

Church Observer.

A Journal advocating the interests of the United Church of England and Ireland in the Dominion of Canada.

"THIS PROTESTANT KINGDOM."—BILL OF RIGHTS, 1688.

Vol. I.—No. 43.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, 3RD DECEMBER, 1868.

an.—Single copies, 5 cents.

ROBERT FOSTER.
Importer and dealer in Choice Teas, Coffee, Fruits, Spices, Pickles, Preserves, Sauces, Oils, &c.
General Groceries & Provisions,
No. 173 McGill Street, opposite St. Maurice St., Montreal.
March 19, 1868. ly 8

JAMES POPHAM & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS and WHOLESALE DEALERS in all kinds of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Nos. 487 and 489 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
March 19, 1868. 5

S. H. MAY & CO.,
(Successors to CORSE & MAY.) Importers and Dealers in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass, &c.
No. 474 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
March 19, 1868. ly 8

SCRIPTURE & KEMP.
Successors to C. D. PROCTOR, Importers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c., &c.
147 McGill and 34 and 38 Lemoine Streets, Montreal.
I. F. SCRIPTURE. E. J. KEMP.
March 19, 1868. ly 8

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
503 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & MORE,
Collins Wharf, Halifax.
March 19, 1868. ly 8

BAKER, POPHAM & CO.
WHOLESALE CLOTHIERS,
Nos. 512 and 514 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
J. R. BAKER. E. POPHAM.
March 19, 1868. 8

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
CHARLES H. TUGGEY,
(Successor to late Chas. Tuggey.)
Real Estate & Investment Agent,
No. 61 Great St. James Street,
MONTREAL.
April 2, 1868. 10

W. B. BOWIE & CO.,
IMPORTERS OF
British and Foreign Staple and Fancy
DRY GOODS,
395 NOTRE DAME STREET, 395
(CAVERHILL'S BUILDINGS.)
MONTREAL.
April 2, 1868. 10

CANADA GLASS COMPANY
[LIMITED.]
Manufacture to order and keep for sale
Soda Water, Ginger Beer, Wine, Bitter
and Patent Medicine BOTTLES,
Initiated or Plain.
—ALSO—
DRUGGISTS' WARE of all descriptions.
WORKS AT HUDSON.
OFFICE, 10 ST. NICHOLAS STREET, MONTREAL.
C. W. WALKER,
Secretary.
April 2, 1868. ly 10

J. D. LAWLOR.
Manufacturer and Importer of all kinds of
Sewing Machines
And Boot and Shoe Machinery, Findings, &c.
Repairing promptly attended to by J. D. Lawlor, 365 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, and 22 John Street, Quebec.
Ladies taught to operate. Agents wanted.
March 19, 1868. ly 3

H. H. GEDDES,
GENERAL ESTATE AGENT.
BUILDINGS
AND
BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale several most desirable Building Lots, beautifully situated on Sherbrooke Street and in other convenient localities.
To those desirous of building first-class residences as an investment, a finer collection of Lots, both as to situation and liberality of terms, cannot be offered. While to the poor man who is willing to make an effort to procure a permanent home for his family, every possible encouragement and assistance will be rendered.

Also for sale 500,000 dollars worth of most desirable City Property, consisting of Stores, Dwellings, &c., &c., paying from 7 to 12 per cent, with perfect titles. The properties being too numerous to particularize, intending purchasers are respectfully requested to call and examine the list.
The undersigned is also prepared to advance from \$1,000 to \$50,000 on first-class City property. Only first Mortgages and perfect titles negotiated.
For further information, apply to
H. H. GEDDES,
Real Estate & Investment Agent,
32 St. James Street,
Next to the Post Office.
Oct. 22nd, 1868. 37.

SIMPSON & BETHUNE,
FIRE,
LIFE,
MARINE,
AND
ACCIDENTAL
INSURANCE AGENTS.
OFFICE—104 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.
March 19, 1868. 8

R. HENDERY & CO.,
Gold and Silver Smiths, Electro Platers,
Watch Makers & Jewellers,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Church Work, Flagons, Chalice and
Pocket Communion Sets,
53 St. James St. | FACTORY 500 CRAIG ST
MONTREAL.
April 2, 1868. 10

HENDERY'S PREPARATION
FOR
Cleaning Gold, Silver and Plated Ware,
Jewellery, &c.
WARRANTED not to contain any Mercurial Compound, or any other ingredient calculated to injure in the slightest degree Gold, Silver or Plated Ware.
Price 25 cents per Bottle.
April 2, 1868. 10

**THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY SEWING MACHINE
IN THE WORLD.**
**THE \$25
NOVELTY SEWING MACHINE.**

It makes the famous elastic lock stitch that will not rip or tear, and will not break in washing, ironing or wearing. It is adapted to all kinds of family sewing, and to the use of seamstresses, dressmakers, and indeed for all purposes where sewing is required. It uses the straight needle, which is not so liable to break as the curved. It does not soil the dress of the operator, and does not require to be taken apart to be oiled. It is not injured by being turned backward, and is therefore not liable to be put out of order by children or in thorough manner of the best material.

For beauty and excellence of stitch, for strength, firmness and durability of seam, for economy of thread, for simplicity and thoroughness, and for cheapness, this machine is WITHOUT A RIVAL.

AT THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE FAIR OF 1867 THE NOVELTY SEWING MACHINE TOOK THE PREMIUM OVER WILCOX & GIBBS, AND WAS AWARDED A BRONZE MEDAL THEREON.

Every machine is sold with a table and complete outfit, and is warranted for one year.
S. E. H. VANDYKE,
General Agent,
615 Broadway, New York

HYACINTHS! HYACINTHS!
A fine assortment of CHOICE HYACINTHS, named varieties—different colours—Red, White, Blue, Yellow, Black, &c.
HYACINTH GLASSES also for sale at
J. GOULDEN'S, Druggist,
Near the Market, 177 and 179 St. Lawrence
Main St.

COUGH! COUGH! COUGH!
BALSAM OF HOARHOUND (GOULDEN'S) an invaluable and never-failing remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, and the irritation experienced by Public Speakers and Singers.
Prepared only by
J. GOULDEN, Druggist,
177 and 179 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal.

**DOMINION
SUNDAY SCHOOL DEPOT.**
F. H. GRAFTON,
Publisher, Bookseller & Stationer,
Invites attention to his STOCK OF SABBATH SCHOOL, BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE and EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS, the best and largest in the Dominion. Lists furnished on application. Sunday School Periodicals supplied at low rates. Among
His own Publications are the following:
The Sunday School Methodist—100 Hymns and Tunes—\$10 per 100.
The Sunday School Messenger, monthly \$10 per 100.
The Montreal Hymnal—50 Hymns—\$10 per 100.
Gospel Hymns—128 Hymns—\$10 per 100.
Bible Palm tree; or, Illustrations of Christian Life. Price 60c.
Gospel Tracts—24 kinds, \$1. per 1000.
The Sinner's Friend. Tracts per dozen; \$1.75 per 100.
Biblical Catechism; for, Storing for God. 20 cents per dozen; \$1 per 100.
Tracts on the Weekly Offering—4 kinds, 30 cents per 100.

In his Stock will be found in addition to all classes of sound and useful literature, Works on Elocution and Pulpit Art; Books for Mothers; Anti-Tobacco Books and Tracts; Works on Romanism and Ritualism; Bible Pictures and Maps; Temperance Pictures.

78 AND 80 GREAT ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
COUNTRY MERCHANTS SUPPLIED WITH IMPORTED STATIONERY and Fancy Goods at lowest prices.

LINTON & COOPER,
MANUFACTURERS & WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
BOOTS & SHOES.
524, 526 and 528 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
JAMES LINTON. WILLIAM COOPER.
March 19, 1868. 8

R. R. R.
**THE GREAT REMEDY FOR
HOME PURPOSES.**

TAKEN INTERNALLY—Half a teaspoonful diluted in water, as a pleasant drink—stimulating and strengthening.

APPLIED EXTERNALLY—When there is pain or inflammation, affords instant ease.

STOPS PAIN quicker than morphine, chloroform, opium, or any other anodyne known to the world.

IF SUDDENLY SEIZED with pain, one teaspoonful in a glass of water, will, in a few minutes, remove all uneasiness.

PERSONS SUBJECT to apoplexy, heart disease, headache, neuralgia, fainting, should keep the Relief near them; a teaspoonful in water, will, in three minutes, remove all difficulty.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
IN ITS SIMPLICITY AND GRANDURE.

R. R. R.
We will first consider its efficacy as a specialty of our far-famed remedy Radway's Ready Relief, symbolized throughout the civilized world under the significant alliteration R. R. R. This remedy is highly possessed of properties that give immediate and positive proof of its excellence, that the most skeptical can feel its power in a few seconds, and where the sufferer is the victim of excruciating pain. It is not a question with this remedy of time it takes to remove the perception or sensation of pain, or of the moment it is applied the patient is relieved. And if the pain is from an established disease, a cure will soon follow.

The Ready Relief is a powerful medicine. It is pure, safe, and innocent. It is quicker in subduing pain and making the patient comfortable than Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Opium, or any other agent. Its simplicity of application renders it a valuable household necessity, and its usefulness covers the entire range of family accidents that are liable to occur at any moment. The Ready Relief should be kept in every house, for if any injury or accident occurs to child or grown person, its use will prove of immediate service. It matters not what the difficulty may be. Burn, Scald, Fall, Bruise, Cut, Wound, Poison, Sprain, Strain, Pain, Ache, Sore, Cold, Croup, and a hundred other annoyances that are constantly taking place in every family, this READY RELIEF will, in a few minutes, prove its value. If suddenly seized with sickness, and you have no faith in medicines but wish for a doctor the Ready Relief will suspend or cure the progress of the disease at once, and in ninety times out of one hundred, cure the patient before the doctor arrives. It can never do harm, but will always do good.

ITS GRAND POWER IN THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF PESTILENTIAL AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

It is in diseases where immediate and absolute relief is required, and where this remedy proves its superior, and we might say, its supernatural Power in saving life, and promoting health.

In cases where Epidemic Diseases, Pestilence, Small Pox, Fevers, &c., exist, this remedy proves the potent power of a disinfectant, neutralizer and cure. No one that uses the Ready Relief when Asiatic Cholera, Yellow Fever, Typhoid Fever, Small Pox, Diphtheria, &c., prevail in a community, will be seized with these diseases; and if seized while using it, will be cured if the directions are followed. Simple as this remedy is, it possesses the elements of cure of the most violent, painful, and fatal diseases that scourge the earth.

THE PROPERTIES OF THE READY RELIEF ARE COUNTER-IRRITANT, RUBEFACIENT, ANTI-SPASMODIC, DISINFECTANT, ANTISEPTIC, DIFFUSIVE STIMULANT, TONIC, NERVINE, ANODYNE, ANT-ACID.

It is in Asiatic Cholera, either as preventive or cure, is of more value to the world than all other discoveries in vogue.

It instantly secures rest, stops the Cramps and Spasms, and holds the constituents of the blood together, equalizing the circulation, and preventing the separation of the watery constituents from the other properties of the blood, and arrests vomiting and purging. In Yellow Fever it is likewise all potent, and with the assistance of Radway's Pills, will protect those exposed from attacks, and cure them that may be seized.

In Fever and Ague, Typhoid, Bilious, Scarlet and other Fevers, its use will always insure a cure. In Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, the Prolonged Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Influenza, in all cases of inflammation, the Ready Relief, assisted when required with the Resolvent and Pills, will surely effect a cure.

NEW IMPROVEMENT IN READY RELIEF.
New Corks, Large Bottles.

We have at last succeeded in getting a Cork that will prevent the evaporation of the Relief.

The substitution of the India Rubber Stopper will prevent the evaporation of the volatile properties of the Relief. It is important that the Relief be kept corked, to prevent the action of the atmosphere on it.

The bottles are much enlarged, so that persons receive much Ready Relief for 25 cents as they will get for \$1.00 of the Pain Killers and other 25 cent Remedies, &c. It is Relief 25 cents per bottle. Ask for Relief in new bottles—new style.

Doctry.
ADVENT.

And when these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh.—St. Luke, xxi. 28.

Nor till the freezing blast is still,
Till freely leaps the sparkling rill,
And gales sweep soft from summer skies,
As o'er a sleeping infant's eyes
A mother's kiss; ere calls like these,
No sunny gleam awakes the trees,
Nor dare the tender flowrets show
Their bosoms to 'th' uncertain glow.

When then, in sad and wintry time,
Her heavens all dark with doubt and crime,
Why lifts the church her drooping head,
As though her evil hour were fled?
Is she less wise than leaves of spring,
Or birds that cover with folded wing?
What sees she in this lowering sky
To tempt her meditative eye?

She has a charm, a word of grace,
A pledge of love that cannot tire;
By tempests, earthquakes, and by wars,
By rushing waves and falling stars,
By every sign her Lord foretold,
He sees the world is waxing old,
And through that last and direst storm,
Describes by faith her Saviour's form.

No surer does each tender gem,
Set in the fig tree's polished stem,
Foreshow the summer season bland,
Than these dread signs the mighty hand:
But Oh! frail hearts, and spirits dark!
The season's flight unwarmed we mark,
But miss the Judge behind the door,
For all the light of sacred lore:

Yet is He there: beneath our eaves
Each sound his wakeful ear receives:
Hush! idle words, and thoughts of ill,
Your Lord is listening; peace, be still.
Christ watches by a Christian's hearth,
Be silent, "vain deluding words."
Till in things altered voices be known
Some what of registration's tone.

But chiefly ye should lift your gaze
Above the world's unceasing haze,
I look with calm, unwavering eye,
On the bright fields beyond the sky,
Who your Lord's commission bear,
His way of mercy to prepare:
Angels he calls ye; be your strife
To lead on earth an angel's life.

Think not of rest; though dreams be sweet,
Start up, and ply your heavenly feet.
Is not God's oath upon your head,
Never again your toils to shed?
Nor let your torches waste and die,
Till, when the shadows thickest fall,
Ye hear your Master's midnight call?

THE SUNDAY MORNING'S DREAM.
The following impressive tract is re-published by a member of the United Church of England and Ireland, with the fervent hope that, under God, it may be the instrument of promoting greater seriousness in public worship.

Montreal, Dec, 1868.
My first days of returning health, after many weeks of severe illness, was a bright Sunday in June. I was well enough to sit at an open window in my easy-chair; and, as our house stood in a pleasant garden in the suburbs of London, the first roses of the year scented the soft breeze that fanned my pale cheek and revived my languid frame. The bells of our parish church were just beginning their chimes, and the familiar sound awakened in me an intense longing to be with my family once more a worshipper in the house of God. I took up my Bible and prayer-book, which had been placed ready on a table beside me, intending to begin to read when the hour of the eleven-o'clock service should be announced by the ceasing of the bells, and, in the meantime, closed my eyes, and soothed my impatient wishes by picturing to myself the shady avenues of blossoming limes that led to our church, and the throngs that would now be entering it for the public worship of the day.

All at once I seemed to be walking in the beautiful churchyard, yet prevented from gratifying my eager wish to enter the church, by some irresistible though unseen hand. One by one the congregation, in their gay Sunday dresses, passed me by, and went in where I vainly strove to follow.

The parish children in two long and orderly trains defiled up the staircase hurrying in, as feeling themselves late, I was left alone.

Suddenly I was conscious of some awful presence, and felt myself addressed by a voice of most sweet solemnity in words to this effect:—"Mortal, who by divine mercy has just been permitted to return from the gates of the grave, pause before thou enterest God's holy house again; reflect how often thou hast profaned his solemn public worship by irreverence, or by inattention, which is in His sight irreverence; consider well the great privilege, the unspeakable benefit and blessing, of united prayer, lest by again abusing it thou tire the patience of thy long-suffering God, and tempt him for ever to deprive thee of that which hitherto thou hast so little valued." Seeing me cast down my eyes and blush with conscious guilt, the gracious being continued in a milder tone:—"Enter thou with me, and thou shalt, for thy warning, be able to discern those among the devotions about to be offered which are acceptable to Him, and to see how few in number, how weak and unworthy, they are."

As I ceased speaking I found myself by the side of the angel still, but within the church, and so placed that I could distinctly see every part of the building.

"Observe," said the angel, "that those prayers which come from the heart, and which alone ascend on high, will seem to be uttered aloud. They will be more or less audible in proportion to their earnestness; when the thoughts wander, the sounds will grow faint and even cease altogether."

This explained to me why the organist, though apparently playing with all his might, produced no sound, and why, presently after when the service began, though the lips of many moved, and all appeared attentive, only a few faint murmurings were heard.

How strange and awful it was to note the sort of deathlike silence which prevailed in whole pews, in which, as was thus evident, no heart was raised in gratitude to heaven! Even in the Te Deum and Jubilate, the voices sometimes sunk into total silence. After the Creed there was a low murmuring of the versicles, and then, distinct and clear above all other sounds, a sweet childish voice softly and repeatedly repeated the Lord's Prayer. I turned in the direction of the sound, and distinguished among the parish children a very little boy. His hands were clasped together as he knelt, his eyes were closed, his gentle face composed in reverence; and, as the angel wrote, on his tablets the words that fell from those infant lips, his smile, like a sunbeam, illuminated the church for a moment, and I remembered the words of holy David, where he says, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Presently I was again reminded of a Scripture passage, the prayer of the publican. A wretched-looking man, who swept the crossing near the church, lounged into the centre aisle during the reading of the lessons, his occupation being for the hour suspended. The second lesson was the twenty-fourth chapter of St. Matthew. Some verses attracted his attention; he listened with more and more seriousness, until at length he put his hand over his face and exclaimed aloud, "What will become of me at the day of judgment! Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner." That prayer was inserted on the angel's tablets. Oh, may it not stand alone, but be an awakening of better things! May God indeed have mercy on such poor neglected ones as he, and raise up some to teach them and care for their immortal souls!

After this, growing accustomed to the broken murmurs, and interrupted sounds, I followed many an humble Christian through large portions of the Litany; though often, while I was listening with hopeful attention, a sudden and total pause showed but too plainly that the thoughts of the kneeling suppliant had wandered far away, and that he who had appeared so earnest in his devotions had become languid and silent like the rest of the congregation.

"Thou art shocked at what thou hast observed," said the angel: "I will show thee greater abominations than these. God is strong and patient; he is provoked every day. Listen now, and thou shalt hear the thoughts of all these people; so shalt thou have some faint idea of the forbearance God continually exercises towards those who draw near to him with their lips, while their hearts are far from him."

As the angels spoke, my ears were deafened with a clamour which would have been shocking in a public meeting, but which here, in God's holy house, was awfully profane. The countenances remained indeed as composed and serious as before, the lips moved with the words of prayer, but the phrases they uttered were of the world and its occupations.

"How shamefully late Mrs. Slack always comes!" said one woman, who, looking over the edge of her Prayer-Book, saw her neighbour and a train of daughters bustle into the next pew. "What an example to set to her family! Thank goodness, no one can accuse me of that sin!" New bonnets again already!" exclaimed the last corner, returning the neighbourly glance from the other seat, ere she composed herself to the semblance of devotion.

"How they can afford it, Heaven only knows, and their father owing all his Christmas bills yet. If my girls look shabby, at least we pay our debts."

"Ah! there's Tom Scott," nodded a young man to his friend in the opposite gallery: "he is growing quite religious and respectable, I declare. He has been at church two Sundays running. How much longer will the devout fit last?"

These were shocking and striking examples of irreverence. There were happily not many such; the involuntary wanderings of thought were more common.

I was much interested in a young couple near me, whose attention for a considerable part of the service had been remarkable. From the dress of the young man, I judged him to be a clergyman; the lady wore deep mourning. They were evidently betrothed; they read out of one book. Gradually he forgot the awful presence in which he stood; his eyes wandered from the Bible to her gentle face, and, fixing there, called off his thoughts from heaven. "How good she is!" he began to say; "how attentive to her prayers, as to all other duties! What a sweet wife she will make! How happy I am to have won her love!" By this time the countenance of the young girl wore an expression which showed that she felt the earnestness of his gaze; her eyelids trembled, her attention wavered; and, though she looked at the book some moments longer, she too began to murmur of earthly things, and I heard her say, "Oh, how he loves me! even here he cannot forget that I am beside him." It was many minutes before either of them returned in spirit to their devotions.

As the service proceeded, the attention of the congregation flagged more and more; the hubbub of worldly talk increased. One man composed a letter he intended to send, and even altered whole passages, and rounded elegant periods, without one check or recollection of the holy place where he stood. Another repeated a long dialogue which had passed between himself and a friend the night before, and considered how he might have spoken more to the purpose. Some young girls rehearsed scenes with their lovers; some recalled the incidents of the last ball. Careful housewives planned schemes of economy, gazed winking to their servants, arranged the turning of a gown, or decided on the most becoming of worldly talk or bonnet.

To me, conscious of the recording angel's presence, all this solemn mockery of worship was frightful. I would have given words to rouse this congregation to a sense of what they were doing; and, to my comfort, I saw that for the involuntary offenders a gentle warning was provided.

A frown from the angel, or the waving of his impatient wings, as if about to quit a place

so desecrated, recalled the wandering thoughts of many a soul, unconscious whence came the breath that revived the dying flame of his devotions. Then self-blame, tears of penitence and bitter remorse, of which those kneeling nearest knew nothing, wrung the heart, shocked at its own careless ingratitude, wondering at and adoring the forbearance of the Almighty, while more concentrated thoughts, and, I trust, more fervent prayer, succeeded to the momentary forgetfulness.

In spite of all these helps, however, the amount of real devotion was small; and when I looked at the angel's tablets, I was shocked to see how little was written therein. "Out of three hundred Christians," thought I, "a scabbed after a week of mercies, to praise and bless the Giver of all good, are these few words the sum of what they offer?" "Look to thyself," said the angel, reading my inmost thoughts. "Such as these are, such hast thou long been. Iarest thou, after what has been revealed to thee, at such a part again? Oh, could thy mortal cars hear to listen to the songs of the rejoicing angels before the throne of the Almighty, thou wouldst indeed wonder at the condensing mercy which stoops to accept these few faint wandering notes of prayer and praise. Yet the sinless angels veil their faces before Him in whose presence man stands boldly up with such mockery of worship as thou hast seen this day. Remember the solemn warning, lest hereafter it be counted to thee as an aggravation of guilt."

Suddenly the sweet, solemn voice ceased, the glorious angel disappeared, and so oppressive seemed the silence and loneliness, that I started and awoke. My watch pointed to the hour of eleven. It must have been the stopping of the bells that interrupted my slumbers; and all this solemn scene had passed before my mind in the short space of a few minutes.

May the lesson I heard in those few minutes never be effaced from my heart! And if this account of them should recall one wandering thought in the house of prayer, or teach any to value more highly and cultivate more carefully the privilege of joining in the public worship of our church, it will not have been written in vain.

VISIT A. J. PELL'S GALLERY OF ART, 345 NOTRE DAME STREET, In rear of Post Office, MONTREAL.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must beg our friends to write the names of persons and places as distinctly as possible. This will save much annoyance. Communications received later than Wednesday morning must stand over till our next issue.

We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

Back numbers will be sent only on application. Subscribers are especially requested to make complaint at once to the office of any irregularity in mailing or delivery of their papers.

Church Observer.

"THIS PROTESTANT KINGDOM."—Bill of Rights, 1688.

MONTREAL, 3RD NOVEMBER, 1868.

PERVERSY.

There surely must be a singular perversity or dullness of understanding with some who venture to write upon the subject of the late Synod. We say perversity or dullness of understanding, because we are reluctant to charge upon these writers either designed misrepresentation or ignorance in this behalf. And yet when matters of fact are so plain and so incontrovertible, those who mis-state them are nearly, if not quite, as inexcusable as if they had purposely perverted the truth. One instance of this perversity or strange dullness appears in the *Gazette* of the 30th ult.—a paper at one time noted for its fairness, now for its one-sidedness—copied from a Kingston weekly; and the accuracy of the article may be judged of by the statement we are about to notice.

The writer says "the friends of the Bishop of Rupert's Land placed him in the position of being the only Bishop of British North America whom the House of Bishops declined to nominate." Now this is simply untrue; and it is difficult to persuade one's self that it is not designedly untrue; because, unfortunately for the writer, he found his statement upon what passed at the conference held with the House of Bishops, while it is a matter of notoriety that the name of the Bishop of Rupert's Land had, in the most extraordinary manner, been passed over before that conference. The friends of the Bishop of Rupert's Land had nothing whatever to do with placing him in that position. It was done entirely by the House of Bishops, or rather by a majority of that House; for, before the conference at which the writer says the Bishop's name was mentioned, every Bishop occupying a see in British North America had been nominated with the exception of the Bishop of Rupert's Land; and, besides, the Bishop of Grahamstown had been nominated.

Surely, up to this time, it cannot be pretended that there was any attempt at dictation by any members of the Synod. It has, however, been pretended that at the conference an attempt was made by two clergymen to force upon the attention of the Bishops the names of the Bishop of Rupert's Land and of Dr. Balch; however that may be, we learn from Mr. Huntington's speech before the House, that the action of those two gentlemen was instantly repudiated by the other ten members of the conference,

and apologized for at the time, though we believe the opinion of the two gentlemen in question was elicited by the enquiry of one of the Bishops whether or not a way out of the difficulty could be devised. Surely there was nothing in all this indicating an attempt at dictation.

But the writer may fall back upon the assertion, which in fact he has made, that the Diocesan Synod of Montreal had determined to limit the Bishops to the name or names they had decided upon. Now we are reluctantly compelled again to say this is utterly untrue. Untrue, because they had not decided upon any name or names. Untrue, because they were prepared to vote in favour of the first name presented to them, deemed by them fit for the office.

It is, however, absurd to say that the Synod had even a chance of choice; out of the nine names first sent down, or in the two nominations afterwards made, will any one pretend that there were more than two, at most or even more than one, upon which the Synod could intelligently vote? And yet this is called giving the Synod a choice of election! And because the Synod refused to elect one of these instantly, it is charged with endeavouring to limit the Bishops to a certain name! And when they ask for a fresh nomination, the Synod is told that the House of Bishops require until May to consider and decide as to the names to be submitted!

We cannot but feel that, from the very outset, the House of Bishops—rather, we must say again, the majority of the House of Bishops—treated the Synod of the Diocese of Montreal with singular want of consideration—we do not care to use the stronger expressions which press upon the mind. What sort of treatment was it to tell the Synod the House of Bishops was determined to send down no name but that of a Bishop? What sort of treatment was it to send down a cluster of names for the large majority of which it was obviously absurd to vote; a fact known to the Bishops when they made the nomination? And what sort of treatment was it to set at naught the canon under which they had met, and send the Synod home without having given it the remotest chance of accomplishing its work?

The writer of the article we have been glancing at, evidently inspired by some one, feels, however, that a great injustice has been done to the Bishop of Rupert's Land, and that the church will not acquit therein the majority of the House of Bishops; and, therefore, with a view to shielding those who were delinquent, he adds to the injustice by insinuating concerning the Bishop, "We are not surprised at this; it is the practice of these writers when a Bishop does not please them. We have before had occasion to rebuke the ritualists of this city for the unseemly language which they had used in speaking of Bishops; and this week, in glancing over a ritualist paper published in Toronto, we were shocked by the epithets applied to an old and much respected Bishop; and now the Bishop of Rupert's Land is thus assailed, but assailed in a most cowardly manner, i. e. by insinuation. We are no apologists for the Bishop of Rupert's Land; and many of those who think with us would have voted against him if they had been afforded an opportunity; but compelled by these dastardly attacks, we fearlessly assert that he is above suspicion; that he is so moderate a man that the leading ritualists in the Synod expressed their intention of voting for him should his name be sent down; and that the only tangible charge brought against him is that he had the honesty and manliness, frankly, while paying a high tribute to the late Metropolitan, to say a thing which was well known to all:—that he enjoyed that Prelate's friendship and confidence, although differing upon some theological points. In short, we imagine that the Bishops themselves will admit, at least his equality in talents, learning, administrative ability, zeal and piety; and—notwithstanding the sneer of the Kingston writer—his not inferior qualification, compared with any one of themselves, for the highest office in the Canadian Church by his experience in a most laborious Diocese.

The absurd straight to which the defenders of the Bishops are put, in endeavouring to find an excuse for their action, may be seen in the article we have referred to. It says—"One of the reasons was a reasonable belief that a three years episcopate of Indian territory was not an overwhelming qualification &c." And yet they sent down the name of the Coadjutor Bishop of Newfoundland, who had not even nearly the experience so Christianly sneered at!!!

We are not sure that it is desirable that the Diocese of Montreal should surrender its right of being the Metropolitan see. We perceive, moreover, that there is a growing repugnance in the Diocese to any such idea. And as to the extraordinary scheme of electing one of the Bishops of the Dominion to the Diocese merely to enable the Diocese to get rid of an obnoxious law, we have more respect for the office than to be content to see it thus used; nor do we understand how, in accordance with the canon, one Bishop can hold two sees. Even for

such a purpose there would be a strange process of resigning and electing, surely not compatible with the sacredness of such an office.

LECTURE.—The last lecture of the course advertised, in behalf of the *St. George's Mission School*, was delivered on Thursday evening last in the basement of St. George's Church. Subject:—"Ancient and modern Eloquence." According to the programme, Dr. BALCH should have lectured on that occasion; but domestic affliction caused the absence of that reverend gentleman, and his place was filled by Dr. BANCROFT, who commenced by stating that it was no matter of surprise to find so few orators in the world; and then described what an orator was. To be able to instruct, delight and move an audience, a speaker must have confidence, vigour of style, intellect, a warm heart, and honesty of purpose. It was no wonder that few had come to the standard of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Pitt, or a Webster. He described how these men had risen to eminence, that constant study was the main secret of their success. He spoke of Demosthenes, and his great philippics; of Cicero and his telling orations against Catiline; and in later days of Caithan, Burke, Sheridan, Fox, and William Pitt—giving quotations from their greatest speeches. He pointed out the difference between the style of ancient and modern orators. He then referred to pulpit eloquence, to Massillon, Bossuet, Whitfield, Robert Hall, and an American clergyman of later days, and others who qualified themselves to play upon every chord of human feelings, and thus be able to reach the hearts of all. To be an orator a person must have genius and application.

At the close of the lecture Mr. Kellar proposed a vote of thanks to the several Rev. gentlemen who had so kindly assisted the Young Men's Christian Association of St. George's. After some suitable remarks made by Mr. E. Thompson and Rev. Canon Bond, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Curran, and the meeting closed.

CORRECTION.—We have been requested to state that the name of the Rev. J. P. OUMOUCLIN was accidentally omitted from the list of *Nays* on the final vote taken upon the motion to receive the Report submitted to the delegates at the last Diocesan Synod convened for the election of Bishop and Metropolitan.

THE LATE BISHOP JEUNE.—In the course of a funeral sermon, preached by the Rev. G. Lege, at the cathedral in Peterborough, he says that the late Bishop Jeune while receiving the last communion before his death, evidently suffering great pain, interrupted the clergyman by saying in a firm clear voice, and with solemn emphasis, nearly as follows:—

"Before I receive the holy communion I wish to make a brief statement. I die in full reliance on the perfect atonement made by our Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross. I die in the unreserved belief of the inspiration of all the canonical books of the Old and New Testament. I die in the faith of the Church of England as taught by the Apostles, Fathers, and Protestant Reformers, and as set forth in her liturgy and Articles. I pray God to preserve her on the one hand from Neologianism; and on the other hand from Ritualism and Romanism."

CAPT. DUGMORE'S ATTACK.—We copy the following correspondence from the *Kingston Daily News* of 23rd inst.:

"Kingston, Nov. 23, 1868. Lieut-Colonel Hibbert presents his compliments to the Rev. R. V. Rogers, and begs to express the regret of the officers of the R. C. Rifles that any member of the corps should have been the author of such an unwarranted attack on a clergyman as that which appeared in the *Daily News* over the signature of 'Outsider' in the early part of last week. It is almost needless to observe that Captain Dugmore has no participations amongst his brother officers in the sentiments of the letter above alluded to, the publication of which would never have been permitted had Captain D's intention of writing it been known in the Regiment. If the Rev. Mr. Rogers thinks it desirable to publish this letter, of course he is at liberty to do so."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS. Sir—You would oblige me by inserting the above, and thus undo, as far as possible, any mischief which may arise from the attack of Captain Dugmore on my personal and ministerial character. To Colonel Hibbert and officers of the Royal Canadian Rifles, I take this opportunity of returning my sincere thanks for their kind and honourable sympathy. I will add not even by a single word to the humiliation of Captain Dugmore, beyond expressing the hope that he, too, may see that no zeal for a cause can ever warrant our forgetting the courtesies of life, and that such a weapon as he has used injures self far more than others. Yours, R. V. ROGERS, M.A., Minister St. James', Kingston. Nov. 23, 1868.

DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE.—Of Rev. Washington Gladden's distinctions in favor of contra-dances as an innocent amusement, *Zion's Herald* well says:—

"He condemns the round or waltz-dance, but approves the square or contra-dance. Yet he knows, or should know, that all dances to-day are the former. No daughter of his can go to a ball of any sort without this wretching of mutual arms about mutual waists, and hot whirling of bodies to hot music in hot rooms, the heating of the passion and the damnation, too often, of the soul. How foolish to approve of what is never practiced. Even the contra-dance is not over modest, as every ob-

server and practical knows, but that has given way to these worse substitutes. As well condemn whisky and grove of arack, and then advocate the drinking of spirits, when we know only whisky will be drunk. Mr. Gladden will find that young people of his congregation cannot go balls, of any brevity or modesty, and be true, happy Christians. There are plenty of diversions that can be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus. Stick to them."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In reply to our correspondent at Newmarket, (J.H.) we beg to say that his offer will be accepted.

To our Tuscarora correspondent, (A. E.) we have to say that nothing is due by him. His request will be complied with.

Correspondence.

We are not responsible for any opinions expressed by our correspondents.

ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

[To the Editor of the Church Observer.]

DEAR SIR,—On the arrival of a stranger in this city, he often asked whether, among other curiosities, he had seen the famed Church of St. Alban's, the seat of ritualism. Consequently I attended divine service on a recent occasion. The church is a small structure of plain exterior, but highly ornamented within, particularly near the so-called altar. I profess to belong to the Protestant Episcopal body of the United States, and to be subject to its Bishops, yet its ministers or priests, as they love to be called, emulate, as do I fear some few of the clergy in Canada, the name of Protestant.

Mass at St. Alban's talked of! The idea is a strange one to those among whom the belief is general that in Protestant theology the doctrine of the Mass is idolatrous, yet Father Merrill, as he is styled, avowedly celebrates the Mass, and elevates the host to the sounding of the Church bell, and with the other priests, adorns the black cassock, white amice, white surplice, green stole, green manipule and green chasuble; while the acolytes and choristers are attired in red cassocks and white surplices. I am indebted to the *New York World* for the names of most of these mysterious vestments.

On entering the church, the procession of those who were to officiate, with two satin banners, and headed by the cross-bearer, ranged themselves in front of, and facing the altar, bowed reverently and bowed when the officiating priest placed himself on the top step leading up to the altar, and with his back turned to the congregation, proceeded with the service. Although a churchman of some three score years, I became quite lost in the arrangement of the liturgy, the sermon coming soon where, in the middle, the prayers, I believe however, were strictly those of the prayer book; but so intoned that I could scarcely understand them. Father Merrill preached a very fair Christian discourse; but on commencing, he turned round and bowed reverently to the altar, and crossed himself, uttering the words "Father, Son and Holy Ghost." I did not see any incense, though I am told that it is used. There was an altar and a canopy in the centre, and seven or eight candles on each side. The two centre candles, a little higher than the others, were lit early in the service by an acolyte, and the remainder at a later stage; while at either end of the altar stood handsome candelabra with numerous gas lights, making with the gilding and variety of brilliant colours, a very gay appearance. It must be confessed that in spite of so much gaudy pageantry, the congregation was particularly decorous, attentive and devout, and would have afforded a good example to many congregations in other places of worship and in other countries.

Another excitement in the Episcopal Church, of somewhat less marked character, exists in Christ Church in this city, served by the Rev. Dr. Ewer, who has lately raised up a host of preaching opponents in all Protestant sects by a course of sermons on "Protestantism a failure." The reverend gentleman, a talented and eloquent man, certainly wants not courage, for he has invoked the hostility of many talented divines, in sermon and writings, for whom he is no match. His church is a splendid one, and has a fabulous sum. It also has an altar and a super-altar with a large gold cross in the centre, but no candles. The service is read (not intoned) by the officiating clergy from side benches ranged in a semi-circle, having the altar in the centre, and the lessons and sermon are read from two small lecterns in the middle of the chancel. The church is gorgeous in ornaments and colours, and avowedly ritualistic in its leanings. I saw two silk banners, in a corner recess, affecting concealment though quite conspicuous, which it is said are only used in Sunday school processions (objectional: to Protestant eyes even then) but a surplised choir is in preparation, and the banners may possibly appear on other occasions. It is but fair to say that Dr. Ewer considers the Roman Catholic faith, as well as Protestantism, a failure; an assertion which is hardly consistent with his text, which spoke only of the latter. This might seem somewhat like an after thought, to deprecate the storm which he has raised, and I am told by a member of his congregation, that so much feeling has been caused in the course which he has taken, that forty leading families, hitherto his chief supporters, have abandoned him, and relinquished their pews.

The above are the two great eccentricities in church matters now engaging public attention. The reigning spirit in both are eccentricity and fond of notoriety. I hope that speculation is not concerned. They are neither of them of the highest standing among the clergy; they both, I believe, began in other walks of life, and are not of the requisite calibre to sustain such startling novelties, and I venture to predict that they will fail to lead their flocks where they are unwilling to follow, and that they will cease to be the lions they now are.

Your faithful servt., SUBSCRIBER. New York, Nov. 25th, 1868.

THE LATE SYNOD.

[To the Editor of the Church Observer.] Sir,—I have read with much interest the whole of the proceedings of the Montreal Synod, as given in your issue of the 19th inst., and I would arrive at no other conclusion than that the present unseemly state of things has arisen from the unwise power delegated to the Synod; namely, that of electing, not only their own Bishop, but the Metropolitan also. Had not this two-fold power been vested in that body, the Diocese would not now have found

itself, comparatively speaking, disfranchised; for though the Bishops have exercised their right of nomination in a very injudicious manner—to give it no harsher name—yet it must be conceded that to the House of Bishops should pertain the right of choosing from among themselves their chief head. Montreal cannot long remain without its Diocesan, and steps must be taken to secure to the clergy and lay delegates the right to elect their own Bishop; when, having done so, the Bishop should proceed to the election of the Metropolitan without reference to the Synod, and the mere question of residence must be set aside.

At the time of the installation of the late venerable Bishop Fulford, the confederation of the Provinces had not taken place. Since that time we have enlarged our borders, and I conceive that the right hand of fellowship should be extended to the bishops and clergy of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; and that those prelates with our own should form the House of Bishops for the Dominion of Canada. If union in strength, then indeed it must be desirable; and inasmuch as the necessity has been acknowledged for the erection of a new diocese that should comprise a portion of the Montreal and Ontario sees, the suggestion may be considered worthy of consideration, whether it would not conduce to the benefit of the church at large to create this new diocese, and to affirm by canon that its prelate should be Metropolitan, seeing that this city is now the acknowledged metropolis of the Dominion of Canada. SPECTATOR. Ottawa, Dec. 1st, 1868.

THE ROMISH PRIEST IN A RITUALIST CHURCH.

The ritualists have adopted the word "mass" for their celebration of the communion service. A near-sighted Roman priest, a stranger to Brighton, mistook St. Michael's for the Catholic Church, where he was going to say a low mass. The two churches are near one another, and both of bright red-coloured stone or brick. Attributing the apparent want of holy water at the entrance to the fault of the architect, or to his own near-sightedness, he went up the side aisle catching a glimpse of a vested priest at the "high altar," and entered the sacristy. Here he asked of an attendant if he could say mass there that morning. The answer was "that he could." Now as the priest was unrobbed before putting on the chasuble, &c., which were all spread before him, there entered the sacristy the clergyman fresh from celebrating, attended by a "server," and carrying "paten, chalice and corporal" in an orthodox manner as would the Pope himself. Now as the priest turned to look at this gentleman, in whom he expected to find the Parochius of the Catholic community, his eye lighted upon three university hoods. "Do you wear hoods here?" he inquired. The clergyman answered that such was their custom. "I was told," says the priest, hesitating, "that I could say mass here this morning." "So you can," returns the clergyman, blandly. "But—ahem—is this a Catholic church?" "Yes," was the calm answer. "Ah!" says the priest, "is it the Roman Catholic church?" "Oh!" replies the ritualist meekly, "you must go lower down for that."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A subsequent corrective notice confirms the substantial truth of the foregoing:—

The clergyman who officiated at St. Michael's, Brighton, on the occasion, wishes to correct one or two inaccuracies in our account. "What really happened," he says, "was simply this. At the conclusion of our early celebration, upon returning to the sacristy, I saw a stranger there. Thinking him to be a friend of the incumbent's, who was not there himself that morning, I asked him, as matins were about to be said, if he would like to put on a surplice; and as he did not say anything, but appeared to hesitate, I took one down and offered it to him. Whilst doing so, his eye very naturally lighted upon the university hoods worn by the other clergy then present, and he said to me, 'Am I mistaken? is this Father Oldham's church?' To which I replied, 'No; it is the church of St. Michael and All Angels'; and I then directed him the way to the church he was seeking." Our correspondent adds that the holy communion is not called the mass at St. Michael's.

EARTHQUAKES.

Our readers have, of course, seen in the newspapers the sad details of the recent calamity in Peru and Ecuador. It is at present impossible to verify every particular, and further information is anxiously looked for. But it is evident that the catastrophe in its attending circumstances and fearful consequences has seldom been exceeded, if equalled, by any former convulsions.

The *Panama Star* says the news is the most appalling and painful it has ever laid before its readers. Thousands and thousands of lives have been called instantly into eternity; whole cities, towns and villages have been swept away, and ships with their crews have been whirled from their anchorages by the receding sea, and swallowed up. Such a picture of general destruction and desolation, extending for hundreds of miles along the coast and reaching up to the topmost heights of the Andes, can scarcely be imagined. At Iquique the town was completely swept away, and only a mass of ruins remain. The loss of life is very great, but the exact number is unknown. The ports of Mejillones, Pisagua, Arica and Ishchala shared the fate of Iquique. Arequipa is levelled to the ground, not one stone being left standing. The magnificent cathedral is only partly standing. Moquegua, near Arequipa, is likewise overthrown. Tacna escaped with the loss of sixty houses. It is stated that a town near Islay, containing five hundred inhabitants, was swept away, and only twenty lives saved. At Chala the sea receded, and a wave rose fifty feet, and returned, spreading into the town a distance of about one thousand feet three successive times. Everything within range was swept away, followed by twelve shocks of earthquake, lasting from three seconds to two minutes, but few lives were lost. In other towns the devastation was equally great. The loss of property is estimated at three million dollars. Arequipa was entirely destroyed. In Encador, the towns of Ibarra, San-Fabio, Auntagni and Imonted are in ruins. Where Cotocachi stood is now a lake. In Ibarra, Otocaval and Cotocachi, the entire populations perished. In Quito the effects were less severe, but all the buildings have been greatly damaged. Several churches, convents and cathedrals were thrown down. The towns adjoining Quito, Perucho, Puellarao and Cachi-Guango have almost entirely disappeared. The number of deaths in Quito was small; but in other towns 20,000 perished. The few left uninjured have been unable to assist those remaining alive or dying under the ruins, and have been obliged to fly from the reach of the dead bodies. In most places the populace deserted

their dwellings, living in the open air outside the cities. In Emeraldo it is expected intense damage was done. The shocks extended along the coast from Callao South to Cobijah, with equal severity at both points; while nearly all the intermediate ports are in ruins. How far inland the shock was felt was not known, but it was believed that it carried destruction far up into the Cordilleras.

The following extract from a letter written on the spot by Mr. Nugent, the British Vice-consul at Africa, possesses painful interest:—

"In the afternoon of the 13th August, about five o'clock, we were visited with a most tremendous earthquake. I had scarcely time to get my wife and children into the street when the whole of the walls of my house fell, or rather were blown out, as if jerked a us. At the same time the earth opened probably two or three inches, and belched out dust, accompanied with a terrible and overpowering stench; the air was darkened as midnight, and I could not see my wife and children, who were within two feet of me. If this had lasted any time we must have been suffocated, but in about a couple of minutes it cleared. Collecting my household, I then started over the trembling ground for the hills. We passed unhurt through falling houses, where we saw men struck down stone dead; others maimed appealing for help, which we could not give. A merciful Providence was over us, and, strange to say, when all was fear, I never lost my presence of mind. We wended our sad way, as well as we could, towards the hills. My wife, close to her confinement, could not push on. I was carrying her baby, and supporting her with the other arm, the earth shaking all the time, making us stagger like drunken people, when a great cry went up to heaven such as few men have heard—'The sea is retiring!' I hurried on and had barely got to the outskirts of the town when I looked back.

"Gracious God, what a sight! I saw all the vessels in the bay carried out irresistibly to sea (anchors and chains were as packthread) probably with a speed of ten miles an hour. In a few minutes the great outward current stopped, stopped by a mighty rising wave, which came in with an awful rush, carrying all before it in its terrible majesty, bringing the hole of the shipping with it, sometimes turning in circles as if striving to elude their fate.

"Meanwhile the wave had passed on, struck the mole into atoms, and destroyed my office, which was adjacent to it, and, hurrying on, swallowed up the Custom-house. Rushing down the same street in which was my dwelling-house, it carried everything before it in its irresistible course. All my launches had ere this disappeared—the fruits of twenty-two years' hard work had gone in a moment—and my ruin was completed.

"I stood breathless, looking at the awful sight, but thanking God that life had been preserved to me and my loved ones; but each second was a life-time.

"Looking seawards I saw the ships still hurrying to their doom. In a few minutes all was completed. Every vessel was either ashore or bottom upwards. The Peruvian vessel of war, America, lost about eighty-five hands; the Waters (United States steamer-of-war), a vessel with a small draught of water, was carried bodily on the top of the wave, and landed about a quarter of a mile in shore on the railway track, with the loss of one man. The Fredonia (United States transport) was bottom upwards, every person on board perished. The remains of the British barque Chanarillo (name uncertain) were lying high up beyond the beach, a mere hull, about half her crew perished. An American barque, laden with guano, has not left a vestige to tell her fate.

"We lay out on the hills all night, without food or covering, watching and praying for day light. When morning came I walked into the outskirts of the ruins, and out of one got a few biscuits, a packet of tea, some sugar and a kettle. I then determined to start for my shed among the hills, the nurse and I carrying the children. So we trudged our sad exodus, my wife bearing up with great spirit. We found the shed uninhabitable; another night on the plain. Yesterday I managed to construct a shed with sticks and mats, and there I left my family."

A second letter, dated from Lima, contains a still more thrilling account of individual escape.

"An earthquake has swept Iquique into the sea, and every vestige of our house and works. I have had a hard fight for life, and, though badly wounded in the thigh, I am progressing towards recovery. God be praised for his mercy!

"The catastrophe occurred on the evening of the 13th at 5.5. I had just returned from the works, and was talking to Mr. S., the engineer, when a very loud rumbling noise was heard, accompanied by a shock of earthquake. A second followed, overturning the tables, etc. We ran out into the coral at the back, but so violent was the shock that we were thrown down headlong on our hands and knees. We got into the street on the beach. Mr. S. ran to his engines, and myself, son, and Mr. Billinghurst, with our poor old servant, collected with terror outside. In an instant the sea roared, and retired hundreds of yards into the bay, leaving all the shore exposed.

"I saw the whole surface of the sea rise as if a mountain side, actually standing up. Another shock, accompanied with a fearful roar, now took place. I called to my companions run for their lives on to the Pampa! Too late! With a horrid crash the sea was on us, and at one sweep—one terrible sweep—dashed what was Iquique on to the Pampa. I lost my companions, and in an instant was fighting with the dark water. The mighty wave surged and roared and leaped. The cries of human beings and animal were dreadful. A mass of wreck covered me and kept me down, and I was fast drowning, when the sea threw me on to a beam; but a nail piercing my coat, the timber rolled me again under, and I lost all sense. I suppose, as in all such cases, I must have struggled after sensation had left me, for when returning consciousness came I was grasping under one arm a large plank. Looking round, all was wreck and desolation. In a moment I was, by a returning wave, swept into the bay, and meeting a mass of timber, I was struck a fearful blow on the chin, and the broken end of the plank wounded my thigh.

"I knew no more until I found myself on the Pampa, and all dark around me. I was without trousers, coat, shoes, or hat. Trying to collect myself, I thought of another wave, and crawled away to the mountain side, scooped a hole in the ground, and got in. Here, wet and shivering, I spent the night. My wound bled freely. In the morning I looked out and found Iquique gone, all but a few houses round the church. A clean sweep of all the immense stores, etc.—not a vestige of our engine, boilers, etc. I

found my poor servant dead, and poor Dr. B., the engineer, and others, I managed to find a hat on the shore, further on a pair of shoes and an old pair of trousers. The havoc has been fearful. All the machinery was dashed to pieces and after two days' sad suffering I got on board the steamer and came here to have medical assistance. The splinter which wounded my thigh was about the size of a broom handle, but made a very jagged wound, and the pain is very great, as is also my hand, which was crushed across my fingers. Never mind! I have my life. Poor Dr. B.—I he went by my window one minute before the shock took place; he must have been killed immediately afterwards. I never knew suffering until I had passed two days without water and food, and lay wounded in the sand. God be praised for my life!"

From individual statements such as the preceding, we may best form an idea—it can be only an idea—of the sufferings which attend these terrible convulsions. A bare mention of the loss of life conveys to the reader no conception of the extent of misery inflicted; we must learn from the narratives of eye-witnesses, the various forms in which death was encountered, the numbers who escaped with loss of limbs or serious bodily injuries, and the multitudes who were suddenly reduced to penury and want. Dolomieu, on visiting the scene of the earthquake in the two Calabrias and Sicily in 1783 (thousand more died by epidemics caused by insufficient nourishment, exposure to the atmosphere, and malaria arising from the new stagnant lakes and pools), says: "The scene of horrors almost deprived me of my faculties; my mind was filled with mingled compassion and terror. Nothing had escaped; all was levelled with the dust. Not a single house or piece of wall remained. On all sides were heaps of stones so destitute of form that they are no conception of there ever having been a town on the spot. The stench of the dead bodies still rose from the ruins. I conversed with many persons who had been buried for three, four and even five days. I questioned them respecting their sensations in so dreadful a situation, and they agreed that of all the physical evils they endured, thirst was the most intolerable." "It has been often remarked," says Sir C. Lyell, "that the dread of earthquakes is strongest in the minds of those who have experienced them most frequently; whereas in the case of almost every other danger, familiarity with peril renders men intrepid. The reason is obvious—scarcely any part of the mischief apprehended in this instance is imaginary. The first shock is often the most destructive, and as it may occur in the dead of the night, or by day, without giving the least warning of its approach, no forethought can guard against it; and when the convulsion has begun, no skill or courage or presence of mind can point out the path of safety."

DOCTORS vs. COMMON SENSE.

The Catholic World, in an article entitled "Religion Medically Considered," brings out many valuable thoughts. The author draws a striking contrast between the ancient Israelites and their heathen neighbors, showing that while the former had great physical advantages, in consequence of the practical rules for living enforced upon them by Divine law, regulating all their relations to God and their neighbors, and prescribing their duties to themselves, these duties being the soundest sanitary principles; the latter, governed by sensuality, selfishness, and a reaped the legitimate penalties of immoderate self-indulgence. In regard to the baneful tendencies of the sensual enjoyments of the present day, especially those connected with the use of ardent spirits, the same writer says, and we quote the paragraph in full:—

"In the United States especially, the prevalence and evils of whisky drinking are truly monstrous. It is the dominant curse, the crying evil of the day. It spreads all of the ramifications of social evil, showing that victims by millions, of all ages, sexes, and conditions. It corrupts and undermines the very foundation of health, perverts and degrades the intellectual and moral faculties, and depresses men deep into the lower strata of humanity. 'Thousands have become habitual drinkers, and ultimately confirmed inebriates, through the advice of their medical advisers. In accordance with some absurd hypothesis, or perchance to please their patients, too many medical men, during the past twenty years, have ordered the habitual use of whisky, rum, brandy and other stimulants. The calamities thus entailed are fearful to contemplate; and those thoughtless physicians who have contributed so largely in extending this great national vice will bear to their graves a dreadful responsibility.' We wish these sentences could be read by every physician in the land, for the truths they contain are only too apparent upon examination.

STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

The mariolatry of ritualism is not always so boldly avowed as in the subjoined extract from the letter of a correspondent in the last number of the Church News:—

"Members of the E. C. U. do well to oppose, by every possible means, the introduction of any more men of a mild Anglican type into our Union. Such men will always be a stumbling-block in the path of Catholic progress, and for every inch that is given them, they will take an ell from us. We do not ask them, or 'Anti-Church-Association' men (or old women), to quit their faith in 'our glorious Reformers,' or to join in professional hymns in honour of Our Lady—why, then, should they wish to make us hug 'the immortal martyrs, &c.' or try (ineffectually) to prevent us from seeking the intercession of, and offering our worship to, the ever-blessed and spotless mother of our dear Lord?"

Miscellaneous.

AN UNEXPECTED CONCLUSION.—One of the country clerical papers had, some time ago, a long article upon the subject of the crops, which, it was contended, were gradually diminishing in Lower Canada. The writer comes to the conclusion that this is a divine punishment for the growing indifference of the people for certain practices ordered by the church, and specially for the gradual increasing number of bad newspapers and of books invented by people of other religions under the inspiration of the evil one, and distributed among the people in order to tear them out of the true church.

A young French Canadian, just returned from the United States, on a visit to his family, was shown the article with many warnings to place him on his guard with reference to the dangers he was exposed to among the Americans, who had nearly all separated from the church. The young man first argued that the

bad crops must probably be attributed to a defective system of culture, or to some change in the climate; but he could not succeed in that direction. His interlocutors persisted in attributing the non-success of their labours to a general dereliction of religious duties, when, at last, the young man feeling the much pressed, exclaimed:—"Well, I begin to think that if your crops are failing, it is a proof that the Almighty is burning Protestants, for I have never seen so plentiful ones as in the United States and Upper Canada; at Chicago, grain is more abundant than sand or gravel, and they do not know where to put all their reaps." This set all his hearers, thinking.—Witness.

A BISHOP DEFIED.—A case of disobedience to episcopal authority has lately occurred in Brighton, England, more glaring than that of Mr. Hubbard, of Westley. Rev. J. Purchas, rector of St. James chapel, has been conducting ritualistic services of an extreme type. The Bishop of Chichester at last summoned him to inhibit him from officiating. Instead of meekly submitting to the godly admonition of his bishop, on the next Sabbath he ostentatiously repeated his offence. The services were unusually gorgeous and histrionic. A procession of cassocked boys, carrying lighted candles in their hands, filed into the choir, followed by a long line of choristers and other assistants—"acolytes, thurifer, crucifer, banner-bearer, ceremoniarus," etc.—the two officiating priests, Rev. J. Purchas and his curate, bridging up the rear. Mr. Purchas was vested in light colors, and wore a cap, on which gems, probably crystals, seemed to glitter. The incense was kindled, and presently clouds of scented smoke, which shrouded Mr. Purchas and curate from the gaze of the curious, began to ascend. Then the service began, not with "When the wicked man turneth," or any other passage of scripture appointed to be read, but with a procession in which the aforesaid cassocked boys—acolytes, thurifer, etc.—marched round the aisles, the incense-bearer swinging his censur and the choristers chanting a hymn. The procession having reached the chancel, "matins" commenced, and there were the usual groupings, vestment-changings, genuflections, and incensings customary in ritualistic churches. When the matins were brought to a close, "high celebration" followed, and this service was most elaborately performed. The Bishop of Nelson is troubled with a similar refractory priest. In our own country a ritualizing presbyter in Memphis is refusing to obey the inhibition of the Bishop of Tennessee. Thus it will be seen that the rebels against authority are not all Evangelicals.—Am. Paper.

A GREAT CATHEDRAL.—The Roman Catholics of London are about to erect a cathedral that will rival any of the cathedrals of the continent. The site selected is in Westminster, near Buckingham Palace. The building is professedly a memorial to the late Cardinal Wiseman, who styled himself, as does his successor, Archbishop of Westminster. It is said that it will eventually be the most spacious and attractive cathedral in the world. The ground alone which it is to occupy has cost no less than \$200,000. It will be the first recognized Roman Catholic cathedral since the days of Queen Mary.

THE TEACHER'S REWARD.—A Sunday school teacher from Boston recently moved into a neighboring town and at once entered again upon his work there. He had no special fitness for his post, beyond an earnest love of soul and a cordial faith in God's promises to answer prayer. A company of twelve young men, inattentive if not rude, formed his class. It had been considered "a hard class" by other teachers. One by one the faithful teacher sought them out at their homes and places of business, and pressed the claims of Jesus. Indifference soon gave place to anxiety and alarm. Then the way of salvation from sin was shown. Now the whole class, with but one exception, are rejoicing in Christ.

FORGIVEN WITHOUT A PRIEST.—A priest, after examining, with a knowing look, a colporteur's pack, said to him, "Sir, I perceive that in your book a great deal is said about conversion and nothing said about confession; it is clear that yours are Protestant books." A notary who was present opened the New Testament. "But do you not see," said he to the curate, "that Jesus Christ forgave the thief without the intervention of a priest to confess him? And when St. Stephen was dying, did he ask for a priest to confess him?" The dilemma was embarrassing. "Sir," answered the priest, gravely, "the rules of the Church in ancient times were different to what they are at the present day."

There are further reports of ritualistic harvest festival follies. At Dr. Lee's church in Lambeth, the decorations, processionings, genuflections, &c., appear to have followed the extreme type. The preacher, Rev. M. Hubbard, of Atherstone, who (says the reporter), "commencing in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by bowing to a painting of the Saviour hung beside the small and low platform which served as a pulpit, compared this revived branch of the church to the tree which, supposed to be withered, had, when the master 'dugged about it,' borne fruit afresh." And more to the same effect. At the evening service there were "54 candles burning on the altar and screen."

A TOAD UNDESSING.—Audubon relates that he once saw a toad undress himself. He commenced by pressing his elbows hard against his sides and rubbing downward. After a few smart rubs his hide began to burst along his back. He kept on rubbing until he worked all his skin into folds on his sides and hips; then grasping one hind leg with his hands, he hauled off one leg of his pants the same as any body would; then stripped off the other hind leg in the same way. He then took his cast-off skin forward between his fore-legs into his mouth and swallowed it; then, by raising and lowering his head, swallowing his head came down, he stripped off his skin underneath, until it came to his fore-legs; then grasping one of these with the opposite hand, by a single motion of the head, and while swallowing, he drew it from the neck and swallowed the whole.

The Canadian Rubber Comp'y OF MONTREAL, MANUFACTURERS OF Machine Belting, Hose, Steam Packing, RAILWAY CAR SPRINGS & BUFFERS, VALVES, STATIONERS GUM, TEETHING RINGS &c. ALSO—INDIA RUBBER OVER-SHOES AND BOOTS, FELT BOOTS in great variety. All Orders executed with despatch. OFFICE AND WORKS: 272 St. Mary St. F. SCHOLLS, Manager. May 14.

W. D. McLAREN, DEALER IN Fine Teas, Coffees, Sugars and General Groceries. Goods packed for the Country or delivered in the City free of charge. No. 247 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN STREET, Corner (659) of St. Catherine Street. MONTREAL. May 14.

JUST PUBLISHED, PRICE \$3.50, ACADIAN GEOLOGY, THE GEOLOGICAL STRUCTURE OF THE ORGANIC REMAINS AND MINERAL RESOURCES OF Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. BY JOHN WM. DAWSON, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of McGill College and University. Second Edition, revised and enlarged, with a Geological Map and numerous illustrations. For Sale by DAWSON BROTHERS, Nos. 55 to 59 Great St. James Street. July 2, 1868.

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE IS especially designed for FAMILY READING. It contains an ample provision of AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE LITERATURE, and includes also articles of a DISTINCTLY RELIGIOUS TONE. Each number contains 64 large pages, with many illustrations. Price per annum, \$1.75. DAWSON BROTHERS, 55 & 59 Great St. James Street.

PICTURES 25 CTS. PER DOZEN OR 3 dozen for 50 Cents, AT

J. S. LAY'S, 62 Great St. James Street, OPPOSITE DAWSON BROS. April 23, 1868.

T. D. HOOD, First Prize Piano Forte MANUFACTURER, No. 79 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Constantly on hand a large assortment of Pianos, Square and Cottages. SECOND-HAND PIANOS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE. Repairing and Tuning promptly attended to.

Perfect security may be attained, and an important branch of Canadian industry stimulated at the same time, by purchasing at this establishment; the Proprietor's position and experience being a guarantee for every Piano that leaves his factory. April 2, 1868.

S. R. WARREN & CO., ORGAN BUILDERS, CORNER OF St Henry & St Joseph Sts. MONTREAL. March 12, 1868.



RICHARD SEALE, Undertaker, No. 116 Great St. James Street, Montreal. Iron and Wood Coffins, Office Desks and Jobbing attended to. April 23, 1868.

COFFIN ESTABLISHMENT. ESTABLISHED 1840. JOSEPH WRAY, FUNERAL UNDERTAKER, RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Montreal that he has REMOVED His residence, as well as his COFFIN DEPOT and FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT, from the premises he so long occupied at the corner of Dorchester and St. Lawrence Main Streets, to his new premises in ST. DONINIQUE STREET, IMMEDIATELY OPPOSITE THE ST. LAWRENCE MARKET, where he is now prepared to execute all orders in his calling entrusted to him. Funerals furnished in the best style. Hearses, Crape, Gloves, &c. Charges moderate. JOSEPH WRAY, No. 126 St. DONINIQUE STREET. May 15.

HELLMUTH COLLEGE, LATE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, LONDON, ONT. INCORPORATED 1863.

VISITOR: The Rt. Reverend the LORD BISHOP OF HUON. PRESIDENT OF THE CORPORATION: The Very Reverend I. HELLMUTH, D.D., Dean of Huron & Rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ont. HEAD MASTER: The Rev. A. SWEATMAN, M.A.

There are five Exhibitions—one of \$100, two of \$60, and two of \$40 each, to be completed for annually. The School year is divided into three terms, commencing on 20th January; 2nd Tuesday after Easter; and 1st September. TERMS: Tuition Fees (including modern languages) \$86 per annum. Boarding 140. For terms of admission, Prospectuses, &c, apply to the Secretary, Major Evans, London, Ont. London, March 1, 1863.

W. NOTMAN, Photographer to the Queen, 17 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

MEALS AWARDED AT LONDON, 1863 PARIS, 1867.

THE RECEPTION ROOMS are open to visitors, who are at all times welcome, whether on business, or merely to spend an hour looking over the very large collection of pictures, comprising in portraiture all the celebrities of the Dominion, and in views nearly every place of interest to the tourist. Branch Establishment at Ottawa. June 11.

DRIED FLOWERS, (EVERLASTINGS) Retaining all their freshness and rich colors (tastefully arranged into Bouquets and Baskets. J. GOULDEN, Druggist, 177 and 179 St. Lawrence Main Street.

CHARLES HEARN, OPTICIAN AND Mathematical Instrument Maker, 242 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL.

Optical, Philosophical, Surveying and Drawing Instruments of every description, constantly on hand or made to order. Repairs promptly executed, and on reasonable terms. Feb. 27, 1868.

TO THE AFFLICTED.—PARODER'S EPILEPTIC CURE.—This preparation is from the recipe of a celebrated French physician in Paris, and has been used with remarkable success in that city and the United States. From the beneficial results attending its use in several cases in this neighbourhood the subscriber has been induced to recommend it publicly to those who may suffer from that distressing malady. References permitted to parties who have used the remedy. Price, one dollar per bottle. J. A. HARTE, LICENTIATE APOTHECARY, 336 Notre Dame Street.

HOUSEKEEPERS, SAVE YOUR MONEY. MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP. By using HARTE'S celebrated CONCENTRATED LYE you can make capital Soft Soap for one cent per gallon, or a proportionate quantity of Hard Soap, of a much superior quality to what is usually sold in the shops. For sale by all respectable Druggists and Grocers in town and country. Price 25 cents per tin. CAUTION.—Be sure to get the genuine, which has the words "Glasgow Drug Hall" stamped on the lid of each tin. All others are counterfeits. WINTER FLUID.—For chapped hands, lips, and all roughness of the skin, this preparation stands unrivalled. Hundreds who have tried it say it is the best thing they ever used. Gentlemen will find it very soothing to the skin after shaving. Price 25 cents per bottle. HOMOEPATHY.—The subscriber has always on hand a full assortment of Homoeopathic Medicines from England and the States. Also, HUMPHREY'S Specifics, all numbers. Country orders carefully attended to.

J. A. HARTE, LICENTIATE APOTHECARY, Glasgow Drug Hall, 336 Notre Dame St. March 19, 1868.

W. & J. MONTGOMERY, CARPENTERS & BUILDERS, No. 14 EVANS STREET, (First Street below Sherbrooke, between St. Urban and St. Charles Baronne,) MONTREAL.

Jobbing promptly attended to. March 5, 1868.

CHURCH FURNACES. JOHN STATE, MANUFACTURER OF BEECHER'S PATENT SELF-CLEANING FURNACES, AND—Tin, Iron and Copper Plate Worker, No. 842 St. Catherine Street, (Near the Cathedral,) MONTREAL.

THE advertiser is prepared to fit up all sizes of BEECHER'S FURNACES, at a cost of about one-third less than most Furnaces heretofore manufactured. These celebrated Heaters are adapted for either WOOD, COAL, or PEAT. In point of economy, principle of action, style and durability, they are not surpassed (if equalled) by any other Furnaces made. April 30.

Children's Department.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND HER COPY.

A little girl went to a writing-school when she saw her copy, with every line so perfect, "I can never write like that," she said.

She looked steadfastly at the straight and round lines, so slim and graceful. Then she took up her pen and timidly put it on the paper. Her hand trembled; she drew it back; she stopped, studied the copy, and began again.

But when the teacher came and looked, he smiled. "I see you are trying, my little girl," he said kindly, "and that is enough for me."

She took courage. Again and again she studied the beautiful copy. She wanted to know how every line went, how every letter was rounded and made.

FRANK AND SUSIE.

"There! that kitten's run into the pantry," said Mrs. Lee, as she was hurrying about her dinner.

"I will," said Frank, clattering into the pantry. "Here, cat, clear out!"

"Here, Kitty, Kitty, come little Kitty," said Susie, in gentle tones, as she came with quiet footfall into the pantry.

"Come, Kitty; dear little Kitty," said Susie again, and she came. Mrs. Lee had heard all.

"Remember, then, little ones, always, that gentleness and kindness are better than roughness; and the rule of love better than of fear."

THE SHADOW OF THE YEW OR, UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

Close to the vicarage where I was brought up, stood the little gate which led into our churchyard. And it was my wont, on many a summer's day, to seek the quiet porch of our gray old church, shadowed by a yew of a thousand seasons, afforded me a cool and retired resting place.

It was a sweet evening in the wane of fervid July, when I wandered into the churchyard, thinking of a dear sister friend, closely related to the one dearest to me on earth, taken early to rest and her unfading crown.

my trance of thought, and to hear a voice (whence it came I know not; for myself, gentle reader, I believe in the ministry of angels) whispering the following strain, and to me, affecting words: "The shade / that chills thee is an emblem of a deeper truth. Listen! I will interpret to thee the Yew Tree's message. It throws its chill shade about thee to teach thee that every thing casts a shadow. Thou thyself hast a shadow—one that must rest upon those about thee—one that may chill and darken every thing beneath it. Thou castest the shadow of unconscious influence upon the spirits of thy fellows. Angels good and evil watch it. Wouldst thou know of what it is composed? Listen! Thy words, thy deeds, thy looks, the very expression that passes from thy face to another,—these, with thy omissions, weave the shadow of unconscious influence."

I started in agitation, and seemed to lose the voice; but after a moment's silence it resumed. "In the book of God's remembrance these shadows often, very often appear. They are more powerful for good or for evil than all open persuasion, all uttered enticement. The characters of the children around thee, those lambs of Christ's fold those favored of angels, those fairy things of smiles and tears, are moulded by such influences; thy sister can not cast off the secret mastery of thy unconscious influence, the brother of thy affection keeps his eyes upon thee to watch and to follow. Shall thy friend go to God's dreadful judgment bar, his unsaved soul dark with the shadow of thy unconscious influence? Dost thou doubt? I will show thee a picture!"

And methought as these words died solemnly away, a group of four young men stood before me, and one was presiding his fellows to go down the river with him. (It was Sunday.) I seemed able by some strange agency to read the thoughts of the one nearest me, who alone stood out, and hitherto had refused to go. I marked the strong desire of pleasure rise up in his heart; saw, too, hung up in the chamber of memory (all seemed open to me) the warnings of his widowed mother, the holy texts learned of old at his knee; I heard the still small voice of conscience enter her eloquent protest against his unhalloved wish.

But even as a dark shadow creeping unperceived over his spirit. The words talking still, and the leader, finding his arguments of no avail, had ceased to urge the proposed excursion. But a moment more, and upon the mind of the young man who had refused to go with his fellows, flashed the thought, "Well, W., who is so good, never warned me against the river, and I don't think he is particular about Sunday;" and at this thought he gave up his opposition, and with many a gay laugh and playful jest they sought the water.

I longed to follow them, but could not. It did not seem long in the dream land of my thoughts ere slowly and solemnly upon my ear fell the tolling of a neighbouring church bell; and in the pauses between the mournful strokes, I seemed to hear people talking in the street, and caught the words, "A sad thing! four young men drowned, in service time, at the bridge;" and again the bell tolled—toll'd solemnly. I shuddered and struggled to utter what I knew, but the voice, which had been silent, prevented me. "Thou hast seen one soul darkened by unconscious influence; the millions are hid from thee. See again." The voice ceased, and I seemed to be close to a sleeper, who lay stretched upon a public bench; his eyes were closed, a terrible agony seemed creeping over his lips, as I observed with horror a phial, labelled "Poison," half empty on the grass; the only other thing I noted was a pocket volume, the leaf turned down at a passage on death, whose total teaching, the specter's baseless dream, had been the means of hurrying the suicide's soul into the presence of the God whose existence he had learned to doubt. I trembled, and would have called for aid; but my tongue seemed chained, and once more the mysterious voice broke silence.

The shadows of unconscious influence pass not with life; they live on with the recorded doubt, the remembrance saying, and rest; untold generations; the shadows which meet cease here go with them to judgment. Awe-stricken and self-accusing, I trembled, and scarce dared to question my past; for a long the dim vistas of memory I saw countless shadows resting, and Conscience half whispered the history of some of them. But as a sleeper, oppressed by some horrible dream, wakes to the music of the lark's matin song, and to see the blue heavens filled with earliest sunlight smiling upon his repose, so I seemed to grow conscious of a brighter story, a happier tale of unconscious influence. The voice, comfort in every tone, fell again upon my ear; "Ye one more lesson, and the Yew Tree's shadow will have performed its mission. And now I seemed wandering in a quiet hamlet, and following with my eye a white-haired clergyman as he passed on errands of mercy from cottage to cottage. And I noted that, wherever he went, an influence for good seemed to rest upon those around. At length he entered a silent cottage, and passing with him up a narrow flight of stairs, and heard him pour forth his soul in earnest supplication by the bedside of a dying woman. She spoke not, for the mystery of death was about her; and he left, lifting up an inward prayer that at eventide there might be light. But I noted her husband sitting in the room below, a strong, laboring man, with his head bowed upon his hands, watching the faintly flickering fire. He spoke not as the clergyman pressed his hand, and spoke a few soothing words of mingled comfort and warning; but when all was quiet again, and the cottage door was slowly closed, he lifted up his head and murmured, "God save me; I am a miserable sinner." He had caught the words of the clergyman's prayer from the upper room, and I saw, with a thrill of delight, the dim dawn of that unclouded day, which shall make one endless noon of a happy eternity, breaking in his alienated heart. The divine word had gone forth, "Let there be light" and "there was light." The house where the Angel of Death had his mission passed from me, and the voice once broke in with these last words, "Remember the Yew and its shadow. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over this sinner, for he repenteth." The voice was no more. I awoke and started up; the shadow of the old Yew lay dark upon me, and I saw, through, I felt my seat to see the canopy of heaven crowded with stars, the gray church tower standing up darkly defined against the sky, and to hear a far village clock speak evening warnings to the darkened world. I left the still graveyard to mourn at the foot of the cross for my past, and anxiously to guard my future, unconscious influence.

Reader, thou hast, whoever thou art, the vast gift of unconscious influence, conferred upon thee by God, and his unsleeping eye rests ever upon thy use of it. The time is

short. Like a mighty river nearing the falls, the stream of time hurries on to eternity. Reader, what shadow do you cast on those around you?

MONTREAL SCULPTURE AND GENERAL MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

(New Premises.) Corner of St. Alexander and St. Catherine Streets.

JAMES MAVOR & CO.

Mural Tablets, Baptismal Fonts, Tiling for Aisles, Transepts, &c. Churchyard Memorials in Stone, Marble, Granite, &c. Chimney-pieces, Slabs, Table-tops, and House Work of every description. Designs and Estimates furnished promptly on application.

WOODWARD'S IMPROVED CARBONIZER

—Look to your own interests, and try Woodward's Improved Carbonizer, which is warranted to increase the light, decrease the smoke and smell, and save 33 per cent. of the cost to the consumer.

My DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in certifying that I consider your Patent Gas Carbonizer a most valuable introduction, especially when the quality of the gas, and the high price charged for it, is considered. I have one now in my house put up by you, and find I have a much better and brighter light totally free from smoke or smell of gas since its introduction.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to the usefulness of Woodward's Carbonizer, both as regards increased illuminating power and also diminished consumption. Having now had one on my premises for some time, which is working with undiminished vigour, I very confidently recommend it as being able to do all you promised for it.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry, I give you much pleasure to say that Woodward's Patent Carbonizer, which you placed in my billiard-room in Victoria Square, has so far given entire satisfaction. I have no doubt of its economy, as I am now using two feet burners, and have fully as good light as I had with four feet burners without it. I confidently recommend it to all who wish to economize in using gas, believing it will do fully as much as you promise.—Very truly yours, HENRY McVITTIE.

DEAR SIR,—In answer to your enquiry, we would say that your Carbonizer, placed in our billiard-room on Great St. James Street on the 4th September, has given us entire satisfaction. Before we had it introduced we were burning about 1200 feet of gas per night, with 50 burners, running about 5 hours. We are now burning less than 2000 feet per night, running about 6 1/2 hours, with 62 burners, and fully as much light. We therefore confidently recommend it to all who wish to economize in burning gas.—Very truly yours, To Mr. Robt. Alsop. Jos. Dixon & Bro.

The Subscriber begs leave to call the attention of all who are using gas to the above really valuable improvement. Do not suffer yourselves to be influenced by the prejudice produced by the numerous so-called improvements which have been offered within the last few years; but see and judge for yourselves. Every information will be given, and the operation of the apparatus shewn and explained by ROBERT ALSOP, at the Office of the Petroleum Gas Co., No. 156 Great St. James Street.

HENRY J. BENALLACK, FAMILY GROCER, BONAVENTURE BUILDING, (VICTORIA SQUARE,) MONTREAL. AGENT FOR Sharpe's celebrated Finan Haddies

E. PERRY & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF All kinds of Trunks, FOR EXPORTATION.



And Ladies' & Gents' Saratoga, Imperial and Eugenie Trunks, SOLID LEATHER TRUNKS, &c. 271 NOTRE DAME STREET, MONTREAL. N.B.—E. P. & Co. obtained a Medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1867, for the excellence of Trunks exhibited, being the highest honour awarded to any Trunk Manufacturer in British America.



PAIN KILLER!

IT IS A BALM FOR EVERY WOUND. OUR FIRST PHYSICIANS USE

And recommend its use: the Apothecary finds it first among the medicines called for, and the Wholesale Druggist considers it a leading article of his trade. All the Dealers in medicine speak alike in its favor, and its reputation as a medicine of great

MERIT AND VIRTUE IS FULLY AND PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED, AND IT IS THE GREAT

Family Medicine OF THE AGE.

TAKEN INTERNALLY, IT CURES

Dysentery, Cholera, Diarrhoea and Cramp and Pain in Stomach, Bowel Complaint, Painters' Colic, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, SORE THROAT, SUDDEN COLDS, COUGHS, &c., TAKEN EXTERNALLY, IT CURES BOILS, FELONS, CUTS, BRUISES, BURNS AND SCALDS, OLD SORES, SPRAINS, SWELLING OF THE JOINTS, TOOTHACHE, PAIN IN THE FACE, NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATISM, FROSTED FEET, &c., &c.

Pain is supposed to be the lot of us poor mortals as inevitable as death, and liable at any time to come upon us. Therefore it is important that remedial agents should be at hand to be used on an emergency, when we are made to feel the excruciating agonies of pain, or the depressing influences of diseases. Such a remedial agent exists in PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER, the fame of which has extended over all the earth. Amid the eternal ices of the polar regions, or beneath the intolerable and burning sun of the tropics, its virtues are known and appreciated. And by it, suffering humanity has found relief from many of its ills. The eminent Dr. Pain-Killer upon the patient, when taken in cases of Cold, Cough, Fever, &c., Cholera, Dysentery, and other ailments of the system, has been truly wonderful. It has won for it a name among medical preparations that can never be forgotten. Its success in removing pain, as an external remedy, in cases of Burns, Bruises, Sores, Sprains, Cuts, Sting of Insects, and other causes of suffering, has secured for it the most prominent position among the Medicines of the day.

Read the following Testimonials:

Rev. J. E. CLOUGH, Missionary at Ongole, Southern India, writes: "We esteem your Pain Killer very highly for scorpion stings, cholera, &c., and cannot very well get along without it."

Rev. I. D. CORBURN, Missionary at Tavoy, Burmah, writes: "I shall be happy to assist in extending a knowledge of a remedy so speedy and effectual."

Rev. M. H. BUBY, Missionary to the Shans, writes:—"Your Pain Killer cures more of the ailments of the natives here than any other medicine. There is a great call for it," &c.

Rev. H. L. VAN MYTER, writing from Burmah, says: "The Pain Killer has become an almost indispensable article in my family."

Hundreds of missionaries give similar testimony to its virtues. Rev. J. G. STEARNS writes: "I consider it the best remedy for Dyspepsia I ever knew."

Rev. JAMES SWAN says: "I have used it for years in my family, and consider it an invaluable remedy."

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—This medicine has become an article of commerce, which no medicine ever became before. Pain Killer is as much an item in every bill of goods sent to country merchants as tea, coffee, or sugar. This speaks volumes in its favour.—Glens' Falls Messenger.

A speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—Montreal Transcript.

Our own opinion is, that no family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour. In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, &c., it is the most effectual remedy we know of.—News, St. Johns, Canada.

After many year's trial of Davis' Pain Killer, we advise that every family should provide themselves with so effectual and speedy a Pain-Killer.—Amherst (N.S.) Gazette.

The Pain-Killer of Perry Davis & Son we can confidently recommend. We have used it for a length of time, and invariably with success.—Canada Baptist.

It has been tested in every variety of climate and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller, on sea and land, and no one should travel on our lakes or rivers without it.

Beware of Counterfeits and worthless imitations: call for PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER and take no other. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. Prices, 15 cts., 25 cts., 50 cts., per Bottle. PERRY DAVIS & SON, MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, 279 St. Paul Street, Montreal, C.E.

FRANK BOND, STOCK AND SHARE BROKER,

7 St. Sacramento Street, MONTREAL.

All descriptions of Stocks, Bonds, &c., Sterling Exchange, American Gold, and Railway Shares bought and sold, strictly on Commission. Investments made in Mortgages, Real Estate, &c. Jan. 30, 1868.

THOMAS MUSSEN, IMPORTER OF

British, India and French Goods,

CARPETINGS, RUGS,

DRUGGETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS

TRIMMINGS AND SMALL WARES.

MONTREAL. March 12, 1868. ly 7

PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF LONDON, Established in 1782.

THIS COMPANY having invested, in conformity with the Provincial Act, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS for the SPECIAL SECURITY OF POLICY HOLDERS IN CANADA, is prepared to accept RISKS ON DWELLING HOUSES, Household Goods and Furniture, and General Merchandise, at the lowest current rates.

JAMES DAVISON, Manager. GILLESPIE, MOFFATT & CO., AGENTS FOR CANADA Feb. 27, 1868.

WILLIAM P. JOHNSTON MANUFACTURER OF

BOOTS & SHOES IN EVERY STYLE, (FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY.)

147 Gt. St. James Street, MONTREAL. Feb. 13, 1868.

LIFE INSURANCE, ESTABLISHED 1825.

SCOTTISH PROVINCIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Incorporated by Act of Parliament.

CAPITAL, - ONE MILLION STERLING. Invested in Canada \$500,000.

CANADA HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL

DIRECTORS: HUGH TAYLOR, Esq., Advocate, Hon. CHAS. WILSON, M.L.C., WILLIAM SACHS, Esq., Banker, JACKSON RAE, Esq., Banker.

Secretary, - A. DAVIDSON PARKER

Life Department. Attention is directed to the Rate of Premium adopted, which will be found more moderate than that of most other Companies.

Special "Half Premium" Rates. Policies for the whole of Life issued at Half Rates for the first five years, so adjusted that the policies are not liable to arrears of Premium. Age 25, yearly premium for £100—£1 1s. 9d., or for £500, yearly premium, £5 10s. 9d., at other ages in proportion.

Feb. 13, 1868. 3

ESTABLISHED 1859.

HENRY R. GRAY, DISPENSING AND FAMILY CHEMIST

144 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL.

N.B.—Particular attention paid to the Dispensing of Physicians' Prescriptions. Physicians supplied cheap for cash.

April 30. 14

SEEDS! SEEDS!! SEEDS!

JUST RECEIVED,

MY new SEEDS, from France, England and the United States, all guaranteed FRESH. One of the best collections in CANADA, either in FLOWER, VEGETABLE, or FIELD SEEDS, viz.:

- Beans, Cucumbers, Parsley, Peas, Lettuce, Peppers, Cabbage, Mangold Wurtzel, Peas, Carrots, Melons, Radishes, Cauliflowers, Mustard, Spinach, Celery, Onions, Turnips, Corn, Parsnips, Tomatoes, Mushroom Spawn, &c., &c.

A liberal discount allowed to Dealers and Agricultural Societies, on taking large quantities. Call and get Catalogues. JAMES GOULDEN, 117 & 119 St. Lawrence Main Street, April 30. 14

Agents for the Church Observer.

- Mr. Geo. Wilson, Amherstburgh
- Rev. F. Harding, Aylmer, Ont.
- Mr. W. D. Ardagh, Barrie, County Simcoe
- Mr. Alex. Gavillers, Bondhead, County Simcoe
- Mr. Schneider, Carleton Place
- Rev. W. B. Evans, County Gray
- Mr. A. Hewson, Cobourg
- Mr. A. M. Ballantine, Hamilton
- Mr. Reay, Hudson
- Mr. John Morrison, Huntingdon, Q.
- Mr. Stacey, Kingston
- Mr. John Golden, Kingsville
- Mr. E. A. Taylor, London
- Mr. John W. Mencke, Nanticoke
- Mr. G. May, Ottawa
- Mr. J. M. C. Delesderniers, Pendleton
- Mr. Isaac Robinson, Peterborough
- Mr. Highfield, Quebec
- Mr. Thomas Owens, Stonefield
- Mr. Henry Davis, Stratford
- Mr. H. T. Lonsdale, St. Andrews, Q.
- Rev. Mr. Durnell, St. Johns, C.E.
- Mr. M. Caldwell, St. Thomas, Ont.
- Mr. Rawlinson (Messrs. Hewitt & Co.) Toronto