

amends a thousand-fold in this your generous acknowledgment. And yet, Miss Martell, you will never know how hard it was that I could not go to your rescue that night. I never came so near cursing my destiny before."

"I cannot understand it," said Alice in a low tone, turning away her face.

"It's all painfully plain to me," he said with a spice of bitterness. "Miss Martell, I am as grateful to Hemstead as you are, for when he saved you, he also saved me. If you had perished, I feel that I should have taken the counsel of an ancient fool, who said, 'Arise God and die.'"

She gave him a quick look of surprise, but said only, "That would be a silly end."

He took her hand, and earnestly, indeed almost passionately continued, "Miss Alice, I pray you teach me how to be a true man. Have patience with me, and I will try to be worthy of your esteem. You have made me loathe my old, vile self. You have made true manhood seem so noble and attractive that I am willing to make every effort, and suffer any pain—even that of seeing you shine upon me in the unapproachable distance of a star. Make me feel that you do care what I become. Speak to me sometimes as you did the other evening among the flowers. Give me the same advice that I find in the old yellow letters which have been my Bible, and, believe me, you will not regret it."

Alice's hand trembled as he held it in both of his as a frightened bird might, and she faltered:

"I never had a brother, but I scarcely think I could feel toward one differently—then the truth!—I stopped in painful confusion. Her love for Harcourt was not sisterly at all, and how could she say that it was?"

But he, only too grateful, filled out the sentence for her, and in a deep, thrilling tone answered:

"And if my love for you is warmer than a brother's—more full of the deep, absorbing passion that comes to us but once, I will try to school it into patience, and live worthily of my love for her who inspired it."

Again she gave him a quick look of startled surprise, and said hastily:

"You forget yourself, sir. Such language belongs to another."

"To another?"

"Yes, to Miss Marchmont."

"Miss Marchmont can claim nothing from me, save a slight cousinly regard."

"It is reported that you are engaged."

"It's false," he said passionately. "It is true, that before you returned, and while I was reckless because I believed you despised me, I trifled away more time there than I should. But Miss Marchmont, in reality, is as indifferent toward me as I toward her. I am not bound to her by even a gossiping thread."

Alice turned away her face, and was speechless.

"And did you think," he asked reproachfully, "that I could love her after knowing you?"

"Love is blind," she faltered after a moment, "and is often guilty of strange freaks. It does not weigh and estimate."

"But my love for you is all that there is good in me. My love, is the most rational thing of my life."

She withdrew her hand from his, and snatching the rope that was stained with his blood, she kissed it and said:

"So is mine."

"Oh, Alice, what do you mean?" and he trembled as violently as she had done when he startled her on the bench.

She shyly lifted her blue eyes to his and said:

"Foolish Tom, surely your love is blind."

Then to Harcourt the door of heaven opened.

When Mr. Martell returned, he saw by the firelight in his dusky study, that his daughter had made such ample amends that but little was left for him to do; but he did that right heartily.

Than the Christian man said, "Alice compare this with the shadow of 'Storm King,' and the grinding ice. Let us thank God."

She gently replied, "I have, father."

"But I have more reason to thank Him than either of you," said Harcourt bravely, "or had you perished I would have been lost, body and soul."

"Then serve Him faithfully, my son—serve Him as my old friend your father did."

"With His help I will."

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH SCOLD.

The apple-tree has its inchworm, and the ox its gadfly; husbands sometimes have their certain lectures; Murray had his deacon; so almost every church has its scold. There is the church debt, the church music, and the church croaker, these three, and the greatest of the three is the church croaker.

A pious scold in the church is a dispensation of mercy, to keep the brotherhood from worldly vanity and proud-flesh, and to prevent Christians from having their good things in this life. God permits this grumbling these days of fine churches and eloquent ministers and excellent music, that the attention of the saints may be recalled to their own faults and infirmities, that they may take their turn with the elder prophets, at sackcloth and ashes.

The church is always painfully aware that not all its interests are managed in the best way, that not all its departments of work and service are complete, notwithstanding it has tried to do its best. Conscious that defects inhere in all human endeavours, it hopes that there will be a little blindness toward some errors and mistakes, that time will be given to mend that which is amiss, and a general charity exercised. But the chronic scold, like a hungry fly, is sure always to dive for the sore spot, and stick. Point out other things to him, that are hopeful and inviting, and he is silent and soon manages to get round to the weak point, and put in his complaint. It is impossible to get rid of him. He is kind of a buzzard far away from the carcass, although it has been put aside and buried.

The grumbler in the church is not the person to be put off

or silenced. No short-coming will be let pass unnoticed. He has a high and holy mission, self-constituted, by the laying on of hands upon all his imperfect brethren. He cares little for the truth. It is error that it gratifies him to get hold of. A conscience has he that never sleeps nor slumbers. It is a wasp's nest in the path of evil doers. He is set on high for the defense of the joints and titles. On all the questions that belong to the mint and anise and cummin of the church, he is bound to lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet. Never mind the camel; he will see that the gnat is strained out of all church affairs.

If you ever wish to know what is going wrong in the church, go to the church complainer. He will show you how far off the millennium is, without telling half the bad things he knows.

You can get all the faults and frailties of the members, and learn who is remiss in duty, and who does too much, what feet miss the path, and what faces carry crock. He will call attention to each new loose, and point out every fly-speck on the chariot wheels. He has the failings of every letter in the alphabet down through the whole catalogue, at his tongue's end, and can intone them with great feeling and solemnity, as he makes confession for them. In prayer, he makes confession that he and all men are miserable sinners, and goes out and does the best he can through the week to prove it. The children that come into the fold are too young to understand the steps they are taking; the adults have too little conviction of sin. The Sabbath school spoils home instruction. The young people are made too much of, and the sing-song is not like what Noah had in the ark. The benevolence of the church fails to go to his pet object, and the members are promoted to office. There is a fable of a 'g' visited a palace. He went into the grounds, and sniffed through the scullery, and back yard and stables, putting his nose in the slop-pails, turning over baskets of refuse, and keeping his eyes on the ground rooting up whatever waste matter he came upon, and finally went out disgusted. He said he had heard there were pearls and gold in that palace, and beautiful paintings and statuary, and richly furnished apartments, but he had been all through, and stuck his nose into everything, and found nothing like that whatever. He had seen more offal and garbage there than a little, and no rubies or diamonds and magnificent rooms.

Most unfortunate is it, when the church scold is the minister. Many things may annoy and tempt him; the salary may drag behind unpaid; the prayer-meeting may be thin and cold; certain evils may go through the church like a contagion, members failing to give their share, and do their part in the common work. But a complaining, scolding manner corrects none of these abuses, and is a sore evil. Men will not be driven to duty. They cannot be growled and snarled into service. A sour, fault-finding way leads none into the kingdom of heaven. Salvation cannot be forced on men. The Holy Spirit does not abide with a murmuring minister. The love of Christ does not stay where there is peevishness and rasping of the sensibilities. There is no good done this way. A church that is wrong cannot be scolded into the right. When a minister lectures his people harshly, the ones who deserve it are never there to hear it. The faithful ones, who do not need it, are hurt by it. Scolding in the conduct of the church interests, is always a cold shoulder thrust into the glad and glorious gospel feast, only aggravating the evils. Many a minister has lost his influence and place by it. It may as well be understood that if one cannot get on by other methods, he certainly cannot by this. It ought to be agreed all round in the church, by pastor and people, "No grumbling and complaining done here." When any matters get cross-grained, let them be kindly met in the spirit of "sweetness and light." What this will not do in setting things to rights, will not be easily righted.—*Advance.*

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THE PHYSICAL PARADOX.

It has been said that "the blood is the source of life." It is as truly the source of disease and death. No life, that is to say, no healthy tissue can be generated from impure blood, no organ of the body can normally perform its functions when supplied with impure blood. The fluid that should carry life and health to every part, carries only weakness and disease. Blood is the source of life only when it is pure. If it has become diseased, it must be cleansed by proper medication, else every pulsation of the human heart sends a wave of disease through the system. To cleanse the blood of all impurities, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the most effectual alterative, tonic, and cathartic remedies yet discovered. They are especially efficient in scrofulous diseases.

No folly is greater than that of impatience. Time passes swiftly, and even while we lament, it is hurrying us on towards an end from which we will shrink, yet shrink in vain.

A LITTLE girl of nine years arrested last week for picking pockets in a Roman Catholic church, revealed the fact that she and other little girls had been trained for thieving by another little girl of fourteen.

THE strongest argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian, the man filled with the spirit of Christ. The best proof of Christ's resurrection is a living Church; walking in new life, and drawing life from Him who has overcome death.—*Christianity.*

JOHN BROWN, Jr., son of Ossawatimmi Brown, publishes a letter in which he declares his intention of volunteering his services to aid the suffering coloured refugees of the South. He states that in his opinion the time has come for another grand rescue of the coloured race, and though he is fifty-eight years old, he is ready to devote his remaining energies to the cause which was so dear to his father.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THERE are 144 ordained Presbyterian ministers and missionaries in India.

THE Buddhist nunneries of China have been closed by order of the Emperor.

THE "Jewish Times" computes the number of Jews all over the world to be 6,503,000.

HELIUM will celebrate next year the semi-centennial of its independent existence as a kingdom.

NINE-TENTHS of the ninety-nine criminals in the Ohio penitentiary for life owe their imprisonment to whiskey.

NEW YORK CITY has 489 churches, chapels and missions of all sorts; but over against these it has 7,874 drinking-saloons.

A VESSEL sailed from New York last week with 430 mules, purchased for the use of the British army engaged in the Zulu war.

THE City of Glasgow Bank cannot be regarded as a very profitable speculation to its investors, as each owner of a £100 share is assessed \$11,250.

THE sign of the hard times in England and Wales is the falling off in marriages. Only 189,657 were registered in 1875; in 1876 there were 201,874.

During last year 327,813 volumes of fiction were drawn from two free libraries in Liverpool, while only 113,391 volumes of all other subjects were drawn.

THE Cumberland Presbyterian Church of the United States, with a membership of 106,253, could raise only \$3,111 for foreign mission work in 1878.

THE 88 of the higher classes in Spain receive copies of the *Boletín* in paper covers through the mails. The Spanish Evangelization Society sends them.

A LITHUANIA correspondent says that owing to the fact that white Protestants shun the negroes, the latter in large numbers are becoming subject to Catholic influences.

THE London Religious Tract Society is considering the question of publishing a "Girl's Own Paper" to be a companion magazine to their "Boy's Own Paper."

MR. SANKEY has been invited to take part in religious services in a Church of England church, greatly to the displeasure of those who prefer ritualistic to evangelic measures.

SIR MICHAEL SHAW STEWART, a Scotch landlord, finding that the work people on his estate during the past severe winter were unable to pay their bills at the provision shops, has voluntarily paid them himself.

MR. STURGEON has been present in his London Tabernacle one Sunday for four months, and yet his people are regular in attendance upon the services, strangers only being missed from the congregation.

SOME of the missionaries in South Africa are engaged in an attempt to prove that the Zulus are lineal descendants of the lost tribes of Israel. It is said they "have generally marked Jewish features, and their language is full of Hebrew idioms."

THE Egyptian pea is a marvellous instance of resurrection, or rather of reanimation. Preserved three or four thousand years, enfolded in the clothes of a mummy, planted in the soil of another continent, they bloom and produce their kind.

THREE centuries after the advent of Christ there were about 5,000,000 Christians, and at the end of the sixth century there were about double that number. The gain in the United States alone during the last twenty-five years is estimated to have equalled the result of all these centuries.

THE peculiarity of the canons of St. Paul's, London, in the matter of sermons, are said to be: Canon Gregory can read his sermons but can't write them; Canon Lightfoot can write his sermons but can't read them; Canon Liddon can do both; and Bishop Cloughton (the army chaplain) can do neither.

A PROMINENT Life Insurance Office in London, (Eng.) declares that the mortality among the publican (liquor selling) class is 59 per cent. greater than among its members generally; and the "Insurance Directory" states that "it is notorious among insurance offices that inn-keepers and publicans are a short lived class."

REV. W. H. GULICK, the evangelical missionary at Santander, Spain, referring to the continued and unrelenting persecution the church sustained during the last year, says that "it has manifestly added strength and fervor to its spiritual life. During the last three months the attendance on the meetings has steadily increased."

THE scheme is revived to recover the treasures which are believed to have been buried for ages in the mud of the river Tiber at Rome. It is proposed to drag its bed in the hope of finding the golden candlestick from the Temple at Jerusalem, and the statues, coins, and valuable ornaments from the Roman palaces that tradition says were thrown into the river.

SOLOVIEFF, the would-be assassin of the Czar, is the son of a groom in the household of the Grand Duchess Catharine. After leaving St. Petersburg University he became a teacher. He first fell under the notice of the authorities in the course of inquiries into socialist intrigues. He disappeared, and was not heard from until he made the attempt on the Czar's life.

ACCORDING to Humboldt the oldest town in the world is Yakutsk, 5,000 inhabitants, in Eastern Siberia. It is not only the oldest, but, probably, also, the coldest. The ground remains always frozen to the depth of 300 feet, except in mid-summer, when it thaws three feet at the surface. The mean temperature for the year is 13.7° F. For 70 days in August the thermometer goes as high as 86°. From November to February the temperature remains between 42° and 68° below zero. The river Lena remains frozen for nine months of the year.