

the elm-leaves that swayed to and fro before the window, and then the robins took it up in the garden. By the way, have you seen the robin's nest that Zillah shewed us?"

"Yes," she replied, "but it's empty, and the queer little things that Zillah said were all 'mouth and swallow' are now pert young robins, rollicking around the garden all day long. They remind me of Reuben and Dapple. I love such fresh young life, unshadowed by care or experience."

"I believe you; and your sympathy with such life will always keep you young at heart. I can't imagine you growing old; indeed, truth is never old and feeble."

"You are very fanciful, Mr. Morton," she said, with a trace of perplexity again on her face.

"I have heard that that was a characteristic of sick people," I laughed.

"Yes; we have to humour them like children," she added, smoothing her brow as if this was an excuse for letting me express more admiration than she relished.

"Well," I admitted, "I've never been ill and made much of before, since I was a little fellow, and my mother spoiled me, and I've no idea how to behave. Even if I did, it would seem impossible to be conventional in this house. Am I not the most singularly fortunate man that ever existed? Like a fool I had broken myself down, and was destined to be ill. I started off as aimlessly as an arrow shot into the air, and here I am, enjoying your society and Mrs. Yocomb's care."

"It is indeed strange," she replied musingly, as if half speaking to herself; "so strange that I cannot understand it. Life is a queer tangle at best. That is, it seems so to us sometimes."

"I assure you I am glad to have it tangled for me in this style," I said laughing. "My only dread is getting out of the snarl. Indeed, I'm sorely tempted to play sick indefinitely."

"In that case we shall all leave you here to yourself."

"I think you have done that already."

"What would your paper do without you?" she asked, with her brow slightly knitted and the colour deepening in her cheeks.

"Recalling what you said, I'm tempted to think it is doing better without me."

"You imagine I said a great deal more than I did."

"No, I remember everything that happened until I was taken ill. It's strange I was taken so suddenly. I can see you playing Chopin's nocturne as distinctly as I see you now. Do you know that I had the fancy that the cluster of roses you sent me was that nocturne embodied, and that the 'shar' of colour were the variations in the melody?"

"You are indeed very fanciful. I hope you will grow more rational as you get well."

"I remember you thought me slightly insane in the garden."

"Yes; and you promised that you would see things just as they are after leaving it."

"I can't help seeing things just as they seem to me. Perhaps I do see them just as they are."

"Oh, no! To a matter-of-fact person like myself, you are clearly very fanciful. If you don't improve in this respect, you'll have to take a course in mathematics before returning to your work or you will mislead your readers."

"No, I'm going to take a course of weeding in the garden, and you were to invite me into the arbour as soon as I had done enough to earn my salt."

"I fear you will pull up the vegetables."

"You can at least shew me which are the potatoes."

(To be continued.)

#### EAT SLOWER.

A respectable, elderly lady patient went to London to consult the very highest authority about her dyspepsia and its accompanying ailments. She waited very patiently for her turn, entered the awful presence, told her pitiful story, put out her furred and creased tongue.

The doctor listened, and said: "Um! ah! yes, just so!" Then he looked profoundly, awfully wise.

"Now, doctor, what shall I do? I have tried everything, and nothing does me any good. Can you do anything to help me?"

"Yes, madam; you must eat slower."

She waited for her prescription, but the doctor did not write; and was evidently expecting her to go. He thought she might be hard of hearing, and spoke louder, "Eat slower."

By an involuntary but slight movement of his right hand she saw there was nothing to do but pay the fee. The two guineas dropped, and she sadly left his presence.

Two guineas for two words! But they are richly worth the money. "Eat slower" is very wise and very important counsel. There is a time for everything—and as eating is one of the most important things of our mortal life, the time we take to do it rightly is of very great importance.

#### BRITAIN AND THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

Under any circumstances, it is impossible that the region which comprises within its limits the luxuriant pasture lands of Jaulan, the magnificent forest-clad mountains of Gilead, the rich arable plains of Moab, and the fervid sub-tropical valley of the Jordan, can remain much longer neglected. Whether we regard it from an archaeological, a commercial, or a political point of view, this territory possesses an interest and importance unrivalled by any tract of country of similar extent in Asiatic Turkey. It remains for England to decide whether she will undertake the task of exploring its ruined cities, of developing its vast agricultural resources, by means of the repatriation of that race which first entered into its possession 3,000 years ago, and of securing the great political advantages which must accrue from such a policy. —"The Land of Gilead," by Laurence Oliphant.

The latest we have read of Mr. Stanley is that he is living at Vivi, in a village built with lumber from Europe, and had constructed a road three leagues east of his village.

#### WORDS OF PRAISE.

Don't be afraid to praise your friends if they deserve it. Most people like honeyed words, but there are those who crave appreciation. They have no satisfaction in hearing that any of their purchases are rich and beautiful; that a specimen of their handiwork is handsome and stylish; that their words are eloquent, their writings are finished and forceful, and their actions notable and brilliant; that everybody likes them, and that they are the best and brightest in all the community. Praise of this kind gives them no comfort, and perhaps is distasteful to them. But they are glad to be assured by one who is evidently sincere and discerning that they have shewn good taste in what they have selected or designed; that their words are wise and timely; and that they are seen to mean what they said; that they evinced a refined sentiment and lofty purpose in all that they attempted or did; that, indeed, they have an ideal worth having, and which they are persevering, striving to reach. If you want to please the commoner sort of people, speak words of praise as freely as you can with truth. If you want to help and gratify the noble-minded few, you must be appreciative of their character and their holiest strivings, and speak accordingly. They care less for praise than appreciation. —Anon.

#### THE MASTER'S CALL.

They tell me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me, For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see. They say at any moment the Lord of life may come To lift me up from this cloud-land, into the light of home.

They say I may have no warning, I may not even hear The rustling of His garments as He softly draweth near; Suddenly,—in a moment,—upon my ear may fall The summons to leave our homestead, to answer the Master's call.

Perhaps He will come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day, When, with dear ones all around me, my life seems bright and gay;

Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road, Up from the dimmer sunlight into the light of God.

Perhaps He will come in the stillness of the mild and quiet night, When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moonbeams' silvery light,

When the stars are softly shining o'er slumbering land and sea,—

Perhaps in that holy stillness, the Master will come for me.

I think I would rather hear it, that voice so low and sweet, Calling me cut from the shadows, my blessed Lord to meet, Up through the glowing splendours of a starry, earthly night,

To see the "King in His beauty" in a land of purer light.

THE end of learning is to know God, and out of that knowledge, to love Him and imitate Him as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue. —Milton.

PEOPLE who do not "get on" in the world often fail to realize how much waste is involved in habits of needless expense that seem very trivial. Lord Derby recently gave to English workmen an impressive lesson on this subject. They would, of course, all like to be land owners. Estimating the value of an acre of fertile land at sixty pounds, the price of a square yard of land would be about three-pence. "I wonder," said Lord Derby, "how many workmen consider that when they order three-penny worth of beer or spirits they are swallowing down a square yard of good agricultural land!" As land is much cheaper in this country, it requires a waste even less than six cents to do away with a yard of it. A succession of such little improvidences soon swallow a small farm which might afford the owner a comfortable and independent living. The principle applies not only to drink, but to tobacco and finery, and every form of needless or foolish expenditure.

It is now six years since the Free Church of Scotland set about establishing the Livingstonia mission settlement in Eastern Africa, as a memorial of Dr. Livingstone. A sum of £21,000 has been expended, and not only has the Gospel been preached to the natives on the shores of Lake Nyassa, but an effectual check has been put on the slave trade. Formerly, as many as 19,000 slaves were annually carried off from this region.

THE death is announced in the 82nd year of his age of Count D'Albanie—Charles Edward Stuart—which took place on board a steamer coming from Bordeaux on Christmas Eve. His father, James Stuart, Count D'Albanie, is believed by many persons to have been the legitimate son of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the "Young Pretender," as he was called, by the Princess Louise Clementina Sobieski of Stolberg. The Count James, who had married Catharine Bruce, had two sons—first, John Sobieski Stolberg Stuart; and second, Charles Edward Stuart, born June 4th, 1799; and a daughter, Katharine Matilda Mary Stuart, who married the Count Ferdinand Lancaster. The second son, whose death is announced above, married, in 1822, Anne, widow of Colonel Gardner, daughter of the Hon. J. Beresford; second son of Marcus Beresford, Earl of Tyrone, and brother of the first Marquis of Waterford. The late Count, who had seen much of the world, and wrote and spoke fluently some seven or eight languages, had lived in much seclusion in South Belgravia, London, for the last twenty years. Of dignified mien and carriage, he usually appeared in public in an andress dark military coat of a foreign type, with his numerous orders on his breast, having personally when a mere youth received that of the Legion of Honour from the hands of the great Napoleon, on the field of Waterloo, for meritorious services.

#### BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

POPE LEO will be seventy-one years old in March. He has recovered from his illness, and is now in good health.

THE amount distributed from the Peabody Fund to the States of the South from 1868 to 1878, inclusive, has been \$1,061,700, of which the sum of \$77,250 was disbursed in 1878.

A LONDON paper states that Dr. George Matheson, of Inverness, who is to be the Baird Lecturer for 1881, has broken off from the party represented by Principal Caird and the "Scotch Sermons."

JOHN BOYD BAXTER, LL.D., has intimated his intention to contribute \$625,000 towards founding a college in Dundee, Scotland. The idea, he says, has been the dream of his life.

THE Marquis of Bath says: "If the Bulgarian nation rises again to spiritual life, its recovery will be in no small degree owing to the intellectual and devotional influence of a small and devoted company of American missionaries."

IN Oliver Cromwell's time £38,000 were raised for the Waldensians, who were for so many generations persecuted to the death. Of this sum £16,000 were left in the hands of the English Government, who to-day pay £257 annually to the Waldensian Church.

THE London "Missionary News" says that the Congregation de Propaganda Fide of the Roman Catholic Church has set apart half a million lire for the erection, at Malta, of two colleges for the education of youth who wish to devote themselves to mission work in Africa.

THE real property of the unrecognized Roman Catholic Orders who have been lately turned out of France increased enormously in the last thirty years. From forty millions it had risen to four hundred million francs, besides which they hold bonds, stocks, etc., to an unknown amount.

A PLEASANT evidence of increasing toleration is reported from Servia. Prince Milan has a right of nominating a certain number of members to the Skupstchina, and in the exercise of this right he has named a Jew and a Mohammedan to represent the minorities with which they are identified.

TEN years ago evangelical ministers were imprisoned for preaching the Gospel in France. Now, all France is open to the pure Gospel. In some of the communes mayors reside at religious meetings and introduce the preachers. This is true, both in the cities and the provinces. And the people shew an eagerness to listen. Verily, the changes in France are wonderful.

THE "Foreign Missionary Record" says in its "Concert of Prayer," that when Cary went to India (1793), a body of ministers resolved on holding a meeting on the first Monday night of each month for united prayer for the success of every attempt by all denominations of Christians for the spread of the Gospel, and a paper was drawn up inviting similar meetings, and addresses to independent associations of ministers in England and Wales, and that this paved the way for the formation of the London Missionary Society in 1795.

A BOY now in the Kansas Penitentiary is said to have sacrificed himself to save his father. According to a statement in the New York "Tribune" of December 29th, it has been discovered that in a trial for the murder of a man named Farris, five years ago, the prisoner, who was only sixteen years of age, and who pleaded guilty to the charge, did so falsely. His father was the real perpetrator of the crime, and the son voluntarily accused himself to shield him from punishment. He has been in prison five years, and has kept his secret until the death of his father removed the motive for self-sacrifice. Now, evidence is brought to light which proves the father's guilt beyond a doubt. The case is altogether a most extraordinary one in criminal annals, and is one of those rare instances of which the Apostle speaks in Rome v. 7.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung," writing from Rome about Christmas and New Year's scenes in that city, speaks of the disappearance of some of the picturesque features of street life since the Pope has retired to the Vatican, and says: "In the streets waves the Italian tri-color. The pizzas are enlivened by officers in national, not French or Papal uniforms. People speak of the king, not of the Pope; of Italy, not of Piedmont. The Leo-city is abandoned, the Piazza Colonna has become the place of cheerful traffic. Good lighting of the streets, new city ordinances, diligent continuation of the excavations, care for the safety and cleanliness of the population, freedom of the press, and diligent study of the newspapers—these are the bright acquisitions of recent times. . . . The people of Rome speak of the Pope as of a man who lives far away, or who lived long ago, and the visitors to the Eternal City have accustomed themselves to live in Rome and not to see the Pope."

MISSIONARY prospects in Uganda, Central Africa, do not appear to be very promising. Dr. Emin-Bey writes to the "Mittheilungen" that Mtesa held a great council on December 23rd, 1879, at which it was resolved to prohibit the English and French missionaries from teaching, and to punish with death any native of the country who listened to them. The Mohammedan religion was condemned at the same time, and ancient customs are to be adhered to. The assembled chiefs were of opinion that they required no religious teachers in Uganda, but guns, powder, and percussion caps. On June 1st one of the English missionaries wrote to Dr. Emin that their task appeared to be hopeless, and the King refused to listen to anything they had to say. Mtesa had relapsed into his savagery, and sacrificed two hundred human beings on the grave of his ancestors. From another source we learn that King Mtesa, having been cured of some disorder by Father Lourdel, exhibited greater kindness to the Roman Catholic missionaries than before, and that they were able to baptize several adults. —April last.