CANADIAN.

, Digby, of Brantford, is asked ... and will most probably be ...con.

g of Mount Pleasant, near Brant-... lecturing to the students of the ... instead of Dr. Baptie, who re-... to accept a position in the ...nical School.

Dundas *Banner* :—"They have ...Right tap at the Dundas gas ... and our citizens are now enjoying ...rest, brighter and cheapest gas ... anywhere in Canada."

ion paper says :—"Peter Carroll, ... stole Mr. Connor's deed of a ...ified to get a loan of money on it. ...ed. He pleaded guilty of the ...d was committed for trial."

Belleville *Intelligencer*, Nov. ... A year ago to-day the ferry stop-...ng on account of the ice for one ...n again resumed running until ... when the bay closed finally for the ...

Mr. Wm. Fleming, of London, ...olved to leave that city for Aus-... commercial venture, the *Free* ... he has leased his refinery grounds ... M. Lawrason, of Woodstock, who ...ent a new refinery.

Goodbridge *Free Press* says :—... Lewis and Berral, two of the old-... conclusions of last week's issue (V. C. ...ure discharged on Tuesday last. ...7th, for the assigned reason that ...both interested; and private busi-...

y a valuable team of horses belong-...bert Beaty, of Cedar Grove, was ...ing in the street, started to run down ... of the mill pond, pitching a wag-...bed they were shoved into the ...d before assistance reached them ...drowned.

the Oshawa *Vindicator* :—"The ...siness is getting to a fine point. ...ders were put in for wood for ...ls. Only one or two were over ...rs per cord, and several were be-...figure. The contract was awarded ...for good solid body wood."

arry Sound *North Star*, November ...:—"The fall of 1876 will long be ...ered as one of the most delightful in ...tories of the first settlers of this ... A clear sky and bright sunshine ...acterized the past few days. Who ...be in love with such a climate?" ...ntreal *Herald*, Nov. 23rd, says : ... court-martial which investigated ...reported charges brought against Ma-...jor Wynne and Sergt. Wilson, of ...A, for bribing markers at a rifle ...tion and general insubordination, ...dered their decision entirely exon-... two men on footing.

Ottawa *Free Press* of a recent date ...A horse and express waggon, ...ned a couple of hundred dollars, ...fered for sale by Mr. J. Berming-...ne by Ward's market this morning, ...y that could be got for the lot was ... they were knocked down to Moses ...at that figure. The times do seem ...

. McTaggart, near Appin, has sold ... Scates, wood contractor of the ...Western railway, a number of acres of ...ber for contract price at $16 a ...ld is to be left cleared, ready for ...g the brush. The timber is very con-...the Appin station for delivery.

Western contemporary says :—"A ...time since the house of Mr. Buchanan, ...ville, was struck by lightning, the ...nstrated the chimney, hurling a num-...stones in the air, disjointing stove ...and removing lids of the stove, giving ...Buchanan, who was sitting by the stove ...time, a great fright."

the St. Thomas *Times* :—"Beans ...stely taken a considerable rise, and 90 ...bushel is now being paid for them ...year-load. A few weeks ago 46 to 50 ...was the ruling price. Large quantities ...ing shipped to Detroit from stations ...Canada Southern between St. Thomas ...Chatham."

Kingston *Daily News*, of Nov. 22nd, ...:—"Mr. George Morton left the city ...for England. During the fall he has ...y shipped about 7,000 boxes of cheese ...000 kegs of butter, and he is now ...cross the ocean to begin the work ...ish his business. He goes also in the ...vocate any special ecclesiastical ...business, which is daily increasing in ...and yield—fifty tons of leaf having ...pped lately. It is also contemplated ...t to sell samples of phosphate taken ...d mines recently in this section of ...country."

correspondent writing from Niagara ...says that Mr. Martin Farquhar Tup-...author of "Proverbial Philosophy," ...visiting with the Rev. E. J. and ...Hincks, formerly of Belleville, at their ...mce, the Parsonage, Clifton. A few ...ngs since he gave a private reading to ...ntlemen at the Clifton House, when ...ing-room, charming all by his beautiful ...ering of some of his own immortal lines. ...by his frank, genial manner and ...y words to every one present.—*Guelph* ...

Nov. 22nd.

the Paris *Star* :—"We understand ...several English sparrows have made ...appearance lately in Paris, on ...on and at Whitlaw's mill. We are cor-...y informed that two at least of these ...and little birds were seen early ...day last week from a party on the cars ...Paris. There are plenty of them in ...ford and Galt; and if our juveniles ...leave them alone they will soon multi-...ish as also, a little later, will ...ing the vast increase of late years in the ...ms of caterpillars, grasshoppers, and ...pestiferous insects in our orchards."

e Guelph *Mercury*, of Nov. 22nd, ...:—Mrs. Duncan McKeracher, a well-...n resident of Puslinch for the past ...ntieth years, died suddenly on Sunday.

She was an extraordinarily heavy wo-...her weight being about 400 lbs. when ...weighed. She was in consequence not ...to do any kind of work for several ...past. The cause of her death is ...upaired to the last. She was a woman ...essing more than ordinary intelligence, ...good judgment, and considerable ...ledge of the world. She was an attached ...member of the East Puslinch Presbyterian ...ch. She was fifty-three years of age. ...burial took place on Sunday."

Brief and just complaints are being made ...and many others who had money in the ...Office Savings Bank, at the time of ...dulation of the late Premier Mills, ...ed as yet have been unable to obtain a ...tlement of their claims. Some time ago ...D. Inspector investigated these ...ims, and intimated that payment would ...ce made, but it seems that matters ...ins unsettled. Whose fault is it? Surely ...depositors ought not to be treated in ...ashby manner. Many of them have ...ir money in their business, and to meet ...ir liabilities, and it is high time they ...paid. We trust that the Minister of the ...ns authorities will be sufficient to secure ...diate attention to this matter.—*Indian True Banner*.

says the Belleville *Intelligencer* :—"Those ...ish to contrast the style of manu-...chitecture in favour twenty years ago, ...h the models which find favour at the ...sent, can do so to perfection by ...king at the Peerless, Katie Gray, and ...ers, as they rest in our market ...y Thompson's, and then continuing their ...ks to Pretty's dock, where the lady ...ly conductors of the Peerless, ...ed, as they rest in the water ...her contour. The old style was narrow ...ow, and comparatively speaking ...slip over the surface. Both styles have ...ticular advantages, and the latest ...ring but that a modification of the old-...fashioned model may prove superior in speed ...least a couple of hundred dollars, ...fered for sale by Mr. J. Berming-...ne by Ward' market this morning, ...that could be got for the lot was ...they were knocked down to Moses ...at that figure. The times do seem ...

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The Religion of Young Men.

(From the London World).

Most people have at some period of their lives asked themselves what are the uses and advantages of religion which cannot be as well supplied by the accepted notions of morality or the current customs of civilized society. It is imagine a student, a self-instructed nature, in which our convictions should be unfettered, our ideas spontaneous, our minds untinctured by the trad itions of our youth. Ideas and teachings filter down through generations. For some time philosophers and men of science hoped wonders from the investigation of Caspar Hauser's singular case, yet now it is well-known to have been only a gross piece of imposture. It is then not so easy as may be thought to give a definite answer to the question, What is the use of religion? Most men take their religion, as they do their parentage, on trust. The heir to a large fortune thinks less of his money than the suddenly enriched pauper. In like manner, the religion that is imbibed in infancy has often had vivid personal interest ere manhood's completed promise is arrived at. When a young man is exceptionally religious, he is usually vouched a prig. Assume a large party collected in a country house; no notorious sinners in their midst; the average tone of well-bred indifference, with the tacit acceptance of the Christian dogma, prevailed amongst them. When the Sunday comes round, and the ladies more or less willingly prepare for church, what is the conduct of the young men? One or two plead indisposition; some have urgent letters to write; others only attend the London churches, where the music is excellent and the ritual elaborate. The lazy, indeed, of Sunday, as of other days, finds himself the only man in the assemblage of devout worshippers, perhaps a school-boy home for the holidays, and an Oxford tutor who is shortly about to take orders." Yet what one of these apparently irreligious young men can fairly be called vicious? they would shrink from a mean or dishonourable action; they would not ill-treat a woman; they are upright, honest, and generous; but they have an invincible repugnance to going to church. Attendance at church is not to be regarded as the criterion of holiness. Women, even when vain, idle, and worldly, are more regard to the external observances of religion. Why this difference? Husband and wife, united together in the bonds of love and sympathy and common abhorrance of the minor cares of life, drift apart in the question of religious pressure itself. Perhaps of the two the man is the more honourable, the more estimable, the more self-denying. Again, the husband married man, reversing St. Paul's dictum, cares for the things for this world, and pleases his wife, and, if he be a father, it would almost seem as if the sole use of religion were to nourish infancy and consolide age. Are the petitions offered up at our mother's knee of no avail? Have the tender words learned in childish reverence, burns on fruit, then, that the grown-up man virtually rejects all that seemed to him in early youth so right and beautiful?

It is impossible here even to summarise the causes why the religion of young men is so unsatisfactory. But two chief reasons may be enumerated. The one is the consciousness of unbelief, the other a species of false shame, withholding a man from giving utterance to opinions at variance with his whole life as it variance. Roman Catholics assert, as one of the great advantages of their Church, that her members are so fully impressed with the truth of her doctrines that, though vicious, careless, or irreligious, they never for one moment doubt, and can at any time be reconciled to religion, be most egregious of sinners becoming the greatest of saints. There are certainly examples of this sort in history; yet it would not be right to attribute such results entirely to the teaching of the Vatican. Rather it be said that the very strong and vivid passions which propel men into wickedness are, when converted into a right channel, merely helps to sanctity. It is a very common phase in a young man's life that, suddenly removed from the paternal home, surrounded by those who doubts had never, entered nor discussion, questioned him, he finds life under a different, hedged round with temptations, brimming over with material pleasures and their histories had passed away. Begins haunted my boyhood; bogies haunt me now. Of the whole series I think I like better the bogies of my early days. I feel, I proved their fallaciousness, whereas the bogies of to-day are very real. He has no sound, no sight, no smell, no touch, no taste, no sense of them. Yet he knows that he has seen them, he has felt them, he has tasted them, he has smelt them, he has heard them. Why does he know that? Because I'm still able to feel my way about town, while they have lost the organs, and so the bogies are one, each for himself, to do it for them.

I used to think that the sceptic heard of the "great city," its crimes, temptations, etc., very vaguely alluded to, very dreadful bogies indeed! Spending a Christmas eve with the appearance of jolly happy people, passing their time in perpetual revelry, and in picking up the gold with which, as I heard, the City was paved, yet sucked the life-blood of the unfortunate country lad, the rising generation, either died or learned to suck in their turn. What did I find it? Only a Babylon—a Babylon, indeed, rife with commonplace people taking life in a commonplace way, relieved occasionally by cigars, champagne, and sundry brandies-and-sodas!

The stories of the world, the flesh, and the old gentleman with a tail were also bogies of most fearful import to me. I find them—what?

Not what my childhood's imagination conjured them—not anything to shudder indeed. From whom do men receive their religious notions? Clearly from their mothers, whose mind's have accustomed to the official interpretation of the prayer-book. The next stage in life, and I was required to learn to said to fortify a boy's religion; shirking, indifferent, and irreverent attention only increase a lad with a dislike of everything connected with theology. What wonder that early manhood should incline to the belief that the Deity cares not what I have nothing to do with religious dogmas? It is significant to hear of men like Wellington, Dundas, educated in the strictest Calvinistic practices, developing into the democrat and freethinker; or Dundas, whose mother, whose hood was passed in the surroundings of presbyterian Clapham, marrying a Catholic, a life which, while one of unblemished morality, yet could not be classed as that of "a model husband." No man has a second life, who has not proved and tried it, and who is not prepared to lose all sooner than the certainty of his belief. Perhaps the most honourable, the more estimable, the more self-denying man, the husband married man, reversing St. Paul's dictum, cares for the things for this world, and pleases his wife, and, if he be a father, it would almost seem as if the sole use of religion were to nourish infancy and consolide age. Are the petitions offered up at our mother's knee of no avail? Have the tender words learned in childish reverence, burns on fruit, then, that the grown-up man virtually rejects all that seemed to him in early youth so right and beautiful?

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Not long ago five heel of cattle belonging to Mr. Geo. Black, sought an untimely fate by jumping down from the side of a mountain near Pitt Lake, a depth of about 500 feet; they were all killed, one of them being actually cut in two by falling across the limb of a tree. The carcasses are of course worthless.

The steamship Dakota, on her last trip from Tacoma and Olympia (Oregon) to San Francisco, carried away 170,000 pounds of hops, consigned to Messrs. Corbitt & Mackay. The hops were valued at $40,000. This is the largest shipment ever made from the northern coast by any one vessel. These hops will be shipped East and to Europe.

The contract for supplying coal and wood to Government House and Buildings for the ensuing nine months has been awarded to Capt. W. H. Clarke at $8.90 per English ton for coal, and $4.50 and $6 (stove-cut) per cord for wood. There were four tenders, and the contract was awarded in the usual manner—to the lowest responsible bidder.

It is mentioned that Sir Hugh Allan has telegraphed from San Francisco announcing the success of his mission to form a company to carry the rich beds of coal recently discovered by him on the East Coast (Vancouver Island). The energy the captain has shown, and the success he has met with, contrasts favourably with the stupidity and failure of the party who took the sale of the Texada deposits in hand.

Recently a Greek named Vischer was arrested and charged with having stolen $350 in gold dust, the property of Mr. G. B. Wright, at Dease Creek, Cassiar, in September last. Circumstances point to the supposition that the prisoner knew that the gold dust had been deposited in a tent and that watching his opportunity he cut a hole in the tent and abstracted the dust therefrom. Sufficient evidence to convict him was not available, however, and he was released.

Coming Round.

(From Sairey Gamp, of Shoe Lane, to Betsy Prig, of Peterborough Court.)

DEAR BETSY,

This 'ere comes a 'coping as 'ow you are well, I's a wishe ...

'Ope you may ne'er find 'em fall!

Which you 'll grape be surprised at this letter, as well to my Prig 'tis beknown

For some time we ain't bin a bit together, but each on us mondished alone.

But now as you 're turned up that Willyum-all Betsy, 'ow could you, my dear,

Put up with that party so long? Yes, I'd none him! But there! there's no fear

As he 'll ever be betrayed up, which his last games with that there old York

Must have; jes about doubled 'im up—as I 'm sure is a 'appy day's work.

The artful and triangular traitor! As wanted to bustle my Ben!

Which, Betsy, you knowed him as slob, but he 's took a new life since then.

Ah, you, Betsy Prig—Lord forgive yer!—did use to drivey my pet,

Which, now he 's so high, is a thing as I 'm sure you must greatly regret.

But Willyum! the warmint! Oh, Betsy, that man pays me clean off my nad.

With his *e-cochin*, and pamphlets, and stuff, as is things I despise and yet dread.

But now you are down on 'im proper, it comforts my soul, Betsy Prig.

Let 'im have it, my dear, hard and strong, till he trembles like thingemajig!

Which you scaped him too long; as perhaps he wasn't grateful. Ah! few on 'em is.

Why there's my poor Ben—no matter! You rounded a bit, as he rix:

And now—well, less writing's a good 'un, my pattens is things as strikes terror;

But your ear's at yours in his rise is jest love-ly, my dear, and no error!

Then your love for the Turk is that touching it 'ffections move to tears.

If he only had wings he 'd be fit, like a Syrup, for upper spears.

While as for them Scurvy 'uns, another, your Sairey sez, "Serve 'em all right!"

And when Betsy sez dittos to Sairey, I feel I must bust with delight.

Then Roochum is Hogres owdashus. Oh, Betsy, I shake my sides

When I thinks of the mounts, Ultimatums, and other 'ole 'orses Aney

Do stang 'em, my dear. You 're a good 'un at Bonapers with 'im! Yes, Betsy!

And it does my heart good but to hear you a slogging them black 'uns chaces.

But wotever you do, my dear Betsy, don't give that ere Willyum no peace.

Yor Mot 'ed my blessin, and mind squelch him, or drive him to Rome, if not Greece.

Though you lovey 'im well, I know I must 'im so long,

Chuck him up, he 's a dead 'un, you know;

As my friend Minis P. M. O. Harris, sentenced me of that long 'aco.

And, dear, let bygones be bygones! Though ...fing uncommon well,

Old Betsy yet yearns to be your companion. Drop 'im, my dear, and come back to Betsy.

The tea-pot and springes shall be ready, Betsy, ...ter's tree of wittles won't damp.

And a chat o'er old times with Betsy will comfort ...

Your own

SAIREY GAMP.

—*Punch*.

MY "BOGIES."

(From Tinsley's Magazine.)

I've not the least doubt that I'm only exactly like other men, a fair average of an respectable middle age, and who, in the quiet of their evenings, sometimes over a pipe and a glass, with their feet on dogs, like to sit thinking of the present and the past. Very few men—of middle age—think of the future of their lives unless something exceptional is to happen to their knowledge, or though vicious, careless, or irreligious, they never for one moment doubt, and can at any time be reconciled to religion, the most egregious of sinners becoming the greatest of saints. There are certainly examples of this sort in history; yet it would not be right to attribute such results entirely to the teaching of the Vatican. Rather it be said that the very strong and vivid passions which propel men into wickedness are, when converted into a right channel, merely helps to sanctity. It is a very common phase in a young man's life that, suddenly removed from the paternal home, surrounded by those who doubts had never, entered nor discussion, questioned him, he finds life under a different, hedged round with temptations, brimming over with material pleasures and their histories had passed away. Begins haunted my boyhood; bogies haunt me now. Of the whole series I think I like better the bogies of my early days. I feel, I proved their fallaciousness, whereas the bogies of to-day are very real. He has no sound, no sight, no smell, no touch, no taste, no sense of them. Yet he knows that he has seen them, he has felt them, he has tasted them, he has smelt them, he has heard them. Why does he know that? Because I'm still able to feel my way about town, while they have lost the organs, and so the bogies are one, each for himself, to do it for them.

I used to think that the sceptic heard of the "great city," its crimes, temptations, etc., very vaguely alluded to, very dreadful bogies indeed! Spending a Christmas eve with the appearance of jolly happy people, passing their time in perpetual revelry, and in picking up the gold with which, as I heard, the City was paved, yet sucked the life-blood of the unfortunate country lad, the rising generation, either died or learned to suck in their turn. What did I find it? Only a Babylon—a Babylon, indeed, rife with commonplace people taking life in a commonplace way, relieved occasionally by cigars, champagne, and sundry brandies-and-sodas!

Yes, I repeat, "It is just as I thought; there is no such thing as a ghost."

"Don't be in such a hurry," he replied. "I said wind and limbs, not that you ever hear of an organ called the brain!"

I startled, and the blood rushed to my face. "Well, perhaps I do," I said at last, and if pressed, as this sharp faced man might press me, was I to confess to my delight, I had felt a shudder come over me at the thought, for he came to the point at once. "I really do not understand it."

"Certainly! I am conscious I have a brain."

"And that brain may be out of order," he said.

"Of that I am not conscious. I am sworn."

"But you have sometimes suspected it."

"I have not, I repeated, with heat.

He continued, "Mr. Frewen, are you a dreamer of dreams?"

I had never thought of it. I gasped and half rose from my chair—things which of course he noted.

"Really"—I said.

"Stop," he returned. "I know I am right; you have never thought of it; you do everything, don't speak at all. You will be wasting my time and your own, and mine is valuable."

While he was speaking, I had taken my resolution. I remembered that I had promised the consulting-room as sacred as those of the confessional; and I told him all. I told him the story of the man who had heard the story before, and then he asked me whether I was capable, if I would honestly, unshaking from my waking thoughts. I replied that I thought I could, and he said, "Go on."

"Go away for a month, and then come and tell me how you are."

"I will, he said, "I will make the effort, and though I succeeded in banishing all memory of my love, her face came to me every night."

I returned, and duly reported myself to the consulting-room, and he listened to me. I must note that I had confided my trouble to my father. Before doing this, however, I must note that I had confided my trouble to my mother; and she having gone to her father in possession of some of the facts of my case, he was at once indignant and contemptuous, and I believe he thought I was really going mad.

Imagine, then, the consternation produced by the advice Dr.——gave when I went to him a second time. He listened to my report of myself, and I told him:

"The dream of this woman's face is driving you mad. Go and find her."

"Go! I said, I thought the doctor mean; In all my thoughts of the face of my dreams I had never pictured it as by any remote possibility existing. The idea seemed to take possession of me like new life. Was it possible, or was the doctor only suggesting it as a means of assuming a poor crazy fellow by humouring his delusion? But at anything I would go. I had madeup my mind to that, though it was not so easy to say where.

"Go, he continued, "and come back."

"I am. I never joke on such subjects."

"Where shall I go?"

"Nay, I cannot tell you that. Try and realize the locality indicated in your dream."

"I Shall I find her?" I said.

He hesitated for the first time.

"There is a theory," he said—"mind, I do not commit myself by saying my theory—that people whose spirits have met in this world rarely go through the whole of life without being near each other in the flesh, though it is possible that one or both may be unconscious."

"I shall go," I said.

"Yes, of course you will" said Dr.——, shook hands with me and bowed me out.

I pass over the despair of my mother and the rage and indignation of my father, who abused the doctor roundly for sending me on a madman's errand, as he called it. I could not yield to his plans and thoroughly understand what a practical, prosaic man of business would think of my errand. But I have been, and not seen her.

I left home to find her.

II.

A MAD ERRAND.

While my proposed plan was in the highest degree distressing to my family and friends, the commencement of my search was by no means satisfactory to myself. It is all very fine and very pretty to put your mind to find out a woman you have seen only in dreams; while in the cold, practical, matter-of-fact world, such a case demanded a strait waistcoat; but it is not so easy to know how to make a start. The world was all before me, but where was I to go?

I recurred naturally to the doctor's parting words. I could not laugh at me; I had had humoured me, whether with any belief in the dream or merely to give me some thing to occupy my mind, I could hardly tell; at any rate his words had impressed me. He had said, "Try and realize the locality indicated in your dream." Even that was not easy. But at any rate it was something to do, and so I set off.

I left him and made the effort, and though I succeeded in banishing all memory of my love, her face was ever with me.

I returned, and duly reported myself to the doctor. Before doing this, however, I must note that I had confided my trouble to my mother; and she having gone to her father in possession of some of the facts of my case, he was at once indignant and contemptuous, and I believe he thought I was really going mad.

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I pass over the despair of my mother and the rage and indignation of my father, who abused the doctor roundly for sending me on a madman's errand, as he called it. I could not yield to his plans and thoroughly understand what a practical, prosaic man of business would think of my errand. But I have been, and not seen her.

I left home to find her.

II.

A MAD ERRAND.

While my proposed plan was in the highest degree distressing to my family and friends, the commencement of my search was by no means satisfactory to myself. It is all very fine and very pretty to put your mind to find out a woman you have seen only in dreams; while in the cold, practical, matter-of-fact world, such a case demanded a strait waistcoat; but it is not so easy to know how to make a start. The world was all before me, but where was I to go?

I recurred naturally to the doctor's parting words. I could not laugh at me; I had had humoured me, whether with any belief in the dream or merely to give me some thing to occupy my mind, I could hardly tell; at any rate his words had impressed me. He had said, "Try and realize the locality indicated in your dream." Even that was not easy. But at any rate it was something to do, and so I set off.

"Go away for a month, and then come and tell me how you are."

"I will, he said, "I will make the effort, and though I succeeded in banishing all memory of my love, her face came to me every night."

"Go away for a month, and then come and tell me how you are."

"I will, he said, "I will make the effort, and though I succeeded in banishing all memory of my love, her face came to me every night."

"Go! I said, I thought the doctor mean; In all my thoughts of the face of my dreams I had never pictured it as by any remote possibility existing. The idea seemed to take possession of me like new life. Was it possible, or was the doctor only suggesting it as a means of assuming a poor crazy fellow by humouring his delusion? But at anything I would go. I had madeup my mind to that, though it was not so easy to say where.

"Go, he continued, "and come back."

"I am. I never joke on such subjects."

"Where shall I go?"

"Nay, I cannot tell you that. Try and realize the locality indicated in your dream."

"I Shall I find her?" I said.

He hesitated for the first time.

"There is a theory," he said—"mind, I do not commit myself by saying my theory—that people whose spirits have met in this world rarely go through the whole of life without being near each other in the flesh, though it is possible that one or both may be unconscious."

"I shall go," I said.

"Yes, of course you will" said Dr.——, shook hands with me and bowed me out.

I pass over the despair of my mother and the rage and indignation of my father, who abused the doctor roundly for sending me on a madman's errand, as he called it. I could not yield to his plans and thoroughly understand what a practical, prosaic man of business would think of my errand. But I have been, and not seen her.

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