She stopped and said, in plaintive tone, Vith hand uplifted toward the dome, Please, preacher-man, can I go home?" The treble voice, bell-like in sound, A smile the pastor's face o'erspread— He paused and bent his stately head; "Yes, little dear,' he gently said.

Smiles.

But give me smiles," the maiden said,
"I like not tears and sobs and sighs;
They silence all life's melodies,
And v-il God's sunshine from our eyes;
Smiles wake the soul to love divine,
And make the heart leap like old wine."

"Aye, smiles are best," the matron said,
"My children love them more than toys;
They are the manna of the days
To all my romping girls and boys.
And when with sweet words they are given,
They blessing straightway bring from heaver

Theu though you have naught else to give, Pray give the world a smiling face; will forgive your gravest faults For this one happy act of grace. needs no head with world-fore wise o sunshine make with lips and eyes.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

Crystal did not answer; perhaps sh could not. He was coming up to London, actually to Belgrave House, and on this very evening. Erle must have got scent of her secret—how or in what manner she the last few times she had seen him; she had noticed more than once that his eyes had been fixed thoughtfully on her face as I cannot trust myself." had been fixed thoughtfully on her face as though be had been watching her, and he would be hundreds of miles away before that; she was safe, quite safe; but if only she could see him before she went. If she could only get rid of this tiresome Percy, who would stay, perhaps, for hours. Could she give him the slip? She could never remain in his company through a long evenhim, and to know all the time that Raby was near, and she could not see him. And then all at once a wild idea came to her, and her pale cheeks flushed, and her eyes grew bright, and she began to talk rather quickly and in an excited manner.

"Oh! do you know, Mr. Trafford," she said, gravely, "I think it is very wrong of you to encourage Mr. Erle to come so often to Beulah Place, Fern is pretty—very pretty, and Mr. Erle is fond of saying pleasant things to her, and all the time he knows Mr. Huntington wishes him to marry Miss Selby. He has no right to make himself so agreeable to your sister; and I think you ought to keep him in better order."

"Oh! I don't pretend to be Erle's mentor," he returned, a little sulkily; for he thought he saw her drift to keep him from talking of his own feelings. "I never interfere with other fellows."

but Fern is your sister," in

"I can't help that," was the indifferent answer. "Erle must take his chance with rest of us; he knows as well as I do the risk he runs." And in spite of her preoccupation, Crystal noticed a curious change in Percy's tone. "Do you mean that he would get into

serious trouble? is that what you would imply? I do not think you are doing your duty, Mr. Trafford, if you do not warn him of Mr. Huntington's displeasure. Mr. Erle is weak, he is easily guided, but he has good principles; you could soon induce him to break off his visits." "I don't see that I need trouble myself

about another fellow's love affair: I have oo much in my own mind. Of course you look impatient, Miss Davenport, it is a orime to speak of my own feelings; but how can you expect me to take interest in another fellow when I am so utterly miser-

'Mr. Trafford," she said, trying to control her impatience, "I wish you would let me speak to you for once, as though I were your friend," she would have substituted the word sister, but she feared to provoke one of his outbursts of indignant pleading.
"You know you may say what you like to me," he returned moved by the gentleness of her speech, for she had never been so gracious to him before. "You have more influence over me than any one else in the world. If you could make me a better

man, Miss Davenport."
"I would give much to do it," she answered in a low voice that thrilled him strangely. "Mr. Trafford, you will be angry with me if I speak to you very frankly, and earnestly—as earnestly," here she paused, "as though we were bidding

each other good-bye to-night for a long time."
"If you will call me Percy," he replied, with sudden vehemence, "you shall say what you like to me."

"Very well," she answered, with a faint smile at his boyish insistance, "it shall be

Percy then—no, do not interrupt me," as he seemed about to speak. "I am very troubled and unhappy about Mr. Erle's visits; they are doing harm to Fern, and I must tell you, once for all, that you are not doing your duty either to your sister or "Erle again," he muttered moodily.

"Yes, because the matter lies very close to my heart, for I dearly love your sister Mr. Trafford—Percy, I mean—you have youth, health, talents—the whole world lies before you; why do you envy your cousin, because he is likely to be a richer man than

"He has robbed me of my rightful inheritance," was the moody answer.

"It could never be yours," she returned, quickly; "a Trafford will never be Mr. Huntington's heir."

"I would change my name."
"That would avail you little," with a touch of her old scorn, for the speech dis-pleased her. "Mr. Hundindgon would never leave his money to the son of the man he hated, and of the daughter whose disobedience embittered his life. Mr. Erle has to answer for no sins but his own."

"He had better be careful though," was the quick response. "What, have you done him misch ef already? Why--why are you not more generous to the poor boy? Why do you encourage these visits that you know will anger Mr. Huntingdon? Why do you tempt him from his duty? Percy, I implore you to be true to yourself and him

Look into your own heart and see if you are acting an honorable part."

"You are always hard on me," he returned, sullenly. "Who has been blackening my name to you?"
"No one, no one," she answered, quickly;

" but you are a reckless talker, and I have You have told me more than once that you are in debt; sometimes I fear you gamble.
Oh!" as a dark flush mounted to his forehead, "I should be grieved to think that this is true."

"And now, I lookain
"I really think you deremember her dress was ery of rainbows and over with peacocks' eye

Yo I would hate me all the more, I supthe new hat is very pretty."

"But Fern!——"

pose," i 1 a defiant voice.
"Indeed I do not hate you, my poor poy;

or one who tried to rob another of his about the dog when we were down by the and, oh dear, what joy, the door was open inheritance—one who was so afraid of sea last summer?"

The footman had just run out to the poverty that he deserted his mother for the worst evemy.

"The old story," in a despairing voice: myself?"

too late to retrieve the past. If you have debts, if you are in trouble, own it frankly "It would not be stolen or lost, it would o your grandfather." And be turned out of the house a

peggar?"
"What of that" she replied, cheerfully; you have a profession; every one says how clever you are—what a splendid barrister you will make. You can take pupils; success and money will come to you in "Too late," he muttered; "I cannot free

myself." Then, with a sudden change of tone, "Crystal, if I do this—if I leave Belgrave House, will you give me a hope of winning you in the future?" She shook her head: "I cannot give you

that hope.'' "Why not?" he demanded, fiercely. "Because I belong to another," she answered, slowly, and there came a wonder she ful light in her eyes; "and for his sake I will live as I am to my life's end."

They had reached Beulah Place by this time, and Mrs. Watkins' shop was in sight. There were few passers by, so no one noticed why Percy stood still and seized his companion's hands. "You love another man? You dare to

tell me this ?" "I tell you this for your own good, and very evening. Erie must have got scent of her secret—how or in what manner she could not guess; but all the same, it must be Erie who had betrayed her. She had thought him a little odd and constrained the last few times she had seen hims.

"I am not coming in," he said hoarsely.
I cannot trust myself."

"Then we will say good-bye here," was the lie they told about the the quiet answer, and she pressed his hands kindly. "Forgive me if I have made you unhappy, but indeed it is your fault, and I thought it better to tell you the truth, they have the week of the sweeper. Here is the four-pence, Fern; I don't think I shall be hungry that they were greedy people; one Bath, two plain, and a half-penny for the sweeper. Here is the four-pence, Fern; I don't think I shall be hungry that they were greedy were the sweeper. had seemed somewhat confused when he had seemed somewhat confused when he kindly. "Forgive me if I have made you all mean? but never mind that now. Raby would be coming to Beulah Place, but she thought it better to tell you the truth. Good, bye my noor hov:" but though her Good-bye, my poor boy;" but though her voice was full of gentleness and pity, he scarcely heard it. He had wrung her hands, almost throwing them from him and had turned away without a word.

Crystal had looked after him rather wist-

fully: her heart felt strangely soft to him remain in his company through a long even-ting; it would drive her frantic to listen to him, and to know all the time that Raby wonder?" she said to herself, as she quickly things. It was good of him to listen to me so patiently; and now he has gone away sore and angry.'

Crystal was walking very fast now, as though she had suddenly remembered some errand. As an empty hansom passed her she hailed it. "Will you drive me to Vicshe hailed it. "Will you drive me to Victoria Station," she said to the man in a

but her fear of being too late kept her rest-

Less and miserable.

As they drove into Victoria Station a of paying the omnibus fare that was the handsome barouche, with a pair of fine save her poor little legs; they would get sorely tired before they reached their description. bays, attracted Crystal's attention. The footman had got down and was making inquiries of a porter. "Singleton train just due," Crystal heard the man say, as she handed the cabinan his fare; and as visits to Beulah Place, and then Mr. Erle would get into trouble."

"I can't halve the "."

last. There were two passengers in this compartment; a young lady, with a good-natured freckled face, was speaking to a very tall man who was standing in the centre of the carriage. "You must let me help you out," Crystal heard her say in a pleasant countryfied voice, "and wait with And the method of it wasthis—if method you until your friends find you;" and then it could be called which had in its sidelong came the answer in the deep tones Crystal knew so well.

Thank you, you are very kind. My unfortunate infirmity gains new friends for fresh currant buns on the counters, asked me everywhere; so after all, you see, even blindness has its alleviations, Miss shortest way to Belgravia; and when they Merriman."

Oh, I will be sure to tell papa what you say; it will be such a comfort to him. Now, will you put your hand on my shoulder—it is a deep step—take care;" but as Raby tried to follow these instructions a little and she looked such a little lady as she gloved hand, that certainly did not belong spoke, and held her little head up so to Miss Merriman, gently guided him and placed him in safety.

Miss Merriman nodded and smiled her

"There, you are all right now. What is the matter, Mr. Ferrers?"
"I thought some one touched me," he returned, with a puzzled look, "and you were on my other side, so I suppose it was some kind stranger."

some kind stranger."
"Yes, a young lady," as Crystal moved away rather suddenly. "Ah, there is a footman; he seems in search of some one. I will ask him if he belooking for you," and

Miss Merriman darted away.

Raby stood quietly waiting, but he little knew that the girl he had come to London to eek was standing a few yards from him,

beautiful as ever.
Once he looked up as hasty footsteps brushed him, as though he would move

aside, but a girlish figure interposed between him and the loaded truck, and again the little hand guided him to safety.
"It is all right—the man says he is waiting for Mr. Ferrers," observed Miss Merriman briskly at this moment. "What horrid things those trucks are; I was afraid one

would have knocked you, only the young lady led you away." What! a young lady!" asked Raby, quickly.
"Oh, only a tall young lady in brown,

has gone now—probably a passenger for the down-train."

"I think all young ladies are good to me," returned Raby with grave courtesy, holding out his hand. "I know I have met with and those little legs of hers ached dreadawers with a playful flower-girl, who ran a race arrived.

lady in brown walk quickly out of the station, and as she passed her there were tears running down her cheeks. CHAPTER XXVII. FLUFF GOES TO SEE GRANDPAPA. Thou, lake a little curious fly That furses through the air, Dost pry and pry With thy keen inquisitive eye.

And with many questions, ever And with many questions, ever Rippling like a rectiess river, Puzz i. g many an older brain, Dost thou hour b hour increase thy store of marvellous lore. Thus a squirrel, darting deftly, Up and down autumnal trees, Sees its hoard of chestnuts growing swiftly in a heap upon the leaf-strewn leas.

Claude Lake.

" And now, I look almost as smart as the "I really think you do, Fluff, though you remember her dress was a curious embroid-

ery of rainbows and dewdrops sewn all over with peacocks' eyes; but I assure you of green on it.

I like your white frock much better; and the new hat is very pretty."

But she felt as though her troubles were over when she stood in front of Belover when she stood

"But Fluff!——"
"If I were to be lost—really and truly

could ever bring myself to love a gambler, c ier tell a long story about me, as he did Dove and Prince Merrydew lived;

"Of course he would, and mother and I would stand and listen to him and try not to laugh. 'Lost, stolen, or strayed, a little witch girl in a clean white frock, rather too will you never give me the benefit of an much starched; a frilled cape that crackles -will you never allow me to defend when she moves, and a pretty bread-brimmed hat.' Well, Fluffy, what does "I am not your judge," was the cold that mysterious look mean? you are very reply; and then, as she saw the misery of rude to interrupt the old crier," and Fern his face, she relented. "Indeed it is not tried to frown, while Fluff nodded her head

be strayed, like the sheep in the turnipfield, when the shepherd turned them all out because they had no business there. Supposing I strayed on purpose, Fern, you must send a crier covered allover with gold lace to find me."

"Indeed! have you lost your senses, Fluff?" "Never mind the senses: I saw them all five in china in Mrs. Watkins' left hand corner cupboard, china images she called hem, and I thought them so pretty. me the four pence half-penny for buns, Fern
—one Bath, two plain, and a half-penny to
the sweeper that takes me best over the

Oh Fluff, Fluff, do be careful, and mind you do not go too far: come back soon, like a good child."
"Of course I am good on my birthday. What did they do to Ananias and Sapphira,

"Dear me, what an odd question, Fluffy!" Fern ?' "Never mind that; in the Sunday school

"Never mind that; in the standay sensor the teacher always answers the children's questions directly; she is a very nice teacher though she has red hair, but she cannot help that."

"Oh, indeed so I must tell you about Ananias and Sapphira. What is the matter? how pale you look, my pet. Well, they fell down dead because they had

told a lie Fluff shifted her pence uneasily. until tea-time. Now, good bye, I must go."
"Why, Fluff, what nonsense! here,
Fluff;" but Fluff was souttling downstairs as fast as she could go, and Fern was only in time to see her little feet whisking through

the shop door.
"I don't believe there is such another to-night. "Was it wrong to tell him, I child in the United Kingdom," she said to herself, as she quickly retraced her steps. "He is terribly reckless, one never knows how he may take will be without her this afternoon, and things. It was good of him to littless, the said to herself, laughing. "She is terribly young for her age, and so amusing; how dull it less, one never knows how he may take will be without her this afternoon, and poor Crystal so far away, I wish mother had not let her go, or that she were safe home again;" and Fern sighed as she looked

round the empty room. Now it so happened that Fluff had coaxed her mother to let her take a walk alone on her birthday; this was the treat she had

selected for the occasion. b.30 train from Singleton. I think there is time."

"None too much," was the somewhat gruff answer, "but my horse is fresh;" and Crystal drew into a corner and tried to curb her impatience by watching the masses. purpose, until her conscientious scruples had obliged her to leave it at home instead

Fluff ran down several streets, till she inquiries of a porter. "Singleton train gives due," Crystal heard the man say, as she handed the cabinan his fare; and as she quickly passed through the station, the train slowly drew up at the platform.

Only just in time! Crystal pressed eagerly forward, scanning the occupants of all the carriages until she came to the last his birth and had sold lucifers ever since, which, being brimstone, was bad for rheum-atics, Fluff told him she would have repeated the whole story of Ananias and Sapphira to him, only she had no time, and then she resumed her walk with much

dignity.
And the method of it wasthis—if method movements the similitude of a crab. First she went into every baker's shop she passed, and, shaking her head sorrowfully at the wished to know what part, or asked he business, she pursed up her mouth and said

proudly, that most of them answered her with civility; and one big baker's boy, just starting on his afternoon round, said he would see her past the dangerous cressing in the next street, and put her a little on her way. Fluff said she was very much obliged to him, and trotted confidingly at his side, adapting her conversation to her hearer as she thought best, for she enlarged in a rambling way on the Miracle of the Loaves, and told him what her teacher said on the subject of the fishes; and then she became confidential, and explained to him that she bore an innocent partiality for the moist peely bits of soft crusts that one could pare off a loaf without showing a sad deficiency, and how she always liked to take in the bread at Mrs. Watkins' for the seek was standing a tew yards from him, trying to see him through the tears that blinded her.

Many people turned to look after the tall, striking-looking man in clerical dress. The felt hat just shaded the pale, massively cut features. He looked older, Crystal thought, and a little sadder, but the mouth was as beautiful as ever. gravia, but that she was getting very tired, for she had a bone in her leg—two bones, she thought—and might she sit please on the top of his little cart to rest her poor legs when he went into the next

house? The baker's boy was a good-natured fellow, but, as he expressed it afterwards he thought she was the rummiest little lady he had ever met; indeed, he confided his suspicions to a grocer's lad that she " was a bit cracky;" but he let her sit on his cart for all that, and trundled her the length of two or three streets; and further he revived her drooping spirits by a dab of hot brown bread, scooped skilfully out of the side of a loaf which, as he said, would never

After that they got facetious, and admired who seemed to notice you wanted help. She has gone now—probably a passenger for the a Punch and Judy show together, and

carriage, Miss Merriman saw the tall young lady in brown walk quickly out of the station, and as she passed her there were beaten, while Fluff sat down, sulky and exhausted, on a bench under the trees.

It was nearly tea-time now, she thought in another hour or so Fern would be send-ing the old orier after her. She wondered how she was to get back. She was very thirsty, and felt half inclined to cry; and then it struck her that the large splendid-looking building opposite might be Belgrave House, and she ran up to a workman just passing and asked him.
"No," he said, eve

he said, eyeing her wondering, "that was not Belgrave House, it was in the next square;" and when she heard that she clapped her hands joyfully, and went and drank out of a little iron bowl in com-pany with a sweep. She asked him if she might drink first, and he said, "Oh, laws, yee! you aint near so smutty as me," which speech Fluff took as a compliment But she had fallen down twice, and her nice white frock had got unsightly patches

grave House, its many windows shining like but you make me very angry sometimes. "If I were to be lost—really and truly What a grand place it was—finer than Do you know me so little as to think I lost, you know—would the funny old town-the Crystal Ball Palace where Princess

The footman had just run out to the pillar box, and another footman was fast asleep in a chair that looked like a baby's

cradle turned upside down.
Fluff ran up the steps and looked in. There was a beautiful scent of flowers a she crept timidly into the hall, such sleepy warm flowers Fluff thought, only they made her head drowsy; and there was a great staircase with carved balustrades and dark slippery stairs, and the doors were all shut, and there was not a sound in

the house, except the singing of some birds. Fluff began to feel giddy. But it was babyish to feel frightened in her own grandpapa's house, so she took courage, and passing the sleepy footman on tiptoe, crept softly up stairs, holding very tightly to the balustrades, for she felt as though she were slipping every step, and presently she came to a sunny laudingplace with a conservatory, where some canaries were singing. Here she saw a half-open duor, and pushed it open, and then she thought she was in fairy-land.

It was such a large beautiful room, with

marble ladies standing in the corners, with wonderful green plants growing in gilded baskets, and satin couches, and lace draperies, and lovely china; and in an arm-chair a gentleman asleep, for he had his eyes shut.
Fluff stole in and looked at him; no.

was not asleep, for his eyes opened, and yet he did not seem to see her, perhaps he was thinking. His face looked very nice and kind, and with the unerring instinct of childhood she laid her hand on his knee. "If you please, sir, will you tell me where I can find grandpapa."

The gentleman raised his eyes—as Fluff told her mother afterwards, "he looked at me without seeing me;" and then his hand closed quietly over the child's. Nothing ever seemed to startle Raby Ferrers in that strange dreamy life of his. "Who are you' my child, and who is you

grandpapa? " My grandpapa's name is Mr. Hunting-don, and he lives in this house—Belgrave House it is called, and I am Florence Trafford, but they call me Fluff at home. The name aroused him effectually; ah he was startled now. "Florence Trafford, did you say; do you mean that you live at Beulah Place in the Elysian Fields?"

"Yes, at Mrs. Watkins'—mother, and Fern, and I, and Crystal too, only she went

away this morning."

"Away—what do you mean?" and Fluff's poor little hands were held so tightly that they were quite red and sore afterwards. e has gone to America with that horrid Miss Campion; yes, and she is horrid to take our dear Criss-crass away. Fern cried so this morning, and Crystal cried too, but she had to go, she said, so it was no use making a fuss about it; and she does not mean to come back for a long time. What is the matter?" peering urious in his face, "does your head ache?"—for Raby had uttered a low groan, and had dropped Fluff's hands, and h pushing back the heavy dead-brown hair as though he were suddenly oppressed.

(To be continued.) Peach Culture.

The conditions of failure in peach-grow ing, concisely stated, are:

1. A wet soil, or one that from any cause holds water around the roots of the tree, whether the land is situated high or low. 2. Excessive fertility while the trees are

young, whether it be secured in the natural conditions of the soil or by the ingenuity of man. 3. Severe cutting back of the young growth each year, thus dwarfing the tree and robbing it of much natural vitality. 4. Allowing the tree to overbear and thus exhaust the vitality by a single crop

of fruit. By deficient and improper cultivation. On the other hand the conditions of success in peach-growing are:
1. An elevated locality that is not subject

to late frosts in the spring or late frosts in 2. A warm and moderately fertile soil that is well drained by nature. Artificia drainage may prove successful, but its utility has not yet been fully demonstrated. 3. Thorough cultivation, without manure, until the trees come into bearing, then com-bine the two so as to supply all the depletion produced in the soil by growth of trees

and fruit.

4. Never let a tree overbear.

5. Continue cultivation until the close of continues until September.

A Clear Case of Predestination. I well remember one fellow, a fine soldier. oo, who scorned the burden of even a blanket on a march, and so at night, when he failed to steal one (which was seldom), he sat up by a fire and made night hideous with mock sermons of wonderful theology and doubtful morality. Strange to say, he survived the war, and is now enlisted in the army of the Lord. At Vicksburg this same preacher was responsible for a ready retort under trying circumstances. He was then a firm Calvinist, and was always ready to do battle in defence of his creed. One day he was sitting with a group in an angle of the works, discussing his favorite dogma of predestination. Just then a shell exploded among them and knocked the predestinarian over without hurting him. When he recovered his breath and legs he darted off for the shelter of a traverse just in front of us. tagonist velled at him and twitted him for want of faith in his own doctrine. He did not pause in the order of his going, but stuttered back: "Ca-ca-can't stop; its pre-predestination that I must get on the other side of the traverse!" and he fulfilled the decree to the letter and with commendable alacrity.—Philadelphia Times.

The Greatest Known Cold.

In his report of his mission to the Lens Delta, Lieut. William H. Schultz says As we approached Verchovansk (Northern Siberia), the cold was almost unbearable compelling a stop at nearly every inhabited yourta (native hut), not only on account of ourselves, but more owing to the reindeer, which suffered visibly during the low tem peratures. Fortunately these inhabited yourtas are not far apart as one approaches the village. Breathing was at times diffi-cult, and on January 10th and 11th (1886) the temperature sank to 66 ° Celsius. responding to 86.80° Fahrenheit below zero. This is the coldest temperature ever observed, and I afterward had the satisfac tion of establishing it beyond a doubt by the agreement of the thermometers at Verchoyansk, observed by exiles who were furnished with instruments by the Central Meteorological Observatory at Pavlovsk, mear St. Petersburg. Verchoyansk thus maintained its reputation of being the pole of the greatest known cold, although its latitude is only 68 ° north.

A Deserved Thrashing.

E. H. McAlpine, referee in equity at St. John, N. B., was publicly thrushed the other day by Captain Peters, of Quebec, brother-in-law of Miss Beatrice Hathaway, of St. John, for persisting in annoying attentions to that young lady after he had been asked to stop them.

One of the attractions at the Boston baby. show is a red-haired negro infant. No Chinaman would ever have been betrayed into the ridiculous plight of a venerable Japanese whom a friend of mine once saw parading the streets of Tokio, soberly dressed as to coat and trousers, but white head surmounted by a child's

Taverner in Boston Post. The temperance people of the County of law he is good to every one else." Mr. Renfrew have subscribed \$1,000 with which

Halstead is the veteran editor of the Cinto fight the repeal of the Scott Act.

A SKETCH

Of a Little Child, an August Rose and an

Answered Prayer. The following literary sunbeam is from the pen of Carrie McAyval in Good Cheer Flirting with the girls, sir? No, indeed That's something I never do; and as to that lily of a girl just throwing kisses to me, why, bless you, that's my daughter May. And she's the dearest thing on earth to me.

Something special about her makes have a different feeling toward her from anybody else I ever knew, and if you'd like, sir, I'll tell you about something that happened when she was a wee baby, twelve vears ago.

It happened right along this very road between Newbury port and Byfield, and I was then the engineer instead of conductor, and was younger looking than I am now with this white head of mine.

Only 36 years old, sir, and you see I haven't a black hair in my head. That belongs to my story, too, as you will find You remember that hill with the cottage at the foot of it, and golden rod and clematis growing along the stone wall? That's where I've lived ever since I was married, and it was on that embankment around the bend that the most terrible event of my life occurred.

It was one day in August, in the first of the month, and I will never forget how the sky looked, as deep and blue as my baby's eyes, nor how sweet and still the air was that morning as I walked over to the station. The golden rod and ferns hung heavy with dew, and there were clusters of purple grapes on the vines along the hedge. The roses were unusually late that year, and as the fall came on they were deep crimson instead of pink, as they are earlier in the season. I had one in my buttonhole

Baby had put it there when she kissed e good-by.
"Pitty 'ose, papa, for 'oo. Dod made it,

mamma tell me so. Dod live up in 'ky. wife was a Christian, and although l did not believe in her religion then, I have learned to put my trust in God since baby isped to me about the rose that morning. Every pleasant day when I made my down run at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, my wife and baby used to be sitting out there on the hill and they would wave their hands at me, and the baby would look so

sweet and innocent, waving her little fat arm, I used to have a great longing in my heart that no harm should ever come to her; and I was such a strong healthy young fellow I felt that I should be able to protect and guard her always.

Almost 3 o'clock and the old forty-nine was puffing and steaming fit to burst as we neared the bend. I was already looking to ward the hill and sure enough there was the baby's white dress; no, I was mis taken; it was only a piece of newspaper

They were not there. Why, I wondered Perhaps they would be there before I turned the curve. Somehow it seemed to me I never so longed to have them there as I did that day, and I kept anxiously looking until away in the distance on the track I saw something that made every pulse in my body give a great leap and then stand still. There, just ahead of me, toddling along, with her yellow hair flying and her little arms stretched out to balance herself, was my baby! A moment more and the wheel would be grinding her body and her precious blood would stain the track. lived ages in that moment of agony. I waved my arms, shouted, rang the bell like a madman, and as I was pulling the rope the rose fell from my buttonhole on to the seat, and baby's words, "Dod made it. Dod live up in 'ky," came to me. For the first time in my life I poured out my soul in prayer. "God save my child." At that moment she stumbled and fell down the grassy embankment. As soon as I could I ran back to find her, and there she sat in the grass, lifting her blue eyes and dimpled nouth to me, and as I hugged her to my

heart she lisped:
"I tied to climb on cars, papa, but some-body pushed me over and I fell down here. Don't ky, papa !" For I was crying and thanking God at the same time, and when I came alongside

of the train, carrying baby on my shoulder, all the men threw up their hats and cheered and most of the women were sob-That rose is in the locket with of her baby curls, and I have never failed to pray for her safety and happiness, as well as for many other things since that day. Isn't she a beauty, too? And you can't blame me for liking this time of year best, and for always wearing an August rose whenever my darling girl pins one in

my buttonhole, as she did this one two ours ago. Old Troths Newly Told. How many readers of the Canada Presby erian see the Standard, the new organ of Henry George? Those who do not miss a good deal, whether they sympathize with Henry George's theories or not. In an age, when many shrewd practical men seen drifting away from Christianity altogether and when the gulf between the rich and the poor seems to be growing more and more impassable, it is refreshing to read such addresses as are weekly reported in tha paper-addresses spoken to crowded audi ces of workingmen in the city of New York, by such speakers as Dr. Pentecost and the great-hearted Dr. McGlynn-an Ameri can Pere Hyacinthe—who has sacrificed h ecclesiastical prospects that he might preach, according to his conscience, the old truths of the Sermon on the Mount. It is this and no wild socialism that he and others are preaching to the crowds Sun-day after Sunday, and that the crowds, too. listen to, even as the common people did long ago, when the "Galilean Gospel" was first preached. It is an instance also of the uniting power of the great practical verities of Christianity that Dr. McGlynn has been listened to with earnest and sympathetic attention by an assembly of Methodist ministers, as he explained the platform of the Anti-Poverty Society. Has not the Church allowed questions theoretical too much to interfere with her practical unity? and has she been as fathful to her "me

sage to men of wealth" as she should have been ?—Canada Presbyterian. How to Make a Man Your Enemy. I have often thought that people hadn't got borrowing down to an exact science when Solomon wrote, and that when Poor Richard said, "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," he must have meant that one fellow did the borrowing and the lender did the sorrowing. I am older now, my children, than I was when I was younger, and I have learned that there is nothing in the world that will make a mar hate you so bitterly as to owe you borrowed money that he cannot pay.

"But why should that make him mad at you? I do not know, children; I do not know.

A coming man-The man for his rent. There has just died at Kendal, Eng., an old pensioner named Wm Lindsay, from e neck has been abstracted a bullet which he received during the Crimean war. The bullet is the size of a marble, and had been in deceased's neck for 33 years.

One of the latest achievements of science is the measurement of a snail's pace. It has just been demonstrated that a snail can go a mile in fourteen days. Science should now attempt to discover how long it takes the average messenger-boy to go the same distance in marbleplaying season. Murat Halstead's mother-in-law, Mrs.

Banks, says: "Mr. Halstead is a good man, for he is good to his mother in law, sailor hat with floating blue streamers .and when a man is good to his mother-in

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Spurgeon's Orthodoxy-The Pope's Jubile

-A Little Mormon's Hymn. Though Mr. Spurgeon has denied the story of his probable withdrawal if the Biptist Union failed to punish certain eterodox ministers, the Scotsman returns to the charge with the accusation that Mr Spurgeon changed his mind. It justifies ts statement by quotations from Mr. Spurgeon's magazine. The address of the President of the Union was a reply to Mr. Spurgeon. Though no direct notice was taken of Mr. Spurgeon's attitude, his recent writings are the main topics of conversation among ministers.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council meets in June next. The American Executive Committee has been called to meet on Wednesday, 26th inst., at New York. At the meeting will be representatives from all parts of North America. Among the delegates will be Rev. Principal Caven, of Toronto; Rev. Dr. McVicar, of Montreal; Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, and others.

A Sunday school hymn book recently issued at Salt Lake City, "to fill a long felt want" (as the preface declares) in the instruction of good little Mormon children, contains the following edifying

With Jesus for the standard. With Jesus for the standard, A sure and perfect guide, And Joseph's wise example, What can I need beside? I'll strive from every evil To keep my heart and tongue, I'll be a little Mormon

And follow Brigham Young. The Pope has intrusted all arrangements in connection with his jubilee celebration to a commission of four cardinals. The Empress of Austria's commemorative gift a magnificent tiars valued at 70,000 francs. A pilgrimage of French workmen, to the number of 1,200, will shortly set out for Rome for the purpose of offering homage to the Pope.

Ray Mr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions for the Northwest, is expected to return to Ontario during the winter onths and will visit any congregations desiring his services at missionary meet ings or otherwise. Those desiring his services should correspond with the convener of the committee, Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford.

Folks often excuse themselves saying they can't afford to give; but if they saw things in a truer light they'd say that they couldn't afford to keep.—Mark Guy Pearse. The annual meeting of the Methodist General Conference Sabbath School Board will be held in the parlor of the Elm Street

Methodist Church, Toronto, on Tuesday October 18th, at 2 p. m. Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's Edinburgh, preached at Balmoral on a recent Sunday morning, and had the honor along with the Empress Eugenie, of dining with the Queen in the evening.

Dr. Alexander Paterson, who has been appointed medical missionary to South Arabia, is grandson of Dr. Chalmers'
"Missionary of Kilmany" and son of the
Church's first medical missionary to

They Told Each Other All. "Why, Manie, is it really you?" "Yes indeed, Sadie; when did you get home?"
"Only yesterday, and—" "Where were you?" "Oh, every place—Newport, Bar you?" "Oh, every place—Newport, Bar Harbor, Long Branch and—but where were you?" "Oh, we went to—"" "Did you have a good time?" "Perfectly lovely; did——" "Oh, perfectly lovely; I declare, Mame, I——" "So did I, and ——" "I had the best——" "So did I, and oh, Mame——" "Do tell me all about it, for I——" "I will, some time; I just had a perfectly splendid time every minute, and—" "So did I; but isn't it lovely to be at home again?" "Perfectly lovely."
"I think so, too; I've had a lovely season of it, but then—" "So have I, but, as you say—" "There's no place like home, after all." "No, indeed; do come soon and tell me all about your season, and I—" "I will, for I have had the loveliest—" "So have I—perfectly splendid!" They separate.—Tid-Bits.

Properly Rebuked.

I was told the richest thing about a Minneapolis girl. A certain Swedish baron of fine family and education came to this country and, the old story, found himself obliged to obtain any situation to keep from absolute want, so he entered the dolthing store of M— as clerk. Well, this young lady, hearing he was a noble, must have his autograph, so she came into the store one day and requested it, leaving her album. It puzzled him greatly. Why should she want his autograph, a complete Cevery I was told the richest thing about a Min should she want his autograph, a complete stranger? Suddenly the truth struck him and he wrote his name, and beneath, "Clerk in M—'s store." "O," said he to me, you should have seen her face lengthen, and she said, 'I didn't want that. I wanted your name and your title.' 'There it is,' I answered; 'there's the name and clerk at M——'s is the only title I wear in this country.'"—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

What it Means.

To the man or woman who has never been ill, the word "health" is meaningless. But to the one who has suffered and de spaired, health appears as a priceless boon To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from some of the many forms of weaknesses or irregularities pecu-liar to their sex, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a speedy restoration of this " priceless boon."

Miss Anna Whitney, the proprietor of the Chequasset kennels, is one of the most successful breeders of the St. Bernard dogs in America. She spent years in Switzer-land studying the dog, and is an authority on the subject.

The spooks and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems.
Will never trouble with their fils
The man who trust in Pierce's Pills.
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets: regetable, harmless, painless, sure l The tenth annual convention of the Ontario Women's Christian Temperance

Union concluded its business yesterday and adjourned, to meet next year in Sarnia. Mrs. Addie Chisholm was re-elected President, and was presented with \$150. Prof. Foster was in attendance, and received a great setting out from Mrs. Youmans.

Results Tell.

The proof of the pudding is the eating, and the proof of the extraordinary power over pain of Polson's Nerviline is the using it. Polson's Nerviline never fails to perform wonders in every case of pain. It cannot fail, for it is composed of powerful pain fail, for it is composed or powerful pain subduing remedies. It goes right to the bottom, and pain is banished at once. Nerviline cures all kind of pain, internal or external. Go to any drug store and get a 10 or 25 cent bottle, and he delighted by its promptitude in doing its work.

The name of Sir William Meredith, ex-Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Lower Canada, is now mentioned in con nection with the Lieutenant-Governorship of Quebec. It is also reported that a new Governor for Manitoba and the Northwest Territories will be appointed within a few

At a meeting last night of the Toronto branch of the Irish National League a committee was appointed to telegraph to Arthur O'Connor, M. P., and Sir Thomas Esmonde, asking when it would be convenient for them to visit Toronto. The treasurer was instructed to send \$200 to the treasurer of the American Leagt .

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day, As snappish and cross as a bear; As snappish and cross as a bear;
The c erks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the mrr. hant should grumble and awear
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuf;
Ora kick, it she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.

What makes the old fellow so surly and grim, What makes he out from so surry and grim,
And behave so confoundedly "ean?
There's certainty something the matter with
him—
Is it stomach, or liver, or splean?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul.

Its enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friends with a growl.
The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood, tone your system and build up your flesh and

An Accommodating Miller.

"You complain of having to pay your pastor's salary," said an old miller. "I will pay it for you and you shall not feel it." At the end of the year he brought in receipt in full for the salary from the pastor, and then he explained: "I did it by taking a little toll when you sent your grain to my mill, and I took so little that none of you felt it. You see how easily the pastor can be paid."—Richmond Religious

A Toronto Divorce Case.

Messrs. Foster, Clarke & Bowes, solicitors of Toronto, give notice that applica-tion will be made to Parliament next session on behalf of Andrew Maxwell Irving, of Toronto, clerk, for a bill of livorce from his wife, Marie Louise Irving, formerly of Toronto, now of Buffalo, on the ground of adultery. This is the fourth divorce case which the Senate will have to deal with next session.

A Forgetful Boy. Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way. "What makes you so serious, Bobby?'

asked his aunt.

"Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I'm trying to remember it."

Hidemaro Namboo, of Japan, was graduated at Princeton in 1878. He is now Court astronomer at Tokio. When he accepted the court appointment his name was changed to Hidemaro Okenna. Seeing atars reminds him of the old college days when he took part in cane rushes.

Joseph Clark, a boy sent from Kingston to Penetanguishene some vears ago, escape and arrived at his ho ne yesterday, having fuoted it all the way.



Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the moraing, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizzinesa, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains nere and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of inapending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Plerce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery week powerfully upon the line and

CURES ALL HUMORS.

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all disease caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Plorce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spir's, vita strength and bodily health will be established

FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CONSUMPTION. which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-billous, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarth, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy. control, Astroma, Severe Cougns, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.
Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottle:
for \$5.00.
Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

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time and then have them return again. I mean a radical eure. I have made the disease of FITS, FILIRPY or FALLING SICKNESS at life-long study. I warrant my remedy secure the work cases. Because others in ver failed is no return to the secure of the secure

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CONSUMPTION

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