

"Well, why can't I have the doctor? Isn't he at home?"
 "Yes, he's at home, but he's spoke for."
 "But I must have him," said the man, decidedly.
 "Why, what's the row down to your house? Mars sick?"
 "Mars sick! Who's Mars?"
 "Why, don't you know Mars? Well, that is funny. Didn't go to the exhibition, did you?"
 "Oh! yes. It is Mars. He is very bad, and the doctor must see him now. Where is the doctor?"

"Well, if you think Mars is very bad, I wonder what you would think of Venus," said the boy, intent on diverting the man's attention from the doctor. "Screaming all night, folks all up, poultries all over her, patergotic no use. Don't know a thing."

At this moment the doctor drove round, having harnessed his own horse, and was hailed by both messengers at the gate. The messenger of Mars made known his errand, and the doctor promised to visit that planet immediately after his return from Mr. Tinker's. In the meantime, the messenger of Venus had secured his hold of the tail of Dr. Gilbert's gig, and was soon on his way, half running, half riding, and trying his legs very successfully with the little black pony.

Fanny went back to her bed, fearful and distressed, wondering if all her little planets were going to fall. Evening little Fred once more, and finding him still composed, she surrendered herself to her pillow, and when she awoke again, it was not only daylight, but the sun was shining brightly in at her window.

She rose, and dressed little Fred and herself, and descended to the breakfast-room. The boy had little of the elasticity of his years, and she felt languid and miserable. Aunt Catharine received them with anxious eyes, and was evidently relieved to find them both able to be upon their feet.

"Where is father?"
 "Out, looking after his men in the field as usual," replied Aunt Catharine. "I don't believe that man slept two hours last night, and he was up all the night before. I wonder he lives."

It was the breakfast hour, and promptly on the stroke of the clock he entered the room. He looked at little Fred anxiously, but he did not speak to him. There was a cloud upon his face which Fanny understood, but which Aunt Catharine could not interpret.

"Who called you up last night?" inquired Aunt Catharine.
 "That's more than I know," replied the doctor, evasively, while an expression of hard pain passed over his face.

Fanny regarded him with marked apprehension, and on the impulse, inquired: "Are they very sick, father?"
 Dr. Gilbert looked in her face, and saw that she knew what Aunt Catharine did not.

"Both have been very sick, but both are relieved. Your little Mars is much better. Your little Venus, Fanny—"

Dr. Gilbert paused. His daughter noticed his hesitation, turned pale, and dropped her knife and fork. He could not bear to speak the word in presence of little Fred.

"Little Venus—" suggested Fanny, repeating the commencement of his broken sentence.

"Little Venus," pursued the doctor, "has taken her place in the sky."

Little Fred looked up, with his eyes full of wonder, and said: "Has she really, and truly, papa?"
 "Yes, really and truly, my boy."

"Well, I want to take my place in the sky, too. Can't I take my place in the sky with Venus? I won't run against her," said the boy, with eager enthusiasm.

"Little Venus is dead, my boy," said the doctor, his eyes filling with tears.

"Dead? dead?" inquired the little fellow, his eyes wide with solemn wonder. "Who killed her? What made her die? I don't believe it was right that little Venus should die! was it, papa?"

"Yes, it was right, my child, for God took her away."

Aunt Catharine moved uneasily in her chair. It was all she could do to maintain silence. It seemed to her straight forward, honest mind, almost blasphemy to attribute to God an event occasioned by the excitement and exposures to which the delicate childhood of little Venus had been subjected.

Fred's brain was sorely puzzled, and as his young reason found no way to grasp and adjust the event, he burst into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. The doctor could not withstand this, and starting as if he had been smitten in the face, he rose and left the room.

(To be continued.)

INFLUENCE OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

For the sake of each other, husband and wife should try to acquire the inestimable art of making duty seem pleasant, and even disappointment not so blank and crushing. They should be to each other like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches.

In the correspondence of Edward Irving, who was almost the greatest genius of the Scottish Church, there is a touching and elevating letter to his wife, which young married people might read together with profit by the quiet fireside of their dear first home:

"O, Isabella, I have a strong persuasion of the power of a holy will and conversation, in which if we continue, we shall save not only our own souls, but the souls of them that hear us. My dearest, we must soon go to our rest, and our sweet infant also; and perhaps the Lord may not see us worthy to leave any seed on the earth. His will be done. Now rest in peace, my other part, and thou, sweet link of being betwixt us. Every twelfth day of the month, my loving and beloved wife, let it be your first thought and your last thought, that your babe is mortal, and that the father of your babe is mortal, and that you yourself are mortal. Do this that you may swallow up our mortality in the glorious faith of our immortality in the heavens."

If a generous-hearted husband has to speak to his wife about her faults, he does it tenderly, humbly, unwillingly, sadly, yet with sufficient plainness not to have to do it twice over. In paining her he wounds his own flesh. The pain

is necessary, but the hand of love so inflicts it that it quickly heals.

And here we may drop the hint that a Christian husband or wife influences not so much by direct exhortation, as by consistent example. When Lord Peterborough had lodged for some time with Fenelon, referring to his example, he said at parting: "I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." In the same way, when one of a married pair is a sincere Christian, the other may not be able to escape becoming the same.—*Quiver*.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

BY THE SEA.

TO W. O. T.

There is one voyage all must take
 O'er stormy seas by devious ways,
 Then surely naught but love should break
 On life's dim dawn, and peaceful make
 The evening of our days.

The fair lights shining near and far,
 Fade on the winward shore and lee;
 Love is the one fair, guiding star
 That wise men steer by when they are
 Bound homeward o'er the sea.

Have maids not sung by laughing seas
 Those songs of love so sweet and wise,
 The while charmed warblers of the breeze
 In blissful rapture sought the trees
 To whisper their surprise?

There, men will laugh in strolling bands,
 And maids be coy while strong men love,
 And both look seaward, and link hands,
 Plight troth as shifting as the sands,
 And as the winds above.

The sounding waves and tides have borne
 The songster's song in gale or calm,
 The prayers and anguish of forlorn,
 The kiss as heart from heart was torn,
 And the soft marriage psalm.

Still joyous, sauntering down the shore,
 The dainty maid and amorous swain,
 Sing to wild ocean's mighty roar
 As depths with deeper depths outpour
 The vast sea's grand refrain.

Here many a troubled dreamer sleeps,
 In drifting paths where no feet tread,
 Where no tear falls, and no heart beats,
 For rest is not with him who weeps,
 But may be with the dead.

Here hapless lovers, hand in hand,
 Looked for glad days that ne'er should be,
 And wistful eyes these waters scanned
 For whitened sails, from some far land,
 That they should never see.

Fast by these sands the children played
 In babbling mood when tides were low:
 No mother knows where they have strayed,
 Though mothers wept and fathers prayed
 For them long years ago.

If they have lost the world's grand prize,
 Have they not missed the loathsome wit,
 The petty homage, and fierce cries
 Of greed and hate, and subtle lies
 Of the smooth hypocrite?

Yes, strange desires, pride, shame and fears,
 Stern toil, one hour of ease and song,
 Vague visions lost in bitter tears,
 And sensuous mists and storms of years
 Of mingled right and wrong.

O, sunless depths! no voices tell
 If love keep watch and ward for them,
 Bat from thy stormy crucible
 I hear a strain, that men love well,
 Above their requiem.

And where the sunset glories fret
 Sheer altar-cliffs, the strain is free;
 Winds and weird wastes, where God hath set
 His music, bear from Olivet
 The psalm of liberty!

WILLIAM T. TASSIE.

EVERY day we may see some new thing in Christ; His love hath neither brim nor bottom. O, that I had help to praise Him.

HAPPINESS is not here: it cannot be found in the way of nature, sadly corrupt and disordered; and nature will have its share of the man in spite of all his efforts to dispossess it.

THE church has not cast at nor over an uncertain Bible or an uncertain creed. If it has, then it has no message to deliver and no authority to lift up its voice in the name of God and His Christ.—*Dr. H. Bonar*.

If we traverse the world it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools, without theatres; but a city without a temple, or that practiseth not religion is nowhere to be found.—*Pitt-Rivers*.

British and Foreign.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society is about to issue a Welsh penny New Testament.

IN Switzerland the use of alcoholic drinks is largest in those cantons where wages are lowest.

DUNDEE Free Presbytery, by the casting vote of the Moderator, has decided to continue the observance of fast-days.

THE churchyard of St. Philip's, Birmingham, has been enriched by a huge obelisk erected in memory of Colonel Burnaby.

MR. BRYCE, M.P., is engaged on a Life of Justinian, and purposes giving a fuller account of Belisarius than any that has yet appeared.

NO fewer than 571 of the British Parliamentary candidates expressed themselves in favour of giving the Franchise to women householders.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury's new book, just published, is entitled, "The Seven Gifts," and consists of charges to Canterbury Diocese.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad station in Philadelphia is to be after the plan of that at Charing Cross, London, with a fine hotel at one end.

THE name of Dr. Westcott is mentioned in connection with the vacant Bishopric of Ely. He will be a gain and ornament to the Episcopal bench.

IN the classical department of the largest schools in Copenhagen it is found that forty-five per cent. of the scholars in the upper classes are short-sighted.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND preached the other Sabbath evening in the hall of Christ Church, Oxford, before a crowded audience of dons and undergraduates.

A SOMERVILLE, Mass., teacher punished a little boy by making him hold red pepper in his mouth. Burns were caused which resulted in illness and death.

THE Church of Scotland has lost one of her most scholarly ministers by the death of Dr. Henry Wallis Smith, minister of Kirknewton. He was in his fifty-sixth year.

THE new English Church at Leipzig has been consecrated under the name of All Saints. Clergymen of nearly all the denominations attended the consecration service.

THE names of Professors Charteris, of Edinburgh, and Geddes, of Aberdeen, have been mentioned in connection with the principalship vacant by Dr. Pirie's death.

DR. W. B. CARPENTER, so long Registrar of the University of London, has died from the effects of an accident, in his seventy-third year. He was a brother of Mary Carpenter.

THE Rev. Henry W. Holland, the eminent Wesleyan minister in Liverpool, who rescued many criminals from lives of sin and took an active interest in educational movements, is dead.

THE vacant Bishopric of Japan has been accepted by Rev. Edward Bickersteth, eldest son of the Bishop of Exeter. He is a fellow of Pembroke, and took his B.A. degree in 1873.

PAPER is now used as material for picture frames. The pulp, mixed with glue, oil and whiting, is run into moulds and hardened, after which it may be gilded or bronzed in the usual way.

CANON WILBERFORCE has been ordered by his doctors to give up all parochial work for six months, that his system may be braced to undergo another operation. He offers to resign his charge.

A STATUE recently discovered in the bed of the Tiber proves to be a Bacchus. He stands six feet high, is cast in bronze, with ivory eyes, is exquisitely modelled, and in excellent preservation.

LADY LAURA RIDDING, wife of the Bishop of Southwell, is instituting at Nottingham a number of "evening homes" for girls engaged all day at the factories. A leading feature will be cheerful society.

AT a recent gathering of medical men in Philadelphia, Dr. W. S. Janney, late coroner of that city, made the startling statement that "no healthy man or woman ever dies in this climate from cholera morbus."

THE plaster group at the top of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris is about to be taken down. It was only put up to enable the public to judge of the effect that a permanent structure of the same description would produce.

THE trees on Boston Common are again labelled with their names, common and systematic, as was the case many years ago when Gould, the naturalist, was alive. The Common thus becomes an object lesson in botany.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND gave a powerful address from the words, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" to a crowded meeting of students in Edinburgh on a recent Sabbath evening. The Earl of Aberdeen presided.

A DONKEY, which there seems every reason to believe was more than a hundred years old, died lately at Cromarty, Scotland. Since 1779 it had been in the family of a Mr. Ross, and how old it was when it came to that family is not known.

PROFESSOR FLINT, lecturing on Democracy, to Watt Institution Literary Association, Edinburgh, maintained that democracy at its best would be the best of all governments, and that the problem of democracy depended on the education of the people.

THE leading Danish Socialist paper sells 22,000 copies a day, and it is remarkable that socialism is found equally among the rural and urban populations. The former assisted the latter by giving a home gratis to their children during a recent great strike.

MUSURUS PASHA, who has been the Turkish Minister or Ambassador at the Court of St. James's since 1857, is about to retire, owing to his great age, as he is now seventy-eight. He is a native of Crete, belonging to an old family in that island, by race a Greek, and a member of the Greek Church.