

"And what about ourselves, Florie? You will not be angry if I recall past days, and perhaps speak of the future as well. You will listen, won't you?"

Half alarmed at his manner, Florence modestly hung her head, but could find no words to use. Interpreting her silence as consent, the student continued—

"You remember, Florie, how much we were to one another when we were younger. If you beat me in the class, as you often did, I tried to heap coals of fire on your head by defending you on the road home. We were brother and sister then. For years past we have met less frequently; and then your father's prohibition came between us. Do you know what that decree did, Florie? It opened my eyes to see that, beyond mere interest or friendship, I have loved you ardently ever since our school days. I wonder if my love is returned. The last week has given me hope. What say you, Florie?"

"My father has done the same for me," was the girl's reply. "You have all the love I can give."

He threw his arm over her shoulder, and imprinted a tender kiss upon her lips. Then drawing her to him, he fervently said—

"God bless you, Florie; you have made me a happy man."

By this time the night hours were advancing, and they turned to retrace their steps. As they slowly sauntered down the river bank, the student thought it well to push his advantage further without delay.

"Now, my dear Florie, you must let me speak to you about the future. I hope to be licensed in a fortnight as a preacher of the Gospel. Then I suppose I must wander about for a time till Providence opens to me some sphere of usefulness as pastor of a congregation. When ordained at last over some charge, I shall have a home to set up and a manse to keep. You will not forget me then. Tell me, Florie, will you give me your hand and share in my life and labours?"

"I give it now," she replied, extending her hand to the student, "in token that I shall again. Dear Roderick, I shall do what I can to help you."

Another fond kiss on her glowing cheek, and then they continued their walk by the stream. Roderick turned to the all-engrossing theme.

"Do you know, Florie dear, what I think our mutual love has been like?"

"I wait to hear, Roderick; something good it must be, of course."

"Well, it's this. We have seen a cloudy and rainy summer, that seemed to give little promise of a happy reaping time. The grain was growing daily; yet even when August came, it was slow to change its tint, and harvest seemed far away. Then, to the joy of the farmer, there came a week or two of brilliant sunshine, and lo! what a change! The waving grain ripened every moment, and there was a happy and abundant harvest. You understand my parable. We had heavy clouds over our heads for many a day, but for the last week the sun has been shining bright. What wonder if our love has ripened fast, and I have now reaped in you, my precious Florie, a sheaf of golden grain?"

(To be concluded.)

#### AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

My previous visit was a hurried one. I took but a glimpse, and then went on my way. Now, for nearly a week I was a resident of Stratford-on-Avon. How shall I describe the perfectly ideal beauty of the new home in which I found myself! It is a fine house, surrounded by delightful grounds, which skirt the banks of the Avon for a considerable distance, and come close up to the enclosure of the Church of the Holy Trinity, beneath the tower of which lie the mortal remains of Shakespeare. The Avon is one of those narrow English rivers in which half a dozen boats might lie side by side, but hardly wide enough for a race between two rowing abreast of each other. Just here the Avon is comparatively broad and quiet, there being a dam a little lower down the stream. The waters were a perfect mirror, as I saw them on one of the still days we had at Stratford. I do not remember ever before seeing cows walking with their legs in the air, as I saw them reflected in the stream. Along the banks the young people were straying. I wondered if the youthful swains quoted Shakespeare to their lady-loves. Could they help recalling Romeo and Juliet? It is quite impossible to think of any human being growing up in this place which claims Shakespeare as its child, about the streets of which he ran as a boy, on the waters of which he must have often floated, without having his image ever present? Is it so? There are some boys, from eight to ten or a dozen years old, fishing in the Avon, close by the grounds of "Avonbank," the place at which we are staying. I call to the little group. "I say, boys, who was this man Shakespeare people talk so much about?" Boys turn round, and look up with a plentiful lack of intelligence in their countenances. "Don't you know who he was or what he was?" Boys look at each other, but confess ignorance. Let us try the universal stimulant of human faculties. "Here are some pennies for the boy that will tell me what that Mr. Shakespeare was." The biggest boy finds his tongue at last. "He was a writer—he wrote plays. That was as much as could be got out of the younglings. I remember meeting some boys under the monument upon Bunker Hill, and testing their knowledge as I did that of the Stratford boys. 'What is the great stone pillar here for?' I asked. 'Battle fought here—great battle.' 'Who fought?' 'Americans and British.' 'I never hear the expression Britishers.' 'Who was the general on the American side?' 'Don't know,—General Washington, or somebody.' 'What is an old battle, though it may have settled the destinies of a nation, to the game of baseball between the Boston and Chicago teams which is to come off to-morrow, or to the game of marbles which Tom and Nick are just going to play together under the shadow of the great obelisk which commemorates the conflict.—Owen Wendell Holmes, in June Atlantic.

#### THAT GARDEN LONG AGO.

I remember, I remember,  
A garden long ago;  
'Tis not laid out in modern style,  
In curious bed and row;  
And only sweet, old fashioned flowers  
Grow freely, gayly, there,  
And make a mass of glorious bloom,  
And perfume all the air.

Along the narrow gravel path  
The violet Iris grows;  
And on each side a Snowball bush,  
And royal Pansy Rose;  
While Hollyhocks and Four o'Clocks  
And Pinks and Poppies glow  
In every nook and corner  
Of that garden long ago.

I remember, I remember,  
The branching Lilac tree;  
Its fragrant purple blossoms  
Too oft in dreams I see!  
Once more I stand in wonder  
To see the Primrose blow;  
Ah, these are only memories  
Of that garden long ago.

—Vick's Magazine.

#### THE MODERN FRENCH ESTIMATE OF NAPOLEON.

It has not been difficult of late years to collect contemporary prints of the First Napoleon. It may have been otherwise under the Second Empire—probably it was—but since the establishment of the Third Republic it has been easy enough. The history of Napoleon's prestige in France may be told in a few words.

Napoleon's personal force was so great, and he had so identified himself with France, that, in spite of the reaction consequent on the Restoration of Louis XVIII., the French people, as a whole, accepted him and glorified him as the national hero. His fame, and the magical influence of his name, suffered little even from the recollections of Leipsic and Waterloo, his reputation, in fact, increased steadily all through the period of the returned Bourbons, and at no time was more potent than in the reign of Louis Philippe. In his day Napoleon's remains were brought back from St. Helena, and interred, with great pomp, in the Invalides. The shops of Paris were full of pictures of his battles, of portraits of him and of his marshals. Up to the Revolution of 1848, Napoleon's government and policy were always, in the popular mind, opposed to the policy and government of the Bourbons. He stood for the principle of the national will; they—the older branch, of course, more particularly—for the principle of divine right. After the deposition of Louis Philippe, the tremendous influence of Napoleon's name carried Prince Louis into the chair of the President of the new Republic by an overwhelming majority, in spite of everything that the Government could do to prevent it. But from that moment a new chapter began. Napoleon was now no longer, in the minds of the French people, placed in contrast with the Bourbon kings, but with the Republic. The *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, embittered the Republicans against the uncle almost as much as against the nephew, for it was by the uncle's name that the nephew had won. Hence came a systematic effort to write down the First Napoleon, with the view of weakening the hold of the Third Napoleon upon the popular mind. Lanfrey's History is the best illustration of a work of this kind. The fall of the Second Empire, with all its mortifying incidents and terrible disasters, did much, however illogically, to lower the prestige of Napoleon the First; and since 1871 Republicans and Bonapartists have been always at sword's points. In France to-day, what ever may be in fact the strength of the veneration felt for the First Napoleon, one hears and sees little of him.—John C. Ropes, in Scribner's Magazine for June.

#### TRAVELLING IN GUATEMALA.

In the absence of commerce there is but little travelling, and the stranger finds great difficulty in obtaining information about roads, even from the *jefes* of the departments through which the roads pass. It is, of course, not peculiar to Guatemala to find ignorance of local geography and complete inability to judge of distances, but the Guatemalans have a happy way of indicating the condition of a road in the expressions, "a big league," "a little league," and on rivers they usually reckon distances by *zuatas* or bends. While the North American must have express trains, and considers every way-station an attack on his comfort, his neighbour in Central America hires men enough to carry his luggage—and each man can carry from five or six *arrobas* (an *arroba* is twenty-five pounds)—and mounting his horse or mule, plods leisurely along, up hill and down dale, his bearers generally keeping up with him. There is very little wear and tear in such a journey, one is never in a hurry, and it is hurry that exhausts one, not reasonable work. For myself, it was a restful kind of travel. My saddle-bags contained the needful clothes, my blanket was rolled behind the saddle, my rubber poncho with map and note-book in front. One man carried a coffee-pot and a supply of coffee and sugar, my hammock and a photographic outfit; another, a supply of photo plates, my son's hammock and various articles gathered on the way. We rode along chatting and enjoying everything, even the rain that ran into our boots, and when we wished to make a photograph, a whistling broughy, out *mezo* to our side, and in less than fifteen minutes the camera was unpacked and everything made so rain proof, two exposures made, and we were again in the saddle. Much more convenient than an express train! Then, where no one travels, a journey is an expedition.—W. T. Brigham, in Scribner's Magazine for June.

## British and Foreign.

THE Wesleyan membership in England stands at 412,311, a decrease of sixty-three on last year.

IN Tonga, by beating the natives and by banishment, the Wesleyan mission has been extinguished.

THE Rev. John Hall has sent in his resignation to his Presbytery as minister of Fenwick on the ground of long and continued serious indisposition.

THE Rev. D. P. McPherson, of Adelaide Place Baptist Church, Glasgow, has received a call to succeed the late Mr. Stowell Brown, at Liverpool.

THE average contribution to the English Presbyterian Home Mission Funds, amounted last year to a little over a halfpenny per month per member.

THE Rev. S. Semple was ordained last week to the pastorate of Faughanvale Church, County Derry, in succession to Dr. Petticrew, professor of theology in Magee College.

THE Rev. A. H. Reid preached his farewell sermon in the McChesne Memorial Church at Dundee recently; he enters presently on the pastorate of the congregation at Torquay.

THE Rev. James Murray, M.A., of Kilmalcolm, having decided on medical advice to take three months' rest, has been presented with \$550 to cover the expense of a tour in America.

AT OMAHA the General Assembly was crowded out of the church, and met in the exposition building. This afforded abundance of room, but made it difficult for speakers to reach the audience.

THE committee of the proposed monument to Alexander Peden at Cumnock have received subscriptions to the amount of \$850, but as much more is wanted to carry out the praiseworthy design.

THE Presbyterian Assembly lately held in Wellington has passed, by large majorities, a series of drastic resolutions for the removal of inefficient, unsuitable, imprudent and contumacious ministers.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER B. W. KENNEDY, of University College, London, the son of Dr. Kennedy, so long pastor at Stepney, is one of the fifteen candidates selected by the council for election into the Royal Society.

HEARTY efforts are being made to ensure the success of the bazaar to be held in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, in December next, for the purpose of providing houses for the Church's missionaries in India, China and Africa.

THE Rev. James Hutcheson, of the East Parish, Greenock, for many years clerk of his Presbytery, of which he was the father, died lately of congestion of the lungs. He succeeded Dr. Menzies in the charge at the Disruption. He was twice married.

LORD SELBORNE says he has not seen any estimate of the annual value of glebe lands in England which exceeds \$2,000,000. A return just presented to Parliament shows that there are 659,548 acres of glebe land, and that its gross rental is \$4,541,405.

LADHOPE congregation, Galashiels, celebrated quite recently the semi jubilee of their pastor, Rev. James Spence, and the liquidation of the debt of their new church which has cost about \$28,500. This sum has been raised since 1883, with the assistance of friends outside but no bazaars.

DR. JEFFERIS, the leading Congregationalist in the Sydney pulpit, declares that the most degrading influence in New South Wales is that of the Parliament, which is characterized by the intemperate use of strong drink, clouding the faculties of its members and rendering legislation impossible.

THE Rev. Godfrey W. B. Macrae of Cross, Lewis, at present being dealt with by his Presbytery on charges of having slandered his ministerial brethren, has received a testimonial signed by 200 of his parishioners, expressing their unqualified approbation of the manner in which he has uniformly conducted himself.

THE late Baldwin Brown, of Brixton, laid down the following rules for a minister's study: Do not have a sofa or easy chair. It is well to stand while your visitor stays; he too will stand, and will go all the sooner. If there is a clock in the room keep it ten minutes fast, to prevent your visitor missing his next engagement.

CANON GREGORY, at a recent meeting of the English Church Union, exposed a horrible scandal. A friend of his had occupied a prebendal stall, which brought him in \$70,000 a year for sixty years. In return for this he had to preach two sermons a year—a task which was done for him by a minor canon for a guinea a sermon!

THE Rev. William King Hamilton, brother of the late Dr. James Hamilton, of Regent Square Church, died at his residence in Brondesbury, London, in his seventy-second year. He was inducted to his charge at Stonehouse in 1843 by Dr. Candlish, the ceremony taking place by the burns in the open air. In 1876 he was laid aside by ill health, and in 1878 retired to London.

THE expense of the recent extension of New Kilpatrick Church, \$8,000, has been liquidated, nearly \$5,000 being subscribed by the parishioners, and the church income for the past year exceeded \$8,595, including a legacy of \$2,500 to foreign missions from Mr. James Cruikshank, of Overdale, to whose memory a stained glass window, representing the parable of the Good Samaritan, has been placed in the church by his three sons.

THE Rev. George Divorty, M.A., secretary of the Scottish Reformation Society, a man distinguished by his modest spirit and genuine worth, died the other week in Edinburgh in his sixty-eighth year. A native of Kintore, near Aberdeen, he was licensed in 1853, and was one of the ten sent out by the Colonial committee to Australia, and built up a flourishing Church, when ill health compelled his resignation and return to Scotland. He was descended from a Huguenot family, his ancestors having settled in Aberdeenshire at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.