

lessening. Besides this reason, they longed to have Jacob come to a state of mind when he would be moved to confess without compulsion. The time seemed very far distant, but he was a child of the Covenant, and they laid the letter away and waited in faith.

The people at Wilton Corners who were well had their hearts and hands full at this time. The sickness that had prevailed though the spring and summer assumed a graver form with the cooler weather, and their one doctor was out early and late. Dwellers in lonely farmhouses would waken in the night at the beat of hoofs and the swift roll of wheels, and turn on their pillows with a half-conscious dread of what the morning might bring. It was a kind of malignant fever, starting among the houses bordering the brook, where the refuse of the saw mills had decayed under a hot sun, and gradually spreading through the village and outlying farms. Between his visits to the sick and services over the dead, Mr. Berkeley had scarcely time to eat and sleep, and this incessant strain soon did its work. One morning as he rose to go, after a short rest at the Balcombe farm, he staggered, and fell across the threshold. And when this was followed by long hours of unconsciousness, Hector was led away to the barn, and the minister laid in the best bed. The doctor looked very grave over him. "Little can be done for him," he said. "He has given his life for others, and if rest does not restore him, we must give him up," and drawing his hand across his eyes, he hurried away to other patients.

All that love and care do was done for the minister, but in spite of it all he seemed slipping away from them. Day after day he lay quietly on his pillows, thankful for everything done for him, but apparently desiring only rest. No, he would reply to their questions, he did not suffer. He was only weary. If they would kindly let him rest there a little while, he would soon be well. And daily he drew nearer to the long rest. One afternoon when Dr. Grant came in from his round of calls, he found Miss Lenox waiting in his office. Without speaking, she held out an open letter. It was a few lines from Rhoda, telling of Mr. Berkeley's illness and their fears of the result. The doctor read it at a glance. "You want to go to him?" he said cheerfully, and there was comfort in his very tone. "I will go to-morrow morning if you can be ready."

She tried to thank him, but her voice broke, and she bowed her head on the table. The doctor bustled about, opening and shutting drawers, and scribbling two or three hasty notes. When she looked up he stopped his preparations, and took a chair beside her.

"What a friend you are," she said, through her tears. "I can never thank you enough. I have told my father everything, and he is willing I should go, but he is too feeble to go with me. But can you leave your patients?"

"Easily enough," said the doctor cheerfully. "But now, let me put you into your carriage, and do you go home, and get a good night's rest. We will start at nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

Tired as he was, after snatching a hasty dinner, Dr. Grant went out and made arrangements concerning his patients, and planned his affairs for absence, for as he remembered Mr. Berkeley's condition in the summer, he feared the worst.

When, at the close of the next day they reached their journey's end, Rhoda received them with undisguised wonder. That Dr. Grant should come seemed very reasonable, but why should her cousin come, sad-faced and anxious, on this unexpected visit, especially when she knew of Mr. Berkeley's illness there? Obeying Dr. Grant's quick sign, she asked no questions then, but while Miss Lenox rested in her own room he told, briefly, the relations between her and Mr. Berkeley; a story heard with tears and exclamations of pity from his little audience. When he ended, Rhoda went to her cousin. She lay with closed eyes, but as she sat down beside her, looked up with an unspoken question.

"Yes, dear, you are in time, but we count his life by hours now," and overcome by love and pity, Rhoda laid her head on her cousin's pillow and wept passionately. "O, Margaret, Margaret!" she sobbed, "to think what you have suffered, while I have been so happy. And now he must die."

"Hush, dear!" said Miss Lenox calmly, smoothing the bright head beside her, "death is more merciful than life. He will be more to me dead than he could be living. Think what he has suffered, and that he is soon to be freed from it all."

She spoke with a lofty serenity, and Rhoda, looking at her, saw a light on the pale face which gave it a strange beauty. She did not speak again for a long time, and by and by Rhoda slipped quietly from the room, to give way in the kitchen to another outburst of grief.

Mr. Berkeley woke at twilight from a light sleep, and for a moment did not recognize the figure sitting beside him, with bowed head. Then he held out his hand.

"Roger," he said, "how good of you to come!"

(To be continued.)

A TROPICAL NIGHT AT SEA.

Night: steaming toward the equator, with Demerara for a goal. A terrific warm wind that compels the taking in of every awning and wind sail. Driving tepid rain. Blackness intense, broken only by the phosphorescence of the sea, which to-night displays extraordinary radiance.

Our wake is a great broad scething river of fire, whiter than strong moonlight; the glow is bright enough to read by. At its centre the trail is brightest; at the edges it pales cloudily, curling like a smoke of phosphorus. Great sharp lights burst up momentarily through it like meteors. Weirer, however, than this wake of strange light are the long low fires that keep burning about us, at a distance, out in the dark. Nebulous incandescences arise, change form, and pass; serpentine flames wriggle by, then there are long billowing crests of fire. These seemed to be formed of millions of tiny sparks that light up all at the same time, glow brightly awhile, disappear, reappear, and wirl away in a prolonged smoldering.

Morning: Steaming still south, through a vast blue day.

Deep azure heaven, with bluish-white glow in the horizon; indigo sea.

Then again night, all luminous and very calm. The Southern cross burns whitely. We are nearing the enormous shallows of the South American coast.

Morning. The light of an orange-coloured sun illuminates, not a blue, but a greenish-yellow, sickly sea—thick, foul, glassy smooth. We are in the shallows. The line-caster keeps calling, hour after hour, "And a half four, sir!" "Quarter less five, sir!" There is little variation in his soundings—always a quarter of a fathom or half a fathom difference. The air has a sickly heaviness, like the air above a swamp.

And a blue sky! The water-green shows olive and brownish tones alternately; the foam looks viscous and yellow; our wake is ochre-coloured, very yellow and very shiny-looking. It seems unnatural that a blue sky should hang over so hideous a waste of water; it seems to demand a gray blind sky, such gray and such green being the colours of a fresh water inundation. We are only five or six degrees north of the equator. Very low the land lies before us; a thin dark green line, suggesting marshiness, miasma, paludal odour; and always the nauseous colour of the waters deepens.

Even this same ghastly flood washes the great penal colony of Cayenne. There, when a convict dies, the body is borne to the sea, and a great bell is tolled. And then is the viscous, glaucous sea surface furrowed suddenly by fins innumerable, swart, sharp, triangular—the legions of the sharks rushing to the hideous funeral. They know the Bell! *Lafadio Hearn, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

TRUE HEROISM.

It calls for something more than brawn
On bloody, ghastly fields,
When honour greets that man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through years
Against himself and wins.

Here is a hero, staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions, base and low.
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Unlaunched—undismayed—
The bravest man who e'er drew sword,
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to overcome
An enemy who marches not
With banner, plume or drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread—
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honour, then, to that brave heart,
Though rich or poor he be,
Who struggles with his baser part—
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

OF BOOKS.

The power of books is now being very completely illustrated by those replies to the query propounded to our distinguished men, which appear under the heading of "Books that have influenced me." Perhaps there are many of us who, without being in the least distinguished, might furnish something interesting and valuable in its degree in a candid review of the books that have influenced us. To the *litterateur* such inquiry seems to have a singular charm. Naturally it takes somewhat the form of personal confessions. A man must inevitably show something of his own character, betray the workings of his inner self, merely in signifying his personal choice of books; still more in making clear the effect produced upon his life by them. But this may perhaps be only a further attraction. Men like to talk about themselves, and other men, as a rule, enjoy such talk. There is scarcely a literary man who has won more of real affection from thousands of unknown readers than Oliver Wendell Holmes; and this warm feeling for the man is born, in spite of all intervening of distance, varying receptiveness of thought, or difference of time and place and circumstance, from his capacity for pleasant, pathetic, or gossip self-revelation. You remember how he heads one special chapter of the *Autocrat*, and adds that the sentence should have been saved for a motto on the title page,—"Aqui está encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcia." "Here lies buried the soul" might well be written on the title page of many a book which bears with it the conscious, or possibly unaware, utterances of soul confession. The desk is the greatest of confessionals. There is expressed the yearning desire in the heart of man to be by others completely understood, a vain longing, while as yet no man can at a stroke the fulness of that precept, "Know thyself," but still he hopes, and those to whom the mighty gift of thought-expression comes still send out their messages, in trust that somewhere, even if but here and there, one solitary response from that "great unknown world of souls" may answer the spirit and understanding of these his fellow men—*October Atlantic.*

Dr. DONALD FRASER has sailed for Ceylon accompanied by his daughter, who is to be married at Colombo. He has abandoned his purpose of visiting Australia.

British and Foreign.

A GREAT brewer in Japan, a native, has closed his brewery on becoming a Christian.

MR. MURRAY, assistant in St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, has been elected minister of Sauchie.

MR. REID HOWATT, of Camberwell, is likely to accept the call to Ipswich. The stipend offered is \$2,500.

THE call from Highgate to Rev. W. T. Bankhead has been sustained by the North Presbytery of London.

EARLY closing has reduced the Sunday police cases at Coatbridge from 185 to 104. The streets are much quieter at night.

THE World's Women's Christian Temperance Union has appointed Sunday, Oct. 14, as a day of prayer for the cause of temperance.

DR. PEROWNE, the popular dean of Peterborough, is, according to the rumour, Lord Salisbury's probable nomination to the bishopric of St. Asaph.

DR. MACGREGOR, of Edinburgh, dined with the Queen on a recent Saturday at Balmoral, and preached before her Majesty the following Sunday.

MR. MILLER, a Glasgow gentleman, has promised to contribute a bust of Tannahill to the Valhalla in the Wallace monument on the Abbey Craig.

PROFESSOR IVFRACH, who has been preaching at Regent Square, gave the Young Men's Society a lecture on Herbert Spencer's "Theory of Religion."

DR. MACLAREN, of Manchester, is expected to visit Calcutta next February, on his way home from Australia. Dr. MacLaren has sailed for Melbourne.

DR. MOIR PORTER suggests that great social reformers, such as Dr. Begg, should be commemorated in the hall of heroes in the Wallace monument.

THE recumbent marble figure of Montrose, about to be placed in St. Giles' Church, has been completed by Mr. Rhind, the sculptor, and approved by the committee.

AT the opening of the new church erected in Uniongrove, Aberdeen, by St. Nicholas, Lane, U. P. congregation, the collections amounted to \$3 615, which wipes off the debt.

MR. GEORGE BREWSTER is to be ordained by Edinburgh Presbytery, having been appointed assistant to Mr. Lindsay, of Wolfendahl, Ceylon, with a salary of 3,000 rupees per annum.

THE Rev. A. Stuart Muir, described as "D.D. Edin.," has been preaching in a hall at Brixton, attired in a black and purple gown with a white hood. He partially intones the prayers.

THE Rev. David Smith, who opened the recent General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church with prayer, is 104 years of age, and has been a professing Christian for ninety years.

A CONFERENCE on work among the young is to be held under the auspices of Greenock, U. P. Presbytery on 13th November. The last Sabbath in October will be observed as "Children's Day."

THE Rev. Richard Goodwillie of Newhall parish, Glasgow, has been unanimously elected to Strichen parish. The first vote showed such a preponderance in his favour that the two other candidates were withdrawn.

THE pulpit of St. Andrew's, Sheffield, was filled by Dr. Cairns at the anniversary services; the crowded congregations testified to the attractive power of the venerable Principal in England as well as in Scotland.

THE slight value put upon human life by some of the natives of India, was illustrated in the case of a recently-tried murderer who had killed his mother because she refused to give over a small nose ornament to his wife!

DR. GEORGE F. FENRLOST, who has been addressing large gatherings in Glasgow lately, will probably remain for a year in England and Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Stebbins have been earnestly invited to join him in his British campaign.

AN interesting and novel feature in the ordination of Rev. E. D. Fingland, M.A., Oxon, as colleague and successor to Dr. J. J. Bonar, of Greenock, was the association of the ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the town in the laying on of hands.

THE Rev. Gavin Lang, of Inverness, at a meeting of the school board, repudiated the charge of Bishop Kelly at the Diocesan Synod that the board schools are practically Presbyterian schools. They were attended by all denominations, said Mr. Lang, and were not carried on for any one class or creed.

THE Rev. G. Gillan, senior chaplain at Calcutta, at present home on furlough, has been appointed by Glasgow Presbytery to Carmunnock parish. Mr. Gillan is the worthy son of the late Dr. Gillan, of St. John's, Glasgow, afterwards of Inchinnon, and before going to India was the minister of Dalmellington.

SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON asserts that the British Association meeting just closed will be looked upon as an epoch-making one in the history of electrical science. For the first time evidence has been given in public of those electromagnetic waves which, although they have existed for all time, have never been discovered by man before.

MR. A. J. STEWART, a grocer at Inverness, is exhibiting in his shop window Hugh Miller's own original copy of "My Schools and Schoolmasters," it is cut from the *Witness*, the columns being neatly pasted in an octavo book evidently prepared for the purpose, the title is written and bears the author's autograph. Mr. Stewart picked up the interesting relic on a recent visit to Cromarty.

MRS. CHARLES TURNER, whose husband was M.P. for South Lancashire, has given a second \$100,000 to provide pensions for the aged and infirm clergy; the first went to Liverpool diocese, this goes to the diocese of York. Mr. Stanley Leighton, M.P., advocates the creation of an insurance fund with a similar object by the clergy themselves.