

British and Foreign.

THE Rev. J. Reid Howatt, of Camberwell, has received a call from the Ipswich congregation.

MR. GEORGE MULLER, of Bristol, has been again conducting a series of services in Sydney.

THE Rev. John Hunter, Glasgow, is delivering a series of monthly sermons to young men and women.

THE attendance at the Glasgow exhibition on the temperance day was the largest yet chronicled, 75,140.

THE Rev. Henry Montgomery, of Belfast, was the preacher at the anniversary services of Walker Church, Newcastle, recently.

BAILIE DICKSON, of Glasgow, an active elder, was offered a knighthood in connection with the Queen's visit to that city, but declined the honour.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, along with Lord and Lady Aberdeen, has the honour of appearing in a photograph just published, in which Mr. Gladstone is the central figure.

MR. CHAPPELL, the music publisher, who did so much to make classical music popular in Britain, and who edited a standard collection of old English songs, has died at the age of seventy-eight.

MR. WILLIAM MARTIN, author of an able essay on Carlyle and literary editor of the *Scottish Art Review*, has been elected a foundation fellow of the Society of science, letters, and art of London.

PRESBYTERIANISM in New England has steadily increased during the last five years. Since 1883 the number of churches has increased from eighteen to thirty-one, and the membership from 2,875 to 4,588.

THE Princess Christian, instead of being inclined to Romanism, is one of the strongest of Protestants, and her husband is even more rigidly so, having inherited the strong Lutheran sentiment of his German ancestors.

THE Rev. John McNeill preached thrice on a recent Sunday in Glasgow to overflowing congregations, twice in Trinity Church, Charlotte Street, where he was formerly missionary, and in the afternoon in Downvale Presbyterian Church.

THE Queen accepted, on the occasion of her visit to Glasgow, a copy of the new Bourgeois Edition of the Oxford Bible for Teachers, as representing the work of the Oxford University Press, exhibited at the Glasgow Exhibition.

MR. LAURENCE OLIPHANT seems to have had a matrimonial motive in going to America; at all events he has come back with a new wife, Rosamond Dale Owen, daughter of the late Robert Dale Owen, and granddaughter of the old socialist who became the son-in-law of David Dale, of Glasgow.

THE congregation of Ballywillan, in the Coleraine Presbytery, is building a new church, and the other week a very interesting service was held in connection with the laying of a memorial stone by Mr. William Young, J.P., Fenaghy. Rev. R. J. Lynd, B.A., Moderator of the General Assembly, presided.

A MONUMENT erected at Scarvating, Deerness, Orkney, to the memory of the Covenanters who perished there by shipwreck in 1679, was inaugurated last week. The memorial is a plain column of stone, rising forty feet, and surmounted by a crown. The 200 Covenanters whose fate it commemorates were taken prisoners at Bothwell Brig.

THE Rev. Sir E. Laurie, of Maxwellton, who is a leading heritor in the parish, was the preacher at the opening, on a recent Sunday, of the new mission church at Moniaive erected for the accommodation of the upper portion of Glencairn. It is seated for 300 and has cost about \$4,000, of which considerably over \$3,500 is already in hand.

SIR ANDREW LUSK, who is a member of Dr. Donald Fraser's congregation, had before him the other morning a couple of prisoners charged with picking pockets in St. Paul's Cathedral; he remarked that people who went to St. Paul's would require to "watch as well as pray." He sentenced the prisoners each to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

THE Rev. Robert Milligan, of Chalmers Church, Dundee, has been drowned at Montrose while bathing along with a son and a nephew, lads of about fourteen. The bathing-coach attendant, John Robinson, swam out to his rescue, but, after struggling for half an hour to gain the shore, Mr. Milligan said: "I am through with it now, my lad," and begged Robinson to go and save his own life.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, who has unfortunately broken down under the strain of his biographical dictionary, is not flattered in the pen-portrait of an extremely frank evening paper which describes him as "a tall, spare man, with haggard eyes and a cold face, everything about him thin, from the long ridge of his nose to his straggly red beard and tapering legs." He went into holy orders at the close of his college course but is now a Positivist.

THE Rev. John McNeill, of Edinburgh, who conducted the Sabbath and week day services at Strathpeffer during the past month and regularly attracted overflowing congregations, was presented at the close with a purse of thirty-six sovereigns by the residents and visitors. At a meeting held after the forenoon service, Mr. Sinclair, M.P. for Ayr, presided, and the presentation was made by Rev. Mr. Williamson, of Belfast, who testified to the good work done by Mr. McNeill during his stay.

THE Rev. John Edwards, D.D., senior minister of Greenhead U. P. Church, Glasgow, as full of honours as of years, died recently in his eighty-fourth year. As a young man of twenty-four, he was ordained pastor of the Relief Church at Bridgeton and remained in that charge till his death. In 1878, Rev. John Steel, of Free St. David's, Kirkintilloch, became his colleague. Dr. Edwards retained his lively interest in church life, literature, and politics to the last. He was the oldest of the Glasgow ministers and had witnessed a change in every pulpit of every denomination in that city.

tore into shreds the clothes bleaching on the heather. And as the people themselves have it, "in these and similar ways he succeeded too well in clearing the island of its once numerous inhabitants, scattering them over the face of the globe." There must have been cruelty indeed before the Western-Islander, who once loved his chief better than his own life, could tell such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasanter to read of bloodshed in the past than starvation in the present. A lately-published book on Ireland has been welcomed by critics, and I suppose by readers, because in it there is no mention of evictions and crowbar brigades and horrors, of which newspapers make good capital. I have never been to Ireland, and it may be you can travel there and forget the people. But in the Hebrides the human silence and the ruined homes and the almost unbroken moorland would let us, as foreigners, think of nothing else.—Mrs. Elizabeth Pennell, in *Harper's Magazine* for September.

THE ELEPHANTS.

The origin of the great proboscidian race in general, and of the mammoth and elephant group in particular, like the early history of James de la Pluche, is "wrop in obscurity." All we can say about them with any confidence is that they form a comparatively late order of mammals, whose earliest recognizable representative in geological times is the monstrous deinotherium, an aquatic animal with a long trunk, and with immense curved tusks, projecting downward paradoxically from his lower instead of his upper jaw. The deinotherium makes his first appearance upon this or any other stage in the Miocene period; but as he couldn't, of course, have appeared there (like Aphrodite and Topsy) without any parents, and as he was then already a fairly specialized and highly developed animal, we must take it for granted that his early ancestry, though ancient and respectable in its own time, had long passed away, leaving not a wrack behind, so far as yet known, in the matter of tangible geological vouchers. These unknown ancestors, in all probability, gave birth during their earlier and more plastic stage—for species, like individuals, are most readily moulded in their green youth—to three main family branches. The senior branch produced the deinotherium, a vast brute, who, finding the world too full to hold him about the close of the tertiary period, demised suddenly without issue, leaving the honours of the family in subsequent ages to the junior members. The second branch produced the mastodons, huge creatures of elephantine outline and majestic tread, most of them with tusks both in the upper and lower jaws, though the under pair were always the smallest. The third branch produced the true elephants, including both our modern Indian and African species, as well as the mammoth himself and many other extinct congeners. All the elephants proper have but one solitary pair of tusks, and that pair is quite correctly located in the upper jaw instead of the under one. Thus is evolution justified of all her children. The true elephants made their first appearance, so far as known, in the Pliocene period, that is to say, the epoch immediately preceding the Great Ice Age in Europe and America. They blossomed out at once, with all the usual impetuosity of youth, into an alarming number of distinct species.—*The Cornhill Magazine*.

THE NEGRO'S LOVE OF DISPLAY.

There are cynics who think it strange that men are willing to dress up in fantastic uniform and regalia and march about in sun and rain to make a holiday for their countrymen, but the cynics are ungrateful, and fail to credit human nature with its trait of self-sacrifice, and they do not at all comprehend our civilization. It was doubted at one time whether the freed man and the coloured man generally in the republic was capable of the higher civilization. This doubt has all been removed. No other race takes more kindly to martial and civic display than it. No one has a greater passion for societies and uniforms and regalias and banners, and the pomp of marchings and processions and peaceful war. The negro naturally inclines to the picturesque, to the flamboyant, to vivid colours and the trappings of office that give a man distinction. He delights in the drum and the trumpet, and so willing is he to add to what is spectacular and pleasing in life that he would spend half his time in parading. His capacity for a holiday is practically unlimited. He has not yet the means to indulge his taste, and perhaps his taste is not yet equal to his means, but there is no question of his adaptability to the sort of display which is so pleasing to the greater part of the human race, and which contributes so much to the brightness and cheerfulness of this world. We cannot all have decorations, and cannot all wear uniforms or even regalia, and some of us have little time for going about in military processions, but we all like to have our streets put on a holiday appearance; and we cannot express in words our gratitude to those who so cheerfully spend their time and money in glittering apparel and in parades for our entertainment.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine* for September.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE.

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Wilton Corners. She was a constant source of delight, bustling about the house with little snatches of song, and light-hearted pranks. The addition she made to the family life was like that of a vivid scarlet blossom on a stiff cactus.

Not that Mrs. Balcome expressed all this in words—she held the orthodox New England views in regard to praising young people to the face—but she enjoyed it thoroughly. Only—and she often sighed and prayed and wept over this "only"—she was obliged to look upon Rhoda as a child of wrath; a lovely, glancing, dancing butterfly, fluttering through her brief sunshine without a thought of what was beyond. To be sure, the girl always spoke reverently of sacred things, and her behaviour during family worship was most exemplary; but this might be accounted for by Joel's influence over her: and with the solemn letter from the minister yet fresh in her memory, Mrs. Balcome could not but feel so.

One morning her alarm found utterance. Rhoda was making pies; she had rolled out the crust to the tune of Coronation, and now stood with a pie poised on her firm hand, while she trimmed off the edges to a spirited rendering of "How firm a foundation." Mrs. Balcome sat softly keeping time with her finger-tips on the arms of the big rocker. "Rhody," she said, as the ring of piecrust and the triumphant strain fell together, "I wish you was a professor."

(To be continued.)

LIFE'S TAPESTRY.

Too long have I, methought, with tearful eye  
Pored o'er this tangled work of mine, and mused  
Above each stitch awry and thread confused.  
Now will I think on what in years gone by  
I heard of them that weave rare tapestry  
At royal looms; and how they constant use  
To work on the rough side, and still pursue  
The pictured pattern set above them high.  
So will I set my copy high above,  
And gaze, and gaze, till on my spirit grows  
Its gracious impress; till some line of love,  
Transferred upon my canvas, faintly glows;  
Nor look too much on warp and woof, provided  
He whom I work for sees their fairer side!

QUICK TEMPER.

A matter not unworthy of remark is the almost universal claim laid to that supposed-to-be-undesirable possession, a quick temper. "I have a frightfully quick temper!" is an assertion often made without any sign of regret, rather with evident self-complacency. And how often, when, with the intention of saying something pleasing, we remark upon the sweetness of a friend's disposition to the friend in person, are we met with the reply, "Oh, you're quite mistaken! I'm one of the quickest-tempered people in the world!" given in a tone that does not imply modest depreciation of a compliment, but a decided sense of unappreciated merit.

Now this willingness—eagerness, it may even, without exaggeration, be called—to be convicted of what is acknowledged to be a fault, strikes one as a curious anomaly. No one would answer, if told, "You are very truthful," "Oh, no, I'm a constant liar," nor, if complimented upon constant attention to her own business, would respond, "On the contrary, scandal-mongering is my favourite occupation." At least, no one would give either of these answers in the serious way in which the claim to the possession of a hot temper is made. May there not be, underlying this inconsistency and explaining it, a misconception of the real meaning and source of a quick temper? To many minds, this undesirable trait seems to be the outcome of many very admirable qualities. To be hot-tempered means, inferentially, in such mental vocabularies, to be generous, and large-minded, and unselfish, and—after a little lapse of time—forgiving. But I maintain that it means exactly the reverse of all these things. If a man be quick-tempered, if he give way to anger quickly and unrighteously (for I leave out of the question entirely that righteous wrath which rises for good reason only, and is quite a different matter from temper), he is not generous, for he shows no regard for the comfort of those around him; he is not unselfish, for it is safe to say that in nine cases out of ten, if not in ten out of ten, his fury is kindled by some fancied slight to himself, and is allowed to blaze simply as an illumination in honour of his self-esteem; he is not forgiving, because, though he may recover quickly from his aberration, and soon be perfectly urbane to the whilom victim of it, the restoration is simply forgetfulness, and to forget the injury inflicted upon another by his own hasty words is by no means synonymous with forgiveness of injuries he himself may have received. Last of all, he is not large-minded. I am convinced that a quick temper is an unfailing indication of a limited intelligence and a lack of mental quickness. If the mind were large enough to grasp the true relations of things, to see how small a point in the universe this temper-rousing episode occupied, and if it could see this quickly—in a flash of thought—the outburst would be averted.—*September Atlantic*.

LANDLORDS IN SCOTLAND.

The Highlands and Hebrides are the home of romance. There is a legend to almost every step you take. But the cruellest of these are not so cruel as, and none have the pathetic, the tales of their own and their fathers' wrongs and wretchedness which the people tell to-day. The old stories of the battlefield, and of clan meeting clan in deadly duel, have given way to stories of the clearing of the land that the laird or the stranger might have his shooting and fishing as well as his crops. At first the people could not understand it. The evicted went to the laird, as they would have gone of old, and asked for a new home. And what was the answer? "I am not the father of your family." And then, when frightened women ran and hid themselves at his coming, he broke the kettles they left by the well, or