

to the grave than see her enter into a marriage not made for her in heaven."

"So would I," answered Felix tremulously.

"And to make sure that any marriage is made in heaven! mused the Canon, speaking as if to himself, with his head sunk in thought. "There's the grand difficulty! For oh! Felix, my son, it is not love only that is needed, but wisdom; yes! the highest wisdom, that which cometh down from above, and is first pure, and then peaceable. For how could Christ Himself be the husband of the Church, if He was not both the wisdom of God and the love of God? How could God be the heavenly Father of us all, if He was not infinite in wisdom? Know you not what Bacon saith; 'To love and to be wise is not granted unto man?'"

"I dare not say I am wise," answered Felix, "but surely such love as I bear to Alice will bring wisdom."

"And does Alice love you?" asked Canon Pascal.

"I did not think it right to ask her!" he replied.

"Then there's some hope still," said the Canon, more joyously; "the child is scarcely twenty yet. Do not you be in a hurry, my boy. You do not know what woman is yet; how delicately and tenderly organized; how full of seeming contradictions and uncertainties, often with a blessed meaning in them, ah! a heavenly meaning, but hard to be understood and apprehended by the rougher portion of humanity. Study them a little longer, Felix; take another year or two before you fix on your life mistress."

"You forget how many years I have lived under the same roof as Alice," replied Felix eagerly, "and how many women I have lived with; my mother, my grandmother, Phebe, and Hilda. Surely I know more about them than most men."

"All good women," he answered, "happy lad! blessed lad, I should rather say. They have been better to thee than angels. Phebe has been more than a guardian angel to thee, though thou knowest not all thou owest to her yet. But a wife, Felix, is different, God knows, from mother, or sister, or friend. God chooses our kinsfolk for us; but man chooses his own wife; having free will in that choice on which hangs his own life, and the lives of others. Yet the wisest of men said, 'Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing, and obtaineth favour of the Lord.' Ay, a good wife is the token of such loving favour as we know not yet in this world."

The Canon's voice had fallen into a low and gentle tone, little louder than a whisper. The dim, obscure light in the cloisters scarcely gave Felix a chance of seeing the expression of his face; but the young man's heart beat high with hope.

"You don't say No to me?" he faltered.

"How can I say No or Yes?" asked Canon Pascal, almost with an accent of surprise. "I will talk it over with your mother and Alice's mother; but the Yes or No must come from Alice herself. What am I that I should stand between you two and God, if it is His will to bestow His sweet boon upon you both? Only do not disturb the child, Felix. Leave her fancy-free a little longer."

"And you are willing to take me as your son? You do not count me unworthy?" he exclaimed.

"I've boys of my own," he answered, "whose up-growing I've watched from the day of their birth, and who are precious to me as my own soul; and you, Felix, come next to them. You've been like another son to me. But I must see your mother. Who knows what thoughts she may not have for her only son?"

"None, none that can come between Alice and me," cried Felix rapturously. "Father! yes, I shall know again what it is to have a father."

A sob rose to his throat as he uttered the word. He seemed to see his own father again, as he remembered him in his childhood, and as Phebe's portrait had recalled him vividly to his mind. If he had only lived till now to witness, and to share in this new happiness! It seemed as if his early death gathered an additional sadness about it, since he had left the world while so much joy and gladness had been unfolded in the future. Even in this first moment of ineffable happiness he promised himself that he would go and visit his father's foreign grave.

(To be continued.)

THE MARKET-PLACE IN JERUSALEM.

In the market-place thronged the peasants, chiefly women. Each sat beside her basket, calling to the passers to buy of her. There were poor fowls tied helplessly by their two feet, huge cauliflowers from the well-watered gardens of Siloam, oranges, lemons, citrons, and dates heaped up together, and here and there, but not often, a bunch of spring flowers. The days were past, with little promise of returning, when St. Jerome wrote of the valleys about Jerusalem as "pleasant and woody spots full of delightful gardens watered from the fountain of Siloam." The gardens of roses of his day are now but heaps of dust, only the memory of them smells sweetly; what has been may yet be again.

Now and again a man with lemonade or simple drinking water cried in a shrill voice, "Come buy of me," while he clinked the brass cups at his side to attract customers.

The poor women and little children sat on the bare stones dressed in their tattered and beautiful clothes, their naked arms braced up to the elbow with silver and glass ornaments, chains of silver about their necks, coins of silver and even gold upon their heads. How was it that with all these possessions they were only sellers of eggs and vegetables? In truth, these peasants carry all they possess upon their poor tired bodies; they have no savings bank where to keep their earnings, they must carry them always with them; so when they have bought three pairs of thick bracelets, rings for each finger, and chains for the neck, they set to work to sew the coins themselves upon their head-dresses, which they never leave off, not even while sleeping.

In one street, oil, olives, and salt fish were set out in clothed dishes upon the board which served as a counter; while rope, nets, candles, and corks were hung from the

roof inside; barrels of sardines stood on either side of the entrance, with fish brought from the sweet, cool waters of the Sea of Galilee, from whose pebbly shores a few poor fishermen still draw their livelihood, while their scattered mud huts occupy the site of the cities of the past.

At another stall tobacco alone was sold. In a third only soap, made into all manner of shapes—soap crosses, soap hearts, soap fishes. A fourth contained fruit and vegetables piled temptingly together. A fifth bread only. In the last sat a barber, waiting for heads to be shaved, his booth hung round with inlaid hand-mirrors and embroidered towels.

Through narrow arches to right and to left were seen the bazaars for cotton and silk clothing, as they stretched in far perspective, away to the meat bazaar, a most unpleasant quarter, which happily could well be avoided.

NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.]

There is no time like the old time,
When you and I were young,
When the buds of April blossomed,
And the birds of Spring-time sung.
The garden's brightest glories
By summer suns are nursed,
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets,
The flowers that opened first!

There is no place like the old place,
Where you and I were born,
Where we lifted first our eyelids,
On the splendours of the morn,
From the milk-white breast that warmed us,
From the clinging arms that bore,
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us
That will look for us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend
That has shared our morning days,
No greeting like his welcome,
No homage like his praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower,
With gaudy crown of gold;
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love
That we counted in our pride;
Though our leaves are falling, falling,
And we're fading side by side,
There are blossoms all around us,
With the colours of our dawn,
And we live in borrowed sunshine
When the light of day is gone.

There are no times like the old times—
They shall never be forgot!
There is no place like the old place—
Keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like our old friends—
May heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like our old loves—
God bless our loving wives!

WHAT MAKES A HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

It is an excellent thing to have a well-kept house, and a beautifully appointed table; but, after all, the best cheer of every home must come from the heart and manner of the home mother. If that is cold, and this ungracious, all the wealth of India cannot make the home pleasant and inviting. Intelligence, too, must lend its charm, if we would have home an Eden. The severe style of house-order neatness seldom leaves much margin for intellectual culture. Even general reading is considered as out of the question for a woman so hurried and so worried with her scrubbing and polishing, and making up garments. A simpler style of living and house furnishing would set many a bonded slave at liberty, and add vastly to the comfort of all the house.

Hospitality rarely prevails in these spotless, line and letter houses. Company disarrange the books, and disorder the house, which had work enough in it before. The mother cannot throw off her household cares, and sit down for a real heart-to-heart converse with the old friend of her childhood. Still less can she enter into the joys and pleasures right and delightful to her own children, because of the extra work of clearing away it will be likely to make.

With all your toils to make a house beautiful, do not neglect the first element of all, to beautify yourself, body and soul. A sweet, loving word, and a warm clasp of the hand, are far more to a guest than the most elaborately embroidered lambrequins at your window, or the most exquisite damask on your table. There are bare cabin homes that have been remembered ever with pleasure, because of the beautiful loving presence there; and stately palaces, which leave the impressions of an iceberg on the mind.

FRENCHMEN are said to be largely giving up the use of brandy.

THE only way to approach God is by prayer, and this is so simple a way that no one need say he has not the necessary accomplishments. All may come; God is no respecter of persons; and in this He is gloriously unlike man. All who can think and speak can tell Him of their trials.—*Spurgeon.*

IT is not the encountering of difficulties and dangers in obedience to the prompting of the inward spiritual life which constitute tempting of God and Providence, but the acting without faith, proceeding on our own errands with no previous conviction of duty, and no prayer for aid and direction.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

LADIES in Scotland, during 1881, forwarded £1,200 to the Waldensian Church.

THE London and Brighton Railway now use boxed-up electricity for lighting their trains.

THE Southern (American) Presbyterian Board proposes to establish a new mission in Northern China.

JAMES BARTLEY, ESQ., has left \$27,000 to the various missionary schemes of the Irish Presbyterian Church.

A MERCHANT of San Francisco has presented the Young Men's Christian Association with \$6,000 for evangelistic work.

"VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY" says that the common name of a Mexican orchid is *Cozticoatzontecoxochitl*. We doubt if it would be common here.

OF ten children born in Norway, over seven reach their twentieth year; less than seven in England and the United States; in France five, and in Ireland less than five.

THE Boston Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children have demanded of the Police Board the repeal of the licenses of nineteen liquor-dealers guilty of selling liquor to children.

J. M. BROWN, of Galveston, has telegraphed to the Mayor of Philadelphia, offering 100 acres of land to each of the fifty Jewish families expected in that city, as fugitives from persecution in Russia.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie is at present living in a small house within the grounds of Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and is visited daily by Queen Victoria, who has proved a devoted friend to the afflicted lady.

FIREPROOF paper has been successfully made in Germany of ninety-five parts of asbestos and five of wood fibre, which can be raised to white-heat without injury. Fireproof writing and printing inks to use with it are also made.

IT seems probable that the visit of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey to Edinburgh will be commemorated by the erection of an evangelistic hall for the city. A suitable site, within a little distance of the house of John Knox, has been secured.

EARLY in March, Queen Victoria will pay an unofficial visit to the Continent. She will journey to Cherbourg in her steam-yacht "Victoria and Albert," but whether her destination will be Italy or the South of France is uncertain.

A REVENUE officer in Alabama has a horse that can scent out a whiskey distillery at a long distance. As soon as he sniffs the odour of one of these law-breaking establishments his owner drops the reins on his neck, and he invariably takes him to the spot.

As any excitement is likely to be prejudicial to his health, General Garibaldi avoided all public demonstration when he went to Naples last month, by landing at the Café of Posilippo. The Villa Roccaromana, recently occupied by the ex-Khedive of Egypt, has been placed at his disposal.

THE San Francisco "Chronicle" states, as the result of investigation, that a well-selected and well-tended vineyard of raisin grapes is good for an annual profit of \$400 or \$500 an acre, and that five acres would be worth more than 160 acres of the best wheat land in the State in five years' cultivation.

WOLVES in Norway are frightened away wherever telegraphic lines are established, as they will never enter a spot enclosed by ropes or posts. Woodpeckers attack the posts, mistaking the humming of the wires for the buzzing of insects; it also attracts bears, who evidently take it for the humming of bees.

THERE is still living a lineal descendant of Martin Luther, in the person of one Herr W. Wolters, of Stuttgart. He was formerly a court actor, and claims descent through Luther's daughter Anna. The male line has long been extinct, the last representative of it having died in 1720. This was Professor Luther, of Leipsic.

A CABLE dispatch of February 16th from Rome says: "The Pope has addressed a very grave letter to the Italian bishops, commanding them, in view of the dangers surrounding the Church, to increase their activity, to encourage Catholic societies among the laity, to develop the Catholic press, and to advocate boldly the temporal independence of the Pope."

MR. RASSAM, who has discovered so many valuable Assyrian relics, last year excavated a vast ruin near Bagdad. After digging into four rooms, a fifth was opened that was paved with asphalt. A coffer was found there in which were two cylinders covered with inscriptions, which he believes to be the most important records of the oldest city in the world.

NEARLY all of the aged members of the peerage of the United Kingdom are Irish. The Earl of Mountcashel, aged 89, who is the oldest peer in existence, is an Irishman; and the oldest marquis, the Marquis of Donegal, aged 84; the oldest judge, Baron Fitzgerald, close on 75; and the oldest bishop, the Bishop of Kilmore, aged 81, are of the same nationality.

MR. ROBERTSON SMITH regularly visits London to attend the meetings of the Old Testament Revision Committee. Many attempts have been made by Presbyterians in London to prevail upon him to occupy one of the metropolitan pulpits, but the ex-professor declines to preach until the stigma that he is unfit to teach the Old Testament is removed by the Assembly.

AFTER a great deal of diplomatic correspondence, the proposed Spanish pilgrimage has been abandoned, according to the wishes of the Pope. Those having it in charge would not yield the control to the Spanish prelates, and it was seen that it would partake of a political character under the conduct of Senor Nocedal. The abandonment of the scheme gives the Spanish ministry great satisfaction.