

prize for robbers.
 "The merchant laughed, saying in twelve years he had sent from \$12,000 to \$20,000 annually to the coast without any protection, and never lost a cent. He added that his credits aggregated a large sum annually among poor people, and he had never lost anything.

"I rode with the \$15,000 for a couple of weeks—it being thrown indifferently on the pack mules with the other baggage, and no guard placed over it in camp.

"I had to confess that in the United States they stopped railroad trains almost in sight of our cities and robbed them of less amounts.

"He laughed heartily and took a turn at interviewing me.

"You people do not send us your average men as missionaries, but I rather surmise we receive some of your over-zealous people.

"You know, added the Father, 'the line of caste is distinctly drawn in these countries, but it is not a color line, nor a moneyed aristocracy. There is, however, a disposition to magnify the best blood of the families.'

"The Catholic missionaries do not, as a rule, get any help from large home or foreign missionary funds. The Protestants, on the other hand, are sustained by home organizations. I think, as a rule, the missionaries live better than the American Consuls. Millions are collected and sent abroad annually.

"When I attempted to get at the motive of such an intelligent man as the Father spending all his life among Indians, living with them, in all their discomforts, the old man's face beamed with a bright, sad smile as he answered; 'My son, if I can but hold this crucifix to the eyes of a single dying Indian I am satisfied fully.' And he silently uttered a prayer."

Mr. Kerbey continued with emphasis; "When I am in those countries I always stand up for my country—right or wrong—and, finding the old man had the best of the argument, I fell back on the familiar quotation, heard in missionary meetings:

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

"I felt that this was a settler, and would justify all our missionary efforts, but the old Padre gathered himself together and looked at me benignly, as he said with a significant smile;

"Yes, my son, but that command did not come from America, 'What more could be said?'

"I am glad to give this old Father's message to the American people."

R. C. Gleaner.

A REVERIE OF BEULAH.

BY AN ENGLISH BANKER.
 (Written for the Review.)

A child of earth, resting after a day of hard brain-work, falls into that state of trance-like unconsciousness which is so nearly allied to dreamland that the one merges into the other. He dreams that his span of life has run out, that he has said farewell to those gathered round him, that the retrospect of his entire life has flashed through his brain in a moment of time with that vividness and reality of which he had often read, and that the chamber was becoming rapidly darker and darker. Suddenly he hears his name called in a clarion melodious voice as of silver trumpets. With a sort of painless wrench, his spirit parts company from its corporeal home, and, with a shout of glad exultation he finds himself clothed in dazzling radiance, free and untrammelled, and in the company of a number of bright spirits, one of whom informs him that he has been his guardian angel throughout his life, and is

commissioned still to be his companion and guide.

He now starts on spirit wing, and finds that he can progress with the flashing rapidity of thought. Looking fondly back at the earth which he has left, and which is so crowded with multitudes of pleasing reminiscences, he sees it as a gigantic crescent of light hanging in space; soon, however, as he progresses upwards, to disappear in the far-off distance. His course lays past the earth's magnificent neighbour, the giant-ringed Saturn, the marvellous splendor of which fills him with the most profound astonishment: which is changed to almost terrified awe as he approaches the centre of our system and beholds the furiously raging, and fiery, tempest-torn source of our light and heat, its blazing hurricanes of mighty flames violently belching forth from all parts of the terrific furnace.

Not lingering here, however, he proceeds on his rapid journey through the ether, passing many a mighty sun with its attendant worlds, some immature, some inhabited with beings like ourselves, some dead and cold, though none fairer than our earth, until he has left far behind all those myriads which are revealed to us by even the most powerful telescopes. But he finds that these untold millions of suns are but the fringe of the universe, and that as he continues to pierce the profound and awful depths of the great abyss of space, it is everywhere studded with the same serried array of rapidly moving, blazing suns.

But now in the far-off distance he sees a mighty sphere, infinitely greater both in vast expanse and in overpowering brilliancy than anything he had yet seen, which, he is informed, is the pivot round which the entire Universe revolves. Rapidly approaching he soon realizes that this is none other than the bourne to which he is speeding, the effulgent abode of the Great and Mighty Creator of all. At length he reaches this dazzling realm of glory, the excessive splendour dazing even his ethereal vision. Everything shines with scintillating colours in all manner of vivid hues. The glittering decorated mansions appear to be formed of great sparkling diamonds, sapphires and emeralds; the ground itself is like golden crystal, and the entire surroundings are of altogether inconceivable beauty and radiant coruscating effulgency.

But now he is led by his guide to make his obeisance to the Eternal, and with fear and trembling approaches the rainbow-circled throne, where He sits in majesty surrounded by angel and archangel and all the hierarchy of heaven. He dare not look upon the excessive glory, but he sees Him who once came to this earth to save him, he sees the scars of those dread wounds which those madmen had inflicted upon His sacred Person, and falling with his face to the ground he pours out his soul in a psalm of thanksgiving to the Saviour of the world, for dying that he might, by claiming the benefits of that Atonement, attain to these glories. And the loving greeting which he then received filled his very soul with such intense rapture that he awoke. And behold it was a dream!

THE LAW OF MOSES.

A MEDICAL STORY.

(Continued from last week.)

When it came to talking about patients the physician at once recovered his assurance and overbearing manner.

"Impossible!" he said, curtly. "She is a pauper, and, besides, it

would kill her to move her. Why, she is the most interesting case I've got. I couldn't possibly spare her."

"No?" queried Jason, softly. "Will you have the goodness to explain to me her value?" Any desperado who knew Jason Dare would have jumped the country rather than to have such a look shot at him. But the Doctor did not recognize the symptoms. His temper was again getting the better of him. "Well," he began, "you are certainly delightful. You—" He looked up and his jaw dropped. He sank into a chair. "Look here, I can't let her go. She's got a complication of diseases which will make a fine article in the Medical Journal. She's nothing to you, any way. I tell you I decline to let her go."

Jason walked up to the table by the Doctor's chair, and, shoving some papers one side, took out of his pocket a blank sheet of paper and a fountain pen and put them in the cleared space. "I advise you," he said, icily, "to write out the requisite form of release for Mary Dare, and to do it now."

"Do you mean to compel me?" cried the Doctor in a strident key. "Certainly."

"Why, it's a high-handed outrage! It's assault and battery! I'll have you arrested, immediately!" He started to press a button by the door. But an iron hand held him helpless in his chair. "Write!" said Jason laconically. "I won't!" shrieked the victim.

Then happened a strange thing. Before the Doctor could close his mouth, it was filled by a hard substance that held his tongue as in a vice. Through that open cavity, fastening the gag in place, and dividing the face into two grotesque parts, a red handkerchief was drawn and tied tightly at the nape of the neck. Marked by that crimson band, it looked as if the face had been slashed open with a weapon. The Doctor sank back with a dull groan of despair and shut his eyes.

"Write!" repeated Jason, in a voice of ominous calm. He took the man by the shoulder and bent him over the table. This time the Doctor did not hesitate. He hurriedly scribbled a few words and signed them, then pushed the paper violently away, and put his hands to the back of his head as if to untie the handkerchief. But the terrible visitor had almost instantaneously performed another feat. Drawing from his pocket a long, slender cord, with a few dexterous turns and twists and knots he had tied the Doctor to the chair so that neither hand nor foot could stir. This the visitor did silently, with cunning skill, so that almost before the man realized his position he was quite helpless. Then Jason read the paper and asked: "Does this need to be certified by the Superintendent?"

Concluded next week.

Canadian Northern Railway.

TIME TABLE, JUNE 10th, 1900.

STATIONS & DAYS.	Leave	Leave	Arrive
	Going South	Going North	
Winnipeg to Gladstone, Makinak, Dauphin, etc., Tues, Thur, and Sat.		7 15	16 45
Dauphin, Makinak, Gladstone, etc., to Winnipeg, Mon, Wed, and Fri.	11 40		21 20
Winnipeg to Winnipegosis, Thur.		7 15	20 K
Winnipegosis to Winnipeg, Mon, and Fri.	8 K		21 20
Winnipeg to Swan River, Sat.		7 15	24 K
Swan River to Winnipeg, Mon.	24 K		21 20
Dauphin to Swan River, Wed.		3 00	16 K
Swan River to Dauphin, Thurs.	7 30 East		15 10 West
Winnipeg to Warroad and Int. Stns., Mon. and Thur.	8 20		15 45
Warroad to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues. and Friday.		9 K	16 40
Winnipeg to Bedford and Int. Stns., Mon. Wed, Thur, and Sat.	8 20		
Bedford to Winnipeg and Int. Stns., Tues. Wed, Fri. and Sat.			16 40

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Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

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BRANCH 52, WINNIPEG,

Meets in No. 1 Trades Hall, Fould's Block, corner Main and Market Streets, every 1st and 3rd Wednesday in each month, at 8 o'clock p.m.

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Local Passenger rates in Manitoba, 3cts. per mile, 1000 Mile Ticket Books at 25cts. per mile, on sale by all agents.

April 29th the new Transcontinental train "North Coast Limited" was inaugurated, making two daily trains east and west.

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TIME TABLE.

BETWEEN WINNIPEG.

	DEPART.	ARRIVE
Morris, Emerson, Grand Forks, Fargo, St. Paul, Chicago and all points south, east and west daily.	1 45 p.m.	1 30 p.m.
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Mon. Wed, Fri.	10 45 a.m.	
Morris, Brandon and intermediate points, Tues, Thurs, Sat.		4 30 p.m.
Orange la Prairie, Mon. Wed, Fri.	4 30 p.m.	11 50 p.m.
Orange la Prairie, Tues, Thurs, Sat.		10 35 a.m.