

them with manly dignity, he emptied the vials of his wrath upon Mrs. Watkins.

"It's just cause pa can't get his bills in," Calvin would say, when nothing suited, and his mother was found in tears. "he ought to be ashamed o' himself."

"Oh, hush, my boy, he's your father," Mrs. Watkins would reply. "He gets fussed up sometimes; we shouldn't lay it up against him. I really think it makes him feel better after he's scolded somebody at home."

Which was unfortunate for Mrs. Watkins! On this particular noon he was unusually surly. At length he spoke, but to Calvin. His wife had shivered and lifted her face appealingly, expecting the blow to fall upon her.

His words were slightly detached as he was masticating a large mouthful of food.

"You—lost it? All chance over t' the Light—got a boy!"

Calvin's knife, which was half way down his throat with a load of buttered potatoe, was quickly withdrawn, and Calvin's lower jaw, which was in rapid motion, suddenly stopped. It fell, leaving his mouth agape. An expression of dismay overspread his face.

"They've been 'n' got a fellow from out o' town—goin' to send him to school—turn him out suthin' big!"

"Mr. Luscomb said they didn't want no help," said Calvin, in an aggrieved tone.

"That meant they didn't want you!"

His father spoke distinctly now, as he was announcing an unpleasant fact. Mr. Watkins always dwelt upon such when in the bosom of his family.

"They think there never was nobody like this 'ere Campbell boy."

"I wonder how they came to get him," ventured Mrs. Watkins.

Her husband scowled at her across the table, and answered her in his most sarcastic tones.

"Oh, ye do, do ye? It's queer, ain't it now? You better step right over 'n' ask Mr. Luscomb!"

The idea of stepping across the bay! It set the younger Watkins to giggling. Their father's fiery glance turning upon them, they suddenly began to bolt their dinner, choking it down with strange, spasmodic noises. Mr. Watkins returned to the subject. He rarely forgot that, no matter what interrupted.

"Of course you 'n' this 'ere Campbell 'll be great friends, Cal!"

Calvin's brow grew dark, his face said "no," even before his lips muttered,—

"I'll make it hot for him in our school."

"Don't set the boys to quarrelling, pa," interposed Mrs. Watkins.

She did not like to have her son's worst feelings thus roused. Her feeble light was immediately quenched by her husband.

"Do you know what you are a talkin' about, anyhow? Jest tend to your vittuals—Cal's all right! He's goin' to hold his own, 'n' show these 'ere sassy outside strangers that he's jest as good as they be!"

(To be continued.)

GIVEN TO LYING.

What is the matter with the human race? What obliquity is it that induces people to tell lies out of which they can get no possible benefit? Are the majority of people consciously unvarnished, or are they really the dupes of their senses? "I said in my *writings* all men are liars." Perhaps he might have said it coolly and with scientific precision. Perhaps it is a question of physiology rather than of morals. The human frame is acknowledged to be a wonderful piece of mechanism. The Psalmist admired it, but it puzzled him. If he had been a scientist he would have been able to give physiological reasons for the opinion that there is not one perfect man—no, not one. Scarcely a perfect woman. It is known that two people do not see the same thing alike, consequently they describe it differently. They do not hear the same statement alike, and they always repeat it with variations. Of all witnesses the eye is the least trustworthy. It appears to be the most subject to delusions. There is reason for this. No two persons have eyes alike. The two eyes in one head are seldom alike; if they match in colour they are different in form, different in focus. Not one eye in ten millions is in a normal, perfect condition. The focus is either behind the retina or in front of it, and the eye is either near-sighted or far-sighted. What can be expected of such an imperfect organ in the way of correct observation? It appears to be still worse with the ear. It is at best a crooked organ, and nearly everything that passes through it gets a twist. And these two defective machines are allied with probably the most deceitful little member that ever was—the tongue. The effort of the tongue to put into sound and speech the so-called impressions obtained through the complicated mechanism of the eye and the ear is a ludicrous failure. Any one who is familiar with a court of justice or neighbourhood talk knows that. And owing to the sympathy of one part of the body with another, the thumb and the fore and middle fingers (which hold the pen) become infected. The substitution of the inflexible stylographic pen for the flowing quill and the flexible steel it was thought would tend to remedy this defect. But this obstacle in the way of writing does not check the tendency to pervertate any more than stammering does in the case of the tongue; and it is just as difficult for a stammerer to speak the truth as for a glib-tongued person. The consequence of this infection of the pen-fingers is that what is not strictly true now and creeps into print. People are beginning to find out this physical defect, and many persons now will not believe what they read in a newspaper any more than if it were told them by an intimate friend. But they read it and repeat it; and owing to the eye-defects before spoken of, they scarcely ever repeat it as it is printed. So we all become involved in a congeries of misrepresentation.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in *Harper's Magazine for July*.

A CORNISH CHURCH.

In honour of the day

"that comes between
The Saturday and Monday,"

we dressed ourselves "in all our best"—very humble best it was!—to join the good people going to church at Landewednack.

This, which in ancient Cornish means "the white-roofed church at St. Wednack"—hagiologists must decide who that individual was—is the name of the parish to which the comparatively modern Lizard Town belongs. The church is in a very picturesque corner, close to the sea, though both it and the rectory are protected by a sudden dip in the ground, so that you see neither till you are close upon them. A fine Norman doorway, a curious hagiocope, and other points, interesting to archaeologists—also the neatest and prettiest of churchyards make it noteworthy this, the most southerly church in England. A fine old building, not spoiled though "restored." The modern open pews, and a modern memorial pulpit of serpentine, jarred less than might have been expected with the carefully-preserved remains of the past.

In Landewednack Church is said to have been preached the last sermon in Cornish. This was in 1678. Since, the ancient tongue has completely died out, and the people of King Arthur's country have become wholly English. There is always a certain pathos in going in to worship in a strange church, with a strange congregation, of whom you are as ignorant as they of you. In the intervals of kneeling with them as "miserable sinners," one finds oneself speculating upon them, their possible faults and virtues, joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, watching the unknown faces, and trying to read thereon the records of a common humanity. A silent homily, better perhaps than most sermons.

Not that there was ought to complain of in the sermon, and the singing was especially good. Many a London choir might have taken a lesson from this village church at the far end of Cornwall. When service was over, we lingered in the pretty and carefully tended churchyard, where the evening light fell softly upon many curious gravestones, of seafaring men, and a few of wrecked sailors—only a few, since it is but within a generation that bodies washed ashore from the deep were allowed to be buried in consecrated ground, most of them, like the two hundred in Pistol Meadow, being interred as near as convenient to where they were found, without any burial rites. Still, in all churchyards along this coast are graves with a story. A little corner here railed off has an old and sad one. There lie buried the victims of the plague, which in 1645 devastated the village. No one since has ever ventured to disturb their resting-place.—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

Many years ago—in fact, back in the thirties—Dr. Grant, of Enfield, whose reputation as a physician in Connecticut is still of the first rank after years of retirement from practice, was travelling in South Carolina, his native State, going by stage from Savannah to Augusta. At a certain stopping-place it was found that there were more passengers than the stage could carry, and an extra was ordered for the accommodation of five passengers. These passengers were John Forsyth, of Georgia, John Branch, Postmaster-General, George McDuffie, of South Carolina, Dr. Grant, and an unknown gentleman. The party soon became talkative, and by degrees all knew who each one was, with the exception of the one silent stranger. As the stage creaked along, the attention of Dr. Grant, who was a lad at that date, was attracted by a little dog following the stage, which reminded him of one described by Washington Irving in *Astoria*, which he had just been reading. He was laughing quietly to himself, when one of the gentlemen insisted that he should tell them the cause of his amusement, that they might join in the fun. Dr. Grant said: "That dog reminds me of Washington Irving's dog, whose skin was so tight that it drew up his hind-legs."

This led to a talk about Irving, in which all joined except the unknown man. One of the gentlemen then appealed to him, and asked if he did not think Irving one of our wittiest and most delightful writers. The person appealed to replied that he could not say that he did. The gentlemen all expressed their astonishment, and one of them persisted in demanding why he did not agree with the others in their admiration of the favourite author.

"Have you ever read any of his works?" they asked.

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, don't you think the *Satanstoe* one of the most beautiful specimens of English which our country has produced?"

"Well, no," the unknown replied; "I can not say that I see anything remarkable in it."

"Well, said the other, 'then you must be Washington Irving himself, for no one else could resist the humour and pathos of his pen.'"

The unknown coloured to the roots of his hair, but made no reply, and his tormentor continued:

"Come, tell us the truth; are you not Washington Irving himself?"

The poor man at last blushing confessed that he was, and then followed a general introducing and hand-shaking, and a delightful and never-to-be-forgotten stage-ride.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for July*.

It has been resolved to endow a lectureship in commemoration of the late Dr. Robert Lee. The lectures are to be delivered annually in St. Giles', by ministers of the Established Churches of Scotland or England.

Two great engineering projects are about to be undertaken on the Continent. The Spanish and French Governments have agreed to authorize the construction of two new railways, which will involve the cutting of two tunnels through the Pyrenees.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN STAFFS.

THE late Charles Reade sold the MS. of his "Peg Woffington" for \$25.

THE Princess Louise is to execute the statue of Queen Victoria for the Lichfield Cathedral.

AN educational authority is of opinion that there are half a million drunkards in the United Kingdom.

THE Rev. Dr. J. A. Wylie, Edinburgh, has gone to Lisbon, where he is to officiate during the next three months.

THE present Queen of Madagascar was for some time in her girlhood under the care of Helen Gilpin, an English Quakeress.

THE percentage of recruits in the Italian army who can neither read nor write varies from twenty-seven in Piedmont to seventy-four in Sicily.

It is proposed to raise funds to erect a monument over the grave of Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall, and to provide an annuity for his widow and family.

DURING the progress of excavations near Lincoln cathedral lately, a crematorium was discovered, with ten urns containing ashes, etc., within the sarcophagus.

THE Methodist ministers in Denmark, formerly full of the warlike spirit prevailing in that country, have now unanimously resolved to join the Danish peace society.

THE lively anecdotal biography of M. Pasteur, by his son-in-law, has been translated from the French by Lady Claud Hamilton under the superintendence of her son-in-law Prof. Tyndall.

PRINCE HENRI DE HANAU, son of the elector and landgrave of Hesse Cassel and grand nephew of the Emperor of Germany, has been received into the Roman Catholic Church at Paris.

THE Siberian cattle plague has this year assumed enormous proportions. The disease is now raging in the region of its origin on the other side of the Ural with unprecedented violence.

HER MAJESTY the Queen has contributed \$250 to the endowment and scholarship fund which is being collected by former pupils of the Church of Scotland Ministers' Daughters' College.

THE Pope has received with special distinction the Nun of Kenmare, who came to him to seek a benediction for an institution of her order which she has established at Nottingham, England.

THE *Paisley Gazette* states that the family of the late Mr. Thomas Coats have effected the purchase of several properties in High-street, on the site of which they intend to erect a memorial Baptist Church.

CONTRARY to precedent and expectation the Czar has appointed no governor for his heir, but will himself act in that capacity. The hours which his father gave to reviewing regiments he gives to his boys' studies.

PAISLEY, U.P. Presbytery has appointed a committee, with Dr. James Brown as convener, to arrange for an autumnal conference in the west of Scotland on questions bearing on the interests of the Church and the progress of Christianity in the country.

THE Belgium Government has officially invited all foreign Governments to take part in the Universal Exhibition, which will be opened in Antwerp, 2nd May, 1885. The works, which have made this port one of the finest in the world, will then be completed and inaugurated.

THE Treasury has refused to ask the House of Commons to vote the one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars demanded by the Duke of Marlborough for his eleven pictures, though Sir Frederick Burton, director of the National Gallery, recommended their purchase.

THE native congregation of the Free Church mission in Bombay has now for its pastor the Rev. Mr. Madhwarao, who was ordained on 24th April. Although it is a Maratha church, this is the first time it has had a Maratha pastor. The late Dr. Wilson was its first pastor.

ANOTHER blue grotto, or, rather, series of three large grottoes, eighty-seven metres in length, has been discovered on the Dalmatian island of Buoi, lying to the southwest of Lissa. The cave is described by its discoverer, Baron Ramonnet, Austrian Secretary of Legation, as surpassing the famous Capri Grotto.

THE members of the Catholic and Apostolic Church, the followers of Edward Irving, in Edinburgh have resolved to complete their church buildings in Mansfield-place, erected eight years ago at a cost of \$125,000, at an additional outlay of about \$25,000. This is the jubilee year of their existence in the Scottish metropolis.

THE total tonnage of the merchant navy of the United Kingdom amounted to 7,196,401 tons in 1853, as against 6,903,650 tons in 1852, and 6,087,701 tons in 1875, an increase of 1,108,700 tons. In the eight years covered by these figures the tonnage of sailing vessels decreased to the amount of 673,300 tons (about fifteen per cent.).

THE London city mission has just been celebrating its jubilee in Exeter Hall, by projecting a fund of £50,000 to provide for a wholesale extension of public house visitation in the metropolis. Lord Shaftesbury presided, and £8,000 were subscribed at the meeting. Fifty new missionaries are needed to visit 5,000 public houses not yet overtaken.

It was resolved at a meeting of the minority of Newington congregation, Edinburgh, last week to do all in their power to promote the election of Mr. Adamson as successor to Dr. Begg, and to frustrate that of Mr. Macaskill. The statement that Mr. Macaskill has signified his willingness to accept a call to be Dr. Kennedy's successor at Dingwall has been authoritatively denied.