

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mr. Stevenson could not pass for anything but the thorough Scotchman that he is. His speech betrays him. In appearance he is just the man one would expect to find the author of the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" to be. His clear-cut features are emphasized by sunken cheeks that tell a tale of ill-health and literary toil, and his dark eyes, beneath black, pronounced eyebrows, form a striking contrast to the pallor of his countenance. His long black hair is brushed straight back from a high forehead, and clusters round his shoulders. As he talks, his eyes acquire a deeper intensity, and the listener seems to see nothing beside them. Mr. Stevenson's figure is slight, and he is not above middle height. He is still a young man, perhaps thirty-five or six.

The author of "Kidnapped," "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll" is as remarkable for the versatility of his genius as for its fertility. He is fresh from another literary triumph, having gained new laurels by his recently-published poems called "Underwoods," and he is on the eve of publishing another book. He did not distastefully indicate to the reporter what this would be; but it will probably consist of a number of sketches. At least, when conversing about Edinburgh University and the recent students' fancy fair, the reporter said:

"You wrote something for the album of autograph contributions of celebrated authors which was sold at the fair?" and Mr. Stevenson replied:

"Yes, I wrote a piece for it; and I intend to incorporate it in my next book."

The sketch referred to is one of personal recollection, in which Mr. Stevenson tells how, when he was an Edinburgh student, he did not attend regularly and study hard.

"The last time I came to America," said Mr. Stevenson, pleasantly, "was when I crossed in the *Devonia* as an emigrant; I travelled second cabin, and I was engaged all the way in writing a certain bad story. The captain and passengers as well were highly amused at seeing me constantly writing. When I landed I went to California. I blame that for undermining my health. That was before I wrote any of my best-known books."

"You are aware that a dramatized version of 'Dr. Jekyll' is to be produced here shortly?"

"Yes. The dramatization has been done with my consent; but really I don't know how it will succeed. It seems to me too ugly, too repulsive a story to put on the stage. It is not pretty enough. And, indeed, I have the same objection to the play of 'Deacon Brodie,' which I wrote in conjunction with Mr. Henley. It is nothing new for me to receive requests for permission to dramatize my novels. I get lots and lots of letters about it and I am sorry to say I don't answer them all; I have not time. But when I do reply, most politely according to the permission asked, I write with an infinite sense of humour; because the fact is I could not hinder any one from dramatizing my plays; and probably if people did not get permission they would do it just the same. I don't think a novel makes a good play, anyway. The two are so essentially different. A first-class tale may make a poor drama, and vice-versa."

Mr. Stevenson was interested to hear that the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, in collaboration with Inspector Brynes, was writing detective stories.

"I should like to read them," said he. "I have often thought of writing a detective story, but life's too short."

"Wilkie Collins could have made a success of such a book."

"Yes. If you have not already read it, read his 'Arma dale.' It stands at the head of that class of work."

Mr. Stevenson, who is her husband's literary helper, is a bright, dark-eyed little woman. She is possessed of great ability, and her name appears along with her husband's on the title-page of "The New Arabian Nights." Their plans both as to the duration of their stay in America and the places they will visit are not yet settled. Probably they will spend the winter in Indianapolis, Mrs. Stevenson's birthplace.—*New York Tribune*.

THE SECRET OF LONGEVITY.

A little way beyond the ancient church at Holderness is a brick residence, whose front is half hidden by one of those monster elms that are the pride of our Northern States, and beneath its shade I saw yesterday an old man who is passing his ninety-fifth year, sitting comfortably in a great arm-chair. My wife told me that his aunt had recently died, aged 105; and, curious to know if there was any reason for such longevity, I made inquiries. "No," said my informant; "only they were always out-of-doors, and lived a quiet life."

Yet in that single sentence lay a greater philosophy than he dreamed of, a sounder precept than he knew. To keep out-of-doors and avoid worry is a maxim that, if followed, would close a majority of our hospitals, which, I regret to say, have a greater number of occupants with each succeeding year.—*American Magazine for October*.

WHEN NICHOLAS DIED.

With the death of the Emperor Nicholas began a new area for Russia. It was, at last, possible to breathe. Men with ideas could express them, and even professors of philosophy were allowed to speak. Mr. Herzen has told us how, either at Twickenham or Richmond, hearing of the Emperor Nicholas's death, he became filled with a sort of divine joy, not for his own sake, since he had no intention of returning to Russia, but for the sake of his country; also, how he expressed this joy in a very human, and, as some will think, slightly unbecoming manner, by throwing half pennies to the streetboys in order to encourage them to shout. "Hurray, the Emperor Nicholas is dead!"—*The Fortnightly Review*.

THE Rev. Dr. McLaren, of Larbert, has been elected president of the Educational Institute of Scotland.

SHE WAS SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day:

The street was wet with the winter's snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid a throng

Of human beings, who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of school let out,

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way.

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir.

Lest the carriage wheels or horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop,
The gayest lad of all the group—

He paused beside her, and whispered to her:
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's old and poor and slow;

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,"

"If ever she's old and poor and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

THE SOVEREIGN.

The British sovereign, or pound sterling, is a legal tender to unlimited amount, and contains 113 grains of fine gold, alloyed with two grains of copper to every twenty-two grains fine. Under the act of 1816, when our silver standard was abolished, the gold pound was made to constitute the sole unit and standard of value of our monetary system. Coins of gold first came into use in the reign of Edward III., his "noble" being valued at 6s. 8d., but as it gradually increased in value until it became 10s., Edward VI. replaced the former coin by an "angel," which continued till the Commonwealth. The "mark" was a double "angel," valued at 13s. 4d. The name sovereign was first given to the "double royal" stamped with the figure of Henry VII., and was made current for 20s.; Henry VIII. called it a "unit," and stamped it with the Roman numerals XX.; Charles I. called it a guinea, because the gold emanated from the Guinea coast. Guineas were first coined in 1663; later this coin fluctuated in value from 20s. to 21s., until George I. declared it a representative of 21s. After this we had a double standard, until in 1816 the sovereign in its present form was again made identical with the pound sterling, and the silver coins became mere tokens, deriving their value from the pound, as at present. The half sovereign was the "noble" of Edward III. and the "royal" of Henry VII.—*Longman's Magazine*.

THE ESSAYIST IN LITERATURE.

The essayist is not the commercial traveller nor the scientific explorer, but rather the excursionist of literature. There may be several ways of reaching a given point—as by railways or steamboat, or a turnpike stage with relays of horses. But there may also be such a thing as getting upon an ambling horse or into a family phaeton, and jogging on through bridle-paths or through primrose and hawthorn lanes, going by the sun and not the guide book, making *détours* to gather wild flowers, to gain a wider prospect, or to visit some old mansion or an old friend. Perhaps the way is worth more than the goal, and is an end in itself.—*F. N. Zabriskie, in New Princeton Review for September*.

PRINCIPAL CAIRNS and Professor Candlish were the preachers, along with Mr. Bannerman, the pastor, at special services in St. Leonard's, Perth, in connection with the anniversary of the opening of the new church.

THE Rev. William Fraser, of Brighton, died in his pulpit on a recent Sabbath from heart disease, while preaching a special sermon to soldiers. He was a brother of Dr. Donald Fraser, of London and had reached his sixty-first year. For several years, Mr. Fraser was minister of Free St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. His first charge was at Gourack.

MR. JAMES R. ROBERTSON, of Hampstead, who during his eldership in Regent Square had a class for young men in which he accomplished a fine work, is dead. He was a licentiate of the Established Church, but his views being somewhat out of harmony with the confession, he left the ministry and entered on a business life. He took an active part in the London Presbytery, and often spoke in the Synod.

British and Foreign.

MR. GEORGE MULLER is on his way to New Zealand.

THE Rev. Dr. Wilson's jubilee was celebrated by a dinner at Dundee, on 26th ult.

THE Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Leghorn, has had a shock of paralysis but is recovering.

THE Rev. James Orr, of the Irish Presbyterian Church, Newmills, has resigned, owing to ill health.

THE total sum raised by the Scottish Episcopal Church for foreign missions last year, was \$12,830.

ABERDEEN Presbytery has agreed to the appointment of an assistant and successor to Mr. Fairweather in Nigg parish.

EDINBURGH Presbytery has sustained the call from Newhaven to Rev. Thomas Pearson, B.D., of the second charge, Cupar.

THE Rev. Dr. Howat, of Liverpool, has received six months' leave of absence from his Presbytery, on account of ill health.

PROFESSOR A. B. DAVIDSON, with Rev. D. Mackintosh, M.A., the pastor, conducted the anniversary services at Lanark on Sunday.

MR. ROBERT BELL, sheriff-substitute of Falkirk, a highly-respected elder in the parish church, has died in his seventy-second year.

THE Rev. Adam Cunningham, for fifty-one years minister of Crailing, and whose first charge was Eskdalemuir, died at Glasgow on 11th ult.

THE Rev. Mr. Sim, who has been officiating for some time at Ferryhill, in room of Professor Iverach, has been elected pastor of the congregation.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE says that a recent correspondence in the *Scotsman* has clearly shown the fundamental identity of High Church Anglican Episcopacy with Popery.

THE services at Buxton, held in the dining hall of the Peak hydropathic establishment, have been so successful that it is hoped they may issue in the erection of a permanent church.

A NEPHEW of Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, has joined the great army of novelists. His maiden story, entitled "Brotherhood," is in part a delineation of student life at Cambridge.

THE Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, preached at Balmoral on a recent Sunday morning, and had the honour, along with the Empress Eugenie, of dining with the Queen in the evening.

IN France the total number of places where liquor is sold is not less than 430,000. This means an average of one liquor shop for every ninety inhabitants or one for every thirty-three men.

THE final return of the Welsh auxiliary to the jubilee fund of the Congregational Union show that upwards of \$430,000 have been raised by the Welsh churches for the extinction of their chapel debts.

THE Rev. Mr. Connolly, incumbent of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Montrose, who took the Sheriff to be judge between him and his church managers in the matter of his salary, has lost his case.

THE Rev. Norman Walker tells that during a recent sojourn in France and Italy, the saying of the late Dr. Robert Buchanan often came back to him: Gain the Continent and you will gain the world.

DR. ALEXANDER PATERSON, who has been appointed medical missionary to South Arabia, is grandson of Dr. Chalmers' "Missionary of Kilmany" and son of the Church's first medical missionary to Madras.

BELFAST Presbytery have memorialized the Northern Counties' Railway, regarding Sunday travelling, and a promise has been given that such an event as the recent Foresters' excursion to Portrush will not occur in future.

THE Evangelistic Workers' Union in Liverpool Presbytery in arranging a series of meetings for the young to commence on October 16, "the children's Sunday." Dr. Macleod, of Birkenhead, will prepare a letter to the children for wide distribution.

LAST year, Ireland increased its consumption of spirits by 4.43 per cent., whereas England and Scotland reduced theirs by 4.09 and 2.71 per cent., respectively. It would seem that while an Englishman drinks one bottle of spirits an Irishman drinks two.

NOT five per cent. of the brandy manufactured in France is made from grape juice. It is made chiefly from beet and potatoes, but also from turnips, Indian corn and spoiled rice. Fully ninety five per cent. of all spirits now made in France comes from such sources.

THE report on the Welfare of Youth Scheme submitted to Glasgow Free Presbytery shows no fewer than 30,000 engaged studying the subjects. Of these, 3,187 have presented themselves for examination, an increase upon the previous year of twenty-three per cent.

THE Rev. J. M. Shirreffs of the Martyrs' Church, Lochgilphead, died in Glasgow in his forty-seventh year. Ordained at Towie, in Alford Presbytery, in 1867, he was translated to Lochgilphead in 1879. He was a scholarly man, and particularly well read in Church History.

THE Rev. Mr. Tait, of St. Madge, speaking on the case of a student who has already preached on several occasions, though he has not yet entered the divinity hall, said this practice was a growing evil which should be put down, and he for one would do all in his power to put a stop to it.

THE rector of the Episcopal Church at Mackay, Queensland, at the royal jubilee service, selected what was doubtless the most extraordinary text that any preacher in the British dominions employed in honour of her Majesty. It was this: "She painted her face, she tired her head, and looked out at a window." Yet it was an exclusively loyal discourse.