

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

## The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION - - - - Two DOLLARS  
(postage included.)

Published every Friday at 162 St. James Street,  
Montreal.

Orders for Advertisements to be addressed to the  
Manager.

Cheques and Money Orders to be made payable to  
the CANADIAN SPECTATOR COMPANY.

Yearly subscriptions are now due, and should be  
forwarded without delay.

## ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.

REV. JAMES ROY

will preach in the morning.

## LIGHT WINES

AND OTHER  
SUMMER BEVERAGES.

500 cases CLARET quarts and pints,  
500 cases CHAMPAGNE,  
(All the best Brands).

SPARKLING MOSELLE,  
SPARKLING BURGUNDY,  
HOCK SAUTERNE,  
MINERAL WATERS,  
OLD BRANDIES,  
PORTER, ALE, &c.

Orders by letter or telegraph promptly filled.

**McGIBBON & BAIRD,**  
IMPORTERS, &c.

## ENVELOPES.

MY STOCK is now complete in all the grades,  
colours and sizes required, and I would call  
attention to a few lines and prices as below:—

	Envelopes at \$0.75 per M.
Cheap Manilla	0.90
A very fair Buff	1.10
A very good White	1.25
A very fine Amber	1.50
A very fine Cream Laid	2.00
Extra fine Cream Laid	2.25
Superfine Cream Laid	2.50
Extra Superfine Cream Laid	2.50

JOHN PARSLAW,

Stationer and Account Book Manufacturer,  
47 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,  
MONTREAL.

## NORMAN'S

ELECTRIC BELTS and INSOLES

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

A. NORMAN,  
4 Queen street East, Toronto.

## CHARLES ALEXANDER,

387 & 391 Notre Dame Street,  
WHOLESALE and RETAIL CONFECTIONER.

Everything of the best quality on hand.  
Luncheons as usual.

ALEXANDER & CO.,  
of Montreal,  
CONFECTIONERY AND LUNCH ROOMS,  
TORONTO,

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

## EVANS & RIDDELL,

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

## LIGHT!! LIGHT!!

LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, PENDANTS.

Handsome display of finest goods, with all latest  
improvements.

PRICES LOW.

FRED. R. COLE,  
LAMP AND OIL DEPOT,  
98 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

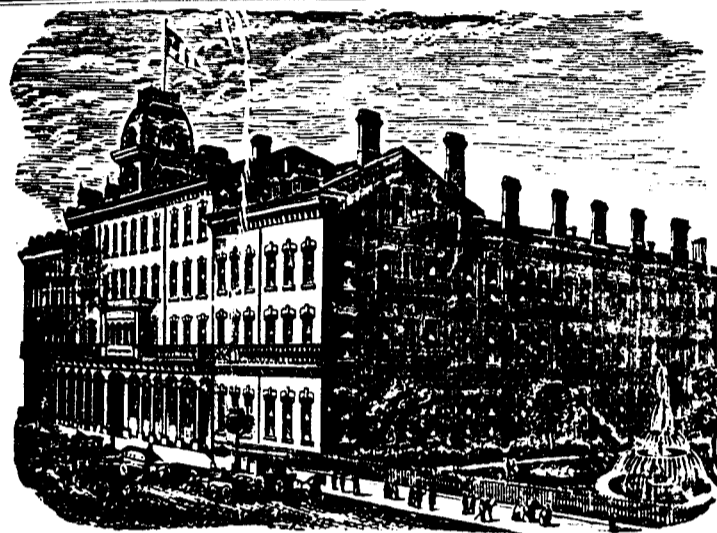
THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE,  
THE OLD ESTABLISHED  
Cooks' Friend Baking Powder,  
PURE,

HEALTHY,  
RELIABLE.

Manufactured only by

W. D. McLAREN,  
55 and 57 College St.

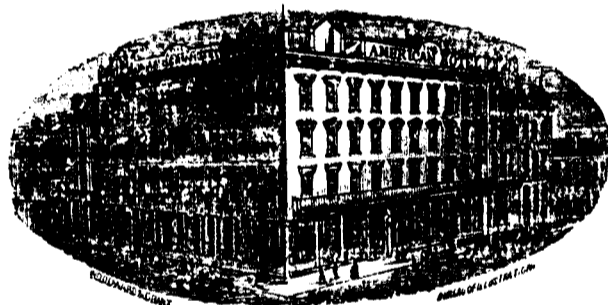
Retailed everywhere.



## THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,---TORONTO, CANADA,

McGAW & WINNETT, PROPRIETORS.

Patronized by Royalty and the best families. Prices graduated according to rooms.



## AMERICAN HOTEL, TORONTO.

Reduced the Rates so as to meet the Times.

Seventy fine Rooms at \$2.00, and seventy fine at \$1.50.  
Incontestably the most central and convenient Hotel in the city, both for commerce and family travel.  
Three minutes walk from the Union and Great Western Depots; and first-class in every respect, except  
price.

GEORGE BROWN, Proprietor.

## RELIANCE MUTUAL LIFE Assurance Society of London, Eng.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE - 196 St. James Street, Montreal.  
RESIDENT SECRETARY . . . FREDERICK STANCLIFFE.

The RELIANCE is well known for its financial strength and stability, being one of the  
Offices selected by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, for Assuring the lives of Post-Office  
Officials, throughout the United Kingdom. Canadian management; Canadian rates; Cana-  
dian investments. Policies issued from this Office.

These important changes virtually establish the Society as a Home Institution, giving  
the greatest possible security to its Canadian Policy-holders.

F. C. IRELAND,  
City and District Manager, Montreal.

## H. A. NELSON & SONS,

IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN FANCY GOODS, DRUGGISTS', TOBAC-  
CONISTS', STATIONERS' AND GROCERS' SUNDRIES.

FANS—American, French and Japanese.

POCKET-BOOKS in Russia, Calf, Morocco, Sheepskin, &c.

Ladies' and Gents' TRAVELLING BAGS a specialty.

BABY CARRIAGES, TOY CARTS, VELOCIPEDES, &c., &c.

55 & 58 FRONT STREET, WEST,  
TORONTO.

91 to 97 ST. PETER STREET,  
MONTREAL.

## SHIRTS! SHIRTS!

A. H. SIMS & CO.,

Montreal,  
SHIRTS, MANUFACTURERS OF  
COLLARS, AND CUFFS,  
WHOLESALE.

Orders from the trade solicited.

## CHARLES D. EDWARDS,

MANUFACTURER OF

FIRE PROOF SAFES,

49 St. Joseph Street,

MONTREAL.

## EXCELSIOR RUBBER STAMPS

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

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

Stamp Ink a Specialty.

MANUFACTURED BY

C. E. THOMPSON,

240 ST. JAMES STREET.

P. O. Box 1273, Montreal.

## MERCER'S HYPOFOSFIC ELIXIR.

The True Elixir of Life.



This elegant preparation surpasses all other health  
restoring tonics, acting through the blood on the brain,  
nerves, muscles and tissues. Its influence is rapidly  
felt and it is invaluable in all cases of nervous debility,  
lassitude arising from over work or anxiety, and all  
liver, chest, and rheumatic complaints. It greatly  
hastens recovery and restores strength after sickness of  
every kind.

Ordinary Dose one Tablespoonful in Water.

PREPARED IN THE LABORATORY OF

NATHAN MERCER & CO.,  
MONTREAL.

Price one Dollar.  
Sold by all Druggists.

## WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.

General Agency for the Province of Quebec:  
Nos. 1 & 3 PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.

Also Agents for BAZAAR Glove-fitting Patterns.



J. D. LAWLOR,  
MANUFACTURER OF  
LAWLOR'S SINGER AND HOWE SEWING-  
MACHINES.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE - - - 365 Notre Dame Street,  
FACTORY - - - - - 48 and 50 Nazareth Street

A call before purchasing elsewhere is respectfully  
solicited.

**THE WINDSOR HOTEL,**  
MONTREAL.

This Hotel has special advantages for the comfort of guests; with special parlours and promenades. Its location is high, which insures pure air, with views of the River and Mountain.

Has a room for commercial men at 117 St. Francois Xavier Street.

Rates - - \$2.50 per day, and upwards.

JAMES WORTHINGTON,  
Proprietor.

**PHOTOGRAPHY.**

The subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public that he has opened a

G A L L E R Y,

ON THE

OR. OF CRAIG AND VICTORIA SQUARE,  
here pictures of all descriptions are made, at reasonable prices.

A trial respectfully solicited.

G. C. ARLESS,  
Cor. Craig and Victoria Square.

**John Date,**

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

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

DIVING APPARATUS.

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

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

655 and 657 Craig Street.

**BONAVENTURE CABINET FACTORY.**

**CRAIG & CO.,**

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

**HAMILTON & CO.,**

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,  
105 ST. JOSEPH STREET,  
(Opposite Dupre Lane)  
MONTREAL.

**TO RETAIL PURCHASERS.**

**FRENCH CHINA**

DINNER, TEA AND BREAKFAST SETS.  
Crystal, Table and Fancy Glassware, Finger Bowls,  
Flower Tubes, Goblets; Majolica Ware in Flower  
Pots, Jugs, Dessert Services, Garden Seats, Flower  
Baskets, &c., &c. Wedgewood Teapots, Jugs, Cheese  
Stands and Covers; handsome Flower Pots in Tur-  
quoise; Malachite Flower Vases and Trinket-holders  
in great variety; Bohemian Vases, &c., &c.; hand-  
some decorated Dinner Sets in Ironstone China, and  
the commoner goods in endless variety.

PRICES VERY MODERATE.

ADAM DARLING,  
417 St. Paul St.

**JAS. K. POLLOCK,**

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

**ST. LAWRENCE DYE WORKS,**  
31 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL

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

**GOVERNMENT SECURITY**

FURNISHED BY THE

**ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.**

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

**NOW ANNOUNCES**

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

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

Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,

J. R. ALEXANDER, M.D., Manager.

EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,

ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.

**BRADY'S,**  
400 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

For the  
BEST FAMILY DRY GOODS,  
GO TO BRADY'S!

Ladies will please call and examine our special lines  
in Black Lustras, at 12½, 15, 18, 20 and 25 cents!

GREAT CHEAP SALE NOW GOING ON!  
400 ST. JOSEPH STREET, 400

**GALBRAITH & CO.,**

MERCHANT TAILORS,

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

**MOVING! MOVING!!**

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR MOVING

AT

380 DORCHESTER STREET,

**SIMPSON'S EXPRESS.**

**AMERICAN CEDAR CAMPHOR,**

For Preserving Furs and Woollen Goods,  
IN PACKETS, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.

For sale by  
J. HAWKES,  
21 Place d'Armes and 441 St. Lawrence Main St.  
Fresh Plantaganet Water, wholesale and retail.

**GEORGE MONTREUIL,**

TAXIDERMIST.  
Birds, Animals, Deer Heads, &c., carefully and  
neatly prepared.  
No. 175 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.  
Umbrellas neatly repaired, Scissors, Razors, ground  
and set.

**PERCIVAL B. WINNING,  
SON & CO.,**

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

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

OFFICES: 393 ST. PAUL STREET  
MONTREAL.

**JACKSON'S CHAMOMILE PILLS** are the  
best remedy for Indigestion and Habitual Consti-  
pation.

Price 25c per box. Sent by post to any address for  
28c. Prepared only by

H. F. JACKSON,  
FAMILY AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
1365 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

**DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING  
SYRUP,** for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c.

Dr. CODERRE'S Infant's Syrup, for Infantile  
Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful  
Dentition, &c.

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

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

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

**G. ARMSTRONG & CO.,**

VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL,



UNDERTAKERS.

**THE CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN  
AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL.**

Published quarterly by the Numismatic and Anti-  
quarian Society, Montreal.  
Subscription, \$1.50 per annum.

Editor's address: Box 1176 P.O.  
Remittances to GEORGE A. HOLMES, Box 1320 P.O.



ESTABLISHED 1850.

J. H. WALKER,

WOOD ENGRAVER

13 Place d'Armes Hill,  
Near Craig street.

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

Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

**Henry & Wilson,**

236 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

**Washington Warehouse.**

**JAMES McCORMICK,**

Family Grocer,

IMPORTER OF

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

Corner of BLEURY and ONTARIO Streets.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

**HILL & CORMACK,**

AUCTIONEERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
AND VALUATORS,

Montreal.

LIBERAL ADVANCE MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS.

Sale-Rooms, 65 St. James Street.

Post-Office Box 759.

C. F. HILL, M. CORMACK.

REFERENCE:

HON. HENRY STARNES, Montreal.  
MESSRS. CLÉDINNING & EUARD, Montreal.  
MESSRS. JUDAH & BRANCHAUD, Montreal.  
OGILVY & Co., Toronto, Ont.  
J. D. LAIDLAW, Toronto, Ont.  
LAIDLAW, NICOL & Co., Stayner, Ont.

**PATENTS.**

CHARLES LEGGE & CO.,  
SOLICITORS OF PATENTS.

(Established 1859.)

102 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

**C. CAMPBELL, FLORIST,**

40 RADEGONDE STREET,  
(Foot of Beaver Hall.)  
Marriages, Dinner Parties and Funerals supplied  
with Flowers. Bouquets and Floral Designs in every  
style made to order.

**D. BENTLEY & CO.,**

FINE JOB PRINTERS,

364 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

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

Testimonial to the efficacy of

**SUTTON'S PHILOTETRON.**

Montreal, July 18th, 1874.

Mr. Thos. Sutton:  
DEAR SIR,—I had been very much troubled with  
Scurf, or Dandruff, for some years. After trying  
several prescriptions without effect, I tried your  
Philotetron, and, after using three bottles, am com-  
pletely cured.

JAMES THOMSON,  
227 St. James Street.

Prepared only by

THOMAS SUTTON,

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

**THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION CO.**

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

**BOOKS OF THE WEEK.**

A Candid Examination of Theism, by Physicus.  
\$2.25.  
Proteus and Amadeus—A Correspondence upon  
Questions of the Day, edited by Aubrey de Vere.  
\$1.50.  
Echoes of Foreign Song, by H. J. Bushby. \$1.  
The Art Schools of Mediaeval Christendom, by A. C.  
Owen, edited by John Ruskin. \$2.25.  
Essays on the Sacred Language Writings and Reli-  
gion of the Parsees, by Dr. Haug. \$4.75.  
Round About the Carpathians, by Andrew Crosse.  
\$3.50.  
Black's Guide to Paris and the Exhibition of 1878.  
30c.  
Thucydides—New volume of the Ancient Classics for  
English Readers. 75c.  
Physical Technics or Practical Experiments in Physic  
and the Construction of Physical Apparatus, by  
Dr. Frick. \$2.50.  
The Story of My Life, by the late Colonel Meadows  
Taylor. \$2.75.  
The Colloquies of Erasmus; translated by N. Bailey;  
reprint of the Edition of 1524. \$4.75.  
The Picture Amateurs Hand-Book and Dictionary of  
Painters. \$1.  
Outlines of Landed Estates Management, by R. S.  
Bain. \$1.  
How to Take Care of Our Eyes, with advice to  
parents and teachers in regard to the management  
of the eyes of children, by Dr. Angell. 50c.  
Monetary and Industrial Fallacies—a Dialogue. \$1.50.  
The Political Economy of Great Britain, the United  
States and France in the Use of Money, by J. B.  
Howe. \$3.50.  
A Satchel Guide to Europe. \$2.  
Drift from Two Shores, by Bret Harte. \$1.25.  
Somebody Else, by G. P. Lathrop. \$1.25.

FOR SALE BY

DAWSON BROTHERS.

**LANE'S SECOND-HAND BOOK STORE,**  
Newspaper, Magazine and Lending Library  
Depot, 21 Bleury street, Montreal.  
Bow Bells for June arrived. Second-hand books  
bought and sold. Thousands of second-hand books  
for sale cheap.

**JOHN M. O'LOUGHLIN, Importer,**  
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER and BOOKBINDER,  
Agent for British, American, and Foreign Newspapers  
and Magazines,

Winsor & Newton's Artists' Materials,

243 ST. JAMES STREET,

(opposite Ottawa Hotel,) MONTREAL.

Subscriptions solicited.

**Registry.**

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

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

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

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

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

**CANADA PAPER CO.,**

374 TO 378 ST. PAUL STREET,  
MONTREAL.

Works at Windsor Mills and Sherbrooke, P. Q.

Manufacturers of Writing, Book, News and Colored  
Papers; Manila, Brown and Grey Wrappings; Felt  
and Match Paper. Importers of all Goods required by  
Stationers and Printers.  
Dominion Agents for the Celebrated Gray's Ferry  
Printing and Lithographic Inks and Varnishes.

**T. F. STONEHAM & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

TRANSPARENT AND OPAQUE

**WINDOW SHADES**

RUSTIC BLINDS,  
ITALIAN AWNINGS,  
WIRE SCREENS, &c.,

FOR  
Offices, Stores and Private Dwellings, made to  
order, at manufacturers' prices.

359 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
Sign of Letter (S.)

JOS. N. DUHAMEL,  
DEALER IN

FURNITURE

BEDROOM SETS A SPECIALTY.

No. 712 CRAIG STREET, MONTREAL.

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

During the summer months THE SPECTATOR will be delivered free to Subscribers residing in the country, if the address be sent to the Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

## THE TIMES.

Hot weather; hot politics; hot passions. What a false idea people abroad have of Canada! They picture us clothed in furs, sleighing all the year round, and always driving to church; while we are really frizzling in the nineties, fighting day and night—Bleu against Rouge, and Protestant against Catholic, and instead of going to church, going fast to — anywhere! Against all this we join our solemn litany: "From sunstrokes and drought, from unholy religionists and profane politicians, from imbecile mayors and swinish conciliators, and from all the vexations of the weather, the flesh, and the—Orangemen, Good Lord, deliver us."

Affairs at Quebec hasten slowly. As on one side there is the feebleness of a one-man majority, and on the other the factiousness of a strong minority, it is perhaps reasonable to expect that but little progress will be made in the serious business of legislation. Meantime the spectre of the Railway question raises its head again to confront the House and the country. Mr. Walter Shanly has made his report on the rival routes, and, lo! he favours a third and new one. Will the differing advocates agree on this? or will they agree to unite in abusing it? We shall see. But it may be said that Mr. Shanly seems to have taken great pains to conciliate all interests in the plan he recommends. Even the Grand Trunk, which was previously left out in the cold, is embraced in his benevolent attempt to make things pleasant all round.

What has come to the Montreal *Star* that it should talk of "Protestant dissenters?" Who are they in this country, and from whom do they dissent? We pass the cool pretensions of the Episcopalians to call some Bishops, some Deans, some Canons, some Rectors by, as not worth much to anybody—we sincerely regret that they have imported Old World exclusiveness as to exchange of pulpits with clergymen of other denominations, &c., into the New World—but it will be a pity if newspapers shall begin to use words and phrases which may mark off different bodies of Christians from each other. The distinction of Protestant and Catholic is quite bad enough—for many of us protest against Protestants and join with Catholics. Many of the best Catholics are protesting against many things in their Church every day, and many Protestants are truly Catholic in spirit and sentiment. But "Protestant dissenter?" No, no, dear *Star*—none of us all will own to that—especially St. Andrew's Church: oh, horrors!

Many of the Orangemen are visiting the SPECTATOR with their sore displeasure because of last week's pronunciamento on Orangeism. They call the editor a "wolf in sheep's clothing," &c., &c. A little surprising, this, from the champions of freedom. They have declared themselves as the friends of all kinds of liberty—that of free, outspoken speech among the rest. But it looks as if some of the Orangemen can only tolerate free speech when directed against their enemies: as if they only enjoy criticism when in their favour. The soul of a free and independent journal can only be kept alive by being allowed to say what is, or appears to be, true of all parties. The SPECTATOR has never toadied to any party yet, and will not begin now. A few mean little men with mean little souls sending to get their dollar back will make no difference. Lovers of fair play will help where lovers of themselves alone fail.

Mayor Beaudry has been on his travels. He went first to the Dominion seat of Government; but seems to have gotten cold comfort. He rushes home again, disappointed that he is not left master of the situation, and straightway turns eastward for consolation, visiting Quebec to hurry through the much-talked-of bill to abolish party processions. But some of his friends want him to stand on his dignity and resign. If only he would!

Rowdyism is still rampant in the city of Montreal, and, as usual, both sides are blamed. A lad with a smart orange necktie is mobbed and bruised: a policeman is cruelly beaten by a gang of so-called Catholic carters: and now a batch of volunteers are arrested and fined for assaulting some innocents at the door of a saloon at midnight. As usual, there is some hard swearing on both sides. The soldiers declare that they were wantonly insulted and attacked; their opponents swear just contra. Some present swear that the saloon men were all sober, and the soldiers not so; others turn the tables right round. It is evident that in these "religious" feuds truth and honour are replaced by perjury and hatred.

By the way, it is roundly hinted that the Orangemen are being again used as a tool by the Opposition party. These are said to be stirring up the strife in order that their opponents now in power may "lose capital," as they are sure to do by any settlement of the question they may make or attempt. It is no doubt delightful for those who have no responsibility to witness the perplexity of those who, on the eve of a general election, are obliged to say or do something which is sure to lose them followers, whatever they say or do. But perhaps all is fair in love, war or politics!

The British Parliament has been plodding its way through a fog. When all the world was on the tiptoe of expectation,—waiting for the grand *coup de theatre* which should confirm the high estimate most of it had put on the great Earl of Beaconsfield as a subtle and far-seeing diplomatist, whom no German Bismarck nor Russian Schouvaloff could outwit,—the *Globe*, of London, Eng., (not of Toronto, Ont.) broke rudely in with the publication of an Anglo-Russian agreement. Some British politicians were appalled—others puzzled. The leaders of Parliament were among the others, only they were a little more so. Questioned in the House about that agreement, they could only make a feeble attempt to copy the immortal Sphinx who so long has mystified and led them—giving for answer that it presented "an incomplete and therefore inaccurate view of the policy of the Government." The replies given to the same question in both Houses were so nearly identical in phraseology as to lead to the belief that the Dictator must have telegraphed what they should say. In any case, the lesson was well learned, and well delivered, except that the mouthpieces were a little nervous—seeming to fear criticism.

And no wonder that they were nervous, for Britain seems entering upon a new phase of existence—and yet not quite new, since it is only the development of an idea introduced some little time ago,—namely, of making England a great Asiatic power. The talk is that an Asiatic railway is to be constructed, which is intended to supply an alternative route to India. Russia has undertaken to offer no opposition to the project; but it can only be successfully undertaken by England's possessing the right to establish military stations along the whole length of the line. And even such a partial occupation as that must soon develop into a special protectorate over Asia Minor. Some advantage would probably accrue to England in that case; but the opinion of men who have understanding of the matter are opposed to such a policy. For it would of necessity make England take her place as a Continental power, which position it has been her policy for half a century to avoid. It means the maintenance of a large standing army, able to protect the line at every point,—and it means that England, now invulnerable on account of the "silver strip of sea" that belts it, would offer an assailable point to any military foe. And if—as is now likely—Cyprus is to become an English garrison, commanding the Bosphorus, and so Asia Minor, the railway scheme may be taken as settled.

Another development of British resources—and this time in the way of trade—England is to be concerned with the financial administration of Turkey. It is proposed that England shall in future superintend the collection and expenditure of the Ottoman resources; and one of Mr. Disraeli's baronets has been named as likely to the duties of delegate. The scheme looks brilliant upon the face of it—for, under the financial direction of England, Turkey would probably be able to meet all its engagements; but, as in the case of the projected railway, it would involve enormous burdens and expense. The political objects to be attained are not great—certainly not great enough to make it worth England's while to interfere in the Stocks of foreign States.

### THE ORANGEMEN AND THE MONTREAL MAGISTRATES.

The meeting of magistrates at Montreal was one more scene in the serio-comedy which is being acted out in that city. Most reasonable people have long been convinced that our jury system is worse than useless. The English have in the main come to that conclusion, having been led by many experiences of the shameful miscarriage of justice. That it ever should have been imported into Canada is a pity, and can only be accounted for on the very general ground that Englishmen consider all things English fit for all the world. At the Conquest, the French portion of the population protested against it, and carried their point so far as the land laws are concerned, but failed to carry it with regard to criminal matters. The result is—the best land laws and the worst criminal court in all civilization. We all felt what an abnormal iniquity it was when nearly twelve months ago the Grand Jury of Montreal could not be persuaded by any amount of evidence to bring in a true bill against the man accused of shooting Hackett. And now we have had a specimen of what our great unpaid magistracy is worth. It is some two hundred strong—but has no defined functions. That is—had none until last week—when it found a way to play the rowdy. It met in solemn council, ran quickly through a noisy farce and ended in fool's play at passing resolutions.

The meeting was called to devise means for protecting the peace of the city on the twelfth; it had no legal powers, and could not divest any number of magistrates of the right to act after their own judgment and on their own responsibility; and yet the majority, being Catholics, went to work to make fierce partisan speeches, and to propose one-sided plans as if they were ranting politicians or bigotted ecclesiastics, and not representatives of law and order. No wonder that the Protestant portion of the meeting left in disgust—the majority was simply insolent.

I spoke strongly last week against the Orange procession—indeed against Orangeism—and see no reason now for modifying my opinions or toning down my words. If I could see the practical good it has ever done or is ever likely to do in the country, I would at once acknowledge its utility and support it to the best of my ability. But I fail to see that, and I would use all my endeavours to promote peace between the two sections of the Irish people. For this is purely an Irish question; not as Irish against the rest of the world, as a daily paper foolishly put it the other day, but as Irish against Irish, a few French Canadians joining the Irish Catholics, and a few Protestant Canadians joining the Irish Protestants—the first on religious grounds, the last on political grounds.

But it is only too evident that the Catholics are driving this question to a broader and more general issue. They have not only incensed the Orangemen by a constant bullying and threatening—daring them to walk in procession, and promising the most awful consequences if they did—thus forcing them to walk if only to show that they were not a set of cowards—trying in every way to outlaw them, so that they might be treated as vagabonds—demanding that they should not be protected in the streets, but left to the mercy of a lawless and godless gang from Griffintown, and now—to crown the whole—the Mayor of Montreal, at the meeting of the Magistrates, read a series of resolutions, which for silliness of style and utter stupidity of sentiment, were a marvel. Mayor Beaudry must have called together a few of his friends in the City Council to help in framing those resolutions—for surely outside of that assembly of wise men not five men could be found so lacking in wit as to draw up such a document. Mayor Beaudry should be presented with a diploma for having developed a special kind of official imbecility, and his friends who gave him counsel should have honourable mention.

The proclamation issued was on a par with the remarkable resolutions—in truth—with the Magistrates' meeting—which was a farce from beginning to end. It is of no use in law—and can only promote disorder. It was a high-handed effort to put down Orangeism; not in a legal, but in a most illegal and offensive manner. Of course, Mayor Beaudry has changed since—for Mayor Beaudry is always changing. If words have any meaning at all, the proclamation was intended to stop the procession—but Mayor Beaudry, finding that he had outraged the sentiment of the Protestant community, says it was only intended to apply to mob gatherings in the streets "or elsewhere in the city."

Those who advised the Mayor, and who uphold him now, have blundered greatly. There would have been no talk of an Orange procession if they had acted with fairness and justice—if they had not blustered and threatened so much—if they had not arrested the progress of law in the late shooting cases—if they had tried to put down, instead of inflaming, rowdyism. And now this is the result:—The Orangemen will defy any effort to stop the procession—and they are right, unless M. Taillon's bill for its suppression shall be passed by the Local Legislature and receive the immediate sanction of the Lieut.-Governor, and so become law at once—they (the Orangemen) are exalted into importance, by being

made the *pro tem.* champions of liberty. A large portion—if not the whole Protestant community—is compelled to sympathise with them and protest against the action taken against them—and what should have been allowed to die from neglect, has got a new lease of life from persecution. And yet more, we have the edifying spectacle of our Chief Magistrate set at defiance by half a dozen of his *confreres*—they calling out the military in spite of his pompous assertions that there is no need for such a step—said Chief rushing off to Ottawa and elsewhere for support, but—out of Montreal—finding no green thing to rest upon. The half dozen are right—the Mayor is wrong. We must have the military—not only during the day, but also during the night that will follow; for then the danger to life and property will be greatest. Had the majority of the Magistrates acted with anything like reasonableness, and instructed the Mayor to act something like a wise man, we should have had a simple and unpretending walk of the Orangemen on the twelfth, and then they would have troubled the public no more; for they are doing here what they have never done in Ireland,—that is, walk in a city where the majority of the inhabitants are Catholic—and it is more than likely that the whole Protestant part of the community would have been opposed to the organization, especially as the O. Y. B's have introduced quite a new and dangerous element, into it; but now we are bound to see that no portion of the people shall be treated with unfairness and injustice. We must protect the Catholics from insult—they must have their rights—but no more. They are not masters here to say who shall and who shall not walk the streets. They must have justice—but they must shew a willingness to grant that same to others. I would gladly see all party—and all other processions—put down; but it must be done in a lawful way, and in the interests of the general public. This last move of the Magistrates and the Mayor is only an effort to make a white of two blacks.

ALFRED J. BRAY.

### "THE PARTY PROCESSION BILL."

And so the City Council of Montreal have resolved that our Provincial Government shall condemn us to be for ever priest-ridden, and that only by sanction of a clergyman of some kind shall friends be allowed to stroll along our streets linked together in consecutive sets of twos or threes. Future residents of this happy clime will find themselves involved in inextricable legal intricacies to determine whether an Indian file march—one following after one—shall be deemed a *party* procession, inasmuch as each one of the party has in such case no connecting link with the other. But, happy thought! let a clergyman be named to head the procession and all will be well. Said clergyman can even display his credentials spread wide upon his manly breast, while his banns float wildly on the breeze, and none will molest or make afraid the smaller bands which follow in his protecting wake. Thus shall our clergy become endeared to us, and policemen—alas! the place that knew them shall know them no more. We shall rest safe and tranquil beneath the sheltering wing of *any earthly kind* of mother church.

This age and country evidently *will* "procesh," and so the advocates of progress undertake to lead the way. Thus only can the *flag* and *banner* trade prosper. Dealers in these sublime products of civilization are already advertising "a liberal discount to clergy," so rapid is the spread of new and advanced ideas in our midst.

'Tis painful to think what popular clergymen will have to suffer from the constant demand on their perambulatory powers in heading processions. It will become quite a *feature* in their necessary qualifications. And, verily, such processions will be a sore evil when they are done under a July sun.

Still, take it all round, the Bill is a good one. Nothing but religious processions, religious emblems and banners will be seen where men most do congregate. Familiarity breeds contempt. All reverence for anything of external religious display will die out, and then perhaps a gentle longing for some kind of real internal religion—a religion of the heart and life whose only banner is Love—might come to be preferred. Or, as the other alternative, puny attempts to infuse religion into banners, flags, gilt crosses, or glowing pictures of the Battle of the Boyne, will eventually be left in peace to patrol the streets, while an amused smile plays over the happy faces of the restored original inhabitants, who will by that time have resumed possession of their happy hunting grounds, as they gaze on these childish mementos of a fallen race.

Sad a little, perhaps, to look forward to, yet not sad when we consider the present. Let us submit to the inevitable, and peacefully toddle through life, with the clergy ever in front to guide our otherwise unflagging zeal. And when we die we will find the benefit, for over each will be written the same grand epitaph:—

"Full well he walked for many a changing year,  
Behind his shepherd like a goodly sheep,  
In mellow tones said 'Baa,' when priest said hear,  
Yielding up liberty he could not keep.  
Such are the sweet results of councils deep,  
Who safely thus this soul did keep.  
He's happy now. He's free. So none need weep.

EUSEBIUS.

Mr. Webster is reported to have said to a friend that although he knew that he had a public reputation to leave to posterity, yet if he were to live his life over again, he would upon no consideration whatever, permit himself to enter public life. The public, he said, are ungrateful, and the man who serves them most faithfully receives no adequate reward. Do your duty, he added, as a private citizen, but let politics alone. It is probable that he said this substantially as is reported, for there was never a more bitterly disappointed public man.

THE TEMPORALITIES' FUND OF THE PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH  
THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

## VI.

The long struggle of sixty-three years was over; the Clergy Reserves were secularized; the claims on them commuted; the Fund constituted; there was no longer anything to be gained by professing warm attachment to the Church of Scotland. As in the case of the suitor of Hood's heroine, Miss Kilmansegg with the Golden Leg,

"Who came to court that heiress rich,  
And knelt at her foot—I needn't say which—  
Besieging her Castle of *Sterlings*,"

the Clergy Reserves being gone, all other reserve might be dispensed with. The ink was scarcely dry on the Act of Incorporation of the Temporalities' Fund Board, when the work of breaking up the Church was begun. In 1860, the first open attempt was made, but unsuccessfully. The design was not, however, abandoned, only postponed. I well remember a local politician in my salad days, whose nose, like Thackeray's, would have been improved by being "partially Romanised," who used to lay his finger over the inverted arch of that ruined bridge and whisper mysteriously: "If you want to manufacture public opinion, get hold of a lot of enthusiastic boys." This was the process adopted in the present case, by the two or three who were pulling the secret strings. In 1870, it was believed that the pear was ripe, and a letter was sprung upon the Synod, signed by the Rev. Dr. Ormiston, Moderator, in 1869, of the Canada Presbyterian Church, addressed to Rev. Dr. Jenkins, who, that same year, was Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland. It was represented that the appointment of a Committee to confer on union, the ostensible object of the letter, was simply an act of courtesy, and a resumption of the old negotiations for the re-admission of those who had seceded in 1844. Taken by surprise, the Synod allowed a Committee to be appointed, the only audible objection being the solitary protest from the Rev. Hugh Niven, *not recorded*. The Committee sat for two years, its proceedings attracting little, if any, attention. In 1873, when a substantive proposal was made, opposition was at once aroused. But in the meantime the official gentlemen interested had not been idle. They had secured control of the Church paper in 1872, and made of it a Union organ; many of the younger ministers of the Church, knowing nothing of the questions at issue, were easily influenced, and it was coolly assumed that the principle of Union had been conceded, and that all that remained was to settle the terms.

Two theories have been held as to the legislative powers of the Supreme Court of the Church (General Assembly or Synod, as the case may be). The one is, that all laws spring from the Supreme Court, the other that they originate in the inferior judicatories, before being considered by the whole Church. The distinction is one of very grave significance, and the latter had always been held as the true theory, as well as observed in practice by the branch in Canada of the Church of Scotland. By either theory, however, no legislation could be initiated in the Supreme Court, except on an Overture, that is a proposition, a representation, setting out the reasons for legislation. It is not a petition, although it may occasionally be in that form. Dr. Hill, in his "Church Practice," in explaining the Barrier Act, thus describes the Overture:—

"The proposal of making a new general law, or of repealing an old one, which, in our ecclesiastical language, is termed an Overture, originates with some individual, who generally lays it before his presbytery or synod, that it may be sent to the General Assembly as their Overture. The General Assembly may dismiss the Overture, if they judge it unnecessary or improper, or adopt it as it was sent, or introduce any alteration which the matter or form seems to require. If it is not dismissed, it is transmitted in its original or its amended form to the several presbyteries of the Church for their consideration, with an injunction to send up their opinion to the next General Assembly, who may pass it into a standing law, if the more general opinion of the Church agree thereunto; that is if not less than forty presbyteries approve."

Substitute for "General Assembly," the name of "Synod," the latter being the Supreme Court of the Church in Canada, and the above is a plain statement of how the question should have been submitted, if such a revolutionary proposal as the extinction of the Church could have been submitted to the Synod. There is, however, one essential point of difference between the Barrier Act in Scotland and here. In Scotland, as will be seen from the above extract, it requires the express consent of a majority of Presbyteries before an Act of the Church can become valid; in the branch in Canada, to meet a temporary difficulty with respect to its legislation, a radical charge was introduced, by which the adoption of a proposed law became dependent, not on the formal consent of Presbyteries, but on the absence of dissent on the part of the majority, so that by a little careful manipulation, a proposal might be carried in Synod, which had never been discussed at all in the inferior Church Courts, even although all formal steps had been taken.

The introduction of the proposal to put an end to the separate existence of the Church without an Overture has been represented as a trifling breach of technical practice, which was not of the slightest possible consequence. In reality it was a Revolution. The introduction of an Overture shows that the proposal has been carefully discussed beforehand, and has to some extent engaged the attention of the members of the Church. In this case a letter was addressed by one gentleman, Rev. Dr. Ormiston, not a member of the Church, to another, Rev. Dr. Jenkins, who had but a few years before been admitted to share its privileges. Each, it is true, was Moderator for the time being, but it was not even pretended that the letter was written officially. This private, unofficial document was read to the Synod by Dr. Jenkins, who having slid, with that easy grace which is his peculiar charm, from Arminianism to Calvinism, now made himself useful in the interests of officialism, in setting himself to create that wandering desire on the part of the Church he had so recently joined, with which he had himself been seized in his theologically nomadic life.

Whether a majority or minority agreed to break up the Church, and to ask the local legislation to set aside the conditions on which the Trust Funds and congregational properties were held, is not the point at issue. But as a matter of fact, apart from purely legal considerations the question was settled by a

small minority, instead of by a majority. By the returns made to the Synod, it appeared that there were 138 congregations entitled to be represented in the Synod. According to ecclesiastical law, the minister and an elder from each congregation are members of the Synod, making 276 congregational representatives. The Professors of Queen's College, being ministers of the Church, are also members, and of these there were five, being 281 in all. In June, 1874, at Ottawa, 88 voted for Union, a little more than 33 per cent. In November, 1874, at Toronto, 68 voted for Union, about 26 per cent., or little more than one-fourth of the whole Synod, and on the representation that the Synod had decided by "an overwhelming majority" in favour of Union, legislation was granted, by which those who adhered to their Church were declared to have forfeited the rights carefully secured to them by their title deeds.

Those who took in hand the work of breaking up the Church boasted that they and their allies in the other bodies had been promised legislation, and that once granted, no Court of law would entertain the question as to what violation to the contracts between the parties interested had been committed. It may be so, yet even then it may not be useless to look for a little at the violations of law that took place.

It is exceedingly doubtful if the Synod had any right to discuss the proposal to break up the Church and to merge its existence into that of another body. By decisions of the highest Court of Scotland, confirmed in the Privy Council, it has been declared, that a resolution to form a union with a separate body is not an act of management properly falling to be regulated by the voice of the majority, but one affecting the use, possession and destination of the property of the body. Waiving, however, the question of competency, it cannot be doubted that, in so serious a step as was contemplated, the contract regulating the internal proceedings should have been strictly fulfilled. For the first time, on the contrary, the regulation as to the introduction of a serious change was broken and the Synod was made the originator of a most important measure, without any preliminary safeguard. Much stress has been laid by writers on Papalism and Vaticanism upon the evil influence of the *Curia* over the Church of Rome. Without discussing that particular point, there can be no question that under another name a *Curia* has been steadily gaining power and influence within the different Presbyterian bodies in Canada. Already there is a cry from the new United Presbyterians, that they are no longer a Presbyterian body, but a church governed by committees. Let me very briefly point out one or two of the illegal steps that were taken to carry out the will of this Protestant *Curia*, in the case before us.

I have shown already, that by a complete violation of all ecclesiastical procedure, the proposal to break up the Church, under the name of Union, was sprung upon the Synod. Had that proposal been competent, and had it been legally brought forward, the measure proposed would have been sent down to Presbyteries for consideration. Beyond Presbyteries, according to the gradations fixed by the Presbyterian form of Church government, the Synod had no right to go. If the Presbyteries thought it desirable, or had been instructed by the Synod, to consult Kirk Sessions they had the power to do so, and the Kirk Sessions, in turn, had the duty of bringing the matter before Congregations. There would thus have been preserved the right of reference from the Synod downwards, and of appeal from Congregations through the regular Church Courts upwards, as provided for in the polity of all Presbyterian bodies. But the ruling power, the *Curia* in the Synod, boldly violated the laws carefully devised for the deliberate consideration of every proposed change, even when that change is of a very unimportant character, and sent down the basis of Union direct to Congregations, without any provision being made for rectifying irregularities or settling disputes. Many of the returns were manifestly incorrect, congregations complained that their votes had been grossly misrepresented; the returns, in short, were so little to be trusted, that Dr. Snodgrass moved, at the Synod held in Ottawa in June, 1874, that a poll, carefully supervised, should be taken of all the congregations, shewing the numbers present and voting, before proceeding further, but this revolt against the *curia* would not be tolerated, and the resolution was withdrawn. Appeals from congregations were refused to be heard, on the ground that these must be made to Presbyteries, who had previously refused to hear them on the ground that the Synod had sent the basis of union direct to congregations, who were thus bound to send their findings direct to Synod. In this ingenious way the rights of the people were completely trampled on.

The illegalities did not end here. It was found that the basis of union was so unsatisfactory that a new one had become necessary. This new basis it was resolved to send down in the same way as the first, and it was moved that it be sent down in terms of the Barrier Act. By that Act, no proposal can be discussed at a special meeting, but must be taken up at a regular meeting of Presbytery, so as to prevent measures being carried by surprise; nor can it be considered until the next regular meeting of Synod, which would have been in the present case in June, 1875. But the official gentlemen were a phalanx; the general body of the members was unorganised, and it was resolved that the returns should be made to an *adjourned* meeting, to be held in Toronto in November. That adjourned meeting was constituted in violation of the laws of every Presbyterian body; the Barrier Act, one of the greatest constitutional safeguards we possess, and which had never been infringed upon before, was disregarded, in the face of protests and of the clearest proof of the illegality of the whole proceedings. There voted then for union, as I have already stated, only 67 out of 261, the merest fraction over one-fourth of the Synod, and this small minority was taken as representing the Synod, and on their demand, and on the demand of members of other Presbyterian bodies, numbering, we are told, 650 ministers and congregations, *whose demands no Legislature would dare to resist*, the Synod in connection with the Church of Scotland, with 138 congregations, was declared by local acts to be no longer entitled to the benefit of the Act of Toleration, its funds were transferred to another organization, and its adherents deprived of their congregational properties, which were handed over to other Presbyterian bodies, on the strength of these being a majority. Yet smug respectability, with uplifted hands, stands aghast at the spread of Communism!

Interesting as the case may be to one part of the community, it is not less so to every inhabitant of Canada. If any man choose to constitute a Trust,

for religious, benevolent or educational purposes, he does so at the risk, if this legislation be sustained, of seeing it set aside in his lifetime, or of feeling that after his death his most cherished desires, however praiseworthy, may be defeated on the most flimsy pretext. The constitutionality of the Acts by which such gross injustice has been perpetrated will be fully discussed in the Courts of Law, and, if necessary, the whole question will be carried to the highest Court of Appeal in the British Empire. Much as the "wretched minority" have been sneered at, they have shown, and will continue to show, that they are prepared to defend their civil and religious liberty and their constitutional rights, as God-fearing and peaceable members of society.

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

### CANADA.

*The prize poem to which was awarded the Chancellor's Medal, Cambridge University, (Eng.), 1878.*

BY ALFRED WILLIAM WINTERSLOW DALE OF TRINITY HALL.

Hail, sons of Britain scattered through the world  
In every land! For where have ye not come,  
And coming conquered wheresoever day  
Follows the darkness, and the sun the stars?  
Amid the ruins of great empires fallen,  
With temples standing though the gods be dead;  
Among new nations struggling into birth,  
With the first wonder still fresh in their eyes;  
From the vast ice plains of the barren Pole  
To the rich palm-groves of Pacific seas;  
From desolation to earth's loveliest lands  
We wander, and we make them all our own,  
And give our flag to float on every breeze,  
And leave our graves in every shore and sea.

But now from echoes of a lingering strife,  
From mountain-ranges wreathed in cannon-mist,  
Wide plains left desolate, and spread o'er all,—  
Like a fierce storm-cloud darkening sunny skies,—  
The shadow of an awful agony,  
Let us turn westward, till the voice of war  
Dies in the booming surges of the deep.  
To thee we come; to thee, the latest left  
And loveliest of our daughters—Canada!  
Now ours, and ours alone. The power of France  
That held thee once is vanished all away;  
And the fierce strifes are over, and the claims  
Of angry nations balanced in the beam  
Of Destiny, and ours is the award.

Long months the tide of battle ebbed and flowed  
Upon the plains and in the pathless woods,  
The midnight gloom still blossoming into fire,  
The midnight silence broken by the crash  
Of cannon or the Indian's savage cry.  
Till the steep crags above the city walls  
Our soldiers scaled, and in the dead of night  
Heard the deep river murmuring far below,  
And saw the watchfires of the foe before,  
Islanded in by death on either side.  
But now upon the heights in loneliness  
Stands a gray pillar, telling all the world  
That:—"Here died Wolfe victorious"—nothing more;  
A hero's simple tribute; for the words  
Ring like a trumpet down the vale of years,  
And echo into ages far away.  
And thus we won the land, and year by year  
The nations grew together into one;  
While the charred ruins mouldered into dust,  
And trampled corn forgot the soldier's heel;  
And the sad memories of the bygone strife  
Faded, as fades a foam-streak in the sea,  
Or as a star-trail in the midnight sky.

Then all the tides from the wide Northern world  
Set towards those happy shores: from every clime  
Men flocked o'er seas to find themselves a home,  
Rest after suffering, after peril peace.  
They came from that drear isle where Fire and Frost  
Swear lasting truce and band their powers in one  
To make the land no home for men,—fierce flame  
In heaven, and underfoot the barren snow.  
Some came from Muscovy, when stern decrees  
Had made life there no life for nobler souls,  
That would not set a mortal on Heaven's throne  
Or bow in fetters at the feet of God.  
Some came from Britain, when the world went ill  
And drove them far o'er seas to seek a home  
Where the past sins and sorrows all should fade,  
Where Fortune might prove kind, and cloud and storm  
Sink from their sight into the silent sea.  
And there are some who dwell alone amid  
The woodland wilderness and earn their bread  
In solitude, but when the night comes down  
Look up to heaven and see the selfsame stars  
They watched in childhood on another shore.  
And sometimes when the wind is wailing shrill  
Among the canopy of pines, their life

Ebbs back again, and they are lads once more,  
Some Sabbath-day within the little kirk  
Built of gray stone half hidden in the mist,  
Father and mother and the childish crew  
About them, while without the ocean spray  
Blown from the sea patters upon the panes,  
And mingles with the music of the psalm.  
But year by year these memories fade away:  
They have no children in the far-off land,  
And home for them lies where their dearest are.  
Here they have kith and kin and wife and child,  
And graves of loved ones in Canadian soil.

And who but needs must love a land like this,  
Where every passing hour hath its own charm,  
And every season its own loveliness?  
In winter the pure veil of feathery snow  
Down floating from the sky in noiseless folds;  
In spring the waking music of the air,  
And the world wavering through a mist of green;  
Then in the heat of summer the full leaves  
And the deep coolness of the woodland dell:  
And last the forest all ablaze with pomp  
And glory of all hues, till cold winds come  
And strew the gold about the autumn fields.

Here as we mount and leave the coast below,  
Lake leads to lake, sea opens into sea,  
Great waters hidden in the land and linked  
Together in a sounding labyrinth,  
One river-chain still running through them all.  
From Northern ice-crags spired and pinnacled,  
With gable and gargoyle arch and oriel  
And subtlest maze of frosted tracery,  
Rock-based, rock-roofed, like some fantastic fane  
Hewn by rough craftsmen in the days of old,  
And buttressed firm against the Northern gales,—  
From that cold clime they stretch into the south  
By plain and forest under kindlier skies.  
There rise the masses of the gloomy pines  
Marshalled together to a solid front  
Against the fury of all winds that blow.  
League after league the stately line goes on,  
With now and then a hollow overhead  
Through which the light steals trembling, now and then  
Some sound amid the solitude,—the crash  
Of falling branch or cry of frightened bird,—  
Westwards and westwards ever till the day  
Breaks dim before us, and we stand at last  
Upon the prairie rippled by the breeze  
To waves and breaking in a foam of flowers:  
Vast hazy reaches sloping far away  
To western mountains where a thousand peaks  
Flush to the crimson of the dawn's first beam,  
Or sparkle silver splendours to the moon.

There rolls the great St. Lawrence to the sea,  
Sweeping by rapids and by cataract  
Whose thunder never hushes, and the gleam  
Of falling waters lightens night and day;  
By islands thickly sown as stars-in heaven,  
Lying like lilies on the river-bed,  
With clear-cut petals lifted from the wave,  
A cluster of unnumbered loveliness.

There do they dwell and labour; there the axe  
Wakes with the warbling lark, and cheerily rings  
The livelong day, while the pines shake and fall  
And float into the stream to make their way  
By lake and river to the distant sea.  
And there they plough the plain and sow their seed  
Till the swift seasons make them rich return,  
While the wide acres glow with golden grain  
To feed the multitudes of other lands.  
Thrice happy souls! To whom the passing years  
Bring little sorrow and light clouds of ill.  
Far from the troublous tumult and the storm,  
Far from the suffering nations ye abide,  
Tearless and passionless, and there in peace  
Watch the long days go down into their grave,  
And catch the dying whisper of the world.  
Ofttimes we long amid this jarring life  
And cruel conflict of our eager age  
To pass from tumult into calm like yours,  
And steep our souls in silence once again.  
For the very air we breathe is rank and foul,  
Thrice moulded into words of shame, and loud  
With sobs of children trampled in the press  
Of men that rush to clutch the glittering gold.  
We toil in vain, and our vast wilderness  
For all our labour thickens hour by hour;  
And what we fell by day the night restores,  
Stouter and stronger rising from its fall.  
And all our seed is scattered on the wind  
Idly to drift about the sandy sky.  
Or if some scattered grains have reached the soil,  
The harvest lingers long, and centuries  
Are seasons: others reap what we have sown.

But we are in the struggle, and must stand  
 Steadfast, undaunted at our post, and bear  
 The growing storm. Did we fall, half the world  
 Would make one ruin with us and one wreck.  
 We cannot pass unmissed, as some lone star  
 That in unbroken silence slips away,  
 Or solitary swimmer in the sea,  
 While the calm waves scarce ripple as he sinks.  
 But seek not fame like ours; and go not forth  
 To tread the world's rough path of power alone;  
 Still rest contented with a humbler lot.  
 Thy thunder may not labour on the winds,  
 Thine eagles may not wing across the sea;  
 But still thou shalt be blessed throughout the earth,  
 When mighty empires be despised and fallen.  
 Go, gather in the nations unto Thee;  
 Call in the poor from every clime and coast;  
 Give work to idle hands, and happiness  
 To hearts that sorrow, rest to weary souls.  
 Send peace among the nations for a sword.  
 And leave us not, remembering all the ties  
 That bind us both in one, and bridge the sea.  
 Leave us not yet; and if dark days should come  
 And the shrill trumpet wake the world again,  
 Stand at our side against the haughty foe;  
 And send the sturdy woodsmen to the fray,  
 Beneath our flag to face the iron hail;  
 And link thy name with ours on hard-won fields;  
 One camp for both the armies, and one grave,  
 One blazon on the crimson roll of Fame.

### FOOD AS AN ENEMY.

A physician at a coroner's inquest in England recently said: "In my experience more people kill themselves by over-eating than by over-drinking." The glutton is, in fact, according to this view, worse than the drunkard. Now, the drunkard has received more than a fair share of public attention. Society has gone mad about "drink," as if, instead of its being a source of evil, it were the source of all evil. The Legislature has been entreated to prohibit the sale of invigorating liquors altogether, because they are also "intoxicant"—a vile word!—and there are people who drink them to the point of intoxication. A motion has been brought into the British Parliament to shut the public-houses of Ireland on a Sunday, as an experiment *in corpore vilo*, as the schoolmen say, or on "a vile body" (which is not a complimentary light to regard the sister isle in) preparatory to the like step being taken in England. Altogether, the crusade against "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," and every exhilarating fluid, has been carried on pretty briskly for some time past, and it is time that we should at least remember that there is such a thing as eating too much, and that this vice is attended with very serious consequences.

When the word "gluttony" is mentioned, we at once begin to think of what may be called historical big-eaters—huge feeders who could put away any quantity of food with apparent impunity. He was a tyro amongst them, the man who remarked that a goose was called a foolish bird, because too much for one and not enough for two. The really great eaters were not particular as to the number of geese they ate in moderation. But these were exceptions, whereas the charge against society is that it comprises vast numbers of persons who habitually eat too much, and so undermine their constitutions. It is not easy to lay down any rule as to the quantity of food which it is judicious to take. One person will be content with what another would starve on. All that can be urged by way of regulation is the good old wholesome axiom, "Always leave off with an appetite!" To eat to repletion is a fatal mistake, especially when this becomes a daily habit. A healthy man of advanced years once told me that he never took physic. "When I find myself out of sorts," said he, "I give my stomach a holiday. I eat nothing until I begin to suffer from faintness, then I take a small quantity of food, increase the quantity of the next meal, and so in time get back to my accustomed measure of sustenance."

One of the great obstacles to abstinence is the habit we have fallen into of having dinners consisting of many courses. Once it was considered sufficient to give a distinguished guest a dinner consisting of soup or fish, a joint, or a pudding. This would now-a-days be considered a very frugal repast, like that which Dr. Johnson partook of with such dissatisfaction, when he said, "Sir, it was a good dinner enough, but not one to ask a man to." A dinner to ask a man to in the upper and middle ranks of society must consist of from six to a dozen courses, with wines appropriate to each. Imagine the result when, two or three times a week, people have to go through this sort of thing:—The dinner begins with soup, with a glass of wine; fish, with hock or sherry, or both; *entrées* and joints, with accompanying vegetables, with wine, and perhaps ham for the sake of flavour; sweets of various kinds, ice- pudding with liqueurs, cheese and salad, fruits, ices, &c., with wafers, port, burgundy or claret; coffee, tea, &c. &c. This is a very mild form of dinner, and I have omitted incidental dishes, such as asparagus, French salads, and so on, served at intervals. It is easy to imagine how the digestive organs must be tried by even a moderate indulgence in such a heterogeneous mass of food and variety of stimulants. Many who have embraced temperance views omit the stimulants, but in this particular it is not quite certain that they do not make matters worse. Most abstainers, especially if they have been hard drinkers, develop an abnormal appetite for food. The late George Cruickshank was an enormous eater, his overeating at a public dinner was as gross a violation of temperance in a true sense as if he had swallowed a bottle or two of wine, and those around him, who ate and drank in moderation, in truth, gave the apostle a lesson in temperance.

It is gratifying to find that the medical journals are taking up this question

and give some capital hints on dining. It is said that on the whole the appetite should be satisfied on one article of food, preference being given to a cut from a joint, plainly cooked. This should be partaken of in moderation, and the adjuncts to it, in the shape of vegetables, should be strictly limited both in number and quantity. It is better, if possible, to make separate courses of the different kinds of vegetables, so that the stomach is filled gradually; and it is well, for the same reason, to interpose a short interval between each course. These suggestions are given to the well-to-do, but they are equally applicable to persons in humbler circumstances. The poor over-feed as well as the rich. It has been said that society consists of two classes: those who have plenty to eat and no appetites, and those who have huge appetites and nothing to eat. Like most sayings, this only states one side of the question; and, as we know, the humbler classes often find it possible to eat a good deal more than is good for them. Their salvation lies in work, which enables them to throw off the effects of food rapidly. But working after a hearty meal is not good, and the best constitutions are apt to break down under the strain. In their way, too, those of limited means contrive to mix food too much. They do not have dinners of many courses, but they load the table with a mass of things not always harmonious, and often conducive to indigestion in its most serious forms.

What is the use of our knowledge of the constituent parts of every kind of food? What good does it do to know what will create heat, what will turn to fat, what will build up the tissues, and what increase or renew the phosphates, if the chemist does not come to the aid of the cook, and both of them fail to work together in the interests of the diner?

The great fact to be realized is that it is easy to make food a deadly foe, a source of ill health, and means of wearing out the system and shortening life. You often hear it said of a person who is ill or who has died, "He had a capital appetite, too." That appetite was probably the source of the mischief. More was habitually taken into the body than the organs could deal with comfortably, there was always a strain, and this resulted in a break-down. Intemperance in eating is not so sudden in its effects as intemperance in drinking; it does not lead to such startling consequences, and perhaps, on the whole, is an evil less to be deplored in the general interests of society. It is an evil, nevertheless, and its evils are countless. It is hardly to be expected that the same step should be taken to repress it as those adopted in dipsomania or drink-madness. An hospital for gluttons is not likely to stand side by side with an hospital for drunkards in our day; but it is time that a warning voice should be raised against the habitual gluttony of the age, and that it should be distinctly recognised that hard drinking is not the only form of intemperance.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

### DOMINION DAY AT ST. HILAIRE.

#### A CHEAP TRIP.

We have just appeased a dreadful longing,—a longing which has held us on the very tiptoe of expectation since our ears were tingled, charmed, and agreeably surprised by a singularly harmonious chorus of praises issuing, a few weeks ago, from the Montreal press upon a theme, caught up by the *Gazette* and the *Herald*, carried along by their evening coadjutors, and finally expanded to its fullest by the *Jester* getting poetically hilarious over it. All were agreed, *for once*. A jubilant "Hurrah, hurrah! for St. Hilaire and Iroquois House" came with a simultaneous outburst from each and all of them. It was seldom, they said, that comfort, ease, fresh air, delightful scenery, and every variety of recreation could be enjoyed within easy distance from town, and yet with the most perfect freedom and entire removal from the city's busy din and turmoil. But they, by some mysterious instinct, had found them centred in Iroquois House and its beautiful surroundings,—in its interior arrangements of eatables, drinkables, billiards, and 'bowls,' *flowing* or rolling,—and in its exterior adjuncts of woody slopes, mountain tops, unfathomable caves, and fish-swarming lakes.

However, an opportunity for satisfying our craving came, and Dominion day saw us (not alone, of course,) before 7 a.m. at the ticket window of the Bonaventure Depot.

"Two returns for St. Hilaire. How much?"

"How long are you going for, Sir?"

"Only for the day."

"One dollar fifty-six."

We felt rather puzzled and a little thrown out of plumb as we walked away to the cars, after receiving the tickets; for we had, somehow, got an impression that the G. T. R. had advertised the trip at single fare for the double journey, and that single fare meant 50c per ticket.

Punctuality being one of our favourite maxims, we were pleased to find the train ready to receive us, and although it did not start at the appointed 7 a. m., but some thirty minutes later, our spirits which had begun to lower on account of the delay, rose immediately when we found ourselves in motion; and they rose and fell again and again within the next hour on account of frequent stoppings and startings. Our early rising and the slow pace of the train brought on a drowsiness, and when after several fitful wakings we were at length thoroughly roused by the welcome announcement, "St. Hilaire," we looked at our watch to find that it showed half-past ten, we felt somewhat scared, and looked anxiously around to make sure that we had not gone beyond our destination. But, no! There, in addition to the affirmation of our companion, who had been more wakeful, was the name "ST. HILAIRE" staring us in the face in big letters as we stepped out on to the platform. We now, of course, distrusted our time-keeper; but on being fully assured that half-past ten was the right time, our bewilderment increased, and our thoughts were only diverted by the really magnificent scenery which met our view as we were driven along a winding sloping road—paved with about a foot of loose sand—*en route* for Iroquois House, having with some difficulty prevailed upon the French driver of a light conveyance to take a sixty cents fare for the up journey. Leaving the station in our rear, the Richelieu River being on our right, as we proceeded along this dusty road we had a good though rather cloudy view of the well wooded mountain on our left. To the right of the road were gently sloping meads dotted with wooden cots and here and there shaded by intervening little forests of maple, and we must admit that the drive was enjoyable in spite of the sandy clouds.

Arriving at Iroquois House about eleven, we breakfasted, and took tickets for the half-past two hot lunch, being advised so to do at the office counter as a means of securing a share thereof.

After exploring the Hotel and grounds—nicely situated, as they undoubtedly are, upon the hill's slope, backed by maple woods and overlooked from the extreme rear by the mountain's top, the hotel itself having a fine verandah running along its front and sides, and having in its rear a mountain stream rushing, roaring and leaping along like a miniature "Lodore"—we struck off up the mountain side with the intention of visiting the lake and the cave, and soon came to a path whose entrance was adorned with a square sign-board stuck at the top of a pole in rustic fashion, bearing what had originally been the following inscription: "To lake, 500 yards," but which, by a little daub from the brush of some rural genius, has been made: "Too late, 500 years." Before proceeding five hundred feet, however, four feet got stuck in some indescribable but treacherous bird-limey, mortary, slushy mushy stuff, from which four feet had considerable difficulty in extricating themselves, and then only after half a yard of trousers and other unmentionables had been dragged in for a share of the dirty treachery. The consequent scraping and scrubbing led to the conviction that the lake was too deep for us. With the abandonment of the lake came the abandonment of the cave, and an ultimate settling down into a shady spot within sight and hearing of the silvery froth of our "Lodore," and within easy reach of some nice cool spring water, with which we were supplied by the occupant of a neighbouring cot, a cleanly and tidily attired matron engaged in flax-spinning.

Half-past two found us hurrying, with our lunch tickets to the hotel dining-room, three-fourths of which however remained unoccupied, and everybody, thanks (perhaps) to the ticket arrangement, was amply accommodated. We lunched therefore in comparative comfort, three times despatching a stylish little morsel from an equally stylish big plate; and—by the advice of the waiter, who we couldn't help fancying—bore a strong resemblance to one of David Copperfield's friends—we indulged in our pint bottle of Dow's (price, cash down, 15c.) our waiter taking the trouble to open it for us, and managing, wonderfully enough, to squeeze its contents within the limits of a three-quarter gill glass.

Lunch over, our thoughts, influenced by our railway experience of the morning, flew Montreal-ward and another dusty drive, followed by another railroad car martyrdom, lasting this time for two hours and a-half, brought us, about 7 p.m., to the end of a twelve hours' trip, completely satiating our Iroquois longing.

QUIS.

### THE SUBLIMITY OF THE ORDINARY IN LIFE.

Preached at Zion Church, Montreal, by Rev. A. J. Bray.

I. Corinthians, xiii., 8-13.

On a great occasion, recorded in the Gospels, Jesus Christ rose from supper, laid aside his garments, and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded. The simple deed spoke to the heart of them with marvellous power of eloquence. They wanted to assert their individual dignity. They couldn't stoop to the performance of a menial office, but Christ could; He of them all had dignity and greatness of soul sufficient to enable Him to do this small and unimportant work. The disciples wanted to be great, and Christ showed them true greatness in operation: He showed them by a lofty example that He, the highest, truest, divinest, had penetrated without stooping to the humblest office man may fill. Every man's life is made up of a variety of things—things great and things small; things that look big and important and things that look small and unimportant. The days are not all alike, nor is the work of any day a mere dead level. But if you would know what a man really is,—what is the precise force of his character, you must find how he looks upon what are called the smaller duties of life, and how he deals with them. True greatness in any direction is shown by attention to details. A great painter is not the man who by a few bold lines upon the canvass, and a few dashes of his brush, can outline some noble conception. The man who can do that may be a genius, but genius without talent—without the power of taking almost infinite pains to fill in and perfect the sketch—is not real greatness. Go over the list of the world's greatest soldiers, and you will find that the most successful of them were the men who had a supreme regard for the common-placé details of warfare. Take our successful merchants—here and there you will find a man who grew rich in a day. He made one grand throw and drew a prize. But he is not a great merchant in any sense of the word. He is simply and only a bold speculator who by that throw stood to win a fortune or a prisoner's cell. It is the same in all matters of education. The general and ripe scholar is the man best fitted for the work of teaching. It is a grave error to imagine that the approximation needed between the mind of the teacher and of the taught is that of a common ignorance—or an abnormal growth of one particular faculty, instead of mutual sympathy. The same rule holds in the higher sphere of spiritual life and work. The man of highest and most constant communion is the man best fitted to perform the ordinary duties of life. Now, the first and great purpose of life is that a man shall be fitted for the work that comes to his hand—and as the work of life is made up, for the most part, of that which is ordinary, it is clear that ordinary gifts which are fit for ordinary work are the most useful.

But the Apostle here goes further than that. He says: "True, there are some extraordinary gifts; but then they are only peculiar—they are not great, for they are not immortal. They shine for a day, and then die out. All cannot be prophets, because all cannot have the gift of prophecy; all cannot speak with tongues, or teach, and what does it matter? Those things are short lived, the best and most enduring of them; but there are great imperishable things, which have their centre in God; their stretch is eternal, and they may be made the base of all life." So that this is the teaching—that on a lower level men are marked off and distinguished by a peculiarity of gifts—but higher up they become equal—or, to put it in another way—the greatest, the sublimest gifts and forces of life are just those which are universal, immortal, and within the reach of all.

The teaching is very plain. At the time of the establishment of Christianity God was giving special gifts to special men. It was necessary. The Jews required a sign—the Greeks sought after wisdom—Christianity had to establish a footing on the earth, and that could only be done effectually by the showing of signs and wonders. The early days of preaching were full of marvel, and the marvel was often the first impulse that led the way to the cross. But there was a class of men in the church who got dissatisfied with that state of things—a kind of spiritual democracy which began to clamour for a levelling up process that should make all men equal. Why should not all be as eloquent as Apollos? why should not all teach and heal like Paul? And Paul gives them answer: "Well, every one of you seek those things which you admire so much; try and prophecy; try and teach; try to work miracles of healing. Whatever you think is best that covet earnestly; but remember, those are not the highest and best gifts—they are abnormal—they are short-lived—they are the thundering storm—very grand—but men do not live by storm; they live by the calm air—these things may shake the Church, but they do not make it—they produce wonder—they command attention, but they do not make character—the greatest, grandest forces in the world are those common, ordinary things,—faith, hope and charity—and he is the greatest, grandest, because the most useful, who has grown up into the possession of them.

I think we should remember, in this age of restlessness and dissatisfaction, that God's greatest gifts to men, and consequently, the sublimest forces that can enter into life to bless and beautify and exalt it, are not the extraordinary, but the ordinary and commonplace, and that on the highest and furthest advanced plains of human experience all men are equal. Equality in all things is simply impossible. Society could never exist if all men were put upon a dead level. Dreamers have long enough, and often enough, dreamt about it, and have sometimes tried to make their thought a thing, doing mischief to themselves and to others. Utopia is in dream-land, but not upon the earth, and never will be there. As long as the world endures there will be rich and poor, gifted and commonplace, prophets and teachers, and the people. What is called wealth, or poverty, must always be a thing of degree or comparison, and is oftener decided by the state of the mind than by the state of the exchequer. What is poverty to one man would be riches to another; and what some of you count wealth, some others would count actual and crushing destitution. The truth is, that either extreme—that of extraordinary wealth, or of extraordinary poverty—is anything but a blessing to society. A very poor man is a public burden, and so is a very rich man. We have to send fire to warm the one in his region of frost and snow; we have to send ice to keep the other alive under the sweltering sun. In the commercial world you may see a man now and then who makes a great fortune in a brief period. He is a phenomenal man—he has revived trade somewhat in a particular direction—but he has done trade no general and lasting good. Commerce is not helped most by the extraordinary, but by the ordinary—by the vast multitudes who plod, year in and year out; by the men who live out of it and not much besides. The one gives it a sudden pull, and it may be, jerks it forward a little—but it has to depend for constant motion upon the toiling masses. They are the river in steady flow—the phenomenal man is but a freshet that comes with rush and roar, and soon passes, having done some good and some harm.

So it is in our social life—there are a few men of extraordinary benevolence; they give and give largely of these charities which heal and bless. They build an institution—set it going, and inspire others to keep it going. But social beneficence can never be dependent most of all upon those phenomenal men. I am disposed to think that a man who is solitary in his giving—that is—gives so much that others cannot equal him is the reverse of a blessing. If he stimulates some, he paralyses others, and gives occasion for selfish shirking of duty to more. Society depends most of all upon the steady outflow of a popular generosity. That is the spring that heat and dust of summer cannot choke, and winter cold cannot freeze—and there the ever present poor can go and drink and live.

So it is in our home life—we don't live most of all and best upon the brilliant gifts of some members of the family. A magnificent voice is a good thing—it will awaken sweet melody in the home—but what if your beautiful singer has an ugly temper? To have an orator in the house is a matter for pride—but what if the gift which shines so bravely in public is used at home to crush and grind by cruel words? The home of a genius is rarely a place to be desired. And in truth home is most blessed by the presence and motion of the most ordinary virtues:—patience—forbearance—earnest thought and deep tender affections for others—finding delight in giving it—the spirit that will allow all the trivial things to fall into place and order—that makes no grinding rule, or restrictive measure, but shines to promote harmony and peace. That is where so many in starting home life fail. They begin to build all their hopes on brilliance of some kind—on the extraordinary—being too lofty to take thought for the more common virtues and graces. But those brilliant things soon fail—they lose their force, and the charm goes out of them, and there is a sighing and pining for the commoner things that give sweetness and peace to the life. That is natural, for it was not meant that life should be based upon the brilliant or find its deep meaning in the extraordinary. The storm is magnificent as it sweeps along with pomp and circumstance, but—men do not live by the storm—they live by the air that wraps the earth around like a swaddling garment.

The step is easy to spiritual things and spiritual life. The Church has had—the Church has now—men of more than ordinary gifts and powers—prophets, teachers, and workers of wonders. They are good—they create a profound impression—they arouse thought—they awaken enquiry—they stir up to action the torpid—they lash the sluggish waters of a dull routine. But the Church does not live upon the extraordinary, it is not based upon the brilliant—its deep, true life is not drawn from revival scenes, when all is excitement, but from the roots which have been struck, and in silence grow from the soil of Godliness. To have men of deep and fervid feeling—of glowing thought—of vivid imagination, of settled convictions, of eloquent speech withal, declaring the mercy and truth of God is a good thing, and a great thing—but they are phenomenal men—they are rare. And they do not the greatest, the sublimest work. The mass of toilers—who teach the young, who pray by the sick—who speak quiet words



of counsel and of love—who work down at the roots of humanity, filling them with sap that goes streaming up through trunk and branch, and breaking out in bud and blossom and fruit—they are the great, the demi-gods of the Church. Just as the greatest forces of God's world—the light—the dew—the life of tree and sod and soil without noise do the mightiest things—so in the world of spirit life—the best work of deepening and strengthening principles—of building up character—of perfecting manhood is done without noise or show, and the ordinary accomplishes divinest ends. Faith—hope—charity—what commonplace things they are? In some form or other I find them everywhere! But what magnificent forces they are—they are redeeming the world. The sublime gifts which make life so great and beautiful are universal. They are not confined to a few—they are not dependent upon time, or circumstance—they are the common property of all mankind—man has that within himself which may make his life divine. True—all that can degrade life—all that can animalise and make it ugly you can find within yourselves—but—then so also is it true—that all that can bless life and make it beautiful—all that can make it divine are living forces in you. Wealth, fame, eloquence are not God's greatest gifts to men; life can be sustained and made happy without either, without all of them—but the highest endowments, those without which society could not be held together—without which happiness could never shape itself into a dream—without which life itself would be but cruellest death, those belong to all men, and every man in equal proportion. It is a good thing to teach, to have power of healing—to have gift of prophecy—it is a good thing to have wealth and the power of giving—but, there is a better: To be in possession and command of those great plenary forces which impel us onward to perfection—I mean—those which abide forever and for all men—faith and hope and charity—that is better: To have that which reaches on to the place where distinctions between rich and poor, prophet and people, famous and unknown are all forgotten—where all shall rejoice in the possession of treasures that cannot be stolen—of powers that make men meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light—that lead with strong and certain light the footsteps up to God—that is better.

And these ordinary, but sublime, gifts are imperishable. The Apostle argues that all other things must fail. Knowledge, showing but blurred visions and imperfect outlines of the whole substance far away, looking up through the mist and cloud to spell out the syllables of divine truth, will be transformed into another likeness and appear new when it emerges out of the land of bewildering shadows into the cloudless sunlight of God's presence; prophecies and tongues shall cease, being special things to meet an emergency; but, amid all the changes, *faith* and *hope* and charity will remain the same, unchangeable, imperishable, like three fixed and blazing stars, each drawn to each by a common law, each adding lustre to all, and as others are blotted out by the relentless hand of time, they will shine on, a guide and a joy to the world. Faith—that is an ordinary thing, it is everywhere. The snarling cynic who thinks the world all bad and every man a liar—himself excepted—belies his creed every day that he lives, putting trust in a thousand people he has never seen. Scepticism in the practical affairs of life is impossible, and no man is mad enough to try it. That faith which says to a man in the streets, "I believe you," lifted up to God and Christ makes life sublime. That was a magnificent conception of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews when he found the secret of heroism in faith. They laid hold of that chain whose first link is in heaven and the last on the earth, and went climbing up to God.

Hope—that abideth firmer than the hills; broad as the family of man; high as desire; deep as want; it cleaves the darkness of to-morrow and flushes all the sky with glorious promise. Nations, institutions, societies, are based on hope; it is the impulse to all high and holy endeavour. It shines in the den of the back street and in the mansion; it is for all; and that made spiritual tells the man to say to his own life, "live on"—to his breaking heart, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my joy." When he has found in Christ the meaning of life—facing work, care, death itself, he will say, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which hath begotten us again to a lively hope of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead."

Faith and hope are ordinary, they abide, they are sublime. But there is a greater—an emotion, a sentiment, a principle, a power—which makes man tender to all his kind; which sanctifies motherhood and fatherhood; which is the light of home, the music of society, the glory of a people; which streams out as waters—waters on a thirsty land; which shines as the stars of heaven and blossoms as the flowers of earth; which is Christ, who, moved by it, died for a world of sinners; which is God, from everlasting to everlasting. *Love*, that is greatest. It is commonplace; it is universal; it begins with the animals, grows up with increase of refinement through every grade of human life, becomes sublimated with the angels, becomes divine in God. You would be great, you would be noble, you would achieve a great destiny—don't seek for the unusual, the extraordinary—seek it in faith and hope and charity, which will make all thought, all emotion—life, time and eternity—sublime.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE SPECTATOR'S VERSION OF THE IRISH AND ORANGEISM.

SIR,—To say that I was grieved by your article on "The Irish and Orangeism," in the last week's issue of the SPECTATOR, would state the case very feebly: I was exceedingly pained by it. This, because, in my judgment, it is both ill-timed and one-sided, and much more likely to make certain, and even intensify, the evil which you with many others are desirous of preventing than otherwise. I am reminded by it of a circumstance which occurred between an old man and myself some years ago. I was trying to impress him with thoughts on his spiritual condition which I conceived to be of the utmost importance to his welfare, when he met me by saying he did not believe in the Bible, nor did he like it. First, because it was like an old fiddle, on which a tune could be played to any one's fancy; and, secondly, because it sent every one to hell. Astounded at so extraordinary a statement, I asked for proof. Why, said he, does not the Bible say that all men are liars? and then, again, that all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone? True, thought I, allow you such a latitude of quotation and you

may prove what you like from the Bible. Thus in the same way did a catechism, issued under the sanction of the Roman Catholic Bishop Doyle, prove that we should worship Saints. He gave Rev. xxii. chap. and 8th verse; but had he given the 9th verse as well, it would have spoiled both his argument and his catechism. Even so, Mr. Editor, allow me to say, had you given the intermediate and properly related facts of history, with your statements, they would have spoiled your strong indictment against the English. Then, why you should make Orangeism the scapegoat to bear the sins of the English against the Irish, is something I cannot explain.

This is the more reflecting against you, as you have, according to your own statement, studied the history of the case with some considerable care, to say nothing of your knowledge of history previously. With the facts, therefore, which must have come before you, you must have known that any wrongs and cruelties perpetrated on the Roman Catholics of Ireland by the Protestants of England were the result of the training which Protestants had received by Roman Catholics, the effects of which they had not yet overcome by the tolerant influences of true Bible Protestantism. You know, that bad as was the conduct of the Protestants towards the Roman Catholics, it was but a feeble reflex of what they had suffered from the Roman Catholics, and of what their co-religionists had suffered, and were then suffering, in various parts of Europe,—the Netherlands, France and Spain, for instance. You know that up to a very recent date the cruelties and injustice practiced by Roman Catholics upon Protestants have only been restricted by the possibilities of their circumstances; and that they would return to these acts now had they the power; a fact put beyond a question, they themselves having distinctly and repeatedly declared it.

You may say that two blacks do not make one white; and that one evil cannot justify the infliction of another. True; yet there are modifying considerations in all this; but to none of which do you make so much as a passing allusion. Biblical teaching and its influences were not then as dominant in even Protestant minds as now, or as they should then have been, while, on the other hand, the influence of Romanism was doing much to neutralise any such influence, so far at least as it could be practised on them.

Of what influence for good was Protestant concession to Romanism last year? Did it prevent a riot, or the shedding of blood and murder? Did it modify the exacting and intolerant spirit of the papist *in the least*? If you think so, then you surely have forgotten the utterances of the priests of St. Patrick's Church, and their press on that occasion. No, nothing of the kind. Every concession made must be on the side of the Protestant, and yet when made, instead of its being promotive of peace, it is seen to encourage the Romanist to a spirit of greater arrogance, and to urge demands for greater concessions.

But what has all this to do with Orangeism and the walking of Orangemen in processions, especially in such a city as Montreal? may be asked. I answer (and here I will premise, by saying, I am not an Orangeman, and probably never shall be). You have made Orangeism responsible for all the errors and unjustifiable acts of the English Government inflicted upon the Roman Catholics, and therefore whatever should be said in defence of Protestantism in the case, becomes theirs by an inheritance which you cannot object against. Again, Orangeism, so far as its principles are concerned, and it is by these it should be judged, and by which it is seen in perfect contrast to Romanism, is tolerant, perfectly so, and aims at nothing beyond equal rights to all classes of the community. As such it has a claim not only to an existence, and a recognition, but, I will add, to protection in any country where men choose to profess it, and especially so in one like Canada where equal rights to the Protestants are denied and assailed by the Roman Catholics.

"But Orangeism is an Old Country evil, and should not, therefore, have been imported into Canada." A matter of opinion this, it may be said, and on which others have an equal right to think and act, as has the Editor of the SPECTATOR. But may I not add, is not the intolerance of Popery an Old Country evil; and why then should it be imported here? If the one is here, and who will doubt it, then why should the other be placed under a ban? That Popery is here in its true spirit of intolerance and exaggerated assumption, is at once seen and proved by their Fete Dieu processions in the public streets and thoroughfares of our cities and towns, &c., &c., by their treatment of the Indians of Oka, and by many other acts the public mind will not soon forget.

The never-to-be-forgotten Gavazzi riots are of this character, and will not soon pass from the memory of those who witnessed them. Orangeism had but a feeble existence in Canada anterior to those riots. But the intolerance of Romanism and its thirst for blood which they developed—alike in the highest priest of their Church as in the lowest ruffian who slinks along the streets—showed that an organization in which some dependence could be placed, was needed, and further, that Orangeism was that organization, as those will remember who passed through those memorable scenes. It was in this despised system, when no help from the Government of the day, from the police of the city, (I speak practically of Quebec where I then resided,) nor from any other largely constituted body, could be obtained, that a defence was felt to exist in Orangeism; and he is unworthy the name of man who belittles, much less ignores such, when at a time, and so much needed, it was freely given him. Did you know, Mr. Editor, as I do, and well, the timely and eminent service the Orangemen rendered the cause of liberty and protection when we were deserted by a time-serving and pusillanimous government, you would not now lift your pen or raise your voice against awarding to Orangemen the fullest and freest liberty of any organization or body in the country. Nor would you hesitate to claim for them equal rights and liberties with the men who ever and anon shout themselves hoarse about their own feelings and liberties, but never show the least consideration for those of the Protestant when they have the power of invading and destroying them.

It is sometimes said that Orange processions are illegal in the Old Country and therefore should be so regarded in this. The Act that made them illegal in Ireland was a reflection on those who passed it rather than upon those against whom it was levelled. Because the Government felt they could coerce a law-abiding people, they passed this law; but the Roman Catholic, who had given many proofs of his contempt of law when it stood in the way of his plans or prejudices, was allowed to act as he pleased. It was not likely that a legislative Act so one-sided and partial would be long observed even by the Orangemen.

Nor was it; and its annulment, therefore, followed as a necessary consequence. Orange processions, therefore, even as other processions, are legal, and can only be suppressed when a breach of the peace, in the judgment of the magistrates, is sure to arise from them. But for the fanaticism and intolerance of the Romanist, fanned and kept up by the priest and his aids, there would be no more trouble from an Orange procession than from a Fourth of July celebration by an American in any city or town under the British flag. If, therefore, any procession is to be stopped, they all must be stopped but those which are strictly necessary; such, for instance, as those of funerals, and, it may be, for national and benevolent objects. To claim for the Fete Dieu procession exception on the ground of treaty right, of a religious observance, &c., is a fancy too light for any discerning mind to sanction. Were such to be allowed, and that with all the arrogance and assumption which ever marks them—and the last one as much so as any previous one—then I would say, no objection of the weight of a pin or worthy of a moment's consideration should be listened to against those which Orangemen desire to hold. But to such reasonable conclusions we may not bring the Roman Catholics of this Canada of ours so long as Protestants write and circulate such articles as that given in the SPECTATOR of last week. These utterances from Protestants, even more than those from their priests and the lay-leaders of their Church, will exert such an influence on the general mass of Roman Catholics as to make it pretty certain that a conflict will take place should the Orangemen determine to follow out their purpose of walking on the twelfth of the month. By such the Romanist will be quickened to the assault; while the effect upon the Orangemen will be to intensify his purpose, that despite the action of false or injudicious friends, or of rampant and fanatical foes, he will maintain his ancient and inspiring motto, "No Surrender."

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BORLAND.

Montreal, July 8th, 1878.

"THE FUTURE LIFE."

SIR,—In printing the letter of "Senex," in No. 26, some mistakes were made which marred the sense of the concluding paragraph. It should read thus:—

"These passages will suffice for my present purpose, which is, to show that in them the word 'eternal' is not used to convey the idea of *duration*, either longer or shorter, but to denote the *quality* of the life in Christ. The word is 'Aion' in its adjective form 'Aionios'; so that the phrase 'In the Aion to come, Aionian life,' is precisely the same as if, writing to a friend in England, I should say, 'If you come to Canada you will experience Canadian life,' or, 'You must go to the prairies to know what prairie life is'; and the words 'eternal life,' or 'everlasting life,' no more than 'the world to come,' afford a foundation for the superstructure of the theory of a 'future life,' and it must still be sought for elsewhere."

LA PETITE MADELAINE.

By MRS. SOUTHEY.

The literary pretensions of the young soldier were by no means those of profound scholarship, of deep reading, or even of a very regular education; but his tastes were decidedly intellectual, and the charm of his intercourse with Adrienne was in no slight degree enhanced by the discovery that, on all subjects with which they were mutually acquainted, she was fully competent to enter with equal interest.

Absence and lengthened separation are generally allowed to be great tests of love, or, more properly speaking, of its truth. In Walter's case, they hardly acted as such, for distance had proved to him but a *lunette d'approche*, bringing him acquainted with those rare qualities in his fair mistress which had been imperceptible during their personal intercourse. With what impatience, knowing her as he now did, did he anticipate the hour of their union! But it was with something like a feeling of disappointment that he remarked in her letters a degree of uneasiness on that tender subject, to which (as the period of separation drew nearer to a close) he was fain to allude more frequently and fondly. One other shade of alloy had crossed at intervals his pleasure in their correspondence. Many kind inquiries had he made for la petite Madelaine, and many affectionate messages had he sent her. But they were either wholly unnoticed, or answered in phrase the most formal and laconic,—

"Mlle. du Résnel was well, obliged to Monsieur Walter for his polite inquiries.—Desired her compliments."

It was in vain that Walter ventured a half-sportive message in reply to this ceremonious return for his frank and affectionate remembrances—that, in playful mockery, he requested Adrienne to obtain for him "*Mademoiselle du Résnel's* forgiveness for his temerity in still designating her by the familiar title of *La Petite Madelaine*." The reply was, if possible, more brief and chilling—so unlike (he could not but remark) to that he might reasonably have expected from his grateful and warm-hearted little friend, that a strange surmise, or rather a revived suspicion, suggested itself as the possible solution of his conjectures. But was it possible—(Walter's face flushed as he thought of his own possible absurdity in so suspecting)—was it in the nature of things—that Adrienne, the peerless, the lovely and beloved, should conceive one jealous thought of the poor little Madelaine? The supposition was almost too ridiculous to be harboured for a moment—and yet he remembered certain passages in their personal intercourse, when the strangeness (to use no harsher word) of Adrienne's behaviour to her cousin, had awakened in him an indefinite consciousness that his good-humoured notice of the poor little girl, and the kind word he was ever prompt to speak in her praise when she was absent, were likely to be anything but advantageous to her in their effect on the feelings of her patroness. One circumstance, in particular, recurred to him,—the recollection of a certain *jour de fête*, when la petite Madelaine (who had been dancing at a village gala, kept annually at the Manoir du Résnel in honour of Madame's name-day) presented herself, late in the evening, at St. Hilaire, so blooming from the effects of her recent exhilarating exercise—her meek eyes so bright

with the excitement of innocent gaiety, and her small delicate figure and youthful face set off so advantageously by her simple holiday dress, especially by her hat, à la bergère, garlanded with wild roses, that even the old people, M. and Mad. de St. Hilaire, complimented her on her appearance, and himself (after whispering aside to Adrienne, "*La Petite est jolie à ravir*,") had sprung forward, and whirled her round the salon in a *tour de danse*, the effect of which impromptu was assuredly not to lessen the bloom upon her cheeks, which flushed over neck and brow, as, with the laughing familiarity of a brother, he commended her tasteful dress, and especially the pretty hat, which she must wear, and that only, he assured her, when she wished to be perfectly irresistible. Walter's sportive sally was soon over, and Madelaine's flush of beauty (the magical effect of happiness) soon faded. Both yielded to the influence of another spell—that wrought by the coldly discouraging looks of Adrienne, and by the asperity of the few sentences, which were all she condescended to utter during the remainder of the evening. When la petite Madelaine reappeared the next morning with her cousin (who, on the plea of a migraine, remained till late in her apartments), Walter failed not to remark that her eyes were red and heavy, and that her manner was more constrained than usual; neither did it escape his observation when Sunday arrived, that the tasteful little hat had been strangely metamorphosed, and that when he rallied her on her capricious love of changes, which had only spoiled what was before so becoming, she stole a half-fearful glance at Adrienne, while rather confusedly replying that "it was not her own doing, but that Ma'amsele Justine, her cousin's femme-de-chambre, had been permitted by the latter to arrange it more fashionably." The subject dropped then, and was never resumed; but Walter then made his own comments on it. And now that the peculiar tone of Adrienne's letters in referring to Madelaine brought former circumstances vividly to mind, it is not surprising that he fell into a fit of musing on the *possibility*, which he yet rebuked himself for suspecting. It must be confessed that his reflections on the subject were of a less displeasing nature than those which had suggested themselves on former occasions, before epistolary correspondence with his fair betrothed had given him that insight into her character and feelings which, strange to say, he had failed to obtain during their personal communication. Now he felt assured, that if indeed she were susceptible of the weakness he had dared to suspect, it was mingled with no unkindly feelings towards her unoffending cousin, but sprang solely from the peculiar sensitiveness of her nature, and the exclusive delicacy of her affection for himself.

Where ever was the lover—(we say not the husband)—who could dwell but with tenderest indulgence on an infirmity of love so flattering to his own self-love and self-complacency? We suspect that Walter's fervour was anything but cooled by the fancied discovery; and his doubts on the subject, if he still harboured any, were wholly dispelled by a postscript to Adrienne's next letter, almost amounting, singular as was the construction, to an avowal of her own weakness.

In the three fair pages of close writing of which that letter consisted, was vouchsafed no word of reply to an interrogatory—the last, he secretly resolved, he would ever venture on that subject—whether his "little cousin Madelaine," as he had sometimes sportively called her by anticipation, had quite forgotten her friend Walter. But on one of the outside folds, evidently an after-thought, written hurriedly, and, as it seemed, with a trembling hand, was the following postscript:—

"La Petite Madelaine se souvient toujours du bon Walter—Comment ferait-elle autrement?"

"Mais, cependant, qu'il ne soit plus question d'elle dans les lettres de Mons. Walter."

"A most strange fancy! an unaccountable caprice of this dear Adrienne's!" was Walter's smiling soliloquy. "Some day she shall laugh at it with me—but for the present and for ever, be the dear one's will my law." Thenceforth "il n'était plus question de la Petite Madelaine" in Walter's letters, and in those of Adrienne she was never more alluded to.

(To be continued.)

In consequence of the pressure on our space, we regret our inability to publish our Musical article in this week's issue.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.—By J. M. Lemoine, Quebec. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

We are right glad to receive this volume from Canada's veteran literateur; those who have read Mr. Lemoine's "Maple Leaves," would expect a pleasant and readable book, but our author has fairly surpassed his previous works. We all knew that in the St. Lawrence we had "a mighty river," the largest body of fresh water on the globe, but many will learn for the first time that it has its "legends," and "teeming memories." We have hitherto had to rely on guide books, but in the "Chronicles" we have a book which is suitable for the tourist and the camper-out, and it is also rich in antiquarian lore and gossip, it is the result of an entire summer spent on the Gaspé coast, during which time our author kept a journal of his rambles. Mr. Lemoine tells us that "it is less fine writing and elaborate sentences I aim at than a familiar narrative, a fresh, a spontaneous, (negligé at times, perhaps,) statement of daily sights and incidents." Truly, he has succeeded to a marvel, it will be well for every visitor to the Saguenay and the Lower St. Lawrence, to secure such a cheery, and withal profitable *compagnon de voyage* as Mr. Lemoine's "Chronicles."

ROSE-BELFORD'S CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.—Toronto, July 1878.

The first number of the "Canadian Monthly" under its new management is to hand, and it presents a very pretty appearance. The contents are varied and pleasing, amongst them we may note "The Yellow Tiber," which is well illustrated, and "The Early English Stage" and "The Bar of Ontario 80 Years Ago"; the old feature of the Magazine, "Current Events," is not absent, and we trust will be continued with unabated vigour. We heartily wish it well, and with Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., as publishers, Mr. Belford as manager, and Mr. Geo. Stewart, jr., as Editor, we do think our Canadian Magazine starts afresh with a fair chance of securing success.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA is now issuing Policies and Permits for Travel, covering all accidents by land or water—fatal or non-fatal—at the same rate which had hitherto been charged for Insurances covering *accidental death only* when beyond the limits of Canada. An Insurance of \$5,000 if killed, or \$25 a week if injured, for a three months' trip to Europe, costs now only \$25 in this Company. The Head Offices at 103 St. Francois Xavier Street.—EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.—Adv.

**SPRING 1878 STYLES.**

WILLIAM SAMUEL,  
367 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

Stock now complete, forming the most extensive assortment of the Latest Styles of SILK AND FELT HATS in the City, and at Prices to suit the times.

A CALL SOLICITED.

**Notice to the Public.**

THE FLOATING BATH is open to the Public DAILY, from 5 a.m. to 9 p.m., during the season. For Tickets and Rates of Admission, see Hand-Bills, and on board the Bath.

N.B.—The Floating Bath is the largest on this Continent, and the only Floating Bath in the Dominion of Canada.

I WOULD SELL.

M. KILGALLIN.

JOHN GARDNER,  
DISPENSING CHEMIST,  
(From LONDON, ENGLAND.)  
1397 St. Catherine Street West.

Sole agent by appointment for Cheavin's

**RAPID WATER FILTERS**

Macmaster, Hall & Greenshields,

Advocates, Barristers, Etc.,

No. 181 ST. JAMES STREET,  
MONTREAL.

D. Macmaster. John S. Hall, Jr.  
J. N. Greenshields.

JOHN FAIR,  
ACCOUNTANT & OFFICIAL ASSIGNEE,  
HAS REMOVED TO  
No. 115 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST.

HUTCHINSON & WALKER,  
Advocates, Barristers, &c.,  
115 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,  
MONTREAL.

M. Hutchinson, B.C.L. W. S. Walker, B.C.L.

ROYAL HOTEL,  
T. F. RAYMOND, Proprietor,  
ST. JOHN, N.B.

J. D. BENNETT, Cabinet-Maker and Upholsterer, manufacturer of Etageres, Plate Chests, Glass Cases, Gun, Pistol, Jewel and Fancy Cases of all descriptions, Papier Mache and Leather Work neatly repaired. 562 Craig street, 3rd door from Place d'Armes Hill, Montreal.

3,000 YEARS AGO the ART of DYEING was well known. To-day it is not generally known that Ladies' Dresses can be beautifully Dyed S. Brown, N. Blue, and other colors, equal to new, without being taken apart; that Coats, Pants, and Vests can be Cleaned or Dyed and Pressed equal to new; that Table and Piano Covers, Damask Curtains, Shawls, &c., can be Cleaned or Dyed and Pressed equal to new, at the ROYAL DYE WORKS, 706 Craig street, near Victoria Square. Established 1870.

CHOICEST CUT FLOWERS,  
Fresh daily, at the  
BOSTON FLORAL MART,  
1331 St. Catherine Street, corner Victoria Street,  
MONTREAL.

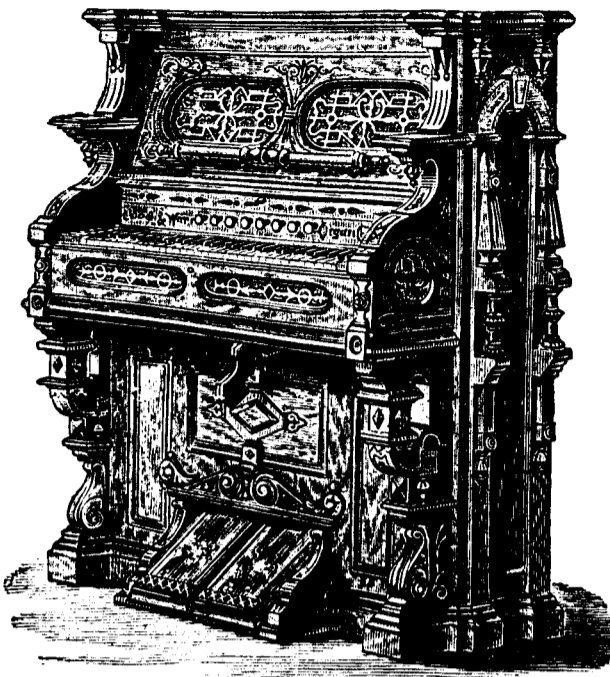
JOHNSON'S FLUID BEEF, pronounced by the British Medical Faculty to be the most perfect Food for Invalids ever introduced.  
Sold by leading Chemists and Grocers, 35c, 60c and \$1.00. Agents—BELLHOUSE, MACPHERSON & CO., Montreal.

NOTMAN & SANDHAM,  
PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN,  
17 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX.  
ALSO AT  
BOSTON, MASS., ALBANY, N.Y., AND ST. JOHN, N.B.

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

**CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS**

CAPTIVATE THE WORLD.



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED.

PURITY OF TONE. PRE-EMINENT FOR

Having not only received Diploma of Honor and Medal of Highest Merit at the United States Centennial International Exhibition, but having been UNANIMOUSLY PRONOUNCED, BY THE WORLD'S BEST JUDGES, AS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

ADDRESS:

CLOUGH & WARREN ORGAN CO.,  
DETROIT, MICH.

**THE BELL ORGAN,**

MOST POPULAR INSTRUMENT IN THE DOMINION.



REMARKABLE FOR POWER, BRILLIANCY AND SWEETNESS OF TONE AND ELASTICITY OF TOUCH.

EVERY INSTRUMENT WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Received SILVER MEDAL at Provincial Exhibition in Kingston, 1871.

Received only SILVER MEDAL awarded for Organs at the Centennial Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876.

Received MEDAL and DIPLOMA at the International Exhibition, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, 1877.

For Prices, &c., address

W. BELL & CO.,  
GUELPH, CANADA.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

T H E

Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.,

5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,

Beg to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of

ENGRAVING,  
ELECTROTYPING,  
STEREOTYPING,  
LITHOGRAPHING  
and TYPE PRINTING,

Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

Special attention given to the re-production by

Photo-Lithography

OF

MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS  
OF ANY KIND.

From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders.

G. B. BURLAND,  
Manager.

**CANADA WIRE WORKS**

THOS. OVERING,

Practical Wire Worker and Manufacturer of Furniture and Cylinder Cloths for Paper Mills, Wire-Cloth Sieves, Riddles, Fenders, Grate and Safe Guards, Meat Safes, Rat and Mouse Traps, Bird Cages, &c.

Practical attention paid to Builders Work, Cemetery, Garden and Farm Fencing made to order. Wire shutters and Wire Signs made at shortest notice.

757 CRAIG STREET,  
(West of Victoria Square,)  
MONTREAL.

**Canada Metal Works.**

OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY, 577 CRAIG STREET,

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND

GAS FITTERS.

Engineers,

Machinists,

Brass and Iron Finishers

Manufacturers of

HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING APPARATUS

And all kinds of

COPPERSMITH'S WORK FOR BREWERIES, TANNERIES, AND STEAMBOATS.

MATTINSON, YOUNG & CO.,

MONTREAL.

**A. N. Greig,**

PAINTER AND DECORATIVE ARTIST  
(From Manchester, Eng.)

All kinds of

HOUSE PAINTING,  
TINTING, WHITEWASHING,  
&c. &c. &c.

GILDING AND SIGN WRITING,  
GRAINING, MARBLING AND INLAYING  
Executed by Mr. Greig, a specialty.

Seven First Prizes awarded in England, America and Canada.

742 CRAIG STREET. 742

**For First-Class**

STEAM ENGINES,

BOILERS AND PUMPS,  
SAW MILLS, SHINGLE MILLS,  
BARK MILLS, SHAFING,  
PULLIES, HANGERS AND GEARS,  
PATENT HAND AND POWER HOISTS,

Address  
GEO. BRUSH,  
EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL.

ALSO AGENT FOR

Warrick's Patent Universal Steam Engines.

Waters' Perfect Steam Governor.

Fitzgibbon's Patent Tube Bearer.

Heald & Sisco's Centrifugal Pumps.

**ALLAN LINE.**

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the conveyance of **CANADIAN & UNITED STATES MAILS**

**1878. Summer Arrangements. 1878.**

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powerful, Clyde-built, Double-engine Iron Steamships:

Vessels.	Tonnage.	Commanders.
Sardinian	4100	Lt. J. E. Dutton, R.N.R.
Circassian	4300	Capt. James Wylie.
Polynesian	4100	Capt. Brown.
Sarmatian	3600	Capt. A. D. Aird.
Hibernian	3434	Lt. F. Archer, R.N.R.
Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
Scandinavian	3000	Capt. Richardson.
Prussian	3000	Capt. R. S. Watts.
Austrian	2700	Capt. H. Wylie.
Nestorian	2700	Capt. Barclay.
Moravian	2650	Capt. Graham.
Peruvian	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Manitoban	2700	Capt. McDougall.
Nova Scotian	3200	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Canadian	2600	Capt. Niel McLean.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Menzies.
Acadian	1350	Capt. Cabel.
Waldensian	2800	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Phoenician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Newfoundland	1500	Capt. Mylins.

**THE STEAMERS OF THE**

**LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,**

sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY (calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland), are intended to be despatched

**FROM QUEBEC:**

Circassian	Saturday, June 29
Moravian	Saturday, July 6
Peruvian	Saturday, July 13
Sardinian	Saturday, July 20
Polynesian	Saturday, July 27
Sarmatian	Saturday, Aug. 3
Circassian	Saturday, Aug. 10

**Rates of Passage from Quebec:**

Cabin	\$70 or \$80
(According to accommodation.)	
Intermediate	\$40.00
Steerage via Halifax	\$25.00

The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from Quebec for the Clyde on or about every Thursday:

Waldensian	Thursday, June 27
Phoenician	Thursday, July 4
Corinthian	Thursday, July 11

The steamers of the Halifax Line will leave Halifax for St. John's, N.F., and Liverpool as follows:

Nova Scotian	July 9
Hibernian	July 23
Caspian	Aug. 6
Nova Scotian	Aug. 20
Hibernian	Sept. 3
Caspian	Sept. 17
Nova Scotian	Oct. 1
Hibernian	Oct. 15

**Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:—**

Cabin	\$20.00
Steerage	\$6.00

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.

Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada via Halifax and the Intercolonial Railway.

For Freight or other particulars apply in Portland to H. & A. Allan, or to J. L. Farmer; in Quebec, to Allan, Rae & Co.; in Havre, to John M. Currie, 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris, to Gustave Bossange, Rue du Quatre Septembre; in Antwerp, to Aug. Schmitz & Co.; or Richard Berns; in Rotterdam, to Ruys & Co.; in Hamburg, to C. Hugo; in Bordeaux, to James Moss & Co.; in Bremen, to Heirn Ruppel & Sons; in Belfast, to Charley & Malcolm; in London, to Montgomerie & Greenhorne, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow, to James and Alex. Allan, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool, to Allan Bros., James Street; in Chicago, to Allan & Co., 72 LaSalle Street.

H. & A. ALLAN,  
Cor. Youville and Common Sts., Montreal.



**WILLIAM E. SHAW,**  
GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:

**195 St. James Street, Montreal.**  
Best stand in the city.

**NEW PIANO WAREROOM**

ON

**ST. JAMES STREET.**

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

**On SATURDAY, the 6th Instant.**

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

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

**NEW YORK PIANO COMPANY,**  
183 ST. JAMES STREET.

**CANADA BRUSH WORKS,**

18 LITTLE ST. ANTOINE STREET,

MONTREAL.

ALBERT J. ULLEY,

**J. R. Cole,**

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER,  
677 CRAIG STREET,

(Opposite St. Lawrence Hall,) MONTREAL.

**MARY YOUNG,**

(Successor to James T. Young.)  
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,  
661 CRAIG STREET, - Corner of Bleury Street.

Custom Work a Specialty. Repairs punctually attended to. The best Dollar Boot in the city.

**CRESTS AND MONOGRAMS.**

STAMPING FROM DIES.

1,000 IMPRESSIONS IN BRILLIANT COLOURS  
on Paper and Envelopes for \$2.50, at  
Scott's Die-Stamping and Engraving Offices,  
570 and 572 1/2 Craig street.



**ELOCUTION.**

MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give LESSONS in ELOCUTION at No. 58 Victoria street.

Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Private Lessons if preferred.

Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.

**WINGATE'S GINGER WINE.**

A SPLENDID BEVERAGE.

TRY IT.

**W. REIPERT & SON,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

**HATTERS AND FURRIERS,**

Silk and Felt Hats of all descriptions, at lowest prices.

99 and 103 St. Lawrence Street,

MONTREAL.

**ROBERTSON & CO.,**

UNDERTAKERS,

No. 47 Bleury Street.

Office Desks and Jobbing a Specialty.

"GOOD BOOKKEEPING, to a man of business, is equal to one-half of his capital."—Mr. Commissioner Fonblanque, Court of Bankruptcy, London.  
**DAY'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, TORONTO,** (Established 1862), a select Business School for young men. Advantages offered: Individual and thorough instruction by an experienced Accountant, and course of study arranged to meet the capacity of pupils. For terms address, prepaid, JAMES E. DAY, College Rooms, 96 King Street West Toronto.

**THOS. RUSSELL & SON,**

WHOLESALE WATCH

Manufacturers,

CHURCH STREET,

Liverpool.



CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSE:

57 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

ROBT. CUTHBERT, Manager.

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.,**  
Brewers and Maltsters.

SUPERIOR PALE AND BROWN MALT,

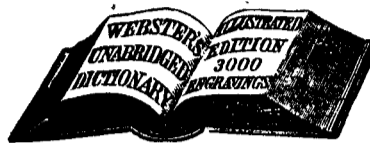
India Pale and Other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout, in wood and bottle.

**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.  
James Rowan - - - - - 152 St. Urbain street.  
Wm. Bishop - - - - - 697 1/2 St. Catherine street.  
Thos. Kinsella - - - - - 144 Ottawa street.  
C. Maisonneuve - - - - 588 St. Dominique street.

**A NATIONAL STANDARD.**



WEBSTER'S

**UNABRIDGED.**

3000 Engravings; 1840 Pages Quarto.

10,000 Words and Meanings not in other Dictionaries

**FOUR PAGES COLOURED PLATES. A WHOLE LIBRARY IN ITSELF. INVALUABLE IN ANY FAMILY AND IN ANY SCHOOL.**

Published by

G. & C. MERRIAM, - SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Warmly indorsed by Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Geo. P. Marsh, Halleck, Whittier, Willis, Saxe, Elihu Burritt, Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate, H. Coleridge, Smart, Horace Mann, more than fifty College Presidents, and the best American and European Scholars.

Contains ONE-FIFTH more matter than any other, the smaller type giving much more on a page.

Contains 3000 Illustrations, nearly three times as many as any other Dictionary.

LOOK AT the three pictures of a Ship, on page 1751,—these alone illustrate the meaning of more than 100 words and terms far better than they can be defined in words.

More than 30,000 copies have been placed in the public schools of the United States.

Recommended by 23 State Superintendents of Schools and more than 50 College Presidents.

Has about 10,000 words and meanings not in other Dictionaries.

Embodies about 100 years of literary labour, and is several years later than any other large Dictionary.

The sale of Webster's Dictionaries is 10 times as great as the sale of any other series of Dictionaries.

"August 4, 1877. The Dictionary used in the Government Printing Office is Webster's Unabridged."

Is it not rightly claimed that WEBSTER is

**THE NATIONAL STANDARD?**

**"SALYCILIC CHARCOAL TOOTH SOAP.**

(Trade Mark.)  
For Cleaning the Teeth, giving Sweetness to the Breath, and Refreshment to the Mouth. This compound Tooth Soap is one of the results of the new discoveries in Chemistry, and is now presented for the first time to the public.

It will not be advertised, but will depend upon its extraordinary merits for its success. The Druggist selling it is authorized to return the purchase money to any not perfectly satisfied.

Children using the Soap will secure for themselves sound teeth in old age, and freedom from tooth-ache in their youth. The Salycilic Soap prevents the formation of animalcules on the teeth. The Salycilic Soap does not injure the mucous membranes of the mouth, as is the case with liquid dentrifices. The Salycilic Tooth Soap frees the breath from the odour of tobacco, &c. The Salycilic Soap is most refreshing in fevers. The Salycilic Soap prevents the evil effects of confectionery, &c., on the teeth. This Tooth Soap will be found convenient for travellers, as it is compact and easily used. It removes foul breath from decayed teeth. It is recommended especially for artificial teeth and plates. The Soap is clean and does not stain

For sale at the Druggists.

**DEATH TO INSECTS!**

LIFE TO PLANTS!

(Trade Mark.)

**LYMAN'S PHOSPHOROUS SOAP,**

For destroying INSECTS and WORMS on PLANTS and SEEDS.

Gives vigor to Plants, produces fine bloom. Keeps Grape Vines clear, and increases the size and flavor of the berry.

Nothing equal to it for cabbages and melon.

It is the only Poison that destroys the Colorado Bug by contact. It does not injure the potato.

For sale at the Druggists.

"The Culexifuge is indeed an Insect-Driver, for amid clouds of Mosquitoes I fished unharmed."

[TRADE MARK.]

**CULEXIFUGE,**

—OR—

**SPORTSMAN'S FRIEND;**

A SURE PROTECTION

Against the attacks of Mosquitoes, Black Flies, Fleas and Ants. In pocket bottles.

For sale by J. A. Harte, C. J. Covernton, corner of Bleury and Dorchester streets, and Kerry, Watson & Co.

**ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.**

**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.**

In the matter of

JOHN YOUNG,

An Insolvent.

The undersigned will sell by Public Auction within the office of EVANS & RIDDELL, Western Chambers, No. 22 St. John Street, on

**SATURDAY Next, the Thirteenth instant, at TWELVE o'clock noon.**

the following lot of Real Estate, viz:—

A Lot of Land situate in the St. Louis Ward of the City of Montreal, known as the South-east part of lot No. (864) eight hundred and sixty-four on the official plan of the said Ward, with a good Brick Shed thereon erected.

EDWARD EVANS,

Official Assignee.

Office of EVANS & RIDDELL,  
22 St. John street,  
Montreal, 8th July, 1878.

**INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.**

In the Matter of

ADOLPHE STEENCKEN, of the City of Montreal, Insolvent.

A Writ of Attachment has issued in this matter, and the creditors are notified to meet at my office, No. 22 St. John street, in the City of Montreal, on SATURDAY, the THIRTEENTH DAY OF JULY NEXT, at ELEVEN o'clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs, to appoint an assignee, if they see fit, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

EDWARD EVANS,

Assignee.

Office of EVANS & RIDDELL,  
22 St. John street,  
Montreal, June 26, 1878.

**GEO. BOND & CO.,**

SHIRT AND COLLAR MAKERS,

Shirts made to order, and a good fit guaranteed.

**415 NOTRE DAME STREET**

Opposite Thompson's Hat Store.

**RICHELIEU**

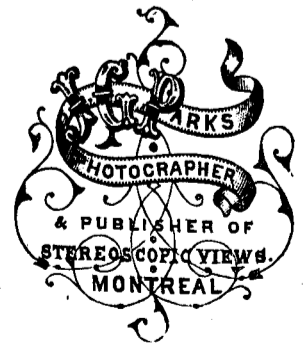
RENAL WATER,

For the relief and cure of diseases of the Urinary Organs, such as Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Inflammation of the Bladder and Kidneys, Calculus or Stone in the Bladder, Albuminaria, Irritability of the Bladder with pain while voiding urine, Gout, Rheumatism, &c., &c.

**WAX FLOWERS.**—The largest Stock of Wax and Materials in the Dominion, will be found at the GLASGOW DRUG HALL. Teachers supplied on liberal terms. Country orders promptly filled.

**HOMCEPATHY.**—A full Stock of Fresh and Genuine Medicines always on hand. Also, Books, Humphrey's Specifics, Pond's Extract and Witch Hazel.

J. A. HARTE, Druggist,  
No. 400 Notre Dame Street.



**"THE FRUIT OF THE VINE."**

(Trade Mark.)  
Unfermented Wine, made from Canada Grapes, Contains no Alcohol. For Medical and Sacramental purposes. It forms a refreshing and nutritious beverage. It may be largely diluted with water. For sale by leading Druggists and Grocers. Lyman Brothers, Toronto; Thos. Crathern, Montreal; Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal; S. J. Lyman, 230 St. James Street.