

so by all means. As far as he was personally concerned, while he would not blame a woman for having property, he should altogether prefer that she should depend upon him for support, rather than be independent of him.

"I think those notions is good and honorable," responded Mrs. Ruggles. "A husband always ought to support his family, and then if a woman has anything in her own right, she can keep it. When I was married, I had bank stock, and I've always kept it in my own right, and father never has had a cent of it, and it's always been a comfort to me to think that if he should be took away, or anything should happen, I hold my bank stock in my own right, and nobody can say: Why do ye so? Oh! I think it's such a comfort to a woman to have bank stock, if her husband's took away; don't you, Arthur?"

Arthur was polite enough not to tell her that there were some women who, he believed, would very much rather lose their husbands than their bank stock, but he thought so, and hurried through a meal made repulsive by the worldly Mrs. Ruggles' conversation, and her insipid daughter's presence. But one breakfast was the pattern of many others; and as Mrs. Ruggles saw how important Arthur was becoming to her husband, and how desirable an element he was in the society of Hucklebury Run, she became only the more pertinacious in her persecution of him on her daughter's behalf. Arthur could readily bring his mind to it with his master's petulant exactions, but the flattery of the mistress, and her daughter's patronizing and familiar airs were more than he could abide.

In truth, there was a reason for his disgust with Mrs. Ruggles and her daughter, beyond the repulsive nature of their advances. He had never forgotten the expression of those blue eyes that looked into his on the morning after the accident to the proprietor. He had never forgotten those low-spoken, well-spoken words, and the unconscious compliment which they conveyed to him. He had visited the mill every day—often many times in a day. Always, of course, he had sought for the mysterious young woman who seemed so different from all her associates. The sun-bonnet was always upon her head. She seemed to hold communication with no one, and to be not infrequently in tears. He was thrown into no relations with her that warranted him in extending conversation, and he could ascertain nothing about her from others; beyond the facts that she had been in the mill for six months, always kept her own counsel, was well educated, intelligent, amiable and religious; was sad-hearted, and bore the name of Mary Hammett.

If Arthur was abundantly employed during the hours in which he was upon his feet, he was also abundantly employed in his hours of retirement. The fever that so frequently attacks young men at nineteen was upon him—a fever invariably excited by a woman superior in years and experience. Mary Hammett was twenty-two, and had the maturity of a man of twenty-five; but to Arthur Blague the earth soon came to hold no such divinity as she. The factory became a charming place because she was in it. Hucklebury Run was heaven, because hallowed by the residence of one of heaven's angels. Arthur had not been without his school-boy fancy for Fanny Gilbert, but she had never possessed the power to stir his deeper nature. Only the mature woman could do this, and all his boyish likings were swept out of mind by his new and all-pervading passion.

Autumn deepened into winter, and winter was softening into spring, before the health of the proprietor was so far re-established as to allow his young assistant once more to become permanently a resident of his mother's home. In the meantime, Aunt Catherine in person, or by the assistance of sympathetic friends, had ministered to Arthur's lonely mother, and little Jamie had grown into healthy and comely babyhood.

But Arthur had become too important to the proprietor to be lightly spared. It was a loss to old Ruggles in many ways to allow him to lodge at home. The old man could never again be in his business what he had been. His broken limb was shortened, and he could only get about upon his cane. His nerves were shattered, and he could not write. He could not live without Arthur. In the measure of his dependence upon the young man, he had grown careful not to offend him. Thoroughly selfish himself, and incapable of appreciating anything higher than selfishness as a motive of action, he had addressed himself in all possible ways to Arthur's personal ambition and desire to get forward in the world. He had hinted vaguely at a partnership, possible in the future—at a great increase of wages when some desirable changes in his business should be accomplished—at a sale of Hucklebury Run entire to Arthur, when that young man should arrive at his majority, etc.

The aim of all these magnificent promises was to induce Arthur to leave his mother's roof, and become a resident of the Run. At length, uncomfortable weather and most inconvenient walking determined him to consider the master's desires, and to cast about for some one to take his place as nightly society for his mother.

It would not do to depend upon Aunt Catherine again, and, to tell the truth, he would not have thought of doing it had it been the most practicable thing in the world. He had conceived a project, and he would not be content until it should be fulfilled. On the same day during which he had come to his determination, circumstances opened a door to favour its fulfilment.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF A WRECKED GENIUS.

The ruin that has often been wrought by strong drink on men richly dowered with the gift of genius receives what will be even to many of the best informed in literary matters a new illustration through the critical monograph published under the title of "A Forgotten Genius: Charles Whitehead," by H. T. Mackenzie Bell (T. Fisher Unwin). Like Mr. Ruskin, he was the son of a London wine merchant. Born in 1804, in his twenty-seventh year he published a poem, "The Solitary," which was praised by Christopher North in the "Notes" of *Blackwood*, and at a later date received the warm commendation of Dante Rossetti. That poem entitles him to be regarded as the pioneer of the æsthetic

school. Though not as rich as the "Endymion" of Keats, or so full of impetuous passion as "The Revolt of Islam," it is more real and human than either of these poems. As a dramatist he was liked by his contemporaries to Massinger; and his romance of "Richard Savage," founded on the career of that unhappy prototype of himself, was regarded by Dickens as perhaps the best book of its class in our language. So highly were his merits appreciated that Messrs. Chapman and Hall invited him to write the letterpress for the pictures by Seymour on which Dickens founded his "Pickwick Papers"; and it was Whitehead who recommended Dickens for the work which he had himself declined. Few men have entered on life with fairer prospects. His family were in easy circumstances, and he was much beloved by them. He had been well educated, possessed an excellent constitution, and enjoyed vigorous health. On his father's death he inherited a respectable fortune. He was acquainted with the most distinguished men of letters of his day, who all regarded him as a man possessing the highest gifts. But at the Grotto Tavern in Holborn, a Bohemian resort at which he was the leading spirit, he acquired habits which ultimately deprived him of the friendship of Dickens and of all his respectable acquaintances; and in 1857, his wife having previously died of a broken heart, he emigrated to Australia, having secured an appointment on a daily journal at Melbourne. This situation, however, he was unable to retain; and in 1862 he died, without a friend near him, in the hospital of that city, from the effects of destitution, so little known that his demise was not even mentioned in the local newspapers. It has been with considerable difficulty that Mr. Mackenzie Bell has collected the leading facts of this wasted life. The story is unutterably sad, and its pathos is deepened as we read the outline, with copious extracts, which Mr. Bell has furnished, of Whitehead's leading works in prose and verse. They are certainly of a character which entitles him to a much higher place in literature than has yet been assigned to him; and the genius by which they are animated emphasizes the moral of their writer's life. Whitehead has been compared to Thomas Lovell Beddoes, and they were certainly alike in some respects. Both were wanderers from their earliest and best friends, and from the land of their nativity; both died in hospitals, and both lie in unknown graves. Of course, like all drunkards, Whitehead laboured to put the blame of his degradation upon others instead of himself accepting the responsibility. In his romance of "Jack Ketch" he is believed to have sketched himself in the person of Misty, a poor outcast schoolmaster, who is described as a man of highly strung poetic nature, entirely destitute of practical genius, buffeted about by a cruel world until he falls into habits of intemperance as a relief from the pressure of untoward circumstances and all the best aspirations of a lofty soul are battered for a drum. "Depend upon it," Misty is made to say, "that a wounded spirit must be assuaged, or healed or got rid of, by some means or the other. Hence drunkenness, desperation, suicide. The first frequently precedes the other two; but drinking will suffice to keep out the foul fiend despair for many years. I invoked the aid of the benignant spirit drunkenness." By such sophistry the poor wretch sought to escape from the condemnation which he had incurred by his own wickedness; and the case is one which we usually find repeated as often as we meet with a drunkard.—*Christian Leader*.

WHITE AS SNOW.

From morning until evening
He sought for peace and rest—
Rest for a weary spirit,
Peace for a troubled breast;
But vain was all his seeking
From dawn till set of sun;
His sins lay heavy on him,
And comfort there was none.

Then, in the gathering twilight,
He knelt him down in prayer,
And the stars shone in upon him,
And smiled upon him there;
And while he told his Father
Of sin as black as night,
The pure white snow fell softly
And hid the earth from sight.

And when, in bitter sorrow,
He looked into the night,
Behold, the earth shone brightly,
Wrapt in its robe of white!
And the promise came to cheer him
And bring him peace: "Although
Your sins may be as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow!"

—George Weatherly, in the Quiver.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

Statistics show that in the four European countries where railway traffic is most developed, viz., the United Kingdom, Belgium, France and Prussia, the proportion of railway accidents as compared with the number of passengers annually carried is as follows: United Kingdom, one passenger killed in every 5,250,000, one passenger injured in every 750,000; Belgium, one passenger killed in 9,000,000, one injured in 1,650,000; France, one passenger killed in 2,000,000, one injured in 500,000; Prussia, one passenger killed in 25,500,000, one injured in 4,000,000.—*Insurance Monitor*.

It is a mistake, says the *Christian Leader*, to talk of "the two millions" of new electors. The increase is really much nearer three. In 1880, the electors numbered 3,030,726; now, the total is 5,711,930. The percentage of voters to population is, in France, 36.8; in Switzerland, 22.5; in Germany, 20.09; and in Britain, 16.3. But we beat Denmark, where the percentage is 15.46.

British and Foreign.

DR. WALSHAM HOW, Bishop of Bedford, has declined the Bishopric of Manchester.

PROFESSOR STOKES, of Dublin, gives an account of the discovery of a new MS. of the Gospels, originally belonging to a monastery in Patmos.

THE collection in Free College Church, Glasgow, on behalf of North Woodside Mission, and for congregational purposes, realized over \$2,375, the sum required being \$2,350.

PRINCIPAL CHALKERS, says the *Christian World*, is to be presented with his portrait on the occasion of his jubilee next summer. He was formerly minister of the Free Church at Dailly.

Two hundred English Baptist Churches have agreed to set apart Sunday, 24th January, for sermons on Temperance. Rev. J. Gelson Gregson, of India, will preach at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE Rev. Thomas Fraser, M.A., of Croy, Nairnshire, a charge he has held since 1853, died suddenly on Monday week. He contributed papers on the flora of his parish to scientific societies.

THE three latest local option plebiscites in Scotland show—at Kilmarnock, 4,380 for suppression, 212 against; at Peebles, 462 for and twenty against; at Elgin, 1,227 for and ninety-eight against.

THE Pope has appointed twelve canons to govern the diocese of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's with the archbishop. These are the first that have been appointed in Scotland since the Reformation.

PROFESSOR GEDDES, whose first post was that of parish teacher at Gamrie, and who is best known by his work on "The Problem of the Homeric Poems," succeeds Dr. Pirie as Principal of Aberdeen.

WHILE the late Bishop Fraser was a Broad Churchman, it is stated by those who knew him most intimately that the trend of his thought during the last four or five years of his life was distinctly in the direction of evangelical truth.

A HEAVY strain is being put upon the resources of the Jewish boards of guardians in London by the daily increasing influx of poor Jews, industrious artisans for the most part, who have been expelled from Germany.

IT is the purpose of the widow of the Rev. W. T. Mackay, of Hull, to undertake the editing of the *British Evangelist*, and thus to continue what was one of his most successful labours of love. Mr. Mackay will reside in Edinburgh.

A SERMON on Disestablishment was recently preached by a Lanarkshire parish minister, in which the preacher is reported to have declared that "if the Church were disestablished no sons of gentlemen would enter the ministry!"

A NEW organ, the gift of Lady Elizabeth Harvey, of Castle Semple, was inaugurated in Lochwinnoch Parish Church lately, by a select choir from Glasgow. The donor has promised an annual subscription to ensure a proficient organist.

It is deemed probable that the Archbishop of Canterbury will introduce a Church Reform Bill early in the session. Bishop Magee's Parish Churches Bill is said to have the sympathy of Lord Salisbury, and will receive the unanimous support of the Episcopal Bench.

THE Rev. James Maxwell, Free Church minister of Kilmarnock, died recently in the seventieth year of his age, and the forty-third of his ministry. Ordained at Denny in 1843, he was minister there for five years, and since then has laboured with much acceptance at Kilmarnock.

THE Church Reformer states that during the recent elections Rev. G. E. Hignett, of St. Peter's, Preston, declared from his pulpit that the voter for a Liberationist candidate would "distinctly gain the devil's own gold medal, and the grand cross of his legion of honour!"

GLASGOW Established Presbytery have ordained Rev. P. Donaldson, B.D., appointed head of the Jewish Mission at Smyrna. Mr. Duncan, B.D., assistant, New Kilpatrick, has also been appointed missionary at Alexandria in connection with the mission. Both leave shortly for the East.

THE London *Lancet* says that children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of "cold" by accidental chilling of the feet, and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life, wear shoes and stockings.

THE election of Rev. Henry R. Buchan as minister of Kilbirnie, set aside by the Presbytery on the ground that the intimation summoning the congregational meeting had been read by a student instead of an ordained minister, has now been repeated at a regularly called meeting of the congregation by a majority of 254 against seven.

THE Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang preached at the anniversary services of St. Vincent parish church, Dover Street, Glasgow, lately, and Rev. A. T. Donald, the pastor, in the afternoon, while the evening preacher was Dr. A. A. Bonar, of Finnieston Free Church. Since Mr. Donald's induction, four years ago, the congregation has increased by 445 members, and the sittings are now all let.

MOST of the leading ministers of all denominations in Edinburgh signed the memorial to the Home Secretary, protesting against the Government's prosecution of Mr. Stead. The signatures number 7,919. Numerous petitions from other cities have been forwarded, the monster memorial of the Salvation Army asking for the release of Mrs. Jarrett, as well as of Mr. Stead.

ANDREW MARTIN, the beadle of Newton-on-Ayr Church, who died recently at the age of sixty-eight, was a firm believer in the infallibility of the Newton kirk as the true and only standard of criticism, and maintained the incontestable superiority of the minister for the time being as the premier of Scotch preachers. Newton has really had a very brilliant succession of eloquent ministers, including Principal Caird, Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, Dr. Robert Wallace, Dr. John Mackie, and many other men of note.