

Of Genius; for my spirit, in my youth,

And-let me whisper it I had a wife

could save me,

I can not see you well."

shoulder.

should be

heart bleed

brother-

light.

Explored all knowledge and conceived all

And we we were happy, and I loved her

And hers was greater love; and when I fell,

Pleading with Heaven and men and me my

That bind a sleeping lion when he wakes.

Why, Sir, for her and our dear children's

To prudence I a thousand times was pledg-

And with that venom-thought the tooth is

Which gnaws me here. But now her sleep

Under the buttercups, in the cool ground,

Fide ia ! child ! my brain is all a-whirl.

While I am burning. Where are you, my

"Oh, father ! don't you know me ? I am

With feeble hand he takes her thin wan

And for an eager moment seems to hold her

In his soul's steadfast gaze : he sees the sad

And patient little face which never had

All freshness, pinched with early penury.

And eyes-still like her mother's, tender

Through every trial heavenly deep and true

With piteous tears, not for herself, but

He held her there, and fondly gazed, and

With mournful pathos: " My poor orphan

You've had no parent since your mother

"Oh, father ! I have you." But he replied,

"Your own good father died some years

Whochides, neglects you, makes your dear

father should have cherished this frail

And nourished it in gentle sun and shower,

"I dreamed just now that it was Christmas-

And I saw troops of children at their play,

And you among them, and your little

He had not died of hunger. And your

All hope and happy smiles, was at my side.

We watched and kept you ever in our sight,

You were not cold or hungry any more;

Of laughing fiends awoke me, and I saw

My darling shivering on her bed of straw.

And all was happiness and warmth and

You were like other children. Then the

But do not mind. When I am gone, for

My poor Fidele, the vision may come true.

Then you'll forgive your father. Do not

I am too weak and ill. Now let me sleep."

And Maurice drew the child saids, and said.

"Have you no friends, no kindred, you

Nor other home to which you two can go?"

" My mother's friends; but they are far

They would have had me go to them and

Forsake my father !" weeping, she replied.

" But mother left him to me when she died.

That was her charge, and so what could I

Se saying, he sank back upon his bed.

should know.

And with unutterable love and pride

I was that father; but this man of woe,

pray you think it is not I indeed.

And kept it, with a father's manifold

In their affection—at this moment dim

She nestles near :

But all my resolutions were as straws

While thus amid his blessings he must think | Who once, and with some reason, bore the Of perils passed, and shudder at the brink Of one black gulf, the dark remembrance makes What is seem brighter; as he sometimes

At midnight from the hi eous dream, to A violet jus opened in the air

Of a sweet May is not so sweet and fair. More closely his dear present happiness. He hurries on with eased and thankful heart; And of a sudden sees before him start From a by-street the figure of a child, See strove with me, strove for me, and for-A wretched girl in rags, who put up wild Entreating hands, and cries out 'piteously,

"Oh, Sir ! who is there-who will come and My fatter? He is very sick! I fear-" "My child, I will go with you. Is it near?" And, comprehending what she scarce can

He follows where she quickly leads the way.

Down the by-street were red-eyed rum-shops And with hot breath defile the evening air,

Where pines pale Poverty, while Vice and With lurid orgies vex the hallowed time; Across the court and upward through the

gloom Of creaking stairs, she leads to a cold room, Ill-odored with foul drugs and misery, Where from his couch a man starts up to

A stranger come.

"Art thou the Christ?" he cries; And in the wan white face and wondrous

Where now the awful fires of fever burn, Is something which recalls to Allarburn Old Richard's book-shop and one long ago White Christmas eve. "Art thou the Christ Its share of smiles; small features, which or no ?"

"Not I," said Maurice, as amazed he stood, "But in His name I come to do you good."

"Idle your labor, if you be not He. No Christ at second-hand will do for me. For know you who I am !- Sir, a lost soul . Hear overhead Jehovah's thunder rol! It mutters - do you mark it? 'Woe! woe! woe !' "

Maurice replied : "I do not hear it so. It says you shall be saved. For Christ is

In me He comes to bring you help and cheer, For you and for your child.

" For her indeed! And, Sir, I thank you; she has woful need. But I am driven about the desert world By my own burning; hither and thither

Forever, a wailing, wandering ghost of sin, Through reigons where Lord Christhas never be n. And yet I was a master once, and taught

Divine Philosophy; preached, wrete, and brought Refreshment to some hearts, I verily think.

New I am perishing for a little drink: And if you bear a charitable mind, As I must deem-for in your face I find A certain eloquence-give me some gin. You'll tell me that has been my special sin : Not so: it was the world-consuming thirst For fresher power and larger life which first Fevered my soul; then, in the sacred name Of Inspiration, sovereign Opium came. In gorgeous dreams he stalks, the Lord of

Gin is a little page that bears his train. In pomp before us to the feast he goes, But ever, at the pageant's sorrowful close, Puts off his robes of fantasy and dream, And in his naked death's-head grins sup-

"You're right: that little hunchback last That other bottle smells of laudanum,

To purchase that my little girl was sent Starved through the street, and our last coin was spent.

Now curse me for a fool, and go your way; But in your censure don't forget to say, HE WAS THE BOUND THRALL OF LORD OPIUM."

"Unhappy man ! think you that I have come With judgment to condemn you? What am

Says Maurice, as he puts the bottles by, And takes the sick man's hot dry hand in his, "A fellow-man, to whom all miseries Through his own sin and suffering are made

Who censures no man's folly but his own. "And have you kissed Temptation ? in the

Of madness drunk all hope and manheod Be good to him ; be always good and true. I am more guilty ; yet I am the same

"And you do well," ories Maurice, cheerily. " Your little heart is very brave and strong. Now watch till I return; 'twill not be long.' Five minutes takes him to a coach; ten

They out him wicked. Oh, it le not so

Helirmy father, and has need of me.

And he alights in haste at his own door. There busy hands in ample baskets pack Fuel and food, and he is whirling back; Finds a physician by the way, and, lo ! Into that dismal chamber steals a glow Of comfort. Kindlings crackle in the grate, The table beams with bounty, where of late Only the rank-breathed empty bottles

While in the child the sense of gratitude For gifts that seem by Heavenly Mercy

Is lost in wonder and bewilderment.

The doctor sits; and ere she touches bread, Though from long fasting weak in every

She trembling weits for words of hope from

As when an infant gone astray has climbed Some dizzy height, and any act ill-timed Of rescaing friends may cause its hold to

And dash it down the dreadful precipice, But slowly, step by step, with toil and pain, Since he whose words can save, himself may The way it climbed must it descend again ; So this strayed soul has groped along the

Of life-o'er death, till at the very adge He swoons, suspended in the giddy air And only tender love and utmost care And all the skill which ever science gave Can save him, if indeed even such can save.

The wise physician, seated at his task-His kindly features moulded to a mask Of calm grave thought, through which no faintest ray

To kindle expectation finds its way-Counts pulse, and ponders symptoms, and Won from a pleasant home and gentle life.

Delirious; then takes leave; but at the "I am repaid," Charles Masters said, and

Pats off the doctor and resumes the man, And would have saved, if mighty love And speaks what comfortable words he can. And almost make me feel that I am blessed.

This burnt-out wick, but a long gloriff. And show the Way of Life, which I have

Quoth Allanburn : " All that you may, and My author in his book has said before,

"Good books are pearl and gold; yet not of Is builded bright the New Jerusalem;

Hear thou thyself the Voice the prophets heard, And shape in thine own life the shining

"But now, we talk too much, and you must rest."

In the pale face a vivid gleam expressed Surprise, hope, doubt. "I had well nigh Eat, child !" But now beside the patient's | That such a book was written. Is it not Right Thinking and Right Living?"

> Maurice cried. "You know it!" And a look almost of And joy into the strange bright visage stole.

"Thank Heaven, if it has helped a single Enough, O triend! But you are here to A deeper lesson than its leaves contain;

> be among the lost." · " Charles Masters !"

"I am he Be not too much amazed and grieved; for Am happy, and contented now to die."

"Dear soul ! and have I sought you far and Cries Allanburn," at last to find you here?

My benefactor ! 'Tis not yet too late ! All that I have, life, happiness, estate, I owe to you ; and, help me, Heaven ! I ye Will pay some portion of the precious debt The patient's powders, while the patient In love and service to your child and you.'

Seeing the child's eyes question and implore, A long deep sigh of peace. "You bring me

" ART THOU THE CHRIST? HE CRIES."

And now Fidele is pacified and fed. She sleeps, and Maurice watches in her But all your prayers and patience can not

The patient from a fitful slumber wakes,

But can not move for utter weariness. "Fidele!" he whines, in querulous distress; Sees the strange watcher there, and at the

Gropes feebly in his memories of the night To find again the half-remembered face.

"Let the child rest : command me in her place,"

"Something I do recall," the sick man said, "But solve me now the riddle if you can : You are, I deem, a prosperous gentleman : I, the forlorn self-ruined wretch you see, Not worth your thought; and yet you waste

Your time and thought. We've met, I think, before? Nay, speak, or I shall only talk the more."

Fond troubles, from rude winds and wintry "You are a man—enough for me to know I can relieve a fellow-mortal's woe.

> But you are more to me than common men. Once, twice, indeed, we've met;" and how and when (To soothe his patien!) Allanburn relates, "That night the subtle circles of our fates

> Appeared to touch ; so that in memory I've seen you still, and wondered what might be Your fortunes since. Dark as they were

> that night. My own were in a far more evil plight. And I was saved-almost by chance it

So mere a chance that often I have dreamed lost,"

The other sighed, The elements strengthen, bend, or rend the Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water. And we are sound or flawed. My will was

The very pith and root of all. But speak !" What was my chance or providence ?

Which from the counter carelessly I took-A little faded volume, thumbed and old. But to my life and need a nook or gotto."

The mick man ground. F. Talk not of Steekings did not become fashienshie until If they could save, be oure I should not be

Cherish my child—she has a heart of gold.

Through weary hours; till, just as morning | This bruised reed up, and make it grow Seek not to keep my memory among men,

But set there warning words above my grave; OTHERS HE SAVED, HIMSELF HE COULD NOT SAVE.'"

(CONCLUDED.)

A Strange Bird Story.

In an aviary in London one of a pair of singularly attractive paroquets died, and the Says Maurice, pillowing the patient's head. | male bird was in despair. He consoled himself, however, as males will, with a pretty greenfinch, until, to the astonishment of the onlookers, another parcquet appeared before the wires asking for admittance. None knew whence it came and the stranger was let in. Immediately the faithless male deserted the greenfinch and adopted his heaven-sent spouse. The poor finch, then out in the cold, pined and perched alone with ruffled feathers. The newlymated parcquets took pity upon it and consoled it, so that it now perches between them, and the atrange trio live happily to-

Our Progress

As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills, composed of crude and bulky medicines, are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are sugar-coated, and little larger than mustard seeds, but composed of highly concentrated vegetable extracts. By druggists. Words of praise are almost as necessary

It was your path of life, not mine, it crossed, to warm a child into a genial life as acts of And you were saved instead, and I was kindness and affection. Judicious praise is to children what the sun is to flowers. For colds, fevers and inflammatory at-

"No chance ! Our tacks, as well as for cholers morbus, diarrhosa, dysentery, or bloody-flux, celic or With its heaven-reaching branches, is a tree cramps in stomach, use Dr. Pierce's Extract Which grows from little seeds in our own of Smart-Weed, composed of best Grape Brandy, Smart-Wood or Water Pepper,

Shakespeare was not a broker : but does any one know of another man who has furnished so many stock quotations? In the cure of severe coughs, weak lungs,

spitting of blood, and the early stages of Consumption, Dr. Pierce'e " Golden Medical Discovery" has astonished the medical faculty. While it cures the severest coughs, it strengthens the system and purifice the blood. By drugglate

the time of Queen Elizabeth, Christman did not cost as much de those days ( at t)

The "Rogers" Name As the world-wide celebrity destamp upon silver-plated speaked the growth of many iminate be interesting to recall briefy the this famous brand. In the form electricity for silver plating at mostic use, the first object trade mark were manufactured a Cone. The three brothers who the manufacture, and who had to of Rogers, placed upon the man of goods greatly superior to say ously known. The venture vacant ward for considerable time, will found that the high quality of a could only be maintained profible employment of greater capital and than the brothers had at their They were, consequently, obligated sumb, and the business was said Meriden Britannia Company, dile Conn., who required thereby at established trade-mark, but also their lives, the services of the orain The facilities and able management new owners enabled them to mis improve the high quality of the van it is due principally to them that the ers name has become so famous for me workmanship.

Naturally, parties who seek to real of the harvest of these years of his not wanting, and the consumers areas ed, in self protection, to examine particular ly the distinguishing marks of the

brated brand to avoid being deceived The integrity and regulation of the facturers furnish to the consumer the guarantee of quality. To enable new to select the genuine and best 40. goods," two prefixes were long sport the presence of either of which in the en the goods may be relied upon uni fallible test of quality. The mat m ent is "1847," referring to the date ination, thus : "1847, Rogers Bra." much importance cannot be given in the as distinguishing the genuine ware other prefix referred to is a star, " ... & Bro." All articles bearing either prefixes are genuine, are made by the ies who have legally succeeded to the al manufacturers, and are guarantel the Meriden Britannia Company to be very best quality.

The experiment which Messrs. Take Son entered upon when they command make their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco was to give the public a tobacco of the vert Virginia leaf at the smal'est possible me beyond its actual cost, in the hope the would be so extensiyely bought at br nerate them. By the end of three year demand for it had grown so much u be assurance that the success of the eron was within reach. The demand for its is more than ten times greater than it then and it is still increasing. Succession been reached.

Woman may indeed have a spheric is boundless, but she strikes an impai barrier when she comes to a bank to fence.

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de club, although they has tal to exhibit no signs outside This discatisfaction had i Lection of officers and appoin A day or two aft ne, Elder Juneberry Smit bestone Cabiff, Shinbone White Chesso, State Rights Taylor, Lo lege and Prof. Wintergreen Johns aroum near the market to talk ov devance. Judge Chewso offered to resolution, which was adopted. \_Dat we hev bin ignominous by de President of de Lime-Ki dat we refuse to take part in a

purceedin's of dat club until de re sches were made by Shinbone Whi lord John Sluggs, asserting that the had come when men of spirit must a their independence or expect to forever. The name of William To alled up and eulogized, and the co ters mang revolutionary songs and a ets until a late hour. APRINGING THE TRAP.

regular meeting of the club opened sual hour Saturday evening, wi ber Gardner on hand to sound the to So far as appearances went all w and contentment. Every conspirat a his seat, and no action betrayed th rm was brewing. Brother Gardn a letter in his hand, and was about some comments when Judge Chew lisser Chairman, befo' dis heah meeti

remarks." other Gardner looked at him over l scles in great astonishment, and the buss of excitement throughout t ta meeting of a po'shun of dis ciu

eds any furder, I should like to ma

a few days since," continued the Judg ms unanimously resolved dat de Pre of dis club should be axed to tend seignashun, fur ackshun by de club." hen the Judge sat down silence reign preme that Samuel Shin's chilblai almost be heard growing. It was derelap in a clear sky.

old I understand you to say how man bers war present at dat meetin' ?" ask President when the silence had become lvely painful. dge Chewso stated the number and ga

n' so seben dissatisfied members, o total of 284, demand my resignathun ried the President in a voice which h ok-saw edge to it.

When a majority of dis club frow ou dat a new President am wanted," s her Gardner, "no trouble will be expe d in securin' my resignashun. Set bers simply represent a conspiracy. I o by-law to punish conspiracy, ar re feel justified in takin' de case in descended the platform and approa

Judge. The Judge called for ds to rally to the standard and die ty, but not a man rallied. What follo ill be blank in the Judge's life. . knocked over three stools, broke brought down eighteen lengths pipe and split a door. His head see bump everything for ten feet arou locks of wool went alowly floating the ceiling. He was finally picked given a lift through the door leading lley, and after the last bumpety-bu e stairs had died away Brother Ga

coked around and asked : m dar any odder preson in die hall v my reeignashun ?" le! No! No!" shouted every n t, including the six remaining o

am well! If any of ye change jist let me know at de nex' meetin "STAND OBER HEAH."

think I kin discover de entire g ut a mistake," said the President as or ceased "Elder Janeberry Smi may stand ober heah."
-I doan' 'zactly like to, sah," st d the Elder. specks not, but I want dem hoof

novin'! Clingetone Cabiff, Shinb State Rights Taylor, Lord J an' Wintergreen Johnson wili fol men dragged themselves to the spot, each one looking as if he fo

sed to be hung, and when they w in line Brother Gardner said : believe I has de k'rect number. P'r of you may want to make a st

e, sah, I does !" answered the five

ery one of the band was ready to t evidence and peach on the others. know how it come about widout mashuns," continued the President. my eye on dees yere chaps fur

ares months. Las' spring de hull war counted 'mong our hardest we nan eber heard of one of 'em be he was sick, an' deir fam'lies to eat an' good clothes to w'ar. Ju war de fust to go. Some white i and late when odders didn't hev t dat sot him to thinkin'. He

Smith was workin' for a dollar day. Some white man toled they \$2; dat his boss was gre his life blood; dat he must asser drap. I recken he hasn't fo He asserted, an' he h man in dat line owes his pre

to listenin' to the talk of some w cogue. Theory an' sophistry hev You may hev noticed gets dat way he also h He will how! dat de rich r'cher an' de poe' poorer, but fur a job to help turn de fig

pity does yere dupes, dey ment one of 'em de don

continued into the antefirst viotim out. In each cas tend trembled, as if a young e