

1872 the third daughter, Mary Helen, died in early womanhood. She had loved the Lord from childhood and among her papers was found a thought penned when in robust health six years before her death which indicates the spring where her happiness was found :

"It is not what we do, or what we have, or what we are at all, it's just Jesus. It is not endurance now, it is drinking in happiness. My Lord!

April 27th, 1866."

She lived to take part in the early days of the work of starting the New York *Witness* and when dying she wrote to her father in a last letter in answer to one of his, "The text that I have thought most of with regard to the New York enterprise is: 'Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee that it might be displayed because of the truth?' Is it not a great privilege to carry the Lord's banner unstained and unfurled, even though it may be through disaster or apparent defeat? 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass and as thy days so shall thy strength be,' (a promise wonderfully fulfilled at the last). 'There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help. The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms.'"

Before this the family circle had been broken, or rather extended, by the marriage of two of its members, the second son and the second daughter, and nine grandsons and four granddaughters, the youngest now five years old, were the delight of their grandfather's old age, giving as they did good promise of walking like him in the footprints of the Master. His love for children was one of the most beautiful features of his character. He took great pleasure, too, in reading and playing with them and taking them on the little excursions which were almost the only form of rest possible to his active mind. The children had the utmost confidence in his readiness to amuse them. During the last few weeks of his life a six-year-old grandson would often climb the stair and say, "Grandpa, will you play a game of chess with me?" and the rapid pen would hardly stop while the writer answered, "Yes, you go and set the men and then come for me." The board would soon be set out and for an hour perhaps the busy brain would find much needed relaxation in playing game after game to the high delight of the child.

For a number of years this large and united family circle had watched with the tenderest solicitude the failing health of the wife and mother whose remarkable faith in God and whole hearted devotion to His service, with her tender sympathy and courageous hopefulness, had been such an inspiration to her husband and family, that it seemed impossible to get on without her. About three years ago, however, the call came to her, and a long life of suffering and self-sacrifice came to an end, but her memory will ever be blessed not only by her own family, but by very many who from time to time came under the remarkable influence of her saintly life.

When the news of Mr. Dougall's death, or rather, as we might say, translation, was telegraphed from his son's home at Flushing to the New York *Witness* Office, where he had been working the day before, the startled employees, with the members of the firm, gathered in the editorial rooms, where one and another broke forth in prayer as they realized like Elisha that their head had been taken from them. At the funeral service in Flushing, one minister testified to the fact that in the whole of Great Britain, wherever he had gone he had been asked, "Do you know the New York *Witness* and its editor Mr. Dougall," and he had been

proud to say that he had a personal acquaintance with both. And another preacher said "I think to-day that there is no man in this broad land from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that has exerted such an influence upon the hearts and minds of old and young as our father in Israel who lies before us." The body was taken to the beautiful old home in Montreal, where part of the family still reside, and after very touching services at the house and at the church, it was carried to Mount Royal Cemetery where are the graves of his wife and children.

Five members of the family, two sons, a son-in-law and two daughters, have been for many years engaged in work on the different publications which we have mentioned, and others which have been added from time to time, so that although the founder is dead, his work will still continue in the same spirit in which he conducted it. One of the younger daughters has recently graduated at a New York Medical College, and is now pursuing a more advanced course. Mr. Dougall always felt that women should have the same opportunities of usefulness as men, while at the same time he taught by example and precept the duty of paying an almost chivalric attention to their comfort and happiness. His wife was often heard to say that in the utmost press of important business, he would never forget to pay the most minute attention to any commission of hers with which he had charged his memory, while his daughters felt that his ever watchful love gave them a conception of the fatherhood of God, which they could not otherwise have had.

His character was so many-sided that we can only point out some of its more remarkable characteristics in addition to those mentioned. One of these was that he never counted aught that he possessed his own, but held everything in trust to be used for God. His active mind was always inventing ways in which the house and the garden, the fruit and the flowers, as well as all the money he made, might be used for the benefit of individuals and the public. His hospitality was almost boundless. Until he went to New York, fifteen years ago, his time was given freely not only to religious meetings, church work, and committee work, but to such service as visiting the poor and the bereaved, and personally hunting up situations for young men from the country. One of his principles was that Christian men should, if possible, make their living by work which would at the same time do direct service to God and man, and he would remark that there were plenty of men who were not Christians to do the other kinds of work. Another characteristic was that he never looked back to see what he had accomplished, nor stopped for a moment to count his gains, but looking on all that had been done as nothing, he only looked forward to plan what could be done in the future. His childlike faith and childlike humility were very remarkable, as was the love he bore to all sorts and conditions of men. He would address a laboring man with as respectful a tone and manner as could be used towards those who stand in high places, and his personal character won love and respect from many who differed from him fiercely in matters of opinion. Strangers who expected to see great sternness and solemnity in one who denounced evil so unsparingly often expressed surprise at his pleasant, genial ways. One who knew him well fifty years ago used to say that he exemplified to him the idea of a happy Christian, and in his later years the sweetness of his disposition and utter unselfish-

ness of character were a wonder to all who surrounded him. As growing deafness shut him out more and more from intercourse with men he gave more time to communion with God, and became daily more Christlike in mind and actions. His solicitude for domestic animals was often remarked by his family, who were never surprised even to hear him rise in the night to give a drink of water to an uneasy watchdog. With him in daily life the only question as to action was, Is it right? and when he saw his way clearly no question of the loss of money or friends apparently came up in his mind. In periods of popular excitement his life was more than once in danger, and his children remember times when their mother went everywhere with him lest he should be shot down for his principles while absent from her side. He loved to keep God's Sabbath in the strictest way, and often sacrificed much rather than journey on that day, or attend to any secular matter. He left no fortune to his children, who are all able to earn their own living, but he left them a heritage far better than silver and gold in the good name which is respected and loved wherever it is known, and in the power to carry on the potent agencies which he set on foot which are calculated to influence the world for Christ and to hasten the coming of His glorious kingdom.

MARY AMES' NOVEL.

Mary Ames turned back the leaves of her manuscript, and read in a deep measured tone:

"It was a calm, starry night in the balmy month of June. The pale, silver moon rode high in the heavens, and a million twinkling stars sparkled in the blue canopy that, like a pall, overspread the world.

"The birds had sought the sylvan dells. The dreary song of the night-owl was all the sound that broke the solemn stillness, when—'Hark! hark! what is that?'"

"Mary Ames!"

A tall, freckle-faced girl, with sandy ringlets, hastily slipped a quantity of writing material into a shallow table-drawer, locked it, put the key in her pocket, stepped to the head of the stairs, and said,—

"Yes, mother."

"What you doin' up there this hull afternoon? You come right straight down here, and set the table for supper."

"Yes, in a minute," replied the girl. She hastily unlocked the table-drawer, took out paper, pen and ink, and added to what she had already written,—

"A single traveller, solitary and alone, suddenly appeared on a jet-black steed, and rode like the wind over the starry plain. He was a noble animal, with his finely arched back and flowing mane, and his panting nostrils emitting"—

"Mary Ames, did you hear me tell you to come down here right straight off? Now you better come forthwith and faster!"

"Yes, ma'am, I'm coming right away," answered Mary.

She tarried a moment, however, to add,—

"The rider was evidently of noble birth. Yes, he was the young Lord Algernon de St. Merrivale. His raven-black hair fell in shiny curls around his shoulders, his midnight eyes and alabaster"—

"This is the last time I'm goin' to call you, Mary. If you aint down here by the time I light a match to the fire, I'll come after you, an' then you'll start right spry!"

At this the girl put her writing material away again, and went sullenly down the stairs of an old-fashioned farmhouse.

"I don't see whatever possesses you to act the way you ben actin' of late," said her mother, a tall, angular woman, with a careworn face and toilworn hands.

Mary was writing a novel. She had until recently been well enough satisfied with her quiet country home, but a number of novelettes had lately fallen into her hands, sowing seeds of discontent. Mary was happy and satisfied no longer. Her home and daily round of useful labor be-

came distasteful to her. Her plain life had passed into a romantic dream.

She longed for some "Lord Algernon de St. Merrivale" to come and carry her away on his "jet-black steed," and make her the "Lady Mary Ann de St. Merrivale."

She longed for palaces and royal robes. She began to detect evidence of "vulgarity" and "common people's ways," in her lifelong companions, and even in her father and mother, who were, to be sure, old-fashioned and unpolished, but good and honest souls.

She resolved, at last, to become a heroine on paper, if she could not become one in blissful reality.

The young lord with the "midnight eyes" was riding straight towards Mary, who was to be in waiting for him in the shape of a "maid with violet eyes, sun-kissed hair that fell in golden ringlets over marble shoulders." She was to be clad in "a flowing robe of white velvet embroidered in seed pearls, while a gossamer veil of finest silk hung shimmering from a crown of diamonds on her head."

She was to appear in all this splendor after having been confined in a dark dungeon for four months by her cruel father.

Mary finished her novel, obtained the address of an Eastern publisher, and spent the price of four dozen eggs for postage used in sending the manuscript.

Two weeks later, Farmer Ames took from the post-office a large, sealed package addressed to Mary. Mrs. Ames was with her husband. They did not hesitate a moment about reading the letter found with the great bundle of manuscript. It was from a sensible editor, and read as follows:

"MISS MARY AMES:

Dear Madam,—Whoever you are and whatever you are, we earnestly advise you to give up novel-writing. You are evidently from the country; stay there. You have longings for a city life; give them up. If you have a good home, stay there in contentment until some honest, industrious young fellow comes to ask you to go with him to one of your own. He will not come in knightly trappings, or on a coal-black steed. Burn all your novels of the flashy, sentimental sort, and live for better things than they tell you of.

EDMOND.

"So this is what has ailed Mary for a month back," said Mrs. Ames. "Stop the hosses a minnit."

They were on a bridge that spanned a swift-running little stream. Mrs. Ames stood up in the waggon with the novel in her hands.

One swift, scornful movement of her arm, and the manuscript went fluttering down to the waves; the latter bore it away, and that was the end of Mary Ames' novel.

Farmer Ames was a wise old gentleman. His only remark when he gave Mary the letter was,—

"Here's a letter for you, Mary Ames, and a mighty good one it is. You keep it and read it ev'ry day for a year."

Mary Ames' novel-writing dream was over. That dramatic scene at the bridge had ended it. The waters of oblivion had borne away her dreams and aspirations.—*Youth's Companion*.

LOOKING AFTER ONE SOUL.

"He first findeth his own brother Simon." Now I am sure that 'tis a good plan to go looking after one soul. Every soul in the world belongs to our Lord. He made 'em every one, and he bought 'em every one with his precious blood. They're his every way; and the devil is a thief. I've very often thought what a poor master the devil's servants have got. Why, when he came up to tempt our Mother Eve in paradise he hadn't got any bit o' a little thing for to bribe her with, and all he could do was to steal her Master's apples. He hasn't got anything of his own.... Andrew didn't say "I'll try to do all the good I can," and then do nothing, because he couldn't find any to do; but he says, "There's Simon, I'll go and catch him." That's the way; pick out one soul, and set your heart 'pon it; begin to pray for that one, and go on tryin' till you've got it, and then try for another. We might do a good deal of good in the world if we didn't try to do so much. I've heard folk a singin', and meanin' it, too,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
An' 'because the realm o' nature wasn't theirs
they didn't give anything at all.—*Daniel Quorm*.

IF YOU WOULD NOT fall into sin, do not stand by the door of temptation.