

came, under the skilful hand of the Captain, concealed by the flowing locks of a blonde, and the perpetrator of a recent crime, whose person had been minutely described in handbills and the 'Hue and Cry,' as light-haired and fair faced, has, after a visit to the den I am describing, boldly walked the streets with hair as black as jet, and a complexion swarthy as a Spaniard's.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A RECOGNITION—NOT A PLEASANT ONE.

And here, exposed to fearful temptation—brought into perpetual contact with unblushing crime—"drawn unto death and ready to be slain," and cut off from every apparent avenue of escape—this, the most dreadful part of my existence, was passed. It argued the most cruel ingenuity as well as pertinacity of purpose in my persecutors, thus to drag me into familiarity with 'almost all evil,' to keep constantly held out to me the hand of fellowship with guilt, and to hear, in effect and substance, the invitation daily uttered; 'Come with us, let us lay wait for blood, let us lurk privily for the innocent without cause, we shall find all precious substance, we shall fill our houses with spoil: cast in thy lot among us; let us all have one purse;' while the alternative was as plainly set before me, that refusal to share in these unlawful deeds would bring on me swift destruction.

I will not say that I had no fear of consequences in maintaining my integrity; that I never wavered in my resolution; that I did not cast about me for the possibility of some compromise by which I might escape from the toils in which I was entangled, that my heart and soul never fainted, that I did not, indeed, become contaminated by seeing and hearing the unlawful deeds and filthy conversation of the wicked. It is true, that all my life long I had been, more or less, exposed to this contamination; and, perhaps, in some way or other, I had been armed against it by Divine grace; but now it came in upon me like an overwhelming flood. But though I cannot and will not boast of the resistance I made, I may thankfully remember and record that I did not forget God. I knew that He was 'Able to keep me from falling,' that he knew how to deliver them that put their trust in him, and I was helped to lift up my soul to Him. I remembered the story of the three Jewish youths in Babylon, who refused to worship the golden image on the plains of Dura, and their reply to the tyrant's

threat of vengeance;—Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.' This incident, I repeat, was brought to my mind in these hours and days of darkness and distress, and I was enabled to take fresh courage from the example of those servants of the Most High, and to resolve rather to die than stain my hands and heart with sin.

But who was this man who was the main instrument in my heavy trial, and why did he take such pains about me, when thousands might have been found ready moulded to his hand and will? My readers will have anticipated the disclosure, nor was I so dull at that time as not to have early guessed at the only probable solution of this question. Let me, with a hurried and trembling pen, describe the scene in which this fearful suspicion was exchanged for certainty.

'Captain,' said a heavy-looking, determined man, whom I had reason to believe was a practised house-breaker, and who had just reappeared at the 'Castle,' and was one of some half-dozen ruffians of various professions then lounging in sottish idleness in the common room—Sloppy Stevens being another of the party—'Captain, there's a bit of business that doesn't ought to be put off any longer: this here raw hand as you would bring into this shop'—and he turned a dark suspicious look towards me, as I was seated at a table with my aching head wearily resting on my hand, and my elbow on the table.

'What about him, Kite?' asked the Captain quickly.

'That's what I says, and what we all says,' responded Kite, roughly,— 'What about him.'

'And it is what I say again,' repeated my goader rather more sharply— 'What about him?'

'Why this here,' continued the man—I repeat his words as nearly as I can remember them, omitting the oaths, curses, and slang phrases by which they were accompanied— 'Here's where it is, Captain; you brings a yokel into this here crib without saying 'By your leave'; and that's agin rules, you know.'

TO BE CONTINUED.



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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 18, 1865

Remember the Sabbath afternoon Temperance Meeting in the Temperance Hall, from three to four o'clock, p. m.

Crusade Lodge Musical and Literary Entertainment is to take place next Tuesday evening, Oct. 24, in their Lodge room, Missionary Church, Elizabeth Street. The price of admission is 10 cents. We hope our friends will turn out in numbers to patronize it. Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock.

TYRONE DIVISION No. 126, S. of T.

On Thursday the 5th inst., Brother Wm. Windatt, D. G. W. P., assisted by Bro. Wm. Brent, Jr., as Grand Conductor, installed the following officers for the present term:—

Bro. W. Tuer.....	W P
" T. Windatt.....	W A
" J. Hodgson.....	R S
" W. Washington.....	A R S
" G. Smith.....	F S
" J. Heellyar.....	T
" W. Brent, Junr.....	Chap
" J. Bigham.....	C
" G. Gilders.....	A C
" E. Hamly.....	I S
" S. Bigham.....	O S
" S. Younie.....	P W P

LADY OFFICERS.

Sister Mary Gibbard....	Lady Conductor
" Caroline Gibbard.....	Love
" Margaret Storie.....	Purity
" Mary Jane Haisley.....	Fidelity

Our readers will please take notice that Yorkville Star Temple, intend holding a Soiree and Social Party, on Monday, October 23, 1865, in the Temperance Hall, Yorkville. Addresses will be delivered by the Rev John Potts and