

Mrs W Prentiss 10/10/1901  
Greenville  
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# A VOICE

FROM THE FIELD

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

VOL. 2. MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1891. No. 11

## A KNOT OF WHITE RIBBON.

MINDAH E. MERRIFIELD.

The rain fell in a heavy mist and the wind souged mournfully through the trees, sweeping the dead leaves in showers over the fast fading grass and wet pavements. The street lamps gave out a faint, flickering light and the pedestrians drew their wraps closer and shivered as they hurried along. For an hour or more the figure of a woman might have been seen wandering up and down the streets, and the face upon which the light shone was that of a young girl scarce twenty. The brown hair was pushed back from the white face, and a pair of dark hazel eyes looked with a frightened expression upon the passers-by, who did not seem to heed her presence in the least.

The girl leaned for a moment against a fence, and a great tearless sob broke from her lips; and at that moment a lady who had just passed with several others, stepped back, and laid a gentle hand on the girl's arm. A voice sweeter than the sweetest music to a troubled heart, spoke, and a face made beautiful by its love of God and humanity, with the same love shining in the kindly blue eyes, bent over and asked:

"Let me help you, you are in trouble."

The girl looked up with a bewildered air; such words she was not used to, but in a moment she found voice to answer:

"No, you can't, unless you give me work, and my reference is, I have been one week out of jail."

The lady gave a start, and the girl continued with a laugh:

"I knew you would turn away; no less than a hundred have done the same thing the past week."

"Surely," the sweet voice whispered, "you were not guilty?"

"Yes," she answered, "I will not lie to you, I was guilty."

The noble, loving heart gave a great throb of pity; this was her work, here was one of her chosen ones to whom she was devoting her life work. A clear, cold voice, with a sound like a bell on an icy morning, broke the momentary silence.

"My dear Mrs. Barney, don't you think you are wasting time, we will be late, and Dr. Ellis is so particular?"

For a moment she hesitated; there was an audience waiting for her, who, with God's help, she must interest; and yet this one must not be left without a word of comfort. She hastily thrust a card into the girl's hand, together with a shining silver piece, and whispered hurriedly, "Come to me in the morning at this address," and she was gone.

Something fluttered noiselessly to the walk, and the girl ran and picked it up; it was a knot of white ribbon.

"I wonder if she wants it," she soliloquized. "I guess not; I'll keep it because she dropped it." She opened her hand and looked at the silver dollar lying within. "Now I can have some supper," she thought, and she hurried away in the direction the party had taken, but they were well in advance of her. After turning several corners, she found herself in front of a brilliantly lighted church, and an illuminated card announced that Mrs. J. K. Barney would give an address. She stopped short; that was the name the lady had called her benefactor. She looked at her card, and there it was, Mrs. J. K. Barney. Supper was forgotten, and she went into the church, and slipped into one of the back seats. The Center church was crowded, the organ played and the choir sang, the pastor gave thanks for blessings past and to come, and at last gave way to the speaker of the evening, and a slender little black-robed lady, with blue eyes shining like stars, with their hope and earnestness, arose before a church filled with a fashionable and critical audience, to tell them what the mission of the white ribbon was, and how it led her out into the by-ways to search out the despised and forsaken, and tell them of Christ's love, for He came to save the fallen, and, as she went on, the girl in the back seat clasped her ribbon closer and her eyes lost their wildness, and a look of content came into her face.

The voice of the speaker rang out clear and sweet to the listeners as she spoke of the enemy who stole away home and happiness; and, if he did not darken their home, someone's household idol was sacrificed on the altar of mammon which they would in a measure be called to answer for, as the professing Christian would pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and then give their influence for that which destroyed both body and soul. "Thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." The voice was wonderfully pathetic as it repeated the precious words.

"How can His kingdom come amid such blighting sin, and His will is not done on earth because it is not in accordance with God's will to ruin," and then the speaker's voice grew soft and pleading as she begged more to vote right, to uplift the standard of right for the boys to follow, and she showed the truth for women's feet to tread, to win many to the narrow way for Christ's sake.

When at last the clear voice ceased and the speaker took her seat, the Rev. Dr. Ellis arose, and after a few complimentary remarks in regard to Mrs. Barney, and a few more invoking God's blessing, the meeting was over,

and the people were free to express their sentiments, which they were not slow to do. Some had gone out of curiosity, some to please the noble, earnest women who had instigated the meeting, and more because at the present time Dr. Ellis church was very popular, and as they looked at the address from different standpoints, the comments were of course somewhat varied. There were many who simply admired the gifted speaker, but there were a few who felt the responsibility of God's work, but among the number who felt the need of a Father's strength and love was the girl in the back seat, who still clasped in her hands a bit of white ribbon. One by one the people had left the church, or stood in groups and talked over the meeting, till at last the girl seemed to realize it was over, and starting to her feet she glided away; she walked swiftly along till she reached rather a neat looking lodging house, and entered for the night.

She lay awake counting the hours, as the bell in the adjoining steeple tolled them out, till at last she fell asleep to dream of fair faces.

The morning sunlight shone in at the window when at last she opened her eyes, and springing up she made as neat a toilet as possible, and descended the stairs to the plain, though comfortable dining room, and after a hurried breakfast made her way out upon the street, in the direction given on her card. The number brought her to a large brownstone residence, and her courage seemed to leave her as she ascended the white marble steps and gave a timid pull at the polished silver bell. The smart maid in a white cap and apron, with flowing ribbons, elevated her nose as she reluctantly permitted her to enter the hall, while she went to inform Mrs. Barney of her arrival; she soon returned, and directed her to follow. As the library door swung back, and the slender, graceful figure and sweet face of her new found friend appeared, her hesitancy vanished, but her eyes filled with tears as she felt the warm hand clasp and the thrilling gaze of the blue eyes.

"Now, my child," said the lady, "tell me all about it. How is it you are left to wander through the world, and thus early tread the path of wrong?" There was no withstanding the kindly sympathetic voice, and so, seated close to the lady, the girl told again the old, old story of love and sin, old since the world begun, yet new to many a trusting girl's heart that has no loving hand to guide: the story of a woman's love and man's perfidy, and when at last she found herself friendless and alone, the wine cup's ruddy light bade her find comfort there, and so she had only to find the result which is always sure to follow. "So you see, ma'am, nobody will take a jail-bird, so there is no good way left for me," she concluded.

While the story had been told, the listener's heart had been lifted to God in prayer, but she had not looked for an answer quite so soon as it was received; for as the girl's words died away, the curtains parted, and the hostess stood before them; her eyes filled with tears as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mrs. Barney, I could not help but hear; forgive me. I will take her and help her;—no one knows how much we have to answer for by turning a deaf ear to the cries for help which come before our Christian people. I will not stand back in the work any longer." And it was decided that Mrs. Judge B. was to take Nellie Harris in her employ, and help her to do right.

Five times has summer's sunlight shown over the stately city of Elms, and five times have the streets been wrapped in their snowy mantle, and again the Center church is crowded to listen to Mrs. J. K. Barney's words which cannot fail to entuse the hearts of her listeners, but this time she has a warm place in the hearts of the people; seventy-five earnest, loyal women, with Mrs. Judge B. at their head, are wearing the white ribbon for "God and Home and Native Land," and this time she spoke for them. Nellie Harris is still with Mrs. Judge B., and she has proved faithful and true, and her name is known to every poor unfortunate one, and many less

her; but there are few who know of a little ebony box in her room, which contains a card and a little knot of white ribbon, over which she shed many bitter tears in her struggle for right at first.

To-night she too wears a white ribbon, for the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and no one would recognize in the quiet, lady-like looking girl the wreck of five years ago. But Mrs. Barney remembers, and her greeting is cordial as to a friend.

Mrs. Judge B. has found by blessed experience that a few words, even on the busy streets, will bring forth abundant fruit. Dr. Ellis' prayer comes from the depths of his heart this night, and his words are wonderfully tender, for he knows the little story connected with the speaker's last visit, and when he ends with a blessing on the white ribbon, which is fast encircling the world, and all members of the W. C. T. U., there is a heartfelt and earnest Amen.

Reader, there is many a Nellie Harris in our crowded streets, but there are few Mrs. Barneys; let us all endeavor to live closer to the beautiful life from which she takes her example, and in a consecrated work for God and humanity, find the rest and blessing of the promise—

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

#### NOTES OF WARNING ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED.

We have thought, while reading with deep interest the minutes of the last Annual Convention of the Maritime W. C. T. U., how truly "the field is the world;" how the same evils confront the White Ribboners everywhere, and the same discouragements have to be met by untiring zeal, and the long-suffering love God sheds abroad in our hearts.

Mrs. Dr. Todd, Superintendent of "Purity in Literature and Art," writes:—"A few years ago the country was startled by the news of a terrible flood that had swept hundreds to death. For weeks the search for bodies went on. One day a man was walking over what seemed to be the unbroken surface of a field. Carelessly kicking as he walked, his foot struck and dislodged a lump of earth, when, to his horror, a dead face appeared. Immediately search was begun, and the entire field was found to be a vast charnel house, full of death and corruption. Just so, it seems to me, is the work of the department I represent. A flood of literature has swept over the land, carrying moral death in its track. One but needs to look under the surface to discover enough to turn the heart sick and faint.

"What has produced the almost numberless bands of young thieves, murderers and train-wreckers, of whom we read in every day's paper? Dime novels indiscriminately sold, and allowed to be read by children by parents who are too careless to take time and see what kind of books their children are reading. What about the impurity of heart and life that is found among children of tender years, as well as those who are older? The impure papers, pictures, and books that are sent out to do their deadly work, by those whose hearts are black and corrupt, will account for it all."

After showing the "character of the men who deal in the unclean literature of the day," and the fearful extent to which they circulate it among women and children, she continues:—

"A good suggestion comes from Yarmouth, and all fathers and mothers would do well to heed it. The post-master requests parents to come themselves for their mail, instead of sending their children; then they will know what is sent to their homes. An instance of the wisdom of so doing came to my notice, where a father examined a paper, bearing a very innocent name, but containing advertisements that were vile. The paper was given to me. In order to test their genuineness, I replied

to one under an assumed name, and back came catalogues of obscene pictures, and advice as to the best way of ordering, with a special caution to 'our customers in Canada.' Who are these customers? Are they *your* boys and girls? How may you be sure they are not? I have the assurance from some of my helpers that these papers, and worse things, are sent broadcast. School catalogues furnish names—*private* schools, not the much berated *public* schools, for their pupils' names are not printed.

"In one of our cities, four clubs of boys were discovered, whose object it was to read and circulate impure papers, books and pictures. The parents of these boys never suspected it. Two have been broken up, and hopes are entertained of the death of the others.

"An item in a newspaper, not long ago, said:—'The cigarette makers have decided not to enclose pictures in the packages, as they cost too much; one firm paid well up to six thousand dollars a year.' Think of it! Six thousand dollars a year for the corruption of the minds of the young, for those who have examined them pronounce these pictures the vilest of the vile.

"In this, as in most of our departments, I am satisfied that the one thing that cripples our work is apathy. If we could once get the people aroused, we would reach the end of our desires speedily. Then let us all be active in throwing the light of truth on our work, so that all may see the need of action."

Yes, dear reader, we echo from the Province of Quebec the cry of our sister from the Maritime Provinces. "The thing that cripples our work is *apathy*. If we could but get the people aroused!"

But how is it to be done? We are constantly publishing facts that are surely sufficiently startling; "throwing the light of truth" on the dangers that surround the children on our streets, in our schools, yes, and in their own homes also, where, alas! mothers think they are so safe.

If the Christian mothers of Montreal would arise in the God-given power of their mother-love, and say that such pictures as have disgraced St. Catherine street of late—with their suggestions to the minds of their boys and girls of immorality and crime—should no longer be tolerated, they would soon disappear.

If they should so gain, and hold, the confidence of their children as to hear from their lips *all* of their school life, conversations in the playground, papers and books passed from hand to hand, and freely commented upon, &c., they would soon insist upon purifying the moral atmosphere these children are breathing every day. If they would take means to *know certainly* what comes to their children through the mails, what kind of reading they indulge in at night, and what is the habitual current of their thoughts, how much evil might be averted, how much holy influence be brought to bear upon them.

We know that many a mother will indignantly throw down our paper, saying, "There is no danger to *my* child." Alas! dear mother, in your own apathy, in your fond assurance that *your* child is utterly unlike the many children who have yielded to temptation and broken hearts as confident as yours, lies the terrible danger. But even were you sure your own were safe, what about the hundreds of young feet that you acknowledge are treading a downward path? Can you not awake to their danger? Can you not do something to save them?

In the minutes of the Maritime Convention, from which I have already given extracts, there is a report by Mrs. Turnbull, Superintendent of the Social Purity Department Party, in which she says:—

"While teaching our own, let us not forget those who have no mother's gentle teachings, no kindly voice of warning; the little girls who are tempted into a life of sin before they are old enough to know its horrors. Very recently, in my own city, a little girl under thirteen years of age was found in a house of infamy. Oh, think of it, mothers! when you clasp to your bosom your own little girls of that tender age, scarcely thirteen, and her young

life blasted through the wickedness of men, who, if they had possessed any of manhood's honor, would have protected instead of debased her; and oh, the shame of it! that women are found base enough to entice and harbour young girls in their infamous dens, teaching them the ways that "take hold on hell." We cannot shut our eyes to these terrible facts that are being constantly exposed through the daily papers. The time has gone by when 'tis considered unwomanly to be intelligent or not to shrink from duty. Perhaps you think that such instances only occur to those in the lower walks of life. Alas! there are those who have been as tenderly cared for as your own sweet girls, who have been victims to man's infamy. If you could see a dear mother's face, as I saw it, when she told me of a cruel outrage to her child, her sweet, fair girl, just entering girlhood; if you could have heard the despair, the heartache in her tones as she said, "If he had taken my child's life, I could have borne it, but this, oh, this is **TERRIBLE!**" you would feel as I felt. Dear sisters, something must be done to stay this dreadful evil, that brings a more deadly blight upon the home than even strong drink alone could do. If it is true that angels weep, what bitter tears must fall in heaven over this most cruel of all wrongs that can be committed by man. There are few mothers who have not known the sorrow and suffering of giving back a little child to God, but it can be nothing in comparison to the agony of parents whose innocent little girl has been a victim to man's foulest crime. Why should not Christian men and women seek more earnestly to teach the doctrines taught by our Lord; to put into practice the precepts of the White Cross? Do we dread the world's harsh criticism, its misrepresentation and misjudgment? Remember how it treated Him whom we desire to serve, He who is our pattern, and who bids us—"Follow thou Me."

There are many pictures representing the Man of Sorrows. There is one (a German picture, I think) where He is represented with clothing soiled and torn, in the act of rescuing a lamb that has strayed, while He tenderly removes the brambles of the thicket. His own hands are wounded by the thorns. In seeking to follow Him, to do His work, we, too, shall be pierced by many a thorn, wounded by the world's harsh criticisms and discouraged by its scorn; but He bids us fear not. Oh, how many victories are lost through fear! how many opportunities! how many souls! We want workers, these days, who know no fear but the fear of God, who will be ready for every good work; souls more willing to surrender all for Christ, more ready for entire consecration. While we wait and hesitate, the souls of our sister women are going down into the "blackness of darkness for ever," and "the enemy lurketh in the thievish corners of the streets, that he may slay the innocent." We must come to the rescue, not trusting to our own strength. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength."

Again we say, we as workers in Quebec can echo every word. We, too, have seen a mother rock to and fro with a wail so bitter, an anguish so terrible, that we stood stricken before her, powerless to attempt to comfort where comfort there was none, with only a silent prayer that God, the great, merciful Father would somehow speak to the heart of his afflicted one, and hasten the day when all wrongs shall be righted, and sorrow and sighing flee away. We pray, day by day, Thy kingdom come, and come it surely will, for God has promised. But is not the Master saying to each of us, "Occupy till I come," and "Follow thou Me," and shall we not follow Him through good report and evil report, bearing our cross and despising the shame, occupying as He occupied, sorrowing as He sorrowed, working as He worked, loving as He loved, and, if need be, losing our life, striving against sin, that at His command we may find it again where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary rest with God.

## A Voice from the Field :

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### THE GIRLS' READING ROOM,

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A cordial welcome is extended to all young women.  
A Gospel service is held every Sunday evening at 8.30 in Evangelistic  
Hall, 2254 St. Catherine street.

DEUT. XXVII. 27. 2 COR. I. 11.

The glad New Year's motto is sounding,  
Like bells chiming sweet on the air ;  
Let all who love the Lord Jesus  
Be helping together in prayer.

The world is so full of sin's darkness,  
Of sorrow and trouble and care,  
Which each may do something to brighten,  
By helping together in prayer.

Then take every task the Lord giveth,  
Nor ever sit down in despair.  
If He says stand aside or sit idle,  
You still can be helping by prayer.

Sometimes the Lord's weak ones are strongest,  
They cast upon Him every care.  
His idle ones oftentimes work hardest,  
By helping together by prayer.

The Eternal God is thy refuge,  
And underneath, everywhere,  
His arms, everlastingly loving,  
Are moved by our helping prayer. —E. Evans.

#### Dear Readers of THE VOICE :

THE wise man says that "adversity proveth friends," and truly the trouble that calls for this note of apology has borne some pleasant fruit. So many friends have come into the Girls' Reading Room, saying, "What has happened to my VOICE? I have missed it this month;" and, though regretting the delay, we have been glad to find the paper is appreciated and missed. January's issue was in the hands of the printer when that series of disastrous fires on Craig street occurred, and among the sufferers were the printers of our paper. As much of the machinery was saved, it was hoped that the delay would be slight; but when new premises were secured, and the machinery set up, it was found to be so injured by water that new plant had to be procured. Hence the delay.

Now, we hope, all will be satisfactory and on time, as usual; but as our dear Editor, Miss Barber, and her most active assistant, Mrs. Frost, are laid aside by severe and dangerous illness in their family circles, there may be delays, and we feel there is no need to ask, in this case, for a patient, sympathetic waiting in case of further delays.

#### DEPARTMENT S. S. WORK.

"THIS YEAR FOR JESUS."

Dear Fellow-Workers of Quebec :

Let us now, early in the year, decide that the above motto shall be ours. Having prayerfully resolved to lose no opportunity to serve our beloved Master, let us see to it that we slight not the field of Sunday School work.

Is the Union of which you are a member directly interested in this department of our work; if not, why? Does the Sunday School to which you belong have a Pledge Roll for teachers and scholars? Does your Superintendent make a *strong point* of every temperance point in the lesson? Is temperance well to the front in your monthly, quarterly or annual concerts or entertainments given by the Sunday School children, or is it a subject kept directly in the background? As temperance workers, pledged to do all in your power to help forward our cause, have you given these matters your personal thought and your prayers? In many country places, where temperance teaching is a side issue in the day schools, and where workers find it difficult to sustain juvenile organizations, the Sunday School presents the most favorable opportunity for faithful seed-sowing. Be sure that *your* field is not lying waste when it might be bringing forth sheaves for the Master.

Yours in His service,

BELLA M. CLEVELAND,

Prov. Supt. S. S. Work.

#### FLOWERS, SEEDS AND BULBS.

Who does not love flowers? Every woman does, and the question is often asked, "Where can we procure the best?" We answer this by drawing attention to the handsome catalogue of THE STEELE BROS. Co., Toronto. They offer the *Mannellia Vine*, a beautiful climber and a most profuse bloomer at all times and in all places, also the *New Day-Blooming Moon Flower*. Just imagine 1,000 flowers (about four inches across) all in bloom at once. These, with very many other floral novelties, are all fully illustrated, priced and described in their grand new book. Anyone sending 20 cents for their catalogue will be allowed to deduct same from their first order, thus making it practically free. This is a first-class house, and we recommend all our friends to send for a copy, which is an ornament for any parlor table.

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

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

Temperance and Social Purity literature, also pledge cards and pledge books may be obtained at the Girl's Reading Room, 2260 St. Catherine Street.

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GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE CALIGRAPH.

## HIDDEN DEPTHS.

(BY PERMISSION.)

## CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

"Is there no chance of Mr. Thorold's coming?" she said, turning anxiously to Mrs. Berry, who was standing near, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"He's sure to come, my dear lady, the moment he goes home and gets the message; but he's out among the sick and poor somewhere, and no one can tell where to find him or when he will be back."

"Well, you must not stay here, dear nurse, at all events," said Ernestine, who saw that the good woman was feeling faint and ill. "I shall not leave Annie, and you must go and lie down. I will call you if I want you."

"I'll go to poor Ellen, then, for she is wonderful timid at the thought of death in the house. She says she's been such a sinner, it scares her; and she can't bring herself to come near the room, for all she's so fond of Annie."

"Yes, go and make her take care of you." But as she went to the door to close it after Mrs. Berry, Annie thought she was going away, and shrieked out,—

"Miss Courtenay are you going to leave me to die alone, and go our before God with all my sins upon my head? Oh, why won't you help me? Don't you see I am dying; and every wicked thing I've ever done is written on the wall there in letters all of fire; and I'm obliged to see it; I'm obliged to read it. I tell you it's dreadful. And then, there's the Lord Christ dying on His cross, and me flaunting pass Him, laughing and mocking. What did I care? I took my pleasure, and let Him suffer in vain for me. O Miss Courtenay, you have done your best for me; but I'm lost. I'm lost!" Only exhaustion made her pause for a moment, but the restless glancing of her eyes never ceased for an instant, or the convulsive clenching of her hands. She was beginning to cry out again with her despairing words, but Ernestine forcibly took the trembling hands in hers, and compelled her to turn her glance on her.

"Annie, listen to me," she said; "I have one word to say, which you must hear. Listen to me quietly now for a moment." Annie's eyes rested on hers, and she saw that, for the time at least, she was giving her full attention, and slowly and solemnly Ernestine said: "The Lord Jesus Christ declared, 'I am come into the world to seek and to save that which was lost.' Do you hear me, Annie? He came to save that which was lost."

"Lost!" repeated Annie slowly. "Lost! and who so lost as I am?" She remained silent a moment; then over the bright, flashing eyes there gathered a mist of tears.

"Oh, is it possible, that me, even me! so lost, He would seek and save?" She drew her hands out of Ernestine's grasp, and folded them together as she had been taught to do when a little child, she repeated her evening prayers, and in a trembling voice she said,—

"Lord Jesus, I am lost indeed; oh, seek and save me, even me Lord Jesus!" Then she remained perfectly still, her eyes closed, and tears slowly coursing down her cheeks, now grown deadly pale. Ernestine remained kneeling at her side in perfect silence. At last Annie whispered softly,—

"Do you think the Lord Jesus would like to save me?"

"I am sure He would, my child."

"But so bad as I have been?"

"His love is greater even than your sin, Annie."

Then there was silence again for a long time. The terrible restlessness was gone. The feverish flush had died away. The calm which often precedes death had set in; and, but for her laboured breathing, it would have seemed

as if the struggle were already over, so like a marble statue did she seem, with her closed eyes and her unearthly whiteness. Once only she spoke during this interval,—

"Do you think Mr. Thorold will come and give me the sacrament now?"

"I hope so, dear Annie; we have sent for him; he was out, but he will come the moment he gets the message."

"Too late!" she said, with a quiet movement of the head. "He will be too late. But it is only just I should not have it now; I refused it so often."

Then she relapsed into silence. So passed some hours. Sometimes Ernestine thought she slept; at other times her lips moved as if in prayer; but her breathing was growing perceptibly fainter, and it was plain that death was very near. Ernestine knelt, with her back to the door, looking sorrowfully on the white, sad face, and feeling as if she ought to be speaking some words of comfort to her; while at the same time she dared not break in upon a silence in which the departing soul might be listening to the very voice of God. Suddenly she saw Annie start as if she had received an electric shock. Her eyes opened wide, clear and bright as in her fairest days, and fixed themselves intently on the door, which had opened a moment previously, though Ernestine had been too much absorbed to hear it. The powers of the girl's failing life seemed to rush over her sinking frame once more. She gazed towards that spot with a smile of ecstasy, and stretching out her arms, exclaimed,—

"*You are come!* Oh, God be praised, who has heard my prayer! You are come, that I may tell you I forgive you with all my heart, with all my soul, as I pray the dear Lord may forgive me too. Come to me; come to me quick. I have but a moment, and I want to take back the bitter words I have said against you; let us part in peace, though you wronged me so cruelly, who loved you so well."

Ernestine was utterly astonished at the sudden outburst, and at the strange words Annie uttered, and for a moment she almost thought her delirious; but it was evident from her look she was indeed addressing some one actually present, and turning quickly round to see who it was, she gave a suppressed shriek, while her heart seemed to stop beating, and she felt as if turned to stone. It was Hugh Lingard who was standing there in the doorway, with a look of horror and dismay on his face such as no words can paint, while his eyes were fixed on the dying girl with unmistakable recognition; his arms fell slowly to his sides, and the one word, "Rosie!" escaped involuntarily from his lips. In a moment Ernestine saw it all. The truth flashed upon her soul in all its details, with that irresistible conviction which seems almost like an inspiration from heaven. She knew in that moment, with a terrible knowledge which could never pass away from her, that the destroyer of this child, whom God had sent her to seek throughout the world, was that very man who was dearer to her than life itself, and in whom her whole earthly happiness was bound up only too fatally. It was like the shock of an earthquake to her thus to learn that the truth and goodness, in which she had believed so fondly as being his special characteristic, had in fact never existed. Kneeling as she was, she had to catch hold of the bed to keep herself from falling, for there was a mist before her eyes, and a roaring as of thunder in her ears; but through it all she caught the tones of Annie's voice, fainter than before,—

"Oh, why will you not come to me? I am going fast. Why do you look at me so? I could not live any more in this world. But come quick. I want to ask God to forgive you. My breath is failing. Come."

Her faltering words died away. Her breathing came in long gasps, and Ernestine, forcing herself to look up, saw that an awful change was passing over her features. There was no time to be lost. No earthly thoughts or human feelings must stay the work of charity in that supreme moment. She rose up and went towards Lingard, who

had staggered against the wall, and covered his face with his hands.

"Is this true?" she said, in her low, sweet voice, which trembled as she spoke. "Is it indeed you who have need to ask her forgiveness?"

He let his hands fall and turned towards her,—

"It is true, Ernestine. God, in whom you believe, has brought this judgment on me."

"Then come as she wishes—come quick—she is expiring."

He looked towards Annie, and saw that it was so indeed. Her head had fallen back, her shadowy blue blue eyes were partly hidden beneath the white lids, and over her parted lips the breath was coming each moment fainter, like the heaving tide falling ever lower and lower on the shore it is deserting. Lingard rushed to the bedside, and, sinking on his knees, exclaimed,—"*Rosie, forgive me—forgive!*"

Slowly she turned her dim eyes with a last look of life towards him, and, with great difficulty, lifting one thin white hand, she let it fall on his head as if in token of pardon and blessing. It rested there for a few more awful moments, during which her dying breath still sighed into the silence; then suddenly a light broke over her face like morning on the distant hills; and with one low sob the spirit passed away from the worn and weary frame, and Annie Brook was beyond the reach of mortal ill.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### CHARITY SUFFRETH LONG, AND IS KIND.

Yes; Annie Brook was beyond the reach of mortal ill, but not so Ernestine Courtenay. The scorn of the world could never more bring the flush of shame to that cold white cheek, nor its cruel hate or deadly love rend the poor heart that lay so still beneath the hand of death; but life, with its terrible capacity for suffering, was strong in the sensitive, palpitating frame of her who now beside that quiet corpse was entering on a silent agony which could only terminate with actual existence on the earth.

Thorold came hurriedly into the room, almost immediately after Annie had breathed her last, and Lingard, hearing his step, rose up at once from his kneeling posture from the bed, and walked quickly to the door; but there he paused for a moment, and, turning round, he looked on Ernestine. Their gaze met, and though not a word was spoken, both knew that it was an eternal farewell which was passing between them; yet he saw there was not one shade of reproach in the sweet eyes that were looking their last on all that made life dear,—only mournful regret and anguish, which he rightly judged was far more for his sin than her own sorrow. He could not bear the sight; a spasm of pain contracted his features, and hastily turning from the room, he rushed downstairs, and Ernestine knew she would never look upon his face again. Thorold was astonished at his abrupt departure, for he had heard from Mrs. Berry that Mr. Lingard, finding that Miss Courtenay was detained to so late an hour, had come to escort her home; but when he turned and caught a glimpse of the dumb agony on Ernestine's face as she flung herself down by the dead body, with her hands clasped above her head, he understood it all. Very gently he asked her a few questions as to Annie's last moments, and she lifted up her head and answered him in a strange, half-stifled voice; then he bade her take comfort in the thought that she had been able to carry out her mission to the last, and that she might hope the poor lost wanderer, now lying before them with so quiet a smile on her pale face, was even then at peace at her pitying Saviour's feet.

A faint light stole into Ernestine's mournful eyes, as he thus said the only words which could have given her comfort at that moment, and she looked up gratefully to him, but did not speak. Then he asked her if she wished any-

one to assist her in performing the last offices for Annie. She softly answered "No." He saw that indeed it was best for her at that moment to be alone with the dead, so he quietly withdrew, giving Mrs. Berry many directions for her comfort when she should have finished the last act of charity: her whom she had so long sought, and found at last, at the cost of all her own happiness on earth.

The glad sunshine of the early summer morning was pouring into the room when Ernestine began to compose the limbs of the dead, and spread over them the fair white linen, type of the wedding garment, which she trusted even this poor erring child might win from the tender mercy of the sinless Lord; and, as she saw that a new day had begun, a strange feeling took possession of her, as if she herself had died with Annie—died forever to the sweet life of the past, with its love and hope and joy, and as if the whole earth would henceforth be for her cold and dark as the grave, whither that dead form must descend. She seemed to be acting out in a mournful drama her own future existence, as she performed her last duties to the corpse. When she closed the eyes she felt that her own also could look no more on all that had been beauty and brightness to her in this world; and as she crossed the hands, in token of meek submission, on the lifeless breast, so she felt must she, in calm resignation, accept the death of hope and gladness in her heart, and only wait with Annie for the blessed resurrection, when the sorrows of earth would vanish like fleeting vapors in the light of the eternal day.

Very quietly she went through her task; only at times the bitter pain at her heart found vent in a choking sob. With a lingering tenderness she combed out Annie's fair hair till it fell like a golden shroud over the lifeless form, then she took a lovely white camelia from her dress, which Lingard had given her the night before, when, radiant with happiness, she had hurried to meet him, and laid it upon Annie's breast. She knew she had done with the flowers of life for ever. When all was finished, she kissed the marble brow, and, kneeling down, lifted up her whole soul in one earnest supplication, that she might be able to turn the love she still must feel for Lingard, while life lasted, into one long, unwearied prayer for him, that when he too should be a silent corpse upon the bed of death, his soul might win forgiveness from his God, as she trusted this his victim had; then she bowed her head on her hands, and said in a low, calm voice, "*Now, Lord, I am Thine alone!*" and so remained motionless, as if her spirit too had passed away to the land of perfect rest.

She found Mrs. Berry waiting anxiously for her appearance, when at last she left the death chamber. Thorold had desired that Miss Courtenay should not be disturbed, and the nurse had not ventured to disobey; but now, as she came forward to meet the lady, she started back, as much appalled as if, to use her own words, she had seen a ghost. And truly Ernestine might almost have passed for one, with her white dress shining in the morning light, her face perfectly colorless, and a shadowy look in her eyes, as if they saw nothing near, but were gazing into some far-distant realm, unseen by others. When Mrs. Berry spoke to her, there was a peculiar quietude in her manner, which never again left her; it was as though nothing which could now befall her would have power to wound her any more, and she were merely passing through the world, with her hopes and heart elsewhere.

"My dear, dear lady, you do look so ill! whatever can I do for you?" said Mrs. Berry. "The carriage is waiting for you; but I am sure you are not fit to go home."

"I am quite well, dear nurse. Don't distress yourself about me. But I must go; I have nothing more to do here now."

"But you have had no rest, my dear lady, and not a morsel of food."

"It will not hurt me." What indeed could hurt her now! "I do not want anything, dear nurse. Mr. Thorold

will help you with all arrangements for the funeral. I shall be present at it myself."

"Indeed, ma'am, you are not able for it; you don't know how ill you look."

"It will not hurt me," she still repeated; and quietly, though with a feeble step, she went into the carriage, and drove through the streets as if all were unreal around her, and the people whom she saw but moving shadows in a dream.

That same day, as Ernestine expected, a packet was brought to her from Hugh Lingard. It contained her letters, and a few little things she had given him, all arranged with a degree of tender care which touched her very much, and there was a note which contained only these words:

"I know that I must never look upon your face again. I know that my presence would henceforth be utterly unsupportable to you; nor could I now myself endure to link my guilty life with yours, so innocent and holy. Ernestine, you will believe me that I never for one moment guessed the truth, or dreamt of the horrible vengeance that was pursuing me, while you, in your guileless charity, were tracking out the unhappy girl who, best in all the world, could teach you what I was. You always spoke of Annie Brook, and I knew only Rosie Brown. But I did know, from the first moment that your intense desire to save her revealed to me the depths of your pure soul, that I was totally unfit to be your life's companion, that you would have shrunk from me with horror had you known my previous history, and that I was in truth cruelly deceiving you in suffering you to bind yourself to such a one as I am. The honorable course would have been to have given you up, even if I could not have brought myself to tell you the hateful cause of so dreadful a necessity; but, Ernestine, my one, my only love, you were dearer to me than words can ever tell, the very light of my life. I could not part with you; rather, every word you said, which showed how mistaken you were in your opinion of me, made me long to hasten the time when no such discovery as this could have torn you from me, though it might have broken your heart. But your God has taken care of you. My own deeds have risen up between us, and thrust us asunder for ever. I acknowledge the retribution to be just. My only love, farewell!

"HUGH LINGARD"

A postscript merely stated that by the time Ernestine received this letter he would have left England. And so terminated her life's bright dream, in a darkness which had no ray of light, save in the hope that by the wreck of her own mortal happiness she had secured eternal peace for Annie Brook.

For the next few days Ernestine moved about at her usual occupations, calm and still, speaking very little, and seeming to hear and see nothing of what was passing round her. She told Lady Beaufort quietly that the engagement between herself and Hugh Lingard was broken off by mutual consent, and bore without a word the storm of indignant and astonished remarks with which the various members of the family met her announcement; still less did she heed the varying reports as to the cause of the rupture which were circulated in society. In her late experience she had gone far above and beyond all that the world could do, either for or against her. But her physical strength was not proof against the shock she had undergone, and the long mental strain which had preceded it. She came home from Annie Brook's funeral chilled and shivering, though it was a warm summer day. In the night fever came on, and for some weeks she was too ill to be conscious of anything that had befallen her, or was yet to come.

In the long hours of convalescence, however, all the

past came back upon her, with the deep lessons it had to teach as to the true use and meaning of the life which, for so brief a time, is entrusted to each one of us, to make it in its fruits an eternal blessing or a curse.

Slowly she turned her wearied eyes to the future that might yet stretch out before her many years, and forced herself to consider how she meant to spend it. It was now about the time when her marriage would have been over, and Lady Beaufort had always intended after that event to take her two daughters to spend the winter in Rome; and she still adhered to her plan, though she would have been quite willing to let her niece accompany her. This, however, was what Ernestine felt she could not do. She knew that if she went with her aunt and cousins she would have to enter on a round of gaieties, for which the events of the last few months had totally unfitted her; and, besides, she felt she had arrived at a turning-point in her life, which had changed the aspect of the whole world, and her own position in it altogether. The natural happiness to which a woman looks in the ties of wife and mother could never now be hers. Hugh Lingard had alone possessed her love, and she knew that she could love none other while existence lasted. The life of mere society and amusement had always failed to satisfy her, and now the very thought of it was utter weariness to her; for her recent experiences had opened up to her a glimpse of the vast universe of sin and sorrow round her, and she longed with all her heart to make her life of some use to those who so sorely needed help, feeling that it would be only too short for all she should like to do for others in her course through the world. She thought of what she had seen in the gaol and the workhouse, and of the terrible necessities of that unhappy class to which Lois and Annie had belonged; and it seemed to her as if her difficulty lay only in a choice among so many who needed all that she or any one could do for them. She had a sufficient income to live independently in any way she pleased; but, while she was revolving many different plans in her mind, she found the whole matter suddenly taken out of her hands, and a claim of so urgent a nature made upon her that she could have no hesitation in giving up all else to it.

Tidings arrived from India of a terrible accident which had befallen Colonel Courtenay and his wife.

The very day after their arrival at Calcutta, he had been driving her out in an open phaeton, with a pair of fiery horses, little used to harness. Something had frightened them at the top of a steep ascent. They had run off at a tremendous pace, and had dashed the carriage against a stone wall at the bottom. It had been smashed to pieces, and both Colonel and Mrs. Courtenay were thrown out to a considerable distance. When persons came to their assistance, it was found that the young and beautiful Mrs. Courtenay was quite dead; she had fallen with great violence on a heap of stones, in such a manner as to cause instant death, while her husband had received a blow on the head which rendered him completely insensible. He had after a time regained consciousness; but there had been some fatal injury to the brain, and though his life was in no danger, he had subsided into a state of hopeless imbecility. Of course, all that his friends in India could do for him was to send him home at once to England, under the care of a doctor; and at the time when the letter reached Ernestine, her brother might be expected to arrive any day.

*To be continued.*

—o—

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#### WORRY AND HURRY.

It may, perhaps, safely be said that the average Christian life is an unrestful one. Fret and worry enter far too largely into its composition. When we consider the life of Him who has given us the only perfect example of holy living, and notice the calmness and total absence of worry that always marked Him, we know that it is possible for us to live in the same way, for He has made it possible for His Spirit to dwell within us. Therefore, to be free from worry means to have more of Jesus within us. There is no good in fighting the worrisome thing, whatever it may be, and there is no good in trying to subdue the spirit within that gets worried. These things always result in failure, and it would be wise not to try them. The only thing to do is to take a good, long look at Jesus. Nestle up a little closer to Him, leave the worryment and care for Him to manage, and the peace of God will soon begin to steal quietly into the spirit. One victory, however, is not enough. We are told to let the peace of God *rule* in our hearts. God doesn't want us all the time fighting battles and gaining victories. The enemy would like to keep us at it, and, by having us con-

tinually occupied with ourselves, prevent us from doing much good in any other direction. How can we be kept in perfect peace according to our privilege? First, steadily refuse to see the difficulties. Second, keep the mind stayed upon God. These are two simple words of advice, but, if followed, they will bring the soul into a perpetual state of victory, in which there will be abundant leisure for helping others, and also for becoming furnished for every good work.

Another evil, perhaps as great as the demon of worry, is the spirit of hurry. If one is leading a very busy life for the Master, how the apparent necessity for making haste does again and again present itself. If this spirit is yielded to, it greatly mars the work. How comforting it is to think of the abundant leisure our Saviour possessed in the midst of His crowding work. There was not so great need for His reaching the sick daughter of Jarius that He could not stop on the way to heal and comfort the poor sufferer who touched the hem of his garment. Work will be done far better, and in the end more quickly by refusing to hurry over it. The instant the least inclination in this direction is detected, let the spirit stand still and refuse to listen to the suggestion. God is never in a hurry, and yet how much work He accomplishes. While He is controlling the vast affairs of the universe, He has time to stop and listen to the feeblest whispers of His children. The soul that, like God, is never either worried or hurried has learned some marvelous lessons and is in a place where wonderful service can be done for the Lord.—*Christian Alliance.*

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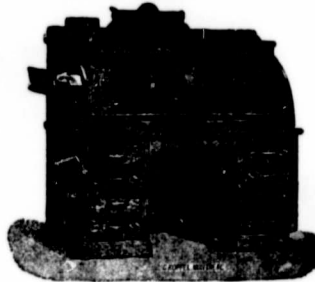
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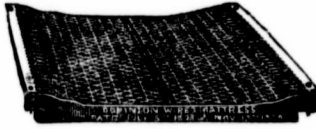
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