

"Well," said I, "as far as salary goes I am prepared to vote for an increase to \$1,500 and a parsonage. I don't live on less than twice that."

Mr. Hardecap stuck his hands down resolutely into his pockets and groaned audibly.

"I am afraid we can't get it, Mr. Laicus," said Mr. Wheaton. "I believe a minister ought to have it, but I don't see where it is coming from. We mustn't burden the parish."

"And I believe," I retorted, "that the labourer is worthy of his hire; and we must not burden the pastor."

"For my part," said Mr. Hardecap, "I won't give my consent to a dollar over \$1,200 a year. I ain't goin' to encourage ministerial luxury nohow."

"Well, for my part," said Mr. Wheaton, "I don't care so much about that. But we must have a first-rate man. He has to preach here in the summer time to city congregations. They are critical, sir, critical. And we have got to have just as good a man as the Broadway Tabernacle. But as to paying a city salary, that you know is absurd, Mr. Laicus. We can't be expected to do that."

"Bricks without straw," murmured Mr. Gear.

Just then the post office window opened and we all made a rush for our mail. But before we separated we agreed to hold a formal meeting at my house a week from the following Thursday evening for a further canvass of the whole matter.

Meanwhile, I am perplexed by the double problem that our informal meeting has suggested. I have been sitting for half-an-hour pondering it. The children have long since gone to bed. I have finished my evening paper, and written my evening letters. The fire has burned low, and been replenished. Jennie sits by my side engaged in that modern imitation of Penelope's task, the darning of stockings. And for half-an-hour only the ticking of the clock and the sighing of the wind outside have disturbed the silence of the room.

"Jennie," said I at length, "When I told you to-night of our talk at the post office you said you hoped we would get a young man. Why?"

"Why?" said Jennie.

"Yes," said I, "I can understand why Mr. Hardecap wants a young man. It is for the same reason that he employs half-taught apprentices in his shop. They are cheap. Of course our good friend Maurice Mapleson, with neither wife nor children can more easily lay up money on \$1,000 a year than Mr. Elder with his five children can on \$1,500 or \$2,000. But I don't think you and I, Jennie, want to economize on our minister."

"I am sure we don't, John," said Jennie.

"And I can understand why Mr. Wheaton wants a young minister. Young ministers do draw better, at least at first. There is a certain freshness and attractiveness in youth. Curiosity is set agog in watching the young minister, and still more in watching his young bride. A ministerial honeymoon is a godsend to a parish. Whether we ought to hire our pastor to set curiosity agog and serve the parish as a nine days' wonder may be a question. But I suspect that we very often do. But, Jennie, I hope you and I don't want a minister to serve us as food for gossip."

"I am sure not, John," said Jennie.

"Why is it then, Jennie," said I, "that you and I want youth in our minister? Young lawyers and doctors are not in requisition. Age generally brings confidence even when it does not endow with wisdom, and I believe that Judge Hall's principal qualification for his office was his bald head and gray beard. When you discovered a couple of gray hairs on my head a little while ago, I was delighted. I should like to multiply them. Every gray hair is worth a dollar. Dr. Curall has hard work to get on in his profession because he is so young, and looks still younger than he is. If there were such a thing as gray dye it would pay him to employ it. Lawyers and doctors must be old—ministers must be young. Why, Jennie?"

"Perhaps," said Jennie, "we want in our ministers enthusiasm more than wisdom."

"Enthusiasm," said I. "That might do for the Methodists. But it does not apply to the Congregationalists, and the Episcopalians, and the staid and sober Presbyterians."

"I don't know about that," said Jennie. "What we want of our preachers is not so much instruction as inspiration. We want some body not to think for us but to set us to thinking. Our souls get sluggish, and they want to be stirred up. I do not want somebody to prove the authority of the ten commandments, John, but some one to make me more earnest to obey them. I do not care much about Dr. Argue's learned exposition on the doctrine of atonement. But I do want some one who shall make me realize more and more that Jesus died for me."

"And what has that to do with youth, Jennie," said I.

"I don't know," said Jennie, thoughtfully; "unless it is that the truth seems somehow new and fresh to the young minister. Besides, it is not youth, John, altogether. It is freshness and warmth, and enthusiasm, and spiritual life. Mr. Beecher is not young, nor is Spurgeon nor Dr. Hall, nor Dr. Tyng, nor John B. Gough. But they are all popular. Father Hyatt isn't young, John, but I had rather hear him than Dr. Argue any day."

I rather think Jennie is right. It is not youth we want at Wheatledge, but spiritual life and earnestness. At least it is to be thought of.

But as to salary—how are we to get a first-class man at a third class salary puzzles me. I shall have to refer that to Mr. Wheaton. He is the financier of our church, I believe.

(To be continued.)

TRANSYLVANIA SUPERSTITIONS.

The greatest luck which can befall a mortal is to be born on Easter Sunday while the bells are ringing; but it is not lucky to die on that day. The spoon with which the Easter eggs have been removed from the boiling pot is carefully treasured up and worn in the belt by the shepherd; it gives him the power to distinguish the witches who seek to molest his flock. Perhaps the most important day in the year is

St. George's, the 23rd of April (corresponds to our 5th of May), the eve of which is still frequently kept by occult meetings taking place at night in lonely caverns or within ruined walls, and where all the ceremonies usual to the celebration of a witches' sabbath are put into practice. The feast itself is the great day to beware of witches, to counteract whose influence square-cut blocks of green turf are placed in front of each door and window. This is supposed effectually to bar their entrance to the house or stables, but for still greater safety it is usual here for the peasants to keep watch all night by the sleeping cattle. This same night is the best for finding treasures, and many people spend it in wandering about the hills trying to probe the earth for the gold it contains. Vain and futile as such researches usually are, yet they have in this country a somewhat greater semblance of reason than in most other parts, for perhaps nowhere else have so many successive nations been forced to secrete their riches in flying from an enemy, to say nothing of the numerous veins of undiscovered gold and silver which must be seaming the country in all directions. Not a year passes without bringing to light some earthen jar containing old Dacian coins or golden ornaments of Roman origin, and all such discoveries serve to feed and keep up the national superstition.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

WHEN JACK IS TALL AND TWENTY.

When Jack is tall and twenty,
We know what Jack will do.
With girls so sweet and plenty,
He'll find him one to woo.
And soon the lover's twilight
Will hear a story told,
And Jack will die or fly sky high
For sake of hair of gold.
Hearken, Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
'Tis fools are sold for locks of gold,
For gold will turn to gray.

But Jack, if truth be spoken,
Is simple Jack no more;
If gold his heart has broken,
'Tis scarce the gold of yore.
He wots of dower for daughters
Not all in ringlets rolled;
To beauty steel'd, his heart will yield
To stamped and minted gold.
Hearken, Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
If gold hath wing, as poets sing,
Then gold may fleet away.

When Jack goes forth a-wooing,
If Jack has heart or head,
And would not soon be rueing
The hour that saw him wed,
He will not pine for graces,
Nor cringe for wealth to hold,
But strive and dare by service fair
To win a heart of gold.
Harken, Jack, and heed me—
Ponder what I say!
The gear will fly, the bloom will die,
But love will last for aye.
—*Frederick Langbridge, in Good Words.*

SLAVE HUNTING IN AFRICA.

We discovered that this horde of banditti was under the leadership of several chiefs, but principally under Kareina and Kiburaga. They had started sixteen months previously from Wane-Kirundu, about thirty miles below Vinya Njara. For eleven months the band had been raiding successfully between the Congo and the Lubanza, on the left bank. They had then undertaken to perform the same cruel work between the Biye and Wane-Kirundu. On looking at my map I find that such a territory within the area described would cover 16,200 square miles on the left and 10,500 on the right bank, equal to 34,570 square miles—just about 2,000 square miles greater than Ireland—inhabited by about 1,000,000 people. I was permitted in the afternoon to see the human harvest they had gathered—rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the whitedresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked forms upright, standing, or moving about listlessly. There are countless naked children, many mere infants, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women bending under a basket of fuel or bananas, who are driven through the moving groups by two or three musketeers. I observe that mostly all are fettered: youths with iron rings round their necks, through which a chain, like one of our best anchor chains, is rove, securing the captives by twenties. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, the mothers by shorter chains, around whom their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mothers' breasts. After realizing the extent and depth of the misery presented to me, I walked about as in a kind of dream, wherein I saw through the darkness of the night the stealthy forms of the murderers creeping toward the doomed town, its inmates all asleep, when suddenly flash the light of brandished torches, the sleeping town is involved in flames, while volleys of musketry lay low the frightened and astonished people. The slave traders admit they have only 2,300 captives in this fold; yet they have raided through the length and breadth of a country larger than Ireland, bearing fire and spreading carnage with lead and iron: 118 villages and forty-one districts have been wasted, out of which is only educed this scant profit of 2,300 females and children and about 2,000 tusks of ivory! To obtain these 2,300 slaves they must have shot a round number of 2,500 people, while 1,500 more died by the wayside through scant provisions and the intensity of their hopeless wretchedness.—*The Congo*.—*H. H. Stanley*.

British and Foreign.

A CONFERENCE on total abstinence is to be held at Inverness in September next.

IN Denmark, if a publican makes a man drunk he is obliged to send him home in a cab.

A SUNDAY closing bill for Sweden is about to become law. It provides also for earlier closing on week days.

AN anonymous member of the English Presbyterian Church has sent a cheque for \$15,000 to assist the China mission.

BISHOP FRASER, preaching at Bolton, said that if intemperance slew its thousands, licentiousness slew its tens of thousands.

REDFY, in Tennessee, Tom Hughes's experimental colony, now has between 350 and 400 inhabitants, only one-half of whom are English.

CANNON MACCOLL was fired at with a pistol on a recent Sunday night in New Bond Street, London. A pellet passed through his hat.

THE Established Presbytery of Dundee has resolved to admit to the Church of Scotland the congregation of St. John's Church of England chapel, Lochee-road.

THE candidates for the Enfield division of Middlesex, Viscount Folkestone, Conservative, and Mr. John Kempster, Liberal, are both abstainers, and support local option.

MR. HAMER BASS, M.P. and brewer, says he should be glad to see the establishment of county boards, which would among other things regulate the liquor traffic, and constitute a kind of local option.

THE Rev. James Mayo, of Cambridge, has been fined \$25 for assaulting an invalid gentleman as he was being wheeled down the street in a bath chair, but chose the alternative of a month's imprisonment.

THE French Government has bought the portrait of Victor Hugo by Bezel, which will be placed in the Luxembourg Gallery. This is considered the best portrait of the poet. It is dated March 11, 1855.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie, in a recent letter to Monsignore Goddard congratulating him on his jubilee, speaks of herself as alone, the sole remnant of a shipwreck that proves how fragile and vain are the grandeurs of this world.

MR. BEAMISH, chairman of the Coventry board of guardians, says he has never seen a teetotaler come to the workhouse for relief, and he has made inquiries at fifteen other workhouses and found a similar state of things.

MR. WILLIAM MACKINNON, of Ballinakill, who is spoken of as the moderate Liberal candidate for Argyleshire, is a Free Churchman of the Begg school, who was opposed to union, and who is not likely to support disestablishment.

A NEW Holy Family, by Corregio, has been discovered and restored, through the efforts of Herr Penther, the custodian of the Vienna Art Gallery. The picture has been recoloured no fewer than three times. It is, however, unspoiled in the principal details.

REV. WILLIAM WELSH, of Broughton, son-in-law of Dr. Thomas Guthrie, has lately retired from the active duties of the pastorate after a ministry of upwards of forty years. The attachment of his flock was lately manifested by a handsome present to Mr. Welsh and his wife.

MR. SPURGEON, who has been spending ten days at Benmore as the guest of Mr. Duncan, preached to a congregation of 4,000 on the lawn before the castle on a recent Sunday evening. This is the third occasion on which the eminent preacher has discoursed at the same spot.

THE ascent of Mont Blanc has been accomplished in twelve hours, direct from Chamouaix, by Mr. E. A. Evans, of Chester, England, with three guides. This is considerably the quickest ascent yet made. The party crossed the glaciers below the Grandes Mulets by moonlight.

MR. WILLIAM PATON, an elder in the Free West Church, Kilbirnie, who often assisted at religious meetings in the homes of the people, has died in his eighty-sixth year. In his youth he was a noted swimmer and athlete. He engaged in public religious work till within a few months of his death.

AT the unveiling of the bust of the late Dr. Lindsay Alexander at Augustine Church, Edinburgh, it was mentioned that there will soon be published a volume of Dr. Alexander's Lectures on Ecclesiastes, to be edited by his son, and also a volume of selected sermons from unpublished MSS., with a sketch of their author's life and work.

TWO fresh names have been added to the roll of the Congo martyrs. Rev. Alexander Cowe, who arrived at San Salvador on the 1st of May, was attacked by fever twelve days afterwards and died on the 21st of that month. On June 8, at Underhill Station, Rev. W. F. Cottingham also died of fever; he had only arrived on May 15.

MR. GEORGE A. KOLLO, who was bred a farmer and resolved to devote himself to Foreign Mission work, was ordained to the eldership in Chalmers Territorial Church, Edinburgh, in presence of a large congregation, with a view to his proceeding to Livingstonia as a missionary teacher and agriculturist. He has just completed a full arts curriculum at the university.

AT the English Methodist Conference, which met at Newcastle, the case of a woman preacher in the Swaffham circuit was brought up; but as it transpired that she was seventy-six years of age and the oldest local preacher on the plan, having been regularly preaching for fifty years, it was agreed to "pass on." Dr. Rigg held, however, that such cases were exceedingly dangerous and improper.

THE congregation of Free St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, met for the last time in their old church recently, in view of removal to the new edifice in course of erection. Principal Rainy preached in the forenoon, and Rev. R. J. Sandeman, the pastor, in the afternoon. The first sermon in the old church was delivered by Dr. Bruce on June 2, 1844. Since its formation the congregation has raised \$500,000, of which \$250,000 was remitted to the sustentation fund.