

Helen's "Thank you" was very quietly but gratefully spoken, as she followed the doctor to the library.

"Don't keep her too long, Guy," cried Margaret; remember how soon the day will be gone. Come back in an hour, won't you?"

"Can't promise, Margie," her brother answered, brightly. "You know in very good company in a library, for instance—one is apt to take no note of time."

Helen had never been in the library before in the daytime, and it looked to her now even pleasanter than in the evening. It was a small room, situated at the end of the house, with east and south windows, both facing the sea; the fire was burning cheerfully on the hearth, and the dark, warm colouring of the room contrasted sharply with the cold, white light without.

Dr. Waldermar drew up a large chair for Helen near one of the windows looking towards the ocean.

"The room is very warm," he said, and when one is not cold, I think there is no seat so pleasant as one in a window, where you can at once enjoy the comfort within and survey the prospect without. Do you like the sea, Miss Helen?"

"Yes," she answered, simply.

"Better than the mountains?"

"I don't know," she answered, truthfully: "I have never been among the mountains, but I hardly think they would ever be to me what the ocean is."

"Why not?" he questioned, standing beside her and looking thoughtfully out of the window.

Helen hesitated. "It seems presumptuous in me to say it," she answered, "when the most I know of the mountains is from pictures, but I have always felt that if I lived among them, if they rose up around my home with sharp, frowning, precipitous sides, as I have seen them in some pictures, they would seem like walls shutting me in, or like some great, relentless, giant power from which I could not escape, and under which I could only feel crushed and helpless. I believe I want an outlet to my vision—a far-off view of some kind to rest me without the toil of climbing mountains."

He smiled. "Does the thought of mountains always make you feel like Rasselas in the Happy Valley?" he asked; "it is very clear, Miss Helen, yours is not an oriental mind. Have you never noticed in your Bible-reading with what pleasure, and even affection, mountains are referred to? Do you find nothing suggestive of rest and protection in this thought of the Psalmist, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even for ever?'"

"Yes," she said, drawing a long breath, "I do love to think of that; it is beautiful. I suppose, after all, it is because I do not know them better that I am conscious of shrinking from them with a feeling of dread."

"It is partly because you do not know them," Dr. Waldermar said, as he walked towards a book-case. "Some day, when you go among them, Miss Helen, you will feel how grand they are in their everlasting strength and stability," and taking a book from the case, Dr. Waldermar came back to a seat near the window.

There followed for Helen an hour or two of great and unbroken enjoyment.

Dr. Waldermar read well—not merely with the trained voice of the elocutionist, but with the appreciation and discrimination of one who thoroughly understood and sympathized with his author. And Helen listened with the rapt interest of one who had entered a new world—a land where gold was to be found for the looking, and the gold of that land was good.

Taken from school when barely sixteen years old, and deprived of all opportunities and advantages for study, Helen's acquaintance with books was very limited, comprising little more than a school-girl's intimacy with her text-books; and in them she had gone just far enough to have a great thirst for knowledge created; just far enough to feel keenly her utter ignorance of much that it was pleasant and desirable to know, when she was obliged to close them, as she now sadly thought, forever.

For more than a year her reading had been confined to her Bible. She had bent over its pages with loving reverence, pondered its teachings, and filled her mind with its beautiful imagery and pure poetry, and like one of old, hid its words in her heart. She was now to prove that the study of the Scriptures was profitable, not only for eternity but also for time.

(To be continued.)

ANCIENT TRICKS OF THE TOILET.

The use of cosmetics in connection with the bath prevailed among the wealthy women of a very remote period. At the magnificent court of Ahasuerus, in the seventh year of his reign, the following elaborate processes of "purification" were prescribed for the maidens destined for the king's harem: being "gathered together unto Shushan the palace, to the custody of Hegai, keeper of the women," they abode in the "women's house," and "so were the days of their purifications accomplished, to wit; six months with oil of myrrh, and six months with sweet odours, and with other things for the purifying of women" (Esth. ii. 8, 12). The Song of songs is rich in figurative allusions to these "sweet odours," its last rapturous note echoing from "the mountains of spices;" "myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant;" "camphire, with spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;" "my hands dropped myrrh, and my fingers sweet-smelling myrrh;" "his cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers; his lips like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh;" the "mandrakes" and the "pleasant fruits."

It is most interesting to learn, in connection with another couplet of this exquisite song, "My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi," that En-gedi is the one only place in all Palestine where camphor still grows. This plant is better known by its Arabian name *Arma*; it is a tall shrub, whose white and yellow flowers grow in clusters, like our familiar lilac. The Eastern women are still fond of wearing these fragrant blossoms in their hair or their bosoms; but it is as an ancient dye that the plant has come

into special notice. The dried leaves of the henna were crushed and made into paste with water, and applied to the palms of the hands, to the nails of fingers and toes, and to the hair, if the discovery of grey threads should be unwelcome. It was used by the men to dye the hair and beard, and even applied sometimes to colour the mane and tail of a favourite horse. The antiquity of this custom is demonstrated by its frequent mention by writers of a very early period, and even more conclusively by the fact that the nails of some Egyptian mummies (especially those of women) still retain the stain of the dye.

Painting the eyelids and eyebrows with *kohl* was another Eastern fashion (not yet extinct) of equal popularity. The large, languishing black eye, shaded with long dark lashes, has doubtless always been the distinguishing feature of beauty in the dusky daughter of the East; and it is not surprising that they have tenaciously retained a practice supposed to enhance its size and brightness. The black powder called *kohl* was made of several substances: stibium, or antimony, with zinc and oil, or burnt almond-shells, mixed with *liban*, a sort of frankincense, also burnt, another sort was made of powder of lead ore, and was considered not only ornamental, but beneficial, by reason of certain medicinal properties. This *kohl* was kept in boxes or vials of wood, stone, or pottery, having several compartments, and often highly ornamented. It was applied with a small stick of wood, ivory, or silver, which was first wet in rose-water, dipped into the black powder, and drawn carefully along the edges of the eyelids, both upper and under. In the same way the arch of the eyebrow was darkened and elongated. This practice of eye-painting must have been in great popularity as early as the time of Job, for Keren-happuch, the name of the youngest of his three beautiful daughters, signifies "a horn for paint," that is "a bottle for *kohl*." It was esteemed a great mark of beauty that the eyebrows should meet over the nose in the form of a bow, and it was common to imitate nature in this respect by the use of the *kohl*, but this had to be removed in seasons of mourning, and, if the hair actually grew there, it must be plucked out.

In the toilet of that rare Jewish beauty of the apocryphal story, Judith, the widow of Manasses—which was made in the highest interests of religion and patriotism, as expounded in the day of that historical fiction—there is so full a recapitulation of the several customs in connection with the women's dress, that it seems appropriate to introduce the description in closing the subject. The narrative reads thus: "She put off the garments of her widowhood, and washed her body all over with water, and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head and put a tire upon it, and put on her garments of gladness. . . . She took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets and chains and her rings and her ear-rings and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely" (Jud. x. 3, 4).—From Mrs Palmer's *Home Life in the Bible*.

SNOW FLAKES.

Falling all the night-time,
Falling all the day,
Crystal-winged and voiceless,
On their downward way;

Falling through the darkness,
Falling through the light,
Covering with beauty
Vale and mountain height,—

Never Summer blossoms
Dwelt so fair as these;
Never lay like glory
On the fields and trees.

Rare and airy wreathing,
Defly turned the scroll,
Hung in woodland arches
Crowning meadow knoll.

Freest, chastest fancies,
Votive art, may be,
Winter's sculptors rear to
Summer's memory.

—J. V. Cheney, in the Critic.

OLD CUSTOMS IN TIBET.

The principal food of the country is called jamba. To make it, a quantity of powdered tea is cooked for several hours, after which it is poured into a churn, when salt and butter are added, and the whole is stirred until a complete mixture is effected. The broth is then divided among the hungry ones, each of whom gets his share in a wooden bowl; after which a sack of roasted barley-meal is brought out. Every one takes a handful of meal from the sack, puts it into the tea and mixes the mass into a shapely lump, and swallows his dough with a keen appetite. After the meal is over, the wooden bowls are licked clean with the tongue and worn on the breast next the skin as something precious.

Three ways of burying the dead prevail. The poor sink their dead in one of the mountain streams; those of a better class hang the bodies upon a tree, where they are consumed by birds, and the bones are afterwards thrown into the river; the rich cut the bodies up into small pieces, pound the bones and mix them with jamba, and then carry the remains to the mountains where they are left for the birds. These are old customs and have no connection with religion.—Lieut. G. Kretzer, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

COUNT ENRICO DI CAMPELLO, formerly a Canon of St. Peter's whose secession from the Church of Rome caused a sensation last year, is now holding divine service according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, in the Italian language. This is the third change he has made since his secession. The free prayer of the Waldensians and the Methodists would seem to have been a difficulty which the Count could not get over.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

LADY OSSINGTON has given a coffee tavern, erected at a cost of over £20,000, to the town of Newark, England.

A LIMITED liability company, with a capital of £1,000,000, is in course of construction to develop Irish manufactures.

MISS REIDY, the Canadian vocalist, has been secured by the Fort street Presbyterian Church choir of Detroit as leading soprano.

"GENERAL" BOUTH says God has so prospered the work of the Salvation Army that their offertories now amount to £120,000 per annum.

THE will of the late E. Peshine Smith, of Rochester, N. Y., formerly Minister to Japan, provides among other things for the erection of a Christian chapel at Tokio, Japan, at a cost of \$5,000.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD and Rev. James Cooper, Aberdeen, conducted special services in Paisley Abbey Church, when £378 were contributed to clear off a debt incurred some years ago by the psalmody committee.

A SPECIAL communion service with "unfermented wine" took place in Edinburgh on a recent Sabbath evening. The ministers taking part were the Rev. G. J. Cate. Forfar; D. Pirret, Glasgow, and William Innes, Skeen.

A SLIGHT sensation was caused at the opening of the Legislature at Nashville (Tenn.) by the following passage in the opening prayer of Rev. Mr. Hoyt: "From repudiation and from all forms of dishonesty, good Lord deliver us."

THE Rev. Mangasar M. Mangasarin, by birth a Turk, has accepted a call to the pulpit of the Spring Garden Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. He has been in America for several years, and is considered an exceptionally eloquent preacher.

It is declared that the largest, most elegant and in every way the finest church building on the continent is the Cathedral of Mexico. It was built of the stones of the Aztec temple that stood upon precisely the same site, and which was destroyed by Cortez.

THERE was a very interesting ceremony at St. James the Less, Barrow-in-Furness, lately, when three memorial windows to Lord Frederick Cavendish were uncovered, one being the gift of the workmen in a steel factory. The preacher was, appropriately enough, Rev. Stephen E. Gladstone, rector of Hawarden.

PROF. BLACKIE of Edinburgh sometimes says some very audacious things. The other day he said the two greatest Scotsmen were John Knox and Robert Burns. Knox was known over all the world for his sermons, and Burns for his songs, and "many Scottish songs have more preaching power in them than some of the ministers."

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON, the well-known Southern writer, is a woman of rather less than average size, with light hair and a ruddy complexion that makes her look much younger than her years. Too close application to literary work has nearly destroyed her eyesight. She lives in a cosy, comfortable home in the outskirts of Lexington, Va.

A PAPER has been started at Rouen on the programme of reconciliation of the Roman Catholic Church with Republican institutions. It is called "La Republicain Catholique," and is supported by the Archbishop of Rouen, Monseigneur Bonnechose, brother of M. Bonnechose, a Protestant, and the well-known author of a very good history of France.

SIR HERBERT MACPHERSON, the gallant commander of the Indian contingent, is now in the Highlands. He received a public reception and a sword of honour in Inverness on the 20th. Sir Herbert, who is a native of the parish of Ardersier, Inverness-shire, was presented with the freedom of the burgh of Inverness on his return from the Afghan campaign.

REV. DAVID MACRAE, presiding at a Scottish concert in Dundee on behalf of a widow and her fatherless children, spoke some very seasonable words on the Bacchanalian songs of Burns. "To sing them," he said, was "like laughing at the knife that was dripping with a friend's blood." The day would come—and he hoped before long—when the sin and the loathsomeness of drunkenness would be more felt, and when people would no more applaud a drunken song than they would now laugh at or tolerate an obscene one.

REV. LOWRY E. BERKELEY, ex-moderator of the Irish General Assembly, died at Raphoe manse, aged fifty-nine. He was ordained minister at Faughanvale and afterwards settled in Lurgan. The Assembly appointed him agent for the sustentation fund, and in this capacity he visited the various presbyteries and congregations of the church. Declining health compelled him to resign in 1881. Mr. Berkeley, along with Dr. McCosh, organized the Irish Bible and Colportage Society, and for a number of years acted as secretary.

THE lately-deceased Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, Dr. Challis, was a humble and devout Christian as well as a distinguished scientific man. In 1861 he published "Creation in Plan and in Progress," an essay written in reply to that of Mr. Goodwin on the Mosaic cosmogony in "Essays and Reviews." His other theological works included a translation, with critical notes, of the Epistle to the Romans. The honorary degree of L.L.D. was conferred upon him in 1871 by the University of Edinburgh. He had attained his seventy-ninth year.

MR. ROSS R. WINANS and family, of Baltimore, have moved into their new mansion, which two hundred men have been engaged in building for a full year past at a cost of nearly half a million dollars. The house is seventy feet square, five stories high, and looks like a French chateau. Mr. Winans pays \$75,000 a year for a vast tract of deer forests, extending from one side of Scotland to the other. Not content with this, he has just leased another estate, and has brought suit against the owners for failing to eject the shepherds and crofters who are on it.