

so many pleasant years, and of whose rapid growth and advancement he had been a personal witness. For many years after his return to the mother country, adds "Mufti," nothing afforded him so much pleasure as to meet, as he occasionally did in the great city of colleges, old Canadian faces, and to converse with such visitors on matters and things touching the march of events in the "New Britain" across the seas. He never tired speaking of the greatness of Canada's destiny, and was always most anxious to serve her interests, through the press or otherwise, to the best of his power. Among other ties binding him to this country was his marriage to a Canadian—the daughter of the late Sheriff Thomas, of Hamilton, Ontario. This estimable lady survives him. Now that he is gone, cut off prematurely in his fifty-fourth year, at the very height of his usefulness, he leaves to her and to his sorrowing friends in England and in Canada the record of a life nobly spent in a profession for which he was peculiarly qualified, not merely because of his great scholastic attainments, but also because he was emphatically, and in the best sense of the expression, a gentleman—a consistent, Christian, English gentleman.—*Canadian (London, Eng.) Gazette.*

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

My heart is o'erflowing,
My foot treads the wave,
Go tell to the wide world
My son has come home
From the far-rolling North Sea,
Where mermaids cry,
Where the sun, all the week long,
Goes round in the sky,
Where the ice-cliffs break seaward
With thunder-loud fall,
From the pale Northern dancers—
He comes from you all!

Go, seek in the oak-chest
The blue-flowered plate,
The bowl like an egg-shell,
The cup's silver mate.
Lay on the round table
The damask so fine,
And cut the black cluster
Still left on the vine,
My hand shakes,—but bring me
That pure honeycomb;
Now nothing shall vex me
My boy has come home!

Now twine on the doorway
Pale wreaths of jasmin,
And tell all the roses
His ship has come in.
How lucky my wheat-bread
Was baked yester-night!
He loves the brown home-loaf,
And this is so light.
Now heap up wild berries
As black as the sloe—
I never must tell him
I've wept for him so!

The girls will come running
To hear all the news,
The neighbours with nodding
And scraping of shoes.
The fiddler, the fifer
Will play as they run,
The blind beggar even
Will welcome my son.
He smiles like his father
(I'll sit there and think),
Oh! could he but see us—
It makes my heart sink.
But what is that? 'Mother!'
I heard some one call,
'Oh! Ronald, my firstborn,
You've come after all!'

THE AUTHOR OF LEVITICUS AND LEPROSY.

ANOTHER ancient malady has lately been the subject of considerable discussion. We refer to leprosy. Sir Morell Mackenzie contributes a valuable article on the subject to this month's *Nineteenth Century*. There are several facts of Jewish interest in the article. It is interesting to learn that Dr. August Hirsch, who is well known as a member of the Jewish community, is one of the most considerable authorities on leprosy. Sir Morell further mentions the curious fact that when the disease first broke out in South Carolina in 1847, the earliest victims were Jews belonging to families which had emigrated to the United States early in the century. Seeing how frequent is the mention of leprosy in the Old Testament, this would seem to support the theory of the hereditary nature of the disease which is strongly held by a school of leprosy students. Sir Morell Mackenzie is, however, not of the school. He favours the contagion theory, and appeals for an effort to stamp out the disease by isolating its victims. Sir Morell has the authority of the Bible on his side, although he does not quote it. The author of *Leviticus* was firmly convinced of the contagious character of leprosy, and in chap. xiii. lays down elaborate rules for the isolation of victims, even in the early and uncertain stages of the disease, and for burning their garments and other belongings.—*Jewish World.*

ON MODERATION IN SPEECH.

SOME temperance speakers, by their intemperate language, not only keep away people who would attend their meetings, but also those who would, but for them, attend religious meetings, help in religious work, and come to church. No good cause was ever bettered by wrong-doing. The man who is rude for the sake of temperance injures the cause of temperance. A speaker under the impulse of virtuous indignation may say foolish and untrue things without being considered a bad man, but he is a bad advocate of whatever he attempts to uphold. For he seeks to uphold it by a crime. His excitement may be pleaded as a palliation for his crime, but crime it is that he commits none the less. As a drunkard who kills his wife is a murderer, so a temperance orator who says something not true is a liar. He may not have meant to tell the lie, but he has told it all the same. The drunkard, who never meant to kill his wife, is hanged despite his remorse. There is great reason to complain of injury done to the cause of temperance by sheer ignorance of speakers. When a man gets up to speak, he professes to teach other men. He ought, therefore, to know somewhat of the matter. Better say nothing than talk nonsense. Speech is said to be but silver, whereas silence is golden. But talking nonsense or untruth is of a metal moulded in Satan's foundry. It is the silly things and the untrue things said by temperance speakers that set sensible men against the movement. Wise men will not share the work of getting up meetings whereat people make such fools of themselves.—*Temperance Chronicle.*

DESIRES.

MORE faith, dear Lord, more faith!
Take all these doubts away;
Oh! let the simple words *He saith*,
Confirm my faith each day.

MORE hope, dear Lord, more hope!
To conquer timid fear—
To cheer life's path, as on I grope,
Till Heaven's own light appear.

MORE love, dear Lord, more love!
Such as on earth was Thine—
All graces, and all gifts above,
Unselfish love be mine.

—*Elizabeth Clementine Kinney.*

THE CASTLE OF THE ORIGINAL BLUE-BEARD.

ON a bright morning in May, 1887, I left Angers for Nantes, the metropolis of Brittany. As I was about to take the train, a friend, who had come to see me off, said, with a parting hand-shake:

"By-the-by, before you get to Ancenis, there is a station called Champtocé. As the cars pull up, look to the right, and you will see the ruins of an old chateau. Take them in well, they are the remains of Blue-Beard's castle."

"Blue-Beard's castle! What Blue-Beard do you mean?"

"Surely there is only one. Perreault's Blue-Beard, Offenbach's Blue-Beard."

"Did he ever live?"

"Certainly—in flesh and bone, as you and I, with this difference, that he was a hard case to begin with, and a marshal of France into the bargain."

"Really? What was his name?"

"Gilles de Retz, a descendant of one of the oldest families of Europe. His career was most extraordinary."

The name was not unknown to me. I had read of it in the chronicles in which is handed down to us the marvellous story of the Maid of Orleans. But what could be the connection between it and the blood-thirsty hero of Perreault's celebrated tale?

This question suggested itself to my mind as the train bore me at full speed over the waving hills that border the Loire, and from one thought to another I found myself unconsciously rehearsing the different scenes, phases, and catastrophes of the childish drama which grandmothers take such delight in presenting to their little gaping and shuddering audiences.

I could see the youthful bride, led on by curiosity, creep tremblingly, clutching the little gold key, to the fatal door, open it noiselessly, utter a cry of horror, and drop fainting at the sight of the bloody bodies hung in a row.

Then the sudden return of the angry husband to the castle, his fury on seeing the little gold key soiled with blood, his brandishing of the deadly sword with the infuriated cries of "Prepare to die, madam!"

I could hear the pitiful tones of the poor victim, during the short respite granted her, as she called to her sister, perched up on the tower: "Ann, sister Ann, seest thou no one come?" And the lamentable reply: "No, I see nothing but the shining sun on the dusty road!"

And at last came the sigh of relief of yore, as I fancied I could hear from afar off the sounding approach of the galloping rescuers.

The vision haunted me till I reached Champtocé, where, sure enough, I saw on the right, as my friend directed, about a quarter of a mile off, the jagged form of a lofty mediæval tower, which rose about a heap of ruins and a clump of stunted oaks, casting against the heavens its vast and sombre outline.

This was Gilles de Retz's castle, Blue-Beard's home. Or rather, it was one of his castles, for he had many, the whole surrounding country which bears his name (*Pays de Retz*) having once been his.—*Louis Fréchet, in the Arena.*

A SEASONABLE DITTY.

A MONTH ago I had a cold,
And when my family I told,
They all exclaimed, "Oh, rubbish!"
And all the solace that I got
Consisted in a treatment hot,
Hot-groggy, and hot-tubbish.

My symptoms met with jeer and scoff;
They heard unmoved my plaintive cough,
And told me, void of pity,
Instead of staying warm at home,
'Twould do me far more good to roam
As usual to the City.

The self-same symptoms—only slight—
Are radiant with the lurid light
Of the new epidemic,
And now that Turnham Green is "down,"
They swathe me in my dressing-gown,
And proffer potions chemic.

Obedient to affection's call,
To depths of huskiness I fall,
In tremulous cadenza;
What though a native cold they jeer,
They treat with mix'd respect and fear
A Russian Influenza.

A while ago, without remorse,
A slighter cold would mean divorce
A toro necnon mensa;
But the whole household now hangs round,
Conciliated by the sound
Of Russian Influenza.

'Twould hurt their feelings, should I say
A word of going out to-day;
So, free from business trammels,
To peaceful eve from cosy morn,
I will the study doors adorn
With Aspinall's enamels.

Though sweet these restful moments are;
In years to come the light catarrh
Will, sigh *Che jaro senza*
Those tender cares that lent a charm
To all the sudden wild alarm
Of Russian Influenza?

—*Stepniakney, in Punch.*

PROMPTNESS.—Mr. Sheppard Homans, President Provident Saving Life Assurance Society.

Dear Sir, I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your cheque for one thousand dollars in settlement of claim under policy 31774 in the Provident Saving Life Assurance Society on the life of my late husband James T. Russell, city agent for the *Mail* who was only insured a few days before his death. I sincerely thank you for your speedy payment, and also thank your manager for Canada for his kindness and courtesy in this matter.

Yours very sincerely,

JANE RUSSELL.

TO MONTANA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

If you are going west bear in mind the following facts: The Northern Pacific Railroad owns and operates 987 miles, or 57 per cent. of the entire railroad mileage of Montana; spans the territory with its main line from east to west; is the short line to Helena; the only Pullman and dining car line to Butte, and is the only line that reaches Miles City, Billings, Bozeman, Missoula, the Yellowstone National Park, and, in fact, nine-tenths of the cities and points of interest in the Territory.

The Northern Pacific owns and operates 621 miles, or 56 per cent. of the railroad mileage of Washington, its main line extending from the Idaho line via Spokane Falls, Cheney, Sprague, Yakima and Ellensburg, through the centre of the Territory to Tacoma and Seattle, and from Tacoma to Portland. No other trans-continental through rail line reaches any portion of Washington Territory. Ten days' stop over privileges are given on Northern Pacific second-class tickets at Spokane Falls and all points west, thus affording intending settlers an excellent opportunity to see the entire Territory without incurring the expense of paying local fares from point to point.

The Northern Pacific is the shortest route from St. Paul to Tacoma by 207 miles; to Seattle by 177 miles, and to Portland by 324 miles—time correspondingly shorter, varying from one to two days, according to destination. No other line from St. Paul or Minneapolis runs through passenger cars of any kind into Idaho, Oregon or Washington.

In addition to being the only rail line to Spokane Falls, Tacoma and Seattle, the Northern Pacific reaches all the principal points in Northern Minnesota and Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Bear in mind that the Northern Pacific and Shasta line is the famous scenic route to all points in California.

Send for illustrated pamphlets, maps and books giving you valuable information in reference to the country traversed by this great line from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Ashland to Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma and Seattle, Washington Territory, and enclose stamps for the new 1889 Rand McNally County Map of Washington Territory, printed in colours.

Address your nearest ticket agent, or Charles S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.