

western life. You feel that, however men may trust you, you can never trust yourself, and a man that cannot trust himself is a sorry dependence. My boy you cannot change the past, but you can redeem the past. You cannot wipe out a fact, but God in his infinite love has so ordered life that we can evoke good from evil and transform a bitter memory into a piteous and merciful warning. That which you have done is done. God pardon you for your sin and crime. But it stands to day not as a relentless, vindictive tyrant, but as a heavy chastisement—a fiery discipline persuading the heart to manlier effort. O Ben, my dear son, I have a charge for you. I know not whether the prayer of faith to-day will heal the sick of body. But this I know, there is a faith-cure that is real—the faith-cure of the soul. There is work for you to do, and you will do it well. There is a noble life for you to live, and, my son, you will live it. I dare not say to the deceased body, in the name of Christ, 'Be healed,' but I dare say to your suffering spirit, in Christ's name, 'Be healed.' My faith in the Saviour is quenchless. My faith in you is undying."

It is the blossoming month of June, and just twenty-one years since Bennett Ferris took his plunge into the cold world. The judge—now member for Congress—is at home with his mother. The neighbours are entirely poverty-stricken when they look for words to express their esteem and admiration for the man. They come in large numbers to pay their respects to him. But now at twilight he sits alone. He is thinking of the words he spoke so many years ago. "Mother, you've served me twenty-one years. Your time's out. We'll change places. I'll serve you twenty-one years." And now the record of the happy servitude is finished. All debts are paid, the mortgage lifted, a snug sum has been invested in bank stock for the mother, a reasonable amount of substantial properties in Bennett Ferris' own name bear witness to his prosperity. But what are these things worth over against a sterling manhood? A better work than the builded fortune, he has built a noble character. And whatever may be the virtue of faith touching the cure of the body, no one can deny its virtue touching the cure of the soul, for here was a faith-cure veritable, enduring.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

FAMOUS ESCAPES FROM INDIANS.

Dr. Edward Eggleston's profusely illustrated paper in the September "Century" on "Indian War in the Colonies" recounts the following exploits: "Stories of marvellous and ingenious escapes were the romance of the colonies, and such adventures date back to the earliest Indian war in Virginia, where a man and his wife, who had been spared in the wholesale slaughter, found their opportunity while the Indians were dancing for joy over the acquisition of a white man's boat that had drifted ashore. These captives got into a canoe, and soon afterward surprised their friends in the settlements, who had believed them to be dead. Very like this was the escape of Anthony Bracket and his wife in Maine. They were left to follow on after their captors, who were eager to reach a plundering party in time to share in the spoil. Bracket's wife found a broken bark canoe, which she mended with a needle and thread; the whole family then put to sea in this rickety craft, and at length reached Black Point, where they got on board a vessel. A little lad of eleven years named Eames, taken in Philip's war, made his way thirty miles or more to the settlements. Two sons of the famous Hannah Bradley effected an ingenious escape, lying all day in a hollow log and using their provisions to make friends with the dogs that had tracked them. They journeyed in extreme peril and suffering for nine days, and one of them fell down with exhaustion just as they were entering a white settlement. A young girl in Massachusetts, after three weeks of captivity, made a bridle of bark, and catching a horse, rode all night through the woods to Concord. Mrs. Dean, taken at Oyster river in 1694, was left with her daughter in charge of an old Indian while the rest finished their work of destruction. The old fellow asked his prisoner what would cure a pain in his head. She recommended him to drink some rum taken from her house. This put him to sleep, and the woman and child got away. Another down-east captive, with the fitting name of Toogood, while his captor during an attack on a settlement was disentangling a piece of string with which to tie him, jerked the Indian's gun from under his arm and, levelling it at his head, got safely away.

"Escaping captives endured extreme hardships. One Bard, taken in Pennsylvania, lived nine days on a few buds and four snakes. Mrs. Inglis, captured in the valley of Virginia, escaped in company with a German woman from a place far down the Ohio river. After narrowly avoiding discovery and recapture, they succeeded in ascending the south bank of the Ohio for some hundreds of miles. When within a few days' travel of the settlements, they were so reduced by famine that the German woman, enraged that she had been persuaded to desert the Indian flesh-pots, and crazed with hunger, made an unsuccessful attack on her companion with cannibal intentions.

"The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff, and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off, with many others, in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill. Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captors had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an island in the Merrimack river. At midnight the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men two women, and six children—one favourite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman, escaping. After they had left the camp, the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlements would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and scalped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimack, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to

each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners."

WORDS AND DEEDS.

They do the least
Who talk the most;
Whose good designs
Are all their boast;
For words are dew.

They do the most
Whose lives possess
The sterling stamp
Of righteousness;
For deeds are true.

And if the heart
Be pure and good,
The life will be
Just what it should—
Not dew, but true.

—Independent.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert; "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, and the waterwheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wares."

The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighbouring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and, for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised up on a smooth bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with gold and silver, a kind of mosaic, engraving and sculpture united—called damaskeening—with which boxes, bureaux and swords are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the "silk of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.—*Exchange.*

BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England covers nearly five acres, and includes most of a parish, with the churchyard now known in bank parlance as "the Garden," and a very neat little garden it is. Long after it ceased to be a burial ground an ancient servant of the bank, of amazing stature, was buried there for safe-keeping by request of his friends, who feared that some enterprising museum would go for his skeleton. The bank occupies the site also of the house and garden of Mr. Houlton, its first Governor, a Huguenot of exemplary character, whose very wealthy descendants hold the estates he bought near London. The first Deputy Governor, Mr. Godfrey, nephew of the unfortunate Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey—not Sir Edmundsbury, as is usually written—a famous magistrate, murdered in the Titus Oates days, was killed at the siege of Namur, whither he had gone on bank business, having insisted on accompanying William III. to the trenches. The bank is guarded by a detachment of the Foot Guards, who take possession about five o'clock every evening. The officer on guard is allowed a handsome dinner for himself and two friends, with plenty of wine, but the friends have to depart at eleven o'clock. The men do not know who will be on the bank guard; so collusion is impossible. The building has no external windows, and contains acres of vaults. In the day-time it is guarded by its own porters and by policemen, many of them in plain clothes, who are always on the watch.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

It is hard for a young mother who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators, who copy her morals and manners. As the mother is, so are the sons and daughters. If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother, who is dainty and refined in her manners, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing-room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, but who is a true mother, always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough men and noisy, busy boys will always tone their voices and step quietly, and try to be more mannerly when she stops to give them a kind word or pleasant smile—for a true mother will never fail to say or do all the kind, pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-morrow.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

DR. MACKAY of Hull is supplying the Presbyterian pulpit at Oban during August.

REV. JAMES STALKER, of Kirkcaldy has declined the principalship of Melbourne University.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to have a Luther celebration in England in November next.

THE venerable Dr. Buckley of Orissa is preparing a marginal reference Bible in Oriya for the native Christians.

THERE is no change for the better in the health of Rev. Dr. Knox of Linenhall Street Church, Belfast. He remains very seriously ill.

PARIS has twenty-three libraries, which it is proposed to increase in number to forty. More than one-half of all the books read are novels.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER, of the City Temple, London, and a noted Congregational preacher, is expected to spend a long vacation in the United States.

MR. SPURGEON says that "newspapers are not always edited by Solomons, or if they are, the father is frequently out of the way, and his son Rehoboam manages the business."

A CHOCTAW Indian has taken the degree of B.A. at Roanoke College, Virginia. He is the first Indian who has graduated. He is preparing for the Presbyterian ministry.

THE sub-committee on lapsing, of which Prof. Bruce is convener, recommend the formation of "Strangers' Committees," like the one in operation in Glasgow, in all large towns.

A NEW association, with the Pope at its head, protects its members from cholera and other epidemics by supplying each with two pictures of saints and an inscription which acts as a charm.

THE third edition of Prof. Blackie's "Altavona," containing too plain a statement of facts about the Highlands to find a publisher in Edinburgh, has been issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall of London.

THE New Jersey State Senate, with only two dissentients, have passed a bill which forbids the sale of cigarettes and of tobacco—even for the purposes of chewing—to all minors under the age of sixteen years.

IN India the census of 1881, the particulars of which are only now appearing, shows that the Presbyterians outnumber the other Protestant denominations. Episcopacy claims 2'3 per cent., or some 3,300; Presbyterianism 2'8, or about 3,600.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, in view of his discovery in London of whole families employed in making match boxes for four and a half cents a gross, and paid only eight cents for making an ulster, concludes that the only remedy is emigration.

THE national memorial in Scotland to Archbishop Tait is to take the form of a monument, including a bust, in Park Place, Edinburgh, beside the new University buildings, and within a few feet of the site of the house in which the archbishop was born.

THE Established Church of Scotland has 1,275 parish churches, and 110 chapels, or unendowed churches, and 530,292 communicants. The Free Church of Scotland has 1,009 charges, and 314,604 members—being a net increase of 577 over last year.

THE Rev. Dr. Alfred Barry, principal of King's College, London, has accepted the bishopric of Sydney, which carries with it the position of metropolitan of New South Wales and primate of Australia. He is a son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament.

THE Rev. William Cousin, of Melrose died on 1st inst. in his seventy-first year. In 1847 he married Miss Anne Ross Cundell, well known as a hymn-writer, and especially as the author of "The Sands of Time are Sinking," founded on the dying words of Samuel Rutherford.

"MORE than a ton" of strawberries were provided for a "strawberry tea" which Mr. W. Ross of Old Kent Road gave the other day to the children, teachers, and staff at Mr. Spurgeon's orphanage! So Mr. Spurgeon says in his magazine this month; but it is probably a joke.

PROF. BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, speaking at the opening of the new college at Merchiston, Edinburgh, said the social peculiarities of Scotland consisted in three things, the Church, the law, and its educational institutions, and whoever tampered with those three things was a traitor to his country.

MR. GEORGE LOVEJOY, the Reading bookseller, the friend of Miss Mitford and of many other English authors of note, has died in his seventy-sixth year. He was much more than a tradesman, having a genuine feeling for literature. He was a Nonconformist, and a staunch advocate of religious equality.

SCOTLAND is about to get a national portrait gallery. The Government will vote the £10,000 needed to secure the equal sum offered in February last by an unnamed patriot. The antiquarian museum in Edinburgh, set free by the removal of its collection to the museum of science and art, will receive the portraits.

BISHOP RYLE of Liverpool preached at the opening of the British Medical Association on "Luke, the Physician." He said one great phenomenon of the Christian religion was the dignity and importance attached to the human body, and it was a remarkable fact that one of the men chosen to write the Gospels was a physician.

FOR some years the sister of Charles Dickens resided at Oban with her husband, Mr. Henry Burnett; and while there they were members of the Independent Church, and took an active part in the work of the Sabbath school. It was one of their children, a little deformed boy, quaintly meditative, who was the original of his distinguished uncle's Paul Dombey.