

# The Canadian Spectator.

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## The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

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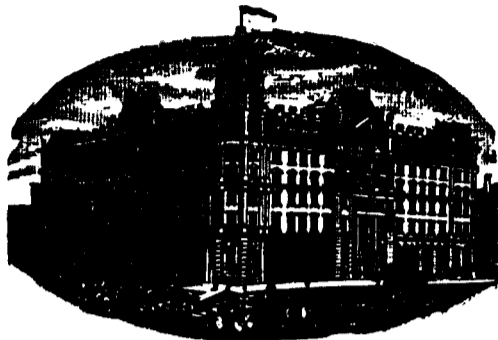
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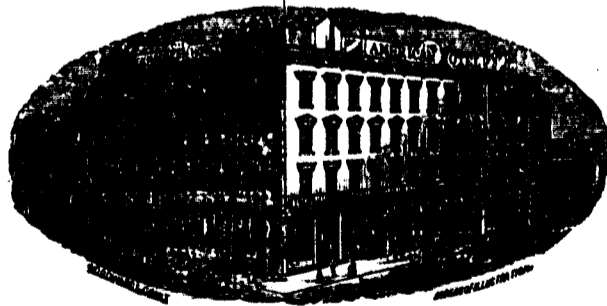
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NO CHANGE OF CARS.

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Boston.

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4 p.m., Mail for Waterloo.  
4 p.m., Night Express for New York via Troy, also  
for Boston via Fitchburg, arriving in Boston 7 a.m.,  
and New York 7.15 a.m., next morning.  
6 p.m., Night Express for Boston via Lowell, and  
New York via Springfield.

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Day Express leaves Boston, via Lowell, at 8 a.m.,  
via Fitchburg 7.30 a.m., Troy at 7.40 a.m., arriving  
in Montreal at 8.45 p.m.

Night Express leaves Boston at 5.35 p.m., via  
Lowell, via Fitchburg 6 p.m., and New York at 3 p.m.,  
via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 9 a.m.

Night Express leaves New York via Troy at 8.30  
p.m., arriving in Montreal 12 m., excepting Saturday  
nights, when it will leave New York at 4 p.m., arriv-  
ing in Montreal at 9 a.m. Sunday morning.

Freight and Freight Rates, apply at Central  
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Montreal, 10th June, 1878.

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Brewers and Maltsters.

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

**FAMILIES SUPPLIED.**

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- Wm. Bishop . . . . . 697 1/2 St. Catherine street.
- Thos. Kinsella . . . . . 144 Ottawa street.
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Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter, Brass  
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Keeps constantly on hand a well selected assortment of  
**GAS FIXTURES,**  
Comprising, in part,  
Chandeliers, Brackets,  
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The manufacture of complete sets of Submarine  
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Clothes Cleaned and Dyed. Kid Gloves Cleaned.  
Established 1863.

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FURNISHED BY THE  
**ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.**

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

**NOW ANNOUNCES**  
that it will deposit, in the hands of the Government of  
Canada, at Ottawa, the whole RESERVE, or RE-INSUR-  
ANCE FUND, from year to year, upon each Policy  
issued in Canada after the 31st March, 1878. Every  
such Policy will then be as secure as if issued by the  
Government of Canada itself, so far as the safety of  
the funds is concerned.  
The importance of having even a strong Company,  
like the ÆTNA LIFE, backed by Government Deposits,  
will be appreciated when attention is directed to the  
millions of money lost, even in our own Canada,  
through the mismanagement of Directors and others  
during a very few years past.

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MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,  
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EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,  
ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.

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400 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

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**BEST FAMILY DRY GOODS,**  
**GO TO BRADY'S!**

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AT  
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**AMERICAN CEDAR CAMPHOR,**  
For Preserving Furs and Woollen Goods,  
IN PACKETS, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.  
For sale by  
**J. HAWKES,**  
21 Place d'Armes and 441 St. Lawrence Main St.  
Fresh Plantagenet Water, wholesale and retail.

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

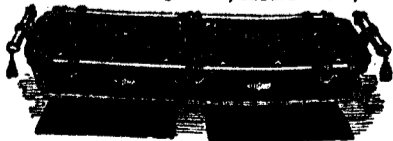
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FRUIT SYRUPS,  
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Nervousness, General Debility; and diseases of the  
skin or blood.  
These valuable remedies are all prepared under the  
immediate direction of Dr. J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D.,  
of over 25 years experience, and are recommended by  
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WOOD ENGRAVER  
13 Place d'Armes Hill,  
Near Craig street.  
Having dispensed with  
all assistance, I beg to inti-  
mate that I will now devote  
my entire attention to the  
artistic production of the  
better class of work.  
Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

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MERCHANT TAILORS  
AND  
GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

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IMPORTER OF  
TEAS, COFFEES, STAPLE AND FANCY GRO-  
CERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., &c.,  
Corner of BLEURY and ONTARIO Streets.  
Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

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LIBERAL ADVANCE MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS.

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MESSRS. JUDAH & BRANCAUD, Montreal.  
OGLVY & Co., Toronto, Ont.  
J. D. LAIDLAW, Toronto, Ont.  
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**CHARLES LEGGE & CO.,**  
SOLICITORS OF PATENTS.  
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102 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

**C. CAMPBELL, FLORIST,**  
40 RADEGONDE STREET,  
(Foot of Beaver Hall.)  
Marriages, Dinner Parties and Funerals supplied  
with Flowers. Bouquets and Floral Designs in every  
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Montreal. 25 cents per bottle.

Testimonial to the efficacy of  
**SUTTON'S PHILOTETRON.**  
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Mr. Sutton :  
DEAR SIR,—I have very much pleasure in telling  
you that the three bottles of Philotetron which you  
sold me have completely restored hair on all the bald  
spots on my head, for which accept my thanks, and I  
would recommend its use to all now likewise afflicted,  
believing it to be a really good hair medicine.

I am, thankfully yours,  
**PATRICK McKEOGH,**  
Corner St. Henry and St. Maurice Streets.  
Prepared only by  
**THOMAS SUTTON,**  
114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

**EXCELSIOR RUBBER STAMPS**  
For Banking and General Business Purposes,  
Marking Clothing, Printing Cards, &c.

SELF-INKING POCKET STAMPS,  
RUBBER PRINTING WHEELS,  
RUBBER DATING & CANCELLING STAMPS  
RUBBER COATS-OF-ARMS,  
RUBBER CRESTS, SEALS, AUTOGRAPHS,  
MONOGRAMS, FANCY INITIAL LETTERS, &c.  
Stamp Ink a Specialty.  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**C. E. THOMPSON,**  
240 ST. JAMES STREET.  
P. O. Box 1273, Montreal.

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Under contract with the Government of Canada  
for the conveyance of  
**CANADIAN & UNITED STATES MAILS**  
1878. Summer Arrangements. 1878.

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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 . . . . .	2700	Capt. R. S. Waits.
Austrian . . . . .	2700	Capt. H. Wylie.
Nestorian . . . . .	2700	Capt. Barclay.
Moravian . . . . .	3650	Capt. Graham.
Peruvian . . . . .	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Manitoban . . . . .	2700	Capt. McDougall.
Nova Scotian . . . . .	3200	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Canadian . . . . .	2600	Capt. Niel McLean.
Corinthian . . . . .	2400	Capt. Menzies.
Acadian . . . . .	1350	Capt. Cabel.
Waldensian . . . . .	2800	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Phoenician . . . . .	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Newfoundland . . . . .	1500	Capt. Mylins.

THE STEAMERS OF THE  
**LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,**  
sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY and  
from Quebec every SATURDAY (calling at Lough  
Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passen-  
gers to and from Ireland and Scotland), are intended  
to be despatched

FROM QUEBEC :

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 :  
(According to accommodation.)  
Cabin . . . . . \$70 or \$80  
Intermediate . . . . . \$40.00  
Steerage via Halifax . . . . . 25-00

The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from  
Quebec for the Clyde on or about every Thursday :  
Waldensian . . . . . Thursday, June 27  
Phoenician . . . . . Thursday, July 4  
Corinthian . . . . . Thursday, July 11

The steamers of the Halifax Line will leave Halifax  
for St. John's, N.F., and Liverpool as follows :  
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, Rac & 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 Greenhalgh &  
Sons; in Belfast, to Charley & Malcolm; in London,  
to Montgomerie & Greenhorne, 17 Greenchurch Street;  
in Glasgow, to James and Alex. Allan, 20 Great Clyde  
Street; in Liverpool, to Allan Bros. James Street; in  
Chicago, to Allan & Co., 73 LaSalle Street.  
H. & A. ALLAN,  
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**MERCER'S**  
**SLEEPING ELIXIR.**

CONTAINS NO OPIATE.  
PRODUCES REFRESHING SLEEP,  
NO HEADACHE IN THE MORNING.  
CALMS THE NERVES.  
INVALUABLE FOR MENTAL WORRY  
OR OVERWORKED BRAIN.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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**CENTRAL REGISTRY OFFICE FOR**  
**SERVANTS.**  
Fruits, Flowers, &c., always on hand.  
J. SMITH, 52 St. Antoine Street.

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

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

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

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

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

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 32.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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

## THE TIMES.

Sir John A. Macdonald seems to think that the elections will take place in about four or five weeks, but we have good reason for saying that Mr. Mackenzie will not take the vote of the country until the end of November or early in December. He means to wait for the time when the farmers are at leisure.

Swift, in one of his Satires, tells us that the candidates for some Brobdignagian constituency were elected or rejected according to the length of their noses. The Conservative candidate for Montreal Centre—as it seems—is chosen because of his peculiar and extraordinary unfitness. The commercial centre of Montreal is the commercial centre of the Dominion, and it is plain to ordinary common sense, that its representative in Parliament should be a commercial man, having wealth, if possible, but certainly having experience. But the first to offer himself is a second-rate lawyer, who comes out as an Independent, and the Conservatives have nominated a law stamp distributor to represent them. A sorry compliment this. Have the Conservatives no more fitting person among the bankers, merchants and ship owners of that constituency? If not, so much the worse for the party, and so much the better for any number of independent and patriotic men who will bring out a man of character and capacity to run against the two who at present are candidates. He would stand a good chance to win—and it is quite time to break with the tradition that Montreal Centre must be represented by an Irish Catholic. Let us have the best man, and never mind his nationality or creed.

The *Evening Post*, of Montreal, clearly had a right to ask who are the gentlemen by whom Mr. M. P. Ryan was nominated, and the *Gazette* was as clearly wrong to get in a passion and call ugly names. It is quite time for electors to declare that they will no longer submit to the indignity of permitting the confab of a few party Hacks on the steps of the Post-office, or on a corner of St. James street to decide on a meeting, and then nominate a Mr. Patrick O'Shaughnessy—or a Mr. Joe Beef, simply because he was born in some county in Ireland, and may be trusted to render perfect obedience to the Church. Even Montreal has need of men who have other and better qualifications.

Irrespective of political questions the Ministerialists have made a good and wise choice in bringing out Mr. Hugh Mackay. For, if he lacks experience of public life, and has not exactly "the gift of the gab," he is a merchant, possessed of a pretty thorough knowledge of Canadian commerce; and, to him, as a man of wealth, the sessional allowance, mileage, and the chance of an office would not be objects of chief solicitude, and not necessities to life. Whether right or wrong in his political opinions, he has the invaluable qualification of independence.

The *Christian Union* says: "Suicide is easy in Montreal now. It is only necessary to appear in the streets of an evening with an orange coloured necktie, or let it be known that one belongs to a Dominion regiment. 'Fact and Rumour' wishes to escape giving offence to his Roman Catholic brethren, and therefore avoids expressing his personal belief as to the authors of these assaults. They are probably Protestants of a fanatical type." The *Christian Union* is kind and considerate. "The authors" are certainly Catholics of a diabolical type.

We offer this to Mr. Mackenzie as food for reflection: The *Statist* has given a comparison of the growth of French with English capital accumulations by contrasting the tables published by Mr. Giffent for the United Kingdom, and those published for France by the official *Bulletin Statistique*, of the amounts liable in the two countries for succession and legacy duty. In 1859, France paid on 85 millions sterling, and the United Kingdom on 94 millions. In 1876, France

paid on 188 millions, and the United Kingdom on 149 millions, indicating plainly enough that whereas in 1859 the United Kingdom had more accumulated capital than France, in 1876 the accumulated capital of France was more than that of the United Kingdom. France lost rich provinces and a tremendous amount of money in and by the war with Prussia, but she is now richer than she was in 1870. Something must be put down to the fact that a Frenchman produces a little less and consumes a great deal less than an Englishman, so effecting a large saving—but does Protection come in as a figure in the sum?

We find that the Commercial authorities of England reckon but little of Canadian securities as an investment. They advise investors to buy the best—France, Belgium, the United States, Sweden, Holland and Italy—but never count in Canada. Can it be that Mr. Cartwright is ruining our foreign credit?

Let Canada fear and quake! The London *Times* has spoken in reference to the 12th July disturbances in Montreal, and informs the world at large that the French-Canadian is a "quiet and conservative citizen in the country (*sic*), but in town he becomes a "ROUGE." Remarkable is it that no sooner does an Englishman in the old country begin to talk about Canadian affairs than he shews his crass ignorance of the subject he proposes to deal with. How we should enjoy a description by the Editor of the *Times* of a French-Canadian! We imagine the Editor of the *Times* knows about as much of the "Country French-Canadian" as the "Country French-Canadian" knows about him!

Says *Truth*—a paper happily not given over to fulsome adulation of the idol of the hour:—"Facts cannot be blown away by mere words, even when uttered by Lord Beaconsfield. The division of provinces of a neighbour between three Powers may not in his Lordship's English signify a partition, but nevertheless it is a partition. The French and Italians, perhaps, ought not to be jealous of our seizure of Cyprus; but they are jealous. The "three Emperors" may, according to us, not have dominated the Congress by their alliance, but they insist that they did dominate it. Batoum may be an insignificant hole, then why did we make such a fuss about the Russians acquiring it? Varna may be only a roadstead, then why were we in an ecstasy of indignation at the Turks being asked to give it up. It may be in accordance with military tactics to allow a mountain frontier to be outflanked, then why did we only discover this interesting military fact after we had surrendered the district of Sofia? It may be desirable that Turkey should remain in the military possession of "Eastern Roumelia," then why did we agree to forbid Turkish troops entrance into this province? The Greeks may be better off by substituting patience for an increase of territory, then why did we promise them an increase of territory after they had laid down their arms, and only discover the superior advantages of patience when they called upon us to redeem our pledges in regard to territory? It may be for our benefit to have an island with harbours in the Ægean Sea, then why did we bargain for one of the few that had no harbours? It may not always be expedient to defend Asia Minor for the Turks, then why did we agree to defend it whether it be expedient in the future or not? Our object was to prevent Russia from interfering in Armenia, then why by the Berlin Treaty, do we give her the right to interfere? It may be necessary for us to interpose in the Turkish administration of Asia Minor, then why did we make our interposition dependent upon the consent of the Sultan? It may be legitimate to make private treaties with Turkey, then why did we protest against Russia making a private treaty? It may be desirable to lay down the law that no territorial alterations can take place in Europe, then why did we acquire Cyprus without asking for the assent of Europe? It may be that we are such poor fools that we are not fit to have a voice in our foreign policy, but if so, why make it so unpleasantly clear to us that we are fools? Parliament may, perhaps, be advantageously reduced to the position of a vestry, then why did we cut off the head of Charles I. and drive James II. out of the kingdom for endeavouring to convert it into a vestry? The system of Personal Government, as typified by that of Napoleon III., may be the triumph of human wisdom, then why have we not adopted it long ago?"

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—For Clergymen, Public Speakers, &c.; and for all Diseases of the Throat.

Yes. On the whole, the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne to the Governor-Generalship of Canada is a matter for congratulation all round. It gets rid of a difficulty which has vexed British royalty for some time past; viz., what to do with the Marquis. He could not be made royal, and his wife could not be less than royal, and it was said that some trouble had come of it often. For five years at least that matter will be at rest. And for Canada it is equally fortunate. We do not want a man as Governor-General with ideas, and strength of will, and schemes for the development of the country, and such like troublesome endowments. We want a man of high social position, first of all, and then with grace to give dinners in good style, and to take them in the same way; to make speeches which have a little in them, but not too much; to be always commendatory and never critical, and to give the royal assent to bills which the Houses of Parliament have passed; to be, in truth, ornamental rather than anything else; to do nothing and say nothing in a royal manner. The Marquis will be able to play his important part wisely and well.

But we would suggest that there is one new and great source of danger opened up in our midst—the Marquis of Lorne is a play-writer. The piece he wrote for the London stage did but little harm probably, for Londoners are hardened to that sort of thing, and the play didn't run for many nights, but we are a guileless people, not much given to theatre-going—except now and then when we are beguiled by Variety players who attract our curiosity by the peculiarity of their antics and attire; but when we know what they are about—when they announce a play from Shakespeare, or such like—well, it is vain to set the scare in the sight of any bird, and we never get caught. But if the new Governor-General should begin to write plays for us, and to promote the theatre in any way, it will be a great calamity. It would be well if a deputation could meet him, with Canon Baldwin at its head, soon after his arrival, with a request—or a prayer—that he will stay his dramatic genius for the general good of the people.

A breeze is passing over the United States, causing some little excitement. Two conventions of "Nationals" have been held in New York State and in Ohio. The genesis of the "Nationals" seems to be this: The workingmen found themselves—or thought they did—suffering under the intolerable pressure of hard times. Neither political party was paying much attention to the real needs of those heroes of toil. Said heroes began, therefore, to do some thinking for themselves. The thought became a thing—the thing moved. It was directed by active, but not very sober-minded men. They were crude, and of course dogmatic and demagogical—as all crude thinkers are—but they had a panacea, and the foolish clutched at it—as the foolish always will at any quackery. So a party has grown up destined to last for a day or two—for, wishing to secure for its leaders "men of character, honesty and ability," it ended by nominating for Judge of the Court of Appeals a man who was present to engineer for his own nomination, and who suffered, without rebuke or protest, a promise to be made on his behalf that, "if he is elected, no favour will be shown to cases wherein Corporations are concerned." Honesty is the best policy it appears for the workingmen in the States, and Corporations will not look for justice.

The Earl of Beaconsfield has renewed his youth, like the eagle. Years ago he was well known for the violence and unscrupulousness of his speech, which stopped at nothing and spared none. O'Connell and he were masters of the art of vituperation, and he was the greater of the two. But for a long period he has put on a more dignified style; that however is gone, and he is resuming the worst faults of his youth. Speaking recently at a banquet he described Mr. Gladstone as "a sophisticated rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination." Nothing in the worst style of the worst political speaking on this side of the Atlantic is so bad. It is grandiloquent, stupid, and spiteful—giving proof positive that the Earl has entered upon the period of second childhood. But it may be allowed us to hope that his admirers will not copy his reassumed form of speech.

Here is a magnificent programme for the British to contemplate when they would know the nature of the government which is to be established in Asiatic Turkey—as sketched by the *Times*. "The English Government will confine itself to demanding real administrative reforms. The most important requirement which will be thus pressed on the Porte will be the choice of honest and capable governors, and their enjoyment of a secure tenure of office. Under the authority of these governors we shall expect incorrupt administration of the law by educated and competent judges, and the maintenance of public order by an efficient police, with carefully selected officers. We shall further insist that the revenue be raised without extortion, and for this purpose we shall urge that the practice of farming out the taxes be abolished, and that settlement, after the example of India, based on a survey, shall be substituted for it." When all that shall have been

accomplished for Turkey, all the nations of the earth will be called upon to attend the opening of the millennium, and then will the great Earl be glorious. But, if he has to wait for his glory until all that be accomplished—well—he had better learn patience meantime.

I have been attending some pretty High Church Episcopal services, where the eastward position, the bowing, etc., etc., are done, and have been asked to give the reason for this bowing of the head at the name of Christ. I am not clear upon the point. They say it is based upon the passage which declares that at "the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess"—but I do not believe the High Church leaders are such poor exegites as to base a ritual upon a passage of Scripture which has not even a remote reference to any form of public worship. Will some one give the correct reason for the bowing?

Bishop Gregg, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, has just received from residents, including officers of the military and civil services in Ceylon (diocese of Colombo) a formal address, expressive of "thankfulness" for the existence of the R. E. C., and an urgent request that he would "consider the evils from which we suffer, and so by some Christian counsel help many who would welcome with joy a return to the earnest and pious spirit of the early Christian Churches." This is the second application which Bishop Gregg has very recently received from far distant dependencies of the British Crown.

At the anniversary of the Free and Open Church Association, held in St. Paul's, London, July 15, the preacher was Bishop Doane, of Albany. In the course of the sermon the Bishop declared that it was inconceivable that men should assign places in the house of God for money value to any human being, not only for use, but abuse; not only for accommodation, but exclusion. He condemned the pew-rent system, as also a method they had in America of building churches on the stockbroker's system, by which every contributor of five hundred dollars was assigned a certain number of seats. This system, he contended, deserved the condemnation inflicted on the money changers in the Temple. Where does this system prevail? Very many churches, it is true, are paid for from the sales of pews; but the usage has no speculative element in it, and certainly does not deserve to be called a "stockbroker's system."

### CHRISTIANITY AS AN ENERGY.

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

MATTHEW xi. 12.—And from the days of John the Baptist until now the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.

I propose to speak of Christianity as an energy—a living and acting force—Christ in the text declares it to be that. The Kingdom of Heaven puts forth force, and the men of force strongly lay hold of it. From the days of John the Baptist until now, the Kingdom of Heaven has put forth a new spiritual energy, and men of ready mind and earnest spirit have seized hold of that energy and are borne along by it. That is the meaning of the text.

Let me develop the idea a little. There has been always, and perhaps everywhere, a "kingdom of heaven." Among the heathen the recognition of a Divine existence and an Omnipotent will,—the consciousness in themselves of a sense of right and wrong,—a desire to love and approve whatever is virtuous and good,—a sense of loss and foreboding of evil when the inward law was broken,—the hope, faint and intermittent, but still a hope, of a happy future;—these, and such like intuitions and convictions, were to them a "kingdom of heaven." But to the Jews this kingdom was a larger thing—its foundations were laid on fixed and eternal truth—its laws were clearly expressed—it had rewards for the virtuous and punishment for the vicious—God was King, and earthly potentates were but His local magistrates. This idea was not the outcome of any intuition or of any conviction born of experience—it was a divine idea revealed by human means to the human mind. God had spoken to the fathers by the prophets—had given the law in thunder from Sinai—had elected a priesthood and defined its duties. But the kingdom was narrowed by local laws, restrained by national ceremonies. It came to be a kingdom but in name. It came to be that religion went out of it, and all was unreality. The natural and appointed teachers of the people spent their time in theological discussions which they mistook for religion, and in investigating the letter of the Scriptures while they denied its spirit. Jewish religion was a nut without the kernel—a sepulchre, white and fair without, but within full of dead men's bones. But with all the people this was not so. There were great exceptions. For centuries the thoughts and passions of the prophets had streamed into the Jewish heart. There were men who could feel the force of their thought, and the glow of their passion. They found kindled within them vague desires—wild hopes of a far-off kingdom, and a passionate discontent with things as they were. At last, those scattered dreams and hopes concentrated themselves into one desire—took form and substance in one prophecy, the coming of a new King. The excitement which had been smouldering for a thousand years began to blaze up—the long series of oscillations which had been gradually increasing in swing and force was becoming more powerful.

And then a new prophet arose, a man who was the product of that passion and the chosen of God. His cry to the people was "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." He began to trouble the whole of Jewish society to its depths. He declared religion to be a life—inward goodness and outward justice. Then the King himself came—the Son of God—and declared the nature

of the kingdom. He revealed God the Father, whom men could trust and lovingly obey. He showed that all the work of life was noble—that men were brothers and should love each other, and that to give the life in self-sacrifice was the truest way of saving it. Then Religion began to move—it was felt to be an active force—it was influencing minds and hearts—it went to the door of the soul and knocked: when admitted in, it cast out devils, and kindled new joys. In the words Jesus Christ spoke—in the deeds He did—in the religion he lived—there was a new and amazing energy; it went among people as light shooting into chaos. The Spirit of the Word shone through the letter, and worship, which had been empty, was filled with an infinite meaning. The Kingdom of Heaven became a living thing—an energy—a spiritual force.

And then this was seen, a portion—a large portion—of the people refusing to acknowledge and embrace the new force. They had no inclination to move—didn't want to see the old order of things disturbed—were satisfied to have the letter without the spirit, and the worship without the truth. Their creeds were venerable, and therefore good; the notions they held had been long of forming, and not to be abandoned hastily. This new force went clashing against their old ideas, their interests, their faiths and practices, and they doubted it, and hated it, and then tried to crush it. They wouldn't yield to it; wouldn't be borne along by it; wouldn't take thought or sentiment from it. They preferred the old silence to the new voice, the old sepulchre and the dry bones to the new temple and life. They stood in the midst of motion, but would not move. They could but be in the stream, and feel the force of its flow; but they moored the boat to their own grey rocks.

But it was not so with all. There were those who at once felt the new force, and yielded to it. They were the earnest men; men quick to see and to decide; men who could run some risk and venture something in the great concerns of life; men who refused to be held by chains of tradition to a useless past; men who knew that "a living dog is better than a dead lion"—that inward faith is better than outward form; and those men strongly seized hold of the new force, taking strength from it, and giving strength to it. I am often amazed at the energy of those first Christians; at the magnificent daring they displayed by embracing the new faith, knowing but a little and trusting largely. I am amazed at the decision with which they left their earthly all, and gave themselves to know and serve the truth. They did this because they were earnest men; the new force of the Kingdom caused a new force in themselves; with energy they seized upon motion.

Now, there are two general ideas arising out of this, which I shall dwell upon briefly; the first has regard to the Kingdom, and the second to those who feel its power.

1. Christianity is in truth the working power of the world; it supplies the impulse to all true and ennobling action. I believe that men for the most part are idle naturally, and will only work when compelled. Slavery had its root and its reason in that. Men found that labour was needful to life, and, when possible, they made others labour that they might live. In all the old world dynasties' work was considered ignoble; it was called by ugly names; they saw in it nothing but the imposition of a long drawn out curse. Even Christian people maintain that old and barbarous idea. We feel that all the work we do is proof that a curse has passed upon the race; we think that by reason of man's sin the earth has turned niggard, and will only yield her stores to the violent struggling of starving people. Yet, in our better moments, we know that the power of work is the sign of our manhood, and that the working nations of the earth are they who become most prosperous and most happy. Where there is no religion, or where religion has become corrupted—only form and sound and emptiness—people have no growth, no power of expansion, and the nation soon falls to pieces. The same is true of the individual man; in Christ he finds his truest energy. I know that some men get impulse from ambition merely; they have a low and vulgar desire to be rich for the sake of riches, or famous for the glory of it. And sometimes the impulse lasts long; keeps chill blood warm; quickens the brain, and nerves the hands. But, as a rule, it has a short breath, and dies young. And it always ends in disappointment—blank, sheer, dreary disappointment. The shout of hopefulness dies off in a sigh of weariness. The true and lasting impulse is to be found in religion alone. Let a young man start his work in the world with this living force in his mind and in his heart, and his life must be great and noble and satisfactory to himself. I do not mean to say that he will make no mistakes; that he will get no suffering and no sorrow; but I do mean to say that work will be a pleasure to him, because he has high motives to it, etc.

I am sure many of you have need of this reminder, that religion is an energy, a vital force. You have got to think of it rather as repose and rest, etc. But the Church is God's great workshop, etc.

2. Religion is energy—motion; but we are not to regard it as a dull force, acting like the law of gravitation, always in the same way. And it is not the motion of machinery going, spinning away at the same rate, whatever may happen around. There are times when it gets energized—times when it rolls greater waves in on the shores of human life. Religion has its times of revival; for religion as a force is influenced, strengthened or enfeebled, by the condition of men. You see it in the time of Christ. Men were roused by John the Baptist to an unusual earnestness. From all classes of society the cry went out: "What shall we do?"—and then religion became a power. The earnest among them took the encrusting forms away, and piety came forth a gracious and a helpful spirit. It has its times and its seasons. You will find it in the history of the Church universal. By a great shock, by a rending and a revolution, a new stage is marked in the progress of the Church. Such was the Reformation, etc.

It is the same in the history of individual Churches. There are times of revival. A church doesn't go on always doing the same amount of work, etc. But a new era dawns.

It is the same in the history of individual Christian men. They are born of the Holy Ghost; they know that they are sons of God; but they have to turn to the ordinary work of the world, and they get absorbed in it, and their minds get full of worldly thoughts. They are just decent church-going Christians. The Kingdom of Heaven is within them, but it has ceased to exercise much influence upon their feelings or their conduct. And then a shock comes. They

get a new conception of duty—a new idea and conviction as to the nature of truth—a new thought as to the meaning of life.

Now, how does this energizing of the Kingdom of Heaven affect men? Jesus Christ says, only the energetic, only the men of impulse lay hold of it strongly. It is an old and well-known story—the majority of people live standing still, and do not care to move at all. You and I, from our own experience, know how stiff men get in their habits—how rheumatic in all the bones and joints of their moral system. They grow old, and hard, and dry, and stereotyped. Others seem to get sordid in all their aims; they seem incapable of appreciating any motives which are drawn from the unseen and the future, but are bound down to earth and time. Others are afraid to risk anything, even to venture a little for a chance of gaining much. Can you remember any progressive, any upward movement in our own time, which has not met with the most obstinate resistance from the major portion of the people. When some man, gifted above his fellows, has seen some political truth more clearly than they do; has seen some way of healing a national disease, or securing a nation's prosperity, be it by free trade, or the education of the people, he has had to struggle against prejudice, and interest, and ignorance, and wear his life away in the endeavor to do them good. The men of force see it, or partly see it. They do not see the whole or any part of it clearly, perhaps; but they have energy; they don't mind if they blunder on their way to a great achievement; they will dare a dangerous way to find a safe and quiet resting-place; they can sacrifice things dear to themselves for the sake of things that shall be dear to the world by-and-by, and they lay hold strongly, even violently, upon the new thought, the new truth, or new conception of it, ready to count all else but loss if they may but win the the pearl of great price.

You see that in the history of the Church. When Luther found some forgotten truths in the neglected Bible; truths of freedom for the conscience from the degrading tyranny of the priesthood; truths that would give light to the mind and new life to the heart, he set himself with magnificent zeal to promulgate them among the people, running off into extremes and exaggerations in order to arouse interest. And you would have thought his task an easy one. Surely the people were tired of the oppression under which they had groaned so long. Surely they would welcome the bright, fresh morning. But, no; as in the ancient story, they piled Pelion on Ossa, Olympus on Pelion, to keep out the glad light of day! And when the sun rose in spite of it, and shed its beauty abroad—rose and looked over the piled-up mountains, sending its rays down the slanting sides to the feet of the people, even then they shut their eyes, and the moral darkness would not comprehend the light. Luther's life was a labour; an agony of conflict against the base interests of the clerical caste, and against the prejudices and habits of a whole continent of people. But not of all the people. Some there were who felt the new force, and yielded to it. It came with fresh revelations to the soul, and they rejoiced. The Kingdom of Heaven had become a force, and with force they laid hold of it.

It was the same when the time came for men to revolt from Calvinism. Calvinism as a creed and a system was great and grand—so great and so grand that no man of ordinary veneration will speak lightly of it. Calvinism was the Noah's ark that with its living freight outrode the deluge. But men made a mistake that Noah didn't make—when the water had subsided—instead of leaving it on Arrarat and going forth to possess a new world, they made of it a house to live in always. And there they are now, high and dry on the summit of the hill, grim guardians of a rotten wreck. I do not mean to say that Calvinism is become a useless thing. There are some portions of it that will never pass from the mind and heart of man. But then there are some portions of every phase of religion that are good, and at no time in the history of religion has there been a complete creation. Jesus Christ took the old system, the grand old idea, and gave it energy—made it a living force. The Protestant Church was but the Romish Church energized—more light—more freedom—juster conceptions of truth and of duty—more life for the soul and beauty for the conduct. And that is how God works with men. There is constant progression, passing of familiar landmarks, and entering on fresh fields of thought and labour. We have not yet reached the nightless world—the perfect knowledge and the fulness of joy: there will yet be rising and setting of sun—morning, noon and night—summer and winter: there will yet come voices from earth and sky. Christ has many things to say to the world, and the world cannot bear it yet. And this will happen, which has happened—times of refreshing will come, and many will not be refreshed. Religion will put out new strength, and only the earnest, the men of force, will lay hold of it, and find a truer life in God.

Now, brethren, the teaching for us as a people seems to be this,—be ready for those times and those seasons, etc.

But there is a teaching for each individual, man and woman here. The kingdom of God is within you. It came you scarce know how. But there was a revelation to the soul—a shock, and you broke into the silent sea of the spiritual. You were brought into conscious communion with God through faith in Jesus Christ. With a willing heart you devoted yourselves to His service. And since then many a time the kingdom within you has been energized. I mean that at times there came upon you the feeling that you were not living as you ought—you felt a strange new force in mind and heart, and you were ashamed of your sin. Did you improve those moments? did you lay hold of the new force? It may be that the present is such a moment. Since you have been here, memories of bygone days have come back to the mind—you have remembered old and unpaid vows to God: a desire has crept into your mind to be better, and to win God's well-done upon your work. Some new view of truth perhaps, or some fresh glimpse of the beauty of holiness. The kingdom is energized within you. Lay hold of the force—lay hold of it strongly. Confess your sins—have faith in Jesus Christ and be borne along by this living impulse to truer living and richer experiences. Aye, richer experiences—for, believe me, if you want joy, true joy, you must seek it in that self-surrender to God. No doubt there is joy in the success of earthly schemes. There is joy when the palm is satiated with gold. There is joy for him who waits on fortune when his gaining brings a prize. There is delight in feasting on the bounties of earth, the garment in which God veils the brightness of His face: in being filled with the loveliness of flowers, the songs of birds, the hum

of bees, the sounds of ocean, the rustle of the summer winds among the trees. There is joy, a sweet, tranquil bliss when heart communes with heart, when two souls join in one, like mingling dew drops on a rose; but, to yield to the energy of the moving Spirit of God—to feel a sense of trust in Him—to be at peace with Him—to serve Him in love and earnestness—to catch His approving smile in flowering earth and starlit sky—to hear His well-done on the work of life—to be sure of His presence here, and there in the great future, is greater joy than all beside. There is no joy like it—it is unspeakable, and full of glory. The Kingdom moves in you—rouse ye—lay hold of it violently—and the impulse shall bear you where you shall be nearer to Heaven and liker to God. Christ has come, and the Kingdom is a force—religion is a power great enough to lift you from sin to a state of holiness and peace. Lay hold of it.

**"A SON OF TOIL."—A RHYME IN PROSE.**

THE PETITION OF THE GASFITTERS AND CANDLEMAKERS OF CANADA, ADDRESSSED TO SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

PREAMBLE.

Sir John! Sir John! on thee we call, you are popular in this section. To thee we trust our little all, dear advocate of Trade Protection. We trusty gasfitters loudly wail, we candlemakers burn for a share of prosperity's favoring gale—ah! don't our petition spurn. We are useful men and full of light, no will-o'-the-wisps are we, but steady supporters burning bright. Let us light you to victory.

PETITION.

We don't ask much, 'tis a little thing to one of your high degree, let us have what we want and together we'll sing a tuneful duet of prosperity. The very worst drawback to our Trade, is, that twelve hours out of twenty-four, the Sun will persist in shedding its light, through window, crevice, and door. 'Tis a serious loss to the gasman brave, and the candlemaker too, diminished profits oft make us grave, but now we look to you—the prophet of smooth things, the seer of protection, the friend of the poor, ruined tradesman—improve your policy nearer perfection, and Aladdin will cheerfully swop with the gasman. 'Tis a simple, modest boon we ask, but for us it protection secures. When we've put you in power let this be your task, to shut up all windows and doors. That will suit us exactly. The sun may shine, but all within will be dark. Then gas and candles, cheap and fine, will be wanted a few—what a lark!!! Is it right that a little arrangement like this, for which we light-givers pine, should be denied us and thought amiss, because the sun will shine. 'Tis true the sun shines without any cost, but what is that to us? if our noble trade and its profits be lost, the people would righteously make a fuss. Grant this request, and behold the result which would surely follow straightway! Shut up doors and windows, and it won't be our fault, if within a single day, you will not see every gasman in the land, pegging busily at his trade. The impetus given will be something grand, and just think to what it will lead!

ARGUMENT.

In this fair, vast Canada of ours, there are mines of iron and lead. We gasmen will use them, work twenty-four hours, and so foster the new branch of trade. Then we candlemakers would wax full strong, in wealth and power and use. Why, think of the tallow and grease all day long we'd boil—how can you refuse? Would that not make the heart of the farmer glad, as he ceased to toil at the plough? He no longer at frosted crops need feel sad, but return to his muttons to see them grow fat and sleek on his moist meadow-land. As he thought of the tallow, his heart would melt, and his tears drop apace on the sand, as, grateful our gold he smelt. Right royally, too, all the poor would feed, in rich mutton and beef how they'd wallow, made cheap and good to answer their need, by the high price we'd give for the tallow. And, as we grew rich, we'd spend our gold with a lavishness truly inviting, on every luxury made and sold—too many to put down in writing.

RESULTS.

Universal prosperity soon would dawn, from our wealth spread far and wide o'er our favoured land—such as never yet known—till Free Traders themselves would side with our views, so unerring, far-reaching and deep—all windows and doors be thrown down, and piled, each on each, a useless heap, while their places were filled up with brick or stone by a happy people, rejoicing in light of "home manufacture" bright and clear and better than sunlight, thus shut out tight, and, with all these advantages, not so dear.

REQUIEM.

If some insane Free-trader still did prate, and talk of subversion of national laws, we'd settle him quickly, smash in his pate, and certainly not without cause, lest if spared he'd go further and say, with a sneer, we had acted consistently, and carried out principles we held dear, till we'd proved them absurdity. If we shut out a gift that nature bestows, at less cost on some neighbouring lands, because it is cheaper in labor or gold than those made by our own hands, it is quite right and proper to shut out that, which Nature for nothing bestows, assured we can make it far cheaper than that, and therefore we nothing can lose. 'Tis the last dying groan of the Free-trading cuss who has weakened his body and mind, till he cares naught for self, won't e'en make a fuss for the general good of his kind. Though we've crushed the life out of him, let's do as he would—with candles from very best maker, light the poor dead corpse to its home in the ground—for the good of his fellows we act undertaker. We'll raise a neat headstone over his grave, selected near ocean's wild billow, and never he'll wake his country to save (?) till we've found a similar pillow, by rejecting the sunlight which floods o'er our mind, and preferring the darkness of self, are plunged in that gloom with those of our kind, whose sunlight is summed up in self.

"EUSEBIUS."

The beginning of faith is action, and he only believes who struggles; not he who merely thinks a question over.—Carlyle.

TO THE SAINT LAWRENCE.

I may not emulate their lofty aim,  
Who in divine imagination, bold,  
With mighty hills and streams communion hold,  
As living friends; and scarce I dare to claim  
Acquaintance with thee in thy scenes of fame,  
Wealthiest of Rivers! though in days of old  
I loved thee where thy waters mighty roll'd,  
And in some sense would deem thee yet the same.  
Thy mirror'd course of wood-enshrined repose  
Besprent with island haunts of spirits bright;  
And widening on—till, at the vision's close,  
Stern Stadacona, even then a name of might  
For childish thoughts to build on, proudly rose  
A rock-throned city clad in heavenly light.

H. M.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION!

"Omega" labours hard to prove that credit-business may be extended with safety; but it does not appear that he has done it. He has certainly not "made the truth visible" to your readers. Whatever the possibilities may be of increasing such business, the proof has not been forthcoming, and that is a material point. He says it is the unrealizable character of the assets which makes debts "formidable," but furnishes no practical rule to guide the merchant how to choose safe assets. In fact, the merchant in the circumstances cannot be at all sure that any large debt is not formidable. We have abundant proof merchants are necessitated to do business on credit, if they do business to any great extent,—a business, the hazard of which is proportioned to the difficulty of estimating the assets. If, therefore, after due care, individuals are compelled to assume obligations which they cannot be sure are not formidable, or embarrassing, why should they be blamed for making losses?

"Omega" has furnished no proof, and we question if proof can be given, that merchants fail merely because of their folly, seeing they are forced by a credit-law to assume such great risks. What should be thought of jurymen that condemn without proof? Should they themselves not be condemned?

Would it not, therefore, be well for "Omega" to pause and look to the proof before attributing the commercial depression to the folly or incompetency of merchants? Writers on business matters, we are aware, commonly take that liberty; but if they do so without proof, their judgment deserves to be lightly esteemed.

On the contrary, we claim there is abundance of proof that general bankruptcy arises other than the mere folly of individual traders. Folly or incapacity will always be difficult to bring home to merchants in the case of bankruptcy, until they have a choice between capital and credit in exchange for the property that is parted with, which is now enjoyed to but a very limited extent; and, until a mortgage be treated as a promissory note is,—namely, discountable by a bank of issue dealing solely in mortgages and specie, such as we have suggested,—the community is necessarily deprived of the use of the greater part of its capital, and is forced to do without, or do business on credit.

All that merchants have a right to ask, says "Omega," "is liberty to trade as freely as possible, and reap the fruits, be they profit or loss." We can only assent to that dictum on condition that all the capital of the community be accessible to the markets. But, unfortunately, in this country for example, the greater part of the capital in real estate has no more bearing on the money market than if it were in the moon!

Notwithstanding "Omega's" assertion "that the laws of nature are so ordered that all products of labour have a bearing on all markets," and notwithstanding he avers that economists are unsound in mind who "do not think all the products of labour should have a bearing on the markets," it is untrue that either of those conditions exist, at least in this country. If "Omega" himself is really unconscious of the fact, let us enquire: How was it before banks of issue were thought of? Had business then, by virtue of the laws of nature, all the advantages which the banking era possesses? If so, these institutions are very unnecessary, and not worth the energy our critic expends in their defence. Do the laws of nature, and not human art or skill, furnish the workman with all the variety of required tools? Banking is but a tool, not to create capital, but to utilize it. Extend the banking law to the capital in the real property, in the manner we have suggested, and, if we mistake not, the said capital will have that salutary effect on industry and commerce little suspected, "though nature's laws have been ever active."

It is quite true that capital may be invested in real estate as well as other property which produces nothing, and is thereby sunk; but it is not such property we seek to utilize by a just banking law. Dealers in mortgages usually do a safe business,—safe in proportion to the skill displayed and care given. Nothing need be taken on mere trust.

Every one says "Omega" knows that gold, and not promissory notes, is the basis of bank issues. We shall see if that be the case or not. Take an average monthly return of the banks. Set aside the Gold and Provincial Notes from the available assets, and let the balance be deducted from the sum of deposits at interest and balances due to other banks, and you have the following in round millions dollars:—

Capital.	Gold.	Provincial Notes.	Discounts.	Debts or Circulation.
38	6	7	Notes discounted... 119	Deposits at interest... 14
..	..	..	Sundries " ... 15	Note circulation..... 22
..	..	..	..... ..	Deposits on demand.. 39
			Assets..... 147	Debts..... 75

The paid-up capital is, of course, absorbed or contained in the assets, seven eighths of which consists of promissory notes!

The circulation and deposits on demand, taken together, make the facilities

payable in gold on demand,—a sum usually equal to the paid-up capital, or about sixty millions; while the specie is six millions, or ten per cent. of the debts due on demand, or circulation. Bank notes are promises to pay in gold on demand; but little or no security is held for their payment.

"Omega" tries to make a point in favour of banks doing business in portable property; but the argument is of no weight, for it is *values* that banks deal in directly, not the goods and lands. It is true, as he says, that if our market is unfavourable to sell in, the goods may be sent to another; but mortgages are taken at a sufficient margin to be safe under all circumstances. It is a sufficient reply to say that Loan Societies or dealers in mortgages are not sensible of the difficulty resulting from the impossibility of moving houses and lands.

Our critic contends that the man who has lent a \$1,000 on a mortgage, and gets back the money by selling the mortgage, is exactly in the same position as the banker who discounts and puts a promissory note for \$1,000 through the same operation; and asks: "What more does 'Alpha' want?" We beg to reply that the mortgage dealer gains nothing by the transaction; while the banker, by discounting the note with his issue, earns the interest on a \$1,000, less the expense of the gold reserve. We ask, therefore, that the holder of the mortgage be placed on the same level with the banker, because the property of the former is, to say the least, equal to that of the latter; and is that too much to ask when capital is so very much wanted?

A mortgage is capital, because it may be known to be good; whereas, a promissory note at best is credit, or a debt which you can never be sure may not be formidable, no matter what you may surmise. A mortgage being capital may, therefore, be bank capital, proving our inference correct, *that the bank stock which may be made available is equal in amount to the good mortgages.*

It is sufficiently obvious that if we made our capital available there would be abundance within the limits of the country to employ labour and fully develop the national resources, without being dependent on other countries for the means. The trade and industry of the country wears a ghastly aspect at the present time in consequence of our unemployed dependence on other countries for cash, goods, and products we purchase and fail to pay for by industry. We even carry our stupidity to the ridiculous extreme of importing the very stones and bricks to build our towns and cities. And it may well surprise "Omega," who sees so many difficulties in the way of making mortgages useful, to be informed of a *bona fide* island which has actually been imported into this country! What next? your sensible readers may fairly inquire.

ALPHA.

We have now given the views of our correspondents on both sides of this question, and must regard the subject as closed with the insertion of this letter.

—ED.

### CRYING FOR THE MOON.

What a thing it is that people will keep crying for the moon—in other words, that thanklessly unmindful of blessings within their reach, they will go on longing for joys, or matters esteemed as such, which are altogether unattainable. I don't object to an occasional grumble. It is one of our national peculiarities, not to say privileges. An Englishman will have his growl. It does him good. We take it for what it is worth. What I denounce is that morose and sullen discontent which, oozing from the dark depths of an ungrateful heart, turns the choicest gifts of Providence into ashes on the lip, and makes a man miserable himself and the cause of misery in others. There are thousands of human beings who have all requisite means and appliances of happiness within their grasp, but who disregard them all, accounting them of no value, simply because they have set their own hearts upon certain other, and probably, merely imaginary forms of enjoyment to which they are denied access. It is the old story, not less true now than in the days of the Roman satirist, two thousand years ago. Horace assures us that those among our fellow creatures whom we regard as the "lower animals" are equally tainted with the spirit of discontent. He has taken upon him to assert that the ox envies the gaudy trappings of the horse, and the lazy steed would willingly exchange the saddle for the plough—but I don't believe a word of it. It is a base slander. I have never heard either ox or horse express dissatisfaction with his condition of life, or a wish to be anybody else but himself. Have you? No; of course you have not. It is only that unfortunate being Man, and his wife Woman, who are at war with their destinies. Every other creature that walks or flies or swims is contented with its lot, be that lot what it may. In the countless army of malcontents, everyone makes to himself or herself his or her own particular moon, which not possessing they deem themselves martyrs.

A very popular moon, and one for which thousands are perpetually pining, is that known as the "good old times." What nonsense, to be sure! The advancement of civilization and the marvellous progress of art, science and literature, have given to human life in modern days not only a more refined grace, but far greater comfort than the olden times could ever boast of. There is nothing the matter with the times. They are right enough. It is not they but we who are changed for the worse. We find fault with the mirror wherein we glass ourselves, assigning to it the sad alteration in our aspect. When the days for which we now sigh so disconsolately were indeed ours, we set little store by them; but now that they are gone never to return, we recognise their value. Thus do we sacrifice to-day to vain regrets for yesterday, never pausing to reflect that the mill may not be turned by the waters which have flowed past it.

Money is another moon for which men and women are crying all the world over. As the man says in the play, they are dissatisfied with their lot because it is *not* a lot, but only a little; yet small though it be it would suffice for felicity if they would but think so. "Poor and content is rich enough," says Shakespeare. Let those who think otherwise lay to heart the words of an admirable writer, "The best remedy for discontent is to try and estimate things at what they are really worth." It should be remembered that Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poorest mechanic, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset or add one ray to the magnificence of night. The same

air fills all lungs; the same light illumines all eyes. Each one possesses really only his own thoughts and his own senses, soul and body—these are the property which a man owns. All that is valuable is to be had for nothing in this world. Genius, beauty and love are not bought and sold.

"The monarch's sceptre has been bought for gold,  
Esteem and love were never to be sold."

Never was there anything truer than the saying of the old essayist,—“A restlessness in men's minds to be something they are not, or to have something they have not, is the root of all immorality.”

Then again, there are those who identify happiness with particular localities, as though happiness were a matter of parochial limit, or of brick and mortar. They see around them in their own neighbourhood and in dwellings similar to their own, numerous families who pass their lives pleasantly enough, and find no fault either with the place or the edifice; but that is nothing to the purpose. It is enough for the discontented, that in other districts, fashion holds higher sway. Ah me! They are hunting a phantom. The man who is not happy in the north, will be no better off in the west; nor will he who is wretched in the south, find peace of mind in the east. Happiness depends upon the state of things within, not without. The most unhappy man I know lives in the west-end, and has splendid health and fifty thousand dollars a year. On the other hand, I know a lady, one of the best women in the world, who has no more money than she knows what to do with, but whom I have heard declare that she had rather live in a garret with her husband than in a palace with anybody else. That proves that happiness is a question not of the house, but of the heart. Yet that lady's husband is one of the most worthless of men. But never mind. She took him for better or worse, and though he has proved all "worse" she will be loyal to him to the last. There is a woman worthy of the name. The mischief is that people will keep thinking of those who are in a better position than their own, instead of gratefully contrasting their own condition with that of multitudes who all their lives long have to do battle with sorrow and solicitude.

Be assured of this, that for one man or woman who is better off than yourself, there are a thousand who are worse off. If you have a comfortable little house, it matters not in what district, think not with an envious mind on those who dwell in mansions, and who for all their splendour have their own troubles, many more, perhaps, than have fallen to your share; think rather of the poor, famishing creatures, who in the winter season have "to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm;" think of the shipwrecked mariners, who even as you are reading this unworthy essay in your cosy room, are buffeted from wave to wave upon stormy seas—think of those poor fellows and of thousands besides in circumstances no less perilous—and be thankful. And what though you too should have your trials genuine and severe! Who is without them? Let not those who have really been visited with serious misfortunes give themselves up to discontent; it is a noxious weed which having once taken root, soon pervades every thought and annihilates every kind and noble feeling of the heart. It renders us not only regardless of our own concerns, but also callous to the wants and wishes of others. It sours the temper, and makes us think that there is nothing in the world worth caring for; and those who care for nobody will sooner or later discover that nobody cares for them. Come what may let us bear our cross with courage. Let us cheer up; and be of good heart! Let fate do her worst, the grand thing is to make the best of it. Improve the hours whether they be cloudy or shiny. Do all the good we can. We are here to-day and gone to-morrow, and it is not they who are gone are to be pitied, but rather they who remain. But a truce to melancholy. Rejoice and be glad, and, above all things, let us not keep on crying for the moon. It is not to be had for love or money; and even though it were, we should not know what to do with it.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

### THE PROTESTANT PULPIT OF MONTREAL.

III.

Scattered around the city are to be found the usual heterogeneous gatherings which, in all large communities, seem to be searching for the ultimate cells of which Protestantism is composed. The "Right of Private Judgment" is maintained in Montreal by Second Adventists, Swedenborgians, and Plymouth Brethren of various stripes, as well as by the offshoots and outgrowths of the regular denominations. These "little systems have their day," but whether they will ever "cease to be" is a fair question. They serve at least one good purpose, in so far as they prevent the stagnation of religious thought and investigation which rotted and killed the Church of Rome previous to the Reformation. Romanists are apt to sneer at the divisions of Protestant sects; they might profitably learn that whatever vitality is in their Church to-day, is due to Protestant freedom of thought and discussion. This has awakened up the Church of Rome; has reformed and re-habilitated it in spite of itself. Nowhere is it a living system—nowhere does it thrive, but where the fresh, strong breezes of Protestant liberty are blowing about it. It is this which strengthens men, and puts them on their mettle, and brings out the best that is in them into vigorous action. The Rome of purely Roman Catholic countries is too contemptible to be either dreaded or discussed. Her strength is born of Protestant liberty and independence.

One of these little gatherings is that presided over by Rev. J. Middleton, a mild, slender gentleman, who has apparently undertaken a forlorn hope in coming to Montreal to establish a Primitive Methodist "cause." He will not, probably, have much success in this, although his denomination is not without its power in Ontario. Had he the personal qualities which move men, there is not room for another denomination to sustain itself.

Must the same be said of the attempt to introduce here the so-called "Reformed Episcopal" Church? Many people think that, so little troubled as is Montreal by the vagaries of the High Church party, and with so many excellent evangelical churchmen amongst us, there is scarcely need of the half-way house to "non-conformity," which has been set up in the Hall of the Natural History Society. Yet there is found in full blast the complete organization of

St. Bartholomew's Church; with Rector, Churchwardens, Vestrymen, communicants, and congregation. The Rector himself, Dr. Usher, is a tall, pleasant gentleman, a man of considerable culture, and a preacher of good powers, fairly entitled to take rank among the metropolitan clergy. The coming winter will, doubtless, bring him more fully into notice.

Another preacher, who is the sole representative of the ecclesiastical body to which he belongs, is the Rev. G. H. Wells. Genial and genuine, witty and witty, the worthy pastor of the American Church is a universal favourite. Very few men are more welcome on a Montreal platform, a place where his quaint, good-humoured countenance is often seen. For quick wit and gentle sarcasm and telling points, his is often the speech of the evening, as measured by the applause. But with all his ready wit and quick humour, Mr. Wells is always serious in the pulpit. His preaching is utterly removed from the sensational, being orthodox in substance, quietly earnest in manner, and Scriptural in illustration and language. There is not much structure or regularity of method in his sermons, neither are they highly elaborated or ornamented with flowers of rhetoric, but they are always instructive, stimulating and helpful. Mr. Wells' congregation is wisely well-content with him, and he bids fair—bachelor as he is—to become the patriarch of the Montreal Protestant pulpit. His ecclesiastical position is rather anomalous. An avowed Congregationalist, he is pastor of a Presbyterian Church, whose relations with its presbytery (that of New York) are so slight as to make it practically independent.

The pulpit of Emmanuel Church (Congregational) is another of considerable note in Montreal. The building containing it is newly built, handsome, and well and commandingly placed. The pastor is the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, an Englishman of middle-age. The son of a Baptist minister, and himself originally of that persuasion, he early burst the narrow bondage of the system of thought in which he had been reared, and came out into the less restricted pastures of his present denominational connection. Coming to Montreal about five years ago, he at once assumed a foremost position. Kind, courtly, genial, warm and sympathetic, who can say an unkind word of him? If there be a "woe" awaiting him it is that resting on one whom all men speak well of, and who himself speaks well of—and to—all men. This characteristic is no part of a policy, but the sheer good-nature of the man; he cannot be unkind. Thoroughly English in his ideas, he is as thoroughly catholic in his tolerance. A man of strong convictions, he is yet tolerant of the views of others. As a preacher, Mr. Stevenson is confessedly in the front rank, and is popular. Sympathizing to some extent with the movements of modern thought, he, nevertheless has no startling heterodoxies; but is a cautious and safe guide. Proclaiming the old accepted doctrines, he presents them in a lively, fresh manner. Discarding the old nomenclature, and discussing his subject from independent standpoints, he ranges freely over literature, art and science for illustration. Clothing his thought in language which is ready, copious and appropriate, and bringing the full force of a highly emotional nature to bear upon his audience, he usually stirs them deeply. The clear ring of his explosive tones is often thrilling in its effect, and his appeals *ad hominem*—tremulous with tender fellow-feeling for humanity—are a treat to hear. Of a highly nervous constitution, Mr. Stevenson is, however, somewhat uneven; and it is quite possible, occasionally, to hear him and be disappointed. His ministry is characterized by "sweetness and light," though not exactly in Matthew Arnold's sense. His people are much attached to him.

Crossing southward from Emmanuel Church, we are speedily in the ruck of Presbyterian churches, of which the palatial building of the "Windsor" is nearly the centre. Standing off a little way on Dorchester street, no less than eight Protestant churches are in sight, five of these being Presbyterian. At the time of the union of the old Presbyterian bodies, it was thought there would be no use for so many churches of one order; but they seem to have been insufficient—a new one having recently been added, which may claim to be (with the exception of the Cathedral) the largest and handsomest Protestant church in Montreal. This has been erected by the congregation heretofore worshipping in Coté Street, who have yielded to the general up-town movement. Of its pulpit, little can be said; for, alas! it is vacant, and has been so for a long time. The congregation is said to be fastidious; and when it *does* take a fancy to a preacher, lo, you! he refuses to come. The church has lately had a crushing disappointment of this kind. Thus, although the congregation is large, wealthy and coherent, the pulpit remains empty. Indeed, it is said to be a fact in the history of this singular church, that it has not had a settled minister for half the thirty-odd years of its existence. Another in the group of Presbyterian churches of the West-end is Erskine, whose minister—the Rev. J. S. Black—is a man of sufficient importance (ambiguous word!) to claim a separate paragraph.

Mr. Black is a young man, exactly *how* young it is difficult to say, for he has one of those fair, smooth, plump hairless faces which undergo little change in the progress from boyhood to maturity. At times he looks juvenile; at other times mature. But the heavy jaw and broad brow are unmistakable signs of power. And these signs are largely borne out by the substance and method of his preaching. With a logical and mathematical appreciation and grasp of his subject, he applies it forcibly and unsparingly to the various practical points that present themselves to be dealt with. Easy and cool, almost to the verge of *insouciance*, he has a fair flow of measured language, saying what he means to say, and generally saying it well. The great point of Presbyterian success, to be readily listened to in the General Assembly, Mr. Black can scarcely be said to have attained. That venerable Court is somewhat impatient of youth, and the odds are for the present against Mr. Black when he stands up in the gathering of the fathers and elders of the Church. But, like Disraeli, he will conquer yet, and *make* them hear him.

QUIEN SABE?

(To be concluded in our next.)

## THE POPES.

(77.) EUGENIUS I., 655–658, was elected by order of the Emperor. Beyond the fact that he sent legates to Constantinople for the purpose of controverting the Monothelite doctrine, nothing is recorded of his actions.

(78.) VITALIEN, 658–673, on his election was presented by the Emperor with a copy of the Gospels bound with gold and precious stones. Three years afterwards the people of Constantinople manifested such bitter hostility to the Emperor that he formed the design of removing his Court to Rome. He accordingly came to that city, and was received by the Pope with great honour. However, he only remained in Rome twelve days, then retiring to Syracuse, in Sicily.

In the year 664, Egbert, King of Kent, and Ofwi, King of Northumbria, provinces of England, sent deputies to the Pope to consult him about the time for observing Easter, which had been a subject of violent dispute in that country; also to inform him of the death of Deusdedit, Archbishop of Canterbury. Shortly after arriving at Rome these deputies fell sick of the plague and died. The Pope, however, wrote a letter to Ofwi exhorting him to conform entirely to the traditions of the Church of Rome, both as regarded Easter observance and other ceremonies. A monk, named Theodore, was then sent by the Pope to take charge of the See of Canterbury. Theodore held that office for twenty-one years, during which time he established schools in many parts of England, and also introduced the use of the Latin language in the services of the Church.

In the year 669 the Pope cited Maurus, Archbishop of Ravenna, to appear before him to give an account of his faith and conduct. The Archbishop took no notice of this, whereupon the Pope excommunicated him. The Archbishop in turn excommunicated the Pope, forbidding anyone in his diocese to acknowledge the papal authority, directly or indirectly. The Pope's death soon afterwards put an end to this conflict.

(79.) DEODATUS II., 676–677.—Nothing is recorded of the actions of this Pope. He is said to have been mild and benign in disposition, and compassionate towards the poor.

(80.) DOMNUS I., 677–678.—Shortly after election this Pope received a letter from the Patriarch of Constantinople, begging him to bring about a reunion of the churches of the East and West. It is not known what reply was made. The Emperor became very desirous to effect this object, and asked the Patriarchs of Jerusalem and Antioch what were the causes of division. They replied that novelties that had been introduced in the definition of the mysteries of the faith. The Emperor then wrote to the Pope, asking him to send to Constantinople learned men capable of settling these questions, adding, "after that we shall be justified in the judgment of God, for we can exhort all Christians to union, but we will not compel any." However, before this letter reached Rome Domnus was dead. The Archbishop of Ravenna had previously submitted himself to the jurisdiction of the Pope.

(81.) AGATHON, 678–681.—On receiving the Emperor's letter, called a council of all the Italian bishops, 125 in number, at which legates were appointed to proceed to Constantinople. They arrived at that city in September 680, and a great Council of the Eastern Church assembled there in the following November, the Emperor presiding. The sessions of this Council continued for nearly a year. A canon was adopted, condemning the Monothelites, also proclaiming that "We think it our duty to drive from the Church and to anathematize Honorius, formerly Bishop of Old Rome, because we have found in his letter to Sergius, Patriarch of Constantinople, that he follows his error and authorizes the impure doctrine." The Acts of the Council were finally subscribed to by the Pope's legates and 165 bishops, and the Emperor issued an edict enforcing their observance.

The Church in England was now greatly agitated by troubles. Wilfred, Bishop of York, who had been deposed by the King of that country, came to Rome and appealed to a Council in that city, which authorized him to retain charge of his diocese. An English priest, named Benedict Biscop, who had received his education at Rome, also visited the city again about this time, and received from the Pope many presents for a new church he was building. He also took back to England a chorister of St. Peter's Church by name John, who was specially commissioned to ascertain exactly what was the faith of the Church of England.

(82.) LEO II., 682–683, was chosen, without delay, but his ordination was deferred several months for the Imperial confirmation. The legates returned from Constantinople, bearing letters from the Emperor, to which Leo replied, approving of the Acts of the Council. In his letter, the Pope said:—"We anathematize the inventors of the new error and also Honorius, who instead of purifying this apostolic church by the doctrine of the apostles, has thought to overthrow the faith by his profane treason." Also, in a letter addressed to the Bishops of Spain, informing them of the decisions of the Council, Leo adverts to the conduct of Honorius, "who, instead of extinguishing at its birth the flame of heresy, as was the duty of the apostolical authority, fomented it by his negligence."

(83.) BENEDICT II., 684–685, was elected soon after the death of Leo, but owing to delay in getting the Emperor's consent, the Papal See was vacant nearly a year. However, the Emperor followed up his letter of approval by a general order addressed to the clergy, the people, and the army at Rome, permitting to be ordained without delay, in future, whomsoever should be elected Pope, without waiting for confirmation by the Emperor. Benedict died after a few months' tenure of office.

(84.) JOHN V., 685–686, was a Syrian, from the province of Antioch. Though confined to bed by disease nearly the whole term of his pontificate, he displayed considerable vigour in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs.

(85.) CONON, 686–687. After the death of John V., the clergy showed preference for a priest named Peter, while the army preferred one Theodore. The soldiers succeeded for some time in preventing the clergy from assembling, but ultimately the bishops and priests elected a third priest, a very aged man of meek and gentle disposition, quite inexperienced in secular affairs. The Emperor, Justinian II., wrote informing him of the precautions which he had taken for preserving the Acts of the Council of Constantinople. (This is ranked by ecclesiastical writers as the Sixth General Council.) The same year

Truth is eclipsed often, and sets for a night; but never is it turned aside from its eternal path.—W. Ware.

Chemists tell us that a single grain of the substance called iodine will impart color to seven thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things,—one companion, one book, one habit may affect the whole life and character.



there came to Rome a bishop named Killien, from Ireland, accompanied by several others from that country, who were cordially received by the Pope. Being very simple and ignorant of business affairs, Conon was induced to appoint as Rector of the church property in Sicily a man of vicious character, who soon raised a sedition among the people, and who was at length imprisoned by the authorities.

(To be continued.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE PICTURESQUE.

Sir,—Those of your readers who enjoy the picturesque in mountain, valley, river, lake and meadow scenery should make the trip to Lake Memphremagog. Leaving Montreal on the South-Eastern Railway at 4 p.m., a rapid run of four hours brings us to Newport, having passed through the beautiful villages of Cowansville, Sutton, Brigham, Richford and Troy. In former years the contrast between Canadian and American villages was very striking. But such is the advance in prosperity, improvements in farming, and the increased enterprise of the people, that the villages of the Eastern Townships will compare favorably with the most thriving of those of New England. Such towns as Cowansville, Hatley, Compton and Stanstead, which are chiefly in farming districts, will challenge comparison with the towns of the Connecticut and Housatonic Valleys.

The railway passes through not only rich agricultural lands but amid the most beautiful scenery of Canada. The mountain which borders Lake Memphremagog appears on the north, while on the south are the Green Mountains of Vermont. The end of the railway is Newport, a thoroughly New England town, with its four churches, newspaper (*Express and Standard*) and bank. The town is surrounded by mountains, except the western side, which borders on the lake. The houses are for the most part villas, surrounded by cultivated gardens, with fruit and shade trees. Newport has all the attractions of the most popular watering places, without the turmoil and crowds. Boating, fishing, driving, riding, and excursions to the woods and hills form the chief amusement of visitors.

The chief hotel, the Memphramagog House, situated on the lake shore, is capable of accommodating a large number of guests, and every attention is paid to the convenience and comfort of visitors, while the absence of bustle and noise renders it the most desirable resort for summer.

Leaving Newport by the "Lady of the Lake" at 9 a.m., one of the most beautiful sails is enjoyed through the whole length of the Lake. Every variety of scenery to please the eye, while cool breezes give one delightful refreshment. The picturesque islands, the magnificent mountains, and the variety of shore views, afford constant enjoyment. The steamer reaches Magog at one o'clock, and after dinner the rail takes one to West Farnham, where the train unites with the South-Eastern. This whole trip, including hotels, may be taken for the trifling sum of \$7.00.

TRAVELLER.

## LA PETITE MADELAINE.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

It must be quite needless to say, that Walter Barnard appeared not that night at the Chateau de St. Hilaire, where his return to Normandy was of course equally unknown with his late visit to the pavilion. Great was the wrath of the lovely Adrienne, when, on her return thither, soon after the expiration of the time she had allotted for the performance of Madelaine's task, she found *la place vide*—that the daring impertinent had not only taken the liberty of departing undismitted (doubtless in resentment of fancied wrongs), but had taken with her the letter that was to have been finished in readiness for the postman's call that evening on his way to Caen. The contretemps was absolutely too much for the sensitive nerves of la belle Adrienne, agitated as they had been during the day by a communication made to her parents, and through them "to his adorable cousin," by the Marquis d'Arval, that his contract of marriage with a rich and beautiful heiress of his own province was on the point of signature,

"Le perfide!" was the smothered ejaculation of his fair friend on receiving this gratifying intelligence from her dejected parents, thus compelled to relinquish their last feeble hope of seeing their darling united to the husband of their choice. To the darling herself the new return of Walter became suddenly an object of tender interest. Nothing could be so natural as her immediate anxiety to express this impatience in a reply to his last letter, and nothing could be more natural than that she should fall into a paroxysm of nervous agitation at the frustration of this amiable design, by the daring of her chargee in *affaires*. But she was too proud to send for her, or to her: it would look like acknowledgment of error. She would "die first," and "the little impertinent would return of her own accord, humble enough, no doubt, and she *should* be humbled." But for the next two days nothing was heard or seen of "the little impertinent" at the Chateau de St. Hilaire. On the third, still no sign of her repentance, by reappearance, word, or token. On the fourth, Adrienne's resolution could hold out against her necessities no longer, and she was on the point of going herself in quest of the guilty Madelaine, when she learned the astounding tidings that Walter had been five days returned to Caen, and on that very morning when the news first reached her,—

But Walter's proceedings must be briefly related more veraciously than by the blundering tongue of common rumour, which reported them to Adrienne. He had returned to Caen, and to the hospitable home of his English friends, to whose ear, of course, he confided his tale of disappointed hopes. But, as it should seem by the mirthful bearing of the small party assembled that night round the supper-table after his affecting disclosure, not only had it failed in exciting sympathy for the abused lover, but he himself, by some unaccountable caprice, was, to all appearance, the happiest of the social group.

Grave matters, as well as trivial, were, however, debated that night round the supper-table of the English party; and of the four assembled, as neither had attained the coolness and experience of twenty-six complete summers, and

two of the four (the married pair) had forfeited all pretensions to worldly wisdom by a romantic love-match, it is not much to be wondered at that Prudence was scarcely admitted to a share in the consultation, and that she was unanimously outvoted in conclusion.

The cabinet council sat till past midnight, yet Walter Barnard was awake next morning, and "stirring with the lark," and brushing the dew-drops from the wild-brier sprays, as he bounded by them through the fields, on his way to—not St. Hilaire.

Again in the gloaming he was espied by the miller's wife, threading the same path to the same trysting-place—for that it *was* a trysting-place she had ocular demonstration—and again the next day matins and vespers were as duly said by the same parties in the same oratory, and Dame Simonne was privy to the same, and yet she had not whispered her knowledge even to the reeds. How much longer the unnatural retention might have continued, would have been a curious metaphysical question, had not circumstances, interfering with the ends of science, hurried on an "unforeseen conclusion."

On the third morning the usual tryst was kept at the accustomed place, at an earlier hour than on the preceding days; but shorter parley sufficed on this occasion, for the two who met there with no cold greeting, turned together into the pleasant path, so lately traced on his way from the town with a beating heart, by one who retraced his footsteps even more eagerly, with the timid companion, who went consentingly, but not self-excused.

Sharp and anxious was the watch kept by the miller's wife for the return of the pair, whose absence for the next two hours she was at no loss to account for; but they tarried beyond that period, and Dame Simonne was growing fidgety at their non-appearance, when she caught sight of their advancing figures, at the same moment that the gate of the Manoir swung open, and forth issued the stately forms of Madame and Mesdemoiselles du Résnel!

Dame Simonne's senses were well-nigh confounded at the sight, and well they might, for well she knew what one so unusual portended—and there was no time—not a moment—not a possibility to warn the early pedestrians who were approaching, so securely unconscious of the impending crisis. They were to have parted as before at the Manoir gate—to have parted for many months of separation—one to return to England, the other to her nearer home, till such time as— But the whole prudential project was in a moment upset. The last winding of the path was turned, and the advancing parties stood confronted! For a moment, mute, motionless as statues—a smile of malicious triumph on the countenances of Mesdemoiselles du Résnel—on that of their dignified mother, a stern expression of concentrated wrath, inexorable, implacable. But her speech was even more calm and deliberate than usual, as she requested to know what business of importance had led the young lady so far from her home at that early hour, and to what fortunate chance she was indebted for the escort of Monsieur Barnard? The *grand secret* might still have been kept. Walter was about to speak—he scarce knew what—perhaps to divulge *in part*—for to tell all prematurely was ruin to them both. But before he could articulate a word, Madame du Résnel repeated her interrogatory in a tone of more peremptory sternness, and la petite Madelaine, trembling at this sound, quailing under the cold and searching gaze that accompanied it, and all unused to the arts of deception and prevarication, sank on her knees where she had stopped at some distance from her incensed parent, and faltered out with uplifted hands,—“Mais—mais, maman! je viens de me marier!”

(Concluded in our next.)

## MUSICAL.

In an article on "Musical Degrees," in the *Musical Times*, Mr. Statham says, speaking of the London University curriculum:—"None of the great composers could have taken degrees under it. Bach, with his strong and logical brain, and power of steady application, would have been the most likely of them to go for it. One can imagine Handel dismissing it with "Te tevil, vot vor sall I tell you of de venomena of zound, and of hydrosadidigs and hydrauligs—dom your degree!" Mozart, laughing it off, in a jaunty little note to one of his *trés cher* correspondents; Beethoven wrapping bread and cheese in it; Chopin dreamily musing over "the principles of melodial progression," and "the phenomena attending the combination of two sounds." Mendelssohn would have had more chance of making something of it, and could have got the degree if he had given his mind to it, but then he certainly never would; he was too fond of society." "The obstacle is not merely in the large amount of scientific knowledge in regard to the physical basis of music which is demanded, and which would, it may be said, be of no practical value in the ordinary pursuit of the musical profession, but in the fact that, before the musical degree can be attached at all, the candidate must have passed the general matriculation examination, which requires him to show a competent knowledge in each of the following subjects:—1. Latin; 2. any two out of a list of other languages (Greek, French, German, Sanscrit, or Arabic); 3. the English language, English History, and Modern Geography; 4. Mathematics; 5. Natural Philosophy; 6. Chemistry. The details of the acquirements expected under these heads are given, and include considerably more than mere generalities.

If it is the object of the London University to create a high class of scientific musical scholars, with a broad general education, literary and scientific, of course this is an admirable programme, and the only thing needed is to find the people who will have sufficient enthusiasm to work up to it, and who are sufficiently independent to afford time to do so. But it is only reasonable to ask whether this is the object, or whether it is intended to appeal to the musical profession generally? If the latter, then the University has overshot the mark in demanding a degree of knowledge of subjects apart from music which no one intending to make his living by active professional work could possibly have time to acquire. This is to be regretted, because, without intending anything censorious of the musical profession, it will probably be admitted by most readers, including the best class among the professional musicians themselves, that there is nothing more required in the musical profession, or which would tend more to elevate it in social estimation, than a higher standard of general culture than at present for the most part exists within its ranks; and this end would have been far more likely to be attained by giving a musical degree for proficiency in the knowledge and the handling of music as an art, preceded by a more limited matriculation examination, such as would insure that the candidate had received a fair liberal education, but not burdening him with scientific subjects which he may never intend to make use of again, and which, if he means serious work as a musician, he cannot possibly have time to study thoroughly. If the London University degree were framed on this principle, it might, if properly worked, have become an instrument for raising the educational status of the musical profession; but as it is framed it cannot do so, because it attempts too much, and is calculated only to bring forth a small band of musical sciolists. If this is the object, well and good; certainly the degree is hardly one which Handel could have turned over to his "fellows-plover;" only one cannot help feeling that more might be accomplished if less were demanded, and that a general raising of the status of musical education would be of even more value than the production of a few erudite scientific theorists.

For the long list of subjects to be studied we must refer readers to the printed copy of "Regulations," to be obtained from the Registrar of the University of London; we may mention that the Mus. Bac. Examinations include a knowledge of the theoretic physical basis of music, and the production of a composition in five-part vocal counterpoint, with accompaniments for a quintet string band, with the knowledge of the theory of counterpoint and musical form, a critical knowledge of the scores of standard classical compositions, &c. The Mus. Doc. examination goes further on the same lines, and, in fact, is obviously intended to include all that can, so far, be known about music; which, of course, is as it should be. One or two points in detail seem open to question. For instance, the candidate for Mus. Bac. who is told that he is to be examined in "the principles of the construction of chords" might very fairly retort "Whose principles?" And at all events it would be as well to give some indication whether any particular theory is favoured, or whether any adequate exposition by the candidate of the theory which he considers to be the correct one will pass muster. Among one or two subjects which the Mus. Bac. candidate may claim to be examined in for extra honours is "playing an accompaniment from a figured bass." Is it worth while to keep up examination in an art which the full writing and engraving of modern music has rendered superfluous? Among the Mus. Doc. subjects occurs "the principles of melodial progression." Here, again, there seems to be a begging of the question. Is every one agreed there are principles of melodial progression. And if so, what they are? What would Herr Wagner have to say on the point? On the other hand, there is one subject in the list of great value, and new (as far as we know) in such a curriculum, viz.: "the general distinction between physical and aesthetic or artistic principles, as bearing on musical forms and rules." If the London University can get any one to settle that, they will indeed have done something to speak of, something not a little significant towards parting the sheep from the goats in modern music.

There is one provision, however, in the Mus. Doc. regulations by no means novel, but to our thinking most undesirable—that, namely, which rules that the candidate, having written a test composition in eight-part vocal harmony, with full orchestral accompaniment, shall be required to conduct a public performance of his exercise at his own expense. The objection to this is not merely that, as an able critic in a contemporary has already pointed out, many men who are competent to pass the examination with honour may be very ill able to afford the expense of such a performance; the far stronger objection is that it is undesirable on artistic grounds to make public performances of music written to order and as an exercise. The whole object of such examinations as these is to give proof of proficiency in the scientific knowledge and handling of music; but that is only the means. The end of music is poetic expression, and in that no one can be examined; success or non-success can be estimated only by the emotion of the listeners, and that which is to produce emotion must be the product of emotion, which a composition made to order and to illustrate the scientific difficulties of composition hardly ever can be. Numbers of these test Cantatas are in existence somewhere, and whoever hears them, hears of them, or cares for them? The audience who hear them are only likely to feel, like the organist in Browning's poem:—

So your fugue broadens and thickens,  
Greatens and deepens and lengthens,  
Till we exclaim—"But where's music, the dickens?"

No; let the candidate write his "exercise" in due form, satisfy the examiners, and then, if he be wise, put it in the waste-basket, and never think of it again.

The perusal of such a curriculum as this, after all, tends to make one melancholy. For, if all analogy in art-history goes for anything, this determination to "know all about it" is one of the strongest indications that what many of us sadly suspect is but too true—that music as an emotional and joyful art is "played out." It is with art as with an organism; you cannot probe and dissect it while it is living; it is only after death that there comes the investigation by the scalpel. Music has lived a short but happy life with the world, and now her heart has ceased to beat and her life-blood to flow, and we sit down before her dead organism to investigate the reason of it, and find out how it was all done, and why it affected us so powerfully. The study is not without interest, though we can never really fathom the mystery even by the help of Helmholtz and his compeers. But will all this learning give us one new emotion in music—one new symphony to speak to us with a voice like that of the Immortal Nine? We have here a splendid machinery for turning out musical professors; but who will turn us out a musical poet?

Messrs. Novello & Co. have probably done more to advance the cause of music than any other publishing house in the world. Their cheap and beautifully printed editions of the classics are so well known that it would be superfluous to describe them, whilst their theoretical publications are almost as widely and quite as favorably known. The latest additions to the latter are "Novello's Music Primers," which are edited by Dr. Stainer, organist of St. Pauls. Formerly, a person who could sing fairly from notes, or had acquired the mastery over the piano or other instrument, was dubbed an accomplished musician; and any one having a knowledge of harmony or counterpoint was quite a lion in musical circles. In these days, however, musicians must get to the bottom of everything in any way connected with the art, and we find "primers" issued at marvellously cheap rates, and evidently intended for the million, on subjects the very names of which were hitherto unknown, or at any rate unused by us. The reviewer of these works in the *Musical Times* says:—"Talk of 'greats' or 'smalls,' or Indian Civil Service examinations, they are nothing to what it is evident the musical student of the new generation may have to undergo. He will perhaps be expected to critically compare the Greek texts of the ancient harmonicians, and to be able to improve the Latin of Meibomius. He must be a fair mathematician, a consummate linguist, an acoustician, and tolerably well versed in the kindred physical sciences. When he has mastered his pianoforte as well as these acquirements, and has skimmed through harmony, counterpoint, canon, fugue, form, orchestration, and the history and literature of music, he will take Mr. Ellis's 'primer'—as the author tells us to call it—and learn 'glossic.' On this last account we congratulate all musicians who were born some years ago; for they are not likely to take to glossic now. Not that glossic or Mr. Ellis's book are unimportant—far from that. The new Primer is not only important, but of great interest. It is, however, immensely more difficult than the author thinks. He may add that it is we who are immensely more stupid than we think. That is possible—indeed, he has convinced us of it; for we leave it to any average intelligence to rise, as they say in reviews, from the perusal of this work, and confess if it does not feel itself considerably 'shut up.'"

We are afraid many of our musical amateurs (or professors, for that matter,) would feel completely "shut up" by some of the simplest of these primers; but we nevertheless recommend them as standard works, well written, beautifully printed, and so cheap as to be within the reach of all.

Dr. MacLagan is about to give another series of popular organ recitals in Zion Church, commencing on Monday, August 19th.

A feature in the Viennese section of the Paris Exhibition is a handsome bronze statue of Beethoven.

Madame Strauss, wife of the eminent composer of dance music, is dead.

A handsome statue of Balfe, the Irish composer, was unveiled in Dublin last month.

The vibration of the pendulum of controversy will depend on the momentum it receives from the mass of errors with which it breaks away and is driven to the other side; and these vibrations will only agitate it until it shall settle into the quietude of settled truth.—*Browning*.

The best recipe we know, if you want to be miserable, is to think about yourself, how much you have lost, how much you have not made, and the poor prospect for the future. A brave man with a soul in him gets out of such pitiful ruts and laughs at discouragement, rolls up his sleeves, whistles and sings, and makes the best of life. This earth never was intended only for the stronger and better for his adversities. Many a noble ship has been saved by throwing overboard its most valuable cargo, and many a man is better and more humane after he has lost his gold.

## CURRENT LITERATURE.

"HAVERHOLME; OR THE APOTHEOSIS OF JINGO," by Edward Jenkins, M.P. for Dundee.

Satire is the most powerful of weapons. It does in a flash what no amount of argument would ever effect. It has toppled over Dynasties, upset Ministries, abolished monopolies, and proved invincible against every kind of sham and iniquity. Society is greatly indebted to satire; the only drawback is that it has no guarantee as to how it may be used, and against what it may be directed. Experience has shown that the wisest and best of men, the noblest and most desirable of objects may become the aim of the satirist, and so lose, in the eyes of the contemporaries, all the nobler qualities obvious to posterity when the mist has cleared away. The satire, which the wits of the Restoration levelled at Cromwell, overclouded the Protector's character for two centuries; it needed, in fact, all Carlyle's genius and indomitable industry to "restore" the Protector, and to give him his proper standing in history.

The satires of Pope, again, were often cruelly unjust to men of the time, some of whom have never recovered from the obloquy unjustly cast upon them. And so it has been in our own times. Lord Byron lived to acknowledge the injustice he had been guilty of towards some of his brother poets, especially Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth. But such acknowledgment avails little when the arrow has been shot and taken effect. So again, to come nearer to our time, Lord Lytton, in his "New Timon," attacked Alfred Tennyson with a venom which showed that he was utterly blinded to his merits. But his lordship had, for once, met his match, and Tennyson retorted in a style so scathing as to compel his lordship's respect for his ability.

Conscious of its uses and abuses, yet, on the whole, society is the gainer by good satire, and it is rather to be regretted that we have not any first-class specimens of the art in the present day. The "New Timon" was the last really vigorous effort, and there is nobody to wear the mantle of Dryden, Pope, and Byron. So we have to be content with a less ambitious kind of thing, and in the place of the old poetical satires, with their glorious ring and concentrated fire, we are fain to accept the prose and sometimes prosy lucubrations of Mr. Jenkins, M.P. These are always smart—sometimes striking; and if they do not fulfil the promise of "Ginx's Baby," there is spice enough to tickle the palate, and to give us the sensation of reading satire. Mr. Jenkins's latest Baby is called "Haverholme; or the Apotheosis of Jingo," and aims at a double purpose,—that of attacking the policy of Earl Beaconsfield, whom he rather happily calls "Benjingo," and showing up the Ritualists and their doings. With such popular materials to deal with, Mr. Jenkins ought to have made a hit, a palpable hit; but we fear it will prove a miss.

In one quality of a satirist Mr. Jenkins certainly is not deficient. He has the courage of his convictions. He hits as hard as he can—not always so hard as he fancies, perhaps. Still he does not flinch, and that is one essential for success. Though half England is ringing with the praises of Lord Benjingo, and the other half is steeped to the eyes in Ritualism, he spares neither form of superstition. He is indignant at the turning of the tide from the recognition of Mr. Gladstone's solid qualities to that of the Premier's more showy and theatrical claims to laudation. He does not hesitate to apply the term "Mephistopheles" to the successful minister, any more than Mr. Gladstone's opponents did to stigmatize that gentleman as "Anti-Christ," because he disestablished the Irish Church. But calling names is easy work. The greatest wits have been beaten at this—all except Daniel O'Connell, who struck dismay to the soul of the fishwife by denouncing her as a "depraved parallelogram!" Only extreme cleverness can make way with this sort of thing in the teeth of a nation; and though "Haverholme" may interest by touches of character and flashes of smartness, it will create no sensation, and have small chance of living beyond the hour of its birth.

Still, it will not be without its uses. It comes forth in the hour of Lord Beaconsfield's triumph, like the slave whose duty it was to whisper to the conqueror that he was mortal. This is one of the uses of satire. When the voices of the crowd blend in eulogy, there is danger that the object of the laudation will grow intoxicated with the incense of flattery. Satire is a sharp restorative and a good tonic where there is a tendency, as in the present case, to the theatrical and "high-fluting." Satire may be highly refined or exceedingly rough—it may be "like the razor keen," or effective in its very bluntness. Pope's satire was the perfection of the one; Cobbett's the example of the second. It would be hard to say which was more effective, the polished couplets of the one, or the blurted-out sneers of the other, as when in his famous grammar he gives examples of a noun of multitude in significant apposition, as "The House of Commons—a den of thieves."

It has not been given to Mr. Jenkins, M.P., to rise to the higher altitudes of satire. Nevertheless, he has a pretty knack as far as he goes, and there are indications of it in "Haverholme," which combines much cleverness with a fair proportion of salutary bitterness. Perhaps, had matters turned out differently at the Berlin Conference, the satire would have been more effective. It was to all appearance commenced in the belief that the Congress would prove a failure, and that the policy of Benjingo would have been defeated. In that case, the satire would have wound up with an appropriate sting in its tail. As it is, the author has been in the awkward position of having to waste his oil of vitriol, and the conclusion is lame and impotent. This has been awkward in two ways. It is annoying when your object of contempt comes home crowned with laurels. The satirist has a fair right to complain, if not to sue for damages. Then again, telling satire wants a divided public to give it vitality. It is out of the conflict of public opinion, as by means of flint and steel, that fire is struck, and though there are a good many people just now who are doubtful of my Lord Benjingo's policy, and even hint that a Cyprus may be bought too dearly, still the general tone is that of gratulation on the one hand and silent contempt on the other. This is not the fervid temper of the public mind favorable to great satiric efforts. However, as a whole, the work is interesting, if only as showing the stage which, in its decline, the art of satire has reached, and illustrating the utmost that the Opposition has to urge against "the worship of Jingo."

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF OUR EYES, by Dr. H. C. Angell: Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

Reprinted in part from *The Atlantic Monthly*, this little manual will prove a valuable help to those suffering from weak eyes, and the growing prevalence of weak sight would seem to make a wider knowledge of the eye, and how to take care of it, of the highest importance. The freedom from technical terms, and the simplicity of Dr. Angell's treatise should render it exceptionally popular.

THE MAGAZINES.—From want of space in our last week's number we were precluded from saying that we were in receipt of our monthly magazines, first stands *Harper's*, an exceptionally good number, the chief article, "The Golden Age of Engraving," by F. Keppel, with 13 illustrations, being very interesting, the number is besides filled with other good things. Of *Scribner's* too, we must not omit a word of praise. It is the usual "Mid-summer Holiday Number," and the illustrated article on the poet Bryant, and his home in Long Island, renders it attractive. Nor must we omit our own *Canadian Monthly*; the Rose-Belford Company seem resolved upon acting up to their promises of making the Magazine foremost amongst our Canadian serials. The article on "Edinburgh" is good; and the "Haunted Hotel," by Wilkie Collins, and the carefully written "Current Events" (which has always been a specialty with the *Monthly*) with other minor articles, serve to make up a very presentable number.

THE CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL, published quarterly by the Numismatic Society of Montreal.

The first number of the 7th volume of this Magazine is just to hand, full of information and interesting *morceaux* of Canadian history, &c.; avoiding the rock upon which so many magazines of a similar nature have suffered wreck, the *Antiquarian* is not filled with elaborate treatises, hard words, and "dry bones," but the wonder is how so much varied information can be got into its 48 pages. We wish the Magazine long life, and success to the Society (necessarily small in numbers) which has the ability to conduct a journal of so much usefulness.

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

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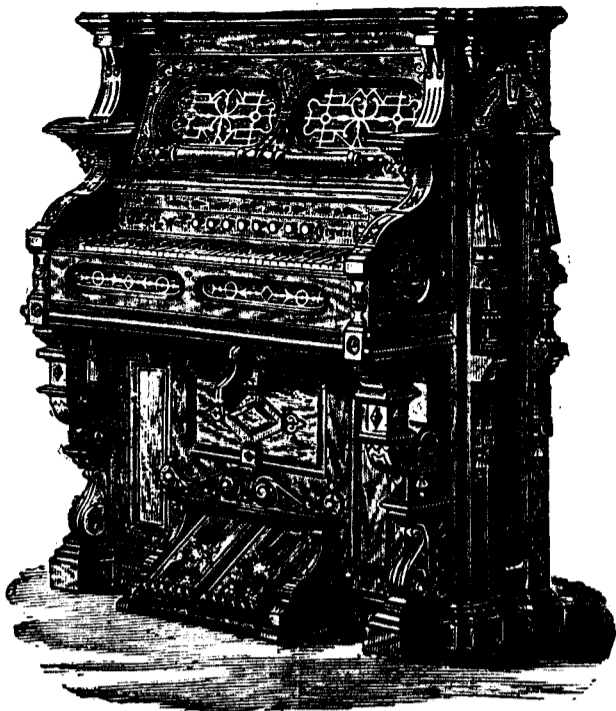
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