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SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878.

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The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

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(postage included.)

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Orders for Advertisements to be addressed to the Manager.

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

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

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL,

REV. ALFRED J. BRAY, Pastor,

Will preach at both Services.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23rd.

Subject for Evening Discourse:

CHRISTIANITY AND SELF-RELIANCE.

ANTHEM—"O taste and see how gracious the Lord is."—*Sir J. Goss.*



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Sea-Side Train Service.

The Day Express for WHITE MOUNTAINS, PORTLAND and BOSTON, will commence running on

MONDAY, JULY 1st.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal June 8th, 1878.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Sea-Side Excursions—1878.

Tickets can now be obtained at the principal stations to Portland, Riviere du Loup, Tadoussac, Cacouna, &c., good until November 1st, at greatly reduced rates.

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The Fare from Montreal to Portland and return is - - - - - 11.50

and proportionate prices from other stations on the line.

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General Manager.

Montreal, June 14th, 1878.

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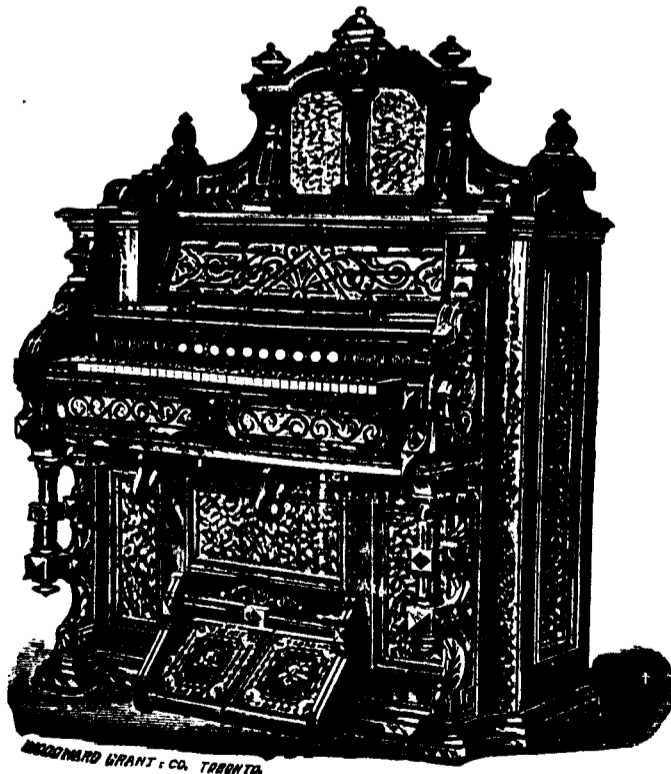
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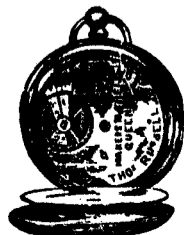
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Spasms.

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satisfied with the results."

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Consul at Manila, to the effect that Cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the ONLY remedy of any ser-
vice was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, 1st December, 1864.

CAUTION.—BEWARE OF PIRACY AND IMITATIONS.

CAUTION.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was, undoubtedly, the
Inventor of CHLORODYNE; that the story of the defendant, Freeman, was deliberately untrue, which, he
regretted to say, had been sworn to.—See *Times*, 13th July, 1864.

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COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony
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Capt. Burton—The Gold Mines of Midian and the
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Peter Bayne—The Chief Actors in the Puritan Revolu-
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Capt. Nares—Narrative of a Voyage to the Polar Sea
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J. F. Maguire—Plus the Ninth—New edition brought
down to date of death, by Right Rev. Mons. Pat-
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Geo. Vandendoff—The Art of Reading Aloud. \$1.75.

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A. T. Wilson—The Resources of Modern Countries,
Essays towards an Estimate of the Economic
Positions of Nations and British Trade Prospects.
2 vols. \$6.25.

Scepticism in Geology and the Reasons for it, by
Verrier. \$1.75.

Dr. Kellar—The Lake Dwellings of Switzerland and
other parts of Europe. 2 vols., 8vo. Many illus-
trations. \$12.50.

Dr. Payen—Industrial Chemistry—A Manual for use
in Technical Colleges or Schools and for Manufac-
turers. Edited by Dr. Paul. \$12.50.

R. L. Stevenson—An Inland Voyage. \$2.25.

Arthur J. Evans—Illyrian Letters. \$2.25.

Chas. Pascoe—Practical Handbook to the Principal
Schools of England. \$1.

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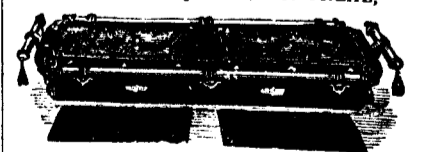
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Sign of Letter (S.)

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., NO. 25.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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THE TIMES.	DR. THOMAS CHALMERS.
LOPSIDED PEOPLE.	CORRESPONDENCE.
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A LAY SERMON TO INSOLVENTS.	THE ROMANCE OF A SAUCE.
THE BUSINESS SITUATION AGAIN.	MUSICAL.
THE SOUL OF THE LAND IS AWAKE.	CURRENT LITERATURE.

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

THE TIMES.

The situation in Europe is brilliant—at any rate—as far as Lord Beaconsfield is concerned. The great mystic is the object of interest in the political melodrama which is being played at Berlin. He is reaching the culminating point of his fortunes. The position he holds is unique. He is the English Sovereign; the English Parliament; the English people. He has moulded the Tory party to suit his own mind, and the Whigs are dumb before the magnificent audacity of the Jew. He poses as the Prime Minister of England and the Dictator of Europe. He is changing the form of government and compelling the country to break with the policy of the present reign,—for England shall be no longer an island with a vast Empire, but an Empire with a rich and densely populated island as the seat of government. As an Asiatic empress England is to be the European dictatoress. The gorgeous East with its profound philosophies—its poetry—its endless resources—is no more to be held in fee, but England is to be Oriental. We have entered upon the period when the East shall re-act upon the West. The inauguration is marked by the gagging of the Indian press, and by the recognition of petty Asiatic despots as native princes, and a new chapter of history is commenced. It remains to be seen how the English will take this break with all their traditions and policy,—how they will regard this tremendous accumulation of responsibility; and whether the existing machinery is equal to the strain which is to be put upon it. Certain it is that this heroic policy will call for new instruments, and we look for the proclamation that an Asiatic Empire cannot be sustained on the basis of a British monarchy. And what then?

What the outcome of the Congress will be is yet a secret known only to the gods and the Earl of Beaconsfield, who used to be “on the side of the angels,” but now aspires to company with beings of a higher order. But still the wish comes back to us that, instead of British Plenipotentiaries writing home despatches to the Queen and a mystified Parliament, the original blunder had never been made, and that Europe had joined in enforcing the ultimatum of the Constantinople Conference. For then there would have been no war between Russia and Turkey; no accession of territory to the latter; no stagnation of trade for more than a year; no question of a Bulgaria south of the Balkans, and no threepence extra on the income tax. Beyond the amusement to be found in watching the great trickster get out of a difficulty, it is impossible to see how anyone, not an absolute lunatic, can assert that England has gained anything by the blunder made more than a year ago. The Jingoës still swear that their darling Premier is the greatest statesman that ever lived, but it is easy to remember that for twenty years the same thing was sworn to in France of the Earl's prototype, Napoleon III. But the French people changed their opinion.

The Province of Quebec can scarcely be pronounced convalescent. It got sick long ago, in fact as soon ever it had to take care of itself, and has gradually been getting worse. Then M. Letellier gave it a kind of galvanic shock, and we hoped for life, if not robust health. But the Budget Speech of the Treasurer is not reassuring. Great efforts have been made in order to make the two ends meet, but the result is scarcely cheering. To abolish the Legislative Council would be a good thing, apart from the question of money saving, for we have too many luxuries of that kind; but the cutting down in the salaries

of clerks and Members of Parliament is mere cheese-paring, and can have no lasting result. The proposed savings on expenditure are: about \$75,000 on capital account in connection with public buildings; \$20,000 on cadastral service; \$74,000 on the administration of justice; \$33,000 on agriculture; \$18,000 on legislation; and \$15,000 on civil government. But the most important deductions have to be made on the account of increased charges on revenue, &c., and it is by no means certain that the saving is much more than the transference of a burden from the Provincial to the Municipal Treasuries.

The time of the year has come, and is rapidly going, for the meeting of ecclesiastical bodies in solemn annual council. The Episcopalians have so met, and discussed important questions. Also the Congregationalists, endorsing the evangelical sentiments of the Union of England and Wales, which neither there nor here were well defined. But the Presbyterian Church in Canada has had an anxious time of it. Last year it was engaged at Halifax in whitewashing the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, who had ventured to be heretical on the question of eternal punishment. This year hymnology was to the front. Dr. Robb thought it was not the duty of the Church to provide any hymns for use in public worship save those which God had prescribed in His own Word. But the Rev. Mr. Armstrong differed very strongly. He said the state of the Church in regard to its psalmody was most deplorable, pleading for the total abolition of hymn singing in order that heresy might be brought to an end; for the rev. gentleman had found that heresy had been introduced along with the singing of uninspired hymns. So the Te Deum Laudamus must be a very fountain-head of unbelief. And the sermons of Presbyterian clergy, are they all inspired? If not, what a source or danger they must be! Or is there a theological difference between a psalm and a sermon?

A few days ago a surprise was sprung upon us which led to something like a political panic. The Prime Minister of the Dominion had been telegraphed to meet the Governor-General at Quebec. What could it mean? It was known that political matters at Quebec had reached a deadlock, but that could hardly account for the mysterious journey of Mr. Mackenzie. And then came whisperings of dark things that would happen. Mr. Joly would resign—the Premier would dissolve the Dominion Government and make his appeal to the country. So the Province of Quebec would have two elections going on at the same time, which it was hoped by some, and feared by others, would mystify many of the not over clear-headed electors, and help Mr. Mackenzie to ride back to power. “A deep game,” said the knowing. But time has interpreted the secret. Mr. Mackenzie was minded to do some fishing on the North Shore and passed through Quebec on his way. That is all.

The labour dispute in Quebec being now settled there is no immediate need to discuss it, except to say that in no trade disputes can rioting or violence be allowed. The laws which are made for rich and poor alike have to be respected by all. The loss of life, which unhappily occurred in quelling the riots is regretted by all good citizens. On the general question of preserving the peace of cities in times of popular commotion, it is important to notice the rule of police which obtains in the best-ordered communities, viz., that men are not to be allowed to gather in the streets, either in large or small companies, on any pretence whatever. The rule has been greatly neglected in Canada. If this plain rule had been enforced, the beginnings of the mischief would have been prevented. The first act of threat or violence should have been firmly dealt with by the prompt arrest of the offender. Instead of this the crowds were allowed to make head-way for days, until the misguided men became bold enough to threaten the lives of citizens, to break open and rob stores, and finally to attack the military. Quebec had no effective Commissioner of Police, to organize the protection of the city in a complete way. Well-managed matters of detail in police were insufficient without this, because it was needed that a new principle should be introduced. The gatherings would then have been prevented, the military being ready, in support, in case of any unsuspected movement, or appearance of a violent crowd. The city is now being patrolled by the troops and special constables, and guards are placed on the principal public buildings. Lord Dufferin has arrived at the Citadel, and will bring his wise powers to bear upon the question. The lesson

will, doubtless, not be lost upon Montreal, and the authorities will see that to allow mob gatherings and then to parley with them is bad policy.

Still worse is to try and bribe them by generous deeds and fair promises as Mr. Joly did. He had no right to promise the strikers more wages—or to pay fines legally imposed—or to open prison doors. This kind of vicarious sacrifice must always end badly, and Mr. Joly and his friends must learn that a disorderly mob will not keep faith or abide by compacts. A Prime Minister should have respect for the majesty of law and not be afraid of threatening demonstrations.

By the Quebec riots the question is again raised as to the advisability of asking for the return of some British troops. There is certainly something to be said against it—for the presence of British regiments is never helpful to the cause of social morality. The officers—at least some of them—delight in snobbery, and gallantries of other than a military kind—and the influence these things exercise upon the young of both sexes is anything but healthy. But the raw material we have at hand, out of which to make a nation, is a strange medley of races and a vast variety of interests. The working classes predominate as to numbers and influence, and our peace-loving politicians curry favour with them in a most alarming way. It is a difficult and dangerous thing to call out volunteers to put down a riot. They are intensely loyal—and well inclined to obedience—but they are citizens, and it might occur to the best of men that "blood is thicker than water." British troops would care neither for the blood nor the water, but look to their officers for the word of command. And then—Quebec should be well guarded. It is the key to the country; and in this age of surprises and unscrupulous warfare such a point should not be neglected.

LOPSIDED PEOPLE.

Said a young lady to me a few evenings ago—"I rarely go to church on Sunday—I can get far more instruction by remaining at home to read." Being in some measure acquainted with pulpit productions, it was in my mind to speak some word of sympathy with the sentiment expressed—for pulpit platitudes are of all things of that sort the most enervating and unprofitable. But it occurred to me to enquire what kind of books were found to be so full of interest and instruction, and was not at all surprised at the answer: "Oh, I confine myself to three for the most part." "And they are," "Stuart Mill, Goethe, and Carlyle." "With an occasional dash of Herbert Spencer, and a Lay Sermon now and then from Professor Huxley?" "Yes, of course, and James Martineau also." "Good," said I, "and who are the writers on the side of the general question to whom you give a hearing—say the Orthodox?" "Oh," came the answer, "I waste no time upon them; when I have read Stuart Mill, Goethe and Carlyle, I begin and go over it all again. Sartor Resartus, what a beautiful book it is?" My lady friend is one of a large class who take the surest way of making themselves lopsided without ever meaning it or knowing it. When I have read so and so, and such and such, I begin and go over it all again.

We have got to call a certain class of people "Orthodox," and we mean it—we of the advanced school—as a sneer. They have only one idea—they are slaves to tradition—they move slowly—they are sincere—but—they do not think freely, nor dare to throw open the windows of the mind to let in the glory of the growing day. Now, it is perfectly true that there are many people in the world who deserve to be sneered at as Orthodox—or Evangelical, or anything else that is descriptive of narrowness and intolerance—for they are narrow and intolerant. They suppose—indeed are sure—that Man, as they represent that generic term, has reached finality. They pray that *new* things may be brought out of the Treasury, but are swift enough to visit with their sore displeasure any man who shall attempt to bring an answer to their prayers. I need not stay to describe them further, they are so well known. But supposing I begin to talk to an Orthodox friend. I find that he is sincere, he is greatly in earnest, but he is what I should call lopsided; that is to say, he was brought up in a particular way, never having been allowed to wander far afield, either as to conversation or literature. I look at his library—theology, and again theology—shelf after shelf—case after case; and all of them—the books, I mean—in defence or affirmation of the Evangelical School. A treatise that crushes Darwin into small dust—but not Darwin—answers to Huxley—but not Huxley—answers to all the German Rationalists—but not Fichte, nor Goethe, nor Strauss, nor the Baur's. German Commentators, of course—there's Lange, and there's Hengstenberg—and that is quite enough. Yes, quite enough, my friend, if you only want to know one side of the whole. But I find that your reading has made you lopsided. You have read a few evangelical books, and then—gone over the same ground again. How would it be if you made acquaintance with both sides? How would it be if you studied the whole question? How would it be if you read a few of the propositions and arguments before you read the answers to them? Evangelical bigotry comes

from a little knowledge of one side only; and it is very vain; it vaunteth itself, speaking great swelling words. I know men who would not dare to read what they call sceptical writings; they will scarcely be civil to members of a broader school of thought. And yet some of those men are the recognised teachers of the people; they set themselves to teach mankind how to grow after their word and example, that is to say, lopsided.

Yes, some of the Orthodox are very narrow, and very bitter in tone when they speak of the heterodox. But, friends of free thought, how much do you know about the Orthodox. You read Stuart Mill and Goethe and Carlyle, and then—the same over again; Sartor Resartus is a beautiful book. And it has come to pass that Scepticism is just as narrow, as bigotted and intolerant as Orthodoxy ever was or ever can be. The broad thinking of the day is bounded and limited; the freedom of the day is a slavish thing. Read Frederic Harrison, and Huxley, and Spencer, and Mill, and come down to the feeble folk who follow in the same wake, and it will be found that the bigotry of unbelief is a very fierce and fiery thing; it has no bowels of charity; it has no forgiveness of sins; it smiles in a lofty, disdainful way as it looks down from its sublime heights of intellectual freedom and culture, and when compelled to come down and discuss the questions that trouble in the mind of ordinary mortals it grows angry. I do verily believe that Scepticism will soon have a hell of its own. How it can dogmatise and lay down and define the hard and fast lines? No doubt—no eager questioning as they see strange figures and shapes through the breaking mist; they are sure, and most of all that the Evangelicals know nothing, for they read nothing but their own authors. And the general run of Sceptics—or Free Thinkers, if they like it better—are just as lopsided as any mortals that walk under the moon. Stuart Mill, Goethe and Carlyle, and then—over again; Sartor Resartus is a beautiful book.

And now my wheel is set agoing. Mill, Goethe and Carlyle—Carlyle, Goethe and Mill—Orthodox books and books that are Evangelical—Evangelical conversation—Evangelical periodicals—Evangelical preaching, and the lid shut down upon all else. But these are only parts of the whole. Look at the people with regard to their standing, or leaning, in the matter of politics. If they are Liberals they read, say the *Globe* or some other of the same kind; if Conservatives, the *Mail* or the *Montreal Gazette*. And the Liberal will be an utter stranger to the Conservative. The paper is devoted to the party, and in that interest the speeches of friends are brightened up and lengthened out, and made to appear good and convincing; while the speeches of the enemy are cut down and caricatured out of all original shape and colour. If we would know what our Liberal politicians say we must read the Liberal papers; and if we would know the truth about Sir John we must take the Conservative reports with a grain of salt. So in politics they make us to walk in a lopsided way, and we vex each other in our mutual ignorance.

The same thing runs through all our ecclesiastical life. We lean this way or that, being weighed down with unreasoning prejudice, which is the natural birth of an uninformed mind. We have our own Mill and Goethe and Carlyle, and there are no gods beside them, and Sartor Resartus is a beautiful book.

The evil is here and patent to the senses of us all, and the remedy is not far to find. A little more acquaintance with those from whom we differ—a little broader reading, the outcome of an earnest desire to know what the advocates of both sides may have to say—the exercise of charity toward all men, and the paying some heed to Cromwell's appeal to the hard men of his day, when he said to them—"I beseech you in the bowels of Jesus Christ to believe that you may be wrong"—would do much to bring about a general straightening. Of those who have grown and stiffened in Orthodoxy, I have not much hope. What of them should be muscle is bone having no joints; and their eyes are only painted windows through which a little soul—standing on a stool—looks out; but of the young, I have great hope. Great hope, that is, if they are not narrowed and embittered by the scepticism of the day. If they are to grow up straight, holding their balance and keeping their head amid, all the jar and jangle of party conflict—strife of churches—strife between the old thought and the new—if they are to keep their Faith as their Belief changes in form and modes of expression—they must have larger and juster views of men and things—they must throw out the circle of their life—they must have a fixed centre, but an elastic circumference. Not Mill, Goethe and Carlyle, and Carlyle, Goethe and Mill, but those men and others as well as they—others—who, while thinking differently, thought quite as profoundly—as some of us imagine—a good deal more accurately. Neither in matters of belief, nor in matters of politics, have we a fixed science, or necessary truths as we have in mathematics, but each has laid hold of something to believe in and live by; and before we run off into Scepticism hard and scornful, let us try and understand what those of a different way of thinking and speaking have got to tell us about it. I would say to all extremists: Friends, give heed in a broader way, and inform yourselves of the position and purpose of those who differ from you.

THE TURKS AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

II.

Orcham carried on the work of conquest so successfully begun. He took the city of Nice; overran the remainder of Bithynia, with great part of Mysia; advanced his forces to the Hellespont and Bosphorus, and at times broke in on European soil. At last he broke in to remain there, and it came about this way: Soliman, the eldest son of Orchard, having been appointed governor of the newly acquired province of Mysia, visited the spot on the shore where the great and rich city of Cyzicus once stood. The ruins of columns and marble edifices scattered over the turf filled him with awe and admiration. To his heated fancy they were nothing less than the remains of wondrous palaces that the genii had built. This Turk was of a dreamy turn of mind, and loved to wander in meditation on the beach amidst the ruins of this Tyre of Propontis. He had his reward, as who shall not who gives his thoughts free play? One evening as he sat wrapt in contemplation he beheld the ruined temples of Jupiter, Proserpine and Cybele reflected by the light of the moon in the tranquil waters of the Sea of Marmora. It seemed to his fancy as if the restored city were emerging from the deep in all its ancient glory, girdled with the white sails of a fleet. The whispering of wind and murmuring of wave struck upon the ear as mystic voices from beings invisible; while the silvery beams of the moon seemed to bind into one as by bridges the shores of Europe and Asia. He thought of his grandsire's dream, of which I have spoken, and came to a resolution that both sides of the Straits should be united by him. Soliman was not slow to move when once he had found a reason. The next night, with a chosen band of forty, he crossed the strait on a rough raft and seized the castle of Tzyppe, now Chini, near to Gallipoli.

And now we must follow the Turk in Europe, bent on further conquest. And all things favoured the plan. Nature herself seemed to war against Greece. Great earthquakes shook and shattered the walls of her towns; the inhabitants in terror fled to the fields, and the Turks entered as masters. Gallipoli—the Callipolis of ancient geography and the key of the Hellespont, soon fell—thus giving him command of the ways of communication between Europe and Asia. It gave the Greeks but little concern at the time, the Emperor remarking that he had merely lost a "cellar for wine and a sty for hogs," alluding to the magazines established there by Justinian. And so the Empire grew and extended. Orchard consigned the work of government administration to his brother Aladdin, who was the first vizier, or burden-bearer of the nation, while Orchard himself made plans for further conquest. This vizier established for the first time a permanent military force. He had trouble with his soldiers at first, for they had memory of the days of pastoral equality, and men will not yield their freedom all at once. But to obviate the difficulty they struck upon the plan of rearing up in the doctrines of Islam, the children of the conquered Christians, training them from early youth in the use of arms and forming them into a separate corps. A damnable invention, it will be said—and it was. The devil had two children born to him at that time: those perverted Christians turned into soldiers and called "Janissaries," and gunpowder over in Europe. All know the history of those Janissaries—how they grew to be strong and able to rule at last, setting up whom they would, and whom they would putting down; how they fought with vigour and fanaticism winning in almost every battle; grew in insolence at home, until a monarch had them all extirpated by the sword. I have said that the state of Europe was favourable to Turkish views of conquest. This is specially true of the Eastern division of the Roman Empire, of which Constantinople was the capital. While feeble Emperors resigned themselves to the pleasures and empty formalities of the court, insolent and venal courtiers, entrusted with arbitrary power, so corruptly administered the government, enriching themselves by fiscal oppression, and prostituting justice for gain, that all respect for the imperial throne had long been extinguished in the popular mind. The great provinces, such as those of the Wallachians, Bulgarians, Slavonians and Albanians separated their interests from the Greek Government, caring little whether it stood or fell. Add to this political misfortune the fact that since the middle of the eleventh century, on the ground of doctrinal and ritual differences, the Greek Emperors, clergy and people had disowned and defied the authority of the Vatican, setting up an independent hierarchy with Constantinople for its head, and it will be seen that the Greek outlook was glowing indeed. Europe could have sent no help if it had the mind, for Europe itself was distracted, almost ruined, by the fierce rivalry of Popes. So the Turk went on his conquering way with scarce a check. He advanced from the Hellespont and captured Adrianople in 1361, and it became the seat of government. John Palaeologus I. became alarmed for Constantinople, and went to Italy in search of help. He renounced all the tenets which Rome called heterodox; tendered the abject submission to Pope Urban V.; kissed the feet of His Holiness in the Church of St. Peter, and led the mule of His Holiness through the streets of the city. And His Holiness promised as usual, but also as usual nothing came of the promise, and the poor king could get no assistance.

In 1363 the first battle was fought between the powers of Europe and the invading Turk. The Servians, the Bosnians, the Hungarians and the Wallachians formed a league to pursue their independence and drive the enemy back into Asia. With their combined forces they crossed the Balkans, but were totally defeated by the Turkish King Amurath. The allies recovered and offered battle once more, but with the like result, and Servia was added to the territory of the conqueror. Then came the reign of Bajazet, a fierce, proud, warlike man, and talented withal, who pushed his way eastward to the Euphrates and northward to the Danube. Hungary got the help of some French and German knights, and sent an army one hundred thousand strong against him, and they fought at Nicopolis. The Hungarian army was swept into the Danube. But Bajazet blundered, being blinded by his passion. He planned a campaign into the very heart of Europe, and boasted that he would one day feed his horse with a bushel of oats on the altar of St. Peter's at Rome. But that horse never got that feed, for upon the proud and conquering Turk swept the fierce Timour-leuk, or lame Timour, Tamerlane, as we have learnt to call him. He was at first chief of a Nomadic horde of Mongols, and these rose to the mastery of the empire stretching from the great wall of China to the shores of the Mediterranean. By Tamerlane the empire of the Turks was shattered, but not broken.

Mohammed I. restored it again in its integrity. Other conquests were made in the reign of Amurath the Second, who twice returned to meet and master Turkish foes.

I must dwell a moment on Amurath's son and successor, Mohammed II. for he it was before whom Constantinople fell. He was a fierce Islamite—had wisdom, strength of body and mind, and an unflinching courage. He was the most talented of all the Sultans, and because he prostituted his powers to his passion and his pride, became the most execrable of them all. From the moment of his accession his thought was of Constantinople, his master passion a desire to possess it. In 1453 he invested the city with an army of 120,000 men—desolated with savage cruelty all the environs, and shut the inhabitants within the walls. The total force ultimately brought against the city, including army and navy, was 260,000 strong. To oppose this formidable host was a garrison of but 8,000 men, who had to defend a circuit of 13 miles of land and water. The inhabitants numbered one hundred thousand, made up mostly of priests, mechanics, women and children. The Greek King made another effort to gain help from the West, by offering the Greek Church to the rulers of Rome; but it failed, the people would not be transferred. They had some conscience, and some respect for it too—a good and great thing always. They said it would be apostacy, which is worse than the horrors of war—worse than any defeat could be. The Grand Duke Notaras, the first Minister of the Empire, said he would rather see the turban of Mohammed in the city than the tiara of the Pope, or the hat of a Cardinal. It was a most unequal fight. The besiegers—nearly 300,000 strong—well-disciplined, and well-led by a young and brave commander; the besieged, scarce a dozen thousand strong, all who could fight being told, and among them discord and insubordination. They got greatly dejected upon hearing that a Nun had apostatized to Islamism, and refused to observe Lent; and still more on hearing that two Monks, having been entrusted with money to repair the walls, had reserved it for their own use when the war should be over. They didn't know as well as we how little Nuns may learn to care for fasting, and how much Monks may learn to care for money, or they wouldn't have been cast down. And why shouldn't they so care? A care for the Church is surely the first and best of all moralities. But the Turks were confident. Sheiks and fanatics predicted triumph, and Othman's dream was told from tent to tent. The Koran, too, was quoted as giving them promise, "Know ye a city encompassed on two sides by water, and on the third by land," it said, "the last hour shall not come before it be taken by sixty thousand of the faithful." And again, "They shall conquer Constantinople; the army that conquers it is the best of armies." So spake the great prophet, and the sound was as of a voice from heaven. The Scripture had said, and it must be—God is God—and Mohammed is his prophet. With varying fortunes, displays of determination without, and the courage of despair within, for fifty long and dreadful days the battle raged. And then came the final assault. It was prepared for—the Sultan and his host of Turks believed in God and Mohammed—and that there was power that could and would help them, so they prayed and fasted, and gave a great illumination. And those in the city believed in God and Christ, and they prayed and fasted, and cried to the God of right and of battle. But victory went with numbers and the wrong. The oppressor triumphed—the cross was less glorious in sight than the crescent. Why? I know not. Things are strangely ordered. God is God and Mohammed is his prophet. Constantinople fell on May 29, 1453. The Greek Empire had come to an end, having lasted 1123 years, from the time Constantine had called it the seat of Empire, and named it after himself. The wars of the Roses were going on in England.

Thus was completed the political overthrow of Eastern Christendom and the breaking up of the Empire of the Greeks. The Turk became an object of dread. He threatened Spain and Italy. A comet appeared, supposed to be in league with the Turk, and the Ave Maria was repeated three times a day—the Church bells were tolled at noon in all Roman Catholic places, and the prayer was made, "Lord, save us from the devil, the Turk, and the comet," and the triad each day were excommunicated in solemn ecclesiastical manner. But prayers and excommunications prevailed only for one—the comet disappeared—but the Turk and the devil remained to vex Europe.

The change of mastery on the Bosphorus crippled for a time the navigation of the Black Sea, by excluding the mercantile marine of Western Europe from its waters. To restore that navigation became the policy of England and France and other Western nations, and the rise of what is now called "The Eastern Question," to which I shall refer by and by. In 1522, fell to the Turks the Island of Rhodes, which gave them the key of the Archipelago, of Greece, of the Dardanelles, of Asia Minor, and of the Seas of Syria and Egypt. The famous Soliman was Sultan; and that was the time of greatest power and glory to the Turks. The Empire in Europe embraced, the Greeks occupying old Greece and part of Macedonia, as well as the country about Constantinople—the Bulgarians who held a country extending from the Danube to the Black Sea; and the South Slavonic races, whom we now know as Serbs, Bosnians, Herzegovinians, and Montenegrins, all identical in race—and also the Albanians of the hilly country near the Adriatic. To these may be added Roumania, for then it was really, and until quite recently, nominally subject to the Turks.

A. J. BRAY.

(To be continued.)

"A LAY SERMON TO INSOLVENTS."

"To thine own self be true and it will follow as the night the day; thou canst not then be false to any man."

Is there a niche in Life for each one of us in which alone we can really show to advantage, whatever of beauty or usefulness we possess? Is there some portion of the machinery of existence left vacant for each of us, in which, and which alone, we shall find our power to sustain or propel so exactly balanced to the other parts of the machine as to leave us no sense of strain, but rather, healthful exercise of our faculties in promoting the usefulness of the whole? These are questions which peculiarly interest us, who, suffering the reality of failure, are oppressed with a sense of it, and burdened with the care

and sorrow, misfortune and loss, which we have brought on others as well as on ourselves. For, alas! for us who sincerely mourn over our mistakes we cannot, however willing, take *all* the consequences on ourselves. Society at large, those who have trusted our character and ability, as well as those rearer and dearer to us, must suffer with us; and, misery of miseries! to a sensitive nature, we, if brave and manly enough to stay and face these consequences, must look on and see them suffer till we can, in some measure at least, repair the evil we have done.

Let us then seek out the cause that we may, each one for himself, apply the remedy. That there is a cause—that there is a remedy—who can doubt who believes in a "Providence which shapes our ends"? God sends no one into this world without some wise and beneficent end in view for the individual so sent, as well as for the community. There is some work for which each is peculiarly fitted,—in which he can be eminently useful to his fellows. If he *does* it, they will be constrained to rise up and call him blessed. He will earn at least his bread, even if it be by the sweat of his brow, and if poor in worldly wealth will be still no bankrupt in *honour* among his fellows.

We believe, then, that the answer to these two questions must be an affirmative one. There *is* some part of the working machinery of the world left weak for want of each one of us. There *is* some niche in the world's gallery of honour left vacant for each to fill with the loveliness of duty fulfilled,—the sculptured grandeur of that repose which ensues when our activities have become concentered forever into the rounded form of enduring truth,—truth towards our own nature and capabilities, truth to the service of others. It is because we have missed this aim, perhaps neither known nor thought of it, that we have failed. But the result of our errors has come. We are awake to the facts. We have still capacities within us seeking more eagerly than ever their true outlet. Consciously and really distressed at the disastrous results of our actions, we desire sincerely and humbly to make amends to the world in honest service which shall benefit humanity.

To the less-experienced but more fortunate or worthy Traders who have always been attended with a fair measure of success, who estimate success as not only the test of merit but of honesty of purpose, such a description of the feelings of *any* bankrupt may seem like the wildest dream; but it is nevertheless the fact, that nine-tenths of the numerous bankruptcies among us are caused, not by deliberate dishonesty of purpose, but by errors in judgment regarding either the possibilities of trade, or our own capabilities. We may fairly claim that nine-tenths of the failures that occur are attributable to needless but honest-intentioned over-trading, incapacity to grapple with the practical difficulties of the trade undertaken, or an utter lack of business capacity. In some few cases excess of honesty, begetting excessive trustfulness of others, is the one sole cause. Excessive cupidity is also sometimes the primary reason of failure. To grasp after the control of the trade of a whole city or district to the extinction of all competitors, is so remarkably like the game of draw-poker, in which one stakes his all in beating down and "weakening" his adversary's "hand," that it hardly requires the gift of prophecy to foretell ultimate disaster. This class, however, belongs to the one-tenth of *dishonest* insolvencies.

But the one cause of by far the most failures is the utter unfitness, by natural aptitude, for the special trade engaged in. Men, born excellent carpenters, suddenly emerge into the lumber trade, build a lumber mill, and become traders and manufacturers, without the slightest knowledge or aptitude for either, except the knowledge how to fashion lumber after it is made. Men with the *thews and sinews* of a Hercules are found electing, for the sake of a *sham gentility*, to spend their strength in measuring ribbons and gammoning the fair sex into purchasing dress goods. Heaven-born mechanics become, for similar reasons, dealers in tea and sugar. Men whose natures lead them to intellectual pursuits merge themselves, for family reasons perhaps, into the eminently practical trade of hardware, which requires much of the skill and experience of the trained mechanic. Others, with the honest pride and inborn independence generally attributed to the "village Hampden," allow themselves to start as Commission Agents, that vague style of commercial life which is destined to run them into truckling to both constituent and customer to make sales, force them to "become all things to all men" that they may gain a slender commission. Which kind of dishonour to choose is apt soon to become a practical problem solved by Insolvency.

Is it any wonder then that such men, so placed, fail in attaining any result satisfactory to themselves or others who trust them? Is it not, as an eminent writer has said, a constant recurrence of the "round peg filling the square hole, and the square peg trying to jam itself into the round hole"? The one falls out; the other cannot get in. Did either succeed in maintaining its place, could it feel comfortable there?

It is an axiom in morals—that most practical of all sciences—that amendment cannot be begun till we see and acknowledge to ourselves the cause of the evil within ourselves. So is it in so-called "practical life." We must see and acknowledge the error we ourselves have made, and perceive *that* as the cause of failure. The *cause* once seen, the *remedy* is not far to seek. If for social reasons Hercules has taken to selling trimmings and dress goods and failed to shine in that pursuit, let him bring his magnificent muscular development into play in some other more congenial occupation, and there is yet a career before him. The man with the deft hands and inventive brain of the skilled mechanic must cease to attempt the mechanical (?) pursuit of weighing out tea and sugar, and employ his talents on what is more akin to his nature. Never mind the grime on his hands and clothes. It will wash off more easily and more thoroughly than the stain of uselessness and failure he has inflicted on his honour. We who have thought more highly of ourselves and our abilities than we ought to think, have perhaps been taught by the results of that overweening self-confidence to think soberly and rightly of our powers, and to estimate more correctly what God has fitted us to do usefully, because, perfectly. If we have found we lack the ability to lead, let us cease to try, but rather follow some other leader, selling him our labour, to be guided by his superior ability. There need be no degradation in this. Brains are no more useful in their degree than hands are in their degree. Each would be useless without the other. Good "hands" are an invaluable blessing to a sound "head," and the latter cannot afford to treat the former with disrespect. Those of us who have trusted too generously, too confidingly, and though being ourselves deceived, deceived

others, have perhaps much sympathy from all, even from those whom we have wronged. Still, that sympathy is mingled with some measure of contempt. Nor is this altogether unjust. We have actually injured those we trusted too largely, as well as those who trusted us. We have lacked wisdom, and the natural consequence has come upon us in loss of respect for our judgment from those who are wiser than ourselves. We have gratified our emotions of generosity without sufficiently regarding the true aim of usefulness to others. That most refined of all the forms which selfishness assumes has been ours,—doing good and bestowing trust and confidence for the pleasure it gave ourselves, not for the good it did to others. We must swallow the penalty, and if we have learnt the lesson, start again with the more limited powers afforded us, but, let us hope, better applied.

Then there are among our ranks, and not perhaps the least conspicuous, men of ultra sanguineness of disposition who, over-confident in their power of brain and industry to conquer lack of capital or credit, have launched out boldly into enterprises far beyond their financial strength. They had perhaps both brains and industry surpassing that of their competitors, but they lacked the needful tools to work with. Their barque, too heavily freighted, took the ground and missed that "tide which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." At the critical moment there was not water enough to float them. Talents like these need not be lost,—must not be lost. There are men of capital lacking just that element of success which they can supply. He who has light and brilliancy in him must find a *golden* candlestick on which to rest that he may irradiate the community and complete the usefulness both of that candlestick and himself.

What of the ten per cent. of deliberately dishonest among us? For them, too, there is hope, if they choose to begin now to cease to plan, and do, evil, and learn to do well. A man can live down any sin—any disgrace—if he wills to do it. Nor let any of us dare to hinder him. Let men take heed that they offend not any of *such* little ones, only beginning their flight towards the Eternal Light—as yet in the early stage of childhood—which may develop into the perfect manhood of goodness and truth.

All the various forms of failure and disaster are traceable to one great cause which underlies them. It is selfishness,—regarding self more than others—seeking gain, reputation, or "clat," for the sake of self, or those dependent on self. Losing sight of the true aim of life, *usefulness*, we have tried, not to fill a vacant space in the universe with our best labour, our highest devotion of thought and purpose, but to fill a longing in our own bosom with the things of time and of sense. This was hardly sensible. These can never satisfy our true nature. Loving service to *others*—not for *self*—is *the* end which, kept steadily in view in all our actions, will guide us ever aright and make every sacrifice of personal ease or comfort, the truest ease, the truest comfort in the happiness it brings to others. Serving our brethren from love to them we will ere long begin to find we are simply serving God, carrying out His purposes towards us, by forming of ourselves a channel, along which His Gospel of "peace on earth, good will to men," may flow. Then we shall begin to realize that he who loves God loves his brethren also, and become conscious that it *is* possible to obey the Divine commandment—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," by "loving thy neighbour as thyself." In *that* pursuit there can be no failure, for God is with us, overcoming the evil in us, with "GOOD."

THE SOUL OF THE LAND IS AWAKE.

DEDICATED TO OUR VOLUNTEERS.

The soul of the land is awake,
Whatever the scorners may say,
And nothing shall sadden her, nothing shall shake
The spirit that moves her to-day;
With the faith and the firmness of yore,
With soul that no threat can appal,
Her sons stand, the girdle and shield of her shore,
And are ready—aye, ready for all.

Behold! how they throng o'er the land,
From city, and hamlet, and plain,
A legion of freemen, a resolute band,
Prepared to do battle again;
From the centre all round to the coast,
They will muster when duty shall call;
Too steady to swerve, and too manly to boast,
They are ready—aye, ready for all.

They seek not to strive with the foe,
They challenge not kaiser or king;
They best love the blessings that peace can bestow,
And the triumphs that commerce can bring:
But should reckless ambition presume
To menace with danger and thrall,
Give them heroes to lead them, and plenty of room,
And they're ready—aye, ready for all.

True freemen can never grow cold
To dignity, honour, and right,
They can prove it to-day, as they've proved it of old
In many a glorious fight:
With courage undaunted and keen,
Prepared for what chance may befall,
In defence of their freedom, their country and Queen,
They are ready—aye, ready for all.

Pro Aris et Focis.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION AGAIN.

The policy of the Government has been mainly to ignore the fact of an enormously increasing adverse balance of trade; because their chances of reelection very much depend on not avowing the real state of the case. The Finance Minister has consequently avoided placing the actual state of trade on record in a formal manner, and has thought it safer to let the newspapers quarrel over it to their hearts' content. Ministers bravely insinuate that the thing does not exist,—that the Customs figures don't represent the fact; for, they say, if you send \$50,000 worth of flour to Spain, and there sell it for \$90,000, and invest the proceeds in goods you enter inwards, the adverse balance is accounted for. But such economists evidently were not brought up at the Commission business, nor at business of any kind "very much."

In our bold critic "Omega" we have a character of a different stamp. With creditable foresight he perceives the truth must leak out, and therefore courageously takes the "bull by the horns," and justifies an adverse balance of trade in this wise: "Shall we estimate the condition of a merchant a ruinous one who owes \$8,000 and has assets for \$15,000? Yet thus does "Alpha" judge of poor Canada as a nation." We reply to the insinuation, Certainly not. The case is not a parallel one. But if "a merchant" were to dip deeper and deeper into debt for a long series of years to accomplish what might be a more safely done without such risk, then we might be inclined to call him a born fool for thus needlessly involving himself. But as things now go, the merchant cannot avoid it, for credit is by law made the rule, and cash the exception. It is because the nation might do otherwise that sensible men are made to wince, by incompetent law-makers sacrificing the capital of the country. The adverse balance of about twenty-five millions' dollars annually, for the past ten years, is too surely hurrying industry along the high road to national bankruptcy, dishonour and disgrace, not to call for a note of warning against the approaching catastrophe; and why should one overlook the "results of the trade concealed, in stock and store, and fruits of the soil," but because these results lie *too long concealed* and tire the waiters for a return from the investments which are sown broadcast over the country. We look in vain for the annual returns, and the sharp sighted "Omega" himself declines to point them out, cruelly leaving the country to indulge its melancholy.

Our Government professes to follow in the footsteps of England in its free trade policy; but our free trade is evidently a bird of a different colour. This country is constantly exporting its capital to pay for imports; unlike the mother country, which pays her purchases by the results of industry. So far from Great Britain being necessitated to export her securities—after supplying all branches of industry with abundance of cheap capital, the residue is invested in the Securities of all nations. The British care very little for the shewing of in the Customs returns while capital is uniformly cheap. Our free trade, on the contrary, is all on one side, like the handle of a jug, and that turned towards our competitors! Evidently we have got to learn the needful lesson of legislating in favour of domestic industry. England does not require to make use of the investment in her real property, but it is different with us. Canada cannot afford to sacrifice such capital. And here may we inquire of "Omega," who affects to ridicule the "legislative remedy" for trade difficulties. He who affects to be a day-labourer, and yet objects to having his circumstances impaired! Does he not know that without legislation the trade of the world would still be rude barter? What is a standard of value, but legislation? What is the banking law he so tenaciously defends, but legislation? No, capital, apart from rude commodities, is unavailable without legislation! No, although professing to be a day-labourer he appears wonderfully interested in the fate of the banks; as in their defence he allows himself to be carried away by an over-heated imagination.

He may reassure himself by another perusal of our letters, as we never proposed doing away with the present banking law; nor advised "running a bank which lends on real estate with a ten per cent. margin," and "never proposed competing for the discounting of paper even with two names." Don't be alarmed "Omega," the bankers will still be allowed to ply their own special industry in discounting as many notes as they please. But why does "Omega," whose mental grasp of banking usage is so good, and whose experiences of "sleepless nights and sodden looks" are so fresh and lively,—we ask, why does he throw away so much tender concern and sympathy upon us, when he might teach the bankers a thing or two to their advantage, as "how to cover risks and make genuine banking safe." The information by us treated so lightly might be highly prized by bankers who are now pursuing their calling under difficulties!

Our banking principles, on the contrary, are so simple, so efficient, so safe and easily carried out in practice, that the common wonder now is that the idea had never before been suggested or adopted. But we shall risk another illustration of our method for the special benefit of "Omega" himself, and we don't want anybody else to read it. That time-honoured institution, the Trust and Loan Company of Canada, has done business now thirty years and never lost a cent! which shows they know at what margin to deal in mortgages. We suggest that they, having proved themselves competent and deserving, by so long an apprenticeship, be granted a charter authorising them to do a discount long an apprenticeship, be granted a charter authorising them to do a discount on their stock-book for a subscribed capital of, say ten millions' dollars in mortgages; and, mark me, you would soon see it taken up! The holder of a mortgage would then have the choice of discounting it or taking stock at the same rate. Being made a bank of issue, this institution would only have to hypothecate to the foreign capitalist the tenth part of the mortgage it now requires to do the same amount of business. That would form in this country the "nest-egg" of a market for our own and foreign securities. Canada would then soon become a self-respecting and industrious nation,—soon able and willing to pay her debts.

Our intelligent critic affects to be very obtuse in speaking of real and personal property, confounding convertibility with portability, &c. He must know that a mortgage is the most convertible of securities, and does not need even to be made at short time. A five years' mortgage is discountable or convertible into gold at any moment. A promissory note is limited in time,

because of the liability of credit to change. This "Omega," who depends on labor for subsistence, having so many suffering fellow workers, is singularly recreant to the interests of his class in combating our new banking ideas. He should be aware that by bringing more capital into the market the demand for labour must be increased, and the condition of the workingman vastly improved. The condition of the skilful in every line of business cannot fail of being immensely benefited. The establishment of our bank would go far to place Canada, with all her magnificent natural resources, in the front rank of industry. The cause of our industrial difficulties is the employing of others to do for us what we might do for ourselves, and that arises from unavailable capital. As, when money is at 10 per cent. it means very little money; at five, double the capital is at command.

If perchance we have made some ugly marks on "Omega's" shield, let him not be discouraged,—let it not be the last of "Omega"!

To your correspondent on the "Balance of Trade" we would say: It is to be hoped that the adverse balance is all well invested, but the returns are slow, and from that circumstance arises the *immediate* difficulties. The cash concerned has of course definitely extended or postponed payment of *so much* of the imports and saved the country for the time. But the unsettled balance held,—first, by manufacturers against Canadian importers, and secondly, that held by the banks against the general retail trade is now embarrassing business. We cannot discover in a constantly increasing adverse balance the signs of a healthy trade, as it must limit capital, increase interest, tax manufactures, and diminish exports.

ALPHA.

DR. THOMAS CHALMERS.

Of this prince of Scottish preachers a personal acquaintance wrote:—"I have heard all the greatest pulpit readers of my time, and not one of them has formed an exception to the rule. Even Chalmers, their chief and head, whose mighty ministrations I have very frequently attended, matchless reader though he was, came most fully within the rule. That distinguished man, indeed, made no attempt to look at his audience such as is made by a multitude of readers; the finger of either hand was never for a moment removed from the MS.; there was nothing beyond a passing flash of the eye as he occasionally darted his head upward. Once fairly in motion, he rushed along like a locomotive of the highest power at full speed, heedless of everything before, behind, or around him, with a sort of blind, though inspired fury. He could, I verily believe, have performed the magnificent feat equally well in Westminster Abbey alone, and with the doors shut! The fires which, on these occasions, raged so strongly within him, were wholly independent of external circumstances. As a consequence of this, power, all-subduing power, was the prime characteristic of the achievement. He was generally altogether wanting in pathos, that ethereal something which, proceeding from a melted heart, has the power of melting all around it. The effect of his sublime effusion was a feeling of intense excitement, oft-times of overwhelming admiration, from which the auditor was often strongly tempted to clap his hands and shout applause; but he was rarely visited with compunction or moved to tears. Even in his death-scenes he awakened in the assembly scarcely any emotions other than those of awe or horror; the most sympathetic even of the gentler sex seldom wept. The most striking exception I ever remember was on the occasion of his farewell sermon on leaving Glasgow for St. Andrews. The discourse on that occasion was a sublime affair, not in its matter, for he was obviously by no means well prepared, but in its delivery; and the prayer was even more touching than the sermon. The discourse appears in his Collected Works, where it occupies but a very secondary place.

"How great soever, in a certain way, Chalmers might be with MS., he would have been incomparably greater with free speech; he was so in his partial attempts at extemporising. Nothing I ever listened to might be likened to his off-hand flights, whether in the pulpit or the class-room, the social meeting, or the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The style was then much more natural and idiomatic, much less figurative, and the matter much more simple, condensed, and business-like, and the intonation in keeping with it. It was nature perfected. On these occasions he was scarcely at all Ciceronian, oft-times quite Demosthenic.

"Again, in the case of Chalmers, there was a most material circumstance which greatly abated the offensiveness of the MS. to the public, as well as lessened its inconvenience to himself. His discourses were written in short-hand—which he read with a facility almost miraculous—on a sheet of foolscap folded into eight pages, so that there were only four leaves to turn during the entire exercise—a process barely perceptible. One of these short-hand manuscripts—a much-prized treasure—is now before me, consisting of only eight pages, although it occupied forty minutes in the delivery.

"The power of Chalmers with MS., however matchless in its own way, was, I repeat, impotent compared with the might of his extempore bursts. The difference was early perceived by discerning men. His memoirs contain a singularly interesting passage in relation to this subject. The celebrated Andrew Fuller, during one of his Scotch journeys on behalf of the Baptist mission, before Chalmers had become famous, having spent some time with him at Kilmarnock, laboured hard to wean him from the habit of reading. Dr. Hanna, his son-in-law, says:—

"Under the very strong conviction that his use of the manuscript in the pulpit impaired the power of his Sabbath addresses, Mr. Fuller strenuously urged upon his friend the practice of extempore preaching, or preaching from notes. "If that man," said he to his companion, Mr. Anderson, after they had taken leave of Kilmarnock manse—"if that man would but throw away his papers in the pulpit, he might be king of Scotland.""

Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, thus graphically describes the preaching of Chalmers:—

"The drover, a notorious and brutal character, who had sat down in the table-seat opposite, was gazing up in a state of stupid excitement; he seemed restless, but never kept his eye from the speaker. . . . We all had insensibly been drawn out of our seats, and were converging towards the wonderful speaker. . . . How beautiful to our eyes did the Thunderer look, exhausted,

but sweet and pure. . . . We went home quieter than when we came; we thought of other things—that voice, that face; those great, simple, living thoughts; those floods of irresistible eloquence; that piercing, shattering voice.”

—*Horæ Subsecivæ*, Second Series, pp. 90-93.

It may be seriously doubted whether Chalmers would ever have become celebrated at all as a preacher if he had delivered his sermons extempore. When in the middle of a discourse he broke off to illustrate some point which he deemed insufficiently dealt with in his MS., those who remember his preaching will call to mind the almost blundering simplicity with which he spoke, and the contrast to the imperial utterances, the cataracts of eloquence, which came from his well-thumbed notes.

When Dr. Chalmers came to preach the opening sermon in the National Scotch Church, Regent Square, St. Pancras, London, his former subordinate, Edward Irving, for whom the spacious edifice had been built, prayed before the sermon, and read the Scriptures. He chose for that purpose one of the longest chapters in the Old Testament, and prayed for nearly two hours. The overcrowded congregation were quite fatigued before the sermon began, and Dr. Chalmers did not hesitate to express his pain and annoyance to some of his friends when the service was concluded.

One of the admirers of Dr. Chalmers, who was always running after the latest variety of popular preacher, sent her compliments to him one day, and asked him if he intended to preach at St. George's Church on the morning of the following Sunday? Dr. Chalmers' reply was characteristic of the man. He said, "Present my respects to Mrs. So-and-so, and tell her that divine service will be celebrated as usual next Sunday morning, and that it commences at eleven o'clock."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.

SIR,—It has been suggested by one of your correspondents that the believers in conditional immortality should be heard for their view of the future life. This, I think, is desirable if that very interesting subject is to be fully discussed in your columns. I will, therefore, endeavour to place before your readers our ideas as briefly as possible. And for this purpose the statement of the Apostle Paul in the 15th chap. of 1st Corinthians will serve to set forth our view very concisely. Which we understand to be—that to deny the resurrection of the dead, involves the denial of the resurrection of Christ and all possibility of a future life.

Very important indeed must that doctrine be, upon which consequences so tremendous rest, and a right understanding of what is meant by the resurrection of the dead is imperatively necessary.

There are those who assert that "the dead," referred to by the Apostle, means a spiritual *immortal* being, who is the real man, contained in the body, but altogether distinct from it. That death is the resurrection of the man from the dead body. The term "dead" being as properly applicable to the one as the other. I need hardly say that we dissent from that view, being of the opinion that a *deathless being*, and a piece of *inanimate matter could not be*, under any conceivable circumstances, spoken of as "the dead."

When the great Apostle to the Gentiles preached to the polished Athenians on Mars Hill, he was listened to with some attention, till he spoke of the resurrection of the dead. If by that he had meant the doctrine we have here referred to, he would not have provoked the scornful laughter of these representatives of the science of that day, for they were familiar with that idea. But the rising again to life of the body, which it was their custom to consume with fire, was to them not only impossible but absurd.

That this was what the Apostle meant, admits of no doubt. It was the resurrection of Jesus he had reference to, and it is the resurrection of Jesus he links with the resurrection of his people, to deny the one is to deny the other. Christ was to "be the first to rise from the dead." When He rose, He "became the first fruits of them that slept." But the first fruits is a sample of the harvest; the resurrection of Christ is the sample of the resurrection of His people: if His was the rising again of the identical body which was nailed to the cross, showing the scars and wounds which He received, so also must it be with His people. It is true there will be a difference between the resurrection body and the body as it now is. So also will there be a difference, equally great, in the bodies of those who remain alive at the coming of the Lord, when "this mortal puts on immortality," when the earthly house is changed into an heavenly and eternal house. The *soma psukikon* is not destroyed, but is changed into a *soma pneumatikon*. The identity remains. There is no such thing taught in the Scripture, as the transmigration of the soul from one body into another.

The resurrection of the dead then, upon which the truth of Christianity depends, and without which there can be no future life, is the rising again of the body to life, as taught by the Apostle Paul.

We are sometimes told that unless the soul is immortal, the resurrection of the dead would be impossible. That is to say, if man is wholly material. It is not in the power of God to raise him from the dead.

The grave consumes those committed to it, just as completely as the fire, or the teeth of wild beasts, therefore the resurrection of the same man or body is impossible, a creation of another body is necessary and the personal identity is preserved by the undying soul. One can hardly doubt that this was the opinion of these Corinthians, which the Apostle combatted so earnestly.

It is, I think, improbable that they denied a future life altogether, or a resurrection of some kind, but the resurrection of the dead, in the same sense as the resurrection of Christ, they evidently did not believe. But in this denying the resurrection of the dead, they were also denying the resurrection of Christ, and thus unintentionally, branding the Apostles as false witnesses. But what must their astonishment have been to hear the Apostle say also, that all those who had died in the faith, had perished, if they were not to be raised from the dead. Did the Apostle not believe that the soul—the real inward man—could exist just as well without a body as with one? And if so, supposing there never was a resurrection of the body that would not affect the existence of the man. Yet the Apostle says, "then they also that have fallen asleep in Christ are perished—if the dead rise not." He evidently thought that the personality of

the man was something material, for if the body is not raised, says Paul, "they that have fallen asleep in Christ are perished." The same Apostle tells us that "life and immortality" was brought to light by Jesus Christ." This of itself, seems to us to involve the rejection by the inspired writers of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. For, supposing that doctrine to be true, the Apostle could not truly say that "life and immortality was brought to light by Jesus Christ," for the immortality of the soul was known to the Egyptians before the days of Moses. The silence of Moses with regard to that doctrine has occasioned some surprise amongst those who regard it as absolutely essential to religion. Not only is there no hint regarding the survival of the intelligent part of man, but the reverse is true. Again and again is it asserted that all intelligence ceases with the death of the person. In death, David remembers his God no more, he can no longer give God thanks nor praise His name. His thoughts have perished. The wicked cease from troubling, the weary are at rest. All go into one place, all are of the dust and all turn to dust again. Such is the language of the Old Testament regarding man in death. It is true there are many allusions regarding a future life in the Scriptures. But that life was to be entered upon by rising from the dust of the earth, where the multitude is represented as sleeping, and not by quitting the body at death, as those who believe in the soul's immortality imagine.

But the subject was involved in considerable obscurity previous to the resurrection of Christ. He gave a practical illustration of the mode in which eternal life or immortality is entered upon.

Outside of the Jewish commonwealth darkness reigned. There was plenty of speculative belief in the immortality of the soul, but in the presence of death that notion was powerless to impart comfort. As the Apostle says, they sorrowed as those who "have no hope." To these hopeless, despairing, mourners, the Gospel of life eternal, through faith in Jesus Christ, must have been indeed the bread of life. The effect of this doctrine is very strikingly shown in the inscriptions of the tombs of the dead, in the early days of Christianity. Joyful assurance of a resurrection unto life eternal, stands in contrast with hopeless, wretched despair.

Such to us is the teaching of the Scriptures on the future life. It is a gift from God, on the condition of faith and obedience. To those "who by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honour, and immortality, (God will give) life eternal." Those who despise the gift of God will receive the wages of sin, DEATH.

They will not live for ever, but be destroyed, body and soul, in the lake of fire. Such is an outline of the doctrine of

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

SIR,—I fail to discover much light from "Senex" or powerful "logical deductions" from "Spes." Poets and philosophers of all ages have extolled the wonders, sublimity and grandeur of the great temple of Nature, but they also sing and say there is decay at the roots of all and every thing in it, and yet "Spes" will put it "on the same footing with the existence and perfection of Divinity," and endeavour to show it teaches—"the immortality of humanity."

Sometimes we are told Heaven, or future life, is a "condition," not a place at all. What does our Saviour mean when he told His disciples, "In My Father's House are many mansions, if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you?"

Is it not wiser and more instructive to make our "logical deductions" from *His teachings*, than from "Nature" or "the Pyramids?" To a mind in doubt, or denying the divinity of Christ—His being Creator and God by nature, His teaching must come short of what it really is. The Christian, however, reasoning by Analogy from Material to Spiritual, looks on earthly mansions with all their elegancies, modern conveniences, and architectural beauty wherein man dwells the few short years he is here, and is satisfied that the Mansions *God the great Architect of the Universe* has prepared for his saints to live their "future life" will far exceed any thing in *Nature!* "Quartus" is right to request those writing on the subject to confine themselves to Scripture proof.

J. F. K.

CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION.

SIR,—You profess fair play toward all sects and creeds, and I must give you credit for giving a "hearing" to all in your paper. But are you quite fair toward the Roman Catholics in your last issue. You allude to the procession of Corpus Christi in very disparaging terms, as a nuisance and one that ought to be discontinued—that the Roman Catholics go out of their way to pass Protestant Churches. Mr. Editor, I have seen the procession of Corpus Christi for over forty years, and have never known an instance of the procession going out of its way to pass Protestant Churches. Indeed, from my own experience, Protestant Churches are more respectfully treated by the bands of the procession than by those of the volunteers. The procession is to the Catholic an act of devotion, and it says something for their principles when educated men humiliate themselves in the eyes of Protestants and publicly walk in procession. The Roman Catholic Church teaches that the procession is a means of grace. The devout Catholic believes in the teaching of his Church. You may sneer at this practise or that, at this relic or that as absurd. You may denounce the various doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church as contrary to Scripture. You may ridicule the celibacy of the priests, the cloister, the confessional. The Roman Catholic has a very simple answer, "So the Church teaches, I believe the Church infallible."

Now, Mr. Editor, this doctrine is the foundation stone, the "Rock" on which the Roman Catholic Church is built, disprove this and then attack the practices and doctrine, but until this is done it is a waste of time and a source of irritation to discuss these topics. As for the Corpus Christi procession, I look upon it as a good means of keeping people from vice and wickedness for at least a half day. Anything that can keep 20,000 people from drinking, and sins in general is good, and this the procession does. In Brooklyn over 50,000 Sunday-School pupils parade the streets on the first of May. No one thinks of condemning this, and why not grant equal rights to Roman Catholics? My

advice is, let the procession alone. It is now nothing to compare to its former splendor and numbers, and is yearly decreasing.

There is, however, one objection I would make to the procession, and that is, the bands are generally not fit for a strolling circus, at least singing might be substituted with good effect.

Excuse my trespass upon your columns.

FAIR PLAY.

STEAMSHIP EXPLOSIONS AND IMPERFECT VENTILATION.

SIR,—One of your correspondents, a Mr. Johnson Briggs, recently called attention in your columns to a subject of no small public importance. From his letter and a reference therein to a pamphlet, which he mentions having left with you, it is to be inferred that he has, or imagines he has, in his possession a something—whether the actual apparatus itself or the mere embryo in his own mind of an invention I am unable to determine—for thoroughly ventilating public and private buildings, steamships, mines and closed-up places of every description, and without the opening of windows, doors, &c., and the inconvenient and dangerous consequences of sudden drafts, expelling all foul odours and noxious gases, thus keeping up a continual supply of good, fresh air.

If Mr. Briggs be really in earnest, the sooner his idea is developed and put into practical use the better; but it strikes me that instead of just puffing his inestimable treasure by reference to the prospective benefits of its adoption, he might have added, for the information of your readers, a clear and lucid explanation of it, giving, in fact, a detailed description of its construction and workings, if it has matured into a tangible shape.

What I particularly note is that Mr. Briggs refers to the value of his process as a preventative of such accidents as the "Sardinian" explosion. Now, it seems to me, if he can clearly show that it can be applied as such a preventative, no steamship company brought to a knowledge of such an advantage would be slow to secure it, not only for the purpose of reducing their vessels' risks, but as a means of improving their passenger and other accommodation, and of thus increasing their business; for it must surely be obvious—especially in view of the more recent accident on the "Sarmatian," in which two lives have been lost, according to the verdict of the coroner's jury, through want of proper ventilation—that steamship companies who can offer the double inducement of pure ventilation and immunity from the dangers which are shown by the explosions referred to, to be now in existence, must take precedence by securing the patronage which a travelling public in quest of ease, comfort and safety are sure to bestow upon them. All of us, I am sure, with any experience of ocean travel have more or less disagreeable recollections of bad odours and impure air. Practically, in view of the generally short duration of the voyage, these give us but little concern, or are at most looked upon as a necessary inconvenience of the journey. The "explosion" phantom, however, has something more startling, more alarming about it, something which naturally prompts us to make anxious enquiry as to whether or not there are any ready means of "laying" it.

May I venture to ask Mr. Briggs to give us, through the medium of your valuable paper, if the subject be in your opinion of sufficient importance, a brief outline of his scheme, and to tell us whether or not he has brought it under the notice of the Allan or any other S. S. Co., and with what result?

Yours, &c.,

COMMODOUM ET SALUS.

Montreal, June 13th, 1878.

PEACE AND FAIRNESS.

SIR,—Your remarks in last week's issue concerning the preservation and peace of our city were wise and well-timed. Let us have peace by all means; the trade and reputation of the city have suffered enough already through the laxity, and obstinate one-sidedness of those in authority. The Mayor seems to have learned a much-needed lesson from the Quebec riot, having seen it with his own eyes. But for the timely presence of the citizen soldiers of Montreal he would probably have seen the good old city in flames. It is hoped that the authorities will see that full and timely preparation is made to prevent disturbances about the coming 12th July, for there is great uneasiness among our citizens. At any cost we must have peace.

There is one thing in connection with Governmental and Municipal matters in the Province of Quebec that seems to me very unfair and unjust. While certain nationalities, of one creed, absorb almost all offices and situations, they do little to protect and keep the peace of either city or country. All the risks and inconveniences of protecting the Province are borne by others; that is manifestly unfair, especially when they have also to pay more than half the taxes. The Americans, too, while they are considerable in numbers and wealth, do little or nothing to protect the city. I suppose you could hardly find a single man of that nationality among the volunteers. Let us have fair play.

MARCUS.

LA PETITE MADELAINE.

By MRS. SOUTHEY.

(From "Blackwood," August, 1831.)

I was surprised the other day by a visit from a strange old lady, brought hither to be introduced to me, at her own request, by some friends of mine with whom she was staying in this neighbourhood. Having been, I was informed, intimately acquainted, in her early years, with a branch of my mother's family, to which she was distantly related, she had conceived a desire to see one of its latest descendants, and I was in consequence honoured with her visit. But if the honour done me was unquestionable, the motive to which I was indebted for it was not to be easily divined; for, truth to speak, little indication of good-will towards me, or of kindly feeling, was discernible in the salutation of my visitor, in her stiff and stately curtsy, her cold ceremonious expressions, and in the sharp and severe scrutiny of the keen grey eyes, with which she leisurely took note of me from head to foot.

Mrs. Ormond's appearance was that of a person far advanced in years; older than my mother would have been if still living; but her form, of uncommon height, gaunt, bony, and masculine, was firm and erect as in the vigour of life, and in perfect keeping with the hard-featured, deep-lined countenance, surmounted by a coiffure that, perched on the summit of a roll of grizzled hair, strained tight from the high and narrow forehead, was, with the rest of her attire, a fac-simile of that of my great-aunt Barbara (peace be to her memory!) as depicted in a certain invaluable portrait of that virtuous gentlewoman, now deposited, for more inviolable security, in the warmest corner of the lumber-room.

Though no believer in the influence of "the evil eye," there was something in the expression of the large, prominent, light grey orbs, so strangely fixed upon me, that had the effect of troubling me so far, as to impose a degree of embarrassment and restraint on my endeavours to play the courteous hostess, and very much to impede all my attempts at conversation.

As the likeliest means of breaking down the barrier of formality, I introduced the subject most calculated, it might be supposed, to awaken feelings of mutual interest. I spoke of my maternal ancestry—of the Norman blood and Norman land from which the race had sprung, and of my inherited love for the birthplace of those nearest and dearest to me in the last departed generation; though the daughter of an English father, his country was my native, as well as my "Father-land."

Mrs. Ormond, though the widow of an English husband, spoke with a foreign accent so familiar to my ear, that, in spite of the sharp thin tones of the voice that uttered them, I could have fancied musical, had there been a gleam of kindness in her steady gaze. But I courted it in vain. The eyes of Freya were never fixed in more stony hardness on a rejected votary, than were those of my stern inspectress on my almost deprecating face; and her ungracious reserve baffled all my attempts at conversation.

All she allowed to escape her, in reference to the Norman branches of our respective families, was a brief allusion to the intimacy which had subsisted between her mother and my maternal grandmother; and when I endeavoured from that slight clue to lead her farther into the family relations, my harmless pertinacity was rebuked by a shake of the head as portentous as Lord Burleigh's, accompanied by so grim a smile, and a look of such undefinable meaning, as put the finishing stroke to my previous bewilderment, and prevented me from recalling to mind, as I should otherwise have done, certain circumstances associated with a proper name—that of her mother's family, which she spoke with peculiar emphasis—and having done so, and in so doing (as she seemed persuaded) "spoken daggers" to my conscience, she signified by a stately sign to the ladies who had accompanied her that she was ready to depart, and, the carriage being announced, forthwith arose, and honouring me with a farewell curtsy, as formal as that which had marked her introduction, sailed out of the apartment, if not with swan-like grace, with much of that sublimer majesty of motion with which a heron on a mud-bank stalks deliberately on, with head erect and close depending pinions. And as if subjugated by the strange influence of the sharp grey eyes, bent on me to the last with sinister expression, unconsciously I returned my grim visitor's parting salutation with so profound a curtsy, that my knees (all unaccustomed to such Richardsonian ceremony) had scarcely recovered from it, when the closing door shut out her stately figure, and it was not till the sound of carriage-wheels certified her final departure, that, recovering my own identity, I started from the statue-like posture in which I had remained standing after that unwonted genuflection, and sank back on the sofa to meditate at leisure on my strange morning adventure.

My ungracious visitor had left me little cause, in truth, for pleasing meditation, so far as her gaunt self was immediately concerned, but the harsh strain, or an ungraceful object, will sometimes (as well as the sweetest and most beautiful) revive a long train of interesting associations, and the plea alleged for her introduction to me had been of itself sufficient to awaken a chord of memory, whose vibration ceased not at her departure. On the contrary, I fell forthwith into a dreamy mood, that led me back to recollections of old stories, of old times—such as I had loved to listen to in long-past days, from those who had since followed in their turn the elders of our race (whose faithful historians they were) to the dark and narrow house appointed for all living.

Who that has ever been addicted to the idle, and I fear me profitless, speculation of waking dreams, but may call to mind how, when the spell was on him, as outward and tangible things (apparently the objects of intent gaze) faded on the eye of sense, the inward vision proportionately cleared and strengthened—and circumstances long unremembered—names long unspoken—histories and descriptions once attended to with deep interest, but long passed from recollection, are drawn forth, as it were, from the dark recesses of the mind, at first like wandering atoms confused and undefined, but gradually assuming distinctness and consistency, till the things *that be* are to us the *unreal* word, and we live and move again (all intervening space a blank) among the things that have been?

Far back into that shadowy region did I wander, when left as described by "the grim white woman," to ponder over the few words she had vouchsafed to utter, and my own "thick-coming fancies." The one proper name she had pronounced—that of her mother's family—had struck on my ear like a familiar sound; yet—how could I have heard it? If ever, from one person only—from my dear mother's lips—"De St. Hilaire!"—again and again I slowly repeated to myself—and then—I scarce know how—the Christian name of Adrienne rose spontaneously to my lips; and no sooner were the two united than the spell of memory was complete, and fresh on my mind, as if I had heard it but yesterday, returned the whole history of Adrienne de St. Hilaire.

Adrienne de St. Hilaire and Madelaine du Résnel were far-removed cousins; both "demoiselles de bonne familles," residing at contiguous chateaux, near a small hamlet not far from Caen, in Normandy; both well born and well connected, but very unequally endowed with the gifts of fortune. Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire was the only child and heiress of wealthy parents, both of whom were still living. Madelaine du Résnel, the youngest of seven, left in tender infancy to the guardianship of a widowed mother, whose scanty dower (the small family estate devolving on her only son) would have been insufficient for the support of herself and her younger children (all daughters),

had she not continued mistress of her son's house and establishment during his minority.

"La petite Madelaine" (as, being the latest born, she was long called by her family and friends) opened her eyes upon this mortal scene but a week before her father was carried to his grave, and never was poor babe so coldly welcomed under circumstances that should have made her doubly an object of tenderness.

"Petite malheureuse! je me serais bien passée de toi," was the maternal salutation, when her new-born daughter was first presented to Madame du Résnel—a cold-hearted, strong-minded woman, more absorbed in the change about to be operated in her own situation by her approaching widowhood, than by her impending bereavement of a most excellent and tender husband. But one precious legacy was in reserve for the forlorn infant. She was clasped to the heart of her dying father—his blessing was breathed over her, and his last tears fell on her innocent, unconscious face. "Mon enfant! tu ne connaîtra jamais ton père, mais il veillera sur toi," were the tender, emphatic words with which he resigned her to the arms of the old servant, who failed not to repeat them to her little charge when she was old enough to comprehend their affecting purport. And well and holily did la petite Madelaine treasure that saying in her heart of hearts; and early reason had the poor child to fly for comfort to that secret source. Madame du Résnel could not be accused of over-indulgence to any of her children—least of all to the poor little one whom she looked on from the first almost as an intruder; but she felt maternal pride in the resemblance already visible in her elder daughters to her own fine form and handsome features,—while la petite Madelaine, a small creature from her birth, though delicately and perfectly proportioned—fair and blue-eyed, and meek-looking as innocence itself, but without one feature in her face that could be called handsome, had the additional misfortune, when about five years old, to be marked—though not seamed—by the small-pox, from which cruel disease her life escaped almost miraculously.

"Qu'elle est affreuse!" was the mother's tender exclamation at the first full view of her restored child's disfigured face. Those words, young as she was, went to the poor child's heart, that swelled so to bursting, it might have broken, (who knows?) but for her hoarded comfort: and she sobbed herself to sleep that night, over and over again repeating to herself, "Mon papa veille sur moi."

If there be much truth in that poetical axiom,

"A favourite has no friend,"

it is at least as frequently evident, that even in domestic circles the degree of favour shown by the head of the household to any individual member too often regulates the general tone of consideration; and that even among the urchins of the family, an instinctive perception is never wanting, of how far, and over whom, they may tyrannise with impunity.

No creature in whose nature was a spark of human feeling could tyrannise over la petite Madelaine,—she was so gentle, so loving (when she dared show her love) so perfectly tractable and unoffending; but in the Chateau du Résnel no one could have passed two whole days without perceiving she was no favourite, except with one old servant—the same who had placed her in her dying father's arms, and recorded for her his last precious benediction—and with her little brother, who always avowed to those most in his confidence, and to Madelaine herself, when her tears flowed for some short, sharp sorrow, that when he was a man, "toutes ces demoiselles"—meaning his elder sisters and monitresses—should go and live away where they pleased, and leave him and la petite Madelaine to keep house together.

Except from these two, any one would have observed that there were "shortcomings" towards her, "shortcomings" of tenderness from the superiors of the household—"shortcomings" of observances from the menials; anything was good enough for Madelaine—any time was time enough for Madelaine. She had to finish wearing out all her sisters' old frocks and wardrobes in general, to eat the crumb of the loaf they had pared the crust from, and to be satisfied with half a portion of soupe au lait, if they had chosen to take double allowance; and, blessedly for la petite Madelaine, it was her nature to be satisfied with everything not embittered by marked and intentional unkindness. It was her nature to sacrifice itself for others. Might that sacrifice have been repaid by a return of love, her little heart would have overflowed with happiness. As it was, she had not yet learnt to reason upon the want of sympathy; she felt without analysing. She was not harshly treated,—was seldom found fault with, though far more rarely commended,—was admitted to share in her sisters' sports, with the proviso that she had no choice in them,—old Jeannette and le petite frère Armand loved her dearly; so did Roland, her father's old faithful hound,—and on the whole, la petite Madelaine was a happy little girl.

And happier she was, a thousand times happier, than her cousin Adrienne—than Adrienne de St. Hilaire, the spoilt child of fortune and of her doting parents, who lived but in her and for her, exhausting all the ingenuity of love, and all the resources of wealth, in vain endeavours to perfect the felicity of their beautiful but heartless idol.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SAUCE.

Among the earlier missionaries to India were the Rev. Mr. McC. and wife. Although they did not succeed in making many converts, they secured the respect and strong regard of the people, who received their instructions with great interest and attention. During the disturbances, when the whole district was in revolt and the English were obliged to flee to the cities, the missionary was left undisturbed and unmolested.

But while they escaped the dangers incident to war and rebellion, they fell among the first victims to the cholera. Both the missionary and his wife died, within a few hours of each other. The wife survived her husband a short time, and on her deathbed commended her two children, named Lilla and Edward, to the care of a faithful ayah who had nursed the children from infancy.

The children were taken to some friends in Calcutta, who immediately sent them under charge of the ayah to Scotland. They arrived safely in Glasgow, and went immediately to their relations, but their helpless condition failed to awaken sympathy and they were received with more coldness than in Calcutta. Indignant at this, the faithful ayah removed to Paisley with her charge. Here, although among strangers, she received great kindness both for herself and the children. One mode of gaining money was making a chutney sauce, which was

sold in pots and cups. This sauce became a great favourite with all classes. The fat alderman used it with his dainty meats and the poor labourer seasoned his cold cut and collops with it. The sauce was called *Lilla and Edward's Sauce*, because it was through the sale of the sauce the ayah supported the two children and gave them an excellent education. This sauce was afterwards prepared from the same formula by a Glasgow house, and now has a world-wide reputation.

The faithful ayah recently died, leaving to Lilla and Edward, now grown to maturity, an ample fortune, realized from the sale of this chutney.

MUSICAL.

SIR,—I am glad to see that you have opened a musical department in your paper, also that you are alive to the wants of our musical public, as evidenced by your remarks on the concert of the Philharmonic Society. Both in England and the United States every city of importance has a large public hall where first-class concerts, lectures, organ recitals, &c., may be given; but in this respect, as in many others, we are far behind our neighbours, and it is high time for us to rouse ourselves from our lethargy and see what we can do to advance our city, and place within the reach of our children pure and healthy entertainments instead of the disreputable exhibitions which have of late disgraced Montreal.

As a contrast to the unsatisfactory state of things here, I send you the following extract from the *Chicago Tribune* with reference to the inauguration of the Cincinnati Music Hall by a Musical Festival:—

"The impulse given to business during the week was very great, and many thousands of dollars were left in the city by the great crowds who came from abroad. The hotel capacity was insufficient to accommodate the strangers, although people were packed together like sardines, and the parlors and ordinaries were filled with cots. The railroads and river packets were crowded. The street cars were overloaded. The stores were crowded. Thousands of people flocked to the great beer-halls on the ridge of the hills. The Loan Exhibition was continually crowded, likewise every other place of entertainment in the city. For a whole week one object seemed to animate everyone—to hear music and to spend money, and at the end of the week Cincinnati was much richer than at the beginning.

"Now that the Festival over, Cincinnati finds herself in possession of the largest and finest hall in the country, which has no debt attached to it, and is exempt from taxation. It contains not only the large hall, with its organ, adapted it to musical festivals, but a smaller hall also, which is suited for lectures and chamber concerts, and numerous ante-rooms, committee-rooms, a magnificent rotunda, 112 by 75 feet, and immense corridors on each side of the building, where thousands of people can promenade comfortably. Such a building as this, so superbly appointed in every particular and so perfectly adapted to the requisites of large gatherings, will be likely to make Cincinnati the locality of all important political, religious, scientific and social conventions. There is not a city in the country that can offer such an inducement. If its hotels were as well kept as those of other large cities, it would be almost useless for any other place to compete with her."

Judging from these remarks, Cincinnati would be a sort of terrestrial paradise if it only had what we have, viz., a first-class hotel. What a pity we cannot amalgamate the two cities, or, better still (at least more feasible), build a Music Hall. For many years the great need of our city was a properly appointed hotel; that want has been supplied by the enterprise of our citizens, and is already beginning to bear fruit. A music hall, though almost as great an acquisition to the city, would not cost nearly as much to build, and would probably pay for itself in a short time if properly managed.

I would estimate the concert-going community at 10,000. Let each give five dollars and the thing could be done at once. The building (as in Cincinnati) could be handed over to a committee or musical association, and the money derived from concerts be expended in bringing to our city such singers as Miss Thursby, Mrs. Osgood, or Mr. Whitney; then, with such an admirable body of singers as we have for a chorus, we might be able to give concerts equal to those given in any city of a similar size in England or elsewhere. To show my personal willingness to assist in this undertaking, I beg you will hand the Treasurer of the Philharmonic Society five dollars (enclosed), hoping that a sufficient number may be found willing to contribute such a trifling sum for so worthy an object.

EXETER HALL.

On Thursday evening, the 13th instant, Dr. Davies gave another Organ Recital at Emmanuel Church, Montreal, which was if possible even more attractive than the previous one. The taste displayed in the rendering of some of Haydn's masterpieces was very good, and in fact such as was to be expected from the performers.

At Zion Church, Montreal, on Thursday the 14th instant, one of those pleasant evenings was passed, when the material and mental appetites were feasted by a "strawberry festival" and a carefully selected programme of music and recitations, headed by addresses given by the Pastor and the Rev. Mr. Roy. Whether the strawberries helped to make the music nice, or the music gave zest to the appetite for the strawberries or not; at any rate, a thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent.

Kellogg spends the summer in Europe.

Marie Roze will pass her vacation in England.

Cary will rusticate at her summer home in Durham, Maine.

An exchange says: "Di Murska is still the same wonderful artist that she always was; she sings the gymnastic style of music with the same flexibility of voice, coldness and apparent ease as ever."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

ON THE TREK IN THE TRANSVAAL. By Harriet A. Roche. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, Scarle and Rivington. pp. 367.

This book, which has already gone through three editions, will be of interest to Canadians because its author is well known in Canada and was formerly a resident of this city and of Ottawa; indeed, like all who have resided here, she seems ever loyal to Canada, for allusions to "dear old Canada" often occur. The snow and cold remind her of our winter. If she meets Sir Garnet Wolseley at his grand ball at Maritzburg, it is of Canadian friends they converse. The picture given of the transport from Natal to the Transvaal would make one contented with roughing it in the backwoods of Canada. The mode of locomotion in South Africa is not quite equal to the G. T. R., nor even to the cariole on the ice. The history of the journey of six hundred miles to the Transvaal is one continuous series of disasters. The means of transport is with carts or waggons drawn by from six to ten yoke of oxen or by a team of six horses. The roads are not macadamized, but are generally full of water, or boulders, or mud, and seem a constant succession of up hill and down dale. The hotels are not equal to our Windsor; the floors are generally of earth covered with carpets or rugs; what the servants have omitted to steal, the cockroaches (as big as very small mice) eat up, and the ants devour the rest, not forgetting the wood or even the timber of the house. What with heat and cold and want of preparation for either in South Africa, Canada, without the ostrich farms, the diamond fields and gold diggings, is a very good place to live in. The book, without giving much insight into the trade and commerce, the society and institutions, the religion or politics of South Africa, is nevertheless entertaining, and is written in a sprightly style, and gives an exact picture of what it pretends to do, namely, to give an account of "The Trek in the Transvaal." We may add that the book received very flattering notices from the *Educational Times*, the *Colonial News* and other English journals.

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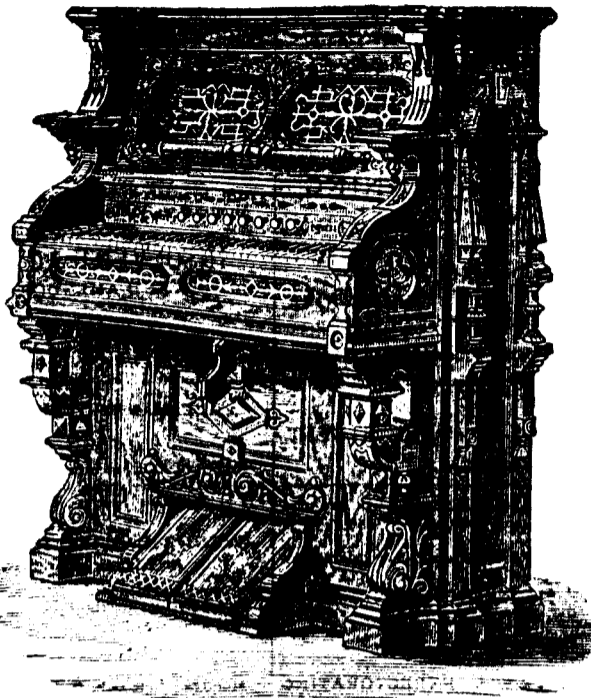
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MARY YOUNG,
(Successor to James T. Young.)
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
661 CRAIG STREET, - Corner of Bleury Street.
Custom Work a Specialty. Repairs punctually attended to. The best Dollar Boot in the city.

CRESTS AND MONOGRAMS.
STAMPING FROM DIES.
1,000 IMPRESSIONS IN BRILLIANT COLOURS on Paper and Envelopes for \$2.50, at
Scott's Die-Sinking and Engraving Offices,
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ELOCUTION.
MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give LESSONS in ELOCUTION at No. 58 Victoria Street. Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Private Lessons if preferred. Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.

WINGATE'S GINGER WINE.
A SPLENDID BEVERAGE.
TRY IT.

W. REIPERT & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
HATTERS AND FURRIERS,
Silk and Felt Hats of all descriptions, at lowest prices.
59 and 103 St. Lawrence Street,
MONTREAL

ROBERTSON & CO.,
UNDERTAKERS,
No. 47 Bleury Street.
Office Desks and Jobbing a Specialty.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.,
5 & 7 BLEURY ST.

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

ENGRAVING,
ELECTROTYPING,
STEREOTYPING,
LITHOGRAPHING
and TYPE PRINTING,

Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

Special attention given to the re-production by

Photo-Lithography

OF

MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS

OF ANY KIND.

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

G. B. BURLAND,
Manager.

CANADA WIRE WORKS

THOS. OVERING,
Practical Wire Worker and Manufacturer of Furniture and Cylinder Cloths for Paper Mills, Wire-Cloth Sieves, Riddles, Fenders, Gate and Safe Guards, Meat Safes, Rat and Mouse Traps, Bird Cages, &c.
Practical attention paid to Builders Work. Cemetery, Garden and Farm Fencing made to order. Wire shutters and Wire Signs made at shortest notice.

757 CRAIG STREET,
(West of Victoria Square.)
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Canada Metal Works.

OFFICE AND MANUFACTORY, 577 CRAIG STREET,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND
GAS FITTERS.

Engineers,
Machinists,
Brass and Iron Finishers
Manufacturers of
HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING APPARATUS

And all kinds of
COPPERSMITH'S WORK FOR BREWERIES, TANNERIES, AND STEAMBOATS.

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PAINTER AND DECORATIVE ARTIST
(From Manchester, Eng.)

All kinds of
HOUSE PAINTING,
TINTING, WHITEWASHING,
&c. &c. &c.

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

Seven First Prizes awarded in England, America and Canada.
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For First-Class STEAM ENGINES,

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

Address **GEO. BRUSH,**
EAGLE FOUNDRY, MONTREAL.

ALSO AGENT FOR
Warrick's Patent Universal Steam Engines.
Waters' Perfect Steam Governor.
Fitzgibbon's Patent Tube Bearer.
Heald & Sisco's Centrifugal Pumps.

ALLAN LINE.

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

1878. Summer Arrangements. 1878.

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

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

THE STEAMERS OF THE

LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,

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

FROM QUEBEC:

Sarmatian	Saturday, June 23
Circassian	Saturday, June 29
Moravian	Saturday, July 6
Peruvian	Saturday, July 13
Sardinian	Saturday, July 20
Polynesian	Saturday, July 27
Sarmatian	Saturday, Aug. 3
Circassian	Saturday, Aug. 10

Rates of Passage from Quebec:

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

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

Manitoba	Thursday, June 20
Waldensian	Thursday, June 27
Phoenician	Thursday, July 4
Corinthian	Thursday, July 11

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

Caspian	June 25
Nova Scotian	July 9
Hibernian	July 23
Caspian	Aug. 6
Nova Scotian	Aug. 20
Hibernian	Sept. 3
Caspian	Sept. 17
Nova Scotian	Oct. 1
Hibernian	Oct. 15

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:— Cabin \$20.00, Steerage 6.00

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

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

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

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

40 Beaver Hall Terrace,

MONTREAL, May 1. I have, this day, admitted J. LAUDER, L.D.S., D.D.S., a partner in my practice, which will be continued under the name of BEERS & LAUDER. W. GEO. BEERS, Surgeon Dentist.

GEORGE MONTREUIL, TAXIDERMIST.

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

PERCIVAL B. WINNING, SON & CO.,

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

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

OFFICES: 393 ST. PAUL STREET MONTREAL.

JACKSON'S CHAMOMILE PILLS are the best remedy for Indigestion and Habitual Constipation.

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

H. F. JACKSON, FAMILY AND DISPENSING CHEMIST, 136 1/2 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

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

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

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

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

For sale at all the principal Druggists, For further information, we refer our readers to

Dr. J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D., 64 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL.

Testimonial to the efficacy of

SUTTON'S PHILOTETRON.

EDWARDSBURGH, ONT., July 14th, 1874.

Mr. Thos. Sutton, Montreal, DEAR SIR,—For over five years I was very much troubled with Dandruff, so much so, in fact, that my hair had nearly all fallen off. I did not receive any benefit from anything until I commenced using your Philotetron, and its effect upon my hair was very soon evident, inasmuch as I had been nearly bald, but after its use my hair was not only restored, but in much larger quantities. I can attribute this only to the use of your Philotetron.

Yours truly, M. CORMACK.

Prepared only by

THOMAS SUTTON,

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

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

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of MULHOLLAND & BAKER, Insolvents.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up till MONDAY, 24th instant, at Eleven o'clock, forenoon, for the following assets belonging to the Estate of Henry Mulholland, viz.:—260 shares City and District Savings Bank Stock (the whole or any portion thereof), and Pew No. 146, St. George's Church, Centre Aisle. Offers to be made in cash, and the undersigned does not bind himself to accept the highest or any tender.

JOHN FAIR, Assignee.

115 St. Francois Xavier street, Montreal, 19th June, 1878.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of JAMES CALLAHAN and PATRICK CALLAHAN, both of the City and District of Montreal, Grocers and Spirit Merchants, heretofore carrying on business under the name of CALLAHAN BROTHERS, Insolvents.

A Writ of Attachment has been issued in this matter, and the Creditors are notified to meet in my office, No. 112 St. Francois Xavier Street, in the City of Montreal, on

WEDNESDAY, the THIRD day of JULY, At Eleven o'clock Forenoon,

to receive statements of affairs, appoint an Assignee if they see fit, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

DAVID J. CRAIG, Assignee.

Montreal, June 15th, 1878.

GEO. BOND & CO.,

SHIRT AND COLLAR MAKERS,

Shirts made to order, and a good fit guaranteed.

415 NOTRE DAME STREET

Opposite Thompson's Hat Store.

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

CHAS. LEGGE & CO., (Established 1859.) Solicitors of Patents, 162 St. James Street, Montreal. Canadian, American, British and European Patents obtained; Copyrights, Trade Marks and Designs registered; Interferences conducted, and all Patent business transacted.

C. CAMPBELL, FLORIST, 40 RADEGONDE STREET, (Foot of Beaver Hall.)

Marriages, Dinner Parties and Funerals supplied with Flowers. Bouquets and Floral Designs in every style made to order.

TENDERS.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of WM. G. LEROY, of Bryson. An Insolvent.

Offers are solicited by the undersigned for the under-mentioned property, situate in the Village of Bryson. Liberal terms will be given.

1. Store and Dwelling, with outbuildings, at present occupied by the insolvent.

2. Village Lot No. 2, on Clarendon street, with dwelling house, stable and woodshed.

3. do East side 16, in Main street, dwelling house.

4. do West side 11, in do do

5. do At present occupied by Mr. Gardner, dwelling house, stable and shed.

6. 100 acres, bush lot.

Application made to either the insolvent at Bryson or the undersigned assignee, will be promptly responded to.

JOHN TAYLOR, Assignee.

Office of TAYLOR & DUFF, Assignees and Accountants, 353 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, and Amending Acts.

In the matter of HENRY POTTER, of the City and District of Montreal, Restaurant Keeper and Trader, An Insolvent.

A Writ of Attachment has issued in this cause, and creditors are notified to meet at my Office, No. 22 ST. JOHN STREET, in the City of Montreal, on

THURSDAY, the 27th day of June inst., at 3 o'clock in the Afternoon,

To receive a statement of his affairs, to appoint an Assignee if they see fit, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

EDWARD EVANS, Official Assignee.

Office of EVANS & RIDDELL, 22 St. John street, Montreal, 10th June, 1878.

DRUGGIST'S STOCK FOR SALE

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the Matter of DUNCAN A. CARMICHAEL, of Ottawa, Insolvent.

Tenders are invited until WEDNESDAY, the 26th day of June instant, at 12 o'clock Noon, for estate of above-named Insolvent, as follows:—

Stock per inventory	\$2,051.95
Fixtures per inventory	1,200.00
Book Debts about	\$3,251.95
	2,900.00

10 Shares Ottawa Agricultural Insurance Company to p.c. paid 100.00

10 Shares Ottawa Ladies' College, 50 p.c. paid 50.00

Tenders may be made for the estate *en bloc* or for the Stock and Fixtures only. Parties desiring time to state security offered. Premises can be rented until 4th October next. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Full particulars may be ascertained at the Insolvent's place of business, Rideau street, Ottawa, or at the office of the undersigned.

EDWARD EVANS, Assignee.

Office of EVANS & RIDDELL, 22 St. John street, Montreal, June 17, 1878.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDMENTS.

In the matter of EPHREM HUDON, junior, of the City and District of Montreal, An Insolvent.

The adjourned sale of the undermentioned properties will take place at the Office of Perkins, Beausoleil & Perkins, 60 St. James Street, Montreal, on FRIDAY, the twenty-eighth day of June, A.D., 1878, at Twelve o'clock Noon.

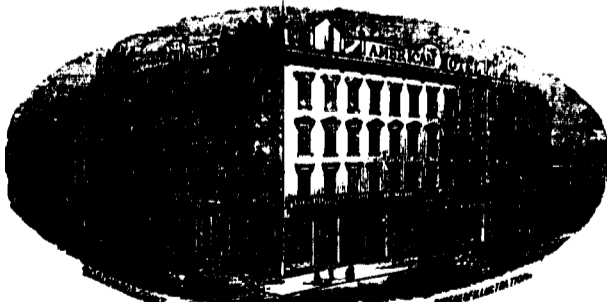
All the official subdivision lots from number one hundred and seventy-one to number one hundred and seventy-two inclusive, all and every of which said lots are part and portion of and make up official lot number one hundred and seventy, on the official plan and in the book of reference for the municipality of the parish of Montreal, (which said lot is consequently divided into two hundred and twenty-three subdivisions lots or numbers), comprising the streets or lanes known as numbers 170-3, 170-36 (reserve), 170-44 (reserve), 170-69, 170-90, 170-106, 170-122, 170-143, 170-171, 170-185 and 170-221 respectively, of the said official lot number one hundred and seventy.

C. BEAUSOLEIL, Assignee.

Office of PERKINS, BEAUSOLEIL & PERKINS, 60 St. James Street, Montreal, 17th June, 1878.



WILLIAM E. SHAW, GENERAL AUCTIONEER. OFFICE AND SALESROOM: 195 St. James Street, Montreal. Best stand in the city.



AMERICAN HOTEL, TORONTO.

Reduced the Rates so as to meet the Times.

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

GEORGE BROWN, Proprietor.

H. A. NELSON & SONS,

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

FANS—American, French and Japanese. POCKET-BOOKS in Russia, Calf, Morocco, Sheepskin, &c. Ladies' and Gents' TRAVELLING BAGS a specialty. BABY CARRIAGES, TOY CARTS, VELOCIPEDES, &c., &c. 55 & 58 FRONT STREET, WEST, TORONTO. 91 to 97 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.