

am thinking about the man's eternal salvation and about his future; but, to tell you the truth, I haven't got much faith in his professions. A man that don't get any further than he has done, and that don't seem willing to learn from them that's his betters and has gone into such things a good deal deeper than he has, ain't very likely to hold out. And the last condition of that man will be worse than the first."

"Vell," said the shopkeeper, "a good deal depends on dat. You was a member of von shurch and I was a member of anoder, deacon, and we can talk *togeder* like brudders,—a little way, anyhow. Now, I tell you vat it is: dere's a good many men in dis town dat's behavin' very decent dat don't belong to any shurch at all, and you'd yoost as lief discount deir notes as you would any oder man's, and you'd go into business mit dem yoost as quick, and you'd take deir word for anyding yoost as quick. If dat's de way mit dem men, vy isn't it true dat Sam Kimper is a good deal better off mit vat he's got dan he would be midout anyding at all in de way of religion?"

"Oh, Conrad," said the deacon, "you were brought up in darkness and error! You don't understand. I've got that Sam Kimper on my mind so much that I'm just keeping our minister after him all the time."

"Vell," said the shopkeeper, "I tell you vat I'll do, deacon. You let your minister do all he can mit him, and ven he finds he can't do noding yoost you come an' tell me, and den I'll send our priest after him. He's a good man. You can't say noding against him; you know you can't. Neider can anybody else in dis town."

"No," said the deacon, "I don't mind saying, for I've said it a good many times before, that if Father Black belonged to my church, instead of the one he does, I couldn't find a single thing to say or think against him. He is certainly a very good man, and doing a great deal of good among a lot of people that I didn't suppose ever could be kept out of mischief; but—"

"But he didn't keep 'em out of mischief in your way. Dat's de trouble, isn't it? Come, now, own up, like an honest man, and I von't go tell nobody else about vat you say. Own up, now; isn't dat de trouble? Dem people dat you talk about as behavin' demselves is a good deal better dan some dat's smarter and has got more money an' more advantages an' more friends, an' dey don't make nobody any trouble, and yet you ain't satisfied mit 'em, an' mit deir shurch, yoost because dey don't do everyding your way."

"Conrad," said the deacon, putting on a lofty air, "you're a good man to do business with; you're a respectable citizen, except that you sell rum. But there's some things you can't understand, and it's no use for me to waste time talking to you

about them. If your mind was clearer, if it had been enlightened in the true way, you would not be selling rum, for instance."

"Wouldn't I, dough? Vell, I yoost vant you to understand dere's no better business in dis town dan I am a-doin' right in dis shop. But if I didn't tink it vas right I wouldn't be doin' it at all. You talk in dis country as if de rum-sellers vas de very vorst people in de world. I vant you to understand over in my country, dat's a good deal older dan dis, and vere de peoples has had a good deal more experience, a man don't get no right to sell liquor unless he is a first-class citizen in every respect. It's a sign dat a man is honest an' sensible an' knows how to manage oder men, if he gets de right to sell liquor. Dat's more dan you can say about *your* business, Deacon Quickest. Any rascal can go into de business; dat you is doin' now."

"Well" said the deacon, beginning to feel that he was on dangerous ground, "this wasn't what we were talking about, anyhow. We began to talk about Sam Kimper; and I want you to promise me that you won't talk to anybody else about his needing liquor, and about his breaking down in the course of time unless he gets it."

"Of course I von't talk about it, deacon. Do you s'pose I'm a fool? Do you s'pose I vant to see people get drunk? No, sir; people that gets drunk don't come to my shop. Dey know dey couldn't get anyding if dey did."

(To be Continued.)

POSTSCRIPT.

Two notable things have attracted much attention during the month: The Roman Catholic riots at Hull, adjoining Ottawa, have shown the futility of expecting that Rome will ever, except under strong power she cannot resist, allow free speech. A lady-evangelist, Miss Wright, is holding up Christ, as the world's only Saviour and Redeemer; and the place is attacked, night after night, by a mob of howling roughs, ready to beat and slay the leaders of the meetings. If the Equal Rights party had a trusted and cool-headed political leader, it ought to sweep the country at the next election.

The destruction of the Toronto University buildings has been felt as a national calamity. The culpable negligence or parsimony of the governing body, in not providing a sufficient water-supply, is now felt as a fatal blunder; but as none of us outsiders saw it, or said anything about it, we are now debarred from saying much on the subject. The Ontario Legislature gives \$160,000 toward rebuilding; the insurance is over \$100,000; others will contribute from far and near; and in a year it is hoped the building will be restored. The worst loss is the Library, which money cannot quite replace.