

"Korryin' o' limestone," replies Jim. The rising wind sighs through the scraggy cedars in the valley below, and the breath of the horses' nostrils is like a fan. Houses are coming into sight; and they see little children going out of the gates, with satchels and baskets, on their way to school in the city's heart. Newton watches them, and a great bitterness surges up within him. "Jim," he says, "you see dem little black gals an' boys gwine ter school? Dey's a gettin' dey heads chuck full o' knowledge, an' here's you an' me wot don't know b' 'um allfoot. It mines me o' de little pigs a creepin' th'ough de rack o' de worrum fence, an' de old big hogs outside in de ane-a-gruntin' at de corn wot dey can't git ter."

(To be continued.)

### THE RISING OF THE NILE.

Now the fleet of Nile craft decreases, and the chaffing of the boatmen is almost hushed. How splendid are the scenes on every side! How they change every mile! The palms, the Arab villages, the minarets and domes of the mosques, appear in slow succession; again the pyramids are in view; and always is heard the sound of the busy shadoof and the dreamy squeak of the sakiyeh. The shores now reveal how Egypt was created, film upon film, layer upon layer. One marvels not that the people who are upon them, even now, look upon the Nile as "The Giver of all good."

It moves on and on before them as gently as the rays of the rising moon. It is always kindly. It gives water and food—gives life. Once a year it rises and widens, and almost entirely submerges the tillable land at its sides. When it does not so reach, it is made to reach by artificial means. The overflow is no misfortune to those whose homes are upon its banks. It is their best blessing. For the Nile well repays for the right of way during the inundation, by leaving a deposit upon the land which is worth its weight in gold. It does not change its habits; it never brings surprise and destruction. It is good to the people who trust in it. The sun always shines for them; and when untrammelled and untrammelled their dispositions are sunshiny. They are hospitable, generous, willing to serve the stranger, industrious, religious, misunderstood, brow-beaten, taxed, bastinadoed and discouraged until their spirit is nearly gone. And yet they are good-natured, patient and seem to be happy!

When the time approaches for the inundation the Arab farmer is all expectancy. His canals are cleared and he protects his home by dikes and walls of adobe. This done, seated at his door, he watches with satisfaction and gratitude the rise and approach of the water which holds his little wealth. It is several months rising to its greatest height, and then as slowly and gradually subsides. Then appears again to his delighted vision the husbandman's farm. His palm trees seem to rise to a greater reach, and their waving branches add to the sense of calm and content which pervades all. Already his well-filled canals have defended themselves, and his irrigating machinery is at once put in repair. There is no more use for the boats which have served to carry him from place to place during the inundation. They are hidden among the rushes on the banks of the canal. Every available person is now pressed into the service. If the thin deposit of mud left by the departing river is kept moist, its value remains at par. If the hot sun is allowed to play upon it unopposed it soon becomes baked and curls up into tiny cylinders; then, breaking into fragments, it falls dead and worse than useless. Therefore the process of irrigation must begin at once. The rude sakiyeh and the ruder shadoof are kept going night and day, and give employment to tens of thousands of the people and cattle as well. With these primitive appliances the water is lifted and emptied into the channels which have been dug or diked to receive it. From these larger receptacles the water is led to smaller ones, which, overflowing, cover the fields.

In a little time, then, a Nile farm becomes a rare beauty spot, instead of a waste of mud; for now the crops are grown. The lentils bend with their heavy load and the fields of grain turn their well-filled heads from side to side that the ripening sun may change their green freshness into gold. What landscape, unadorned by art, can be more lovely than such a farm, narrow though its limits may be, with its grove of palms to fan the breeze and scatter their sweet fragrance into the lap of the happy fellahin? Here no weeds grow to annoy him. No stone-crops are belched to the surface each year to stop the plough. And this is good, for the Egyptian plough has no scientifically-curved coulter or subsoil attachment. When the crops are ripened the irrigation must rest awhile, for all hands are pressed to help with the ingathering.—Edward L. Wilson, in *Scribner's Magazine* for September.

### A GIRL KING.

There were tears and trouble in Stockholm; there was sorrow in every house and hamlet in Sweden; there was consternation throughout Protestant Europe. Gustavus Adolphus was dead! The "Lion of the North" had fallen on the bloody and victorious field of Lutzen, and only a very small girl of six stood as the representative of Sweden's royalty.

The States of Sweden—that is, the representatives of the different sections and peoples of the kingdom—gathered in haste within the Riddarhus, or Hall of Assembly, in Stockholm. There was much anxious controversy over the situation. The nation was in desperate straits, and some were for one thing and some were for another. There was even talk of making a government a republic, like the State of Venice; while the supporters of the King of Poland, as to the dead King Gustavus, openly advocated his claim to the throne.

But the Grand Chancellor, Axel Oxenstiern, one of Sweden's greatest statesmen, acted promptly. "Let there be no talk between us," he said, "of Vene-

tian republics or of Polish kings. We have but one king—the daughter of the immortal Gustavus!"

Then up spoke one of the leading representatives of the peasant class, Lars Larsson, the deputy from the western fiords.

"Who is this daughter of Gustavus?" he demanded, rudely. "How do we know this is no trick of yours, Axel Oxenstiern? How do we know that King Gustavus has a daughter? We have never seen her."

"You shall see her at once," said the Chancellor, and, leaving the hall, he returned speedily, leading by the hand a diminutive, but by no means bashful looking, little girl. With a sudden movement he lifted her to the seat of the high silver throne that could only be occupied by the kings of Sweden.

"Swedes, behold your king!"

Lars Larsson, the deputy, pressed close to the throne on which the small figure perched silent, yet with a defiant look upon her little face.

"She hath the face of the Grand Gustavus," he said. "Look, brothers, the nose, the eyes, the very brows are his."

"Aye," said Oxenstiern; "and she is a soldier's daughter. I myself did see her, when scarce three years old, clap her tiny hands and laugh aloud when the guns of Calmar fortress thundered a salute. 'She must learn to bear it,' said Gustavus, our king; 'She is a soldier's daughter.'"

"Hail, Christina!" shouted the assembly, won by the proud bearing of the little girl and by her likeness to her valiant father. "We will have you and only you for our queen!"

"Better, yet, brothers," cried Lars Larsson, now her most loyal supporter; "she sits upon the throne of the kings; let her be proclaimed King of Sweden."

And so it was done. And with their wavering loyalty kindled into a sudden flame, the States of Sweden "gave a mighty shout," and cried as one man, "Hail Christina, King of Sweden!"—E. S. Brooks, in *St. Nicholas* for September.

### AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city,  
Where each seems happy with his own;  
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—  
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,  
Though moved by loving airs of June,  
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices  
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches  
Its plumes in many a feathery spray,  
In vain the evening's starry marches  
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;  
We cannot greet these cordial eyes;  
They gaze on other fields than ours—  
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,  
The blade is stolen from the sheath,  
Life has but one more boon to offer,  
And that is—death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,  
And, therefore, life and health must crave,  
Though she who gave the world its beauty  
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one, for the living  
Who drew their earliest life from thee,  
And wait, until, with glad thanksgiving,  
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station  
Wherein apart a traveller stands—  
One absent long from home and nation  
In other lands.

And I as he who stands and listens.  
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,  
To hear, approaching in the distance,  
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,  
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
Oh yonder shore a bride is waiting  
Until I come.

In yonder fields are children playing,  
And there—oh! vision of delight!  
I see the child and mother straying  
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,  
Stealing the treasures one by one,  
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest  
The parted—one.

September, 1863.

THE Rev J. F. Blair, the new pastor of the historic Church in John Street, Glasgow, associated with the great names of the late Dr. William Anderson and Dr. Alexander Macleod, was inducted lately.

THE members of the North Parish Church, Aberdeen, have held a meeting at which a resolution was adopted protesting against the selection of thirteen new elders by the session without a vote of the congregation being taken. Mr. Farquhar said the session might select any person they liked; the congregation could do nothing except go somewhere else.

## British and Foreign.

THE Rev. Mr. Ruary, of Syke, is conducting the Gaelic section of *Life and Work*.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Algiers has founded a seminary for the preparation of female missionaries to Africa.

It is said that there are fewer *bona fide* male medical missionaries in India to day than there were ten years ago.

THE Rev. G. D. McGregor, of Paddington Congregational Church, has been preaching to large congregations at Oban.

THE marble statue of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, to be erected in Bristol, has now been completed by Mr. Harvard Thomas.

IN Tasmania the proposal of the Anglican Synod to establish a sisterhood has caused much dissatisfaction in the Churches.

MR. STURGEON'S illness is so severe that it is expected he will have to go, not as usual to Mentone, but to Egypt, to recruit.

THE Rev. Colin McCulloch has resigned his pastoral charge at Brisbane, Queensland, and is to receive a retiring allowance of \$1,000.

THE two English Archbishops, with Dr. Temple, have sent a letter to the colonial bishops denouncing the poisoning of the native races with liquor.

THE late Miss Ball, of Islington, has bequeathed \$250 each to six curates whose respective incomes are less than \$500 and who have four children apiece.

DR. J. H. WILSON, of Edinburgh, has been preaching the anniversary sermons at Dykehead Church, Shotts. His address to the children was specially enjoyed.

THE Rev. John McNeil, of Edinburgh, was a leading speaker at the open air revival meetings held lately in the grounds of Fenaghy, Cullybackey, County Antrim.

THE Queensland General Assembly, after a long and able discussion on the unfermented wine question, agreed to leave the matter to the discretion of each congregation.

A SLAB of dark Irish marble, with a Latin inscription, has been placed over the grave of Archbishop Trench in Westminster Abbey, not far from that of Dr. Livingstone.

THE ministerial jubilee of Dr. Wilson, senior minister of St. Paul's Free Church, Dundee, and joint Convener of the Sustentation Fund, will be celebrated on September 22.

PRINCIPAL RAINY and Professor Calderwood were among the leading speakers at the conference held recently at Grantown for the furtherance of Christian life and work at home and abroad.

THE chairman of the rural school board of Dumfries, indignant at the sub-committee of Lacharbriggs school having let the building for a Disestablishment meeting, declares that if the thing occurs again he will interdict it.

THE Rev. W. Rigby Murray has been making the pictures in the Manchester exhibition useful to his congregation. He has just finished a course of ten sermons—the text of each being a production of one of our great painters.

THE Rev. Mr. Paterson has accepted the appointment to succeed Principal Cunningham at Crieff. He was lately assistant to Dr. McLeod, of London. He received 174 votes against 145 for Mr. McWilliam, Dr. Cunningham's assistant.

THE oldest member of Wilton Church, Hawick, Tibbie Macfarlane, a ploughman's widow, died recently in her 100th year. Till within fifteen months of her departure she did all her own household work and kept her home a model of tidiness.

MRS. JESSIE CLERK has been granted a pension from the civil list of \$600 in consideration of the literary merits of her husband, the late Dr. Clerk, of Kilmallie, as a Celtic scholar. She is a sister of Dr. Donald Macleod, editor of *Good Words*.

THE Rev. Arthur Mussell, who at the time of the Jamaica massacres warmly espoused the cause of Governor Eyre, has now again broken away from the majority of his brethren by publishing a violent philippic against Mr. Gladstone and Irish Home Rule.

THE late Mr. R. H. Arkley, of Dunninald, Montrose, has bequeathed \$14,000 to Schemes of the Church and \$500 to the deacons' court of the congregation of Craig and Ferryden. He has also made numerous bequests to local charitable societies.

A MARBLE tablet has been placed in the north wall of Irvine Church in memory of Mr. Andrew Cunningham, the town clerk depute of Glasgow, who made many bequests for educational and charitable, as well as religious purposes to his native town.

THE Rev. Hector Hall, of St. James' Free Church, Glasgow, and formerly of Beith, has resigned his charge in order to accept a call to the Church at Troy, U. S., of which Dr. William Irvin was pastor for twenty years. Mr. Hall is a native of Stewarston.

THE Rev. R. L. Ritchie, Clyne, at the earnest entreaty of the people, who presented a petition to Dornoch Presbytery craving that he should be asked to reconsider his decision, has withdrawn his declination of the call to Creich, and been appointed minister of that parish.

THE Rev. Mr. Burns, junior minister of St. Paul's Street U. P. Church, Aberdeen, has resigned his charge, having been asked to begin an extension charge in connection with Queen's Park congregation, Glasgow. The Aberdeen Church earnestly pleaded with him to remain, his ministry among them having been remarkably successful.

DR. SCHRAMM, of Bremen Cathedral, preached lately at Newburgh, Fife, in the pulpit of his friend Dr. Ogden; they were fellow-students at Berlin. Dr. Schramm, in view of their agreement in doctrine, urged a union of all Presbyterians, with abundant toleration, in one great national Church of Scotland. The doctor was formerly chaplain to the Prince of Waldeck.