The Omemee Mirror.

"OH, WAD SOME POWER THE GIFTIE GIE US, TAE SEE OORSELS AS ITHERS SEE US

VOL I. NO 31. OMEMEE, ONT. FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1894. JOHN T. LANE. CHAS. W. RICHARDS Proprietors.

THE DEAN AND HIS DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVI.

Some days passed, it may have been a couple of weeks when the worst news came to me that I had ever yet received in my life.

It came in this fashion. We did not get our London papers until the following morning, so that their news was always a day old.

Knowing Mrs. Fortescue's love of news of any sort or kind, it was arranged between us that she should have the paper first. If it contained anything to interest me she would tell me so, and I hardly ever looked at it except by her suggestion.

When she and I had finished, we sent the paper up to an old dame in the village, from whom it passed through many hands. Lydall boasts no reading-room, and a newspaper there is a thing as precious as a home letter at the foot of the Himalayas.

One day I missed the paper, and complained that I had not seen it; but the complaint was a passing one, and only received a passing answer. Nor did I trouble myself about the matter.

And yet strangely enough, I felt all that day a curious and almost oppressive presentiment of evil. I could not formulate this uneasiness in any way. I knew of nothing and expected nothing likely to give me sorrow or even trouble; and yet the air seemed heavy as if with coming thunder.

It is the fashion to call this kind of weird emotion, nervousness, which is to adopt the latest device of modern quackery, and to imagine that you have explained a thing, because you have given it a new and somewhat barbarous name.

My nervousness, or whatever it might be refused to be shaken off, and I resolved to try the effect of a stroll to the Cove. As I neared the beach I passed an old woman, an out-door pensioner of mine in a small way, and stopped to inquire about her rheumatism.

Oh, it was bad, it was dreadfully bad. Could I send her a little more flannel? She didn't want any more brandy; she had plenty left. But a little more flannel would be most grateful. If I had an old blanket now. She did not want to have a blanket from me, but I could give her half of it, and she could make a belt for herself and a couple of pinovers for her chest.

I promised the blanket at once, and told her to call for it that evening; but the old dame broke out afresh.

"What a dreadful thing! Oh dear! oh dear! Such a fine gentleman, and such a fine vessel. There hadn't been such a vessel in the Cove for years. No, not since the great lord come there."

I started, and caught at my heart. Then I fancy my whole manner must have changed, for the ancient dame began to mumble out a long story in the manner of a child in disgrace, and afraid of a beating.

"It was the vessel that had come into the Cove," she told me, "the beautiful steamship, with the captain and all the crew, and the gentleman with the great big dog, as big as a calf. She'd been seen and signalled off the Lizard, but nothing had been heard of her since, and now everybody said she must have gone down. They said so at the Coastguard station. Her casks had been picked up, and her hen-coops; and, worst of all, her longboat had been found upside down.

"She must have been run into by some other vessel, or else she must have run into an old wreck drifting about keel up like old wrecks do. It was very sad; but we were all in the hands of the Lord."

How I managed to shake off the old dame, and how I got home, I cannot recollect. When I first became conscious of what was about me, it seemed as if I were in Sackville Street again, for I was lying in bed, and Ethel Fortescue was by me.

This time, however, her manner was changed. At Sackville Street she made light of everything. Now she was tender and affectionate, but evidently viewed matters gravely. What little comfort she could give me was not much, and yet I clutched at it.

"The man, darling Miriam, has a charmed life; and a charmed life is as certain a thing as the Evil Eye. Look at what he has done already. Look at what we know of him, not what he has told us—for he never talks about himself—but what we have heard. He has faced death over and over again, and has laughed at it. Mark my words, we shall see him yet."

I tried to be comforted, but I am afraid the effort was only too transparent. It certainly was not successful.

"We will have down the Shipping Gazette. I will write to London for it at once. Lloyd's agents telegraph every piece of intelligence from all over the world. Meantime, we must be brave. That is the first duty of a sailor's wife, and we must look forward to the future and not back to the past."

Beyond this comfort she had none to give me, and day after day went by. The Snipping Gazette came, but I could not understand it, nor do I believe that Ethel did. It simply bewildered us.

So we waited on, vainly endeavoring to hope. August passed, and September and October, but all without news. Then we both of us said nothing, for we knew the worst. If the Evangeline had not gone down, she must have reached some port from which I should at once have had a telegram. If she had gone down, and any of her crew or of those on board her had been rescued by a passing vessel, or had taken to the boats and been picked up, the news would have been received at Lloyd's long before this.

Every ocean-going vessel, so I found out, signals every other as she passes. Sometimes, if not running against time, they will even lie to for a quarter of an hour and exchange letters and newspapers.

Vessels, so I began to learn, are liable to suddenly founder in mid-ocean without time for the crew even to clamber into the boats, and these chances are especially serious in the case of steam vessels. The boiler may burst and two minutes afterwards not a ripple on the ocean will tell the story.

Or a floating derelict, keel uppermost, as the old dame had suggested, may be crushed into. And then the doomed ship will in a few seconds settle down head first, while the cause of her misfortune, far more dangerous than any iceberg, will float away, circling round about with the ocean currents on her journey of destruction.

At the end of September, we shut up our little house at Lydall and came up to London. We had ceased to talk any longer of George Sabine or of the yacht. All that I could now do was to treasure his memory as that of the best and the dearest friend I had ever had.

Writing now, when years have passed and the bitterness of the grief has died away, I can say honestly that he was the noblest man I ever knew. Truthful, incapable of fear, gentle to tenderness, and entirely unselfish.

For such men these are not the times.

I cannot conclude the story of this portion of my life without some mention of a letter which I received from my father.

Commencing with the remark that it was for a Higher Power than that of man to search the human heart, and that nothing was more presumptuous in us than to pass judgment on our fellow-sinners, seeing that we were all equal before the searching eye of Omnipotence, he went on to trace the finger of Providence, as he was pleased to call it, in the fact that the "partner in my guilt" had passed before the last terrible Tribunal, still leaving me time to evince my repentance by appropriate contrition.

His own health, he went on to say, was rapidly failing, and his duties were onerous; but he trusted none the loss that the Divine blessing had prospered his labors. If it would give me any comfort so see him he would hurry down at once; but he certainly, after what had passed at our last interview, would not do so uninvited.

It was sharper than a serpent's tooth to have a thankless child; but his own conscience was clear and void of offence, and he supposed that in that fact, and in that alone, he must seek for his consolation.

The epistle, "ad partes infidelium," concluded with some appropriate general reflections, not forgetting a complaint that the present were revolutionary times in which Church and State alike were threatened, and that the Clerk to the Chapter found it impossible to collect the Cathedral rents or to pay the small stipends with anything like the punctuality that could be desired.

My first impulse was to tear this precious document up. My second was to keep it as a curiosity, so that I know, writing now, that I am not doing it an injustice.

We had barely occupied our old quarters in Sackville Street five or six weeks when business of her own called Ethel Fortescue to Paris.

Her tenant had gone out, and she had determined to go back, and either find another or else herself permanently take up her abode as heretofore in her own little flat.

And it was arranged that if she decided on the latter course I should go over and join her for a time before making any final arrangements on my own part.

So matters rested for a week or two.

CHAPTER XVII.

The week or two passed without anything definite occurring, and consequently I, as they say in the City, wound up arrangements in Sackville Street, and started to join Ethel in Paris.

Her flat was a charming little *entresol* in the Rue Royale, and I now began to understand how delightful life in Paris can be if you can only take things light-heartedly.

Our enjoyments were simple and innocent enough; but to me they seemed endless and infinite. We used to explore the quaint suburbs. We penetrated the vistas of the upper Seine. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

Let me explain to any young gentleman about town—a Guardsman, or a clerk at the Foreign Office, or a fashionable curate with an eye to a bishopric—what I mean.

He will tell you that he has lived in London for six or seven years, and knows it thoroughly. Does he? Put him a few of the following questions:

Has he ever been to Rosherville in the season of roses, or to the huge lake of Hendon in the season of frost and bearing ice?

He may perhaps own to the "Spaniards," but has he ever dined at "Jack Straw's Castle?"

He will talk about Windsor Forest, but of Epping he is entirely ignorant. He has dined at Greenwich, but Purfleet one of the most charming places in all the Home Counties, is a terra incognita to him.

Why need I pile up a list of names, such as Edmonton, and Ware, and the Rye House? London lies in the centre of the most lovely scenery in England, and yet Londoners are profoundly ignorant of the fact.

"One green field, sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "is to a man of intelligence exactly like any other green field, sir. I and you do not want to look at green fields, sir; let us take a walk down Fleet Street."

Your modern Parisian is as ignorant and as prejudiced as Johnson himself. His state of mind is very much that of the old navigator, who regarded the land as a place where you cashed your advance notes, drew your pay, and went ashore for a spree, and where potatoes were grown, and salt pork and beef reared for the benefit of seafaring men.

More cosmopolitan in our tastes, Mrs. Fortescue and I, having our time at our own command, found Paris delightful. We ransacked it, explored it, made our way into the outlying country, and every day discovered something fresh—something of which when we got back to the Rue Royale we invariably found that the recognized guidebooks and authorities had nothing to tell us. In fact, Ethel proposed one evening that we should write a book between us to be called "Undiscovered Paris." dedicate it "Aux Parisiens," and, as the Americans say, "realize on its sale.

And thus our days slipped away delightfully. It was one perpetual holiday with always a something new.

Chance at last brought a relief to this happy, dreamy monotony.

We had been to some steeplechases at Auteuil, and there Ethel met an old friend of hers. Somehow or other all her friends were invariably old friends.

He was a Russian—a certain Prince Balanikoff—to whom it had for some reason or other suggested by the Imperial Chancellerie that a little travel would do his health all the good in the world. Let me describe him under the mixed aspects in which he presented himself to me.

In the first place, as to my own judgment, with regard to some particulars of which I cannot possibly be mistaken.

The Prince was anywhere between thirty-five and forty-five years of age. He was immensely tall and immensely big, with broad shoulders. His features were by no means pleasant. They were markedly Kalmuk. He had a heavy jaw, a low, narrow forehead, thick lips, a nose not so much shapeless as flat—as if some sculptor had first modeled in the clay, and then crushed it in disgust—heavy eyebrows, and little, piercing, almond-shaped eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BICYCLE RIDERS MAY CHOOSE

To Hunch Their Backs or Sit up Straight—A Grand Reform in Road Wheels.

A middle-aged gentleman sat watching a string of expert bicyclists shoot past at top speed. The forms of the riders were bent away forward on their wheels, their heads were lowered, and they exerted all their leg power in racing their steel steeds.

The elderly gentleman turned to a companion, who is also in middle life.

"I never could ride in that style," he said. "I should think they would build machines that a rider could sit up straight on and take things leisurely. everybody doesn't want to shoot ahead at that breakneck pace."

The middle-aged speaker expressed a view of bicycle riding held by many who are unfamiliar with the exercise and the construction of the machines.

All first-class bicycles are built nowadays so that they can be readily altered from the low-handled "racer" to a high handle, easy going "roadster," upon which the rider sits upright. The transformation is effected by an adjustable handle bar that can be raised or lowered at will.

"The machine for the rider who wishes to ride leisurely and with comfort," said an expert, "should have a turned-up handle and a seat set upon springs. If the wheel has the turned down handle, the bar would have to be raised so high in order to enable the rider to sit upright that the handles

would interfere seriously with the balancing and steering of the machine. It would make it wobble.

"The nearer the handles are to the framework of the machine the easier it is for the rider to keep his balance and steer. The lowering of the handles to this position increases the ability of the rider to speed the machine, because when he bends over he gets a better hold on the pedals and is able to exert more power in forcing the wheels ahead. And when his body is thrown forward, with the head down, there is less resistance to the wind.

"Elderly or leisurely riders would find the upright position more to their comfort and liking, and that is why all good wheels are made so that either position can be taken. As I said before, it is a mere matter of raising or lowering the adjustable handle bar.

"Speeders all prefer the bar with the turned-down handles, and those who do not care for speeding select the turned-up handle bar. That is all the difference there is to the two styles of riding."

The accompanying pictures illustrate both positions.

FEW TEETH PULLED NOW.

Given a Root and the Dentist Will Build It Into Serviceable Shape.

In the course of an address at a dental convention recently a delegate remarked that there is not one tooth lost now where there used to be 100. The day of reckless tooth pulling has passed. It is a mighty poor tooth that the skilled operator of to-day cannot render far better and more serviceable than the best possible false one. If only the root is left a new upper part of porcelain or gold, called a "crown," is fastened upon it so as to be quite serviceable. Supposing that not even the root is left, a gap in the mouth is filled in with one or or more "dummies" securely fastened by a gold "bridge" or otherwise to the sound teeth. Complete sets of false teeth are rare nowadays. On the other hand, people in a palpably toothless condition are almost never seen, the cost of a complete artificial dental equipment being only $16. The demand for "tooth-crowns" comes largely from base-ball players, foot ball athletes and bicycle riders, who are very apt to have their teeth broken off short.

But the last and most ingenious resort of the dental surgeon is "implantation"—i. e., the setting of new teeth into the jaw. For this purpose real teeth are employed and not artificial ones. Cocaine having been first applied for producing local anaestnesia, a hole is drilled in the jawbone, and into this socket a good tooth newly drawn from somebody's jaw is set. If the patient is young and vigorous the osseous structure soon closes around it, and, by the time the gum is healed, the tooth is ready for use. It should last from three to ten years. In the case of an elderly or feeble person it may be fastened in place by silver wires passing around the jaw bone.

The root of a freshly-extracted tooth is covered with a delicate membrane called the "pericementum," the vitality of which materially assists the wished for combining of the tissues. Unless the germ is directly transferred, the vitality of this membrane must be artificially preserved. One way of doing it is to graft the tooth temporarily into the comb of a cock, that part of the fowl being well fed with blood, as may be seen from its redness. When wanted for use, it is cut out. Ordinarily the patient is obliged to wait for a while until the dentist has a suitable tooth freshly extracted, unless he chooses to hire somebody to sacrifice one.

Died in Terrible Agony.

A Buffalo, N. Y., despatch says:—Mrs. Fred Dorest, 40 years old, of 791 Exchange street, died in terrible agony at the Accident hospital Friday morning as the result of a wilful attempt upon her life by taking rat poison. The cause of her suicide was disappointment at not being able to bring about a marriage between her daughter Alice and a boarder named Wolfe.

TO SAVE THE SABBATH.

SOME TERRIBLE RESULTS FROM ITS NEW OBSERVANCE.

Intelligent Man, the Dumb Beast and Dead Machinery All Cry Out for the Lord's Day—A Sermon of World-Wide Interest.

BROOKLYN, June 24.—For to-day Rev. Dr. Talmage has chosen a subject of world-wide interest as the theme of his sermon through the press, viz., the necessity of guarding the Christian Sabbath against invasions that aim at its destruction. The text selected was Ex. 31: 13, "Verily, my sabbath you shall keep."

The wisdom of cessation from hard labor one day out of seven is almost universally acknowledged. The world has found out that it can do less work in seven than in six, and the fifty-two days of the year devoted to rest are an addition rather than a subtraction. Experiments have been made in all departments. The great Lord Castlereagh thought he could work his brain three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, but after a while broke down and committed suicide; and Wilberforce said of him, "Poor Castlereagh! This is the result of the non-observance of the Sabbath!"

A celebrated merchant declared: "I should have been a maniac long ago but for the Sabbath." The nerves, the brain, the muscles, the bones, the entire physical, intellectual and moral nature cry out for the Sabbath rest. What is true of man is for the most part true of the brute. Travellers have found out that they come to their places of destination sooner when they let their horses rest by the way on the Sabbath. What is the matter with those forlorn creatures harnessed to some of the city cars? Why do they stumble and stagger and fall? It is for the lack of the Sabbatic rest.

In other days, when the herdsmen drove their sheep and cattle from the far west down to the seaboard, it was found out by experiment that those herdsmen and drovers who halted over the seventh day got down sooner to the seaboard than those who passed on without the observance of the holy Sabbath. The fishermen off the coast of Newfoundland declare that those men during the year catch the most fish who stop during the Lord's Day.

When I asked the Rocky Mountain locomotive engineer why he changed locomotives when it seemed to be a straight route, he said, "We have to let the locomotive stop and cool off or the machinery would soon break down." Men who made large quantities of salt were told that if they allowed their kettles to cool over Sunday they would submit themselves to a great deal of damage. The experiment was made, some observing the Sabbath and some not observing the Sabbath. Those who allowed the fires to go down and the kettles to cool once a week were compelled to spend only a few pennies in the way of repairs; while in the cases where no Sabbath was observed many dollars were demanded for repairs.

In other words, intelligent man, dumb beasts and dead machinery cry out for the Lord's Day. But while the attempt to kill the Sabbath by the stroke of axe and flail and yardstick has beautifully failed, it is proposed in our day to drown the Sabbath by flooding it with secular amusements. They would bury it very decently under the wreath of the target company and to the music of all brazen instruments.

There are to-day, in the different cities, ten thousand hands and ten thousand pens busy in attempting to cut out the heart of our Christian Sabbath, and leave it a bleeding skeleton of what it once was. The effort is organized and tremendous, and unless the friends of Christ and the lovers of good order shall rouse up right speedily, their sermons and protests will be uttered after the castle is taken. There are cities in the land where the Sabbath has almost perished, and it is becoming a practical question whether we who receive a pure Sabbath from the hands of our fathers shall have piety and pluck enough to give to our children the same blessed inheritance. The eternal God helping us, we will!

I protest against this invasion of the Holy Sabbath, in the first place, because it is a war on Divine enactment. God says, in Isaiah: "If thou turn away thy foot from doing thy pleasure on My Holy day, thou shalt walk upon the high places." What did he mean by "doing thy pleasure?" He referred to secular and worldly amusements. A man told me he was never so much frightened as in the midst of an earthquake, when the beasts of the field bellowed in fear, and even the barnyard fowls screamed in terror. Well, it was when the earth was shaking and the sky was all full of fire that God made the great announcement, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Go through the streets where the theatres are open on a Sabbath night; go up on the step; enter the boxes of those places of entertainment, and tell me if that is keeping the Sabbath day holy? "Oh," says some one, "God won't be displeased with a grand sacred concert." A gentleman who was present at a grand sacred concert one Sabbath night in one of the theatres of our great cities, said that during the exercises there were more comic and sentimental songs, interspersed with coarse jokes; and there were dances, and a farce, and tight rope walking, and a trapeze performance. I suppose it was a holy dance and a consecrated tight rope. This is what they call a "grand sacred concert."

We hear a great deal of talk about "the rights of the people" to have just such amusements on Sunday as they want to have. I wonder if the Lord has any rights. You rule the family, the Governor rules the state, the President rules the whole land; I wonder if the Lord has a right to rule the nations and make the enactment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and if there is any appeal from the high court from that decision, and if the men who are warring against that enactment are not guilty of high treason against the maker of heaven and earth. They have in our cities put God on trial. It has been the theatres and the opera houses, plaintiffs, versus the Lord Almighty, defendent; the suit has been begun, and who shall come out ahead you know. Whether it be popular or unpopular, I now announce it as my opinion that the people have no rights save those which the great Jehovah gives them. He has never given the right to man to break His holy Sabbath, and as long as His throne stands He will never give that right.

The prophet asks a question which I can easily answer, "Will a man rob God?" Yes. They robbed him last Sunday night at the theatres and the opera houses, and I charge upon them the infamous and high-handed larceny. I hold the same opinion as a sailor I have heard of. The crew had been discharged from the vessel because they would not work while they were in port on the Lord's Day. The captain went out to get sailors. He found one man, and he said to him, "Will you serve me on the Sabbath?" "No." "Why not?" "Well," replied the old sailor, "a man who will rob God Almighty of His Sabbath would rob me of my wages if he got a chance."

Suppose you were poor, and you came to a dry goods merchant and asked for some cloth for garments, and he should say, "I'll give you six yards," and, while he was off from the counter binding up the six yards you should go behind the counter and steal the additional yard. That is what every man does when he breaks the Lord's Sabbath. God gives us six days out of seven reserving one for Himself, and you will not let Him have it, it is mean beyond all computation

Again—I am opposed to this desecration of the Sabbath by secular entertainments because it is war on the statutes of most of the States. The law in New York says:

It shall not be lawful to exhibit on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday, to the public, in any building, garden, grounds, concert room or other room or place within the city and county of New York any interlupe, tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, play, stage magic, minstreley, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the kind, or any part or parts therein, or any equestrian, circus or dramatic performance, or any performance of juggling, acrobats, or rope-dancing.

Was there ever a plainer enactment than that? Who made the law? You, who at the ballot boxes decided who should go to Albany and sit in the Legislature. You who in any region exercise the right of suffrage. They made the law for you and for your families, and now I say that any man who attempts to over-ride that law insults you and me and every man who has the right of suffrage.

Still further, I protest against the invasion of the Sabbath, because it is a foreign war. Now, if you heard at this moment the booming of a gun in the harbor, or if a shell from some foreign frigate should drop into your street, would you keep your seats in church? You would want to face the foe, and every gun that could be managed would be brought into use, and every ship that could be brought out of the navy yard would swing from her anchorage, and the question would be decided. You do not want a foreign war, and yet I have to tell you that this invasion of God's holy day is a foreign war.

As among our own native-born population there are two classes—the good and the bad; so it is with the people who come from other shores—there are the law-abiding and the lawless. The former are welcome here. The more of them the better we like it. But let not the lawless come from other shores expecting to break down our Sabbath, and institute in the place of it a foreign Sabbath.

How do you feel, ye who have been brought up amid the hills of New England, about giving up the American Sabbath? Ye who spent your childhood under the shadow of the Adirondacks or the Catskills; ye who were born on the banks of Savannah, or Ohio, or Oregon, how do you feel about giving up the American Sabbath? You say, "We shall not give it up. We mean to defend it as long as there is any strength left in our arm, or blood in our heart! Do not bring your Spanish Sabbath here. Do not bring your Italian Sabbath here. Do not bring your French Sabbath here. Do not bring your foreign Sabbath here. It shall be for us and our children forever a pure, consecrated, Christian, American Sabbath."

I will make a comparison between the American Sabbath, as some of you have known it, and the Parisian Sabbath. I speak from observation. On a Sabbath morning I was aroused in Paris by a great sound in the street, I said: "What is this?" "O," they said, "this is Sunday." An unusual rattle of vehicles of all sorts. The voices seemed more boisterous than on other days. People running to and fro, with baskets or bundles, to get to the rail trains or gardens. It seemed as if all the vehicles in Paris, of whatever sort, had turned out for the holiday. The Champs Elysees one great mob of pleasure seeking people. Balloons flying. Parrots chattering. Footballs rolling. Peddlars hawking their knickknacks through the streets. Punch and Judy shows in a score of places, each one with a shouting audience. Hand organs, cymbals, and every kind of racket, musical and unmusical. When the evening came down, all the theatres were in full blaze of music, and full blaze of light. The wine-stores and saloons were thronged with an unusual number of customers. At eventide I stood and watched the excursionists coming home, fagged-out men, women and children, a gulf-stream of fatigue, irritability, and wretchedness; for I should think it would take three or four days to get over that miserable way of Sundaying. It seemed more like an American Fourth of July than a Christian Sabbath.

Now, in contrast, I present one of the Sabbaths in our best American cities. Holy silence coming down with the day dawn. Business men more deliberately looking into the faces of their children, and talking to them about their present and future welfare. Men sit longer at the table in the morning because the stores are not to be opened, and the mechanical tools are not to be taken up. A hymn is sung. There are congratulations and good cheer all through the house. The street silent until ten o'clock when there is a regular orderly tramp churchward. Houses of God, vocal with thanksgiving for mercies received, with prayers for comfort, with charities for the poor. Rest for the body. Rest for the soul. The nerves quieted, the temples cooled, the mind cleared, the soul strengthened, and our entire population turned out on Monday morning ten years younger, better prepared for the duties of this life, better prepared for the life that is to come.

Which do you like the best, the American Sabbath or the Parisian Sabbath? Do you know in what boat the Sabbath came across the sea and landed on our shores? It was in the Mayflower. Do you know in what boat the Sabbath will leave us, if it ever goes? It will be in the ark that floats over a deluge of national destruction.

Still further: I protest against the invasion of the Lord's day, because it wrongs a vast multitude of employes of their rest. The play actors and actresses can have their rest between their engagements; but how about the scene-shifters, the ballot-dancers, the call-boys, the innumerable attendants and super numeraries of the American theatre? Where is their Sunday to come from? They are paid small salaries at the best. Alas for them. They appear on the stage in tinsel and tassel with halberds, or in gauze whirling in toe tortures, and they might be mistaken for fairies or queens; but after twelve o'clock at night you may see them trudging through the streets in faded dresses, shivering and tired, a bundle under their arms, seeking their homes in the garrets and cellars of the city. Now you propose to take from thousands of these employes throughout this country not only all opportunity of moral culture, but all opportunity of physical rest. For heaven's sake let the crushing Juggernaut stop at least one day in seven!

Again: I oppose this modern invasion of the Christian Sabbath, because it is a war on the spirtual welfare of the people. You have a body? Yes. You have a mind? Yes. You have a soul? Yes. Which of the secular halls on the Sabbath day will give that soul any culture? Now, admitting that a man has a spiritual and immortal nature, which one of the places of amusement will culture it? Which one of the Sabbath performances will remind men of the fact that unless they are born again they cannot see the kingdom of God? Will the music of the Grand Duchesse help people at last to sing the song of the one hundred and forty and four thousand! Besides, if you gentlemen of the secular entertainment have six days in the week in which to exercise your alleged beneficial influence, ought you not to allow Christian institutions to have twenty-four hours. Is is unreasonable to demand that if you have six days for the body and intellect we should have one day at least for our immortal soul!

Still further; I am opposed to this invasion of the Sabbath because it is unfair, and it is partial. What secular amusements in different societies are allowed to be open on the Sabbath day, dry goods establishments must be closed, and plumbing establishments, and the butchers' and the bakers', and the shoemakers', and the hardware stores. Now, tell me by what law of justice you compel a man to shut the door of his store while you keep open the door of your worldly establishment. May it please your honors, Judges of the Supreme Court, if you give to secular places the right to be open on the Sabbath day, you have to give, at the same time, the right to all commercial establishments to be open, and to all mechanical establishments to be open. If it is right in the one case it is right in all the cases.

But we are told that they muts get money on Sabbath nights in order to pay the deficits of the other nights of the week. Now, in answer to that I say, that if men cannot manage their amusements without breaking the Lord's day, they had better all go into bankruptcy together. We will never surrender our Christian Sabbath for the purpose of helping these violators to pay their expenses. Above all my confidence is in the good hand of God that has been over our cities since their foundation; but I call this day upon all those who befriend Christian principle, and those who love our political freedom, who stand in solid phalanx in this Thermopylæ of our American history; for I believe as certainly as I stand here that the triumph or overflow of American institutions depends upon this Sabbatic contest.

Bring your voices, your pens, your printing presses and your pulpits into the Lord's artillery corps for the defence of our holy day. To day, in your families and in your Sabbath schools, recite:—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Decree before high heaven that this war on your religious rights and the cradles of your children shall bring ignominious defeat to the enemies of God and the public weal; for they who die in the contest battling for the right we shall chisel the epitaph:—"These are they who came out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." But for that one who shall prove in this moral crisis recreant to God and the Church there shall be no honorable epitaph. He shall not be worthy even of a burial-place in all the free land; but the appropriate interment for such an one would be to carry out his remains and drop them into the sea, where the lawless winds which keep no Sabbath may gallop over the grave of him who lived and died a traitor to God the church, and the free institutions of America. Long live the Christian Sabbath. Perish forever all attempts to overthrow it.

A Blind Girl Printer's Skill.

A remarkable case of what can be done by a blind person is now being exemplified at Swaledale, near Pittsburg, Pa. Some twelve weeks ago S. B. Angell purchased the Swaledale Bee, and not having enough assistance, his blind sister, Miss Hattie Angell, prevailed upon him to allow her to go into the office and assist in the work. For the first few days she found occupation in folding papers, etc., and she soon became so proficient in that that she asked to be allowed to set type, and was given a case to see what she could do. In less than an hour she had the boxes learned, and the first stickful of type was set in fifty minutes.

What is still more remarkable, she can now set as much type as the average compositor and do it with greater accuracy. She experiences but little difficulty with her copy. She is expert in writing the language of the blind, and matter is dictated to her. Writing it down in her language, she goes to her case, and gliding her fingers over the raised surface, she retains in her mind entire sentences, and accordingly can set with great rapidity. In order to get the type right side up, her middle finger is used in feeling the nicks, and this is done while the type is being lifted into position in the stick. She has not yet attempted to distribute type, but she expects to soon become master of this art as well. Miss Angell is a very intelligent young woman, and is a fine player on the piano. She has also achieved quite a little fame as a singer.

They Should be Taught.

Comparatively few children are naturally neat and orderly in their habits, yet it is one of the easiest lessons they can learn, and if rightly taught it soon become a confirmed habit and a source of pleasure and satisfaction to the mother. To help them form the habit we must see that they have a convenient place in which to put everything and see that all their childish belongings are in the place allotted, when not in use. In this respect as in many others there is a vast difference in children. Some, from the beginning, only require an occasional word and gentle direction Others are, perhaps, so naturally careless and untidy that one almost despairs of ever teaching them or getting them to be clean and orderly. But persevere firmly and kindly. They will learn in time, and orderly, methodical habits once formed will never be forgotten.

Amateur Pride.

Mrs. De Style—"Why in the world don't you practise your music? Your playing last evening was abominable!"

Miss De Style—"Why, maw, you wouldn't have your guests mistaking me for one of those horrid professionals who get paid for their music, would you?"

British and Foreign.

The wages of female servants in Prussia range from $14.28 to $71.40 per year; of males, $23.80 to $95.20.

The Queen had signed a royal warrant which authorizes the issue of medals for long and meritorious services in the local forces in the colonies. The medals will be issued under regulations which will shortly be published.

Lord Randolph Churchill has engaged a passage for New York on board the White Star line steamer Teutonic on her next trip from Liverpool for New York. He will visit Chicago, and will sail from Vancouver for Japan.

Dr. Von Blarcom, one of the most distinguished physicians in Berlin, expresses the opinion after careful investigation that coffee long boiled produces more indigestion than any other substance taken into the human stomach, and that a simple infusion facilitates digestion.

The strike of the Scotch coal miners began Tuesday morning, 60,000 men ceasing work. Many steel works in Scotland have closed owing to the scarcity of coal due to the strike of the miners, and others will shut down on Thursday. Thousands of steel workers are in enforced idleness.

Arrangements have been nearly concluded to provide the necessary capital to finish the Chignecto ship railway connecting the Bay of Fundy with the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The promoters of the enterprise are sanguine that the railway will soon be in operation, and will shortly submit a proposal in regard to it to the Dominion Government.

The authorities of the War Office and Admiralty deny any knowledge of the recently reported purchase in Chicago by those departments of army forage and other supplies. This denial is in answer to an offer on the part of Canadian merchants to furnish all such supplies needed, the offer having been accompanied by an assertion that supplies were being purchased in Chicago for the British army and navy.

The thinnest iron sheet in the world has lately been rolled in Swansea in Wales. It is twenty-five centimetres long and fourteen wide. Its thickness is exactly .0052 millimetre. One may get an idea of this "thickness" by comparing it to that of silk paper, which is ordinarily .02 millimetre thick. Some iron manufacturers have advertised that they make visiting cards of thin iron plates. Krupp has manufactured such of the thinness of .04 millimetre. The longest steel chip is 79 1-2 metres long and was turned in New York.

Some months ago a Dublin inventor claimed for a preparation of his that it would preserve eggs in perpetual freshness. To thoroughly test the efficacy of the invention, which, if successful, would revolutionize the egg market, an experiment was carried out at the Freeman offices. A sample of eggs immersed in the patent solution, which is a thin greyish paste of the consistency of honey, have remained undisturbed there for a period of four months, and when opened the other night in the presence of experts were found to be all perfectly fresh.

The financial success of the great Manchester ship canal, about which there has been much doubt, appears to be assured. A report from Manchester states that the revenues from tolls and dues for the five months ended May 1st last were $33,701, which more than covered all expenses connected with the traffic, including wages, salaries, and stores, rates, and a full proportion of office expenses. Maintenance was not included, and, until the work is complete, all outlay on works will be charged against capital. The traffic in the time covered was made up of 211,915 tons in ships, 63,785 in barges and 323,656 passengers.

An amusing story is told of the late Professor Henry Morley. Some years ago when the "slumming" boom was occupying general attention he was accosted one day by a peculiarly emaciated and ragged individual, who solicited aid in moving terms. Professor Morley, who was never proof against such petitions, responded with a silver coin. "Thank you, Professor Morley: I'm much obliged," said the man. "You know me, eh?" "Yes, I attended your lectures at King's College in 1860." "Dear dear, I am sorry to see you in this state. "Not at all, my dear Professor. I am doing some articles for my paper, and the, editor insists on my making my researches in character. Will you dine with me to-night?" and he handed a card bearing a well-known name.

In a photograph collector's album there are the pictures of 100 criminals who were tried and convicted last year. A good proportion of them are men of fine appearance with honest looking faces and a pleasant expression. The owner of the album often shows these pictures to his acquaintances, without telling who the men are; and he says that, of all the people who have seen them, not one has yet guessed that they are convicted criminals, or that they do not rank among the most respectable citizens. "What a remarkably handsome and good lot of friends you must have." said a clergyman after looking over the album, all the pictures in which have been chosen for the purpose which they subserve. Two of the photographs represent man killers now in prison.

The Queen's Memory.

Here are a couple of stories told of the wonderful power of memory enjoyed by her Majesty. Conversation at the dinner table at Windsor recently turned on Rome and the Pope. The Queen somewhat surprised those present by saying that she had seen his Holiness, adding—"He was presented to me many years ago, when Cardinal Pecci by Cardinal Howard; then we did not know he was at all likely to be Pope—indeed, Cardinal Howard seemed to have much the better chance. But I remember the occasion quite well; it must be nearly thirty years ago." In Florence one day the Queen perceived a man attempting to photograph her in her carriage. She called the attention of one of her attendants to him, and said—"I should like to speak to that man; he was mentioned to me by Lord Palmerston when I wanted some photographs copied by a permanent process and he did them for me, but I thought he was dead long ago." The man being presented to her Majesty, said he had been out in Australia for five and twenty years, and was indeed the person to whom she had referred.

A Modern Idyl.

Ethel—Oh, Tom what a pity it is you are not rich! They say that some of those millionaires don't dare to leave the house for days at a time, because they receive threatening letters saying that something dreadful will happen to them if they don't pay the writer sums of money.

Tom Hardup—Pooh! Why, I get plenty of just such letters.