

was too well guarded by her father's caution ; and then, but not until she was almost thirty years of age, it was whispered that she drank. I was married and away from Willowlea before then, but my sisters told me of it in their letters. At last they had more to tell. During a visit to Paris she had made the acquaintance of a man of bad character, who courted her for her money only and solely, but whom she felt determined to marry. Her parents expostulated, but in vain—marry him she would ; but before the wedding her mother died, and the ceremony was postponed. The gentleman, it was said, tried to postpone it altogether, but Arabella kept him to his word, and they were united. Then followed a sad time, such reports reached her old father of his daughter's misery as almost broke his heart. She and her husband at last seemed to settle into the resolve each to go their own way and do as they would, without heeding the other ; she bought him off with a goodly share of her handsome fortune, and entered herself on a course of dissipation and excess. I had quite lost sight of her till this morning, though I had been informed of her father's death and her consequent accession of property, which must have been wasted in riotous living."

"This morning I read the end of poor Arabella in the police news intelligence. She took a dose of poison and then drove about in a cab seeking admittance, but in vain, to various hotels, where she might die. But as she was believed to be drunk she was refused the shelter she demanded, and was ultimately taken to the hospital, where she died, after admitting that she had poisoned herself, and giving as a reason, poor creature, that she was weary of life. I cannot bear to think of it ; how gladly would I have taken her in, if I could only have known of her sad state ; how thankful I should have been to save the heroine of my childhood—poor, poor Arabella."—*By M. A. Paull, in Church of England Temperance Chronicle.*

HOW DR. GUTHRIE BECAME A TEETOTALER.

In a journey in Ireland, in 1840, in an open car, the weather was cold, with a lashing rain. "By the time we reached a small inn we were soaked with water outside ; and as those were days, not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to our car driver we called him in. He was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged-school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was "sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander," but our car driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. He would not taste it.

"'Why?' we asked ; 'what objection have you?'

"Said he, 'Praise, your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and won't taste a drop of it.'

"Well, that stuck in my throat, and went to my heart and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated carman ; and I said, 'If this man can deny himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister?' I remembered that ; and I have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by the poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler.—*Pleasant Hours.*

A MOONLIGHT RIDE ON A BOTTOMLESS RIVER.

This river of death, or Saguenay, is bottomless. You might, if possible, drain the St. Lawrence river dry, says M. LeMoine, the Canadian authority, and yet this dark still river would be able to float the Great Eastern and all Her Majesty's ships of the line. "A bottomless river," sounds strangely new ; indeed were it not so I should not trouble you or myself to mention it. But this river is thus far unfathomed. It is full of counter-currents, swift, perilous in the extreme. As the vast red moon came shouldering up out of the St. Lawrence away above towards the sea and stood there, a glowing period to a great day, we drew back from Tadoussac, where the ancient church sits in the tawny sand and scattering grass, and rounding a granite headland we slowly steamed up the silent river

of death. It widened a little as we went forward, but even its mile of water looked narrow enough as we crept up between the great naked walls of slate and granite that shut out these dark waters from every living thing. On the right hand great naked and monotonous capes of slate and toppling granite. On the left hand granite and slate and granite, and silent, all new and nude, as if just fallen half finished from God's hand. One mile, two miles, twenty miles, and only the weary wall of granite and slate ; and only the great massive monotony of nude and uncompleted earth. Now the walls would seem to close in before us and bar all possible advance. Then as we rounded another weary and eternal cape of overhanging granite, with its few frightened and torn trees, the dark way would open before us. And then ten, twenty, thirty miles more of silence, gloom, river of death. No sound. No sign of life is here. Summer or Winter, Spring time or Autumn, all seasons alike, no bird, no beast, not even the smallest insect, save only a possible housefly that may harbor in the steamboat and so be brought with you, is ever seen here. This is literally the river of death. I know no spot like it on the face of this earth. Our deserts with their owls, horn-toads, prairie dogs, and rattlesnakes are populous with life in comparison. And yet this awful absence of all kinds of life cannot be due to the waters. They are famous for fish of the best kind. The air is certainly delicious. But all this vast river's shore is as empty of life as when "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

And no man has settled here. For nearly one hundred miles not a sign of man is seen. You seem to be a sort of Columbus, as if no man had ever been here before you. At every turn of a great granite cape these lines rhymed incessantly in my ears :

"We were the first that ever burst
Upon that silent sea."

An hour past midnight and we neared the central object of the journey. Cape Trinity, a granite wall of about two thousand feet, which in places literally overhangs the ship. Our captain laid the vessel closely against the monolith, and for a moment rested there. We seemed so small. The great steamer was as a little toy, held out there in God's hand.

No sound anywhere. No sign of life, or light, save the moon that filled the canon with her silver, and lit the amber river of death with a tender and an alluring light. No lighthouse, no light from the habitations of man far away on the mountains ; only the stars that hung above us locked in the stony helmets of these everlasting hills.—*Joaquin Miller in Quebec Chronicle.*

Ladies' Department.

SPEECH BY MR. ILLINGWORTH, M. P., IN FAVOR OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Ladies and gentlemen, though it is only five minutes ago that I received an intimation that I should be asked to second this resolution, I do so with the greatest cordiality and pleasure, especially after hearing the speech of my esteemed friend, Mrs. Fawcett. (Cheers.) The few words which I shall venture to address to this meeting will be more formal in one sense than anything else ; but I cannot refrain from saying that I have uniformly, since I have had a seat in the House of Commons, given my vote in favor of the extension of the franchise to women—(cheers)—that is to women who occupy the same position as men in the eye of the law by the discharge of those duties and the meeting of those obligations which confer on the male sex the right of the franchise. I think it is essential that those who are seeking to advance this question and to realize that which is involved in the agitation should keep it up at the full blast. (Cheers.) Nothing is so uncertain as political life, and it may be before we are twelve months older that we shall be in the midst of a Parliamentary agitation for the extension of the franchise to the agricultural labourer. (Cheers.) Well, should the opportunity be lost for conferring the franchise upon women on the occasion when it is extended to the agricultural labourer, I should regard it as a great misfortune, not alone to the women who will have suffered defeat and been denied an act of justice ; but because I believe that the community at large will suffer a loss almost incalculable in its range, extending not merely to the United Kingdom, but throughout the civilized world. (Cheers.) Now, I would ask this very simple question : Is the state of society around us such as leaves nothing to be desired in a civilized and Christian nation ? Is the war spirit such that nothing remains to be done ?