

was loaded, the work was finished; all were happy and singing in spite of their weariness.

"Our queen must bring home her harvest," cried the merry troop when the last sheaf was laid in triumph on the wagon. Leafy branches adorned the four corners of this mountain of wheat and the long horns of the oxen, which, tired also, bellowed as they called for their supper.

"Will you be afraid to ride up there?" said James to his little girl.

"I shall never be afraid near you," she answered.

He took her in his arms to place her beside himself on the top of the golden sheaves.

From below they could hardly see her, but with her two hands she raised the bouquet higher than her head, crying with all the strength of her little voice, "Good-bye, my friends, till the next harvest." Loud hurrahs from the labourers answered her "good-bye."

When the cart was safely in the barn, James led back his child to Fougère's hut; and while he climbed up to the tower he thought of the day when he had brought his Benedicte by the same path almost dying and so weak that he had to make her a nest in a basket of hay. Was that indeed the same child whose grace and beauty had charmed the land of harvesters?

Josephine awaited them near the hut as the father and child came up. When Benedicte stood near her friend she took off the crown from her head and put it, with the bouquet of sheaves into the girl's hands. "Father," she said, "here is my queen. We must make a feast and beautiful presents for her."

James, touched, looked at the blushing Josephine and at his gentle Benedicte, who clasped her in her little arms. "I know well that I can never pay you for what you have done for my child," said he; "but I have wheat, I have money, Josephine Fougère, and I will never let you want for anything."

"No, indeed, Mr. Tristan; I do not understand it so," said the young girl, raising her head proudly. "I will not take a bit of wheat from you after your child goes away from our house."

"Don't be angry, my Josephine," pleaded Benedicte. "Father, love her well."

James did not answer; a deep feeling of gratitude filled his heart. "I must go and pay my men," said he, suddenly going out. The shadow fell in the plain, the moon rose in the sky. James, as he went down the path, saw it bending like a scythe of gold over the fields from which he had gathered the harvest. "Never did my furrows yield a better crop," said he to himself, as he thought over past years. He remembered too a little girl, very poor, who gleaned busily in his fields. Once, through pity, he drew a handful of wheat-heads from under the millstone and dropped them into the hungry child's apron. That child was Josephine.

But Scolastique's voice, rising above the noise of the harvesters, recalled him quickly from the past to the present.

(To be continued.)

A BRETON MARRIAGE.

A typical Breton wedding is as curious as it is improvident. So poor are often the young pair that the only way they can set up housekeeping is by presents from their friends of food, fax, furniture, and money. The youth desirous of matrimony simply offers his hand to the object of his choice. If she accepts, she must confirm her acquiescence by drinking wine with him. Her father's consent is asked by proxy, the deputy holding a piece of furze during the interview. The father usually offers an old woman, a young widow, and a child, before granting the request. On the wedding day a cow-herd leads round the village an ox-wagon laden with the trousseau. This consists of a press, a bedstead like a wardrobe shutting up entirely with only fretwork for ventilation, a cask of cider, a churn, a porridge-pot, and a bundle of faggots. On the top of this load two maidens are seated, one spinning hemp and the other flax. The bride shows her fine breeding by making her friends drag her to church. On either side of the altar burns a wax taper, and it is expected that whoever of the two is next the less brilliant light will die first. The bride, on leaving the church, is presented with a distaff to remind her of her duties. Tripe, better, buckwheat-bread, and cider form the marriage feast, towards which each guest pays his portion. During the meal the bridegroom disappears to purloin a mattress; if he be caught in the act, it is pulled to pieces. Finally, the bell-ringers inflate the bagpipes, and, on a new-mown field, dancing is led off by the bridegroom. At night, according to an ancient custom, the mother gives her daughter a handful of nuts. The happy pair are serenaded as they return and are served with a soup, containing crusts threaded together, in symbol of unity. Their embarrassment is vainly endeavouring to eat these crusts provokes much amusement, after which they are bade "Good-night."

—A. S. KALE.

DOMINE BOGARDUS.

The Domine's character and attributes are so vividly portrayed through the annals of the ancient colony that one can not get him to the eye. We may imagine ourselves seeing him some fine Sunday morning coming out of his house in the Markkveldt, situated in the present Whitehall Street near Stone, on his way to the church. A large, dignified, portly man, with a determined, grave expression on his square Dutch face, relieved by a kindly eye and a benignant smile, clad in a long black serge coat with large black buttons running to the bottom; a broad felt hat covers his brow, and black worsted stockings incase his sturdy limbs. His portly figure and somewhat rosy face shows that it was not part of the theology of the Synod of Dort that there should be an entire abstinence from the *fish-pots of Egypt*. On his arm is Mrs. Annake, in her waist-jacket of dark cloth, with the little pendent tails behind. Her petticoat is of purple cloth; her neat coloured stockings, with clocks on the side, are incased in high-heeled shoes, betokening that she was a person of consequence; in her hand is her silver-

clasped Bible, brought with her from the old country; and from her girdle on one side depends by silver chain the Psalm-book, and on the other side hangs a purse, embroidered by her own skillful hand; over one arm hangs her yellow and red rain-hood, to protect against a possible shower.

Just in front of them is walking gravely Johannes de la Montagne, the Huguenot physician, and a learned and vigilant member of the Council, and the right-hand man of the Director. With him is Cornelis vander Huyghens, the *School Fiscaal*, whose office corresponded with our attorney-general and sheriff.

Before the Domine and his wife walks their pretty daughter Fytje, in her striped petticoat and golden head plaques, then a ruddy miss of sixteen, holding by the hand her sturdy little brother Cornelis, then six years of age, in his knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes; near them are Dr. Hans Kierstede, the leading surgeon of New Amsterdam, and his wife Sarah, who is daughter of Mrs. Bogardus by her first husband.

Domine Bogardus met with a sad ending. He bade farewell to his wife and children for a visit to the Vaderland, and took passage on the ship *Prinseps*, in the year 1647. His old antagonist, ex-Director Kieft, was also a passenger, returning with a fortune of ill-gotten gains extracted from a misgoverned Province. The vessel mistook the channel, and both Kieft and the Domine perished by shipwreck on the rocks of the coast of Wales.—J. W. Gerard, in *Harper's Magazine for May*.

WHATEVER IS, IS BEST.

I know, as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank Wrong, somewhere,
There lies the root of Right;
That each sorrow has its purpose—
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is sometime, somewhere punished.
Thou' the hour may be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest;
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great Eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know, when my soul speeds onward
In the grand, Eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is, is best."

INGRATITUDE AND GRATITUDE.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied?
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

OLD ECCLESIASTICAL REGULATIONS.

It is interesting to notice some of the more important regulations in force throughout the parishes of Scotland a short time after the Reformation. It was enacted in Parliament that each householder worth three hundred merks of yearly rent and all substantial yeomen should have a Bible and a Psalm-book, under a penalty of £10. It was decreed that each parish in the Kingdom should advance £5 as a contribution—£4 13s. 4d. of this to go for payment of a copy to be "well and sufficiently bound in paste and timber," and the remaining 6s. 3d. was to go for the expense of collecting the money. In 1580 there was an official appointed whose duty it was to search every house in the realm, and to require the sight of their little "and Psalm-book, and to see that it was marked with their ain name." Every house in the parish had to be visited, and every man had to produce his Bible and Psalm-book; and upon every preaching day the parishioners had to shoulder their stools, called "creepers," to sit on in church, and, along with Bible and Psalm-book, march off to service, otherwise they would have been branded as Papists or heretics, and been severely punished. The introduction of the Bible into Scottish homes wrought wonders. With much that was extravagant, fanatical, and superstitious there was mingled much reverence and sincere piety. It was the custom after dinner and supper to offer up a prayer, to read a chapter, to make comments upon it, and to conclude with the singing of a psalm. The discipline of those days was most severe. The minister and Kirk-Session were supreme. Every crime had to come before the Session and congregation, and the penitent had to appear before the congregation clad in sackcloth. In some cases the penitent was compelled to stand several Sundays in a public place before the church-door, barefooted and bareheaded, clad in some wretched garment, often made of horse-hair, and also with a paper crown upon the head, on which was written the character of the offence.

British and Foreign.

UNITED STATES. Postmaster-General Vilas proposes to institute a reform in the matter of Post Office names.

HAMILL, the author of the Anti-Treating law, was arrested in Wells, Nevada, on the 25th ult., for violating the same.

THE Ferry Cabinet, though holding office less than two years, has been longer lived than any Ministry since the fall of the Empire.

A THOUSAND pajamas and as many flannel shirts have been sent to the Sudan from a single branch of the National Aid Society of England.

NON-CHURCH-GOING in Glasgow is said to obtain largely among the people from the country who have had no seat rents to pay before they came to the city.

REV. JAMES GARDNER, Rousay and Egilshay, died recently. He was ordained in 1843, and since the death of Dr. Clouston was the father of the Orkney Presbytery.

REV. J. A. IRELAND, Whitburn, conducted a special military service in Falkirk church lately, in commemoration of General Gordon. The volunteer corps was present.

THE Territorial Government of Dakota has offered a reward of \$5,000 for the discovery and development of a mine of anthracite coal in that territory, and prospectors are busy.

LOBSTERS, says Professor Beckmore, are now taken almost entirely from deep water, and at the present rate of decrease will shortly become curiosities, to be found only in the museums.

THE late Mrs. Hamilton, of Derry, has made a large number of bequests to the schemes of the Irish Presbyterian Church, and left all the residue of her property to the Sustentation Fund.

MR. R. B. BROWNING will send to the Grosvenor Gallery, London, a portrait of his father, Mr. Robert Browning. It is painted for Balliol College, and depicts the poet seated in university gown.

THE *Medical Journal* states that a few handfuls of common salt thrown daily into closets, and an occasional handful into wash basins, goes far toward counteracting the noxious effects of the unimpressed sewer gas.

THE original industrial school in Edinburgh, founded by Dr. Thomas Guthrie in 1847, is about to be removed from Ramsay-lane to Liberton. The new building will be formed on plans containing all the best modern arrangements.

TRAVELLING mesmerists are said to be accompanied by "subjects," who have been trained to resist the ordinary tests of burning and pricking, and can thus simulate the hypnotic sleep. They are known to the professional mesmerist as "horses."

A MAGNIFICENT open space, as large as St. James Park or the Green Park, is about to be presented to the inhabitants of South London. This new park is situated at Dulwich, and consists of seventy-two acres of land, which are at present owned by the Governors of Dulwich College.

IN a paper read by Dr. Varick, of New York, the use of simple hot water as a dressing for wounds is strongly recommended. During an experience of its use of six years in cases of acute surgery, such as railroad accidents, etc., he has had no death from septicaemia or primary or secondary shock.

THE healing power of earthquakes is a subject for discussion in the Spanish medical press. The statement is made that in the recent shake-up at Malaga most of the patients forgot their diseases and took to the open air. The change agreed with them so well that a few only have returned to the hospital.

THE membership of the Free High Church, Paisley, was 516 when Mr. Sturrock was inducted in 1869, and it is now 804. A Margaret Brough memorial hall is to be built to the west of the church. Mr. Brough's legacy of \$2,500 a year, Mr. Sturrock says, makes the financial future of the congregation secure.

IN a report presented to Glasgow Established Presbytery, containing answers to inquiries regarding non-church-going, it was stated that there was great unanimity as to the cause, viz., drunkenness. Many complaints were made that the good being done in parishes was almost wholly undone by the existence of so many drinking shops in the neighbourhood.

A FEW years ago, says the *London Standard*, the young people of England became immoderately fond of roller skating, and rinks were built all over the country. The fever, however, was as brief as any other vagary of fashion, the enthusiasm died away, the rinks were deserted, the investors lost their money, and roller skates disappeared in the land.

DR. SMITH, Cathcart, is to move at next meeting of Glasgow Established Church Presbytery, an overture to the Assembly in favour of the preparation of a new directory of worship, and Rev. R. Stewart, St. Mark's, Glasgow, has given notice of his intention to move that the Assembly be asked to approve of a permissive ritual for part of the devotional services of the Church.

COLORADO people are more successfully photographed, as a rule, than white people are, says an experienced photographer, the medium mulatto making the finest photograph in the world. Light complexions are hardest to take, and light coloured clothing does not look well in pictures. In taking pictures of animals the instantaneous process is best. Cats are the best sitters.

NOW that a statue of John Harvard has been erected on the Delta, in Cambridge, Mass., it is proposed to find out something about his private history. Mr. Henry Fitz-Gilbert Waters, an expert New England antiquary, has recently obtained in England some important clues unknown to all previous investigators, and graduates are invited to contribute funds to enable him to prosecute the work.