

Cotemporary Press.

MR. FROUDE'S FIFTH AND LAST LECTURE.

THE "REBELLION OF '98, THE UNION, AND THE IRELAND OF TODAY."

The last lecture of Mr. Froude's course was delivered last Friday night at Association Hall, New York. Mr. Froude's appearance was greeted with applause. He mentioned a slight inaccuracy in his quotation from Gladstone's speech. *His reception* occurred in the beginning, not in the termination of his speech. It was well to be exact in such matters.

USELESS AGITATION.

He regarded justice as the first requisite in government, and free government was only preferable as securing more effectual execution of justice. A constitution was evil not for its form, but for upholding injustice. Revolution was right, as it sought in definite form to secure justice. But mere political agitation was useless. In this was the key to Ireland's failure. Purposeless agitation was followed by conspiracy, that by rebellion, and all a mere rolling up of the Stone of Sisyphus. The act of union, it was hoped, had closed the period of agitation—that the United Parliament would cure the wrongs of Ireland. That there were wrongs nobody would deny. A people do not revolt if treated with justice.

Suppose some one to have been travelling through

IRELAND IN 1802.

when the constitution after the union, was fairly at work. What would have been his experience? He would have seen a country richer, naturally, than Scotland, as rich as the best parts of England, lying a wilderness, dotted with potato gardens; districts as large as counties were wastes, or morasses; the peasantry, ragged and miserable, living in houses in which an English gentleman would not have kept his sporting dogs; families of twelve or thirteen huddled into hovels more like caves of the earth than human dwellings without windows, with a hole in the thatch to let the smoke out; for furniture an iron crock, and perhaps a stool; a heap of straw or heather for beds; in wet weather pigs, cows, poultry, human creatures all tumbled together in a space twelve feet long and eight feet wide; food, potatoes and buttermilk; the clothes of the father and mother a bundle of rags, the clothes of the children those which nature gave them. Then their holdings were perhaps an acre or two of potato ground, for £5 or £6 an acre. The pigs and the cow paid the rent and paid the priest's dues. The wages, sixpence a day for half the year, and nothing the rest of the year, to find a coat and pair of shoes for the man, a cloak for the wife, and a colored handkerchief or two for the girls to appear in at the mass on Sundays. This was

THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING PEASANTRY of one of the three kingdoms. They were not unhappy; they were light-hearted, and as long as the potato lasted and they were undisturbed in their miniature farms, they were fairly contented. Their chief alarm was that they were at their landlord's mercy. If any tenant bid above them, or if the landlord wanted the cabin, they might in a moment find themselves adrift. No matter if the very ground they occupied owed its value to them and their labor, they may have drained and fenced and tilled it after their own fashion, they may have found it a barren moor, and made it able, at any rate, to grow food for a half dozen or dozen human creatures, the landlord called it his, and if it so pleased his mightiness he might turn them into the ditch to starve.

KINDS OF LANDLORDS.

There were three kinds of landlords: the great landlord, who lived in England, the nobleman who lived on his land, and tried to do his duty by his tenants, and the 'squires and squires, who were as reckless as the tenantry, and were, until evictions took place, the most popular. The improving landlord was the most unpopular—he who sought to drain and improve the land, and clear off the pauper incurables. Four things were needed—a better land system, a better police to repress crime; but the repression of crime required an improvement of the laws making crime. The land tenures needed to be revised. Lastly was

THE RELIGIOUS DIFFICULTY.

An establishment had been placed in Ireland, in hopes that it would be accepted as it had been in England. But four-fifths of the Irishmen were Roman Catholics, and half the Protestants were Presbyterian. He put this last and least, not that he was blind to the troubles that the difference of religion created. He wished to give full credit to the great moral work of the Catholic priesthood there. Ireland, with the poorest peasantry, had the least vulgar crime of any populace. He had lived in Ireland with doors and windows open with a security he could not have felt either in London or New York. For it is freedom from vulgar crime and the purity of the Irish character the Catholic clergy were to be credited. The trouble arose from the position taken by the Papal Church at the time of the Reformation. Her position forced the reformed governments to take measures against Romanism, as a rebellious element. The English Government was in fact tolerant to Romanism, and after the battle of Antwerp its interference protected the Catholics in Ireland. After the peace of Utrecht there was a change of feeling, and but for the rebellion of 1796 Catholic emancipation would have been secured. After the agitation caused by the Napoleonic war had passed away this question came to the front, it was carried by

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

And though it is evident that had O'Connell never been born circumstances would have secured that great and necessary act of justice, this is no more true of emancipation than of all the other social fluctuations whatsoever. A great man is great because he discovers the tendency of the age, and has the courage to place himself at the head of it. It was a revolution happy in many respects; but it was a revolution, however, which still left untouched the one most grievous sore of Ireland. The Irish peasant believed that with emancipation he would have a good house over his head, a good coat, a good cow, good food in his stomach. But he received the same down-trodden, forlorn being the world had known him, as ill-fed, as ill-clothed, as much at the mercy of his landlord as before. In some respects he suffered more, that he was now between the hammer and the anvil. He had a vote; his landlord, in nine cases out of ten a Protestant, said to him: "You shall vote as I tell you, or I will turn you out of your living." The priest said to him: "You shall vote as I tell you, or it will be the worst for your soul." It is high treason to say a word against O'Connell. Very well, then, I must be a traitor. O'Connell was for eighteen years all but omnipotent on Irish subjects. He had carried emancipation, and there ended his influence for good; if instead of clamoring for repeal, which he knew he was never to obtain, he had used his enormous influence to pass a land act, he might have stayed unjust evictions a generation before Mr. Gladstone stopped them. Two measures only of real value to Ireland were passed under the reign of O'Connell, but they were the work,

not of him, but of Sir Robert Peel, the English Liberal. A body of 10,000 or 12,000 of the peasantry were armed and drilled and made into the well known

IRISH POLICE.

Composed, as they were and are, of the same elements as the wildest London mob, their entire nature is metamorphosed under military discipline. In our whole dominions there is not a more loyal, more trustworthy, more efficient force. That was one thing. Another, more important, is

EDUCATION.

excellent in quality and unsectarian in character, was provided in every corner of the country, open to the poorest, free alike to Catholic and Protestant, where children of both creeds were brought up together to learn one thing, that they are made of common flesh and blood, and may as well leave off hating one another. The priests do not like this arrangement; they consider their young people to be tainted by companionship with heretics; they wish to re-establish, if they can, the hard and fast line which divides the sheep from the goats on this side of the day of judgment.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.

The country still suffered under the land tenure system. One third of the land was held by absentee landlords. The peasantry increased extraordinarily. From three millions the population had risen to nine millions. The priests encouraged early marriages to prevent immorality. The young lad and lass were awarded by the agent an acre or two to live on. The father with half a dozen children. Two millions of the nine millions were beggars appealing from door to door, and not in vain. They were depending on the potato. Warnings had been sounded, but in vain. O'Connell boasted of the numbers of his constituents. England was given over to the doctrines of Adam Smith, that the best Government was that which did least.

THE POTATO FAMINE.

He briefly sketched the terrible result of the famine of '48, the efforts that were made to relieve it, and the patience and the heroism with which the Irishmen bore it. But it was with the results he had to deal. There was at once a rousing of political agitation. 400,000 men were again landed together, but the collapse was not ludicrous—a battle in a cabbage garden with a handful of police finished the matter. The participants had since cleared their own character by service, some in the American war, some in the British colonies.

But there was a result. The landlords' Parliament resolved that the land must support its inhabitants—at least give bread to each one on it.

A POOR LAW.

was passed, which amounted to a virtual confiscation in many instances, and a new system came in. Emigration was a great relief. In 1846 there were nine millions of inhabitants. A quarter of a million perished in the famine. Now there were five millions of inhabitants. Allowing for natural increase, four to five millions had emigrated—part aided by the landlords, part by those who had gone before. And he here paid a tribute to the care of Irishmen for their kin. He depicted the means by which many of the estates fell into the hands of Irishmen who had saved money, and how these new purchasers were the hardest landlords and the most cruel evictors. Had he been an English Minister he would have given generous aid to those willing to emigrate. It would have cost England perhaps twice as much as the Abyssinian war, or the sum sunk in the mind of Balaklava. But as an investment it would have been profitable. England would have had millions of loyal subjects in her colonies, or, if they preferred it, the United States—the generous aid would have taken the sting out of the exile. He never knew an Irish peasant who was not at once subdued by generosity.

THE LAW OF EVICTION.

But political formulas forbade this, and forbade any interference with eviction. The Scotch and English landlords could evict their tenants, why not Irish landlords? One difference, however, there was—the English landlord paid for the improvements of the land. The Irish tenant made them without recompense. The correction of these evils would have been earlier but for the old trouble—political agitation. He did not blame the Fenians for desiring to see their country free. He did not blame them for undertaking so serious a work with such ridiculous means. Their action reminded him of angry school-boys breaking the furniture to spite the schoolmaster. But England, though angry, was determined that if Ireland hereafter rebelled she should rebel without cause.

He did not admire the way in which Mr. Gladstone went about his work. He did not love the Irish Church Establishment, but there was no use in Mr. Gladstone's coupling its abolition with a snarl at Protestantism. Mr. Gladstone's second branch of Irish trouble was the public education. Ireland had now a better system of public education than England. The priests desired to get control of this. If Mr. Gladstone attempted to top this he hoped the axe would break in his hand.

TENANT RIGHT.

The third and real point, the ranking splinter, was the land question. The land act passed three years ago had been a most healing measure. It gave to the tenant a security which the Scotch or English tenant had not. He had seen lately that a Scotch tenant, whose ancestors for four generations had tilled an estate, and who had put £5,000 a year into the estate, had been deprived of his holding, simply because he differed in politics from his landlord. This could not happen in Ireland. The landlord would have had to pay for every spade's work of improvement, besides a penalty for disturbance. One result he might mention, that agrarian crime had been reduced to one-tenth of what it was. But Ireland still had her complaints. She asked

HOME RULE.

A sufficient answer to this was the Land Tenure Act. Such an act would not have been passed by an Irish Parliament of landlords. Any act merely transferring the land from the English landlord to the Irish middlemen would be merely to transfer the peasant from the crocodile to the alligator. But there was another reason against home rule—Ireland was not one nation, but two peoples. In a home Parliament a contest would at once arise between the Protestants of the North and the Catholics of the South, soon leading, if history could be trusted, to civil war; in which, if the Protestants were not, by their energy and ability, successful over the numerical majority, the English people would not long be quiet.

IN CONCLUSION.

he claimed that while the Land Act did not go far enough, and landlords must in both countries learn that they had duties to, rather than rights over the land, Ireland now under the united Parliament had better systems than England; that whatever ills there were remediable by legislation were more likely to be remedied in the union than by a separate rule. Home rule was a delusion and a snare.

VERDICT IN FAVOR OF ENGLAND.

At the conclusion of the lecture Dr. Hitchcock made a brief address, thanking Mr. Froude for his lecture, and approving his deductions.

He said: "As for Irish independence—meaning, as it does and must mean, the dismemberment and decay of the British Empire—I, for one, do not see how Americans can pronounce in favor of it. (Great applause.) We are just out of a tremendous struggle for our own national integrity—a struggle which has cost us billions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of precious lives. As the Greeks swore by Marathon, so we must swear by Gettysburg. (Applause.) When our English brethren ask counsel of us, we have only to shout back to them across the ocean that divides us, 'Britons, stand by your flag!' (Applause.)"

MR. FROUDE'S PARREWELL.

Mr. Froude replied that he had come here on what many of his friends thought a Quixotic purpose. He himself had doubted its success. He had resolved to try a New York audience first, and had his reception been cold, should have ceased, then merely printed his lectures, and perhaps have thus secured a pleasant visit to America. He had spoken under the feeling that his lectures would be exposed to criticism, both here and in his own country, and this had made him especially careful to be accurate. He had said some things that might seem to his hearers to be unjust. In fact he had been told in the press, in public speeches and in private letters, that he was perverting history. He could say that he had tried to be accurate and truthful, and if there were any Fenians present he would say to them that no man, not even Father Burke, loyal and honest as he was, was more true than himself to the cause of the Irish peasant against the wrong of landlordism. In conclusion he thanked his audience.

THE GAZETTE'S CONVERSION.

(From the Waterloo Advertiser.)

It is not our purpose to comment upon Father Braun's sermon or the *Gazette* article thereon, both of which can be found in last Saturday's *Gazette*, and are remarkable enough from both sources to excite the interest of the reading public upon questions which may exercise considerable influence in a political sense. Our intention is simply to ask the *Gazette* to observe the striking difference in its editorial columns between last winter and now. The *Gazette* has found out that the Roman Catholic Church do not support the Conservative party as they did of old, for considerations best known to the Church itself, consequently revolution is hinted at. The *Gazette* may be right, and it may be wrong, but we cannot help thinking that its high-toned Protestantism is in a large measure due to the fact that the Roman Catholic clergy have broken with Sir George E. Cartier. *Hinc ille lacrymæ*. If they had continued to aid Sir George as of old, would we have seen in the *Gazette* the article from which we quote? Certainly the Church has not changed. It is the same to-day that it has been at any time since its powerful support had aided Sir George in his hold upon power, and the *Gazette* found nothing to condemn then. It is only when there are signs that the prop of the Church is to be removed from its political leader that the *Gazette* is troubled with conscientious scruples. It was only last winter that that journal aided in raising a religious cry against Mr. Huntington because in his own Church at a public lecture there, he dared to say that there was a Liberal party and an Ultramontane party in the Roman Catholic Church to-day, as there always had been, and that those high-toned Protestants who applauded the lecture would more fully establish their consistency by an alliance with the Liberal Catholics, in sectarian matters, than by a blind following of Ultramontanism. The *Gazette* was wroth because Mr. Huntington had even mentioned the matter. The Roman Catholic press, he said to their honor, did not raise the religious cry against Mr. Huntington on that account, until long after the dough-faced trimmers of the English Protestant Conservative Press had buried their thunder against him. Surely the conversion of the *Gazette* is rapid and wonderful. If we thought it sincere, we should respect its sudden change, because respect sincerity and frankness even though it be bigoted and fanatical. But it is because of its tone during the time Roman Catholicism and Sir George were in union and its utterances on the occasion referred to towards Mr. Huntington, that leads us to doubt whether possibly we should sympathize. If it were wrong for Mr. Huntington to say last winter in his own Church, that which no person of average common sense could designate as in any sense hostile to the Roman Catholic Church, it is wrong for the *Gazette* to say now, the bolder, harsher, and more particular things which it has produced in the article referred to. If the Roman Catholic Church were right in supporting Sir George heretofore, as a Church, they are undoubtedly within their rights now in withdrawing their support, for it is the boast of that Church that times and men change, but the Church never.

FATHER O'KEEFE AND HIS BISHOP. The following are the observations made by Bishop Moran at his confirmation at Calan respecting Father O'Keefe:—"It was," he said, "a cause of the deepest grief to him that those who had caused discussion in the parish had so far forgotten the principles of their holy religion and the traditions of their country as to do any act at which the enemies of their faith could rejoice. How could they be so bad as to do anything which could win approbation from the bigoted *Mail*, the still more bigoted *Express*, the defaming *London Times*, and that vilest and most stupid of British prints, the *London Standard*? The obligation of obedience was binding on all—on the humblest and exalted as much as on the most learned and exalted. Sir George E. 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from the States, and that it was impossible to arrest emigration. The motion was withdrawn.

Mr. Marchand moved for correspondence touching the appointment of Justices of the Peace in St. Luc and St. Bernard de Lacolle. He had submitted names of worthy persons whom the Government rejected for no good or public reason. It appeared there was no Government supporter fit for those judicial offices.

A long discussion ensued, Mr. Marchand pressing for reasons of ministerial rejection, which the Premier refused to give. The motion was carried.

SCHOOLS—A SCENE.

Mr. Cauchon moved for a statement of the number of young persons who have studied as pupil teachers in the Normal schools since their establishment, the yearly number, with expenses, &c.

Hon. Mr. Chauveau had no objections to the production of the returns asked for by the member for Montmagny, though the information solicited could be found in a return to an address moved by Mr. Tremblay in 1868 and 1869; besides all the facts needed were printed in the *Journal de Quebec* (Cauchon's paper) in a series of able editorials of date of 1868 and 1869, to which he referred that gentleman. (Laughter.)

Mr. Cauchon, excitedly—It is not a question of newspapers. The Premier himself had written editorials and more for his own benefit, but that was not now in question. He (Cauchon) demanded official information, to enable them to take legislative action. Moreover he had a right to it, and would press that right.

The Hon. Mr. Chauveau replied he saw no reason why Mr. Cauchon should take offence at the reference to able and instructive articles in his journal. There was no objection to the motion on its merits, as the money expended on Normal schools was as productive of the public good as much spent upon an institution of which Mr. Cauchon knew a good deal. (Laughter.)—Motion carried.

The House adjourned till Friday.

BILLS, MOTIONS, &c.

Quebec, Nov. 15.—Mr. Onimet introduced a bill respecting securities of certain judicial officers of the Province of Quebec.

Mr. Irvine introduced a bill respecting certain joint stock companies, explaining the bill to be one permitting companies whose shares are not of the amount of \$100 to extend the number or rate of shares so as to bring them up to \$100 and to permit foreign companies to hold real estate under certain restrictions.

Hon. Mr. Chauveau, bills for the trial of election petitions and for holding elections.

Mr. Pelletier (Bellevue) bill to detach that county for judicial purposes and annex it to the District of Quebec.

SHERIFF'S ARRARS.

Hon. Mr. Onimet said, in reply to Lafontaine, who asked if the Government had taken steps to collect \$1,154 due by the late Sheriff Des Rivieres, of Ilerve, to the Jary and Building Fund, at his death, that the succession of that gentleman was in litigation, and the Government had intervened. No decision had yet been rendered upon their intervention.

Mr. Tremblay moved for an address for applications for grant of beach lots. Also a further address for correspondence in reference to the loans of money made to various municipalities or individuals for the purchase of seed and grain during the course of last spring and summer.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

SERMONS PREACHED IN CITY CHURCHES.

TRINITY CHURCH.

The sermon at Trinity Church was preached by the assistant minister, Rev. O. Fortin, who took for his text Psalm cxxxv, 3—

"Praise the Lord, for He is good."

After some introductory remarks of a general character, the preacher said:—But now let us consider the mercies peculiar to our own country. In days gone by Judea was the land which the Lord said especially to care for, upon which His eye was fixed from the beginning of the year to the close of it. The days may come when it shall be so again. But what is the case now? Where is the land towards which God has seemed in our day to show special favor? Is it not our own? What country has been of late so richly blessed and so graciously protected as Canada? What long freedom have we enjoyed from the bitter curse of the sword? Within the last few years there is scarcely a country in the world but has suffered beneath it. We yet remember the appalling accounts which the telegraph wires brought us day after day of the terrible ravages and sacrifice and human life caused by the fierce contest which for some years convulsed the neighboring States. The disasters of Sadowna and the collapse of France at Sedan, together with her consequent humiliation and distress, when her own sons, filled with lawless fury, and under the sway of the most diabolical passions, endeavored to tear out her vitals, and to efface her very name from the catalogue of nations—all those deeds of horrors, carnage, and bloodshed, I say, are still fresh in our minds. Again, what even-handed justice is administered amongst us! I grant there are, at times, certain imperfections in our courts of justice, for there ever will be imperfections in all things human; but, as far as possible, every man must expect to be fairly dealt with; no man may be condemned unheard; and before any one can suffer the penalty of any great offence, twelve men must agree that he is guilty. Life and property are also safe amongst us; such protection is granted as but rarely is to be met with. In some lands wholesale robberies and murders are of every day occurrence. Every man has liberty to worship God according to his conscience. Various opinions are freely held. Religious liberty is our birthright in this great colony of Protestant England. Oh, that the Protestants of our country would be alive to the bold encroachments of the Church of Rome! Be well assured, brethren, that whosoever her power is fully established, religious liberty will perish beneath her shadow. She herself openly avows this. The proceedings of the great Council at Rome and the canons put forth, show how she still claims supreme authority in temporal as in spiritual things. Whosoever her power is limited, she is ever demanding as a perfect right equality. Whosoever she reigns supreme, she will trample beneath her feet the rights of Protestants. Only a few days ago every one had an opportunity of seeing what the Church of Rome would do in this country if she had the power. Her chief dignitary in this diocese employed one of his clergy to give expression to certain views, which, if followed, would reduce our fair and promising young Dominion to the wretched condition of those countries which groined under the papal rule during the dark ages. Nothing less is claimed for that Church than absolute right to govern in things temporal as well as spiritual. A Church which all along has committed so many mistakes,

notwithstanding her absurd pretensions to infallibility—a Church which has proved herself so incapable of furthering the interests of her children—a Church whose adherents are proverbially poor, ignorant and degraded,—such a Church as that comes forward and claims the right to govern both in civil and religious matters. Could anything be more preposterous? Shall we not all rise like one man against such audacity! The preacher, after alluding to the false teachings of the Church of Rome, said, Thanks be to God for his unspokeable gift—a Bible with almost every page studded over with promises; Sabbaths and ministers, Christian friends and books to instruct us. Let us never forget the goodness of God, when special mercies are granted, and mark them and make thank-offerings for them. We should aid and assist those of our brethren who need missionaries, send them into isolated places, and keep our eyes open to the wants of the neighboring townships and the regions of the Ottawa, &c.

AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr. Wells preached to a large congregation, taking the text, Col. iii, 15,

"Be ye thankful."

He said that the instinct of gratitude was deeply rooted in the human heart. It is the province of religion to cherish this feeling and give it its proper place in ruling the human heart. We feel that it is honorable and right to feel thankful—and the exhortation to give praise runs in the line of our deepest emotion. In considering special subjects of thanksgiving he first took up the increasing unity of the race. The truth concerning this unity has always been theoretically acknowledged by Christians, but not practically. It has been customary for nations to hate and despise each other. Now all is changed or changing—men are becoming better acquainted with each other. Bars of separation are breaking down. The world has learned that every man has a right to lift his hand against oppression. The setting of national differences by arbitration marks this year. In spite of all that has been said and written on this theme, which seems almost threadbare, he doubted if we began to realize the importance of it; and we might see in it the commencement of the realization of the prophecy that nations should learn war no more. Social movements, too, afford cause for thankfulness. All appears to be confusion with communists, strikes, female suffragists, &c., but we may be sure that true principles are doing a great deal to save the poor man's labor, but the demand has increased, and there are far fewer workers. Commerce has brought into being crowds of non-producers, who merely lavish the goods. Hence the work of those that remain among the producers is not lightened in spite of all labor-saving appliances. The trouble is that the laborer has not been elevated with the other classes. There will be more and growing troubles until the true adjustment is found. In the woman question too there are important principles involved. It has already been productive of good in enlarging woman's sphere; and it will do more for her yet; and when she has reached her true place, the strife will cease. He alluded to the triumphs of science, and the anxiety of religious men lest truth should be undervalued. In looking at the religious world we have great cause of thankfulness, never have there been so few disputes and so much aggressive work. The Church is growing more pure and more mighty. Weak, "Watchman, what of the night?" we hear the answer, "The morning cometh." His message to His people, therefore was, "Be ye thankful."

ST. JAMES ST. WESLEYAN CHURCH.

The Rev. John Potts, pastor, conducted the thanksgiving service in this church, taking as his text Psalm cxlvii, 14,

"He maketh peace in thy borders, and stilleth thy wars by the blast of His word."

He said there was nothing more beautiful in man than gratitude, whether as man to man, or as man to God, and no emotion that can take possession of the human heart is more satisfying in its exercise. The very genius of Christianity seems to meet all worshippers as they approach the temple with the exhortation of the ancient Psalmist, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name." As a people we surely appreciate the fact that "the lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places, and that we have a goodly heritage." There has been any great event in our country's history during the past year to furnish special remark, unless we call to remembrance the restoration to health of the heir to the British throne—which at the time was subject of prayer and thanksgiving—and the settlement of the grave difficulties which existed between Britain and the United States. Our own land is characterized by peace and plenty. We have peace. These words are simple, but to reflecting minds they are laden with the music of national satisfaction. Our country is not baptized with blood and tears, nor echoing with the groans of dying, nor the sighs of widows and orphans. This dire calamity is not ours. Therefore the words of the text are beautifully applicable to us—"He maketh peace in thy borders." While free from the attacks of a foreign foe we are also grateful for the blessed quiet of internal tranquility. We have also a sound and healthy peace. There is no organic difficulty in the constitution—no indication of decay or dissolution. We have plenty as well as peace. The gaunt visage of famine does not stalk through our land. Ours is a fruitful and goodly land. The harvest just gathered is one that forbids the possibility of starvation. We have enough and to spare. Labor finds a ready market, here, and its full appreciation. There is plenty also for the poor. God has not given the finest of the wheat to fill the barns without giving hearts of compassion and charity to relieve all suffering ones. God should be recognized as the source of such innumerable blessings. The world is not ruled by blind fate—"The Lord reigneth." The kingdom of "Jure also owns his presence and power. There is a growing tendency in this materialistic and scientific age to ignore the divine agency and elevate the secondary cause. It is certainly manifest, in the agricultural and commercial departments that there is place for the brain and muscle or secondary cause. Our port would not be crowded with a navy of which the Dominion is justly proud, were our merchants to cease to think and plan and venture and work. Our fields would not long yield the golden grain should men neglect to plow and sow. But what would all these accomplishments unless God caused the sun to shine and the fruitful shower to descend? The possession of such blessings calls for grateful consecration to God's service. It is meet that on reviewing those mercies we should exclaim with David, "What shall I render unto God for all his benefits?" This service will be lost to us as individuals if we are not led to a grateful consecration of ourselves to the service of God. Let it not be necessary for him to use the rod of affliction, but rather let us make a glad thank-offering of ourselves to the God of all our mercies, to whom our more than all belongs.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

The Thanksgiving service held Thursday morning, in St. Andrew's Church, was, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, well attended. The Rev. Gavin

Lang preached, taking for his text Psalm xcii, 1, verse,

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to praise His name."

After speaking of the importance of praise in the worship of God, the preacher reviewed some of the causes for thanksgiving to God at this time. First as an Empire they owed thanks to him for the marvellous, almost miraculous, recovery of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, in answer to the millions of prayers which ascended on his behalf from the two national and other churches, as well as from heathen temples, the heir-apparent to the throne was given back from the gates of death to renewed health and life. How sensible should they be, and how sensible should he himself be, of the compassion and deliverance vouchsafed by God! Again they, as they had already done, publicly unite in ascribing unto him all the praise for his mercy and truth, and in beseeching him that this sickness may be more and more for the glory of God, and that the Son of God may be glorified thereby. In the second place thanks were due to God for the final adjustment of the long-existing differences with the neighboring Republic. Though there may be many opinions as to the justice of the award of the Geneva Arbitration, there could only be one opinion as to the wisdom of settling all disputes with a country whose interests are in many respects identical with their own. While the conflict lasted which led to these disputes, there were many who thought as one of the great powers of the world, they might have acted a different part; but now that the civil war had ceased, it was their true policy to remove instead of perpetuating all grievances, and go forward hand in hand in the march of progress. The speaker here alluded to the great calamity which had befallen their neighbors by the burning of two of their chief cities, and the sympathy expressed on all sides for the sufferers. Again as a Dominion, it became them to render thanks for the many tokens of divine goodness which they had received during the year. Amongst these was the continuance of our connection with the dear old Motherland, and the evident determination of the Imperial Government to uphold that connection by the appointment as Governor-General of one who has shown by his actions that his purpose in assuming the viceregal office is not self-aggrandizement, but the welfare of those over whom he is called to rule. Again, they were reminded of God's goodness especially at this season of the recent harvest, which, compared with that in Britain, is happily abundant. And along with these good and perfect gifts it was their duty to remember that all their commercial blessings as well as have come from the Heavenly Father. It was he who had granted a full share of the benefits of a thriving industry—a fact which they were all apt to lose sight of amid the stormy tide of traffic and business. And, lastly, as Christians they had much reason to be thankful. The Church of Christ has been graciously visited with times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. It was true they had still to mourn the prevalence of error, prejudice and bigotry. Error in the opinions and doctrines of those who, on the one hand pervert, and on the other hand limit the Gospel of Christ; prejudice in the obstinacy of those who cannot accept either opinion or doctrine, unless its statements or interpretation comes to them in the exact groove in which they have accustomed their minds to run; and bigotry in the miserable narrowness of those who can see nothing good out of their own Church or party. The preacher then went on to speak of the difficulty of finding a remedy for all this mischief. They had, however, great cause for thankfulness that, in spite of all human obstacles, the conversion of the world was being promoted with amazing rapidity. The sword of the Spirit had been piercing Spain, Rome, France, Japan, and other strongholds of antichrist and heathendom. All around there were signs of shaking among the dry bones, and upheaving in the dark places. Meanwhile, filled with wonder, love and praise, let them continue to pray, and labor, and wait, in the assured hope and confidence that they are hastening the long-looked-for deliverance of a creation which "groaning and travailing in pain together until now," has ever been crying out of the depths, "Even so come Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

The service throughout was most impressive and soul-stirring. The excellent choir of the church, under the leadership of Mr. Canfield, the organist, was strengthened by the addition of several singers, both amateurs and professionals. A special thanksgiving collection was taken up for the poor, and at the close the National Anthem was sung by the choir, the whole congregation joining in. The benediction having been pronounced, the interesting service was brought to an end.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH—BEAVER HALL.

The text chosen for the occasion, by the Rev. Mr. Denovan, was from the 116th Psalm, v. 12:

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me?"

Every good thing was a benefit in some way or another; and when he heard people talking of nature's mercies and bounties, and of dead material as conferring blessings, he was inclined to think them atheists. David ascribes all mercies and blessings to God alone, and the Psalmist, together with all the sacred writers, traced those blessings to the great first cause, and to no intermediate one. Nature's laws were nothing more than God's ordained way of working out his plans. Every good gift, then, was from God. The attitude of the people of this Dominion that day in assembling together to give thanks to the Lord for all his benefits toward us, was wise and rational. Then there was what might be called commercial heresy; for we hear men often say, "If we have enough, we have wrought hard for it, and it is through our own perseverance that we have obtained this livelihood." No man can conscientiously say that it is his own. What is all our manufacturing but arranging what God has produced? The most rational thing we can do is to bow our heads and gratefully thank the Lord for all his benefits toward us. If we are not to-day on a bed of affliction, or taken to an almshouse, or unable to help ourselves, we have to thank God; for what were riches and friends if we have not health? Lastly, God's benefits are manifested in the protection of his providence over us. The hurricane and fire are his servants, and he is apt to turn up-side down all our schemes. Since we met on our last Thanksgiving day seasons have passed away; winter, spring and summer are gone, and our families have been preserved. What a blessing! Few nations have been so blessed in the year just past as Canada. The two great Anglo-Saxon nations were on the verge of going to war, but God in his great mercy averted the calamity, and now, happily, peace reigns. France is at present feeling the effects produced by her recent terrible overthrow. Her sons are burdened by an overwhelming debt, and while the eastern parts of Russia and the lines therefrom. Our neighbors across the line have also been visited by severe calamities. The great fire of Chicago, which happened thirteen months ago, and so materially crippled the commerce of the nation for a time,

has very recently been followed by another equally great fire in the burning of the city of Boston. Stately and magnificent buildings which were the pride and glory of its citizens are now smouldering ruins, and to day, while the smoke of those ruins is ascending to heaven, we are offering up our thanksgiving.

ZION CHURCH.

The Rev. Mr. Chapman preached, taking for his text Jeremiah v, 24,

"Neither say ye that I will not see, neither say ye that I will not punish, both the former and the latter, in his season: he shall surely visit us, as he hath visited our fathers."

This rebuke to the house of Israel for their not recognizing God as the giver of all their blessings, cannot properly be applied to us. Our presence here to-day must be taken as a testimony that the Lord is good, and that his tender mercies are over all his works. All at present do not follow Jeremiah, and are thankful to God; nor follow the others and are ungrateful. Some do one and some the other. It is sometimes thought that because for many thousands of years everything has worked with great regularity, that the harvest will always abound, and that all things will continue, no matter what men may do; and what then is the use of gratitude? What should we say of a child who was watched over by the greatest care and regularly by a loving father who should make this very regularity a reason for taking as a matter of course his father's kindness, and for receiving it without gratitude? That God continues to send these blessings on men notwithstanding their ingratitude is the greatest proof of his love and tenderness, and should, and will, lead them to repentance when they have no mental obliquity. If a child is not perfectly happy with his father it is a sign that there is something wrong on one side or the other, and we know that our Heavenly Father is goodness and wisdom, and that if we are not happy with him, the wrong is on our side. During the past year we have had much to be thankful for. As individuals we have had health and strength, and ability to pursue our usual callings. As a church we have had a year of peace. There has been no root of bitterness sprung up amongst us, and we have added to our numbers; and besides we have had a better blessing than a mere addition to our number. As a country, the crops are fully up to the average, and in commerce we have had no loss. Some have added to their wealth during the year, and it becomes such to be especially thankful. As part of the British Empire our gratitude should rise very high. We have been at perfect peace with all nations. There has been nothing to interfere with our prosperity. The uneasy feeling between the mother country and the United States has to a large extent passed away; and there is every reason to believe that the two first nations in the world who are in the vanguard of liberty, civilization and Christianity will be united in bonds of peace, which no despot or no love of war can ever break. We should show our gratitude to God for his mercies, first by personal dedication of ourselves to his service and next by striving to bring others to him, for this is the form in which our gratitude is most pleasing to the Almighty.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

The new telescope constructed by Mr. Howard Grubb, of Dublin, for the Observatory on the Caltonhill, Edinburgh, is expected to be completed in December next. The mirror is composed of glass, upon Foucault's principle, faced with a thin deposit of silver; it will be 24 inches in diameter, with a focus of 16 feet.

A committee of the Huddersfield School Board produced at the last board meeting a set of hymns for use in the board schools, from which it was thought everything had been expunged that any member of the committee could object to. Doxology, however, occurred at the end of all or most of the hymns recommended, and this, after discussion, the Board ordered to be struck out.

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS.—At the close of the French and German war quantities of seed potatoes were sent from Great Britain to enable the half-starved French farmers, whose lands had been overrun by the contending armies, to produce a crop for the ensuing year. Part of the second year's produce of these potatoes are now being shipped for the English market.

CURIOUSITY OF A CAPTAIN AND MATE TO THE CREW.—Joseph Scofield Lophwith and John Thompson Wilson, captain and mate of the Newcastle ship "Assyria," were arraigned before the Sheriff and a Jury Court at Greenock recently, on a charge of striking and kicking two of the crew, putting them in irons, and lashing one of them with a rope's end at Quebec in July last, and also with keeping the lashed seaman in irons all the way to the Clyde, and feeding him upon bread and water, and exposing him on deck several days. The indictment was fully proved, but the jury recommended leniency, and the Court ordered the master and mate to be imprisoned for three months each.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST CHARGED WITH SMUGGLING.—At the London Mansion House the Rev. Wiliam Bernard Gerard Jensen, described as a Roman Catholic priest, of the Ursuline Convent, Upton, near Forest Gate, aged twenty-five, was charged before Alderman Sir Thomas Dakin with smuggling 31 lbs. of opium and 4 lbs. of tobacco. Mr. Beverley said the Commissioners were prepared to indict a certain person, and to withdraw the charge from this court. These were his instructions. A memorial had been presented to the Commissioners, and he would lay it before his worship. The memorial was handed to Sir Thomas, who read it, and said he was bound to consider that the Commissioners had taken a proper view of the public interest in the matter, and if they did not make any charge, of course he had nothing more to say. The defendant was then discharged.

The death of Mr. Justice Willes has set the English newspapers to discussing the fact that a man may so far overwork his brain that sleeplessness of an incurable character may ensue, and continue even after the work has been given up. The very condition of life is to give up the labor and to change the scene. Tampering with opium and alcohol is worse than useless—there must be a complete change of place and of occupation. It may be added that work done by an overtasked brain is rarely well done. In the cases of Mr. Justice Willes and of Hugh Miller, the work was over before the disease had manifested itself.

Mr. Bessemer's original plan for preventing sea sickness by building vessels with saloons which are to be hung in such a manner as to keep them level and steady, with the aid of hydraulic apparatus, even when the vessel itself is tossing wildly in a storm, is to be put to an actual test. Mr. Reed, formerly naval architect to the British Admiralty, is now settling the plans of a couple of vessels, intended for the English Channel, which are to be provided with saloons ninety feet long by thirty feet broad and twenty feet high, constructed in accordance with Mr. Bessemer's plan. Above the saloon will be a promenade deck seventy feet in length of equal stability, and Mr. Bessemer says that in the roughest weather the saloon and deck will not be subjected to a greater amount of motion than is felt in an ordinary railway carriage.

DOMINION.

QUEBEC.

In the last Quebec Official Gazette notice are given that applications will be made to the Parliament of Quebec this session, "For the passing of an act to erect the village of the parish of Lachine into a town, by adding a certain extent of territory above and below the limits of the actual municipality of the village of Lachine." For a charter authorizing the building of a toll road in the county of Laprairie. "For an amendment to the charter of the Richmond, Drummond & Arthurs R.R., to authorize the company to issue a larger amount of bonds on their road than now permitted by their charter, also to ratify and confirm the agreement entered into with Mr. Senecal and the South-Eastern Counties Junction Railway Company, and for other purposes, and for an Act to incorporate a Bank to be known as the Three Rivers Bank."

A new use has been found for mica, and it is now attracting public attention as a material for roofing buildings, for which purpose it has been found to be peculiarly adapted. This new use bids fair to attach to the article an unusual amount of importance, and to give to it a commercial value hitherto unknown. Mica can be obtained in Canada to an almost unlimited extent. Up to the present time, however, the use of the article has been so restricted as to offer very little inducement to its being brought into market to any great extent, the demand in Canada, in fact, being almost entirely confined to fine selections for stove glazing purposes. Landowners who possessed the article upon their farms hardly looked upon it in the light of a blessing, and certainly had no idea that a source of wealth lay ready to their hands. A company has been formed in New York for utilizing mica in roofing houses; and are carrying on operations on an extensive scale. One qualification mica will have over all other species of roofing—it is perfectly fire proof.

COCK FIGHTING.—Among the humanitarian influences at work in the Ancient Capital the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals seems healthily active. Last week a person who kept a cock pit in which fights took place regularly on Sundays was summoned at their instance before the Recorder and fined, while another case against the owners of the birds and those who handled them is pending.

ONTARIO.

Guelph is to have a General Hospital. Five burglaries were committed in Port Hope on the night of the 4th.

A railway is being surveyed from Ingersoll to Tilsonburg.

The steamboats on the Upper Ottawa are being laid up for the season.

Freight can now be taken through from Hamilton to Fort Garry in six days.

The Williamstown Grist, Saw and Shingle mills have been destroyed by fire. Loss \$10,000. No insurance.

The Governor-General has bought a span of carriage horses from Mr. Coote, of London, at the price of \$1,000.

An aged man in Hamilton has been arrested charged with the crimes of rape and incest.

The Merryweather Steam Fire Engine which was lately tried in Montreal, has been purchased by the town of Whitby.

Immense quantities of salmon trout are now being taken in Lake Huron. Wagon loads are being offered for sale as far from the Lake as at Fergus.

Complaints are being made in London of changes in the tariff and delay in forwarding goods by the London & Port Stanley R.R., since the Great Western has had possession of it.

They have a novel way of obtaining a new and improved class of school houses in the township of Wolford. They remove the desks and other furniture, and then set fire to the old log cabins which have become a reproach to civilization. *Almonte Gazette.*

The Grand Trunk authorities intend changing the gauge of their line between Sarnia and Buffalo on Sunday, the 17th inst. It will certainly be a big day's work. But why not adopt the method of the G. W. R., and make the alteration on a week day? *London Free Press.*

A youth, a lately discharged lunatic, entered the Roman Catholic Church, Guelph, on the 4th inst., tore down the communion railing, knocked over statues of St. Patrick and St. Joseph, and had attacked the altar when seized by the sexton. He afterwards attempted to swallow a wax candle while on the road to jail.

A fire in Parkhill on the 9th inst. destroyed Eccles and Potter's drug store, Eccles' dwelling, the Oddfellows' Hall, and Ross' dry goods store. The stocks were saved. Loss \$7,000. The old W. L. Mackenzie press, which had formerly been broken up and thrown into Lake Ontario, had been left in a building which had just been vacated by the Parkhill Gazette and was totally destroyed.

On the 4th inst. a rear car on a train on the Toronto and Nipissing R.R. ran off the track, and as there was no bell rope, a young man named Smith started to run along the top of the car to warn the engineer, when as he was about to step from a car that was off to one ahead, the coupling broke, and he fell in front of the car, which passed over his body killing him instantly.

A short time ago a young man named Huntley of Orillia went to a drugist named Kernott, and asked him for essence of mandrake root to check ague. He (Kernott) said he had none of the essence, but he had the powder, which would do as well. He was to have got a tablespoonful of the liquid, and got a drachm of the powder. This was on Monday. Next morning he shook with the ague. As soon as he thought the fever was off he took one-third of the powder mixed with sugar, and threw the rest away. In about twenty minutes he was taken with vomiting and purging, and finally fell into a deep sleep from which he never awoke, dying 22 hours after taking the medicine.

PAINTER DEATH.—A young lady named Patten, aged about 20, the only daughter of a much respected citizen of Thorold, Ont., was burned to death on the 8th inst. She was pouring coal oil out of a can into the stove when the oil ignited in the can and exploded, setting fire to her clothes, and burning her from head to foot. After lingering in great agony for about ten hours she expired at 5 o'clock the same evening.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

According to the *Vaderland*, of the Hague, the project of draining the Zuyder Zee is again talked of. This, it will be remembered, has been the immense gulf it now is only about five hundred years, having once been a great forest. Its area is about fifty thousand acres, and in spite of the immense difficulties of the task, it is thought the result of the work will largely repay its cost.

The elections of members of the Folkething were held on Sept. 20 for the whole of Denmark. The contest in many places between the Conservatives and Democrats was very hard. At Copenhagen all the Conservative candidates were re-elected, although the Democrats and Socialists made great efforts

to secure votes from the working classes, and had nominated Socialistic candidates.

Among the relics at the Escorial, and especially those which suffered by the recent conflagration there, are said to have been a bar of the gridiron on which St. Lawrence was burnt; a piece of the sponge in which drink was given to our Saviour while hanging on the cross; some pieces of the column to which he was bound when scourged; two thorns from his crown; a piece of his tunic; a piece of the manger in which he was born; the thighbone of St. Paul; some bones of the Evangelists St. Mark and St. Luke; the body of one of the innocents slain by order of Herod; a finger of St. Lawrence and half of his backbone; the entire bodies of St. Maurice, St. Theodorus, St. Mercury, St. William and others.

A most extraordinary use of advertising, as a means for the promotion of crime, was recently revealed in the criminal courts of Australia. Two young men named Nichols and Lester, both from England, and both persons of some education, after pursuing criminal lives for several years with varying success, hit upon the idea of using the advertising columns of the newspapers to assist them in their designs. Nichols began the business by advertising in the Sydney journals for a companion to a lady in the country. Numerous applicants presented themselves, but only those were selected who were well provided with luggage. These were engaged, and sent one after another into the bush, where they were robbed of all they had. While serving a term in prison for these robberies, Nichols became acquainted with Lester, who was serving a term for forgery, and when they were discharged they concluded to unite their interests and try their fortune together. By advertising they got hold of a young man who had some money, took him down the river Parramatta and murdered him, having first dragged him with leaden manacles. Encouraged by their success in this instance, a few days afterwards they captured and murdered another victim, and might have proceeded with their work indefinitely if their last crime had not been discovered. The facts in both these cases were brought out on the trial of the culprits, who were convicted and promptly hanged in Sydney, the city which they had made the centre of their operations.

MARRIAGES IN ARYSSIA.—In Aryssia, where civil marriages have almost superseded the solemn unions of the church, scarcely one in a hundred will have recourse to a religious ceremony to cement indissolubly the bond between bride and bridegroom. A certain agreement, by which the husband binds himself to pay a stipulated number of cows and shamas (dresses) to his wife, is all that is required in that country; and then they may, perhaps, become attached to each other, and live peacefully in this ever-changing world; or, as so unfortunately happens, they may become disgusted with one another after the lapse of some weeks, or months, or years. During the period that King Theodorus remained in the altered mood which he had chosen, or had been induced by good counsel to follow, many of the chiefs, in order to please their master, sought the church sacrament to confirm, after the example of his Majesty, their matrimonial vow.

A NEW REFORM IN INDIA.—There exists in India, among the natives, a strong "reform party" for the promotion of widow marriage. Formerly the widow went to the pile with her husband. When that was abolished by the stern hand of British law, the plan of "starving" instead of burning, was adopted. The widow, young or old, is compelled to wear a certain dress, to live in retirement, to eat sparingly, and, in short, make herself as miserable as she can. Against this the "reform party" is waging war, and the success which it is slowly obtaining is an indication of the progress toward Christian civilization which India is making. A marriage of the kind recently occurred, the widow being a young woman, who, after overcoming many obstacles, and being cruelly treated by her relatives, was married by two Brahmin priests, in the presence of a large number of the reform party. The affair created great excitement, and the priests who performed the ceremony are threatened with excommunication.

THE CHINESE ARMY.—How strong it is! The statement that China contemplates siding with Corea in the coming struggle between the latter country and Japan, gives much interest to the details concerning the strength of the Chinese forces, which have recently been published in England and France. It is said that at the present time the Chinese Government has under its orders, and at once available, about fifty thousand well drilled men, armed with Remington and Euclid rifles. These soldiers are all drilled in the European model; and the little army has as its artillery thirty field and mountain batteries. Artillery and foot-drills at all the principal ports are actively engaged in turning out guns, powder, rifles, and ships-of-war. At Foochow twenty-five hundred Chinese are employed, and construct three war vessels yearly. Five men-of-war have already been launched from the Shanghai dock-yard. The Taku forts, which our fleet found almost impregnable in 1859, have all been rebuilt, and rifled cannon, made in Europe, have been mounted upon them. The Chinese capital is admirably protected from all points of approach.

APES AT GIBRALTAR.—A correspondent of the *London Telegraph*, writing from Gibraltar under date of Sept. 16, says:—"The Governor, Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, is popular, and makes an excellent commander. He and his predecessors have mainly devoted themselves to defending the apes that are to be found on the rock against hostile attacks from the garrison or town. These apes are the only wild monkeys in Europe. They have been here from time immemorial, and they are revered as much as their brothers in the sacred groves of Benares. The most stringent orders are issued against injuring them. From the signal battery on the top of the rock soldiers are always on the look-out with telescopes for them, and the number seen every day is registered in a book. A few months ago a young gentleman arrived here, fresh from school, as an Ensign in a regiment. Wandering over the rock with a gun, he espied an ape, and, as he thought it would be interesting to send home a stuffed monkey, shot it. Imagine the horror of the town and garrison when the fact came back through the result of his day's shooting. Gibraltar was in—for it is a state of wild excitement. When the Ensign reached his barracks, his Colonel and brother officers explained to

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1872.

IS PREACHING OBSOLETE?

This question, which has been raised by a secular journal, has lately engaged the attention of the religious press. Various facts and statistics are given which go to prove that there is no decay in the influence of the pulpit. Certainly it is neither shown to be put out of date by the spirit of the age nor is it superseded by other agencies, such as the press. Certain sceptical journals, it is true, represent that the world has outgrown the need of religion, but they do not represent the world any more than did the famous "Three Tailors" the people of England. Evangelical religion is confessedly not at so low an ebb as in Bishop Butler's times, yet, when the modern pulpit was just entering on its career of usefulness.

Such facts as these have a bearing on the subject. There is a yearly increase in the number of church members, and as they are gathered by preaching, this is a proof of its efficiency. The laymen have not eclipsed the pulpit. The most popular lawyers and lecturers do not draw or hold such audiences as eminent ministers. The number of church members in the different Protestant denominations of the United States have during the last decade increased faster than the rate of increase in the whole population. We are very much surprised to find that they are in fact estimated at over one-sixth of the whole population by some authorities, and, according to the *New York Observer* Year Book for 1872 which, being compiled in 1871, gives the statistics of the Protestant churches reported in 1870, the whole number of Protestant communicants in the United States in 1870 was 6,780,567. This certainly proves that preaching has not become obsolete.

We are indebted to the *Melodist* for statistics concerning the religious press that go to establish the same conclusion. It has published a table compiled by the *Hervening Post* from the returns of the Census Bureau, from which it appears that the circulation of religious papers in the United States is next to that of the political. The circulation of political papers is 8,778,320; of religious, 4,764,558; of papers classified as literary, 4,421,905. From this it is clear that, next to politics, the topics of religion find the largest number of readers in the country. It is usual to say that the religious paper supercedes the pulpit. Quite the contrary; no influence so stimulates the sense of the duty to sustain public worship as the religious paper. The readers of religious papers are as a rule, church-goers.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

Our Local Parliament, which opened on the 7th inst., did not at first seem to have excited much interest. The Quebecers, it was said, knew or cared so little about it that they did not at the moment understand what was the meaning of the salute fired when the Lt. Governor proceeded to open the House. It seems to be felt that little solid benefit to the country is to be expected from any action or measures of this House, which appears to beat about the bush and carefully to avoid touching the real causes of the backward condition of the Province.

The speech from the Throne mentioned several proposed legislative measures good enough in their way, such as laws to settle disputes of jurisdiction between the Federal and Local Governments, to provide for decision of contested elections, judicial decentralization, &c.; although all these and other measures of the Provincial Government are claimed to be the property of the Parti National, from whom they have been seized, just as the British Tories were said to have caught the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes.

Mr. Alex. Chabrean, M.P. for Rimouski, has attracted some notice by his able discourse in moving the address in reply to the Speech. It was a carefully prepared composition, and remarked to have savored strongly of the paternal style and ideas. "As the old cock crows the young one learns."

The employment of the Quebec Police by the Government to overawe Opposition voters in country districts during the recent elections has evoked some sharp interchanges between the Ministry and the Opposition, the former seeming to consider their excuse complete when they stated that Quebec did not contribute a sou to the expense of the force's maintenance. The return of Government candidates would therefore seem to be of greater importance to the Ministry than the prevention of these murderous climping and other outrages that have disgraced the Ancient Capital. Surely the matter will not be allowed to end here.

The question of the allocation of Timber Limits excited some debate. It seems the

Government have been privately selling great blocks of public land to speculators and joint stock companies on terms enabling the purchasers to realize huge profits; hence indignation has been excited at this cheap manner of disposing of the public domain. The remedy for this is exceedingly simple. Let all such lands be sold by public auction to the highest bidder, as was done in Ontario recently. Meantime, the easy virtue of the Quebec Government in this particular is in marked contrast to the way they have put the screw on Protestants at Lake Megantic, dispossessing them of their lots in favor of Papal Zealots, for alleged non-compliance with the letter of the law.

The Cauchon Chauveau quarrel has occupied a good share of the time of the House. Mr. Cauchon opened the war by moving for certain returns about Normal Schools, with the view it would seem of laying bare certain abuses connected with their management and the expenditure of public money on them, which of course, if done, would annoy the Quebec Premier considerably. The latter made a sharp reply, pulling at the Beauport Asylum and other hairs in Mr. Cauchon's neck, and the encounter has set all the newspapers speculating on its possible results. It is now said the combatants are on friendly terms once more; but it is hard for the public, who are the sufferers, that abuse and mismanagement should be hushed up in this "if you tell on me I'll tell on you" style. Truly this Province of Quebec is a marvel in the way of government. The latest news of this affair we clip from the *Gazette*—

"The Cauchon-Chauveau quarrel has served as the subject of incessant gossip and speculation. Oppositionists hope it may ensure to their advantage, though possessing no friendship for Mr. Cauchon nor confidence in him. His services in assailing the Ministry would be grateful enough at present, however. The Government people profess to be able to dispense with his services, having, without him, a large majority. All sorts of reports prevail as to the cause of the outbreak. Some assert that the Asylum business is at the bottom of it. Mr. Chauveau not having helped Mr. Cauchon in the attempt to save him from a loss in the settlement with Dr. Roy. That loss is variously set down from \$10,000 to \$24,000. Besides, notice of a withdrawal of the printing of the *Official Gazette* from Cote & Co. has appeared, which cannot have improved Mr. Cauchon's temper. It is now asserted that peace has been made between the gentlemen, and that matters will proceed almost as smoothly as heretofore. Both are powerful, and it is thought have an interest in friendship. With some there is a theory that rivalry as to the succession to the Lieutenant-Governorship is at the root of the difficulty."

It is expected the tug of war in the House has yet to come. The Jesuits are applying for a charter to erect St. Mary's College, Montreal, into a university, with all manner of privileges and immunities. There will be strenuous opposition to the granting of such a charter from the friends of Laval University, who hold that this institution will be injured by the advent of a rival in Montreal, and that there is no need for the latter, Laval being fully able to meet all wants that a university is expected to supply. There will also be opposition to the project on general grounds, the main one doubtless being that a university in this Province, run by the Jesuits, would be simply a hot-bed for the propagation of doctrines such as Father Braun expounded recently—subversive of the independence of civil government, and leading ultimately to public discord and anarchy. Already the fight has begun between the Ultramontane organs and their opponents in the French Press. It is possible that other Programmatic and Jesuitical projects may also be broached.

The Public Accounts will be examined with interest, a discussion in committee on Saturday last having brought out points that seem a good deal in need of elucidation. Treasurer Robertson was to open his annual Budget today, and it is to be hoped the accounts will throw some light on the Beauport Asylum and Normal Schools business.

CAPTAIN JOSEPH BRANT.

In contrast to the modern portraits which we have been in the habit of giving in the *Witness*, we present to-day that of the noted warrior after whom the town of Brantford is named. Born in 1742 of royal Mohawk blood, Joseph Brant grew up tall and majestic, with the air and mien of one born to command. His manners were affable and dignified, and his good sense and ready insight into character made him a power, not only among his own people, but also amid Europeans. At the age of thirteen he entered the war-path at the battle of Lake George. Upon the conflict commencing he says: "I was seized with such a tremor that I was obliged to take hold of a small sapling to steady myself; but after the discharge of a few volleys I recovered the use of my limbs and the composure of my mind so as to support the character of a brave man, of which I was especially ambitious." After passing through the bloody French war under Sir W. Johnson, who subsequently married his sister Molly, he attended a school in Connecticut and made such rapid progress that ten years after we find him engaged in assisting the Rev. Dr. Stuart in a translation into the Mohawk tongue of a part of the New Testament, and at this period he also became religious, and in after years, amid the sanguinary scenes of border war, he stood a moral conqueror, in strong contrast to the other Indian chiefs. In 1775 the American colonies were on the point of taking up arms against the mother country, and Brant, who had long before declared himself a royalist, visited England to learn more fully the policy of the "Great King." During this visit he figured at a grand masquerade ball, and "in the midst of the festivities, flourishing his war club and raising the war-whoop, so frightened his admirers that they rushed wildly out of the room, tumbling down stairs in the greatest confusion. This visit confirmed him in his attachment to the British Crown." On his return to America the war burst out

in all its fury and all classes were involved in the struggle. Brant gave a good account of himself and kept up an energetic guerilla warfare with the colonists. To his credit he always strove to stay the hand uplifted against the feeble and helpless, and though he was present at the Cherry Valley massacre (when nearly all in the village were tomahawked), yet, holding a subordinate position, he was powerless to prevent the cruelties there perpetrated. The poet Campbell very unjustly designated him the "monster Brant," but was compelled to apologize some years after by one of the chieftain's sons. At the close of hostilities the Mohawks were obliged to emigrate to Canada, and Brant settled upon the Grand River tract, which, he said, reminded him of the country he had lost. After a second visit to England, to adjust the claims of the Mohawks on the Crown, he returned and based himself in exertions to benefit his race. His great grievance was that his people had no title to their lands, and council after council, conference after conference, with quires of MS. speeches, attest the sleepless vigilance with which he watched the interests of his tribe, and his ability in asserting and vindicating their rights. On the 24th of November, 1807, this noble man died at his own residence, Wellington Square, at the age of sixty-four years and eight months. The interests of his people were uppermost in his thoughts to the end of his life. His last words that have been preserved on this subject were addressed to an adopted nephew: "Have pity on the poor Indians. If you can get any influence with the great, endeavor to do them all the good you can."

We have drawn our facts concerning this remarkable man from an interesting sketch of his life in the *New Dominion Monthly*.

INCREASE OF FIRE INSURANCE RATES.

The Fire Insurance Companies doing business in Montreal have followed the example of companies in the States, and considerably increased their rates from yesterday henceforth. This is a natural enough result of the heavy losses incurred at Boston and Chicago, aggravated by the revolutions of insecurity from fire gathered from these calamities, which show other cities equally liable to similar disasters. The increase is very considerable as will be seen from the following comparison of the old with the new rates:—

1. On all Merchandise, non-hazardous, in "First Class" Wholesale Warehouses: old rate 35c; new 50c per cent per annum.
2. On all Merchandise, non-hazardous, in "First Class" Retail Stores: old rate 62c; new 75c per cent per annum.
3. On all Buildings of "First Class" Wholesale Warehouses: old rate 25c; new 40c per cent per annum.
4. On all Buildings of "First Class" Retail Stores: old rate 40c; new 50c per cent per annum.

Buildings having Mansard roofs pay an extra on the above rates of 10c per cent, and where the hoisting is done by steam-power, an extra 5c per cent, is imposed over all. Thus in a warehouse of the first-named kind, having both Mansard roof and steam hoist, the minimum rate will now be 65c, an increase of nearly 100 per cent over the old rate. If anything was calculated to lead to a radical reform in the present style of constructing buildings, the above enormous increase of insurance ought to be. There is, however, a good deal of unreasonableness in the outcry against Mansard roofs. We are assured, on competent authority, that their worst danger is from their height, placing them above the reach of fire-engines streams. This is recognized by the American press, one of which remarks that poor Francois Mansard, who died in 1666, is just coming in for as wholesale a denunciation as was ever visited upon the head of an architect, and it would not be surprised if somebody should complete the indictment against him by asserting, after the legends that hang around the old German cathedrals, that he borrowed his idea from his Satanic Majesty. The roofs are not dangerous in themselves, while extremely ornamental and serving to break the inevitable monotony that accompanies high buildings. The materials of which they are constructed being generally inflammable, is the only serious objection, which can be obviated by obliging them to be made of iron or other uncombustible substance. The use of part-walls of a solid nature continued through the roof would also act as a check to the spread of fire.

THE GAZETTE AND "THE WISE JESUITS."

The *Gazette*'s only attempt at a reply to our exposure of its inconsistency in so strongly condemning the Church of Rome in general, and particularly the Jesuits, whom it was ready a little time ago to fall down and worship, is merely abuse. We were right in doubting its sudden conversion, for as Holy Writ describes such converts, it returns to its original mire, reprinting an article of some two years ago, which, it says, had reference to us. We may doubt if such incoherent utterances were ever before applied to us outside of Bedlam. We are described as "fanatics and bigots, ignorant, imbecile and untameable"; and to sustain these charges we are made responsible, not for Adam's sin, but that of all persons! for the burning of Bishop Ridley, St. Bartholomew, the persecution of the Waldenses, &c., &c. Why hasn't our contemporary in these two years raked up some more modern charges? Probably it regards the Nathan murder, the South Sea slave trade, or the Boston fire as matters not serious enough for its calendar, though it might make us responsible for these proclivities with much more show of reason. The *Gazette* claims that it has not changed its views concerning those whom it calls "the wise Jesuits." Certainly if it is satisfied, others have no reason

to complain of the Jesuits' wisdom in treating with contempt an advocate who would curry the favor by articles reminding the world of Bishop Ridley's burning, Coligny's assassination, and the persecution of the Waldenses. Our contemporary sadly lacks their wisdom which it so much admires.

THE VIENNA INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

We have more than once during the past twelve months called attention, at some length, to the grand international exhibition which is to be held at Vienna next year. Writing on this topic, a correspondent of the *Herald* enquires whether any efforts are making on the part of our producers to be well represented there, or whether the Provincial Government has made any appropriations or arrangements with a view to encourage and assist intending exhibitors. We believe a negative answer may be returned in both cases. And yet there are some cogent reasons why Canada should put in a respectable appearance at this exhibition. As the original promoters of the exhibition urged, at Vienna, the east, west, and south-west of Europe meet, and even Asia is not without a more or less permanent representation there. Hitherto the West of Europe alone has, at its great capitals and by means of these international exhibitions, had displayed before it the natural products, manufactures and industries of the civilized world, including Canada. There is little doubt that our neighbors in the States will be strongly represented at Vienna, and thereby afford another attraction to those which already draw such a large German and Slavonic emigration to themselves. It seems desirable that Canada ought not to allow the opportunity to pass by without improvement; but should show both its natural resources and industrial capabilities to the people of Germany and of Eastern Europe. This continent is receiving, and is destined to continue to receive, a large accession of population from that quarter of the old world; and if Canada would successfully compete for a portion of this population it must be shown that the country is deserving of it. The coming exhibition affords an opportunity for doing this in a comparatively untried quarter; and there is but little time left, for British and Colonial exhibitors are to send full details of their contributions to Vienna by the first of January, the exhibition opening, if we remember rightly, in May or June.

THE GOVERNORSHIP OF MANITOBA.—Hardly anything could be more disgraceful than the way the present Ottawa Government have dealt with the fine Province of Manitoba, and recent action on their part forbids hope that they will ever mend their ways in this respect. Colonel Coffin, whom they appointed to succeed Governor Archibald, is no doubt an estimable gentleman in his way, but evidently possesses neither the vigor nor the capacity to deal in a statesmanlike spirit with the affairs of Manitoba, especially in the tangled and critical state the last holder of the office has left them. In fact he could have been bought else than a tool in the hands of the politico-clerical Ring that has so adroitly manipulated things in the Province in the interests of Romish priests and needy placemen. The Opposition Press raised a warning note of objection to the appointment, which was echoed from Manitoba, and the Government has reconsidered and revoked it. As things now stand, Chief Justice Morris will administer affairs till a Governor is appointed, and the Ottawa Cabinet are reported deep in cogitation as to what sort of a puppet they will next put forth. Surely the people of Canada are not blind to this ignominious conduct on the part of their present rulers and will hold them to strict account therefore. There could not be much difficulty in selecting a gentleman who would govern Manitoba with independence, impartiality, righteousness and justice, but these it is to be feared are qualifications which the present appointing powers regard as disqualifications.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—Whilst it is gratifying to know that we have not allowed the blessings of the year to go publicly unacknowledged with a day of thanksgiving, it is cause of regret that it should not have been more distinctly observed. Whilst churches were opened shops were not closed, and the formal thanksgiving was in great measure done by proxy of the female members of families, whose father and head was immersed in the business of the day. In respect of a greater or less cessation of business the previous Thanksgiving day certainly received a wider acknowledgment. This slackness is not the way to secure a continuance of material blessings. We cannot, however, believe that it is altogether due to indifference towards the Divine hand, which has during the year so highly favored us. It is from some central authority, acknowledged by all,—say the Government—to recommend, and use all its influence towards, a general thanksgiving for national benefits. United action is of the very essence of the occasion, and this cannot be had without a common leader to whom all Protestants at least will pay deference. On this matter of observing a general Thanksgiving day, the public mind seems pretty unanimous. The day simply wants fixing, and a common understanding amongst all the churches, Catholic as well as Protestant, as to when it shall fall. We trust that ere another season has elapsed all this will have been satisfactorily arranged, and that the next Thanksgiving day will be universally kept and accompanied by a Sabbath-like suspension of business.

Q. E. D.—The following are a few extracts from the *Gazette*'s article of the 20th of September, 1870, entitled "Rome, Italy, England," in which, and several other articles published by it about that time, those who care can find plenty further evidence of how great a conversion (may it be permanent!) has recently been wrought in our morning contemporary, who has, in the style of a Tombs syster, been calling for proof. "No one who has interested himself in the study of the idiosyncrasy of the grand old man who for two-and-twenty years has held the post of God's earthly vicar, but will be prompt to acknowledge how ab-

horrent to his kindly nature is the idea of violence or of crime, and on one side at least he has the good fortune to be well advised."

"The wise Jesuits have long counselled the abandonment of the sham of a temporal sovereignty. They have recognized easily that their kingdom is not of this world, and that to defend the Campagna with the guns of St. Angelo, is but to abandon the other and infinitely more important stronghold—the heart of man."

"The whole Christian world is interested in the maintenance of the dignity of the Catholic Church. The whole Christian world will be hurt to the quick if the Pontiff enters upon an unequal struggle, to which there is but one possible event, that of disastrous defeat."

"The greatest English historian who ever lived—himself a staunch Protestant—could, from the lessons of the past, wherewith his mind was stored so richly, gather no angry of its (the Papacy's) decrepitude. For him, its subtle, impalpable, all-pervading power was assured even for the invisible age, when the world's metropolis shall be a ruin. The loss of 'imperialities weighs as nothing in eternal aims.'"

"From the island shore (Malta) whereon the chivalrous champions of the Cross found their refuge after expulsion from Rhodes, there may yet swell through all civilization the voice of Papal authority, sonorous and compelling, and announcing ecumenically its immortal vitality. The circumstances offer no other solution worthier, and none that either devout Catholic or patriotic Englishman should more gladly hail."

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.—The Pulpit and Press vie with each other in drawing lessons from the Boston fire. Those bearing on the erection of really fire-proof buildings are of present interest everywhere. The Mansard roof is accused of much. It is estimated that this luxury cost Boston \$25,000,000. Its erection is, in consequence, prohibited in New York, unless constructed of fire-proof materials. Granite, in the heat of a great fire, flies to pieces like glass. Chicago showed that freestone and iron were almost equally unsafe. In fact, the only walls that are found to stand the fire are walls of brick. We can hardly boast of being so much wiser than the ancients, if we have to return to the same building material they employed on the Plain of Shinar.

We need hardly add that the use of wooden joists should be discarded, and iron shutters adopted in fire-proof buildings. A building complete in itself ought to have also facilities for extinguishing incipient fires. Besides all this, it is to be hoped that city authorities will at length learn that it is a poor economy that will not allow wide streets and occasional squares.

REV. MR. CHINIQUEY.—Our readers will have noticed that Rev. Mr. Chiniquey has been preaching in various parts of Ontario, in which Province he has been travelling for the last three or four weeks. A correspondent of *L'Aurore* states that Mr. Chiniquey has had an enthusiastic reception wherever he went, the largest edifices being hardly able to contain those who flock to hear his discourses, whether on Romanism or temperance. Many Roman Catholics, it is said, have renounced the doctrines of Popery after hearing him. His mission to Ontario is with the view of raising funds for the support of the great work of evangelization which Providence has provided for him in Kankakee, Illinois; and it is to be hoped that Ontario will manifest her usual liberality in assisting him, and that his college and other institutions at Kankakee will soon be in such a satisfactory condition as to enable him to pay his promised visit to Lower Canada.

CHANGE OF GAUGE.—A change of gauge from 5 feet 6 inches to 4 feet 8½ inches has been made on the Grand Trunk Railway between Sarnia, Stratford, and Fort Erie. To assist in carrying out this work all the section men on the Richmond and Quebec district, and the Montreal and Island Pond district, were despatched for Stratford and Sarnia, taking with them the section men between here and Toronto, and, beginning work on Sunday morning, were to have completed the change of the broad gauge for the narrow by Monday evening. It is regrettable to see the Sabbath day put to such uses to suit the exigencies of the Grand Trunk. The Great Western we believe accomplished the change of its gauge without at the same time breaking the fourth commandment, and there is no reason why the Grand Trunk should not have done likewise.

ENDORSEMENT.—A correspondent sends the following testimony to the publishers of this paper:—
 GENTLEMEN,—You deserve the thanks of the public for your map of Boston, which appeared in the *Witness*, showing the burned district, &c. I am acquainted there and find you make the plainest and most correct of any which I have seen in the States or Canadian papers. Respectfully, J. Q. P.

—Montreal bids fair to be rich in lectures during the coming winter. Froude, Tyndal, and McDonald are a pretty strong trio, and now the name of Stanley, the discoverer of Livingstone, is to be added. Mr. Stanley will deliver at least one lecture in Montreal, near the end of December; his subject being his fortunate finding of the great African Explorer.

—Dan. O'Connell used-up a fish-wife by calling her a paralleliped, and the *Gazette* seems to have been brought to bay by the words "Tombs syster," and like the aforesaid old woman, it goes about telling its cronies that we have called it by that horrid name.

EDITORIAL NOTES.
 —The census-takers in Ottawa appear to be in a muddle. The nation waits expectantly for their array of statistics, and in their despair it is said they are "cocking" the figures, to—if possible—make them agree somewhat with those already made public. Truly, they are to be pitied.
 —"Caliban, the Missing Link," by Dr. Wilson, of University College, Toronto, and "The Story of Earth and Man," by Principal Dawson, of Montreal, have lately been published in London. Both put forth theories regarding man's prehistoric condition on the earth. The latter author adopts the views of

Hugh Miller in his attempts to harmonize the two revelations.

—The *Globe*'s statements that Sir Francis Hincks "has a large interest in a new banking institution and is desirous of becoming its president," and that "his relations to the Metropolitan Bank are much more intimate than those of an ordinary proprietor," are denied by the *Gazette*, which says "Sir Francis owns no stock of any bank in Ontario or Quebec." It would seem he is too valuable a servant of the Conservative party to ever be allowed his own way.

—The Russian scheme of conquering Khiva appears to have come to a premature end. "The cable despatch which announces the recall of the expeditionary force conveys no intelligence of the cause of this order, but as British interests are most likely to be affected by Russian conquests in Central Asia, it is fair to presume that British influence has contributed toward bringing about this retreat."

—The British Government has at last taken active measures for the relief of Dr. Livingston. Sir R. B. Frere is to head an expedition for this purpose, and will at the same time suppress the East African Slave Trade. It is to be hoped that the confident belief of Dr. Moffat, the father-in-law of the great traveller, that he will return within a year, may be realized, and that shortly a book, on the terra incognita of Central Africa, will give to the world the Doctor's great discoveries.

—That much prized relic of an olden time—the sword of Wallace—which has been venerated by all true Scotchmen, turns out to belong to the time of Edward the Fourth, and to have been used in 1475. The Grampian Society, who applied to the Secretary of War for its possession, are the innocent cause of this fact being discovered. The truth is very unpleasant sometimes, and many would, no doubt, have rather remained under the delusion that it was a genuine memento.

—An enterprising member of the French clergy, impelled, no doubt, by the success which has attended the sale of Benedictine, Trappist, Chartreuse, and other monastic liquors, has availed himself of the publicity which recent proceedings have given to the grotto at Lourdes to advertise a new spirit, which, taken internally, will be beneficial to the patient as the waters of the grotto when applied externally. In a prospectus headed "A Notre Dame de Lourdes," this liqueur, which he has baptised "L'Immortelle," is announced to be made "from the water of the miraculous fountain at Lourdes, with an admixture of plants and fruits from the splendid valleys of Louches, Eau Bonnes, Cantre, &c." It possesses, in addition to a exquisite perfume, qualities which render it a very valuable hygienic. Taken before a meal, it gives an appetite, but instead of having a brutalizing and lethal effect like absinthe, it opens up the channels of the soul. Taken after food, it perfumes the mouth, accelerates the digestion, and creates a feeling of comfort greater than can be obtained from the best cognac or the most delicious Chartreuse. The most stubborn palate, the most ruined of stomachs, cannot but derive immediate benefit from this incomparable liqueur.

—John Francis Maguire, a prominent Irish member of the British Parliament, died as already reported by telegraph in Cork. He was born in that city in 1815, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1843. He engaged actively in politics, and after two unsuccessful contests, he was returned in 1852 to the British Parliament, in Dungarvan, and represented that borough for 13 years, when he was elected one of the members of the City of Cork. In Parliament Mr. Maguire acted with the Liberal party, and was always listened to with respect on questions involving the grievances and interests of Ireland. He was for more than 20 years editor of the *Cork Examiner*, a journal of considerable influence in the South of Ireland, and was also author of several works. The first of these—the "Industrial Movement in Ireland in 1852"—appeared in 1853, and was followed by "Rome and its Rulers," "Father Mathew: A Biography," "The Irish in America," and a novel, published recently, entitled "The Coming Generation." Mr. Maguire was Mayor of Cork in 1853, 1862, 1863, and 1864, and zealously promoted all measures calculated to advance the prosperity of the city. He gave the industrial interests of Ireland careful attention, and took a leading part in promoting the growth of flax in the South of Ireland and the establishment of linen factories.

—The *Nation* calls attention to the fact that a news despatch from Australia via the Overland Telegraph dated Melbourne, October 24th, was printed in the Saturday morning papers all over the country from New York to San Francisco, as a most marvellous and inspiring event. It adds: "The remarkable feature in this case is the building of a line eighteen hundred miles long across the wilderness, and almost desert, and which the English settlements in Australia form merely a fringe along the coast. It was an undertaking certainly not unparalleled, but probably unsurpassed of its kind, and in its consequences is likely to resemble more our Pacific Railroad than our own overland telegraph. It has already made useful additions to the geography of the interior of Australia, and has begun to be used not only as the thread along which to string new settlements, but as the base of departure for several exploring expeditions in the waste on either side. It offers a fresh illustration of the value to mankind of the solitary labors of men devoted to science, when the perilous transcontinental pilgrimages of Burke, Stuart, and MacKinlay are followed within ten years by a telegraphic service that binds the colony to the mother country and the island to the mainland, and adds one more link to the solidarity of nations."

THE MANSARD ROOF.—In appalling disasters there is always some person or thing upon which or whom the community lay the whole blame, and then feel immeasurably relieved. By universal consent the "Mansard roof" is credited with the Boston catastrophe. But is there any overpowering necessity why Mansard roofs should be built of more combustible material than the rest of the house? They are so constructed on the score of economy alone. We see little sense in the proposition to forbid their erection, as they improve the appearance of high houses by breaking the monotonous lines. The fire insurance underwriters can settle the whole matter by refusing to insure any house with a Mansard roof not properly constructed out of materials at least as non-combustible as the rest of the building.—N. Y. World.

—The Boston Board of Women's Missions has now under its care thirty missionaries in Africa, Turkey, India, and China, and forty paid female workers, reaching the houses of the natives, as can be done in no other way; also eleven schools where the untutored girls are gradually transformed into teachers and Bible-reading women. In all these schools the strongest religious influence is exerted. A home has already been established in Constantinople and has already proved a great success. It is already a beacon light to the waiting women of Turkey. These homes are to be multiplied as fast as possible as a means of great good in every heathen country.

PUBLIC ACCOUNTS COMMITTEE.

THE SCENE AT BOSTON.—A correspondent of the N. Y. World thus describes his visit to the burning ruins in Boston: "The scene was certainly (grand, gloomy, and peculiar.) I can find no better comparison for it than the crater, not of an extinct but a very active volcano. It required no great effort of the imagination to transform into rocks the jagged bits of wall which everywhere reared their heads against the sky, while the piles of brick, of faded yellow and black in color reminded one of all one has read of Iceland's Hecla. Scattered, too, in every direction among the ruins the iron frames of diverse burglar-proof safes, even then not appeared as if vomited forth by the throes of the volcano; and the scene of desolation was much more complete when viewed by one thus in the midst of it than when seen from Kingston street. As far as the eye could reach in almost every direction the same dreary waste of ruin presented itself. The streets were undistinguishable, being so narrow that they had been completely blocked up by the rubbish of falling walls, and the sites of some of the noblest buildings in Boston could only be inferred with the aid of a compass. Through this track of fire one found his way now aloft in the air from one block of marble to another, while, although almost completely fused yet preserved something of consistency, now almost knee-deep in the granite, which was so disintegrated that it was pulverized to a fine powder. Through this I walked for at least a mile, my foot sinking into it at every step an inch or more; and yet in the midst of this element which had thus melted with fervent heat, hanging over the fused marble strips of morocco and leather could be found apparently not even scorched!"

WEEKLY SYNOPSIS OF MONTREAL NEWS.

—On account of the lateness of the season the S. S. "Sarmatian" did not come up to Montreal.

—A boy fell through four stories of a new building and though seriously injured is progressing favorably.

—The Snowshoe Club have been holding their annual meetings and preparing for winter operations.

—The annual meeting of the St. George's Church Y. M. C. A. has been held, 213 members are on the roll, and it is in a flourishing state.

—Those who withdrew their money from the Savings Bank during the late run are now returning it, but in smaller sums than those withdrawn.

—A lady seeing two carters abusing a horse took their number and threatened to appear and give evidence against them, thus saving the poor animal further ill-usage.

—In order to obtain public aid for the Institut Canadien, the constitution has been changed; it has been thrown open to all and is not to retain its previous exclusive French character.

—The quarterly meeting of the Montreal General Hospital has been held. 582 persons have been in the Hospital during the quarter, of whom 33 have died, 426 have been discharged, and 123 remain. The expenditure has been \$6,411.

—A fire which is supposed to have originated from the furnace and which caught between the ceiling of the basement and floor above of the Church of St. James the Apostle damaged it to the extent of \$1,600 on Thursday evening.

—The Protestant Board of School Commissioners have asked the concurrence of the City Council in an application to the Quebec Legislature for an increase of the School tax to two mills on the dollar in order to enable them to provide urgently needed accommodation for the large number of Protestant children that remain educationally unprovided for, owing to the insufficiency of present means.

SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS.—The Land Department of the Northern Pacific Railroad gives notice that there are abundant Government lands, of the very finest quality, along the line of that road in Central Minnesota, which are open to settlement as free homesteads and of this character near to railroads are now comparatively scarce in the West. The above named company carries all homestead titles over its line at reduced rates, and gives them the free use of a comfortable Rooming house while they are selecting their land and preparing a house. Information, maps, etc., may be obtained by addressing the Land Department, N. P. R. R. Co., at 23 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BIRTHS.

BROWN.—On Nov. 14th, at Canon City, Colorado, the wife of Wm. Brown, of a daughter.

CLINDENNE.—In this city, on the 16th inst., Mrs. Clindennine, of a son.

DUGALL.—In this city, on the 11th inst., Mrs. J. E. Dugall, of a son.

GRAY.—At 414 Henry street, on the 14th, the wife of John Gray, of a daughter.

HUTCHELL.—On the 26th ult., Mrs. A. O. R. Hutchell, of a son.

LAMME.—In this city, on the 9th Nov. the wife of Mr. Henry Lamb, St. Constant, of a daughter.

MULLEN.—On Tuesday morning, the 12th Nov. Mrs. M. M. Mulden, of a son.

REYNOLDS.—At 407 St. Louis, on the 12th Nov. Mrs. James Reynolds, of a son.

WALKER.—At Avoca, Q. on Oct. 26, the wife of John Walker, of a son.

MARRIED.

BURNETT-FINDLATER.—On the 18th Nov. at N. St. Catherine, by the Rev John Jenkins, D. D., St. Barnet, Eng. M. J. Findlater to Mary Whitson, daughter of James Findlater, Esq., of St. Barnet, Eng. Scotland.

EVANS-POLLOCK.—At Lacrosse, P. Q. on the 12th Nov. Mr. Thomas Evans, a bride's father, by the Rev. J. K. Patton, Thomas E. Evans, Esq., eldest daughter of Thomas Pollock, Esq.

FRANKLIN-BLACKBURN.—At Brunswick, Scotland, 21st ult. E. M. Blackburn, Esq., Esq., of St. Paul, Yorkshire, to Winifred, only surviving child of the late Wm. B. Blackburn, Esq., of York, eldest grand niece of the Rev. J. H. Blackburn, Esq., of Blackburn, D. D., Archbishop of York in 1842.

MORRIS-MORRISON.—At Brinsford, on the 25th Nov. by the Rev. J. M. Morris, Esq., Esq., of Brinsford, P. Q. to Miss Mary Morrison, daughter of Mr. J. B. Morrison, Esq., of Brinsford, P. Q.

WATNEY-PAIGE.—At Lenoxville, on the 26th of Oct. by the Rev. F. S. Leach, William T. Paige, of Montreal, 17 years, only daughter of D. W. Paige, of Lenoxville, P. Q.

DIED.

ALLEN.—In this city, on the 14th Nov. Thomas, only son of James Allen, aged 3 months and 5 days.

BUCHANAN.—Suddenly, at Darden, Province of Quebec, on the 14th Nov. Janet Buchanan, wife of John Buchanan, 19 years, and 2 months of her age.

CUSHING.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 24th ult. Josiah Cushing, formerly of this city, aged 61 years.

JACKSON.—At Rougemont, P. Q. on the 14th inst. George, aged 7 years and 2 months. His father is John Jackson. He leaves a large circle of friends much in loss.

DOUGLAS.—In this city on the 12th inst. Rose Ann Douglas, 12 years of age, died 11 months and 28 days.

PATTERSON.—In this city on the 14th Nov. Joseph Patterson, 42 years, late of Brimingham, Eng. and formerly of this city.

HAMILTON.—Suddenly at North Georgetown, on the 10th November, William Hamilton, father of the late John Hamilton, Esq., Esq., of Brimingham, Scotland, in the seventy-third year of his age. Friends to please copy.

MACDONALD.—Suddenly, in this city on the evening of the 23rd inst. Norman Macdonald, aged 25 years and 3 months.

MACDONALD.—On Nov. 15, Alfred Edward Macdonald, 15 years, late of Brimingham, Eng. and formerly of this city.

MATTIN.—In this city, this morning, 15th Nov. John P. Mattin, wife of Thos. Patton, aged 49 years.

Family Reading.

[For the WITNESS.]

HELL NOT TURN US EMPTY AWAY.

No tears can assuage my condition
Or remedy aught that I feel,
But the heart that bows in contrition
Finds relief when in prayer it can kneel.

'Tis a balm and a sweet consolation,
Which the world cannot give nor destroy;
When the heart offers up its oblation,
The soul finds unspeakable joy.

'Tis a joy that we feel in believing
In Him who hath taught us to pray;
At the moment we ask we're receiving,
He'll not turn us empty away.

When the cares of this world are increasing,
And we feel unworthy to pray;
He bids us to pray without ceasing,
He'll not turn us empty away.

H. S. GORTON.

April, 1863.

DR. BONESET'S THANKSGIVING.

(By Mrs. E. L. BEERS.)

CHAPTER I.—A LEAF FROM NELLIE GREG'S JOURNAL.

I've been looking in the glass to-night; I've been turning round, and walking back and forth and since then I have been crying softly, so mamma won't hear. I saw a goodish face, with gray eyes, straight nose, mouth just "fair to middling," with strong white teeth in it, to be sure, and a drift of yellow hair. I found that up though, so as to see fairly and fully the twist in this poor ball of mine.

And then I looked pityingly at the little woman in the glass, and whispered to it, "Somebody, sometime, will call you ugly names, Nelly. Can you bear it?" What was it but old Dr. Boneset said to-day, when I asked him if he was getting ready to keep Thanksgiving jolly?

He didn't say it, though, after all, but when he had finished grumbling on his own account, declaring he hadn't anything to be very thankful for, he looked straight at my bending spine, and said:

"I don't know what you are specially thankful for." Was he right? Ah me, and Anna-Caryston is so straight, like a tall, white lily spray.

No, no little woman in the glass, bury that pretty summer dream out of sight. Call it a July idyl, or a June friendship, and when Arthur Esten comes back, remember he must look for some bright, graceful figure to walk through life beside him. Talk about "books, and work, and useful play," like a good Dr. Watts' scholar, put grandmother's old-fashioned ring on the little hand that will wear no lover's token, and then—look right straight up to God to help you through.

After that, lay this craving self out of sight, and see if there are no hearts for you to cheer, no hands whose toil your own may lighten, no saints on earth to save. Nay, nay, little woman, don't shake your yellow locks at me in God's fair woodland are the straight and steady fir-trees, but there are the twisted vines as well, and He will love and care for both in His own time and way.

So I'll look no longer at the picture that I see in shadow always, and I'll count my marbles, as Aunt Chloe did. First, there's mother, loving me straight on through all my moods and tempers, with that tireless, patient soul of hers, with that wistful look of compassion that never forgets itself into worrisome fits of coarse condolence.

Then, there's Charlie. I guess he's a blessing. Sometimes he teases me fearfully, and does the things he ought not, and leaves undone the oughts, but, after all, he's a darling, and so bright and smart that if mother and I can only keep him at school a little longer he will be a wise man, sure.

Let me see what else. Oh, for dear old Dominie Esten, the best and grandest and safest guide one can have beneath the stars, with his clear, soft tones telling the story in so many ways that one is never weary, and for the staunch, unbending faith that hold our strength to the feeble ones just creeping into the kingdom.

And I am thankful for the promise of the school again this winter. I have been through the worst this summer. The boys have not been gently since the day Arthur left his class in Latin to take my part against rough, ill-tempered Jack Johanne.

And then I am thankful for lots of little things—that I was not cross to Dr. Boneset to-day, because he is a lonely old man, and don't intend to be cross, I am sure. And I'm glad my hair curls, because I can wear it all round my shoulders, and (now this is very wicked, but I can't help it just yet) I am ever so glad Anna-Caryston isn't coming out to her uncle Esten's this fall. And I'm just going to try to make lots of other people happy—Dr. Boneset and all. Sometimes I think he puts on that rough way, because he is so disappointed that all his skill has not made me straight and strong, and he is all alone in the world—that's enough to make anybody cross, I guess.

CHAPTER II.

"Dr. Boneset?"
"Well?"
"It's I. Can I come in?"

Nellie Greg just put her pretty yellow head inside the study door, as she stepped on her way home from school.

"Who's I? On that tow-headed Greg girl come for jakes, or a lecture—eh, tow-head?"
"I didn't come for either, but I know I'll get one, and it isn't the jakes."

"Well now you are here, what do you want of a cross old curmudgeon like me?"

"I want you to be ever, ever so good, and come and help us to be thankful next Thursday."

"What on earth do you expect me to be thankful for? All alone, like an old tree left by the tempest! I'd be so glad to be thankful when I think of my little Minnie dying in spite of me, and lying down under the clover-leaves yonder? Do you expect I'm going to be thankful that politics are all going wrong, and the country to ruin? Do you expect me to be thankful that a sprig of a young doctor is turning the heads of half the town with his foolish little pills? I don't see much to be thankful for."

Nellie sat down on the doorstep with a grievous frown on her face, and said not a word for a few moments; then she pulled at a little white handkerchief and her shoulders had given her, and said sadly:

"Don't you give folks awful bad medicine sometimes, doctor? And don't they grumble, and make faces, and worry about it?"

"Of course I do, child. The fools don't know what's for their own good."

"Then we are a little bit like bad patients when the Great Physician gives us bitter draughts, aren't we, Dr. Boneset?"

"Humph! that's just one of your traps to catch me. It takes a schoolmarm, don't it?"

"Ah, well, doctor, and Nellie came close to him, 'people don't try little pills very long; they come back after Boneset. And politics don't go wrong, they only seem so; and the country has never gone to destruction yet. And the loved ones don't lie under the clover."

Up there they are safe in tender arms—out of turmoil, and care, and sorrow. O doctor isn't it something to be thankful for? To know that hands are only loosed a little while here that they may clasp you closer by-and-by?

The gruff old man said never a word, and Nellie said softly, "Good-by, you must come to spend Thursday with us. Uncle Dan, mother's brother whom you need to know, is coming, and I have promised for you."

CHAPTER III.

A railroad in Berryburn! Who would have thought, after all these quiet years of going soberly to market in the morning, and jogging home again at night, that there should be railroad time-tables in every household, and calls made at Burr-ack in an afternoon?

If the track of that wonderful railroad had been laid down in accordance with the wishes of the people, it would have been a winding way. Mr. Haydock wished it close by his barn, so that he could send bales of pressed hay to market, while old Doc Dan dined was in mortal terror lest his sleek colts should fall victims to the locomotive. Dr. Boneset grumbled, and took plenty of the stock, and rode often between his points of visiting.

This wonderful railroad had been running about two months; and now, as Thanksgiving drew near, there were few households in which a pleasant bustle did not foreshadow the homecomings of brothers, and sons, and cousins to the third degree. To come to Berryburn by rail! To whirl by the back of the old red tavern, and through the Esten orchard! To cross the rippling waters of Berryburn in any way except over a log with a twist in its growth which made it a very uncertain transit at best. To see the poor shabby backs of houses becoming conscious that something was expected of them, as well as the fronts, each one endeavoring by paint and trelis to look worthy of its new outlook! In the farmyards, the turkeys wondered, with many a noisy gobble over the double measure of grain which latterly fell to their lot, but concluded, like human beings, that the reason was to be found in their exceeding merit. On the hillsides thoughtful farmers turned the fairest pumpkins to the sun, and scoured the heartiest for the biggest and freshest eggs.

And so the golden days went, one by one, until the children said to each other, "Tomorrow's Thanksgiving," and then the feathered pharisees of the barnyard lay stark under white towels, and the jolly pumpkins had vanished from the hillside like fairy gold, like that to reappear upon the table.

Mrs. Greg's little cottage was polished to the last degree. Uncle Dan's room was on the sunny side of the house. "Poor Uncle Dan, who had had but little sunshine in his unsuccessful life, should have one spot to-morrow," Nellie said. And Charlie was coming back from the grammar-school at Burr-ack, (the next station,) and there was a funny pie for him, with a face in cloves and cinnamon in the middle of it. Dr. Boneset was at Burr-ack, and Charlie would come home in the same train. And Arthur was coming, too—at least he said so in his letter. Yes, there was a word of letter lying in Nellie's desk, beside a faded rosette, a letter in which he said—well, I'm not going to tell what he said. Nellie knew, and that was enough.

It only remained to gather the sprays of evergreen and berries which were to shine above the mantelpiece and around the table and picture, and window. Nellie tried on her hat and called cheerily, "Good-bye, little mother, I am going after the trash, as you call it. I've got thick boots on, and my red shawl to wear if I am cold, and I won't stay, and I won't get tired, and I won't walk on the track; that's all, isn't it?" and she was gone.

The little figure, not uncouth as she would have us think, scarcely graceful, with its wealth of golden hair, took a merry heart out through the wood. The tufted leaves under her feet rattled as she passed, and the coral spray of the wild arum poised itself against its triple faded leaf.

Out from the wood and across the meadow where the foamy masses of the ripened balsam gleamed snowy white, across the stepping-stones of Crystal Run went the little maiden, mindful of her promise and walking on the wood path below the grade rather than on the track above. All along were deep gulches made by recent rains, but Nellie was as surefooted as a deer, and climbed here and there to gather the bright berries, and tinted leaves, the scarlet pods of the bitter-sweet, the red seeds of the wild rose, the orange-plume of the sumach leaf, and the feather mist of the clematis. These filled her small hands, and she trailed on the ground a great branch of the cedar boughs covered with the blue bloom of its abundant berries.

Out of her glad heart came little songs, and chirps, and self-communings under her breath—
"How still it is, and how beautiful those gray rocks are behind that vine."
"There is a little splash in the water, what made it? Only a stone rolled from the hillside. But did I bring all that earth down when I pulled that hemlock bough? There go two or three pebbles hurrying down hill. How the stones roll! I suppose it is in consequence of the rain last night."

"What a lovely bouquet I have already. I know Charlie will say, 'That grew by a wood-chuck's hole,' and Dr. Boneset will call it sticks and stuff, and admire it all the while; and Arthur—but what is this? another stone and more earth from the railroad embankment! There is an awful gap up yonder. A rail has sprung, just by the bridge!"

Ah, Nellie Greg, well you may pale and shiver. No loaded train can cross that break in safety. Put up your white hands pitifully as there comes a vision of horror, of blood on the ripples of Crystal Run, of tortured forms and dying faces.

Hark! faintly and far off as yet, there sounds the fatal whistle!

Down on the hillside knelt the girl one moment, then white and fearless she stripped the branches from the long spray of cedar, and thrust it through her scarlet shawl from point to point, then clambered up the steep bank to the track and rather drew than ran along its shining line. She thought of darling Charlie rushing to his death, of Arthur's eyes white-lidded evermore, of Uncle Dan and his weary sunless life, of Dr. Boneset and his unthankful spirit, as she ran. What memory recalled her from the fast red being the symbol of danger, I know not, except that angels telegraph such things sometimes. Over the bridge and around the turn, brave feet! for again nearer there sounds the fearful whistle coming nigher.

See, yonder is its trail of smoke floating to the hills; while the dim monster, gray-black and larger, off where the rails seem to unite. Wave your red banner, Nellie Greg! I don't you see the signal, engineer? Are you mad or dreaming? That is no holiday masquerade, with golden hair so wildly adrift. That is no merry greeting that rings so shrilly on the quiet air.

Ah! she is on the track—do you see her now? "Ah, ay,"—whistle—"down brakes," reverse your engine, pull out your fire! It might be. Behn in your iron horse till the rule round has thundered out the news: thanks! for ever! This side of the bridge the train has stopped, and Berryburn shall bow itself in thankful praise to-night!

CHAPTER IV.

"What's the matter?" The question was echoed in every tone possible as the scared travellers poured out from the cars to see a yawning gully between them and their destination, a frail little girl with closed eyes lying on the hillside, and a red shawl thrust along the cedar bough. A young collegian stooping over her with tender reckless words, poor Uncle Dan in wondering sorrow, Charlie howling in boyish fashion, and Dr. Boneset scolding everybody.

"Arthur, lay her out straight on the grass. The girl's faint, and she can't come to hold up that way—Charlie, run to the brook for water—and good people, if you would please to stand back, she might catch her breath."

A dash of water in the pale face brought back a flush to the pale cheeks, and she asked eagerly, "Did he stop?"

"Of course he did," said Dr. Boneset. "He couldn't have got over such a great mountain as you on the track. Now can you walk home? No? Arthur, you and Charlie will just make fools of yourselves. She's going with me, Dan, you bring up that pile of brush she got together over yonder."

So the strange procession came to the cottage under the maples, and after giving one wild hurrah for the brave child, dispersed to their homes, leaving Nellie, Arthur, Charlie, and the gruff old doctor, to go in to tell the tale.

I need not tell of that Thanksgiving dinner. You no doubt have eaten such, but a part of the dessert was rather out of the common order, for on Nellie's plate of grapes there lay a check for \$1,000 from Dr. Boneset.

From under his bushy eyebrows, the old doctor glanced stealthily at Nellie as she looked at the wonderful paper, saying— "What's this? a check for me? What for, doctor?"

"Why, to be thankful over, to be sure, to spend on fold-rols and gim-cracks. My life isn't worth much, to be sure, but I guess it's worth that amount. I might have been lying at home with a broken head, or no head at all, if you hadn't been as quick as a flash and as brave as a Comanche. No—don't bother me what to do with it! Yes—send Charlie to school, and paint the house, and buy mother a black silk—and never mind about the wedding gown, (he glanced at a ring that wasn't grandma's at all, on her hand since yesterday.) I'll be 'Uncle Rat,' and ride to town when that time comes."

Nellie laughed and cried and put her arms around the old man's neck, as she whispered softly, "Oh, dear friend, how can I thank you."

There was a queer quaver in the doctor's voice, and a nervous tremble in the hand he held on her head, as he said:

"I stood right up to death, Nellie, and I wasn't fit, little woman, I wasn't fit. I thought it all over, when the crash of our sudden stop made brave men pale. And I looked down off that steep bank into the shining water when we had stopped, and found how near we had been to death, and it seemed to me that little Minnie's angel-face looked into mine full of trouble and sorrow."

I looked straight at the clouds instead of the sunshine, I've thought God served me hardly; but I seem to see him more clearly now, and by his help I'll serve him better. There, go away, child, I'm going to walk in the meadow a while. Thanksgiving is no idle word to-day, Nellie."

That was not the end of Nellie's brave deed yet, for that wonderful railroad corporation did a really deposit in Berryburn bank a sum which to the little teacher seemed fabulous, or a lawyer's suit. I hope my reader has guessed, although I said I would not tell, that somebody loved somebody so well that he never saw the touching waver in the straight outline, covered by the shining hair, but looking into the lovely face he asked for it to keep for ever. And by-and-by when the two somebodies go off to the little new cottage by the hill, poor Uncle Dan is coming here to care for mother, and take Nellie's place in school when Charlie has gone away to college, and the brother and sister will drift down softly to the bright beyond.

And so when Nellie counted up her merits, her ten fingers were not enough for the happy tally, and she put them all in one heart-song of thanksgiving.—*Christian Weekly.*

CITY CHURCHES AND COUNTRY BOYS.

BY REV. SMITH BAKER.

The tendency is from the country into the city. The farm is too small for all the boys to stay at home. There is not work for all the girls, nor is there means to support them without work, hence everywhere healthy, strong, ambitious young men and young women are saying, we will not be a burden to father, we will earn our own living. They are (the most of them), industrious, honest, and capable, intelligent and moral. To be sure, they have country ways, but they are no greener in the city than city folks are in the country.

They mean work and until led into sin by city temptations they are generally worthy representatives of good homes. But they are away from home, and no place is so lonely as a large city to a stranger. They are in a new world tempted by ignorance, curiosity and passion. A few of them fall, but the most of them do well, and become useful and respected citizens. The history of city life proves that the most of the successful men in all departments of business, were country boys going into the city, and the city could not sustain its physical strength, mental power, or commercial energy. The success and moral character of the city twenty years from now does not depend upon the character of the children of the rich who will enjoy the fruit of inherited competence, and hence lack the struggle which necessarily develops, but the commercial and religious interests of the city will then be in the hands (mostly) of those who are now with ready hands, strong wills, and brave hearts working their way up into position. The church which would be strong in the future must remember these young men. They are to be its future members, supporters and leaders. Self-interest should lead the church to seek them. It cannot afford to neglect them. The church which to-day has the largest number of poor young men in it, will thirty years from now be the strongest church.

The churches should seek them—not simply let them come in if they will—or permit them to have a back seat, or to be stared at as though they were a curiosity from the woods, or simply form a Christian Association and open a room up two or three flights of stairs for them to find, if they can, but if these young men are saved it must be the work of individual churches seeking them and bringing them under the influence of their own social and religious sympathy, causing them to feel (if possible) that they have a religious home as warm as the old church, Sabbath-school and prayer meeting in the country.

It is not enough to fit up rooms, there must be a going out, and down, and after, and to them. This prayer meeting and reading room labor is all very good as far as it goes, but it reaches only a few. It is like trying to catch fish by shaking the hook and bait over the water, instead of sinking them into the water, where the fish are. It is said no stranger can spend a night in Paris without the police knowing his name and where he is, so that when a

stranger forgets what hotel he had left his baggage at and at what street it was on, he goes to the police office and finds out. Thus when a young man comes into our cities, he should find such a religious net work, reaching out its arms to protect and assist him, that he cannot be lost unless he refuses all help of both God and man. Charlie came to seek and to save. As we are Christlike we shall seek those about us, not wait till they come to us but go out after them—find them.

And when they do come to us (cause them to feel that they not only may come but are wanted, that you are anxious to have them). In other words the church should give those it would save as cordial a welcome as wicked men to those they would destroy. For vice and sin are cordial—they put men on the shoulder and coax them in, why should not the church be as earnest to save them?

There are rich merchants and men of power constantly coming into our cities wrapped up in a country boy's clothes. Let the churches find them, give them a home, protect them, lead them to Christ, and it will pay not only in present satisfaction but in the reward of years to come.—*Union Advocate.*

PRACTICAL CHURCH WORK.

BY REV. N. H. BOGLESTON, NEWFIELD, CONN.

Among the practical duties lying before the churches, none is more important or pressing perhaps than that of caring for the large number of young people, of both sexes, who are living homeless in large places. Their condition, their miserable boarding-house life, or half life, the temptations to which they are exposed, have been described until description is superfluous. A good deal of sympathy has been excited in their behalf, and efforts of one sort and another have been made for their benefit. Much, however, remains to be done.

The question of opening public libraries on the Lord's day, suggests the inquiry why every church in our cities and larger towns might not consider a part of its necessary church equipment to be a good library in connection with a pleasant room for reading and conversation, or separate rooms for each, to be open on the Sabbath and also during the week days. I mean by a good library, one having a sufficiently large number of books, and of such quality, as to make it both attractive and useful. Every church has its Sabbath-school library. No church would think itself in a condition to do its proper work without one. But why should any church undertake to keep a library for its Sabbath-school alone, or any particular portion of its congregation and not for all? If reading is good, and if it is desirable to furnish that which is of the best character for a part, why not for all? Why should not our churches consider it an important part of their legitimate work to provide sound and healthful reading for all who are embraced within their parishes?

Very much of the reading of those who are old enough to choose books for themselves, will be found to be of a haphazard and unimproving character.

If, at the same time, having in mind the large class of apprentices and work people who are living more or less permanently in our centres of trade and manufacture, but whose parents and friends are living elsewhere, they should add to their library a pleasant, well-warmed and well-lighted reading and conversation room, how much good might be done! How many pleasant and attractive places might thus be provided!

Let it be known that in connection with every church there is a library ample and valuable, accessible every evening and open also during a large portion if not the whole of the Sabbath, and a reading-room with an abundant supply of magazines and papers of the best class. Let them also invite these young men and young women to leave their comfortable boarding places and spend a part of their evenings and their Sabbaths here. And here let the pastor and the ablest and best members of the church come and make the acquaintance of the strangers, draw them into pleasant conversation, give them words of sympathy and friendship, make them welcome to all the services of the church and show that they have a Christian interest in them, and how many might we hope would be drawn onward in the way of life! This would be one way of making our Christianity visible and practical. It would be one way of showing its proper beauty and attractiveness.—*Congregationalist.*

PLAYING AT KEEPING RESTAURANT.
"Sidney, I am tired of this," said little Harry Hunter, as he threw down his bat and ball. "What else shall we play?"

"I know," said Sidney, "let's play keeping restaurant. I'll be the bar-keeper, and you make believe you are coming in to get a drink. I'll fix this board on these bricks for the place the man stands behind when he pours out the drinks; I'll put these old bottles on it, and these blocks for cigar-boxes, as we see them fixed in the windows. There now, that's right; but I bet you can't do your part, Harry; you're too little!"

"Can't I?—deed I can though—elegant!" said Harry, gleefully; "cause I saw pa do it, and he ought to know how."

"I'd like to know where you saw pa taking a drink, Harry? I don't believe it," said Sidney.

"But I did see him," said Harry stoutly. "I went walkin' with him yesterday, and when we got by the place at the corner, where the windows are fixed like our bar here, only ever so much nicer—well, pa told me to wait a minute, 'cause he wanted to see a man in there, and when he opened the door I saw such pretty things—big glasses and pictures, and shiny tin's and lots of other things, so I pushed the door open a wee, little nite, and peeped in."

"Well," said Sidney, who was much interested, "what did pa do?"

"I can't show you without a tumbler," was Harry's reply; "but I'll find one," and he scampered into the kitchen, and was back in a twinkling, with a cracked glass he found on the table. "There! now I'll show you," and he placed the glass on the make-believe bar.

He went off a short distance and returned with his hands in his pockets, walking with a comical strut, in imitation of his father's long strides. "Brandy," said he, elevating his childish voice.

Sidney turned around, and pretended to pour something in the glass, which he gave to Harry, and he could hardly keep from laughing as the mimic toper turned his head back, as if draining out the last drop of the supposed contents, smacked his lips, wiped them with his tiny handkerchief, and, placing on the bar a piece of paper as a substitute for a stamp, he strutted away.

Sidney could hold out no longer, but burst into a roar of laughter, upsetting in his merriment the whole establishment, and sending blocks, boards, bricks, and tumbler all in one confused pile at his feet.

"Now, Harry, did pa really look that way? I didn't know he ever drank any liquor. Ma says it's wrong," said Sidney, as soon as he could get his face straight.

"Yes, he did just that way I showed you; and when I'm a man, I'll do so too. When he started to come out, I ran out on the pavement, and I heard a man say, 'If Hunter goes on in this way, he'll be in danger soon.' What did he mean, Sidney?"

Before Sidney could reply, the dinner-bell was rung, and the hungry little fellows rushed into the house.

Seated at the window overlooking the playground, the father of these children had seen that and heard, through the half-closed blinds, all that had transpired. Words are powerless to express the feeling that agitated his breast. The childish lesson, so unconsciously taught, was not lost, for never again did he drink a glass of liquor; the little ones had cured him by "playing at keeping a restaurant."—*The Little Sower.*

COLLEGE NEWS.—For a good college there must be professors, libraries, apparatus, cabinet, buildings. If these cannot be had, then it is not honest to establish an institution. It is a system of false pretences. And these things need money. A good college in the nineteenth century means money. To try to carry on a college without a suitable income has, as its first result, injustice to all concerned—faculty, students, community; and, as its remote result, disgrace, bankruptcy, and, finally, ruin. Again, how great the criminality of enticing any one into a connection with a college under false representations. It is not merely the pecuniary loss, the unpaid salary, the expense of moving and removing, and the unemployed time consequent upon a connection with an unsubstantial institution; nor is it mainly the mortification and the chagrin at having been duped. There is yet more: the marring of one's life by the remembrance of a failure, and there is the shattering of confidence in one's fellowmen. To indict this injury upon an innocent man, as the result of false representation as to the present, past, and future of a college, is a crime which ought to be indictable at common law.—*Rev. H. L. Wayland, in National Baptist.*

DIVIDING WITH GOD.—A merchant, in an answer to inquiries, refers back to a period when, he says, "In consecrating my life anew to God, aware of the ensnaring influence of riches, and the necessity of deciding on a plan of charity before wealth should bias my judgment, I adopted the following system: I decided to balance my accounts as nearly as I could, every month; and reserving such a portion of profits as might appear adequate to cover probable losses, to lay aside, by entry on a benevolent account, one-tenth of the remaining profits—great or small, as a fund for benevolent expenditure, supporting myself and family on the remaining nine-tenths. I further determined that when at any time my net profits—that is profits from which clerk-hire and store expenses had been deducted—should exceed \$500 in a month, I would give twelve and a half per cent, if over \$700, fifteen per cent, if over \$900, seventeen and a half per cent, if over \$1,100, twenty per cent, if over \$1,300, twenty-two and a half per cent, thus increasing the proportion of the whole as God should prosper, until at \$1,500, I should give twenty-five per cent, or \$375 a month. As capital was of the utmost importance to my success in business, I decided not to increase the foregoing scale, until I had acquired a certain capital, after which I would give one-quarter of all net profits, great or small; and on the acquisition of another certain amount of capital, I decided to give half, and on acquiring what I determined would be a full sufficiency of capital, then to give the whole of my net profits. It is now several years since I adopted this plan, and under it I have acquired a handsome capital, and have been prospered beyond my most sanguine expectations. Although constantly giving, I have never yet touched the bottom of my fund, and have been repeatedly astonished to find what large drafts it would bear. True, during some months I have encountered a salutary trial of faith, when this rule has led me to lay by the tenth, while the remainder proved inadequate to my support; but the tide has soon returned, and with gratitude I have recognized a heavenly hand more than making good all past deficiencies."

CHRISTIAN TREASURY.

"ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER YE SHALL ASK IN PRAYER, BELIEVING, YE SHALL RECEIVE."

"There is a tendency to separate too widely the life of the soul and the life of the body. Religion and prayer have been too often considered matters adapted only to certain times and seasons, as if the Christian man were to draw his 'vital breath' at stated intervals of time, and to live his true Christian life on one day of the seven only, or at least not on every day and hour of the week. We are taught in the Scriptures to 'pray without ceasing,' and in the exercise of a faith like that of the child, and yet, though the instruction has been near two thousand years before the world, how few there are, or have been, who live in accordance with it! From time to time one and another devoted person has in an extraordinary degree put confidence in our Saviour's words, 'All things whatsoever,' and the fact that these have been looked upon as of wonderful faith is the strongest proof that Christians need to cultivate more thoroughly the Gift of the Knees. Some have affirmed that we have no warrant to pray for temporal things; but, blessed be God, He has given us the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come; yes, the promise of all things pertaining to life and godliness; and whatever God has promised, we may warrantably pray for. Those that came to the Saviour in the days of His flesh prayed chiefly for temporal mercies: the blind prayed for sight, the lepers for a cure, the lame for the use of their limbs, and the deaf for the use of their ears. And surely, if they had prayed unwarrantably, their prayers could not have been so miraculously answered. Kneish prayed for a temporal mercy when he prayed for rain, and it is clear that God answered him. Elisha worked a miracle to produce a temporal mercy when he healed the barren plains of Jericho. Agur prayed to be fed with food convenient for him, and you may pray for the same; and what God gives you in answer to your prayers, you will be thankful for. That state is surely best that keeps you dependent on God, and thankful to Him; and so you shall find it in the end."—*From "The Ministry of Prayer."*

GRATEFUL TEARS FILLED JIMMY'S EYES, as he kissed the pale little face, and noted the scar on the white forehead, that must ever remind him of the danger May had passed through. But never again will any one hear James say "I forgot."—*Methodist.*

"Dear Jimmy, come play with May!" Grateful tears filled Jimmy's eyes, as he kissed the pale little face, and noted the scar on the white forehead, that must ever remind him of the danger May had passed through. But never again will any one hear James say "I forgot."—*Methodist.*

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Agricultural.

HINTS ABOUT WORK.

It is a good plan to write down a list of everything that has to be done before winter sets in, on the farm, in the garden, in the orchard, in the wood lot, in the barns, sheds, horse and cow stables, corn-house, pigery, hen-house, cellars, etc. Consult with the members of your family and the hired help on the subject. Encourage them to give an opinion as to the best way of doing the work and how long it will take. Go as much as possible into detail—especially in regard to the implements, tools, etc., that will be needed.

What to do first is an important question, and should have careful consideration. You must take the uncertainty of the weather into account, and aim to plan so that whether it is wet or dry, cold or warm, there shall be no loss of time and no loss of or injury to crops. It shows bad planning to husk corn in the barn during warm, dry weather, and afterwards to dig potatoes in a snow storm.

The most important work for the month is the care and management of animals. In our anxiety to push forward the labor of gathering and securing the crops we too often neglect to give that daily attention to our live-stock, on which so much of the loss or profit of farming depends.

Horses.—Avoid as far as possible exposing horses to storms. When on a journey aim to feed at the regular hour. If nothing more can be done, take along some cornmeal and put a quart in a pail of water, and stir it up while the horse is drinking. It will greatly refresh and strengthen him. Many horses suffer from dyspepsia, and one great cause of it is irregularity in feeding and giving too much grain when the horse is fatigued. When a horse has been exposed to a storm, and comes home in an exhausted condition, give him a warm bran mash. Put two or three quarts of bran in a pail, and pour on two or three quarts of boiling water and stir it up. Then add cold water sufficient to cool it to the temperature of new milk, and give it to the horse. Blanket the horse and rub his head, ears, and legs dry, and afterwards rub him dry all over. Many an attack of colic would be avoided by these means. We think many farmers err in not feeding their horses more grain. It would be better to work harder, or at least more constantly, and feed higher. Of one thing we are very sure: not one farmer in ten grows his horses sufficiently. It is a shame to a man to leave a horse at night, after a hard day's work, until he has been rubbed clean, dry-bedded, and all his wants attended to.

Cows.—During storms cows are far better in a dry stable or shed than in the field. A little extra feed in the shape of corn-fodder, hay, bran, or cornmeal will prove very profitable. It is a good plan to feed a cow at this season. You will get it back again in milk next spring and summer.

Young Cattle should be liberally fed and provided with comfortable quarters. It pays to give a growing animal all the food it can eat and digest.

Sheep.—There is nothing so essential to the health of sheep as dry land, shelter from storms, and fresh air. Low, wet land, dirty yards, and close, damp quarters are fatal to their health and vigor. In dry weather, no matter how cold it may be, sheep are better in the field, but during storms they should be brought into the yards, and kept dry. If they do not go under cover of their own accord, they should be driven in and shut up until the storm is over. Animals do not always know what is best for them. "Nature" is all very well, but reason, observation, and experience are far better. But we repeat that the shed or barn must be dry, clean, and well ventilated. At this season of the year grass is often too succulent and deficient in nutriment, and it is very desirable to give sheep access to good hay, and half a pint of grain each per day, or a pint of bran, can often be fed to great profit.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

COMPOST HEAPS.—It is often recommended that when manure is thrown into heaps in the field it should be covered with a layer of earth to prevent the escape of the ammonia. The experiments of Dr. Voelcker, at the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, in England, established the fact that the evaporation of ammonia from large heaps of manure goes on but slightly; for the reason that during the decomposition of the manure certain organic acids are formed at the same time as the ammonia is evolved, and then immediately unite with the ammonia, forming a non-volatile compound. There is an active escape of ammonia from the interior of large heaps where the heat is so great for the chemical changes above referred to; but as it approaches the exterior part of the heap, where the heat is very much less, the ammonia is completely taken up by the organic acids and retained. There will be but a trifling escape of ammonia while there is sufficient moisture to retain it, for water absorbs and retains many hundreds times its bulk of ammonia gas at ordinary temperatures. Non-volatile compounds from being highly soluble in water, are liable to be washed away at every rain-storm, thus giving the well known color to the drainings of manure heaps.

KILLING ANIMALS.—Many persons would be glad to know how to kill an animal without suffering, and we venture to give the benefit of our experience. We are constantly called upon to destroy horses, dogs and cats, and have little difficulty in doing it. For horses we use a large sponge, say six inches in diameter, thoroughly saturated with chloroform, which is dropped into a bag large enough to be drawn over the horse's nose. It is not desirable to have the bag "air-tight," for, if so, suffocation is likely to ensue. In two or three minutes the horse is unconscious, and in eight to ten minutes dead, without suffering. For dogs and cats a similar process, using a small sponge and bag; or these animals, with the saturated sponge, may be put in a box admitting some air, when they soon "go to sleep." Seventy-five cents' worth of chloroform will kill a horse, and twenty-five a dog or cat. If one saturation of the sponge does not complete the work, repeat it.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

LONGEVITY OF FARMERS.—In a late address before the Farmers' Club of Princeton, Mass., Dr. Nathan Allen said that, according to the registration report of deaths in Massachusetts, published now for about thirty years, and preserved with more accuracy and completeness than anywhere else in the country, the greatest longevity is found to obtain in agricultural life. In the ten different occupations, as given in these reports, the cultivators of the earth stand, as a class, at the head; reaching on an average, the age of nearly sixty-five years, while that of the next class, merchants, is only about forty-nine years, and that of mechanics of all kinds about forty-eight years, and that of shoemakers about forty-four years. Thus there is an advantage of about fifteen years on the side of farmers, as compared with merchants, as they reach an average but little short of the threescore years and ten allotted by the Psalmist to human life.

—John Gould, of San Diego County, California, has gathered 1,200 lbs. of tomatoes this season from a single vine. Owing to the peculiar season in California it was not considered a very good year for tomatoes.

Miscellany.

[For the Witness, DRUNK.]

Reeling madly to and fro,
Hardly keeping on his feet,
See the wretched drunkard go
Staggering zig-zag down the street.

See his ragged coat and vest,
Kneeless pants and crowlous hat,
Once they were his very "best."
Once his best—and still are that.

See his crimson, bloated face,
See his scratched and swollen nose,
Showing plainly his disgrace
Reaches farther than his clothes.

See his glaring, bloodshot eye,
How he wildly stares around,
Stumbles, falls! behold him lie
Helplessly upon the ground.

Let us raise the drunkard up,
This small kindness we can show;
He has drunk the poisoned cup,
Rum's the cause of all his woe.

Strange that men should trifle so
With that awful demon Rum,
Bringing misery and woe
Where it is allowed to come.

Madness 'tis for men to drink
Deadly poison, when they know
Some it leads to ruin's brink,
Thousands to eternal woe.

Tavern-keepers, dare you still
Soul and body poison sell?
Not content alone to kill,
Sending precious souls to hell!

Battersea, Oct. 17.

BEDE'S CHARITY.

(By HESBA STRETTON, Author of *Jessie's First Prayer*, &c.)

CHAPTER IX.—BEDE'S ALMSHOUSE.

How fast the years run by as one grows older! It is as if we were in a chariot drawn by swift horses, that know they are nearer home and quicken their pace to reach it earlier. I began to see many white hairs among my brown ones, and a number of fine wrinkles all about the corner of my eyes. There was even a greater change in uncle Simster, for his sight had failed him, and his hands were too trembling to do their work. A young journeyman of the name of Moss had taken charge of the shop for some time, and Dr. Clark came every other day to see uncle.

"I shan't have a farthing to leave you, Margery," he said one day, almost under his breath, as he scarcely wished me to hear.

"Never mind, dear uncle," I answered cheerfully. "I'm not afraid of setting down my foot on any step of the road that God orders me to."

"I'll speak to the doctor," he answered with a look of disquiet.

Dr. Clark generally came in the evening and he often tarried a long while, as if he liked to talk with uncle Simster. He settled himself by the kitchen fire that night as if he meant to stay some time.

"I'm in trouble about Margery," uncle began, "a woman's like a watch, and needs a man to carry her, and wind her up, and regulate her speed, and see to her main-spring; I've had so much to do with watches that I did not want anything to do with women. They're all alike, but Margery's like those great church clocks that can be wound up once a year, and then left to themselves, and they go on as steady as the year itself. Still, doctor, she'll wind winding up now and then when I'm gone, and who's to do it?"

"Have you made your will?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," he answered, "but there's nothing but the furniture to leave her; that will help to furnish a room for her and bring in two or three pounds. But she's getting on in years, and isn't over strong."

"How old are you, Margery?" asked Dr. Clark.

"Forty-five," I answered quickly for only that morning I had been looking at the dates in my father's pocket-bible.

"I'm afraid your arm will never be of much use to you again," he said, "you'll not be able to do much for a living. Have you no other relations?"

"It was my arm that had first brought us to know Dr. Clark. I had hurt it, I did not know how, and Cor persuaded me to go to a doctor. I went out and wandered about the streets till I saw his name on a door plate. He came to see me pretty often, but he could not do much for me. I had torn the ligaments of my right arm between the shoulder and the elbow, and they never knit together again, so it grew weaker and weaker every year."

"She had a half-brother in Australia," said uncle Simster, "but she has not heard a word of him these ten years and more, and we think he must be dead. He's as good as dead to her anyhow."

Even after all this time it cut me to my heart to hear Stephen mentioned. It was a hundred times worse than if we had known how and where he died. The doctor sat looking into the fire very thoughtfully.

"Why?" he exclaimed at last, striking the arms of the chair with his open palm, "there's Bede's Charity; it's the very thing. I know one of the trustees well, and you are a free-man of the Company."

"Ay! and little good it's been to me," said uncle.

"But it may be of good to her," said the doctor, taking out his pocket-book to write name and age down, "let me see, her name is Margery Bede. Why! it's the same as the Charity! That's very curious. You must be related to the founder." "No," I answered, "we spell it Be-a-de; and my people always lived in the country, far enough away from London."

"I thought the Charity was only for widows and daughters of freemen," said Uncle.

"That's of no consequence," replied the doctor, "leave that to me. I owe you a good turn, Simster, for finding me that boy Cor. Well, I've taken him into my surgery, and he's studying away like half a dozen of the young blackheads at Bartholomew's. If he goes on well, I'll see him through the Hospital."

"I've had my notions at times as heaven would not be such a superior place to go to, if all the Angels were women, as you see them in pictures, with big curls down their backs, and long gowns trailing about them. But then the Bible always speaks of Angels as men, young men that never grow old. Which do you think they will be, Doctor?"

"I've never thought of it," said the doctor smiling.

"I shouldn't mind just a sprinkling of women like Margery," said uncle in a feeble voice, and leaning his head wearily, with shut eyes, against the back of his chair.

The doctor looked at him earnestly, felt his pulse, and turned away with a grave face. I felt a strange heart-sinking, I could not ask him a word, though he spoke to me as if to answer a question.

"Yes," he said, "had better go to bed, and I'll send Cor in to sit beside him all night. But recollect you must not sit up as well: one is enough, and you will have the day watching."

Cor came in about half an hour, a tall well-made young stripling, with blue eyes, and a bright energetic look about his face. He was wearing a quiet livery and under his arm he carried three huge books which had come out of the doctor's library. He lifted his forefinger to his forehead first as a sort of bow to me, and then he came and took my hand between both of his, and stooped down almost as if he was going to kiss it.

"Miss Margery," he said, "the doctor tells me I am to come every night and sit up with the old Master, while you get your rest. He's lent me some books to keep me awake; such stunning hard ones, with such awful long words in. He says I shall be a Doctor myself some day. Wouldn't that be a lark, Miss Margery?" He had not quite left off his street slang, but he could talk better than that when he chose. Now he caught himself up, and colored, then laughed at himself quietly, and prepared to follow me into uncle Simster's room. I saw him sit down to his studies with the curtain drawn to shade his uncle's eyes from the candle, which lighted him. There was the fresh eager young face on one side, and the withered, sunken, drowsy face on the other side of the curtain. From the old man's nose was gone, and the relish for life was gone; but presently they would be given to him again, and grow for ever. Some where I have read: "The oldest Angels before the throne are the youngest."

Hard at work sat Cor all night long, and for several nights, beside uncle Simster's death bed. But the end came at last. We could hear the clock ticking in the shop below, and a solemn snail stole over his face as he listened, shuddering if I tried to speak or move. Then he whispered, "God bless you, Margery," and I was once more alone.

Every body was very good to me; but Cor was my greatest comfort. He and the doctor between them saved me all care and trouble, and both of them followed uncle Simster to the grave. After that I remained a few weeks quite alone in the quiet house. Mr. Moss, who had been our journeyman for some months past, had taken to the business such as it was, in the hope of improving it; but he was not ready to come and dwell in the house. He had been living with, and helping to maintain a widowed aunt, Mrs. Moss, with a young child, her niece, Phoebe; but he hung back from bringing them to live in the small rooms, which had been scarcely big enough for uncle and me. But not long after Mrs. Moss was appointed to an almshouse in Westminster, and was very glad to remove to it and leave her nephew free.

It was just then, so nicely did God's works fit in, that Dr. Clark came one evening to bring me some good news.

"Margery," he said, "one of the almshouses on Bede's Charity is dead; did a day or two ago, and I have pushed forward your claim. You are going to be put on the Charity in her place, and so have a sure provision as long as you live. It's only a small one I'm sorry to say."

"Sir," I said, "I'm right thankful to you and to God. It will be enough if it is what He sends. I must have gone back to my parish but for that." I thought of the workhouse, where father had always gone once a week, and I felt as if I could not bear to go back to my native place as a pauper. The Beades had always been decent farmers for many a generation back, and I was the only one left of them. For surely Stephen must have perished in that far-off land. No, anything would be better than going home to enter the workhouse there! It may be that God saw a pride in my heart that needed rooting up.

"Well," said Dr. Clark, "it is only six shillings a week, Margery, and nothing more. How you can ever live upon that I cannot see."

"There are thousands of people in London who live upon less," I answered, "I never fear for me, sir, I shall live well upon six shillings a week. I've furniture enough to furnish a room, and Mr. Moss'll give me something for the business. You know uncle's left everything to me?"

The doctor smiled to himself. I dare say he thought everything was but little. Yet it was a good deal to me; for I found a pleasant room, down in Westminster, to be near Mrs. Moss, and the little girl Phoebe who had taken wonderfully to me, and I had plenty of things to furnish it comfortably, without laying out a penny of the money Mr. Moss gave me for the stock and business. It was not much, about five and twenty pounds, after uncle's few debts were paid; but that was a neat-egg, as poor Stephen used to say, and it was laid by for a time when I needed it more. Yet, He, the Lord Christ, never had money laid by for Judas the bag, and bare what was put therein; Judas the traitor and the thief.

(To be Continued.)

IMAGINATION-STRICKEN.

I stepped out into the bright moonlight, to take a walk with a gentleman who was weak in one knee. Becoming deeply engaged in conversation, we quite forgot everything else, and continued our walk back and forth upon the street for a long time, when he suddenly exclaimed: "What a long walk I am taking! If I had seen the entire distance before me at once it would have been impossible. My brains would have been all down in my knee!"

Through fear of using this knee he had for a long time, and quite unconsciously to himself, mentally withheld from it the normal supply of nerve force, and this was now all there was of disease in this part.

A woman of unusual intelligence used to send for me frequently at night, and when I came to her bedside she would say, "Doctor, feel my pulse; put your hand here;" and she would place my hand upon the impulse of the heart and say, "Doctor, isn't my heart affected? Tell me now truly!" and the strongest reassurance I could give that it was not, and the explanation of the real and sympathetic cause of her palpitations would not last more than a day or two before the same fears would return. Of all the organs which answer promptly to the feelings, the heart is the most sensitive—in its flesh and spirit are closely blended. Few weaken while it re-derives its movements.

Rarely have these timid patients any heart disease at all. Those who have real heart disease are, as a rule, strangely indifferent to the old way used to be for the doctor to

put his ear to the chest, hear a heart murmur, say "heart disease," and have the poor invalid stricken with the fear that he might die at any moment; whereas, of the many forms of real heart disease, there is but one of which this could be said, and with some of the others a man may live a quarter of a century.

I once knew a young physician who could increase his own heart beats almost to palpitation, by fixing his attention there. *Per contra*, a man's attention may be so powerfully withdrawn from self as not to feel pain at all, even when a powerful cause of pain is applied. Soldiers are sometimes not aware they are wounded until the excitement of battle is over, and it is told of Campanella that he could so forcibly abstract his attention from fear, and from bodily suffering, as to endure the rack itself without much pain.

The stuff of which men are made differs considerably. Professor Blanquet tells the story of a strong man literally brought to his bed by his imagination, under the domination of fear. The plot was carried out by three waggish friends. The first one meets him on the street and says, "Why, you are not looking well this morning." He declares he never felt better in his life, and goes on, but wonders what that man could have seen in him to make him think he was sick. He soon meets another and sympathy, says, "I am sorry, sir, to see you looking so very ill this morning!" He begins in earnest to be "worried about himself," his step relaxes, and he soon comes up with No. three, who instantly declares: "You are a sick man! why are you on the street? You look wretchedly! You ought to be in bed; I will go home with you." And he goes, and the man takes his bed.

It is told of Tom Sheridan that he kept a man, who was afraid of the east wind, in the house for a week by tying up the weather vane. Hypochondriacs would come down in the morning sure the wind had changed, as he was feeling better, take a look at the weather vane, change his mind, dare not venture out, retreat into the corner and wait another day for the wind to "get around."

Catch your dog, hold over him a club and "make believe" you are to give him a beating. Every time you lift the club he jerks himself up in a heap, writhes, trembles and yelps. He does not actually receive a blow, and why does he yelp and cry? Because fear wrought the same pain, along the same nerves, as the blows themselves would have done.

Predicting a disease has a strong tendency to develop it. A school girl told me that, having drunk from a brook in the woods, some of the girls told her that in three months she would have frogs in her stomach. She thought she had forgotten it, but it occurred to her one Sabbath morning, while she was in church, that it was the day for the frogs to appear, and immediately, as she imagined, they began to crawl up into her throat, and lose their hold and fall back again. She left the church pale and weak, but before the day was over the delusion had vanished.

An injudicious mother says to her daughter, "It seems to me you are not looking well this morning; you are not thinking of going to church?" When she goes out to walk the mother says it is too wet, or too hot, or too cold, or too early, or too late; and when she wants to go to the social, it's too exciting. If she has an errand up stairs, mother says, "Let me go for you." Under this regime, the daughter takes to the lounge, and the mother becomes "very anxious," and sends for the doctor and says, "Doctor, I don't know what can be the matter with Rose; she hasn't a bit of appetite, she can't sleep, and she has lost all her ambition—Rose is such a delicate girl!"

Suppose a doctor should gravely tell a patient, "You have got a combination of diseases, sir! embolism of the liver, congestion of the portal plexus, inflammation of mucous membranes, no vital force in the organic nerves, the magnetic currents are all wrong, and I think a little reorganization on the left side of the heart!" Would not such a statement as this alone be sufficient to make him sick? I have talked with many chronic invalids—word-stricken—sick, in part, at least, on doctor's Latin; and this they betrayed while telling me their cases, by mixing in the technical terms which they had learned of their doctor, of the real meaning of which they knew no more than a parrot. Consciousness may tell us of pain, but it cannot teach us anatomy or pathology. Said Professor Blanquet to his class one day, "Paint the vein along its whole course with iodine. The name of this disease is *Phlegmasia Alba Dolens*, a name not to be repeated in the hearing of your patient while she is weak!"—*From article in Herald of Health.*

TEACHING ENGLISH DICTION.

From a lecture by Rev. E. A. Abbott, head master of the City of London School:—

Now let us consider the part that should be assigned to diction in an English lesson. By diction I mean the art of speaking and writing well; that is to say, with clearness and appropriateness, and of understanding the exact meaning of that which is well spoken or written. Under this head I think might come some brief explanation of the distinction between poetry and prose. Poetic diction might be roughly classified as being either forcible, or elevated, or graceful. Examples might be given of each school—the Elizabethan poets of the forcible, the Paradise Lost of the elevated, Tennyson of the graceful—were being of course taken to protest that we by no means assert that Shakespeare was never elevated, Milton never graceful, and Tennyson never forcible. A brief sketch might explain how, in serious poetry, the forcible and the elevated diction of the 16th and first half of the 17th centuries was supplanted by the graceful diction of the second half of the 17th and 18th centuries, which, in turn, gave way to the reaction against conventional gracefulness, heralded by the Percy Ballads, and by Cowper, and carried on by Wordsworth and his followers. This sketch might be illustrated by a few instances of the errors of each school. Boys might be enabled to see that when Macbeth speaks of Duncan's "silver skin, laced with his golden blood," and the daggers as being "unmanly breech'd with gore," this language is not forcible but forced and unnatural, though, perhaps, natural in the mouth of a conscious murderer dissembling guilt. Still more easily they could perceive that it is not "graceful" to call a man a "swain" or a woman a "fair," because you happen to be writing poetry, or to avoid mentioning a feature of the face by name as in—

"Mark him of shoulders curved and stature tall,
Black hair and vivid eye, and meagre cheek;
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak."

Where "prominent feature" is used, even by Wordsworth as a polite periphrasis, to avoid the supposed vulgarity of a "nose." Pope's *Iliad*, and still more, the *Odyssey*, would supply abundant instances of the application of the elevated style to a subject which rather demands the forcible or the graceful.

When these distinctions had been clearly drawn out, and well illustrated by examples, boys might be asked to refer certain passages in the poem which they happened to be reading, to one or other of these subdivisions, and to point out apparent errors of excess or mis-application. The direction of prose would then demand notice; and we might mark out the region of polite prose as distinguished

from poetry, from conversation, from slang, and from provincialism. A few instances might make this clear, one of which will suffice on the present occasion. The great danger of boys, derived from their study of poetry and of newspapers, is that if they try to write anything that is not slang, they think it necessary to use poetic diction. Thus Alison writes, "Parliament, during this session, was mainly occupied with the Emerald Isle," meaning Ireland. Now this is just what a boy of fair ability, beginning to write English pretty well, would be likely to say. It is, therefore, desirable to warn our pupils that, as the object in prose is very often simply to convey information, and the object in verse is to give pleasure, there is of necessity a distinction between the two styles, and the words used in prose should be selected with a view to their intelligibility above every other consideration, while in verse other considerations are both allowable and fit. Poetic diction, even when perfectly intelligible, is offensive and exasperating in prose. It is like a fresco in the waiting-room of a railway-station, where our sole thought is how soon we can get away. No doubt the historian might have said, "Accustomed to the arid and barren deserts of Arabia, the eye of the traveller rested with pleasure upon the rich bright vegetation of the Emerald Isle." For here we desire to do more than simply give information; we wish to express feeling also.

So far as my experience goes, it would tend to show that this, the poetic side of prose, is the quarter from which danger may be most apprehended. Boys think it the correct thing, if they are answering a question about Julius Caesar, to write *ere* instead of *before*, *unto* for *to*, and insist upon it that the great usurper shall spur his *steed* or *charger*, anything sooner than his horse, across the Rubicon. It is, therefore, necessary to inculcate again and again that poetry is not only to be intelligible, but also euphonious, picturesque, at times archaic, and always averse to unemphatic lengthiness. In prose, these qualities are often, and some of them always, out of place. Who would reject the word "unquestionably" in prose? Who would not prefer "questionless" in poetry?

RUNAWAY HORSES.

Realising that it is very easy to give directions about stopping runaway horses, much easier indeed than it is to put them in practice, we venture the following hints:—If you are in a wagon and the horse takes fright, and gets on the full jump before you can bring your strength to bear on the bits, there is nothing for it but to hold on and try your best to stop him "sawing," if necessary, on the bit. Failing in this, you can perhaps keep him in the road until his wind gives out, or should a good opportunity occur you may turn him against a fence or the side of a house, or in fact against anything that will stop him. This last is a dangerous recourse, but we have seen it done with success. When a span of horses are running the difficulty is increased, and more strength, more skill, and better luck on the part of the driver are very desirable qualities. A strong hand and a determined will nearly always suffice to stop runaways, if nothing breaks. If the lines break or the bits give way, an active person may, without much difficulty, climb over the dashboard, get on the animal's back, and check him by grasping his nose. Leaping from the carriage while the horse is running is almost certain to involve more or less injury. An active person may do it safely, but it is the part of pluck, and generally that of wisdom, to stay by the carriage as long as the traces hold. When the horse is fairly stopped, treat him kindly, and, if possible, let him stand until his nerves are quieted.

If a horse is running toward you, courage and adroitness may enable you to stop him. If you can secure a hold on the reins, or one of them, near the bits, you are all right. Hold on, and within a few rods at most the horse will stop, unless he is a most extraordinary animal. In the case of a span, if you stop one horse, the other must stop, too, if nothing gives way. We can tell those who have never tried it that it is not a pleasant pastime to stand by the roadside and watch the approach of a frantic horse, making calculation the while to catch some part of the harness. Still it can be done, and is done many times during every year. A runaway was stopped in this city a short time ago by a boy, who climbed into the wagon from behind, passed forward and along the shafts till he could reach the reins, when he placed himself astride the animal and stopped him within three squares.

An equestrian has a better chance every way to check his horse than has the driver of a vehicle. One trouble is, that the motion of the animal causes his mane to stream out and embarrass the rider's hold on the lines. This, however, is a minor difficulty, and an equestrian who has a firm seat ought to be able either to check the horse or stop him clear of all obstacles until he is glad to stop.

DOMESTIC.

BIRDS FOR INVALIDS are most nutritious broiled. Silt down the back, and let them cook, breast upwards, until nearly done. Then turn the breast to the fire for a few minutes. A moderate fire is best. Quail, partridge, grouse, and chicken can be prepared this way.

LIGHT CORN BREAD.—One pound cornmeal, a cup of flour, one quart of milk, three eggs, a tablespoonful of butter. Mix two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with the meal. Bake three quarters of an hour in a hot oven.

GOOD BROWN BUTTER CAKES.—Mix two quarters buckwheat, one quarter flour, and one quarter cornmeal. Use bakers' yeast, and tepid water, and let it stand over night. The cakes will brown quickly on a hot pan, and are light and nourishing.

MEAT BALLS.—Chop the meat fine, as for sausages; then mix a small quantity of crumbs of bread and a seasoning of mace, pepper, clove and salt, all well pounded; mix these with an egg and make the mass into balls the size of a goose egg. Roll them in bread crumbs and egg, and fry them in brown butter, and dish them up with a gravy flavored with walnut catsup.

TO WASH STRAW MATTING.—Take a pail half-full of water, a perfectly clean long-handled mop, and a dish of dry, unsifted Indian-meal. Sweep all dust off the matting, then scatter the dry meal evenly over the room. Wring the mop so dry that it will not drip at all, and rub hard, one breadth at a time, always lengthwise of the straw, and use clean water for each breadth. When the matting is dry, the meal can be swept off easily; it should always be done on a dry day.

TO CLEAN SMOKY PAPER HANGINGS.—Take a piece of wood of the shape of a scrubbing-brush, nail a handle on the back, then upon the face nail a piece of dried sheepskin with the wool upon it, or flax or tow will do, or cotton-wool of several thicknesses will answer very well. Dip this brush into dry whiting, and rub the smoke lightly with the whiting on the upper parts of the room first—protecting the carpet with matting or newspapers, as the whiting dust is hard to sweep off a carpet. The whiting that remains on the wall is easily brushed off with a soft cloth attached to a stick. It is very effective if the room is not damp and the whiting is dry.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD YEAST.—For a small family, take one ounce of dried hops and two quarts of water. Boil them fifteen minutes;

add one quart of cold water, and let it boil for a few minutes; strain, and add half a pound of flour—putting the latter into a basin and pouring on the water slowly to prevent its getting lumpy—one-fourth pound of brown sugar, and a handful of fine salt. Let it stand three days, stirring it occasionally. Little bubbles will soon rise in it. When it ferments well, add six potatoes which have been boiled, mashed and run through a colander, making them as smooth as possible. This yeast will keep a long while, and has the advantage of not taking any yeast to start it with. It rises so quickly that a less quantity of it must be put in than of ordinary yeast.

—Faith and repentance are the effect of our salvation; they cannot therefore be the cause of it, any more than motion, which is the effect of life, can be said to be the cause why we live or move; and so Bishop Beveridge settles the matter: "How can I do good works in order to my justification, when I can do no good works till after I am justified?"

—A humming bird flew into a court room in Georgia during the session of the court one day recently, at 104 a. m., and continued to fly within a few inches of the ceiling until six p. m., when it fell slowly and landed on a mantelpiece, where it was captured. It was on the wing seven and a half hours without rest.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

—The Congregational Fair in Boston is conducted on principles of strict business honesty. The first of its rules is as follows: "There shall be no raffish, grab-bags, post-office, or drummers; no fictitious value on goods and no auction at the close." It is said that a gentleman may walk round the room and inspect all the tables without once being importuned to buy anything.

—Tejeda will be successful. At the present elections, which took place on the 13th ult., the nomination of Tejeda for the presidency was unopposed. A commission has been appointed by the Mexican Government to investigate affairs on the Rio Grande, with especial reference to the lawless depredations of bands of Mexicans on Texas soil.

—The Congregationalist says that a total abstinence society, which an old minister considered a sort of John the Baptist to a revival, has been organized in Santiago, Chili. At a preliminary meeting twenty-two persons were present, twenty of whom voted in favor of total abstinence. One article of the constitution reads: "No member shall make, buy, sell, or use as a beverage, any kind of spirituous or fermented liquors." All

COMMERCIAL.

MONTREAL WITNESS OFFICE, Nov. 22.

Greenhous bought at 12 1/2 @ 0.00, and sold at 10 1/2 @ 0.00. American silver bought at 7 1/2 @ 0.00; British do. at 8 1/2 @ 0.00; small do. at 8 1/2 @ 0.00; 1/2 @ 0.00.

P. D. BROWN, Banker and Broker,
125 Great St. James street.

HAY AND STRAW—There has been a very large supply of hay in the market during the past week, with a liberal demand. Hay is selling at from \$10 to \$12.50 per 100 bundles of 15 pounds each. Straw is rather scarce, with an active demand, and going at from \$7.50 to \$9 per 100 bundles of 12 pounds each.

WHOLESALE GROCERY MARKET.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

A full account of the market has been done. Tea quiet. Advances from England indicate a slight decline in green teas; those from Japan show a much firmer market there. Fine to finest Japan are held with firmness. Young Hysons of high grades in fair demand.

SUGARS—Several lots offering ex vessel which tend to keep Raws and Yellows below rates equal to New York. Raws held at 8 1/2 @ 9 1/2; Yellows at 9 1/2 @ 10 1/2; Whites are scarce and firm, especially Dry Crushed.

MOLASSES—A moderate business doing. **SYRUPS**—Not in large supply, firm, and in demand.

RICE AND COFFEES have been dealt in to a fair extent at former prices.

CHEMICALS—Bicarb Soda, \$5 3/4 to \$5.62 1/2; Sal-Soda, \$2.25 to \$2.30.

SPICES—Pepper, 15 1/2 to 16 1/2; Nutmegs firm, 85 to 90; Pimento held higher, 75 to 80; Cassia and Ginger as in last report; Cloves higher, 17 1/2 to 18 1/2.

FLOUR—In some lines there has been a pressure to sell, and prices realized have not been considered satisfactory to importers. New Layer Raisins, \$1.60 to \$1.75, with moderate sales. Valentias, sales of 1,000 boxes at 7 1/2, held at 8 to 8 1/2 for smaller lots. Seedlings in demand and higher, held at 7 1/2 to 8 1/2 in lots. Sultanas, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2; Currants, from 6 to 7 1/2; Figs, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2; Filberts, 10 to 10 1/2; Walnuts, 4 1/2 to 5, as to quality; Almonds, 5 to 5 1/2; Brazil Nuts scarce.

OLDS—Cod Oil remains at about last week's prices—55 to 58, and 60c for lot and quality. Salt, inactive.

FISH—The market is dull, owing to excessive supply. Choice Labrador are held at \$1 to \$1.50, but some have been sold for much less. Dry Cod firm. Salmon \$1.50 to \$1.60. New sealed herrings 27 1/2.

SALT is firm at \$1.20 to \$1.25 for new from store. Fine factory filled \$1.75. Western salt of high class in small bags is offered in market, and deserves encouragement.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

DEY GOATS—Trade has been very quiet. Business still continues backward in the country from causes previously mentioned. In fancy dry goods the amount done is far below expectations at the beginning of the season. In fancy goods a brisk business is being done in holiday toys. In clothing a few parting orders only have been received. Collections on the whole have been satisfactory.

WOOL—The market has been very quiet during the week and the only transaction reported is an insignificant quantity of pulled at 32 1/2. A large amount of wool is supposed to have been destroyed at the B-ston fire, but nothing definite is yet known of the quantity or the effect it will have on the market.

PERFUMERY—The demand still continues brisk, with arrivals and deliveries from store about equal. Car-loadings have changed hands at 15 1/2, and smaller lots at 16.

HIDES AND FELTS—A moderate business has been done during the week. Our quotations remain unchanged.

SALES—Selling prices: 100 lb. @ \$1.00; 200 lb. @ \$1.00; 300 lb. @ \$1.00; 400 lb. @ \$1.00; 500 lb. @ \$1.00; 600 lb. @ \$1.00; 700 lb. @ \$1.00; 800 lb. @ \$1.00; 900 lb. @ \$1.00; 1,000 lb. @ \$1.00.

RAW FURS—Consolidated quantities of furs have been brought in and sold at our quotations. Martin and Mink are somewhat dull with a tendency to lower prices.

REPTILES—The demand still continues brisk, with arrivals and deliveries from store about equal. Car-loadings have changed hands at 15 1/2, and smaller lots at 16.

IRON AND HARDWARE—Business continues to fall off as the season advances, and is a somewhat easier feeling prevailing, and it is probable that larger orders will be filled at a shade under our quotations, which remain unchanged from last week. Cut nails still continue scarce.

LEATHER—Business continues quiet but steady, and stocks are diminishing. Prices remaining as previously quoted.

IRON—Pig, 2 1/2 @ 10.00; 3 1/2 @ 10.00; 4 1/2 @ 10.00; 5 1/2 @ 10.00; 6 1/2 @ 10.00; 7 1/2 @ 10.00; 8 1/2 @ 10.00; 9 1/2 @ 10.00; 10 1/2 @ 10.00; 11 1/2 @ 10.00; 12 1/2 @ 10.00.

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WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR—Receipts, 6,200 bbls; Extra, \$7.00 to \$7.25; Fancy, \$6.60 to \$6.80; Super, \$6.00 to \$6.10; No. 2, \$5.90 to \$6.00; Fine, \$5.30 to \$5.40; Middlings, \$4.25 to \$4.40; Pollards, \$2.75 to \$2.85; City Bags, \$3.10 delivered. Market quiet and steady; 100 bbls Extra sold at \$7.20; 100 bbls Cut Down at \$6.75; 100 bbls Fancy at \$6.60; 100 bbls Bright Super at \$6.35; 300 bbls Baker's Super at \$6.32 1/2; 400 bbls Super at \$6.00; 1,800 bbls Welland Canal at \$6.00; 100 Good Super at \$6.05; 100 at \$6.07 1/2; 400 at \$6.10; 50 at \$6.15; 1,000 do. Western Stars, at \$6.10; 100 No. 2 at \$5.90; 200 Fine \$5.40.

WHEAT—Receipts 5,837 bush; White Winter \$1.35 to \$1.36; Red Winter \$1.35; U C Spring \$1.35 to \$1.36; No. 2 Western do \$1.32 1/2; 19,000 bush No. 2 Chicago sold at \$1.32 1/2.

COARSE GRAINS—Corn 53c to 55c; Pulse 82c; Oats 32c to 34c; Barley 40c bush 52c to 54c; 1,500 bush Corn sold at 53c; and several smaller lots at 55c.

PROVISIONS—Moss, \$16 1/2 to \$17. Lard, 10 1/2 to 11c. Butter, 10 1/2 to 11c; Choice, 12c to 13c; Fair to Good, 12c to 13c; Choice, 17c to 20c. No demand, quotation nominal. The receipts, 1,146 boxes, 10 1/2 to 12 1/2.

MEATS—Receipts 69 bbls; Pigs, \$6.25 to \$6.75; Thirs, \$8.35, nominal.

MILKMAKERS—Nov. 20, 10.30 a.m.—Wheat milled, No. 1 \$1.22; No. 2 \$1.11 cash; \$1.08 1/2. Receipts 33,000 bush; shipments, 87,000 do. Freight quiet; 12c to Buffalo, 18c to Oswego.

CHICAGO, Nov. 20, 10.40 a.m.—Receipts Flour 7,240 bbls; shipments 7,000 bbls. Rets Wheat 29,000 bush; shipments do 15,000 bush. Rets Corn 32,000 bush; shipments do 41,000 bush. Rets Oats 19,000 bush; shipments do 6,000 bush. Rets Rye 3,000 bush; shipments do none. Rets Barley 23,000 bush; shipments do 6,000 bush.

MONTREAL CATTLE MARKET—Nov. 19. ST. GABRIEL.

Cattle, first quality, 6c to 6 1/2 @ 5 lb live weight; Second quality, 5c to 5 1/2 @ 5 lb live weight; Milch Cows, \$2.50 to \$3.00 each; Extra, \$4.00 to \$5.00 each; Sheep, \$4.00 to \$5.00 each; Lambs, \$2.50 to \$3.00 each; Hogs, 4c to 5c @ 5 lb live weight; Hides, 7c to 8c per cwt; Pelts, 80c to \$1.00 each; Tallow, 5c @ 5 lb.

REMARKS—No change in prices except as regards cattle. Good fair market beef cattle, sold at an average of about \$1 per 100 lbs on estimated weight of beef, hide and tallow; and although we quote it at quality 6c to 6 1/2, there are very few if any offering. Hogs in better demand at 4 1/2 to 5 1/2.

WIGGS

Cattle—1st quality, per 100 lb. \$6.00 @ \$7.00; 2nd do \$4.00 @ \$5.00; Milch Cows, \$2.50 @ \$3.00; Extra do \$3.50 @ \$4.00; 2nd do \$2.00 @ \$2.50; 3rd do \$1.00 @ \$1.50; 4th do \$0.50 @ \$1.00; 5th do \$0.25 @ \$0.50; 6th do \$0.10 @ \$0.25; 7th do \$0.05 @ \$0.10; 8th do \$0.02 @ \$0.05; 9th do \$0.01 @ \$0.02; 10th do \$0.00 @ \$0.01.

NEW INSOLVENT NOTES—QUEBEC.

James Levesque, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 11 a.m.; Oliver Levesque, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 2 p.m.; Antoine Levesque, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 4 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 6 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 8 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 10 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 12 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 2 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 4 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 6 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. Murphy, Quebec, Dec. 2nd, at 8 p.m.; J. O. Murphy, bankrupt, at the office of J. O. 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