

said Patrick, laying down his cup and a five-cent piece, "and I'd be glad if the wife knew how to make one like it."

"Mrs. Leatherberry would be delighted to show her, I'm sure," said the little man, kindly, "if she'll step around here any morning or evening between five and six."

"I'll tell her that same, and thank you kindly," replied Patrick, "and if it's thrue that you'll lend a pail, I'll take home a tin-cint stew the night. I'd no notion there was such a power to set ye up in a cup of coffee!"

Mr. Leatherberry said nothing beyond a cordial "Certainly;" but his joy embodied itself in an extra allowance of soup. There would be no need for Patrick to buy stews if Mrs. Leatherberry might give pretty little Katy McGinnis a few cooking-lessons: and, meanwhile, the ten cents spent for the stew could not be spent for a drink, that was certain.

The workmen soon discovered that Mr. Leatherberry was "quick at figures," and he was often called upon to make out their bills and correct their accounts for them. This he always did readily and cheerfully, entirely refusing certain shy offers of payment. He was greatly liked by all his customers, and even by those who still preferred Mr. Finnigan's refreshments to his own, and he generally took advantage of the opportunities offered him by the laborers to add a little "example" of his own manufacture to the one he was requested to do, such as—

"Let's see; Mrs. Finnigan came out in a new black silk yesterday; I suppose it cost her fifty dollars, anyhow; that's five hundred ten-cent drinks, isn't it, Michael? Well, you and Patrick between you would pay for it in less than a year." Michael wondered if the little man knew that Mrs. Michael had been vainly asking him for five dollars to buy shoes for the children for at least three weeks!

"That's good for stewing-beef," Mr. Leatherberry remarked one evening, as a neighbor with a basket on his arm stopped for a moment's chat, "but I wish you'd seen the AI cut off the standing ribs that Mrs. Finnigan took home from market this morning! It must have cost three dollars if it cost a cent, and that's—yes, thirty drinks! You've paid for it yourself, Terence, and you've only been a month doing it; but I'd rather have seen it going home to your own Mary; she deserves it, I think."

A sudden light shone in Terence's heavy face as he exclaimed, "Then she does that, and more! Bad luck to Mrs. Finnigan! She may hunt another fool to pay for her next Sunday's roast, for she'll buy no more with my money."

Mr. Leatherberry appeared to have a sixth sense for opportunities of this kind, and he never missed one. He soon acquired the name of "Little Dot-and-carry-one," the originator of the name acquiring at the same time a reputation for wit; did not the name suit equally well both Mr. Leatherberry's peculiar gait and his readiness at arithmetic? He had freely answered all who inquired concerning his lameness with a brief and emphatically told narrative:

"I was a pretty big fool when I was young; I didn't drink every day, but once in two or three months I'd go off on a spree, and on one of these sprees I fell downstairs and broke my leg. We were all drunk together, and nobody found me till the next day; I had a long siege of it, and came out with one leg several inches too short for the other; but I hope I gained in sense what I lost in leg, for I've never troubled liquor since, and, with God's help, I never will again."

Patrick McGinnis's aunt, Mrs. Maloney, brooded long over her defeat, making and rejecting various plans for retrieving it, until at last she hit upon one which grew upon her fancy until she carried it out.

It was a very cold Sunday morning in the latter part of January that Mr. Finnigan quietly removed the shutter from the side door, thereby revealing to the shivering passers-by a glowing stove and a row of warm-looking bottles, and he had scarcely done so when the bent and trembling figure of a woman turned the corner, and hovered about the door as if fearing to enter. A large hood, resembling in form and color a long-steeped tea-leaf, flapped about her face, revealing white hair and a bandage across one eye, while a woollen scarf which had once been white enveloped her throat and the lower part of her face. Her one visible eye was curiously bright and alert, but that Mr. Finnigan did not observe. After passing the door several times, in an uncertain way, she suddenly plunged towards it and entered. Approaching the bar, she laid upon it a ten-cent piece, as she whined out in a voice as tremulous as her shivering form, "You'll not refuse to sell a drop of the craychure to an honest woman that's tuk wid a sudden chill?"

"It's not meself that would do that," said Mr. Finnigan, blandly. "And what will I give you, ma'am?"

"Then, if they're both the same price, will you make

the half of it of brandy, and the other half of the whiskey?"

Her voice grew more tremulous, and she leaned, as if for support, against the bar. Mr. Finnigan hesitated. The request was a novel one, and he was afraid that the poor old creature might be overcome as soon as she returned to the stinging outer air; but customers were not so plentiful with him of late as they had been and he did not like to miss the loss of one, so he said in his most amiable manner:

"I'll do it wid pleasure, ma'am, but you seem wakenly, and the air is keen—so might I ask you to lose no time in going home when you've drank it? It would be a bad day for me if you chanced to slip and fall anywhere near my door—you understand?"

"Faith, I do that!" she answered, "and I'll be away as soon as I have it, for it's the civil man you are."

She watched him eagerly as he poured the fiery liquor first from one bottle, then from the other, saying, as she took the glass:

"Me sight's but poor—I hope it's the rale stuff you've given me, and no chate."

"It's the best of both brandy and whiskey, I give you my word, ma'am," said Mr. Finnigan, with dignity; whereupon she raised the glass to her lips, and took one good mouthful. It nearly choked her, but she managed to swallow it, and then she drew a small bottle from her pocket, and emptied into it the rest of the liquor in the glass, saying:

"It's strong as fire itself! I'll drink the rest, if I made it, whin I'm safely home."

"That's quite as well," said Mr. Finnigan, much relieved in his mind; but the relief was short-lived. At the door the old woman suddenly straightened up, threw back her hood, pulled off the bandage, and there was Mrs. Maloney, with an engaging grin on her face, and a quantity of flour in her hair. She made him a mocking courtesy as she opened the door, and was gone before he could stop her, scudding around the corner like a frightened hare.

There was no doubt about Mr. Finnigan's conviction this time; but Mrs. Maloney was severely reprimanded for drinking on Sunday, and informed that Mr. Finnigan could, had he chose, have prosecuted her for obtaining liquor under false pretences!

Mrs. Maloney shook her broad shoulders, and looked the Court squarely in the face. "I've kept the law of the land," she said, with ominous quietness. "Whin I kem here the last time, it was, did I know of me own per-r-r-sonal knowledge that it was whiskey or brandy that was handed over the bar, and whin I cud but say that it looked like whiskey and smelt like it and acted like it, I was tould to go home and hould me tongue till I could bring me proof. Here's me proof, thin!" and she flourished the bottle into which she had emptied the glass. "And if there's any blame, you'll plaze put it where it belongs—on the law of the land, that shelters the poison-sellers, and dares the dacent people to fetch them out and punish them!"

Her voice gradually rose as she spoke, but she stopped suddenly as she realized that she might be making trouble for herself.

Mr. Finnigan was fined, and was obliged to part with some of his stock to pay the fine, and on the following Sunday the shutter was not removed from the side door.

Meanwhile, Little Dot-and-carry-one drove a more and more flourishing business. He rented two rooms in the house against which his stall stood, and a comfortable and orderly restaurant was organized. Mrs. Leatherberry stayed all day with him now, and a boy was hired to help them. He did not raise his prices: on the contrary, as he bought his raw material in larger quantities, and with more knowledge than he had at first possessed, he lowered them wherever he could do it and still make the moderate profit which satisfied him. A modest card announced that Mrs. Leatherberry would bake and roast for a very small consideration whatever might be brought her by the neighbors, and she soon had her hands full. The women who "ran in" for advice and instruction were always kindly welcomed, and many a poor home round about the little eating-stand was growing more comfortable and attractive.

Mr. Finnigan's business fell off more and more. He found it difficult to be civil to his few remaining customers, and the Harmony Saloon was no longer the brilliant and attractive resort that it had been at its opening. The profits did not justify a liberal use of gas and coal, and a general air of dinginess stole over the place, more marked by contrast with the shining cheerfulness across the way.

He had not prosecuted Mrs. Maloney simply because he could not raise the money to do it without parting with too much of his stock, but his hatred of her was all the more bitter. Things went from bad to worse, until at last he was sold out by the sheriff, and

the Harmony Saloon, after undergoing the requisite alterations, was let in rooms to various tenants.

No one knew who lent Mr. Finnigan the money to establish himself once more in his forsaken grocery store: but everyone knew very shortly that groceries only were sold in it. No more quiet or decent neighborhood can be found than that about Mr. Leatherberry's restaurant. His business still flourishes, at the old prices: he does not lecture, or preach, or distribute tracts, but he continues to reckon.

A well-known proverb and an equally well-known fact seem, somehow, to have escaped the observation of the most zealous reformers—"One nail drives out another," and "Two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time."—*The Ch. Union.*

British & Foreign News.

ENGLAND.

The Bishop of Ripon is dead. He has been for a long time in ill health.

The Lord Mayor presided over a meeting recently held at the Mansion-house, in aid of the Bishop of Saskatchewan's Missionary Fund. Bishop Caldwell having opened the meeting with prayer, the Lord Mayor said he thought the fund was one which deserved their very hearty support. Emigrants went out to those districts in great numbers, and if there were no clergymen to labour among them they were very apt to give up the study of the Scriptures and sink into a state of irreligion. The Bishop of Saskatchewan then read a letter from the Marquis of Lorne, who was to have delivered an address on "Manitoba and North-West Canada." In it the Marquis expressed his sense of "the pressing and most legitimate claims" which the work in Saskatchewan had upon Englishmen, and his confidence in the wisdom and success with which that Diocese is administered, and in the great value of the work carried on there.

The Bishop of Saskatchewan then delivered an address, in the course of which he said his diocese comprised the districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta in the North-West Territories of Canada. It stretched over 1,000 miles from east to west, its boundaries being Lake Winnipeg on the east and the Rocky Mountains on the west. Its millions of acres of fertile soil were so great an attraction to immigrants that new settlements were rapidly being formed, where missionaries were required to attend to the spiritual wants of the settlers. In conclusion, the Bishop urged upon the meeting the necessity for funds, and also for more missionaries, to enable the work in which he was engaged to be carried on successfully.

The Bishop of Bedford said the help that was asked for was only temporary, as there was no doubt that as the country became peopled they would support the Church themselves. He heartily supported the movement, first for the sake of the Church at large, secondly because of its missionary character, and thirdly because being interested in emigration from East London, he believed that in the country in which the Diocese of Saskatchewan was situated there was a splendid opening for those who might go from us to seek their fortune elsewhere. Bishop Caldwell and Lieut.-General Lowry also spoke, and the meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Lord Mayor for allowing the use of the room.

The establishment of new bishoprics is the order of the day. It is now proposed to cut off a diocese from the Bishop of Ripon, to be called Wakefield, and already £50,000 has been subscribed. Surely this does not look like disestablishment. It is much to be regretted that timid clergy allow themselves so frequently to utter prophetic announcements that disestablishment is at hand. We do not believe anything of the kind. The popular instinct teaches calm-thinking Englishmen of all schools of thought, that the Church of England is a great bulwark against fanaticism on the one hand and spiritual despotism on the other. We may apply to her the well-known words of the poet, "Though deep, yet clear, though gentle yet not dull. Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."—*The Rock.*

It is pointed out that the number of benefices in the gift of the bishops is very considerable. The appointments made by the prelates are said to have done vastly more than anything else to strengthen and extend the Ritualistic conspiracy.—*Christian World.*

A daughter of the Rev. Richard Cecil, the famous Evangelical preacher, of St. John's chapel, Bedford-row—Miss Catherine Cecil—has just passed away at