

many neighbours had already gathered to do honour to the dead. They stood about in groups of two or three, speaking to one another gravely about their old friend, and the troubles which had fallen so heavily on him and on his of late. And doubtless, also, of other matters, that had to do with themselves and their own affairs, and the times in which they lived; but it was all said and done with a decent and even solemn gravity suitable to the occasion, and it ceased as the minister drew near.

Another gleam of sunshine broke out between the clouds as the pony stopped of his own accord. The minister took off his hat and said solemnly:

"As a cloud is consumed and slowly vanishes away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."

"He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more."

At the first sound of his voice every "blue bonnet" was lifted and every head was bowed, and then, pausing for greetings, the minister and his son passed into the house.

But the younger man saw there no "kenning face," so he did not linger within, but came out again to stand with the rest.

The house was a long, low-roofed cottage, with a wide door and narrow windows. The door opened on the side which faced the barns and outbuildings, and the first glimpse of the place was dreary and sad. For the rain had left little pools here and there on the ground, and had made black mud of the rest of it, not pleasant to look upon. After a glance to ascertain whether there were any of his old friends among the waiting people, Mr. Hadden turned toward the garden, which lay on the other side of the house.

There was a hawthorn hedge on two sides of it, and a beech-tree, and many berry-bushes, and tall rose-trees covered with "drieket" roses, and the ground beneath was strewn with their scattered petals. The garden had a dreary look also, but he was not left to it long. For though he had recognized no one about the door, many a one had recognized him, and in a little time one man slowly followed another to the garden gate, where he leaned, and hands "with a strong grip in them" were held out and grasped, and not one but said how glad they were to see him home again for his father's sake. And by and by as they waited, one after another had something to say and a question to ask.

There was time enough. The minister had to rest awhile and refresh himself, and the burial-bread had to be passed round, and that which usually accompanied it as well. Besides, there was no haste, for they had given the day to do honour to the occasion; and if they got safely home before it was very late, it was all that they expected or desired.

The questions were asked with lowered voice, and in softened tones, but they were asked eagerly and anxiously, and with a purpose. For one had a Jock, and another had a Tam, and a third had a Jock and a Tam and a Sandy as well, who were all pushing up fast, and who had their own bread to win. And it was "whiles no' just that easy to get work the laddies were fit for, or which was fit for them."

(To be continued.)

THE RIGHT MAN FOR OUR CHURCH.

From the "Open Letter," by Forrest F. Emerson, under the above title in the October *Century*, we quote the following: "In proof of the singular demands sometimes made upon the minister, not only for needful qualifications not looked for in other professions, but also for those which do not really form a part of the clergyman's necessary outfit for his work, I offer for perusal a letter written less than five years ago by a member of a church in one of the largest and oldest and—will it be believed?—most cultured of our American cities. It was written by one layman to another. The writer was a member of the 'supply committee' appointed to 'look for the right man' as pastor, and the epistle is one of inquiry into the fitness of a certain minister who had been recommended to him for the position. Leaving out dates and proper names and a single sentence, which might furnish a clue to identification, I give the letter *verbatim*, without correction of rhetoric, grammar, italics or punctuation:

MY DEAR SIR: I have this day read your letter directed to my friend, Mr. . . . relative to Rev. Mr. . . . of . . . My church relation is with . . . Church, chairman of the committee, etc.—delegated to find just the man for . . . Church. We have enjoyed the opportunity in listening to several fine speakers—but very few of them are considered what is needed—or fitted for this pulpit and people—a defect in *voice*—physique or mannerism. It requires a strong, full rounded voice—to be heard in the auditorium of the sanctuary—we can seat 1,300, & everybody must hear in our church. Our congregation during the time Dr. . . . has been with us has averaged 700 or 800—We must have a man who has the *make-up* *temporally & spiritually*, who will bring in 1,300, & fill us to overflowing—Our church membership is 400—we want a membership not less than 1,800—We think with God's help & the right man—who is a good seed-sower, can do it—we have a good operative force—and there is material in abundance—needing to be square-hewed & squared for the building. The streets are full of houses on both sides, & there are to be found rough ashlers to be hammered—We need a master workman in the Gospel. Will you please give me the exact measurement of Mr. . . . (confidentially if you say so) that is to say . . . is he a man of deep piety? & yet a social & ready man—an original man? in thought & utterances—a real student of God—man & nature? Are his illustrations forcible & impressive? &c. &c. Does he use a manuscript? What is his salary? How much family?—where did he graduate in Theology? How does he stand on the Andover question? &c. I am satisfied that some are born to be Teachers. If my request is granted and the reply is satisfactory, I feel sure that some of our committee will go and listen to Mr. . . . Fraternally yours.

THE LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

O thou who bearest on thy thoughtful face
The wearied calm that follows after grief,
See how the Autumn guides each loosened leaf
To sure repose in its own sheltered place
Ah, not forever whirl they in the race
Of wild forlornness round the gathered sheaf,
Or, hurrying onward in a rapture brief,
Spin o'er the moorlands into trackless space!
Some hollow captures each; some sheltering wall
Arrests the wanderer on its aimless way;
The Autumn's pensive beauty needs them all,
And Winter finds them warm, though sere and gray.
They nurse young blossoms for the Spring's sweet call.
And shield new leaflets for the burst of May.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in the *Century*.

HOW THE SCOTTISH CROFTERS LIVE.

The gray wretchedness of the afternoon was a fit prelude to Barra. When we came to Castle Bay, rain was falling upon its waters, on the battlemented castle perched upon a rocky, sea-weed-covered islet, and on the town set against a background of high bare hills. But the steamer stopped, and we went to shore to look about us. A few ugly new houses, shops with plate-glass windows, often cited as proofs of the island's prosperity, and then the real Barra; a mass of black cottages—compared to which those of Mull were mansions, those of Kilchrennan, palaces—running up and down the rocky hill-side. Only by a polite figure of speech can the stone pile in which the Hebridean crofter makes his home be called a cottage. It is, as it was described many years ago, but "a heavy thatched roof thrown over a few rudely put together stones." The long, low, walls are built of loose rock blackened by constant rain. The thatched roof, almost as black, is held in place without by a net work of ropes, within by rafters of drift-wood. The crofter has no wood save that which the sea yields, and yet in some districts he must pay for picking up the beams and spars washed out up on his wild shores, just as he must for the grass and heather he cuts from the wilder moorland when he makes his roof. Not until you come close to the rough stone heap can you see that it is a house, with an opening for doorway one tiny hole for window. From a distance there is but its smoke to distinguish it from the rocks strewn around it.

At Castle Bay, where many of these "scenes of misery," as Pennant called them one hundred years ago, were grouped together, there was not even the pretence of a street, but just the rock, rough, ragged, and broken, as God made it. The people who live here are almost all fishermen, and, as if in token of their calling, they have fashioned the thatch of their roofs into the shape of boats. One cottage, indeed, is topped with a genuine boat. There were a few chimneys, but smoke came pouring from the doors, from holes in the thatch and walls. Many of the roofs had a luxuriant growth of grass, with here and there a clump of daisies, or of the yellow flowers which give colour to Highland road-sides. But this was all the green we saw on their hill-side of rock and mud.

Through open doorways we had glimpses of dark, gloomy interiors, dense with smoke. We did not cross a threshold, however; to seek admittance seemed not unlike making a show of the people's misery. The women and girls who passed in and out, and stood to stare at us, looked strong and healthy. Theirs is a life which must must either kill or harden. Many were handsome, with strangely foreign, gipsy-like faces; and so were the bonneted men at work on the pier. It may be that there is truth in the story which gives a touch of Spanish blood to the people of the Outer Hebrides. If the ships of the Armada went down with all their treasure, it is said their crews survived, and lived and took unto themselves wives in the Islands, from which chance of deliverance was small. We heard only Gaelic spoken while we were at Castle Bay. The people of Great Britain need not go abroad in search of foreign parts; but an Englishman, who only wants to see the misery and wrongs of nations foreign in name as well as in reality, would find little pleasure in Barra.—*Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

SLAVES AND RAILROADS.

As a whole nation we are not greatly concerned to inquire into the prospects of African commerce. We are not bound to consider closely whether good or bad trade will be the outcome of the recent agreement between France, Germany, and Great Britain, on the affairs of Zanzibar, or what will be the trade results of our own recent great acquisition of exclusive influence in the southern parts of the country. It must yet be borne in mind that trade questions are themselves intimately bound up with the rescue of the African from his tyrants; seeing that commerce, as it is at present conducted in many parts of Eastern Central Africa, even that larger kind of commerce with which the white man eventually deals at the seacoast emporia, necessarily involves the employment of slaves as carriers. In roadless regions inhabited by people who are too primitive to breed cattle, and where belts of country infested by the tsetse fly have to be crossed, none but human beasts of burden can bear the products of industry. An elephant may be killed a 1,000 miles from the coast, and each tusk is the burden of a negro slave to the nearest seaport, while it will have taken three or four negroes to carry the calico required to pay the elephant hunter in the interior. Slavery and slave carriage is therefore at present a necessary incident of trade in many parts of Africa. It is evident that if civilized modes of carriage are once established in the German and English "spheres of influence," slave-borne traffic will give way to cheaper and more speedy conveyance by road, by rail, or by navigable river.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

A MEMORIAL of General Gordon, the gift of a citizen of Manchester, was recently unveiled in the cathedral of that city.

British and Foreign.

MR. A. T. ACCHI, of Andohalo, Madagascar, has adapted photography to the writing of Malagasy.

DR. PIERSON, of Philadelphia, before leaving for home, gave his valedictory missionary address in Britain at Liverpool.

LORD COLERIDGE has written an introductory note for a second series of "Essays in Criticism," by Matthew Arnold.

THE Rev. A. S. Laidlaw, B.D., of the Madras College, has been appointed one of the examiners in the university of that city.

AN hospital for sick children has been opened at Newcastle, erected by a local solicitor, Mr. John Fleming, at a cost of \$115,000, in memory of his wife.

THE statute of Lord Shaftesbury in Westminster Abbey was unveiled recently by Lady Burdett-Coutts, on the third anniversary of the philanthropic peer's death.

SIR ARTHUR BLACKWOOD recently conducted the evening service in Killen Church, delivering a most impressive discourse from John vi. 47 to a large congregation.

MR. CAINE says the discussion of the Indian drink question is only beginning. He believes it will not be a very difficult matter for Parliament to pass an Indian Prohibition Law.

THE forthcoming edition of Wordsworth's poetical works, for which Mr. John Morley, M.P., is writing an introductory essay, will contain a hitherto unpublished poem of about 700 lines.

MUIRKIRK congregation is about to repair its place of worship, and to the fund that is being raised for this purpose Mr. Baird, M.P., has contributed \$250 and Mr. Noble, the pastor, \$100.

MR. QUARRIER has received a cheque for \$7,500 from a friend who desires to remain unknown to the public to build another cottage, the thirtieth in the orphan's village near Bridge of Weir.

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE, better known as Miss Fanny Crosby, authoress of "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," was born in 1823, and has been blind from infancy. She wrote her best-known hymn for music in twenty minutes.

SIR WILLIAM MUIR has withdrawn from the vice-presidency of the Medical Missionary Association, as he cannot agree with the adverse criticism in its organ of Lady Dufferin's scheme for supplying medical aid to women in India.

THE Belgian Home Secretary has come to the conclusion that stringent measures ought to be adopted to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks, especially in Bruges where all the strikes are due to the excessive indulgence in brandy and absinthe.

THE Rev. James Kidd, B.D., who has been translated from St. Andrew's to the pastorate of Erskine Church, Glasgow, is a native of Irvine, where his family was connected with the West Church; and Rev. Mr. Kidd, of Moniaive, is his brother.

DR. HOWIE, lately house-surgeon at the Mildmay hospital at Bethnal Green, proceeds to China presently as a medical missionary. His successor, Dr. Paton, is a son of Mr. Robert Paton, so well known in London for his evangelistic work.

PRINCIPAL CAIRNS preached with Mr. Taylor, the pastor, at the jubilee services in Kilwinning United Presbyterian Church. At the social meeting on Monday evening the speakers included the venerable Dr. Joseph Brown, of Glasgow, and Dr. Whitelaw, of Kilmarnock.

AT a General Conference at Bristol, of the National Association of Journalists, it has been fully decided to admit lady members, only two voting for their exclusion. It was also resolved to apply for a royal charter. Mr. H. G. Reid, ex-M.P., is the president of the association.

DR. M'TAVISH, of Inverness, took part in the Conference of the Highland Land League, and rendered good service in securing the withdrawal of an offensive report, submitted by Mr. J. G. Weir, in which the Parliamentary representatives of the crofters was unjustly assailed.

THE Rev. A. T. Donald, presided at a largely attended flower mission service in the hall of St. Vincent Church, Glasgow, designed to attract the non-churchgoing in the parish. Each person on retiring was presented with a bouquet of flowers with Scripture text-card attached.

REV. THOMAS OLDEN, vicar of Ballyclough, Mallow, under the title of "Holy Scripture in Ireland One Thousand Years Ago," is about to publish a translation of an Irish commentary on St. Paul's Epistles ascribed to the eighth century and preserved in a manuscript at Wurtzburg.

AT the celebration of the jubilee of the West Church, Crieff, Dr. Rankin, of Muthill, reviewed the changes that had taken place in the Church life of Scotland during the past half century, and showed the necessity, growing every day stronger, of a union of the Presbyterian Churches.

THE Rev. J. F. B. Tingling, East Finchley, devotes ten minutes of each Sunday evening service to missionary news. He covers one portion of the mission field before he proceeds to another; Africa is the subject at present. He is arranging to have a large missionary map of the world hung up close to the pulpit.

MRS. TAYLOR, a believer in faith healing at Bristol, fractured her arm about a month since; but she declined to call in medical assistance, declaring that she had been cured of erysipelas and other ailments by faith. Instead of healing, the fractured limb grew worse, and when a doctor was at length summoned it was too late.

MR. JAMES RUNCIMAN, in a vivid account in the October *Contemporary* of a visit to the North Sea trawlers, describes the mission as "one of the miracles of modern social progress." It spreads happiness and comfort, he says, among those who were once the least cared for of all the suffering toilers in the world.