

without instruction on this important matter.

The defence offered on behalf of the obnoxious Minute, is that under an Order of the Council of Public Instruction, passed in 1864—it is necessary to carefully notice the dates—teachers having conscientious objections to meeting in a public examination might, under certain guarantees of good faith, work their papers at home; and that this order has never been repealed. This defence, we may remark, is scarcely in point. Mr. Rand replied, shewing that the order was swept away by the operation of the Act of 1867, which expressly repealed all previous laws relating to local examinations; and that since the Act of 1867 came in force, until his dismissal, every teacher examined in the province, with the exception of one, who was taken sick at the examination, had worked the papers in the presence of a deputy examiner. The *Chronicle*, replied that Mr. Rand had given permission in Dec. 16th, 1867—two months after the new method of examination came in force—for the Sisters of Charity in Halifax to be examined in accordance with the order of 1864, as was proved by a letter “stowed away in the archives of the educational office,” dated Dec. 16th, 1867. Mr. Rand replied that he had no knowledge of having issued such a letter, and suggested that the paper “is the draft of a letter which was not issued, because seen to be on its completion, not in accordance with law. Not being destroyed at the moment, it got ‘stowed away in the archives of the educational office.’ If it was ever issued it must have been corrected verbally or otherwise.” The *pros* and *cons* respecting the issue of this letter seem to be as follows:—1. The letter itself, or the draft of a letter, addressed to Mr. J. R. Willis, Secretary of the Halifax School Commissioners, now in the hands of Rev. Mr. Hunt. 2. Mr. Hunt says he received it from Father Hannan two or three months ago. 3. Mr. Hunt says it was in an “official envelope” when Dr. Hannan received it in 1867. 4. Mr. Hunt says that Dr. Hannan can prove that it was issued from the education office.

Against this appears:—1. There is no record in the Education office of the issue of such a letter. 2. There is no record in the School Commissioners’ office of its receipt, or of any correspondence referring to the subject. 3. The “official envelope” turns out to be not an envelope from the Education office. 4. The letter could not have been “stowed away” in that office for 3 years, and at the same time in the possession of Rev. Dr. Hannan. 5. In February, 1869, Dr. Hannan applied to the Council to grant permission for the Sisters of Charity to be examined privately, which is unaccountable if he had Mr. Rand’s letter of Dec., 1867, conferring such privilege. 6. Mr. Rand in reply to Dr. Hannan’s application to the Council, urges strong reasons why the Sisters should be examined in the presence of a deputy examiner as other candidates, and expressly refers to the fact that previous to the Acts of 1867, an order did exist of the nature sought by Dr. Hannan, but that its principle is inapplicable to the new system of examination. 7. It is notorious that no private examination has ever been sought or obtained under the permission of the letter in question.

It would seem therefore, that the letter was either not issued at all, or if issued was corrected. Nothing whatever has been evolved in this discussion which lends the shadow of a justification for the illegal Minute of Council which was recently passed. It only appears more necessary than ever that there shall be no tampering with the law, nor any favoritism shown in its administration. We trust that the Council of Public Instruction see the folly and injustice of attempting to evade the clear and admirable provisions of the law, and that they will lose no time in “annulling” their late Minute. The *Witness* of last week says:—

“It is said that some 15 or 16 candidates occupied 4 different rooms in two buildings nearly a mile apart, at the last Examination in Halifax; and that one Deputy Examiner only had charge of the whole. It is said, also, that the Provincial Examiners discovered that the papers put in by these candidates were copies of one another, and notified the Superintendent to that effect. And we are informed that these candidates have obtained their licenses with high averages! We ask Mr. Hunt if this is true.”

No reply, we learn, has been given to this enquiry. The matter demands investigation.

**BAZAARS FOR RELIGIOUS OBJECTS.**

All combinations such as Bazaars, Sales of useful and ornamental articles &c., contributed for raising funds for religious objects, are regarded by some people as highly objectionable. Doubtless they are sometimes conducted in a manner inconsistent with the object they are intended to serve; and it is not surprising that some conscientious christian people should have their fears awakened, and their prejudices confirmed against them. Without attempting to disparage the objections of the more scrupulous, or offering any encouragement to the abuse of these modes of serving good objects, we may ask a respectful hearing for Mr. Spurgeon on the subject. At a recent opening of a bazaar he said:—

No doubt he should be regarded as a great sinner by some; for he had recently attended at the opening of several bazaars, held for the purpose of paying off chapel debts. He had read some letters which had been punished, taking exception to the practice: but after giving all due weight to the views of the writers, he did not think there was much in the objections. At some bazaars lotteries had been held and these could not be too much deprecated. One objection, which was not peculiarly applicable to bazaars, was that the ladies who attended them were over-dressed; he held that that remark did not apply generally to ladies of the Baptist denomination, and such over dressing we at all times should discountenance. Those who objected that mere vanities were sold at these bazaars, could not do better than buy them up and destroy them. The objections that things were sold “too dear,” and “too cheap,” seemed rather to nullify each other. That there had been things done at bazaars that have been a dishonor to our common Christianity, and which were likely to provoke the anger of God, he did not doubt; but he did not think that this touched the bazaar itself, which he believed to be a good, legitimate and praiseworthy means of raising money for the cause of God. It enabled those who had no money to give of their time and labor, and like the good people at the construction of the tabernacle, those who could only give “a handful of goat’s hair,” to help to fringe the curtains, rendered help in that way. He believed that those who did anything for God from even an unworthy motive have a reward, and much more those who acted from a right motive. He was of opinion that very much of good might come out of a bazaar, and he trusted that many a prayer had been mingled with the labor so skillfully employed in manufacturing the articles there displayed, for a blessing on the cause for which the busy fingers had been thus laboring.

**FATHER HYACINTHE ON ENGLAND, FRANCE AND ITALY.**

Father Hyacinthe, in a Speech delivered at Hanover Square Rooms, London, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the Fund for the relief of the French peasantry, referred to the united efforts of scholars of different denominations to revise the English Scriptures. This liberal Catholic made the following remarks:—

A new phenomenon has arisen. The Churches are drawing more closely together. Priests, ministers, theologians, no longer stand so far aloof. I have seen with admiration here ministers of various denominations associating to revise your translation of the Scriptures. Some say this rapprochement is a sign of indifference in religion. I deny it. Indifference is not the mark of the Christianity of our epoch, and if the Churches draw more closely towards each other this phenomenon is a sign, not of indifference but of a truer sentiment than has existed heretofore, a feeling that truth is the exclusive property of no creed, but belongs in varying proportions to all Christian Churches. Theology is not without its value; it must even be formulated. But theology shuts up within itself no more than a portion of the Divine spirit and life. It is owing to such a conviction that Christianity to-day has lost something of its old acerbity. Catholics and Protestants alike are influenced by this feeling. France is Catholic by tradition, by temperament, by the exigence of its logical development; but in France was born the Protestantism of Calvin as well as the ardent Catholicism of Bossuet.

He closed his speech by a touching reference to the state of his country. This great preacher, who has so often warned the people of France from his pulpit in Notre Dame, holds views similar to those put before our readers recently from a Baptist Minister of the United States, now in Paris. The following is the opinion of this great Frenchman on the moral and social condition of Paris and France:—

As to France my poor country, stretched like a bleeding victim at the feet of the invader, yet battling still with all the energy of despair, one is tempted at first to cry, as the Poles cried years ago, *Finis Gallia!* But, no! France needs deliverance from herself, and deliverance now will come. I speak of her not politically but morally and socially and as such she

was a bad example among the nations. I say that for her own sake and that of the world it was necessary she should be saved from the abyss to which she was approaching. In 1867—from the pulpit of Notre Dame—I warned my hearers of the luxury and vice which carried in their bosom the seeds of social and of national dissolution. It is something already to see the freedom of Italy accomplished through this war—of Italy, so long kept down by the ill-directed force of France. It is something to see, along with the deliverance of Italy, the commencement of the regeneration of my great Church, the Church of Rome. If this war send us also deliverance from the crying evils I have mentioned at home, then, since there was indeed no other remedy, thank God for a war which restores to us our ancient manners and our ancient purity—a war which gives us once again a race of chaste women and of brave men.”

Our worthy friend, Rev. Mr. Somerville, in his Review of Dr. Carson’s book, on another page, says he has “no notion of praying for money, nor of accepting as a direct gift from heaven in answer to prayers, cash in an envelope, forwarded by unknown or known hands.”

Now we are accustomed to expect, and from time to time to receive ‘cash in envelopes from known hands,’ and Mr. S. will not be surprised that we should call in question the correctness of his view on this matter, and defend the practise of sending cash in envelopes, and ask for its continuance whenever our subscribers find it more convenient to do so than to call at our office or on one of our Agents. As to “praying for money” we see but little difference between that and praying for bread—what money will procure. If we offer the prayer, “Give us this day our daily bread,” and shortly after a letter comes freighted with cash, it is not surely wrong to accept it as a “direct gift from Heaven;” as “direct” as we expect anything while in this sublunary state. All that we receive are direct gifts from Heaven, whether they be money in payment of just debts, or apples growing on trees, or potatoes from under the ground. God has a thousand channels by which he sends his “gifts.” When we pray “Thy kingdom come,” we ask that sinners may be saved, that houses of worship may be enlarged and increased in number—that the number of ministers may be multiplied and that all that may be connected with the reign of Christ, and the doing of his will on earth, may be accomplished.

So when we pray “give us this day our daily bread,” we pray for clothing and fuel, and the means of paying rent and taxes, and of satisfying the wants of those who are dependent upon us as well as for “bread.” It is true the Lord knows we have need of all these things, but he has condescended to allow us to employ these means—the labour of our hands and prayer and trust in Him, and in doing these we may look with confidence for the fulfilment of the promise.

**THE HORRORS OF WAR.**

A correspondent in Cape Breton says:—

“Your paper is always a welcome *Messenger* to us here. We sometimes complain of the scarcity of war news, yet after all the less we hear of these things the better unless true. However one thing we believe that King Jesus will live and reign when all the kings of the earth are no more.”

We may say to our brother it would be the easiest thing in the world to fill our pages with details of the terrible war in France. We have generally contented ourselves with brief recitals of movements as given in the telegrams. Here is however one specimen of what might be multiplied by the hundred:

The *Times* correspondent in his letter of Dec. 5th, says:—“From what I witnessed during the battles I knew that Villiers would be the best point at which to enter on my horrible exploration. It is just midway between Brie and Champagne. On approaching the village I found two dead horses and a dead Zouave lying immediately outside. One of the horses was the roadside, the other was in a field. The Zouave lay on his back by the side of a house. Two shells had destroyed all three, and the side of a house also. Villiers itself had been shelled with a vengeance. The bombs had descended everywhere, carrying with them the roofs of houses, entering through stone walls, and scattering destruction all around. But though not many dwellings there had entirely escaped, one mansion seemed safe and sound. In the grounds attached to it the shells had ploughed the ground and thrown the earth about on every side. The residence itself is that of a courageous French lady, who has lived in it under all the fire, and now gives shelter to a Saxon officer who was wounded outside. This lady is the sole civilian in the village. She must be the

most courageous woman on earth, for, not to speak of the battle days, shells are always falling in Villiers. There is a park just at the extreme end of the village on the Paris side. Before and all around it raged the battle on both days—the 30th of November and the 2nd of December. The chateau is officers’ quarters. How it suffered! There is scarcely a window sash left in one side of it, and to approach it there is no necessity to make use of the entrance gate. The wall is smashed from top to bottom in a dozen places. I entered near the gate, and the first sight I saw was ten dead Saxons in a row. Their faces were covered, and three of their comrades watched over them. Passing through the park in the direction of Paris, I walked out through the embrasure in the wall, and came upon rising ground. It was one of the hottest parts of the battle-field, and almost the centre of the scene of fighting. Heavens, what a sight! To see the men advancing under fire of the forts, and falling at every step; to see the French and the Saxons amid that horrid of artillery shooting one another down with chassapott and needle-gun; to hear the “hurrahs” followed by a volley, and as the smoke cleared away to find the lines thinned and living men advancing over the prostrate bodies of dead and dying, was horrible, but nothing like so horrible as the sight of this battle-field, with hundreds of dead lying there in the cold air, the sun shining on their ghastly features and stiff forms, while the cannon on Avron and Nogent were thundering with sounds which shook the earth for miles round.

One of the first groups I came upon was composed of sixty French soldiers. A few Saxons and Wurtembergers lay around them; but the Germans had already removed and laid in their last sleeping-place most of their dead. The centre of the group was formed of a close line of forty-six. You could not have placed a body between any two. They fell shoulder to shoulder just as they had stood to fire. By far the greater number of them were on their backs with their feet to Paris and their heads to Villiers. Alas! it was painfully evident that many of them and of others whom I saw subsequently, had not died instantaneously, but had lived probably many hours, without a hand to lend them succour, and in piercing snow and frost. One poor fellow lay on his face. He had two rifle-wounds in his back. He had partly stripped himself, and he died with a hand on each bullet hole. Several had taken off their knapsacks and placed them under their heads, and so pillowed had breathed their last breath. Others clenched their water bottles in one hand, but had been unable to remove the cork; and died without being able to wet their lips in their last agony. Some, in their sufferings, had burrowed their faces in the thick clay on which they lay, and turned their bloody and earth-stained faces upwards before they expired. Two I saw who had their arms fixed and their fists clenched as if while dying they were engaged in a pugilistic encounter. Only very few were on their sides. These had their knapsacks under their heads. There were men on whose faces beamed the smile of an infant, and whose countenances were like handsome waxwork. The expression of others was that of terrible agony. Every feature was contorted; their legs had been convulsively jerked up until their knees stuck into their stomachs, and their finger and thumb nails had been squeezed until they became riveted into the palms of their hands. Behind, before, and at the corners of this line of forty-six dead men were others, Saxon and French. One had a frightful wound in the face. He had pulled his hands up into his sleeves to warm them, but his cap had fallen off, and the blood clotted on his hair till it was all in bloody mats. Near him was another who had taken a biscuit from his knapsack and the bottle from his side, and had partaken of a little of both. More than one of the slain had died with their hands clasped in prayer; and near one I found a little plaster medallion of the Blessed Virgin. A portion of the edge had been shot off it. The chassapott and needle-guns were still in many a dead man’s hand, and lying between his arm and his body. Similar were the sights all over the plateau between Villiers and Brie, and Villiers and Champagne; and among the corpses were knapsacks, helmets, shakoes, bayonets, and many a letter sealed and directed to relatives and friends in Germany and France. Near a cemetery situated on the battle-field itself I saw between 200 and 300 dead French soldiers collected closely together; they had been removed from where they had fallen and collected in that spot for burial. All were Regulars; and a considerable proportion of them were men of at least 25 or 30 years of age. There were dead nearer to Paris than any spot I visited, though the fortifications were much too close to be at all agreeable, and Neuilly-sur-Marne and Fontenay-sous-Bois seemed to be a few minutes distance on my right and left. I hope there were no wounded. No armistice for the removal of the dead and wounded had been agreed to; but both sides had been removing them by night. So late as last night some of the German wounded were found among the dead, and are now in hospital. What must have been their suffering in snow and frost since the 2nd inst., for they had been lying out day and night since then, it not since the 30th! But I think your readers will have had sufficient of the battle-field with its masses of dead. May one hope it is the last of them. I don’t believe any man could see it without most fervently wishing that it may be.

and blood, and then think of there being just such things, and worse than can be written, in scores of villages in that devoted country, and they will then get some faint glimpse of the reality. A horrible picture of suffering is given by a Military Correspondent of the *Times*. It was at the battle of Beaugency, and is only one among the thousand scenes which pain the heart, not only of Father Hyacinthe, but of the whole world. Here is the scene described by the *Times* Correspondent:—

In a house which had once been a *Pension de Jeunes Filles* “every room from cellar to roof was crowded” with dead and starving men, lying so thick it “was impossible to move among them.” It was Saturday, and many of them had been there since the Wednesday, some since the Tuesday. All that time “not one drop of water, not one atom of food,” had passed their lips; nor had any comforting hand approached them. If a broken legged sergeant had been able to throw his own coat over his more severely wounded officer that was the utmost relief any of them had obtained. Moreover, the windows of the house were all broken, “and all these ‘days and nights of almost Arctic cold they ‘had been lying on the bare floor with their ‘wounds undressed.’” All the agonies of wounds, of cold, of hunger, and thirst, with all the horrors of death, were endured for days together by these helpless sufferers. The battle, in fact, had been raging for three days around Beaugency, neither side gaining such undisturbed possession of the town as to be able to think of the wounded. Even on the second day, German shells burst in hospitals where French volunteers were tending German wounded. That night there was only one doctor in the town capable of performing amputations, and there were 200 desperately wounded men in one building alone. “The dead lay thick among the dying, and as the ‘former were dragged out their places were ‘instantly filled. Miserable objects, with broken ‘jaws or faces half shot away, wandered about ‘pointing to their dreadful wounds and making ‘piteous signals for water, which it was impossible for them swallow. Officers and ‘men veterans and boys, all lay in one undistinguishable mass of misery. Every man ‘that the human voice can utter rose from ‘that heap of agony.”

In addition to all the horrors of the battle field, we must think of the bereaved widows and mothers, brothers and sisters, children and friends all over France and Germany, and we shall then be prepared the better to pray for peace in all lands in all future time.

We have received a copy of THE INDEX, devoted to Free Religion, *alias* Infidelity, and published in Toledo, Ohio. The following is given as one of the leading principles of the system this paper would inculcate:—

“Free Religion emphasizes, the *Unity of the Universe, the Unity of Mankind, the Unity of the Person, and the Unity of Nations.*”

Great swelling words of vanity abound in the affectation of wisdom in its writers.

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