

Dr. Grant leaned forward and laid his hand on his friend's. There was no word spoken, but the bond of sympathy was complete.

"I suppose," continued Mr. Berkeley, "that at college, I was considered a favourite of fortune, and some of them envied me my luxury and ease, but I would gladly have exchanged places with the drudge who ran my errands and blacked my boots. When my studies seemed hard, I would think perhaps it was because my reason was going, and my heart would sink like lead. You know how I avoided every excitement, how abstemious my habits were. You know, now, why I would never try for any prize. I was willing to be thought dull and indifferent if only I could ward off the curse. When it came to the choice of a profession, I was in great perplexity. I sought the advice of the old minister here, who was my father's friend, and knew all our miserable history. He held out no hope that I should escape the common fate of my family, but advised me to spend the years vouchsafed me in the ministry. It was in my congregation at Philadelphia that I met Margaret. What first attracted me was the repose of her character. There were other women in the society more beautiful, but none so perfectly poised. I would go into the pulpit sometimes, all unstrung from a sleepless night, full of evil phantasms, and the steady gaze of her clear eyes would calm and strengthen me. It used to seem sometimes that everybody must see that I preached to her alone. When I came to know her better, I was still more impressed by the transparency of her nature. It was not shallowness, but her mind and heart seemed like a placid, untroubled lake which revealed every pure thought and noble aspiration. An interview with her was like a cup of cold water to a fever patient. I knew the danger, and every time I left her resolved never to seek her again. But when the horror of the future would fall upon me, I would think of her calm eyes, her low, quiet voice, the restful folding of her hands, and, leaving everything, I would hurry to her presence. I have walked the streets for hours, with set teeth, determined not to go to her, only to find myself at her door at last. After a while I fancied there was an indefinable change in her manner; a fleeting look in her eyes, which, if I had been free to interpret it, would have made heaven upon earth to me, and then—I awoke. I wrote again to my father's friend. Before he could answer he was called home. But he had spoken kindly of me, and his people asked me to come to them, and I came. That is the whole story."

"You could not have done otherwise," said Dr. Grant gravely.

"No? I ask myself that question over and over again. It is perpetually settled and unsettled. I came across a little poem in a newspaper the other day. It has all slipped from me except the closing lines:

'Who, his love to prove
Is willing to be forgot,
Stands on the heights of love.'

When I read it, I prayed that Margaret might have forgotten me; then my whole being cried out against such forgetfulness. Do I forget her? There is not an hour in the day when she is not with me. When I face my people her pale, steadfast face rises among them. She holds the little children offered for baptism; and where a widow weeps over her dead, it is Margaret that weeps, and I wish the race in the coffin were mine. She goes with me on lonely rides—she is always with me; and then when I turn to speak to her, she is gone. You need not look at me in that way, Roger. I am as sane as you are, now, but how long I shall be, God only knows."

"Do you resemble your father?" asked Dr. Grant.

"Not in the least. I am like my mother. My father and my brother were large, florid men."

"What I was thinking of," said the doctor cautiously, "was, that if you are of your mother's temperament, you might escape."

"For heaven's sake, do not tempt me in that way," cried Mr. Berkeley, passionately. "I have been over the ground thousands of times, only to come to the same conclusion. I trust I am a Christian. I have some sense of eternity, and I believe the future state of the suicide most miserable; but, as God hears me," raising his hand solemnly, "before I cause any woman to suffer what my mother suffered, I will take my own life. But this is not a cheerful way to entertain a guest, and I am going to give you your light and send you to bed."

He was his gentle, courteous self again. He went with the doctor to his room, there making some thoughtful arrangement for his comfort, and adding as he bade him good-night, "Whatever else God has denied me, I thank Him very sincerely for my friend."

(To be continued.)

ORATORS.

It is encouraging to young speakers to know that there never has been and never will be such a thing as a "born orator." There has never yet been an instance of an orator becoming famous who did not apply himself assiduously to the cultivation of his art. Many even had to overcome great physical infirmities that rendered it almost hopeless for them to adopt the career of a public speaker. The best known instance is that of Demosthenes, who passed some months in a subterranean cell, shaving one side of his head so that he could not appear in public. He there practised with pebbles in his mouth to overcome a defect in his speech, and gesticulated beneath a suspended sword to rid himself of an ungraceful movement of his shoulder. Even then he was hissed from the arena in his early efforts, but he persevered—the world is full of what success. When Robert Walpole first spoke in the House he paused for want of words, and continued only to stutter and stammer. Curran was known at school as "stuttering Jack Curran," and in a debating society which he joined as "Orator Mum." Every one will also recall Disraeli's failure when he rose to make his maiden speech. Cobden's first effort was also a

humiliating failure. But one should not conclude from these instances that every speaker who breaks down is sure to blossom into fame subsequently. We have been quoting the exceptions to the general rule. More frequently, speakers' mishaps are like that of the Earl of Rochester. "My lords," said he, on one occasion, "I—I—I rise this time, my lords, I—I—I divide my discourse into four branches." Here he came to a woeful pause, and then he added: "My lords, if ever I rise again in this house I give you leave to cut me off root and branch for ever." Many of the best orators have, even to their latest efforts, felt a tremor on rising to speak. Erskine said that on his rising to plead for the first time he should have sat down in confusion had he not felt his children tugging at his gown. The Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," always knew when he was going to speak well by his nervousness on rising. This was also a characteristic of Canning. At a dinner given by the Mayor of Liverpool he was so nervous before being called on to speak that he had twice to leave the room to collect his thoughts. This may have been, however, owing to the comparative novelty of his position. Many an orator outside his accustomed haunts is completely lost. Lord Eldon said he was always somewhat nervous in speaking at the Goldsmiths' Dinner, though he could talk before Parliament as though he were addressing so many rows of cabbage plants. Mr. Cobden, speaking of Lord John Russell, said: "On the boards of the House of Commons Johnny is one of the most subtle and dangerous of opponents; take him off these boards and I care nothing for him." To few was it given as to O'Connell to succeed equally with all audiences. Before he entered the House he was declared to be a mere "mob orator;" but in 1830 he was returned, and in 1831 he was recognized as a leader. Whether in swaying a multitude on a hillside, appealing to the more educated Assembly in Parliament, or in persuading a jury in a court house, he was equally at home.—*The Gentleman's Magazine*.

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

Good actions are a fruitage ripe and rare
That bears not fingering. Let me then beware
To touch with venturous hand this curving branch,
Nor lean too heedlessly against a tree
Thus at its prime o'erladen heavily
With golden harvest of a stock so stanch,
Lest I by some rude shock at this light hour
Bring down the Virtues in a mellow shower.

To drop the figure, friends—let's be content
The guest shall fancy less than we have meant.
Speak not too closely of his special good:
That we are here tells more than trumpets could.
Our friendship holds his merits as the light
Holds the hid rainbow; storm but makes them bright.
The modest veil they wear I may not raise,
Let he should blush to hear, and I to praise.

—Robert Underwood Johnson, in *Harper's Magazine* for April.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

But the anonymous writer may decide to comment only without directing. He may feel constrained merely to bear his testimony to the worthlessness of the editor's labours, the absurdity of his opinions, the meanness of his motives, and the lamentable folly of his conduct. It is comical to think of the avalanche of such letters which pours pitilessly into the sanctum. The charitable waste baskets can scarce accommodate the drifts. The wisdom which proceeds from statesmen in the barber's chair and on the benches of Union and Madison Squares overflows in this anonymous correspondence. It is in vain that the editorial malefactor attempts to escape judgment. The anonymous letter writer knows him much better than he knows himself, and his efforts to pose as a patriot, as a lover of order, as a friend of progress, will be sternly exposed to the scorn of mankind by "One who knows," by "Aristides," by "You know who," and by that terrible fellow who keeps society in such good order, "A foe to frauds and humbugs."

The great public will be glad to know of this omnipresent, invisible police, which regulated public men and editors, giving the reprobrates their deserts in the anonymous letter. There was a public man with a lively sense of humor who said that whenever he made a speech of importance or significance he received a letter beginning uniformly "Well, Pericles, what do you think of yourself now?" and proceeding to ask whether he was not yet aware of the profound odium into which he had fallen. "These," said Pericles, "are the humorous reliefs of public life. The importance which such worthy people attach to the expression of their dislike, the ingenious asperity of their tone, and at the end of the fulminating document no name, all reminds me in another another way of Thackeray's description of George the Fourth." He laughed as he recalled it.

Does the gentle reader recall it? Did he, perhaps, hear Thackeray read it with his rich voice, and its rollicking tone when he came to the humorous passages? Does it not seem another New York in which those lectures were delivered? He is describing the fourth George, but it is the writer of such letters as Pericles receives, with his pretentious self-importance, his perfumed air of superiority, and his air of pompous impudence, who seems to have sat for the portrait. "I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Trenchard's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, under-waist-cases, more under-waist-cases and then nothing."—*George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine* for August.

On our 559 page to-day will be found a striking and instructive illustration of the comparative worth of the various kinds of baking powders now in the market.

British and Foreign.

THE Rev. James Kidd, of St. Andrew's, has accepted call to Erskine U. P. Church, Glasgow.

MR. SPURGEON draws more than fifty per cent. of his hearers from within a radius of one mile.

REV. J. HENDRIE, for many years missionary in India and Trinidad, has settled in New Zealand.

MR. THOMAS COOK, the founder of the railway excursion system and of personally conducted tours, has lost his sight.

MR. J. H. CHAPMAN, a licentiate of Edinburgh Presbytery, was ordained recently on his appointment as army chaplain at Shorncliffe.

A BEAUTIFUL portrait of the late Dr. W. B. Robertson, of Irvine, has been engraved for the forthcoming memoir of that brilliant preacher.

REV. T. A. DOWNIE, the faith healer, made a vain endeavour to raise a stir in New Zealand, but was permitted to pass away in silence to America.

MR. PATRICK J. G. MACLAGAN, M.A., Berwick, has been licensed by Duns Presbytery; he goes to China in connection with the Presbyterian Church of England.

MR. H. PEDEN STEEL, of Sydney, a son Rev. Dr. Steel and a descendant of Peden, the Covenanter, has published a volume of poems entitled "A Crown of Waitie."

RABINOWITZ, the Jewish reformer, has had an embargo laid upon him by the Russian Government and will not be able to carry out his plans for Christianizing his people.

THE Rev. Alexander Whyte, B.D., Busby, has sailed for New Zealand. He goes in the first instance to Wellington to report himself to the Convener of the committee of the Northern Church.

IN New Guinea the government bungalow and the mission house have been connected by telephone. Mr. Chalmers says the natives were terribly astonished, and asked what next the white man would be doing.

MR. MULLER, of Bristol, had overflowing congregations in New Zealand, and many freethinkers were struck dumb with his facts. Not a few have been shaken in their sceptical opinions by his simple and impressive story.

DR. JEFFERIES, of Sydney, declares that the Chinese question has been muddled from the outset. The English race, he contends, cannot occupy the semi-tropical regions of Australia and ought to allow the Mongolians to do so.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD acted as spokesman for Mrs. Elder at the unveiling of Boehm's statue of her husband, the distinguished shipbuilder, which the working people of Govan have erected in the park bearing the name of the great engineer.

THE ninth centenary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia was celebrated throughout the empire on a recent Friday. At Kieff a number of congratulatory addresses were read, including one from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

IN the whole sky an eye of average power will see about 6,000 stars. With a telescope this number is greatly increased, and the most powerful telescopes show more than 60,000,000. Of this number, not one out of each hundred has ever been catalogued.

CLARE congregation by a large majority has elected for the second time Rev. John Spink, St. James's, Kirkcaldy. A determined opposition by a minority on the ground of his non-acquaintance with Gaelic caused the Synod to declare his first election null and void.

DR. KIDD, in the debate in the Wesleyan Conference on the deficiency of \$50,000 a year in the income of the Missionary Society, expressed a hope that in future they would not advance without adequate financial means. There is to be no abandonment of existing missions.

THE sheriff has allowed proof in the case of the inspector of poor at Tarbolton against Mr. Higgins, parish minister, for alleged defamation. The defender is charged with having described a letter of the pursuer's as a lie from beginning to end, and the damages are laid at \$1,250.

DR. BRIGHT, master of University College, Oxford, in the new volume of his "History of England," remarks that Puseyism raised a fresh difficulty in the way of re-establishing a really national Church, changed the Church of England more completely into a sect, and rendered more probable its ultimate separation from the State.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, in recently declining to cite the Bishop of Lincoln to answer to certain specific charges of excess of ritual, did so because he was not convinced that he had the proper jurisdiction. Accordingly an application has been made to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council to help the prosecutors out of their difficulty.

MR. PETERS, of the Mid Parish Church, Greenock, has not received any stipend for four or five years, the town council declining to accept the receipt upon which he wrote "Accepted under protest." He now intimates that he is prepared to sign conditionally on the receipt being worded as "alleged legal stipend," and this condition has been agreed to.

SEVERAL well-known Wesleyan ministers are placed upon the list of supernumeraries this year, including Dr. Kilner, who has spent twenty-seven years in Ceylon and the last twelve years at the mission house. William Arthur, M.A., the distinguished author of "The Tongue of Fire," who entered the ministry in 1838; and Mr. Roberts, who has been for forty-two years one of the most popular preachers in the body.

DR. R. F. BURNS, ex-Moderator of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, is announced to preach the anniversary sermons in the Parish Church at Bridge of Weir. A son of the late Dr. Burns, of St. George's, Paisley, says a Scottish contemporary, whose name is still a household word in the West of Scotland, he rivals his father in graceful oratory and ready wit. Dr. Burns also gives his lecture, "A Trip Through the Rockies," in the same place.