partment to furnish rethe editor thereof des all Christian men and rticularly clergymen, to 1 Office, 83 Yonge-street. Religious Editor, not about 500 words. Sacred

arch in Canada.

ag information about Canada, is contained in freviews" for orm of an interview with J. T. Lewis, D.D., Arch tropolitan of Ontario, parties," said the Archparties," said the Archest to a question; "some ailed Low, some High as these cant phrases. We are singularly free on either side." Asked Dr. Lewis made a reply maps astonish some of the that consummation. "I that consummation that consummation or what we have to do and bring about re-union bring about rend families. To my mind on would be a curse at e. A Pan-Anglican Sy-men ali the world over." told his interviewer that suggested the Pan-Angliant the first instance. "He saw Archbishop Longley, him to set the matter in was well satisfied with

writes to The Glasgow cing as "pleasant" news rd a Presbyterian minis-creed and pray for the the minister expressed fect that he was a Cath-a Presbyterian second Presbyterian second. not so long ago, but apposed, he belongs to hurch of Scotland, it is ble that he will not be. What are called in principles have made the Auld Kirk of late rs for the departed me places excite much

atest element, including, suffering gentleness and famous chapter in the to fill the whole life. s the burdens of others: nen for their good; it it is compassionate to-and helpful of the weak. ready for every sacrifice ce, and won, not by our the outflow of the divine

in Literature. rary authorities upon while ago we learned ignent of Matthew Arhymn in the English land I survey the wondrous an article in The Cenby Oliver Wendell Homes, ery few modern hymns," at on one occasion, "which ing of saintliness in them, in I am disinclined to lis-acher at church, I turn ok, and when one strikes the nname at the bot.
It is almost invariably
ey: after these, there are
are good for much."

al American mother who is her baby against the it a daily bath in per-could follow a Mojave hrough its infancy she once be horror-stricken w. Occasionally in hot thers bathe their childnner in which they do ing. They go to a body the child, and, placing a under its arms, hold the swing the child over ng it vigorously for two s. Of course the child s, kicks and struggles eath, but it never n of the child is sufed she drops on the ows it to run around in skin is dry. This treatthe child more with the rit comfortably cool than

n. The babies before to walk are carried mother's arms, lying on boards are about three ghteen inches wide as They taper to a narrow other end. Over these of leather that are there of holding the child on dly. Wrapped in thin is laid on its back and e loops. Another ed across its chest. own it sleeps, and lies the time when awake. ed to lie flat on the floor out of the mother's arms. left standing at a sharp the side of a house or a Kate Field's Washing-

ange Story, walking to the house yeoman, found the inn town very full. He of a merchant who nting out his money.
to visit the garden,
wa knife, he accepted fe from the merchan his room he found the he went to bed, slept, to his brother's and afternoon for mur hant. In his pocket man's knife, and behandle was a guines.
Villiam. At the inn
s empty bed was
clood, and though the

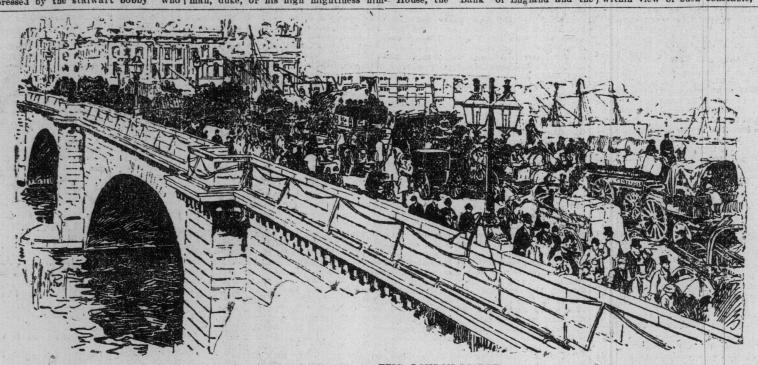
was nowhere to be man was condemned anged in chains on his Here a swain observed ved; it was cut down, ed, and the youth fled by Spaniards in South be warden of the enjoyment of that ofd among some English

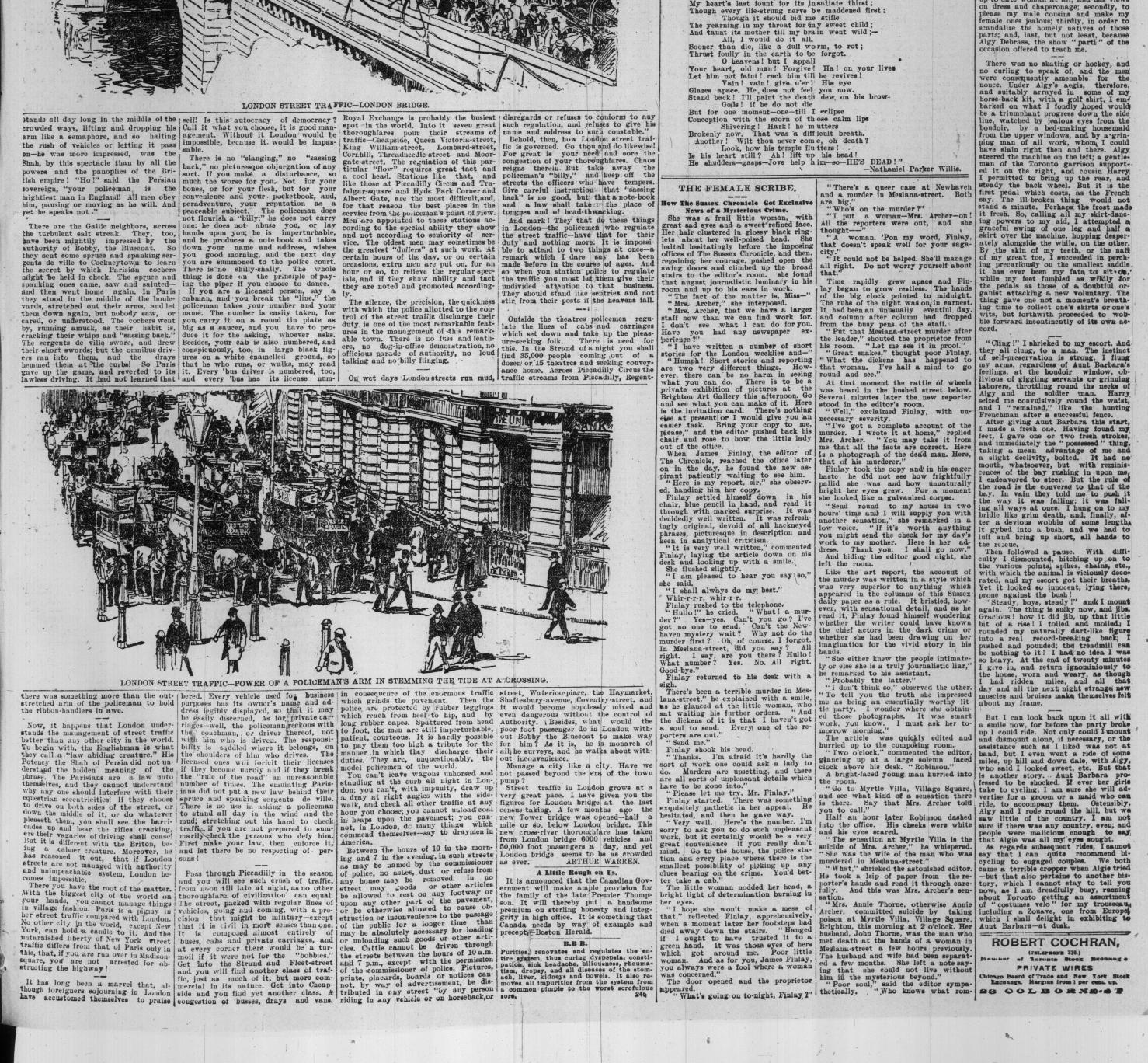
ent in the garden, diswas bleeding freely the had been opened that d to the surgeon in the by a pressgang, serv-Majesty in a ship-of-by the Spaniards, and, jail of South America, had been hanged for in England.-London

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD. FEBR

THE POWEROF BOBBY'S HAND

the skill with white the street traffic of the world-city is hadded, yet above of the most carried the lesson home and the world-city is hadded, yet above of them has carried the lesson home and the world-city is hadded, yet above of them has carried the lesson home and the world-city is hadded, yet above of them has carried the lesson home and the world-city is hadded, yet above of them has carried the lesson home and the world-city is hadded, yet above of them has carried the lesson home and the world-city in the world-cit





PARRHASIUS.

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And, in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes magical they lay.
The walls were hung with armor, and about
In the dim corners stood the sc ulptured forms
Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove;
And from the casement soberly away
Fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true
And, like a veil of filmy mellow ness,
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.
Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rock of Mount Caucasus,
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh:
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his qui vering lip,
Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit, airily and swift;
And I could naint the bow From my waked spirit, airily and swift;

And I could paint the bow

Upon the bended heavens, around me play Upon the bended heavens, around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!

Look, as Prometheus in my picture here.
Quick, or he faints! Stand with the cordial near!

Now bind him to the rack!

Press down the poisoned links into his flesh,
And tare agape that healing wound afresh!

So let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now
What a fine agony works on his brow!

Ha! gray-haired and so strong!

How fearfully he stifles that short groan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying moan!

'Pity thee?' So I do!

I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his pity falter? I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?

I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine;
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

'Hereafter!' Aye, hereafter!
A whip to keep a coward to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back

To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story
And I may take some softer path to glory. And I may take some softer path to glory.

No, no, old man; we die
E'en as the flowers, and we shall breathe away E'en as the flowers, and we shall breathe away Our life upon the chance wind, e'en as they.

Strain well thy fainting eye;
For when the bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more,
Yet there's a deathless name—
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn;
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me;
Aye, though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first:

Aye, though it old me fille

My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;

Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first:

Though it should bid me stifle

The yearning in my throat for fuy sweet child;

And taunt its mother till my brain went wild;

All, I would do it all,

Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;

Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.

O heavens! but I appall

Your heart, old man! Forgive! Ha! on your lives

Let him not faint! rack him till he revives!

Vain! vain! give o'er! His eye

Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.

Stand back! I'll paint the death dew, on his brow
Gods! if he do not die

But for one moment-one-till I eclipse

Conception with the scorn of those calm lips

Shivering! Hark! he mutters

Brokenly now. That was a difficult breath.

Another! Wilt thou never come, oh death?

Look, how his temple flutters!

Is his heart still? Ah! lift up his head!

He shudders—gasps—Jove help h im—so—HE'S DEAD!"

—Nathaniel F

ance lies behind the death of these reople." Is that murder report in yet?" said the proprietor, bustling up. "Well, don't give that kind of work to a woman again."
"She'll never want another job," replied the editor. But the remark was drowned in the din of the office.—Pearson's Weekly.

son's Weekly.

BY A DAUGHTER OF THE DAY.

Yet another good thing men have too long and too selfishly kept to themselves, like turn-up collars, shirts, sailahats and divided skirts! But now the wheel of fortune has turned, or, rather, to be strictly technical, wobbled, in our direction, and simultaneously with the direction, and simultaneously with the freedom of our parish, that of the bi-cycle has been bestowed upon us. Two progressions at once!

In Republican France, woman took to bicycling for the sake of the chiffons. A Frenchwoman bicycles to show off her "costume velo," the end to the means, In England they have taken to it, at last, because the duchesses have. Social distinction has been conferred there on what but a short time since was 'Arryish and bourgeois. Cycling has been levelled up, and when they have a track running alongside the Row in Hyde Park its elevation will be complete. In the meantime the more plebeian Batter-Park its elevation will be complete. In the meantime the more plebeian Battersea Park is the venue where peers and peeresses, merchant and mechanic, type-writer and lady's maid, can all be seen disporting themselves, without regard to what other people may think. In Canada our girls ride, first, because they choose to; second, because it is exhilarating, and, third, because it is convenient and expeditious. venient and expeditious.

When I read of ladies' bicycling classes at so much a lesson, of my por fellow-creatures wearily wheeling round dim yards and back streets, replete with dim yards and back streets, replete with every refinement and privacy, I thank goodness for the want of grace which attended my initiation into the noble art. I picked it up over in the suburbs of Hamilton at Christmas time, where we were a large party, collected from all parts of the country to celebrate the festival, and picked it up, firstly, to annoy Aunt Barbara, who is not an up-to-date woman at all, and has views on dress and chaperonage; secondly, to please my male cousins and make my female ones jealous; thirdly, in order to scandalize the homely natives of those parts; and, last, but not least, because Algy Debrass, the show "parti" of the occasion offered to teach me.