

Dr. Marshall Lang is above all things a preacher and a parish minister, and in these capacities he has no superior and few equals in the Church of Scotland at the present time. One or two may be more eloquent, but none are at once more solid and more brilliant. His recent great sermon in Glasgow Cathedral at the opening of the Presbyterian Alliance was a masterpiece of spiritual thought, close reasoning, fine fervour, keen insight, and impressive weight.

Dr. Lang is a tower of strength in the Courts of the Scottish Kirk. He has held with much distinction the office of Moderator, and latterly it has seemed—to those, at least, who live at a distance—that more and more he is coming to the front as the representative man in the Auld Kirk. Strongly evangelical all his life, his sympathies seem to have broadened, and Evangelicals and Broad Churchmen alike seem disposed to follow his lead. Of course, he does not go far enough with the "High Church" party, with such men as Dr. John Macleod, of Govan, or Dr. Cooper, of Aberdeen.

Dr. Lang is a total abstainer of over twenty years' standing. He has done a considerable amount of literary work as an occasional contributor to many periodicals, and he is the author of "Heaven Our Home," "The Last Supper of Our Lord," "Life: Is It Worth Living?" and other books.

The latest honour that has come to Dr. Lang is that indicated in our opening sentence. We trust that he may be long spared to be the recipient of similar honours, and to continue his great and manifold labours.—*The Presbyterian, London, England.*

BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Brothers and sisters are all the better for sharing one another's studies and games up to a certain point. The girl who can handle a tennis racket and a croquet mallet vindicates her right to consideration. The boys will never speak to her as "only a girl," and she will be all the franker and none the less sweet for a healthy mixture of work and play. Good comradeship between brothers and sisters is a thing much to be desired; it saves the girls from prudery and the boys from boorishness, sweetens the natures of both, and acts by restraining everyone from doing or saying what would be shameful in the eyes of the "other side."

THE CZAR'S TRUST IN THE PEOPLE.

The Czar is said to take much more after his mother than his father. The Czar has already reigned about eighteen months, but so far he has wisely refrained from attempting to initiate any startling new departures. What he has done so far has been in the right direction. He has dispensed with the excessive precautions with which the police thought it necessary to guard his person. He has gone in and out among the people as freely as any merchant in St. Petersburg, and one of his first acts, on returning to St. Petersburg from the funeral, was to censure the chief of police for issuing an order forbidding the people to open the window or to appear on their balconies while the funeral procession was passing through the streets. Among the signs of a more liberal tendency on the part of the Czar the observer noted the fact that he

caused the Imperial manifesto addressed to the Poles to be amended in accordance with the wishes of the population. When the Polish deputation came to greet him he received them with great cordiality, and is said to have declared that it gave him great pleasure to receive them. "Be assured I make no difference on account of the religion you profess. My subjects are all equally dear to me." The press also was treated, by the Czar's special request, with a generosity and liberality which previously was unprecedented in Russia.—*From "Nicholas II., the Czar of Russia," in June Review of Reviews.*

EASTERN WATER-CARRIERS.

In the countries of the East where the supply of water is scarce, it is very important to save the clear, pure water and carry it from place to place, where it may be needed. So it happens that large numbers of men go into this business to earn a living, and carry water about like peddlers, very much as the fruit-peddler carries fruit in the large cities and towns of this country.

The water-peddler of the East does not have a cart or wagon; he carries the water on his back in an earthen jar or in a curious kind of bottle made of goat-skin, and carried on a man's back. Sometimes the man looks as if he were carrying a whole goat upon his back.

It doesn't sound very cool or inviting to speak of water bottled up in a goat-skin. And as a matter of fact, the water does sometimes have a kind of leathery taste, unless the skin is prepared very carefully.

As the water-carrier goes up and down the street he is on the outlook for thirsty people, and has a peculiar call of his own to attract their attention. He claps his brass cups together and calls out, "Oh! ye thirsty! Oh! ye thirsty." When he receives a call, he stops, bows his head, and pours the water over his shoulder into the cup. The purchaser drinks and gives a small coin in payment.

The Eastern water-carrier, therefore, is quite a useful personage, even though he does carry his water in a peculiar bottle.—*Ex.*

It will commend itself to all right-thinking people that a national movement is afoot to express Britain's good feeling and gratitude towards the kindly Breton folk, for their prompt and humane action in connection with the loss of the "Drummond Castle." A spire to the church at Ushant; a clock for the Church Molène, better water supply, and a fund for the relatives of shipwrecked fishermen are some of the forms suggested for the proposed testimonial. A sum of £3,000 is aimed at. Mr. Nicol, the City Chamberlain of Glasgow, is the local custodian of the fund, and he will be glad to give any information anent the matter to those interested.

All friendship is founded on some kind of sympathy, and however different in tastes or in temper, in outward circumstances or inward character, two friends may be, there must be agreement in some direction to bind them together. This agreement, too, must exist in certain things which fill up a good part of the thought and feelings of each, or the sympathy will be too slight to form a bond of union.

Our Young Folks.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Jesus, the children's Friend, we bring
To thee our choicest offering;
To thee we lift our tuneful lays;
To thee we bring our meed of praise.

We thank thee, Lord, for blessings rare,
We lift to thee our praise and prayer.
Oh take our lives, and let them be
Like fragrant flowers to bloom for thee.

A HARD JOKE.

If there was anything Ben enjoyed, it was a good joke—on some one else, of course. He loved his little sister dearly, but he could not resist the temptation of teasing her.

"You must not be so sensitive, Emma," her mamma would say, and gentle Aunt Anna tried to help in her way.

"Try to have the love that never faileth," she said when she found Emma in tears over one of Ben's pranks.

"O auntie! he tied my kitten in a paper bag, and then let the dog bark at her just to see her roll over the floor," replied Emma.

The children were visiting grandma. They had a fine time, and were just about to start home after their party, when a letter came, saying the younger children had the measles and Ben and Emma could make a long visit. For fear Emma might feel disappointed, grandma invited in several little girls to spend the afternoon, and Aunt Anna made a kettle of sugar candy for them.

"As soon as it cools we will see who can pull it the whitest," Aunt Anna said, after the six plates of tempting sweetness were put on the table in the shed kitchen.

As soon as the girls ran in, Ben slipped out and slyly shook a paper over each plate.

"O auntie! it's hard enough," said Emma, and with this each girl ran for her candy.

"My! it burns my mouth," said Nettie, who had taken a generous bite.

"It's all red," said another.

"Why, it has red pepper in it," said grandma, who happened to come in.

"Ben did it," Emma said. "You know you sent him for cayenne pepper, grandma."

"Never mind, girls. Next Tuesday you may come again, and we will have our candy-pull. I have a box of candy and goodies I packed to send to the other children, so you shall have a party in the back parlor," said grandma.

The girls took their disappointment pleasantly, and were well repaid by the nice stories grandma told them. The boy, who heard their laughter, but did not dare to go into the parlor, wished he had not been quite so funny.

He was almost afraid to meet grandma at supper-time, but the tempting odor of oyster soup could not be resisted.

The girls had stayed to supper, and this added to Ben's mortification, when he saw six large pans of yellow candy at his plate.

Ben colored and tried to laugh, but grandma said, gravely:

"Will you eat your candy before you take your soup, or afterward?"

"O grandma! I can't eat that hot stuff," said Ben.

"I never allow things to be wasted,"

replied the old lady. "Besides, it is time you were learning the flavor of your own jokes."

"But it will make me sick, so much pepper," said Ben, making a face over the first mouthful.

"Perhaps, for a time," was grandma's cool answer. "But you must learn to bear a little pain since you are so fond of making other people and animals suffer."

Poor Ben knew it was no use to disobey grandma, for her word was law, so he ate what he could, and tried to cool his burning mouth with water.

In the morning there was the candy to spoil Bennie's hot cakes and honey.

"Let me help him," begged Emma.

"No, I'll eat it myself," said Ben, more ashamed than ever.

But tender-hearted Emma insisted, and with her help the pepper candy at last disappeared.

"You're a good girl, Em," Ben said. "I will try and not tease you any more."

And for a long time Ben remembered that terrible cayenne pepper when he was tempted to have a little fun at somebody's expense. Afterward he grew too manly to hurt any one for the sake of his own amusement.

A BIRD-HOUSE.

On the top of one of the high mountains near the Pacific coast, says *The Outlook*, is a tall, slender pine tree. It stands alone, all the trees about it having been cut down. The pine-tree is now dead. High up on the top of the trunk a bird-house is fastened. It is weather-stained, showing that it has been in the tree a long time. The tree is so slender that no man could ever have climbed to its top. Now it has been decided that many years ago a strong, tall tree must have stood beside it, and some lover of birds, who knew men, thought that the strong big tree was so valuable it would be cut down, but that the slender tree would not pay for cutting down. He made the bird-house, and climbed up the strong tree and then fastened the bird-house in the top of the slender tree, knowing that it would shelter many families of birds in the years to come. So it has proved. For every year, on the top of the mountain, on the top of the tall pine-tree, little birds are rocked to sleep, and mother birds live in peace and quiet, for no cruel, bad boys or wicked hunters ever come near the birds' house.

AN OLD CHINESE WATER-CLOCK.

In another tower, reached by a flight of rickety stairs, is the water-clock that has measured time for the Cantonese for nearly 600 years. Four copper pots, crusted and dingy with age, stand raised on steps, each one above and slightly behind the other. In the base of the three upper pots are lips over which from a pin-hole outlet the water filling the top vessel trickles drop by drop, and passing through each of the first three, drips finally into the fourth, or lowest. Through a slit in the cover of this vessel is seen a graduated brass scale attached to a float below, which rises with the increasing volume of water. Every twenty-fourth hour the water accumulating in the lowest pot is transferred to the uppermost, and the scale sinks down with the float, only to rise again with the hours as the vessel slowly fills up.—*Century.*