

And God knew that at that moment two people were talking about them.

Next morning the widow told her son she had had a curious dream. It was all through her having been thinking about Mrs. Irvine and little missy and the ayah. She must tell him about it.

(To be concluded.)

A SCENE ON THE BALTIC.

The close of the happy days at the Evangelical Alliance in Copenhagen was marked by an incident which fixed it in the memory of at least one group of visitors to that meeting. The steamer, which next day took its usual course to Sweden and Norway, was densely crowded with passengers from every land, most of them friends of the Alliance. Some were going home to spread their impressions of the meeting all over the north; others were eager, before turning their faces to the south and west, to prolong the charm of Scandinavian scenery, by devoting to the neighbouring shores the leisure of one or two lovely autumn holidays. The storm and rain which had darkened the passage toward Denmark, and even in fitful moods disturbed the brightness of the Alliance meetings, was now entirely gone; splendid sunshine wrapt the ship, and lighted up the far-extended, tranquil sea. As our way opened out from the narrow track of the Sound into the Cattegat, the mirror-like deep was still as if the ship were bounding over some harmless lake, so unlike the time when I once crossed from Sweden to England, and for forty hours the captain stood in fear that his frail bark would go to the bottom. Then, myself the only passenger not a victim to sea-sickness, and rather than sit in the dark cabin among the sufferers, preferring to be lashed to the deck,—now, these horrors were succeeded by a perfect calm.

In busy, eager contact with kindred minds and ministerial brethren, among whom, with Swedes, Norwegians, English, French and Swiss, there were a few Germans, the charming day of our passage hastened on to night. Toward evening, in the east, the picturesque outlines of the once distant Swedish coast rose in sight, as we made for that land; in the west, the sun's orb, red as fire, neared the horizon, and breathed its warm, soft colours upon the sea, whilst its last ray glided with a dying glow the crags and peaks that seemed now almost within grasp of the hand. The solemn stillness in nature found an echo in many a heart. There was a cry for evening worship. Among the guests from Sweden was a fine double quartet of male and female singers—mostly ministers with their wives—whose masterly execution of hymns and chorales had delighted and edified us at the Roskilde excursion. We gathered around, all on board, with our pious captain, his face lighted up with the joy of a Bethel service, and every seaman who could possibly leave his work—in all, above a hundred persons, on the quarter deck of the vessel. The service was entrusted to the ministers of St. Petersburg. After the apostolic benediction, we sung a well-known chorale, each of the company joining in his mother-tongue. The text was drawn from the 121st Psalm, a pilgrim psalm, which served the pious of old, as they came from their far-off dwellings to keep the temple-feasts in their true home on Mount Zion, alike as an evening hymn and a prayer. Once before I had had the same experience—and it now rushed to my mind—years ago in an extraordinary situation; but then the psalm rose from my wilderness tent, not far from the moon-lit Convent of Mar-Saba on its sea or rocks in the Kidron valley, while the unearthly howl of the hyena fell upon the ear. This time no such accompaniment disturbed the worship. Only the monotonous clank of the engine, only the gentle plash of the waves, broke the clear voice of the preacher, under whose words the twilight deepened into gray, and veiled all nature at length in silence. After the prayer, the gifted Swedes followed with another hymn. Then Pastor Storrjohann of Christiania, the zealous Christian, who has come into the inheritance of Hauge, and works in the Inner Mission at home, and follows his expatriated countrymen to America with all the sympathies of a father, gave a short address in his northern tongue. Then again came song and prayer, and a loud Amen from the whole company.

It was a true, ever to be remembered echo of the Copenhagen festival, a voice of the Evangelical Alliance rolled out into the main, to be taken up into many a home and congregation along the Scandinavian shores, and fitted to deepen by its spirit of love the impression through the far north of the first tidings of that great Society's work in one and another of the scattered regions of evangelical Christendom.—*Holiday Travels of a Protestant Minister.*

LISZT AT THE PIANO.

From an illustrated paper in the September Century, on the great pianist, we quote as follows: "Whenever the master waved a pupil from the stool and took his place at the piano to illustrate a passage, a sudden hush fell on the assembly; the stragglers whispering and laughing over in the corner stopped their chatter and joined the group of eager listeners, standing closely about the performer and concealing him from view. Those were moments of hopeful expectancy. How hard every one was wishing that he would play it all! Sometimes it would only be a few measures; again, a page or two; then he would stop abruptly. A score of happy faces grew long with disappointment, though all were grateful for even these fragmentary glimpses; but when the master deigned to perform an entire piece, the favour was regarded as a special act of Providence. As Liszt has long since ceased playing in public, and given up daily practice, one would naturally suppose, at his age (he was born October 22, 1811), that his fingers have lost much of their skill. Unquestionably there are moments when a failing in his technical powers is perceptible, and the master is altogether too clever to play more than a few measures when forced to realize this; but there are hours when he seems rejuvenated and in full possession of his old-time vigour. Then his playing over-

whelms by its majesty and passion, dazzles by its sparkle and brilliancy, animates by its light playfulness, or excites the deeper emotions by its tenderness and pathos. No pianist ever has so successfully worked upon the different feeling of his auditors. Whatever his mood, he compels one to feel with him. By the force of his irresistible personality he fascinates and conquers without putting forth an effort. His playing is like the man himself. As he sits at the piano or listens to a worthy composition his face mirrors the feeling of the inner self. A deaf person could learn the character of the work performed, and of the performance too, merely by watching Liszt's face. Added to his natural qualifications is the ripeness of knowledge grown of such an experience as his has been. Aside from the pleasure of having heard him play, the privilege of attending his class is exceedingly valuable to a young musician, as the master's interpretation of any composition is accepted as unquestionably authentic. His suggestions and instructions are treasured up among those rare things that stand out in relief from the experience of a lifetime. Few are granted this boon, as Liszt has never accepted a penny for lessons, and can call at pleasure from the many that seek his instruction."

THE OTHER WHERE.

Only a step between
Our souls and the unseen;
A single hair
Snapt through, and lo we stand
Within the silent land—
The other where.

How strange that such should be,
While all unmoved we
Hear the worn tale
As if, for our soul's peace,
We held a long life's lease
That could not fail.

We wake, we walk, and sleep,
And reckon long and deep
On many days;
What schemes we shall pursue,
How dare, and think and do
In the world's ways.

When lo! the morning breaks,
The feathered craft forsakes
The favoured creek;
Loud wailings fill the air,
But in the other where
'Twere vain to seek.

The tale is soon forgot—
One was but now is not
Who promised fair;
A few kind hearts the while
Another grief beguile
With pensive air.

But soon the memory fades,
Lost in the swift decades
Of struggling time,
While still to have, or be
What men can hold and see
Is deemed sublime.

Oh! blinded souls, and slow
To venture all below
Where naught endures!
Look up, dear heart, and see
A life eternally
That may be yours.

Only a plank between
Our souls and the unseen—
Most blessed ease;
Better than belt or buoy,
That time can ne'er destroy
The plank of grace,

Saviour! on Thee we call
Further we cannot fall,
Kept by Thy care;
Clasped in Thy loved embrace,
Happy in any case,
Here, or elsewhere.

Lord, teach us so to live,
Glad for what Thou dost give,
Great things or small;
Filling our little day
Humbly and hopefully,
Waiting Thy call.

—*Jessie K. Muir, in Christian Leader.*

THE column of steam which rose from Mount Tarawera during the recent volcanic eruption in New Zealand was nine miles in height.

OF all the sovereigns of England only six have, like Queen Victoria, inherited the crown at an early age; and of our thirty-six monarchs, only three have reigned fifty years.

THE drink statistics of Denmark show that the mortality from *delirium tremens* alone among the men of the poorer classes over twenty years of age amounts to almost as much as the mortality from all the epidemic diseases put together.

THE late Leopold Von Ranke was a humble Christian and a firm adherent of the Protestant Confession. The little catechism of Luther he praised as "equally childlike and profound, comprehensible and yet unsearchable." Of that compendium of Christian doctrine he declared: "Happy is he who nourishes his soul on it, who holds it fast."

British and Foreign.

DR. HALL, of New York, conducted the services in his old church at Armagh on a recent Sabbath.

IN the Madras Presidency alone thirteen million males and fifteen million females can neither read nor write.

THE Rev. Peter Leys, M.A., Strathaven, after his release from Colton Gaol, preached in Newton Place Church, Partick.

THE Rev. John P. Struthers, M.A., of Greenock, preached the annual sermon recently at Rullion Green on the Covenanters.

THE Lahore Church Gazette, the only paper ever started with a view to represent the whole Church of England in India, is dead.

DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, of New York, conducted special services lately in Darlington Place Church, Ayr. The collection amounted to \$875.

DR. ANDREW THOMSON, Edinburgh, and Principal Caird, Glasgow, conducted the anniversary services in the Leckie Memorial Church, Peebles.

THE new church at Carndonagh was opened for worship by Rev. Robert Ross, Moderator of the Irish General Assembly. The original church was built in 1695.

THE Rev. W. George, for thirty years connected with the Baptist mission press in Burmah, died in Calcutta on his way to England to seek relief from a hopeless disease.

PRINCIPAL CAIRNS delivered the thirteenth exhibition lecture recently in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh. His subject was "Prophecy, and Recent Negative Explanations of It."

IN Sydney, New South Wales, there were 25,000 convictions through drink last year, and the drink bill of the colony was \$20,000,000. Of the \$22 hotels only 193 observe the law.

MR. W. YOUNG, long ago a lay agent of the London Society in Amoy, lately entered into rest. He was the first missionary in China to write hymns in the spoken language of the people.

THE Rev. John R. Omond, of Monzie, is to be presented with his portrait on the occasion of his jubilee next month. A wooden church at Monzie was one of the first erected after the Disruption.

THE Revs. T. Boston Johnston, of Bolton, and J. C. Johnston, the pastor, conducted the anniversary services in the U. P. church, Dunoon. There were large congregations, and the collections exceeded \$250.

THE Indian Missionary, the ably conducted bi-monthly organ of the London Society started last year, is already paying its way—a specially notable phenomenon in the East. Such a success would be extraordinary even at home.

THE Rev. Hugh Goldie, who has spent seven years as a missionary in Jamaica and thirty-nine years at Old Calabar, left lately to resume his work there. Mr. Goldie is a native of Kilwinning, and has been on furlough for twelve months.

DROITWICH Church, one of the oldest ecclesiastical edifices in England, is to be pulled down, a subsidence in the ground having undermined the building. This is the effect of the pumping for brine. The old tower escaped the great fire of 1293.

THE Rev. H. P. Parker, who succeeds the late lamented Bishop Hannington in Equatorial Africa, is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and went out to India as secretary of the corresponding committee for Bengal of the Church Missionary Society in 1878.

THE adult membership in India at the mission stations of the American United Presbyterian Church increased last year from 1,675 to 2,176, the schools from fifty-six to seventy-two, the scholars from 2,395 to 3,260, and the whole baptized Christian population from 2,500 to 3,275.

THE Irish Secretary says the reports about the disturbances on a recent Sabbath at Albert Street Church, Belfast, were greatly exaggerated. The pastor, Mr. Montgomery, is satisfied with the arrangements made for the protection of the congregation and the manner in which they had been performed.

THE converts of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists among the Kasia hills, in India, now number 3,012. At the stations there has been during the past year a gratifying increase in the number of adherents who have abandoned the worship of the demons, keep the Sabbath, and are "trying to be Christians."

THE Rev. W. Drought, B.A., English chaplain at Chantilly, has been required to leave France within twenty-four hours, on the ground that he was a partisan of the Orleans princes and an enemy of the Republic, because he had sent an address of sympathy to the Duc d'Aumale by the English residents at Chantilly.

THE Rev. Nigel McNeill, of London, the Gladstonian candidate for Bute at the recent election, has received the degree of LL.D. from a foreign university for his attainments as a philologist and historian. He is at present engaged on a "History of the Scots." His brother is the Free Church minister of Cawdor.

"LIFE Among the Early Quakers" is the subject of a series of papers started in the September number of *London Society*. The author, A. C. Bickley, states that in many country districts, where the congregation is scanty and ministers are rare visitors, the silence will remain unbroken during the hour and a half or two hours the meeting lasts, and this for weeks and months together.

BARU YUNAS SINGH, for twenty-five years a member of the American Presbyterian mission at Allahabad, did much literary work, including a translation of part of Dr. Dick's Theology; but the MS. was destroyed in the mutiny, and the work was never resumed. With one exception all the books on theology issued by the American Presbyterians in North India have been prepared by native brethren, three of them pastors.