

knowing whither he went. He reached the foot of the tower, wished for a horse, and, mounting, rode swiftly to Zola's home. The minister was just asking Eucisis if he would have Zola "to be his wedded wife," when in rushed Carlo. In his hand he held the ring. Eucisis fell dead, and Carlo clasped the unconscious Zola to his heart. He answered, "I will," in a clear voice, and the ceremony proceeded.

Sir Walter Scott and His Family.

A full account of this picture is given by Sir Walter Scott, in a letter which he wrote to the publisher of the engraving. He writes as follows: "This picture has something in it of a domestic character. The idea which our inimitable Wilkie adopted was to represent our family group in the garb of south-country peasants, supposed to be concerting a merry-making, for which some of the preparations are seen. The place is the terrace near Hayside, commanding an extensive view towards the Cildon Hills. 1. The sitting figure, in the dress of a miller, I believe, represents Sir Walter Scott, author of a few score of volumes, and proprietor of Abbotsford, in the county of Roxburghe. 2. In front, and presenting, we may suppose, a country wag, somewhat addicted to poaching, stands Sir Adam Ferguson, Knight, Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland. 3. In the background is a very handsome old man, upwards of eighty-four years old at the time, painted in his own character of shepherd. He also belonged to the numerous clan of Scott. He used to claim credit for three things unusual among the Southland shepherds: first, that he had never been 'fou' in the course of his life; secondly, he never had struck a man in anger; thirdly, that, though entrusted by his master with the management of large sales of stock, he had never lost a penny for his master by a bad debt. He died soon afterwards at Abbotsford. 4, 5, 6. Of the three female figures, the elder is the late regretted mother of the family represented. 5. The young person most forward in the group is Miss Sophia Charlotte Scott, now Mrs. John Gibson Lockhart; and, 6, her younger sister, Miss Ann Scott. Both are represented as ewe-milkers, with their leylins, or milk-pails. 7. On the left hand of the shepherd, the young man holding a fowling-piece is the eldest son of Sir Walter, now Captain of the King's Hussars. 8. The boy is the youngest of the family, Charles Scott, now of Brazen Nose College, Oxford. The two dogs were distinguished favorites of the family: the large one was a stag-hound of the old Highland breed, called Maida, and one of the handsomest dogs that could be found; it was a present from the Chief of Glengary to Sir Walter, and was highly valued, both on account of his beauty, his fidelity, and the great rarity of the breed. The other is a little Highland terrier, called Cruishe (goblin), of a particular kind, bred in Kintail. It was a present from the Honorable Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, and is a valuable specimen of a race which is now also scarce."

The King Didn't Know.

King Frederick VI. of Denmark, while traveling through Jutland, one day entered a village school, and found the children lively and intelligent and quite ready to answer his questions. "Well, youngsters," he said, "what are the names of the greatest kings of Denmark?" With one accord they cried out, "Canute the Great, Waldemar, and Christian IV." Just then a little girl, to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something, stood up and raised her hand. "Do you know another?" asked the King. "Yes; Frederick VI." "What great act did he perform?" The girl hung her head and stammered out, "I don't know." "Be comforted, my child," said the King; "I don't know either."

THE QUIET HOUR.

Repentance and Faith.

There was a ship, one eve autumnal, onward
Steered o'er an ocean lake;
Steered by some strong hand ever as if sunward:
Behind, an angry wake;
Before, there stretched a sea that grew intenser,
With silver-fire far spread,
Up to a hill mist-gloried, like a censer,
With smoke encompassed;
It seemed as if two seas met brink to brink,
A silver flood beyond a lake of ink.

There was a soul, that eve autumnal, sailing
Beyond the earth's dark bars,
Toward the land of sunsets never paling,
Toward Heaven's sea of stars:
Behind, there was a wake of billows tossing;
Before, a glory lay.
O happy soul! with all sail set, just crossing
Into the Far-away;
The gloom and gleam, the calmness and the strife,
Were Death before thee, and behind thee Life.

And as that ship went up the waters stately,
Upon her topmasts tall
I saw two sails, whereof the one was greatly
Dark, as a funeral pall.
But oh! the next's pure whiteness who shall utter?
Like a shell-snowy strand,
Or when a sunbeam falleth through the shutter
On a dead baby's hand;
But both alike across the surging sea
Helped to the haven where the bark would be.

And as that soul went onward, sweetly speeding
Unto its home and light,
Repentance made it sorrowful exceeding,
Faith made it wondrous bright.

ance of effort mars any performance. All truly great things are done easily and unconsciously. The principle is just as true in its application to Christian life. When one is conscious of his spiritual graces, the beauty of these graces is marred. When a man knows that he is humble, his humility vanishes. When one has to make effort to be generous, patient, or unselfish, he has yet much to learn about these elements. The highest reach in Christian character brings the disciple back to the simplicity of a little child, when he is utterly unconscious of the splendor of his character in Heaven's sight.

This is the culmination; but it takes many years, oftentimes, to attain to such completeness. Take piano-playing. You listen, entranced, to the skilful performer. His fingers fly over the keys, and you are utterly amazed at the skill he exhibits. Yet it seems no effort to him; he does it all as easily as the bird sings its morning song. This is the ultimate of his art; but it was not always so. Back of what you now see and hear, lie long, patient years of weary, toilsome learning, when he had to pick out each separate note on the keyboard, then pass to the next and search for that.

So, you see, a Christian who is very patient is not easily provoked. When he is insulted, his face grows a little pale, but there is no outburst; no anger clouds his brow; no passionate word escapes his lips: he speaks gently, or is silent. He displays the graces of the spirit in unusual measure. He manifests Christ's hidden life wherever he goes. His life is one of great usefulness, as, with beautiful unselfishness, he ministers to the good of others. It appears easy and natural for him to be just such a Christian, and he seems unconscious of any pre-eminent attainments.

Looking at such characters and lives, many feel discouraged. They say, "I can never be such a Christian"; or perhaps they take another view of it, and say: "It costs these men or women nothing to be good Christians: it is easy and natural to them. They have to make no effort to be unselfish or good-tempered. If they had my quick, fiery nature, they could not be so." Many people seem proud of a quick temper, and rather despise a man who is "not easily provoked."

No doubt there is something in temperament; but there is far less than many of us claim. It is very convenient to have such a scapegoat on which to pile the responsibility for bad temper and bad living; but the difference usually is in the culture of the life. It is just as in the case of the pianist. You see the matured character, the disciplined spirit, the trained life, and you marvel at the ease, the perfectness, the unconsciousness, with which these beautiful things are done; but you know nothing of the years that lie back of these results, in which there were exertions, efforts, struggles, and failures, amid which, a thousand times, hearts grew faint, and spirits sank almost in despair.

The tendency of all faithful and true living is toward the confirmation and solidifying of character. He that continually struggles to be unselfish, will have many a conflict and many a defeat; but at length he will learn to exercise an unselfish spirit without any exertion. The wheels have run so long and so often in the one track, that they have cut deep grooves for themselves, into which they fall as if by nature. This shows that, instead of piecemeal obedience, holy principles have become wrought into the very fiber of the soul. There may be less feeling, less emotion, but the character has taken on the stamp of holiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Truth is infinite, and we cannot clasp it in our finite arms: yet we may live in its light, and learn more and more of the grand meaning, if we but sincerely, honestly, and patiently tread the straight road of intellectual virtue.

Of all the evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is by far the most dangerous.



SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS FAMILY.

Repentance, dark with shadowy recollections
And longings unfulfilled,
Faith, white and pure with sunniest reflections
Full from the Face of Christ:
But both across the sun-besilvered tide
Helped to the haven where the heart would ride.
—Rev. W. Alexander, D. D.

"Habits in Religious Life."

Some conscientious people are anxious because their religious life has become such a matter of habit that they are not conscious of any voluntary efforts to live right. They feel that their services cannot be pleasing to God when rendered without any conscious desire to honor Him. They are oppressed with the fear that their comfortable religion is really only formality. They pray at certain hours, and go to church at certain times, and go through regular routines of duties, and they seem to do good by routine rather than from the heart. The methodicalness of their piety frightens them when they then think seriously about it: it seems to them that in all their acts of devotion and service there should be a spontaneous feeling, ever fresh and sweet.

A little reflection will show us that such anxiety is groundless. All true greatness is unconscious of itself. It is so of beauty. The sweetest feature in childhood is its unconsciousness of self. The highest skill in any art is that which is not conscious of skill. Poets do their best work when they are conscious of no effort. Artists reach their highest achievements when they are conscious of making no great exertion. The appear-