

lemen down from London to-night to spend Sunday; and I'm going to meet them at the station as soon as I have taken you home to your tea. Will that do?"

"Yes, that will do. Are they nice gentlemen?"

"Yes, I think them so; but then tastes differ. Perhaps you won't."

"Old or young?"

"Well I one is a good deal older than me, and—"

"White hair, then of course?" put in Humphrey.

"Grayish, perhaps; and the other is about the age of your Uncle Charlie."

"Will he tell us such nice stories about kangaroos and bear-hunting?"

"I should think probably not. The other one is more likely to tell you stories, as he has had little boys of his own."

"Miles and I know of a pond where the branch of a tree hangs over, just like the one in Uncle Charlie's story; and we are going to crawl along it some day, and look down at our faces in the water, like the man did."

"Now, Humphrey," said Sir Everard, "I won't have it done. The branch is quite rotten, and may break off any minute."

Humphrey looked very mournful. "Are you quite sure, father?"

"Quite sure; and I forbid you to do it. Do you hear?"

"Very well, father," with a sigh; "we won't crawl along if you don't like it; but you won't mind our going to look at it? We've been prevented so many times, and we do so want to go there! If we promise not to climb you won't say we're not to go, will you?"

"Yes—once for all, I say you are not to go near the pond; and I trust to you, Humphrey, to obey me. Promise."

"It's a great pity, father!"

"Never mind. I won't have Miles led into any more mischief."

Humphrey promised rather reluctantly, adding to himself: "It's not much use making me promise any thing, because I'm sure to forget."

They rode on in silence for some time after this; and when Humphrey next spoke, it was on quite a different subject.

"I didn't know till to-day, father, that you didn't like Aunt Cecilia!"

"What do you mean, Humphrey?" said Sir Everard, horrified.

"You spoke as if you didn't much like her, to Mrs. Colville's sister."

"Why, what did I say?" said Sir Everard, hastily casting back his thoughts to the conversation.

"Well, you seemed to laugh at her a good deal."

"My dear child," said Sir Everard, relieved, "having a little joke about a person does not prove one does not like that person. I am very fond of your aunt. It would be odd indeed if I did not like my only sister. Why, when I laugh at you and Miles, do you think I do not like you?"

It was a lame sentence, badly put together, and not expressing much. Sir Everard was not at all satisfied with it himself. He had got it up in such a hurry that he was not at all sure whether it was sense or not, and he was anxious to see if it would answer its purpose. Children are sometimes, however, very easily silenced; and Humphrey received the explanation with great respect.

The danger was past, for this time; but Sir Everard inwardly resolved never to speak before the children again; and the anxieties of the evening before recurring at the same moment to his mind, he determined not to run any more risks.

So, on arriving at home, he sent up a private message to Virginia that he should not require either of the young gentlemen downstairs that evening, though they might come to his dressing-room as usual.

Then, after transferring the precious parcel from his own to Humphrey's pocket, he wished the boy "good-bye," and went to meet his friends at the station.

(To be continued.)

LINCOLN AS A "MILITARY HERO."

He never took his campaigning seriously. The politicians' habit of glorifying the petty incidents of a candidate's life always seemed absurd to him, and in his speech, made in 1848, ridiculing the effort on the part of General Cass' friends to draw some political advantage from that gentleman's respectable but obscure services on the frontier in the war with Great Britain, he stopped any future eulogist from painting his own military achievements in too lively colours. "Did you know, Mr. Speaker," he said, "I am a military hero? In the days of the Black Hawk war I fought, bled and came away. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was about as near it as General Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break, but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occasion. If General Cass went in advance of me picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges on the wild onions. If he saw any live fighting Indians it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker, if ever I should conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is a black-cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest that they shall not make fun of me, as they have of General Cass, by attempting to write me into a military hero."—*Nirolay and Hay, in the December Century.*

THERE are not a few indications that the Welsh Presbyterian Church and the Presbyterian Church of England are drawing closer together. Negotiations which may end in union are being set on foot.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear—
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer.
And speak of what these pages said—
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still.

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's Word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I've found thee true,
My counsellor and guide!
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live
It taught me how to die.

DR. JOHNSON AND "RASSELAS."

The qualities which attract readers to-day were not Johnson's; and his is not a name of that pre eminent lustre with which readers with a care for their literary reputation must at least profess to be familiar. His capital distinction as a writer is one not now universally prized—the distinction of common sense. Even his criticisms, grossly and provokingly unjust as they often are, at their very worst, as has been well said, mean something, which does not seem to have been invariably the first aim among critics of later times. But when this distinction has been duly set to his credit, there remains little, if anything, likely to bring Johnson into fashion again. "Rasselas," to be sure, is as empty of incident and as full of talk as any modern novel, and were the Happy Valley in Kensington, and Imlac an art critic or a magazine philosopher, the tale might still serve. But the local colouring (to use one of our pretty, popular phrases) puts it so hopelessly out of court. Those impossible Abyssinians! As well expect to be stirred by the passage of the Vapians through the equinoctial of Queubus! And for the "solemn yet pleasing" humour which Macaulay found in those reflections on the passing scene which the old man sent out week by week from his lonely garret (a sort of writing which one might have fancied likely still to keep fresh) that is least of all to our taste. Solemn enough in truth should we find it. He prided himself on writing trifles with dignity, but that is not the way we have decided that trifles should be written. Nay, on this side he seems himself to have anticipated the verdict of posterity. "As it has been my principal design," he confessed in the Rambler's farewell to his readers, "to inculcate wisdom or piety I have allotted few papers to the idle sports of the imagination." Some, perhaps, may be found of which the highest excellence is harmless merriment, but scarcely any man is so steadily serious as not to complain that the severity of dictatorial instruction has been too seldom relieved, and that he has been driven by the sternness of the Rambler's philosophy to more cheerful and airy companions.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

HOBART PASHA.

Augustus Charles Hobart-Hampden, third son of the late Earl of Buckinghamshire, a lineal descendant of John Hampden, whose name he assumed, was born on April 1, 1822. He entered the navy at an early age, and his first experiences were of the rudest. The description of the midshipman's berth to which he was introduced might be compared with those of "Midshipman Easy" or "Peter Simple," and his captain, though his cousin, is represented as an odious tyrant. Some of the stories told of this man are well nigh incredible: "I have seen," says Hobart, "a captain order his steward to be flogged almost to death because his pea soup was not hot. I have seen an officer from twenty to twenty-five years of age made to stand between two guns, with a sentry over him, for hours, because he had neglected to see and salute the tyrant who had come on deck in the dark." Such tyranny is by no means without a parallel, and as Hobart says he saw it, there is no reason to doubt the correctness of the story. One more extraordinary is this: "On one occasion the captain of whom I have been writing invited a friend to breakfast with him, and there being, I suppose, a slight monotony in the conversation, he asked his guest whether he would like, by way of diversion, to see a man flogged." The amusement was accepted, and a man was flogged."—*Longman's Magazine.*

THE Rev. J. V. McNair, late of Port-Glasgow, was to be inducted on the 28th ult. as pastor of Chalmers Church, Melbourne.

THE *Balya Bandku*, a children's Christian magazine published in India, is achieving a marvellous success. Already it is published in the Tamil and four other leading tongues, and an edition in the Malayalam language is about to be added.

British and Foreign.

IN Breslau one missionary has during the past year baptized 137 Jews.

THE cost of one item alone at the Lord Mayor's banquet, that of turtle soup, was \$2,000.

IN Auckland Presbytery a venerable elder, Mr. A. Thomson, while on his feet to speak, fell in a fit and expired.

DR. DURNFORD, of Chichester, who has just completed his eighty-fourth year, is the oldest bishop on the Anglican bench.

DRS. GEORGE HUTTON and James Brown took part in a Liberal meeting at Paisley which was addressed by Lord Ripon.

THE Queen, it is reported, intends to put up a stained glass window in Crathie Church as a memorial of Principal Tulloch.

DALKEITH Free Church Presbytery, by five to four, approved of an overture for the abolition of Aberdeen College.

THE Rev. R. C. Guy, assistant, St. Mark's, Dundee, has been appointed successor in the charge at Kingston, Jamaica.

PRINCIPAL DOUGLAS, of the Free Church College, was the preacher in Glasgow University Chapel on a recent Sabbath.

THE Rev. C. S. Ross, of Skipton, Victoria, formerly of Anderson's Bay, Dunedin, is writing a history of the Otago Presbyterian Church.

MR. PETER MACKINLAY, M.A., has been appointed to the rectorship of Edinburgh Training College, vacant by the death of Dr. Currie.

THE Rev. S. G. McLaren, M.A., formerly U. P. missionary in Japan, has been inducted to the charge of Cobourg, in Melbourne Presbytery.

DR. CAMERON LEES preached at Linlithgow on a recent Saturday at the choral festival of the Presbytery's Choir Union, when 300 voices took part in the service.

IN the Deaconess House of the French Protestant Church in Paris the rescue work has been long and patiently carried on by a lady who is now aged ninety-five.

MR. CAINE, M.P., has been ordered to take an entire rest, and has left for a three months' tour in the West Indies. This will delay the biography of his relative, the late Stowel Brown.

THE late Mrs. William Campbell, of Tullichewan, has left \$5,000 to the Sustentation Fund and \$1,250 each to the Home Mission and Church Building Funds of the Free Church.

DR. CUNNINGHAM's recommendation to farmers to secure their crops on Sunday is bearing fruit. In the Auchterarder and St. Andrew's Districts it was lately acted upon on several farms.

It has been proposed at Mildmay Hall to keep an international missionary registry to register information for the encouragement of self-supporting missionary effort in all parts of the world.

SOME of the clergymen in North Wales are in great straits through the non-payment of tithes. They are not able to pay their poor rates, and distress warrants are being issued against them.

AT Middlebrough and Biedford the municipal elections turned on the temperance question; in both the liquor interest were defeated, and at Biedford the usual wine-feast of the new council was abolished.

THE death of Lady Wilson, widow of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, is recorded. By the terms of her husband's will, funds exceeding \$1,000,000 now fall into the exchequer of the Royal College of Surgeons.

THE leaders of an unattached mission in Ipswich desire to bring their cause under the wing of the Presbyterian Church. The matter has been recommended to the consideration of the Home Mission Committee.

BISHOP M'KENZIE, of Zululand, gave an interesting account, at a meeting in Edinburgh, of his work in Africa, where they have nine stations. Their main hope was, he said, in getting hold of the young people.

FIRE broke out in Kilmaurs Church recently, after the singing of the first Psalm, from the overheating of the stove. The congregation retired while a partition was broken down and the fire extinguished. The service was then resumed.

PROFESSOR M'CALLUM, of Aberystwyth College, a distinguished alumnus of Glasgow, where he for some time acted as assistant of Professor Nichol, has been appointed to the chair of Modern Literature in the University of Sydney.

IN India the Anglican Church Mission claims 100,000 native Christians, the American Baptists, 64,000, the London Mission, 55,000, the American Congregationalists, 14,000, the British Baptists, 10,000, and the Basile Missionaries, 5,500.

THE Rev. John Reid, Port-Glasgow, introduced the reading of prayers at a recent Sabbath evening service, but the people left all the response to the choir. In the prayer after sermon the organist twice played the "amen" before the minister, Mr. Peters, of Greenock, had finished.

THE Jubilee Fund of the New South Wales Congregationalists has received \$194,250, a result that has surprised even themselves. It has been raised in three years—and these years of general depression—by a denomination that consists of not more than two per cent. of the entire population.

FOR the past two years certain members of Dr. J. Munroe Gibson's congregation have been actively engaged in gathering together a company of worshippers at a convenient centre at Brondesbury, about two miles distant from the parent Church. So successful have they been, that the Presbytery has sanctioned their hall as a preaching station. It is placed under the care of the St. John's-wood Session.