

## HALCYON.

Whither now, ah, pensive bird,  
When a wailing voice is heard  
In the sore leaves, thin and gold,  
When the sky is gray and cold?

Whither now, O lonely one?  
For a mist is on the sun,  
Weeping soft o'er summer's grave  
Where the withered grasses wave.

Whither now? ah, fleet away  
To a dreaming, golden day,  
To the southern bayou flitting,  
In the summer sunlight sitting;

Dreaming by the fountain blue,  
Halcyon, would I were with you,  
By its bosom broad and calm,  
In that land of light and balm!

—Helen M. Merrill.

## FANTASIA.

Und wie ich reite, so reiten,  
Mir die Gedanken voraus.

As swift as thought! What can there be of speedier flight? Before the ink of this first word is dry the Puck of my brain has put his girdle round the earth. Why it is, I cannot know, but here in the stillness of my study the face of a friend rises, wearing the well-remembered, quiet smile; the measured tones of his even voice seem sounding in my ears. It does not matter that at the present moment we are seated at the extremities of a continent, as at the ends of a Cyclopean sea-saw. The thought of his face has brought back even the familiar aspect of every place his presence used to fill. Our old haunts that we shall never see again! The thought of him unites us instantly. Rivers of a thousand miles, high mountain ridges, wide inland seas and prairies, ocean-like, shrink in a lightning flash to a compass narrower than the slightest of these pen strokes. But I had another friend—not retained, alas! but lost—in days long gone by. Urged by the spell of this second name, Puck has skipped the million waves of the blue Pacific, and reached an island under the Southern Cross where there is a nameless grave. Here the wanderer in many lands found rest at last, and the sore heart peace. How different this resting-place from the home of his boyhood within the gray walls of that old-world town! There it stands, like a city in a vision, its storied castle, its narrow, rough-paved streets, and the pleasant meadows without the gates. How many tales he used to tell me of it—in this very room, seated in that very chair; and here the two ends of that girdle meet, and the ink of the first word is not yet dry.

All this has taken place between two ticks of the clock, in the quiet of my secluded study. No whip or spur is needed. But when I ride or feel the exciting effects of rapid motion of any kind, all this is intensified a thousand times. It is the glory of motion which Do Quincey felt on the box of the English mail coach, when the vision of sudden death flashed before his eyes. Dashing through the water on a yacht, or whirling along in a railway carriage, I find my thoughts taking long, arrow-like dives into distance from the bowsprit, or outstripping the winged words that flash past on the electric wires beside the iron rails. Not only do they fly faster than when my body is at rest, but they multiply themselves in flying. They rise as bees do, and take their flight far ahead in mathematical lines. It is not strange that they always choose one aerial path, nor any wonder that they cluster and swarm about one favourite spot. No marvel that they swarm about her!

"There's kames o' honey in my luve's lips—."

Delight in every tint and fleeting shadow of her flower-face; music in every motion of her. About their Queen these true liegemen, these busy thoughts of mine, build their many-roomed palace, and store it with sweetness. Then I am awakened suddenly by a dash of salt spray in my face or by finding the carriage pane cold against my cheek, while without is the blackness of darkness.

Some time, who knows but I may awake to find myself in the very audience chamber of the Queen herself? There it is so perfumed and warm. Some time, who knows but I may come to myself by feeling her regal eyes searching for mine to lift them up and meet hers, or by hearing my name flowing on the cadences of her sweet voice!—Archibald MacMechan, in *The Week*.

## THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

The friendship of books is a friendship within the reach of all. We may not be able to collect rare volumes, or even cover our bookshelves with the great standard writers in the English tongue, not to speak of the higher ranks of scholarship, which are utterly beyond us, yet the average English reader may mark, learn, and inwardly digest the wealth of the ripest thinkers at a cost so trifling that none need be excluded. No doubt we would be delighted to have at command the princely libraries of Prospero, and the immense scholarship of Squire Wendover (poor man!); nevertheless, without such large opportunities and splendid equipment, the intellectual life is not denied any of us, and our influence on others may be both sweet and wholesome, notwithstanding.

We have to regret often, however, that we are a good deal like Old Beattie, of Mickeldales—of all our reading we just retain what hits our fancy, and thereby becomes a part of ourselves. The gigantic memory of Sir Walter Scott or Lord Macaulay strikes us with amazement, making us painfully aware of our own poor resources in this respect. We have some comfort in believing that George Eliot, with all her great ability and unrivalled power in her own field of literature, had always to verify her quotations like an ordinary mortal. So, if we cannot jump over the moon, we may clear a fence or two, if the height be but reasonable.

If we can retain the tone and flavour of our choice authors most of us are satisfied with the result, leaving the polyglot accomplishments of the few uncoveted. Our mental food, however, is a matter of serious consideration. We do not eat every dish that is set before us, be it served ever so daintily. We respect our stomachs (that great seat of the imagination), and have learned to have a wholesome dread of dyspepsia. But there is often a disposition to treat our minds with much less consideration than we do our bodies, intoxicating ourselves, nauseating ourselves, and enervating ourselves with extraordinary complacency, as though we imagined there was laid up somewhere in us an apparatus that would act as a safety valve, without trouble on our part, and detach at times our moral from our intellectual life. What we read, however little that may be, can never cease to be one main element in the moral atmosphere of our lives. The power of literature, be it ever so poor, or ever so excellent, lies not simply in what it says to us, but in what it makes us say to ourselves. Suggestion is more powerful than statement. The human mind is a mysterious storehouse, laying up good and bad with remarkable indifference, and without conscious effort, and the impression once made may be dormant for years, only to spring to life at the touch of some chance word, or sight, or look, or musical note, which, after the lapse of years, may have power, for good or evil, to fire the whole train of forgotten memories, compelling the burying-places of the mind to give up their dead; and they are indeed fortunate who have

No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,  
The past unsighed for, and the future sure.

Our mental good is of more consequence than we can well estimate, particularly so in youth, for the spring time of life holds within itself the promises of the future.

My inheritance, how wide and fair:  
Time is my fair seed field, of Time I'm heir.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has told us that the training of a child should begin a hundred years before he is born. But it really begins many hundred years before we appear upon the stage of time. We are heirs to all the ages, and whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, in the life and thought of the past belong to us—

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
Or builds the house, or digs the grave.

Think how much poorer the world would have been without Moses and Isaiah, without Homer and Dante, without Paul and Seneca, without Marcus Aurelius and Caesar, without Epictetus and Plato, without David and Milton, without Bunyan and Shakespeare, not to mention any others of that noble army of seers, apostles, poets, historians, and soldiers, through whose inspired genius the human interests of the past and present are linked together. Whatever the moneyed interests of the world may say to the contrary, thought rules, and when all the bustling and shouting that would stifle it are hushed, and even the great works which it guided the hand of man to do have perished, or remain only in faded splendour to tell of pomp and glory gone forever, it shall remain with us still in the world of wisdom and of beauty, and shall not pass away.—D. Kinmont Roy, in *The Week*.

## ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

All graduates of Alma Fine Arts College are legally qualified to teach in Public and High Schools, Collegiate Institutes, Mechanics' Institutes, and the Art Schools of the Province. Last year Alma passed 116 out of 137 candidates in the Provincial Art Examinations, took the only four full Advanced Certificates given in the Province, also six full Primary Certificates and won two Gold Medal Certificates. Alma's record in past years has been unequalled in the Fine Arts work and she now stands unrivalled in this respect in the Dominion of Canada. Her Art Room and apparatus are admittedly the best in Ontario, and her staff of instruction unsurpassed. A number of graduates of Alma Fine Art School have received Collegiate appointments in Canada and the United States. For 60pp. Calendar, address Principal Austin, A.M.

MR. R. D. JAMIESON gave a lecture in St. Stephen's Glasgow, on "Praise in the Sabbath School," illustrations being rendered by his juvenile choir. As music had been taught in board schools for twelve years past, the population might almost now be called musically educated, and as time went on great results might be looked for in church and school singing.

## Hints on Art Silk Needle Work.

Ladies who are interested in this beautiful work should send for a copy of our sixty-four page book entitled "Hints on Art Needle Work," just published, handsomely and profusely illustrated with patterns of many new and beautiful articles, also stitches for the new decorative work with our Art Wash Silks, now so popular for home fancy work. It also contains a table of shading for flowers and birds, and much information, valuable and instructive, for those who have a taste for Silk Embroidery Work. Sent free by mail on receipt of six cents in stamps. Belding Paul & Co., Silk Manufacturers, Montreal.

## British and Foreign.

MR. SPURGEON has gone to Mentone for the winter.

CALAIS Cathedral was broken into lately, and 2,000 stolen.

THE Earl of Kintore laid the foundation-stone of a Presbyterian Church at Norwood, South Australia.

GOUNOD is asked to write a mass for the inauguration of a monster organ being built for St. Peter's in Rome.

BISHOP CARPENTER preached the first of the university sermons for this session in the College Church, St. Andrews.

LESS beer was consumed last year per head of the population than in any year since 1865, with the exception of 1885.

THE Bishop of Chester says Mechanics Institutes have been largely the parents of the present provincial universities.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, of Dublin, is about to launch a national organization for the suppression of intemperance in Ireland.

AYR Parochial Board charged poor rates against Mr. Gill's manse at Alloway, but on appeal it was decided that manse are exempt.

THE Mayor of Birmingham states that out of 688 shareholders in local breweries, 115, or more than one-fifth, are women and clergymen.

THE Aberdeen *Free Press* says that few Scotsmen who have been so many years in London speak such broad Scotch as the late Prof. Elmslie did.

IT is stated that the Inverness conference on the Dods case will be open only to delegates from Presbyteries, and that the press will be excluded.

THE matriculations at Cambridge in the present term have reached 946, the largest number that has ever been attained in modern times.

A NEW weekly journal to be started in Calcutta in December by influential persons is to be published on Sunday, the first outrage of the kind in India.

CROWDS have been flocking hear a "converted athlete" in Christchurch, New Zealand, who says he is a brother of Sullivan, the American pugilist.

THE Rev. John D. Hunter, Torrance of Campsie, was ordained at Boharm by the Presbytery of Aberlour, in succession to Mr. Harve, now of Keppochhill.

DR. FRICKE, one of the few members of the Gordon expedition who escaped the massacre at Khartoum, is about to publish his experience in book form.

THE widow of Professor Henry Rogers, author of "The Eclipse of Faith," has presented Mansfield College with its first prize endowment; her gift is \$3,000.

IN one day last summer 105 Americans visited Burns birthplace. The pilgrims during the year numbered 20,000 to the cottage, and 30,000 to the monument.

DEAN OAKLEY, of Manchester, predicts that the disestablishment of the English Church will lead to an important accession of strength to the Church of Rome.

THE congregational committee of St. George's, Edinburgh, have agreed by a majority to recommend George A. Smith, M.A., of Aberdeen, as colleague and successor to Dr. Whyte.

THE wine consumed at the lord mayor's banquet this year was three-fourths of a bottle per head; two years ago the guests required one bottle each, and five years ago one and a fourth bottles.

ST. CUTHBERT'S, Edinburgh, was to be reconstructed at a cost of \$70,000, but owing to rise in prices it is found that \$15,000 more will be necessary. The work is delayed until the sum is raised.

MR. P. S. KEIR, of Kindrogan, Perthshire, has died in his eightieth year. He had been an assembly elder for many years and was chiefly instrumental in getting the church and school erected at Straloch.

IN St. Barnabas, Pimlico, a requiem was sung on behalf of the departed members of the Guild of All Souls, the first occasion on which this Popish function has been performed in an Anglican church.

PROF. MARGOLIOUTH'S inaugural lecture on Ecclesiastical, in which he sought to prove that the book was composed in neo-Hebrew and in metre, will be published presently by the Clarendon Press.

CLYDEBANK congregation have resolved to proceed with the erection of a church hall and offices. Progress is being steadily made under Mr. Buchanan; the membership is now 813, sittings 121, 509.

MR. A. M. WILLIAMS, M.A., succeeds Mr. Forsyth as lecturer on English and Science in Glasgow Training College. His post in Aberdeen will be given to Mr. David Craib, M.A., at present in South Africa.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD and Dr. Hugh Macmillan are to preach at the re-opening of the West Church, Greenock, on the last Sunday of the year. The new organ is to be inaugurated by a musical service on Christmas eve.

THE Rev. Hugh Ross, of St. Stephen's, Glasgow, in a recent sermon, made impressive reference to the heavy loss which the Christian Church has sustained by the deaths of Professor Elmslie and Drs. Hatch and Macfadyen.

THE annual missionary meeting in Waterloo rooms, Glasgow, was addressed by Dr. A. Paterson, of Aden, Mr. Lawrie, of the New Hebrides, Mr. Douglas, of Central India, and Principal Rainy. Mr. J. H. Dickson presided.

MR. J. CAMPBELL WHITE presided at the thirty-first annual meeting of the Society for the Benefit of Sons and Daughters of Ministers. Last year \$13,635 was distributed among 109 families. The invested funds amounted to \$130,000.

PROFESSOR MAX MULLER will begin his second course of Gifford lectures in Glasgow University towards the end of January. The subject is "Physical Religion," and the lecturer will trace its development by historical evidence.

MR. JAMES PAVN states that when he first read in the papers of the heads of Mr. Gladstone and Cardinal Manning being among the gargoyles of Chester Cathedral he declined to believe the monstrous story; and yet it turns out to have a foundation of fact.