

meeting was orderly and interesting. The speakers were William Cornell, Samuel P. Zavitz and Serena Minard, closing with prayer by S. P. Zavitz. Serena spoke long and to great satisfaction. Many had come, no doubt, in the hopes of hearing Sunderland, and in that were disappointed, but it was felt that the meeting had been one of unusual favor, and many expressions to that effect were afterwards heard. The exercises all tended to draw the hearers to the indwelling Word as the great teacher and guide in spiritual things.

A RESPECT FOR AGE.

Friends are generally taught to cherish as things holy the faded flowers of the household. But we regret to see a remissness on the part of the world at large in the treatment of the elders of the family. The young people too often forget the once important position that these grey heads may have held in the affairs of life. Sitting by the old grandma and questioning her about her past, we often gather the most charming romance, and then, too, note how the dim eyes will take on a peculiar light, as if her growing old was but a dream after all.

It is our solemn duty to try and bring the aged out from the chimney corner. We are then simply returning in *part* what they have done for us in our childhood.

The red man is far beyond the common race of men in his great veneration for grey hairs. He oftentimes neglects his young that age may sit at his fireside in perfect ease.

Some of my happiest moments have been spent with those along in years. My peculiar liking may have been attributed to an insatiable thirst for stories of the past, but, however the case may be, I know I love that face which tells its own story of years, of struggle and final peace.

Let us always honor age and en-

deavor to make happiness creep along the weedy path of years.

ELLA WEEKS.

Chappaqua, N.Y.

A VISIT TO PARIS.

A SAUNTER THROUGH THE EXHIBITION BUILDING AND A LOOK FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

(Special correspondence of the Montreal Witness.)

In my last letter I spoke of the probability that my next communication would be dated from Paris, and, perhaps, from the top of the Eiffel Tower. Well, I have been to Paris, and have mounted the tower more than once; but never an opportunity has there been for a quiet hour of letter writing. Rush and stir; whirl and hurry and drive; push and struggle and scramble; these have been the characteristics of the fortnight I spent in the gay city. Surely, never more gay or more crowded than now. The crowd pervades all Paris, not simply the Exhibition. Foreigners are, of course, abundant, chief amongst them the English and Americans, but the great staple of the crowd is the rural French peasant and workman, who, with his wife and children, is amongst the most interesting exhibits in the great show. Unprecedented numbers of strangers certainly; but these almost lost in the native multitude. Myriads of the one, but millions of the other. Indeed, all the talk is of millions; in seven weeks of the great show more than seven millions of people visited it. And these figures make clear the enormous space covered by the Exhibition. The third part of a million of people have been within the gates in one single day. And they have found room to circulate, except in the narrow throat of the grounds adjacent to the illuminated fountains, where on one occasion my party got into what might easily have become a most deadly crush. But the officials were equal to the occasion.