

"Something is wrong there, sir," said James, sorrowfully pointing to the child's head.

The doctor looked closely at her. The closed eyes could tell nothing, but her brow contracted as the thoughts passed through the mind of the little girl. On her face he saw an almost painful expression. After thinking a long time, the doctor took James to the window and said to him: "I cannot order medicine for a disease. I do not understand. It is not medicine your child needs."

"You think, then, that she will die. Oh, sir, will you not try to do something for her?" said the father despairingly. James had a tender, sensitive nature. Wounded to the quick by Scolastique, he had given all his love to his child. Without that little face, so pale and sweet, by the fireside, his home would have seemed desolate as the grave. It was for the child that he worked to gain wealth. While Benedicte lived he had an end in life; without her he could not endure it.

(To be continued.)

#### TRYING MOMENTS.

It was now one of the most magnificent sights we ever gazed on, though we never wish to be in similar circumstances, or to see quite the like again. The moon above was breaking in full glory every few minutes through the densest and blackest storm clouds, which were here and there riven by the blast; the sea beneath was literally one mass of white foam boiling and hissing beneath the gale. For a few seconds, when the *Bacchante* first broached to, it was doubtful what would happen, but the old ship came to the wind and lay to of her own accord. Having gone into the cabin under the poop just before she broached to, we experienced a curious sensation of grinding beneath the screw-well and counter and by the rudder chains. It might be compared to a somewhat similar sensation felt when a boat's bottom touches rock or sand and grinds over them, and bumps for a few seconds. We knew, of course, it could not be thus with us, but suspected it was caused by the wrench the rudder then suffered. Owing to the strain there had been on the upper deck wheel (which had during the day several times nearly taken charge, in spite of the dozen men that manned it), the main deck steering gear had also been connected that evening, and was being used at the time of the accident, in addition to the upper deck gear.

As the ship refused to pay off, there was nothing for it but to let her remain as she was lying-to. It was then conjectured that something had happened to the rudder, as with the helm put hard a-starboard no appreciable difference was observed. It was not, however, till the next morning that we realized our position of being practically rudderless on the open sea. The order to get up steam was given soon after 11 p.m., and three hours afterwards the steam was ready; but the screw could not be lowered or connected till the morning of the 13th, owing to the ship knocking about so much. At 5 a.m., when the screw was worked twenty to twenty-five revolutions, the ship would not go off the wind or answer her helm. Then we began to suspect what had taken place. There was nothing to be done but still to continue to lie-to under close reefed fore and main top-sails, foresail, and fore staysail, her head being south east and by south. She lay to very well. The gale continued, and there was of course still a very heavy sea, but she proved herself a good sea boat, and shipped comparatively but little water. The lower deck was, however, all afloat through the seas washing up through the scuppers, and they had one or two down the hatches into the ward-room.—*H.M.S. Bacchante at the Antipodes*, by Prince Edward and George of Wales.

#### WHY HAS MORMONISM GROWN?

Mormonism is adapted to the intellectual capacities of the masses, the multitude of the ignorant and poor, the wretched, the pariahs of society. To these are offered just what they are sure always to hunger for, bold assumption and boundless assertion, great show of authority, these helping to certitude in faith; salvation by forms, by the legerdemain of rite, the hocus-pocus of initiating and anointing; literal interpretation of the Scriptures, and profuse quotations of texts, and specially such as are set in the poetical and obscure diction of the prophets. The same minds delight in prodigies. *Quod ignotum, pro mirifico*. The more mysterious the more true. The secrecy, too, of the endowments has a charm, and as well the offices and titles which each one may possess. Of such gewgaws and tinsel this church has unlimited store. And who is not flattered by the assurance that he is of the few and blessed of the race, that the many outside his coterie are foolish and doomed? No doubt, also, by setting the standard of morality so lamentably low, and offering salvation to the worst on such easy terms as external obedience and service, thousands have been captured and held. The promise, too, of land is a lure to many.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.

#### THE SCOT ABROAD.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* Prince Edward and George of Wales contribute an account of their cruise in *H.M.S. Bacchante*. In the March number the following occurs: The Scotch are the best and most successful of emigrants. Half the most prominent among the statesmen of the Canadian Confederation, of Victoria and Queensland are born Scots, and all the great merchants of India are of the same nation. Whether it is that the Scotch emigrants are for the most part men of better education than those of other nations, or whether the Scotchman owes his uniform success in every climate to his perseverance or his shrewdness, the fact remains that wherever abroad you come across a Scotchman you invariably find him prosperous and respected in calculating contentment; and with a strong-handed, open-hearted hospitality that no words can render adequate thanks for. To come in contact only with such colonists is morally health-giving.

#### SNOWDROPS.

I hear a whispering,  
A sound of music sweet,  
A tread of fairy feet,  
A promise of the spring!

And there are drops of snow—  
Shy, tender, pure and sweet,  
Here nodding at my feet;  
And so I surely know

That spring is coming fast,  
That soon the sun will shine  
And glad this heart of mine  
With summer sweets at last.

So pure, so sweet, so brave!  
I wonder do they grow,  
These precious drops of snow,  
On that beloved grave?

Lord, with a grateful heart  
I thank Thee that they give  
Such joy to those who live  
Near to great nature's heart.

Oh, to be pure as they!  
Oh, to be brave and strong,  
To battle with the wrong  
More nobly day by day!

Lord, lead us ever on,  
Oh, guide us by Thy hand  
Up to that better land  
Where Thine and ours have gone!  
—Annie S. Swan, in *Christian Leader*.

#### RELICS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The first book of travels ever printed was Bernhard de Breydenbach's account of the trans-marine pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The common statement is that the fashion of going to the Holy Land from England died out about the time of Henry V. But this must have obtained currency in ignorance of Caxton's guide-book. There must at least have been a revival of the fashion in the last quarter of the fifteenth century, for Caxton was not the man to print and publish information for pilgrims when few customers were to be had for the little book. It is true that Sir Richard Torkington, parson of Mulbarton, in Norfolk, who made the pilgrimage as late as 1517, travelled as far as Venice alone, but in his voyage back from Jaffa, he mentions that there were five English priests in the same galley, besides other Englishmen, including a London "pewterer" who died by the way. And a little earlier, in 1506, Sir Richard Guylforde's party encountered several Englishmen in the course of their pilgrimage.

All along the route, at the various churches and monasteries where they halted, there were many curious relics to excite the wonder and devotion of the travellers. Torkington and Guylforde's chaplain describe some of these wonders in identical language, probably repeating the stereotyped words of the cicerone. Thus at Lyons "ther ys a Cuppe of an Emerawde stone, wherof ower Sayvyr Crist drank at hys Mawndy." At Milan, "ovyr the hys Auter in the Roff or toppre of the Churche ys a synne of a sterr of golde, and in the myddys of the sterr ys on of the naylts that ower Sayvyr Crist was crucified with. Ther brenne lampes abowth it that ye may se it p'f'ghtly." At Padua among other relics is "the Tong of Seynt Antony yett fayer and fressh with which tong he convertyd myche peple to the ffeythe of Crist." At Padua also in a Franciscan Abbey "we see the flynger of Seynt Luke that he wrote the holy gospell with." At Rhodes in the Church of St. John lay "the flynger of Seynt John that he shewyd ower Sayvyr whanne he seyde *Ecce Agnus Dei!*"—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

#### AN OLD NEW ENGLAND TAVERN.

Midway between the two extremities, on the eastern shore of the lake, is a valley between two hills, which come down to the very edge of the lake, leaving only room enough for a road between their base and the water. This valley, half a mile in width, has been long settled, and here for a century or more has stood the old Anchor Tavern. A famous place it was so long as its sign swung at the side of the road: famous for its landlord, portly, paternal, whose welcome to a guest that looked worthy of the attention was like that of a parent to a returning prodigal, and whose parting words were almost as good as a marriage benediction; famous for its landlady, ample in person, motherly, seeing to the whole household with her own eyes, mistress of all culinary secrets that Northern kitchens are most proud of; famous also for its ancient servant, as city people would call her,—help, as she was called in the tavern and would have called herself,—the unchanging, seemingly immortal Miranda, who cared for the guests as if she were their nursing mother, and pressed the favourite delicacies on their attention as a connoisseur calls the wandering eyes of an amateur to the beauties of a picture. Who that has been at the old Anchor Tavern forgets Miranda's

"A little of this fricassee?—it is v-er-y nice;" or "Some of these cakes? You will find them v-er-y good."

Nor would it be just to memory to forget that other notable and noted member of the household,—the unsleeping, unresting, omnipresent Pushee, ready for everybody and everything, everywhere within the limits of the establishment at all hours of the day and night. He fed, nobody could say when or where. There were rumours of a "bunk," in which he lay down with his clothes on, but he seemed to be always wide awake, and at the service of as many guests at once as if there had been half-a-dozen of him.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes in March Atlantic*.

## British and Foreign.

A SERIES of mission information meetings in connection with the United Presbyterian Church has been held at Leith.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND lectured at the Glasgow Athenaeum lately, his subject being, "A Holiday with a Hammer."

THE incomes of Baron Mayer Karl and Willy de Rothschild, have been respectively rated for taxation, at Frankfurt, at \$1,140,000 and \$1,190,000.

A TOTAL abstinence society has just been formed in the University College of Wales. The principal and some of the professors have headed the movement.

ABOUT 1,000 volumes from the library of the late Rev. Dr. A. S. Patterson have been presented by his nephew, Mr. R. J. B. Patterson, to the Glasgow Y.M.C.A.

A SUM of \$35,000 has been promised for the building of an English church at Monaco, but the Bishop of Gibraltar refused to promote the undertaking, the Archbishop of Canterbury approves.

IN a Scotch divorce case which recently came before the Court of Session, the couple had been married for thirty-five years, and the wife (who was the petitioner), was the mother of fifteen children.

MR. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A., Inverness, has received so much encouragement in starting his proposed weekly journal that it may be looked for in May or June. The name selected is *The Scottish Highlander*.

ARCHBISHOP PLUNKET, presiding at the annual meeting in Dublin of the Prison Gate Mission, advocated its claims on the ground that it furnished to the various Churches a common ground for harmonious and effective work.

THE Bank of France is said to possess an ingeniously arranged photographic studio concealed in a gallery behind its cashier, so that at a signal the portrait of a suspected customer may be instantly taken without his knowledge.

A LONDON firm of pencil makers manufactures its shavings and sawdust into an article which they call the "Dust of Lebanon." It is sprinkled on the fire to remove the unpleasant smell of cooking noticeable in a room after a meal.

DR. TELLETT, the Provost of Trinity College, in ready compliance with the invitation of the Presbyterian Association in Dublin, took the chair at a lecture given in that city on the Obelisks of Egypt by Dr. Hugh Macmillan, of Greenock.

ACCORDING to the *Bulletin of the Society of Naturalists* of Moscow, the hitherto unaccountable destruction of pine forests is caused by the ravages of a species of mushroom which takes growth on the surface of the wood and afterwards penetrates and destroys the tree.

A PROMINENT hat manufacturer says the average Pennsylvanian's size is six seven eighths; the average New Yorker seven, and the Western and New England heads average from seven one-fourth to seven three eighths. He thinks the size of a head is increased by excitement.

THAT accomplished Celtic scholar, Mr. Cameron of Brodick has the fourth part of his *Celtic Review* nearly ready for publication. Its contents include notes on Gaelic grammar by the editor, and a translation by Principal Shairp of the Gaelic song, "MacGregor o' Ruaro."

THE day at Greenwich Observatory formerly began at noon, but now counts from midnight, thus agreeing with the civil day. The twenty-four hour system has been in operation for many years in Greenwich, and the public clock outside the Observatory is divided after that plan.

THE Rev. Henry Barrett, who retired thirteen years ago from the vicarage of Pelton, has died at Durham from a fall on his staircase. He began life at the bar, and for twelve years was on the staff of a daily newspaper, but was ordained in 1840, and for many years worked laboriously in the ministry.

DURING the last three months Morningside U.P. congregation, Edinburgh, has contributed \$29,000 to defray the debt on their church, and on a recent Sabbath the pastor, Dr. Mair, intimated that Mr. Robert Richardson had handed him the remaining \$5,000 in memory of his deceased sisters who were members of the church.

THE Duke of Cambridge lately told a body of recruits that they were now going to Gibraltar, where they would have an opportunity of gaining health and strength. But a doctor writes to the *Medical Times* to inform the Duke that the death rate among soldiers in the United Kingdom is 6.94 per 1,000. In Gibraltar it is 10.31.

THE Newcastle monthly meeting of the Society of Friends has sent a memorial to the Prime Minister protesting against "this war of invasion in which we are now engaged as unjustifiable in its institution and wicked in its continuance." The memorial adds that, however the war may end, it can only bring disgrace and dishonour upon the Christian name.

THE libel against Dr. A. Stewart Muir, it is said, contains four counts. He is charged with doctrinal error, with worshipping in a way condemned by Scripture and the Confession, with following divisive courses, and with irreverent conduct and language. He has written to his congregation saying that he never intends preaching again in their church.

At a recent meeting of the English literature class in Glasgow University, the annual dinner was under consideration. A proposal was made that it be held on teetotal principles; and a motion to this effect was carried by a majority of twenty-one votes. This new departure is a significant indication of the advance of temperance among students.

THE *Lyon Medical* says that Professor Malgaigne is much dreaded by students on account of his irony at examinations. One day he was discussing some obscure points in a student's thesis, and the candidate replied almost at random. "Now, sir," exclaimed the irate examiner, "can you tell me what to create means?" "Create?" stammered the youth; "it means to make something out of nothing." "That's good, sir," said Malgaigne; "we will now make you a doctor."