

and closes of old-town. What was there? Just so many children one could scarcely count them or remember their names; a kindly-faced wife, loyal and true; a hearthside as barren of the comforts of this life as the face of a storm-beaten crag; but with faith, hope and unfaltering love enough within it to seed for saving an entire race!

The story of the man and his bitter struggle is a short one; because of his vocation, his poverty, his silent suffering. He was a mechanic once, with boundless hopes for education and advancement; perhaps with dreams of fame. The blindness came. That the wife and bairns might not starve, he must sing upon the street. Then a passing grand lady heard him sing. She sent for him and gave him an audience. The old hopes flamed anew. To make her husband presentable the soft-hearted wife gave all their savings and pledged all their little belongings for clothing and a brave new accoridon. "The puir body may find favor!" the fond wife prayed. He did—until he told the grand lady proudly of his good wife and bairns. Then she bid him good day, and her servant showed him the door.

John Connell has been singing for alms now for more than four years for this mishap; that those dear to him may barely live; to relieve himself from the wolf-fangs of the usurer; and to retrieve himself from the favor of this grand Edinburgh lady. Many, silent, dreadful are the tragedies of this life from the heedlessness and the heartlessness of the rich and great!

I added to his little store of books; helped a little in other ways from my own slender purse; but my heart aches and my eyes mist in the longing for some good and powerful man—is there not such a Scotchman in Scotland or America?—to place this blind singer where the songs of his tender heart may be made known to all men. Wherever my wanderings may lead me, I cannot but hear his thrilling voice in "Auld Reekie's" pleasant thoroughfares, or see him in the little Gibbs Entry home-cell, sitting in the silences of his sightless life, his faithful wife reading over and over to him the songs of other men, or taking down the lines that crowd upon his trembling tongue—a transcendent picture of some modern Prometheus bound.

When tramping upon the grand Scottish highways, and drawn from the road to the fields by some vagarious fancy, a thrilling sense of exultation comes in the accidental discovery of some old Roman road. You have perhaps leaped a wall and come upon a ragged hollow. This can be clearly traced, straight as an arrow, for a long distance. There is a wondrous fascination in this bramble-covered swail. You pothe about for a little, and find it paved with huge stones. More digging discloses solid walls set beneath the rubbish of its sides.

The sea itself hardly broke the line of this stout old artery, along which once surged the iron blood of Rome. Stern Agricola rode at the head of his legions past the very spot on which you are standing. Almost ceaseless tides of warriors swept over the road to Mont Grampus, that ten thousand slain and stark Caledonians might form an impassable wall before the mist-wreathed mountains beyond.

Eighteen hundred years have passed since jealous Domitian recalled to Rome this invincible leader of steel-mailed slaughterers, and the glowing pen of Tacitus told the surpassing bravery of the skin-clad Northmen who fell beneath his onslaughts; but as you linger upon this old Roman way, dreaming until the sun is almost level with the far mountain-tops, flaming their purple heather marvelously, countless wraiths pass and repass in olden battle array.

Then that it is the nineteenth and not the first century upon which the sun is shining is recalled to you by the face of a keenly observant but solemn collie dog breaking between some clumps of golden broom above you head. He has been minding a flock of sheep, grazing yonder on the brae side, and he has stepped aside for a moment to interrupt your vagarious fancies about Agricola and all the other grim old fellows of his blood-letting time, and to study your intentions and possibly examine your credentials. You beg his pardon for the trespass; leap the wall to the highway again; gaze back down the valley upon a score of red-roofed hamlets; push forward to the wayside inn where you are to tarry; and, between the walls of its huge chamber, you march in dreams from the Seven Hills to the Grampians, with mailed hosts and forests of spears, along that old Roman Road throughout the livelong night.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## THE FAR NORTH.

SWEDEN.

The Crown Princess has just published a book on her travels in Egypt.

"La Grippe" is now raging epidemically in Stockholm.

The "Mjndre Theater" in Gothenburg was burned down the other day.

E. Sandling, a merchant of Sundnæs, was drowned in the Lute river.

Baron Rappe, the minister of war, Baron G. O. Peyron and Count M. W. Hamilton have been appointed Lieutenant-Generals in the Swedish army.

The national debt of Sweden evenly distributed among the people would make every person indebted to the extent of \$14.85. The entire debt moreover, is placed in productive enterprises, an important advantage, which Sweden has over many other countries.

The elections to the "People's Riksdag" are announced to take place during the first two weeks after New Year's day. Every Swedish citizen of 21 years or over is entitled to vote on the 123 members that will constitute the Riksdag, and to be voted upon. Of the members, Gothenburg will send five and Stockholm twelve.

At an audience given to a member of Riksdag representatives King Oscar expressed himself as highly pleased with the result of the session, adding that his efforts for preservation of peace in the relations to foreign powers of the united kingdoms had been materially assisted by it. And this was the real object of the army reform bill, that and nothing else.

Only 8,952 persons in Gothenburg out of a total population of 104,215 are entitled to vote at parliamentary elections.

Those, on the other hand, who can exercise their right of suffrage at municipal elections number 14,087, representing, however, 228,035 ballots, each citizen disposing over several votes according to his social and financial standing.

Gothenburg seems to be considerably "behind" Stockholm in the matter of the consumption of liquor, the same being, in 1890, respectively 159,865 liters and 148,064 liters per 10,000 inhabitants. The latter figures are the more interesting, as the condition, in 1880, was the reverse of what it is now, Stockholm then consuming 238,252 liters to 202,032 liters consumed in Gothenburg per 10,000 people. The cause of this state of affairs is claimed to be the greater efforts made by the liquor associations of the capital to promote temperance, while the Gothenburg associations of late years have done practically nothing in that line.

NORWAY.

A telephone line will be built from Drammen to Svelvig.

C. Sundt a prominent citizen of Bergen, has made the museum in that city a present of 50,000 crowns.

The publishers of the *Drammen Dagblad* have decided to suspend publication.

O. A. Devold, the well-known manufacturer of Aalesund, is dead. He was one of Norway's brightest business men, and a man of unbounded energy and unimpeachable character. His large factory was established in 1853.

The viking ship model at the Columbus Exposition in Madrid, Spain, is described by a correspondent as follows: The singularly odd carefully executed model measures but an ellstick in length and is fully equipped with mast, oars, shields etc. The model has been placed in one of the large Spanish halls where it is mounted, and where Prof. Storm, Norway's representative, who is in charge, gives an historical account of its hiding and finding. We know that the Norwegians, when they do a thing, do it well, but in this little model they have unquestionably broken their record and given us a gem.

DENMARK.

There is a society in Copenhagen for the providing of meals to mothers and children, which during the winter season, feeds as many as 5,000 people a week.

An Icelandic scientist, who has spent the last nine years traveling about Iceland, tells of his coming to a place, which since the year 1754 had been visited by no outsiders whatever.

The importance of the cattle industry to Jylland may be measured from the fact that there are about 300 societies devoted to the promotion of cattle and horse raising there.

The Conservative Club of Copenhagen is ten years old, and boasts of having been the first political organization of the kind in the country. Its example has been followed with much readiness, however, the number of similar clubs being now over 100, all of which constitute "the united conservative clubs," organized in 1885.