Hast thou noter drained the lister cup
That mortals all must teste on earth?
Has not thy soul in anguish momest.
And, weeping, banished thoughts of mirth?
When thou didst lay thy dear one low,
Was not thy heart nigh broken then?
Yet each must lose his dearest loved—
Go, sorrow with thy fellow-men!

Perhaps thou sought'st Ambition's throne? Or slaved for riches or for might? Or staved for riches or for might?
Or strove and strained to win the race,
To be the first—to lead the fight?
And as thine hand was on the prize,
Fate hurled thee to Despair's dark den;
But kindly words rekindled hope—
Go, speak them to thy fellow-men!

Hast thou not known Oppression's weight? Or heard the taunting laugh and jeer?
Or didst thou give thy love to one
Who turned it into loathing fear
By scorn? Or did indifference
Write thee "unloved" with her cold pen?
This hast thou felt? Thus others feel—
Go, comfort then thy fellow-men!

Yes, I have lost the loved, the dear!
Yes, I have wept the bitter tear!
Have passed misfortune's darkest hour—
Have known and felt the Temptor's power—
Have bowed to scorn, unloved, alone,
Longing for Friend-hip's cheering tone!
Unhappiness! I know thee then—
30 can I help my fellow-men!

## LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

By Mrs. Alexander.

"I am quite equal to hear an exposition of your affairs if you chose to tell them. If you are in earnest in your desire to work to build up your fortunes, I am not indis

posed to help you."

Instead of flying out about interference and prying, as Guy Neville would probably have done a year ago, he went very clearly into his present position, and showed that f he had but a trifle left, he had at least managed to clear himself from debt by the sale of his commission. The conversation again turned on the lost bride, but Neville was reticent as regarded hisfeelings toward her; it was too sore a subject, moreover Though surprised to find himself convers ing for nearly an hour with his brother without any rupture of their unusually friendly tone, he was nevertheless not dis-posed to dwell upon his tenderer emotions, or display his wounds to so critical an eve. Suppose, then," asked the elder, Neville rose to depart, "suppose you discover this poor girl, what would you wish wish? to take her as your wife de facto? or to break your marriage? for I suppose such a mere ceremony could be set aside?"

"I should be entirely guided by her wishes in the matter," returned Guy, rather stiffly; "she has the right to chose." 'She has, no doubt," said Mr. Watson, imagining that Guy was influenced by a simple sense of justice, and little thinking the passion and tenderness that were hidden in his heart. "Well, Guy, I trust you will put up at my house. Pray, ring the bell for me.

"Thank you," replied Captain Neville, with some hesitation. "As you put it in so friendly a fashion, I will accept your

"Do so." said Mr. Watson. "Roberts. he continued, as his man entered in obedience to his summons, "I want you to go over to Eccleston Square, and let Mrs. Johnson know that Captain Neville is going to make some stay there, and to arrange accordingly. I require nothing more this afternoon, you can go at once. Is Miss Thibaut in the house? If disengaged, I should like her to read when Captain Nevile leaves."
"I will inquire, sir," said the sedate

diplomatic looking valet, who left the room. Meantime, the brothers parted, with more of mutual comprehension and good will had ever known before one was softened and disposed to universal one was softened and disposed to universal kindliness by the delicious, indescribable warmth which had sprung up in his heart toward one gentle, humble, yet puzzling child, as she was compared to him, and thence permeated every thought and every impulse. The other, crushed and beaten to the ground by the sense of defeat, by the terrible consciousness, that on him lay guilt of perhaps ruining an innocent, blameless life, through his selfish schemes

and culpable want of self-restraint. Roberts returned to say that Miss Thibaut was not in the house, and then departed on his master's errand, leaving that gentleman in a condition of irritable discontent, very discomfiting to the nurse who put it all down to the excitement of

seing his brother.

It was quite dusk when Marie stole back to the institution, too worn out with anxiety and emotion to know clearly what she was about. She went to visit Mr. Watson, who was too tired to speak much; she answered his few questions; she smiled a mechanical smile when he said significantly that he had had a friendly interview with his brother, and that her (Marie's) doctrines had not been preached to him in vain. read to him, so mechanically, with so much unconscious pathos in the voice, which was evidently tuned to some strain of sadness he did not recognize, that at length he dismissed her with a kindly word, "Poor child, you have been doing too much; go, go to rest; to-morrow we will talk of many

## CHAPTER XXX.

A day elapsed during which nothing was heard or seen of Captain Nevillo. Marie endured a martyrdom of doubt, uncer tainty, and despair during those long ve hours since his sudden paraly appearance. She felt that the moment for action had come; yet how to act she could

Mr. Watson's afternoon had been taken up by a longer visit than usual from the great surgeon, who had declared his patient to be going on remarkably well, as also by an interview with his confidential It was therefore dusk before Marie received the dreaded summons to the sick man's room.

Nurse was lighting the lamp and arranging the shade, when Marie entered and wished the patient good evening, asking at

"Unusually well, thank God!" he returned. "I see that Sir James is surprised at my progress. In fact, I imagine I shall rise renewed from this sick hed." shall rise renewed from this sick bed. "I trust so," said Marie softly.

"Nevertheless, sir," said nurse, preparing to leave the room—"I would not make too bold-don't you try to listen too hard If you feel inclined to drop off to sleep while Miss Tihbaut reads, just you give in

That is exactly what I do not fee inclined to do," observed Mr. Watson, with a pleasant smile, as the door closed behind the speaker. "Neither to listen nor to

sleep."
"I hope you are not feeling feverish,'

as she sought for the big book said Marie on "Daniel."
"No! rather something of the delicious. ness of returning health. I have much to thank God for," he continued; "many unexpected mercies to acknowledge; and you are right! Mercy is indeed twice blessed. I am wonderfully relieved by being at peace with my brother, but a little surprised that he has not been here to-day."

Marie could not command her voice to

reply. Ought she not now to reveal all to her benefactor? She ought, she must; but how to begin, how to find words? how to excuse herself for her reserve, her want of confidence in her excellent, her only friend? Mr. Watson talked on with unusual cheerfulness, diverging from the subject of his brother to many others connected with his plans, benevolent and personal; and still Marie only half hearing what he said, sought in vain for the words which would not come. At length overwhelmed by the sense of a terrible orisis impending over her, in which she would be utterly helpless,

a long quivering sigh escaped her. It struck an attentive our. Mr. Watson paneed, and turning his head on the pillow, looked carnestly at her. "Marie," he said suddenly imperiously, "take away the shede from the lamp." She mechanically

" Marie, child," he exclaimed huskily, as the full light fell upon her, "what evil has befallen you? You have gone through some sore trial since I saw you yesterday. Come here!" he continued holding out his thin, bony hand. "Tell me your griefs, Marie; trust me! I will judge you differently now that I know you—know your nature as perhaps you scarce know yourself, from what I should have done a few

months past; speak to me."
"I cannot," said Marie in a despairing tone, while she put her cold hand into his, and stood motionless beside him. "I cannot; yet there is nothing left for me but to tell you all, and the words won't come."

"Marie," still in a voice hoarse with motion, "if you knew all I feel for you, emotion, "if you knew all I feel for you, you would not besitate to confide everything to me; for I can forgive you everything to me; for I can forgive you everything to me to be desired and a woman as thing. Ah! Marie, had such a woman as you crossed my path in youth, how different my life would have been! You have opened a new world of hope, of religion, of possible joy to me. I may be foolish, mad, and yet. Marie. I have that trust in you, that need of you, which urges me to risk all." He drew her gently to him, while she gazed at him with eyes suddenly dilated by new unexpected terror. "Marie, child,"—and the strong harsh face softened and lit up with a wonderful glow—"I ought perhaps to have only a father's tenderness or one so fair and young, but I have more

dear, more passionate, more \_\_\_\_"
"Hush, for heaven's sake, hush" cried Marie, a great horror loosing her tongue. "You must not speak it." She sauk on her knees beside him, and pressing her brow on the hand that held hers, whispered rapidly but most emphatically, "I am your

brother's wife!"

There was a dead silence. Marie felt the grasp on her hand tighten till she could carcely bear it and then suddenly relax. She slowly rose from her knees, and with a beating heart ventured to look at—her

brother-in-law.

He was ghastly pale, and had "turned his face to the wall." Marie feared for one agonized moment that he was dead. The next, she saw his white lips move, as if in silent prayer. Then he slowly turned to ber again, and lifting his eyes—oh, what caverns of hopeless gloom they looked! He said in a deep, hollow tone:
"Tell me all; we have the future to

think of, and evil tongues to guard against."

think of, and evil tongues to guard against.

He paused, closed his eyes; and Marie feared he had fainted.

"I have killed you!" she whispered, overruled by the fear of calling in any witness to this trying scene. "I who would He raised his hand a moment with

stern warning gesture, and then it fell helplessly on the coverlet; and he articuated feebly, "Wine, wine." Marie flew to administer it, and then he

seemed to rally a little. "The opportunity is not to be lost," he said, making a strong effort over himself. "We are alone; give me your version of this strange story." And Marie, gathering force as she pro-ceeded, began brokenly to give the details of her unhappy history. At the end she dwelt vehemently on the cruel humiliation of being married by mistake, of being reproached with deception, and earnestly mplored her listener to save her from the sad fate of being returned on the hands of a husband whose fortunes she had inno-

ently been the means of ruining.
"And you! must I lose you too?" sh sobbed at the end of her story. "Can you ever, ever forgive the species of deceit I have practiced on you? Oh, if you knew the shame and shrinking that held me silent, the impossibility of confessing tha I had been taken up and thrown aside! that I had fled from a husband who did not want me! If you knew all the bitterness, he despair that have oppressed me, you would not east me from you!

"You have erred, sorely erred in not telling me all at first," he returned with deep gravity. "You must see yourself how much would thereby have been saved. Yet trust me still. I will not forsake you. His voice shook, and he resumed after moment's pause, "You, too, have been sorely sinned against; we must try and repair the past.'

lear Mr. Watson, kindes truest friend, you will not force me to return to Guy! you will not force him from mistaken ideas of justice to take me back; ielp us rather to break the slender bond

'You do not know what you say, child,' turning a stern and searching glance upon her. "Do you then no longer love this man-vour husband?"

"I could—I do!" cried Marie, clasping her poor trembling hands. "He drew my heart to him from the first, and though I feel at times thrills of indignation against him for the wrong he did me in thought, l never can cease to regret him. that would make life insupportable with him, when—when he did not want me." A low moan broke from her hearer's lips

Leave me," he said; "I must be alone. "Leave me," he said; "I must be sione.

"But is it well or safe——"

"I must be alone," he repeated with fierce resolution. Then he held out his hand again, and Marie, clasping it in both

hers, kissed it reverently.
"Poor lonely child," he murmured bro-

kenly; "have faith—have hope! I will be your friend always. Go! to morrow to-morrow we will plan. Now leave me; I want to be alone with God." And Marie stole noiselessly away, her

lead bent, her breath hushed by that vague indescribable awe which few can resist when they see another visibly impressed

by some unseen spiritual presence.

Marie, though shaken to the depths of her being by this trying scene, could hardly believe in the sense of relief she experience now that all had been confessed. She little for any other opinion save that of her friend and benefactor, and now that he knew her in her true colors and did not reject her, she felt a fresh strength.

He was so good—so strong—that he would soon surmount the strange weakness he had so nearly confessed. In recalling it she wept long and thought of the stern face all soft and glowing in his affection for herself with the warmest, tenderest sympathy. She felt how grand and noble a nature lay imprisoned in the rugged form that shivered at her touch, and she wished in the purest innocence for all their sakes that she had met him first, for she felt she

could have loved him. Yet was there not a shadow of infidelity toward Guy in all this regretful tenderness. Ah, no! how her heart leaped at the idea of meeting him once more event o say goodby for ever, of once more gladdening her eyes with the sight of the form and face which to her had been the worthiest dwell-

ing-place for a chivalrous spirit!

And yet that knightly-looking soldier had stolen her in mistake for the sake of the money he thought she possessed, and dared to insult her with the accusation of an imposition base as it was barefaced.

give us our trespasses as we forgive them that treepass against us?"

With this prayer upon her lips she sank at last to sleep, only to be roused in a few hours by the nurse with the startling news

"So you had better get up, Miss; I see I shall want all the help I can get. He will be trying to get out of bed next. We have sent off for the doctor. This comes of brothers and business, before a man has half got over such a smash up as he has had. I knew how it would be; and he was going on so beautiful, only no one would heed me. Here! here's your dressing gown.

Come along do." For twenty-four hours the terrible fever

and delirium held the newly recovered | Guy; where con he be? I am much dis patient in their burning grasp. The doctor, nurse, and surgeon were all equally puzzled, as hitherto he had made such satisfactory progress. "Some family quarrel is probably at the bottom of all this excite-

nent," observed the surgeon to the doctor. He talks continually of his brother, and calls on him to do justice and make atonement. Then his religious craze is a very dangerous elment in his condition. The nurse tells me he raved much of some awful deadly sin for which there was no forgiveness, Still he certainly is calmer and stronger this evening. I think he will pull through."

And he did. The second night after Marie's avowal, toward daybreak, he fel into a quiet sleep, which she watched in a state of mind almost indescribable, counting the moments as they slowly dropped away into that great gulf "the past," scarce daring to hope, knowing but too well the reason of the patient's relapse, and why his last state was so much worse than the first, feeling that if, indeed, he succumbed, it would have been her want of truth and candor that killed him. How could she endure life if this misfortune befell her? But God was merciful to her youth—her innocence—and as she watched and prayed, Watson slumbered. Every quarter of an hour's quiet was so much gained against despair. At last the first cold, blue-gray despair. At last the first cold, blue-gray light began to steal through the chinks in the shutters. An hour—two hours—three had passed, and still he slept, while new life and hope began to dawn in Marie's heart with the dawning day.

"He sleeps still," she whispered to the nurse, who came to relieve her at seven.

"Well, I do declare! I begin to believe he will get through after all. very strong. Has he been quiet all the

"At first he moaned and muttered, but gradually grew quieter. He has had quite four hours' sleep."
"Well, you had better go and get some

rest now. "Indeed I do not want it!" returned Marie earnestly. "I can stay till you have had your breakfast; I am so anxious to see how he will awake."

"Well, if you are sure it will not be too

much for you are sure it will not be too much for you," etc., etc.; and the nurse not unwillingly retired. Still the sleeper slept on tranquilly, his breathing quiet and regular, the very pose of his hand as it lay on the coverlet indicated relaxation and repose. Still Marie sat motionless, unemployed, dawning hope dispersing the thick blackness that had settled down over her heart, her mind now other thoughts began to suggest them

What had become of Guy? When would he reappear? He might come to-morrow-to-day—in an hour or two—and then glance would tell her what her future would be-either full of love and light joy, or the blackness of darkness for ever. The one supreme evil from which she prayed to be delivered was the horror of being reluctantly received and compelled to take the position of an unloved wife.

Mr. Watson's second recovery dated from that refreshing sleep, but the wild excite ment of fever was succeeded by extreme weakness and a gloomy silence almost

unbroken. Marie was afraid to go near him, and he did not appear to have asked for her; yet she longed to be "friends with him again, as she called it in her school-girl phrasec logy. She stole at intervals into his room to learn how he was and to help nurse, but she instinctively kept out of his sight.

She was most restless and uneasy. If Mr. Watson turned against her, what was she to do? In this mood the effort to teach to keep order, was almost beyond he strength; she had a terrible hysterical feel ing at times that she must scream aloud in her agony, and give up all attempt at seeming. Yet again her native good sense, the quiet force of her character, enabled her to rally and keep fast hold of her self control The day but one after Mr. Watson had taken a turn for the better-and days are ages in a condition of mind, and under circumstances such as Marie's—she encountered Roberts, Mr. Watson's man, in the entrance hall on her return to the

school-room. "How does Mr. Watson seem school-room. "How does Mr. Watson seem to day?" she asked.
"He is going on nicely, Miss," returned Roberts, a very steady, respectable individual, who had seemed from the first to ognize somethin nerior in Marie "The doctor thinks he may see Mr. Wilkins to-day. I am sure I hope so, for these letters ought to be seen to are marked private:" and heshowed severa which he held on a small waiter. On the very top lay one, the writing and super scription whereof made Marie turn red and pale, and thrill through all her veins, as she remembered how often she had hesitated and trembled to open missives written in the same hand and addressed to herself. There was no mistaking Guy Neville's big bold caligraphy. She could even read mental disturbance in the hasty "Private" with a thick, crooked dash under it, which

was scrawled across the top.
"Are you going in, Miss?" continued Roberts. "The doctor seemed to think Mr Watson might be the better of being read

"I will go; I will ask nurse," returned Marie, her eyes filling at his words. Never again would she read to him out of that dreary book or argue about religion. Perhaps he would not suffer her near him. Oh for a Daniel to lift the thick black that hung before her, before her future!

She resolved, however, to take courage and make the first dreadful effort to accertain how she stood with her good, her dear

"I am sure I am glad you have come Miss Thibaut," whispered the nurse. "He has been slightly restless, and looking about; I think he wants you. You'll take my place a bit, won't you? though you look as if you ought to be in the doctor's hands yourself."

hands yourself."
"I am only tired," said Marie with a
wan little smile. "The school-room was
oppressive; I will stay with pleasure. It
is time for his beef-tea, is it not?"

"It is; and here is Mr. Roberts with it." Marie took the cup, and waited an instant till the nurse had gone, and she was alone with the sufferer. Then she softly drew near the bed, and met the deep, dark eyes, which were raised with a wistful expression of waiting, of weariness to hers. Marie could not speak. She stood an instant mute and still, the cup in her hand; and then her anxiety on one head was suddenly completely relieved; for a smile so kind so tender, so bright, spread over the sufferer's face, that Marie knew she was forgiven, that she was re-adopted, and even, better still, that her benefactor had fought the good fight, and routed the flesh and the devil. Nevertheless she feared to disturb him by uttering a word. She ventured to stroke the hand next her gently; and then she held the cup to him, and helped him to eat its contents. When he had quite finished he murmured very low, "I thank you," and watched her with an anxious look as she moved to a table on the other side of the room, an expression of content replacing it, as she returned to her old seat by the Then he said very weakly, "Has not my brother returned?'

"No, dear Mr. Watson." "I am greatly surprised. Marie!"

"He must be sent for. You must be united, it will be the best for you, for him -

"Do not disturb yourself," said Marie persuasively. "I am so grateful to you for your forgiveness, for the interest you still show in me, that I promise to be guided by you—to do whatever you bid me. Does that content you?"

"Yes, so far as you are concerned—But | selected play.

turbed about Guy."
Marie hesitated. Should she tell him there was a letter in Roberts' hands, which might explain Guy's absonce? o read it herself; but would it harm herbrother-in-law? Even while she hesitated some force within her, though scarce of her, made her say, always quietly, " I saw a letter addressed to you in—in Captain Neville's writing with Roberts just now."

"Ring," exclaimed Mr. Watson, in louder irmer accents than he had yet used. 'Ring twice for Roberts." Marie mechanically obeyed. "I trust I have not done wrong in telling you this,"

she said timidly.
"You have done well and wisely," he returned. "I should have soon been in a fever for want of intelligence respecting him. Roberts," as the man entered and approached him, "bring me my letters."

The man hesitated and looked at Marie. "Do as I tell you," resumed his master imperiously. "I only want one of them, but I must select it myself."

Roberts with evident reluctance went away in obedience to orders, and quickly returned with a small pile; these Mr. Wat-son turned over with his feeble hands, and oon selected his brother's from the other "You may go, Roberts. Miss This letters. "You may go, Rol baut will read this to me."

"Perhaps I had better not," said Marie as soon as they were alone, and shrinking from the task. "Most probably Captain Neville would not like me to see it; there is no knowing what it may contain."
"You have a right to read your husband's letters." returned Mr. Watson, with a touch of his old grimness; "and I do not think it will contain anything to wound you; at any

rate I must know its contents, and I do not choose either nurse or Roberts to read Thus exhorted and commanded, Marie opened the envelope with a trembling heart, an odd, faint feeling of terror oppressing her. It was dated four days back, and

was as follows;
"Dear John—On my return from seeing you I found some information awaiting me, which compels me to start for Southamp ton, as I believe I may there find some clew to the object of my search. I regret much not being able to see you again, as it may be some days before I return to town. I may possibly have to visit the Channel Islands. But as we agreed my first duty as a man of honor is to discover and reinstate the unhappy girl, whose ignorance of the world may lead her into some painful and difficult position. I trust I shall find you nearly well on my return, and will come to you directly I arrive. As to myself, I have

little hope of anything. Yours truly,
GUY NEVILLE."

Marie's voice nearly broke down as she uttered the name so dear and so familiar. What was she to gather from this letter There was no word of love or tenderness in it—only a sense of duty, of honor. He ha little hope of anything. Was his life then blighted? and whether he found her or not would it be equally devoid of color and of light? Very bitter was the wave of thought that slowly stirred the convolutions of her brain; but she kept silence; she must not vex or contradict the man whom she had already cost so dear.

Meantime Mr. Watson, after a moment

thought, exclaimed: "And there is no address where I could telegraph? I must send and ascertain what they know about him at his hotel."

him at his hotel."
"Do you indeed think of sending for him, dear Mr. Watson," cried Marie, unable to suppress her terror. "Oh, stop! Think of how terrible it would be to condemn us both to life-long unappiness! Tell me, would it not be possible -would it not be better to help us to break the very slight bond that links us, and set your brother free to make a fresh career for himself unhampered by a wife he does not, cannot

'How do you know that?" asked Mr Watson, looking keenly at her.
"I feel it," said Marie, unconscious of
the big tears that welled up and slowly
rolled down her cheek. "And you, too;
can you not read—can you not see by this letter that duty, honor, a sense of what he owes to his name, his character, urge this search for me? I daresay were we forced together again he would not be rude or cruel; but oh! he would kill me with kindly indifference and well-bred tolerance. Ahl if you are my friend—if you ever cared for

"Marie," he returned slowly, feebly that he never worries a minute because you excite yourself too much. I believe Ingersoll gets \$500 or \$1,000 a night for it to be not only your bounden duty, but your best chance of happiness to live together. You love this man; I see it in the vehemence with which you seek to avoid him; and he—oh! could he live with you, Marie, and not love you—you so fair and good! And he did fall in love, as it is called, after his fashion, with you. He spoke unadvisedly, but I think he repents it

"Pray do not speak too much," implored Marie, half distracted. "I fear I am unlucky to both of you. I will indeed strive to be wise, and-

To be continued

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN ONTARIO. Statistics which are Encouraging to Members of the Order.

The annual report of the Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ontario, I. O. F., has just been published. It is incomplete owing to the fact that several lodges have neglected to send in returns; but the alterations which will have the recommendation of the audience His Holiness gave the Pontifical Almoner 2,000 francs to be distributed among the poorer scholars. Findlay, O., is terribly torn up by the eccentric conduct of Evangelist J.H.Weber. have to be made are very slight. From the report it appears that during the year 1882 there were added to the membership of the subordinate lodges 2,337 names, of which 1,962 were by initiation, 194 by card, and 181 by reinstatement. During the same year there was a total loss of 1,562 members-98 by death, 370 by withdrawal 26 by expulsion, and 1,068 by suspension The net gain and the total membershir for the year were 775 and 13,857 respec-tively. The number of lodges was 202 The total expenditure on current account was \$42,038, cf which \$34,340 was paid out in the form of relief. The total receipts of lodges amounted to \$140,516, and the total expenditure to \$67.462.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is a most powerful restorative tonic, also compining the most valuable nervine properties, especially adapted to the war lebilitated ladies suffering from weak back, inward fever, congestion, inflammation, or ulceration, or from nervousness or neural gic pains. By druggists.

A PROMISED BLESSING .- Mr. D. McMillan has announced his intention to establish a hennery on a large scale near Brandon, Man., as soon as he can make the necessary arrangements. He will begin with about one thousand hens. There is a prospect that a similar institution may be established in Hamilton at an early date.

THE VITAL FORCES are speedily renewed by Mack's Magnetic Medicine, the great brain and nerve food, it is the best and cheapest medicine ever discovered. See advertisement in another column.

Unlike Haverly, Stetson has never prefixed his name to any of his theatres or is a spirit; God is a spirit; and they that combinations, and is, on general principles, worship Him, and they that worship Him, averse to any such display. "On a cheque," and they that worship Him must worshi he says, "it is all right; and I can put it Him in spirit and in truth. God is a spirit

Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

night's entertainments in New York to the flood sufferers. The "Cladiater" is the selected play.

CHURCHES AND CLERGY.

Queer Specimen of How Singing is Conducted.

THE PRESBYTERIAN ELDERSHIP. There is a Japanese gospel society in San Francisco with nearly fifty members. The Bishop of Algoma left Toronto for is diocess on Thursday last.

Rev. Mr. Straith, of Paisley, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Shelburne and Primrose Presbyterian Churches. A revised translation of the New Testa

ment in Swedish will be published next year. The Congregationalist says that practical Christian work is often an excellent solvent

of theological doubts. Rev. Dr. Smith, of Kingston, has accepted oall from the congregation of St. ndrew's Presbyterian Church, St. John, N. B.

The old Congregational Church at Litch field, Conn., where the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher formerly preached, is now used as a ekating rink.

Dr. Somerville, the venerable evangelist who has labored in many of the countries of Europe, is now at work in Cape Colony, South Africa. When the Rev. W. G. Richardson, of

the Amherst, Mass., Methodist Church, got sick a few Sundays ago, his wife took the desk and preached a sermon. At the opening of this century all Protestant Christendom expended annually only \$250,000 for foreign missions. It now

expends \$7,500,000 annually. Father St. Cyr, an octogenarian Jesuit priest, who first introduced religion to Chicago, when it was an Indian settlement, died a few days ago in South St. Louis.

Governor Alexander H. Stephens believes in the orthodox theory of eternal punish-ment, and oalmly writes that his whole life a standing contradiction of any other belief.

A speaker at a late meeting of the American Board said: "In these days we hear a great deal said about 'old faiths in new ights;' what we need is old faiths in new lives.'

The grandfather of Dr. Benson, the new Primate of England, was a Methodist preacher and the author of a Commentary on the Bible still much esteemed by many Methodist families in Great Britain.

"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four or five days or a week?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenuous child. A quaint old minister was once asked what he thought of his two sons, who were both preachers. "Well," he replied, "George has a better show in his shop window than John, but John has a large: stock in his warehouse."

The Free Church of Scotland is still exercised over the "organ question," and t is said that the next General Assembly will receive a protest against the use of instrumental music in the churches, signed by at least 200,000 persons.

As a sign of the good feeling between eligious denominations, it is mentioned that Bishop Wilberforce, of Newcastle, invited the Rev. Charles Garrett, President of the Wesleyan Conference, to be his guest-during his stay in that city. Word has reached the Methodist Mission

Room, Toronto, that a considerable number of additional men will be wanted for the work in the Northwest next year. These openings will help to solve the problems connected with the union, namely, a possible surplus of men. Rev. John Smith, M. A., who succeeded Principal Cairns in the pastorate of Wallace Green congregation, Berwick, has received intimation of calls from four dif-

ferent congregations in London, notably that from Highbury Park Presbyterian Church, as colleague and successor to the Rev. Dr. Edmonds. He has refused them. "My son," says Burdette, of the Burlington Hawkeye, "when you hear a man growling and scolding all the while because, as he says, Moody gets \$200 a week for

preaching Atheism." Rev. J. W. Butler writing from Methodist Mission at Miraflores, Mexico. says: "A Mexican Roman Catholic with whom I have been on friendly terms some time and to whom I once spoke of our schools, called and gave me \$50 towards the repairs of the schools under my charge and \$100 to be distributed among the worthy poor of the congregation. Surely times have changed in Mexico when a Roman Catholic will voluntarily place \$150 in the hands of a Protestant pastor for his work."

Leo XIII. has just given an audience in the Vatican to 1,600 children from 5 years of age and upward, of the elementary schools established and supported by him. The children, who sang hymns in chorus and recited pieces of poetry, were accom-panied by their teachers, and at the con-clusion of the audience His Holiness gave

At a revival the other night he approached Mrs. M. J. Sheets, one of the most respected ladies of the town, and said: "This oman has a devil in her-an awful devil in her. She is a bad woman. Come down God, and take the devil out of her." is said the meeting came very near break-

ing up in a row.
In regard to the proposal made by Rev. In regard to the proposal made by kev. Mr. Lyle, of Hamilton, that elections to the eldership should be for terms and not for life, as now, the New York Evangelist says: "We assure our Camada brethern that, on the contrary, it will do good especially if followed up by judicious action, such as was taken by our own Assembly. The change was not imposed on a single church, but liberty was given on a single church, but liberty was given all of them to fix the term of activity of their elders, and so far the innovation has worked well. It is to be said, however, that very many of our churches have not availed of the discretion granted them, but

adhere to the old system of permanency in office on the part of elders." Not long ago, says the New Haven Palladium, we went to church in the city ofwell, no matter where. There had recently occurred in our personal experience some things to gladden us, and others to give us anxiety; and we felt unusually disposed to seek the relief of prayer and praise in pub-lic worship. We hoped that the minister would be able to express our desires better than we could, and that we might be able to join in some hymn of thanksgiving set to a familiar true—our repertoire is not large. We had been sitting in the richly-upholstered pew and staring at the painted windows but a few moments when the organ suddenly hushed, and in a digtan corner of the church four fashionably dressed ladies and gentlemen arose an sang. And this is what they sang: "Go and they that worship Him must worship there whenever I want to!"

Dyspepsia, liver complaint and kindred affections. For treatise giving successful self-treatment, address World's Dispensary Medical Association Buffalo. N.Y.

I HIM In spirit and in truth. God is a spirit; must worship Him; they must: must worship Him; they must: truth; for the Father sacketh such; (tenor) for the Father (all, loud) seeketh such. seeketh such, seeketh such to worship Him. (Very softly) God is a spirit; (waxing Salvini gives the proceeds of his last louder) God is a spirit; and they; they

GROUP, ASTHMA... BRONCHITIS. NEURALGIA. clay amoment. Prevention is better than cure. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass

THEY that worship Him; and they; must that worship Him (tenor, softly) must; (contralto) worship; (all) Him in spirit and in truth; (all but tenor) for (all) the Father seeketh such; (bass) seeketh such; (all softly) to worship Him, to worship; (sort o' dying away) in spirit and in tru-u-u-th." As the concluding cadences softly died away among the vacant pews, like "the still, small voice" among the cliffs of Sinai, we could not help wondering whether these much tortured words had any meading, and it so, whether that meaning had any application to the per-formance just ended. What is "worship in spirit and in truth."

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less monoy at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel n the city.

Lighted with Electricity.

The new weave shed of the Canada Cotton Manufacturing Company of Cornwall was successfully lighted by the Edison electric light last evening. Over four hundred lamps will be required to light the building. The fittings were manufactured building. in Hamilton.

There are many vices which do not deprive us of friends; there are many virtues which prevent our having any .- Tal-

Is Life Worth Living?

How frequently the question arises in the heart, and how unwilling are we to discuss the question on its merits, for hope is ever present, and holds forth same pros pect, and the answer is never quite reached until solved by the realities of the future. Corns are a common ailment, and the question also suggests itself, is there no remedy?" To this question there is answer, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, "the great corn cure," will give prompt and painless relief. No danger of failure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., prop's., Kingston, Ont.

"King Cornet," which was to have been brought out at the Alhambra, London, will be produced at Easter, at Her Majesty's Opera House.

IME PHOSPHATE, A TISSUE constructive, the source in our food of phosphoric acid, the form in which Phosphorus, the origin of nerve power, is combined in the brain and nerve ganglia. Iron Phosphate, the iron of the blood, the f oxygen for the generation of heat and motion in the body; Peruvian Bark, anti-malarial and tonic; Wild Cherry anodyne in irritable mucous membrane of lungs and stomach, compounded as an agreeable cordial in WHEELER'S PHOS-PHATES and CALISAYA, is a purely physiological restorative in all forms of ebility.

Sara Bernhardt's creditors appeared in court at Paris yesterday. They claim that the amount realized by the sale of her ewellery is insufficient to pay the sum oaned thereon.

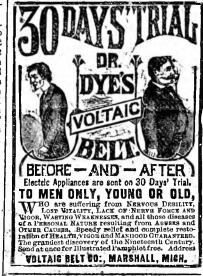
Consumption in its early stages is readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," though, if the lungs are wasted no medicine will effect a cure. No known remedy possesses such soothing and healing influence over all scrofulous, tuberculous and pulmonary affections as the "Discovery." John Willis, of Elyria, Ohio, writes i. "The 'Golden Medical Dis-Obio, writes & covery' does positively cure consumption, as, after trying every other medicine in vain, this succeeded." Mr. Z. T. Phelps, of Cuthbert, Ga., writes: "The 'Golden Medical Discours' have a succeeded." edical Discovery has cured my wife of bronchitis and incipient consumption. Sold by druggists.

Five inmates of the Western Lunatic Asylum at Staunton, Va., have been fatally poisoned, and others will die. It is sup posed somebody placed poison in the medi-cine cups. The victims dropped dead ten minutes after taking medicine.



Endorsed by the French Academy of Medicine FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE URINARY ORGANS. caused by Indiscretion or Exposure. Hotel Dieu Hospital, Paris, Treatment. Positive Cure in one to three days. Local Treatment only required. No nauseous doses of Cubebs or

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And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature,

RHEUMATINE is not a sovereign remedy for "all the ills that flesh is heir to," but for NEU-RALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, and complaints of Rheumatic nature. IT IS A SURE CURE

From Thomas Foulkes, boatswain ship Padishah, of Greenock; private residence, 54 Ida street, Poplar, London,

CALCUTTA, Dec. 30th, 188).

O HORATIO SUTHERLAND, ESQ.: TO HORATIO SUTHERLAND, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—It is with great pleasure that I give my testimony as to the value of your medicine as a cure for rheumatism. I was suffering from a bad attack of that complaint in the arms and legs, and applied a great many remedies without relief. I was induced to take a bottle of Rhenmatine, and found it did me a great deal of good A second bottle entirely cured me, nor have I ever had a return of the complaint, although I have had a great deal of exposure in wet and cold.

I remain, dear sir, Yours truly, THOMAS FOULKES.

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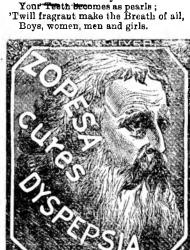


foit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient) "As you ladies with use them, I recommend Gouraud's Gream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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MRS. CAROLINE FORDES

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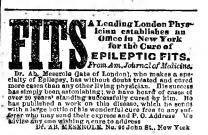
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