

money. Napoleon is reported to have replied that, as the apostolic mission was to "go forth into all the world," and these had lain in one spot for 200 years, he would see that they did now go forth as good coins of the realm. However, as the same impious reply is attributed to Tilly, with reference to twelve similar statues which he plundered from Paderborne, in Westphalia, perhaps Napoleon may have been the benefactor of the doubt, the more so as the priests at Citta Vecchia show twelve silver statues in their cathedral, which are said to have been ransomed for their full weight in silver by a Maltese prelate.—*The National Review*.

AN AUTUMNAL SUNSET.

How beautiful is this evening in the river woods, waiting for the setting of the sun! Reaching a little opening where the grass grows thick and soft, I lean against the friend of years, a short-heart elm, and drink in the beauty all about me. The first heavy frost has struck a death-blow to the year, and all through the interlacing boughs above me the green is touched with crimson and gold. On one side, through a window in the foliage, a field of sunflowers is greenly framed, holding a marvellous richness of yellow and brown in their great wide flowers, while in a fence-corner near at hand a straggling clump of white and purple asters, with tall, feathery sprays of golden-rod, glorify the black and lichened rails. A gigantic grape-vine clammers into a neighbouring tree-top, its ripening fruit mingling with the ripening leaves of a luxuriant ivy. All around, the dark boles of the tree cast long and heavy shadows on the ground. A red squirrel ventures to my side, and the next moment is chattering a hundred feet above me; the birds are chirping tremulously, and a myriad of singing wings fills the dreamy air.

And thus I stand and wait, looking down a wide wooded avenue that leads on to the sunset land. The sky is clearest sapphire, save that the blue is merged in filmy gray where heaven touches earth. Straight before me the sun hangs very low. Now the darkening horizon clefs it in twain, and the half sphere that remains looms large and strange in its phase of rich vermilion, while all the west is bathed in opalescent light. Golden-rod and purple aster, ivy leaf and ripening grape, take on a more brilliant beauty than they have ever known before, and all the greenery of the place is blotched with bronze and gold. The sun has become but a vermilion crescent, and now a curving line, then wholly disappears, and the light on leaf and fruit and flower, this wonderful after-glow, is indeed heavenly in its splendour. It is a magic-woven tissue of purest, softest cadmium, some unknown texture, splendour did beyond comparison, yet tender in its tints as a woman's love; an indescribable grandeur veiled, yet revealed, in quiet beauty.

The upper sky as I see it through the tree-tops is blent with rose and topaz, a fitting dome for one of "God's first temples," and so I wait and worship. And still the world of heaven and the world of earth grow into one in that ineffable splendour. Only a long time after do I know that the shadows have grown very dark about me, that the evening star looks forth through the faint film of colour that remains, that the silence and the sadness have grown wondrously deep, and that the day

Has perished silently,
Of its own glory.

—*Florence L. Snow, in Brooklyn Magazine.*

GARDEN PLEASURES.

It was a pleasure to watch the spare, clean, trim German who comes with choice fruit in summer and baskets of laurels in winter, go from flower to flower, eagerly describing their quality. He has a nice garden of his own off by the Purgatory road, as local tradition names it, and old country favourites flowering in it, but I never saw such an outpouring of interest as he made over the pale yellow Carnations bursting their sheaths. He went down on the sod with uplifted hands, his fine pale face alight with emotion. "Sixty-two years of old am I this last June, but never in my life has I seen one yellow Carnation! What will I tell my wife, and she will not believe it till I show her! Sixty-two years and never has one yellow Carnation!" Happy soul, to have kept the feeling for flowers so bright and warm. Happy souls that learn to dote on flowers and garden things, and so keep up a panacea for a thousand cankered ills. We owe a great debt of gratitude to our gardens. Their innocent, absorbing interests have soothed perpetual plagues of cares, have eased breaking spirits, and kept overwrought brains from turning, and sick hearts from rushing to the poisonous medicines of the world for their fever.—*Vick's Magazine for October.*

AGE AMONG THE CHINESE.

The Chinese do not reckon their age from the day of birth, but from New Year's Day. It is on this account sometimes difficult to find out the true age of young children. Here is a tiny shaven-headed bundle of humanity, scarcely able to stand alone for a moment, and you are gravely assured that he is three years old! If you have left the sacred rules of propriety at home, you venture mildly and politely to cast just a faint shadow of doubt upon the statement; or if you do not discredit the parent's assertion, but are still unacquainted with the mode of reckoning, you probably condole with its parents on the slight degree of progress he has made toward maturity. Should a child arrive in this world at five minutes to twelve or New Year's eve, the fond father will proudly assure you next morning that the new arrival is two years old, and never so much as think that what he says is untrue. Seeing that clocks are very scarce articles, except along the coast, and that even where a clock is found time is a very elastic and variable quantity, one wonders how such matters are determined in certain cases. The Chinese do not conceal their age, nor

do they ever try to represent themselves as younger than they are. There is a much stronger tendency to add to the stated number of their years than to diminish it. On being introduced to a new acquaintance, the first question is, "What is your distinguished surname?" and the second is, "What is your honourable age?" You reply to one as readily as to the other. Age is so much respected that it is considered a distinction to be advanced in years. There are eight or ten different names which correspond to "Mr.," according to the appearance of age, of real age, to which a man has attained, and the same for women. Besides, it is a matter of greater congratulation as years go by that one has been spared to add another year to his term of life. The length of the reign of the Emperor, the term of official service, the engagements of servants, the period of residence in a locality all are dated from the New Year *Brooklyn Magazine*.

MOTHER'S WAY.

Oft within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight slightly touches
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer:
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it holds a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong—
Then we gain anew fresh courage,
And we rise to proudly say
Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way.

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of our day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

There are people who claim to read men's characters from their writing. As the writing of every nation is distinguished by certain strong national peculiarities, it is easy for an expert to decide to what nation a writer belongs. Having settled that, certain large characteristics which are common to all men, but in different degrees, can be seen in every handwriting. A certain number of men are calm, even-lived, sensible and practical. Men of that class are almost certain to write plain, round hands in which every letter is distinctly legible; neither very much slanted forward, nor tilted backward; no letter very much bigger than its neighbour, nor with heads much above or tails much below the letters not so distinguished; the letters all having about the same general uprightness, and the lines true to the edges of the paper, neither tending upward nor downward. Exact, business-like people will have an exact handwriting. Fantastic minds reveal in quirks and streamers, particularly for the capital letters, and this quality is not infrequent in certain business hands, as if the writers found a relief from the prosaic nature of their work in giving flourishes to certain letters. Firm, decided, downright men are apt to bear on the pen while writing, and to make their strokes hard and thick. On the contrary, people who are not sure of themselves, and are lacking in self-control, press unevenly, and with anxious-looking, scratchy hands. Ambitious people are apt to be overworked; they are always in haste and either forget to cross their t's, or dot their i's. They are also apt to run the last few letters of every word into an illegible scrawl. Flurried, troubled and conscience-tormented persons have a crabbed and uneven handwriting.—*From "Wonders of the Alphabet," by Henry Eckford, in St. Nicholas for October.*

In Ireland the Methodist Church, the Presbyterian Church and the Sabbath School Society have fixed on Sunday, October 17, and Monday, October 18, for intercession on behalf of Sabbath schools.

THE Rev. James, Nish, D.D., who has had the honour of presiding over the first Federal Assembly in Australia, a body representing five of the colonial churches, is a native of Newton Stewart, and spent some of his early years in the town of Kirkcubright.

THE tithe war in Wales is being strenuously continued. At Llanrhadr out of 300 farmers 250 have resolved to pay no tithes unless a reduction of twenty-five per cent. is made. The *Times* remarks that a peaceful issue seems more and more unlikely, and that the case presents an insoluble problem.

THE Rev. Dr. Fleming Stevenson's funeral was very large and attended by a representatives of all denominations. His loss is acutely felt in all branches of the Church, his beautiful catholicity of spirit having made him universally beloved. Wreaths were sent by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, whose children also sent a cross of flowers.

British and Foreign.

THERE are about 300,000 school teachers in the United States.

THE Empress of Japan has determined to wear European dress on certain ceremonial occasions.

As a result of the work carried on by the League of the Cross, several public-houses have been closed in Cork.

THE Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd has a new volume in the press, entitled "Our Homely Comedy and Tragedy."

THE monument at Inverary to the victims of the persecution in the Covenanting times has been allowed to fall into ruin.

AN organ costing \$3,500 has been erected in Greenhead Church, Glasgow, and a clock placed in the tower by the town council.

THE Rev. John Hunter, of Hull, has received a unanimous call to Trinity Church, Glasgow, vacant by the death of Dr. William Pulsford.

MR. JOHN SMALL, blacksmith, who perished in the Lochsne quarries recently, was an elder in the parish Church, of Dalry, Ayrshire.

A VOLUME appears in November that will be sure to receive a warm welcome; it consists of choice selections from the writings of Norman Macleod.

THE Hon. Ion G. N. Keith-Falconer, M.A., second son of the late Earl of Kintore, succeeds Dr. Robertson Smith in the chair of Arabic at Cambridge.

MR. T. M. RUSSELL will introduce a bill next session to close public houses earlier on Saturday evening in the Irish towns whose population exceeds 10,000.

THE Rev. Dr. James MacGregor, who preached at Crathie lately, had the honour, with Lord Hartington and Viscount Cross, of dining with the Queen.

THE Rev. Robert Turnbull, at the anniversary soiree of Barrowfield Church, Glasgow, stated that during the three years of his ministry 600 members have been added to the roll.

THE King of Uganda has murdered all the converts of the British and French missionaries. The missionaries themselves are in imminent danger, and have sent to Zanzibar for assistance.

MR. WOOLNER, B.A., has offered to place in the Observatory at Dumfries a copy of his own bust of Carlyle, executed for Lady Ashburton in 1865, and the directors have agreed to accept the gift.

THE Rev. James Currie, LL.D., rector of the Normal Training College, in Edinburgh, died lately, after a lingering illness, in his fifty-ninth year. He was the author of several educational works.

THE Ayrshire Victoria Institution is to be the name of a building about to be erected in connection with the Deaf and Dumb Mission in that county. Sir Peter Coats has given \$500 to the building fund.

DEAN PLUMPTRE'S new translation of "Dante," with biographical introduction and critical and historical notes, will be published shortly. The first volume is ready for issue, and the second in the press.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR recently spoke out strongly against ceremonialism, and implored his hearers not to put the Church in the place of Christ, nor to confess their sins to a person calling himself a priest.

THE Rev. Wm. F. Martin, of Strathaven, a member of a well known missionary family, whose father is at present labouring in Jamaica, is about to leave for India, to carry on the work there of his two uncles, who gave their lives for the cause.

AT a meeting of the committee of Aberdeen Presbytery a lengthened discussion took place on a draft scheme for uniting the United Presbyterian and Free Church congregations at Lumsden. The praiseworthy project seems to be making favourable progress.

THE Rev. Dr. Chrystal, of Auchinleck, ex-Moderator of Assembly, entertained the children of his Sabbath school at the manse last week. It is now fifty-three years since the doctor was ordained pastor of the parish, and he visits his parishioners regularly every year, and preaches every Sabbath, the same as he did when he first entered on his ministry.

AT the Valuation Appeal Court at Inverness Mr. Dewar, of Kingussie, appealed against the valuation of \$250 placed on his manse, a gift of Mr. Mackenzie, of New York; but the county clerk said it was one of the most beautiful residences in the Highlands, attracting the attention and admiration of all who visited the district. The valuation was ultimately reduced to \$200.

THE manuscripts of Calvin's letters and homilies in the University Library at Geneva are beautifully written and well bound. The letters have been carefully copied by Professors Reuss, Baum and Cunitz, and fill ten volumes of their standard edition of Calvin's works, which has now reached thirty volumes. Dr. Reuss states that the homilies and commentaries will require twenty additional volumes.

THE annual elders' conference of the Melrose U. P. Presbytery unanimously resolved to give effect to the interim act of last Synod by appointing a committee of their number to arrange for every session within their bounds being represented at Presbytery meetings by one of their own number, or by a substitute; and further to memorialize the Presbytery to alter their hour of meeting from the forenoon to one more convenient for laymen.

THE Rev. Henry Montgomery, of Belfast, in a letter to Major Whittle, says: The devil is holding the most heart-breaking of carnivals, and all that men of God can do is to hold down their heads in sorrow and in shame. However, the Lord reigns, and he will bring light out of the darkness yet. We will have glorious times in Belfast before long. As sure as the sun shines we will have hundreds of souls saved in Belfast before some imagine.