

THIRD SERMON FROM THE NEW PREACHER.

Chillen! dars glory in the soun' Ob tuneful hearts dat raise A psalm of Zion, as aroun' Dis yearth wo sing God's praise.

Dis day am glorious an' bright: De craps am risin' well; An' all about us in de lan' De buds and blossoms swell.

Nature done 'ray herself dis day In weddin' robes so bright, Dat God hissef can't keep to hum, Dout showin' sinners light.

Ise heered about dat ornery place, Dat some folks love so well, To tell about; de fire an' smoke Ob an eternal Hell.

But bress you' hearts, my chillen, no! 'Cordin' to common call, Dar ain't no sich place any mo' 'Cept right yere on dis ball.

Hell am de conscience, smitin' hard Yer soul, when you does wrongs: I expect dat plenty ob it, dough, To some ob us belongs!

Ye don't think God would make de yearth, Creatin' all de folk, Ter close de show by one gran' smash, An' bust it all in smoke?

Whar am de man done tole ye so? God make de rich an' po', To glorify dem in His sight, To see dem 'farn an' grow.

An' when de fight am ober, Him stretch out dat strong arm, And took ye to His bosom den, Safe from de debil's harm.

An' speakin' 'bout de debil,—him Bin mufin but a thief, Ob conscience, rabin' ob de soul All goodness,—leavin' grief.

O sinner man! my sister, too! I tole ye fo' de Lawd, Ye better ketch on Hebben here, An' trus' yer soul ter God.

Ye better believe dat Kingdom Come An' 'stinction twain de creeds, Won't help yer none; de Judgment Day Won't stop ter sort de breeds!

Jes hol' on right smart ter de chance Ob gettin' glory hvar; Dar's only one creed for us all, An' dat's—ter bejes squar!

De man who does his little hvar, An' does dat little well, Can count on Hebben pow'ful smart; He'll nebber see no Hell.

Now lef us bow de head in prayer, To Him dat gib de soul; Den, Sister Phely, jes you raise Dat good ole "Jordan Roll."

An' may the Lam' o' God come down Ter tune our hearts dis night, To sing His praisin' mo' an' me', An' live widin His sight.

Glory an' de honor, chillen! Echial to de Lam', Here ends de first ter verses Ob de forty-second 'Psalm.

HARRY HOLLAND.

VARIETIES.

At the recent Crofter's Commission held in Scotland, some "good things" were uttered by two witnesses at Galspie, in Sutherlandshire. "The hill pasture is so poor, that the sheep are nearly turned into goats.... We have nothing to thatch our dwellings with. If it rains outside for three hours, it rains inside for six." Or again, with reference to the unwillingness to enlist, "Let the duke take his sheep to defend his country."

A VERY curious plea was put forward and accepted the other day by a bench of magistrates in the city of London, (Eng.). Application was made for the remission of a fine charged upon a Mr. Cohen, a member of the Jewish community. It was stated by the Chief Rabbi in a letter addressed to the Bench, that the family of the Cohens are descended from Aaron the High Priest, and that no Jew bearing the name of Cohen, and being therefore presumably a descendant of the great High Priest, could consistently with his religious obligations enter a house in which lay a dead body. A quotation was made from the Book of Leviticus showing that it is generally contrary to Jewish custom to enter a house in which there is a corpse. It was, however, asserted that this did not apply to all Jews, but inexorably to the Cohens as presumed descendants of Aaron. Mr. Cohen's objection to serve on the jury being founded on these religious grounds, it was accepted, and the fine was remitted.

MATTHEW ARNOLD tells us "Numbers," the proprietors of the Arlington Hotel, Washington, report some remarkable figures. They have just put into their hotel, which has been greatly improved of late, three thousand seven hundred yards of new carpet and a new elevator that runs two hundred feet a minute. How this would surprise the cross old gentleman who runs the old and dingy elevator of the Charing Cross Hotel, London. Going at such a rate would certainly take away his breath. At each floor he has to raise a bolt, unlock gates and throw them wide open, and when leaving the bolt must be lowered, the gates brought to and locked again, with one key for all the gates, necessitating the removal of the key at each landing.

This slow process suits Englishmen well enough, but it is a constant source of annoyance to Americans who are accustomed to see things move rapidly. And then the elevator at the said hotel does not run after midnight, nor before nine a. m. But the official in charge is not to blame, he is faithful if cross. He has occupied his present dark and unhealthy position at the Charing Cross Hotel, going up and down, for seventeen years, and his wages are, so he told us, sixteen shillings (about four dollars) per week.

CAPTAIN SHAW has returned to town after a pleasant and interesting professional tour. He has been to visit the chief European capitals for the purpose of seeing how matters are ordered abroad when an alarm of fire is raised in a great city. He has seen at St. Stephen's in Vienna, the fire brigade represented in the steeple of the Cathedral as the most elevated and central point in city, and he has seen in Paris many methods of intercommunication which might well afford hints for London adoption. He has visited Berlin, where he had probably more to teach than to learn, and he has returned just at the time when the capital, beginning to fill, all business, including that of the fire brigade, gets brisk and animated. The Board of Works has been preparing for the campaign no less resolutely, and all that can be done for London audiences in London theatres has been attained. There is, however, a class not so well represented in this fire reform movement. There are a number of small halls, mechanics' institutes, debating rooms, and Dissenting chapels, all built 30 or 50 years ago when regulations were not so strict, or the visit of fire so frequent. The Board of Works contemplates using what powers it has over these buildings in the direction of popular safety.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand. Thanks.

In August, 1882, Mr. J. B. Munoz, one of the editors of the Brooklyn Chess Chronicle, started a game of chess which took more than eight months to finish, and was destined to cross the Atlantic and travel some hundreds of miles before its thirty-six players were enabled to bring it to a conclusion. The first player making his move sent it to another player, who, on receiving it, was requested to continue the game, and, as had been done previously, affix the date of move and locality, and forward the score to another amateur, who was invited to carry out a similar mode of proceeding. It was also arranged that the player who should make a winning move, or be able to announce a mate, should return the score to the starter. From notes at the end of the score we learn that on March 14th, 1883, the game was handed to Sheriff Spens, of Glasgow, who, being satisfied that it was lost, returned the score, according to arrangement.

The score, with the name of each player, date and residence, has appeared in the London Chess Monthly and is also to be found in the October number of the Brooklyn Chess Chronicle. We are sorry our space will not allow of our publishing it in our Column. In speaking of this it may be well for us to say that the Brooklyn Chess Chronicle has entered upon the second year of its existence, and is now, beginning with October, 1883, a monthly periodical. It is excellently conducted, and full of chess news. We can recommend it strongly to our Canadian players and others.

A short time ago we saw it announced that Mr. Steinitz had arrived at Philadelphia and was about to play some match games with Mr. D. M. Martinez, one of the best players of the chess club of that city, and now we hear that on the 2nd inst. he had already scored three victories over his opponent.

The book of the London International Tourney, with analytical remarks, is to be published in December next by James Wade, 15 Tavistock street, Covent Garden, W. C. London. The price will be 10s. (Globe Democrat, St. Louis).

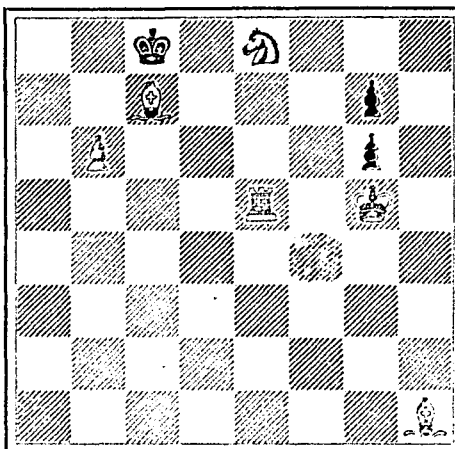
We have been requested by an esteemed correspondent to publish in our Column the following extract from an essay on Education, by Professor Huxley:

CHESS AND LIFE.

"Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess; don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, or the State which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a Pawn from a Knight? Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. "It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess board of the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just and patient. But we know, also, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid with that sort of generosity with which the strong show delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste—but without remorse. "My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with a man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win—and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game."

PROBLEM No. 460. By W. T. Pierce.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 458.

White. 1 Kt to Q 5 2 Mates acc. Black. 1 Any

GAME 587TH.

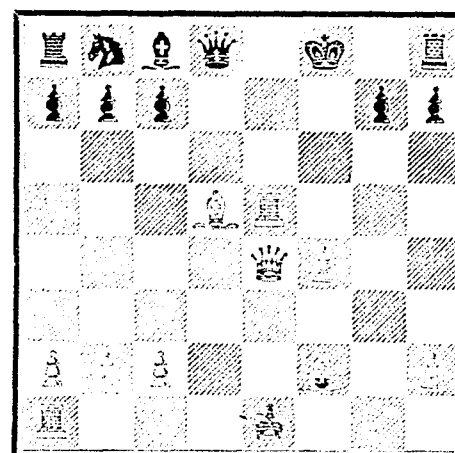
Played 8th May in the Vizayanagram Tourney.

K. B's Opening.

WHITE.—(Mr. H. Lele.) BLACK.—(Mr. F. S. Ensor.)

- 1 P to K 4 2 B to B 4 3 P to B 4 4 P to Q 3 5 P to Kt 3 6 Kt to K B 3 7 B to Kt sq 8 P takes P 9 Q to K 2 10 R to Kt 5 11 B takes P 12 Q Kt to Q 2 (b) 13 Kt takes Kt 14 Q takes P 15 B to K 3 16 R to K 5 17 Kt takes B 18 B to B 2

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

NOTES

(a) The best continuation is—

- 7 P to Q 4 8 B takes P 9 Kt to B 3 10 Q B takes P 11 R takes Kt 7 P to Q 4 8 P takes P 9 B to Kt 5 10 Q takes B

And White has good prospects of attack for the Pawn sacrificed. The inferiority of the text move is well utilized by White.

(b) Slow and sure. Mr. Ensor is evidently taken by surprise by the debut and has no opportunity of displaying his wonted ability. In large tourneys luck is an important element.

(c) Kt to Q 2 seemed to afford Black a better chance of prolonging the contest.

(d) Fatal: but he has no good move now.

—Sporting and Dramatic News.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move! I shrunk! From 228 lbs., to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

How to GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered three words—Take Hop Bitters!

BELLAMY'S

Healing Samaritan Ointment

HAS CURED

Salt Rheum for T. J. Claxton, of Montreal. Ringworm for J. M. Watson, of Morrisburg. Barber's Itch for W. H. Jackman, of Toronto. Scalp Itchings and Dandruff for Rev. T. Pickett, of Brockville.

Use for all kinds of skin diseases and sores. Price 25 and 50c. per box. Sold by all first-class wholesale and retail druggists in Canada.

H. H. BELLAMY, Proprietor, BROCKVILLE, Ont.

Canadian Magazine

OF

Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mechs., McGill University.

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveying of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumes will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

In view of these great improvements the subscription price will be \$2.50 payable in advance, and it is confidently anticipated that a large increase will be made in the number of subscribers.

The efficiency and success of the Magazine, the only one of the kind in Canada, must in a great measure, depend upon the hearty co-operation and support of the Public.

NOTE.—All communications relating to the Editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, 31 McTavish St., Montreal.

All business communications, subscriptions, and payments to be addressed G. B. BURLAND, Manager, BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO., 5 & 7 Bleury St., Montreal.

Advertising rates will be given on application to the Office of the Company.



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

THE letting of the works at the upper entrance of the CORNWALL CANAL, and those at the upper entrance of the RAPIDE PLAT CANAL, advertised to take place on the 13th day of NOVEMBER next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of DECEMBER next.

Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after TUESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.

For the works at the head of the Galop Canal, tenders will be received until TUESDAY, the 15th day of DECEMBER. Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen at the places before mentioned, on and after TUESDAY, the FOURTH day of DECEMBER.

By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 20th Oct., 1883.