST. JAMES STREET.



NOTMAN & SANDHAM,

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN,
17 Bleury Street, Montreal.

BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX

ALSO AT
BOSTON, MASS., ALBANY, N.Y., AND ST.
JOHN, N.B.

Medals awarded LONDON 1861, PARIS 1867,
CENTENNIAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

WINGATE'S GINGER WINE.

A SPLENDID BEVERAGE.
TRY IT.

MERCER'S
SLEEPING ELIXIR.

CONTAINS NO OPIATE.
PRODUCES REFRESHING SLEEP.
NO HEADACHE IN THE MORNING.
CALMS THE NERVES.
INVALUABLE FOR MENTAL WORRY
OR OVERWORKED BRAIN.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Registry.

CENTRAL REGISTRY OFFICE FOR
SERVANTS.

Fruits, Flowers, &c., always on hand.
J. SMITH, 52 St. Antoine Street.

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

MISS NEVILLE'S REGISTRY OFFICE,
No. 5 ANDERSON STREET.

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

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

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

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 36.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

THE TIMES.

The city went off to the country, social, commercial and ecclesiastical life got dissipated—but now the country is coming back to the town once more, and the threads are being gathered up again for further weaving. But the heat hangs on, and nobody can account for it, and everybody is beginning to think that “the times are out of joint.” What is Mr. Mackenzie doing? If he cannot regulate matters better, he should give place to Sir John, who can. Free trade is all very well in the ordinary way—but I go in for protection against this extravagant heat. We want a national policy.

We are getting into one rapidly—it is a policy of misrepresentation and lying on the part of the daily press. Each partizan paper is giving, day by day, “facts for the electors,” which “facts” are a hash of old things that were nasty in their day, and now are disgusting. Some of the statements *must* be false, and it is probable that nearly all of them are. Falsehood is fast becoming a fine art in this country. What a help it must be to the cause of morality.

The Methodist Conference is in session at Montreal, and the report of the work done by the society is a good one. The machinery of Methodism is well adapted to the wants of a country like this. The ministers look like men who are in earnest, and can work hard, and the laymen have the appearance of men possessed of heart and brains for the management of affairs ecclesiastical. I express the mind of many when I say—we wish them all a pleasant session and a great future.

In the Rev. Mr. Coley—as the representative of the Mother Church at home—they have a man of whom English Methodists are justly proud. He holds to traditional Methodism, but has never become a fossil—he is eloquent because he is earnest, and uses pure, unsophisticated English. He is worthy of a hearty welcome.

The election time draws near, and the Liberal party are bestirring themselves in an earnest way. The Premier and his seconds are stumping the country in order to offer the people a continuance of political and economical salvation. To say that the thing is not well defined in their speeches, is to speak simple truth. But then, how can it be otherwise? The matter is not clear to their minds, so how can it be in their speech? They are not Free Traders, as that is understood in England, for they have put on a tariff here and a duty there, and in other instances have taken them off—sometimes, as it seems to many, especially to those who have lost trade by it, not very wisely. Still, the Liberals have a policy—it is to get “in.”

In many parts of the country they are putting forward good men to contest the elections. Notably, Montreal is fortunate in two of its Liberal candidates. Of Mr. Archambault I have spoken before in terms of commendation, and his speeches since then have confirmed me in that opinion. And now Mr. W. Darling is out for Montreal West. The choice is a good one, and proves that the old wire-pullers have ceased to act, if they have not ceased to be. I can hear only good of Mr. Darling. He has been a merchant for thirty-eight years; has succeeded by industry and integrity; has manifested great persistence in adherence to principle, thus winning the confidence of commercial men, who called him to the Presidency of the Board of Trade in Montreal and to a seat in the Council of the Dominion Board of Trade, which positions he filled with honour to himself and advantage to the mercantile community. He stands opposed to a good and strong man, so that a fair party issue will be laid before the electors. Whichever side may win, we may depend upon it that the principals will conduct the contest as gentlemen should.

I wish Montreal Centre was in so good a case, but it is not. Of the two candidates, Mr. M. P. Ryan is certainly the best, which is not saying much. For Mr. Devlin's recommendations are very few and hard to find. He is going to be independent; that is to say, he will be mainly with the Liberals, holding the right to hop on to the fence now and then to survey the political arena and embrace any opportunity for doing good unto himself. Mr. Devlin would be a very good representative of Griffintown, but it should begin and end there.

Our Police Court is the most successful effort ever made for the wasting of time. This is how it is done: The Counsel for prosecution puts a question to the witness, which question is written down in long-hand by a clerk, then read to the witness. Witness replies slowly—the clerk writes: then reads it aloud, and witness endorses his statement—generally with an explanation. It seems to be generally understood that Counsel may take considerable latitude in the matter of questions—so that, as the Court only sits two hours each day, cases may be prolonged almost indefinitely. As evidence—see how the Goff case and the Orange case drag along side by side in Montreal. They are like the Irishman's rope that had no end, because he had cut it off. Life is short for everybody but lawyers.

Sir John A. Macdonald has decided to lay his policy before the workmen of Montreal. That is good. We have not been able to gather much from the speeches delivered nightly in the Toronto amphitheatre, for the speakers, for the most part, have spoken the muddiest English; but surely Sir John will make the thing plain to us. We shall require to know what legislation would be attempted if Sir John should be at the head of our political affairs once again,—that is, what changes would be made in the tariff, and how they would operate for the greatest good of the greatest number—how the expenditure could be cut down and kept down—how the best brains of the party could be got to do the work of the country—and how soon we may hope to be, not only better governed, but less governed. I can tell the Conservatives that they must put out a better programme than they have yet produced if they mean to carry the country. The general impression seems to be—this is a mere question of party—we know the Liberals: they are not brilliant, but are moderately honest—we do not know the Conservatives, and are a bit afraid of them. If Sir John can dispel that fear, he will do a good work for his party.

It looks as if the Earl of Beaconsfield is preparing another surprise for the people. During this century no Parliament has been prolonged to the natural term of its existence; two only having lived through six years,—the one elected in 1820, during Lord Liverpool's administration, and the last Parliament of Palmerston, which was elected in 1859 and dissolved in July, 1865. It was thought that this Parliament would be no exception, and constituencies busied themselves in choosing candidates; but the results of the Berlin Congress have not been so satisfactory as Ministerialists predicted—so there will be no dissolution this year—unless something shall happen by way of a merciful incident.

The results of the Congress are well summarized by the following letter from a Russian to the Editor of *Truth* :—

“We Russians are quite satisfied with the Berlin Treaty. That negotiated by Ignatieff at San Stefano has really been carried into effect. You are welcome to the island of Cyprus, and if you like to send English capital to Asia Minor, we do not object. With Batoum and Kars in our hands in Asia, we are masters of the situation, and if ever it pleases us, we can pour our armies into Asia Minor. In Europe, we have got back the territory that we had to cede after the Crimean war; Serbia's aspirations remain ungratified, and the same may be said of Bulgaria. Both must be our allies. In Eastern Roumelia, as it has amused our Plenipotentiaries to call Southern Bulgaria, the authority of the Sultan is nominal, and the inhabitants will look to us as their only protectors. Our great difficulty has always been the Greeks. They are now alienated from you. If ever a war should take place between Russia and England, we should not attack Turkey, and you would not be able to blockade our Black Sea ports. We are, therefore, much obliged to you for having maintained the neutrality of the Black Sea. We are now advancing towards your Indian frontiers, and if ever, as I have said, a war takes place between our two countries, you will find it necessary to send troops to India, instead of strengthening your European armies with Indian troops. We shall, I think, in the end form an alliance with Persia, which will be similar to that which you have formed with Turkey. Have we, then, designs upon India? Are we anxious to go to war with you? Neither. But we cannot admit inferiority. Look at the map. You will see that our Empire stretches along the centre of Europe and of Asia. You insist that we should be debarred from any outlet on our Southern frontier, and you think that we shall for ever submit to such a restriction, as though we were some paltry Principality. Should you? If peace with you means that we may not have access to the Indian Seas, and that our war vessels may not visit our Southern ports, then such a peace will not be lasting. But whose is the fault? Yours. You strive after the impossible.”

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—For Clergymen, Public Speakers, &c.; and for all Diseases of the Throat.

A WORD TO MY CRITICS.

The poet, Burns, once prayed for the power "to see ourselves as others see us." That is a luxury which I am allowed to enjoy to the full. But I am bound to confess that I rarely recognise my natural self in the picture held up before me, and called by my name; for I have the good or ill fortune to be often credited with saying things I never uttered, and with doing things I never attempted. I am put down as being on terms of great intimacy with persons I have never known, and to spend my evenings in houses of gentlemen whom I have never visited. Let me give a sample of the whole.

An article has just appeared in *The Sentinel: and Orange and Protestant Advocate*—headed "Rev. Mr. Bray and Orangeism." The introduction bears on sensational preachers who will "draw," and get "a heavy stipend," and then it proceeds thus: "There was a time when the Gospel was preached in Zion Church; but the congregation was then neither very numerous nor very wealthy; it is both now."

The truth:—The congregation at the time to which reference is made was very nearly, if not quite so numerous, and about three or four times as wealthy.

Again from the *Sentinel*:—"A review of that part of Mr. Bray's preaching which, as he has given it to the press, he must himself have thought the best, or at any rate the most important, comprises several political discourses, a series of criticisms of all branches of the Christian Church, with the evident moral of the Pharisee's prayer, 'I thank Thee, O Lord, that I am not as other men,' and some lectures on modern public character, very well adapted for literary pastime, but in our humble judgment, scarcely what a soul 'thirsting after God' would require."

The truth:—In the course of two years' ministry I have preached but two political sermons on the Sabbath day, one only of which was noticed by the press, and that notice I did not seek—the "criticisms of all branches of the Christian Church" were lectures delivered on Tuesday evenings—the "lectures on modern public characters" were two in number—the one on David Livingstone, the missionary, delivered on a Sunday evening—the other on Robert Burns, given at the Caledonian Society's banquet. I have spoken on the Sabbath, with the one exception named, of no other characters but those given in the Bible.

Again from *The Sentinel: and Orange and Protestant Advocate*:—"We have not at hand the exact words which he may have used after the events of July, 1877, but many in Montreal will remember the simulated indignation of the rev. Gentleman at the refusal of churches for the 12th of July sermon. 'Had he been in town he would have been the first to offer the use of Zion Church.'"

Passing by the coarseness of this implication on my honesty—the truth is that I have never uttered these words which the *Sentinel* has put within inverted commas as if they were a quotation. I had no power to offer the use of Zion Church to any body of men.

Again from the *Sentinel*:—"It would not do for Rev. Mr. Bray to risk his popularity by remaining the champion of the right. Orangemen were but a small minority, anyhow, and the very few words he had said in their favour having been rewarded by a threatening letter or two, he found there was everything to lose and nothing to gain by remaining true to those who 'offered and afforded him protection in Montreal, and perhaps elsewhere,' as he says himself."

The truth:—That I had nothing to gain, but much to lose, by saying what I did on Orangeism. It gave me no friends among the Catholics, for I sought none, maintaining my Protestantism, but not in an Orange form. What could I lose by "remaining true" to the Orangemen? Catholic support? I never had it.

Further from the *Sentinel*:—"Mr. Bray confesses that when he spoke for the Protestant faith in days gone by he 'knew but little of the Orange Order.' Having since that time formed and improved an acquaintance with Captain Kirwan, of the *True Witness*, he has from that trustworthy source learned all about Orangemen; and having weighed them in the Irish Catholic balance, he has found them wanting."

The truth as to that:—I have met Captain Kirwan three or four times—put together they would make rather less than one hour spent in his company. For about ten minutes we talked of the Orange procession, and did not agree as to the method of dealing with it. That is the extent of my acquaintance with Captain Kirwan, and all I learnt from him about Orangeism was how he himself felt toward it.

I pass by a general remark—to the effect that if Orangeism "had done nothing more than keep open an impassable gulf between Popery and true Protestantism, it would have had abundant reasons for its existence," by simply saying I agree with the remark; it has "kept open an impassable gulf," but I come to a different conclusion, and say, therefore it ought not to exist; I want that gulf bridged over—to notice the next indictment in the *Sentinel*:—

"Mr. Bray counts the 'sticks and stones' used by Orangemen, as he says, but not a word about the batons of Mayor Beaudry's

'loafer specials,' nor a hint of the stones, pistols and knives with which 'Union men,' &c.

The fact about this "not a word":—Writing in the *SPECTATOR* on the 20th of July, on "A Day in Bedlam," I said:—

"The Mayor was not only allowing an illegal gathering in the streets, but was using that to coerce the Orangemen.

"But the Special Constables were the feature that attracted most attention in the whole affair. They were five hundred in all, and were taken from the lowest and worst ranks of the citizens. Some were Irish Catholic Union men, who yet swore roundly that they did not belong to a secret society; they say a few were Orangemen; and it is certain that some of them not long ago were unwilling servants of the State, dressing and eating at the public expense. But they were Special Constables, and made much of the office. As a band of volunteers was passing, a Special struck one of them over the head with his baton; he was arrested, and at once dismissed by the civil authorities.

"The Specials were stationed in front of the Orange Hall—not to keep the peace, but to break it. They understood that no Orangeman should be allowed on the streets wearing regalia, and if any should attempt to break that peculiar law, their duty was, not to restrain the mob from acts of violence, and not to arrest the offending wearers of yellow, but to beat those same with their batons until they gave up the yellow, or life. A youth was foolish enough to leave the hall and walk out into the street with his rosette on, and he was set upon at once and clubbed—by the mob? oh no! by the Special Constables, and this under the very eyes of the Mayor. They didn't arrest him—made no effort at that—only smashed him in a general and indiscriminating way."

And again:—

"The Orangemen were prevented from walking by sheer brute force. They were shut up in the hall and threatened—not with arrest, not with legal proceedings—but with maltreatment at the hands of a mob led by the Mayor and his rascally Specials."

All that the *Sentinel* calls "not a word."

I cannot afford space to follow the *Sentinel* to the end. Suffice it to say, that because I declared myself a practical man—looking at things and Societies from a utilitarian point of view—I am made to ask of everything, "Does it pay?" That is to say: This *Sentinel* accuses me of an utter want of principle—of a character and conduct that would not only unfit any man for the Christian ministry, but for the society of honourable men—and all this is based upon a wilful ignorance of myself and what I have said. And I am compelled to believe that the *Sentinel* has made no exception in my case, but may misrepresent others in the same way. The *Sentinel* whines about "principle," quotes the Sermon on the Mount, &c.; it had better learn ordinary honesty before saying a word of the higher virtues.

I commend the same advice to others who attempt to find fault. Be sure of the facts of the case before you assail a man's character. At least two-thirds of the newspaper criticism I have had is about as correct and charitable as that I have given from the *Sentinel*. Remember the Commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness." Try to improve good *Sentinel*!

EDITOR.

THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

SIR,—Your article in criticism on my last letter to you reminds me forcibly of controversies in years long since past. History repeats itself. I trust, however, that if you permit your columns to be used for the discussion of the various points on which you have criticized my former letter, it will be carried on in the spirit in which it has been commenced. While you agree with me "in the main in my reading and interpretation of the history of Ireland since the rupture between England and the Papacy," you think that I have mistaken "the nature of Orangeism in Ireland." You proceed to assign reasons, from which you draw the conclusion that Orangeism was "at one time a much-needed institution in Ireland," although you admit that "the need for it there has long passed away." Why, I would ask, has the need passed away? Simply because, to use the language of Macaulay, "the vanquished people found protection in a quarter from which they would once have had to expect nothing but implacable severity"; because "the philosophy of the eighteenth century had purified English Whiggism from that deep taint of intolerance which had been contracted during a long and close alliance with the Puritanism of the seventeenth century. Enlightened men had begun to feel that the arguments by which Milton and Locke, Tillotson and Burnet, had vindicated the rights of conscience might be urged with not less force in favour of the Roman Catholic than in favour of the Independent or the Baptist." The eloquent writer concluded his chapter with the expression of his hope that some future historian may be able to relate that "wisdom, justice and time did in Ireland what they had done in Scotland," and that all the races might be blended in one people. It is, however, in my opinion, worse than useless to discuss the Orange question as regards Ireland. That country was conquered by England, as Poland by Russia, and Italy by Austria. The descendants of the conquered people were, as has been the case invariably under similar circumstances, kept in a state of subjection; and were naturally in a chronic state of discontent. The *onus probandi* lies with you and those who think with you, that the "need for Orangeism" would not have passed away fifty years sooner had the measures, which you frankly admit have caused it to disappear, been adopted fifty years earlier. Let me give you another short quotation from Macaulay, which has always struck me as a most apt illustration of the state of feeling in Scotland and Ireland, in both which countries the Celtic and Saxon races are intermingled. In his notice of the battles of Killiecrankie and Newtown-Butler, both gained in the same week, by irregular troops over regular, one by Celts

over Saxons, the other by Saxons over Celts, Macaulay gives the following reason for the first victory being so renowned, as compared with the other:—

"The Anglo-Saxon and the Celt have been reconciled in Scotland, and have never been reconciled in Ireland. In Scotland all the great actions of both races are thrown into a common stock, and are considered as making up the glory which belongs to the whole country. So completely has the old antipathy been extinguished that nothing is more usual than to hear a Lowlander talk with complacency, and even with pride, of the most humiliating defeat that his ancestors ever underwent."

Reference is made, by way of illustration, to Sir Walter Scott, whose heart swelled with triumph "when he related how his own kindred had fled like hares before a smaller number of warriors of a different breed and of a different tongue." But the historian proceeds:—

"In Ireland the feud remains unhealed. The name of Newtown-Butler, insultingly repeated by a minority, is hateful to the great majority of the population."

The historian who has done ample justice to the heroic defenders of Derry has endeavoured to inculcate sentiments of brotherly love in the breasts of the still hostile factions in the old land. But what would he have thought could he have realized the fact, that in a new country, where none of the causes exist that led to the old feuds, there should be found men, and prominent among them men, neither of Irish birth nor descent, who deem it consistent with their duty as Christians to perpetuate what he himself contemptuously terms "a Protestant ascendancy of ribbons, fiddles, statues, and processions." I have never denied that Protestant ascendancy, as advocated by Fitzgibbon, Duigenan and Lefroy in Ireland, and by Eldon and Inglis in England, was, if an erroneous, at least a statesmanlike policy. Briefly expressed, it was: "We have got the Catholics under our feet, and we will keep them there." In Canada there is neither sense nor meaning in the institution, as its members do not venture to acknowledge that they wish to carry into practice the fundamental principle of their Order,—Protestant ascendancy. I need not add more on the Orange question, as there is less difference between our views on that than on some other subjects to which I shall refer.

With regard to the interference of the clergy in elections, I am not prepared to dissent from your assertion that a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic has it in his power to interfere more effectually than a Protestant. If, for instance, a priest were to refuse the sacraments of the Church to a member of his flock who had acted against his advice in voting at an election, it would operate more powerfully than a sermon by a Protestant minister, a mode of interference more than once practised against myself. The effect of such interference, as I have indicated, would be to void the election; but even although private advice may be more effective in the case of a Catholic priest than in that of a Protestant minister, I own that I do not see how it is to be prevented.

You charge me with being "limited in my ideas of public right and justice" because I am unable to discover any justification for "a Protestant or Civil Rights Alliance," and you proceed to announce one of its objects, viz., "to put an end to the wrongs which the poor Oka Indians have had to suffer." This is a subject which, if I am not mistaken, is before the Courts of Justice. I am wholly incompetent to offer an opinion on the legal merits of the case, but I am not wholly ignorant of the history of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. I have a vivid recollection of the old controversy when the title of the Seminary to its properties was considered doubtful, and when the late Mr. Wm. Walker was deputed by a body of citizens of Montreal, some of whom are still living, to bring their case under the consideration of the Imperial Government. I further recollect the negotiations which followed between the Earl of Durham and afterwards Lord Sydenham and the Seminary, and which resulted in the Ordinance confirming the title of the Seminary to all their properties, upon conditions, or I should say concessions, on their part, of considerable importance. Whether there is any loophole in that Ordinance which may throw doubt on the title of the Seminary I know not, but I do know that the intention of its framers was to confirm the titles of the Seminary in the most binding way that it was possible. If it should turn out that the Seminary titles are as good as I believe them to be, then "the poor Oka Indians" will have no cause for gratitude towards those who have resisted every overture that has been made for an amicable settlement of the long-pending controversy. You ask me to state what action of the Alliance I deem objectionable. I am really so little acquainted with the specific objects of that Alliance, other than their attack upon the title of the Seminary of St. Sulpice to its property, that unless you inform me what they are I shall be unable to reply to your question.

I fear that our views upon the Education Question will be found wide as the poles asunder. I cannot admit what you seem convinced of, that the Catholics are hostile to "a general and real education." I cannot, for instance, be persuaded that my much esteemed old colleague and friend, Mr. Chauveau, who was long at the head of the Educational Department of this Province, is other than a devoted friend to the cause of education, and anxious to promote it amongst his countrymen. I own that I have long been convinced of the impracticability of adopting any general and uniform system of education for a population such as ours. The separate system I consider to be established by general consent, and I have full confidence in the earnest desire of my Catholic countrymen to promote education according to their own system. It is now over thirty-three years since I had a controversy on this very subject, extending over two months, chiefly with editors of Toronto newspapers, who would not admit that Catholics, and more especially the Jesuit Fathers, who have been distinguished for their zeal in promoting education in accordance with their own principles, could be entrusted with the education of Catholic children. I need scarcely observe that they have never claimed the right of interfering with the education of Protestants. The controversy originated in a charge that the people of Lower Canada were sunk in degradation and ignorance, for which their clergy were held responsible. I will ask permission to reprint a few extracts from the *Pilot* of 1845, which expressed my sentiments then, as they do to-day after much greater experience and with a more matured judgment. Let me first, however, give an extract or two from the report of the Earl of Durham:—

"I am grieved to be obliged to remark that the British Government has since its possession of this Province done or even attempted nothing for the promotion of general education. Indeed, the only matter in which it has appeared in connexion with the subject is one by no means creditable to it. For it has applied the Jesuits' Estates, part of the property

destined for purposes of education, to supply a species of fund for secret service; and for a number of years it has maintained an obstinate struggle with the Assembly in order to continue this misappropriation. * * * It was the Catholic clergy, to whose exertions the French and Irish population of Lower Canada are indebted for whatever means of education they have ever possessed. * * * I know of no parochial clergy in the world whose practice of all the Christian virtues, and zealous discharge of their clerical duties, is more universally admitted and has been productive of more beneficial consequences. * * * I know of no people among whom a larger provision exists for the higher kinds of elementary education, or among whom such education is really extended to a larger proportion of the population. The piety and benevolence of the early possessors of the country founded in the Seminaries that exist in different parts of the Province, institutions of which the funds and activity have long been directed to the promotion of education. The number of pupils in these establishments is estimated altogether at about 1,000, and they turn out every year, as far as I could ascertain, between two and three hundred young men thus educated."

Such is the testimony of a Protestant nobleman who was anything but prejudiced in favour of the French Canadian race. My own views are contained in the following extract from the *Pilot* of 10th June, 1845:—

"What has been our crime, which has aroused the 'No Popery' cry throughout the Province, and which has led to an 'unholy alliance' between the *Statesman*, the *Examiner*, the *Montreal Courier*, and the *Banner*? We have simply stated the following facts:— 1st. That the Jesuits have been notoriously the zealous friends of education. 2nd. That they have not been the cause of the want of education in Lower Canada. 3rd. That their endowments have been alienated and misappropriated, their College having been converted into barracks. 4th. That the Roman Catholic clergy have done everything in their power to promote education. Can any one of these facts be denied? And we would further ask, Have we made a single statement that can be tortured or twisted into an expression of approval on our part of the kind of education given by Jesuits? That is a subject which we leave to be discussed by religious papers. * * * The latter journal (the *Examiner*) professes the greatest liberality towards Catholics, but he at the same time talks of the importance of withholding all legal encouragement to the pernicious and abominable system of which the Order (*Pères Oblats*) to which he refers is a part. Now, our charity is, we confess, different from that of our cotemporary, but we shall no doubt be charged, as we were by the *Guardian*, with being 'latitudinarian.' We have one simple rule for our guidance in these matters, 'to do to others as we would be done by.' Do the people professing the Roman Catholic faith wish to have their children taught by Jesuits, by 'Frères de la doctrine Chrétienne,' or by *Les Pères Oblats*? If so, they are the proper judges, and not the *Examiner*, the *Banner*, or the *Pilot*. The moment these Jesuits seek to force any individual to send his child to them, then we shall raise our voice as loudly against them as any of our cotemporaries. * * * We have asked and we shall continue to ask for the majority of the Canadian people that their religion shall be tolerated, that they, who seldom give offence, and who in this Province have been invariably liberal towards all classes of their fellow-subjects, should be allowed to hold their religious opinions unmolested. * * * Religious bigotry, and that alone, has made Tories of the Baptists and Congregationalists of Montreal. The term we know won't be liked, but it is nevertheless perfectly correct. The Catholic proselytisers and tract distributors of Montreal vote with hardly an exception for candidates of opposite politics from what the members of the same bodies do in Upper Canada, and if the spirit inculcated by the *Examiner* and *Banner* prevails, we may see the same thing in Upper Canada. It is not difficult for a man of ordinary sagacity to foresee the necessary result. For our own part we have raised our warning voice in time, and we shall continue to do so when occasion requires."

It was nearly ten years before the result predicted in 1845 actually took place, and the great majority of the French-Canadians separated themselves politically from the Liberals of Upper Canada. As a consequence the most prominent Tories of 1845 became Liberals in 1855 and are so to this day. In concluding the controversial discussion in July, 1845, I quoted a passage from a speech of Macaulay, the English statesman, whom I always most admired, and which I had embodied in my first address to the electors of the County of Oxford, assuring them that to those principles "I would maintain inviolate my fidelity." I have cut the extract from the *Examiner* of 9th September, 1840, just 38 years ago, and I can conscientiously affirm that during a long and chequered public career I steadfastly adhered to those principles. My adherence to them led me to change my political associations, and exposed me to much obloquy in consequence, but I now find myself, when free from all party ties, obliged to re-affirm my opinion in favour of equal justice to my Catholic fellow-countrymen, who are, however, now in a position to secure it for themselves in the Province of Quebec without any feeble aid of mine. The following is the passage from Macaulay's speech at Edinburgh:—

"It seems to me, that, in our history I can discern a great party often depressed, but never extinguished, preserving its constant identity; a party which though often tainted with the sins of the age, has been always in advance of it; a party which, though guilty of some crimes and errors, has yet been on the side of civil freedom, religious toleration, civilization, and social improvement, and of that party I am proud to acknowledge myself a member. That party began to exist before the words Whig and Tory came into use, and would still exist though those words should become obsolete. That was the party, Gentlemen, which in the great question of monopolies, stood up against Elizabeth; that was the party which, in the reign of James I. organized for the first time parliamentary opposition, steadily asserted the privileges of the people, and gradually drove back the prerogative of the crown. That party, under Charles the First, abolished the Ship-money, the Star Chamber, the High Commission Court. That party, under Charles the Second, obtained the Habeas Corpus Act. That party broke in this country the yoke of a foreign church, and saved Scotland from the cruel fate of Ireland. That party reared and maintained the constitutional throne of the House of Hanover against the hostility of the Church and landed aristocracy of England. That party opposed the American war. That party stood up against the domination of Pitt. That party first gave liberty of conscience to the Protestant dissenter, and afterwards by great exertions and sacrifices, extended the same liberty to the Catholic. To the exertions of that party in the seventeenth century we owe it that we have a House of Commons. To its exertions in the nineteenth century we owe it that the House of Commons was purified. That party abolished the slave trade. That party abolished colonial slavery. Whatever has been done for the education of the people, or for the mitigation of the penal code, originated with that party; and to that party I belong. I look back with pride on its many titles of glory—on all that it has done for human liberty and human happiness. I see it now hard pressed, struggling with difficulties and dangers, but still fighting the good fight. At its head I still see men who have inherited the virtues and the courage, as well as the names and the blood, of old champions and martyrs of freedom. My post is at their side. Delusion may triumph, but the triumphs of delusion are but for a day. We may be defeated; but our principles will, I am convinced, only gain fresh strength from defending them. But be that as it may, my part is taken. While one shred of the old banner is flying by that will I at least be found. The good old cause, as Sydney called it on the scaffold—vanquished or victorious—insulted or applauded—the good old cause is still the good old cause with me. Whether in or out of Parliament—whether speaking with that authority which must always belong to the representative of this great and enlightened community, or expressing the humbler sentiments of a private citizen, I will to the last maintain inviolate my fidelity to principles which, tho' they may be borne down for a time by a senseless clamour—are yet strong with the strength and immortal with the immortality of truth—and to men, who however they may be misunderstood or misrepresented by cotemporaries, will assuredly find justice and admiration from a better age."

In maintaining his fidelity to his liberal principles by voting for a grant to the Irish Catholic College of Maynooth, Macaulay had to encounter "the

narrowness and intolerance of Puritanism," and was rejected at the general election of 1847 by his Edinburgh constituents. Ere five years had elapsed the electors of Edinburgh cried out—*Peccavimus*—Come back and we will re-elect you. A reluctant consent was at length wrung by his friends from Macaulay, that if elected he would serve, but that he would neither visit Edinburgh nor address the electors. He was nevertheless placed triumphantly at the head of the poll by a constituency second to none in the United Kingdom for intelligence and attachment to Protestant principles. Such was one of the greatest triumphs of genuine liberality.

I must add a few words on the subject of Civil and Religious Liberty. You have assisted me not a little by your frank admission,—“I am not ignorant of the narrowness and intolerance of Puritanism.” I judge men by their avowed principles and by their acts. I have had, comparatively speaking, little intercourse with the masses of the French Canadian people, or with their clergy; indeed, with the latter, with one or two exceptions, I have merely exchanged the courtesies of society. I have, however, had much intercourse with a great many men of the French Canadian race, educated at their colleges, and selected as leaders by their people. I would be guilty of great injustice were I not to place on record my acknowledgment that on all occasions I found them the sincere and unwavering friends of civil and religious liberty, while I am bound to acknowledge that I have been as strongly impressed as you seem to be with “the narrowness and intolerance of Puritanism.” My own experience is, that “Protestantism is no more tolerant and liberal in matters political, civil and religious than Roman Catholicism,” although I admit that it ought to be.

I confess that I am unable to concur in your views regarding the title system. I have no hesitation in acknowledging my individual preference for the voluntary principle, but I do not believe that the system of collecting tithes in the Province of Quebec is oppressive, and I do not think that it becomes a minority of comparatively speaking new settlers to attempt to change a long established usage merely because they prefer another system, although they are allowed to follow their own without any interference on the part of the majority.

In conclusion, allow me to record my entire dissent from the concluding paragraph of your letter. The Catholics of Lower Canada were never “a dead weight” on the old Liberal party of the United Province. It may have been that the latter was “a dead weight” upon them. During the whole of the Second Parliament of the Union, the Lower Canadian majority was excluded from power owing to its loyalty to the Reformers of Upper Canada. When you assert that they sought “the interests of the Church rather than the interests of the State,” I ask you for proof of the charge. The rupture between the sections of the old Reform party, in 1854, was not caused by the French-Canadians. I do not desire to question the motives or the policy which led to it, but I simply affirm the fact. They were forced into a coalition with the Conservatives of Upper Canada by what you have most justly termed “the narrowness and intolerance of Puritanism,” and they are forced in the present day on precisely the same grounds to maintain that alliance, which will never be severed until Canadian liberalism has been purified from that deep taint of intolerance which has brought it into amicable relations even with Orangeism, an organization which has been utterly repudiated by all enlightened Protestants in the United Kingdom.

F. HINCKS.

SEASONABLE DEFINITIONS.

PARTY-SPIRIT.—A species of mental vitriol, which we bottle up in our bosoms that we may squirt it at others; but which, in the meantime, irritates, corrodes and poisons our own hearts. Personality and invective are not only proofs of a bad argument, but of a bad arguer; for politeness is perfectly compatible with wit and logic, while it enhances the triumph of both. By a union of courtesy and talent, an adversary may be made to grace his own defeat, as the sandal tree perfumes the hatchet that cuts it down. The bitterness of political pamphlets and newspaper writing, so far from acting as a tonic, debilitates and dishonours them. A furious pamphleteer, on being reproached with his unsparing acrimony, exclaimed, “Burke, and Curran, and Grattan have written thus as well as I.” “Ay,” said his friend, “but have you written thus as well as they?” Political writers and orators must not mistake the rage, the mouthing and the contortions of the Sibyl for her inspiration.

GOVERNMENT.—According to Milton it should be the first object in a representative commonwealth, “to make the people fittest to choose, and those chosen fittest to govern.” According to the old Tories, the people should be defrauded, as much as possible, of the elective franchise, in order that an oligarchy may the more easily defraud them of everything else. A despotic government is an inverted cone, resting upon a point, and liable to be toppled down by the smallest movement. A popular government is a pyramid, the firmest and most enduring of all forms.

Government, as a science, has by no means kept pace with the advancement of other arts. It might be expected that legislatures, like individuals, although headstrong, violent and passionate, in the outset of their career, would become mild, moderate and wise in their old age; but experience does not justify this inference. In human nature there are two leading principles or motives of conduct—the hope of reward and the fear of punishment; but most governments either address themselves exclusively to the latter, or if they bring the former into operation they begin at the wrong end, showering titles, ribbons, emoluments, honours and distinctions upon the upper classes, who should be taught to consider virtue as its own reward, while the lower orders are only attempted to be influenced by pains, penalties and terror.

Were the art of government left to its official functionaries, it would probably be stationary; but it is fortunately pushed forward on the road of improvement by public opinion, the power of which, developing itself through a free press, is becoming every day more manifest and irresistible. If there be truth in the *vox populi, vox Dei*, this must be the best, the most legitimate, the most shallowed of all authority. Every man has a voice in the formation of that public opinion, which confers the privileges, without insuring the dangers, of universal suffrage. Some, it is true, have more weight than others, but it is

the superior influence of talent and information, a much better element of representation than property, upon which the elective franchise is based.

Government will have attained its perfection when the people, being universally educated and competent to judge, and the press being free, so as to give power and certainty to their voice, the rulers of the state, obeying while they seem to govern, and following while they seem to lead, shall be merely mouthpieces of the national will.

These, however, will perhaps be deemed the notions of a visionary; a *beau idéal*, for the realization of which good men may sigh, while practical ones will smile compassionately and refer the experiment to the millennium.

CONSERVATIVE.—One who has evinced a good sense, that entitles him to our respect, by becoming ashamed of the name of Tory. With the exception of the mere placeman, whose sordid motives deserve no indulgence, every generous Reformer will give credit to his Conservative opponent for the same sincerity of feeling, and purity of purpose, that he himself professes and claims. Invective and personality prove nothing on either side, but a lamentable want of good taste and common sense. There is one party to which all aspire to belong, and whose characteristics none can mistake,—that of the GENTLEMAN; not limiting this all-embracing appellation to the vulgar distinctions of rank and external appearance, but to the innate gentleness and liberality, which a peasant or an artisan may possess in as eminent a degree as a peer or a prince.

Let the reformer and the conservative alike disdain the guerilla warfare of faction. The former should employ himself in realising the advantages he so confidently anticipates from the carrying out of his principles; the latter, in guarding against the dangers he so positively prognosticates. Gladly holding out the right hand of fellowship to each other, both should unite in endeavouring to accomplish their mutual object—the advancement, the glory, and the happiness of their common country. So may Canada, with improved institutions, with renovated energies, and an united people, assert as her proudest prerogative the art of teaching the nations how to live.

LIBERALS—in power, are often Conservatives, as Conservatives, out of power, are Liberals. The public may well say with Mercutio, “A plague on both your houses,” having found, to their cost, that whichever party comes in, they are sure to be losers, and that—

“C'est pour le peuple une chose moins aigre,
D'entretenir un gras, que d'engraisser un maigre.”

When we see one party driven out for incapacity, and their opponents claiming the reins of government as a matter of course, although they had not long before been expelled for a similar incompetency, we are reminded of the argumentative answer of the Irish peasant,—“Paddy, do you know how to drive?” “Sure I do; never a better coachman in all Connaught. Wasn't it I who upset your honour into a ditch two years ago?” As the present Ministry, however, have made ample atonement for the errors of their predecessors, they should be free from reproach, and so long as they continue to direct their power to the same patriotic and beneficial end, no lover of his country will wish to see them dispossessed of it. As to their opponents, the Tories, they confess the malpractices laid to their charge, by acknowledging the very name to be so odious that they have been fain to betake themselves to an *alias*, seeking now to be known as *Liberal-Conservatives*.

CANDIDATES for Parliament—self-trumpeters. In reading their addresses to electors, it is amusing to observe how invariably, and how very impartially, each candidate, when describing the sort of representative whom the worthy and enlightened constituents ought to return, *draws a portrait of himself*, blazoning the little nothings that he has achieved, and, sometimes, like the Pharisee, introducing a fling at his opponent by thanking Heaven that he is not like yonder Publican. For the benefit of such portrait painters, I will give an apposite anecdote of Mirabeau, premising that his face was deeply indented with the small-pox. Anxious to be put in nomination for the National Assembly, he made a long speech to the voters, minutely pointing out the precise requisites that a proper and efficient member ought to possess, and, of course, drawing as accurate a likeness as possible of himself. He was answered by Talleyrand, who contented himself with the following short speech: “It appears to me, gentlemen, that M. de Mirabeau has omitted to state the most important of all the legislative qualifications, and I will supply his deficiency by impressing upon your attention that a perfectly unobjectionable member of the Assembly ought, above all things, to be very much marked with the small-pox.” Talleyrand got the laugh, which in France always carries the election.

PASQUIN.

SUCCESSFUL.

There are men of whose success no one is jealous, others of whose prosperity no one is envious; men whom all rejoice to see on the pinnacle where their long and honourable toil has earned them the right to stand, and others whose exceptional well-being excites now a laugh, and now a sneer, with the feeling, from the stricter sort, that they would not have twice that amount of money if they had to get it by half those dirty practices. For there is no question about it—according to the way in which things go at this present time, dirty practices pay in pelf if not in repute; and if honesty is the best policy it is undoubtedly the poorest living. And, as nothing is so successful as success, when once the snowball has been set a-rolling it grows, and after a time people forget of what foul material the core was made—what mud and filth were in those first consolidating layers—while all agree to admire the bigness of the ball, and to believe it as pure as it is large.

The successful man is always self-betrayed; not always in the same manner but to the same invariable result. He may be of many kinds. Let us take first the type dear to novelists—a man of low birth, with a loud voice and a dictatorial manner, capacious as to his chest and defective in his English, respectful to no man, deferential to no woman, worshipping chiefly the wealth which a man has made by his own exertions yet not disinclined to hobnob with a title if he can catch one willing to be treated in a corner—when he brings down his golden feet heavily on the frayed old patent of nobility, and makes my Lord feel the force of wealth if not the power of breeding. He is the living

monument of his own greatness, and he takes care that no one shall overlook him—the clever alchemist who has found the Universal Solvent, and learnt the secret of transmutation. Perhaps his alkahest was discovered in the cauldron where he boiled his soap; or he may have picked his gold out of rags and bones; or he was an iron-smelter who made a new kind of pig; or a cotton-spinner who lighted on an improved kind of spool; at all events he was once a practical handicraftsman, and is now a millionaire; but, say the experts, by no possibility can he ever be a gentleman, or even pass muster in the ranks with the rest. Rich and uncultivated, he hangs, like Mahomet's coffin, between the heaven of the aristocrat and the earth of the *prolétaire*. The one will not have him, and he will not have the other. Even the middle-class gentry who hold their own, and all of whom he could buy and not feel the loss, even the rector and the lawyer, the doctor and the half-pay captain, do not want him. His wealth overpowers them, and his vulgarity offends. His *chef* is a marvel, and his hothouse fruit, of which he is so ostentatiously liberal, is perfection; still, they do not care to have his company for the sake of the good eating which goes along with it, and in the midst of all his magnificence they miss those nice touches of unconscious refinement which come like second nature in the arrangements of the well-born and gently nurtured. If they do not feel quite at one with their surroundings at the local potentate's, when the annual condescending festivities are going on, neither do they at the brand-new staring house of this self-made Cræsus, where everything is inharmonious throughout—the man and his money, the coarse core and the splendid envelope, the lavish expenditure on all that will make a show, with the certain meanness in all that speaks of early personal habits. If he does not find friends among the middle classes, still less does he among the higher; and it is only when he has bought husbands and wives for his children in the ranks of the impecunious well-born that he is able to lift up his head as a man among men, and is not the flying-fish of the neighbourhood, pecked at by the birds and pursued by the sharks.

Often loud and vulgar, this self-made Cræsus is at times retreating, quiet, humble, as if offering a perpetual apology both for himself and his riches, mutely beseeching his superior acquaintances to forgive his success and enjoy its fruits like their own. He is generous to a proverb; not with the blustering ostentation of the other, but always as if slightly ashamed that he is so much better off than the rest, and only desirous that they shall be the gainers. He sends the best of his early fruit in presents to the neighbourhood; and at the local flower-shows declines competition, while he furnishes by far the choicest specimens, "just to help, you know, and make a pretty show for the strangers." And if my Lady or the Captain praises warmly his noble-looking pines, his fragrant flowers, his early peas, he offers them with a manner that suggests blushing and deprecation of the liberty he is taking. Of scanty education in the groundwork, he has probably a turn for some kind of pursuit which gets him a certain amount of respect from the gentry. Either he is passionately fond of music—when his ability to pick out a simple chant on his superb organ is magnified by report into as good as professional skill, and he gets the *kudos* resulting; or he has a taste for chemistry—when his perfectly-supplied laboratory is said to contain secret discoveries of incalculable value, to be some day made public; or his observatory, where his splendid telescope is his plaything, is the resort of the idle curious, some of whom laugh when they see the mountains in the moon, as if it were a Christmas pantomime played for their benefit, and the girls say "How funny!" when they make out the belt of Saturn or the markings on Mars. He has, perhaps, a microscope as well, for the display of heaped-up discs of the blood, or the stock raree-shows of wings and bark; or he learns photography, and caricatures the neighbourhood for practice; or he is said to be a great reader, and to have sound views on large questions. In any of which he gains a character apart from his wealth, which, with his humility and air of constant apology, gets him a footing in the society where he lives; so that after a time he is tolerated as "a good kind of person, and really not at all pushing; very generous with his fruit and flowers, and by no means a fool, though he does say 'you was' and 'between you and I.'"

These are the two most ordinary kinds of the self-made Cræsus whose past is obscure rather than doubtful, and whose money has been made in the fair way of trade, or by lucky chances in speculation. And of these men one thing is an invariable characteristic;—you never see their near relations—their brothers and sisters, or uncles and cousins. These keep in the background—journeymen tailors with thrifty wives and barefooted bairns down in some poor village in Scotland; or it may be a workhouse matron with a consumptive daughter in a remote part of Wales, to whom he sends occasional presents of a pound or two, as sops to the wolf whose black muzzle is always sniffing at their mouldering doors; taking care, however, never to send so much at one time as the fare to London, for fear of untimely arrivals and the tongues of the gossips loosened. For all the details of his early life he might be truly a "stork's child," born of no human parents, and with no blood-relations to claim kinship and disclose the low-lying nests. "It won't do now," he says, mindful of the claims of his children and the duty owing to his new position; for if blood is, as they say, thicker than water, most undoubtedly is it thinner and weaker and less tenacious than gold.

The successful man, whose past, well covered up now, would not bear inspection, and who is conscious of secret infamies which, if discovered, would consign him to eternal shame, is to be found in all ranks; but for the most part he is of a higher origin and better education than those of whom we have been speaking. For dishonour, to be successful, must necessarily be clever; and native cleverness is not enough, unless backed by educated ability. An almost undiscoverable system of keeping false accounts, false letters and forged receipts, false reports on 'Change and bulling and bearing in consequence—a man must have had something of a liberal education to accomplish these things, and with a liberal education his manners cannot be those of a boor. A licentious woman, well-dowered, whose frailty can be counted on as so much money down; a weak youth just come to his estate, whose frantic ambition is to be a man of the world, and who, grateful to the guide leading him into the mire, does not see that all the while he is being stripped as bare as the palm of his hand; the solitary guardian of rich young orphan girls, with never another uncle or near friend to overhaul the accounts—and the accounts so craftily cooked that nothing but an expert could detect the fraud, and disentangle the truth from the lies:—these condi-

tions have been the bases of great fortunes, and will be again—human nature repeating its ugly tricks in all generations alike. And not a few of the successful men afloat in society have grown that golden tap-root of theirs in this kind of muddy soil. But when they have once strongly and thoroughly rooted, and have become capitalists of large possessions, then you can find no more rigidly virtuous citizens than they. No magistrate on the bench is more strict to do his duty by his country, and let no poor shivering wretch, stealing bread for hunger, escape the just punishment of the law—no Guardian on the Board is more thoughtful for the ratepayer, more rigorous to the pauper—no churchwarden more diligent in his attendance at church, more zealous for the stately ordering of the service, a more constant communicant, or more liberal with his donations—than the man who has defrauded widows and orphans, made the wealthy woman who loved him to her shame buy his silence at a price, and plucked the silly pigeon bare, leaving him floundering in the mire, ruined in body and soul alike. The devil's walks on earth give him rare sport; but we doubt if ever he laughs so loud or long as when he sees the successful rogue playing at virtue in respectable English society, edifying even the parson by his piety, and winning universal respect by the loftiness of his sentiments, and the incorruptibility of his honesty.

Again, an element of self-betrayal is in the glaring newness of all about the successful man of small beginnings and large results. No ingenuity can make that place of his look mellow, or as if long accustomed to itself. He may buy up all Wardour-street, and line every room with black oak or faded damask—it is all one; the new wealth peeps through the old covering, and betrays itself without the chance of concealment. Besides, he is always changing his house as he mounts higher and higher in the scale. From a cottage in the suburbs he migrates by degrees to a mansion in Grosvenor-square, and then to a park and Hall in the country in addition; like the little fish that outgrew vase, and tub, and tank, and lake, till only the illimitable ocean was enough for his supreme development. And naturally these gradations in the size of his houses renders his old goods useless. So that when he finally anchors as a county magnate, everything betrays the yesterday of his fortunes as clearly as if labels were tacked to his satin and pasted on the ormolu. His house reminds one of the glaring sunlight falling on the hot sand with no shade near. It is like something that wants the last fine skin, and either freezes or scorches, but never gives one the impression of home or comfort.

These are men successful only by wealth, but there are those who are successful by profession; the artist who has made his name, and the author who has made his; the fashionable physician, the popular preacher, the famous lawyer, and the brilliant, shallow lecturer on science—all small fry in the beginning, if luxuriant fellows enough in the end. The successful artist and inventor are, perhaps, those who betray their early condition the most patently. The others must, like the rogue, have had some kind of liberal education; but the painter, or the man who makes a new application of a mechanical law, may be a thorough master, the one of his material and the other of his dynamics, and as ignorant as two owls of all beyond. They may paint and "scheme" to perfection, yet not have an "h" between them, nor the faintest conception that nouns and their verbs ought to agree in number. If their success comes late in life, the wife married in the days of darkness is never up to the mature mark. Perhaps she was a simple Scotch lassie, washing her bits of duds in the burn, while he helped with the wringing and made love in the vernacular: or she was the pretty barmaid over the way: or the model who had not knocked about the studios long enough to lose more, let us hope, than her sense of decency and consciousness of shame. Anyway, she is the witness who never fails to bear testimony, and no after-training can clothe her with the delicate grace native to her acquired state. She has been so long used to the toil and moil of poverty that she cannot take her ease as one accustomed from the beginning to purple and fine linen. The atmosphere of hard work clings to her, and she is always Cinderella whose natural place is among the ashes, even when dressed in her godmother's clothes. Her husband's success is sure to divide them, however close has been their former union; and she gradually grows to feel strange to him and to her younger children. He is scarcely so much her husband as her master, and they are not hers so much as his. Perhaps she dies; when the successful widower marries some needy "scion," who avenges herself for her pecuniary necessities by snubbing her low-born husband unmercifully; and, if appreciating his fortune, despising his personality as much as poor Cinderella once loved and afterwards respected him.

The successful man of small beginnings who aims at social standing, and for this purpose studies the capabilities of every living soul within his reach, is a thing for gods and men to wonder at. Inch by inch he wriggles on his forward way, cleverly, craftily, unscrupulously; flinging off former friends and patrons, when no longer useful, with no more regard than a snake casts its skin; dropping one kindly tie after another as he worms along. Always making for "advance," "recognition," "standing," at each successive stage, he grows too fine for his former friends; and people who have lent him half-a-crown in days gone by, or given him a guinea's worth of work out of compassion for his ragged elbows, are "cut" as if never known, or treated with two fingers airily, after the manner of great condescending to those of small estate. When he and his wife have been presented, and their names are included in the list of party-givers, then his goal is reached, and the gates of his Paradise are rolled back. Henceforth he has only to widen, not to grow; to crystallise, not create. He is successful in the great task which he set himself to fulfil: and when he who, as a youth, starved in a garret, as a man has dined in the same room with the Prince of Wales, and had the privilege of a bow from the Princess—what more has earth to give? and can Heaven itself in his opinion grant so much?—

Truth.

The late Cardinal Franchi was a confirmed smoker. During his visit to Cardinal Manning in London he would keep the dinner table in a roar, and after dinner coolly take out his cigar-case and offer cigars all round. Now smoking was particularly obnoxious to the English Cardinal, but he bore the fumigation with exemplary patience. Patience, however, has its limits, and the limit was reached when the illustrious visitor from Rome took to smoking in his bedroom. The Italians have a custom of branding their cigars with the names of popular Ministers of State; and when Franchi was asked in Rome a few months ago what he smoked, he replied with ready wit, "O, I only smoke Italian Ministers—Cavour, Minghetti, et cetera."—*Ex.*

THE LATE GEORGE GILFILLAN,

AUTHOR, PREACHER, AND FRIEND.

BY THE REV. JAMES INCHES HILLOCKS.

Our giants are falling one by one. Another great Scotchman is gone, and tens of thousands, far and near, are deeply mourning the loss of one so noble and so brave. Having fought the good fight, the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee, died suddenly on Tuesday morning, August 13, when on a visit to Arnhall, Brechin.

This death has come with a shock of surprise; the illness having been short and sharp. Though he had attained the age of 65, he lately stated that he felt so strong and well that he expected to be able to do a great deal more work, and jokingly added that he had no intention of writing his autobiography for some time. However, on the Thursday before his death he complained of slight indisposition, which, said the Doctor, arose from irregular action of the heart. Quiet and rest were prescribed. The illness proved temporary, and on Sunday he preached in his own church both morning and afternoon as usual. In the afternoon he founded his remarks on Job xiv. 1-2. Viewed in the light of what has taken place, the sermon, the prayers, and the hymns were somewhat singular, all referring to "sudden death,"—while the Organist played the "Dead March" as the preacher left the pulpit never more to return. To his congregation, at least—especially those of them who were then moved by the fervid eloquence of this last and most impressive sermon—it must have been a sight never to be forgotten to see the familiar, yet striking figure of the good man passing slowly along the passage to the vestry to Handel's solemn and thrilling notes in "Saul."

The funeral, too, will long be remembered. All that was mortal was consigned to the grave "under circumstances such as have never been witnessed in Dundee, and which may never again be expected." The greatly and deservedly esteemed widow—one of the best of women—having consented that the funeral should be public, the Provost, and all in authority, made all necessary arrangements in order that the people might have an opportunity of paying their last respect to the memory of their departed friend. The feeling was one, and the expression one,—that of universal mourning; and the fact is on record that "no public event ever before drew together so many thousands of the inhabitants," and "no crowd ever exhibited greater deference or behaved with greater decorum than did the multitudes which lined the streets while the mournful procession passed along." All classes—the merchant magnate, the industrious mechanic, and the bare-headed factory girl—without distinction as to religious opinion, assembled to bid a "final farewell" to one who had so long and so well identified his name and fame with that stirring and expanding town. And now all that is mortal of that valiant Soldier of the Cross lies in the Balgay Cemetery amid pretty flower plots.

His presence is gone, but not his power for good. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord . . . and their works do follow them." The unfading truth of this cheering fact is being daily proved in thousands of cases in our every-day life; but this becomes all the more evident when a Thomas Chalmers, a Thomas Guthrie, a Norman Macleod, a Thomas Binny or a George Gilfillan dies. Such great and gifted men are special and lasting blessings from our wise and loving Father.

From the beginning of his grand career, it is evident that high resolve as well as high ambition, urged him on in his noble work. It is also evident that he was blessed by bodily strength in no ordinary degree, and this enabled him to bear up most wonderfully under the strain of continuous mental activity. The material frame being equal to the burning zeal and intellectual vigour, he could work, and did work, almost without ceasing; and, being ardent as well as strong, cheerful as well as brilliant, he pressed on higher and yet higher, adding and adding to the lengthening of the roll of his marvellous achievements.

This bright roll is so long that, with almost literal truth, it may be said to be endless. Take his literary efforts as an indication of his super-abundant labours. He is the author of "Five Discourses"; "Hades, or the Unseen"; "Galleries of Literary Portraits," 3 vols.; "Essay on British Poetry," prefixed to "British Poesy," by Tegg, London; "Lives of Poets, Critical Dissertations, &c." prefixed to Nichol's edition of "British Poets," 48 vols.; "The Grand Discovery, or the Fatherhood of God"; "The Groans of Creation, and the Glorious Liberty of the Children of God," 1853; "Approaching and Inevitable Doom of Popery"; "Christian Bearings of Astronomy"; "Righteousness of Defensive War"; "Memoir and Romance of the Rev. J. C. Houston, Newcastle"; "The Bards of the Bible"; "Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant"; "Burke as an Historian"; "The Last Comet"; "History of a Man," 1856; "Christianity and Our Era"; "Debasing and Demoralizing Influence of Slavery"; "Alpha and Omega," 2 volumes, 1860; "Remoter Stars in the Church Sky"; "Modern Christian Heroes"; "Night," a poem; and "Life of Sir Walter Scott." He has also written prefaces to numerous works of other authors. In some cases he has undertaken the Editorship, and in this too he has bestowed no little care, as in "Life Struggles." In this, and other ways, he has been instrumental in helping many, such as Alexander Smith, the author of "Life Drama," and Sydney Dobell. And to all this it should be added that he has been a contributor to the "Edinburgh University Magazine," "Tait's Magazine," "Hogg's Instructor," "Ecclesiastic Review," "Critic," "Church Journal," "British Quarterly," "Titan," "Pulpit Analyst," "Forward," and the "Scottish Review." These contributions have not only been numerous and valuable; as a critic, he has also acquired great distinction. And to all this, it is likely that more will soon be added. He had quite completed his new "Life of Burns." And, when death came, he was writing another work, which he regarded as most important of all, from a literary point. He had written it twice over before this third and last time of revision.

But Gilfillan was not only an authority of high standing and of great value, he was also a soul-stirring preacher. They are greatly mistaken who think, as some have said, that Gilfillan's rare talents and glowing genius might have been more usefully employed than in the pulpit. By his pen, his power and character have been felt for good; but his career as a Minister of the

Gospel has not only been comparatively protracted, his ministry has been uniformly brilliant. We know that his sermons not only richly provided for the intellectual cravings which led many to listen to the simple beauty or elaborated grandeur as it came flowing like the gentle stream or rushing like the cataract;—we know his sermons and lectures instructed as well as charmed, that they moved the heart and inspired the soul of the enraptured hearers;—we know it was well to be there, for God was there. Gilfillan's thoughts, like his diction and eloquence, were of the highest order. He was impulsive, perhaps rather much so. He never hesitated to say what he thought; sometimes it might have been without due consideration. To a fault, it may be, he was impatient of shams. All, this, together with a desire to be true and faithful to his flock, no doubt, led him to err at times, in saying what some of his warmest friends regretted; but in the main his better nature and broader sympathies stood out free and unfettered. He believed and lived in Jesus. He loved and lived, and declared the gospel of God to perishing souls. The two last sentences he uttered on earth tell what the great, good man was. During his few dying minutes (about thirty), his saintly and precious help-meet said, "Christ is with you, George?" He replied, "Oh, yes; I believe in God in Christ." "I am dying, doctor," he then said. The doctor gave an affirmative answer, and the obedient, confiding servant of God added, "The will of the Lord be done."

And once more, for we must be brief. Many will understand what we mean when we say George Gilfillan was a friend as well as an author and a preacher. We have already indicated as much in referring to the help he has so readily rendered; help, the value of which cannot be told. Like other generous men of mind and energy, he had an inner and an outer life. By this we do not merely mean the spiritual and the physical; we rather refer to the fact that while much of what has been said and written has become widely known, there has also been much done by him that is only known to God and those more immediately concerned. And this suggests a question—certainly an important one to all Christian workers—namely, Which of these two classes of blessings will be more fruitful and durable, the public or the private?

The intensity of his soul, and the warmth of his heart were not confined to the open frankness of the orator and writer. In private, his simplicity, as well as his brilliancy, came out in rich profusion, while his loving and genial nature imparted an exhilarating influence on all around. Though one could not help seeing that he loved best to talk of the poets and their poetry, and though he was at home on almost all the theological and political topics introduced by the friends present, yet he could also engage in the conversation on domestic matters so intelligently and so heartily that it soon became evident that he knew the realities of life as well as its poetry, that his kind heart was overflowing with genuine sympathy towards the poor plodders of everyday life. To those who knew him not in private, it was natural to suppose that his bright genius and remarkable gifts, his strong and generous impulses were given exclusively to public efforts; this was not so. With tongue and pen he honestly and strenuously sought to break down bigotry and superstition, to promote spiritual freedom, and retain civil liberty; but those who knew him best found in him an earnest pastor and a true friend. If we are not mistaken—and we have had ample opportunity of arriving at a correct conclusion—next to his desire to help the poor to help themselves was his love for the true and upright whose aim was to better mankind.

As was said of another, it may be truly said of the late George Gilfillan, take him all in all, it will be long ere we see his like again.

"TRUE SABBATARIANISM."

Sunday observance is a matter which well meaning people are specially open to consider just at this season of the year, when holidays are in order. Nearly every one who is possessed of the means, and can by any possibility afford himself the leisure, has either been indulging in some relaxation from the cares of his business or profession, or is about to do so. Now, such relaxation can hardly be attained amid our usual surroundings, where the echo of our daily avocations continually haunts our ears. We flee to other scenes, more or less distant, to try there to forget old habits, to imbibe fresh air for the natural man, and inhale new ideas,—the breath of life to our intellectual nature. In accomplishing this process we frequently find ourselves strangely forgetful, amid our new surroundings, of modes of Sunday observance which are largely the result of habit. In the life we are accustomed to lead, these Sundays come in with monotonous regularity as a part of our weekly programme, and are observed weakly, because there is nothing at all distinctive about them. This part of what we are complimentary enough to call "the Kingdom of Heaven" comes upon us with no special violence, and we certainly do not take hold of it with much force. We are a little surprised perhaps, if we will but confess it, to find how extremely little we miss our orthodox Sunday, and how slightly the want of it affects our normal state of being, physical, spiritual or celestial. If we do miss anything at all it is the eloquence, graceful oratory, or hearty good-will breathed forth on our minds and hearts by some favourite preacher, or the exquisite service of song, or the cheerful, pleasant, congenial society of friends whom we are accustomed to meet on that day; but, if the change of scene please and interest us, such retrofections are but a passing sentiment,—a graceful tribute to the pleasures of the past, bringing with it a sense of calm satisfaction in the thought, that when satiated with the balmy present, we can, at will, regain the past.

May there not be some cause for this easy indifference? Is it right that it should be so with us? It would seem to be an inevitable corollary, either that such indifference is wrong, or else that all this zeal for Sunday observance and diligent church-going is simply a sham, satisfies no real want, and can consequently be easily dispensed with. Were Christianity really an energy, such as a recent sermon in these columns justly describes it, would not men hunger for their weekly supplies of force, and indeed hardly dare to convey themselves far from the fountain whence they draw their supplies, even for a single day? What are rest, comfort, or pleasure compared to that which is our very life, that energy by which we live and move and have our being?

Observation of the conduct of Christians on this question forces upon us

the conclusion that there is something wrong somewhere. Outwardly, one must grant that it looks very well. There are churches numerous and fine, popular preachers enough and to spare, and pews with well-dressed listeners. But, follow those listeners to their homes; read the semi-sentimental religious books they read; listen to the worldly and business gossip they talk; hear the glad anticipations of the youth clustering round the evening service, at which he hopes to meet the maiden whom he at present worships more devoutly than anything else; commune with the maiden aforesaid, and catch the strange medley of love, bonnets, pull-backs, choir music and "that love of a preacher," which falls from her lips,—and then state your solemn convictions about the real meaning and object of Sunday observance among the influential class of "worldly-holy" people who frequent our churches. Are they much distinguished from that other despised division called "wholly-worldly"? Abuse me not, dear reader, for these highly descriptive titles. I am not guilty. I merely quote an eminent writer of this present age.

Now, granting that regular church attendance, total absorption in so-called religious reading and conversation, and a Puritanical, Calvinistic depression of spirits over the ever-present thought of our sins and iniquities, constitute strict Sabbatarianism from an orthodox point of view, is not the above true description of things as they are a dismal picture?

But to the *non-orthodox* it is full of meaning. There is one noble, consistent idea running through all its lines, not very distinctly brought out as yet, but full of promise for the future. It is this,—that *a man's religion is his life*, and that neither man nor woman *can* have any other. To whatever outward forms or ceremonies, denominated Religious, he or she may conform, they are mere excrescences. It is the life they lead—not the church they attend—which is their religion. Thoroughly awake to this fact, they cast off the shams of religious demeanour the moment they leave the "religious edifice" in which they are supposed to worship,—church we cannot call it, for that is more than a building; their church, like their religion, is their life. So universal is the sympathy with this line of conduct that people are no longer ashamed to live their ordinary life even on Sundays, amid their chosen friends or associates, though hardly yet prepared to cast off their allegiance to the ostensible code of the outside religious world of which they form a part.

The time is coming when this too will be done. Then men will show more plainly what they really are. Respect for Sabbatarianism as an outward and visible institution, respectable from its very antiquity, once gone, men will appear in their true colours. What will then become of Sabbath observance? If it be no part of the real life of the man, the place that once knew it will shortly know it no more. But let it not be understood by this that any abrogation of the Sabbath as one day in seven for rest and relaxation is to be feared. That is a necessity of our physical nature, and mankind know this too well readily to forego it. Yet men differ in their ideas of rest. To one man, physically and mentally over-wrought throughout the week, rest is sleep, or absolute physical quiescence. To another, whose occupation is sedentary and monotonous, a day's ramble in the country, fishing, boating, &c. &c., is refreshment and joy. Another, whose sphere of labour lies chiefly far away from wife and little ones—a traveller, for instance—finds his rest among his children at his own fireside, or rambling on the green-sward of the parks in utter idleness, loving to see them play around him, conscious of his presence and rejoicing in it. The need of rest is fully met by these and various other means. It is not, therefore, safe to base the existing strict Sabbatarianism on the theory of the necessity of one day in seven for physical rest.

Something more is needed. A higher, holier thought must be inherent in the term Sabbath, or it is well nigh meaningless. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. It is not a *day*—one special limited time—but a state or condition to which men may, by God's help, attain and live in constantly every day from Sunday to Saturday, both inclusive. If it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, it is equally lawful to do good every day. If it is lawful to do evil on week days, it is no less lawful to do evil on Sundays. We have no special record of any difference in the outward life or conduct of our Lord God and Saviour on the Jewish Sabbath. He went about doing good every day, because He was, and is, Goodness itself, the Infinite Good—God Himself, the one Jehovah—infinite Love and infinite Wisdom. That is our example. Not a religion for Sundays, but a Life for every day,—a life drawn from Him into our being, and permitted free course into our every act. True, He did not do away with the fourth commandment. He came not to destroy the Law and the Prophets, but to fulfil,—to fill full with His Divine Life every jot and tittle of the Law. He came and showed in Life the inner meaning of the true state of Sabbath,—a state of true rest, in which every faculty, every power within us rests on Him, willing and ready to do His will in every, or any path of life. Such Life is Love—not love of self, but love towards others. By that means only can we exercise all our powers of Will, Intellect, and Act, fully and usefully, so that not one faculty within us shall be a strain or torture to the other, but each work harmoniously in restful activity, filled to the full measure of the man with a Divine influx of Life, for which our gratitude to God can never in this world find full expression. That is the Sabbath,—our true and holy rest.

Such is the highest state to which man can attain. Alas! it is slow in coming; but only because we do not will that it should come. With but feeble love and longing do we repeat the words: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"; but the power is there if we will but permit entrance. There is no path in life which it cannot fill—no work of ours in the world which it cannot penetrate, if we are working for others—not for self. There is the test. If any man will serve God, let him *deny himself*, thus take up His cross daily, and follow God in that path which He trod as the Divine-Humanity.

Many are doing this, and their influence is spreading, because it is practical influence—not words, but deeds. The views of humanity are changing. There will shortly be much greater changes. Sabbatarianism, however strict, must give way to the good of humanity. Charity, kindness, love to one's fellow-man, must take its place. The day is not far distant when such a phenomenon as this will be seen, good men, honest, pure, and Christian, will be found willing to minister to the physical needs of their fellows, even on the first day of the

week, by running trains, steamers, and other means of conveyance on that day to enable the toiling denizens of cities to breathe the purer air of the country, visit their relatives or friends, and enjoy the intercourse and refreshment which social communion with those near and dear to us is intended to give, but which is too often denied them by circumstances beyond their control throughout the week.

The *useful* work of the world need not cease because of the Sabbath, yet none need be denied a seventh day of rest. It is simply a matter of those dollars and cents which men love much more ardently than they love their fellow-men. An extra staff of hands on railways, steamers, &c., is all that is required to make it possible to give *all* one day's rest in seven. To put it practically, the one-seventh of extra outlay for wages would be, more than probably, repaid by the one-seventh of extra receipts. And surely if the men pine for the "services of the sanctuary," there ought to be devout clergymen enough found willing to devote a day, or an evening, in the week to preach to those who thus sacrifice the conventional Sabbath to do good to others on that day.

Verily this is an insane idea! saith the reader. Is it? It certainly seems so in this selfish and grasping age, which believes but little in the truth or beauty of self-sacrifice. But none can deny that it is practicable if we will to make it so.

Question, rather, Is it right? Is it a truth worthy of a life devoted to it? If so, *do it*—in your place and station as far as you can. If the *day* is everything, the outward semblance of religious rest all important, such action is clearly wrong. If, however, "all religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good," it must be right to observe the spirit of the Sabbath and conform the letter to it. The letter killeth—the spirit giveth life—life that cares for others' life, for others' happiness, their physical as well as spiritual well-being, and sees that neither can be benefited separately. The Sabbath is a state that was made for man. It is his true condition. To that he must rise if he would fulfil the order of his being. Man was not made for the Sabbath as an outward thing, but as an inward state, which, when attained, will evolve an outward and constant daily

"SABBATH."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—The writer would have taken no notice of a communication which appeared in your last edition, signed "Elector," had you not—to some extent at least—endorsed his views, and consequently accepted as correct the reasons he advances for holding such views, and I now write for information, which doubtless "Elector" or his adviser will be willing to give. I would like answers to the following simple questions:—

1. How is Montreal suffering from the *reckless* financial policy of the present Government?
2. How has this policy destroyed the tea and sugar trade; and what evidence is there that it has paralysed manufactures?
3. What importers are leaving Montreal and going West?
4. Does not the same policy obtain in the West as in the East?

I oppose Mr. Devlin's candidature (having previously warmly supported him), because he now wishes to separate his Irish Roman Catholic friends from the rest of the community with different interests and duties, and therefore requiring a different policy, &c. But I do not see in that gentleman's past history any warrant for the averment made by "Elector,"—also endorsed by you,—that "he (Mr. D.) will be subservient to the Mackenzie Government." Mr. Devlin is somewhat tenacious of his opinions, be they good or bad, wise or unwise, and what he says he generally does.

The remark imputed by "Elector" to Sir John A. Macdonald, that Mr. Devlin was "too slippery a fish for his net," proves that Sir John—splendid fisher of men as he is known to be, baiting his hooks with any or everything—tried to catch Mr. Devlin, and failed. Sir John may console himself, he has not caught Mr. Devlin; but he has landed an "Elector," and has him safely basketed,—there let him remain cool and moist in the mud and moss of Protection, and joy be with him and unto him. But from the endorser, better things were, and still are (by another elector),

"HOPED FOR AND EFFECTED."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I see a great deal in the newspapers just now about protecting our manufacturers, and I hear a great deal of talk about it too, till I am quite tired. For my brother is a member of the Conservative Association here, and he attends meetings every evening, and after the meetings he comes home with a lot of men—some of them are nasty fellows that I hate, but he says we must show them some attention to try and carry the election. And they sit and drink beer and smoke on the verandah, and talk very loud and fast, and sometimes they even say bad words about the Government. Though I am sure they can't say anything that is *too* bad about them, for I think Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Cartwright must be very wicked men to spoil our trade, and starve our workmen and their poor wives and children. I may tell you, my brother started a factory some years ago, and was doing very well till some mean Americans—they are generally a low set of people, the Americans—came over and *robbed* him of all his profits. And I know my papa has been robbed in the same way, for he has not allowed me to buy a silk dress for more than fifteen months. And it's a shame and disgrace that respectable people are obliged to economise and live as meanly as the poorest beggars. I'm sure I am glad that the elections are coming on, and that we will get a new Government who will protect us from the people who steal our money from us and take it to foreign countries.

But, Mr. Editor, there are some persons that want protection as badly as any, and I think it is time that somebody should speak for them. I was not sure what paper I should write to, for none of them ever seem to think of protecting us, but I knew that you allow all sorts of people to write in your paper, though I can't say I approve of your allowing anybody to write in

defence of such a bad Government, and I thought that you would give a place to my letter.

Now, I must tell you that I am a young lady, though you can't expect me to tell you my age, but that does not matter. I was very well brought up, for my papa was very well off before the hard times began, and I heard him once say to a wealthy young gentleman that he had spent more than five thousand dollars on my education since I was fourteen. Indeed I was at school in England and Germany for more than two years; and I learnt German and French and music, of course, besides botany and geology and all that sort of thing. It would not be becoming for me to say anything about my personal appearance, though I don't think it is vanity to say that if I am not the prettiest girl here, I am as good-looking as the most. Now, sir, with all these recommendations in my favour, it is not wonderful that I have had a good many admirers, especially as it was understood that my papa was wealthy, and I was his only daughter. There were three gentlemen especially who paid me a great deal of attention; they were all very nice, and I believe they were all making a good deal of money for young men, and I think mamma and papa would have been pleased if I had married any one of them. I'm sure, too, that at different times they were all very near proposing, though I was always so nervous that I cannot sit still, but always move away, whenever I feel that any gentleman is going to come to the point, though I am sorry now that I have not a little more courage. But, would you believe it? All the three gentlemen I refer to are married—married to *foreigners*! One of them was taken with a Scotch girl who was spending the winter here with some friends. Another married a Yankee; and the third has gone home to England to marry a young lady there, and I hear that he and his bride are in Paris at the Exhibition.

Now, Mr. Editor, does not this show that we need protection against foreigners as much as the manufacturers? I am sure that my case is one of a thousand in this Canada of ours. And I think if a law could be made to protect the "matrimonial market" against foreign competition, it would encourage parents to spend money on the education of their daughters, and thus improve the country very much. I hope, therefore, you will insert this letter, and thereby oblige one who is sorry to subscribe herself

AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

Maidenham, 31st Aug., 1878.

"THE PROTESTANT PULPIT OF MONTREAL."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—*"Quien Sabe"* prefaces his answer to my communication of the 24th ult., with some very humorous remarks, which, however amusing they may be in themselves, have no direct bearing upon the point at issue. "Those who ought to know" have *certainly* misinformed him if they have led him to suppose that the "portrait" of the reverend gentleman therein mentioned was "drawn by himself." If "*Quien Sabe*" sees "Ritualism" and "Sacerdotalism" in the great Church Revival, but *fails* to discern the "Protestantism," may not the reason be that "we others" possess so "flabby an imitation of the real article" that "we" do not recognise genuine "Protestantism" when "we" see it?

From the tone of his communications, and *particularly* from the *paternal* manner in which he seems to overlook the "Protestant Pulpit of Montreal," I have little doubt but what he is a "preacher of the Gospel," but whether he be a disciple of Calvin, Browne or Wesley, who can tell?

The "tractates" issued by the Church Association of Toronto *do certainly* contain *most wholesome* doctrine, and if "*Quien Sabe*" will only read the *whole* series, "it may do him good." And if he is a spiritual teacher, why not distribute them among his parishioners?

I am well aware that Roman writers have made some such statements concerning "Ritualism" as "*Quien Sabe*" quotes, but I also believe they are in the habit of considering Protestants *in general* as *little better* than infidels. If "*Quien Sabe*" quotes them as authority regarding a *portion* of the Protestant world, I presume he will have *no objection* in *accepting* their statements concerning Protestantism *in general*!

Satire is very entertaining, but why not go direct to the works of the "immortal Boz" instead of wasting time over a "flabby imitation of the real article" *dished up* to the reading public in various forms by the author of "Haverholme"?

September and, 1878.

RITUALIST.

ON BAIL.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—It would be both interesting and useful if the public could be favoured with an exposition of the manners and customs which are observed in our Law Courts in reference to the important question of admission to bail. The subject presses for some explanation at the present time, because, to the uninitiated, the grossest inequalities prevail; and certainly there is an air of mystery about the matter which should be dispersed.

Quite recently a person charged with forgery and embezzlement, involving upwards of \$100,000, was released on bail. Another, committed to take his trial at the Court of Queen's Bench on a charge of misappropriating some \$20,000, had no difficulty in obtaining the advantage of bail. A third person, committed for trial on a more serious charge than either of the foregoing, was instantly bailed out. But the ex-Manager of the Type Foundry, after an imprisonment of *four months*, is not allowed the opportunity of getting out to consult his lawyer and prepare his defence.

The imprisonment of a man for five months previous to trial is a *cruel outrage*, but to withhold from him the privileges which are extended to other persons whose alleged offences are not less serious, is unmitigated injustice and tyranny.

According to the newspapers the refusal to grant bail in the last mentioned case is attributable solely to the Crown Prosecutor. But this must be nothing less than a libel; for any one acquainted with Mr. Archambault knows full well that he is far too honourable to lend the influence of his position to anything

that is arbitrary and unfair. A Crown Prosecutor would simply exhibit an utter unfitness for his responsible office were he to sanction the punishment of any individual previous to prosecuting him.

When the Judge and the Prosecutors have no objection to a release on bail, and when the Crown Prosecutor could not, without exposing himself to a charge of injustice, resist an application, how is it that the general custom of granting bail is departed from in the case of a man who, when at large and undergoing his examination before the Magistrate, never gave the slightest evidence of an intention to avoid a public trial? We are supposed to have equal rights—at least in our Law Courts. Who is it that violates them? An exposure of the individual would gratify many

A CITIZEN.

Montreal, August 29, 1878.

AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

THRIP.—In every part of the town the thrip has destroyed the foliage of the Virginia creeper, the wild grape-convolvulus, and even grape vines. This pest is easily destroyed by tobacco smoke, or what is more certain watering with a solution of phosphorous soap; a tablespoonful of this soap, mixed with one gallon of water, is sufficient.

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WHOOPING COUGH.—This distressing complaint may be relieved, and in many cases cured by the use of a very simple remedy, viz.:—Take of nitric acid, purified, $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce; syrup of orange, or maple syrup, two ounces; pure water, one pint. Take a teaspoonful when required. The dose may be doubled.

MUSICAL.

In our contemporary the *Daily Star* we notice a letter in which we are accused of making "cynical remarks" concerning Dr. MacLagan's Organ Recital. We have from the commencement determined to take a firm stand in favour of music of a high class character for the people. Hence in our critique we wrote the following: "These recitals might be made a means of education for the masses, if, instead of the florid and meaningless variations of Batiste and Wely, we had some of the *music* of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. True, we were treated to two fugues, one by Bach and the other by Hesse, but fugues are calculated more to show dexterity of the performer than to move the hearts of an audience, which, we take it, is the true office of the musical artist."

Nothing in our article was directed personally against the Doctor. On the contrary, we did, and do praise him for endeavouring—and for that matter succeeding—to draw a large number of people to hear him at the Monday Evening Concerts; but we shall continue freely, notwithstanding anything that may said, to state what is our opinion, and to call a spade a spade.

For our part, we fail to see how the performance of Bach's Toccata in F is calculated to either entertain or elevate the average listener, though it may serve to shew the dexterity of the organist. We do not wish to frighten the Doctor into abandoning his profession as an organist, and joining "the critics who have failed in literature and art," all of whom seem—according to the correspondent above referred to—to have settled in Montreal and thus caused "the present miserable condition of musical matters here."

SINGING.

Singing may be defined to be the delivery or the sounding of musical notes with the voice in conjunction with words—not syllables without meaning, but words which clothe ideas conceived and sentiments felt. Nothing less is singing. The utterance of unconceived ideas and unfelt sentiments, however musically good the utterance, does not constitute singing. Three things, therefore, are included,—musical correctness of tone, an intelligent delivery of words, and an expression of feeling. Voice, mind, and heart are needed. Each of these requires culture. The last two display themselves in the words sung; the first (voice) should exhibit its own training and the cultivated mind and heart of the singer. Thus between the tone of the voice and the words uttered there ought to be sympathy. The words convey a meaning; so should the tones. The ideas and the sentiments ought to be expressed by the tones, even as they are by the words. But as music does not speak with the same unmistakable voice as ordinary language, it gives but a very indefinite idea of the meaning intended to be conveyed. For this reason words are set to melodies, and sentimental verses have melodies set to them, and these melodies ought to help to enforce the character of the poetry. In this way we get song. Song, then, is composed of verse and music. Each reflects the other. The two should wed from affection and sympathy, and ought not to illustrate a marriage of *convenience*, as the French would say.

THURSBY.

Of Miss Thursby's second appearance at the concerts of the London Philharmonic Society, the *Daily News* says:—

"At the seventh concert of the present series, Miss Emma C. Thursby made her second appearance here, with a repetition of the great success which she achieved at the preceding concert, when she sang for the first time in Europe. This young lady, who comes from America, possesses a soprano voice of fine quality and very exceptional range, commanding with ease the E flat above the lines. Her brilliant and florid vocalization was specially manifested on Wednesday evening in the execution of Mozart's scena and aria, 'Ma, che vi fece, o stelle,' and 'Sperai vicino il lido,' a bravura piece of extreme difficulty, and one of those detached works which the composer threw off with such ready facility, and of many of which little is known as to the circumstances that called them forth. The scena now referred to is a setting of words from Matastasio's *Demofonte*, and was composed in 1781, the year in which *Idomeno* (his earliest important opera) was produced, and ten years previous to the death of Mozart, all of whose greatest works were products of this interval. The grandeur and beauty of the scena are therefore somewhat remarkable; and it produced a very marked impression, finely rendered as it was by Miss Thursby."

The *London Times* says, in reference to her singing at Leslie's concert:—

"Miss Emma Thursby, in Mendelssohn's hymn, 'Oh! hear my prayer,' proved that the florid style is not the only mode of expression at her command, the touching appeal, 'Oh! for the wings of a dove,' being especially remarkable for its tenderness of feeling."

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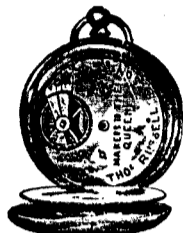
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Montreal East.

To the Electors of the Electoral District of Montreal East:

GENTLEMEN,—

The admirable system of Constitutional Government under which we live, whilst making us the arbiters of our destiny, imposes upon us responsibilities of the gravest kind. The fate of the country is in our hands, and it devolves on every citizen to accomplish what circumstances may require of him. I appear before you to-day in, for me, a new and serious position, because I consider that, in so doing, I am but performing what my country requires of me as my share of a public duty. If by coming forward I have been too presumptuous, you, gentlemen, will say so unhesitatingly. I rely on your judgment and wisdom, and I will thank you for a frankness that will ensure for me during the remainder of my days, the repose of private life.

GENTLEMEN, witnessing the painful spectacle of our interminable financial crisis, of our numberless misfortunes, and that universal feeling of distrust that is paralyzing our courage and our activity, I felt it to be the duty of every worthy citizen to make an effort to ward off from our families and our firesides the merciless scourge of poverty. The evil is, beyond doubt, a public and general one, and by public influences alone can it be combated. Private rivalries must sink into utter oblivion; it is to the civil power, to the hand of the statesman, to the penetrating glance of the political economist that we must apply for the remedy. You, gentlemen, make and unmake ministers and governments, and the general elections are neither more nor less than a Grand Court of Assizes, where you are the judges. The ministers of to-day may not be the ministers of to-morrow, and now is the time for you to praise or to blame, to strike down or to render permanent—it is for you to lay down your conditions. What shall they be? I shall endeavour to assist you in your serious deliberations, and in a few weeks you will let me know whether I have struck the true note.

Our Government has now ruled us for five years. They took charge of a prosperous country; they now return it to us exhausted, nearly ruined, deprived of its capital and hampered in its labour. What have they done with our prosperity? That is the question they must answer unequivocally!

GENTLEMEN, I have always belonged to the grand Conservative school of politics. How could I have chosen any other, having spent my early manhood in intimacy of that great and noble patriot Sir L. H. Lafontaine and of the Honourable Morin? Having spent many years, at the call of my country, in the calm retirement of the magistracy, I owed it to my conscience to raise myself above party strife, without, however, remaining indifferent to the interests of the commonwealth. Governments succeeded one another without its being my privilege to judge them. I witnessed the advent of the Mackenzie Government, and, if it had not my sympathies, at least it enjoyed my respect, and I cannot reproach myself with having in any way trammelled the liberty of its action. If I to-day interfere, it is because I cannot any longer remain an unmoved spectator of our ruin. I feel myself called upon to strike the warning note, and without a pang of regret I quit the honours and peaceful tranquillity of a seat on the judicial bench to assist, if it be not too late, in saving our common country.

You know it as well as I, what we are in need of in native industry; for our industries are the representatives of our capital and our toil. Men will speak to you of commerce and the restrictions placed upon it as though it sufficed for a country to purchase in order to boast of its commercial enterprise. Do not forget, gentlemen, that foreign goods simply represent foreign labour, no matter to what extent we may flood our country with them. A country grows rich out of the product of the toll of its children. An article manufactured by a mechanic during his day's labour forms part of the wealth of the country, and nothing is lost in its production; it is so much net gain. If we rest satisfied with importing foreign products we shall be obliged to give in exchange for them their equivalent in money. Thus we might import unceasingly, and never do a sound commercial business unless we ourselves are manufacturers. Had we manufactories, had we the means of giving employment to the strong arms that are outstretched for labour, we should see the raw material around and about us developed into products that would add largely to our wealth. These products would in their turn develop a commerce far more stable, more enduring and remunerative than that which drives our capital out of the country. Every year there is sent out of Canada over twenty millions of dollars for the purchase of articles, the greater part of which could be manufactured at home. We must endeavour to retain the money in our own land—it is necessary for the support, the education and the comfort of our families. To secure this I now come before you, soliciting your aid in the accomplishment of my task. I appeal to you as the advocate of Protection, which the Mackenzie Government openly denounces.

PROTECTION is the main plank of my political platform; by it alone can our manufactories be revived, and labour be given to the willing hands of the people. I desire Protection sincerely and frankly;

it shall be the special object of my political career, if your votes secure me a seat in Parliament. This question I shall deal with irrespective of men or political parties. I wish to see the Mackenzie Government overthrown, because they are ruining the country by a contrary policy, and no future Administration shall obtain my support, unless its policy be one of Protection to our native industries. I am anxious for such Protection as will be reasonable and just, such as can be applied, as every one knows, without increasing the taxes that are imposed on the people. Such a policy of Protection, instead of increasing the cost of articles of prime necessity, would necessarily decrease it; for after a time, our manufactories having acquired strength and perfection, we could manufacture as cheaply as our foreign competitors, and would thus save the cost of transportation and customs duties, which represent at least a quarter of the value of imported goods.

GENTLEMEN,—I oppose the Mackenzie Government for other reasons as well. I oppose that Government because they have taken from Montreal the terminus of the Pacific Railway. By changing the route of that railway, and locating it in the south of Lake Nipissing, they have deprived the Province of Quebec of the means of direct communication with that great artery. They have placed us at the mercy of the Canada Central, over which we can only reach the Pacific Railway through a tortuous and lengthened route, and thus the distance from Montreal to the Provinces of Manitoba and British Columbia is increased over that from Toronto by 220 miles, whilst by the plan of the former Government the difference in the distance was only from 60 to 80 miles.

These, gentlemen, are the views I intend to lay before you during the present campaign; you will decide whether they are sound and in harmony with your interests. I claim your suffrages, feeling convinced that in their realization we shall find the true welfare of our common country.

Your obedient servant,

C. J. COURSOL.

Montreal, 26th August, 1878.

Montreal West.

To the Electors of Montreal West.

GENTLEMEN,—

At the request of a large number of Electors of Montreal West, belonging to the Liberal Party—I have consented to offer myself as a candidate for that constituency.

I do so because I believe the Government deserves the continued support of the country, and for these reasons:—Because it has purified our political life, so far as that can be done by legislation, by a series of enactments which make it almost impossible for the poor elector to be seduced or coerced by the wealthy or powerful, thus putting an end, to a very great extent, to bribery, intimidation, and the trickery which attended our former elections, extended in each constituency through two days, and in the entire country over several weeks.

Because ever since Confederation there was a constant yearly accession of enormous amount to our governmental expenditure, which in six years added \$10,000,000 annually to the demands made upon the people, whereas, notwithstanding the obligations created by the former Administration, the present Administration have in four years of office added hardly anything to the annual expenditure, though they have had to pay more than \$1,000,000 for interest on the outlay for public works in excess of their predecessors. They have, therefore, saved this \$1,000,000 a year in the ordinary expenditure within their control, an economy of first rate consequence in times of difficulty.

Because in the administration of Public Works under the late Government, while the greatest amount of money went to contractors who were not the lowest tenderers—the present Ministry awards its contracts almost without exception to the lowest tenderer, thereby abolishing political favouritism and corruption, and saving vast sums of money to the public.

Because the alternative of sustaining the present Government is the acceptance of another Government under a leader who did not, when in power, govern the country with purity.

It has been alleged that the present Government has been, in some way, responsible for the depression under which we are suffering. If so, its influence must have been very wide, since we see the same distress in all trading and commercial countries of the world without any means having been found to obviate the evil of legislation. While, however, they have made no alteration in the tariff, except in the sense of what is called protection, they would, had they followed in the footsteps of their predecessors, have reduced rather than increased the supposed advantages of the classes interested as producers. In a few years the late Government took off the protective duties on sugar, on coal, on breadstuffs, and on salt, and diminished the rate of duty on unenumerated articles from 20 to 15 per cent. If, therefore, I was of opinion that an increase of taxes could in any way, except when demanded by the public revenue, augment the prosperity of those who pay the taxes, I should on this ground hesitate to place the Government again in the hands of men, whose present professions show that they have no settled opinion on the

subject. The tariff, as it has existed since Confederation, contains many anomalies which need revision, and it is very probable that such a revision will be rendered necessary by a demand for a larger revenue. In any case, it is certain that we shall want a high tariff in order to obtain sufficient money for the prosecution of the public works; and, as the same cause will make impossible a prohibitory tariff, since that would destroy the income from Customs, and throw us back upon the undesirable expedient of direct taxation, whatever changes are made, must avoid interference with the great interests of the country.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

W. DARLING.

Montreal East.

To the Free and Independent Electors of Montreal East.

GENTLEMEN,—

Designated at a large assembly of the electors of the Eastern Division of the City of Montreal as the Liberal candidate, and encouraged by the support of many influential citizens, I have felt I could not decline a testimony of your esteem and confidence so spontaneously proffered. Such an honour makes frankness imperative and without any preamble, I shall point out the line of conduct I intend to follow, if elected.

INDUSTRY AND COMMERCE.

The City of Montreal is the centre, the metropolis of the industry of Canada. Owing to the great and fruitful activity of its factories, merchants, capitalists and workmen, Montreal has obtained on the American continent, a prominence almost equalling that of New York. Situated at the junction of the sea navigation and that of the canals and great lakes, the port of Montreal exchanges the Canadian products against those of foreign countries. To the interior and foreign trades, as well as to the mercantile navy of the Dominion, the numerous factories of Montreal, employing a considerable number of operatives, give life and activity. Therefore, Montreal has two very important interests to protect, industry and commerce. On their combined and simultaneous development rests its future prosperity. It cannot be denied that, for a few years back, both industry and commerce have suffered from the crisis that has sadly affected not only Canada, but much more so the United States and foreign countries. Many factories and workshops are shut up, building operations are at a stand still, and a great many families attracted to cities by an alluring prosperity, are now idle and destitute. Poverty, felt more acutely in the States, has brought back many hands, and induced speculators to flood the country with goods sold below their cost price. Fortunately, we have seen the worst of the crisis, foreign imports diminish considerably year after year, and we may already foresee the day when things shall resume their level and progress its triumphal advance.

The Government took the right course when they raised the tariff from 15 to 17½ per cent. Yet my opinion is, they should go further—they ought to study the question again, and after a searching enquiry, give to the suffering manufacturing interests enough protection to secure them development and prosperity.

It has been proposed to inaugurate a prohibitive system, to build a new Chinese wall, to isolate Canada, with no other prospect than to cut off half its commerce, destroy the navy, deprive the country of the benefit of millions of dollars spent in the construction of our canals, in the deepening of the St. Lawrence River, and in a few years bring this city down to the level of a country village. It is useless to tell you, gentlemen, that I do not uphold such impracticable opinions, no more than I approve of a free trade having, as a consequence, the ruin of our industry, the draining of the source of public revenue, and the recourse to direct taxation.

The first consideration in elaborating a tariff must be the national interest. This interest will be better protected by a judicious and sufficient protection, allowing to factories the progress without interfering with commerce. Under the working of such a system Montreal has grown prosperous, and the adaptation of the same system to present circumstances should procure to our city a future commensurate to its past.

This additional protection must go along with the completion of the great works of public improvements commenced some years ago, I mean the widening of the canals extending from Montreal to Lake Michigan, the deepening of Lake St. Peter, and the building of the Georgian Bay, connecting our system of railways with the great national line. This branch line, which we owe to the patriotism of the present Ministry, is of a capital importance to the Province of Quebec, and is, in fact, a part of the North Shore Railway. It secures to our port the monopoly of the enormous Western traffic and of the countries on the Pacific. No doubt that before long the Government shall feel the necessity of buying the North Shore road, and assume the debt the Province of Quebec has contracted for its building.

This I shall call a truly national policy, having all interests equally at heart, and granting to every interest what its prosperity requires: Sufficient protection to national industry, and prompt and easy ways

of transportation to commerce. Such a policy I shall unswervingly uphold if I secure your confidence.

COLONISATION.

The factious prosperity and the wild speculation during the past years have taken from the fields many hands needed by agriculture. All trades have been overcrowded, and where ten operatives might have made an honest living, twenty more came from the country to compete for the work and the salary they were so legitimately entitled to. This agglomeration of people, and the reduction of labour, have brought on the state of things we witness now. But the suffering workmen have found a remedy to the situation; to give back to agriculture the unemployed hands, to return to the country the surplus of city population, and to open to colonization our enormous forests; such is the idea their patriotism has brought forth. This project, originated in generous minds, deserves the support of all patriots. It ought to call the kind attention of the Government, and I shall do all in my power to ensure its success.

LAWS CONCERNING INSURANCES.

The laws regulating insurance on life or against fire, have been much improved of late; yet they are far from being perfect. Every day the Courts have to decide on just claims contested on the most futile grounds, or in consequence of informalities imputable to the agents of the Companies. Time has come to put a stop to these abuses, in imposing uniform conditions of insurance on the Companies, and making illegal all the conditions actually written on the policies, and having no other object but to evade payment of right claims.

The most severe guarantees ought to be demanded from foreign Life Insurance Companies, to secure the Canadian insured against loss by failure of these institutions, the law ought to compel them to invest in Canada the amount of premiums received in the country to the exclusive benefit of Canadian policyholders; in that way, all possible guarantee against fraud, mismanagement or accidents would be given to the insured.

Such are the most important measures on which I intend to call the attention of Parliament and that of the Government, if you honour me with your votes.

Holding the interests of the country and that of my electors far above all other considerations, I shall give to the present Ministry an independent support, but I shall part with their policy any time your interests may demand it.

If these principles meet with your approval, I shall feel happy to obtain your suffrages and to represent in Parliament the District of Montreal East.

I remain, Gentlemen,

With due consideration,

Your most devoted servant,

F. X. ARCHAMBAULT.

Montreal West.

To the Electors of the Electoral Division of Montreal West:

GENTLEMEN,—

At the request of the Conservative Associations of this City, and a large number of my fellow-citizens generally, I have consented to become a candidate for the representation in the House of Commons of the electoral division of Montreal West.

In soliciting your suffrages I deem it my duty to state frankly to you the policy which would guide me if honored with your confidence.

The country is undoubtedly in the midst of a very severe commercial and industrial crisis, how severe, is unfortunately too well known to us all, and especially to the working classes. Without charging upon the present Government the full responsibility for this state of things, I am convinced that it was in their power, by the adoption of some changes in the tariff, to have greatly mitigated the distress; their refusal to do this, their declaration that it is not in the power of Governments to avert commercial disaster, or promote commercial prosperity, has earned for them, in my opinion, the condemnation of the people, and, if elected as your representative, I would not hesitate to use the vote you give me to remove them from the position they hold.

Regarding as I do this trade question as beyond all others in importance, especially to the City of Montreal, I would, if elected, support no Government which did not undertake in an honest and patriotic spirit to inaugurate such a national policy as would promote commerce and manufactures, and develop the material resources of the Dominion.

I have confidence in the profession of the present Parliamentary Opposition to adopt this course, and I should therefore unite with them in the work.

I believe that while in this country we should not shrink from such outlay as may be necessary for its development, every effort should be made to reduce by a wise economy as far as possible the expenditures of the Government.

If elected as your representative, my constant effort will be to promote in every way possible the interests of this city and the Dominion at large.

Soliciting your support at the polls,

I am,

Gentlemen,

Your obt. servant,

M. H. GAULT.