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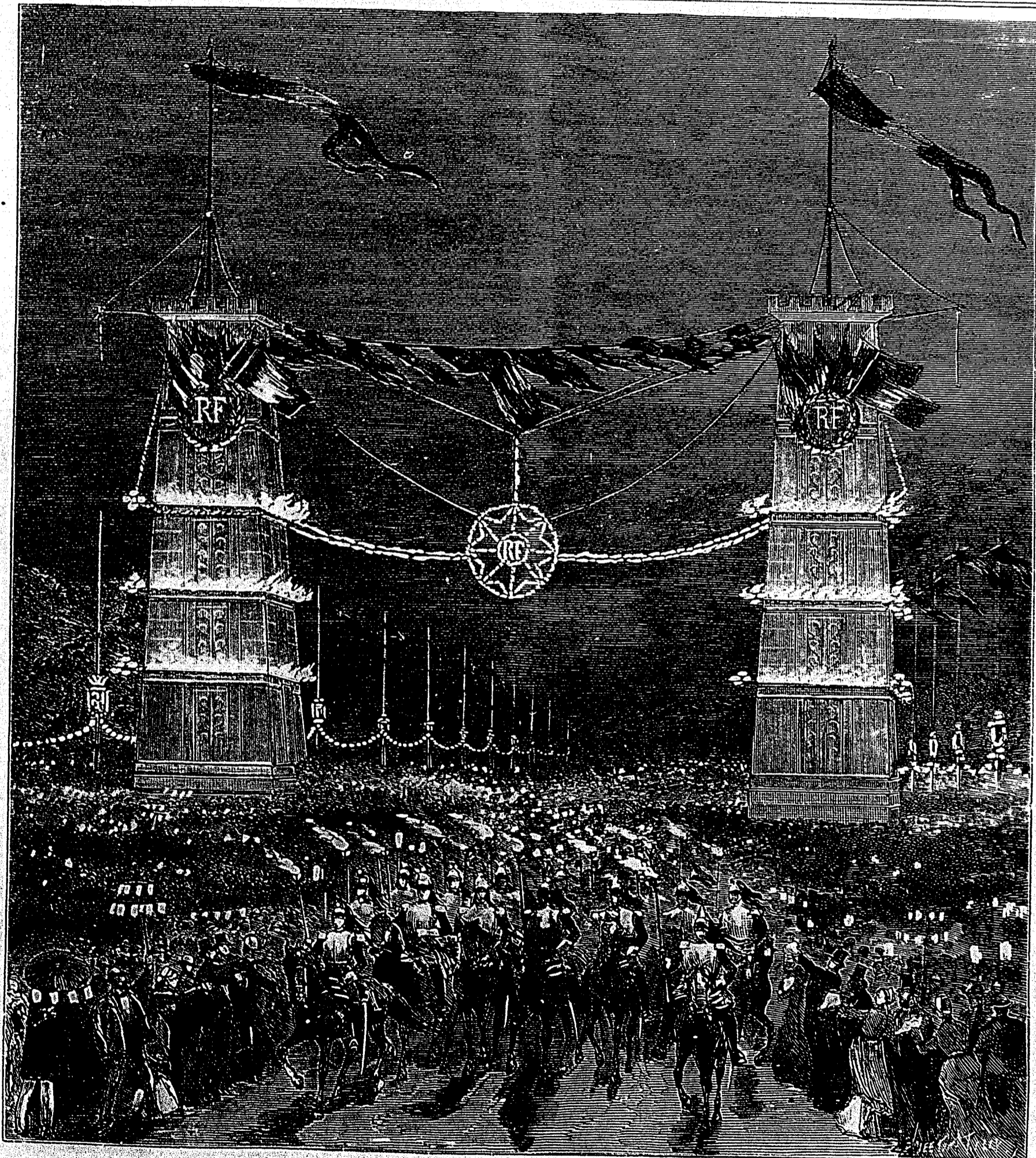
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Wholesale News

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PARIS.—GRAND TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION AT THE NATIONAL FETE, 30th JUNE.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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NOTICE.

Our Agent, Mr. W. STREET, who last year visited the Maritime Provinces, leaves again this week for the same parts. Customers and subscribers are requested to get ready to pay him all amounts owing us, and to help him in obtaining new subscribers. Our publications comprise the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, MECHANICS' MAGAZINE, and the French illustrated paper L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 27, 1878.

THE NATIONAL FETE IN PARIS.

Frenchmen, who have the habit of marking historical events of national import by the dates on which they occur, will have reason to remember Sunday, the 30th June of this year. That day was consecrated to the unveiling of CLESINGER's heroic statue of the Republic on the Champ de Mars, and the occasion was raised to the proportions of a national *fete*. All the Ministers were present at this ceremony, except the Premier, M. DUBAURE, who was kept away by the recent death of his wife. Speeches were delivered by the Minister of Commerce, and by M. DE MARCERE, the Minister of the Interior. The Marshal was not present, which seems singular, as his co-operation would have given outsiders at least a still greater idea of the solemnity of the occasion. But as his absence has not been remarked by any of the papers as unusual or significant, we imagine that it was due to some detail of French routine in such cases. At all events, the celebration was magnificently successful in every particular. The whole immense city took part in it with a degree of spontaneity and enthusiasm which is recorded as unprecedented. The object was to celebrate the existence of the Republic in the presence of the thousands of strangers now assembled in Paris, and to prove to the world that all classes of the population combine in accepting and encouraging the actual form of Government. Viewed from this standpoint, we must attach unusual importance to the festival. Not only the heart of the city, but the vast outlying suburbs—not only the commercial streets, but all that district which extends from the Palais Royal to Montmartre, and from the Bourse to Belleville, took part in the demonstration, and at night, when the incomparable illumination took place, with the grand display of fireworks at the Bois de Boulogne, there was not an inhabitant that did not decorate his house and light his windows. The Faubourg St. Denis is represented as having been particularly resplendent.

But beyond these material splendours, what added immeasurably to the meaning of the festival, giving it the impress of a truly national character, is the admirable order and the cheerful humour which everywhere prevailed. Although the streets, squares, gardens and boulevards were gorged with people until far away into the small hours, there was no disturbance of any kind. The *gens d'armes* and *sergents de ville* did not circulate in double rows as is usual on such occasions, neither was the garrison of Paris kept under arms. Rather did the military fraternize with the people, and a great *marche aux flambeaux* was composed exclusively of soldiers.

Bands of students and others went through the principal thoroughfares singing the Marseilles Hymn, but there was no breath of revolution in the music, and the chorus was taken up by tens of thousands of voices along the way, with a fervour that could only be the inspiration of patriotism.

All this is good news from France. It must prove agreeable to every lover of freedom who has been watching, these eight years, with mingled fear and hope, the efforts of a great nation to repair her gigantic misfortunes and ensure her prosperity by the establishment of lasting institutions founded on the rock of liberty. This national *fete* is proof that France has gone far toward maintaining herself in a strong Conservative Republic. Like the fine statue which symbolizes her, and whose unveiling she celebrated on the 30th June, France appears before the world "noble and simple, calm and strong, seated and at rest." And may she ever so continue.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We publish to-day a number of sketches illustrative of events which happened on the last 12th July, and which, owing to the shortness of time, we were unable to produce last week. The scenes which we describe are derived from sketches taken on the spot by our artists, and they will be readily recognized by all who were equally present. While, however, striving to be true to facts, we have endeavoured to avoid anything which could give offence, for the double reason that such has always been our course, and because there is now more ground than ever for attempting to allay, instead of inflaming, the bitter feeling which unfortunately exists in the community, growing out of these events. No good purpose can possibly be served by keeping up a division among our people, based upon religious differences. Rather should it be the aim of every publicist, of every man who addresses the public, either by word or pen, to inculcate that statesmanlike spirit of moderation which has kept us united for so many years, and without which this country would hardly be worth living in. What the CARTIERS, the MCGEEs, the CARMICHAELS, the DEMOULINS, and other apostles of conciliation have inculcated from platform and pulpit, it should be the endeavour of every one of us to maintain, if we wish—as who does not?—to achieve a common end in the development of this common weal. In the events of the 12th there was not much that afforded a comic aspect, and if we have drawn a few humorous sketches of the "Specials" it will be understood that we make no reflection on that or any other body as a whole. We furthermore beg to call attention to our sketches of the laying of the corner-stone of the new Wesley Church, with a portrait of its distinguished pastor, Rev. Mr. ROY, a sketch of whose life appeared in the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS of June 3, 1876. Our front page represents the grand *marche aux flambeaux* at the French National Festival, more fully referred to in another editorial article of this issue. Finally, the sketch of a French picnic, given with all its accessories, will suggest the proper means of truly enjoying that popular mode of recreation.

As echoing any remarks of our own on the results of the Berlin Conference, we publish the following little gem of an article from an American paper—the Missouri *Republican*—which, in simple language, lays bare the whole situation:—

As the English people study the new treaty which the Government has made with the Porte, opinion is divided between admiration for the conspicuous advantages which the treaty gives, and apprehension of the grave responsibilities which it must involve. It is seldom that a sweet comes without its bitter, and the bloodless conquest of the Eastern Mediterranean region which is secured by the treaty is offset by the cost of maintaining it. Virtually, the British people undertake to keep the Turkish empire alive; a very dif-

ficult task with a power which has been dying for fifty years, and whose final demise appears to be one of the most logical and inevitable events of the near future. For many years past, the British European policy has been one of non interference—strict abstention from entangling alliances which involve the duty of fighting other people's battles. But the new treaty marks a complete reversal of this policy. It makes England and the Turk perpetual allies, with all the danger and cost of the strange partnership to be met and borne by the former; and the English shrink perceptibly when they attempt to conjecture how great their danger and cost may be. Still, it is probable that, notwithstanding the protests of the Opposition, the English people will approve the treaty. It is a remarkable victory of English diplomacy; it makes Great Britain the leading power in Europe, and, though there are great responsibilities possibly growing out of the protectorate over Turkey, the English people know how to accept responsibilities when they are a necessity.

THE Habitual Drunkards Bill, which has been read a second time without a division in the British House of Commons, deserves consideration on this side of the water. DR. CAMERON, its mover, left out the compulsory clauses, which introduced the dangerous principle of empowering magistrates, on complaint of a relative, to commit a person to confinement in a Retreat as an habitual drunkard. The bill, as it now stands, will enable an habitual drunkard to register a sentence of detention which he passes on himself. Local authorities are empowered to license Retreats, which are to be subject to inspection under the control of the Home Secretary. Any habitual drunkard desirous of being admitted to such a Retreat is to make application in a form provided in the bill, his signature being attested by a magistrate who has previously ascertained that he understood the effect of his admission to the Retreat. This effect will be that, once in, he cannot leave till the time of his voluntary submission, which can never be more than twelve months, has expired. He may, however, after three months, be authorised by an Inspector to live out of the Retreat with any one who may take charge of him for the benefit of his health; and he may at any time apply in writing to a magistrate for a discharge, which the magistrate may grant if he thinks it wise to do so. The kind of restraint to be exercised is left entirely to the managers of the Retreats, who have to get licenses from the Quarter Sessions and to admit Inspectors.

WESLEY CHURCH.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE.

On the evening of Thursday, July 18th, a large concourse assembled at the new church edifice in course of erection on St. Catherine street, near Phillips' square, the occasion of their presence being the public laying of the corner stone of the new Wesley Church, Congregational, which, as will be seen by our illustration on another page, will be one of the finest sacred edifices ever erected in this city. Among those present were Messrs. Thomas Costen, Cushing, B. Burland, T. A. Crane, W. C. Pridham, J. Popham, Chas. Alexander, Robertson and others, the Rev. Dr. Wilkes, the Rev. Mr. Roy, pastor, and the Rev. Mr. Forster and many ladies and gentlemen, including those connected with the congregation, while the choir and Sunday-school were also numerous and well represented.

The church walls, so far as they have been erected, were decorated with evergreen, and the Union Jack was conspicuously displayed, and in the background appeared the words—"The corner-stone of Wesley Church to be well and truly laid." On the street and sidewalk opposite the church had collected a large number of spectators. Shortly after seven o'clock, Mr. Thomas Costen announced the hymn commencing—

"This stone to Thee in faith we lay,
To Thee this temple, Lord, we build."

The reading of the Scriptures from Chronicles vi. 1-21, 40-42, having been concluded, the Rev. Mr. Williams invoked the divine blessing upon the church and upon its congregation, praying for a long and prosperous career for its pastor. Mr. T. A. Crane, of the Building Com-

mittee, then read the following description of the building:—

The site is on the south side of St. Catherine street, between Phillips' Square and St. Alexander street, a very favourable one, being on an eminence from which a splendid view of the city can be had. The foundations of the whole building are now completed to the ground floor level, eight feet high above the ground; they are massive and constructed of limestone, the dressings and quoins chiselled, and courses rock faced. The work is not sufficiently advanced to give an idea of the symmetrical and striking beauty of its architectural proportions. Our engraving represents the finished edifice, which will be one of the most imposing structures of the kind in the Dominion, bold in design, simple in detail, but noble in expression. Our view is on St. Catherine street (taken from a drawing prepared by Mr. John James Browne, the architect), with the easterly side of the structure in perspective. The front has three doorways, the centre one deeply recessed with moulded jambs, detached columns with bases and foliated capitals, moulded arches, being the main entrance thirteen feet in width and twenty-four feet in height, with a flight of stone steps to give easy ascent to the main hall. The doors on either side give access to the basement, with circular staircases to the main hall and to the galleries. In the tympanum over the main entrance "Wesley Church, Congregational" will be cut on a band; a richly carved and panelled gable with a grand foliated octagonal *flèche* nobly crowning it rising fifty feet above the ground level. On each corner is an octagonal tower terminating with ornamental finials; between these towers and over the entrances the front wall recedes three feet, having richly panelled and moulded pediments running the whole length of front. Below the superbly ornamented apex of the main gable is a large rose window, the tracery of which is wrought in a style of rare ornamentation; the lower arc of the circumference of this grand window touches the mouldings above the panels with columns, bases and carved caps. This window is deeply recessed 14 feet in width and 22 feet in height, having columns, pilasters and moulded jambs and arched mouldings, richly carved tympanum terminating in a very rich cross of foliated design. Between this window and each octagonal tower there will be a rose window seven feet in diameter filled with ornamental tracery. Above the apex rises a blocking with pilasters and columns, moulded bases and carved capitals, water tables and grand foliated pinnacles. This church will be specially adapted to requirements of Congregational worship and oral instruction. The plan determined upon by the architect is cruciform with short nave. Choir and transepts meeting in a circular centre of fifty-four feet in diameter, having twelve clustered columns, moulded bases, enriched and foliated capitals to support the arches and dome (fifty-five feet above the floor level), ceiling light, twenty-five feet diameter, filled with cut and coloured glass, with lantern above to give light to the centre of the church. The number of sittings to be provided rendered it necessary to introduce galleries, which are placed across the nave and the transepts. The choir and organ will occupy the platform in rear of the minister, which will be six feet above the floor level with steps from choir vestry. The minister's platform will be three feet above the floor, with steps ascending on either side; in the centre is a desk, rich in design, and in front a circular railing for communicant. The seats are all curved and radiate from the centre; every sitting (eight hundred in number) will have an unobstructed view of the minister, and he will have a view of the faces of all the congregation. Vestries for the minister and choir will be under the platform. There is also a capacious and well-lighted basement, twelve feet in height, which will contain school-room or lecture hall, 48 x 52, library, five class-rooms—two of these have sliding glass partitions, which at any time will afford additional space to the Sabbath-school, or the two made into one for weekly meetings. There is a sub-cellar in front under the hall for fuel and furnaces to heat Sabbath-school and class-rooms with hot water, and the church with warm air. Ventilating flues are placed in nave transepts, and a large shaft in dome, regulated with iron rods.

The Building Committee appointed for the erection of this Church are:—Thos. Costen, Chairman; G. B. Burland, Treas.; W. C. Pridham, Secy.; T. A. Crane, James Popham, John Smith, Samuel Mathewson.

The Contractors are:—Peter Lyall, mason and cut-stone work. William Lavers, bricklayer's work. Archibald McIntyre, carpenter's and joiner's work. William Kerut, plasterer's work. John Murphy, painter's and glazier's work. William Cleudinneng, cast-iron work. Theodore Charpentier, slating and galvanized iron work.

The architect is John James Browne, under whose able supervision the work is being carried out.

After this, Mr. W. C. Pridham, Secretary of the Building Committee, deposited the box, with its contents, in the corner-stone, afterwards reading a list of the contents thereof, which are as follows:

1. Pamphlet entitled "Catholicity and Methodism," by Rev. James Roy, M.A.
2. Photograph of Rev. James Roy, M.A.
3. Copy of Address presented to Rev. James Roy, M.A., May 2, 1877.
4. Constitution, Rules, and names of 142 members of Wesley Church.

5. List of the names of the Deacons of Wesley Church.
6. List of the names of the Building Committee, the Architect and the Contractors.
7. Silver and copper coins, and one dollar, two dollars, and twenty-five cents notes of the Dominion of Canada.
8. Copies of Montreal daily and weekly papers.
9. Photographs of Lord and Lady Dufferin, Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, and Sir John A. Macdonald.
10. Map of the City of Montreal.

The address presented by the members of the Church to the Rev. Mr. Roy, their beloved pastor, May 2, 1877, and subsequently alluded to, is as follows:

"The undersigned, office-bearers and members of the Church, and members of the congregation worshipping in the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church, having heard that a charge has been laid against you of publishing heretical doctrines, desire to approach you with the assurance of our sympathy with you in the trial to which you are subjected, and to testify to our very high esteem and regard for you as a true and faithful Minister of our Lord Jesus Christ. Having that knowledge of your views of God and of His truth, which has been acquired by our having for nearly two years listened from Sabbath to Sabbath to your most scholarly expositions of the Holy Scriptures, and yet plain, practical, and loving enforcement of God's truth, we are not anxious about the estimate that may be formed of your doctrines and teaching by persons who have not enjoyed the opportunities which we have had of forming an opinion. We venture to hope that those whose province it may be to sit in judgment on your case will come to the conclusion that, although you may differ from others in the phraseology you may employ, and in the lines of thought you pursue, and method you adopt in the study of God's Word and preaching of His truth, the Methodist Church of Canada still retains enough of John Wesley's breadth of view and large Christian spirit to admit of your continuing to exercise your office and ministry within its communion and under its direction. But if it should be otherwise determined, we desire to assure you that, having that confidence in you which is begotten of our observation of your manly, upright character—of your godly life and conversation—of your humble Christian spirit—of the faithful performance of your duties as preacher and pastor—of your zeal for God and fidelity to the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ,—we are prepared to adhere to your fortunes, and share your fate."

A beautiful silver trowel was then presented by Rev. Mr. Roy to Mrs. G. B. Burland, who proceeded to use it in the laying of the corner-stone. In another part of the paper will be seen a sketch of this trowel, which is handsomely inscribed to Mrs. Burland as a tribute and memorial of the esteem in which Mr. Burland is held by the congregation.

Next a very interesting part of the ceremony was performed, under the management of Mr. James Popham, by a number of Sabbath-School scholars, each of whom laid a brick in the wall of the Church—an office performed with much enjoyment by the little ones. This pleasing novelty is one which is worthy of future imitation, inasmuch as it associates youth with good works, affording them a pleasant reminder for the rest of their days that they contributed their mite toward the erection of the sacred edifice.

Mr. Thomas Costen then read an account of the origin of Wesley Church, as follows:—

"On the 20th day of May, 1877, by a happy coincidence of favourable omen and perpetual reminder of the source of Christian power, the very day appointed in the calendar as Whitsunday, or the Sunday commemorative of the sacred scenes of Pentecost, began, in the Academy of Music, in the city of Montreal, the first public religious service of a people who came forth from one of the city churches rather than sanction, by remaining in it, what seemed a great wrong. Their pastor was about to be driven from his ministry, and from the care of souls whom he had fed and nourished by his preaching of the truth as it is in Jesus, and whose profiting had become his seal of office, by a powerful organization, for no greater offence than that of having contended for a more liberal theology, and a more comprehensive charity, but at the same time combined with a piety which should be neither imperfect nor intermittent.

The immediate occasion of this intention on the part of the authorities of the Methodist Church was first the publication in a local newspaper of an erroneous paragraph professing to be a report of a sermon preached by Mr. Roy, and subsequently the publication under circumstances to be explained hereafter of a pamphlet entitled "Catholicity and Methodism."

The real cause of the ecclesiastical action, however, was a desire to suppress, so far as Methodism was concerned, a demand which is growing in all the churches, for a revision of their doctrinal statements, so as to bring them more into harmony with the facts revealed by the observation and reflection of the past century. To accomplish this end the attempt was made to prove Mr. Roy to be a Rationalist and a Socinian.

His people, who had for nearly two years listened from Sabbath to Sabbath to his learned, yet simple expositions of the Scriptures, and whose hearts had often burned within them as he talked to them of Jesus, knew that he was neither the one nor the other, but that his aim was to preserve Wesley's Arminianism from degenerating into Plymouthite Antinomianism,

and to raise men to a conception of Christianity higher than any of its mere party manifestations. They found that, in certain forms of ecclesiastical organization, unity is taken to mean uniformity, and divergence from established forms of words is taken for abandonment of the truth. These people, therefore, to the number of 64, though they knew not what might be their own future, determined that, while they could, they would worship together. Their service on week evenings and their Sunday-school were held, first, in the rooms of Bishop's College, on Ontario street, kindly opened to them, and next in the building on St. Catherine street, known as the Alexandra Rooms. Their Sunday services have been held in the Academy of Music, also kindly put at their disposal.

The various difficulties connected with the formation of a new church have been successfully encountered, the current expenses of the first year, as well as the extra-ordinary charges attending the furnishing of the lecture hall and the establishment of a Sunday-School Library have been fully met by the cheerful contributions of the members, and the Church has entered upon its second year free from debt, glad and hopeful, and trusting in God that His blessing may still abide with it.

Their brief history, accompanied as it was by gifts from sympathetic friends, by increasing congregations, and by a membership which rapidly doubled, proved that, in Montreal, there was a demand for churches which should at once be true to evangelical piety and yet should not shrink from the consequences to doctrinal formularies and church rules of an application to these of the knowledge gained during the last century.

It became evident to the members that their duty lay in the direction of procuring a church building for themselves; and they have been enabled to make such arrangements that they hope in no long time to possess a church, which, while neither immense nor unduly costly, will be their own, and in which the individual preacher will be permitted to proclaim the leading truths of the Gospel as they present themselves to his own mind, and without being limited to a conventional phraseology having no higher authority than some mind or minds equally fallible with his own,—a phraseology conceived and adopted in times of less intimate knowledge of the philology of the languages in which the Scriptures were written, in times of a much cruder development of physical science and a less perfect acquaintance with the history of the earth and the laws of nature than exist in the present day.

They have adopted a constitution and terms of church membership which, it is hoped, will sacrifice no principle essential to the prosperity of a Christian Church in the development of a truly evangelical piety, and yet will give the largest liberty consistent with such piety. By a perusal of this constitution, it will be seen that the church has not abandoned formularies of doctrine, though it imposes no creed upon such candidates for membership as manifest repentance toward God and faith in Our Lord Jesus Christ. For a continuance in the true spirit of the Gospel, they trust less in the power of formularies than in the promised presence of the Divine Spirit with those who have the disposition to do the will of God, as well as to the moulding influence of the general sentiment of those churches with which they are associated, and whose opinions they respect, to say nothing of the watchfulness of others who will, doubtless, gladly point out any tendencies to depart from "the faith once delivered to the Saints."

In faith in Him whose leading we believe we are following, we this day lay the corner stone of the building which we hope may yet be to us and to others a place of His especial presence."

After this, Rev. Mr. Roy, standing upon the corner-stone, announced that he would do that which he was not in the habit of doing, read his address. He then read the following:—

"During the excitement attending the circumstances out of which arose the congregation for whom this church has been commenced, it was thought best by him who serves it as pastor to wait for a time of greater calmness before making any reply to the numerous adverse statements of his former companions in church relationship. The time appears now to have come to furnish such a reply, and to indicate what position this church proposes to assume. The time afforded by such a service as this, must necessarily render a reply very brief, and must confine it to the most general statements, consistent with the purpose involved. The germ of all that has occurred, so far as the pastor of this church is concerned, was the attempt, in his early ministry, to solve a problem brought before him in his pastoral work. He became aware, from one prominent instance, of what he has had frequent occasion to notice since, the presence in congregations of persons who have the common faith in Christ as the Saviour of the world and of themselves, who fear God, who cast their influence on the side of what is good, and who are honoured in the business community for uprightness and usefulness, but who make no profession of religion and are commonly reputed to be "unconverted," as the term is generally understood. These persons sit together with others who are called, and who call themselves "converted," who keep up the devotional services of the Church, but who are known to be untrustworthy in business relations which give them occasions for advantage. The popular theology in which he had been trained taught him to regard the former as hastening to hell, and the latter as sure of heaven. An in-

ward sense of justice condemned the popular theological conceptions, and he sought in the Bible and in the comments of Benson and Wesley for a solution of a problem which had never come before him in a practical light until then. From Wesley's notes on the case of Cornelius, he learned that acceptance with God depends upon the attitude of the soul and life to Him, and not upon the conceptions about him which may for the time prevail in the mind, that consequently the great work of Christ was to give the truth concerning God in our various relations to Him, and that these principles should be fundamental to all forms and changes of Church government. He had been convinced from the "Notes" of Wesley on the New Testament, from his sermons and miscellaneous writings and from other reading and from personal acquaintance, that under these great general principles, Unitarians could be both Christians and useful ministers of Christ. He therefore constantly preached what he knew to be facts, and asserted that no doctrinal statements, however sanctioned by age or authority, which contradicted a fact, supported alike by observation, the Scriptures, and the standards of Methodist theology, known as the Legal Standards, could be correct. Nevertheless, his aim was not to defend the doctrines of Unitarianism any more than Calvinism, but to defend the right of the one quite as much as the other to a place in the Christian Church, and to Christian recognition. This recognition of the possibility of truly Christian piety in Unitarians, and the impossibility of any views being essential to piety, which logically denied the fact acknowledged alike by observation and the "legal" theological standards of his Church, necessarily modified his presentation of Christian doctrines. By those who were not trained to a nice discrimination of thoughts, his charity and candour were construed into heresy, and from his rejection of traditional definitions and explanations, where they contradicted natural justice and observed facts, he soon found himself charged with Rationalism and Unitarianism. In the sense of one who denies the existence of the supernatural, or of one who regards human reason as sufficient for life, without a divine revelation, the charge of being a Rationalist was simply false. He was no Rationalist, as he believed and taught both the existence of a supernatural world and a revelation from it to man of the way of salvation. Neither was he a Socinian. While granting that Unitarianism had done for Christianity a service of which most Christians are ignorant, and that many of its objections to the popular interpretations of Scripture are well-founded, no phase of Unitarianism he had ever seen, historical or private, could he have accepted as an adequate presentation of Christian and Scriptural truth. To Socinianism he had fatal objections. Its views in some instances seemed to demand a violence to the true and natural sense of Scripture; and in the expression of Socinus, translated "mere man," by whom he designated Christ, there seemed to be involved that very naturalism which seeks to account for all the phenomena of Christ and the world, without the intervention of a personal Deity. Hence, from its deficiencies and its germs of possible and almost certain evil, he was compelled to reject the Socinian presentation of Christianity. On the other hand, the phraseology of the churches called "Orthodox and Evangelical," appeared to him even where it would scarcely bear critical scientific analysis, in its not infrequent poetical exaggeration, to contain and to express to the popular mind truths difficult to define with scientific accuracy, but, nevertheless, absolutely necessary to practical Christian work. On the whole, then, his regard for that practical work, to which every thought and expression should be made to bend, was such that he preferred, for himself, association with the churches most noted for doing it, and these were the churches which he believed unreasonably assumed to themselves alone the title "evangelical." He longed for a more loving unity of Christians. He saw the more learned and pious liberals drawing nearer to the orthodox, and the orthodox drawing nearer to the liberals. He expected no unity by the betrayal of one into the hands of the other, but the possibility of Unitarians being Christians seemed the greatest question on which hung the possibility of a united Protestantism. He believed that the Legal Standards of the Methodist Church, whatever might be said by those not known as legal, enabled that Church, with less violence to existing formularies than in the case of almost any other Church, to proclaim such a recognition. He felt that this was a question of public interest, and not of merely personal or denominational importance, and should therefore be presented to the public. He felt that if it were decided by the public voice, at least of his church, that such a recognition of Unitarians as Christians was not possible, the condemnation of it must rest upon grounds so narrow that they would make his continuance in the Methodist ministry no longer desirable. He privately proposed to the leading authority of the Church in Montreal, when a newspaper paragraph was the occasion of trouble, the issuing of a pamphlet expressing his views on the limits he believed the "legal" standards allowed to a minister, and volunteered the information that if those views should be regarded as untenable, he would quietly withdraw from the Church. This proposal he believed to be accepted. To avoid every possibility of offence, he had his manuscript repeatedly revised by competent gentlemen; and by insertions, corrections, and an exposition of his purpose in the preface, he endeavoured to

guard against misapprehension. Instead, however, of finding a great question met in a statesmanlike spirit, he found his purpose misrepresented, his own doctrinal views caricatured, his personal and ministerial life belied, what he had honestly stated for the purpose of guarding against a misapprehension of his own views treated as the scheme of a trickster endeavouring to escape detection, and every practicable device of ecclesiastical ingenuity resorted to, to crush him. The results of faithful research and careful criticism, honestly pursued for years, and the most apposite quotations from the very theological standards which formed the court of appeal were summarily rejected by those who yielded to them only so far as they supported one phase of theological thought, but who capriciously rejected what the very civil law binds them to respect when it clashed with theories they were determined to enforce, as if they were the very Word of God himself. Criticism from without was ever repelled as an impertinence: all possibility of progress in clearness of conception or expression was to be prevented by crushing all criticism from within. A course of conduct which even the Free Church of Scotland has hesitated to pursue towards criticism of the Bible itself was eagerly adopted towards criticism of formularies which, however excellent, could never be compared with the writings of Prophets and Apostles. A Protestant sect, professing to respect the rights of private judgment, did its best to prove to the world the hollowness of its own professions. Meanwhile the majority of the congregation to which he ministered, foreseeing the storm, were making preparations unknown to him to meet it. He was unexpectedly presented, at a week evening service, with an address, a copy of which is deposited in the corner-stone of this new church, assuring him of sympathy and support. When that which purported to be a trial was over, and the condemnation was pronounced, and not till then, did he feel that his own sense of duty allowed him to relinquish a position to which he believed he was entitled by both the spirit and much of the letter of the Legal Standards of the Church he had served so long, and to which he was bound by the presence in it of many who had been brought to God by his labours. He forwarded his resignation as a minister of that church. None knew better than his immediate friends, that even then, his advice to them, in view of the expense, the isolation, the rending asunder of the most valued ties, the nameless sufferings which they would have to endure if they adhered to him was, "Stick to the old ship and let me drop." They decided otherwise, however, and taking the determination of a dear and generous people as an indication of a providential path, he gave himself into their hands. So far, God's blessing has been with us. Having found under the law relating to Congregational Churches, the freedom, under great general principles, which we could find nowhere else, it is our aim, God helping us by the power of His Holy Spirit, to follow, as closely as earnest hearts can, the Lord Jesus Christ. To those of similar aim we offer our Christian fellowship, demanding of none more obligations than those which are necessary for our common Christian life. To other churches, without distinction of name, we offer our friendship, so far as they coincide with our own aim, to bring men to Christ, and to keep them true to Him. Even for that church from which the majority of us have believed ourselves compelled to withdraw, as we never had any but the kindest feelings for it, we will not cease to pray, hoping that the time may come when it will learn not to repeat the historic folly so often illustrated in the history of Christianity, of forcibly trying to suppress thought, only to find that the means employed to do it have been fruitful of evil to the Church that has made use of them."

Mr. Costen announced the hymn commencing—

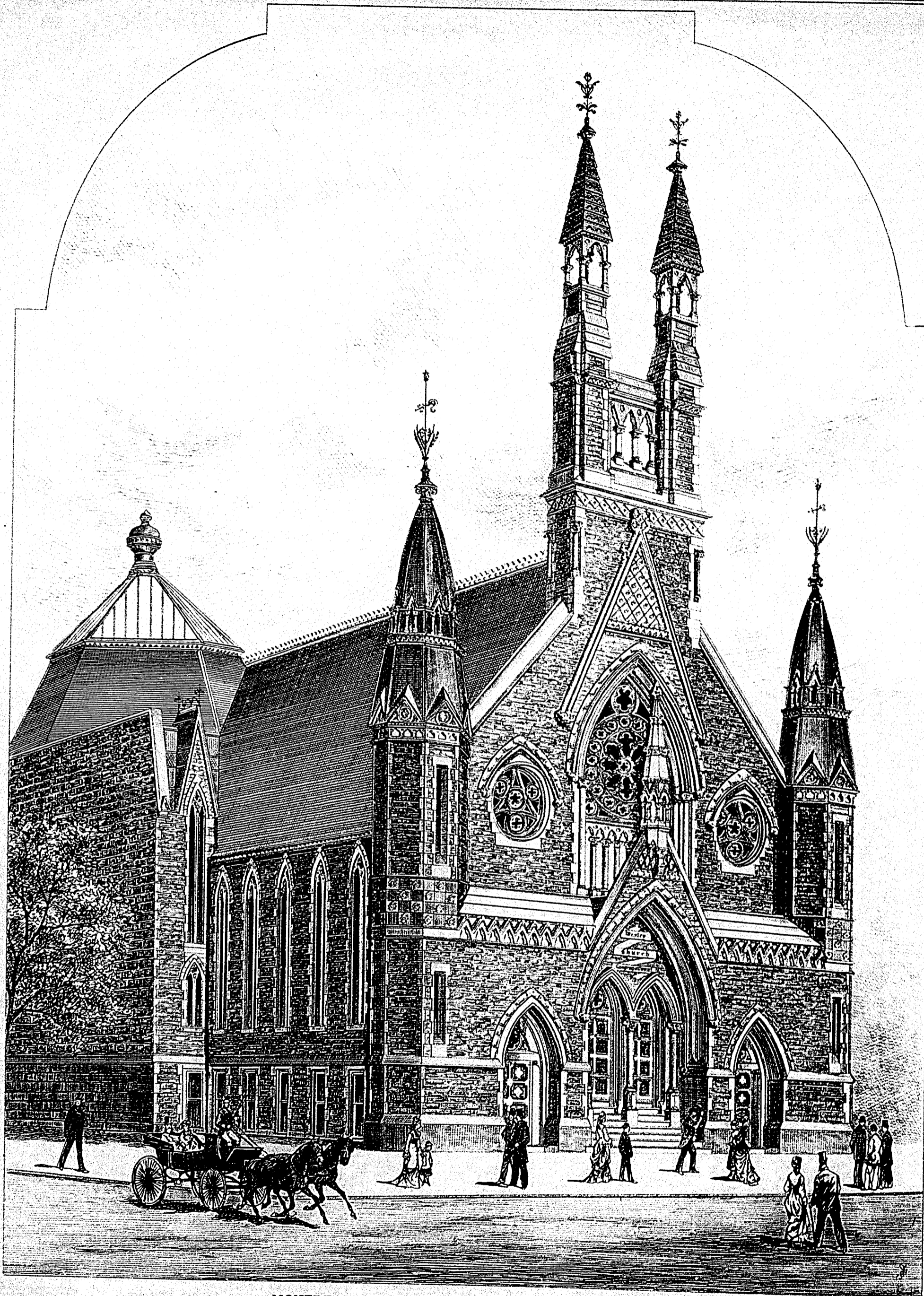
"O Lord of Hosts, whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills."

And this concluded, the Rev. Dr. Wilkes delivered one of those hearty, recomite, spiritual addresses, of which he has long had the secret. The address was received with much applause, and this having subsided, the Rev. Mr. Forster delivered a short address, congratulatory of the congregation that they were to have a church for public worship, and not a concert-room or place of amusement. The National Anthem having been sung with energy and enthusiasm, the benediction brought to a close the public proceedings in connection with laying the corner-stone of the new Wesley (Congregational) Church.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, or shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

Luck and temper rule the world. Choicest assortment of French Cambrie, Chorott and Oxford Shirts in Canada at Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton. Send for samples and price list, and have your Shirts made properly. Treble's, 8 King Street E., Hamilton.



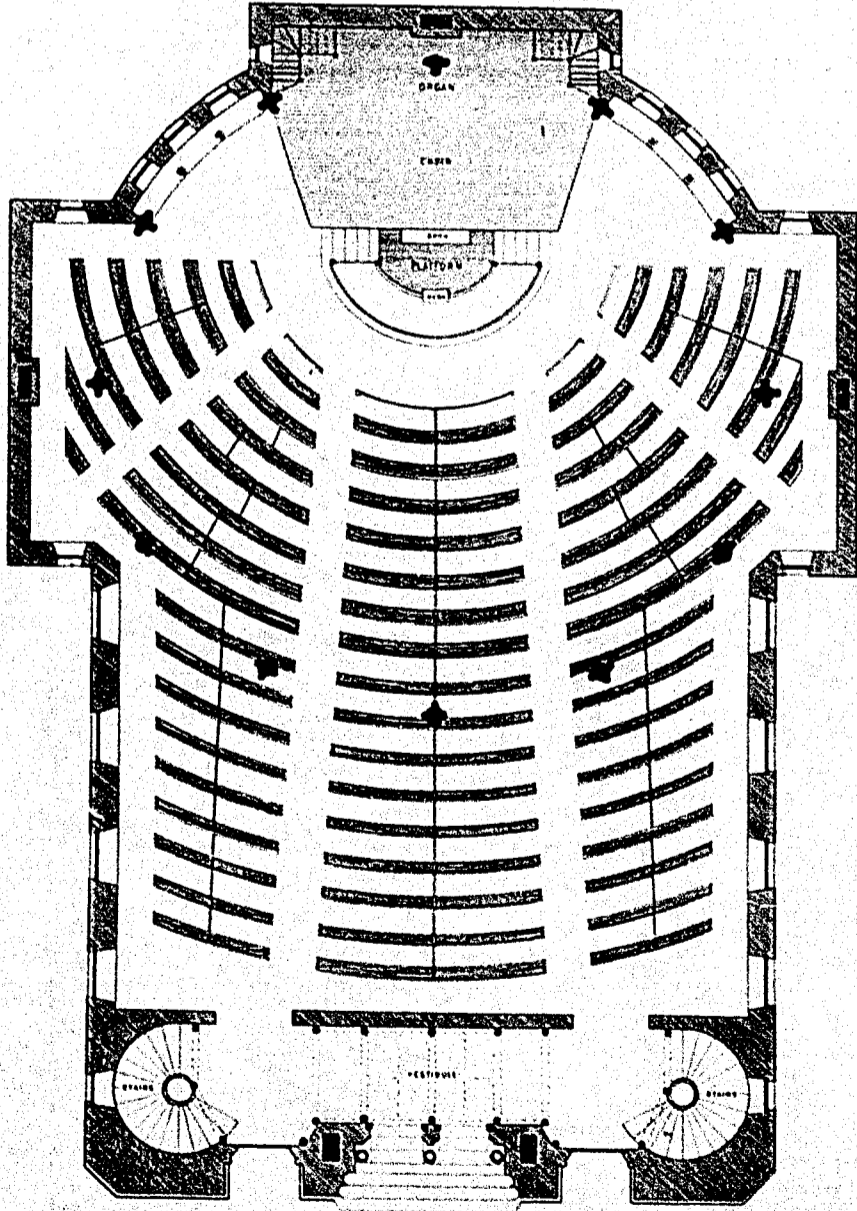
MONTREAL.—THE NEW WESLEY CHURCH, CONGREGATIONAL.



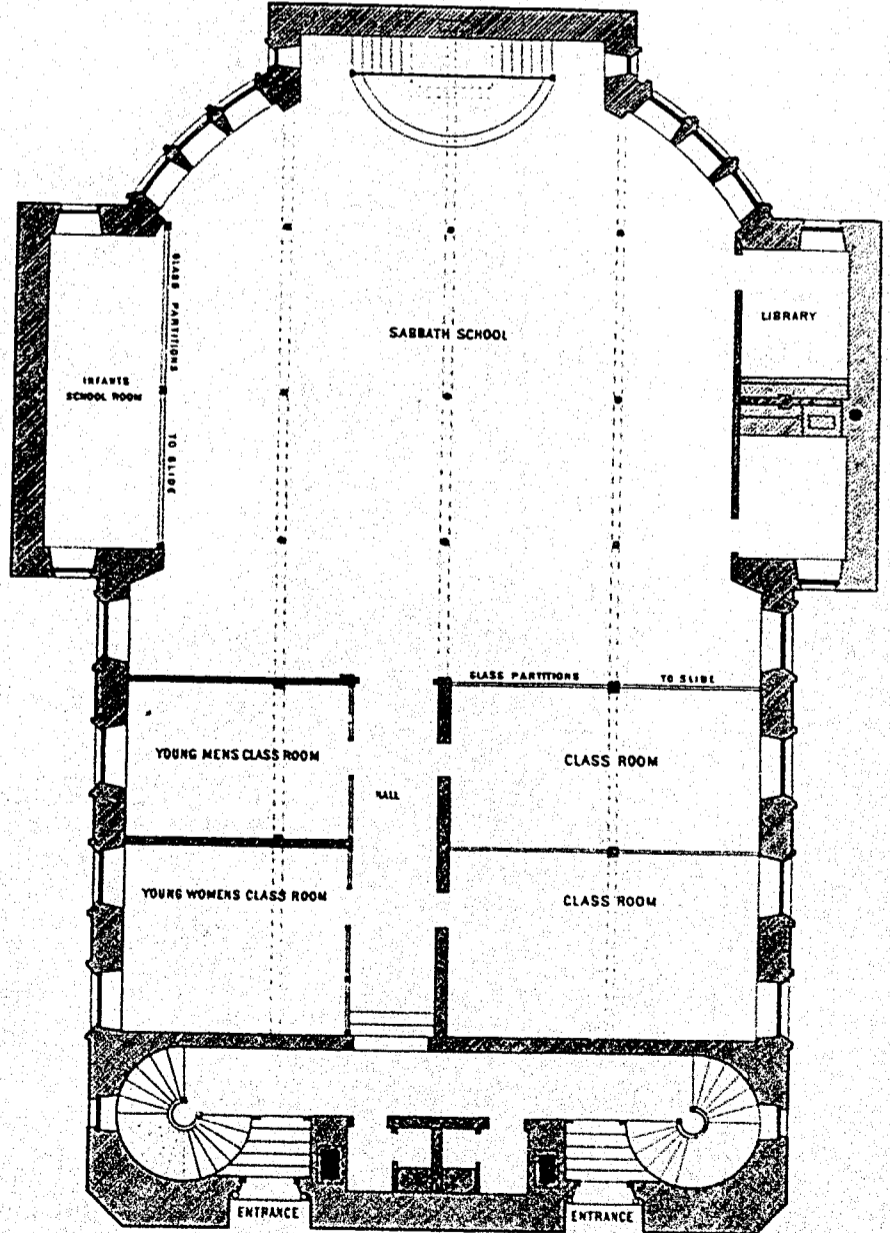
REV. JAMES ROY,
PASTOR OF THE WESLEY CHURCH, CONGREGATIONAL.



THE SILVER TROWEL USED AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE
OF THE NEW WESLEY CHURCH.



GROUND PLAN.



BASEMENT PLAN.

PLANS OF THE NEW WESLEY CHURCH, CONGREGATIONAL.

CANADA TO ENGLAND.

England, my mother, my brave-hearted mother,
I'll not desert you when danger is nigh
Shoulder to shoulder I'll fight with you ever—
Shoulder to shoulder we'll fight or we'll die!

England, my mother, my brave-hearted mother,
Ever you've striven for truth and for right,
And though the world in its might may assail you,
With you and for you I'll join in the fight!

England, my mother, my brave-hearted mother,
When they are needed my men will arise,
And at my summons will sound up my war-cry,
Blending with thine to the echoing skies!

England, my mother, my brave-hearted mother,
I'll not desert you when danger is nigh!
Shoulder to shoulder I'll fight with you ever—
Shoulder to shoulder we'll fight or we'll die!

Stayner. Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY, M. D.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

At a West-end church, the patronage of which is vested in the Duke of Westminster, a gentleman put a note into the offertory bag promising to give two guineas to every London hospital except the Grosvenor Hospital, which, he considered, should be wholly supported by the members of the Grosvenor family.

A LEADER of fashion has inaugurated a new coiffure for men. He wears his hair close cropped at the back and at the sides, but long locks are brought from the back and are curled, and lie in a wavy mass on the forehead, giving the wearer a strangely womanish aspect seen from the front, and a perfectly ludicrous aspect seen from the side.

It is generally asserted that the two vacant Garters are being reserved for the British representatives at Berlin on their return to this country. This will be altogether in accordance with precedent, as Lord Castlereagh obtained his ribbon at the close of the Congress of Vienna, Lord Russell after that of London, and Lord Clarendon after the Treaty of Paris.

THE Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial left Chiselhurst on Wednesday for Ems, where the Empress will take the waters, and the Prince, accompanied by M. Pietri, goes on to Copenhagen. His Imperial Highness will stay in the Danish capital for four days, and then start for Sweden, where he will be the guest of the King, and make a tour in Sweden and Norway. On the 15th of August the Empress and the Prince will meet at Arenenberg, where they will stay for nearly two months, returning to England in October.

AMONG the miscellaneous, artistic, scientific, and economic treasures and curiosities in the grand reception hall of Stafford House, is a coffin which the Duke of Sutherland brought back with him from Egypt. It is shaped something like those iron casquets of which some company, undertaking to reform our funeral arrangements, puts up pictures in our railway stations. It is painted in cheerful colours on the outside, and there is nothing repulsive in its appearance. Concerning this precious relic of antiquity, however, there is a good story going round. When the coffin arrived, the Egyptologists were asked to decipher the hieroglyphics painted on the sides. Of course, translations were brought describing minutely the antecedents of the enclosed mummy which was declared to be that of a certain priest, the son of another, and the coffin was opened wide, and the wrapping stripped off the body. It was found to be in a remarkably good state of preservation, and the mummy of a woman!

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A WIT in Paris recently defined a masked ball as "a merciful institution for plain women."

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot for a museum of decorative art in Paris, and Sir R. Wallace has subscribed 10,000*l.* to it.

A TROUPE of forty male and female gipsies (singers) from Moscow has obtained considerable success at the concert of the Orangerie in the Tuileries Gardens.

QUEEN Isabella's diamonds and jewels, now in course of sale at the Auction Mart, produce less than was expected. The two first days only brought £20,000, half the valuation.

THE Shah, who brought thirty-six caskets of gold, takes back only eleven. He has spent in France three millions of francs. His expenses at the Grand Hotel were 3,400 francs a day.

THREE more congresses at the Trocadéro have just been authorized. Land surveyors are to assemble on the 18th instant, homœopaths on the 12th of August, and friends of the blind on the 3rd of September.

THE Duchess of Galliera has resolved to bequeath to the municipality of Paris her collection of paintings and sculptures, together with a site for a museum and square between the Rue Morny and the Avenue Trocadéro.

A LARGE design has been ordered by the French Government of M. E. Hérouin, in commemoration of the inauguration of the Universal

Exhibition. An etching is to be executed from it of the same size as the original drawing.

IT is understood that the delivery of the new flag to the active and territorial army will be made an imposing spectacle, to be held in the Bois de Boulogne by the Marshal at about the same date as the presentation of the Exhibition prizes.

THERE was discovered 14 years ago on a hill at Montpensier Rion, a gold ring believed to have belonged to the Black Prince. It weighs 13 grammes, is set with a ruby, is inscribed *Sigillum secretum*, and has a Latin device round the circle. A woman, a rag collector, discovered it, and alleged that the Mayor gave her 40*l.* on account, promising to divide the proceeds between her and the Commune. The Mayor having sold it in 1876 for 8,600*l.* to Baron Jerome Pichon, she claimed half the price, but the tribunal has just dismissed her, holding that she sold the ring for the 40*l.*

PARIS is pre-eminently the city of Bonnets, and, therefore, it is not surprising that those marvellous articles of costume—equally dear to the feminine heart and purse—should play a conspicuous part in the great Exhibition. One of them is marked 250*l.*, and another 350*l.* The cheaper Exhibition bonnet is adorned with a small piece of gold lace—real gold. The more costly one has a piece of imitation lace, made of mother-of-pearl, and the waste of the fragile material in cutting out the pattern cost the additional 100*l.* A 500*l.* bonnet, trimmed with real jewellery, is also an attraction.

M. de Villemessant of the Paris *Figaro* has addressed a note to the editors of the London newspapers, the replies to which (if he gets any) will probably astonish him. He states that he has detailed two of his *rélecteurs* to prepare a daily review in the *Figaro* of the foreign press, and he proposes to precede this with a comprehensive account of the more important journals throughout the world. For this purpose he has prepared a form which foreign editors are asked to fill up, and which would certainly, supposing it to be filled up, embody a fair amount of information. In the first place, the full title, subtitle, and address of the journal reporting on itself are asked, then the date of its establishment, a summary of its history and its politics. But even this is not enough; the editor is to write of himself "a laconic biography," and finally to state (approximately) the number of copies printed. As he has no party interest to serve in the matter, M. de Villemessant promises that the particulars sent shall be published without alterations; and he is so confident of obtaining them that he offers his thanks in advance, together with his "sentiments of affectionate fraternity."

DINNER-TABLE HYGIENE.

The question of dinner-table hygiene practically divides itself into two. First, how are we to secure that each day's dinner, whether taken at home or abroad, shall do us no injury? and, secondly, how are we to derive from each dinner the greatest possible amount of good? The ideal dinner is not that which simply supplies a man's tissue-waste, but that which places him altogether in a happier and better frame of mind. Regarded in this light a dinner may be made the means not only of bodily but of mental edification. To this end the body of the diner must be placed under such conditions that the function of digestion can be carried on with the least possible strain on the general nervous force, while his whole environment must be such as to conduce to a cheerful and contented frame of mind. Much might be written as to the preparations and antecedents necessary to a healthy meal, but it will suffice here to say that all forms of appetite-coaxers, such as alcohol in its various forms and bitters, are likely to do more harm than good, and should be rigidly eschewed by the philosophical diner. The two most important preparations are a moderately long fast, and a period of complete mental and bodily rest before dinner. Afternoon tea is utterly antagonistic to a successful meal, and any worry of mind or fluster of body is equally to be avoided for at least half an hour before the dinner hour.

The fixing of this dinner hour is, perhaps, one of the most important points in the whole question. The desideratum is a sufficient interval after it for perfect digestion. The great fault of modern dinners is that they are too late. The diners go to bed, as a rule, with their stomachs half full of undigested food, and as a consequence they derive the full benefit neither of their meal nor of their sleep, but rise after a rest with a headache and a feeling of weariness, which do not wear off until the next day is half over. In other cases this error has been known to give rise to nocturnal flatulence and acidity, and even to obstinate diarrhoea. These troubles are easily remedied when once the cause is found, but in the opposite event the tissues may in the end suffer most serious damage. To be on the safe side, one should interpose an interval of four hours between the end of dinner and the commencement of sleep, and any arrangement which only allows for an interval of less than three hours stands self-condemned. The hour fixed, the next thing to be considered is the food. Here the first requisite is that every article of diet should be perfectly good. It is economi-

cal in the end to provide the best of everything. Next in importance to purity comes good cookery, which is, perhaps, the most difficult to obtain of all the requisites of a healthy dinner. Variety is the next important matter. We think that, on the whole, the appetite should be satisfied on one article of food, the preference being given to a cut from a joint, plainly cooked. But this should be partaken of only in moderation, and the adjuncts to it in the way of vegetable should be strictly limited both in number and quantity. It is better, if possible, to make separate courses of the different kinds of vegetables, so that the stomach is filled gradually; and it is as well, for the same reason, to interpose a short interval between each course. Of *entrées*, the cautious diner will take only one, choosing that which is most simply prepared. Soup and fish should be taken only in moderation. As to wine, the most important point is, as every one knows, to adhere to one kind throughout dinner. Claret or hock is, for most people, the safest drink, and the quantity taken at dinner should never exceed a pint. Wine, even in its lightest forms, should never be used undiluted, simply to quench thirst; for this purpose it should be mixed with water, no pure wine being taken till the edge of thirst is dulled.

In conclusion we must add a few words on the general surroundings of a dinner. What is required is to secure that the main supply of nerve-force shall be concentrated on the digestive organs, while, at the same time, the mind is pleasantly stimulated. The dining-room should be kept cool and well-ventilated; otherwise the blood is drawn away from the stomach to the surface-capillaries, while an extra strain is put upon the lungs by the respiration of vitiated air. The light should not be so brilliant as to over-excite the nervous system. A subdued light of a reddish shade is, perhaps, the most pleasant to dine in, red being believed to have the most enlivening effect on the sensorium. Flowers and scents, and even the splash of water, or the sound of distant music, are important accessories to the ideal dinner, but are not absolutely necessary to a healthy meal. Lastly, pleasant converse is, perhaps, the most important condition for securing the requisite mental altitude. We would venture to say that no solitary dinner can be a perfectly healthy one, but even that, perhaps, better than forced and ungenial conversation. Many an indigestion, we fancy, has owed its origin to an unresponsive neighbour. Hence the importance of carefully sorting dinner-guests, and of avoiding the general monotony of home-dinners by a frequent addition of external elements. When we think of how many factors are necessary to make up a successful dinner, we must almost despair of ever being able to obtain them all together. In this, as in other matters, man is the slave of circumstances; but by thought and care he may approach near to the ideal, and all who have succeeded in doing this will admit that the result has been worth all the trouble spent upon it.

THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF "THANATOPSIS."

We reprint below "Thanatopsis,"—as it originally appeared in "The North American Review," of September, 1817,—for the convenience of those who may wish to compare the earliest with the latest, most familiar and greatly improved form of the poem. Four rhymed stanzas, of inferior merit, preceded the blank verse, when first printed; but this, according to Mr. Bryant, was owing to a mistake of another:

Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements.
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send its roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor shalt thou, wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriachs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn declarations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing in the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning— and the Borean desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil the Oregon, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone—
So shalt thou rest— and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure?—Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!"

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting Shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to **Treble's**, 8, King street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar attached, six for \$10.00.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

HAVEN'T heard of an Enoch Arden case in a whole year. The missing husbands seem to have a good thing of it staying away.

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

SAM KEARNEY of Illinois killed his wife because he could not make her sit down in a chair. He didn't begin right. If he had told her to stand up she would have sat down.

A SCIENTIST says angling worms do not suffer when put on the hook. They wriggle around out of pure joy, we suppose, the same as a man does when a good-looking woman steps on his corns.

THERE has been a remarkable case of constancy in England. A man who separated from his wife thirty-five years ago has just returned and offered to "kiss and make up." A few days prior to the offer the wife had inherited a large estate.

AN Englishman began as a vegetarian and married, living on bean stew, potato stew, meal pudding, carrots and turnips, with a breakfast of porridge and bread. He began on an income of \$2.50 per week; his present income is \$90,000 a year. No cards.

AN old bachelor was rather taken back, a day or two ago, as follows: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman: "Before I would ever kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young woman he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

HUMOROUS.

A PIC-NIC without a shower of rain is a dry affair.

WHAT the milkman never treats you to—A nice cream.

A HORSE, unlike a horse, is always prepared to meet an out.

THE sweat of a man's brow comes easier than his daily bread.

RICHES will never take wings and fly away if you sprinkle economy on its tail.

LYING about a politician never hurts the man lied about; it is having the truth told that kills him.

IN the last case where an editor was sued for libel, the jury was out a good deal more than the editor was.

IT takes a mighty old man to know more than the stripping who swaggers along with his hat on the side of his head thinks he knows.

"ARE you the mate of this ship?" said a new-arrived passenger to the cook. "No, sir, I am the man that cooks the mate," said the Hibernian.

"DEATH is death, after all," says the London *World*. That is the bother of it. Now it was something else—however, it isn't.

IT is a singular coincidence that whenever there is a pigeon-shoot or a horse-race in the vicinity, the notices on the doors indicate that all the lawyers are out of town trying cases, or else in the superior-court library.

"So, there's another rupture on Mount Vesuvius," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down the paper and put up her specs; "the papers tell about the bursting lather running down the mountains, but it don't tell how it got afire."

THIS is the time of year when the nominee of "the party" thanks his fellow-citizens for this "unexpected honour" (which he has been hungering and thirsting and pining and sweating after for three months.)

EVERY once in a while we hear of a California woman killing a bear. This is all right. But we challenge the world to ransack the pages of history and show us where a woman has ever got away with a mouse.

THE latest sensational agony in songs is a ballad beginning:

"Who will come above me sighing,
When the grass grows above me?"

We can't say positively who, but if the cemetery fence is in the usual repair it will probably be the cow.

AN eloquent preacher was discoursing in a tent. His discourse was so extremely pathetic that the audience, with the exception of a single person, was moved to tears. The stolid individual, on being asked how he could listen to the discourse unmoved, made answer, "Oh, I dimma belong to this parish."

THE enthusiasm with which a man dashes into the road to stop a runaway horse, is only equalled by the wonderful celerity with which he dashes to the sidewalk again, when the animal with all four feet waving in the air, waltzes down upon him like a three-story avalanche with a French roof.

A LITTLE three-year-old volunteered to say grace at the table, and did so as follows:—"Oh, Lord, bless the things we eat; bless mamma and pappa and gamma and gampa"—and here, casting her eyes to her grandpa in the next seat, she discovered that he was smiling, the little one closed her prayer by saying: "Behave yourself, gampa—for Christ's sake, amen."

THERE is nothing like being a bloated autocrat of the sanctum, while next door one hears the poor labouring man toiling at nine pins in a bowling alley. The editor toils not, and neither does he spin, and yet Mrs. Jenks in all her glory is not arroyed like one of these. While all humanity is sweating and swearing—and wondering where they can hang up the barkeeper for a glass of beer—the editor has nothing to do. Two or three columns of editorials to write, and no pitch hot; many botes to bounce, letters to answer, manuscripts to read till one cannot tell English from Sanscrit—this is mere bagatelle, when the thermometer is on the ragged edge of the nineties. As we said before, the editor heartily despises a man who works for a living, and listens with sardonic satisfaction to the sound from the bowling alley next door, where the poor man slaves and sweats. It makes such a contrast to his luxurious idle-ness.

THE HEATED TERM.

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS:

DEAR SIR, — It may be considered presumptuous on my part to attempt to account for the exceptionally heated term, which has been so severely felt in various parts of the globe during the present month.

For some time past my attention has been directed during my leisure hours to the study of astronomy, and I have lately published a pamphlet in which I advocated the theory that the heat of the sun causes the motion of the orbs of heaven, and that the heat of each planet is the force which keeps the planets from falling, like the comets, towards the sun.

In following up this line of thought, I arrived at the conclusion that all the planets radiate outwards from them into space a certain amount of heat, and that by this means the temperature of each planet is affected by the others in proportion to their proximity.

On the 25th of the present month, the planet Jupiter, which, by the way, exceeds our earth in volume about 1,300 times, will be in opposition, that is to say, our earth will on that day occupy a position in line with Jupiter and the Sun.

During the heated term our globe has been gradually approaching this giant planet of our system, and, consequently, if it is true that the planets radiate outwards from them into space a certain amount of heat, it must necessarily follow that the temperature of our globe would be raised in consequence of its proximity to the planet in question.

Astronomers notice a striking resemblance between Jupiter and the Sun. It has been supposed that he is a self-luminous body of high temperature. If such is the case, the Earth in its present position is not only receiving her quantum of heat from the Sun, but also a certain amount from Jupiter. This may explain the reason of the recent excessive heat.

I am, dear sir, yours very respectfully,
DUGALD MACDONALD.

Montreal, July 22.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

THE WEATHER—THE "LONG BRANCH" OF CANADA—AMUSEMENTS—GENERAL TOPICS.

"Goodness gracious! but it is hot!" is an exclamation one hears everywhere. For the last three weeks the mercury has been dilly-dallying up among the nineties, and, as if to show its contempt for the protest of mortals, to-day it stands at a hundred and three in the shade. The evenings, too, are close and sultry, and to sleep is almost impossible. Two terrific rain storms, on different days, drenched the parched earth, but did not cool the air to any extent. The oldest inhabitants have, of course, bestirred themselves to endeavour to hunt up some record of past seasons that might rival the present hot spell but they appear to have given up in disgust, as no announcement has been made of anything that can outdo the present, in duration. Yours truly has been busy in imparting to the public, a knowledge of a means discovered by him which will enable any one to feel chilly in the warmest weather. Simply procure a few of those pictures, representing life in Canada—which are so common in England,—displaying a stretch of bleak wilderness, shut in on all sides by immense snow banks. Hang the same up around your room, then dive into the latest account of somebody's explorations in the Arctic Regions. As the mind gradually endeavours to comprehend the vastness of the fields of ice, constantly being described, the imagination will easily convert the hum of the house fly into the distant howling of a terrific snow-storm, and, before you know it, you will begin to wrap yourself up for fear of catching cold. The simplicity of this remedy makes it unpopular with the masses, and the great bulk of our citizens, therefore, seek the cool and refreshing air of Burlington Beach, the

"LONG BRANCH OF CANADA."

This delightful summer resort is about five miles from the city. It is about four miles in length and separates the waters of Lake Ontario and Burlington Bay. In about the centre of this sandy beach, is the cutting known as the Burlington Canal, across which is one of the longest swing railway bridges in America. Four pleasure-steamers, of various sizes, ply hourly between the Beach and city, and the trains on the Hamilton and North Western Railway go back and forth as rarely as often. A few years ago, the Beach was scarcely thought of as a resort; the only occupants being a few fishermen and the light-house keeper. Now, however, the place is being rapidly built up with neat little summer cottages and the lots are held at a high premium. Near the canal is located the commodious summer hotel, the "Ocean House," which is now run in connection with the "Royal," of Hamilton, by the Messrs. Hood Bros. This hotel has been vastly improved this year. A number of large willow-trees afford shelter from the sun; and from the balcony, on one side of the hotel, you can fling a stone into Lake Ontario, and from the other, into Burlington Bay. This house is now being largely patronized, not only by the citizens of Hamilton, but various parts of Canada and the States as well. Near it is Fairchild's Hotel, another popular place, and a couple of miles farther up the Beach, near the village of Burlington, is the Brant House. This is a quiet and retired retreat, and takes its name from the celebrated Indian Chief, Joseph Brant,

whose homestead it formerly was. Many curious Indian, romantic stories are told about the place in days gone by. The road leading from the city to the Beach is a most delightful drive. The people of Hamilton are justly proud of their local summer resort, and on certain days, visitors at the Beach are counted by the thousands. The scene has none of the wild grandeur of Lake George, nor can it boast of the romantic and poetic scenery of Alexandria Bay, among the Thousand Islands, nor can it display the fashion of Long Branch, but it is without the questionable characteristics of "Coney Island," and is a most delightful inland summer resort.

AMUSEMENTS

of a superior character have been most remarkably rare, of late. Anything of a high order, in the way of an intellectual, musical, or theatrical treat, seems to be a thing of the past. Indeed, it is a little strange that a place noted for the refinement of its taste, in these respects, should be so seldom favoured with an opportunity to enjoy those accomplishments. It may be said of the city that its soul yearns for grand music and pleads for the sympathy which beams out of exquisite art. It grieves over the paucity of means which can minister to its higher nature, and longs for—no matter what. Our country is young yet, and not one of her sons could have the heart to chide her for the apparent lack of interest she displays in the matter of artistic development.

Of general news, it may be said the 12th of July disturbance in Montreal excites the most comment. A portion of our citizens approve of the course taken by His Worship the Mayor, and others do not. Some are of opinion that serious trouble is brewing in the Province of Quebec, which may extend to some of the other Provinces, and ultimately shake the constitution of the Dominion.

But your readers are, no doubt, somewhat indifferent as to what some of our citizens may think in regard to that, or any other question; therefore, in conclusion, permit me to ask their attention to the universal and ever popular question, "What shall we do with our girls?"

Adieu.

July, 1878.

W. F. McMAHON.

VARIETIES.

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.—Although French is the language of diplomacy, there is more English than French spoken at the Berlin Congress. Prince Bismarck, Herr von Bulow, Count Andrassy, Count Schouvaloff and M. Waddington speak English fluently. It happens that of the seventeen plenipotentiaries, only five besides the two representatives from Paris speak French to perfection. These are Prince Gortschakoff and Count Schouvaloff, Count de Launay, the Italian ambassador at Berlin, who is half a Frenchman, and the two Turkish statesmen, Carathelori Pasha, who is a Greek, educated in Paris, and Mahomet Ali Pasha, who was born in Prussia, of French parents named Deniot, and is only a Mussulman by conversion. Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury of course understand French thoroughly, but they have perhaps been wanting in practice. Prince Bismarck speaks French somewhat hesitatingly, but very correctly, and with a fair accent.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMEN.—Alma Tadeima, the distinguished Dutch artist, thus expresses himself in regard to female form:—"I do not agree with you that Nature is harmonious and truthful. Nature seems to me rather to follow the principle of surprises and compensations. Handsomely shaped models nearly always have ugly—or, if not ugly, ignoble, commonplace, vulgar—faces, such as could not be introduced into any composition of an elevated kind; and pretty girls are often ill-shaped, and still oftener deformed by compressing their form to suit the exigencies of modern dress. This is a perfectly natural sequence of the conditions of costume. A beautifully-formed woman shows to poor advantage in modern drapery. She appears to eyes trained to admire a purely artificial outline, thick-waisted, and straight up and down. The reason is not remote. A modern costume is made, not to reveal beauty, but to conceal defects. The waist, or cinchure, is far too low, and divides the body into two parts, hideously and artificially, beside weakening the muscles on which a beautiful waist depends by supporting them instead of letting them support themselves.

THE ARTIST GLEYRE.—Switzerland has never been wanting in artists of ability. Unfortunately the best of them, like those of many other countries, leave their native land to settle either at Paris or Munich, a step as detrimental to their own lasting reputation as it is injurious to the school which ought to have the first claim to their allegiance. The late Ch. Gleyre was an illustration of this. He was gifted with rare imagination, fine taste, and was a thorough master of art; yet, from his working at Paris, his genius was next to wasted. He devoted himself to classical themes, a style of art which perhaps it may be said in any case to be nothing but conventional; certainly it must be more so to a Switzer than a man who has gone through several generations of classical tradition. Though he died so lately, his name is even now, perhaps, only remembered by few. Had he worked among his own people, drawn his inspiration from their history, kept himself in contact with their every-day life, there can be no

doubt his would have been one of the highest reputations of the present time.

"THO' LOST TO SIGHT, TO MEM'RY DEAR."—Many inquiries have been made and peculiar pains taken to ascertain the origin of the line above, but without result. In a printed slip just received from Mr John Bartlett, author of "Familiar Quotations," containing the poem given below, he says, "The following song was composed for and sung by Mr. Augustus Braham. The words and music are by George Linley (a song writer and composer), who was born in 1798, and died in 1865. It is not known when the song was written. It was set to music and published by Cramer, Beale & Co., London, about 1848." This information is interesting, so far as it goes, but does not the quotation date further back?

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear,
Thou ever wilt remain;
One only hope my heart can cheer,
The hope to meet again.

Oh! fondly on the past I dwell,
And oft recall the hours
When, wand'ring down the shady dell,
We gathered the wild-flowers.

Yes, life then seemed one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet, tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To mem'ry thou art dear.

Oft in the tranquil hour of night,
When stars illumine the sky,
I gaze upon each orb of light,
And wish that thou wert by.

I think upon that happy time,
That time so fondly loved,
When last we heard the sweet bells chime,
As thro' the fields we rov'd.

Yes, life then seem'd one pure delight,
Tho' now each spot looks drear;
Yet, tho' thy smile be lost to sight,
To mem'ry thou art dear.

A FRENCH STORY ON DISRAELI.—The *Figaro* publishes the following amusing incident, which is said to have taken place during one of the State dinners at Berlin. The wonderful presence d'esprit of Lord Beaconsfield has just prevented a most embarrassing affair. Prince Bismarck, who is well known to be a great eater, filled his plate with cherries; the Marquis of Salisbury observed it. "Prince," said he, suddenly, "what you are doing is very unhealthy." "What?" said Bismarck, in astonishment. "You have just swallowed two cherry-stones." "You are mistaken," said the Prince, with marked coldness. "Never!" replied Salisbury, with that hauteur which characterizes the proud English aristocracy. "Monsieur le Marquis," said Bismarck, his eyes shooting fire. It is at this moment that Lord Beaconsfield came to the rescue. "Perhaps," he insinuated, in his softest voice, "you are both right; your Highness must be so occupied with serious thoughts that you might inadvertently have swallowed a tiny stone." "Two?" interrupted Salisbury, in a decided tone. "Or two," continued Lord Beaconsfield, as calmly as possible; "and you, my dear Lord and colleague, enjoy such good sight that nothing escapes you. Now, Prince and Marquis, will you allow me to decide this difficult question?" "How?" murmured Bismarck, in his white beard. "Your plate, Highness, if you please." This last was in English, the correspondent adding that Lord Beaconsfield is the only diplomatist at Berlin who never talks French. The plate was sent to Lord Beaconsfield, who at once emptied the contents on the table; all eyes were now fixed on him. With his long, bony, agile fingers, covered with precious stones, he began to arrange what looked more like a child's game than an occupation worthy of such a distinguished Minister. He put all the stones in a line, and placed a stem on each stone. Then in that clear, piercing voice that has so often moved the House of Commons, the English Prime Minister began to count one, two, three, and so on to 47 stones, and likewise with the stems, till he had counted 49. The proof was there, two stones were wanting. Bismarck rose and said in an agitated voice, "Marquis, you are right;" then turning, said in a loud voice, "Lord Beaconsfield, you are a great man."

LITERARY.

BRYANT never read Swinburne, because he thought his works indecent.

MRS. MARY MAPES DODGE has returned from California very much improved in health.

JOSH BILLINGS is at the Glen House, White Mountains, where he will spend most of the summer.

THE mid-summer number of *Scribner's* is to contain an illustrated article on Bryant's home and haunts.

MRS. BURNETT'S "Lass O'Lowries" sold to the extent of 50,000 copies in England, and she did not get a cent for it.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is said to have thought of the good Whittier in writing her poem, "Our Neighbour," in the last *Atlantic*.

MR. ARMSTRONG, of the firm of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., was paid \$100,000 to retire from the firm, besides taking out his capital and profits.

ABBY SAGE RICHARDSON, the celebrated bride and widow, is quite a successful lecturer. She has a new subject, on which she will discourse next season, entitled "Very Hard Times."

It is shrewdly suspected that as Scott wrote the most of his novels before breakfast, the many and fine descriptions of good eating and drinking to be found in them are due to his good appetite.

AN English book-worm recently made a lucky "find" in an old book purchased for a shilling. Between its leaves was found a marriage certificate of the Earl of

Berkeley, for which the finder has been promised £1,000 by Lord Fitzhardinge, should the document prove genuine.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER, the erratic poet and romancer of the Far West, appears to contemplate residing a good deal in London for the future. His name is down for election to the Athenaeum Club.

WILLIAM BLACK'S next novel will be on the subject of London life. He is about to start on a yachting expedition which will last several months, and of which the waters around the Hebrides will be the principal scene.

MISS ELIZA DOWN, the author of "Messeria," will shortly publish by subscription another volume of verse, entitled *Kenwith*. The Queen, who has spoken in terms of admiration of "Messeria," takes two copies of "Kenwith."

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE & SONS are about to issue a new uniform edition of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's novels in monthly volumes, with the original steel plates by Cruikshank. The same firm announces a shilling edition of Lord Lytton's novels.

IN connection with the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Nottingham, an historical and traditional ode by Mr. P. J. Bailey, the author of "Festus" and a native of Nottingham, has been written at the request of the Mayor and Corporation, and has been widely distributed by them.

CAPTAIN BURTON is engaged on a new and full translation of the *Arabian Nights*, and that he will render the verses scattered through the stories in the assonance of the original. Some of the verses quoted in the *Arabian Nights* are by the poet Zohier, who in the twelfth century had a long sojourn in Egypt as secretary.

PROF. J. W. CEIBIG, of Dresden, has just issued his second and enlarged edition of his *History and Literature of the Art of Shorthand*, in which the progress of the art in this country receives more ample treatment than any native historian has yet given to it.

THE sale of the Didot library in Paris, in June, proved to what length bibliomania will go for the possession of rare volumes. The MS. Chroniques de Normandie, with fifteen coloured plates, brought 51,000f. Among printed books, the Baron James de Rothschild bought "L'estel de la Fortune" for 21,500f., and "Olivier de Castille" for 20,000f., both printed prior to 1500.

AN OLD-TIME ADVERTISEMENT.

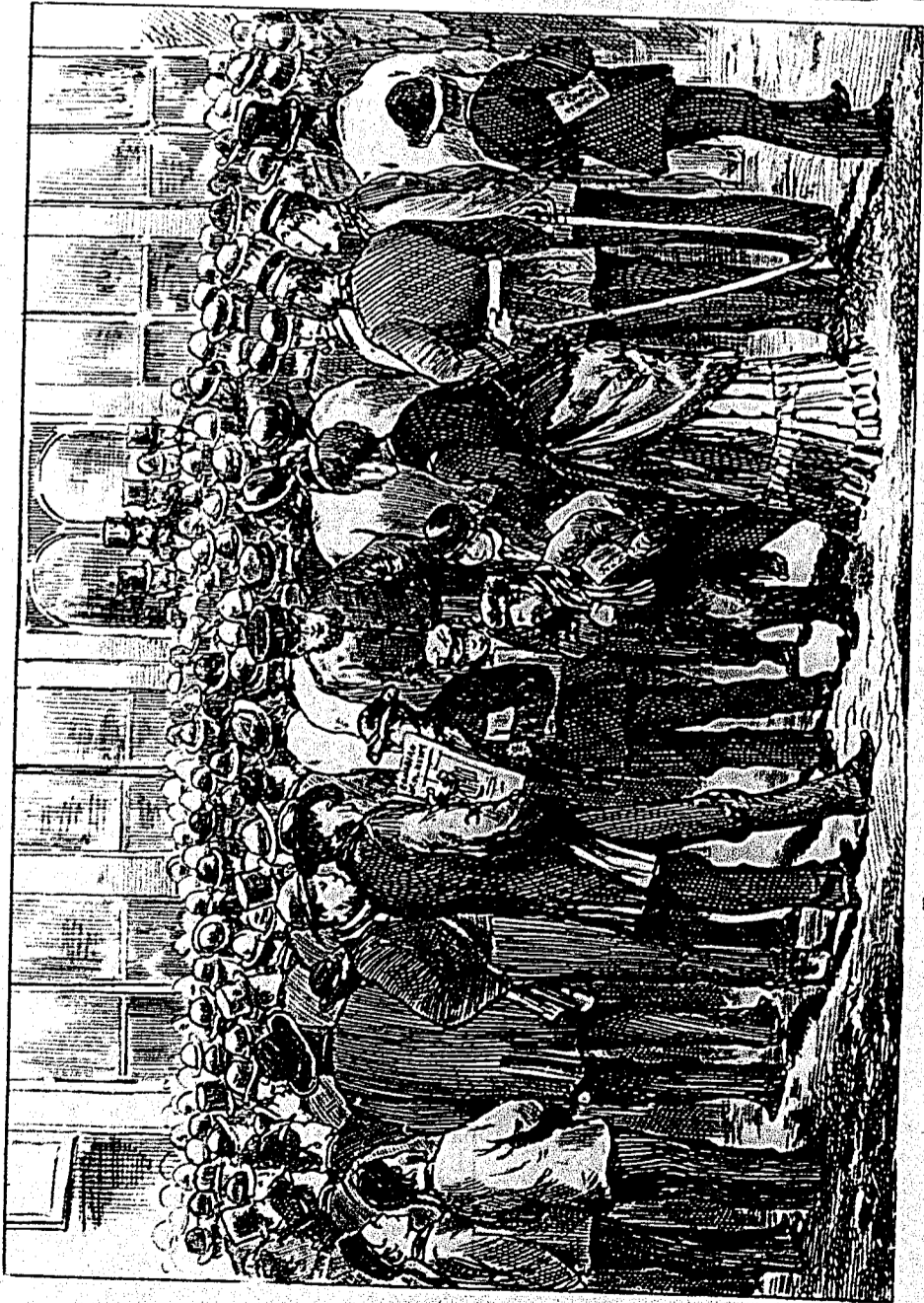
To be sold at the store opposite the Arch Over Milton Bridge, the following articles, viz:

- Salt Pork and Powder, Shot and Flints, Cheese, Sugar, Rum & Peppermints.
- Tobacco, Raisins, Flour & Spice, Flax, Cotton, Wool and sometimes Rice.
- Old Holland Gin and Gingerbread, Brandy & Wine, all sorts of Thread.
- Segars I keep, sometimes one bunch; Materials all for making Punch.
- Biscuit and Butter, Eggs and Fishes, Molasses, Beer and Earthen Dishes.
- Books on such subjects as you'll find A proper food to feast the mind.
- Hard Soap & Candles, Tea and Snuff, Tobacco Pipes perhaps enough:
- Shells, Chocolate & Stetson's Hoes As good as can be (I suppose).
- Straw Hats, Out Baskets, Oxen Muzzles, A thing which many people puzzles.
- Knives, Forks, Spoons, Plates, Mugs, Pitchers, Platters, A Gun with Shot wild geese bespatterrs.
- Spades, Shovels, Whetstones, Seythes, & Rakes As good as any person makes.
- Shirts, Frocks, Shoes, Mittens, also Hose, And many other kinds of Clothes.
- Shears, Scissors, Awls, Wire, Bonnet Paper, Old Violin and Cat Gut Scraper.
- Tubs, Buckets, Pails and Pudding Pans, Bandanna Handkerchiefs & Fans.
- Shagbarks and Almonds, Woolen Boxes, Steel Traps (not stout enough for Foxes).
- But excellent for holding Rats When they elude the Paws of Cats).
- I've more than Forty kinds of Drugs, Some good for Worms and some for Bugs: Lee's, Anderson's & Dexter Pills Which cure at least a hundred Ills.
- Astringents, Laxatives, Emetics, Cathartics, Cordials, Diuretics,
- Narcotics, Stimulants & Purgents With half a dozen kinds of Unguents.
- Perfumes most grateful to the Nose When mixed with Snuff or drop'd on clothes,
- One Medicine more (not much in fame), Prevention is its real name: An ounce of which (an author says) Outweighs a Ton of Remedies.
- I've many things I shall not mention, To sell them cheap's my intention, Lay out a dollar when you come And you shall have a glass of Rum.
- N. B. Since man to man is so unjust, 'Tis hard to say whom I can trust: I've trusted many to my sorrow, Pay me to-day, I'll trust to-morrow.

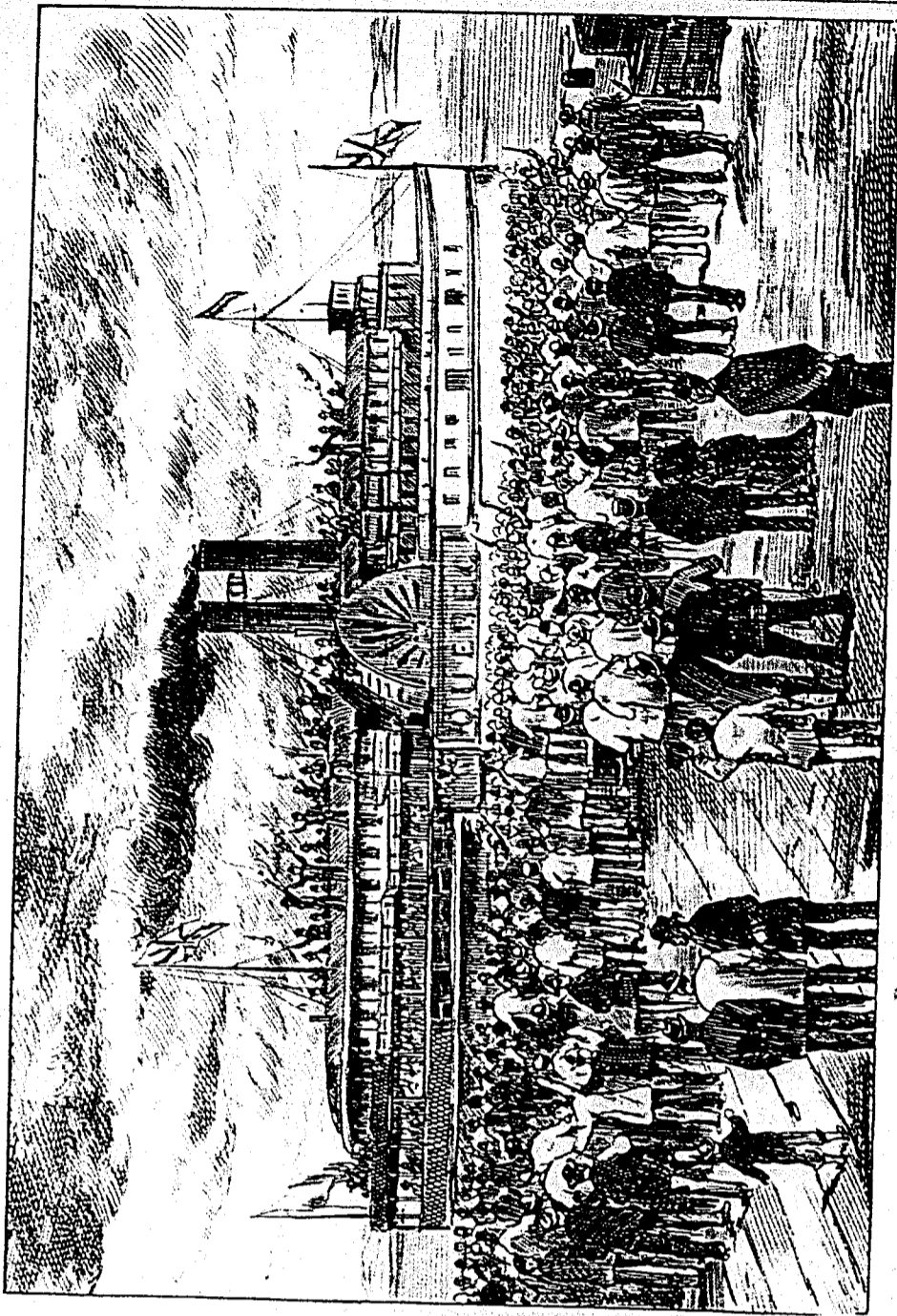
DORCHESTER, June, 1865.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

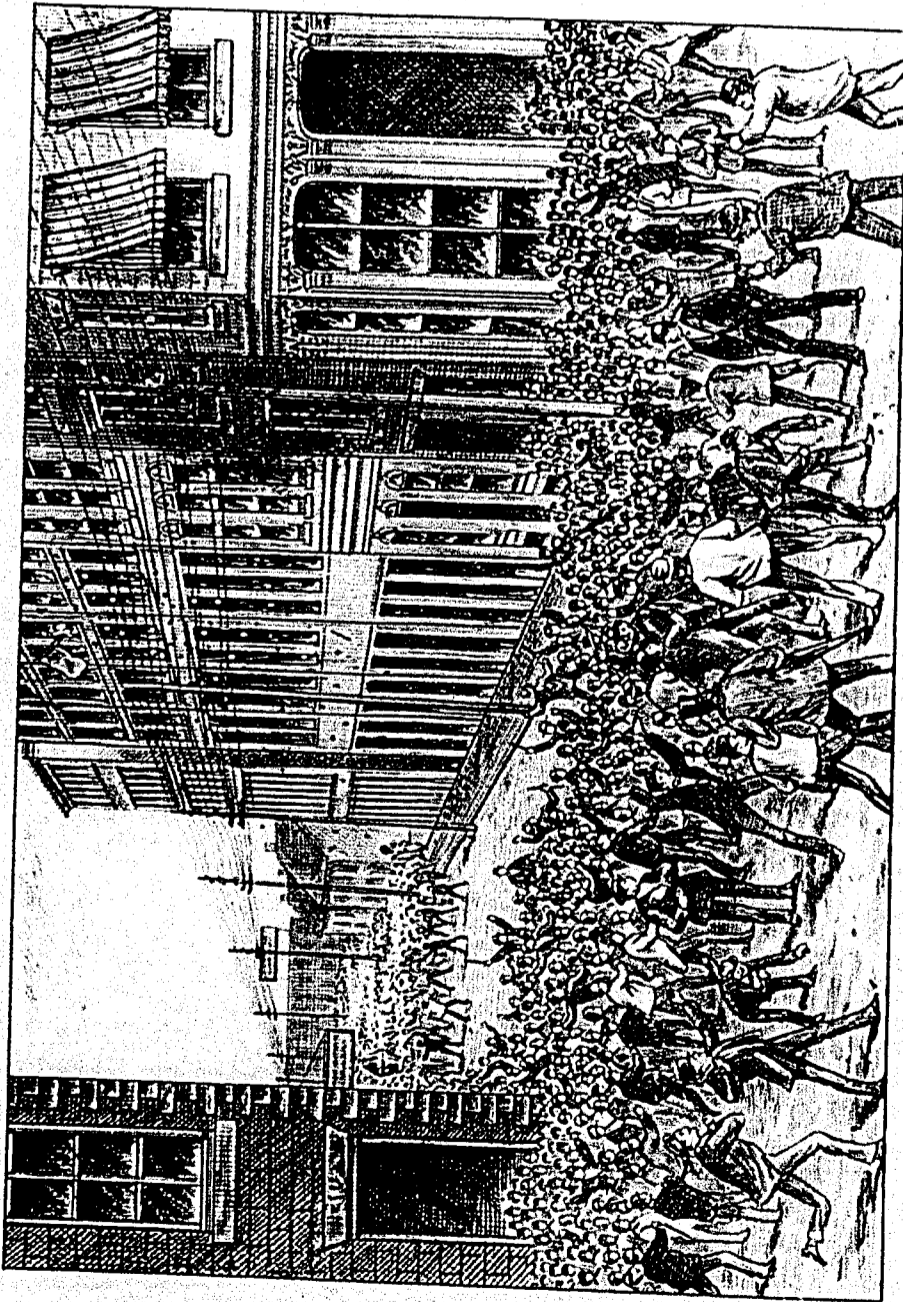
An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.



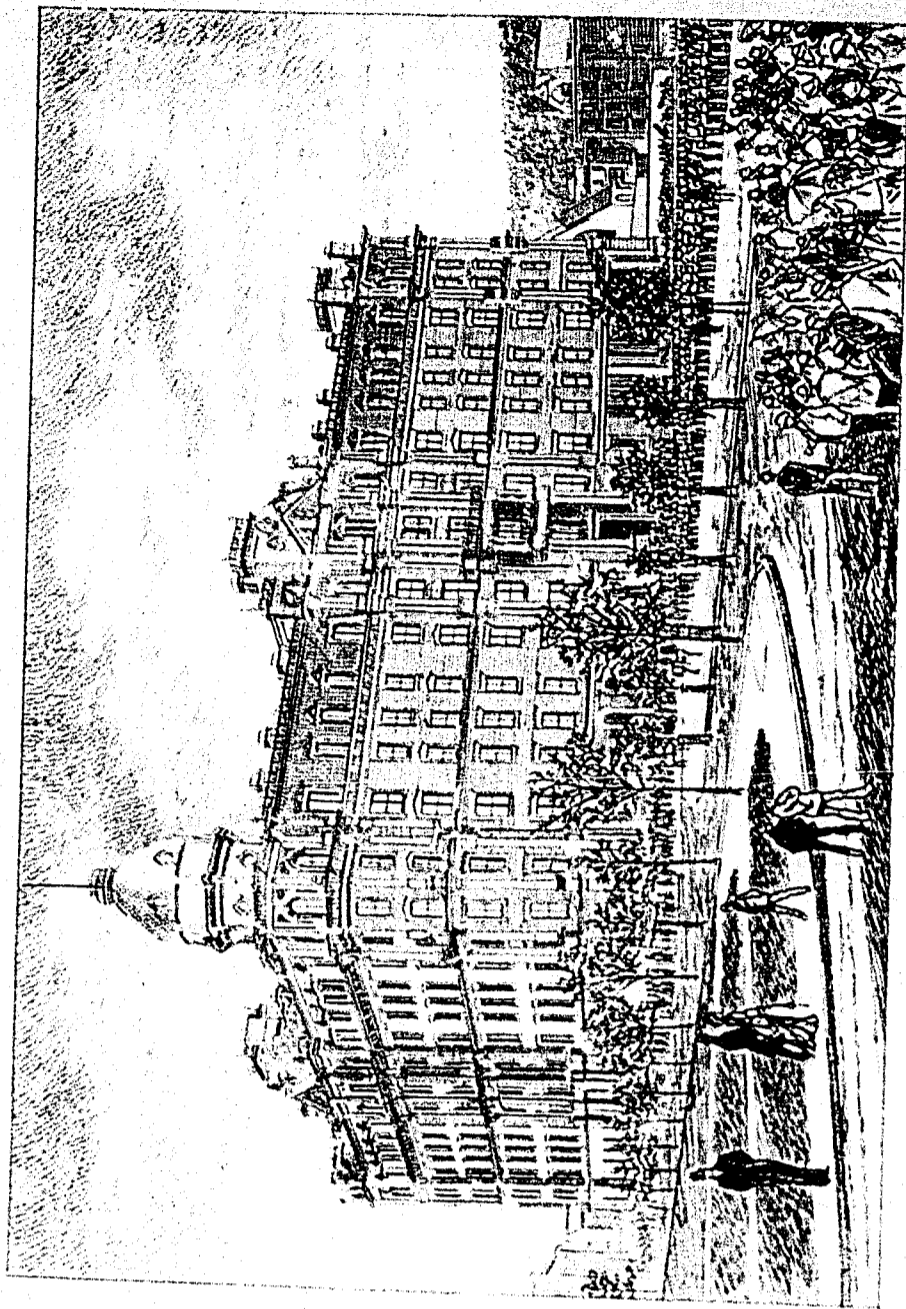
THE MAYOR EXHORTING THE CROWD TO DISPERSE.



DEPARTURE OF THE QUEBEC MEN, ON THE EVENING OF THE 12TH.

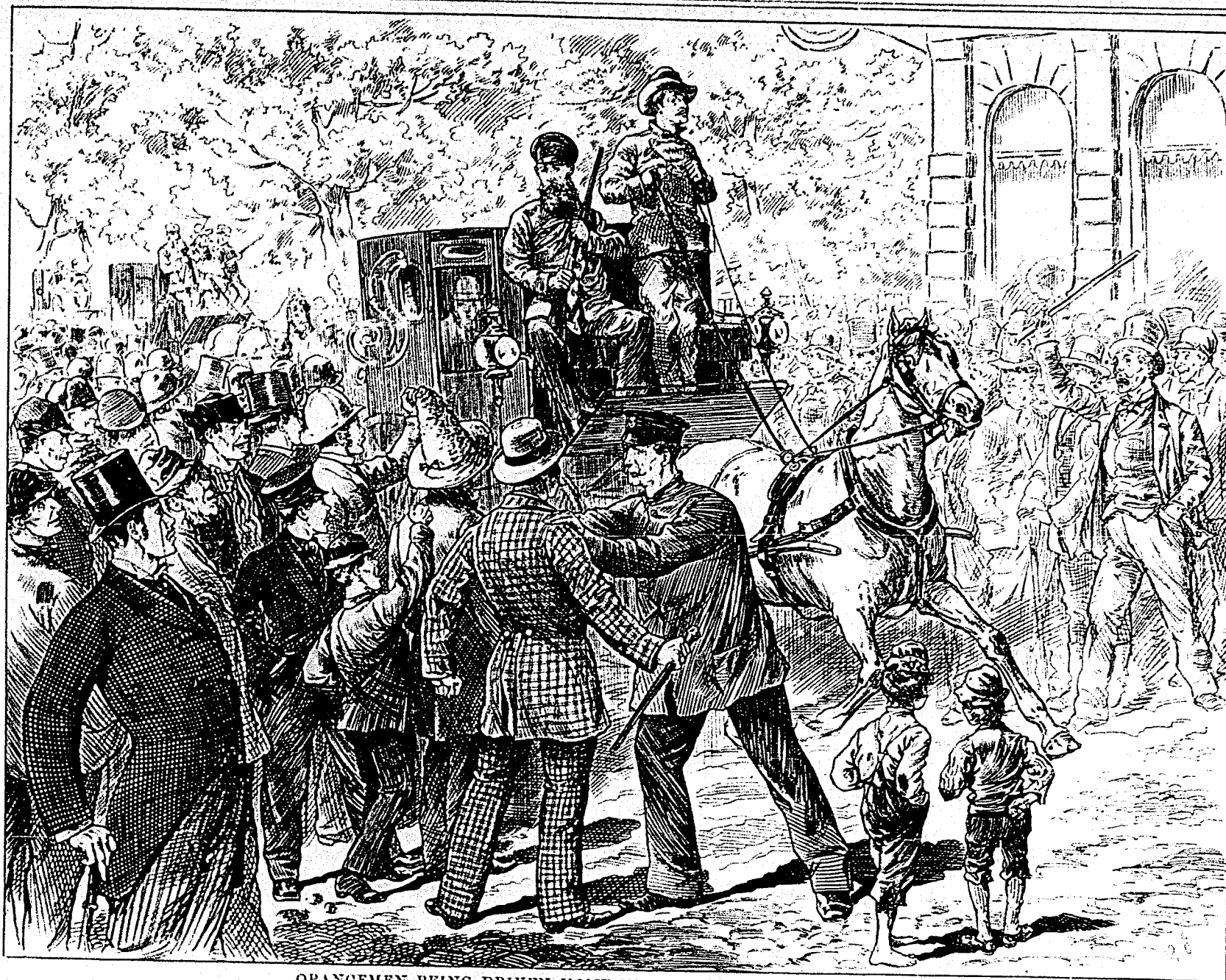


THE CROWD THROWING STONES IN THE REAR OF ORANGE HALL, FORTIFICATION LANE.

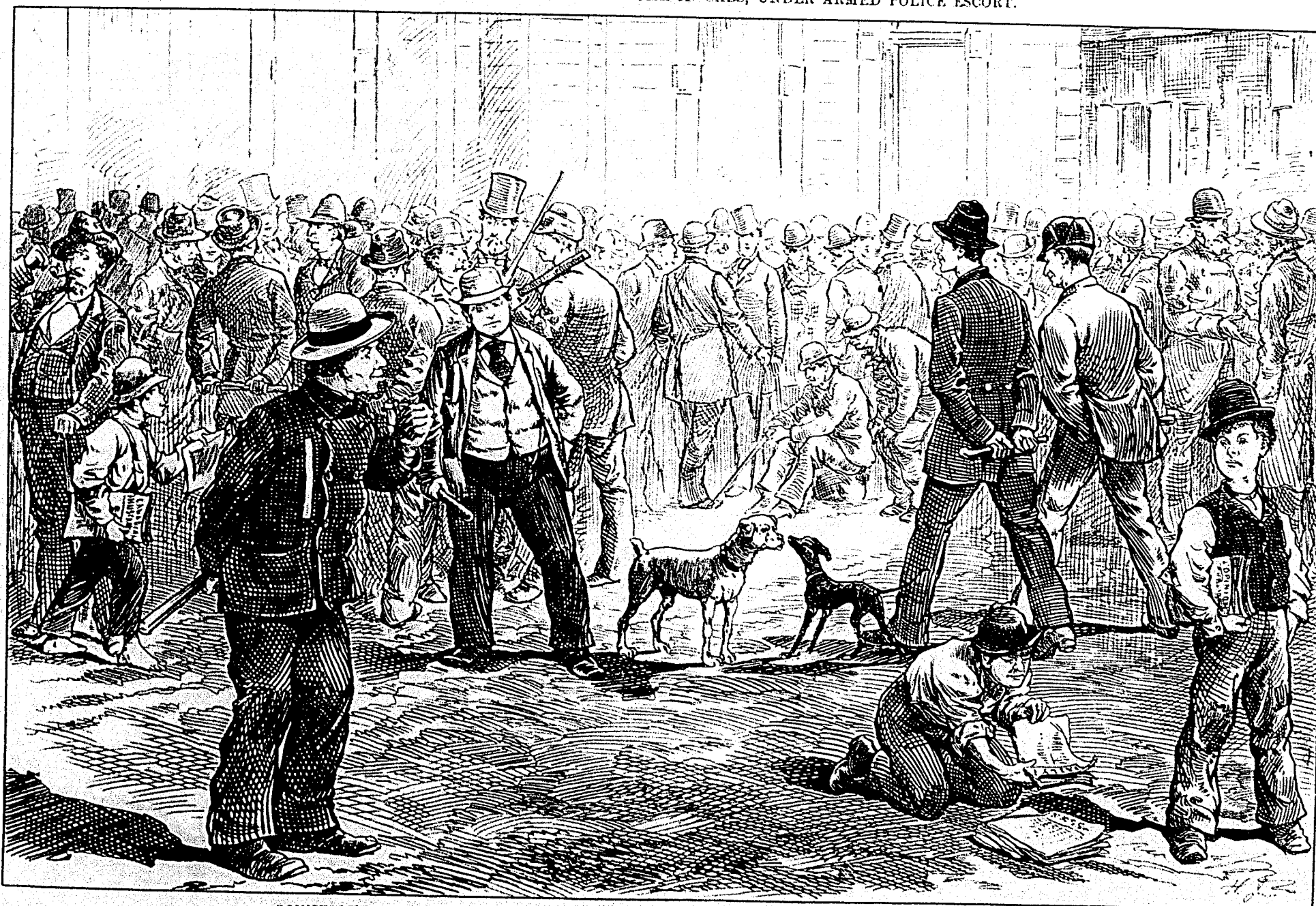


THE VOLUNTEERS IN FRONT OF THE WINDSOR HOTEL, ON THE 12TH.

THE 12TH JULY IN MONTREAL.



ORANGEMEN BEING DRIVEN HOME IN CABS, UNDER ARMED POLICE ESCORT.



SCENE OUTSIDE OF THE CITY HALL DURING THE SWEARING IN OF THE SPECIAL CONSTABLES.
THE 12TH JULY IN MONTREAL.

A TALE OF THE SUMMER.

O, sweet is the south wind's sighing,
And sweet is the brook that sings,
And a myriad sweets are flying
To stir of a myriad wings!
And the murmurous air is heavy
With scents of a myriad flowers,
And the wealth of a golden summer
Is falling in rainbow showers.

The birds and the bees are flying,
And the slanting sunbeams play,
And the lips that I love are sighing
For one who is far away.
O love, I am near—am coming—
Though the wandering song birds stray;
For my heart is weary of longing,
And will love and trust for aye!

Ah! sweet! when the day is dying
Away in the crimson west,
And your lips their secret sighing
(As though it were all unguessed):
When heart to heart is replying,
And you know that my life is blessed,
Methinks that the sound of sighing
Will pass in a kiss—to rest!

* * * * *

The flowers at her easement flutter,
With touch of a passing wing—
The secret I long to utter
The nightingales softly sing.
She heeds not their passionate voices,
She sees not the amorous light;
For her heart with my own rejoices,
And love is our world to-night!

RITA.

THE SHADOW OF A DREAM.

The way of our bank at Charrenden was just this:—We had several branches at different places—small towns, you understand, where there was not enough business done to pay for keeping a clerk constantly on the spot; so we only had an office, and only opened it on market days, once a week.

One of us used to go over in the morning and return at night. The railway helped us to three of these journeys, but the fourth, to Meresdene, had to be made by a gig. The place lay fifteen miles off, in the very bosom of the downs, and the road ran all in amongst them, and sometimes over their topmost shoulders. It was for the most part lonely, and in winter sometimes very rough and bleak. I had to do the day's business at Meresdene, but, beyond bitter winds, snow and rain, nothing ever befell me, as I have said, for twenty years. In the summer it was a fine drive; in winter, of course, in bad weather it was an unpleasant one—that was all the impression it ever made upon me. Young Chase, however, never seemed to fancy it; from the first when it was talked about for him to do, he did not like the idea. He told me so, and I laughed at him. I said, "Oh! you won't mind it; after a bit you'll think nothing of it, no more than I do." You understand, he was not used to the country; he had been born and bred in London, and they drafted him from our chief office there, down here, for the sake of his health. He had been ailing a long while; the doctors said he ought to live out of town; and, being a trusty servant and liked by our manager, an exchange was arranged.

He had been with us six months and it was just about the beginning of November, when I was attacked by rheumatism. They said if I did not take care I should be laid up, and that I must not expose myself through the coming cold weather. This led to young Chase's having to do my work at Meresdene. So I drove him over one week, to show him the road and the way the work was done, that he might be able to take my place the following week and for the rest of the winter.

We were exactly half way on our journey, and had turned on to what are known as the Whiteways; that is, several narrow chalk tracks which show up very white across the turf and run side by side with the road for some distance as it descends the steep hill past a great chalk cutting. This, perhaps, is the most solitary and exposed part of the drive, and lies on one of the highest ridges of the Downs. There is no habitation for a good mile on either hand; Dene's Gate turnpike, at the bottom of the hill, being the nearest; and when we came to the beginning of the descent, where we could see down into the valley—there's a splendid view, mind you, there—almost frightened the life out of me by suddenly jumping up from his seat and exclaiming: "There! there it is! that's the place; that's the very place I've seen a hundred times before, in my dreams. I have seen it every night, for a month past!"

Sure enough, the road passed the chalk-cutting, but I had never thought anything of that, and it had never occurred to me as being the place he meant.

"Well," I said, "sit down; don't excite yourself like that, you'll upset the gig. If it is the place it won't bite you!" And then he sat down quietly by my side, his chin dropped on his chest, one of his dreamy fits came on, and he never spoke another word till we reached Meresdene.

Well, nothing particular happened during the next week, only I noticed that young Chase was a little more dreamy and odd than usual. I said to him on Tuesday (as he was to go on the Wednesday): "You don't really mind this job, do you? or would you like to have some one with you? We might send the ostler lad, I think." Whereupon he said, very hurriedly and anxiously, I thought: "Oh, dear no; no, certainly not; on no account?" and I answered: "Well, I think you are right; it would look rather silly; you might get laughed at!" Though I am bound to say of late years,

since the railways have brought London so much closer to us, people have more than once said that they thought it rather foolhardy of me to come back at night alone in the winter, seeing that there was always a good sum of money in the driving seat, the farmers' payings-in, and the like, during the day, you understand. But, bless your heart, I never had any fear, and I could not understand why anybody should; so I was quite relieved when young Chase plucked, and would not hear of having anybody with him.

Well, off he went. We were very busy all day, and I thought no more about him. My time home from Meresdene had usually been a little before seven, according to the roads and the weather. I live over the office, you understand, and have done so ever since was made chief clerk. I looked at my watch after I had had my tea, and was astonished to see it was half-past seven. I was astonished, that is because young Chase was not back, and I confess I began to get a little fidgety when another hour passed and still he had not returned. I looked out of the window and saw a thick fog—so thick I could not see the lamps on the opposite side of the market-place. This accounted for his delay in my mind; the thing had happened to me, but the roads are so white, and Jenny, the old mare, knew them so well that beyond going slowly there was no difficulty, but still, when ten, half-past and eleven came, and no sign of young Chase—well, I didn't like it, and I was going to send over to the chief of the police, when the horse and gig came trotting up to the door.

I looked out. The fog was all gone, and it was a bright starlight night; but you may judge my state of mind when, going down, who should be at the door but Joe Muzzle, the turnpike-man from Dene's gate, and another.

Says he, very excited, and hurrying over his words: "Your young man, sir, found for dead just below the Whiteways. We can't tell nortin' at all about it. My missus and I were just going to turn in, when we heard somethin' clanking agin the gate like, I goes out, and there be's a horse and gig, and ne'er a driver, and on examination I find it be's your gig, reins cut or broke, and draggin' on the road; there be's a bit of a fog about, and I sings out, but no one answers, so I routs my youngster out of bed, and sends him off to Grey's Farm, the nearest house, for help, for I know'd there must ha' been an accident, for I let the young gentleman through the gate at the reglar time, soon after five this afternoon, on his way home, and he gives me a sort of sleepy nod like, without speaking; and 'Now where be's 'un?' I says to my missus, for it was just nine then, and Chase and he ought to have been at Charrenden long ago. This man, Farmer Grey's foreman, comes back with my boy in about half an hour, and with a couple of lanterns we goes slowly on the Whiteways, leading the horse and gig with us, 'specting to find the young gentleman pitched out, or somethin' like that. And sure enough, just when we gets under that there old chalk-cutting, this man here comes upon his body just above the edge of the slope, for the fog had lifted then, and we could see plainly. He seemed quite dead, and we thought the best thing we could do was to take 'un back to the pike, which we done, in the gig, as quick as possible. Then I sends my boy to Meresdene for the doctor, and he's with 'un now, and then he sends me on here to tell you. I've spliced the reins up a bit, and we got through, and werry sad it all be's hain't it? and now what be's best to be done?"

This was a puzzling question, truly, but I went and woke up the police and two or three of our clerks, and then we had some more talk with Joe Muzzle. Joe is quite a character in his way and if you give him a start, he'll run on clacking like a clock. I did give him a start, and then he said: "Searching about the place where we found the young gen'l man, as well as we could with the lanterns, we find the cushions pitched out and the whip broke in two—fraid I left that at the pike; but here be's some proper mardrous weapons," and he produced from his capacious pockets a pair of small flint-lock pistols: "there warn't nothin' else to show what had happ'd but the off gig step seems to have got a twistlikes and the off lamp be stove in—that, I reckon, was comin' agin' the pike with ne'er a driver."

Here we adjourned to the stable, to examine the gig, and you'll understand that all this time my mind was running on the cash. Was that safe, I wondered?

To my dismay there was not a sign of it in the driving-seat. I need not tell you that this affair created a great commotion for miles round. It got into the London papers. We had a host of inspectors and detectives down; our bank offered a reward, and so did the government, for the apprehension of the thief.

Young Chase lay at the little turnpike for over a fortnight, quite insensible, like a log. He had received a concussion of the brain, the doctors said; but beyond this, there was no injury apparent. They couldn't quite make it out; no more could anybody, for the matter of that; and even when he had shown signs of life and opened his eyes, he was for a month or two unable to speak coherently, or understood what was said to him. All this while, you can guess that inquiries and examinations were going on in all directions, but there was no clue to the robbery, for robbery there had been, no doubt, or where was the money? One of the pistols was discovered to be loaded, whilst the other, though the hammer was down, did not appear to have

been fired; both pan and barrel were quite empty and clean; clearly he had not been shot at. Then to whom did the pistols belong? He was never known to possess any, and they bore no maker's name; at least there were signs that it had been erased. The keenest wits of Scotland Yard were baffled; we could make nothing of it; not a person was apprehended, even on suspicion.

I must now tell you, however, as ill-luck would have it, the news of the poor young fellow's mischance was such a severe shock to his aged mother—the only relative that he had, that we knew of—that she died two days after she heard it. Hence I was deputed privately by our directors to look over young Chase's room and effects. This led me to our getting a sort of clue—at least it made a link in the chain, though perhaps on the whole it rather added to the mystery, as you will say, when you have read this paper. I found it in an envelope inscribed with these words: "To be given to my mother, if I do not return this night from Meresdene.—November 15, 1846."

And this is what the paper contained: "Years have passed since the first faint shadow of the dream fell across my life. I have put it aside again and again as an idle and vain imagining, but it has always returned; sooner or later the vision has always revisited my pillow. When I found with this that the dream was far more frequent in recurrence and more vivid and circumstantial in detail, I was not the less impressed. And when at last I saw that events were conspiring to necessitate my making a night journey across the downs alone, the shadow of the dream oppressed me with a vague dread. I used to think of Hamlet's words: 'O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have had bad dreams.' I was absolutely sure, when starting on that preliminary drive last week, that I should see the spot. I knew it as a foregone conclusion, so that when we turned the brow of that last big down, and came upon what they call the Whiteways, and the hill road running past the chalk-cutting lay before me, I instantly recognized the place which had for all these years been the one prevailing picture of my dream.

"There it was! There was the scene, as it first faintly presented itself to my sleeping eyes years ago; as it had ever since continued to come before them at intervals with increasing vividness. The effect on the landscape of a winter's twilight, deepening into night, began to suggest itself after a while. In addition to this, I could at times discern, but only in that vague manner belonging to dreams, a horse and gig toiling slowly up the hill. This incident also gradually increased in reality, and by the time I had been here at Charrenden a month I could often see that it was myself who was driving. Almost every night I dreamt that I saw myself doing this. I was alone in the gig, the lamps were lighted, and gave to the white horse, and the chalk cutting under which I was forever passing, a spectral aspect. I never seemed to get beyond this spot, until there first rose a talk in the office about the possibility of my having to do our chief clerk's (Mr. Shepfold's) work at Meresdene. After this, there was a change and confusion in the vision. A frosty fog hung about; the gig lamps glimmered through it fitfully, giving an unusual phantom-like look to all I beheld. I saw myself for an instant driving as usual, but the next the horse and gig had vanished, and I was bending over the form of a man prostrate on the road. In one of his hands he held the leather padlocked bag which contained the bank money. A crape mask hid his face, but there was an ominous streak of red upon the white road beside him, and my hands were tinted with the same colour. Intense horror possessed me, for I felt that I had killed him! Aghast at the deed, I strove to drag his body to the side of the Whiteways, opposite the chalk-cutting, where the down slopes abruptly to a hollow some hundred of feet below. In my attempts to do this I always awoke.

"Yet there was more behind; more mystery to aggravate the terror. Coming home after that visit to Meresdene with Mr. Shepfold, I threw myself on my bed, with a dread of sleep that I cannot express. Perfectly certain now that I should go on dreaming till the end was reached, I determined I would not sleep. I lay there, devising some plan by which I could avert this impending catastrophe. It was my duty to do so, both to myself and my employers; for the sum of money I should have with me would be very large. I would detail to them exactly what I have said above; I would urge them to see it as I saw it—that it was an unmistakable warning which we had no right to disregard. They might think me a fool, a lunatic, a coward—what they pleased; but I would not take that journey alone, and I hoped they would not wish it! Yes, I would state my case the following morning. An infinite sense of relief came over me when I had made this decision, a calm to which I had been a stranger for months—a calm, indeed, that, despite my resolution, soothed me to sleep.

"Instantly I dreamt. Of course I was upon the downs, under the usual circumstances; the frosty fog, the gig with the glimmering lights, the chalk-cutting, the hill road beneath it, the Whiteways, as I now knew the spot to be called; then the prostrate form upon the road, the red stain upon the chalk, my figure with the bloody hands, bending over it; details which I had always been able to discern plainly in my dreams, notwithstanding the want of light; and the effort I myself am making to drag the body across the road, to hurl it down the deep slope!

"But ah! what new and strong revelation is this? What new and terrible solution to this mysterious dreaming is about to be made to me? The crape mask, that has always hitherto hidden from me the man's face, is gone! and I behold in my assailant and robber the unmistakable features of * * * but I dare not write this name lest this fall into other hands than yours, mother—but you will understand who it was I thus saw in my dream when I say that it was he who was the unhappy cause of our great grief and sorrow, and whom we suppose now to be far away.

"Thus concluding on the morning after my expedition with Mr. Shepfold, I had to wait for this, the momentous day. It has come, and in a few hours I shall be on my road. For the last seven successive nights, the vision, with all its latest circumstances, has been present whenever, through sheer fatigue, I have given way to sleep; whilst by day, its shadow has darkened on me hourly, to the exclusion of all but that scene on the White-ways.

"I start, at least prepared." Very dim was the light, however, that this statement let in upon the catastrophe. To be brief, it led to nothing practical, nothing more could be done until young Chase had recovered sufficiently to be able to give a personal account of the affair. Months passed before this was possible; his health returned very slowly. The doctors forbade any questioning or excitement, and I really didn't know the details of anything that had transpired until he was pronounced fit to appear before our board of directors.

Then I was present, with the rest of the people concerned. It was like a private court of justice, and young Chase was arraigned, as it were, like a criminal. When he came into the room his altered appearance was startling. I had only seen him twice since his setting out on the fatal journey; once when he was lying quite insensible at the turnpike, and once when he was only a little better, at the county hospital. He now looked twenty years older; his thin, pale face was deeply furrowed, his long, dark hair thickly tinged with gray, and the dreamy expression in his large eyes had changed to one of wildness, whilst his black clothes added to his weird, ghost-like appearance. He pulled himself together, however, by a great effort, and in answer to the questions the chairman put, this is about what he said, as near as I can remember:

"The statement, which you, gentlemen, found addressed to my poor mother, and which you have just read to me, is strictly true to the letter. It is fuller than any account than I could give now of my feelings and state of mind, prior to the 15th of November. I have very little to add, but I will tell you what I can.

"As I approached the Whiteways, on my return homeward journey, all the conditions of my dream were realized. I appeared to have been within them so often before that I might have been dreaming then. Everything was so familiar. There was no difference between my sensations asleep or awake. I had no sense of being, of actual existence, in one state more than in another. I felt I was gliding to my destiny, gliding without movement, without bodily effort, precisely as one does in sleep. I can give no better account of what happened. The fog wrapped me round. There was an interval, an impression that I was struggling, I appeared to fall; and then I woke in the hospital two months back. I can tell you no more."

"But did you see no one? Did no one stop you?"

"No one, that I am aware of; but I could not swear it," was the answer.

"But the pistols; were they yours?"

"Yes; mechanically I had provided myself with them, but with no thought of using them. If I remember rightly, I took them from my pocket and placed them between my feet when I left Dene's gate. I wished no one to know that I was armed."

"And, on your word and honor, Mr. Chase, you do not remember being attacked?"

"On my oath, I remember no more than I have told you."

"And the money—where was that?"

"In the driving-seat under me, in the padlocked leather-bag which Mr. Shepfold always used."

"You know nothing more of it than that it was there when you started?"

"Nothing; on my oath."

Then, after a long pause, during which many signs of dissatisfaction spread through all listeners, the chairman continued as he referred to Chase's statement:

"It is now my duty to ask you to whom, in this extraordinary story you have given of your dream, you refer as your visionary assailant. It is most essential—vital to your interests—that you keep nothing back from us, whether asleep or awake."

Here Chase was visibly moved. He shrank, as it were, within himself; he dropped his eyes, cowering. He said, recovering slightly:

"I had hoped to be spared this, seeing that my words were intended for no eyes but my mother's."

"The whole business," went on the chairman, "is so visionary and unsatisfactory, that you are bound to explain to whom you refer; your position with us demands it. You have been a tried and trustworthy servant, but you will forfeit all the past if you do not aid us in our efforts to discover the perpetrator of this robbery. An indication of who this mysterious person is may give us a clue. I conjure you to tell us everything, Mr. Chase."

Again he resisted; again he was urged to

Speak; he continued silent, growing paler every moment. There was a nervous clutching of the hands and twitching of the mouth; he staggered as if he were going to faint; he sank upon a chair, and his head drooped; it was a very painful scene now, for he was much respected. Once again, he insisted, commanding him to say to whom he alluded.

At length he arose, looking more like a ghost than anybody I ever saw, and gazing vacantly around the room with a return of his old dreamy air, said, in a faint and hollow voice, and without seeming to address any one in particular: "It matters little now. The shadow falls upon me for the last time; it can never lift again. He cast it upon me; he has blighted my life. He hastens my death."

"Who? Whom do you mean?" cried the chairman. For one minute Chase seemed brought back to a waking state. He looked straight at the chairman as he replied: "My brother, sir; my twin-brother. I will conceal nothing from you now. When only seventeen years of age he was transported for forgery. We contrived to hide the business from our friends; had we not done so I should never have obtained the post of trust I have held in your bank. Had the fact of his existence even reached your ears while I yet held it, you would have taken it from me, and I and my mother would have been irretrievably disgraced. This is why I did not write his name in that statement. But his name was Edward, and you will find the record in—the speaker suddenly stopped, put his hand to his forehead, staggered back into the chair, and thence fell heavily to the floor.

The doctor, who had watched his case throughout, was by his side instantly, and, after the very slightest examination, pronounced him dead!

There is no occasion to dwell upon what immediately followed. His dying statement was found to be correct, and an Edward Chase—twin brother to John—proved to have been transported two years before the latter obtained his bank appointment.

Our directors made it their business, through the home office, to get every information concerning this man, and the whole of this strange business is made the stranger by what they thus discovered. It turned out, after the most careful scrutiny and comparison of dates, that the convict, Edward Chase, had not only never left the Australian penal colony to which he had been consigned, and therefore could never have had a hand in the robbery of Whiteways, but that, after committing a series of crimes as a bush ranger, he was convicted of having robbed and killed a man on a lonely highway, on the 15th of November, 1846; that he escaped, and being recaptured at the end of some months, was actually executed on the very day that poor John fell down dead in our board-room.

Eight years and a half passed, and the matter was almost forgotten, when one spring the little mere, which lies between Gray's farm and the town of Meresdene, was drained and among the white chalky mud what did the workmen come upon but an old brown leather bag with a bad-lock! My old leather bag with all the money that poor John Chase had with him when he left the bank that night—every penny of it intact except for the rotting which the notes and checks had got from the wet.

GEORGE ELIOT'S NEW POEM.

"A College Breakfast Party" is a metaphysical essay in blank verse, written, it is said, about four years ago, and now first given to the public in the pages of Harper's Bazaar and Macmillan's Magazine. It comprises about six hundred lines. At an Oxford breakfast assemble these guests:

Young Hamlet, not the hesitating Dane. But one named after him, who lately strove For honours at our English Wittenberg— Blonde, metaphysical, and sensuous, Questioning of things, and yet half convinced Credulity was better: held inert "Twixt fascinations of all opposites; And half suspecting that the mightiest soul (Perhaps his own?) was union of extremes, Having no choice but choice of everything: As drinking deep to-day for love of wine. To-morrow half a Brahmin, scornful life As mere illusion, yearning for that True Which has no qualities: another day Finding the fount of grace in sacraments. And purest reflex of the light divine In gem bossed pyx and brodered chasuble. Resolved to wear no stockings and to fast With arms extended, waiting ecstasy; But getting cramps instead, and needing change; A would-be Pagan next:—

Young Hamlet sat A guest with five of somewhat riper age At breakfast with Horatio, a friend With few opinions, but a faithful heart. Quick to detect the fibrous spreading roots Of character that feed men's theories, Yet cloaking weakness with charity, And ready in all service save rebuke. With club of breakfast and the cider-cup Came high debate; the others seated there Were Orisk, spinner of fine sentences, A delicate insect creeping over life, Feeding on molecules of floral breath, And weaving gossamer to trap the sun; Laertes, ardent, rash, and radical; Discursive Rosencrauz, grave Guildenstern. And he for whom the social meal was made— The polished priest, a tolerant listener, Disposed to give a hearing to the lost, And breakfast with them ere they went below. Here is promise of "brave voices," and they fulfil it. From Alpine metaphysic glaciers first The talk sprang copious; the themes were old, But so is human breath, so infant eyes, The daily nurslings of creative light. Small words held mighty meanings: Matter, Force, Self, Not self, Being, Seeming, Space, and Time— Plebeian toilers on the dusty road Of daily traffic turned to Genii And cloudy giants darkening sun and moon. Rosencrauz begins:

You chant your hymns To evolution on your altar lay A sacred egg called Progress: have you proved A Best unique where all is relative, And where each change is loss as well as gain? The age of healthy Saurians well supplied With heat and prey will balance well enough A human age where maladies are strong And pleasures feeble; wealth a monster gorged 'Mid hungry populations; intellect Aproned in laboratories, bent on proof That this is that, and both are good for naught Save feeding error through a weary life; While Art and Poesy struggle like poor ghosts To hinder cock crow and the dreadful light, Lurking in darkness and the charnel house. Or like two stalwart graybeards, imbecile, With limbs still active, playing at belief That hunt the slipper, football, hide-and-seek. Are sweetly merry—donning pinfores And lisping emulously in their speech, O human race! Is this, then, all thy gain? Working at naught, playing at belief, Debate on causes, distaste of effects, Power to transmute all elements, and lack Of any power to slay the fatal skill And make thy lot aught else than rigid doom? The Saurians were better! Guildenstern, Pass me the taper. Still the human curse Has mitigation in the best cigars.

Then swift Laertes, not without a glare Of leonine wrath, "I thank thee for that word: That one confession, were I Socrates, Should force you onward till you ran your head At your own image, flaily gave the lie To all your blasphemy of that human good Which bred and nourished you to sit at ease And learned deny it. Say the world Groans ever with the pang of doubtful births; Say, life's a poor donation at the best— Wisdom a yearning after nothingness— Nature's great vision and the thrill supreme Of thought-fed passion but a weary play— I argue not against you. Who can prove Wit to be witty when with deeper ground Dullness intuitive declares wit dull? If life is worthless to you—why, it is.

I am no optimist whose faith must hang On hard pretense that pain is beautiful And the agony explained for men at ease By virtue's exercise in pitying it. But this I hold: that he who takes one gift Made for him by the hopeful work of man, Who tastes sweet bread, walks where he will unarmed, His shield and warrant the invisible law, Who owns a hearth and household charities, Who clothes his body and his sentient soul With skill and thoughts of men, and yet denies A human good worth toiling for, is cursed With worse negation than the poet feigned In Mephistopheles. The Devil spins His wire-drawn argument against all good With sense of brimstone as his private lot, And never drew a solace from the Earth!

Passing over the intermediate discourses, of which the preceding are fair representatives, we take up the concluding ones without expecting, however, any definitive solution of the vexed problems. The debate ends, like all logomachies, in showing the powers of the combatants and fortifying each in his opinions.

At last Hamlet says: "For you will grant The Ideal has discoveries which ask No test, no faith, save that we joy in them: A new-found continent, with spreading lands Where pleasure chatters all, where virtue, rank, Use, right, and truth have but one name. Delight. Thus Art's creations, when etherialized To least admixture of the grosser fact, Delight may stamp as highest." Possible!

Said Guildenstern, with touch of weariness "But then we might dispute of what is gross. What high, what low?" "Nay," said Laertes, "ask The mightiest makers who have reigned, still reign. Within the ideal realm. See if their thought Be drained of practice and the thick warm blood Of hearts that beat in action various Through the wide drama of the struggling world. Good-by, Horatio."

Each now said "Good-by." Such breakfast, such beginning of the day. Is more than half the whole. The sun was hot On southward branches of the meadow eum. The shadows slowly farther crept and veiled. Like changing memories, and Hamlet strolled Alone and dubious on the empurpled path Between the waving grasses of new June. Close by the stream where well-compacted boats Were moored, or moving with a lazy creak To the soft dip of oars. All sounds were light As tiny silver bells upon the robes Of hovering silence. Birds made twitterings That seemed but silence self-overflow of love. 'Twas futility all to sweet repose; And Hamlet, drowsy with the unangled draughts Of colder and conflicting sentiments, Chose a green couch and watched with half-closed eyes The meadow road, the stream, and dreamy lights. Until they merged themselves in sequence strange With undulating ether, time, the soul. The will supreme, the individual claim. The social Ought, the lyric's liberty, Democritus, Pythagoras, in talk With Anselm, Darwin, Comte, and Schopenhauer. The poets rising slow from out their tombs Summoned as arbiters—that border-world of dozing, ere the sense is fully drowned.

And then he dreamed a dream so luminous! He woke (he says) convinced; but what is taught Withholds as yet. Perhaps those graver shades Admonished him that visions told in haste Part with their virtues to the squandering lips, And leave the soul in wider emptiness.

THE STORY OF AN OLD HOUSE.

The nature of my occupation kept me almost continually at the window. I mention this as a sort of apology for what I saw there, and for what followed, lest any other young man, whose business doesn't take him to the window, should nevertheless stand there; in which case he will do no good. You can't always sit with your head bent, and when I lifted mine up I looked straight into the second-floor windows of the opposite house.

This house was an anachronism even in queer, ill-paved Southall street. Each story overlapped the other in that wonderful old style of architecture which, taking a tea-chest as basis,

eventually produced a ball-room in the top story; builders have lost the trick of it now.

The advances of the old house were received but coldly by its neighbours on the opposite side—my side; they were respectable straight-down houses, and would have nothing to say to the forward old thing who ogled them with her casement windows from over the way.

But it always seemed to me to hold its tiles, its lattices, and its cross beams as near as it could, and to say "Love me," and although I have been a fickle lover, it is now the dearest house to me in all London.

The upper stories of the old house were let by the week, and as a rule tenants came and went weekly; but Nannette and her father excited my interest by the intention they seemed to have formed of making the second story their home. Their casement-panes shone the brightest in the street, though nobody seemed to clean them. A row of flower-pots made their appearance to the astonishment of the whole neighbourhood. But the two human beings who lived behind the flowers and diamond panes heightened my pleasure in the old house, and were to my mind the appropriate picture which the frame had long wanted. Mr. Mellon was a handsome old man, with grey beard, and a troubled look about the eyes, a look that faded into tenderness when Nannette was with him, but returned again when he settled down to his papers. All day long he sat writing and drawing by the window, never looking up, unless his daughter came to speak to him, or to lead him off to his meals.

Nannette I will not describe. No doubt some imaginative people, without ever having seen or known a real Nannette, will have formed an ideal one, and if it is the prettiest, sprightliest, neatest, and best of damsels that ever (ideally) walked or ran, let them add a surname, and call it Nannette Mellon. The name was new to me, but when I heard her called by it, I saw at once that a prophetic spirit had presided at her christening. Nannette would have been too large, Babette too fickle; nothing but Nannette would have been in the least bit suitable.

Before they had been there ten days I found myself taking note of my neighbour's proceedings. Every morning between nine and ten, Nannette set out marketing with her basket, and sometimes came home with it wofully empty, but there was always a bright smile and a kiss for the old man at the window. The happiest times were when she took him out for a walk, but this didn't happen often, for Mr. Mellon kept closely to his work, and I could see it required some persuasion to make him lay down his pen and rulers. One day I came upon them as they were crossing a crowded thoroughfare. Nannette had hold of her father's hand, and led him across as a woman might a child, and even a hansom-driver pulled up to let them pass. It was very rude and inquisitive, but was it quite unpardonable in me to encourage my landlady's garrulity that night in hopes of hearing something about the lodgers over the way? Mrs. Trench required very little prompting; she soon told me all she knew, and a great deal that was conjectured by herself and other gossips of the street. The conjectures are of little consequence; what she knew was their names, and that they appeared to be badly off, but that the rent was paid regularly, and Mr. Mellon had said he was expecting a great deal of money in a short time. It was thought they had come from the country. Coming from the country myself, I could sympathize with her in the desolation of bricks and mortar, and understand her feelings as she added every day to the little row of flowers arranged in a stand between her father and the window. It was now an established custom for Mrs. Trench to come upstairs every evening and talk about the Mellons. I seemed to become quite familiar with their doings, though I never dreamed of speaking to either the old man or his daughter if I met them in the street.

Late one evening when I returned home, Mrs. Trench followed me into the room and told me what had happened. That afternoon, Mr. Mellon had walked out, refusing his daughter's company, and in an hour's time he was brought home in a fit. The doctor, who was called in, had given him up at first, but the old man rallied in the evening, and the doctor had just left him in Nannette's hands. It was a severe attack of paralysis, and though he might survive there was little hope of his recovering the full use of his limbs and senses. He seemed to be quite deaf, and hadn't spoken since he had been brought home. I drew aside the curtain; a light was burning in the opposite room, and I knew that Nannette was sitting by her poor father.

Next morning I lost no time in sending Mrs. Trench across with "Mr. Wycherley's compliments, and he has sent to inquire how Mr. Mellon is this morning." "Miss Mellon's compliments, and Mr. Mellon has passed a quiet night." (Miss Mellon has since told me that she hesitated for some time about the wording of this answer. She thought it would have been more proper to say "Mr. Mellon's compliments, etc.;" but the sight of her poor father on the bed made her alter this.) That afternoon, and almost every time I went out, I sent to repeat the inquiry, and to ask if I could get anything for Mr. Mellon in the town, for the marketing expeditions were over now, and Nannette never left her father's side. One day I was entrusted with some small commission, and the money was sent to me wrapped up in silver paper. I knew that, because oddly enough, I have the piece of paper now.

The next time I called myself with the mes-

sage, and a few days after I was kept at the door while Miss Mellon came down to thank me herself. She did so in a little formal speech, standing on the bottom step of the staircase. I felt myself the meanest and most despicable of men as I apologized for having ventured to offer my services. Here was I absolutely getting thanked for doing the pleasantest thing in the world, instead of thanking her for giving me it to do.

After this interview the old man continued to improve in health, and I saw no more of Miss Mellon, for she was never at the window now, till one morning she sent to ask if I should like to see her father. A bed had been brought into the sitting-room, and on it the invalid was lying, his pale face drawn with an expression of pain, and the old troubled look of the eyes changed into one of settled misery.

It was a sad thing to see the fine old countenance thus altered, and I am afraid I expressed in my look the surprise I felt at the change. Nannette explained to him by signs that a friend had come to see him, and he looked pleased, but grew restless when I began to talk to Nannette and I soon went away. In time it became a usual thing for me to call every day and sit for a short time with the old man, and when he had grown familiar with me I was able to persuade Miss Mellon to take a short walk now and then whilst I stayed with her father. Constant nursing was showing its effects in her pale cheeks and heavy eyes, and such a selfish thing as to keep the little body near me all the time I sat with her father never entered my head, though Nannette says it ought to have been done, and that I didn't care a bit for her then. She had no idea what had caused her father's illness. He had been at work on his drawings and writings for more than a year, and he had come up to London that he might finish them and make his daughter's fortune. What the plans were she didn't know; they were all locked up in a drawer and Mr. Mellon would let no one touch them but himself. On the day of the accident he had gone out for the first time alone at his own request, and she didn't even know where he had been seized with the fit, but some kind person had sent him home in a cab, finding the address, she supposed, in his pocket. Since then he had not spoken, but had only made a few unintelligible sounds, and had not indicated in any way what had happened. An air of melancholy and fixed despair was on his face, and when one day she brought some of his drawings and put them before him, he expressed no interest in them, but on the contrary, tried to push them away, so that she kept them out of his sight now. About a week after I heard this, Nannette was waiting for me in the passage as I came upstairs; I saw at once by her look that something had happened. She asked if I had told her father my name. I said I had never mentioned it either to him, or in his presence. "Oh," she said, "Mr. Wycherley, he has been speaking this morning, and the first words—no I can't tell you what his words were, but the first thing he said was that it was Mr. Wycherley had done it, that Mr. Wycherley had ruined him, and that Mr. Wycherley was a cruel, bad man. What can it mean? What have you been doing?" I had done nothing, I hadn't left my lodgings since I saw him last. She took me by the arm and said quickly, "Perhaps you are not the Mr. Wycherley he means; what is your Christian name?" "John Blake." "John Blake?" "Oh no, not that." But she checked herself, and taking her hand from my arm, said, "This is most extraordinary. I didn't know your name, and father can't have done even if he knew your surname; and yet he said that John Blake Wycherley had ruined him, that John Blake Wycherley was a rascal, that I was never to let him come into the house."

She stepped back, and regarded me with distrust. "What have you done?" she said. For my part I was as astonished as she was at this strange coincidence of name. I was certain that nothing I had ever done or said had injured the man; how could it be so, when I had only known him by name for a few weeks? It could only be a sick man's fancy, a sudden dislike to the stranger who had seen him in his paralysed state; but how had he heard my full name, and why had he suddenly changed, whereas till now he had seemed to be growing fonder of me every day? It pained me to see poor Nannette's trouble. I was her only friend now, and yet if her father had taken a dislike to me, she felt she must obey, and break off our friendship. What again, if her father were right? What if this Mr. Wycherley had ruined him, and treated him cruelly? But this, though it entered her mind, she dismissed at once; it was impossible; it must be some horrid mistake. A last gleam of hope was that there might be two John Blake Wycherleys in the world, and that Mr. Mellon didn't refer to me. This was Nannette's suggestion, but it seemed to me very improbable that anybody should come across two John Blake Wycherleys, for it is not a common name. This could easily be tested, and she led the way into the room; but I was satisfied that he had been speaking of me, and followed reluctantly, sorry to vex the old man with the sight of one whom his disordered imagination had turned into an enemy.

I went up to the bed, and held out my hand; he took it, and welcomed me with a brighter smile than usual. Nannette sat down by the table, and as I held Mr. Mellon's wasted hand, I heard her sobbing, for the poor child's heart was very full. Only nineteen years had passed over her little head, but she was a woman in feeling, and she had felt how ungrateful a thing it would have appeared to forbid my coming to



ANTHONY TROLLOPE.



JOHN RUSKIN.



MONTREAL.—FIRE AT HOWLEY'S SASH AND DOOR FACTORY. VIEW OF THE RUINS.



A MODEL PICNIC.

the house. This difficulty was now removed, but another misgiving was soon to arise, which she could not so easily get rid of—"Was it possible that this Mr. Wycherley had ruined her father, though the old man did not recognize him—perhaps he had never known him by sight? Was it possible that under the pretence of friendship the man was seeking to do her father some further injury?"

She has told me that this occurred to her a few hours after I left, and though she put it away it came constantly into her mind, until at last she determined to question her father (a one-sided conversation was now carried on by writing on a slate) and find out where his enemy, Mr. Wycherley, was to be found. She framed her questions so as to approach the subject as gently as possible, but when he came to the name Wycherley the old man was thrown into such a violent state of excitement that dangerous symptoms returned, and the doctor had to be sent for. Nannette never ventured to make a second attempt.

Meanwhile I, of course, was ignorant of all this, and continued my visits to the old man as often as before. He seemed to like any little attention I paid him, and several times signified that if Nannette wanted to go out he shouldn't mind if I would stop with him. To my surprise Miss Mellon, on some pretext or other, never availed herself of these opportunities, but always contrived to remain in the room whenever I was with her father. My strongly urged advice that she should get some fresh air, which was accepted before, was now refused, and I could not but perceive that I was no longer a welcome guest, but only tolerated because Mr. Mellon liked my company. Under these circumstances I should have at once discontinued my visits to the old house, and even if that were necessary, have moved into another street, had it not been for the evident pleasure the poor invalid felt in my visits. Many days I went with the intention of telling him that I was going away, and couldn't come to see him any more; but his face wore almost a happy expression when I entered the room; and his delight was so great at any little present of fruit I brought with me, his anxiety to know when I was coming again, almost before I sat down, so manifestly in earnest, that it was some time before I could make up my mind to do anything of the sort. Seeing his partiality for me, I never doubted for a moment that Mr. Mellon's enemy was some other John Blake Wycherley, and that this must be evident to Nannette. I didn't know her simple, trustful nature, and how she had rested her whole faith in the father who had been her only playmate from an orphaned childhood, and whose every word she implicitly believed. I never guessed, great stupid man that I was, that she was afraid of me, John Blake Wycherley, afraid that by some possibility I might be her father's enemy; afraid that I might one day try to harm him in his defenceless state. I now scarcely spoke to her when I called in to see Mr. Mellon, for she received my civilities with evident dislike, and made abrupt answers if ever I talked of her father's condition. The old bright genial manner was gone, and though it returned now and then, and she began to enter enthusiastically into some scheme for the sick man's comfort, she would check herself suddenly, and grow more distant and self-contained than before. She wanted some one to share her burden of troubles, but rather than trust in me she would bear them all herself.

It must have been cruel work to see the man whom she feared and distrusted growing daily in the favour of her poor weak father. Had it not been for some lingering consciousness that I might be innocent, she would have taken means to get rid of me at once. Had it not been for a sort of feeling, which Nannette says didn't exist, but which I think did, that she would rather not offend this Mr. Wycherley, she would have told him plainly her suspicions, and he would have troubled her no more. All this time Mr. Wycherley was trying to feel hurt at the treatment he received, and he succeeded so far as to put it down to womanish pique at a fanciful preference displayed for him by her father. I am inclined to think that if Miss Mellon had been anybody but Nannette—for instance, if she had been large Annette, or coquettish Babette—Mr. Wycherley would not have found so much difficulty in weaning himself from the father's affections, and going no more to a house where the daughter treated him so coldly. But it was still Nannette, and now and then for a few minutes the Nannette of old times; so Mr. Wycherley continued his visits.

But one day I found out something which put an end to my indecision; and I determined to go no more to the house, and to leave its neighbourhood. Miss Mellon's persistent refusal to take open-air exercise and leave me in charge of her patient had excited my surprise, but I put it down to a proud dislike of the feeling of indebtedness. I never suspected the real cause; I never dreamed that she did go out, but took care to do so when I wasn't likely to call, until one evening as the gas was being lighted I saw the door open, and Nannette pass down the street. It was scarcely an hour since I had left her father's room, and she had declined my offer, declaring that it was too late to go out now.

Evidently something was wrong with her or with me, or with both of us, and I gave Mrs. Trench warning, and looked out for other lodgings.

The day before I left Senshall I told Mr.

Mellon that my business obliged me to leave that part of the town, and that I shouldn't be able to come and see him. He seemed hardly to realise what I said, and made no objection to my going away, so I asked Nannette to send for me whenever I could be of any use, and went down the stairs with a heavy heart.

Mrs. Trench professed great sorrow at losing me, and I knew the good woman would have been sorely hurt if I had taken rooms anywhere near hers; so I gave her the same reason that I had given the Mellons, viz., that I wanted to be nearer my work, and settled in a more distant quarter than would have been otherwise necessary. In doing this I felt that my chance of meeting Mr. Mellon and his daughter again was very small indeed, and Nannette's manner had convinced me that she would never send for me except under great necessity.

Mrs. Trench's farewell contained a word for the Mellons. "What will they do, poor things, now that you're gone, and with no one to help them or cheer the old man?" She had been kind and neighbourly to them as far as she could, but she thought very highly of the kindness I had shown the invalid. As the cab drove off Mrs. Trench greeted me with an old shoe, but my good-bye was as much to the second floor of the old house opposite as to her. I could see nobody at the window, but I have reason to believe that there was some one standing behind the curtain who was both glad and sorry to see me drive off.

It is owing to so mundane a cause as a corkscrew that this was not my last sight of Senshall street. Further than this, if the corkscrew had not been a great favourite of mine, I shouldn't have gone to Mrs. Trench for it; but go I did, and found things in a strange "rum-pus." Mrs. Trench was holding her neighbour, the landlord of Mellons' house, in her arm. That lady was displaying her emotions in a very demonstrative manner; round them was a small but appreciative crowd, and a policeman hovered in the distance, calculating the probable effects of a "move on."

Seeing me, Mrs. Trench extricated herself, and delivered her choking burden to a pet-boy from round the corner, who at once applied a restorative in the shape of the dregs of a pint-pot down the spine, drew me into the house, and told me what had happened.

Whilst his daughter was away, Mr. Mellon had dressed himself and hobbled out of the house, unnoticed by anybody. Mrs. Trench's Tommy had met him turning into Chancery lane, and was at this moment sobbing in the passage from the effects of a box on the ears he had received for not having at once brought the gentleman home.

Not a moment was to be lost. Wholesale promises of confectioneries reduced Tommy to a fit frame of mind, and I hurried him off to Chancery lane. To apply to the policeman at the corner was a bare chance, yet it was a chance. Heaven be praised! He has asked his way of this very policeman not ten minutes ago. Where to? Southampton buildings. Up Chancery with the speed of a madman; Tommy toiling in the wake. Southampton buildings, I knew them well. Is not the Patent Office there? And as I turn the corner there is Mr. Mellon going up the steps. Slackening my speed to recover breath, I overtook him at the library door. He heard a step behind him, and turned round, greeting me with as warm a welcome as his poor crippled limbs and faculties would allow. He was stronger in health, but the look of settled despair had deepened, and now absorbed every other expression. Entering the room together, he led me to a book-case, and taking down a pamphlet-box, opened it and turned them over till he came to

"Specification of
John Blake Wycherley."

My name, and my patent, a scheme on which I had gone mad a few years before, and had spent both time and money. When at last it was completed, and legally secured to me, the anticipated fortune crumbled into dust. It was ingenious, some people said very ingenious, but practically useless. I was cured of the passion of inventing in branches of trade I knew nothing about, and the patent lay idle, and will lie idle till it expires.

Here then it was that Mr. Mellon had found my name, and as I watched the old man intently studying the pamphlet before him the reason of his violent dislike dawned upon me.

I went to the clerk, and he at once recognised in him the gentleman who, some months ago, had fallen down in a fit at the very spot where he was now standing. My conjecture was right, and I hurried Mr. Mellon into a cab and took him home.

Nannette was at the door the moment we stopped, and clung to her father crying as if her heart would break.

As soon as her father was safe in bed a message came for me, and I went upstairs expecting such cold thanks as Miss Mellon could give me. They were scarcely worth receiving, yet I had waited for them. Not worth waiting for? Why, there she stood, no longer the distant and reserved Miss Mellon, but the Nannette of old times, and her tears fell on my hand as she held it in both of hers. Then came a long confession; how she had suspected me of having injured her father; of intending him further injury; how she had tried every means to get rid of him; how, if he had not changed his lodgings, she was going to have hidden father somewhere; how she had gone out one evening to look for rooms for that purpose; how she was

sure I was at the bottom of it when she found her father had disappeared; and now I had brought him back. She had been very wicked to think all this; of course it was another Mr. Wycherley who had done it. She scouted the idea that I could possibly be her father's enemy. It was absurd. It was wicked of her to have thought so.

It was half an hour before this little matter was settled, and in the end Nannette got her way, and under penalty of never being spoken to again I was compelled to say "I forgive you," to each of the several counts in her self-accusation. Then I asked leave to prove that I was the John Blake Wycherley, her father's enemy, and none other. With a merry, sceptical laugh Nannette produced her father's papers. There before me lay the work of years, the plans and specifications of an invention, the same in substance as that which had been my pride and my hope three years ago.

Mr. Mellon's story is soon told. I had anticipated him in the darling project of his lifetime. The shock of this discovery had hastened the stroke of the disease which a life of inactivity was slowly bringing on.

Changed habits of life had almost obliterated its effects, and he is now in the second story window of the Old House, at work on another invention; and "this time," he says with a laugh, "I hope no rascally John Blake Wycherley will anticipate me."

As for Nannette and myself, The Old House is our home too. Long may it be so, and defy all assaults of street improvement commissioners.

THE GLEANER.

It is calculated that 420,000,000 mummies must be deposited in the pits of Egypt.

JOHANN STRAUSS, within two months after his wife's death, has married again, his second spouse being Angelica Ditrich, a pupil of Prock, the Viennese singing master.

THE Shah is particularly anxious to buy some rifles and cannon of the newest pattern during his visit to Europe. He bought 37,000 Chassepots last time.

ONE of the choicest English-made fans exhibited lately was a "new church fan," with the Lord's prayer, the Ten Commandments, and so forth painted on it.

THE Emperor of Germany has had to part with his handsome whiskers, which he has worn for half a century, because they interfered with the dressing of his wounds.

JULES VERNE'S famous tour round the world in eighty days has been not only rivalled, but outdone, by an American traveller, who has succeeded in accomplishing the feat in seventy-six days.

SINCE the close of the late civil war, the Marietta (Ga.) Field says, nearly half a million pounds of bullets have been gathered from the battle fields near that town. One man has shipped 60,000 pounds.

A DIGHTON, Mass., man is cultivating the huckleberry, and claims that by cultivation he will show a fruit as large as a cherry and a great deal more pulpy and juicy than the native wild berry.

THE largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high and 693 feet on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are about thirty feet in length and the layers are 280; 3,600,000 men were employed in its erection.

ICE machines are now made by which ice can be manufactured at \$1 per ton. A cake weighing 140 pounds was exposed to a hot sun five hours on a street in Cincinnati, recently, when the thermometer was at 92, and lost only about an inch on each side.

MR. GLADSTONE, in the June number of the *Nineteenth Century*, said, "Give Montenegro a port and I will forgive and forget all that has been done amiss." The port of Antivari has been given to Montenegro. Will Mr. G. be faithful to himself?

IN the house of a Devonshire labourer there were lying on an ordinary sized bed two mothers, two sons, one daughter, one grandmother, one grandson, brother and sister, uncle and nephew, all of whom (eleven) were comprehended in four persons, viz:—A mother and a daughter, each with an infant son.

In a sermon by Rev. Dr. Alger on "The Chronic Miracles in Human Life," the human face was particularly specified as the miracle of miracles. Made up of but few features, yet the 1,200,000,000 faces on the globe were every one so different that any person could readily distinguish any one from any other.

WITH reference to the early goers from concerts, the following is an English suggestion:—"A courteous note on the programme to the effect that there will be five minutes' interval before the piece or pieces, with a request that those who do not wish to remain until the end will kindly avail themselves of this opportunity for departure, will, I think, seldom fail to produce the desired effect."

THE Spanish Armada, for invading England in 1588, consisted of 130 ships, of which 100 were larger than any before built. It conveyed 19,292 soldiers, 10,500 seamen and 2,630 brass cannon. They were to convey an army of 34,000 men from the Scheldt, in flat-bottom boats. The English opposing fleet, of smaller vessels, was about 101 ships. The Armada re-

turned by the Shetland Island, and not more than half reached the Spanish ports.

MR. EDISON, of phonograph fame, has just completed and tested an invention for measuring heat—an instrument so sensitive that the heat of rays from the most distant stars can be accurately ascertained by it. He estimates that it would require a Fahrenheit thermometer fifteen miles in height to record the same range of degrees of heat. He has been engaged on this instrument for a long time, and regards it as his most difficult achievement.

It is reported from Geneva that the Stelvio Pass in the Tyrol—the loftiest carriage route in Europe—has been re-opened. The summit of the pass is 9,100 feet above the level of the sea. As lovers of sensationalism know, a tragedy was committed in Stelvio two or three years ago, an Anglo-Frenchman having pushed his rich wife over one of the precipices; and, sad to say, the occurrence of this incident has for many tourists provided a new attraction for the Pass.

PARIS has absolutely found its latest sensation in a man who, for a considerable wager, has led, on foot, from Komorantin to Paris, a herd of fifty hares, twenty-five of each sex. Though the animals had been carefully trained, he had a good deal of trouble with them, and usually travelled by night. Encouraged by his success, he proposes now to conduct his flock around the Exposition at the hour when it is most thronged, without losing one of their number.

THE French generally have but two regular meals per day—breakfast and dinner—and the latter claims the largest share of attention. A cup of coffee and a roll suffice early in the morning, and breakfast is not taken until about 10 o'clock. At some places a second breakfast is indulged, but the main meal is the evening dinner. At the hotel, as a rule, table d'hôte dinners are served at six o'clock, to which persons are admitted up to half-past six, the time occupied in giving the different courses averaging from one hour and a half to two hours.

YET another rival to gas is announced, and on this occasion to electricity also. The new substance is from the refuse of coal gas. Its luminous qualities are immense, and its cost a hundredth part that of gas. Enough of the new substance can be stored in an ordinary drawing-room gaselier without disfigurement to suffice for a week's consumption, and no danger from explosion or bad smell can possibly arise. It is obvious that the new invention cannot be regarded altogether as a rival to the old favourite, and will possibly be adopted by the gas companies themselves, if they are wise.

THE French are very talkative in the cars and omnibuses and manifest a common interest in each other. Recently an old lady entered a tramway near the Place de la Concorde with the intention of going to the Exposition. When the conductor came around for the necessary centimes the old lady became a little befuddled as to where she wanted to go, and immediately the whole of the passengers became interested in her behalf and began prying her with questions with the intention of setting her aright. It seemed a general relief to everybody when the aged passenger was safely landed at her destination, and eager eyes followed her as she left the car.

WHEN Prof. Richte's flying machine was exhibited in Boston, the other day, it became unmanageable and went up to a great height, the operator being unable to turn it earthward as the machinery refused to work. As a last resort he fastened strings to his wrists and ankle, tied them to the framework, and swung under, from which position he was able to discover that a projecting loose screw was causing the trouble. He repaired the damage, climbed back into his seat and soon brought the machine down. The position was a perilous one, as there was no way of regaining the ground except by cutting open the gas receptacle.

SIGNS.

People who still adhere to the look-at-your-tongue-and-feel-of-your-pulse doctor sometimes express not a little curiosity in regard to Dr. R. V. Pierce's original method of distinguishing all forms of chronic disease without personal consultation. Some even suppose that he accomplishes this through clairvoyance, or some other species of professional jugglery. All this is utterly false. He claims to determine disease by the rational methods of science only. Says Conley, in his *Biographical Encyclopedia of New York State*, speaking of this distinguished physician: "He perceived that in each of the natural sciences the investigator proceeds according to a *system of signs*. The geologist in his cabinet accurately determines and describes the cleft of rock, which he has never seen, from the minute specimen on his table. And the chemist in his laboratory notes the constituents of the sun with the same precision that he analyzes a crystal of rock. The analogous system developed by Dr. Pierce in Medical Science is worthy of his genius, and has made his name justly celebrated." For a full explanation of this ingenious system of diagnosis, see the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent post paid, to any address on receipt of one dollar and fifty cents. Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and papers received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 183 received.

J. S., Montreal.—The Problem shall be examined. The game shall appear shortly.

The match between Miss Rudge and Mr. Thorold has at length been brought to a conclusion, the result being a draw, as each player scored ten games. It will be recalled that Mr. Thorold gave the lady the odds of Queen's Knight.

It appears that Miss Rudge has won in two previous contests with Mr. Thorold at the same odds, and that now they are anxious for another encounter.

As a matter of course, Mr. Thorold must expect very little sympathy from Chessplayers in his contests with his fair antagonist, and we believe we speak the sentiments of a good many when we say that it would be more gratifying if we could see a trial of Chess skill between the best lady players of England and those of the United States.

From the talented pen of Mr. G. H. D. Gossip will shortly be issued a book on the Chess Openings. The illness of Mr. Gossip has delayed the publication of the work for some considerable time. Mr. Gossip's reputation as a player stands high, and his book will be a valuable aid to every Chess student.

THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

PARIS, July 8th.

Six rounds thus far have been played in the International Chess Tournament. Winawer, of Russia, still leads; he won 9½ games and lost 2½. Mackenzie of New York won 5½ and lost 6½. Mason, of New York, won 4 and lost 8. Drawn games are reckoned as a half game to each. The contest ends on 23rd of July.

Table with columns for player names (Zukertort, Winawer, Rosenthal, Pitschel, Mason, Mackenzie, Gifford, Englisch, Tere, Blackburne, Bird, Anderssen) and rows for game results (1-6) and scores.

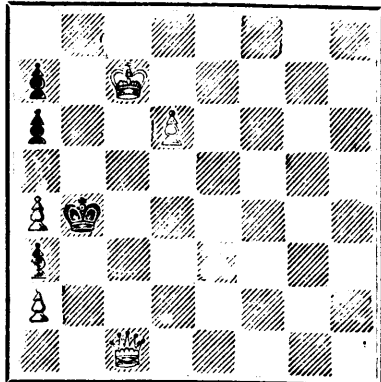
A PHOTOGRAPHIC CHESS BOARD. The Chess Editor of the Glasgow News has issued a photographic chess board containing the portraits of the players in the International Correspondence Tourney, and in addition those of the managers of the British and American teams, together with those of Captain Mackenzie, J. N. Babson, Samuel Loyd, J. B. McKim, Miss Rudge, William Fitzlayson, J. W. Shaw, A. Townsend, H. F. L. Meyer, C. M. Baxter, Queen Victoria and General Grant. Mrs. J. W. Gilbert, of this city, occupies the White Queen's square, while Miss Rudge occupies the Black Queen's square. A portion of those mentioned above are on the upper margin. The whole number of portraits is 71. The size of the largest group will be 10 x 12 inches, and the price is fixed at the moderate sum of four British shillings each—a trifle less than \$1.00. Inasmuch as only a limited number will be issued, those players of the American team who desire copies of the interesting group should send their orders to the manager of the British forces at once. Several gentlemen have already ordered five each.

PROBLEM No. 184.

By W. A. SHINKMAN.

(From the American Chess Journal.)

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT QUEBEC.

GAME 256TH.

At the opening of the new Chess Club at Quebec recently, two games by consultation were played by the members, of which the following is the one between Messrs. Champion, Andrews, and Allies, on the one side, against Messrs. Sanderson, White, and Allies on the other:

- WHITE. (Messrs. Champion, Andrews and Allies.) 1. P to Q 4, 2. P to Q B 4, 3. B to K B 4, 4. B takes B, 5. P to K 3, 6. K Kt to B 3, 7. P to Q B 5, 8. B to Q 3, 9. Castles, 10. Kt takes P, 11. P takes Kt, 12. Kt to Q B 3, 13. P to K Kt 3, 14. P to K R 4, 15. Kt takes P, 16. Kt to K B 4, 17. Q R to B sq, 18. B to K 2, 19. B to K B 3, 20. Q to Q B 2, 21. B to K Kt 2, 22. K R to K sq, 23. P to K 4, 24. P to K 5, 25. Kt takes Kt, 26. B to K 4, 27. B takes B, 28. K R to K 2, 29. Q R to K sq, 30. P to K 6 (e), 31. P to K R 5, 32. R P takes P, 33. R to K 5, 34. R takes R, 35. Q to Q 3 (b), 36. Q to Q 7, 37. K to Kt 2, 38. P to K B 3, 39. P to Q Kt 4, 40. P to K B 4, 41. Q takes P, 42. Q takes P, 43. P to Q R 3, 44. Q to B 7 (ch), 45. Q to Q 7 (d), 46. Q to Q 8 (ch), 47. Q to K 7 (ch), 48. Q to K B 8 (ch), 49. Q to K B 7 (ch), 50. P takes Q, 51. R to K 6, 52. R takes P, 53. P to Q Kt 5, 54. K to K B sq, 55. P to Kt 6, 56. P to R 4, 57. P to R 5, 58. R to R 7 (ch), 59. P to Kt 7, 60. P to R 6, 61. R to R 8, 62. K to K sq.

NOTES.

- (a) The right move, obtaining an advantage which is maintained throughout the game. (b) The position here is very interesting, and requires careful play. (c) There is nothing better to be done, apparently. (d) And the rest is very plain.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 182.

A White Kt was omitted from White's K R 7 in this Problem.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K B 3, 2. R takes K R P, 3. Mates accordingly. (A) 1. B takes B, 2. K takes Q. (B) 1. B to Q Kt 6, 2. K takes R. BLACK. 1. Kt to Kt 4 (A) (B), 2. Any.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 180.

- WHITE. 1. Kt to Q B 6, 2. Kt to Kt 5, 3. R P takes Kt mate. BLACK. 1. P moves, 2. P takes Kt.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 181.

- WHITE. K to Q sq, R to Q B 5, B to Q R 3, Kt to K 2. BLACK. K to Q R 8, Q to K R 3, Pawn to K R 6.

White to play and mate in five moves.

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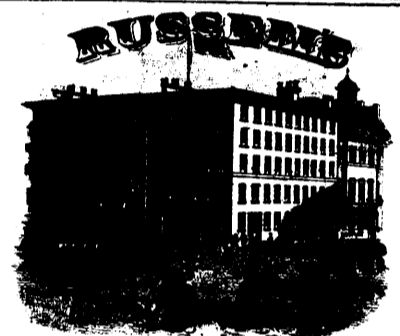
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