

We had no idea of it. His wife was well, not quite in the same position of life, and— My dear Dorinda, what is the matter? I hope you are not ill!"

For Miss Dorinda had thrown herself on the sofa, and was rapidly going into violent hysterics. Mr. Crisp helplessly rang the bell, and confided her to the care of Mary and her maid. He called next day to see her, but did not gain admittance. He came again in the afternoon, but with the same result. And on the third day he received a parcel and a note.

"Dear Mr. Crisp," wrote Dorinda. "I feel that the unfortunate circumstances which have lately occurred in your family are too painful. It is not the loss of money that I bewail; oh, no, not at all; it is the association with your brother's wife that offends my sense of the becoming. I hear that she was once a barmaid. You will forgive me, I am sure, if I say that I must refuse, once and for all, to become a barmaid's sister-in-law. I return your presents, with thanks, and remain.

"Always your true friend,
"DORINDA ELLIOTT."

Five minutes after he had read this letter Mr. Crisp was ringing Dr. Elliott's bell. But when he inquired for Miss Elliott he was told that she had left for Scotland that morning. And then Dora came out.

"Oh, Mr. Crisp!" she exclaimed. Her cheeks crimsoned and her eyes filled with tears. She thought that he would resent the insult which she knew that her aunt had put upon him. "Aunt Dorinda is gone," she said. "We are all so ashamed—indeed, we are very sorry."

The servant had discreetly retired, and the two young people stood together in the hall. Dora stole a look at the curate's face, and was quite shocked to see that it was radiant.

"But I am not sorry at all," said Mr. Crisp decidedly. "I never was so happy in my life. Your aunt did not love me and I did not love her. Dora, it was all a mistake, and I have been wretched about it. Will you ever forgive me?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Crisp," said Dora, blushing very much and looking as if she were about to cry.

"Don't you, my darling? Oh, I can't help it—I am so happy that I hardly know what I'm saying. Dora, will you come out into the garden with me and let me explain? I think I can show you how the mistake arose, and then—"

Well, "and then"—they were married in a month!

[THE END]

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

A recent telegraphic despatch announced that while anchored in the harbour of Oporto the war-ship *Dia*, upon which certain insurrectionists were being tried, was attacked by a furious gale and swept out of sight of land, carrying away judges, lawyers, prisoners and witnesses. This is probably not the first time a court has been "at sea" over a case, but it is a very literal instance. The despatch does not state whether the court as a whole was sea-sick, but if so, what could be more derogatory to the dignity and decorum of so august a body. The ocean seems to have been guilty of the offence of contempt of court. In spite, however, of the disapprobation of the bench, it no doubt continued to act upon Byron's advice and "roll on." One peculiar aspect of the case is that the court instead of making prisoners, was by an odd misfortune made a prisoner itself. And, indeed, it presented something of the appearance of a vagrant, having no visible or (it being water), no very visible means of support. In that or any other capacity, the court was no doubt very anxious to be arrested. A court desiring to be arrested strikes one as odd.

* * *

The question has recently been revived, in the *North American Review* and elsewhere, as to whether a lawyer can be honest. That the subject should be so much mooted must be humiliating to the profession. And it is difficult to see why lawyers should be singled out in this way. While grocers adulterate their coffee, and doctors will not tell the truth about their patients, and politicians continue their

little games, the question might as well be: Can anyone be honest? The idea that a lawyer has no scruples is probably based upon the supposition that he will plead any case brought to him, whether he believes in his client's innocence or not. As to a client's innocence, that is a very difficult point to determine. The client himself may be mistaken. For example, a man is intoxicated and gets into a quarrel; he strikes another man whom he sees fall; the next morning the latter is found dead, and the former remembers having struck him and having seen him fall; he is arrested for murder and pleads guilty; but as a matter of fact the murdered man had quarreled with someone else after his quarrel with the prisoner, unknown to the prisoner, and had been killed by a totally different person. There have been numerous cases of that kind. No man should be punished simply because he believes himself, or his lawyer believes him to be guilty. Nothing but a fair trial, to which every man is entitled, can bring out the facts; and in general the lawyer is justified in taking the case. In an English case, the prisoner informed his counsel, while the trial was in progress, that he was guilty of the murder in question. Whereupon the counsel in question consulted a judge, who happened to be present *ex officio*, as to whether he would be justified in continuing the case under the circumstances, and he was advised to go on with it. However, in a most impassioned address to the jury, he went the length of saying that he personally believed the prisoner to be innocent, which was certainly dishonest, and which he was not called upon nor advised to do. The affair gave rise to considerable discussion at the time. In all cases the lawyer appears for the client and says for him what the client is incapable of saying for himself as effectually; he is the client's representative for judicial purposes. Clients themselves have a way of making jocular remarks upon the subject of honest lawyers, which may be a case of Satan reproving sin. Can a client be honest?

* * *

Our good friends the clergy are inclined to wince at a whiff of tobacco-smoke. Tobacco and tea are two of the greatest antidotes to the wear and tear of life. Respectable scientific authority upholds the view that the use of tea is more injurious to the system than that of tobacco. Now the curate and his cup of tea are famous for being the best of friends, and perhaps the smokers might turn the tables on the non smokers by inaugurating an anti-tea crusade. Let us draw a parallel between tea and tobacco. Tobacco, of course, has its poisonous nicotine; tea also contains a volatile or essential oil which produces the headache and giddiness of which tea-tasters complain, and the attack of paralysis to which, after a few years, persons employed in packing tea are found to be liable. Excessive use of tobacco is said sometimes to produce an effect akin to intoxication; and in China tea is seldom used till it is a year old, owing to the intoxicating effects of new tea. Tea and tobacco are most in demand among people of a nervous tendency, and I will not say that tea is more injurious to the nerves than is tobacco, but that it is injurious I am convinced. A pamphlet by Dr. Richardson, which is extensively quoted in Chambers' Encyclopedia under "Tobacco," contends that tobacco "is in no sense worse than tea." Dr. Arrott mentions the case of a sailor in vigorous health at the age of 64, who not only chewed tobacco but swallowed it, eating a quarter of a pound of the strongest negrohead every five days. You do not, as a rule, find tea-tasters in very vigorous health at the age of 64, even though they are not constantly at it. Are the clergy willing to give up their tea,—say during Lent?

We rise these winter mornings
With mercury down low.
And as we take our freezing plunge,
We shiver, pant and blow.
And the ice upon our windows,
And the steps down which we climb
Or slide, perhaps, all make us wish
For happy summer time.

The thought of flowers, and trees, and birds
Delights our fancy now—
We've quite forgotten how it feels
To mop a dripping brow.
The troublesome mosquito
And the wasp that gives us pain,
Are things that we don't think about
Till summer comes again.

—From *Outing*.

OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, IV.

St. James Cathedral, Toronto.

The religious wants of the early settlers at York were few, and up to 1803 divine service was held in the Parliament Building. In that year it was decided to erect a church, and, at a meeting held on the 8th of January, committees were appointed for the collection of subscriptions and the immediate prosecution of the work. The structure was of wood, and its erection was aided by the military, Col. Sheaffe, then in command of the garrison, having sent a detachment to assist in raising the frame. Rev. Dr. Stuart was the first incumbent, and did duty until 1813, when he was succeeded by the famous Dr. Strachan, afterwards Bishop of the diocese. In 1818 a number of changes were made in the building, and from the description on record the interior must have been most quaint and picturesque. Here the greatest men of Upper Canada's capital met Sunday after Sunday to worship the Almighty; here the Lieutenant-Governors of the Province, famous soldiers of a warlike age, Sir Peregrine Maitland and Sir John Colborne, occupied each week the square, canopied pew under the Royal Arms; here sat the officers and men of the garrison, the judges of the King's Bench, and many prominent citizens and merchants of "Little York." In 1830 the congregation had outgrown the building, and a new church was erected; it was of stone, and was 100 feet long by 75 feet in width. Its life was short; the building was destroyed by fire in 1839. Nothing daunted, the energetic congregation set about rebuilding its religious home, and another St. James' was built; this time the body of the church was of stone, the spire being constructed of wood. This soon led to another ruin; when the great conflagration of 1849 swept through the northern side of King street, the spire was covered with burning cinders which burst into flame, and the entire edifice was again consumed. The present stately building was then commenced on the same site as its predecessors. Its erection occupied four years, the first service being held in 1853, and subsequent improvements and alterations extended over a number of years. It is an imposing edifice, about two hundred feet long, with a transept width of ninety-five feet; the grounds surrounding the building are well kept, and are an ornament to the city. The tower is 140 feet high, and the spire 166 feet, the combined height covering 306 feet. The illuminated clock is a magnificent piece of work, and, being on a very large scale, the time is visible at a great distance. The cost of the entire structure was about \$225,000, and altogether it is the most imposing church in the Province. We give copies of a few of the many memorial tablets to be found within its walls:

IN MEMORIAM.

Royal Grenadiers,
LIEUTENANT WILLIAM CHARLES FITCH,
Killed in action at Batoche, N.W.T., May 12, 1885.
Kind, Gentle and Brave.
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.
Erected by his brother officers.

To the beloved memory of
SIR HENRY PARKER, FIFTH BARONET OF HARBURN, WARWICKSHIRE,
Born June 16, 1822.
Died October 11, 1877,
The fruit of the spirit is peace, long suffering, goodness, faith.
Erected by his sorrowing widow,
MARIA JANE, LADY PARKER.

Sacred to the Memory of
CAPTAIN JOHN HENRY GAMBLE,
of H. M. 17th Regiment of Foot,
Eldest son of
Clarke Gamble, Esq., Q.C.,
of Pinehurst, Toronto.
Born at Pinehurst, July 12th, 1844.
Died at Lundi Kotal, Kyber Pass, Afghanistan,
July 14th, 1879, aged 35 years.

Near this spot rest the mortal remains of
JOHN STRACHAN,
First Bishop of Toronto,
Who departed this life November 1st, 1867,
In the ninetyeth year of his age.
And the twenty-ninth of his episcopate.

His conscious labours,
and of the commonwealth, as an educator, as a minister of religion, as a statesman, form an important portion of the early history of Western Canada.
During thirty five years he was rector of this church and parish. In remembrance of him the congregation have beautified the chancel and erected this memorial. Easter, 1870.