



TRUE COURAGE.

BY A. THURSTON.

'Tis easy to stand on a vessel's deck, On a vessel, snug and trim, And to watch the foam from her flashing wake, And the rainbow bubbles swim; It is easy enough to climb the mast When hushed the billow's wave, And the sephyr's play With the pennon gay That floats from the highest spar.

of red silk, prodigiously ample, and of a texture so thick and inflexible as to appear artificially distended and supported. Whatever may be said of his physical attributes, he unquestionably displayed on this occasion (a visit to the imperial college at Yeddo) certain moral qualities which cannot be recalled without admiration. His endurance and patience are wholly beyond comparison. For nearly four hours he sat composedly surveying the proceedings (most of which must have been unqualifiedly dull for him), without giving a sign of restlessness, uttering a syllable, or even changing the gentle seriousness of his countenance.

"traps," low-hung carriages, drawn by one pony, or in a California-made carriage, with California horses, where that costly luxury can be afforded; or they go in sedan chairs, or are wheeled by a Chinaman, two at a time, on a wheel-barrow, dog-cheap for such rides as that—the vilest invention, by-the-way, for going I have ever seen yet—worse, if possible, than the Japanese cango.—Brook's "Seven Month's Run."

BIRDS OFF CAPE HORN.

A straw hat and thick overcoat do not form a stylish Broadway combination; but are characteristically a La Patagonia. The one is a needful protection against the fervid sun, while the other wards off the biting Southern air. Armed with such defences, I was one afternoon, reading, while stretched upon the deck, in an attitude more comfortable than courtly, when the captain touched my arm, and pointed to the deck. Close beside us stood a little continental visitor. I will describe him particularly, for, not being sufficiently versed in ornithology to know whether the species has been depicted before, I am delighted with the idea of winning an easy fame by introducing a new bird to notice. It was a bird of the same size and shape with the ground sparrow of this country, but totally different in plumage.

HEAT AT SHANGHAI.

The thermometer is the biggest liar that ever lived. It is only ninety-five or ninety-eight degrees here at night, and one hundred or one hundred and three degrees by day, and yet it is hotter, intensely hotter, than I have felt it in the Napa (California) Valley, coming from the Geysers, in July, at one hundred and eighteen degrees, or on the sands of Egypt. Thermometers, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying, lie, not exactly in words, or figures, or letters, but in spirit, in substance, in caloric, at least. I am suffocating here! I cannot get breath enough! What would I give for a puff, and how much more for a typhoon, even if a destructive one? There is no air, night or day, and, if possible, it is hotter by night than by day. There is no sleep in this oven-bed, and, if there were, the mosquitoes would eat you up, if you did not throw over you the well-reticulated net. A mattress is unendurable; a mat has to be laid on that, or your perspiration would stick you to the mattress. Never, never, Yankee pilgrim, enter here in June, July, or August. They say you can breathe, and live, and sleep, in all the other months of the year; Shanghai is nearly in the latitude of Northern Florida; but, amid low lands as it is, on which are boundless fields of cotton, near the mouth of the great Yangtze, doubtless, the climate is like that of New Orleans, on the Mississippi, with the thermometer ranging higher. What I know for a certainty is, you will never catch me here again in July, if there be any way of getting around it, or over it, or under it.

He has bright, beady eyes, and a mouse-colored head, the color deepening to dark blue at the neck, and the arab decaying him into a pale blue, which also like a mouse's tail, is tipped with a brownish yellow, and brightens in color, then becomes veined and spotted with black; and next occurs alternate strata of this conglomerate and pure black. Finally the black prevails, and spreads over the tail feathers, except that a narrow even stripe of glistening white borders the extreme feather on each side.

The foreign residents of Shanghai suffer not a little this season of the year; but here, then, they must stay, for now is the season of "tea" and "silk," the great exported staples of the country. In winter they can play, but never in the summer. They prepare themselves for being roasted as well as possible—not exactly in our Georgia or the Japanese natural costume, but as near to it as civilization will permit. They go without shirts to begin with. A white flannel frock-coat, closely fitting to the body, somewhat fancifully made, with white linen trousers, is the costume. No dickey is sported over that coat. No dickey could stand the drippings of perspiration here over five minutes, if on. They live thus, and do business with a punka, or wind-flap, flying over them ever kept going by a half-sleeping coolie (Chinaman). We breakfast by punkas; we dine by punkas. Heaven giving us no breezes, men raise as many artificial winds as possible. No one ventures out, if it can be helped, till the sun is going down. A great two-story, tong-tailed pith hat is then sported. They ride out toward sunset in

He was still and stupid with exhaustion for some time; but, brightening suddenly spread his wings, and flew landward. Is the striking difference in motion of water-fowl from land-birds instinctive or acquired? Perhaps when the former were loosed from the Hand of Providence, the index-finger pointed towards the sea, they had the same mode of flight with other birds. Might not their peculiar, undulatory movement, their wheeling and circling flight, have been caught from the swell of the ocean?

In their search for food, as they skim over the water, they are obliged to follow its fluctuating contour, and perhaps carried thence this trick of motion into upper air. What, too, is the occult reason why sea-birds invariably have discordant or melancholy notes? One would imagine, that, catching grace of motion from the sea, some of them at least would be attuned in voice to the ripples, as well as to the shriek and clangor of the storm.

This thought kept recurring to me, one evening, after clouds of gulls had attended the ship all day, incessantly cooing and screaming, I had just heard for the first time, the cry of a penguin. The captain had told me that it was a doleful sound, and seemed to come from a drowning person. It was indeed like the hopeless wail of a half-insensible drowning man. The single note, repeated several times, as it came clear, distinct and almost articulate, over the water, had a peculiar effect in the dark calm evening.

While I was still pacing the deck, and the night was setting in cloudy and moonless, I caught a peculiar sound from one of the winged company. It was a prolonged, low, but sonorous, flute-like moan, almost a wail, with a trilling rise to a note somewhat higher which has just sounded and then abruptly ended, and seemed more mournful and hopeless than the former. The clatter of other birds broke in like child's play upon an oratorio if Handel.

It may seem strange that the cry of a bird has such a power over sensibility; but the captain of the ship, who was at my side, told me that having been once wrecked on an uninhabited South Sea island, and striving against great disadvantages to build a boat that would breast the shocks of ocean, he could endure the misery of his situation and the uncertainty of his prospects, except when completely unmaned by the peculiar cry of this bird. The pre-eminence of the nightingale among singing birds is beautifully expressed in the Spanish name: the charming figure—El Ruisenor, or, "Lord of Song"—has never been transferred, so far as I

know, to English verse. A kindred, though not equal distinction, is justly due to this winged, unknown singer, as with wonderful volume, and power, and plaintiveness, he enforces attention to his notes alone, in the midst of the dissonant orchestra of the sea.

THE LAST OF MORMONISM.

Evidently the Mormon system in Utah is near its end. Brigham Young held to justice in Salt Lake City is almost like a Pope impeached in Rome. His martyrdom by death might do something for the Mormon cause, but his fine and imprisonment will do nothing. For ourselves, we think the system would have died out quietly if let alone. It would have pined and withered under the influence of Gentile civilization pouring in upon it. But the States are evidently resolved to make short work of it, and they can do this if they will. To the ordinary American it appears a mere scandal and disgrace; and one too that is mainly exotic in its character. The proportion of native American polygamists is not great. Certain parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and many districts of Wales, combine with Sweden and Norway, and a few German cities, to supply Mormonism with its votaries and victims. Brigham Young's second in command is an Englishman; the Prophet's Secretary is a Scotchman. The Americans complain all the more bitterly of the Mormonism because it is so largely kept up by European immigrants; they complain too, and we think justly, because they have seen the Mormon City. Too many of our countrymen have been seduced by the false promises of a false prophet, and have left their homes and families to go to a place of which they know nothing, and which they have seen to be a perfect wonder of industry, beauty, and prosperity—and thus set ignorant and restless people craving for a home in that terrestrial paradise among the Wasatch Mountains. It cannot be too emphatically repeated that Salt Lake City is a shabby and miserable little tenth-class country town, undrained, unlighted, for the most part unpaved, and built on a reeking swamp. The beautiful scenery, the glorious mountains around it, sometimes beguile the traveller into fancying he sees dignity and architectural success in the dirty little village which were seated in an English valley, he would turn from with contempt. There are towns in the Western States of which the very names are unknown in England, and which beginning later than Salt Lake City, and having to the full as many difficulties to contend with, are already far beyond it in appearance and in prosperity. Mormonism has no wonderful works to boast of. If it dies, it will die and make no sign. The thing was, from first to last, half sham and half mistake. We could have wished that America had allowed it quietly to fade away; but if it is now doomed to die a sudden and violent death, there is nothing even in its fate to call for pity, or to excuse regret.—Daily News.

OLD AND NEW COLORS.

The colors which are now called "old fashioned," that is two say the colors is vogue before the last two generations, were almost invariably more beautiful and becoming than those so fashionable now.

The truth is that a color may be too pure. Modern dyes, stimulated by the vulgar taste for mere gaudy tints, have so much improved in color-distilling and dyeing, that our modern colors are hideous through their extreme purity. The old-fashioned blue, which had a dash of yellow in it, and which looks sadly faded against the fashionable staring blues, was one of the most exquisite hues ever worn; so was the warm dun yellow we see in old master's pictures; so was the soft, brownish crimson. The same remark applies to Oriental colors. The old Indian and Persian manufactures, which will never grow old, look forever perfect and grand; and this is not only due to the wondrous Oriental feeling for combining colors—it is partly due to the imperfection of colors they used. The reds are chiefly dull, the blues greenish, the white yellowish or gray, the black half-brown: this may be noticed in any old Indian carpet or shawl.

But, alas! the Orientals are being demoralized by the European mania for vulgar contrasts; and it is becoming more and more difficult to procure the old subdued mixtures. In the goods they

fabricate for the French and English markets, they are beginning to use the cheap imported European dyes, although they still, through sheer ignorance, adhere to the old patterns. Soon they may give place to the modern bad ones, and we shall have nothing better from the East than we can make at home, as far as harmony of tints and poetry of design are concerned. In fact, it is almost impossible, now, to purchase an Indian shawl with the old beautiful colors. Not long ago, we searched, all through the Paris shops, for such a one, and only succeeded, at last, by going over into the Rue de Bac, where we picked up one, that some impoverished grand dame of the Faubourg St. Germain was compelled to sell, and which had probably been imported from India in the reign of Josephine.

It would really seem as if a certain amount of what, at first thought, we might call imperfection, is necessary to beauty. The most permanently fascinating faces are not those with the most regular features. In an Oriental carpet, or a Cashmere shawl, the pattern is never carried out with mathematical precision, as in the fabrics from the looms of Europe. To this very peculiarity the Turkish rugs and Indian scarfs owe a good deal of their charm. They are full, so to speak, of delightful surprises. The same remark may be made of the use of color by the Asiatics. Our perfect machinery cannot make the curiously charming fabrics that these poor people weave with their obsolete looms. We have lost the strange charm of color which our ancestors in the Middle Ages, in common with the Orientals, once possessed. We have lost the secret of the ancient patterns; we have lost the secret of the ancient colors; we have lost the secret of the ancient method, and thus our progress in dyeing, we have perfected our colors and lost our perceptions of, and feeling for, real beauty. Very few Americans, comparatively, have a good eye for color. But the English are even more deficient. The true cause of the supremacy of the French, in fashions, is that the Paris designers of costumes excel in color as well as in form.

To see the way in which some women dress, we might think that the old and true doctrine, that the color in dress must be subservient to complexion, had been altogether forgotten. For example, no blue eyes can bear the propinquity of the modern bright blues, without turning gray; indeed, even blue eyes do not look blue now; no cheek can outbloom the modern pinks and scarlets; it is because these colors have been brought to such a pitch of perfection that they dazzle, but enhance nothing, and they have the retributive effect of not lasting. The antique colors, like the Oriental ones, may have faded, and probably did so, but they never showed either the change of time nor the stains of wear to anything like the same extent, nor so early, as the modern colors; they were not so bright, though they were far more subtle. In those days one could put on a gown half-a-dozen times without looking slovenly: it would look beautiful and good to the last. Ruskin says truly, that "no color harmony is of high order unless involving indescribable tints;" and this is the secret of the antique colors—each partook of some other; the very imperfection made them the most perfect of all colors. We think we see, however, signs of a reform. Of late, dun colors have been coming into use, which help to soften down the glaring colors. The new shades of olive, salmon, citron, and green-blue are also very lovely.—Peterson's Magazine.

A Louisianaian has invented a method of extracting bee-honey from the comb by means of a centrifugal process, which accomplishes its work without breaking the comb further than uncapping the cells. The comb is then placed in sliding compartments fitted to the hive, and the bees at once commence to refill the cells, thus saving the labor of constructing twenty pounds of comb, bee-bread, and wax, in order to preserve one pound of honey.

There is but one proper mode of regulating the hours and remuneration of labor—mutual voluntary agreement between employer and employed. Probably no two industries are controlled by exactly similar circumstances; and human industries must invariably adapt themselves to the circumstances which control them.

Tales and Sketches.

RACHAEL NOBLE'S EXPERIENCE.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Concealment I thought—was concealment possible? and this idea actually occupied my mind for a time, so entirely that it secured something outside the overwhelming discovery that John was drunkard, but alone as I was, it did not appear possible that I should manage it; nay, likely the truth was more than suspected already, and I again saw the look that my two visitors had exchanged, and these two men would return in a short time; indeed, I kept my eye on the garden door, dreading to see them enter, and in a few minutes it opened, but instead of them, who should enter but Dr. England! In other circumstances he would have been most welcome, and, as it was, I felt thankful to see him rather than any other person. I could see that he had long known what had burst upon me a little ago as a new discovery, but I was deeply grieved and ashamed that he should arrive to see my brother—my only brother—at such a moment.

He came quickly forward; before I could speak, he said, "What is it, Miss Noble? I dreaded this—I am afraid I did wrong in exposing you to the chance of such a trial, but I thought if anything could avert it, it would be your presence. Where is he?"

I pointed to the study windows. "I could not rest," he went on, "till I came to see how you were doing, and I'll stay till I see him over it; try not to distress yourself more than possible; there's everything to hope—his is a very different case from many; I hope and believe that ultimately he will conquer—he has every motive."

"So he has had all along—so had his mother—so had his brother. I don't see a single spot of light, look where I like, and to think of Mary and the children."

"Mary doesn't despair—she is an angel—and we shouldn't either; even if he has to leave this place, he may—he will retrieve himself elsewhere; try to live in that faith; sadly as he has fallen, I believe he is a good man, and his remorse and struggles will not surely be in vain."

"It is so awful," I said, "and it has come upon me so suddenly, that I cannot—," and I burst into a passion of tears—I could not control myself. I had loved John well; much as I had pitied his mother, she had never cost me tears. We stood still for a time, then the doctor said, "I was a fool to send you here, but I did it for the best."

"I must have known sometime—how are the children? this has driven everything from my mind."

"Doing well; there needs be no anxiety about them."

"Not a word," I said, "you must be hungry."

"Not a word," I said, "you must be hungry. I must see our patient."

We went in, and we saw the two men, who had called in the forenoon, coming down the stairs. Grief and concern were in their faces; still I thought they could not have got into his room as I had the key in my pocket, but they had. I had forgotten that there was another door that entered off a small side room; when the servant found she could not open the one door, and that Mr. Morgan did not speak, she supposed he had gone out, and wondering what was wrong with the lock, went in by the other to ascertain; the men accompanied her, one of them being, she said, handy about locks, and there with their own eyes they had seen their minister drunk.

The parishioners became divided into three parties; those who wished to give their minister another trial, these were few, and I did not wonder, those who thought his usefulness gone, and that to continue him in office would be a scandal, these were numerous, and I didn't wonder at that either; the third class considered this second party were the minister's enemies, they were all "ill-using" him, and they came forward with their sympathy and offered to stand to him to the last—these were all the questionable characters in the parish. This was not the least bitter drop in the cup of desperate humiliation that John had filled for himself—the being claimed as "hail fellow well met" by all the choice spirits who did not think a whit the less of the minister because he took his glass freely.

Ecclesiastical machinery was shortly put in motion against him, and the stricken man made no defence, nor attempted any palliation. The end was that he resigned his office. I never saw a man so humble, or a woman exert herself as Mary did to shield him. So far as in her lay she stood between him and every breath, or look, that could be interpreted to mean reproach; but do as she might, she could not pick the thorns from his conscience, or restore his self-respect, neither could she withdraw from his physical nature the terrible craving to struggle with which he only knew what it cost.

They did not come to Honeycomb House when they left New Broom. Mary would not expose her husband to the possibility of an upbraiding word from his father, although I don't think that knowingly Mr. Morgan would have so addressed him. This had not come so suddenly on him as it had on me; he had heard the rumours that had been current for a long time, although without giving them credit; still his mind had been familiarized to the possibility of the thing, but it must have been a dreadful blow to him, I wondered how he stood it as he seemed to do. As for

Fanny, her grief was pitiable to see when she allowed it to burst its barriers; but following Mary's example, she exerted herself to be cheerful, and hope the best. I did what I could to give the comfort to her that I could not take to myself, and Charles Brown's broad shoulders were always ready and willing to bear the heavier share of all her burdens.

Dr. England invited John and Mary to be his guests for a time, and he devoted himself to John with a brother's love, but, if John winced under reproach, he winced still more under so much delicate and unwearied kindness; and Mary hastened their preparations for leaving the country, to seek another home on the opposite side of the globe, where they would be unknown, and might begin life anew. Ah, begin life anew! Can the past be blotted out? Could he forget all that he had forfeited—all that she for his sake had forfeited, home, country, kindred? Would he enter the vessel on this side of the ocean one man, and leave it on the opposite shore another? Is there any drug that will bleach clean and white a stained and sullied memory? Such spots will finally fade away only in the light of the Sun of Righteousness.

And my sister was to be torn from me. I had rebelled sorely when, to all appearance, she was entering on as happy a lot as falls to many; how was I to bear this? The thought of her wandering in a strange land, the sole prop of a broken-spirited, jaded man, who might at any time relapse into that fearful habit which had already cost them everything that makes life dear, crushed me. And how part with the children who were, if possible, dearer to me now than ever! But all this was to be. George Myles had a brother, a respectable man, who had been a farm-steward, it was his wish to emigrate, and as John Morgan meant to turn farmer, he engaged him to go with him, and the nurse, who had always been with the children, volunteered to go also. It was in its way a great comfort to us that they had two such efficient, worthy servants along with them.

I dare not speak of the parting on the deck of that outward-bound ship. Mary stood with her arm in her husband's, and smiled to the last. We hear regularly from them, and as yet things have gone well with them. John has never preached—in time he may;—but I think it the best sign of the genuineness of his reformation that he feels himself unworthy of this privilege. It is the fashion in these days for converts from recent wickedness to raise their voices to teach their fellow-men, and I do not pass an opinion on them—temperaments differ,—but I prefer that a man go aside into the wilderness for a time, and try to know himself, before he teaches others.

If I were making a story, instead of relating one, I would say that Messrs. Morgan & Son, being so much of a connection with the

quished all connection with the

THE FIRST WOMAN IN THE FORKS

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.
From the Independent
(Continued).

Sandy removed his slouch hat, blushed behind his beard at the new dignity, and said: "Bully for you! I raise you five ounces, and ante the dust."

Here he drew a long, heavy purse from his pocket, and passed it over to the bar-keeper, who thereby became treasurer of the enterprise, without further remarks. The Parson's eyes twinkled again.

"I see your five ounces and go you ten better." "Called, said Sandy; and he pecked at the bar-keeper, which little motion of the head meant that that further amount was to be weighed from the purse for the benefit of the Widow. One by one the boys came forward; and, as the enterprise got noised about the camp, they came down to the Howlin' Wilderness saloon till far in the night, to contribute what they called their "widow's mite." Even the head man of the company up the Creek known as the "Gay Roosters," and who was notoriously the most rough and reckless man in the camp, jumped a first-class poker game, where he was playing at twenty dollars ante and pass the buck, to come in and weigh out dust enough to "call" the Parson and Sandy.

The Forks felt proud of itself for the deed. Men slept sounder and awoke in a better humor with themselves for the act.

Yet all this time it was pretty well conceded that the gold, and the Widow too, would very soon fall to the possession of the Parson.

"Set 'em deep, Parson! Set 'em deep!" said the head of the "Gay Roosters," as he shook hands with the Parson that night, winked at the boys, and returned to his game of poker.

There had been many a funeral at the Forks; but never a birth or a wedding. But now this last, with all its rites and mysteries, was about to come upon the Forks; and the Forks felt dignified and elated. Not one of the three thousand bearded men showed unconcern. It was the

great topic—the presidential campaign, the general conference, the Dolly Varden of the day. The approaching wedding was the morning talk. The talk at noon, and the talk at night.

And it was good for the camp. The last fight was forgotten. Monte took a back seat in the minds of these strange, strong men; and, if the truth could be told, I dare say the German undertaker, who had set up under the hill, noted a marked decline in his business.

The boys were with the Parson; and the Parson was with the boys. They all conceded that he was a royal good fellow, and that the Widow could not well do better.

The amount of gold raised by the men in their sudden and impulsive charity was in itself, for one in the Widow's station, a reasonable fortune.

"What if she gits up and gits?"

The man who said that was a narrow-minded, one-eyed, suspicious fellow, who barely escaped being kicked down by the head of the "Gay Roosters," and kicked into the street by the crowd.

Still later in the fall the Parson sat in the Howlin' Wilderness, with his back to the fire, having it all his own way at his favorite game of old sledge. He had led out his queen for the Jack just as though he knew where every card in the pack was entrenched. Then he led the king with like composure, and was just crooking his fingers up his sleeve for the ace, when a man in black, with a beaver hat and white neck-tie, rode by the window on a black horse.

"Somebody's a dying up the Creek, I speck," said Stubbs. "Maybe it's old Yaller. He allers was a kind of a prayin' eodfish-eatin' cuss, anyhow."

Here Stubbs turned and kicked nervously at the fire. The game did not go on long after that. No one said anything. Perhaps that was the trouble. The men fell to thinking, and the game lost its interest.

There was no fight of importance at the Howlin' Wilderness that night, and by midnight the frequenters of the saloon had withdrawn. The candles were then put out, and the proprietors barricaded the door against belated drunkards, spread their blankets on a monte-table, with their pistols under their heads; and by the smoldering fire were at rest.

The ground was frozen hard next morning, and the miners flocked into the Howlin' Wilderness. The Parson was leading off gayly again, and swearing with unusual eloquence and brilliancy, when a tall, thin, sallow man, from Missouri, known as "The Jumper," entered. He looked wild and excited, and stepped high, as if on stilts.

The tall, thin man went straight up to the bar, struck his knuckles on the counter, and nodded to him. It came forward

When a mine-sierras enters a saloon where other men are seated, and drinks alone, without inviting any one, it is meant as a deliberate insult to those present, unless there is some dreadful thing on his mind.

The Jumper, tall and fidgety, turned to the Parson, bent his back over the counter, and pushed back his hat. Then he drew his right sleeve across his mouth, and let his arms fall down at his side limp and helpless, and his round, brown butternut head roll loose and awkward from shoulder to shoulder.

"Parson."

"Well! well! Spit it out!" cried the Parson, as he arose from the bench, with a dreadful oath. "Spit it out! What's busted now?"

"Parson."

Here the head rolled and the arms swung more than ever, and the man seemed in great agony of mind.

The Parson sprang across the room and caught him by the shoulder. He shook him till his teeth rattled like quartz in a mill.

"The—the man in black," gasped The Jumper. "The black man, on the black horse, with a white choker. Sandy—the—the Widow."

The Parson sunk into a seat, dropped his face into his hands for a moment, trembled only a little, and arose pale and silent. He did not swear at all. I am perfectly certain he did not swear. I know we all spoke of that for a long time afterward, and considered it one of the most remarkable things in all the strange conduct of this man.

When the Parson arose, The Jumper shook himself loose from the counter, and tilted across to the other side of the room, to give him place.

The stricken man put his hands on the counter, pecked over the bar-keeper's shoulder at his favorite bottle, as if mournfully to a friend; but said not a word. He emptied a glass, and then, without looking right or left, opened the door, and went straight up to the Parsonage. The Parsonage was the name the boys gave to the cottage on the hill among the trees.

"Gone for his two little bull-pups," said Stubbs. That was what the Parson called his silver-mounted derringers.

"There will be a funeral at the Forks, to-morrow," gasped The Jumper.

Here the German undertaker arose cheerfully, and went down to his shop.

"Well, Sandy is no sardine. Bet your boots Sandy ain't no sardine!" said Stubbs. "And, anyhow, he's got the start just a little, if the Parson does nail him. For he's had her first; and that's a heap, I think, for wimmen's mighty precious in the mines—sumthin' to die for, you bet."

The Parson was absent for hours, and the Howlin' Wilderness began to grow impatient. "He's a heeling himself like a fighting-cock," said Stubbs; and, if Sandy don't go to kingdom

come with his boots on, then chaw me up for a shrimp."

The man here went to the door, opened it, put his head out in the frosty weather, and peered up the Creek for Sandy, and across the Creek for the Parson; but neither was in sight.

The "Gay Rooster" company knocked off from their work, with many others, and came to town in force to see the fight. The Howlin' Wilderness was crowded and doing a rushing business.

The two bar-keepers shifted and carefully arranged the sand-bags under the counter, which in that day and country were placed there in every well-regulated drinking saloon, so as to intercept whatever stray bits of lead might be thrown in the direction of their bodies in the coming battle, and calmly awaited results.

About dark a thin blue smoke, as from burning paper, curled up from the chimney of the Parsonage, and the Parson came slowly forth.

"Blamed if he hasn't been a making of his will and a burning of his letters. Looks grummer than a deacon, too," added the man, as the Parson neared the saloon.

He spoke quietly to the boys, as he entered, but did not swear. That was thought again remarkable, indeed.

He went up to the bar, tapped on the counter with his knuckles, threw his head back over his shoulder towards the crowd, and yet apparently without seeing any one, and said:

"Boys, fall in line, fall in line. Rally round me once again."

They fell in line; or, at least the majority did. Some, however, stood off in little knots and groups on the other side, and pretended not to have heard or noticed what was going on. These it was at once understood were fast friends of Sandy's and unbelievers in the Parson.

The glasses were filled quietly, slowly, and respectfully, almost like filling a grave, and then emptied in silence.

Again it was observed that the Parson did not swear. That was considered as remarkable as the omission of prayer from the service in a well-regulated church, and I am sure contributed to throw a spirit of restraint over the whole party friendly to the Parson. Besides, it was noticed that he was pale, haggard, had hardly a word to say, and, most unusual of all, had barely touched the glass to his lips.

No one, however, ventured to advise, question, or in any way disturb him. All were quiet and respectful. It was very evident that the feeling in the Forks was strongly with the Parson.

Sandy did not appear that evening. This, of course, was greatly against him. The Forks began to suspect that he feared to take the responsibility of his act, and meet the man he had so strangely deceived and so deeply injured.

The next day the saloon was crowded more densely than before. Men stood off in little knots and groups, talking earnestly. There was but one topic—only the one great subject—the impending meeting between the two leading men of the camp, and the probable result.

The Parson was among the first present that day, pale and careworn. They treated him with all the delicacy of women. Not a word was said in his presence of his misfortune, or the occasion of their meeting. To the further credit of the Forks, I am bound to say that there was scarcely an intoxicated person present.

The day passed and still Sandy did not appear. Had there been any other way out of camp than through the Forks and up the rugged, winding, corkscrew stairway of rocks opposite, and in the face of the town, it might have been suspected that he had taken the Widow and fled to other lands.

The Parson came down a little late next morning, pale and quiet, as before. He did not swear. This time, in fact, he did not even drink. He sat on a bench behind the monte-table, with his back to the fire and his face to the door. The men respectfully left rather a broad lane between the Parson and the door, and the monte-table was not patronized.

The day passed; dusk, and still Sandy did not appear. By this time he had hardly three friends in the house.

"Hasn't got the soul of a chicken!" "Caved in at last!" "Gone down in his boots!" "Busted in the snapper!" "Lost his grip!" "Dont dare show his hand!" These and like expressions, thrown out now and then from the little knots of men here and there, were the certain indications that Sandy had lost his place in the hearts of the leading men of the Forks.

Toward midnight the bolt lifted! Shoo! The door opened, and Sandy entered, backed up against the wall by the door, and stood there, tall and silent.

His great beard was trimmed a little, his bushy hair carefully combed behind his ears, and the neck-tie was now subdued into a neat love-knot, in spite of its old persistent habit of twisting around and fluttering out over his left shoulder. His eye met the Parson's, but did not quail. The bar-keeper settled down gracefully behind the bags of sand, so that his eyes only remained visible above the horizon.

The head of the "Gay Roosters" tilted a table up till it made a respectable barricade for his breast, and the crowd silently settled back into the corners, packed tighter than sardines in a tin box.

You might have heard a mouse, had it crossed the floor. Even the fretful fire seemed to hold for the time its snappish red tongue, and the wind without to lean against the door and listen.

The Parson slowly arose from the table. He had his right hand in his pocket, and was very pale.

Experienced shootists, one by one, glanced from bat with their kind, glanced from measured every motion, every look, with intense eagerness of artists who are favored with one great and especial sight, not to be met elsewhere. Others held their heads down, and only waited a confused sort of manner for the barking of the dogs.

Neither of Sandy's hands were visible; but as the Parson took a few steps forward, and partly drew his hand from his pocket, Sandy's right one came up like a steel spring, and the ugly black muzzle of a six-shooter was in the Parson's face.

Still he advanced, till his face almost touched the muzzle of the pistol. He seemed not to see it, or to have the least conception of his danger.

It was strange that Sandy did not pull. Maybe he was surprised at the singular action of the Parson. Perhaps he had his eye on the unlifted right hand of his antagonist. At all events, he had the "drop," and could afford to wait the smallest part of a second, and see what he would do.

"I have been a wait-in'—the Parson halted a long time at the participle. "I have been a wait-in' for you, Sandy, a long time."

His voice trembled. "The voice that had thundered above many a hundred bar-room fights, and had directed the men through many a difficulty in camp, was now low and uncertain.

"Sandy," he began again, and he took hold of the counter with his left hand, "I am going away. Your cabin is too small now, and I want you and—and—your—your family to take care of the Parsonage till I come back.

Sandy sank back closer still to the wall, and his arm hung down at his side.

"You will move into the Parsonage to-morrow morning. It's full of good things for winter. You will move in it, I say, to-morrow mornin', early! Promise me that."

The Parson's voice was a little severe here—more determined than before; and, as he concluded, he drew the key from his pocket and handed it to Sandy.

"You will?"

"Yes."

The men looked a moment in each other's eyes. Perhaps they were both embarrassed. The door was convenient. That seemed to Sandy the best way out of his confusion, and he opened it softly and disappeared. The Howlin' Wilderness was paralyzed with wonder.

The Parson looked a little while out in the dark, through the open door, and was gone. There was a murmur of disappointment behind him.

"Don't you fear!" at last chimed in the head of the "Gay Roosters." "Don't you never fear! That old sea-dog, the Parson, is deeper than an infernal gulf."

"Look here." He put up his finger to the side of his nose, after a pause, and stroking his beard mysteriously, said: "I say, look here! Shoo! Not a word! Softly now! Powder! Gits 'em both into the Parsonage and blows 'em to kingdom come together! Gay loving move that will be, won't it?"

The Howlin' Wilderness was reconciled. It was certain that the end was not yet, by a great deal. It was again struck with wonder, however; and, for want of a better expression, took a drink and settled down to a game of monte.

Early next morning—a morning full of unutterable storms and drifts of snow—Sandy, with his bride and their few effects, entered the Parsonage, as he had promised.

The Parson was not to be seen.

Men stood about the door of the Howlin' Wilderness, and up and down the single street, in little knots, noting the course of things at the Parsonage, and now and then shaking their loose blanket coats and brushing off the fast-falling snow.

After a while, when the smoke rose up from the chimney-top, and curled above the Parsonage with a home-like leisure, as if a woman's hand tended the fire below, a man, with his face muffled up, was seen making his way slowly up the rugged way that led from town across the Sierra.

It was a desperate and dangerous undertaking at that season of the year. He made but poor headway, in the face of the storm that came pelting down in his face from the fields of eternal snow; but he seemed determined, and pushed slowly on. Sometimes it was observed he would turn, shading his eyes from the snow, look down intently at the peaceful smoke drifting through the trees above the Parsonage.

"Some poor idiot will pass in his cheeks to-night, if he don't come back pretty soon," said Stubbs, as he nodded at the man up the hill, brushed the snow from his sleeves, and went back into the saloon.

Sandy soon took his old place in the hearts of the boys. His wife was the sun and moon and particular star of the camp; and the Parson was for a time almost forgotten, save by the two people at the Parsonage. Often Sandy sought him, up and down the Creek; but he was not to be found. He had evidently left the camp.

After a month or two the talk became more general and respectful about the Parson.

It was with a little surprise that the Forks discovered, one evening, while discussing his merits and recounting his achievements, that he had never really killed a man during all his stay in the camp. How a man could have maintained the reputation for courage that this man had, and have held the influence over men that he did, without having killed a single man, seemed to the Forks unaccountable. Still they spoke of this man with kindness and almost with gentleness, and missed him through all the long, weary winter more than they were willing to admit.

Spring came at last; but not the Parson. The

the Parson still refused to... in autumn some prospectors pushed far... Fork, running parallel with the trail leading... of camp; and here, in the leaves, they found... skull. There was a hole in the temple, and the... marks of sharp teeth on the smooth white... surface. They also found a few other bones, badly eaten by wolves, and a small silver-mounted pistol.

The party came down to the Forks one night, where Sandy and his friends were enjoying themselves at the Howlin' Wilderness.

The leader told what they had found, and laid the pistol on the counter.

It was one of the Parson's little "bull-pups."

The pistol was empty. Sandy touched it tenderly, almost reverently.

The boys stood in line at the bar. The glasses were filled in silence.

Then Sandy pushed back his black slouch hat, pulled it from his head, and laid it on the counter.

"Boys," he began, as he stood on one leg, leaning against the counter, and looking sadly down into the tumbler. "Boys, here's to—here's to the—"

He looked down, and began again.

"Boys," he was deep, deep down to the bed-rock, boys; but the pay grit was there—pure, pure gold."

The strong men drank, and wiped their beards and eyes with their sleeves, as they turned away. Sandy did not touch the glass to his lips; but his brown face and beard were wet somehow, as he took up his hat and went to the door. He looked up the hill, along the rocky trail; then, brushing his eyes with his hands, went slowly and sadly back to the cottage in the trees, to tell the sad news to his "family."

Miscellaneous.

A PENNY-A-LINER'S THEFT.

Many years ago, one of the penny-a-liners called on the sub-editor of one of the journals, to draw his attention to an article headed "Extraordinary and Romantic Case." The sub-editor, however, having chanced to be at the time in communication with the editor, in the room of the latter, the "liner" laid down his copy on the sub-editor's desk, and quitted the establishment. Another "liner" entered the sub-editor's room in a few minutes afterwards, before the latter had ended his interview with the editor, and seeing the first slip of the article of the other lying before him, with the heading in large letters, "Extraordinary and Romantic Case," he left his own copy, and taking up the copy of his brother "liner," walked away with it. He found the case was, indeed, "extraordinary and romantic," consisting, as it did, of exceedingly sensational matter in connection with a reported elopement with a stable boy by a young lady—a great beauty and rich heiress of course—belonging to one of the highest families in the land. In actual elopements of this kind, the real names of the parties and places are, as every one knows, never given; and therefore, in this case the omission of these would not, the writer new,—his name Morgan Manifold, being signed to the article—be a bar to its insertion.

The second penny-a-liner, whose name was Frank Flimsy, very naturally concluded that this would be a prize, especially as it was of considerable length. He accordingly set to work to send the report in, as if written by himself, and as if he had exclusively come to the knowledge of the alleged facts. In order that the real author, Morgan Manifold, might not be able to charge Frank Flimsy with having stolen his copy, and appropriated the remuneration to which the writer would be entitled, Flimsy made several alterations in the article and abridged some portions of it,—only taking care that the principal points of it should be preserved.

An account of the case duly appeared on the following day, and created a great sensation in the public mind. The real author never suspected anything because of the alterations made in his report, it being quite an everyday thing for sub-editors to make alterations in copy sent in by the "liners." The actual writer was greatly pleased at seeing his "Extraordinary and Romantic Case" in a prominent part of the paper, and, as all the "liners" invariably do, set to work to count the number of lines which it made, decisive of the great practical point as,—the amount he would receive for it. The other "liner," "Flimsy," was no less satisfied with himself, that his dishonest and dishonourable act had been crowned with success—so that both writers, the real author and the literary thief, were equally happy on the appearance of the "Case," and both looked forward to pay-day, when they should receive the monetary price of their labor. Each accordingly sent in his bill, and each, according to an arrangement existing in every morning paper, called on the following day for payment. The "liner" who stole the other "liner's" copy was the first at the office, and, of course, at once received payment, and went away chuckling at the clever thing he had done. In the course of an hour or so, Manifold, the original writer, called at the office to receive payment. The cashier, indignant at the application, denounced him in no measured terms—for the poor penny-a-liner is rarely treated with respect—as seeking to do a dishonest and disgraceful deed. Of course Manifold was taken quite aback. He could not understand what it all meant. He asked for an explanation, but instead he only got an additional supply of

epithets, which grew in strength, as one after another was applied to him. At length the paymaster calmed down a little, and condescended to say that the copy was sent in by Frank Flimsy, and that he had received the sum due for it. "Impossible!" remarked Morgan Manifold; "impossible! The copy was mine, and could not be any one's else, because I had exclusive knowledge of the facts. Could I see the sub-editor for a moment?" "Oh, certainly," said the cashier; and Manifold, was forthwith shown up to his room. He again preferred his claim for payment of the money due for the article, reiterating with even greater energy than he had done downstairs in the cashier's room, that it was his. He added if the sub-editor would only be good enough to send for the copy, that would prove the fact. The sub-editor accordingly sent for the copy, and on its production, instead of its being in the handwriting or having the signature of "Morgan Manifold," it was, to his inexpressible surprise, in the handwriting of "Frank Flimsy." Manifold was so utterly confounded that he looked the very picture of an impostor. The natural consequence of this was, that the sub-editor came to the conclusion that he was in reality what he appeared to be—namely, a rogue. He still, however, persisted in the assertion that the report of the affair was his, and his alone. At last the sub-editor, in order to have the matter cleared up, proposed that the two claimants for the amount due for the report should be brought face to face, in his presence, and the following day was fixed for the purpose. The three met, and the real author commenced by repeating the assertion with greater vehemence than ever, that the article was his. Flimsy renewed his appeal to the fact, as decisive of the point at issue, that the manuscript was his, and that his name was appended to it as a voucher for the truth of the statements it contained. He protested that he had received the particulars of the elopement in high life from an aristocratic friend, and that they were known to no one except himself beyond the family circle in which the event took place. The sub-editor—naturally enough under the circumstances—took the part of Flimsy. He did so mainly on the ground that he never seen the manuscript of Manifold, though he so vehemently declared that he hid with his own hand, left it on his desk. A collision took place in the sub-editor's presence between the two penny-a-liners; and by and by the recriminations reached so great a height that Manifold, the real author, determined to be revenged on his enemy at all hazards, broke out with great energy in these words: "Sir, the article is mine. Flimsy must have stolen the copy I left on your desk, for there is not a word of truth in the story. It was a pure invention of mine from beginning to end!"

The sub-editor stood up, and Flimsy the literary felon, was utterly confounded. He had not a word to say for himself. They were a pair of Lockits and Peachums. It was a nice point for a few moments in the sub-editor's mind to adjudicate as to the relative measures of roguery practised by the two. But his ultimate decision was that there was scarcely in that respect a perceptible difference between them. He accordingly determined on inflicting the same punishment on both—which punishment—the severest to which a liner could be subjected—was that he would never insert a single line of any copy they might thereafter send him. This determination he then and there announced to them, accompanied by the severest condemnation of their dishonourable and dishonest conduct; and they withdrew from the sub-editor's presence, each heartily hating the other, and both utterly ashamed of themselves.—*Grant's Newspaper Press.*

WHAT A BELL SAID.

A WHIFF FROM THE FANCY OF A SUMMER SAUNTERER

It was a soft, hazy day in early June, a veritable season to tempt one from the house into bowers and leafy retreats. I could not resist the appeal; even if I wished; so forth I went, now wading through green meadow grass, anon stopping to note a perfect fairy bower, covered with the red-dy-blossoming faces of June roses. At last, passing into a smooth well-beaten foot-path, I loitered on aimlessly, caring for no other companion than Nature, whose gentle hand led me until I came to an old kirk, whose rugged grey stone walls were softened and almost hidden by climbing ivy.

Something about the appearance of the edifice its air of quiet peace, and its picturesque surroundings, attracted me and I entered.

After examining the interior I sat down, overcome with fatigue, in one of the large, old-fashioned pews, and a delicious languor crept over me.

How long I had been seated there I cannot tell. Suddenly I heard the strong, deep tones of the bell, in what at first seemed to me a confused clangor; but after listening intently a few moments, the sounds finally resolved themselves into words, and the great bell spoke:—"Many a year has passed away with silent footsteps, young eyes have dimmed, and brown locks silvered. But still I, from my ancient nook, have seen countless springs born amid smiles, rejoicings, and gay flowers, and marked the wane of countless autumns, and heard the last faint sighs of both as they were wafted into silence. Here every holy Sabbath for years and years have I rung out in my clearest and sweetest tones a call to

God's worshippers, and have bidden them gather with love and reverence.

"How solemnly have I tolled my dirge for the dead, and still, for the deep bitter sorrow of the living there was a note of peace and comfort, as I whispered of the weary soul at rest."

"Joyously I rang when I welcomed the marriage guests to these portals, every note a blessing on the fair young head of the bride, and then when they emerged thence, how gladly sounded my Godspeed."

"The fresh breezy days of spring, the passionate languor of summer, the gorgeous fire-worships of autumn, and the sharp frosts of winter, I have seen, and loved them all. The dainty birds brush their shining wings in fearless play against me. The whispering zephyrs and glancing rain-drops caress my old face, rough and harsh though it be. Many a time and oft have I basked in the effulgent sheen of sun light, or caught the first pencillings of the morning. Undaunted I hear the hoarse, deep voice of the thunder, or face the lightning's jagged flash. The storm howls fiercely about me. I stand unmoved."

"Like a headstone of the Past, Time acknowledges me as a friend, and gnaws but gently my weather-beaten visage. Ah! through storm and sunshine, through joy and sorrow, have I kept my post, a faithful, untired sentinel."

The old bell ceased, and silence filled the building. It was broken at last by the deep tones of the bell sounding the evening hour, and I awoke with a start. Night had fallen, and shadows were stealing softly through the weird old windows, that were like the eyes of an aged person, filmy and dim; and I arose and walked musingly homeward, pondering in my dream.

BLACKMAILING.

Some years ago, when novel-reading formed a portion of our pastime, we remember to have read a novel, by Reynold, in which his principal villain, Ned Canton, was made to remark that a man was a fool to violate the law, when disposed to act the scoundrel, because he could be so much mainer and keep within the law. There is something noble about the highwayman, or the burglar, or even the petty pickpocket, when compared to that species of villain that floats in respectable society, and keeps the law on his side. The lowest down of these is the blackmailer, and the lowest specimen of the blackmailer is the law-hunter—the man who examines your title papers, and finds that the property you have bought and paid for, may, by a technicality, be wrested from you. It is not his; it never cost him a cent; but seeing that you have overlooked something, or that, perchance, the clerk has failed to record your deed in time, he seeks to buy it, "flaw" for a mere nothing, in order to make you buy your own property of him. Human law can take no cognizance of such creatures, but if the devil don't catch them he and his dominions may as well be abolished. We would trust the pickpocket a hundred-fold quicker than one of this class—that is, in matter where the law is silent, for some thieves, even, have a repugnance to a breach of trust—but the other class never do, except in cases where the law, or Mrs. Grundy, would notice it. These fellows attend church regularly, wear long faces, pay the highest price for pews (always provided the price is to be published in the morning papers), and have no charity for the thief who steals a loaf of bread, after a fast of three or four days, or for the girl whom want has driven into a life of shame—they smile contemptuously at all excuses for the violation of the law. If ever we have felt the desire to dip our hands in the blood of beings, created in the human form, it has been when crossed by this—the perfection of all the devil's handiwork—the blackmailer; the fellow who attempts to get that which he knows rightfully belongs to another, through a technicality, or be "bought off."

WEATHER PROBABILITIES.

One of the greatest conveniences of modern days is that one consisting in using the words Good Day, Fine Morning, etc. To one slow of comprehension it gives a chance of beginning a conversation truly convenient. But though such a means was suited to former ages, and till very lately, it is now in this age of invention being improved. By the aid of the "Weather probabilities," such as appear in the *Globe, Mail*, and other dailies, the conversation may be extended some thing as follows:—"Good morning"—"Fine day"—"Very fine."

"It will be warmer about three o'clock." "Yes, with a westerly wind." "The succeeding morning will probably be cool."

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5. 'In regard to Temperance:—The education of public sentiment until it demands the entire prohibition of the Liquor Traffic."

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PURE GOLD.

TORONTO, AUG. 16th, 1872.

POLITICAL SITUATIONS.

THE following letter was sent on behalf of a committee of the Temperance men of this city. Answers as published, have been received from all the candidates without exception. Toronto, Aug. 5th 1872.

—Esq. Dear Sir:—At a meeting of Temperance friends held on Saturday evening it was resolved as follows.

That viewing Intemperance as the greatest curse under which our country suffers, and recognizing the duty of Government to legislate for its removal, to be a matter of graver moment, than any other question now before the electors, we request those gentlemen, who are seeking the

franchise of their fellow citizens, to state their views on this question, so that Temperance men, may be enabled to vote for those candidates favorable to their views.

I therefore respectfully call your attention to the above, and hope to have a reply at your earliest convenience.

I am yours respectfully M. NASMITH. Box, 1,044. On behalf of the Committee.

Toronto Aug. 8th, 1872

M. NASMITH, ESQ. DEAR SIR:—In reply to your favor of the 5th inst., I beg to say that, in the event of my election, my voice shall be freely and boldly raised, to promote any measure, for the removal or mitigation of the causes of intemperance which may be brought under the consideration of the House of Commons.

I have the honor to be Sir, Your obt. servt. JOHN O'DONOHUE.

North Adams, Mass. 8th. Aug. 1872.

M. NASMITH, ESQ. DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 5th inst. carrying a resolution passed by the Temperance friends of Toronto has just now reached me. In reply, I have to say that, I fully concur in the statements of the resolution, and if returned to parliament for the Centre Division of Toronto, will do all in my power to remedy the evil complained of.

Yours respectfully, F. SHANLY.

Toronto Aug. 6th, 1872.

M. NASMITH, ESQ. G. W. T. Good Templars. Toronto.

Dear Sir:—In reply to your favor of the 4th inst., enclosing a resolution passed by the friends of Temperance in this city, asking the views of candidates for parliament on the subject of Temperance, I have great pleasure in stating as follows:—

1st, That I have been a member of the Toronto T. Reformation Society for many years.

2nd, That I entertain strong convictions of the evils of Intemperance.

3rd, That I am an advocate of any practical legislation for the abatement or suppression of Intemperance.

4th, I understand that, I am everywhere spoken against by the opponents of Temperance reformation because of these views.

Should any of the Temperance voters of Toronto desire a personal interview, or any further explanations, I shall be most happy to give them.

Yours faithfully, ROBERT WILKS.

Royal Canadian Bank, Toronto, 6th Aug. 1872.

Dear Sir:—I have received your note of yesterday embodying a resolution, proposed at a meeting of the friends of Temperance in reference to the coming elections.

The subject of prohibition or regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors comes within the powers exercised by the Provincial Legislature. The Dominion Parliament has no control over the matter. I may say however that, I am an advocate of Temperance, and I sincerely hope that, the efforts of those who are exerting themselves in its cause may meet with entire success.

Yours truly JOHN CRAWFORD.

M. NASMITH, ESQ.

Toronto 10th Aug. 1872.

MY DEAR M. NASMITH:—In reply to your letter of enquiry referring to my views on Temperance, I beg to state that, ever since I joined the church of the living God about 40 years ago I have advocated the cause of Temperance, and I intend to do so in whatever position in life I may be placed. I shall give my support to any measure that will lead to the suppression of Intemperance.

I remain Sir, yours truly, JAMES BEATY.

M. NASMITH, ESQ.

Toronto, 16th Aug. 1872.

SIR:—In reply to your note of 5th inst. requesting an expression of my views upon the Temperance questions, I have to say that having been an active advocate in the Cause for nearly twenty years, I heartily approve of the sentiments expressed in the resolution quoted in your letter. The principal argument in support of the legalizing of the liquor traffic is that the revenue of the country is greatly increased thereby; but as I consider this an unsound position, and as the moral and intellectual interests of a people transcend all others, I am in favor of legislative enactments to restrain, or, if possible, to entirely prohibit a traffic so disastrous to the highest and best interests of humanity.

J. A. McLELLAN

It may be said that election promises are like after-dinner speeches, for effect rather than to be acted upon, but in this case it is not so, for the convictions of the greater portion of the candidates we know by previous conduct are in favor of total abstinence and it remains to be seen if they will be put into practice. Every candidate is prepared to follow a leader in this matter. We can promise them that the leader and the measures both will be found and wherever elected we expect them not to be conveniently absent but be present when the matter will be brought up, and support what they have pledged themselves to support, a measure for the removal of intemperance, or in one word for Prohibition.

ALCOHOL.

ONE of the Greek legends indicates that the knowledge of alcohol was coeval with the existence of mankind, or, at least, was known so early, that its discovery cannot be fixed at any definite period.

In Anthon's Classical Dictionary we find the following hint:—"Pandora, the first created female, and celebrated as having been the cause of the introduction of evil into the world,—was brought by Mercury to the dwelling of Epimetheus, who, though his brother Prometheus had warned him to be on his guard and to receive no gift from Jupiter, dazzled with her charms, took her into his house and made her his wife. In the dwelling of Epimetheus stood a closed jar, which he had been forbidden to open.—Pandora, under the influence of female curiosity, disregarding the injunction, raised the lid, and all the evils hitherto unknown to man poured out and spread themselves over the earth." Taking into consideration that there is no known evil which has not been promoted by alcoholic drinks, that there has been no kind of sorrow or suffering that has not had its origin in a measure from this same cause, that there is no known curse which has not sprung from it, may we not fairly infer that this jar of Pandora was simply a jug of whiskey? Surely no greater number of evils could have been contained in any one jar, than is caused by the use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage. We can imagine that when Pandora raised the lid she partook of the contained liquor to ebriety. Epimetheus, her husband, coming in, partook also with the same result. The two became noisy,—called in the neighbours, and a general drunken row was the consequence. From the time of Pandora to the present, the drinking of alcoholic liquors has been a common habit, and, as yet, there seems to be no abatement in it. Medical research has proved that alcohol is always poisonous to the healthy human system, and should never be used except therapeutically, as other poisons are, and, even thus, it is seldom needed. We have the testimony of many occupying the first positions in America, that the use of alcoholic drinks is injurious. Vice-President Colfax, a life abstainer, was once present at a dinner. Wine was drunk pretty freely, when a Senator truthfully exclaimed:—"Colfax dares not drink!" "You are right," said Mr. Colfax, seriously, "I dare not! An experience of twenty-five years has convinced me that the best, wisest and safest rule for all, old and young, and more especially for those in public life, is total abstinence from everything that can 'in-oxicate'."

Senator Wilson, for 40 years a teetotaler, a present candidate for the Vice-Presidency, said:—"In Congress during the last 17 years I have found that the members, who used alcohol, were invariably the first to be prostrated by protracted work, and in my experience, while chairman of the committee on military affairs, I always found that the men to be relied on were those who drank not at all." It is related of the late Gen. Robert E. Lee commander of the Confederate army during the late rebellion, that one morning shortly before the battle of Fredericksburgh, he and his staff were camped out in tents about three miles south of the Rappahannock River. Standing round the camp fire, shivering before each blast of biting wind which came from the frozen north, and reminding the sufferers that the thermometer was below zero, more than one was heard to mutter an aspiration for a glass of whiskey toddy or some other alcoholic stimulant. No one noticed that the general took any cognizance, or was even aware of this half-articulate expression of a wish. But presently emerging from his tent with a stone bottle or demijohn under his arm, he drew near to the camp fire and said:—"Gentlemen, the morning is very cold—the kindness of a friend enabled me to offer you a cordial; bring your tin cups and taste what I have here." There were one or two on-lookers who noticed a twinkle in the old soldier's eye and a lurking smile upon his mouth, which taught them to anticipate "a sell." But the majority of the company hastily fetched their drinking cups and stood expectant round their chief. The cork was drawn and the liquor proved to be buttermilk.

Upon another occasion two members of his staff sat up late at night discussing a keg of whiskey and a problem of algebra. On meeting one of them in the morning, General Lee enquired, as usual, after his health, and learned in reply that he was suffering from a headache. "Ah, colonel," remarked the old man, "I have often observed that, when the unknown quantities, X and Y, are represented by a keg of whiskey and a tin cup, the solution of the equation is usually a headache!"

The late Admiral Farragut, who was at the head of the American navy, the hero of Mobile, and the first to occupy an office created expressly for his promotion, in responding at a public dinner to the toast—"To our Navy," taking in his hand a

glass of wine, said:—"The wine goes round pretty freely to-night. I take a glass with my dinner; but when I am on duty, and especially when going into action, I never allow myself to take a drop of any kind of stimulant. For when my country has trusted me with grave responsibilities, I could not bear the thought of doing anything that might lead me to distrust myself, or that might shake the confidence of officers and men in my command. To do my duty, I must respect myself."

In "this Canada of ours," are many men occupying positions of honour and responsibility, who have given similar testimony.

The Hon. S. L. Tilley, C. B., Minister of Customs, when in London, England, not long since, was not ashamed to drink the health of the Queen with pure cold water, and in the presence of Royalty too. It is needless to add that our noble Queen admires Mr. Tilley's adherence to principle.

The Hon. Malcolm Cameron has also on many public occasions fearlessly testified to the injury done by intoxicating drink.

Not many months ago, hundreds of the most gifted physicians of England signed a declaration that the use of alcohol, as a beverage, is injurious, and that, even as a medicine should be used with great caution. We thus have the testimony of the learned and of those occupying exalted positions in society, hence have ample opportunity for observing that alcohol is deleterious to our race. It remains for us then to take steps to banish this evil from our midst. Let us earnestly make the attempt, and doubtless success will crown our efforts.

JINGO.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

BY PROF. JULES DE LAUNAY.

They dug the galleries so as to make them inaccessible to the tyrants, and baffled any effort to pursue the saints. The numerous shafts and the labyrinthine passages which it would require a familiar acquaintance to thread and follow, facilitated the escape of the christians from the pursuit of those relentless foes. In the vicinity of those entrances the scouts were placed so as to warn the saints of the approach of danger. Many of those openings, scattered all over *campagna*, are now overgrown with vines, and are quite dangerous to incautious riders. It is asserted that there are six hundred openings to the sixty-one catacombs, the catacomb of St. Agnes, owing to its numerous *foramina*, or shafts, became for ages a den of Eanditti. There they could lurk in comparative safety—and the agents of the Papal Police would never venture in such places, everywhere well arranged with means of escape.

It is not without a tumult of emotions overwhelming us, that we peer away into the darkness. Interest in places die away when we descend. What crypt, what gallery records no episode of the great inbulation or the name of a christian here?

A scene of blood under Diocletian was related by our guide.

"A party of soldiers found an entrance to the catacomb. They made their way through the hedge of laurel, that conceals the private opening—marched with determined tread down the steps of sandstone into the narrow labyrinth one by one—a torch bearer in front cautiously pursuing his path till he hears distant voices in conversation or singing. A noise startled the little party. The song is hushed; the colloquy is broken off. They listen. The sound of the comers is not that of brothers. It is too late for them to escape. A helmet is seen by the light of a torch. There are other helmets behind. The character and purpose of the visitors are but too evident. The christians are speedily overcome, bound and led away to some *bazilia* of a trial they are sentenced to die, the bodies of some were cast into the Tiber, others were exposed and left to be devoured by dogs. The remains of these, the faithful, gathered up and brought to the catacombs. The steps of the Martyrs' tomb served as a table of the Lord, and became the altar of the Primitive Church.

"BE CONSISTENT."

We were informed a few weeks ago in the Casket, over the signature of the G. W. C. T., of the I. O. G. T., Oranyhatekha, that it was a violation of the Temperance pledge to vote for any person engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks. We are not aware if the letter of the law from which the above decision was drawn would be violated by a Good Templar canvassing for such a man, but as far as the spirit is concerned we have no doubt, for it is certainly less injurious with cause to vote yourself against it than to throw your own vote away and induce others to do what you are not allowed to do yourself.

What can we say of these Templars, Sons or members of other Temperance organizations who are using their influence to return opponents to their views to Parliament. Only this, that the organization to which they belong would be better without them, for a secret enemy is more dangerous than an open one, and we would advise the temples of divisions who have such members to get rid of them at any cost, for through them they are being made the laughing stock of the country, and through one such defaulter the efforts of the whole organization for good may be nullified.

While on this subject we must congratulate our friends on the return of Mr. Chisholm for Hamil,

ton. The man who had a part in this nine-teenth century banquet in which no "wine nor strong" allowed to be drunk is the man we want to send our interest in parliament.

REVIEW.

The Antiquana Magazine and Numismatic Journal—Published Quarterly by the Numismatic and Antiquana Society of Montreal, by Daniel Rose Montreal.

Terms, \$1 50 per annum in advance.

This Magazine occupies a place hitherto unfilled in our literature, and to those who read the history of a country by its coins, and relies on it will be of great interest. Its contents are varied and interesting, and the subjects are in the most part treated in a masterly manner. The articles in the present and first numbers are as follows:—

Introduction; Old Colonial Currencies, by S. E. Dawson; American Antiquities; The Roman Brick in Mark Lane, by the Rev. Professor De Sola, L. L. D.; A Montreal Club of the Eighteenth Century, by Alfred Saneham; Sir John Franklin laying the first stone of the Rideau Canal, from the "New Montreal Gazette," for August, 1872; a few words upon the knowledge of Coins, Medals and Miscellaneous Antiquities, by Henry W. Henfrey; a plea for an Archaic Coinage, by R. W. McLochlan; and numerous others. We wish it every success.

SUNSTROKE, OR THERMIC FEVER.—"Thermic Fever, or Sunstroke," by H. C. Wood, Jr., M. D., (Philadelphia; J. P. Lippincott & Co., 1872), was recently awarded the Boylston Prize, Harvard College. It is a very careful study of coup de soleil both in the light of hospital clinics and experiment. Dr. Wood has divided his essay into four parts: first, the clinical history of the disease; second, its nature; third, its treatment, and fourth, its sequelae or consequences. In his clinical history the author gives descriptions of the disease, extracts from the books of previous writers, which he supplements by cases in his own practice, especially in Pennsylvania. In this very succinct account of a rather uncommon disease Dr. Wood shows that death results from the failure of respiration, and not, as some have supposed, from the stopping of the heart. In his account of the nature of coup de soleil the author examines very carefully the opinions of his predecessors and contemporaries in the same line of research. He proves to a demonstration that it is a fever, and that as heat produces it, it is properly named thermic fever. Following in the line of Drs. Claude Bernard, Vallin, Brown Sequard, Ruhnke, and others, he has instituted a series of elegant experiments on the lower animals, in which he has fortified the position which his clinical researches has led him to adopt. He fitted to the head of a cat a "bonnet" through which a circulation of hot water was kept up, and after about an hour's interval the animal died. All the symptoms were identical with coup de soleil. In the third part of the treatment of thermic fever Dr. Wood says that blood-letting should be resorted to only on rare occasions. Cold douches or rubbings with ice is the real remedy. In some cases—that is of great exaltation—he would recommend hypodermic injections of morphia as well as the use of the cold bath. In his fourth part Dr. Wood gives a succinct description of the common consequences of coup de soleil—the deranged digestion, headaches, etc. The book is a model of its kind. It is what is known in Europe as a medical thesis, and is handled with circumspection and originality.—N. Y. World.

BOHEMIANISM.

It is surprising how many men are anxious to be called "Bohemians." It is a due to the press to state that those who aspire "Bohemian life" in the present signification of the term, are only the hangers-on of the journalism, men who have neither place, character, nor very high aim, and who delight in living by jerks and doing business by the job. Bohemianism, a word that was originally of doubtful respectability, though it possessed a certain strained charm of its own, has so lost its original modicum of dignity as to mean a careless life, intemperate habits, false excitements, an independence greatly resembling that of men who have "no visible means of support," the probability of a pauper's grave, and other features, all of which are supposed to be mingled with "a love for high art," and a certain flippant excitement of the pen which is often mistaken for real brilliancy. How a man can boast of being a "Bohemian," when the class have covered the word up in this, by no means doubtful disgrace, it would be hard to conceive. We have yet to hear its glorification from the country press, whose members are not easily deceived by mere words, and it is to be hoped that the low city class who adopt it will soon give up both the expression itself and the habits which it characterizes.

Correspondence.

ONTARIO TEMPERANCE AND PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.

To the Editor of the PURE GOLD. DEAR SIR:—The Annual Meeting of the above-named society, will be held in this city. A few words on the cause of Temperance generally, and the operations of this society in particular, will not, we trust, be out of place in the pages of your excellent journal. The moral and social aspect of the temperance question is worked with

by the several Or-... plumpers, etc., etc. Its... recognized by these Or-... developed by our church so-... from the pulpit, etc. Its polit-... although not ignored by the Orders... to a large extent excluded. Political ques-... being forbidden as subjects of discussion... division or temple meetings, there is... a necessity that this important field... should be occupied by some such society... O. T. & P. L. How to presentate that... in the most successful manner is worthy... consideration. Here the question of money... obtrudes itself. No society with such an object... can hope to exist, much less to live and prosper, without a paid officer or officers, and those who... spend the most in discrimination of their prin-... ciples, prosper the most. We must both extend... and concentrate our operations. We must have... our headquarters, and head offices, with an execu-... tive meeting regularly at stated intervals. We... must have an organ and a guarantee fund. If... we are sound on the financial aspect, the battle... is half won. The object and the claims of the... League must be kept constantly and promi-... nently before the public. Statistics must be... gathered and published so that the public... mind may be aroused. Lecturers must be sent... through the country to establish local branches. It... may here be asked, how much money is... wanted, and how can it be raised? We do not... profess to answer these questions, we simply... suggest. How much money will it take? As... much as the people are willing to give. How is... the money to be raised? By voluntary contribu-... tions, and donations; by collections at local dis-... trict meetings. Many churches might be induced... to give an annual collection for this purpose, to... those having this matter in charge. One thing... seems certain; a necessity to remodel, so that... the work may be presented more vigorously than... it has been in the past. We mean no discredit... to those who have labored in the past, on the... contrary we claim that they are worthy of all... honor, but surely it is time something more was... attempted. We sincerely trust that the coming... annual meeting will result in something more... substantial and permanent than anything we... have hitherto seen in connection with the... League.

Temperance.

ONLY THE CLOTHES THAT SHE WORE. N. G. Recently, at the Morgue in New York the attire of a drowned person alone remained for identification. [The following tender but tragical lines only just foreshadowed the death of their author. They were, we believe, the last he ever penned. Within a few hours after parting from us and receiving the price of his verses, he died from the effects of intemperance. This was on Saturday the twenty-second day of May, Mr. Shepherd was well-known as a contributor to magazines, and as a writer of fluent and often excellent poems, and distinguished in certain circles in New York as a representative Bohemian. He tried wit, genius and pre-possessing manners, but was ruined by his passion for drink. His literary industry was of the spasmodic kind, which only exhibited activity when he was pressed by want, and then he would rapidly indite a few stanzas or a sketch, and hastening to some periodical or newspaper sell it for what he get. The poem subjoined is marked by pathos and tenderness; it illustrates an incident full of tragical suggestions; and its whole mournful spirit may be accepted as a requiem for its author as well as for the victim whose unknown fate it endeavours to imagine.]

There is the hat With the blue veil thrown round it, just as they found it, Spotted and soiled, stained and all spoiled— Do you recognize that? The gloves, too, lie there, And in them still lingers the shape of her fingers, That some one has pressed, perhaps and carressed So slender and fair. There are the shoes, With their long silken laces, still bearing traces, To the toe's dainty tip of the mud of the slip, The slime of the ooze. There is the dress, Like the blue veil, all dabbled, discolored and drab- bled, This you should know, without doubt, and, if so, All else you may guess! There is the shawl, With the striped border, hung next in order, Soiled hardly less than the light muslin dress, And—that is all. Ah, here's a ring We were forgetting, with a pearl setting: There was only this one name or date? none! A frail, pretty thing! A keepsake, maybe, The gift of another, perhaps a brother, Or lover, who knows? him her heart chose, Or was his heart free? Does the hat there, With the blue veil around it, the same as they found it, Summon up a fair with just a trace Of gold in the hair? Or does the shawl, Mutely appealing to some hidden feeling, A form, young and slight, to your mind's sight, Clearly recall?

A month now has passed, And her sad history remains a mystery But these we still keep, and shall keep them until Hope dies at last. Was she the prey Of some deep sorrow clouding the morrow, Hiding from view the sky's happy blue! Or was there foul play? Alas! who may tell? Some one or other, perhaps a fond mother, May recognize these when her child's clothes she sees; Then will it be well?

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE meeting of the Grand Division of Nova Scotia held at Lockport, a few days ago was a pleasant affair. The business was well attended to by the members residing at Lockport, as well as by those who went there. The G. W. P. in his address speaks thus with regard to the Order in Nova Scotia: "Our work of review is necessarily very limited, as we are expected to take into consideration the transactions of only three months. But had we full information concerning all that has been done by temperance, friends during that period of time, there would be much to record, perhaps much that might be very useful. Our intelligence we regret to say is rather of a general than of a special kind. We feel safe however, in saying that the Order has been doing its work in a quiet persistent manner, quite as effectively as during the summer months of any previous year of its history, at least for this last seven years. The present state of the cause is not marked by anything of an unusual character. We are not losing faith in the adaptation of this organization to spread and establish the principles of total abstinence. We readily acknowledge the cunning and energy of the great destroyer, but still cherish the hope that our country will ere long in all the majesty of law, completely prohibit the accursed traffic in ardent spirits, a business which would never be tolerated by any government professing faith in the Christian religion. One of the most marvelous things in our day is the apathy which abounds in reference to the constant devastations of an evil, which threatens to undermine and destroy the whole fabric of civilized society. Occasionally a fearful outburst of the plague attended with fresh made graves of loved ones, awakens a momentary horror in reference to intemperance but it is soon forgotten, and the alarming indifference, so painful to the Christian and philanthropist settles down the minds of the people. Our duty however is plain; we must work amid discouragements as well as in the prosperous hour. We do not toil in vain. Some are being kept from the currents of destruction, who otherwise might venture too near and be ruined. We regret that the National Division of North America has refused to grant our petition for a N. D. for the British Provinces. We are impressed with the conviction that the contemplated new arrangement would conduce largely towards the revival and extension of the Order in this country. Therefore we shall not rest satisfied with any gifts, official or financial, but still press our request until it is granted. It may be advisable to postpone the discussion of this subject until our annual meeting in October." A public meeting was also held, and numerous attended; and our cause has no doubt received a strengthening in Lockport by the session held there. At the close of the business the visiting Brethren proceeded to Shelburne, and could not help remarking as they were leaving the neighborhood of the Islands, how comfortable the houses looked, and that the people appeared to be prospering. At Shelburne there was a Strawberry Festival, and dedication of a new Hall built by Roseway Division, to which the G. W. P. and those who accompanied him were courteously invited. Roseway Division members have had great difficulties; we are glad to know that they have gained strength in overcoming them.

RELIGIOUS TEMPERANCE MEETINGS it has been deemed desirable to suspend these meetings during the remainder of the "heated term." Due notice will be given when they will be resumed, it is hoped, and we believe that the success which has attended them in the past will be still more marked in the future. I. O. G. T. ST. JOHN'S TEMPLE NO. 58. The following are the officers installed for the ensuing quarter: Bro. Daniel Smilie, W. C. T., Sister M. Gregg, W. V. T., Bro. Daniel Miller, W. S., Sister Duthie, W. A. S., Bro. W. E. Metherell, W. F. S., Sister Cathers, W. T., Bro. W. Stenick W. M., Sister McQuay W. I. G., Bro. R. S. Davis W. O. G. This temple is a very prosperous condition, having 229 members in good standing. The Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia closed its sixth Annual Session at Waterville King's Co. on the 11th inst. The reports of the Officers were most satisfactory, showing the Order to be prospering in that portion of the Dominion. Twenty-five new lodges have been instituted during the year. The following are the Officers for the ensuing years: G. W. C. T., W. F. Cutten, Amherst. W. W. C. A. E. Gayton, M. P. P., Argyle. G. W. V. T. Mrs. S. A. Hingley, Londonderry. G. W. S., J. N. Bulmer, Halifax. G. W. Trea. J. L. Oxner, Bridgewater. G. W. Chap. E. O. Reid, Berwick. G. W. M. James Moore, Liverpool. G. W. D. M. Miss J. Bowles, Waterville. G. W. A. S. James P. Nowlan, New Tusket. G. W. I. G. William McNorman, Great Village. G. W. O. G. James Crowe, Waterville. The Maple Leaf Temple which formerly met on the corner of Francis and Adelaide Streets, now meets over Mr. Bain's stationery store on King St.

NEW TEMPLES. (From the Casket.) MORNINO FLOWER, No. 475 Beachburg Renfrew, Co. Instituted by J. Johnson. Night of meeting Monday. Rev. Saml Ferguson T. D. PERRTON No. 576 Instituted at Perreton, Renfrew Co. by J. Johnson. Night of meeting Wednesday. T. D. Wm. Moore Jur. ROCKLAND, No. 93, Kingsbury P. O., Richmond Co., P. Q. Instituted by the Rev. Jas. McCaul, P. D. of Melbourne. Night of meeting, Saturday, Toronto Mayor T. D. CRYSTAL FOUNT, No. 480, Rankin P. O., Renfrew Co. Ont. Instituted by J. Johnson. Night of meeting, Wednesday. Evan Edwards T. D. ARK OF SAFETY, No. 483, Eganville P. O. Renfrew Co. Instituted by J. Johnson. Night of meeting, Thursday. Rev. Mr. Molton, T. D. MINERVA, No. 461, Huntsville, P. O., Muskoka-District. Instituted by R. Scarlett. Night of meeting, Tuesday, George Fletcher T. D. BRIGHTON, No. 472, Brighton, Northumberland Co., Ont. Instituted by G. M. Grover, P. D. of Colborne. D. W. Chapman T. D. Night of meeting Tuesday. NORTHERN LIGHT, No. 483, Southampton, Bruce Co. Instituted by E. E. Parratt. Night of meeting Wednesday. David Robertson T. D. OTTAWA ENTERPRISING, No. 484, Ottawa. Instituted by Geo. Crain, P. D. Night of meeting, Monday. Rev. I. B. Aylesworth T. D. PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION. We are glad that steps have been taken to get up a Grand United Temperance Demonstration to come off in this city, early in September, and we have little doubt if the several organizations give it the attention which it deserves, it will be a grand success. It is expected that all Temperance men, independent of creed or color, will not be afraid to show their colors on that occasion. We here meet on a common platform having, we trust the one grand object in view, "the annihilation of the liquor traffic." At a public demonstration held recently in Preston (England) 2,000 Good Templars walked in procession four deep, the sisters occupying the centre, were headed by seven Bands of music and every member clothed in full regalia. Good Templars of Canada take a lesson. GOOD TEMPLARS!! It is a violation of your obligation to support Candidates for Municipal or Parliamentary honors, who are engaged in the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquors. Remember this at the coming elections.

SITUATION WANTED BY a Young Man of Good Education, Able and Willing to Work. Address TOTAL ABSTAINER, PURE GOLD Office. WANTED General Servant. Apply by letter or personally at PURE GOLD Office, corner of King and Church streets, Toronto.

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TO THE PUBLIC OF CANADA OFFICE OF THE JOSEPH MALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, OSHTAWA, ONT., MARCH 8, 1874. BEING desired of testing the merits of the different water-wheels now offered for sale in Canada, as to their economical use of water, we, as manufacturers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE, make the following challenge to the manufacturers of ANY OTHER PATTERNS, the wheels in all cases to be wholly manufactured by the competing parties:— We will place in the hands of any responsible party six thousand dollars (\$6,000), and the party accepting the challenge to do the same, the money to be held subject to the award of the judges. The wheels, to be tested in a flour mill, driving the same runs of stone, grinding the same wheat, and having the same amount of square inches of opening to receive the water, amount of water discharged to be the measure of the amount used by each wheel. The judges to be non-residents of Canada, and to be thoroughly well informed in the mode of testing the power of turbine wheels,—each party to choose one judge and the two to choose the third. The owners of winning wheel to have their money refunded them, and the loser's money to go towards establishing a mechanical free library in any town in Canada named by the owner of the successful wheel. We claim that we are the only makers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WHEEL in Canada, and that it is without a RIVAL in the WORLD IN PRACTICAL RESULTS. More than 6,000 of these wheels are now in operation in Canada and the United States. The sales of no other wheel ever yet introduced on this continent exceed one-sixth this number. Our wheel has been thoroughly tested in Great Britain, and has fully maintained the reputation it has gained in Canada and the United States, as the most economical water-wheel in practical operation ever yet introduced. We are now publishing a new descriptive water-wheel pamphlet containing 120 pages of valuable matters, which will be sent free to all applicants. For further information address, F. W. GLEN, Ottawa Ont. N. B.—We desire to call attention to the following certificate:— SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1868. We take the pleasure of informing the public of Canada that we have sold and furnished MR. F. W. GLEN, of Ottawa, Ontario, Patterns, Furnishings, Drawings, Gauges, and all other necessary information to build our celebrated Double Turbine Water-wheel, invented by James Leffel, and known as the "Leffel Wheel." We have also obligated ourselves to furnish the same facilities for manufacturing to no other parties in Canada. Without the information we have given to Mr. GLEN, none can successfully build our wheels, and we advise parties in Canada to purchase our wheels of no other manufacturer. Mr. GLEN's facilities are unsurpassed, and we feel sure that he will build a wheel that will give perfect satisfaction. We therefore commend him to the people of Canada with entire confidence, feeling sure he will manufacture a wheel in all respects equal to our own. JAMES LEFFEL & Co.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. GOING EAST—TORONTO TO MONTREAL. Toronto - 7.30 a.m. 12.30 p.m. 6.00 p.m. 6.00. Whitby - 8.30 a.m. 1.15 p.m. 7.15 p.m. 7.23. Oshawa - 9.30 a.m. 2.15 p.m. 8.15 p.m. 8.23. Bowmanville - 10.30 a.m. 3.15 p.m. 9.15 p.m. 9.23. Port Hope - 11.30 a.m. 4.15 p.m. 10.15 p.m. 10.23. Cobourg - 12.30 p.m. 5.15 p.m. 11.15 p.m. 11.23. Belleville (Arrive) - 12.30 p.m. 6.15 p.m. 11.15 p.m. 11.23. Kingston - 1.30 p.m. 7.15 p.m. 12.15 p.m. 12.23. Brockville - 2.30 p.m. 8.15 p.m. 1.15 a.m. 1.23. Ottawa (Leave) - 3.30 p.m. 9.15 p.m. 2.15 a.m. 2.23. Prescott Junction - 4.30 a.m. 10.35 p.m. 3.15 a.m. 3.23. Cornwall - 5.30 a.m. 11.35 p.m. 4.15 a.m. 4.23. Montreal (Arrive) - 6.30 a.m. 12.30 p.m. 5.15 a.m. 5.23. GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO. Montreal (Depart) - 7.30 a.m. 11.00 a.m. 7.40 p.m. 11.05 p.m. Cornwall - 8.30 a.m. 12.00 p.m. 8.40 p.m. 12.05 p.m. Prescott - 9.30 a.m. 1.00 p.m. 9.40 p.m. 1.05 p.m. Brockville - 10.30 a.m. 2.00 p.m. 10.40 p.m. 2.05 p.m. Kingston - 11.30 a.m. 3.00 p.m. 11.40 p.m. 3.05 p.m. Belleville - 12.30 p.m. 4.00 p.m. 12.40 p.m. 4.05 p.m. Cobourg - 1.30 p.m. 5.00 p.m. 1.40 p.m. 5.05 p.m. Port Hope - 2.30 p.m. 6.00 p.m. 2.40 p.m. 6.05 p.m. Bowmanville - 3.30 p.m. 7.00 p.m. 3.40 p.m. 7.05 p.m. Oshawa - 4.30 p.m. 8.00 p.m. 4.40 p.m. 8.05 p.m. Whitby - 5.30 p.m. 9.00 p.m. 5.40 p.m. 9.05 p.m. Toronto (Arrive) - 6.30 p.m. 10.00 p.m. 6.40 p.m. 10.10 p.m. TORONTO TO SARNIA. Toronto - 7.30 a.m. 12.05 p.m. 3.45 p.m. 11.45 p.m. 5.30. Guelph - 8.30 a.m. 1.00 p.m. 4.45 p.m. 12.45 p.m. Stratford - 12.00 noon 3.55 p.m. 7.42 p.m. 11.45 p.m. London (Arr) 2.10 p.m. 6.10 p.m. 10.45 p.m. Sarnia - 3.30 p.m. 7.00 p.m. SARNIA TO TORONTO. Sarnia - 10.45 a.m. 1.00 p.m. 4.45 p.m. 11.45 p.m. London (Dep) 11.45 a.m. 2.00 p.m. 5.45 p.m. 12.45 p.m. Stratford - 1.30 p.m. 4.00 p.m. 7.42 p.m. 11.45 p.m. Guelph - 2.45 p.m. 5.15 p.m. 9.00 p.m. 12.00 p.m. Toronto (Arr) 6.15 p.m. 10.15 p.m. 1.00 a.m. 4.45 p.m. Trains run by Montreal time.

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NORTHERN RAILWAY. MOVING NORTH. Toronto - 7.45 a.m. 3.45 p.m. Collingwood (Dep) 5.40 p.m. Newmarket - 9.14 a.m. 5.44 p.m. Stayner - 6.08 p.m. 3.28 p.m. Barrie - 11.25 a.m. 7.25 p.m. Barrie - 11.25 a.m. 7.25 p.m. Orillia (Arrive) - 1.30 p.m. Orillia (Depart) - 2.45 p.m. Stayner - 12.55 p.m. Newmarket - 9.11 a.m. Collingwood (Arr) 1.30 p.m. Toronto (Arr) - 11. MOVING SOUTH. Toronto - 7.45 a.m. 3.45 p.m. Midland Junction - 2.05 p.m. Woodville - 6.35 a.m. 2.05 p.m. Markham - 9.40 a.m. 5.40 p.m. Naindington - 6.25 p.m. 2.05 p.m. Uxbridge - 10.35 a.m. 6.40 p.m. Uxbridge - 7.45 a.m. 3.40 p.m. W. nington - 11.55 a.m. 8.00 p.m. Markham - 8.45 a.m. 4.55 p.m. Arrive Toronto - 12.15 p.m. 8.20 p.m. Toronto (Arr) - 11. Toronto (Arr) - 11. TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY. GOING NORTH. Leave Toronto - 7.45 a.m. 3.30 p.m. Midland Junction - 2.05 p.m. Woodville - 6.35 a.m. 2.05 p.m. Markham - 9.40 a.m. 5.40 p.m. Naindington - 6.25 p.m. 2.05 p.m. Uxbridge - 10.35 a.m. 6.40 p.m. Uxbridge - 7.45 a.m. 3.40 p.m. W. nington - 11.55 a.m. 8.00 p.m. Markham - 8.45 a.m. 4.55 p.m. Arrive Toronto - 12.15 p.m. 8.20 p.m. Toronto (Arr) - 11. GOING SOUTH. Leave Toronto - 7.45 a.m. 3.30 p.m. Midland Junction - 2.05 p.m. Woodville - 6.35 a.m. 2.05 p.m. Markham - 9.40 a.m. 5.40 p.m. Naindington - 6.25 p.m. 2.05 p.m. Uxbridge - 10.35 a.m. 6.40 p.m. Uxbridge - 7.45 a.m. 3.40 p.m. W. nington - 11.55 a.m. 8.00 p.m. Markham - 8.45 a.m. 4.55 p.m. Arrive Toronto - 12.15 p.m. 8.20 p.m. Toronto (Arr) - 11.

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A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender
As any lady's fair;
Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender,

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SELF-DENIAL REQUIRED.

I heard a man the other day speaking of novel-reading as one of the causes of vice, of ill-health and of insanity. He knew what he was talking about, and set me thinking.

nerve; the quiet, when exercise is needed, leading to indigestion and other evils. Above all, the excitement to the nervous system. In many cases this leads to vicious indulgence. In others, the whole being is weakened. Dr. Ray ascribes a very large proportion of cases of insanity to vile and ill-regulated reading, and no small portion of it to the exciting and stimulating kind which exists in the ordinary novels.

THE TWO I'S.

FROM THE ATLANTIC.

DID you ever read my book, the last edition of it I mean? It is rather awkward to answer such a question in the negative, but I said, with the best grace I could, "No, not the last edition."

DON'T WHIP THEM.

Mothers don't whip them! Treat God's lamb's tenderly. Compel obedience, but not with the rod. The other evening, while taking my customary stroll, meditating on my next text for the following Sunday, the face maternal appeared at the door of a pleasant little home I had often noticed, and loudly ordered a little lad, three or so, to "come in, and see if she did not do as she said she would."

A PUZZLED SWINE.

A Country exchange tells the following humorous incident. A farmer in the neighbourhood of the writer, was much annoyed by the frequent appearance of a favourite sow in his cornfield. There being no breach in the fence, it became a mystery how she obtained entrance, and every effort to drive her out the way she got in, proved futile.

JOHNNY AND THE PICTURE.

"SEE itty dackass, mamma, stan'in' all loney in the picur!" "Yes, dear." "Nursey been tellin' Donny all about itty dackass. He hasn't dot any mamma to make him dood, an' no kind nursey 't all. Poor itty dackass hasn't dot no Bidzet to dess him c'ean an' nice, an' he hasn't any itty ovetoot yike Donny's 't all Oo solly, mamma?"

THE Russian papers publish a curious account of a trial which, commenced fourteen years ago, has just been decided. A proprietor, of the Crimea, named Sabouloff was intrusted soon after the war between Russia and the Allies with a sum of money for distribution among the peasantry of the recently occupied territory. The money disappeared, Sabouloff was accused of malversation, process was commenced against him, and after all sorts of acts of accusation, rejoinders and sur-rejoinders had been delivered, the functions of the court in which the action had been instituted came to an end.

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DOM OF HYPOCRISY. We hear much of martyrs and heroes—of those who were slain by sword, or consumed in the fire; but how little of that still larger number by the mere threat of persecution have been driven into an outward avowal of their real opinions, and thus forced into an apostasy the world abhors, have passed the remainder of their lives in the practice of a constant and humiliating hypocrisy. It is this which is the real curse of religious persecution. For in this way men being constrained to mask their thoughts, there arises a bad habit of securing safety by falsehood, and of purchasing impunity with deceit. In this way fraud becomes a necessary life; inactivity is made a daily custom, the whole tone of public feeling is vitiated, and the gross amount of vice and of error fearfully increased.—Buckle.

A Pleasant Anecdote.—The following story told of Rev. Thomas Alexander, an English Presbyterian minister, recently deceased, is vouched for by the London correspondent of the Presbyterian.

"This winter Mr. Alexander observed a curate frequently passing his window in the cold mornings without a great coat cold and uncomfortable, with that look of genteel penury which too often attaches to the poorly paid curates of the English Church. He went out to his tailor.—Can you make a coat without seeing the man who is to wear it?"

"That was doubtful. Can you make the coat if you see the man, without measuring him?"

"The tailor thought he might. 'Then be ready when I call you.'"

"The next day accordingly, when the curate was seen approaching, Mr. Alexander hurried out to the tailor, and the two walked some little distance behind the unsuspecting man.

"Now take a good look; make sure of your measure. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Mr. Alexander, "make that poor fellow a good coat, of good cloth, at once. Ascertain his address and send it to him; but mind you, if you give him the slightest inkling that I sent it, you shall never do for me another stitch."

"So the two parted. Mr. Alexander lived to see the curate go by his house with the great coat on, an excellent fit and well buttoned up in welcome warmth."

THE VOICE OF THE SHELL.—When a shell is held up to the ear, there is a peculiar vibratory noise, Philosophically investigated, the peculiar sound thus recognized is a phenomenon that very much perplexed learned gentlemen for a long while. The experiment is easily made by simply pressing a spiral shell, common in collections, over the eardrum of either ear. If a large shell, the sound is very much like that of a far-off cataract. Now, what causes it? Every muscle in the body is always in a state of tension. Some are more on a stretch than others, particularly those of the fingers. It is conceded that the vibration of those in the fingers being communicated to the shell, it propagates and intensifies it, as the hollow body of a violin does the vibration of its strings, and thus the acoustic nerve receives the sonorous impressions. Muscles of the leg below the knee are said to vibrate in the same way, and if conducted to the ear, produce the same result.—Exchange.

A farmer, whose cribs were full of corn, was accustomed to pray that the wants of the needy might be supplied; but when any one in needy circumstances asked for a little corn, he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him: "Father, I wish I had your corn."

"Why, my son, what could you do with it?" asked the father. The child replied, "I would answer your prayers.—Selected.

A woman's suffrage convention was recently held in London, where the hall was so crowded that when the speakers arrived they could not get in. Mrs. Prof. Fawcett and other climbed in by a ladder at a window, back of the stage, and when she came to speak, she said: "We are told that women have not so much energy as men, I deny it. A moment ago, I was outside of this room in the thick of a crowd, with Mr. Arthur Arnold. Mr. Arnold is still in the crowd. I am here." The little woman was roundly applauded.

A few days since, one of our popular attorneys called upon another member of the profession and asked his opinion upon a certain point of law. The lawyer to whom the question was addressed drew himself up and said, "I generally get paid for telling what I know." The questioner drew a half dollar "fractional" from his pocket, handed it to the other and coolly remarked: "Tell me all you know and give me the change." There is a coldness between the parties now.

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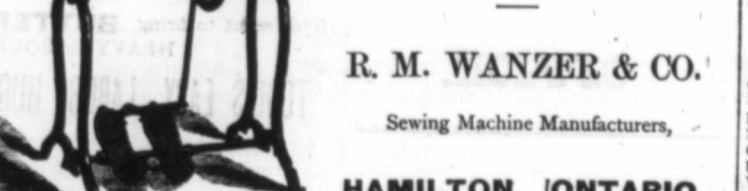
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References—The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Toronto; The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Huron; The Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Ontario.

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