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bread," as a gentleman of ancient lineage. One must own some timber beside one's family tree to get that held in this sort of Druidical reverence.

The Clyffards had plenty of timber, and all things fitting beside; that jewel of fancy price, their ancestry, was splendidly set, and had a gorgeous casket. It had never, in the most perilous times, been stripped of its surroundings, or even forced for a season to conceal its far-darting lustre. The sort of chivalry that had animated Norman Bryan had been transmitted through all his line; "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should take who have the power, and they should keep who can," had been preserved in its integrity. The Clyffards had had no need to marry heiresses; their shields bore no escutcheons of pretense; their prosperity had grown like a river, but, unlike it, had needed no foreign feeders to sustain it. There had been dry seasons when it had fallen a little, and there had been times of civil commotion, when it had even been dammed up; but the obstacle removed, the broad stream of prosperity had only poured forth in the greater volume. They had cared nothing for roses, red or white; but each had smelled the sweeter in the nostrils of wise St. Mark, as it had prevailed over the other. They had loved King Charles and monarchy, but not with such a perfect love that it had cast out the fear of Cromwell and his Ironsides. Sir John, indeed, had made a wrong cast in that matter, and defended Clyffe against Lambert. The blood of Cavalier and of Roundhead had not refused to mix in the castle-moat, for long weeks of siege. The west wing had sorely suffered. You might see even now the scars upon the stubborn stone. Many a shock of battle had that front withstood, and often harkened to the roar of culverin and ring of steel, which now regarded the trim garden only, and the sleeping waters, and listened to the moving of the sothe and the leap of fish. It had done with war forever; and swallow-haunted, ivy-clad, it looked like one who, having had his days of trouble, henceforth spends a life of leisure among friends. Even the trouble had been short lived. Without storming and without surrender, the banner of the parliament had been quietly substituted for that of the king upon the round tower of Clyffe Hall, and General Lambert had dined with Sir John at the same table, in the banqueting-room, under which the royal legs of the Stuart had condescended to place themselves only a few months before.

It was of such ancestors as these that Ralph Clyffard was proud; and of far worse than these. He was by no means a bad man himself; there was not one of his long line, perhaps, who, being compared with him, would not upon the whole, have suffered by the contrast. There was really a sort of sublimity in his ignorance of the true state of the case—in his personal humility and in his outrageous family pride. "I am nothing in myself," he might have exclaimed, "but everything in virtue of my descent from an unbroken line of almost unmitigated scoundrels." He hoped, when his time came, as it must come to all (and death wore its chief awe in his eyes, inasmuch as it had not spared those great ones whose proud faces frowned even upon him,—he hoped I say, to meet his end at last like a Clyffard and a Christian, without being at all aware that that devout desire involved a contradiction in terms. And yet he was not without an impression that his forefather Guy had not behaved altogether as became a person of his condition. Many took it for granted, and with reason, that Ralph Clyffard suffered no real pain, that he had drunk nothing stronger than water from the spring, in hopes to save that wicked ancestor at least some years of purging fires; for the old faith which had served the Clyffards for so long was his, robbed of none of its pretensions save in one vital particular. Never since excommunicated Guy's time had priests been harbored in Clyffe Hall. They had had the run of the place at one period, which had indeed, at certain troublesome epochs, been, as it were, burrowed out for their convenience. There was a priest's chamber between the ceiling and the roof, and at least one sleeping-room of state. The Clyffards had been not unwilling to run certain risks for the Church's sake, provided that the penalty was not extreme; they made such a bid for heaven as they considered reasonable, but not to the peril of house and lands. They affected religion much as a sort of Anti-purgatory Insurance Society; but they were not prepared to pay exorbitant premium. Some of them even thought it possible that there might not be a purgatory after all. The relation between the House of Clyffard and the Church of Rome being of this ticklish description, it surely behoved the latter power to be as winsome and indulgent in all cases of peccadillo as might be consistent with the security of the latter's souls; yet in the above mentioned case of Guy's favorite blood hound, which had suffered capital punishment by the king's order ("martyred," said his master) for child-eating, great complications arose. The priest most unexpectedly took the mawkish view of the matter. "Another word, and I bury my dog in the chapel!" quoth irascible Guy.

"At your peril!" exclaimed he of the shaven crown, with a worse shudder than he had experienced upon the occasion of the original offence. "Beware of the thunders of the Church."

"Anathema Maranatha to your heart's content—big words break no bones," replied the stout squire contemptuously; and he buried the dog where he had threatened, with all the funeral honors that laymen could pay. The priest left Clyffe, shaking the dust from his shoes; and at the very earliest date at which the fulminating material could be manufactured, Guy Clyffard was excommunicated. They cursed him in eating, they cursed him in drinking. They cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking.

Never was heard such a terrible curse. But what gave rise. To no little surprise. Nobody seemed one penny the worse. Not a jackdaw in the western tower moulted a feather.

When the immediate irritation had subsided, both parties repented having resorted to such extreme measures. Guy Clyffard did penance—having permission to boil his peas very soft indeed—and the Church of Rome took him once more under her protection. But there was henceforth this

difference, that her ministers never came to Clyffe Hall unless they were sent for, and sometimes, it was whispered, not even then. Poor Guy perished without any to shrive him; no priests were among those witnesses whom his widow had summoned upon her side to prove that he had died, if not in the odor of sanctity, at least in his bed, and not in Boden Pot. In expectation, doubtless, that he would be paid some sorry tricks of the kind, the deceased had left behind him in the most stringent directions to the Clyffards who should come after him, that, in case he should fail to receive his last sacramental rites, no lodgment should henceforward be given in Clyffe Hall to tricky priests. The document which conveyed this posthumous mandate was a wonder in its way, being full of those identical "big words" mere threatenings and thunders—which he had himself set at naught in the mouth of one much more privileged—if custom is privilege—to utter them; yet, strange to say, they were obeyed. One or two of his descendants may have been swayed by the convenience of the command. It was more agreeable for many reasons that the keeper of the Clyffard conscience, instead of being on the spot to watch its workings too minutely, should step over from the hamlet hard by, and perform the duties of his office when required; but Ralph Clyffard obeyed the injunction for its own sake. The ill-written, ill-spelled parchment, dictated by malice, and enjoying a mean sort of revenge, was in his eyes a sacred writing. He kept it in a vast iron bound chest, furnished with doublelocks, and containing a number of other family documents, from the original deed of gift conferring the manor of Clyffe, *in capite*, of our lord the king, by the serjeanty of finding him a sheath of arrows and six loaves of oat bread whenever he should hunt in Ribblesdale—down to poor Cyril's mad will, not worth the parchment it was written on.

Looking upon Ralph Clyffard's haggard but not ill-favored face, and the pitted hair that fringed it, one could not but wonder what he could have been in his youth. Could he ever have been a trustful child saying his prayers at a mother's knee? A light-hearted boy, enjoying the sports of the hour with all a boy's capacity for enjoyment? A young man courting the smiles of beauty, his pulses throbbing with the fulness of the spring, had he never experienced those palmy days which, long or short, fall to the lot of almost all mortals? Most of us have met such men, and tried to picture them in the cradle, in the playground, or at the altar with their brides—and failed. Their passed is not to be imagined; and even those who witnessed it can tell us little. Of Ralph Clyffard, men knew only that he had been a dutiful son under circumstances when it was not easy to be dutiful; that a kind heart lay somewhere within him, notwithstanding his haughty and austere behavior; and that in his first marriage he had pleased his father, and in his second had pleased himself. He had been brought up at Clyffe from his infancy, but not, of course, as its heir. He had not desired to be so; and had driven the very thought of it away from him as far as possible. Not only did his childless Uncle Roderick look likely to live for a score of years to come, but his own father Arthur the youngest brother, was alive, a stout man, too; and what was still more to the purpose, there was Cyril, a hale boy, but a twelvemonth older than himself. Yet even then Ralph was fully persuaded that he should be master of Clyffe, for that the course of the Clyffards must needs fall.

To be continued.

Exciting Incidents of the Forest Fires.

In Michigan the heat withered the leaves of standing trees two miles away from the fire, and seven miles off the beach at Forrester sailors found the heat uncomfortable.

When Charles Hempstead saw his intended wife's house in flames he suggested a home of his own at once for her, and, with her consent, they sought the house of a preacher between Huron and Grindstone cities, where they were soon made man and wife.

A man leaped from a bluff into the lake and found himself close behind a large bear. They remained in company under the bank nearly all night, and the bear seemed as humble as a dog. Deer sought the companionship of cattle and horses, and paid no attention to persons rushing past them.

Twenty-eight people spent a night and a day in a corn field above Richmondville. To windward of them was a field of peas, and when the flames got into this party were pelted for hours with hot peas, which were shelled by the fire. Wet blankets, constant vigilance and the standing corn saved these people; but in other localities, where persons sought the same refuge, they were smothered and burned.

A seven-mile ride for life under most extraordinary circumstances was the experience of a farmer near Forrester. He gathered fifteen persons in his wagon, and started for the beach. The fire was close behind them as they started, so close that the dresses of some of the women and children were on fire from the sparks. It was seven miles of up hill and down, with corduroy, ruts and roots, and the horses needed no whip to urge them into a mad run. As the wagon started the tire of a hind wheel rolled off. They could not stop for it, and yet, even on a good road, the wheel would have crushed down in going twenty rods without it. The horses pushed over that seven miles of rough road at a wild run, and the wheel stood firm. A delay of five minutes at any point of the road would have given fifteen more victims to the flames which followed on behind.

Some Facts and Figures.

France has 100,000 lunatics. There are 230,000 goats on the island of Cyprus. Of the population of Ireland 76.6 per cent. are Catholics. There are 100,000 anti-polygamy Mormons residing in Iowa. The annual raisin production of California amounts to about 62,000 boxes. It is estimated that there reside in London, Eng., not less than 30,000 thieves.

Canadian 50c pieces are taken by Americans on the Pacific Slope at only "three bits" (37c), and the British Columbians, who have more American silver than they want, threaten to retaliate.

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH

Position and Progress of the Body in the Dominion.

ELOQUENT ADDRESS BY REV. GEO. DOUGLAS.

The following is from the address of Rev. Geo. Douglas to the Methodist Council now in progress:

Mr. President, I greatly fear that the time of the conference has expired, and I hardly know whether it will not be an infliction upon you if I make any extended observations on this occasion. (Cries of "Go on.") Well, sir, in responding to the words of welcome pronounced by yourself, words which own the wisdom and sanctity of age, I count myself happy in being permitted to bring greetings from some two hundred young ministers with their flocks, and to present them this day before this great historical conference. Although we be but little among the thousands, yea, millions, of our American Israel, yet we thank God that He hath given us a place in our Land of the Lakes and of the North Star, and that He hath opened for us a door of resplendent opportunity in the immediate future. This great empire throughout all its history has been sending out its intellectual and moral light over all the earth. The history of the great republic to which my honored friends belong is in the ascendant, advancing with ever increasing power and combining its influence with that of this mother land. The history of the Dominion of Canada, which indeed forms part of this great empire, and which, I think, sir, is perhaps more loyal to England's Queen than England itself—the history of this Dominion is but within the horizon, nevertheless it is full of prophecy and of promise of noble development. It is difficult, Mr. President, to rise to a conception of the greatness of that material heritage, that field for high endeavor, which God has given us. A young man from the sunrise side of our Dominion, where the bold Atlantic tosses her crested billows against the granite heights of Newfoundland, to the sunset side, where the broad Pacific tells to the beach her summer dreams in sweet low murmurs, faint and low, we have a distance exceeding by a thousand miles that between the city of London and the city of Montreal in which we dwell, and still, sir, from the imaginary line that separates us from the great republic, we stretch away literally to the very ends of the earth. Rich in undeveloped resources in our older Provinces, the amazing development of our great Lone Land tells that our Hyperion of hope is throned in the empire of the flaming West, whose virgin soil will yet tremble to the tread of freeborn millions comprehending thousands of the sons and daughters of our British Methodism. Now, sir, this is the great material foundation which God has given us, and on which we are building, thus raising the temple of Canadian Methodists, which we believe will be a home and an asylum and blessing to coming and far-off generations. Already, sir, God has given to us a full measure of encouragement. Though confronted with the most richly endowed, the most aggressive and conservative type of Romanism on the face of the earth, making our Province of Quebec the Thermopylae of conflict on the continent, though we came after the Anglican and Presbyterian Churches, yet, sir, this conference will be glad to learn that one out of every six of the entire population, and one out of every four of the Protestant population, pay homage to the teachings and to the instruction of Methodism. (Applause.) We lead the Protestant denominations for strength in this Dominion of Canada; and, sir, we are thankful to say, further, that the united Methodism of the Dominion has made its selection, and adheres to the old theology you so finely presented. We are thankful to say that though that is abroad, to the questioning and unrest of the scientific atheism of this land, the transcendental and pantheistic philosophies of New England, and the so-called higher criticisms—we are thankful to say that that system of truth which was formulated here, which was propounded in this centre, is our theology, our reconciliation of God's ways, with which we confront all the assaults of adversaries. And, sir, we have planted ourselves upon this ground, and have made our solemn election in this matter. We rejoice that this formula of religious thought is rapidly becoming the most controlling form of religious belief in the Dominion, and indeed, sir (as our reverend bishops can bear testimony), over the entire American continent. From the flowery lands of the Saskatchewan and the Assiniboine to the glades of Colorado, from the frozen regions of Labrador to the cane brakes of Arkansas and the ranches of Texas, from the misty isles of Funchy to the crystal peaks of the Sierra Nevada, there is not a city, there is not a town, there is not a village, there is not a neighborhood, where the influence of John Wesley's theology is not felt as a mental stimulus and as a force in our moral regeneration. This, sir, I say with thankfulness before this great conference.

Bank of England Notes.

Bank of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each individual workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence; consequently there never has been a duplicate bank note except by forgery. The stock of paid notes for seven years is said to amount to 94,000,000, and to fill 10,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would cover over three miles in extent.

W. W. Dickey, one of the wealthiest cattle dealers of the West, met Mollie Carter in Kansas City. He fell suddenly in love with her, for she is a beauty, and she said yes to his offer of marriage, for she knew of his wealth. She broke a vicious engagement in so doing, and when Dickey found that out he refused to make her his wife. She sued for \$25,000 damages, and has just compromised for \$10,000.

FOREST PRESERVATION.

How to Save and Increase the Valuable Timber Supplies of the Province.

At a meeting of leading exhibitors and others at the Provincial Exhibition, held in London last night, the prize essays were read. Two of these referred to forest preservation. Prof. Buske, of Ottawa, was one of the essayists. His paper referred to the immense destruction of forest areas by the early settlers of the country. At that time it would have been ridiculed if the proposal to save the timber had been made. He spoke of the timber interest as second only to that of agriculture in this country. The annual revenue derived from the timber lands of Ontario aggregated over \$400,000. The destruction by fires was dwelt on, and some surprising statements made in regard to this. More trees have been destroyed by these bush fires than have ever been exported from the country. From the time occupied by hard-wood in coming to maturity—80 to 150 years—it was obvious that the Government must become the producer. No private individual could undertake such a work. In the neighboring Republic great encouragement was given to tree raising, by free grants of land, etc., for that purpose. One of the largest exporters in the country expressed his opinion that in twenty years there will be no pine to export from Canada. In conclusion, he stated that it was absolutely necessary that forest fires should be suppressed, and the Government ought to take steps for enforcing precautions having this effect in view. Secondly—The pine lands remaining should not be settled. Thirdly—Waste lands should be immediately planted. The destruction of the forests, he said, would lead to the gradual decrease of rainfall and other evils.

EXCESSIVE HOME LESSONS.

The Young Children Overtaxed with Study—A Parent's Suggestion.

A parent and friend of the school writes the *Kingston Whig*: The impression is general among parents that the young children in at least some of the departments of our public schools are over-taxed. The brains of young children should not be too savagely strained with long and hard lessons. Just imagine a child of tender years who can scarcely write at all, learning fifty-two hard words to write of an evening, besides other lessons. If a portion of this writing was done under the eye of the teachers in school, the child might make some progress in the use of the pen, but the system has a contrary effect, and has the tendency to prevent the child ever writing well. The home lessons, if any, should be easy, not of a nature to overtax the young minds or discourage them. Surely this confinement in school from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. is sufficient, without long lessons to occupy the time that should be given to recreation, and what is very important and required from most children, home duties. I am sure our Inspector will give this matter his attention. It concerns every parent with the interest of his child at heart.

Shooting.

A contemporary very properly remarks: It is a great treat for our sportsmen to get outside of the corporation to shoot; but it is no sport for the farmer whose land, dry as tinder, has been shot over during the day to remain awake half the night lest a spark has been left to kindle into a flame and burn his fences and buildings. There is no sport in anything of that kind, and the shooter exhibits very little consideration who will indulge his taste at such a cost to his neighbors. For the past month there has been a good deal of uneasiness in the farming community growing out of this matter, and we beg of sportsmen to bottle up their practices for a time at least until it shall cease to be dangerous. A few days ago a sportsman was remonstrated with by a gentleman who happened himself to be a sportsman, but who refrained from a proterpense of the danger of indulging in this specially dry season; but nothing could restrain him. Shoot he would and did, and great consternation ensued, though fortunately no accident. If one of these gentlemen could be present at some point where forest and field fires have got a start to witness the appalling exhibition of conflagration, he would learn a lesson he would never forget. He would see for himself the consequence of playing with this destroying element.

Photographing Lions.

"Miss Mina," the golden-haired, blue-eyed "Lion Queen" of a travelling menagerie, lately visited the studio of a famous photographer of Strasbourg. "I want to have my portrait taken," said the fair damsel. "I am at your service, pray be seated," replied the photographer with a deferential bow. "By your leave," she rejoined, transfixing him with a steady glance, "I am not alone. Two friends are awaiting me outside your door." So saying she set a silver whistle to her lips and blew it shrilly, whereupon two stately lions walked into the apartment, greeting its proprietor with a salutation of growls that made his blood run cold. At a sign from their youthful mistress, however, the formidable beasts sat down quietly enough, and Herr Schweitzer, gaining confidence from their peaceable demeanor, proceeded to group his appalling clients with trembling hands, placing Miss Mina on a sofa in a semi-reclining attitude with a lion on either side of her.

Seldom has a newspaper been issued under greater difficulties and amid less congenial surroundings than the *News of the Camp*, which was published during the 100 days' siege of Pretoria. The editor thus describes the conditions under which the feat was accomplished: "A bungalow for a printing office, with canvas thrown over its unfinished roof, through which the rain freely penetrated, a gentle waterspout running down the compositor's back as he stood with a bandolier of Martini-Henry cartridges over his shoulder, his white apron for a uniform, composing stick in hand and his rifle lying suggestively near his printing frame; the editor's quarters an army bell tent and a transport wagon, the space between ingeniously roofed in with a tattered sail stretched on telegraph poles; their work, editing a paper by day and on guard up to the knee in mud at night, or sleeping in a pair of leather breeches, long boots and jack spurs." Forty numbers were issued.

HOW TO LIFT 1,000 POUNDS.

Some Practical Suggestions Concerning the Use of Dumb Bells.

Dumb bells weighing not over five pounds each are recommended, which should be used regularly every morning and evening for half an hour for a year. By this time it will be found that the muscles of the arms, legs and body will have increased very much and become exceedingly firm and hard. When this condition has been acquired, then, and not till then, can a man think of lifting heavy weights; for if he cannot get his muscles and nerves in this healthy condition he can never become a lifter, even with years of practice, as it takes strength as well as sleight to lift a heavy weight. Some very good authorities recommend lifting at the commencement, adding that "you must not lift too much." But how can inexperienced hands tell when it is too much before they find themselves permanently injured. After the year's exercise suggested, then a man who is not ruptured or otherwise injured can commence a systematic course of lifting, starting with not over 100 pounds, which he can lift as many times a day as he is disposed to do for one month. He can then add another 50 pounds to the weight to be lifted during the second month's exercise, and so on, adding an additional 50 pound weight each month for twenty months, when he will be able to lift the great weight of 1,000 pounds without any danger of injuring himself. This is a general rule and a result any man with a sound body can reach if he follows the prescribed course, and never tries to overdo the thing. If the weight will not come up without too much strain stop, for it is too heavy for you at that point of your training. To lift correctly and without danger, a person must stand erect, the heels on the same line, the toes turned out, the shoulders thrown back and the body resting squarely on the hips—the arms hanging down by the sides. The legs should then be bent merely enough to enable the hands to grasp the handles or rings of what you are to lift; then lift by merely straightening the legs, and not by the arms or body. If you have to strain, and the weight does not come up freely, then you are attempting too much and should try a lighter load. When you have become strong enough to lift 1,000 pounds you are in reality a strong man and should be perfectly satisfied to let well enough alone, for of all who attempt to exceed that point there is not one man in a hundred who, at some time or other, does not injure himself for life. Some few do not, but they are rare exceptions.

LOCUSTS AND DROUGHT.

Terrible State of Affairs in Venezuela—Mothers Offer their Children for Sale.

The U. S. Consul at Maracaibo, Venezuela, writes that owing to the ravages of locusts and drought the Goajiro Indians are being driven to desperation. Mothers come to the settlements to offer their children for sale, saying they are dying of hunger. The exportation of all articles of food is prohibited, and additional taxes are levied to relieve sufferers. In some places the ground is covered with a thick layer of dead locusts. It is feared that deadly disease will be produced by their putrefaction. A reward is offered for their collection, and as high as 8,000 pounds have been gathered in one day. Cattle are dying for want of water. The rivers are dried up, and the crops ruined. In Maracaibo, where rain is entirely depended upon for drinking purposes, great distress is caused by the poorer classes being compelled to drink semi-saline water.

A Horse Attacked by a Weasel.

A remarkable incident occurred recently upon a farm in Scotland. A farmer was ploughing in one of his fields, which was nearly completed, and was passing within a foot or two of the fence wall, when suddenly and to the surprise of the farmer, one of the horses became restive and wild, and refused to proceed in his work. This was an unusual circumstance, and the farmer was puzzled to make out the cause of it. Seizing the reins in his hands, he walked toward the horse's head, when to his astonishment, he found that a large weasel had attacked the horse by springing upon it and fastening its teeth in the frightened animal's neck. It was a moment of excitement and alarm, but the farmer was equal to the emergency. With a well-directed stroke of the reins the weasel was dislodged and killed. The horse soon recovered from his fright, and in due course ploughing was resumed. The cause of the daring attack upon the horse was explained upon the return journey, with the plough a breadth nearer the wall, where at the place of the attack the stock turned over a nest of young weasels, the object of anxious solicitude to the parent weasel. It was the well-grounded fear of harm to her young that had inspired the heart of the parent weasel to perform an act of daring that one could almost regret should have been so disastrous to itself and progeny.

The World's Age.

Sir John Lubbock, in his address before the British Association at York, gave his endorsement to the Darwinian theory, and said the evidence to show that man existed on the earth before the glacial period, or in miocene times, is not sufficient. He is convinced, however, that men did live in Europe during the latter partial glaciation. In discussing the composition of the earth he held that it is now very generally believed that the earth is a solid body instead of a crust filled with a fluid mass. Sir John accepts the theory of Hemboltz that the sun's heat is due to its continued shrinking. When this process ceases the sun will become dead and cold. The time of this catastrophe is put off at 17,000,000 years.

The bridal veil for the Princess Victoria of Baden, who is about to be married to the Crown Prince of Sweden, is being made at the Weichselmann's lace factory at Hirschberg. The ends of the veil display alternately the arms of Sweden and Baden; the general design is composed of oranges and myrtles, the borders representing wreaths of various flowers. Every bit of the work, even the foundation, has been done with the needle. The length of the veil is 5 1/2 metres (six yards).

Mantles of dark plush will be lined with quilted satin.