

she listened, and brought back to her memory stories which had been whispered through the countryside, of hard measure meted out by the laird's factor to some who had had no helper—of acts of oppression, even of injustice, against some who had tried to maintain their rights, and against others who yielded in silence, knowing that to strive would be in vain.

Another might not have understood, for he had only strength for a word or two, and he did not always know what he was saying. But Allison understood well, and she could not wonder at the remorse and fear which his words betrayed. Oh! how she pitied him, and soothed and comforted him during these days.

And what could she say to him, but the same words, over and over again? "Mighty to save! To the very utmost—even the chief of sinners—for His name's sake."

Yes, she helped him and gave him hope. And in helping, him, she herself was helped.

"I will let it all go," she said to herself, at last. "Was I right? Was I wrong? Would it have been better? Would it have been worse? God knows, who, though I knew it not, has had His hand about me through it all. I am content. As for what may be before me—that is in His hand as well."

Would she have had it otherwise? No, she would not—even if it should come true that the life she had fled from, might still be hers. But that could never be. Brownrig helpless, repentant, was no longer the man whom she had loathed and feared.

Since the Lord Himself had interposed to save him, might not she—for His dear name's sake—be willing to serve him in his suffering and weakness, till the end should come? And what did it matter whether the service were done here or there, or whether the time were longer or shorter? And why should she heed what might be said of it all? Even the thought of her brother, who would be angry, and perhaps unreasonable in his anger, must not come between her and her duty to this man, to whom she had been brought as a friend and helper at last.

And so she let all go—her doubts, and fears, and cares, willing to wait God's will. Her face grew white and thin in these days, but very peaceful. At the utterance of some chance word, there came no more a sudden look of doubt or fear into her beautiful, sad eyes. Face, and eyes, and every word and movement told of peace. Whatever struggle she had been passing through, during all these months, it was over now. She was waiting neither for one thing nor another,—to be bound, or to be set free. She was waiting neither for one thing nor another,—to be bound, or to be set free. She was "waiting on God's will, content."

They all saw it—Miss Robb, in whose house she lived, and Robert Hume, and Doctor Fleming, who had been mindful of her health and comfort all through her stay. Even Mr. Rainy, who had little time to spare from his own affairs, took notice of her peaceful face, and her untroubled movements as she went about the sick room.

"But oh! I'm wae for the poor lassie," said he, falling like the rest into Scotch when much moved. "She kens little what's before her. He is like a lamb now; but when his strength comes back, if it ever comes back,—she will hae her ain adoes with him. Still—she's a sensible woman, and she canna but hae her ain thochts about him, and—and about—ahem—the gear he must soon—in the course o' nature—leave behind him. Well! it will fall into good hands; it could hardly fall into better, unless indeed, the Brownrig that young Douglas of Fourden married against the will o' his friends some forty years ago, should turn out to be the factor's eldest sister, and a soldier lad I ken o', should be her son. It is to a man's own flesh and blood, that his siller (money) should go by rights. But yet a man can do what he likes with what he has won for himself!"

All this or something like it, Mr. Rainy had said to himself a good many times, of late, and one day he said it to Doctor Fleming, with whom, since they both had so much to do with Brownrig, he had fallen into a sort of intimacy.

"Yes, she is a sensible woman, and may make a good use of it. But it is to a man's ain flesh and blood that his gear should go. I have been taking some trouble in the looking up of a nephew of his, to whom he has left five hundred pounds, and I doubt the lad will not be well pleased, that all the rest should go as it's going."

The doctor had not much to say about the matter. But he answered.

"As to Mistress Allison's being ready to take up the guiding of Brownrig's fine house when he is done with it, I cannot make myself believe beforehand. She has no such thought as that, or I am greatly mistaken. By all means, do you what may be done to find this nephew of her husband's."

"Is it that you are thinking she will refuse to go with Brownrig to Blackhills?"

"I cannot say. I am to speak to her to-morrow. If he is to go, it must be soon."

"She'll go," said Mr. Rainy.

"Yes, I think she may go," said the doctor; but though they agreed, or seemed to agree, their thoughts about the matter were as different as could well be.

The next day Doctor Fleming stood long by the bed, looking on the face of the sleeper. It had changed greatly since the sick man lay down there. He had grown thin and pale, and all traces of the self-indulgence which had so injured him, had passed away. He looked haggard and wan—the face was the face of an old man. But even so, it was a better face, and pleasanter to look on, than it had ever been in his time of health.

"A spoiled life!" the doctor was saying to himself. "With a face and a head like that, he ought to have been a wiser and better man. I need not disturb him to-day," said he to Allison, as he turned to go.

He beckoned to her when he reached the door.

"Mistress Allison, answer truly the question I am going to put to you. Will it be more than you are able to bear, to go with him to his home, and wait there for the end?"

"Surely, I am able. I never meant to go till lately. But I could never forsake him now. Oh! yes, I will be ready to go, when you shall say the time is come."

She spoke very quietly, not at all as if it cost her anything to say it. Indeed, in a sense, it did not. She was willing now to go.

The doctor looked at her gravely.

"Are you able—quite able? I do not think he will need you for a very long time. I am glad you are willing to go, though I never would have urged you to do so, or have blamed you if you had refused."

(To be continued.)

THE RIVER OF PAIN.

THERE is a stream which flows beneath the skies,
Whose flood is fed by aching hearts and eyes;
Onward it rolls forever down the years,
Its torrent dark with grief, and brimmed with tears.

Few seek to trace it to its secret source;
Few arms are stretched to stay it in its course,
With life it flows, with life's expiring breath
It leaps in anguish to the sea of death.

Yet allurements upon its surface glow,
And on its bank the flowers of passion blow;
The charmed water silvers on the oar,
Its hollow laughter peals from shore to shore.

For there the world doth sail, affects to rest,
Or seeks some fleeting joy upon its breast;
Sleeps and awakes to find itself again
But further borne adown this stream of pain.

Beset with fears, perturbed by human ill,
It dreads the fateful stream, yet haunts it still;
Still shuts the eye, in search of vain desires,
Like men who build o'er subterranean fires.

Nor doth discern the yet diviner pain
Whereby earth's wrongs may righted be again,
The current—counter to the world's device—
Of stern repression and self-sacrifice;

Or catches sight of that immortal clue—
Yea, clearly sees, when sense to soul is true,
Yet coldly turns aside, nor seeks to gain
A chastened issue from the maze of pain.

But idly sighs, sufficient for the day
The ills thereof—inseparable from life's way;
Or, other men may come when we are gone,
And solve the problem; let the stream roll on.
—C. Mair, in *The Week*.

"SELF RELIANCE" TO THE FRONT.

WHAT HE SAYS ON AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

Several days ago we published a letter from "Experience," upon a subject which is attracting considerable attention, and we have since received a similar communication from another, which we publish in full:

TO THE EDITOR.—A short time ago I noticed in your columns a letter signed "Experience." At first I was inclined to regard the letter referred to as a clever advertising scheme of Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., to attract notice to their well-known Warner's Safe cure, which is, it must be admitted, of the greatest value and merit, but upon more mature consideration I am inclined to believe that the letter is a genuine expression from a well-informed individual, who is not afraid to grapple with a question which should receive greater attention.

It is daily becoming more apparent that there is something radically wrong in the manner in which disease is being treated by those whose profession it is to heal the sick. A man is taken ill, and a physician is called in. "Only a slight nervous disorder," remarks the physician. The slight nervous disorder, however, refuses to be controlled, and in a short time the physician ominously remarks that the patient is suffering from consumption. Things go on for a while until the patient is afflicted with what the physician calls "a series of complicated disorders." Treated for first one thing and then another—dosed with all sorts of vile concoctions—the patient finally succumbs, and then for the first time it is learned that the real cause of suffering and death was disease of the kidneys, which manifested itself in various other disorders—all of which could have been promptly cured had a timely use been made of Warner's Safe Cure, which is the most important discovery made in connection with scientific progress in recent years. The reference made by "Experience" to the Robinson poisoning cases, where no less than seven members of one family died within five years from the effects of arsenical poisoning without attracting the attention of skilled physicians, who were in attendance, to the real cause, but who issued death certificates for pneumonia, typhoid fever, bowel disease, etc., is a startling disclosure of the ignorance which prevails among those whose duty it is to definitely detect and treat the true cause of disease.

I quite agree with "Experience" in the opinion that, after all, those who take matters of health in their own hands and place their reliance upon a well-known remedy which is time-tested and known to be of benefit are better off than those who trust themselves in experimental and ignorant hands.

SELF-RELIANCE.

In Guy's (London) Hospital Reports, vol. 1, page 396, is found the statement: "Simple hypertrophy (enlargement) of the heart, especially of the left ventricle, is found without valvular incompetency. In this numerous class the cardiac is secondary (a symptom) to the renal affection." This explains why Warner's Safe Cure is effectual in cases of heart disease. It removes from the blood the kidney acid which causes the heart disease.

British and Foreign.

THE Rev. J. Anderson Dawson, formerly of New Zealand, has been admitted a minister of the U. P. Church by Glasgow north Presbytery.

THE Rev. George McKay, on returning to his charge at Whitehaven in sound health and vigour, has received a hearty welcome from his people.

DR. PROCHER preached at the opening of a Waldensian Church in Vittoria, Sicily; so crowded was the edifice that he could hardly make his way to the pulpit.

THE most northerly mission house in the world is the one established by the Princess Eugenie of Sweden for the Laplanders at a point over 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle.

A GENTLEMAN has offered \$50,000 to clear off the debt on all the churches in Darlington Presbytery, provided the remaining \$12,500 is raised by the congregations themselves.

MR. KILPATRICK of Ferryhill Free Church, Aberdeen, paid a touching tribute to the late Mrs. Henderson of Davana House, who led in so many enterprises of Christian usefulness.

GLASGOW north U. P. Presbytery met on the 20th inst. to moderate in a call to Claremont Church. The stipend is \$3,750, with \$250 additional for synod and sacramental expenses.

THE remarkable progress of temperance principles in the Free Church is indicated by the fact that there are now 650 total abstaining ministers, while of the 334 students, 300 are teetotalers.

PROFESSORS Blaikie, Charteris and Calderwood are appointed commissioners to secure a minister for Capetown from any one of the three Presbyterian Churches; the stipend is \$2,500.

KIRKCUDBRIGHT Presbytery has agreed to the overture asking the Assembly to consider whether the time has not arrived for bringing the standards into harmony with the living faith of the church.

THE U. P. College Missionary Society have adopted the mission to the Xesibes as their scheme of effort for 1889-90. They have raised \$6,650 for the erection of a new church in Moukden, Manchuria.

NOTHING more will be heard of the petition which certain natives of Ireland resident at Barrow addressed to the Belfast Presbytery that a congregation be formed there in connection with the Irish Church.

MR. SPURGEON says he has never tried to catch men with loaves and fishes, because such baits only attract frogs, and not fish. Those who can be bought for church or chapel are not worth a farthing a dozen.

MR. ROBERTSON of Stonehaven, preaching in Nicolson Street Church, Edinburgh, to crowded congregations, said he disliked coteries in Presbyteries who were always "gossiping," thinking everybody was wrong.

MR. HARVEY, the chaplain of Merryflats, who was lately ordained by several Congregational pastors, is an elder in the U. P. Church of Pollokshields. The case has provoked some controversy in the local press.

DR. SMARL says that of 1,800 persons treated in a ward of the royal infirmary, Edinburgh, in three years, 1,300 suffered from diseases caused by alcohol, and 115 of these had been sent to the lunatic asylum.

MISS MARGARET HAMILTON, a member of Dr. Hutton's congregation at Paisley, has been presented with an illuminated address and an easy chair on completing her fiftieth year of service as a Sabbath school teacher.

THE Minister's Duty to the Sabbath is the subject of essay for which Mr. J. C. Morton has offered prizes of \$250, \$150, and \$100. The competition is open to ministers and probationers of the English Presbyterian Church.

THE Rev. Scott Suters, B.A., of Darlington, who has been staying with his sister at Clifton, had taken his seal in the express for Paddington one day recently, when he fell back and expired just as the train was starting.

THE Rev. Kerr Bains two volumes on the "Pilgrim's Progress" are warmly praised by Mr. Spurgeon, he declares that every true Bunyanite will rejoice that such a commentator has arisen, a man who is himself almost an allegorist.

THE Rev. H. Hutchinson Montgomery, M.A., of St. Mark's, Kennington, was last week consecrated at Westminster as Bishop of Tasmania, in succession to Bishop Sanford. His father-in-law, Archdeacon Farrar, was the preacher.

FAITH in God, a chapter from the biography of Fraser, of Brea, has been published in pamphlet form by Melvin Brothers, Inverness, who have in the press a new edition of "Fraser's Memoirs," with introductory note by Dr. Alexander Whyte.

THE Rev. Alexander Brown, of Pollokshields, at the annual meeting of the Glasgow Abstinents' Union, suggested that a statement should be published, showing the names of the proprietors of all buildings in which public-houses are located.

THE number of annuitants at present on the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund of the English Presbyterian Church is exactly double the number on the roll twenty-one years ago. But last year nearly 200 congregations made no collection for this fund.

PROF. HUXLEY, in an autobiographical sketch, says he has devoted his life "to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, that clericalism, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science."

PROFESSOR DUFF has been presented with an address and a silver casket by 260 teachers in Edinburgh as a token of the value they attach to his services as chairman of the School Board. On one side of the casket is engraved a view of the Synod hall.

THE Lord Mayor of York is convinced that the most of the cruelty to children results from the use of intoxicating drink. He also declares that if Sunday closing has failed in Wales, it was because while the front door had been locked the back door had been left open.

MR. JAMES DALMAHOY, senior elder in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, died lately in his eighty-ninth year; he was formerly assay master of the mint at Madras and was one of the first travellers to bear testimony to the practicability of the overland route to India.