

# The Canadian Spectator.

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SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1878.

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## The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

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## The Canadian Spectator.

Contents of Number Eighteen:

- THE TIMES.
- THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OKA INDIANS.
- THE OKA INDIANS, by W. Geo. Beers.
- THE BUSINESS SITUATION, by Alpha.
- ECHOES OF THE PULPIT, by the Rev. A. J. Bray.
- THE FUTURE LIFE, by Henry Wilkes, D.D., LL.D.
- THE VERIEST BLACKLEG, by Sydney Rob-johns.
- CORRESPONDENCE.
- THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT, by the author of "Patty."
- OUR QUESTIONERS.
- CURRENT LITERATURE.

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MOSES, the Legislator.

ANTHEM—

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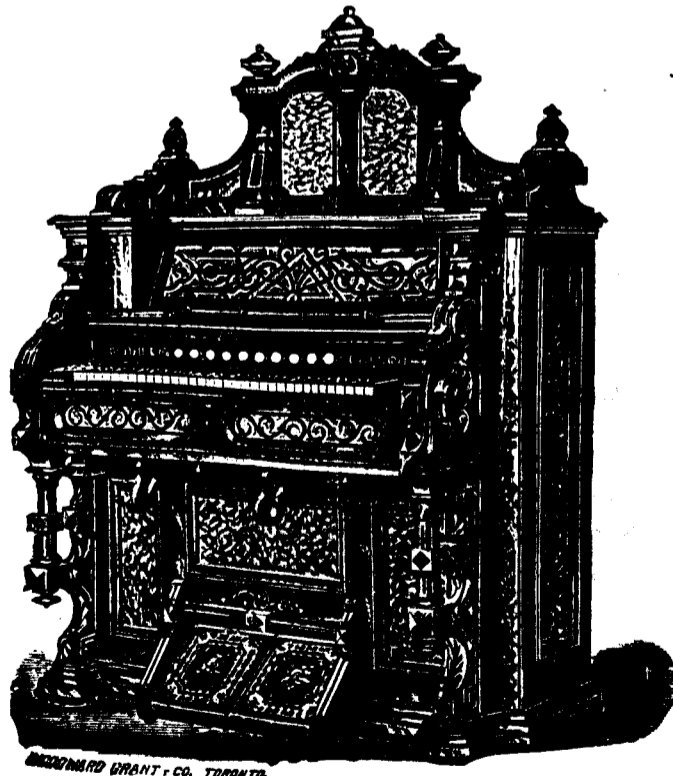
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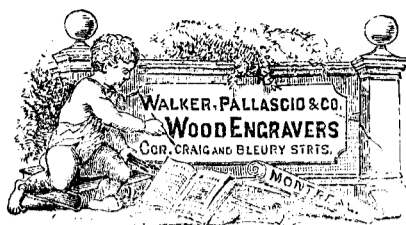
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# The Canadian Spectator.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. I., NO. 19.

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THE TIMES.  
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&c. &c. &c.

## THE TIMES.

The Ottawa Parliament has run its sessional course and come to an end. It has done some good work, and some work not good at all. We have not time and space now to pass the whole under review, but hope to do so next week at some length.

The Earl and Countess of Dufferin continue to receive many tokens of our regret at their near departure from us.

The Rev. P. B. Morgan, for many years rector of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, Cincinnati (the most flourishing Episcopal church in that city), announced his resignation on Sunday evening last, and his purpose to unite himself with the Reformed Episcopal Church. He assigns as the cause of the change his objection to the tolerant attitude of the Protestant Episcopal Church to Ritualism.

The Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church have issued a protest against the establishment of a Papal Hierarchy in Scotland. The city crowds took a more violent way of showing their wrath.

It is reported that the Pope is about to present to Queen Victoria the gift of the Golden Rose as a mark of gratitude for her non-interference with his re-establishment of the Scottish Hierarchy. The Queen will do well to think twice before she accepts it, for the Golden Roses of the late Pio Nono carried bad luck with them in pretty much every case.

Father Hyacinthe is now in Paris, where he will remain at least for the summer, if not permanently. Visitors to the Exhibition will have an opportunity to hear the great French orator. The hostile attitude of the government, which for a long time tried to shut him out, or to keep him silent, by putting every restriction on his coming and his speaking, is entirely changed since the republicans have obtained the complete mastery. He is now not only permitted to come, but the government offers him the use of the vast Hall of the Exhibition, wishing him to speak there, which he will do during May and June. Père Monsabré, the successor of Père Hyacinthe in Notre Dame, is of the Dominican Order, a fiery orator and a determined foe of modern infidelity. His sermons, which are mainly expository, winding up with a passionate outburst of appeal, have been for years founded on the Church creed, in the examination of which he has only got beyond the opening clause: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord."

The war cloud broods over England, but does not break, and peace may yet be preserved. Preparations for the worst go on apace, and England gains most by the delay. Russia has an enormous army in the field which must be fed by a bankrupt country: England has command of almost endless resources in money, and men are coming as fast as they are needed. Diplomacy is almost at a stand-still, not knowing what to do. We still have cause to hope that the Eastern problem will be solved without the arbitrament of the sword.

## MR. THOS. WHITE AND THE GOLD MEDAL.

In last week's issue of the SPECTATOR we made what we supposed at the time was a very harmless remark, to the effect that Mr. White had given "a gold medal to the Christian Brothers' School." It was

done in good faith, for the information was given by a gentleman whose word Mr. White has taken on far more serious matters; and it was confirmed at the time by two gentlemen present. Not seeing that there could be any malice or possible slander in it we inserted it, with the intention of showing that after all our leaders may do, or try to do, there is a public opinion in the Province which will take its own way when the time comes. Whereupon Mr. White gets into a passion, and tears said passion to tatters. He denies that he ever did such a thing, and calls it a slander to say so. Now, we can understand that Mr. White was especially sensitive at the time, and not in the best of humours. The party he so ably represents and so skilfully leads had just suffered something very like a defeat. And it is rather trying to any one, who has not reached actual sainthood, to be made fun of when he is pulling down his flag. On that account we very much regret the remark. There really was no malice in it, and no intention to slander; perhaps we should have waited for the feeling of chagrin to pass away, for we always like to treat the unfortunate with gentleness.

But why should Mr. White have called it a slander? We can see nothing approaching so black and foul a thing in it. If Mr. White had given a gold medal to a School, Catholic or Protestant, he would have done a good and meritorious thing in the eyes of many. It cannot be wrong to encourage education anywhere and everywhere. We fear that many Catholics will not quite like the hot way in which Mr. White has resented the imputation; and certainly the Grits will make a handle of it at the next general election. On that account we regret our remark still more, for we have not yet thrown in our lot with the Grits.

As to the statement itself, Mr. White denies it from porch to altar, from foundation to roof. When a gentleman speaks so emphatically we are bound to give him absolute credence. Those who originally gave us the information said: Why the boy's name who had won the medal was given in the papers. Still, they have not found those reports in the papers, and we hasten to believe Mr. White. It may yet happen that a medal was given, only not a *gold* one, and not to the Christian Brothers' School. For example, here is a report to this effect: "St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society, Ottawa, met Sunday, 5th August, 1877, to give prizes won. The only Protestant donor was Mr. Thos. White." We think it probable that there may be some other reports of a similar kind, and that the information given to us, though not absolutely correct, as to the particular school and the particular kind of medal, is not without foundation. Meantime we have thrown the burden of proof upon our informants, and they promise to report further. For ourselves, we accept the statement that Mr. White did not give a gold medal to the Christian Brothers' School, and we regret having made the statement, since Mr. White considers it so grave and slanderous a matter.

But we must be permitted to rebuke Mr. White for importing into this question wholly irrelevant matter. When he accuses the Editor of the SPECTATOR of the "habit of slander," he says what he knows to be untrue, and what he would not have said had he thought seriously of it; but when he appeals to the Editor's congregation, he manifests a temper of spitefulness quite unworthy of his position and culture. The object was to cause a division in the congregation at Zion Church; but there is not a member of that congregation capable of being moved by such a matter. The Rev. A. J. Bray's congregation can no more be held, and no more hold themselves, responsible for any utterances in the SPECTATOR than the congregation of St. George's Church hold themselves responsible for, or affected by, the conduct of the *Gazette*. The congregation at Zion are not likely to consult Mr. White as to the position their pastor shall hold toward them, and we must beg Mr. White not to meddle where he has no business.

One other favour we would beg—that the Editor of the *Gazette* will not allow the Editor of the SPECTATOR to be attacked under a *nom de plume*. We exercise that courtesy toward all men. Many letters have been sent to us this week in criticism of Mr. White, but being anonymous, not one of them will appear in the SPECTATOR. We ask and hope to receive, the courtesy we show, as that is the best way to promote good and sound journalism, and a healthy public opinion.

In conclusion, we beg to assure Mr. White of our friendly feelings toward him, and hope that he will not regard us too opposed to his private or public welfare.

## THE ORANGEMEN AND PUBLIC PEACE.

The twelfth of July next rises before the eyes of all order-loving people in the city of Montreal as a grim spectre much to be feared. Many would be glad if the day could be dropped out of the calendar, for they connect with it most tragic scenes of fire and blood. There is a great deal of exaggeration in all this, and the fear and shaking men experience in their bones are the result of a generally overwrought imagination. Matters are not so bad as some would have us think; and all this talk about tourists being kept away from the city, and consequent loss of trade, is nothing short of absolute nonsense. Tourists are not likely to pay nocturnal visits to Point St. Charles, nor will they prowl about the dark corners of the east end of the city. Still less is it likely that there will be an open and general riot either by night or by day.

Still, there is matter for grave apprehension. Cowardly ruffians slink about at night doing their deadly work, and it is threatened that if the Orangemen walk on the 12th of July a terrible revenge will be taken on them.

Now let us look at this matter calmly. There are in this Dominion three hundred and fifteen thousand Orangemen, numbering among them many of our most respectable members of society. The Orange body has given no particular trouble to Parliament or police in the past, as far as we can find. The organization is religious and political, with some very well-defined ideas as to the rights which pertain to civil and religious matters. We have no record of its having persecuted any sect or party. For years the Orangemen of Montreal were content to celebrate their *fete* day without a procession through the streets. But when an intolerant spirit began to appear on the part of the Catholics, the Orangemen thought they had better take the rights that belonged to them and march in procession on the anniversary day. At once they were threatened with most direful consequences, and all the city was in a state of alarm. At length the Orangemen gracefully yielded the point, and decided not to have a procession. But peace did not follow. The rowdy Catholics determined otherwise. The murder of Hackett and the after miscarriage of justice are well known. Not the Orangemen, but the action of Coroner Jones and the Grand Jury brought about the state of things now existing. Without question some of the later difficulties have arisen from the Orange Young Britons, who have been roused to the point of retaliation, but they did not begin it.

And now it is assumed by most parties that the Orangemen are the original offenders, and the Catholics put on the air of aggrieved and injured people. We want peace, but we must be just, and blame those who most deserve it. Had the Orangemen been let alone last July we should have heard nothing of marching this year. They have been defied and threatened and blamed until it ceases to be a wonder that they should determine to have a procession. We are opposed to that procession, and to every other procession. Everything of the kind is a nuisance. But, why they of all men and orders should be blamed, it is difficult to see. True, it is not needful that they should walk through the streets—but then, neither is it needful that the Catholics should have a procession on Corpus Christi day. The English and French Catholics find that they can celebrate the festival without one, and why cannot the Catholics of the Province of Quebec? Surely their religious zeal does not depend upon numbers. Even now, if the Catholics would concede the point, and say:—We will consent to the abolition of all public processions in the interests of good order: we believe the Orangemen would accept the compromise, and not walk on the 12th July. But we can hardly expect that they shall do all the yielding.

The appeal of the Protestant clergy of Montreal to the Orange body was dignified and earnest, although perhaps, a little weak. At any rate, it was made with the best of intentions. The Orangemen's answer was, we think, ill-advised, and bordering on the flippant. The reference to our Lord's last entry into Jerusalem in a procession, to the chagrin of the priests and Pharisees of that day, was worse than absurd—it was an outrage on good taste and reverence. The appeal to law was much better than the appeal to the Gospel. But to the document sent by the Catholic English-speaking clergy of Montreal we take most grave and serious objection. It is not calculated to make for peace, but to make for war of a most determined kind. The priests go upon the assumption that the Catholics have always been insulted and attacked, and then they go on to say what amounts to a serious threat and a provocation to a disturbance of the peace, viz., that if the Orangemen are not stopped most dreadful results will follow.

Mr. Devlin, in the House of Commons, has assumed the same tone. For the patriotic speech he made on Saturday last, and the effort to perfect the measure Mr. Blake introduced, he is worthy of much praise. None know better than he the result of a stirring appeal to a jury, and taking counsel of experience, he advised the House to insert a clause in the Peace Preservation Act giving summary jurisdiction to the Magistrate in the case of persons arrested for using revolvers. But it is a sad pity that Mr. Devlin should have gone on to say that if the Orangemen walk on the 12th of July there will be a

disturbance and, perhaps, loss of life. How does he know that such things will follow? It almost forces upon us the inference that, after all, the leaders have a great deal to say in the matter and can control the issue. Such language is to be deplored, for it puts the Orangemen into the position of having to walk to vindicate their courage, or yielding to threats—which they will not do. Far better to withdraw all such threats, appeal to their concern for the peace of the city, ask them to yield something to the education and prejudices of their fellow-countrymen; tell them that while by their procession they may not mean to give offence, yet it would be taken as offence; that the highest and noblest assertion of liberty is the act of giving up a right which is legal in the interests of a moral expediency; that they would gain in the estimation of all whose esteem is worth the having if they would now rescind their resolutions to walk; that they would be held as braver, truer, better men for it; but that if they walk they shall be protected: and there is every reason to believe that they would once again sacrifice their opinion to keep the peace. No one can doubt their courage; no one has reason to question their ability to protect themselves—but we would say to the Orangemen: Gentlemen, there is a higher virtue than courage—it is generosity; in the interests of others we ask you to exercise that.

But, procession or no procession, peace must be preserved and rowdyism must be mastered. The Mayor's ludicrous idea of the van is not worth a moment's discussion, and we still call for more police and special constables.

## THE NEW YORK "HERALD" ON THE UNITED STATES AND RUSSIA.

The New York *Herald* babbles about the Eastern Question in a style peculiarly its own. A chance has come for it to show antipathy to England, and the thing is done with eagerness. It claims a beautiful and touching friendship for Russia on behalf of the whole American people. And the tender plant is by no means a recent growth saith the *Herald*; it existed during the Crimean war, and in the olden times before that. In truth, it never but once got shadowed, and then only for an hour, when Russia interfered in the Austro-Hungarian struggle. In a recent article it says: "Our ancient, persistent and almost affectionate friendship for Russia, which has steadily been maintained without break or interruption, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in international history." Yes, verily. Only the two words, "remarkable phenomena," could describe it. The writing is beautiful, "real elegant," the reason is sublime. This is it—the reason—"The institutions of the two great countries thus linked in constant friendship are diametrically opposite. Russia is the great modern exemplar of despotism, and the United States of democracy." But still, although opposed to each other in principles and practice, they have a mutual friendship which "can be accounted for on solid and rational principles." That is certainly among the "remarkable phenomena" of international history.

And here are "the solid and rational principles" on which the people of the United States are asked to hate England and love and help Russia. Russia did not interfere with the United States during the civil war; assured the American Government of her good will; recognized "our Monroe doctrine"; "made a voluntary retirement from America by the sale of Alaska to the United States." Splendid all of it; "remarkable phenomena" indeed. That Alaska transaction borders on the heroic, only that there are a considerable number of people who would be glad to oblige the United States at the same price.

But, "another ground of American sympathy with Russia is our ability to enter perfectly into her point of view with reference to the outlets from the Euxine into the Mediterranean." That *entrance into a point* is another of the "remarkable phenomena" which only the *Herald* could accomplish. But the reason is forceful, for the Americans were "once in a similar predicament"—had to get possession of the lower part of the Mississippi and its whole western bank, which belonged to foreign powers. So that given—a river and an inland people wanting to get command of the mouth of it, and the sympathy of the United States will flow toward that people for ever.

Some portions of the ancient Britons once had to struggle for the banks and the mouth of the Thames. England awhile ago set all her slave population free: during the civil war in the States a majority of the English people sympathized with the North: the British Government submitted to arbitration in the Alabama case and paid the Geneva award: it has striven hard and sacrificed something to maintain friendly relations with the States, but all that is nothing in the estimation of the *Herald*. The Democrat clasps hands with the Despot and they swear eternal friendship—because the Despot is afraid of England, and the Democrat is envious.

In this we take comfort: the *Herald* does not represent the American people in this matter—not even a respectable minority of them. The *Herald* is in truth itself one of the "remarkable phenomena" to be found at times on this continent.



## THE SEMINARY AND THE OKA INDIANS.

SIR,—I regret that through, to us, unforeseen circumstances, the gentleman appointed by the Civil Rights Alliance Committee to prepare a reply to the Superintendent General's letter of the 23rd March, and which you transmitted to me here, was prevented from performing that duty. His lack of service will, however, be rendered by another gentleman, who, I have reason to believe, will ere long forward to you the reply that Committee desire to lay before the Superintendent General.

I may observe that at the earliest moment practicable the Committee of the Methodist Missionary Society (that branch of it having the supervision of the French and Indian Missions of the Montreal Conference) of Montreal, and that of the Civil Rights Alliance, were convened, when they gave to the communication the attention which its importance demanded; and although they are distinct committees, and met at different times and places, yet they perfectly agreed as to the nature of the reply which should be made to it.

It is right I should say here that if the gentlemen of these committees, and many others whom they represent, manifest a deep interest in the welfare of the Indians of Oka, it is because they believe they were thrown most providentially upon them, hence they have acted in their behalf in a variety of ways, and in a number of instances, the bare record of which would make quite a volume, and would, I am satisfied, fully justify them before the world for interposing their judgment on any settlement that might be offered for the acceptance of the Indians. Beyond doing this (which they regard it a duty to do), they have not desired nor attempted to go.

It is with much surprise that we perceive the Superintendent General quotes from the argument of the Hon. M. Langevin in defending the claims of the Seminary. This he does, when he says the gentlemen of the Seminary "are not Trustees for the Indians, but are the absolute proprietors of the land." That such a statement could be made by Mr. Langevin is scarcely accounted for even by his well known devotion to the wishes of the clergy of his church, seeing that in the ordinance of 1840, which purposes only to confirm the titles of the Seminary, there is the declaration that such confirmation was "*under and subject to terms, provisos, conditions and limitations,*" which "*were fully and formally agreed to and accepted by the said ecclesiastics of the said Seminary of St. Sulpice, of Montreal.*" The assertion of M. Langevin, therefore, of absolute proprietorship, when conditions and limitations, terms and provisos are clearly expressed and acknowledged, is a contradiction, if not an absurdity; and so obviously so, that no thoughtful man, I venture to affirm, should allow himself to utter it; and the greater reflection is it in this instance, for in reading the papers in the case, as doubtless he did, he must have been aware of the following facts:—That the lands were granted in the interests of the Indians, and not in those of the Seminary; and that the Seminary can only claim from them—as indeed from all their immense estates—"the support and maintenance of the members of the Corporation, its officers and servants;" while any surplus of their income beyond the objects specified in the ordinance may be applied for "*the support of such other religious, charitable, and educational institutions as may from time to time be approved and sanctioned by the person administering the Government of the Province for the time being, and for no other objects, purposes or interests whatsoever.*"

There is an idea suggested by certain words used by the Superintendent General in the letter to which I am replying,—viz., that we wish to obtain for the Indians the entire and exclusive possession of the Seigniories. The words which I think convey this idea are: "And that no suit against the Seminary, with a view to obtain possession of the property for the Indians could be successful." But the position we maintain for the Seminary is simply this, and no more: That a community of interests exist in the Seigniories of the Lake of Two Mountains and St. Placide between the Seminary and the Indians; that they were given originally for a Mission to these Indians, in which residence and maintenance are clearly and fully implied; and that as a Mission implies the existence of two parties, the teachers and the taught, therefore they (the lands) are held for the maintenance of both parties alike. For the Seminary, being but one party in the Mission, to seek to possess and dispose of the whole of the property, is an injustice for which they should be held accountable, and of the property, is an injustice for which they should be held accountable, and of the manner they have acted on this assumption, in the management of these lands, and the sufferings and privations to which they have subjected these Indians, and the sufferings and privations to which they have subjected these Indians, and they should be—and may yet be—prosecuted for heavy damages. It is being coming the deep and serious conviction of many persons that such an action is loudly called for; and perhaps this form of pressing the matter of title is the best one for reaching a speedy and satisfactory solution of this knotty question. M. Garneau, the French and Roman Catholic historian of Canada, gives much weight to this conclusion when he says "The Jesuits" (and his remarks apply as fully to the St. Sulpicians and the Recollets) "*were only depositaries of that property, since it had been given them by the King of France for educating the people, and the instruction of the savages of New France.*" And here I will add, with such facts before us as these I now give, it will not seem surprising to you that we pay but little attention to the judgment of the Hon. M. Langevin in this case, high as his qualifications may be thought to be, to give a judgment in this or any other question of a strictly legal character.

Nor should it be without weight with the Government and those friends who are taking so great an interest in the affairs of these Indians, that with them is a large and deeply sympathizing community, not only in all parts of the Dominion, but in many portions of the parent land, who would never excuse us were we to become a party to such a compromise of the Indians' claims and rights as to give so great—nay, the entire—advantage to the Seminary as the present proposed arrangement unquestionably would do. We are compelled, therefore, to press our conclusions, viz., that if the Seminary will not pay a just compensation to these Indians for leaving Oka, and them (the Seminary) in the full and undisturbed possession of the lands in question, or at least pay what a commission of impartial and intelligent gentlemen might decide upon, then a suit at law should be entered and pressed by the Government with the utmost determination, as that by a competent authority a just judgment as to the relative claims of each party would then be reached, and an irritating and dangerous

conflict of opinion and feeling be brought to a proper if not to a satisfactory settlement.

The Superintendent-General says: "More than two years ago Mr. Borland and those associated with him were given an opportunity of bringing a test case before the Courts, but up to the present moment they have neglected or at least failed to do so, leaving the Department to draw the obvious inference that their counsel is not of opinion such a suit would succeed." To this statement it is only necessary to say that from the hour the authority was given by the Government, through the late Mr. Howe, to bring a case into Court to test the question of title as between the Indians and the Seminary to the present moment, it has been kept before the Courts so far as it was possible for the friends of the Indians to do so. Several reasons might be assigned for our failure in reaching the much desired point to the present, but assuredly they do not lay against us. Every expedient that a fertile brain, a pliable conscience, and immense wealth could devise and execute has been employed by the Seminary and their lawyers with no other conceivable object than to prevent the question from being even entertained, much less decided, by the Courts. That such is no misstatement of their policy will be readily inferred from the following fact: Mr. Maclaren and Mr. Geoffrion (the latter gentleman is the Seminary's lawyer in the city, and by no means chargeable, I am happy in saying, with the conduct so reprehended above,) agreed that as the case now contested had become so clogged by other questions as to preclude all hope of an early decision upon it by the Courts, a new one should be taken up, which, being untrammelled by anything extraneous to it, could the more readily be pressed as the test case, and thus the question be brought to an early conclusion. But when the proposition was put before the gentlemen of the Seminary, they at once declined to accede to it, and hence it fell through. But may we not infer from this act, and especially when with it we look at the obstacles they are ever throwing in the way to clog the process of the present case, that they very much fear the decision of the Courts would be against them; and, therefore, that their title is by no means, in their estimation, the reliable thing they affect to regard it?

Again, we are told by the Superintendent-General that were the case brought into Court and the result adverse to the Indians, then "in that event the Indians would receive nothing." But an adverse result, and that after a full and proper hearing of the case—the case, I say, not one based upon a claim as extreme in one direction as is that of the Seminary on the opposite, but the case as implying a party right in the lands of these Seigniories, and which lies within the consistently explained terms of the original grants—we do not for a moment fear. But even then, assuming that the adverse judgment were to be given, I may well ask, Are these the only Indians in our Dominion who have no claim for a provision in land to be made for them? An adverse result in the Courts would at least show that for these Indians no provision had to the present been made. Shall we not account for this by the supposition that to the Governments of our country, as to the people generally—yes, not excluding even the Seminary itself, until very recently—the impression was deep and controlling that in the lands of the Lake of Two Mountains, &c., provision had already been made? And surely, with such facts before us, we will not conclude with the Superintendent-General that in the event of an adverse result in the Courts "the Indians would receive nothing."

Again, we are asked, In the event of an adverse result to the Indians from a suit at law, "are they" (the friends of the Indians) "prepared to bear the loss and to make up to the Indians an amount equal to that which the gentlemen of the Seminary now offer?" Our reply is, If such should be the case—a circumstance we have but little fear of—the friends of the Indians would do for them everything in their power, having little doubt but that they could without much difficulty make their condition quite as tolerable as by the Seminary it has been made for many years past. The gentlemen of the Seminary in the offer they now make, and especially in the manner in which they make it, show very clearly that they feel themselves the masters of the position. Not from the conviction they hold of the legal bearings of their case; but from other reasons which many are not slow in naming, but of which I need not here be more particular in referring to.

A point very material for the Government, as for many others to know, is—the Indians have always had a strong aversion to the idea of leaving Oka, and never have consented to do so until lately, and that in the strong representations their friends made to them of the prospects of their doing so. Our success in this particular was not attained, but after a series of most painful annoyances they were made to endure from the Seminary and their agents, they then consented to remove, if suitable lands were allotted them. An assurance to that effect I was authorized to give them, and all hoped that now, or very soon, they would be placed beyond the reach of the Seminary and their hired ruffians for further annoyance. But an unforeseen, and certainly an unexpected, occurrence arose that blasted this fair prospect, and that was in the Government refusing to give us the land we had selected—in other words—they failed to fulfil the promise they had made to us. The whole thing therefore ended in most painful disappointment, and has, as a consequence, made a deep impression that no ordinary responsibility rests upon those who would ever again counsel and invite to another removal, and which should not be done but under circumstances that give a full and reasonable promise of an equitable and successful result.

When I said, in my former letter, that in any sum the Seminary might be required to pay, provision should be made for a church, a school-house and a parsonage, I was quite aware that means for the erection of such buildings was ordinarily (though not always, I venture to imagine) "entirely at variance with the well-settled policy of the Department." Still, I think I was justified in alluding to this, inasmuch as such buildings had been procured for the Indians at Oka by the Methodist Missionary Society, and therefore, on the Indians leaving Oka, they would be left with the Seminary. It is true, the church no longer exists, but we have an action pending for the value of the church, and for the damages accruing from its demolition, which, upon a settlement, according to the present offer, would have to be withdrawn. I think I did not propose anything inconsistent with the duty of the Government when I made the suggestion referred to.

To another particular in the Superintendent's letter I must not omit a reference. It is the following:—"If an early and favourable conclusion to these negotiations is not arrived at, it is the intention of the Department to withdraw

their agent from the Seignior, and leave those who have interfered to prevent the Government from exercising successfully their good offices with the Indians, the responsibility of any difficulty which may arise as a consequence." Such an action on the part for the Government would occasion very great regret in all the friends of the Indians, who know how wisely and effectively you have exerted an influence for good in the place. To the Seminary and their bullies, it would, beyond doubt, be a matter of joy, for then, untrammelled by the presence of an influential witness, they could, without much fear, prosecute their measures of annoyance and irritation, which evidently are leading elements in the settled policy of the Seminary towards these Indians. In view of these facts, I think the Superintendent-General should hesitate to take a step so fraught with undesirable consequences. But, much as we all would regret the course, the Government here threatens to adopt, we cannot agree to be parties in carrying out the present scheme towards the Indians, in the principal features of which we see so much to object against.

I remain, my dear sir,  
Yours, most truly,

To JOHN MCGIRR,  
Indian Agent, Oka. }

JOHN BORLAND.

### WHAT "THE MAN OF THE WORLD" THINKS.

There is a weekly newspaper published in London called *The Man of the World*. There are not perhaps a dozen people in Canada who have seen it, but it possesses a large interest to the men of the world in London. Its "make up" is similar to the *London Truth*, and it calls itself a "moral journal." Its articles appear to be well written, but leave behind them a sting far sharper than the *London Times*. The journal also devotes a portion of its space to Canadian affairs, and in a copy of its edition of April 6th there is an article headed "On the Rialto," with the quotation below it, "Now Barabbas was a robber." The burthen of this article is upon the Province of Quebec Government Bonds, (a pretty weighty burthen, truly,) and the dismissal of the late Ministry by the Lieutenant-Governor. The tendency of the article is seen in the first sentence: "We have repeatedly warned English investors of the dangerous nature of these bonds." It goes on to make extracts from the now famous memorandum of Mr. Letellier de St. Just, and then proceeds to apply "the moral" in the following language:—

"Sell every bond you hold, whether of Government or Municipality, of the Province of Quebec, and subscribe to no new loan for that country, under any seductive influences, whatever may be attempted by Morton, Rose & Co., and the Bank of Montreal. The Government of Quebec has borrowed £1,660,000 in this country. When the last loan of £680,000 was issued in the autumn of 1876, the *Times* (bearing in mind the solemn protests of Mr. Joly and his party against the reckless manner in which the Government were running the country into bankruptcy) warned the English public against the investment. Efforts were also made before the Committee of the Stock Exchange to prevent the loanmongers getting a settlement and quotation, on the grounds, amongst others, that the prospectus contained statements which were untrue, and that the money was being obtained ostensibly for one purpose, but about to be applied to another, and such was the fact, and *ex post facto* legislation was actually resorted to for the purpose of carrying the latter into effect."

Had the writer stopped here his article would have probably served the purpose it intended. But the venom had entered into his soul, so instead of letting "the well alone" he has sought to relieve himself of his spleen by libelling the proprietors of the *Gazette* in the following fashion:—

"There is a wretchedly corrupt and scurrilous broad sheet called the *Montreal Gazette*. It was formerly, and probably still is, the property of Sir Hugh Allan, the author of the notorious Pacific Railway Scandal; the man who entered into a contract for that work with the Government, and advanced them \$350,000 which was used for the purpose of carrying the elections. The *Gazette* was the abettor, and has continued to be the consistent advocate of that notorious transaction. The *Gazette* is the organ of the late Government, of which we may say *arcades ambo*, and was dreadfully irate at the *Times* venturing to caution the English public against the loan of 1876, but in its abuse of the gentleman who opposed the settlement and quotation on the Stock Exchange, the *Gazette* outdid itself and led to the belief that the Editor must have been recently harbouring with a skunk, and could not rid himself of the odour. \* \* \* \* \* The Government of Quebec is in debt to the people of this country £1,600,000, for which they pay interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and they are indebted to the Bank of Montreal in \$1,000,000, or £200,000, for which they pay 7 per cent. As to the question of security, all loans rank *pari passu* on the Government resources. Why, therefore, should the Government be able to borrow money at 5 per cent. where they are not known, while they cannot borrow under 7 per cent. where they are known?"

Then, as a parting shot, this apparently well-informed contributor to that "moral" journal concludes by telling us something about the ex-Solicitor-General's preferred hospitality to his London friends:—

"This gentleman, whilst in London, was very profuse in his invitations to Englishmen to call on him on their visit to Montreal. To everyone, he said, "Call and see me; you will find me at the bar of the St. Lawrence Hall."\* The invited naturally supposed that this meant the grand Hall of the Supreme Court of Justice, at least, but were much shocked to hear, after the departure of the Solicitor-General, that it was to the bar-room of a tavern \* \* \* \* \*

After promising to illustrate the "financial position of the city next week," the writer reports, upon the authority of the *Toronto Globe*, that 17,000 out of 27,000 municipal votes have been struck off the electoral roll on account of non-payment of taxes.

One would suppose after reading the above in this eminently respectable and moral journal, that shattering people's reputations is as popular in the "high-toned" London journals, as it is with some Canadian newspapers with no tone to speak of. Perhaps the writer is an investor who has lost heavily on Quebec Bonds, or, may be, which is more likely, an investor interested in wrecking private character, by which means broken-down scoundrels have realized large profits. But, whoever he is, his article bears the impress of a man seeking for revenge. Upon the theory that liars sometimes speak the truth by mistake, so it must be admitted that there are some grains of truth behind these statements. Not that anyone would for one moment believe that the talented editor of the *Gazette* would deliberately associate himself with any dishonest men or measures for private gain. For it is a fact highly creditable to that gentleman that during his political career, when party strife runs high and partisans are apt to become reckless in what they say, the public have yet

to hear the first breath of suspicion against the editor of the *Gazette*, whose integrity as a journalist will certainly compare with that of the editor of even so high-toned and moral a journal as *The Man of the World*. But since the issues of the Provincial elections, public opinion has undergone a change—a change startling but hopeful. The truth is, we are in this Province morally and politically a bankrupt people. And it would be well to face this truth, unpalatable though it be, manly and frankly. This city of Montreal is enjoying a character for rowdiness second to none on the Continent. We beat New York in this respect, and leave Chicago far in the shade; so Chicago, as a mark of its appreciation of our degraded tastes, sends us a troupe of *demi-mondes* to feast our senses, in the theatre on the Champ de Mars, under the very shadow of the City Hall, and we are told by our City Fathers that they are powerless and can do nothing but take the license fee and let other license run its course in a disgusting exhibition of profligacy, at which even Paris would blush with shame. Thanks to the inertness of our City Council, other features of Montreal rowdiness have been brought about by a false system of economy. (Why there is not another city on the continent, in proportion to its size, but what is taxed twice as heavily as Montreal.) And as a consequence, our peace is broken almost nightly by murderous assaults. No wonder, therefore, that our credit is impaired, for our honour, our resources and our politics are morally as zero. And yet the people clamour for Protection. Against what? Mostly against themselves. In England capitalists are beginning to weary of us. At home they bleed us. So we have to pay the price of our own folly with an additional two per cent. The political god is superior to all other considerations. If there is a "dodge" to be worked in the Council, the details are suppressed for political considerations. Reports are one-sided, and if the newspaper reader desires to glean anything like an impartial opinion he cannot do so, for the reason that he cannot obtain a fair statement of the case from any of the party journals. I honestly believe that had the people of the Province a journal that reported everything of public interest in a fair and square manner, it would pay. Unfortunately, we have not, and the result is that an election is decided rather by those who do *not* vote than by those who do. In the struggle for power our politicians lose their self-respect, and lay their failures at the door of the men of their own party who will not vote on issues they cannot conscientiously approve. They will not vote for Party at the expense of principle upon which they have to pay an interest too heavy to be borne much longer. National credit is synonymous with national salvation, and must have integrity to back it if either is to be sustained. Such is the present condition of things under which we exist, and we grope on in the dark waiting for "the ins" and "the outs" to deal with us as they will. And so it will remain until a higher school of thought supersedes the present condition of our local politics—a byword to the English Press and a reproach to ourselves. We may expect, therefore, to find that the political drama originated in the School of Scandal will terminate finally in the Beggars' Opera. It now remains to be seen if Mr. Joly will succeed in redeeming those promissory notes he has drawn upon the country. Was the Canadian National Society a mistake after all?

FRED. HAMILTON.

### EDUCATION FOR CANADIAN GIRLS.

It has been said that a speaker who thoroughly interests his hearers, holds them by the spell of his eloquence for a time, and sends them away just before they have heard enough, while they are indeed hanging upon his words and hungering for more, is certain to draw his audience together again and again, as surely as a magnet draws to itself the iron filings scattered about it. In reading the excellent articles on the education of Canadian girls, which have recently appeared in the *SPECTATOR*, we have laid down the paper with a desire to hear more from one whose ability to "mix reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth" has made these articles of practical value to those who have the responsibility of instructing the young.

"But what more would you have?" suggests one at our elbow. "Have we not seen a sure foundation laid in arithmetic, grammar and geography, and upon its pedestal of French, Latin and Greek, watched the polishing and adorning of the statue, until our Galatea stood before us in all her charms?"

Yet even her kneeling lover sees but marble. Where is the power that shall make the statue glow and palpitate with the colour and warmth of divine life? Let us quote from the second of the articles in question. "What is it," asked a young gentleman the other day, "that makes Mrs. M— such a charming companion? No matter how common-place the conversation may be at its beginning, it always becomes delightful when she joins it. She must have received a splendid education." Yet our friend says—Nay. "Mrs. M—'s educational advantages were below the average, but a wide range of reading made her the charming and cultivated woman she is to-day." Now, while we have so much to be grateful for in the wisdom of the papers under discussion, the writer will assuredly pardon us if we venture to differ somewhat from her on this point. Let us look at it for a moment. Note on the list of your acquaintance the most omniverous readers you know, and call to mind all you have heard or read of the social qualities of the book-worms of times past. These are not—were not the most charming companions. So there must be something more. But how define the undefinable, or give form to that which is spirit? We can only hope to suggest; and lest we appear to assume too much, let us sit at the feet of one of the great teachers, Ruskin, and hearken unto his words.

"The chief vices of education have arisen from the one great fallacy of supposing that noble language is a communicable trick of grammar and accent, instead of simply the careful expression of noble thought. All the virtues of language are in their roots moral; it becomes accurate if the speaker means to be true; clear, if he speaks with sympathy and a desire to be intelligible; powerful, if he has earnestness; pleasant, if he has sense of rhythm and order. The principles of speech have all been fixed by sincere and kindly speech. On the laws which have been determined by sincerity, false speech apparently beautiful, may afterwards be constructed. So long as no words are uttered but in faithfulness, so long the art of language goes on exalting itself; but the moment it is shaped and chiselled on external principles, it falls into frivolity

\*The italics are not ours.

and perishes. No noble nor right style was ever founded, but out of a sincere heart. Find out the beginner of a great manner of writing, and you have also found the declarer of some true facts or sincere passions."

Herein lies the burden of all our criticism. Mrs. M——'s reading enabled her mind to grasp a broad range of subjects; but her quick sympathy and generous power of putting herself in his place, made it possible for her to present each in a way most accessible and interesting to her companion. It is not always the person who talks most and best himself, who is the most entertaining companion. It is often he who, having the power of appreciation which knowledge gives, is yet able to hold himself, as it were, in leash, and by his generous sympathy draw out of you the best that is in you. You leave his presence with a sense of exhilaration, and of exalted purpose to do even as you have spoken.

It seems to us that women have peculiar advantages in this respect. Men need their sympathy, and in this very need lies woman's opportunity. Just so far as woman can cast behind herself little vanities, peevishness and personal trivialities, which partly arise from her limited sphere of action with its narrow horizon, and from the effects of a highly nervous constitution overweighing the ballast of better education, so far will man look to her for help. For this very purpose of quickening sympathy and giving broader aims (and this our friend suggests) reading is in itself invaluable, because the important service which literature renders to mankind is the perpetual registering of the experiences of the race.

How could Science give warning to the mariner of the coming storm, but that her devotees, day after day, and year after year, have been noting down the phenomena of earth, air and sky, and by comparison of the various data, drawn from them something like a law for the winds and a way for the clouds? So, on the ocean of life, it is well if from the registered experience of the race we are able to deduce laws by which we may be ourselves prepared for storms, and become possessed of that ready sympathy which reaches out its hand to others who with us sail the untracked sea.

It is the natural tendency of one who talks much, and who believes that he talks well, to grow dogmatic. But from a woman who dogmatizes—may a kind fate preserve us! Let the sterner sex appropriate and exhaust the gift, though at their peril.

Learn then, my Canadian girl, to talk well, because your mind is richly stored; your thought sincere, your heart kind, but learn also when to be silent, a listener, interested and sympathetic. For this you must learn self-control. "Ein character ist ein vollkommener gebildeter wille,"\* says Novalis. A perfectly trained man, however strong he may be, is refined by his training, and in his strongest exercise of power is full of grace, gentleness, and self-restraint, only untrained and inexperienced hands using violence. Education means the highest development of mind and heart, which springs from the intimacy with all that human genius has achieved in every kind—simplicity and integrity—a soul whose sweetness overflows in the manner and makes the voice winning and the movement graceful. The body kept in subjection to the will is but the servant of the soul. Through the visible, the invisible is "softly bodied forth." No tricks of manner, learned of the dancing master, nor of society, can hope to equal such beauty, which reveals itself in these unconscious graces of expression. And so, our girl needs not only the "reading which maketh the full man, conversation which maketh a ready man," sympathy which kindles the heart, and generosity which guides the lips, but yet another thing also. Some one says that women have two lovely but dangerous gifts, compassion and enthusiasm. Doubtless the author had suffered from the untimely bestowal, by the female element of his household, of his wardrobe upon shivering waifs of humanity. You have yourself known of such instances of benevolence. However that may be, we have not time to discuss the subject, and only exclaim, "God bless her for her sweet compassion." "But enthusiasm, what is dangerous about that." Simply that as the foundation of all that is beautiful in art, in music, in speech, in character, is truth, so enthusiasm is dangerous because it leads to exaggeration, and exaggeration is but a step this side untruth. At some time in the history of womankind, say in the middle-ages, when everybody did queer things, there must have been a fever of exaggeration prevalent among the sex, else why does the idea still prevail among men that an assertion strongly pronounced by feminine lips is to be quietly discounted. Pretty Mistress Brown observed to Brown masculine, that while wearing her old bonnet to town, she met fifty people she knew, and they must have thought her a dowdy. Brown makes a mental note of "ten people—too bad"—as from behind his newspaper, he cheerfully suggests, "Well, my dear, why don't you get a new bonnet. I thought you hadn't been looking quite up to the mark lately." At a dinner party, Brown starts, at hearing his wife across the table, and talking to a young Englishman, say, "Oh, but you know America is such a great country. Mr. Brown was saying only yesterday that the new census gave eighty millions." "Oh!" groaned Brown, "I told her forty," and the Englishman makes his little note of "population about thirty millions." "Have you heard about the fire?" asks Smith. "Yes, wasn't it terrible, Mrs. T—— taken out of the window in her nightclothes—lost everything, and the insurance only a thousand." They say the loss must be seven or eight thousand." M——meditates Smith, "T——'s loss probably a thousand dollars or two."

Now I do not say this sort of thing is your fault, my Canadian girl, and as to the owners of those carping dispositions, we won't say anything at present, only, this prevailing impression there must have existed at some time or other a cause. Be careful that you add no weight thereto. Be strictly truthful, and temper the glow of your divine enthusiasm by prosaic exactness. The ancient schoolmen have an exact way of computing the abilities of saints, or authors, as Escobar, for instance, was said to have learning as 5, genius as 4, and gravity as 7, while Caroumel's learning was reckoned at 8, genius at 6, and gravity at 13. In some such fashion we seem to have been computing the qualities of our ideal maiden.

That it would be possible to suggest all that must go to make

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected,"

we do not imagine, but it is scarcely too much to say with Milton, "He who would not be frustrate of his hope to do well hereafter in laudable things, ought

himself to be a true poem." We believe that the true education must finally, and after all, be the building up and enlarging of all the moral qualities of the nature. Truly hath it been said, "A loving, reverent heart, is the beginning of all knowledge, this it is that opens the whole mind and quickens every faculty of the intellect to do its fit work, that of knowing, and thereby of vividly uttering forth." Verily, saith the old commentator, also, "knowledge bloweth up, but charity buildeth up."

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone lead life to sovereign power." We have portrayed no maintainable character. There are many such, "pure womanly," whose faces shine with the light of noble thoughts, whose lips drop wisdom, while the touch of their fingers, though occupied with the meanest household tasks, leaves healing and refreshment.

May every Canadian girl of the future be worthy of the poet's song.

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller betwixt life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;  
A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel light."

ANNIE E. LYMAN.

## THE STATE OF MONTREAL.

The remarks of the *Star*, a non-partisan journal, on the latest shooting affray, loss of life and woundings in the streets of Montreal were certainly prompted by good feeling and good sense, so far as they would go. The same may properly be said of the *Witness*' comments, but we shall find it more difficult to admit that they at all rise to the gravity of the situation. We are encouraged in seeing that the Corn Exchange has taken up the momentous discussion. Its members are however but at the beginning of it, and as, in the words of the *Gazette*, the city "appears to be standing upon the very brink of a precipice of intolerance and bloodshed," with submission to a general consensus of enlightened opinion in the Empire, we shall be permitted to say, that the city and the Province and the Dominion generally have to begin to look practically at this question of the best means of dealing with this open sore of party strife, urged thereto, as they must be, by viewing the fearful consequences it will entail in the time to come if neglected.

We are somewhat in the habit, in Canada, of making severe comments upon our neighbours of the United States about the way in which they allow the country to be ruled by mobs, but surely, now, we had better begin at once to apply the lesson to ourselves, so far, at least, as the commercial capital of the Dominion is concerned.

Montreal has for many years been so torn by various factions that we could not expect to look within the city for large and statesmanlike views of the means of dealing with a frightful danger, but we may go beyond this, and say, in generalizing the question, that if municipalities could anywhere be trusted to govern themselves at all points and in every contingency, there would be no need of a Provincial or Federal or Monarchical Government above them.

Once admit that the initiative responsibility for maintaining the Queen's Peace is vested in the authorities at Ottawa—that is to say, in the last resort, in the Governor-General, as himself responsible to the Crown, and our confusion of ideas will begin to resolve itself into something like clearness and stability of view.

If the spirit of party and the trammels it is so apt to impose upon the most honest minister is to be of force sufficient to hinder the maintenance of the public peace, we say, without any reservation, that it becomes the bounden duty of the Governor-General to take the question into his hands, and to fulfil a most grave responsibility in regard to the present and future condition of the commonwealth as an important part of Her Majesty's Dominions. A people will at all times be grateful to the Supreme Power when it can carry them peacefully through a dangerous crisis.

Appeals to the right feeling of the local factions are well enough in their way, and they have also been tried often enough before the present dreadful conjuncture in the civic affairs. There could be nothing to hinder such appeals being persisted in, but we apprehend Civil Government is based upon something beyond mere appeal; that it is designed for, and is in the habit of furnishing protection to its loyal subjects without reference to origin or creed, and this is why we look for the quieting of these disturbances to the central authority of the land. There will then be no state of siege, as has so gloomily been apprehended by some citizens.

It is not classed as the duty of public journalists in any but the most excited times to insist upon any particular course as to matters of detail in Government. The responsibility for adopting the right procedure is known to rest on other shoulders. Still, a certain latitude of opinion is allowed to the press, whose philosophy is history teaching by example, and we do well to recall that the city of Montreal has lost the protection of its permanent forces—which, with a very short interval, had continued upon its ground ever since the establishment of British power in Canada—through the action of the Government now ruling at Ottawa, and there can be no impropriety in our expressing our conviction that so important a city needs at least one battalion of permanent forces for its internal or external defence—not necessarily for constant display—and certainly not, as it would not be, to manifest party bearings of any description, but as a guarantee of the public order, and a means of confirming a Dominion Police in their duty, and assuring them of their being always reinforced and supported at times of extreme pressure in fulfilling their onerous charge in the maintenance of the general peace, and in that way restoring the confidence with which the trade of a great emporium will certainly dwindle, and a large population be brought to seek other locations for the peaceful rearing of their families and pursuit of their avocations.

THEA.

\* A character is a perfectly formed will.



## THE FUTURE LIFE.—THE OTHER SIDE.

"He's a bad surgeon that for pity spares  
That part corrupted, till the gangrene spread,  
And all the body perish. He that's merciful  
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good."

I have read with some degree of care the series of articles on "The Future Life," signed "Christian," and although he has a plausible and clever way of putting things, I can hardly think that he has made out a good case. It seems to me that he entirely ignores the atonement of Christ, and the influence of the Holy Spirit in the conversion and salvation of men, and substitutes pain and punishment. I think, too, that he is in error when he intimates that pain is always remedial and corrective, and that it is inflicted solely for the moral improvement of the person punished. It is a well known fact that imprisonment rarely improves the character, but on the contrary invariably makes those who are bad still worse. There are those in our penitentiaries who are imprisoned for life, not indeed for their own sake, nor in any hope that they will be improved by it, but as a penalty due to their crimes, in the interests of justice, and for the good of the community outside the walls of their prison. Several years ago in one of the Western States, out of false sympathy for evil doers, they abrogated the law of capital punishment; but time has shown that it was a serious mistake, for since then crime has increased to such a fearful extent, that only a week or two ago they declared that the reputation and safety of the State rendered a return to the old law of capital punishment a necessity. We see the same thing in connection with the divine government. "The angels that kept not their first estate are confined in chains and darkness" until the judgment. According to the Scriptures they have now been suffering nearly six thousand years, and without, as far as we know, having had any offer of mercy. The Holy Scriptures are entirely silent about their future, except that we are informed that they will be, at the end of the present dispensation, "cast into the lake of fire." So we see from these examples that pain and punishment are not always remedial or corrective; neither is punishment inflicted mainly for the personal good or improvement of those who are punished. Let it be observed that the foregoing examples in proof are taken from both worlds—men and angels. Men are often called to endure much suffering in the present life, in addition to innumerable calls of Providence and grace, and yet they remain obstinate and wicked, and die in that condition. Is it, then, at all probable that any lengthened period of suffering in the life to come would produce true penitence, and so purify the soul as to fit it for a pure heaven? If men abuse God's mercy in this world, and obstinately refuse to be saved, how can they reasonably or justly hope to be saved in the next? To me the indulgence of such a hope while living and dying in sin seems selfish, mean and presumptuous. "The divine word," reason and justice, all appear to be directly against such a doctrine. "Christian" on this point reasons well, and in a christian spirit, and I think he says about all that can be said on that side, but I could like to have seen more scripture proof, for it is by that alone that this solemn question must be decided. Unless his position and doctrine can be sustained by the Word of God, plausible reasoning stands for but little, and it is just here that I think he fails.

That sinners dying impenitent are lost, and that for them "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin," has been a doctrine held by the Church and taught by the most pious and learned of her teachers for centuries, will scarcely be disputed. That of itself is a somewhat strong proof that the doctrine is scriptural and true, for where there is so much piety and learning, there is at least the probability that truth is on their side. To those who are not "spoiled by vain philosophy," the language of the New Testament is sufficiently plain. On a point so solemn, relating to the everlasting destiny of multitudes of the human race, is it at all likely that the all-wise and beneficent Creator would speak so as to leave any possibility of being misunderstood? Take our Lord's most pointed words on this awful subject. "These shall go away into everlasting punishment." Take also those other weighty words of His, "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Now suppose you put the New Testament in the hands of a plain man, and his eyes fall upon these words for the first time. What opinion, may I ask, would he be likely to form with regard to the duration of the punishment of the wicked after death? Would he get the idea of an "indefinite period" or "final restoration" from these words of our Lord? Would he not as he closed the Book say to himself, Why, this Book teaches that there will be no end to the punishment of the wicked. It is generally agreed, I believe, that the plain, obvious sense of a passage is the true one; according to this rule, any common reader of the New Testament, or of our Lord's words, could come to no other conclusion than that the wicked "shall go away into everlasting punishment." It should be remembered that the Holy Scriptures were written not for the few but the many, not for philosophers, but for the people.

It is also worthy of note that in Matt. xxv., 46, the same terms are employed to describe the duration of the happiness of the righteous, as are used to set forth the duration of the punishment of the wicked; so that if one is terminable so is the other—the duration in both cases is the same. The late learned Dr. Adam Clarke, in his notes, says that he has seen the best things that have been written against the argument as drawn from this passage, but he had never seen anything but what sound learning and criticism would be ashamed to acknowledge. The original word is certainly to be taken in its proper grammatical sense—continual being—never ending. We must assume, says another eminent writer, that the power of sinning remains, otherwise man's responsibility would cease; and if that remain, what probability is there that he would be more willing to give up sin there than here? The Scriptures give us no reason whatever to hope that such will be the case. Sin by an eternal moral necessity carries with it, or brings ultimately, its own punishment, and the punishment will continue as long as the sin continues.

Then it is asked, Do you believe in the eternity of evil? Can it be possible that the All-good and All-mighty Creator will allow evil in any form to exist for ever? Such a thing cannot be. I answer: "We are but of yesterday, and know nothing." But how do those who ask these questions account for the existence of evil at all, or why it should have been allowed to exist in the world

for thousands of years? If evil were needful in the past for so long a period, may it not be so in the future for a still much longer period, even for ever? I say needful, for if not needful it would not be allowed. May it not be that the existence of evil is a necessary condition of things in connection with the moral government of God, and that it may so remain for ever? "His ways are in the whirlwind and in the sea, past finding out."

It is also said that the doctrine of everlasting punishment is opposed to the benevolent character of God. It may appear to be so, but we should not forget that the punishment is self-inflicted. The very benevolence of God may require Him, as the Great Governor of the universe, to leave those who refuse to be saved in their lost estate as an example and warning to others, and possibly for other inscrutable reasons relating to the government of God. His justice requires Him to be just to all, as well as merciful to all, but "His ways are not our ways, and He giveth not account of Himself to man." Those who take "Christian's" view of this subject, admit that the root word from which the term "everlasting" is derived means "a long, indefinite period"—"ages of ages." So that if we discard the old orthodox view, but little comfort can be taken from the new, for according to their own showing the punishment of sin in the world to come will be both long and severe. Punishment ever follows on the heels of sin, for God will "by no means clear the guilty," but He has the prerogative and the will to pardon and save all who repent and believe in His Son Jesus-Christ.

QUARTUS.

## ABRAHAM SANCTA CLARA.

Abraham Sancta Clara was a barefooted Augustine monk, who, in 1669, became imperial court preacher to Leopold I., the Emperor of Germany. He was wonderfully popular as an orator. He is said to have been distinguished by brilliance of imagery, genial wit, an animated delivery, and excoriating powers of satire. He died in 1709. The following passage is a fair specimen of his droll style and the method of preaching that was preferred during the times in which he lived, by all classes in Southern Germany.

## THE PRODIGAL SON.

"Of what country the prodigal son was is not precisely known, but I believe he was an Irishman. What his name was, is not generally understood; but I believe it was Malefacius. From what place he took his title (seeing he was a nobleman) has not yet been discovered; but I believe it was Maidsberg or Womenham. What was the device in his coat of arms, no one has described; but I believe it was a sow's stomach in a field *verd*.

"This chap travelled with well-larded purse through various countries and provinces, and returned no better, but rather worse. So it often happens still, that many a noble youth has his travels changed to travails. Not seldom, also, he goes forth a good German, and returns a bad *Herman*. What honour or credit is it to the noble river Danube that it travels through different lands, through Suabia, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, and at last unites with a sow! The pious Jacob saw, in his journey, a ladder to heaven; but, alas! many of our quality find, in their journeys, a ladder into hell. If, now-a-days, a man travel the stove. But tell me, dear half-Germans, (for whole Germans ye have long ceased to be,) Is it not true? Ye send your sons out that they may learn strange vices at great cost in stranger-lands, when, with far less expense, they might be acquiring virtues at home. They return with no more point to them than they went out, except that they bring home some new fashion of *point-lace*. They return no more gallant. They return more splendidly clad, but good habits were better than to be finely habited. New-fashioned hats, new-fashioned periwigs, new-fashioned collars, new-fashioned breeches, new-fashioned hose, new-fashioned shoes, new-fashioned ribbons, new-fashioned buttons—also new-fashioned consciences creep into our beloved Germany through your travels. Your fool's frocks change too with every moon; and soon the tailors will have to establish a university, and take doctor's degrees, and afterwards bear the title of right reverend doctors of fashion.

"If I had all the new fashions of coats for four-and-twenty years, I would almost make a curtain before the sun with them, so that men should go about with lanterns in the day-time. At least, I would undertake to hide all Turkey with them, so that the Constantinopolitans should think their Mohammed was playing blind-the-cat with them. An old witch, at the request of king Saul, called the prophet Samuel from the dead, that he might know the result of his arms. It will soon come to pass, that people will want to call from the dead, the identical tailor and master who made the beautiful Esther's garment, when she was so well-pleasing in the eyes of Ahasuerus. \* \* \* \* \* So the prodigal son learned but little good in foreign lands. His doing was wooing; his thinking was drinking; his Latin was *Proficiat*, his Italian *Brindisi*, his Bohemian *Sasdravi*, his German *Gesegnets Gott*. In one word, he was a goodly fellow always mellow, a vagrant, a *bacchant*, an *amant*, a *turbant*, a *distillant*, &c. Now he had wasted his substance in foreign provinces, and torn his conscience to tatters as well as his clothes. He might, with truth, have said to his father what the brothers of Joseph said, without truth, to Jacob when they showed him the bloody coat, '*fera pessima*,' &c., 'an evil beast has devoured him.' An evil beast devoured the prodigal son: an evil beast, the golden eagle; an evil beast, the golden griffin; an evil beast, the golden buck, an evil beast, the golden bear. These tavern-beasts reduced the youngster to that condition that his breeches were as transparent as a fisherman's net, his stomach shrunk together like an empty bladder, and the mirror of his misery was to be seen on the sleeve of his dirty doublet, &c. And now, when the scamp had got sick of the swine-diet, more wholesome thoughts came into his mind, and he would go straight home to his old father, and seek a favourable hearing at his feet; in which he succeeded according to his wish. And his own father fell quite lovingly on the neck of the bad *vocativo*, for which a rope would have been fitter. Yea, he was introduced with special joy and jubilee into the paternal dwelling, sudden preparations were made for a feast, kitchen and cellar were put in requisition, and the best and fattest calf must be killed in a hurry, and cooked and roasted. Away with the rags and tatters! and hurrah for the velvet coat and the pinked-up hat and a gold ring! Bring on your fiddlers! *allegro!*"



## THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT—A BRETON STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROTHERS AT THE MILL.

It seemed to Jean Marie, when he recovered from his anger, that he had acted foolishly in quarrelling with Coeffic.

It was possible that Madame Rusquec had commissioned the tailor to find a husband for her pretty daughter, and that Coeffic had given him the first offer.

He struck his fist fiercely on the table as he thought of this—what more likely than that Coeffic would go and make a like proposal to one of his unmarried neighbours.

"And no one but such an ungoverned idiot as I am would make two bites at such a cherry as Louise is."

The vision he had seen at the cascades seemed to fit across the great dingy room, and to fill it with sunshine. He went out and worked till much later than usual. Next morning, too, he did an unusual spell of work, and was even more brusque and silent than before, but to Jeanne's surprise he came in early in the afternoon, and asked for his Sunday suit and his best hat. Dressed in these, with carefully brushed hair and black heavy shoes instead of dirty sabots, Jean Marie looked a very remarkable man, and one not ill-suited to go a-wooing.

"What is doing?" the quiet old servant thought, as she watched him stepping, cudgel in hand, along the road; "never before did our master put on his best clothes on a week-day, unless for a fair or a Pardon."

Christophe had started soon after dinner for the mill, but he had not gone with the set purpose of visiting Madame Rusquec; he had told Mathurin to expect him, and he hoped that the old man might speak to Louise; but he did not feel that he had an excuse for presenting himself at the mill; he could only take his chance of what might happen.

Mathurin did his errand clumsily.

"I told Christophe to come and see you," he said next morning to Louise; "I told him he would be welcome. See how fine he has made Méjid, and all to please you."

"Méjid looks best with his tail loose"—Louise tossed her head and her eyes sparkled with anger—"what right have you to speak for me to any bachelor? You can welcome your visitor if you choose—to me he is a stranger."

She turned abruptly away, for she had begun to cry with vexation. That Christophe, who already thought her forward, should be told she would welcome him was too hard to bear. She would go away and hide herself in the wood, and let him have his journey for nothing.

She ran off among the trees, and though Mathurin called to her she would not heed him. Mathurin shook his head and repeated to himself some sage, if stale, reflections on the conduct of young girls. The old servant had kept silence about Christophe's visit till past mid-day, so that soon after Louise's retreat the young man appeared. Mathurin looked at him shyly, without any heartiness of welcome.

"Where is she?" the young man asked. Mathurin nodded towards the wood. "I will go down to the cascades"—Christophe hoped he might find Louise in the wood—"I will come back again by-and-by, when you are less busy, Mathurin."

The old man watched his tall, straight figure disappear, and then he went on chopping wood.

"Well," he thought, "it may be that we old folks can't get the same meaning out of words as young ones can. May be they two will meet in the wood and set all right their own way, but I doubt if there is wisdom in it." He slowly shook his head.

Christophe went on a little way, and then breaking through a thick bit of copse he came in sight of the cascades. Louise was not visible, but the beauty of the place caught his eye and arrested him. Like most of his fisher comrades he was dreamy-natured spite of his keen sense of enjoyment; no one had heard him talk of the scenes he had witnessed on the far-off southern coast, and yet he had spent many an hour musing on a ledge of rock overhanging the cascade. There was a strange mixture in the scene. The trees around him clothed in the soft, reposeful tints of spring, the calm sky streaked with a few long, pearl-coloured cloud-lines, the strangely rounded grey rocks here and below, and in the midst of this sweet harmony of peace—the discord of the roaring, foaming fall flinging itself more than a hundred feet down the stony valley. The contrast kept Christophe gazing there in a kind of pleasant wonder. Besides the intense love for his native wilds, so special to a Breton, the scene had for him the attraction of freshness. He had not been at St. Herbot since his return, and as a boy, when the mill was his father's, he had been used to spend long days at the cascades.

Meantime Jean Marie had reached the mill, and had found Madame Rusquec alone, seated, as usual, at her spinning-wheel. On the way the farmer had pondered on an excuse for his visit, and, after he had been greeted and asked to sit, he cleared his throat and began, feeling more ill at ease than he had ever felt in his life.

"Do you find Mathurin sufficient for his work?" he said.

Madame Rusquec's large serious eyes looked at him as if they would draw out his meaning.

"Mathurin does what I bid him, and that is all I want; he suits me; he is old, but then a younger man would be less thoughtful, and would care more to please himself."

"Then you are content as it is?"

"Yes," but she thought, "why does he ask this? A man like farmer Mao does not come all the way from Huelgoat only to ask how I like my servant."

She waited, but Jean Marie seemed stricken dumb by her last reply. This had uprooted an idea which had grown this afternoon, and which had sent him back to the farmhouse from his work, to ask for his Sunday suit.

Why should not he go to the mill and see what his chances were with Louise, and also rid himself of his brother by installing him as manager to the widow. Jean Marie loved his brother, but he did not care to watch his desul-

tory work, it was a constant blister to him. At the mill Christophe would be free of his supervision, and could idle if he pleased. But a stronger motive than this prompted Jean Marie's visit. The sudden maddening jealousy that had seized him when Christophe spoke of his age would not be stifled, it kept on bursting into fresh life, like a flame on old timber. Even when he thought it subdued, for he felt it was causeless, it suddenly blazed up again as fiercely as ever.

Madame Rusquec was a discreet and a sensible woman, but she was very inquisitive, and a shrewd suspicion of her visitor's real business began to dawn upon her.

"Why do you ask about Mathurin, Monsieur Mao?" she said, and she looked more keenly at his serious face.

He sat clasping both hands on the cudgel standing between his knees, but he did not look at Madame Rusquec. His dark, deeply-sunken eyes roamed over the bit of landscape framed in by the arched doorway, the hill opposite grassed and crowned a-top with golden furze, and the huge round lumps of granite cumbering and choking the river-bed, which lay between the cottage and the hill.

"I had been thinking"—Jean Marie paused. Yes, it was better that the first step should be for Christophe. "You say Mathurin suits—but he gets older every year," he spoke more decidedly now that business was in question, "and you will find that the mill gets less profitable; my advice to you is to let a younger man come in as master, who will still allow you to take what the mill earns at present, and work the rest for his own profit."

Madame Rusquec had grown very rigid as she listened.

"I cannot part with Mathurin, he has served me faithfully,"

"You need not. Mathurin will serve willingly under the man I am thinking of."

Madame Rusquec had been a docile, submissive wife, but she had now for some years been a free agent, and she resented the farmer's interference.

"I think it is best as it is. When there is a young girl at home an old man is better than a young one."

Now, this was just the opening Jean Marie desired, he grasped his cudgel still more firmly and looked straight before him; and, as the words shaped themselves for utterance, Louise stood in front of the arched doorway. The widow rejoiced in the interruption.

"Come in, Louise," she called out, for the girl had not looked into the cottage, and had not seen the farmer, "here is Monsieur Mao from Braspart."

Louise looked pleased at this, she nodded and smiled as she came in; and as the farmer raised his dark serious eyes to her face, and she saw the admiration he felt, her wounded pride was soothed. She had not cared specially to see this man, and he had come unasked to see her again. Coeffic's words and his assertion that Jean Marie was the best match in Huelgoat came back to her mind, a flush rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with a kind of expectation. She did not propose to herself to marry the farmer, but it would be triumph if he proposed for her.

"It is good of you to come and see my mother, monsieur"—she looked so sweetly at him, that Jean Marie's hopes rose high—"she has so few visitors."

A strange new feeling came to Jean Marie. Louise did not seat herself, but stood beside her mother, making a wonderful contrast in her dainty pink and white prettiness to the dark-eyed, heavy-featured, stiff woman at the spinning-wheel—Hebe beside Clotho. The farmer suddenly rose and stood opposite Louise—he felt uneasy to remain seated while this fair creature stood.

"Your hill is steep to climb," and then he smiled at Louise. "You have not forgotten your promise to be at the festival?" His eyes glowed as he waited for her answer.

Louise turned pale. She could not tell what it was that chilled her so suddenly in the glance of Jean Marie.

"Did I promise?" the words came hesitatingly, and she saw his whole expression change—he looked cold and hard again—in that moment Louise had remembered that she had been anxious to meet the farmer at the fête in order to make the acquaintance of his brother, and now this was done.

But still it was a triumph to be asked this by the best match in Huelgoat. "I am honoured that you should remember," she said. "I am thinking so much about the fête. It will be very pleasant; the days are dull here, there is no one to see."

Jean Marie was softened by her pleading, earnest voice. He looked at her attentively. "She is too young and innocent to deceive me," he thought; "I know that I incline to suspect all women, but this one is different from the rest." "Would you like a home in Huelgoat better than one here, Louise?"

He spoke as gently as he could, but something in the question, or the tone of it, made Madame Rusquec look up abruptly, and she saw Jean Marie's meaning in his face.

Louise guessed it also, but she did not want the farmer to be so hasty; she wished to be friends with him at the fête. And as she did not mean to marry anyone just directly, if Jean Marie asked her now, she would have to say, No.

"I should have neighbours if I lived in Huelgoat," she spoke carelessly; "but then I should miss the old place, and I was such a little child when I came to live here."

"The bird cannot always stay in the nest," Madame Rusquec said.

Just then Mathurin came in from the cow-stable.

"Mistress"—he nodded at Jean Marie—"there is Christophe Mao outside. I told him he would be welcome, but he will not come in for my asking."

Madame Rusquec looked at the farmer, and she started.

A grey shade had fallen on his face, and he was gnawing his under lip. His eyes were fixed intently on Louise; and as the mother followed his gaze, she saw that the girl had reddened to the edge of her muslin cap.

No one spoke till Madame Rusquec said, "Where is he, Mathurin?" and she passed the old man, and went into the cow-shed. Mathurin followed his mistress. Louise stood wondering how she should receive Christophe. She had forgotten Jean Marie in her delight at Mathurin's news, for she had grown tired of her own self-deception as she wandered alone in the wood; and when she came back to the mill again, and saw no traces of Christophe, she felt deeply mortified.

Jean Marie's eyes never left her face ; and as he watched the play of feeling there, he could scarcely keep in the curse he muttered.

Standing there, as still as one of the granite figures round some old Calvary, he saw Madame Rusquec re-enter, followed by his brother ; and he thought Christophe had never looked so young and handsome. A spasm, partly surprise and partly anguish, passed over his grey face when he saw that Christophe came up frankly to Louise, and held out his hand.

At this Jean Marie turned away. He was furiously angry, as well as jealous.

"I am fortunate," Madame Rusquec said, as she came back to her seat beside the spinning-wheel, "I who never have visitors, to get two in one day. Your brother has grown, Monsieur Mao ; I should not have recognized him. He is not like you."

"No!" said Jean Marie ; and both the young people looked round quickly at the harsh, hoarse tone.

Christophe left Louise, and came close to Madame Rusquec.

"Am I like my mother, Madame?" He spoke so pleasantly, that the widow was drawn to him at once ; "our old Jeanne says I am the picture of her when she married."

Christophe's easy, frank manner, so different from his own,—the manner of a man who had lived in many places, and among many people, instead of remaining shut up in the farm-house of Braspart,—increased to fury the jealous anger burning in Jean Marie's heart.

Why could he not seem unconcerned and careless? Instead of this, he felt harsher and stiffer than before. And yet he thought he would not yield so easily ; he would put Louise to the test.

"Yes, you are like your mother," Madame Rusquec began, and then Jean Marie thrust himself obtrusively into the talk.

"Is there not a nearer way through the wood than the one by which I came? Can you tell me the way," he went on, "or will your daughter show it?"

"I lost my way," Christophe smiled at Louise.

"Yes, there is a short way," said Louise ; "but you cannot find it alone, either of you. The path dies away before it reaches here, and we have to find our way to it again by marks on the trees. I will show the short road to both of you."

Beside Christophe, Louise shrank from dark, scowling Jean Marie ; and she was determined not to go alone with him through the wood.

Madame Rusquec looked on in silence. She felt that there was something under the surface that she did not comprehend, but her mind was too slow to seize it. The brothers nodded farewell to her, and followed Louise out of the cottage, and still the widow said nothing but "Good day" to them. She saw Jean Marie admired her daughter, and she hoped that Louise would marry him ; to her Christophe was a bright, frank boy, much pleasanter to talk to than his elder brother.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?" Louise said to the farmer. She was a little way in advance, going towards the wood, and she looked brightly over her shoulder at the silent man.

"I was thinking," he said, sulkily, "you cannot expect all the world to talk, can you?"

"I suppose not," she answered quickly. There was no doubt in her own mind which of the brothers she liked the best, but she resolved to keep well with both. "I have not many friends, that I can afford to lose one," she told herself.

She chattered on merrily as she went. Christophe would have absorbed her talk to himself, but Louise kept on appealing to the farmer ; and though he gave her abrupt answers, still he was appeased ; it might not be as he suspected, and it was not her fault if Christophe had intruded on the interview.

"There is the path." Louise stood still, and pointed on into the wood. "You cannot mistake your way now. Good-day to both of you, and I hope we shall meet at the Pardon."

She smiled up in Jean Marie's face, and the man's heart beat with hope ; and then she gave Christophe a sweet, shy glance, that made him long to follow her back to the cottage.

Jean Marie plunged forward into the wood. He wanted to get rid of his brother's presence ; he was not safe company, and he felt it. Unhappily, Christophe had been too much engrossed by Louise to think of anything else. His brother had seemed silent, but then silence was a habit with Jean Marie. Christophe felt too gay and happy in the remembrance of that last blue-eyed glance to be alone, and he started off to overtake his brother.

Jean Marie heard him coming, and hurried on through the wood, till he reached the high road below. He paused here an instant to reflect.

If he went straight back to Huelgoat, Christophe would be up with him at once ; and yet, if he struck down the lane on the right, leading to the village and church of St. Herbot, Christophe would perceive him before he could get out of sight. So he went on doggedly, till the young man burst out from the wood some little way on, and jumped down into the road.

Then Jean Marie stopped, and spoke angrily, "Thou shouldst be at work ; if thou hadst taken work with another than me, thou couldst not have quitted it thus : thou art an idle fellow."

Christophe had hot blood as well as his brother, though it seldom got the mastery over him : but Jean Marie's tone was more insufferable than his words were.

"I am no more idle than thou ; I had business with Mathurin."

"But thou hadst not business at the mill ; and, look you, Mother Rusquec—and—and her daughter are my friends, and I warn thee to keep aloof from them."

His eyes glowed like living coals, he grasped his cudgel tightly, and looked threateningly at Christophe. His manner betrayed his secret.

But hope was speaking loudly in the young man's heart. He thought, if Jean Marie was not afraid of his rivalry he would be less angry.

"Jean Marie, thou art unreasonable ; but tell me, hast thou asked for Louise Rusquec?"

"No—what is that to thee?"

"It is very much. The girl pleases me, and I think I please her. I did not mean to have spoken till I was more advanced in the world ; but now I say, let us act fairly by one another. It was thyself, and no other, who bade me offer myself as a husband for Louise, and a manager to the mill"—Jean Marie started—"and now thou art angry because I follow thy counsel. What does this mean, Jean Marie? Dost thou want Louise for thyself?"

Jean Marie had grown very pale with anger. "That is nought to thee ; but I bid thee avoid Louise Rusquec. Thou canst not wed her if she would have thee ; thou hast but the clothes on thy back. If I find thee again at the mill, or talking to Louise, I cast thee off ; thou shalt be no more to me than one of those blocks of stone."

"For a wise man, brother,"—Christophe had recovered himself—"thou art strangely unreasonable. Why need we quarrel because we both want the same woman? Both of us cannot have her, that is clear. Let us draw lots, Jean Marie, which shall first ask for her."

The farmer had grown ashamed of his own anger ; he envied Christophe's power of self-control ; he was mollified, too, by seeing that the young man was not certain of success.

"I will not yield her," he said, doggedly ; "she is mine, not yours."

"A woman belongs to herself until she is promised. You cannot make her yours by force. I say again, let us draw lots who shall first ask for her."

Jean Marie stood wrapped in sullen thought. At last he began to speak slowly, and without looking the young man in the face : "I have warned thee, and therefore I say, look to thyself. I will not draw lots. He of us two who possesses Louise Rusquec shall take her by personal right. Thou hast not forgotten how to wrestle among the fishermen—well, then, thou and I will try a fall at the Pardon, and the winner shall have first chance with Louise."

Christophe recoiled. "It is hardly fair," he said. "I have not wrestled for years." Then, seeing a sneer on Jean Marie's dark face, "Have thine own way ; after all, it is not always the one who asks first who wins."

(To be continued.)

## MUSICAL.

It is a well known fact that in Music, as well as in other Arts and Sciences, the tendency of the age is to give as superficial an education as can be crammed into the pupil in the shortest possible time. The consequence of this blunder is that we have many "players" and but few musicians. A young lady's education is considered finished only when she can sit down and "thump" off on the piano some difficult fantasia, the execution of the piece as to its artistic merits being measured by the quantity of sound produced ; consequently the pupil keeps the pedals going the whole time with a result as painful to a sensitive ear as it is far from being music, in the proper sense of the word. To play one of Bach's fugues at all bearably it is out of the question, and should the young lady of the period prefer Mendelssohn's Sonatas or "Songs Without Words" to Madame Angot and that class of music she is at once rated as "no go." There is some excuse for the teachers in the fact that in most cases their pupils are anxious and impatient to play selections or "party pieces," and parents indulge these high flown notions instead of insisting on their children being thoroughly ground in the grammar of music.

Another cause of so many abortive attempts at playing is found in the ridiculous idea that whether or no a girl has an ear for music she must *volens volens* learn ; the consequence is, a slovenly player who, directly the opportunity affords, proves that all the time and money spent on her "musical education" have been completely thrown away. Now, if instead of wasting a large part of the most valuable time of a child's life for instruction by forcing it to do what it dislikes, the real nature were carefully studied and a subject given which its mind could grasp and accept cheerfully there would be less execrable music and more thoroughness in some other useful branch of science.

It seems to be almost forgotten that to be a really good musician—or instrumentalist—a thorough knowledge of harmony is requisite ; and yet we venture to assert that not one person out of every hundred of those calling themselves musicians know anything whatever of the science. They are as ignorant of harmony as the man was of music in general who said he knew two tunes, "One *was* God Save the Queen and the other *wasn't*."

It is indeed a melancholy thing to say, but yet none the less true, that we shall have neither great musicians nor great composers until the detail and drudgery of music has more attention devoted to it.

The Philharmonic Society will give a public performance of the "Messiah," in the Rink, on the 31st inst. The services of the following artists have been secured as soloists :—Soprano, Mrs. Osgood ; contralto, Miss Ita Welsh ; tenor, Mr. Wm. Winkle, and bass, Mr. Delahunt. The orchestra will be composed almost entirely of professionals, (Gruenwald being engaged as principal violin), and the choir will be augmented for the occasion by a number of our principal amateurs. We hope the enterprise shown by the Committee will meet with the encouragement it deserves.

Miss Thursby sailed for Europe last Saturday.

Madame Adelina Patti and Signor Nicolini are still singing at the San Carlo, at Naples, the former receiving 7,000 francs, and the latter 3,000 francs for each performance, besides which, the lady is entitled to one-half of the proceeds in excess of 20,000 francs.

Anna Louise Cary gets \$2,000 a month and expenses.

Gounod will be president of the jury to decide the great contest of choral societies during the Paris Exhibition.

Dr. Davies, late organist at the Church of St. James the Apostle, will give an organ recital, in Emmanuel Church, on Thursday, 16th inst.

Mr. Varnes has been appointed organist of the Cathedral, in place of Dr. MacLagan, who has resigned.

Haydn's piano was recently sold in Vienna for 1,200 florins.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.—*Johnson*.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—Choose always the best course of life, and custom will soon make it the most pleasant.—*Pythagoras*.

There are men who no more grasp the truth which they seem to hold, than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it is perched.—*Norman Macleod*.

Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory.—*W. S. Landor*.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is expected in Montreal on or about the Queen's Birthday, and will deliver a lecture on "The Wastes and Burdens of Society."

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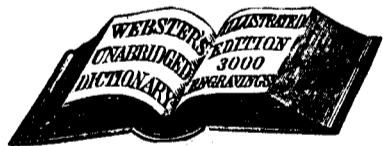
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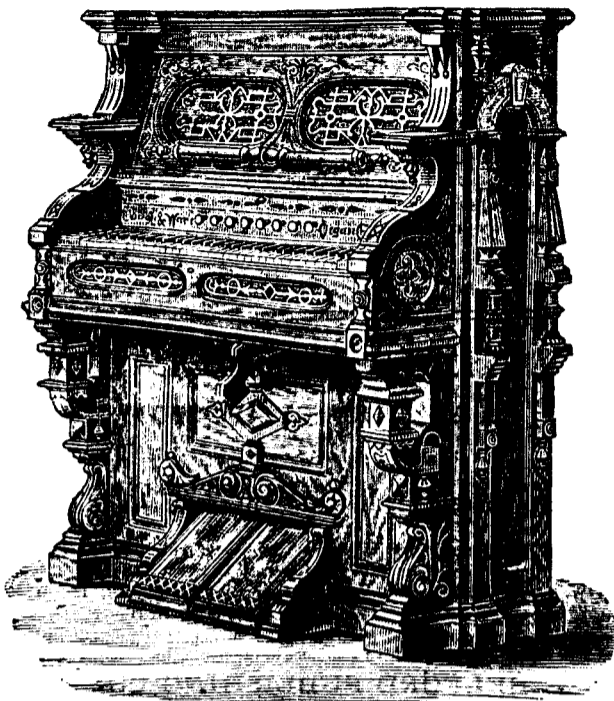
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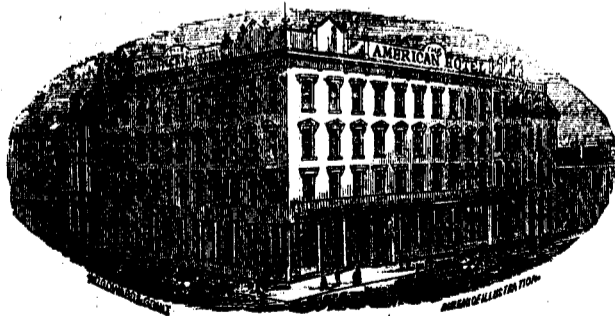
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