

place—Joe who had seemed to be a fixture for life! There was much lamentation, especially among the boys and certain decrepit men. The latter groaned dismally after he had visited them all for the last time. Who now would get them an extra bit of tobacco or listen patiently to their stories on a Sunday afternoon?

"Chirk up; grand'thers!" said Joe, his kindly face working. "Mebbe I'll be lonesome without all on ye, 'n' come buck like a bad penny!"

"Ye won't find us here then," they said, "we'll be gone from the town-farm forever!"

"Ef Joe'd mistrusted ye sot tech a store by him he'd ben drifflin' out up!" he said. "Wal, good-by, 'n' good luck, one 'n' all. Ef I find no kin 'n' no one to welcome me, 'n' nothin' to do up there amongst the hills, mebbe I'll be back agin askin' the sup. for the old job. I hed no idee it 'ud go so agin the grain to leave the paupers!"

He had already bidden Maggie good-by several times, and left his sea-chest in her charge until he should call or send for it.

"And if there's any letters in there you may be sure I'll read them!" She was sorry the moment the words left her lips, Joe looked so distressed.

"You're welcome to read anything," he said, gravely. "There's nobody to write to Joe except the Bos'on lady. My old mother 'ud 'a' writ' often only Joe stopped her blessed fingers! If 't aint too late I'll make it up to her."

"I hope it isn't! I'll pray it isn't," said the girl, softly. Her bright eyes were full of tears, an unwonted sight. This sympathy moved Joe greatly.

"Maggie," said he, brokenly, "ef I was younger 'n' a better man I'd say suthin' partic'lar to ye; but I aint worthy!"

Joe would not go by rail. He preferred to "see the country afoot." His fashion of travelling was like Father Gwynn's, only he bore no blessed message, he served no Royal Master. In darkness of soul he went towards his old home. Sometimes the hope of meeting his mother lifted the cloud. It seemed as if the only rest for him was to receive her forgiveness, and strive to atone for the past by his devotion. Her face seemed ever to wear a tender smile, her hand to beckon him onward.

(To be continued.)

#### THE LAST DAYS OF ROBESPIERRE.

It was the evening of the 26th July, or 8th Thermidor, according to the Revolutionary Calendar. Robespierre had on that day re-appeared at the convention after a protracted absence, and delivered a speech in which he dwelt on his own virtues and public services, and complained of the misrepresentation his incorruptible conduct had undergone. He threw out dark hints about the existence of a "criminal coalition" in the very heart of the Convention, and pointed to the exposure of traitors, and the silencing of faction's voice, as the only means of saving the country. He abstained from naming anybody in particular, though called on to do so by many among his hearers; that duty he left to his colleague Saint-Just, who was to read a report, explaining everything, next day. His harangue was listened to from first to last almost in silence—a silence that boded ill for him.

Surprised and offended he hastened, as soon as the sitting was over, to the club of the Jacobins, and poured out his grief to his friends.

During the night few members of the Convention can have slept. Mountain and plain had combined to resist the tyrant's advance. Tallien, feverishly impatient, undertook to lead the attack, and asked but that his adherents should back him up manfully. In the morning deputies crowded to the Convention earlier than usual. Tallien was standing at one of the doors of the hall, and conferring with some of his supporters, when he saw Saint-Just pass in, report in hand, and ascend the tribune. Robespierre and Couthon followed.

"Now is our time!" exclaimed Tallien. "Let us go in." And in they went, just as the speaker was beginning to read his report, which was no less than a vehement denunciation of forty deputies, of whose presence Robespierre was resolved to be rid. Saint-Just had hardly uttered three pompous introductory sentences, when the fiery Tallien interrupted him on a point of order, and shouted out: "Je demande que le voile soit entièrement déchiré!" These words were greeted by a tempest of applause from all corners of the hall. As it subsided, Billaut-Varennes began an indignant philippic against Robespierre, who, on its conclusion, dashed forward to obtain possession of the tribune. But Tallien would not allow this. Springing up the steps, he continued the attack in spirited sort.

"A moment since," cried he, "I demanded that the curtain should be torn aside; and that it has been so, is now evident. The conspirators are unmasked. Though well aware that my life was threatened, I have till to-day kept silence. But last evening I was present at a meeting of the Jacobins, and I beheld the new Cromwell, assembling his forces. Trembling for my country, I armed myself with a dagger; and I am prepared to plunge it in the miscreant's heart, if the Convention has not the courage to decree his impeachment."

As he spoke, he drew a real dagger from his bosom, and brandished it before the eyes of the assembly. The temper of the house was shown by the deafening cheers which saluted this action—cheers which were repeated at intervals as Tallien poured forth a long-pent-up torrent of invective.

Robespierre turned livid. He again strove to ascend the tribune, but it was already occupied by a fresh enemy. He ran backwards and forwards demanding a hearing, but the President's bell, and cries of "a bas le tyran," drowned his voice.

"President des assassins!" he screamed; "for the last time I call on you to allow me to be heard." He looked despairingly around the hall, and met nothing but menacing gestures or averted glances, while the tumult went on increasing. At length, foaming at the mouth and out of breath, he sank on his seat, conscious perhaps that all was lost.

The question of impeachment was put to the vote, and passed unanimously. Before the house rose Robespierre and his foremost adherents had been arrested and led off to prison. The following day they were dragged through the streets of Paris to the guillotine.—*Temple Bar.*

#### THY WILL BE DONE.

Father, I know that all my life  
Is portioned out for me,  
And the changes that are sure to come  
I do not fear to see;  
But I ask Thee for a present mind,  
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles  
And to wipe the weeping eyes;  
And a heart at leisure from itself,  
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
A secret thing to know:  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatso'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with men  
To keep and cultivate,  
A work of lowly love to do,  
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength  
To none that ask denied,  
And a mind to blend with outward strife  
While keeping at Thy side;  
Content to fill a little space,  
So Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask  
In my cup of blessing be,  
I would have my spirit filled the more  
With grateful love to Thee:  
And careful less to serve Thee much,  
Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path  
That call for patient care;  
There is a cross in every lot,  
And an earnest need for prayer;  
But a lonely heart that leans on Thee  
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,  
There are no bonds for me;  
For my inmost heart is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free:  
And a life of self-renouncing love  
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA LLEITHIA WARING.

#### THE FIXED STARS.

The first impression in looking upon the sky on a clear night is that the stars are countless; but it will be found that, bringing the eye to bear on a particular part of the heavens, the stars can be counted. There are about 6,000 stars visible to the naked eye from New York. Add to these 1,000 which never rise above our horizon, and there are 7,000 visible to the naked eye. With a little opera-glass, 300,000 stars can be counted, and with the largest telescope it is found that the number of stars is about equal to the population of the United States. About 600,000 stars have been catalogued and their positions fixed. It is found that the stars differ in brilliancy. This is because some are larger than others, because some are more distant than others, and because some are of greater intrinsic brilliancy than others. There are twenty stars in the first magnitude, thirty-five of the second, 140 of the third, 327 of the fourth, 950 of the fifth, 4,400 of the sixth, and about 14,000 of the seventh. It is discovered that many of the stars change in brilliancy. Indeed, there are very few that do not. Some of the stars are young and growing brighter; others are old and growing dimmer. It is found that the sun and its planets are moving toward a certain point in the universe. The stars are separating ahead of us, and closing up behind us.—*Prof. Young.*

#### EXCUSABLE.

A gentleman in Richmond, Virginia, had a servant named Joe. One morning he lay in bed till nine o'clock, but no Joe and no fire. The impossibility of shaving with water thirty degrees below freezing-point brought imprecations on the tardy domestic's head, when the door opened, and Aunt Polly leisurely began to light the fire.

"Where is thunder?" (the historian is nothing if he is not accurate) "is that son of yours? I've been waiting for him two blessed hours."

"Now, Marce Tray, you must 'case Joe," said his mother in her most conciliating tones—"you really must 'case Joe 'in mornin'—Joe dead."—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

WORKERS in ornamental wood now assert that yellow pine, hard finished in oil, is the rival in beauty of any wood that grows, not excepting the coalfield of the hard species, it being susceptible of receiving and maintaining as high a degree of polish as any known wood, while, when impregnated with oil, it is almost indestructible.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Luther celebration is said to have produced about 7,000 separate publications.

EVERY Protestant missionary in the South Seas is said to create, on an average, a trade of \$50,000 a year.

BISHOP TEMPLE's Bampton lectures have attracted large audiences at Oxford. The general subject is "Science and Religion."

A PROPOSAL in Glasgow Established Presbytery to petition Parliament in favour of Mr. MacLagan's local veto bill was negatived.

THE French colony in Berlin is preparing, in view of the bicentenary of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, a history of the French settlement in the Prussian capital.

EDINBURGH Free Presbytery, on the motion of Principal Rainy, has unanimously petitioned Parliament against the bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister.

THE hero of the hour at Berlin at present is Dr. Koch, the President of the German Cholera Commission, who has just returned from India, where he has discovered the cholera germ.

M. CORSON, in the *Journal de Pharmacie*, says that a piece of borax weighing two or three grains will, if allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth of a singer, remove all trace of hoarseness.

THE Belfast Presbytery has asked the General Assembly to prohibit their ministers and professors sitting as members of Parliament. The motion was moved by Dr. Johnston and seconded by Dr. Killin.

THE petition to Queen Victoria in favour of the restoration of Valentine Baker to the British army has already been signed by over 12,000 persons, including several peers and members of the Commons.

DR. NORMAN MACLEOD, of Edinburgh, is of opinion that the Christian education of our youth depends upon the direct exertions of the Church if the religious character of the country is to be maintained.

THE Earl of Carnarvon, as pro-grandmaster of the Free Masons, laid the chief corner-stone of the central tower of Peterborough Cathedral lately. Many thousands were present, and the city was extensively decorated.

A METHODIST mother in Israel, whose home is in Louisville, Kentucky, contrasting a century ago with the present, said: "Then we had golden sermons in wooden pulpits; now we have wooden sermons in golden pulpits."

NEWINGTON congregation, Edinburgh, has by 147 votes to 123 adhered, in spite of the Presbyterial committee's recommendation, to their choice of Mr. Macaskill of Greenock. The minority supported Mr. Macallister of Old Aberdeen.

IT was resolved at a meeting held in Edinburgh lately that it is desirable to found a lectureship in connection with the United Presbyterian Church, and a committee was appointed to endeavour to raise the funds and make the necessary arrangements.

THE Rev. T. E. Slater, of the London Missionary Society, Madras, a thoroughly competent man for such a task, has a book in the press giving a full history of the late Keshub Chunder Sen and of the Brahmo Somaj, from a Christian standpoint.

THE operations at Peterborough Cathedral, England, prove that a fraudulent builder is no new thing. The walls of the tower, while possessing a specious face of good stone blocks, had within nothing more substantial than loose bits of stone and dry rubbish.

THE memorial to the Secession fathers at Gairney Bridge, Scotland, was unveiled recently, when suitable addresses were delivered by Prof. Calderwood, Dr. R. S. Scott, Glasgow; Dr. Hutton, Paisley; Prof. Graham, London; and Principal King, Manitoba.

MAHDIISM is catching. Another Mahdi has risen in Bokhara by the name of Mohammed Abdallah Ben Oman. He has taken the title of Kefid, and has written a letter to the Sultan calling upon him to unfurl the green banner of Mohammed against the unfaithful.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S., declares that the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce drunkenness, and such as is quite common in all ranks of society, injures the body, and diminishes the mental power to an extent which few people are aware of.

LIFE insurance companies make a discrimination against the negro on the theory that his life is shorter than that of the white man. Some experts believe this to be erroneous, and the Massachusetts Legislature passed a bill forbidding such distinction; but Gov. Robinson hesitates to append his signature.

THE *Gazette van Kortrijk* (Courtrai) is publishing a Flemish translation of "Hiawatha." The line "Blast of mildew, blight of insect," appears to have been too much for the translator, who leaves it in the original. The *Gazette* is endeavouring to popularize English in Flanders, and publishes articles in English.

LEIPSIK newspapers report that the value of the property left by the lately deceased, well-known book-seller Baron Tauchnitz is estimated at 4,052,000 marks (about \$1,014,000), together with a valuable piece of landed property. The city of Leipzig is appointed universal heir. From this inheritance are to be deducted several small legacies.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES recalls the fact that sixty years ago three little Boston boys as melodramatic heroes performed in a garret theatre before an audience of young acquaintances. They had remarkable aptitude for acting. But they did not stick to the stage, for they grew up to be Wendell Phillips, Thomas G. Appleton, and John Lotthrop Motley.