

Presented
by Miss Forsyth
May 1, 1907

Miss Forsyth
Dorchester cor Agreda



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BV 38750
Vost

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

VOL. I. MONTREAL, MARCH, 1890. No. 12

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EVANGELISTIC DEPARTMENT, MONTREAL W.C.T.U.

BY E. G. B.

There comes to me a strange feeling of solemnity, in the thought that we gather to-day to bring to one another the record of work done in the year that has closed another decade of the world's history: work for which we handed in our account to God, as the last breath of the '80's died away from earth, and all its thoughts and words and deeds became part of the record laid up above until, in the light of eternity, we go over it by item with our Saviour Judge.

To me, and to my dear fellow-laborers in the Evangelistic Department, it has been a year full of trials and difficulties, but also full of victories, achieved not by us, but by our All-sufficient Leader, who never loses a battle, who is bound to triumph, though all earth and hell combine to hinder.

In His Name, not our own, we set up our banners, for the new decade on which we have now entered, and lift—amid all our surroundings—the shield of faith, as we hear the battle cry—"Forward, still;" and whether we stand or fall in the deadly strife, God and His work will live forever.

"The years! God's blessed, swift-winged years,
His love can make them free from fears,
Spring, summer, autumn, winter days,
All are too short to chant His praise:
No storm can hush salvation's song,
Faith's victories the strains prolong.
Jehovah ever liveth,
And to the years he giveth
Tokens that prove
His wondrous love."

"The years! let each more swiftly glide,—
Let pleasure come, or grief betide,
God's smiles—our bliss, our life, our light—
Years leave His covenant rainbow bright;
Jesus His people leadeth,
And for them intercedeth;
Earth's years may die,
He lives on high."

I have been asked, to-day, to explain the difference between the *rescue* and *preventive* work, more definitely than ever before, as in many minds there seems to be some confusion between them. They are really quite distinct, although, both belonging to the Evangelistic Department, they are under the same Superintendent.

The rescue work comprises the Sheltering Home—opened especially for discharged prisoners, inebriates and

girls who have gone astray—the mid-night mission, and part of the Bible women's work, such as visiting houses of ill-repute and homes darkened by intemperance.

The preventive, or general evangelistic work takes in a far wider range,—the distribution of large quantities of gospel and temperance literature, and books and leaflets on the higher christian life; the publication of the paper, "A VOICE FROM THE FIELD"; the White Shield Society, with the dissemination of its own literature; the Girls' Evangelistic Hall and Reading Room, with a library, from which 1,000 volumes have been taken out, by girls, during the year; evangelistic, prayer and consecration meetings; educational classes, held in the Hall; the Woman's Industrial Exchange, which is helping many to support themselves; and a large correspondence,—over 1,000 letters and postal cards having been written, by the Secretary, during 1889.

I have also been asked to explain how funds are raised for these different branches. I do this reluctantly, and only because I have been especially requested to remove a misunderstanding, which I am told has arisen.

The Montreal Union, as an incorporated body, has rendered itself responsible for the current expenses of the Sheltering Home—apart from the rent, the money for which is raised, principally, by *special collectors*. The salaries of the Bible Women are paid from the general funds of the Union—membership fees, etc. For all the preventive and general evangelistic work of the department, and a portion of the rescue work, I am, as Superintendent, personally responsible; having opened branch after branch, believing that the great Head of the Church called me to do so. For these branches there are no collectors, nor is there any machinery for raising money. The VOICE FROM THE FIELD has paid its own way; the Industrial Exchange has been nearly self-supporting, this year; and money for the rest of the work has come in voluntary contributions, and collections taken at public meetings, at which the work has been explained.

I rejoice that my dear Treasurer's report shows her books closed without debt in any branch of the department, and with \$688.73 on hand for the Sheltering Home, and with 31cts. for the general work, exclusive of the paper.

There is no part of the work more important than that done by our devoted Bible Women. There has been an unusual amount of sickness this year, and it has, of course, pressed most heavily upon the poor. In the autumn, the typhoid fever, at Point St. Charles, was of such a character that almost everyone shrank from contact with it, but Mrs. Ohling was indefatigable in her labor of love, visiting

the sufferers day and night, and thus winning their lasting gratitude and love.

She reports, for the year, 2137 visits among the sick and poor, in families, institutions, and houses of ill-repute, and believes that liquor has been entirely banished from some homes through her influence. She has held 20 cottage meetings, which have been full of interest, and crowned with blessing, and has obtained 194 signatures to the temperance pledge. Though oft-times weary and heart-sick, through contact with sin and suffering, the work is as dear to her heart as eve.

Mrs. d'Albenas, in addition to other work, has given a good deal of time to looking after discharged prisoners, of whom 83 have passed through our Home during the year; some from the prison, others sent by the Recorder and Police Matron. She has made 1458 visits, held 29 cottage meetings, herself, and assisted in 174 evangelistic meetings, held by myself and others. Some time has also been given to midnight work, in which Miss Barnjum kindly accompanied her. Much of the quiet, unobtrusive, unselfish work which she is doing every day is unrecorded here, but we know that it is all noted by the Lord she loves, and rewarded by His smile. When visiting she called one day at a small temperance grocery, kept by an elderly couple on St Catherine St., and in conversation the woman told her that great pressure was brought to bear upon them, to induce them to sell liquor. As their returns are so small, it has often required strong principle to resist the temptation, and they feel it hard, that while they have struggled against Satan's suggestions, and chosen poverty, rather than the liquor traffic, christian temperance women should pass them by and purchase their groceries from liquor dealers. Dear sisters, ought these things to be? Should they yield to temptation, are we clear in the matter?

The review of the Sheltering Home fills our hearts with grateful joy, although, with the joy, there mingles unutterable sorrow over some, once folded there from temptation, who are now wandering on the dark mountains of sin; 436 inmates have passed through it during the year; 1126 have been sheltered since it was opened, two years and a half ago. To all of these the Gospel has been presented, and each one invited to accept Christ in all His fullness as a Saviour from sin. Many have found pardon and peace through His blood, and are now rejoicing in Him,—some on earth, some in heaven.

Our invaluable matrons continue their arduous work, and have won many a star for the "crowning day that's coming, bye-and-bye." Knowing them as I do, I am sure that His "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." is dearer, far, to them, than any earthly praise could be. Yet I earnestly ask those interested in the Home, to cheer them by an occasional visit, and to see, for themselves, what is being accomplished there.

The Mission Room, in which the inmates gather morning and evening for prayer, and on Sunday afternoon, and two or three evenings in the week, for special services, has been the birth-place of many a soul. Tears of penitence have streamed down old and wrinkled faces, which have become beautiful, as they have caught the light of God's loving smile, and have reflected it back to us, some of them amid temptation and daily toil, others, while their feet were already crossing the cold stream of death. We have almost heard the glad strain the angels sang as they safely, yet triumphantly reached the farther shore. Courage, beloved fellow-workers! we shall see them there, and join their song, bye-and-bye, where weariness and discouragements are all forgotten, "when the mists have rolled away."

Some of those we have rescued have been very young, mere children, children in years, yet with the awful realities and responsibilities of womanhood and motherhood upon them.

May God have mercy on this wicked city, this guilty

land, and hold back, yet awhile, the cloud of judgment that hangs over us. Every day I live, I wonder more and more, at God's patient forbearance, as he waits to work through His children, and marvel that christian men and women can live and toil, and pray and sing, as though all were well, in a city that has some 1400 licensed—and as many unlicensed—saloons, and hundreds of dens of iniquity, where young lives are being sacrificed, as surely as when of old, the children were passed through the fire to Moloch. A city where impure literature is openly sold on our streets, and pictures, suggestive of every crime, are pasted on the walls, and the scenes they represent acted in the theatres every night.

I constantly see young boys and girls standing before these pictures, and learning, all too surely, the lessons they teach. Even within a few days, sorrowful stories have been poured into my ear, of young girls, yes, *young ladies*, who, without the knowledge of their too indulgent, too credulous parents, are frequenting the theatres where these crimes are yet more vividly portrayed, more deeply stamped on heart and brain, while within the same walls—partaking of the same amusement—are other girls, who once had mothers as fond as theirs, and homes as bright and pure, but now, oh, now! they come from scenes of sin and shame too terrible to think of.

I have said that the White Shield Society is a part of preventive work, you know its pledge.—

I promise, God helping me,

To uphold the laws of purity as equally binding upon men and women.

To be modest in language, behavior and dress.

To avoid all conversation, reading, art and amusements, which may put impure thoughts into my mind.

To guard the purity of others especially the young.

To strive after the special blessing promised to the "Pure in Heart"

I now solemnly ask every mother, every teacher, every christian woman, old or young, to sign this pledge, and give her influence to the work. God has granted me many a desire of my heart, and I am asking yet this one more, that before my hands are folded, and my life work finished, I may see in this dear Canada of ours, an army of consecrated women, raising the White Shield of purity and faith, and as far as possible, placing it between the tempted and the fiery darts of the enemy, who is now slaying his tens of thousands. Will you sign this pledge and help me? nay, come to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

There is, already, a division of this army, very dear to me, formed from among our working girls, meeting in the Evangelistic Hall, and as far as I know, it is the first that has been organized in Canada. At the meetings I always speak to them on some topic connected with their pledge, bringing scripture to bear upon it, and drawing out their own thoughts on what we read; and while carefully guarding them, and warning them of danger, seek to draw out their sympathies, and enlist their prayerful efforts for their unhappy, tempted sisters.

After one of our meetings they presented me with \$13.50 for the Sheltering Home, saved from their own earnings, and more precious to me than many a larger sum, given with less self-sacrifice. Besides this, they have given \$25.56 toward their library \$34.50 in donations to the general work of the Rooms, \$27.00 in Christmas love gifts to some of the teachers, who kindly aid us by taking evening classes, and \$9.00 in collections at the meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society, making in all \$109.56, given voluntarily, during the year. Out of this sum, three girls have each given \$5.00, two \$4.00, one \$2.60, three \$2.00 and several \$1.00.

I have sometimes been remonstrated with for not charging a membership fee, but have thought it better to work on the same principle here, as elsewhere. The girls have never been asked to contribute to any thing. We have sought not theirs but them; all being made equally wel-

come, whether they contributed toward expenses or not; and I believe the result has been a higher development of character than could have been attained in any other way. Our longing desire is to bring them to Christ, and to make them Christ-like, and God is blessing our efforts, crowning this year, especially with His loving kindness and tender mercy.

Two years ago, when money flowed in, our cry went up to heaven, "Oh, for more souls, a deeper spiritual work." This has been the year of greatest pressure, financially, we have ever known, but also of richest spiritual blessing. In the Sunday evening meeting, the Bible Class, and consecration meeting of the Christian Endeavor Society, one girl after another has confessed Christ; nor is it merely a confession with the lips, our hearts have been cheered by evidences of His control over the life, and by their effort to lead others to Him. I was told, a few days since, that many are interested in rescue work, who "do not approve of the Reading Room," who look upon it as a place where we amuse and spoil girls. All I can say is, "Come and see." We have one evening in the month for amusement, surely not too much for girls who are working every day, but even that is elevating in its tendencies. The others are still more profitably occupied.

Monday evening a number of girls are gathered around a long table, busily engaged in dress-making; cutting, fitting and sewing under the direction of Miss Drake, and everyone must admit the advantage of instruction by such a teacher. This is a popular class, and a short time ago, one of the girls showed me the basque of a print dress, she had cut and made for herself, which certainly did her great

credit. On the same night, at the other end of the room there are classes for reading, writing and book-keeping. Other classes are held almost every evening in the week, and our earnest thanks are due to the many who have helped in this department, especially to the teachers, who have so cheerfully sacrificed their evenings to the work, and to the dear sisters in the country who have sent donations to the Home and Reading Room. I will not weary you with further details; but, by all the sleepless night, through which we have planned and prayed; by all the tears we have shed over lost ones, now beyond our reach; by all the broken hearts in this great city to-day; by all the horrors of an eternity without hope; by the agony and blood that redeemed us; by the love of God, and by the joys of heaven, I entreat you to put away prejudice and help us, ere the night falleth, to garner in the sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

STATISTICAL STATEMENT.

Visits.....	3 330
Evangelistic Meetings.....	276
Prayer Meetings.....	53
Christian Endeavor and White Shield.....	12
Bible Classes.....	50
Educational Classes.....	179
Socials.....	11
Books, Papers and Tracts.....	18 561
Christmas Letters to Prisoners.....	2 402
Pledges Taken.....	230
Books taken from Girl's Library.....	1 000
Letters written by Secretary.....	1 000

The Treasurer in Account with Evangelistic Department of W.C.T.U., of Montreal.

GENERAL EVANGELISTIC WORK.

1889-90.	DR.	
To W. C. T. U. for Bible Women.....		\$ 430 00
" W. C. T. U. for use of Hall.....		100 00
" Y. W. C. U.....		79 89
" General Donations.....		680 61
" Collections from Public Meetings.....		266 15
" Rent of Basement for Storage.....		30 00
" Collection from White Cross Meeting.....		85 16
" Sale of Work for Library.....		25 56
" Special Donations for Poor.....		26 00
" Women's Exchange.....		41 92
" St. Andrew's W. C. T. U., by Women's Exchange.....		23 05
" Cowansville W. C. T. U.....		11 52
" Westmeath W. C. T. U.....		5 00
" Fort Coulonge W. C. T. U.....		4 00
" Sawerville Loyal Legion.....		1 10
" Trenholme W. C. T. U.....		1 00
" Ormstown W. C. T. U.....		1 10
" Hatley "Album Fund".....		4 00
" Interest on Deposit.....		3 78
		1867 50

1889-90.	CR.	
By Bible Women's Salaries.....		\$ 480 00
" Poor.....		26 00
" Rent on Mission Room.....		7 50
" Books, Papers and Leaflets.....		46 42
" Printing.....		2 50
" Postage.....		29 66
" Rent on Reading Room and Hall.....		\$364 00 744 00
" Less Rebate of Taxes.....		120 00
" Fuel and Gas.....		92 52
" Insurance.....		12 18
" Furnishings.....		50 26
" Socials.....		18 57
" Work for Classes.....		35 35
" Organist.....		7 70
" Secretary.....		240 00
" Wages.....		46 02
" General Expense.....		26 59
		\$1867 70
By Balance in Hand.....		31
		\$1867 00

WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

1889-90.	DR.	
To Membership Fees.....		\$ 79 50
" Sales.....		2358 61
" Donations.....		62 82
		\$2500 93

1889-90	CR.	
By Cash paid members.....		\$2122 75
" Salary and Wages.....		277 65
" Advertising and General Expenses.....		58 61
" Cash paid Reading Room.....		42 91
		\$2500 99

VOICE FROM THE FIELD.

April 1st, 1889-90.	DR.	
To Advertisements.....		\$ 248 25
" Subscriptions.....		74 30
		\$322 55

April 1st, 1889, Feb. 1890.	CR.	
By Publishing Voice, 10 months.....		\$ 233 5
" Electro-Plate, Distributing Papers, &c.....		29 56
		\$263 06
By Cash on hand.....		19 49
		\$322 55

SHELTERING HOME.

1889-90.	DR.	
To Cash on hand.....		\$ 471 54
" General Donations.....		408 65
" Special Donations for Repairs.....		43 00
" Trustees.....		389 00
" Board and Work from Lemates.....		451 80
" Collections by Mrs. A. F. Gault and Mrs. Botterell.....		808 00
" " " " Smith.....		307 50
" " " " Aiken and Mrs. Cushing.....		114 50
" " " " Grafton.....		43 45
" " " " Mrs. Dougall.....		35 00
" " " " Fiting.....		24 00
" " " " Forbes.....		5 00
" " " " Wheeler.....		29 00
" Special Donation for Funeral Expense.....		12 00
" Sale of Furniture.....		8 47
" Interest on Deposit.....		2 08
		\$3144 79

1889-90	CR.	
By Rent.....		\$ 756 00
" Fuel and Gas.....		233 51
" Balance of Coal, 1888-1889.....		90 00
" Groceries, Meat, Milk and Bread.....		695 56
" Furniture.....		34 01
" Repairs, covered by special donation.....		43 00
" Telephone.....		20 00
" Repairs.....		28 79
" Clothing.....		13 55
" Water Tax and Insurance.....		18 00
" Funeral Expenses.....		15 50
" Postage, Stationery and Printing.....		16 25
" Medicines.....		9 40
" Ice.....		6 00
" Sending Amates Home.....		8 75
" Salaries.....		396 00
" Matron's Account.....		53 00
" General Expense.....		18 80
		\$2456 06
By balance on hand.....		688 73
		\$3144 79

Audited and found correct, SAM P. LEET.

S. H. FROST, Treasurer.

Total for Department.....\$7835 77

A Voice from the Field :

A MONTHLY PAPER,

Printed by the City Printing & Publishing Co., Book & Job Printers, 751 Craig Street.

Published in the interest 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, 8 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 "

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

ARMSTSONG'S ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

"Round the World in 38 days" will be given in the Lecture Hall of St. James Methodist Church on Thursday evening, ^{20th} March 1890. Proceeds will be given to aid Miss Barber in her work. These are new views and well worth seeing, and we earnestly hope that all interested in the work will take tickets. Admission 25 cents. Tickets can be had at the Woman's Exchange and at the door.

FACTS THAT SPEAK.

Dr. Hall, in his "How to Live Long," makes the following statements:

"Vineland, New Jersey, has a population of ten thousand; there is a clause in every deed forbidding the sale of liquor. During six months no citizen required any assistance from the overseer of the poor. During one year there was an indictment, and that for disturbance between two coloured persons; there were three fires and only one house burned; the taxes are only one per cent., and there is no debt. The police expenses are seventy-five dollars a year.

"A little town in New England, of less than ten thousand inhabitants, maintains forty grog shops; a police judge, city marshals, assistant marshals, four night watchmen and six policemen for the protection of the peace of the town. Four fire insurance companies of forty men each, costing three thousand dollars, are called out on an average, every other week; it cost two thousand and five hundred dollars a year to support the poor, and the town owes one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.—*Canada Citizen.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF MONTREAL W.C.T.U

The annual meeting of the Montreal W. C. T. U., held on the 20th of February, was thought by many to be an improvement on those of former years. It was divided into two sessions, the morning meeting, in the Evangelistic Hall, being only for the election of officers by ballot, and that of the afternoon, in Knox Church, for the reading of reports and addresses.

There was some excitement and anxiety, and much serious thought, in the earnest faces gathered in the Hall that stormy morning, the question of greatest interest being, who should fill the place of the President? who, after seven years of loving service, felt it her duty to retire. Fervent prayer had ascended from many hearts that one might be elected whom the Great Leader of the White Ribbon Army had consecrated for His service, and we believe that when the result of the ballot was declared to be the election of Mrs. (Rev.) T. G. Williams, the general feeling was one of thankfulness that prayer had been answered.

The Vice-Presidents were then elected as follows: Miss Dougall, Mrs. M. H. Gault, Mrs. S. Finley, Mrs. Corse, the Secretaries and Treasurer of last year being re-elected to office.

In the afternoon the reports were interesting, especially that of the Flower Mission, which has not only supplied sweet flowers in their season, accompanied by scripture texts, but also jellies and other needful things for the sick and sorrowful during the winter months.

The President's address, suggesting some very important changes in the future, and the report from the Corresponding Secretary were listened to with interest.

The Rev. Mr. Crossley, the Evangelist, sang with deep feeling the beautiful solo, "Only remembered by what I have done," and Mr. Tees spoke words of kindly greeting from the Dominion Alliance.

Mrs. Foster, President of the Dominion W. C. T. U., addressed the meeting very earnestly, and spoke at the close of the regret felt at Miss Dougall's resignation, calling upon the Union for an expression of their appreciation of her services, which was responded to by a rising vote of thanks.

The new President said a few words, and the meeting closed with prayer.

PURITY OF HEART is more by far than power of brain, more than deftness of hand. Human welfare is all built upon moral purity. Our acts are the outcome of thought, and the character of the thought depends on the moral state.—*Rev. F. Hastings.*

Here, at His feet, your burden lay;
Why 'neath it bend another day,
Since One so loving calls to thee,
"Oh! heavy laden, come to Me!"

—*Eleanor Kirk.*

"There are songs which only flow
In the loveliest shades of night;
There are flowers which cannot grow
In a blaze of tropical light.

There are crystals which cannot form
Till the vessel be cooled and stilled;
Crystal, and flower, and song,
Given as God hath willed."

THERE is a way out of every difficulty that meets us in life. It may not be the way we like, or the way that promises great glory, honor, pleasure or reward, but it is a way of deliverance, and we are bound to consider it God's way.—*Joseph Owen.*

HIDDEN DEPTHS.

(BY PERMISSION.)

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"And are there many imprisoned?"

"In term time there are often from twenty to thirty. I only wish," he added, clenching his hand, "that the university police would administer a somewhat more even justice, and imprison the men, who are a hundredfold more guilty than these wretched women."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," said Ernestine, "for I cannot understand the received code of opinion on that subject at all. You think, then, that I may find Annie Brook in the prison?"

"It is possible,—in any case, you are likely to get some clue to her. You say you have a portrait of her; I advise you to take it with you, and show it to the governor of the gaol. It is very possible he may recognize it; if not ask him to show it to the women imprisoned there, and if he is careful not to say for what purpose he does so, they will be sure at least to betray the name by which she goes at present; these girls scarcely ever retain their own name."

"But would they not be glad to tell all they knew of her to those who wished to help her?"

"Not if they thought there was any intention of persuading her to reform."

"How very strange! I should have thought that, however lost and wretched they might be, they would retain enough of humanity to be glad that a companion should be saved out of misery like their own."

"I fear it is a principle of human nature to feel it a relief to have companions in guilt, and to dread repentance in others, lest it awaken personal uneasiness of conscience. But there is a stronger motive in the case of these poor girls: the good people who have established 'refuges' and 'homes' for those who repent, have succeeded in making them so repellant and intollerable to them, that I believe they consider themselves to be performing an act of common humanity when they try to prevent any from being persuaded to enter them."

At this moment a considerable degree of noise was heard from the next room, and Mr. Thorold went hurriedly to the door.

"My populace is becoming clamorous," he said; "I must go."

"But pray tell me," said Ernestine, "how am I to gain admission to the gaol?"

"You must have an order from a magistrate. I will get one for you, if you will tell me your name."

"You do not know my name," said Ernestine, looking up with a smile of amusement.

"How should I?"

"True; I was only thinking how surprised my aunt, who regulates most of my proceedings, would be if she knew I had been talking to you as I have done, without your so much as knowing my name."

He shrugged his shoulders. "These abstruse etiquettes of society are quite beyond me—I cannot away with them. Life is too short and too solemn to be clogged with such trammels as these. If you want to save a soul, and I am willing to help you, what can it signify to me whether you are a duchess or a dairymaid, or to you who I am, if you have reason to believe I am neither a ruffian nor an imposter?"

"I quite agree with you," said Ernestine, laughing; "and my aunt is not here to argue the point with you. My name is Ernestine Courtenay; and I am so much obliged to you for your kindness." He smiled as he looked keenly and searchingly at her for a moment, and

then, having arranged that he was to bring the order to her brother's rooms next day, he opened the door for her, and she passed out into the dark streets with her guide.

CHAPTER XIII.

REGINALD.

Reginald still lay in his deathlike sleep. Ernestine had decided to watch by him herself, at least for this night, that she might judge of his state more fully; and Mrs. Berry, after hearing, with great satisfaction, that Mr. Thorold had proved quite as helpful as she had prophesied, took her leave, promising to return early in the morning. Ernestine sat down by her brother's side, feeling that she could with her free heart give him her undivided attention, now that a hopeful step had been taken on behalf of Annie Brook. But while he slept her thoughts flew away to the one who was dearer to her than even the dying brother, or than all the world beside—the one to whom she had given the love that can be felt but once in a lifetime, and which is a terrible thing to feel on this earth at all; for the exceeding preciousness with which it invests one perishable human being, to whom each day brings the chance of sickness and death, sorrow and danger, makes such a love an agony rather than a blessing. They who so love must ever drink deeply of the cup of trembling; but at times there will arise in their hearts a nameless terror, a sickening anxiety for the future, whose brightness all depends on this one cherished treasure, which often proves a foreboding of some real anguish looming in the distant hours. It was so on this night with Ernestine Courtenay. She did not wonder that, in the darkness of the quiet sick-room, her heart seemed to go out to Hugh Lingard with a tenderness almost mournful in its depth; it was often so when she was parted from him, but on this occasion she was oppressed by a vague yet most painful feeling that she had somehow separated herself from him to a certain degree,—that she had begun to raise a barrier between them which would ultimately shut him out from her for ever. She argued with herself on the unreasonableness of such shadowy fears. It was with his full consent that she had come to Greyburgh. She was going to write to him the next day, as she had promised, with a detail of all she had done as yet in her mission. The very last words they had said to each other had been to arrange that their marriage should take place in the course of a few months. Yet, do what she would, her spirits sank under the weight of an undefined conviction, that she had entered upon a path, which, by some means, would lead her far away from the one being to whom she clung with all a woman's passionate devotion.

She was roused from her dark thoughts by Reginald, who suddenly started out of his heavy sleep with a cry of indescribable terror. He flung out his arms, beating the air with his helpless hands, while his large black eyes opened to their fullest extent, and gazed into the darkness with a vacant stare.

"Not yet—not yet," he shrieked out. "No! I cannot go—I cannot. Help, oh, help me!"

In a moment Ernestine was kneeling at his side with her arms clasped round him. "Reginald, darling, what is it? There is no one here but me, Ernestine, your sister. Look at me, dearest; don't be afraid."

His hands fell on her shoulders, the wildness passed from his eyes, and he looked down at her with returning consciousness; but she could feel his whole frame trembling from head to foot. "Ernie," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "is the dreadful hour come? Must I go? Is this death?" and he literally shuddered.

"No, my darling," she said soothingly; "you are only faint. Let me give you some wine; you will be better presently."

She made him swallow some wine, and then bathed his hands and temples with eau-de-cologne, till gradually the spasm of terror passed from his blanched face, and, falling back in his chair, he gave a heavy sigh, half of relief and half of remembered agony.

"Then it is still to come?" he murmured. "Almost I could wish that first bitterness of death at least were past; yet no," he continued, his features contracting with pain, "anything—anything rather than that; better life, though it be torture, than the blackness of eternal night."

It was on Ernestine's lips to ask why death was so dreadful to him. It was not so to her, though the love that brightened earth for her might make her sad to leave it yet awhile; and why should this boy, who once had loved to lose himself in glowing dreams of the consummation of bliss, now so shrink from that which was but the gate of immortality? But she remembered her promise to ask no questions, and, besides, he was still too much agitated to risk further disturbance, so she soothed him gently for a time, talking to him on in different subjects, till gradually he became calm, and his eyes brightened as he turned them on her sweet face.

"You are a good nurse, my darling Ernie," he said. "I feel now as if I could almost enjoy this night, with you sitting at my side. Your voice is just like music."

"I am so glad you are more comfortable," she said, laying her head on the pillow beside him. "We shall have such a nice quiet time. Now, you must tell me what you would like to talk about."

"Shall I really?" he said carressingly. "May I choose the subject?"

"Of course. What am I here for but to be your slave?"

"Well, you remember how you used to tell me stories long ago, when we were children, though I used to consider you almost a grown up lady, because you were four years older. I want you to do the same for me to-night. I want you to tell me all the histories you can remember of those who have gone to death calmly and fearlessly, though they had been compelled to face it in all its horrible certainty for some time previously."

"What! beginning with Socrates and his poison cup?"

"If you will; and tell me about that criminal, I forget his name, who, on the scaffold, thought neither of the shame nor the agony, but said only, 'Now I shall learn the great secret.'"

"And Julian the Apostate, who died saying, 'O Gallien, Thou hast conquered!'" said Ernestine, lifting her head that she might look into her brother's eyes as she spoke.

A sudden flush dyed his pale face. "As you please," he answered shortly, and then went on: "Who was it that said, 'Death cannot be an evil, because it is universal'?"

"That was Goethe. But, darling," said Ernestine softly, "would it not be happiest of all to speak of the only true Conqueror over death—the One who took its sting away, and made the grave no strange place for any one of us since HE has lain in it?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Reginald, starting up, with a vehemence which seemed greater than his feeble frame could bear; "Ernie, do not speak to me of Him. I cannot bear it—I cannot. I tell you I will not. You will kill me if you speak of Him; rather go and leave me quiet alone."

"My dearest Reggie, I will not touch on any subject you do not like. Lie down again, and, trust me, I will only tell you what you ask,—the histories, so far as I remember them, of brave men dying calmly and without fear." And in a low gentle tone, as she would have soothed a wearied child, she spoke to him of those who have been seen to go down with fearless steps into the valley of the shadow of death; and of others, who being rescued from it, had spoken of a lovely pure light into

which they seemed to sink, with echoes of softest music in their ears; and Reginald listened with her hand clasped in his, and grew very calm and still; and so the night wore peacefully on for both, till the faint glimmer of the far-off dawn stole into the sky, and the cool breath of the morning passed lightly over the wearied eyelids of the dying man, while, half-sleeping, half-waking, he lay gazing dreamily out upon the shifting shadows of the heavens. Then Ernestine relapsed into silence, and with her head still laid beside her brother's, followed unconsciously the train of thought, which that strange unearthly night suggested to her. The actual life of the present seemed so intangible, so fleeting, with all its briefness and uncertainty, that she felt as if no soul could ever seek in it to slake its thirst for joy and for existence, and in spirit she passed over the dark valley of which she had been speaking into the realms of changeless light, where there is no shadow, no perplexity, no fear; and she thought what glorious bliss, what sweetest rest, it would be to dwell in that deathless land with him, her dearest loved,—with this poor wayward brother also, and with that other one for whom her heart still yearned,—gathered altogether at the feet of Infinite Compassion. And so she lost herself in those sweet visions, till, with a smile, she woke to see that what appeared to her but the baseless fancies of her own deep longing was, after all, the very reality which God has prepared for those that love Him.

At last the first sunbeam smote on the wan face of Reginald, and another day had begun for him who had so few to number now, and soon all unearthly thoughts were put to flight for both of them by the arrival of Nurse Berry, with all her homely arrangements for their comfort. She insisted especially that Ernestine should now go to the hotel to take a few hours' rest, and Reginald urged her to do so, with many loving thanks for the comfort she had been to him that night; so that she agreed to their wishes, promising to return in the course of the afternoon.

When Ernestine woke up later in the day from her needful rest, she found Mrs. Craven in a state of considerable excitement. Dr. and Mrs. Granby had come to call on Miss Courtenay, and, finding that she could not be disturbed, had paid their visit to the chaperon. In the course of it they dropped various mysterious hints, that they feared Miss Courtenay's charitable zeal was carrying her beyond the *convenances* of society, and that they wished much she would place herself under their protection and guidance during her stay in a place where reticence of all sorts was so much required as in Greyburgh. These remarks Mrs. Craven repeated with much unction, beseeching Ernestine to take them into serious consideration; but she, inwardly shuddering at the thought of placing herself under Dr. Granby's care, and of the aristocratic uselessness which would be the result, assured Mrs. Craven she was quite satisfied with her chaperonage; and added that in Reginald's precarious state she did not intend to see the Granbys, or any other acquaintance at all. She begged her chaperon, however, to accept all Mrs. Granby's invitations to dinner, etc., for herself; and finally reminding her that there was only one person to whom she owed any account of her actions, she pointed to the letter ready sealed for the post, which lay on the table, addressed to Mr. Lingard, and assured her it contained a detail of all her proceedings since she left him. With this Mrs. Craven was fain to be content, and Ernestine hurried back as soon as she could to Reginald, for her uneasiness with regard to his mental condition increased every hour, and her great fear now was lest he should die with this dark burden, whatever it might be, unrevealed and unrelieved.

She had not long been in her place by his side when the nurse came to tell her that Mr. Thorold was waiting for her in the next room. She went in, and found him walking up and down, somewhat after the fashion of a wild beast in a cage, but he turned to meet Ernestine with a frankness and simplicity which set her at ease at once.

"I have brought your order," he said, "and I have persuaded the magistrate to give you one containing a general permission to visit the female prisoners, as it would not have answered your purpose to have it made out to any person in particular."

"Thank you," said Ernestine; "I hope I shall not make any blunder. Is the governor a very fierce individual?"

"He is sharp enough to the prisoners, but he is likely to be very amiable to you, I should think. He is an old man, who has been thirty years a 'servant of the city,' as he terms it, and is probably the last remaining specimen of a race of goalers that is almost obsolete. He is as different as well can be from the cold, stern, gentleman-like officials who are to be found in such positions now. He has no pretensions to being a gentleman. He is very talkative, speaks with a broad Greyburgh accent, and gives his views on all subjects with the most uncompromising plainness; but he does his practical duties so well that the authorities cannot find an excuse for considering him superannuated, as they wish."

"And is there a matron for the women?" asked Ernestine.

"His wife, old Mrs. Bolton, acts as such. She has all his roughness, without his sound good sense."

"Ernestine, can you come to me for a moment?" said the faint voice of Reginald from the next room. She started up and begged Mr. Thorold to wait a few minutes, while she hastily obeyed the call. The door stood wide open so that Thorold could see and hear all that passed. Reginald, it seemed, wished to be moved nearer the window; he wanted air, he said; and leaning heavily on Ernestine, he began to walk feebly towards it. But her strength was not equal to the weight of his almost helpless frame, and seeing her begin to totter under it, Thorold started up, and, without a word, lifted Reginald in his strong arms, and placed him on the couch, near the window. Then, as both brother and sister thanked him, he answered in a low, soft tone, which sounded peculiarly soothing, and proceeded to smooth Reginald's pillows, and make various little arrangements for his comfort, with a tenderness which astonished Ernestine, who had thought him somewhat rough and brusque in his manner previously. Reginald looked up with a grateful smile, and as Thorold shook hands with him before leaving the room, began a sentence, "Will you—" then suddenly checked himself and said no more. Thorold took no notice of the half-formed speech, but with a few words of sympathy for his evident illness, made way for the nurse, who had just come in, and went into the outer room with Ernestine.

"You have a great sorrow there," he said in a low tone.

"Oh! you cannot think how great," replied Ernestine her eyes filling with tears. "It is not only that he is dying as you perceive, but it is such a sad passing from this world. He gives me no clue to his state of mind, yet I see that these his last days are one long unrest, and I hardly know whether he hates life or dreads death more."

The gravity of Thorold's face deepened almost to sternness. "Were his associates among the reading men or those of the wilder set?" he asked.

"Always among the reading men, till lately. He intended to take holy orders, and gave himself up almost entirely to the study of divinity; but Dr. Compton tells me that he altered very much last term, and led a kind of life I should have thought impossible for Reginald. I never had dreaded the ordinary temptations of this place for him."

"There are intellectual as well as moral dangers in Greyburgh now, and it is more than likely it is to these he has

succumbed. But I must not stay. If I can be of use to you in any way, let me know and I will come at once."

He did not wait for her thanks, but went hurriedly away.

"How did you come to know Thorold, Ernestine?" said Reginald when she went back to him.

She explained that she had gone to ask his assistance respecting a poor person in whom she was interested. "And do you know him?" she asked in return.

"Not personally; but I have often been at his church. He is not an attractive man to most people, but I had, and indeed still have, the greatest admiration for his character. I never knew anyone with such indomitable faith, such stern self-denial, and such entire devotion of heart and soul to the one cause in which he believes. Thorold has stood like a rock through all the whirlwinds and storms that have been raging through the university of late, casting men's minds into chaos, and making shipwreck of their peace."

"Is he a man of influence here?" asked Ernestine.

"With all who really know him; but he is excessively quiet and unobtrusive. He lives entirely in and for his work, at which he toils like a slave; but if ever anyone seeks his help in difficulties of whatever nature, he is ready at once with the most fearless counsels. I have several times been on the point of going to him myself, and then I have thought better, or worse of it. And now, Ernie, I must try to sleep, for I am tired." And he lay back with so evident a wish to stop the conversation, that she made no attempt to continue it.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GOAL*

Ernestine Courtenay stood that same afternoon at the gate of the goal, waiting an answer to her summons. She looked up to the high, massive walls which hid the building, and the ponderous door, with its ominous bolts and bars, and the grated loophole through which the turnkey inspected her before he opened it; and she smiled involuntarily as she thought of Lady Beaufort's horror and indignation could she have seen her niece in such a position. Her order at once gained her admission, and walking through an enclosure laid out as a garden, where a few sickly flowers strove to blossom in the perpetual shade of the high walls, she was ushered into the governor's room.

He was seated writing at a table,—a tall, rough-looking old man, with a keen eye, which had scanned her from head to foot before she had been two minutes in his presence. Her appearance seemed to propitiate him, for he very graciously asked her to sit down, and proceeded to read her order. He looked up sharply at her when he had done so.

"This is not a common order," he said. "You don't want to see one of those gals in particular, and you can't be come just to look at the whole lot, as if they were wild beasts in a show; so if you'll just tell me what you're up to, ma'am, we shall get on a deal better and quicker."

"I will, gladly. Mr. Thorold told me you would help me in a matter I am anxious about."

*The goal here described no longer exists. It belonged to the old régime which has been swept away under the wise rule of the prison commissioners. The governors of prisons are now invariably gentlemen of culture and education, as different as possible from Bolton, who, with his wife, would not be tolerated now.

(To be continued.)

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He who bids us forward go,
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Unbelief can only seem strong so long as it confines itself to heaping up objections against the faith. In other words, its success depends on its being destructive; as soon as it begins to be constructive it fails. No less than eighty theories hostile to Christianity, developed in the course of forty or fifty years, were brought before the Institute of France in 1806, and not one of them survives to this day. It would be difficult to mention a theory of denial that has survived the generation of its birth. These phantom philosophies are like so many impressions made on the sand—the first wave of sober scholarship washes them away. Amid the rise and fall of philosophical systems Christianity endures, because it is founded in Him who is "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." Hence we re-echo St. Peter's question, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—*Rev. A. Finlayson.*

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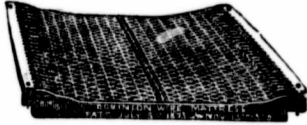
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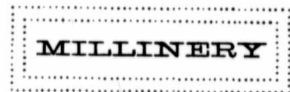
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