

on Mr. Arnot's letter and the formal handwriting, his manner changed and he said saucily:

"I beg your pardon—we have misunderstood one another—take a chair."

"There's been no misunderstanding on my part," retorted Pat, with an injured air; "I've got as dainty a bit o' scandal jist under me tongue as iver ye spiced yer paper wid, and ye'es thrates me as if I was the inimy o' yer sowl."

"Well, you see," said the editor apologetically, "your not being on our regular employ, Mr.—I beg your pardon—and your coming in this unusual way and hour—"

"But, begorry, somethin' unusual's happened."

"So I understand; it was very good of you to come to us first; just give me the points and I will jot them down."

"But what are ye'es goin' to give me for the pints?"

"That depends upon what they are worth. News cannot be paid for until we learn its value."

"Och! here I'm rinnin' a grate risk in tellin' ye at all, and whin I've spilt it all out, and can't pick it up agin, ye may show me the door, and tell me to go 'long wid me rub-bish."

"If you find what you have to report in the paper, you may know it is worth something. So if you will look at the paper to-morrow you can see whether it will be worth your while to call again," said the editor, becoming impatient at Pat's hesitancy to open his budget.

"But I'm sore in need of a dollar or two to-night. Dade, it's as much as me loife's worth to go home widout 'em."

"See here, my good friend," said the editor rising and speaking very energetically; "my time is very valuable, and you have taken considerable of it. Whatever may be the nature of your news, it will not be worth anything to me if you do not tell it at once."

"Well, you see the biggest part o' the news is goin' to happen to-morrow."

"Well, well, what has happened to-night?"

"Will ye promise not to mention me name?"

"How can I mention it when I don't know it?"

"That's thrue, that's thrue. Now me mind's aisy on that pint, for ye must know that Boss Arnot's in'ards are made o' cast iron, and he'd have no marcy on a fellar. Ye'll surely give me a dollar, at last."

"Yes, if your story is worth printing, and I give you just three minutes in which to tell it."

Thus pinned down, Pat related all he knew and surmised concerning Haldane's woeful predicament, saying in conclusion,

"Ye must know that this Haldane is not a poor spa'peen uv a clerk, but a gentleman's son. They sez that his folks is as stylish and rich as the Arnotts themselves. If ye'll have a reportur up at the office in the mornin', ye'll git the balance o' the tale."

Having received his dollar, Pat went chuckling on his way to deliver his employer's letter to the superintendent of the city police.

"Faix! I was as wise as a serpent in not tellin' me name, for ye niver can trust these iditors. It's no green Irishman that can make a dollar after twelve o' the night."

A sleepy reporter was aroused and despatched after Pat, in order to learn, if possible, the contents of Mr. Arnot's note.

In the meantime heavily leaded lines—vague and mysterious—concerning "Crime in High Life," were set up, accompanied on the editorial page by a paragraph to the following effect:

"With our usual enterprise and keen scent for news, we discovered at a late hour last night that an intelligent Irishman in the employ of Mr. Arnot had been entrusted by that gentleman with a letter written after the hour of midnight to the superintendent of the police. The guilty party appears to be a Mr. Haldane—a young man of aristocratic and wealthy connections—who is at present in Mr. Arnot's employ and a member of his family. We think we are aware of the nature of his grave offence, but in justice to all concerned we refer our readers to our next issue, wherein they will find full particulars of the painful affair, since we have obtained peculiar facilities for learning them. No arrests have yet been made."

"That will pique all the gossips in town, and nearly do 'ble our next issue," complacently muttered the local editor, as he carried the scrawl at the last moment into the composing-room.

In the meantime the hero of our story—if such a term by any latitude of meaning can be applied to one whose folly had brought him into such a prosaic and miserable plight—still lay in a heavy stupor on the lounge where Pat had thrown his form, that had been as limp and helpless as if it had become a mere body without a soul. But the consequences of his action did not cease with his paralysis, any more than do the influences of evil deeds perish with a dying man.

(To be continued.)

WAYSIDE SIGHTS IN SYRIA.

There are not many birds to be seen in Syria, and those we have come across are of the species common in England, such as quails, two or three kinds of partridges, snipe, woodcocks, besides robins, wagtails, larks, and several varieties of woodpecker. One seldom or never hears a bird sing, but then I can't help fancying that it is because there are so few trees for them to alight upon. It is impossible to imagine a bird singing except on a branch. Think of a nightingale without a bush! The flowers are lovely, even at this inclement time of the year. Crocuses grow in profusion, and of every imaginable colour. They look so fresh and fragile that it seems little short of a miracle how they manage to push their delicate heads through the rock-bound earth. There are besides great patches of narcissus, tulips, and asphodels to be seen in every direction, and in places the sterile-looking ground is fairly covered with gum cistus and wild pinks. The oleanders, which fringe the streams, are more beautiful and luxuriant, with their masses of pink blossoms, than anything I ever saw. The blossoms are single, but in great trusses, and ever so much prettier than the double variety usually cultivated in England.

Whilst climbing slowly up a steep bank on the opposite side, a Bedouin of the tribe of Ben Issachar, mounted on a pretty black mare, overtook us at full gallop. He pulled up and joined our party, and we talked to him for some time through Karam. Albert offered to buy his long spear with silver-bound joints. At one end was an iron point to stick into the ground when not in use, and at the other end a sharp point of burnished steel. He was a most friendly and affable Bedouin, and shewed us all his arms—pistols, sword, knife, and so forth. When we arrived at the rocky plateau at the top of the hill, he gave a sort of performance for our amusement, galloping about and whirling his lance with dramatic effect and many loud cries, as he thrust at and parried thrusts from an imaginary enemy. He turned and twisted his mare about with incredible ease and swiftness, only guiding her with a halter; for the bit, which is scarcely ever used except in warfare, hung idle from his saddle all the time. We rode together for some distance, and at parting, he took the charm from his horse's neck—a piece of crescent shaped wood—and presented it to me with a most graceful salaam. Altogether we were highly pleased with our fellow-traveller, until old Hadji Hassa let out that his parting words had been a strongly expressed wish to find any two of us alone in a place where he could use his weapons in earnest. Six together were beyond his ideas so he made the best of his disappointment. —Mrs. Brassey in *Frazer's Magazine*.

A HEBREW LEGEND.

From an ancient, learned Rabbi comes this legend full of grace,
Floating down through countless ages, from a lost and scattered race.

Far away, where the horizon forms a line 'twixt earth and sky,
There arose a glittering city, with its peaks and turrets high.

Flooded with a wondrous glory which in splendour downward rolled,
Seeming like the way to Heaven, through a country paved with gold.

Sweet as odours from the tropics was the free, life-giving air,
Fraught with the divine elixir—making all immortal there.

And the fame of that far city, seen above the sunset high—
Pointing with its sparkling fingers, ever upward to the sky—

Went abroad to all earth's people, and they clasped their dear ones tight,
And they journeyed from the valleys up towards the golden light.

And for long, long years they dwelt there, with life's goblet brimming o'er;
Deep and deeper though they quaffed it, full it sparkled evermore.

But a strange and restless yearning woke at last, as years went by,
And they stole away in silence, one by one—that they might die.

—Boston Transcript.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Mark the forget-me-not by yon brookside.
Its roots the mud, its stem the waters hide;
Its blossoms seek the sky.
So, though thy feet be rooted in earth's slime,
Raise 'thou thy head above the waves of time—
Look up on high!

See how the blossoms, earthward bent a while,
Turn, as they open, to meet the sun's bright smile,
And, as they upward gaze,
First flush with pink, then mirror heaven's own blue,
And every floweret bears, of sunny hue,
A crown of rays.

O thou whose thoughts are fixed on this world's toys,
Look up to Him from whom are all thy joys.
The beautiful sight
Will change thee till the human grow divine,
And at the last upon thy brow shall shine
A crown of light.

—Sunday Magazine.

READING WITHOUT THINKING.

We quite understand the ambition of men engaged in intellectual pursuits to "keep up with the world's thought." But it is this effort that fills all the professions with crammed men, and leaves them scant of thinkers. Baling the ocean with a dipper is the work for those only who do not realize the shortness of time and the greatness of the task. There is so little ultimate truth in the world; science is pulling up her stakes and setting them forward so frequently; religion herself is changing her lines so much on everything save a few great facts, that not half so much would be lost as the average student, now pressed and puzzled on all sides, would think, if he should intermit his bailing pursuit of knowledge for a few years, and go to using what wisdom he has. The daily press will keep a man from getting rusty. A few of the old classics—including first the chief classic of all, the Bible—will give him food and stimulant enough; and nature and his own heart will give him the best themes and thoughts. —Golden Rule.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Waldensian Church, over-loaded as it is with a large and increasing evangelistic work, in its poverty maintains two hospitals at Latour, which Englishmen report to be "jewels of order, of comfort, and neatness."

THE Old Testament Company of the British Bible Revision Committee, held their fifty ninth session a few weeks ago. The second revision of the Psalms was completed and the revision of Job was carried as far as chapter xv. ver. 16.

THE Theological Seminary at Princeton offers a prize of six hundred dollars, to be awarded at the close of the term, with the understanding that the student gaining the prize will spend the year following in study at Princeton. It is to be known as the "Hebrew Fellowship."

THE Established Church of Scotland received, last year, about \$90,000, with which they sustained sixty-three mission stations, having 1,956 communicants and 7,905 attendance; also ninety mission churches, having 12,295 communicants and 22,000 attendance, and aided in the erection of twenty-two churches with 9,891 sittings.

AN important concession to foreigners has been made at Tientsin, where a large hospital for the treatment of disease has been built by Leung Chang in gratitude for the recovery of his wife under the treatment of foreign physicians after the native doctors had given her up. The hospital is entirely under the care of foreign medical men.

THE American Board has 16 missions, 75 stations, 598 out-stations, 150 ordained missionaries, 7 physicians, 232 female assistants, 132 native pastors, 302 native catechists, 516 native school-teachers, and 220 other helpers. There are as nearly as can be learned, 14,675 church members, and 26,737 pupils in schools under the direction of the Board.

THE Rev. Bartholomew Goddard, a converted Roman Catholic priest, was married to Miss Mary Asuncionpi Codolosa at St. George's, Hanover square, London, on the 20th of October. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Passalenti, Director of the London Mission to Italians, the Rev. J. H. Moran and the Rev. T. Heffeld acting as witnesses.

THE Free Church of Scotland proposes a missionary jubilee this year, inasmuch as fifty years ago, in 1829, Dr. Alex. Duff was ordained as the first missionary of the Church of Scotland to India. A jubilee fund will be raised of at least \$100,000, and efforts will be made throughout the Church to deepen the interest of the entire communion in the work of missions.

THE first of a series of monthly united meetings of the English-speaking congregations in Paris to promote the progress of evangelization, was held on Monday, the 3rd inst. Rev. Mr. McCall gave an account of the operations commenced by him eight years ago, and spoke warmly of the aid rendered by the English and American ministers. Nearly all the English and American ministers in Paris were present.

THERE were at one time 230 Japanese students in the United States, but only about twenty now remain. The number of Chinese students in the educational institutions is 120. There are three Japanese girls at Vassar just entering upon their second year there, and one of them has been elected president of the Sophomore class. The Japanese Government is training them for teachers, and three more are expected soon.

THE opening ceremonies were recently held at Glasgow, of the Glasgow Christian Institute, said to be one of the finest buildings of the kind in Great Britain, and designed to furnish accommodations for the Sabbath-school Union, the Foundry Boys' Religious Society, and the United Young Men's Association. These associations have a combined membership of 14,000. The building cost \$150,000, and is nearly all paid for.

ATHENS journals publish the returns of the last census made in Greece. The population of the kingdom, which in 1870 was 1,457,894, had risen in 1879 to 1,679,775, an increase of 221,881. In 1858, when the first census was made, the number of inhabitants was 850,006, so that it has almost doubled in forty years. In 1870 Athens had a population of 40,000 souls, in 1879 it had augmented to 74,000, and the Piræus, which at the former date had 11,000, has now 22,000. About half a century ago Athens was only a village and the Piræus did not exist as a town.

AT the railway stations, in India, the passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being of the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessel; a sudra, or low-caste man, stoops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, there being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.

THE "Record," of the Free Church of Scotland, says:—"There was never a time when it seemed more necessary to quicken the zeal of the Church in earnest practical work. It is an ominous circumstance that so many of the missionary societies have found it needful to talk about retrenchment. With the fields growing whiter unto the harvest, the labourers are becoming fewer, and the means of multiplying them becoming less. If the battle is not to go back, there must be a new rally; and, to make this successful, every minister must sound the alarm within his own borders."

THE Paris "Gaulois" thus states the determination of the ex-Empress Eugenie to make a pilgrimage to Zululand: "Very important intelligence reaches us from Scotland; the Empress Eugenie has just formed a great resolution, which has been dictated to her by her inconsolable grief. She has announced to her *entourage* that she will leave Scotland next February for Zululand, where she will kneel and pray on the spot which has been bedewed with the blood of her ill-fated son. The Empress determination is irrevocable, and the respectful objections offered by her faithful followers have had to yield to the formal wish of the august exile."