

But he did not return. We waited long past the hour appointed, and at last took another carriage home. We were not prepared for this, and our disappointment was severe. It was however in keeping with the man. As often as he was found he was lost again. Before he was touched he disappeared. He was not to be found at his location that night, which fact I promptly reported to the authorities. The next morning it was ascertained that he was quite gone and a new driver appointed to 706.

This was too discouraging, and I began to think that it would be impossible to get hold of the man, whether he was Robert Lyon, Norman Lee, or the arch-deceiver himself. I suggested to Agnes the possibility of his having seven-league boots, or that he was a lineal descendant of the Wandering Jew; but she shared her father's anxiety too acutely even to smile at the suggestion.

Later in the day came information that a man whose name had been entered as Normand Leigh, was that morning admitted to a hospital, the victim of a severe attack of *mania a potu*. Remembering his condition the previous day, I had no manner of doubt that it was the same person, and that also explained his failure to keep the appointment the previous day.

My hopes rose at once. What was to him an untoward event was to me a very fortunate occurrence. Now I should know if this were really Robert Lyon, and make sure of my man, unless death crowded me out.

A note from the chief commissioner secured for me an entrance to the hospital and the acquaintance of the physician in charge. A glance at the occupant of cot five, ward nine, sufficed to convince me that it was Normand Leigh, the driver.

The attack was evidently a severe one. He was talking incessantly, and had given so much trouble in attempting to escape that he had been put into a strait-jacket and strapped to his cot; a treatment admirably adapted to increase his delirium, and postpone the sleep that alone stood between him and death. When I remonstrated, I was told that the hospital was full and they could not afford him a constant attendant.

A few moments' conversation with the physician in charge procured for me the privilege of constantly attending the occupant of Number Five, subject of course to orders. Then a note to Agnes explaining my absence, with directions to send for me if necessary, left me at liberty to follow the dictates of both head and heart.

He raved furiously till I spoke to him in English, when suddenly he turned his head and gazed at me fixedly. I met his scowl with a smile, till he half smiled in return.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

I mentioned my name.

"An English doctor?"

"No, an American."

"Glad of it," said he, making an effort to free his hand. That settled one thing. He was no Englishman. Find a sick Englishman subscribing to anything but an English physician! "You see," said he, after a fruitless struggle to free himself, "these French doctors are wooden-heads. They have got a cursed notion that I am crazy, whereas the truth is, I was never so sane in all my life. You can see for yourself, Doctor, that I am no more crazy than you or any other man; yet see how I am treated?" And throwing back his head he exclaimed dramatically:

"But man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

"It is an outrage, Doctor; it is an outrage."

"That is true. It is an outrage, an outrageous outrage." And bending over him as if fearful of being overheard: "Now I will tell you what we will do. We are both in the same boat. I have got to stay here, and you have got to stay here till they choose to let us go. But we won't wear strait-jackets, either of us. If you will lie still and keep covered I will get this jacket off; but mind, if you go to throwing yourself about and getting up, they will see that the jacket is off, and it will go on again before you can say Jack."

He promised as solemnly as if his life was at stake, as I truly believe it was. He lay quite still while I stripped his person, and with eager haste he helped me get off his jacket and throw it under the cot.

Never was man more rejoiced or more grateful; but he forgot his promise instantly, for he sat up in bed and began to make me a speech. What he said I never knew. I only saw that he was speaking rapidly, with a repeated outward and upward movement of the left hand, a gesture peculiar to Tom Peebles. Then, too, at the conclusion of some impassioned sentence, I heard the rising inflection of Tom's earnest voice. It was not strange that Joel Dyer, looking at and listening to the Rev. Mr. Peebles, saw also Robert Lyon.

I recovered promptly, and pointing to the jacket under the bed reminded him of his promise. He plunged under the coverlid, and for a while lay as still as a stone. From that moment I was able to enforce silence in the midst of his wildest paroxysms; that jacket had turned into some horrible monster waiting to devour him.

Notwithstanding all my efforts to induce sleep, as night drew on his delirium increased. He was incessantly talking and endeavoring to get out of bed. Through the night his talk ran to cards and dice and the various methods of gambling. "He must get back that money. He had been cheated, grossly cheated; but mother must not know, and Tom must not know; he must get back that money, quick! quick! Poor mother should live like a queen; Tom should never want that money—that money."

More convincing evidence could not be furnished that this poor creature was Tom's brother and Dyer's victim, though Dyer's name was never mentioned.

Soon after daylight the attending physician looked in and shook his head. "Unless the critical sleep comes soon, it will come only with death. You must be tired; come and rest; I will find you a quiet place," said he kindly.

But I left him only for necessary refreshments. Till he

slept I could not sleep. It was as if I carried Tom's heart, Dyer's conscience, and Agnes's anguish in my own bosom, along with that direst of all burdens, the weight of an unrepentant soul, going swiftly and blindfold into the presence of its Maker.

Professor Tyndall says something like this: "Prayer is the cry of a creature in distress." Granted, and it proves more than he would believe. If there was not in everything that lives a premonition, however blind, of a strength beyond its weakness, of a help for its distress, would anything ever cry out? Was there ever a demand for which there was absolutely no supply?

And it is also a way of escape. There comes, sooner or later, into the lives of most men and women, hours when if it were not for this way of escape, this upward avenue along which sore-footed need can climb to something stronger and higher, the agony could not be borne. It may be no articulate prayer, no conscious putting into words of the creature's imperative necessity; but it is nevertheless a sending out from ourselves of a certain portion of our misery, which, if it has no other result, enables us to bear what remains. So that day was to me one continuous prayer. Words I had none. I was conscious only of an importunate up-lifting of my soul to Him in whose hands lay all issues. It was as if I were carrying this poor creature in my arms and holding him up before his Maker. If I could have said anything it would have been, "Look, Lord, look!"

Toward night symptoms of exhaustion began to be manifested.

"Convulsions come,—and the end," said the attending physician as he stopped to look at him on his way through the ward.

"You think his chance is small then?"

"Very small. This is probably not his first attack."

Thus far I had followed closely the physician's directions. Now I asked:

"Are you willing to leave him entirely in my hands?"

He looked at me narrowly. "You wish to pursue a different treatment?"

"There is one agent I would try."

"What is it?"

I told him. Hydrate of chloral was then just coming into use among venturesome practitioners, and had been employed with good effect in cases of *mania a potu*. French physicians are usually well up in all the novelties, but this man was elderly and conservative, and disposed to stick to the old ways rather than risk the lives of his patients by experiments. He mused dubiously before he said:

"Well, yes. He will die any way, and a few hours more or less, are of little consequence."

I wanted to be sure that the preparation was pure and fresh, and he told me where to go, and kindly gave me a note to the apothecary.

The first dose seemed to increase his delirium, but directly after the second he began to get quiet, and almost immediately fell into a sound sleep. The attending physician stayed by his cot manifesting a keen interest, till he was convinced that the sleep was normal and healthy, when he said frankly, "I believe you have saved him," and went off to his apartments.

(To be continued.)

OVERWORKED WOMEN.

Here is a woman who from dawn till dark is busy with the actual work of a household, with its cooking, sweeping, dusting, mending, and general toil. There is never one working consecutive hour in which she can, without a sense of neglected duties, rest absolutely. She spends day after day in the seclusion of home without anything sparkling and merry to inspire her, with no very ennobling thoughts, except in the direction of religion, and her religion is too often a compound of ascetic self-denial and sentimental fervor, rather than of high principle and holy love. When she is unequal to the performance of her tasks, she takes tea, and as her nerves become more diseased, more tea. With neuralgic pain often seizing her in the beginning of that slow decline which saps the life and happiness of so many of our women before they reach middle age, she is irritable. Little trials cause her torture, and as she sees herself constantly falling below her ideal, she loses heart, thinks herself a miserable sinner, and very likely doubts her claim to the name Christian. Doubtless she will gain spiritual help by praying, but she had better confess to a physician than to a clergyman. She does not bear petty crosses with unflinching sweetness, and perhaps says many a hasty word of which she repents, only to repeat the fault again and again, despite her prayers and struggles. What ails her is not temper, but tiredness, and tea, and too hot rooms, and a lack of variety and cheer in her life. Doubtless God could keep one in a holy and patient frame of mind who constantly violated every law of health, but there is not the least warrant for believing that He ever did or ever will do so, because if human suffering means anything, it means that we are to learn by it, not only spiritual truths, but that the soul and body are like yoked oxen—if one lies down the other must, or be sorely cramped. No delusion is more common than that illness is conducive to saintliness. The most devout Christian will have the nightmare if he eats half a mince pie before going to bed, and a crusty temper next morning, and his spiritual agonies will not save him in the future, unless he adds to his faith knowledge.—*Woman's Journal*.

Those who hope for no other life are dead even for this.—*Goethe*.

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

It speaks well for the liberal and enlightened disposition of Portugal, that the authorities recently sent police to protect the Protestants in their religious worship, while, a week later, the Spanish authorities interfered to prevent Spanish Protestants from exercising the rights guaranteed to them by the law.—*N. Y. Christian Weekly*.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

IN Sweden there is a remarkable evangelistic work in progress; large numbers of Jews are interested in it, and are attending the meetings of the Lutheran Church.

SIGNOR GAVAZZI, the Italian Evangelist, is preaching and lecturing to large audiences in Dublin and the neighbourhood, in behalf of the work of the Italian Free Church.

THE Philadelphia friends of the late Rev. Albert Barnes, the Bible commentator, will erect a magnificent stained glass window to his memory, in the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, in that city.

THE Bishop of Manchester says some of the English clergy are so poor that they do not taste meat more than once or twice a week, and are glad to get the cast-off clothing of their parishioners.

It is reported that in Berlin, with a population of over a million, only about 35,000 persons regularly attend public worship, and that 20,000 burials take place every year without any religious services.

MR. SPURGEON'S London congregation proposed to celebrate the quarter-centennial of his pastorate by presenting him with a fund of \$25,000, but in accordance with the reverend gentleman's wish, the money will be used for church purposes.

THE Chinese Sunday School of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco lately celebrated its tenth anniversary. About two hundred and fifty Chinese were present. The Stockton Chinese school has had sixty-four scholars during the year.

No fewer than forty bishops preached in the London churches on Sunday, July 7th. Of this number thirty-seven were foreign and colonial prelates, the entire number of home bishops being nine—four English, two Scotch, two Irish, and one Welsh.

THE General Assembly of the American Presbyterian Church (South) have adopted a report strongly condemning lay preaching as contrary to the Word of God, against the peace and harmony of the Church, and contrary to the Church government.

IN view of the agitation for disestablishment, a member of clerical and lay members of the Church of Scotland have issued the prospectus of an association whose objects are to resist all attempts to destroy or weaken the union between Church and State. An influential interim committee is appointed.

THE Secretary of State for War has appointed the Rev. G. Kirkwood, formerly stationed in London, to be Presbyterian Chaplain to the Forces in Cyprus. Mr. Kirkwood, who is an ordained minister of the Church of Scotland, served under Sir Garnet Wolseley during the Ashantee war, and accompanies him to his new command.

A NEW association, styled the National Mohammedan Association, has been recently formed at Calcutta for the promotion of literary culture and the protection of Mohammedan interests. This is a wise and energetic attempt on the part of the Mohammedans to regain by legal and constitutional means the position of trust and consequence they once held under the English Government. The chief promoter of this movement is Sayad Amir Ali, a member of the Council and a magistrate of Calcutta, a far-seeing and enlightened Mohammedan.

THE Primitive Methodists of Ireland, who have just united with the Irish Wesleyans, always applied to the Episcopal clergymen for the administration of the ordinances, and, hence, had a sort of connection with the Irish Church. The latter has hopes now that the majority of the body will join its communion. To this end a Church Methodist Society has been formed, to send out home missionary preachers and supply the ordinances to Methodists as formerly, and thus keep them within the bounds of the Church. It is thought the plan will not succeed.

THE members of the First Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, celebrated July 28th, the semi-centennial of the great revival which in 1828 brought 333 members into the church in one day. Of these members 24 were present at the celebration, and the Rev. F. A. Ross, of Huntsville, Ala., who had charge of the revival meetings, wrote a letter in which he says: "I am nearly eighty-two. Thus all my fathers are gone, all my contemporaries are gone, all my elder sons in the ministry are gone, and I stand like an old tree, with some green leaves, while a forest has fallen and is in dust around me. I too shall soon have fallen. I trust I am waiting to be with so many who have done their work and gone before me."

AT a meeting of the Western Board of Directors of the National Bible Society of Scotland, held in Glasgow on Tuesday, the Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, of Toronto, appeared as a deputy from the Upper Canada Tract Society. It was agreed to render material assistance to said society in the proposed extension of its colportage in the remote settlements of the Dominion. The sales of Bibles and Testaments at the Paris Exhibition were reported as 1847 in two months. A further supply of portions for distribution among the visitors was ordered. It was reported that colporteur Seliakow, employed among the Russian soldiers in the Crimea, had sold in April and May 2118 copies. In ten days he sold 900 in Sebastopol. Encouraging reports were received from agents in China. At Hankow, Mr. Archibald had sold 2,681 portions and sixty-five Testaments. One of the three colporteurs recently sent out by the Established Church of Scotland, and towards whose support the Bible Society contributes, had sold 934 books, including Scriptures. Mr. Lilley reported that in Japan the pressing difficulties now were the lack of competent colporteurs, and the restrictions on travel. The old prohibition against Christianity is no longer any great obstacle. Colporteurs are never interfered with. Correspondence had been begun with a view to the employment of a colporteur in the Island of Cyprus.