

**Pages Missing**

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. III.—NO. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1880.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

## CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.	INVERTED CHRISTIANITY.
IN THE HOUSE.	DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
ROYALTY AND LOYALTY.	CORRESPONDENCE.
EXTRAVAGANT PERSONS.	TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.
BROGUE.	MUSICAL.
INGERSOLL ON CONVERSION, HEAVEN AND HELL, a Sermon by A. J. Bray.	CHESS.
	&c., &c., &c.

## THE TIMES.

A matter of great importance is just now under discussion among the commercial men of Montreal—they advocate the making of Montreal a free port for shipping. Unquestionably this is a movement in the right direction. Montreal is the natural summer port of this Dominion, and the business men of the Province of Ontario are at last awake to that fact. The interest of trade is overbearing their jealousy of the metropolis, and they are finding that it is better to encourage Montreal than New York or Boston. The prosperity of Montreal means the prosperity of the Dominion. But pilotage and towage and harbour dues are too great a drain upon the profits of shipping, and it is high time that an inducement should be offered to shippers to make Montreal their port. As Mr. Cramp well said at the Board of Trade meeting last week, "there can be no doubt that to make Montreal a free port in this respect would be an advertisement to the world of the greatest possible value, and I think that this apparently bold step should be immediately taken." Everything indicates that Government may safely take this step, and the commercial classes ought to use every possible means to induce the Government to accede to their request.

Surely the promoters of the scheme for tunnelling the St. Lawrence are not in earnest, or have not well considered the matter. They should make some enquiries as to the expenses which were incurred in making a tunnel under the Thames at London. It was enormous, and the thing is now practically useless. But the Thames is a mere ditch in comparison with the St. Lawrence. In fact it is demonstrated that river tunnels can never pay. Bridges are cheaper and in every way better. The St. Lawrence is bridged at Montreal, and the Victoria Bridge, although in the possession of the Grand Trunk, is capable of doing a great deal more work, and is not denied to other companies if they will pay a fair price. When the Grand Trunk can be shown to be unreasonable in its rates—taking into account not merely the bridge, but also the line from the bridge to the station, and station privileges—it will be time to talk of, not a tunnel, but another bridge over the river.

Now that the question of the Pacific Railway is again fairly before Parliament, we may hope that wise counsels will prevail. It is a question of the gravest and greatest importance and should be prudently handled. We should consider first what is for the good of the country, and then, how far can we carry out the promises we have made to British Columbia! Undoubtedly the North-west must be opened up. Such a magnificent corn-growing country should not be allowed to lie unused; but the railway ought not to rush far ahead of the population. The too rapid completion of it would involve a needless and ruinous expense; but if it be done mile by mile as needed we shall always be getting our money's worth and not be ruined meantime.

But building the railroad to British Columbia is another matter. True, it would give us communication with eight thousand whites and some thousands of miscellaneous blacks; it would give us a Pacific

sea-board with some good harbours. But what will be the gain to this Dominion? Can we hope to compete with the railroads running into San Francisco? What is the probable value of the trade we shall do with the few thousands of whites and blacks scattered along the Pacific slope? Surely nothing to warrant such an enormous outlay as the building of this railroad means. It may happen that well-intentioned people have to break promises made in days of abnormal prosperity; and since it is evident that we cannot keep the engagement made with the British Columbians, because we have not the means of doing it, we had better tell them so; and if they can make out a clear case of damages, let us pay them to the full. If Mr. Amor de Cosmos will only bring in his bill we might settle it soon.

Mr. Girouard's bill for legalising marriage with a deceased wife's sister came up for final discussion on Wednesday, and was strongly supported by petitions. The clergy have taken the matter up, and all who are not hide-bound traditionalists were found to favour it. The lawyers moved in the same direction and told the House what they thought about it; so that the free and intelligent in gospel and law were found on the side of Mr. Girouard. This concurrence of valuable opinion ought to be of considerable service in helping our Senators to come to a decision.

Mr. Hurd has introduced a bill into Congress to put a stop to traffic passing from one part of the United States to another in bond through Canada. No doubt it may look well as a reprisal for our National Policy, but it is hardly likely to have any other end than that of temporarily depressing a Canadian railroad stock which is quoted on the New York Stock Exchange, like the Canada Southern. The Eastern and Western States are too alive to their interests to have legislation dictated by a railway monopoly, whether it be for the supposed benefit of New York, Baltimore, or any other centre. The United States is a huge system, which must be free to be lasting, and Chicago and Maine will join together in desiring to help the Canadian lines to protect them against the imposition to which they would otherwise be subjected.

What is to be done with Alderman Allard, of the Montreal City Council? He is evidently unaccustomed to the society of respectable, decency-loving people. He is very ready to speak always, and always very rough. He habitually breaks some of the Commandments in a manner which must be shocking to an orthodox Jew. He is as pugnacious as any dog in summer, and seems to imagine that he is doing his duty as representing a Ward when he barks his loudest and bites his sharpest. He would probably hold his own in Texas, but is out of place in a civilized city. He *may* be a good business man, faithful and kind-hearted, but he has not convinced the Montreal public of that same as yet. I would recommend that the Aldermen unanimously grant him leave of absence for a few months, and that his constituents send him to a respectable school by day and put him under the care of a priest in the evenings, and then—relegate him to private life.

I am glad to learn that at the winter exhibition of Fine Arts held at Lyons, a water-colour painting by Mr. C. J. Way, of Montreal, was given the "post of honour" amongst the drawings, and that it has been purchased by the "Société des amies des Arts" of that city for their Gallery. As Lyons, next to Paris, is the most artistic city in artistic France, I congratulate Mr. Way on having won so marked a distinction.

The mythical St. George, who is supposed to have killed a dragon to the saving of a most beautiful Princess once upon a time, and to have done some other truly wonderful things which caused him to be elected as Patron Saint of England, will have his day of celebration on Friday next; and on the same day we specially rejoice that Shakespeare was born into the world. I am glad to see that some Montreal professional and amateur artists intend to give an entertainment altogether Shakespearean, in Nordheimer's Hall, in the evening of that day. Madame Vincent and Mr. Neil Warner have secured good help, and the programme is attractive. As the celebration of St. George's day bears in the direction of charity for the English poor, and the birthday of Shakespeare is to be taken advantage of to present some of the great dramatist's greatest pieces in prose and poetry before the people, I think both should draw largely.

I can hardly imagine anything more harebrained and foolish than this projected trip of fifteen Canadian cricketers to England. What can they hope to do there against the English teams? Daft and his men had child's play here against any twenty-two that could be got together, but the fifteen propose to meet even better teams than Daft's, and that on equal terms. It is not even in the way of criticism to say that Canada cannot possibly produce good cricketers, as it is understood in England. The winter is too long and the summer is too hot for that. During six months of the year play is impossible, and during three months more the ground is baked so hard that good bowling is out of the question. If skaters, or curlers, or lacrosse players were going over there would be some sense in the movement, but our cricketers can only hope at the best to get mildly laughed at.

One feature in the English elections has been very prominent, the preponderance of oratory on the Liberal side. Mr. Gladstone was amazing in the display of what marvellous power lies in speech, and it is hardly too much to say that it seems to have cowed the Conservative party and struck the Earl of Beaconsfield dumb. While the Great William was filling the ears and mind, and capturing the judgments of the people, the Prime Minister, who was wont to be so brilliant when occasion demanded, was comparatively silent. With the exception of a feeble speech or two in the House of Lords, and that worse than feeble manifesto sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the eve of dissolution, no effort was made to meet the many and important charges brought against his policy by Mr. Gladstone. What was the cause of that reticence? Was the Earl relying upon the continued prevalence of Jingoism? or did he feel that much speech would only call more attention to the weakness of his policy? Probably both brought some influence to bear upon him. Since his elevation to the sacred place of the aristocracy he has failed to keep himself *en rapport* with public opinion, and because *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph* spoke in rapturous language of his wisdom and strength, he was deluded into the belief of personal and party security.

But besides and beyond Mr. Gladstone, the Liberal oratory has been of an exceptionally high order. Mr. Bright has spoken again with that earnest and commanding eloquence which used to amaze the House of Commons and convert the country. Lord Hartington has more than maintained his reputation for sound common sense, and has surprised even his friends by the force of his electioneering speeches. Mr. Forster spoke with all his old straightforwardness, and a good deal of newly got polish. Mr. Lowe was a little less brilliant, and very much less bitter, so that on the whole there was a clear gain on the side of improvement. After the great lights are passed the lesser lights may be spoken of in the same manner. Judging from newspaper reports to hand, it is plain that in the matter of speaking, the Liberals have improved upon themselves, and left their opponents literally nowhere.

Did the cause they had to vindicate lend force and charm to their words? Doubtless. No unprejudiced reader of their speeches can fail to be struck with the intense moral earnestness which characterised the speakers. It was more than a bid for office; it had the ring of honest deep conviction; it was a plea for national honour; it was a protest against immorality under the name of "interest;" it was an

argument for justice in the name of right, and once more the great British public, true to its truest instincts, responded in a magnificent declaration for morality.

The Liberal Cabinet should be a strong one and do some good work. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Lord Granville, Lord Derby, the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Forster, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Goschen; these are strong men, all of them, and with Mr. Gladstone as Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, the country would have one of the most powerful governments it has had for a quarter of a century.

Lord Lytton will probably resign the Viceroyalty of India when the Conservative Government goes out of office, and it is just as likely that Mr. Layard will find it necessary to rest awhile after his spell of hard work for his beloved Turk. In one aspect of it those retirements are good—for both Lord Lytton and Mr. Layard have thoroughly identified themselves with the Conservative policy. Lord Lytton went out to India with the understanding that if the chance should occur to pick a quarrel with the Afghans he would embrace it at once, and if it did not come about by fair means it was to be brought about by foul means. He succeeded only too well. Mr. Layard sided with the Turks against Russia, and did all a vigorous man in such a position could do to involve England in a war with Russia; he ventured to encourage the Turks to expect material help in money, if not in men, from England, and wrote home despatches which were often fierce diatribes against Russia. But it is to be earnestly hoped that these two cases will be regarded as exceptional, for it will be a sad thing for Great Britain when the civil service is at the mercy of ever-changing parties. Hitherto our Imperial politicians have kept themselves at a great distance from such degradation, and they will have to be careful now that a necessity is not erected in a precedent.

Prince Gortschakoff is dying. It is of a broken heart, they say, but that same heart has held together for a long time and through many disappointments. For twenty-four years first Minister of Russia, and ruling according to his own autocratic notions, the late troubles in Russia must have caused him profound sadness. The rule of the people was what he could not understand, and the attempt to reduce the Czar to the position of a good servant pressed upon him heavily. Throughout all Europe the old *regime* is passing away. A revolution is taking place, very quietly, but very surely.

This from the *World* is cheering, as manifesting the British public will be able to have meat cheaper than they can now get it:—"The success which has attended the importation of meat from Australia has naturally given great comfort to the colonists. The success of the experiment tried by the Strathleven was conspicuous, and we can ourselves bear testimony to the excellence of the mutton after it had been out of the refrigerators more than a week. If this result could be attained in one cargo of meat, why should it not be attained in any number? That is what our Australian friends are asking themselves, and are conjuring up bright visions of future untold wealth coming to them as the consequence of the development of this new branch of trade. These anticipations may be exaggerated, but they have a solid basis to rest upon. Already steps have been taken here to form a joint-stock company with a sufficient capital to develop the trade on a large scale. Although Australia is a good way farther off than America, the meat is produced more cheaply in the former country, and the cost of freight ought not to counterbalance the advantage thus gained. If, as we are told, thoroughly good beef can be had for 2d. per lb., and the costs of transport are covered by other 2d., what is to prevent the meat being sold at 6d.? If the butchers are allowed to get hold of it, they will buy up all the supplies that enter the market, and sell it again as fresh home-meat at their own exorbitant prices. This should be prevented—as it might—by establishing special depots for its sale, and thereby competing actively with the butchers, who would then be forced to reduce their charges. If the enterprise is well managed it will be a mighty boon, both for England and her great colony, by opening up a new source of food-supply to our consumers, and by stimulating other enterprises among the colonists, supported by the proceeds of their sales of meat. Thus enterprise keeps widening out. Yet a wise continental economist, during the days of our business depression, wrote page upon page to prove that the world's enterprise was exhausted, and that our 'definitive crisis,' as he called it, was final!"

EDITOR.

## IN THE HOUSE.

OTTAWA, April 13.

I suppose there must be some people in the world who think that the men who make a people's laws must be something more than a pinch of phosphorus and a bucketful of water, as we are told all poor mortals are. It must be difficult to pull down the successful candidate to the low level of the common folk, and to divest him of the nimbus of legislative purity which is supposed to crown a head wherein dwelleth the wisdom of a son of David. But a knowledge of the House of Commons and its members has made me sceptical about our legislators, and I have good reason for knowing that, contrary to the belief of some people, every beard in the House of Commons does not wag beneath the chin of a Grecian Solon. The fact is, our law makers are very ordinary people indeed; neither more nor less than common folk, and sometimes not even reaching the average. In this country a good deal of allowance must be made in every work of life where a high class of intellectual culture is desirable; and I am not disposed to be too severe on the men who stand forth as the saviours of their country. But there are times when I cannot help regretting that our best men avoid political life, and when I hear Mr. Mackenzie speak bad English and fly into a passion, or Plumb popping up and down like a porpoise in a mill dam, I cannot refrain from saying "Heavens! my bleeding country save." And I think, too, if you were in my place, you would say the same. The House of Commons, to my mind, is noticeable more for the absence than the presence of good taste, vigorous debate, or gentlemanly behaviour. As for good taste, I will tell you where I notice the absence of it. Last night, for instance, I was in the Speaker's gallery, and, I will confess, I was on the look-out for food for journalistic powder, and took the doings of the M. P.'s in with some relish. I was there to criticise, and what did I see? Well, I counted ten of our law makers cleaning their nails, and, to all appearance, regardless of the ladies who crowded the galleries and all around the Speaker's chair. Now, I call that bad taste. Even the nails of M. P.'s must, I suppose, at times undergo the process by which they are to be kept free from little gatherings which give a disagreeable fringe to the form divine, but the House of Commons is not the place to do it. Nor is it very long since I saw a member take a small comb from his pocket and coolly commence to comb his beard, and he did it just as coolly as if he stood before his looking-glass, and for all I know, perhaps he did. But these little things indicate, not only a want of culture, but of respect for the House and the ladies who are always to be found scanning the scene with a relish all their own. Then, as to dress, there are a good number of the M. P.'s who appear to think that soiled linen is no offence against society, and who look more like "old clo." than members of a House that rules a vast Dominion. And by "dress," do not fancy that I mean "foppy," or a love of gew-gaws, such as a suckling youth likes at times to bedeck his person with. No; I simply mean plain, clean, decently made clothes, such as we see on the majority of gentlemen in our thoroughfares, and such as many members of the House fortunately wear. But when I tell you that I have seen M. P.'s with a "fringe" to their shirt-cuffs and another "fringe" to their trousers, while others wear woollen shirts and hats that look worn with the age of many summers, you will no longer wonder that some of our law makers fail to impress one with the dignity which Clarissa tells us a becomingly dressed man so well creates. Even Mr. Speaker, who should be a model of faultlessness, is not free from his imperfections. His gloves never appear to fit him. They are always too long in the fingers and look more like the gloves I have seen on the wax figures at Madam Tussaud's than the ordinary gloves worn by men who are to the manner born. In fact, Mr. Speaker looks more like an automaton than anything else, and his immaculate suit of black only renders the delusion all the more real. Any ordinary machine could do all the work Mr. Speaker does when in the chair. Automotons can play chess; why cannot they be made to say "Motion" with mechanical regularity, or use a few set phrases as the business of the House goes on? If Edison set himself seriously to the task, I see no reason why he should not succeed. It ought to be as easy as clock-work, quite as regular, and far more economical than the present method. Mr. Speaker is supposed to have no opinion of his own—just like an automaton; Mr. Speaker repeats a few set phrases—just like an automaton; Mr. Speaker wears gloves that are too long for him—just like an automaton; and the only difference I can see is that Mr. Speaker is a man and a brother. To be sure he has to look after the internal economy of the House, but that could easily be delegated to others; and the onlookers in the galleries would be saved the pain of hearing what they know is the voice of nature but which might be done as well through the agency of the "phones" which are day by day upsetting our social system and no longer leaving any man's house his castle. It is odd, too, how few men command the ear of the House when they stand up to address it. There are only three or four men on the Reform side and about twice that number on the Conservative side to whom the House pays much attention. When we read the speech of the member for anywhere on say the Pacific Railway, the chances are that during its delivery the majority of the members were discussing the price of short-horns, the latest joke at the club, making arrangements for a

game of whist, or shying away to pass the time "looking at spoons" in the restaurant down stairs. The fact is that there is not enough of ability in the House to attract the attention of the majority.

Mr. Mackenzie with all his faults commands respect, and if he could only control his temper he would be more popular than he is. But as he sits in his chair he looks as glum as Squire Humphries, and when he casts his head down and looks over his glasses, he generally means to give a knock-down blow. I have noticed too that he is, perhaps, the most industrious man in the House. He is always either reading or writing, and yet he appears to take in every word that is uttered. But when he stops his work and looks up there is a squall approaching, and the chances are that he will interrupt the gentleman who has the floor, and with a broad "No-oh," often repeated, checks the debate, and then awaits events. Mr. Blake is more polished in his manner, while Sir John is always a gentleman. But I could not help noticing that the most gentlemanly men sit at the Conservative desks. This any stranger could not help remarking, and while there are Conservative boors just as there are Reform boors, yet the proportion is not equally divided. But, after all, it takes so little wisdom to rule the world, that I suppose the intellectual capacity of our legislators is not taxed to find a why and wherefore for the welfare of the people. A few men guide the destiny of the world after all, the rest merely follow like sheep after the bell wether. The world follows while the few lead, just as the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle. Independence in public life is almost unknown, and there are not two men in the House who are bold enough to say with Pope: "Let fortune do her worst, whatever she makes us lose, as long as she never makes us lose our honesty and independence."

## ROYALTY AND LOYALTY.

In the Old World, with its Kings and Queens, Emperors, Czars, Autocrats and Despots, it is the fashion to sneer at the tuft-hunting tendencies of transatlantic Republicans. The charge made against John Bull—that he "dearly loves a lord"—is admitted in a sheepish sort of way. Here we acknowledge, with a deprecatory sort of "it's cowardly to strike a man when he's down" tone, that we are desperately loyal. We sometimes give ourselves jaunty "liberty, equality and fraternity" airs, because, although we are monarchists, yet it is "with a difference" of surrounding the Throne with republican institutions. We say we had to take the world as we found it—we were *born* under a king,—monarchy is our fate, and we have to make the best of it. Our "old society," "our complex social relations," the political systems by which we are surrounded, necessitate our acquiescence in "things as they are," and, if you are to have royalty, why it won't do to make a burlesque of it. But that Brother Jonathan, the republican, in a new world all to himself, should run after a duke, or get crazy about a "title," we can't understand *that* at all. But is not human nature the same wherever one goes?

*"Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt."*

The Jews had no kings, but they insisted upon having one. The instinct of worship is inherent in the *genus homo*. What's in a name? A king by any other name is still a king. The grim Protector made his reign felt as palpably as Harry's or Elizabeth's. Cæsar was Emperor long before—

"They thrice did offer him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse."

Was not Washington a king without a crown? Was not the greatest act of his life that of repelling the desire of his countrymen to make virtually a monarch of him? It has been said even now that the "comfortable classes" of America desire to have a sovereign.

It has been the ruin of Spain that it has been broken up into a number of petty independent municipalities, without cohesion, sympathy, or patriotism, but intensely jealous of each other. Italy owed her subjection and prostration to her little peddling and squabbling republics, which forgot their common tongue and their fatherland, their nationality, in their wretched local rivalry, and provincial emulation. Not until they had sunk their republican in their national feeling, until they ceased to be Venetians, Genoese, Sardinians, Tuscans, and remembered only that they were Italians, had they the remotest chance of recovering their independence. The king is their tower of strength; until they had dismissed the delusion of the Triumvirs, and finally seized upon the rallying cry of Victor Emmanuel, the cause of their independence was desperate.

As a phenomenon of the natural history of society the ovation thrust upon the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to the U S, was not less striking than instructive. At the present time look how the people run and crowd wherever our Princess visits, erect their arches of welcome in every street on the mere chance of her going that way, deck their triumphal columns at every landing-place, and consecrate the very ground she touches with her Royal foot.

Is it imagined that some profound philosophical and speculative reason of State could have made a whole people crazy with the spirit of irresistible loyalty? The bees and ants have an autocrat; every herd and flock has a leader and a

despot. Man is an animal. Naturalists rank him amongst the gregarious mammalia, kings are not a sophistication of political idiosyncracies; they supply a want of human nature that amounts to a positive craving. To supply this sentimental appetency in a regulated way—to feed this yearning after some being to render homage to—to satisfy this longing of human tribes to be governed, to be subject to somebody whom they may honour by methods that are guided by wise principles and *shall* be ruled—that is really the great problem of politics. Not whether men *shall* be ruled, but how, and by whom, is the only open question of public law.

Man, ignorant and blind, groping about the world, is wisest when he knows he cannot see, and calls to him who can, to lead him safely amid its labyrinths, keeping his feet out of the pitfalls. No nation without the spirit of loyalty can ever be really great—no people without the instinct of reverence will ever respect itself.

Veneration is the cardinal virtue of England—we hail its manifestation among her transatlantic descendants, not as a fond weakness, but as the most precious attribute of a people. What man—what authority—do Frenchmen respect? They decapitated a king without any trial that was not a mere mockery—the poor widow Capet—the whole of their nobility they could catch—the most of their gentry—in fact, all the leaders of society. Of their republics and restorations what can be said but that they were accidents of an accident. The last Emperor, the Empress, the Prince Imperial, say what ye will, went through the kingdom amid sullen subjects—no hat lifted, no knee bent—no—

“Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
But in their stead curses, not loud, but deep—  
Mouth-honour,—breath which the poor heart  
Would fain deny, but dare not.”

Respect for law, and love of order have been wanting—only the bullet and the bayonet have had worship—the army alone has preserved obedience or warded off anarchy—the nation has loved nobody, revered nobody, regarded nobody. No Frenchman's greatness is the property of his country—there is no citizen of whom it is proud, no man whose memory or character is endeared to his countrymen. A nation that is disloyal can never be free. A king is the incarnation of the laws—he embodies the sentiment of the love of social order. It was an Englishman who felt the full force of the aphorism that “the king's name is a tower of strength”—who knew that his countrymen would understand him when he said, “Herein you may see an image of authority—a dog's obey'd in office.”

He is a shallow politician who sneers at the heroic devotion of the Scotch and Northern English to the Stuarts, or who holds lightly the sentiment—

“Angliæ nolunt leges mutare.”

Our loyalty has been the cradle of our freedom—is the source and centre of our security and stability. It is the glory of Britain that the constable is supreme—that she can crush treason and quash rebellion with the truncheon of the policeman. It is the surest sign of the strength and solidity of England that loyalty is progressive with us—that the Queen can depend upon more devoted subjects than the greatest of her ancestors. Loyalty to the throne puts a constable into every breast—means peace, law and order—it arms the lawgiver with his power, and clothes the subject with his rights. Men will worship man, else there would be no community, no society, no consentaneous action and common sympathy to produce that co-operation wherein consists the strength of nations. That instinct in a monarchy is regulated by the laws and directed by the Constitution, with secure order to its legitimate object, to which it is addressed by the consent of the nation, and in obedience to the will of the whole people. In a republic, it still exists, irregular in its action, violent and unsafe in the choice of its object—ever threatening usurpation, and tending to revolution.

But while the intelligence of the country becomes daily more satisfied with the wise policy of our Constitution, loyalty itself faithfully suggests to royalty the advantage of yielding up the mere traditions of etiquette to the progress of the age. It is plain that the tinsel trappings and buckram ceremonial of the times of Divine right, when kings called themselves the Lord's Anointed, are as entirely out of place in the nineteenth century as the hauberks and buff jerkins of the Plantagenets, or the stuff breeches and shoe toe-points of the Tudors. Simple dignity, elegant plainness, composed and intelligent propriety, are infinitely more imposing upon rational subjects in broadcloth who read newspapers, than all the devices of traditional masters of the ceremonies. Above all, let Queens and Princes obey the proprieties of nature. All etiquette that offends the ordinary observances of society is derogatory to the majesty of Royalty.

*Quevedo Redivivus.*

### EXTRAVAGANT PERSONS.

A great many persons live too fast, spending much more than they make in their business; they seem to live in hopes of some big windfall or other. They rent mansions and in some cases build them, mortgaging the building to pay the cost of erection; they buy extravagant furniture, pictures, &c., keep

horses and fine carriages and attract public attention—all on credit. They buy the best of everything from their tradesmen, running up frightful bills as long as they can in one place, and when they can do this no longer they proceed to go through the same process elsewhere. But this does not last for ever—they are at last reduced to such straits that they may be said to live from “hand to mouth;” the wives are afraid to ask for credit for fear of being treated insolently and the husbands are afraid to go to their office on account of duns, and cross from one side of the street to the other to avoid creditors. In this pass, they either pawn what they may be possessed of, or borrow from any friends who may be silly enough to lend and whom they always forget to pay. They tell all sorts of falsehoods about their affairs and prospects, continuing as far as possible to live in the same reckless, extravagant way. But soon they are unable to either beg, steal or borrow and they are forced to go into bankruptcy or to make a private settlement at ten cents on the dollar; as soon as they have effected some arrangement or other of this kind, they take a deeper plunge into the sea of extravagance and the dividends which they have promised to pay to their unfortunate creditors are as far off as ever. Then they effect a new settlement, and have a much larger number of creditors amongst whom are usually found some privileged ones—these latter being in the majority of cases personal friends who have put in a bogus claim in order to protect or serve the interests of the living shams.

These extravagant people are in every case lying frauds; further the evil effect is seen in all their children who aptly learn to trick others and be deceitful, besides blunting irremediably the moral perceptions. In truth, they are of the opinion that they are safe and proper people if they can only avoid the clutches of the law; as for morals, any infraction of them is only to be regarded as such when it makes them liable to legal punishment. A boy is told by his fashionable mother not to use a certain expression and asks in wonder:—“Why? is it wrong?” “It is worse,” replies his mother “it is vulgar.” Now, with these extravagant people who live too fast, nothing is immoral unless it is illegal. What do they care whether they can pay other men what they owe them or not? In some cases, they argue that, as their creditor is rich, he does not need the money—an inadmissible argument. In most cases, their creditors do need the money most urgently, and not getting it, are obliged to succumb financially. In this way extravagant living breeds distrust and ramifies through the circle causing bankruptcy. In our big city many traders have doubtless been obliged to go through the Insolvency Court solely because they have given too much credit to these “fast” and fashionable persons, and an honest man, simple if you will, suffers. Why should he suffer when he thinks other people honest? The consequences are not just and it is an exceedingly mean phrase to say—“oh, he was a fool to trust them.” The feeling of distrust caused by extravagant living affects honest people who find themselves distrusted and also feel that in commercial dealings suspicious thoughts have to be displaced before any engagements can be entered into; this is not as it should be—the present maxim “Think every man dishonest until you have proved the contrary” ought to be reversed.

The clerk on six hundred dollars a year lives as if he had three times the salary, aping the style of merchants who have thousands; these merchants, brokers and do-nothings all live so as to make it appear they enjoy double the income they actually do. Then the *vulgus mobile* make invidious comparisons and one is tempted strongly to follow their example, and once in the whirlpool of extravagance, recovery is almost impossible. Extravagant people admit the folly of extravagance—but they do not stop in their mad career and the shorter and quicker it happens to be, the better for the community.

The *morality* of extravagance which necessarily leads to sharp practice, can not be made out or maintained. It is an exceedingly serious matter that in society, a man who “keeps up an appearance” is considered a *moral* man, though he may be dishonourable in his dealings, may rob the poor man of his scanty savings in the Savings Banks and may grow rich by selling an inferior article for a good one. A *moral* man of society may be the very highest official in a Temperance Association and may yet rent a property for the purposes of vending liquor (as I have known to be the case in Montreal). A moral man of society may be a Director in a banking institution and the bank's money all be lost and yet this moral man may still continue his social extravagances (as has occurred in our good city of Montreal). George Eliot has made some very stern remarks upon the “shrunk meaning that popular or polite speech assigns to morals.” The meaning of the statement that a person is “immoral” is, in ordinary parlance, limited entirely to one vice. In the study of the history of words, we frequently find changes in the meaning of words, but where the change has been very great we find that another word or expression has come into use as a substitute for the original. If we have a noble thought or duty expressed by a word, and we find that this word has in after-years taken a common-place meaning, and that no word replaces it—are we not justified in saying that the users of this word have degenerated? When we have a grand ideal expressed in a word, it is very important that we should retain its grand meaning and apply it accordingly. It is not true that a man is moral, if he is not lewd or debauched; *moral* is far wider, far higher, and far grander in its significance. When young people hear individuals spoken of as “well-behaved

and moral" individuals who merely dress well and do not imbibe too much, the young minds do not reach to the high and noble meaning of "moral." When they go to church and hear "morals" spoken of and also see these moral people there, they do not, they can not, *learn in their hearts* what morals mean; the practical teaching of the world is the more efficient. When the young see these persons who are called "moral" passing their lives in sham, extravagance, and trickery—they soon come to regard deceit, robbery and legal criminality as trifling matters, and perhaps will learn to laugh at an account of "so-and-so 'did' his tailor or the public out of some money."

We can see by the above paragraph on morals that extravagant persons are not, by any means, to be included within the category. That they may see and *feel* the errors in such a way as to change their mode of life, is hardly to be hoped for; their love of their tinsel show and spangle feasts is so strong that it is difficult to eradicate it. The trouble is that their conduct injures innocent persons and it is much better that they should increase their extravagance and get to the bottom of the ladder as speedily as possible, than to cause others to suffer. Therefore, ye extravagant swindlers, hasten in your descent and the world will be so much the more free and more joyous.

George Rothwell.

### BROGUE.

If the specimens recently mentioned by "Paterfamilias" in the columns of this journal are to be accepted as really indicating the accent and pronunciation current in Canada, his ground of complaint would seem to be just and intelligent, and might furnish a reason for sending young ladies hence to England with a view of enabling them to acquire the euphony desired. But when "Paterfamilias" designates that with which he finds fault as "Canadian Irish brogue," he is scarcely correct and raises the question what is "Canadian Irish brogue." The only intelligible answer that presents itself is that the mode of pronouncing, and the modulation of voice supposed to be peculiar to the people of Ireland engrafted upon such style in both respects as might be admitted to pertain to the natives of Canada constitute the alleged "Canadian Irish brogue." This however leads to the further enquiry as to what part of the admixture that which is deemed Irish may be; as also the query whether there is such an accent as that so commonly called "the Irish accent"? When it is remembered that in Ireland there are several distinct modes or fashions of speech, each in use by a large section of its inhabitants, and easily distinguished as Irish, it is evident, that inasmuch as not one of them characterizes the whole people of the island, there cannot be such a thing as that which is so often, and so erroneously called "the Irish accent." That there are Irish accents properly so called is perfectly true; but to none of them belongs the manner in which, we of Canada are said to say cow. To what nation or tongue "ko-ark" may appertain it is not possible to guess: a very humble Hibernian might leave out the o but certes the "ko" comes not from Cork.

It is difficult to imagine anything less pleasing to a musical ear than the pronunciation and tone which prevail in certain of the southern counties of Ireland: but for purity of expression and sweetness of sound it might be hard to rival those of its capital, and generally of Leinster. Some of its western shires are said, in respect to manner of speech, to resemble those of Munster: it is a question, however, whether that of the worst of them would not be preferable to the sharp, sinister and unmusical bark of the north.

The natives of Western and Southern Ireland being largely Celtic and therefore musical, it is not herein undertaken to explain how any portion of a people who have produced such melodies as "The Vale of Avoca," "The last Rose of Summer," and many others of exquisite beauty, come to utter their thoughts in a strain painful to hear.

If variety in mode of speech prevails in the "first gem of the sea" to such extent as to preclude any particular one being regarded as the definite article, the still greater diversity which obtains in the sister island renders it equally impossible to admit that there is such a thing as that which is known as "the English accent." That there is an accent, and that there is a pronunciation English and delightful to listen to, will scarcely be disputed, and if preferred by Irishmen or by Canadians it is not easy to conceive why their choice should be a cause of offence, nor what imaginable connexion it could have with "Irish affairs disagreeably brought before the world." It is not apparent why blame should attach to a southern Irishman should he endeavour to replace his unmelodious utterance with the distinct and sonorous speech of Dublin, and if he should cross the channel in search of something by him deemed sweeter, assuredly such proceeding should not be held as in any sense unpatriotic. The sensitiveness of Irishmen in this and other matters is not born of self-respect. They have outlived many prejudices against them not by angry effusions, nor by appeals to national feeling, but rather by force of their character and conduct; and if there is in reality the strong feeling imputed to Canadians as inimical to all that is Irish, bitter invective will not succeed in removing it.

"Paterfamilias" may be excellent latin, but the first three letters thereof are so very suggestive of "Irish affairs" that under existing conditions a sensitive subject should have a care what he calls himself. He does not like

"sweet milesian," nor approve of "ko-ark," but seems to see nothing ungraceful in writing "cracked up." This last he cannot have borrowed of his "genuine Paddy from Cork," nor can "ka-ow" be placed to the account of that apochryphal personage nor to that of his relatives. If however "ka-ow" and "na-ow" smack strongly of Saxon "Maorie koom hee-ar" green Erin is thine.

To return to Pat in search of a patois, it is to be hoped he would not think of wandering into the parts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, or "Zoomerzed," where, in addition to hearing an accent uncouth as his own, he might find himself puzzled to comprehend what would be said to him. Should he penetrate north of the Tweed, matters might not improve, and in a country smaller than his native isle he would, perhaps still find variety in tonguing and toning Her Majesty's English. *Saxon.*

### INVERTED CHRISTIANITY.

A recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* contains an interesting and suggestive article entitled "A Turkish Effendi on Christendom and Islam." It purports to contain the opinions of an exceptionally intelligent and highly cultivated Moslem who had travelled widely, not only in order to see men and manners, but also, as he himself tells us, "with the view of making a comparative study of the value of the world's religions, and of arriving at some conclusion as to the one he ought himself to adopt." In this article, his English editor professes to give the conclusions at which he arrived.

Although the *vraisemblance* is pretty well kept up, especially in the Oriental's detestation of our modern high-pressure life—our steam-and-railroad civilization, in which he can see nothing good—yet it does not require much penetration to discover, so far at least as politics go, the voice of an English Tory under the flowing robes of the Turk. The religious portion of the article is, however, much the most remarkable. It is evidently no ordinary Tory, and no mere politician who writes here. The stern and severe denunciations of Pharisaism and mere selfish religionism, and such terse and suggestive epithets as that which heads this article, remind us of two remarkable publications,—*"Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism,"* and *"Piccadilly Papers,"*—which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* a good many years ago. The spirit of the article is the same, whether or no the authorship is that of either of these satires.

The *soi-disant* Effendi starts with the principle that the relative values of religion must depend, so far as our own earth is concerned, upon the amount of moral truth of a curative kind in regard to this world's moral diseases which they contain, and upon their practical influence upon the lives and conduct of men. Judged by the first of these tests, he confesses that Christianity reigns supreme over all other religions. Judged by its practical influence, *as seen by him* in the lives of its professors, he finds it lamentably wanting. Some of his reasons for this judgment are only too well founded. Others show the misapprehension which might be excusable in a Turkish observer who might be unfortunate in encountering only a certain type of Christian teaching. Of this kind is his objection, that "the concentration of the mind of the devotee upon a future state of life, and the salvation of his soul after he left this world, tended to produce an enlightened selfishness in his daily life, which has culminated in its extreme form under the influence of one religion. For it is only logical, if a man be taught to consider his highest religious duty to be the salvation of his own soul, while the salvation of his neighbour occupies a secondary place, that he should instinctively feel his highest earthly duty is the welfare of his own human personality and those belonging to it in this world. It matters not whether this future salvation is to be attained by an act of faith, or by merit through good work—the effort is none the less a selfish one." So it would be, if it were not that the "salvation" which we are to attain through an act of faith is really the *cure* of selfishness—the infusion of true love to God and man—or, as our Lord Himself puts it, the "losing" of our lower selfish life that we may find our higher and more blessed one:—

"That to be saved is only this,  
Salvation from our selfishness."

When this is understood we can see that we must really be saved ourselves before we can have any earnest desire for the salvation of others, that love can only come out of love, and that we must "first pull the beam out of our own eye before we can see clearly to cast the mote out of our brother's eye." It can never be selfish to seek to get rid of selfishness. But how often does the beam in our eyes prevent us from even seeing that this is what Christianity means! How often do we hear men urged to "flee from the wrath to come," to "fly from hell and rise to heaven," just as they might be urged to escape from an epidemic or to sell out of a losing enterprise! Not to speak of those who are taught to buy heaven with good works, how many, even among "evangelical" preachers, practically exhibit salvation as a mere escape from punishment to be bought by "believing" instead of being the reception of an altered character—altered motives of action, which cannot be supposed to be real unless it bear fruit in unselfish love! How often do we hear a certain

type of Christian censure a faithful practical sermon as being "not doctrinal," and sometimes those who know the objects best are not surprised that he likes sermons which tell him to "only believe" rather than those which bid him "show his *faith* by his *works*." And because too many Christian teachers have been unfaithful to the duty of showing that belief is nothing if it is not preached, and have failed to show the vital connection of morality with religion as its natural fruit, it is not greatly to be wondered at if Turkish Effendis should run away with the idea that popular Christianity is simply a spiritualised selfishness, and that modern sceptics should try to divorce religion from morality altogether, and tell us that the former has been really only a hindrance to the latter!

Here however, is the Effendi's testimony to the moral value of Christianity as taught by Christ Himself. "After a careful study of the teaching of the great founder of this religion, I am amazed at the distorted character it has assumed under the influence of the three great sects into which it has become divided to wit, the Greek, Catholic and Protestant Christians. There is no teaching so thoroughly altruistic in its character, and which, if it could be literally applied would I believe exercise so direct and beneficial an influence on the human race, as the teaching of Christ; but as there is no religious teacher whose moral standard, in regard to the duties of men towards each other in this world, was so lofty, so there is none it seems to me, as an impartial student, the spirit of whose revelation has been more perverted and degraded by His followers of all denominations. The Buddhist, the Hindoo, and the Mohammedan, though they have all more or less lost the influence of the *afflatus* which pervades their sacred writings, have not actually constructed a theology based upon the inversion of the original principles of their religion. Their light, never so bright as that which illumined the teachings of Christ has died away till but a faint flicker remains; but Christians have developed their social and political morality out of the very blackness of the shadow thrown by 'The Light of the World.'" Words which, whether true or not, certainly recall the solemn warning addressed by Christ to his disciples,—“If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness.”

When this "inverted Christianity"—which the Effendi styles *anti-Christendom*, or anti-Christendom—comes into contact with the races who live under the dim religious light of their respective revelations, "the feeble rays of the latter become extinguished by the gross darkness of this anti-Christendom, and they be crushed and mangled under the iron heel of its organised and sanctified selfishness. The real God of anti-Christendom is Mammon: in Catholic anti-Christendom, tempered by a bust of spiritual and temporal power; in Greek anti-Christendom, tempered by a lust of race aggrandisement; but in Protestant anti-Christendom reigning supreme:

Of course we can all see the exaggeration in this unflattering picture, but is there not, in our average social and political life,—far too much to give it *vraisemblance*? Of course the reason is simply that so many so-called Christians are merely nominal Christians who are but civilised heathens,—though worse, in that they reject a clearer light; while even among those with whom Christianity is more than a name, the Christian character is so imperfectly formed, the principles of Christ are really so *inverted* that it is no wonder if they give to the "Jews Turks and Infidels" for when they pray an utterly mistaken idea of what true Christianity is. And so long as they do so,—so long must they become in no small degree responsible for the natural results.

We can hardly follow the Effendi gravely through his theory that the inverted Christianity of which he complains,—in other words the cultivation of the selfish instinct,—in its stimulation of the intellectual at the expense of the moral has been the "mother of invention,"—the promoter of railroads, mechanical inventions, political institutions, and the Western force of character which the languid Oriental is unable to resist. These ideas are probably thrown in for the sake of completing the *vraisemblance*. Yet one cannot read a sentence like this without feeling how much ground there is for the satire:—

"Countries in which there are no gigantic swindling corporations, no financial crises by which millions are ruined or Gatling guns by which they may be slain, are said to be in a state of barbarism. When the civilisation of anti-Christendom comes into contact with barbarism of this sort, instead of lifting it out of its moral error, which would be the case if it were true Christendom, it almost invariably shivers it to pieces. The consequence of the arrival of the so-called Christian in a heathen country is, not to bring immortal life, but physical and moral death."

And if the Effendi had been a little broader in his politics, instead of restricting his remarks to the sufferings of "the Moslem," we might admit, freely enough, that "between the upper and the nether millstone of Russian greed for territory and of British greed for money," (might he not have added "and territory" also?) hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women and children have either perished by violence or starvation, or, driven from their homes, are now struggling to keep body and soul together as best they can in misery and desolation." These are heavy charges against "Christian" nations, and we can hardly hope for a verdict even if "not proven." But instead of proving anything against Christianity itself it only proves the perverseness of human nature, and the futility of attempting to prove the human origin of a religion which average humanity so soon distorts, into its own image. The supposed "Effendi" says, with far more just appreciation, than many

philosophers nearer home,—that "it is in the nature of the religious idea" that just in proportion as it was originally penetrated with a divine truth, which has become perverted, does it engender hypocrisy. This was so true of Judaism that when the founder of Christianity came, though himself a Jew, he scorchingly denounced the class which most loudly professed the religion which they profaned. I have now carefully examined into many religions, but *as none of them demanded so high a standard from its followers as Christianity*, there has not been any development of hypocrisy out of them at all corresponding to that which is peculiar to "anti-Christendom." If this is true and who can doubt it—the "Meliorists" who claim Christianity as the fruit of a natural progressive development of humanity will find this a rather inconsequent fact to get into their philosophy.

*Fidelis.*

## INGERSOLL ON CONVERSION, HEAVEN, AND HELL.

A discourse delivered in Zion Church, Montreal, by Rev. Alfred J. Bray, April 11th, 1880.

"If the truth shall make you free, then are ye free indeed." I suppose no one will deny that the sentiment contained in that passage is great, is grand, is sublime. There is a freedom known to men which truth does not put its seal upon. Men may hold themselves free to think evil thoughts and do evil works, but that is the abuse, and not the right use of freedom. When truth comes to set men free—from bondage to tradition, from an enervating conventionalism, from false schools of teaching, false modes of thinking, false systems of operation, false sentiments and affections—*then* are they free indeed. You will have noticed, of course, how many people declare themselves on the side of truth. I suppose every enquirer and non-enquirer, as to religious matters, would claim that on his own behalf. Some confidently affirm that they have found truth, while others deny the assertion, and say that they are truth-seekers; some declare that they are exercising the freedom of truth in holding truth as expressed in a certain set of creeds; and others say that they are holding on to a palpable falsehood and not to truth at all. Col. Ingersoll says he has found Truth, and is set free by it from many a degrading error; he rejoices in his own thoughts, laughs at his own wit, and is proud of his freedom from those errors to which many of his fellow mortals are enslaved. On the other hand, here are men of good character, of sound culture, of earnest thought and purpose, who worship a Being whom he abhors the idea of, and live by, and would die for religious tenets for which he can only find words of most bitter scoffing. We know that truth is many-sided, but we are sure that truth is not many-faced. Truth has many notes, but no discord—many voices, but one teaching. Then, some of the contending parties must be wrong. Nay, it is quite and well within the range of possibilities that they are both partially right and partially wrong—or that they may have gone off from the centre in opposite directions. It may be that they stand at the opposite poles, even while they claim to be at the centre. One thing is certain, men often declare that they have found truth when they have not—and do often shout the gladness of their freedom when they are in prison-houses and cheated with forms of liberty painted on the walls. What is to be done then? Put them all to the test of a sound reason, say I. I am not of those who think that the reason of man should be belittled and outraged, and that a man will be damned if he does not believe what his reason tells him is unbelievable and unreasonable. I am not going to say that I will only accept facts which my reason can verify; for I am accepting things as facts every day which I do not and cannot make plain to myself. They are too subtle for any analysis known to me—they are so light and airy that I have no scales delicate enough to weigh them—or they are so dense that my logical faculties cannot penetrate them. But, then, I believe in them—that they are and do exist, precisely because my reason tells me that they are not unreasonable. I cannot complete the arc by sight perhaps, but I can see enough to make it not difficult for me to believe that the arc is completed, out of sight. Still, reason is the first and final court of appeal, and in reality, those who profess to give it a low place in life, and little or nothing to say about matters of the Bible and religious belief, use and trust to their reason just as much as those who talk great swelling words about Reason being placed upon the throne of the world's brain. Gentlemen, reason is on the throne, but it rules in a mad way.

It is to your sober reason I am going to do my best to appeal to-night, for I think I have some reasonable things to say. I do not dogmatically declare that they are truth, and exactly true to truth. I am not a prophet. I have received no supernatural message. I utterly repudiate all connection with an infallible church, and I need not tell you that I am not infallible; you are quite sure of that. And, good folks and friends, let me assure you that *you* are not infallible; you may have been well and carefully taught; you may be much given to a form of sound doctrine; you may have thought out your creed with anxious earnestness, but for all that you are not infallible. I have the pulpit, and custom denies you the right of reply, but you can exercise your right of judgment all the time; accept what you can accept, reject the rest. Respect your own reason and love the truth more than any preacher and all creeds.

When I invited Mr. Ingersoll to discuss with me the main points of his

lecture on "The Gods" before the same audience, his answer was: "Give me an orthodox Presbyterian and I will take him," and I think he meant it, for his argument during the evening had been directed against the ultra forms of orthodoxy in our churches. Having classed us all together as believing that everything in the Bible between the two covers was divinely given, word for word, and figure for figure, he demolished us all with a few witty recitals of incongruities. Having predicated that all religious people had charged God with sending famine, and fire, and flood, and disease, it was easy for him to lay his finger upon fatal anomalies, and to point out most palpable flaws, and to say as the conclusion of it all—these people are weak-minded, and there is no God at all; no God but nature, and no religion but happiness. In precisely the same manner were we treated in his discussion of the doctrines of conversion, and heaven, and hell. Illustration after illustration, and story upon story were given to show the unreasonableness and absurdity of these doctrines. Most ribald fun, in most execrable taste was poked at the doctrine of a Judgment, and scenes imagined and pictured after a most exaggerated and sensational manner. By the doctrine of conversion he seemed to understand that any man by accepting the creed, especially "the rib story," and the order Joshua is said to have issued to the sun and the moon, and the account of Jonah's strange adventures, and at best, the teaching of the Bible about God, would, upon dying, go straight to heaven no matter how bad his life had been; whereas, the man who had lived a good, honest manly life, but did not believe "the rib story" and some other things would, on dying, go straight to hell. The idea of heaven with which the orthodox are credited is, that it is a place, or an open space, with raised seats around, upon which the people, or their released spirits sit and play harps; and it is well within sight of hell, which is a place of literal fire, unmitigated by any memory or any hope. Now, I need not say to you that this is an exaggeration of even orthodoxy. I will not say it is a caricature, for it is not exactly that, but it is an exaggeration. For example, we were given a picture: a man going to his home and wife and family, whom he loved truly and well, and for whom he laboured honestly; he does not accept the creeds, "the rib story" and others, but he is a true man—when suddenly a dastardly villain springs upon him, and stabs him to the death. The murdered man goes straight to hell, to wallow in tormenting fire, for ever and for evermore. The murderer is arrested, is tried, is condemned to death as the penalty of his crime; he appeals against the judgment, but it is not allowed; he petitions the supreme power for pardon, and it is refused, and *then*, he gets religion; says he believes in God and Christ; calls his friends and tells them he is forgiven, and is very joyful and is going to mount from the gallows to heaven, and be blessed for ever. Mr. Ingersoll derides that; points out cases of men who have died, not having believed the creeds, but have lived honest, dutiful lives, and at the judgment are condemned to hell, and others who have lived in all manners of wickedness, but have believed before dying, and they are adjudged to heaven and the order given to hand them a costly harp. Indeed, the lecturer tried hard to convey the impression that orthodox teaching is to the effect that the better lives men live the deeper they will be damned if they do not believe the creed, and the worse lives men live the higher they will be in honour and glory if they only believe. And he derides that! So do I. I am ashamed of it, and when I read those stories of villains about to carry out a just sentence on the scaffold, boasting of their faith and certainty of heaven, I could weep for the shame that is brought upon our common and glorious Christianity. And it is only fair to say that while orthodoxy makes such things possible, that is not orthodoxy. I believe that the churches in general would hesitate, if they would not refuse to acknowledge such teachings. I am sure the majority of the laity would, and I believe a majority of the clergy would. Mr. Ingersoll repudiates that! So do I, with all my mind and heart and soul. I do not accept the doctrine, and no Pope, no church, no presbytery, no synod, no conference, no diaconate shall ever make me. Put me down as opposed to that, and be sure that I shall not be afraid to speak against it.

Then I am an infidel? Good friends that is precisely what I am not. Put me down as opposed with all my mind and heart and soul to infidelity. And I want to enter my earnest protest here against that kind of speech which some of you have indulged in; you have said: "Mr. Bray does not say out all he thinks and feels about these matters." Why should I hide anything? What have I at stake that I should not have the courage of my convictions? If I were of other opinions, I would say it; and if I believed like Col. Ingersoll, I too could lecture for a living, or I could go into business or into politics, where my infidel notions would be of material service to me. I will tell you why some—they call themselves Free Thinkers, imagine and say I do not tell all my mind on these matters; they cannot think of a man taking up a position which is at neither extreme—that is to say, which is neither orthodox nor infidel. Mr. Ingersoll argued that way, and the audience seemed to accept the argument. Orthodoxy—that unreasonable and indefensible teaching about the murder and the harp, and the honest man and the flames—that to the letter and figure, or infidelity. That is absurd, said Ingersoll, therefore there is no God; the Bible is not a true book; the doctrines of conversion and heaven and hell are figments of diseased fancies, the chimeras of disordered brains, falsehoods

invented to dethrone our lordly reason and beguile the unwary people. I answer, Not so: these things are absurd, therefore let us seek the truth. I am not compelled to choose between this orthodoxy and that infidelity—I can find reason and right at neither; but it does not follow that I can nowhere find reason and right. Mr. Ingersoll says: Take that picture of the murdered man and the murderer—the one driven into hell because he has not believed what he could not believe, and had not a last and supreme moment to consider; and the murderer, who has exhausted all possible means of escaping the penalty of his crime, and who never would have believed if his life had been spared, getting religion, and dying in pomp, and going to heaven and joy forever—that is unreasonable. Yes, that is unreasonable; but what do you offer me? You say, Therefore there is no God, no conversion, no heaven, no hell. What then of those men? The murdered man, what has he suffered? Had he lived a week longer he might have met with some cruel disaster which would have made life a misery and dying a torture. At any rate, so far as he was concerned, his life of care and toil was only abridged a little, and he was put to sleep suddenly. And the murderer, what do you visit upon him? Nothing much. You put an end to a life of villainy, which could not have much joy in it; you kill him dramatically; and there they lie, murdered and murderer, their bones turning to dust and mingling together, and that is the end of the story. As if a dog had killed a dog; in rage you rush upon the scene and kill the survivor, and that is the end of it all. The stream of time flows on—bubbles rise and float awhile and break; but nothing more. You say that in that orthodoxy there is no reason: and I say that in your theory of atheism there is an utter lack of justice. I want the Reason which I do not find in orthodoxy, and the Justice which I do not find in infidelity.

Let us look into these things a little carefully and without prejudice. Be careful about putting away old and widely-believed doctrines—for generally they are or have been the outgrowth of great and important facts. First of all you will admit that we live, and that we are under some kind of moral law. No matter now from whence it came, here it is. We have written and unwritten rules for our guidance. The law of the land prohibits certain wrongs and punishes them, but wrongs are possible of doing which no statute law can reach. We are sure that they are wrongs—not because it is written in a book, but our moral sense tells us that they are wrongs, and by moral law they are prohibited. But the moral law is not strong enough to prevent the working of evil. So that there is sin in the world; that is an actual fact. Things are twisted out of their proper shape; things which should be straight are made crooked; there are perversions and deflections everywhere. That is the teaching of nature; your reason will not deny that, for it is a fact of experience; and my free-thinking friends will allow me to say that the same thing is found in the Bible—that is to say, the Bible recognises the fact of sin in man. I want to establish these points of agreement, in order, first of all, that we may have some common ground to stand upon, and secondly, that I may rid myself of the charge many have brought against me during the last few days, to the effect that like all orthodox arguers I rush to the Bible for everything—"a book," say my critics, "which we utterly repudiate." You see that I do not do that at all. I find man here, and wrong in man—wrong entering into his thoughts and breaking out in all his life. I find hideous plague spots over all the body of humanity—the rich grind the faces of the poor, the strong oppress the weak, the cunning cheat the slow of brain, the far-seeing outwit the near-sighted; there is wrong in private and in public life. The Bible recognises that fact, and tells us the story of its evil working. So that you cannot utterly repudiate the Bible so far as that part of it goes. Well, a step further. I find in nature a very evident struggle against that wrong. She tries to heal the damage done by flood and fire, by rending earthquake and fierce volcano; strong winds break up heavy vapours, and the strong rays of the sun, which burn up the grass and the corn, suck up the water from the sea and send it along as cloud to pour out in rain upon the parched field. Mr. Ingersoll told us that he had once frightened a man who asked him how he would have made the earth better if he had had the power, by saying, "I would have made good health catching." If Mr. Ingersoll will study the laws of his god a little more, he will find that just the improvement he suggests was thought of and made long ago, and good health is wonderfully catching. And so I find among men a disposition to interfere with this sin or wrong doing. It is the one subject which agitates society; it is the object of our legislation, of our reformatories and penitentiaries and prisons; we try to prevent it; we punish men when they have been guilty of it, if law or public opinion can reach them; and we try to cure it. And all that they did three thousand years and more ago. Moses worked that way; so did all the prophets and many of the priests. You can read the story of it there, in that book which free-thinkers "utterly repudiate."

Now, I want to take another step. Sin is a fact of life and experience, which implies that right—rightness of thought, of word, and of deed—is a fact of life and experience. The primary object of all law is to make men do right always—to make right-thinking the normal condition of the mind, and right doing the habit of the hand. But the law has not prevailed—for the general mind has not that normal condition, and the hand is not habituated to the doing of good works of justice and truth. Then comes the question, *Can*



a man be changed?—can he be bettered?—can he be altered? And the answer from every side is *yes*. Nature teaches that. You can graft the sweet on to the bitter, and greatly modify, if you do not altogether change it. Even the lightning will submit to have its course changed by an iron rod. And men believe that, and adopt their own methods for doing that work among themselves. Let me adopt an old word, and say, the world over men believe in conversion—they teach it, they preach it, they practise it. All the atheists included. Nihilism is one of their evangels, by which they attempt to convert despotism into liberal government, and the rulers into servants of the people. Ingersoll goes up and down and to and fro this continent endeavouring to convert men from what he considers the error of their thinking and doing. All are agreed then that men who think wrongly and do wrongly *should* be converted—and all are agreed that they *can* be converted, and all are further agreed that conversion means a turning of men from the doing of what is wrong to the doing of what is right. And may I put in a word again for the Bible—that Book which Free-thinkers tell me they “utterly repudiate”—by saying, that this is precisely the idea the men entertained who wrote this series of books, and this is the work they attempted with all their might of character and speech. That is what Moses set himself to do, and Isaiah, and David, and Jeremiah, and Jesus Christ, and all the Apostles; and that is what the whole Christian Church is aiming at now. Every endeavour is in that direction. We may be wrong in our creeds, and our methods of working, but the end sought is the same. We would ennoble humanity—we would teach men to put away evil, and think right, and speak right, and do right.

But all will allow again, I think, that when any man preaches conversion he must be ready to supply a motive. If I go to a man and tell him he ought to change his course of conduct, he will ask me “Why?” I may say: “You are sinning against the law of your being—you are perverting your true powers—you are making that dominant in you which should be your slave”; but he may answer “No; I am in strict accord with the law of my being, as it seems to me. I am slothful by the nature of me, and it certainly is easier to steal than to get money by hard work. I have strong passions, and it pleases me more to gratify than to repress them. You may say that more real and permanent enjoyment is to be found in repression, but that is not according to my experience, and I prefer to deal with what I know, and not speculate. It may be unpleasant to you that I shall do this or that—it may traverse all the lines of your interest—it may involve you in disaster, but it is mighty pleasant and profitable to me—so, if you please, I shall continue this way, and you can direct your preachments against some other pleasure-seeking mortal.” Now tell me, when you have got that answer, what will you say? You cannot find a motive in the man himself. Where will you find it? I have listened to Mr. Ingersoll's rhapsodies—I have read the books (many scores of them) of infidel writers—and I have nowhere found a text from which to preach a sermon on righteousness. If you could talk to a dog, what would you say to it as an inducement not to bark and bite and steal bones? You would preach the terrors of a stick or a boot—but what else? The dog would reduce the thing to a science—how to steal bones and escape the stick or the boot. And when you have persuaded man that he is only an animal blessed with a high degree of intelligence—that there is no good but nature, and that there is no responsibility attached to life beyond the day in which men live on the earth—then he simply has to ask, How shall I get most of pleasure and escape pain? True, nature supplies the motive for not thrusting your hand into the fire—for you will be burned if you do; if you throw yourself into the water you will be drowned; but why should you not steal your neighbour's coal to warm yourself? What has nature to say, if you push a man off the bridge into the river and you can prove an *alibi*? If nature teaches anything positive about this matter it is to the effect, that might is right and selfishness is the only profitable policy for life. I honestly confess to you that I can find no motive for conversion in the whole range of infidel teaching—no incentive to truth and justice and disinterested love—no call to patriotism and a far-reaching philanthropy—no inspiration that can lead to self-sacrifice and self-devotion to noble causes; for I find virtue unrewarded and vice unpunished—the wicked in high esteem and cunning triumphant. In truth, it is a war of animals, and the survival of the strongest in wit or in sinews. Said Mr. Ingersoll, in his lecture on “The Gods”:—“Nature, so far as we can discern, without passion and without intention, forms, transforms, and re-transforms for ever. She neither weeps nor rejoices. She produces man without purpose, and obliterates him without regret. She knows no distinction between the beneficial and the hurtful; poison and nutrition, pain and joy, smiles and tears, life and death are alike to her. She cannot be flattered by worship nor melted by tears. She does not know even the attitude of prayer. She appreciates no difference between poison in the fangs of snakes, and mercy in the hearts of men.” That blind, deaf, dumb, dead thing is the god he would have us adore, and from that lifeless thing he tells us we are to find a sufficient motive for converting the drunkard and the thief and the debauchee. Can you find it there? I solemnly protest that I cannot.

But now, let me turn to this teaching of ours which was ridiculed. Can we supply a motive to righteousness? I answer yes, we can—one that is

reasonable, and at the same time powerful. But, I shall be asked: are you going to adopt and defend those doctrines of conversion just before hanging, and going straight to heaven to be happy for ever? and that the man who has lived a good life, but did not believe the creed is sent to hell fire for ever? No, I am neither going to adopt nor defend them. But they are in the Bible, said Mr. Ingersoll. I deny that; they are not in the Bible at all; they are perversions of Biblical teaching; nothing less. I believe in God, in redemption, in conversion, in the existence of heaven and of hell, but not in the God, the redemption, the heaven and the hell at which Col. Ingersoll poked so much rough fun. If he described a form of orthodoxy, then I am not orthodox. I hold and believe that man is responsible for his actions upon the earth; that he may find power to turn from his sin and do right; that is, be converted; and at any time; there in the prison cell; there on the scaffold, for the divine influence is always bearing upon him while the soul of him lives, and that conversion is the first step in the new way of right thinking and right doing. Faith in God can alone induce to that step, for if there be no God, no hereafter, no heaven and no hell, why should the step be taken? Infidelity never arrested a sinner yet; never made a drunkard a sober man, or turned a thief to honesty; but faith in a loving and just God has done it in countless instances, and is doing it now every hour of every day. But, I am not going to teach that because a man is converted—has changed his mind, his purposes, his conduct—has swung round to walk the other way, he is free from all his past transgressions, and has no more to do with the consequences of them. For I do not believe it. I do not believe that the villain goes from the deserved scaffold to a heaven of eternal happiness. I do not believe that a man may live in open and secret iniquity for three score years, and then, when his trembling limbs have told him that he is near to the gates of death, can teach his wretched mind, which for two score years has been under the control of self-interest, to believe in God and Christ, and then, wipe out the past and be treated as if all the life had been good and pure. I believe that God forgives the believing penitent, and helps him to recover what he has lost. I believe that Christ died for men, and in some way to us not known was their ransom. The prodigal returned to home and father, but, his goods and his health were gone; a drunkard recovers himself, but he cannot escape the penalty of what he has done; it is in every fibre of his body and every faculty of his mind. It is well to be converted—nay, it *must* be; you had better begin to think right and do right here and now; but, I believe that the sinner must bear the consequences of his sins; that no faith, no penitence, no prayers, no tears, no mercy of God and no cross of Christ can come between him and the penalty of his wrong-doing. There is law in eternity as surely as in time, and law is inexorable—“whatsoever a man sows *that* shall he also reap.” You cannot show me anywhere in all the Bible the teaching that because a man repents and believes, and feels conscious of forgiveness, he is at once severed from all the evil of his past life. Christ nowhere taught it. He taught men to believe in the infinite charity of God; He taught them to believe in a Redeemer and redemption; He taught them the reality of a new birth from sin to righteousness; He taught them the great doctrines of reward and punishment, of heaven and hell—but, reward and punishment for what? For believing or not believing a certain creed? No; but reward for right living, and punishment for sin. Yes, he condemned their unbelief, but it was not because they could not believe, it was because they *would* not believe; it was because they rejected the light, choosing darkness because their deeds were evil. If the Bible can be said to have a doctrine of conversion at all, it is simply this—a new birth, the beginning of a new life, a change of thought and purpose from the way of sin to the way of righteousness, and God's love and power and holiness supply the motive and the redemption.

But, heaven and hell! what of the doctrines as to these? To my mind nothing can be more absurd than the idea that heaven and hell are particular places, in the which all enjoy alike or suffer alike. I know that it was an idea the Jews had in the latter part of their history, and it would be quite easy, if I had the time, to trace the growth of it in their minds. They took it from Paganism and gave it a Jewish cast; and Christians have taken it from them and given it a Christian cast. There is but one passage in Scripture which seems to speak of an instant decision of one's destiny; the word of Christ to the dying thief—which to say the least of it is of doubtful interpretation. To talk of hell—a place where God is not and all is only torment, is to talk what is not true to common sense and the Bible. There can be no place where He is not; He is in every ray of light that gleams in the temple of heaven, and in every tongue of fire that scorches a conscience in hell. What then? I take it that heaven and hell are states, and not places at all, the torment or the happiness is from within, and not produced by outward circumstance. We know how it is now. Here on earth, in this city, in homes, in this church men meet and mingle, some of them walking in a very heaven of light and peace, the heart glad, the mind satisfied, the conscience sweetly at rest, and all life running over with music—while others are in hell, the heart full of a bitter remorse, the mind a very chaos, the conscience a vulture—the fires of hell have taken hold upon them. I know that there are some who neither suffer these torments,

nor, because they are good, have the pleasures of heaven; they have animal enjoyment and animal suffering, and it would not be difficult for me to believe that they die like animals, going down to dust and nothingness. They have not cultivated the spiritual nature of them, and it dies down to the roots. Those who suffer here are the men who sin, but have *life* in them, a moral sense, a consciousness of God and responsibility. *Life* enjoys; life is capable of suffering; not so death; the dead feel not; they are not ashamed; they are not afraid; they have no hope and no God, and God is not the God of the dead, but of the living.

I believe, then, that God holds man as accountable for his actions—that He loves him and helps him to redeem his life from destruction—that a man may be born again—even in the last hour of his life upon earth, but that it does not cancel the past, nor ward off retribution—that although God the Son has ransomed man, and God the Father forgives, that man must pay the penalty for his wrong doing, and every man will receive the reward of his right doing and just thinking. Now, it seems to me that in this I have an intelligent theory of life—a plain and simple science of religion. I cannot take the orthodox view of these things—that notion, that a man by conversion breaks with all his evil past, and may go from the home of the miser, or the slough of the drunkard, or the scaffold of the murderer, right to a place called heaven and eternal joy, is one that I cannot accept. It is against my reason—it is against my judgment—it is opposed to my every sense of right, and it is opposed to the whole tenor of Scripture teaching. It puts a premium upon sin—it encourages a continuance in vice, for as only a few men believe that death will find them suddenly, they can put off the hour of conversion and restraint until the lapse of time warns them to prepare for heaven. But, then, neither can I accept the opposite of that,—Ingersollism, Atheism. I can find in that no encouragement for self-repression and the culture of unselfish goodness. The morning has left me—the heat of the day went soon, and the twilight is here, and night is coming on—night, and not a star; no flowers grow on the graves of my loves; I have done good, and got no thanks, and never shall hear of it again; I have done evil, but what does it matter? All things are going the same way—and I rake the dying embers of my fire together and sit and shiver and wait for the night that is coming on. No, I cannot accept that—my reason is against it—my heart is against it—human experience is against it—all those diagrams of fire that gleam and burn in the deeps of heaven are against it—every flower that blooms in beauty, every warm breath of spring that sweeps across our fields, melting the snow and waking the life of the soil—all are against it.

I turn from those things to this, the infinite Fatherhood of God—that He helps us to repent and be converted—that Christ has redeemed us, and that faith in Him is the motive power to a good life—that conversion is the first step toward perfectness in the likeness of God—that sin is an awful thing which tracks a man through time, and it may be through eternity—so that no man shall think lightly of his crimes by imagining that by an act of the mind or the will he can for ever be rid of the consequences; but he may redeem his life, and master his passion, and live in faith for goodness, and dying, find a place of better circumstance, where he shall continue to work out the great problem of being in clearer light and riper wisdom. I offer you that—I appeal to your heart, to your head, to your instincts and your judgment. There is hope in this Gospel, and abundant life. Take it—take it for your individual life. It will give you a deep and wholesome dread of sin—you will see an eternal reason against the doing of it; but, when you have sinned, it will not smite you down to impotent despair; it will lift you up and bid you, weeping, trust in God; it will reveal a future in which wrong will be righted and justice done; it gives you a Redeemer and redemption, and a hope that nothing can quench. Take it for your business life; it will teach you to be just, to be honest, to speak truth and do it; it will not teach you that you may wrong your brother man and never see him again, nor hear of it more, except when you may happen to look over the battlements of heaven upon him writhing in hell; it will teach you that you will meet him again, and a just God will judge between you; it will give you consolation in the time of trouble; it will inspire you to do great work for men and God, for you will be sure that God knows His heroes and His saints. Is it reasonable? Does it lead to right issues? Is it against sin and for holiness? Does it open a pathway that slopes upward unto God? Does it teach you to dread sin and love the Saviour from it? Then take it now—and live it to-morrow, and through every succeeding to-morrow of life—and your life shall glisten to the life of God, and when the fierce and stormful now is beaten out, you shall find the peace of God, which passeth understanding.

#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

If we would have happy homes we must have healthy families. One delicate, pining little one is enough to make a whole household uncomfortable and to cause its mother untold misery and anxiety. It is generally allowed that Montreal is a very unhealthy city, and that its infant mortality is very large. No doubt this is greatly owing to our bad drainage, lack of proper

sanitary laws, and the culpable carelessness of all classes as to propagating infectious diseases. And yet, with all these disadvantages, we feel assured that many sweet little lives might be saved, and much baby suffering spared if the children were properly fed and sensibly cared for. "That does not apply to my baby," exclaims some young mother; "he has a most careful nurse, and I am generally present when he is being fed; and yet he is sick half the time and I never get a night's sleep with him." Let us ask this mother what food does she give to her baby, and she will probably tell us, "Oh, we give him all sorts of things,—bread and milk, corn-starch, sago, or biscuit ground fine and boiled in milk." Now we have consulted many doctors as to baby food, and the invariable answer is that until eight or nine months old milk is the only food fit for a baby's stomach. Mother's milk, if possible, is of course best, but when the mother cannot wholly sustain the child, then we must give it what comes nearest to mother's milk, and we all know that that is cow's milk. But some ignorant old nurse will tell the mother that the two milks will not agree, and despite the doctor's assurance that they will certainly agree better than any other admixture, she will take the advice of the nurse, or some other ignorant adviser, and the baby will be fed on all sorts of boiled foods, generally starchy compounds wholly unfitted for a baby's digestion. In these days when knowledge lies around us on every side, and even our family papers bring us most valuable information on every subject under the sun, it seems almost impossible to believe that so many ladies of ordinary education and intelligence, should know so little of the commonest laws of life and health. Surely every woman who rules a household and rears a family should know the different properties and effects of the foods that are daily set upon her table, and should also understand the requirements of the human body at every stage of its development. A woman who knows the various elements and compounds of the body, and understands the processes through which all foods must pass in their digestion and assimilation with the human system, would never dream of giving her child starchy, or solid foods, well knowing that an infant is unable to digest these foods without great pain and with little profit, since no blood will be made by food that is not properly digested. We find that no food which we eat can be made into blood unless it will mix with water, and we know that starch won't mix or dissolve in water unless it almost boils; now the water in our bodies is only warm—about 98°—when in health, but the saliva in our mouths can change starch into sugar, and sugar will mix and dissolve in water, after which it will assimilate and nourish the blood. But infants have no saliva until they begin to cut some teeth, and very little of the digestive juices come from the pancreas, or bowels, of an infant; therefore if we give it bread or any vegetable food, as there are no teeth to masticate it, and no saliva to turn the starch into sugar, the poor little stomach must churn the bread about for a long time in order to break it into small pieces so that it may pass through to the bowels; here again it will find no juice to digest it, and all these organs will have worked in vain, because the bread or starch will not have been digested. The poor child will have suffered agony for nothing, as no blood will have been made to nourish it. A mother who knows even this much of physiology and chemistry will never give her child anything but milk until it begins teething. It is said that some prepared foods are composed of the exact ingredients of mother's milk, and it is urged in their favour that it is almost impossible to procure good milk in cities. We have always found it possible to get good milk in Montreal; but if one cannot be sure about it, the best way is to consult the family physician; if he says that Nestle's or any other food is quite as nourishing and as easily digested as milk, then it may safely be used.

Unfortunately this matter of feeding the babies is the one point on which mothers are apt to disregard the advice of their doctors, and the doctors know this very well, but also know that it is useless to argue the point with most mothers. If the baby cries they fancy the easiest way to stop his mouth is to put something into it, and probably that will quiet him for a time; but poor baby must suffer for it by and by. We often wonder how it is that the many young mothers of the present day who must certainly have studied physiology, chemistry, and hygiene during their school courses, should yet seem to have so little idea of the application of their knowledge to common life. This is a branch of domestic economy which should be carefully taught to every girl in school; but if it could be taught in connection with practical training in cooking, it would be likely to make a more lasting impression, and would be more easily and thoroughly understood. Of course the physiology of the body and the elements and compounds of which it is formed should first be studied, and this subject can be simplified and made interesting to even quite young girls.

In future papers we shall endeavour to give such information on this important subject as our limited space will admit. Meanwhile, if any should feel disposed to question our authority as to milk being the best thing for the babies, we shall reply, as did a good Montreal doctor to a lady who insisted that her baby would starve on milk, "But, my dear lady," said he, "don't you think that God knows best? If bread or beefsteak, or corn-starch, were the best thing for baby, that is what you would have had to give him; but, since mothers are given nothing but milk, then they may be quite sure that milk is the best thing." Surely, if we believe in a Providence that rules over all

(and good mothers can never resign that blessed hope), we must feel that He knows best, and that the natural nourishment given for the first months of a child's life must be the best, and whatever comes nearest to it must be next best. A mother who realizes this will never try experiments on the delicate organism of her child, exhausting its whole system in the laborious effort to rid itself of substances that were wholly unfitted to enter it. During these painful efforts to digest improper foods, children will cry painfully; but some believe that a child must do a certain amount of crying to expand its lungs. We do not agree with this theory. Nature has no such clumsy methods of performing her work. A child never cries unless it is in pain or uncomfortable. It seems a pity that while mothers lovingly guard their infants from all outward pain, they often, through ignorance, inflict upon them much inward agony. Unfortunately the child that is improperly fed suffers not only in the present but also from the after effects, since its whole system is weakened, and its digestive organs impaired. Many physicians say that colics and even convulsions are generally the result of improper food. We are now taught that if one is sick or suffering it is either his own fault or that of some one else. Colonel Ingersoll's idea that it is God who sends all the sin and suffering, is an old superstition, and no longer held by intelligent people. Increased knowledge teaches that while we must not blame God for all our miseries, we may bless Him for all our mercies.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BANK CLERKS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In a recent issue of the SPECTATOR, George Rothwell discourses on "Bank Clerks," their sins and sorrows. In a subsequent number of your paper "Bank Clerk" and "C. R. G. Johnson" appear as the champions of their order, and the apologists of their failings and foibles. Mr. Johnson's letter was characterised by smartness and flippancy, but was wholly wanting in force and earnestness. Doubtless he represents a division of the class against which such grave charges have been made. I do not propose, Mr. Editor, to enter into an elaborate discussion of the various points in dispute, but simply desire to make a few observations which suggest themselves. Mr. Rothwell's strictures are severe, but I frankly admit, that to a large extent, they are severely accurate. I would most humbly submit, however, that if Mr. Rothwell is, as I presume he is, sincerely desirous of benefiting bank clerks intellectually and morally, addressing them in offensive terms is not the mode best calculated to insure a respectful hearing. I take exception also to the sweeping character of his attack. Unless his acquaintance with bank clerks is very limited, I put it to him, whether among them he has not known men of high principle and honour, who loved truth for its own sake, and who had the manners and feelings of gentlemen, and were estimable in every relation of life. Dissatisfied with the term bank clerks, we have dubbed ourselves bank officials, but I will not stay to enquire what the distinction implies, or whether it implies anything. By bank clerks, I mean all subordinates, accountants and under. I would remind Mr. Rothwell that the subordinates of to-day are the bankers of the future, and that many of them have risen to responsible positions, solely by force of character and dint of industry. It is a most honourable profession, and the snobbery and ha, ha style which some of the craft affect, is repudiated and abhorred by all men of sense and education. Snobbery, and an ignorant assumption of superiority among bank clerks arises with them, as it does with any other class, from ignorance or want of breeding. There are many men who have the manners of gentlemen, who have not the feelings of gentlemen, and again there are many men who have the feelings of gentlemen, who have not much polish of manner, but a bank clerk who varies his politeness according to the style of his customer's coat, is only worthy of contempt, and with contempt he is usually regarded. When a poor man comes in, unfamiliar with the minutie of banking, he is knocked about like a football, as if he were to blame for not being more up in details.

This sort of thing should be frowned down and stamped out. The fact is, bank clerks have been spoiled. This is more especially the case in small towns where they have the *entree* of the best society. Being in a bank is supposed to be a guarantee of their respectability, and so it is to a certain extent. Some young men on small salaries ranging from \$400 to \$800 a year, think it due to themselves under these circumstances to affect airs they can ill afford, and are led into all sorts of extravagances. Why the man actually begins to think he is somebody, when he is nothing but a poor devil of a bank clerk. Wanting ballast, they lose their heads, and are carried away with the frivolities of the hour. It wants some principle and not a little courage, under such surroundings, never to exceed your income by a dollar, and always to do without what you cannot afford; but in the end it ensures success and the respect of your fellows. The juniors in our banks—those at the foot of the ladder, who have to creep up—should see to it that as they ascend step by step, slowly it may be, but surely, this reproach is driven out before them, and give evidence of the truth of the poet's words,

"Honours from no condition rise—  
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Montreal, 12th April, 1880

Another Bank Clerk.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880			1879.	Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.			
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight		Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk.....	Week April 10	\$ 60,744	\$ 140,053	\$ 206,797	\$ 152,261	\$ 54,536	.....	15 wks	\$ 370,497	.....
Great Western.....	" 2	36,172	65,938	102,110	83,572	18,538	.....	13 "	140,399	.....
Northern & H. & N.W.	Mar. 31	10,321	14,702	25,023	18,270	6,753	.....	12 "	29,392	.....
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 31	2,148	3,234	5,382	4,330	1,052	.....	12 "	7,825	.....
Midland.....	" 31	3,980	4,616	8,596	5,517	3,079	.....	12 "	10,024	.....
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	April 3	1,612	1,222	2,834	2,872	.....	.....	38 fm Jan. 1	1,268	.....
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay.....	" 7	683	1,110	1,793	1,385	408	.....	"	5,576	.....
Canada Central.....	" 6	3,215	2,995	6,210	4,594	1,616	.....	13 wks	9,236	.....
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 3	2,312	3,494	5,807	5,823	.....	.....	16 "	8,304	.....
Q., M., O. & O.....	" 23	7,266	7,124	14,390	7,506	6,884	.....	12 "	13,107	.....
Intercolonial.....	Month Mar.	43,034	97,975	140,109	93,222	46,887	.....	3 m'nths	92,958	.....

\*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$58,736, aggregate increase \$432,697 for 15 weeks.

NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. RY.—In this comparison are included Eastern Division receipts for week ending 23rd March, 1880. For corresponding week of 1879, this section of the road being still in the hands of the contractor, no account of its traffic was taken.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest	Price per \$100 April 14, 1880.	Price per \$100 April 14, 1879.	Two last 1/2-yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend based on price of Stock.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$143 1/4	\$135 1/2	10	6.95
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,000	100,000	80 1/4	64 1/2	6	7.47
Molson's.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,995	100,000	80	77	6	7.50
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	128	110	7	5.47
Jacques Cartier.....	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	70	34 1/4	5 1/2	7.85
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,511,040	475,000	97	83 1/2	6	6.18
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,620	1,381,989	200,000	100	96	7	7.00
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	.....	.....	6	.....
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	119 1/2	104	8	6.69
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	94	103 1/2	7	7.45
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	.....	42 3/4	43 1/2	4 1/2	10.52
City Passenger Railway.....	50	.....	600,000	163,000	93	71	5	5.48
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	.....	118 1/4	108	10	8.42

\*Contingent Fund. | Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

Imports of dry goods at New York for the week show a decrease of \$511,307, and general merchandise a decrease of \$2,054,309, as compared with previous week.

The following statement gives a comparison of total imports at New York for corresponding periods of 1878, 1879 and 1880:—

	1878.	1879.	1880.
Dry Goods.....	\$1,472,814	\$1,819,895	\$1,571,346
General merchandise.....	2,913,499	4,176,895	6,366,733
Total for week.....	4,416,304	5,996,790	8,938,079
Previous reports.....	74,763,131	77,114,458	125,170,402
	\$79,179,438	\$83,114,251	\$134,108,481

From April 1st to March 20th the Exchequer receipts of Great Britain amounted to £78,613,086, as compared with £80,165,292 in the corresponding period of the previous year. The expenditure has been £77,844,245. The balance in the Bank of England was £6,513,062.

During the year ending September 30, 1878, we learn from a return issued March 16th, 125,441,991 pounds of sugar were consumed in the breweries of England, Scotland and Ireland. In the following year the quantity was 116,927,019 pounds.

\*Summary of exports for week ending March 27th, 1880:—

From --	Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, bush.	Rye, bush.	Pease, bush.
New York*.....	42,142	831,025	1,459,022	5,427	13,027	8,101
Boston.....	19,535	1,993	341,518	.....	.....	.....
Portland.....	2,500	60,194	40,000	195	.....	15,993
Montreal.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Philadelphia.....	3,625	281,231	736,488	.....	.....	.....
Baltimore.....	7,517	459,077	593,066	605	.....	.....
Total per week.....	75,319	1,633,625	3,172,089	6,227	13,027	24,094
Corresponding week '79.....	109,207	1,450,728	2,020,027	3,257	71,649	25,625

\*2 bushels Barley. 17,399 bushels Barley.

\*The receipts of Live Stock at New York for the last four weeks have been as follows:—

	Beeves.	Cows.	Calves.	Sheep.	Swine.
April 5.....	11,883	149	2,521	25,993	32,069
March 29.....	11,135	156	1,661	24,963	31,786
March 22.....	13,035	222	2,000	25,976	32,596
March 15.....	13,829	227	1,311	29,237	32,057
Total 4 weeks.....	49,902	745	7,511	105,182	128,508
Corresponding 4 weeks 1879.....	34,476	48	2,033	19,631	31,698
Corresponding week 1879.....	9,757	43	2,631	22,299	24,586
Weekly average, 1879.....	10,938	142	2,998	29,095	32,089
Corresponding week 1878.....	9,347	48	2,033	19,631	31,698

\*From New York Produce Exchange.

Musical.

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

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

THE following is an extract from the Circular referred to in Mr. Arnold's letter, published a short time ago:—

"It is intended to give a Vocal and Instrumental Concert in the Crystal Palace on the Evening of Easter Monday, the 2nd April 1866, with the Pupils of the British and Canadian Schools, numbering between three and four hundred; assisted by the Choral Class of the same Institution, and many other ladies and gentlemen of the City, who have kindly volunteered their services on the occasion; making a total of over four hundred voices. This large number will be accompanied by the excellent String Band of the 25th K. O. B. and several professional gentlemen. The full Military Band of the same Regiment, whose services Colonel Fane and Officers of the Regiment have kindly granted, will also perform some choice selections. This is the largest number of performers (nearly five hundred) ever brought together at a Concert in this city; and although three-fourths of them are children, still, from the systematic training they have received for years, the public may rest assured that they will hear the choicest choruses sung in a manner that will astonish them.

"The object of the Concert is two-fold. First, to show that by regular and systematic training children may be taught to sing to Orchestral Accompaniments, the best of music, in correct time, and with a fair degree of expression. In these respects it is believed that the teacher of this School is going even beyond the Schools of Prussia, Germany, and many other countries of Europe in which singing is imperative, and forms one of the regular branches of Education.

"And, secondly, to refund a part of the money, amounting to more than a thousand dollars, which Mr. Arnold has expended out of his own private means, in providing the School with those necessary appliances, without which the internal arrangements would not have been complete.

Wm. Lum,  
Chairman of the Board of Directors of the British and Canadian Schools."

The concert mentioned above was successfully given, and in 1866 Mr. Arnold issued another circular, an extract from which we append:—

When I was in England, two years ago, I had the pleasure of listening to the voices of five thousand children, all singing together, in the Crystal Palace. The programme was headed, "Great Choral Meeting of Metropolitan Schools,—Five Thousand Voices,—Conductor, Mr. G. W. Martin,—Organist, Mr. J. G. Boardman. Programme:—Luther's Hymn,—Shall Hymns of Grateful Love,—Sweetly the Sabbath Bell,—Jerusalem the Golden—The Vesper Hymn,—Thy Will be Done,—Jesus lover of my Soul,—Forest Traveller's Evening Hymn,—Home, Sweet Home,—The Last Rose of Summer,—The Blue Bells of Scotland,—Men of Harlech,—The Echo Chorus,—A Southerly Wind,—See the Conquering Hero Comes,—God Save the Queen."

The volume of musical sound coming from so large a number of voices, accompanied by the great organ, erected in the gallery, was something beyond description. The immense audience, numbering over forty thousand, seemed to be thoroughly carried away with delight, while the tremendous bursts of applause were almost deafening. Many eminent musicians in London pronounced it one of the most pleasing and interesting vocal entertainments they had ever witnessed, notwithstanding the fact of the pieces being comparatively simple and easily rendered. On making enquiry why these concerts, which appeared to be so highly successful, were not repeated oftener, I was informed that the great amount of labour and expense in getting them up, and bringing so many thousands of performers together, was the only reason. After witnessing this entertainment, I felt still more strongly the practicability of doing a similar thing, but of course on a smaller scale, with the Sunday Schools of this city; irrespective of the church or denomination with which they are connected; and I now throw out these suggestions, and make these remarks, principally that Clergymen, Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools and all others who take an interest in seeing the singing in our Sunday Schools, and eventually in our Churches, improved and popularized.

My plan would be, to gather the various Sunday Schools together in St. Patrick's Hall, every Saturday afternoon, for the practice of plain and simple hymn tunes, such are sung in the different schools and churches of all Protestant denominations. The children to be taught to sing these tunes by note, in strict time and with the necessary musical expression. A committee to be appointed of the different Ministers and Sunday School Superintendents to consult with the music teachers engaged in this work, in their selection of tunes or tune books to prevent the possibility of those being introduced that might give offence, or be objectionable to any one.

At a random calculation, I will say there are eight thousand children attending the schools of the different Protestant churches, including those collected in the Branch and Independent Sunday Schools of the city. Now, if one out of every four, or say, two thousand, found it convenient, and if it were agreeable to their ministers' and parents' wishes to attend these practices regularly, what a vast improvement would, in all probability, be perceptible in a few months, and should it become an Institution, which is my earnest wish, what a revolution in the music of our Sunday Schools and places of worship, would be brought about in a very few years.

DR. SATTER'S PERFORMANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

This gentleman, feeling that he was under-estimated by the profession and the public, issued a challenge to all and everyone to bring him any piece of music to the warehouses of "The New York Piano Co." when he would undertake to perform it at sight. Of course his proceeding was altogether unnecessary. As Dr. Satter has long since proved himself a pianist of no mean ability; but, being requested to attend, we were present at the performance, and were fairly surprised at the ease with which Dr. Satter played music which he had never seen or heard before. Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Bach, Chopin, Raff, Smith, Jones, Brown, anybody or nobody at all, it was all the same to him, as he sat with his eyes fixed steadily on the page, executing the most difficult passages with ease, and with a fair amount of expression into the bargain. We think the exhibition was unequalled for, especially as many excellent pianists and musicians do not read well at sight; but we must admit that Dr. Satter (whether he be the first or the thirty-first living pianist) is the best sight-reader we have ever come across.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

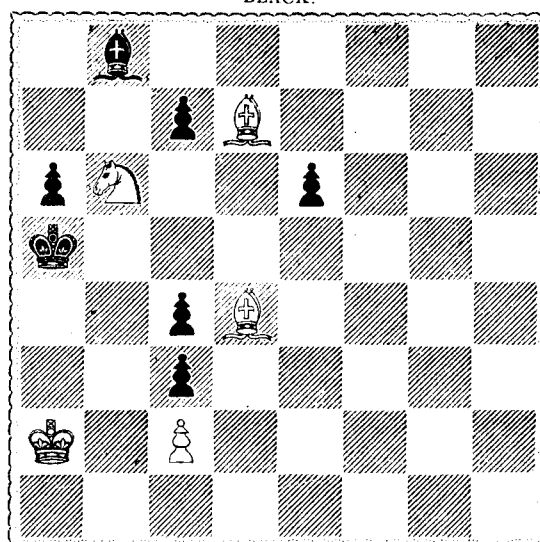
The concert of the Mendelssohn Choir, given in the Mechanics' Hall on Thursday evening, was largely attended, and was in every respect a praiseworthy performance. The programme was relieved by a Violin Concerto (Max Bruch's), which was performed by Mr. Prume in a masterly manner. The only drawback to our complete enjoyment was the want of balance among the voice parts; the basses being out of all proportion to the rest of the choir, while the tenors (though remarkably good) were numerically weak.

Chess.

Montreal, April 11th, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. LXVII.

By Lisette Crunden. From the *Brighton Herald*.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LXIV. Lowenthal Problem Tourney, No. 2.  
Motto: "Wintonians." B to Q B 2.

Correct solution received from C.P.; J.W.S., "A good problem, ingenious in idea and elaborate in construction."

THE COMPROMISED DEFENCE IN THE EVANS GAMBIT.

We take the following article from one of our Exchanges, feeling sure that it will be acceptable to many of our readers, as it places, in a succinct and well arranged manner, the leading moves in this most interesting variation of this most remarkable opening:—

THIS DEFENCE has now become common, and it was at one time supposed that it would prevent this celebrated opening from being adopted in future. However the Evans Gambit is likely to secure it in any event, since by playing 6 Castles, instead of 6 P to Q 4, White evades this Defence altogether and obtains a very fair game notwithstanding. But it has yet to be proved that the Compromised Defence is sound, notwithstanding Dr. Zukertort's extremely elaborate analysis. The principal variations have not made their way into published treatises on chess up to the present.

The moves which constitute this Defence are: 1 P to K 4—P to K 4; 2 K Kt to B 3—Q Kt to B 3; 3 B to Q B 4—B to Q B 4; 4 P to Q Kt 4—B takes P; 5 P to Q B 3—B to Q R 4; 6 P to Q 4—P takes P; 7 Castles—P takes P. The usual continuation is 8 Q to Q Kt 3—Q to K B 3; 9 P to K 5—Q to K Kt 3, 10 Kt takes Q B P—K Kt to K 2, at which point White has several ways of continuing. Black may also play 10 B takes Kt, and obtain as far as I can see a very fair game; and Mr. Delmar (White) lately played 9 B to K Kt 5 against Mr. Barnes with advantage. The authorities, however, prefer Black 10 K Kt to K 2; White's best reply to which is generally believed to be 11 B to Q R 3. It certainly gives rise to positions of great interest.

Dr. Zukertort originally proposed to continue as follows: 11 (Bl) P to Q Kt 4; 12 Kt takes P—R to Q Kt sq; 13 Q to Q R 4—P to Q R 3, overlooking, apparently, the consequences of White sacrificing his Kt at the 14th move. (I may here observe that I believe 12 B takes P is likewise safe enough for White, the best continuation being Bl 12 R to Q Kt sq; 13 Kt to Q 5—B to Q R 3; 14 Kt takes Kt—Kt takes Kt; 15 Kt to Q 4, the attack afforded by 15 B takes Q P ch being hardly worth the sacrifice. White has likewise other 13th moves than Q to Q R 4, but this seems to be the best.) This sacrifice affords some of the most interesting continuations which even the Evans Gambit is capable of supplying. The following was played some years ago by Mr. Blackburne: 14 Kt to Q 6 ch—P takes Kt; 15 P takes P—Kt to K B 4; 16 K R to K sq ch—B takes R; 17 Q R takes B ch—K to K B sq; 18 Q takes Kt, and if Black replies 18 P takes Q, he is checkmated in two moves. Had Black played 17 K to Q sq, White would equally have obtained a decided advantage by 18 Kt to K 5, following with 19 Q to Q R 5 ch, if the Kt is taken. The continuation 17 Q R takes B ch—K to K B sq; 18 Q takes Kt might not improbably lead to the following pretty conclusion: Bl 18 B to Q Kt 2; 19 Q takes Q P—B takes Kt; 20 Q to K 8 ch—R takes Q; 21 P to Q 7 dis ch and wins. Mr. Court recently played the following defence against Mr. Blackburne: Bl 17 K Kt to K 2; 18 P takes Kt—R to Q Kt 8, when White played 19 B to Q B sq, the reply being 19 R to Q Kt 5 winning. White, however, should have played 19 B takes K B P ch—K takes B; 20 Q to K B 4 ch—Q to K B 3, followed by 21 Q takes Q ch and 22 R takes R, when the game is rather in favour of White.

(To be continued.)

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

The Holyoke *Transcript* asks us to give proofs of the charge of corruption in the last Manhattan Club Tourney, referred to in our issue of March 20th. We wish we could give the proofs, as it would undoubtedly tend to purify the chess atmosphere of New York, which recent developments indicate to be very much in need of purification. Our information was derived from the Brooklyn *Eagle* of March 8th, a paper written almost on the spot and which may be considered a reliable organ. After referring to the Ware-Grundy matter and the corruption at the Centennial Tourney and *The Clipper* Tourney of the same year, it continues: "There was also a bargaining of the same kind done in the late Manhattan Club Tourney. In fact, what is termed 'crookedness' in other sports has been indulged in in metropolitan chess for some time." Besides Ware and Grundy, "other old offenders are well known, and their future proceedings will be watched with an *Eagle* eye, and if more of this work is done it will be as fully exposed as the Grundy and Ware tricks have been." We do not know the writer of this article, but are pleased to read such fearless exposure of corruption in chess circles.

MR. WARE is apparently astonished that the chess world does not indorse his commercial views in playing for prizes, and has tardily sent in his resignation to the American Chess Association. We hope the Association will now deal with him in conformity with the views of its own Committee of Investigation. The *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis says: "The chess world will not be satisfied until the Association reconsiders its action in regard to Ware and expels him," and this is our opinion.

MR. H. C. ALLEN, lately the literary editor of Mackenzie's chess column in *Turf, Field and Farm*, has severed his connection with that paper, and will edit an extensive chess department of his own in Brentano's Monthly Magazine. We believe that the *Turf's* loss is the chess world's gain, and only regret that Mr. Allen has not taken up the editing of a monthly magazine entirely devoted to chess. We know no gentleman better qualified to fill this great desideratum in American chess literature.



**Canadian Pacific Railway.**

**Tenders for Rolling Stock.**

**TENDERS** are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz.:-

- 25 Locomotive Engines,
- 16 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers),
- 20 Second-class Cars, do
- 3 Express and Baggage Cars,
- 3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
- 240 Box Freight Cars,
- 100 Flat Cars,
- 2 Wing Ploughs,
- 2 Snow Ploughs,
- 2 Flangers,
- 40 Hand Cars,

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JULY next.

By order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, February 7th, 1880.



**Canadian Pacific Railway.**

**TENDERS FOR IRON BRIDGE SUPERSTRUCTURE.**

**TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, will be received up to noon of FRIDAY, the 15th MAY next for furnishing and erecting Iron Superstructures over the Eastern and Western outlets of the Lake of the Woods.

Specifications and other particulars will be furnished on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,  
Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



**INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.**

**Tenders for Rolling Stock.**

**TENDERS** will be received by the undersigned up to NOON of TUESDAY, the 4th APRIL, instant, for the immediate supply of FOUR LOCOMOTIVES.

Drawings and specifications may be seen and other information obtained, on application at the Mechanical Superintendent's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N.B.

By order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPT. RAILWAYS AND CANALS,  
OTTAWA, 6th April, 1880.



**Canadian Pacific Railway.**

**TENDERS FOR TANKS AND PUMPING MACHINERY.**

**TENDERS** will be received by the undersigned up to noon on SATURDAY, the 15th MAY next, for furnishing and erecting in place at the several watering stations along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway under construction, Frost-proof Tanks with Pumps and Pumping Power of either wind or steam, as may be found most suitable to the locality.

Drawings can be seen and specifications and other particulars obtained at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, on and after the 15th April.

By order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS,  
Ottawa, 1st April, 1880.



**WELLAND CANAL.**

**Notice to Machinist - Contractors.**

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE next for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Welland Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.



**LACHINE CANAL.**

**Notice to Machinist-Contractors.**

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Lock Gates, Lachine Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on THURSDAY, the 3rd day of JUNE, next, for the construction of gates, and the necessary machinery connected with them, for the new locks on the Lachine Canal.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after THURSDAY, the 20th day of MAY, next, where forms of tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to provide the special tools necessary for, and to have a practical knowledge of, works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and, further, an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250, for the gates of each lock, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department, does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

**BOSTON FLORAL MART.**

New designs in FLORAL, STRAW, WILLOW and WIRE BASKETS, suitable for presents.

BOUQUETS, CUT FLOWERS, SMILAX and LYCOPODIUM WREATHS and DESIGNS made to order.

**GEO. MOORE,**  
1369 ST. CATHERINE STREET,  
MONTREAL.



**WELLAND CANAL.**

**Notice to Bridge-Builders.**

**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, (Secretary of Railways and Canals) and endorsed "Tender for Bridges, Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Western Mails on TUESDAY, the 15th day of JUNE next, for the construction of swing and stationary bridges at various places on the line of the Welland Canal. Those for highways are to be a combination of iron and wood, and those for railway purposes are to be of iron.

Plans, Specifications and General Conditions can be seen at this office on and after MONDAY, the 31st day of MAY, next, where Forms of Tender can also be obtained.

Parties tendering are expected to have a practical knowledge of works of this class, and are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and residence of each member of the same; and further an accepted bank cheque for a sum equal to \$250 for each bridge, for which an offer is made, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheques thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract the party or parties whose tender it is proposed to accept will be notified that their tender is accepted subject to a deposit of five per cent. of the bulk sum of the contract—of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part—to be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General within eight days after the date of the notice.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,  
Ottawa, 29th March, 1880.

THE  
**STANDARD**

**LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**

(Established - - - 1825.)

HEAD OFFICES: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,  
and MONTREAL, CANADA.

Total Risks, over - - - - \$90,000,000  
Invested Funds, over - - - - 26,000,000  
Annual Income, over - - - - 3,750,000  
Claims Paid in Canada, over - - - 1,200,000  
Investments in Canada, over - - - 900,000

This well-known Company having  
**REDUCED THEIR RATES**  
for Life Assurance in the Dominion, which has been accomplished by the investment of a portion of their funds at the higher rates of interest to be obtained here than in Britain, beg to direct the attention of the public to the fact that these rates now compare favourably with those charged by other First-class Companies.

Prospectuses with full information may be obtained at the Head Office in Montreal, or at any of the Company's Agencies.

**W. M. RAMSAY,**  
Manager, Canada.

THE  
**ROYAL CANADIAN**

**INSURANCE CO.,**

160 St. James Street,  
MONTREAL.

This Company having closed its Fire Agencies in the United States, will now give special attention to Canadian business, which will continue to be taken on the most favourable terms.

**JAMES DAVISON,**  
Manager.

**George Brush,**

Manufacturer of

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

Eagle Foundry—34 KING STREET, MONTREAL.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

**Summer 1880, Suburban Trains.**

The Local Trains between Montreal and St. Hyacinthe, and Ste. Annes and Vaudreuil, will run the same as last year, commencing about the 1st MAY.

**LACHINE BRANCH.**

The Morning and Evening Trains will run as at present, and additional Trains will be put on to accommodate families desirous of taking up their residence at Lachine, full particulars of which will be announced in due time.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN  
MONTREAL & LACHINE.

**COMMENCING ABOUT THE 1st MAY**  
NEXT, Trains will be run as follows:—

LEAVE LACHINE.	LEAVE MONTREAL.
6.15 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
8.20 "	9.15 "
10.00 "	12.00 noon
1.00 p.m.	3.15 p.m.
4.00 "	5.00 "
5.30 "	6.15 "
7.00 "	7.35 "
11.00 "	11.30 "

The latter Train  
Tri-Weekly

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

Montreal, February 9th, 1880.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**Important to Shippers of Manitoba Goods.**

**COMMENCING IMMEDIATELY**, a SPECIAL FAST FREIGHT TRAIN will be despatched weekly from Montreal with through cars for Manitoba. Goods intended for this train should be delivered at Bonaventure Freight Station on FRIDAY, if possible, and at latest before Noon on SATURDAY, each week.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.,**

**Brewers and Maltsters.**

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

**FAMILIES SUPPLIED.**

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

- Thos. J. Howard - - - - 173 St. Peter street
- Jas. Virtue - - - - - 19 Aylmer street
- Thos. Ferguson - - - 289 St. Constant street
- Wm. Bishop - - - - 697 1/2 St. Catherine street
- Thos. Kinsella - - - - 144 Ottawa street
- C. Maisonneuve - - - 588 St. Dominique street

**DAWES & CO.,**

**BREWERS AND MALTSTERS.**

INDIA PALE and XX MILD ALE.  
EXTRA and XXX STOUT PORTER,  
(In Wood and Bottle.)

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

Office, 215 St. James Street,  
MONTREAL.

**DELICACIES**  
**FROM SOUTH AMERICA.**

GUAVA JELLY,  
JELLIED GUAYABA,  
GUAVA PASTE,  
PASTA DE GUAYABA,  
CRISTALIZADOS PALINA DE MALLOREA,  
ALMOND PASTE,  
QUESO DE ALMENDRAS  
**A. JOYCE, Phillips' Square.**

**HENRY PRINCE,**  
305 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
MUSIC and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS