

broken. That a living creature should be deprived of its powers by his means was more than the tender-hearted child could bear, and for a long while he was inconsolable.

In due time the bird had been supplied with a wooden leg through Dolly, by whom it had ever since been carefully tended, but its life, in Humphrey's eyes, was over; and he never passed the cage without a pang. He seldom spoke of it, it was too sure a subject; but his attention to the lame bird had from that day to this never relaxed for an instant.

On the way to the village, Sir Everard questioned him on his progress with his lessons.

Humphrey always gave a capital account of himself; reading, writing, French, everything, according to him, was going on as swimmingly as possible.

Sir Everard's faith in those reports had been rather shaken since the memorable occasion when, relying on Humphrey's confident assertion that he now knew the auxiliary verbs perfectly, he had, with a father's pride, called upon him suddenly to repeat the verb "avoir" to his grandmother. She was a lady of the old school, and a great stickler for early education; and he had been rather nettled by an observation that had dropped from her to the effect that Humphrey was rather backward.

"Indeed, mother," he had answered, "I think few boys of his age know so much of French. He speaks it perfectly, and is well grounded in the grammar."

To prove which Humphrey had been called out of the garden, and, to his father's dismay, had conjugated the first tense of the verb in the following manner:

J'ai	Nous sommes
Tu as	Vous êtes
Il a	Ils sont

Conversation did not flag for a moment as they walked along.

On the subject of history Humphrey not only professed to be, but was, well informed. It gave food to his imagination, and he delighted in it. Sir Everard felt quite brushed up in the early parts of history before they reached the village, and Humphrey himself was so taken up with his subject that he readily agreed to give up his expedition to the shop, so that they might extend their walk by returning home another way.

"We shall pass little lame Tom, anyhow," he said, "and I can give my pennies to him instead."

Lame Tom was a little cripple who sat all day long in a little wooden chair, and was an object of great commiseration to Humphrey. A creature who had never known what it was to walk, run or climb, and had to sit still in a chair from year's end to year's end! How keenly such a condition appealed to the pity of such a nature as Humphrey's!

He gave him his pennies as he passed, and then resumed his conversation with his father.

It was nearly dinner-time when they reached home, and Miles was eagerly waiting for his game of "Spelicans" with Sir Everard. He was, however, never quite happy unless Humphrey was included in his amusements, if he happened to be present; so, after a time, "Spelicans" was changed to "Old Maid," a game of which both boys were particularly fond.

No "lady of a certain age" could have shown more eagerness to get rid of the fatal queen than did the two little brothers, and they played as if their whole future depended upon it.

Great was their delight and exultation when, at the end of the game, they found they had both escaped the fate of single blessedness; and, with great clapping of hands and other demonstrations of triumph, Sir Everard was informed that "he would be an old maid."

(To be continued.)

#### WOMEN IN THE SALOON.

Yet, though this institution brutalizes and degrades men, and increases the friction of all progressive effort immensely, the suffering which it entails upon women is heavier and keener. The maternal grief involved is but one phase of the subject. If the saloon wrecks thousands of lives and homes, its victims go to ruin with paralyzed sensibilities; and when they are inflicting most pain upon those who love them they are least capable of realizing the truth. The liquor, whose habitual use dulls all the faculties, extinguishes conscience, shame and self-respect in the course of its destructive work, and the hardened drinker will sacrifice everything to his master passion without scruple or hesitation. But the women who are doomed to bear the heavy burden of relationship to drunkards are indeed to be pitied. The domesticity from which few of them can escape forces upon them perpetual experiences so heart-breaking, so revolting, that their existence is a prolonged tragedy. All the caprice, petulance, unreason, tyranny, brutality, engendered by drink is expended upon them. All the social degradation and mortification of the position falls upon their heads. The living man chained to a corpse is not more terribly situated than the wives and daughters of the saloon's victims. Liquor eliminates all the drunkard's good qualities, reinforces all his worst vices, and, having thus transformed him, sends him home to torture and abuse those whom it is his first duty to cherish and protect. At the sacrifice of her future happiness, the wife may sometimes obtain divorce; very often, however, her inability to support herself compels her to endure her torment, or the reluctance to expose her children to reproach constrains her to bear everything. It is seldom that women are so situated as to be able to resume a celibate life without submitting to serious hardships, and perhaps in a majority of instances they can secure a separation only by facing destitution.

There is no evil which operates so directly and with such disastrous potency against the family as the saloon, in fact. It is the direct enemy of domestic happiness, purity and peace. Even in its mildest manifestations it alienates men from their homes; creates in them habits of selfish indulgence; gives them sensual interests apart; brings into competition with the innocent recreations of the home circle

coarse, vulgar and extravagant amusements. In its more pronounced operations, it stops at no such trifles as the production of mere discomfort, but proceeding without disguise, turns men into wild beasts, and then lets them loose upon their families. What makes it especially shocking is, that we are all acquainted with its truth, yet that we have hitherto tolerated it passively. The horrors to which drink exposes women are worse than those of slavery. The sufferings of the wives and daughters of drinking men are more acute and constant than most men are probably capable of experiencing. We all know this, yet we go on calmly in the old way, as if we either thought women ought to be thus abused, or believed that though the matter was pitiful, no help could be found for it. Much has been written of late years about the alleged quickening of sensibility, the enlargement of humanitarian tendencies, the revolt against cruelty in all its manifestations. Is there not danger of the moral atrophy engendered by self-conceit, where illusions so flattering can co-exist with the actual life we are living? Familiarity with evil must have blinded us alarmingly when we can seriously believe that we have reached a real height of reform; that we have attained a stage of civilization pure enough to be proud of; that there is no special need for concern because of the sins that do most easily beset us.—George Frederic Parsons, in *January Atlantic*.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

#### CHANGE.

BY WILLIAM T. TASSIE, TORONTO.

A little up the mount we'll climb,  
To gain, my child, the farthest range,  
A little upward, though no sign  
But tells of endless change.

Death is the spoiler of fair things,  
His steps are dim, his paths are vague,  
His breath goes out through farthest space,  
And lives within the plague,

And floats in mellow seas of air,  
And amorous perfumes of the rose,  
And through the grizzled locks of hair  
Of weary in repose;

In dreary waters seaward bound,  
And sea winds where lone songsters cry,  
And in cold channels underground,  
Where roots of plantain lie,

On tearful pallets dank and low,  
In deep, calm passions of the gay,  
And in glad summers as they go,  
It finds its doleful way.

There is not any wind that blows,  
Nor joyous voice that here doth sing,  
Nor misty shape that seaward goes,  
Nor viewless, shapeless thing;

Nor any sea-storm bursting now,  
Nor strength the whirlwind cannot bend,  
Nor vale, nor sea, nor mountain brow  
But hath at last an end.

Naught is, and naught hath been through space,  
Through bloomless wastes beyond all range,  
But the imperial years efface,  
And ever sleepless change.

Naught here abides, and naught is stayed;  
Change breaks the idols it hath reared,  
And there is not that time hath made  
But time itself hath seared.

Yet all shall surely still exist  
Though change shall come to all that is;  
Far planets die, vast forces cease  
And melt in the abyss.

Withal shall nothing be destroyed,  
But live beyond the wreck and storm—  
Heights fade, fields wither, vapours sink,  
And pass to other form.

We stand upon the mountain tops,  
To trace, my child, the footprints here,  
And darkly grope amid the clouds  
That shroud the passing year.

A COURSE of monthly sermons will be preached by well-known ministers of the Church of Scotland in Crown Court Church, London, during the winter months. The first was delivered on the 12th inst., by Rev. W. W. Tulloch, R.D.

DR. MACRAE, at a meeting of Wilton Parish Church, to appoint a committee to select candidates, said, the living being one of the best in Scotland, he hoped a minister would be appointed who ranked among the highest as to reputation, piety and ability.

THE Roman Catholics have opened extensive premises next door to Mr. Fotheringham's church at Tottenham, and the inscription, "The Presbytery," is so placed that it sometimes cause awkward mistakes. The other evening a poor man came to Mr. Fotheringham's prayer meeting for "confession."

DR. CUNNINGHAM CAIRIE, vicar of St. Martin's, Norwich, gave great offence lately to some of the magistrates when, in presenting a clerical memorial against indiscriminate renewal of licenses, he declared that their committee might be correctly called a committee for the suppression of Christianity rather than a licensing committee.

## British and Foreign.

AT the last meeting of the Waldensian Synod four young men were set apart to the ministry.

THE Rev. George Stevenson, late of Pultneytown, died suddenly on Monday in Edinburgh.

THE Rev. Andrew Lees, of the English Presbyterian Church, has resigned his charge at Chatham.

THE Rev. Andrew Russell, M.A., Leslie, has been granted four months' leave of absence to visit Palestine.

AT Neilston it has been agreed to introduce instrumental music, only ten out of a congregation of 870 objecting.

DR. ALISON, Edinburgh, says it has been ascertained that there are 120 Jewish families in Edinburgh, and 500 in Glasgow.

A BRANCH of the Evangelical Alliance has been formed at Glasgow after the delivery of an address by J. A. Arnold, the secretary.

MISS GOODSMAN, of Scone, who is defraying all the cost, amounting to \$15,000, laid the memorial stone of the new church at Scone.

A PIECE of the Temple which Canon Liddon brought with him from Jerusalem has been placed, with a suitable inscription, in the choir of St. Paul's.

AN obelisk of beautiful design is being executed by a Glasgow sculptor to be erected over the grave of the late lamented Mrs. Williamson in China.

THERE are 637 churches in Philadelphia, and they own property valued at \$23,195,726, and pay annually for the ministrations of their pastors \$844,834.

THE call to Mr. W. L. Sime from Smailholm has been unanimously sustained by the Presbytery, and accepted. The objectors have appealed to the Assembly.

MR. J. PARKER SMITH, of Jordanhill, lectured to the Students' Literary Society, in Glasgow University, on "King Arthur," at the opening of their session.

AT a meeting in Dingwall resolutions were adopted condemning the assessment of feuars for the new manse, and in favour of disestablishment and disendowment.

THE Rev. A. N. Mackay, who lately came from Torquay to St. George's, Croydon, holds a service every Thursday morning at half-past eleven for devotion and Bible study.

GENERAL NEAL DOW, of Portland, Maine, has paid the \$20,000 for which he was responsible as bondsman of W. E. Gould, the defaulting cashier of the First National Bank.

LAURA BRIDGMAN, the wonderful blind deaf mute, after an extended absence, has returned to the Institute for the Blind at South Boston. She is now nearly fifty-seven years of age.

HALF the crime in England and Wales is directly—and an additional one-fourth indirectly—caused by intemperance, says Rev. J. W. Horseley, late chaplain of Clerkenwell prison.

THREE of the four Lord Provosts of Scotland are office-bearers in the Free Church—Sir Thomas Clark, of Edinburgh, Mr. Henderson, of Devanah, at Aberdeen, and Mr. Martin, of Perth.

IT is proposed to send an ordained minister to Tiberias to join the medical missionary, Dr. Torrance, who went there recently. A considerable bequest has led the committee to ask volunteer supply.

DR. MARSHALL Lang moved a resolution in Glasgow Presbytery to wait on the magistrates regarding the condition of the unemployed, pledging themselves to co-operate in all efforts for their relief.

THE Scottish Presbyterian Union Association is arranging for a course of three lectures, by ministers of the three Churches, on how union can be obtained without compromise of their distinctive principles.

THE Manchester sympathizers with Rev. James Macfie are endeavouring to procure \$2,500, the half of which has already been subscribed, as a fund to enable him to emigrate with his family on his release from prison.

NOW that Guinness' brewery is worked by English capital, patriotic Irishmen propose that its brew should be boycotted. Baring's profit upon floating the company is said to have reached one round million.

A NATIVE of Jerusalem, Miss L. M. von Finkelstein has engaged to deliver a series of interesting and instructive lectures on Life in the Holy Land, in aid of the funds of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews.

THE people of Formosa, instructed by the missionary of the Presbyterian Church of England, are now giving practical proof of the value they place upon religion by making arrangements to establish a mission of their own in the Pescadore Islands.

MR. DAVIDSON, the pastor, at a source of West Church, Kilburne, intimated that Mrs. Knox, of Redheugh, had offered \$2,500, and Mr. Knox, of Moorpark, \$1,250, toward building a new church, while the same amount might be expected from the Ferguson bequest.

THERE are now fifty branches of the British Woman's Temperance Association, and at the annual conference in Edinburgh, lately, the attendance numbered 300. One member of committee devotes herself to work in prisons; another, to work among cabmen; a third, to medical mission work.

DR. MONRO GIBSON recently proposed to hold a class for his young people at the close of his weekly prayer meeting to study ancient monuments recently recovered and their bearing upon revelation. He did not anticipate a large meeting, but it has proved so interesting that the class might be called a congregation.