

see I am trying to reward your self-sacrifice in letting me stay till to-morrow."

"You are so considerate that I may let you remain a little longer."

"What is that fable about the camel? If he once gets his head in—"

"He next puts its foot in it, is the sequel, perhaps," she replied, with the laugh that was becoming to me like a refrain of music that I could not hear too often.

(To be continued.)

HAVING EYES, THEY SAW NOT.

In the carriage with me were two American girls with their father and mother—people of the class which has lately made too much money suddenly, and does not know what to do with it; and these two girls, of about fifteen and eighteen, had evidently been indulged in everything (since they had the means) which western civilization could imagine. And here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood—children of its most progressive race, enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap, pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. Whatever money, machinery, or freedom of thought could do for these two children, had been done. No superstition had deceived, no restraint degraded them:—types, they could not but be, of maidenly wisdom and felicity as conceived by the forwardist intellects of our time.

And they were travelling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta, Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening—blue against the southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine leaves; all the Alps were clear, from the Lake of Garda to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a princess's chamber this, if these are princesses, and what dreams might they not dream therein!

But the two American girls were neither princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence, they had reduced themselves simply in two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and the dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled, and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it, in vain contest, during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled; they had French novels, lemons, and lumps of sugar, to beguile their state with; the novels hanging together by the end of string that had once touched them, or adhering at the corners in densely bruised dog's ears, out of which the girls, wetting their fingers, occasionally extricated a glaucous leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backwards and forwards over it until every fibre was in a treacly pulp, and sucked the pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings, for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged, in the fifty miles, on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds).

"Don't those snow caps make you cool?"

"No—I wish they did."

And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs, their numbered miles of pain.—*John Ruskin.*

CHURCH TOWERS.

The towers of Cologne Cathedral are now the highest in the world, the height they have attained being 5 feet higher than the tower of St. Nicholas' Church in Hamburg, which has hitherto been the highest edifice. Ultimately they will be 51 feet 10 inches higher. The "Cologne Gazette" gives the following as the heights of the chief high buildings in the world: Towers of Cologne Cathedral, 524 feet 11 inches from the pavement of the cloisters, or 515 feet 1 inch from the floor of the church; tower of St. Nicholas, at Hamburg, 473 feet 1 inch; cupola of St. Peter's Rome, 469 feet 2 inches; cathedral spire at Strasburg, 465 feet 11 inches; Pyramid of Cheops, 449 feet 5 inches; tower of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet 10 inches; tower of St. Martin's, Landshut, 434 feet 8 inches; cathedral spire at Freiburg, 410 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Antwerp, 404 feet 1 inch; cathedral of Florence, 390 feet 5 inches; St. Paul's, London, 365 feet 1 inch; ridge tiles of Cologne Cathedral, 360 feet 3 inches; cathedral tower at Magdeburg, 339 feet 11 inches; tower of the new Votive Church at Vienna, 314 feet 11 inches; tower of the Rath-haus at Berlin, 288 feet 8 inches; towers of Notre Dame, at Paris, 232 feet 11 inches.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE.

There is nothing so fruitful of good as a Christian life. A Christian may be unable to preach, or even to offer a prayer in a public place; but can, by a godly walk and conversation, shew forth Christ in his life. Such a life leaves its imprint upon society, the family, and the church. The first impulses of young persons to acknowledge Christ often come from it. The habits, tastes and aims of many can be directly traced to it, especially when such influence is exerted in the home circle, by a wise and faithful father or mother. How often can we trace success or failure in life to good or bad influences. Parents often fail in the training of their children because they do not rise to a proper conception of their responsibilities until they are brought to see habits formed and desires growing in their children which, unless restrained and corrected, may bring them to shame and disgrace.

This failure to exert a good influence may work disaster to the community in which we live. We have not only

church and family responsibilities, but civil obligations. A nation is made up of individuals, and, like the individual, has a character which may be determined in the same way, by the estimate in which he is held among others. If, in a community, a majority, or a large number of individual members exert a highly moral influence, the public sentiment of that community is so evenly divided as to put it in our power to turn the scales, and establish the influence of society for good or ill report.

GROWTH IN GIVING.

Is thy cruse of comfort filling?
Rise and shate it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.
Love divine shall fill thy storehouse
Or the hand of still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which milder in the garner,
Scattered fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
And together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle?
Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on thy wounds thy balams,
And thy balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty?
None but God its void can fill,
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
Can its ceaseless longings still.
Is thy heart a living power?
Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving,
And by serving love will grow.—*Exchange.*

GOOD WORDS.

Few persons realize how much happiness may be promoted by a few words of cheer spoken in moments of despondency; by words of encouragement in seasons of difficulty; by words of commendation when obstacles have been overcome by efforts and perseverance.

Words fitly spoken often sink so deep into the mind and the heart of the person to whom they are addressed, that they remain a fixed, precious, and often recurring memory—a continuous sunshine lighting up years, perhaps, after the lips that have uttered them are sealed in death.

A whole life has been changed—exalted, expanded and illuminated—by a single expression of approval, falling timely upon a sensitive and ambitious nature.

Words of cheer cost nothing to the speaker. On the contrary, they are to him as well as to the hearer a source of great happiness to be had for the mere effort of uttering them. The habit of speaking such words, at appropriate times, is easily acquired, while at the same time it is of so much importance that it should be sedulously cultivated by all.

SPEAKING of domestic economy, it has been asserted that "the more intelligent a woman becomes, other things being equal, the more judiciously she will manage her domestic concerns." And we add that the more knowledge a woman possesses of the great principles of moral, philosophy, and human happiness, the more important she will become to her husband, and bear the name of a "good house-keeper." It is only those who have been superficially educated, or instructed only in showy accomplishments, who despise the ordinary duties of life as beneath their notice. Such persons have not sufficient clearness to see that "domestic economy" includes everything which makes people love home and be happy there.

BISHOP STEVENS, of the Episcopal Church in the United States, speaks thus of the Confessional:—"To sum up all I would say that individually the confessional destroys personal responsibility, endangers personal purity, and substitutes a wrong standard of personal holiness. Socially, the confessional introduces into domestic life a grave and blistering evil, which, as left its corrodings in many hearts and homes. Politically, the confessional is dangerous, as all history tells us, wherever it gains ascendancy in the nation. Theologically, the confessional is not only not warranted by the Bible, but its whole underlying principles are condemned and rebuked by the Old Testament and the New, by the Thirty-nine Articles, and the book of Common Prayer."

IT is not true that the world is smooth. Therefore do not teach your boys that they will find it so. If you do, they will have to learn the contrary by bitter experience. Tell them frankly that the pathway of life to active men, to such as faithfully serve themselves and their kind, is rough, and rugged, and thorny. Then they will not be disappointed. But inculcate with this correct information lessons of physical and moral courage. Instruct them that he who shrinks from the encounter is a coward, while he who bravely does his duty, under all circumstances, in spite of opposition—sometimes, it may be, in the face of denunciation and obloquy—is a true hero. He has a sufficient reward, and of that he is always certain, in the mere consciousness of doing right. This will always buoy him up and support him in his darkest hours.

MISSION NOTES.

THE American Board's missionary expedition for Bihé, Africa, under the lead of Dr. Bagster, has sailed from Lubon for Benjuela.

IN memory of the work accomplished by Mr. Saker, the English Baptist missionary in Cameron's River, King Aqua, heartily seconded by his people, made a law that no work should be done on Sunday. He urges all his people to attend worship on that day.

WAR and rum are among the very worst enemies of missions in Africa. The Rev. J. B. Wood, of the Church Missionary Society, writing from Lagos, says: "The war in the interior drags on its weary length and there is no prospect of its reaching a termination." The situation at Ibadan was very bad, and, he adds, "rum and gin are being poured into this country in enormous quantities."

THE rapidity with which heathenism is being overthrown in the South Seas is wonderful. Some fresh illustrations are given of this in the outlying islands of the Gilbert Group. The mission vessel of the London Society, the "John Williams," has made a tour among them, and the results are reported in the November number of the London "Missionary Chronicle." Work in the islands mentioned was begun only eight years ago, and the changes described have all taken place in that period. In Nanumaga not an idol, or altar, or heathen temple is to be seen. Formerly the island was full of idols, and there was an altar in every home. Formerly the grown people were almost, and the children quite, naked. Now they appear in decent clothes, and nearly one-third of the population are church members. In Nanumea similar changes have been wrought. The people are decently clothed, and there are eighty scholars learning to read, to write, and to cipher. In Nukunan twenty stone idols have been destroyed in the past year, and there is not so much drunkenness. Every village in Onoatua has its place of Christian worship, and idols have utterly disappeared. In Tamana, which two years ago was almost depopulated, the people have shewn great liberality. They raised last year \$350 for their pastor and \$334 for the Society and other purposes.

WHEN we had our last information, August 12th, about the Victoria Nyanza Mission of the Church Society, there had been a revival of the old heathen religion, and Mtesa had been visited by *lubare*, or spirits of the Lake, and had rejected both Christianity and Mohammedanism for the religion of his fathers. It was hoped that this reversion would be of short duration, and further information has been looked for with considerable anxiety. According to the "Church Missionary Intelligencer" of November, another batch of letters has been received from the missionaries, extending from February 21st to August 14th. Mr. Mackay wrote, February 21st, that Mr. Litchfield was about to go north to Lado, to consult Dr. Emin Bey in regard to his health. Subsequent letters shew that Mr. Litchfield was turned back, before he reached Lado, by the King of Unyoro, who had captured Mruli, and was compelled to go south to Mpwapwa, to consult Dr. Baxter. Mr. Mackay goes on to say that all was quiet at Rubaga and nothing more was heard about the *lubare*. Some of those who had been most unfriendly were again on good terms with the missionaries. Mtesa himself was urging his chiefs to learn to read, and try to prepare themselves for the world to come. The missionaries had promised to build him a boat for use on the lake. A letter from Mr. Pearson, dated March 5th, states that the Waganda have been beaten by the Wasoga and the Wanuma, and are losing their prestige, making the possibility of a raid on Uganda by no means remote. Mr. Litchfield wrote from Uyui, June 7th, where he had arrived, on his way to Mpwapwa. He met at Kagei, at the south of the Lake, a party of Roman Catholic priests, all sick, who were on their way to the west coast of the lake, to found a mission. Mr. Coplestone, who is in charge of the station at Uyui, welcomed Mr. Litchfield, having been very sick himself, and Mr. L. decided not to go on to Mpwapwa, but try the effects of living at Uyui. He writes that he is broken down in health; but he does not want to be a further charge to the Society and hopes he may improve at Uyui, where he desires to be allowed to remain, in preference to Uganda. Speaking of the methods of the Catholic missionaries in Uganda, Mr. Litchfield says that one of them, M. Harbot, who was his travelling companion for some time, told him that their plan is to *buy up* (!) little boys and girls and educate them. Mr. Mackay, who accompanied Mr. Litchfield to Uyui, wrote from that place, June 9th, that he was resolved to hold on in Uganda, whither he was to return in a few days, at all hazards. The Roman Catholics were to establish missions in Karague and Buzongoro. They were heartily tired of Uganda. Mr. Mackay adds that the correct pronunciation of Mtesa's country is Buganda, and, instead of Rubaga (capital), he writes Kibuga. The "Intelligencer" editorially referring to the general character of the news from Uganda, says the missionaries have been wont to write fully and freely of the unfavourable side of affairs; but there is a bright side, of which a glimpse is given in Mr. Litchfield's letter, where he says: "I have invariably found the poor people ready and eager to listen to the story of the cross. Numbers of instances rise up before me, as I write, when the hearers have testified their astonishment and joy at the love of Jesus in dying for them." The editor adds: "It does not follow that we shall under all circumstances be able" to maintain the mission in Uganda; but, regarding the reverses as but temporary, the Society feels encouraged to hope for better things. Although Mtesa's decree against Christianity has not yet been recalled, there is no actual bar in the way of the missionaries.

YOUNG ladies can add a variety of pretty and useful articles to their personal effects, by spending a few hours in canvassing for THE PRESBYTERIAN. It is your own Church paper, and you can work for it as you would not feel inclined to work for any other journal. Read the Premium List in this issue, decide what you would like, and go to work. You are sure to succeed.