

"Why, that is brutal," said Winfred, adding, in a tone of sympathy, "poor Calvin!"

"Well, he is to be pitied those times," said Jack, "and he'll need pity when his father catches him; he'll have to pay for the extra trouble he's given! There'll probably be a blow for every step the old man's taken between the store and the church."

Of course this was over stating the case,—Jack was apt to enlarge when excited,—but all present felt certain that Calvin was destined for a whipping. Several began to relate instances of such unpleasant occurrences for Calvin.

Winfred did not care to hear these. He left the group, and walked towards the church. Despite the past, he was sorry for Calvin. He knew what it was to dread a man's heavy hand. In those times when Aaron was not himself, the boy could not tell what to expect. Only his affection for Mrs. Luscomb, kept him at the Lighthouse, then.

He longed to avert Calvin's threatened punishment. So he followed, expecting momentarily to hear ominous sounds from the church. Instead, was the clattering of paternal boots along the uncarpeted passages. Taking this for a guide, he very soon came up with Mr. Watkins.

To his surprise, the latter did not resent his intrusion, or look upon him in the usual surly way.

"Is that you, Campbell?" he asked, as he rested on the belfry steps. "I'm dead beat out!"

"It's a pretty hot day," said Winfred, venturing a remark that could not possibly arouse his anger.

"It's hot work," said Mr. Watkins, wiping his forehead, "but I've cornered him now; he's hid up there, in the belfry, so he's ketched himself in a nice, pooty trap,—I can afford to wait."

As he rested, his shoulders blockaded the stairs, apparently cutting off all chance of Calvin's retreat.

Winfred's heart beat fast. He had been gently reared, despite poverty,—and the possibility of a fierce encounter almost overpowered him. He wished he had stayed on the playground with the others. Only a faint hope that he might help Calvin, by pacifying the father, had brought him there. It seemed foolish and impracticable, as he stood beside Mr. Watkins, and looked up into the man's hard, set face. Winfred thought he would rather be without a father than such an unjust one.

(To be continued.)

#### SERVICE IN THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

Service in the Tabernacle is held on Sundays at two o'clock in the afternoon. The Saints assemble not only from the city, but from all the country round, and many vehicles of all sorts are left standing in the neighbourhood. The centre of the church fills rapidly with women, while men predominate in the side rows of seats. There are seats for thirteen thousand persons in the amphitheatre and gallery, and many more crowd in at some of the great conferences. A broad gallery closes around at the front, where the choir sit in two wings, facing each other, the men on one side and the women opposite. The space between is filled by three long crimsoned-cushioned pulpit desks, in each of which twenty speakers or so can sit at once, each rank overlooking the heads of the one beneath. The highest was designed for the president and his two counselors; the second one for the twelve apostles, and the lowest for the bishops; but I believe the order is not very rigidly observed.

The acoustic properties of the house are almost perfect. A former deficiency of light has been overcome by the use of electricity; and the chilling bareness of the huge white-washed vault is relieved by hangings of evergreen and flowers made of tissue-paper, the effect of which is very good indeed.

Every Sunday the sacrament is administered, the table loaded with the baskets of bread and tankards of water occupying a dais at the foot of the pulpits. Gradually a number of bishops take their places behind this table, and watch the congregation gather, people coming in through the dozen or more side doors as though the Tabernacle was a huge sponge absorbing the population of the Territory. Mingling with the rest come many strangers, bringing the latest tailoring and millinery, and these strangers are always shown to seats down in front, where they can be addressed effectively in a body. At one door stands a huge cask of cold water, with several tin cups handy, and nearly all stop to drink as they come in. Later you will see tin pails holding a quart or more, and having handles on both sides, circulating through the audience, and refilled from time to time by small Ganymedes running about in chip hats and well-starched pinafores. Precisely at two o'clock the great busy voices—the hum of the veritable honey-bees of Deseret organ sends forth its melodious summons, and the noise of in their home hive—is hushed. A hymn is announced (by some brother in a business coat whom you will meet in trade to-morrow, perhaps), and sung by the choir, for though the tune may be one of the old familiar ones, the audience does not join in the singing.

The music of the Tabernacle has a great reputation in the West, and it would hardly be fair to deny it because it does not come up to a New York performance. It is conspicuously good for the material hand and the locality. The organ, a handsome instrument, nearly as large as the great organ in the Boston Music Hall, is not so readily discounted however, and is played with much skill, to the constant delight of the people.

After the singing comes a long prayer by some layman-priest, and a hymn, during the singing of which eight bishops break the slices of bread into morsels. Then, while the bread is being passed through the audience to the communicants—everybody, old and young, partaking—President Taylor or some other dignitary reads a chapter from the Bible, usually from Revelation, and makes extempore remarks upon it. Sometimes the Hon. George Q. Cannon, the most eminent of the Mormon leaders, occupies the pulpit.

It is three o'clock before the bread and water have been partaken of by all, and fully four by the time the preacher

has ceased, the bishop pronounced the benediction, and the congregation is dismissed. As the people scatter about the great dusty yard, picking their way among the blocks of stone awaiting their place in the Temple, one sees how largely foreigners they are, the predominant nationalities being British and Scandinavian. Their peasantry, too, is unmistakably stamped upon their faces, though they have exchanged their foreign characteristics for a rusticity of the American type. Among the most prominent of the Mormon apostles are Orson Pratt, the most distinguished scholar and writer in the sect, and Joseph I. Smith, a nephew of the original Prophet and founder of Mormonism.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

#### A CLEVER PARODY.

The following reply to Burns' popular poem is taken from a Melbourne paper:—

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,  
"For a' that and a' that,"  
But though the song be clear and strong,  
It lacks a note for a' that.  
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,  
Yet claim his wage and a' that,  
Or beg when he can earn his bread,  
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare  
Were true and brave and a' that;  
And those whose garb is "hoddie grey,"  
Was fool or knave, and a' that;  
The vice and crime that shame our time,  
Would fade and fall, and a' that;  
And ploughmen be as good as kings,  
And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,  
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,  
And thinks, because his strong right arm  
Might fell an ox, and a' that,  
That's he's as noble, man for man,  
As duke or lord and a' that,  
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,  
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,  
Have palace, park, and a' that;  
And not for birth, but honest worth,  
Be thrice a man for a' that,  
And Donald herding on the muir,  
Who beats his wife and a' that,  
Be nothing but a rascal boor,  
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,  
The truth is old and a' that,  
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gold for a' that."  
And though you put the minted mark  
Of copper, brass, and a' that,  
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,  
And will not pass, for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
'Tis soul and heart, and a' that,  
That makes the king a gentleman,  
And not his crown, and a' that.  
And man with man, if rich or poor,  
The best is he, for a' that,  
Who stands erect in self-respect,  
And acts the man for a' that.

#### A GOOD RETORT.

The following bit of wit upon the part of a North Carolina girl comes to us from the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, the fashionable Virginia watering-place:

Among the regular *habitues* is Colonel B—, a well-preserved, handsome old beau of uncertain age. His society record is brilliant, and though he has raised many hopes, yet season after season has ended and the colonel has yielded his liberty to none. His special strength is pride of family, boasting as he does, in season and out of season, not only the bluest South Carolina blood, but the most direct Huguenot descent.

During the past summer there appeared, flitting about the broad piazzas and through the long drawing-room, a bright, dashing girl from the "Land of the Sky." The colonel, as usual, began the scheme of monopoly, and the ambitious young belle seemed nothing loth to accord to him the coveted position as chief of staff. It began to be whispered about that the colonel was really in earnest for once in his life. Those who knew him best and watched him closest were sure that he was on the eve of a victory. His gait was more martial, his manner more lofty, than ever before, and the poor ancestral Huguenots were dragged to the front without mercy.

Unfortunately, a bit of eavesdropping in the dim star-lighted seclusion of what the colonel thought to be a deserted corner of the piazza told the story of such woful discomfiture that he fled from the place within twenty-four hours afterward. He had evidently proposed in his most pompous and condescending manner, and had heard with amazement a quiet negative from the young lady's lips.

"But I think—I am sure," said the colonel, hardly able to control his indignant pride, "you do not understand, you do not appreciate, miss, the honour that has been conferred upon you, that you so lightly decline. I am a Huguenot of South Carolina!"

"Ah, colonel, it is you who forget," said Miss —, with her most roguish smile. "You do not appreciate the honour to which you aspire. I am a *Lightwood knot* of North Carolina!"—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

REV. R. BALGARNIE, St. Andrew's Church, Gravesend, has received the degree of D.D., from the university of Washington, D.C.

In the Calvinistic Methodist Church of Wales, the majority of the Sabbath-school attendance consists of adults, so that nearly all the classes are Bible classes.

THE Patriarch of American Catholics, Monsignor Stephen Peter X. Azar, was decorated by the Sultan with the great ribbon of the Osmanli order, the highest honour of the Turkish Empire.

MR. GREEN, an English barrister at Madras, who became a Mohammedan thirteen years ago, died recently, in the hospital, and, having recanted on his death-bed, received burial in the Christian form.

A VERY marked increase is noted in the number of suicides amongst the military in India. There is a growing tendency, says the *Calcutta Englishman*, amongst men of all classes to consider life as not worth living.

EX-PROVOST CAMPBELL, of Greenock, is vigorously resisting the efforts of some members of the chamber of commerce in that town to have trains run between Greenock and Glasgow on the Lord's Day.

A SHORT time since, a friend asked the Marquis of Lorne how the prohibition of the liquor traffic answered in Canada. "Admirably," replied his lordship; "it makes all the difference between savagery and civilization."

THE shipment of buffalo bones from the plains to Eastern phosphate factories has largely increased lately, because of the reduction in freight rates. Thousands of buffalo skeletons are gathered from the valley of the Arkansas.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON predicts the return of the ideal in fiction, and says that while the photographic school of novels has reached a high point of excellence, it should not be assumed that the ideal school has disappeared.

THE fanatical followers of the late Baboo Chunder Sen are not only keeping his pulpit sacred, but carry about his carpet seat and use it in their services. They assert that it is an inspiration to them, though they would not venture to sit on it.

THE people of Hungarian birth to the number of 8,000, who live in New York, held their first annual festival on Thursday last, under the auspices of the six different Hungarian societies of that city. There was a large and imposing procession.

FEGGEBLIT, on the island of Mors, Denmark, the reputed birthplace of Hamlet, is for sale. On a hillside that forms part of the estate will be found the grave of King Fegge, who was the identical person slain by the young prince to avenge the "most foul murder" of his father.

FLORENCE appears to be the "Land of Flowers" to some purposes. The *National Druggist* says that the manufacture of perfumes from Florida flowers is becoming an important industry, and that a process has recently been devised for extracting the sweet flavour of the cassava plant.

THE convocation of York has adopted a resolution favouring the establishment of a ministry of women similar to the system of deaconesses in the Primitive Church. A committee is appointed to consider how the ministration of women could be best encouraged and retained under control.

THE Paseo de la Reforma, in the city of Mexico, is pronounced by many travellers to be the most beautiful drive in the world. Beginning in the main plaza in the centre of the city, and going westward to the castle of Chapultepec, the distance is about a mile. At intervals are six circles, each 400 feet in diameter.

ONE curious effect of the cholera scare in France has been a marked diminution of drunkenness in Paris. During the month of June the average number of persons daily taken up by the police for being "drunk and incapable" was 170. On the 1st of July it declined to 104, and on the 12th it had fallen as low as fifty-four.

THE Rev. J. N. Dalton makes a plea for the organization of all the English-speaking members of the British realm into one federal union. According to his ideas there would be one central representative Parliament for all the self-governing colonies in union with Great Britain, local questions being relegated to local parliaments.

It has been suggested by Mr. Thomas Evans of Monghyr to build a temperance hall in Calcutta as a memorial of Kesab Chunder Sen. In the last interview which Mr. Evans had with him Mr. Sen told him, almost weeping, that the flood of drunkenness was swamping the country, and destroying the very flower of young Bengal.

THE Rev Mr. Webster, of Kirkwall, Scotland, has laid the foundation stone of a new church in the island of Egilshay, Orkney. It is stated that this was the first ceremony of the kind in the island for at least a thousand years, the only trace of a church in the island being the remains of a round tower church believed to be more than a thousand years old.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Academy* points out that Lord Rosebery the other day revived an old error by attributing to Lord Beaconsfield the invention of the phrase, "the gondola of London," for a Hansom cab. The phrase occurs in Balzac, applied to the Paris *fiacres*, and was borrowed from him by Mr. Whitley, from whom Disraeli probably stole it.

THE most vigorous religious work in Norway and Sweden is now being done by a union of churches, numbering four hundred, and all organized since 1872, the year in which, under the lead of Iector Waldenström, they left the Lutheran Church. The body is governed congregationally, is infused with a warm missionary spirit, and has immense houses of worship crowded with earnest hearers.