CHEAP ADVERTISING.

THE Toronto World.

The great success THE WORLD has achieved as surely its position as one of the permanent institutions of Toronto. It is now read extensively, not only in Toronto and its suburbs, but in most of the towns and villages within a radius of one hundred miles on the lines of the Grand Trunk (east and west), the Great Western, the Northern, the Credit Valley, the Toronto and Nipissing, and the Toronto, Grey and Bruce railways. The large and rapidly increasing circulation of THE WORLD on the one hand, and its reasonable rates on the other, must commend it to all classes of advertisers as a most desirable medium of communicating with the public.

Three regular editions of THE WORLD are published daily—at noon, at three and at five o'clock. Extra editions are also published whenever there is news of sufficient moment to demand them. Advertisements are inserted in all editions at the price of a single insertion.

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for casual advertisements are as follows:—

Commercial advertisements, FIVE CENTS nonpareil line, each insertion.

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Daily	$0 75	$1 50	$2 50	$4 00
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Twice a week		75	1 25	2 00
Once a week		50	75	1 25

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Daily	$0 50	$2 00	$5 00	$9 00	$17 00
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Do you want mechanics?
Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want a clerk?
Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want a servant?
Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want help of any kind?
Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want a situation?
Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want boarders or lodgers?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want a boarding-house?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS
Have you furnished rooms to let?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS
Have you a house or store to let?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to rent a house or store?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Have you any property for sale?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to lend or borrow money?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to sell or buy a business?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Have you lost or found anything?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to sell *anything?*
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to buy *anything?*
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.

Let Everybody Advertise in the World.

A CARD THIS SIZE — TWENTY WORDS—every day for a year, $16 50; every day for six months, $9.

This is equal to a little over FIVE CENTS for each insertion.

A CARD THIS SIZE—FIVE LINES:

	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mo.
Daily	$3 75	$7 50	$12 50	$20 00
Every other day	2 25	5 00	7 50	12 50
Twice a week	1 75	3 75	6 25	10 00

This is equal to a little over SIX CENTS for each insertion.

A THIS SIZE, TEN LINES:—

	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos
Daily	$7 50	$15 00	$25 00	$40 00
Every other day	5 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Twice a week	3 75	7 50	12 50	20 00
Once a week		5 00	7 50	12 50

This is equal to less than THIRTEEN CENTS for each insertion.

A CARD THIS SIZE, TWENTY LINES:—

	1 mo.	3 mos.	7 mos.	12 mos
Daily	$15 00	$30 00	$50 00	$80 00
Every other day	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
Twice a week	7 50	15 00	25 00	40 00
Once a week		10 00	15 00	25 00

This is equal to a little over TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each insertion.

CARD THIS SIZE, THIRTY LINES:—

	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mo
Daily	$22 50	$45 00	$75 00	$120 00
Every other day	15 00	30 00	45 00	75 00
Twice a week	11 25	22 50	37 50	60 00
Once a week		15 00	22 50	37 50

This is equal to less than FORTY CENTS for each insertion.

It will pay you to Advertise in THE WORLD.

Address all Communications to

THE WORLD,
TORONTO.

Ballad of Old Plays.

(*Les Oeuvres de Monsieur Moliere. A Paris, chez Louys Billaine, a la Palme.* MDCLXVI.)

LA COUR.

When these old plays were new, the King,
Beside the Cardinal's chair,
Applauded, 'midst the courtly ring,
The farce of Moliere.
Point lace and silk were all the wear,
Old Corneille came to woo,
And bright De Brie was young and fair,
When these old plays were new!

LA COMEDIE.

How shrill the butcher's cat calls ring!
How loud the lacquey's swear!
Black pipe bowls on the stage they fling,
At Brecourt, fuming there.
The porter's stabbed! A *mousquetaire*
Breaks in, with noisy crew;
'Twas quite a commonplace affair,
When these old plays were new!

LA VILLE.

When these old plays were new! They bring
A host of phantoms rare,
Old jests that float, old gibes that sting,
Old faces debonair.
Menage's smirk, De Vise's stare,
The thefts of Jean Ribou;
Ah! publishers were hard to bear,
When these old plays were new!

ENVOY.

Ghosts, at your poet's word ye dare
To break death's dungeon through,
And frisk, as in the golden air
When these old plays were new!

—A. LANG.

KATIE'S LOVERS.

CHAPTER I.

"How do I look, mamma?"

"As beautiful as an angel, my darling!" was in the mother's heart, but, filtered through a stratum of pebbly prudence and wise self-restraint, this is what it amounted to when it reached her lips—

"Very fresh and nice, dear."

It was impossible to trace in this calm approval any of the exultant pride which was bounding and tingling in every one of the mother's veins at that moment, yet the young girl was quite satisfied. She stood as she had turned from the glass for the verdict, with a slight blush on her fair cheeks, a little conscious of looking "nice" in her new white muslin and her fluttering green ribbons, which were very becoming to Katie Sherwood.

"Don't my gloves fit beautifully? Two buttons, and both easy to button, and they are just the right color; and I do think my white feather is lovely. Thank you so much for it, mamma."

"Dear child," said the mother to herself, "with such eyes and such hair, what do gloves and feathers matter?" Then aloud—"Here is your shawl, dear; mind you put it round you if it gets chilly and you stay out late. Good-bye; enjoy yourself, and don't keep Sarah waiting when she comes for you."

She stood at the door and watched the tall, graceful figure down the garden and out at the gate, where it turned for a last smile and nod, and then she walked back to her arm-chair and her work-basket, and sat down before the open window.

"My Katie is a woman," said she, looking away over amongst the flower-beds; "the knowledge seems to have come to me only to-day, and yet it must have been for some little time hastening towards me. And she is a beautiful woman, too."

She smiled as she recalled the picture which had just now startled her into this train of thought, and then she sighed and sat on dreaming, whilst the sunshine came up from amongst the flowers and touched the window-sill, and a great solemn yellow and purple humble bee came in with it, and, emboldened by her quiet, hummed and murmured over the muslin and lace in her lap.

At five o'clock a maid opened the door and brought in a small tea-tray, on which were a silver tea-pot, sugar-basin, and cream-jug, a plate with two or three delicate slices of bread-and-butter, and two tea-cups.

"Mr. Philip is in the office, ma'am," she said, in an explanatory tone, as Mrs. Sherwood's eyes rested on the second cup.

A minute later a young man came in, drew a chair to the table, and sat down a little wearily.

"You are not going to the Rectory, then?" asked Mrs. Sherwood, as she filled his cup and handed it to him.

"I think not," he replied; "I have been busy all day, and I am tired."

He was a tall, rather gaunt figure of a man, with a long, serious, overworked looking face and untidy hair; he had a way of passing his fingers through this last as he wrote, and the habit did not conduce to its neatness.

"That is a pity, is it not?" remonstrated Mrs. Sherwood. "It would rest you to go into the open air; and they will be disappointed. You gentlemen are valuable in these districts and on these occasions."

"Robert will go on from Northcote," he rejoined; "they will hardly miss me."

"I don't know that; Robert can hardly fill your place and his own too. Mrs. King hoped you would both go."

"I should have to dress," he objected, looking at his watch, "and I should be so late."

"Nay," she urged, "they take tea at seven; you would have an hour before then for croquet, and it would do you good—go."

He sat on, thoughtfully balancing his spoon on the edge of his tea-cup.

"Is Katie—" he began; and then, for no particular reason that he could tell, but to his infinite confusion, the hot color rushed in a torrent into his cheeks, the spoon chinked against the cup, and finally dropped down into the saucer with a horrible din, and Philip sat like a culprit before Katie's mother.

"Katie went more than an hour ago," Mrs. Sherwood was beginning, when, looking up from her muslin frilling, she caught a glimpse of the young man's confounded aspect, and stopped short.

"My Katie has grown into a woman," recurred to her with undefined relevancy and with a sudden pang of terror.

After this there was a dreadful silence. Mrs. Sherwood, with all her women's wit astray, was hunting wildly for something to say, and Philip, manlike, had given up the game as lost, and was suffering himself to drop into all the shame and confusion of the discovery.

"Mrs. Sherwood, is there any hope for me?" he stammered forth at last, just as the lady was prepared to say, cheerfully, "Mrs. King expected a party from the Heathcotes; Mr. Heathcote has come home from abroad."

"Any hope of what, Philip?" she asked now, not from any doubt in her own mind, but simply to gain time.

"Hope that Katie may—may—love me; not as I love her—that would be impossible—but a little at least," answered Philip, boldly, recovering himself now that the plunge had been made.

"Philip," said Mrs. Sherwood, with the tears springing to her eyes, "it is only this afternoon that I have recognised Katie is not the child I thought her but yesterday. How can I tell what is in the woman's heart which is so new to me?"

"A child!" he echoed, in amazement, springing up and pacing the room. "Why, she is a woman—a beautiful woman?"

This was what had just revealed itself to the mother an hour before—why had it come to-day? She began to tremble as from an overshadowing of destiny.

"You will help me—at least you will give me my chance?" pressed Philip, coming to her side.

She glanced up at him. There he stood, with his rumpled, disjointed figure, his dusty office-coat, his young, earnest, but proud face. She could not tell him how she shrank from associating this young man with the fresh, bright, beaming youth and beauty on which she gazed with so much pride. She could not tell him how every memory within her set itself against his suit. Poor Philip.

"You shall have your chance by-and-by—not yet," she said. "Leave Katie to me for the present; she is so young, I must not have her mind disturbed."

"She is eighteen," he said, sententiously; "some women are wives at her age. And other suitors may come."

"You shall have your chance first, Philip," Mrs. Sherwood added, hastily—"only leave her to me now."

"I will," he promised, and, turning suddenly, he left the room.

Mrs. Sherwood laid down her work and stepped out on to the lawn.

"It was in the air to-day," she said—"felt it."

Katie, at the Rectory, was making wonderful strokes and carrying all before her. She played croquet well, bringing an untiring energy, a wonderful fertility of resource, and an unvarying brightness of temper to help her. Just as the game had reached the culminating point of interest, a carriage dashed up the drive behind the shrubs which screened the croquet lawn. There was a little stir amongst the guests, and Mrs. King, shaking out her skirts with a little more than her usual fuss, advanced to receive the party from the hall, whose presence at any of the town festivities was an unusual honour. Sir Ralph Heathcote, his sister Mrs. Witherby, a lady who was visiting her, and a young man in a light morning suit, with a boyish, elegant figure, a slight fair moustache, and a very sunburnt complexion, made up the party.

"It is very good of you to come this afternoon, Mr. Heathcote," smiled the rector's wife to the latter gentleman; "you must want rest after all your fatigue."

"But this is rest, Mrs. King," responded the young fellow, gaily; "and to be amongst old friends again is most refreshing, I can assure you. How uncommonly well you are looking! And there is Mr King—I must go and say 'How d'ye do?' to him."

Mr. King was escorting Sir Ralph Heathcote just across the course of the ball—ball—and talking politics violently.

"Ministers must go out, Sir Ralph—positively must; there is no other alternative. My dear young lady, I—I beg your pardon; I'm afraid I've done some serious mischief," for away went Katie's ball, propelled by the rector's foot, at a right angle.

A chorus of murmurs rose from Katie's side of the game, and Katie herself, laughing merrily, returned a pleasant "Never mind, Mr. King; it doesn't matter at all," as she followed her ball.

But Mr. Heathcote was before her in the pursuit of the truant.

"Where will you have it?" he asked, lifting his hat with more respect than young Katie, associating only with intimates, was used to.

"Here, if you please; this is where I was starting from. Thank you;" and Katie thought that the bow with which she requited the little service had a great deal of dignity in it, although she feared that the foolish blush, which made her so hot, was rather countrified.

"Who is that nice girl?" asked Sir Ralph of his host.

"She is a Miss Sherwood."

"Sherwood? Does she belong to the Sherwoods of Hampshire?"

It was the lady, who had accompanied Mrs. Witherby who asked the question, putting up her eyeglass as she spoke to inspect unconscious Katie.

Mr. King did not know to what family of Sherwoods the young lady belonged. Yes, he had a vague idea he had heard something about Hampshire; Mrs. King would know perhaps.

"Oh, I am sure it must be—she has just the Sherwood look. It is the family type, large and fair, with kind, honest eyes and Saxon tint," Mrs. Vere remarked aside to Mrs. Witherby; whilst Mr. King, seeing that the game had come to an end, brought Katie on his arm into the circle.

"Miss Katie Sherwood—Mrs. Witherby, Miss Vere, Sir Ralph Heathcote, Mr. Walter Heathcote, allow me to present Miss Sherwood to you. Now, Miss Vere, we shall be able to settle the genealogical question."

"Yes," Katie assented; her father was Hampshire—from Ringwood—but the family had broken up after her grandfather's death, and she new very little of any of her relatives, she and her mother having been abroad first, and then having lived here in the north for some time.

"Did you never hear of your aunt Vere?"

"Papa's eldest sister? Yes; she died long ago, before I was born."

"I am her daughter—kiss me, my dear, and say you are glad to have found a new cousin."

"Emily Vere! Are you really and truly Emily Vere! How old and strange! What will mamma say? I have heard of you so often, but I never expected to see you."

"And why not?"

"Oh, because—" Katie laughed and stopped.

"Because what? Go on." Miss Vere had drawn the girl apart into the shrubbery, and was scrutinising her with an odd mixture of family pride, admiration, and interest.

"Well, because you belong to the grand branch of the family, you know—there are relations one talks of but never sees or knows much about; whilst mamma and I are the poor ones, who keep out of sight."

"You nice, queer child! Well, now, you see, I am come out of my frame. I am not to be a family portrait any longer, but a real, living relation. I will come and call on your mamma to-morrow—where does she live?"

Katie was eagerly explaining, when a sudden thought made her colour and hesitate. Her mother was not an accessible person; she knew very few people—went out very seldom; would she like this new relation suddenly brought to her. Miss Vere saw her confusion, and misinterpreted it. Her mother was probably living in very humble style, and Katie was a little abashed.

"I will write a note to your mother," she said, quietly.

"Oh, thank you—that will be best. Mamma does not make new friends."

"That explains it, then, thought Miss Vere, more and more interested in her new-made acquaintance.

Mr. Heathcote came up at this moment. "Mrs. King has sent me to take you to tea."

He offered his arm to Miss Vere, but he looked at Katie.

"If you take one of us you must take both," said Miss Vere. "We have found out that we belong to each other." He lood puzzled. "Miss Sherwood is my cousin."

"Really?"—"Yes, really and truly."

"How awfully interesting! I am so glad your headache did not keep you at home this afternoon, or we might have missed this grand discovery. Miss Sherwood, Miss Vere is one of my oldest and dearest friends. I hope you will allow that fact to be some claim upon you?"

"I brought him up," asserted Miss Vere, mendaciously.

"Yes," retorted the young man, bowing solemnly, hat in hand, "and all I am I owe to you, Miss Vere."

"Don't be so absurd," laughed the lady, "but give your arm to Miss Sherwood. What is your name, dear—Katie! Yes, you look like a Katie. Does she not, Walter?"

But Mr. Walter Heathcote only smiled and bowed, as though he would have said "How can I presume to pronounce upon a young lady's looks?" and so soothed the little alarmed dignity which was beginning to whisper "'Katie' to my own cousin is all very well; but to this stranger—"

She was a little flurried, making her entrance into the dining-room, where everybody was already seated at table, on the arm of the lion of the party—the young man whose Alpine exploits had been so lately the theme of the county paper and the subject of Mrs. King's conversation at each of her morning calls—the son and heir of the great man of the neighborhood. But it was wonderful how soon she felt at her ease again, listening to his animated descriptions of foreign scenes and adventures, and enjoying his bright, racy talk of the people and lands on which her young imagination had often fastened with eager longing.

"I should be quite happy if I could go to Italy and Switzerland," she exclaimed, as at last the ladies rose to leave the table.

She had been so engrossed that she had not even looked at her neighbor on the other side, although he had more than once handed her fruit, cream, and sweetmeats.

"Philip," she exclaimed now—"why, how quiet you have been! I had no idea you were there."

"I am afraid I must have been rude to Philip in some way," she said afterwards, when recounting the day's enjoyment to her mother; "he looked so odd and put out, and he never spoke a word all the way home."

CHAPTER II.

Fifteen years before all this Mrs. Sherwood had made her way home from India—how she never exactly knew—only the kind, good friends who bore all the burden of her helpless sorrow could have told, so stunned and paralysed was she by the terrible blow of widowhood which had fallen suddenly upon her. She brought with her a little golden-haired creature; and it was the clasp of the active little fingers, the pleading of the eager little voice, which drew her slowly back to thought and care for the life which, hard as it seemed, yet had to be lived without her husband. The home of her childhood opened its arms to her, and she sunk into its shelter and hid herself and her desolation until such time as the long night of weeping cleared into dawn, grey and cloudy at first, but brightening into a sober day, none too garish for tear-stained eyes.

The golden-haired darling had grown into a clever little maid, who could mark a sampler and conjugate a French verb, and make very fair music of *Non piu mesta*, "arranged for beginners on the pianoforte," when there came an urgent appeal from the north.

"Cousin Amabel," wrote Philip Galton, "will you take pity on Robert and me, and rescue two miserable bachelors from a barbarous state of housekeeping and manners, disgraceful in a civilized community? You can have no idea of the state we are sinking into for want of what the papers call 'female influence.' Robert is growing into a perfect savage of a boy; our housekeeper does exactly as she likes—and she likes to neglect everything—buttons have become obsolete luxuries; I am speaking seriously, cousin; if you will bring your little girl, and make a home for us, we shall be most grateful to you; and no effort on our part shall be wanting to make the arrangement as pleasant for you as it will certainly be for us."

The cousinship had been diluted through so many generations that scarcely a flavor of it remained; but the families had kept up enough of intimacy to make it still a claim, and Amabel Sherwood recognised the appeal as a call of duty.

"If Katie had been a few years older," she said, "there might have been objections; but, as it is, I ought to be thankful that my life can be of so much use still."

So she removed to Embley, and in a month had transformed the untidy, disorderly bachelor household into a scene of comfort and peace, for which the two young men were, as they had promised to be, most appreciatively grateful. Philip Galton had, by the death of his father, succeeded at five-and-twenty to the large practice of a leading solicitor in a country town; hard work and unwearied devotion to his profession confirmed for him the prestige of his father's name. His younger brother was articled to and resided with him, and, up to a few months before his appeal to Mrs. Sherwood, their mother had still filled her place as head and directress of the prosperous household. Her sudden death left the young men at the mercy of the servants and circumstances.

Amabel Sherwood was shy and reticent by nature, and she retained, besides, the sensitiveness which an old wound that has not forgotten to ache will leave in some hearts. The good people of Embly called her proud and unsociable when she did not respond to their overtures, and she lived her life a good deal apart, cultivating her own mind that she might the better carry on the education of her daughter, and training that bit of sunshine, as she often called her, into a most loving and lovable woman.

"If Katie had been older," she had wisely reasoned at first, "it would have been a different thing." But she let her grow older and forgot all about it.

The mothers of marriageable daughters in the neighborhood said that Mrs. Sherwood was a clever woman, and knew what she was about. Philip Galton's income must be quite two thousand a year, and, with his close application to business, was likely to increase; so that when young Robert, who was by no means so devoted to the office, came in as junior partner, the elder brother's balance-sheet would scarcely suffer. But Mrs. Sherwood was perfectly unconscious of all this gossip, and held calmly on her way, until Philip's declaration fell like a thunderbolt at her feet, and subsequent events hurried on and took away her breath.

The first of these was Miss Vere's visit. She came on foot and alone, partly in the exercise of the fact on which she plumed herself, partly because she preferred to inspect the new relative before presenting her to her friends. She expected to see a countrified, awkward person. "Brought up in a village as she was," she said to herself, "she cannot be anything else." But she found a quiet, graceful woman, still beautiful, with a calm repose of manner which Miss Vere acknowledged to be perfect breeding. She won the mother's favor by her praises of the daughter, begged for that young man's company on a shopping expedition in the town, carried her up to the hall for afternoon tea, and brought her back, escorted by Mr. Walter Heathcote, in good time for her six o'clock dinner.

Philip Galton, from his office desk, saw the party pass his window, and lost his appetite for dinner.

Next day the Hall carriage dashed up to the door of the lawyer's house, and the high-mettled horses champed their bits before it for a quarter of an hour, whilst Mrs. Witherby paid a visit of ceremony to the widow.

The latter was sitting under the drooping ash in the garden, translating Wallenstein with Katie.

"What a sweet-looking woman!" whispered the Baronet's sister to Miss Vere. "I hope she will let me cultivate her acquaintance. How is it I have never seen her before?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"What are the wild waves saying, John?" sung out Young America to a Chinaman on the beach. "Washee, washee," calmly replied the Celestial with a grin.

SUNDAY SERMONS.

The Words of a Prophet—Launch Out into the Deep—Anglican Heresy.

ST. MICHAEL'S CATHEDRAL.

For some time past his grace the archbishop of Toronto has been delivering a series of lectures on schism in the church. On every occasion he has been heard with great attention by large congregations, who have been much impressed by the rev. prelate's discourses. Last night he reviewed the history of the establishment of the Anglican church. He explained the characters of Henry the eighth, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth. He argued that if Queen Mary deserved the name of bloody Mary, King Henry was more bloody and Queen Elizabeth most bloody. He recounted how the Catholic religion was crushed out by force and by acts of parliament, and how Queen Elizabeth constituted herself the spiritual and temporal head of the church by illegal acts of parliament. He denied that the Anglican church could claim apostolic succession, and held that none but the Catholic bishops could trace their consecration to the apostles. He showed that though it was popular to say that the Pope did not permit liberty of conscience, these people forgot that Elizabeth established the Anglican church by inflicting pains and penalties on those who did not take the oath of supremacy.

JARVIS STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

Dr. Castle preached last night from Luke, 5, 4—"Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draft." It was the command to Peter and his fellow fishermen after Christ had finished from their boat a discourse to the multitude. Christ paid no attention to the ecclesiastical proprieties; one place suited him as well as another for preaching the gospel unto men. What he said on this occasion is not known; not one word of it is recorded in the sacred narrative, but like all truth it lives in the hearts and lives of men, and it will continue to influence the world for good unto the end of time. Christ recompensed the fishermen for the use of their boat, and their willing obedience to his command is a lesson to us. There is in the church too much fishing in shallow waters along the shore—in the bible-class and the Sunday-school, but not in the saloon, the theatre, and the brothel. There are two classes of people dreadfully neglected by Christian workers—the intelligent, well-to-do, and wealthy, and the infamous and wretched. In these deep waters few are fishing for the souls of men. There are also the deeps of infidelity and scepticism, and these too are sadly neglected. But whether in deep or shallow waters we must use the gospel net, and use it for a genuine purpose. It must be for business, not for recreation; not holiday sport, but solid purposeful work. The conditions of successful gospel fishing are (1) presence of Jesus, (2) implicit obedience to his direction, and (3) co-operation. Try the gospel net among your employees, among your domestics, and among your fellow-employees. If I could see every member of this church, the preacher said, casting the gospel net in the sphere in which God has placed him, then a mightier work would be done on this corner within one year than has been seen in Canada in the past decade.

BOND STREET CONGREGATIONAL.

What went the great multitude up to Bond street church last night for to hear? The floor down stairs was crowded, the aisles were filled up and men and women stood by the doors. What went they all up for to hear? The galleries weighed down under their heavy load of people, and still men and women stood by the upper doors. And what did the crowds who could not find standing room and who had to go to other churches, what did they miss hearing?

They missed hearing the strange sayings and the winged words of a prophet.

At a few minutes past 7 o'clock, just as the organ was swelling out in a crescendo passage, the prophet-preacher ascended the platform and seated there began to stroke his luxuriant beard. A hymn was sung by the vast congregation and the reverend gentleman proceeded to read a lesson from the scriptures. In the course of which he took occasion to defend himself against the recent attack on him that appeared in the Christian Guardian, saying in his remarks that he had as good a standing as the Rev. Mr. Dewart; that he had just as good a history as the rev. editor; that his family was as good, and that he was just as respect able as he was. He referred to letters he had received from various ministerial associations in the United States, and said that all he had to say about the editor was, that he didn't tell the truth. "If Dr. Dewart," said the preacher, "gets as good a letter when he leaves Toronto as the one I brought to this city he can thank his stars." (Applause, and sibilation disapproving of the applause.)

Among the utterances of the prophet-preacher last night may be mentioned the following: Shem founded Jerusalem—Jerusalem is the centre of the world, and into it shall be gathered the kings of the east and the kings of the west, and the kings of the north and the kings of the south—Jerusalem has been razed twenty-seven times—A new Jerusalem shall be built twenty-seven miles north of the present city, and that this may be accomplished the mount of Olives shall be severed in twain—The new Jerusalem shall be a seaport and shall be a centre of commerce—It shall also have a temple 4½ miles long—Solomon's temple was built of gold from the mines of South America. Why? Because the ships that conveyed the gold took three years in going and returning, and that's the time required to sail to South America from the Red sea—Eden measured 300,000 square miles. Palestine was the centre of Eden. Paradise was the centre of Palestine. The temple was in the centre of Paradise—man is an epitome of the world and contains in his body all the minerals of the earth—the new temple of Jerusalem is to be built from South American gold—and so forth, and so forth. These prophetic utterances and strange sayings were interspersed with occasional remarks which made the audience titter. The services closed with the doxology.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Toronto Opera Company at the Grand.

On Saturday night the Toronto opera company finished their engagement at the Grand. The piece presented was again the "Bells of Normandy." In our notice on Saturday Mr. Dennison's important contribution to the success of the performance was not mentioned. Mr. Dennison has a good tenor voice and played his part perfectly. Mrs. Cooper and Miss Pepworth were in excellent condition and received enthusiastic receptions from the audience. Mr. Lalor also deserves a word of praise. The citizens of Toronto have reason to congratulate themselves on possessing so much musical talent in their midst.

A young man named Reid, lodged in Brockville gaol for contempt of court, fell asleep and continued in that state for over eighty hours, when he died.

James Anthony Froude is engaged in the preparation of a biography of Thomas Carlyle, but will first issue a fragment of autobiography which Carlyle left in his hands.

A copyright conference was held in London on Saturday, the object being to come to some arrangement by which the rights of British and American authors would be respected in the country of the other. Nothing definite was came to, but the general feeling was in favor of some sort of protection.

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