

tangible. You can see them. You know just what they ought to do, and you can make them do it "but souls"—
"Are just as real, can suffer so much more, can need help so deeply, and yet withstand it," said the minister.
Dr. Grant settled himself more comfortably, tucking the robe about him.

"It has always seemed to me, Arthur, with all respect to the ministry, that too much of the preaching is like shooting without any definite aim. What would you think of a physician who should go to a hospital once or twice a week, and addressing the patients collectively, should say, 'You are all sick, and need medicine,' and then leave the same remedy for all of them. Sick? Of course they are sick. That's why they are in the hospital. But they are sick in different ways, and need different remedies, which can be effectively applied only by knowing them separately."

"But the Gospel of our Saviour contains all needful help. Each one must apply it to his own special need."

"That's just what people will not do; or, doing, will not do intelligently. Suppose you turn a dozen invalids loose in a drug store; how many will light upon the remedy suitable for them, or in proper quantities? And it is just so in the church. The fearful, timid souls will tremble over the threatenings, the confident will lay hold of the promises, and the despondent torment themselves with election and predestination. They are almost sure to get hold of the wrong remedy. I tell you, Arthur, I believe preaching, like doctoring, is a hand to hand matter."

"But you must see, Roger, that there is a wide difference in them. Your patients come to you for help, and in the majority of cases, I have to go after mine, and very often work hard to convince them that they are sick. Then in a large parish, the ordinary church would absorb most of the pastor's work."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "cut up the parishes until they are so small that the pastor can know personally and thoroughly every soul under his charge; and then he will have a definite target to aim at, and will not fire scattering. But, bless you! I didn't come up here to give a course of lectures. You must be about worn out with me, and Hector has been yawning for the last half-hour."

But the doctor's mind was full of the subject, and as he bade his friend good-by that afternoon, he said, "Don't forget Slat Hollow," and Mr. Berkeley answered earnestly, "I will not."

(To be continued.)

NOTHING IS LOST.

Nothing is lost; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf or flower,
Is but exhaled to fall anew
In summer's thunder shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That fronts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of fountains far away.

Nothing is lost; the truest seed
By wild birds borne, on breezes blown
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
The language of some household song,
The perfume of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To memory's after hour.

So with our words—or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot;
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass on, but perish not.
So with our deeds, for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce understood;
Then let us use our better will
To make them rife with good!

WRITINGS OF THE PURITANS.

The writings of all those early New Englanders have an Elizabethan richness of diction which one tastes alike in the quaintness of Bradford's and Winslow's records of Plymouth, in the seriousness, sincerity, and credulity of Higginson, and in the ribaldry of the ungilded and unruly Thomas Morton of Merry Mount. One fond of tracing the origin of national traits and customs will find a pleasure in following to its far source in some of the New England and Virginia English men of the seventeenth century the modern American fashion of booming a new country. The Rev. Francis Higginson does this in pleasing prose, and the good William Morrell in deadly verse, for Massachusetts Bay; John Smith blows the trumpet for Jamestown, and for all Virginia Colonel Norwood, in his "Voyages," sounds repeated blasts, while Master R. Rich praises the new land in as woful a ballad as any made to a mistress's eyebrow. Norwood has more than gleams of gaiety, if one may not quite call it humour; his work has, unquestionably, literary quality, and we wish we could say as much for John Rolfe's wordsy and scattering apology for marrying Pocahontas; but that has chiefly the quality of a very disagreeable self righteousness.

The most valuable fact about the earliest American literature, which is not yet American of course, is that it so fully reflects the life of the time and place—the objective life of daring and adventure and hardship, and the subjective life tormented and mauled by abominable beliefs, with its struggles to escape from them. In Virginia these are not felt; there is a delightful freedom from them; but for this very reason the literature of that colony has a more superficial character; it lacks the depth as well as the gloom which characterizes the sermons and memoirs of New England.

Whether life more influences literature, or literature life, is a question we need not stop to dispute about here, but, probably have a perfect balance of interaction at all times, but what one might certainly infer from this anthology of

the Puritan literature is the Puritan life. If there were no other records of the state, of the civilization, which produced these writings, the general complexion of that life might be inferred here, and this gives a historical importance to the compilation which might be easily underrated. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Puritan life in New England was all psalms and sermons; enough is given to show that it had its reliefs, and to let the reader perceive that these were something of the nature and general pleasurable effects of dancing in chains.—W. D. Howells, in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

ROUTING GREAT SPEAKERS.

Some of the most experienced orators have been accustomed by very trivial circumstances. Daniel Webster, rising to speak at a poultry show, was unable to continue in rivalry with a giant Shanghai which began to air its lungs at the same moment, and had to resume his seat in confusion. Erskine was always extremely sensitive to a lack of interest by his audience. "Who can get on with that wet blanket of a face of yours before him?" he said once to Garrow, who was engaged with him in a cause. His first speech in the House of Lords was a humiliating failure, owing to the action of Chatham, who, as a speaker began, took up a pen and made a few notes, as if with the intention of replying, but, after listening a few moments, he dashed pen and paper upon the floor with a contemptuous smile. This indifference, real or pretended, completely upset Erskine, whose voice faltered, he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited, and shorn of his fame." Burke was also extremely sensitive. Selwyn relates that he rose on one occasion to speak, holding a bundle of papers in his hand, when a rough hewn country member started up and said: "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Burke was so suffocated with rage as to be incapable of speech, and rushed out of the House. "Never before," says Selwyn, "did I see the fable realized of a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass."—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

A MASTER AT ETON.

Keate was a great teacher and ruler. He was also a tremendous flogger. That saying of John Bright, that force is no remedy, has been canvassed in many different senses, but I suppose we are all agreed that force is no remedy for disorders of the soul. Such, however, was not the opinion of Dr. Keate. On one occasion—so the story goes—he addressed the boys upon the Sixth Beatitude, and the substance of his comment has come down to us: "Blessed are the pure in heart. Mind that! It's your duty to be pure in heart. If you're not pure in heart I'll flog you." Nothing can show better the extent to which flogging was carried than a rule which the doctor made that a boy should lose his remove if flogged thrice in one day. And if any one still doubts the comprehensive sweep of Dr. Keate's birch I need only say that he was once upon the point of flogging a certain aged and eminent statesman, remarkable for his skill in casuistry, who was then a boy at Eton. Contrary to his usual practice, however, the doctor, instead of proceeding immediately to the matter in hand, gave the culprit an opportunity of explaining himself. It was a great tribute to the powers of persuasion, and a happy augury of the future career of that distinguished man, that he was perhaps the only boy who ever persuaded Keate to forego a flogging, which, I may add, was thoroughly deserved.—*Murray's Magazine*.

A DOG ON LONG SERMONS.

A correspondent, "A. H. A.," of the *London Spectator*, of August 4, writes: "During a recent journey in Canada I met with a striking instance of reason in a dog. I was staying at the Mohawk Indian Institution, Brantford, Ont. Rev. R. Ashton, superintendent of the school, is also incumbent of the neighbouring Mohawk Church (the oldest Protestant Church in Canada). Mr. Ashton is very fond of animals and has many pets. One of these, a black-and-tan terrier, always accompanies the ninety Indian children to church on Sunday morning. He goes to the altar rails and lies down, facing the congregation. When they rise to sing he rises; and when they sit, he lies down. One day, shortly before my visit, a stranger-clergyman was preaching, and the sermon was longer than usual. The dog grew tired and restless, and at last a thought occurred to him, upon which he at once acted. He had observed that one of the elder Indian boys was accustomed to hand round a plate for alms, after which the service at once concluded. He evidently thought that if he could persuade this boy to take up the collection the sermon must naturally end. He ran down to the back seat occupied by the boy, seated himself in the aisle and gazed steadfastly in the boy's face. Finding that no notice was taken, he sat up and 'begged' persistently for some time, to Mr. Ashton's great amusement. Finally, as this also failed, the dog put his nose under the lad's knee and tried with all his strength to force him out of his place, continuing this at intervals all the sermon was concluded. Did not this prove a distinct power of consecutive reasoning?"

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British and Foreign.

THE Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser, London, is about to visit Australia.

THE sale of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" is said to average 1,000,000 copies annually.

It is suggested that the next International Alcoholic Congress should be held in Norway.

THE widow of Professor Spencer Baynes, of St. Andrew's, has been placed on the civil list for a pension of \$375.

A PLEBISCITE of Vauxhall Ward, London, on the subject of Sunday closing shows 1,739 in its favour, 421 against, 171 neutral.

NINE of the memorial windows have been placed in the Ramshorn Church, Glasgow, and the remaining five are expected to be inserted this month.

A MEMORIAL volume of the Inverness Assembly is about to be published. It will consist of a popular narrative of the visit and work of the Assembly.

MR. STEPHEN WILLIAMSON, M.P., the son-in-law of Dr. Guthrie, has purchased the estate of Glenogil, one of the finest grouse moors in Forfarshire, for \$120,000.

LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL, one of the daughters of the Duke of Argyll, who devotes herself to Christian work, is learning the Gaelic language in order to get hold of the Gaelic heart.

THE company of the Boys' Brigade in connection with Alton parish church, numbering 100, have had their first march out. A few weeks ago they were supplied with miniature rifles.

SIR JOHN GORRIE, an old editor of the *Stirling Observer*, who has filled with acceptance the post of chief justice in more than one crown colony, is about to visit Scotland on a lengthened furlough.

MR. H. O. FORBES, a son of the minister of Drumblade, has been appointed curator of the natural history museum at Christchurch, New Zealand, the largest institution of its class in the southern hemisphere.

PROFESSOR TSCHAKERT, of Königsberg, has discovered in the library of that city some unpublished sermons and scholia by Luther belonging to the period between 1519 and 1521, the most active time of his Reformation work.

TWO ministers of each of the three leading Churches in Scotland suggest the desirability of the congregations everywhere being gathered for confession of sin and earnest supplication in view of the uncertain prospects of the harvest.

GREENOCK Free Church Presbytery has agreed to moderate in a call to Rev. E. D. Finland as colleague and successor to Dr. John J. Bonar. The call was signed by 212 members and fifty-three adherents. The minority lodged dissent.

MISS GORDON CUMMING is one of the most prolific authors of the day, but she would seem to make so little by her writings that she has been placed upon the civil list for \$250 a year in consideration of her merits as an author and of her destitute condition.

AN Anglo-Indian Temperance Association has been formed with Mr. S. Smith, M.P., as president, Mr. Hugh Matheson, treasurer, and Mr. Caine, M.P., secretary. Mr. Caine intends to go to India few months hence to establish branch associations.

MR. WILLIAMSON, M.P., has offered \$5,000, and his sister, Mrs. Duncan, of Liverpool, \$2,500 towards building a new church in Anstruther as a memorial of Dr. Chalmers in his native town. The congregation will doubtless take advantage of these handsome offers.

THE Jesuits are about to make a large addition to their scholastic propaganda in London. The two schools set up by the exiles in Southampton have proved an unqualified success, being largely attended by the children of Protestants on account of their efficient teaching of languages.

THE Rev. Gavin Laing, of Inverness, officiated at the funeral of Colonel Cameron, of Inverailort, by whose death the last male representative of that family disappears, as also, through his mother, do the Macdonnells, of Barrisdale, a once powerful branch of the Glengarry Macdonnells.

BAILIE WALCOT was the leading spokesman at the welcome breakfast in Edinburgh to the young men delegates from abroad who passed through that city lately on their way to Stockholm. The bailie's cordial greeting was followed by a characteristic address from Principal Cairns.

MR. WILLIAM VEITCH, of Inchbonny, the elder son of James Veitch, the self-taught astronomer and mathematician, has died in his eighty-fifth year. He was interred in the Abbey churchyard of Jedburgh. A staunch churchman, he looked askance at the introduction of anthems, and finally left the church on the appearance of the organ.

THE Rev. D. G. Manuel preached on a recent Sunday at the re-opening of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, which has undergone alterations adding 172 sittings. Mr. G. R. Douglas, a member of the congregation, has at his own cost redecorated the background of the pulpit, painting on the one side a portion of Psalm xcix., and on the other, several appropriate texts of Scripture.

DR. MARSHALL LANG, who was cordially welcomed by his Presbytery on his return from Melbourne, gave a glowing account of his visit to that city, and spoke with jubilant hopefulness of the Scots Church, in which there is not now a single sitting to let. The sympathies of the Church at home, he said, should be far more actively drawn out towards the Churches in these new lands than had hitherto been the case.

ABERTARFF Presbytery has agreed to the translation of Mr. McCowan to Cromdale. A part of the congregation have raised an action in the civil court to prevent his induction; but this Mr. McCowan resolutely resists, not only on his own account, but for the vindication of the right of the Church courts to decide finally and conclusively on the appointment, admission and settlement of a minister.