

wrapped warmly, her pale face looking very bright and sweet in the soft little hat, laid herself back in Allison's arms with a sigh of content.

"Yes, I'm going to heed what Robin says, and no' fall into raptures and weary myself. I'm just going to be quiet and see it all, and then I will have it all to think about afterward."

The snow was trodden down in the street through which they had passed first, to see the snow castles which the boys had made, and the castle itself was a disappointment. It was "past its best," Allison said. It was battered and bulging, and the walls had lost their whiteness; and the snow about it was trampled and soiled, and little pools of dirty water had collected at its base. But even "at its best," it must have fallen far short of the beauty of the castle which the child's imagination had built, as she lay in the dark, wishing so eagerly to be like the rest.

But the rush of the full burn did not disappoint her, nor the long level fields, nor the hills beyond. The only blink of sunshine which came that day rested on them as they crossed the foot-bridge and came into the broken path which led to the farm of Wind Hill. A hedge bordered the near fields, and trees rose up bare and black on the hillside; and all the rest of the land, as far as they could see, lay in unsullied whiteness.

"A clean, clean world!" said Marjorie. "It looks like a strange country. It's bonny; but I think I like the green grass best, and the gowan."

"Weel, ye may take a good look o' it this day, for it winna lie long clean and white like this," said Allison as a soft warm wind met them as they turned. They went up and down where the snow lay lightest, and then crossed the burn at the end of the green.

"Are you sure ye're nae cauld?" said Allison.

"That I am not. And, Allie, I havena given a cough since I came out."

"But we'll need to gae hame now. If we dinna make your mother anxious this time, she will be readier to let us take another turn some fine day."

Marjorie's face fell for an instant.

"No, Allie, I'm no' going to be fractious. But we might just look in and ask for Mrs. Beaton, as we are so near. And Robin says John is coming home, and we might ask about it."

But Allison shook her head.

"We got no leave to go and see anybody. And if we take the street we'll hae twa or three idle folk glowerin' an' speerin' this and that at us. I like the bonny quiet lane best."

Marjorie's shrill laugh rang out at that.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

HEART MUSIC.

BY BEDE.

There's no music like heart music
In this strange world of ours,
For its melody quivers through
Life's dullest, saddest hours,
Till our tear bedimmed eyes are raised to see,
The rainbow in the showers.

And in sunniest, mirthful days,
When all is bright and fair,
It awakeneth subtle chords
So wondrous rich and rare,
That we revel in joy and straight forget
That life hath aught of care.

'Mid the dearth of the poor man's cot,
It bubbeth merrily;
'Mid the splendours of kingly courts,
It soundeth cheerily;
For no chain that's forged on earth can bind
The spirit truly free.

There's no music like heart music,
Sweet prelude 'tis below
Of the joyous songs that well from hearts
That Zion's pleasures know,—
Through eternity's years those golden strains
In ceaseless grandeur flow.

THE STORY OF AN EXILE.

The following from the November *Century* is one of the most touching stories that Mr. Kennan has yet told of the fate of Siberian exiles: "To me, perhaps, the most attractive and sympathetic of the Tomsk exiles was the Russian author, Felix Volkhofskei, who was banished to Siberia for life in 1878, upon the charge of 'belonging to a society that intends, at a more or less remote time in the future, to overthrow the existing form of government.' He was about thirty-eight years of age at the time I made his acquaintance, and was a man of cultivated mind, warm heart and high aspirations. He knew English well, was familiar with American history and literature, and had, I believe, translated into Russian many of the poems of Longfellow. He spoke to me with great admiration, I remember, of Longfellow's 'Arsenal at Springfield,' and recited it to me aloud. He was one of the most winning and lovable men that I have ever been my good fortune to know; but his life had been a terrible tragedy. His health had been shattered by long imprisonment in the fortress of Petropavlovsk; his hair was prematurely white; and when his face was in repose there seemed to be an expression of profound melancholy in his dark brown eyes. I became intimately acquainted with him and very warmly attached to him; and when I bade him good-bye for the last time on my return from Eastern Siberia in 1886, he put his arms around me and kissed me, and said, 'George Ivanovitch, please don't forget us! In bidding you good-bye, I feel as if

something were going out of my life that would never again come into it."

"Since my return to America I have heard from Mr. Volkhofskei only once. He wrote me last winter a profoundly sad and touching letter, in which he informed me of the death of his wife by suicide. He himself had been thrown out of employment by the suppression of the liberal Tomsk newspaper, the *Siberian Gazette*; and his wife, whom I remember as a pale, delicate, sad-faced woman, twenty-five or thirty years of age, had tried to help him support their family of young children by giving private lessons and by taking in sewing. Anxiety and overwork had finally broken down her health; she had become an invalid, and, in a morbid state of mind, brought on by unhappiness and disease, she reasoned herself into the belief that she was an incumbrance, rather than a help, to her husband and her children, and that they would ultimately be better off if she were dead. A little more than a year ago she put an end to her unhappy life by shooting herself through the head with a pistol. Her husband was devotedly attached to her; and her death, under such circumstances and in such a way, was a terrible blow to him. In his letter to me he referred to a copy of James Russell Lowell's poems, that I had caused to be sent to him, and said that in reading 'After the Burial' he vividly realized for the first time that grief is of no nationality; the lines, although written by a bereaved American, expressed the deepest thoughts and feelings of a bereaved Russian. He sent me with his letter a small, worn, leather match-box, which had been given by Prince Pierre Krapotkin to his exiled brother, Alexander; which the latter had left to Volkhofskei; and which Volkhofskei had in turn presented to his wife a short time before her death. He hoped, he said, that it would have some value to me, on account of its association with the lives of four political offenders, all of whom I had known. One of them was a refugee in London, another was an exile in Tomsk, and two had escaped the jurisdiction of the Russian Government by taking their own lives.

"I tried to read Volkhofskei's letter aloud to my wife; but as I recalled the high character and lovable personality of the writer and imagined what this last blow of fate must have been to such a man—in exile, in broken health, and with a family of helpless children dependent upon him,—the written lines vanished in a mist of tears, and, with a choking in my throat, I put the letter and the little match-box away.

"The Tsar may whiten the hair of such men as Felix Volkhofskei in the silent bomb-proof casements of the fortress, and he may send them in gray convict overcoats to Siberia; but a time will come, in the providence of God, when their names will stand higher than his on the roll of history, and when the record of their lives and sufferings will be a source of heroic inspiration to all Russians who love liberty and their country."

WHERE WAS "THE PLACE CALLED CALVARY"?

From an illustrated article under the above title by Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson, in the November *Century*, we quote the following: "The only representative site for Calvary now offered pilgrims in Jerusalem is found in a couple of rooms inside the old edifice; one is owned and exhibited by the Greeks, another by the Latins. These share the same disability; both—since the Church is already so full of traditions on the ground floor—had to go up a flight of stairs into free space nearer the roof. And there it is, amidst tawdry curtains and gilt bed-zenments of candles and altar-shrines, that this ancient spot upon which the cross of Jesus Christ rested is pointed out, and the veritable hole is shown in which it was planted. And the thieves' crosses—two decorous but rather inadequate distance of five feet between them on the right and left of the middle one—are ranged alongside. And down underneath, far below across some intervening space left by grading away the actual soil of the hill, so we are sagely told, is the grave of Adam! Tradition has related that at the crucifixion of Jesus some drops of blood fell through upon Adam's skull and raised him suddenly to life; and there are commentators who declare that so the prophecy quoted by the Apostle Paul (Ephesians v. 14) was well fulfilled: 'Awake, thou Adam that sleepest [for thus the former versions read in the text], and arise from the dead, for Christ shall touch thee.' The art-people say that this is the origin of the fact that in those early rude representations of the death of our Lord a skull is introduced.

"Can any man of sensibility be blamed if he makes an imperious demand that something more—something else at least—shall greet him in answer to his question, Where was our Lord crucified? If there should be no other advantage gained by the acceptance of a new site as now proposed, this would be enough; it would put an end to the awkward and offensive impostures daily exhibited under the roof of that filthy old church. They are a standing mockery of the claims of the Christianity they profess to uphold. Those ceremonies of Easter at the tomb where our Lord is declared to have been buried are a caricature of an event so glad and holy. The struggle around the flames that are chemically forced out of the smoky hole in the sepulchre, so that devotees in frantic zeal may light their lamps, brings death from the trampling of thousands, fills the house with howls that put heathenism to shame, and sends true believers away with an infinite disgust and horror deep in their hearts. How long must such a scandal be patiently endured?"

Dr. RITCHIE, of Duns, Mr. Hogarth, of Stranraer, and Principal Morrison are the only three remaining in service in Scotland of those who began their studies in the Secession Hall in 1834.

Dr. McLEAN, of Tarbert, a distinguished graduate of Glasgow University and one of her best Hebrew scholars, has accepted the vacant charge of St. Columba Church, Glasgow—to the great satisfaction, it is said, both of the congregation and the Highlanders of that city.

British and Foreign.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND has begun religious meetings with the Edinburgh students.

THE Rev. Hugh Russ of Perth, has accepted the call to St. Stephen's Free Church, Glasgow.

EIGHT of the leading towns in the north of England have elected mayors who are dissenters.

FORTY EIGHT years have elapsed since the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society was instituted.

THE Rev. Andrew Robertson, of Annbank, has been elected minister of Cadzow parish, Hamilton.

PROFESSORS SMITH and Smeaton, of the New College, Edinburgh, complete this year the jubilee of their ministry.

BISHOP BARRY, of Sydney, hopes before long to see a Church Abstinence Society in every parish in his diocese.

SIGNOR SILVA, in the place of Gavazzi, has been in Glasgow lately advocating the cause of the Free Italian Church.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON, in the introductory lecture at Aberdeen Free Church College, spoke on "The Unity of the Church."

THE Society of Friends proposes to establish exhibitions at the English universities in connection with one of its public schools.

QUEEN VICTORIA has sent her thanks through the Colonial Minister to the Christian natives of Eromanga for a present of arrowroot.

MR. MELVILLE, a minister from Nova Scotia, addressed Glasgow Presbytery at its last meeting, on "The work in that Province of Canada."

MR. WILLIAM SUTTON, the new sheriff of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a Presbyterian elder and a native of Dumfriesshire. He is the first Scotsman elected to the sheriff's chair.

THE work done at the once famous Crown Court Church, London, is essentially of a mission character. The St. Columba congregation give it a most thoughtful support.

MR. MURDO MACKENZIE was ordained by Inverness Free Church Presbytery lately; he goes to China as a missionary in connection with the Presbyterian Church of England.

THE first American edition of Burns' poems was published by Messrs. Stewart and Hyde, of Philadelphia, in 1788, only two years after the appearance of the Kilmarnock edition.

THE Mildmay Flower Mission distributed during the past season 35,000 bunches in ten hospitals and infirmaries; with every bunch there went a written text of Scripture and a kind word.

DR ISLAY BURNS' book, "The Three First Centuries of Christianity," is being studied by the Young Men and Women's Guild at St. James', Dulwich. There is no manual of Church history to match it.

AT the Mildmay night school for men this winter the average attendance is 500. It has been carried on for eighteen years, and the prominence given to Bible teaching forms one of its great attractions.

MR. WILLIAM ROSSIE BROWN, of Roxburn, has by a large majority been elected minister of the Church at Saltcoats, vacant by the death of Mr. M'Nab. The minority in the final vote fell in with the majority.

THE deacons' court of Pollokshields Church have decided that, in consequence of the large number who voted against the introduction of an instrument for leading the praise, no further steps should be taken in connection with the matter.

THE Rev. Donald Macleod, in a recent sermon, said the success of the Glasgow Exhibition formed an earnest appeal for the provision of some continuous and inexpensive form of instruction and amusement for the toiling masses of Glasgow.

THE Scottish Text Society has arranged for the publication of the second volume of Winzet's works, edited by Rev. Mr. Hewison, of Rothesay, and of the "Gude and Godlie Ballates," edited by Professor Mitchell, of St. Andrews.

THE Bible Society in Great Britain is not receiving the same support as formerly from the auxiliaries throughout the country, and it is proposed that conferences on Bible work should be held in the central towns of England and Wales.

THE series of evangelistic meetings at Galashiels, conducted by Rev. John McNeill, became increasingly crowded, and at the evening service on the last Sunday of his visit the anxiety to hear him was so intense that an overflow meeting had to be held.

THE Glasgow Home Mission Union, formed five years ago has now a staff of considerably more than a thousand workers belonging to all branches of the Evangelical Church; and during last year was enabled to lead more than 500 to become communicants.

A CENSUS taken on Sabbath, 14th ult., showed that 20,357 young men attended 321 churches in Glasgow. Supposing 15,000 attended the Roman Catholic chapels, this leaves 60,000 young men who are not in any way connected with the Christian congregations.

MR. GORDON J. MURRAY, in a discussion in Aberdeen Presbytery on non-churchgoing, ascribed a great deal of it in his parish to undenominational mission work. Other speakers named seat-rents, intemperance, and a want of sympathy with the respectable classes as the root of the evil.

At the close of the twenty-second session of the Presbyterian Theological Hall at Melbourne, Mr. Marshall, the new pastor of the Scots Church, urged the immediate foundation of a chair for Hebrew and Oriental languages, and another chair to deal with questions of philosophy and science in relation to religion.