

"What is the difference?" said I.  
 "Oh! well," said he, "that's altogether different. I suppose it is fictitious; but then it's altogether different. It's an allegory."

"Now I don't approve," continued Mr. Hardecap, without explaining himself any further, "of our modern Sunday school libraries. I have complained a good deal, but it's no use. Tom brings home a story book every Sunday. I can't very well say he sha'n't take any books out of the library and I don't want to take him out of Sunday school. But I don't like these Sunday school stories. They are nothing but little novels anyhow. And they're all lies. I don't believe in telling stories to teach children. If I had my way, there wouldn't be but one book in the library. That would be the Bible."

"You could hardly leave in all the Bible," said I.  
 "You would have to cross out the parable of the prodigal son."

"The parable of the prodigal son!" exclaimed Mr. Hardecap, in astonishment.

"Yes," said I: "that is if you did not allow any fiction in your Sunday reading."

"Oh!" said he, "that's very different. That's not fiction; that's a parable. That's entirely different. Besides," continued he, "I don't know what right you have to assume that it is a story at all. I have no doubt that it is true. Christ says distinctly that a man had two sons, and one came and asked him for his portion. He tells it all for a fact, and I think it very dishonouring to Him to assume that it is not. I have no doubt that He knew just such a case."

"And the same thing is true of the parable of the lost sheep and the lost piece of money and the sower and the merchantman and the pearl and the unfaithful steward?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "I have no doubt of it."

"Well," said I, "that is at least a new view of Scripture teaching."

"I have no doubt it is the correct one," said he. "I don't believe there is any fiction in the Bible at all."

"Well," said I, "when you get home you read Jotham's story of the trees, in the Book of Judges; I think it's about the ninth chapter."

"I will," said he; "but if it's in the Bible I have no doubt it is true, no doubt whatever."

But in spite of Mr. Hardecap the Wheathedge library flourished; and next week our new quarters are to be dedicated to the cause of literature and temperance by a public meeting. And I am assured by those that know that Tom Poole's business was never so poor as it has been since we started our opposition to his free reading-room.

Miss Moore asked Maurice Mapleson last week to suggest a subject for an illuminated motto to hang on the wall of the reading-room over the librarian's desk.

"Overcome evil with good," said he.

(To be continued.)

#### WILL THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY PAY?

Principal George M. Grant contributes an interesting paper on the "Canada Pacific Railway" to the *Century* for October. From it we quote the following: "But what will a railway get to do in this great sea of mountains? For along those five hundred miles of road on the mainland, constructed at so enormous a cost, the population, not counting Indians and Chinamen, is less than ten thousand. The British Columbians claim that a portion of the Asiatic trade will come their way, especially as the company that is building the road has announced its intention of putting on steamers to connect the Pacific terminus with the ports of Japan and China, and they also point to their fish, their mines of silver and gold and their forests, as the complement of the prairies of the North West. All their hopes and dreams cluster around the railway, and those whom it does not enrich will feel that they have a right to be disappointed. They ignore the fact that the people of the North-West or any other country can afford to pay only a certain price for fish or flesh, galena, gold, or anything else, and that if it cannot be supplied at said price it must be for them all the same as if it were non-existent. They fancy that the difficulty the Province has to contend with is not the comparatively small amount of arable land or the necessity for irrigation in districts otherwise good, or the intervening mountains, or the canyons that prevent river navigation, or the cost of transportation, or the great distances, but simply the presence of some thousands of industrious Chinamen. If Chinamen could only be kept out white people would come in and wages would go up and keep up. Good prices would then be obtained for everything, and every one could live comfortably."

#### MIRACULOUS HOLY WELL.

There are many features about the well that would give it an extraordinary notoriety, and that would emphasize the reverence that clings to its associations. Indeed, long before the place was called Holywell it was named Treffynnon, or Village of the Well. It is a truly marvellous well, throwing up, as it does, thirty tons a minute of singularly bright and sparkling water. The liquid, too, has medicinal qualities fully as efficacious as the waters of Harrogate, Leamington, Buxton and Bath. The species of scented moss found within the well is said by Linnaeus to be a specific in cases of ulcers, and in the present day it has been prescribed by physicians who are not believers in the supernatural. Possessing these qualities, it is not extraordinary that many persons have been benefited by dipping in the water, and by using the moss. It may be conceded, too, that many persons honestly think they have been so cured, for the most eminent physicians have told us that the mental effort to be well, on the part of those who have faith in certain remedies, often brings about a cure. Then follows the penalty of notoriety, viz., exaggeration. I myself believed in the deadly effects of the upas tree until I found I had been sheltering under one for a couple of hours. The man who

was said to have vomited "three black crows" had only parted with something "black as a crow," and the recent dynamite explosions have shown what rumour, with its many tongues, will say. The accounts of ordinary cures, then, would soon be exaggerated into miracles, and, as it is as easy to believe one miracle as another, all the other fantastic distortions of truth would be accepted, *namine contradicente*, even to the rhapsodical legend, dreamed (perhaps honestly enough) by a fervid and fantastic ascetic. — *Good Words*.

#### CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,  
 We mean to slacken this fevered rush  
 That is searing our very souls away;  
 And grant to our loaded hearts a hush  
 That is only enough to let them hear  
 The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,  
 When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,  
 We'll sit and muse while the stars come out,  
 As the patriarchs sat at the open door  
 Of their tents, with a heavenward gazing eye,  
 To watch for the angels passing by.

We've seen them afar at high noon-tide,  
 When fiercely the world's hot flashing beat;  
 Yet never have bidden them turn aside,  
 And tarry a while in converse sweet;  
 Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,  
 To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promise our hearts that when the stress  
 Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,  
 When the weight that we groan with, hinders less,  
 We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose  
 As banishes Care's disturbing din,  
 And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,  
 When, tired of every mocking quest,  
 And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,  
 We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,  
 And wait and watch as the day wanes on—  
 But the angels we meant to call are gone!

#### HOW LINCOLN STOPPED CRITICISMS.

General Porter contributes an interesting paper on "Lincoln and Grant" to the *Century* for October, from which we quote the following characteristic anecdote: "Grant's successes brought with them the usual number of jealousies and rivalries. Political generals had their advocates in Washington to plead their cause, while Grant stood without friends at court. His detractors gathered at times a great deal of strength in their efforts to supplant him with a general of their own choosing, and Lincoln was beset by many a delegation who insisted that nothing would harmonize matters in the West but Grant's removal. This nagging continued even after his great triumph at Vicksburg."

"Lincoln always enjoyed telling the General, after the two had become personally intimate, how the cross-roads wiseacres had criticised his campaigns. One day, after dwelling for some time on this subject, he said to Grant: 'After Vicksburg I thought it was about time to shut down on this sort of thing. So one day, when a delegation came to see me and had spent half-an-hour trying to show me the fatal mistake you had made in paroling Pemberton's army, and insisting that the rebels would violate their paroles and in less than a month confront you again in the ranks, and have to be whipped all over again, I thought I should get rid of them best by telling them a story about Sykes's dog.' 'Have you ever heard about Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views, and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off with the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar, and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a small clap of thunder. Sykes came bounding out of the house, and yelled:

"'What's up! Anything busted?'"  
 "There was no reply except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail still hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking at it all over he said: 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again—as a dog.' And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again as an army."

"The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of the story, and I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

THE Government of Queensland have introduced a bill into Parliament which provides that the sale of intoxicating liquor may be abolished altogether; that the number of licensed houses may be reduced; and that no new licenses may be granted.

## British and Foreign.

KIRKWALL. Cathedral has been repaired and slightly altered.

AN Indian prince, the Maharajah of Cashmere, has sent 5,000 rupees to Lady Dufferin's fund for the medical education of women.

DR. TAIT, of Trinity Episcopal Church, Pau, being on a visit to his relatives at Milrig House, preached in the parish church at Galston lately.

HEIDELBERG, which is one of the oldest of the German Universities, is making preparations to celebrate its fifth centenary in August, 1886.

THE Episcopal Synod of New South Wales has appointed a committee to consider whether it is possible and desirable to deal with cases of ministerial incapacity.

THE Rev. Dr. Burns, the venerable and honoured Free Church minister of Kirkcaldy, is full of vigour still and is able to discharge all his pulpit and pastoral duties.

THE Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, of Greenock, the popular preacher and gifted writer, has been appointed Thomson lecturer at Aberdeen Divinity Hall during the coming session.

THE Rev. Dr. Stevenson, of Dalry, is to be entertained by Irwin Established Presbytery this month to a public banquet in honour of his completion of the fiftieth year of his ministry.

THE Conservatives objected to the placing of the names of Mr. Spurgeon and his brother on the Newington list of voters; but their objections were overruled by the revising barrister.

DONALD MACCALL, second mate of the *Clyde dale*, has been awarded a testimonial by the Royal Humane Society for his gallantry in rescuing the late Dr. Mackay, of Hull, at Portree.

THE Rev. James Fleming, of Troon, now in his ninetieth year, officiated lately in Newington Church, Edinburgh, at the marriage of his grandson, Rev. W. M. Taylor, of Aberfoyle.

DR. GEORGE McDONALD, the novelist, preached lately in Maxwell Church, Glasgow. His text was John vii. 16, 17, from which he delivered a characteristic and singularly helpful discourse.

THE "Congregational Year-book" for 1885-86, lately issued, shows that there are in Scotland 101 churches and ninety-one pastors, and that the membership in December, 1884, was 10,869, and the amount raised for all purposes, \$115,135.

THE Rev. James Mackie, of the Scottish National Church, Manchester, has again assaulted an elder and again figured in the police-court. He was let off this time with an apology to the elder and a promise not to interfere with the church officials.

THE Rev. Dr. Horatius Bonar preached the funeral sermon of Mr. Dodds to a crowded congregation in Dunbar Church, and spoke lovingly of the blameless life, simple manners and theological attainments of the deceased minister.

THE Rev. Dr. Chrystal, the venerable minister of Auchinleck, along with Dr. Easton, of Darvel and Mr. Copeland, of Ayr, delivered addresses at the unveiling of an obelisk erected in honour of the five Covenanting martyrs at Mauchline.

MR. JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHORSE, author of "John Inglesant," is a Birmingham man and engaged in the chemical trade. He carries on the business established by his great grandfather, more than a century ago, as a manufacturer of chemical acids.

THE Rev. Duncan Macgregor, of Chicago, president of the Scottish Land League of America, who has been accompanying Mr. Macfarlane, M.P., on his electioneering tour in Argyllshire, preached in Dr. Fleit's pulpit, Paisley, and on Monday evening delivered a lecture in Storie Street Church.

MR. WILLIAM COOK, for some time the beloved and efficient missionary of Mariners' Church, Leith, has died in Napier, New Zealand, whither he went in search of health. He was singularly successful in mission work; his winning manner drew people to his services, and his heart-stirring words pointed them to the cross.

REV. E. REEVES PALMER, M.A., agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and John Jamieson, missionary of the United Presbyterian Church in Madrid, appeal for aid for Spaniards brought to the verge of starvation by the cholera epidemic. The picture they draw of the suffering caused by the scourge is very harrowing.

THE Rev. Dr. Thomson, of Grantown, who was for twenty-five years pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, New York, and for a short time pastor of Knox Church, Galt, is to attend the centenary celebrations of his old congregation in New York at their request. They have sent him a handsome sum of money to defray his expenses.

A MEMOIR of Rev. Dr. David King will soon be published. Dr. King's work in Greyfriars United Presbyterian Church, Glasgow, will long be remembered in that city; and he was practically the founder of the Evangelical Alliance. The memoir has been edited by Dr. King's wife and daughter, and some of his sermons have been added.

REV. ROBERT BLACK, of Dundalk, died suddenly of heart disease. The deceased was born in 1815, and ordained by the Presbytery of Belfast in 1847 to Ballycopeland Church. For the past twenty-five years Mr. Black was located at Dundalk, and in addition to his ordinary ministerial work he acted as chaplain to the garrison, the gaol and the workhouse.

PARIS has a monthly manuscript paper called *Le Bon Guide*, which is the organ of professional beggars. It may be consulted daily in return for a subscription of eight sous. What it says is short but to the point, as: "To-morrow at noon, funeral of a rich man at the Madeleine;" "wanted, a blind man who plays the flute;" and "a cripple for a watering-place."