IT PLEASES

-Family, Visitors, Help.

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Phoebe laughed-though in a rather spiritless manner—at her cousin's qualit imitation of Mr. Slimp's attitude; and then Honore turned the subject delicately from that complaint which Phoebe delighted to outpour.

"Stop a moment, Phoebe. Give me time to get down from the bed, and I'll give you a rare representation or Theo's manners tonight; especially of her reception and her farewell." The ceremony of greeting and speed-

ing a decidedly poor relation-whose part in the scene was of course purely imaginary-was performed with perfect gravity, though its ludicrous side was evident from the laughter which chased away all Phoebe's discontent. Then followed a slight exhibition of Captain Hervey's languid deportment, and the elegant sleepiness which Mrs. Trent could always manage to maintain, undisturbed by the keen watch she kept upon her daughter, and the frequent lessons which she vouchsafed

to Honore. Then Honore ceased her acting and took up her candlestick.

"If you and I were rich," mourned Phoebe, plaintively, "and could dress and talk grandly, they would behave quite differently to us, Honore. They wouldn't invite us to Deergrove just on sufferance, one at a time, as they do now when they have a place vacant, to make us small and patronize us, and pretend they are doing a very noble and compassionate sort of thing to their poor relations.

"That will do, Phoebe. Never mind brightly. "I never let them treat me like a poor relation, and I can often

glean a little amusement there."
"I cannot," sighed Phoebe; "they quench me entirely. I always come home miserable, and wishing I was rich, and beautiful, and admired, that I might pay back Theo for her scornful ways. Honore, do you ever have

day dreams about being rich?" "Often. Such gorgeous dreams they are; and I'm so beautiful in them, and wear such matchless dresses, and have horses, and carriages, and servants, and a magnificent castle of my own, and I feed all the poor, and have all the sick cured, and everybody idolizes me, and I'm presented to the Queen -so," explained Honore, sweeping her muslin skirt along the shabby drugget, in the performance of a wonderful courtesy; "and all the ladies and lords in waiting whisper that there never

"Perhaps they're not allowed whisper when the Queen is by," put in Phoebe, her practical nature stum-

"I'm quite certain that the Earl of Anne Boleyn was just the one to whisper a great deal when she was a maid of honor; and so they whisper in my dreams, and everything is wonderful and beautiful there, Phoebe; but I never care about crowing over Theoshe isn't in the dreams at all.'

Phoebe had so thoroughly herself to lean upon Honore's deeper, brighter nature, that it gave her generally a curious air of dependence and submission to her younger cousin, totally at variance with her superiority in point of years. But there were drew his chair closer, and began to times when she roused herself to a carve the cold-meat pie before him. fleeting priority, on the basis of her freedom of those deceptions encouraged by a disposition so dreamy, credulous, and speculative as her cousin's. every feature. Jane Haughton was At such rare moments she would believe implicitly Jane Haughton's favorite axiom that "Honore had not a grain of sterling common sense," and invest herself abundantly with that a November fog; but in the early oft-misnamed commodity. Such a mo-morning this was pecularly noticeable. ment followed Honore's soft voicepainting of her childish dream. "You always go into impossibilities, Honore. I think only of what may

Impossibilities! While the whiteclad figure, in spite of its dingy back- Delicate Operation for Its Removal ground, and the scant light thrown upon it, was so purely beautiful. Impossibilities! While the eyes were so full of truth, and trust, and courage, for the time to come, and that time to come was so safely hidden beyond e golden mist made up of possibilities!
"You know Lady Lawrence may leave us a share of her wealth," added Phoebe, apparently aggrieved. "She ought not entirely to forget us wirls,

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and leave it all to Lawrence or Hervey, or even both.

Honore's laugh rang out merrily.
"I am afraid we are all alike," she said; "all building our future on old Every Person in the House Myddleton's money. Oh, what tottering fabrics! But your mentioning Lady Lawrence reminds of something else, Phoebe. The Abbotsmoor picnic is fixed for Thursday, and the photograph, with Abbotsmoor itself as a background, is to be sent to Lady

Lawrence in India." "Oh, how nice!" cried Phoebe, ecstatically. "May we all choose our own postures, and by whom we will stand or sit? What shall I wear? Oh, Honore, I have not any nice dress to go

"Have you not?" asked Honore, always such a gentle, helpful receiver of these lugubrious and spasmodic expressions of Phoebe's anxieties respecting her wardrobe, and the deficiencies therein. "How is that? I thought we should wear the dresses we had for the bazar at Somerson Park.'

"You can; yours looks all right," whined Phoebe; "and of course you will, because everybody said that it suited you; but I cannot. Mine is as torn, and as soiled, and as shabby as ever it can be, and I'm sure I would not disgrace myself by putting it on." Phoebe had risen in her excitement, and taken the dress from its drawer. and now she threw it contemptuously on the bed before Honore.

"It was very pretty at first, I know," she said, "and no one would believe you had done all the planning and trimming, for they looked like French dresses. But you must own, Honore,

that I could not wear it now."
"If you like," said Honore, slowly, not questioning Phoebe's right to have spoiled the dress, while her ownbought, and made, and worn at the same time-was fresh and unsoiled, "if you like, Phoebe, we will wear our black silks.

"Black silks at a picnic!" exclaimed "No, indeed. But it was a kind offer of yours, Honore," she added, remorsefully, "for your dress is almost as good as new, and you look so lovely in it. But I'll tell you what you might do-this in a tone of anxious coaxing-"you might get Lawrence to give us some money for a new one each. Tell him how we have not got five shillings left of this quarter's allowance. He will not refuse you, Hon-

"I would rather go in my very oldest dress sooner than ask a new one from returned the younger girl; "I always keep within my allowance for

that very reason.' Phoebe's eyes filled; they were gentle, rather prominent, light gray eyes, with a fountain very near them; but still these ready tears had always the same effect upon Honore; and when Phoebe said ruefully, "He would not give it me, or I would ask for myself; but he never refused you," she kissed her quietly, and said she would ask their guardian for the dress, and did not blame her, by one word, for the selfish use she made of her guardian's

"I shall sleep comfortably now," obthat old grudge," returned Honor, served Phoebe, shaking up her pillow. "Good-night, Honore, dear; though you have not told me much about Deer-Was there no guest but yourself?

"Only one," said Honore, from the open doorway; "but-go to sleep,

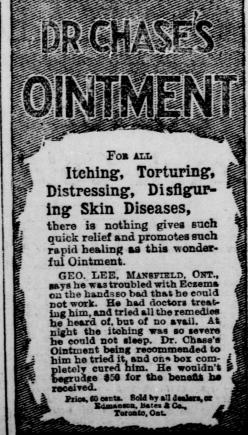
"For," added the girl to herself, as she closed the bedroom door behind her, "if I were to think again of that other guest, my thoughts will go off once more to Gabriel Myddleton and that often-told story which I heard again tonight. How plain it was that Mr. Keith saw no way of accounting for the murder but by Gabriel's having committed it! How curiously he asked if a doubt had ever been entertained as to Gabriel's guilt, and no one could say 'Yes!' "

Next morning, from a feverish dream, in which old Myddelton was was such a lovely person seen before, murdering Mr. Keith, and she and Gabriel-just as he might have walked out of the picture at Abbotsmoorstood looking on, Honore was roused by the clanging of the shrill bell, which was wont, at 8 o'clock a.m., to summon the occupants of the Larches to Essex often whispered," returned the break their fast upon the sternly sim-younger girl, with confidence; "and ple viands which Miss Haughton's ingenuity and economy had suggested. "Late again," remarked that lady, as Honore entered the breakfast-room half an hour afterward, sweet and fresh as a summer rose on which the dew-drops sparkle, and with that clear light within her eyes which could not have shone there if the soul behind had not been free from taint of vanity or selfishness.

Mr. Haughton half rose from his seat as Honore came up to the table, but, with a sudden change of purpose, he His sister passed by the girl's bright "good-morning," and poured out her tea with a rigid displeasure stamping ence at any time makes sunshine in a Hers had, on the contrary, house. rather the effect of February sleet, or (To be continued.)

NEEDLE IN HER THROAT.

Performed. Toronto, Nov. 10.-In the throat and nose department of the general hospital, Mrs. McMann, of Oak street, had needle taken out of her throat. The lady had been eating sausage that must have contained the needle, which lodged at the base of the tongue, and was taken away after a painful and difficult operation had been performed.



Great Cities

Threatened.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows How Impending Dangers May Be Averted.

Washington, Nov. 7 .- Dr. Talmage's text is Psalm 80: 13:-The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast of the field doth devour it.

By this homely but expressive figure, David sets forth the bad influences which in olden time broke in upon God's heritage, as with swine's foot trampling, and as with swine's snout uprooting the vineyards of prosperity. What was true then is true now. There have been enough trees of righteousness planted to overshadow the whole earth, had it now been for the axemen who hewed them down. The temple of truth would long ago have been completed, had it not been for the iconoclasts who defaced the walls and battered down the pillars. The whole earth would have been an Eschol of ripened clusters, had it not been that the boar had wasted it and the wild beast of the field had devoured it." propose to point out to you those whom I consider to be the destructive classes of society.

First, the public criminals. You ought not to be surprised that these people make up a large proportion of many communities. In 1869, of the 49,000 people who were incarcerated in the prisons of the country, 32,000 were of foreign birth. There are in our cities people whose entire business in life is to commit crime. That is as much their business as jurisprudence or medicine or merchandise is your business. Added to these professional criminals, American and foreign, there are a large class of men who are more or less industrious in crime. Drunkenness is responsible for much of the of them thrust into an infidelity like theft, since it confuses a man's ideas that of the poor German girl, of property, and he gets his hands on things that do not belong to him. Rum is responsible for much of the assault and battery, inspiring men to sudden bravery, which they must demonstrate, In these American cities, whose cry though it be on the face of the next gentleman. You help to pay the board of every criminal, from the sneak-thief who snatches a spool of cotton, up to some man who enacts a "Black Friday." More than that, it touches your heart in the moral depression of the community. You might as well think to stand in a closely confined room where there are 50 people and yet not breathe the vitiated air, as to stand in a community where there are so many of the deprayed without being contaminated. What is the fire that burns your store down compared with the conflagration which consumes your morals? We are all ready to arraign criminals. With great gusto we put on the handcuffs and the hopples; but vagrancy and hunger and nakedness what preparation are we making for that dashes against our front doorstep; the day when the handcuffs and the I wonder if you hear it and see it as hopples come off? Society seems to say much as I hear it and see it! I have to these criminals, "Villain, go in there been almost frenzied with the perpetuand rot," when it ought to say, "You all cry for help from all classes, and are an offender against the law, but from all nations, knocking, knocking, we mean to give you an opportunity ringing, ringing. There they are. The to repent; we mean to help you. Here sewing-women; some of them in hun-are Bibles and tracts and Christian in- ger and cold, working night after Vast improvements have been made by introducing industry into the prison; but we want something more than hammers and shoe lasts to reclaim these people. Aye, we want more than sermons on the Sabbath Society must impress these men with the fact that it does not enjoy their suffering, and that it is attempting to reform and elevate them. I have no sympathy with the executive clemency which would let crime run loose, or which would sit in the gallery of a court room weeping because some hardened wretch is brought to justice; but I do say that the safety

more potential influences in behalf of these offenders. Many of the jails are the best place I know of to manufacture footpads. vagabonds and cut-throats. Every hour these jails stand they challenge the Lord Almighty to smite the cities. I call upon the people to rise in their good deal better time than we in the wrath and demand a reformation. I future, to make up for the fact that call upon the judges of our courts to they had such a bad time here. It expose the infamy. I demand, in behalf of those incarcerated prisoners, fresh air and clear sunlight, and, in the name of him who had not where fied with me in heaven." O, thou weepto lay his head, a couch to rest on at ing One of Bethany! O, thou dying One night. We want men like John How- of the cross! Have mercy on the starvard and Sir William Blackstone, and ing, freezing, homeless poor of these women like Elizabeth Fry to do for the prisons of the United States what those people did in other days for the prisons of England. We want something radical before our cities will receive the blessing of him who said: "I was in prison and ye came unto

and life of the community demand

In this class of uprooting and devouring population are untrustworthy "Woe unto thee, O land, when thy king is a child, and thy princes drink in the morning!" It is a great calamity to a city when bad men get into public authority. Why was it that in New York there was such unparalleled crime between 1866 and 1871? It was because the judges of police in that city, for the most part, were as corrupt as the vagabonds that came before them for trial. These were the days of high carnival for election frauds, assassination and forgery. We had the "Whisky ring," and the "Tammany Ring," and the "Erie Ring." There was one man during those years that got \$128,000 in one year for serving the public. In a few years it was estimated that there were fifty millions of public treasure squandered. In those times the crminal had only to wink to the judge, or his lawyer would wink for him, and the question was decided for the defendant. You know on vice, and saying to the young criminals of this country: "What a safe thee thing it is to be a great criminal." Let tears. the law swoop upon them! Too great leniency to criminals is too great severity to society.

Among the uprooting and devouring classes in our midst are the idle. Of course, I do not refer to the people who are getting old, or to the sick, or to those who cannot get work; but I tell you to look out for those athletic men and women who will not work. When the French nobleman was asked why he kept busy when he had so large a property, he said: "I keep on engraving so I may not hang my-I do not care who the man is he cannot afford to be idle. It is from the idle classes that the criminal classes are made up. Character like water, gets putrid, if it stands still too long. While there are thousands of industrious men who cannot get any work, the men who do not want | S.S. TEUTONIC, Nov. 10 any work come in and make that plea. 8.8 BRITANNIC, Nov. 17 Sleeping at night at public expense in the station house; during the day, getting their food at your doorstep. Imprisonment does not scare them. They would like it. Blackwell's Island or Moyamensing prison would be a common fortible home for them. They would Sleeping at night at public expense in have no objection to the almshouse, for they like thin soup, if they cannot I like for that class of people the scant bill of fare that Paul wrote out for the Thessalonian loafer: "If any work not, neither should he eat." By

what law of God or man is it right that you and I should toil day in and day out, until our hands are blistered and our arms ache and our brain gets numb, and then be called upon to sup-port what in the United States are about two million loafers! They are a very dangerous class. Let the public authorities keep their eyes on them. Among the uprooting classes I place the oppressed poor. Poverty to a certain extent is chastening; but after that, when it drives a man to the wall, and he hears his children cry in vain for bread, it sometimes makes him desperate. I think there are thousands of honest men lacerated into vagabondism. There are men crushed under burdens for which they are not half-

There is a vast underground city life that is appalling and shameful. wallows and steams with putrefaction. You go down the stairs, which are wet and decayed with filth, and at the bottom you find the poor victims on the floor, cold, sick, three-fourths dead, slinking into a still darker corner under the gleam of the lantern of the po-There has not been a breath of fresh air in that room for five years, literally. There they are, men, women children; blacks, whites; Mary Magdalene without her repentance, and Lazarus without his God! These are the "dives" into which the pickpockets and the thieves go, as well as a great many I who would like a different life, but cannot get it. These places are the sores of the city, which bleed perpetual corruption. They are the underlying volcano that threatens us with a Caraccas earthquake. And there are only two outlets-the police court and the Potter's Field. In other words, they

must either go to prison or to hell. There is another layer of poverty and destitution, not so squalid, but almost as helpless. You hear their incessant wailing for bread and clothes and fire. Their eyes are supken. Their cheekbones stand out. Their hands are damp with slow consumption. Their flesh is puffed up with dropsies. Their breath is like that of a charnel-house. Some when told in the midst of her wretchedness that God was good, she said: "No;

of want I interpret, there are hundreds and thousands of honest poor who are dependent upon individual city and state charities. If all their voices would come up at once, it would be a groan that would shake the foundations of the city, and bring all earth and heaven to the rescue. But, for the most part, it suffers unexpressed. Oh, I should not wonder if on that day it would be found out that some of us had some things that belonged to them; some extra garment, which might have made them comfortable on cold days: some bread thrust into the ash-barrel that might have appeased their hunger for a little while. Oh, this wave of night, until sometimes the blood spurts from nostril and lip. As one of them said to the city missionary: down-hearted. Everything's against us, and then there are other things." "What other things?" said the city missionary. "Oh," she replied, "my sin." "What do you mean by that?" "Well," she said, "I never hear or see anything good. It's work from Monday morning to Saturday night, and then when Sunday comes I can't go out, and I walk the floor, and it makes me tremble to think that I have got to meet God. Oh, sir, it's so hard for us. We have to work so, and then we have so much trouble, and then we are getting along so poorly, and see this wee Mttle thing growing weaker and weaker; and then to think we are getting no nearer to God. but

floating away from him-oh, sir, I do wish I was ready to die!" I should not wonder if they had a would be just like Jesus to say: "Come up and take the highest seats. You suffered with me on earth; now be glori-

great cities! I want you to know who are the uprooting classes of society. I want you to be more discriminating in your charities. I want your hearts open with generosity, and your hands open with charity. I want you to be made the sworn friends of all city evangelization and all newsboys' lodging-houses, and all children's aid societies. Aye, I want you to send the Dorcas Society all the cast-off clothing, that, under the skillful manipulation of the wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, these garments may be fitted on the cold, bare feet and on the shivering

limbs of the destitute. Besides all this, I want you to appreciate in the contrast how very kindly God has dealt with you in your comfortable homes, and to have you look at the round faces of your children, and then at the review of God's goodness to you, go to your room, and lock the door, and kneel down and say. Lord, I have been an ingrate; make me thy child. O, Lord, there are so many hungry and unclad and unsheltered to day, I thank thee that all my life thou hast taken such good care of me. O, Lord, there are so many sick and crippled children today, I thank thee mine are well, some of them on earth, some as well as I that a criminal who of them in heaven. Thy goodness, O, escapes only opens the door of other criminalities. When people go unpunished, it is putting a high premium upheld me, now I consecrate my soul to thee in a holier baptism of repenting

'For sinners, Lord, thou cam'st to bleed, And I'm a sinner vile, indeed; Lord, I believe, thy grace is free; O magnify that grace in me!"

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