

"At Arngask, which she makes very unpeaceable for Mr. Phillip Napier and Miss Jean."

"She's like a lion on a hot girdle," said Sir Walter in his broad way.

"If she hasnae a thing to giv' aboot, she'll mak anither. I hae nae patience wi' yon woman."

"Hush, Walter!" said his wife gently. "Let the poor lady alone. Tibbie, my dear, run and get your things together," she added to Tibbie. "We must be going, as we expect some friends to dinner this evening."

"I'll get Mary Elliot frae Aldershope tae bide wi' me while Tibbie's awa," said Miss Nesbit when her sister left the room. "Ye ken Mary Elliot, Lady Scott?"

"Yes, a very sweet girl. I remember her at Aldersyde. I heard an absurd rumour from your kinswoman, Grizel Oliphant, at Yair yesterday, that your cousin Hugh Nesbit is courting Doctor Elliot's daughter."

"Whaur does Miss Grizzle get a' the news?" asked Miss Nesbit with a smile.

"You may well ask," laughed Lady Scott.

"She has naethin' else adae," put in Sir Walter drily, "but nurse her cat, an' throw wi' yon servin'-wummin, an' gether up the news."

(To be continued.)

A POPULAR NOVELIST.

The story of how E. P. Roe found his right place in the world, as a writer of religious novels, would make an interesting illustration for one of Samuel Smiles's pleasant books. He was an army chaplain during the war, and afterward became pastor of the little church at Highland Falls, near West Point. A new church was needed, and to build it the pastor himself went pluckily to work to raise the money. The summer visitors at the Point did their share, but there remained a gap, to fill which Mr. Roe began to lecture about the country on the facts of his army life, but without any notion that he was a writer of fiction. Meanwhile the Chicago fire occurred, and under the strong spell of a desire to visit the scene, though without special purpose in view, he made a "forced march" by railroad, and reached there while the ruins were still smoking. In his study there are some curious relics of the fire in the shape of china, which he found in the ruins, on which the intense heat had burned in a smoky iridescence. Out of this journey their gradually developed "Barriers Burned Away," his first work of fiction. It was published in 1872, and at once had an enormous sale. Up to this fall he had published nine novels—missing only two years, when he issued, instead of a novel, his "Success with Small Fruits"—and their sales aggregated 346,000 copies. The tenth novel, "His Sombre Rivals," utilizes his experiences of the war and the season's sale of this and the previous books promises to bring the total up to 400,000 copies—an extraordinary result for little over ten years of literary work. At the usual return of ten per cent., this would come to \$60,000, but this, which represents very nearly the high-water mark of successful authorship is, after all, little in comparison with the returns of successful business men. Mr. Roe's method of work has been peculiar. He writes MS. in a huge ledger or hand-book, and usually finishes a novel under tremendous pressure, sometimes shutting himself up in a room in a New York hotel, and driving away on a diet of beefsteak and coffee, allowing himself only the recreation of an evening of good music, till his book is finished. This method occasionally results in a visible carelessness of construction, which his readers, however, easily forgive. Besides writing novels Mr. Roe has been very successful as a grower of small fruits, and does one of the largest businesses of the country in strawberry-plants. His present residence and fruit-farm is at Cornwall, on the side of old Storm King. He is now finishing a story of a novel kind, the plan of which was suggested to him by the editor of "Harper's Magazine," and which will begin in the forth-coming Christmas number of that periodical, and run, in company with William Black's "Judith Shakespeare," for a year. The title is "Nature's Serial Story," and the life (and love-making) of a country home is followed month by month through the year, with careful studies of the outdoor phases of nature, of plant and animal life. Mr. W. H. Gibson is associated with Mr. Roe in his work, and has been making studies for lavish illustration in the neighbourhood of Storm King, where the scene of the story is realistically placed. His pictures will be supplemented by figure illustrations from Mr. Frederic Dielman, who drew "A Girl I Know" in the mammoth "Harper's Christmas" of last year. Mr. Roe's books have also had considerable sales in England, sometimes with, oftener without, profit to him; but his American returns alone would have made him, had it not been for his having some of the misfortunes of others, the owner of what for an author might be called a considerable fortune. But his own satisfaction seems to be rather in the good the stories have been to others, in their thousand-pulpit power, than in the returns they have brought to himself.—*Literary World*.

IN BERMUDA.

I have said that courtesy is the rule in Bermuda. Here is a proof of it. At one time during these performances the crowd surged in front of me, so that I could see only a wall of backs and shoulders. A kindly-faced and sweet-voiced negro woman, perceiving this, touched my shoulder, saying, "Take my place, lady. You cannot see." "But," I answered, "if I do, you will see nothing." "Oh, that does not matter," she said, with a bright smile. "The lady is a stranger, but I have seen the princess a good many times." Manners in the islands, if not hearts, are exceedingly friendly. Everybody, as a rule, salutes. No man, be he white or black, passes a lady without lifting his hat. Every child makes its grave little salutation. Negro women, with baskets on their heads, give you a word or a smile, as they go by. Little boys and girls steal shyly up with gifts of flowers or fruit. Nobody is in a hurry, nobody seems to have anything to do; yet every one is well clad, and looks happy and contented.

Perhaps there is poverty in Bermuda, but squalor and absolute want, if they exist, keep themselves strangely out of sight. The first thing, perhaps, that strikes the visitor, after the beauty of the water and the perfection of the flowers, is the appearance of ease and well-to-do comfort that prevades the Islands. There is no rubbish, no dirt, no mud. Instead of the tumble-down shanties that deform and defile the rest of the world, here the humblest citizen not only dreams of marble halls, but actually dwells in them—or seems to. All the houses are built of the native snow-white stone; a coral formation that underlies every foot of soil. When first quarried, this stone is so soft that it can be cut with a knife. But it hardens on exposure to the air, and so durable is it that a house once built is good for at least a hundred years. That it readily lends itself to architectural purposes is shown by the interior of Trinity Church, and by the handsome and massive gateways, with their arches and columns, that one meets at every turn. These with the well-kept grounds, give an impression of affluence and elegance that is, perhaps, sometimes misleading. For we are told there are not many large incomes in Bermuda, and that the style of living in these beautiful and picturesque homes is very simple and unostentatious.—*Julia C. R. Dorr, in December Atlantic*.

IF I COULD ONLY TAKE IT BACK!

If I could only take it back!

The trifling jest that once I spoke,
And left a bitter sting that tears
Could not restore the love it broke.
And one I loved—how long since then!
With wounded spirit felt the wrong;
I wish that I could once again
Win back the heart—the hand—the song!

If I could only take it back!

The angry word so rashly said.
And I was wrong; but then, he too—
Well let it pass—long years have fled.
And though our friendship is the same,
Undimmed by years of toil and care,
My memory makes me blush with shame
To know my words are written there.

I wish that I could take it back!

The blow I struck in heedless wrath;
The day—the hour—his ruddy face
Come often in my changing path.
He felt the blow—the sudden smart
Soon passed from off his boyish cheek,
But left upon my own sad heart
A wound whose cure I vainly seek.

If I could only take it back!

One hasty word I did not mean;
It came upon my lips, and went
To her dear spirit cold and keen.
But the sweet love that healed the pain
Was bathed in heaven's seraphic light,
And we shall meet at home again,
In cloudless glory, pure and bright.

If I could only take them back,

And blot them from the years that were,
And weave a vow of peace and love
Within the Gospel of my prayer,
How sweet the holy immortelles
My heart would round their hearts entwine,
And I would never take them back—
Those gentle words and deeds of mine!

SONNETS.

LOVE STRONG AS DEATH.

A Mother watched with many a silent vow,
Where, restless, lay her child, with burning brow,
Fevered, yet weak, too ill to recognize
It's Mother's anxious care and yearning eyes.
One hour's neglect, and Death's cold stiff embrace
Had touched with icy chill the little face;
But one omission of each needful care,
And the dread angel had alighted there.
Yet still the Mother at her post was found.
While days and nights dragged on their weary round;
Then on the infant fell a restful sleep,
And happy tears the Mother's heart could weep;
The struggle o'er, in peace the babe drew breath,
And life returned—for Love was strong as Death.

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

The wailing infant grew to man's estate,
But here again Death's angel lay in wait,
And when life's rainbow shone most bright and clear,
Its colours faded as the fog grew near.
No meek unconscious child might now await,
What worldlings idly call the stroke of Fate;
They judged it best the babe had lost the strife,
Than lived to fade, when clinging most to life.
Unknowing how the young, but Christian soul
Can face in hope and trust Heaven's distant goal,
Such faith had he—though Mother's love was vain,
She would not now recall her boy again;
Still to her mourning heart his memory saith,
"The love and life beyond shall conquer death."

—*Chambers' Journal*.

MR. THEODORE N. MACNAIR, a graduate of the Princeton Theological Seminary, is to go at once as a missionary to Japan, under the care of the Presbyterian Board.

As the result of a conference of representatives of the various churches in Kilmaronock, the observance of Secular Fast-days will in future be discontinued. The same step has been taken at Motherwell.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

A WALDENSIAN church has lately been opened in Rome. MR. HOLDER, the new Mayor of Liverpool, is a Presbyterian.

AUSTRALIA has sent another \$10,000 to the Land League Treasury.

PHILADELPHIA has eighty-five institutions that care for neglected and dependent children.

DR. DUDLEY certifies that 745 Londoners died of "smoky chimneys" in a short time.

GALVESTON has a vigilance committee that threatens to make the climate of Texas warm for gamblers.

IN the late elections in Connecticut, 94 of the 167 towns in the Land of Steady Habits voted "No License."

IT is proposed to replace the missionary brig, the Morning Star, by a steam vessel, if \$50,000 can be raised.

CONGRESS has spent over \$100,000,000 in the last eighty years in the city of Washington, the national capital.

SEVERAL citizens of Adams, Mass., heat their houses by steam conveyed in pipes from the boilers in the mills.

THE Free Church Presbytery of Italy is to build a church edifice adjoining the Barberini Palace in Rome.

BY ninety to twenty-one votes the Norwich Diocesan Conference has declared against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

ACCORDING to the Mayor of Birmingham, there are no less than 10,000 men in the adult Sunday-schools of that town.

"THE Flying Roll" is the very latest religious sect started in England, the members of which claim to be the latter house of Israel.

THE Rev. Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, London, has been presented by some two hundred members of his church with a marble bust of himself.

A SERIES of warehouse meetings in the city of London for the advocacy of temperance principles has been inaugurated by Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P.

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has postponed his visit to Mentone till after the first Sunday in December. The Rev. gentleman will be absent about six weeks.

THE late M. Barraude, the most eminent paleontologist in Europe, was another distinguished scientist who decidedly opposed the views of modern evolutionists.

THE Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, Free Methodists, and Bible Christians of New Zealand are considering a plan of union like that of the Methodists of Canada.

COUNT DI CAMPBELLO denies that he ever entered any particular Protestant sect or communion, and asserts that he has never been anything else but an Old Catholic.

MR. ARMITSTRAD, M.P. for Dundee, has resolved to devote £2,000 to the establishment of one or more scholarships in connection with Dundee University College.

THE Free Church Presbytery of Italy has acquired a site upon which to erect a church close to the Palazzo Barberini in Rome. A floating Bethel is to be built at Leghorn.

TWO of the Methodist missionaries in Norway have been brought before the courts accused by clergymen of the State Church, and fined for receiving members into their Church.

THE Church of England Temperance Society celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this year. All the bishops, several thousands of the clergy, and 432,672 members are now enrolled.

WHILST the Salvation Army at Weston-super-Mare were celebrating the marriage of two of their number, their hall was attacked by a large crowd of people who smashed all the windows.

THE London Presbytery is considering how to grapple with the poorer districts of the great metropolis. Two churches in needy localities, Southwark and St. Giles are now pastorless.

THE British, American, and Belgian consuls at Milan, Italy, appeal in the London "Times" for funds to build a church there to accommodate English and American students and artisans.

NORTH CAROLINA will levy no State tax next year. The Western North Carolina Railroad Company will pay into the Treasury \$600,000, which sum will carry the State Government.

MR. CROSS has nearly finished the life of George Eliot. Mr. Cross has been able to recover almost all of his wife's letters and among them are quite a number written in her young days.

A FEW days ago a London clerk slipped on a piece of orange peel, broke his leg, was taken to the hospital, became delirious, and died within twenty-four hours, presumably from shock to the system.

A WEALTHY young lady of New York is about to build, at the cost of \$10,000, a church in Plymouth, N. H., for the Holderness School for Boys. She will also furnish and pay for the care of the edifice.

AT a meeting of the Berlin Municipal Council, it has been decided to contribute the sum of 100,000 marks to the proposed Luther Institute at Leipzig, and 50,000 marks for the erection of a Luther monument at Berlin.

FANNIE B. WARD writes from Saltillo that, at whatever hour a person dies in Mexico, it is customary to appoint the funeral just twenty-four hours later. Most of the funeral ceremonies in Mexico are performed at night no women being permitted to attend.

IN 1831, when the population of London was little more than a million and a half, there were 31,353 apprehensions for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. In 1882, with a population which has increased to 4,990,952, the apprehensions had fallen to 26,296.