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A VOICE FROM THE FIELD

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

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, DECFMBER, 1889.

No. 8

HEARTS OF GOLD.

Written for "A VOICE FROM THE FIELD." BY FLORENCE VARNKY.

Cloze beside my door this morning,
Bloomed a pansy bright;
Radiant in the golden dawning
Of the Christmas light!

And beside her dark leaves binding,
Blessings rich were mine;
Now to you, the message wending,
Links my joy with thine!

First, the sacred words revealing,
In the tripple band;
Faith, 'n' ath' the cold leaves concealing
Gently clasped my hand.

Hope, in purple petals shrou'd,
Cheer'd my waning strength;
Till no more, by darkness cloud'd,
I rejoiced at length!

Then in clearer accents stealing,
Love, the story told;
While the trembling echoes pealing
Stirred her heart of gold!

MAY we thus, by humble living,
Magnify the three;
Faith and Hope, yet ever giving,
All for Charity.

CHRISTMAS, 1889.

NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

Having enjoyed the privilege of attending the National W. C. T. U. Convention at Chicago, we desire to share that privilege, as far as possible, with the readers of THE VOICE, although we can but give a very inadequate sketch in the small space available in these columns.

On the morning of the 8th of November, hundreds of earnest faced women were to be seen wending their way, through the pouring rain to Battery D. in the eastern portion of Chicago.

Everything goes with a rush in that great city, and only the day before Battery P. had been in use for an exhibition of splendid horses, and the W. C. T. U. workers had been busy the whole night, transforming it into a beautifully decorated Convention Hall.

The transformation was certainly perfect. From the gothic ceiling hung, at least, two thousand "star shaped banners." The large platform was bordered with ferns and

flowers, while flags, banners and mottoes abounded. On one beautifully executed banner was a globe encircled by the white ribbon with World's W. C. T. U. inscribed upon it, and an angel floating down a path of light to the girdled earth. A large motto, extending the length of one side of the hall, was:—"No sectionalism in politics, no sex in citizenship, no sectarianism in religion, but all for God, for Home and Native Land,"—and there were others equally good.

When the Convention was called to order, Miss Willard invited the Canadian delegates, ten in number, (Mrs. Foster, Dominion President; Mrs. Faucett, Provincial President of Ontario; Mrs. Sanderson, Provincial President of Quebec; Mrs. Chisholm, Provincial President of Manitoba; Mrs. Rockwell, Dominion Superintendent of Franchise; Miss Barber, Dominion Superintendent of Evangelistic Work; Miss Phelps, Dominion Lecturer; Mrs. McDonnell, of Toronto; Mrs. Jarman, of Toronto; Mrs. Graham, Manitoba); to take seats on the platform during Convention.

Madame Willard, 85 years of age; Mrs. (Judge) Thompson, the leader of the first crusade, 73; and Mother Stewart over 80, were also on the platform with Miss Willard and the general officers.

Mrs. Thompson asked how many of the first crusaders were present, and Miss Willard put the question, in response to which 103 women rose to their feet.

There were 467 delegates present, representing all the States and territories, besides a large number of W. C. T. U. visitors, and at the evening sessions the Hall which held 6,000 was filled, while hundreds were standing unable to get seats.

The first morning was given entirely to Bible-reading, consecration and devotion, beginning with the singing of "Rock of Ages," led by Mr. and Mrs. Bent with their cornets. Miss Willard spoke of the first crusaders having been called by a German, "Dem Rock of Ages Vimen," and said that was what she most desired they should ever be. It was a solemn sight to see that great assembly of women, bowed in deepest consecration, before the God of the white ribbon host, before entering upon any of the business of the various departments of work represented there.

In the afternoon the report of the Corresponding Secretary was very interesting, showing that the past year had been one of the best if not the very best since the W. C. T. U. was organized fifteen years ago. Mother Stewart, Neal Dow and others addressed the Convention. Mrs. Foster said a few words when introduced, and Miss Phelps also spoke for the Canadian delegation.

The President's address was full of interest, touching upon all the vital questions of the day, and all the varied lines of work, represented by the different departments of the W. C. T. U.

There was a depth of consecration and self-abnegation in its tone, that was very touching, and brought tears to many eyes.

When one whose life has been as unselfish, pure and noble, as Frances E. Willards, makes a public confession such as hers, all workers for God may well lay it to heart, and ask that He may so open *all* our eyes that we may see ourselves as nothing, and say from the heart:

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing;
Painful the humbling may be,
But low in the dust I'd lay me,
That the world might my Saviour see."

We have only room for short extracts, but every one should send for the *Union Signal* and read it for themselves. "Our very love of one another and delight in each others achievements and success has also become a delusion and a snare. Men had long and often said that women did not much admire each other; for one, I meant to prove our mutual admiration boundless. But a higher outlook has been given me in these last days * * *

* * * * * "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." Tendencies in our work that were dimly discerned before have stood out clearly in the light of His countenance. And most of all I have beheld myself as the one most at fault. With my life-long love of praise and fondness for saying pleasant things, I have pointed my pencil to write personals literally by the thousand, in the fifteen years past about my well beloved comrades, and really thought I did the right and generous thing. * * *

* * * * * But it comes to me under the Spirit's light, that this was but a subtle form of selfishness; for we were a mutual admiration society and it was a game of give and take. * * * * *

When children of one household gather round their mother's chair to listen to her tender voice, their mutual love of her makes them think less about each other. And in hallowed hours of the past summer, listening to the unworldly words of women more absorbed with Christ than I have yet learned to be, it came to me by the Spirit, that the sweetest thing in life is so to dwell in our Redeemer that the vision of His face shall make all other faces dim; the music of His voice shall cause all other voices to grow distant, and most of all, the fascinating voice of human praise."

There were three addresses of welcome, one from Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, President of the Central Union of Chicago, who warmly welcomed the white ribboners to Chicago, where, as she told us, \$70,000,000 are annually spent for liquor, and where they have 4,000 licensed saloons.

She was followed by Mrs. Rounds, President of Illinois, in an eloquent and thrilling address, after which the Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson, President of the Chicago Presbyterian Theological Seminary, spoke in most glowing terms of the work of the W. C. T. U.

These addresses were replied to by Mrs. Fessenden of Boston, Mrs. Barker, President of the South Dakota Union, and Miss Fannie Griffin of Alabama.

Saturday evening was "Y." night. Mrs. Barnes, National Superintendent of "Y" work, presented Miss Willard with a copy of Anna Gordon's songs, beautifully bound in white, with just such a graceful address as Mrs. Barnes knows, so well, how to give.

Miss McDowell, of Illinois, gave a very interesting sketch of "Y" work, from its first organization to the present time. Recitations, addresses, reports and music followed. Miss Julia Thomas, of New York, speaking at some length on "Psycho-Physical" culture.

On Sunday a large number of pulpits were filled by W.

C. T. U. women. A service was conducted at Battery D. and a children's meeting held in one of the Presbyterian churches. In the evening a very interesting gospel temperance meeting was presided over by Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, at which Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, Mrs. Lathrop, Mrs. Clara Hoffman and others spoke most eloquently.

The most precious portion of the day, however, to many was a consecration meeting held at 9 a.m., at the Palmer House, led by Miss Scovel, a young evangelist from Nashville, Tenn., who gave an intensely interesting Bible lesson from John 17, after which many others took part. The room was packed; the hour for service in the churches arrived, but very few moved, and the meeting continued until at length, Miss Willard said she believed we should like to go on until mid-night, and then until mid-night again, but the chairs we occupied were needed for the dining-room. So one of the most precious services ever enjoyed was reluctantly closed, but its hallowed influence will reach beyond this fleeting life of earth.

On Monday morning the officers were elected for the ensuing year. Miss Willard was chosen President for the eleventh time. Four delegates representing North, South, East and West, and our Mrs. Foster, as Vice-President of the World's W. C. T. U., were appointed to lead her to the platform, while the vast audience with waving handkerchiefs, sang: "Home, Sweet Home."

Many of the reports of the Superintendent were given on Monday, but were necessarily short, the fuller printed reports being circulated among the delegates.

The discussions as to the position of the National W. C. T. U. being partisan or non-partisan, were very exciting.

Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster, of Iowa, accused the Union of having left their original ground, and declared her inability, conscientiously, to remain a member of the Union. She was answered by several very able speakers, and treated throughout with great consideration, but the last evening of the Convention she and her delegation of twelve, with one exception, severed their connection with the N. W. C. T. U., and walked out of the Convention in a body. There were, however, a number of white ribboners from Iowa who were not delegates, and they were invited to take the places of those who had left, and in response to the invitation, 33 filed into the vacant seats amid the cheers of many of the on-lookers.

Again and again Miss Willard's hammer was brought down on the table, and the gentlemen who stood around the hall, were reminded that they had no vote, and had no right to express their opinion, but their interest was so intense that speak and cheer they must and would.

Late in the evening Mother Thompson presented Miss Willard with the shawl she had worn during the crusade. It has a light side and a dark side, and she said when she turned the light side out, the women knew she had good news, when it was the dark side, there was weeping and mourning. She added, "now I am going to put the cheering side out and put it on Miss Willard's shoulders." Miss Willard said she believed that shawl would hang in the Temperance Temple by and bye, and she and Mrs. Judith Ellen Foster would be singing together in the upper regions. They "would sing in harmony there, however it might be here."

The Convention closed after mid-night with the singing of "God be with you till we meet again."

This sketch can give but a very faint idea of that glorious Convention, so much is necessarily omitted, but if it leads our readers to send for the *Union Signal*, and read for themselves, we shall not have written it in vain.



REFORMATION ALONE CANNOT SAVE.—Cutting off the tops of weeds does not destroy them, although it may make the garden look clean and tidy for a while. The next shower of rain will make the cheat appear.

JUST IN TIME.

A few years since, during one of the mission seasons in London, a lady was waiting outside the door of the place of worship where a mission service was being held.

While waiting there she saw a young woman coming along the street, and she went up to her and invited her to come in to the service.

The girl "had shopping to do, and had no time." "Will it not do after the service is over?" said the lady. The girl said it would, but after several other excuses she said, "I have no Bible with me, and I won't go to church without one." The lady said instantly, "Here is mine; take it." It was a Bible which she loved, a precious Bible hallowed by many sacred and divine associations; but the love of souls was uppermost in her heart, so she handed it to the stranger, never expecting to see it again. The girl accepted it and went in. She there heard the message of mercy and of peace, believed it, and at once accepted it. She went home and wrote a long letter to her mother, telling her the change that had come over her, and all the circumstances connected with it. She implored her mother to follow her example, and never rest till she had found Christ.

This lady was in the habit of visiting a hospital, and on going there the following day she was met by the nurse, saying, "Oh, ma'am, it's so strange, but I found your Bible in the pocket of a patient this morning." The lady recognized her Bible at once, and anxiously inquired about the patient. She heard that she was *dead*! It seemed that on that very same afternoon, after the service, and after writing to her mother, the girl met with a fearful accident, and was carried to the hospital to die. The lady asked if she said anything particular before her death. "No," said the nurse, "but her last words were: '*Thank God this did not happen yesterday.*'"

SELECTED.

—O—
SAVE THE GIRLS.

The following letter was published in the *Union Signal* some time ago.

"Let me beseech of you, Christian women, to educate the girls. Ignorance is *not* innocence. I know of what I am speaking, because through the silence of the one whose right and duty it was to tell me of the sin that walks through this land, I am to-day a *ruined* girl. Do you wonder that I entreat you to educate the girls, and if they fall it will be with eyes wide open, and walk blindly into the snares laid for their purity and goodness.

Many, many girls would thankfully receive this knowledge, and will you sit calmly by and allow them to go on until perhaps they discover it from their bitter, bitter experience, as I did, and like me, be ready to curse the mother that would not warn them before it was too late?

It costs me a great deal to write this but I want to extend my thanks to the grand superintendent and her valuable assistants in this very necessary department.

You will find that it is not always the poor and ignorant that need attention, but more often in the refined, intelligent homes, where the daughter is guarded tenderly and grows up in the belief that all men are as good and pure as her father and brother. These young girls need instruction, because on them the shame falls so heavily, and disgrace is so bitter that death, if suicide were not cowardly, is preferable.

Hoping your work will prosper, with kind wishes I remain,

"BLASTED" AT 17.

"ANCHORAGE."

While in Chicago I visited "The Anchorage," an institution very much like our W. C. T. U. Sheltering Home.

Go where we will, the same terrible evils confront us, the same need is felt for earnest, untiring labor in rescuing the fallen, and bringing about a more righteous public opinion on the moral questions which are agitating the christian world to-day.

At Toronto, on my way back, I addressed a meeting of W. C. T. U. workers whose hearts were burdened with the same sins and sorrows in their city, and also spoke to a large congregation Sunday evening on the subject of Social Purity.

I have hardly reached home ere I am overwhelmed with the sad cases needing attention and shelter. Only this morning before leaving the house, hearing that a young girl wanted to see me, I went down stairs, and there in the hall, stood a mere child in a short dress, who had come some three hundred miles to be sheltered and to hide her shame.

It is an old story, fatherless, motherless, her own way to make in the world, surrounded by temptation she had plunged down the awful abyss that separates her forever in this world—(and who shall draw aside the curtain that veils the world beyond?) from those who, surrounded by the loving influences of home and friends, stand to-day at such a distance from this poor lost child.

Who is to blame? I answer that to me it seems that the whole fabric of society, and the christian church, will have to bear a large share of blame when we come to stand before the Righteous Judge of all the earth.

Ah! fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, there is something radically wrong, when every one who takes up this work finds that the sorrowful cases are of daily occurrence, here and everywhere!

We are picking up the individual threads, but the farther we unravel the tangled web, the more sure we are that the fabric must be re-made, socially, legally, and in the church of God.

—O—
GO AND SIN NO MORE.—JOHN VII: 11.

The guilty one whose guilt is known,
By sinning mortals hither led,
Now stands before the Lord alone;
The conscience-stricken men have fled.

O moment sad with shame and grief,
From consciousness of deep disgrace,
O years condensed to moments brief,
Sin and Purity face to face!

The trembler waits to hear Him speak,
Oppressed with fears and bitter woe;
How will he chide the sinner, weak?
Hear, Pharisees, if ye would know.

He speaks—the voice is sweet and mild,
In love the fallen would restore—
"Neither do I condemn thee," child,
But, "Go, and sin no more"—no more.

Ye Pharisees of modern date,
A lesson learn from this one's sin;
Ye cannot help the weak by hate,
For love alone, to God can win.

O, holy love! O, love divine!
That reaches down to one so vile,
And bids the light of God to shine,
Where all was darkest gloom the while.

O, holy love! O, love divine!
On us thy bright effulgence pour;
In our sin-darkened souls new shine,
And help us all to "Sin no more."

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MRS. E. FROST,
2240 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 "

GIRL'S READING ROOM.

The work of the Girl's Reading Room is ever growing in interest, and we are again looking forward to a winter full of blessing.

The classes are rapidly filling up, the dress-making class kindly presided over by Miss Drake being one of the most popular. Book-keeping is also taught at the same time. Tuesday evening we hold a Bible class, and every Thursday evening in the month has now its special work as follows:

1st Thursday, A "Social."
2nd " Prayer Meeting.
3rd " Christian Endeavor.
4th " Association or "White Shield."

Friday evening is devoted to reading, writing, French, sewing and fancy-work.

Some of these classes have been in operation for three years, and others have been added lately as the need increases.

All respectable young women are cordially invited to attend, and to take books from the library.

There is no admission fee, but each girl is at liberty to contribute anything she pleases toward defraying the expenses, and whatever material she uses in the dress-making class, or pens, paper, books, etc., she may require, she will be expected to pay for. Otherwise the classes are free.

—o—
" No note of sorrow but shall melt
In sweetest chord unguessed;
No labor all too pressing felt,
But ends in quiet rest.

" No sigh but from the harp above
Soft echoing tones shall win;
No heart-wound but the Lord of love
Shall pour His comfort in."

WOMAN'S INDUSTRIAL EXCHANGE.

As time is rushing on with its usual speed, we find ourselves once more rapidly approaching Christmas, and are preparing to hold our Christmas sale, opening on the 10th of December, and continuing through the month. Last year many of our friends were sorry they had purchased their gifts elsewhere before visiting the Exchange. We therefore hope all our readers will recollect the date of sale, and also remember that in purchasing articles from the Exchange they are always helping some one who really needs the money. The object being:—

- 1st. To assist women who must maintain themselves.
- 2nd. To assist girls or women to pursue a course of study as a means of support.

We are constantly receiving letters from members, or those who wish to become members, telling us of their need and their thankfulness for such an institution.

While recently in Chicago, I visited the Woman's Exchange there, and found that our own compared very well with it, although ours—which began on a small scale—is scarcely three years old.

—o— THE BUSINESS OF EMPLOYING AND SERVING.

This brings us face to face with the vexed question of capital and labor. "A statement of the relations between these may be made thus: The laborer has something to sell, and capital wants to buy; they make their own bargain and, as long as it is kept, neither can complain. Labor wants the most pay for the least work, and capital wants the most work for the least pay.....The final solution of the difficulty will probably be found rather in the moral than in the political sphere—in the taming of the selfishness of capital and labor alike."—*International Cyclopaedia*. In the moral sphere surely must the solution be found, the sphere of New Testament holiness in principle and practice. What are its teachings?

1. It denounces all oppression of the poor by the rich (James 5: 14).

2. It equally condemns all wrong or unfairness of subordinates toward their superiors. In doing this it forbids all "eye-service," all insubordination or "answering again," and all "purloining," with every other act of dishonesty (Col. 3: 22; Tit. 2: 9, 10).

3. It gives the most wholesome specific directions to both masters and servants, employers and employees. On the one side it enjoins patient, considerate treatment (Eph. 6: 9), with just and equal compensation (Col. 4: 1); and on the other side it inculcates respect, obedience, hearty service, and "all good fidelity" or faithfulness (Eph. 6: 5-8; Col. 3: 22).

4. Finally, it makes the Divine rule, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," the one infallible standard of social right and business equity (Rom. 3: 9; James 2: 8). With these principles in full force, all troubles in domestic service, in manufactures, in mining, railroading, agriculture, etc., would cease at once, and all "trusts," "trades-unions, labor combinations and strikes would be unknown.

SELECTED.

HIDDEN DEPTHS.

(BY PERMISSION.)

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"No," he said, striking his clenched fist on the table beside him; "I won't have her called so? She was told what she had to expect if she ever disgraced herself, and she knew I would never go back from my word. I gave my children a good home, and brought them up respectable. I taught them their duty, and took them to church, and stunted myself that they might have the best of schooling, and they knew that so long as they did well they'd share every bit I'd got; but I told them, ay, and swore it to them, times on times, that so surely as they took to evil ways, and brought disgrace on themselves and me, they'd have to tramp for it, and they might seek a home and a father where the pleased, for they'd find none in my house never no more. So I said then, and so I says now to these children here," he added, stretching out his hand towards two pretty little fair-haired girls, "the same as I said to them as is gone, and I'll keep my word to one and the whole of them, they may depend on it."

"You have just reason to be angry," said Ernestine, "but the fault was not all Lois's. She was deceived and cruelly deserted; the treatment she met with drove her to her dreadful death."

"No doubt," said Brook grimly, "and the fine gentleman as ruined her will have to pay for it in kingdom come, if all is true as the parsons tell us. But that is no excuse for Lois. I taught her her place, and she knew she had no business to go looking after any grand gentleman, or to let him come swaggering here to play with an honest girl's good name when her father's back was turned. I told her what stuff such as he were made of, and what fine sport it is to them to take a decent man's daughter and make her only fit, as they think, to be trampled under their feet, and then flung away to die in a ditch. Yes, yes, I know, and I warned Lois of them; what she did, she did with her eyes open, and she must e'en abide by it."

"She must indeed," said Ernestine; "for we can neither help the dead, nor speak forgiveness to them, however sorely they may need it. But I only mention Lois, because I wished to tell you what her last desire and prayer in this world were."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Brook's wife; "but were you with the poor wench when she died?"

"Oh, no," said Ernestine sadly; "God alone saw her last agony."

"Stupid! how could she be," said Brook angrily, "when you know the girl went and drowned herself in the night?" And Ernestine could see that there was strong agitation working under his apparent harshness.

"But if I guesses right, ma'am," he continued, turning to Ernestine, "you are the lady that put her in the ground, and saved her a work'us funeral?"

"Yes," said Ernestine; "it was the only thing I could do for her, and I was very pleased to do it."

"And I thank you for it, I will say that; bad as Lois has behaved to me, I am glad that she who was once known as my daughter was not buried like a work'us tramp. I do thank you for that, ma'am; and I am bound to listen to anything you may have to say, though what's the good of talking or thinking of such a black business, I can't tell, I'm sure," and he writhed uneasily from side to side as he spoke.

"But it is of the living, not the dead, I have come to speak to you now," said Ernestine. "Lois left a letter, which fell into my hands, in which she made the most earnest entreaty that her sister Annie might be sought for and saved from such a fate as hers had been."

Brook started at the name, and clenched his fist violently.

"Annie!" he thundered. "She is as dead to me as the other is, and more so; for the grave where Lois lies can tell no tales, but while Annie lives, her shame would fall back on me if I still owned her for my child. I would not so much as hear her name from any but yourself, ma'am, and it is not a bit of good your talking of her; better not, far better not." There was an appealing look under all the fierce anger of his eyes, as he turned them on Ernestine, which convinced her that this child had a firmer hold on his heart than ever Lois had, and that the struggle with his own feelings obliged him to take refuge in greater violence.

"Just let me tell you what I have to say, and I will trouble no more," said Ernestine gently. "I resolved, when I read the heart-breaking letter poor Lois wrote on behalf of her sister, that I would never rest till I had fulfilled her last dying wish, and rescued Annie from a life of sin, and a death of misery. I gave her my promise that I would do so, as I held her cold hand in mine, and I will keep my word, though it was given to a silent corpse. Let it cost me what it may, I will never cease my efforts for your poor lost child till I have brought her back, if I can, to her Father in heaven, with whom is all mercy and forgiveness. It is for this purpose I have come to you. I thought I might have found her here, or that you might know where she is."

"Here!" exclaimed Brook. "She shall never enter this house till I am carried out of it feet foremost. I know nothing of her, nor I don't want to."

"Oh!" do not say so," exclaimed Ernestine. "If only I can find her and bring her back to penitence, where should she come but to her father's house? And indeed, from all I have heard, I feel sure she was far less to blame than Lois was: she quite believed her sister was married when she went to her, and had no idea of the evils and temptations that awaited her."

"Then she believed Lois's false words more than my true ones," said Brook. "I told her plain enough what Lois was, and she knew I had disowned her, and would serve her the same if she followed in her sister's steps. She knew this well, and she left my house unbeknown to me and without my leave, and went to her worthless sister; and now she has made her bed, so she may lie on it."

"I do not mean to excuse her," said Ernestine; "but she was young and unsuspecting, and her sister, whom she loved so much, persuaded her to come. At all events, whatever may have been her fault in the past, don't say you will refuse to take her in, if I can bring her back to you repentant."

"But I do say it, and I will," he replied, smiting the table fiercely. "Find her if you can, and do your best with her. It is good of you to trouble yourself for such a one as she is, and I won't say but what I am thankful to you for it; but never let me hear her name, or see her with the sight of my eyes inside of this house. She shall not come while I am alive to bar the door against her."

"Your own child!" said Ernestine. "Will you not show mercy, as you hope for it yourself? What would become of any one of us if our Father in heaven so took vengeance on our sins?"

"I have other children to consider besides her," said Brook doggedly.

"But they are so young they could not suffer any harm from intercourse with her."

"They are not too young to suffer the loss of their home and their livelihood, and that is what it would come to if I brought a fallen woman into this house, be she twenty times my daughter."

"How is that possible?" exclaimed Ernestine. "Who could have the right to prevent you doing as you like in your own house, and with your own child?"

"Those to whom the house belongs, and whose money buys my children's bread," said Brook. "I must do what pleases my lord and my lady, or leave the house and the

money to another lodge-keeper. There's many a one would be glad to step into my shoes—ay, and many a one watches to see me make a false move, that they may get into them."

"But Lord and Lady Carleton would never object to your receiving your daughter, if she were really penitent, and came to your house only to seek a shelter from sin and temptation."

"Would they not? Did they not send and tell me when Lois went, and again when Annie left, that if ever one or the other of them was seen within the park gates I should be turned out without a day's notice? Did not Mrs. Brace, the housekeeper, in her silks and satins, bring me the message herself, and sit there as proud as a peacock, toying her head and speaking of my girls as if she would not touch them with a pair of tongs, let alone my lady? And I'd like you to tell me, ma'am," continued Brook, turning round and putting his elbows on the table, while he looked full at Ernestine with a strangely sinister expression,—“I'd like you just to tell me how it is, that among you gentlefolks what is thought a shameful sin in a poor girl is neither a sin nor yet a shame in a fine gentleman? At the very time Mrs. Brace brought me my lord's and my lady's message, Colonel Courtenay, the grand, swaggering colonel that ruined my pretty Lois, was staying at the Hall courting my lady's niece, Miss Julia Trevor; and who so civil to him as my lord, and who so pleased to see him as my lady? And they knew just as well as I did that my child's ruin lay at his door, and that his sin was the same as hers, to say the least of it,—for I take it his was something the blackest of the two,—anyhow, the one was as bad as the other; but she was not to dare to show her face within her father's door, at the risk of bringing us all to the work'us, while he was to ride with my lady in her carriage, and sit with my lord at his table, and have the whole house at his beck and call like master and more.” Brook paused a moment, still looking fixedly at Ernestine, and then said, “Ma'am, our parson tells us that God Almighty knows all things: I should just like to know whether He knows these things, and if He does, what He thinks of them?”

Ernestine bent down her head, unable for the moment to make him any answer, so keenly did the truth of his words strike home to her sense of right. She had felt her brother's guilt heavily enough, as her present conduct testified, and the general injustice of the world in the matter had struck her, as she stood by Lois's dead body; but the whole dreadful subject was of course entirely new to her, and it was the first time that her eyes had been opened to the practical working of the conventional law which visits sins of this description without mercy on the woman, the weaker sinner, while it leaves honoured and unscathed the man who has destroyed her. Ernestine shuddered as she thought how these things would appear when weighed in the balance of immaculate justice, but she had too much conscientious courage to gloss over the truth now, even to the hard man before her. She looked up at him with her candid eyes, and said: “It is a most cruel injustice; but you may be certain it is one which is hateful in the sight of the righteous God, and for which He will surely require us to give account in our final trial. I still think, however, that Lady Carleton would not refuse to let you give your daughter Annie a shelter, if she were really penitent; now especially, when poor Lois can claim no more pity from either her or you. At all events I will see her to-morrow and try to gain her consent, provided you will promise me that if she does agree, you will not persist in your refusal to give the poor child a home.”

“It is of no use to ask her, ma'am; you may save yourself the trouble.”

“Still I may succeed; only say that if I do, and if I can bring Annie back to you, you will receive her.”

“Well, if you would take her by the hand, so that folk should not think she was altogether lost, I won't say but

what I might,” said Brook; “but there—it is no use thinking of it. I know well enough what your answer will be at the Hall.”

“Still I have your promise,” said Ernestine, rising, “and I thank you sincerely for it, as indeed for your patience in listening to all I had to say. One question more I must ask: can you give me any idea where Annie is now?”

“None at all; I know nothing of her,” said Brook, relapsing into his sullen manner.

“Then she has never written to any of you?” asked Ernestine.

“She knew better than to do that,” said Brook. “She'd have her letter back just as she sent it. No, the last I can tell you of her is this: she stood there the night afore she left us, as pretty and innocent a little maid as ever you'd wish to see. She stood there looking at me, and I could see tears in her eyes, and I thought she were fretting because I had spoken a bit sharp to her for loitering about the gate; but I little thought she was giving just these few tears to the father and the home she would never see again.”

“Oh, don't say never!” exclaimed Ernestine. “I must hope she may yet return to be a comfort to you, and all the more dutiful, because she has once fallen so far. If I succeed with Lady Carleton, I will come and tell you; if you do not see me, you will know I have failed.”

“I shall not see you,” said Brook determinedly.

“In that case I must do the best I can for Annie without your help; but I hope better things from Lady Carleton.”

Ernestine then took her leave, bending so tenderly over the children as she bade them farewell, that both Brook and his wife seemed touched. He took off his hat as he opened the gate for her, with a degree of genuine respect, which was very different from the conventional civility he usually showed to visitors at the Hall. Ernestine had gone some way down the road, when she heard a rapid step behind her, and turning she saw Brook's wife hastening after her. She came up breathless.

“I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I think this may help you to find our Annie,” she said, holding out a water-colour portrait of a young girl. “A lady who was staying at the Hall once thought her so pretty that she made this likeness of her, and her father can't a-bear to see it, so I hid it away, and never thought of it till you was gone.”

“Oh! thank you,” said Ernestine, taking it; “it will help me very much indeed. Is it really like her?”

“It is just her very self,” said Mrs. Brook, “only it was the lady dressed her up with flowers that way; her father would never have let her wear them so.” And taking leave once more, the woman went back to her cottage.

Ernestine stood looking at the drawing in the fast failing light; it was skilfully executed, and represented a girl not more than sixteen, with a sweet childish face, lovely in its look of happiness. Large eyes, of that limpid blue we see only in the early morning sky, sunny hair falling in bright waves from under a wreath of lilies of the valley, and lips parted in a smile of playful archness, combined to represent the very type of light-hearted innocence, and of girlish beauty undimmed by blight or shadow. As Ernestine gazed sadly on it, she felt her very soul rise up in indignation against the man who, in his selfish wickedness, had for ever marred this fair creation of the God of goodness, and darkened all that guileless loveliness with the ineffaceable stains of guilt and shame. That face, so bright with the sunshine of a soul unawakened yet to sorrow or to evil, was indeed blotted out from the very universe; since the best she could now hope for was to see one day those clear blue eyes looking sorrowfully out through penitential tears, and those smiling lips quivering with anguish, as they confessed the sin, repented bitterly, but never to be undone. It seemed to her a very marvel, that even the world's code of justice should impose on society so cruel a wrong as that which Brook's words had

brought home so forcibly to her mind. If there were to be any distinction in the sin, the punishment, and the degradation of Annie Brook and her betrayer, surely the heaviest burden should fall on the mature man of the world, and not on the frail, ignorant child, who knew neither trial nor temptation till he lured her from the shelter of her father's roof.

CHAPTER X.

LADY CARLETON'S DECISION.

It was with ineffable satisfaction that Mrs. Craven heard next morning of Ernestine's intention to visit Lady Carleton, although assured that she did not intend to spend more than an hour at the Hall. This was sufficient to enable the anxious chaperon to mention the fact before the innkeeper, in such terms as should convince that functionary that Miss Courtenay's proper abode had been in the aristocratic mansion, and not in his own ignominious dwelling.

"So distressing to reflect on what he must have thought of us!" she said to Ernestine.

"Who?—the innkeeper?" Ernestine answered, laughing. "I cannot say I have reflected about him at all; but now I shall go at once to Lady Carleton, as I am anxious we should start for Greyburgh in time to reach it to-night. I have not heard from Reginald this morning as I expected, and I begin to fear he is seriously ill."

Ernestine found Lady Carleton at home, and to her great relief there was no one with her but her sister, Miss Verney, a lady *d'un certain age*, who was reported, according to the phraseology of her set, to have become "serious," since the fatal lapse of years had caused her matrimonial ambition to descend from the marquises and earls of her earlier hopes to the rectors and widowers, who were now, so far as she was concerned, the only game in season.

Lady Carleton received Ernestine with the utmost cordiality. Their previous acquaintance had been slight, but Colonel Courtenay had been very intimate at the Hall, where he at first met his wife; and it would have been music to Mrs. Craven's ears to have heard Lady Carleton's pressing invitation to Ernestine to stay and spend a few days with them.

"Thank you very much," said Ernestine, "but I have only an hour to spare. I must hasten on to Greyburgh to see my brother Reginald, who is ill. My object in coming here to-day was to ask you a great favour," she added, looking up into the calm, expressionless face that was turned towards her.

"I trust I may be able to do anything you wish," said Lady Carleton.

"I am afraid the subject is one which may be disagreeable to you," said Ernestine, colouring painfully, "but my request may really involve the whole future welfare of a very unhappy person."

"Going to ask for a subscription," thought Miss Verney; "she need not come to me, while the dear Vicar of Dulton's new aisle is unfinished."

"I have heard," Ernestine went on, "through some very painful circumstances, of a young girl named Annie Brook, the daughter of one of your lodge-keepers, and it is on her behalf I have come to speak to you."

Lady Carleton's face grew rigid. "My dear Miss Courtenay, you cannot be in the least aware what sort of a person this individual is, or you would certainly not wish to mention her to me or to any one."

"I know too well what she is," replied Ernestine; "and it is because the strongest efforts are about to be made to rescue her out of her dreadful life, that I come with a request to you. If these efforts should succeed," she went on hurriedly, "if she should become truly repentant, and only anxious to hide from those who have known her

otherwise, will you allow her father to give her a shelter in his house again? He is quite willing to take her, if you do not object."

"If Brook leaves my service, he will naturally do as he pleases. I shall have no control over him. Of course, you do not propose a person of bad character venturing within a lodge on our property?" said Lady Carleton, with the utmost stiffness.

"Only if she were altogether penitent and changed, wishing nothing but to live a humble, unnoticed life. Brook cannot give up his situation without bringing his other children to want and misery, so that if he received her at all, it must be here; and it would seem too cruel to refuse her the shelter of her father's roof, if she were seeking to fly from a life and a future so dreadful as hers is now."

"Are you aware, Miss Courtenay, that Brook's lodge is actually within our own gates, inside the park, and that my sister and I and our guests sometimes take shelter there from a shower of rain?"

"But you need hold no intercourse with this poor child," said Ernestine eagerly; "and, after all, how many there are whom we meet in society, at least among me, whom we have far more reason to shun than a miserable girl who has been the victim of such as they are!"

It was with something more than coldness that Lady Carleton answered now, "Miss Courtenay, I am really totally unaccustomed to discussions on subjects of this nature."

"Had I not better leave the room?" interrupted Miss Verney, rising with an air of injured innocence.

"Pray do nothing of the kind, Laura," said Lady Carleton hastily; "Miss Courtenay will not, I am sure, continue so very unpleasant a conversation. I do not know from what theories you may draw your ideas," she added, addressing Ernestine, "but mine are those which have been always received in society, and I can in no way depart from them; allow me to decline pursuing the subject further."

There was nothing more to be said, and after a few constrained speeches on indifferent subjects, Ernestine rose to go.

The cold politeness with which the ladies who had received her so cordially now took leave of her was the first indication of the truth, which was to meet her at every turn, that she could not unscathed run counter to the opinion of the world how ever false and godless that might be. Ernestine was not indifferent to the painful knowledge thus acquired. No one, especially no woman, can brave the censure of the class to which she belongs, without being made to feel it keenly; nor does the righteousness of the cause which has made her depart from received opinion prevent her from growing daily more sensitive to the blame she has provoked. She may be, as Ernestine was, too unselfish to forsake the truth and the right, because her defence of it brings the world's contumely on her head; but the harsh judgment that will assail her, the unworthy motives that will be attributed to her, the misconceptions and exaggerations which her every action will call forth, must gradually make her shrink more and more into herself, till she finds herself happiest in the isolation to which she has involuntarily exiled herself. As yet Ernestine anticipated nothing of this, nor of far deeper pangs which her present course was one day to cost her; and she tried to shake off the feeling of humiliation and wounded pride which her interview with Lady Carleton had left on her mind. The sight of Brook's lodge was efficacious at once in chasing away all thoughts of self. As she drew near it she could see that he was standing, hidden, as he thought, by the muslin curtain of the lattice window, watching her eagerly as she came down the avenue. She felt he was waiting to see if her errand had been successful, and if he might take home the lost child towards whom his indifference had been so much more

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NEVER SORRY.—Not long ago the writer asked a class of boys in Sunday-school what was their idea of heaven. It was curious to note how their replies were influenced by their own circumstances in life. A ragged little urchin who had been born and brought up in a squalid city street, said it was "all grass and green trees;" one from the richer quarter of Boston said it was like a big, broad avenue, with tall houses on each side. A sweet-voiced Episcopal choir-boy was of the opinion that people would sing a good deal in heaven. The last member of the class—a quiet, thoughtful boy, though one of the smallest in the class—answered, "A place where—where—you're never sorry!"—SEL.

assumed than real. She knew well she had not a hope to offer him, and she passed his door with her head bowed sadly down, and her heart aching with that strong sense of the injustice of men's dealings one with one another which strikes us sometimes with such painful acuteness.

Mrs. Brook came out to open the gate for her, and looked inquiringly in her face.—

"I suppose the poor wench is not to come home, ma'am?"

"I am very sorry I have failed to get leave for her; but will you tell your husband that it only I can find her. I will take care that she finds a shelter in some safe home, where I hope he will come and see her?"

"God bless you, ma'am! I am right glad Annie has found a friend in you; she is no child of mine, but she were as sweet a little maid as ever you see, and I can't help fretting over her when I mind her merry ways, and how she used to go singing about the house like a bird. There was never a bit of harm in her, ma'am. She were a thought too frolicsome, perhaps; but she was light of heart, poor dear!"

"I will tell her how kindly you speak of her, if I can find her," said Ernestine, pressing the woman's hand as she turned away to go forward in her search.

CHAPTER XI.

GREYBURGH.

Ernestine Courtenay had never seen Greyburgh before, and she now saw it under the circumstances most favourable both to its beauty of outward aspect, and to the teeming associations which gave life and charm to every step within its walls. Its beautiful gardens, its fair meadows and shady walks, were in all the glory of their fresh spring loveliness; the stately trees that arched over its finest avenue, till it looked like the nave of a glorious cathedral, or dipped their branches in the graceful winding river, were all bright with the luxuriant green that had renewed their youth; and the sparkling waters, covered with gay boats, that went shooting to and fro with their merry crews, glanced along under blossoming shrubberies and violet-covered banks. Side by side with this living nature, this freshness of youth and beauty, rose up in sombre stateliness the dark old colleges, like petrifications of the long-buried dead,—the glittering sunlight serving only to bring out in stronger relief the deep shadows cast by their massive proportions.

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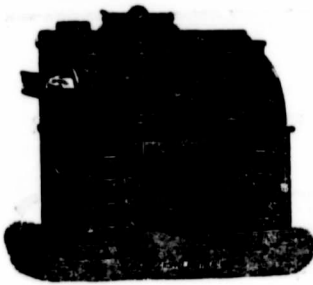
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DEAR "VOICE,"—You will I am sure, spare us a little corner to let outsiders know that the Y's are earnestly at work in their little corner of the vineyard.

We continue to hold our monthly business meetings and fortnightly prayer meetings and newcomers are welcomed very heartily. Those who attend the meetings regularly often regret that all the members do not join them. Last week the Y's received an invitation to an "At Home," given by the "Good Will Club," whose President, Miss Capel is supplied from our ranks. A good many by their presence, showed an interest in this work, the rooms looked bright and inviting and we hope the financial results were satisfactory.

We are now awaiting the arrival of a coffee barrow from England. We expect it to be in working order before long and then we shall be able to give some, at least, of the workmen of our city a chance to get a cheap and wholesome temperance drink. We sincerely wish that it was in our power to have many of these barrows in operation, so that the wants of all, instead of the few might be supplied, but we are doing what we can and perhaps great things may spring from this small beginning. Y.

Not your own! To Him ye owe
All your life and all your love;
Live, that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.

Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

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with the young life of the present generation in all the promise of early manhood; while, within the solemn colleges, beneath the chapel alters and the sombre corridors, the dead of ages past, the strength and sinews of the nation once, lay mouldering in their forgotten graves. And with this contrast—the sure knowledge that all the life and brightness of the one must soon dissolve into the gloom and silence of the other, would have been strangely mournful, had it not been that there was a revelation of the future also in the clear blue sky, with its infinite depths of fathomless ether, that arched over living and dead alike, and spoke of an eternity for both.

It was in the radiance of the early morning that Ernestine thus saw Greyburgh for the first time, as she took her way to the college to which Reginald belonged. They had reached the hotel too late the night before to visit him then, but Ernestine had written to tell him of her arrival, and to ask when she could see him, either at the hotel where she was staying, or in his rooms, and the tone of his answer heightened her anxiety on his account. He wrote thus:

"DEAREST ERNIE,—I am very sorry you have come here and yet I shall be only too delighted to see you. You must come to me,—I cannot leave my rooms. Since you are here, do not delay letting me have you with me a moment longer than you can help. I shall expect to see you as soon as the college gates are open to-morrow morning.—R. C."

This was all, and Ernestine was greatly perplexed by it. She knew it was no want of affection for herself which made him regret her coming, and she waited with anxiety for the moment when she should be able to ascertain the meaning of the strange state of mind in which he seemed to be. She was at the gate of the college, one of the oldest in Greyburgh, at the hour he had named, and, as she turned into the deep shadows of the quadrangle, with its dark walls and time-worn statues, she felt as if she had stepped from the living world into the realms of the past. Having mastered, by the help of a passing servant, the meaning of the cabalistic direction given her by the porter as to the position of Mr. Courtenay's rooms—"two five to the right"—she made her way up the steep stone staircase to his door.

"Mr. Courtenay sports oak most days," said the servant, hastening up before her; "but I can get in, and I will tell him you are here, ma'am." In another moment he returned, flung open the door, and closed it again upon Ernestine, as she entered a

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"Cracky! d'ye hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near by him.

"No; what?"

"Why, that lady in seal-skin said 'thank ye' to the likes o' me."

Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to the boy:

"It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away; and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this same lady received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her:

"What a great comfort to be civilly treated once in a while—though I don't know that I blame the store clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said:

"Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness a few years ago."

The lady looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that the simple "thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office-boy in the establishment where he was now an honored and trusted clerk.

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sitting-room, arranged after the fashion of most undergraduates' rooms, though with abundant indication, in the books and papers which strewed the tables, and in the engravings on the walls, that Reginald Courtenay was not one of the fast men of his college. The room was empty, but a half open door led into another, and Ernestine went in at once. On the threshold, however, she stopped, startled to the last degree at the sight which presented itself. The room was small, like most college bedrooms, and contained little besides the bed and a table covered with books, where a lamp, which Reginald had apparently forgotten to extinguish, still burned with a sickly flame, scarce visible in the bright sunshine that filled the room. Reginald himself sat in a low easy-chair at the open window, gazing out into the clear sky, which alone was visible from it. He did not hear his sister's light step, and she had time to scan the familiar face, so changed, that she scarcely recognised it, before he turned. It was nearly a year since she had seen him. In the previous long vacation he had gone with a reading party to Wales, and had, much to her regret, avoided, on some slight pretext, coming to London to see her before returning to Greyburgh in October. When they last met, he had been delicate-looking, as he always was; but the indications of weakness of the chest, which had often alarmed her about him, had been less apparent than formerly. In the interval, he had never said a word about failing health, and had indeed written rarely and briefly, although his letters, short as they were, had betrayed a *malaise*, either mental or bodily, which had caused her a vague uneasiness. And now, as she looked at him, the conviction came upon her, sudden and irresistible, that he was not only dangerously ill, but that he had scarce a few days to live. The shock of this overwhelming impression was so great that she stood transfixed to the spot, scanning in dismay the wasted features, with their unmistakable symptoms of decaying life, and the attenuated figure, lying motionless in the languor of utter weakness. He was but one-and-twenty, and had been remarkable for the refined beauty of his face. It was now white and sharp of outline, as if cut in marble, and all that remained to him of life seemed gathered in his dark eyes, which looked, from his extreme emaciation, unnaturally large, and were glowing with a restless, feverish light, that spoke of intense unrest. The heavy masses of his dark hair, damp with the dews of weakness, were pushed back from his hollow temples, as if their weight were too

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much for him. His parched lips were perfectly colourless, and the thin, transparent hands, hanging listlessly down, seemed moulded in wax. He was fully dressed, but the clothes hung loosely on his wasted limbs, and there was a hopeless decay written on every line of the sinking, feeble frame.

An involuntary sob broke from Ernestine, and Reginald turned his eyes upon her. In another instant she was at his side, his dry, feverish hands in hers, and her warm kiss pressed on his cold white cheek.

"Reginald, dearest, surely you are fearfully ill?"

"Sick unto death, dear Ernie," he answered, in a weak, hollow voice. His breath came quick and fast.

"Oh! why did you not tell me?" she said, bowing her face on his hands in agony of grief.

"Because I did not want to cause you needless pain. Ernie, don't cry," he continued, breathing hurriedly; "I cannot bear it; my load is heavy enough already. I have had to look my wretchedness in the face night and day, and it has been as much as I can endure; if I have to see your misery too, it will drive me distracted."

He spoke with a feverish excitement, which was evidently too much for him, and Ernestine felt it was absolutely necessary she should control herself. She rose from his side and went into the other room, where she bathed her tearful face in cold water, struggled determinately to regain composure, and, coming back to him with a smile, she took a chair quietly, and sat down beside him.

"There!" she said; "you shall see no more weakness, Reggie. I am going to be your nurse, and you know a nurse has no business to be hysterical."

He smiled faintly, as he stroked the soft hair from her face with his wasted hand.

"That is right," he said. "I want to see your face calm and sweet as I remember it, when I was ill before. It used often to make me think of a clear, quiet lake reflecting the light of heaven. How the sight of you soothed and refreshed me then! and how I have longed for you since!"

"But then, why not send for me, darling?" said Ernestine. "Could you suppose it possible that it would not be far more pain to me to know that you had been ill and suffering without me, than to be with you, and try my best to help you?"

(To be Continued.)

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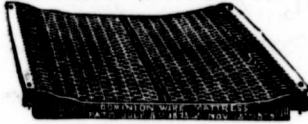
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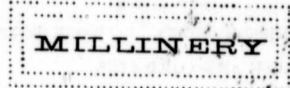
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