

## The Family Circle.

### LIKE A QUEEN'S.

O like a queen's her happy tread,  
And like a queen's her golden head!  
But O, at last, when all is said,  
Her woman's heart for me!

We wandered where the river gleamed  
'Neath oaks that muse and pines that dreamed,  
A wild thing of the woods she seemed,  
So proud, and pure, and free!

All heaven drew nigh to hear her sing,  
When from her lips her soul took wing,  
The oaks forgot their pondering,  
The pines their reverie.

And O, her happy queenly tread,  
And O, her queenly golden head!  
But O, her heart, when all is said,  
Her woman's heart for me!

—William Watson.

### CROMWELL'S STATUE.

What needs our Cromwell stone or bronze to  
His was the light that lit on England's way  
The sun-dawn of her time compelling power,  
The noon-tide of her most imperial day?

His hand won back the sea for England's  
dower;  
His footfall bade the Moor change heart and  
cower;  
His word on Milton's Tongue spake law to  
France  
When Piedmont felt the she-wolf Rome devour.

From Cromwell's eyes the light of England's  
glance  
Flashed and bowed down the kings by grace of  
chance,  
The piteous annotated princes; who alone,  
By grace of England held their hosts in trance.

The enthroned republic from their kingly throne,  
Spake, and her speech was Cromwell's.  
Earth has known  
No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell  
stand,  
By kinglets and by queenings hewn in stone?

Incaruate England in his warrior hand  
Smote, and as fire devours the blackening brand,  
Made ashes of that strength who wrought her  
wrong,  
And turned the stronghold of her foes to sand.

His praise is in the sea's and Milton's song;  
What praise could reach him from the weakling  
throne  
That rules by leave of tongues whose praise is  
shame—  
Him, who made England out of weakness strong?

There needs no clarion's blast of broad-blown  
fame  
To bid the world bear witness whence he came  
Who bade fierce Europe fawn at England's  
heel  
And judged the plague of lineal rule with flame.

There needs no witness graven on stone or steel  
For one whose work bids fame bow down and  
kneel;  
Our man of men, whose time commanding  
name  
Speaks England, and proclaims her Common-  
weal

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

### STRANGE BUT TRUE.

Dr. Donald McLeod, the accomplished editor of *Good Words*, relates, in the June number of that magazine, the following incidents:

Robert Thom, Esq., the present proprietor of the Island of Canna in the far Hebrides, can with many others guarantee the truth of the following curious coincidence.

In September, 1892, the daughter of the blacksmith in Canna was wandering on the shore, gathering driftwood for fuel, when in a small bay, about a hundred yards distant from her father's house, she picked up a piece of wood bearing the inscription, cut with a knife, "Lachlan Campbell, Bilbao, March 23rd, 1892." On taking it to her mother she became much concerned, as this was the name of her own son, who was a boiler-maker in Spain, and, as would be the case with most people—certainly with Highlanders—she could not get over the superstitious dread that this message from the sea was the harbinger of evil tidings regarding her son. The family of the proprietor did their best to calm her terror, exhorting her to wait for an explanation. When writing to her son she told him of what had

happened, and was greatly relieved on receiving a reply assuring her of his well-being, but was astonished to learn that he perfectly remembered how, when on a holiday, he had written, as described, on a piece of wood and had idly thrown into the sea from a rock near Bilbao. We all know the power of ocean currents, and need not be surprised at this piece of wood having been carried about for six months, but the marvellous—and, except for undoubted evidence—the incredible circumstance in this case is that this piece of wood, after its long wandering, should have been washed on the shore within a hundred yards of where the writer's mother lived, and that it should be picked up by one of his own family and taken home. Had any novelist dared to picture a message delivered as this was by means of an ocean current, every reader, and certainly every critic, would have denounced the outrageous demand on faith. And yet the apparently impossible actually occurred in Canna.

Mr. David R., a well-known merchant in Glasgow, was several years ago travelling in Canada. On a Sunday evening, far away in the backwoods, he was interested by hearing from a humble "shanty" the words of a Scottish "paraphrase," sung to a familiar air. After a little he thought he would visit this countryman, whose family worship had thus recalled to him other scenes. After chatting for a while, the man asked where he was from. On being told that he was from Glasgow, he asked his name, and on being informed he became much excited. "I always expected some one of your family to come. My name is——" As my friend had never heard of his name, he asked for an explanation, and the man proceeded to tell him that he was the clerk who had stolen a considerable sum from the firm to which R. belonged; that he had been miserable ever since, feeling sure that at any hour he might be discovered; that he was now doing well, and that it was his intention in a short time to repay back all that he had taken. My friend had been in the West Indies at the time the theft took place, and it was not till after his return to Scotland that he learned the particulars. It is, however, somewhat disappointing to hear the statement with which he used to end the recital of the strange story, "In spite of his promise, we have never yet heard of any payment!"

Andrew Maxwell, another well-known merchant in Glasgow, was in the Island of Arran some years ago with his mother and sisters. The weather was unusually warm, and his venerable mother suffered so much from the heat, that her hands became swollen, and as her marriage ring was fretting her finger, one of her daughters, after no little coaxing, persuaded her to allow its removal. To the dismay of the daughter the ring was lost, but she procured another so like the old one, that the change was not noticed when it was placed on her finger. Next year the family went back to the same house, and in the autumn, when the farm servant in a neighbouring building having boiled potatoes for the pigs, was crushing a potatoe in her hands, she felt something hard, and on looking at this thing inside the potato, she exclaimed to one of the Maxwells' servants who was beside her: "Here's a ring in the potato," and showed a thin worn marriage hoop. "I believe," said the other, "it is my mistress' ring, and we can find that out because her initials were inside the hoop." On examining it, there were the initials, and the lost ring was identified! It had evidently been swept out among the ashes, the ashes thrown upon the ash-pit, the contents of the ash-pit on the potato-field, and the ring absorbed by the potato, inside of which it was found a year after it had been lost!

When my brother, Norman Macleod, and I went to Palestine in 1864, he was asked by an old woman in his congregation to discover her son—an engineer on a steamer somewhere in the Levant—and to persuade him to send help so his mother. Wherever he went my brother enquired for this man.

Now he was told he was trading in the Black Sea; again, that he was in some ship on the Syrian Coast; but he failed to find him. When we were weighing anchor in the Golden Horn before proceeding up the Black Sea on our way home, he and I were sitting aft on the portside when our steamer drifted against another. A man came to let a "buffer" down between the two ships just where we were sitting. On speaking to him and recognizing his unmistakable accent, my brother asked if he knew anything of the engineer he was in search of, "I am the man!" was the reply, and so his last words spoken to any one before leaving the East were exchanged with the very man he had been searching for, and as the two ships parted he had said all he wished to say! It was a coincidence, but one of the greatest improbabilities.

Many years ago a poor lame girl called upon me for assistance. She was from Ross-shire, and had a sweet accent and as sweet a face—quiet and sad. She had been cruelly used by her grandparents, who had refused to keep her, and so she had come to Glasgow to get work as a "tailoress"—in other words, she had been employed by some sweater, and had not enough to live on. Her Highland innocence and religious principles had received a painful shock by what she had seen in the great city. She often came to me for help, and one occasion her distress was so great, because her wooden leg had become so short that she found it an encumbrance. I was able to procure a new leg for her, but the battle of life proved too much, and one day she came beseeching me to send her home. The Messrs. MacBrayne kindly gave me a pass, and she was to leave next day. To my surprise, four or five days afterwards I met her on the street, when she told me she had been home and had been forced back by her grandmother in the steamer on its return journey. My faith failed me, for it was so unlike any Highlander to disown her own grandchild, that I was distressed to find her untrue. It was cruel, and I repented of it, for within a few days an agent of the Charity Organization Society, who called for me about another case, assured me that the girl had told the truth, and that she had been forced back as she described. I was glad when the opportunity occurred of making an ample apology to her.

A considerable time after this I was officiating at a marriage, and to my surprise I found my Highland friend in a wealthy home, acting as maid to the bride. On speaking about her to the lady of the house, she said, "That is a most extraordinary girl. A rich man has fallen in love with her, and sent her to a boarding-school, hoping to marry her in a year or two; but she will not hear of it and has left the school, saying she will not marry any one whom she does not love enough. Unfortunately the gentleman told her that it was her resemblance to one he had been once engaged to and had died, which had led to his interest in her, and she was determined to have a husband who would love her for her own sake."

After some years I met this lady again, and heard the subsequent history of the interesting girl. It seems that the gentleman managed to trace her out in Glasgow, and having cleared away all her doubts as to his affection, he won her consent to be married to him in London. As she was then an inmate of the Home of Young Women's Christian Institute in Glasgow, she arranged to go to the similar Home in London and remain there until she was married. Her intended husband met her at the railway station and took her to the Home, but the matron, foolishly suspecting foul play, told the girl that no gentleman in the evident position of her friend could really intend to marry a poor lame creature like her; and in spite of the girl's fears and entreaties, she packed her off in the train to Scotland next day. The gentleman's anger may be imagined when he found what had been done, but the girl, filled with shame, would not go

back to Glasgow, but went to Edinburgh and communicated with the lady in whose house I had found her. It ended in the gentleman coming for her, and after a few days she was married to him and taken to his luxurious home in London. But her adventures were not over. A friend of his, a Scottish lawyer, came with his wife to visit the happy pair in England, and so strong a friendship arose between the two wives, that when the lawyer's lady died not long after, she left her jewels and a sum of money to my old friend. In a short time her own husband also died, leaving her his fortune, but on his death-bed he warned her against a brother who, he feared, would try to dispossess her, but told her in that case to take the advice of the Scottish lawyer whom they both trusted. It happened as he had anticipated, and the Scotsman was put in charge of her interests. The case was a protracted one, but finally the lawyer, assuring her that the best solution would be her acceptance of his hand as her second husband, it ended in her becoming the mistress of another home, where she more than once entertained the lady on whose daughter she had formerly waited! She has now been dead some years, but I often think of her strange career, while I do not wonder at the attraction which that sweet pure face had for both of the men who loved her.

### THE PEOPLE OF CHINA.

There are many Chinas, or many kinds of China, but the only one I expected to find was the one I did not see. It was an ideal I had been forming all along the years between my first geography and my latest purchased book—of a country peopled by men wearing broad-brimmed, cone-shaped hats, and carrying boxes of tea on each end of the bamboo poles they balanced on one shoulder. That sort of man I saw once or twice among the millions I met, but the whole combination I missed altogether. My China has its gentry, its merchants, its working-men, and its farmers—not to speak of beggars, actors, priests, conjurers, and sailors. We found its merchant class polite, patient, extremely shrewd, well-dressed, pattern shopkeepers. We found its gentlemen graceful, polished, generous and amiable. But the peasantry constantly reminded us of the country folk of continental Europe outside of Russia. Theirs was the same simplicity of costume, intelligence, and manners. They lived in very much the same little villages of thatched cottages. Theirs was the same awkwardness, shyness, cunning in trade, the same distrust of strangers and of strange things. The sharpest fracture of the comparison was seen in the Chinese farms: for, where we were, every handful of earth was almost literally passed through the hands of its cultivators, every leaf was inspected, every inch was watered, manured, watched, and cared for as a retired Englishman looks after his back garden. The result was a fertility beyond compare, a glory of vegetation, a universality of cultivation that permitted no waste places. It was a system that always included the preparation of a second growth to be transplanted into the place of the main growth when the first reached its harvest. As compared with Japan, one feature of every view was strikingly in favor of the larger country. The dress and behavior of the Chinese will not offend Europeans. The women of central China are not merely most modest, they are as completely dressed as any women I have ever seen. They are covered from neck to heels in a costume composed of a jacket and trousers. As Mr. Weldon says: "Their complete freedom of movement is calculated to produce the most perfect nation, physically. It is God's providence that this menace to the safety of the world is offset by their innutritious food and their fondness for the crippling of women's feet." In Japan, nakedness is what startles the new-comer on all sides. In China "the altogether" that Tribby posed