ROOK AND OMEMEE MIRROR

Durham and Victoria Standard

VOL. I. NO. 6. $1 per annum. MILLBROOK, ONT., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1904. C. W RICHARDS, Publisher and Proprietor

A Cat's Paw

Or, The Maid of the Mill

CHAPTER XVI.

"I'm bored about a friend of ours, Miss Welby," observed Vandeleur, preceding his guest along a narrow path through the fern, out of hearing by the others, and careful not to look back in her face. "This way, and mind those brambles don't catch in your pretty dress. It isn't often I allow anything to vex me, but I am vexed with young Ainslie. I thought him such a nice, straightforward, well-disposed boy; and above all, a thorough gentleman. It only shows how one can be deceived."

She felt her cheek turn white and her heart stand still, but her courage rose at the implied imputation, and she answered boldly: "Whatever may be Mr. Ainslie's faults, he is the last person in the world I should suspect of anything false or ungentlemanlike."

"Exactly what I have said all along," assented Vandeleur; "and even now I can scarcely bring myself to believe in the mischief I hear about him, though I grieve to say I have my information from the best authority."

She stopped short, and he turned to look at her. Vandeleur had often admired a certain dignity and even haughtiness of bearing which was natural to Norah. He had never seen her look so queen-like and defiant as now.

"Why don't you speak out, Mr. Vandeleur?" she said, somewhat contemptuously; "I am not ashamed to own that I do take an interest in Mr. Ainslie. It would be strange if I did not, considering that he is a great friend of papa's, as well as mine. If you know anything about him, why don't you proclaim it at once?"

He dropped his voice and came closer to her side. "Shall I tell you why I don't?" said he tenderly. "Because I'm soft; because I'm stupid; because I'm an old fool. Miss Welby, I would rather cut my right hand off than give you a moment's pain; and I know your heart is so kind and good that it would pain you to hear what I have learned about Gerard Ainslie."

"You have no right to say so!" she burst out, vehemently, but checked herself on the instant. "I mean you cannot suppose that it would pain me more than any of his other friends to hear that he was doing badly. Of course, I should be very sorry," she added, trying to control her voice, which shook provokingly. "Oh, Mr. Vandeleur! after all he's very young, and he's got nobody to advise him. Can't you help him? Can't you do something? What is the matter? What has he really been about?"

"I scarcely know how to tell you," he answered, shaking his head with an admirable assumption of consideration and forbearance. "There are certain scrapes out of which a young fellow may be pulled, however deeply he is immersed, if he will only take advice. I've been in hundreds of them myself. But this is a different business altogether. I've gone through the whole thing, Miss Welby. Heaven forbid you should ever learn one-tenth of the sorrows and the troubles and the evils that beset a man's entrance on life. I have bought my experience dearly enough; —with money, with anxiety, with years of penitence and remorse. People will tell you that John Vandeleur has done everything, and been through everything, and got tired of everything. People will tell you a great deal about John Vandeleur that isn't true. Sometimes I wish it was! Sometimes I wish I could be the hard, heartless, impenetrable old reprobate they make me out. However, that's got nothing to do with it. All I can say is, that even with my experience of evil I don't know what to advise."

"Is it money?" she asked; but her very lips were white, and her voice sank to a whisper.

"Far worse than that!" he exclaimed. "If it had been only an affair of extravagance, it would never have come to your ears, you may be sure! After all, I like the lad immensely, and I would have persuaded him to allow me to arrange anything of that kind in ten minutes. No, Miss Welby, it is not money; and not being money, can you guess what it is?"

Of course she could guess! Of course she had guessed long ago! Of course the jealousy inseparable from love had given her many a painful twinge during the last half hour; and equally, of course, she affected innocence, ignorance, profound indifference, and answered never a word.

He looked designedly away, and she was grateful for his forbearance. "Not being money," he continued, "we all know it must be love. And yet I cannot call this unaccountable, this incomprehensible infatuation, by so exalted a name. I tell you the whole thing beats me from beginning to end. Here was a young man with every advantage of education and standing and society, thrown amongst the nicest people in the neighborhood, visiting at several of our houses, and popular with us all; —a young man who, if he was like young men in general, ought to have been doubly and triply guarded against anything in the shape of folly or vice; who should have been under an influence the most likely to keep him pure, stainless, and unselfish; an influence that preserves almost all others, even old sinners like myself, from the very inclination to evil. And on the threshold of life he casts away every advantage; he sets propriety at defiance; he outrages the common decencies of the world, and he hampers himself with —Miss Welby, I ought not to go on —I ought never to have begun. This is a subject on which it is hardly fit for you and me to converse. See how well the house comes in from here; and give me your advice about taking out that dwarfed oak; it hides more than half the conservatory."

She could see neither dwarfed oak nor conservatory, for her eyes were beginning to cloud with tears, bravely and fiercely kept back. But she had not reached the ordeal thus designedly to shrink from it at last; and though she spoke very fast, every syllable was clear and distinct while she urged to proceed.

"Tell me the whole truth, Mr. Vandeleur, and nothing but the truth. I have a right to ask you. I have a right to know everything."

So pale, so resolute, and so delicately beautiful! For a moment his heart smote him hard. For a moment he could have spared her, and loved her well enough to make her happy, but even in his admiration his lower nature, never kept down for years, gained the mastery, and he resolved that for her very perfection she must be his own. Again he turned his head away and walked on in front.

"I will tell you the truth," he said with a world of sympathy and kindness in his voice. "Ainslie has been worse than foolish. He has been utterly dishonorable and unprincipled. He has taken a young girl of this neighborhood away from her home. They are together at this moment. You know her, Miss Welby. She is old Draper's daughter, at Ripley Mill. Come into the Rock House, and sit down. Is it not delightfully cool? Wait here half a minute, and I will bring you the purest water you ever tasted, from the spring at the foot of those steps."

He was out of sight almost while he spoke, and she leaned her head against the cold slab which formed part of the grotto they had entered, feeling grateful for the physical comfort it afforded to sink into a seat and rest her aching temples even on a stone.

It was over then—all over now! Just as she suspected throughout, and she had been right after all. Then came the dull sense of relief that in its hopelessness is so much worse to bear than pain; and she could tell herself that she had become resigned, careless, stupefied, and hard as the rock against which she leaned her head. When Vandeleur came back, she looked perfectly tranquil and composed. Impenetrable, perhaps, and haughtier than he had ever seen her, but for all that so calm and self-possessed that she deceived him. "She cannot have cared so much, after all," though Vandeleur; "and there is a good chance for me still."

He offered her some water, and she noticed the quaint fashion of the silver cup in his hand.

"What a dear old goblet," she said spelling out the device that girdled it in ancient characters, almost illegible. "Do you mean to say that you leave it littering about here?"

He smiled meaningly. "I sent it up on purpose for you to drink from. There is a story about the goblet, and a story about the Rock House. Can you make out the motto?"

"Well, it's not very plain," she answered; "but give me a little time. Yes. I have it—

Spare youth,
Have ruth,
Tell truth.

It sounds like nonsense. What does it mean?"

"It's a love story," replied Vandeleur, sitting down by her side, "and it's about my grandmother. Shall I tell it you?"

She laughed bitterly. "A love story! That must be ludicrous. And about your grandmamma, Mr. Vandeleur! I suppose, then, it's perfectly proper. Yes. You may go on."

"She wasn't my grandmother then," said Vandeleur; "on the contrary, she had not long been my grandfather's wife. She was a good deal younger than her husband. Miss Welby, do you think a girl could care for a man twenty years older than herself?"

She was thinking of her false love. "Why not," she asked, "if he was staunch and true?"

Vandeleur looked pleased, and went on with his story:

"My grandfather loved his young bride very dearly. It does not follow because there are lines on the forehead and silver streaks in the beard that the heart should have outlived its sympathies, its affections its capability of self-sacrifice and self-devotion. It sounds ridiculous, I dare say, for people to talk about love when they are past forty, but you young ladies little know, Miss Welby; you little know. However, my grandfather, as old a man as I am now, worshipped the very ground his young wife trod on, and loved her less passionately, and perhaps more faithfully, than if he had been five-and-twenty. She was proud of his devotion, and she admired his character, or she would not probably have married him; but her heart had been touched by a young cousin in the neighborhood,—only scratched, I think, not wounded to hurt, you know,—and whatever she indulged in of romance and sentiment, was associated with this boy's curly locks, smooth face, and frivolous, empty character. There is a charm in youth, Miss Welby, I fear, for which truth, honor, station and the purest affection are no equivalents."

She sighed, and shook her head. Vandeleur proceeded:—

"My grandfather felt he was not appreciated as he deserved, and it cut him to the heart. But he neither endeavored to force his wife's inclinations nor watched her actions. One day, however, taking shelter from a shower under that yew-tree, he heard his wife and her cousin, who had been driven to the same refuge, conversing on the other side. He was obliged to listen, though every word spoken stabbed him like a knife. It was evident a strong flirtation existed between them. Nothing worse I am bound to believe; for in whose propriety shall a man have confidence, if not in his grandmother's? Nevertheless, the hidden husband heard his wife tax her cousin with deceiving her, and the young man excused himself on the grounds of his false position as a lover without hope. This was so far satisfactory. 'And if your husband asked you whether you had seen me to-day, what should you answer?' demanded the cousin. 'I should tell him the truth,' replied my grandmother. This was better still. The next communication was not quite so pleasant for the listener. His wife complained bitterly of the want of shelter in this, the only spot, she said, where they could meet without interruption; in rain, she protested, they must get drenched to the skin, and in hot weather there was not even a cup to drink out of from the spring. The cousin, on the other hand, regretted loudly that his debts would drive him from the country, that he must start in less than a week, and that if he had but two hundred pounds he would be the happiest man in the world. Altogether it was obvious that the spirits of this interesting couple fell rapidly with their prospects.

"The rain fell too, but my grandfather was one of the first gentlemen of his day, and notwithstanding the ducking he got, walked away through the heaviest of it, rather than remain for their leave-taking. We are a wild race, we Vandeleurs, but there is some little good in us if you can only get at it."

"I'm sure there is," said she, absently; "and, at least, you have none of you ever failed in loyalty."

"Thank you, Miss Welby," said Vandeleur, now radiant.

" 'Loyal je serais durant ma vie!' Well, if you can stand any more about my grandmother, I will tell you exactly what happened. It rained for three days without intermission—it sometimes does in this country. During that period an unknown hand paid the cousin's debts, enabling him to remain at home as long as he thought proper; and on the fourth morning, when the sun shone, my grandmother, taking her usual walk to the spring, found not only her cousin at the accustomed spot, but this Rock House erected to shelter her, and that silver cup ready to drink from, encircled, as you see it, with the motto you have just read. All these little matters were delicate attentions from a husband twenty years older than herself!"

"He must have been a dear old think!" exclaimed Norah, vehemently. "Wasn't she delighted? And didn't she grow awfully fond of him after all?"

"I don't know," answered Vandeleur, very gravely, and in a low voice that trembled a little. "But I am sure if she did not, he was a miserable man for his whole life. It is hard to give gold for silver, as many of us do ungrudgingly and by handfuls; but it is harder still to offer hopes, happiness—past, present, future—your existence, your very soul, and find it all in vain, because the only woman on earth for you has wasted her priceless heart on an object she knows to be unworthy. She gives her gold for silver— nay, for copper; and your diamonds she scorns as dross. Never mind! Fling them down before her just the same! Better that they should be trodden under foot by her, than set in a coronet for the brows of another! Miss Welby—Norah! that is what I call love! An old man's love, and therefore to be ridiculed and despised!"

She had shrunk away now, startled, scared by his vehemence; but he took her hand, and continued very gently, while he drew her imperceptibly towards him—

"Forgive me, Miss Welby—Norah! May I not tell you Norah? I have been hurried into a confession that I had resolved not to make for months—nay, for years—perhaps not till too late even for the chance of reaping anything from my temerity. But it cannot be unsaid now. Listen. I have loved you very dearly for long; so dearly that I could have yielded up my hopes without a murmur, had I known your affections gained by one really worthy of you, and could have been content with my own loneliness to see my idol happy. Yes, I love you madly. Do not draw away from me. I will never persecute you. I do not care what becomes of me if I can only be sure that you are contented. Miss Welby! I offer all, and I ask for so little in return! Only let me watch over your welfare, only let me contribute to your happiness; and if you can permit me to hope, say so; if not, what does it matter? I shall always love you, and belong to you—like some savage old dog, who only acknowledges one owner—and you may kick me, or caress me, as you please."

She was flattered—how could she be otherwise? And it was a salve to her sore suffering heart to have won so entirely the love of such a man—of this distinguished, well-known, experienced Mr. Vandeleur. As a triumph to her pride, no doubt such a conquest was worth a whole college of juveniles; and yet, soothed pique, gratified vanity, budding ambition—all these are not love, nor are they equivalents for love.

She knew it even at this moment; but it would have been heartless, she thought — ungrateful, unfeeling— to speak harshly of him now. She drew her hand away; but she answered in a low and rather tender voice, with a smile that did not in the least conceal her agitation—

"You are very noble and very generous. I could not have the heart to kick you, I am sure!"

"And I may hope?" he exclaimed, exultingly. But her face was now hidden, and she was crying in silence.

He was eager for an answer. He had played the game so well, he might consider it fairly won.

"One word, Miss Welby—Norah, my darling Norah! I will wait any time—I will endure any trial—only tell me that it will come at last!"

"Not yet," she whispered—"not yet!"

And with this answer he was fain to content himself, for no further syllable did Miss Welby utter the whole way down the hill, the whole way across the deer-park, the whole way along the half-mile avenue to the house. They reached it like strangers, they entered it at different doors, they mixed with the various guests as if they had not a thought nor an interest in common; yet none the less did Norah Welby feel that, somehow against her will, she was fastened by a long and heavy chain, and that the other end was held by John Vandeleur, Esq., of Oakover.

(To be continued.)

LEADING MARKETS.

The Ruling Prices in Live Stock and Breadstuffs.

BREADSTUFFS.

Toronto, Jan. 5.—Wheat—The market is firm at 77c bid for No. 2 red and white for millers, east or west. Goose is steady at 70c for No. 2 east. Spring is steady at 73c for No. 1 east. Manitoba wheat is firm at 86½c to 87c for No. 1 hard, 89½c to 90c for No. 1 northern and 84c for No. 2 northern at Georgian Bay ports, and 6c more grinding in transit.

Flour—Is steady. Cars of 90 per cent., patents are quoted at $3.05 bid in buyers' bags, middle freights. Choice brands are held 15c to 20c higher. Manitoba is steady at $4.55 to $4.75 for cars of Hungarian patents, $4.25 to $4.45 for second patents and $4.15 to $4.35 for strong bakers', bags included on the track Toronto.

Millfeed—Is steady at $16.50 to $17 for cars of shorts and $14 for bran in bulk east or middle freights Manitoba is steady at $20 for cars of shorts and $18 for bran, sacks included, Toronto freights.

Barley—There is a fair demand, and the market is steady at 41c for No. 2, 39c for No. 3 extra and 37c for No. 3 east or west.

Buckwheat—Is steady at 46½c for for No. 2, east or west.

Rye—Is steady at 52c for No. 2 east or west.

Corn—Is steady. Canada new yellow is quoted at 45c andnew mixed at 44c. American new, No. 3 yellow, at 50c for car lots on the track Toronto. American, old No. 2 yellow, is quoted at 54½c, No. 2 mixed and No. 3 yellow at 53½c, and No. 3 mixed at 52½c on the track Toronto.

Oats—Are steady at 29½c for No. 1 white and 29c for No. 2 white for millers east and on low freights to New York. No. 2 white are quoted at 28c, high freights, north and west, and 28½c middle freights.

Rolled Oats—are stedy. Cars of bags are quoted at $3.50 and barrels at $3.70 on the track, Toronto, and 25c more for broken lots.

Peas—Are steady at 61½c, north and west.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Choice stocks continue in good demand, but receipts of this kind are light. Prices are quoted unchanged.

Creamery prints	22c to	23c
do solids	20c	21c
Dairy, lb. rolls, choice	16c	18c
do large rolls	15½c	17c
do tubs, good to choice	16c	18c
do medium	14c	15c
do poor	10c	12c

Cheese—The market is fairly steady, and quotations are unchanged at 11½c per lb. for twins and 11c for large.

Eggs—Continue firm on light receipts and depletion of stocks. Quotations are steady at 25c per dozen for choice. Ordinary fresh gathered are quoted at 23c, and cold-storage and limed at 21c.

Potatoes—Few cars are coming forward, and the market is firm in tone Cars on track here are quoted at 70c to 75c. Potatoes out of store are quoted by local dealers at 85c to 90c per bag.

Poultry—There is plenty in hand to fill the demand at present. It is expected there will be a brisker tone to the inquiry in a day or so. Quotations are unchanged. Chickens are quoted at 9c to 10c per lb. and geese at 9c to 10c. Turkeys run at 12½c to 13½c per lb. Ducks are quoted at 9c to 10c, and old fowl at 6c to 6½c.

Dressed Hogs—The movement is fair. Cars on track here are quoted at $6.40 to $6.55 per cwt.

Baled Hay—Continues easy in tone and quiet. Car lots on track here are quoted at $8 per ton.

Baled Straw—The demand keeps fair. Car lots on track here are quoted unchanged at $5.25 per ton.

BUFFALO GRAIN MARKETS.

Buffalo, N.Y., Jan. 5.—Flour, fair demand. Wheat, spring dull and firmer; No. 1 nothern, c.i-f., 90¾c; winter, no offerings. Corn easy; No. 2 yellow, 50c; No. 2 corn, 47c to 47½c. Oats strong; No. 2 white, 41½c; No. 2 mixed, 39c. Barley firm; western, in store, 52c to 63c. Rye, No. 1, in store, 60½c.

HIS NAME FOR IT.

Professor—"What would you call a body holding within itself another body of smaller size, but of similar shape?"

THE WRONGS OF THE PAST

Sometimes It Is Not Possible for Us to Undo Them

(Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, by Wm. Baily, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.)

A despatch from Chicago says: Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage preached from the following text:— Luke xiii., 5, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Dtanding between the open grave of the dying year and the new made cradle of the coming year, we hear God thunder the command: "Repent! Repent! Repent ye of sin!" What does that mean? Not sorrow alone, though it includes that; not alone regret that we have sinned against a God so good and so loving, but renunciation. There is no real repentance until there is determination to abandon sin. It means that each sinner must first be willing to pluck the wriggling, hissing serpent of evil out of his heart and hurl it from him as though it had the poisonous fangs of a fatal cobra before Christ's blood will blot out the evil results of a hideous past. It means that heaven is not an outhouse of a Dante's Inferno. The paradise lost which Milton described can never become paradise regained to any sinner who clings to his sin. It means that the sinner has no ground for expecting heaven at the end of his course unless, through the power of Christ, he has renounced his sin. Either the repentant sinner, with wide open eyes, is walking directly toward the cross or else he is walking directly away from it.

What says Paul in reference to this renunciation of sin? To the church of Corinth he wrote practically these words: "There are two groups of people—group the first, those that are followers of the world; group the second, those that are followers of Jesus. If you would be a follower of Jesus you must leave the group of the world and seek the group of Christ." These are his exact words: "Wherefore come ye out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing, and I will receive you and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty." Without repentance of sin there can be no remission of sin. Now, my brother, my sister, come to the practical and overpowering questions: Are you and I, on this last Sunday night of the year, ready to turn our backs upon sin? Are we ready to tear out this viper of evil habit which we have been nursing in our bosoms as a Nathan's pet lamb? Repentance of sin means more than to be merely sorry for sin. It means a complete renunciation of, a turning from, a repudiation of sin. Are you and I ready now to promise God that, with the help of the Holy Spirit, we will throttle our secret sins, even as the natives of India in bands go forth to destroy the man-eating prowler of the dark jungle?

THE CURSE OF SIN.

And why should we not one and all be ready to turn our backs upon and renounce sin? In all the history of our lives is there one instance of yielding to sin in which sin has not proved itself our enemy? As a loathsome cancer has it not been eating at the vitals of our hearts? It has steadily been devouring our manhood and self respect.

Standing between the open grave of the dying year and the cradle of the year about to be born, my text is especially appropriate. Why? Though God offers pardon and peace for repentance of all past sins, he does not offer pardon fot one sin that we intend to commit in the future. One drop of Christ's blood is sufficient to undermine and sweep away the mountain ranges of past evil. But to the man who is cherishing his sin, who will not break with it, who will not give it up, there is no promise. Pardon for the past is of no avail to a man who loves his sin and will accumulate a new load next year, next month or next week, though that sin be as small as a grain of sand by the seashore, as small as a microbe which can only be seen under the magnifying glass in the biologist's laboratory.

NO MAN CAN SERVE TWO MASTERS.

Many people mistakingly suppose that God's pardon applies to future as well as to past sins. They think it applies to those sins which we intend to commit as well as to those sins of which we are already guilty. In the far east the Mohammedans suppose that earth and heaven are separated by a great chasm. Over this fathomless chasm are stretched many bridges, each the breadth of a hair in thickness. Over these infinitesimal bridges the immortal souls must pass from earth to heaven while glowing, hissing, bursting flames leaping up from the bottomless pit beneath scorch their feet and try to drag them down. So some people of Christian America foolishly think they can reach heaven, though they are deliberately and intentionally walking, as the Mohammedans imagine themselves doing, over the hot fires of evil. They believe God will pardon those sins which we intend to commit in the future as well as those sins which are already recorded against us upon the black pages of the past.

UNDOING WRONG.

Pardon for the past sins. No pardon is promised for the future sins which we deliberately intend to commit. Mr. Moody, I think it was, gave this as his testimony: For many weeks and months he had been laboring with a business friend to give his heart to God. This man at last said: "Moody, I will do as you ask, but uuon one condition. It has always been my ambition from a boy to be worth $100,000. I see that my wealth is rapidly nearing that mark. When I have that much in the bank, I shall then become a Christian and be a true, practical Christian as well as a professing one." From that moment the man's eternal destiny was sealed. His heart became hardened. He did reach his $100,000 milestone along the pathway of wealth, but he never reached the foot of the cross. Pardon for sins of 1903. Yes. But God offers no assurance of pardon for those sins which we deliberately mean to commit in 1904.

Standing between the open grave of the dying year and the cradle of the year about to be born, we should all repent of our sins. Why, again? Because the far reaching word "repentance" embraces another far reaching word, "restitution." Therefore, if we are going to try to undo the many wrongs of the past, we must be about our Father's business very quickly. God forgives those who truly repent, but the work of restitution or of atonement to our brother man who has suffered in body or soul by our wrongdoing belongs to us, and we know not how soon the opportunity of doing that work may pass away.

PAST MISDEEDS.

But though we may be unable to undo all wrongs we have done our neighbors we can make restitution for many of our past misdeeds, and one of the chief manifestations of true repentance is the expressed desire and willingness to personally atone, as far as lies within our power, for past faults. The widow of the famous artist John Opie once said: "I never saw my husband satisfied with any of his productions Often, very often, have I seen him enter my room and throw himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa and exclaim, 'I never, never can be a painter as long as I live!'" "It was a noble despair, such as is never felt by the self complacent daubers of signboards," commented Charles H. Spurgeon. "It was a noble despair, which bore the aspirant up to one of the highest riches in the artistic annals of his country." The truly repentant sinner, too, has a noble despair, in his restless and unsatisfied desire to make restitution for all the evil he has done. This desire will goad him on and on as long as he lives. Therefore, my brother, if you have a long and evil past, so far as possible you should lose no time in beginning the long and difficult task of trying to undo the wrongs you have done. One of the self evident proofs, patent to all, that Zaccheus was truly converted was the blunt statement he made to the Master when he said, "Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore to him fourfold." Then Jesus said unto him, "This is salvation come to this house."

True repentance can never take place without being accompanied by a holy longing to make restitution for an evil past. Then, my brother, you had better make haste to repent. There are many evil words you have spoken which you should try to recall. There are many bad influences you have exerted over your companions. There are many, very many, sins which you have committed in your homes the effects of which you should try to eradicate from your minds and hearts of your children. "Repent! Repent! Repent ye of sin!" Repent, so that you may be able, like Zaccheus, to return fourfold to those whom you have wronged. Restitution must go hand in hand with repentance.

REASON FOR REPENTANCE.

There is still another reason f[illegible] deep repentance of sin. The gr[illegible] our self abnegation the mo[illegible] fous will appear to us the [illegible] ness of God. The more we stand afar off and beat our breast and, like the poor publican, say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," the more joyous will be the Saviour's words which will welcome us into our Father's house when he says, "Son, daughter, thy sins are for[illegible] burden of the cross will not be a burden, as you and I may have an[illegible] ticipated. It will be such a burd[illegible] as wings are to a bird, or sails are to a ship, to carry me forward to given thee; go in peace." Then the the harbor of peace."

Deep repentance for sin naturally implies a corresponding gratitude toward Christ, who has redeemed u[illegible] from the evil results of sin [illegible] greater the danger the [illegible] love we have for our res[illegible] never more impressed with this truth than last year, when the Chicago presbytery banqueted its most honored member, Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D., on his seventieth birthday. Without doubt Dr. Johnson is one of our most influential living ministers of the Presbyterian church. He is not only a great ecclesiastical statesman and famous professor, but he has bound to him with golden cords of love all who know him and who have lived close to him. After the different Chicago ministers had spoken and expressed their deep respect for their honored guest Dr. Johnson rose to reply. With a sweet, gentle spirit looking out of his loving eyes, he said: "Brethren, I am over-wheimed with this overpowering manifestation of your love. I have done nothing to merit all this." Then, with a quavering voice, he gratefully laid all the happy results of his life's work at the feet of his Saviour when in a simple, childlike way he repeated these trustful words:

I am a poor sinner and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.

Ah, yes, such loving yearning, such tender turning with joyful and grateful face to a divine Saviour, are the immediate results of true repentance. The darker the clouds that hang over Mount Sinai the more rapturous the emptied sepulcher on Easter morn. The more awful the hurricane which tosses us about upon the sea of sin the more beautiful becomes the Bethlehem star, beckoning us across the still waters and into the harbor where the rescued mariners need never fear again the angry waves.

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

Still another reason for immediate repentance: The mute appeal of thousands of immortals heading toward destruction who may be saved if we will only point them to the Way. The moment a repentant sinner is snatched from eternal death that moment he longs to rescue others threatened with the same danger. And, oh, my friends, how many sinners there are who may be saved if by the grace of God we will go forth to save them! But mark this—the unrepentant cannot rescue the unrepentant. The blind cannot lead the blind or they will both stumble into the ditch and be lost.

But while I have been talking relentless time has been pushing the minute hand around the face of the clock. Like one who waits for dissolution, the year 1903 is ready for the messenger to lead it forth to sleep in the graveyard of the other dead years. If we are to repent in 1903, we must do so soon, we must do it now! The messenger is knocking at the door. Goodby, old year! Goodby! Thou has been a good friend to most of us. Goodby! When we meet thee before the judgment seat of Christ, may we hear thee testify that thou didst see the tear of penitence upon our cheek and that thou didst hear us say to our Heavenly King, "Father, take me as I am." Goodby, old year 1903! Goodby! Goodby! Yes, the year 1903 is almost gone forever.

MONTREAL MARKETS.

Montreal, Jan. 5.—Grain—A larg[illegible] quantity of oats, principally No. [illegible] has been placed on this market lately, and the demand has been sufficient to absorb them without any weakening in prices. In Ontario oats are being quoted ½c to 1c higher. There is a good demand for Manitoba wheat, but the prices offered are too low to permit of any great amount of business. Manitoba wheat, in store Fort William, was quoted as follows:—No. 1 northern, 80c; No. 2, 76¼c; No. 3, 73¼c No. 2 white oats, store, 34c to 34½c; No. 3 oats, store, 33c to 33¼c; No. 2 oats, low freights west, for export at 29c asked; No. 2 peas, 62c; rye, 52c; No. 2 barley, 41½c; No. 3 extra barley, 40c; No. 3, 39c.

Flour—The range on Manitoba flour continues wide. Patents range from $4.60 to $5, and strong bakers', $4.30 to $4.50; winter wheat patents, $4.15 to $4.50; straight rollers, $3.90 to 14.00 extra, $2.50 to $3.60 straight rollers, in bags, $1.90 to $1.95, and extras in bags, $1.65 to $1.75.

Feed—The demand is fairly active and the tone of the market firm. Manitoba bran, in bags, $18; shorts $20 per ton; Ontario bran, in bulk, $17 to $17.50; shorts, $19.50 to $20; mouille, $26 to $27 per ton, as to quality.

Rolled Oats—The demand for rolled oats was steady. The market is steady at $1.72½ to $1.75 per bag and at $3.75 to $3.77 per brl.

Cheese—The improved feeling in cheese was maintained to-day, a[illegible] it is now only a question of time [illegible] the present demand is maintained until English importers [illegible] com[illegible] pelled to [illegible] when a [illegible] be had. There was [illegible] in November goods, [illegible] 9¾c to 10c, as to [illegible] ther supplies at [illegible] difficult to obt[illegible] 9¾c; finest fa[illegible] at 10¾c [illegible]

[illegible] for le[illegible] the [illegible] no [illegible] of [illegible] to [illegible] 2[illegible] do[illegible]

London [illegible] sage, les[illegible] No. 2 [illegible] Ja[illegible] K[illegible]

wheat, parcels, No. 3 nor[illegible] itoba, 2[illegible]s 9d. Corn, on pas[illegible] firm but not active. Wheat, [illegible] LaPlata, f.o.r.t., steam [illegible] prompt, 29s 4½d; [illegible] due [illegible] 29s 6d. Corn, cargo[illegible] t., steam, passage, 19s [illegible] parcel mixed American [illegible] 3d; passa[illegible]

[illegible] December, 21f 65c; [illegible] 21f 20c. Flour, tone [illegible] ber, 28f 80c; March and [illegible] 45c.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Mrs. Brown—"You used to rave about my beauty."

Mr. Brown—"Well?"

Mrs. Brown—"Now you rave about my pumpkin pies."