

When she was a little way off, where she could not see him, she called Winn.

Immed'ly the boy's sobs ceased. The prostrate figure upon the sand sat upwrigt; he hastily dried his eyes and looked about for a hiding place. None offered, and had there been one at hand he could not long have resisted that gentle voice.

"Winfred, Winfred!"

Winn went to the water that was softly lapping the edge of the beach, and dashed it into his eyes. He was drying them on his handkerchief when Mrs. Luscomb thought it prudent to appear.

"My dear child, I have been looking everywhere for you!" What ailes your eyes?" as Winn continued polishing them.

Winn stammered out something about their aching. Mrs. Luscomb made a feint of examining them to discover a reason, all the time wondering how she should get the secret of his trouble from the high-spirited boy.

Aaron had dropped a clue to it, a little before, when he said:—

"That 'ere lad we've took out the poorhouse, that 'ere Winn's gettin' dreadful peart, but"—chuckling—"I've give him a lesson he won't forget this year!"

Mrs. Luscomb had missed the boy. In deep anxiety she got Mr. Luscomb to bed to sleep off his dreams by telling him the government officials might come. It was really about time for their visit of inspection, and if they saw Aaron, she was sure he would betray himself. This was always a strong argument with Aaron, if he had any sense. He soon was hidden in his chamber, asleep, and she hastened to find Winn. She did not tell the boy this now, she only said:—

"Supper is ready, Winfred; we must eat alone to-night; my husband has retired and I fear we must do the chores, also."

"I'll go right about them."

Winfred moved towards the house in a reluctant way, new in him.

"I am sorry that you must have so much care, dear boy," said Mrs. Luscomb.

"It's all right," Winn replied, stiffly. "I expect 'o do everything that is required of me: perhaps—he hesitated, then blurted it out—"perhaps I can in that way pay my board—while I stay!"

The last was uttered in a lower tone, but in a certain firm way that said his "stay" would not be long.

Mrs. Luscomb took no notice of this, but walked beside him to the barn. Then she went into the house and added his favourite dish to their supper—the New England "flap-jack," buttered and sugared. The odour of them floated out of the kitchen door, and greeted the boy as he came in from the barn with pails of milk. He knew she made them for him; his new, hard mood was fast melting as he sat at the table and ate the nicely-browned cakes.

Mrs. Luscomb ate nothing. Indeed the frail lady had little appetite at any time, least of all when their domestic sky was overcast. She waited upon Winn in her own motherly way that melted the heart of the orphan.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTES OF DICKENS.

On one occasion I compared my own experiences of London with those of Dickens. He told me, in his graphic and dramatic way, some amazing things, with some of which I in my time—though, of course, with far inferior powers of narration,—have occasionally thrilled a select audience. In return for his gold I had only silver to offer him; but I remember that the following incident, which once happened to me, interested him very much.

I was returning home one summer night, through a fashionable street out of Piccadilly, when there came on a violent thunder storm. It was very late; not a cab was to be seen; and I stepped under a portico for shelter. There was a ball going on in one of the great houses in the street. The drawing-room had a huge bow window which was open, and now and again figures flitted across it, and the dance-music made itself heard through the storm. I had been under my shelter some time before I noticed that there was another person in the street, also under a portico. He was nearer to the house where the ball was going on than I was, but I could see him quite distinctly. He looked like a beggar, and was dressed in rags. Suddenly he ran across the street in the pouring rain, and stood beneath the open window, at which appeared some lady in a ball dress. She threw out to him her bouquet, the gilt handle of which I saw glitter in the gas-light. He strove to catch it, but it fell, and I heard it clasp upon the pavement. He picked it up, nodded twice to the lady at the window, and then ran off at full speed. The whole thing took only a few seconds, but made a picture that I shall never forget.

I took it for granted that the man was her lover, and expressed my astonishment at the perfection of the man's disguise.

"No," said he, as though the facts were all before him, "he was not her lover. He was merely a messenger waiting for the bouquet to be thrown to him, a signal that had been agreed upon beforehand."

This conclusion I believe to have been the correct one; but I had forgotten, as usual, the precise date of the occurrence, and was, therefore, unable to discover from the newspapers whether any "incident in high life" took place about the same time.

There were two other experiences of mine, which I should have narrated earlier, but which I now remember in connection with Dickens; for they especially tickled him. Speaking of the deep and narrow grooves in which life runs, and of the impossibilities of its wheels ever getting out of them into others grooves, I told him the following anecdote. When I was quite a boy I happened to sit at a luncheon table between a lady of literary instincts and a sporting captain, who was anxious to ingratiate himself with her; only unhappily, they had not a single interest in common. At last he thought he had found one.

"Sad thing, Miss B—," he suddenly remarked, "about poor Sam Rogers."

A robbery had just occurred at Roger's bank, resulting in the loss of a very large sum of money.

"Yes, indeed," returned the young lady, sympathizingly. "However, it won't ruin him."

"Well, I don't know; not so sure of that," said the captain, pulling doubtfully at his moustache.

"It's a great blow no doubt; but Rogers is very rich."

"I think you are mistaken there," he put in, "though I daresay he has feathered his nest pretty well. It is a curious thing his being forbidden to ride for two years."

"Forbidden to ride!" ejaculated the young lady, laying down her knife and fork, in sheer astonishment. "Why shouldn't he ride?"

"Well, because of what he has done, you know. The Jockey Club has suspended him."

"The Jockey Club? Whom on earth, Captain L— can you be talking about?"

"Why, about Sam Rogers, of course. Did I not say Sam Rogers—Sam Rogers, the jockey?"

A more complete example of cross-purposes probably never occurred—Some Literary Recollections by James Payn.

For THE PRESBYTERIAN.

DAILY BREAD.

This war! is full of trouble,
And we're often pressed w' care;
The ups and downs of daily life,
Are verra hard to bear.
We may fecht w' honest poverty,
And ne'er hang down o'r heid;
There's monnie ills that's waur tae bear,
Than toiling for o'r bread.

There are confidences broken;
And there's friendships proved untrue;
And there's bitter words that's spoken,
That pierce us thro' and thro'.
There are enemies within us,—
And of them w' mair tae head:
There's monnie ills that's waur tae bear,
Than toiling for o'r bread.

When His hand is laid upon us,
And some dear one's suff'rin' sair,
And we see the time approaching
We can ca' them o'r's nae mair.
Then our hearts are filled w' anguish,
But the lesson, tak ye heed,
He scourges, yet He loves us still,
And sends our daily bread.

When we think we hae plain sailing,
And w' ease will win the port,
The wind aft drives us back again,
As though it was in sport.
We are tossed upon life's ocean,
With the breakers right ahead.
Within the veil, our anchor's cast;
He has promised daily bread.

St. Mary's, June, 1884.

MARGARET MOSCIP.

ITALIA REDENTA

The Italians are the most practical people in the world and have as profound an admiration for English looms and English iron-works as English people, or some of them, have for Italian palaces and Italian mountains. Milan, Florence, Rome are intersected with tramways; and, as everybody knows, *vaporetti*, or little steam-boats, ply on the Grand Canal at Venice. Giorgio Tagliapietra, the good-looking *gondoliere* who was recently my guide, philosopher, and friend, reminding of much that I had forgotten since 1863 and telling me much that I never knew, speaking in that gentle dialect from which all the consonants seem to have fallen out, as the bits of hard marble had fallen out of the mosaics of St. Mark's, till they were recently repaired, leaving only the gold ground work, joined his lament to mine over the obtrusion of the noise and bustle of steam upon the stately silence of the wheelless ways of Venice. "And to think," said Giorgio, "that permission was given to the *vaporetti* to ply by a Venetian noble, a family that had produced Doges!" But I am forced to add that it was made clear to me, in pursuing the conversation, that Giorgio would have been of a somewhat different opinion had the *vaporetti* belonged to himself. He is a gondolier, and the steam-boat interferes with the profits of the gondola. Naturally, I would rather the *vaporetti* were not there, or shall I say that their traffic was suspended for my special behoof, when I happen to be in Venice, by a decree issued by another descendant of the Doges? That would be a truly British demand, and one that is, to all intents and purposes, advanced by those persons who wish Italy to preserve its Roman, mediæval, or Renaissance aspect intact, in order that when they are good enough to leave Holland Park or Chelsea Embankment for a little time, and cross the Alps, their æsthetic sensibilities may not be offended or their holiday enjoyment interfered with. I am conscious of sharing their exquisite selfishness; and what anguish the two chimneys at each end of the point of vision on the Arno in Florence have cost me I should not like to say. But, short of condemning chimneys altogether—which would be as useless as "screaming against the calm facts of creation"—I do not see how Florence is to be deprived of them for my occasional delectation. They are horrible to look upon, no doubt; afflicting eye-sores that need not to be there before Italy was "redeemed." Italy was a sleeping beauty in those days.—*The National Review*.

THE jubilee of Congregationalism in South Australia will be celebrated in 1887; and the whole of the church debt \$40,000, has already been promised.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

AN aged niece of Zachary Taylor is a Michigan pauper. The congregational jubilee fund in Victoria has reached \$155,000.

THE only Unitarian periodical published in Wales is to be discontinued for want of sufficient support.

A GIRL pupil in the drawing class of an Omaha convent was punished for banging the hair of St. Cecilia.

IT is said that Joseph Fabre, a Deputy, has written a glowing life of Juan of Arc. He proposes a *fete* in her honour.

THE Rev. David Macrae's congregation in Dundee have agreed to appoint an assistant to Mr. Macrae and to obtain a site on which to build a church.

AN alphabetical list of the personages in the thirty-two novels and novelettes of Sir Walter Scott has just been compiled, from which it appears that they comprise 662 distinct characters.

At the conference of the Yorkshire Evangelical Union, Rev. B. Lamb expressed the opinion that there is "not one particle of difference between raffling at a church bazaar and betting on a race-course."

THE distinguished German scholar Adolph Hilgenfeld expresses the opinion that the recently-published "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles" has sundry additions in the principal part of it from the Montanists.

IN Melbourne Presbytery the opinion was expressed that Bishop Moorhouse ought to ignore the recent decision of Church lawyers in England closing Anglican pulpits in the colony against all non-episcopal ministers.

SOME important railways are about to be laid in the Philippine Islands. Tenders will be received in Madrid up to Oct. 1st next, for the construction of a line from Manila to Lingayen, on the northwest coast of the Island of Luzon.

THE new bill for the Universities of Scotland, gives the Commissioners power to establish, if they desire it, a Faculty of Science in one or more of the universities, and to make provision for the necessary teaching for the curriculum of science.

A MOHAMMEDAN zeminder started three years ago from a district in the north of the Punjab, and, travelling on foot via Constantinople, Pesth, and Hamburg, reached London the other day. His object was to invoke aid in some land dispute.

MRS. BOWMAN, the oldest Australian native lady, has died in New South Wales in her 87th year. She was born nine years after the founding of the colony. She was mother-in-law of Rev. J. Cameron, M.D., Richmond, and a devoted Presbyterian.

IN Queensland, immunity from punishment induces the white man to think nothing of taking the lives of natives, and the latter are killed for stealing a few pieces of tobacco, as was the case with a skipper at Dufaurie Island. For a trifling theft he shot three men whom he suspected.

FOR the first time since the memorable Jenny Geddes incident on the 23rd July, 1637, an Episcopal service was held in St. Giles's Edinburgh, on a recent Sabbath. It was conducted in Gaelic by Rev. D. Mackenzie, B.D., Burntisland Episcopal Church. The prayers were read from M.S.

A SERIES of trenchant letters which have appeared in the *Manchester Examiner*, under the signature of "Promotion by Merit," exposing the scandals connected with ecclesiastical patronage in England, are from the pen of Mr. Angus, a Scotsman, who was engaged as a manufacturer in Manchester.

THE inventory of the late Edouard Dentu's collection of books and curiosities in Paris shows two million volumes and twenty thousand manuscripts. Among the things was found a skull preserved in a velvet case, and reported to be that of Richelieu.

A MIDNIGHT marauder put the contents of a hen-house into a bag at Altou, Mich., and was surprised next day, on dumping the fowl for sale at a market, to see that they consisted of two three-legged hens, a double-headed duck, and a nearly headless goose. He had taken the stock of a travelling Museum.

THE Spiritualists have discovered how it is, that when rude investigators grab and hold a materialized spirit, the captured form often appears to be that of the medium. In these cases the *Lawyer of Light* explains, "What was intended to be a materialization at the outset only reaches a transfiguration of the medium's body."

THE situation of the Portuguese in Guinea is very critical. The revolution of the blacks, which had attained considerable importance some months back, has not been put down. On the contrary, letters from the province of Bissao state that the only gunboat on that station has been captured by the insurgents, the crew escaping in the boats.

A REPORT was current in the Vatican world lately, that the Pope had received a poisoned letter, the smell of which caused its detection. The report probably arose out of the fact that the Pope received a letter announcing that a serious attempt was about to be made against the Vatican, which strongly and painfully impresses him.

THE Edinburgh Free Presbytery has as yet failed to secure harmony in Newington congregation. The majority resolutely cling to their nomination of Mr. Macaskill of Greenock. A motion to drop both Mr. Macaskill and Mr. Adamson had 143 supporters, but 185 voted against it. The Presbytery agreed to moderate in a call at large on 24th July.

IMMEDIATELY after a body had been removed from a scaffold, in Naples, the people swarmed over the place, tearing into pieces the cord which had bound the criminal and breaking into fragments the stool on which he had sat. Each took away a portion, in obedience to the superstition that any part of the cord or the chair of a prisoner who has suffered death will bring good fortune to the possessor.