

Pages Missing

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. III.—No. 45.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1880.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.
THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.
TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.
ONE OF OUR CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.
HIGH SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.
REFORM IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

UNITARIANISM.
DOES IT MATTER TO WHAT CHURCH YOU
BELONG? a Sermon by Rev. A. J. Bray.
CARMEN, a Spanish Story.
CORRESPONDENCE.
MUSICAL.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Those of our Subscribers to whom subscription accounts have recently been rendered, would greatly oblige by remitting to this office without further delay; many of these accounts are for arrears, and a prompt remittance from each Subscriber is always a tangible evidence of due appreciation of our efforts, as well as a very NECESSARY ADJUNCT to enable us still further to improve, increase and expand our endeavours to make the SPECTATOR yet more popular in every way. Registered letters, addressed Manager CANADIAN SPECTATOR, Montreal, at our risk.

THE TIMES.

The general public must have been surprised last week at the thrilling story of how M. Archambault, Queen's Counsel, "went for" Mr. Quinn, a fellow-lawyer, who had opposed him in the McNamee robbery case. M. Archambault, Q.C., used language the papers could only indicate by a series of dashes; he pulled off his gown and tried to operate in the same manner upon his coat, and then followed a scene which would be a disgrace to any pot-house in the city. But this was not in a pot-house—it was in a Court of Justice—where, according to the popular idea, dignity is observed and peace promoted. The Chief-Justice was in his room close by and must have heard the disturbance; if rumour speaks truth, he had the first part of the storm poured on his own head, but no notice was taken of it, and the Judge proceeded with his duties as if nothing had happened to disturb the tranquillity of the place. If we had read of such a thing taking place in Kansas, or in the Cape Colony, we should say, "what a dreadful place to live in?" but it has taken place in Montreal, and been allowed to pass as the most ordinary thing in daily life. The newspapers told the story, but not one word of protest did they utter; not a sentence was written in demand that a lawyer shall be allowed to do his duty to his client without running the risk of having to support his words with his fists. If Mr. Quinn offered any improper insinuations as to what M. Archambault had done or intended to do, M. Archambault knew the best possible way for vindicating his own honour. Surely a lawyer need not be told that the public would not be convinced, even if he had bruised and battered Mr. Quinn ever so much.

But that is not the whole of this strange case—perhaps not the worst feature in it. I fully understand that a lawyer's first duty is to his client—as Mr. Quinn made apparent—but I think I am right also in saying that a Queen's Counsel's first duty is to the Crown. Not even in the interest of his client is he to be a party to any effort to defeat the ends of justice. How was this carried out? M. Archambault, Q.C., said in evidence, under oath, that he had met Mr. McNamee on a certain Saturday, and promised to do all he could to get him his money back. A strange man called on him (M. A., Q.C.,) to say that Jones was not the robber, but if Mr. McNamee would let him off the money would be forthcoming. M. Archambault, Q.C., went to Mr. McNamee's house, and finally they went to the prison together to see Jones. They saw Jones, and they drove to M.

Archambault's house. More than once the Queen's Counsel announced in the Court that he was anxious for Mr. McNamee to have his money. Mr. McNamee gave corroborative evidence, and was proceeding to make it much stronger when he was peremptorily stopped.

Now this to the lay mind of myself and many others is very strange. It is strange that the Chief-Justice, a man of undoubted integrity and ability, should have allowed it to pass without one word of remonstrance; it is strange that the patriotic newspapers have had neither note nor comment on it, and still more strange that those most interested should so long content themselves with bandying rough accusations in the streets. If Mr. McNamee has anything to say, which the public ought to hear, let us have it.

On dit that Mr. M. P. Ryan is about to retire from the representation of Montreal Centre in the Dominion Parliament. The bolder spirits affirm that he is to be appointed to the office of Collector of Customs in the city, but the more prudent declare that a position of less honour and remuneration will be found. What and where the place is no one seems to know, but in everybody's mind it is a foregone conclusion that an M.P. could not be induced to contemplate retirement from Parliament unless at the same time he has visions and assurances of an office of some kind. Politicians among us have a tendency that way—so Mr. Ryan, who deserves well of his party, is not much to blame.

And who will succeed Mr. Ryan? It is pretty well understood that the city shall be represented in the West by an English or Scotchman, in the East by a Frenchman, and in the Centre by an Irishman. So an Irishman it must be. But while there are plenty of Irishmen willing to represent Montreal Centre, there are not many able to do it. He should be a man who can make a speech in the House at times so that it may be generally understood that there is such a city as Montreal, and he should be capable of representing the mercantile portion of this actual metropolis. Where is the fit and proper person for all that?

Will the Aldermen of Montreal take advice and pass a by-law to the effect that in the main streets of the city, coals shall not be dumped upon the pavement, nor allowed to remain there, after nine in the morning until seven in the evening. At this time of the year almost every day pedestrians have to turn into the muddy street because their way is blocked by loads of coal on the sidewalks. This is an atrocity that could be so easily remedied that one wonders it has not been done before.

Another thing: those disgraceful spouts that dash water from the roof to the pavement, wetting the feet and ankles of all who have the misfortune to walk by them, should be attended to. They should be placed at the backs of the houses, and constructed to empty the water from the roof into the drain without washing the pavement and drenching people on the way.

The following letter to the Toronto *Globe* is so good that I gladly reproduce, and endorse it:—

SIR,—It has been proposed, as a step towards the attainment of Christian unity, to form a society for prayer for that result. Now, as I belong to a society—that commonly known as the Church of England—which has for three hundred years or so been in the habit of praying every week or oftener for this very thing, I deem it quite time, if we are in earnest about this matter, to supplement

our prayer by a little working. I suggest as a means to this end (1), a Pan-Christian Conference where thoughts might be freely exchanged by means of papers and discussion; (2), the remodelling on a more liberal basis of the various denominational Colleges. If we aim at unity it is useless to teach narrowness; (3), some attempt at agreement in the occupation of mission fields, so as to avoid overcrowding with its consequent waste of men and money, and the inevitable jealousies and heartburnings it produces. It is my firm belief that if the matter be faced in a Christian spirit, most, if not all, of the evils of division might be eliminated.

C. E. Cartwright.

The trouble is that in any such assembled "Pan" the churchianity of each would have the most conspicuous place. Archbishop Lynch is undoubtedly a Christian, and would expect to be a leading spirit in the Pan-Assembly—so is and would Bishop Sweatman—also Dr. Potts, and also the Rev. Mr. Denovan—but is there any hope that the one would tolerate the other, and all agree to respect their intellectual nature by holding on to their different issues of theology, but yield to the one great sentiment of love? Not much. Churchianity would certainly prevail, and while that prevails thoughts will not be freely exchanged, and "the remodelling of colleges on a more liberal basis" will not take place, and not even an attempt will be made at "agreement in the mission fields, so as to avoid over-crowding, with its consequent waste of men and money." Reform in this direction may some day be forced upon the general church from without, but as matters now stand it is hopeless to look for it from within.

A Quebec correspondent sends me the following:—"The case presenting the effects of the drunken brawl in which a sailor was stabbed by his comrade after they had left their ships at South Quebec, which has just been adjudicated upon by Judge Johnson, after a careful investigation of the facts, must be regarded as another sad evidence of the different treatment afforded sailors visiting this port from what they receive in the port of Montreal. The voice of the local ship-owning interest, as expressed by their best and worthiest exponents, is an outcome of what can only be deemed a sort of misapprehension on this question. The Quebec City Mission, by which a good work is being done in conducting services for the men, is even supported by two at least of the representatives of this powerful body. Its report is just issued, and may be had of the missionary, Mr. Davis. But we need something more—that is, something in the social sense as well as the religious. If rational concessions of that kind were made in Quebec, Montreal friends would perhaps come forward to aid the funds of the mission, which are at present low. To be more particular, I may say that the difficulty with our ship-owning friends is as to whether the seamen, while they remain in port, should be enabled by the efforts of those who wish them well, to sit down, like civilized beings, in a pleasant room for refreshments, where they could read books and papers, write letters to their friends, &c., as they can now do in almost every large and Christian port in the world. The plan, it may be added, would be nearly self-supporting. It is thought by some that this could do no harm, but on the contrary great good, and what they would like to say is: Let us have justice for the poor men whose severe and often dangerous labours build up so many fortunes of men in mercantile life, who may yet perhaps be induced to do the poor fellows this service. Lord Dufferin, when amongst us, expressed his approval, and the Hon. Peter Mitchell, who created the Department of Marine for Canada, gave his cordial approbation of the scheme by letter to the writer of this paragraph."

Since the above was written I am informed on the best authority that a special effort was made some months since to obtain from the Ottawa Government suitable premises near the water side for the accommodation of the seamen somewhat after the manner shadowed above, and that when the negotiations seemed at the point of success a difficulty of some kind was raised at the capital. The friends of the Quebec City Mission do not yet despair of seeing this urgently needed institution in full operation—to the comfort of the Seamen and their protection from such calamities as the one I commenced by referring to.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the last issue of the *Bystander*, has once more called attention to a great evil, and one that is growing,—the multiplication of universities. His remarks should be taken to heart,

for we are pursuing a course which threatens to hinder the legitimate growth of education. Ontario has already half a dozen universities for its two millions of inhabitants. If all the money spent on the half-dozen could be given toward defraying the expenses of say two, it is quite easy to see how the whole system and all the staff could be improved. And it is quite easy to understand that the degrees would be more valuable, because they would represent a better education—while honorary degrees would be dispensed with a little more dignity and discrimination.

It is much to be regretted that U. S. Politicians will persist in mud-slinging for party purposes. The election just over has been characterized by almost every possible kind of infamy. General Grant started with a mean attack upon the personal honour and courage of General Hancock. Then the old story of the 329 dollars was reshaped to tell against Garfield; and that was followed by the infamous forgery of a letter. But the New York "Boss" Mr. Kelly has outheroed Herod by his attempted moral assassination of a woman. When a man can resort to such diabolical devices and yet maintain his position in society, and be still recognised as a leader of men it is proof that political life has its basis in blackguardism, and society is wanting in the first sense of honour.

Garfield's election will be a disappointment to the English manufacturers. The Democrats were pledged to reduce the tariff which would give the English manufacturers a chance of finding a market for their goods; but the dream is over. The Americans have emphatically declared once more that they maintain faith in the protective system for trade, the efforts of the Cobden Club to teach them better things notwithstanding. This must be very depressing to the members of that club. There is no more intelligent vote given the world over than in the United States, and nowhere is the working man so strongly in the ascendant—but the vote went against even a movement in the direction of Free-trade. The masses of the people are enamoured with protection, and do not seem to think that they suffer much by it.

It is pleasant to hear that Lady Dufferin has completely recovered her health again. When she left Russia report had it that she was somewhat seriously ill; but a visit to her home in Ireland has had a most salutary effect.

There are no longer reasonable grounds for alarm as to the settlement of the Eastern question. It is fully evident now that Mr. Gladstone had a right understanding of the situation from the first, when he advocated stern and sharp coercive measures. They are being applied, and success is assured. Jingoism is dead and buried in England, and Mr. Goschen talks to the Sultan in Constantinople with a stick in his hand. Sullenly enough, but surely the Sultan yields to the just demands of the Powers. A determined demonstration settled the question of the cession of Dulcigno, and only another such demonstration is needed to compel the cession of the Greek frontier. The Sultan is afraid of the stick.

But Mr. Gladstone is hardly likely to settle matters nearer home so easily. Ireland is fairly in revolt. Very many of the leaders of the moderate party have now joined the Land League, and announced themselves ready to follow the seditious leading of Mr. Parnell. It must be confessed that this has complicated matters exceedingly; for the British Cabinet will have to do with men who are calm and dignified, and yet pledged to what practically is an attempt to lay violent hands upon the integrity of the Empire. It would be absurd to discuss the possibility of the movement resulting in success; for a rebellion can only lead to increased misery in Ireland, and if Mr. Parnell's prediction that Irishmen in America would go to the help of their friends at home should prove true, it would only intensify the misery and shame. An integral part of the British Empire Ireland must be; but every part of the Empire must have justice from every other part, and if Ireland has a just claim to legislation, legislation it will have, and that in the interests of right. For England is trying to be just, and will succeed in spite of its aristocracy. EDITOR.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Once more the Republicans have carried the election for President, and this time there can be no ugly questions of wrong counting and bribery. Even the Democrats are astonished to find the tide of public opinion running so strongly against them, but before long they will probably find the true cause of this in their own vacillations and haziness on the tariff question, and the ruinous policy pursued by Mr. Keely in nominating a Roman Catholic for the office of Mayor in New York. Danger to the public schools was a strong rallying cry, and while it welded the Republicans into a compact mass, it drew many Democrats from their accustomed allegiance to their party. This is a very gratifying result, and can only be looked upon with favour by all outsiders. The Republican party during the administration of Mr. Hayes has avoided to a very great degree all scandals; this speaks well for the purity of the administration, and is the more extraordinary on account of the large amount of patronage at its disposal. But the Republicans have yet more victories to win before they can be equal with their political opponents, as the following statement will show—counting only from 1824 :

Year.	CANDIDATE.	PARTY.	Popular vote.	Electoral vote.
1824	Andrew Jackson.....	Democrat.....	152,872	99
1828	Andrew Jackson.....	".....	647,231	178
1832	Andrew Jackson.....	".....	687,502	219
1836	Martin Van Buren.....	".....	761,549	170
1840	Martin Van Buren.....	".....	1,128,702	48
1844	James K. Polk.....	Whig.....	1,337,243	170
1848	Zachary Taylor.....	Democrat.....	1,360,101	163
1852	Franklin Pierce.....	".....	1,601,474	254
1856	James Buchanan.....	Republican.....	1,838,169	174
1860	Abraham Lincoln.....	".....	1,866,352	180
1864	Abraham Lincoln.....	".....	2,216,067	212
1868	U. S. Grant.....	".....	3,015,071	214
1872	U. S. Grant.....	".....	3,597,070	286
1876	R. B. Hayes.....	".....	4,033,950	185
1880	James A. Garfield.....	".....	*.....	216

PRESIDENTIAL VOTE, 1876 AND 1880.

STATES.	No. of Electors.	1876.		1880.	
		Hayes.	Tilden.	Garfield.	Hancock.
Alabama.....	10	...	10	...	10
Arkansas.....	6	...	6	...	6
California.....	6	6	6
Colorado.....	3	3	...	3	...
Connecticut.....	6	...	6	6	...
Delaware.....	3	...	3	...	3
Florida.....	4	4	4
Georgia.....	11	...	11	...	11
Illinois.....	21	21	...	21	...
Indiana.....	15	...	15	15	...
Iowa.....	11	11	...	11	...
Kansas.....	5	5	...	5	...
Kentucky.....	12	...	12	...	12
Louisiana.....	8	8	8
Maine.....	7	7	...	7	...
Maryland.....	8	...	8	...	8
Massachusetts.....	13	15	...	13	...
Michigan.....	11	11	...	11	...
Minnesota.....	5	5	...	5	...
Mississippi.....	8	...	8	...	8
Missouri.....	15	...	15	...	15
Nebraska.....	3	3	...	3	...
Nevada.....	3	3	...	3	...
New Hampshire.....	5	5	...	5	...
New Jersey.....	9	...	9	...	9
New York.....	35	...	35	35	...
North Carolina.....	10	...	10	...	10
Ohio.....	22	22	...	22	...
Oregon.....	3	3	...	3	...
Pennsylvania.....	29	29	...	29	...
Rhode Island.....	4	4	...	4	...
South Carolina.....	7	7	...	7	...
Tennessee.....	12	...	12	...	12
Texas.....	8	...	8	...	8
Vermont.....	5	5	...	5	...
Virginia.....	11	...	11	...	11
West Virginia.....	5	...	5	...	5
Wisconsin.....	10	...	10	...	10
Total.....	369	185	184	216	153

* Returns of the popular vote will not be known for some time.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

CONCERNING SENSATIONAL REPORTS AND THE DUTY OF THE PRESS IN RELATION THERETO.

In no part of the world does the actual producer take such pains to keep informed of the causes likely to influence prices as do the food producers of the United States and Canada.

It becomes therefore the clear duty of the responsible press to exercise the most careful supervision over reports of every description that would affect values—to discriminate between those emanating from responsible parties and unauthenticated rumours—and even in presenting unquestioned facts, to qualify and explain them by information which is not at the command of the average reader. That such care is not exercised is a melancholy fact of which many have had within the past 15 months bitter and convincing proof. We purpose noticing some of the very latest information supplied to the farmers and dealers in the Western States.

The following is an extract from the market report of the *Toledo Produce Exchange*, and dated 21st inst., and signed by the Secretary of that institution. It will be read by the whole farming community from Ohio to the Missouri and will exercise considerable influence on the minds of thousands directly interested in the price of grain:—

"A Chicago newspaper of October 20th says: 'A prominent miller in Minneapolis was in this city Monday. He states that the mills of that city will grind 16,000,000 to 18,000,000 bush of wheat during the cereal year, and Minnesota mills outside of that city will grind as much more. As this is not far from equal to the product of the State, after deducting seed, there should be little wheat left to Chicago or Milwaukee. It seems, however, that the millers there are drawing upon Dakota for good wheat and leaving the poorer sorts of Minnesota growth to find a market elsewhere. The mills of Minnesota and those of St. Louis are running to their utmost capacity to fill export orders for flour. Those orders are now sent direct from Europe, many of them, because enough has not been on sale in Chicago, and the mills are stated to be generally some weeks behind on orders.' As the spring wheat portion of our country becomes older, and capital is more abundant, more wheat will be manufactured at home, and less will be sent to the lake markets. But whether we send 30,000,000 bush. of Minnesota wheat abroad, or its equivalent in flour, it supplies 'a felt want' all the same.

Yours respectfully,
Denison B. Smith, Sec'y."

Every sensible man will agree with the worthy Secretary that it matters little to the European consumer of the loaf whether the material crosses the sea as flour or wheat, but it must materially influence the immediate future of prices if the Minnesota mills have contracts for flour which will absorb a bulk of wheat equal to nearly the whole product of the State, and some analysis of these enormous figures was surely desirable.

What the anonymous prominent miller of Minneapolis states is just this—that his single State will grind 36 millions of bushels of wheat, thereby producing 8,307,670 barrels of flour. He may be right, but in the absence of proof, the statement is to us simply incredible.

	Barrels.
Total exports of flour from all the United States Ports to all foreign countries from 1st September, 1878, to 31st August, 1879.....	5,669,485
From 1st September, 1879, to 31st August, 1880.....	5,666,360
Receipts of flour at seven Atlantic Seaboard Ports, 1879.....	11,124,735
" " at eight principal Western Lake and River Ports, 1879.....	7,943,690

This great production of flour by a single State is nearly 50 per cent. more than the total imports of flour in 1879 into England from all parts of the world, and more than double the whole English imports of flour from the United States during that year. It must further be something quite new to American millers to be so overwhelmed with direct orders from Europe that they are several weeks behind time.

When Mr. H. Kains-Jackson wrote in the *Fortnightly Review* in Dornbusch, of 26th July, as follows:—

"Preparations for harvest hint also that the merchant-mind should prepare itself to relinquish some of the positions it has taken up during the recent deficient years. Different tactics have to be employed in different seasons. Europe has had so long to deal with harvest deficits that it has got into the habit of borrowing from America to an extent that should now be reconsidered. The plan has been to get all we could across the Atlantic, merely to fill up the void of our own hunger; the task may be to blockade the American grain fleet. Who knows when the change will come, and New York speculators consign cargoes for sale in England and France, instead of simply selling supplies outright to Europe. This alternative deserves consideration, particularly as what the American wheat merchant has not hitherto done, the American miller has done, by consigning flour in so inconsiderable quantities to the British market."

He must have been under the impression that more flour was consigned for sale than sold on orders, and English buyers are too conservative to abandon a successful policy on impulse. Such information, reported by the *Agence Havas*, with the embellishment of its favourite adjectives, "colossal," "stupendous," "unprecedented," may fluster the mercurial Frenchman, and discussed in bucket shops throughout this country will produce a tremor among Chicago shorts, but our daily Beerbohm evidences that the Englishman requires some more solid reason for an advance than sensational reports.

Our exchanges are filled at present with sensational reports of impending

famine in Russia, variously credited to Dornbusch and the Paris *Bulletin des Halles*, but as not only the figures but the expression are identical, one of these authorities have copied from the other, or both have copied from some third party.

(To be continued.)

In New York recently an action has been entered against the "Mutual Stock Operating Company" which has been one of the most peculiar means ever devised for defrauding any who were simple enough to transact business with them. This company put forth the remarkable claim that they "possessed a mathematical key by which they were warned in time of the impending rise and decline of such and such stocks, in the same manner as with respect to the weather, people are warned by the United States Signal Service." That many have been gulled is evident from the fact that this "Company" have received in payment for shares the large sum of \$228,000. This, instead of having been called a "Company" should have been named a "bucket-shop." There are many of these in existence and their advertisements are to be seen daily: any one sending money to them will soon be advised of a "magnetic decline" and will be well "warned" by the loss of his money. It is gambling of the very worst kind, all the chances being in favour of the proprietors, and should means be devised for their abolition, many would be saved from ruin and perhaps from crime.

We hear a great deal of the growing superiority of American tools, and they are coming to England in large quantities; but the following will show that Sheffield still holds her own in the estimation of Americans. The reports of Sheffield wares to America in the quarter ending March, 1879, were £105,000, compared with £232,000 for the same quarter of this year; and £140,000 for the quarter ending June, 1879, as compared with £290,000 for the same quarter this year.

A new signal for communication between the guard and engine-driver, to take the place of the bell rope, is being tested on the Pennsylvania railroad. It is connected with the automatic air brakes. A light cord runs along the side of each car, a slight pull on which works an air whistle on the engine, while a slight escape of air in the car attachment assures the guard that his signal has been heard, thus avoiding the necessity of the engine-driver responding with the steam whistle. It also saves the trouble of connecting and disconnecting the bell rope in shifting cars, the connection with one car to another being made through the hose couplings of the air brakes. It is in operation on the Harrisburg rolling stock, and seems to work satisfactorily.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Nov. 2, 1880.	Price per \$100 Nov. 2, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last dividend on present price.
Montreal	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$157 1/2	\$143 1/2	4	5.07
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	97	71 3/4	3	6.19
Molson	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	101 1/2	76	3 1/2	5.91
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	136	118	3 1/2	5.15
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	..	59	2 1/2	..
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	112	89	3	5.36
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	110	..	3 1/2	6.26
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,300,000	425,000	99	..	3	6.06
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	135 1/2	117	4	5.89
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	..	63
MISCELLANEOUS								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	134 1/2	92	4	5.96
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	..	59 1/2	38 1/2
Toronto & Nipissing	50	..	600,000	163,000	116	80	16	5.17
City Passenger Railway
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	149 1/2	126	5	6.70

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund. ‡Per annum.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.				1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.	
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express.	Freight and L. Stock.	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk	Week	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$	18 w'ks	\$	\$
Oct. 22	71,668	178,031	252,639	220,978	27,661	633,604
Nov. 19	49,655	82,707	123,362	113,789	9,573	274,826
Dec. 16	7,294	27,067	34,361	27,596	6,765	64,983
Jan. 13	1,408	3,550	4,958	5,069	..	111	16	5,110
Feb. 10	3,390	7,081	10,471	10,146	325	..	16	30,221
Mar. 7	1,512	1,368	2,880	3,317	..	437	17	..	2,813	..
Apr. 4	638	1,922	2,560	2,475	145	..	15	4,677
May 1	2,996	6,748	9,744	8,157	1,587	..	16	35,963
Jun. 29	2,455	4,253	7,768	7,601	167	..	16	674
Jul. 27	7,133	6,727	13,860	5,769	8,091	..	14	136,784
Aug. 24
Sept 30	73,440	75,153	148,593	125,597	22,996	..	3 m'nth	93,017

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The Riviere du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for 18 weeks is \$661,804.
 †NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. Ry.—Eastern Division receipts not included in returns for 1879.

ONE OF OUR CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

(A HISTORICAL SKETCH.)

The interesting and enthusiastic proceedings connected with the recent opening of Queen's University, Kingston, call for the interest and sympathy of all who can appreciate the importance of institutions of learning which have grown with the growth of a country, and which represent the public spirit and patriotism of the past as well as the present.

Queen's University is one of our pioneer universities, and no other, perhaps, has had so chequered a course or encountered so many difficulties so nobly overcome. It was founded in 1841 by a few ministers and laymen of the then Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, who were actuated by the desire at once to promote the cause of higher education in Canada, and to provide for the adequate training of a native ministry,—a necessity to the growing colonial church. General facilities for university education at that time there were none. The only college in Upper Canada (King's College, Toronto) was then monopolised by the Church of England, and only her adherents could gain admission to its class-rooms. Queen's University, though founded by the Presbyterian Church, was to be more liberal in its scope, and to be open to students of all creeds; even Roman Catholics taking advantage of it at an early period, and thus testifying to the unsectarian character of its teaching. An enthusiastic public meeting held in old St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, (a city then of much greater relative magnitude in Canada than it is now,) encouraged the projectors of the new college to go on, and after some delay a Royal Charter was secured, with the Queen's consent that the infant university should bear her royal title. But its beginnings were small and encompassed with many difficulties. Kingston being then the seat of Government was crowded to its utmost capacity, and it was by no means so easy to secure a "local habitation" as a "name." It was finally provided with an abode in a very plain two-story frame building, which still exists for the benefit of antiquarians. A Principal was sent out from Scotland, the Rev. Dr. Liddell, a man of high culture and ability, while a no less able and accomplished Professor of Classical Literature was found in the Canadian Ministry, in the late Principal Campbell, of Aberdeen. So far good. The teaching staff, so far as it went, was unexceptionable. But what of the students? At that time the lamentable state of grammar-school education in the colony was brought to light by the fact, that of the young men who came as intending students, only two were fit to matriculate. The learned Professor, who was afterwards Classical Professor at a Scottish university, was fain to turn to grammar-school teaching for a time in order to prepare students for his own class-room. Then, just as the college was fairly under weigh, occurred the disruption in the Canadian Presbyterian Church, following in the wake of that in Scotland, taking away from the young University some of its early friends and supporters, and so discouraging its Principal and Classical Professor that they ere long took refuge in Scottish charges. The present veteran Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy (Dr. Williamson) had, however, been appointed some time previous, and remained, as he still does, the sole representative of its original staff. The Principal's chair was then filled for several years by the late Rev. Dr. Maclear, long pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, who repeatedly threw himself into the breach in the extremity of the university; and the late Professor Romanes, in no degree inferior to his predecessor in learning and ability, took the Chair of Classical Literature. The college at that time made as rapid advances as it has done at any time during its history, and in two or three years its number of students ran rapidly up to forty, and beyond. It made several removes also, finally securing a more worthy and permanent lodgment in a rather imposing pile of buildings on a commanding site, which had been built by the then Archdeacon Stuart, a man well known in the early history of Kingston. A permanent Principal was brought out from Scotland, succeeding Dr. Cook, who had acted for two or three years after Dr. Maclear gave up the reins of office; and the college was deemed most fortunate in its new head, Dr. Leitch, a man of exceptional gifts, and a much-valued friend of Dr. Norman Macleod. Some internal dissensions arose, however, and Dr. Leitch, after some harassing years of office, fell a victim to heart disease, accelerated, no doubt, by anxiety and worry. Principal Snodgrass then succeeded to the management of affairs, and it required all his skill and determination to weather the financial storm which the university next encountered. The Commercial Bank went down, and with it the greater part of the endowment with which the public-spirited Presbyterian population had provided Queen's University. Another blow followed in the withdrawal of the Government grant, on the ground of its being a "sectarian" university; and then even those who were by no means faint-hearted usually, concluded that the college *must* go down. But the university had struck its roots deeper than they knew, and another public meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, reflected the enthusiasm and public spirit of the citizens, and brought out the loyal devotion of its graduates to a most unlooked-for degree. One eloquent voice, at once that of a graduate and a professor, spoke with such force and enthusiasm for the life of his *Alma Mater*, that, by common consent, it was regarded as the voice best fitted to

rouse the friends of Queen's University throughout the country to meet such a crisis in its history. Professor Mackerras, whose name is now counted by the university as one of the most sacred among the honoured dead, nobly fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, the expectations of those who heard his eloquent speech on that occasion. With a self-sacrificing devotion which proved too much for his physical strength, Professor Mackerras canvassed the country far and wide, and by his stirring appeals procured subscriptions to the extent of the lost endowment, but at the cost of his own shortened life.

Although the University was now out of danger, so far as its continued existence was concerned, it was by no means placed above the anxiety and the disadvantage of straitened circumstances. This was so clearly seen by Principal Grant when he accepted the guidance of the institution, that, at the first convocation after his installation, he gave a very explicit statement of the still existing needs of the college, of the absolute necessity of a larger endowment and a more suitable building, in order to enable it to keep abreast with the needs of the times and the country. He declared his intention of at once proceeding to appeal to the country for the needful funds, and commenced operations with a third public meeting in Kingston, quite as enthusiastic and successful as had been the notable two to which reference has been made. The citizens of Kingston responded nobly to his eloquent appeal, and subscribed the sum necessary for the erection of the noble building which has sprung up, as if by magic, close to the site of its former abode. It is in the Norman-Gothic style, with a central tower commanding a magnificent view over the lake, river, and surrounding country, and contains a fine Convocation Hall, Library, Museum, and Class-rooms for the various studies,—all fitted up in the most approved and convenient style.

By means of Principal Grant's eloquent voice and unwearied labours in canvassing the country, the desired endowment fund has been raised, sufficient to ensure the continued life and usefulness of the college, while a still greater increase is hoped for in time to relieve it from the cramping limitations to which a straitened exchequer subjects a university. Besides liberal subscriptions from the many, there have also been some munificent donations from the few, and in time it may be expected that still larger gifts will find their way into its treasury. They certainly will, if the moneyed men of Canada follow the example set them by the rich men of the neighbouring Republic. Besides the sums donated for more general purposes, Queen's University has a most creditable array of scholarships, bursaries, and gold medals for the competition of ambitious or needy students, so that it now possesses all the attractions which should make it a favourite resort of Canadian youths. Its teaching staff, an important consideration, is an excellent one, several of its Professors being men of more than average ability and learning in their special departments. Of its Principal it may truly be said that his praise is in all the churches, while, as one of our foremost literary men, his name is known at home and abroad. It will be strange indeed if this university, with its noble past and prosperous present, does not have an honourable and useful future.

It is no wonder, then, that the friends of the university should have made the opening of the new building the occasion of a jubilee, lasting several days. There were the dedicatory religious services, as befitted a *Christian* University, preceding the formal gift of the building on behalf of the city, at which the citizens, their wives and daughters were largely represented, as was Canada by some of its public men, notably the Hon. Edward Blake and M. Joly. Next day there were the formal installation of the newly elected Chancellor, Mr. Sandford Fleming, and his inaugural address, together with the conferring of honorary degrees and announcement of new gold medals, one from the Governor-General, in commemoration of his visit and that of the Princess, when the foundation-stones were laid. An evening *Conversazione*, given by the Chancellor, followed, and was largely attended, proving a most successful entertainment, and having among its attractions an eloquent address from Mr. Goldwin Smith. A day of tree-planting by graduates and others was next in order, the proceedings being wound up by three Sunday services in Convocation Hall by representatives of three different religious bodies, and bearing out the position taken by the Principal, that while he did not believe in a *sectarian* university he *did* believe in a *Christian* one, being convinced that all education and culture should lead up to Christian thought. Those who believe this, and those who can appreciate the incalculable benefit to a country of having its universities interwoven with the very roots of its being, growing with its growth and feeding on, as well as nourishing, its heart and life, will cordially rejoice in the well-earned success of Queen's University.

Fidelis.

HIGH SCHOOL APPOINTMENTS.

In the CANADIAN SPECTATOR of the 16th ultimo, there appeared an article having reference to protection in educational matters, and the inference was drawn that I favoured the application of the principles of the National Policy in that connection. I must explain, however, that I am far from advocating such a course, believing it to be absurd and

unnecessary. My remarks on that head were intended as a sort of "feeler," and I am glad to find that hitherto the expression of opinion has been altogether unfavourable to educational protection. In this matter no one will dispute that the very best men should be appointed irrespective of their nationalities or their *alma matres*. But on the other hand, I hope that very few will deny that other qualifications being equal, the preference should be given to a Canadian graduate. Again, I trust that very few will be found to encourage that against which it was the main object of my former article to protest, viz.: The selection of men from a particular university on account of a feeling akin to class exclusiveness; that feeling, as I have remarked, which leads some to ask of an individual if he has been at Eton or Oxford. Now, the exact extent to which this feeling pervades in Canada I cannot, of course, precisely state, but I aver that there is strong presumptive proof of its existence in the cases of many recent appointments in both Provinces, more particularly, perhaps, in Ontario. Many of the individual members of college and school boards are alumni of English universities, and there is a natural tendency to favour graduates from these. This feeling, I claim, should be guarded against. Reserved seats in the colonies are not for the special use of our English cousins. Canadians have a right to expect that when they deserve them, they shall really obtain the honours of their own country.

The main object of this writing, however, is to notice a letter which appeared in the last issue in reply to my former article, finding fault with some illustrations of my argument, bearing upon the High School. This letter is written by Dr. Stevenson, the Chairman of the Board of Commissioners. I am sorry to have awakened the opposition of so good a man as Dr. Stevenson is known to be, and I admire, as all must, the generous feeling which leads him to take up arms in defence of the Oxford nominees, and to denounce their anonymous detractor. But where are the Oxford nominees, and why do they not speak for themselves?

The letter which is my excuse for writing again, also says that "the other though no longer in the employ of the Board has left us without the smallest stain on his high personal character, and with our unabated admiration for his many and great accomplishments." Does not the writer of these words perceive that this is mere evasion? Is it not patent to every one that a man may have the highest personal character as well as multitudinous talents and yet be unfit to teach? Now, as the Editor of this journal remarked, there were two questions before us, whether any preference had been given to the older universities, and whether the men have failed? As regards the first I am bound to accept the dictum of the Chairman of the Board when he says that the claims of applicants for the vacant position were examined with "deliberate and painstaking care." The deliberations of the Board are private; the press publish no account of proceedings so that I cannot judge. But as regards the second question the case is different. Every teacher in our schools has a certain reputation, his ability as a teacher is known, as are his faults and merits; so that very little enquiry can establish whether or not a man has failed comparatively or absolutely. I am at present concerned only with comparative failure. Now, although it may seem strange to do so in the face of the denial of the Chairman of the Board, I most unhesitatingly answer this second question in affirmative. Judged by the standard set up for their fellow teachers and judged by the standard by which all good teachers should be regarded I assert they have failed. Now how shall I show this? I have the testimony of those who were competent judges that although the qualifications as regards scholarship and knowledge of the subjects taught were excellent, yet in the great matter of discipline and in the *impacting* of knowledge the failure was complete.

Suppose that I have been informed by a master in one of the Leipsic Gymnasias that he had frequently to enter the room of a fellow-teacher in order to request that better order be maintained. Suppose that the parents of Oswald, of Heinrich, and of Ludwig, pupils in said gymnasium, stated to me that their boys, Oswald, Heinrich and Ludwig, could do their pleasure by indulging in various kinds of juvenile frolics, notwithstanding the presence of one of their masters, a famous graduate of Heidelberg. Suppose that Oswald, Heinrich and Ludwig themselves confessed the fact, and that without blushing. Suppose that all these circumstances occur, with slight variation, in the case of another preceptor—another famous light from Heidelberg—suppose, I say, that all this be true, what then? Why, you must again suppose—that I have spoken truth.

If my authority for these statements were not the very best that could be had, I should be guilty of great wrong in stating them in this manner. As it is, I have been forced to give them this prominence, by the direct contradictions contained in Rev. Mr. Stevenson's letter. If the Rev. Mr. Stevenson does not know these are facts, then he ought to; the fact of his ignorance is only another proof that very often men who have nominal control of important public matters are kept in the dark respecting the real nature of affairs, either owing to neglect on the part of their subordinates or indisposition to learn the truth and take the necessary trouble on the part of themselves.

Nihil Verius.

REFORM IN WOMEN'S DRESS.

We are too different from the French to adapt with any success the style which best suits them. The English character and mind being as compared with the French, simple, vague, and slow; imaginative rather than fanciful; constant and stable in feeling rather than quickly sympathetic; proud rather than vain; and though proud are apt to surrender our national taste not because the taste we adopt is superior, but because the weak side of our simplicity is deluded into believing theoretically in the taste which thinks so much of itself. That we are not discriminating in the manner in which we follow French fashions is shown by the fact that we do not copy what is really admirable in their work, and that we exaggerate almost to distortion the most fantastic inventions in French dress. Many a Paris milliner will keep an *outré* form of the fashions for her English and American customers, and we in England often imitate the frills and furbelows of French trimmings, but we do not make a point of imitating the neatness and perfection of the work, nor are we clever in fitting the wearing of the garment appropriately to the occasion, so that often we see an idea which starts from the Paris milliner in the form of an elaborate and artful piece of needle-work, swept about dirty London streets in a slovenly, untidy form. In desiring a reform in dress we do not mean that individual taste should not be most fully exercised for the good reason that, as those houses are the most interesting which suggest the character and occupations of their inhabitants, so also the dress which in a measure translates the individuality of its wearer must always have the most charm for those who care for the individual. In all matters surely the worst reason for doing anything is because everybody else does it. But still in dress as in all other matters for individual liberty of taste to work successfully such liberty must be based on intelligent laws. At present these laws are those of a fashion which we contend is anything but intelligent and which leads many English woman to adopt a style of costume that misrepresents the nicest part of their character, and which sits but ill on any but the fast cosmopolitan set who sacrifice distinction and all character in appearance, it would seem, to the desire of looking to belong to no country in particular. It would be well were our Dress in harmony with such national culture, as accentuates the better side of our English character—the modesty, dignity, and imagination which we English at our best possess. Surely human beings, being the most interesting elements in life, ought to study the art of dress, which affects their appearance so materially, sufficiently to keep pace with the taste of their houses and furniture, if any good results attend beauty in external matters at all. We cannot here enter into the minutiae of any scheme for re-dressing the English public; we can only suggest that such a re-dressing is advisable which would put an end to the unhealthy, distorting, and ugly forms which are, through all changes of fashion, steadily adhered to, and that the good side of our English characteristics should be woven into such a re-dressing. For instance, could not garments be invented at once convenient, modest, and beautiful, which should give an arrangement of folds (folds being in themselves lovely as means of giving varied light and shade, and graceful intricacies of line), instead of the light, foldless dress, expanded and stretched over the form, falsified by a depraved idea of the human figure which is much less modest than nature left to herself without any garments at all would be.

It would simplify the difficulties much, were it possible to gratify the love of change by varying the ornamentation, and not the form of the garments. Perhaps there is no line in which ornamentation could be carried out with more variety and beauty, and in so doing more scope would be given for our imagination, and with (what is of so much importance) more interest to the worker, than the art of embroidery by hand. How much more wholesome for mind, and therefore for body, would be such an employment as embroidering, carrying out beautiful designs in lovely-coloured silks and crewels on the stuffs which are now neither rare nor expensive, but yet beautiful, compared to the occupation of the many milliner's girls who sit hour after hour, day after day, week after week, working the sewing-machine, in order to produce thousands and thousands of yards of monotonous frills and furbelows, made to be worn out as quickly, and in the process to collect as much dust as possible, the highest aim of such manufacture being to produce the effect of smartness and elaboration? Were the workwomen employed the same number of hours in embroidering beautiful designs, in delightful colours and delicate tones, we should not only have much of the world dressed in really beautiful garments, which would, moreover, remain beautiful as long as the threads held together, but we should have found a means of encouraging good design and a field of industry for the many art students who fail to support themselves as artists, but might, by making appropriate designs for embroidering dresses, do Art a better turn than by producing sixth-rate pictures. We have never adopted generally a French fashion of dress for our English children, feeling instinctively that the grace of childhood is too imperative in its simplicity for us to shackle it with the artificialities of French inventions, however daintily carried out. To the ordinary English mind, a French child dressed in the fashion is a comical little object. It has, to our minds, also something of the pathos of a young foal put cruelly early into harness. But it is when our young girls are growing up, developing from children into women, that fashion necessitates their being put into harness, it is

then the operation of "fining down" the figure by stays begins; that the free action and natural balance are restricted and destroyed; that, instead of giving every function a chance of free development, the incessant, gradual pressure is used of whale-bone and steel where Nature has not even allowed the hardness of any bony structure to press. Of course, Nature's form can only be materially altered where there are no bones to resist, but the want of sense shown in the desire to alter her form cannot be too urgently denounced. Happily, *Punch* has lately taken up the case of beauty and good-taste in this matter, in a most practical and convincing form; and in Mr. Du Maurier's and Mr. Sambourne's inimitable drawings we have the absurdities of fashion saliently shown, though hardly caricatured; and find hints at improvements in dress perfectly moderate in taste and artistic in treatment.—*Spectator*.

UNITARIANISM.*

At the American Unitarian Conference, held in Saratoga, the Conference sermon was preached by the Rev. P. W. Clayden, and is worthy of attention and study. He thus describes the Unitarians whom he is addressing, flatly contradicting the pre-conceived ideas of many "orthodox" people:—

"You are animated by the missionary rather than the speculative or critical spirit,—that you are not mere creedless seekers of an unknown truth, but teachers and witnesses of a word of life you have seen and felt and handled,—and that you do not ask to-day for novelties of thought or of expression, but for sympathy, encouragement, and stimulus in doing your duty to the truths you know."

The italics are mine, and the italicised statement is, perhaps more than any other, a direct challenge to outsiders. Unitarians are usually thought to hold no creeds; this is a mistake. Unitarians, in common with all Christians, have creeds; but Unitarians are allowed, in the fullest sense and to the utmost extent, the liberty of private judgment. Unitarians do not bind themselves to "iron-clad" or "damnation" creeds, and they hold that the same tests that are applied in criticising profane history must be applied in criticising sacred history, and that if the latter cannot stand these tests, it must necessarily be classed under the category of profane history. (In Mosheim's works will be found some curious instances of this, which completely upset the demands of certain creeds and churches; that is, if Mosheim would apply the same tests of criticism in both instances. One creed has been altered several times and *very materially*, so that infallibility is in some cases fallibility, and orthodoxy becomes heterodoxy; "my doxy is orthodoxy, another man's doxy is heterodoxy," is in many cases the only meaning to be given to these terms.)

As to the place which Unitarianism occupies in the life of the age; as to the spirit of the movement; as to the "function it is called upon to discharge in the religious unsettlement and re-settlement which are going on in the world around us,"—it stands in a grand and noble position, forming a view of intellectual beauty, endeavouring in pure and rational simplicity to raise the curtain which shields in many cases the Deity from our view—it stands with its feet on the rocks of Time and History, "its uplifted face looking toward the Dawn of Future Day," and claiming with joy to exercise God's beauteous gift to man—Reason—to the fullest extent. For Unitarians the Day is beautifully dawning; other churches have had their rising, and are now watching the falling hands on the dial; their beliefs are being disproved, and to this state of feeling Keble's despondent hymn may be applied:

"Is this a time to plant and build,
Add house to house and field to field,
When round our walls the battle lowers,
When mines are hid beneath our towers,
And watchful foes are stealing round
To search and spoil the holy ground?"

"No, rather steel thy melting heart
To act the martyr's sternest part,
To watch with firm, unshrinking eye
The darling visions as they die,
Till all bright hopes and hues of day
Have faded into twilight gray!"

Religious systems perform their work and last their day and their year—they are born, they pass into manhood and pass away into higher forms. The Mosaic code has had its influence; what does it exert now upon life in this world? Many laugh at it indeed, while but few believe in it; and on good authority it is stated never to have been written by Moses at all—as it records his own death. Whether it be true or not, its influence as a religious power has passed away. So with Roman Catholic Christianity; so with the Calvinism of the Puritans. But on the other hand, nothing that was pure and holy and vital in the Prophets has passed away. Their teachings of justice, of charity, of Divine peace and rest, are cleared and brightened for us by the Saviour, and form the burden of our religious discourses in these times. Of this spirit the Rev. W. P. Clayden beautifully says:

"In just the same way, the spirit and life of Roman Catholic piety have been reproduced in Protestantism. We can appreciate the heroic devotion of a St. Francis, while we criticise the exaggerations by which it passed over into fanaticism. And, in our own Channing, we seem to see the devotion of Fénelon and Pascal in its modern dress, while Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ" is the most inspired book of devotion which has been written since prophetic times. The Reformation was not the destruction of Catholic piety; it was only the fulfilment which made the same trust, the same devotion, and the same zeal possible to other men in other times. The doctrines of our Puritan forefathers have undergone the same development. The old stern Calvinism has passed. The town in New England where the witches were burned has now more Unitarians in proportion to its population than

any other in the world. Yet there is not a virtue for which our Puritan ancestors were renowned, which we do not seek to share. And we pray, as Solomon did, and as Boston does in its motto. "May God be the same to us as He was to our fathers." As I heard this prayer repeated in Boston's late celebration, I could not help thinking how appropriate it is as a motto of our Unitarian faith. New times have brought new thoughts: our intellectual views on all subjects have changed; but those views are only the new form in which we realize the ancient truth, and through which God becomes the same to us as he was to our fathers. It is theology which changes. Religion is the same yesterday and to-day and forever. It is our little systems which have their day; but the religious feeling which relates us to God is as eternal as its object. As it is with the life of Nature and the life of man, so it is with the life of religion. Embodiments change and die, but the life which they embodied puts on other and higher forms: the body passes to its parent dust, but the life, the intelligence, the individual soul, soars away to other destinies in another world. Our Christianity was the new form in which the spirit of the law and the prophets enshrined itself. Our Unitarianism is Calvinism which has died and been raised again, the faith of our Puritan ancestors in its resurrection body. It should do for us what their religion did for them, and something more. It should inspire the same trust, the same dependence, the same unswerving rectitude, the same certainty of help in God, with more joyful views of life and of the world. It should breathe into us the same faith for ourselves and better hopes for others. It should make God the same to us as he was to them."

These are noble words, and must commend themselves to every mind; human nature, with all its powers of reason, cries out for religious light, and theological systems may be called stepping-stones, or in a few cases, halting places of religious progress. All truly religious people must work to build up their Church, and believing as I do in the Unitarian Church, yet I cannot withhold my admiration and respect for the man who truly and fully imbued with the spirit of religion, endeavours to advance another. It is necessary for every one, no matter to what church he belongs, to so live as to make his "light so shine before men that they may see his good works." By these will the cause of religion be advanced; by these will faith in the living God be kept alive in this world, and through these will the holy flame of immortality shed its lustre. A person whose religion consists merely of denials and who does not care much to have a religion of his own, is one of the worst stumbling-blocks in the way of religious progress. "A liberalism which destroys the very desire for worship, commits suicide in doing so, and by thus ending the career of inquiry becomes an irresistible argument against entering upon it."

In conclusion, I would say that Unitarians, as a body, believe in the harmony of science and religion, in the grand reconciliation of reason and religion, in the fullest exercise of the human intellect, in the union of the best thought of the present day with all the best hope and faith of ages gone by; and above all, they believe in the transcendental beauty and majestic glory of the Divine One ruling the infinity of worlds, One who is alone indivisible, absolute, not Three in One, nor yet One in Three—but ONE GOD; and that Jesus was His Son.

Sappho.

[* I have allowed the views of "Sappho" to thus appear as an article, but I do not endorse the Unitarian sentiment of it. Nor is there anything particular in it to answer.—ED.]

DOES IT MATTER TO WHAT CHURCH YOU BELONG?

A Discourse delivered in Zion Church, Montreal, by the Rev. A. J. Bray.

For two consecutive Sunday evenings I have been speaking to you on the question: "Does it matter what a man believes?" and to-night I am to speak to the further question: "Does it matter to what church you belong?" The answer generally is: "Not very much, if anything at all." The idea prevails very extensively that the churches are so much alike, so near to each other in doctrine and organization, that it is a matter of little or no consequence whether you attend this or that, or the other. And this is supposed to be taking a broad and comprehensive and loftily charitable view of the subject. It is generally the close of an argument, sometimes the end of an excuse for not entering upon an argument as to the merits or otherwise of any particular teaching and form of religious life. But it will be quite easy to show you that the answer contains a very popular, but very evident fallacy; it is not true in hardly a single case, nor in a single particular. Just analyze the matter a little and you will see it. People go to church—speaking of the church as a whole, and of no particular church—in a general way from the vaguest possible motive. It is in harmony with their surroundings—it is the custom of the community—it is a habit, early contracted and since maintained. Circumstances, conditions, tradition, everything without them, in fact, seem to say "you must go to church on the Sabbath day." But that only indicates the state of church-going society in general; when you leave that and deal with individuals and separate churches you must search for other motives and more defined. And you will find them readily. There may be some people who attend church services from the vague idea and undefined impression that they ought in some way to be identified with the religious belief of the community to which they belong; but you will find only a few of such people. The great mass of them have clear and, to themselves, well defined notions as to why they attach themselves to a certain church, give a nominal assent, at least to the service, and uphold the organization by the paying of pew rent, little or much.

Let us search for these motives and criticise them in turn. But let me

enter an early disclaimer against any hasty denial of the truth of what I shall say. I shall cite what may appear to some of you extreme, if not imaginary cases; but I shall speak from actual knowledge of society, church-going society, and shall give cases, and speak of classes—not of the time of the Apostles, nor of the Middle Ages—those dark times when altar sacrifice represented ignorance and superstition, and the priest was often the minister of vice—nor even of the later times when the Church was the great conservator of some rights and many wrongs—when the priest sold his garment and bought a sword, and then fought for possession of the garment again, and for some other things to make life easy and happy—but of these present times in which we live—of people whom we know—of a state of things with which every one is more or less familiar—perhaps of your very selves sometimes, and your modes of thinking and living.

There are people who go to church, then, for the sake of *social connection*. First of all they are moved by that vague idea I spoke of of just now, which was born of custom, that they must go somewhere—but when the question has to be decided *which* where, discrimination has to be employed before the decisive choice can be made. And then this broad generalising, that it doesn't matter where you go, breaks up and falls to pieces. The desire for the right kind of social connection says it matters a great deal. For churches are graded, just like society. That old and beautiful fiction—so full of the sublimest poetry—that before the altar of the Lord all men are equal—that there are no rich nor poor, no distinctions of masters and servants in God's house, hardly obtains even a distant recognition in these days. Social distinctions are not quite so marked in this new world as they are in the old world across the water. There the squire is quite a different mortal from the tenant farmer, and the tenant farmer is far removed from the mere labourer. You could enter the church and tell the difference at a glance. The squire is quite conscious of his squirarchy, and is sure the clergyman is, and firmly believes that high heaven appreciates the dignity with which it kindly clothed him at his birth. Even in the large centres of population the aristocracy of wealth is far separated from the plebeians of no wealth. I have known lordly manufacturers and wholesale men refuse to shake hands, or in any way recognize even wealthy tradespeople. So there are distinctions in the church, and distinctions between the churches. Some are for the rich, and some are for the middle classes, and some are for the poor. In less degree, but still to palpable extent, it obtains on this continent. The rich and the poor go to church together—only the rich go in carriages. And when a church becomes wealthy it attracts those who are wealthy, and those who desire the company of the wealthy, to its membership. It is the standing argument and last persuasive with some people when inducing their friends to join them in church-going—it is not the ministry, it is not the doctrine, it is not the healthiness of the teaching nor the heartiness of the prayer, but the social connection to be made. The chance of good society is a most mighty incentive—and good society means, not good men and women as to godliness, not influence which shall act as divine inspiration upon the heart making the life blessed and beautiful, but good as to place in the social scale—good as to money, and parties and general social life. Does it matter to what church a man may go? Ask the anxious husband of an ambitious wife; ask the father of grown-up daughters whom he is deeply concerned to settle well in the world; ask the father of sons whom he wants to place well in business; ask the young professional who is hungering for a practice; ask the ladies who are anxious to be among the very best,—and they will tell you as in a chorus that it matters a great deal to what church you may belong. It is a thing to many minds unthinkable that you can attend a poor, that is, unwealthy church on Sunday and be accepted in society where kettle-drums prevail during the week. As the Sabbath is, so is the week-day as a rule. And not only do those desiring good society recognise this rule of life, but society recognises and strives hard to draw all the worthy and keep them within the pale of the sacred inclosure. If you will just look at it from that point of view, you will see that it matters a great deal to what church you may belong.

Then again—and I speak now with some reservation—for I know it does not largely obtain, and I want to make the observation a kind of parenthesis—some go to church for the sake of a *possible business connection*. Remembering how deeply rooted we all are in the soil; how dear to us is the bread we win with hard work and much scheming; how fierce the competition, and how few men can afford to be independent of any and every possible help, we shall not wonder so much at that. The young man I spoke of just now as starting in a professional career must get into society in order to get clients—he must, that is, if he has not original genius and after-culture to force society to come to him—and how can he get there better than by way of the church? A tradesman can hardly afford to trust to the prominence of his sign and the general excellence of his goods, but he himself must make friends to get custom; and a church is a channel well open to him. To be in the same church with large employers of labour ought to be a good thing when a man wants a situation, and has scarcely anything to make a point of—that is, as to ability and character. And although that may not be the case with many, perhaps not with any one here to-night, to those with whom it is a motive it matters a great deal

what church they belong. The man who sells wines would hardly choose a church and congregation of teetotalers. A young lawyer in want of clients would scarcely be so unwise as to attend a church where the people were remarkable for their peaceable demeanour toward each other and all men. A young doctor would know better than unite with people who, if any got ill, would be sent direct to the hospital. A merchant tailor, with an eye to business on Sunday as well as in the week, would find it difficult, if not impossible to commune with men whose coats are bought ready-made and cheap, and whose other articles of wear are made at home. A fashionable shoemaker would not find many customers in a congregation of workingmen. So that where business enters into the idea and motive it matters much to what church you belong. I need not stay here to remark that this is a low, poor and miserable sort of church going, and that it rarely prospers in the thing whereunto they seek—that it demoralises a man's nature, and often imperils that very success which he would have achieved by fair and manly means. But more of that anon.

Some again go to a particular church for the sake of *peace at home*. I speak now of men, more especially, and of men whom you and I know very well. It is a common thing to hear men apologise for their connection with a church, by saying that they only go because the wives and families are attached to the people there, and to attempt to break off the connection would mean trouble. Now, I am intensely in love with the thing we call family peace. I know, no man better, thank God, what it is to turn from the heat and noise of the great jarring, jangling, fighting world to the quiet glad home, where those sacred relations are fostered which never shall perish, and where those true affections which make us glad and noble abide in perpetuity. I know how needful it is that a man subdue and repress himself to preserve that quiet of the home, but I do want to say here, and to say it earnestly, that this connection with a church which is maintained simply for the sake of family peace is an unwise and ruinous thing. It does more harm than good, even in the family. For the insincerity of it becomes apparent to all. When the minister has ventured upon a discussion of scientific matters in relation to religious dogma, and you go home and laugh at all his findings; when he ventures to speak dogmatically of mathematics, and his speech betrays his ignorance of the nature of this exact science; when he takes some ancient reading and insists upon the ancient interpretation, and you sneer at the man and his teachings, what good do you think you effect? I know men who have not one particle of respect for the ministry which they attend. I speak as to teaching, and not as to character; they talk of poor old so and so, who is very good as a man, and a capital visitor, but as to his preaching? well that is so and so also. They say that their ministers are impracticable men as to their theology; that they do not trouble to give any reasoning, and do not deal in the article called "common sense;" that they are prosy, and dreary, and dry, and that it is hard work to drag out the Sunday services under them; but, they don't like to disturb things; don't like to break up old family connections; don't like to inaugurate changes; don't like to disturb the peace in fact, for the wives and the daughters appear to be satisfied and are at home in the old place, and while they do not admire the ministry to the point of enthusiasm, do not complain against it. Now, does it matter whether a man is in that condition or not? I maintain that it matters vastly. Would you take that position with regard to any other thing in life? A milkman has been supplying your house for twenty years—but he begins to water the milk and it gets thinner; do you say, well never mind, he has become an institution now, and it is hardly worth while to change the connection, if we get less milk to the quart, we get water, which is quite harmless! No; I think you would say it is milk we want; and milk you would have, even though wife and family had formed a liking for the old cart and the tin pans. If you have been buying boots for yourself and family from a particular factory, and by and by the hands are changed and the stuff used is inferior, and the work is bad—do you keep up the connection still? No, you want *boots*, and not to support a certain factory. When any of your family is ill, do you send for the old doctor, when you have no faith in his skill or medicine, and call him an old fogey, and wanting in common sense, when the lives of those children are put into his keeping? And yet, there are men who care less for the mind of their families than for their boots; they take less concern about their soul than about their doctor. "It doesn't matter to what church one goes," you say, and smile loftily, or get angry, as the case may be. It does, however. If the preacher does not preach what is common sense to you, he does not preach what is common sense to your family; if it is false science to you, it is false science to them; if his deductions are absurd, they are absurd, and cannot be made anything else; if his dogmas are preposterous, they are no more true for your wives and daughters than for you. I hold it a wrong. I hold it a shame and sin for men to attend a church services and a man's ministry when they have no respect for either, and talk loud disrespect for both. They appear to countenance, and do support a man in teaching what they call nonsense; they put on a respectful demeanour before him in the church, and next day ridicule the sermon. They subscribe to the funds of the church, and openly talk of it as money wasted. To whom does this do good? Certainly to no one, but harm to all concerned. It does harm

to those very children for whom you make the sacrifice. You fill their minds with doubts and negations faster and more effectually than the minister can fill them with answers and affirmations; you teach them to hold those things lightly which they should hold as sacred; you encourage them in playing with their religious sensibilities, and toying with their deepest convictions. Oh, yes, you say, our minister is a good man, very earnest, and means well, but he belongs to the old school, and all his ideas are antiquated; he makes attacks upon the assumptions of modern science, which to us, who know better, are very amusing; he believes and teaches doctrines which thinking men have agreed to discard as impossible and absurd, but what does it matter? it does us no harm, and suits the women and children! And you do not hesitate to say that in the hearing of those women and children for whom you are so superciliously careful. Careful? No, let me change the word to be exact—*careless* rather. Can you care much for them when you purchase a little freedom from friction and trouble now at the cost of much future unhappiness? They will learn to believe you probably, for they give their ears to you more than to any minister now, and they will begin, if they have not already begun, to enquire whether you are right, with a decided bias in your favour; and while they examine that particular minister in the light of your criticism, and all else they can find, they will imagine that they are examining *all* the ministry and every kind of religious teacher. And if it should happen that you are right in your judgment—that the teaching they hear is merely old and not venerable, and not supported by common sense and ascertained facts, they will come to the conclusion that all churches and all teachers, and perhaps all religion are but based on shifting sand, and when the floods and storms of criticism beat upon it, it will fall, and great will be the fall thereof. If I wanted to make my children dislike the Christian Church and Christian doctrines; if I wanted them to become in every way indifferent and altogether atheistic; and if I wanted to banish all religious susceptibilities from my life, and deaden my own mind to all true and just thinking: and if I wanted at the same time to spread this moral blight abroad in society, I should attend a church and a ministry for which I had no kind of intellectual respect, and I should spare no opportunity of sneering and jeering at both. I should laugh at it, and scoff at it, and shrug my shoulders and say: It doesn't matter anything, I get no harm, and the women and children like it. Nothing can be more effectual, depend upon it, as some of you will know by and by. For you are not only denying your own intellect by appearing to accept what you reject with contempt; you not only prolong the days of doctrines and forms which you consider do harm and not good in the world, but you lead those who hear you by subtlest way and with authority into the awful abyss of atheism.

But now—what are the true motives which should take a man to church? I answer first of all—to know Truth, to commune with Truth—that is to say with God. The service is a help to his thoughts; upon the wings of holy psalm and fervent prayer his soul mounts upward until it gets away from the noise and dust of this material world, and looks with gladness on the face of God. The deeper, profounder instincts of his nature get an hour's satisfaction—it reminds him that he belongs to two worlds, earth and heaven—that he belongs to time, and no less to eternity. Appeal must be made to his spiritual motives—he must be told not to be satisfied with an opinion, but only with a deeprooted, intelligent faith—he must have not merely views about God, but desires after God—he must be taught to cry, not "give me true opinions," but, "create in me a clean heart O God, and renew a right spirit within"—he must hear how to turn amid the evil and darkness here, to the hope of a glorious hereafter. To cherish and feed that blessed hope—to nourish the soul's longing after spiritual good—to inspire a sense of shortcoming, and an earnest desire to be worthier—to find that which will leaven all the life with heavenly influences—to find a true inspiration for all the work and duty of life—to find great thoughts and purposes which shall dignify labour and take the sting out of disappointment, and strengthen every noble desire, and make sublime the lowliest office; to find a Saviour from evil thoughts, evil habits and evil ways and a very Captain of Salvation—that is the one object and aim with which men should go to church.

But the man who is true to himself and to truth will seek more than that even. While I hold that we must have clear and well defined convictions as to religious matters—that a man without a creed is very likely to become a man without faith, and that the lights and shadows on the intellectual picture must be sharp and distinct—I also hold that the true minister will not ignore the great questions which new modes of thinking and new discoveries in science force upon the people. Instead of standing in the way and barring progress he will be in the van, a stout hearted, daring leader. It is worse than folly to dogmatically close down upon the discussion of religious matters. All the truths of Religion are from the very nature of them open to doubt. In Geometry or Mathematics we have necessary truths—facts that are demonstrable—but we have no such necessary truths in Religion. They never pass the limits of the probable. They rest upon something outside of ourselves—and there is nothing outside of ourselves that we do not at times doubt. That doubt should be respected—the spirit of earnest free inquiry should be encouraged, and the minister should be a help and not a hindrance to thought.

Until I have reason to believe that the plot of Divine Providence is fully played out; until I am convinced that we have found the whole of truth from the centre to the circumference thereof—that there is no more light to break from God's most blessed word—that there are no more doubts to torment any mind, and no more visions to bewilder—until I am sure that science has made its last discovery, and God's final word has been spoken, I shall hold and teach that men ought to enquire, if haply they may find fresh revelations of truth and juster conceptions of God. And I hold that the preacher should be your truest friend and your best helper in this matter. He should not be the lord of your conscience, nor the tyrant of your intellect, but a teacher and a guide—you should look confidently to him for ripe thoughts and rich experience—he should take you swiftly over ways which he has travelled with labour and care—he should submit groups of conclusions to your reason, and harmonies to your judgment. While in nowise yielding to him your manhood's noblest rights to think and form opinions for yourself—you should be able to find in him a man with strong thought, and strong speech and strong, helpful life withal.

But to get that you must have a profound respect for the teacher—you must regard him as a *teacher*, and not merely the sentimentalist, or dogmatist. You must have respect, not only for his character as a sincere man, but for the soundness and freedom of his reasoning—for the boldness of his mind; you must be sure that he cares more for truth than for dogmas and institutions—you must see that his ideas are not stereotyped, and his thought not fettered—you must see that he has *common* sense as well as a sense of the supernatural. When that is so you will go with gladness to the service, and all of it will help you. Your prayer and praise will rise up as clouds of incense to God; to break and fall back upon your head again in showers of heavenliest blessing; the sermon will not be a signal for sleeping, or wild wanderings of the mind; but for thoughtfulness as the man speaks from his mind into yours, and for rich experience and inspiration as he speaks from his life and hope to your heart; his words will be strong with reason and tender with love—and you will take them home with you, and your family will be doubly impressed, and learn to love Religion and God as they learnt to love you because they saw you treated with respect and heard you praised so much—and you will take the thoughts and feelings of Sunday out into the week day world of toil and care and pain—and you will find inspiration for duty and great work for others—you will have faith in God and Christ planted in you, the power of God unto salvation—you will be upheld by grace and led on by hope. But—when that is not so—when you are out of harmony with the intellectual teachings of the man to whom you lend unwilling ears on Sunday—whose reasoning faculties you cannot respect—whose sincerity you call fanaticism—whose dogmas have nothing to commend them but their age, it means an outrage upon your intelligence—it means moral dishonesty—it means weakness and cowardice, and the sacrifice of the true and real interests of those you ought to guide to a transient and deadly ease. I call upon you to put away this evil. I am not advocating the claims of this church or any other church—but the claims of honesty and truth upon you. The churches are not all alike—make an intelligent choice—not for the social connection—not for business advantage—not to secure a fictitious quiet, but where you can find food for the mind—great swelling sentiments for the heart—quickenings for the conscience—inspiration for all the life—the kingdom of heaven ever nigh.

CARMEN: A SPANISH STORY.

(Translated from the French of PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, of the French Academy.)

CHAPTER III.—(Concluded.)

"We had a furious quarrel on the subject, and I struck her. She turned pale and wept. It was the first time that I had ever seen her weep, and it produced a terrible effect on me. I begged her pardon, but she was sulky an entire day, and when I set out for Montilla she would not kiss me. For three days I had a heavy heart, then she suddenly reappeared with a smiling face and as gay as a lark. All was forgotten, and for a while we were like lovers. At the moment of parting she said to me: 'There is a fête at Cordova. I am going to see it: I shall find out the people who will be there with money, and will make it known to you.' I allowed her to go; but when alone I began to think of this fête and of Carmen's change of humor. She must already have found her revenge, I reasoned, since she was the first to seek reconciliation. A peasant told me that bull fights were taking place at Cordova. My blood began to boil, and like a madman I rushed there and went to the plaza. Escamillo was pointed out to me, and seated on the bench against the barrier I recognized Carmen. It was sufficient to see her only one minute to be certain of the truth. With the first bull Escamillo displayed his mettle, as I had foreseen. He snatched the cocade* from the bull and carried it to Carmen, who immediately fastened it in her hair. The bull played the part of my avenger. Escamillo was thrown headlong to the earth, his horse falling across his breast and the bull upon them both. I looked for Carmen; she was no longer in her place. It was impossible for me to make my way out from the crowd where I stood, and I was compelled to await the end of the spectacle; then I went to the house of which you know, and there I remained quietly all

the evening and a part of the night. Towards two o'clock in the morning Carmen returned, and was a little surprised to see me.

"Come with me," I said to her.

"Very well! Let us go," she replied.

"I brought my horse, placed her on the saddle behind me, and we rode the rest of the night without speaking a single word. At day-dawn we stopped at a lonely little lodging, quite near a small hermitage. There I said to Carmen:

"Listen! I forget everything, I will reproach you with nothing; but swear to me one thing: that you will follow me to America, and there quietly rest under my care."

"No," she said, in a sulky tone, "I do not wish to go to America. I find myself very well content here."

"Is it because you are near Escamillo? But remember, should he recover he will not live to have old bones. However, why should I cast the blame on him? I am tired of killing all your lovers: it is *you* whom I will kill!"

"She gazed steadfastly at me with her untamed look and said:

"I have always thought that you would kill me. The first time I saw you, I had just met a priest at the door of my house; and to-night, on leaving Cordova, did you see nothing? A hare crossed the road between the legs of your horse: it is written!"

"Carmencita, do you no longer love me?"

"She made no reply. She was seated on a rush mat with her legs crossed, tracing lines on the ground with her finger.

"Let us change our way of life, Carmen," I said in a beseeching tone. "Let us live in some place where we shall never be separated. You know that not far from here we have a hundred and twenty gold ounces buried under an oak; then we also have money in the Jew Ben-Joseph's care."

"She began to smile, and answered:

"I first, you afterwards! I well know that so it is to happen."

"Once more reflect," I resumed. "I am at the end of my patience and my faith. Make up your mind, or I shall make up my own."

"I left her, and went towards the hermitage, where I found the hermit praying. I walked up and down until his prayer was ended, and should have been glad to pray myself, but I could not. When he rose from his knees I went to him, and said:

"Father will you pray for some one who is in deadly peril?"

"I pray for all the afflicted, my son."

"Will you say a mass for a soul that is perhaps soon to appear before its Creator?"

"Yes," he replied, looking fixedly at me; and as there was something strange in my manner, he wished to make me talk. "It seems to me that I have seen you."

"When will you say the mass?" I asked, placing a piastre on a bench.

"In half an hour. The son of the tavern-keeper below there is coming to assist. Tell me, young man: have you not something on your conscience that distresses you? Will you listen to the counsels of a Christian?"

"I felt ready to weep. I told him that I would return, and hastened away. I lay down on the grass until I heard the bell ring for mass, then I drew near; but I remained outside of the chapel. When the mass was over, I returned to the inn. I almost hoped that Carmen had fled. She could easily have taken my horse and escaped; but there I still found her. She was not willing to have it said that I could frighten her. During my absence she had unstitched the hem of her dress, from which she took out the lead, and was now seated before a table, looking intently at the lead that she had melted and thrown into an earthen bowl full of water. She was so absorbed in her sorcery as not to be aware at first of my return. Sometimes she took up a bit of the lead, and turned it on every side with a sad air: sometimes with intense accent she sang one of those magic songs in which Maria Padilla is invoked—the mistress of Don Pedro—who was said to be the *Bari Crallisa*, or the great queen of the gypsies.*

"Carmen," I once more said, "will you come with me?"

"She rose, dashed the bowl to the ground, and placed her mantilla over head as if ready to go. My horse was brought, she mounted behind and we rode off. After going some little distance I said: 'You are now willing to follow me, are you not?' 'I am yours until death, yes; but I will live with you no longer,' she replied. We were in a solitary ravine; I stopped my horse. 'Is it here?' she said, and at a bound she was on the ground. She took off her mantilla, threw it at her feet, and stood motionless with one closed hand on her hip, looking steadily in my face.

"You intend to kill me," she said, quietly, "I see it clearly; it is written, but you cannot make me yield."

"I implore you, Carmen, be reasonable. Listen to me! All the past is forgotten. Nevertheless, and you know it, it is you who have brought me to ruin: it is for you that I have become a robber and a murderer. Carmen! my Carmen! Let me save you, and with you save myself!"

"Jose, what you ask me is not possible. I no longer love you, but you still love me, and for this you wish to kill me. I could easily tell you a falsehood, but I will not take the trouble. All is over between us. As my *rom*, you have the right to kill your *romi*; but Carmen must always be free. *Calli* she was born, *calli* she will die."

"You love Escamillo, then?"

"Yes, I loved him as I did yourself, for a moment; less perhaps than I loved you. Now, I no longer love anything, and I hate myself for having ever loved you."

"I flung myself at her feet, I seized her hands and bathed them with tears. I recalled to her all the moments of happiness that we had passed together: I offered to remain a brigand to please her. All, Monsieur, all! I offered her everything provided that she would love me still!"

"José, to love you still is impossible; live with you I will not."

"I was roused to madness; I drew my knife, and could have wished that

* *La divisa*, a knot of ribbons, the colour of which indicates the pasture land whence the bulls come. The knot is fastened to the animal by a little hook, and it is the height of gallantry to pluck it from the infuriated bull and offer it to a woman.

* Maria Padilla was accused of having bewitched the King Don Pedro. A popular tradition relates that she presented Queen Blanche of Bourbon with a golden girdle, that, to the king's eyes, bore the semblance of a living serpent. Thence came the aversion that he always manifested for the unfortunate princess.

she would be terrified, and plead for mercy; but that woman was a demon. 'For the last time, Carmen,' I cried, 'will you remain with me?'

"No! no! no!" she said, stamping her foot, and drawing from her finger a ring that I had given her, she threw it into the brushwood.

"I stabbed her twice. It was Garcia's knife that I had taken after his death, having then broken my own. At the second blow she fell without even a sigh. I can yet see her large black eyes looking fixedly in mine; then they became dim and slowly closed. For a full hour I remained overwhelmed near her dead body. Then I remembered that Carmen had often expressed a wish to be buried in a wood, I dug a grave with my knife, and there I placed her. I searched some time for her ring, finding it at last, which, with a little cross, I placed by her in the grave—perhaps I was wrong. I then mounted my horse, galloped to Cordova, and at the first guard-house made myself known. I said that I had killed Carmen, but would not say where her body rests. The guilt lies with the *Calé* who trained her to this life. The hermit was a holy man; he prayed for her, he offered mass for the repose of her soul. Poor child!"

CHAPTER IV.

GYPSIES AND GYPSY CHARACTER.

Spain is one of the countries in which are to be found to-day the greater number of those nomads dispersed throughout Europe, and known under the name of *Bohemians*, *Gitanos*, *Gypsies*, *Zigeuner*, etc. The larger part dwell, or rather lead a wandering life in the provinces of the south and east, in Andalusia, in Estramadura in the Kingdom of Mercia, and there are many in Catalonia. These last often cross into France. They are met at all our fairs towards the south. The men usually follow the trade of horse-dealers, horse-doctor and mule-cropper, to which they add the calling of mending kettles and copper vessels, not to speak of smuggling and other illicit dealings. The women tell fortunes, beg and sell all manner of drugs, harmless or not. The physical characteristics of the Bohemians are more easy to distinguish than to describe, and once seeing an individual of this race he would be recognized among a thousand men of other nations. By physiognomy and expression especially, they stand apart from the people who dwell in the same country; their skin also is very swarthy, whence the name of *Calé*, the blacks, by which they often designate themselves.* Their eyes, quite oblique, well opened, very black, are shaded by long, thick lashes. Their look can only be compared with that of a fallow-deer: audacity and timidity are equally expressed by their eyes, which reveal the character of the nation—crafty, bold, but like Panurge, *naturally fearing blows*.

The men for the most part are tall, slender, agile, and I do not remember to have seen one burdened with flesh. In Germany the gypsy women are often very pretty, but beauty is exceedingly rare among the gitanas of Spain. While young they may be considered pleasing *laidérons* (ugly creatures), but with maternity they become repulsive. Their want of cleanliness is incredible, and any one who has not seen the hair of a gypsy matron can with difficulty form an idea of it, even in recalling the roughest, most greasy and dusty mane. In some large Andalusian towns certain gypsy girls, more attractive than the others, bestow greater care on their person, and these dance for money, dances greatly resembling those prohibited in our public carnival balls.

Mr. Barrow, an English missionary, the author of two interesting works on the Spanish gypsies, whom he had undertaken to convert at the expense of the Bible Society, asserts that it is a thing unheard of for a gitana to have a love-affair with a man foreign to her race. There is, I think, much exaggeration in the praise he accords to their virtue. It is very certain that the gitanas manifest an extraordinary devotion to their husbands; there is no danger, no privation, that they will not brave to help them in their need. One of the names that the gypsies give themselves—*Romé*, or husbands—appears to attest the respect or the race for the marriage state. Generally, it may be said that their chief virtue is patriotism, if so one may term the fidelity shown in their relations with those of the same origin with themselves, their eagerness to help each other, the inviolable secrecy they maintain in compromising difficulties. But it may be said that similar honesty is observed in all mysterious associations, or that are without the pale of the law.

Some months ago I visited a horde of gypsies established in the Vosges. In the hut of an old woman, the senior of her tribe, was a gypsy not related to her family, who had been attacked with mortal illness. This man had left a hospital, where he was well-nursed, to go and die among his compatriots. For thirteen weeks he had been bedridden in the hut of his hosts, and much better treated than the sons and sons-in-law who lived with them. There was a good bed of straw and moss, with tolerably white sheets, while the rest of the family, numbering thirteen persons, slept on planks three feet long. So much for their hospitality. The same woman, so humane to her guest, said to me in his presence: *Singo, singo, homte hi mulo*—Shortly, shortly, he must die. After all, the life of these people is so wretched, that death has no terrors for them.

A remarkable trait in the gypsy character is their indifference on the subject of religion; not that they are skeptics or free-thinkers—far from it. They have made no profession of atheism, and the religion of the country they inhabit is theirs, but they change it for that of the next nation amid which they may dwell. The superstitions which, among untutored races, replace religious sentiments, are equally foreign to them. Superstitions usually exist least among people who the most often live on the credulity of others; nevertheless I have remarked, among the Spanish gypsies, a singular horror of touching a corpse; there are few of them who would consent for money to carry a dead body to the cemetery.

I have said that the greater number of the gypsy women engage in fortune-telling, in which they succeed very well; but a large source of profit to them is the sale of charms and love-philters. They not only make use of toads' feet, whereby to rivet fickle hearts, and the powder of a magnet to make one's self beloved, but at need they have recourse to incantations that summon the devil to their assistance. Notwithstanding their squalor and the species of aversion

* The German gypsies, although understanding perfectly the word *Calé*, do not like the appellation. They call themselves *Romane ichové*,

that they inspire, the gypsies enjoy a certain consideration among unenlightened people, of which they are very vain. They feel themselves to be a superior race in intelligence, and cordially despise the nations that give them hospitality. "The Gentiles are so stupid," said a Bohemian of the Vosges to me, "that there is no merit in tricking them. The other day a peasant-woman in the street called me, and I entered her house. Her stove was smoking, and she asked me for a charm to make it burn. First I made her give me a good bit of bacon, then I began to mutter some words in *rommani*. You are a fool, I said; you were born a fool, and a fool you will die. When near the door, I said to her in good German: The infallible means of preventing your stove from smoking, is not to make any fire in it; and then I took flight."

The history of the gypsies is still a problem. It is known, indeed, that their first bands, by no means numerous, showed themselves in the east of Europe towards the beginning of the fifteenth century; but we can say neither whence they come, nor why they came to Europe; and, what is more extraordinary, we are ignorant how, in so short a time, they multiplied so prodigiously in countries very remote from each other.

The gypsies themselves have preserved no tradition as to their origin, and if the greater number among them speak of Egypt as their primogenial country, it is that they have adopted a fable very anciently spread abroad respecting them. Orientalists who have studied the gypsy language believe that they are originally from India. In fact, it appears that a large number of roots and many grammatical forms of *rommani* are found in idioms derived from the Sanscrit; and one may comprehend that in their extended peregrinations the gypsies have adopted many foreign words.

In all the *rommani* dialects one meets with a quantity of Greek words. At the present day they have nearly as many dialects as there exist hordes of their race separated from each other. They speak the language of the country they inhabit more easily than their own idiom, which they chiefly use for the purpose of speaking freely in the presence of strangers. The original tongue everywhere, although in different degrees, has notably changed through contact with the more cultivated languages which these nomads have been constrained to use. German on the one hand, Spanish on the other, have so fundamentally modified the *rommani* that it would be possible for a gypsy of the Black Forest to converse with one of his Andalusian brethren, although the exchange of a few phrases would suffice to show that they both spoke a dialect derived from the same idiom. Some words of frequent use are common to all dialects; thus, in the vocabularies that I have seen, *pani*, means water; *manio*, bread; *más*, meat; *lon*, salt. The German dialect appears to be more pure than the Spanish, having preserved a number of primitive grammatical forms, while the Gitanos have adopted those of the Castilian.

Nevertheless, certain words are an exception, proving the former community of language. The preterites of the German dialect are formed by adding *ium* to the imperative that is always the root of the verb. The verbs in the Spanish *rommani* are all conjugated on the model of the Castilian verbs of the first conjugation. From the infinitive *jamar*, to eat, should come *jamé*, I have eaten; from *lillar*, to take, *lillé*, I have taken; but these old Bohemians say by way of exception, *jayon lillon*. I do not know any other verbs that have preserved this ancient form. While thus displaying my slender knowledge of the *rommani* tongue, I ought to notice some words of French *argot* that our thieves have borrowed from the gypsies.

The "Mysteries of Paris" have taught good society that *chourin* means knife. It is pure *rommani*; *tchouri* is one of the words common to all gypsy dialects. M. Vidocq calls a horse *grés*, which is again a Bohemian word, *gras gre, graste, gris*. Add to this the word *romamichel*, which in Parisian *argot* denotes Bohemians. It is the corruption of *rommané tchave*, Bohemian lads. But an etymology of which I am proud is that of *frimousse*, countenance, face, a word that all scholars employed in my time. Observe, in the first place, that Oudin, in his curious dictionary of 1640, wrote *firlimonse*. Now *firla, fila* in *rommani*, means face, and *mui* has the same signification, being precisely *os* of the Latins. The combination *firlamui* was immediately accepted by a Bohemian purist, and I believe it to be consonant with the genius of the language. This is quite sufficient to give to the readers of "CARMEN" a favourable estimate of my studies in *Rommani*. I will conclude with this gypsy proverb that comes *á propos*: *En rétudi panda nasti abela macha*. Into the closed mouth no fly enters.

THE END.

A LOVER'S SONG.

I would not live without thy love
For aught on land or sea;
I could not live without thy love—
Be true, then, love, to me.
Be coy, be cold, be cruel, too,
Or aught but false, my queen;
No plaint my joyous lips will make,
So thou art true, I ween.
How dark, how drear this world would be,
If thou wert lost, my own;
No charm for me, then, there could be
In quest, or gage, or crown.
Nor pensive moon, nor great glad sun
Could cheer my hapless heart.
Be true, then, love; assure me, naught,
But Death, shall make us part.
Be true, and then this life will be
A race, or joust, in fine,
In which the victor's strength and prize
Will evermore be mine.
Be true, for then our lives will be
One deep surpassing dream,
In which all chance, all toil, all time,
One sparkling cup will seem.

—Ex.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

DEAR SIR,—Speaking of the case of a person threatening damages for being put off a train for presenting a ticket out of date, you say :

“Railway tickets are sold subject to certain regulations and conditions printed upon them, and people would save themselves a great deal of annoyance, loss of time and money in fighting Railway Companies, if they would make themselves acquainted with the cases which have been decided in Canada before they assume an hostile position to the Railway Companies and defy their regulation. A single ticket, for which even the full fare that can be exacted by Act of Parliament has been paid, cannot be used after the time limit has expired; the decision of the Court of Appeals, in the action of Livingstone *versus* The Grand Trunk, settled that question, and the law in regard to return tickets sold at reduced rates has been also emphatically laid down.”

The case of Livingstone *vs.* The Grand Trunk Railway was never decided in the Court of Appeals; it was decided in the Superior Court by a jury on a rendering of law by the presiding judge, before whom it again came up in Review on a motion by the defendants for judgment on the award of the jury, the Court of Review at the same time refusing a motion of the plaintiff for a new trial. It did not go before the Court of Appeals, for good and sufficient reasons not explainable in a letter to a public journal. Having referred to this case, which has been since used as a justification for great wrongs, permit me to refer to the question at issue, as stated in the case you cite.

The ticket was an ordinary ticket, bought on a Saturday night at the G. T. R. office, with these words on its face: “Good for continuous trip within three days—Montreal to Toronto.” The plaintiff left the train on Sunday morning at Kingston, and on attempting to continue his journey the following Wednesday was ejected at a flag station west of that city. The defendants admitted all the facts, and they also admitted that the ticket had not been travelled upon west of Kingston, and they admitted full payment to the limit allowed by their charter. The law as given to the jury by the Hon. Judge was, that the plaintiff was bound to commence his journey within the three days and continue his journey by the same train that he commenced from Montreal to Toronto, and that in the event of his leaving the train at any station the ticket ceased to be good; then pointedly putting this relic of stage law to the jury in the words: “Unless you can find the plaintiff a born fool, and could not see what was on the face of the ticket, you will find him the wrong-doer and not entitled to damages.” The jury, acting on the judge’s command in this his rendering of law, gave a verdict accordingly for the defendants. You will notice from the law thus laid down that, if a passenger buying a ticket, say from Montreal to Detroit or Chicago, for any cause whatever has to leave his train at the first or other stopping place, even though that be the first day of the limit time to run, his right to travel on that ticket by any following train is voided. Not only has this law been spoken from the Bench, but it has been enforced several times. Once while I was on a G.W. R. train a poor man who had that day bought a ticket to a western city from Toronto with the word “continuous” and “five days” limit thereon, ventured to stop off at an intermediate station between trains, and on entering a car of a regular train following the one on which he had commenced his journey, he was ejected, the conductor holding the ticket to be void; the man being subjected to an indignity. At the time this incident happened, a prominent western man emphasized the act as a shame, when the conductor exhibited his instructions, excusing him, but not reflecting credit on the makers of such rules, even though they were sustained by this law, nor should such a law, even if it had the authority of the Court of Appeals be considered good or sufficient excuse to void the question of lost time and money to vindicate one’s right to value for value. We all have our duties to perform, and in doing them well we perform service not only to ourselves, but to the public also, while a sycophantic press or pusillanimous people must surely encourage the will-laws of corporations that often lead, without even intending it, to such acts of wrong.

The opinion of a judge in judging a case becomes a law, but it is only an opinion still, effective for weal or woe by acquiescence, and too often, especially in our Lower Canada Courts, the judgements are fettered by demurrers and and other objections of law that narrow the issues and exclude evidence necessary to a full understanding, hence much seeming injustice is inflicted on clients, and decisions given at variance with truth and justice.

According to the terms of the judgement in my case the terms on the face of the ticket were a contract by which I was bound; now this very point has been otherwise settled in England and in the United States; the highest Court in Great Britain holding that conditions on the face of a ticket are no part of a contract unless the purchaser’s attention be called to them at the time of purchase, and in my case the defendant admitted this was not done. The G. T. R. acknowledges the existence of this law in the United States by selling in Chicago, and I presume elsewhere, “continuous” trip tickets at much less than their other tickets, but they require the purchasers to sign the conditions in consideration of the reduced price; the doing of this most certainly constitutes a special contract, but in my case I deny that the ticket received varied in any way the contract they were under by virtue of their charter obliging them on the one side to carry, and the other side obliging me to pay the sum of 3½ cent per mile as was done for which the ticket was my voucher. The three days on the face of the ticket might have been

pleaded as an excuse for a three days’ detention between this city and Toronto, and until the last few years opportunities might have been availed of for such actions if the travelling public had been litigiously inclined, for if all their regulations are to be held to be laws and conditions then their Time Tables would be sore instruments in the hands of the often damaged travellers who have passed many an uncomfortable hour waiting trains, under circumstances of which I will relate one in my own case, of driving on a cold night from Kingston to its distant station to catch the night express there, walking thereafter about that station for hours, unable to get the station agent shook up to learn where the train was, until exhausted with fatigue, and nearly perished with cold, I was gratified by the arrival of the train, two hours after its published time only to be carried to a station further west; and there I was laid up with pleurisy in consequence of the G. T. R. not being on time per contract in their Time Table, which bind railways in England and should make them liable in damages here. On another occasion soon after this law about continuous trips was rendered, I bought a ticket from Sherbrooke to Kingsey “Good for continuous trip on this day only.” On reaching Richmond the train was cancelled without notice or further excuse, the Agent at Richmond saying he could do nothing until two o’clock next day, but the ticket expired that day; still more, it was a continuous ticket. This I intended as a test case and so instructed Counsel, but he appeared to have mislaid this ticket until my interest ceased by the cooling influence of time.

John Livingstone.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

In your paper of the 23rd October is an article, signed by Mr. King, calling upon me for a reply. I wrote to him, personally, but have since felt that it would be more courteous to him and to you to publish the explanation asked for in your columns:—

27 GRENVILLE STREET, Toronto, Oct. 30th, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. KING,—I have just come home, after having been away in England and the Lower Provinces all the summer, and your article in the SPECTATOR of the 23rd has been shown to me.

I am not given to writing in newspapers, but am glad to answer you personally as you have interested yourself so long and so kindly on behalf of Canadian art and artists.

I have also seen this morning in the last SPECTATOR a letter signed “Art.” What is said in this letter is quite true and sensible, but it is an aspect of the matter which I would rather wish to remedy than to call public attention to.

To produce such a work as “Picturesque Canada” should, and must be, is difficult anywhere. To do it in Canada is especially difficult, as the kind of drawing required is one in which our artists have had no experience and, until now, no encouragement to acquire the necessary technical knowledge. Drawing for illustration and engraving is an art in itself, and cannot be mastered without much hard study and practice—taking time, which men struggling for a livelihood, can ill afford.

I trust that the opening offered by the publication of “Picturesque Canada” will encourage those whose gifts lie in this direction to turn their attention more to black and white drawing.

Our trial of drawings by Canadian artists so far shows that those most prominent as colourists do not necessarily succeed in black and white, while others less conspicuous as painters, show more aptitude for this kind of work. The same thing may be noted in England and abroad where illustration is a specialty with its own particular eminent men. I think we have done all that was possible in the few months that have elapsed since this project took practical form. We have sketches from Harris, Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists; Edson, Raphael, Peirè, Creswell and Watson, (all members of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts,) who have been drawing for the book, and a number of finished drawings have already been received and accepted by the publishers, who have from the first given the preference to Canadian artists, and will continue to use their work to the utmost extent compatible with the production of a first-class publication. The work *must* be good to keep faith with the public and the subscribers, and we have to satisfy not only the general public, but also the critical and cultivated few who properly influence public opinion.

I can answer for it that every Canadian artist who can and will make such drawings as are suitable and can be used without lowering its standard, will have a share in the work.

As to the engraving—we have found and engaged one good man, resident in Canada; another, an Englishman, who left Canada for want of employment, has also been engaged; some half-dozen trial blocks have been cut in England, and as many in the United States, and in the light of the experience thus gained arrangements are being made which we expect to result in other first-rate landscape engravers taking up their abode in Canada. All we ask our friends is patience, forbearance and such aid of kindly sympathy and encouragement as we have already received.

Our answer to the people of Canada will be the book itself, and I have good reason to believe that the answer will be satisfactory.

Yours, &c.,

L. R. O’Brien.

Owing to pressure on our columns the Chess Column is unavoidably held over until next week.

Musical.

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

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

A CRITIC CRITICIZED.

The London *Musical Times* seems to have lowered its standard considerably. It publishes in its last number a "Song with Chorus" (by Barry Cornwall, and H. Hugo Pierson) worthy of the lowest class of American trade-journals. The words (which we annex) are poor enough, but the music is even more commonplace, and altogether unlike what we are accustomed to receive from such a source. Surely something more elevating than the following could be found for the leading journal of its kind in the world:—

Hurrah for Merry England!

Hurrah, hurrah, for the land of England! Firm set in the subject sea.
Where the women are fair, and the men, like air, are lovers of liberty.

Refrain:

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for merry England!

Long life without strife for England.

Hurrah, hurrah for the *Spirit of England*, the bold, the true, the free;

Who stretched his hand, with a King's command, all over the circling sea.

Hurrah, hurrah, for merry and noble England,

Long life without strife for England.

The music set to the above is of the "Trafalgar Boy" order, with a 'rub dub a dub dub' at the end of each phrase, and the accent is almost invariably placed on the wrong syllable. Can the sons of this great nation not send out a better specimen of artwork in their leading art-journal?

NEW WORK BY SULLIVAN.

Dr. Sullivan has written a new work for the Leeds festival, entitled "The Martyrs of Antioch." It is described as "learned, without being stiff; melodious, yet not trivial; original and scholastic, without being dry or tedious." He conducts the orchestra in person, and has as interpreters of his music Mesdames Albani, Osgood and Williams, *Soprani*; Patey and Trebelli, *Contralti*; Messrs. Maas and Lloyd, *Tenori*; and Messrs. Heuschel and King, *Bassi*. The Duke of Edinburgh has consented to grace the occasion with his presence, and the Cantata is expected to add additional lustre to the name of the celebrated composer of comic opera. It is said that the Doctor had chosen for his subject "Jonathan," but lest his American friends might deem it a personal allusion, he considerably chose another one.

Apropos of the above, we insert the following from an exchange:—

"If the *Dramatic News* is to be believed, Dudley Buck mistook his vocation when he undertook to write a 'comic opera.' It says it is not comic and not opera. Perhaps that is where the comic comes in. The *News* further says: 'This comes of an organist going out of his legitimate sphere of work. He has grown into one thing, and cannot in a day separate himself from the teachings of a life. He should no more expect a real comic opera from Mr. Buck than a Requiem Mass from poor Offenbach. To us "Deseret" is a dreary, dismal sort of thing, that leaves a sort of nightmare impression behind it.'"

What does the *News* say of a man who jumps from church music to "Pinafore" AND SUCCEEDS? then returns from the "Pirates of Penzance" to classical concerts and "The Martyrs of Antioch"?

St. George's Church is rapidly going ahead of all competitors so far as regards musical attractions. Mrs. Thurston, the celebrated Soprano has been engaged to fill the position vacated by Mrs. Thrower, and an elaborate musical service is performed every Sunday evening. Mr. Fisher, of Trinity College, London, is the organist, and other artists of merit occupy the principal positions in the choir. The organ build by Messrs. Warren & Son has not given entire satisfaction, and some alterations are contemplated.

Messrs. Bolton and Smith started work in their new factory in Mountain Street on Monday last. It is a large and commodious building, and admirably adapted for the manufacture of monster instruments. The "Queen's Hall" organ is already in hands, and we were shown some excellent kiln-dried lumber which we were informed is to be used in its manufacture. The idea of using the pipes of Zion Church organ has been abandoned, and plans are already drawn out for a new instrument.

THE Strakosch and Hess English Opera Company will begin their season at the Globe Theatre, November 8th. The Company includes the following-named artists, most of whom are already well known in Boston:—Mme. Marie Roze, Mlle. Torriani, Miss Abbie Carrington, Miss Laura Schirmer, Miss Sara Barton, Miss Lizzie Anandale, Signor Giovanni Perugini (the stage name of a young American tenore di grazia), Signor Augustus Montegriffo (an American of Italian parentage), Mr. W. Carleton, Mr. Henry Bragau (a young American baritone), Mr. G. A. Conly, Mr. Henry Peakes and Mr. James Peakes, with competent "seconds." Mr. Behrens and Signor de Novellis will be the conductors.

THE Musical Festival Association of Cincinnati has issued its manifesto concerning the fifth festival to be holden in that city in May, 1882, and in pursuance of the policy adopted by it in connection with its last festival, the Association offers a prize of \$1000 for the most meritorious composition for chorus and orchestra, to be performed on that occasion. Competition shall be open to all citizens of the United States, irrespective of place of birth. The following distinguished authorities have kindly consented to act as judges, in conjunction with Theodore Thomas, namely:—Herr Kappellmeister, Carl Reinecke, Leipzig, and Monsieur Camille Saint Saens, Paris. Works offered for competition must not occupy more than one hour in performance. A full score and piano score, accompanied by a sealed letter, must be placed in the hands of the committee on or before September 1, 1881, and should be addressed to "Committee on Prize Composition. Musical Festival Association, Cincinnati, Ohio." The scores submitted of the successful composition shall belong to the Association.

Ottawa River Navigation Company.



MAIL LINE DAY STEAMERS, BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Passengers for Ottawa and all intermediate ports take 7.15 a.m. train for Lachine to connect with steamer.

First-class Fare to Ottawa..... \$2.50
Do. return do. 4.00
Second-class Fare to Ottawa..... 1.50

For the CALEDONIA SPRINGS, Excursion Tickets at reduced rates.
Baggage checked through to all ports at Bonaventure Depot.

DAILY EXCURSION FROM THE CITY.

All Day Trip to Carillon and back (passing St. Anne's, Lake of Two Mountains, Oka, Como, Rigaud, North River, &c.) Nice Grove near the wharf at Carillon. Steamer remains there about one hour and a half. Returns to Montreal *via* Rapids, reaching the city at 6.30 p.m.
Fare for Round Trip from Montreal, \$1.25.
On Saturdays, fare \$1.

DOWN THE RAPIDS EVERY AFTERNOON

Take 5 p.m. train for Lachine. Fare for Round Trip, 50c.

Saturday Afternoon Excursions to St. Anne's.

Leave Bonaventure Depot by 2 p.m. train (or an earlier train) for St. Anne's, returning home by steamer "Prince of Wales" *via* Rapids.
Fare for Round Trip, 80c from Montreal.
Tickets at Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure street, or the Grand Trunk Railway Offices and Depot.
R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

ENVELOPES! ENVELOPES!

Just opened, a large consignment of Commercial Envelopes. Call for samples and see prices.

LETTER COPYING PRESSES A SPECIALTY.

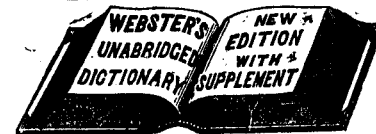
AKERMAN, FORTIER & CO.,

Mercantile Stationers, Account Book Manufacturers, Printers, Lithographers,
256 and 258 ST. JAMES STREET.
J. Sutherland's old stand. 42

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums
RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Remain in position without aid, and are not observable. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular. Address: GARMORE & CO., O.
S. W. Corner 5th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O. 21

NEW EDITION.



Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

LATEST--LARGEST--BEST.

Contains over 118,000 Words,
1928 Pages, 3000 Engravings,
4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings,
Biographical Dictionary
of over 9700 Names.

From The Canada Educational Monthly, Toronto.—And just here comes in the contrast of the position of the Englishman with that of his kinsman on this side of the Atlantic. He has no "Webster;" no book of an all-satisfying requirement, no one reference work in which he will find all that he may be in quest of, no single quarry that will yield him every ore he demands require the inspection of—such as he may find in the mammoth "Unabridged Webster." Having regard to its issues, its thoroughness, its compactness, and its price, it is an amazing product of literary skill and mechanical workmanship.

There should not be a school in the Dominion, where access cannot readily and constantly be had to it. No teacher, and we might add, no reader of the language, can afford to be without it, for it is a monumental work, a noble tribute to our grand old mother-tongue.

From London Quarterly Review.—On the whole, as it stands, it is most respectable, and certainly THE BEST PRACTICAL ENGLISH DICTIONARY EXTANT.

"A necessity to every educated man."—Lord Brougham.

"Every scholar knows its value."—W. H. Prescott, the Historian.

"The book has become indispensable to every student of the English language."—Morrison R. Waite, Chief Justice U. S.

FRANCIS McMANN,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

98 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Money to loan on first mortgage. 55

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF IS LIEBIG'S IDEAL REALIZED.



In the *Lancet* of November 11, 1865, Baron Liebig says:—

"Were it possible to furnish the market at a reasonable price with a preparation of meat combining in itself the albuminous principles together with the extractive principles, such a preparation would have to be preferred to the 'Extractum Carnis,' for it would contain ALL the nutritive constituents of meat." Again:—"I have before stated that in preparing the Extract of Meat the albuminous principles remain in the residue; they are lost to nutrition; and this is certainly a great disadvantage." JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF contains the entire albuminous principles and is the only perfect nutritious stimulant known.

tion would have to be preferred to the 'Extractum Carnis,' for it would contain ALL the nutritive constituents of meat." Again:—"I have before stated that in preparing the Extract of Meat the albuminous principles remain in the residue; they are lost to nutrition; and this is certainly a great disadvantage." JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF contains the entire albuminous principles and is the only perfect nutritious stimulant known.

GOLD FISH!

FINE ASSORTMENT,

VARIOUS COLORS,

ALL SIZES.

Also assortment

FISH GLOBES,

AT

J. GOULDEN'S,

175 St. Lawrence Main street. 35

PAULL & SON,

ARCHITECTS, &c.,

No. 3 Trust & Loan Buildings,

TORONTO STREET,

TORONTO. 32

TENDERS WANTED.

To Shippers and Wharfingers.

The Credit Harbour Tills and Warehouses to let for one year or a term of years. The harbour is one of the best on Lake Ontario, and offers unparelled advantages to speculators. Immediate possession. All particulars and necessary information given by applying personally or by letter to

PAULL & SON,

No. 3 Trust & Loan Buildings,

TORONTO STREET,

TORONTO. 33

MACMASTER, HUTCHINSON & KNAPP,

Barristers, Advocates, Commissioners, etc.,

(CITIZENS' INSURANCE BUILDINGS)

181 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

DONALD MACMASTER, B.C.L. F. A. KNAPP, B.C.L.

MATTHEW HUTCHINSON, B.C.L.,

49 Professor of Law, McGill University.

M. WALSH

Barrister and Notary Public,
INGERSOLL, ONT.

Collections and Agency receive special attention.

George Brush,

Manufacturer of
STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, AND
ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY.

Eagle Foundry—34 KING STREET, MONTREAL.