

stranger to this city, fell in with some like himself, drank away all his money, pawned his clothes, came here with some roughs who gave him a soup. Arrested by a picture on the wall, he said "there's one like that at home." Invited, he remained to the evening meeting and was induced to take the pledge, and for three days he hung about the soup kitchen, afraid to venture out into the paths of temptation. Oh, that this poor prodigal were in the embrace of the Father, that he had found the Saviour of the drunkard. As yet, he is standing in his own strength, and we seem to hear the dread warning, "let him that thinketh he standeth take he heed lest he fall."

Dear reader, three weeks ago, at 168 Dalhousie St., with sign out, fire burning, and soup boiling, two ladies stood at the window, watching and waiting for the arrival of those bidden to the feast. Men, women, children passed to and fro; some paused and read the sign and went on, some looked over their shoulders as they passed, some open-mouthed boys stood and gazed. Hour after hour went, no one entered, at length one poor crippled man came, with faltering step, and asked, "Is there soup here?" It is needless to say he was welcomed. The weary waiters were almost wont to fling their arms about him, and thank God for the first drop of the coming shower, taking this as an omen of the crippled moral wrecks this kitchen was to succour. This was the beginning! Last week between two and three hundred bowls of soup were served, the most hopeful sign being that many of the men who partook of the soup, returned in the evening to spend a quiet hour in reading, or join in the service of whatever nature it might be. Surely the work must be of God.

Some business man will ask "Will it pay?" It is expected that with care, the soup may pay itself, but rental fuel and service must be classed as mission expenses. As one interested in the work remarked, dividends will be received not in the sordid coin of earth, but in immortal souls, rescued from the drunkard's grave, jewels for the Master's crown.

M. D.

DEAR VOICE,—We, the Y's, would beg for a little space in your columns to let your readers know something of our work. Just before Christmas we gave a Tea for the introduction of the "Coffee Barrow." Several of the city clergymen were present and a goodly number of the senior Union, all of whom expressed their hearty approval of the "Barrow." Such a reception of so new an enterprise aroused fond hopes in the Union, and the sequence is proving them not without ground. The Mayor was interviewed about a licence, and he very kindly said the "Barrow" might continue its rounds until the first of May without one. We hope by that time some friend of temperance may see fit to provide one for us. In February the Rev. L. N. Tucker, M.A., gave a lecture on Paris and France for the benefit of the "Coffee Barrow." All who were present were very much interested in the lecture and charmed with Mr. Brown's dissolving views. It may be added that the amount of the receipts was very encouraging to the Union.

Our annual meeting is drawing near, and there is no small excitement with regard to the election of officers. Our president is anxious to resign, but as there is no one else so well fitted for the office, we hope that we may be able to persuade her that it is for the good of the cause that she should be re-elected.

Now is the time for all new recruits. Who will come and join our little band in fighting this mighty evil, intemperance? We may not be many, we may be weak, but all over the world there are women trying to throttle this monster, and it must be overcome, for "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty." Come, then, on the second Thursday in April. Sign the pledge and become one of the

WISE Y'S.

Dear Young Mothers,—Do you realize the great responsibility resting upon you in regard to the purity of your dear little ones?

Do you know that in a great measure the life, health and future usefulness of your children depend upon your care?

Do you know that many, very many, constitutions are shattered and intellects destroyed by baneful habits formed in tender years through the ignorance, or neglect, of parents whose duty it is to teach their little ones, and surround them with pure home influence?

In looking back to my own childhood, I realize that the children of to-day are in much greater danger from this monstrous evil than those of the past generation, as they are allowed so much more leisure. Work is a foe to mischief, and in our vicinity, at least, children were expected to improve *even the moments* in some way. But even we were subject to evil influences. How well I remember the first seeds of impurity sown in our young minds, in our own home, by a young girl employed as help. She had been surrounded by evil from her birth, and was both ready and willing to teach us all and more than all we cared to know. How much I marvel that mothers dare take such evil-minded ones into their families, and especially do I wonder that they are allowed to associate with the little ones.

How much better for us had our own dear mother herself imparted from time to time what was necessary for us to know, warning us at the same time against conversation with others. But perhaps we had an innate sense of delicacy, for well I remember that ever after that girl's instruction I was ashamed to be seen with her and shunned her when others were around. Perhaps even that circumstance had an outcome of good in after years.

It may have been this experience that has always given me such a feeling of anxiety to keep my own children surrounded by pure home influences, giving them much innocent amusement and the society of young friends, but always, as far as possible, under our own roof with mother to guide and help along the enjoyment.

I am sure, dear mothers, if prayer to God and help from Him is needed by us at one time more than another it is in training our little ones.

It has been the prayer of my heart above all others, "Oh, Father, give me wisdom and help so to train my children that they may be worthy to call Thee, Father."

It seems strange and unaccountable to me that mothers can allow intimacy between their children and persons whom they know to be impure in conduct and conversation. From personal observation I am convinced it has a terribly degenerating effect.

I have known young boys who should have been guarded from contact with evil and so taught that they would feel a repugnance to vulgarity in any form (I am assured that the influence of early home training has more bearing on this matter than heredity), these boys neglected by parents and surrounded by evil associates, formed in very early life habits of intemperance and a desire for impure society, which have been the ruin of their lives.

Even if they reform the constitution has suffered, the intellect is deficient, their usefulness in society is gone, and as they drag out a miserable existence, realizing something of what they might have been, as they mingle more or less with pure and useful lives, marvel not that they put the blame where to a great extent it is due—on the mothers who should have been their guides and teachers in this matter.

Perhaps I have wearied you, but I feel so deeply on this subject that had I the ability I think I would give my whole time to showing the necessity of pure loving home-teaching. But, alas, I have not the talent, and can only work in a small way. Dear mothers, if this first feeble attempt has but the effect of arousing your thoughts, I am sure you will work and I shall be doubly rewarded. May God help you to see the necessity.

A GRANDMOTHER.

## A Voice from the Field :

A MONTHLY PAPER,

Printed by the City Printing & Publishing Co., Book & Job  
Printers, 759 Craig Street.

Published in the interests of Evangelistic Work, Temperance and  
Moral Reform.

EDITED BY E. G. BARBER

Annual Subscription, . . . . . 30 cents in advance.

Direct all communications to

MRS. E. FROST,  
2260 St. CATHERINE STREET.

### THE GIRLS' READING ROOM,

2260 St. Catherine Street,

Is open every day (except Sunday) from 9 A. M. to 9.30 P. M.  
Monday evening, 8 o'clock—Educational and Industrial classes.—Free.  
Tuesday evening, 9 o'clock—Bible Class.  
Friday evening, 8 o'clock—Book-keeping Class.—Free.  
A cordial welcome is extended to all young women.  
A Gospel service is held every Sunday evening at 8.30 in Evangelistic  
Hall, 2254 St. Catherine street.

### W. C. T. U. SHELTERING HOME,

562 Dorchester Street.

Gospel Services are held in the Home as follows:—

Sunday,	- - - - -	at 3 p.m.
Monday,	- - - - -	at 8 "
Wednesday,	- - - - -	at 8 "

### SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "A VOICE FROM THE FIELD."

Please remember that when you see a Red Cross, calling attention to this notice, it means that *your* subscription has expired, and we ask you to renew it.

SOCIAL PURITY literature, also leaflets on the Higher Christian Life may be obtained at The Girls' Reading Room, 2260 St. Catherine St.

### LEAFLETS FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

1. Letter of Ellice Hopkins to the Women of America.
2. Predisposing Causes.....Kate Bushnell, M. D.
3. Early Perverting Influences.....Imra Jones.
4. Danger to Our Girls.....Anna Bullard, M. D.
5. Dress and Vice.....Frances E. Willard.
6. Pitfalls for Our Boys.....J. H. Kellogg, M. D.
7. Narcotics.....Lida B. Ingalls.
8. Aids to Impurity in Both Sexes...Rose W. Bryant, M.D.
9. Bad Hygiene vs. Virtue.....Bessie Cushman, M.D.
10. Literature and Vice.....Anna Garlin Spencer.
11. Responsibility of Parents..... Kate Bushnell, M.D.

Price each..... \$0.02  
Per doz..... 0.20

12. Talks with Mothers (No. 1)..... E. G. Barber.

Price each..... \$0.02  
Per doz..... 0.12

13. Talks with a Child.....

Price each..... \$0.03  
Per doz..... 0.25

Whit: Shield Pledge Books.

Also, White Shield Pledge Cards.

### WORD, WORK AND WORLD.

BY MARGARET BOTTOME.

John B. Gough has gone to his reward, but I shall never forget my indebtedness to him for an illustration I heard him use the last time I listened to him. I don't even remember what he was illustrating; I do remember the use the Holy Spirit made of the illustration to my own soul. Mr. Gough said he sat once by the side of an engineer on a lightning express train, and, as the engine flew round a curve, he said to the engineer, "Do you never fear while going at this speed?"

The engineer turned to him and said: "Mr. Gough, it doesn't do for an engineer to be afraid. Sometimes they do become timid, and when it is found out that they are, they give them a *freight train*." In that moment I saw the danger of being afraid when God fires up a soul with a new truth and means it to go with speed. Alas, for those who have not been true to the truth given them, and as Emerson says, have "struck souls to a fear," and another soul has been given the truth they were afraid to utter, and that other has taken their crown, and they have been given a "freight train" instead of a lightning express. If God made you for a freight train, take good care of your train, "here all the honor lies," but if He fitted you up for an express train, it is humbling to find yourself on a freight train.

I well remember in the long ago sitting beside Phœbe Palmer in a morning prayer-meeting, held during the session of our annual conference of ministers of our Methodist Church. It was the morning General Lee surrendered to General Grant. I was full of the thought of a complete surrender to Jesus Christ; she turned to me and said, quietly, "*the King's business requires haste*." I sprang to my feet, and in an express sort of way gave the burning thoughts the Holy Ghost had given me, and in that hour a leading business man of New York surrendered to Christ.

Oh what victories are lost through *fear*; fear of what people will think of you, when the probability is that up to this time you have never done anything to make them think of you in any way. We want souls these days who know no fear but the fear of God. Souls that are ready to take God's dispatches at quickest notice, and in quickest time. "Be ready for *every* good word and work." Anything short of this is not entire consecration. May many more souls be fired up by the Holy Ghost, to be like express trains for God to take truths He wishes to send.

### To the Editor of THE VOICE FROM THE FIELD:

Knowing the interest taken in Temperance work by THE VOICE, I thought perhaps you would like to have a short account of the Band of Hope which we have started in connection with Chalmers Church Sabbath School. It is worked under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society, the members of which are expected to assist in the work if required. Our first meeting was held January 8th, when seventy-seven names were enrolled. We have now on the pledge book two hundred and seven names, with an average attendance for the last month of one hundred and twelve.

We are trying to make the work as practical as possible, and are conducting it something in the shape of Sabbath School work, classes being formed in which the children receive scientific teaching. This is varied at times by an address from our pastor or older temperance workers. We have much to learn, as the work is new to most of us, and we will be glad of any hints from those who have had more experience.

Hoping I have not trespassed too much on your time and space, I remain yours sincerely,

THE MANAGER.

## HIDDEN DEPTHS.

(BY PERMISSION.)

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"Mr. Thorold advised you to come here, did he? Then it's all right. He is a trump, he is; not one of your stuck up parsons, talking out of a book, stiff as a poker. Would you like to know what Mr. Thorold did once?" he continued veering round on his chair so as to face Ernestine. "There was a thundering blackguard here committed for manslaughter; he had hit a publican such a knock on the head that he killed his man then and there. Well, he was just like a devil when we got him in here. He knocked down one of the turnkeys, and squared up at me; only I had the handcuffs on him before he knew where he was, and it took the lot of us to get him into the blackhole."

"The blackhole?" said Ernestine, enquiringly.

"That's where we locks them up when they're rampaging; 'taint a pleasant place, I can tell. Well, he was a howling there like a hippopotamus" (it struck Ernestine that a howling hippopotamus was a curiosity in natural history, but made no comment). "and banging the door as if he'd have it down; and Mr. Thorold, he had come in to see one of the other prisoners. 'What's that?' says he to me when he heard the row. I told him. 'Now Bolton,' says he, 'I'll tell you what: you're going to let me into the black hole to speak to that man.' 'Lord bless you, sir,' says I, 'you must not think of such a thing; why he'll tell you like an ox.' 'Not a bit of it,' says he; 'come, you take and open the door for me.' 'Just as you please,' says I, for I could not help liking his pluck; 'but if you once goes in you'll have to stay there an hour, for I've got to go out, and I can't give the key of the black hole to no one.' 'All right,' says he; 'I'll stay.' 'But I must lock you up,' says I. 'Lock me up,' says he; and so I did; and whatever he did to the fellow I can't tell you, but I went back in an hour's time and the prisoner was sitting on the floor, crying like a baby, and Mr. Thorold was leaning over him, comforting him as tender as might be."

"I am very glad you have told me that, Mr. Bolton," said Ernestine, "for I like to think there are such people in the world."

"There's not too many of them," said the goaler, nodding his head sentimentously. "Well now, your business, ma'am?"

"It is just this: I want to find a young girl who has gone astray in Greyburgh. Her name is Annie Brook. I have never seen her, but I have her picture; and Mr. Thorold said that even if she were not amongst the prisoners here, you or some of the women might recognize it."

"It's very likely; let's have a look at it."

Ernestine gave him the sketch of the pretty smiling face, with the waving hair and the wreath of flowers. The old man looked at it long and earnestly.

"I have seen this face," he said at last; "but not in here. I have seen it in the streets. She is new to the trade most probably, and has not been took up yet."

"And do you think you can help me to find her?" said Ernestine, eagerly.

"We'll find her, if she is in Greyburgh, ma'am, I'll be bound. They all find their way here sooner or later; but we'll try if the girls know her; it's pretty sure they do, if she is one of their sort."

"I fear there is little doubt she is," said Ernestine.

"Then you'll not expect to see her look like this?" he said, pointing to the sweet, innocent face in the sketch. "She'll have got a bit more brazen before now, you may depend. Here missus," he shouted, and a fat old woman came waddling into the room at his call. "This here lady wants to go and see the gals; give me your keys, and I'll take her in myself."

"Going to see the gals, are you, ma'am?" said Mrs. Bolton. "Ah! you'd not take a step to see them, if you had as much of them as I have. I am a'most out of my mind with their cantrips."

"A val-ay-able woman that, ma'am," said the goaler, drawing himself up and flourishing his hand towards his wife; "five years older than I am, and I'm no chicken, and to see how she cuts about after these vixens, it is a beautiful sight, ma'am, beautiful! The experience I have had in the female sex since I came within these walls is wonderful; you wouldn't credit it. I thought when I came here that women were all made of cheeny and glass; but, bless you! I have had reason to change my opinion. There's some of them it would be worse to meet than a roaring lion, when their blood's up. Why, I had a woman here, six feet in her stockings' des, committed for trying to ram a red-hot poker down her husband's throat, and he a corporal six feet two. She said she had warned him of her sentiments about his staying out after dark, and she made his tea every blessed night with the poker heating in the fire for him, till she caught him tripping, and then she was at him like a Philistine. But here are the keys, ma'am. This way."

He rose, keys in hand, and marched in front of her, while Ernestine followed, thinking, with no small amusement, how Hugh Lingard would laugh at the new lights she was gaining in her present adventures. They passed through a heavy door, turning on a pivot, into a dreary stone passage, and having traversed various parts of the building, all gloomier and colder than any thing Ernestine had ever imagined, they reached a small paved court yard surrounded by high walls, where the female prisoners had just been turned out to exercise. The governor told Ernestine as they went on that the women who were sent there by the university authorities were always kept apart from those committed for theft or other offences, and therefore that, all now before her were of that doomed class. For a moment Ernestine shrank from raising her eyes to any of them, but, conquering the painful feeling which appressed her, she turned towards them with a gentle, imploring look, which would have told them, could they have read it aright, how much she hoped they would not suppose she had come there to scorn and humble them, and compare the honor and purity which shielded her own life with the unspeakable degradation of theirs.

Some eighteen or twenty women were before her, of all ages, from the hard, callous-looking woman of more than thirty to the mere child of fourteen. All possessed at least some trace of the beauty which had been at once their treasure and their curse; but in not one, even the youngest, was there the least remains of the freshness, the innocence, the frankness of youth and girlhood. It seemed to Ernestine as if they belonged not only to a distinct class, but to a separate race. Gathered as they were from different parts of the country, there was in one and all of them the same restless, unsatisfied expression, the same quick impulsiveness, with a bright keenness of look like that of some wild animal whose life depends on the winning of difficult prey; nor had she been long in their presence before she saw that sudden bursts of wild gaiety diversified by intervals of sullen misery, characterized them all alike. Some there were, however, in whose eyes the lurking agony was more clearly visible than in others, while the younger girls seemed capable of keeping up, even amongst themselves, a reckless, mirthful excitement, which compelled oblivion of the darker thoughts that would one day overwhelm them altogether. Ernestine felt heart-sick as she gazed at them, for these were all human beings, whom even the world called "lost"; and were they indeed to be lost for ever? She was trying with her whole heart to save one of them, but were all these to be allowed to go their way without a hand stretched out to stay their perishing?

The appearance of a lady was evidently an unwonted sight, and the smallest event an excitement in their dreary

imprisonment. They crowded together, gazing at Ernestine with eager looks. She soon found she was expected to play her part in a small drama, which the astute governor originated for the occasion.

"Yes ma'am, this is our exercise ground," he said, with a wave of his hand. "Male prisoners walk here at one, female prisoners at two o'clock. We are careful of their health, ma'am; you shall go through their cells presently."

"I am glad they have a little fresh air" said Ernestine.

"Oh yes, ma'am; and I gives them every indulgence in my power, when they behave steady and does their oakum properly. Have you all picked your full quantity this morning?" he added, turning to the women.

"Yes, sir," they answered in chorus.

"Then I'll give you a treat, and let you see this pretty picture," and he held out Annie's portrait. With a shriek of delight they rushed forward, and crowded around him to look at it. For a moment there was a silence, then a shout from two or three, "Why, it's Rosie Brown!"

"Well, to be sure, and so it is," said another.

"It's Rosie, only prettier," said a fourth.

"Ah! that's the flowers sets her off," said another; and so on, one and all agreeing on the identity of the portrait. Ernestine remembered Thorold had told her of the probable change of name. Brown was just what Annie might have been expected to choose, and very likely Mr. Brown himself had given the name of Rose to the sweet, blushing face represented in the sketch.

"Yes, it is Rosie Brown," said the gaoler. "I thought you would know her. It's like her ain't it? But this was done before she came to Greyburgh."

"Any one may see that," said a girl; "Rosie looks ever so much older now."

"Oh! can you tell me where she is at present?" exclaimed Ernestine eagerly.

"There! you've been and spoiled all," muttered the gaoler.

"Yes, sure," said one of the younger girls; she is at Mother Dor—"

She was interrupted before she completed the name by a companion, who twitched her sleeve, while a sharp glance towards Ernestine and a look of intelligence among themselves passed round the circle.

"Rosie Brown," said the woman who had stopped the other; "oh! she is gone away, been gone ever so long; don't live anywhere near Greyburgh now."

"Polly Smith, if you've got nothing but lies to tell, you'll be pleased to hold your tongue," said the gaoler.

"Law bless you, Mr. Bolton," said a slim, black-eyed girl, springing half across the yard towards him, "don't you know as Rosie went off in a coach and six, quite grand and respectable? There a was gentleman inside, with a cocked hat, and I think it must have been the mayor."

"Lydia Merritt if you dares to give me any of your chaff, you'll be locked up that's all. Ma'am I'll show you over the rest of the gaol, if you please now; there's nothing more to see here."

He held the door open for Ernestine, and she could not choose but go towards it, her expressive face shadowed by sorrow at the thought that her own indiscretion had defeated her object. A sad-eyed girl, who had remained silent from the first, was watching Ernestine intently. Suddenly she went towards her, and whispered in a low voice,—

"You mean nothing but good to Rosie, don't you?"

"Nothing, nothing but good," said Ernestine anxiously.

"Then you'll find her at Mother Dorrell's in Priory Lane."

"Oh, thank you!" said Ernestine, pressing the girl's hand. A look of astonishment passed into the care-worn faded face as the woman felt the touch of that soft, white hand. She watched Ernestine till the last fold of her dress disappeared through the door, and then went and sat down in a corner, with her face buried in hands.

The gaoler conducted Ernestine back to his room, and then turned round and looked at her,—

"You was never made for a detective officer," he said.

"I don't suppose I was," said Ernestine, laughing. "I saw how foolish I had been the moment I asked that question."

"It was a green thing to go and do," said the gaoler pensively.

"But did you hear what that girl said to me as we came out?" exclaimed Ernestine. "She said Rosie Brown was at Mother Dorrell's in Priory Lane. It is such an odd address that I remembered it well."

"Yes, yes; and it was right enough, no doubt. It was Nell Lewis told you that, and there's a deal of good in that gal. I know all about her from the first, and the bigger rascal than the young fellow that ruined her does not live, for all he is a lord with a fine estate at his back."

"Then if you know where this place is, had I not better go at once?" said Ernestine eagerly.

The gaoler sat down deliberately, put his hands on his knees, and looked steadily at her.

"Be you a going to take my advice?" he said, "or be you a-going to take your own way?"

"Oh! I shall certainly take your advice, said Ernestine. You must know much better than I can do what is best. I only want so much to find this poor girl."

"And you shall find her if you are guided by me, for I'll help you. I'll help you for two reasons: first and foremost, because I like to help those that are trying to do good. Though I've lived among a blessed lot of blaguards all my days, I still believe it's possible to do them good when folks goes at it with a will as you do. They've got the Lord on their side, and the devil's no match for them. And, secondly, I'll do what I can for you; because you are a real lady every inch of you; and I can tell you I know a lady when I see her, from a make believe, dressed up in silks and satins."

"Thank you very much," said Ernestine; "I am sure we shall succeed, if you are kind enough to help me."

"We shall succeed; but first, I'll tell you what would happen if you went yourself to Mother Dorrell's. You would knock at the door, and some one would take a look at you through a hole in the shutter of a closed window. You'd be kept waiting a bit; then the door would open, and you would see a most respectable-looking widow, who would say she was sorry to keep you waiting, but she had been lying down, her nerves were so bad ever since her poor dear husband died. Then you would ask for Rosie Brown, and she would say she never heard of no such person; and you would say, wasn't she one of the gals lodging here? Then she'd hold up her hands, and say, Gals lodging there! whatever did you mean? And you'd say, Wasn't she Mrs. Dorrell? Yes, sure, she was Mrs. Dorrell, a lone widow, getting an honest livelihood; and whoever had dared to say she took in gals to lodge there? Oh the wickedness of this world! They wouldn't have ventured to say such a thing if her poor dear husband had been alive to protect her. And she'd ask you to inspect the premises, and see if she had any room for lodgers there; and you'd see a tidy parlour, with a Bible on the table, and a picture of the bishop on the wall, and a little kitchen, and nothing more; and you'd pass a little door to the back as you went out again, and take no notice of it. But if you could have opened it, which you couldn't, for the old hypocrite would have the key in her pocket, you'd have seen a court with twenty or thirty rooms round it, and two or three gals in each of them; and there's nothing much more like hell upon earth than that is, so far as sin and wickedness is concerned."

Ernestine shuddered. "I could indeed do no good there; but how then shall I ever see this girl?"

"Well, I shall just speak a word to the university police, and tell them all about it. I'll let them see this picture, they'll have her took up in a trice, and soon get her sent

off to gaol. So you go home, ma'am, and take it easy. Leave it all to me, and in two or three days' time at furthest, I'll send and tell you to come and see her here."

"That will indeed be helping me," said Ernestine; "I am very much obliged to you. I will go and wait quietly as you say; I shall be so thankful to find her at last." Her cheek glowed, and her eyes brightened at the thought; and the gaoler, looking at her with evident approval, as she rose to go, held out a huge hand, with which he solemnly shook hers, looking as if he were celebrating a compact of eternal friendship; and this ceremony over, the turnkey appeared with his keys, and conducted her to the gate, whence she hurried home to the unsuspecting Mrs. Craven, who little thought from what species of society her charge had come.

## CHAPTER XV.

## REGINALD'S HISTORY.

Reginald was worse next day. All night the nurse said his cough had racked him and the morning found him exhausted and yet feverish, and so he continued through the whole day. Dr. Compton stood musingly by the window of the sitting-room, after he had left him in the evening; and at last turning round, he met Ernestine's anxious eyes.

"Of course," he said, "you understand that I can say nothing comforting of your brother's state. I was only thinking just now what a wonderful tenacity of life he displays."

"I daresay you will think me fanciful," said Ernestine, "but it really seems to me as if he could not die, so long as this terrible disquiet and unrest is upon him. His horror of death, whatever may be its cause, appears to chain his very soul back to earth, and his whole will is centered in the struggle to cling to life with all his strength."

"No, I do not think you fanciful," said Dr. Compton, in the slow, thoughtful manner habitual to him. "The termination of life is of course the result of physical causes; but there is no doubt that the bright, willing acceptance of death I have seen in some cases does smooth the dark passage to the grave most wonderfully; persons certainly die more easily, and it may be, at the last, more swiftly, when they have fully resigned their place in this world, and turned their thoughts and hopes to the unseen future. I wish your brother would do so; but —" he said no more, and again stood thoughtfully looking out."

Presently there came a light knock at the door, and the visitor, without waiting for an answer, opened it and walked in. He was a man apparently of middle age, although his hair, which was cut close on his small head, was quite gray. He had a clever face, but with a gentle, quiet expression; and his voice when he spoke was peculiarly low and pleasant. He wore the gown of an M.A., and came in, cap in hand, when he perceived Ernestine in the room. Dr. Compton turned round,—

"Ah, Vincent, is it you? I am glad you are better. I heard you were laid up in town."

"Yes; I have been ill for six weeks."

"Miss Courtenay," said Dr. Compton, "perhaps you have not met with Mr. Vincent before. Let me introduce him,—one of our college tutors, with whom I believe your brother is a special favorite."

Ernestine remembered the name as that of a man for whom Reginald had a great affection and admiration, and whose lectures he had attended assiduously.

"Yes," he said: "there are few young men for whom I have felt a greater interest than for Courtenay. I am deeply grieved to hear of his illness. I had no idea it was

serious when I left Greyburgh. What do you think of him, Compton?"

"I may tell you the truth," said the doctor, "for I have not deceived Miss Courtenay. He cannot recover; there is extensive disease of the lungs, and the progress of the complaint is rapid."

"I am shocked to hear it," said Vincent, who looked sincerely distressed, "I hope I may see him. It will not hurt him, will it?"

"Certainly not; I should think it would do him good to see you," said Compton. "At least, anything that gives him pleasure is good for him."

Vincent smiled, as if there could be no doubt of Reginald's pleasure in seeing him; and as the doctor now took his leave, Ernestine asked him to sit down while she went to tell her brother of his arrival. As she opened the door of the bedroom, she saw Reginald leaning forward with a look of intense anxiety on his face. He beckoned to her hastily to shut the door and come near to him. Then he seized both her hands with convulsive energy, and said in a hoarse whisper, "Is it Vincent who is there? Is it Vincent?"

"Yes," said Ernestine; "he wishes to see you; he seems so kind, and so distressed at your illness."

A moment before, she could not have thought it possible for Reginald's face to become paler than it was; but now every shade of color receded even from his lips, and left him ghastly.

"Ernestine, if ever you have loved me, help me now. Don't let Vincent come near me. To see him would be to recall every moment of agony I have suffered in these last dreadful weeks, and make me live them over again all in one. It is more than I can bear. It would rouse up all the demons of thought with which I have struggled so long. I hoped he would not have returned till my little time of life was past. Don't let me be tortured more than I can bear. Ernie, save me—save me!"

"My dearest," said Ernestine soothingly, "you shall not see him unless you like. I will go and tell him so. Don't tremble, Reggie; no one shall come near you."

"The thought of the agony it would be to see him is enough to make me tremble; but don't let him think I have lost my affection for him, or that I am ungrateful for his past kindness. Say what you like; only save me from seeing him."

Ernestine went slowly back. She hardly knew how to word the refusal, for she was aware that Reginald had been constantly with Vincent, and had greatly enjoyed his society. Ernestine was, however, of too truthful a nature to have learnt the habit of equivocation in her former fashionable life; so, when she met Mr. Vincent's inquiring look, she lifted her candid eyes to his face, and said,—

"I am very sorry that my brother does not feel able to see you. I do not know why. He begs you will not think him ungrateful for your former kindness, or that he has lost his attachment to you; but he is unequal to seeing you."

Vincent bent his keen eyes inquiringly on Ernestine.

"This is very strange," he said in his low, soft voice, "and, I may say, very painful to me, for Courtenay and I have been great friends. I felt for him as I might have done for a son or a younger brother of my own, and I should have thought that in this his hour of trial it would have been a comfort to him to see me. Is it perhaps that he is acting in according with advice from others?"

(To be continued.)

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—*Ruskin.*

**M**ARK YOUR LINEN &c., WITH JACKSON'S MARKING INK, which does not wash out or burn holes in fabrics. Prepared only by H. F. JACKSON, Dispensing Chemist, 2293 St. Catherine Street, Montreal. Proprietor of JACKSON'S CHAMOMILE PILLS, for Indigestion, and JACKSON'S NEURALGIA POWDERS.

## THE POPULAR MUSIC STORE.

NEW MUSIC! NEW MUSIC!!  
RECEIVED DAILY.

New Songs for Soprano, Mezzo-Soprano, Tenor, Baritone and Bass, Gonic Songs, Tropical Songs, Song Books, all College Song Books. Latest Waltzes and Dance Music, Dance Albums, Violin and Piano, Flute and Piano, Opera, &c., &c. Also, Fancy Music Holders and Folios.

**GEORGE J. SHEPPARD,**

222 St. Catherine Street, - MONTREAL.

N.B.—Collections of Music bound in the latest style and at reasonable prices.

**F. SMITH, PRACTICAL CABINET-MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER,**

2234 & 2236 St. Catherine St., - MONTREAL,  
Formerly foreman to J. & W. Hilton.

Parlor, Dining Room and Library Furniture, Hair Mattresses and Feathers on hand. Jobbing attended to.

**A. BISHOP STEWART,  
CARVER AND GILDER,  
743 Craig St., Montreal.**

Old Frames Re-Gilt Equal to New.

**WE RECOMMEND**

**Chase & Sanborn's  
COFFEE.**



Delicious  
**COFFEE**  
IN A  
Moment.

BY USING

**LYMAN'S FLUID COFFEE.**

For sale by Grocers and Druggists in 1 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1/4 lb. bottles.

Made from the best Mocha and Java.

RICH AND FINE FLAVORED.

WHOLESALE, REFRESHING.

Full Directions with each Bottle.

**NO COFFEE POT NEEDED.**

## School Books!

## School Stationery!

It will soon be time to supply your Boys and Girls with School Books. Remember where to get them at **LOWEST PRICES.**

**F. E. GRAFTON & SONS,**

252 St. James Street,

**MONTREAL.**

**4711** } **WHITE ROSE  
GLYCERINE SOAP.**  
(brand)  
**COLOGNE,**  
(various sizes.)

Superior to all others. A trial will convince you.  
For sale by druggists.

General Agents.

**LYMAN, KNOX & CO.,  
MONTREAL.**

**JOHN DATE,**

**Plumber, Gas & Steam Fitter,**

Brass Founder and Coppersmith, Manufacturer of Patent Dry Earth Closet Commodes, Diving Apparatus, &c.

Agent for Zimlar's Patent Pneumatic Bells.  
**654 & 356 Craig St., MONTREAL.**

Do all that you can to stand, and then fear lest you may fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.—  
*Edwards.*

The tree-tops in the springtime are full of chirp and whistle and carol and the long roll call. The bird does not start off alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that we might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and gather all our families and friends with us.

If the way to God and salvation is indeed, blocked up, it is only blocked up by your own sins. The door is not locked by a divine decree, nor nailed up by any necessity of circumstances, nor barred by any peculiarity of your case. No, there is neither block, nor bar, nor lock, except your sin.—*C. H. Spurgeon*

Give me these links: First, sense of need; second, desire to get; third, belief that God has in store; fourth, belief that, though he withholds awhile, he loves to be asked; and, fifth, belief that asking will obtain. Give these links and the chain will reach from earth to heaven, bringing heaven all down to me; or bringing me up into heaven.

## JOHN MURPHY &amp; CO'S

ADVERTISEMENT.

DRESS GOODS  
DRESS GOODS

The assortment of Dress Goods and Dress Patterns now in stock cannot be surpassed, and the ever increasing sales are evidence that the prices are right.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

(Samples of Dress Goods sent to any address on application.)

DRESS TRIMMINGS  
DRESS TRIMMINGS

A choice selection of the latest novelties for Dress and Mantle Trimmings is now on hand. Please remember that the first buyers have first choice.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

SILKS SATINS  
VELVETS  
PLUSHES

Special attention has been devoted to this department. Ladies experience no difficulty in matching almost any shade. In Black Dress Silks we always carry a full range of makes and qualities, and can guarantee the best value in Canada for the money expended.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

MANTLES  
MANTLES

This department has become so popular both in and out of the city, that it is now familiarly known as the

**HEADQUARTERS FOR MANTLES**

JOHN MURPHY & CO.

GLOVES! GLOVES!!  
GLOVES!!!

Gloves of every possible make, weight, size and quality. Our 40c Glove, in black and colors, is the most satisfactory cheap Glove we have ever handled. Gloves from 10c to \$3.00 per pair.

**THE GLOVE HOUSE.**

JOHN MURPHY & CO

WINTER GOODS  
WINTER GOODS

Blankets in all sizes and weights. Flannels suitable for any purpose. Wool Sewals. An immense assortment of colors and sizes.

Furs. Choice Furs in Boas Muffs and Fur by the yard.

Also a colossal assortment of all kinds of Dry Goods.

**JOHN MURPHY & CO.,**

Importers of Dry Goods.

Cor. Notre Dame & St. Peter Streets

**MONTREAL.**

Terms Cash and only one Price.

**VISIT C. W. LINDSAY'S PIANO ROOMS, 2270 St. CATHERINE STREET, BEFORE PURCHASING PIANOS OR ORGAN ELSEWHERE.**

**ARMSTRONG**  
THE  
UNDERTAKER  
VICTORIA SQUARE  
MONTREAL  
TELEPHONE NO. 207

**METROPOLITAN BOOT AND SHOE STORE.**  
**MORRIS & REYNOLDS,**  
2015 Notre Dame St., MONTREAL.

N. B.—Custom Work promptly attended to. Repairing neatly executed.

**Latest Novelties**  
ARRIVING.

NEW DESIGNS IN  
WHISK HOLDERS, WORK BOXES,  
BRUSH AND COMB SETS,  
LADIES HAND BAGS,  
LADIES' AND GENTS' PURSES,  
CARD CASES, &c.

A Beautiful Display of

**DOLLS,**

Dressed and Plain.

ROCKING HORSES, SLEIGHS,  
TOBOGGAS, CARTS,  
WAGGONS AND VELOCIPEDES.

With a large assortment of other Toys to choose from.

**R. N. McCALLUM,**

2217 St CATHERINE ST., MONTREAL,  
Queen's Hall.

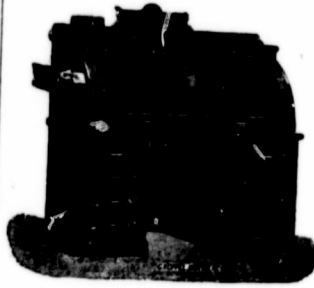
**STRENGTH**

THIS IS WHAT



**IMPARTS.**

THE CELEBRATED HEINTZMAN PIANOS, AWARDED GOLD MEDALS, PHILADELPHIA, 1876, LONDON, ENG., 1886, ETC., ON SALE AT C. W. LINDSAYS, 2270, St. CATHERINE STREET.



**TEES & CO.,**

MANUFACTURERS

Office Desks and Funeral Furniture.  
**300 ST. JAMES STREET.**  
MONTREAL.

**FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE,**  
A CANADIAN COMPANY.

Renewable Term Plan. Pure insurance without large accumulations. Rates 50 p.c. less than by Level Premium Plan.

OFFICE: 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

T. H. SCHNEIDER, Gen. Agent.

**VICTORIA BOOT AND SHOE STORE,**  
**67 Beaver Hall Hill,**  
Two doors below Dorchester

**J. ROSS KYLE,**  
CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE MAKER  
And dealer in Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Boys' Rubber Coatings and Footwear of all descriptions.

**D. STEWART,**  
FIRST-CLASS

**Temperance Grocer**

**206 ST. ANTOINE STREET,**

Telephone No. 932. Corner Mountain.

**TROY STEAM LAUNDRY,**

**140 ST. PETER STREET.**

Good Storage for Furniture at a reasonable rate. Apply at **GIRL'S READING ROOM, 2260 St. Catherine Street.**

**MACLAREN, LEET, SMITH & SMITH,**  
Advocates, Commissioners, &c.

JOHN J. MACLAREN, Q.C.  
SETH P. LEET, B.C.L.,  
R. C. SMITH, B.C.L.,  
A. W. SMITH, B.C.L.

**162 ST. JAMES STREET.**

Telephone 1232.

**CITY FURNITURE WAREHOUSE.**

NOTE:—When you want good and cheap

**FURNITURE**

for your Parlor, Bedroom, or any other part of your house, you will be well satisfied by dealing with

**James Steel,**

1826 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
MONTREAL.

**Protect** YOUR FAMILY,  
YOUR OLD AGE.

The Mutual Life Ins. Co'y  
OF NEW YORK.

**FAYETTE BROWN,**

MANAGER.

**J. PALMER & SON,**

Importers of

HUMAN HAIR, PERFUMERY  
AND FANCY GOODS.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wigs, Toupetts, Switches.

1745—NOTRE DAME STREET—1745  
MONTREAL.

Ladies' Hair Dressing, and all kinds of Hair Work done in a Superior Manner.



THIS SOAP IS

PERFECTLY PURE

and free from adulteration. Give it a trial and follow the directions on the wrapper, and you will use no other.

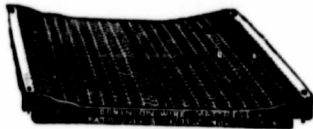
Ask Your Grocer for it.

CANADIAN BRANCH: 77 St. James St., Montre

ANY WOMAN OR GIRL DESIRING to forsake a life of sin, will always find a helping hand, and shelter if needed in the

W. C. T. U. SHELTERING HOME

564 Dorchester St.



**DOMINION WIRE MATTRASS.**  
 THE BEST! CHEAPEST! MOST DURABLE!  
 —MANUFACTURED BY—  
**G. GALE & SONS,**  
 WATERVILLE, QUE.

For sale by all dealers.

**H. SANDERS,**  
**OPTICIAN,**  
 Tourists' Field and Opera Glasses, Telescopes,  
 Eye Glasses, Spectacles, Pocket Compasses.  
 22 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.  
 Send for Catalogues.

**HENRY BIRKS & CO.,**  
**JEWELLERS, Etc.,**  
 WATCHES A SPECIALTY.  
 FINE JEWELLERY,  
 DIAMONDS,  
 CLOCKS,  
 STERLING SILVER.  
 BEST ELECTRO PLATE, Etc.  
 235 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.

**CHEAP STATIONERY.**

Best Value in the City.

50 BEAVER HALL HILL,  
**W. J. CLARKE & CO.**

**WALTER PAUL,**  
**FAMILY GROCER,**  
 2353 St. Catherine, Corner Metcalfe.  
 BRANCH: Corner Greene Avenue & St. Catherine,  
 Cote St. Antoine.  
 Business conducted on Strictly Temperance principles.

**W. M. F. SMARDON,**  
 —DEALER IN—  
 LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S  
**FINE BOOTS AND SLIPPERS,**  
 —ALSO—  
 MEN'S AND BOY'S  
**BOOTS AND SHOES, in variety.**  
 2337 & 2337 St. Catherine St.,  
 MONTREAL.

**WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS IN FINE Fancy Goods, Novelties, Art Metal Goods, Piano and Table Lamps, Brass Candlesticks, Brass Card Receivers, Ash Trays, etc., Brass and Onyx Tables, Brass Enacels, etc.**  
 And a beautiful line of Fine Silk Plush and Leather Toilet Cases, Jewel and Work Boxes, etc., sold at lowest prices at  
**"THE UNIVERSAL,"**  
**G. W. CLARKE,**  
**238 & 240 ST. JAMES STREET.**

**OH, WHERE DID YOU HAVE THOSE** lovely Photographs taken; when in England, I suppose?  
 Oh, no. I got them at 2364 ST. CATHERINE STREET; taken under Parks' new Skylight.  
 Well, they are splendid; but Parks is an excellent Photographer, and so very nice with Children. But his 21 First Prizes at various Exhibitions speak for themselves.

**CABINET, FULL FIGURE, \$2.**  
 Established 1864.  
 21 First Prizes at various Exhibitions.  
 NOTE THE ADDRESS:  
**2264 St. Catherine St.**  
 6 ft

**WILLIAM SNOW,**  
 MANUFACTURER OF  
**Ostrich Feathers**  
 —2025—  
**NOTRE DAME ST.,**  
 MONTREAL, P. Q.

*Feathers Cleaned, Curled and Dyed to Sample a Specialty.*

**Woman's Exchange,**  
 —2260—  
**ST. CATHERINE STREET.**

*Useful and Fancy Articles.*  
**HOME-MADE BREAD,**  
**CAKES,**  
**PIES,**  
**PRESERVES,**  
**AND CANDIES.**

Orders for Embroidery, Painting, Plain Sewing, Knitting, Mending, Dyeing and Curling Feathers, Cleaning Gloves or Cooking promptly filled.

**YOU WILL GET FULL VALUE FOR** your money by buying your  
**BOOTS AND SHOES**

—AT—  
**A. M. FEATHERSTON'S**  
 SHOE STORE.  
 UP-TOWN:  
 Queen's Hall Block, 2243 St. Catherine Street,  
 Cor. Victoria Street.  
 DOWN-TOWN:  
 No. 1 St. Lawrence Main St., corner Craig St.,  
**MONTREAL.**

**IF YOU WEAR PANTS, TRY A PAIR** OF SEATH'S CELEBRATED \$4.00 TROUSERS made to measure.  
**1817 NOTRE DAME STREET,**  
 Opposite St. Helen Street.

**MISS M. F. BYRNE,**  
**792 and 794 Dorchester St.,**  
 —IMPORTER OF—  
**FRENCH AND ENGLISH**

**MILLINERY**

**PATTERN BONNETS AND HATS.**  
**THE ROYAL STEAM DYE WORKS,**  
 ESTABLISHED 1870,  
**706 CRAIG STREET**  
 is the place to get Dresses, Suits, Shawls, &c., cleaned on the shortest notice.  
 TELEPHONE No. 732.

**REMOVAL.**

**The CITY PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,** have removed their office to the ground floor of **No. 759 Craig St.,** one door west of their former premises.

**WILLISON BROS.,**  
**GROCCERS**  
**33 UNIVERSITY STREET**  
 —AND—  
**533 ST. LAWRENCE STREET,**  
 MONTREAL.

**SOME GOOD BOOKS**

- Mackay's Grace and Truth..... 30 cents.
- Christian's Secret of a Happy Life..... 30 "
- Moody's Way to God..... 30 "
- Moody on Heaven..... 30 "
- Vital Questions..... 75 "

**FOR SALE BY**

- American Bible Text Book..... 90 cents.
- Murray's Abide in Christ..... 75 "
- Pearse's Thoughts on Holiness..... 30 "
- Letters of Marcus..... 50 "

**W. DRYSDALE & CO.,**  
 232 St. James Street,  
 MONTREAL.

**LARGE STOCK OF NEW AND SECOND-HAND PIANOS AND ORGANS ALWAYS ON VIEW** at C. W. LINDSAY'S Piano Warerooms 2270 St. Catherine St. Special reduction to members of Church and Temperance Societies.