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WHOLE NO 63

THE BEGGARS.

From "Scribner's Monthly."

"Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark!"

THE great yellow Schlang with a cold in her throat, The fox-like Spitz with a piercing note, Johnny McCabe's little black-and-tan, And the mangy cur of the rag-cart man; Towser and Carlo and Wince, Whisker and Huon, and Brant and Prince, Bull and Bouncer and Rollo and Spring, Snap and Fido and Dash and Wing, Pompey and Growler and Trusty and Carl, Bruiser and Bingo and Dandy and Saarl; Lap-dogs, covered with hair like flax; China dogs, with no hair to their backs; Dogs that have come from the stormy shore Of rocky and ice-bound Labrador; Collies, expert the flock to guard; Hairy fellows from Saint Bernard; Starveling curs that back lanes hunt; Coach-dogs spotted, and wolf-dogs gaunt; Greyhounds, pointers, setters, terriers, Bulldogs, turnspits, spaniels, harriers, Mostiffs, boarhounds, Eskemo, Poodles, mongrels, beehounds low; Every dog of every kind, Of every temper and every mind, All engaged in the general row— Snap, yelp, growl, ki-yi, bow-wow!

"The beggars have come to town."

Some are low and some are high; Some are blind in either eye; Some are lame and some are sore; Some just crawl from door to door; Some on crutches and some with canes; Some from alleys and some from lanes; Some approach you with a whine; Some with a testimonial line; Some in a manner to make you shiver— The style of a foot-pad— "Stand and deliver!" Some with tales of suffering hoax you; Some with subtle flattery coax you; Some the iciest of mummies; Some are warm as eighteen summers; Some are sober; some are bummers; Some with mute solicitation, Some with loud vociferation, Seek for your commiseration; Some with well-feigned hesitation, For your dole make application; Some present their hats to hold Your benefactions manifold; And beg for money or beg for fame, Beg for office, beg for name, Beg for currency, grub to purchase, Beg for checks, to build up churches, Beg for attention to their capers, Beg for a puff in the morning papers, Beg for a show for buccaneering, Beg for a chance for patient hearing, Beg for anything, Everything, nothing, From a million in gold to cast-off clothing, For a chew of tobacco, a glass of gin, A trotting horse and a diamond pin, A country farm and a city garden; And now and then they beg—your pardon.

"Some in rags, and some in tags,"

Some with darns and some with patches, Socks not mated, and gloves not matches; Boots whose leather redly shows out, Brogans ripped, and shoes with toes out, Hats with broad rims, hats with small rims, Hats again with not-at-all rims, High hats, flat hats, hats with low crowns, Hats with bell-crowns, hats with no crowns; Coats as varied as that of Joseph, Coats whose color no one knows of; Coats with small-tails, coats with bob-tails, Coats with skew-tails, coats with lob-tails, Easy coats, greasy coats, great-coats, show-coats, Jackets, warmuses, then again, no coats; Trowsers narrow and trowsers wide, Darned and patched and pinned and tied, Trowsers thrown on rather than put on, With a string for a brace and a skewer for button; Shirts with the dirt of a twelvemonth worn in, But mostly the shirt the beggar was born in; Some close-capped and others with head bare; Ragged and rent and worn and thread-bare, And looked as though they had joined to fill A contract for stock with a paper-mill.

"And some in velvet gowns,"

Those are the fellows who beg the first, And beg the hardest and beg the worst— Brokers who beg your cash for a "margin," With profit at naught and a very huge charge in; Mining fellows with melting-pots; Speculators in water-lots; Smooth-faced gentleman, high in station, Ready to point to an "operation,"

Seedy writers who have an infernal Project of starting a daily journal; Politicians who beg you to run For place in a race can't be won; Lawyers ready your weal to show In a case that speedily proves your woe; And a host of such in the begging line Arrayed in velvet and linen fine, Worse than the locusts that came to harrow The souls of the serfs of the mighty Pharaoh; And so persistent in striking your purse And begging the cost of their plans to disburse, That you wish, losing feeling and temper and ruth, That the fate of Aktaion to-day was a truth, And the dogs that barked when they came to town, Would tear them to pieces and gobble them down.

GENTEEL MISERABLES.

PROBABLY, all things considered, most men and women get the same amount of pleasure and misery out of their lives. But, for all that, there are few who do not, at times, heartily compassionate their neighbours. People are apt to imagine that they could never put up with the kind of life led by many other persons. They are mistaken, of course, for human nature can endure almost anything but an entire stoppage of food supplies. But, though this is the case, there are some existences which seem washed-out and colorless, and one cannot help imagining that the people who live them must be extremely eccentric folk. We allude more especially to a certain section of the middle class, at least they would be placed among the middle class by cursory observers. But in reality, they form a class of themselves, and keep very much to themselves. As a rule their incomes are not large; on the contrary, they are frequently very limited. Nor can the people be classed as bona fide ladies and gentlemen, but they cannot be placed on a level with the common folk. They are generally neatly and primly dressed, and their demeanour is extremely polite, though they are often shy and nervous. They are, apparently, well-educated, though by no means geniuses. They live in small houses, but quiet, respectable neighbourhoods—these respectable neighbourhoods, by the way, have invariably a dreary and depressing air about them. Their domains are kept scrupulously clean, and in apple-pie order. Their children forego romping, and, with the exception of a few black sheep, who are the terror of the district, are more docile and wiser than the children of either the upper, middle, or lower section of the community. They are regular attendants at church and chapel, but scarcely go anywhere else. The theatre does not see them pass its portals very often, and the opera house still less frequently. You would not catch them at race meetings or agricultural shows. In short, they will scarcely be seen anywhere where expense is involved. They may, perhaps, now and then take a sedate little walk, but they will not do this when it is a wet day. They appear to be on terms of social intimacy with few, if any, for the voice of festivity is rarely, if ever, heard in their houses, and they seldom pay visits to other people's. In fact they are almost without friends.

The question arises, is poverty the cause of the eccentric behaviour of those individuals? It is hard to suppose that people would designedly deny themselves what to the vast majority constitute the delights of life. We do not find that the other sections of the community do so. The aristocrats, when they are not being started at in open-mouthed wonder, enjoy themselves in a thorough-going manner. They shoot, hunt, dance, and play croquet and cricket. The middle class, though they, to a large extent, prostrate themselves before the god of fashion and etiquette, follow suit, and the amount of money they spend shows how eagerly they seek amusement. The working class, it is very well known, recklessly drain the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and expend all their energies in doing so. In short, every class, but this genteel class, acts upon the principle that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy—though whether the members of it do more than other people is a question open to considerable doubt. Though these genteel people are comparatively friendless—friendship could not exist in the chilling atmosphere in which they live—none are so frightened of what the world will say of them. They would not be guilty of impropriety for fear they should be found out. They look on horrified when other and more daring souls act in a manner which, all

things considered, judged from the standpoint of the genteel, is a shade on the wrong side. These genteel beings are never entrapped into anything that they ought to keep out of, but for all that they are not appreciated, and their many virtues receive but small acknowledgment. Nobody pretends to entertain any very great love for them. Most people are afraid to enter their domiciles. Their neat, prim rooms, lacking conspicuously that cosy look which most rooms in small houses possess, at once cast a gloom over unlucky visitors. Everything has that stiff, starched look so antagonistic to real comfort. There is a subdued, cold atmosphere, which at once knocks the spirits out of the most exuberant. The conversation of the genteel people is on a par with their surroundings. It is very proper, but dreadfully commonplace. Neither is it well sustained, but consists of a series of spasmodic jerks. It is of that type which does not enlighten you in the slightest as to the real character of the speaker. You know as much about such persons before you begin to talk to them as you do after you have finished. This, at the best, is an unsatisfactory state of things, and it is by no means surprising that the acquaintance of such people is not cultivated. If you dine or take tea with them, the viands appear to partake of the same character. They seem to be all right, but yet you cannot enjoy them. Your hosts appear to be doing the best they can, but they lack heartiness, and the consequence is that you are devoutly thankful when such meals are brought to a conclusion. You long for the time when you can with decency depart, for never have you felt more like a fish out of water, and nowhere have your conversational powers failed you so utterly. When there are children in such houses they are to be pitied. The poor little beings seem to have all the life and spirits knocked out of them.

We cannot help compassionating these genteel people. They may, perhaps, be as happy as other people, but the kind of life they lead is repugnant to men and women of ordinary susceptibilities. Probably, in the majority of instances, they are people of straightforward means who have a hard task to keep up appearances. All we can say is, that they make a mistake, and throw away the substance in pursuing the shadow. If they expended less in empty display and more in real comfort, they would be far happier, and would not frighten so many of their friends away from them.—Liberal Review.

THE LION NOT THE KING OF BEASTS.

WE sat one afternoon, some on the work-bench, some on boxes, and indulged in that pleasant mood, calm, kindly and confidential, which follows the midday meal. He, as our host, made every effort to amuse his guests. At first, he took town a sad violin from a wooden peg, and rehearsed sonorous reels, such as modern spirits seem to play with bound hands in locked Davenport cabinets, and with which he had long ago galvanized his domestic corn-huskings.

"Tell us a story, Chips!" This was from Sandis, who knew already the carpenter's penchant for story-telling, and had grown tired of the discordant notes which proceeded from the engine of "vile noise," and wished for a relief.

The carpenter crossed his legs, which had been at slight variance before, leaned back against his table, and wiped the perspiration from his rugged brow, put his violin tenderly under his arm, said that he didn't know any stories, and commenced:

"You know they call the lion the king of beasts."

We assented, inquiringly; the suggestion of a doubt was somewhat startling, for what child does not have the fact indelibly impressed upon its tender mind—does not spell out in his first book of natural history the sentence appended to a woodcut of Africa's monarch.

"This is the king of beasts."

So we waited, with our ears erect.

"Well, I used to think so; but you'll see I was mistaken, and so are you."

"Go on, Chips!"

"When I was a largish boy, and used to work on a farm and do the chores, there come

a menagery to Bethel. Bethel was about five miles from Palmiry, where I lived, and one day I went over there to get the mare shod. I heard a great talk about lions and zebras, and painters, (not artists), and the barns and taverns were all covered with big sign bills, on which waire pictures of these various animals, as large as life, and every bit as natteral.

"While I was there the agent of the circus driv up, and I can tell you he was as much of a curiosity as his show, and about as important a man as ever you see. I stood reading the show bills, and my head was half bustin' with all the description of cammelleppards, and tigers, and so on, which were told there. You see I had never seen anything on nigh so big before, and it made a great impression on me. All of a sudden an idee struck me, and I got a-talkin' with the agent, although he really did seem to me to be a most too great a man to hender or interrupt in his business. I thought he was condescendin' to speak to me at all. I says to him:

"You say on your show-bills that the lion is the king of beasts?"

"Of course we do, says he; everybody admits that."

"Well, says I, 'I make you a bet of fifty dollars that I can bring a critter that'll lick your lion.'"

"Nonsense," says he.

"Well, says I, 'all you have to do, if you don't believe it, is to take my bet, otherwise you back out.'"

"This rather cornered him; for, of course, you see, he couldn't help betting with me, without resking the success of his show; so he pulled out a big wallet stuffed full of money, took out a fifty dollar note, and handed it to the landlord, whom he chose for stakeholder.

"Fifty dollars warn't much to him, but it seemed a heap of money to me; and I told him he must wait a little while, till I could scare up my part of the stakes. I went away, and I don't think he expected to see me again, although I told him I would be back in about half an hour. I had a little money in the bank, for I was natterally of a savin' turn; but it warn't more than half enough, so I went to a gentleman in the place, for whom I had worked occasionally, and who had allers been friendly with me, and I asked him to lend me the balance, and I agreed to work it out or pay him within the year. I gave him my note, the first I ever writ, and when I said it I actilly felt as if I had committed a state-prison offence. Then I drew (this word Chips pronounced dree-ew, although he had to a great extent laid aside his Oriental idiom) out my money from the bank, and this, with what I borrowed from the gentleman, made out the fifty dollars. I went back to the tavern, and handed over my money without saying much, for I felt a little solemn; and then, havin' got the mare shod, I rode over home.

"That night I dreamt of all kinds of things you ever did see—agents with lions' heads, who roared at me; monkeys who rode on my back and grinned in my face, and then arrested me for stealin' fifty dollars. It raily did seem as if half-a-dozen menaggeries had broke loose in my room. When mornin' came I realised what I had done, and was almost shaky in my resolution; but there it was, I thought my idee was a good one, and so I concluded to go ahead.

"Meantime the story got round that Bildad Bunker was goin' to have some kind of lion-fight, and a lion-fight in Bethel was not by any means a common occurrence. I found myself as notorious as a fighter trainin', and was the town talk. Some people laughed at me, some thought that at all events I knew what I was about, and some took sides with me or with the agent, according to circumstances.

"In a few days the menagery arrove in a grand procession, with brass bands, and calico horses, and cages on waggons, and the big tents were pitched, and everything prepared for the show. At last the day for the exhibition come. Of course, everybody knew by this time about the fight, for in a place like Bethel such a thing as a secret was never heard on, and a public affair like this brought folks from far and near all through the country. There was a most an enormous crowd, I can tell you.

Inside the tent they had an enclosure built for the fight; and there were seats for the umpires, and everything was in first-rate style. I went to the back of my house where my critters were kept, and, putting one in each pocket of a pair of saddlebags, I slung them over the mare's back, and started.

I am usually strictly punctoal, but this day I was jest a little belated, and when I got to the tent I found that the boys was a-talkin' and wonderin' why I didn't come, or whether I would come at all. I hitched the mare, took the saddlebags under my arm, and started for the tent-door. Strange to say, the doorkeeper didn't happen to know me, and stopped me as I was going in.

"Ticket, sir," says he.

"Says I: 'I am the man (for I thought I was a man) who has got a critter to fight the lion.'"

"Oh! pass in, sir," says he; 'pass in.'"

And here Chips bent his body and waved his hand, to show the marked consideration with which he was ushered into the tent.

"In I went, and found the place just packed full of people; and you may believe that their faces were all blurred together, so that I couldn't see one on 'em, for I raily felt unpleasantly conspicuous.

"There was a kind of a hummin' all round the tent, and my head was a-hummin' too; but I was in for it, and you never did hear such shoutin', and cheerin', and laughin', as when I undid one pocket of the saddlebags, and put a big snappin' turtle on the ground. The agent was standin' there, and his face grew long when he see this, for you know what savage critters their turtles are, and not easy killed. He objected to the match, and said it was undignified, and that he wasn't going to imposed upon; so the question was left to the umpires, who were chosen for the occasion.

"They decided that the match must go on, so he was obliged to yield his pint, and everybody was glad of it.

"So the turtle was put in the enclose. He stayed very quiet, with his nose just outside his shell, and his eyes every now and then giving a quiet wink. The door of the lion's cage which separated him from the enclose was then opened, and in come the lion, a-roarin' and a-pawin', and when he see my champion he walked forred and put down his nose to him, as if to make his acquaintance.

"No sooner had he did so, however, than he drew back with the horridest roar that ever was heard, for you see the turtle just deliberately closed his beak into the soft part of the lion's snout and there he hung like a New Zealander's nose-ring.

"It was fearful to see the lion shake and roar; but there the critter hung, and when he did drop off, the lion's nose was a piece shorter. No sooner, however, did his royal highness get rid of his antagonist, than he backed into his cage, and nothin' would induce him to come out again and face the music.

"So, you see, I won my bet. I was more famous then than I have ever been since; but the curiouser thing is, that ever afterward they changed the natteral histories in our parts, and taught the children that the "snappin'-turtle, and not the lion, is the king of beasts."

"But a snappin'-turtle isn't a beast, Chips!"

"Well, it's a critter."

A LIFE POLICY LOST BY DRINK.—An action for £1,200 was brought against the Gresham Life Assurance Society on Monday last at Bristol. The case for the defendants was that at the time the deceased insured his life he was suffering from a severe cough, and had acquired intemperate habits, and that the answer he had given had been entirely untrue in almost every particular. The deceased died, according to the plaintiff, of a severe cold caught a short time before his death, but according to the defendants, of consumption of long standing, accelerated by intemperance. The widow of the deceased and other witnesses proved the case for the defendants, who obtained a verdict. A Bible was produced, in which was an entry by the deceased, as follows:—"Memorandum.—That I purpose from this day and date henceforth to avoid all intoxicating drink as herebefore used as a common beverages. By God's help I intend to follow out that which I purposed on the 7th December, 1868."

Tales and Sketches.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By Dr. D. Clark, Princeton, Ont.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY.

A few days have only elapsed since a magnificent Pullman Palace car passed on the Great Western Railway, and within two hundred yards of where I now write, filled with passengers who never changed cars since they left San Francisco, only seven days before. I contrasted their journey and one I made in 1850 to this El Dorado of the West. The gold mania was then at its height. Thousands and tens of thousands were crowding all the thoroughfares on the way to the golden sands of California. Some risked the dangers of the stormy Cape; others went through northern Mexico or over the United States territory, but by far the greater number went by the Isthmus of Panama. To-day we have splendid saloon cars furnished with all the luxuries of an eastern palace from ice-creams, pine-apples, old port, roast beef, and pumpkin pies, to beds of down, silken curtains, golden tassels, Brussels carpets, marble wash-stands and dressing-tables, and all these comforts while whirling along over hill and dale; through luxuriant forests and tangled weed-bound swamps—over undulating prairies like the rolling sea—alkali plains, arid as the Sahara desert—through mountain gorges and over hilly spurs, and deep defiles, and yawning canyons, and placid rivers, and roaring cataracts, until the same passengers and the same car that left New York, are landed on San Francisco wharf, within thirty feet of the Pacific, and in one short week. Now, look at the other side of the picture. I need not tell of the horrors of the "middle passage" across the plains—the thousands of lives that were lost by famine, disease and the tomahawk—or of the discomforts and tediousness of a voyage around the Tierra del Fuego, but I remember well, as if it were yesterday, the miseries of the way by Chagres. I was then in my teens, and like other young men, hopeful and ardent. I also plunged into the mighty torrent of emigration to the West. The old Crescent City steamship took out with us nine hundred souls of all nationalities and tongues; there was scarcely standing room, and the "spoon fashion" mode of packing had to be adopted, not only between decks, but also on the deck and in the open air. Grumbling, oaths and quarrels were the order of the day. The deep guttural of the German—the sharp accented tones of the Frenchman—the melodious notes of the Spaniard, Portuguese and Italian—the patois of the French Canadian, and the Hebrew of the Jew, were at that time sanctified to me, swore they ever so roundly, but I have no doubt Pandemonium was a respectable place to the hold and deck of this ship. After ten days of sea-sickness and disgusting scenes, a home-sick swain might have been seen in the miserable village of Chagres—standing, the picture of despair, in the midst of mud the most tenacious, and rain the most pitiless, and lightning and thunder the most intense,—and native women, and men and children, the most nude and barbarous, and ugly and shameless, as ever the sun shone on. The natives are a mongrel race of Indians and Negroes and Spaniards, and possessing cunning and rascality in a superlative degree. The houses of these villages are composed of bamboo for walls, and rushes for roofs. Windows and chimneys are almost unknown, and dirt the most filthy was in abundance on all hands. The river Chagres empties into the Caribbean Sea at this point, and on a bold rocky promontory, overlooking the surrounding country, was built several centuries ago, by the Spaniards, a formidable fortress called San Lorenzo.—Beautiful cannon made of silver, and a brass amalgam, still overtop the parapets, but some of them, in mere wantonness, have been cast over the precipice, and are sticking in crevices of the rocks. The place was several times, in its history, taken by the buccaners, whose resort was the Isle of Pines, but now, battlements, casements, magazines, fosse and salient angles, are one mass of ruins.

With the exception of small patches of rice and sugar-cane, the luxuriant and boundless forest was everywhere. The air was loaded with the most delicious perfume from orange groves, pine-apple plants, and the laden lemon and lime trees. I left Canada frost-bound and snow-covered in April, and in twelve days after was revelling in the bounties of the tropics, "where the leaves never fade and the skies seldom weep." In spite of the poet's assertion the sky seems to find no trouble in procuring the tears. At this time there was no railroad and no river boats built, but canoes of the rudest construction were in abundance. The stern end was covered with palm leaves or thatched with rushes, and so low was this rude cabin that a "six footer," like myself, for convenience sake, should have been constructed after the model of a telescope, and "thusly" draw myself within myself; but, as it was, my knees and chin were in close relationship for four long days, during which it rained incessantly. The river was much swollen, and our propulsive power were three naked savages, either pushing with poles, or paddling or towing our canoe. The banks of the river were beautiful, overhung with trees and climbing plants, and blossoming shrubs; and were it not for the incessantly discordant notes of Paroquets,—the chatter of monkeys—the screech of birds of prey—the sound of the alligator as he glided into the water from some cosy nook,—and the thought of boa-constrictors

and anacondas, all nature would have seemed a perfect Paradise. At last we were landed at a small village called Logona, from which we had to travel to Panama, a distance of about twenty miles over the Andes. Here my troubles began in earnest. I had my few things packed into a small trunk, and as no mules could be hired, I was obliged to stow away my all into an india-rubber bag, and strap it on the back of a negro, to whom I paid \$8.00 to carry it to Panama. I tied a pair of shoes to the outside of the bag, as there was no room inside, and, by the light of the moon, I indulged in a bath in the river before lying down for the night; but when I began to dress, and missed my boots, and to this day they are to me *non est*, I went to the darkey's hut for my shoes, but he was in blissful ignorance of their whereabouts, and thus I stood barefooted, where shoemakers were curiosities, and no comrade with any shoes or boots to fit. To go into a rage would not mend matters and to swear would not conjure up the lost property; so, when the morning came I rolled up my "unmentionables" to my knees, and marched toward the Pacific, whistling to keep my courage up. There is a small insect called the "jigger," which burrows in the sand on the Isthmus, and when it finds its way under the toe-nail, or under the skin of the human foot, lays thousands of eggs, which bring forth larvae, and these excite such an amount of irritation and inflammation as to produce death. Death from this cause is a common occurrence among the natives. With these facts before my mind's eye, every time I planted my "understandings" into the mud I had my hopes and fears about these gentry. I was every little while examining with a critic's eye, my pedal extremities. If Bolivar's army crossed through those valleys and mountain gorges, and waded through those rapid mountain streams, barefooted, then I say they deserved all the booty in a thousand Montezumas. The road was strewn with the carcasses of mules, and numerous mounds were silent witnesses of human mortality, the victims being far from home and kindred. The thick jungle and the boundless forests were said to be the secret haunts of native robbers, who pounced upon the sick and weary, robbing and putting them to death, with none to defend them to death, with none to defend them or to enquire as to their fate. In the valleys was interminable mud, and on the mountain tops were bare rocks, into which mules and ponies had worn deep circular holes with their feet, and these were from eight to twelve inches in depth. This attrition of the rocks had been going on for centuries. During our first day's journey it rained incessantly, and every few hours heaven's artillery would roar and below up and down the deep gorges, vibrating and reverberating until the earth felt as tremulous as the air. As night closed in, part of our company sought shelter in a solitary ranche; but we were told of a large hotel, kept by an American about two miles farther on, and although weary and foot-sore, a comrade and myself pushed for more congenial shelter, but the heavy timber, thick foliage, and deep valleys were—in the tropics—soon shrouded in almost palpable darkness. It could almost be felt. The thick underwood on both sides of the narrow pathway was so filled with creeping plants, and the cactus of all kinds that it was impossible to lose the way. But what with pulling cactus' thorns out of my feet, "stopping" my toes against obtrusive boulders—the howls of distant beasts—the panic-stricken condition of my comrade, and the hunger that was giving our stomachs sharp monitions, we were in no amiable mood. We had so far carried a bowie-knife in one hand, and an Allan's "pepper-box" revolver in the other; but my knife had dozens of times come in contact with the rocks, and my revolver had been freely baptized in the flowing streams, until no human force could cut with the one, nor could ingenuity explode the other. In daylight their appearance might be formidable against a bandit, but in Cimmerian darkness they were like the caudal extremity of "grumphil," more ornamental than useful. However, our prowess was not tested, for about midnight we hailed a camp fire, far down in the valley, and when we reached it, we found the "Washington" Hotel consist of a large, patched mainsail of a ship stretched between four trees, with a perpendicular pole hoisted in the centre *a la circus*. Our beds consisted of a damp ground, or the flat side of a slab, without beds or bedding. We made a supper out of "hard tack" and cold boiled beans, and after curling up dog-style we were soon in the land of Morpheus. After being overtaken by our comrades in the morning, we pursued the uneven tenor of our way through a country less mountainous and more thickly settled. The rivers were occasionally spanned by old stone bridges, and sometimes the road was paved for hundreds of yards with boulders. These bridges and highways were said to have been built by the Spaniards to enable them to connect by land communication the two seas. Towards sundown the Pacific burst upon our view, lying as quiet as a sleeping infant, and studded as far as the eye could reach with beautiful islands, rejoicing in perpetual verdure. The city of Panama lay at our feet, and with its turrets and sleepers and battlements, looked somewhat like civilization, after being a week in the wilderness among semibarbarous natives and even satiated with the grandeur of the lofty Andes. But after passing the walls of the city the delusion vanished; we might sum up a description of the whole city by saying that walls—once formidable—were crumbling to decay. The casements were the habitations of the owls and bussards,—the southern scavengers. The parapets were lying in the ditch outside. Splendid cannon were dismantled on the ramparts minus

carriages, and having emblazoned upon them the coat of arms of imperial Spain. The sentry soldiery were barefooted and rejoiced in shouldering Queen Bess flintlocks, surmounted by bayonets which, in antique beauty, were in keeping with the muskets. The uniform seemed to be an "omnium gatherum" of several nationalities, but these Sons of Mars felt the dignity of their position and strutted in conscious pride on the crumbling ruins of former greatness, almost like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. The streets of Panama are like the streets of all Spanish cities, very narrow and dirty. No sanitary regulations are observed, and the garbage and filth which the rains do not wash into the bay, are eaten up by the buzzards, which are to be seen in large flocks perched upon the house-tops, and we believe the law protects them from molestation or injury. The Plaza is a large square in the centre of the city, and is used for a market, parade ground, etc. There is a very ancient and imposing cathedral facing this square. It is Gothic in design and can lay claim to architectural beauty. The niches are still filled with respectable images of the Apostles and the Madonna. It is true the intrepid Paul, by some misfortune, had lost his arm, and Peter had a dilapidated nose, and several of the images were badly defaced, but what remained of these venerable Fathers showed that when young the artist, or rather sculptor, had done his duty. A truncated steeple, with roof and sides exposed, rejoiced in the possession of a tongueless bell. A darkey, sitting straddle of a cross beam, with a bar of iron in his hand, did duty as bellman, and the matin and vesper bells were intoned by this sable musician, whose zeal exceeded his knowledge of euphony.

The city was filled to suffocation by people of all nationalities, waiting for a passage to the land of gold. Some had through tickets by certain steamers, and had been waiting for weeks, and even months, for the ship to which they were assigned. We were obliged to take a passage in a small French barque of about 400 tons burden. It hailed for Marseilles, and neither captain nor crew could speak English. The vessel was an old fishery vessel, having high bulwarks forward, and it was said had weathered many a storm on the Banks of Newfoundland. Between decks was very low, not exceeding 5 1/2 feet, and yet in this small craft were stowed away one hundred and twenty-two souls to be, to do, and to suffer, during a two months' voyage on the treacherous deep. We were a motley crew, and when we were assembled on deck a more grotesque picture Hogarth never painted. The jabbering Chilean and Peruvian—the swarthy Spaniard and Portuguese—the portly German and the everlasting meershaun—the fiery Southerner with the bowie knife in his boot and a cold revolver at his waist—rubicund John Bulls and lank Scots—shrewd Yankees and homesick Canadians—volatiles, Frenchmen and mercenary Jews—lawyers, doctors, teachers, clergymen, farmers, mechanics, &c., were all represented on the deck of the old "Ocean" barque. After watering at the small island of Taboga, about six miles from Panama, we set sail south-west towards Gallipagos Islands to catch the trade winds. But scarcely had we left land about one hundred miles astern, than we becalmed, and for twenty-one days we did not make twenty miles headway. It was wearisome to lie down night after night with the sails flapping against the mast, and to wake up, morning after morning, to find the sea calm as a mill pond, and our vessel lying.

"Like a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

After a time intermittent breezes permitted us to creep along southerly until the trade winds were reached off the coast of Peru. It is true these winds were blowing from the north-west, but by long tacks progress was made towards our goal. We crossed the line a few degrees to the south, and, as usual, old Neptune paid us a visit. He shaved a few of the passengers with a rusty hoop-net failing to insure these blind-folded victims a cold *douche* in a deep meat tub. It was a source of mirth to all but the unfortunate recipients of these high honors from the god of the sea. The fourth of July was celebrated on board by the usual speech making, singing of patriotic songs, denunciations of Great Britain and the red flag, which "was a fit emblem of tyranny and oppression." The captain sang in good style the Marseillaise Hymn in honour of the French Republic, and put upon one of the two ladies on board a red night-cap to personify the goddess of Liberty. He also dealt out a copious supply of brandy, and, as might be expected, the half-starved crowd got hilarious, and some got "gloriously drunk." As evening drew on, the noise from a sort of maudlin revelry was indescribable. The shouts and yells—the muttering and drivelling idiocy of the sot—the obscene song and jest in half a dozen languages—the oaths of those who were sufficiently intoxicated to be madmen, and the quarrels about trifles of those who had been boon companions, were disgusting and alarming. Two of the sailors had quarrelled over a game of dice, and in fury they vainly attempted to throw one another overboard. A German had insulted a little Vermonter, and was chased up stairs and down stairs—fore and aft—by him, armed with a huge knife. The German at last took shelter in the cabin. An Alabamian quarrelled with a John Bull about John Calhoun and on the Slavery question, and when it not for the interposition of friends, blood would have been spilled. A Jew had his extraction cast in his teeth by an Hibernian, and although after a time both parties were apparently reconciled, yet, strange to say, after sealing their bonds of amity with free libations from the bottle, next morning

the Irishman was in the jaws of death, and the day following he was consigned to the deep. Whispers of foul play were heard and the Jew was henceforth ostracized, which, however, he bore with perfect non-chalance and defiance. Imagine such a motley crowd on a small vessel, over a thousand miles from land, and holding such high revelry during the hours of darkness, with no lights to be seen except the flickering lamps suspended over the compass, and a lunatic asylum would be a Paradise to it. The captain tried to lay the devil he had raised, but his efforts were in vain, for the more he attempted to exercise authority the more uproarious the revellers became, including even the sailors; and had a squall visited us any time during this long night, it is doubtful if sufficient sober sailors could have been secured to reef a sail or pull a rope. I did not feel safe between decks, and so sought an empty place on the quarter deck, near the helmsman, where I caught "cat naps" of sleep, until at gray dawn the cry of fire echoed through the ship, and paralyzed for a time every man who heard it. The confusion of the previous evening was intensified tenfold, and as I cast my eyes forward I perceived the gallery was in flames. The cooking apparatus was of the most primitive kind and improvised at Panama. Two large tin boilers were inserted into a brick structure with arches underneath. A crack had been made in the bottom of these arches in some way, and the fire had communicated with the deck, and from there had spread to the wooden part of the cook-house. The sober men on board went to work, and with axes tore down and committed to the deep the burning fragments, and thus extinguished the flames. In the midst of the uproar and confusion there were numbers who had fallen into such a lethargy from beastly intoxication, that no trampling upon, or hauling by the legs, or reminders from clenched fists in the ribs, elicited more than a grunt, or a half uttered oath, and who—if the fire had got the mastery—would have perished without waking from their sleep. This misfortune to the "caboose" put an end to culinary operations, and although our provisions, so far, had consisted of fat pork, beans, biscuit and rice, half cooked, yet these had "smelt" fire, but *but, miserable dictu!* we were forced to eat raw pork. Where were the *trichina spirales?* What a feast these burrowers would have had in the muscles of such a woe begone company! A few nights afterwards, while the drowsy watch was enjoying quiet snoozes, a squall rose suddenly, and while all their efforts were employed in reefing sails, the fore and main hatches were left open—several heavy seas were shipped, which went bowling down into the hold among the provisions, &c. This reduced our fare to raw pork, and mouldy and wormy biscuit. About meal time might be seen employed in the delightful occupation of picking to pieces the green "hard tack," and culled out carefully worms from the pulpy mass. Dyspepsia at these times was unknown, and these "tit-bits" were relished beyond all expectation. The quality was not objected to, but the quantity had become deficient. The continued theme was about something good to eat. Farmers would discuss with watering mouths all the bounties of the dairy and the home kitchen, and often longed for a good drink from the richness of the "swill pail." The fat Dutchman began to thin in flesh, and the raw bones were merging fast towards transparency. My day-dreams were of home and its plentiful larder, and my night visions were made up of "castles in the air," composed of pies, cakes, custards, beef, potatoes, &c. O for a "square meal!" O for the hot biscuits, fresh butter, strawberries and cream, plum pudding and ham and eggs, of distant and welcome boards! Ye gods! what is your ambrosia or nectar in comparison to these substantial to starving men? Well, these miseries had an end, and after doing penance for a life-time by involuntary abstemiousness, we hailed land on the third of August, after being sixty-three days on the Pacific, and sixty days without seeing land or even a solitary vessel.

(To be Continued.)

Family Circle.

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

[From "Old and New," for September.]

IS the position of a servant in itself ennobling? Yes, immediately assert one-half of our house-keepers, especially the older half; yes; because they are freed from responsibility, and, as a general rule, are well cared for. No, answers the hired girl; because I am still responsible for myself, and concern myself about the interests of my home and my family: these are my responsibilities, as your greater ones are yours; and, as an American, or Irish-American, I have learned to be independent. I don't want at twenty, thirty, or fifty, to be cared for, except as love cares for love; and that is not your interpretation of being cared for; kindness and love are different terms in your vocabulary.

Her vision is short-sighted. Granted. But hers also the deficiency of training in thought, and estimation of right values: therefore we should place ourselves at her stand-point, feel in imagination as she does, and then, returning to our freed moral and intellectual atmosphere with the result of our investigations, should aid her in placing herself at our horizon of thought. Confessing that it is kindness and benevolence, rather than friendship or love, as in other relations in life, which actuate our conduct to her, we should comprehend her

more ignorant position; and if our kindness warmed not into love, it would throw over itself a charm of manner which no general principles of philanthropy can impart.

All working lives are limited in variety, but especially the servant's. It is hard work, not to wash and iron, but to do it every Monday; not to sweep and dust, but to do it always in good humor. If we would bear the grievance of allowing our servants to occasionally mope, as we ourselves do, how much happier they would be. But no: we either speak to them, as if they were very faulty, or talk to some friend of our trial.

The ignorant must always be won; and yet we do not always see ladies exerting themselves to please or fascinate their servants. Selfishly considered, how great a gain it would be, at how slight a cost! Women, most admirable and kind fail in this matter of little politeness, which the ignorant value, because they are the small change of courtesy society. Do we rise when our servant, stands, and, motioning her to a seat, assume ours? In sickness do we hand the glass of water on a plate to our nursery-maid, as to our friend? Do we pass in front of her without apologizing? Do we use the monosyllable, please, in requiring some attention? Is our smile as frank as to a stranger even? Is our "Good-morning" addressed to them? What an invisible barrier this salutation to part of the family, and its omission towards others, creates between individuals under the same roof!

We would anticipate the answer ready on our antagonist's lips, that servants neither care for nor are worthy of these small attentions. We maintain that they do value such little proofs of regard, if offered as from equal to equal; and that, if unworthy of them, the more need is it for us to lead them back to pleasantness and goodness in all ways.

Again, judging from the rules of some few house-keepers, it is to be inferred that the passion of love belongs by right to the upper classes. A servant with a beau is a nuisance, a monstrosity; it is as difficult for her to find a place as if she were one-armed. Courtship may mistake salt for sugar, though it is far more likely to enliven all the interests of life. Why should not our girls enjoy the society of their friends, male and female, in the evening? Are their hearts different from ours? Would we not do our work the quicker, if John were to visit us by and by? and better, too, if John were made welcome by others than ourselves? If every house-keeper knew, as a matter of course, her servant's friends, be they men or women, she need not fear their presence, and her gain in popularity among them would react upon her own domestics. The pride of a servant in her mistress is often touching. She wants her acquaintance to see how she lives, and what her pretensions are; and, if her visitor is a man, she is proud still to have him know how she herself is regarded. Why should she not offer the cup of tea to a visitor? And when the house-keeper can afford only the cup of tea, nothing else would ever be demanded or taken, if the need for company were a recognized fact between servant and mistress. The separate food for separate tables is unnatural; the glands that excite the appetite are as lively in the "ladies" as in the "help." Saying this, we condemn, of course, the orderly house-keeper's bunch of keys. They proclaim in their jingle that the servant is thought dishonest; and every one is presumably innocent until proven guilty.

Love is beginning to be the modern reformatory power in our institutions. Have we tried it with our servants? We think that most mistresses are kind and indulgent, if such an epithet is praiseworthy. Have we a right to say that the domestics under our care learn to cut and make their own clothing, as well as the mistress's housework? that they are taught to read, if ignorant, and that they have many and many a ticket for public amusement.

Perhaps one of the chief reasons why a servant dislikes her position, as a servant, is because of the necessity that is imposed upon her to either wait till her afternoon or evening comes round, before going out, or to ask permission; not being granted even the indulgence of collegians to non-attendance at prayers on a certain number of days. Where there is only one domestic in a family, it would be very extraordinary if she rejected the wisdom of such a requisition; but where two or more are employed, it must be rather hard to prefix the "By your leave" to every desire for outdoor recreation. If it is understood by them that their larger duties must first be performed, and that the incidental ones, which may occur at any moment, are to be rendered by another servant, without interfering with appointed duties, why should they not go out? Do physicians recommend daily exercise in the open air to house-keepers only? Does not the miserable health of many of our girls spring from our neglect of their exercise? We are responsible for their bodies, as far as in us lies.

After all, a servant is not our slave; she gives us her work for our money. So far as an equivalent; but for that which makes the servant's position a pleasant one to herself, and to us an acceptable one, there is no standard of measurement. Conscience is the only scale which can test the quantity received and given; and if our conscience is the fairer, let us give good weight of sympathy and pleasantness; give it to the sinful and dishonest; give it as missionary work; give it on the selfish consideration that fair way's gain, in the end, more than rough. And if we are often disappointed, with all our pains, servants are not the only portion of mankind that disappoint us thus.

PURE GOLD.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR CANADIAN HOMES.

FIFTEEN months ago we began the publication of PURE GOLD—not without prognostications of failure from various quarters. So many enterprises of the kind (it was said) had failed, that it is as useless trying again. Still, we were convinced that there was abundant room for just such a paper as was contemplated, and that, if it was made worthy of support it would receive it, and so PURE GOLD was issued. For the first six months it was all up-hill work. Prejudices had to be overcome and public confidence in the stability of the enterprise established. But as the merits of the publication began to be known, prejudices gave way, and some who had prophesied failure became numbered among our warmest supporters. Our subscription list has been steadily increasing from the first, and now extends to all the principal towns and cities of the Dominion, besides considerable numbers in the rural sections.

Since the opening of the present year, many enquires have been made concerning PURE GOLD,—its character, objects, etc. For the information of all such, we re-publish the following from our Prospectus, issued in May, 1871:

"The publication of the above named Journal is prompted by the following considerations:—

1. "The felt need of a Publication in which great moral and social questions—scarcely noticed by the present daily or weekly press—will have a prominent place.

2. "The value, to the public, of an able and reliable Journal in which public questions, of general interest, will be viewed from a high moral standpoint, and free from mere party bias.

3. "A desire to aid in circulating a pure, strong, healthful literature, throughout the Dominion.

4. "A desire to aid in producing a National Literature, and to encourage and develop home talent.

"The character of the proposed Journal may, in part, be inferred from the preceding statements. In its management the following principles will be kept in view:—

1. "In regard to Public Affairs:—All public measures to be judged on their merits, irrespective of mere party watchwords.

2. "In regard to Public Men:—Integrity, Morality and Intelligence, indispensable qualifications in our Public Men, and of vastly greater importance than party relationships.

3. "In regard to Education:—A liberal National system of Education, in which the great truths of the Christian religion shall be recognized as essential to the highest intellectual culture as well as to the future safety and well-being of the State.

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5. "In regard to Temperance:—The education of public sentiment until it demands the entire prohibition of the Liquor Traffic."

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PURE GOLD.

TORONTO, SEPT. 6th, 1872.

BEGUILING BEGINNINGS.

BY JACOB SPENCE.

THAT the serious warnings against strong drink volunteered by Temperance friends are well-meant is mostly granted, but generally regarded as rather unreasonably expressive of apprehension. In fact, it is held that there is not in reality as great danger as is mostly represented—that there is, after all, little or no ground for any great alarm. The tendency of drink to ruin is treated as overdrawn representations not fully founded on facts. Indeed, if the confidence of perfect safety of the party entering on the path could be taken as worth anything in the line of security then truly would warning

be quite needless and safety certain. So it seems as first to the beginner—confident in the conscious feeling of ample power of resistance and aware of the weakness or absence of the appetite for drink then existing. It appears hard to realize the possibility of ever coming to the wretched state spoken of as that of depraved drunkards. Just here the beguiling beginning leads on gently as by a silken thread so easily snapped as not to be felt as requiring any real effort. But then every repeated yielding adds strength to the drink desire; it becomes stronger and stronger, and not until its bondage-force is felt will the victim, even to himself, admit its existence or own his mistake. Nor is he even then disposed to detect the strengthening progress by which every repeated yielding adds to the binding power of the tyrant habit, and weakens the power of resistance.

How hard to get the unobservant beginner to believe the fact that he is now proceeding to rivet on his wrists the manacles by which he is placing himself in the despot power by which he can still see others dragged to the dreadful depths. How strange. He adopts the precise process by which the multitudes are seen so beguiled. Void of understanding, he regards not the solemn warning until the augmented difficulty of breaking confirmed habits has become, in his own instance also, too formidable to encounter. This invariable tendency known, and the fearful liability to relapse in such difficult cases of reformation, where the morbid drink desire has power and then the blessed freedom possible to be retained with so little trouble by early adoption of abstinence, are important matters to be well pondered. Surely, the several stages of the course daily ending so disastrously deserve to be carefully, seriously and intelligently taken into consideration—into timely consideration.

The experience of those who have bravely fought and sorely suffered in the life-struggle with the monster appetite, the horrid appetite thoughtlessly acquired. And then, too, the sad, 'lost state, worse than the first,' in the melancholy end of some 'who run well for a season,' but in an evil moment succumbed to the old enemy. The dying, despairing shrieks of the undone conspire with the cautious utterances of the wise and the good in sending forth the warning cry to the uncontaminated. While yet it is happily possible and delightfully easy now blessedly beware of the 'beguiling beginnings.'

THE STREETS AFTER DARK.

THE writer took his stick and put on his hat. It was a dark night and there was not much to be seen as he strolled along the suburbs of the city and at length emerged on that crowded thoroughfare, Yonge Street, the rendezvous of idlers, loungers and shop girls. It was not long before he came upon one of those gaudy liquor stores which seem to grow up like mushrooms and thrive like something stronger. It was the opening night, the last speck of dust had been swept from the polished counter, the last pail of water had been used, and, in the language of the housewife, everything looked like a new pin, and so it ought to, for the "fashion" had to allure a class of customers into its snare who do not generally enter a low tavern or a lager beer saloon. We saw young men enter of whom we had expected better things and whose parents hold high positions. We saw them one by one slide in the trap-door and very few of them came out without wiping their mouth. Having a few tracts in his pocket, the writer presented each customer as he entered with one and the demand at length exceeded the supply, each applicant having an idea that it was the "bill of fare" of the "fashion". When the last one was gone he could not help thinking, and we thought it would be a fine thing if some of our Temples were to purchase a hundred of tracts now and again and give them to somebody who wasn't afraid or ashamed to give them away on the street. We next found ourselves on King Street and here we met the multitude of swells, snobs, bank clerks and silly boys who lay around this quarter. At the entrance to the theatre, was a large crowd, some drunk, some half drunk, and some not at all drunk, but awfully noisy, and filling the air with oaths and curses. It was a sad sight and in this City of Churches it was more than we wanted to see, but there it was and never an effort made by our Temperance organizations to reach the class referred to. Entering one of the saloons, there we sat down for three minutes and listened while a lady at the far end of the room played on the piano. There were about forty or fifty others there, some drinking, some treating, some waiting for a treat, but all more or less manly enough to swear. When the strumming was over these youths kicked on the floor till they were tired and then ordered in more liquor. We didn't, we came out and went as far as the Rossin House, which we entered. Certainly as an hotel where liquor was sold it seemed to be conducted orderly enough. We did not see any body drunk, noisy or foolish. There was the "bar," the billiard room, and there was no disturbance in either, and as a resort for travellers and visitors in the absence of any Temperance Hotel in the city, we should certainly recommend the Rossin House.

We next went into a very different place, or rather got about half in. It was the Young Men's Christian Association. At the door stood some young fellows inviting up the passers-by, and in a friendly way almost compelling them to come in. It was the "Concert" night held quar-

terly, and the room was crowded. A placard at the bottom of the stairs stated "all was affectionately invited," and the invitation was so generally responded to that all were enabled to enter. Getting our head and ears in we listened to some very good music, recitations and readings which were well applauded. The audience numbered from 100 to 150 young men, and as one looked at the intelligence and healthy manhood that was stamped upon their brow, it was manifest that they were enjoying themselves more than they would have been either in the Fashion or the Vineyard. This Association stands at the head as a means of reaching the young men of our city, and as such deserves the support of one and all. It is the embodiment of a Church, Temperance Society, Library and Home all under one roof, and we are glad to know that their roof will, in a few months, cover a much larger area. It is by such meetings as are carried on by Y. M. C. Associations that our streets and taverns will be emptied of their nightly crowds and the curse of our country be in some measure crippled. We need more reading rooms, lectures, gymnastics, singing classes, and such like, that the attraction of the saloon and theatre may lose its power, that the satanic influence of the street may be counteracted. We could tell more—how we saw Sunday school scholars smoking cigars and entering Taverns, but we have told enough for the time. We have a large field of operations, and it is to be hoped during the coming winter that Good Templars and Philanthropists will unite in an effort to rid our fine city of the moral pollution which at present prevails in its streets. Drunkenness, Prostitution and Infidelity is running through our borders, let Society, Virtue and Religion stem the torrent.

W. E. M.

FASHION.

One of the most glaring, gaudy, impudent and unsatisfying looking things that has been brought into existence for a long time is a tipping saloon in a great and flourishing city thoroughfare, which saloon is yelped "Fashion." Now, we frankly congratulate the owner, or whoever named the place, on the selection of the most apt and appropriate title in all the range of possible nomenclature. For why? To begin at the roof, you find the letters on the sign-board of the former occupant still asserting plainly and legibly an honest word indicating the honest calling of him who nailed it up, notwithstanding a series of industrious coatings of sombre paint, in keeping with the main body of the building. This is Fashion-like. Skin-deep. An external, insincere, and very transparent thing. But outside fashionable "put-on" often conceal honesty and goodness. There our parallel will not hold. It often covers what could not well exist in the open air; it usually in the case of "flash" restaurants, in the long run, covers broken hearts and shattered prospects of victim or victimizer. The whole front of the Fashion is allegorical. It is a blaze of brass and scarlet. The brass is palpably in place. It requires a deal of cheek to open and "run" such a man-trap in the midst of a Christian community, and in a street where, Heaven knows, an additional temptation of the devil was superfluous. As to the scarlet, we interpret it as typical of the stuff when it "moveth itself aright," or, with equal aptness and no extravagance at all, as the blood which at a future day may justly be found upon the skirts of this wanton "Fashion."

Then a flashing head-light projects into the way, enticing with a siren's persuasiveness the thousand of our youth whose vocation is to stroll up and down objectless. This appeal of tinsel and coloured glass is listened to and succumbed to by many. For, unhappily, that class among us is still large, which may be distinguished as the gullible—the "Great Gullible," no less to be pited and helped than the "Great Unwashed!" They fail to see through transparent things, and go into snares and nets with open eyes and self-satisfied stroll. To reason with them, is to throw reason away to a painful extent. They are afflicted with that most hopeless of maladies, "compound ignorance"—they know not that they know not. Votaries of Fashion, they bear and forbear things which men in their right mind would think it slavery to yield to and obey.

But there are others—many others we thankfully know—whom the blandishments of glitter and glint cannot harm. That showy lamp which to so many is the moral *ignis fatuus*, to them is a beacon-light to warn them of the rock—so much spoken of, written of, believed in, disbelieved in, and still so rugged and fatal—the rock of Intemperance. The gaily painted windows and the elaborately gotten-up front are the breakers—seemingly but playful—which lead to the spot where many a wreck lies echoing back the warning in hollow whisper. Without ill-will to any personality—indeed, with the broadest and deepest sympathy for all men—and the misguided particularly—we wish the Fashion saloon ill "luck." May its business, and that of its competitors in the traffic, utterly fail and disappoint. May the fast young men of this city live and not die; may the pleasant homes of Toronto remain and not be scattered; may the gospel of peace and the sublime blessing of social sobriety exist and advance, and not be trampled and dishonored. This is our anathema against the Fashion and all its kidney, and who will think it bitter?

WOMEN AND WINE.

Of there be one that feels more strongly than another, the bitter sting of wine it is the woman whose father, husband or son, is brought continually, or even occasionally, under its influence. The heartless bacchanal couples the two words as he drinks to his own disgrace, and he shows himself no hero, inasmuch as to satisfy his own selfish desire after wine, he renders anxious and careworn those to whom he is bound by the closest ties. Women shrewdly reason, and when they see those whom they love begin to taste habitually, they fear for the future, for they know how the bar-room sot by occasional indulgence in the contents of the wine cup, fell from his position in society and the Church. Then unite not the names for it is unmeaning and heartless. Wine and want, wine and infamy, have a signification, but "wine and women" as it flows from the lips of sensuality is the highest testimony of his own disgrace, of his own disregard for the well being of those he should cherish and protect. Their comfort, their good name, their happiness, is only secondary to the gratification of his own tastes, for the time has come when all true people recognize that the interests of purity and virtue are best subserved by the total banishing of strong drinks.

Woman! to a great extent it depends upon yourself whether or not this your direst enemy shall exist in your community. If you have not experienced the effect of drink in your own immediate connections you have seen it in other circles. You know that no man who drinks moderately can be regarded as perfectly safe from the ultimate control of liquor. Discard it then, for it is your worst foe. Shun the presence of those who deal in it, as the efficient emissaries of the Evil One, for such they are. Discourage anything that tends to the sustenance of this vulgar custom, this guzzling of strong drink. Our men and women who stand highest in public esteem are raising their voice to oppose its very existence.—The trade of public opinion is being turned against the indulgence in wine, and do you show that there is not only no sympathy existing between women and wine, but that it is the duty of women to prescribe socially the very votaries of the cup.

"STOP THE EXODUS."

How is it that every little while we are informed by one or another of our journals that one of our most popular ministers is leaving Canada for another and enlarged sphere of labor. We are not of those who believe it advisable for men of great talents like those above referred to bestow their favours on inadequate congregations, but it appears to us that our noble Dominion contains in its millions of acres a sphere sufficiently wide for any one not influenced by the objects pocket and inordinate ambition.

The above thoughts presented themselves to us on learning that the Rev. Professor Inghs had accepted a call made by a congregation in Brooklyn, U. S. We do not object to the friends on the other side of the lines obtaining the services of as many talented men as they please, provided they can secure them from their own resources, but we do object to them drawing for their supply on the insignificant province across the lakes who has only itself to look to for its great men. We should not have said anything on this subject because of the leaving of Dr. Ormiston alone, nor even of the learned professor, only that we are afraid that after tasting of the calibre of our Canadian sons, they, like Oliver Twist, will cry for more and it is very bad policy to supply "more" to your friends by taking from your own necessities. We in Canada appreciate our talent as much, and more, than it is done in the States, and we will not, if possible, let it slip from us. They might as well have annexation of land as annexation of talent.

We think also that if our congregations by appreciating their ministers sufficiently to see that they do not want for any pecuniary assistance or encouragement in many other ways may do a great deal in stopping the exodus only just begun.

THE DEMONSTRATION.

The 18th of September is drawing nigh, the day of the great Temperance Demonstration to be held in this city. Arrangements have been made to meet the managers of the different railways to give persons wishing to come from a distance the advantage of reduced fares. A committee will be in attendance to welcome all who may arrive, and, as far as possible, provide for their accommodation. The procession will leave the Temperance Hall at one o'clock, p.m., and will proceed to the Queen's Park, where several interesting and appropriate addresses will be delivered by gentlemen whose reputation is not a local one.

In the evening, for those who may stay in the city, there will be a Grand Concert, at which some of the most noted Toronto professionals will officiate, while those wishing to return home will have the advantage of late trains put on in some cases for their convenience.

The members of the Temperance organizations using regalia are requested to wear their colors, even if only one or two or more come from the same organization, as a place is reserved for such.

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of last week we gave great credit to a Mr. Finch, of Toronto, for the manner in which he conducted the singing of the Young Men's Christian Association Convention in Belleville. We do not know of the existence of such a person, but we do know that Mr. Finch of this city conducted the music on that occasion, and did so in a manner truly creditable.

M. THIERS, in a recent conversation, when reference was made to the number of embarrassments in the present political situation in France, said neatly: "There are three dangers, and three only—Radicalism, Bonapartism, and my death. The first I do not think very menacing, the second requires to be watched over carefully, and as for the third, there is no question of it."

The attempt to colonize Algeria from the conquered provinces has proved a failure. By the last accounts from the colony, only about 1,400 persons in all from Alsace and Lorraine have arrived there, and of these probably not above a hundred have been able to take with them the means of subsistence. Yet quite a large stream of emigration has flowed from the two provinces lately towards America.

THE YEAR 1872, says the *Constitutional*, "will be remarked in France for its abundant harvest, which is calculated at present at 35,900,000 hectolitres (2½ bushels each), representing a capital of 1,500,000,000fr. It exceeds by one-third the average of the ten preceding years, which did not exceed 24 millions of hectos. Hitherto the yield in France has not sufficed for the consumption and she was obliged to have recourse every year to foreign importation. She obtains her corn from the Black Sea, and as she has no commerce with these countries, is obliged to pay annually in gold a sum of 450 or 500 millions of francs. This year the yield will more than suffice, and thus that large sum will not have to leave France."

MRS. GLADSTONE has defied etiquette! During the recent civic proceeding at Bethnal Green, after the arrival of the royal party, several ladies were observed sitting on the right hand of the Princess of Wales. One was Mrs. Gladstone, and next her was a lady, gracious and pleasing, who supported a fair child of about five years old upon her knees. This was the Duchess of Marlborough, the fair child a protégée. The child carried a bouquet of the most delicate flowers—indeed, her own little head, "sunning over with curls," looked like one of the family of flowers. This bouquet, it was fondly hoped, the child would be permitted to give to the Princess. But no, the laws of etiquette forbid! The programme had been mapped out, and could not be interfered with. But Mrs. Gladstone was superior to the difficulty. She lifted the fair child off the Duchess's knees and walked forward to the royal party; and the officers stood aghast as the wife of the Premier led the little one up the steps of the royal dais, when the tribute of innocence was laid at the shrine of beauty. "The Princess" remarks the *Court Journal*, "bowed down till her fair forehead was bathed in the golden glory that glittered in the child's head; and Mrs. Gladstone having bowed low, returned with her fair charge, and as she seated her again in the lap of the Duchess, said, is not too low a voice either, 'There, I told you she should do it.'"

DISCOVERIES IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—In the excavations consequent upon the rebuilding of the receiver's house at Westminster, the bases of the pillars and a part of the encaustic tile floor, as well as some other remains of the ancient chapel of St. Catherine, have been brought to light. This was the chapel of the Monks' Infirmary, and was the scene of many interesting historical incidents, which will be found recorded by Dean Hook and Dean Stanley. The building is of the transitional Norman date, and took the form of a parish church, with nave, aisles, and a chancel. It must have been but just erected when "St. Thomas of Canterbury" almost came to blows within its walls with his rival of York. Another discovery recently made at Westminster consists of a large number of the capitals of the pillars of the ancient Norman cloisters, some of them beautifully covered with figure subjects.

I. O. G. T.

TORONTO DISTRICT DEGREE TEMPLE.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the above Temple was held in their lodge rooms (cor. Agnes and Teruley sts.) on Thursday evening, 23rd ult. Bro. J. B. Nixon, City Deputy, in the absence of Bro. Rich'd. Dimins, W. D. T., occupied the chair. The meeting although small was very interesting, and well calculated to encourage those upon whose shoulders the responsibility of the success of the temple depends. Many matters of deep interest to the Order in the city were discussed upon which the members expressed their views freely, showed the great interest which they take in the advancement of our noble Order.

We often wonder why more of the prominent members of our Order do not identify themselves with us. Surely the work is one well worthy of our strict attention inasmuch as it binds us together in a closer bond of union without which we can never expect to accomplish the good work we have in view.

We ask you once more to take an unprejudiced view of this matter. Come and take the degrees, attend our meetings, and we think if you do so you will not be disappointed. We only want as members those who are determined to keep our pledge inviolate and to do all they can to raise fallen humanity.

We hope the temples throughout the country are preparing to unite with us in the Grand Temperance Demonstration on the 18th of September next.

PURE GOLD

Brethren, "The eyes of the country are upon us and expect that we will, on that occasion, show our colors."

Our friends in Ottawa are going ahead. A Temple organized only a few weeks ago, now numbers sixty-two members, and everything going on like a "Marriage Bell."

The Cold Water Templars of this city are going to have a march out next Saturday afternoon, clothed in regalia &c.

We would call the attention of our readers to the Morrill Memorial Fund. The joint Treasurers, W. M. Hilliard and E. B. Reed of London, Ont., will be glad to receive any subscriptions you may seem disposed to give.

A Temperance prayer meeting has been in active operation every week for four years in Buffalo, N. Y. on Sabbath afternoons. The ministers have given it a hearty support, and the meetings are well attended and show a deep devotional spirit.

THE INDEPENDENT Order of Good Templars intend to be well represented at the Demonstration. In the city and in some places out of it, 100 lodges are getting their regalias washed, repaired, and otherwise fixed.

The Metropolitan Temple, No. 600, intend holding a concert, in the Temperance Hall, Toronto, on the evening of the 17th inst., the evening previous to the Demonstration.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

GEORGE W. ROSS, the newly elected Reform member for West Middlesex, is a leading Son of Temperance, during the years 1870 and 1871 he filled the honorable position of Grand Worthy Patriarch for Ontario, and would have been elected to that office for a third term had he so desired.

P. M. W. A. Edward Carswell delivered two Temperance Addresses, under the auspices of the Good Templars, in Hamilton on Saturday and Sunday last.

THE Sons of Temperance and other Anti-Whisky men in Connecticut have, for a number of years past, been trying to regulate the accursed liquor traffic in their state, by means of "license" and "no license" laws, but with little effect.

"Licenses may be granted for the sale of liquors by any board of county commissioners, providing that the persons applying for them are recommended by a majority of the selectmen of the town where the business is to be carried on, and that the applicant gives security in the sum of \$1000, to observe all the laws that may be made respecting taverns and spirituous liquors.

An invitation to visit the Deaf and Dumb Institution was accepted by the Convention, and the Superintendent, Dr. Palmer gave the members a hearty reception and after showing them the building, the children were assembled and gave an exhibition of their acquirements in writing, arithmetic &c., and the progress made by some of the pupils was very remarkable, and satisfied those who were present that the Superintendent, Dr. Palmer, fully understands his work.

The Delegates and visitors to the Belleville Convention will not soon forget the very deep feeling of gratitude to God that prevailed in the closing session of the Convention and which found utterance in prayer and thanksgiving, and if the brethren carry out in their home-fields of labor the practical suggestions made at the Convention, there is little doubt that when they meet at Guelph next year, they will have a good report to give of "Work done for Jesus," the issue of which will be felt here, and be full known hereafter.

A WRITER in the Halifax paper alluding to the social position of that city, makes the following remarks, with regard to it, which remarks are equally applicable to this and every city and village in the Dominion where Divisions of the Sons have been established:

"We may assert, that in this community at least, members of Temperance Organizations are more abundant in festivities than other people. They offer more occasions for joyful relief from the pressure of care than do any others. Their pic-nics are numerous and attended and are found pleasant gatherings. In the long winter evenings their rooms are frequently crowded with seekers, who find moral support as well as social joy, and gratification of the appetite for pleasant food. The social features of the Order of the Sons of Temperance are not its least prominent and important ones; and we can safely affirm that no where else do large parties of people seem so thoroughly at home as in the Division Room. Strong drink introduced there would soon create such wild exhilaration as would cause a discontinuance of the gatherings, for they would be found no longer profitable or even endurable."

"The public are largely indebted to the Temperance Organizations of this city for the model they have given them of improving and attractive festivities. It was thought impossible to entertain satisfactorily during a long winter evening, a large company of people without wine; but it has been shown that the hours are too few for all the lively diversion which a mixed company are willing to partake of, when the Sons of Temperance exert themselves with Music, Song, Speech and Recitation, and a due supply of pleasant food, to give pleasure to their friends whom they invite to be with them."

Y. M. C. A. BELLEVILLE CONVENTION.

To the Editor of PURE GOLD, Your Report of the proceedings of the Young Men's Christian Association Meeting recently held in this place was generally correct, that is, the facts are stated as they occurred, but there were many points of interest not referred to, and if you will kindly allow me to supplement the excellent synopsis you gave last week, I shall try and supply some of the missing links, and some things as they appeared to one who did not take part in the discussions. I have attended several Y. M. C. A. Conventions; one or two of those held in the principal cities of the United States, and have been a Delegate to two of our Provincial gatherings, and, after comparing the meetings of the International, with the recent meeting held here, I am bold to maintain that, everything considered, our meeting was fully equal to the larger ones in practical usefulness and individual ability.

The arrangements of the Business Committee were well made and well carried out by the President, who was fully posted up in all the phases of Association Work, and our Toronto brethren generally, had the lion's share of the work given them to do, and they did it well. A pleasing feature of the discussions was the good feeling that marked and characterized all the addresses, a spirit of brotherly love—a desire to explain the way to do the work—the special work of the Y. M. C. A.; a readiness and precision somewhat new in our Provincial meetings, and a hearty love of the cause they were engaged in, appeared to animate all who were present, and I was greatly pleased at the large share of attention directed to the study of God's Word in Bible Classes in the Associations—some of the Reports of this part of the work were most encouraging—the Class meeting in the Y. M. C. A. Rooms, on King Street, every Sabbath Afternoon, and usually conducted by Mr. Geo. Hague of your city, a busy man, at the head of a large Bank, yet taking time to prepare thoroughly for the work of teaching from forty to fifty young men every week; was frequently referred to as a model class, and so I believe it is, gathered mostly of strangers off the street, or young men recently come to your city, it reaches a class that no other agency can reach so well, and must be a great blessing to those who take part in its exercises.

The singing was good, well and promptly led by a young man from Toronto, Mr. Charles Finch, the hymns well selected—and not read over by the Chairman, a great saving of time, and very much better than the practice often followed, usually two or three verses were sung with great spirit by the meeting and gave variety and stimulus to the exercises.

Another happy practical feature was the hearty manner in which the request of the Executive Committee to raise \$500 was responded to, evidently the young men believe in their work and in carrying it on vigorously and after the Associations had pledged a certain sum from each; many of the Delegates gave five or ten dollars to make up the required sum.

One important matter was omitted from your report, namely; the idea of holding a Dominion Convention in Montreal, in 1874, suggested by a letter from the brethren there, and most heartily concurred in by the Convention.

The hospitality of Belleville is well-known, and was as usual, freely extended to the Delegates, and the Local Committee deserve great praise for their thorough arrangements; Mr. Wm. Johnson, Chairman of that committee was untiring in his efforts to make everybody happy, and the testimony of the Delegates was that he was successful.

A moonlight excursion on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, provided by the Belleville Association, was a source of much pleasure and gave an excellent opportunity for social intercourse, between the citizens of Belleville and the Delegates.

An invitation to visit the Deaf and Dumb Institution was accepted by the Convention, and the Superintendent, Dr. Palmer gave the members a hearty reception and after showing them the building, the children were assembled and gave an exhibition of their acquirements in writing, arithmetic &c., and the progress made by some of the pupils was very remarkable, and satisfied those who were present that the Superintendent, Dr. Palmer, fully understands his work.

The Delegates and visitors to the Belleville Convention will not soon forget the very deep feeling of gratitude to God that prevailed in the closing session of the Convention and which found utterance in prayer and thanksgiving, and if the brethren carry out in their home-fields of labor the practical suggestions made at the Convention, there is little doubt that when they meet at Guelph next year, they will have a good report to give of "Work done for Jesus," the issue of which will be felt here, and be full known hereafter.

COTTAGE-MEETINGS.

Such efforts have many advantages. They require no outlay of money, no expensive machinery, no influential committee, no stately building, and may, under the Divine blessing, be made the instrument of drawing together earnest Christians of various denominations into closer union and sympathy, and of bringing into more loving fellowship the richer and poorer members of the one true Church.

Meetings of this kind may be multiplied throughout a town, or rural district, the essential principle of setting them on foot being to remember that, "where two or three are met together in the name of the Lord Jesus, there is he in the midst of them;" to do nothing without earnest, believing prayer for the gift of the Holy Spirit, that the blessing of the heavenly Father may be granted.

One peculiar and pleasing feature of such meetings is their informality. As occasion serves, the time might be profitably employed in praise, or in prayer, or in reading the Scriptures, or in exhortation, lecture, or exposition of the Word, or in serious conversation of a more social character, or any or all of these, according as those present may be led to take part.

There is only one form of religious discourse which should be excluded, and that is controversy.—The London Christian.

HAVE you found your place? Then stick to it. Work there even though it be in the humblest corner of the most out-of-the-way vineyard. An idle man in the church is a monster. And you cannot give a cup of Gospel water to a beggar's child without receiving

Christ's smile in return for it. "Neglect not the gift that is in thee," and whatever thou doest for the Lord, do it heartily.

THE Master says, "For every idle word you shall give account." By "idle" here is meant the barren and unfruitful talk which ministers neither to recreation nor to profit. That is not an idle word which bears upon it the meaning of a joyous, affectionate, cheerful spirit, kindling what it expresses, the happiness of human hearts.—Rev. Dr. Budington.

THE husks of emptiness rustle in every wind; the full corn in the ear holds up its golden fruit noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest.—Whittier.

MARRIED.

On Thursday, the 29th inst., at Port Hope, by the Rev. J. B. Howard, Geo. B. Canton of Toronto, to Lizzie, the youngest daughter of R. A. Radford, Esq., late of St. Johns.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of Stephen Montague Sanderson, AN INSOLVENT.

The Insolvent has made an Assignment of his Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at my office, Court Street, in the City of Toronto, on

Tuesday, 24th day of Sept., A.D. 1872, At the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to receive statements of his affairs, and to appoint an Assignee.

JOHN KERR, Interim Assignee.

Toronto, Aug. 30th, 1872.

TEMPERANCE DEMONSTRATION

ON Wednesday, the 16th September.

The following arrangements have been made with the several Railways for conveying persons to and from Toronto to attend the Demonstration.

All persons coming will pay full fare to Toronto. The Secretary will be in attendance at the Temperance Hall, and will supply all with Railway certificates, on presentation of which, at the stations here, they will be conveyed home at the following rates:

On the Grand Trunk Railroad at one-tenth fare. On Great Western Railroad at one-fourth fare. On Northern Railroad, Toronto, Grey & Bruce and Toronto Nipissing Railroads free.

The Northern Railroad will put one or more coaches on their trains leaving at 10 p. m., to convey passengers home.

Refreshments will be provided in the Temperance Hall. Procession to start at one p. m.

It is hoped that a large number of Teetotalers will avail themselves of this opportunity to show their colours.

THOMAS CASWELL, Secretary of Committee.

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TO THE PUBLIC OF CANADA

JOSEPH HALL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, OHAWA, ONT., MARCH 2, 1872.

BEING desirous of testing the merits of the different water-wheels now offered for sale in Canada, as to their economical use of water, we, as manufacturers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE, make the following challenge to the manufacturers of ANY OTHER PATTERNS, the wheels in all cases to be wholly manufactured by the competing parties:—

We will place in the hands of any responsible party six thousand dollars (\$6,000), and the party accepting the challenge to do the same, the money to be held subject to the award of the judges. The wheels to be tested in a flour mill, driving the same runs of stone, grinding the same wheat, and having the same number of square inches of opening to receive the water, amount of water discharged to be the measure of the amount used by each wheel.

The judges to be non-residents of Canada, and to be thoroughly well informed in the mode of testing the power of turbine wheels,—each party to choose one judge and the two to choose the third.

The owners of winning wheel to have their money refunded them, and the loser's money to go towards establishing a mechanical free library in any town in Canada named by the owner of the successful wheel.

The wheels to be tested at N. Y., N. H., and full gate. Each party to give good and sufficient bonds, to the amount of \$4,000, that the loser shall pay the entire expenses of the test.

There are some wheels that give very good results with full head and full gate which entirely fail under partial head and partial gate. Such wheels in our climate, where the water-powers are affected by cold and drought, are of no practical value.

We claim that we are the only makers of the GENUINE JAMES LEFFEL DOUBLE TURBINE WHEEL in Canada, and that it is without a RIVAL in the WORLD in PRACTICAL RESULTS.

More than 6,000 of these wheels are now in operation in Canada and the United States. The sales of no other wheel ever yet introduced on this continent exceed one-sixth this number.

Our wheel has been thoroughly tested in Great Britain, and has fully maintained the reputation it has gained in Canada and the United States, as the most economical water-wheel in practical operation ever yet introduced.

We are now publishing a new descriptive water-wheel pamphlet containing 120 pages of valuable matters, which will be sent free to all applicants.

For further information address, F. W. GLEN, Oswawa, Ont.

N. B.—We desire to call attention, to the following certificate:—

SPRINGFIELD, Ohio, Dec. 25, 1868. We take the pleasure of informing the public of Canada that we have sold and furnished M. F. W. GLEN, of Oswawa, Ontario, Patterns, Formers, Drawings, Ganges, and all other necessary information to build our celebrated Double Turbine Water-Wheel, invented by James Leffel, and known as the "Leffel Wheel." We have also obligated ourselves to furnish the same facilities for manufacturing to no other parties in Canada. Without the information we have given to Mr. GLEN, no one can successfully build our wheels, and we advise parties in Canada to purchase our wheels of no other manufacturer. Mr. GLEN's facilities are unsurpassed, and we feel sure that he will build a wheel that will give perfect satisfaction. We therefore commend him to the people of Canada with entire confidence, feeling sure he will manufacture a wheel in all respects equal to our own.

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Temperance Directory.

Announcements in this column are charged Ten cent each insertion, or Four Dollars a year. Cash, in all cases, must accompany the order.

TORONTO DISTRICT DEGREE TEMPLE. The regular meetings are held on the second and fourth Thursday of every month, in the Rev. Mr. Rice's church, Agnes Street, commencing at 8 o'clock.

ENTERPRISE TEMPLE, No. 113, I.O.G.T. meets every Monday night at 7:30.

JESSE KETCHUM LODGE, No. 87, British Templars, meets every Friday evening at 7:30.

ST. JOHN'S TEMPLE, No. 58, meets in Mission Church, corner of Agnes and Chestnut Streets, every Friday evening at 7:30. Bro. David Smith, W. C. T. D. Miller, W.S.; W. R. Morrison, T. D.

A COLD WATER TEMPLE meets in Mission Church, corner of Agnes and Chestnut Streets, every Friday evening at 6:30. Superintendent, R. Morrison; assisted by Sister Baker and Bro. Metcalf. Children under 14 years are eligible for membership.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, No. 600, meets in Good Templars' Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, sharp. George H. Flint, W. C. T.; Bro. Poole, W. S.; Luke Sharpe, T. D.

TORONTO STAR TEMPLE meets every Friday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, corner of Yonge and Albert Streets. Parties wishing to join this Lodge are required to pay initiation fee at the time of proposition.

NASMITH TEMPLE meets every Wednesday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall.

MAPLE LEAF TEMPLE meets every Tuesday evening, corner of Adelaide and Francis streets.

RESCUE TEMPLE meets every Thursday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall.

CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN DIVISION OF THE Sons of Temperance meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the basement of the Temperance Hall, Temperance street. Bro. G. M. Rose, 85 King street, and Bro. Jas. Thompson, 358 Yonge street, will be happy to give any information with regard to this Division.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

GOING EAST—TORONTO TO MONTREAL.

Table with columns for destination, time (a.m., p.m.), and fare. Destinations include Toronto, Whitby, Oshawa, Bowmanville, Port Hope, Cobourg, Belleville, Kingston, Brockville, Ottawa.

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for destination, time (a.m., p.m.), and fare. Destinations include Montreal, Cornwall, Prescott, Brockville, Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Port Hope, Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby, Toronto.

TORONTO TO SARNIA.

Table with columns for destination, time (a.m., p.m.), and fare. Destinations include Toronto, Guelph, Stratford, London, Sarnia.

SARNIA TO TORONTO.

Table with columns for destination, time (a.m., p.m.), and fare. Destinations include Sarnia, London, Stratford, Guelph, Toronto.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.

Table with columns for destination, time (a.m., p.m.), and fare. Destinations include Suspension Bridge, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Paris, Woodstock, Ingersoll, London, Chatham, Windsor.

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.

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Miscellaneous.

HOW TO SEE NIAGARA.

BY BISHOP GILBERT HAVEN.

As we must cook well good material for cooking so we must see well good material for seeing. Many a fine object of observation is lost for fine treatment of it by the observer.

And yet people say they are disappointed in Niagara. "Prepare yourself for disappointment," I heard a mother tell her daughter, as the roar drew near.

That they will not do. Either the proprietors of the Island, or the owners of the hotels, or something, prevents the erection of the best located house possible in America, amid grand woods, and in the presence of grander waters.

The boat pushes further into the stream. The great Canadian Fall sweeps into view. Its green perfection of softness, smoothness and radiance, the loveliest tint on the face of nature, strikes your terrified and delighted eye.

powerful and painful trials can bring forth some corruptible matter, which, floating away, leaves the current of our lives the purer for the chastising.

Climb the hill on the opposite shore. You can ride if you are no tourist and do not desire health; if you do, walk very slow, so as not to get tired, and so as to often turn and drink in gradually and completely the whole scene.

Now for your first near view. Walk; don't ride, I beg you. It is not a half mile. Walk along the crest of the cliff to the former Table-rock.

Go to the old mill, a short mile above, which delapidated ruin is an eloquent plea for annexation; enter a little gate on the grounds of a gentleman just beyond, and walk on paths he has made around these swift-flowing rivers.

You have "done" the Canada side, so far as getting the right spots for doing it. Museums, curiosities, rides, are all superfluities to be accepted or rejected without harm to the main question.

SPURGEON'S VOICE.

The photographic likenesses of Spurgeon are generally truthful. They show us the round, full face, low forehead, sleek black hair, and a somewhat expansive chest, giving ample space for the play of the lungs.

"Sweet is thy work, my God, my King, etc." What a voice! Without any lifting up, its trumpet tones ring over the chapel, filling it with a pleasant stream of sound which must be heard as distinctly in the remotest corner as near the pulpit.

preacher in the world, we still cling to our first impression that no inconsiderable portion of Spurgeon's popularity arises from his matchless voice. It has not the full, musical, and organ-like tones of the late Dr. Newton's; nor the deep thrilling bass, and changing intonations of the late eloquent orator, Dr. Beaumont.

NEWSPAPER-EDITING TWENTY YEARS AGO.

It seems only yesterday that I, a raw boy of fifteen, put my hot thumb nervously, in a certain lawyer's office in Bristol, on a small red wafer, and thereby certifying a newly-written document to be my "act and deed," became articulated apprentice to the editor and printer of a well-known Bristol journal, in which Chatterton had once written.

The editor was a dull, portly, indolent man, who wore a plum-colored tail-coat, and had the air of a well-to-do tradesman. He was the slowest man with a pen, and the adroitest man with scissors, I think I ever knew.

His first proceeding was to shout up the pipe that communicated with the upper office, for the errand-boy. On the appearance of that chubby and grimy Ganymede, he dispatched him sternly for a pint of Burton, and, filling a long churchwarden pipe, awaited his return with thoughtful calmness.

This request was instantly followed by the bang of a swing-door as a boy precipitated himself down stairs, and in a moment after appeared like one of Allah's slaves of the lamp, only considerably blacker, at the side of the editorial desk.

"Can't you see I'm writing my leader?—the men are waiting—don't bother me—call again—come up presently—shut the door!"

Woe to me, too, if I either slammed a desk, dropped a book, threw open a window, or scuffled with the papers! I also was snubbed and denounced, and frowned and puffed at, till I relapsed into grave contemplation of that pleasant work, the "Ready Reckoner."

I am bound to say that the leader, when it did appear had a slight flavor of ale and smoke. Its Toryism was muddy as the ale, its arguments was vapory as the smoke.

"Any copy ready, sir. The men are all standing still. Want two more columns, sir." Then the editor would go to his reserve drawer, and stay the foreman's clamors with half a column of Staffordshire, or some such make-up bit.

him carving with his scissors at a long slip from the Morning Herald, and using the paste brush much oftener than the pen. The leader would then read thus:

"But we are weary of any further exposing the machinations and underhand meanness of the Radical party. We cannot do better than quote the elegant and singularly just remarks of a London contemporary, who says Sir Robert Peel and his myrmidons, etc."

This helped out very nicely, and did quite as well as original writing. Then would follow a few lines of commentary, often concluding in this way, "But we have hardly done justice to the Herald's masterly analysis of Wednesday's lamentable debate. Our contemporary says with fearful truth, etc."

"Call up the pipe and tell them to send down directly for the end of the leader; and tell Mr. Davis we are ready for more revises and a first proof or two."

The leader done, our editor would rise, tap the ashes out of his pipe on the hob, mop his forehead, and finish his beer gratefully and complacently with all the air of a man who had just completed the Pandects of Justinian.

A comical instance of a man playing upon his own name sprang out of absent mindedness. Sir Thomas Strange, calling at a friend's house, was desired to leave his name. "Why," said he "to tell the truth, I have forgotten it!"

While Mark Twain was writing for The Californian he undertook to enliven the paper by getting up a department of "Answers to Correspondents," and among other things acknowledged the receipt of a "lot of doggerel" from a Dutch Flat contributor, of which he gave a specimen verse, commencing:—

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold."

Fancy his consternation when, the next week, he opened the Gold Hill News and found himself scathingly rebuked as an ignominous whom it were base flattery to call a literary imposter, and the true authorship of the "Destruction of Senacherib" pointed out to him! Mark was in despair for a while—muttered something about having heard "a man whose intellect was so dense that it would take the auger of common sense longer to bore into it than it would to bore through Mont Blanc with a carrot, but that his Gold Hill critic could discount that man and give the auger a year's start!"—finally coming to the conclusion to "live it down" and thenceforth to do something "easier" for his sage brush readers.

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Sayings and Doings.

"It is a sin to steal a pin," and a man in Philadelphia has been arrested for that very offence. The pin has a diamond attached to it.

In Sparta, Wisconsin, a new doctor, just arrived in town, called on the editor of the village paper at midnight, in a storm, to subscribe for his paper, and pay five dollars for the insertion of a business card. The poor editor stood at the open door in his shirt, the rain beating against his legs, for want of accommodations in the house for his new patron. Hunting around to make change, in the excitement, he started a preperation, took cold, and was sick. The next day he had to call a physician. Of course he patronized the new doctor who had paid him some cash. He was sick three weeks, and had to pay the doctor forty-eight dollars more than he received from him. He says that he never will take money from a doctor again.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.—We spoke the other day of a cheese which took the prize for gymnastics at the Norristown fair. Since then we have learned that at a restaurant in this city they always keep the cheese chained to the counter, and when, sometimes, it breaks loose, and rushes for the front door, they send a dog after it and bring it back. This reminds us of an event that occurred while we were in the navy, during the war. One warm evening, while standing on the poop-deck complaining to the captain of the fact that the biscuits were wormy, we heard a scuffling noise upon the gangway stairs. Proceeding to make an examination, we saw six of seven hundred ship-biscuits rush up the steps and shy over to the side of the vessel, where they climbed up to the port-holes, and leaned out to get a breath of fresh air. We know that these things are mysterious; but if they can teach us to admire and reverence the wonderful beauty of Nature and the adaptability of her laws to the wants of animals, we shall feel much happier than we did before.—Ex.

NEVER TEMPT A MAN.

The late celebrated John Trumbull, when a boy, resided with his father Governor Trumbull, at his residence in Lebanon, Conn., in the neighborhood of the Mohegans. The government of this tribe was hereditary in the family of the celebrated Uncas. Among the heirs of the chieftanship was an Indian named Zachary, who, though a brave man and an excellent hunter, was as drunken and worthless an Indian as could be found. By the death of intervening heirs, Zachary found himself entitled to the royal power. In this moment the better genius of Zachary assumed sway, and he reflected seriously: "How can such a drunken wretch as I aspire to be the chief of this noble tribe. What will people say? How shall the shades of my glorious ancestors look down indignantly upon such a successor? Aye—drink no more!" And he solemnly resolved that he would drink nothing stronger than water, and he kept to his resolution.

Zachary succeeded to the rule of his tribe. It was usual for the Governor to attend at the annual election in Hartford, and it was customary for the Mohegan chief also to attend, and on his way to stop and dine with the governor. John, the Governor's son, was but a boy, and at one of these occasions at the festive board occurred a scene, which I will give in Trumbull's own words:

One day the mischievous thought struck me to try the sincerity of the old man's temperance. The family were seated at dinner, and there was excellent home-brewed beer on the table. I addressed the chief:

"Zachary, the beer is very fine; will you not taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife, and leaning forward with a stern intensity of expression, and his fervid eyes sparkling with angry indignation, fixed on me.

"John," said he, "you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Do you know that I am an Indian? Shall I become again the same contemptible wretch your father remembers me to have been? John, never again while you live tempt a man to break a good resolution.

Socrates never uttered a more valuable precept. Demosthenes could not have given it with a more solemn eloquence. I was thunderstruck. My parents were deeply affected. They looked at me, and then turned their gaze upon the venerable chieftan with awe and respect. They afterward frequently remind

me of the scene, and charged me never to forget it.

He lies buried in the royal burial place of the tribe, near the beautiful falls of the Yantic, in Norwich. I visited the old chief lately, and above his mouldering remains repeated to myself the inestimable lesson.

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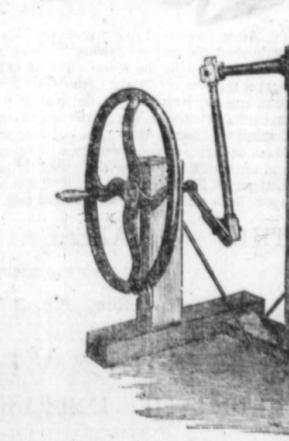
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References—The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Toronto, The Rt. Rev. The Lord Bishop of Huron, The Rt. Rev. The Bishop of Ontario.
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