

The house rang with cheers, and the doctor was prouder than before; for this was his little son Fred, the bearer of the banner with the long inscription, Miss Gilbert's darling brother, and the brightest ornament of the Crampton Light Infantry.

Miss Gilbert clapped her hands three times and her system dissolved—returned to its original elements—and stepping forward to her father she announced that her exhibition was closed.

Rev. Dr. Bloomer was then informed that there was an opportunity for remarks. He rose, and addressed the assembly with much apparent emotion. "We have seen strange things to-day," said R. v. Dr. Bloomer. "We have seen a millennial banner waving in Crampton, and a millennial exhibition within the walls of the Crampton church. There shall be no more hence—you will observe that I say hence, not thence—an infant of days, for the child of Crampton shall die an hundred years old."

Mr. Bloomer said he did not feel authorized to speak for others, but he felt that he had learned much from the exhibition. He felt that he should go away from it a wiser man, with new apprehensions of the powers of the human soul, and the preciousness of time. The hour was coming, he doubted not, in the progress of the race, when knowledge would be so simplified, and the modes of imparting it would become so well adapted to the young mind, that the child of five would begin his process of education where the fathers left off theirs. These little ones had already taught him many things, and God would perfect His own praise out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

Then turning to Miss Gilbert, he thanked her for herself, and assumed to thank her on behalf of the audience, for the great gratification she had given him and them, and for the example of usefulness and industry she had set those of her own sex and age in the community. "Young woman," said Rev. Dr. Bloomer, with an emphasis that brought the tears to Miss Gilbert's eyes, "you have a career before you. May God bless you in it!"

Then Rev. Jonas Sliter rose to make only "a few little remarks," as he modestly characterized them. He had been particularly struck with the other banner; and while his Brother Bloomer was disposed to take the millennial view of the subject, he was inclined to take the military. These children were undertaking the battle of life early. They had enlisted under a captain who had already led them to a victory prouder than any ever achieved by a Caesar or a Napoleon—an American Joan of Arc, whose career of usefulness, if she should keep her sword bright, and her escutcheon untarnished, would far surpass in glory that of the world-renowned heroine whose name he had mentioned. Heaven forbid that he should flatter any one. He despised a flatterer; but he felt that he was honouring Caesar and Napoleon and Joan of Arc in their graves by mentioning their names in connection with such achievements as he had witnessed on that occasion.

It is true that Rev. Jonas Sliter mixed things, in his more ambitious rhetorical flourishes, on all occasions; but the language sounded well, and being accompanied with appropriately magnificent action, it was accustomed to bring down the house. It did not fail before the Crampton audience; but the rounding of his period left him vacant. Standing, back, as if to wait for the subsidence of the applause, his mind retired behind his glasses, and thrust out its antennae in every direction to feel for his theme, but he could not find it.

In his desperation he turned, at last, to the children, and said in his blandest tones: "Little children, can you tell me who Caesar and Napoleon and Joan of Arc were?"

"Caesar is the name of my dog," responded the little golden-haired comet.

"Napoleon is the name of my dog," cried Mars.

There was an awful pause—a suppressed titter—when precious little Venus, in a shrill voice with an exceedingly knowing look on her face, said that "Joan of Arc was the name of the dog that Noah saved from the flood!"

What wonder that Crampton roared with laughter? What wonder that Rev. Dr. Bloomer shook with powerful convulsions? What wonder that Mrs. Bloomer and Mrs. Wilton nudged each other? What wonder that Dr. Gilbert and Miss Fanny Gilbert bit their lips with mingled vexation and mirth? What wonder that Rev. Jonas Sliter grew red in the face?

But Rev. Jonas Sliter was up. The sole question with him was how to sit down. What should he say? He waited until the laughter had subsided, and then he told the children they had not got to that yet, but their excellent teacher would doubtless tell them all about it the next term.

"The next term!" The speaker had found a theme; for he deemed it his duty to "improve" all occasions of public speech for giving religious instruction. From the next term of school, he easily went over to the next term of existence, and told the Crampton Light Infantry that, in order to make that a happy term, they must all become Soldiers of the Cross, and fight valiantly the battles of the church militant. The Rev. Jonas Sliter generously declared that he would occupy the time no longer, but would "make way for others."

Rev. J. Desilver Newman rose and came forward. He was very red in the face and very shaky in the knees. He regretted that he was left without a banner, there having been but two in the procession, and those having been appropriated by the gentlemen who had preceded him. He took it as a hint that he should say but little, and he should say but little. The children were tired, and were eager for their refreshments. He would not detain them. He owed it to himself, however, to say that no man could be more sensible of the splendour of the achievements of these children, and of their accomplished intractness. Though he had no children himself, he was interested in the rising generation, and was a convert to infant schools. He should have one organized immediately in Littleton on his arrival home. He would further gratify his sense of justice by saying that he fully agreed with the gentleman who had preceded him, in the opinion that the young lady who had shown such remarkable ability in training and instructing those children had the power of achieving a great career.

Mr. Newman sat down, having said a great deal more

than he expected to when he rose. Half-a-dozen children had fallen asleep upon the benches. Two or three had begun to cry. The remainder were tired and in confusion. Rev. Mr. Wilton, a quiet, sensible man, had intended to say something, but seeing the condition of things, came forward and pronounced a benediction upon the audience, and the exhibition was at a close.

Of the gorging of fruits and sweetmeats that followed in the grove back of Dr. Gilbert's house, nothing needs to be said. As evening came on, the throng separated, and the little ones went cross and very weary to their homes.

The ministers and their wives, the minister without a wife, and the doctor and his daughter, took tea quietly at the parsonage after all was over, and one by one, the clerical waggons, still very badly balanced, were driven out of the village.

Miss Gilbert had commenced her career.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD HOME.

"Return, return," the voices cried,
"To your old valley, far away;
For softly on the river tide
The tender lights and shadows play:
And all the banks are gay with flowers,
And all the hills are sweet with thyme;
We cannot find such bloom as ours
In yon bright foreign clime."

For me, I thought, the olives grow,
The sun lies warm upon the vines;
And yet I will arise and go
To that dear valley dim with pines!
Old loves are dwelling there, I said,
Untouched by years of change and pain;
Old faiths, that I had counted dead,
Shall rise, and live again.

And still "Return, return," they sung,
"With us abides eternal calm;
In these old fields, where you were young,
We cull the heart's-ease at the balm:
For us the flocks and herds increase,
And children play around our feet;
At eve the sun goes down in peace—
Return, for rest is sweet."

Then I arose, and crossed the sea,
And sought that home of younger days;
No love of old was left to me
(For love has wings and seldom stays);
But there were graves upon the hill,
And sunbeams shining on the sod,
And low winds breathing, "Peace be still;
Lost things are found in God."

—Good Words.

CHOLERA MAKERS.

As we are hearing a great deal just now about the survival in Sicily of this folk superstition which other countries have thrown off with their swaddling-clothes, the following quotation from a recent article on the subject in an Italian paper, showing by whose means it is that that survival has been maintained, is one of the most significant of "Curiosities of Superstition in Italy." It would appear, then, that on the former visitation of cholera, in October, 1837, the revolutionary party did not hesitate to make use of it to further their alleged task of "enlightening" the people. From one end of the island to the other, manifestoes based on this fable incited the people to insurrection (temporarily successful). The following paragraph from one of them will serve as a fair sample of their teaching: "Sicilians rise up (insorgete) for your lives are in danger! • • • Ferdinand II., opining that he is about to lose his hold of that most precious jewel of Europe, Sicily, seeing that 2,000,000 of citizens have sworn to restore to power and riches this depressed and unhappy land, has determined in his ferocious rage to render the land desolate. He first despatched (*spedi*) the cholera to Palermo, then to Syracuse, and shortly he will order his millions (*igherri*) to extend it (*estenderlo*) to every other part of the island. Courage, then; and take up arms against this infamous tyrant. For if you neglect this opportunity (*re neghittosi rimanete*) you and all your families will perish."—*Notes and Queries*.

PIUS IX. IN 1863.

The Pope was sitting in an armchair, dressed in white, with red slippers, and sat all the while that the faithful were worshipping him. When we entered, bowing most respectfully, he rose up like a gentleman, as he obviously is, came forward a little to receive us, and asked a few commonplace questions. He spoke in French, though he understands English quite well. He asked if we were all Scotch. Mme. de Launay said she was Swiss, and a Catholic; I said we three were Scotch. He then came forward to me and said: "I understand you are a member of Parliament." I said I had that honour, on which he asked if I was a member of the Parliament of Scotland or the Parliament of England. Proud to be able to correct an infallible man, I told him that since the union of England and Scotland, there was but one Parliament for the United Kingdom, of which I was a member. • • • I was very well pleased with his Holiness, and believe if he had been born a Scotch laird he would have made a good landlord, or if his lot had fallen among the ministers of the Church of Scotland he would have been a respectable moderator.—*Memoirs of Adam Black*.

PROFESSOR TAYLOR opened the winter series of St Giles' lectures with "An Historical Account of the Union between Church and State: England and Scotland."

British and Foreign.

THE Danish Government have given 1,500 crowns in aid of temperance work.

THE number of public-houses in Berlin is double what it was fifteen years ago.

THE Bishop of Ely has left the bulk of his fortune to the theological college he founded.

DEAN PLUMPTRE's long expected translation of Dante is to make its appearance next year.

THE Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang, of Glasgow, preached in Duncarn Church, Belfast, lately.

THE Rev. A. E. Holart Hampden, Earl of Buckinghamshire, has died at the age of ninety-two.

LONDON chimneys yield annually 50,000 tons of soot, which are sold for manure and fetch about \$205,000.

THE Rev. Buchanan Blake, B.D., late of Bombay, has indicated to Dumbarton Free Church Presbytery his acceptance of the call from Clydebank.

LORD HARTINGTON looks to a thorough reform of local government for a satisfactory solution of the temperance problem by the transfer of the licensing authority to the rate payers.

THE Church Army have started a weekly halfpenny organ, entitled the *Battleaxe*, edited by Rev. F. S. Webster, M.A. Canon Girdlestone and Rev. Evan H. Hopkins are its most notable contributors.

THE Rev. James Philipps Mursell, father of Arthur Mursell, died at Leicester recently in his eighty-fifth year. He succeeded Robert Hall in 1826, and till about fifteen years ago remained a preacher of remarkable power.

EX-PROVOST DICK gave notice in Glasgow South United Presbyterian Presbytery of an overture to the Synod in favour of appointing a committee to consider and report on the subject of union with other Christian denominations.

A NEW departure has been made in India on the part of the Bible Society, which, in conjunction with several missionary societies, is sending out native Bible-women to encourage their countrywomen to read the Scriptures.

THE inmates of the institutions of the New York Charity and Correction Department were provided on Thanksgiving Day with 3,495 pounds of turkey, 12,945 pounds of chicken, fifty barrels of onions, forty of apples and twenty of pork.

THE last of the seven ministers who were disposed in the Presbytery of Strathbogie before the Disruption had passed away by the death of Rev. J. A. Cruickshank, for forty-eight years minister of Mortlach; he had reached his eighty-first year.

THE Rev. John Smith, M.A., of Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh, regards temperance reform as one of the forces set free by the great Governor of the world, and points to the temperance platform as the most catholic platform of our day.

DR. GEORGE SMITH, of Edinburgh, formerly editor of the *Friend of India*, has completed a life of Dr. William Carey. Dr. Smith is the author of the standard biographies of Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay, and Dr. Alexander Duff, of Calcutta.

PROFESSOR DUFF has opened the winter session of the United Presbyterian Theological Hall by reviewing Cardinal Newman's article on "The Development of Religious Error," and by examining at some length the Scriptural argument for papal supremacy.

MR. DAVID HUNTER, General Manager of Government Railways, Natal, formerly a member of Brighton Street Baptist Church, Edinburgh, has been lecturing in the Congregational Church at Durban on "Dr. John Brown, the author of 'Keb and his Friends.'"

THE trappings of the white elephant of King Thebaw are said to be worth \$1,000,000. The regalia is reputed to be the most valuable in the world, especially in rubies and sapphires. Ruby mines exist just north of Mandalay, to which no European has ever been allowed access.

SECOND Ahoghill congregation, Irish Presbyterian, celebrated the jubilee of Rev. Frederick Buick, lately. Congratulatory addresses were presented by the Presbytery and the various congregational societies. Mr. Buick also received a purse of eighty sovereigns and Mrs. Buick a silver tray.

PROFESSOR ADAMS opened the winter session of Edinburgh University Divinity Hall by an address on "Universities and Theological Study," in which he stated that the Scotch halls were undermanned and argued that the doctrinal tests imposed on theological professors should be removed.

DR. STORY, of Rosneath, at a church defence meeting in Glasgow said that a man who stood in the relation of Lord Aberdeen to his Sovereign and the Church, and could yet sit and allow the motion for disestablishment to be put to the meeting recently held at Perth, was "guilty of disloyalty to his Sovereign."

PRINCIPAL BROWN opened the winter session of Aberdeen Free Church College with an address on "The Person of Christ in Relation to the Unity of God." The Principal has been presented with a replica of his bust in recognition of his educational and ministerial services to the city in which he has laboured so long.

THE Rev. Hugh Mair, of Wellpark Free Church, Glasgow, preaching at the induction of Mr. Livingstone to Stevenson Church, warned his hearers not to be too critical, and expressed the opinion that many a young man has been sent to prison and to hell through parents criticising what the minister said before their children.

PROFESSOR DAVIDSON opened the winter session of Edinburgh College with an address on Old Testament Revision, in the course of which he criticised Dr. Briggs' article in the *Presbyterian Review*. Revision, he contended, should be a slow and tentative process, and must be conducted by specialists of different countries, who could confirm or modify the results of their mutual labour.