

Scotland.

EDINBURGH.

The first inter-university cricket match ever played in Scotland took place on Friday in Edinburgh, between the Universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh. Victory was on the side of Edinburgh.

At the Edinburgh Bankruptcy Court, on Wednesday, the Sheriff granted warrant for the incarceration of William Taylor Keith until he made satisfactory answers to questions regarding his bankruptcy.

On Tuesday morning, about nine o'clock, James McIntosh Macdonald, 41 years of age, residing at 21 Heriot Place, dropped down dead in Lauriston Place. The cause of death is unknown.

An English resident in Scotland writes to state his surprise that bank notes of the Bank of England, even for small amounts are not current payment. The only way by which they can be negotiated is by endorsing them and presenting them for payment at some bank.—*Times*.

If the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in Scotland cannot be effected through the action of their supreme ecclesiastical courts, the ministers and office bearers of the two denominations are more and more engaging in fraternal intercourse with each other, and are helping on the cause by means of co-operation. Last week Lord Dalhousie, one of the elders of the former body, laid the memorial stone of a United Presbyterian church at Carnoustie. The logic of events will in the course of time quietly bring about what Church courts are unable to accomplish.

ABERDEENSHIRE.

Robert Masson, cabinetmaker, was found drowned near the mouth of the river Don on Tuesday. He had left a letter at his home saying that he intended to commit suicide. He has been very intemperate for some time before.

The Queen has been pleased to present the Rev. William Murray Keny to the church and parish of Foveran, in the presbytery of Ellon, and county of Aberdeen, vacant by the death of the Rev. William Strachan Watt.

Mr. Leith who ran Colonel Aytres so closely in 1857 has been elected member for Aberdeen by an overwhelming majority, though he only came forward as a candidate four days before the poll.

The farm servants in the neighborhood of Huntly are arranging to engage a lecturer to promulgate the country in order to set forth the advantages of emigration. What do our Canadian officials say to that?

SUTHERLAND AND CAITHNESS.

It is announced in Wick that a large estate in the county, chiefly consisting of land for sporting purposes and through which the new line of railway runs, has been purchased by Mr. Tennant, of Glasgow, for a large sum. It is said the purchase price approaches £50,000.

His Grace the Duke of Sutherland has been spending a week at Dunrobin, and has been giving practical attention to the coal deposits at Brora. Under direction of Mr. Hetherington new "finds" have been made, but the main hope is in the old shafts, from which early in the century about 70,000 tons of coal were taken. These have been long neglected. They are now full of water, but machinery is to be introduced for thoroughly pumping them dry with a view to thoroughly testing their capabilities. Dunrobin Castle is at present supplied with coal from the Brora mines. It is expected that the numps will be at work by the month of August.—*Inverness Courier*.

BANFFSHIRE.

Crops generally abundant specially hay.

On the 23rd of June the representatives of four generations worshipped in the Free Church of Banff. They were mother, daughter, granddaughter and grandson.

MORAY AND NAIRN &c.

A harmonium has been introduced into the parish Church of Knockando.

The Town Council of Nairn has sent an address of condolence to the widow of Dr. Norman McLeod.

It is stated that the editorship of *Good Words* will fall either to Canon Kingsley or to Dr. George Macdonald.

Two young men, named Arthur Syme and Robert Wighton, were drowned on Sunday morning in the Tay, a little above Newburg, by the upsetting of a skiff.

A fire broke out on Friday in the Cotton-spinning mill of Messrs. J. & W. Stuart, near Musselburgh, and was not extinguished till damage to the extent of several thousand pounds had been done.

Private Wm. Bain, 3rd Roxburgh (Melrose) Rifles gained the Caledonian Challenge Shield and Championship of Scotland at the Blackford Ranges, yesterday with the splendid score of 51. The winning score last year was 50.

Among the visitors in the Island of Iona at present are a sister and the youngest daughter of Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller. They intend visiting the Island of Ulva, the birthplace of the great traveller's father.

The great 'Yellow-Fin' case, which has caused so much excitement among Scotch anglers, has at last been decided—the result being that the gentlemen who captured the fish have been fined two pounds ten shillings, and ten pounds expenses. The Stirling Board of Salmon Conservators deserve the highest credit for the way in which they have followed up this matter. We are perfectly well aware that in Scotland and many parts of England and Wales a desire is springing up to make the killing of the young of migratory *Salmonidae* legal. As matters now stand, the law prohibits their destruction; therefore they cannot be destroyed with impunity. The upshot of the Stirling case is that 'yellow-fins' have been authoritatively pronounced to be young salmon, and therefore come under the protection of the Act. This decision will be of great importance as a precedent in other Scotch salmon-fishing districts. Anglers, therefore, must be more careful than ever in returning to the water uninjured any salmon fry they may happen to take by accident.—*Land and Water*.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Maguire, M. P. for Cork, is preparing a work on the Jesuits.

Mr. Arthur Helps is preparing a memoir of Mr. Thomas Brassey, the well-known contractor and engineer.

Quite a feat in acclimatisation has recently been accomplished by a young Norwegian, who succeeded in bringing a couple of live grouse to Melbourne, after a voyage of 158 days.

"Caesar's Camp" at Wimbledon has been let on building lease for ninety years, and the whole of the ancient fortification is now being staked off in allotments.

The death is reported of a Mr. Thomas Glover, retired builder of Abbotsham, near Bideford, at the age of 99. Deceased leaves four daughters and three sons, 15 grandchildren, and 90 great-grandchildren.

The Presbyterian Church of Ceylon is shortly to have an accession in a minister of considerable experience, who has been appointed by the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland to labour in the Kandyan provinces. The gentleman alluded to is the Rev. James Paterson.

Education in Ceylon has received an impetus from the new scheme of payment according to results, by Government, after examination by duly appointed inspectors. This has led to a good many openings of schools, both by missions and private individuals. This scheme does not meddle with religious instruction.

Two of the young girls who took certificates at the London University this week in connection with the Cambridge Local Examination were daughters of Isaac Newton Wallop, fifth Earl of Portsmouth. These young ladies, through their grandfather, Newton Fellows (fourth earl), are lineally descended from Sir Isaac Newton.

A correspondent asks if we can answer a question—What is the origin of the phrase "the bitter end"? A long controversy was printed on the subject in *Notes and Queries* during 1870. Lord Lytton asserted that it came from America during the war in the United States; but other writers quoted Proverbs v. 4 ("Her end is bitter as wormwood") and 2 Sam. ii. 26 ("It will be bitterness in the latter end") to prove that the phrase is of Scriptural origin. It does not occur in Shakespeare.—*Guardian*.

The devout consecrated Christian prompts all around him to the same devout Christian life. And he incites others to duty just in proportion as he is absorbed in doing his own.

I think it is as hard for Him to forget anything as it is for us to remember everything; for forgetting comes of weakness, and from our not being finished yet, and He is all strength and all perfection.

One of the most mournful and pitiful sights to be seen in this world is one of those preachers who has grown wiser than the Bible, so that he disowns its help, and thinks, out of the small well of his own understanding, to supply from Sabbath to Sabbath the spiritual thirst of a congregation of waiting souls.

CZAR IVAN.

Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village; and, pretending to be overcome by fatigue, he implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not as yet applied for aid. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The emperor hastened to it, and knocked at the door; a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted.

"I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar; "can you give me a lodging for the night?"

"Alas!" said the peasant taking him by the hand, "you will have but poor fare; you come at an unlucky time. My wife is about to become a mother; but come in. You will at least be sheltered from the cold; and such as we have you are welcome to."

The peasant then made the Czar enter a little room full of children. In a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly; a girl three years old was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while for two sisters, the one five and the other seven years old, were crying and praying to heaven for their mother, who was in a room adjoining.

"Stay here," said the peasant to the Czar. "I will go and get something for your supper."

He went out, and soon returned with some black bread, eggs and honey.

"You see all I have to give you," said the peasant—"you are welcome to partake it with my children—I must go to my wife."

"Your charity, your hospitality," said the Czar, "must bring down blessings upon your house. I am sure heaven will reward your goodness."

"Pray to heaven, my good friend," replied the peasant—"pray to heaven that my wife may get well. That is all I wish for."

"And is that all you wish, my friend, to make you happy?"

"Happy! judge for yourself, I have five fine children; a dear wife that loves me; a father and mother both in health; and my labor is sufficient to support them all."

"Do your father and mother live with you?"

"Yes; they are in the next room with my wife."

"But your cottage here is so very small."

"It is large enough; it can hold us all."

The peasant then went to his wife, who an hour after was happily past all danger. Her husband, in a transport of joy brought the new born child to the Czar.

"Look," said he, "what a fine, hearty child he is! May heaven preserve him as it hath done my others!"

The Czar, sensibly affected by the scene, took the infant child on his arms, and said, "I know, from the physiognomy of this child, that he will be quite fortunate: he will arrive, I am certain, at great eminence."

The peasant smiled at the prediction; and that instant the two eldest girls came to their new-born brother, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little one's followed her. And the peasant, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked around and contemplated everything with an eye of tenderness and emotion—the sleeping children and their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage.

"What a happy calm! what delightful tranquility!" said the Emperor. "Avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here! How sweet is the sleep of innocence!"

In such reflection, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of the Russians spend the night. The peasant awoke at the break of day; and his guest, taking leave of him, said, "I must go to Moscow, my friend. I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me therefore that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening. I will be back in three hours, at the farthest."

The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise; but, in the good nature of his heart, he consented, however to the stranger's request.

The Czar immediately took his leave; the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to church; but as he was

leaving his cottage, he heard on a sudden the tramping of horses, and the rattling of many vehicles. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before the door. The horsemen and carriages soon formed a circular line; and at last the stage coach of the Czar stopped opposite the good peasant's door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together.

The chamber door was opened, the Czar alighted, and advancing to his host, thus addressed him: "I promised you a godfather. I am come to fulfil my pledge. Give me your child, and follow me to church."

The peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the Emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy, now observing his magnificent robe, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turning to the crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger who had laid all night with him upon the straw. The Emperor, for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus:—

"Yesterday, you performed the duties of humanity; to-day I am come to discharge the most faithful duty of a sovereign—of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honor, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy; but I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house that will enable you to exercise the duty of hospitality with pleasure. Your new-born child shall be my ward; for you may remember," continued the Emperor, smiling, "that I prophesied he would be fortunate."

The good peasant could not speak; but with tears of grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected, he took the child in his arms, and carried him to church; and after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's care, he took him to the cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him, as soon as he could be weaned.

The Czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his future settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favors upon the virtuous peasant and his family.—*Selected*.

MURMURING.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in prison," I said one day, "than to have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair less to set away by the wall in the dining-room; when Jamie's little bed was put away into the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience then than at any other time. By and by he was snoring in another room. "I want to be an angel," and presently rang out that metallic cough. I never heard that hymn since that it does not cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when my husband came home he went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammatory croup, and all was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I had a servant to wash the dishes now; and, when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading-table, just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary-worn mothers to me.

"Oh, no," I mutter to myself, "there are no little boots to dirty it now."

But my face is as weary as theirs— weary with sitting in my lonesome parlour at twilight, weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek for the young laugh which rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa's coming home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what price? And when I see other mothers with grown-up sons, driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with grey, I wish I had murmured less.—*The Appeal*.

SPONGE FISHING.

From the account given by Vice Consul Green, of the Tunisian sponge fishery in his report to the foreign Office, which lately has been issued, it would seem that to fish for sponges requires as much if not more skill than to fish for salmon. The sponge fishery, is most actively carried on during the three months of December, January, and February, for at other seasons the places where the sponges exist are overgrown with seaweeds. The storms during November and December destroy and sweep away the thick Marine vegetation and leave the sponges exposed to view. The fishery is divided into two seasons, namely, summer and winter; the former commencing in March and ending in November, and the latter as noted above. But the collection of sponges is not very productive in summer, as it is confined to the operations carried on with diving apparatus, which can only be used on rocky and firm bottomed places, or to the success of native fishermen, who wade along the shores and feel for sponges with their feet among the masses of seaweed. The sponges thus collected by the Arabs are also of an inferior quality, owing to the small depth of water in which they have grown. As nevertheless, calm weather and a smooth sea are essential for the success of the fishermen, the winter season, although lasting three months, does not generally afford more than forty-five working days. The Arab inhabitants of the coast, Greeks, principally from Kramdi, near Nauplia, (Napoli de Roumania), and Sicilians, are chiefly employed in the sponge fishery, the Greeks, however, being the most expert fishermen, while the Arabs are the least skillful. Sponges, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are obtained by spearing with a trident, by diving with or without the assistance of an apparatus, or by dredging with a machine somewhat similar to an oyster dredge. The Arab fishermen, principally native of Markenah and Jebel, employ boats called sandals, manned by from four to seven persons, one of whom is the harpooner, while the others manage the sails, etc. The spearmen watches for the sponges from the bows of the sandal, and the boat is huffed round on his perceiving one, so as to enable him to strike it. The depth of the sea in which the Arabs fish is from fifteen feet to thirty-five feet. Although the Greeks are most expert divers, the majority of them use the spear. They employ small and light boats, just sufficient to carry a spearmen and an oarsman. The boat is rowed gently along, while the spearmen searches the bottom of the sea by means of a tin tube of fourteen inches in diameter by nineteen inches in length, at one end of which is placed a thick sheet of glass. This tube is slightly immersed in the water, and enables the fisherman to view the bottom undisturbed by the oscillation of the surface. The spears used by the Greeks are shorter than those employed by the natives and Sicilians, but with wonderful adroitness they are enabled to reach sponges covered by sixty feet of water. They hold in their hands from three to four spears, and dart them so quickly and with such precision, one after the other, that before the first has time to disappear under the surface the second strikes its upper extremity, and thus gives it additional impetus to reach the sponge aimed at. The Sicilians, also, fish with a spear and in small rowing boats, but do not understand the employment of the tube, and have not acquired the knack of the Greeks in using three or four spears; they consequently seldom secure an equal quantity of sponges, although they are always more successful than the Arabs. The produce of the fishery is, it is stated, susceptible of considerable augmentation by an increase in the number of fishermen, and a new sponge is reproduced within a year wherever one has been removed.—*Scientific American*.

THE BIBLE.

As the oak, perfect and entire, is in the acorn that buries itself in the soil, and expands and extends an ever-perfect life, till it becomes the gigantic monarch of the forest, so the entire Gospel of redemption was in that germinal promise concerning the "seed of the woman," which buried in the clods of a wasted Eden, shot forth its life parallel with the growth of humanity. Now it appears as the tender twig of promise to Enoch and Noah; now the vigorous sapling of the faith of Abraham; now the refreshing shade-tree leaning out in the gorgeous ritual of Moses; now the well-known pilot's signal-tree that guides the course of David and Isaiah; now putting forth its blossom of plenipotent promise in the Gospel of John the Baptist; and now bearing the rich harvest of ripe fruit, in the preaching of the apostles under the ministration of the Spirit. Thus, through all the ages, and in all the "divers manners" of its communication, it is one and the same Gospel, embodying the same great truths in its various stages of development.—*Stuart Robinson*.

Truth depends not upon your seeing it.