

She had slow, dull natures to stir up, and natures hard and crabbed to soften and soothe, and in numberless other ways to hold up her husband's hands, and maintain his honour in the little community to which he stood as God's overseer.

There were "pauz bodies" in every street, into whose dim little rooms the face of the minister's wife came like sunshine. She was a kind of providence to some of them, having made herself responsible to them for cups of tea, or basins of soup, or jugs of milk in their time of need. And for better help still. To the suffering and sorrowful she came with words of comfort and consolation, and with words of chiding or of cheer to the "thruward" and the erring, who had helped to make their own trouble. She was mindful of all and kind to all as they had need and she had power.

She had other uses for her time also. duties and pleasures which she could not neglect. A new book found its way to the manse sometimes, and she had the *Evangelical Magazine* to read—it would be thought dry reading nowadays—and the weekly paper as well, for great interest was taken in public affairs at that time. These books and papers were to be thought over, and considered, and then discussed with her husband, and sometimes with the two or three hard-handed farmers or artisans of their flock, who had, under their teaching learned to care for books and even for "poyms," and for all that the great world in the distance was trying to say and to do.

It was well for her that she had learned to do two things at once, or even three,—that she could enjoy her book quite as well with her knitting-needles glancing busily in her skillful fingers, and her foot on her boy's cradle, and withal never forget to meet and answer the smile of her patient little daughter, or by glance or word or touch to keep her restless lads in order.

Her brown eyes seldom looked troubled or weary, and her voice, though at times imperative enough, never grew sharp or fretful. Her steps went lightly up and down the stair, and through the streets of the town, and her smile was like sunshine at home and abroad.

And the help that Allison's willing and efficient service was to her mistress cannot be told. It would have helped her more if the girl had been happier in the giving of it. "But," said her hopeful mistress, "that will come in time."

(To be continued.)

THE PRESENT GOD.

The same temper of mind that would leave God behind in the past, would persuade us also to banish Him to distant space. He is not *here*, but *there*. We look for Him above, beneath, around us. In majesty He broods over the abyss; benignly He gazes from the stars. He is under the ocean, in the desert, on the mountain top. But has seldom we recognize that He is *here*. Our surroundings are vulgar; and to associate God with the poor, common things of life seems little less than profane. But this was not Paul's view of the divine. In the tentmaker's workshop at Corinth, where the canvas and the tools were lying as he entered upon his morning task, lo, God was there! His bodily eyes saw only the plain, common-looking men who worked with him, but a keener sight beheld the spiritual presence of the divine Workman, who was great enough to fashion the world, and humble enough to toil once at Joseph's bench. The lane in which the apostle lived may well have seemed too dingy for anything heavenly to enter. But in His humble lodgings Christ was an hourly guest. He loved His disciple, and would not leave him comfortless. When Paul passed down into the hold of the Mamertine prison, Christ passed down there too. In persecuting the follower the world has always persecuted the Master; for He cannot desert His own. To all believers in all time He has fulfilled this promise to the letter; "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." We have, hence, to pass, if we are His children, over no great distances to find Him. We say He is at the centre of the universe. And so He is; and so is every one of His creatures. The centre of the universe to you is just where you stand, and at that centre is God.—S. Giffard Nelson, in the *November American Magazine*.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN'S MANY-SIDEDNESS.

A complete life of Green would be an impossible task to carry out satisfactorily. First of all, such a biography would have to be founded on the personal recollections of a hundred different men and women, each of whom knows, perhaps, only one aspect of his character. "Brilliantly" and "versatility" are the words which come into the mind when we think of his conversation. The account of each period of his life, for it was divided very sharply into distinct periods, would have to be supplied by the person with whom he was most intimate at the time. . . . He enjoyed saying sharp things to those he knew best; but, though extremely witty and amusing in conversation, he never made a really unkind remark to any one; not that he was what is called "amiable," or "popular," but, rather, because he would have thought it beneath him. He did not care to associate with stupid people, or people whom he even suspected of stupidity; and the friends he gathered most closely about him were, in many instances, men who were supposed to know some subject thoroughly. Each man, therefore, of the whole group imagined that his particular object or "ology" was the one thing in which Green took the most interest. . . . It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the inexhaustible fund of interest which he had always at command for the ambitions, troubles and doubts, or successes of his friends. Literary jealousy was unknown to him. After labouring hard at some historical problem, he would place the results of his researches freely at the disposal of the first man who seemed likely to be able to make a good use of them. He revelled in the good work done by others. Sick or busy, he could always find time to help a serious worker who sought his advice.—W. L. Loftis, in *New Princeton Review* for November.

'MONGST THE HILLS O' SOMERSET.

'Mongst the hills o' Somerset
Wisht I was a roamin' yet I
My feet won't get usen to
These low lands I'm trompin' through
Wisht I could go back there, and
Stroke the long grass with my hand,
Like my school-boy sweetheart's hair
Smoothed out underneath it there!
Wisht I could set eyes once more
On our shadders, on before,
Climbin', in the airy dawn,
Up the slopes 'at low grewed on
Natcherl as the violet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

How 't 'u'd rest a man like me
Jes fer 'bout an hour to be
Up there where the mornin' air
Could reach out and ketch me there!—
Snatch my breath away, and then
Rense and give it back again
Fresh as dew, and smellin' of
The old pinks I ust to love,
And a-flavour'n' ever' breeze
With mixt hints o' mulberries
And May apples, from the thick
Bottom-lands along the crick
Where the fish bit, dry or wet,
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Like a livin' pictur' things
All comes back; the bluebird swings;
In the maple, tongue and bill
Trillin' glory fit to kill!
In the orchard, jay and bee
Ripens the first pears for me,
And the "Prince's Harvest," they
Tumble to me where I lay
In the clover, provin' still
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
Clean forgot is time, and care,
And thick hearin', and gray hair—
But they's nothin' I forget
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!

Middle-aged—to be edxact,
Very middle-aged in fact,—
Yet a-thinkin' back to then,
I'm the same wild boy again!
There's the dear old home once more,
And there's Mother at the door—
Dead, I know, fer thirty year,
Yet she's singin', and I hear.
And there's Jo, and Mary Jane,
And Pap, comin' up the lane!
Dusk 's a-fallin'; and the dew
'Pears like it 's a-fallin' too—
Dreamin' we 're all livin' yet
'Mongst the Hills o' Somerset!
—James Whitcomb Riley, in the *Century*.

JAPANESE MAIDENS.

A pretty Japanese maiden, dressed in soft embroidered silk, sitting on the mat on the floor, bending over a Koto, on which she strums an accompaniment to her voice, would in all probability touch the heart of a young Japanese, but no matter how much he might be touched, he must appear utterly indifferent to her and ignore her charms and her presence. For, progressive as is Japan, young men and women are never allowed together alone, and such a thing as a flirtation or coquetry is unknown. Unlike China and Corea, Japan allows parents to invite a young gentleman to their house as their guest, but he devotes his time to the parents, and the daughter may play the Koto, or entertain him in other ways, but she is noticed no more than is a coloured servant-woman by a guest in a Southern home. It seems strange to us that custom can so control feelings and sentiment, especially when every day we see here at home young men doing the exact opposite, ignoring parents and older members of the family, and feigning more interest in the young woman than they really feel. Marriages in Japan are carried on much as they used to be, the parent making the choice, but now-a-days if it chance that either young lady or gentleman, seeing the other, object to become husband or wife, the parents do not force the matter, and, as a rule, babies are not betrothed by their parents as they are in some other Asiatic countries. Neither are women so secluded as they are in those countries, for nearly as many Japanese women are to be seen on the streets in Japan as are American women in this country. In fact, the Japanese woman or girl is to Asia what the American girl is to Europe.—*American Magazine* for November.

BOOK STEALING IN PARIS.

Book stealing seems to have been elevated into a regular trade in Paris, for, according to a return drawn up by the Prefecture of Police, the number of persons prosecuted for this offence within the last two years has been 145, of whom only five have been acquitted, while ninety others have been sentenced to fine or imprisonment, and the remaining fifty are still awaiting their trial. The amount of bail lodged and of fees paid for hearing has exceeded £3,000, these sums being exclusive of counsel's fees and other legal expenses. The report goes on to say that several publishers have received anonymously sums varying from £20 to £700 from persons who had stolen books from them, but who were impelled by either remorse or fear to make restitution. The publishers of illustrated works, encyclopedias, and dictionaries, are the greatest sufferers. Upwards of 10,000 volumes have been seized, and are now collected at the Palais de Justice for distribution among their rightful owners.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

British and Foreign.

CANON LIDDON has been sojourning at Hawarden, as the guest of Mr. Gladstone.

CANON WILBERFORCE, who has again broken down from overwork, has gone for a change to Constantinople.

THE Rev. J. M. Ross is being nominated by some of the Presbyteries of New South Wales for the Moderatorship of next Assembly.

DR. F. L. ROBERTSON, of Glasgow, preached at the opening of the new parish church at Bo'ness, which has cost over \$35,000.

THE Russians have built a high tower on the Mount o Olives, from whose summit the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea can both be seen.

MR. ANDREW LANG has been appointed English editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and has also become the chief "taster" for Longman's.

MISS EMILY, daughter of Dr. Verner White, of South Kensington, has sailed for Calcutta to take charge of the Free Church Normal School.

HADDINGTON Presbytery has accepted the resignation of Mr. Tainsh, of Morham, expressing regret that the state of his health compelled the step.

THE widow of Mr. W. E. Otto, Jedneuk, factor to the Marquis of Lothian, has erected three stained glass windows to his memory in Jedburgh parish church.

IN the Aldershot Presbyterian congregation there is a band of eighteen members who carry on evangelistic work at four different centres of the neighbourhood.

THE Rev. Archibald Henderson, pastor of Lathones congregation, St. Andrew's, for over forty-eight years, has demitted his charge on account of age and infirmity.

THE Rev. Hugh Callan, a young Glasgow minister who who some time ago won a prize for the best bicycling story, is making a bicycling tour from the Clyde to the Jordan.

THE Rev. F. C. B. Fairy, "the canoe evangelist," who like Mr. McGregor calls his boat the *Rob Roy*, in addition to his personal work, is seeking to establish a river mission.

MR. STREAD, they say, is likely soon to cease his connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and it is possible that a religious daily may be started in London under his editorship.

THE Melbourne North Presbytery recommends that a committee of Assembly be appointed to whom ministers desirous of changing their field of work should make known their wish.

THE late Crawford Ross, Cadboll, Ross-shire, has bequeathed \$10,000 to agencies of the United Presbyterian Church; and an anonymous friend gives \$2,000 per Professor Calderwood.

A PROPOSAL is on foot to erect a building near Westminster Abbey to be called the Victoria Chapel where, in the coming years the illustrious dead will be buried, instead of in the Abbey itself.

LORD WATSON, of Cardrona, presided at a missionary meeting which closed a two days' conference on life and work in Peebles Parish Church. One of the papers read was by Dr. Cameron Lees.

BESIDES being a popular lay preacher in the Irvingite church, Mr. Macdonald, the new Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, is a chemist, archer, yachtsman, artist, leader of volunteers, and military strategist.

THE *Mid-Continent* says: The Rev. Dr. Wolff is lecturing every Sabbath evening on infidelity as contrasted with the fruits of Christianity. These lectures to the young are heard by crowded houses at Alton.

AT the Moffat meeting of Dumfries Free Church Synod, Dr. Smith, of Corsock, a paper on the conditions of successful prayer; and at night a great evangelistic meeting was held, one of the speakers being Mr. Scott, of Natal.

AN Edinburgh cabman charged at the police court with failing to drive at a walking pace past a church during the hours of divine service was let off by the magistrate on the ground that the hire was a doctor hastening to a patient.

THE Rev. Walter Brown, M.A., in opening the winter session of the Sabbath School Teachers' Association in Edinburgh, said the deepened interest in the work arose from a feeling that the day school teaching was not sufficient.

THE Rev. John M'Neill gave an address lately at Leicester before the Y. M. C. A. to an audience which crowded the largest hall in that town. He has undertaken to preach in Mr. Spurgeon's tabernacle, morning and evening, on 9th December.

A BIOGRAPHY of the late Mr. Duncan McLaren, M.P., for Edinburgh and brother-in-law of Mr. Bright, from the pen of J. B. Mackie, will be published presently. It will include correspondence with Macaulay, Cobden, Gladstone, and other eminent men.

MR. JAMES WEIR, an elder at Wanlockhead since 1844, has died in his seventy-ninth year. His natural gifts were of a high order, and his sterling character combined with these to make him a leader among his fellow-workmen. To young men on the Lord's side he was a constant source of strength and stimulus.

THE Rev. James Paterson, who has arrived from Scotland on a visit to Australia after an absence of twenty-five years, has been preaching in the church at Sydney where he was ordained. He has also been lecturing on his extensive missionary travel, in Russia, India, Burmah, Turkey, Mexico, Palestine and other countries.

IT is seven months since the important step was taken of appointing Mr. Robert Stark as the organizing agent of evangelistic work in the London Presbyteries. He has now on his list 115 laymen who are willing and able to assist in all manner of ways, such as addressing meetings, conducting open-air services, children's service, and temperance work.