

ingly, after luncheon we fitted out an expedition to explore that distant island. The Youth was particularly anxious to examine these ecclesiastical remains; he did not explain to everybody that he had received from Captain John a hint that the shores of this sainted island swarmed with seals.

And now the gig is shoved off; the four oars strike the glassy water, and away we go in search of the summer isles in the south. The Laird settles himself comfortably in the stern; it seems but natural that he should take Mary Avon's hand in his, just as if she were a little child.

"And ye must know, Miss Mary," he says, quite cheerfully, "that if ever ye should come to live in Scotland, ye will not be persecuted with our theology. No, no; far from it; we respect every one's religion, if it is sincere, though we cling to our own. And why should we not cling to it and guard it from error? We have had to fight for our civil and religious liberties inch by inch, foot by foot; and we have won. The blood of the saints has not been shed in vain. The cry of the dying and wounded on many a Lanarkshire moor—when the cavalry were riding about and hewing and slaughtering—was not wasted on the air. The Lord heard and answered. And we do well to guard what we have gained: and, if need were, there are plenty of Scotsmen alive at this day who would freely spend their lives in defending their own religion. But ye need not fear. These are the days of great toleration. Ye might live in Scotland all your life and not hear an ill word said of the Episcopal Church."

After having given this solemn assurance, the Laird cast a glance of sly humor at Angus Sutherland.

"I will confess," said he, "when Dr. Sutherland brought that up this morning about Peter and Andrew, and James and John, I was a bit put out. But then," he added, triumphantly, "ye must remember that in those days they had not the insidious attacks of Prelacy to guard against. There was no need for them to erect bulwarks of the faith. But in our time it is different, or rather it has been different. I am glad to think that we of the Scotch Church are emancipated from the fear of Rome; and I am of opinion that with the advancing times they are in the right who advocate a little moderation in the way of applying and exacting the Standards. No, no, I am not for bigotry. I assure ye, Miss Mary, you will find far fewer bigots in Scotland than people say."

"I have not met any, sir," remarks Miss Mary.

"I tell you what," said he solemnly "I am told on good authority that there is a movement among the U. P. Presbytery to send up to the Synod a sort of memorial with regard to the Subordinate Standards—that is, ye know, the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Larger and Shorter Catechism—just hinting, in a mild sort of way, that these are of human composition, and necessarily imperfect; and that a little amount of—of—"

The Laird could not bring himself to pronounce the word "laxity." He stammered and hesitated, and at last said:

"Well, a little judicious liberality of construction—do ye see!—on certain points, is admissible, while clearly defining other points on which the Church will not admit of question. However, as I was saying, we have little fear of Popery in the Presbyterian Church now, and ye would have no need to fear it in your English Church if the English people were not so sorely wanting in humor. If they had any sense of fun, they would have laughed those millinery, play-acting people out of their Church long ago—"

But at this moment it suddenly strikes the Laird that a fair proportion of the people he is addressing are of the despised English race; and he hastily puts in a disclaimer.

"I mean the clergy, of course," says he, most unblushingly; "the English clergy, as having no sense of humor at all—none at all. Dear me, what a stupid man I met at Dunoon last year! There were some people on board the steamer talking about Homesh—ye know, he was known to every man who travelled up and down the Clyde—and they told the English clergyman about Homesh wishing he was a stot. 'Wishing he was a what?' says he. 'Would you believe it, it took about ten meenutes to explain the story to him bit by bit; and at the end of it his face was as blank as a bannock before it is put on the girdle.'"

We could see the laughter brimming in the Laird's eyes; he was thinking either of the stot or some other story about Homesh. But his reverence for Sunday prevailed. He fell back on the Standards; and was most anxious to assure Miss Avon that if ever she were to live in Scotland she would suffer no persecution at all, even though she still determined to belong to the Episcopal Church.

Are those tears that she hastily brushes aside? But her face is all smiles to welcome her friend. She declares that she is charmed with the still beauty of this remote and solitary loch.

Then other figures appear; and at last we are all summoned on deck for morning service. It is not an elaborate ceremony; there are no candles or genuflections, or embroidered altar-cloths. But the Laird has put on a black frock-coat, and the men have put aside their scarlet cowls, and wear smart sailor-looking cloth caps. Then the Laird gravely rises and opens his book.

Sometimes, it is true, our good friend has almost driven us to take notice of his accent, and we have had our little jokes on board about it;

but you do not pay much heed to these peculiarities when the strong and resonant voice—amid the strange silence of this Loch of the Burying-Place—reads out the 103rd Psalm: "Like as a father pectieth his children," he may say; but one does not heed that. And who is to notice that, as he comes to these words, he lifts his eyes from the book and fixes them for a moment on Mary Avon's downcast face? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For He knoweth our frame: He remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and His righteousness unto children's children." Then, when he had finished the Psalm, he turned to the New Testament, and read in the same slow and reverent manner the sixth chapter of Matthew. This concluded the service; it was not an elaborate one.

Then, about an hour afterward, the Laird, on being appealed to by his hostess, gave it as his opinion that there would be no Sabbath desecration at all in our going ashore to examine the ruins of what appeared to be an ancient chapel, which we could make out by the aid of our glasses on the green slope above the rocks. And as our young friend—Angus and the Youth—idly paddled us away from the yacht, the Laird began to apologize to his hostess, for not having lengthened the service by the exposition of some chosen text.

"Ye see, ma'am," he observed, "some are gifted in that way, and some not. My father, now, had an amazing power of expounding and explaining—I am sure there was nothing in 'Hutcheson's Exposition' he had not in his memory. A very famous man he was in those days as an Anti-Lifter—very famous; there were few who could argue with him on that memorable point."

"But what did you call him, sir?" asks his hostess, with some vague notion that the Laird's father had lived in the days of body-snatchers.

"An Anti-Lifter: it was a famous controversy; but ye are too young to remember of it, perhaps. And now in these days we are more tolerant, and rightly so. I do not care whether the minister lifts the sacramental bread before distribution or not, now that there is no chance of Popery getting into our Presbyterian Church in disguise. It is the spirit, not the form, that is of importance; our Church authoritatively declares that the efficacy of the sacraments depends not upon any virtue in them, or in him that doth administer them. Ay; that is the cardinal truth. But in those days they considered it right to guard against Popery in every manner; and my father was a prominent Anti-Lifter; and well would he argue and expound on that and most other doctrinal subjects. But I have not much gift that way," added the Laird modestly, quite forgetting with what clearness he had put before us the chief features of the great Simple case.

"We have none in the neighborhood of Strathgovan," he remarked quite simply; "but ye could easily drive into Glasgow"—and he did not notice the quick look of surprise and inquiry that Angus Sutherland immediately directed from the one to the other. But Mary Avon was looking down.

It was a long pull; but by and by the features of the distant island became cleared, and we made out an indentation that probably meant a creek of some sort. But what was our surprise, as we drew nearer and nearer to what we supposed to be an uninhabited island, to find the topmast of a vessel appearing over some rocks that guard the entrance to the bay! As we pulled into the still waters, and passed the heavy black smack lying at anchor, perhaps the two solitary creatures in charge of her were no less surprised at the appearance of strangers in these lonely waters. They came ashore just as we landed. They explained in more or less imperfect English, that they were lobster-fishers and that this was a convenient haven for their smack, while they pulled in their small boat round the shores to look after the traps. And if—when the Laird was not looking—his hostess privately negotiated for the sale of half a dozen live lobsters, and if young Smith also took a quiet opportunity of inquiring about the favorite resorts of the seals, what then? Mice will play when they get the chance. The Laird was walking on with Mary Avon, and was telling her about the Culdees.

And all the time we wandered about the deserted island, and explored its ruins, and went round its bays, the girl kept almost exclusively with the Laird, or with her other and gentle friend; and Angus had but little chance of talking to her or walking with her. He was left pretty much alone. Perhaps he was not greatly interested in the ecclesiastical remains. But he elicited from the two lobster-fishers that the hay scattered on the floor of the chapel was put there by fishermen, who used the place to sleep in when they came to the island. And they showed him the curious tombstone of the saint, with its sculptured elephant and man on horseback. Then he went away by himself to trace out the remains of a former civilization on the island, the withered stumps of a blackthorn hedge, and the abundant nettle. A big rat ran out, the only visible tenant of the crumbled habitation.

Meanwhile the others had climbed to the summit of the central hill; and behold! all around the smooth bays were black and shining objects like the bladders used on fishermen's nets. But these moved this way and that;

sometimes there was a big splash as one disappeared. The Youth sat and regarded this splendid hunting-ground with a breathless interest.

"I'm thinking ye ought to get your seal-skin to-morrow, Miss Mary," says the Laird, for once descending to worldly things.

"Oh, I hope no one will be shot for me!" she said. "They are such gentle creatures!"

"But young men will be young men, ye know," said he, cheerfully. "When I was Howard's age, and knew I had a gun within reach, a sight like that would have made my heart jump."

"Yes," said the nephew, "but you never do have a sight like that when you have a rifle within reach."

"Wait till to-morrow—wait till to-morrow," said the Laird, cheerfully. "And now we will go down to the boat. It is a long pull back to the yacht."

But the Laird's nephew got even more savage as we rowed back in the calm pale twilight. Those wild duck would go whirring by within easy shot, apparently making to the solitudes of Loch Swen. Then that grayish-yellow thing on the rocks. Could it be a sheep? We watched it for several minutes, as the gig went by in the dusk; then, with a heavy plunge or two, the seal floundered down and into the water. The splash echoed through the silence.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" the Youth exclaimed, mortified beyond endurance. "Did you ever! As big as a cow! And as sure as you get such a chance it is Sunday!"

"I am very glad," says Miss Avon. "I hope no one will shoot a seal on my account."

"The seal ought to be proud to have such a fate," said the Laird, gallantly. "Ye are saving him from a miserable and lingering death of cold, or hunger, or old age. And whereas in that case nobody would care anything more about him, ye would give him a sort of immortality in your dining-room, and ye are never done admiring him. A proud fellow he ought to be. And if the seals about here are no' very fine in their skins, still it would be a curiosity, and at present we have not one at all at Denny-mains."

Again this reference to Denny-mains; Angus Sutherland glanced from one to the other; but what could he see in the dusk?

Then we got back to the yacht: what a huge gray ghost she looked in the gloom! And as we were all waiting to get down the companion, Angus Sutherland put his hand on his hostess' arm, and stayed her.

"You must be wrong," said he simply. "I have offended her somehow. She has not spoken ten words to me to-day."

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE good opinion of our fellow-men is the strongest, though not the purest motive to virtue. The privations of poverty render us too cold and callous, and the privileges of property too arrogant and consequential to feel; the first places us beneath the influence of opinion, the second above it.

THE most appreciative persons are by no means persons of greatest equanimity. To be able to feel intensely in one direction, a person must be able to feel with like intensity in the opposite direction, whether he wants to or not. He who is always cheerful is never a person of very strong feeling or exceeding refinement and sensitiveness. He of all others understands least the cost of a fine and high-strung nature.

THE chief preventives of idleness are that the heart be in the work, and that there be thorough preparation for it. Instead of scolding and threatening, it is far better to supply the lack of knowledge, or skill, or practice, or whatever is needed to ensure good and successful work. Let any one once feel the power to accomplish something, and he will of himself exercise the power.

SOBRIETY and tranquillity tend to self-command, self government, and that genuine self-respect which has in it nothing of self-worship; for it is the reverence that each man ought to feel for the nature Heaven has given him, and for the laws of that nature. It is one thing to plough and sow with the expectation of the harvest in due season when the year shall have come round; it is another to ransack the ground in the gold-field, with the heated hope and the craving for the vast returns to-morrow or to-day.

No man of good feeling can enjoy the least comfort if he be not conscious of working for, or having honestly come into the possession of, fully as much as he spends. To persist in living beyond our incomes is to live a life of dishonesty; and to subsist on the industry of relatives, as is sometimes the case with the idle and the dissolute, is worse still, for it involves an excessive meanness of spirit and hard-heartedness, thus adding depth to the crime, and will be sure to be visited some day with feelings of anguish and remorse.

WORK.—Mr. Carlyle, in reply to a request as to a course of reading, said—"It is not by books alone, nor by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all parts a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find expressly or tacitly laid to your charge; that is your post—stand to it like a true soldier. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. There are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly can do what

is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other, wider things if such lie before them."

THE conceited man, to be happy, must not be troubled with one doubt. He must have complete faith in himself. He must be utterly and entirely given over to self-complacency, else all his triumph is turned into defeat. The admission of a single doubt troubles the smooth surface of the mirror. It lets in the power of ridicule, which is fatal. For necessarily the conceited man is a man of small mind, with a strong love of approbation and a perilous craving for the praise of others. If he never doubts his own powers he believes in his complete success. He has the reward for which he struggled. His friends are all laughing at him, and he thinks they admire or are jealous of him; the truth is of small matter. His pleasure is assured, and his self-enjoyment undisturbed.

EDUCATION.—Education, in its broadest sense, may be divided into two parts—that which we receive from external influence and that which is gained from what goes on within us. Without the latter, of course the former would be useless as food without the process of digestion. But, while all the civilized world is anxiously engaged in providing for the former, but little comparative attention is paid to the latter. Schools, teachers, books, parental influence, associates—all that can act upon the child from without—are rightly the objects of close attention and watchful care by conscientious educators. But we have yet much to learn of the more delicate and difficult task of training the mind itself to respond to these influences, to assimilate into its own being the knowledge, principles, and strength thus offered; in a word, to digest its proper food.

EQUANIMITY.—Equanimity or evenness of disposition is frequently assumed to be a mere absence of strong feeling or excitability, and to betoken somewhat of apathy, or, at least, indifference to the stirring concerns of life, to its hopes and fears, its longings and terrors, its aspirations and enthusiasms. It is true there is an innate insensibility that never gives way to outbreaks of any kind, simply because it is too dull to be aroused; but this differs as widely from true equanimity as the silence of sleep differs from the silence of intense watchfulness. There is, too, an artificial stoicism, which is simply the crushing out of all natural desires, the toning down of all vivacity, the suppression of all impulse, the deadening of all emotion. True equanimity, so far from being any such weak and puerile negation as this, is, in fact, the fruit of combined forces. Earnest desires controlled by a strong will, powerful passions curbed by intrepid resolution, ardent enthusiasm guided by firm wisdom, manly energy steadied by a resolute purpose, warm impulses directed by unwavering principles—these are the materials out of which an equanimity worthy of the name is fashioned.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

PATTI is fond of billiards.

CAMILIA URSO is in New York.

GOLDBARK is writing a new opera.

WILHELM is still in New York.

MR. JOSEPH MAAS has gone to Paris.

CHRISTINE NILSSON is a great sufferer from rheumatism.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY talks of retiring from the stage.

VERDI and Boito will call their new opera "Iago" instead of "Othello."

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is at work on another opera for production in this country.

"AMERICA is my country," says Campanini to all with whom he converses abroad.

ADELINA PATTI will appear as Desdemona in Verdi's "Iago" next autumn in Paris.

MRS. ZELDA SEGUIN, the well-known contralto, whose husband died in October, is to be married in the fall.

It costs only \$70,000 per year for gas at the Paris Grand Opera House. It doesn't cost as much as that for opera singers at some of the American opera houses.

SIG. G. OPERTI has been engaged to lead the orchestra with the Dudley Buck Opera Company after the first performance of "Deseret," which the composer will himself direct in person.

THE right of publication of the "Pirates of Penzance" has been sold by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan to Messrs. Chappell & Co., London, who will issue it about the first of next January.

FERRANTI, the buffo singer, has turned composer and written a waltz, "La Mia Nina," for the concert. It is dedicated to his dog and has been played by Liberti, the cornet soloist, at Brighton Beach.

THE American friends of Miss Lillian Norton will be pleased to learn that she is meeting with continued success on the Italian operatic stage. She recently appeared at Aquila, and won a decided triumph as Gilda in "Rigoletto."

GILBERT and Sullivan, the well-known authors and composers, are at work upon another opera for the United States, with the hope of making another "Pirates" success there. It is said to be a "fairly story"; that the lines will be in Gilbert's brightest vein, and that Sullivan will take more pains with the music than he did with the poor patchwork "Pirates of Penzance."

MR. GEORGE GROVE, the compiler of the Musical Dictionary now being issued, and, by the way, nearly completed, was recently presented with a testimonial in London, consisting of one thousand guineas and a chronometer watch. In presenting the gift the Archbishop of Canterbury wished Mr. Grove to know that the expression, was in behalf of those who acknowledged his services in behalf of music and literature. There are scores of grateful Canadians who desire to endorse the sentiment.