

has killed my dove. He will kill me in his anger. Mother, is it your will?"

The poor girl bent her head and touched the snow with her forehead, when a low voice beside her murmured, "Don't cry; you shall find your dead again." It was Leonora. She said, "Go home, dear, light your fire; stay there and warm yourself, dear. Don't cry, and may your mother bless you!" Josephine answered nothing; voices and steps came near; she fled like a frightened fawn.

(To be continued.)

A MEETING HOUSE IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS.

The little log meeting-house at the Notch stood high on a rugged spur of the Great Smoky. Dense forests encompassed it on every hand, obscuring that familiar picture of mountain and cloud and cove. From its rude, glassless windows one could look out on no distant vista, save, perhaps, in the visionary glories of heaven or the climatic discomforts of hell, according to the state of the conscience, or perchance the liver. The sky was aloof and limited. The laurel tangled the aisles of the woods. Sometimes, from the hard benches, a weary tow-headed brat might rejoice to mark in the monotony the frisking of a squirrel on a bough hard by, or a wood-pecker solemnly tapping. The acorns would rattle on the roof, if the wind stirred, as if in punctuation of the discourse. The pines, mustering strong among the oaks, joined their mystic throng to the sad-voiced quiring within. The firs stretched down long, pendulous, darkling boughs, and filled the air with their balsamic fragrance. Within the house the dull light fell over a few rude benches and a platform with a chair and table, which was used as pulpit. Shadows of many deep, rich tones of brown lurked among the rafters. Here and there a cobweb, woven to the consistence of a fair, swung in the air. The drone of a blue-bottle, fluttering in and out of the window in a slant of sunshine, might invade the reverent silence, as Brother Jake Tolan turned the leaves to read the chapter. Sometimes there would sound, too, a commotion among the horses without, unharnessed from the waggon and hitched to the trees; then in more than one of the solemn faces might be described an anxious perturbation—not fear because of equine perversities, but because of the idiosyncrasies of callow human nature in the urchins left in charge of the teams. No one ventured to investigate, however, and with that worldly discomfort contending with the spiritual exaltations they sought to foster, the rows of religionists swayed backwards and forwards in rhythm to the reader's voice, rising and falling in long, billowy sweeps of sound, like the ground swell of ocean waves.

It was strange, looking upon their faces, and with a knowledge of the limited phases of their existence, their similarity of experience here, where a hundred years might come and go, working so change save that, like the leaves, they fluttered awhile in the outer air with the spurious animation called life, and fell in death, and made way for new bourgeois like unto themselves—strange to mark how they differed. Here was a man of a stern, darkly religious conviction, who might either have withered at the stake, or sought to kindle the flames; and here was an accountant soul that knew only those keen mercantile motives—the hope of reward and the fear of hell; and here was an enthusiast's eye, touched by the love of God; and here was an unsatisfied, hardly humanized face, that it seemed as presumptuous to claim as the exponent of a soul as the faces of the stupid oxen out-of-doors. All were earnest; many wore an expression of excited interest, as the details of the chapter waxed to a climax, like the tense stillness of a metropolitan audience before an unimagined *coup de theatre*. The men all sat on one side, chewing their quids; the women on the other, almost masked by their limp sun-bonnets. The ubiquitous baby—several of him—was there, as mute as once tumbled aloud and cried out peevishly. Only one, becoming uproarious, was made a public example; leaning, quietly borne out and deposited in the ox-waggon, at the mercy of the urchins who presided over the team, while his mother creaked in again on the tips of deprecating, anxious eyes, to hear the Word.—*Charles Egbert Craddock in May Atlantic.*

THE PENITENTES.

The Society, until it is crushed out, will remain an effective barrier to the progress of morality and good order in New Mexico. It was founded at Santa Cruz in 1693 by the 61 Franciscan missionaries. It was originally intended as a means of bringing the whole population within the pale of the Church, and its principal dogma was that no sin could be forgiven without confession and expiation. As the time wore on and the Society became independent, it added dogmas of its own. One of these, the inverse of the above, was that no sin could be so great but that a sufficient expiation would purge it away. There are 20,000 Penitentes, and as they are mutually sworn to assist and protect one another, even to the extent of perjury, it will be readily seen what a formidable hydra the New Mexican judges have to deal with. It is only the powerful influence of their priests that keeps them at all within bounds.

The public services of expiation are held once a year in Holy-week. There is never any lack of expiants. An image of the Virgin is placed in the centre of the church, or in the campo santo before it, and the ground for many yards in front of it is strewn knee deep with cactus, whose poisonous vines will sometimes pierce the heaviest soled shoe. Through this bed of living thorns the Penitentes march with naked feet or crawl along on bare knees, calling for mercy while on the Virgin for forgiveness of their sins. As if this were not sufficient, they scourge themselves with great bunches of cactus tied together as a thong, and beat themselves with knives. The natural result of these barbaric exercises is a death now and then, and many maimed and feeble creatures who drag out a miserable existence for the remainder of their days. In one of the little chapels we visited, the whitewashed walls were splashed with blood to

the height of six or eight feet. Monsignor Lamy, the present enlightened Archbishop of New Mexico, has made strenuous efforts to abolish this evil, but so strongly is it entrenched in the customs of the people that he has met with but little success in his efforts.—*Birge Harrison, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME.

(A SONG FOR OUR VOLUNTEERS.)

There's a happy time coming,
When the boys come home,
There's a glorious day coming,
When the boys come home.
We will end the dreadful story
Of this treason dark and gory
In a sun-burst of glory,
When the boys come home.

The day will seem brighter,
When the boys come home,
For our hearts will be lighter
When the boys come home.
Wives and sweethearts will prize them
In their arms will caress them,
And pray for God to bless them,
When the boys come home.

The thinned ranks will be proudest,
When the boys come home;
And their cheer will ring the loudest,
When the boys come home.
The full ranks will be shattered,
And the bright arms will be battered,
And the battle-standard tattered,
When the boys come home.

Their bayonets may be rusty,
When the boys come home,
And their uniforms dusty,
When the boys come home.
But all shall see the traces
Of battle's royal graces
In the brown and bearded faces,
When the boys come home.

Our love shall go to meet them,
When the boys come home,
To bless them and to greet them,
When the boys come home.
And the fame of their endeavour
Time and change shall not diserver,
From the nation's heart forever,
When the boys come home.

—COL. J. HAY.

THE SEMI-INVALIDISM OF WOMEN.

The semi-invalidism that used to be fashionable is now, happily, becoming quite out of date, but there are still a class of women who betake themselves to semi-invalid indulgences on very slight provocation. They make an artistic business of it. They recline gracefully on the sofa in a becoming negligé costume, and are served with an invalid's dainties, and the sympathizing friends congregate, and the fair one is petted and pitied till a slight indisposition, that in nine cases out of ten would have yielded to a pleasant walk or to some other new and bracing influence, becomes really an illness. Of course this does not apply to actual disease; but there is a very large proportion of so-called illness that is really only a matter of imagination and nerves. It is the kind that will yield to the new sanitary treatment of proper food, proper sleep, pleasant walks, and happy thoughts. There are many women who are temperamentally inclined to feeling blue, as they express it. The attack of low spirit comes without known cause, and it is very apt to result in headache and general indisposition for the time. It is a tendency to be faced with courage and common sense and resolution. One may not be able to wholly eradicate the tendency, but any woman of strong will power can successfully eradicate her giving way to it. Let her recognize it for what it is—a defect of nature—and set herself resolutely to conquer it.—*Lilian Whiting.*

ARCHBISHOP TAIT'S HANDWRITING.

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, when Bishop of London, was much worried by crotchets mongers, seeking impossible things. His letters had always been answered by the chaplains; but it chanced, one day, that one arrived when the Bishop happened to be in the chaplain's room, and he thereupon sat down and answered it himself. The Episcopal handwriting was not remarkably legible. By the next post arrived a most insolent letter, saying that when a clergyman wrote to his diocesan he was at least entitled to expect a reply from himself, not an answer from some official whose very handwriting betrayed that he was not even an educated man. It is hardly credible that the recipient of the letter was really so entirely unacquainted with the Bishop's hand, or that he should fail to perceive that in the letter in question the handwriting was the same throughout, so that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the ignorance was feigned, in order to seize the opportunity for writing an insolent letter to the Bishop.—*The Scottish Review.*

THERE is in Boston what may be termed the mind-cure epidemic. It has come up within the last few years, has taken extensive hold of the popular mind, and is being vigorously taught and practised as a science. Large numbers of men and women who have learned the "science" are healing diseased people, as they claim. They have offices, and go to patients as do other physicians. The thing is fashionable, too.

British and Foreign.

PROFESSOR CAMERON closed the Aberdeen Free Church College Session with a lecture on "Biblical Theology and the Pulpit."

ACCORDING to the will of a New Hampshire man, his "dear wife" is to receive \$10,000 in case she remains single eight weeks after his death.

DR. H. MACMILLAN, Greenock, lectured lately in the Barclay Church, Edinburgh, on "The Literary Associations of the Lake of Geneva."

THE death of Rudolph Kettelberger von Edelberg, Professor of Aesthetics in the University of Vienna, is announced. He was born in 1817, at Ollmutz.

THE late Mr. John Kelly, elder, Tarbert, has left \$1,000 to enlarge or improve the church, and five sums of nineteen guineas each to Schemes of the Free Church.

THE late Dr. Arnot, of Dundee, has bequeathed about \$35,000 to the Old Church, Arbroath, the interest on which is to be paid to the aged and infirm of the congregation.

BETWEEN wolves and eagles the farmers in the interior of West Virginia have been losing thousands of dollars' worth of sheep and other small stock for weeks past.

FANNY, the sister of Keats, now the widow of Senor Llanos, is living at Madrid surrounded by eleven children and grandchildren. Although past eighty she is strong and active.

THE town of Cujar, late boasts the possession of four ministers, each of whom has celebrated his jubilee—Revs. J. Rankine, J. Beattie, J. Laird, and Hon. and Rev. Canon Hallie.

AUTOGRAPH copies of Burns' "Tam o'Shanter" and the "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots" have been sold at auction in London. They were bought for a Glasgow library for \$760.

FLORIDA has entered the list of competitors for the Northern flower market. A horticulturist at Tangerine has recently shipped thirty thousand tuberosa bulbs to dealers in the North.

AN attempt to pay a fine of \$5, imposed upon him by a Justice of the Peace, by cancelling a debt of \$7.50 which his honour owed him, was made by a California editor, but with what success is not stated.

ANTON ROUSSEAU has been in Holland during the last month on a concert tour. He has finished a new oratorio which is to be brought out under his own conductorship at Antwerp during the Exhibition.

MR. STUBBON says he has risen from the re-perusal of Mr. Stalker's Life of Christ with far greater satisfaction than he ever felt with Beecher or Farrar. "There is less of it, and yet far more in it."

THE Rev. Dr. Taylor, whose centennial birthday was celebrated on Dec. 17th last, died in Auburn on Sunday. He was born in Ipswich, N.H., and was the oldest graduate of Dartmouth College, of the class of 1809.

DR. ROBERT MACDONALD, senior pastor of Free North Leith congregation, has intimated his intention of retiring from active service. He has been forty-eight years a minister and has spent twenty-eight years at Leith.

REV. W. RAINE, Ayr, renewed his motion in the Established Church Presbytery to refrain from asking the students to offer prayer as part of their public trials for licence. It was lost by thirteen votes to ten.

REV. JOHN PITT, D.D., Dunfermline, at the annual meeting of the Abbey congregation, said they had a membership of 1,400, and the sitting accommodation was so taxed that chairs have to be placed in every available corner.

EX BAILLIE ROSS, Highland Temperance League, has been conducting a month's Gospel Temperance Mission under the auspices of Perth Free Presbytery. He visited fifteen congregations and formed several societies and bands of hope.

DR. ELDER, late of Kothessay, says he was seven years a bachelor after his ordination, and he looks back on it as a mistake. After a married life of forty-seven years he says, speaking generally, marriage is essential to a minister of the Gospel.

HOUSE stealing is not uncommon in Dakota. Last week James Carnegie, in Aurora county, was absent a few days, and, on his return, found his house gone. He traced it to another county, and had one James McGuire arrested and fined \$20 and costs.

THE degree of D.D. has been conferred by the Irish General Assembly's College at Belfast on Revs. S. M. Brown, Limavady; Hugh Hanna, Belfast; Hamilton Magee, Dublin; John H. Moore, Belfast; and Charles L. Morell, Gungannon.

THE family of the late Count Arnim have been for several years engaged in litigation with the German Government respecting the heavy claims of that unfortunate diplomatist against the Foreign Office. The case has now been finally decided in favour of the Arnim family.

A PARTY of Mussulmans, natives of Albania, recently attacked and shamefully abused a Scotch colporteur who had been sent out by a British missionary society. Being finally convinced that he had no money, they robbed him of his stock of Bibles, about 500 in number, and left him almost dead.

DR. JAMES MACGREGOR, Edinburgh, preached a short sermon on a week day evening at the commemoration in his church of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Johann Sebastian Bach. The greater portion of his St. Matthew passion music was sung, accompanied by a stringed orchestra, harmonium and piano.

DR. MARSHALL LANG, in reply to the toast of "The Army, Navy and Volunteers" at the dinner given to Lord Recto Lexington by his old students, said there was something almost comic in the association of his name with the toast. He was truly for peace, and perhaps there was not one in the company so unbellicose as he was.