

were of the "Anti-Burghers"; Rev. Messrs. Waddell, Graham, and Crow of Colchester, were of the "Burgher" Association. There was hot war between these until a Union was effected some years later. After they were united they formed themselves into a Synod. The first Synod met at Pictou. The name and novelty of the thing brought many from all quarters to attend it. I was there among the rest, and, although a thoughtless boy, I was greatly struck with all I saw.

My ideal of a Minister of the Gospel at that time was, that he must be truly a man of God, having all the bad passions of our nature completely subdued and wholly under control. With this ideal in my head, you may judge of my astonishment at seeing the ebullition of passion indulged in by some members of Synod, especially by Clericals. There was the late Rev. Mr. Waddell of Truro—a corpulent, pompous, and extremely important gentleman; and there was the Rev. Mr. Crow of London-derry—a thin, lean, sharp-nosed person, and as snappish as a mink. These two had a regular field-day of it. During one of their encounters, Mr. Crow took up a pocket Bible that lay on the table and threw it with might and will in Mr. Waddell's face. The quarrel was about some Presbyterian Appeal which was brought up to the Synod by either of the combatants. The Rev. Mr. McGregor and Mr. Ross were usually the peacemakers. Mr. McCulloch was cold, stiff, and sarcastic, and seemed to enjoy the scene. There was a great deal of bad blood shown on all sides; and at this distant period, having since been present at, and taken part in, meetings of various descriptions, Civil, Political, and Ecclesiastical, I am free to say—and I say it without the least prejudice—that that Synod of which I speak was the most unruly and undignified meeting that I ever saw.

(To be continued.)

UNSELFISH LOVE, THE CHARM OF LIFE.



LOOKING down from a window of the "Pension Mayer," I realize that the rain can fall in Venice and the clouds hang as heavy over marble palaces as they hang too often around our Highland hills. My husband is walking impatiently about the room. He is an artist, and has come to Venice to work, which seems a hopeless prospect at present. We are roused by the dinner-bell, and on going down we find most of the company already in their places,

the buxom landlady, who at first sight has attracted us, seated at the head of one of the three long tables, an anxious look on her face. To keep a good table and comfortable rooms for travellers at eight francs a day is no very easy task, but Franklin Mayer would almost rather be out of pocket at the end of the year than that her dinners and suppers should not be well cooked and plentiful. She is a south German, with a big, warm heart, but used to disappointment and the incivility of the thoughtless every day of her life.

The company is such as may very generally be found at a second-class hotel abroad; mostly Germans, with a sprinkling of Americans and English. The landlady's eyes follow the dishes as they go round, and she looks to the faces anxiously to see that every one is satisfied; every now and then her eyes wander back to a vacant chair beside her, and she gives a rapid glance towards the door. At last it opens, and her face brightens; her colour deepens a little, as a tall, gray-headed man of about fifty or upwards takes the chair beside her. He is unmistakably an Englishman,—one who has lived long abroad, however; for he seems quite at home, well acquainted with the troubles or interests of all his neighbors, for each of whom he has a kind word; and he does not forget to compliment the landlady on her dishes. At last, when the meal is over, she says to him, "Do you know, Mr. Smith, a countryman of yours arrived here last night? an artist too?" "Indeed!" says he, "I wonder if I know him; where is he sitting?" "At the end of the third table," the landlady tells him; "he is a tall man with red hair; his wife is with him."

Smith rises, and gives a rapid glance in our direction. "Ogilvie!" he exclaims, "it's years since I saw him, but I should have known him anywhere. Well, this is a pleasant surprise!" He rises quickly and finds his way over to us. My husband does not at once recognize his old friend, but when the question is asked: "Have you quite forgotten Arthur Smith of Fitzroy Square?" he rises quickly and grasps the hand held out to him, with energy and genuine warmth. Then I am introduced, and Mr. Smith asks us to come up to his rooms and have coffee.

"You will have a long climb," he says to me, "for I live with the pigeons on the top of the house, but I can promise you a good cup of coffee when you get to the top." Then he goes to make his preparations, and I am eager to know who he is.

"I remember him first about twenty years ago," says my husband, "when he was successful and had just made a 'hit' at the Royal