

and there was none near me but the dead, and the wounded as helpless as myself. I began to be very thirsty and the pain of my wounds, especially that through the body, was intense.

About twenty yards from me I could hear the cool, rippling sound of a little brook running among some thick bushes. As I tried to drag myself toward it, for the lower part of my body was helpless, I found my arm was broken.

Slowly and with great pain I reached it, only to find the water running in a channel some two feet below the level of the field, and utterly out of my reach. It had been a hot day, and I was parched with thirst and fever. Water was there in my sight, almost in my reach, and I was dying for want of it. I dragged myself farther, reached over, lost my balance and fell into the stream. By God's good providence I was able to save myself a little, so that my face did not go under. I fainted with the pain, and lay unconscious I know not how long.

When I came to myself I found my broken arm under me, the lower part of my body in the stream, which was about twenty inches deep, and my head resting on the bank. The cool water had stopped the flow of blood.

Above me, on the field, were the sound and voices of the stretcher bearers, collecting the wounded and burying the dead. I tried to shout so that they should hear me, but was too weak. I was down in the brook, and the dense, thick bushes completely hid me from any one above.

Hearing the voices receding, I tried to lift myself and call with all my might and, in the effort, fainted again.

When I came to, all were gone, and the field was still. I was left alone to die. "He was among the missing" would be all my friends would know of me.

I thought of my young wife and my little one in my New England home. It was hard, very hard, to think of my dying so—so lonely, so very lonely.

There was only one place I could go for comfort. I went there, and this sweet passage came into my mind. The dear Lord seemed to say, "Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid." I was able to give myself, my wife, my child, to his care. The peace of God came down into my soul, and filled it with joy unutterable.

I looked up into the deep blue sky, which I could see here and there through the leaves, and saw overhead the white, fleecy clouds sailing past, and the sun stooping towards the west. I thought, before the sun sets, I shall be beyond the clouds, beyond the sky, at home. I shall have one of those many mansions. I shall see Jesus and my Father, God.

My peace ran like a river. I tried to sing. There, alone in those Virginia woods, buried to the neck in water, and left, as I thought, to die, I spent the happiest hour of my life; and, as I sank once more into unconsciousness, hoped to awake with God.

I was found just alive and cared for by the Confederates as they came on the ground. God gave me great favor with them, and they were kind to me.

DO NOT THINK FOR A MOMENT

that catarrh will in time wear out. The theory is false. Men try to believe it because it would be pleasant if true, but it is not, as all know. Do not let an acute attack of cold in the head remain unsubsided. It is liable to develop into catarrh. You can rid yourself of the cold and avoid all chance of catarrh by using Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. If already affected rid yourself of this troublesome disease speedily by the same means. At all druggists.

WHAT IS REFINEMENT?

One hears much talk of this desirable quality nowadays, but the idea of it is often very vague. What is refinement?

We are not speaking of those who think that it consists of a studied quietness of dress and manner. Some very refined people dress shockingly, and they even have quite loud voices, and yet their good breeding is patent to all the world.

We once met a whole family of delicate ladies at a fashionable summer resort on the banks of the Hudson, whose idea of refinement was languor and ill-health. They thought it was just too vulgar to be healthy and strong; quite too mannish indeed in a lady!

Among some people, size is thought to have a good deal to do with refinement. It is unrefined to be large, gross to be fat, coarse to have weight, and monstrous to have prominent features. A large neck, large cheeks or lips are especially opposed to all refinement.

Now, little people are certainly very cunning, very curious, but we can not all be fairies—nor do we wish it. Only fancy a whole world of these little creatures! Why, even trade would languish. Smaller quantities of everything would be needed, from cloth and flannel all the way down to oysters and buckwheat cakes. No, large people are necessary to keep the world moving.

We once knew of a fashionable lady who liked her clergyman because he preached such refined sermons. When a distinguished literary man died recently, we were told that he was not a refined person. Well, perhaps he was not, but he was so distinguished in other ways that really we had not thought of his refinement. We would just as soon have asked whether St. Paul was a refined man, or whether Isaiah went to ancient Babylon to acquire "good form," as some persons go to London now for that purpose.

There are some people who are always trying to be refined. Like Rosamond in "Middlemarch," they have so trained themselves that, by the help of nice clothes, a sweet voice and placid demeanor, they appear outwardly to be refined.

There are, we believe, many people in very humble stations in life who are truly refined in their feelings who are yet quite unpolished outwardly. Their hearts are right; they have the consideration for others which is the very basis of refinement.

There are also others in good society whose natural sweetness of disposition constantly shows itself in kind and gentle words and deeds towards all. No effort is needed on their part to be courteous and amiable, for they feel so, and naturally their outward manners are but the reflex of that which is within. Such persons are charming; they like everybody and everybody likes them. We all know a few such, and are thankful.

The chief desideratum seems to be a good heart. If we truly love our neighbors we cannot fail to be kind and sweet to them. And if we are indifferent, all the care we take of our manners, all our studied refinement, all our stylish conversation will be as dust and ashes.

There are those who find it difficult to care for their neighbors. They wish them well, but do not want to be bothered with them. They always try to be civil, but it is uphill work, and they are glad when the trial is over. Their "refinement" may make them smile and bow and say "Yes" and "No" at the proper intervals. But have they nothing more? Is there no interest felt except at their departure?

Nothing is valuable unless genuine. Who cares for paste diamonds and imitation cut glass? Outward polish is of slight worth without the true refinement of the heart.—Home Journal.

A PLUCKY BISHOP.

In the year 1688, while Ken was living quietly at Winchester, the incident occurred which decided his future destiny. Charles II. decided to build a magnificent palace at Winchester, and he visited the city with the Duke of York and a crowd of courtiers. House-room was not easily provided for so many, and as Ken was now a royal chaplain, his prebendal house was fixed upon as a suitable lodging for Nell Gwynn. Ken refused to admit her. "A woman of ill-repute," he said, "ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman—least of all in that of the king's chaplain." "Will you not, then, comply with the king's demands?" he was asked. "Not for his kingdom," was the bold reply; and he rendered the attempt impossible by putting

his house in the builder's hands, and having the roof stripped off. Nell Gwynn was lodged in the house of the more compliant dean, and everyone thought that Ken's hopes of preferment were finally ruined. But Charles II., though a bad man, was no hypocrite. He knew Ken of old. "I must go and hear little Ken tell me of my faults," he said, when he went to listen to one of his sermons at Whitehall. Charles could respect in others the integrity and purity of which he was himself destitute. In this same year Ken accepted the chaplaincy of the fleet, and accompanied Lord Dartmouth to Tangier in the hope of improving the morals of the soldiers and sailors in that sin of iniquity. At this period we have a few glimpses of him through the unsympathetic eyes of Samuel Pepys. But a change was at hand. In 1684 Bishop Morley died. Mews, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was promoted to the See of Winchester; and when courtiers were applying to Charles for their friends for the vacant bishopric, Charles replied, "Odd's fish! I must have Bath and Wells for the little black fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging." He was consecrated on January 25, 1685. Evelyn shows us the brilliant scene of wickedness which was enacted in the long gallery of Whitehall on that Sunday evening, and on the Sunday evening following. It was a scene of inexpressible luxury and profaneness, which has been described in the vivid pages of Macaulay and depicted by the glowing pencil of E. M. Ward. "I was witness," says Evelyn, "of the king, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, &c.; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Bassett, round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them; upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after all was dust. For on February 2nd, Charles had an apoplectic stroke. Ken was summoned with other bishops, and for three days and nights he stayed by the king's bedside. "Ken spoke," says Bishop Burnet, who, in general, views him with but little admiration, "with great elevation both of thought and expression, like a man inspired." But the king was, and had long been, a Roman Catholic, and though, on Ken's remonstrance, he dismissed the Duchess of Portsmouth from his dying chamber, he listened with cold obstinacy even to Ken and Sancroft. They barely thought themselves justified in pronouncing the absolution over his imperfect penitence; but he made excuses when they urged him to receive the Lord's Supper. Finally, the room was emptied of its crowd of courtiers, the priest, Robert Huddleston, was smuggled in by a back stair, and Charles received the last rites of the Church of Rome.

THE LIFE CURRENT.

Deprive the vegetable world of moisture and it pales, withers and dies; the whole earth becomes parched, and desolation pervades the landscape. Deprive the human system of pure blood and health is impossible, disease inevitable. The skin becomes charged with repulsive humors, the lungs loaded with foreign secretions, fevers ensue, and, unless speedily arrested death follows. Renew to healthy action the liver, the great blood-purifying gland, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and health flows through every avenue, restoring every organ to vigor. All druggists.

AN INCIDENT OF CHURCH-GOING.

A CHURCH DOOR SWINGS OPEN TO MISERY, AND BRINGS RELIEF.

BY FRANCIS E. H. RAYMOND.

During last winter our small family was domiciled for a few months in the neighborhood of Stuyvesant Square, and the pleasant, homelike locality became very familiar to us in our walks and saunterings. Especially did we enjoy that great centre of usefulness, old St. George's Church, and the simple invitation, "Enter and pray," so plainly printed that none need fail to read, became to us, as it were, a living voice. On one of the bleakest days of that severe season, Little Comrade and I set out for our bit of "before dinner"

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