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The Canadian Spectator.

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ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.

SUNDAY, 6th OCT.,

MORNING REV. DR. WILKES.

Subject—Fifty Years of Ministry.

EVENING—Church closed, United Service in Emmanuel Church

The Prodigal Son—III—POSTPONED.

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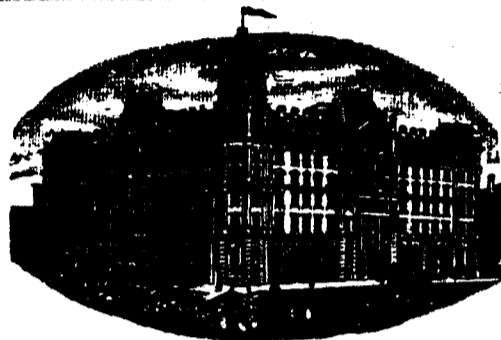
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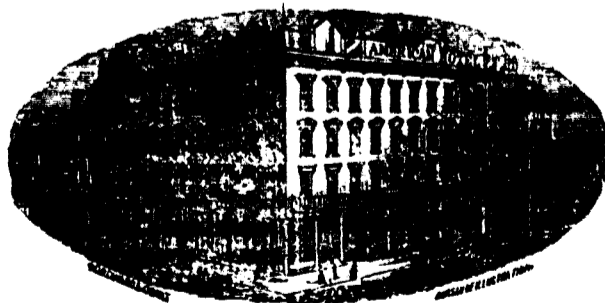
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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In the matter of subscriptions some of our friends have responded promptly but a great number are putting the matter off for a more convenient season; we ask such to remember that subscriptions are due *in advance*, and the amount is so low as to make promptness in paying not only desirable, but absolutely necessary.

THE TIMES.

I have it on reliable authority that Mr. Mackenzie and his Cabinet will resign office within a week from now. That is commendable, for they would add nothing to their reputation by retaining office to the last possible moment. A willingness to bow promptly to the will of the nation will be remembered in their favour in days to come.

The Liberals have accepted their defeat in quite a becoming manner; but it can scarcely be said that the Conservatives have accepted their victory in the same spirit. They not only sounded their peans of triumph in their highest and loudest notes, but have continued to abuse Mr. Mackenzie as if they had some object in view. And they have. It is to turn away attention from their Protection policy, and to convince the nation that they have been elected to office not merely and mainly to readjust the tariff and protect our industries, but to administer our affairs in a better way. But that is not it at all. The Conservatives have gone in on the Protection cry, and we wait to see what they will make of it.

There is some talk about shunting Sir John A. Macdonald from the Premiership and putting—say Mr. Tilley, to fill that position. The notion is absurd. The country made choice of the National Policy, with Sir John to carry it out. All the promises came from him, and all our hopes centre around him, and we can recognise none besides. It must be Sir John, gentlemen, if you please.

It has often occurred to me to ask why there is no public library in Montreal? It would be a great boon to many of our young men. The supply of reading matter would, in all probability, create a taste for reading. And few things are more needed by us than that taste. Our young men, and our men who are not young, are too much neglecting the important work of mental culture. It would be well for them, and for the future of the country, if they would pay more attention to books. Will some of our wealthy citizens who wish well to the nation make a move in that direction? A small library to begin with, as a nucleus, would induce others to give money and books. We are going to have a fine arts gallery, and why not a public library?

Some Montreal gentlemen are talking of forming a debating, or conversational society—for the purpose of having friendly controversy on local and national questions. I hope it will not end in talk. For what we need is fiction of the better sort; debate free from personal abuse and violence. It would do the hearers good; it would be a fine school for training young men who aspire to a seat in the House of Parliament some day; also young lawyers; and so the country would in time reap a benefit from it.

Can it be that happier, because more peaceful, times are at hand for us? The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society held its annual picnic on the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds—had a friendly "tug of war" with the Irish Catholics, and lived for the day like very brothers. And along with that goes the pleasing fact that the *Evening Post* has parted company with violent abuse, and walks abroad in a peaceful manner; it advocates the inauguration of the reign of mutual goodwill, and holds out the hand of friendship. And it can play this *role* better—that is, with far more ability—than ever it played the part of the injured and irate faction. It looks as if the lion and the lamb will lie down together yet, and the signs of the times are cheering.

The proposal to build a magnificent palace for the Marquis of Lorne and his royal wife on the Mount Royal of Montreal was still-born—but I see that some enterprising traders intend that he shall feel

quite at home among us as to the wherewithal of drink, for they are advertising "Lorne Whiskey." The Marquis has written some poetry, and a play or two, and now we want him to drink Lorne Whiskey: and yet—we call ourselves a patriotic people.

The good times coming in Canada are not to be compared with the good times coming in the States. Here is the future, as sketched by one who ought to know—he being the Editor of the *Advocate*, the Greenback organ:—

"The Greenback party will elect a Congress which shall issue \$1,500,000,000 and shall spend the money in a vast system of internal improvements. The Erie Canal will be widened so as to admit sea-going vessels, and will be extended from Toledo to Chicago. Western grain will then be exported to Europe at a cost of twenty cents a bushel instead of the present eighty cents a bushel. The Mississippi River will be widened as far north as St. Paul. The southwestern territories will be traversed by railroads, which shall open up the resources of the land, while the land itself will be given freely to whoever will till it. For three years \$500,000,000 will be issued by the national government and paid to laboring men. There will be no such thing as an unemployed laborer. Production will increase, business enterprises will be stimulated, money will be plenty, and prosperity will return."

The issue of the money is easy: convert bonds into greenbacks and it is done. The greenbacks are never to be redeemed, but to be made a legal tender. There is madness abroad in the States.

The Toronto Exhibition was a great success, as it deserved to be; and now Hamilton has opened its Seventh Central Fair, in the grounds of the Crystal Palace. These are good institutions, these exhibitions, and likely to promote not only our industries but a taste for the fine arts. As a young people, we should cultivate all things that will cultivate us.

Poor Scotland—speaking in a theological way—has fallen upon troublous times. The disestablishment agitation goes on, and grows formidable. But controversies of still graver import are forced upon the Church—orthodoxy is put at risk; and the Scottish head is waking slowly, but very surely, to the fact that changes of creed are not only needful, but inevitable. Professor Smith still gives trouble—or the Presbyteries still take trouble with him—and the storm raised will make some commotion before it has blown itself out. But good will come of it.

The yellow fever plague—which is happily abating—has demonstrated that the old heroism of women and clergymen has in no way decreased. Brave women and brave ministers remained at their posts, waiting on the sick and the dying, administering to the wants of bodies and souls, willing to die "in harness." Gentlemen—who boast themselves as being "men of the world," and take a pride in hardness, and sometimes think that woman's mission is not yet defined and that clergymen could be done without as an institution—in your days of peril and plague and prospect of dying you have need of them: pay some tribute to the heroes of the fever-stricken cities of the South.

I see in some papers that the British Government are willing to consider a reconsideration of the Fisheries Award, with a view of reducing the amount. But that can never be. The present Grand Vizier of England has entered upon a "spirited foreign policy." In the East that policy has been a bit too spirited and reckless, but surely we in the West may hope to see a little of its working. The United States have done a good deal towards making future arbitration impossible; they have tried hard to destroy confidence in it as a court for the amicable settlement of international difficulties. If England join in that work the case is hopeless. And England will join in that work if the question of the Fisheries Award is to be reopened; and Canada will feel herself hurt in the house of her friends.

A letter from Odessa presents a startling picture of the Nihilist movement in Russia. The sect, it says, has penetrated the universities, and even the military academies, and the police are afraid to make arrests fearing the sentence of the secret revolutionary tribunals. It is wonderful that such an organization should have reached a state of development which apparently gives it an efficient working strength under a despotic government like that of Russia.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for Children Teething, and all Infantile Diseases.

The proposition to Indianize Asia Minor is bringing out some most important facts with regard to the success of British Government in India. Awhile ago Mr. Lowe and Mr. Goldwin Smith made strong attacks upon the Indian Empire. They were not much heeded by the people, for it was evident, as most seemed to think, that Mr. Lowe and Mr. Smith had formed exaggerated notions of the value of having and encouraging free colonies. But now the matter has come to the surface in other shapes, and the pledge which has been given to turn Asia Minor into an India is regarded as a fair occasion for making prominent some of the faults that have been committed, and some of the dangers that lie in the way of the Government of India. And if report may be relied upon the situation is grave enough. Indian finance is fast sinking into collapse; and the burdens must yet increase rather than diminish, but the impoverished people can pay no more in the way of taxes. Millions of them are in a chronic state of starvation, and contentment from them can hardly be expected—for a starving people always and everywhere blame the Government, as we have lately seen in Canada. The discontent is helped on by the fact that all the tax-gatherers are foreigners. Those foreigners represent a country which the natives are beginning to find is not so powerful as they once imagined.

Add to that discontent the fact that powerful ambitions are at work among the people of India. Some of the many potentates are losing their old superstitious fears of Britain, and they are raising armies of their own. The Nizam's army is 45,000 strong, with 700 guns; Holkar's regular army is 10,000 men; Baroda has 20,000 soldiers; Scindia has 22,000, and it is believed that he could put 50,000 men into the field; the Rajpoot Princes have some 70,000 men; and the independent States of Cashmere and Nepal have about 120,000 between them. Two or three of the most powerful of those princes have a long-standing bitterness against England, and it really looks as if England will have more than enough in India without giving pledges for the good government of Asia Minor.

The English workingmen have been holding a Congress at Bristol. They admitted the depression of trade, but how to enjoy the same rate of wages by working the same number of hours as before was not quite plain to them. But they did hit upon a most excellent plan for getting hold of a most evident right and enjoying it when possessed: That every jury ought to have a due proportion of workingmen upon it in the interests of equal justice; and that, as they cannot afford to give their time for nothing, they ought to be paid at the rate of ten shillings per day. At that, one would hardly object to being an English workingman sacrificed on the altar of duty. Three pounds a week would certainly be a sufficient reason for calmly weighing evidence and the speeches of counsel before giving judgment.

But Professor John Morley gave light to the eyes of that Congress by putting before it the case of the Lancashire workmen against the Lancashire employers. He proved—what it was quite easy to prove—that the present stagnation in the cotton trade is the result of over-production. The manufacturers found roaring profits coming in and wanted still more, and so rushed into an extended production. Then the demand began to fall off. By famines, and bad harvests, and political uneasiness, the purchasing power of the world was reduced. To meet the difficulty, employers reduced the wages of their workmen.

That, said Mr. Morley, was wrong; this would have been better: "A temporary limitation of supply for the purpose of relieving over-production." There is something peculiar in Mr. Morley's statement, and I think something loose. He says that to reduce wages is to throw an unfair share of the burden of bad times on the workman; it is to tell him to shift for himself; it is to lessen the trade of the shopkeepers. But surely Mr. Morley cannot mean that to limit the production would leave the workmen unharmed? If they work fewer hours they must get less wages, or throw an unfair share of the burden of bad times on the employers. The truth is that the English workmen fancy themselves entitled to more wages and more leisure than any other workmen in the world. They must get rid of that idea, or continue to suffer.

Mr. Morley eschewed and denounced the protectionist "devil, and all his wicked works," but he was speaking before a Congress of Trades Unions, and what is the principle of Trades Union if it is not identical with that of Protection? Men banding together to protect themselves from employers and from the intrusion of foreign workmen, that is Trade Unionism; extend it and you have a country carrying out a protective policy. If that is not so, I should be glad of enlightenment; and I am watching the English papers for an explanation from Mr. Mundella—whom I have heard say scornful things of the "protectionist devil"—of the fact that long ago he removed a large quantity of

machinery from Nottingham to Germany, where he has been an extensive manufacturer for years under the protective tariff of the German Empire.

Prince Bismarck is showing the strength of his hand. The repressive measures now being levelled against the German Social Democrats, are also framed so as to strike at the German Liberals should they oppose the policy of the Imperial Government.

But the Socialists are the main danger to the peace of the Germans. Their notions are peculiar: to the effect that, as no man has a right to put another man to death, therefore they are opposed to war—except of a strictly defensive character—also to capital punishment. They do not recognise any privileged position—all privileges being, to their thinking, the result of an injustice in the distribution of the returns of that labour which is, or ought to be, done by all men alike. For "human labour is the source of wealth and civilization." They would have the returns of labour the property of society. They do not ask for a general and equal partition of this property—but for a community of capital. The programme, as put forward, is a strange mixture of wisdom and folly—but the folly predominates. EDITOR.

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

It is difficult to form a just conception of the dangers that lie in the immediate future of our country. Every day makes it more apparent that the vote at the late elections was given in sheer desperation. The country did not pronounce for Sir John A. Macdonald, and it did not rise up in anger against the administration of Mr. Mackenzie: the spirit that ruled the masses was not one of disappointment or chagrin, but the expression of a feeling that, as times were bad in all matters of commerce—so bad that they could not well be worse, and might be better if changes were made in the tariff—an effort should be made to improve them. The masses never reason as to what Government can, or cannot do; they are caught by a cry and led by an impulse. In what are called bad times any Government must of necessity be at a great disadvantage; for it has to say: We are doing all that we can do—we cannot command the markets or fix the price of things—we cannot make labour worth more than its market value—and we are not able to compel capitalists to employ their money for the good of workingmen—we govern a free country and not a Slave State. But the Opposition can answer back: You are wrong—improvements may be made if you will only do this or that—that is, if the country will only give us the chance of doing it. And when this is cried in the streets loudly and persistently the people begin to imagine that they hear the voice of wisdom, and that promise may soon become performance. They said: We can hardly be worse off than we are; the Government confesses that it is powerless to bring about a change, that it is no more than a fly on the wheel, and the wheel will go spinning along of its own proper motion never at all minding the fly; but the Conservatives say they can be more than a fly on the wheel—that they can drag it—or stop it—or guide its course; probably they can do something—they shall try.

Sir John A. Macdonald and his followers have called up a storm which only great skill and great courage can command. Will the Conservatives exercise these qualities? Upon the practical answer depends the future of Canada. It will be seen at a glance that great are the temptations to act wildly and loosely. The Conservatives honestly believe that some changes in the way of readjustment of tariffs, and protection to some extent, will be of advantage to the country. But the more thoughtful among them know perfectly well that they have to be extremely cautious and careful in attempting any changes, and that violent measures would be fatal to the prosperity of the country: that they will have to make experiments, and perhaps have to retrace their steps a time or two. But the majority of the voters know nothing of that care and caution—they only know that they have been promised a bettered state of things, and they must have it, or turn upon their deceivers.

A dread of that turning will be ever before the eyes of the next Government. Whether Sir John A. Macdonald gave promises in a wild and extravagant manner or not, many of his followers did, and that in his name, and at times with his authority. Those things will be remembered, and pressed home upon the attention of the rulers. The query is—will the people be satisfied with the changes which prudence would dictate. Mr. Mackenzie might have made all the changes necessary and possible—even to the thinking of the best of Conservatives—but none the less would he have been swept from power. But Sir John's party is pledged not merely to the impossible, but to what—if only attempted—would land us in general bankruptcy and ruin. Will Sir John's party seek to redeem its pledges? If so, bitterness lies in our way.

There is another source of danger in the very natural desire of the leaders of the triumphant party to please, by giving offices to political friends and helpers. And I hear that Sir John is likely to have a large amount of work of that kind on his hands—for they are swarming in, and clamorous. It must be true, for the Montreal Gazette is making passionate arguments and lachrymose appeals, alternately, to Mr. Mackenzie not to fill up some vacant offices now at his disposal. Whether Mr. Mackenzie will take the advice of the Gazette or not only he himself can tell just now—but that he has a right to fill those offices is beyond reasonable controversy, and the hint given in the Gazette that they will be turned out of them is immoral—such an act would be infamous. Infamous, that is if the men are capable of filling the offices; just because it would confirm what many feared, but were not quite sure of, that the Civil Service is a tool in the hands of party politicians. Lord Dufferin spoke wisely and opportunely the other day at Toronto when he urged upon us the necessity for entertaining a high estimate of the Civil Service, and placing in it competent men. That will never be done if the Service is at the mercy of popular caprice. The men who are the hangers-on to a party, who are valuable for stumping, or

canvassing, are rarely men of ability and integrity. If Sir John could invent some way of rewarding the legions who hunger for public office in some private and personal way, he would accomplish a great good for the country. If Mr. Cauchon had been made Mr. Mackenzie's butler or baker—or had been liberally paid out of the private funds of any individual or number of individuals, it would have been no concern of ours, for a man may appoint whom he will for baker or butler—when it is a matter of filling a public office for which public money is drawn the thing is different. It is competent for Mr. Mackenzie to employ what lawyer he likes in a case of his own; or to appoint any man as judge of his own private affairs, but it is not competent for him to outrage all decency and morals and ability by appointing Mr. Laflamme to a Judgeship. Sir John will soon have a host of office-seekers crowding upon him and pressing their claims—but if he is sincere in his expressions of desire to do what is right and well for the country, he will set his face like flint against all jobbery, and only put men who have a good character and capacity into our public offices.

But Sir John will only avoid falling into the first peril I have named—that of making too many and violent changes in the tariff—if we can persuade the people to moderate their demands. It was a pity—and something worse than that—to promise the people so much increase of work and prosperity if they would only put the Conservatives into office; but now that the thing is done, we should make an effort to minimise the evil that shall result from it. (Evil from the extravagance of the promise, I mean, not from the change in the Government.) We should be able to say to the Government: We can wait for a legitimate prosperity, and we do not hold you to all that you wrote in the bond in the heat of election time; be calm in council and careful in legislating for the country. If newspapers, and speakers and writers on politics, would adopt such a course for educating the people, I think the work would be accomplished. But what I fear will happen is this: the Opposition papers will be violent in their attacks on the Government; the Opposition in the House will have a splendid opportunity for flinging maddening taunts and sneers across the floor; the people will continue to expect and demand not simply unreasonable, but impossible things; the Government will make an effort to meet those demands and please the people; will that way create a fictitious and short-lived prosperity. From that dream the awakening will be terrible. We shall not have the dream nor the awakening if we can be reasonable ourselves and persuade others to be like us.

And along with that should go the effort to exalt our political life. We shall not be able to form another party, nor would an effort to do so be commendable; all that is possible is to put new forces into the existing parties. We want men of good reputation and sound common sense to represent us—men whose sense of honour and high character would forbid them to perform an act of corruption. We, the electors, the people, should demand honour and uprightness in all who aspire to represent us in Parliament. When we do that, men will be found ready and worthy to receive the sacred trust from our hands.

EDITOR.

A PASSAGE IN LORD DUFFERIN'S SPEECH AT TORONTO.

Lord Dufferin, in his speech at Toronto, to persuade the Canadian people that it would be very bad for them to think about their political future, reasons in this way:—

"As long as a man sleeps well, has a good appetite, and feels generally jovial, he may rest assured that he needs no doctoring; but if he takes to feeling his pulse, looking at his tongue and watching his digestion, he will invariably superinduce all kinds of imaginary pains and aches, and perhaps a real illness. Well, so far as I have observed, you all appear at present in the best of health and spirits, and I do not know that you will much better your condition by allowing your imagination to speculate as to whether the exuberant vitality you are accumulating in your system under your present satisfactory regimes will or will not necessitate, some hundred years hence, an unconceivable process of amputation."

It happened that the people whom Lord Dufferin was addressing, and whom he describes politically as a type of jovial health, had just overturned their Government in the hope of escaping, by fiscal change, from a state of commercial depression which they found intolerable, and which was manifestly the consequence in some measure of their exclusion from continental markets by the existing political system. But what I want to point out is the fallacious character of the analogy and the total misconception of the case which the use of such an analogy betrays. A man who is in good health need not fall into disease; but a nation must have a future. A nation must have a future, and by its conception of that future its present policy must be guided. Are we not acting upon a special hypothesis as to our future when we expend the resources of the country in building a separate system of military and political railroads, in keeping up Imperial defences, in paying for public works in British Columbia and in subsidizing emigration to Manitoba? If we enter, as some would have us enter, into a tariff war with the United States, shall we not be staking our commercial prosperity on the soundness of the theory that our future commercial relations will be not with this continent but with Europe? Can our commercial legislation generally be wisely regulated without a knowledge of our indistinct destinies, which implies a knowledge of our markets and therefore of our external relations in the future?

In one department of statesmanship, at all events, forecast of our future has been brought by this commercial crisis not only within "the orbit of practical statesmanship" but within the orbit of pressing exigency.

Lord Dufferin eulogises the founders of English greatness as men who were too sensible to exercise forecast, but always lived from hand to mouth. I think, if we were to go into the historical question, I could vindicate the memory of these statesmen from praise which belongs rather to a tide-waiter. But the future of England has always been assured; there has never been any doubt as to her being an independent nation and destined to remain one. If her future had been as uncertain as that of Canada is now, could her statesmen have advanced with a firm step?

No doubt, in the case of practical statesmen, the speculative function has its limit. Notably is it so in the case of a representative of the Crown in a colony, who has no more to do with opinions than he has with parties, and who

if, by the influence of his official position, he misdirects opinion will not be here to deal with the consequences of his mistake. But Lord Dufferin's attack seems to be directed not against over-speculative politicians but against writers on politics, who in endeavouring to solve the political problems of the future are dealing with their own subject and doing their proper duty. Does Lord Dufferin want Canadians not to think at all?

"Utopian chimeras" are no doubt misleading things, but there are chimeras of various kinds. Lord Dufferin evidently cherishes the belief that but for an untimely quarrel the United States, with their forty millions now, with their hundred millions hereafter, might have remained a happy dependency enjoying an endless political infancy under the gracious rule of Governors-General and sending up clouds of incense in their honour. Aristocracy, too, as Lord Dufferin knows, once had a blissful dream about the future of the New World. It dreamed that slavery would prevail and redeem this hemisphere from freedom. Canada paid for that "chimera" in the loss of Reciprocity and, in two Fenian raids. And now, perhaps, Aristocracy is dreaming that Canada herself may serve the purpose which slavery failed to serve.

I am bold, perhaps; but I criticise Lord Dufferin, not the Representative of Her Majesty. When the Governor-General mounts the platform of political controversy, the Representative of Her Majesty remains below. Truth has at best a poor chance against Rank; if she were gagged she would have no chance at all.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

LORD DUFFERIN AND THE ORANGEMEN.

Lord Dufferin's addresses are always happy and appropriate. He possesses that rare quality of tact which instinctively steers with safety through difficult and dangerous places. It is a rare gift to be able to say unpleasant truths in a pleasant manner, and please even when rebuking. His speech to the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society touched upon a delicate and painful subject. He dwelt upon the hatefulness of religious strife—upon the bloody *Vendetta* which, for a century, has wrung the hearts of widows and orphans in Ireland, and fed the Moloch of religious murder with the bodies of generous and excitable men perishing in what they foolishly fancied was the cause of religion. Upon such a subject Lord Dufferin could not fail to be eloquent, and his words of warning against introducing religious strife into Canada may well be laid to heart by us all. Still, as we listened, we longed for something more. We thought that he would soon be leaving us—that he, at least, was removed from the position of a party leader—that he knew the country well, and knew that religious strife had effectually been introduced among us—and we longed for the suggestion of some practical remedy to eradicate the cancer which threatens to corrupt our promising young civilization. All admit that religious discord is bad—all know that murder and hatred are evil—and doubly evil when covered under the sacred name of religion. Yes, we feel all this keenly—we knew it before His Excellency came here, and we cannot help thinking that in telling us this over again His Excellency was just in the least degree indulging in platitudes.

This evil root of bitterness is of foreign growth. It is a European exotic—brought over, planted, watched and tenderly nursed. It is spreading, like the whiteweed and other pestilent foreign weeds, over the meadows of our fair young land. Party politicians on the hustings, venerable clergymen from the altar and the pulpit, have encouraged its growth. The enemy in old time sowed the seed of the tares by night, but these sow in the noon day, and under such venerated names as Religious liberty or Civil freedom, substitute for the pure Gospel of Christ the gospel of pure "cussedness." Is nothing ever to be said on this subject with clearness? Must we ever be put off with generalisation and vague denunciation?

We repeat it—this is no plant of our growth. The soil of Europe is soaked with blood, shed by men who had the name of the Prince of Peace on their lips. In South and Central America and in Florida the Spaniards stained the sacred cause of religion with blood. Unequal laws disgraced all the Colonies, and even in New England the blood of the murdered Mary Dyer and her Quaker friends yet cries against the bitter intolerance of the Puritans. But here the only blood shed for religion was the blood of the martyred missionaries, slain by the savages they perilled their lives to convert. Almost alone among the countries of the whole earth Canada can show a record of toleration pure and white as her fields of virgin snow. The decree revoking the edict of Nantes was never even registered in the Province of New France.

And they came here over seas of late years these men, and brought with them an inheritance of strife. Evicted from their petty holdings at home we gave them as much land as they could till—they came from starvation to plenty—they came from a land of privilege to a land of perfect equality and freedom—only to attempt to turn our streets into a shambles, and to inflict on us the ignominy of the Blake Act; to degrade every citizen of this city, by taking away our right to carry arms, and to place the District of Montreal on a level with the worst part of disturbed and lawless Tipperary or Mayo. What did we care for Orange and Green that our city should become a bye-word of reproach—and why should our children shoot and be shot in our streets to commemorate a battle of which many of us never before heard the name? These things Lord Dufferin knows, surpassing as he does most of our previous Governors in ability. He must know too the remedy, the only remedy, which can pluck out this root of hatred, and we regret that he did not apply his versatility and tact in indicating it more clearly. Platitudes enough we have had—preaching enough we have had—but we want something more substantial—something practical in the way of advice. How can a Union man cultivate brotherly love while his society remains undissolved? and how can an Orangeman cultivate charity while he publicly flaunts the emblems of a past ascendancy, and thankfully commemorates the grinding tyranny and bitter injustice of his forefathers, in a distant land one hundred years ago.

To say that Orange processions in a city like this are an infringement of Christian charity is very little—they are an offence against common good-feeling and ordinary good-manners. The occasion for them in Ireland, if it ever existed, has long passed. Protestant domination is over—the penal laws have long ceased to exist, and the need of an organization to uphold them has ceased

with them. Laws so oppressive never existed in Canada—and the society which commemorates them is doubly mischievous here. Does Lord Dufferin think, as we gather he does, that the Orange walk should be utterly abandoned, or that the Orange Society is unnecessary? If so, why should he not say so? He is not going to stand for a county, and is not a party leader who fears that his unguarded words may make political capital for his antagonists. We do not hesitate to say that these are the real sentiments of nearly every Protestant in Canada, outside of the Orange body itself.

We say again that in Canada the Orange body is unnecessary. In Lower Canada forty years ago the Protestants were to the Catholics as 1 to 3, now they are as 1 to 7. The Society then has not aided Protestant colonization. Nor have these recent ebullitions of Protestant feeling in the least shaken the Roman Church. On the contrary, they have had a reverse effect. In 1850, when the French Liberal party was in its vigorous youth, the tithing system of the Roman Church seemed to be doomed, and the Church itself was almost prepared to give up this last vestige of State establishment. Who now among the French Liberal party dares to talk of it? This rag of an establishment it was which compelled the Church of Rome to swallow the bitter pill of the Guibord burial. Many very good Catholics think they would be better without it. The district of Quebec is now the stronghold of the Liberal party, and that precisely in those parts where there are no Orangemen and where the *Witness* scarcely reaches, while in the district of Montreal, where the influence of the *Witness*—the Orange Societies and the Civil Rights Association—is mainly exercised, the Conservative party, which they stigmatise as the Priest party, at the last local election, polled the strongest vote. These facts show that Protestantism is not gaining by all this uproar.

If only the good King William were now alive and in Canada, his calm wise head would devise some solution to religious discord. In his day he was far ahead of English thought, but the bigots were too much for him. In his army there were many Roman Catholics, and yet the penal laws of his successor forbade a Roman Catholic to possess a knife longer than was barely sufficient to cut his food. He came from Holland where only, in all Europe, there was religious freedom; and, if his wishes had been carried out, Ireland and England too would have been saved from a century of religious hatred. But they would not listen to him, and the choicest blood of Ireland was exiled to be spilt in foreign wars, to build up foreign thrones, and give to foreign princes the brilliant services of the MacMahons, O'Donnells and Burkes, and other expatriated soldiers. Thus the spirit of the Irish race was broken by the emigration of its noblest blood and the wholesale confiscation of their lands, and the Irish nation sank for a century into gloomy despair under the pressure of the shameful penal laws.

It is not right to charge upon the Orange body the inception and enactment of these laws. That Society was not organised at the time we refer to. The blame must be laid upon the Protestants generally, who were filled with a frantic terror at the thought of the return of the Stuart kings. It must be laid also upon the Roman Churches of France and Spain, who had scant mercy for such Protestant heretics as fell into their clutches. They provoked, and seemed almost to defy retaliation. These were evil days of bitter memory; alas! that their shadow should fall upon this innocent country.

We do not seek to palliate for a moment the guilt of the Catholic attacks upon the Orange processions, but the exceeding infamy—the bitter memory of the penal laws is not recognised sufficiently by Protestants as a provocation. To the Irish Catholic the Orange emblems revive every insult, every degradation his ancestors had to endure for a hundred and twenty years. The whole system was elaborately contrived for the crushing of a nation. It extended to the minutest details of the life of every Roman Catholic. It deprived them of all civil rights—it robbed them of all religious consolations—it struck them in their commerce, in their property—in the education, and often even in the guardianship, of their children; and all this without even the justification of a rebellion, so low had the people of Ireland sunk. Surely never in the history of nations was a fate more pitiable—never was the tyranny of a minority more exhaustively crushing.

Had these laws been systematically enforced the Irish people could not have survived, but they gradually fell into disuse long before they were actually repealed. The hunted priest often found a secure asylum in the house of a Protestant justice, where he remained in safety until the priest-hunter had been thrown off the scent. The Catholic schoolmaster who gave scanty teaching to Irish children, cowering under hedges or hiding in ditches, was often passed over with pity by a Protestant neighbour, who might have handed him over to the summary proceedings then called justice. The minority, when not under the influence of panic, gradually grew better than the laws, but the laws nevertheless might at any moment be enforced, and often were enforced.

Such were to Roman Catholic Irishmen the fruits of the Battle of the Boyne. Not that King William wished it, but because the Protestant Irish minority wished it, backed by the armed force of England. And as, in after years, from time to time the awakened conscience of England repealed those laws one by one, the Orange Order, step by step, fought for them. Every concession was bitterly opposed, every amelioration bitterly resented. This justification of their wrongs, this retardation of religious equality—this glorying in the evil times of old is what the Orange emblems signify to the eyes of an Irish Catholic. This is what lashes his excitable nature to such an insane fury. Like a bull at the sight of red, he shuts his eyes and rushes at the hated emblems—blind—unreasoning and murderous. So slight a hold has Christian civilization obtained during eighteen centuries, that men can be found who persist in exhibiting such symbols, and others who are transported into madness at the sight of them!

We can understand that men should cherish the memory of the Protestant hero who broke for ever the power of the faithless Stuarts. We could understand that the energies of the Orange body turned towards colonization might stem in some measure the rapid encroachments making in counties heretofore Protestant, by the French Colonization Societies, and so help Protestantism in a practical and rational manner. But we have never concealed our opinion as to the impropriety of Orange processions. We would have been glad if His Excellency had been as precise, one way or the other. There are

no processions in Cork—in Dublin—in Waterford—in Limerick, or anywhere else where Catholics are in the majority. Lord Dufferin tells us what the results have been in Belfast. We have nothing to do with such old-world quarrels. The Irish emigrant is heartily welcome. We give him land—food—liberty—equality. We only ask him to leave us in our ancient ways of peace.

CANADIAN-BORN.

“FIAT MONEY.”

As an illustration of the financial slough in which our American neighbours are floundering, we extract the following from the *Oswego Times*. It will be remembered that this cry of “Fiat Money” is the lever by which Ben Butler expects to be lifted into the Gubernatorial chair in Massachusetts:—

“This is a term invented by the Greenbackers. It means money made by the simple command of the Government. ‘Let this piece of paper be money,’ says the Secretary of the Treasury, ‘and it is money’ say the greenbackers. This is the doctrine advocated by the greenback financiers of this city. Said one of the most respectable of their orators, ‘whatever the Government calls money, is money. If the Government takes a piece of silver or gold and prints upon it, “This is one dollar,” it is one dollar. If it prints upon a piece of paper or cloth or leather,’ said the orator, “This is ten thousand dollars,” it is ten thousand dollars.’ Waxing eloquent with his subject he exclaimed, ‘Yea, if the Government takes a potato and prints upon it, “This is ten thousand dollars,” it is ten thousand dollars, and the capitalists should be compelled to receive it in discharge of a debt for ten thousand dollars!’ And these doctrines were listened to and applauded to the echo by the Greenbackers.

“These men forget or do not seem to know that there is a dollar's value in each and every silver and gold dollar independent of the Government stamp upon it. Hammer a gold or silver dollar until the Government stamp is effaced, and there is, if it's honest money, the value of a dollar still in the misshapen mass of metal. Put a silver or gold dollar into the crucible and melt it down and the *value* is still there. But the ‘fiat money’ of the Greenbackers would have no value, in itself, and as the Greenbackers do not propose that it shall ever be redeemable by the Government in metal, it would soon have as little value as the paper upon which it is printed.

“If the Greenbackers are correct, their discovery is of great value to humanity, and will be a relief in many respects, especially to the impecunious portions of the community. ‘Whatever the Government declares is money, is money, and must be taken for money.’ That looks plausible, certainly. Now, let the Greenbackers go one step farther and say ‘whatever the Government says is milk, is milk; whatever the Government says is gin, brandy or whisky, is gin, brandy or whisky; whatever the Government says is a cigar is a cigar: whatever the Government says is a loaf of bread, a pound of tea, a bar of soap or a good-sized codfish, is a loaf of bread, a pound of tea, a bar of soap, or a good-sized codfish.’ Why not? If the Government says a piece of paper or a piece of leather is a dollar, and that makes it a dollar, why if the Government prints upon a piece of paper ‘this is a pint of milk,’ ‘this is a loaf of bread,’ why would they not be pints of milk, &c.? If we can have ‘fiat money,’ why not ‘fiat milk’ and ‘fiat codfish’?

“But, our greenback friends will say, This is all bosh; it is absurd! When men stop to reason they will come to the conclusion that the talk about ‘fiat money’ is all bosh too. When the Government coins money it simply puts it in convenient form for use. It does not add to its value. It takes the gold and silver of the country, weighs it out, cuts it up into convenient dimensions and labels it for use in commercial transactions, and for the Government to make anything else money, or to issue as a circulating medium anything except promises to be redeemed in real money at a proper time would be to flood the country with a circulating medium of no fixed value, and to throw the business of the country into inextricable confusion. All this is so plain that it is difficult to see why every intelligent and candid man may not fully comprehend it.”

THE SITTINGBOURNE RAILWAY ACCIDENT (ENG.)

This sad accident, in which five persons were killed and many wounded, arose from an error in shunting a goods' train accompanied by error on the part of the colliding passenger train in proceeding over a line not clear. The shunting error arose from a misplaced switch. The modern effort in railway administration is to enable trains to avoid impending accident with all possible promptness. Two of the established appliances for this purpose are “continuous brakes” and “interlocking joints and signals.” The “London, Chatham and Dover,” a great trunk line out of London, had neither of these modern aids, and in the present instance it was even thought by the Government Inspector that “continuous brakes” would not have prevented the accident, on account of the curve in the line intercepting the sight of danger. In Canada such curves have been fruitful of accident even with our lower rates of speed. Important arrangements for safety on railways would be placing stations clear of curves having cuttings or wood-piles to intercept the view of the driver; and a greater reform still would be entirely separate tracks for passenger and goods traffic, so as to keep the two branches of traffic entirely distinct. This could doubtless be done, if the proper efforts were put forth, wherever the entire volume of the two traffics is very large, as in the English trunk lines. Our English fellow subjects try to make up for such wants, and the great deficiency of this particular line, and the too unpractical character of the general mode of thinking by columns of kind-feeling for the sufferers and survivors, and regrets for the dead, and also by committing two unfortunate employes on the line for manslaughter—one of whom had very little experience in switch-work—was not a switchman at all in fact—but they do not seem yet to have acknowledged that, with the immense speed of English trains in the absence of an elastic spring or rebound system in trains on a much more efficient scale than has hitherto been adopted—the middle carriages of the train are in actual practice the only safe ones; and the people generally;

not having been taught the elements of mechanics at school or elsewhere, are, as we affirm, wronged in not having the above fact impressed upon them by the newspapers, so that they could at least consult their own safety by choosing their cars.

One painstaking but ignorant newspaper scribe in London, remarking that several passengers in the rear of the train stated that the shock did not appear so severe, makes the remark on his own account: "This probably arises from the great speed and instantaneous nature of the accident." When people are led like this, what can become of them? * * * If that writer for the press would take a lesson in shunting at any railway station, he would know that the *vis inertiae* of each truck or carriage in succession, assisted by elastic action at each fresh pair of buffer-springs, diminishes the shock progressively, so that if the train were long enough it might happen that a passenger would scarcely feel it at the further end. But then you never know whether you are to be subjected to a "meeting" or an "overtaking" accident, which is why we have said the middle of the train is the only place of safety. The companies are very fond of goods. Let them put a few goods trucks at each end of every passenger train, if they will do nothing else. The number of lives saved by this simple plan alone would be very large.

And such are the sort of facts we need to have the people taught, and the School Boards would do well, we are sure, to give their attention to them for a little while to come. Rudimentary mechanics, with the groundwork of chemistry and physics, which are very generally taught in schools in the United States and seem to be coming into use in Canada, though it is doubtful if we have a Canadian School-book on these subjects in our Series, will, it may be trusted, among all the high civilisation of the Mother Country and the seas of clever and advanced discussion, be made available for the protection of the people at large.

Mr. Stevenson put the question, in last SPECTATOR, "Why do we want inspectors of houses and drains, of ships and factories, and I know not what besides? Is it not because the law of contract is so ill enforced?" Partly, doubtless, but much more on account of the prevalent heedlessness and ignorance, which if he can do anything towards the removal of, he will be conferring an important public benefit. Till these are removed, for which we wait with what patience we may, we must have inspectors, and a sufficiency of them. Inspection can set to work remedial power, while individual knowledge often has its hands tied for the want of power.

CIVIS.

GARIBALDI AT CAPRERA.

(Concluded.)

But this simple methodical life—which follows the same general course, whether his guests are humble shepherds over from Sardinia, or the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Stanley (as he was then) just landed from his Grace's yacht—has many things to diversify it and prevent it falling into mere monotonous routine. After clothes were paid for, Garibaldi's means would not, until very recently, go far towards providing food for even so simple a table or such modest needs as his; fish must be caught and game snared or shot. The days devoted to these purposes are occasions of excitement, expectation, and of all that hearty recreation which sporting gives. When fish are wanted the whole of the little population of Caprera rise at midnight. The signal is given by a trumpet-call blown by the General's orderly; the boats are launched, and the party, going well out to sea, cast the nets for a haul, and return soon after day-break with sufficient to feed the few inhabitants of the island for a couple of days, and leave a quantity to be smoked or dried for future provision. If the General has any guests staying with him, he, while going with the party, takes a separate boat for himself and his friends, and fishes, as he much prefers, with line and bait. For game, there are excursions over to Sardinia, where it abounds; and according to the season good bags of pheasant, partridge, wild duck, quail, and woodcock are made. From time to time a wild boar is shot, but that is as chance offers; for being a sport involving expense, Garibaldi's party have not generally preserved it. Then again there is the post-day. Once a week (every Sunday morning) one of the Rubattino line of steamers touches at the Maddalena, and lands the Caprera mail-bag. It generally contains some six hundred letters and as many newspapers from all parts of the world. Of these at least sixty will be from England, Australia and other parts of the British dominions, containing advice of presents sent to him, or expressions of admiration for what he has done for liberty and his country; while he complains that too many of those from Italy are filled with petulant complaints of the Government, whatever party is in power, or requests for certificates of service rendered in the field, to be used as testimonials for obtaining pensions or Government employ. It not infrequently happened that the mail brought registered letters from anonymous correspondents containing five and ten pound Bank of England notes; but now Garibaldi has no need of this, and it must not be forgotten that during the time when it was known that he would take no money recognition from Italy for the services he had rendered her, while at the same time his needs were great and often pressing, his friends and admirers in the United States were behind no others in sending him material aid and hearty expressions of warmest admiration. Directly the post-bag arrives it is taken in to the Secretary Bassi's iron habitation, where he examines the contents; and having opened all the letters, takes those of greater interest to the General at once, the others of lesser importance being laid before him later, and the remainder Bassi either answers himself or tears up as the contents may merit. To some of the letters Garibaldi of course replies in his own handwriting, always disposing of the subject in very few words; but to the greater number he notifies on the back, in pencil, what answer Bassi is to write, and simply signs it. The next Sunday, when the steamer calls again, the answers are sent off, always with the postage unpaid; and together with them, from time to time, trenchant pithy letters, written by the General to one or other of his intimate friends, in condemnation or approval of some political event his correspondents or the newspapers have made him acquainted with; or expressing sympathy or admiration with or of some individual or cause. Immediately he

received the news of the abolition of capital punishment in Italy, he wrote this note to the Minister of Grace and Justice:—

To the Minister Mancini, Rome.

To you, Colossus of law, I augur, after the abolition of the executioner, the abolition of the butchery of war.

My family remember you with affection.

G. GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi is no political fanatic. Republican in principle, he lets his opinions give way before conviction of what may be best for his country under the actual circumstances. When he was returning to Rome at the beginning of 1875, his arrival was looked forward to with apprehension. It was thought that it would be the signal for an outburst of Republican sentiments; but he had no sooner alighted from the train than he was known to have declared that, Italy having become 'one' under the Constitutional Government of King Victor Emanuel, it was the duty of all true patriots to set aside party-feelings and individual opinions, and unite in endeavouring to strengthen it. For his own part, he had fought for Italian unity as long as it had to be obtained; but, the aim accomplished, his efforts for the future would be exclusively turned towards endeavouring to better the condition of the people, and his immediate object the improvement of the Roman Campagna and the cleansing of the Tiber. According to Republican notions, Prince Torlonia was an aristocrat and a friend of the Pope's; but true to his higher, or rather his own, nature, Garibaldi did not hesitate to go personally to him to secure his coöperation. It is necessary to say that the great banker and strict Conservative came down to his door bare-headed to receive the Republican General and Revolutionist, greeting him with 'Che alto onore me fate Generale a venire qui a visitarum in casa mia'?

Simple-minded, disinterested, without a thought for himself, Garibaldi is the same to all men, prince or peasant. The day the Duke of Sutherland paid his first visit to Caprera, Garibaldi was in bed indisposed. He had declined that morning to receive a Sardinian peasant, who had crossed over to the island to see him, and had told his faithful friend Fazzari—who fought under him in the Tyrol, and had spent several years in the island, helping to tend the obstinate wound he got at Aspromonte—that he would see no one. Somewhat later the Duke's yacht came in sight, and his Grace on landing was met by the two young men, Menotti Garibaldi and Fazzari, carrying barrels of water on their shoulders—Menotti white with flour, Fazzari black with smoke; they had been grinding corn for family use, the one attending to the grist, while the other drove the donkey-engine; and great was their embarrassment on the Duke announcing himself, not on account of their dusty condition, but because of the order the General had given. What was to be done? Fazzari went to announce the arrival. 'But I cannot receive him to-day,' said Garibaldi. 'How can I do so when I have refused to see Santo Janca?' At last it was arranged that Santo should have his audience first, and at once, and then the Duke was introduced.

What thousands thronged the streets of London to see Garibaldi all the world remembers; and when he was last in Rome no day passed without numbers presenting themselves for admittance to his temporary home at the Villa Casalini. On his fête-day the crowd was such that a special body of police had to be sent to keep order along the road. The only way to manage at the villa was to form a line through the house, that the people might go in at one door and out at another in a continuous string. When the last had left, Garibaldi turned to the few intimate friends who were with him, and said, 'Shaking hands with so many thousand persons has tired me more than if I had fought a battle.' But that hand is now crippled with gout. It is not always now that he is able to leave his bed at four in the morning; and when he can, he is scarcely able to work on his little patches of ground, or do more than look on and give his orders. But then, again, he has no longer the need he had two years ago. His friends succeeded finally in overcoming that repugnance he felt against receiving anything at the hands of that Italy towards whose unity he had contributed so greatly. It could no longer be said that what was required to make the hero comfortable would burden the finances of the country; and he was at last, though unwillingly, induced to yield to the argument, that Italy was lying under the imputation of ingratitude towards one who had served her so well and so unselfishly.

OPTIMISTS.

"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

I read with interest "Pessimists" in the last issue of the SPECTATOR, and I am more than ever convinced of the folly of meeting troubles half-way, and that no lot is so hard but that it may be made better or worse by those condemned to it. We all to an extent shape our own destiny, and certainly are able to add to or subtract from our own happiness. The poet tells us

"Man is man, and master of his fate,"

which, like many other things which poets say, is half a truth that sounds like a whole one. No one is absolute master of his fate; but he can do a great deal in the way of shaping his condition, and more especially in toning down some of the harsher features of it.

It is desirable to get well convinced of this, because we cannot but see how many add to the load they have to bear simply from their manner of carrying it. You may fit a burden to the shoulders snugly and compactly, so that its weight is only half felt, or you may so dispose it that it galls and chafes at every step, and seems far heavier than it really is. The poor are more particularly apt to display a want of tact in bearing their burden. It is nice to have plenty, to live in pleasant houses, and wear good clothes, and eat good things, and have money wherewith to gratify every whim and fancy. Nobody but a fool denies that. On the other hand, a good many people rub along cheerily enough, living from hand to mouth, and often with little in the hand to raise to mouth, but still enjoying life. The necessities of existence are exceedingly few, and when we talk of our requirements, we, as a rule, mean rather what we have got into a habit of requiring. An Indian will live on a handful of rice and a little oil. Neapolitan *jazzaroni* content themselves with their *maccaroni* and an occasional melon, and seem to get nourishment in some mysterious way

out of the sunshine in which they bask. The colder the climate, of course the greater the need of those living in it. Where nature does little for man, he must do more for himself; yet it is astonishing how slight are the means of subsistence even among the tribes of the extreme north. Artificial wants make the strongest claims on the pockets of all of us. We spend money to gratify our vanity, our taste, or some fancied requirements of our station. Most of us, in fact, live up to a standard fixed not by ourselves, but by our friends. It is not so much what we want, as what they decide for us that we ought to have, that regulates our outlay. Left to ourselves and our own promptings, we should soon find that we could do with very little indeed, and realize for ourselves the supreme wisdom of that saying in the old Book,—“A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he hath.”

These are obvious truths enough, and yet how many fail to lay them practically to heart. The poor, as a rule, seem bent on making the worst rather than the best of their position. They put themselves in a position of antagonism to it. They chafe, and fret, and rail at Providence. Moreover, in their sudden fits, they quarrel among one another, and so embitter their lot, already distasteful enough. I suppose, where the struggle is hard, the habit of struggling makes those engaged in it pugnacious. They squabble on the slightest provocation. Their conversation is apt to be a recital of wrongs they have sustained, or of petty differences in which they have triumphed. And this sort of thing, I have often felt, is more distasteful than poverty itself. It certainly adds to the burden. Shakespeare, who knew everything, has spoken the wisest philosophy touching this matter, says he: “Poor and content is rich and rich enough.” Contentment is in fact everything. The habit of trying to get the most out of what you have, instead of longing for what you have not, is the great secret of life. That is a very laudable desire which prompts people to better their condition; but it is amazing how it will better itself, if you will only let it. Everybody cannot become a Mark Tapley, who was always looking out for circumstances under which it would be creditable to a man to be jolly, and only found the opportunity of thus shining when down with fever in an American swamp, with Death staring him in the face! But everybody can do a good deal in the way of persistently looking on the sunny side, and picking out the few plums in the hard fare doled out to the poor.

A good deal of ridicule has been thrown on certain people who have preached the doctrine of “sweetness and light.” It is an affected name to give to any doctrine, and it would be hard to gather from it what was really meant; but the root of the idea is that people should sedulously cultivate the sweetness and brightness of life. There are some whose state is so forlorn that they must force the hard, grinding necessities of existence, and always live in contact with what is coarse and revolting. All above these, however, are susceptible of giving their lives a little sweetness, and letting in upon them a glimmer of light. These blessings are derived from two sources—a moral source and an intellectual source. Let me give an illustration of the first. There was a time when the world was in a terrible state of roughness and disorder—when the ordinary means of getting along were brute force and shameless duplicity. Men knocked one another about, and cheated each other, and all was violence, and brutality. Thereupon King Arthur founded his Round Table, and Tennyson has told us what the members of it were to do. Among other things they were—

“To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.”

This influence regenerated the little world of that day, and in the same way a high moral standard and a struggle for refinement—for “high thoughts, and amiable words, and love of truth” will sweeten the humblest house and the lowliest condition. These things are not dependent on means; there is no necessary connection between poverty and baseness. “The first true gentleman that ever breathed,” as Dekker calls the Saviour, was penniless. One of the good effects which I look for as resulting from our modern education is a moral revolution, attended with a softening of manners, which would do so much to ameliorate the fate of the poor. If, in place of storming and wrangling, contention and bitterness, there could be substituted higher motives and gentler conduct, it would be an infinite gain. For morals and manners go together. Improve one and you improve both.

So we should get our sweetness. Now for our light. This must come from an intellectual source, and here again education should be all-potent. It will teach every one to read, and reading is a new sense. To the number of the senses, which are five—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling—may fairly be added reading. It is a new means of apprehension, allied to seeing, but not quite it. By its means the mind is enabled to enlarge the range of its powers, and by the aid of books we realize the ambition of the sated voluptuary who offered a reward for a new enjoyment. The capacity to understand the symbols we call letters is like the “Open Sesame” which disclosed the treasures of Aladdin's cave. Only in this case it is a new world which is revealed to us, admission being gained by this mystic key, and that world is all our own. We can escape into it whenever we will; enjoy all its treasures of imagination, feeling, wit, and beauty; and the light of that world, shining on this, brightens and glorifies our lives. A taste for reading, and a habit of storing up what we read for after pleasure, is one way of defeating the ills of life, and strewing the thorny path with flowers.

Art is another means. Familiarity with beautiful objects even in the shop windows is good, and it is wise also to cultivate a strong interest in the events of the day—not in horrors and trifles only, but in those grand questions and historic events which shape the destinies of nations. The wider interests take us out of the clutches of our narrow interests; and just as a few flowers will lighten up, sweeten and glorify the meanest room, so will a persistence in availing ourselves of these resources within the range of the humblest help us to make the best of it.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

MEN carry their minds as, for the most part, they carry their watches,—content to be ignorant of the constitution and action within, and attentive only to the little exterior circle of things, to which the passions, like indexes, are pointing.—John Foster.

LIVING GREATNESS.

Lend me thine eyes, Posterity! A cloud
Gathers between my vision and the men
Whose voices echo o'er this breathing world.
Lend me thy sight:—lend me thy placid soul,
Free of this mean contemporaneous scorn,
That I may know what mighty spirits walk
Daily and hourly in my company,
Or jostle shoulders in the common crowd,
The thinkers and the workers of the Time.

I'm sick of Apathy, Contempt, and Hate,
And all the blinding dust which envy stirs,
To shroud the living lustre from our sight.
Lend me thine eyes, grateful Posterity!
Upon the hill-tops I would stand alone,
Companion of the vastness and keep watch
Upon the giants passing to and fro,
Small to the dwellers in the vales beneath,
But great to me. Oh, just Posterity,
I strive to penetrate thy thought; to soar
Beyond the narrow precincts of To-day,
And judge what men now wanting crusts of bread
Shall in Thy book stand foremost, honour crown'd;
What scorn'd and persecuted wretchedness
Shall shine, the jewel on a nation's brow;
And what unfriended genius, jeer'd, impug'n'd,
Shall fill the largest niche of Pantheons.

I would behold, daily, for my delight,
The clear side of the greatness, the full size,
Shape, glory, majesty, of living men.
Why should our envy dim the orbs of heaven?
Why should our malice dwarf the giant's height?
Our scorn make black the white robes of the sage?
Lend me thy sight—I will see marvels yet,
Gold in the dust, and jewels in the mire!

SCIENTIFIC.

A NEW APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—A discovery (reports the *Observer*) is alleged to have been made by Mr. Gresham, a practical mechanic, of New York, of a method by which a ship may be photographed on the high seas, distant from 100 to 5,000 miles—the photograph giving the name, the latitude and longitude, and the destination, taken from chalk-marks on her deck. Mr. Gresham, after a long series of experiments, has found that he can produce an artificial mirage, the principle of which, he says, is the same as that which reflects in the middle of the desert of Sahara the images of lakes and waters 1,000 miles distant. This artificial mirage can, so far as has yet been ascertained, be only produced by petroleum and asphaltum. All that is necessary is the possession on board a vessel of a few pounds of asphaltum, with a censer to burn it in, and a small battery to heat the wires by which it should be surrounded. By a machine invented by Mr. Gresham, the artificial mirage is reproduced on tin. The instrument used for photographing the objects seen in the mirage is called by the inventor the “phantasmograph,” and is at present in a very crude form. He anticipates, however, that it will before long be brought to perfection, and that the marine insurance companies, when they realise its value, will “only be too glad to insist that all vessels shall carry the necessary apparatus.” They will thus be cognisant of the whereabouts of the vessels upon which they have sold their risks. At four o'clock precisely, on a clear afternoon, clouds of carboniferous smoke shall, Mr. Gresham proposes, be sent up from ships at sea, the required information as to names, and so forth, being previously marked in chalk in large letters on their respective decks. Then the photographic instruments are set. One vessel photographs the artificial mirage of another at a distance of perhaps more than 4,000 miles, and on arrival at port the intelligence thus obtained is conveyed to those interested in the matter.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The electric light has already been put to various uses, but the most novel is that contemplated by the Rev. Canon Bagot, rector of Athy, and a well-known agriculturist. The Canon announced his intention of doing his harvesting this year by the aid of the electric light, but we have not heard whether his experiment has been successfully accomplished.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.—In November, 1828, the late Dr. Gannal presented a paper to the Academy of Sciences relative to the artificial production of the diamond. It was referred to MM. Vauquelin and Chevreuil, and nothing more was ever heard of it. The sons of the deceased doctor, in examining his papers, found a draft of the document which they have now sent to the Academy. In making some experiments with the carburet of sulphur the idea occurred to the doctor that the carbon might be separated from the combination in the state of crystals. To that effect he took a certain quantity of the carburet, poured on the top a little water, which floated, and then gently introduced some stick phosphorus. The latter dissolved immediately, and three separate layers were formed, the phosphorus at the bottom, the carburet of sulphur next, and the water at the top. After a time he observed that a sort of film was formed between the two latter, and that when it was exposed to sunlight it had all the iridescence of the rainbow. After the experiment had been in progress for three months a sudden fall in the temperature occurred, the water froze, the glass was split, and the contents lost. He recommenced his trials, but as each required six months to carry out, and the numerous accidents to which they were liable continually interfering with their final success, he at last abandoned his efforts. However, in the course of his operations he had been able to pro-

cure some minute crystals, which he submitted to an eminent jeweller, who tested them by the microscope and other means, and decided that they had the true fire, water, and hardness of the diamond. Moreover, on being subjected to the blowpipe they, like that gem, left no ash. Although he discontinued his experiments, he concludes his memoir with the following words:—"I believe that I can now announce that the greatest step is made towards the solution of the problem of making diamonds, in all respects similar to those nature has disseminated in India and Brazil. The complement of that discovery will do honour to modern chemistry."—*Galignani*.

HOW TO MAKE A PHONOGRAPH.—In the *Scientific American* appears a short description of a very simple phonograph. It consists of a mouthpiece similar to that used for a telephone, but on the under surface it has the phonographic style or needle fixed to it. Fastened on to this mouthpiece is a circular rim of wood, with two grooves opposite to each other cut in it; a piece of wood with a groove along its length accurately fits these grooves, and, when a piece of stout tinfoil is attached by bees'-wax on the surface next the needle, the wood and foil being drawn slowly along whilst a person is speaking into the mouthpiece, the usual phonographic impressions are made on the foil. In this way a very simple and inexpensive phonograph may be made.

AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

PAPER FIBRE FROM WOODS AND PLANTS.

According to the experience of the paper manufacturers, De Naeyer & Co., of Belgium, different sources of paper fibre furnish the following percentages:

| WOODS. | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Common Names. | Scientific Names. | Yield Per Cent. |
| Heath..... | <i>Erica vulgaris</i> | 27.14 |
| Filbert trees..... | <i>Corylus avellana</i> | 31.50 |
| Alder..... | <i>Alnus glutinosa</i> | 34.30 |
| Bamboo..... | <i>Bambusa thonarsu</i> | 34.82 |
| White pine..... | <i>Abies pectinata</i> | 34.60 |
| Horse chestnut..... | <i>Aesculus hippocastanus</i> | 38.26 |
| Oak..... | <i>Quercus robur</i> | 29.16 |
| White poplar..... | <i>Populus alba</i> | 35.81 |
| Red pine..... | <i>Pinus sylvestris rubra</i> | 32.28 |
| Elm..... | <i>Ulmus campestris</i> | 31.81 |
| Ash..... | <i>Fraxinus excelsior</i> | 32.28 |
| Black alder..... | <i>Rhamnus frangula</i> | 37.82 |
| Fir..... | <i>Pinus sylvestris</i> | 35.17 |
| Osier..... | <i>Salix alba</i> | 29.50 |
| Canadian poplar..... | <i>Populus Canadensis</i> | 36.88 |
| Beech..... | <i>Fagus sylvatica</i> | 30.90 |
| Pitch pine..... | <i>Pinus Australis</i> | 31.08 |
| Walnut..... | <i>Juglans regia</i> | 26.52 |
| Willow..... | <i>Salix alba</i> | 37.82 |
| Birch..... | <i>Betula alba</i> | 33.80 |
| Italian poplar..... | <i>Populus Italica</i> | 36.12 |
| Acacia..... | <i>Robina pseudoacacia</i> | 34.10 |
| Lime tree..... | <i>Tillia Europea</i> | 38.16 |
| Rattan..... | <i>Calamus verus</i> | 29.19 |
| Aspen tree..... | <i>Populus tremula</i> | 35.00 |
| HERBACEOUS PLANTS. | | |
| Camelina..... | <i>Camelina sativa</i> | 29.16 |
| Bent grass..... | <i>Agrostis spica venti</i> | 45.82 |
| Buckwheat..... | <i>Fagopyrum esculentum</i> | 30.60 |
| Marsh rush..... | <i>Scirpus palustris</i> | 41.70 |
| Banana..... | <i>Musa ensete</i> | 31.81 |
| Mateva..... | <i>Hyphæne Thebaica</i> | 26.08 |
| Oats..... | <i>Avena sativa</i> | 35.08 |
| New Zealand flax..... | <i>Phormium tenax</i> | 32.71 |
| Asparagus stalks..... | <i>Asparagus officinalis</i> | 32.56 |
| Marsh grass..... | <i>Glyceria aquatica</i> | 38.80 |
| Maize..... | <i>Zea mais</i> | 40.24 |
| Reed..... | <i>Phragmites vulgaris</i> | 41.57 |
| Canna..... | <i>Canna</i> | 20.29 |
| Rye..... | <i>Secale cereale</i> | 44.12 |
| Giant nettle..... | <i>Urtica dioica</i> | 21.66 |
| Sugar cane..... | <i>Saccharum officinarum</i> | 29.15 |
| Barley..... | <i>Hordeum vulgare</i> | 36.21 |
| Sedge..... | <i>Carex</i> | 33.86 |
| Wheat..... | <i>Triticum sativum</i> | 43.14 |
| Fromenteau..... | <i>Baldengera Arundinacia</i> | 46.17 |
| Blue flag..... | <i>Enodium cœruleum</i> | 40.07 |
| Hop..... | <i>Humulus lupulus</i> | 34.84 |
| Canary grass..... | <i>Phalari Canariensis</i> | 44.16 |
| Wild broom..... | <i>Spartium scoparium</i> | 32.43 |
| Dog's grass..... | <i>Triticum repens</i> | 28.38 |

The fibre of a variety of the aloe, peculiar to the Mauritius, is reported to be the best known material for ropes. It is said to be very pliant, to exceed in toughness an iron wire of the same size, and to be impervious to the effects of salt water.

NEW LIFE FOR OLD PEAR TREES.—That the pear is a long-lived tree is shown by cases of the famous Endicott and Stuyvesant trees in New York, as well as several pear trees on the island of Montreal of over 100 years of age. Experiments show that many of the mossy and fruitless trees, when over thirty or forty years of age and apparently worthless, may be given new life and vigour and made productive again, by stirring the soil around them as far as the roots extend, and watering them liberally, cutting out the dead wood and

grafting a new top. Three seasons may be taken in which to put on a new top. Pruning the top limbs the first year, and wetting down wood-ashes, is one of the best fertilizers. Old bones well buried are good, and the contents of cess-pools and privy vaults exceedingly so. In stirring the soil do not break the roots. A mixture of stovepipe soot, lime, and wood-ashes in proportion of one part of the soot to three parts of the lime and ashes. The above mixed with manure and well dug into the roots, will restore decaying pear trees, and give great vigour and increase of fruit. This mixture was tried upon a "Bon Chretien" of 74 years growth, with great success. The more the soil is stirred and cultivated around fruit trees the better the crop.

BRIEF NEWS ITEMS.

ENGLISH.

Whilst the painful sensation above alluded to was at its height, a frightful colliery explosion occurred in South Wales, by which nearly 300 lives were lost.

A stroller in Westminster Abbey lately discovered two fine bouquets on Charles Dickens's grave, together with a humbler yet more touching tribute,—a little posy of wild flowers, which bore evidence of long distance and hot, ungloved hands, just what Dickens below would be pleased to have placed on his tomb—perhaps by an unknown "Little Nell."

From a South London paper we clip the following most mysterious advertisement: "Can any lady recommend a thoroughly experienced superior nurse. Lady's first baby. Aged 25. Good wages. Apply, Forest Hill, S.E." A most experienced nurse would indeed be required to look after a baby of twenty-five! One is tempted to speculate whether this old infant is of the male or the female sex.

English papers by last mail are full of details of the sinking of the "Princess Alice" in the river Thames, and including every element of horror, it stands pre-eminent amongst accidental tragedies; at the latest date 581 bodies had been recovered, a subscription list had been opened under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, and £14,000 had been announced in one week; the Queen had sent 100 guineas, and the prince of Wales 50 guineas.

We give this story of an employé at Woolwich Arsenal, who, having hurt his foot by the fall upon it of an iron bar, went to the Arsenal medical officer. This gentleman, it would seem, performs his duty in a very perfunctory manner, and, cutting the man short in his recital as to how he received the injury, and without deigning to look at his foot, packed him off to the dispensary with an order for a bottle of lotion. The man, rather nettled at this cavalier treatment, never went for the lotion. About a week after he was persuaded by his wife to again go and see the doctor, and he did so. "Ah," said the son of Aesculapius, "No. 164. You're going on all right. Continue the same treatment." The joke was that the man had literally done nothing to his foot. Rather hard this upon the doctor!

AMERICAN.

After a Greenback meeting in Maine recently the orator took up a collection, and found \$9.25 in his hat, in pieces of paper inscribed, "This is a quarter," "This is fifty cents," &c

Wisconsin offers a bounty of \$5 for every wolf scalp. Last year the State paid out \$16,000 on its wolf bounty. But the vermin are on the increase, and it is now suspected that some astute patriots are raising wolves for their scalps. Better try "protection."

New Haven, Conn., voted on Monday last, by a vote of 4,881 to 1,963, to restore the reading of the Bible in the public schools. The city school-board dispensed with all religious exercises some months ago, which created much dissatisfaction. Monday's vote rebuked their action and restored the Bible-reading.

The wheat crop is still under discussion. The *Rural New Yorker* thinks "we have two hundred million bushels to export, whereas last year we had only half as much, and concludes that, on the whole, the present prospect is that while prices will probably not depreciate much, it is highly improbable that they will permanently rise even a little."

David Whitmer is in possession of the original manuscript of the "Book of Mormon," and Elders Pratt and Smith of the Mormon Church have just been to his home, in Richmond, Mo., to secure the book. They urged that it ought to be deposited for safe keeping in Salt Lake City, and offered to buy it; but Whitmer, who has kept it for nearly half a century refused to give it up.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—The pestilence seems to have spent its fury, although the daily record of deaths is still fearfully large. A general falling off in deaths is reported from all of the afflicted cities. Most generous responses, in aid of the sufferers, are coming in from all the States. In addition to these, contributions are being made from France and Canada. Our Montreal subscription is progressing favourably.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On Sept. 2nd, two Englishmen ascended Mont Blanc without guides. The English Government has ordered the emancipation of all slaves on the island of Cyprus.

Russia is endeavouring to induce the Powers to remonstrate with the Porte for its slowness in executing the provisions of the treaty.

Since the first May 600,000 portions of the Bible, in twenty-two languages, have been issued from the Bible stands of the French Exposition.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius is increasing. The base of the new cone is now covered with lava, which is now streaming down the sides of the mountain.

The volcano of Cotopaxi is again in a state of eruption, throwing out immense clouds of smoke and ashes, which can be seen from Guayaquil. The eruption is the most violent that has been known for some years.

UTRUM HORUM MAVIS ACCIPE.—In the *Presbyterian Witness* (Halifax) we read: "The Montreal Sugar Refinery is in operation again." Whilst in the

Montreal *Evening Post* we find: "Sugar refining is not such a profitable business in the United States after all. The Calvert Refinery of Baltimore is about to close, having lost all its active capital."

When the 42nd Regiment (Black Watch) landed at Cyprus, the colonel gave his horse to a Greek to hold, while he went to look after the baggage. When he came back to seek his horse, Greek, horse and all were clean gone. Several more have gone the same way, as the place is infested by brigands.

STORMS IN HUNGARY.—Miskolcz, a town in Hungary, has been completely laid waste by a storm. Over four hundred dead bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the houses, and two hundred persons are still missing. The town of Erlau has been also devastated by a storm, rows of houses having been swept away and many persons killed.

CYPRUS.—A Treasury Warrant has been published directing that the rates of postage and additional sums for registration, &c., now chargeable on postal packets to or from the island of Malta shall extend to all postal packets conveyed to or from the island of Cyprus. The inland postage of Cyprus is to be the same as that of the United Kingdom.

There is said to be a terrestrial globe in the Jesuitic Library of the Lyons Lyceum, which is 170 years old, containing in great detail the curious system of African lakes and rivers, which the English and American travellers have lately rediscovered. It is two metres in diameter, and an inscription near the north pole states that it was made in the year 1701 by F. E. Bonaventure and Gregoire, Brothers of the Third Order of St. Francis. The globe has created a great sensation among geographical savants and amateurs.

JOURNALISM IN CYPRUS.—We have received the first number of "*Cyprus*," a weekly journal of Agriculture and Commerce," published at Lanarca on the 29th August. It consists of four pages of four columns each, one half of the paper being in English and the remainder in Romic, and, notwithstanding its modest dimensions, the price is 5d. per number. The chief contents of *Cyprus*, which is believed to be the first newspaper ever published in the island, are announcements relating to Sir Garnet Wolseley and the British occupation, and articles on the advantages of the English protection, with several columns of advertisements. This new venture in journalism adds a new illustration of the saying that wherever Englishmen settle one of the first results is the publication of a newspaper.—*London Times*.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HAND-SHAKING.

Many people read character by the shape of the skull; almost everybody intuitively and instinctively reads it in the countenance; some affect to be able to discover it in the handwriting of persons whom they have never seen; while a few are of opinion that it may be ascertained by the manner in which a man shakes hands. Of all these modes of studying character that of physiognomy is the most to be depended upon. The soul is the source of all beauty, and never deceives; and the face upon which the soul has imprinted an unpleasing expression may be safely held to be the face of one who is, more or less, deficient either in intellect or in virtue. Nevertheless—and as an aid to, and not a substitute for, physiognomy—there is much to be said for hand-shaking, as a means of deciding whether he or she who offers or accepts this act of friendly courtesy, is cold or warm-hearted, indifferent or cordial, sincere or hypocritical, or whether he is really glad to interchange courtesies with you, or only pretends to be so.

How did people first get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances, when they chanced to meet, offered each to the other the right hand—the hand alike of offence and defence, the hand that wields the sword, the dagger, the club, the tomahawk, or other weapon of war. Each did this to show that the hand was empty, and that neither war nor treachery was intended. A man cannot well stab another while he is engaged in the act of shaking hands with him, unless he be a double-dyed traitor and villain, and strives to aim a cowardly blow with the left, while giving the right and pretending to be on good terms with his victim. The custom of hand-shaking prevails, more or less, among all civilised nations, and is the tacit avowal of friendship and goodwill, just as the kiss is of a warmer passion.

"Give me your hand, you shall, you must! I love you as a brother!" has been written of one who was brave, noble, true-hearted, and not ashamed of honest poverty in himself or others. When two such persons meet, each knowing the good qualities of the other, the shake of the hand which they give and receive may be considered the perfection of all that this mode of salutation should be—neither too warm nor too cold, but full of sympathy and satisfaction.

Ladies, as every one must have remarked, seldom or never shake hands with the cordiality of gentlemen; unless it be with each other. The reason is obvious. They cannot be expected to show to persons of the other sex, a warmth of greeting which might be misinterpreted; unless such persons are very closely related to them by family, or affection, in which cases hand-shaking is not needed; and the lips do more agreeable duty.

Every man shakes hands according to his nature, whether it be timid or aggressive, proud or humble, courteous or churlish, vulgar or refined, sincere or hypocritical; enthusiastic or indifferent. The nicest refinements and idiosyncrasies of character may not perhaps be discoverable in this fashion, but the more salient points of temperament and individuality may be made clear to the understanding of most people by a better study of what I shall call the physiology or the philosophy of hand-shaking.

Some people are too "robustious" to be altogether pleasant. They take the offered hand with the grasp of a vice, and as if they had with malice premeditated, resolved to squeeze all the delicate little bones of your knuckles into pulp or mince meat. And while tears of agony come into your eyes, and run down your cheeks, they smile at you benignantly, like gentle giants, unconscious of their strength, and of the tyranny with which they exercise it. Many of them are truly good fellows, and mean all the cordiality of which their awful squeeze

is the manifestation. They would exert all the strength that goes to waste in such hand-shaking in rescuing you from danger, if you were in it, or in doing battle against your enemies, if you were assailed by superior numbers. Yet when such seemingly cordial good fellows manifest the same cordiality towards people whom they met for the first time yesterday, and towards those with whom they may have been intimate for a half or a quarter of a century, it is impossible to avoid a suspicion that they act from habit, rather than from the ebullition of heart, and that their mighty squeeze ought to be taken *quantum valeat*. But of all the men to be avoided, he who squeezes your hand in this excruciating fashion, on a false pretence, is the worst. He dislocates your joints to convince you of an untruth, that he loves you very dearly, and as soon as you are out of sight, forgets you, or thinks that you are no "great shakes" after all, or, worse still, abuses you behind your back to the next acquaintance whom he meets. Him, in his turn he serves in the same manner, and gradually establishes for himself the character, which he well deserves, of being a snob and a humbug of a particularly offensive type.

Another, and even more odious kind of hand-shaker, is he who offers you his hand, but will not permit you to get fair hold of it:

With finger tip he condescends
To touch the fingers of his friends,
As if he fear'd their palms might brand
Some moral stigma on his hand.

To be treated with the cool contempt, or supercilious scorn which such a mode of salutation implies, is worse than not to be saluted at all. Better a foe, with whom you feel on terms of equality, than an acquaintance—he cannot be called a friend—who looks down upon you as if he were a superior being, and will not admit your social equality without a drawback and a discount. It sometimes happens, however, that this result is due to the diffidence of the shaker rather than to the pride of the shaker. If a timid man will not hold his hand out far enough to enable another to grasp it fairly, it is his own fault, and betrays a weakness in his own character, and not a defect in that of him who would be friendly with him.

(To be continued.)

WITTICISMS.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."—BUTLER.

Medical Practice has been defined as "guessing at Nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavouring to substitute man's."

Opinion of a French Conservative: "If we could expel all the Republicans for the next three years, at their return they would find the Republic so firmly established that not even they themselves would be able to overturn it."

Contentment is the poor man's bank.

Take this, for a golden rule through life, never have a friend who is poorer than yourself.

Did it ever occur to you that a gymnast wears spring and fall clothing at the same time?

Said Brown to Parker: "I say, Parker, what's the difference between a ripe water-melon and a cabbage?" "Give it up; can't tell." Brown laughed softly as he said, "You'd be a nice man to send to buy a water-melon!"

"Let me give you my definition of Metaphysics. It is when two fools get together; each admits what neither can prove, and both say, 'hence we infer.'"—*Ingersoll*.

The first thing in a boot is the last.

"May they always live in peace and harmony!" was the way a Yankee marriage should have wound up. But the compositor, who couldn't read manuscript so well, put it in type and horrified the happy couple by making it read: "May they always live on peas and hominy!"

The best Medicines:—

Joy, and Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

We may say of the Liberals throughout the Dominion, in the words of the immortal Hans Breitmann:—

"They had a barty,
But vere ish dat barty now?"

DRACONIAN.—Scene—Police Court, North Highlands. Accused—"Put, Pailie, it's na provit!" Bailie—"Hoot toots, Tonal, and hear the speak! Aw'll only fine ye half-a-croon the day, because it's no varra well provit; but if ever ye come before me again, ye'll no get aff under five shillin's, whether it's provit or no!"

Our ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

If you want to call a man a circumstantial liar now, you say he is "in-ebricated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."

"I had nine children to support, and it kept me busy," said Smith to Jones, as they met, "but one of the girls got married. Now I have—" "Eight?" interrupted Jones. "No, ten—counting the son-in-law!" said Smith, with a sigh which might have been heard afar off.

THE WAGES QUESTION. (Overheard at Ironopolis.)—Intelligent working man: "Arbitration! Ca' that Arbitration! Why, they've given it against us!"

Many a man without being accused of pedantry describes his wife as his *altar ego*!

The strongest of pleas for passing the Bill for marriage with a deceased wife's sister. *Only one mother-in-law.*

A farmer was asked why he did not take the newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."

In company one evening, Douglas Jerrold being present, the conversation turned upon music, and a certain song was spoken of as an exquisite compo-

sition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member of the company, "always carries me away when I hear it." Said Jerrold (looking eagerly round), "Can no one whistle it?"

The Maiden's Band of Hope,—a husband.

A WORD OF WARNING.—Junior Clerk: "Would you kindly permit me to absent myself to-morrow to attend my father's funeral?" Head of Firm (deep in figures): "You may go, Hawkins, but pray—do not let this happen again!"

A POSER.—Seven Year Old: "Grandma, Mother Shipton says the world will come to an end in 1881. Is that true?" Grandma: "No, dear, for in the Bible we are told, 'Of that day and hour knoweth no man,' &c. Seven Year Old: "Ah, but Mother Shipton was a woman!"

THE TORONTO PULPIT.

II.

When speaking of the Episcopalian pulpit, allusion was made to Mr. Rainsford. As this gentleman was very prominent for a season, and as it is understood that he is returning to Toronto, it may not be out of place to say something of the man and his work. In two words, Mr. Rainsford was a revivalist and—a lady-killer. The Rev. young gentleman is an Englishman: with a fresh English-looking face; fair hair parted carefully down the middle and elaborately brushed at the sides; a pleasant voice, quick ready manner, and an assurance that is awful in its sublimity. His clericalism was very mild while amongst us; and but faintly indicated in his garb: an extensive shirt-front with a sparkling diamond in it, being his *pieces de resistance*. His revivalism was of a type distinct from the American or vulgar British with which the country has been made familiar. It was a refined and elegant affair. Mr. Rainsford is a fluent—not to say fluid—speaker: it is a mis-use of the word to call him a preacher. His humility is something sweet to behold: he almost takes a pride in it. It was edifying to hear him beg people *not* to worship him: *not* to exalt him. His "don't" was so pertinacious that it sounded like "do." It is needless to say that the devotees of this pretty fellow were mostly ladies: gushing girls, both old and young, who flocked to the Cathedral to have their feelings roused to a sense of sins they never committed, or to experience a temporary exaltation of spirit in which they enjoyed the seventh heaven of—self-complacency. Mr. Rainsford was especially great in "drawing-room meetings": that last patent invention for enabling people who are somebody to have a religion pure and undefiled by contact with low people who have nothing except a soul to be saved. This is evidently a great improvement on the old idea of rich and poor meeting together in the presence of the Maker of them all. However, Mr. Rainsford was a great success: and it may be allowed did some good amongst the people: young men especially. Some it may be hoped were roused to higher and nobler aims in life, to consecration of heart and service: but many young people of the 'softer' sex were roused to little above the ambition of working slippers for Mr. Rainsford's dainty feet. Indeed it is whispered that *some* young ladies almost threw *themselves* at his feet in the nervous or hysterical excitement of the time. Dreadful were the envyings and the jealousies among the fair: high were the hopes and deep the despair of the maidens among whom the gifted revivalist flitted or flirted: terrible was the disappointment when, like Lord Bateman, he sailed away—still single—"back to his own countree." When Mr. Rainsford returns, it will be curious to note his reception.

What is said in this connection must not be taken as disparaging a revival of religion. Nothing is more needed in this our day; God speed it in His time; but we need a revival of the religion of righteousness rather than of sentiment: of truth-telling, of common honesty, of personal purity. Everything is spurious that does not lead right up to this. This is the revival spirit of the Epistle to the Ephesians, for instance: The doctrines of faith and free grace are exalted; but then they are pressed home with vigour against the lying and the stealing, the brawling and the licentiousness which still disgraced the hearers of the Gospel.

But to go back from preaching to preachers. The ministers of the Methodist Church have always been revivalists of this class. It is to their glory that they have endeavoured to realise the ideal of a living Christianity by having the Church *always* in a revival condition: alert and active for the moral welfare of men. The two most prominent names in Toronto Methodism are those of Dr. Potts and Mr. Briggs. It was Mrs. Malaprop who said that "comparisons are odorous"; but circumstances bring these two worthy men into unavoidable comparison. Mr. Briggs is minister of the Metropolitan Tabernacle; Dr. Potts *has been*, and probably *will be*, its minister. Still the comparison, though unavoidable, need not be odious. There is indeed much in common in the two men. Their physique is similar, both being large, portly and dignified in form and carriage. There is, however, considerable difference in the character of their pulpit ministrations. Mr. Briggs is the more scholarly, refined and thoughtful; Dr. Potts the more declamatory and popular. And though both are men of strong will and self-assertion, yet Dr. Potts in this respect has the lead. It was thoroughly characteristic of the man when, standing up to give out a long screed of pulpit notices, he shouted, "I distinctly refuse to allow, in future, this pulpit to be made an advertising medium." This was shortly after he came to Toronto; and it was no doubt this strong personal quality that helped to build up his immense popularity. In preaching, Dr. Potts is equally direct and dogmatic. He speaks with authority; and dealing rather with the practical matters of human life than with the abstractions and refinements of theological systems, his words take firm hold of the popular mind. It is one of the weaknesses of the itinerant system that in the very height of his popularity, with the magnificent Tabernacle crowded to hear him, Dr. Potts was removed to the Elm Street Church. It was not fair to himself; although the church to which he went to soon had to be enlarged to accommodate those who came to hear the strong common sense of religion given out simply and distinctly, without circumlocution or finesse or apology. Neither was it fair to the new comer, inasmuch as the distance between the two churches is but little. Yet Mr. Briggs cannot be reckoned unsuccessful in coping with the

difficulties of the situation. Now that after nearly three years he is about to leave the active ministry for a time, partly compelled by a throat affection, there are many of his people who are not at all enthusiastic in the prospect of the return of Dr. Potts to the Tabernacle next summer. For, no less earnest than his equally burly brother, Mr. Briggs has brought a ripe judgment and good power to his work, and his thoughtful expositions and earnest appeals will be missed regretfully by many. Such men as these leaders of their Church are transforming Methodism, and keeping it squarely abreast with the currents of the age.

With them, in this respect, may be classed the Rev. Mr. Hunter, of the Yorkville Methodist Church, who, last year, nearly kicked over the traces of the denomination when his Conference insisted on removing him from Ottawa. He was then established in great influence, and was daily strengthening the Methodist cause in the capital; and it did seem both annoying and absurd to disturb a man in the best period of his work, merely for the sake of change. Mr. Hunter's appointment to Toronto, where he was an old favourite, was a kind of compromise, and by it Mr. Hunter was preserved to the body. He is now working in the Yorkville Church—recently much enlarged—and is doing good service by a ministry of affectionate instruction. His status as a preacher is a high mediocrity; and his church is well filled and still gaining.

Any sketch of Toronto Methodist preachers would be conspicuously incomplete without a notice of the Rev. T. Jeffrey. Mr. Jeffrey is an anomaly. That a man who is confessedly holy, self-denying, and earnestly active in the service of his Master, should act like a buffoon or a mountebank in the pulpit, is almost without a precedent. Yet Mr. Jeffrey has made the precedent. Whether he has deliberately adopted his present pulpit method, or whether it is the wild unstudied outgrowth of his own nature may be a question, but he strongly exaggerates the grotesque coarseness which was the blemish of Mr. Spurgeon's earlier ministry, but which—being then a young man—Mr. Spurgeon learned to outgrow. There is not this hope for Mr. Jeffrey, who is well advanced in life. But it would be well could he learn—even now—that decorum and dullness are not necessary adjuncts in the pulpit: that it is possible to keep the wit and lose the coarseness: and that for one attracted to the Gospel by the easy process of raising a laugh, probably a dozen will be repelled. The writer has a vivid remembrance of a Sabbath morning mis-spent in the Elm Street Church, when Mr. Jeffrey was officiating. The reverend gentleman jumped up from his seat like a Jack-in-the-box, and stood a moment looking round the congregation with a comical grin which irresistibly suggested the clown's "Here we are again," of one's boyish days. Presently was heard, "let us pray," and amid the suppressed titters of the people, the minister began to pour forth his soul in the oddest conceivable forms of expression. "Bless our rulers: and O Lord, give them common sense: make them honest. Some of them we know are fools, and some we fear are rogues," &c., &c., for a quarter of an hour; during which the half-stifled laughter of people with their faces buried in their handkerchiefs was plainly audible. The minister then began to read the Scripture lesson, which was concerning Ahab and Jezebel, in the matter of Naboth's vineyard. This was read with unaccustomed emphasis and with a running accompaniment of remark wholly different from the standard commentators! For instance, speaking of Ahab's displeasure at Naboth's refusal to sell the vineyard, he exclaimed, "Here's a pretty fellow: sulking till he's sick because he can't get what he wants, and then sheltering himself behind his wife for her to get it for him. If there's any kind of man I hate worse than another it's a sn-e-a-k." And the sentence ended in a rising inflection prolonged into a shriek. Next he commented up on Jezebel writing letters in *Ahab's* name, and sealing them with *his* seal and sending them to the nobles in *his* city; and declared that "any man was justified in getting a divorce from a woman who wanted to rule him!" By this time the whole audience was convulsed; and the writer, who had entered for quiet worship, quietly took his hat and departed. But he was told that the unabashed reader continued in the same style, and that the sermon was even more grotesque; and that if there were not "roars of laughter," still that the smiling could be heard all over the house, one poor old man being so scandalized as to rise and leave, turning as he did so to shake his stick at the pulpit. But it must be repeated that Mr. Jeffrey is a good and well-intentioned man; who can be terribly in earnest, and who has aroused and convinced many in his day. The pity is that such a man should think it needful to use such questionable attractions, or that—if spontaneous—he should not learn to restrain himself and avoid inflicting many with a sense of injury.

Coming out straight from this jocularity and excitement, the contrast was startling when the writer crossed Yonge street, and turning eastward into Gould street, entered the Presbyterian Church of the Rev. Mr. King. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate what has been said regarding the distinctive genius of the two systems of Presbyterianism and Methodism: the vigor and aggressiveness of the one, and the conservative tenacity of the other. Nothing but this holding on, generation after generation, to all that has been acquired, can explain the maintenance and growth of such a congregation as that of Gould street. For the pulpit ministration singularly lacks attractiveness in the eye of a stranger. Yet on the morning in question the church was crowded with a quiet and attentive—not to say sleepy—audience. The preacher must have known this characteristic of his people: for he told them that he had selected his text—"Awake, awake, O Zion"—for its especial bearing upon them. And then he began to give them what some one irreverently called "fits," for neglecting public worship (though where he could have put more people that day it was hard to see), and for disregarding family prayer, and for general coldness and sleepiness in spiritual things. The discourse was excellent in its matter, and probably timely and apt; but the good man brought down his lash in such slow monotonous beats, that instead of awakening Zion, he set more heads nodding. Mr. King's is scarcely a pleasant voice; has little variety or cadence; and as every five minutes he concluded a head of his discourse with the repetition of his text, the "Awake, awake, Oh-h-h-h Zion" became positively soporific. But his congregation holds together; and has outgrown its shell and builded a larger and handsomer. And it rightly respects the high and kindly personal qualities of the pastor; and thoroughly understands that the effort of his life is to do it good. And such a respect easily ripens into affection.

QUIEN SABE?

(To be continued.)

LAUGHING AND CRYING IN CHURCH.

A good old American doctor of divinity went to hear a preacher who always woke up the people. The doctor, determined to maintain his standard of ministerial dignity, would neither laugh nor cry, not he. He listened for a time with his face in his hands, looking as if he was asleep. By and bye he ventured to raise his dignified head, and cast his eyes over the audience, but before he knew it he caught the prevailing sympathy, and both laughed and cried; for which he became so displeased with himself that he would not go to hear that preacher again.

The doctor was a very good man, and a good friend of the said preacher; but such were his ideas of the solemn decorum befitting the house of the Lord, that he could hardly forgive himself for giving way to his feelings, and would not again risk his ministerial dignity under the preaching of that man.

A minister who had led the van to many a battle, in which hundreds of souls were rescued from the power of the prince of darkness, preached on one occasion to a very large audience with good effect; but, because some of the auditors smiled during the sermon, one of the church members accosted the preacher, as he was passing down the aisle, thus, "I'll never go to hear you preach again, sir. You make the people laugh, and I can't stand such a thing in the house of God. I hope you will never preach here any more," and on he went abusing the strange minister in the presence of the dispersing multitude, in a loud, angry tone, till some of his brethren commanded him to be quiet.

"Smiles and tears," says Mr. Taylor, "are both alike liable to misuse and abuse. Many persons waste their tears over a novel or a farce, just as many laugh at things trifling and silly. Many, too, on occasions worthy these spontaneous expressions of the soul, laugh or cry to excess. Levity in the house of God is execrable, but the risible emotions excited by the appositeness of a happy illustration of truth, and serving to swell the sails that bear the soul heavenward, or that arise from religious joy in the soul, are just as appropriate in divine worship as tears. This last is an assertion so questionable with many persons, that I will stop a moment to examine the law and the testimony on the subject."

HOW FAITH SAVES, OR THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER—II.

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. A. J. Bray.

ACTS vi., 25-34.

I return to the subject of the Philippian jailer's conversion, on which I spoke last Sunday night. I dwelt then on the first part only, or the jailer's question to Paul and Silas, "What must I do to be saved?" I suggested that the sentence needed filling up and drawing out. As it stands here it is but a hint of the soul's most pressing need. To be saved from what? delivered from what? and each man must supply the answer according to the nature of his sin and danger. I said, also, that in the moment of surprise the soul utters the immortal truths that lie in the depths of its consciousness. The jailer supplies a striking illustration. Suddenly seized and over-mastered by a vague sense of danger; the fires of remorse which fear had kindled burning in the soul with consuming fierceness; and believing that Paul and Silas could direct, if not deliver, the question that breaks from him is not prompted by calm thought and reasonings logically carried to an issue, but by sudden and uncontrollable impulse. "What must I do to be saved?" Power and prerogative to do is sign of man's manhood, and makes him heir to the eternities.

Let us dwell on the second part to-night: the Apostle's answer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." And that answer, I take it, bears out what I have said,—man must do if he would find salvation. I know how it is often interpreted now. A man in a cool and thoughtful moment is brought face to face with ruin; or has been aroused to interest himself in the concerns of his soul and eternity by meditating on the mysteries of life and death, here and hereafter; or by domestic affliction; or by the solemnities of a death-bed; or by the voice of a preacher; or by the sudden swoop of temporal calamity; is aroused by one of these to put the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer often given (I have heard it a hundred times) is this, "Do? oh, my dear friend, you must do nothing, Christ has done all for you; just believe that and you are saved." Just reduce that to ordinary language a moment, and try it by the standard of common sense, and see what it amounts to. Of course it goes upon the assumption that there is a common receptacle for all sinners, called hell, where all shall suffer equal tortures from hissing flame and biting worm; and that salvation means rescue from that. That is all, and that is the highest thing, to be saved from—the torments of hell. But how does that doctrine look when applied to the cases of individual men. A man comes who for years and years has been altogether vile, vile in thought, vile in word, vile in deed. In the sacred name of friendship he has practised infernal deceptions; in the great name of justice he has lent at usury and spoiled his neighbour; he has betrayed virtue and bought immunity with gold; scarce a villainy, perhaps, that he has not committed. The appetite at last glutted or quite worn out, he begins to think of his past in its relation to the future. He knows that a day of terrible reckoning awaits him, a day of judgment and reward. Stung with remorse, tormented with fear, he cries, "What must I do to be saved?" And the answer is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." He says, "I believe." Is he therefore saved? Are the gates of hell closed and the gates of heaven opened for him? With all his bad passions in him; not an evil undone; not a single restitution made; not a blush of shame dyeing the cheek; not a tear of real penitence trembling in the eye, but only a fear of sin's consequences burning in mind and heart, he is yet saved, signed and sealed for a place among the saints. No; he is not saved. But he believes, and he has faith? Yes; "the devils believe," and with good reason, "they also tremble."

Take the teaching in another way. A man finds himself in the strong grasp of an evil habit; it has been growing upon him long, and almost unconsciously he has been going under to it. He drifted and drifted, and it seemed pleasant and safe, till he was caught by the eddies and sucked down by the black, swirling, deadly waters. He is a drunkard, or a profligate, or a man

given up to greed. In despair he cries with the jailer, "What must I do to be saved?" and the answer is, "Believe—that is all. Do nothing but believe that Christ is the Son of God and your Saviour, and you are saved." Saved? how? Will that sentiment in the mind quench the fire in the heart? Will the cracked and spotted skin fall from the leper as soon as he is convinced that Christ is the Son of God? Saved? how?—in his sin, and not from his sin! condemned, but plucked from the hand of justice? Oh no; it is not so; men are not saved that way. But that is what much of the teaching we have heard really amounts to. "Do nothing, only believe, and you are saved." It seems to me about as wise and reasonable and true as this: A young man comes to me and says, "I am anxious to be rich; I want very much to be a man of great wealth, how am I to get it?" and I say to him, "You want to be rich? good. You believe there is such a thing as wealth?" "Yes, I do." "And you believe that a man may get it by striving for it?" "Yes, I do, if he can only tell how to strive." "Well, look here; you believe there is wealth; you believe a man may get it; you believe you may get it; now, all you have got to do is to believe that you have got it, that you are rich, and you will be." What think you of such teaching, sirs? Can you get rich by an exercise of faith? Try it, and report results twelve months hence.

Or this way: A man wants to go to Europe, and I say to him, "You believe there is such a continent as Europe?" "I am sure of it," he answers. "And you want to go to Europe?" "Yes, I want to go there." "Then just do nothing more, but only believe that you are there, that is all." You think I am talking absurdities; of course I am, but one absurdity which is harmless will I hope dissipate the greater absurdity which is full of harm. I want to convince you of the danger to morals and to life; I want to convince you of the folly and falseness of regarding faith as a mere sentiment in the mind, and that Christ saves in sin, not from sin.

Let me put this in yet another way before I leave it altogether. A man is told that he is in danger of hell, of torment fierce and eternal, damnation for ever and for ever. His faith is the sole condition of his salvation from that. If he will but believe, God will interpose and rescue him from the fearful doom. See. My child is in danger; he has wandered from my side in spite of my many warnings and injunctions. But I love him, always loved him and always shall; for is he not my child? Drawn on by tempting sights and sounds, he wandered further and further away, forgetful of home and me. I follow his track for many weary miles. I see him trying to escape from me—in folly fleeing from my love. At last I draw near. I am startled as a wild, piercing cry cleaves the air. I run with kindling blood and throbbing brain. There he is. He came suddenly on a precipice; his foot slipped, and now he grasps convulsively at the long grass, and swings helpless over destruction. Hundreds of feet sheer down are rocks and sand and death. As my shadow falls upon him, the white and frightened face turns up, a look of hot horror in the eyes, the lips in agony pressed together; but at sight of me a flash of hope kindles in the eyes, and the lips part, and the cry breaks forth, "Father, save!" And this my answer, "Boy, you wandered from home and me, spurned my counsel and my love; this is what you have found. Look down; measure again the deeps of doom. Do you repent? Do you believe that I am able to reach out my hand and rescue you? Do you believe that I will? Do you believe that you are rescued? Have faith, I cannot save you else." Tell me, friends, do you admire my paternal mode of loving? Do you applaud my justice? No; you say, "Out, monster, with your cold questionings; reach forth your hand and save the boy." And yet that is what men would have us believe about God. A man, a child of the Eternal Father, has wandered in sin; he is in danger; poised on the edge of damnation everlasting; any moment he may be compelled to unloose his grasp upon life, and be launched into fiery torture and endless wailing; and the Father stands saying: Accept certain dogmas of faith; subscribe to this and that article of belief; receive certain sentiments in the mind; give way to certain emotions, and you shall be plucked from danger. Oh cruel, cruel, and false as it is cruel, thus to speak of the tender Father in his dealings with his child. For God is love—ever and always love.

But what follows? Why, this—that the salvation which Jesus Christ brings to man is of another kind; and that the faith of the glorious gospel of the blessed God is not a mere sentiment or conviction of the mind. Let us calmly inquire what Paul meant by salvation. "Thou shalt be saved." What did he mean by that?

I beg you will remember that Paul had no Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John from which to draw his lessons. Those Gospels were not written. He may have heard the Sermon on the Mount. He must have heard the Apostles speak again and again with passionate earnestness of their Master's word and work. The inspiration was in his heart and mind; but he had no New Testament as a parchment protocol of the Holy Ghost, enclosing the finished and final truth on which Christendom shall live for ever. What was salvation, then, in the mind of Paul? What was this supreme good which had come from God to man by Jesus Christ. It is not a legal justification, as some have imagined and taught. They have said, The law must be satisfied—or the penalties must be satisfied—else there can be no deliverance, no salvation for any man, for God's government and justice must be upheld. Christ, therefore, has contributed in penal suffering what exactly compensates the law, or evens the score of justice; so that he who believes may be legally justified and saved from all the consequences of his sins. Suffering has been given for suffering; the innocent has paid the price for the ransom of the guilty, and the sinner is free. I will only say in answer to that that if it be true there is no need for faith in any man. If the ransom price has been paid and stern justice has no longer a claim upon me, then open the prison door and let me out; never mind my faith. If my ransom demand my faith and love before he will pay the price, that is another thing. But when he has paid it down, and justice is satisfied, justice will be false to its own great name if it hold me in bondage a moment longer. Paul taught salvation by other means than that. Nor did he teach that men were saved by having Christ's righteousness imputed to them; His goodness, love, truth, mercy put to their account; not that. But he taught that the only salvation for man is personal righteousness—righteousness of character, leading to righteousness of conduct. Deliverance, not from sin's consequences, but from sin's power and bondage by the indwelling of the Spirit of Truth. Victorious over the world, the flesh and the devil; a life in harmony

with God's law ; a heart filled with God's love ; divine truth shining in the soul as the shekinah in the sacred temple—that is salvation. A renewal of the nature in holiness, in purity, in love and truth—that is salvation, and that is the only salvation. That was the salvation Paul was seeking—a great and perfect spiritual life ; a large, full, free, untainted manhood, having all the deeds of every day actuated by the divine sentiments of mercy, truth and love. Bearing the yoke without a murmur ; holding all the lower passions in control ; manifesting self-sacrifice for all and each ; made with Christ a joint heir of God—that is the great and the only salvation of the gospel, and that is the salvation of which Paul here and in his letters speaks.

That is the main idea that runs through all the Old Testament. The great problem for every man was, how to be righteous before God. Toward that, as the goal, the term of life, struggled true faith and high endeavour. Christ, speaking in the ears of the people, said, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness." Truth in the inward parts ; a nature renewed in holiness ; a character shaped by the Spirit in truth, in love and meekness—that is salvation, saved from sin.

Now, God in the soul is the Spring of righteousness in man. He can only have holiness by having God. He can only rise from the shame of bondage to a glorious liberty ; he can only be strong enough to conquer his sin and do right ; brave enough to bear his cross and die in triumph, by having his life resting on the divine life ; by being lifted into fellowship with the great central and creational light of life ; by having God in his mind and heart and conscience. How shall he get that, that fellowship, that strength of victory, that life of the soul ? Every artery is full of corrupted blood ; the head is sick and the heart is faint ; the nature has suffered an almost total collapse ; how, then, grasp that life of righteousness ? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" is the answer, and the only efficient answer. "By grace are ye saved through faith." Christ is the connecting link between God and man. Christ has come to reveal the Father, and that we might have life and have it more abundantly.

Now, faith in Christ is faith in God ; to trust Christ is to trust the Father. The man gives himself over, sinner to Saviour, to be in Him, and of Him, and new-charactered by Him. Jesus Christ coming into the world with all God's righteousness upon Him, declaring it to guilty souls in all the manifold evidences of His life and passion, wins their faith, and by that faith they are connected again with the life of God, and filled and overspread with His righteousness. Christ shows men how to be free in goodness, and makes that goodness possible. Faith in Christ is faith in goodness ; faith in goodness kindles the fires of hope in heart and mind. Penitence for sin, and faith in the incarnate God purge the eyes of the sinful soul, and it sees clearly that glorious fissure in the black and chilly night, and is sure of the infinite love by direct vision, and receives its beams into the bosom as a cordial power. In the eighth chapter of Romans, Paul gives a vivid description of the working of that living faith. So far from being a barren sentiment in the mind, an assent to fact, an intellectual conviction, it is a great, grand, and continued struggle toward the perfect manhood. The spirit of life in Christ has made him free from the law of sin and death. The Spirit of God dwells in him and he walks in newness of life. Infirmities still hang about him, but the Spirit gives him help. He knows he is a son of God by the inward witness of the Spirit, and he walks as a prince of heaven. He knows that he shall be delivered from bondage ; he knows that he is a joint heir with Christ ; he knows that the Almighty is on his side, in him, working for righteousness ; he knows that nothing past or present or to come shall divide between him and the infinite love ; and so, having faith in Christ, he strives for, and finds at last, the highest justification, that of a true life, and wakes up satisfied that he has found the likeness of God.

That I take to be faith, friends. Believing on Christ you do not get legally justified ; you do not get the innocence and truth and goodness of Christ imputed to you ; but your life gets linked on to the life of God ; you get united to the source and spring of righteousness ; and God in you, you can master your passion, conquer great sins, pull down your idols, do justly, mercifully and truthfully, and work your salvation out to its glorious and divine issue. Have that faith, brethren, for it is the only faith that can save you. All the creeds of Christendom will not. You may be as learned as Athanasius in theology, and as orthodox as Calvin, it will not save you. Life, righteous life, is the only salvation. Freedom from the bondage of sin ; the victory over self ; conquest of the world of fashion, of appetite and sin ; the devil cast out and the soul renewed in holiness. To be that, to find that glorious character and experience, you must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ ; believe in divine love ; in divine power to save ; in the possibility of your finding goodness of thought and word and deed ; and then grace shall pour into the heart and bear the soul into the freedom and blessedness and righteousness of the sons of God. No matter how great and manifold your sins, how foul your crimes, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved. The drunkard signs a pledge to touch and taste no more—what is that ? salvation from the thralldom of intemperance ? No ; but the first great step towards it, and sign of faith in his power to achieve it. Without that faith he never would take that step, nor any step towards recovered manhood. Faith inspires to struggle, and struggle ends in victory, for God is on the side of him who fights against his sin. By faith men do great deeds of heroism—salvation of the soul is the end of faith.

It will apply to us all. Some of you have found the power to believe, and made a covenant with God and holiness. But can you say to your soul, Soul, rest thou, and be at peace, for thou art saved ? No. In sight of yesterday's sin, and to-morrow's awful probabilities you cannot say that. Why the best among you have whole and long campaigns to fight through yet. You are not guilty of open and vulgar vice, but what about those other things you do ? Saved ? why you have whole mountain ranges to climb to get to the place of clear light. Are you clear in thought as to God ? No. When you examine your beliefs, He seems to be at variance with the moral sentiment of your own soul. You know the history of a soul's battle for salvation. Christ taught us to believe in God, to believe in goodness and truth and heaven and holiness. Then began a contest with passion, with the gloom of grievance, and a patient feeling after God and a great life. There was a faint and far off glimmering of the truth which man may possess and make his own, and we fought our way

toward the light, crying, "Lord, increase our faith." Then the broken rays got united, and a thread came stealing in ; then the morning star shone out clear in the far off grey ; then the cold flush of the morning giving promise of the rising sun ; and then—no, the rest is all in the future. It is morning. We have wrestled with our doubts in the darkness, and now—it is morning, we can see a little. Have we done ? No ; grim shadows lie along the way ; we blunder through defects of vision ; what shall we do ? Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and go manfully on. When the storm of passion comes with sudden and awful swoop upon you, still believe. When you are smitten down by bereavement, overwhelmed by black calamity, blown upon by adverse winds, your estate rent by earthquake, your life by pains—still the living force is Faith. You must force your way to heaven by faith, until you find rest in perfect manhood and the light of immortal love.

MUSICAL.

Before the appearance of our next number, the two Strakosch Concerts will have passed. We once more express our great pleasure at our good city having so rare an opportunity offered to it ; and we trust that our music-loving people, which should surely be legion, will respond in such a manner, as to warrant the visit of first-class artists in the future ; of the names already announced, we have no occasion to speak, Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary being so widely known, their names alone would stand as a guarantee of the quality of the entertainments ; but we learn that we are to have the pleasure of listening to a new Pianiste, Miss Julia Rivé, who is heralded as a brilliant exception to those musical prodigies whose artistic development so frequently ends in disappointment. Miss Rivé is a native of Cincinnati, of French parentage ; her parents bear a musical reputation ; her mother, Madame Caroline Rivé, being known and admired as a fine soprano singer, and a most successful vocal teacher. Miss Rivé made such rapid progress, that at the age of eight years, she performed at a public concert, and after having studied in New York, she went to Europe, where she enjoyed the privilege of studying under the best masters at Leipzig, and Liszt at Weimar. She was engaged on an extensive concert tour throughout the European capitals, when she was suddenly called home through the death of her father, who was killed in a railway accident.

At one of her concerts, Miss Rivé played the Second Rhapsodie by Liszt, after much persuasion. Her performance was like a wonderful revelation. It was a surprise and delight to the whole house, and was rendered beyond all criticism. Her beautiful touch, the brilliancy of her execution, and the fire which she infuses into her performance, the delicate and intelligent phrasing, power, depth and breadth of contrast were very striking.

The seats for the above concerts are being rapidly taken. We are glad to see that our predictions are being verified, and that Mr. Strakosch will learn that success is assured by bringing a first class company. We would like, however, to see the concerts announced in a straightforward manner as *concerts* without the prefix "operatic." Several of those who have purchased tickets have spoken to us as if they were to have two nights of opera. We have tried to explain that it is not an *operatic* but a *concert* company, that we are to have songs and piano solos only, and that Herr Behrens is to play the accompaniments on the piano, but it was of no avail. The bills announce an "operatic concert," there is a musical director (by the way, we have no accompanists now, only conductors, directors, or "accompanists"), and prime donne ; how can it be announced thus if it is to be simply a concert with only a piano accompaniment ?

Then we have Mr. Conly announced as "*premiere basso of the world.*" This gentleman (of whom we know nothing whatever) throws down the gauntlet to Messrs. Foli, Whitney, and the rest of the world-renowned bassos, and at once assumes a very high position. We will reserve our criticism till we have given him a fair hearing, but we think that had he known that Mr. Whitney was so soon to follow him in oratorio with orchestral accompaniment, he would have assumed a more modest title. Signor Rosnati, whose motto also seems to be "*Aut Caesar aut nullus,*" claims to be the "first tenor in Europe." We have always regarded Mr. Sims Reeves as the finest tenor in Europe—even Mendelssohn thought himself lucky to have such a tenor for the performance of "The Elijah"—but we are to hear two gentlemen on Monday evening who leave Messrs. Reeves and Whitney quite in the shade. Misses Kellogg and Cary we know to be thorough artists. Miss Rivé-King is a pianist of the highest reputation. We feel that anyone who misses these concerts will lose a rare musical feast. Let us, however, expect a concert of good music by a first class concert company, but neither an opera nor an "operatic concert."

Dr. MacLagan gave the last organ recital of the present series on Monday evening.

Mr. Deseve gives a concert in the Academy of Music on Thursday evening next.

We have an article in type on the forthcoming "Oratorio" by the Philharmonic Society, but are reluctantly compelled to carry it over to next week from pressure on our space.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—Harpers', New York ; Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

The October number offers complete satisfaction to all classes of readers. The two serials will take first place in the minds of those who follow these stories from month to month with intense interest. Of the illustrated articles, the one by John Russell Young, on Stanley's African Travels, and his book, "Through the Dark Continent," must take first place ; the next in point of merit are "The St. Gothard Tunnel" and "A Japanese School ;" whilst "Around the Peconics" and "New York in Summer" furnish pleasant reading and some graphic sketches,—there is a pretty poem, "Adonais," by W. Wallace Harney, tastefully illustrated, and a novelty in the way of illustration, in a reproduction of Robert Herrick's quaint poem, "Ye Bellman," making a page-picture in Abbey's characteristic style. The "Easy Chair" is well sustained, with the editorial summaries, forming a very good and readable number. We intended to have given an extract, but are prevented from doing so, for want of space.

BIRTH.

CUSHING.—At 141 Metcalfe street, in this city, on the 2nd inst., the wife of Lemuel Cushing, Esq., Advocate, of a son.

MARRIED.

STARNES—DUCHESNAY.—At the Roman Catholic Cathedral, on the 2nd October, J. Leslie Starnes, son of the Hon. H. Starnes, to Miss Marie Angélique Duchesnay, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. Duchesnay.

DEATHS.

YOUNG.—At Whithorn, Wigtonshire, Scotland, on August 26th, the Rev. Thos. Young, of Ayr, in the 80th year of his age, brother of the late Hon. John Young, of this city.

WORKMAN.—At Uxbridge, Ont., on the 26th September, at the residence of his daughter, Benjamin Workman, M.D., brother of Mr. Thomas Workman, of this city, aged 84 years and 11 months.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS.—There is an impression prevailing to some extent among those who are only partially acquainted with the manufacture of Cocoa, that the delicate flavour and aroma of ROWNTREE'S ROCK COCOA is obtained by some process unknown to other makers. To correct this impression, which is erroneous, we desire to state that it is due simply to the exclusive use of the finest nuts of the "*Theobroma cacao*" of Linnæus, carefully selected for their peculiar excellence, and not being reduced by the admixture of starch or arrowroot—as is unhappily the general custom—retains all the original richness of the Cacao Nut, with entire solubility, a delicious aroma, (peculiar to Rowntree's), and a rare concentration of the purest and most nutritious properties of the nut. "*The best of its kind*" is always the most economical, and this particularly when we remember that in drinking Cocoas prepared with starch or arrowroot we are quietly and easily imbibing that which will soon introduce dyspepsia, etc.

