

stances of Elysium; but this is the exception, not the rule. People smoke to satisfy the craving begotten of previous indulgence. These are accommodations for 150 smokers at a time, and there is seldom a vacancy very long. The stream of smokers goes on from early morning to midnight, when the place closes; the clouds of smoke go up incessantly all day long. Europeans do not often visit the place; but the seamen of American men-of-war visiting Shanghai sometimes seek solace in the drug.

IN NEW ORLEANS.

The singular dual life in the Crescent City took vehement hold of the imagination of the old clergyman.

On one side of its great artery, Canal Street, is a powerful American city, firmly established, fully abreast of the trade and industry of the time, and clutching eagerly for its share of the commerce of the world. It is vitalized now with an energy which, if not pure Yankee in character, is very closely akin to it.

Here are miles of wharves heaped with cotton and sugar; thoroughfares massively built through which the endless tides of human life ebb and flow all day; magnificent avenues stretching away out to the country, lined with modern hotels, club-houses and huge dwellings, each flanked by one or two picturesque towers, which, on inspection, turn out to be only cisterns.

There is the necessary complement of black shadow below these vivid high lights. Poverty and Vice live more out of doors in New Orleans than in Northern cities. There they are, barefaced, leering, always on the familiar pave, to be seen and known of all men. Back of all signs of wealth and gaiety, too, is the mud, a material, clammy horror. The water, a deadly enemy here, perpetually fought and forced back, rushes in, whenever a day's rain gives it vantage, at every crevice, floods the streets and clogs the drains. It oozes out from the ground whenever you step on it, drips down the walls of your drawing room, stains your books a coffee colour, clings to you, chilly and damp, in your clothes and in your bed, turns the air you breathe into a cold stream, and washes your dead out of their graves.

"This Queen of the South has soiled and muddy robes," said Mr. Ely, "but she is still a queen."

He delighted to stroll in the afternoon with the Colonel across Canal Street, to find this lusty American city varsh suddenly, and to enter a quiet French provincial town of the days of Louis XIV. Here was no stir, no clamour.

"Voilà la vraie Nouvelle Orléans!" lips little Betty, as she guided him for the first time into the labyrinth of narrow streets branching off La Rue Royale. It was her old home, and very beautiful and dear to her. Madame de Parras was confined to the house with rheumatism, and was willing to trust her to the escort of her reverend friend. So the old man and the girl, being about the same age ("as old as the Babes in the Wood," quoth Mrs. Ely), fell into the habit of strolling in the early morning or gathering twilight through the network of oddly silent streets, so narrow that the overhanging eaves nearly met over the cobblestone pavements. Steep roofs, scaled with earthen tiles and green with moss, hooded dormer windows peeping out of them like half-shut eyes, rose abruptly from the one-storied houses. Here and there a cobbler sat on his bench in the street plying his awl and singing to himself, or a group of swarthy, half-naked boys knelt on the banquette, flinging their arms about in a gambling game for pennies, and shrieking in some wild dialect, half Negro and half French.

Their walks usually ended on the Boulevard Esplanade. Even that wide thoroughfare fell into quiet in the afternoon, as the long shadows of the trees lay heavily across it. Within the close walls they could catch a glimpse of the courts about which the houses are built, the glitter of fountains shaded by orange-trees and broad-leaved tropical plants. Sometimes a jalousied window would be left open, and they would catch the tinkle of a guitar or the sound of a woman's voice singing.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

WHAT AVAILS STYLE WHEN YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY?

You have, so far as your letters have enabled me to judge, among your other studies not neglected the art of English composition. But, as an old friend of mine used to say (a signal instance, by the way, he was of a man whom fate or free will has compelled to give up to journalism what was meant for literature), "It is no use printing in capitals if you have no ink." What avails it to build up a pretty house of words if you have no thought to put inside it? Moreover, these pretty houses are as common as "Queen Anne" villas and "Chippendale" furniture. A style (mark the use of the indefinite article) is so common now that, for all the outcries it raised, it is impossible to deny the truth of that much-abused American saying, that no one now cared what you said but how you said it. A style (indefinite article as before) is the easiest thing in the world to get, and there are as many ways of getting it as of "getting" religion. It is as easy to deface the English language as to deface an old church. Human intelligence is bounded; but to human folly there is no limit. Do not, then, imagine that you will succeed by the particular elegance of your writing alone. There will be rivals all round you to out-Herod you at this game; or your choicest epithets and most nicely-balanced periods may be tossed into the waste-paper basket to make room for

"Some stupendous
And tremendous (heaven defend us!)
Monstrous—inform—ingens—horrend—cus
Demoniac—Serpentic
Pennyman's latest piece of graphic."

Literature, you must always remember, is in the eyes of nearly all editors, and must be, before all things, a commercial speculation. They are not the patrons but the clients of the public taste, and the dictates of that taste, though they may sigh as critics, they must as editors obey.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

TO A WILD FLOWER.

BY JOHN R. CLARK, DUNDAS.

Pale pretty blossom!

Daughter of mountain winds and springtime rain,
Whose gentle, fragile face has yearned so often
To see the golden sun; but all in vain,
For thickly crowding forest trees have hid thee from eager
eyes,
To keep from thee all pain.

Knowing of life but through the leaves a quiver
Of golden sunshine, but as sifting through the leaves,
Like wavelets in a happy river.
Or in autumnal days that sigh and moan
With paths that shall make thy petals shiver.

Be thankful, little flower, that thou art small,
With great, grand, gracious friends to guard and keep thee,
Till they, for thee, shall be bereft of all their golden leaves,
That thou, pale pretty blossom, shouldst have a fitting
funeral pall.

A funeral pall of dying golden glory,
More beautiful than thy pale and peaceful face.
When thou didst most enjoy life's passing story
Of sunshine rains or drops of sprinkled rain,—
Thy life so full of kindly, gentle good.

THE FRAMERS AND THE FRAMING OF THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

Professor McMaster, the historian, has prepared a timely article for the September *Century* on the "Framers and the Framing of the Constitution," from which the following is quoted: "The delegates thus bound to secrecy were assuredly a most remarkable body of men. Hardly one among them but had sat in some famous assembly, had signed some famous document, had filled some high place, or had made himself conspicuous for learning, for scholarship, or for signal services rendered in the cause of liberty. One had framed the Albany plan of union; some had been members of the Stamp Act Congress of 1765; some had signed the Declaration of Rights in 1774; the names of others appear at the foot of the Declaration of Independence, and at the foot of the Articles of Confederation; two had been presidents of Congress; seven had been, or were then, governors of States; twenty-eight had been members of Congress; one had commanded the armies of the United States; another had been Superintendent of Finance; a third had repeatedly been sent on important missions to England, and had long been minister to France.

"Nor were the future careers of many of them to be less interesting than their past. Washington and Madison became Presidents of the United States; Elbridge Gerry became Vice-President; Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Rufus King became candidates for the presidency, and Jared Ingersoll, Rufus King and John Langdon candidates for the vice-presidency; Hamilton became Secretary of the Treasury; Madison, Secretary of State; Randolph, Attorney-General and Secretary of State, and James McHenry, a Secretary of War; Ellsworth and Rutledge became Chief Justices; Wilson and John Blair rose to the supreme bench; Gouverneur Morris and Wellsworth and Charles C. Pinckney and Gerry and William Davie became ministers abroad. Others less fortunate closed their careers in misery or in shame. Hamilton went down before the pistol of Aaron Burr; Robert Morrison, after languishing in a debtor's prison, died in poverty; James Wilson died a broken-hearted fugitive from justice; Edward Randolph left the Cabinet of Washington in disgrace; William Blount was driven from the Senate of the United States."

DURING THE REVOLUTION.

An English witness relates how in October, 1794 she was one day standing at the door of a shop to which a beggar came to buy a slice of pumpkin. The shopkeeper refused to let it go for less than the prices he had originally fixed, whereupon the beggar insolently told her that she was *grande aristocratie*. The unhappy shopkeeper turned pale, and cried out, "My *civisme* is beyond dispute, but take the pumpkin!" The beggar's reply was, "Ah! now you are a good Republican!" The muttered comment of the shopkeeper was, "Yes, yes, 'tis a fine thing to be a good Republican—when one has not bread to eat." When the threat of a beggar could make an honest and insignificant person like this old market woman tremble and turn pale, it is not surprising to find that for very many months after the actual reign of terror was over, people very generally went about under a continual sense of apprehension. Parisians of those days are said to have habitually worn a "revolutionary aspect." They had at one time been the frankest and most vivacious people in the world—gay, open, cheerful and polite. The terror had made them morose and suspicious. They walked with their heads bent on their breast, and many of them had contracted a habit of looking from under the lids of their half-shut eyes before speaking, especially to strangers. The bolder and more reckless spirits swaggered about in ultra-revolutionary costume: carnagone of rough cloth, leather breeches, top boots and a bonnet rouge with a preposterously large tricoloured cockade at the side.—*Temple Bar.*

THE Rev. John Tait, of the High Church, Dumbarton, who six months ago received a cheque for upwards of \$2,500 from his people to enable him to take a holiday on account of declining health, resumed ministerial work recently. His health, he said, had been much improved by his holiday. He suffered from a throat disease, which has quite disappeared.

British and Foreign.

No fewer than 110 candidates have applied for the living of Kennoway!

THE British Medical Temperance Association, begun in 1876, has now a membership of 424.

THE Crown Prince of Germany, while in Scotland, attended service in the church at Braemar.

DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, of New York, preached in the U. P. Church at Troon on a recent Sabbath.

THE Rev. Mr. Munro has been lecturing at Aharacle on his experiences as a missionary pioneer in Canada.

DR. STEPHENSON of Dalry is about to present his parish with a mission hall which will cost \$15,000.

REV. LAJOS SZABO, of Hungary, has been preaching to large congregations in the Free Church at Portmahaven.

THE most of the Duke of Argyll's shootings at inveraray are leased this season by Mr. Hamer, an Anglican clergyman.

THE fine library of the late Professor Wallace has been presented by his daughter to the Assembly's College at Belfast.

MRS. LAWRENCE, the second daughter of the late Dr. James Hamilton of Regent Square Church, died recently at Willesden.

RECENT reports of Dr. Dollinger's illness were groundless. He is still fresh and vigorous in mind and body at the age of eighty-eight.

LORD ZETLAND has given \$1,250 towards a new seaman's bath at Grangemouth, and the Caledonian Railway Company are expected to furnish a site.

LORD POLWARTH conducted services at Elie, in Fifeshire, every Sabbath during the past month; while his son, Honourable W. G. Scott, had daily afternoon meetings with the children on the beach.

A FRESH outburst of feeling on the New Hebrides question has been caused in Victoria, on the receipt of news that trespasses have been committed by the French against the Presbyterian mission on the islands.

OF the sixteen recognized inebriates' retreats in England, all but two are for females alone; and the applications for admission to these retreats for females are always very far in advance of their possible accommodation.

ST. MARY'S Church, Partick, has been greatly improved in its internal aspect by the recent repairs; and a member has presented a communion table, with chairs and reading desk. The membership at present exceeds 1,200.

A SALVATION Army colonel, James Dowdle by name, alleges that he saw more drunken people in Stirling in three days, when he was in Scotland, than in all the five months he was travelling through Canada and the United States.

AT the first anniversary of the induction of Rev. Joseph Agnew at Dunbar the report showed that the church had been in a flourishing condition since his settlement, having a largely increased membership, even with the want of the minority.

MR. MACAINSH, of Strathbaan, Perth, preached the Gaelic sermon lately at a church in Drury Lane, London, under the auspices of the Caledonian Christian Union, which is arranging a very complete programme of Gaelic services for next session.

THE Rev. Duncan Munro, from Malloba, preached in the parish church of Aharacle recently; an evangelistic evening service, announced to be held in the school at Gobshalloch, had to be held on the hillside on account of the large gathering.

THE Government of Spain has resolved to take the initiative in celebrating in a most solemn manner the centenary of the discovery of America in 1492, and it will invite all the nations who people the territories discovered by Columbus to take part.

MR. AZIZ AHMAD, an Afghano-Arabian said to be directly descended from Mohammed, lectured on "Egypt and the Egyptians" in West St. Giles's, Edinburgh, on a recent Sunday evening to a large audience. He urged the sending out of missionaries.

THE Rev. John Jones, vicar of Llandysilio Gogo, has died in his eighty-fourth year. He was best known to Welshmen by his bardic name, "Idrisyn." In 1881 he was granted a pension of \$250 from the civil list, in recognition of his services to Welsh literature.

THE Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Mains, near Dundee, has been appointed professor of systematic theology in Aberdeen university. Mr. Stewart graduated at St. Andrew's in 1868, and was ordained in 1873. He carried off a large number of university honours.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the Church of England Temperance Society was instituted. It has now affiliated with it 4,000 branches, with 700,000 members. There must be a great future for it, since there are still thousands of parishes where its efforts are unknown.

For the first time in its history, a marriage was celebrated lately in St. John's Church, Hamilton, the church being decorated for the occasion, and instrumental music employed in the service. Rev. Mr. MeLeod of Boddam was the bridegroom. The ceremony attracted a large congregation.

THE New South Wales Government having offered 500,000 acres of land to any missionaries who will undertake the civilization of the natives, the Pope has requested the Propaganda to furnish missionaries at once, lest they should be anticipated by Protestants. Irish Trappists are to sent.

THE Roman Catholic Church in England is going more heartily into temperance work. The League of the Cross has had a field day at the Crystal Palace, where Cardinal Manning gave an address. It has 50,000 subscribing members in England. In Ireland the number is greater, Cork alone having 10,000.