

face dropped to his hands. He was again in the vestry, listening to the appeal of the stranger. It seemed made to him; and he must now decide to be or not to be a Christian.

"You hear the knocking at the door of your heart," the stranger had said, "it is Jesus standing without!"

In the silence of the room it seemed to the boy that an unseen sacred Presence was there, pleading for his love. Such thoughts were too much to bear. He left the kitchen for his own little room. But there "the still, small voice" spoke. It would not be hushed.

That night was one never to be forgotten by Winfred Campbell. At length,—he scarcely knew how it came about,—he suddenly gave up putting off a decision surrounded himself to Christ, and was at peace!

A joy that cannot be described, immediately entered Winfred's heart. He was carried beyond himself, filled with heavenly bliss; his heart thrummed with unutterable melodies,—were they wafted from angelic choirs who sing when souls are born into the kingdom? The boy's face surely wore a listening, glorified look as he knelt before the window, gazing up into the sky, where stars and illimitable space spoke of his God.

Winn could not rest until he had told some one of his happiness. He sought the Luscombs at midnight, and told them, with eager words, that he had found the Saviour.

"I wanted to begin giving my testimony," he said, with shining face, "as the man did from the schooner. I mean to rise very early to-morrow and thank him for it."

Mrs. Luscomb said little, but Winn felt that she rejoiced with him.

"It was n't my testimony that set ye in the right track," said the old Lighthouse-keeper with emotion, "but I'm glad ye've started, lad. If I can't help, I wad'nt hender ye none."

Morning had scarcely tinted with warmer colours the gray stone of the tower as Winn ascended to look for the stranger's ship.

It was not to be seen. He searched the ocean far and wide with Aaron's glass; not a sail was in sight. The stranger had left as quietly as he came. He had sought the house of prayer, told the story of the cross, risen up before the day, and gone about his business.

But his testimony bore precious fruit in several young lives besides Winn's, and afterwards many others found peace in believing.

These often spoke of the stranger who was never again seen in Moorstown. Perhaps his voice was silenced forever for earthly testimony, but he was not forgotten. For a long time Winn never entered the boat to answer the summons to evening worship but his eye wistfully searched the water for the stranger whose earnest words became, through God, such a blessing.

(To be continued)

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND.

The labourers in the fields and the artisans in the towns could not be induced to go about their daily tasks with any regularity (notwithstanding that their daily bread depended on it) for thinking of the outbreak of Divine wrath which was about to take place. There were some wise and sober men even in that age of darkest ignorance who endeavoured to persuade the people that their alarm was without reasonable foundation, and even if this had been otherwise, that it would still befit them to go about the duties of life with diligence and faithfulness, as unto God—so that the Lord, if He should come, as they expected, might find them watching. The terrified and conscience-stricken men paid no heed to remonstrances like these, but gathered eagerly round fanatic monks or half-crazed pilgrims, who poured into their ears their tale of horrors, ever growing more wild and terrible as the last week of the year 1,000 went by. When the last day of that week dawned, the madness had attained its height. All work, of whatsoever kind, was suspended. The market places were deserted; the shops were shut; the tables were not spread for meals; the very household fires remained unlighted. Men when they met in the streets scarcely saw or spoke to one another. Their eyes had a wild stare in them as though they expected every moment some terrible manifestation to take place. A strange unnatural silence prevailed everywhere, except in the churches, which were already thronged with eager devotees, who prostrated themselves before the shrines of their favourite saints imploring their protection during the fearful scenes which were on the point of being displayed. As the day wore on the number of those who sought admission grew greater and greater, until every corner of the sacred edifices, large as these were, was densely crowded, and it became impossible to find room for more. But the multitude outside still strove and clamoured for admission, filling the porches and doorways, and climbing up the buttresses to find a refuge on the roofs which they could not obtain inside. It was generally believed that the loosing of Satan would take place at some time or other before the night was ended, but at what precise moment no one could say. A strange and solemn commentary on the text which bids men to watch because "they know not whether the master of the house will come at even, or at midnight, or at cock-crowing, or in the morning," was presented by the multitudes which filled the churches that night. Watch in very truth they did. Not an eye was closed throughout that lengthened vigil; not a knee but was bent in humblest supplication; not a voice but joined in the penitential chant, or put up a fervent entreaty for help and protection. There were no clocks in those days, but the flight of the hours was marked by great waxen tapers with metal balls attached at intervals to them. These fell, one after another, as the flames reached the strings by which they were secured, into a brazen basin beneath, with a clang which resounded through the church. At the recurrence of each of these warning sounds the awe of the vast assembly seemed to deepen and intensify, as each realized the terrible fact that between him and the outburst of Divine wrath only the briefest interval could now remain. At last the night, long

as it was, began to draw to an end. The chill which precedes daybreak pervaded the air, and in the eastern sky the first pale gleam of morning began to show itself. This must be the signal for the long pent-up anger of heaven to show itself. Satan was even now being loosed from his bondage. But no; the light grew stronger in the heavens, and the flame of the candles paled before it, and at last the rays of the risen sun streamed through the windows and fell on the white and anxious faces of the watchers. The night had passed away. A new day, a new year, a new century had begun. The terror which had possessed their souls was after all, God be thanked for it, a delusion!—*Sunday at Home.*

"TO EACH ONE HIS WORK."

The Master has gone away
From the earth where a while He wrought,
And the shadows about Him lay,
To the glorious land of day,
And we follow Him in our thought.

He has left, that there be no loss,
In the land of His love below,
Where gold is mixed with the dross,
His servants to bear His cross
And to teach till all peoples know.

Each day when the morning breaks
Each worker, happy and strong,
The voice of His Lord awakes,
And gladly His task he takes
And begins His work with a song.

Each goes not whither he will,
But whither the Master sends;
By the side of the flower-kissed rill,
Or to climb the difficult hill
Alone, or with troops of friends.

And each in the setting sun
Turns gladly his grateful thought
To the day's work faithfully done,
The triumph his heart has won,
The deed that his hands have wrought.

And the Master pays each night
The wages the man loves best,
The comfort and deep delight
That are his who does the right,
The blessedness and the rest.

But He keeps for the greater day
His final reward to men,
Oh, happy indeed are they
Who labour and do not stay,
But, alas, for the idlers then!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF "THE SCOLD."

Nothing was more common in the sixteenth century than a "scolding woman," and the scolding woman had not disappeared in this country till after the Declaration of Independence—some even survived that. The evidence of this does not rest upon tradition. The literature and the laws are full of it. Laws had to be framed with severe penalties to protect men from the "common scold"; and these penalties were often inflicted, one of the most effective of them being the "ducking-chair," which in many cases was the only one that could check the wagging of a virulent tongue. Nothing is commoner in the ballad literature of the sixteenth century than the complaints of the railing of the scold and the shrew, and the devices for taming them were as ingenious as they were brutal. Either the literature of the time is an awful libel or scolding women were so numerous as to be a great feature of the age; scolding was as prominent as begging, and the scolding wife as common as the tipsy husband. The philosopher wants to know whether it is the temper of women which has changed, since it is a fact that the "common scold" has practically disappeared from modern life (there used to be women whom even the sheriff was afraid of), is no more a *précé de résistance* of literature, and has not to be legislated against, or whether the apparent difference is only a change in man's attitude toward the sex. Some students of sociology think that man's submission has wrought the transformation, and that women appear to be more sweet and amiable now they have their way untroubled. It is a very delicate question, and one that would not be raised here except in the interest of science. For the disappearance of traits in human nature is as useful a study as the elimination of useless members or the development of new organs in our evolution. Nobody except the sociologist can say what the disappearance of the "common scold" has to do with man's position in the modern recreations of society; the business of this department is to collect facts, not to co-ordinate them.—*Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's Magazine for August.*

UNCOMFORTABLE GENIUS.

Half a dozen hearts are worth a world of heads. Once upon a time I worshipped intellect. Brains were all that was worth having. Brilliant men were the gods of my idolatry, and good people I thought stupid. Since those salad days I've discovered that, however fascinating genius may be in public, it is not the sweetest of boons in a private family, for nine times out of ten genius is intensely selfish. It wants to be coddled; it rarely coddles. It wants to be heard; it seldom listens. Ego is the burden of its song. Who and what *you* are matters little. Accustomed to be adored, it accepts devotion as a divine right. To receive is its due; to give is the privilege of lesser talents. Now if I have a talent it is that of appreciation. If there is a good listener among women, I am that she. I delight in genius, but I've found it out, and have no more illusions.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE are 40,000 news vendors in England.

THE Rev. Richard Waterson, Dundee, has declined a call from Dunedin.

THE Rev. Dr. M'Cosh, of Princeton, preached for Mr. D. K. Guthrie at Liberton on a recent Sabbath.

A ZENANA library has been established in Calcutta to meet the wants created by the education of the women of India.

EVEN apart from her future position as Queen of the Netherlands, the little Princess Wilhelmine of Orange will be the richest woman in Europe.

A MONUMENT to Robert Moffat will be erected in Ormiston, near Tranent, his native village. It will consist of a granite obelisk, with a bronze portrait.

IT is stated that Cardinal Newman visited the late Rev. Mark Pattison when that eminent scholar was on his death bed, and the two had a long and affectionate interview.

A MONUMENT to Joseph II. of Germany, has been unveiled at Leitmeritz, Bohemia, 20,000 Germans wearing black, red, and yellow colours joining in the demonstration.

PROF. MONTGOMERY and some of the other Cumberland Presbyterian delegates spent a recent Sunday afternoon on the summit of Benlomond, where they held a prayer meeting.

MR. HENRY SHAW, who died at Millport last week within a day or two of his ninety-sixth birthday, had been an elder for upwards of sixty years. He came out at the Disruption.

THE *Novoje Vremya*, the chief Jew-baiting organ of Russia, has received a warning from high authorities that its attacks on the Jews must cease. Its articles have since become very mild in tone.

THE new Lord Petre, who at the autumn session of Parliament will take the seat vacated by his father, who recently died, will be the first Catholic priest who has sat in the House of Lords since the Reformation.

AN Episcopal congress is to be held in Fulda. Its objects are to organize professorships of Catholic theology in Prussian universities, to unite the dioceses of Fulda and Limbourg into an archdiocese, and to fill vacant curacies.

LEIPSIK is, thanks to the Socialists, in a semi-state of siege condition, and, as a consequence, unpleasant to live in. Every foreigner is liable to be regarded with suspicion; passports are a necessity and the police are preposterously officious.

AN educated Polish gentleman, in middle age and vigorous health, has offered to allow himself to be inoculated with cholera microbes, so that the effect of such an inoculation in a human being in normal health may be scientifically scrutinized.

MR. J. A. CAMERON, a well known military correspondent, has written a letter protesting against the recruiting of Highland regiments "with the foul-mouthed, debilitated, undersized weaklings, clad in loathsome rags, from the slums of London."

REVS. A. MACCOLL, Lochalsh, and Wm. Sinclair, M.A., of Flockton, on behalf of the synod of Glenelg and the presbytery of Lochcarron, have addressed a circular to the Highland railway shareholders regarding the Sabbath desecration at Stromeferry.

THE Rev. Jas. White was recently installed minister of Stonebridge, Monaghan, in succession to his father, who presided over the congregation for fifty-four years. The church was founded nearly 200 years ago by Patrick Dunlop, from Kirkcowan, Scotland.

MR. JUSTICE WILLS, recently appointed to the Queen's Bench in England, is a well known mountaineer, and possesses in Switzerland the reputation, owned by few, even of the best climbers, of being able to ascend any mountain without the assistance of a guide.

THE Société de Luc is to be established by artists and amateurs in Paris next fall, to protect buyers, free of cost, from spurious pictures. The expert bureau will give information and certificates of the value and authenticity of the paintings of French contemporary painters.

A FAREWELL meeting with Rev. J. Grierson Scott was held recently in the hall of Kenfield-street Church, Glasgow. His congregation presented him with \$2,400 as a parting testimonial, and the amount is to be made up to \$3,500. Mr. Scott is going to South Africa for the benefit of his health.

IN addition to various bequests to local charities in Belfast, the late Rev. John Macnaughtan has left \$500 to the Buchanan fund of the Free High Church, Paisley; \$500 each to the African and Indian missions of the Free Church of Scotland, and \$750 to the China missions of the English Presbyterian Church.

THE clergymen of the Established Church in England are using every device to increase their congregations, reduced to a minimum during the summer. Among other means they have latterly been in the habit of employing is that of displaying conspicuous posters, giving the subjects of their sermons, said subjects being usually of a sensational nature.

AN elder in Cumbernauld congregation having passed the cup and refused to dispense the wine at the communion, a reference was made to the presbytery by the session asking whether such conduct was "constititional or regular." The presbytery held it to be "irregular," and instructed the session to make such arrangements as will prevent a repetition of it.

EDINBURGH Free Presbytery has petitioned parliament in favour of the restoration of the clause in the police bill dealing with the opening of shops on Sundays. Mr. Macphail, of Piling, said their action should be directed to influencing the people to send to the House of Commons men who feared God and had regard for the true social welfare of the community.