

Presented  
by Miss Forsyth  
May 1, 1907

Miss Garsyth  
958 Marchmont St

# AVONIER

FROM THE FIELD

folio  
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"Put ye in the sickle; for the Harvest is ripe."

VOL. 2.

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No. 6.

## THE SERVICE.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."—  
Luke XVI., 10.

I cannot do great things for Him,  
Who did so much for me;  
But I would like to show my love,  
Dear Jesus, unto Thee;  
Faithful! in very little things,  
O, Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life  
In which I may obey,  
And thus may show my love to Thee,  
And always, every day.  
There are some loving little words,  
Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take,  
Small burdens I may bear,  
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,  
Small sorrows I may share,  
And little bits of work for Thee,  
I may do everywhere.

And so I ask Thee, give me grace,  
My little place to fill,  
That I may ever walk with Thee,  
And ever do Thy will;  
And in each duty, great or small,  
I may be faithful still.

—MRS. AMY C. WALTON.

## FOLDED WINGS.

BY SOPHIA M. NUGENT IN "TRIUMPHS OF FAITH."

(Concluded)

### HOW TO HEAR.

The voice is from above. The actual letters lie on our level, in His written Word, but when He speaks, the words seem to descend. He speaks through them, and behold they are a voice from above, and they are shone through with His glory.

If we want to hear His voice we must take trouble with our Bibles. There is no use expecting any living, lasting growth unless we really take trouble to explore. There are times when His light seems to pour in upon us, and we have only to pause and gather. Treasure such times!

God's wealth is sometimes so poured out that we seem to have no toil, only the joy of receiving. It is like the manna, which fell without sound or effort of the people. But by and by the manna ceased; and after Jordan was crossed there was ploughing, sowing, and reaping to do. Our Bible is often manna, thank God, but it is often corn which needs our patient, diligent toil. "Much food is in the tillage of the poor." It is tillage which is needed to get the "much food," and not only idle reading. And even when we have folded our wings, both of work and will, and stand before Him listening, the voice may be slow in coming. But it *is* coming! "There *was* a Voice." One sound of His voice in one single line of His Word is worth a whole page read through with the haste and rustle of unstilled wings still about us.

Fold the wings then! Let it be voluntary and ready. And if He Himself has folded the wings of your work for you, so that you are beginning the New Year a prisoner "within thine house," then let the wings of your will fold also, in full consent to what He has settled for you. Those folded wings are very precious to Him. Do not think, "He has forced me to pause, so I have no choice." The inner wings of will *are* left to your choice, and to agree to Him is a sacrifice and surrender far beyond even the letting down the outer wings of activity.

Is there no other Voice from Him but through His Word? Oh, surely, and the servant whose ear is trained by love and nearness to know his Father's voice, shall recognize it everywhere. His voice is in every part of silent creation, in the lasting hills, in the harvest fields, and the trees. There is not a blade or flower or sod which is not full of His voice. And it is in audible Creation also, in the thunder, and in its many waters, in the song of the birds, and the waves of the sea. There is also His plain and clear voice through circumstances, and besides that, His personal voice into our very spirits, for the Father of spirits is not silent to His children. But let us get "saturated with His Word" and satisfied with His Word, and then we shall not misunderstand any other of His voices, but shall have the key to them all.

He knows who have now to say, "It is of little use to speak to me of folding *my* wings, for that is my whole life. No service seems given to me; when others are active, I am unemployed."

It may be that there is some inner folding still needed, even for you. Ask Him in the silence. And then He will tell you of His own thirty years of folded wings, and how the words, "He went down, and was subject" were all His "Father's business." How He used them is most

wonderfully proved in the marvellous knowledge He had of Scripture. Have you ever traced it? Reckon how many books He quoted from, how many characters He mentioned, and we shall find how He must have been using those years of folded wings.

And then for the busy, active one, His own life tells of wings let down very often. Whole nights of prayer (Luke vi: 12), and prayer before every fresh word (e. g., Luke ix: 28), and also in the midst of His words, He would pause to listen, as Jehu xii: 27.

Among the many voices which we may expect to hear as we stand, take just one, for He Himself fixes its date.

In the *first* month, in the *first* day of the month, the word of the Lord came unto me.—(Ezek. xxix: 17-21.) A New Year's day message! A message which touched both past and future. He looks back upon service that had been done for Him which had not been paid for, and He promises, "I have given Him the land of Egypt for his labor, because they wrought for Me, saith the Lord God." That is to say, that *He forgets no service*, and that each service has its sure reward. This the just and all-seeing Lord we have to begin the New Year with! He stands and meets us with this word, "I forget nothing! and I reward everything wrought for me."

Then the New Year's voice for the future, "In that day will I cause the horn of the house of Israel to bud forth, and I will give thee the opening of the mouth in the midst of them." New Year brings promise of new fruit, from the only One who has the power of life in Himself; *He* promises, "I will cause to bud forth," and then He yet again promises an opened mouth. This is what we may expect. New fruitfulness and new utterance. O, all the dried and parched ones, here is new vigor, "I will cause to bud forth." O, dumb and silent ones, here is new hope, "I will give thee the opening of the mouth!" The long silence to others, which was His choice for you, is changed now into charge of speech.

Some missionary ones will read this. Take it as your voice on the first day of the first month. He means it for those particularly who were scattered among the heathen. You have been silent, and only a "sign" to them, but He has the opening of the mouth yet for you, and coming power to speak to them in their language. Dumb Ezekiel in the foreign land is like many a missionary, hindered from speaking the language. But though dumb to man, he was not dumb to God, and now the yoke of silence is lifted, and by your voice, "they shall know that I am the Lord."

So the dried ones and the dumb ones may take courage! He provides for the future. And the disheartened ones need not fear, for their work in the past is all recorded, and each shall have "his own reward according to his own labor."

#### EXPANDED WINGS.

What is the sequel of the folded wings?

"I heard behind me a voice of great rushing, saying, Blessed be the glory of the Lord from His place. Also the noise of the living creatures that touched—kissed—one another."—(Ezek. iii: 12, 13.)

That is what follows the folded wings. Great rushing after great rest. Swift going after the quiet rush. After the patient and reverent folding, then the fuller expanding which had the glory of the Lord in its sound! After the surrender of will and work, then fresh charge of more commissions.

The "rushing" that springs from resting is what will alone have the sound of His "glory" in it. When they had listened and heard His voice to them, then their voice was all of His glory, and the Word "rushing" links itself with Pentecost, where both folding and expanding were learned.

And it was also a united sound. "The wings touched one another." Our gathering close round Him draws us

close to each other. There is to be fellowship both in the folding and in the flight.

When we have had our clear directions from Him, then we shall not interfere with anyone else. Our work shall not clash with theirs, but it shall be like the flight of the sea-birds. As you watch them over a sunny sea, their wings flashing and reflecting back its light, is it not wonderful that in their ceaseless wheeling and curving there is no clashing with the rest? Each knows and keeps its own curve. And surely what is by only instinct in them, may be by intelligence in us?

When God gives wings, He means them for us. He means us to fly in the open firmament of Heaven; and folded wings are His preparation for swifter, farther flight. When they were free to use their wings again, "The sound of the cherubim's wings was heard even to the outer court, as the voice of the Almighty God when He speaketh" (ch. x: 5). Do you think it is time lost to pause in the work? But He is not a Master who wastes His servants' time, and instead of the times of hushed wings and listening being lost, the freshened sound of the next flight shall be heard even "to the outer court." Your voice shall reach further than before, and hearts will be reached you despaired of. And is not the outer court of the heathen world being filled with the sound of the wings of those who had yielded all, and put obedience to Him before any outer service? They gave their best, their fullest powers, the wings of will, of work, of intellect, and stood before Him with their best resigned to Him. And then He gave them back what they left with Him, and is now causing the wings they resigned to be heard even "to the outer court."

This is just what He does. When we say unreservedly Yes to His test question, "Is it not lawful for Me to do what I will with Mine own?" Then He pours new blessing upon the offering, and gives back the powers we yielded.

The Lord's own silent thirty years ended in three years of miracle-working life, and were crowned by a Death which is still reaching to the outer court in voice of Atonement, reconciliation and life.

It was wonderful in the case of St. John! His folded wings on Patmos made him hear the voice of the ascended and crowned Lord. "I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And He said, 'Write the things which thou hast seen.'" We owe Revelation to St. John's folded wings.

If folded wings are to prepare for expanded wings, what are those which we may have and use?

There are three sets of wings which every Christian may soar with.

First, the wings of the sparrow. The sparrow was the leper's bird.—(Lev. xiv: 4.) And the Christian who would soar best and freest has to begin very low, and to start with the wings which link him with the leper. For that is what he was, an unhealed leper. And however long he lives, he can never get beyond being a healed leper. But he may take the healing, for what no earthly power can do, the Priest's hands can do. And the healed leper takes the sparrows, the cheapest, most valueless of all the birds, and he kills one, and the other is sprinkled with the blood of the slain one, and then is set free, is allowed loose into the open field, to soar free and unfettered in the open firmament.

These are the wings that tell of ATONEMENT; they are sparrows', for it is the worthless who win the freedom. It is not by merit, nor by worth. "Not of works, lest any should boast."

As the leper looked up to that little soaring form, he would say, "That is my picture. I deserved to die. But yet, even I may soar and sing, for I am touched with the blood of One who died for me. I live by the life of Another. My only right to live is because Another has died. But it is my *right*, my inalienable right, for He never can die again, and I take it, and dare to soar high and joyous in the presence of Him, and use my blood-bought freedom

in the boundless air of His love, for even the sparrow may find a home in His altar."

These are the Christian's first wings. Have you used even that pair yet; the sparrow's wings, marked with blood, and telling of atonement and life through Another? Always bearing about the dying of the Lord Jesus.'

There following the wings of the eagle. "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength (there are the folded wings), they shall mount up with wings as eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they walk and not faint." What a contrast between the sparrow and the eagle. It is God's grand order of progress. He means the saved life to become the serving life; the serving which can only be real when it is seeing His face; so He gives the wings of the eagle that there might be strong flight and high communion together. The strength of these wings is all His, but we have to reckon on it. Have you a lingering idea that to hear that all the strength is His will take the life out of you and leave you idle and supine, waiting for Him to work? It is not so. To know that all His strength is His will empower us to venture on it. "My strength is made perfect in weakness," and then the weakness ventures on it and finds it true. "The Lord is the strength of my life." There is something very exhilarating in the idea of flight; and the swift easy winging through the air. God wants our life of service to have this character in it. And He not only says they shall mount up, but shall run and walk. They are not different stages. It is not that we begin with soaring, and then drop to a slow dead level, but all are to be lived together. The mounting up is the Ascension life of the Communion, the running is the Resurrection life of "Go tell;" the walking is the Calvary life of endurance. Communion, service, endurance. He means us to live all, and each works into the other, so that though we may have one aspect more prominent at one time in our life than other, yet the strength of each lies in the other two being carried on at the same time.

Then there follow the "wings of a dove." David longed, "Oh that I had the wings of a dove!" God answers by giving them, but not not to "flee away" with, but to soar high and free, the beautiful witness to His wealth. "Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."—(Psa. lxxviii: 13.) God endows His child with all His wealth. He is not only to be marked by the death-mark, but to be known by the wealth of God. He does not only give us safety by death, but a life of wealth and beauty. "To her it was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, bright and pure"—(Rev. xix: 8, R. V.) Like His own transfiguration raiment, "shining exceeding white as snow; glistening, white as the light." That is what He means the life—the outward and visible life—of every child of His to be. Have we come as far as this, or have we only seen the sparrow's wings, and are content with safety, and not gone to bear His beauty? Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us! He means it to be, and He wants us to accept the fact that is so, first, and then to act upon it, and to expand the wings. Down among the pots, it cannot be seen what He has done for us, then let us expand for His credit, that His wealth may be spread out where the sun can catch it and show what His life can be even in one who lay among the pots. There is no merit to ourselves in it, for neither the whiteness of the of the silvea nor the brigetness of the Gold are inherent. They are upon the wings and they can only be seen as we dare out into the light, and expand the wings He has given and covered.

No one can say that they are too low or too mean. "Among the pots," was as low as anything could be: and if that has been too much our history in the past year, let the New Year open another era, let His light shine upon His wealth. All are His; not only the silver and the gold, but the very light which reveals them; but it is

necessary for His glory that we should soar into the light before it can be known.

The wings of the sparrow tell us of safety and freedom through His death. The wings of the eagle tell us of strength in His service. The wings of the dove of perfect beauty and wealth. That is what He means for us, safety, service and beauty. We are not to be satisfied with the first two pair; but He wants the whole life to be covered with His beauty. It does not bring Him much glory when our lives have only the wings of safety and service. We dishonor Him when it can be said of any servant of His that their goodness ends with the outer service. "Very energetic outside, but no sweetness within." He wants us to revel in His wealth as well as to use His strength. Who has He to toll the world how rich He is, and how great is His beauty, except His children? Therefore let this year aim for His beauty to be upon our lives.

In an old feudal castle near the Stelvio the shields of former owners still hang upon its walls. The eagle of the empire overmounts all, but among the personal shields is one with three wings, "azure, three wings disclosed argent." Shall not that be our shield? our coat of arms, and that heraldic sign become a living story.

So we shall honor Him, as our life soars with:—

The wings of the Sparrow; bearing the mark of Death, telling of Atonement: "always bearing about the dying of the Lord Jesus." Purchased at Calvary.

The wings of the Eagle: strength for His service: telling of His Resurrection:—always bearing about the strength of the Lord Jesus.

The wings of the Dove: with the mark of His wealth, telling of His Ascension;—always bearing about the beauty of the Lord Jesus.—This the purchase of Pentecost.

The Lord needs such servants; the sceptical world and the heathen world need such witnesses. May we claim all, and safe, serving and satisfied win many for Him, bearing about His death, His strength, His wealth; showing that his whole work, Atonement, Resurrection, Ascension, and Pentecost have their full work in us.

Thus with folded wings to hear His voice, and expanded wings when He gives the word, our New Year shall see us be true witnesses than the last, and "the Lord shall cause His glorious Voice to be heard."

#### HE CARETH FOR US.

Job could not understand the way of God with him; he was greatly perplexed. He could not find the Lord, with whom aforesaid he constantly abode. He cries, "Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him; on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him; He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him."

But if Job knew not the way of the Lord, the Lord knew Job's way. It is a great comfort that when we cannot see the Lord, He sees us, and perceives the way that we take. It is not so important that we should understand what the Lord is doing as that the Lord should understand what we are doing, and that we should be impressed by the great fact that He does understand it. Our case may be quite beyond our own comprehension, but it is all plain to Him, who seeth the end from the beginning and understands the secrets of all hearts.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Every man has his chain and his log, only it is looser and tighter to one man than to another. And he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags it.

# A Voice from the Field :

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DEAR FRIENDS,—It is with heartfelt thankfulness that after five long months of sickness and consequent inaction I find myself once more able to pen a few words of loving greeting to the Readers of THE VOICE.

The last five weeks have been spent in the country, recruiting exhausted strength, and I hope to return to the city this week to resume work.

The Woman's Industrial Exchange will D. V. be reopened about the 15th of this month, and an opening service will be held in the Evangelistic Hall, on the evening of Sunday the 21st, when we hope to see as large a number of our dear girls present as possible.

Provincial W. C. T. U. will meet in Waterloo, on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of October, when Miss Greenwood of Brooklyn is expected to deliver two evening lectures, and a Demorest-Medal contest is arranged for a third evening. On our return from the Convention we hope to reorganize the Educational classes, White Shield and Christian Endeavor Societies, and all the usual work of the Girls' Reading Room and Hall.

I earnestly entreat the hearty co-operation of all interested in the various branches of Evangelistic work, of which the Reading Room is the center. Workers will be warmly welcomed, and funds are sorely needed. Will not the Readers of The Voice, one and all, ask Lord what wilt Thou have me to do, and do it with their might?

Yours in loving service,

E. G. BARBER.

Knowlton, Sept. 8th, 1890.

### "GIVE YE THEM TO EAT"

MATTHEW xiv. 16.

So hungry, faint, and weary, they are travelling on their way,  
Such multitudes of people, who are starving day by day;  
Yes! *starving*, truly perishing, for want of Living Bread.  
The Bread which came from Heaven—sent that they might all be fed.

Methinks I hear the Master say in accents low and sweet:—  
"If truly ye are *my* disciples, then give ye them to eat!"  
"Ah, Lord, I am so frail, can I do aught indeed?  
To help to give these multitudes the Heavenly Food they need,  
My time, and strength, and talents, yes, *all, all*, I'd gladly give,  
If only some poor hungry souls might hear of Thee and live;  
To win some souls for Thee, my Lord, I fain would always seek,

But, Lord, 'I am not eloquent,' and I am poor and weak."  
Is this what some are thinking, as they hear their Lord's command  
To help to feed the fainting ones, in every clime and land?  
Then pause and think a moment, of the story of that lad  
Who gave those loaves and fishes, which was all our Saviour had  
Wherewith to feed the multitude so sadly needing bread;  
*He* made it all-sufficient, so the multitudes were fed.  
Oh! would that all who know the Lord would do their best to bring

Poor weary, starving people to the knowledge of the King;  
Then soon the glorious Gospel sound would fall on every ear,  
And we have done our duty then, if e'en they will not hear.  
If they refuse the Bread of Life, we shall have done our part  
In telling of the love of Christ to each poor restless heart.  
Oh! bring your *all* to Jesus, friend, and be content to rest  
In his dear hand an instrument, He'll use you for the best.  
However poor, and weak and small, you have your part to do.  
And certainly and surely is there work, much work, for you.  
"On them I have compassion," says the Lord in accents sweet.  
If truly ye are *my* disciples, give YE them to eat."

A. M. L.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR estimates that with 1,000 additional missionary evangelists in China, every man, woman and child in that vast land could be reached with the Gospel message before the end of 1895, and he asks the prayers of Christians for that number to be speedily supplied.

## HIDDEN DEPTHS.

(BY PERMISSION.)

## CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Once only Annie spoke again as they went on their way. She lifted up her head, and said to Ernestine: "Miss Courtenay, will you tell father that I have never been called by my own name, so at least I have not brought disgrace on his? Lois said, when I went there, I should never be called by it, for she had heard how mad it made father to have her spoken of as she was in our village; so when Mr. Brown asked her my name, for he had not heard it at the Hall, she said he might call me what he pleased, for she should never know my true name any more than hers. She called herself Mrs. George, so he said then he'd call me Rosie, for I was just like a rose; and I had on a brown dress, so he said I should be Rosie Brown, and he'd be Mr. Brown. I don't know now what his own name was, but he never knew mine.

"I will tell your father, dear Annie; I am sure he will be glad to know that you are going to a safe home now."

At length the painful journey was over, and Ernestine and her charge had reached the door of the refuge.

"Oh, Miss Courtenay, if only you were going to stay with me!" said Annie, clinging to her as they stood waiting. "I love you, and I'd do anything for you, but I'm afraid of being shut up here."

The door was opened by a lady, who locked it again as soon as they were inside; and as Ernestine gave her name she glanced at Annie, saying, "The penitent, I suppose?" Then she opened the door of a small room, and told Annie to wait there till she could attend to her. The girl did as she was told, and was locked in; and Ernestine was then conducted through various long and somewhat gloomy corridors to a large, comfortable sitting-room. Here her guide left her to call the lady who superintended the establishment; and this latter soon made her appearance. She was very courteous and kind to Ernestine herself, but she listened to her account of Annie Brook with a certain sternness, and did not seem to think there was so much excuse for her as Ernestine was disposed to find in the circumstances of her ruin. It was evident, too, that she gave not the slightest weight to Miss Courtenay's anxious explanations of Annie's impulsive and sensitive disposition, which would make her so easily led by any appeal to her affections, and so fatally repelled by harshness.

"We treat all our patients alike, of course," she said calmly; "I cannot undertake to show any special favor to this girl."

"I should not think of asking you to do so," said Ernestine; "only, individual temperament must surely be considered in the manner in which they are spoken to, and in their treatment in all that concerns themselves separately?"

"Our rules embrace the whole course of their management, and to them we adhere."

"But your object is to save individual souls. Surely you leave yourselves the power of such relaxation as may sometimes be required by special circumstances?"

"Our first consideration must be the general good of the penitents and the peace of the house, which can only be attained by strict conformity to rule; also," she added, with a smile which was gently disdainful, "from what you tell me of your wishes with regard to this penitent, I am not disposed to think that our views would be the same as to the most fitting mode of treatment for her."

"You have experience and I have none," said Ernestine courteously. "In any case, I am sure you will do your best for the poor child. Circumstances have caused me to take a deep interest in her, and I feel very anxious for

her future. I am afraid I must go now, however, leaving her in your safe-keeping, for I must travel to town by the express."

"I am sorry to detain you, but I must beg you to wait a few minutes. I have sent one of the ladies to read the rules to Annie Brook; and it must depend, of course, on her promising to abide by them whether I can retain her in the house."

"Oh, I trust they are not very formidable!" exclaimed Ernestine; she is so timid and excitable, that she is very likely to be dismayed at first by what might afterwards seem easy to her."

"No penitent is admitted who does not promise to comply with the rules," was the inflexible answer. Presently there came a light knock at the door, and the lady went out. In a few minutes she returned,—

"I am very sorry to distress you, Miss Courtenay, but I fear you must take this young woman back with you. She has refused to give the necessary promise that she will stay two years."

"It is our rule," was the lady's answer.

Ernestine was in despair. "Will you let me talk to her, and perhaps I can persuade her to say what you would wish?"

"Certainly," said the lady; and she was conducted back through the long corridors to the little room, where Annie was sitting in a corner, crying as if her heart would break. She flew to Ernestine the moment she saw her,—

O Miss Courtenay, take me away from here. I shall never be able to bear it. They say I must promise to stay two whole years, and that's just like a lifetime. I can't promise to let myself be shut up among strangers all that while; and there's such a many things I am to do and I am not to do, I am frightened to death at it all. Tell them to let me out. I must go away."

"But, Annie dear," said Ernestine soothingly, "to where would you go? I am sure you don't want to go back to your wickedness, and it is impossible for you to get an honest living anywhere without a character. I am sure you could not bring yourself to go to the workhouse if you went out from here, could you?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Annie, shuddering.

"Well, that is the only other place where you could be safe from the sin that is bringing you to destruction. Surely you will say that you will try and stay two years, rather than let yourself be drawn away again from the merciful God who is calling you to repentance?"

"I don't want to do wrong again," said Annie; "but I can't promise to stay in this place two years."

"Annie it would be better to die than to do wrong. Yes," she continued, as the girl looked up surprised, "it would be better to die in any torture than to sin against our Father in heaven, for our Saviour tells us Himself not to fear those who can only kill the body, and then have nothing more that they can do but to fear Him, who has power to cast both soul and body into hell. Annie think of Lois. Her body is lying in the grave, and her soul is gone to wait the dreadful judgment day. If she could come back to earth again, do you not think she would be only too thankful to have two years, or twenty, or a thousand given her in this house of repentance? O my dear child, what need it matter to any one of us what we have to bear, in our short lives, if only we find mercy with our dear Lord at the last? He died to save you; will you not suffer a little to go to Him?"

"Oh, Miss Courtenay, I could bear anything if you were going to stay with me."

"But I will come and see you often, Annie dear, and I will write to you. Now you will let me tell the ladies you will try and stay two years, will you not?"

"I would do anything to please you," said Annie, and Ernestine went at once for the lady, who was in the next room, and having returned with her to Annie, she told her the girl would try and stay two years.

"You must not only try, you must do it," said the lady very decidedly, and then Ernestine took leave of Annie, with a warm pressure of the hand and a few words of kind encouragement, to which the poor girl's sobs prevented her from making any answer. Ernestine caught the last look of her blue eyes wistfully turned towards her as the door closed, and she could not resist a final entreaty to the lady, to treat her with as much indulgence as she could of one so impressible and affectionate a disposition. "I forgot too to tell you that the doctor that wrote her certificate considers her in a very feeble state. He does not think she can live long."

"That is very likely," said the lady. "It has been proved by the statistics that the average length of these girls' career is from four to five years; but the good food and quiet of this house may do much for her."

Ernestine then quitted the refuge, knowing that she left Annie in safety for the present, and it was with a feeling of intense thankfulness that she looked back over all the difficulties she had surmounted, and felt that she had been thus far able to keep the pledge she had given to the dead.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE CLOUDS BEGIN TO GATHER.

The month which followed this day of anxiety was one of such deep happiness to Ernestine Courtenay that the memory of it haunted her to the very of her death. She tasted then to the full the sweetness which the human heart can sometimes know even in this perishing world. Long after, when all the sunshine had faded out of her life, and existence lay around her like a dim landscape at eventide, where the shadows fall heavily on earth, and the only brightness is in the sunset gleam which seems to open a vista to the purer land, the thought of that little time of exquisite joy would come back to her, as in the gloom of a northern winter the recollections returns of the perfumes and beauty of a southern clime. She had no misgivings while the bright weeks were passing that it was happiness too great to last, nor did she seem to hear, as some have done, the footsteps of the coming sorrow, echoing down the long, dim aisles of the future. She gave herself up to the trusting love which filled her heart, and let it flood her whole being with its ineffable joys. There was not a shadow on the radiance with which it surrounded her; not a doubt, not a fear. The undercurrent sadness which the thought of both her brothers would ever leave for her beneath all the enjoyments of this world had not power to mar the intense personal happiness which she found in Hugh Lingard's love. He had from the first been passionately attached to her, but there was an inexplicable change in his bearing towards her, which was calculated to have the deepest charm for one so gentle and warm-hearted as Ernestine Courtenay. There was a tender reverence in his manner now, a loving devotion which was unwearied in seeking how to please her. He seemed to hang on every word she spoke, as if he longed to learn from her on all points, and to bring his very thoughts into accordance with hers, if that were possible. He did not now, any more than formerly, make professions of religious faith, and Ernestine's own convictions on that subject had greatly deepened since she had of late been brought so near to some of the great mysteries of the soul, in life and in death; but she had ever believed Hugh Lingard to be good, and pure, and chivalrous, as the kingdom of old, and she hoped now more than ever that he did hold a true religion in the hidden depths of his spirit, though he mistrusted himself too much to show it openly, and that it yet would find its full development in the life they hoped to lead together. In this she was deceived. Whatever change there was in Hugh Lingard had not sprung from clearer perception of the truth of God than that to which he had attained when she first became engaged to him.

Very little was said between on the subject of Annie Brook. Ernestine had fulfilled her promise of keeping Lingard *au courant* of her proceedings at Greyburgh, but of course the subject was one on which it was painful to her to speak; and after having told him that her mind was now at rest in the knowledge that the poor child was safe in the refuge, she said no more, and Hugh Lingard himself never alluded to the subject. Her account of Reginald's state of mind before his death confirmed him in his original belief, that it was as a victim of this young brother Ernestine had felt bound to grieve the girl over. Ernestine had purposely avoided giving Mr. Brown's name in any of her letters, as she thought it not unlikely, since he had been her brother George's friend, that Hugh might also have some slight acquaintance with him; and she was too honorable to reveal the dark secrets of a man's hidden life, acquired in such a manner. There was a vein of sadness in all Hugh Lingard said which touched very much and which she had never known in him before; but she, only labored the more earnestly to show how entirely she could care for his happiness when it became her first worthy duty. The preparations for their marriage were now going on rapidly, and had been fixed to take place in three months from the time of Ernestine's return to London. And so the golden hours floated on for Ernestine, brightened with sweetest hope, and precious already by the human sympathy which has so marvellous a charm for every living heart. Then suddenly came the first mutterings of the gathering storm, though she failed to perceive their import.

One day, when she was sitting alone in the drawing-room, her aunt having gone out, the mid-day post brought her a letter from the refuge. It contained the news that Annie Brook had the evening before made her escape from the home. She had, the writer stated, been gradually growing more and more restless, and had shown symptoms of rebellion against some of the rules' especially the "silence times." These, the writer explained, were periods during the day when entire silence was enforced on the penitents, as a form of discipline, and when they were required to perform their various duties in each other's society without the utterance of a single word. To this Annie had objected, on what the lady termed the "unreasonable ground" that "she could not bear her own thoughts." The half hour between 1 and 1.30 was divided between "mid-day prayers and recreation"—the only recreation allowed during the day—and on having been summoned from this brief respite to enter upon the afternoon "silence time," Annie had refused to obey. For this act of disobedience she was locked up in the "punishment room," and sentenced to remain there, on a diet of bread and water, till she was properly humbled. When visited in the evening it was found that she had made her escape through the window, at the risk of breaking her neck. Nothing had been heard of her since, and the letter concluded with the announcement that even if she were found, she could not again be received at the home, as Miss Courtenay would easily understand.

Ernestine's first impulse was to fling the letter from her, and clasp her hands in dismay, while something like a groan escaped her. Had it then been all in vain? Had all her efforts, her longings, her endurance, been useless after all? Was the unhappy child lost whom she had struggled to save from destruction? A pang of keen remorse shot through her heart: was it perhaps her own fault after all? She knew that Annie loved her, and she remembered how Thorold warned her, that human affection was almost the only influence which could be brought to bear on a heart still dead to the love of God: had she not too long neglected to use her power over that wayward soul? She had promised to go and see her; Annie had depended upon it; and she had let a month slip by in the golden light of her own deep happiness, which had seemed to hide from her charmed eyes all the darkness and sorrow

of the world without. She had written to the girl, it was true; but it was one of the rules of the home that the penitents were to write letters only once a month, so that Annie never yet had the opportunity of telling her whether she were contented with her position or not.

There are few, probably of those who think deeply, who have not known at times a feeling of overwhelming dismay and almost terror, at the thoughts of the whole world lying in wickedness round them, while they are living in quiet and comfort, full of their own hopes and fears, and *lifting not so much as a finger to stem the awful tide of woe and sin*, which is for ever engulfing so many deathless spirits in its fatal depths. Such a feeling fraught with keenest remorse, plunged Ernestine's very soul in anguish now, for it came with the special sting which the thought of Annie Brook's fatal disappearance had power to give it. Here had been one, but one soul out of the myriads daily perishing, given for its salvation into her own hands by the marked providence of God, and she had carelessly let it slip from her grasp. She had neglected, she had lost it! She had been wrapped in her own selfish love, intoxicated with her own selfish happiness. She had been reveling in hours of joy, in all that makes this world most dear. She had left that poor, weak, fainting soul to battle alone in the bitter waters of repentance, till she made shipwreck among them, while the only friend she loved was not at hand to save her. Oh, how Ernestine hated and despised herself as she thought of it,—she who had let her own sweet moments of earthly bliss weigh heavier in the balance than the eternal safety of that immortal soul! Probably she balanced herself too severely, and the fault did not in actual fact lie with her in this particular instance, but it is in truth a problem whose solution we well may dread, how far the souls that have perished round us may not rise up in judgment against us at the last for the doom which, but for supineness and easy selfishness, we might perhaps have averted. Ernestine could not, however, long endure the thoughts that pierced her heart; they goaded her to immediate action. Annie Brook at least still lived, and find her she must, though all her own life were spent in the search. She concluded that the girl would return to Greyburgh, and she determined to seek her there without an hour's delay. She new that her doing so would be even more violently opposed by her aunt than on the former occasion, for Mrs. Craven's account of her proceedings there had been by no means palatable to that lady, and therefore she resolved to start before Lady Beaufort's return home; while much as she would have wished to have seen Lingard before leaving him for an indefinite period, she dreaded, if she stayed to tell him of her plans, meeting the look of sadness in the eyes which followed her so lovingly wherever went. She knew that he would not oppose any wish of hers, however much he might regret her departure, so she decided to leave a letter for him without waiting for the hour of his daily visit.

In a short time, therefore, Ernestine was in the train, taking with her only her maid; but from the station she telegraphed to Mrs. Berry, the nurse who had attended Reginald in his last illness, and told her to take lodgings for her, as she did not wish to go to an hotel alone. Poor Ernestine carried an aching heart with her on her journey. It had cost her a bitter pang to break up her present happiness, and separate herself from her future husband, who seemed to grow each day more dear to her; and who in this changing life can ever part with a time of joy, without dreading that such another may never dawn for them again? The loss of Annie Brook, too, weighed heavily on her spirit: the search for her had been a bitter and painful task, and if she had gone back to her evil life, it had all been worse than useless. Then, as the fair towers of Greyburgh came in sight, glistening in the evening sun,

the remembrance of Reginald's unhappy death seemed to shroud it for her in sudden darkness, so fatal had this place, his so called *alma mater*, been to him.

It was a comfort to see at the station the kind, motherly face of Mrs. Berry, who waiting to conduct her to her lodging, but even she had her tale of sadness on this occasion. The good woman was, as she experienced it, very "down-hearted." She had strained herself in the last case of illness she had attended, and was for the present, and probably for the rest of her life, incapacitated from continuing her employment as sick nurse. As it was all she had to depend on for a livelihood, this was a serious calamity for her and her delight and gratitude knew no bounds when Ernestine told her she would remain with her till she was better, and that she would find means to make her useful in some light work. Ernestine's gentleness and sweetness had won on the nurse unspeakably during the time of Reginald's illness, and the idea of being with her or near her in any way was the greatest happiness she could have known. Having made Mrs. Berry happy was, however, the only gleam of comfort poor Ernestine had for the next few days. Her first thoughts was take counsel with Thorold as to the best means of once more finding Annie; but to her dismay she heard from Mrs. Berry that he was in London, having undertaken a six week's duty for an over-worked perpetual curate, in one of the most crowded districts. Mrs. Berry affirmed that he had done this solely that he might "work himself a bit harder" than he could do in Greyburgh just a present, when all the schools had holidays, and most of the people of the poorest class were out at work in the fields. He was not to return for some time, so Ernestine's next resource was to go to the old gaoler for advice, and early next morning she was once more at the gaol. Bolton was very glad to see her, but he shook his head when he heard her errand.

"It's a cruel pity they could not keep her when they had got her, for I doubt you'll not soon set eyes on her again. They should have coaxed her a bit. Rosie Brown would do anything on earth for a kind word, but she was scared in a moment if you were anyways harsh to her. However, she's gone, and the job now is to find her, and that won't be easy. She'd never come back here, you may depend. She'd be too much afraid of being took up and sent back to the 'tentiary.'"

"But where can she be then?"

"Most likely in London; she was nearer there than here, and it's where most of them makes their way to sooner or later."

"London!" Ernestine's heart sank within her. How hopeless any search would be in London she knew well. "Oh! I must hope she is here," she said; "is there no way of finding out?"

"Oh! I'll find out for you right enough," said the gaoler; "Rosie's known now, and I'll send one of our police to look for her. He is as 'cute a chap as you'd wish to see, and he'll soon find out if she is in Greyburgh. If you'll come round here to-morrow, Miss Courtenay, I'll undertake to tell you whether she's in this town or no."

There was nothing to be done but to wait through the dreary day, and dreary enough it was to poor Ernestine. She went to look at Reginald's grave, on which the grass was already green. Truly his place knew him no more; his name was but a memory, his life as a tale that is told. But where was the deathless soul, that had shivered so long in its darkness, without hope or stay, on the brink of the eternity that held him now? Ernestine knew not. Mortal eyes cannot pierce the dark mysteries of the unseen world. The soul of Reginald was in the hands of a God of perfect justice and infinite love.

*To be continued.*

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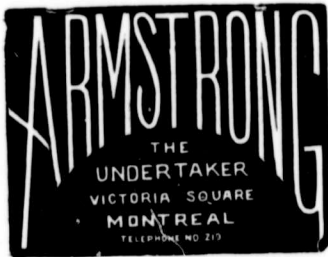
At the close of a recent sermon on "Christian Recreation and Unchristian Amusement," Dr. Cuyler thus summed up the position which a Christian ought to take: First, every recreation which makes me stronger in body, happier in mind, and purer in heart, is beneficial. Second, every amusement which is not an excitement, but the means of healthful recreation and improvement, is allowable for a Christian. I stand upon my Christian right in reference to them all: a healthy conscience enlightened of God, is to be the best judge. Third, no Christian should ever take part in any entertainments from which he cannot conscientiously turn to his Bible and his closet. Fourth, no Christian should frequent any place which Jesus Christ would forbid if He were personally on earth; nor should he be seen in places so questionable that irreligious persons would be started in finding him there. "Abstain," my friends, "from all appearance of evil." Finally, let me remind you of the best rule of all, God's rule. Here it is "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do," in work or pleasure, "do all to the glory of God." Then, when all your activities are in full play for God, and your whole brain at work in blessed schemes for studying and honoring Him, your whole hands occupied in leading men in paths of purity and truth, your whole self happy in your work, your principles, your recreations—that is life.

Mr. THOMSON, the Scottish Evangelist, tells the following story: "I have seen the whole of a ship's crew, consisting of fifty men, in jeopardy of their lives for seven days through strong drink; the crew all drunk and in a semi-mutinuous state, the captain confined below, and the ship with no one at the helm, careering over the broad Pacific before the wind. I remember saying to the captain, "This will never do; the vessel is foundering, and soon, if nothing be done, we shall all be lost. The crew was somewhat sobered by the imminence of their danger. The captain was brought on deck, and gathering the crew around him, he said, "We are in the middle of the Pacific, and unless something is done, and that quickly, we shall be lost." Then, turning to me, he said, "Sir will you take the helm?" "I will," I replied, "and if you will do what I ask you there will soon not be a drunken man on board." "What is that?" he inquired. "I fear you will not do it; yet it is our only chance. Throw all the liquor barrels overboard!" To my surprise the captain consented; and, sending the men below, the liquor casks were one by one thrown over the side, and in three or four hours there was not a drop of liquor on board. Drink almost wrecked the vessel. How many noble vessels have been wrecked through drink, and how many human beings with precious souls on board have been wrecked on their voyage heavenward by that accursed thing! Is it not time that once and for all a stop should be put to traffic in the use of that which beaustializes the body and sinks the soul into eternal woe?"—*League Journal*.

A GENTLEMEN who was passing along a city sidewalk saw two little boys look up at him with an expression of personal interest that attracted his attention, and he stopped to speak with them. The elder of them said winsomely, "I told Ned that that man was a friend of my father, and so I'd speak to him." "A friend of my father," and so my friend. If my father could trust him, so could I. If he loved my father, he would love my father's children. That was a child's reasoning, and all the sounder for being child-like. My Father's friends are my friends. As a child of my Father, I am inheritor in my Father's friendships. Those who trust him, I can trust. What a pity that any of us are less child-like than we ought to be—in our instincts and reasonings!

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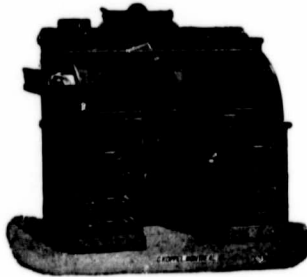
—Butler.

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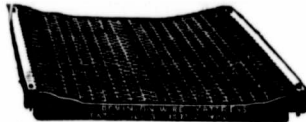
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