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\$3.75 Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, as supplied to officers in the Army and Navy; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yds.; saddle made case; great bargain; sacrifice, \$3.75.

\$5.25 Powerful 28 Binoocular Field Glasses (by Chevalier); 10 lens magnification power, brilliant definition, over 60 miles range, great depth of focus, large field of view; adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy; in saddle made sing case; tremendous bargain; sacrifice, \$5.25.

\$9.50 Powerful 50 Double Draw Binooculars, 12 lens magnification power (by Lumiere), as supplied to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Greece; most powerful glass made; name of ship can be distinctly read five miles from shore; quick focus, brilliant field of view, colourless achromatic crystal lenses, enhanced stereoscopic effect, great penetration power; in solid brown English leather case; sacrifice, \$9.50.

\$3.25 Gent's heavy 18-ct. Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunter Watch, improved action (John Forrest, London); 10 years' warranty; absolutely perfect timekeeper; also Double Curb Albert, same quality with handsome Compass attached; all quite indistinguishable from new; complete, sacrifice, \$3.25.

\$3.25 Keyless Watch, improved action (Allen & Co., London); exact timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; also long Watch Guard, elegant design, same quality; together, sacrifice, \$3.25.

\$3.75 (Worth \$17). Real Russian Furs, long; Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, beautifully trimmed, 12 tails and heads; large Granny Muff matching; together, sacrifice, \$3.75.

\$5.75 (Worth \$25). Real Russian Furs, Princess Stole, trimmed with head and tails at back and on shoulders; also large animal Muff, with heads and tails hanging; in perfectly new condition; together, great sacrifice, \$5.75.

\$3.25 Gent's fashionable Double Albert, 18-ct. Gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern, heavy solid links; sacrifice, \$3.25.

\$3.75 Lady's handsome 16 18-ct. Gold, Diamond Ring; 5-Stone Half-hoop real fine quality; perfectly matched stones; fine quality; wonderful bargain; sacrifice, \$3.75.

\$4.75 Lady's 25 18-ct. Solid Gold, hall-marked, Diamond and Sapphire Doublet Half-hoop Ring, claw setting, large faultless stones; sacrifice, \$4.75.

\$16.50 Lady's 70 5-Stone Diamond and Sapphire Half-hoop Ring, 18-ct. Gold, Government hall-marked, claw setting, containing two large round diamonds of dazzling whiteness and three beautiful sapphires of richest quality; \$16.50.

\$3.25 (Worth \$10). Eight super-fine quality Chemises, Knickers, and Petticoats; magnificent parcel; sacrifice, \$3.25.

\$5.75 Lady's 30 Solid Gold English, hall-marked, Keyless Watch, highly finished jewelled movement, exact timekeeper, richly engraved; 12 years' warranty; \$5.75.

\$17.50 Magnificent Gent's 70 Single Stone Diamond Ring, exceptionally fine pure white stone, perfect in every respect, mounted in 18-ct. Gold, Government hall-marked, claw setting; sacrifice, \$17.50.

\$4.25 Sheffield Cutlery; 20 Service of 12 Large, 12 Small Knives, Carvers and Steel, Crayford ivory handles; \$4.25.

\$5.75 Lady's 30 Solid Gold long Watch in pattern, stamped and guaranteed, in faultless new condition; sacrifice, \$5.75.

\$13.75 Gent's magnificent 55 Solid Gold Lever Centre Seconds, Chronograph Stop Watch, exam. by celebrated watchmaker (W. Russell, London); jewelled movement, perfect reliability in any climate in the world; timed to a minute a month; 20 years' warranty; 6 months' trial; great bargain; sacrifice, \$13.75.

\$15 Lady's magnificent 60 Diamond and hall-marked, there are ten white and faultless diamonds surrounding a superb sapphire of richest quality; to appreciate the full beauty of this Ring it must be seen; sacrifice, \$15.

\$11.75 Powerful 65 4-draw Brass Telescope (by Lemaitre, Paris), slide ends, 3-in. diameter object glass, perfect definition, over 70 miles' clear range; a more powerful glass could not be purchased, specially adapted to the use of coastguards and astronomers; new condition; sacrifice, \$11.75.

\$24.50 Finest quality 30 Hammerless Breechloader Gun, by renowned maker, Anson & Deely pattern; double barreled, interchangeable 12-bore quadruple cross bolt action; automatic safety bolt; steel barrels; left choke. This Gun is a really first-class weapon. Sacrifice, \$24.50.

\$7.50 Baby's Long Clothes, superfine quality, magnificent 25 parcel, 82 articles, everything required; beautiful garments; the perfection of mother's personal work; never worn; great sacrifice, \$7.50.

\$6.50 Valuable Violin (worth \$35), per Cremona, 1721; rich mellow tone, with Bow and Case, suit professional or soloist; \$6.50.

\$3.25 Watch Bracelet; finest workmanship, most successful ever invented, will fit and grip any wrist, thereby avoiding all vibration and ensuring perfect timekeeping; 18-ct. Gold-cased; 6 months' trial; sacrifice, \$3.25.

\$6.50 Tweed Jacket Suit by Stroud, High class Tailor; splendid quality, latest West End cut and finish, never worn; breast 39 in., waist 36 in., length 32 1/2 in.; \$6.50.

DAVIS & Co. (DEPT. 42) PAWNBROKERS,
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the hill overlooking the dam and think of home and all the loved ones so far away, and could picture them all walking to church and would often start as in imagination the sound of distant church bells floated on the still evening air. I could hear again the merry peal of the church bells and chimes in the old Cathedral, listen again to the beautiful chants and hymns, and wonder who filled my place in the choir, and what the clergyman's text was that night, and in imagination look down into the church to see the well-known faces of our friends and wonder if it would be my privilege to join the worshippers again. It was then that my loneliness came most forcibly upon me and I was almost able to say, "The tender light of home behind, dark heathen gloom before." It was my wish to experience what a missionary had to put up with and, to a small extent, this wish was gratified, but his endurance is for a life-time, while mine was but temporary and, while he might be thousands of miles from home, I was not more than about 330. There was no church to comfort one, no friendly hand to guide you when advice was most needed, no one to comfort you in time of trials, no companion with whom to converse on subjects nearest your heart; but, thank God, He always comes to us at this time to comfort, strengthen and guide us. It was so long before an answering letter would bring encouragement in a certain trial or sickness.

It was at this time, however, I received more spiritual strength to urge me on (for we all need encouragement, especially young inexperienced persons), as here, "near to Nature's heart" and "far from the madding crowd," we could "find sermons in stones." It was then that a "feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain, and resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles rain," came over me.

The "Canadian Band" would come out in full force, assisted by the lizards and crickets, and the bass tone of the ground hogs' "cunk-cunk!" The kingfishers and robins would sing their evensong, the blackbirds keep up a noisy chatter, the crows cry "caw-caw" on their way to bed, and the seagulls swoop down over the water, loath to leave it. The gentle ripple of the water gently tumbling over the rocks and pebbles, and the tinkling cow-bells, all spoke of peace and love, "though every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Then when the stars began to twinkle in the celestial vault and the shades of night had fallen like a curtain over the earth, the foxes would come out and bark and yelp like so many young puppies, to the light of the moon.

No matter how rebellious I might feel, Nature always offered such a sweet peace and contentment and strengthened me to further endeavours. It was then that I valued the poetry learned at school, and, next to hymns, my favorite was Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." It is so arousing.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

When the flood was on and the water went roaring and rushing headlong through the dam on the rocks below, and foaming and dashing over the rapids, I took comfort in singing my favorite hymns, for nobody could hear me. There was a sample of man's work against God's. Those huge stop-logs of the dam, which men had placed to keep back the current, were unable to fulfil their mission, and man is powerless to fight against the Creator. No matter what men could do to us, God is able to over-rule their actions.

A Methodist settler, who lived about six miles away, used to come to preach and upon one occasion he was put off the platform by an Anti-Christ who got up to preach. Many will say, "Whatever did you stop to listen to him for?" but the fact was I had formed a Sunday School for the children, and men began to come, too; but when this Methodist offered his services, some young people got up and walked out, stating that if I was going to teach, they would come, but not otherwise. The poor man felt so badly about it, and so did I, as the class behaved so well and listened so attentively; but I told him that, if they

came with that spirit, they would not get much good, and as he was to preach we did not know at any time when he would get us. It was so hard to tell what was right to do.

The man stood up behind my desk, took the preacher's Bible up and then banged it upon the desk. With his hat on one side, one foot over the back of my chair (we were sitting on the benches), chewing and spitting all over the floor, he delivered his lecture. He said he was sent by God to warn us of our danger; that as the Godhead was one, when Christ was crucified the Triune was destroyed. If we laughed at him, it was at God—not at him. He was ready for hell at any moment, but God had chosen him to preach. It was not his business, but he could do it better than anyone else, ought to be heard, and it would pay people to give him a large salary to preach; that he needed no education, as God had taught him. He ended by singing some songs of his own compositions.

It fairly made my blood run cold to hear such words and to think that those children heard them. There were some things I got horribly used to, but hearing God's name taken in vain and seeing these disgusting habits of drinking, chewing and spitting, I never became used to. I have a horror of hearing God's name used in vain, and it makes me shudder. Their one idea of a God is one of terror and judgment.

Mr. McDonald told me one day that he would like to be a Christian, but he was so bad that God would not want him, but I quoted several verses of Scripture to prove to him that none were too bad, and tried to comfort him. He asked me what it was to be a Christian and what the difference was between a Christian and a non-Christian. I told him my idea of a Christian was one who tried to lead a Christ-like life. By deciding for Christ one must give up a great many pleasures of this world, but received, in return, a sweet peace and trust that only Christ could give. One must expect far more trouble and sorrow but with it God gave one strength to bear it. His watchword must be, "What would Jesus do?" and should try to follow in the footsteps of his Master. Often I would read comforting passages of Scripture to them and showed them it was necessary to come to God through Christ.

On the last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had gone visiting so, Norman begged me to go with himself and Annie for a walk around the farm, as he wished to show me the work he and his father had done during the winter. We had a very nice walk, and Norman explained many things of interest to me. On our way home we came across Henry and Johnny playing and burrowing in the sand, like young sand-martins. Norman's chief object for asking me to go for a walk was to ask me questions about the Bible stories I had read to him. The Methodist minister told me he never remembered crying since he was a tiny boy until he went up there and saw how the children were brought up. He thought it was only through the children that any good could be done. The English-church clergyman also thought so.

Chapter 14. FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

One bitterly cold day in the middle of January, as I was writing home, Mrs. McDonald happened to glance out of the window and exclaimed that Cameron's house was on fire.

Remembering the fight of the summer before, I concluded that the McDonalds would not offer assistance, so snatched my cap, jacket and over-shoes, without waiting to do them up, and hurried across the road to warn the inmates of their danger, but they had just discovered it.

The husband came cursing and swearing into the house because his neighbors had not come to help him. His wife sat down in the burning house as cool as a cucumber, never lifting her little finger to help in any way. Realizing the danger, I ran to the kitchen, snatched the only two pails visible and hurried down to the creek, where, with an axe, I broke a hole in the ice and filled the pails which the settlers began to bring. At last I was compelled, exhausted and good for nothing, to go to the house.