

wonderfully well. Though I doubt whether she has occupied a servant's place before. And she gets on with the lads. Jack has once felt the weight of her I believe. I do not think he will be in a hurry again to see her with his nonsense."

"I must have a word with Jack, and with them all." As for our Marjorie, her heart is taken captive quite. "My precious darling! She may do Allison good. And must all try to help the poor soul as we may, for I fear it is an evil case."

(To be continued.)

IN DARKNESS.

I will be still;
The terror drawing nigh
Shall startle from my lips no coward cry;
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread fulfil,
I will be still.

For oh! I know,
Though suffering hours delay,
Yet to Eternity they pass away,
Carrying something onward as they flow,
Outlasting woe!

Yes, something won;
The harvest of our tears—
Something unfading, plucked from fading years;
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,
From Sorrow won.

The agony,
So hopeless now of balm,
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and calm
As that wherewith the stars look down on thee,
Gethsemane.

Florence Earle Coates, in *Harper's Magazine* for November.

THE RECEPTION OF EXILES.

From George Kennan's illustrated article in the *October*, we quote the following: The prisoners had disembarked before we reached our destination. We found them crowded in two dense gray throngs at the ends of a long shed, which was surrounded and turned into a cat by a high plank wall. Here they were identified, and turned over by the convoy officer to the ward of the Toms forwarding prison. The shed was divided transversely through the middle by a low wooden fence, at one end of which was a fenced enclosure, about half square, for the accommodation of the officers who were to take part in the reception of the party. About half the shed had been formally "received," and were standing in a dense throng at the western end, waiting for names to be called. The women, who stood huddled together in a group by themselves, were mostly in peasant dresses, with bright-coloured kerchiefs over their heads, their faces, I thought, showed great anxiety and apprehension. The men all wore long gray overcoats over their linen shirts and trousers; most of them were in the shed, and the bare heads of the convicts and the penal color had been half-shaved longitudinally in such a way that the side of the scalp was smooth and blue, while the other was hidden by long, neglected hair. Soldiers stood and there around the shed, leaning upon their bayoneted rifles, and inside the little enclosure were the convicts of the party, the warden and the surgeon of the Toms forwarding prison, the chief of the local bureau of administration, and two or three other officers, all in uniform. Colonel Yagodka introduced us as American travellers who desired to see the reception of an exile, and we were invited to stand inside the enclosure. The officer who was conducting the examination of the prisoners drew a folded paper from a large bundle in his hand, opened and glanced at it, and then shouted "Nikolai!" A thin, pale man, with heavy, weary eyes and a helpless expression of face, who was standing in the rank of the exile party, picked up the gray linen that lay beside him on the floor, and with a slow clink, clink of chains, walked to the enclosure. The examining officer compared his face carefully with a photograph attached to the "stateini speesok," or "identification," in order to make sure that the pale man had not changed names with some other exile, while a Cossack examined him from head to foot, and rummaged his bag to see that he had neither lost or surreptitiously sold the articles of clothing that he had received for food or Tiumen, and that his "stateini speesok" was for.

"Is everything there?" inquired the officer. "Everything," replied the Cossack. "Stoop!" ["Pass on!"] said the lieutenant; and the pale man shouldered his bag and joined the ranks of "received" at the eastern end of the shed. The photographs are a new thing," whispered Colonel Yagodka to me; "and only a part of the exiles have them. They are intended to break up the practice of exchanging names and identities."

"But why should they wish to exchange names?" I inquired. "If a man is sentenced to hard labour at the mines," replied the lieutenant, "and has a little money, he always tries to buy the name and identity of some poor devil of a convict who longs desperately for a drink of vodka, or wants money with which to gamble. Of course the officer has no means of preventing this sort of transaction, because he cannot possibly remember the names of the four or five hundred men in his party. If a convict succeeds in finding a colonist who is willing to exchange names, he takes the colonist's place and is assigned to work in some village, while the colonist takes the convict's place, and goes to the mines. Hundreds of hard-convicts escape in this way."

THE METROPOLIS OF ICELAND.

Reykjavik, poor little metropolis of 2,000 inhabitants, has, nevertheless, its sights and sounds. Its houses, with but few exceptions of wood, consist usually of a single story, but in isolated instances rise to the dignity of two. Through the town runs a wide and tolerably straight street, on which live several of the dignitaries of the island, the Bishop, the Governor, the Chief Justice, and other members of the Government. Upon one side, surrounded by wooden palings, is the public square, in the centre of which stands a bronze statue of Thorwaldsen, presented by the Danish Government to the native country of the sculptor. At the farther end is the little cathedral, which contains a marble font by the artist himself. Around the different sides of the square are grouped the new parliament house, the post office, and a school for girls, which draws its pupils from all parts of the country. One of the most imposing buildings of the capital is the jail, and two of the most awe-inspiring of her citizens are the policemen, who in turn patrol the streets in felt helmets and uniform. It was not discovered, however, that they ever arrested anybody, because nobody ever so far forgot himself as to warrant arrest. The jail consequently is always empty, a fact that can be but imperfectly understood when one sees its manifest superiority to all other dwellings. One of the policemen exercises, in addition to his function of guardian of the public weal, that of librarian of the Icelandic Literary Society, which was established as long ago as 1816, and has published many works. He is also an author, and has written at least one valuable book.

The streets of Reykjavik are unpaved, but at certain corners, wide apart, stand lamp-posts, whereon burn kerosene lamps to light the belated citizen to his door. One of the most characteristic of streets sights is the long lines of ponies that almost continually come and go, bringing loads of dried fish, and carrying back the necessities of life; and almost all of life's necessary demands in Iceland must be supplied from without. Even the wood with which the houses are framed comes from Norway, and must be taken into the interior on the backs of horses. A frequent sight is a procession of ponies, each with a board on either side, fastened at one end to the pack-saddle, while the other end is left to trail and bump along the uneven road. On pleasant mornings another kind of procession is often seen. It is composed of women and girls, each with a wooden tub, and all going to the warm springs to do the household washing. The water can be had at all temperatures, from boiling hot, where it bubbles up out of the earth, to tepid, farther down the little stream formed from the overflow. Dipping up a tubful of hot water, the washerwoman puts her washing to soak, and then selects a convenient place upon the bank near the water's edge, where she kneels and rubs and wrings piece by piece.—*William H. Carpenter, in October Atlantic.*

A SINCERE OPINION.

"We talk of writing easily and dashing off impromptus; how say you if we should try it now? Here are six of us, who are all thought to have some knack of that work; and here are pens, ink and paper, ready to our hand. Let us see who can write the best impromptu."

He who thus addressed the gay group of London fashionable whis assembled in the chief room of Will's Coffee-house (at that time their favourite place of resort) was a tall, handsome man in the prime of life, who still lives in English history as Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, one of the kindest as well as richest men in all England, the friend of all distressed poets, and himself possessed of powers that would have made him a poet of no mean rank if he had but had the luck to be born poor.

"Agreed!" cried the rest with one voice; "and 'glorious John' here shall be our umpire."

The last words were addressed to a plump little old man with very large bright eyes, who was sitting in a snug corner by the fire, and seemed to be treated with great respect by the whole company, notwithstanding his rather shabby suit of threadbare black. Nor was this without reason; for this quiet old man was none other than John Dryden, the greatest poet whom England had produced for a whole generation.

Dryden readily undertook the office of judge, and to work went the whole six with paper and pen. But to the amazement even of those who best knew his ready wit and wonderful fluency, Lord Dorset finished and folded up his contribution almost before his companions had begun theirs.

"You see now, gentlemen," said a laughing voice, "why Charlie proposed this trial to us; he had his impromptu ready beforehand."

"Thou canst scarce rail at me for that, Jack," retorted the Earl, "for men say thou hast once written an 'impromptu' which took thee a month to compose."

The papers were handed over to Dryden, who had hardly taken time to glance over them when he pronounced that the best was that written by Lord Dorset. All other competitors looked surprised, as well they might; but the wonder ceased when the contributions were examined, and Dorset's effusion was found to run thus:

"Pay to John Dryden, on Demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas.—DORSET."—*David Ker, in Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for October.*

THE memorial stone of St. George's English Presbyterian Church, Brondesbury, was laid recently by Sir Charles E. Lewis, M.P. Addresses were given by Principal Dykes, Rev. W. S. Swanson, and Rev. R. F. Horton, of Hampstead.

THE applications for the vacancy of the Prestonpans Parish Church had risen at the latest date to the sad total of 103. For the vacancy in Spott Parish there are no fewer than 143 candidates. In Barr Parish the congregational committee are struggling to select a lect from 140 candidates.

British and Foreign.

DR. MACAULAY, of the *Leisure Hour*, is to edit a volume of the speeches of the Prince of Wales.

MAJOR WHITTLE, of Chicago, has arrived in Ireland and will begin evangelistic work in Belfast.

MRS. JOSEPH PARKER is said to take a report of her husband's sermons every Sunday for publication.

THE Duchess of Roxburghe opened a sale of work at Kelson, on behalf of the female foreign missions.

DR. MARCUS DODS preached as a young man to more than twenty vacant churches before he received a call.

THE *Athenaeum* declares that Dr. Norman Kerr knows more about meebriety than almost any one else in this country.

SERMONS in connection with the Armada and the Revolution, were preached in the churches of the Liverpool Presbytery on 22nd ult.

MR. AXEL GUSTAFSON has sailed for Australia to take part in the International Temperance Convention to be held at Melbourne in November.

PROFESSOR STORY and Dr. Cameron Lees, have been the latest preachers before her Majesty at Balmoral and both had the honour of dining with the Queen.

THE Rev. W. W. TULLOCH's peasant little monthly, *Sunday Talk*, is to be merged in the *Scots Magazine*, which will continue to be edited by Professor Story.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER declares that, always allowing for exceptions, he is driven to the conclusion that the pulpit is too often the paid slave of respectable society.

THE short list of three selected from forty candidates for Auchterarder are Messrs. Milroy, Larbert; Jamieson, assistant of Dr. Macleod, of Govan; and Orr, Glasgow.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD and Rev. John Hunter, of Trinity Congregational Church, were the preachers at the anniversary services in Queen's Park Church on a recent Sunday.

IN accord with the unanimous wish of the united committee of St. Columba Church, Glasgow, the Presbytery have issued a presentation in favour of Rev. P. Robertson, Lamlash.

MR. ALLISON, M. P., thinks it a disgrace to Englishmen that on the subject of Sunday closing they should be thirty years behind Scotsmen, ten years behind Irishmen, and five or six behind the Welsh.

A SHORTHAND writer who takes Mr. Spurgeon verbatim every Thursday evening says his average is 144 words a minute; and as the exordium is in slow time, it may be imagined how rapid is the delivery of the latter parts of the discourse.

STAINED glass, illustrating Gethsemane and the Resurrection has been placed by the congregation in the two large windows beside the pulpit of Infirmary Street U. P. Church, Edinburgh, to the memory of Dr. William Bruce, pastor from 1838 to 1882.

THE Great Western Railway Company granted the use of the shareholders' meeting room to the men to hold the opening temperance meeting of the new session. Mr. Alex. Hubbard, one of the directors, took the chair, and the chief speaker was the Bishop of London.

BRANTWOOD, the residence of Mr. Ruskin in the lake country, was formerly the abode of Linton, the engraver, and his wife, and afterwards of Gerald Massey. At present it is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Severn, the former a distinguished water-colour painter, the latter Mr. Ruskin's favourite cousin.

MR. JAMES SELLAR, the architect of the Glasgow Exhibition, whose genius is illustrated in many of the most important structures reared in the second city in recent years, has been suddenly cut off by blood-poisoning in the year which witnessed his greatest professional triumph. He was only forty-five.

LORD KINNAIRD presided at a public meeting of the members of the Church at Patroddie, held to celebrate its centenary. Mr. Whyte, the pastor, gave an interesting history of the congregation, recalling the fact that one of his predecessors, Mr. Proudfoot, became a theological professor in Canada.

BUCCLEUCH Church, Edinburgh, after alterations, which include beautiful windows of stained glass, was reopened on a recent Sunday, when special services were conducted by Drs. MacGregor, Gray and Alison. The funds were raised entirely by the congregation without any appeal to the outside public.

No fewer than forty-five missionaries were present at a valedictory meeting held in connection with the Church Missionary Society at St. James's Hall. Twenty of the number are leaving for the first time. They are all bound for Asia—Palestine, Persia, India, China and Japan each receiving their allotted number.

SEMI JUBILEE services in Morningside, U. P. Church, Edinburgh, were conducted recently by Rev. J. M. Sloan, of Grange Free Church, and Dr. Alexander Mair. The latter stated that during the fifteen years of his pastorate, the membership had increased from 162 to 714, while the total income had been \$210,000, \$55,000, of which was collected for missions.

GLASGOW Free Church Synod, on the motion of Mr. Ross Taylor, unanimously resolved to ask the Assembly for permission to hold the October meetings in one or other of the provincial towns; and as Ayr Presbytery was unfavourable, Mr. Taylor suggested that Ayr should be the place selected for the first meeting in the event of the Assembly's permission being granted.

PRINCIPAL EDWARDS, of Aberystwith, in an address to the students of Trevecca College, expressed the opinion that Mr. Spurgeon is the greatest preacher living. Although Canon Liddon excelled him in some respects, yet, taking him as a whole, he believed Mr. Spurgeon to be in the front. Dr. Edwards exhorted the students to be original—to be their own selves and not anybody else.