kept their flocks, and the fisherman of Galilea. Pope, and king, and president, and governor, must give an account to God and be judged by the same law as that which judges the beggar and the slave. Sin lave drunk something as rich as champagne is all the more obnoxious when it is imperial and lordly. You cannot make pride, or injustice or crualty sacred by giving it a throne. Belshazzar's decanters could not keep the mysterious finger from writing on the wall. Abab's sin literally hurled him from the Ahab's sin literally hurled him from the throne to the dogs. The imperial vestments of wicked Jehoram could not keep Jehu's arrow from striking through his heart. Jezebel's queenly pretension could not save her from being thrown over the wall. No barrieale of thrones can arrest God's justice in its unerring march. No splendor or thickness of official robes can be a sufficient cloak of sin. Henry VII., Louis XV., Catharine of Russia, Mary of England—did their crowns save them? No ruler ever sat so high that the King of kings was not above him. All victors shall bow before Him who on the white horse goeth forth conquering and to songuer.

Again: Elegance of manners cannot successfully hide iniquity from the eye of God. That model, gentlemanly apostle, Paul, writes to us: "Be courteous." That tians. It is noter folly in this day, for a man man can neither be a respectable worldling to have no preference for any one form of nor a consistent Christian who lacks good faith, when it is so easy to become convergence. He is shut out from refined sant with the faith of the different sects. An

derices, such the overlainly cought to be his deed from satisfur the charge of the control of th

THE PORONE WORKS

SIV IN MODERN SOUTH

VALUES OF THE SECURITY AND PROPERTY SECURITY AND

effects of the Grace of God upon an individed man staggered into my house one night begging for lodging. He made great pretensions to religion. I asked him where hardly excuse in a bear. One of the first effects of the Grace of God upon an individed belong to liberal Christianity." But there



human nature is extremely susceptible; matter what country was broached. His therefore punishments should be judicious, not vexations, to prevent straining patience too much. It has been usual for me to be

and her dead body was literally covered by a writhing mass of snake, which had to be kill ed before it could be removed, for the reptiles

turned viciously on all approaching the remains. On her heart was found coiled a huge

ed with snakes.

A Moving Mountain.

too much. It has been usual for me to be greatly forbearing. Let the rule be three pardons for one punishment.?

TRYING THEIR METTLE.

One man was hanged, another stood with a none about his neck and many were at the other end of the rope ready to drag the wretch to eternity. Then the leader "set up a game" to see whether his brutish followers with the stood have some burners. mains. On her heart was found could a nuge rattlesnake dead.

The inquest proved that the woman's was a natural death and it is probable that the snake died of grief for its mistress. She left no heirs and a few nights after her burial the house was burned down, it is supposed by some of her neighbors, as the greatest horror was fett for the place, which was still infested with snakes. game" to see whether his brutish followers might not have some humanity and levalty in them. He had previously arranged that one of the head men should beg for the cul-prit's life. Here is his description of what followed:—

A travelling mountain is found at the cascades of the Columbia. It is a triple-peaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length where it fronts the river, and rise to a height of almost 2,000 feet above the followed:—
"Now, my man, have you snything to say to us before you join your brother who died resterday?'
The man remained stient and scarcely water.
That it is in motion is the last though

seemed conscious that I spoke. I turned round to the head man. "Have you snything That it is in motion is the last thought which would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of any one passing it; yet it is a well established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily down the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Columbia and form a great lake from the Cascades to the Dalles. The Indian traditions indicate immense movements of the mountains hereabouts long be fore white men came to Oregon, and the early settlers, immigrants, many of them from New England, gave the above-described mountain our ridge the name of "travelling," or "slid

right arm was up as they exclaimed:—"Un-til the white cap is buried none shall leave him! Death to him who leaves Bula Matarii Show the way to the Nyanza! Lead on, now now we will follow!" THE INNER MAN.

There is but little description of slave catchers and their methods, but it is enough to show what a hell Central Africa must remain until the slave trade is suppressed. Much of the suffering of the expedition might have been averted had not the natives suspected the party of being slavers and killed every one who attempted to find food. Unable to obtain supplies by trade the men stole fruit, grain and animals. That some who sought for food were themselves killed and eaten did not deter others from straying from the column, impelled by their inner cravings. Discipline was hard to maintain, treachery was to be feared. Says the author:

"The more experience and insight I obtain into human nature the more convinced do I become that the greater portion of a man in purely animal. Fully and regularly fed he is a being capable of being coaxed or coerced to exertion of any kind, love and fear sway him easily, he is not averse to labor however severe; but when starved it is well to keep in mind the motto "Cave Canem," for a starving lion over a morsel of beef is not seffectly ignorant never seemed to gall our mean much when their stomachs were pariposed and food. She—Au revoir.

The Understood.

"I spik lectile friends in dees country." You vill not help?"

"No; not to day."

"Ah, mein Gott! mon Dieu! Yat sall become vid me?"

"You vill not help?"

"No! Get out."

"Well, you're a fine one, you are. Look here, young fellow, shell out something. I'm not working this lay for nothin!." And then the pathetic foreigner voiced his anger and disgust in a torrent of genuine old Angle-Saxon that allowed the reporter to make his escape in the blue haze that surrounded him.

"The Clove Care."

She was talking confidentially to her bosom friend.

"Now that we are married," she said, "John has stopped drinking entirely. I have not detected the odor of liquor about him since our wedding day."

"Wes it difficult for him to stop!" inquir ed the bosom friend.

"Oh, no not at all. He just eats cloves. He cays that is a certain cure."—[Lif

ignorant never seemed to gall our men much when their stomachs were pampered and abundant provender for their digestive organs was provided; but even hanging unto death was only a temporary damper to their inclina-tion to excessive mischief when pinebed with hunger."

The end of the awful tramp in the forest

London Telegraph.

A Cheering Motto

Peddler-Wouldn't you like some mottoes for your house, mum! It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home.

Mrs. De Jagg-You might sell me one if you've got one that says, "Better late than never."—N. Y. Weekly.

It would be Different.

She—You don't mean to tell me that he had the courage to fight a duel!

He—Most certainly. It was before he became a widower, though. Of course he wouldn't risk his life new.—Munsey's Week.

Them we halted on the creat of a command ing hill to drink the beauty of a scene to which we knew no rival, which had been the subject of our thoughts and dreams for months, and now we were made 'glad according to the days wherein we had been afflicted and the period wherein we had seen evil.' It would be Different.

The me halted on the creat of a command ing hill to drink the beauty of a scene to which we knew no rival, which had been the subject of our thoughts and dreams for months, and now we were made 'glad according to the days wherein we had been afflicted and the period wherein we had seen evil.' It was before he beauty of the landscape and reflected the secret pleasure of the heart of which we knew no rival, which had been the wollder which we knew no rival, which had been the wollder which we knew no rival, which had been afflicted and the period wherein we had been afflicted the secret pleasure of the heart of the landscape and reflected the secret pleasure of the heart of the landscape and reflected the secret pleasure of the heart of the heart of the landscape and "Then we halted on the crest of a command-

low), the excellent sanitary arrangements and cleanifines and order of the stations who can be seen and control of the stations of the stations and control of the stations who can be seen and the short of the stations and control of the stations and control of the stations and control of the stations of the stations of the stations and control of the stations of the stations and control of the stations are stations and control of the stations poor and often control Central Africa, but highly becoming a governor, and such as one might expect from an official of that rank conscious of serious responsibilities. Industry seems to be a vital necessity of life with him. He is a model of painstaking, patient effort. No sconer has he camped than he begins to effect arrangements orderly and after method."

There are some spleudid bits of descriptive writing in the book, one of great length being about a phalanx dance by a thousand armed warriors—a dance that shook the dry ground like an earthquake. THE MYSTERY OF THE REAR COLUMN.

After many long talks with Emin, Stanley started backward to find the rear column, which, under several of this officers to whom clear instructions had been given, was to have followed him with, stores, animunition, &c. Instead of his officers he found a single white Then Rashid nudged his brother chiefs, at which they all rushed up and threw them selves at my feet, pleading forgiveness, blaming in harsh terms the theives and murderers, but vowing that their behavior in future would be better if mercy was extended for this one time.

During this scene the Zanziberta their behavior in the courage or their bysity, to have been cajolieur worth a scene the Zanziberta. derers, but vowing that their behavior in future would be better if mercy was extended for this one time.

During this scene the Zanzibaris' faces were worth observing. How the eyes dilated and the lips closed, and their cheeks became pallid, as with the speed of an electric flash the same emotion moved them!

"Enough children! take your, man, his life is yours. But see to it. There is only one law in future for him who robs us of a rife, and that is death by the cord."

Then such a manifestation of feeling occurred that I was amazed—real big tears rolled down many a face, while every eye was suffused and enlarged with his passionate emotions. Caps and turbans were tossed into the air. Rifles were lifted, and every right arm was up as they exclaimed:—"Un.

He was seedy of appearence, wore a gray, stubby beard, and had a general air of shabby, extremely shabby, gentility. He stopped the reporter and asked respectfully:

"Sprechen sie Deutch?"

"Parlez vous Francais?" "I spik leetle Englis. I am poor, ver poor man. I have no friends in dees country.

She—Au revoir.
Uncle Rufus (who never likes to be taken at a disadvantage)—Oh certainly; by all Public-Spirited.

Dryas (to his clerk)-I understand, Sorber that you are in the habit of taking a glass of beer every day with your luncheon. Terrible Punishment.

Jimmy Binks-Wus your ma mad when she found you went in swimmin' Sunday!
Did she lick yer?
Johnny Traddles (dolefully)—Wuss!
Jimmy—Shut yer up in a room, did shef
Johnny—Wusser'n that!
Jimmy (puzzled)—What did she do that

Johnny—Promise not ter tell if I show yer? Jimmy—Cross my neck! Johnny (taking off his hat)—Lock at that! His mother had given him a home-made

At the Concert. -That is music worth listening to sn't it?

Young Husband—Who is that fellow you have been chatting with all the evening?

Pretty Wife—Oh, he isn't any body—merely one of my old lovers.—N. Y. Weekly.

Farmer (on the banks of the Missour)—
Darn it all, the river has washed away my best patch of wheat! It's without exception the dirtiest, snaggiest and meanest stream on Fire Brick, Fire Clay

Same Farmer (on a visit to New York)—Yes, sirree, I live right on the banks of the noble Missouri! It's without exception the grandest and most magnificent stream on earth—Epoch.

Practical Education. Old Guanibags (to applicant for clerksh—H'm! I believe you know nothing whever about the shipping business, Mr. Klitsch!

Colly Kollitach (Columbia graduate 1889) Nothing ar, beyond the voyages Ulysse and Bosss!—Puck. Taking the Safe Side. Mrs. Nerfus-I'm sure I heard a noise downstairs. There must be burglers in the

Counting the Cost.
Waiter—Champagne, sir! Yes sir. Have

it tood, sur!
Guest (Gloomily)—N-o, I can't afford t
have it itsed.—N. Y. Weekly. The Widow Would be Able to Pay. Young Doctor to Old Doctor-Doctor, have told you how I'm treating that patient Do you think I should change the course of "Has be got any money?"
"Ne, but his life is insured."

A Characteristic "I wish I was a widow." "So that I could speak of my late hus

'Oh, I can do that now,"

"My husband is always late, He never gets home before midnight,"—Munsey's Weskly,

Among the authors of the century Carlyle was one most exasperating to the pulpter. One day he went to his printer to rate him for some delay. "Why sir," said the type setter, "you really are so vary hard upon much time, you see." Carlyle replied that he was accustomed to that kind of an excuse—that he had had works printed in Scotland and— "Yes, indeed, sir." interrupted the and— "Yes, indeed, sir," interrupted the printer, "we are aware of that. We have took up a bit of your copy he drepped it like a red-hot cinder, exclaiming, "Oh preserve us! Have you got that man to print for Goodness only knows when we shall be done with all his corrections."

Mrs. Grubbs (in the kitchen, 6 a. M.)— Dear me ! The fire is out and no wood cut; Little Daughter—Yes, ma.

She—Sir, what do you mean!
The Output (smaaking his lipe and un-bashed)—I mean to do it again If I get the

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