



St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.

FROM A DRAWING PRESENTED BY GEORGE REID, ESQ., R.S.A.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. PATERSON.

See HISTORICAL SKETCH by Rev. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D., page 10.

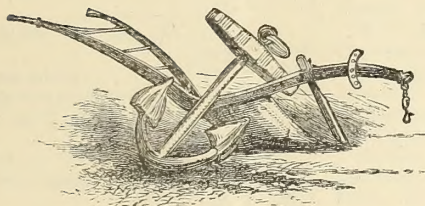
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LIFE & WORK

A Parish Magazine

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JANUARY TO DECEMBER 1882



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ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1882.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for January.

1	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.15 P.M. (The Afternoon Service on the first Sunday is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Subject—"Thy Kingdom come." Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, Mission Hall, 10 A.M. The attendance of young men—members or non-members—is specially requested. Young Men's Bible Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 6.30 P.M. Sabbath School, Brunswick Street, 4 P.M. Do. do. 6 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 4 P.M. Collection for the POOR of the PARISH, which it is hoped will be liberal.
2	M.	Observed as New Year's Day.
3	Tu.	Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. All who desire to be helpful to the Congregation in any capacity are requested to attend this meeting. Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M.
4	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
5	Th.	Prayer Meeting, Church, 3 P.M., 1 Peter iii. 8-22. Choir Practising, 8 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M.
6	Fr.	Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
7	Sa.	
8	S.	Same as on 1st. Visitation of St. Stephen's by the Lord Provost and Magistrates in the Forenoon.
9	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Kirk-Session, 4.30 P.M.
10	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. [8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association,
11	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M.
12	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
13	Fr.	Literary Society Annual Soiree.
14	Sa.	
15	S.	Same as 1st. Collection for Finance Committee.
16	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
17	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance Association, 8 P.M.
18	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M.
19	Th.	Congregational Prayer Meeting, 3 P.M., 1 Peter iv. 1-11. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
20	Fr.	Literary Society, 8.15 P.M.
21	Sa.	
22	S.	Same as on 1st. Communicants will receive their Token Cards.

23	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Brunswick Street, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
24	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance Association, 8 P.M.
25	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M.
26	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M., Preparatory to Communion. Choir Practising.
27	Fr.	Literary Society, 8.15 P.M.
28	Sa.	Service in Church, preparatory to Communion, at 2.30 P.M.
29	S.	COMMUNION SABBATH. Morning Service, 11 A.M. Afternoon Table Service, 2.30 P.M. Evening Service, 6.30 P.M. Collection for Congregational Purposes.
30	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
31	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance Association, 8 P.M.

The Winter Communion.

COMMUNICANTS will please remember that the services are now the same at the four Communions, namely, a FORE-NOON and AFTERNOON Table, with an Evening Service. The Afternoon Table will commence at 2.30, and the Evening Service at 6.30. There will be a Preparatory Service on Saturday at 2.30 P.M. Communicants will receive their token cards on the previous Sabbath at the close of Public Worship, forenoon and afternoon. Certificates from other parishes to be presented on that day at the Elders' seat. Mr. Macleod will be glad to see any who desire to communicate for the first time, at his house, 7 Royal Circus, on any Saturday evening in January, after 7 o'clock.

Again would we earnestly entreat the Members of the Congregation to avail themselves of ALL the opportunities which are now afforded them, in the goodness of God, of commemorating the death and dying love of Christ, "until He come." An increasing number would appear to do so. The total number of persons who communicated in St. Stephen's in 1881 was 1742, as compared with 1699 in 1880, and 1580 in 1877. Last year very nearly 300 were present at FOUR Communions, showing an increase on the previous year. 458 were present ONLY AT ONE Communion. It cannot be said too often that the object for which Quarterly Communions have been introduced by the Session is not to make it easier for Communicants to absent themselves on one or more occasions, but to afford to all an opportunity of MORE FREQUENT COMMUNION.

Mr. Macleod intends, God willing, to take the "Seven Words" from the Cross as the subject of his sermons on consecutive Communion Sundays, commencing in January with Luke xxiii. 34. Communicants should meditate frequently and prayerfully beforehand on the subject for the day.

To the Working Men of St. Stephen's Parish.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I take this way of addressing you with reference particularly to the Thursday

Evening Meeting in Horne Lane. This Service, which is usually conducted by myself, was commenced some time ago expressly for your benefit and that of your families. I knew that it was impossible for you to attend Congregational Prayer Meetings held during the day, and considering further that my opportunities of seeing you at your homes are necessarily limited, it seemed to me only fair that a Week-day Service should be provided at an hour that would suit YOU. But I confess I am disappointed that so few of you have availed yourselves of this means of religious improvement. The meeting lasts only ONE HOUR, from 7.30 to 8.30. It would surely, dear friends, be a help to you amidst your daily toil to give that one hour to the worship of God and the study of His Holy Word. Some of you are so early at work and so busy that you can have but little time for prayer or the reading of the Bible at home, and this meeting would to some little extent make up to you for the want of other opportunities. Happily in these days most of you have a long evening to yourselves. Of course it is far from my wish that you should make attendance at a week-day meeting an excuse for being absent from the Church on the Lord's Day. It gives me real pleasure to see so many of you in St. Stephen's every Sunday. I wish you all to feel that if in any way I can serve you in things temporal or spiritual, "I am your servant for Jesus' sake." There is nothing I desire more than to see you coming up with REGULARITY to the house of God, and joining earnestly and devoutly, as I know many of you do, in the worship of the sanctuary. It grieves me to observe on the part of some a good deal of carelessness in the matter of attendance. Be sure to be found every Sabbath in your place in Church if you are in good health. The Week-day Service is an ADDITIONAL PRIVILEGE given to you. Let me, then, very specially ask your attendance. I am sure you will kindly consider this request. Any little difficulty which may seem to make it inconvenient to be present may easily be got over in most cases. Will you try? N. M'L.

The Missionary Record.

Attention is again directed to the intimation made from the pulpit on this subject. The Joint-Committee on the Schemes of the Church intimate this month a reduction in the price of the "Home and Missionary Record of the Church of Scotland" to A PENNY A NUMBER. The new arrangement begins this month. The present is therefore a fit occasion for our making an effort to increase the circulation of the Record—the only journal, be it remembered, which contains an authorised and detailed account of the work of our Church at home and abroad. Over all Scotland, with its half a million of Communicants in connection with the Church, only 20,000 copies are circulated monthly. This is the more to be deplored as the Record is conducted with much ability. Surely it is the duty of every loyal Member of the Church of Scotland, who can afford to pay one shilling a year for that purpose, to support the official record of her operations. Members of the Congregation desirous of having the Record delivered at their homes along

with the Parish Magazine, are requested to send their name and address to Mr. G. Mathieson, St. Stephen's Church.

Scheme Collections for 1881.

The Schemes Collections for the past year have amounted in all to £885 : 11s., as follows:—

Colonial Missions	£93 10 0
Jews' Conversion	92 0 0
Small Livings	49 0 0
Patronage Compensation	36 1 0
Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund	27 0 0
Foreign Missions	332 0 0
Home Missions	136 0 0
Endowment Scheme	120 0 0
	£885 11 0

The following are the Collections for the last seven years:—

1875	£547 12 0
1876	572 13 0
1877	594 12 0
1878	647 13 6
1879	680 19 0
1880	717 19 0
1881	855 11 0

These figures are mentioned for the encouragement of the Congregation. They show that there is an increasing liberality on the part of the "many," and not of the "few" only. There would be little reason, comparatively speaking, to feel any gratification at these results if they were brought about entirely by large subscriptions from a few Members, however grateful one must feel for such. It is because we are convinced that the Congregation, AS A WHOLE, is taking a deeper interest in the work of the Church of Scotland that we rejoice in the increased amount of the contributions. Our best thanks are due for the ready response given to the appeals which it has been our duty to make from time to time. We feel assured that the same generous support will be continued during the year now commenced. As a matter of *esprit de corps*, not to speak of the higher motives, we cannot afford to go back from the point we have reached through the blessing of God. Rather should we aim at yet further progress for 1882. We can do it. Few of us have yet reached the maximum of Christian giving. Those who keep a record of their giving are generally surprised to find at the end of the year that they have given so little. It is wonderful how far a few pounds will "go" in the matter of contributions, that is to say if we are particularly anxious to make them "go" as far as possible. What we have chiefly to guard against is a sort of conventional or stereotyped habit in giving, bestowing £1 or half-a-crown, as the case may be, almost mechanically, without any consideration of the nature or importance of the object for which it is asked, or of our own ability. Let us then resolve that, God helping us, we will strive, each one separately and individually, as if all depended on his or her own exertions, to do what in us lies, during the coming year, for our dear Church and nation, and for the cause of God everywhere; and in due season we SHALL REAP, if we faint not. Every man as he purposeth in his heart so let him give, not grudgingly, as of necessity; for GOD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER. Wonderful words!

One point in particular should be mentioned in connection with the above. The importance of the ordinary Sunday collection is not sufficiently considered by many. Without going into details, suffice it to say that, under the existing arrangements between the Kirk Session and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, any increase which can be made on the ordinary collections is a DISTINCT GAIN to the CONGREGATION, and to the POOR of the Parish likewise. This should be borne in mind.



JANUARY 1882.

Sermon.

CHRIST'S EXALTATION.

By the Rev. WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D., Aberdeen.

"He that descended is the same also that ascended far above all the heavens, that He might fill all things."
—EPHES. iv. 10.

BY a happy combination of circumstances a sermon on the Exaltation of Christ falls naturally into the place which it here occupies, in the first month, and on the first day of the month, of a new year. The thought of the future already fills our minds. We have welcomed the new year with every demonstration of joy. We have exchanged greetings with our friends. We have expressed our best wishes for their welfare. We have thought of nothing but happiness for them in the year that begins to-day. It is strange indeed that, apart from the lessons of religion, these should always be the feelings with which we pass from the old year into the new. How seldom can we think of the past without being humbled and ashamed; and when we retrace the years that have fled for ever, how few would desire to live them over again exactly as they have lived them.

Yet we anticipate the future with joy. Again I say, it is strange that, apart from the lessons of religion, it should be so. But with these lessons it is not strange. The very province of the Christian faith is to "make all things new;" and of the lessons which it teaches there is not one more calculated to effect this than that lesson of Christ's Exaltation which is before us in the text, "He that descended is the same also that ascended far above all the heavens, that He might fill all things." I cannot enter into the particulars of the Exaltation thus referred to, and must confine myself to one or two general remarks.

(1.) It was an Exaltation of our Lord that followed His Humiliation. "He that descended is the same also that ascended." We dare not separate the two. Because "He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, God also hath highly exalted Him." "The joy set before Him" was the consequence of His "enduring the cross, and despising the shame." He "ought to have suffered" before He entered "into His glory." Let us fix on this idea of reward. It is often ridiculed as if it were the thought of the selfish or the cowardly, as if it

unmanned the soul, and substituted the expectation of dreamy indolence hereafter for the firmness that does the right because it is the right, although it die in the attempt. In reality it is the fulfilment of God's great law that the corn of wheat only lives its better and fuller life after it has died; that, as things are constituted here, we must suffer if we would be free from suffering; must fight if we would reap the fruits of victory. Christ's Exaltation is not that of one who has never known anything else but to be exalted. It would lose all its value for us if it were. Even in heaven He bears the marks of His conflict with sin and sorrow. Even there He is "the Lamb that was slain."

(2.) It is an Exaltation of our Lord, *not simply in His divine, but in His human nature.* We are ever apt to forget this. We are apt to imagine that human nature could not bear the transcendent glory of that position to which Christ is gone; and that, therefore, when He rose on the morning of the Resurrection, when He ascended from Mount Olivet, when He sat down upon His throne, He must have laid aside the body of His humiliation, and returned to that condition in which He was with the Father before the world was. Nothing can be further from the teaching of Scripture than such a view. Our Lord did indeed lay aside His humiliation, but not His humanity, when He came forth on the third morning from the grave, and entered upon that state of Exaltation which shall never end. His body was certainly not in all particulars the same as it had been during the days of His earthly ministry, but it was still a human body; nay, it was the human body in that perfection which had been originally designed for it, and to which, as the spirit gains more and more dominion over the flesh, we are constantly pressing forward. It was a body which was still the outward expression of the inner spirit, a body which had form and parts and members, which could be seen and touched and handled, which was only no more liable to weakness or decay or death.

Nor is it otherwise with His soul. All powers and faculties and affections which we associate with the soul of man, and which our Lord exhibited on earth, remain with Him in heaven—the same sensibilities, the same feelings, the same capacity for joy or sorrow.

We must not think that the divine excludes the human, any more than the human the divine. If

it were so, our Lord could no more have been divine on earth than He can now be human in heaven; and the work of our redemption would be still to do. The natures which were united on earth are equally united in heaven. Each is as real and true as it ever was. The exalted Son of God is still the Son of man.

(3.) It is an Exaltation of our Lord in which His *sympathy with His people remains unchanged*. Again we are apt to think that it can hardly be so. Can that glorious Lord whom all the hosts of heaven adore, and to whom the whole universe is subject, still sympathise with us? We can understand His sympathy when He was on earth. As He toiled Himself, it was natural for Him to feel for the sons of toil; as He was tempted, for those exposed to temptation; as He was the Man of sorrows, for the sorrowful; and, when at times He beheld some of those rays of gladness by which our human lot is brightened, it was not less natural for Him to share our joy. But can feelings such as these be His when His toils and temptations and sorrows are for ever passed away, and when He needs no more any earthly joy, because He rejoices for ever in the unspeakable delights of His Father's presence? We must go back to Him, we say, as He was in the days of His flesh, that there we may behold the full sympathy of that relation in which He then stood to man.

Such is not the teaching of the Bible. There, on the contrary, we are taught that He still regards us with all those feelings of love and sympathy which made Martha and Mary long for Him when their brother Lazarus was sick, or which led mothers to put their children into His arms that He might bless them. He is our High Priest touched with a feeling of our infirmities; He is our Advocate and Intercessor with the Father; He is gone to prepare a place for us, that where He is there we may be also. From His throne in heaven He spoke as if He suffered in the sufferings of the Christians whom Saul persecuted—"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" The kindness shown to the poorest member of His body in any age is shown to Himself—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren, *even* these least, ye did it unto Me." And see how He prays on our behalf in that wonderful high-priestly prayer, which is not a mere prayer of earth, but the type of His whole heavenly intercession—"I pray for them;" "These are in the world, and I come to Thee. Holy Father, keep them in Thy name which Thou hast given Me, that they may be one, even as We are one;" "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them from the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil *one*." We cannot, in short, recall one scene of love or tenderness in the life of Jesus upon earth that has not still its counterpart in His life in heaven. Not less now than then He is our "Friend," our "Brother."

(4.) It is an Exaltation in which our Lord is

free to exercise His illimitable and resistless power. Such power, however He possessed it, He was unable to exercise during the time that He tabernacled on earth, for He was then limited by the necessary conditions of that flesh which He had assumed. The spirit had been bestowed upon Himself "without measure," but He could not so bestow it upon others as to effect everything that was needed for the enlightenment, the quickening, and the comfort of men. Now all such limitations have disappeared, and there is nothing to prevent the pouring out upon His people of all the fulness of His grace. Hence we read that after His Resurrection, and when His Exaltation was begun, He said, "All authority hath been given unto Me in heaven and on earth;" "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Nothing can now restrain or hamper the exercise of His power. The glorified Lord rides forth a conqueror over all His enemies.

Such then is our Lord's state of Exaltation; and it becomes us to dwell upon it with every emotion of thankfulness and joy. We may well pass from Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, and Gethsemane, and Calvary, to the glory of God's immediate presence—to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, to that authority and power which have been given to our Redeemer there—where He has entered on His everlasting kingdom. Not only as Son of God but as Son of man, with all His human sympathies still fresh, and clothed with irresistible and eternal power, He lives and reigns "King of kings and Lord of lords." His humiliation and sufferings and death are past; and, accompanied by those whom He has "loosed from their sins in His blood" (Rev. i. 5, Revised Version, margin), He presents Himself continually before the throne of God with the utterance of their common joy, "Behold I and the children which God hath given Me."

And now let us ask, What ought to be the effect on us of that Exaltation of our Lord to which our attention has been directed? The answer is an easy one. It makes all things new. Such is the statement of the apostle at a time when he is dwelling upon the thought of Christ as one who not only died but rose again, and whom he is to know no more "after the flesh." "The old things," he says, "are passed away; behold, they are become new." The reason of the great change that has thus come over them is obvious. It is because Christ's people have risen with their risen Lord, and because they now see all things in the light of that new and better land of which they are the citizens. So united are they to Christ by faith that whatever He is they have at least in principle, if not yet in the completeness of the result, been made to be. If they are one with Him in the humiliation and sorrows of His earthly life, they are also one with Him in the exaltation of His heavenly life. If they have suffered with Him, they are also glorified together. Their life is with Christ in God.

Therefore all things are new to them. Labour is new; for it is no longer a bondage, but a joyful work carried out in the spirit of Him who, at the right hand of the Father, worketh ever as the Father works, and in that work sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied. Suffering is new; for it is no longer merely a part of the trouble to which man is born, but the discipline of a Father's hand. Pleasure is new; for it is not the mere gift of a kind Providence which makes the sun to shine and the rain to fall alike on the evil and the good, but the token of a Father's love who beholds the Son and all that are in Him with endless complacency and delight. Even death is new; for it has lost its sting. The resurrection is new; for it is a rising to eternal blessedness without fear of woe. And judgment is new; for all that was terrible in the thought of it is over, and the believer shall be an assessor in the judgment rather than be judged. Living in the faith of an exalted Lord we ought to feel that we enter upon a new world altogether—a new earth beneath our feet, a new sky above our head, new melodies ringing out on every side, and nature blooming around us with a new beauty.

Therefore let us learn to maintain an ever closer communion with the living and exalted Lord; and then the New Year that, looked at naturally, runs with such rapidity to its close, will be a part of that eternal year which our Lord is living now, having neither autumn nor winter, neither decay nor death.

Communion Hymn.

WHEN with trembling hands I take,
 Lord, the bread which Thou didst break,
 Riseth up this prayer in me—
 "Jesus, let me follow Thee."

When I touch the hallowed wine,
 Christ, my spirit craveth Thine:
 Yearning, fainting to be free,
 All to leave and follow Thee.

In thy life, so mild and fair,
 Full of love and full of care,
 Giving all, yet claiming me,
 Jesus, let me follow Thee.

In Thy death, O Saviour mine,
 Lead me to that Cross of Thine,
 Spare me not, if need there be,
 Jesus, let me follow Thee.

Born into Thy nobler birth,
 Sealed to bear Thy yoke on earth,
 Dead in Christ from death to flee,
 Lord, I still would follow Thee.

Mine to sleep with weary eyes,
 Mine to wake in Paradise:
 There my want shall fill'd be,
 There Thy love will shelter me.

DOUGLAS GORDON BARRON.

Dumfries.

Isaac Ronald The Dominic.

By the Author of "JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK."

I.—ISAAC IS THE SUBJECT OF PARENTAL COMMUNINGS.

"I TELL ye, 'oman, that laddie has nae farrach ava. It blecks me to ken hoo he's ever to win throu' the wurdle on's ain accoont, or fat gweed he'll ever dee in't."

Such was the sort of stereotyped form of speech in which, in discussing family ongoings and family prospects, Tammas Ronald was wont to address his wife, Kirsten Harvie, concerning Isaac, the second youngest of their five sons. Tammas was tenant of the half moorland farm of Greenferns, in the upper part of the widely-extended parish of Drumwhyndle, and thus, by his location, at some distance off from both kirk and market. In several respects he and Kirsten Harvie presented a distinct contrast. A robust man physically, Tammas's mental horizon could not be described as a very extended one; yet, in common with other natives of the Strath, he possessed a good deal of rough intellectual energy, mainly, not to say exclusively, directed to the vigorous prosecution of his calling as a farmer, in which he had achieved more than average success. His wife, whose "bodily presence" rather suggested the idea of fragility and weakness than otherwise, was as gentle and placid in manner and spirit as he was the opposite. Not that she was destitute of either distinctiveness of character or firmness of will; far from it. After her own undemonstrative fashion, Kirsten Harvie could make her individuality sensibly felt; and even Tammas Ronald's own harsh and stubborn temper had not been able altogether to withstand the influence that may be exercised by a Christian woman, who to her other everyday graces, adds the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." And in any case, it was natural that she should defend her favourite son.

"Weel, good man," Mrs. Ronald would reply to the oft-repeated observation of her husband, "the bairn's jist as Gweed made 'im; an' dootless He has His ain purposes wi' 'im. He's an obaidient biddable laddie, an' can aye be lippen't till to tell the truth."

"Ay, ou ay; but he's sic a fushionless thing. An' we wud pit up wi' a twist o' thrawartness even, if he had a wee bit mair virr wi't. A touch o' the stick fan it comes to that, helps wou'erfu'."

"Keep me! wud ye wuss the laddie a born nickum't ye mith mak' 'im owre again by dint o' thrashin'?"

"I wud wuss naething o' the kin', 'oman; but ye ken fat Solomon 'imsel' says about the use o' the rod betimes; I'm compleenin' o' his want o' throu-ca' an' grip in workin' for his ain han'. Obaidience an' tellin' the truth 'll dee little aneuch for ony ane that canna dee his pairt an' keep aff

o' 'imself', but wud raither be shov't aside an' lose a gweed chance than turn a neuk sharp, or mak ony stramash wi' ithers for fat mith benefit 'imself'."

"Deed, man, there's but owre mony folk o' that kin' i' the wardle; an' if Isaac be na so forward as some ithers are to grip siccar, an' fecht for his ain han' in gatherin' gear, he has gweed pairts, an' may be an' eesefu' aneuch man yet an' he be spare't."

"I canna see't, Kirsten—I canna see't," said Tammas, impatiently.

"An' hoo far can ye see into the future at ony time, Goodman? an' faur wud be the exerceese o' faith in oor daily life if we did?" asked Kirsten Harvie.

Tammas Ronald might be silenced for the time, but he was very far from being convinced.

Tammas Ronald's other four sons inherited their father's chief characteristics, and were in all respects like minded with him. And thus the general family prospects were good, it being quite within view that a well-stocked farm could be provided for each by the time he was ready to occupy it. And their only sister Tibbie, who was the eldest of the family, had already made a satisfactory match.

Isaac was every way disappointing to the old man. Unlike his sturdy brothers, he had only a comparatively weakly physical frame; and thus could not be placed in equal rank with any one of them in point of capacity for carrying through the chief manual operations of the farm. And then, though gentle, thoughtful, and docile, he did not possess that alertness of mind, in virtue of which he might have been expected to make up in one direction by acuteness what he fell short of in another through lack of force. He had not, in the same measure as his brothers, the taste for buying and selling, even, nor the instincts that would have enabled him (as they promised to enable them) to conduct such transactions safely and gainfully.

The boy kept much about his mother's hand. A chubby-faced, reddish-haired lad, with clear gray eyes and bushy eyebrows overhanging them, his face, as a whole, bore an expression of staid complacency upon it, not altogether usual in one of his years. And the cut of his garments added to the quaint "auld farrantness" of his general appearance. A jacket with enormous stiff collar, which seemed to obliterate even the semblance of a neck, encased the upper part of his person, the sleeves, however, being so scrimp in length as to leave his wrists uncovered; and his trousers had evidently been constructed on the same principle, there being an amplitude of cloth in the upper part, though they suddenly terminated a couple of inches above his ankles. The "set" of his figure at fifteen, indeed, was almost as old-fashioned as it ought to have been at fifty. And altogether Tammas Ronald could not get reconciled to Isaac's aspect and bearing.

"Ay, but there's a want, 'oman—a rael want," persisted Tammas, on one of these occasions when Isaac's deficiencies were under more prolonged discussion than usual.

"A want, Goodman!" exclaimed Mrs. Ronald, in a tone half of alarm, half of surprise.

"Hoot, hoot; takna me up so sharp, goodwife. Fat I wud be at's nae that Isaac's a born feel—far fae't; but he's fen'less, fen'less, an' fitter to be a lassie nor to push his way i' the wardle amo' men."

"An' dee ye mean to say that lassies hae nae pairt o' the birn o' life to cairry?" asked Mrs. Ronald.

"I mean naething o' the kin'," answered Tammas; "it were ill my pairt; but he wants farrach, I tell ye, an' he hasna wiles to mak' up for't. Ye'll min' fat Saunders Murison said o' the man that he was recommen'in' to the laird for a tenan': 'He's a safe man, an' 'll be a successfu' ane come time. He may hae litle capacity, but he doesna lack for cunnin'; an' he has plenty o' greed—tak ye 'im, laird.' Oor Isaac has a simplicity aboot 'im; he's as single-min'et as the daylight, an' has nae richt schaimie o' mankin', or keepin' the grip o' siller."

It was no use for Mrs. Ronald to maintain her position by declaring that, if Isaac wanted "throu-ca" and the faculty of looking sharply out for himself, he was always strictly dutiful and unselfishly helpful to others, to the extent of his ability. Tammas, her husband, simply refused to recognise such qualities as merits in the practical view of life.

Mrs. Ronald ceased to argue. In the direction of forecasting Isaac's future, she could see no further than her husband; perhaps not so far. But in her own sincerely devout and simple fashion, she could at least recognise it as "the trial of faith;" and she felt certain that somehow He who had made the boy as he was would not fail to open up a path in life for him. And, meanwhile, as the prudent and cautious woman she was, she concluded that her proper course was either to keep her thoughts concerning Isaac and his prospects mainly to herself, or to seek counsel as to any practical steps elsewhere than in conference with him from whom she would naturally have sought it.

II.—JOSEPH SYMON'S OPINION OF THE LAD.

THE only person with whom Mrs. Ronald found she could have sympathetic communings concerning the character and prospects of her son Isaac, was her cousin, Joseph Symon, the miller. Joseph, who had married somewhat late in life, had got into a family of five children, the whole of whom, as it happened, were girls; and, truth to say, the miller was neither disappointed nor displeased, as honestly deeming the softer sex the better and less troublesome part of the human creation—from the parental point of view at least. To him, therefore, Isaac's quiet and undemonstra-

tive bearing was rather a recommendation than otherwise.

"Ou, never ye min'," said the miller, when Mrs. Ronald had put the case before him in light of her husband's hard utilitarianism; "we canna forecast the future, but I'm sair mista'en if Tammas an' you tee haena gweed reason to be as thankfu' for Isaac as for any son 't ye hae yet."

"If his father wud but hae patience wi' the laddie," replied the perplexed mother; "but he has only ae gate wi' creaturs, ye see."

"Weel, he has jist to learn that ye canna force Providence; the slowest growin' saplin may tak' the sicarest reet, an' gie lythest shade i' the lang run; an' meantime the laddie's a great comfort to you, an' him tee, an' he cud think it."

"Peer thing; he's never ill-will't to dee his best; an' if he hae less fushion than some, that's nae his fau't," said Mrs. Ronald.

"Ye ocht to keep in min', 'oman, wha it is that has 'chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty,'" was the miller's response, uttered in a tone of becoming gravity. "Ye ken hoo ye've been led i' the past, an' ye wud be bauld to misdoot His purposes noo wi' you or yours."

Joseph Symon was a man whose naturally good understanding had been cultivated on the basis of knowledge drawn mainly from the Bible, and the floating proverbial wisdom inherited by the community into which he had been born. Ardently admiring "book learning" in others, he had been able to acquire but little of it himself. But, if his range of knowledge was narrow, his sympathies were not, and, holding what he knew with firm grip, he seldom failed to express himself with a directness and pith that were much to be preferred to the most elaborate words of course. And Mrs. Ronald felt it to be so. For was not what he had said of her son Isaac literally true? It was not to be denied; the deliberate, half-phlegmatic-looking laddie, with his equable, considerate, and complacent daily walk, and his sententious, old-world style of conversation, was his mother's chosen confidant and counsellor, in preference to any one of his more vigorous and energetic brothers. Nor was this all. It was remarkable to observe the extent to which these brothers, each and all, availed themselves of the good offices of Isaac to execute this and the other irksome duty for them, and to supplement their lack of service in things that were difficult of accomplishment, or involved some personal sacrifice they were not willing to make.

"Ou never min', Isaac'll deet," had come to be quite as much a standing form of utterance amongst the brothers, as the complaint of Isaac's want of "go" and practical shrewdness was with the father. It was perpetually coming into use when the cattle or sheep had to be taken home or afield at some inconvenient hour, or a few animals given to straying out of bounds tediously watched; when a wear-

some errand had to be gone, or some delicate mission executed in the general interest of the household; and as well when the question came to be who should stay at home to attend to imperative duties and let the other members of the family off to some gala-day exhibition or social merry-making. It never, in any case, occurred to them to doubt Isaac's willingness; and even his father would not have questioned his fidelity in any duties he had undertaken, or that had been thrust upon him. It was no matter of doubt that Isaac was quite conscious of being largely traded upon for the benefit and convenience of others; yet he took it all very placidly; and his innate impulse, in every case, being to render help where help was claimed of him, he who had come to be viewed, on authority which there was no right to question, as the most "feckless" member of the family, was also instinctively felt to be the member upon whose shoulders it was safe, if not natural and fitting as well, to devolve any number of burdens which the other members did not desire to bear.

III.—ISAAC'S PROSPECT IN LIFE UNEXPECTEDLY ENLARGES.

IT is not with the boyhood of Isaac Ronald that we have chiefly to do in our brief sketch. At the stage of his history which more immediately concerns us here, that, indeed, was a thing of the long past. Only, if one wishes to understand a man's character fully, it is of advantage to have some fair knowledge of the circumstances under which it has been developed, and the experiences which from time to time have been influential in shaping it, or have acted as a touchstone to test its quality.

And so let it be candidly admitted that while Joseph Symon was prepared to express his confidence in Isaac's future, even he did not, in the practical aspect of it, see one whit more clearly than Tammas Ronald himself did, how it was to be realised. Was it the labour of the farm in its lower grades, simply, that was to be Isaac's destined sphere in life? For aught that could be seen that seemed most probable; and even so Isaac was not in the least likely to rebel against his fate. For, as has been already said, he was not possessed of that alertness and vigour of mind that would have impelled him unaided and undirected to assert himself; to strive to conquer all obstacles, and rising above the environment of his position to make his way onward on another plane. And while there was this lack of motive power, so to speak, in Isaac himself, there was in his case extremely little likelihood of an intelligently directed impulse being applied from without. It had not in any wise occurred, nor was there the least probability of its occurring, to those most nearly interested in him, how such capacities, obvious or latent, as he possessed, might be developed and brought into action otherwise than in the line of

their own occupations. Of his sincerity of spirit and certain quiet, albeit true, aspirations stirring within him, an indication has already been given. His mental equipment in the way of acquired knowledge was limited, and had been obtained not without difficulty. Of school instruction he had got just as much as the old-fashioned pedagogue who ruled in the parish school had succeeded in instilling into him during the winter months occurring in that period of his life embraced between the ages of ten and fourteen; and he had thereafter been commendably industrious in his perusal and reperusal of the half-dozen extremely miscellaneous assorted and age-worn volumes that constituted the family library of Tammas Ronald. Yet it was on the ground that he was given to poring over such books as were accessible to him, and because, in place of taking his due part in the gossip and rough diversions that engaged the leisure of those about him, he used his spare hours in endeavouring, in his own way, to revivify and extend the knowledge he had acquired at school, that Isaac by-and-by came to have a certain reputation for learning, which, if not of the exact and formally authenticated sort communicated by the higher schools and colleges, might, for anything his neighbours knew, be only all the profounder for that.

All this might have led to nothing, however, had it not happened that Isaac Ronald fell ill through a serious attack of fever, the lingering effects of which, when the fever had ultimately passed away, seemed to have permanently unfitted him for hard physical labour; a fact which, in a way hardly to have been anticipated, served to change his life prospect.

On the scattered hillfoot range of small farms and crofts that lay out beyond Greenferns, though still within the sucken of Joseph Symon's mill, the complaint of the inhabitants for long had been that they were at a serious disadvantage educationally. The parish school was a long way off, and roads were bad. Could not a side school be set on foot? was a question that had frequently been asked; but before it could be definitely answered another question always emerged, which hitherto had found no solution; and which had thus proved sufficient to stay progress. It was—Who would teach the school if it were set on foot? The prospect, in so far as salary was concerned, could not by possibility be much better than a good day-labourer's wages. And then, if the constituency provided a schoolroom, it was felt that they could not also, as things stood, face the charge of erecting a house for the schoolmaster. Now, however, with Isaac Ronald, whose home was already provided, so enfeebled as to be good for little at the rough manual labour of the farm, it became clear to practical minds that the problem was no longer insoluble.

“Mithna we think o' that laddie o' Greenie's

to tak up the skweel, Joseph?” asked Saunders M'William the wright, addressing his neighbour the miller.

“The vera thing, Saunders!” answered the miller. “Curious! I didna think o' that, noo.”

“He's fit for naething else; nor lickly to be,” continued the wright, by way of clinching the argument underlying his suggestion.

“It cheats me if he be na fit for mair nor ye think, man,” said the miller. “He has gweed pairts.”

“I dinna misdoot it. Far be 't fae me to licht-lifie the lad. He's nae muckle to leuk at; but he'll mak a capital dominie, nae fear, as lang's he can keep on's legs. Hoo mith he be aff for heid knowledge?”

“I un'erstan' he's weel seen in a hantle o' things i' the maitter o' beuk learnin, forbye arithmetic, though nae like a college-bred scholar, ye ken,” replied the miller.

“That's nae drawback; in fact, the vera reverse. An' he be na so freely expert he'll tak time to gie the creaturs a better grip o' fat they get nor them 't's lawbourt for years at Laitin, an' a' sic heathen learnin', till they near han' forget that it's nae a set o' ministers an' doctors that they've to plenish o' knowledge, but the bairns o' plain folk like oorsells, that maun be content wi' fat a few raiths can gie them.”

“Of coorse, an' he wudna be ill to say till o' fees for the vera youngest o' them.”

“Weel, man, I'm sure that wud be a blessin' o' itsel' to some o' 's that mith near han' fill a skweel oorsells. Only, yours bein' lassies, ye'll be gien them some insicht at the sewster's come time.”

“Nae doot; but that's a question their mither'll saddle whan it comes to the fore. I' the meantime it's nae to be owreleukit that he's a lad o' principle. It's nae licht maitter the character o' the person that ye're to intrust the trainin' o' your bairns till. An' in spite o' the disappointment o' Tammas Ronald at the want o' that kin' o' faculty that wud mak' him a successfu' dealer in nowte an' horse—cleavin' his way rough an' ready through a multitude o' shrewd bargains, an' leavin' aff wi' a fuller pouch than whan he began—I canna but think that owre an' abeen mony fine gifts Isaac has the root o' the maitter in him as a genuine Christian. I haena scannt' his creed, but I've been able to see an' judge o' his life in comin' to my conclusion; which, I tak' it, is the best evidence. An' I've nae doot o' his influence amo' the youngsters bein' a' throo o' the richt kin'.”

As each of the two worthies had a pretty large family of children of school age, that circumstance no doubt quickened their interest in the whole question of the establishment of a school. And at any rate the conversation recorded shadowed forth the guiding principles and ideas of the founders of the Bankmill side school, of which Isaac Ronald was destined to be the first, and indeed the only teacher.

The comment of Tammas Ronald, when the proposal was put formally before him, was of this sort :
 "I'm dootfu' if Isaac 'll mak's breid at it ; an' it may weel learn 'im idle haibits. Hooever, whan better canna be, if his mither be willin', an' Joseph Symon tak' in han' for 'im, I sanna seek to hin'er things gaein their gate. Ye can try ; an' if he ever manage to winnow on 's ain cannas, sae muckle the better for 'im."

To be continued.

Church of Scotland Women's Temperance Association.

By Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

WHY should a Christian woman give time and energy to Temperance work? Because temperance is a grace which, from the circumstances of our time and country, requires special culture; and because it is a work in which every woman has a personal interest and a special influence. Are there one or more ladies in a country parish asking themselves, "What can I do to foster sobriety and to strengthen the tempted in my own immediate neighbourhood?" The answer in detail may be almost as varied as the circumstances of each parish, but a few general hints may be useful. 1. Do not be in a hurry. Think it well over, carefully and prayerfully, and settle what is your personal attitude before attempting to influence others. 2. Take counsel with such as, by their position and character, have influence in the parish, trying in all cases to secure the advice and co-operation of the minister. 3. By personal visitation, distribution of Temperance literature, or a more or less public meeting of women under the auspices of the minister, you may be able to submit the question to those you wish to benefit. 4. Keep in view the interests of the young. The superintendent and teachers of the Sunday School may give you valuable assistance in reaching the young, and you may find a "Band of Hope" or "Young Abstainers' Union" an excellent organisation through which to work. 5. If a Women's Temperance Association is to be started, it is generally desirable to associate with it some missionary or charitable work, as sewing meetings for Zenana Missions, and the sick and poor at home; Mothers' Meetings; Saving Banks, etc. 6. Try to make the rules, objects, and terms of membership as simple as possible. 7. The Church of Scotland Women's Temperance Association is being promoted to encourage and assist the women of the Church in practical temperance work throughout the country. The following is the Interim Constitution of the Association—The Countess Dowager of Aberdeen, President—which will be submitted to the women of the Church for consideration and approval at a meeting to be held in Edinburgh

during the sittings of the next General Assembly. A card of membership has also been prepared. Any one wishing such a card for her present work may get it from the Interim Secretary, Miss Thomson, St. Leonard's, Wardie, Edinburgh.

INTERIM CONSTITUTION.

Objects.—The objects of this Association are to enlist the sympathies of women, and to guide their efforts for the promotion of Temperance among their own sex, and young people of either sex.

Constitution.—1. There shall be two sections, adopting a Temperance and an Abstinence pledge respectively.

2. The affairs of the Association shall be managed by a President, Secretary, and Treasurer, and a Committee of six members chosen annually.

3. Branch Associations throughout the country shall be free to frame their own rules and adopt their own methods of working, and shall affiliate with the Central Society on payment of 2s. 6d. annually.

4. Women desiring to join this Association, or branches affiliated with it, shall receive and sign a pledge card, which shall be in force until the 8th January following the date of issue, *on or before* which date it must be renewed through the Secretary of the branch to which they belong, who must sign and date it.

5. Each member of the Central Association who does not belong to a branch society, on acquiring a renewing card shall pay *not less than* 6d., but members of other Women's Temperance Associations may be enrolled without payment on satisfying the Secretary as to such membership.

6. Branches working within the lines of the Association shall be entitled to such advice and assistance as the Council can give as to various modes of work, and shall be entitled to receive grants of Temperance literature at reduced rates, as the Association may have funds to provide.

7. There shall be a general meeting of the Association annually on some day in May, to be fixed by the Council, when a Report shall be read and office-bearers elected, etc.

In name of the Interim Committee,
 M. ABERDEEN.

ALVA HOUSE, Nov. 1881.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

2 COR. v. 17.

O LOVE that wilt not let me go,
 I rest my weary soul in thee,
 I give thee back the life I owe,
 That in thine ocean-depths its flow
 May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
 I yield my flickering torch to thee,
 My heart restores its borrowed ray,
 That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
 May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
 I cannot close my heart to thee,
 I climb the rainbow in the rain,
 And feel the promise is not vain
 That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
 I dare not ask to fly from thee,
 I lay in dust life's glory dead,
 And from the ground there blossoms red
 Life that shall endless be.

GEO. MATHESON.

"My Wee Lassie."

By the Rev. JOHN ALISON, M. A., Edinburgh.

IT was a young mother who had lost by death her little girl of two years. She had kissed for the last time the cheek that had so often been laid in her warm bosom, and was looking on the still face, as it lay in the little coffin. All that she said was, "My wee lassie."

Her keenest feeling necessarily was of loss; but that was not all. In one sense the child had been taken away, but in another it was still with her, in the memory of a joy which abides. A mother's life is enlarged and enriched by her child, and of that death cannot rob her. Were she asked, even in her hour of most acute sorrow, whether she would rather not have known her little one than bear this great pain of parting, she would not hesitate in her answer. It would prove that to have had was more to her heart than to have lost.

Have you mothers considered the meaning of this wonderful bond between you and each of your children? Are not some content merely to have the pleasure and to bear the pain of it, without reflecting on God's purpose by it? Clearly it is one of the best tokens of His kindness. No one but a gracious God would have devised a bond so full of happiness. Have you recognised this, and given God thanks? Is yours altogether a grateful and godly life? Every bud that a tree throws out sends down a new fibre to the soil, and so both enlarges the stem and increases its capacity of drawing good from the earth; but at the same time it causes the tree to present a broader surface to the sun; so every child, while increasing our means and capacity of joy, should bring God more into conscious relation to our life.

Does it not speak to you also of the great influence which you may and ought to exercise over your child? God makes no strong ties without meaning that they should be put to good use. Love is one of the strongest and most sacred.

The child has a strange power over you, that you may be constrained to give, in turn, the best you have. Only an unnatural mother will fail to recognise this in some measure. Instinctive affection draws the infant to the breast and feeds it. The same love moves to the service and care of after years; but has it not struck you that if God had meant you to provide only for the body and outward estate of your child He would have done so in a simpler way? His means bear always a fit relation to their end. Does not the inexpressibly tender and sacred quality of the bond between you and your little child say most plainly, that as all your heart is engaged by the love, so all that is most precious, because spiritual, in the child is involved in your charge?

No animal has such relation to its young; none keeps its young so long under its close care. Why so? Not merely because of the tenderness and

helplessness of the child, but because of the peculiarly sacred nature of the influence which is required to make it all that God intended.

"My wee lassie," you say, when the bright little eyes are looking up into your face, or when she is playing on the grass beside you. How happy you are in the thought. Yes, she is yours. God who gave her wishes you to think so. He does not wish to mar your sense of possession by His claim. He would have you realise all the charge that goes with so much treasure. He gives her to you that you may keep her and train her for Him.

The privilege of a gardener in planting and training the trees that are to be the admiration of generations; the privilege of the lapidary in being trusted with the cutting and setting of a precious gem, is small compared with that of a mother to whom God has given a human soul in charge.

She has not ceased to be yours, in a very true sense, even after she has been taken away. No philosopher who makes his cold intellect the test of all things possible will convince your heart that she has ceased to be. The continuity of the human race here is not the kind of immortality that God speaks of through your pure natural longing. The Spirit of the Divine Son says still through your spirit, "She is not dead." She lives, and living she is still yours—the one who will help to keep your heart fresh by remaining to you a child for ever. She lives to draw you by cords of love, as once you drew her; to keep you from evil, and stimulate you to good, for her sake, and for the sake of Him in whose fold she is.

"My wee lassie." Yes; but does not her going away say that she is God's as well as yours? When He sent her she came. When He sent for her she went. You are as a steward; your right of possession is in nothing absolute. We must bow to His will, and accept His time and way as best. Our comfort and confidence in such loss is that God loves ours more than we ourselves do; and so our losses and disappointments are softened by knowing that they come of His greater wisdom crossing our plans. He trusts us with His; we may surely trust Him with ours. Be sure that you have consecrated them to Him, that your care and prayer are that they may be kept by Him as well as you, and be reckoned amongst His jewels, as they are the most precious things in life to you. They will be all the more yours that you are sure that they are the Lord's, and that even death can but lift them out of your arms to lay them in His.

CHURCH CHOIRS.—The music selected by the choir should be such that the congregation in general can join in it. I consider this essential. Choirs sing not to astonish the congregation by their vocal achievements, nor even to instruct the congregation, but to lead. The success of a choir is measured by the amount of congregational singing which it can evoke. I hold a choir to be a dead failure that stifles, by its grand execution, the voice of song in a church.—*St. George's (Edinburgh) Parish Magazine.*

The late Robert Jamieson, D.D.

MINISTER OF ST. PAUL'S, GLASGOW.

THE Church of Scotland has not had in our day a minister who could better be regarded as a type of the highest rank of the Presbyterian divine and pastor, like those of former days, than Dr. Robert Jamieson. A scholar, a theologian, an author whose books command the attention of the learned, and nevertheless are full of instruction and attraction for the ordinary reader, a citizen always ready to maintain and promote the best interests of the commonwealth, and throughout his long life

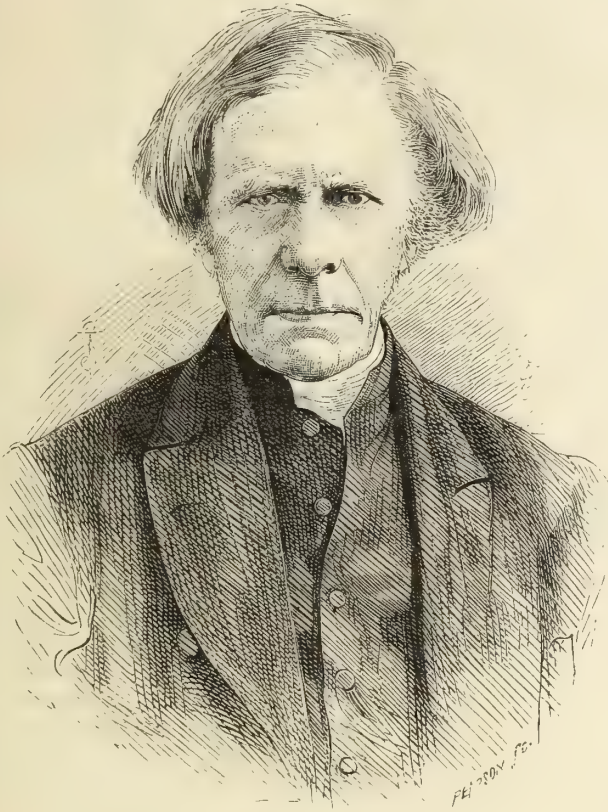
a minister who never flagged in doing the hard daily work of the Scottish ministry—he was one of whom we were all proud. Many of our readers know that, as he had been a founder and constant supporter of the *Scottish Christian Herald* fifty years ago, he was one of the warmest friends of this Magazine. A few notes of the chief incidents in his career will be welcomed. He was born in Edinburgh, in 1802, of pious parents, by whom he was taught the Scriptures from his earliest days. Educated at the High School of his native city, at first—like his friend Dr. Thomas M'Creie the younger—destined for the Original

Secession Church, he was licensed as a preacher in the Church of Scotland in 1827. He was ordained minister of Westruther in 1830; translated to Currie in 1837, and to Glasgow in 1844. He was Moderator of the General Assembly in 1872, and he died October 26th, 1880. Many a time during his life he showed the same unselfish spirit as when he left the scholarly leisure of Currie for the harassing work of a city charge with a smaller income. He went because he was persuaded that there was greater need of him in Glasgow; and the only survivor of those who were his colleagues in those days—Dr. Smith of Cathcart—has testified how his arrival en-

couraged and strengthened the Presbytery, "sadly crippled" by the disasters of 1843. His church offered him a sphere which was in many respects congenial. Not only did he gather round him some of the best of the merchants of Glasgow, but when the old College Chapel was closed and sittings were taken for the professors and students in St. Paul's, he had an academic audience which was much to his liking. For a quarter of a century he conducted a class of students every Sunday after the afternoon service, reading the Greek Testament with them, and teaching them also Biblical Antiquities and Christian Evidences. When the stately pile was

reared on Gilmore-hill, and the quaint quadrangles of the old College were abandoned to the steam-engine and its myrmidons, a graceful compliment was paid to him who had been so long the pastor of the College, by his election to be Chancellor's Assessor in the University Court. When Dr. Jamieson, on the occasion of his Jubilee, was looking back over his ministry, he stated that it was his Sunday school, conducted under his own superintendence by enthusiastic young teachers, which drew "600 or 700 children, excavated from the wynds and hovels" of his parish, that eventually filled his church with "a congrega-

tion that was eminently of a family character," and largely contributed to the "reaction in favour of the Church of Scotland, which began in the city a few years after 1843." For he was not a mere scholar and divine, working in regions remote from the stir and struggle of the life of men: his parish was always the centre of all his thought and study. It was no little thing for so truthful and modest a man to say, when he looked back on a ministry of fifty years, "I have indeed written and published a good deal more perhaps, in respect of quantity, than most of my contemporaries, for I began in the second year of my ministry, and have been more or less engaged



with the press ever since; but I wish particularly to add that I have never written or published a single line but in direct accordance with professional studies. However much I was devoted to those Biblical inquiries, I never allowed them to encroach on the functions of the ministry or on the duty I owed to the public and charitable institutions of Glasgow." Thus it was that in the hospitals and charitable trusts of the great city he was an efficient director during all the years of his ministry; and even in advanced years a vigorous member of the school board; to the last he responded readily and effectively when called to plead the cause of any enterprise of charity; while from the time he published, at Westruther, his well-known *Eastern Manners and Customs*, illustrative of Scripture, to the date of his Baird Lectures on *Inspiration*, 1874, he was serving the Church through the press as well as in the pulpit. His *Critical Commentary on the Old Testament*, in which he was latterly associated with Mr. Fausset and Dr. David Brown, and the *Practical Commentary* by him and the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, are standard works. The latter, when it was issued, had a circulation of 70,000 copies monthly. Though he was naturally averse from public discussion, he never shrank from it when he felt that he was called, but he was so devoid of personal animosity as to carry with him the respect of opponents as well as of friends. Thus it was that in the memorable discussion on the Sabbath, originated by Dr. Norman Macleod in 1865, he was the leader of the Presbytery on the old lines of the Scottish Church, and his speech was, like himself, learned, firm, and courteous. A few years later, when Dr. Macleod was about to set out to visit the mission stations in India, Dr. Jamieson, at Dr. Macleod's request, began the impressive services at the prayer-meeting in the Barony Church. His last public work was again to lead his Presbytery in the discussion of "Scotch Sermons." The effort was too much for him. After the first day of the debate he was seized with what proved to be his last illness; and though, with characteristic conscientiousness, he wrote a speech as his "reply," to close the debate, he was unable to deliver it. It was read in his absence, and after a few days of feebleness rather than of pain, he passed away from his labours to his rest. His memory will long be cherished for his public services and the attractive consistency of his tender-hearted, humble-minded, diligent life. "He turned from evil, and did good; he sought peace, and pursued it."

A. H. CHARTERIS.

Life to a Christian is leaning on Christ's arm: death is sleeping on His breast.

Prayer is faith's answer to Christ's question—"What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?"

Ejaculatory prayer is the intermingling of devotion with action, the meeting-point of prayer and service.

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.

St. Giles', Edinburgh.

By Rev. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

ST. GILES',—the Great Kirk,—the Cathedral of Edinburgh—the High Kirk, as it has at different periods of its history been called, is well known to all who are familiar with the Scottish capital. It stands in the very heart of the old city, in the centre of its High Street, and the "Royal crown of stane" which surmounts its tower is seen above all other buildings. No church in Scotland is more associated with the history of our country. Its story is the story of our country's progress from barbarism and superstition to the religion, culture, and civilisation of the nineteenth century. As far back as we know anything of Edinburgh, there was a church of St. Giles. In the early part of the twelfth century it was served by a vicar, who had for his farm that part of the city still called "The Grange." In 1385 this church was burnt down by the English. It was re-erected by the citizens, who regarded it as their Parish Church; and the various trades added to it chapels, dedicated to the saints who presided over their special industries. The most notable addition made to the building was the beautiful part known as the Preston Aisle. This was built in 1454 by the town, to the memory of one Preston of Gorton, who enriched the church by bringing from France an arm-bone of its patron saint. This was deemed a most valuable relic, and was enshrined in a richly-jewelled case. The kings of Scotland seem to have been equally interested in St. Giles' with the citizens, and the pages of the royal treasurer's account-book show how munificent were their donations. King James II. added largely to the church: and an ornamental pillar in it, bearing the royal arms, is still called the King's Pillar. About 1466 it was erected into a collegiate church, and was served by a Provost and other clergy, who had their manses in the neighbourhood, instead of by a single priest. Up to the Reformation it presented the appearance of a spacious church, such as may be seen in any large Continental city, with many altars, and many priests, and rich furniture. In the storm of the Reformation and succeeding years, its architectural beauty suffered dreadfully. Its altars were pulled down, sailors being brought from Leith to do this work with ropes; its great relic, the arm-bone of St. Giles, was cast out into the adjoining churchyard, and its jewels and vessels sold. In 1596 it was, by order of the General Assembly, partitioned off into more than one place of worship, "there being many people and few kirks." From that time to 1829 it underwent constant changes: sometimes the partitions were pulled down entirely, and at others shifted to suit congregational requirements. In that year the town-council resolved to restore St. Giles', and almost improved it off the face of the earth. The beautiful chapels were swept away,

grand pillars hacked and hewn, and broken in twain, groined roofs covered with plaster, and the church divided into three places of worship. Last year a patriotic and generous citizen of Edinburgh, Dr. William Chambers, commenced anew the restoration of the fine old building; he is now at vast outlay endeavouring to restore it to something like its former grandeur, and to replace those beautiful architectural features which were in former years so ruthlessly destroyed.

The historic associations of St. Giles' are almost innumerable. We can but note a very few. Gavin Douglass, the famous translator of Virgil, was Provost of the Church previous to the Reformation. Chepman, the first Scottish printer, was closely connected with it, and built the chapel called the Chepman Aisle. On the day after Flodden the Church was crowded by the citizens "praying for the national weal." On the 1st September 1558 the annual procession, carrying the arm-bone of St. Giles, issued for the last time from the doors of the Church. A tumult, ludicrously described by John Knox, ensued: "Down go the crosses, off goes the surplice, round caps corner with the crowns. The gray friars gaped, the black friars blew, the Preastis panted and fled." This was the precursor of change, and on 29th June 1559 a figure well known afterwards entered the pulpit of St. Giles', and John Knox preached his first sermon in Edinburgh. The chief scenes of the Reformation, so far as this city is concerned, are connected with St. Giles'. It was here the Communion, according to Protestant rite, was first administered, in the morning, with candle-light. On 19th August 1565, Darnley, the husband of Queen Mary, came to the Church to profess publicly his Protestantism. On 14th February 1570 a solemn procession came, bearing on a bier the body of the murdered Regent Murray. It was laid before the pulpit, and John Knox preached the funeral sermon to a congregation of three thousand people from the text, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Kirkaldy of Grange took possession of the Church in the name of Queen Mary, and fortified it with cannon in the steeple. On Sunday, November 1572, John Knox preached here his last sermon, and as he went down the street was attended by the whole congregation. James VI. was very fond of St. Giles', constantly attended service there, and occasionally harangued the people. Durie, one of the ministers whom he banished, was on his return escorted to the Church by an immense multitude who, on arriving at St. Giles', took off their bonnets and sang the 124th Psalm. On the King's marriage he brought his Queen to St. Giles' for sermon, and she sat "in the loft, under a fair canapie of velvet." On 3d April 1601 he came again, and in a pompous oration took leave of the people previously to ascending the English throne. On 23d June 1633 Charles I. came to St. Giles', dispossessed the

reader, and had service performed by two English chaplains, who "acted their English service." This was the beginning of a new order. On the 29th September 1633 St. Giles', by royal mandate, was made a Cathedral. On the 23d July 1637 "The Book of Common Order," the liturgy, according to which service had hitherto been conducted, was read for the last time by Mr. Henderson, the reader, and Dean Hanna attempted to read the new service-book. The scene which ensued when he began the Collect for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity, and in which Jenny Geddes played so conspicuous a part, is known to every reader of Scottish history. Very weird and strange are the figures that haunt the Church during the succeeding tempestuous times; thousands thronging thither to sign the Covenant; Henderson, the great covenanting preacher, thundering against Prelacy; stormy assemblies meeting in solemn conclave. Then comes Cromwell with his troopers: musketeers dissolve the assembly met in one of the aisles; captains and common soldiers enter the pulpit and preach, "albeit they were not orderly callit;" the crown above the King's seat is "dang down," and hung upon the gallows; the "stool of repentance" is cast out as a relic of the Popish sacrament of penance; Quakers make their appearance within the venerable walls, some of them almost naked, and "opposed the preachers in their sermons." On 11th May 1661 a grand procession comes up the High Street from Holyrood with the mangled remains of Montrose, which were buried with much pomp in the Chepman Aisle. This is almost the last gleam of romance which lights up the old building, though there were sad enough scenes connected with it in the days of Bloody Mackenzie. The head of Argyle was placed on a spike at the east end of the Church, and a poor madwoman who interrupted the service, saying she "thought the minister was breaking the Sabbath," was hanged in the Grassmarket. Dutch William brought back Presbytery to St. Giles', and since then its annals have been comparatively uneventful, though Dr. Hugh Blair, Principal Carstairs, and many other eminent men, have been its ministers. Its present shape is cruciform, and service is held in the choir. It is visited annually by vast numbers of people, among whom are many Americans, who are wonderfully familiar with its traditions.

Michael Bruce.

A STORY OF A GENTLE LIFE.

THE tourist who is drawn to visit the shores and castle of Loch Leven, by the fascination of historical tradition, should not fail to extend his journey to the farther margin of the loch. Leaving the quaint old town of Kinross, and skirting the loch by the main road leading north, he finds himself in the midst of an ever-changing panorama.

Before him, constantly, despite the windings of the pathway, lies the loch in silver sheen, its square-towered castle rising from its midst. On the nearer shore his eye may take up the antique belfry of Kinross Town-Hall rising from its surrounding red-tiled roofs and rich foliage. On the farther shore he may trace the circuitous road round the loch, and a series of hamlets which, with the intervening pasture-lands and the Lomond Hills in the background, suggest the scenery of a miniature Swiss lake. Here flourished St. Serf, in traditional times, and relics, said to be of Culdee origin, are continually coming to light in the neighbourhood. Here also arose the first great division in the Kirk of Scotland, under the name of the Secession. And here is the birthplace of one of the most interesting of Scotland's sacred poets, the unfortunate Michael Bruce.

The picturesque little village of Kinnesswood (usually called Kinaskit) lies immediately betwixt hill and shore, and consists of but one main street, with here and there short branching alleys, leading directly up the precipitous ascent of the Lomonds. Here Michael Bruce was born, on March 27, 1746. His birthplace—still conserved and kept in order by the loving remembrance of his fellow-villagers—is a cottage of two flats, a few steps from the main road, in one of the alleys before alluded to; and in the upper flat, which alone was occupied by his father's family, the poet first saw the light. His parents were in very humble circumstances, for his father pursued the craft of handloom-weaving, which, in primitive fashion, was most frequently hereditary. The house consists of two apartments, one of which was occupied as weaving-shop, in which stood the patriarchal loom, and wherein were discussed the local theology and politics of the period. He was the fifth of a family of eight, and from infancy seems to have been of a delicate constitution. At four years of age he took the Bible as his first lesson-book, and could write fairly when six years old. His devout aspirations after holiness seem never to have had a date in his life, but to have been present with him from childhood; and ere he had reached eleven years of age, it had been decided that he should fulfil the tradition of the Scottish Christian home, and consecrate himself to the ministry of the gospel. But years of suffering and toil must be endured ere he could hope for the conferring upon him of the proud mission to "preach the gospel to every creature." The chill penury in which his early years were passed required that he should be sent out into the world at a cruelly unripe age to earn his bread. Not inappropriately was this to be accomplished by his exercising the pastoral vocation, in its most literal sense, upon his own loved Lomond Hills. Here, no doubt, the constant exposure to the ozone of that elevated region tended materially to interrupt the process of decay, which must in his case have been congenital, and to give him a fuller

length of days (humanly speaking) than would otherwise have been his lot. And here, whilst wandering upon these lonely heights, with the blue sky above, and the fair earth and glittering lake stretched far beneath him, he must have felt himself in purest communion with the Spirit of the Universe, and looked "from Nature up to Nature's God."

This alternation of herding and schooling was maintained until he had reached his sixteenth year, at which period he matriculated at Edinburgh University. Though he took a good position there, there is nothing to warrant us in judging of him as more than a fair scholar. Having completed a four years' curriculum, he devoted his attention to the study of theology proper, at the Theological Hall, in connection with the Secession Church. Whilst attending here, as is the wont of students of limited means, he succeeded in obtaining a situation as teacher, first at Gairney Bridge, and latterly at Forrest Mill, near Tillicoultry. The latter place seems to have been then an unhealthy locality, where the seeds of his disease were ripened and festered, despite his utmost caution. At last his critical condition became apparent to himself; and, resigning his appointment, he set his face homewards, walking the twenty miles which separated him from his beloved parents. With melancholy forebodings must he have traced that weary way, feeling his shroud high upon his breast. He had but recently composed these prophetic lines:—

"Now Spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

"Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

"The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead
And lay me down in peace with them to rest."

At length he reached his home, and at once proceeded to "set his house in order," well assured that the time of his departure was at hand. He procured a quarto volume, in which he wrote the poetical pieces which he wished to preserve; and when he had completed this task, considering his earthly mission accomplished, he laid himself upon the bed of death, and calmly awaited his transformation. For about two months he lingered in serene resignation, quietly fading away before the eyes of those whom he loved; never for a moment deluded by vain hope; and, on the morning of July 5, 1767, he was found dead in his bed, having peacefully passed away in the still watches of the night.

This was closed what might pre-eminently be called a "gentle life;" whose serenity was undisturbed by any of the fiercer passions which so frequently assail the poetic mind. He owed much to his

mother, who seems to have been one of those old-fashioned Scottish women, whose style most nearly resembles that of the Roman matron. Gentle and loving by nature, but stern and inflexible at the call of duty; with feelings deep and strong in themselves, but overruled by the higher power of resignation to Providence; she must have early led her much-afflicted son to seek other consolation than either wealth or fame could bestow.

The poetry of Michael Bruce is chiefly distinguished by the deep devotional feeling which pervades it; and the tone of sorrow and melancholy, enlightened by Christian faith, which is never absent. His message to the world was one of peace and hope. There can be no question that his fame principally rests upon his hymns. Some of his translations and paraphrases—altered to a greater or less extent—have been included in the collection published by the Church of Scotland, and have taken a hold upon the minds of the English-speaking race throughout the world. In all of these may easily be discerned that undertone of sadness which is eminently characteristic of the poet. They breathe the spirit of purity and devoutness, and their graphic language, bereft of outward ornament, at once strikes home.¹ Among his miscellaneous pieces, his "Elegy in Spring" may fairly claim a first place. All earthly visions and hopes were fading from his gaze. In this spring, which he sadly felt was the last he should see upon earth, whilst he welcomed the flowers and birds which should make the year joyous, he greets them in such sort that his welcome is but a leave-taking.

"Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains;
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground."

His two longest poems in blank verse, "The Last Day" and "Loch Leven," are not nearly so happy as his less ambitious efforts; though "Loch Leven" shows an intimate knowledge of nature at first hand, and utters the language of one who had studied the mighty Mother in all her varying moods of storm and sunshine. In forming an estimate of his powers, we must not forget that Michael Bruce died at the age of twenty-one. The fair promise of excellence which his early efforts gave, justifies the conclusion that, had he been spared, he would have made a name in British poetry.

The time in which he lived was an eminently precarious one, both in the political and philosophical worlds. Britain was divided into the two great factions of Jacobites and Hanoverians, the one

¹ It will be known to some of our readers that difference of opinion exists as to the respective shares of Michael Bruce and the Rev. John Logan, who was one of the parish ministers of Leith, in the authorship of certain of the paraphrases. The Bruce-Logan Controversy (as it has been called) is, however, too difficult to be entered on here.—ED.

looking to a royal court at St. Germain's, and the other to that in London. The theories of Hume and Voltaire were agitating the literary circles of Europe; and the first dawn of Rationalism was becoming apparent in Germany. But amid all the unsettling of beliefs, political and religious, the quiet student-poet remained unperplexed by doubt, undismayed by fear.

"For him that overcometh are
The new name written on the stone,
The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
And I will give him the Morning Star!"

ALEX. H. MILLAR.

The Word of God.

A CHILDREN'S SERMON.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—I have preached a great many sermons to children, and now I have written one for you, readers of *Life and Work*. It is very short, and I hope you will be interested by it, and be able to remember it.

I take as my subject "The Word of God," and give a few remarks on some of its titles.

I shall not tell you the text where each title is to be found, but shall leave you to search for all in the Bible, as I think that a good fireside exercise, and an effectual way of making us acquainted with the Book Divine.

FIRST TITLE.—God's Word is "a *Hammer*."

See that block of whinstone, and now see that little instrument lying on it—a hammer. Yonder skilful workman can, with that small instrument, break that block into pieces, which can then be applied to any purpose that he may think them fit for.

When our first parents were created their hearts were soft, and therefore easily impressed by divine things, and their affections were pure and warm, but when sin entered and took possession, the heart became as hard as the hardest stone, and the affections became like ice. And so they naturally continue to be. When, however, the Word of God is duly applied to the hardest heart, it breaks it into shivers, after which it is formed anew like Christ. This, however, is "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Read about the eunuch and Philip; Lydia—the first converted in Europe; and of the jailer at Philippi.

SECOND TITLE.—"The *Sword* of the Spirit." Each one, young and old, who has come to "the Lord's side," has been enlisted to be a soldier of the cross. A soldier is really not a soldier without his armour when placed before the enemy: so, to be of use, we must have on our armour constantly, for the enemies, the devil, sinful thoughts and desires, are always in our way. We have *five* pieces of armour—all for defending ourselves—the helmet, the coat of mail, girdle or belt, sandals, and over

all "the shield of faith." Only *one* for attacking our enemies, the devil, the world, and the flesh—the Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God.

See Jesus, thrice tempted in the wilderness by Satan, and each time smiting him with this sword, and thereby completely vanquishing and silencing the great enemy of souls. The three strokes of the sword were taken by Jesus from that wonderful book Deuteronomy.

The Bible is a "two-edged sword." The edges are the Law and the Gospel. The Law wounds but cannot heal. The Gospel, be it in the Old Testament or the New, wounds, and, when applied by the grace of God, can heal.

THIRD TITLE.—The Word of God "a Lamp." How we are cheered by light when it causes the darkness to pass away and shows us all around. But a lamp, though made of the finest gold, filled with the purest oil, and having the best of wicks, would be of no use to us in our hand in a dark place unless a flame were applied to it. The Bible is the darkest and most mysterious book in the world if it is not lighted for us by the Holy Spirit, but when thus illuminated it is infinitely the brightest book, and shows us clearly the way through this dark world of sin and sorrow to our Father's habitation in glory, where there shall be no darkness, but where the Lord shall be our everlasting light.

FOURTH TITLE.—The Bible "A Looking-glass or Mirror." When first we look into the Word of God we see our own character, and read that we are poor and miserable, and wretched and blind, and naked of holiness, and stand in need of all things. We also see, as if in the background of the past, men and women whose lives are recorded therein. We admire much in them, but they are not perfect. There is One, however, completely holy and loving, and altogether lovable. This is the Son of God, who casts a lustre over all.

We see His marvellous goodness to us in the marks of the nails and spear in His hands, His feet, and His side, and we are filled with gratitude and love to Him, and desire earnestly to be like Him; and so we commune with Him in His Word, this Mirror, and grow liker and liker unto Him, even though only seeing Him as through a glass, dimly, until we become perfected in Him, and then see Him in glory as He is.

In conclusion, I would remind you, dear children, that the Hammer and Sword, to be effectual, must be applied by the infinitely wise and Almighty Spirit, and He alone can light up the Lamp and the Mirror.

Jesus, the Friend of little children, tells us our heavenly Father "will give the Holy Spirit to them (whosoever they are) that ask Him."

But remember, dear children, there are millions on millions of little children, whose souls are as valuable as ours, groping their way through this dark world towards eternity, who have never seen

even the outside of a Bible! What a cheerless desert this world would be to us without the "Word." Let us earnestly seek that it may be soon brought within the reach of the whole human family, so that each may have it in his power to say, like you and me,

"Holy Bible, Book Divine!
Precious Treasure! thou art mine."

FIFE.

R. F. F.

"Is Father on Deck?"

A NUMBER of years ago, Captain D. commanded a vessel sailing from Liverpool to New York, and on one voyage he had all his family with him on board the ship. One night, when all were quietly asleep, there arose a sudden squall of wind which came sweeping over the waters until it struck the vessel, and instantly threw her on her side, tumbling and crashing everything that was movable, and awakening the passengers to a consciousness that they were in imminent peril. Every one on board was alarmed and uneasy, and some sprang from their berths and began to dress, that they might be ready for the worst. Captain D. had a little daughter on board just eight years old, who, of course, awoke with the rest.

"What is the matter?" said the frightened child. They told her a squall had struck the ship. "Is father on deck?" said she.

"Yes; father is on deck."

The little one dropped herself on her pillow again, without a fear, and in a few moments was sleeping sweetly, in spite of winds and waves.

Blessed child! "Is Father on deck?" Father understands all about the vessel, the winds, the waves, the rocks, the storms, the squalls, the tempests.

Tempted, troubled, distressed, and frightened soul, look up. Give to the winds thy fears. Rest in God's faithfulness and love. Cast every care upon Him.

From the Canada Presbyterian Record.

Sunday Schools and Bible Classes.

THE Church of Scotland has nearly 2000 Sunday Schools (1952 were reported to last General Assembly), attended by 187,418 scholars, who are taught by 17,436 teachers. There are also about 45,000 scholars in adult religious classes (the exact number is 44,885), of whom (in round numbers) 40,000 are taught by ministers, and 5000 by elders and others. The Sunday Schools collected £2185 last year for Missions. A work so great may well claim at least occasional notice in a periodical which aims at being a Parish Magazine for Scotland.

A proposal appears in the "Missionary Record" for December (in a letter from the Rev. J. H. Crawford) that our 2000 Sunday Schools should support our China Mission. An average of £1 from each school would more than do it. Mention is made of a monthly penny periodical, "China's Millions" (Morgan and Scott, 12 Paternoster Buildings, London), which would supply recent information to ministers, superintendents, and teachers.

The esteemed Convener of the General Assembly's Committee on Sunday Schools—the Rev. J. G. Young, D.D., Monifieth—writes: "Could you say a word in favour of properly-equipped schoolrooms for Bible Classes, and the duty of congregations to provide such class-rooms for the benefit of young persons about to leave the Sunday Schools? Without some such inducement, we must continue to lose a large proportion of our Sunday School scholars, just when it is of most consequence to maintain our hold on them."

God's Tenth.

IN Old Testament times God asked from His people, as a sign that they and all they had belonged to Him, a tenth of all their worldly goods. This was not only a part of the ceremonial law, but was the custom long before, as we see in the case of Abraham and Melchizedek, and of Jacob at Bethel. There are many of us who are willing to say that we are God's: are we all willing to give Him this proof of our sincerity? But, you will say, many give a much larger proportion of their money for God's work. Undoubtedly they do, and we do not wish the tenth to be a limit beyond which, but only one below which, we should not go. It is a certain fact that this principle is not carried out regularly and systematically by God's people; for, if it were, the existing societies and missions would not know what to do with the money poured into their coffers, and new missions would have to be undertaken on all sides in order to spend the Lord's money. To give God a tenth is an easier and happier thing than many would think. Let those who have twenty pounds reckon that eighteen only are theirs to spend, those who have one hundred count ninety their own. Let the incomes of a thousand a year be reckoned nine hundred, and the incomes of ten thousand at nine thousand; and so on, from the smallest to the largest sums. Then this tenth will be no more ours to spend, except for God's service, than if we had already given the money into another's hands; and I believe that if the tenth is faithfully given, many will be surprised, as I have been, at having so much money to give away.

Our parents followed this plan and taught it to their children as soon as they had any money—even sixpence—of their own to spend. We in turn have passed it on to a third generation; and the schoolboy out of his weekly allowance, the girls just beginning to buy their own clothes, down to the baby of four who hardly understands the worth of money, are always ready to subscribe to any object their elders are interested in. In this way, of course, a part of the money is tithed twice as it passes from one hand to another. The children find no difficulty in giving away the money, for they know that it is not theirs to use. I feel sure that a blessing rests on the money thus acknowledged as belonging to God, and that the verse we often sing is more true than we know—

“Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold shall be.”

I remember a fact told of my father which proves this, and also shows, that those who set apart a tenth for God, do not always limit their gift to that sum. He was at the time a young doctor with a wife and three little children, and money was not very plentiful. He left home one morning for professional work, intending before he returned to attend a missionary meeting in the town; and my mother, who always kept the purse, gave him a sovereign to put in the plate. He came home full of delight at the meeting, and my mother asked him for the fees, some seven or eight pounds, which he had received that day. “I could not help it; I put it in the plate,” he said. “And the sovereign?” asked my mother. “Yes, I put that in too.” My mother was somewhat troubled; she had counted on the money for paying bills, but there was nothing to be done—the money was gone. The next morning, however, a cheque for twenty pounds arrived by the post, the payment of an old debt that my father had never expected to be paid. And it was not only in money that the Lord paid my father.

I wonder if this text has not still a meaning for us: “Bring all the tithes into my storehouse, that there may be meat enough in my house; and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there will not be room to receive it.”

ONE WHO HAS LONG TRIED IT.

Ask, and it shall be given you.

A TRUE TALE IN VERSE.¹

‘TWAS a bright Autumn even, and the sun
Darted his beams across a purple hill,
O'er mead and mellow orchard; one by one
Homeward the laden wains rolled slow, until
Silent was all, field, farmstead, forest dun;
Save where, by an old ivy-mantled mill,
A brook, while speeding on its headlong flight,
Caught the warm rays, and warbled with delight.

Hither from city smoke and city broil,
A good Professor wound his easy way,
To drink the pure breeze—brief respite from toil—
Ere darkness settled on the brow of day;
Him followed students twain, whom Nature's spoil
Attracted; for where'er the glance might stray,
The rustling hedges and the tangled bowers
Gleam'd with the lustrous hues of countless flowers.

It chanced that as they wandered by the brook,
They spied beneath a lowly rustic stile,
Which led into a field where stook by stook
The corn stood brown'd by the sun's glowing smile,
A pair of old, worn shoes, placed in this nook
By some foot-weary reaper for a while;
A pair of old, worn shoes, old shoes—no more,
Yet mute they spoke, declared their owner poor.

Then said one student—“Surely 'twere great fun
To hide these shoes somewhere in yon wide park,
So that their owner, when his work is done,
May vainly search for them, and we may mark
His look of angry wonder.” “Nay, my son,”
Cried the Professor, “rather, ere 'tis dark,
Let's place a silver dollar in each shoe,
And watch concealed what the poor man will do.”

Anon the reaper came with faltering pace,
Bent was his frame, all silver was his hair,
And, oh, the lines of anguish in his face!
He raised the shoes—a start—a vacant stare—
Then loud he cried, “O Lord, great is Thy grace;
Thou hast not turned Thee from the sufferer's prayer,
But listed hast to my beseeching cry;
Not now thro' want my wife and babes will die.”

L.

¹ The incident took place recently near a German University.

The Missionary Record.

WE have much pleasure in announcing to our readers that the “Missionary Record” of the Church of Scotland is in future to be published at a penny. “Life and Work” is in no sense a rival to the “Record.” On the contrary, the promoters of “Life and Work” have acted throughout in the expectation that if, by God's blessing, they succeeded in deepening spiritual life, and quickening the interest of the people in Christian work, the prosperity of the Record should keep pace with the success of this Magazine. The hindrance has hitherto been the difference of price. Each periodical supplies what is lacking in the other, and both are needed to give the wholesome stimulus which our parishes require. The cause of Missions cannot be passed over in “Life and Work,” rather it must occupy a foremost place: but for recent information regarding the work of our own Church in the mission-field this Magazine sends its readers to the “Record.” It is hoped that in many instances, ministers and others will be able to take advantage of their present arrangements for the distribution of “Life and Work” to increase largely the circulation of the “Missionary Record.”

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Who refused to drink of the water that he had longed for, and poured it out unto the Lord? Where was the water brought from?
2. Name three pious women who are called prophetesses in the Old Testament.
3. Find the story of a good king who honoured the Book of the Law when it was found in the House of the Lord.
4. Find the story of a wicked king who burned the roll of a prophet.
5. Two of Christ's parables, and two of His miracles, teach us to continue instant in prayer, notwithstanding discouragement. Which are they?
6. Find five different occasions on which it is recorded that Christ said, "Be of good cheer" (or comfort).
7. What is the last mention in Scripture of Mary, the mother of our Lord?
8. Find at least six New Testament texts proving that Missions to the heathen are a duty.
9. Find the names of relatives of St. Paul who were converted before himself. (Search in Romans.)
10. Where is the Word of God called a Hammer, the Sword of the Spirit, a Lamp, a Mirror? (See Children's Sermon on page 13.)

These questions are for private and family study, especially among the young. Answers are not to be sent to the Editor. The correct answers will be given in next Magazine.

Calendar for January.

1	Su.	Choose you this day whom ye will serve.—Josh. xxiv.
2	M.	Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. vii. 12. [15.]
3	Tu.	God be merciful to me a sinner.—Luke xviii. 13. [9.]
4	W.	Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance.—Ps. xxviii.
5	Th.	Suffer the little children to come unto Me.—Mark x. 14.
6	F.	I exhort that prayers be made for all men.—1 Tim. ii. 1.
7	Sa.	Prayer for Home and Foreign Missions.—Luke x. 2.
8	Su.	I will trust, and not be afraid.—Is. xii. 2.
9	M.	In His favour is life.—Ps. xxx. 5. [viii. 32.]
10	Tu.	Shall He not with Him freely give us all things?—Rom.
11	W.	I am the Good Shepherd.—John x. 14. [10.]
12	Th.	I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.—Is. xlviii.
13	F.	I am crucified with Christ.—Gal. ii. 20. [2 Tim. ii. 3.]
14	Sa.	Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—
15	Su.	Collection for Gen. Assembly's Finance Committee.—1 Cor.
16	M.	Jesus saith, Lovest thou Me?—John xxi. 15. [xvi. 2.]
17	Tu.	My grace is sufficient for thee.—2 Cor. xii. 9.
18	W.	Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.—Ps. li. 11.
19	Th.	Holiness to the Lord.—Ex. xxviii. 36.
20	F.	Partakers of Christ's sufferings.—1 Pet. iv. 13.
21	Sa.	Cleanse Thou me from secret faults.—Ps. xix. 12.
22	Su.	Rejoice in the Lord alway.—Phil. iv. 4.
23	M.	My help cometh from the Lord.—Ps. cxxi. 2.
24	Tu.	Faint, yet pursuing.—Judges viii. 4. [19.]
25	W.	Not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts xxvi.
26	Th.	Not My will, but Thine, be done.—Luke xxii. 42.
27	F.	Take up the cross, and follow Me.—Mark x. 21.
28	Sa.	He will be our guide even unto death.—Ps. xlviii. 14.
29	Su.	Ask, and ye shall receive.—John xvi. 24.
30	M.	Whom having not seen, ye love.—1 Pet. i. 8.
31	Tu.	Not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—Rom. i. 16.

FEBRUARY.

1	W.	Keep thy heart with all diligence.—Prov. iv. 23.
2	Th.	Blessed are the pure in heart.—Matt. v. 8.
3	Fr.	Behold the Lamb of God.—John i. 29.
4	Sa.	Be thou faithful unto death.—Rev. ii. 10.
5	Su.	I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Job xix. 25.

Notices of Books.

HOSANNAS OF THE CHILDREN. By Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. (Nisbet & Co.)

GLEAMS FROM THE SICK CHAMBER. By Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. (Nisbet & Co.)

No review can affect the power of Dr. Macduff over the public. The announcement of another work from the pen that has written so much, and by every new book has increased our desire for more, is all that is needed. But it is something to say that those books whose names we give are not only worthy of the author's great reputation, but are, to our thinking, equal to the very best of those which came before them. The pages of this Magazine were enriched by a paper on "The Lord's Supper explained to the Young;" and our readers will find that it is a chapter in the "Hosannas of the Children." The whole book is bright, loving, and encouraging; there could be no better gift to the young at this season of gifts. The other book is full of wise and ripe consolation. It is a memorial of a Christian brother's death, and is mainly drawn from 1 Peter, which was the dying believer's treasury of comfort and hope.

THE LAST SUPPER OF OUR LORD. By Rev. J. MARSHALL LANG, D.D. (Macniven and Wallace.)

THIS little book is by one of the most esteemed ministers of our Church, and for the many who seek in a quiet hour to meditate, and, in truth, to feed on the Word, it is rare to meet with one like it. It is full of sentences on which one likes to linger; many of which we had marked for quotation. Thus: "To know the thought of the Lord's heart, the Simon Peters of the Church must 'beckon' to the Johns;" and again, "Unbelief or half-belief, as to the effectualness of prayer, is the paralysis of the Church."

We had specially marked some passages for quotation on the Lord's Supper, as conveying Christ to us "not in a corporal and carnal manner;" as a remembrance of Him; and as communion with Him, with His whole Church of living men, and also with those who are dead; but we must close by commending the book to our readers.

THE CORONATION STONE AND ENGLAND'S INTEREST IN IT. By Mrs. G. ALBERT ROGERS, Author of "The Shepherd King." (Nisbet and Co.)

THIS is a reverent and graceful little book, tracing in brightly-written chapters the history of the Coronation Stone in Westminster Abbey, which Edward I. of England carried off from Scotland during his brief conquest of our northern kingdom. The old legend that this stone, on which our Scottish kings were crowned, is the very stone of Jacob's vow and prayer at Bethel, could not be more attractively told. We are afraid that the eminent Scottish antiquary, Mr. W. F. Skene, in his work on "The Coronation Stone" (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1869), has shown grave reasons for believing that the beautiful story of the old stone of Jacob and of Solomon's Temple, coming through Irish kings and St. Columba of Iona to support the chair of our beloved Queen when she was crowned at Westminster, is a fiction of comparatively recent days. But even though it be so, this bright book is a charming statement of a legend one is loath to let go; and it gives many suggestive renderings of the Scripture passages adduced in support of the authoress's argument.

A SUGGESTION reaches us that Kirk-Sessions might in many cases appoint a yearly collection "for publications," and might thus be able to supply the congregation, and even the Sunday School, with those periodicals which they think ought to be circulated. Possibly this suggestion may with advantage be considered in connection with our paragraph on page 15, respecting the joint circulation of the "Missionary Record" and "Life and Work."

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1882.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for February.

1	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
2	Th.	Prayer Meeting, Church, 3 P.M. Subject—1 Peter v. Service in Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
3	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
4	Sa.	Mr. Macleod sees Members regarding Baptism, between 7 and 8 P.M.
5	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.15 P.M. (The Afternoon Service on the first Sunday is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Subject—"Thy Will be done." Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, Mission Hall, 10 A.M. The attendance of young men—members or non-members—is specially requested. Young Men's Bible Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 6.30 P.M. Sabbath School, Brunswick Street, 4 P.M. Do. do. 6 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 4 P.M.
6	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Kirk-Session, 4.30 P.M.
7	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
8	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M.
9	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
10	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
11	Sa.	Same as on 5th. Collection for JEWISH Mission.
12	S.	Same as on 5th. Collection for JEWISH Mission.
13	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
14	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
15	W.	Girls' Bible Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. (Miss Miller).
16	Th.	Prayer Meeting, Church, 3 P.M. Subject—2 Peter i. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
17	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
18	Sa.	Same as on 5th.
19	S.	Same as on 5th.
20	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.

21	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
22	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
23	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M.
24	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
25	Sa.	Same as on 5th.
26	S.	Same as on 5th.
27	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
28	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance Association, 8 P.M.

Collections for 1882.

The following are the days appointed by the Session for Collections for the present year. As far as possible the days recommended by the General Assembly have been adopted:—

Jewish Mission	Feb. 12.
St. Stephen's Schools	Mar. 5.
Colonial Scheme	Mar. 26.
Small Livings Fund	April 16.
Highland Committee	May 21.
Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund	June 18.
Patronage Compensation	July 23.
Endowment Scheme	Oct. 15.
Home Mission	Nov. 12.
Royal Infirmary	Nov. 26.
Foreign Missions	Dec. 17.

Members absent on the day appointed for any Collection are particularly requested to send their contributions to W. Mann, Esq., 119 Princes Street, or to enclose them in an envelope and put them in the plate on the following Sabbath.

It will be observed that the Collection for the JEWISH Mission falls to be made on the 12th of this month. Also that the first Sabbath of March has been fixed for the Annual Collection for our PARISH SCHOOLS. The schools were never more numerously attended.

The "Schemes" of the Church.

The Presbytery of Edinburgh have recommended that a series of sermons be preached in all the churches within the bounds of the Presbytery, in February and March, on the subject of Missions, and that when practicable united district evening meetings be held in a central church.

The arrangements for carrying out this proposal have not yet been completed. It is intended, however, to hold an Evening Meeting in St. Stephen's on the first Sunday in March, for the churches in the northern and north-eastern

districts of the city. It is expected that addresses will be given by Dr. MacGregor on Colonial Missions, by Dr. Scott on Foreign Missions, and by Rev. P. Macadam Muir on Home Missions. A special Sermon on Missions will also be preached on the forenoon of that day.

It is earnestly hoped that this effort on the part of the Presbytery may be the means of greatly deepening the interest of all our congregations in the work of God at home and abroad. "The time is short."

Musical Society.

It is proposed to form an Association in connection with St. Stephen's, such as exists in many other congregations, for the cultivation of sacred music. The meetings are to be held on Fridays, from 5 to 6, in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street; and all who have any desire to cultivate the practice of music are invited to become members. There will be at least twelve or fifteen meetings for instruction during the season, the entrance fee being 10s. 6d., or One Guinea for family tickets. The choir will be honorary members. All others who desire to join (and it is hoped that a large number will do so) are requested to send in their names to Lewis Bilton, Esq., 17 Lennox Street, or to come personally to the Mission Hall on any Friday at 5 P.M. It has been found impossible to fix on an hour that will be suitable for all, but it is thought that from 5 to 6 will suit the greater number of the members. The practisings will commence on the first Friday of February.

Young Men's Bible Class.

The Annual Soiree of Mr. Macrae's Bible Class was held in the Hall, 14 South St. Andrew Street, on Friday, 13th January. About 150 were present, including some ladies. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, by the Rev. Thomas Nicol of the Tolbooth Parish, by Mr. C. N. Johnston, Advocate, and by Mr. William Brown, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. A Report of the Literary Society in connection with the Class was given by Mr. Swan, from which it appeared that the Society had been very successful for the past two years, both in the attendance and the spirit and interest of the meetings. It was stated that a library had been formed for the use of the Class, and the thanks of the Society were due to several kind Members of the Congregation who had contributed books. An excellent programme of music increased the enjoyment of the evening—the songs being given by members of the Choir, accompanied by Mr. Curle, who also performed a solo. At the close of the evening a hearty vote of thanks was accorded, on the motion of Mr. Templeton, to the speakers and to the Choir.

Temperance and Total Abstinence Association.

This Association held its fourth Annual Social Meeting in the upper Schoolroom, Brunswick Street, on the evening of Friday the 23d December, Mr. Macleod in the Chair. There was a large attendance. Addresses were given by the Chairman, Rev. W. Macfarlane, Dar-

jeeling, and Rev. M'Duff Simpson of Lorne Street Church. Mr. Curle, and several Members of the Choir, were present, and kindly contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by their songs and accompaniments. Several excellent recitations were also given by Private Hutcheson of the 42d Regiment. This admirable Association continues to make good progress, contributing in many ways to the moral and intellectual elevation of the members. It deserves every possible encouragement and support.

Conferences of Sabbath School Teachers.

The Teachers of our Schools are reminded of the Monthly Conferences held in the Schemes Office, under the management of the Church of Scotland Sabbath School Teachers' Association. These Conferences afford an admirable opportunity to all engaged in the religious training of the young, of acquiring special information on the subject. To those who have recently undertaken the duty of teachers, it is specially important that they should use every means in their power to render themselves efficient; and as such opportunities are scarce, they should not be neglected. It has been observed that the Teachers of St. Stephen's do not support these Conferences so largely as they ought to do. Mr. Macleod opens the next Conference on 20th February, on the subject, "Spiritual power in the teacher."

C. G. M.

Pursewaukum.

Miss Gordon arrived safely at Calcutta on the 2d of January. Her voyage was somewhat protracted in consequence of a long delay at Malta, occasioned by an accident to the machinery. Upon the whole, however, she has had a pleasant and prosperous passage, for which she desires to give thanks. She will probably have reached Madras by this time.

In a recent letter to a member of the Ladies' Association, Mr. MacIsaac refers to his school at Pursewaukum, as follows:—"I am glad to tell you that the grant for Pursewaukum, which last year was 76 rupees, is 265 rupees this year. This is a proof of how much the school has improved. Mr. Macleod will be pleased, because he is specially interested in it; and you will see that I have tried to make things better. I mean Miss Gordon to superintend the Bible-woman, and also to take charge of Pursewaukum School, seeing that this is Mr. Macleod's wish, and that of the Committee."

It may be mentioned that the full amount required for Pursewaukum has been contributed by the Congregation for the year '81-82.

New subscribers to this Magazine are requested to send their names and addresses to Mr. George Matheson, St. Stephen's Church.

For information regarding Church-Seats, apply to Mr. Alexander Smith, 7 St. Vincent Street.



FEBRUARY 1882.

Sermon.

CONVERSION.

By Rev. WM. S. BRUCE, M.A., Banff.

"Wherefore if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away: behold they have become new" (Rev. Version).—2 COR. v. 17.

WE were told in last Sermon that the effect of Christ's Exaltation should be to make all things new. Christ's disciples have risen with their Lord to newness of life; and it is the beginning of that new life which we shall this month consider.

This beginning is spoken of in various terms. Sometimes it is termed Effectual Calling; because the outward call of God's Word, extended to all who hear it, is followed by the inward call of God's Spirit, which effects a renewal in the deep centre of our spiritual being. Sometimes it is spoken of as Regeneration, or the New Birth; and then we think of it on its divine side as an act of God, in which we are not agents, but are acted on by divine grace. At other times it is spoken of as Conversion; and then we mean that Regeneration, the divine act, can become consciously known to us only by Conversion, the human change. The implanting of the divine principle is the work of God; but the exercise of the principle is the work of man, aided and encouraged by the Divine Spirit.

But whatever term we use, it is evident that the apostle considers the purpose of Christ's humiliation to death and His resurrection to life to be the radical changing and renewal of sinful men. "Old things are passed away; behold, they are become new." We shall speak briefly of the *necessity*, the *nature*, and the *means* of this spiritual renewal.

I. *The necessity.* On this point, the testimony of history and the universal conscience of men are at one with Scripture. The altars and fountains of Paganism were all built upon the conviction that man needs to be changed. By their offerings and ablutions, and their starving of the body in the hope of eradicating the sin of the soul, they confessed that a disease had poisoned the heart of Pagan humanity. Every man who looks honestly within himself, will admit the necessity of such a change. We feel that sin is not a transient visitor, but an abiding guest; not a temporary impulse, but a permanent principle, underlying every sinister motive and every wicked deed. We are under a law of sin; and in our thoughtful moments, when

the veil of pride is removed from our vision, we confess that it was no shadow of St. Paul's fancy, but a deep and universal feeling which was voiced in the words, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

This experience coincides with the statements of Scripture. The doctrine of regeneration is not found merely in a few proof texts, but pervades the whole system of Biblical teaching. It is as much a constructive idea of inspiration as the doctrine of sin, with which it is so intimately joined. A well-known and much-quoted chain of passages runs across the whole breadth of the Bible, which speak of the need of a new heart being created, a right spirit renewed, and of sin as having such dominion over us that God alone can break it. There is a law of sin in our members to which we are brought into captivity; and this captivity, in its emphatic form, becomes the "death" of the soul. "A heart, deceitful above all things and wicked," "alienated from the life of God," "dead in trespasses and sins," "sold under sin," "enemies in your mind by wicked works,"—all this language is unmeaning, or else grossly exaggerated, unless the nature of man, apart from the renewing Spirit, be depraved and evil.

The Bible notion of what men need to make them fit for entering the kingdom of God is very different from the superficial notions common among worldly moralists. We hear much talk of culture, of education in taste, and refinement in feeling; and all these are good so far as they go. Religion has not a word to say against them, but the contrary. Only they do not go far enough. None of these things will quicken a man that is dead in sensualism, nor touch the plague spot where the malady has its root, nor bring rest to earnest souls that cry, "What shall I do to be saved?" It is not the "turning of a new leaf," nor reformation of bad habits, but renewal, regeneration, that men need; not development of what is already there in germ, but the rooting out of the old man, and the begetting of a new creature in Christ. The force of passions that are driving men into courses of sin, the hardness of heart that grows with the greed of gain, and the terrific grip and persistence of evil habits, too clearly show how many, of all that are born, yet remain to be born again. Help to man must come from on high, if he is to be delivered from the death of goodness

and the vitality of evil. A radical change is needed, which shall go to the centre of his being, shall slay his selfishness, and make his heart beat with new pulses of love to God, so that old things shall pass away, and all things become new.

II. *The nature of it.* Of the manner in which this change is effected we cannot speak. Our Lord placed this among the mysteries of faith. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." But if the regenerative act be mysterious, the result of it in conversion is not so. Its operation is according to the laws of the human mind. Some people speak of conversion as a secret of the spiritually initiated, and use it as a test of close communion. But this is to confound the cause with the effect, and is contrary to Scriptural teaching.

In order to a clear conception of this important doctrine, let us say, negatively, it is not a change in the *make*, or in the substance of the soul. If men teach that our Lord's humanity is partaken of in the Sacrament, or that Immortality is conditional on regeneration, they affirm a change in the substance of the soul which is contradicted by the Scriptural principle of the unity of our inward life. The seat of regeneration, as of religion, is not in any one faculty, such as the affections, or the will. It is the whole inner man that is spiritually quickened. No faculty is destroyed; no new endowment given. If I have a genius for mathematics, or for logic, or for business, before conversion, I shall have it after it. If my tastes are artistic by nature, the grace of God will not change them, but only make them "vassal unto good." The will is renewed, the intellect enlightened, the conscience edged; but there is not a new will, or new intellect, or new conscience given. The inner man in the centre and unity of his life is renewed—made a new creature in Christ.

On the other hand, Conversion is something more than a change of external *deportment* or the reformation of some old habit. Sobriety of behaviour and increased thoughtfulness will come with experience of life's realities, and some of the fiery passions of youth may burn themselves out on the approach of old age, which will seek for quieter pleasures. Such changes may accompany, but they are not synonymous with, conversion. And again, it is more than the change of one's *outward condition*. A nunnery may shut out the world's din, yet it will not exclude the world's spirit. Some men after conversion imagine they must quit the sphere of secular business and become preachers or hermits. But the grace of God should help us to carry a new spirit into our work, that will sanctify every secular calling. The less we have of the Baptist and the more of Christ, the less of new peculiarities and the more of new heart, the surer will be the evidence of our calling and election.

For it is a change of *heart*—which, in the language of the Bible, means a change of the centre of all personal and moral life, of all, in short, that goes to make *character*—that constitutes conversion. The mind that was filled with low and mean thoughts is now filled with thoughts of God. The affections clasp Him as the object of supreme love. The will runs with delight on His errands. The life is built on a new model, the spirit is under a new spell, a new meaning is given to existence, a new inspiration to labour. In the centre of his being where lie the roots of *character*, the man is changed, and he becomes a new man "after God, created in righteousness and holiness of truth."

III. *How is this effected?* The preacher may explain the change, but he cannot bring it about. The Holy Spirit alone can convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment. He is the agent in our renewal, and the instrument which He employs is "the word of truth," by which "of His own will He begat us." That true word spake in the Old Testament through the "law of the Lord which is perfect, converting the soul," and in the New Testament through "the gospel of Christ which is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." It commands us to repent and believe the gospel. We must turn *from sin*; that is repentance: we must turn *unto God*; that is conversion. They are but two sides of one gracious experience. And we shall do this only as we believe the good news of God's love in Christ, believing not only with the cold assent of the intellect, but with the warm affiance of the heart. It is the "truth as it is in Jesus," as it radiates from His person and His work, which contains the germs of all renewal and progress in holiness, just because it is in that truth that the Saviour comes near to our understanding and our hearts.

Many difficulties have been felt regarding conversion. Some regard it as doing violence to their *rational* nature. But spiritual truth acts in entire accordance with the laws of the human mind. They work together as harmoniously as solar light and the nerves of the eye. The word of the gospel is the instrument which God uses in effecting a change which could not be accomplished without it; but the mind is never in more healthy accord with its own being than when it believes the divine message, and yields to its commands. A change of heart is not an unnatural change, though produced by a supernatural cause. The cause is God; but He employs an instrument exquisitely adjusted to the mind of man as a free and intelligent creature. There is neither miracle nor destruction of man's freedom in it.

Others are perplexed as to the *proof* of it. They wish to see signs and wonders in order to be assured of their conversion. But the Scriptural method provides no place for such prodigies and revelations as outrage the moral sense. It urges men to respond to God's offer of salvation with an intelligent

faith, an honest repentance for sin, a sincere trust in the Saviour, a conscious dependence on the sanctifying Spirit, and the consecration of the whole being to God's service. If the soul thus respond to divine truth, it is born again; and its regenerate character will work itself out in evidences quite intelligible to the common sense of men.

Others puzzle themselves as to the *date* of it. Is it instantaneous, or is it gradual? The difficulty arises from confusing regeneration with conversion. The one is a divine act, and its date is known to God. The other is the result of that act, in the conscious turning of the soul to God, and may be sudden or slow. Earnest Christians build much of their practical religious life on the correct assumption that grace must unconsciously exist in many cases long before actual conversion; and that even what are called sudden conversions may sometimes, as with Luther, be the bursting into flower of what was long preparing in the bud.

This doctrine should be full of practical results. It should teach us at once our helplessness and our Helper. It is only one side of the truth to say that we are "dead in trespasses and sins." The other side is, Christ is here to quicken us, and to address to us the words He spake to Nicodemus, "God sent not His Son into the world to judge it, but that the world through Him should be saved." "Whosoever believeth hath in Him eternal life."

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

ISAIAH xl. 31.

LORD, at Thy feet my prostrate heart is lying,
Worn with the burden, weary of the way,
The world's proud sunshine on the hills is dying,
And morning's promise fades with parting day;
Yet in Thy light another morn is breaking,
Of fairer promise, and with pledge more true;
And in Thy life a dawn of youth is waking
Whose bounding pulses shall this heart renew.

Oh, to go back across the years long vanished,
To have the words unsaid, the deeds undone,
The errors cancelled, the deep shadows banished,
In the glad sense of a new world begun!
To be a little child, whose page of story
Is yet undimmed, unblotted by a stain,
And in the sunrise of primeval glory
To know that life has had its start again.

I may go back across the years long vanished,
I may resume my childhood, Lord, in Thee,
When in the shadow of Thy cross are banished
All other shadows that encompass me:
And o'er the road that now is dark and dreary
This soul, made buoyant by the strength of rest,
Shall walk untired, shall run, and not be weary,
To bear the blessing that has made it blest.

GEO. MATHESON.

A CORRECTION.—In the memoir of Dr. Jamieson in last Magazine, it was stated by mistake that he was originally destined for the ministry of another Church. His views were directed from the beginning to the ministry of the Church of Scotland.

Isaac Ronald The Dominie.

By the Author of "JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK."

IV.—THE BANKMILL SCHOOL.

THE conviction in the minds of Isaac Ronald's two patrons was that his call to the office of teacher was clearly a providential one. In his own eyes it seemed literally a matter of destiny. To have expected that Isaac would, of his own motive, have set himself forward as a fit and proper person to undertake the management of a school would have been about the last thing that would have occurred to any one that knew him. He was simply to be marked out by others, and pressed into the service against his own candid professions of incapacity for the work.

"Me! I cud never teach a school," exclaimed Isaac in all seriousness, when the proposal was put before him.

"Ye wudna ken till ye try," replied his sanguine patron, the wright; and the miller proceeded to enforce the call from his own point of view.

"Some o' the greatest men that the wardle has ever seen wud fain hae flench't fae the life tasks set afore them, Isaac," said the miller. "Leuk at Moses even, tryin' to back against the divine comman'; an' in profane history, hoo many men that cam' to wield great power an' influence were clean against takin' ony leadin' pairt till forc't on by the voice o' the people?"

"Ah, but that was different," pleaded Isaac, "vera different. They're aye needin' me for the orra wark at hame; an' I cudna manage a skweel; it's only you twa that thinks 't."

"The prenciple's the vera same," answered the miller. "Ye canna be an orra man about the fairm a' your days, Isaac. Even your father wudna tak' wi' that. As for the lave o' 't, ye're clean wrang. It's nae Saunders an' me't ye hae to answer till in your conscience, but the hail neighbourheid, for the call comes fae them."

"Aul' an' young, aul' an' young," interposed the wright, "nae exceptin' the miller's lassies an' my ain bairns. It's nae for you to withstan' the voice o' the commoonity in a mainer, sma' as it may be."

"It's an openin' in Providence," added the miller; "it's nane o' your seekin'; an' we're only the deesters—the mere instruments. Ye canna refese, Isaac."

"But I'm sure my father winna——"

"I'm takin' your father in my ain han'," said the miller, before Isaac could complete the sentence. "Your father an' your mither tee."

It was the miller and the wright who had reasoned Isaac's father and mother into the propriety of the scheme; even as they now bore down his own objections in detail, till they had obtained such a measure of acquiescence as enabled them to go on with their proposals.

It was the wright and miller, too, who, with their own hands, did the main part of the work

in rehabilitating the old house, formerly occupied as dwelling-house and workshop by an eccentric "customer weaver," now defunct, which had been obtained and set apart for a school. And having supplied the needful furnishings, in the shape of primitively designed desks and school seats, they took the duty upon them jointly of arranging for and presiding at the installation of the teacher; taking care, when that happened, to exhort with due gravity the small group of rustic pupils who had come up for enrolment, inculcating upon them the virtues of diligence, obedience, and good behaviour generally.

The Bankmill School stood upon the brow of a picturesque knoll, nearly three-quarters of a mile along the Strath from Isaac Ronald's home at Greenferns. The principal access to it was by a winding track over which wheeled vehicles, not too heavily loaded, might pass at a pinch. An ample playground, covered with close natural sward, lay directly in front; some venerable ash and plane trees sheltered it from the north and eastward, while glorious clumps of broom and whin bushes stretched away on either side down the brae to the mill and wright's shop. The school itself was a very homely thatched building, which, as has just been indicated, had at one time furnished both residence and workshop to the weaver, and so was a little larger in size than would have been deemed requisite for purely domiciliary purposes. An attendance of fifty to sixty pupils was sufficient to fill the available space much more compactly than would have been approved and certified under the rules that in these days guide those potent officials, H.M. Inspectors.

Fifty to sixty pupils—which was the winter maximum when the school had got fully established—and these yielding less than ten shillings each per annum in fees, could not constitute a lucrative source of income. The school was provided rent free, to be sure, per favour of the laird; and the fabric of it was maintained at the charge of the school constituency, who at stated periods provided "tippets" of straw to repair the thatch, and had the needful patching done by some of their number who were skilled in that way. And, as the pupils carried up their tale of peats daily during the winter months to keep the school fire burning, no further charge for fuel had to be met by either the teacher or the parents. For the rest of it, Isaac Ronald's home continued still to be in his father's house at Greenferns; but if he remained there as a free lodger, there could be no doubt that an ample equivalent for bed and board was obtained from him in the shape of services upon the farm done out of school-hours.

V.—THE DOMINIE AT WORK.

IT was only when Isaac Ronald had fairly entered on the regular duties of his office, as teacher of the Bankmill School, that his father and the family

generally at Greenferns began in a definite, and so to say tangible, way to realise how considerable a vacuum the abstraction of his personality during the greater part of every day occasioned in the potential activities of the farm. When his father wanted a steady eye kept on the cattle pasturing afield, in case of broken fences and the like, or was troubled about hungry rooks doing damage in the potato drills or among the ripening corn, it was the image of the absent Isaac that at once sprang up before his mind's eye; and his irritated thoughts perforce resolved themselves into vivid remembrances of Isaac's quiet helpfulness at such times; and he wondered why it had never struck him so before. Isaac's mother, of course, missed him badly in such matters as providing supplies of fresh food for her cows, fetching them home for milking or shelter, and attending to a thousand odd jobs, none of which formed a large service in itself, though the cumulative strain of the whole served to constitute no inconsiderable part of her burden of daily cares and anxieties. And amongst Isaac's brothers there had been absolute quarrelling as to which of them, now that he was absent, was bound to undertake this and the other irksome or responsible duty which it had never previously occurred to them that it lay to the hand of any one but Isaac to do.

It was not that Isaac, even yet, escaped being somewhat severely "put upon" in this way, during his spare hours. In the mornings and at night, as already indicated, he still bore his share ungrudgingly in all the work of the farm to which he could put his hand—even the roughest and least agreeable of it; and he made no complaint of having to perform duties which others, to whose hand they lay, had obviously neglected. Only for the greater part of every lawful day he was necessarily occupied with the labours of the school, labours which, from their first beginning, he performed in anything but a perfunctory fashion.

"I tell ye, miller, 't he's to be jist a prencipal teacher," was the verdict of the wright, addressing his neighbour a short three months after the opening of the Bankmill School.

"Ye think he'll justify your sagacity in first propoondin' him?" said the miller.

"I'm perfectly sure o' 't, man. There's that aul'est loon o' mine; he has nae great heid for figures nairtrally, an' though I sud be the hin'most to speak lichtlifu' o' the aul' dominie—he's a man o' byous learnin' an' knowledge o' affairs—he hed jist been alloot' to get into the wye o' ridin' owre the tap o' things, like a tineless harrow on a divotty rig, withoot a glimmer o' understandin' o' the rizzons; copyin' a question aff o' 's neibour this time, an' guessin' at the answer neist. But triflin' o' that kin' doensna dee wi' Isaac. He gars 'im maister the rules first, an' syne work oot the problem on 's ain can, line by line; nae maitter though it sud tak' oors o' haimmerin' intill 'im. An' really the loon, stiff as he is, begins to see that his lawbour's nae

in vain, but that he's honestly gainin' something."

The wright was a sensible man, and took a just view of the merits of the new teacher, as well as of his own parental position and duties. Nor was his friend, the miller, behind him in appreciation of Isaac's pedagogical gifts and services. Only it was in other branches than arithmetic that his direct interest chiefly lay.

"Oor lassies are deen uncommon weel," said the miller. "They never were ill to learn, an' they read their lessons wi' knowledge an' willin'ness. It's a fine thing to get them weel vers't in a knowledge o' the Bible—it's history nae less than the doctrines—to see the human hert, in its weykness, an' its waverin' atween gweed an' ill, as weel as the infinite pity an' compassion o' Him that made it. That in the first place, an' the catechis; an' owre an' abeen that, I sud wuss to hae my bairns, lassies that they be, acquantet wi' history, especially o' their ain countra, an' interestit aboot oor poets an' great men."

Such were the auspices under which Isaac Ronald commenced his career as teacher. His pupils at first numbered less than thirty; a fortunate circumstance, in so far as it enabled him to elaborate his methods, and get familiar with the management of his classes, before those classes had got so numerous, or so large, as to be embarrassing to an inexperienced man. On the limited list of early pupils the miller's five lassies bulked somewhat largely, and, as another half-dozen of those in attendance were girls beyond the stage of mere childhood, Isaac had at once forced on his attention the general question of the influence of the sexes upon each other in the daily intercourse of the school. This problem, as well as that of discipline generally, he dealt with intuitively rather than consciously and upon formal principles. Yet, young as he was, his age at opening school being scarcely over twenty, he had not from the outset the slightest difficulty in maintaining his authority over even the biggest and rudest boys; and I think the *morale* of the school, and so far the style, if not of the instruction, at least of the instructor, was influenced by the circumstance that, at what might be described as an important formative stage in his experience, he had to apply his mind in a direct and special sense to shaping his ideal of what was required in the training and mental development of the gentler sex.

A current belief in Drumwhynlle had been that the educational training of the female sex might very safely be confined to conferring upon them the power to read with moderate fluency, and allowing them, along with that, to obtain as much practice in writing as to be able at a pinch to indite a brief letter in a sort of mild half-text. If further accomplishment in that way came to be an object of ambition, it could be had through the services of the peripatetic writing-master, who visited the parish periodi-

cally, and undertook to communicate a full acquaintance with "the rinnin' han' for ladies" in six lessons. To this way of thinking the large majority of residents in the locality of the Bankmill School still adhered, the only marked exceptions, indeed, being the wright and the miller, who, as the natural leaders, were in advance on this as on most other questions. Of the two, the miller had attained to greatest perspicuity, at least in his notions; and he was wont to formulate his creed on the subject by declaring that "women, as immortal bein's, stan' on a perfect equality wi' men; the Scripture tells us so, an' reason approves. But nae only so; the mither's influence comes first an' tak's freshest, firmest grip o' the risin' generation. Fat better reason for g'ien the best instruction your means 'll comman' to them that, in the coorse o' Providence, maun be the mithers o' a near-comin' future? If they're left in the mists o' ignorance an' superstition, be sure ye're takin' the siccarest road to han' on the dregs o' baith ane an' the ither to them that are to follow. On the ither han', there's naething—short o' the grace o' Heaven—can add to the licht an' the hopes o' a household, like the presence o' a housewife nae only discreet by natur', but as weel instructit as to be able to set lightly by the gatherin's o' credulous gossip, an' capable o' speakin' wi' prudence an' knowledge to aul' an' young."

In his office of teacher, Isaac Ronald naturally took his position between the new ideas and the old. With the latter he had little enough of sympathy. Only they had been the prevailing growth on the soil that had now been laid open to him to cultivate, and he must shape his course accordingly. It was not for a moment to be supposed that the sturdy indwellers of the region would readily give up inherited notions and practices in favour of new-fangled theories concerning the education of their girls. And Isaac very wisely kept argument and theory in abeyance as a rule, and simply endeavoured, as far as might be, to shape his methods towards what he conceived to be the right ends to be aimed at.

Our Highlanders.

By REV. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

NOW that the tourist is conveyed in a few hours by rail to the base of Ben Cruachan, and a steamboat plies on the legendary waters of Loch Awe, we need to look to the past for the meaning of the old saying, "Far's the cry to Loch Awe and help from the race of O'Duine." It is not long since the smuggler pursued his vocation undisturbed around Loch Maree; its solitudes are now haunted by tourists, artists, anglers, and sportsmen, and the romantic phases of Highland existence are fast passing away. What a wonderful transformation the steam-whistle, telegraph, and school-inspector suggest as to the future of the Highlands!

It was in 1824 that two of the greatest bene-

factors of the Highlander undertook the Promotion of Education in the Highlands and Islands. These men, who may truly be styled the Highlander's friends, were Dr. George Husband Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and Dr. Norman McLeod, Minister of St. Columba's, Glasgow. They brought under the notice of the General Assembly the fact that there were upwards of 10,000 children under fifteen years of age, who were destitute of education, and of all means of acquiring it, and that there were Highland parishes where the Bible was a sealed book to three-fourths of the inhabitants, from inability to read it. The Church took up the matter, and, aided by the benevolent zeal of Principal Baird and Dr. McLeod, in the course of three years fifty schools were planted in different parts of the Highlands, placing the means of education within the reach of between 3000 and 4000 children. How it would rejoice the hearts of these good men, whose life-long devotion to the spiritual and temporal interests of the Highlanders is so well known, to find to-day, in the remotest glen of our Highlands, the schoolmaster at work, and every bare-legged child of school age well drilled in the three R's. But will the present generation of Highlanders prove as God-fearing as their forefathers? That is a question that would have exercised the minds of the good Principal and the good Doctor, had they lived to-day.

Some of your readers may have their doubts as to the genuineness of Highland piety. The *Clansman* may drop anchor on our Highland coasts, and in the pleasant autumn months a living mass may be seen on the shore, dispersing in boatfuls in all directions. They are returning home from the week-day service, prior to the Communion. Should the traveller land there, he will find them all back on the Sunday morning, and the whole district seems to pour forth its inhabitants. In the graphic words of the author of the Hebridean Communion :¹

" Along the ridgy winding road
Go peasant bands to worship God :
The aged grandsire and his wife,
Both verging on the night of life,
The craftsman clad in homely style
As would a painter's eye beguile ;
Blue bonnets, brogues, and russet brown,
Their joes in cotton prints of town,
And old dames of the crottil² gown,
With here and there a mutch³ or hood,
Free locks, shawls, plaids of texture rude,
Stout bata-chroms⁴ of hazel wood
And collie dogs of sober mood."

They are wending their way to some hallowed "trysting-place," where they congregate in thousands, to celebrate the Communion in the open air. They seat themselves on the grassy slopes ; a tent is already erected there and tables are spread. Anon, the tent is occupied by two or three ministers,

¹ Alex. T. Seton.

² Crottil, the native Highland dye.

³ Mutch, a white starched linen cap.

⁴ Bata-chrom, a Highland crook staff.

who are to officiate : a psalm is sung to a sad wailing tune, with no accompaniment but the roar of the sea and the sighing of the wind, and the simple Presbyterian Communion service goes on. All this a stranger may contemplate with awe and wonder, unable to understand either the language or the feelings of that solemn assembly. No one can help admiring the earnestness of these simple-minded people, who gather from far and near, and sit patiently there, under the canopy of heaven, careless alike of the biting wind and drenching shower. For the Celt is sincere and earnest in his religion ; be he Baptist in Cornwall, Methodist in Wales, Roman Catholic in Ireland, Free Kirkman or Auld Kirkman in Scotland.

It is true, the stranger may remark the paucity of the communicants, and it must be admitted that the Holy Ordinance is approached with a feeling of dread, which some people might be tempted to call superstition, in many parts of our Highlands. But I question whether this feeling has been always characteristic of the Highlander, or whether that is a fair interpretation of his feelings towards the ordinance. It must be remembered that there are wide districts of the Highlands in which these views of the Holy Communion do not exist, in which I am disposed to think they never have prevailed to any considerable extent. Turning over the records of my own parish, in the centre of Argyleshire, I find that the Communion was dispensed here in July 1705, and although I cannot give the exact number of communicants, the following extract will speak for itself. "The Session finds the bill of the charges of the Communion elements—there being six gallons of claret wine and six pecks of flour meal, with the baking of it, and the baker's fee, and the transportation of the elements hither—extendeth to sixty-four pounds seventeen shillings Scots." I estimate the population of the parish at the time at 2000, and there must have been a considerable roll of communicants, including, no doubt, many from neighbouring parishes. I have the good fortune also to possess a particular account of a Communion dispensed in a Highland parish, in the centre of Perthshire, on June 19, 1791. It is in the handwriting of the parish minister ; the numbers who sat at each table are given, and I find that the number of tables was twenty-nine, and the number of communicants was 2361 ; four ministers officiated, and the services were all in Gaelic.

In estimating the piety of the Highlands, we ought, in all fairness, to remember that it is little more than a hundred years since they have had the Scriptures in their own vernacular—the language in which they can best understand God's Word, the language that is the key to their hearts, associated as it is with all the tenderness of a mother's love and a father's prayers ; and how much God's Word has accomplished already in moulding their piety those who know the language well know.

Let it not be supposed that Highland piety is without its blemishes, any more than the Celtic temperament, which may justly be blamed for want of balance, measure, and patience. "Even in the world of spiritual creation," says Dr. Matthew Arnold, "the Celt has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone an expression be perfectly given to the finest perfections and emotions . . . and yet if one sets about constituting an ideal genius, what a great deal of the Celt does one find one's self drawn to put into it." And it would not be difficult to mention many Celtic names, in the past and the present history of the race, who have approached within a measurable distance of the ideal Christian. The very surroundings and history of the Highlanders in the past, if not at the present moment, have given a colouring to their piety. The awe-inspiring mountains, the ghastly precipices, the devastated glens, the mournful dashing waves, and the memories of conquests, feuds, clearances, oppressions, still surviving in plaintive laments and woeful songs, and in wild melancholy pibrochs, have had their effects on the temperament and religion of the Highlanders, and well might the wraith of Ossian beam, in vision, to Professor Blackie the oppressions of his race—

" Oft have I wept 'mid the mist of the mountains,
When I looked on the desolate glens of the Gael,
With no sound to the ear but the low trickling fountains,
And the low-creeping breeze, as it sighed through the vale,
And the moan of the tide, as it sobbed with its waters
Round the far-stretching base of the sheer-sided Ben ;
But I heard not the voice of the sons and the daughters
With the song of their sires that should gladden the Glen,
And I heard not the cry of the stout-breasted warriors,
Nor the chant of the bard, with the soul-thrilling tale,—
For a stranger had burst through the strong granite
barriers,
And the Saxon was lord in the land of the Gael."

It is to be hoped that the sufferings of a brave and generous people are now ended, and that the splendid vitality, so long spent in wild and warlike adventures, may now be enlisted in the cause of Religion and of the Cross.

It is a happy omen that the Church of Scotland has not ceased to exert herself amongst the Highlanders—that "Life and Work" has its Gaelic supplement; that deputies are yearly sent to preach to the Highlanders at our several fishing stations, and also in their own parish churches on the invitation of the parish ministers; that there is a Committee of our Church, devoting its attention to the Highlands; that the ladies of our Church have already placed within the reach of no less than forty promising young Highlanders the means of prosecuting secondary education at superior public schools, with a view to studying for the ministry of the Church (an object of the highest importance, and deserving of the best support of

every friend of the Highlands and of the Church of Scotland); and that the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge perseveres in its unwearied efforts to ameliorate the condition of the Highlanders, and has already taken steps to place a revised edition of the Gaelic Scriptures in their hands. All this betokens that the enthusiasm of the Church in behalf of the Highlands still survives. We have been doing quiet and unobtrusive work in the Highlands since 1824, and for that work the door is still open. Though the majority of Highlanders in the north and north-west belong to a sister communion, they will not shut the door against the Church that has exerted itself so much in the past on their behalf. In the counties of Argyle and Perth, and in part of Inverness, the bulk of the people still adhere to the parish church. There is every encouragement for the friends of the Highlanders to strain every nerve to maintain pure religion and undefiled amongst that Bible-loving community, and to counteract influences which militate against its continuance amongst them.

The Border Elders' Union.

THE Border Elders' Union consists of all Elders of the Presbyteries of Kelso, Jedburgh, Earlston, and Selkirk. Its objects are: (1) to promote Christian fellowship among the Elders; (2) to stimulate to the performance of the duties of the office; (3) to collect and diffuse information as to the best methods of interesting the people in Christian work, and particularly in the Schemes of the Church; (4) to discuss matters affecting the interests of the Church of Scotland generally, and more especially matters bearing on the interests of the Church in the district, but avoiding political and controversial questions. The annual subscription from each Elder is 1s. Two meetings are held each year—one at St. Boswell's, and one in some other town, visiting each Presbytery in succession. At these meetings a "Paper" is read, and is followed by a discussion.

As furnishing examples of the subjects which it is found advantageous to discuss, we place before our readers some extracts from a valuable paper on Church Agencies and Organisation, by Mr. Dodds, schoolmaster, Bowden:—

THE BIBLE CLASS.

"When children arrive at about the age of fourteen, by some unfortunate prejudice, or inveterate traditional custom, they think their education is finished in the Sunday School, as well as in the day-school. At the very time when they require most attention they receive the least, and are cast rudderless on the stormy sea of life. To rescue them from frivolity, they should be drafted into Bible Classes, and there trained for becoming Members of the Church. Parents could do much to aid the minister and elders by holding before their children the idea that to attend such classes and to prepare there for after life, is the right thing to do. I am of opinion that the teaching and learning should be thorough, and tested by examinations. The institution

by the Free Church of a Committee on the 'Welfare of the Youth of the Church,' is worthy of consideration; and I trust that the new Association in our own Church, 'The Young Men's Guild,' will be the means of doing much good to the youth of Scotland, especially in country districts."

WORK FOR CHURCH MEMBERS.

"Our object must be to endeavour to make every member of the Church feel that he is a *living* member thereof; that it is a high privilege to be a fruit-bearing branch in the True Vine, and that it is not the part of a real member to attend Church, and then go home, leaving all work and interest in work to others. Information as to the work of the Church should be supplied to all its members. No Session which neglects the circulation of the 'Missionary Record' and 'Life and Work' does its duty, and no member should be allowed to plead ignorance of the Church's work. With regard to 'Life and Work,' I am of opinion that a local supplement for one parish, or, perhaps, better, for several in the same locality, would add much to its usefulness and popularity. A large congregation may have enough local matter each month for its members, but a local supplement would be very difficult to support in a small country parish. This could be easily obviated by several parishes combining to have a supplement for themselves, and to have literary contributions from each parish from time to time.

"With regard to the Schemes of the Church, the time is gone by when we can in any respect think it right that a collection at the Church-door is the best method. The Church should revert to the order of deacons, and utilise them for superintending the circulation of the periodicals and the collection of money for the Schemes. Under them there should be collectors, but there should be a deacon to superintend a district, which should be of moderate size. This would attach young men more firmly to the Church by showing them that there was both life and work within her borders. At present there is too little done to bring forward laymen of intelligence to take a part in the work of the Church."

Among other opinions advanced for consideration are these:—That in the Sunday school the purpose of Missions should be explained, and the missionary box should always be at hand for the willing offerings of the children; that in many places the young communicants are passed in a very loose manner indeed; that means might be more generally adopted to raise up young men for the ministry. On this last subject the author says:—

"We all know how much individual ministers—and I am glad to add schoolmasters—have done to direct the thoughts of youths to the ministry. Much more might be done by a kindly aid to those who need it, and by a kindly word of encouragement to those who do not need the aid, but only the encouragement. At one time—shortly after the Revolution of 1688—I observe from the minutes of our Kirk-Session, that a student had been voted the Lowland bursary by the Presbytery. Without going into details, this shows that the Presbytery of Selkirk, in those days, gave aid to young men studying for the Church. Why should it not do so again?"

LOCAL SUPPLEMENTS TO "LIFE AND WORK."—It has been arranged that in 1882 there will be given, Free of Charge, to any Parish or Congregation, or union of Parishes, where 100 Copies or more are taken monthly, a Half-Page Supplement every Quarter, or a Full-Page Supplement in the Half-Year, or Two Pages once during the Year. It is hoped that this will increase the use of Supplements in Parishes and Congregations.

A New Old Trade for Ladies.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

TWO or three generations ago, a pleasant living picture was to be seen, in a quiet little Scotch country town, which was yet neither so quiet nor so monotonous then as it is now. For the two great forces which rule the world of nature had not reached social life. Youth and energy did not, as a rule, gravitate to the distant capital. All the agreeable stir and variety of strangers coming and going did not fly past the little town with the speed of steam.

The picture, which has been painted by an old eyewitness for the writer, was the workroom of the town's chief dressmaker. That dressmaker was no simple, ignorant girl, promoted because of her dexterity with her sewing-machine, her natural skill in fitting on a gown, and the accident of an apprenticeship to a dressmaker whose conspicuous fashions and expensive bills have won her renown with vain and weak women. Such a head of an establishment, though she may be well-intentioned, industrious, and honest, is likely, unless she is endowed with great mother wit, to remain narrow, prejudiced, full of extravagant ideas of the importance of dress. She is, at the same time, incapable of understanding its propriety, and liable, with all her efforts after what is becoming and high-class, to sin heavily against the best taste, the first principles of selection and adaptation, and, what is still worse, against the morality of dress in its relation to conscience and character.

This tendency to error in important particulars does not necessarily proceed from the dressmaker's inferior rank. There are nature's ladies and gentlemen everywhere, and it would be worse than vulgar arrogance to imply that a peasant's or a mechanic's daughter could not do her duty as well and faithfully as the daughter of any gentleman in the land. But if there is benefit in a liberal education and an enlarged experience, the gentleman's daughter ought to have a more candid, as well as a more cultivated mind, to be freer from prejudice, more open to just and generous impressions, and less liable to be swayed by one prevailing influence. She should, in short, be a more reasonable, considerate creature.

This was just what the dressmaker of the old school, the dressmaker of the little country town alluded to, a hundred years ago, proved herself.

She was no less a person than the sister of the parish minister, the daughter of another parish minister. She was a lady born and bred, an old Highland lady with gentle blood in her veins, and a considerable infusion of Highland spirit in her nature. But it was so far the right sort of spirit. It measured the claims of every human being as well as of herself, and gave each and all their due. It was secure in its own rights, and did not dream of misconceptions and fear unwarrantable approaches.

Miss Bell Clunie of Kingscross was one of the simplest as well as one of the most dignified of women. She had a true, unaffected, unassailable dignity. She was the social equal of every lady in the town, but she never asserted the equality which nobody doubted. She was well qualified to give good advice, and she did not fail to bestow it on her customers, especially on those of them who were young and thoughtless, and stood most in need of advice. This was not inevitably confined to the material, colour, shape, and harmony involved in an order; it extended to the judiciousness

of the choice and the desirability of the purchase. The dressmaker, like the true woman she was, would have scorned to take advantage of her customers, who were also her intimate friends. She was not in business for the mere purpose of getting as much money as she could within the shortest period of time, or even of airing her artistic fancies and gratifying her gropings after the beautiful. She was there, no doubt, to earn an honest livelihood, but she was there also to conduct an honourable calling on honourable and Christian principles.



Once a painful incident occurred.—Page 26.

Miss Bell Clunie could and did say to the girls whom she had dandled on her knee, whose mothers had been her play-fellows and were still her fast friends, the constant companions of her leisure—"My dears, you must not have these silk spencers; I do not believe your good father could afford them without scrimping himself in the few little indulgences he allows himself, which I am sure you would not wish him to do. If you like, I can make nice cloth spencers for you, the same as those I have made for my nieces Jenny and Melville, which look nearly every bit as well as the others; or you may think of some other pretty thing which would not cost so much as the silk 'Josephs.'"

And the girls, who all knew Miss Bell, and, except in certain sorry instances, looked up to her, more or less, since they had been her pupils—for every middle and some higher class girls learnt dressmaking in those days—generally gave in with a good grace, if with half-reluctant smiles and sighs and backward looks at the coveted silk "Josephs." The would-be wearers entertained a comfortable assurance that they would not fare the worse for their submission to the superior wisdom of their senior; Miss Bell Clunie would take care that her young allies had some particularly neat and positively charming piece of dress, as a reward for their good sense and feeling.

To a troubled young matron, struggling laudably that she and her children might look their best, for her husband's credit and pleasure no less than for her own, while she still kept carefully within the limits of her small income, Miss Bell afforded even more valuable counsel and aid. She would induct her perplexed friend into the secrets of the trade as to what would wear longest and "turn" best. The speaker with authority would lend the earnest, wistful listener "shapes" by which she herself could construct gowns, pelisses, hats, and turbans. Nay, the kind spinster would invite the happy matron to cosy teas and suppers, to which the servant lass of the guest would accompany her mistress, in order to carry an overflowing work-basket; and the hostess would cut out, pin together, baste and "passament," till nothing was left for the amateur workwoman to bungle. Miss Bell Clunie had leisure for such neighbourly visiting as well as for all the best parties in the town, at which she could sit as a spectator and critic, passing deliberate, mature judgment on the effect of her gowns, negligées, and turbans, to the great advantage of future products of her workroom.

That workroom was a school for manners as well as for dressmaking. The rosy-cheeked daughters of the richer farmers, and the hardly less rosy-cheeked daughters of all the half-pay officers, surgeons, bankers, clergymen, and smaller lairds in the neighbourhood, flocked to learn to make their own gowns under Miss Bell's competent instruction; and it was an understood thing that the girls should also acquire the best of pretty behaviour under her charge.

Miss Bell had not to fly every quarter to London—France was out of the question then—for either fashions or manners. She had made one adventurous mail-coach journey to London, when she was finishing her education as a dressmaker, and that was held quite enough. An occasional visit to Edinburgh, the plates in the monthly numbers of the "Lady's Magazine," together with her own inventive genius, were amply sufficient for the fashions; and such a code of good-breeding as Miss Bell stood by, does not require alteration, it ripens surely with the sweet and virtuous soul of which it forms part.

There were few workwomen of a lower grade with Miss Bell. The cottagers and small tradesmen's daughters almost all took domestic service as their honourable vocation, one or two only practised dressmaking on their own account, to a much smaller extent, and on a minor scale, going out from house to house as needlewomen, or each working independently in her single room for her fellows. Miss Bell Clunie's paid regular workwomen were largely drawn from those among her former pupils whose fathers had been unfortunate in possessing extraordinarily "big families," or back-going professions and businesses, or from girls who had been left orphans, or who were

aspiring and desirous not merely of earning their own living, but of securing a possible competence for themselves and the old or young among their kindred. Girls of an inferior rank and education were exceptional, and were uniformly distinguished either by remarkable ability in the dressmaking line, which had asserted itself in spite of every obstacle, or by some personal infirmity, such as deafness or lameness, which would have rendered it hard for the sufferers to act as servants. These isolated specimens from another sphere were, by one of Miss Bell's strictest decrees, treated with marked respect—usually a fitting tribute to misfortune. Next to the head of the house herself, these wandering stars received the greatest deference and consideration. It was a small matter that they were punctiliously called Miss Peggy or Miss Kirsty, or whatever the Christian name might be; it was of far more consequence that they were the most privileged, the least soured of strangers and interlopers.

The minister, the genial great man of the town, never dreamt of anything so low as being ashamed of his sister and her trade. Ashamed! Dr. Clunie had a most genuine respect and regard for his excellent sister Bell, with her helpfulness to herself and her neighbours. He looked forward cheerfully to his unmarried daughters succeeding their aunt in her good business. It kept his mind easy about their future fate in this world, and helped him to be more liberal in his household ways and his dealings with the poor, than he could otherwise have been, when his moderate income is taken into account. The reverend doctor used to look in at Miss Bell's workroom nearly every day. Not only were the workers his parishioners, they included his daughters as well as his sister, and members of the families of his chief cronies in the town and neighbourhood. He used to bring the news of the day to them, especially the last exciting tidings of the last battle of the Peninsular War. He would read aloud the information in his paper till his spectacles grew dim and his voice faltered, while the girls' bright eyes were fixed intently on their pastor and teacher, and the needles remained arrested in the seams, unrebuked by Miss Bell, who was an ardent patriot, not even censured by Miss Peggy, who, being "but an ill-informed woman," was naturally less taken up with public affairs.

Once a painful incident occurred. Dr. Clunie was interrupted by a piercing shriek and a girl's falling forward, as if she had been shot, into Miss Bell's arms. The doctor had just read a list of the wounded after the battle of Barossa. Full of sympathy as he was, he had forgotten for the moment that one name at which he had paused, crying out in consternation, "Eh! sirs, young Balloch among the lave," was not only that of a brave young lieutenant connected with the town, but that it belonged also to the true lover and pro-

mised husband of "bonnie Jean Hunter," sitting there opposite to him with her fine colour flickering and wavering like the Northern Lights in a winter sky, while she drank in every word he said.

"Dinna say that name, Doctor," gasped poor Jean, as she sank into insensibility.

Miss Bell, who was not at all weak, on the contrary, had a tolerably hard rind over the sound core of her heart, was not famous for her patience with the swoons, and "cetsties" (hysterics) of her day. She was also, to tell the truth, like Queen Elizabeth, and other worthy spinsters, not over-indulgent to love affairs, until they had become the *faits accomplis* of honourable marriages. Miss Bell cherished an extreme dislike to gadding in girls, and when she was assailed by bold or privileged assailants, on the subject of her celibacy, if she did not assert seriously, that her man—the man appointed for her by Providence—had been killed in the wars, would declare with a twinkle in her eyes, that she had never "had the time or the impudence to go out and seek a man."

To be concluded.

Paul's Gospel to the Galatians.¹

By C. STOPES.

I SOUGHT the desolate hills; the night had fallen, but the stars were bright. Suddenly my ear caught faint sounds of music. Not from above, but from beneath, floated the sound. A strange thrill ran through me, of wonder, curiosity, interest. I advanced, stumbling in the dark night over crags and shrubs. My quick ear guided me till I stood in face of a great precipice. I searched its base in vain for nook or cranny, till, clambering up its farther side, I brushed away a shrub, and discovered an aperture not much more than a cubit high. I crawled into the dark, and reached at length a large cave, at the farther end of which some meagre torches flared around a man who held a roll in his hands. There were about seventy people visible, who seemed chiefly our lowest ranks; the hymn was over, and they were silently praying. Then there was a stir; the torches were shaken, and the man who held the roll said, "This letter from Paul, our father in the faith, hath been read in all the other churches of Galatia, and I have been appointed to read it also unto you." It was read over reverently, only an occasional sob breaking

¹ This paper is an answer to the question, How much of Christianity would be known by those who had only St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians to teach them? The question was asked in reference to what has been called the Tübingen school of critics, whose position was that the only genuine letters of St. Paul are those to Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians. The object is to show that even were there only this one Galatian Epistle in our hands, we should have (in outline, at least, or in allusion) all the distinctive doctrines of the Christian faith. The paper is supposed to be part of a letter to a friend, written (of course in the first century) by one who had heard the Galatian Epistle, and knew no more of the gospel than it tells.

the stillness. Then came eager requests to repeat certain passages, to explain certain difficulties, to connect the written with the spoken words of their teacher, that seemed embalmed in every heart. When all seemed satisfied, it was read slowly once more from beginning to end.

It had been written by Paul to people who had erred from the faith. Jewish narrowness and exclusion are gone, and Paul has come forth to bear the good tidings to those whom hitherto his nation had avoided and despised. God gave the Jews a law from Sinai in Arabia, and made a covenant with them, that "the man that doeth them shall live in them," saying, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law, to do them." But so hard and strict is the law, so just and all-seeing is God, so weak and carnal are the observers, that it is evident that in all points it cannot be kept, so that "by the works of the law shall no flesh be justified." The law unfulfilled, death is the forfeit; and, did it stop there, we should just be where we were. But it does not stop. God willed that we might be delivered from all this; and having made a promise unto Abraham, the founder of the Jewish race, He fulfilled this promise even in our own times. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem those that were under the law." A God incarnate of the seed of Abraham "gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world," and this in two ways—He kept the law we could not keep, and His life was thus given for us to God; the death that was our penalty He bore for us. God accepted His life and His death; and raised Him from the dead, and gives life to Him and to as many as are in Him. We become one with Him through faith in His finished work. It is somewhat hard to understand how this anointed Saviour can be God and man, and live upon this earth, and die, and rise again, and thus be made our justification and resurrection. But if we ask Him, He will reveal it unto us by His Spirit.

This Jesus Christ had sent forth His disciples as teachers and apostles, and they had taught many to believe in Him. Meanwhile Paul "profited in the Jews' religion above his equals, being more exceedingly zealous of the traditions of his fathers." And as these traditions seemed to contradict the belief in Christ, "he persecuted beyond measure the Church of God, and wasted it." But God of His own free will had chosen him from his birth, and now called him to his mission. "He revealed His Son in him, and he conferred not with flesh and blood," but the whole truth was taught him in a direct revelation from his risen Saviour; and he also was made an apostle, like those who had been called before him. For three years he secluded himself to meditate upon these great thoughts; then he went up to see Peter, another

apostle, and James, called the Lord's brother. After that visit and profitable communion he travelled and preached to the nations that knew not God. Long afterwards he was led by inspiration to go up again to Jerusalem, where the other Jewish teachers found it hard to believe that the foreign converts could be quite safe without them. However, they seemed to have settled together the forms *necessary* to be observed, and those that might be left to individual conscience. They gave him the right hand of fellowship, acknowledging his call, and his right to dispense with Jewish forms in teaching the other nations. Yet when he went to Antioch, he found Peter, one of themselves, dissimulating for fear of the Jews, and Paul "withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."

He enters into this explanation the more fully, because not long after he had come into our parts, and "though suffering much infirmity in the flesh," had earnestly preached his gospel. The people had heard him gladly, and had loved him dearly. But hardly had he left them when false brethren unawares permitted to preach "spied out the liberty" he had given them in Christ Jesus, and strove to lead them into bondage. They acknowledged that Paul had indeed preached the true doctrine concerning Christ; but said that it was further necessary that all converts should conform to all the rites and customs of the Jews, for thereby alone could they be made perfect. And that wherein their teaching differed from that of Paul, *they* should be believed rather than *he*, seeing that they had been taught by the apostles; while he, who called himself an apostle, was not even a disciple of the apostles, and had never seen the Lord Jesus in the flesh.

Therefore he asserts at the same time his truth and his commission. "Paul, an apostle, not of man, neither by man, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father;" he recalls his witnessing miracles and ministrations of the Spirit. He had taught salvation by faith in a crucified and risen Saviour. And to prove the foundationless weakness of this Jewish teaching, from their own books he showed that if "the inheritance be of the law" it could not be "of promise, but God gave it to Abraham by promise." And this "first covenant, which was confirmed before of God in Christ, the law, which was 430 years after, cannot disannul, that it should make the promise of none effect." "This law was added because of transgressions, until the seed should come to whom the promise was made." "But that no man was ever justified by the law in the sight of God is evident, for 'The just shall live by faith.'" And now that the seed has come, the object of faith, the law may be lifted away, for He has brought a riper law of His own, which His Spirit and His example and love enable His followers to fulfil. He takes us into His own position and gives us His own rights, and makes us see with His eyes, and hear with His ears, and

obey with His heart. "Because we are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, whereby we cry, 'Abba Father!'" "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit," and His Spirit was perfect obedience to the *spirit* of the law that lies behind the *letter*.

I marvel not that Paul cried, "Oh, foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, crucified among you? But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly externals whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage? For the law was our tutor to bring us to Christ; 'but it was a hard tutor, and kept us in sore bondage.'" "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ has made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Yet "use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh;" for "if, while we seek to be justified by Christ, we ourselves are found also to be sinners; is, therefore, Christ the minister of sin? God forbid." "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts." "We are crucified with Christ, nevertheless we live; yet not we, but Christ liveth in us, and the life which we now live in flesh we live by the *faith* of the Son of God, who loved us, and gave Himself for us." "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." "Let us not be desirous of vain-glorious, provoking one another, envying one another." "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering yourselves, lest ye also be tempted." "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth." "Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." "He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

Is not this a law worth following? No wonder that Paul reasoned against the old law when he had a new and better one to set up in its place. There is no need to "observe days and months and times and years." "In Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything nor uncircumcision, but a *new creature*." It is this new spirit given to a Jew that makes him come to tell us that "the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached the Gospel beforehand unto Abraham, saying, 'In thee shall all nations be blessed.'" "Know ye, therefore, that they which are of faith, the same are the children of Abraham." "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for we are all one in Christ Jesus; and if we are Christ's, then are we Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise," —new creatures, with new hearts and new hopes!

The Face on the Bed.

IT was a very pale patient little face that lay on the bed, and I loved to look upon it, albeit with a pang of deepest compassion. For that child of eight years had met with a mishap which time would never cure. She had been at play one day with a companion, the two girls circling swiftly with linked fingers in a merry-go-round fashion, when the hands inadvertently relaxed their hold, and Lettie was thrown violently backward on the stone pavement, to the serious injury of the spine. In vain the mother, a widow, prayed for the recovery of her one ewe lamb. Her daughter lay prostrate for life, waxing more wan and fragile from day to day. Lettie's pain was intermittent, and between the paroxysms she always seemed to have gained in that higher knowledge whose end is the perfect praise.

Ella Newton, the playmate who had been the innocent partner to the accident, had gone shortly after to a foreign school, and knew nothing of her friend's illness.

There were constantly books, pictures, and flowers about Lettie's bed, and these evoked a ceaseless spirit of inquiry.

"Why are those flowers most prized that have a sweet smell?" she would ask, and then, quickly answering her own question—"I suppose because a pleasant fragrance in *them* is the same as goodness is in *us*; for gay colours may have nothing to do with worth and fine qualities."

"What are the angels doing all day long?" the child would musingly inquire of her mother.

"Doing the will of God, of course."

"And what is that?"

"I cannot tell. All things must be so different in heaven from what they are on earth."

"Yet we may be sure that all that is said and done there is out of truth and love. And so they must be happy for ever."

When her youthful associates were allowed to see the invalid, they tripped in with their rosy cheeks and laughing eyes, and gazed with a sort of interested wonder at the pale patient face on the bed. But these little girls did not care to stay long in the quiet room; and when they had turned over the books, and examined the pictures, and smelt the flowers, and uttered a few words in careless tones:—"I hope, Lettie, you will soon be well," or "I will bring my new doll to show you," or "I have been to the Pantomime,"—they danced off again in childish relief that the visit was over.

I was sitting with her one fine spring evening. We had been talking very softly, and I had fancied that the patient little face was growing too spiritual in its tone, when the sound of carriage wheels became audible on the gravel in front of the house. In a few minutes came a tap at the door, and a bright creature in blue muslin flew swiftly into the apartment, and running forward, flung her arms with passionate endearment round the sufferer's neck.

"O Lettie! my own darling, what is this I hear? that you are very very ill—have never been well since that last night we played together. Why was not I told? and I would have come all the way from France just to nurse and comfort you! And oh! to think that I may have been, even in the slightest way, the cause——" She stopped, while Lettie, who had warmly returned her caress, spoke not a word, but began to cry in a low, earnest manner. And Ella, regarding her steadily, gave one great sob and wept in concert.

"Dear Ella," said Lettie at length, "no one (myself least of any) ever dreamed of blaming *you* for my misfortune. It came entirely of my own carelessness."

"To find you thus!" cried the other, regarding her with ineffable tenderness; "Oh, I shall never forgive myself. If I could only take your place, and suffer the pain, and the weariness, and the blight in your stead! How gladly would I lie down there where you are lying—and *die*—if it would make you strong and bright again!"

"Ella, love, do not talk like that, I cannot bear it. You know there was One who suffered and died upon earth for you and me and all of us; and none but He can by any means redeem his brother! And as to this illness, remember there is not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father."

Then they sat for a while with hands locked, and eyes in which the tears were unshed now, in an eloquent silence of sympathy. I knew not which face was the more affecting to look upon—the earnest compassion of the one girl, or the sweet, plaintive submission of the other.

All of a sudden Ella started up, dried her eyes, and with a burst of joyous feeling exclaimed:—

"But you must not, you shall not lie always here in bed, my own Lettie. You are going to be better quite soon! And I know something will help to make you quite, quite well! My papa has ordered a pony phaeton to take me about the country. I will take you out with me every day, and we shall have such delicious drives through the woods, and over the old bridge, and by the river side; you will get rosy and strong, and forget all your troubles. And I have a great many stories to tell you of the school—of bad girls that were there, and one awful governess that used to frighten us out of our wits with her bold temper. Some of the pupils were nice enough. But oh, none so charming by a thousand miles as yourself!"

"Oh!" cried Lettie, a quick gleam flushing her cheek, "do you really believe I shall ever see the green fields again, and chase the butterflies, and sit on the primrose banks?"

"Of course I believe it, and I will speak to the doctor this very day."

Alas! it could not be. The doctor forbade the exertion. So the girls mingled tears of disappointment, but Ella's were the bitterer of the two. She had hoped such great things.

"I had a dream last night," Lettie began one day to her little friend, "that I was sailing on the river, a soft breeze was blowing. The borders were gay with flowers, and you stood on the shore beckoning me to land at a sunny creek where you waited. Yet, though I longed to come, I could not. Rather the boat drifted farther amid stream. I felt that night was falling, and I was being floated in darkness away out into the great ocean! Alone—and my heart sank within me. I uttered a feeble cry. Then, all of a sudden, I became aware of a shining figure standing at the far end of the boat, and pointing with a radiant finger onwards! The moment my gaze fell on his face, I took courage. I was contented to follow wherever he might lead. Gradually the wind grew more and more boisterous, till it rose to a tempest, when the Angel stretched forth His hand! I closed my eyes, and, just when we were about to be engulfed in the foaming billows, He raised me in His strong arms and bore me off, I knew not whither! When I looked up once more, I was in a lovely garden, the most delicious music in my ears, and round me a whole throng of happy creatures. I was trying hard to express my delight, when I hastily awoke, and all was over!"

"O Lettie!" Ella cried, awestruck, "that was surely heaven to which you had got!"

"Yes. And who do you think could have taken me thither?"

Here the two girls looked at each other with dilated eyes, while the invalid's lips murmured tremblingly, "It must have been the Lord Jesus Himself."

After this they kept silence for a while, and spoke tenderly in whispers till they parted for the night.

A pretty bird in a gilt cage hung in Lettie's room, and whistled and sang to her every morning, as soon as the sun shot his beams through the window. It was a great favourite, and the cage was frequently put upon the bed that the child might toy with it. At these times she would apostrophise the canary in a sweet, doleful fashion, while the small creature sitting on the perch held his head knowingly to one side as if weighing her words.

"Well, Dick, you and I are both shut up in prison, you see, you between the wires and I between the sheets! Now, tell me, which of us, do you think, will get out the soonest? When you are free, you will fly to the woods and open your mouth in joyful notes. But when I am free, I shall have wings too and sing, my birdie, in green pastures and by still waters, and never wish to leave that lovely country—no—nevermore!"

So passed the short broken life, till a day came when no sweet gentle voice spake in the quiet chamber, and Ella sat among the daisies covering a green mound in the churchyard.

And the patient little face that once lay on the bed was now the face of a blessed angel lying on the bosom of God.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. What are the three lakes of the Jordan Valley, and what is the Old Testament name of the middle one?
2. Find (Deut. : Joel) three names for the Dead Sea.
3. Find a command to the children of Israel to keep the Sabbath *before* the giving of the law.
4. Find the record of three-good men who kneeled to pray—one while his enemies watched him, one when dying, and one upon the sea-shore.
5. Who kneeled on a brazen scaffold before the altar, and prayed before all the congregation?
6. Who kneeled before the House of God, weeping, with rent garment, and confessed the sins of the people?
7. What strangers came seeking Jesus soon after His birth; and what others shortly before His death?
8. Find in Acts three narratives of Paul's conversion.
9. Find in Acts the record of four different appearances of Jesus to Paul:
10. And the record of an angel appearing to Paul.

ANSWERS FOR JANUARY.

1. David (2 Sam. xxiii. 16); the Well of Bethlehem.
2. Miriam (Ex. xv. 20); Deborah (Judges iv. 4); Huldah (2 Kings xxii. 14).
3. Josiah (2 Kings xxii. 10).
4. Jehoiakim (Jer. xxxvi. 20).
5. The unjust judge; the friend at midnight; Syrophenician woman; Bartimeus.
6. Matt. ix. 2; ix. 22; xiv. 27; John xvi. 33; Acts xxiii. 11.
7. Acts i. 14.
8. Matt. xxiv. 14; xxviii. 19; Acts i. 8; Rom. x. 14; xv. 16; Gal. i. 16.
9. Andronicus and Junia (Rom. xvi. 7).
10. Hammer (Jer. xxiii. 29); Sword of the Spirit (Eph. vi. 17); Lamp (Ps. cxix. 105); Mirror (James i. 25).

Calendar for February.

1	W.	Keep thy heart with all diligence.—Prov. 4. 23.
2	Th.	Blessed are the pure in heart.—Matt. 5. 8.
3	F.	Behold the Lamb of God.—John 1. 29.
4	Sa.	Be thou faithful unto death.—Rev. 2. 10.
5	Su.	I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Job 19. 25.
6	M.	Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.—Ps. 119. 117.
7	Tu.	There is no want to them that fear Him.—Ps. 34. 9.
8	W.	Seek ye first the kingdom of God.—Matt. 6. 33.
9	Th.	Blessed are they that keep My ways.—Prov. 8. 32.
10	F.	Your joy no man taketh from you.—John 16. 22.
11	Sa.	Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel.—Ps. 73. 24.
12	Su.	Collection for Missions to the Jews.—Rom. 11. 2. [7.]
13	M.	What hast thou that thou didst not receive?—1 Cor. 4.
14	Tu.	Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?—Rom.
15	W.	He loved me, and gave Himself for me.—Gal. 2. 20. [8. 35.]
16	Th.	What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?
17	F.	I am Thine, save me.—Ps. 119. 94. [—Ps. 116. 12.]
18	Sa.	Walk in wisdom toward them that are without.—Col.
19	Su.	My Presence shall go with thee.—Exod. 33. 14. [4. 5.]
20	M.	He is our Peace.—Eph. 2. 14. [—Job 34. 29.]
21	Tu.	When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?
22	W.	Appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father.—
23	Th.	I will be sorry for my sin.—Ps. 38. 18. [Matt. 6. 18.]
24	F.	I will arise, and go to my Father.—Luke 15. 18. [1. 9.]
25	Sa.	He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.—1 John
26	Su.	Man shall not live by bread alone.—Matt. 4. 4.
27	M.	I am poor and needy.—Ps. 40. 17.
28	Tu.	Yet the Lord thinketh upon me.—Ps. 40. 17.

MARCH.

1	W.	If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8. 31.
2	Th.	The Lord bless thee and keep thee.—Num. 6. 24. [20.]
3	F.	Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—Matt. 6.
4	Sa.	Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.—John 16. 20.
5	Su.	God hath called us unto holiness.—1 Thess. 4. 7.

"My Wee Lassie."

Suggested by an Article in last Magazine.

ALL alone in the still midnight,
All alone in the dim, low light,
A widow sat by her sick child's bed,
"My wee lassie," was all she said.

All alone when the dawn broke bright,
All alone in the morning light,
She saw that the child's sweet soul was sped ;
"My wee lassie," was all she said.

Down on her knees she knelt to pray,
Not one prayer could the sad lips say,
But, bending low with her bowed head,
"My wee lassie," was all she said.

Not one sob from the white lips broke,
Only a whispered word she spoke,
Not one tear did the tired eyes shed,
"My wee lassie," was all she said.

All alone in the great world now,
She bent to kiss the cold white brow,
She laid her lips on the sleeping dead,
"My wee lassie," was all she said.

JAMES STRANG.

Notices of Books.

THE BIBLE, AND HELPS IN READING IT.

WE have before us several recent editions of the Bible, designed to help the studious and earnest reader to a full understanding of God's Word. All are excellent, and we wish to point out to our readers the characteristic merits of the three which seem to us to surpass all others. The first in date is

THE HOLY BIBLE : Printed at the Oxford University Press, and published by Henry Frowde, London.

In addition to well-chosen marginal references, this Bible contains—I. The Bible Student's Helper (which can also be had as a separate book), with an account of the geography, chronology, geology, ethnology, etc., of the Bible, a Harmony of the Gospels, and other information condensed from large Dictionaries of the Bible ; II. An Index (or Analytical Concordance) to the Holy Bible ; III. The New Oxford Concordance, with upwards of 25,000 references ; IV. Dictionary of Scripture Proper Names ; and V. A Scripture Atlas (indexed), in which the maps are carefully drawn and most beautifully coloured. This Oxford Bible, when it appeared, was an unparalleled boon to all who had not an expensive Critical Library, and to all who wished to read their Bible carefully when on a journey but who missed their usual books of reference.

Soon after the appearance of the Oxford Bible there appeared a competitor for public favour in

THE VARIORUM BIBLE : Published by the Queen's Printers, Eyre and Spottiswoode. This, at least, is the title on which its publishers have at last settled, after various inelegant and temporary descriptive names, as The Sunday School Centenary Bible, etc. The special feature of this edition is the collection of "Various Renderings and Readings from the best Authorities ; edited by T. K. Cheyne, R. L. Clarke, S. R. Driver, Alfred Goodwin, and W. Sanday." Those "Various Renderings," at the foot of every page, give the conclusions of the best scholars as to the proper translation of the text, and the "Various Readings" (especially, of course, in the New Testament, and most especially since Dr. Sanday's aid was obtained for the later issues) furnish an excellent compendium of all that has been ascertained in the diligent collation of Greek manuscripts to which so many have devoted their lives. To this is added a collection of treatises, entitled

"Aids to the Students of the Holy Bible ;" among them being an analysis of each Book of the Bible by Dr. Stanley Leathes ; treatises on Coins, etc., by Madden ; on Animals, by Tristram ; on Music, by Stainer ; on Ethnology and on the Monuments of Egypt, Assyria, etc., by Sayce ; a Glossary of Bible words by Lumby ; a Dictionary of proper names by Cheyne ; an Index (of 16,000 references) ; a Concordance (with above 40,000 references) ; and an Atlas of indexed Maps. In short, this Bible is meant to contain all the best that England can furnish by way of help to the Bible student.

But there is still another called "The ENGLISHMAN'S BIBLE, combining in one the Englishman's Bible and the English Greek Testament, designed to put the reader in possession of some of the precisions, beauties, and hidden treasures in the Hebrew and Greek originals of the SACRED SCRIPTURES, and to keep them before the eye of the Biblical student." Edited by *Thomas Newberry*, and published by Eyre and Spottiswoode. This book is a perfect marvel. It is the result of the studious labour of half a century. By a simple yet exhaustive system of signs and marks in the text an English reader is enabled to know what the literal rendering of the Hebrew or Greek original is or should be. He can, in either Testament, test and check, and, if need be, amend the Authorised Version, so as to be put in the same position as an accomplished Hebrew and Greek scholar. Nor is the text itself disfigured by those marks. On the contrary, the text is clearly and beautifully printed, and as it is in paragraphs, with the leading words of each paragraph in capital letters, it is singularly helpful to intelligent reading. There are select references to parallel passages ; all significant proper names are interpreted ; the various names of the Deity are so printed as to be full of meaning ; and, in short, the text of Scripture is presented to the English reader as it never was before. We trust the veteran author will reap a rich reward of gratitude for his life of toil, and that he will be in some measure recompensed for the enormous outlay of time and money which the preparation of such a work must have necessitated.

SERMONS by J. OSWALD DYKES, M.A., D.D., Author of "The Manifesto of the Kingdom," "Abraham," etc. Price 5s. London : James Nisbet and Co.

Dr. OSWALD DYKES has here offered to the public some of his best. His other books are adaptations of his teachings from the pulpit ; but he now presents us with "Sermons." And noble sermons they are ; full of ripe thought and wide culture, and of practical experience of the devout Christian life. They indicate in every page a thorough knowledge of the perplexities which beset an educated Christian in the present day, and a not less thorough conviction of the abiding truth of the revelation of God in Christ Jesus. We know no sermons of our time to compare with them. They are as bright and pointed as those of the eloquent Bishop of Peterborough, but they sweep in thought and illustration over a wider field ; they are not less substantial, or fervid, or full of sound divinity, than those of Canon Liddon, but they show a subtler and more intimate acquaintance with the needs and cares of common life. It is no disparagement of the many excellent Scotch sermons of recent years to say that our Scotch brother in London stands above them all in his combination of thought, fervour, imagination, felicity of expression, and simplicity of purpose. Since the time when the college essays of his boyhood excited the admiration of his professors by their grace of words and richness of thought, Dr. Dykes has cultivated English composition as a science and art, with the natural result of standing, as we believe, at the head of all living preachers. May he long be spared to maintain the fame of Scotch preaching, while he employs all his high powers to commend to earnest and thoughtful men the gospel of salvation !

Auld Sandy Malt.

IT'S auld Sandy Malt, oh we a' ken him fine,
Whiles mending his net, or else baiting his line,
Wi' his red wurst coul an' his hafbits sae gray,
Sitting blithe at his door, i' the lang simmer day!

Oh, his face it's as brown as his ain tarry sail,
Wi' the thud and the seud o' mony a gale;
Be the tide e'er sae gurlly, e'en yet wi' the lave
Auld Sandy's wee coble glides licht over the wave.

Tho' nae mair wi' the lads to the Drave he can win,
His white roddam¹ net draws mony a fin,
His cruives² too are set, an' baith labster an' pae³
May rue when auld Sandy puts aff frae the bay!

Our ain Sandy Malt! He's the wale o' the toun,
There's no mony like him the hale kintra roun';
Aye sae canty an' crouse, an' sae couthie is he,
The bairns fecht wha's to climb first on his knee!

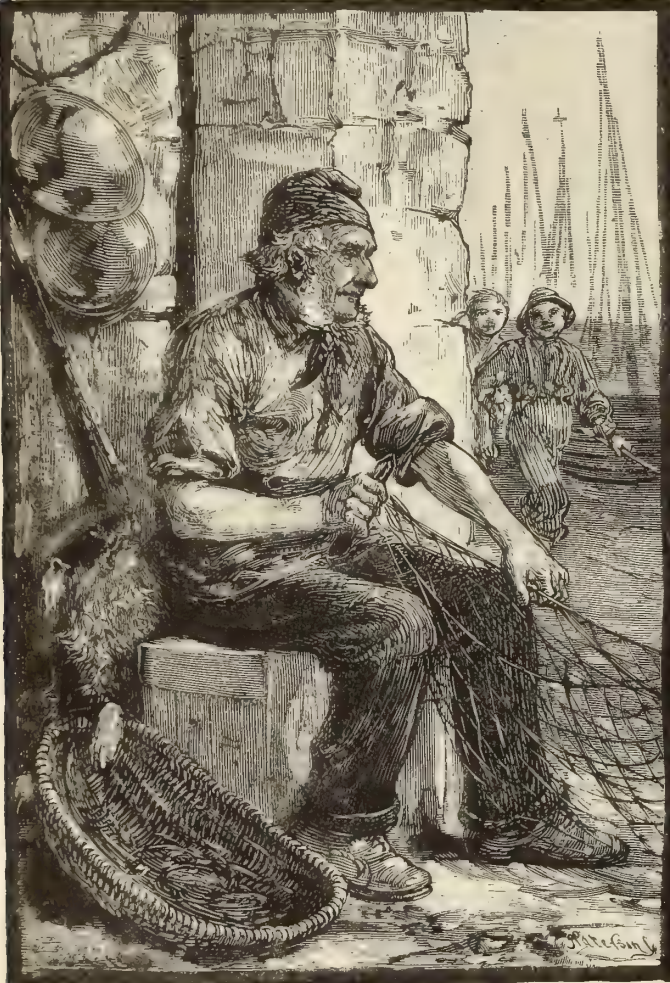
And is there a doggie, puir, unco, an'
lean,
Sair hunted an' hoo'd (by wild callants,
I ween),
Be sure the poor beastie kens now a' is
weel,
When it creeps doun fu' safe ahint
Sandy's auld creel!

For auld Sandy Malt has a heart that
is wae
For ilka ane's trouble, be it e'en what
it may;
For weel he can mind when his ain
heart was sair,
And the licht o' his life seemed
quenched evermair.

And aft as he sits looking far ower the
sea,—
Tho' naeboddy kens,—the tear blinds
his ee';
For far, far awa' like, there comes a
sweet strain,
Like the voices, long husht, o' them
that are gane!

And aft, i' the kirk, sitting reverent
an' calm,
And the sound rises up o' some saft
murnin' psalm,
Wi' "Martyrdom" sweet, or wild, wail-
ing "Montrose,"
That far awa' strain wi' the melody
flows!

It's lang now sin syne, mony years hae
gane by,
Since ae autumn, dark, dark like lead
grew the sky;
A weird, awesome mist hid the sun an'
the moon,
And the Pestilence swept like a blast
through the toun.



Oh, mony a loud, bitter cry then was borne
On the dead, quiet air, by nicht an' by morn;
But Sandy Malt dree'd the bitterest pain,
For his May an' her twa bonny blossoms were ta'en!

O the desolate hearth—ance sae snod and sae neat!
Nae sweet wifie's smile, nae wee toddlin' feet!
Then wide, wide grew the warld like a dark, troubled sea,
Where nor sunlight, nor starlicht, e'er seemit to be.

Lang, lang tossing wild on that dark rolling tide,
His soul, like a bark, drifted lanely an' wide,
Till at last! Ane cam' ower these waters sae chill,
Then the darkness grew licht, an' the waves they grew still.

By Hands wounded sore that poor lost bark was steered,
Till the harbour lights shone, an' the harbour appeared,
Can words e'er express what deep gratitude burned
In the heart that now meek to its Saviour turned?

And think na', tho' auld Sandy Malt now laughs free,
An' his heart is as cheery as cheery can be,
But that deep in his soul lie thochts solemn an' sweet,
Ower solemn to utter or lightly repeat!

Brave, true Sandy Malt! when cares hae been rife,
Full oft hath it cheered me, thy dutiful life,
Oh, lang may we see thee, when the sun lights the bay,
Sitting blithe at thy door, i' the lang simmer day!

E. V. O. E.

¹ Turbot.

² Creels for catching crabs.

³ A crab.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

MARCH 1882.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for March.

1	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
2	Th.	Prayer Meeting, Church, 3 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Subject—Isa. vi. 1. Choir Practising, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
3	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
4	Sa.	Mr. Macleod sees Members regarding Baptism, between 7 and 8 P.M.
5	S.	Services in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.15 P.M. (The Afternoon Service is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Subject—"Give us this day our daily bread." Baptism is then administered.) A Special Sermon on Foreign Missions will be preached in the forenoon by the Rev. Charles Grant of Dundee. A Missionary Meeting for the churches in the northern districts of Edinburgh will be held in St. Stephen's in the evening, at 6.30. Addresses will be given on the Home, Foreign, and Colonial Missions of the Church of Scotland by Dr. MacGregor of St. Cuthbert's, Mr. MacAdam Muir of Morningside, and others. Young Men's Bible Class, 6 P.M. Morning Fellowship Association, 10 A.M. Sabbath School, Brunswick Street, 4 P.M. Do. do. 6 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 4 P.M. Service at Horne Lane, 6.30 P.M. Collection for PARISH SCHOOLS.
6	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Kirk-Session, 4.30 P.M.
7	Tu.	Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. All who desire to take any part, however little, in the work of the Parish are requested to attend this meeting. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M.
8	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M.
9	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Acts xxii. 1. Choir Practising, 3 P.M.
10	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
11	Sa.	Same as on 5th, Special Service excepted.
12	S.	Mothers' Meetings, as on 6th.
13	M.	Bible Class and Association, 8 P.M.
14	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. [8 P.M.] Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Lecture by Dr. Fowles.
15	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M.
16	Th.	Congregational Prayer Meeting, 3 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. 2 Chron. xxix. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.

17	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
18	Sa.	
19	S.	Same as on 5th.
20	M.	Mothers' Meetings, as on 6th.
21	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. [8 P.M.] Temperance and Total Abstinence Association,
22	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Mission Hall, 6
23	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. [P.M.] Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Acts i. 1-14. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
24	Fr.	Musical Association, 5 P.M. Literary Society, 8.15 P.M.
25	Sa.	
26	S.	Same as on 5th. Collection for COLONIAL SCHEME.
27	M.	Mothers' Meetings, as on 6th. Bible Class and Association, 8 P.M.
28	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. [8 P.M.] Temperance and Total Abstinence Association,
29	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M.
30	Th.	Congregational Prayer Meeting, 3 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Acts xxiii. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
31	Fr.	Musical Association, 5 P.M. Literary Society, 8.15 P.M.

The Colonial Scheme.

The following brief account of this important Scheme is reprinted from a little work on the Schemes of the Church of Scotland by a Parish Minister:—

"The field of our Colonial Mission has during the last two years been considerably modified. Partly by the union of the different Presbyterian Churches in some of our colonies, and partly by the increased population and prosperity of others, assistance is not now required where some years ago it was. But other fields have been opened up, with as yet limited resources; and in addition to this, it has been resolved that our Colonial Mission shall have the charge of helping to provide ordinances for our countrymen, living anywhere outside of Scotland, who, without this aid which our Church gives, would be unable to provide ordinances for themselves.

"But while the extension of the field entrusted to the charge of the Colonial Committee has these advantages, it is right that it be borne in mind that increased work involves increased responsibility, and that this can only be met by placing resources in the hands of the Committee proportioned to the increased work which they have to do. Last General Assembly, in consideration of this, authorised an additional collection to be made during the current year. This is a course that is always very undesirable, and is never adopted unless with extreme reluctance. It is to be hoped, therefore, that when the extent and claims of the Committee's opera-

tions and obligations are rightly understood, such a method of providing the means that are needed will not be again required.

"The Colonial Scheme is one that has long and rightly held a high place in the estimation of the Scottish people. By the rivers and the backwoods of the distant West, away far in Southern seas, in Africa, in India, in New Zealand, our countrymen have found a home. But wherever they have gone, their hearts, as Scotchmen's ever do, yearn for the memories and the worship of their native land. And as we ourselves prize that worship and these memories, as we can be touched with a fellow feeling for men severed from us by many a land and sea, but whose associations, whose cherished memories, are all our own, we plead that through the agency of our Colonial Mission we help them to obtain the worship for which their deepest and their warmest affections crave."

It may be explained that the Special Collection above referred to was not made in St. Stephen's last year, it having been impossible to do so without interfering with other collections which had previously been arranged. Accordingly, the Collection for the Colonial Scheme for this year has been fixed for an earlier day than that named by the General Assembly, so as to give it every advantage. It is hoped that the result will be such as to make up in some measure for the loss sustained in consequence of the Special Collection not having been made last autumn. We have made an encouraging beginning for this year with the Collection for the Jewish Mission, which amounted to £110. May the efforts now being made by the Church of Scotland be the means of greatly deepening the interest of the people everywhere as well as of calling forth an increased measure of liberality from all our Congregations.

The Collection will be made on the LAST SABBATH of March.

Dr. Gray of Liberton, the Convener of the Committee, has kindly promised to officiate in St. Stephen's on the afternoon of the 19th, when he will set forth the present operations of the Scheme.

Preparation of Young Communicants.

Meetings for this purpose will be commenced by Mr. Macleod, God willing, on Wednesday the 5th April, in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street, at 8 P.M., to be continued till the Communion on the 30th of that month. No questions are asked at these meetings, and the attendance of all who desire to come to the Holy Communion for the first time is earnestly desired.

St. Stephen's Congregational Fund.

This Fund, besides meeting ordinary Congregational Expenses, provides for the maintenance of most of the Parochial and Missionary Agencies supported within the Parish.

The position of the Fund continues satisfactory. The List of Subscribers is necessarily liable to constant changes owing to deaths and removals, but the places of those who have left have been filled up by others who have recently joined the Congregation, and the result shows an increase on the Subscriptions of last year.

The Expenses incurred by the Committee during the past year are nearly of the same amount as formerly. Some items have increased and others diminished, but the result of the whole shows a balance in hand at the close of the year amounting to £165 : 15 : 5. This balance is required to meet expenses for the current year falling due prior to the next Collection.

The arrangement made with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners by which the Fund is allowed to receive one-

half of the weekly Church-door Collections on condition of an annual payment of £50, and of relieving the Commissioners of the expense of Seat-letting and other charges, has been found to operate favourably for the Fund. A larger proportion of the Church-door Collections is consequently now available for Congregational purposes—a consideration which may suggest to many the reasonableness of increased liberality in their weekly contributions.

The Subscriptions for the year will as formerly be called for by members of the Committee who have again kindly undertaken this duty. In no other way could the Collection be so successfully or so economically made, and it is hoped that their labours will be lightened as much as possible by Subscribers rendering unnecessary a second call for their subscriptions.

As the prosperity of the Congregation materially depends on the maintenance of this Fund, the Committee think it right to urge the necessity of continued and even increased liberality. They desire to impress upon those Members of the Congregation who have not yet subscribed to it the importance of their doing so, not merely because more money is required, but also because they will thus co-operate in the work so zealously carried on by the Minister and those who assist him.

COLIN G. MACRAE,
JAMES W. WINCHESTER, } *Hon. Secretaries.*

Sabbath Schools.

A few extracts are given from a Report to the Session by their Committee on Sabbath Schools recently made. Special attention is directed to the remarks on the Library.

In regard to numbers—

In the Brunswick Street Schools there are on the Roll 530 children, with an average attendance of about 400. *In the Horne Lane School* there are on the Roll 128 children, average attendance 95. While Mr. Macrae's Bible Class numbers about 78, average attendance 65; giving, in all, 736 on the Roll, average attendance 560.

The four o'clock Schools may be said to be quite full, the three rooms and three side-rooms being all occupied, without space for any additional classes. The room on the middle flat, having fixed writing-desks occupying nearly one half of it, is very inconvenient; and it is complained that the long forms are not very suitable for arranging and seating the small classes into which the School is divided.

In the six o'clock Boys' School, two rooms being used, there is ample accommodation; and two or three good permanent additional teachers are much wanted there, when the numbers of pupils might be easily increased.

It was suggested that if there were space in the Parish Buildings, so that the Boys' School could meet at four instead of at six, there might be less difficulty in getting male teachers from among the Congregation than at present. This, however, is now impossible.

The Sabbath School Library is needing help. A librarian attends most faithfully every Wednesday evening to give out books, and there are about 114 steady readers; but there have been no additions to the Collection of books since 1878, and the favourite books, from constant use, are getting into an unsatisfactory condition. It was thought that a short statement in the Parish Magazine, inviting contributions of suitable books; or of pecuniary help, might be the means of giving it a fresh start.

The Girls' Schools have collected about £7 during last year, for the support of an orphan in India. The Boys' School has contributed about £1, which was given to the Pursewaukum Fund.

To the large staff of devoted teachers who steadily carry on this work—some of them having done so for many years—the best thanks of the Session are due.



MARCH 1882.

Sermon.

JUSTIFICATION.

By Rev. JOHN RANKINE, D. D., Sorn.

"For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith: as it is written, The just shall live by faith."
—ROMANS I. 16, 17.

THIS passage calls our attention to two very important truths, viz. that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, and that this power is mainly found in the revelation which the gospel gives of the righteousness of God, whereby He is "just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Incidentally, also, we are taught that we are not to be ashamed of this divine arrangement, that Gentile as well as Jew is interested in it, and that it is the lesson of the Old Testament as well as of the New. Our space, however, will not permit us to deal with more than the two main points, as stated above.

I. The Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. It was his belief in this power which made Paul so eager to preach the gospel at Rome. During his ministry in other places, as he beheld the manifestation of this power, his eye and heart must often have been longingly directed towards this great city—the metropolis of the world, the centre of influence, the stronghold of heathenism, the home of learning, wealth, and luxury. "I must also see Rome," he said. Jerusalem and Rome! These were the spots which chiefly attracted him. The latter, the Imperial city, was now the object of his chief desire; and his Lord had promised to gratify him. In a vision he had been told that, as at Jerusalem, so at Rome, he should bear witness as an apostle of Christ.

There was no little courage in this desire and determination to preach the gospel of Christ crucified at Rome. Whence did this courage spring? Evidently from his belief that this gospel was the power of God for salvation. Rome, with its unchecked heathenism, its gaiety and fashion, its hard and heartless materialism, presented a field of evangelistic labour different from any which he had hitherto experienced. To tell those proud Roman citizens that power for their salvation was only to be found

in the name, and knowledge, and faith of Him whom one of their provincial governors had recently crucified as a malefactor, argued boldness in no ordinary degree. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ!" It is my glory! This was the explanation. It has in it the most marvellous power—the very power of God; and that for the noblest of all purposes, salvation to every believer. It offers the best of blessings, and on the freest terms. Ashamed of this gospel? No! I am ready to preach "to you that are at Rome also." My message is power. To know it is man's prime necessity. You at Rome need it even more than others. Your proud position calls loudly for Heaven's grace.

This explains the devoted lives of the early preachers of the gospel, and of all who have followed their footsteps. Labour, hardships, sufferings, and death were faced, as well as the contempt of the wise and influential of the world. God indeed gave them liberally of His grace; but, under this, there was the sustaining consciousness that they were commissioned to proclaim a message which carried with it a blessed power, a message which all the world's wisdom could not discover, and without the knowledge of which its most crying evils could not be remedied. This upheld them amid all their trials, while love impelled them on.

The reality and existence of this power are facts,—the best proved facts of the world's history. In early days, heathenism went down before this power of God in the gospel of His Son. The bitterest persecution could not stay its progress. Imperial Rome tried to crush it, but failed. In later centuries it prevailed over European paganism, and made itself felt in Western Asia. At the Reformation again, this gospel of power asserted itself, and middle age darkness receded. Romanism had corrupted the gospel, and the power of God was no longer felt. The reformers lifted up the gospel in its Scriptural simplicity, and power returned. Whole nations were converted to God. In more recent times the same return of power has been witnessed. Periods of denial or suppression have been followed by periods of revived gospel truth, and a new life has been breathed into the Church. And even now, where zeal and self-denial are signally seen, the possessors of those graces ascribe all to a believing reception of the gospel of God's grace, with its power to quicken and to subdue all the energies of the heart to itself. Thus proofs

of the gospel's power unto salvation run through the Church's whole history. Wherever the gospel was denied, or obscured, or corrupted, weakness prevailed. Hearts made no response. Power was gone, only to return when God's message was delivered in its own divine simplicity.

II. Wherein does this power of God unto the salvation of believers mainly lie? Paul himself tells us expressly. "For therein," that is, in this gospel, "is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith." This truth is more fully stated in the third chapter of this epistle, vers. 21-26. "But now the (or a) righteousness of God without the law is manifested . . . Even the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ . . . to declare His righteousness that He might be just and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." We do not forget that all true spiritual power comes to us through the action of the Holy Ghost, or that all true spiritual life is derived from a believing union with Christ, or that the gospel's bringing life and immortality clearly to light is a most important factor in the influence which it wields. But the point is, what does the apostle mean by the words which have just been quoted? He plainly says that the gospel's power unto salvation lies somehow in the revelation which it makes of the righteousness of God from faith to faith. This revealed righteousness appeared to him the source of the power. He saw it meeting some requirement of man's sinful condition, and thereby working towards confidence of salvation. How is this?

The heart which has been effectually stirred by a sense of sin and unrighteousness longs for the possession of a righteousness which God will, and can, accept. He whose heart has thus been moved soon learns that, strive as he may after personal righteousness, he cannot attain to that which alone can be acceptable to the Holy Ruler and Lawgiver who is of purer eyes than to behold evil. The more he thinks,—the more he learns to know God and himself, the more he perceives the hopelessness of such an attempt. And yet it is felt that there can be no unrighteousness with God. He must be righteous even in forgiving sin. Even in this, mercy and truth must meet together, righteousness and peace must kiss each other. The way, therefore, appears blocked; for where is this righteousness? Salvation seems hopeless. No! says the gospel message, God has provided and revealed His own righteousness in Jesus Christ our Saviour. Only return to God, repent and believe in Christ, and this righteousness is accounted yours for justification. He pardons all your sins and accepts you as righteous in His sight, only for the righteousness of Christ.

It is generally the perception of this which forms the turning-point of a man's spiritual history. He hears, indeed, of God's love, and is glad. He reads of Christ's propitiation, and hope begins its work.

There is a way and a power for salvation, thank God! But the real power of God unto salvation may not yet be clearly discerned. The stirred heart may not yet be quite satisfied. How can God be righteous and yet justify me, a sinner? This is the distress. I cannot rest in confidence. Fears prevail. But when this righteousness of God in Christ is clearly apprehended, a righteousness which He Himself has provided, and freely offers, the difficulty is gone. All rises in well-ordered perfection. Salvation rests on righteousness itself. Law is magnified in the outgoing of pardoning love. I can now trust, and not be afraid. God is well pleased for His own righteousness sake.

It is in this way that many have learned to sing their songs of deliverance. And they have good grounds for it. They consider that God is law as well as love. He is Ruler as well as Father. In salvation he must be regarded under both aspects. Love must be seen working in perfect harmony with law. And in God's revealed righteousness it does. Love sent the Saviour to fulfil all righteousness for us, and now God invites us to accept of His love-gifts in forgiveness and acceptance. Nay, love itself is magnified as it offers its gifts on this wise. We see love in its willingness to forgive. But we see it more significantly in the way of forgiveness, laying our help on One who was able to bring in an everlasting righteousness. The trembling heart surveys the foundation of its hopes, and dwells in perfect confidence.

If this be so, can we wonder that Paul speaks of the revelation of this righteousness of God as His power in the gospel unto the salvation of believers? He was no superficial observer of the wants of a sinful world. He knew what the human heart in its deep religious moments demanded for its stable peace. He had doubtless himself passed through the momentous experience of solid and satisfactory reconciliation. Those three dark days at Damascus and his Arabian retirement, perhaps, witnessed his earnest striving after this light, satisfied only when it led him to rest on the righteousness of God in Christ Jesus. And the clear perception of it sent him back to Damascus to begin his apostolic work, invested with the new power which carried him through all lands, and filled him with eager desire to preach the gospel at Rome itself. How many there are who have had their darkness similarly removed! Conscious of guilt, fearing judgment, despairing of self-righteousness, oppressed by the thought of God's holiness, this righteousness of God in Christ has been revealed to them, and, clinging to it, their confidence has never left them. They have lived in conscious justification, and have served God through a love which has been all-constraining.

And now, what use are we to make of all this? Plainly, believe it ourselves, and tell it to others that they also may believe. The righteousness of God is revealed "from faith to faith." It comes

to us as a message from God, an intimation of what His love has done for us in Christ Jesus; and, as such, our attitude towards it must be either belief or unbelief. It is at once our duty and interest to believe it. Indifference or unconcern is most unbecoming as well as perilous. If God has prepared and revealed His righteousness for our justification, He will not be indifferent to the manner in which His message is received. Unbelief is contempt of mercy, and adds immeasurably to our natural guiltiness. Then, believing ourselves, let the message go forth from us to others, passing thus from faith to faith.

Further, we must seek to have this faith of God's righteousness wrought deeper and deeper into our hearts, in order that personal righteousness may be established there. This is the inevitable practical result where faith is real, and not merely professed. We cannot contemplate the glorious enthronement of righteousness in our justification without regarding all unrighteousness with heartfelt dislike, and without seeking to be righteous in all our ways. An awe-inspiring majesty is seen surrounding righteousness as provided for our salvation in the love of God—a majesty which no mere study of the law can supply—a majesty, too, which the cross of Christ has hallowed to our deepest thoughts; and through life this operates with a steady sanctifying power, crucifying the flesh with the affections and lusts, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

“With Thee is the Fountain of Life.”

PSALM XXXVI. 9.

I STOOD beside the sacred fountain
Unlocked to cleanse from sin,
And hundreds from the world's vain mountain
Came down to bathe therein.
And as each soul, its vileness bringing,
Was sprinkled with the spray,
I heard its voice in triumph singing,
My sin is washed away.

I said, “Why should not I be numbered
Among the gladsome throng?
Why am I thus with weakness cumbered
When others are made strong?”
I touched the fountain purely flowing,
And o'er my heart's deep gloom
The sun of instant hope was glowing,
The flowers of instant bloom.

O fountain, opened for the weary,
We will not part with thee,
For life's great road is parched and dreary,
And few the waters be:
But when thy streams of silver treasure
Have touched the arid land,
Our hearts have sight of that full pleasure
That dwells at God's right hand.

GEO. MATHESON, D. D.

“THE SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,” by a Parish Minister, is an admirable history and plea. Many thousands have been sold at the nominal price of 2d., or 6s. per 100—but why not tens of thousands more? No family should be without it.

Isaac Ronald The Dominie.

By the Author of “JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK.”

VI.—ISAAC RONALD'S DISCIPLINE.

A NOTEWORTHY feature of the Bankmill School in its everyday aspect was the essentially amicable and interested relationship that existed between the master and his pupils. To say that the discipline and order of the school were of the kind that would have satisfied the requirements of the present high pressure times, when uniform drill and systematic progression are so completely in the ascendant, would not perhaps be quite correct. On entering the schoolroom at any hour of the day, the ear was saluted by an overpowering hum, that rose and fell like the sound of distant waves spending themselves on a broken beach; and all sorts of detached exclamations, some of them occasionally of startling loudness, were to be heard from pupils of different sexes, moved by varying impulses. Still all this was only an outward manifestation of the energy that naturally belonged to those whose free and robust physical life had been but little subdued by indoor or sedentary experiences. The work of the school was quite well understood to be going on vigorously, if deliberately, all the while. When the pupils wanted explanations, they marched up, book in hand, to the dominie's chair, where they would cluster about him in a very familiar fashion, listening to his slowly-uttered sentences and homely illustrations; and when they were out at play, it was no uncommon thing to find them calling in his aid to enable them to set some favourite game properly afoot, or appealing to his authority to settle disputed questions of winning or losing.

“The natur' o' man's compound,” Isaac went to say in his later time, when he had reached the position of one who could speak with the authority that belongs to matured experience, “the natur' o' man's compound, an' ye maun study to humour it in a' its pairts in a proper an' lawfu' mainer, if ye hope to get the best oot o' t'.”

And without having at the stage of his history with which we are just now concerned formulated any philosophy on the subject, he seemed from the first, as has been already said, to act instinctively in accordance with the principles thus laid down.

In the summer season nothing pleased Isaac better than to walk away up the glen with the bulk of his elder pupils, girls as well as boys, as his companions, communicating to them as he went what he knew of the natural history and legendary lore of the district, and fostering in them independent habits of observation. Then, when the highest point was reached from which an extended view down the valley might be had, he would call a halt to descant upon the beauties of the scenery; or, with fitting reference to local historical events, moralise upon the generations of men that had passed and gone from the earthly scene; these dissertations never failing to arrest the interested at

tention of his youthful companions, while they sometimes stirred not a little the emotions of the more susceptible of them. And in the winter time, when cold rains and snow prevailed, it was a sight to see Isaac striding across the fields to the school, sheltered below a big umbrella, and carrying under his arm a large "win'lin'" of clean oat straw, which he was extremely careful to keep quite dry, the purpose for which it was meant to be used being to form comfortable soles for the shoes of those of the pupils whose feet had got wet through in their morning journey schoolward. Their shoes were examined in detail as they entered, and where such seemed needful, the pupils were drafted away to the peat-house, where each was instructed to pull a little wisp from the school "win'lin'," and "draw" the straw until well straightened and evened, when it was to be put into the wet shoe below the stocking sole, to ward off all risks of damp. In the case of his female pupils, in particular, Isaac was punctilious with respect to their comfort and decorous treatment generally. He taught the boys on principle to believe that manliness in its very nature involved the idea of a sensitive regard for the rights of the weak and defenceless; that the rightful superiority of the one sex could only be asserted in the way of an unselfish care for the interests and feelings of the other, and, if need were, a chivalrous guardianship of their honour against words rudely spoken, as well as against deeds unbecomingly done.

"Depen' ye upon 't, laddies," Isaac would say, "the loon that wud ding a lassie in'o the ditch, or wilfully tear her dress an' knock her aboot, is a bully an' a coward at hert. He uses his brute strength like a brute, whaur he kens there's nae equal strength to resist it. Whan he meets his match, he'll be the first to flinch an' save his carcase by ae craven act or anither. An' sae fares o' the vile fellow that wud set himsel' to utter words fittet, or meant, to bring the blush o' shame to a woman's cheek. The spirit o' a man's nae in him, though the spirit o' a grovellin' fiend may be. But if ye're manly in the true sense, women folks'll gie you their confidence, an' trust you through a kin' o' instinct—they canna help it! It's than that ye can richtly indulge the thocht o' superiority, o' the kin' that carries duty on its back. Ye'll hae starker encounters wi' your nain sex, nae doot, but never fail to respect yoursels, an' to speak out the plain truth whaur questions o' richt an' wrang hae to be fac't, even if ye sud haud your tongue at sic times as only maitters o' personal feelin' or self-interest come in."

It is not claiming too much for Isaac Ronald to say that his own conduct was habitually regulated by his avowed principles. On such points as have just been indicated, his ethical and social code was not by any means in accordance with that commonly accepted and carried into practice amongst his fellow-parishioners. For, truth to say, they were in the main a somewhat self-asserting race,

whose manners in their ordinary intercourse were not, as a rule, distinguished by excess of courtesy; and still less by chivalrousness of bearing, where the occasion seemed naturally to call for it; albeit their shrewd common sense and plodding industry, as well as their genuine homely hospitality toward all and sundry, might be held to form strongly redeeming features. Isaac's acquaintance with the more polished forms of society was too limited to admit of his attempting, even had he been so inclined, to expound to them any of the established principles of polite etiquette. But while that was so, it is quite within reason to say that in his own sincere, self-respecting, and utterly unselfish character and bearing, they had, at any rate, set before them in such guise as they could better understand and appreciate than in any more pretentious form, an unobtrusive example of greater "sweetness and light" than had been quite common amongst them. And, if they should fail to profit by the example, the fault, of course, was not his but theirs.

But we are going rather in advance of events in the course of our story.

VII.—ENLARGING PROFESSIONAL EXPERIENCES.

HIS first winter session had passed with a measure of *éclat* that had given Isaac Ronald a very well-assured position as teacher in the estimation of the general community interested in the establishment of the Bankmill School. And now that spring had come again the school got sensibly diminished. At the close of their winter "raith," on the approach of the busy seed-time, the elder boys were wanted to reinforce the outdoor working power at their various homes, or go out to service amongst the neighbouring farmers; their summer occupation being found mainly in herding the cattle. And most of the elder girls, even, were withdrawn, including two of the miller's lassies; one, and the elder of the two, going away to fill her first situation as a domestic servant, while the other stayed at home to assist her mother in her household cares, out and in. With his reduced list of some twenty pupils, Isaac laboured on not less conscientiously than before; only that he by and by felt his attention drawn into somewhat other channels. Now that his big boy pupils had left, the serious burden of arithmetical drill, on which their future fortunes were held mainly to depend, was three-fourths gone; and literary instruction, in its several forms, obtained more relative prominence. Perhaps Isaac did not regret this; and he speedily found a stimulus in that direction which could not fail to operate somewhat powerfully upon one of his temperamental and mental and moral habitudes. Though the miller had removed his two elder girls, the third still remained at school. A dainty little maiden of thirteen, with regular, well-cut features, and fine dark eyes, whose open straightforward look at once bespoke the confidence they expressed; her wealth of brown hair

kept neatly in order by a simple velvet ribbon, and all her movements indicative of a love of decorousness and order,—Annie Symon was in many ways the sort of pupil to commend herself to Isaac as a pattern. She, moreover, fully justified the miller's remark that his lassies learnt easily; and soon, without the least difficulty, she took the position of Isaac Ronald's best scholar.

To say that Isaac was proud of Annie Symon as his pupil would not, perhaps, express the fact quite accurately. It would signify too much in one way, and probably too little in another. Struck and gratified at first by her aptness, the mind of the dominie ere long came to be strongly exercised on two pressing practical points; one of these being the best methods of training and cultivating the female mind; the other enhancement in some form of his own poor qualifications as instructor. By the end of the second session Annie had come to be recognised as quite all that is implied in the term *dux*. In his sedate fatherly way, Isaac had no difficulty in regarding her in the light of a mere child, as she indeed still was; but the possibilities of her future, and his own relation to, and responsibility for, what that future might turn out to be, dwelt much in his thoughts. As himself was wont to phrase it at an after time:

“Ye see whan the mind o' the person set to instruct is brought in contact wi' anither mind that is open an' susceptible in a degree o' which your ain personal consciousness gies you nae adequate measure, an' whan ye hae mair or less o' diffidence as to your ownership o' sufficient knowledge an' insicht into a' the requirements o' the task afore you, it canna but be that ye sud begin to doot whiles if ye're in your richt place, an' to won'er at your ain presumption in uler'takin' duties ye're so ill equippet for. Dootless it's the trainin' o' the intellect in the first place; but nae education's worth the name that doesna tak account o' the higher needs o' the immortal spirit. An' so intellectual knowledge should be the handmaid o' spiritual truth, which but adds to the responsibility o' the teacher's office.”

In the meanwhile, Isaac Ronald spared nq possible care or effort to do the very best for the miller's clever little daughter; and in striving to do the best for her he sensibly extended his own somewhat limited range of reading among English classics, and the like; his practice, as time went on, being to obtain and master some standard piece of literature, after which he and his crack pupil read and analysed it, practically together, there being none of the other pupils sufficiently advanced to admit of the formation of a class. And Isaac's labours did not go unappreciated. The miller was delighted that a daughter of his should furnish the first exemplification of what he deemed a proper educational training for those of her own sex.

“It'll nae doot be ca'd extravagance, an' waur,

maister; but if Providence hae gi'en the capacity an' the desire for't, there's nae greater default o' parental duty than failin' to gi'e ane's bairns what furnishin' we can,” said Joseph Symon, addressing the dominie, when the question of Annie's further continuance at school had come up between them during an incidental colloquy at the mill-door. “Ye've had the makin' o' the lassie in your han' sae far; an' gae whaur she may, to the en' o' her days the impression o' what she's gettin' eenoo winna leave her. I think we maun even lat you keep her anither season.”

“Ah weel, miller, your words mak me richt glaid in ae sense; but dowie, dowie in anither,” answered Isaac.

“Dowie! Fat mean ye noo, maister?” queried the miller.

“Jist this, if ye'll hear me. It a' means a greater responsibility than I'm weel fit to cairry. Ye little kent what ye laid upo' me whan you'an the wricht set me faur I am, to train the minds an' shape the characters o' the risin' generation, wi' my sma' stock o' knowledge, an' my still sma'er range o' experience.”

“Isaac Ronald!” exclaimed the miller, “I canna say I'm a wiser, but I'm at least an aul'er, man than you, an' may use my privilege o' seniority in gi'en you a word o' counsel. An' it's this—whan ye've fairly seen your line o' duty, never lat the sense o' responsibility daunt you. It's so fix't by the supreme Ruler o' a' our lives that without fully facin' responsibility on the ootward side toward the wardle, an' cherishin' the spirit o't inwardly toward Him, wark o' the truest an' maist usefu' kin' is never deen. Feelin' oor responsibility, conscience helps oot qualification in a won'erfu' mainer. An' I'm nae sayin' that we've far to gae for an example o't. Jist go on, an' I'se stan' caution for the ootcome. I'm gi'en you Annie by way o' experiment, an' ye please to ca' it sae; an' ye can dee nae better for the time than try your han' at qualifyin' her for successfu' combat against a' that's false an' unworthy; teachin' her hoo responsibility, whether the sense o't be felt or no, maun grow wi' privilege. She's gettin' a year mair than the lave, an' ochtna to forget what that means till's a'.”

“Neither she will,” said Isaac; “an' if the tuition were mair competent——”

“Hoot toot, maister,” interrupted the miller, jocularly, and resolved to cut short the colloquy, “jist train the lassie in sic a mainer as nicht fit her to act the pairt o' wife wi' credit to a man o' sense an' intelligence like yoursel'; an', of coorse, to cairry her due share o' the common responsibility, as ilka richt wife does.” And the miller, whose words of innocent banter had brought a slight blush of confusion and surprise over the poor dominie's face, at once turned away to pursue his avocation, amid the clattering of the busy mill gearing.

But not only was Annie Symon allowed to remain a year longer at school than her elder sisters had been. When she had formally left the Bankmill School, and day by day walked down the Strath two good miles and a half to Marjory Gunn, the "sewster," for the purpose of gaining a competent knowledge of needlework, plain and ornamental—for Marjory carried each of her pupils the length of finishing an elaborate "sampler" of coloured worsted-work—Annie, in her intervals of leisure at home, still continued her lessons with the occasional aid of her old teacher.

And by and by Annie Symon, too, passed out to the work of her life as set before her, in the honest and honourable service of others, as her fate might be.

To be continued.

A Talk with the Farm-Servants.

NO. IX.—THE HOME AND HOW TO MAKE IT HAPPY.

WHERE are we now, dear friends, in our Talk together? Look over our former Talks and see. You have been rightly mated and married. You have set up house, and set out on the married life. Now let us have a Talk about how to make the married life and the home happy.

You have got a nice comfortable house we shall suppose. Well then, if you wish to make this house a happy home, keep it clean, tidy, and tasteful:—

Cleanliness, tidiness, neatness, orderliness:—this is a very important element in the happiness of a home:—Here is a home where the wife and mother gets up betimes in the morning, and so makes a good start on every new day and new opportunity of life. It is a grand thing to make a good start on every new fresh morning God gives us. Here is the house beautifully clean, neat, orderly. Everything put in its own place at the right time and in the right trim. The husband's and children's clothes well washed, mended, buttoned. The children all ready for going out to their work or their school in good time. The meals deliberately and perfectly cooked and on the table clean and cosy and comfortable at the diet hour. Herself trig, blithe, and bonny. As soon as you enter this home a very delightful glow of comfort and happiness comes over you. You feel what a great help to the happiness of the home such housekeeping is:—

"His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil."

Yes; if the husband of such a wife and home is not contented, loving, and happy, he is a brute and not a man. He is a cruel, ill-conditioned, disgusting, disheartening curse on God's earth.

Here is another home where the means and opportunities of making it a happy home are as good as in the one just described. But what a difference! Here is the wife and mother in loathsome sloth, dozing away in bed the good start on the fresh day God hath given her to glorify Him in her home and to finish there the work He hath given her to do. There she is when she does get up—what a fright of filth and slovenliness! Look through the house:—the "hearth-stane"; this nook; that nook; below the table; above the table; here; there; everywhere:—ashes, dust, dirt, disorder, disgust. No spot in that home on which your eye can rest with comfort. Behold the children. Some running about half-naked; those that have to go out to school all behind. There they go, poor things, ill-washed, ill-dressed, heartless looking, with a whipping likely waiting them for being late. There the husband comes in to his breakfast; but it is not ready. All is hurry-skurry, helter-skelter—provoking not to love and happiness, but to hatred and wretchedness. He gulps down his insufferably ill-cooked meal, and rushes from his house certainly not singing: "Home, sweet home," but in bitterness of spirit, growling something very different indeed:—

Well, then, wives, will you mark this? I assure you it is a matter of great importance. If you wish to make your home happy;—if you wish to see your husband's face bright and beaming when he comes home—give him a neat, clean, orderly, comfortable home to come to.

Secondly, *thrift, economy, good-management*, in order to the securing of a competency and to the keeping clear of debt, is another thing upon which the happiness of the home very much depends:—If you have to keep up a daily struggle with poverty and want;—if you can think of nothing but of how you can get food and clothing for yourselves and children, and of how you can pay the debts which are always rising up before you—how can you be happy? In order to the happiness of your home, there must be in it a competent portion of the good things of this life. There must be a competent portion for the health and happiness of the body in the shape of sufficient food and clothing, and of other bodily comforts. There must also be a competent portion for the health and happiness of the soul and spirit in the shape of papers, magazines, and wholesome enjoyable books; ay,—and also in the shape of the feeling of independence and heart's ease and elasticity and spring and joy which cannot exist when the home is darkened and depressed by want;—when the heart and spirit are distracted and distressed, broken and crushed by poverty and debt. Yes; *debt*:—above all things take care and don't run into debt. If you let the blight and misery of debt into your home then farewell to its happiness. Submit to any self-denial and sacrifice rather than be brought under the bondage and wretchedness of debt. Resolutely

bar the door of your home against debt. Keep it out as you would the pestilence. Dread and shun the misery of using and living upon what is *not your own*, but another man's. And in order to your enjoying this competency and freedom from debt you must be good managers, thrifty, economical. If you have saved as you ought and have not married too soon, you have begun your married life with a competency. Well, take care and keep it. Except for the furnishing of your house, you should not require to touch your savings till old age comes. The interest of your money and your earnings should be sufficient for you so long as you are in the vigour of life. And, in the first years of your married life, instead of making your savings less, you should be making them greater, if you are *both* uniting to do your best. Now then, this is my second constituent of a happy home—viz., that it have a competency and be free from debt. What do we pray for in the fourth petition of our Lord's prayer? In the fourth petition, which is: "Give us this day our daily bread," we pray that of God's free gift we may receive a competent portion of the good things of this life, and enjoy His blessing with them. Very well; pray this petition, but while you pray it remember also to *practise* it. God will answer it *in your acting it out* in prudent forethought, good-management, thrift, economy.

Thirdly, in order that the home may be happy, you must bring into it and *keep up all through the married life the love-cherishing looks and words and ways of the courting days*. You must not stop courting when you get married. You must bring the endearments and the honey of the courting days and the honeymoon into all the days and moons of the married life. Many a married life is marred and blighted by not attending to this. Dear friends, attend *you* to it, if you would make your home and wedded life bright and blessed. If your love is to live *it must be fed* by loving looks and words and deeds. If you shut and seal it up in your hearts by sulky, selfish, ill-natured ways to one another, you will kill it. If you wish to keep it healthy, fresh, and growing, you must let it out—you must give it exercise in the free air and sunshine of action—of being and doing what it prompts.

It has been said that a Scotchman doesn't tell his wife that he loves her till he or she is dying. I don't think this is true. There is another time he tells her this—viz.—when he is courting her. A Scotchman must not excuse himself for making his home and married life dark and wretched by saying that there is something in his Scotch nature which compels him to lock up his love in sullen silence and in unloving behaviour.

The Old Farm-Servant has known a lad and lass in their courting days—what they were and how they behaved to each other then. He has seen them married and started on the wedded life with

everything favourable and hopeful for making that life happy. He has looked in upon them four or five years after to see how they were getting on. But what a change has come over them, and over his dream of the sweet home theirs would be! There is the wife, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, a revolting spectacle of slatternliness and filthiness, and the house and children to match. Can *that* woman be the neat, trim, graceful, charming lass of the courting days! Now for the husband. What like is he? Here he is, going out and in like a spectre from the tombs, exceeding fierce. The very features of his countenance changed from his not letting beam out from it the love of his heart. Nothing is seen in that face save ill-nature and gloomy sullenness. Nothing comes from those lips save depressing groans, angry growls, sullen grunts. Can *that* be the sprightly, beaming, bright, attractive lad that wooed and won in the courting days! Is that home, sweet home, which might have been and which the Heavenly Father wished to have been? No: verily no. And why? Just because in that home and married life the love has not been fed and nourished by loving looks and words and ways; but starved and crushed and killed by unloving, unkind, ill-natured looks and words and ways.

My newly-married couple, who have set out on the married life, happy, hopeful, and strong in each other's love, take heed and beware. This state of matters is sadly true and sadly common. If you would not like it to be the state of matters in your own case don't leave your love to take care of itself after you get married, but take you care of it by letting it out to each other in all the ways you can think of. Be and do to each other all that your love moves you to be and do. Thus keep it fresh and warm and powerful. Don't wait till you are dying ere you say and show that you love each other. Neither God nor man may believe you then. And, although it be true, will it not then be *too late*? Will it not be a terrible sting—an awfully bitter ingredient in your dying—to have to look back on your home and married life made so dark and miserable to yourselves and so dishonouring and ungrateful to your God and Father,—and to see—O how clearly in the light of death—how different it might and ought to have been,—and to feel—O with what anguish of spirit—that your home and married life is done, clean gone for ever with all its precious days and privileges and opportunities for glorifying your God and for making each other happy?

My newly-married pair, you would not like *your* wedded life to be a wretched remorseful thing like that. Well then, while you are at *this* end of it and have it all before you to make or to mar, vow, in the love and grace of your Heavenly Father, that your married life shall be bright, blessed, beautiful by your keeping up and letting out your love to one another—by your letting it have its per-

fect work. My dear friends, you will find burdens and sorrows and disheartening things enough in this selfish, saddening world, do not add to these by keeping in your love and letting out ill-nature to one another *in your own home*. Keep blazing brightly there the flame of love by daily heaping on the fuel of loving looks and words and deeds, so that bright and buoyant and strong and courageous in each other's love you may toil and endure and overcome.

Last but not least, it is essential to the happiness of the home that your *Lord and Saviour abide in it*:—The home that bars its door against the Saviour cannot be a happy home whatever else it may have. The home that opens its door and welcomes the Saviour in and feels that His presence is the one thing the home cannot be without will not be an unhappy home whatever else it may want.

He is the *Great Sweetener* of all the home blessings and enjoyments and relations:—

How can there be real, rational, genuine happiness in a Godless Christless home though full of all the good things of this life? A dark scowling heaven over the home! the home loves and relationships severed from God! the home-life a Godless life!—how can such a home be happy! On the other hand, if we have the Saviour abiding in our home, and so have His Father and our Father smiling down upon it, and so have the light to see and the heart to enjoy all our home blessings as coming from Him, then and thus are we able to suck from these blessings the last drop of their sweetness.

He is the *Great Sympathiser and Comforter and Sustainer* under all the home trials and afflictions and crosses and disappointments:—

Trials will come. Dark clouds will settle down upon our home. Fond hopes will be blasted. Sore bereavements, bitter partings, heart-harrowing sins and sorrows—but in all these things we shall be more than conquerors if we have in the home with us the sympathising sustaining presence of our Blessed Beloved Saviour speaking with power to comfort: “Be not afraid for I am with you; and no one and no thing shall really hurt you. In me ye have peace; be of good cheer!”

He is the *Great Reconciler* in all the home differences:—

Differences, disagreements, discordances will arise, but they will not go very deep, nor last very long if the love-fostering peace-making Saviour be in the home. His presence will make it intolerable misery for us to live in unlovingness and unforgettingness and ill-nature to each other. If we let anger and ill-will and strife into our home He will go out of it and leave it dreary and desolate. Ah, but we will not—we cannot let Him away; so we will—we must—dwell together in loving unity.

AN OLD FARM-SERVANT.

Rev. Prof. James Robertson, D.D.¹

JAMES ROBERTSON, best remembered as founder and Convener of the Church of Scotland's “Endowment Scheme,” was born in 1803, the oldest of the ten children of the farmer of Ardlaw, Pitsligo parish, Aberdeenshire. His biographer² tells us that he owed much to his mother, who taught her children from the Bible, and whose “humble, and trustful, and prayerful disposition was reflected in the life of her son.” At six years of age, a “very little but healthy boy,” he was at school reading (as was the custom) the Proverbs of Solomon, and he began Latin in the following year. His companions seem to have remembered in after years with pride that, try as hard as they might, they never could oust “wee Robertson” from the dux place. He is described as sedate, with an old-fashioned look; yet he could play vigorously, and had a brave and tender heart. Once, in a snowstorm, he took his crying sister (nearly his own size) on his back, and carried her a great distance, overburdened and staggering, but never giving in, till he set her down at home. It was a prophecy of what the man would do.

At the too early age of twelve he was at college at Aberdeen. For the curriculum was long, and the family circumstances made it necessary that the boy should provide for himself soon. His lodging was an attic, which he shared with another student at an expense of 1s. 6d. a week; provisions were sent to him from home. It will surprise some readers to learn that his college fees in a four years' literary course were only £22 : 8s., with £3 : 2 : 2 more when he graduated as Master of Arts. But the life of a poor and hard-working student at a Scottish university strains the bodily powers—sometimes to the breaking. We read of young Robertson rising to study every morning at two o'clock. When summer came, and he went home to work on the farm, he would begin the day with the other farm-servants at four o'clock, work as hard and as long as any of them, then pore over the Calculus till midnight. For, like many other Aberdeenshire students, he gained special distinction in the higher mathematics, and retained his love for that study to the end of his life. At length a severe illness came, causing the loss of a session, and of a finger, which was amputated. It is to be feared that the habit of overwork, and of insufficient attention to the soul's humble but necessary servant—the body,—never quite left him.

He laboured on. Ten years after entering college he received license to preach (September 1825), having been a few months before appointed

¹ A Portrait of Professor Robertson will be given in our next number.

² Rev. Professor Charteris, D.D., whose “Life of Professor Robertson” (Blackwoods, 1863) the present writer is permitted to use freely.

schoolmaster of his native parish. Four years more passed; he had made that parish school famous, and had become tutor in Gordon Castle to relatives of the last Duke of Gordon, when he was made Master of Robert Gordon's Hospital, Aberdeen. We get here—from written records that remain—some glimpses into his inner life; either he never afterwards kept diaries or he destroyed them. We learn how deep and how very humble was the piety of that strong and manly heart.

We hear him praying that God, for Christ's sake, would counsel him, that he may "follow on to know the Lord, and in the end of time behold His face in mercy." He thus purposed:—"I am to begin and end each day with praise and thanksgiving, with an humble confession of my unworthiness and guilt, with earnest petitions for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on my heart, and with a solemn and unreserved dedication of every power that I possess to the honour and glory of the Lord my God." His own account of his religious life was that "he owed his serious impressions, under God, to his mother's training, and their continuance to frequent perusals of Doddridge's 'Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.'" When there came, after seven years of "probationership," a presentation to the Church and Parish of Ellon, ere he left the Hospital he was often heard in the silence of night pacing his room and praying in his deep-toned voice. He was praying (says his biographer) for mercy to pardon his sins, and grace to help him in his embassy for Christ. The Lord had made a good soldier ready when he was settled in Ellon in 1832, at the beginning of the "Ten Years' Conflict."

How he laboured in his parish, sparing nobody, but least of all sparing himself, and gaining all hearts! His powerful sermons—probably they were *never* short—were, in general, fully written out, but preached without notes. His aim—and he accomplished it—was to deal personally in regard to religion, at least once a year, with every parishioner, from the old man to the little child who could answer a question in the catechism, or repeat a psalm or a prayer. His "diets" of visitation and examination, held in every part of the parish, chiefly in winter, were serious and prolonged affairs, from which absence was not permitted. A solitary instance of rebellion is remembered. An old woman "wadna gang to be heckled, and hae her taes drappin' aff wi' the cauld." But the minister was what Americans call a "strong" man; the parish believed in him: the old woman surrendered, and doubtless enjoyed the meeting. He met his young communicants in the Church on week-day evenings, and would sometimes labour with them till eleven o'clock. He visited the sick and aged tenderly, very patiently, in all weathers. He taught a Sunday School; he built an additional day-school. He led the agriculture of the district. It is mentioned that he was the first to apply

dissolved bones to the soil of Great Britain. He seems almost at once to have taken the foremost place in his Presbytery. At the parish school examinations—those pleasant and profitable occasions that are fading from the memory of this generation—ministers and schoolmaster alike stood aside, while he *drilled* the classes. Dr. Chalmers, who visited him twice, publicly declared that "if all parishes contributed to Church Extension like Ellon, his coffers would be full; if all ministers wrought like Mr. Robertson, the Church of Scotland's best days would come." With all this he was a hard student at home. That home was brightened by a happy marriage. His wife was the widow of his predecessor in the parish. To her and to her children—by her first marriage—who could scarcely have been dearer to him if they had been his own—he poured out his heart in letters which reveal the earnest and strife-hating Christian in times of stormy disaster.

It does not fall within our purpose at this time to review the controversies of the years preceding 1843. That a man of his powers and knowledge of Church law¹ should come to the front at such a time was a matter of necessity, and before the battle ended he stood forth as the champion of the constitutional party. All men have pleasure in doing that which they can do very well, and that gratification must have been his. Yet he loved not the arena. Of this there is ample evidence in his biography. The heated atmosphere which then hindered clear vision has passed away—may God in His great mercy keep it far from us! It is now possible for us all to believe that the mighty men on both sides of that conflict were sincere Christians. Certainly there was no more childlike Christian in those eager General Assemblies than Dr. Robertson. It was required of him that his sword should be girded by his side; but the building, or rebuilding, of the city of the Lord was dearer far than the fighting. At one time, after a visit from Dr. Duff, then home for the first time from India, he was seriously considering whether he ought not to leave Ellon, and go out to India as a missionary. In the Assembly of 1839 there was a great debate on the "Auchterarder Case," which was followed by two days devoted to Missions. Dr. Robertson wrote to his wife:—"Duff delivered his farewell address on Thursday, and drew tears from almost every eye. Notwithstanding our *wide, wide* differences of opinion, the General Assembly never appeared in my eye to be so like an Assembly of Christian men as it has appeared to be during the last two days." Even in the heat of controversy, he seemed never to cease to be governed by Christ dwelling within him—as though (which was doubtless the case) he had come to the Assembly direct from converse

¹ His "Observations on the Veto Act," published March 1840, at once placed him in the very front rank of the Church. "Life," page 81.

with God in prayer. His biographer thus describes at once his method in debate, and the spirit which he carried into the keenest encounters:—"Never brilliant, seldom pointed, he always began at first principles, and moved, slowly but unerringly, on to his mark, taking everything along with him. He never lost his self-command, never descended to personality, always manifested tolerant charity towards those that differed from him; and few, if any, as prominent and powerful in party conflict, so completely refrained from a harsh epithet or even an unkind word." Early in the agitating Assembly of 1841—on the morning of the first Assembly Sunday—he thus closed his letter to his wife, writing only for her eye:—"And now the bells are ringing for church. I know you will be remembering me to-day, when Christian friends delight to bear each other upon their minds; and I am happy in the thought that our prayers for each other will be poured out at a common throne of grace and mercy. Pray for me through the week, that I may be enabled, on all occasions, to speak and act in such a manner as may promote most effectually the true objects for which an Assembly is constituted. Pray that my unworthiness and sinfulness may be forgiven, and that, my heart and lips being touched with a live coal from God's holy altar, I may be enabled to speak the truth in the love of it."

JOHN M' MURTRIE.

To be continued.

A New Old Trade for Ladies.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

Concluded.

STILL it was on Miss Bell's bosom that the stricken Jean fell without hesitation, and all is well that ends well. Burnt feathers accomplished Jean's restoration. The gallant lieutenant was not dead, only wounded. He lived to fight many another fierce battle, and to come home, with the loss of an arm and the title of a major, to claim his first love. She had grown a little up in years and faded, no doubt, but she had been faithful as her soldier had been true, and she was still and to the last, "bonnie Jean" in his eyes.

Sometimes the minister would crack ponderous clerical jokes for the enlivenment of the giggling audience. Sometimes, though not often—for these were the days when solemn topics were apt to be kept for high days and sacred places—he would speak a word in season to his young friends. It was a gentle word, for the old doctor was very manly, and though he could be rough to men, he was chivalrously gentle to women. The occasional grave word did not lose anything in impressiveness because of the kindly, familiar intercourse and the cordial human goodwill which had preceded it.

The pretty behaviour which was learnt in Miss

Bell Clunie's workroom included, in addition to the habitual practice of the curtseys first acquired at the dancing-school, and the obligation on each sewer to sit as erect on her chair as the exigencies of her seam would permit, respect to elders, friendliness to equals, courtesy to social inferiors.

There are many conditions of the old dressmaker's workroom which have passed away, and cannot be recalled, even if this were in all respects desirable. But there is also much which could be revived with advantage to the present generation. Why should not ladies like Miss Bell Clunie in her youth, become, to a considerable extent, dressmakers and milliners again, and be in a position to rule beneficently over a well-filled workroom, to influence for good many of their fellow-creatures? Why should not ladies put themselves in a position to earn, not a bare pittance, but a respectable independence and fair endowment of this world's goods? We hear constantly of the lamentable want of suitable and remunerative work for gentlewomen, and of their consequent privations—which are only too real—while one most natural vocation is nearly entirely abandoned by the sufferers. It has fallen largely—and that to the loss of the community—into the hands of women who, however respectable, are of inferior education and unsuitable antecedents.

This paper is a plea for dressmaking and millinery as a fit, worthy, and desirable occupation for well-educated women.

Do not say, in the first place, that this revolution and return to an old arrangement would be to take the bread out of the mouths of one set of women in order to put it into the mouths of another. There might be some change of places. More women of the lower working classes might be induced to return to domestic service, or might enter into the other trades now opening for them; but that would be the principal alteration in the existing system. And, to take a case in point, no serious opposition has been made to the introduction of lady-nurses into hospitals, although their presence in the wards interferes with and limits the employment of ordinary working women as nurses. Unless in separating the occupation of dressmaking, etc., from the drapers' establishments, with which it was not formerly connected, and which could and did flourish very well without it, there would be no radical difference caused by the movement; and it does not seem that any earnest argument could be founded here on the injudiciousness of women's coming forward as rivals of men, who, as it happens, have gradually usurped many fields of labour which were once considered essentially feminine, and given over to women.

The movement is retrograde in one sense, but it is the reverse in another. Higher education, especially the highest education of all, is putting to flight, by degrees, the silly idea that any honest work is, in itself, beneath the attention of any rational

Christian woman. The sole rule to be respected is that there ought to be a fitness between the work and the worker. The indication is plain enough in this instance. To speak generally, the mass of women are more or less qualified for dressmaking. The love of beauty is so intuitive with most of them, and they have, in many cases, so few means of gratifying it, that a large proportion of them—and those not, as a matter of course, the most frivolous—take a very genuine and innocent pleasure in regarding handsome and pretty clothes, even when the gazers have nothing more to do with the spectacle than to look at it. A girl of healthy natural character will view, with keen interest and enjoyment, a piece of dress which takes her fancy, though she has not the most distant chance of wearing it or anything of the same description. She will be still more fascinated if she is called upon to help in devising the article, and in executing the device. An older woman will derive equal satisfaction in contemplating suitable, useful, well-conceived and completed gowns and mantles. It is a comfort to dressmakers to please their eyes and fingers with materials and fashions, and to watch their designs becoming accomplished in their deft hands. All this may have little or nothing to do with personal vanity or selfishness; the sentiment and its gratification belong to the innate taste for the beautiful and becoming which distinguishes women above men.

As a proof that true cultivation is banishing the old stupid notion that mental contrivance which results in useful handiwork, comes under the odious name of "menial," and is beneath the attention of educated women, let us mention that in intellectual circles in London, among women of the upper classes, the project of dressmaking and millinery's being reinstated on their old footing as occupations for ladies, is most largely mooted and seriously advocated. A professional man's wife, who felt herself called upon to contribute to the family exchequer, has started as a dressmaker, and proposes to offer board in her own house for young ladies who wish to be thoroughly trained in the trade. A lady of independent means, who has devoted much time and thought to this mode of helping the poorer women of the middle classes, has maintained for years, with the assistance of other ladies—patronesses of the scheme—what may be called a training school for dressmakers, taken from the daughters of "poor professional men." Among the advantages held out is the assurance that even if the pupils do not care to enter trade, they will be enabled to conduct their own and their family dressmaking at home, and without foreign aid, to the diminution of a formidable item in the family expenses.

The arrangements in the training school referred to have been most liberal. They included, at one time at least, lessons from a skilled and experienced German lady, with a certificate from one of the

great German sewing schools, of her competent knowledge of comparative anatomy, numbers as applied to dressmaking, and free-hand drawing. Instruction is given gratis for the first year. Afterwards the pupils are paid according to their work. It is a pity to have to record that, in spite of the exceptional excellence of the teaching, and the bounty with which it was supplied to the public, the attendance of professional men's daughters was, till very recently, ridiculously small, so inveterate and slow of removal is any class prejudice.

Ladies would be far better dressed, with more attention to the laws of nature, of true beauty, and of good taste, if gentlewomen were dressmakers. A perfect gentlewoman, a real lady, is not always to be met with even in the highest rank, but the next best thing to a true lady is, perforce, a conventional lady. The writer has known several instances where a deliberate selection was made of dressmakers and milliners drawn from the upper classes, because those workers were found more capable of understanding and studying what was suitable to age, condition, and individual appearance than less cultivated workers are.

Again we have to think of the appalling amount of extravagance, debt and dishonesty, which, whether it is conducted on a large or a small scale, has to do with the foolish dress of foolish women. If this evil, which appears on the increase rather than on the decrease, is ever to be checked, it must be, in the first place, by the exercise of Christian honour and tenderness of conscience, and in the second, by putting the regulation of dress and modification of Parisian fashions, as much as possible, into the hands of women well educated in the best sense, who, while they do not regard costly novel and elaborate dress as either indispensable or of much value, are at the same time sufficiently impressed with the responsibility of dressing, as of doing everything else, to the Lord, like

"Creatures breathing thoughtful breath,
Travellers 'twixt life and death,"

but who will exert all the weight of their intelligence, skill, and example, to suppress the excesses—sometimes the gross errors and flagrant improprieties—of fashion. In writing this, the commercial truth that the demand regulates the supply is not forgotten. But there is a parallel truth that the supply suggests and reacts on the demand. Dressing reverently and with a conscience will always be the best dressing, the most winsome for girls, the most becoming for middle-aged and old women.

As the last but not the least motive to appeal to, it is allowable to refer here to a noble feature of the present time, the eagerness and anxiety shown by many of the best and kindest women of every caste and creed to become better acquainted with their more ignorant, helpless, and exposed brothers and sisters, and to help them by every means within the more fortunate women's power. This is the compel-

ling cause which sends so many brave, compassionate women into hospitals, poor-houses, and "homes" of every description. It goes without saying, that the principal of a large dressmaking or millinery establishment has much in her power to elevate, inspirit, and solace her staff, to whatever class of society the members belong, whether they are drawn from her own rank of life, or whether there is a plentiful sprinkling—such as is to be met with in the great day schools and art schools—of girls of humbler origin.

Books for Reading at Mothers' Meetings.

WE have received several lists of books in answer to our request that those who had found books interesting and profitable would give us the names for publication. It is found very difficult to hit upon exactly the right book. It must be interesting, and it must be a book to do good; a book to touch the springs of action, and to stimulate the desire and hope of leading a good and well-doing life. Many of the poor women who come to those meetings have no other break in the monotonous toil of their lives; and it is no small thing to brighten those lives even for an hour a week. The hour is looked forward to, and is talked of when it is past.

The following seem to be among the most approved books, but we are open to further suggestion:—

Mrs. Duncan's "Hours with Working Women under the Shadow." *Mrs. Locker's* "Bible Readings for Mothers' Meetings." *Miss Charlesworth's* "The Old Looking-Glass," "The Broken Looking-Glass." *Hesba Stretton's* "Jessica's First Prayer," "The Worth of a Baby," "The King's Servants." *Mrs. Hatchard's* "Wives and Mothers," "Eight Years' Experience of Mothers' Meetings," "Cottage Readings in Biography." (*Tract Society*), "Romance of Modern Missions."

The lady from whose list the foregoing are taken, says, "At our reading at the Mothers' Meeting we have always some practical religious reading, and a story or narrative. At the Zenana Meeting we usually get letters, etc., from the Secretary of the Association, to read."

Several others recommend *Miss Kippen's* stories, such as "The Ayrshire Embroiderer," "Bessie Brown's First Service," etc. (published by *Johnstone and Hunter*). *Mrs. Liddell's* "The Other Half of the World" is recommended. Also "John Pearce the Colporteur," and "Christie's Old Organ." Much good has been got from Mr. Pearce's quaint books, "Daniel Quorm's Reflections" and "Mr. Horn and his Friends." A chapter of one of them, along with some other book, would make a profitable hour. They are full of religious teaching of the highest kind—for professing Christians rather than for the lapsed. Dr. Marshall Lang's "Exposition of our Lord's Last Supper," and some portions of Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ," would be helpful as bringing human hearts near the Great Biography. The moral which has been impressed on ourselves by reading the lists which have come to us, is that a great deal of pains and preparation is needed on the part of those who conduct those meetings. Very often a book would be very good for the purpose if the proper passages were chosen, and all that is not really appropriate marked for omission. It is found that the reading of mere scraps is fatiguing to all concerned, and vastly unprofitable. Although in many cases the women are induced to come by their personal regard for the readers, it is, notwithstanding, a great opportunity lost when the reading is not so arranged, with "pains and prayer," as to be in itself a help and comfort to those who put themselves, with pathetic trustfulness, under the control of the readers during the meeting.

The Unpopularity of Missions.

By CHRISTOPHER N. JOHNSTON, M. A., Advocate.

I DO not mean that Foreign Missions are universally and absolutely unpopular. But if one compares the object of missionary enterprise, and the tremendous interests at stake, with the feeble response made by the Church to missionary appeals, the indifference and apathy of many, and the open hostility of not a few, I do not think that I shall be found to have gone beyond the mark in describing Foreign Missions as unpopular. Those who advocate the cause of our Foreign Missions seem generally to assume that all professing members of the Christian Church are agreed that the cause is essentially a just and righteous one—that it is the imperative duty of the Church to preach the gospel of Christ to the heathen. Unfortunately, however, in every Christian congregation there are some who are not only indifferent, but hostile, to every missionary enterprise, and this is a fact which should not be ignored by the spiritual guides of the people. Assuredly it *ought not* to be necessary to vindicate in the abstract the cause of Christian Missions, but in this world, alas! "*is not*" is far from being co-extensive with "*ought not*," and sad to say, it *is* necessary not only to appeal for greater liberality in support of missions, but even to justify the very existence of missions to the heathen. I shall endeavour to state as briefly as I can what appear to me to be the true causes of the unpopularity of missionary enterprise.

(1) *A Greedy Spirit.*

As the intemperate man is always ready to avail himself of the flimsiest pretext for "a glass," so the greedy man eagerly grasps at the least shadow of an excuse for illiberality. "Charity begins at home," for example, is a very favourite saying in the mouth of an opponent of Foreign Missions. "Why interest yourselves in the spiritual well-being of the Caffres and the Malays," he asks us, "whilst there are thousands of home heathen in Whitechapel and the Cowgate?" Now I have invariably observed that those who take refuge in such arguments do very little indeed themselves for the outcasts in our great cities, and that those to whom the ignorant and the homeless in the dark lanes of London and Edinburgh owe most, are just those who are most liberal and enthusiastic in the cause of Foreign Missions. The argument, however, is no new one; indeed, a century ago it received the respectable sanction of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. But age can add no authority to a contention so extravagant. It would be as reasonable to urge that emigration should be prohibited so long as there is an acre of waste land in Britain. Had such a policy been insisted in, this island would now have been peopled by a starving peasantry, and America would have been a wilderness.

No excuse seems weak, no argument ill founded, no statement inaccurate, which comes to the rescue of a besieged purse. An avaricious member of the Church is asked for a contribution to—say a Mission to the Jews. “Clearly our duty, is it not, to preach the gospel to God’s ancient people?” “H’m, yes. I suppose so; but you see there are so many claims, and trade is so depressed,” and so on; but it won’t do, for, as every one knows, he is the wealthiest man in the congregation, so at last the collector does get 10s. from him, and leaves content, for it is as much as he expected. But, alas! ere next collection time comes round, our friend has read in some newspaper a witty paragraph against Jewish Missions. No political statement in the same newspaper—if its politics be not his—would have obtained a moment’s credence with him, but an attack upon missions—just because it helps him to tighten his purse-strings—comes home to his heart with the irresistible power of a revelation, and, like the Great Seal, proves itself. Accordingly, he is now quite prepared for the collector. “Mission to the Jews; likely story, indeed! You’ve sunk thousands in that already, but you’ve never converted a Jew yet, and never will!”

But although this illiberal, or, as I prefer to call it, this greedy spirit, goes far to explain the popular dislike of missions, and disbelief in the efficacy of their work, it is not the whole explanation. No one ventures to question the claims of public charities like the London Hospitals, the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, the Orphanages, Ragged Schools, Houses of Mercy, etc., which exist all over the land. There may be occasional carpings at the administration of the funds, and general management of such institutions; subscriptions are sometimes withheld on such grounds, and indeed there are some who find in their inability to subscribe to *everything* an excuse for not subscribing to *anything*; but no one dreams of denying the beneficial operation of such charities, and the public duty of supporting them. Now, why is it otherwise in regard to missionary enterprise? How comes it that one finds in the columns of the press, and hears, even in educated society, constant sneers and jests at the expense both of missions and of missionaries? A howl of indignation arose a few years ago throughout the land, when a public speaker had the bad taste to allude in terms which seemed cruelly cynical, to the economic uselessness of a hospital for incurables; but nobody is shocked, nobody is surprised, when even a leading journal in a Christian land speaks in offensive and contemptuous language of those schemes which have for their object the propagation of the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth throughout the whole world. Therefore consider in further explanation

(2) *The Distance of the Mission-Field.*

There can be no doubt that many people sympathise the more heartily with charities, the beneficial

operation of which comes under their own immediate cognisance. Now the work of our Foreign Missions is, in great measure, removed from our eyes, and those who are naturally inclined to be indifferent or sceptical about missions, are just the last people likely to follow their operations with intelligent and careful study. The Sabbath School scholar may perhaps be excused if he be inclined to regard the penny he drops in the box as a penny gone quite to another world; but with India within twenty days of us, the lawyer or the merchant has no excuse for so thinking of the half-crown he deposits in the plate. No, he *ought not* certainly to be ignorant of the progress of the work going on in the missionary field; but unfortunately he too often fails to acquaint himself with any of its details, and it is the duty of the Church to bring these, and to bring them in every form, under his attention. Much has already been done to disseminate information about missions amongst the people, and to help them to realise the nature and the surroundings of the work. There is, however, as I venture to think, still much to be done in this direction. The great secret is to get people really to interest themselves in the progress of the work. Such interest is still sadly lacking, for I suspect, indeed, that in nine cases out of ten, an educated Englishman could give a much more accurate account of the progress during the last twenty years of the Russians in Central Asia, than of the progress during the like period of the kingdom of Christ upon the earth.

(3) *The Slow Progress of the Work.*

Another very obvious reason why missions are unpopular with certain classes is the comparative slowness of the results obtained. What with our steam engines, our telegraphs, and our telephones, we are so accustomed to rapidity of movement and quick results, that we lose patience with every undertaking that does not move towards a speedy issue. The European public soon get disgusted with everything that progresses slowly. The Parisians cried “*A bas le Shah!*” for no better reason than because they deemed it unreasonable of that monarch to *bore* them by protracting his visit beyond a week. How sick, too, every one had grown of the very mention of “The Greek Question,” ere that diplomatic difficulty was finally settled! Now the progress of mission work is unquestionably slow, though not so slow as has sometimes been represented. We are too prone to forget that the heart of man cannot be touched, or his reason convinced, by machinery. Every great work in the kingdom of nature is a work of time; have we any good reason to expect that it shall be otherwise in the kingdom of grace? It took countless ages of silent but unceasing progress to build the rock, to clothe the field, and to people the forest; shall we be impatient if it take some centuries to establish the Church of Christ upon the earth, and to gather all the sons of men into its fold?

(4) *The Materialistic Spirit of the Age.*

We must look a little deeper, however, if we really want to get at the root of the matter. There can be no doubt that there is in the present age a tendency to insist mainly upon the second great commandment of the law, and to neglect or ignore the first. There are some who, under the guidance of the *positive* philosophy, would openly and avowedly substitute the love of our fellows and faith in human nature and human progress for the love and the faith of God. There are others who, though they believe in the existence of the Creator, and formally recognise man's duty of serving and obeying Him, yet, influenced by the teaching of that school of modern science which admits a Creator but refuses to recognise a Providence, or else repelled from all positive religion by the hypocrisy of professing zealots, seem to hold that, if men only knew it, the Creator would be well pleased did His creatures but content themselves with striving to increase the comfort and happiness of their fellows. It can scarcely be wondered that those who think so lightly of "man's duty to God, and what God requires of man," should grudge to see money which might help to increase the physical comforts of the poor, or promote the cause of secondary education, spent in striving to induce men to substitute belief in Jehovah and Jesus Christ for belief in Brahma and Vishnu. No doubt many believe, and as I think rightly believe, that even from this quasi-commercial point of view, the money spent upon missions is well spent. No one who has mingled much in Christian society, and come in contact with the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, can for one moment doubt that "the sum of human happiness" is immeasurably increased by the progress of the Christian religion. The results, however, are not so direct or so immediate as to command the attention of those who do not cordially sympathise with the work. A new blanket is more tangible than a renewed heart, and many a well-meaning man, especially if he be of dull imagination, would derive infinitely greater pleasure from the belief that he had increased the physical comfort or alleviated the distress of an impoverished brother, than from the conviction that he had been the means of turning a fellow man from darkness to light, from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

To be concluded.

"God's Tenth."

"GOD loveth a cheerful giver." On this ground, as one of many, I should like to support the plea for "systematic giving," as set forth under the above heading, in the January number of "Life and Work."

Nothing so much promotes "cheerfulness" in giving as having a fund set apart for the purpose. Those who collect for any scheme know well that there could scarcely be a stronger contrast than between the

way in which they are received by those whose five shillings or five pounds have to be drawn from the supply for general expenses, and by those whose charity fund is provided, and only awaits a proper destination; by the former, they are reminded that "such requests as they make are far too numerous," "they cannot all be met," and so forth, till their office seems thoroughly disagreeable; by the latter, they are thanked for the trouble they have taken, a donation or subscription is given with frank good-will, and they are sent on their way rejoicing.

"Honour the Lord with the first-fruits of all thy increase" is a distinct precept, expressed by Solomon and implied in the whole spirit of our Saviour's life and teaching, as well as in many parts of the New Testament Epistles. These "first-fruits" must vary in amount; some may find it rather hard to lay aside a tenth, but no one, who has first "provided things honest with all men," would ever regret having done so. In my own experience for several decades, and that of others who have followed the same plan—enlarging their offering to an eighth, a fifth, or a fourth—the results have been such as may recommend it to others. Among these may be named the surprise at finding how many claims may be met out of an apparently small sum, say £5 out of £50. Then, when money is at hand to be applied for other than personal purposes, a sense of stewardship arises which gradually extends to all we possess. The apportioning of the sum at disposal forms a fitting and delightful interest for some of the quiet hours of the Sabbath, when the "seen and temporal" sinks into insignificance before the "unseen and eternal," and seems to be the application to modern life of Paul's charge to the Corinthians to "lay by in store upon the first day of the week, as God hath prospered." Where there are children to be trained up for the service of the Lord, the practice is valuable for its influence on them. Not the least benefit from "systematic giving" is a widely extended interest in all missionary and benevolent schemes, with a thoughtful consideration of their relative needs and merits, so that the £50 (or £100) which an income of £500 supplies, may be laid out to the greatest advantage possible.

When some such plan is adopted as has been recommended, every legitimate effort to procure an income is raised above the sphere of vulgar money-making, and success in these efforts brings a sacred intercourse between the soul and God, which the mere heaper-up of gold can know nothing of; for what is only filthy lucre in the one case, becomes in the other a means of spiritual welfare and of growth in the divine life. X. M. S. B.

Young Men's Guild.

AT a recent meeting of the Christian Life and Work Committee the Rev. William Robertson, one of the Joint Conveners of the Sub-Committee, reported that about fifty local Associations (having a membership of several thousands) are now formally connected with the Guild, and that it was proposed to have a Conference of Delegates from those Associations on or about the 1st March, with a view to adjusting the Rules of Constitution, and promoting the progress of the Guild. It was agreed to draw the attention of Ministers to the importance of young men in Bible Classes being associated together as members of this Guild. A meeting of the Class, or—if it be a mixed Class—a meeting of the young men in it who are willing to be associated in connection with the Guild, could easily be held once a year to elect Delegates to the Conference; and thus the young men would be members of a brotherhood which, it is hoped, will ere long embrace all the youth of the Church. Forms of "Certificates of Commendation," to be used for members of the Guild changing their residence, were laid on the table and approved of, and ordered to be prepared in books.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Who killed a lion when the snow was on the ground?
2. Find two instances of prophets killed by lions for disobedience.
3. What mother, when her child was ill, disguised herself in order to consult a prophet?
4. Name the city, the rebuilder of which was doomed to lose his children. Who incurred the penalty?
5. Where is the Christian's death spoken of as the taking down of a tent?
6. Find in Christ's words a warrant to God's children for thinking of death as going home.
7. Who felt at one time that to go home would be far better, but expected to stay here, and was content?
8. Find two places where the same writer speaks of some (perhaps himself) being alive when Christ comes.
9. Find a later passage written when he looked forward to departing soon.
10. Pronounce (in Rom. 16) Epenetus, Andronicus, Urbane, Aristobulus, Asyncritus, Patrobas.

ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Waters of Merom; Sea of Galilee; Dead Sea; Chinnereth.
2. The Salt Sea; the Sea of the Plain (Deut. 3. 17); the East Sea (Joel 2. 20).
3. Ex. 16. 29. 4. Daniel (Dan. 6. 10); Stephen (Acts 7. 60); Paul (Acts 21. 5).
5. Solomon (2 Chron. 6. 13).
6. Ezra (Ezra 9. 5; 10. 1).
7. Wise Men from the East (Matt. 2. 1); Greeks (John 12. 21).
8. Acts 9. 3; 22. 7; 26. 13.
9. At his conversion; in Jerusalem (Acts 22. 17); in Corinth (18. 9); in the castle at Jerusalem (23. 11).
10. On board ship (Acts 27. 23).

Calendar for March.

1	W.	If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8. 31.
2	Th.	The Lord bless thee and keep thee.—Num. 6. 24. [20.
3	F.	Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.—Matt. 6. 4.
4	Sa.	Your sorrow shall be turned into joy.—John 16. 20.
5	Su.	God hath called us unto holiness.—1 Thess. 4. 7.
6	M.	Hide Thy face from my sins.—Ps. 51. 9. [15. 7.
7	Tu.	Joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15. 7.
8	W.	He that believeth on Him is not condemned.—John 3. 18.
9	Th.	Create in me a clean heart, O God.—Ps. 51. 10. [18.
10	F.	He shall save His people from their sins.—Matt. 1. 21.
11	Sa.	He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.—Mark 1. 8.
12	Su.	Collection for Small Livings Scheme.—Gal. 6. 6.
13	M.	He withdrew Himself into the wilderness, and prayed.—
14	Tu.	He continued all night in prayer.—Luke 6. 12. [Luke 5. 16.
15	W.	Such an High Priest became us.—Heb. 7. 26.
16	Th.	Come boldly unto the throne of grace.—Heb. 4. 16.
17	F.	Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark 5. 36.
18	Sa.	Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief.—Mark 9. 24.
19	Su.	Sitting at the feet of Jesus.—Luke 8. 35.
20	M.	Lord, I will follow Thee.—Luke 9. 51.
21	Tu.	For your sakes He became poor.—2 Cor. 8. 9.
22	W.	Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.—Rom. 13. 14.
23	Th.	Even Christ pleased not Himself.—Rom. 15. 3.
24	F.	Ye should do as I have done to you.—John 13. 15.
25	Sa.	Love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. 13. 10.
26	Su.	My house is the house of prayer.—Luke 19. 46.
27	M.	Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.—Luke 18. 1.
28	Tu.	When ye stand praying, forgive.—Mark 11. 25.
29	W.	Prayer and supplication in the Spirit.—Eph. 6. 18.
30	Th.	I say unto all, Watch.—Mark 13. 37.
31	F.	Could ye not watch with Me?—Matt. 26. 40.

APRIL.

1	Sa.	She hath done what she could.—Mark 14. 8.
2	Su.	Fear not: behold, thy King cometh.—John 12. 15.

How an Organ Preached.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THEY had got an organ for their church; and on the first Sunday, when there was a large congregation, the minister explained that it was not merely a box, but that it, too, preached on Sunday. The attention of all was aroused on hearing this, and they asked themselves how could that be?

The minister continued, "Look, there are many pipes, large and small, in the case, just as in the congregation there are old and young, rich and poor. And each pipe has its peculiar tone, the one high, the other low. In the same way there are joyful souls as well as sad in a congregation. Several pipes are in front, where they are seen by every one, while others are behind, yet sounding too. Every one cannot take a prominent place in the parish like the schoolmaster and the clergyman; there are also members who remain in the background. But look, quite at the back of the organ are the bellows, for without air and wind there could be no sound. The wind rushes through all the different pipes. So should it be in a congregation under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Without Him, all efforts of ours are in vain." As the people dispersed after the service, they said to one another that they had not believed it possible to speak so beautifully of an organ. But then their minister saw deeper than other people. M. M. T.

A BOOK FOR FARM-SERVANTS: or, HINTS FOR THEIR SELF-IMPROVEMENT, by R. M. (Edinburgh: John Menzies and Co.)

THIS little book, of exactly a hundred pages, is well worthy of a place in every bothy and farm-kitchen, and in every family where there are young people looking forward to farm-service as their lot in life. The writer knows thoroughly the persons whom he addresses, and what is more, thoroughly believes in them. There is no attempt at speaking down to them, nor at preaching to them, but a tone of hearty sympathy and of shrewd practical sense runs through every page. Nothing could be better put than the first chapter on "Character and its Privileges," or more helpful than the fourth and sixth, "The Farm-Servant's Bank and Bankers," and "The Farm-Servant's Future Home." "The Farm-Servant's Trials and Temptations," and "The Occupation of the Farm-Servant's Leisure Hours," are chapters full of kindly wisdom in a most practical shape. The big type and the bright pages of the little book carry on the reader almost in spite of himself, but they are not a bit more attractive than the fresh manly style in which it is written. We could wish it circulated in thousands; and it might interest and benefit many beyond the circle for whom it is in the first instance meant.

Christian Life and Work Deputations.

THE Committee are prepared to receive applications for Deputations in order to make arrangements for the coming Summer and Autumn. Last year Deputies from the Committee did excellent service at various fishing stations—at Barra, where 400 boats are engaged at the herring fishing in May and June; at Wick, at Fraserburgh, and at Boddam—affording assistance to the Parish Ministers which they highly value. To parishes in the south and in the north, Highland and Lowland, sometimes from this Committee alone, and sometimes in connection with Deputies from the Foreign Mission Committee, Deputations were sent in 1881 with gratifying results. Deputations are not sent unless they are asked for by Parish Ministers or Presbyteries, but the Committee welcome applications from all parts of the country, and do what they can to meet all requests. Applications should be sent to the Rev. Thomas Nicol, 9 George Square, Edinburgh, Convener of the Sub-Committee on Deputations.

When the Burn Rins Dry.

O DOON beside the lea-rig,
 There ran a bonnie burn,
 Wi' mony a loup owre stane heids,
 An' mony a windin' turn ;
 An' up upo' the brae face,
 Within a grassy ring,
 There was a wee bit wallie,
 Frae a deep clear spring.

An' lang as e'er the burn
 Keepit up a steady flow,
 We gaedna near the wallie,
 It drappit aye sae slow :
 But when the sun in simmer
 Was bleezin' i' the sky,
 O sweet was then the wallie
 When the burn ran dry.



The wallie never failed us,
 E'en at our sairest need,
 But when the heat assailed us,
 We ran to it wi' speed ;
 An' as we sloked our drouthy craigs,
 Ilk ane was fain to cry—
 "It's braw to hae a wallie
 When the burn rins dry."

When fortune frowns upon us,
 An' witherin' blasts are rife,
 An' grief amaiast has dried up
 The fountains o' our life,
 We aften find some little thing
 We ance gaed lichtly by,
 That cheers us like a wallie
 When the burn rins dry.

O mony folk are freenly
 As lang's we naething lack,
 But when we need a hand's turn
 They quickly show their back ;
 Yet the trusty freen' that stands by us,
 When a' the fause anes fly,
 Is just like a caller wallie
 When the burn rins dry.

But ilka thing beneath the sun
 Comes to an end at last,
 An' life, wi' a' its ups an' doons,
 Will soon be gane an' past ;
 An' to hae a hope beyond this life,
 A treasure up on high,
 Is the best kind o' a wallie
 When the burn rins dry.

R. H. C.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

APRIL 1882.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for April.

1	Sa.	Mr. Macleod sees Members regarding Baptism, between 7 and 8 P.M.
2	S.	Services in Church at 11 A.M. and 2.15 P.M. (Afternoon Service is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Subject—"Forgive us our trespasses," etc. Baptism is then administered. A Collection will be made at this Service, by the children, for the Sick Children's Hospital.) Young Men's Bible Class, in Mission Hall, at 6 P.M. Morning Fellowship Association, 10 A.M. Sabbath School, Brunswick Street, 4 P.M. Do. do. 6 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 4 P.M. Service in Horne Lane, 6.30 P.M.
3	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Do. Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Kirk-Session, 4.30 P.M.
4	Tu.	Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. All who desire to take any part, however little, in the work of the Parish are invited to attend this meeting. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M.
5	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. Mr. Macleod meets Young Communicants at 7 Royal Circus, at 5 P.M., and in the Mission Hall at 8 P.M.
6	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. 2 Kings xix. 1. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
7	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
8	Sa.	Same as on 2d.
9	S.	Mothers' Meetings, as on 3d.
10	M.	Bible Class and Association, 8 P.M.
11	Tu.	Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M. Service in Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M.
12	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M. Mr. Macleod meets Young Communicants at 7 Royal Circus at 5 P.M., and in the Mission Hall at 8 P.M.
13	Th.	Congregational Prayer Meeting, in Church, 3 P.M. Service in Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Acts xxiv. 1. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
14	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
15	Sa.	Same as on 2d.
16	S.	Collection for SMALL LIVING'S FUND.
17	M.	Mothers' Meetings, as on 3d. Bible Class and Association, 8 P.M.

18	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M.
19	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M. Mr. Macleod meets Young Communicants at 7 Royal Circus at 5 P.M., and in the Mission Hall at 8 P.M.
20	Th.	Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Acts ii. 1. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
21	Fr.	Musical Association, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
22	Sa.	Same as on 2d.
23	S.	Mothers' Meetings, as on 6th.
24	M.	Bible Class and Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
25	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M.
26	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, 6 P.M.
27	Th.	Fast-Day,—Services at 11 P.M. and 2.15 P.M.
28	Fr.	Service in Church at 2.30 P.M.
29	Sa.	COMMUNION SABBATH. Evening Service at 6.30 P.M.

April Communion.

THE Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated on the last Sabbath of April, the 30th inst.

Token cards will be given out to intending Communicants on the AFTERNOON of the Fast-Day, and on Saturday at the close of the service, which commences on that day at 2.30 P.M. Communicants are requested to be careful to fill in their name and address. When there is to be a change of address at Whitsunday, the new address should be written on the back of the card.

Certificates of membership from other parishes may be presented at the Elders' seat on the afternoon of the Fast-Day, or handed to the Minister at his house when convenient.

Young Communicants will be received by the Kirk-Session at the close of Public Worship in the FORENOON. Any of the Congregation who desire to be present at this interesting service are welcome to remain. It is indeed to be regretted that so few do so.

The arrangements on the Communion Sabbath will be as usual. The AFTERNOON Table Service will commence at 2.30 punctually.

The Evening Service will commence at 6.30. Preacher, the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, Aberdeen.

Collection at all the services for Congregational purposes.

Preparation of Young Communicants.

Meetings for this purpose will be held by the Minister on every WEDNESDAY during this month in the Mission Hall, 44 Jamaica Street, at 8 o'clock. No questions are publicly asked at these Meetings. All who have any desire to come for the first time to the Lord's Table, or who, from whatever cause, have fallen away from attendance, are earnestly invited. A minister can

have no greater joy than is afforded by the preparation of young persons for this the most solemn act of their lives. If a congregation is spiritually in a healthful and living state, there will ever be found in its ranks many who are constrained to say, "Come let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant never to be broken." May it be so on the present occasion. Let no excuse deter you, beloved friends, who have not yet "remembered" the Lord Jesus, from "coming forward" at this time. If God has put the desire into your hearts, do not resist it. No condition is more awful than to have no desire at all, no hunger or thirst for this heavenly food. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

Those who cannot attend the evening meeting are requested to call on Mr. Macleod, at 7 Royal Circus, on Wednesday afternoons, at 5 o'clock.

Attendance at Communion.

I am thankful to be able to report a marked improvement in the attendance at the last Quarterly Communion in January. The number present was 987, as compared with 683 in January 1881. This is, of course, a much smaller number than in April or October, the number last October having been 1250. At the same time the increase is encouraging, and very earnestly do I hope that the time may soon come when the whole body of the Communicants will avail themselves regularly of all the opportunities now offered them of celebrating this holy ordinance. The Kirk-Session have just completed a most careful revision of the Roll, the result being that there are now upon it no less than 2166 names. In view of this fact it is obvious that there is still need to urge the necessity of greater regularity in the observance of public ordinances. Making due allowance for the unavoidable absence of many, there is surely no good reason why hundreds of the Communicants should be absent even in April and October. Taking the number for the whole year, no doubt the proportion of Communicants actually partaking is satisfactory enough. But what I desire is to see full attendance at all the Communions. This is a matter of supreme importance as bearing on the higher spiritual life of the Congregation. There is no surer mark of a low tone of religious feeling than carelessness in regard to the Lord's Supper, and it may even be the public worship of God from week to week. Thankful as I am for the large congregation which assembles stately within the walls of St. Stephen's, there is scarce a Sabbath on which I am not painfully reminded how much larger it would be if the attendance of many of the Members was more regular than unhappily is the case. The chief purpose of this Magazine is to provide a ready means of communication between pastor and people. I therefore avail myself of this opportunity of affectionately entreating such of my beloved people as are in anywise chargeable with neglect in this matter "not to forsake the assembling of themselves together, as the manner of some is." Gladly would I say this to you, my dear friends, face to face, if that were possible. But amidst the pressure of ever-increasing duties the difficulties of pastoral visitation only seem to me to grow more and more insurmountable. Especially have I felt this during the past winter, and for many shortcomings in this respect of which I am conscious I can but cast myself on your forbearance. After all, the pulpit is the place from which the minister of the gospel must exert his greatest influence. Let me then entreat you to observe the good custom of church-going every Sunday. It is by no means unnecessary to say this to some of you. And, let me add, I am always glad to meet any who may desire to see me with regard to things temporal or spiritual in which I can be of any use. There is no minister who is not **THANKFUL** to those who give him the joy of helping them, however little, in their sorrows and in their difficulties. Preaching would be a more living and real thing

than it often is if there were greater frankness and confidence between pastor and people in regard to those things which are of deepest moment to us all. As the years pass away one cannot but ask, with ever-growing solicitude, What is the fruit of all that is spoken on holy Sabbaths and on week-days? Are souls converted to God? Are the faithful edified? One knows not at times what answer to give. In moments of despondency the silence is like that of the valley of the dry bones when the prophet was first set down in the midst of it. In other and happier moods one would fain hope that it is only like the silence which rests for a season on the "silent fields" into which the sower has cast his seed, soon to be broken by the song of happy reapers, and the mirth and the gladness of the Harvest Home. O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for Thy Name's sake!

Children's Service.

The children of St. Stephen's are reminded of the collection which is to be made specially by them for the "Sick Children's Hospital" on the afternoon of the first Sunday of April. A separate plate will be placed at the door, with a card indicating the object of the Collection, into which the children of the Congregation are asked to put their contributions, however small.

Small Livings Fund.

The Annual Collection appointed by the General Assembly for this fund will be made on April 16th. As many are absent at that time, it is hoped that Members unable to be present on the day of the collection will send their contributions to W. Mann, Esq., 119 Princes Street.

Pursewaukum Mission.

The friends of this Mission will be glad to hear that our lady missionary, Miss Gordon, has arrived safely at Madras, and has now entered upon her duties. Information will be given from time to time hereafter with regard to her work. Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to hear of the very favourable impression made by Miss Gordon on the friends of the Church in Calcutta during her few weeks' residence in that city, where she had an opportunity of acquainting herself with some of the details of the mission work in which she is to be engaged. Let us not forget to remember her without ceasing at the Throne of Grace, that God would fill her with His Holy Spirit, endowing her with all needful gifts of wisdom and knowledge, and utterance and power.

Church of Scotland's Young Men's Union.

This enterprise is worthy of encouragement. It is an attempt to unite the young men of Scotland in an endeavour to stimulate and strengthen the religious life of one another. Through the agency of our Parochial System it is sought to bring together all existing meetings of young men, such as Bible Classes, Fellowship Meetings, etc., and to make these the nucleus of further effort. When the Union now established is fairly in operation, there ought to be a Guild in every Parish with its own appointed officers. At present there are about eighty Guilds affiliated to the Association, and when the Union is in working order the following benefits will be conferred.

I. ON YOUNG MEN.

- (1.) A young man coming into town from the country, or passing from one town to another, will carry with him a letter of commendation to a city Guild which will become a medium of introduction. He will take a place at once among friends and companions, instead of remaining, as so many do for a time, a total stranger.
- (2.) The Guilds will afford to Members of Bible Classes

and other such meetings, an opportunity of engaging in more friendly intercourse with each other.

(3.) Delegates appointed by each Guild will, at the general meetings of the Union, exchange their experiences, and thus stimulate each other to their mutual improvement.

(4.) The increased life and zeal thus imparted will lead those young men who are already connected with Bible Classes and similar meetings, to make greater efforts towards bringing other young men under religious influences.

II. ON BIBLE CLASSES AND FELLOWSHIP MEETINGS, etc.

(1.) By increasing the spiritual life of their Members.

(2.) By stimulating their mutual friendliness and brotherly helpfulness.

(3.) By drawing into connection with them young men from other districts who come bearing letters of commendation, and thus increasing their numbers.

(4.) By assisting ministers and others in country districts to establish religious and literary meetings for young men, and mainly by affording through the secretary information on the subject.

These are some of the many advantages to be derived from the institution of a system of Guilds, such as the one recently inaugurated in the Assembly Hall. St. Stephen's Parish has formed two Guilds, which sent delegates to the recent Conference. This Conference took place on the 16th inst., and it was most interesting to see the heartiness, almost amounting to enthusiasm, with which the eighty representatives of the various Guilds took part in the discussions. It is plain that a large body of the young men of the country are prepared energetically to co-operate in carrying out the scheme. As one after another these young men, coming many of them from far distant parts of the country, rose and offered his words of encouragement, it was evident that the movement only required a little time and some skilful guiding in order to insure its success. One point connected with it deserves special attention: the objects of the Guild are not denominational, nor are they antagonistic to the excellent Young Men's Christian Associations already in existence. On the contrary, they may be made to assist present societies, both directly by drafting into them young men who are members of the Guilds, and indirectly by stimulating religious life among young men generally. Every successful movement for the religious welfare of the community will, by its reflex influence, benefit every other so long as both are faithful in pursuing their proper object. We wish success then to the Young Men's Union. May God prosper it for the glory of His Name!

The following hints for meditation on the *Fruits of the Spirit* (Gal. v. 22-26) may prove useful, especially before and after the Communion, in deepening our knowledge of the character which marks the true reception of the Gospel. They are taken from an unpublished letter.

(1.) "*The Fruit of the Spirit is Love.*"—The love that is in Christ. Love: while we were yet enemies, Christ died for men: Love which bestowed upon sinful man the adoption of sons: Love which led Him in the night in which He was betrayed to give unto man the Sacrament of His body and blood. Into the Members of His body, He has sent the Holy Ghost in order that through and by them, He might continue manifesting this love—this love eternal. The responsibility then upon each member is to put forth this love of God, not to whom we please, or on whom we choose only, but upon those who may have shown repugnance to us, or who may have rewarded us evil for good, as it is

written, "Love ye your enemies." There is no self-pleasing in love. Love leads to self-sacrifice; to be closely united in love, preferring the welfare of others. It is not sentiment, but constant activity of kindness, above all in showing forth the Lord's death for all men.

(2.) "*Joy.*"—The joy that is in Christ springs from the Father and He being one: the joy of being in God, and His will being the will of God. Into the members of His body, the Holy Ghost brings this joy, that through the life and conversation it may be continued in humanity, and that a witness may ever be borne, that this joy of the sons of God remains intact, and unaffected by trials or perplexities. Vapours surround the sun, but yet more prominent to the eye than vaporous clouds is the presence of light, though obscured. The soul that knows his communion with God through Jesus Christ has the same unflinching source for joy that Jesus Christ ever had, or has. This joy expresses the condition of spirit which is pleased and happy with all that God sends, and instead of murmuring finds cause for thankfulness in all His faithful dealings.

(3.) "*Peace.*"—Jesus stood ever before His Father in peace. He was the willing sacrifice to the will of God, therefore His peace: He never was but in perfect reconciliation with God, and amid all His life of sorrow, peace that passed understanding was the deep undercurrent of His being. He has sent the Holy Ghost to inspire the members of the body with that peace. He had said, "Peace I leave with you," the peace that is in God, and still more do I leave with you all my experience of that peace. "My peace I leave with you." Then your part is to manifest that peace, not only as peace with God because Christ is yours—peace as accepted in the Beloved: but breathing that peace at every turn upon others: keeping peace with all men: sacrificing all up-rising feeling of envy or dislike, so that the peace of God may through you reach the troubled. What power you have by the Holy Ghost as a peacemaker in your circle, and to still the little storms that Satan stirs within it. What power you have as Christ's member by the Holy Ghost to avoid all that tends to break peace, through foolish words, idle gossip, or indulgence of estranged or unkind feelings: keeping harmony and taking care of in no way breaking peace. This fruit of the spirit is specially seen in great tranquillity and quietness of mind in the midst of disturbing or exciting circumstances.

(4.) "*Long-suffering.*"—Long-suffering with the sons of men in the midst of all their follies and despising of God and of His testimony is the expression of God's character. He has sent the Holy Ghost unto His members that He may continue in them the abiding manifestations of His long-suffering. Every one is placed in circumstances which more or less call for long-suffering towards others, whether in the Church or in the family. The many different characters and idiosyncrasies of others do demand *long-suffering*, long patience, and forbearance. How long parents have to bear with children: how long a faithful servant has to wait on behalf of his master! How long has a master to wait till his servant do all that is right! How long a pastor has to wait until his flock settle down to surrender themselves entirely to God. How long has a flock to wait until the ministers set over them come forth in the fulness of their ministry. This fruit is marked by a compassionate mildness of character, waiting, it may be, amid many provoking circumstances, in all charity.

(5.) "*Gentleness.*"—The character of God, manifested in the Lord Jesus, was ever evident by the manner in which He bore Himself in every circumstance. He knew God, and said, "Thy gentleness hath made me great." Gentle as a lamb. Jesus has sent into his members the Holy Ghost, that in them He may continue manifesting this gentleness. The Apostle says He was gentle as a nurse among the churches. Handling the members of Christ very gently. Having great regard to the reed bruised, or the flax smoking. Acting gently: speaking gently to the

members of Christ. This is a special grace needed for all in authority: very gentle with the lambs of the family or flock: very gentle in circumstances of public or private excitement: avoiding all possible fuss and disquietude when sudden circumstances come upon one. Benignant in manner and in look, affable in all communications, and disposed to great clemency and leniency with the distressed and the fallen.

(6.) "*Goodness.*"—God is good to all. Even exhibiting in His acts of Providence, as well as in His revelation of Himself, how good He is in bestowing His gifts of love upon all. Jesus came to show that God was good, and therefore manifested this goodness in His development as a child, as a lad, as a man. His conduct was ever grounded on the principle of goodness. He was good to all; good to the multitude, feeding them; good to the guests at the marriage in Cana; good to the woman of Canaan; good to the poor maniacs and the diseased; good to His apostles, giving them, though about to forsake Him, His own body and blood; good to the servant of the high priest; good to the thief on the cross; good to His mother, providing her a home. Jesus has sent the Holy Ghost to continue this goodness of God in perpetual manifestation in the members of His body; that they may be good to all, and themselves good children. It is remarkable how often the expression "good" is used when applied to little children—a good child, an obedient and unselfish child. Be good then; be indeed the children of God in all goodness, free from the spirit of rebellion, and from all self-seeking, preferring others and their gifts before one's self and one's own. Again, this goodness is correctness in conduct. A man, bold and determined to be correct in all his ways among his fellows, dealing in all righteousness and integrity. A good man. An honest man.

(7.) "*Faith.*"—Jesus ever manifested faith in His God and Father. He lived by faith: He endured by faith: He accepted all grace from God in faith: He bore all trials in faith: He looked upon all men in faith: He had unlimited trust in God that through every temptation and darkness He would guide Him into safety and into light. He did all He did in faith that God sent Him to do it, or to say it: He kept faith with God and faith with man. The Holy Ghost is come into His members that they may continue manifesting the same faith in God. Have faith in God. In all circumstances, even of trial, have faith that God will help you. He has two ways of helping in trial, 1st, Strength to endure; or 2d, Escape and deliverance from it. Have faith in God that He knows how to bring His work into full maturity, and to make the very frailties of all instrumental for His own purposes. Apply this also to the family life. Have faith in God that He will answer the desires of all faithful ones on behalf of others. But this faith also embraces what is termed good faith with men in all our dealings, appointments, and engagements: punctual in payment of what we owe: good faith with God in doing His will. When we fail, apologising to our fellows, and asking forgiveness of our God.

(8.) "*Meekness.*"—Jesus was meek as a Lamb led to the slaughter. He bore all contumely with meekness. He did not take offence at what men said or did. He was offended with all vice, but not personally hurt, as men call it. Jesus has sent the Holy Ghost into the members of His Body to continue this manifestation of God's character. Therefore does it become all of you to be meek: to give up the foolishness of being offended and personally hurt: to think meekly: to feel meekly under irritating circumstances. Act on principle towards all. How meek Jesus was to the disciples, saying, the first time He saw them after their flight, "Peace be with you." O learn to be meek. Avoid all strong and one-sided statements or feelings. Take a kindly view of circumstances which may appear to you incongruous or imprudent. Bear meekly all disappointments with the character or ways of others. Meek and patient amid all discoveries of human frailty.

(9.) "*Temperance.*"—God's character is an even balance, a just weight. Just balance and consideration of all circumstances before forming any judgment, even when called on to judge. Jesus so walked. He judged no man. He was temperate, self-controlled, unexcited, not carried away by appearances, nor by public excitement on any event: free from all extravagant or immoderate view of matters, either for praise or blame. He has sent the Holy Ghost to continue this manifestation of temperance and self-control, keeping ourselves in the fear of God. Moderation free from all overbalanced conceptions of things or events. Moderation known to all men,—“the Lord is at hand.”

There is a fire in Zion,
Whose flame is Jesu's love:
Its smoke is ever rising
In incense clouds above.

Oh! try us, blest Refiner,
As silver must be tried;
From all our dross and evil
Let us be purified.

So shall Thy Holy Image
Be formed in every heart,
Till like Thee, at Thy coming
We see Thee as Thou art. Amen.

“TILL He comes”—O let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that “Till He come.”

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush! be every murmur dumb;
It is only “Till He come.”

Clouds and darkness round us press,
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the Cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb
Only whisper, “Till He come.”

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and break the bread;
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Calls us round His heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only “Till He come.” Amen.

At Holy Communion we are allowed to anticipate the life of heaven, by offering to God a service of *Praise*. And this is the highest privilege, the highest function, of the regenerate soul. Dwelling in Christ, upheld by His supernatural indwelling, strengthened with the spiritual food of His body and blood, we offer our sacrifice of praise, saying, “With angels and archangels, and with all the company of heaven, we laud and magnify Thy Glorious Name, evermore praising Thee, and saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory; glory be to Thee, O Lord Most High.” Amen.



APRIL 1882.

Sermon.

ADOPTION.

By Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, M.A., Whittinghame.

“*Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.*”—GALATIANS IV. 7.

WHAT dignity this to be invested with—to be a son of God! What a blessed change of position this—“Thou art no more a servant, but a son”! What freedom from fear of evil; what certainty of all things working together for my good,—of the whole world in a manner belonging to me,—if I am a child of God! What eternal riches I may indulge the hope of, for “if a son, then an heir of God”! How grand a thing to be able to say, “Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be”!

I may take for granted that it stirs and arrests you that I should take the text of this sermon and urge it, as I do, on you who read this page; that to every one whose name is written in the rolls of a Christian church I should bring as an assurance, or, if not that, as a remonstrance, and press on behalf of God, “Thou art no more a servant, but a son.” You ask, perhaps, what right and authority I have to do so; you *wish* to be sure that the remonstrance comes to you with an authority given by the Word of God. Such an authority is to be found in the argument of Paul in this part of his letter where the text occurs.

He was writing this letter (the Epistle to the Galatians) to a Church that had in his absence gone very far astray. They had begun to do so very soon after he had left them to themselves. “I marvel,” he says, “that ye are so soon removed from Him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel.” These are his first abrupt words. Look through the letter and you will readily perceive how much Paul was grieved by the state they had fallen into. It agitated him. It filled him with indignation. It made him sometimes rebuke them sternly; sometimes beseech and entreat them. “O foolish Galatians,” he says, “who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth?” “My little children,” he says by and by, “of whom I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you, I desire to be present with you now, and to change my voice; for I stand in doubt of you.”

In this part of the letter where our text occurs he was comparing two ways of being religious. He was not blaming the Galatians for having given up religion. That they had not done. They were indeed very zealous and diligent in it; but in a direction so much amiss that it was almost as bad as none. The two ways of being religious he describes by the names *bond-service* and *sonship*. The fault he finds is not that they gave up serving God, but that they served Him as a bondman serves his owner; not as a son his father.

In his whole argument here Paul has in his eye the family as it was in Roman times, and uses its arrangements as exponents of his meaning. In those times it was a frequent thing that a household should have many slaves in it, all included within the word “family,” and that a son might in that family be as much occupied in the master’s service as they; doing service very like theirs so far as outward appearance went, but with some great differences—especially in the motive and state of mind toward the master. The bond-servant was a stranger; he served chiefly under the restraint of fear; in dread of the punishment which the master might impose. The son, again, had an abiding place in the family. The family interest was his interest. He was of one mind with the father, was bound to him by links of love, and the fear he felt was only the noble pain which dreads any lessening of affection. The son did not feel his service any interference with his liberty, because he was inclined to it himself. It was a voluntary service, in no way mercenary, because his inheritance would come to him on account of his birth and standing as son, and did not depend on his working. In general, the characteristic spirit of the service of the slave was *fear and constraint*; of the son, *love and liberty*.

There is a similar difference between the ways in which different people serve God. We may serve Him because of the pressure of duty,—in fear of punishment,—in fear of not being saved,—in dread of the judgment day; or we may serve Him in peace of mind, believing our place in His family secure as sons and daughters; not thinking that our eternal life depends on our amount of service: confidently looking for it as part of our standing as sons. Two people may be equally attentive to the duties of religion, equally religious to outward appearance, and yet there may be the greatest pos-

sible difference inwardly. The one may be in bondage, the other free in the service of God; the one serving under the constraints of conscience and law, the other in the liberty of a son. The Apostle here (and also in the Epistle to the Romans) speaks of this free service on the ground of sonship as the service to which Christians are called, the standing in which they may and should be found. He makes it, indeed, the *only* gospel standing. Christ came for this purpose, He says, to raise from the standing of the law, which was one of bondage, to that of freedom as sons. "When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law, *that we might receive the adoption of sons.*" "Wherefore" (he urges) "thou art no more a servant but a son, and if a son then an heir of God." That is our calling; it is the standing given us in the gospel, and to refuse it he plainly regards as abandoning the gospel. Hear his words of grief and complaint: "Now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage?" "I am afraid of you lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain."

Observe that in our text he says, "Thou art *no more a servant,*" that is to say, *no longer.* In this expression he admits that under the law the service had been one of bondage; and if now the question were asked, Could that be right once which was right no longer? he has already given an answer. The law was fitting for its own time. The charge and rule of tutors is fitting for the heir while he is under age; and this part of tutor the law had fulfilled for the non-age of mankind. But now with Christ come to bring men near to God, and His Spirit to endow them inwardly with the mind of God, the time had arrived of full age and liberty. The gospel dispensation is man's coming of age.

Plainly, now, it is not enough that a man be in earnest and careful about keeping the commandments of God. He must bethink himself *how and in what spirit* he is serving God. We may serve God very painfully and anxiously and yet do this as bond-servants. To come no higher than this is, in Paul's view, *to frustrate the grace of God in the gospel.* It is to make the coming of Christ and the redemption of Christ *fail in effect* for us. We could have done all this without Him,—with nothing but law. He came to raise us to the dignity and standing of sons—"that we might receive the adoption of sons." God *wishes* sons and daughters. He prefers the service of children to that of bond-men. *Their* service gives Him no pleasure. He has provided for our sonship through His Son Jesus, and now it is to baffle His purpose in the gospel, to resist His high progressive leading of men, if we come short of that. What a grief then it was to the Apostle to find a whole church doing this!

How miserable to his eyes seemed all the care of the Christians in Galatia, and the emphasis they were putting upon observances!

I come now to ask if this applies to the churches of to-day. Let us think of the church we belong to, and of those we know. What is their state? How would it have appeared to the Apostle who wrote this letter? I appeal to the instinctive convictions of my readers, and I say that nothing can well be more certain or more sad than that churches now, with all their knowledge, remain, as a rule, far below the standing of the new dispensation. Outside the churches we find the mass of men who have no thought of God, and whose need is to be alarmed. Within them, how many we find who know not the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free! "The sin of the world is a false confidence; the sin of the Church is a false diffidence." The special call and privilege of the preacher within the church may be said to be to lift his people out of bond-service into sonship—a blessed work—earning deep gratitude, and having abundant fruit in love to God, strength for His service, and confidence of eternal hope. In the history of every Christian man there usually is a time when he needs to be lifted out of bondage in his religion. But many never reach the higher stage of sonship. Even many earnest persons never *fully* reach it. From defective knowledge, prejudice of early training, or from the timorous legal atmosphere of those they live among, there is a great deal of bondage in their way of serving God. Indeed, as one looks back on all the centuries of the Christian Church, it is sad to think how many of the most earnest souls have spent their lives, I do not say wholly in the spirit of bondage and fear, but so leavened with it,—with so little of the liberty and security of children of God,—that their lives were long agonies of struggle. "Thou art no more a servant but a son;"—this is the high remonstrance which the preacher now is entitled and called to make in the name of the Lord, and he may venture to say in urging it, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

Perhaps, however, you say in reply: "I like this well; I hear it gladly; but I cannot *seize* upon the standing of a child of God, or begin from this of my own will. I cannot *affect* it or try it as an experiment. It cannot be my duty to *imagine* it, or to start on a new manner of life from an imagination. I cannot start from this unless there be a certainty of my standing being so with God; and of this I have no proof sufficient. Nor does it satisfy me to be told that all men are children of God. Links to God must be broken by sin; men cannot be all 'of the household of God;' and my own sense of sin puts me instead far from Him."

True, we answer; we cannot overlook the gulf of separation that sin puts between the soul and God. No comfort can ever come by our making light of that. One thing only can bridge over that

gulf—the grace of God in Jesus Christ. Consider well this great New Testament word *grace*. It is allied in meaning to *gratis*; the grace of God is free to the undeserving; nay, it reaches with its blessed gifts even to the ill-deserving; it overpasses even the separation that sin makes between us and God, and one of the gifts it brings is the standing of a child of God. The sonship we have been speaking of is not of nature but of grace. And you who are within the Church have that standing brought, as it were, under your feet, so that you have but to commit yourselves to grace, trust yourselves on that good standing, and when you have done this and proved it firm beneath your feet—firm as the word and truth of God—deep gratitude and love to Him will well up in your heart; you will have the child's heart as well as the child's standing; you will receive the spirit of adoption whereby we cry, Abba, Father; and so the Spirit of God will bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God.

"Bid me that I come to Thee on the waters."

MATTHEW xiv. 28.

SAVIOUR divine, my ship of life is leaving
The peaceful land;
The storm is high, the troubled heart is heaving,
Give me Thy gentle hand.

Oh, let me feel Thy calm, still presence stealing
Across the wave!
Oh, let me hear Thy voice of peace revealing
Omnipotence to save.

Shall it be only in the noontide splendour
I see Thy form?
Will not the heart its nightly tribute render
To Thee upon the storm?

I would not love Thee in the summer only,
When skies are fair,
But when in winter's shadow life is lonely
I long to greet Thee there.

I long, when gifts of former days shall perish
Beneath the sea,
To tell Thee that the love I used to cherish
Is fadeless still for Thee.

Keep green my love when yon proud palms shall wither
That strewed Thy way,
When crowds that to Thy triumph thronged together
Desert Thy setting day.

Keep green my love when in the garden's anguish
Clouds o'er Thee roll,
Nor let my truant heart in slumber languish
Before Thine outpoured soul.

Keep green my love when thorns of pain are wreathing
Thy stainless brow;
Till o'er Thy cross my song of praise be breathing,
I see Thy kingdom now!

GEO. MATHESON, D.D.

Brother Billy and Me.

CHAPTER I.

"O tender gem, and full of heaven,
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even,
See we our God so nigh."

IT was midday at the end of June. The wooded banks of the river were beautiful with clear shining after rain. Among the trees a cottage nestled, before whose door a woman was spreading clothes. Everywhere soft winds were breathing tender odours, and all nature seemed at peace—all save the angry river, as it hurried through the glen.

While the woman was stooping over her work she was startled by a clear, sweet voice sounding close to her ear.

"P'ease, *vill* 'ou give us some dinner, for I'se so hungwy, and we can't get home in time."

Raising herself with difficulty, she looked round for the speaker.

Quite near, on the mossy turf, stood a little girl, her tiny figure enveloped in a scarlet cloak, from the hood of which a chestnut curl escaped. Her rosebud mouth wore a pretty air of responsibility, while her brown eyes looked anxiously for an answer.

The request had to be repeated before the woman managed to collect her sleeping thoughts and to reply.

"Wha are ye, bairn? and whar do ye come frae?" she asked at length.

"We belong to dear mother (Billy and me does), but we's staying with Nanny just now, and p'ease to give me some bread for me and Billy, for we can't get back to our Nanny in time."

"Wha is Nanny, and whar is Billy?" asked the woman, looking round.

"Oh! p'ease," cried the child, twisting her fingers in nervous impatience. "Nanny was our own Nanny when Billy and me was babies, but she had to come here to take care of John, and we is staying with them just now, while dear mother is ill."

"What do they call ye, bairn?"

"Oh! we is called Billy and Pet (brother and me is). We's got two other *boofful* long names besides, but I can't 'member them quite just now. and father and ewevybody calls us always Billy and Pet."

She spoke with great care and a certain childlike dignity, but in spite of her best efforts there were sounds beyond her powers, and the sweet lisp of infancy lingered on her tongue.

"You will be one of the bairns that's living wi' John Dawson, I'm thinking?"

The child did not understand, and the loss of time, during which the woman unloaded her cargo of questions, fretted her. Every minute she turned an anxious look towards the river.

"But your brother is no' wi' ye," pursued her questioner; "whar is he?"

"Oh yes, he is here; he's going on by the wiver to the town, and I'm running after as fast as I can, and *p'ease*, if 'ou can't give me nothing to eat, I must go, he'll be got so far afore me. Oh! I *must* go, 'ou've kept me so *vely* long," and she clasped her hands in an agony of vexation.

However, by this time the woman had managed to imbibe the two ideas, "food" and "hurry;" and entering the house, she soon brought back some scones and a piece of cheese.

The child thanked her, then rolling up the most of the bread and the cheese to keep for Billy, she said "good-bye," and trotted quickly away, eating the portion she had reserved for herself as she went.

Long after the little red dot was lost to sight the woman remained open-mouthed, gazing along the road, and pondering vaguely on her recent visitor, till her husband came home for his dinner.

"Wha do ye think has been here the day?" she said, when she was lading out the broth.

"I dinna ken, I'm sure," said her husband; "wha was it?"

"I dinna ken neither," said she.

This statement brought the conversation to a pause.

"What was he like?" said the husband at last.

"It wasna a *He*," said the woman; "it was a wee bit leddy in a red cloak, jist like a bonny wax doll. I'm wondering wha she belongs to."

"Keep me!" said the man, "that's like yin o' the bairns that bides wi' John Dawson. His wife was nursemaid wi' them afore she was marrit. But how cam' the bairn here—she couldna be a' by hersel'?"

"She tell't me her brither was wi' her, but he was awa doon by the river-side, and I didna see him."

"Keep me," said the man—"keep me! The twa bits o' twin weans a' this length by theirsels! I wish they may na' hae lost their road;" and with that he got up and returned to his work.

CHAPTER II.

"And the pale road slow winding—
To where? each after each
They slipped away—ah! whither?"

ON leaving the cottage Pet ran down to the road which wound along by the side of the water. Then mounting a grassy knoll, she gave one long intent look up and down the river, but there was no sign of him for whom she sought, and with bowed head and saddened eyes she turned again to the road and resumed her toilsome way.

She plodded on for many a weary step, never stopping, never changing her steady pace, nor even turning her head to look again for her brother, for she was now convinced that by this time he was far before her. At length she came to the foot of a hill; it was long and steep, and the sun was beating fiercely on the road, which at this point left the shadow of the trees. Nevertheless, she set herself

resolutely to climb the hill, at first even hastening her footsteps, for she began to hear the sound of wheels and of human voices behind, and she was afraid. But the tender limbs had already done more than their rightful work, and the dimpled feet were chafed with the roughness of the road; thirst, weariness, and hope deferred, for a moment conquered the brave young heart, and she sank upon the ground, not even daring to cast a glance towards her fellow-travellers, who by this time were close beside her. Not until the soft nose of a dog sniffing about her, and a rough tongue licking her hand, gave her courage, did she raise her eyes, when she found a woman's kindly face looking down at hers, and a gentle voice said:

"Poor wee wifie! poor wee lamb! she's half dead wi' weariness and fricht." Then lifting the child up in her motherly arms she laid her head on her shoulder, and Pet rested there with perfect confidence—a confidence which was not shaken even by the harum-scarum aspect of a man who had now come up, and who stood looking her all over with a critical air.

Only one question did this worthy couple ask of Pet, and that was, where she was going to? and on hearing her simple story—how she was bound for the town, but wanted to go by the way nearest the river because her brother had gone that way—they promised to help her to overtake him: a promise Pet so entirely trusted, that without another care, she gave herself up to their keeping.

And then, in less time than it takes to tell, a wonderful thing happened to Pet; it seemed to her just like a bit of a fairy tale. She found herself in a dear little cottage, where a basin of milk was given her to drink, and she was perched on a queer old chair by the window—a window from which she could keep up her watch for her brother, and besides, what was better than all, she knew she was not losing time as she sat there resting on her chair, but was following Billy far faster than she could have done on her own two wearied feet, for while she sat the house was moving—moving on and on ever nearer to Billy—this wonderful house, bristling with brushes, and whose foundations were wheels.

Pet could not help sometimes turning her head to follow the movements of her hostess as she busied herself preparing tea. She stirred up the dying embers in the stove, and put the kettle on to boil, then as if by magic, a table, a snowy cloth, and cups and saucers, appeared on the scene; then the woman knelt down by the fire to toast some bread, and watching this, Pet became drowsy and soon fell asleep.

Her sleep was profound. She was so prostrated with anxiety and fatigue; but at last she stirred, and a sweet smile wavered on her lips. Then with a bound she leaped to the floor, and stretching out her arms she cried, "O Billy, I'se so glad 'ou's come at last; I'se been looking for 'ou so long."

"My wee lassie, my bonny bairn," said the woman, catching her in her arms, for she saw the child stagger and look round bewildered, "you've been dreaming. Did ye think ye saw your brither the now?"

"Oh yes! I saw him; he was aside me just now. He *must* be here," she said, looking through the door and window. "I *can't* have been *dweaming*, I saw him so plain. Oh yes," she said (as recollection awoke in her), "and he kissed me hard when he was flying by, and waved his hand too, just like he did in the morning when he went off for his sail. Oh, it must have been true that he's here."

"It's been naething but a dream, my bairn," said the woman, speaking very gently and smoothing her hair. "Poor wee lamb, you're a' trembling with the fright. Just come awa' and get your tea, and it will put some strength in ye to gang after your brither again when we get to the town."

Pet turned to the table as she was bidden, and sat down; then rubbing her eyes, she again looked long and eagerly towards the door.

"I s'pose I must have been *dweaming*," she said at length with a sigh that was almost a sob. "I must *just* have been *dweaming*," and she remained with her head bowed down as if lost in thought.

"Just carry on, my bairn," said the woman, "just carry on and make a good tea, and ye'll get a piece to take to your brother too," she added, by way of encouragement.

"Is 'ou not going to eat?" asked the child.

"No' the now, dearie, no' the now. I'll wait till my gudeman's ready, so eat away yoursel'."

Pet folded her hands.

"Lord b'ess 'sis food, and make us a good boy and girl for Jesus' sake. Amen."

"Oh!" she cried out suddenly, "Billy never was late for his supper afore. Are 'ou sure I'm not past the place I'm to find him?"

The woman soothed her as best she could, and persuaded her to eat, but just then the road took a sudden turn to the left, making straight for the town, whilst the river swept round a tract of land known as the Duke's woods.

When Pet found that she was turning her back on the river, and could no longer see or even hear it, she insisted on being set down and following its course. No arguments which her friends could think of had power to change her determination, and with great reluctance they helped her to alight.

"You see," she said, "he may be waiting for me in the wood to take me home, for we 'as always been togesser, Billy and me, and p'raps he may be wanting to come off and have his supper. Oh! I must be near aside him to see what it is he wants. Oh! I oughtn't to have fallen asleep."

"I'm thinking I ought to gang round wi' the bairn mysel'," said the woman to her husband. "I dinna like letting her gang through the wood a' her lane."

"Hoots!" said the man, "ye canna be spared the noo. Wha's to look after the house and the beast when I'm getting a stance for the morn'? There's nae fear o' her; it's fine and licht, and the road's plain. She's a clever wee leddy, and will get better on wanting ye than wi' ye in the Duke's woods, for Duncan Campbell has an awfu' ill-will at 'gangrel bodies,' as he calls all our kind without proper *discreemination*."

So Pet was helped over the stile, and set down on a wooded path which almost overhung the river. Then her companions bade her farewell, and took the usual road to the town.

"Is the river onything deep about here?" said the woman to her husband as they plodded along.

"It's deep enow the day," said he. "They tell me there hasna been a flood like this for therty year or mair."

"And would it be onything safe for a boat, think ye?" she asked again.

"A boat!" cried the man, "what is the woman thinking o'! That water never saw a boat. What put a boat in yer head?"

"The bairn tell'd me her brother was sailing on the river. What in the worruld could she mean? Do you think she can have gone demented?"

But this question was never answered, and Pet and her brother were for the time forgotten. As at this point their road ran into a broad and bustling highway, and the brushmaker and his wife found many acquaintances among the crowd that were travelling to the town to attend the annual fair.

I. G. C.

To be concluded.

"I shall calmly march up to the Gates."

Lines, on reading one of the dying sayings of that distinguished and devoted Minister of Christ, Dr. RALEIGH, late of Glasgow and London. (See his recently published "Life," page 299.)

"My people's prayers make me sometimes think I have a little more work to do: but if not, *I shall calmly march up to the Gates.*"

DEAR LORD, I resign, accepting as Thine
Whatsoever in Thy wisdom awaits,
Submissive and still, let me bow to Thy will.
"I shall calmly march up to the Gates."

When the Master shall call, and the shadows shall fall,
And all must be left, that relates
To this passing world; with banner unfurled
"I shall calmly march up to the Gates."

My vision grows dim, but I gaze upon HIM
Whose glory no death-gloom abates.
My warfare is done and the victory won,
"I shall calmly march up to the Gates."

Lo, crowding the shore, I see those gone before;
From each a glad welcome awaits;
No bonds there shall sever,—ONE Church THERE for ever:
"We shall, *joyful*, march up to the Gates!"

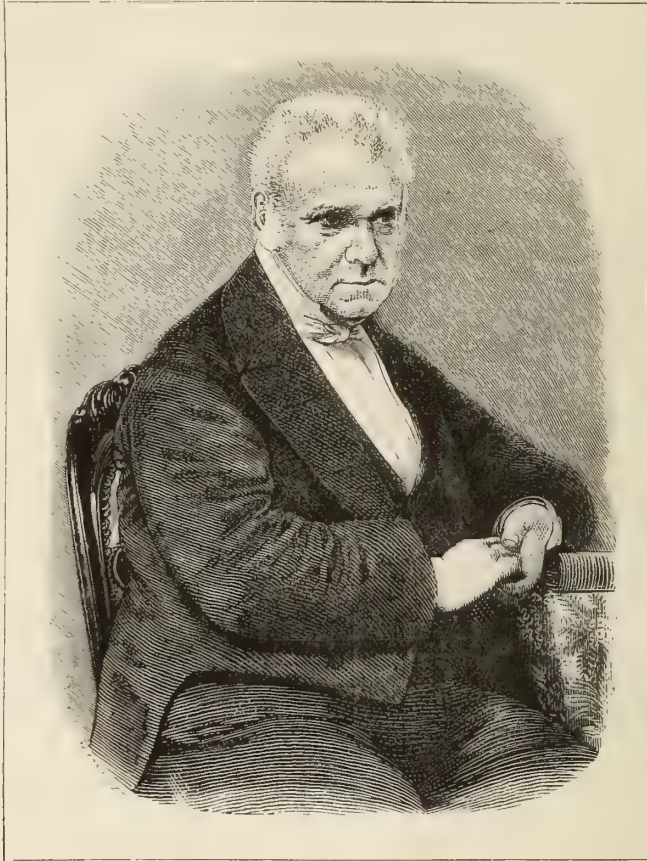
J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

Rev. Prof. James Robertson, D.D.

(Continued.)

WE left Dr. (then Mr.) Robertson writing to his wife on the first Assembly Sunday of 1841. During that Assembly he was described in graphic, if uncomplimentary, terms by Hugh Miller in the *Witness* newspaper:—"A very large man cut down to the middle size"—his "uncouthness associated evidently with power"—his "head one of the

largest in the Assembly, and of formidable development"—his voice "a mixture of very deep and very shrill tones," with a strong northern accent, and ringing powerfully on the ear—a man intended by nature for a popular leader. "We have before us," continues this keen, but not unfair opponent, "the redoubtable Mr. Robertson of Ellon—the second name and first man of his party. . . . He has character, courage, momentum, and unyielding firmness."



REV. PROFESSOR JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D.

That Assembly—the Assembly which deposed the seven Strathbogie ministers—witnessed what the biographer of Robertson calls "the deadliest grapple of all the fight," and heard his greatest speech; his reply to Mr. (afterwards Principal) Cunningham in the Strathbogie debate. The Assembly is described as drawing aside and leaving the two champions alone in the field. We are told that Dr. Chalmers characterised the conflict between Cunningham and Robertson as the greatest display of intellectual gladiatorship he had ever seen. That such a speech was delivered *in reply*, meet-

ing from point to point the argument of his adversary, is proof of his luminous perception of the principles at issue throughout that ten years' controversy, as well as of the fulness of his knowledge and the strength of his convictions. The cause of the people—the giving of a voice to the Christian people in the choosing of their ministers—was as dear to him as to any in the Church; and he had already in that Assembly urged the duty of preparing the popular mind for the enjoyment of that power which, in the providence of God, awaited it. But he had opposed the majority of the Assembly

year by year (his Presbytery sent him up every year), because it was manifest to him that in passing what is called the "Veto Act," in 1834—which gave power to the people to veto a presentee without reason assigned—they had adopted a way which was constitutionally wrong. He knew that presbyteries were bound, by the Acts of Parliament which regulate the establishment of the Church, to *take upon trial* every qualified presentee. Procedure upon reasons, and judicial power vested in the Presbytery, were to him fundamental principles of presbytery which the Veto subverted. And from the attempt to do what was incompetent he foreboded nothing but disaster. Well might Dr. Candlish say of him, on another occasion, "His sagacity is such that I could trust him as a man with something of the second sight." It was no surprise to him when a presentee rejected without a trial claimed and established in the civil court his right to a trial by the Presbytery. Even then, had a spirit of conciliation animated the Assembly and the Church, it might have been profitable for both parties to agree upon a healing measure, which would have obtained the sanction of the Legislature of the country, and secured the rights of the people. Conflict would have ended, and the energy of a united Church, no longer wasted in passionate strife, might have made Scotland now one of the brightest jewels in the Redeemer's crown. It was not to be—at least not then. With a sinking heart the good man, who loved his country much and loved Christ more, beheld a great party in the Church, which included many of Scotland's best ministers—and which rather carried with it, than was led by, that best of men, Thomas Chalmers—committing itself more and more to the fatal position that, whatever there might be to be said for or against the Veto Act, it was now indispensable to the spiritual independence of the Church that she should adhere to it at all hazards.

It seemed necessary to write thus much. To tell the story of Robertson, and make no mention of the principles for which he contended, would be to write a colourless or misleading tale. But it is not the aim of these papers to portray his attitude throughout all the phases of the struggle. Let two examples suffice, illustrating—

(1.) *His Courage*.—Courage not merely to face the foe, but to disappoint his friends. He held the opinion that the Court of Session had done an unwise thing, and had, in fact, illegally encroached on the province of the Church, in granting what in those days was known as the "extended interdict" in the Strathbogie case. This was an interdict forbidding the deputies of the Assembly to preach in the parishes of the deposed ministers. Contending, as he always did, not for party triumph, but for truth and righteousness, he felt bound to proclaim his opinion in the Assembly. The sensation was very great:—"The Non-Intrusionists grasped at his statement as though he had become one of themselves." His own—the Moderate—

party were deeply offended, and virtually excluded him from their counsels. The present writer has perused a lengthy account of those years, written by an esteemed member of the party, in which the name of Robertson does not once occur.

(2.) *His Obedience*.—Even to authority unlawfully put forth—provided the suffering fell upon himself. The Assembly forbade him to countenance the deposed ministers, and he disobeyed, believing that the ministers were suffering for righteousness' sake. For this the Assembly of 1842 suspended him from judicial functions for nine months, and he obeyed. There are ministers, no doubt, to whom exclusion from church courts would be even the reverse of a punishment; but with him, in that anxious year, it was not so. He took protestation that he would claim his seat if he saw it to be his duty, but he did not claim it. He devoted himself to his parish, and to the poor—being appointed at that time one of seven members of a Royal Commission for inquiring into the affairs of the Poor in Scotland.

So the months wore on, and the 18th of May 1843 came round. The General Assembly met as usual in St. Andrew's Church. There was intense excitement. It was known that the party about to secede had failed to command a majority. Robertson was there, thoughtful and silent. A young minister was there who was to do great things for the Lord. It was Norman Macleod, who wrote in his journal:—"There was one feature of the Assembly which I shall never forget, and that was the *fever* of secession, the restless, nervous desire to fly to the Free Church." Verily, to warm-hearted, godly men, who were not moored by strong convictions, it must have been easier to go than to stay. We think of Robertson silent, sorrow-stricken, while God's best gift to Scotland was rent asunder. Probably he scarcely heard the cries of the multitude: his soul was lifted up to God. Yet within that breast there was a vast reserve of courage, and not unlikely a sense of relief. The battle had been won at fearful cost—but it had been won. Long study and experience had convinced him that the greatest blessing to a country is a National Church of Christ, built on constitutional principles. For such a Church he had been striving unsuccessfully all those years. And now he was persuaded that on these lines, by God's grace, a reinvigorated Church of Scotland might arise, truly national, and free because in accord with the law.

J. M' MURTRIE.

To be concluded.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND YOUNG MEN'S GUILD—CONFERENCE OF DELEGATES.—By the time this number of our Magazine is in the hands of our readers the preliminary Conference, referred to last month, will have been held. At the time we write the arrangements for it are approaching completion. The different Associations and Classes in connection with it throughout the country are manifesting considerable interest in it, and already many of the Representatives of these have intimated their intention of being present. A report will appear in our next issue.

Jedburgh Abbey.

By Rev. GEORGE RITCHIE, D.D., late Minister
of Jedburgh.

JEDBURGH ABBEY is manifestly not the work of one master mind, nor of the workmen of one generation. It was not built in a day, nor did it rise from the earth at the waving of the enchanter's wand perfect in structure, and even in minutest details exhibiting the same peculiar style of architecture. On the contrary, it bears the impress of more than one master mind, and is evidently the work of more than one generation of skilful masons; and while one style, the Norman, predominates, and gives its peculiar character to the structure, examples of an architecture of a much earlier and more recent date are found in various parts of this Abbey.

The illustration, by a distinguished artist, given in this number admirably shows the general form and proportions of this grand old Abbey, as seen under a wintry sky, and partially covered with snow. We see its massive tower, its lofty nave, with its long range of arches, its beautiful clerestory and rich cornice; but a closer inspection is necessary to enable us to see the great round piers of the chancel, the clustered pillars and graceful arches of the interior, and above all the Norman doorways in the west gable and south wall of the Abbey.

As regards the history of the Abbey, it may be sufficient for this notice to adopt the traditional date of its commencement, viz. the reign of David the First;—not that the structure was begun or completed by him, but that had there been no such "soir sanct for the crown," there would have been no such Abbey as that of Jedburgh. In the time of David, Jedburgh had its royal castle and its royal forest, and if it had not its great Abbey, there was, we know, a great work in progress, and much quarrying and carrying and hewing of stones by strong and skilful hands. Of the names of these workmen no record remains, but their mystic mason marks may still be seen on some of the oldest stones of the Abbey.

From the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the sixteenth century the Abbey, though sharing fully in the varied fortunes of Border warfare, under the fostering care of its rich and powerful abbots continued to prosper, and with its full complement of monastic buildings, which have disappeared, its Chapter-House, its Cloister, and its Abbot's Hall, must have been a structure of imposing magnitude, though in outward appearance by no means so beautiful as in its present state.

The battle of Flodden in 1513 may be given as the date of the beginning of decay to this and the other abbeys of the Border. Within half a century from that event there were repeated invasions of Scotland by the English; and in 1523 by Surrey, and 1544 by Hertford, the Abbey of Jedburgh was

plundered and burnt—of which burnings the traces may still be seen on the south wall of the chancel. Some attempts may have been made to repair these disasters, but little could have been accomplished before the Reformation, when the revenues of the Abbey were alienated.

Subsequent to the Reformation nothing seems to have been done beyond maintaining a place of worship within the walls of the ruin, and that at the least possible cost, and often at the greatest possible sacrifice of all that was beautiful. In 1642 the church, which was then under the tower, had become ruinous; and John Mylne, Master of Works to the King, whose monument may be seen in Greyfriars churchyard, after inspection reported with other things "that it was a wonder that either the minister could be bold to preach or the people to hear."

In 1667 the church was removed to the west end of the nave, as seen in the sketch, where, with various changes and repairs, it remained till 1875—a great disfigurement to the Abbey, but withal a venerable place of worship, of which pleasant memories are cherished by many, and by none more sacredly than by the writer of this notice. For some time previous to this date the church began to show symptoms of decay, and was rapidly passing into the state described by the Master of Works, when, after much consideration, the heritors accepted an offer made by the late Marquis of Lothian to build a new parish church, and convert the Abbey into a preserved ruin.

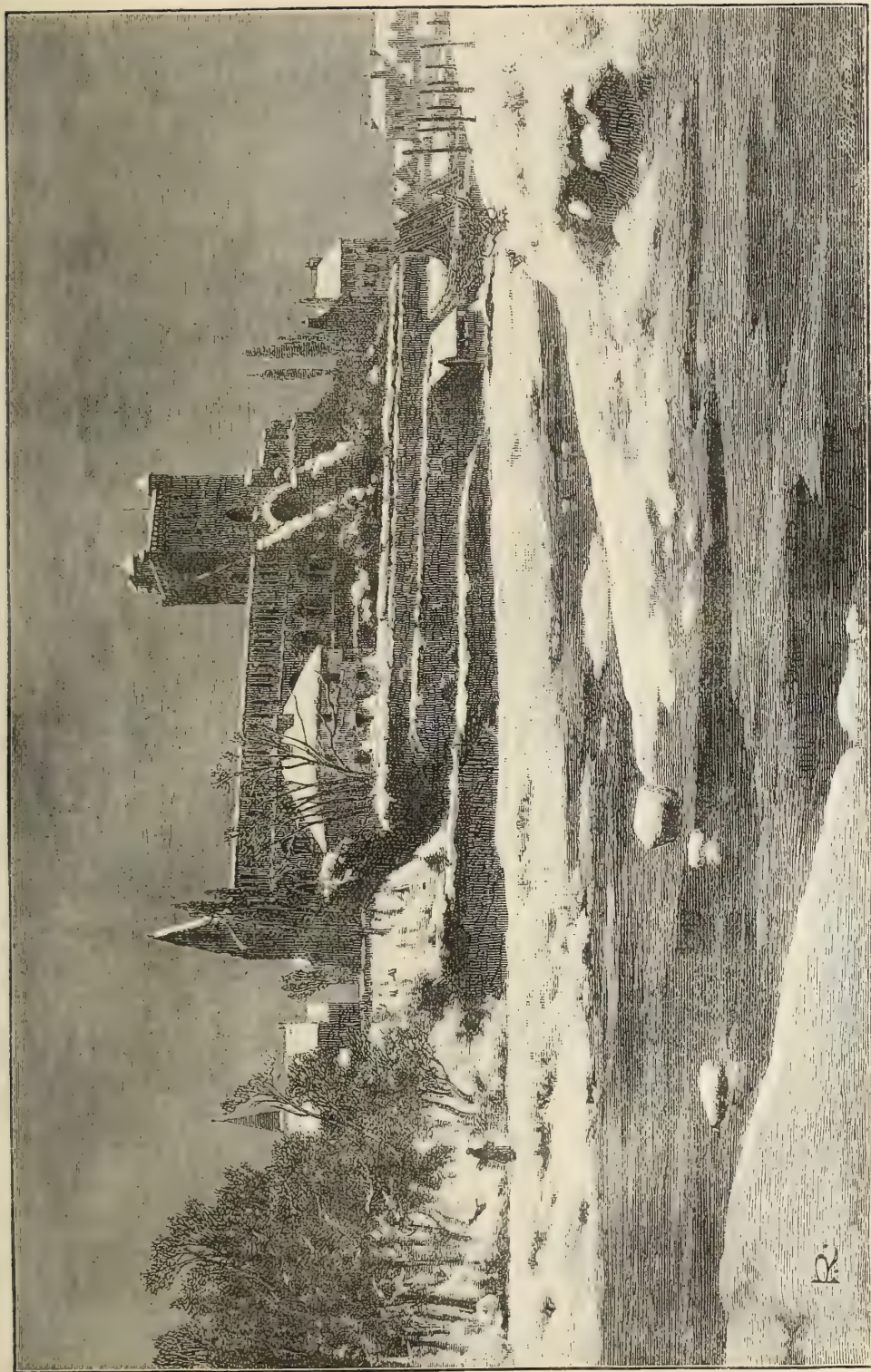
That esteemed nobleman did not live to see this long-cherished purpose realised; but it has been, with rare munificence and taste, carried out by his brother, the present Marquis of Lothian.

A new parish church has been built from a design by the late Mr. Wyatt of London, of which it is enough to say that the Church of Scotland has few such sanctuaries and few such congregations as that which now worships within its walls.

With the advice of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, and under the skilful superintendence of Mr. Rowand Anderson, the Abbey has been freed from all modern building, in weak and decayed places strengthened and repaired, and, so far as this could be done, restored to the state in which it was left by its builders.

The manse, which occupies so prominent a place in the sketch, has also been removed, and the surrounding grounds laid out and kept with much taste and care, an improvement which leaves nothing to be desired as regards the southern elevation of the Abbey.

In these days when every genuine relic of olden times is prized, it is needless to speak of the value of such a monument of the past as we now have in Jedburgh Abbey—in the carved stones of which we see the handiwork of many generations, and the history of which reaches back through nearly nine long centuries.



Jedburgh Abbey.

FROM A DRAWING PRESENTED BY GEORGE REID, ESQ., R.S.A.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. PATERSON.

See HISTORICAL SKETCH by REV. GEORGE RITCHIE, D.D., *page 56*

Isaac Ronald The Dominie.

By the Author of "JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK."

VIII.—INCIDENTS OUT OF SCHOOL.

WHEN Annie Symon had gone away to serve "the laird's ledly" in the capacity of junior sewing-maid, the relations between her and her old teacher were for the time being entirely broken up. And, as Isaac had no other pupil, male or female, in the least disposed to aspire to anything beyond the three R's, he had something of a feeling of vacuity in the daily routine of his school duties; a feeling which, in his own unsophisticated, conscientious way, he told himself was sinful, and which he accordingly sought to overcome by increased earnestness in striving as occasion offered to win those under his care to higher and purer conceptions of life in its moral and spiritual aspects, if he might not engross their time with anything in the shape of intellectual training beyond the maximum approved by practical minds.

And so the weeks and months passed on. The daily routine of the school had little enough of an exciting character in it. And the dominie's life otherwise was the reverse of eventful. The main part of his leisure time continued to be occupied with miscellaneous labour on the family farm. His father had not, by direct word or act at least, given any indication of having come round to a more favourable or hopeful view of his son's professional position, as it might now be called; but Isaac had the satisfaction of knowing that his mother was in full sympathy with his labours, and keenly interested in their progress. And, with the conviction that she, at least, was fully persuaded of the high utility of his work, it was very possible for him to bear with any lack of appreciation on the part of other members of the family, as well as to face the common difficulties and discouragements that must beset his path.

Though an advanced pupil when she left school, Annie Symon was still very girlish in appearance; and Isaac Ronald, who looked perhaps as much over his years as she, with her slight figure, her prettily rounded cheeks, and small well-set features, did under hers, seemed to have no difficulty in still regarding her very much as a mere child. When a few years had passed, and Annie had now reached the age of twenty or thereby, it was altogether different. True, they had met but seldom, for what seemed a considerable period of time, but to Isaac now nothing appeared so striking as Annie's womanly maturity, nothing so impressive as her womanly reserve. Could it be that, all unconsciously to himself, his old pupil had awakened within his breast a tenderer feeling than he had dreamt of, or any one else suspected? The very thought of it was fitted to startle and perplex; and yet, how else was his state of mind to be accounted for?

One thing at least was certain. If he loved at all, it was impossible for a nature like Isaac Ronald's to love lightly. But to entertain the feeling of love was one thing, to give articulate expression to that feeling was quite another. At the mere thought of it, there was projected into the foreground, and with a feeling of intense realism, a picture of the long distance to be traversed, the many obstacles to be overcome, before such an one as he, with due respect for the object of his love, might dare to breathe the aspirations and hopes it were so easy to set aflame. And then, was it at all likely that others would long remain indifferent to Annie Symon's charms? Was it probable that her affections would not be sought and won by some one she would deem worthy of them? Alas, no! Isaac had too good reason soon to believe that Annie had attracted the attention of one who, in addition to occupying a better social position than himself, was gifted with all that ease and readiness of address which he felt to be in his own case so conspicuously wanting.

Andrew Irvine was an old schoolfellow of Isaac Ronald's own. His junior by two or three years, he was the son of a widow lady of some position, and quite as high pretensions, whose husband had been one of the principal farmers in the district, and had, in addition, filled the office of local factor to the proprietor who owned half the area of the parish. As a school companion, Isaac had known Andrew Irvine to be boisterous and full of spirit out of doors, and, if not a persevering scholar, at least quick and ready when he chose to apply himself in school. Combined with a slight tendency to recklessness, symptomatic of a youth over whom no very tight rein was kept at home, he had a sufficient amount of easy good-nature to be able to make himself always rather popular amongst his schoolfellows. With the quick eyes given to a man in such circumstances, Isaac Ronald in no long time reached the conclusion that Andrew Irvine's attentions were by no means displeasing to Annie Symon. And ere Annie had completed her twenty-third year, it had got to be the accepted belief that, against the remonstrances of his somewhat aristocratically-disposed mother, Andrew Irvine, who before then had entered the office of one of the principal solicitors in the county town of Greyness to learn business, had fully made up his mind that Annie Symon should in due course be his wife.

In so far as the miller had found occasion to express himself on the subject, it had been rather adversely to Andrew Irvine as a prospective son-in-law. Still his voice was indecisive.

"I ha'e little feast o' ony loon brocht up to get so muckle o' 's ain gate. Hooever, he may dee weel aneuch, the lad; I ken naething to forbid it; an' Annie's naitrally nae oonprudent," said the miller.

So it was clear enough the miller would not offer any serious objection.

Well, it just came to this. If Isaac Ronald, to

the depth of his heart, felt that he could not and need not endeavour to express the too daring aspiration that lay half slumbering within him, he also felt that he had yet the power to subdue it, and to choke out all hope of its fulfilment even in the far future. To that task he resolutely set himself, as he once more and with renewed assiduity, directed his thoughts and efforts to the routine duties and requirements of his homely school. And in that capacity let us again glance at his ordinary ongoings.

IX.—A SCHOOL DAY.

THE careful elaboration, not to say roundaboutness, of Isaac Ronald's methods formed one of his leading characteristics as an educator. Those methods were in the main the outcome of his own plodding, unassisted endeavours after the mastery of this and the other subject, or of his conscientious groping in the direction of an intelligent impartation of knowledge. And thus, if the method happened to be clumsy, and rule of thumb rather than scientific, the ultimate end, at least, was made very certain. Isaac could be lenient in such matters as a lumberingly performed arithmetical exercise; and a distinctly uncouth style of pronunciation in reading the English lesson never much disturbed his equanimity, provided there were traces of something like adequate intelligence relative to the subject on the part of the pupil. But mere glib smartness had small chance of passing muster with him, and still less would the process of cramming avail.

Isaac, as has been already indicated, was very deliberate in all his ways. Duly each morning, when the school was opened, he waited till the last straggler had taken his place, when, having gravely called for silence, he reverently offered up the morning prayer in simple homely phrase; and every school day was closed in a precisely similar manner. In the way of formal religious instruction, there was the Shorter Catechism, in which his belief was very whole-hearted, though he sought rather to have its questions and answers firmly embedded in the minds of his pupils than to labour them severely on subordinate doctrinal points. But it was in the handling of his Bible lesson that he sought to give colour and vitality to his conceptions of revealed truth. Every character in the Bible stood out to him with an individuality of the most distinct sort. The life of each, as he viewed it, had its lessons for all, while the Divine Life exhibited in human form claimed man's highest homage as it met his deepest needs.

Toward the end of each week Isaac's common practice was to drop back miscellaneous and unexpectedly on some special lesson, or some outstanding problem that had been gone over during the previous days of the week or earlier; and as a test of the extent and thoroughness of the pupils' knowledge, the practice was wonderfully effective.

The results of his pondering on the fit and proper thing to do came out too at times in ways that were quite characteristic. A favourite notion of his was that of having his pupils thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of the history of their native country, from the patriotic story of Wallace and Bruce down by the days of the martyr-covenanters, whom he devoutly admired, to the romance of Jacobitism, which, in its later struggles and pathetic ending, he had always some difficulty in viewing in the severely condemnatory light which his cordial dislike of the Romanistic tendencies of the Stuarts taught him to regard as right and proper. But it had further impressed itself upon Isaac that the minds of his pupils ought, if possible, to be brought into contact with contemporary history in a direct and practical way. The "Newspaper Reader" is a late novelty in school books, but precisely the same idea had occurred to Isaac Ronald a full quarter of a century ago.

"Will ye tell your brither William to come an' speak to me on business when he comes oot o' the toon?" said Isaac to one of his boy pupils on dismissing the school on a Friday afternoon. As the William in question happened to be out of the town on the very day after on his accustomed monthly visit to his parental home, he lost no time in seeking an interview with the dominie.

"I'm thinkin' ye cud maybe help me, William, wi' this idea. Ye ken we're weel up in history; that's to say as far as oor abilities an' the books we can comman' il carry us. But, dear me, man, the history o' the countra's makin' ilka day, an' the records o' t in a raw shape are made visible in a way that never happen't afore. Noo, it's a vera weel to ken about the kings an' rulers o' the aul' times, wi' their never-endin' fechtins, an' the oppressions an' struggles that oor forebears cam' through; but the livin' generation sud ken what it's deenin' itsel' to mak' the wardle better or waur—ye'll alloo that?"

"Of coorse, of coorse," answered the dominie's interlocutor, rather at a loss to see whither it all tended.

"Weel; ou weel; if the thing's to be done wi' intelligence, the taste should be formed early. An' it's been upo' my min' for a while to try hoo I cud win at it. Ye ken oor Bible an' Collection class can read maist onything; an' I've been thinkin' if it war in my poo'er to get half-a-dizen copies o' your newspaper—a' the same sheet, ye ken—at a time, noo an' than, an' set the class to read richt through the domestic an' foreign intelligence, in sae mony lessons, it wud be a gran' thing for waukenin' interest an' a desire for knowledge o' the affairs o' life."

"Ye cud get papers at any time," was the reply.

"At any time! An' without warnin' to prent sapre copies?"

William repeated his answer, and loftily scouted the notion that a dozen copies up or down could be felt on the gross impression of any single number

of the newspaper of which he was a humble representative.

"Weel, weel," continued Isaac, "you that's i' the line maun ken a' about it. Cud ye manage 't for me, William—papers a month aul' wud do, ye unerstan'?"

William readily undertook the commission, and half-a-dozen copies of the large double-sheet local newspaper were speedily in use to furnish a daily reading lesson for Isaac Ronald's advanced class. The class industriously waded through the columns of domestic and foreign intelligence at the rate of a good half column a day, carefully mastering the spellings, and getting hold of the drift and general connection of the information conveyed. Then they tackled the leading articles, which afforded scope for some dissertation or an occasional warning against being led away by plausibilities, even when uttered by "able editors." And it was further deemed not altogether unprofitable to make an excursion or two amongst the advertisements and market lists that occupied a considerable space in the paper.

But long years had passed before this time, and Isaac Ronald had got fairly fitted into his position as the staid, sober, and settled dominie of the Bank-mill School.

The saying that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country and among his own kin," like many other wise and true sayings, has its limits; and perhaps finds its strongest confirmation in those special or exceptional cases where the principle laid down appears to be directly traversed. And thus it seemed to be in the case of Isaac Ronald. He was now a man of thirty-seven, and he had gone in and out as teacher among his own people since he was twenty-one. And, as year by year had passed by in his quiet, uneventful history, the lapse of time had only served to establish his character and influence in the district where he was best known. How it all came about, those most directly affected could certainly not have told in articulate words, for Isaac was the most unobtrusive of men, the least given to forcing his personality upon others, or desiring to domineer over them. Had his neighbours been driven into reasoning upon the subject, they would in all probability have been much puzzled to account for the undeniable fact that one who had grown up in their midst, with much of the reputation of a weakling, had gained a moral ascendancy amongst them which they not only did not care to dispute, but in virtue of which they felt impelled to defer to his authority, while they desired on all critical or important occasions to have his counsels and advice.

Even the old tenant of Greenferns, himself, had seen cause to modify his opinion of his son Isaac; not to change it radically, however.

"Oor Isaac wud 'a never deen oot i' the wardle," said the sturdy old fellow. "A faculty for beuk leernin's a' vera weel, an' it's nae doot necessar'

that some sud sair' the commoonity in that mainer. But there's little, little to be gotten by fat's maist pairt rinnin' your neibour's erran'—though that's the hin'most thing that Isaac wud trouble 'imself' about, an' he cud dee ithers a service. It's lucky for 'im that he hed's father's reef abeen's heid; but hoo he wud ever mak' oot leeft till 'imself', Gweed kens."

It was very clear, nevertheless, that Isaac Ronald could not hope to have his father's roof always over his head. He was a younger son, and both father and mother were elderly people when he was but a mere lad. And so it came in the natural course of things, that both the one and the other went the way of all the earth. Then, as the brother who in succession became full tenant of the paternal farm had a wife and children of his own; and as the number of their family was deemed sufficient to occupy the available house-room at Greenferns, it became necessary for the dominie to find for himself a lodging elsewhere.

To be continued.

The Unpopularity of Missions.

By CHRISTOPHER N. JOHNSTON, M.A., Advocate.

Concluded.

WE were considering the materialistic spirit of the age as one of the causes of the unpopularity of missionary enterprise. No respectable journal in this country, no speaker in public or in private, addressing a Christian audience, would venture to attack the principle upon which all mission work is based; so the secularist seeks to heap contempt upon the movement by ridiculing the manner in which missions are conducted, and abusing both the missionaries and those who, in this country, are charged with the conduct of missionary schemes. These attacks, to judge by the eagerness with which they are taken advantage of and repeated, are peculiarly acceptable to a section even of the Christian community. I have even heard Christian missionaries to India and to China charged with greed, with idleness, and worse, by those who professed to speak as eyewitnesses of what they narrated. It is not, however, the object of this article to defend the conduct either of missions or of individual missionaries. I leave that to those who are much more competent to deal with the subject. This much, however, as I have alluded to such reports, I do think it right to say, that I never heard such attacks made or repeated by any one who seemed to take an interest in the *object* of the missions, or who, when in heathen lands, had himself made the smallest effort to extend the kingdom of Christ, or bring light to a darkened understanding.

But even granted that the worst that is said of missions were the truth, and the whole truth, this would furnish no excuse to those who despise or condemn *the missionary spirit*. If, as Christians

believe, it is the duty of the Church to disseminate the Word of God, instead of saying, as many practically do, "You are doing this badly, don't do it at all," the critics of our Foreign Missions ought rather to warn and direct the Church—"You are doing this badly, strive to do it better." Surely it is their duty to reorganise our missions and not to destroy them, to encourage and direct rather than to quench the missionary spirit.

All this seems very obvious, and my only apology for insisting upon it is the fact that there are many professing Christians who seem quite unable to realise that, though some existing missions may be ill conducted, the duty of preaching the gospel to the heathen is *imperative*. There are many who, though they do all that is in their power to discourage missions, and are never tired of holding missionary zeal up to ridicule as sentimental and quixotic, yet regard themselves as good Christians, and would be very much shocked and surprised were any one to insinuate the contrary. They are upright and respectable, they go regularly to church, they sit down at the Communion Table, they present their children to Christ in baptism, and they profess to look for eternal salvation through Him. Nevertheless they are quite indifferent to the progress of the Church amongst heathen nations; they profess to have grave doubts as to whether the adoption of Christianity by the natives would be beneficial to India or to China, and they are content to make or repeat such statements as that "Christianity spoils a native servant; no one should have a Christian for his attendant." Now it is not my intention to discuss, *in themselves*, the views of such persons; my object is rather to test the logical strength of their position by a comparison of their several opinions and professions. I submit that their position is illogical, and therefore indefensible, for if, as they contend, missions be a mistake, then, with all reverence, and yet in all seriousness, be it said—*Christianity is a lie*. I think that I shall be able, in a very few words, to make good this contention, and that upon two independent grounds.

1. I take it to be a fundamental article of the Christian faith, without which all else must fall, that implicit obedience is due by every Christian to his divine Master. Now Christ, in words which admit of no equivocation, has directly and imperatively commanded His followers to preach the gospel to all nations. Whoever, therefore, fails to do all that is in his power to further this end, disobeys Christ; and if disobedience to Christ be in any measure justifiable or defensible, *Christianity must be false*.

2. Christianity professes to be a scheme of universal salvation—the only means by which fallen man can obtain forgiveness of his sins and reconciliation with his Maker. Every Christian subscribes to the doctrine that "there is no other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we can

be saved, but the name of Jesus." Accordingly it must—if the Christian religion be true—be a matter of vital import that Christianity should be disseminated amongst all nations—that the offer of salvation which it brings should be proclaimed in every land. It follows, therefore, that, if the propagation of the gospel amongst the heathen be a matter of doubtful wisdom or expediency, then, again, *Christianity must be false*.

Such, then, is the conclusion to which the arguments of those who—though themselves within the Church—oppose or discourage Christian missions, inevitably lead. I do not for one moment pretend that all or any of them consciously draw this conclusion; for indeed it often happens that men hold opinions from the logical results of which they would shrink with horror. For example, the logical result of the teaching and pretensions of the Church of Rome is that all who are without that Church are eternally lost. How many amongst the thousands of sincere Roman Catholics in this country have themselves worked out, or consciously acquiesce in, this result?

I conceive, however, that it is of the utmost importance that the opponents of missions should be brought face to face with the results to which their contentions lead. I cannot believe that many of them would willingly accept these results; but if their eyes were once opened to them, it might in many cases lead them to suspect the soundness of the opinions which lead to such startling conclusions. Were men, and were the Church, once fairly awakened to an understanding of what the issue really is, I cannot but believe that a great stride would be made in the missionary movement. If Christianity be salvation for *any*, it is—it must be—salvation for *all*. Do we not believe, have we not found, that Christianity is salvation? then certainly there is an end of the matter. But if we believe, if in our hearts we have found and feel that Christianity is indeed a great salvation—that in finding Christ, man passes from death unto life—then surely it can be no subject of doubt or question, but a matter of vital and eternal import, that this salvation should be proclaimed to all nations. The question which the great Head of the Church asks of each follower is this—"Will you make some effort, some sacrifice, to propagate the everlasting gospel—will you, or will you not?" The responsibility is tremendous, and it is a responsibility from which no Christian can shrink. It is not a question addressed to any community, any sect, or any party; it is a direct appeal to every Christian heart, and the responsibility is as *personal* as the appeal. Upon us, and upon each one of us, Christian Europeans and Americans of today, in the hands of God, it mainly depends whether or not, ere this generation pass away, every son and daughter of our race shall have had an offer of pardon and mercy, of salvation here and hereafter, through the blood of Him who died for all men.

Vicissitudes in the Kirk.

MANY people—even members of the Church—have no very clear ideas about what really happened at the great crises of her history. That the dominion and errors of Rome were thrown off at the Reformation; that Prelacy was established at the Restoration; that Presbytery, as at present existing, was set up at the Revolution—this is known; but the conception of how all this was done is too often but vague; and especially vague as to how these great changes affected the men who were at the time the ministers of the Church. The actual change made at any of these crises, in the *personnel* of the ministry, was not so extensive as is ordinarily supposed. This is a matter of some interest, and peculiarly so in its bearing on the continuity of the ministry in the Church.

The first ministers of the Reformed Kirk had been priests in the Roman Catholic Kirk. The six authors of the "First Book of Discipline"—of whom John Knox was one—had all been priests. Of the six clerical members of the first General Assembly, which began the task of reconstructing the Church, four had been priests; and it was reported to a subsequent Assembly that the "most part of the persons who were canons, monks, or friars," had embraced the true religion. Several became full ministers; but the greater number, in the first instance at least, were appointed simply as "readers"—from which office, if they discharged it well, they were raised to that of minister. The Reformed ministry thus grew out of the old Romish priesthood, by a course of natural selection and development; and without any violent rupture of continuity. The great and essential alteration consisted in the rejection of the Pope's authority and of the doctrinal errors of Rome; the resumption by the Presbyters of the Church of the right to ordain to the ministry, which had been gradually usurped by the bishops alone; and the transference of the governing power of the Kirk to the General Assembly. Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, who became a Protestant minister, appeared before the Assembly of 1574 to own his offences, "haunting the court," taking civil office and such like, which "cannot agree with the office of pastor or bishop." The Assembly had assumed the bishops' place, and recognised no order as higher than that of presbyter, or minister.

There were many conflicts between Episcopacy and Presbytery before the next great crisis—the Restoration of Charles II., who put bishops again into all the dioceses in Scotland, and legally established them. This was effected in 1662; and those ministers who would not submit to them were driven from their parishes. There were about 1000 parishes; but only 260 parish ministers were expelled; the rest acquiesced in Episcopacy. Of those who did so, some were outed in 1681 for refusing the "Test," which the Government then enforced, and

of those who did not, some were "indulged"—that is, allowed to open "meeting houses," and preach without molestation.

Episcopacy remained established till 1690, when, after the great Revolution, presbytery was restored. The bishops were deprived of their place, title, and authority; but the number of the clergy that went out with them was only 409. And of these almost all had to go, not because the Presbyterian Church courts insisted on their going, but because they would not take the oaths to the Government, and pray for the king and queen.

Again, as at the Restoration, the great majority of the clergy made no difficulty about submitting to the new order of things. There were some curious exceptions to the general rule. In Edinburgh, at the Restoration, only one minister conformed to episcopacy; at the Revolution only one conformed to presbytery. Some ministers, like Ker of Grange, survived both changes, and never quitted their parishes at either. Of those who were outed after the Revolution, some were afterwards "reponed" by the Church; some opened meeting-houses, as the indulged of the earlier period had done, and were allowed to minister in them without hindrance. Some betook themselves to secular employments, like Arbuthnot of Dysart, who became a skipper; some got parishes in England like Chalmers of Kennoway, who was appointed rector of Ford. A few who were deprived for political reasons by the Privy Council were not meddled by the Church, as was the case with Fowler of Kinnoull, who remained in his parish till 1697, and Murray of Kinclaven, who, deprived in 1693, was not disturbed till 1712, when he was deposed for introducing the English liturgy. Occasionally an outed minister kept hold on the church's gear, when he left the manse. Craig of St. Andrews, Lhanbryd, carried off, we are told, two silver cups, the baptismal basin and the mortcloth.

Since the era of the Revolution there has been no great commotion in the Church, and no change in the order of government or interruption of the succession of the ministry. The calamitous secession of 1843, which carried off 289 Parish ministers, and 162 ministers of chapels, differed from the expulsions of the Restoration and the Revolution in being the voluntary act of a party in the Church itself. It too, like them, weakened and wounded the Church; but as she survived the earlier losses and injuries, and repaired the damage they had done, so has she regained, and more than regained, what she had to part with in 1843. When we mark in her this often-tried and never-failing power of recovery and reinvigoration, may we not say that we see the hand of God in it? May we not thankfully recognise His promise to His Church—made good in her ministry so long continued, so often reinforced, amid disaster and external change—"Lo, I am with you alway"?

R. HERBERT STORY.

Searching the Scriptures.

By THE EDITOR.

CHRIST'S RESURRECTION.

1. Find in St. Matthew's Gospel at least three occasions on which Christ predicted His resurrection.
2. Find the testimony of angels to the reality of Christ's resurrection.
3. Find the testimony of the soldiers to the same.
4. Find in Matthew 28, and Luke 24, instances of disciples not readily recognising the risen Saviour.
5. Find two instances of the same (other than that of Thomas) in St. John's Gospel.
6. Find where the difference between the natural and the spiritual (or resurrection) body is illustrated by a seed and a plant.
7. Find in a sermon by St. Peter a contrast between the body of David and that of Christ.
8. Find the same contrast in a sermon by St. Paul.
9. What passage in the Psalms is specially referred to in these contrasts?
10. Find three verses in a chapter of St. John's Gospel from which we can understand how the first day of the week began to be regarded as the Lord's Day.

ANSWERS FOR MARCH.

1. Benaiah, 2 Sam. 23. 20. 2. 1 Kings 13. 24; 1 Kings 20. 36. 3. Jeroboam's wife, 1 Kings 14. 4. 4. Jericho, Num. 6. 26; Hiel the Bethelite, 1 Kings 16. 34. 5. 2 Cor. 5. 1. 6. John 14. 2. 7. St. Paul, Phil. 1. 23, 24. 8. 1 Cor. 15. 51; 1 Thess. 4. 17. 9. 2 Tim. 4. 6. 10. Epe'nētus; Androni'cus; Ur'bane (only two syllables); Aristobu'lus; Asyn'critus; Pat'rōbas.

Calendar for April.

1	Sa.	She hath done what she could.—Mark 14. 8.
2	Su.	Fear not: behold, thy King cometh.—John 12. 15.
3	M.	He found nothing but leaves.—Mark 11. 13. [11. 20.]
4	Tu.	They saw the fig-tree dried up from the roots.—Mark
5	W.	They consulted that they might take Jesus.—Matt. 26. 4.
6	Th.	He took the cup, and gave thanks.—Matt. 26. 27.
7	F.	Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.—Luke 23. 34.
8	Sa.	Sitting over against the sepulchre.—Matt. 27. 61.
9	Su.	He is not here; for He is risen.—Matt. 28. 6. [24. 26.]
10	M.	Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?—Luke
11	Tu.	He was raised again for our justification.—Rom. 4. 25.
12	W.	O death, where is thy sting?—1 Cor. 15. 55. [6. 9.]
13	Th.	Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more.—Rom.
14	F.	He ever liveth to make intercession.—Heb. 7. 25.
15	Sa.	In baptism ye are risen with Him.—Col. 2. 12. [21.]
16	Su.	Collection for Patronage Compensation Fund.—2. Cor. 8.
17	M.	The dead in Christ shall rise first.—1 Thess. 4. 16.
18	Tu.	We shall bear the image of the heavenly.—1 Cor. 15. 49.
19	W.	So shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thess. 4. 17.
20	Th.	Oh how great is Thy goodness!—Ps. 31. 19. [2. 4.]
21	F.	The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance.—Rom.
22	Sa.	He saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.—Ps. 34. 18.
23	Su.	Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.—1 Chron.
24	M.	Vow, and pay unto the Lord.—Ps. 76. 11. [16. 29.]
25	Tu.	To obey is better than sacrifice.—1 Sam. 15. 22.
26	W.	Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts.—Matt. 15. 19.
27	Th.	Cleanse me from my sin.—Ps. 51. 2.
28	F.	Walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost.—Acts 9. 31.
29	Sa.	Grieve not the Holy Spirit.—Eph. 4. 30.
30	Su.	I will abide in Thy tabernacle for ever.—Ps. 61. 4.

Notices of Books.

PATRICK HAMILTON: A TRAGEDY OF THE REFORMATION IN SCOTLAND, 1528. By T. P. JOHNSTON, Minister of Carnbee. Blackwood, 1882.

It is pleasant, indeed, to see a book like this coming from a manse, and never could it have appeared at a time when it was more needed in Scotland, or more welcome to those who wish her well. The days were, and not so long ago, when the history of our country was the pride of her youth, and the eye would flash when mention was made of the chivalry of her sons, the faith and devotion of her martyrs. But now many of our young people are growing so cosmopolitan they know more of the histories of Greece and Rome than of our own great forefathers, and the Tales of the Reformation, which used to be so eagerly pored over by the blazing ingle, are all unread.

Though the Solemn League and Covenant cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears, it is little known and little thought of. But to read, or, better still, to listen to the reading, of the story of this young and noble martyr as Mr. Johnston presents it, and to be by it reminded what a glorious ancestry is ours, cannot but light the flame of proud and grateful patriotism in every young heart; and nothing would delight us more than to think that every youth and maiden in the land had the opportunity of reading it. It transports us far away from this nineteenth century, and we stand in the breezy streets of old St. Andrews, and hear monks and priests disputing about this new heresy of "Bible reading," or see the stealthy lamp shine out at midnight as the people stole an hour to ponder over the newly-found and beloved Scriptures. Perhaps the best scenes in the poem are one giving a dialogue between Archbishop Beaton and Prior John, and another which brings us to the last parting of the martyr and his young wife. There is teaching for the times throughout the poem never obtruded but never forgotten. We wish every Sabbath School and every parish library in Scotland were possessed of this notable and profitable book. It would do more good to read it aloud at a parish meeting or Saturday Evening's Entertainment than to have half-a-dozen miscellaneous "Popular Lectures" of the ordinary sort.

"THE CANDLE OF THE LORD, AND OTHER SERMONS" (London, Macmillan). SERMONS (London, Dickinson). By PHILLIPS BROOKS, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, U.S.A.

Those who associate American oratory with startling anecdotes and superlatives collected in epigrams, may find in many solid Presbyterian sermons and addresses how much they misrepresent the great Protestant Republic of the West. But they will not easily find sermons which will more completely undeceive them, and also edify them, than those of the Episcopal incumbent of Trinity Church, Boston. The sermons are quite unlike those of Dr. Oswald Dykes. They are bright with inner light, full of faith and power. They are from the heart to the heart. Our space does not allow us to give quotations, or it would be easy to show how light is the touch and how firm the grasp of this powerful preacher. The burden of his teaching is, that life in Christ is a strong life, a pure life, an advancing life; and as we read we are humbled for our unfaithfulness, and we seek to be guided for greater progress. It is only after laying down the book that the reader realises how great is the power, and how unfailing the literary grace, of the preacher by whom he has been carried up to such high aspirations. We commend the book for private and for family reading.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

MAY 1882.

THE Congregational Prayer Meeting is discontinued for the season.

The Thursday Evening Service in Horne Lane will be discontinued during May. It will be resumed, God willing, on June 8, and continued till the July Communion.

Collection for Highland Committee.

A Collection for this purpose will be made in St. Stephen's Church on Sunday, the 21st inst., and the attention of the Congregation is earnestly requested to the following facts, which it is hoped may increase their interest in the objects aimed at by the Highland Committee, and lead them to support these as liberally as possible:—

(1.) The wide extent of many Highland parishes, and the fact that they are often broken up by ranges of mountains and arms of the sea, greatly increase the difficulties with which ministers have to contend in discharging their duties to the people, and the General Assembly has found it necessary for many years—through the agency of the Highland Committee—to establish mission stations, the benefits of which are gratefully acknowledged by the people. During the past year 12 such stations have been maintained at a cost of £393.

(2.) It may not be generally known that there is no legal provision available for the maintenance of Parliamentary churches and manses, which constitute a large proportion of the church buildings in the Highlands. It is scarcely to be expected that the ministers, out of their very limited stipends of £120 a year, can meet all the expenses of these repairs, and in most cases it is impossible to charge seat-rents. Hence these churches and manses are frequently falling into a state of dilapidation, and the Committee, with the help of local contributions, have within the last few years done much towards restoring them. Last year grants to the amount of £305 were allowed to 9 parishes for this purpose.

(3.) The fact that a large number of the people in the Highlands still continue to speak Gaelic as their native tongue, lays an obligation on our church to attend specially to the religious wants of this part of our population, From the recent Census it appears that 231,602 persons speak Gaelic habitually, and the number of those who understand more easily the truths of religion in their own tongue is probably much greater. The Committee have therefore earnestly considered the subject of continuing and improving the supply of Gaelic ministers, and endeavouring to secure, by the aid of student missionaries and otherwise, that our Celtic people will not be, on account of their language, deprived of the advantage of Christian instruction at the hands of their own Church.

(4.) The large influx of visitors during the summer makes it important that additional services should be provided in various central localities. In this way much

has been done to assist Highland ministers, whose labours are often heavily increased at such periods.

The Committee are generally entrusted by the Church with consideration of all matters affecting the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and wherever, as frequently occurs, there are difficulties to surmount or troubles to remove, the help of the Committee is appealed to, and its assistance found valuable. But without a fund at its disposal these efforts for the good of the Highlands would often be practically fruitless, and therefore it becomes a matter of serious importance that the ensuing collection should be sufficient for their purposes. No appeal has been made for this object since January 1880, or for two years and four months.

The people of St. Stephen's have always shown their interest in the Highlands, and their obligations to their northern and western countrymen have certainly not been reduced by their having a minister whose name and labours are identified with these districts. The position also of the Church of Scotland in the Highlands at present renders an effort on their behalf peculiarly necessary. An opportunity exists at the present moment, of encouraging and strengthening our church there, which may be lost through inability to meet it, while a little timely support will not only retain those who have hitherto remained attached to her communion, but will prove to others that the interests of her people are not neglected.

COLIN G. MACRAE,
Secretary, Highland Committee.

The above statement is very specially commended to the notice of the Congregation. It is REALLY IMPORTANT that this collection should be liberal.

Memorandum with regard to the distribution of Coals and Soup among the Poor Families of the Parish during the Winter 1881-2.

The Kirk-Session, as in former years, distributed coals during December 1881 among the poor families of the Parish, of whatever denomination; also to some families who, they regret to say, were not connected with any church, but who were very needy. The number of families who were supplied was 203, each of whom got a quarter of a ton of coal of good quality. In February following 99 families connected with the Congregation, including a few other families who were in very necessitous circumstances, were supplied with the same quantity of coal as in December.

The Soup-Kitchen was opened on the 9th of January and closed on 4th March, during which time 156 families throughout the Parish were supplied with bread and soup of excellent quality.

The outlay for coals and Soup-Kitchen was £92 : 9 : 4, which, owing to the mildness of the weather, was less than that for the previous winter. The surplus of the Thank-offering Collection by the Congregation on the first Sunday of the year will be applied for supplying the wants of the poor during the year, of whom there are always a large number on the list, this being carefully attended to by our respected lay missionary.

R. E. SCOTT.

St. Stephen's Musical Society.

This Society is now closed for the present season.

Begun in the last week of January, under the management of an energetic Committee, and conducted by our active organist and choirmaster, Mr. Curle, it has been carried on successfully throughout the entire course of meetings.

The pieces that have been practised are :—

- "Jesus, Word of God Incarnate." (*Gounod.*)
- "Arise, Shine." (*Elvay.*)
- "The Lord is my Shepherd." (*Macfarren.*)
- "As the Hart pants." (*Mendelssohn.*)
- "The Lord be a Lamp." (*Benedict.*)
- "Charity." (*Rossini.*) (Trio for Ladies alone.)

Two evenings were devoted entirely to the careful study of chanting.

The improvement and development of our congregational singing being the aim of the Society, we are glad to see that its meetings have been so well attended, and that such a great interest has been taken with regard to it.

About sixty members have joined in addition to the choir, but St. Stephen's ought to afford a much larger number of persons interested in the cultivation of music.

The meetings next season will commence on the first Friday of November. LEWIS BILTON, *Secy.*

Work Society Sale.

This Sale will be held as usual in the Schoolhouse, Brunswick Street, on the 15th and 16th of May, from 12 to 4, and from 6 to 8.

We desire specially to direct the attention of all classes of the parishioners to this excellent parochial agency. The Work Society is now, as it has been for many years, of great use in the parish; and as its prosperity depends largely on the success of the half-yearly sales, it is hoped that the Congregation generally will give it their best support on this occasion.

We feel assured that the Members of St. Stephen's will rejoice, for his own sake, to hear that Mr. Turnbull has been appointed Assistant and Successor in the Parish of St. Monance, Fife. He has laboured amongst us with very great fidelity and acceptance; and he will carry with him the hearty goodwill and esteem of all classes of the parishioners. The people of St. Monance are to be congratulated on having obtained so excellent a minister, as he is sure to prove himself.

The Service on the two Sundays, which fall during the sitting of the General Assembly, will be conducted as follows :—

May 28. Forenoon—Rev. Charles M. Grant, St. Mark's, Dundee.

Afternoon—Rev. Peter Thompson, Dunning.

June 4. Forenoon—Rev. James Buchanan, Langholm.

Afternoon—Rev. James Fraser, Blair Athole.

It is to be regretted that on these Sabbaths, when ministers of position kindly undertake to officiate, often at some personal inconvenience, the congregations are frequently unsatisfactory. In regard to this, as to some other things; there is yet room for the manifestation of more of that *esprit de corps* which is so much to be desired in a congregation.

"Intelligently to appreciate the principles represented by the Church of Scotland as a national Church is the duty of all. It is sometimes said that the Church of Scotland does not base her claims to national recognition on principle, but merely on expediency. There can be no more erroneous statement. He is a poor advocate of the Church of Scotland who rests his argument for her merely on the value of her endowments. It is true that Scotland is not so exceedingly rich or marvellously liberal that, with spiritual destitution rapidly increasing in many parts of the country, she can afford to cast about ten millions of money set apart for the advancement of religion into the German Ocean, or even to make a present of it to the wealthier portion of the community. Far more important, however, than that money is the divine truth which would have to be cast away along with it. Is our country as a nation to acknowledge itself under God's sovereignty, under Christ's headship, or not?—is the gravest and greatest matter at issue between the Church of Scotland and her foes. The light of nature has taught all heathen nations which have attained eminence in the world that they could not without sin and danger nationally neglect religion. He takes a superficial and narrow view of the obligations of the moral law, who fancies that they do not extend to nations in their corporate capacities, as well as to individuals in their private capacities, and that they are exclusive of national homage to the Ruler of the universe. The Law and the Prophets of the Old Testament imply and proclaim throughout the duty and necessity of national religion. Christ came; and the central idea—the burden and tenor of all His teaching—was not the Church but 'the Kingdom,'—a kingdom which claims to comprehend the State as well as the Church,—a kingdom of which the civil ought to be not less an aspect than the ecclesiastical. No individual may blamelessly withdraw a single faculty of mind or power of body from the service of this kingdom; no Church on earth has any right specially to identify its claims with those of this kingdom; no state or government on earth ought to dare to separate itself from, or assert independence of, this kingdom. The King of it is Lord over all—King of kings—Prince of the kings of the earth—entitled to wear on His brow all the crowns of the universe. It was the doctrine of the kingdom which Christ Himself taught; the doctrine of the Church He left mainly to others to teach, or rather to evolve from the principles which He had expounded as to the kingdom; but the apostles never lost sight of His lordship over the nations in teaching His headship in the Church. If many in Scotland have come to think that outside of the Church secularism is the true theory of things, the notion is one which they have certainly not drawn from God's Word.

"The Church of Scotland is by her very existence a testimony to the State's recognition of its duty to provide for the religious instruction of its people. Apart altogether from special revelation, natural reason is enough to show that such is the State's duty. If there were no Christianity in the world, it would still be the duty of the State to see that the principles of natural religion were inculcated on the national mind, and this for the plain reason that the principles of natural religion are of far more influence in forming good citizens and promoting national greatness than the elements of grammar or geography. The obligation of the State, however, to provide religious instruction is, of course, immensely increased by the fact that God has been pleased to give such a wondrous revelation as that which we have through Jesus Christ, a revelation, the best adapted conceivable to make nations, as well as individuals, what they ought to be,—the most profitable conceivable for the life which now is, as well as for the life which is to come."—From Professor Flint on *Duties of People of Scotland to Church of Scotland.*



MAY 1882.

Sermon.

SANCTIFICATION.

By the Rev. T. B. W. NIVEN, Pollokshields.

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly."—
1 THESSALONIANS V. 23.

I WAS once taken by a Highland minister to a glen near his church. A little stream wound its way through it, and the banks rising up on both sides formed a natural amphitheatre. Rude turf seats had been heaped up, and a large flat stone had served for a pulpit. A great preacher used to preach there; for the church close by, although it held two thousand people, could not hold anything like the number who often came to hear him. It was not at all an uncommon thing for about twenty thousand people to gather there on a Sacrament Sunday morning. When my friend told me this as I stood with him upon the flat stone, I looked round the glen and I almost thought I saw the dense crowd clustering upon its banks; and although I do not know what sort of man the great preacher was, I thought how unspeakably solemn it must have been for him to stand up and preach to that immense multitude.

But when I sat down in my study to try to write the sermon I had promised to send to "Life and Work," I could not help feeling very seriously that I was really going to preach to a very much larger congregation than the great Highland minister used to speak to in the glen. I hope God will help me to say something that may do them a little good. If you read it at the fireside to the servants and children, as I know is sometimes done on the Sunday evening after the Magazine comes out, you might stop for a few moments here, and all kneel down together and ask God that it may be so.

"The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." That is St. Paul's wish and prayer for the people of Thessalonica. But what does he mean when he wishes that God, "the God of peace," might sanctify them?

I daresay we all remember how this is described in the old book we learnt out of when we were children: how it is said there to be "the work of God's free grace, whereby we are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness." And these are very true and very beautiful words; but I suppose we should like to

be spoken to about it in words that are still more simple. The sermons in March and April spoke about justification and adoption. But neither justification nor adoption really makes us the kind of men and women that we ought to be. Something more requires to be done before we become the good people that we know we ought to be, and that God wants us to be. This is *sanctification*. To be sanctified is just to be made good: gradually to become the sort of people that we all feel instinctively are living very near God, who are like Christ, like God Himself, becoming fit to go to heaven.

An illustration will show what I mean. A man of high position and great wealth proposes to adopt a young person as his son, and to bring him up as the heir of all he has. The youth has been wayward and reckless, but the benevolent friend sees that there are possibilities of good in him. He tells him that the past is all to be forgotten and forgiven. He shall be treated henceforth as if he had always been dutiful and exemplary. The by-gone career is never to be spoken about any more. He shall come and live in his friend's house—the house that is some day to be his own. He shall have all the luxuries and comforts that wealth can buy, suitable to his position as the adopted son, the heir of the inheritance. All this might happen, and yet the youth would not at first be fit for the position he was afterwards to fill. He might be sorry for his past recklessness and grateful for the kindness shown to him, and he might resolve to try to be worthy of it. But you can quite fancy that his old habits would sometimes break out again. It would require much forbearance from his friend, much kind counsel, much hard and patient effort on his own part, before he acquired the sober weight of character that would adorn his future life.

And it is this training of those who are "sons of God," this process of becoming good, that is sanctification. Be thankful if you feel that God has said to you, "I will never think any more about your sins." Be thankful if you feel that His arms have been cast around you, and that He has whispered to you, "Do not be afraid. You are no longer My servant: you are My son." But remember that something more still is wanted. You must be trained now to have a son's obedience, a son's life, a son's love, a son's companionship with God. It may take a long time to be fully

trained in this way. You will not be quite perfect, indeed, till you get to the bright and beautiful place where you shall see God, and be changed into His likeness. But God has His own plan and way for making you grow holier and better even here. In His own good time He will "sanctify you wholly."

But I should like to be a little more explicit. Let me take a case. Let me suppose that some one who reads what I am writing has passed through the first stages of justification and adoption. In some way or other God has "effectually called" him. It may have been all of a sudden; he cannot well tell how he has been made to pause, and to feel that all is not right with him, and to put his hands over his face and resolve that he will trust Christ for ever; or it may have been some words in a sermon that have arrested him, or losses in business, or sickness and death in his family; it does not matter what the apparent cause has been. God has called him, and now the past is to be forgotten; he is a son. And now the new life begins: the process of being made better. How does it show itself?

A great change will begin in the way you *think and feel*. You will begin to find your thoughts turning towards God very often. You will feel, as you never felt before, that He is near you—looking upon you. You will feel that nothing ever happens that He has not appointed. You will be very thankful to Him when good things happen to you; and when it is otherwise, and you are sad and full of care and perplexity, you will say to yourself, "God knows best; it is all right, for it is in His hands." You will often be thinking how much God loves you; and what a wonderful thing He did for you when He sent Christ to die for you. You will begin greatly to enjoy speaking to God. Praying will not be the irksome task it was at first, when you got over it as fast as possible, and would rather not have prayed at all. You will find somehow that praying becomes a speaking to Him, telling Him the secret thoughts that you would tell to no other, asking Him to help you not only in great difficulties but in little things, that seem so small that you would never think of speaking about them to your warmest friend. You will find that it does you good; you are helped by it in the work and worry and anxiety of the day. You will try to keep base and bad thoughts out of your mind altogether. You will try to keep it filled with great and good thoughts—thoughts of God and Christ, and love and forbearance and wisdom to all about you. This is something like the feeling and the thinking that the man or the woman whom the "God of peace" is sanctifying must certainly have.

And then as to *conduct*, need I say what that shall be? If you have been living in open, glaring sin, of course you will stop it. Christ's religion is worth very little if it can not make a man do that. But you will aim at far more

than that. You will realise that there is no position in which you can possibly find yourself in which you are not placed by the God who loved you so well, and therefore you will try to do the duty you ought to be doing at the moment in the very best way you can, because He has put it upon you at the moment. If you are a tradesman, you will work hard, neatly, conscientiously. If you are a servant, you will try to do the work of the house as faithfully as if the house were your own. If you are a professional man, you will do your very best for your client, your patient, your parishioner. A shoemaker said to me once, "I want to serve God, but how can I do that when I am working all day at the last?" I answered, "My friend, you serve God when you try your very best to make shoes well. He has made you a shoemaker, and He has made me a minister: you serve Him when you make the best shoes you can; I serve Him when I preach the best sermons I can." You will try to show that religion is not a thing of gloom and incongruity, but of sweet and bountiful sympathies. There are times when God means that you should sorrow with the sorrowing. You will do it tenderly, and without affectation. There are times also when God means that you should be joyful. You will do your part earnestly to promote all enjoyment that is innocent. None can be so mirthful, none so light-hearted, as they who know that God loves them; that it is not only all right with them for this world, but all right with them for the next world too. Life, in short, will be an intensely real thing to you; its work, its rest, its companionships and solitudes; its joys, its griefs, its amenities, and beauties—yes, and its hardships and poverties; because in it all there is an ordering by the hand of *your God—your Christ*; and because by casting yourself into the whirl of its activities in God's name and for Christ's sake you can do something with God and Christ in your day—something in the common ways of daily life to bring on the coming of the great day when God's redeemed shall be all safely gathered to Himself.

There are many things I should like to say about this great subject, if it were not that these "Life and Work" sermons are always supposed to be very short. But before I stop I must ask you to notice who it is that must work this work for you. St. Paul does not say, you see, "Take care that you sanctify yourselves!" He says, "The God of peace sanctify you!" He knew well that neither the people at Thessalonica, whom he was writing to, nor any other people, could make themselves good. God alone could; God alone can.

Will you remember that, my readers? I take it for granted that every one who reads this sermon would like to become a better man or woman. But people sometimes—very often—make a great mistake. They try to make themselves better, and forget that God only can do it. Of course you will do your part. If you break your arm you get it set

and bound up; but that would be of no use if there were not a power in the body itself to knit the broken bone again. And when you are trying to become better men and women, you will resolve, and watch, and think where you generally fail, and avoid the temptations that have overcome you before; but all the time you will remember that God only can give you power to hate sin and to love holiness. Remember to ask constantly for this when you are praying to Him. And remember also that He wants to make you better, and He will do it. You are apt to think sometimes that you are not becoming any better at all, or that you are making very slow progress. You get so often into the old ways of passion and peevishness and idleness and discontent. Well, do not be discouraged. Try harder, and pray more earnestly, but still TRUST IN GOD. He knows it is a good thing for you to fail sometimes. It is helping to make you humble, earnest, patient, loving. It may take a long time; as long as it takes you to get to heaven. But more or less here—*there*, certainly, at last—"the very God of peace" will "sanctify you wholly."

May God bless this sermon—and to Him be the honour and glory, world without end. Amen.

"Where dwellest Thou?"

JOHN i. 38.

THY home, O Lord, is everywhere,
 Yet nowhere art Thou all revealed;
 For when I say, "Thou dwellest there,"
 One-half Thy glory is concealed.

Thou palest in the starry night;
 Thou flushest in the blaze of day;
 Thou shadest from the beam too bright;
 Thou lightest from the sunless way.

Thou standest cloud-wreathed on the hill;
 Thou liest flower-wreathed in the vale;
 Thou whisperest in the zephyr still;
 Thou speakest in the rending gale.

Thou art the rest of crowded life;
 Thou art the life of solitude;
 Thou art the calm that comforts strife;
 Thou art the strife that strengthens good.

Yet most in man, in highest man,
 In Him that made the cross a crown,
 Thy living image, Lord, I scan,
 And hail the heaven to earth brought down.

In Him who joined the poles of thought,
 Made sorrow joy, made Calvary shine,
 My meanness is to glory wrought,
 And earth is heaven, and man divine.

In Him I hide my raiment vile,
 In Him I clothe myself anew;
 And in His cross my crosses smile,
 And in His joy my joys are true.

And in His love my world is nigh,
 His life my pulse, His breath my air,
 His will my heart, His light my sky,
 His heaven my dwelling everywhere.

GEO. MATHESON

Isaac Ronald The Dominie.

By the Author of "JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK."

X.—A NEW HOME.

THAT the vaticinations of the shrewd old tenant of Greenferns had, after all, an element of truth in them need not be doubted. For when it had become a practical point for Isaac Ronald to look out a new home for himself, he felt greatly more perplexed and put about than it was his wont to be in any matter affecting merely his own personal interests. The reason of this was twofold. In the first place, the mere necessity for change of domicile to one who, from infancy to mature manhood, had known no such change, came with a sort of awkwardness as well as novelty. And then, as not seldom happens in such family conjunctures, there had been a feeling of disagreeable peremptoriness in the manner in which, at the instance of the sister-in-law who now occupied his mother's place as goodwife of Greenferns, Isaac had been warned that his presence would not be any longer welcome at the old family home.

"Weel, weel, Isaac, there's but ae gate o't," said the wright's wife when the dominie had explained the situation and indicated his wish to become a lodger in her family; or otherwise, his readiness to accept advice as to his proper course. "Ye maun jist leuk out a suitable pairtner an' set up hoose."

"Mairry, ye mean?"

"I jist mean that; there's naething else 'll mak' ye sure o' a comfortable hame."

"That's vera like a woman's reasonin' at ony rate," answered Isaac.

"An' unco like your ain reasonin', isna't, maister?" said the wright's wife.

"Ou, nae doot, in the general; but particular circumstances maun be ta'en into account. That's entirely oot o' the question for me."

"Ye're like some ither folk that we've heard o', if I'm to believe your story. Ye've a better advice to gie than ye ha'e to keep. Hoo a'fen ha'e I heard you praisin' the mairriet state as the only road to happiness! An' that's the example ye gie!"

"I maun even alloo that ye've the whip han' o' me, Mrs. M'William. But there are exceptions to a' rules, ye ken; an' I'm clean oot o' the coont. It canna be," added Isaac, with much seriousness.

"So ye say; but ye've gi'en nae sufficient reason. I'm nae jokin in the least," said the wright's wife.

"Far be't fae me to say't," was the laconic answer.

But the wright's wife was able clearly enough to see that Isaac was not in the mood to encourage or warrant further prosecution of the theme, and, like a sensible woman, she refrained, merely adding,

"Ou weel, I maun even try an' dee my best for you; but dinna expect that ye'll ever owercome the feelin' o' fremitness a' thegither in ony ither

hooose, till ye sit doon wi' a' your eedols, great or sma', aboot you at your ain ingle cheek."

And the upshot of the matter was, that the wright's wife agreed to take Isaac as a lodger, for the time being at least, on terms that were quite satisfactory to both parties.

Isaac Ronald was a man of intensely strong social instincts and strictly domestic habits, and in the new relationship of lodger he could not help being conscious of a certain measure of that "fremitness" of which the wright's wife had honestly warned him. Even under the auspices of a couple full of genuine kindness and goodwill toward him, the feeling remained that, after all, he stood in a kind of outer circle. There were matters intimately affecting those who lived in close contiguity under the same roof with himself, affecting others, too, members and relatives of the family who merely came and went, with which he had no right to intermeddle, and into which, he told himself, he must avoid even the slightest appearance of prying. Life had presented itself, so far, in a new phase, which, as so often happens to us, mere theorising would not have enabled him completely to realise apart from the applied lesson furnished by that suggestive teacher, personal experience. Isaac was too sensible a man not to see things quickly in their proper relations. But for all that, the lapse of time, even, did not enable him to get quite reconciled to the domestic arrangement under which he was placed. His keenly sensitive and sympathetic nature forbade it.

The indulgence of mere personal likings, however, had never been Isaac Ronald's besetting sin. He had now become severed from the place that all his life long had been known to him as home; and, short way off as it was, he knew that he could never again either return thither or recall the old forms and associations that made it what it had been to him. But why should he brood or repine? What he had got to do was simply to nerve himself afresh for the duties that lay to his hand; to renew the resolution that things which affected only his own feeling or comfort, that perchance deprived him of some personal enjoyment, or stood in the way of a fuller realisation of what life in its merely sensuous aspects could give, must be strictly subordinated to such considerations as bore on the true ends of life in its higher meaning of a service to God and our fellow-men. Few men, I truly believe, have entertained such convictions more sincerely than Isaac Ronald did; and to few men could the endeavour to carry them out in their lives have involved more of real self-sacrifice. As time went on, changes in the wright's household tended to make his position there more isolated and constrained than before; and he could not even "flit," there being no other family within range of the school who could take him in. The thought of a home of his own, after which his heart would have fondly enough yearned, had the idea been allowed

to find lodgment therein, would come up unbidden now and again.

"Still an' on," said Isaac to himself, at such times, "whan it's a thing clearly unattainable, it's sinfu' to lat the min' rest on it. The path o' duty lies clear aneuch afore me. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I suffer nae inconvenience in the meanwhile but what may weel be borne. As for the future, if it's ever mine, my faith in the Hand that's guidit me thus far ocht surely to be able to trust that Hand still, if only in remembrance o' the promise, 'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them by paths that they have not known.'"

And in this spirit the dominie laboured on, with manifold feelings of contentment and thankfulness. Self-indulgence had at no time been his habit. And, if there was less of domestic convenience and restfulness for him than his nature seemed to crave, it appeared to him very likely that this was just the sort of discipline most needed for the testing and strengthening of his soul's health, and to prevent his getting too fond of bodily ease and comfort.

XI.—ANNIE SYMON'S EXPERIENCES.

IT was but seldom that incidents of a novel or startling character occurred within the range of events affecting the Bankmill public. And, as a natural consequence, interest was at once and keenly aroused by what would perhaps have excited comparatively little attention in a wider community. The report had gone out that Annie Symon was returning to her home in broken health, and the news was at once known to the whole neighbourhood. Annie had visited the locality but rarely during the past four or five years, having, indeed, been for part of that time in England along with the family in whose service she was. Her marriage with Andrew Irvine, long talked of, and fully expected, had never taken place. And now it never would, for Annie was "far gone in a decline." So said the gossips of the region, and the gossips naturally knew all about it. Andrew Irvine had treated Annie badly, they said, in keeping the poor girl waiting on so long in deference to the feelings and prejudices of his proud mother; and this was the sad end of it all!

The gossips might be right, or they might not, but there could be no doubt of the fact that when Annie Symon returned to the shelter of her parents' roof at the Bankmill she was very visibly changed from the bright blooming Annie Symon they had been wont to see. That Annie was seriously ill her wan cheeks and languid step too certainly testified. And, as a matter of course, the nature and probable issue of her illness formed a general subject of speculative remark.

To Isaac Ronald the enfeebled state of Annie's health was a matter of deep concern. Their intercourse for the past half-dozen years had been of the

very slightest, and Isaac, whatever dawns of a tenderer feeling might have stirred his heart at one time, had for long ceased to think of her otherwise than as the affianced of another man. And thus, when Annie was once again at home, he had no feeling of difficulty or restraint in visiting at the mill and the miller's house as often as he felt prompted. It was so far a resumption of the old familiar relations, when he was wont to give Annie evening lessons after her return from days spent at the "sewster's," only that Annie was no longer an inexperienced girl, but a grown woman, who had been out in the world, and had not escaped her own share of what the world, in one shape or another, and sooner or later, brings to us all.

"Ah, it's but owre true," soliloquised Isaac. "Whatever the cause may be, Annie's far fae weel, an' it's evident to them that kens her, that, calm an' cheerfu' as her words may seem to be, her min' 's, in a mainer, troubl't an' depress't. But aifter a', that may be nae cause o' won'er. Body an' min' sympathese, an' it can be nae easy task, in a situation like hers, to bear the strain o' things whan ane's duties maun be regulated by the demands o' high life, driven on at the imperious will o' fashion."

Isaac Ronald was quite disposed to do his best to amuse and interest Annie in her invalid condition. It was in April she had returned home, and now the opening summer had fairly set in. Annie was less confined indoors, but still wanted strength to move about much. As the summer advanced, however, she gradually extended her walks by the burnside and across the whin-grown braes, Isaac not unfrequently accompanying her, until they had gone over all the more accessible of his favourite haunts. That Annie's health had sensibly improved was a fact beyond dispute, and the dominie had not failed to notice it with much satisfaction, a satisfaction that was immediately dashed by the thought that, so soon as her strength allowed, Annie would be away again, and the available society of the place left all the poorer in consequence.

"But aifter a'," thought Isaac in his inward musings, "why should I complain? I had no richt to expect the pleasant intercourse the simmer has brocht me. Though only for a time, I ocht to be thankfu'. It's vera different, nae doot, fae the prospect that Andrew Irvine can rest his min' upon; but——"

And Isaac's train of thought suffered abrupt divergence. But could there be truth in what current report had said of Andrew Irvine having gone far to break faith with Annie? Certain it was that, though living at only twenty miles' distance, he had never once during those summer months visited the Bankmill to see her. And Isaac further reflected on the fact that not only had he never during that time heard Annie mention Andrew's name, but that when it had come up on the lips of others in her presence she had carefully

eschewed saying a single word regarding him. Possibly it was all very explicable, concluded Isaac, on the ordinary principles by which love affairs are controlled, only it was puzzling to him; and the thought did not at once pass from his mind, but continued to revolve itself therein greatly more than he felt to be desirable or profitable.

XII.—A SATURDAY EVENING WALK.

IT was toward sunset, on a fine Saturday afternoon in early September, when the golden hue of harvest had already enriched the landscape, that Isaac Ronald, having strolled away up the burnside to the margin of the heather, thereafter bent his steps northward to the higher ground, from which a prospect, some miles in length, could be had down the long circuitous valley to the richer haugh lands, amidst which the Bankmill burn, having run its course, merged itself in the larger stream of the Dava. As seen under the slanting beams of the westerling sun the scene was worthy of all the admiration that Isaac had so frequently bestowed upon it. But while he never deemed his walk misspent for the simple enjoyment of nature as it lay there outspread before him, Isaac would never have thought of saying on this occasion that he did not know of Annie Symon having gone to the Hatton on the bare table-land beyond, or that he did not hope to meet her, and walk home with her in the quiet gloaming.

The miller and his wife, indeed, knew it all right well, though without questions asked or information given.

It was not the first time that Isaac Ronald and Annie Symon had enjoyed the view from the crown of the hill together. In Annie's school days, as has been already said, one of the dominie's most favoured excursions with his elder pupils had been to that very spot, where, leaving the pathway and mounting a steep little knoll, the most commanding view could be had. And as they now stood there together and gazed downward on the fields of ripened grain, with here and there an early patch cut and stooked; green pasture-fields, with their peaceful occupants quietly browsing or settling to rest for the night, intervening to vary the rich panorama; and the feeling of day's decline, heralding the restfulness of the approaching Sabbath, gathering over farmstead and outlying cottage alike—memories of the past could not fail to be awakened. They gazed their fill for the time; and then, after enjoying the scene, so suggestive of the majestic gentleness and bountiful liberality of the Hand by which the earth is nourished, from another viewpoint, returned to the same spot before turning their steps homeward.

They had been silent for a few minutes, when, turning to his companion to offer some remark on the landscape, Isaac was startled to see tears stealing silently down Annie's cheeks. Like the modest man he was, he checked his utterance, and

averted his eyes as he saw that Annie had caught his look and instantly sought to recover her composure.

"We'll step doon the brae noo," said Isaac, after another brief pause. "Ye sudna be oot aifter sundoun, ye ken," he added, in a tone half-playful, half-serious.

"It's full time," replied Annie promptly, "though I'm thankfu' to say the need for avoidin' the gloamin' air is less than it was; an' I ha'e the prospect, through the merciful kindness o' Him who provides for an' watches o'er a' His creatures, o' bein' soon able to dee my wark again."

She had stepped down lightly enough, though without disdain the aid of the hand held out to her, and forthwith endeavoured to efface any painful impression that might have been left through her temporary exhibition of keenly-awakened feeling by talking in a more lively strain than usual. It was a longish walk home, however, and every now and then there would come a pause in the conversation, during which, despite the lessening gloaming light, Isaac imagined he could gather from the expression on Annie's face that her true mood of mind was more troubled than she would wish to be known. As they approached her home at the Bankmill, Isaac, who had been walking close by Annie's side, after a few minutes' silence, suddenly stopped, and taking her hand in his said,

"Annie, ye'll excuse me; but we maun un'erstan' ane anither better than this."

Isaac paused, and Annie remained silent, with downcast eyes, as she quietly withdrew her trembling fingers from his grasp.

"I've kent ye sin' ye were a bairn, an' I hope ye can trust me—tell me what troubles you."

"Dinna, oh, dinna ask it," said Annie, entreatingly.

"I ken there's something preyin' on your min', an' I only wish you to believe that if I could sair you there's nae sacrifice on earth I wud grudge to secure your happiness, Annie."

"My dearest frien', I cud trust my life on the truth o' ilka word ye say. It's but a common sorrow, I can weel believe," said Annie, with a pathetic earnestness. "It's past; but the past an' its effects canna be forgotten in a day. Noo I've taul' you a' that it's possible to say. Ye winna be displeas't if I bid you nae ask mair."

"Annie, forgi'e me if I've deen wrang," replied Isaac; "but fae the day I kent you as a wee lassie till noo your influence on my life has been far greater than ye could believe, an' if I could in ony wise prove my regard for or be o' the sma'est use to you—"

Again Isaac had taken Annie's hand firmly in his. This time she did not seek to withdraw it, as she quietly answered,

"I can trust you wi' a perfect trust. Ye left me nae room to dee ither lang, lang ago. It was yoursel' that made me what I am, an' fortifiet me to be able to dee what I've deen at some cost to

mysel'. An' if I maun ask you to forbear pressin' me further, believe me, it's nae for want o' confidence to tell you what I ken wud be safe in your keepin'."

"Annie, I'm quite content," said Isaac. "Lat time tell its ain tale. I fervently trust it'll bring naething but increased happiness to you;" and as he ceased to speak Isaac drew Annie toward him, and respectfully kissed her tear-bedewed cheek.

And with few more words they parted at the door of the miller's cottage.

Rev. Prof. James Robertson, D.D.

(Concluded.)

THE conflict which ought never to have been waged was over. By the Secession of 1843 a great and avoidable calamity had fallen on Scotland, which for many a year would number among its results resentful memories and unbrotherly separation of Christians; harsh and repellent forms of the religious life; the churches weakened by division, hindered in their work by sectarian rivalry, and confessedly unable to cope with growing irreligion, pauperism, and superstition.

There is a brighter side, and we turn to it. The wrath of man shall praise God. To the Free Church there was opened a door of opportunity for splendid sacrifice, new liberality, prolonged effort—and bravely she entered in. For the Church of Scotland anything was better than the wasteful fight of ten years, during which, to a very large extent, her energy had been misdirected, and the Master's work had remained undone. It was no fault of her loyal sons that they had had to spend their strength in war—generally unsuccessful war—when their souls were longing for the proper duty of a Church of Christ. And now the time had come. The causes of contention had fallen away, as it were, in an instant. The incompetent legislation of past years was not even reversed by the General Assembly, but was treated as a nullity, and therefore incapable of repeal.

Robertson was again in the front, a Moderate whose moderation was that "sweet reasonableness" which St. Paul enjoined,¹ and which was practised in its perfection by Christ. Never having been a partisan, he was innocent of the rancour of party. When he found himself, at Durness in Sutherland, three months after the Secession, so circumstanced on a Sunday that he could not attend divine service except by worshipping with the Free Church, he quietly took his place with the congregation on the hillside. It was an example much needed in those days, but he merely said in explanation, "It was my duty to worship my Maker in conjunction with my fellow-sinners." Having contended for a constitutional Church because persuaded that he was thus contending for Christ's cause in Scotland, what he now desired for the Church was not rest,

¹ τὸ ἐπιεικὲς ὑμῶν = your forbearance—Phil. iv. 5.

nor even prosperity as it is commonly understood, but efficiency and readiness to serve. In the Assembly of 1843 we find him kindling anew the enthusiasm of the Church for its desolated India Mission. He was interrupted by frequent applause as he lifted missionary effort to the foremost place, saying in regard to our Foreign Mission, "I hold the support of such an institution to be the great end of the Christian Church;" and again, "I have the fullest conviction that no external circumstances, however disastrous, can uproot our venerable Zion. But if the time should ever come when the Church of Scotland loses its missionary spirit, then indeed will its death-knell be rung."

The events of 1843 necessitating many changes throughout the Church, it was unlikely that such a man should be permitted to remain in his beloved parish of Ellon. By the kind offices of the Earl of Aberdeen, grandfather of the present peer, he was appointed to the Chair of Divinity and Church History in the University of Edinburgh—parting from his parish and from the presbytery of Ellon with mutual and deep regret. He had previously refused a ministerial charge and chair of divinity in Aberdeen, and accepted the degree of D.D. from Marischal College and University in that city. For two years thereafter his new duties withheld him from taking a prominent part in the re-organisation of the Church. Yet his biographer has preserved anecdotes of his unchanged and resolute bearing in the Assembly. The Assembly had come to a decision, excluding from the pulpits of the Church all who were not qualified to accept a presentation to one of her livings. Dr. Robertson's comment was:—this "practically shuts out the Church of Scotland from the Church Universal." His view has prevailed, and an incumbent may now, on complying with certain wise provisions, open his pulpit to the clergy of other churches. On the Maynooth question he held the unpopular opinion that the State grant to that college was an act of justice to the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and accordingly, in the Assembly of 1845, "amid consternation" he proceeded to avow this conviction. He went on to say, "If the alternative lies between education in conjunction with the Roman Catholic religion—corrupt as it is—and education merely secular and in conjunction with no religion at all, I have no hesitation in preferring the former alternative to that withering mode of enlightening the human mind, by which it is deprived of all means of recognising a superior spiritual power." When he ended his speech he had not convinced his audience, but he had compelled their respect, and he sat down amid loud cheers.

This seems the place to describe the Professor of Church-History. The writer was one of his students in later years. Gentle and loving as Dr. Robertson was—so tender and winning that in a manse where he was visiting, a little child crept to his side during the family worship, which he was

conducting, and was found at the close of the good man's prayer nestled in his arms—yet, when he came to write or speak, it was a defect in him that he could not put his hand lightly on any subject. Even his playfulness was elaborate—and it must be confessed that his lectures were heavy. Half an hour's drill from a text-book in the hands of the students might often have been substituted with advantage for lectures which had cost him a world of trouble. But having said thus much, all else is happy and thankful recollection.

We loved him; and if—partly from our want of that elementary knowledge for our possession of which he had taken no sufficient security—our interest in the lectures sometimes flagged, at any rate our enthusiasm for our professor never waned. Doubtless his greatest power over us was moral. It was an education to come into contact with a spiritual nature so intense, a mind so strong and withal so tolerant. His large views of the divine order in history might be but dimly apprehended at the time: but his simple piety helped our faith; his goodness seemed to penetrate and rebuke us. His very peculiarities became dear to us—the ponderous thought, the rugged eloquence, the Aberdonian pronunciation of certain words, the sudden drop of an octave in his voice—we would not have had one of them altered. Who could resist a man of whom his friend and biographer truly says:—"His overflowing earnestness made him a living epistle, known and read most lovingly by young men;" and whom Dr. Charteris on another page thus photographs:—"What old student does not recall with an affectionate smile the sight of the warm-hearted professor erect in his desk, reading with amazing speed, his spectacles pushed away back on the upright hair (spectacles never seemed to fit him), a snuff between his finger and thumb which he had no time to take, every muscle of his face quivering, while he denounced the vagaries of Warburton, or asserted the moral manhood of Hildebrand!" Ah me! the pleasant time! the good man (we thought him old, but that was because we were young) who counselled so kindly when we read to him our essays, and was so genial in his home when he gathered us to his suppers! the happy friendships of the student-days—so many of them now intermitted for a season!

But we have still to speak of Dr. Robertson as the Convener of the Endowment Scheme. While yet in the manse of Ellon he had been an ardent supporter of Dr. Chalmers's Church Extension movement, which gave to Scotland two hundred chapels erected by voluntary liberality. Dr. Chalmers cherished what proved to be a vain hope that the State would endow those chapels. For no man ever saw more clearly than he did the value of endowment. The object of endowment—Chalmers was wont to say—was not to aggrandise the clergyman, but to cheapen the Christian education of the people; and he compared unendowed

churches (it is fair to say the comparison would not be universally just at the present day) to fly-fishers whose operations do not reach to the muddy bottoms, while endowed churches are fishers with a long line going down to the lowest depths. When the State refused to endow his chapels, Chalmers despaired. But Robertson rose to the conception of endowing them all by voluntary effort, and so, by a masterly use of the voluntary principle, delivering them from that which is evil in voluntarism.

It was to be the greatest work of his life. In 1846 he succeeded to the convenership of a committee on chapels of ease, which from that time was called the Committee on Endowment. There is no space here to tell how he toiled and suffered—the story is written in his memoir. The apathy of many of his brethren greatly increased his labour, and he was often very weary. “I am sadly annoyed,” he wrote, “with the almost interminable delays of the clergy. I do feel that it is almost a won cause when we can once get the privilege of coming into immediate contact with the people.” In 1853 he wrote:—“I do indeed long to be relieved of a task which has increased in difficulty in much the same ratio in which my resources and energies have suffered decay.” The opposition of the few was extremely audible to his sensitive spirit, while, as often happens, the growing love and admiration of the whole Church were for a long time unexpressed. But he had counted the cost, he knew what he was doing, and it was not in his nature to give in. There was scarcely a district in Scotland in which he did not hold meetings. It does one good to read that when, at first, his meetings sometimes consisted of a few poor old women in a cold church on a winter evening, “the Convener rose and expounded his scheme as earnestly as though he were addressing a vast assembly.” He gained their hearts, and begged for their prayers. His power lay in that unconquerable trustfulness. At home his study was the scene of endless correspondence and organisation. Every season found him in London, meeting members of Parliament and great Scottish landowners, many of whom responded munificently to his appeals. He would spend twenty hours at a stretch in such efforts. This was his London holiday! Though always willing, and latterly anxious, that some younger man should carry on the scheme to completion, and receive the credit of its success, he was yet sustained by a modest sense that he was doing the thing most necessary for his Church, and therefore for his country. He wrote in 1856:—“Had there been no such schemes in operation for reclaiming our many waste places, as the Home Mission and Endowment Schemes, it is my unalterable conviction indeed, that the counsels of those who have been long plotting the ruin of the Church must have been by this time on the point of prevailing.”

We must hasten to a close. The highest honour which the Church of Scotland can bestow—the Moderatorship of the General Assembly—came to him in 1857. He was able to report £61,000 as the offering of that year for Endowment. Three years more, and he was able to tell the Assembly of 1860 of a total of nearly £400,000 subscribed, and sixty new parishes erected, with a prospect of the number soon being 150—each of them a limited area for territorial evangelisation, with ordinances and pastoral superintendence provided for the poor. Moreover, the Church was roused. She needs rousing yet; but to hear the present Convener reporting that the Scheme has now given 312 such parishes to the land, makes one thankful for God’s goodness, and hopeful that God has still great things to do by the old Church which has vindicated her right to be seated in the affections of the people.

But that year, 1860, was to be Dr. Robertson’s last. He was all his life a hard-wrought, over-driven man. When he wrote his class lectures, “it was generally past midnight when he left his library, and about four o’clock in the morning he resumed his work; he spent fully eighteen hours of the twenty-four in this room.” When Endowment became his mission the work was not lighter, only different, and far more harassing. He was the first Convener—but was not to be the last—to give his life for the Endowment cause. He had had severe domestic bereavements. One stepson, who died of consumption, was affectionately tended by the busy man. Another—Captain James Douglass, of the Madras Cavalry—died in action in India, binding his mortal wound with a sash, and charging at the head of his men. Dr. Robertson had the utmost hope in the death of those beloved ones; but the blows were heavy. His wife, to whom he wrote everything when he was from home, was mercifully spared to him. His last letter to her thus ends—“God bless you and keep you as the apple of His eye.—Ever thine ain.” It was given to her, and two other loving ones, to watch by him when the end came. His illness was exhaustion, predisposing to, and ending in, typhoid fever. On the last day of his life—Sunday, 2d December, 1860—he said to his doctor, Professor Miller, “If I recover from this I shall never disobey your orders again, but work just so many hours as you bid me.” “My dear friend,” was the reply, “God seems about to call you to Himself.” And the answer came quickly—“So be it. I would have gladly remained a little longer and worked God’s work here, not as I would, but as I could, had such been His blessed will; but if He sees best to take me now, I am ready.”

He died while prayer was being offered for him, at afternoon service, in almost every city church in Edinburgh.

He was only fifty-seven.

J. M’MURTRIE.



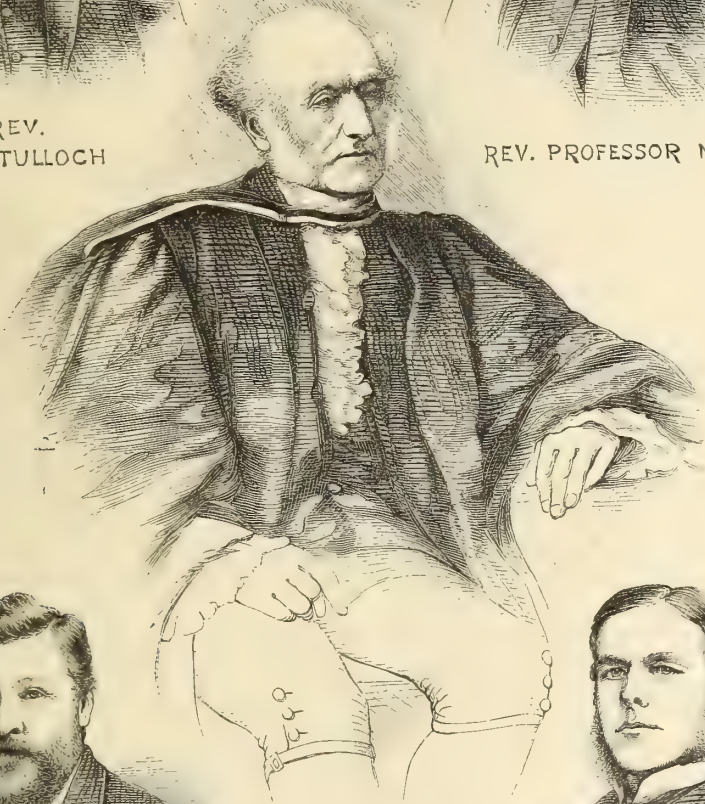
VERY REV.
PRINCIPAL TULLOCH



REV. DR. PHIN.



REV. PROFESSOR MILLIGAN.



THE RIGHT REV.
THE MODERATOR
DR. SMITH.



W. J. MENZIES ESQ. W.S.
AGENT.



WM MACKINTOSH ESQ.
PROCURATOR.

THE
MODERATOR'S TABLE.

PEARSON JR.

The Church of Scotland's Guild or Young Men's Union.

THE above has been for some time the designation of a project, but since the General Assembly of 1881, which sanctioned it, and especially since the 16th of March 1882, when the first Conference of its delegate-members was held, it must be regarded as an actually existing and very promising Association. Our readers have had from time to time short notices of its purpose and progress, but the time has now come for a fuller exposition. We may present the plan of the Guild in answer to questions which are often asked.

1. *What is the Young Men's Guild?*

The first rules in the "Interim Constitution," as approved by the General Assembly, are:—

The Association shall be called "The Church of Scotland's Guild or Young Men's Union." The general object of the Union shall be to stimulate the spiritual and intellectual life of young men, and to encourage them to undertake works of Christian usefulness.

The project is to band the Young Men of the Church together, so that from within themselves, by the prayerful use of their own energies and opportunities, they may benefit each other in mind and heart, and in doing good work. There are clubs or alliances of young men in almost all town and city congregations, and there is a Minister's Bible Class in almost every parish in Scotland. It is proposed to form out of all these a league of the members, so that their horizon may be widened, so that the consciousness of their alliance may be a stimulus to them, and that they may have the worthy pride which all of us have in belonging to a noble corporation, as the true British soldier has in the British army, as the sailor has in the navy, the student in his university.

2. *What benefit will the Guild bring to its Members?*

We answer that the very alliance with so many other like-minded young men will lift up the susceptible heart of the youthful member. Youth is the period when passion and ambition tend to isolate man, and it is also the period when human instincts make him seek to strengthen all that is best in him by intercourse with those of the same spirit as himself. The more we can develop the desire of our best young men to associate with each other, the more easy will it be for a young man to cleanse his way, being attentive thereunto according to God's word. He will enroll himself as hitherto—but more readily—in the Morning Fellowship Union and the Minister's Bible Class, and suchlike gatherings, for the Class and the Union will become means to an end, signs of an underlying fellowship, instead of being, as they too often are at present, an end in themselves. But, besides this influence of the

Guild in attracting members to the Local Associations, it will confer a real privilege on any member who changes his place of abode. The member of our Guild is an ally of every Local Association which is connected with it, and when he leaves the parish of A for the parish of B he can claim acquaintance with the members of the Guild as soon as he arrives at his new abode. Who does not know and pity the loneliness of the country lad when he finds himself in the great city without acquaintance or friend, either suspecting everybody or trusting everybody that makes advances to him, and with his heart heavy as he realises it? But if he have one of our "Letters of Commendation" with him, he is at once introduced to young men who will take him by the hand and help him to live the good life which the old folks at home are praying that he may maintain. Perhaps the benefit will be still greater if he change his abode from one country parish to another. Every one knows how one half of our young farm-servants migrate from parish to parish every year, or even at the end of six months. One is sorry for those homeless lads; they are so short a time in a parish that the most devoted minister can scarcely know them before they are off and away again. They are "strangers and pilgrims," verily. Well but, if members of such a Guild as this, they would know and be known wherever they might go. They would begin in the new parish where they left off in the old, and so advance in all that is good. They would soon fill the Bible Classes, and they would go with their new friends to the House of God and the Communion Table. What a blessing to them!

3. *What is the relation of the Guild to other existing societies and associations: such as the Young Men's Christian Association, the Sabbath Morning Fellowship Union, etc.?*

It is one of perfect harmony and goodwill. Many of those who are building up our Guild are and have been active and prominent office-bearers of those associations named in the question, or of others kindred to them. To be a Member of the Church of Scotland's Communion Roll does not hinder a man from joining other Christians in good work: to be a member of the Guild does not prevent his maintaining some undenominational "union" or "association." Those associations do not at all occupy the ground of the Guild, because they are not sufficiently spread over the whole country; they do not embrace (as we hope the Guild will embrace) all young men of whatever rank and whatever degree of intellectual attainment; and none of them is based on the society of Christ's Church in the same way as the Guild, which, while both congregational and local, also proposes to embrace all the youth of the Church of Scotland. Their useful function remains: the Edinburgh or Glasgow young men will be allied in their "Christian Association;" the devotedly

pious and studious young men of many parishes will still maintain the excellent "Morning Fellowship Unions;" but we aim at something more extensive and comprehensive. The Guild ought to have its branches in every parish in Scotland. We have faith—as the conductors of this Magazine well may—in the old organisation of the Church of Scotland, with the minister and the people in every parish bound together, from Caithness to Galloway, and from the Hebrides to Aberdeen, in the cause of Christ's Gospel. We find in that organisation a great system of pipes already laid over the whole land; and we only wish to use them a little more in one particular way. We know there are pools and springs in every parish which, if connected, might do far more than they have yet done to water and refresh the land. Some men are always starting new organisations; we see little need for anything but a more thorough use of the old parochial system.

4. *Where will the Guild be of use?—In town or in the country?*

Is it a Scotch peculiarity that this question illustrates? Some of our cautious advisers in cities have assured us that we have no idea of the difficulty of establishing the Guild in large towns since it is so obviously for the benefit of the country; and some of our equally wary country friends have told us that "their young men" will not care for what is clearly a thing of towns! We have come to conclude that there is an enormous amount of power wasted by us all in the manufacture of "caps" for other people. We do not know whether town or country will benefit most; we are quite sure that in both there is great need of such an organisation as the Guild provides.

We say to *Country Ministers*: You often complain that you are isolated, "far from the centre," that "it is so difficult to give young men a helping hand," and so on. We know that you are at your wits' end about the young men who leave your parish; and you have many a time no course open to you but to write to one or two already overburdened ministers in great cities, asking them to "pay special heed" to this young stranger who has become one of their 6000 parishioners, perhaps not even one of their 1200 communicants. Special heed! How is that possible, if you think of it? But here is your chance. Advise your Bible Class to attach itself to the Guild, so that the young man will have a "letter of commendation" when he arrives in one of the modern Babylons, and a body-guard of friends will surround him from his first day in the city. He will hear St. Paul's voice, "Flee youthful lusts: but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart."

We say to *Town Ministers*: You often complain that you work single-handed; that for the actual tear and wear of your duty through the week you get as little help from the eldership as

you get on Sabbath. The sick, the needy, the friendless,—you and your assistant have everything to do for every one of them; and you are always behind with your work, so that you never go along the street but from almost every door the remembrance of an "undone thing" starts up to reproach you, though you toil from morning to night, and from Monday to Saturday. But are you using, as you might, the help of others? It is only one branch of your work that we point to, but for it at least your young men are willing. They might well be organised to welcome the new-comer, to bring in the wanderers, to make straight ways for the feet of the perplexed of their own age. It is quite true that they have a "Morning Fellowship" Meeting; but what are some twenty members but a fraction of the young men in a congregation of 1200? Nothing can be clearer than that a league, alliance, or union of some sort—call it what you will,—more comprehensive than that which exists, is needed to embrace all the lads and youths in the congregation.

And we say to *Young Men*: We prize exceedingly those admirable societies in which you are allied together for Scripture-reading on Sunday morning, or for intellectual exertion on some night during the week. They have been a golden chain binding the best of you together for many a year; and the habits and the friendships which have been formed in them are immortal. We invite all your societies—without delay—to attach themselves to the Guild, for your own sakes and for the sake of the cause. And this is not all we ask. You know that there are many young men in your congregation who are unfit—from want of education, or of leisure, or of nerve—to read an essay, or to make a speech, or to expound a passage, in their turn. One of the delegates at the Conference told us that in the great congregation he represented, he often saw lads come for a day or two to the morning reading, and then drop off to return no more—in fear, as he believed, of having to "prepare a paper" when their turn came. And another delegate, from a congregation of the upper classes—himself a member of the Scottish Bar—told us that the president of their Young Men's Morning Meeting—an eminent member of the Bar—is so impressed with this danger of scaring away those who might feel unable to write an elaborate paper, that he discourages all set speeches, and encourages conversational discussion, so that every one may take part, and so also that a young man may attend a year without opening his mouth, and yet not feel embarrassed. A delegate from a country town said, "When the discussion is not conversational, it is difficult to get any one to stand up; when it is conversational, it is hard to get us all to stop at the end of the hour."

When you know a young man under bad influence, or under no influence, may you not set yourselves to "bring him in" to your present society if you can,

or to some other form of alliance (made for the purpose if need be) which will naturally include such as he is? The Guild has for one of its primary objects, to "encourage young men to undertake works of Christian usefulness." There are many such works lying to your hand; but there is none in which you can be more naturally a fellow-worker with God than this of being a home to the homeless, a hand to the helpless, a rest to the weary, of your own age and church. What is Christ's whole Kingdom but a Society of which He Himself is Head; a family in which each one of you is your "brother's keeper"?

5. How does the Guild propose to effect all this?

It is only beginning. New means will be adopted as necessity suggests and as experience justifies them. Meanwhile it proposes to combine all Societies, Associations, and Bible Classes in the Church of Scotland in one great organisation which shall be ruled by its own office-bearers, elected by the delegates at its annual meeting. Any society which intimates its desire to be connected with the Guild can at once be so connected. All that is needed is that the secretary write to the Secretary of the Christian Life and Work Committee, at 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh, for the requisite papers. Every minister should ask the young men of his Bible Class to meet under his presidency and to intimate this wish; for it is from Bible Classes that most of our country membership must come. If he have both men and women in his class, he can ask the men to meet for this purpose; if he have members of other churches, he can ask the young men of the Church of Scotland to meet; if there be any class or society in which conflicting elements are at work to prevent regular connection, it may be put "in correspondence" with the Guild. In that case its delegate has every privilege at the meeting, except voting. "The Central Committee of the Guild neither arranges the details of the local society nor accepts responsibility for them." But in any case every member of the local Association, or Bible Class, is entitled on changing his residence to one of our "Letters of Commendation," which will secure for him an immediate entry on friendly intercourse in his new abode.

6. What was done at the recent Meeting?

Every affiliated Society had been asked to send one or two delegates, and the Edinburgh members had formed themselves into a Committee of Reception to meet and welcome the country members on their arrival. After they met a Conference was held, at which ninety-six members were present—the Convener of the Christian Life and Work Committee in the Chair. Two hours and a half were spent in friendly conversation on subjects which were taken up in succession. Several laymen have characterised the Conference as the most practical, hearty, and helpful which they had ever

attended. There were delegates from Aberdeen, Dumfries, Peebles, Perth, Paisley, Hamilton, and from rural parishes in various parts of Scotland. It was agreed—

(1.) To hold a similar Conference in Glasgow in autumn of this year, and the First Annual General Meeting in Edinburgh next spring; also, to have district conferences in provincial towns to encourage and increase the local membership.

(2.) To intimate afresh that no one compromises his loyal adherence to another Church, or to another General Association, by being a member of an Association in which the young men of the Church of Scotland combine to be represented in the Guild.

(3.) To have Local Committees in each district or county composed of representatives elected by the societies in the district.

After the Conference all the delegates were entertained at tea; and friendly intercourse was promoted.

In the evening a public meeting was held in the Assembly Hall, the Rev. J. M'Murtrie in the Chair. Short speeches were delivered as follows:—

General Statement of Objects of the Guild or Union—By the CHAIRMAN and Rev. W. ROBERTSON. Christian Fellowship: its Advantages to Young Men—By Rev. Dr. MACGREGOR. The Church's Duties to Young Men—By Rev. JOHN M. ROBERTSON. Young Men's Associations as encouraging Workers, and as training future Office-bearers—By Rev. CHARLES M'GREGOR. Advantages to Young Men of studying the Scriptures together, so as to be helped by Mutual Sympathy—By Rev. GEORGE WILSON. Importance of extending the Guild—By Rev. ROBERT BLAIR. The Sympathy of other Churches—By Rev. Dr. PORTER, Southport (Church of England). Thanks to the Speakers, and Closing Remarks—By Rev. T. S. MARJORIBANKS.

There were about 500 young men present. Thus ends our narrative. No words can be too strong to tell how hearty, even to enthusiasm, was the spirit of the young men at the meetings. If any doubt had lingered on any mind as to the Guild being a practical project, it must have passed away like a baseless dream, when those young, frank, kind faces were seen, and their generous approval was felt in the heart as well as seen and heard.

A. H. CHARTERIS.

Brother Billy and Me.

Concluded.

CHAPTER III.

"Trembling she gazed around,
All round her slept;
O'er the dead ground
Cold shadows crept.

"Not a voice came to her,
Not a warm breath;
What hope lay there for her,
Living 'midst death?"

PET did not feel it a dreary thing to be left thus alone. She was refreshed and strengthened by her rest, and, sure that she would soon meet Billy now, she went on her way hopefully. Besides all nature

wore a look of friendliness just then; for the hard glittering light of day had given place to a tender chastened glow; the rocks and trees spread their shadows for her as she passed; the whispering winds kissed her tearful eyes; the whole wood smiled on her as she went, and wrapped her in a garment of softened light, and her spirit was soothed and cheered with a sense of welcome and protection. But this feeling was too soon to change, for she gradually discovered that from this sunny upland path no trace of the river could be seen. Every now and then she stopped and peered down through the thickly-woven branches to where the sound of its waters was distinctly heard, but the leafy screen was so dense that only a wavelet was sometimes visible. Each step she hoped would bring her to an opening in this wall of greenery, or a turn in the path might lead her down to the margin of the river, but each step brought disappointment, till, no longer able to bear this renewed exile from her brother, she sprang from the path and bounded down the bank, careless of the sprays of brier and bramble that tore her as she hastened on her way.

She was near the river now, but the kindly glow of light she had been walking in was left behind. The thick shade of the trees that grew tier above tier on the high steep bank had already thrown the mantle of night round the place, and a chill wind blew down the glen in fitful gusts. A chill fell also on the spirit of the child; but still she hurried on, at one moment running to the river's brink and calling wildly on her brother, at another hastening her steps lest haply she might overtake him.

And the darkness fell the deeper, and strange winged creatures flitted silently among the trees, and no sound was to be heard save the groaning of the pines, and the throb of the troubled waters as they hurried to their doom.

All at once she heard behind her the noise of some one crashing through the briars and bracken, and then the sound of a heavy tramp coming steadily towards her. She fled from this new and unknown terror like a hunted creature, till at a turn of the path she descried a kind of cave formed by a huge tree which had fallen against a rock. In an instant she had parted the ivy sprays that hung over the mouth, and crept in. Crouching there with her face close to the rock, the poor child thought herself concealed, but her white frock was clearly seen through the green fringe that hung over the entrance to her hiding-place.

Would the step pass on? She held her breath to hear. It stops! still she is hidden, and it may move again. But no! it comes towards her—is at the very mouth of the cave, and a hand is feeling over her dress and feet, while her heart almost ceases to beat with fear.

"What's this? what's this?" says a kindly Highland voice, and she finds herself drawn from her den.

"Och, och! dinna be feared, wee missy, dinna be feared. Nobody will touch you. But will there be no person with you in the woods at this time of night? And where is it you will be going to?"

"Hoot, toot, toot," said the man, clapping her gently, for he felt her still trembling. "It's Duncan the keeper they call me, and no wee missy need be feared for me, for I've got a wee lassie of my own at home, and I'll take you to her and the wife till such times as yer friends come for ye. I doot they'll be seekin' for ye the noo!"

"Oh, p'ease, it's me that's seeking for Billy, and p'ease don't take me away from the *wiver*!" she pleaded as he lifted her in his arms. "For Billy's gone sailin' on to the town, and I'm running after as fast as I can, but I *can't* get near him at all, sailin' is so vely fast."

"Your brother! sailin' on the river!" he exclaimed. "What can the bairn mean?" She was now comfortably settled on Duncan's shoulder, the way her father always carried her, and the man's kindly voice and gentle ways inclined her to be confidential, so she proceeded to explain.

"Oh! when Billy and me came to stay with our Nanny, we had never seen a *wiver*, never, *never*, in all our lives, and oh, it *was* nice, and we always played in it, and sat on the stones, and Billy and me, we always said, if it ever came big, we'd go sailing and sailing away on the *wiver*, away and away till we came to the town, and then away and away till we came to the ships, and then away and away till we came to the sea—and the *wiver* was vely, vely big to-day, 'ou know, and Nanny said we wasn't to go down, and we didn't go down, for we always does what Nanny says (and oh! will 'ou p'ease to say to Nanny that we didn't go down?), but just when we was on the bank looking, all in a minute, Billy went flying into the air, and somethin' knocked me down, and when I got up and looked he had flewed away right on to the *wiver* and was sailin' away, oh! ever so fast, and he waved me his hand to come with him, but I *couldn't* jump in, I was *fwightened* to jump, so I'se been running beside him all day."

"Wife," said Duncan as he entered his cottage, "here's a bonny bairn for ye; take good care of her till I get back from the Inns, maybe her folks will be there seekin' her. She's been lost all by hersel' in the wood." Then he added in a lower tone, "Yon fearsome gust o' wind has done more than fell the muckle oak, or I'm mista'en."

"Oh! p'ease," said Pet, when she saw him going out; "don't leave me here—don't leave me! oh, take me with you to seek for Billy; I couldn't go to s'leep without finding Billy, for we always s'leeps togesser at night, and holds our hands when we says 'Our Father!'" and she turned to the woman, who was detaining her with gentle force, and kissed her dress and hands as she struggled to be gone.

She gained her wish. Duncan could not resist

her appeal, and though he was conscious it might not be best for her to take her with him to the town, he nevertheless shouldered once more his precious burden, and walked out into the night.

CHAPTER IV.

"Life ne'er divided us ; death tried,
But could not."

WHEN the brushmaker first arrived at the Inn, he was too much occupied with his own affairs to observe anything unusual about the crowd collected round the door ; and it was not till he had settled all his business connected with the coming fair that he noticed, on going to the bar for his accustomed glass, a look of eager curiosity on the faces of the bystanders, and an air of mysterious importance about certain persons who were hurrying through the passage.

"Ha'e they rubbed the body weel?" said one.

"Have they tried hot flannels?" said another.

On all sides voices were heard suggesting special remedies.

"What's up?" said the brushmaker at this point.

Every one now pressed forward with an account of what had happened, and a confused din ensued. Out of it, however, the brushmaker gathered this much—that the body of a boy had been found at the bridge above the town—a little boy in sailor suit. No one knew who he was, or where he came from. He had no name on his clothes, only two letters.

It was now the brushmaker's turn to be important, and eager faces gathered round as he gave his contribution to the mystery ; but he was interrupted in his recital by cries of, "Here's the bailie and the doctor!" and the crowd pressed back against the walls of the passage to let Bailie Thomson's portly figure pass, as, followed by the doctor, he made his way through the tap-room into a room beyond.

Then the brushmaker resumed his tale, and several men were on the point of volunteering to "draw the wood for the wee bit lassie," when the man nearest the door called out, "Here is Duncan the keeper, wi' a lassie on his *shooter*"—and a deep-drawn breath of intense excitement escaped the crowd as they entered.

By this time the bailie and the doctor had returned to the tap-room, and were conversing in a solemn tone. The open doorway was quickly filled in by a row of faces waiting with eager curiosity for news.

"What do ye think, bailie?" "Will he come round, doctor?" and suchlike questions were asked now and again in the harsh penetrating whisper thought suitable to the circumstances.

Then Bailie Thomson came to the door. This was an occasion, and he must speak as became an occasion. "It is my sad duty to inform you," he said, "that after minute examination, and the application of every known remedy, no signs of animation have been detected, and it is the doc-

tor's opinion that life is now extinct. I must, therefore, call upon all of you to give what assistance you can in discovering the relatives of the deceased, who does not appear to have been a resident in our town."

Half a dozen mouths were agape before he had finished his sentence, brimful of the important news that a sister had arrived on the scene.

"She's here. She's just come the noo. Duncan the keeper fand her in the Duke's wood."

"Bring her before me," said the magistrate. "We must have her evidence."

The tables had been turned against the wall, leaving the floor clear. The bailie drew a chair into a central position, and sat down. The crowd of helpers and onlookers pressed in and stood in a half-circle on either side of him, as Duncan led Pet into the room and placed her in front of them all.

"Here's the corpse's sister, bailie," cried one of the more excited of the bystanders. (An ordinary death could not hold a candle to this for cheerful interest.)

Duncan had demurred at bringing Pet into the room at first, she looked so unfit to encounter these men ; but there was an official aspect about things that overcame his scruples. He had a great reverence for law, and evidently law was here.

First of all, Duncan was called upon to give an account of what he knew ; and then the bailie turned to Pet.

"Hem," he began, clearing his throat. He was not sure how to proceed in this case. "What is your name, my girl, and with whom do you reside?"

She took no notice of this or any other question that was put to her. She was not afraid of these men ; but, exhausted in body and mind, and dazzled with the lights, she simply did not notice them. So with a weary look in her eyes, and a pitiful curve about her lips, the little red-cloaked figure stood silently before them.

But Duncan began to think this would not do ; the law might object to be treated in this way, and might act unpleasantly.

"Speak up to the shentleman, missie," said he, stooping down and clapping her gently. "Speak up to him pretty. He'll maybe hae something to tell ye about yer brither, about Billy, ye ken."

Light began to dawn on her face at the sound of the beloved name, and her tongue was loosed.

"Oh, p'ease," she said, "to tell me about my Billy. I've been seeking him all the day. Oh, *will* 'ou p'ease to twy and find him?" and she clasped her hands in an agony of supplication.

"What age was your brother? Was he older than you are?" the Bailie began again, now that she had found her voice.

"What clothes had your brother on when you saw him last?" pursued the magistrate.

Here a man pushed forward.

"Ye'll never get naething oot o' her that gait, Bailie," he cried. "She hasna as muckle sense as

answer ye. Just get in the corpse's claes, and ye'll see fine if she kens them."

Pet did not understand what they were speaking about; the word corpse had no association for her.

Presently the man returned carrying the sailor suit. With a cry Pet sprang towards it and caught it from him.

"Oh! where has 'ou put my Billy?" she said. "'Ou must have got him here. Let me go to him. Oh! let me go," she cried, for she had made a dart towards the door of the inner room, and was struggling with many detaining hands.

"Let her be," said the bailie, "let her be. It will be satisfactory if she identifies the body;" and he took the child by the hand and led her into the room, the rest following.

They had wrapped him in a pure white sheet and laid him on a seat in the old-fashioned window.

Pet entered and saw him. "O Billy, my Billy," she cried, "I have found 'ou at last!" and with a little, soft laugh of entire delight she stretched out her arms and ran across the room; but as she drew near she checked herself. His hair lay loose on the pillow, curtains fell at his head and his feet, and he seemed, by the dim light of the lamp, to be asleep in their own little bed at Nanny's.

She approached on tip-toe, with uplifted finger, as if teaching silence to her joy, and gazed on his face with unutterable tenderness, but her long waiting and now satisfied heart craved for a kiss—just one. She stooped and pressed her lips upon his forehead.

What a cry rang through that room as she turned and fled! A piercing, heartbroken scream. What a cruel contrast between the absolute joy of one moment and the utter nothingness of the next!

"Who?—where?" was all she could gasp, when she was caught in the arms of her nurse, "her own dear Nanny," who had been searching for her children with untiring feet ever since the morning.

She sat down with Pet across her knee, anxiously watching for a returning breath. She loosened her clothes and laid her hand upon her heart, and bent her ear to her lips, but neither heart nor lip gave any sign. Still she sat on. The bustling, fussy men, now awed into silence, stood quietly around or gave what help was needed reverently. Long did they wait and watch and hope, till one by one the lines that agony had drawn on the sweet young face gave place to lines of rest and peace.

At last Pet's search was over; she had found her brother. I. G. C.

THE MODERATOR'S TABLE (PAGE 73).

OUR Portrait-Group consists of:—The Right Reverend the Moderator (1881), JAMES SMITH, D.D., Cathcart. The Very Rev. Principal of St. Mary's, St. Andrews, JOHN TULLOCH, D.D., Principal Clerk of Assembly. The Rev. WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism, Aberdeen, Clerk-Depute. The Rev. K. M. PHIN, D.D., Convener of Business Committee. WILLIAM MACKINTOSH, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff of Ross, etc., Procurator for the Church. WILLIAM JOHN MENZIES, Esq., W.S., Agent for the Church.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find the story of the making of the serpent of brass, and the story of its destruction.
2. Where and why does Christ compare Himself to the brazen serpent?
3. What chapter of Isaiah is also found in an historical book?
4. What woman did David bless because she prevented him from shedding blood?
5. Name five women included in St. Matthew's genealogy of Christ.
6. Find the largest recorded number of conversions after a sermon.
7. What had happened before the sermon which may explain this result?
8. Find at least six passages where Christ promises the Holy Spirit.
9. Find these proper names, and mark their pronunciation—Core, Eneas, Stephanas, Achaicus, Attalia, Philemon.
10. Where is the sin of Core told at length?

ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

1. Matt. 12. 40; 16. 21; 20. 19. 2. Luke 24. 4-7; John 20. 12. 3. Matt. 28. 11-15. 4. Matt. 28. 17; Luke 24. 16. 5. John 20. 14; 21. 4. 6. 1 Cor. 15. 35-38. 7. Acts 2. 29-32. 8. Acts 13. 36, 37. 9. Ps. 16. 10. 10. John 20. 1, 19, 26.

ERRATUM.—In fourth answer last month for *Numbers* read *Joshua*.

Calendar for May.

1	M.	Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. 3. 9.
2	Tu.	Call upon Me: I will deliver thee.—Ps. 50. 15.
3	W.	The Lord will receive my prayer.—Ps. 6. 9.
4	Th.	The joy of the Lord is your strength.—Neh. 8. 10.
5	F.	Christ shall give thee light.—Eph. 5. 14.
6	Sa.	I have given you an example.—John 13. 5.
7	Su.	The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich.—Prov. 10. 22.
8	M.	In the fear of the Lord all the day long.—Prov. 23. 17.
9	Tu.	The eternal God is thy refuge.—Deut. 33. 27.
10	W.	David encouraged himself in the Lord.—1 Sam. 30. 6.
11	Th.	I would have you simple concerning evil.—Rom. 16. 19.
12	F.	Thine eyes shall see the King.—Isa. 33. 17.
13	Sa.	Mine own vineyard have I not kept.—Cant. 1. 6.
14	Su.	Collection for Home Mission.—Rom. 9. 3.
15	M.	Whitsunday Term.—Gen. 28. 15.
16	Tu.	Hide not thyself from thine own flesh.—Isa. 58. 7.
17	W.	It is expedient for you that I go away.—John 16. 7.
18	Th.	While they beheld, He was taken up.—Acts 1. 9.
19	F.	If I go, I will come again.—John 14. 3.
20	Sa.	Who also maketh intercession for us.—Rom. 8. 34.
21	Su.	Touched with the feeling of our infirmities.—Heb. 4. 15.
22	M.	Hold fast till I come.—Rev. 2. 25.
23	Tu.	Christ is the Head of the Church.—Eph. 5. 23.
24	W.	Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.—Ps. 122. 6.
25	Th.	General Assembly meets.—Luke 11. 14.
26	F.	Wilt Thou not revive us again?—Ps. 85. 6.
27	Sa.	The promise of the Father.—Acts 1. 4.
28	Su.	The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost.—John 14. 26.
29	M.	Ye are the temple of God.—1 Cor. 3. 16.
30	Tu.	The Spirit of God dwelleth in you.—1 Cor. 3. 16.
31	W.	Quench not the Spirit.—1 Thess. 5. 19.

JUNE.

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|---|-----|--|
| 1 | Th. | The earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.—2 Cor. 1. 22. |
| 2 | F. | He giveth more grace.—James 4. 16. |

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

JUNE 1882.

Letter to the Congregation with reference to the Proposed Parochial Buildings.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—The nature of this Scheme has been fully explained to you, both from the Pulpit and by circular addressed to the Seat-holders. No doubt it is a large undertaking, and will put us to some trouble and expense. But it is not beyond our power. A little enthusiasm is all that is required—faith in our own resources and in God's blessing. That such buildings are required will not be disputed, I apprehend, by any one who is personally acquainted with the work of the Parish. The want is indeed one which has been long felt, though to some extent it was met by the small Halls now in use. As regards the Sunday Schools in particular, the need is urgent. In fact, I do not know a single branch of Parochial activity that would not be greatly benefited by such Halls and Class-rooms as are in contemplation. In these circumstances I would appeal to you, my friends, with confidence for the pecuniary aid which is required. It is good for a congregation to have some special object of interest brought before it from time to time—of course with reasonable intervals. It will never do for us in these days to “rest on our oars.” The Church of Scotland claims, and I think it justly claims, to be in a more vigorous and living state in Edinburgh at the present moment than it ever was before. Be it ours to show by what we do for our own Parish and for the good of the Church generally, that we have shared in this revived energy, and are in sympathy with the stir and movement which are going on around us. St. Stephen's has the first claim upon us. Not that I would have you withdraw one farthing from the Schemes of the Church, or any other good object. But do not forget or ignore the duty which rests upon you to do the best you can for your own Congregation. If we are enabled to complete this work, we shall have provided a centre and home of Christian usefulness in the

Parish that will be valued long after all of us have passed away. Thus there are the strongest possible motives to incite us to go forward heartily and with good courage to the work which lies before us. I shall be surprised and sorely disappointed if it ends in failure.

I have two requests to make—

First, That each individual Member and Adherent will give as large a measure of support to this object as their circumstances will permit. I am well aware that there are many at the present time, especially among the working classes, who are not in a position to do much. I know they will do what they can. It must also be remembered that the very causes which now press heavily, I grieve to say, on working men, render the present a favourable time for undertaking a work like this. It can be done much more cheaply now than was possible a few years ago. Without some “large” subscriptions the thing cannot be done; yet let none suppose that “small” subscriptions are unimportant. By no means.

Second, Have the goodness to intimate your subscription to the Treasurer, Colin G. Macrae, Esq., W.S., 57 Castle Street, as soon as you can. You will have noticed that the money may be paid in two instalments,—in November of this year and May 1883. It is very desirable, however, that we should know immediately what amount is to be reckoned upon, in order to future action.

Should any, through change of address or other cause, have failed to get a circular and form of subscription, I hope they will kindly apply to Mr. Matheson at the Church, and the mistake will be rectified.

With these remarks I leave this matter in your hands, trusting to your generous support and co-operation, without which no good result can be accomplished. May God bless our undertaking, and make it to prosper! “Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.”—
Yours ever sincerely,
NORMAN MACLEOD.

Mr. John Turnbull, our late Assistant, was inducted and ordained on the 12th May, as Assistant and Successor in St. Monance Parish, Fife. He will be followed by our best wishes for his happiness and success.

At a Special Meeting of the Temperance Association, held on the 11th May, at which there was a large attendance, Mr. Turnbull was presented with a handsome timepiece as a mark of the esteem in which he is held by all the Members.

He was also presented with a gold watch by the Members of the Young Women's Class and Association on the occasion of the Annual Soiree, which was held in the Brunswick Street School on the evening of the 5th May. Upwards of 100 were present, and suitable addresses were delivered by the Chairman, by W. Smith of Kirknewton, Mr. Macrae, and others.

The following letter is an acknowledgment of the kind gifts so appropriately bestowed upon him before he left us.

30 ROYAL CIRCUS, EDINBURGH.
May 22, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. MACLEOD—I desire very much that you would on my account thank those District Visitors, Workers, and others, in St. Stephen's, who presented me a week ago with such beautiful and useful gifts, viz. "bands," enclosed in leather case, and a sermon-case, with many gold sovereigns inside. Already the Bible Class had, on the occasion of the Annual Soiree, enriched me with their regard in the form of a handsome gold watch, and the Temperance Society had, at a largely-attended special meeting, presented me with a very valuable marble timepiece.

These gifts I shall carefully preserve and value as long as I live (the sovereigns excepted!). They will from day to day and week to week remind me of kind and loving hearts—of individuals in particular, and of St. Stephen's Church as a whole. They will, I trust, remind me, if ever I should be inclined to forget, how very much I am indebted in spiritual things as in temporal to St. Stephen's Church.

I cannot thank kind friends as I would—even through you; and though one cannot but feel that he is unworthy of all the favour which has been shown him, I trust that the remembrance may ever incite me more and more to show to others the goodwill and loving-kindness which has been shown to me.—Believe me, yours ever faithfully,

JOHN TURNBULL.

Congregational Practisings.

Four Congregational Practisings will be held in the Church, on Thursday evenings in June at 8 o'clock, commencing on THE EIGHTH. All are invited.

It is most important that these Practisings, which are limited in number, should be attended by a LARGE NUMBER of the Congregation. On former occasions the attendance was fair, but not what it ought to have been.

Service on Tuesday Evenings.

During June and July the Tuesday Evening Service in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street, will be conducted by Mr. Macleod, at 7.30. The Horne Lane Meeting on Thursday Evening is discontinued for the present.

Mr. Cochrane's Sunday Evening Meeting will be held in Jamaica Street during summer at 6.30. His address is No. 1 Henderson Row.

Service for the Young.

A Sermon will be preached to the Sunday School Scholars and other young people of the Congregation on the afternoon of the SECOND SABBATH of June. Members of the congregation occupying the centre portion of the Church will oblige by allowing the children the use of their seats on the occasion.

Holy Baptism will be administered on the Second Sabbath of the month.

Collection in June.

A Collection will be made on the 18th June for the "Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund." Our collection for this Scheme last year was extremely small. It was made at a season when many were absent. This will be the case again this year, though not to the same extent. Considering that for half the year a large number of the congregation are absent, it is obvious that many of the collections must suffer serious loss unless members kindly take the trouble of forwarding their contributions. No loyal member of the Church of Scotland should allow any of its great Schemes to suffer from the mere accident of not being at home on the day when the collection is made. The Treasurer for the Kirk-Session is William Mann, Esq., 119 Princes Street.



JUNE 1882.

Sermon.

ASSURANCE.

By Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK, M. A., Wick.

These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God, that ye may know that ye have eternal life.—1 JOHN v. 13.

1. OUR text expresses the main design of this epistle. It was written to believing Christians that they might be assured of their eternal life—of their fellowship with Christ—of their abiding in Him, or He in them; for these and similar expressions are used synonymously by the Apostle. Compare with this the design of John's gospel: "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name." The gospel was written to lead men to salvation by *faith* in the Son of God; the epistle, to lead Christian believers to *assurance* of their salvation.

John thus teaches us very distinctly that it is possible to have a saving interest in Christ without the assurance of it; but also, that assurance is attainable, and ought to be the aim of every sincere believer. While therefore we may have no cause to despond or be dismayed, although unable to speak with confidence of our salvation, yet neither ought we to rest satisfied until we are able to do so. The gospel contemplates nothing less for the believer than a settled conviction of God's favour here, and glory hereafter. Enoch before his translation "had this testimony, that he pleased God." Job could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and Paul, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Nor is this confidence peculiar to the inspired servants of God. It is designed for all believers. To this state of mind John sought to bring all those whom he addressed in this epistle; and Peter in like manner exhorted those who had obtained like precious faith with himself, to "give diligence to make their calling and election sure." To this full consciousness of fellowship with God in Christ every true believer may rise.

Among professing Christians there will always be found some who are only too ready to conclude that they are Christ's without any sufficient evidence of having His Spirit in them. Such were some in the Corinthian Church of old, whom the Apostle accordingly warned to "examine them-

selves whether they were in the faith." But there are also many sincere and humble followers of Christ, who from various causes remain in doubt and uncertainty about their own salvation. Such were those whom John had in view in writing this epistle, and whom he sought to lead to the higher life of Christian assurance. And it is for such that this discourse is written. Assurance of God's love is one of the higher benefits of believers in this life, and it is of great importance to themselves and others that they should not remain in any uncertainty, but be able to say, "We know that we have eternal life."

2. The chief cause of the believer's uncertainty about his own salvation will always be, in some form or other, the consciousness of remaining sinfulness, whatever degree of sanctification he may have attained to. He may have experienced a very great change for the better since his conversion. But the more the light of heaven shines into his soul, the more will it reveal his own inherent corruptness. The very fruit of Christian progress will be a deepened sense of unworthiness. Of this phase of religious experience the Apostle was well aware, and met it at the very outset of this epistle. He would not have the believer to feel otherwise. To speak of Christian perfection is to "deceive ourselves," or even to "make God a liar." The constant recognition and humble confession of sin, relying solely upon the cleansing blood of Christ, and His advocacy with the Father, are the essential conditions of walking in the light. All self-examination must tend to despondency, unless accompanied by a steadfast looking to the Cross. But when our trust is set upon Christ alone, we may assure our hearts by the very truth and righteousness of God, who is "faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Another consideration adduced by the Apostle in confirmation of the believer's hope is the love of the Father. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Of all the divine titles there is none which comes home to our hearts like the name Father. Is it not enough, even in our conscious weakness and waywardness, to banish every doubt and fear from our minds, that we have to do with a Father in heaven, who knows our frame, and remembers that we are dust? When

we reflect upon the love of the Father revealed to us in the gospel—love so infinitely above the highest human type—the wonder is not that we should be able to assure ourselves of His favour, but rather that we should still remain in doubt. With this thought the Saviour also comforted the minds of his disciples, “The Father Himself loveth you.”

But the surest ground of the believer's confidence is the evidence of a work of grace within his heart. John teaches no religion of mere feelings and impressions but of practical holiness. To keep God's commandments, which are all summed up in the great commandment of love, is the unmistakable evidence of Christ abiding in us. “Hereby we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before him.” The circumstances in which John wrote were favourable for urging this consideration upon those whom he addressed. They were mostly recent converts to the truth, and the fiery trials which awaited the followers of Christ kept back the insincere. And although these early Christians doubtless retained many of their old sins, they were conspicuous among the heathen by their superior lives, and especially by that brotherly love upon which the Apostle dwells so much. And there was no other aspect in which he could have presented the gospel to them so well adapted to assure their minds and to advance them in holiness as this, that the gospel was a power within them, separating them from an ungodly world, and transforming them into the likeness of the Son of God. The circumstances in which we are placed are less favourable for the appreciation of this evidence. In a Christian country the line of separation between the Church and the world is less sharply defined. The number of mere nominal professors is greater, and even those who do not profess faith in Christ are indirectly leavened by Christian influences. But although the change wrought within the believer may thus be less manifest to himself and others, and although he may himself be painfully conscious of its incompleteness, yet, if he knows his own heart aright, he will feel persuaded that by the grace of God he is what he is. Let him reflect what he might, and probably would have been, but for Christian influences—for godly and pious training—for a tender and enlightened conscience—for daily preventing grace, animating him with better thoughts and desires, and keeping him back from presumptuous sins—and surely he will feel constrained to admit to himself that a higher and holier power than his own heart has been directing his life, and ruling his thoughts and will. Although very far from what he would be, the Christian may have abundant evidence of Christ in him the hope of glory.

John mentions also the witness of the Spirit. “Hereby we know that He abideth in us, by His Spirit which He hath given us.” The Spirit bears

witness in and with our own spirits. In embracing the promises of the gospel, we are conscious of exercising our own powers of thought and will; yet these are so influenced and directed by the Spirit that the love of God may be said to be shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Whatever confidence therefore we have in the promises of God, whatever comfort in His love, whatever conformity to His will, it is due to the work of the Spirit in our hearts. And as this is the beginning of that eternal life which we have in Christ, the Spirit may truly be called the earnest of the believer's inheritance—the pledge and assurance that in due time he shall receive in full the purchased possession.

3. And this is the secret of a happy and useful Christian life. Without assurance of salvation the gospel can hardly be to any one the “good tidings of great joy” which it is designed to be. So long as the Christian remains in uncertainty he must be subject, more or less, to that fear which hath torment. But to know that he has passed from death unto life—that he is in the enjoyment of God's favour, and living in fellowship with Christ, is the source of joy unspeakable and full of glory. And this joy no man can take from him. It comes forth purer and brighter for the world's trials, like gold from the furnace. It sustains the believer under oppression and wrongs, so that none of these things can move him; it makes the poor feel that he is rich in the midst of poverty; it lights up the countenance of the dying saint, as if heaven's morning were already breaking upon his soul. Well might the Apostle say at the commencement of this epistle in which he treats of Christian assurance, “These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.”

And as this confidence is a source of joy to the believer himself, so it is a fruitful source of blessing to others. Life and talents will be consecrated to God in proportion to the measure of faith. And who so well fitted to be the means of blessing to others as those full of joy and peace in believing? The very doubt and uncertainty in which many professing Christians are content to live must be a great hindrance to their usefulness, however willing they may be to be helpful to others. But how different the Christian's influence when he can say, “I know whom I have believed,” and can tell what God has done for his soul! And in nothing is the influence of Christian assurance more felt than the power of prayer. “This is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us.” The eternal life which we have in Christ puts forth its energy in believing and prevailing prayer.

The light of assurance does not always shine with equal brightness. Those who once knew the joy of the Lord may again walk in darkness and have no light. And perhaps some who read these pages, may be conscious that, in this respect, it

was better with them once than now, and be ready to say with Job, "O that I were as in months past, when the candle of God shined upon my head, and when by His light I walked through darkness." To all, therefore, who are seeking after assurance, or to dispel the darkness which has come over their souls amidst the cares and temptations of life, let me recommend the careful and devout study of this epistle. It was written with this end in view, and is incomparably the best discourse ever written on Christian assurance. It deals in no metaphysical subtleties, but is fitted alike to edify the unlearned, and to satisfy the minds of the most thoughtful and intelligent who are seeking to stablish their hearts on the great question of their eternal life. It is peculiarly the character of this portion of the word of God's grace, that it is "able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Isaac Ronald The Dominie.

By the Author of "JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK."

XIII.—A LOVER'S PROMISE.

TO catch the thread of my simple story properly I must ask the reader to bear with me while I revert to a period, as near as may be, twelve months earlier than the date at which we have arrived. In the late afternoon of an autumn day a young man and woman might have been seen walking outward from the town of Greyneess in the direction of a handsome mansion in the near vicinity. As they approached this mansion, towards which their steps were evidently bent, their pace became slower, while their looks and bearing seemed to indicate that the tone of their conversation was becoming more earnest and impassioned. At last they had reached the point at which a halt seemed natural before going into full view of the house front, and after a brief pause the conversation was resumed.

"No, Andrew, a thousand times no!" exclaimed the lady. "I'll never be marriet ava afore I'll ha'e so little respect for the man I love as to think he needs my presence to keep him fae the risk o' doin' what he kens to be wrang."

"I didna mean that, Annie," pleaded her male companion. "I've only been a little foolish sometimes, an' wi' you by my side I ken I cud easily keep oot o' temptation."

"If ye canna keep oot o' temptation without me, hoo do ye ken that ye cud dee't though ye had me?"

"O Annie, do you think my love for you is so little that it mak's nae difference to ha'e you or want you?"

"Your love, Andrew, I dinna doubt; but why sudna your love be as able to keep you fae evil noo as if we war husband an' wife? Isna't as genuine, and sudna't be as present wi' you in its influence on your life?"

The interlocutors, it is hardly needful to explain,

were Annie Symon and her affianced lover Andrew Irvine. In reply to the appeal thus directly made to him, Andrew, in a strain partly of fencing and partly of expostulation, stammered out something about the difficulty of foregoing male companionships as he was, and added—"But it would be quite different then. Ye're nae aye wi' me, like what ye would be if we were marriet."

"Andrew!" exclaimed Annie with deepened earnestness, "what do ye mean? To think that ony woman could retain the feelin' o' respect, even, for the man that she kent to be safe only when he was by her side! To think o' *your* pleadin' that ye need the safeguard o' a woman's presence against temptation as a reason for that woman mairryin' you! I could never think so unworthily o' the man that's to be my husband!"

"Does that mean that I'm nae to be your husband aifter a' that's come an' gane, Annie?" asked Andrew Irvine, half in despair, and with a slight touch of bitterness in his tone.

"It may mean even that," answered Annie Symon calmly; "but it needna mean it unless ye're owre weak or owre self-will't. I only wish the security that's as needfu' for you as for me, afore we agree to be joined in a bond so sacred that human power should never sever't—a bond so close that if we dinna each dee our richtfu' pairt to mak' it the means o' the highest human happiness, is only owre likely to become the means o' the most hopeless misery."

The cause that led to Annie Symon taking the stand her words indicated was the fact that, despite previous hints of a more general kind, Andrew Irvine had continued to associate closely with one or two companions who had the reputation of being "fast," and whose habits she had good reason to believe were the reverse of reputable or orderly. The decisive earnestness of her tone, as well as the more explicit character of her words, on the present occasion, took Andrew Irvine very much aback. Hitherto he had sought to turn her occasional remonstrances aside with a good-natured laugh, or the application of some endearing term to his "censorious little Puritan." And it was perhaps the thought that Annie's perfect confidence might be won again in some such way that now, after a brief pause, made him attempt to seize her hand in his and draw her toward him. But she quietly, though resolutely, withdrew her hand, and, taking a step backward, said,

"It's no use triflin' langer, Andrew. There must be a definite promise, and that promise kept; and as she said so, Annie, who had till then looked her lover full in the face with tremulous pleading gaze, cast her eyes to the ground as she burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

"My ain darlin'! my ain Annie!" exclaimed Andrew Irvine, again drawing close to her side. "I'll promise onything you wish, an' please peace my promise 'll be kept."

This time he was allowed to take her hand in his, and they walked on side by side for a short space in silence. As they approached the point where they must say "good-night," and part, Andrew, with half-averted look, summoned courage to ask,

"An' what's the promise to be, Annie?"

"It's a promise, Andrew, that, if true to yourself, ye shouldna think it hard to keep. Ye maun promise to keep quite clear o' them that are nae fit company for you—that are tryin' to lead you into folly and sin. It's nae for me to watch you; I couldna bear the thocht o't. Ye ken what I wish; an' I trust to your honour."

"An' for how lang will ye keep me in suspense?"

"If twa years fae this day ye can look me in the face an' say the promise has been kept——"

"O Annie! an' oor mairriage was to be at next Christmas!" cried Andrew Irvine, in tones of vehement expostulation.

"It was to ha'e been, but it canna be noo," replied Annie, who had now regained all her usual calmness of manner. "An' if ye kent what I ha'e suffer't for weeks an' months afore I could say what I've said the nicht, ye wudna think the time o' probation owre lang."

It was in vain that Andrew Irvine remonstrated and pleaded for at least some shortening of the period. The slight little figure before him had a firmer will, as well as stricter conceptions of what was morally dutiful, than he. Deeply agitated in feeling as she was, Annie remained immovable in her decision, deaf alike to entreaty as to raillery; and it ended in Andrew formally promising that he would forthwith give up the companionship of the young men of whom she had expressed her strong distrust, and pledging himself that she should no longer have any ground whatever for suspecting him of spending his leisure time in frequenting places of public resort where waste of precious hours without even rational amusement was certain, and temptations to other evils only too abundant.

And with this promise and pledge they parted for the time.

XIV.—THE PROMISE BROKEN.

A SHORT six months only had passed, when Annie Symon had but too clear evidence of the value of Andrew Irvine's promise to be more careful in his companionships and his conduct. Annie had had occasion to be in the town of Grey-ness at a more advanced hour of the day than usual, on some urgent business belonging to her mistress, and in returning, at a pretty late hour of the evening, in the company of a fellow-servant, they had not reached the outskirts of the town when they encountered a group of three or four young men, whose boisterous tones did not bespeak the most settled propriety of conduct, proceeding in the opposite direction. One of the group was

Andrew Irvine, who, in place of passing on, as he might have done, and probably escaped identification, slackened his pace, with the evident purpose of making out who the young women were. Though surprised, and not a little taken aback, at meeting Annie under such circumstances, he at once drew up, and insisted on accompanying her and her companion to their master's gate. The impression given was that the whole of the young men had been drinking more or less; and the precise condition in which Andrew Irvine found himself manifestly was that of the man who is conscious of a certain measure of intoxication, but imagines he can talk his hearers out of any suspicions tending that way. His feeling of uneasiness came out in repeated references, voluntarily made, to the exceptional nature of the evening meeting at which he had just been, and the purpose of which he said was to take farewell of an office companion who was leaving for a distant town. At the gate Annie Symon, who had walked rapidly along, and scarcely uttered a word she could avoid uttering, simply bade Andrew good-night, formally shaking hands, but making no pause, her whole tone and manner, as she with her companion turned into the avenue, striking home to the susceptibilities of Andrew Irvine's heart in a fashion that helped not a little to bring his brain into a state more favourable to sobered feeling.

Next morning's post brought Andrew Irvine a note in Annie Symon's well-known handwriting, and with a keen presentiment of evil to him he tore it open, and read as follows:—

DEAR SIR—It is hardly necessary, after our meeting and parting this evening—however painful—to say that our correspondence must now be at an end. You made a promise, for your own sake and for mine, and you know that you have not kept it. I said I would not watch or suspect you, and I did not. I trusted you fully, with all my heart, but you forced me to see and to know that you have already broken faith.

It could only lead to greater unhappiness to us both to continue as we have been, and indulge vain hopes. Our engagement is therefore at an end. This is the last note you will get from me, and I earnestly request that you will not write hoping to be answered again.

Forget that I have ever been more to you than any other woman; and may God bless you and guide you always.—Yours very sincerely,

ANNIE SYMON.

If Andrew Irvine had listened to Annie Symon's request not to write to her again, if he had at once foregone his love-suit, it might quite possibly have been taken as evidence that his regard for her was less, and his own character more heartless and shallow, than was really the case. Nevertheless his continued persistence during many months in forwarding to her, under varying devices, letters

pleading passionately for a revocation of her decision—and which, though they might be returned unread, were not always returned unopened, for the address had got to be skilfully disguised,—and his efforts to obtain a personal interview with her without the presence of a third party, which she as strenuously sought to avoid, were a source of infinite unrest and anxiety to Annie. During a season when her health otherwise was but indifferent, the behaviour and attitude of the lover who had proved so unstable, who had fallen so far short of her moral ideal, materially contributed, indeed, to the illness which had at last compelled her to seek the rest and refuge of her parents' home.

“Lord, save Me!”

JESUS, hear me ;
 Aye be near me ;
 Grant me Thy dear aid !
 If the sky be dark and drear,
 Send Thy Spirit kind to cheer ;
 Leave me not when it is clear ;
 Still, my Saviour, still be near,
 In the light or shade !

Jesus, hear me ;
 Aye be near me ;
 Let me feel Thine aid !
 Sin is strong and hands are weak,
 Resolutions quick to break,
 Hindrances not far to seek ;
 Speak to me, my Saviour, speak,
 Lest I be dismayed.

Jesus, hear me ;
 Aye be near me ;
 I must have Thine aid !
 Else all fruitless I must be,
 Withered branch of Living Tree,
 Sad for holy eyes to see,
 Cumberer, cut down to be,
 With the lifeless laid.

Thou dost hear me,
 Thou art near me,
 Jesus, with Thine aid !
 In the sunshine and the rain,
 Up the mountain, o'er the plain,
 Thou restor'st my soul again,
 Till with Thee I rise to reign,
 Where the joys for aye remain,
 Crowns that never fade.

J. HOGGAN.

Notes on Two Recent Discoveries in Jerusalem.

By Rev. J. GRANT, M.A., Cromdale.

IT may interest many readers to know something of the Phœnician inscription, which has lately been discovered in a rock-hewn passage connecting the Virgin's Fount with the Pool of Siloam. Entering the tunnel from the end next the Pool, and proceeding about thirty feet, one notices on the right-hand side and close to the water's edge a portion of the rock smoothly polished, so as to form

a tablet about two feet square. Through age and the action of the water it is much worn and broken in some places. The passage is, of course, dark, but by holding a light close to the stone six lines of letters are seen, the form of alphabet showing that the inscription probably belongs to the eighth or seventh century before Christ. There is still much doubt as to the correct interpretation. Professor Sayce, comparing his own copy with the squeeze taken on 15th July last by Lieutenants Conder and Mantell, R.E., gives the following translation :—

“Behold the excavation ! Now this is the history of the tunnel. While the excavators were lifting up the pick, each towards the other ; and while there were yet three cubits to be broken through . . . the voice of the one called to his neighbour, for there was an excess (?) in the rock on the right. They rose up . . . they struck on the west of the excavation, the excavators struck each to meet the other, pick to pick. And there flowed the waters from their outlet to the pool for a distance of a thousand cubits ; and (three fourths ?) of a cubit was the height of the rock over the head of the excavation here.”

According to Colonel Warren the whole length of the tunnel is 1708 feet. If this be what is meant by a thousand cubits in the inscription, the length of the Jewish cubit is minutely ascertained. It must be as nearly as possible 20½ inches.

But of still greater interest is the discovery which Lieutenant Conder made on the 1st of June last year. He found an old Jewish tomb on the hill above Jeremiah's Grotto, nearly opposite the Damascus Gate. The road leading down to the valley of the Kedron and up the side of Olivet, passes between this height and the walls. According to Jewish tradition, this was the place where criminals were executed in ancient times. From one direction the appearance of the rocky height is certainly like a skull. That Calvary is within the present walls, no student of history and of the topography of Jerusalem can believe ; and one is tired and disgusted with much that is shown in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Several strong reasons favour the site above alluded to, as the place where the three crosses stood.

If this really is the place of the crucifixion, we may well hope that the simple, bare rock may not be altered ; that no church or other building may be erected over it. O that sacred places had been left in their original simplicity, with the blue sky overhead ! Can it be that this old Jewish tomb is after all the very sepulchre of Christ ? the spot where He took the sting from death and gained the victory over the grave ? Was this rough ground the garden of Joseph of Arimathea, who gave a beautiful resting-place to the body of our Lord ? Something short of certainty may be sufficient to make us regard the place and the suggestion with much interest.

A Talk with the Farm-Servants.

NO. X.—OLD AGE AND THE END.

DEAR FRIENDS—As regards our present life on earth, every thing comes to an end. This life itself comes to an end. We grow old and die and disappear from our place and work here. Well, let us have a talk about old age and the end.

You are growing old. The signs and symptoms of old age are beginning to appear and to be felt by you. When you breast your horse, instead of springing high enough and throwing your leg easily over, you strike too low and come down heavily on the ground. When you come upon a dyke, instead of bounding over right before you as you used to do, you give a look for a slap; or if you do try the bounding right over your foot strangely comes against the top, and you need to try again. When you take up your newspaper you have, somehow, difficulty in seeing to read it, and you wonder what ails the lamp. Before yoking-time, while the young fellows are brushing and burnishing the harness and decking the horses, you are resting in the orra trevis among the straw—somehow you have lost enthusiasm and energy for these things. When you awake in the morning and think of and get up to the day's work, you don't feel nearly so well rested and fresh and vigorous as you were wont to feel. What is the meaning of all this? What is coming over you? *You are growing old.* The stiffness, the feebleness, the dimness, the weariness of old age have silently and stealthily crept upon you. You are growing old. You are not able any longer to keep your place abreast of the young and vigorous on the farm. You must leave that place and live out your days somewhere and somehow else.

But *where* and *how*?—this is the important question.

Where? Well, you wouldn't like to go to a town and be cribbed up there away from the old farms, and the green fields, and the fresh air, and all the old associations. You would like to go to a nice comfortable croft or small farm where you could enjoy what was left of life and use what was left of strength at the old work in the old way. Well, dear friends, I again say that I am very sorry indeed that there are not in our country far more of such homes for you to go to. The want of these is a sad want—a very great drawback to your well-being and well-doing. And I am exceedingly delighted to see some signs of our large landed proprietors wakening up to the belief of this. The Duke of Argyll, in a speech he made in Edinburgh the other week, gave it as his conviction that these crofts and small farms were the very backbone of our country, and that he intended, when he got the opportunity, to divide some of his large farms, each into four or five comfortable holdings and homes. Well done, Argyll; I heartily pray that all our great landlords would go and think and do likewise.

This would be a mighty boon and blessing to our Scotland's peasantry, and I am sure it would be no loss to those who have the great power and the *great responsibility* of possessing our Scotland's land. We are beginning to see large farms becoming a drug in the market, but we never see small holdings in this position: to these we see multitudes eagerly rushing, and offering and giving for them more than they are worth.

Well, but in the meantime, while there are in many parts of our Scotland so few of such homes to enjoy your old age in, if you cannot, in any shape or form, get a home in the country, you *must*, however much against your inclination, go to the nearest town or village and live out your time there. And, after all, if you have your Heavenly Father with you as the true portion and home of your heart, and you can pay your own way, you will be happy anywhere.

Yes—*pay your own way.* Your old age ought to have the comfort of a competency—the glorious privilege and blessing of being independent—independent even of your own children. If you have taken care of your youth and of the strength of your life,—if you have taken care of your courtship and marriage and married life,—you may and ought to have a comfortable independence for your old age and end. I have, in our former talks, tried to show you how. Look back and see, and save me from going over it again.

Now, then, my dear aging and aged friend, there you are, somewhere on God's earth and under God's heaven, jogging and jotting away as you are inclined and able, comfortable and contented;—meeting now and then with an old crony and fighting your battles o'er again, and sometimes with a man and woman in the bloom and vigour of manhood and womanhood come to see you, and, with great affection and thankfulness, telling you how much good your kindness and courage and example and influence did them when they came, as boys and girls, to the farms where you were a leading servant:—

There you are, often *looking back* and seeing, doubtless, many dark things that you grieve over and repent of, but also many bright things to make you thankful—feeling, upon the whole, that, by the grace and good hand of your God upon you, you were, on those farms which rise up behind you, a blessing and not a curse; that to those masters and mistresses and fellow-servants your presence and influence was not a darkening debasing power, but a brightening and elevating one:—

There you are, often *looking forward* also. And what to? Not now to earthly objects and hopes—these are nearly all gone away behind. You have reached and experienced the best that this earth can give you. You feel very forcibly what a wretched best that is, and what a wretched, disappointed creature you would be if this best was *your* best and your all. But, thanks be to God, it is not so. Your best is not past and gone with this passing

earthly life, but on before with Him in glory. So that your old age has the dew of youth upon it, and is gilded and gladdened with as bright and blessed a hope as ever gilded and gladdened the rosy morning and heyday of life.

Yes, dear aged friend, everything in this life comes to an end, and *your end has now come*. You have come to many a term-day, but this is the most important of them all—the *term-day of death*. Through many a hard day's work you have toiled to six o'clock, but now you have toiled and travelled to the *great six o'clock* that ends the twelve hours of life's working day. You have had before you many changes and flittings, and you have thought and wondered over the new place, the new work, the new master and mistress and fellow-servants. Ah, but you never had before you a change and a flitting like *this*—from this world to the next, from time to eternity! "What like will that new place be? What will my work be there? What my enjoyment? What about my companions? I cannot say; I cannot see but very dimly. But one thing I know about it which gives me unspeakable comfort—I know the *Master* there. He is no stranger to me. I have known and tried to serve Him for many years here. I know His heart and power and desire to make me happy. I am sure He is able and willing to make that a perfectly blessed and glorious place for me. I am sure the work He will there put me to will not be a hard, grievous, weary task, but the spontaneous, irrepressible inspiration and energy and outgoing and unutterable enjoyment of the perfected glorified body and spirit. I have a desire to depart and be with Him and at it. Beloved Master and Lord, now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Such the beautiful sunset of life—such the happy old age and end yours ought to be and might be, if, from your youth up, you would dedicate your life to your God and Father and be all He wishes you to be.

Ay—*ought to be and might be*; but is it really and generally so? No, alas no! As a general rule, your old age and end are darkened, degraded, distressed by want—by poverty and pauperism. From our country Poorhouses and Parochial Boards I find that *two-thirds* of our paupers are old farm-servants. Now, dear friends, does not this bring to light a very sad state of matters as regards your old age and end? The cold, dreary wretched bondage of a poorhouse for the home of your old age! The miserable cringing and begging from a poor-inspector! The poor-inspector, if not the chief mourner, yet the chief manager in getting grave-clothes, a coffin, and a grave, for your burial!

Thus it is far too commonly, in so far as the *bodily* comfort and happiness of your old age and end are concerned. Now, what about the *spiritual* comfort and happiness? What about *your* look back?

What about the influence of your life at those places and among those fellow-servants that rise up before your mind's eye? Your words and conduct, your Saturday nights and Sabbath days, the souls you helped to decoy and drag down from purity and godliness to pollution and devilishness—is it comforting and cheering to look back on such things?

And the look forward,—the eternity and judgment now come close up to you, is that outlook hopeful and homelike,—something you delight to look at and think about, or something that you turn away from with hatred and horror and despair?

Dear aged friend, who may read this and feel as you read it: "I am the man. This is the dark description of *my* old age,"—then I say to you: Do not despair and give up all as lost, but, with all the feeble strength still left, look up and pray for the Promised Comforter to come and let you see the Glorified Saviour able and willing to save even at the eleventh hour,—able to *save to the uttermost*,—able and willing to save *you*—even you, *yet*—even yet.

Yes; but the best we can think of such an old age and end is not very bright nor very hopeful. It is at the other end of life—at the youth and the start—that we can do most for old age and the end. A blessed old age is procured, provided for, built up in the precious days of youth and of life's strength. And so, dear friends, at the end of these talks we find ourselves back at where we set out—back at the mothers, the boyhood and girlhood, the manhood and womanhood. If we take care of these, old age and the end will take care of themselves. So, dear young friends, we are round again at you. Remember your Creator, your Covenant God and Father, in the days of your youth. Give your heart and hand to Him in the freshness and vigour of your youth, and walk with Him in His right and good and happy way, and He will not forsake you when you grow old and grey-headed. Nay, but He will cling the closer to you, and you to Him, and give you to rest and rejoice in Him as the strength of your heart and your portion for ever, all the surer and clearer as you journey through life and come up to and pass by the illusions and hopes, the pursuits and pleasures, of this passing world, and come nearer and nearer the perfection and glory unto which He is guiding you.

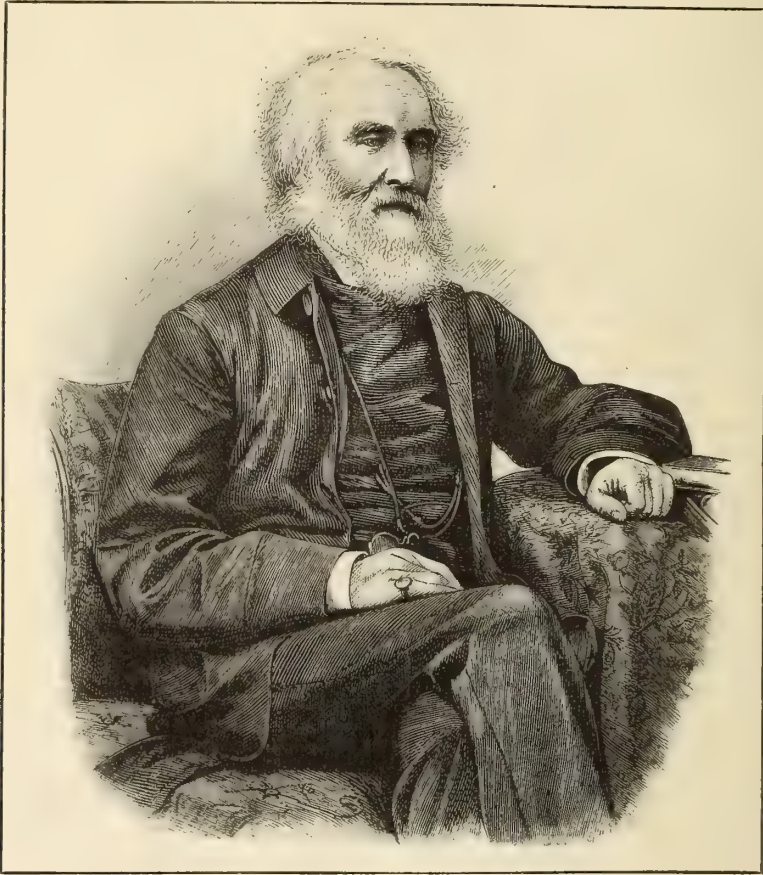
And now, dear friends, once more, everything must come to an end, and so must these talks of ours. I wonder how many of you have thought it worth your while to read them, and have been any the better from doing so. They have cost some pains and prayers. They have been given to God with the earnest desire that He would take them and make the best of them for His own glory and for your good. And it will be matter of great joy and thankfulness to the Old Farm-Servant if this desire of his heart has been or shall be in any measure accomplished.

AN OLD FARM-SERVANT.

The late Rev. Wm. Robertson, D.D.,
NEW GREYFRIARS, EDINBURGH.

THERE are few homes in Scotland where a likeness of the late Dr. William Robertson, of New Greyfriars Parish, Edinburgh, will not be welcomed and cherished as the memorial of a lovable brother man, and a true, brave workman in the vineyard of God. Those who knew him best will not be surprised to find that the story of his life is uneventful. The springs that moved him,

and the great purpose that he steadily pursued, and a naturally modest nature, made him shrink from public notice. We have not known many ministers whose personal and ministerial influence was more penetrative with all ranks and conditions of men; he did a great work without making any noise about it, not even knowing that the work was great. He came of a good Border family; was born at Alloa on 28th July 1805; he studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Chirside on 10th June 1828. He began his



ministry at Muckhart, was translated in a short time to Logie, and in 1843 was appointed to New Greyfriars, Edinburgh. He was Minister of that Parish till he died—his death taking place on 21st February 1882, in the seventy-seventh year of his life, and the fifty-first of his ministry.

The secret of Dr. Robertson's successful work in the Grassmarket does not lie on the surface; there was, at first sight, not much of the sense of the fitness of things between the man and his work. He was by birth, natural temperament, and education, a gentle, sensitive, retiring man, and he was placed over a parish where rough, fleshy men and women lived, among whom vice and crime had their

strongholds. It seems natural to think of Dr. Robertson as a man from home in such a sphere, and that his proper place would have been a parish of well-read, widely-travelled people, while a "rougher" man might have done better in New Greyfriars. But it was not so. He has left us a refutation of the oft-repeated statement, that culture, and gentleness, and a tender touch, are not required in ministry among the poor. His entrance to the rooms of the sick poor was like a quiet sunbeam. His presence in a drunken home, or a swarming lodging-house, was truly a presence from another world. His subdued voice thrilled with sympathy; his message, direct from God's

loving heart; his warning, with its winning spell, and his simple, self-forgetting prayer, made the sin-soiled poor of the Grassmarket feel that God was reaching them through a holy living man. And, while Dr. Robertson's personal influence was felt in every home in his parish, he did not work alone. His parish was organised, and willing workers came to his aid from all classes of the community. He drew workers to him by the strong ties of love and confidence, and he guided them, not by mechanical rules, but by leading principles, and the example of personal devotion. There was order everywhere in his parochial work, but every worker was made to feel perfectly free in the exercise of his special gift. Above all things, he placed the gospel of Christ first in everything. He met his parishioners on every side of their complex life, and sought to guide them and help them even in the minute details of domestic economy. But it was a favourite saying of his, "Nothing will elevate the poor but the gospel of Christ." He dreaded the reaction that would come from efforts put forth by ministers when separated from directly spiritual ends. He used to call them "secular expedients," for which he had no heart. His Mothers' Meetings, Temperance Societies, Visiting Societies, Ragged Schools, Soirees, etc., were all imbued by the spirit of the gospel, and the gospel was directly and constantly taught through them. Nothing pained him more than the slightest departure from this leading principle on the part of any of his workers. Of his influence as a preacher in Greyfriars Pulpit we need say little here. His sermons were the work of no mean artist, but they were, first of all, the sermons of a true man of God. His hearers felt that he not only meant them to listen, but that he was speaking that he might help them to live. He was in the best sense a popular preacher. But there was no magnetic spell of excitement, no dramatic fervour, no trick of rhetoric, no show of elocution. He was impressive, but it was the impressiveness of a good man; he was interesting, but it was the interest of a commissioned prophet; he was eloquent, but it was the eloquence of the heart. His sermons were memorable from the good that men got out of them.

It is unjust to say that Dr. Robertson was not a great churchman. His loyalty to the Church of Scotland no one questions; and his shrinking from the work of church courts is well known. But his good work for the Church was influential and abiding. Many of the leaders in ecclesiastical debate were guided by his wise counsel, and sweetened by his fine Christian spirit. His warm friendship with the distinguished men of other churches, both in and out of his own country, and the high esteem in which he was held by them, endeared to them the Church he represented. The noble work—in which he took such a large share—of raising £12,000 for the Waldensian pastors, was an honour to himself, but also a credit to the

Church in which he was a minister. His frequent visits to every part of the continent of Europe kept alive, among the Protestant communities there, a reverence and esteem for the Church of Scotland, and kept round her the defence of good men's sympathies and good men's prayers. And the work Dr. Robertson did in the Grassmarket is, in the end, as influential for the good of the Church as distinguished merit in leading church courts. He did a work worthy of the highest honour the Church has to confer; and that he died without being promoted to the Moderator's chair was due, not to want of the offer, but to his own modesty, which led him to decline it.

He has passed away from us, and his body rests, by his own special request, in "the beautiful Cannes cemetery" in the south of France. He rests there "till He come." A great many people in many lands knew him and esteemed him. His own Church was proud of him and honoured him. His parish in Grassmarket will miss him for many a day. But his personal friends, while sharing the loss of the public, know that for themselves they all but despair of seeing his like again. To one so sensitive a sore heart was no uncommon lot, but he was the most forgiving of men, and most forgetful of an injury. Anything that troubled him he thought out to the roots at once, laid it at the feet of God, took action, and the thing was done. In sympathy with all kinds of need and distress, he indeed bore the burdens of his brother men. And no one was long in his presence without feeling the influence of Christian helpfulness that he possessed in such a high degree. He was a reader of books, and to the last he was abreast of the general literature of the day. But the book he loved best of all was his Greek Testament, and out of the pure Word of God he enriched his daily life, and helped all who came under his influence. His sympathy with young men, especially with young ministers, continued to the last, and many throughout the Church will long remember the pleasure and profit of quiet half hours with him in his study. When visiting his wide circle of friends both in this country and on the Continent, every member of the family was drawn to him, and not a few can date their conversion to a walk and an earnest talk with Dr. Robertson. It has been known that the very servants of the household kept their difficulties till he came, and that he gave himself most gladly to guide and comfort them. His end was like his life, a witness to his self-suppression and humility. His last words were, "Lord, have mercy on me." These words on his lips were not the cry of surprise or fear. The veil was being drawn aside, and he was passing into that Presence before whom the purest feel most unworthy, and he hailed his Lord by the attribute he knew best, for it defined his own greatest need and his own deepest debt.

GEORGE WILSON.

Mrs. Hearty.

Translated from the German of OTTILIE WILDERMUTH.

MRS. HEARTY was undoubtedly a good woman, although people did say she understood very well how, quite quietly and respectfully, to take her own way. Her husband and her household, however, did not object to that at all, for she had no selfishness, and wished for nothing but their good.

Mrs. Hearty was in her youth a pretty, blooming woman, the daughter of well-to-do, respectable people. Her husband was a shop-keeper in a small town, and one might have expected her to think herself rather above weighing snuff and measuring out oil day after day. But she had no such ideas; she thought necessary work was honourable work, and she toiled away among the herring barrels and cheeses in her shop with the same cheerfulness and ability with which she would have presided at a party of ambassadors, if her husband had happened to be Prime Minister. Indeed, I must confess, there have been few wives of Prime Ministers with such a wide sphere of activity, and so many opportunities of doing good and showing kindness, as Mrs. Hearty found behind her counter.

Everybody liked the kindly, pretty woman, who had some little gift for every child, and a kind word or wise advice for the older people. No father confessor had to carry such a load of human cares as she; quarrels between husbands and wives, lovers' anxieties, parents' sighs and children's complaints, the cares of poverty and the troubles of riches, were all flung into her sympathising heart; she had room for all, and for all some comfort and advice.

One morning a woman came as usual to make her necessary purchases, and began to pour out her complaints. "I can buy no more coffee; he won't give me a penny for it; he says it is only my greediness, and yet I know it does me more good than anything. But he won't let me have a single thing I want."

"Oh now, don't say that, neighbour," said Mrs. Hearty; "every man has his own way. My husband, now, thinks whenever I begin to bake that he is going to be ruined with pies and cakes. But they don't mean much harm after all. You have got a steady, hard-working husband, and you should try to please him."

"Well, that's true; and he is no bungler like the joiner opposite, where he drinks whisky, and she drinks tea, till they can get no more," said the mason's wife, somewhat softened.

Towards evening the accused husband came into the shop to buy some tobacco. "Do you not wish a little coffee, too, neighbour, for your wife, as to-morrow is Sunday?" asked the shopkeeper's wife.

"I don't approve of giving women coffee. They waste everything; it is all greediness."

"Well now, neighbour, a little coffee lasts a long time when it is only taken now and then for a treat; your wife never complains about your pipe."

"But that is a different thing; that does me good."

"Not much, I think; coffee satisfies one better than smoking."

"Well, but I earn the money myself; my pipe costs nobody else a penny."

"And your wife takes good care of what you earn, so she deserves her coffee. You are not so bad as you would make yourself out to be, neighbour; you'll take the coffee to your wife; you know what bad nights she often has with the children, yet she keeps cheerful and kind, and doesn't take her little drop in secret, like other wives."

"Well, the women help each other," said the mason, laughing; "just weigh it out for me; you understand all about it."

Mrs. Hearty laughed with delight when she saw the mason and his wife going to church the next morning, so evidently pleased with each other. The mason's wife used to tell to her dying day how proud she was when her husband brought her the coffee of his own accord; she would have done anything to please him in return.

But the shop was not Mrs. Hearty's only sphere of activity. Her house and her children, of whom a goodly troop gradually grew up around her, were well cared for, to the apprentices she was a true mother, and to her husband, above all, not only an active assistant, but at all times a kind and loving wife.

Mr. Hearty was her equal in goodness of heart, but not in industry and activity, not in strength and resolution to do right even when it was disagreeable.

In the first year of their married life they passed most of their evenings together at home. The wife used to tell her husband all her experiences while he had been absent; they used to walk out together on warm summer evenings, make up their accounts together, though there were often little sums unaccounted for, which the good woman had invested in the best of all banks, without expecting to have them repaid in this world; then they had prayers with the servant and the apprentice, and lay down in peace to sleep.

But when the little children began to come, the evenings were no longer quiet, and the wife could not give up her entire time to her husband. He sometimes felt things a little uncomfortable at home; and, beginning with one glass at the public-house once a week, it grew gradually to be a glass every evening; the one glass became two or three, and the mother at last took care to put her children to bed before their father came home, that they might not know how unlike himself he sometimes was. His wife noticed this growing liking for a

glass with great anxiety. She cooked the nicest suppers for him, she taught the children little tricks and stories to amuse him with, but in vain. The fish grew cold, and the children sleepy, but father didn't come home.

"Come now, old man," she said to him one evening, "you'll stay at home to-night; it is our little fat man's birthday."

"I can't do that, wife; the landlord of the Bear will take it very ill if I stay away, and you know he takes all his cheese from us."

"You can go to him on Friday."

"That is my day for the Lamb. The landlord there would never forgive me if I didn't come. He is our best customer."

"But on Saturday you will come and walk with us."

"I wish I could, but what would the landlord of the Eagle say? It will never do to send away our best customers."

"Come now, let customers be customers," said his wife, who lost patience at last. "Your children have more need of their father than you have of a few innkeepers, who, after all, get more from you than you get from them."

"You know nothing about it, wife," said Mr. Hearty with great dignity; "you women can see nothing but what lies straight before you. It is making acquaintances that helps a merchant. It is not only the landlords themselves, but every now and then some one fills his pipe, or takes a pinch of snuff, and says, 'Capital tobacco that.' Then I tell him he can get it very reasonably at my shop, and so it goes on with another. Yes, wife, you little think when you stand there so comfortably at the counter, and have nothing to do but attend to customers, how hard I have had to work the evening before in the public-house. Do you not think it would be more comfortable for me to sit at home and read the papers, than to put on my boots and go out in all sorts of weather? But the father of a family should never think of his own comfort. Yes," he added, with a look of fatherly affection, whilst he put on his coat, "put the children to bed, count up the money, pour fresh water over the salt fish, keep yourself comfortable at home; as for me, I go to provide for my children's future." And, with the belief that he was nobly sacrificing himself for the good of his children, he went off to the Bear, his wife looking after him with a heavy heart.

One evening, while walking with her children, she was praying earnestly that God would show her how to bring back her husband, so good in every other respect, from the dangerous road that must lead him always farther away from home and happiness. All at once she remembered that when they were first married, his greatest wish had been to possess a garden of his own. When a boy, he had made a little garden for himself, and had studied eagerly all the old books on gardening he

could lay his hands on. She had been against it at the time, for she had wished to get accustomed to her work in the shop before taking up anything more; later, she had been too busy with her children to think about planting or building; but now the idea came suddenly to her, "You must buy a garden, and your husband will seek his pleasure there. But where?" she went on saying to herself, while she followed her children she scarcely knew whither. "There is a nice garden at the head of the town to be had cheap, it would just suit us, but then we must pass close by the Eagle; I never would get him past the door. At the foot of the town there are some beautiful orchards; but there the Bear stretches out his paws; near the common?—there stands the Lamb on the right, and the Lion on the left; everywhere these wild beasts!"

In the meantime, they had come to the churchyard, a favourite walk with the children, who liked to look at the gravestones. The parents of Mr. Hearty lay there, and his wife reverently cared for their graves. Over the low wall of the churchyard her eye fell on a rather neglected-looking garden, whose good soil seemed worthy of more care. She saw it was for sale. "Buy it," came over her like an inspiration, and, to the surprise of the children, she turned right round, left them to their own devices, and hurried straight to the agent who had the charge of selling it. The price was moderate, owing to its disagreeable situation, the seller said; but to Mrs. Hearty it was agreeable enough. There was a fine view all round, and the neighbourhood of the quiet dead did not disturb her. She went home without ever looking into the shop, where the apprentice was trying to make jokes with the country customers, locked herself into her room, took from its hiding-place a little old black box, and counted its rich contents on the table.

It was a very pretty sum in silver, and a few gold pieces besides, presents from rich relations when she was a girl at home, which Mrs. Hearty counted over with a satisfaction that money had never given her before. "It will do beautifully," she said, smiling, "and there will be a little over to build a garden-house with. God grant His blessing to it!" We might well wonder how such a good-hearted, generous woman could have saved such a considerable sum; but the most of it had been given her by her mother when she left her old home, to be kept in case of some special necessity; and she had solemnly promised not to spend it unless some such necessity should force her to do so. Since her husband's growing liking for the public-house had begun to cause her such anxiety, she had been gradually increasing her store by what she could save from her own personal expenses, to keep for the education of her children. "The need has come," she said now to herself; "I can do nothing so good for my children as win their father back to them." She counted out the price of the garden, and, having put the rest carefully away,

she took it to the agent, who gave her the key of the garden, and promised secrecy.

She soon found a good opportunity to lead her husband into his new property. The next Tuesday was the anniversary of his mother's death, when they were accustomed to visit her grave together, and as it was sowing time, and the people too busy to be much in the shop, she could give it up earlier than usual to the apprentice.

The children, who knew nothing of what had happened, ran merrily on before. Mr. Hearty was now so unaccustomed to walk with his wife and children, that he felt rather uncomfortable, and kept wondering if he would have time afterwards to go to the Lion.

They came to the grandmother's grave; the children laid their flowers on it, and Mr. Hearty told his attentive wife the often-repeated little stories about his mother, which were always fresh and dear to him. On the way back he looked over into the garden, as his wife had done before. The grass was delightfully green, and the trees were in full blossom. "A splendid place that," said he; "what a pity the right man hasn't got it!"

"There must be gooseberries and currants in it," cried the children; "can we not get in?"

"Father will open the gate for you," said the mother, smiling, and putting the key into her husband's hand.

"How? What?" he asked, seeing from his wife's look, even more than from the key, that something extraordinary was going on.

"The key is yours, and the garden too," she said, with a hearty kiss.

"Mine!" said the astonished man.

"Ours!" cried the children, overjoyed, rushed in, jumped about on the grass, and showed in every way that they knew as well as the Emperor of Germany how to take possession. In the meantime their parents walked round the garden together, the wife telling her husband how she had bought it; but why—that she wisely kept to herself. He was full of plans for improvement.

"But the first thing must be a nice summer-house, where we can sit in all weathers."

"Of course," cried his wife, "and I have kept the rest of my savings for that." The landlord of the Lion was quite forgotten that evening; and the next day Mr. Hearty waited impatiently for the hour when he could leave business and go into his new garden with his neighbour, the contractor, to choose the right place for the garden-house. Then he got contracts, made plans; not a free moment was allowed to pass without being used for the garden.

The children, overjoyed with their new possession, took their share in all the work, weeding, carrying sand and water, doing everything useful and useless; if they were sometimes in the way, yet their father lived with them again, and learned to be happy with them.

The good wife had indeed added greatly to her cares and labours by her new acquisition. She had more than ever to do in the shop, besides putting the garden in order and looking after the workmen; but she did it all cheerfully and willingly, for she saw her husband restored to her, happy and contented at home, and the wild beasts, Lion and Bear, trying in vain to catch him again. When, in autumn, they had apples enough to make cider, which Mr. Hearty declared far surpassed in excellence and wholesomeness all drinks hitherto known, there was no longer anything to be feared from the long winter evenings; for he had got so out of the way of going to a public-house, he did not know how to begin again.

Next summer the garden-house was finished. It became the centre of all their family joys, the scene of their little festivities, the favourite playground of the children, and, in later years, the place round which their dearest recollections gathered.

The neighbourhood of the garden of the dead, which had seemed to many such a drawback, did not disturb the contented family. When they were sitting happily together in the garden, if they heard the bell ring and saw another pilgrim carried to his rest, the mother would sign to the children to be quiet, the parents would fold their hands and silently pray, then they would talk of their own parents and of so many other friends gone before, and gradually come back again to ordinary life.

And how rich the good woman felt herself in her possession which gave her the means of making so many happy with the pretty flowers, fine vegetables, and delicious fruit from her garden. What she had all the world had, and her husband, who had quite as generous a will as she, only not such a talent for giving, rejoiced with her.

He never found out her real reason for buying the garden so suddenly without consulting him; but, though in most things rather jealous of his rights as a man and a husband, in this case he was quite satisfied, and often said to her, "Wife, what was the cleverest thing you ever did in your life?"

J. E. W.

"Spare me that I may recover strength
before I go hence and be no more!"

NOT strength for work, good Lord, but strength to take
A firmer hold on that great strength of Thine,
Respite from earth's discordant cares, to make
Closer companionship with things divine,
Upon the mount alone with God to spend
A quiet breathing-space before the end.

Strength, even 'mid tears and trembling, at His feet
To lay the weight of life-long sin and wrong,
And in that flood of penitence complete
To find the perfect weakness that makes strong,
Then with th' eternal arm my sure defence,
In lowly loving trust I would go hence.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

“Put off the Old Man—Put on the New Man.”

A NATURAL HISTORY ILLUSTRATION.

THE Christian life is sometimes likened to a change of garment—the putting off the *old* and putting on the *new*. A suggestive illustration of this is to be found in Natural History. It is well known that many reptiles, and above all the snakes, cast off the whole skin at once. If by any accident they are prevented doing so, they infallibly die, because the old skin has grown so tough and hard that it hinders the increase in volume which is inseparable from the growth of the animal. Thus the old skin if not cast off will strangle the growing life. Underneath the old skin to be thrown off, a new skin is being formed which shall afford room for the growth and expansion of life. On the surface of this new skin there grows a layer of very fine and equally distributed hairs. These hairs, by their rigidity and position, serve the purpose of mechanically raising the old skin, rupturing it, and casting it off. The casting of the *old* skin is thus due to the assumption of the new, and the new is essential to the preservation and expansion of life. In general we look upon the serpent tribe as associated with all that is evil, but in this peculiarity connected with their growth do we not see a striking emblem of our own spiritual life? The garment woven by sin will, in due time, if it be not cast off, strangle the life of the soul. If we would therefore preserve life, we must put off the old man; and put off the old man by putting on “the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.”

W. BOYD.

The Position and Work of the Church of Scotland.

THE information following is slightly abridged from a paper recently compiled from official sources by a Committee of Members of the Church for distribution among Members of Parliament. All the Principals of Universities in Scotland, seven Judges of the Court of Session, and a very large number of other influential laymen holding official positions, have signed a recommendation at the close of the paper, which is as follows:—“The undersigned, who are opposed to Disestablishment, venture to suggest that no resolution on the subject should be entertained by either House of Parliament without full consideration of the important statements contained in the foregoing Memorandum.”

1.—HISTORY.

The Church of Scotland was established in its present form in 1592. In 1690 it was in like manner re-established under the Revolution Settlement, and in 1707 its doctrines, worship, and government were embodied in the Articles of Union. The creed and Presbyterian form of Church government established after the Reformation were in accordance with the opinions and wishes of nearly the whole of the people of Scotland; and more than 80 per cent of the population are still Presbyterian, and adhere to the Westminster Confession of Faith. The United Presbyterian Church was formed by a union of two bodies which left the Church of Scotland,—the first in 1733, and the second in 1752. Both of these Seces-

sions were caused by the operation of the law of Patronage, as imposed on the Church by the Act of Queen Anne. Those who left the Church of Scotland and formed the Free Church in 1843, went forth voluntarily, on the plea of an independent jurisdiction entitling them to interpret the law, with reference to the special matters in dispute, without regard to the decisions of the Civil Courts. At the time of the Secession of 1843, the number of ministers in charges in the Church was 1203. Of these, 451 seceded. The number of parish ministers who seceded was 289; the remaining 162 being ministers of chapels of ease, or unendowed churches, who had been declared by the Court of Session to possess no right to seats in the Church Courts. The number of ministers who did not secede in 1843 was 752, of whom 635 were parish ministers, and 117 ministers of chapels of ease. Exclusive of Roman Catholics, the only other considerable ecclesiastical body in Scotland is the Episcopal Church. This Church, while numbering among its members a large proportion of the influential and upper classes, is believed to comprise little more than 2½ per cent of the entire population. By the Act of Parliament of 1874, abolishing Church Patronage, and giving to congregations the right to elect their ministers, the Church was brought back to the position it occupied at the Revolution Settlement in 1690, which had been infringed by the Act of Queen Anne. The Abolition of Patronage has in no way weakened the connection between the Church of Scotland and the State. It has done no injustice to Dissenters; it removed what was in their estimation a grievance, against which, so long as they continued members of the Church, they protested.

2.—ENDOWMENTS.

These are of four kinds—

(1.) *The Teinds*.—From a Parliamentary Return obtained in 1874, it appears that, from this source, the ministers of 876 parishes receive an average stipend of about £270, or a total sum of £240,000, in addition to which their manse and glebes are valued at about £50,000.

The teinds (or tithes) are payments made to the clergy out of land, and date from the early ages of the Christian Church. At the Reformation the Church was in possession of a large amount of Church lands, as well as the teinds of lands not belonging to the Church. The Church lands were then, with certain exceptions, including manse and glebes, annexed to the Crown, and by the Crown granted to various laymen. The parochial clergy were directed to be provided for out of the teinds, but by no means receiving the whole teinds—great part being appropriated for other purposes. In some cases the whole teind is paid as stipend, while in others there is a balance of what is termed unexhausted teinds in the hands of the heritors—i.e. proprietors of land. These unexhausted teinds are held by the heritors and others, subject to augmentations of stipend to be made by the Teind Court at intervals not shorter than once in twenty years. In a Parliamentary Return obtained in 1871, they are stated to amount to about £140,000 per annum. The obligation to pay stipend is thus one to which the land has always been liable, and, being coexistent with the right to the land itself, is not a burden on the proprietor.

The maintenance of Church and Manse is by statute placed upon the heritors in a parish, independently of their position as regards teinds.

(2.) *State Aid*.—By Act of Parliament, 190 Parishes, where the stipends are under £150, receive from the Exchequer an average annual grant of £57 each, or a total of £12,000. By subsequent Acts, 42 Churches erected in 1826 in destitute localities in the Highlands and Islands, receive a stipend of £120 each—in all £5040. The total State aid is thus £17,040. The Crown receives annually a large revenue from Bishops' rents and Teinds formerly the property of the Church.

(3.) *Burgh Funds and Local Endowments.*—In 41 Parishes, in Burghs, the stipend is derived from Burgh Funds or old Local Endowments, to the amount of £16,266—an average of £396 each. In 147 Parishes the stipend drawn from Teinds or Exchequer is supplemented from Local Endowments to the extent of £7235—an average of £49 each. The total endowments from these sources are thus £23,501. Where the stipend is drawn from Burgh Funds, these are compensated in part by the seat-rents, levied for that purpose, and in many cases by the Burghs holding Church lands, originally destined for religious purposes.

(4.) *Endowments provided by the Church itself.*—Since 1845 the members and friends of the Church, by their freewill offerings, have erected and endowed 312 new Parishes, each having an endowment of at least £120 per annum, besides in many cases a Manse. The value of these fabrics and endowments exceeds £2,000,000.

3.—CHURCH STATISTICS.

The Church of Scotland has 1276 Parishes, 156 Non-Parochial Churches, and 120 Preaching and Mission Stations—altogether 1552 Congregations in Scotland. The Communicants were returned to Parliament in 1874 as 460,000, and in 1878 as 515,000—being an increase of 55,000 in 5 years. The official return of the Free Church is 230,000 Communicants (the Highlands not included), and of the United Presbyterian Church 172,000 Communicants.

It is regretted that there has been no religious census by Government to determine the proportion of the population adhering to the various Churches; but the Report of the Registrar-General for 1878 (the latest available) showing the proportion of marriages according to the rites of the several religious denominations, is as follows:—

Church of Scotland, 46·52 per cent; Free Church, 22·30; United Presbyterian Church, 12·37; Roman Catholic Church, 8·95; Episcopal Church, 2·68; Other Denominations, 5·54; Denomination not stated, 0·05; Irregular Marriages, 1·59.

Apart altogether from statistics, it must be kept in view that the distinctive feature of the Church is the parochial system. This makes the Church's Endowment the patrimony of the poor, as it lays on every parish minister the duty of placing himself at the service of the whole inhabitants of his parish.

4.—CHURCH WORK.

(1.) AT HOME.

Education.—The Church of Scotland still maintains about 200 Schools, and the Training Colleges in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, had last year 396 students training as teachers for the Public Schools.

Home Mission.—The Church supports 77 unendowed Churches and 51 Mission Stations, with an attendance of 23,000. During the last eight years, 110 additional churches have been built, at an estimated cost of upwards of £300,000, providing accommodation for upwards of 60,000 sitters. Revenue of Home Mission Committee in 1880, £15,983.

Endowment.—A separate Committee extends the parochial machinery of the Church by providing permanent endowment for unendowed churches, and thus converting them into parish churches *quoad sacra* with territorial districts. As already mentioned, 312 new parishes have been so created since 1845, at an expense in building and endowment of upwards of £2,000,000. Revenue of the Endowment Committee in 1880, £18,614.

Small Livings Fund.—For supplementing the stipends in parishes where the annual value of the living is under £200. In 1880, grants, varying from £7·10s. to £45, were voted to 313 parishes. The revenue of the Fund available for distribution was £8000.

(2.) ABROAD.

Foreign Missions.—The Church maintains Missions in India, Africa, and China, with 36 European and upwards of 200 native agents. Revenue in 1880, £19,629.

The Church has a Committee for the maintenance of ordinances among Presbyterians in the Colonies, and for the support of Continental Stations, and Army and Navy Chaplains where Commissioned Chaplains are not provided. Revenue in 1880, £11,465.

The Church has likewise a Jewish Mission, with 5 principal stations, 28 agents, and a revenue in 1880 of £5024.

In addition to the above principal Missionary enterprises, the Church has Committees which it annually supplies with funds for the following objects: Mission Work in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; Retirement of Aged and Infirm Ministers; Correspondence with the Protestant Churches of the Continent; and for Repayment to Ministers of sums paid to those patrons who have claimed compensation under the provisions of the Patronage Abolition Act. The sums collected for these objects during 1880 amounted to £5666.

5.—VOLUNTARY LIBERALITY OF THE CHURCH.

The following sums were reported as raised under their different heads during the *nine years* ending 31st December 1880. The Committee which collects these Statistics was only appointed in 1872.

Congregational and Charitable Purposes, £940,836; Support of Ordinances and Supplement of Stipends (exclusive of £433,423 raised by Seat Rents), £131,468; Education (exclusive of all sums raised in connection with Training Colleges), £123,969; Home Mission Work, £249,927; Church Building, £489,131; Endowment of New Parishes, £397,018; Foreign Mission Work, £256,353; Total £2,588,702, giving an average annual amount of £287,633. The amount for 1880 was £319,847. These sums do not include a donation of £500,000 from the late Mr. Baird of Cambusdoon, the revenue of which is annually expended in promoting Church Building and Endowment, and other Home Work.

6.—INADEQUACY OF THE PROVISION MADE BY OTHER CHURCHES.

There are 356 rural parishes (of which 241 are old parishes), with a total population of 386,000, and an average population of 1084, in which there is no Free Church; and there are 736 parishes in which there is no United Presbyterian Church. In the remaining parishes, the Ministers of 716 Free Church and 157 United Presbyterian congregations are not self-supporting.

In the Gaelic Highlands, where the Free Church has 201 congregations, only 31 are self-supporting. The United Presbyterian Church has 37 congregations in the Highlands and Islands amid a population of 440,000.

THE LORD'S TENTH.

On a cold winter day in London a young widow sat by a very small fire with her only child, a boy of twelve years old. The mother supported herself and her child by teaching, while he enjoyed a free education. It was her pay day, and she and Willie sat counting her hard-earned gains, which amounted to fifteen sovereigns.

The mother laid one sovereign and a half to a side, at the same moment remarking it was so nice to have such a sum by them for charity. Willie raised his dark expressive eyes from the bright coins and said, "Mother, I thought that was the Lord's Tenth, and that we would take *our* charity off what remains."

Willie is now a prosperous man, his mother enjoys every comfort, and they are followers together of Him who has said, "The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand." A. K. A.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. What verse shows how the Feast of Purim (*i.e.* lots) got its name?
2. Who was rescued by the people, when doomed to perish for tasting a little honey?
3. What message did Nathan bring to David in regard to the temple?
4. Find (in end of 2 Sam.) the story of the purchase of the site where the temple-altar afterwards stood?
5. What reason is given in 1 Chronicles for David not being permitted to build the temple?
6. What cruel deed, commanded by Herod the Great, is recorded in the beginning of Matthew?
7. To what animal did Christ compare his son, Herod the tetrarch? What prophet did he put to death?
8. Find in Acts mention of a foster-brother of Herod the tetrarch who became a Christian prophet.
9. On what three occasions did Jesus select Peter, James, and John, to be near Him?
10. Find four passages called faithful sayings, in Epistles to Timothy and Titus.

ANSWERS FOR MAY.

1. Serpent made, Num. 21. 9; destroyed by Hezekiah, 2 Kings 18. 4.
2. John 3. 14, 15, He was "lifted up," that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish.
3. Isaiah 39 found in 2 Kings 20. 12-19.
4. Abigail, 1 Sam. 25. 33.
5. Tamar, Rahab, Ruth, Bath-sheba, Mary.
6. About 3000, Acts 2. 41.
7. Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit.
8. Luke 11. 13; John 14. 16; 14. 26; 15. 26; 16. 7; Luke 24. 49, and Acts 1. 5, 8.
9. C6re (two syllables), Jude 11; E'n6as, Acts 9. 34; Steph6nas, 1 Cor. 1. 16; Acha'icus, 1 Cor. 16. 17; Attal'ia, Acts 14. 25; Phil6mon. 10. Rebellion of Korah, Numbers 16.

Calendar for June.

1	Th.	The earnest of the Spirit in our hearts.—2 Cor. 1. 22.
2	F.	He giveth more grace.—James 4. 16.
3	Sa.	I will joy in the God of my salvation.—Habak. 3. 18.
4	Su.	Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house.—Ps. 84. 4.
5	M.	<i>General Assembly closes.</i> —Ps. 122. 8. [5. 25.]
6	Tu.	Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it.—Eph.
7	W.	Take ye heed, watch and pray.—Mark 13. 33.
8	Th.	Ye know not when the Master cometh.—Mark 13. 35.
9	F.	What will ye that I should do unto you?—Matt. 20. 32
10	Sa.	Lord, that our eyes may be opened.—Matt. 20. 33.
11	Su.	Let us go into the House of the Lord.—Ps. 122. 1.
12	M.	We have an Advocate with the Father.—1 John 2. 1.
13	Tu.	One Mediator between God and men.—1 Tim. 2. 5.
14	W.	Ye are bought with a price.—1 Cor. 6. 20.
15	Th.	Glorify God in your body.—1 Cor. 6. 20.
16	F.	Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields.—John 4. 35.
17	Sa.	The field is the world.—Matt. 13. 38.
18	Su.	<i>Collection for Foreign Missions.</i> —Rom. 10. 15.
19	M.	Ye shall be witnesses unto Me.—Acts. 1. 8.
20	Tu.	God will have all men to be saved.—1 Tim. 2. 4. [7. 21.]
21	W.	Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord.—Matt.
22	Th.	Every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it.—John
23	F.	Our God is a consuming fire.—Heb. 12. 29. [15. 2.]
24	Sa.	The Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.—James
25	Su.	The Lord is in His holy temple.—Hab. 2. 20. [5. 11.]
26	M.	Enter not into the path of the wicked.—Prov. 4. 14.
27	Tu.	Perfect in Christ Jesus.—Col. 1. 28.
28	W.	Christ in you, the hope of glory.—Col. 1. 27.
29	Th.	Ye are clean through the word.—John 15. 3.
30	F.	One sinner destroyeth much good.—Ecc. 9. 18.

JULY.

1	Sa.	O give thanks unto the Lord.—Ps. 105. 1.
2	Su.	Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.—Heb. 10. 25.

Notices of Books.

THE PASTOR AS PREACHER, or Preaching in connection with work in the Parish and in the Study; being Lectures delivered at the Universities of Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow, by HENRY WALLIS SMITH, D.D., Minister of Kirknewton and East Calder, one of the Lecturers on Pastoral Theology, appointed by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Blackwood, 1882.

The Parish of Kirknewton has been fortunate in its ministers during the past hundred years. Cameron, to whose poetic taste we owe so much in his revision of the Paraphrases in the end of last century; Simpson, who was one of Dr. Chalmers's lieutenants up to 1843, and thereafter, for many years, Convener of the Home Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland, as well as one of the Clerks of Assembly; and now the author of the welcome book which we have before us. Dr. Henry Wallis Smith is the energetic Convener of the Jewish Mission Committee, faithfully guiding its operations on the lines laid down by his distinguished predecessor, Professor Mitchell; he is the laborious minister of a populous parish; and this volume shows that he has also studious tastes and power of literary work. It is impossible to conceive lectures more adapted to their purpose than those which make up the book; they are elegant in style, full of acute observation, pervaded from beginning to end by a spirit of manly and unassuming devotion to the work of the Christian ministry. The Lectures are on—(1) "The Pastor's Position and Object as a Preacher;" (2 and 3) "Indirect Preparation for the Pulpit (Work in the Parish, Work in the Study);" (4, 5, 6) "Direct Preparation (Models, Range of Subjects, Text, Sermon);" and there is an Appendix in two divisions—(1) Connection of Foreign Missions with Pastoral Work at Home; (2) The Revised Version from a Pastor's Point of View. We may say that in the early part of the work we feel the power of the experienced minister, and in the latter of the careful scholar. All is excellent. We only wish that the author had called his book "The Parish Minister," and not "The Pastor," for that title would better describe its purpose, though ministers of every church can use it with equal profit.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.—*Jim's Treasure*—By A. K. H. Forbes (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier). This little book comes from a Parish Manse, and is well suited for the senior pupils of a Sunday School. A child saved from the wreck proves to be, in the highest sense, a "treasure" to the wrecker's home. The author is favourably known by her former book, *Climbing the Ladder*. *Edith Oswald*—By Jane M. Kippen (London: Partridge). Miss Kippen has provided for girls a pleasing story, whose scene is laid partly in the Highlands, and partly at Leamington Spa. Edith is an orphan who reaps the benefit of laying to heart the advice of the old Minister of her Perthshire Parish, ever to bear in mind the duty of living for others as well as for herself. *The Giant of the North*—By R. M. Ballantyne (London: Nisbet). Our boy readers do not easily forget Mr. Ballantyne. The boys of this story reach the North Pole, and have marvellous adventures, but, being very muscular Christians, with the resources of modern science at command, they happily surmount every peril. *Lays for Leisure Hours*—By Margaret Russel Dow (Edinburgh: Elliot). This is another book from the Manse. The lays can be commended for purity and sweetness of sentiment, and for the evangelical character of their teaching. *Nannette's New Shoes*—By Robina F. Hardy (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier). This is a charming little story of young children, and the scene is laid in well-known streets of Edinburgh. It is simple, fresh, and thoroughly well written. Miss Hardy has insight into child-nature.



Over the Sunny Meadows.

OVER the sunny meadows,
Over the bold hillside,
A little child is singing,
"The Lord will be my guide."

All through the soft green pastures,
Down by the flowery brook,
She sang the same sweet murmur,
With the same upward look.

But when the cloudlets gather,
And mists creep through the glen,
When storms and thunders lower,
What will her song be then?

She enters the vale of shadows,
And whispers calmly still,
"Christ Jesus is my Shepherd,
So I will fear no ill."

The valley grows still darker,
With horrors dread to see,
"His Rod and Staff," she murmurs,
"They yet will comfort me."

But when she nears the river,
So dark to frail, weak men,
And feels its icy waters,
What will her song be then?

She stands upon its margin,
It gathers round her feet,
Her cheeks grow wan and weary,
But still her song is sweet.

"I see the Cross of Jesus,
Above the cold dark tide,
A light across the billows,
To strengthen and to guide."

The icy stream is forded,
She has gained the other shore,
And the echo of her singing
Falls on our ear no more.

But when she sees the Saviour,
The Hope of sinful men,
And kneels in love before Him,
What will her song be then?

J. C. D.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

JULY 1882.

July Communion.

THE Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated on the SECOND Sabbath, the 9th.

A Preparatory Service will be held on the previous Saturday at 2.30 P.M.

Communicants will receive Token-Cards on the previous Sabbath at the close of Public Worship, Forenoon or Afternoon.

Certificates of Membership from other parishes may be handed in at the Elders' Seat on the previous Sabbath, or given to the Minister at his house, 7 Royal Circus, any time that is convenient.

There are no Preparatory Classes for Young Communicants at this season, but Mr. Macleod will be glad to see any who desire to communicate for the first time, on Saturday Evenings, after 7 o'clock.

At this, as at all the Communion of the year, there will be a Forenoon and an Afternoon Table.

The Afternoon Table will commence at 2.30.

The Evening Service will commence at 6.30.

The attendance of Communicants last July was most satisfactory, notwithstanding the absence of such a large proportion of the Congregation during summer. It is hoped that the attendance on this occasion will be equally large. May the Lord, of His great mercy, make it to all Communicants a profitable and a happy Service!

A Special Collection for Congregational Purposes will be made on Communion Sunday.

St. Stephen's Schools.

The Annual Examinations will take place as follow:—

Infants. Wednesday, 19th, 11 A.M.

Girls. Wednesday, 19th, 1.30 P.M.

Boys. Thursday, 20th, 11 A.M.

A Sermon will be preached to the whole School in the Church on Thursday, at 2 P.M., after which the Prizes will be distributed in the Boys' School.

Parents and Friends are invited to be present at the Examinations, and also at the Service in Church.

Miss Smythe has recently been appointed to the Girls' School in room of Miss Fairlie.

Arrangements for August and September.

St. Stephen's and St. Bernard's will unite for these months, in accordance with the practice which has now been followed with much advantage for many years.

During August the Forenoon Service will be in St. Bernard's, and the Afternoon Service in St. Stephen's. In September this order will be reversed.

Administration of Baptism.

Holy Baptism will be administered on the FIRST Sunday of July.

Appointment of Assistant.

Mr. Patrick M. Playfair has been appointed by the Session Assistant in place of Mr. Turnbull. Mr. Playfair was recently licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. It is an interesting fact that his much-respected father, formerly minister of Abercorn, also commenced his ministry as assistant in this Parish, about forty years ago. Mr. Playfair's address for the present is 31 India Street (Smith).

Parochial Buildings Fund.

This Fund is making satisfactory progress, and amounted at June 26th to £1479 : 10s. Nothing could be more gratifying than the readiness and general liberality with which contributions have been given. Be it remembered, however, that the Fund must be very considerably increased before operations can be proceeded with, and it would be a great favour if Members and Adherents who have not yet intimated contributions (which are payable at November 1882 and May 1883) would kindly do SO BEFORE THE END OF JULY. If ALL gave something, however little, our object would be soon accomplished. How much might a Congregation like St. Stephen's accomplish if ALL THE MEMBERS FELT THEIR PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITIES, AND TOOK A HEARTY AND GENEROUS INTEREST IN THE WORK WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN US TO DO!

Tuesday Evening Service.

This Service will be continued during July in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street, from 7 to 8.

Patronage Compensation Fund.

The Collection for this Scheme will be made on the 23d July. It is an object which the Church of Scotland seems "bound in honour" to carry through. Whether the Church contributes to this cause or not, those Patrons who exacted compensation at the time of the abolition of Patronage will be paid. But for four years the unfortunate Incumbents will suffer, and worse still, parishes will suffer, inasmuch as the best men will not offer themselves for charges in which they will not get the full advantage of the benefice for that long period—usually the most trying period financially in a minister's experience. Let it be borne in mind, then, that the credit of our Church, in the face of her enemies and of the whole country, is at stake in connection with this matter.

It is quite out of the question to expect a proper collection in St. Stephen's on the fourth Sabbath of July, unless Members will kindly take the trouble to send their contributions to the Treasurer, Mr. W. Mann, 119 Princes Street.

Upon the whole, our Schemes Collections have been doing well this year.

There will be no Local Supplement to this Magazine in August or September.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE.

St. Stephen's Association in support of
Female Missions.
1881-1882.

(This Statement does not include the collection for Pursuewankum, in connection with which most of the subscriptions for India are given.)

Collected by Mrs. Bilton, 17 Lennox Street—

	Female Education in India.	Christian Education of Jew-esses.	Gaelic Schools and Bur-saries.
Anne Richardson, 18 Belgrave Cres.	..	0 1 0	..
Jessie Smith, 20 Belgrave Crescent
Janet Hally, 11 Oxford Terrace	..	0 1 0	..
Marion Ewart, 12 Learmonth Terrace	..	0 1 0	0 1 0
Mrs. Dunlop Anderson, 21 Lennox St.	..	1 0 0	0 10 0
Miss Anderson, 21 Lennox Street	..	0 10 0	..
Miss J. Anderson, 21 Lennox Street	..	0 10 0	..
Mrs. Syme, 10 Buckingham Terrace	..	1 0 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Blackwood, 5 Clarendon Cres.	..	0 7 0	0 7 0
Mrs. Blackwood, 3 Ravelston Place	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
W. A. Pitt, 18 Lennox Street	..	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Lewis Bilton, 17 Lennox Street	..	0 7 6	0 7 6
..	£	4 4 6	2 11 6

Collected by Mrs. Hardie, 4 Scotland Street—

Mrs. Gordon, 3 Bellevue Crescent	..	0 5 0	0 2 6
Mrs. Clark, 31 Scotland Street	..	0 3 0	..
Mrs. Hardie, 4 Scotland Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
..	£	0 10 6	0 5 0

Collected by Miss Boyd, 7 Dean Terrace—

Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie, 53 Northumber-land Street	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Campbell, 8 Northumberland St.	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Scott, 52 Northumberland St.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Walker, 47 Northumberland St.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Gloag, 6 Heriot Row	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. MacLagan, 28 Heriot Row	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Borland, 28 Heriot Row	..	0 2 0	..
Lady Deas, 32 Heriot Row	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Goudie, 39 Northumberland St.	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Robertson, 9 St. Vincent Street	..	0 2 6	0 5 0
Mrs. Mill, 35 Howe Street	..	0 7 0	0 7 0
Mr. Luke, 7 St. Vincent Street	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Robertson, 11 Heriot Row	..	2 0 0	1 0 0
Miss J. Deuchar, 11 Heriot Row	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Smith, 17 Dundas Street	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Isles, 6 St. Vincent Street	0 2 6
D. Lister Shand, 65 Castle Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Boyd, 7 Dean Terrace	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
..	£	5 1 6	2 17 0

Collected by Mrs. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row—

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row	..	0 10 0	1 0 0
Miss Sanders, 119 George Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Fraser, 54 Castle Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Horatio R. Macrae, 57 Castle Street	£3 3 0
Mrs. Mitchell, 31 Castle Street	..	0 1 6	..
J. G., Hill Street	..	0 1 6	0 2 0
Anthony Murray, 141 George Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Jane Crearer, 1 Charlotte Street	..	0 1 0	..
Mrs. Torrie, Glenfinlas Street	0 2 6
Lawrence Johnston, 11 Castle Street	0 10 0
Christopher Johnston, 11 Castle St.	0 2 6
Mrs. Stevenson, for Louisa at Calcutta	5 0 0
..	£8 3 0	1 6 6	2 9 6

Collected by Miss Charlotte Munro, Howard Place—

Mrs. McNeill, 5 Manor Place	..	0 5 0	0 10 0
Mrs. Brodie, 47 Melville Street	..	1 0 0	..
Miss Brodie, 47 Melville Street	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. and Miss Scott, 21 Drumsheugh Gardens	..	0 5 0	..
Misses McFarlan, 9 Melville Street	..	0 10 0	..
..	£	2 5 0	0 10 0

Collected by Miss Cumming, Dean Terrace—

Mrs. M'Kerrell, 48 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Buchan, 48 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Robertson, 86 Great King Street	0 5 0
Mrs. MacNab, 68 Great King Street	..	0 10 0	0 10 0
Mrs. Ross, 30 Great King Street	0 5 0
Miss Hoplink, 75 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 2 6
Miss Maclean, 82 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Wilmot, 17 Great King Street	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace	..	0 2 6	..
..	£	1 12 6	1 17 6

Collected by Miss Leishman, Douglas Crescent—

	Female Education in India.	Christian Education of Jew-esses.	Gaelic Schools and Bur-saries.
Mrs. Johnston, 17 Douglas Crescent.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Orr Ewing, 21 Grosvenor Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Leishman	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
..	£	0 12 6	0 12 6

Collected by Miss Forrester, 8 Drummond Place—

Miss Forrester, 8 Drummond Place	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
John Lorn, M.D., 27 Drummond Pl.	..	0 7 0	0 7 0
Mrs. White, 23 Drummond Place	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Smith, 30 Drummond Place	0 2 6
Mrs. Sceales, 14 Drummond Place	0 2 6
Mrs. Adam, 10 Nelson Street	0 2 6
Mrs. Hutchison, 10 Nelson Street	0 2 6
Mrs. MacLachlan, 12 Abercromby Pl.	0 2 6
Mrs. Shand, 34 Albany Street	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Paterson, 40 Albany Street	£0 5 0	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Dickson, 56 Albany Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
..	£0 5 0	1 7 0	1 7 0

Collected by Miss Gordon, Royal Circus—

Mrs. James Gordon, 30 Royal Circus	..	0 5 0	..
Miss C. R. Smith, 9 Bruntsfield Cres.	..	0 10 6	..
Mrs. Boase, 9 Bruntsfield Crescent	..	0 10 0	..
..	£	1 5 6	..

Collected by Miss I. Kennedy, Great King Street—

John Kennedy, 71 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Lady Gordon, Randolph Crescent	0 10 0
Mrs. Millar, 3 Ainslie Place	0 5 0
Misses M' Hutcheon, 5 Randolph Cres.	0 5 0
Mrs. Mitchellson	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Elizabeth Stronach, 13 Chester Street	..	0 1 0	..
Alexander Reid, 1 St. David's Terrace	..	0 1 0	..
Janet Henderson, 15 Great Stuart St.	..	0 1 0	0 1 0
Robina Farquhar, 14 Great Stuart St.	..	0 1 0	..
Mrs. Kerr, 9 Great Stuart Street	..	0 10 0	..
Euphemia Watt, 2 Great Stuart St.	£0 1 0
Lord Mure, 12 Ainslie Place	1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
J. Millar Crabbie, 33 Chester Street	..	0 5 0	..
Jessie Hobart, 6 Athole Crescent	..	0 1 0	0 1 0
Miss A. Kennedy, 71 Great King St.	0 1 0
Mrs. Kennedy	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
A Friend	0 1 0
A. W. H.	..	0 5 0	..
..	£1 1 0	2 15 0	2 14 0

Collected by Mrs. Hardie for Miss Pott—

Mrs. Leven, 26 Saxe-Coburg Place	..	0 5 0	0 2 6
Mrs. Mowat, 6 West Claremont Place	0 1 0
Mrs. Cochrane, 27 Bahrola Place	..	0 1 0	..
Christian M'Laren, 27 Teviotdale Pl.	0 5 0
Miss Pott, Inverleith Row	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
..	£	0 8 6	0 11 0

Collected by Miss Mann, Raeburn Place—

Mrs. Mackay, 7 St. Bernard's Cres.	0 5 0
Mrs. Moffat, 33 St. Bernard's Cres.	..	0 2 0	0 2 0
Miss Wight, 26 St. Bernard's Cres.	0 3 0
Mrs. Bilton, 17 Danube Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Smith, 15 Danube Street	£1 0 0	1 0 0	..
Mrs. Johnston, 22 Dean Terrace	..	0 1 0	..
Misses Blackwood, 19 Dean Terrace	1 0 0	3 0 0	2 0 0
Alex. Blackwood, 19 Dean Terrace	..	0 5 0	0 6 0
Jessie Nelson, 22 Ann Street	..	0 1 0	..
Miss Stodart, 22 Ann Street	..	0 10 0	..
A. W. H.	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Smith, 5 Comely Bank	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss MacLaverly, 4 Barnston Terrace	0 2 6
Mrs. Mann, 22 Raeburn Place	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Bowie, 15 Raeburn Place	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Ronaldson, Somerset Cottage	0 5 0
..	£2 0 0	5 16 6	3 16 0

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE.

	Female Education in India.	Christian Education of Jewesses.	Gaelic Schools and Bursaries.
<i>Collected by Miss Stewart, 61 Northumberland Street—</i>			
Mrs. Macleod, 7 Royal Circus	1 0 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Macrae, 14 Gloucester Place	0 10 0	..
Miss Macrae, 14 Gloucester Place	0 5 0	..
Miss Maclean, 14 Gloucester Place	0 5 0	0 10 0
Mrs. Wells, 14 Gloucester Place	0 2 6	..
Christina Anderson, 14 Gloucester Pl.	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Robertson Stewart, 6 Gloucester Place	0 10 0	0 10 0
Misses Hope, 11 Gloucester Place	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Shepherd, 3 Gloucester Place	0 5 0
Miss I. Douglas, 6 Gloucester Place	0 1 0	..
Miss Elder, 3 S. W. Circus Place	0 2 6
Mrs. Campbell, 13 Royal Circus	0 2 0	..
Miss Hunter, 13 Royal Circus	0 2 6	..
Jane C. Inglis, 13 Royal Circus	0 1 0	..
Mrs. Gunn, 7 N. W. Circus Place	0 3 0	..
Miss Helen Bethune, 21 Royal Circus	0 2 0	..
Miss Scales, 6 Royal Circus	0 2 6	..
A Friend	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Stewart, 61 Northumberland St.	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Stewart, 61 Northumberland St.	0 5 0	0 5 0
..	£	4 4 0	3 0 0

<i>Collected by Miss C. Tawse, 11 Royal Terrace—</i>			
Misses Tawse, 11 Royal Terrace	3 0 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Dudgeon, 20 Regent Terrace	0 10 0	0 10 0
John A. Stevenson, 27 Royal Terrace	0 5 0	0 5 0
John Colquhoun, Esq., 1 Royal Ter.	0 10 0	..
..	£	4 5 0	1 15 0

<i>Collected by Mrs. Girdwood, Moray Place—</i>			
Miss Mure, 10 Darnaway Street	0 10 0	0 10 0
Miss J. Mure, 10 Darnaway Street	0 10 0	0 5 0
G. M. Thomson, 5 Darnaway Street	0 2 6
G. Munro, 5 Darnaway Street	0 2 6	..
Miss Baird, 42 India Street . . .	£1	0 0	..
A. Taylor, 15 India Street	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Adamson, 27 India Street	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Colin G. Macrae, 45 Moray Pl.	0 10 0	0 10 0
Miss Paul, 5 Moray Place	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Girdwood, 30 Moray Place	0 5 0	0 5 0
..	£1	0 0	2 10 0
..	£	2 10 0	1 17 6

	Female Education in India.	Christian Education of Jewesses.	Gaelic Schools and Bursaries.
<i>Collected by Miss Symington, Dundas Street—</i>			
Mrs. Finlay, 12 Pitt Street	0 3 0	..
Miss Julia Richardson	0 5 0	..
Jessie Grieve	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Anderson, Fettes Row	0 5 0	..
A Friend	0 5 0	..
..	£	1 0 0	..

<i>Collected by Miss Brodie, Howe Street—</i>			
Miss Jackson, 19 Queen Street	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Imlach, 48 Queen Street	0 2 6	..
Miss Ranken, 68 Queen Street	0 10 6	0 10 6
A Member of St. Stephen's	0 2 0	..
Miss Brodie	0 5 0	0 5 0
..	£	1 2 0	0 15 6

<i>Collected by Miss MacNab, Howard Place—</i>			
Mrs. Sutherland, 25 Inverleith Row	2 6 0	..
Mrs. MacFadyan, 60 Inverleith Row	0 2 0
Mrs. Gray, 13 Inverleith Row	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Greenless, 5 Howard Place	0 7 0	0 7 0
The Hon. Miss Lake, Seaforth Cottage	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Sanderson, St. Martin's Lodge	0 2 6	..
Miss MacNab	0 2 6
..	£	0 17 0	0 14 0

Miss Cosens, Hope Crescent . . .	£0	2 6	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Hutton, Brunswick Street	0 4 6	..
Girls in St. Stephen's Sabbath School, for Nunkie at Calcutta	6 0 0
..	£6	2 6	0 2 6	..

TOTAL . . . £18 11 6 | 41 10 6 | 27 13 0

Extract Letter from Miss Gordon to a Member of Committee.

MADRAS, 24th May 1882.

. . . You will like to know a little of what I think of India. The country itself I think is most beautiful. How many things we read of in the Bible as strange to our Western idea are clearly brought out here! I seem to read many parts of it with a clearer sight than I ever did before. In explaining many lessons to children at home one could hardly fancy, for instance, a man carrying his bed, but here you see it done: the women at the well, the servant lounging about the tent door, the getting ready the hasty meal, the often washing the feet, the rising early, the quiet meditation on the roof, the loose flowing garments, the yoke of oxen, gleaning in the field, the parents getting a wife for their son, the jewels of silver and gold, and so on. Many such things we see around us every day. I have taken most kindly to the natives. They have nice gentle ways about them, though I am sorry to tell you that you cannot believe a word they say. Oh that the vice of lying could be put far away from them!

When I first entered the country I thought, What is being done for the souls of this people? I thought missionaries were buried here, and that no results were visible; now my mind is changed: the

more I get to know of the country, the more I become acquainted with the native community, my wonder is that there are so many Christians.

I suppose you know that of all India Southern India (Madras) has the largest number of Christians; true, they are of the lower castes perhaps; but no matter, God generally chooses the weak things of this world to fulfil His purposes. . . .

There is no doubt God will take India over to Himself sooner or later; the thirst for education is astonishing, and there is no doubt that education and moral training leads to something higher. If we are to help to gain India to the side of Christianity, it is the children of the *present* that will be the main channel used. If we give them an education in Bible things, it *cannot* allow them to persist in the old way of idol worship; and this is one great reason why I have a great desire to have our day-schools opened for religious teaching only on Sabbaths. It will only take up an hour's time in the morning, and when we come to think of it, the Sabbath day is *the* day in which we should do special work for the Master.

I trust by and by, when I get a little more accustomed to the sun, I may be very useful. I know I shall like the children and the work; already I feel that.

I must tell you a little incident that happened last week in my visitation. My Bible-woman Jemima and I went into a Telugu house in Triplicane, where we have two pupils both learning English. I had a lady friend with me from Bombay. After talking a little on a verse I had given them to learn out of the 3d chapter of Proverbs, my friend sang a Marathi hymn (there were many more than the two pupils present). By and by two women came in, followed by a dozen children attracted by the singing (the children going from school); they all came in, and they sang us a Telugu lyric. When we were all quiet I struck up that beautiful child's hymn, "Lord, a little band and lowly," and after we finished it Jemima told them the meaning of it, as I explained to her; and if you had seen those faces listening to the fact that God sees everything we do and writes it in His book! I am sure there were over twenty in that court. I like to sing that hymn to them, because I really feel we are such a little, lowly band. When I said Salaam to the children, and asked them to go, I said to my pupils, "Now we must read;" but they both said, "Oh, we cannot read to-day, we have been so happy; we'll speak about you all day." However, I took up the 15th chapter of St. Luke and made them read the Lost Piece of Silver and the Lost Sheep, and explained it to them. I do think

the time is past for confining them to the Old Testament; there is nothing like the pure Gospel story; there are many things in the Old Testament that mystifies them, but the life of such a pure holy Saviour can always be understood.

Another day, in a Zenana, a father came to me when he heard that I had brought a lady who could speak Hindostani. They had a conversation together which I could not understand, though I felt so sorry I could not while sitting listening. I said, when a pause came, "English terrenana?" (in Tamil, "Do you understand English?") He said, "A little." So we spoke out plainly. He said he had read the Bible and thought it a good book, but there were many things he could not understand. I asked him if he understood all his own good books. He said, "I confess I don't." "Then," I said, "when you want to read and study our Bible, just close your eyes (you believe in God); ask Him to teach you that part which you do not understand; and I do not hesitate to say that if that prayer ascends from a truly earnest, seeking soul, God will hear and answer." This is a man groping in the dark; he believes in God, but simply because he cannot understand how Christ became incarnate, he has not the faith to accept it as gospel. Oh, pray that faith may be given to many, that a light that only can come from God might break the darkness in many a heart!



JULY 1882.

Sermon.

PEACE.

By the Rev. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D., St. Giles', Edin.

"My peace I give unto you."—JOHN xiv. 27.

"ANY ONE," says that thoughtful man, the late Dr. Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral, "who has the happiness to count among his cherished recollections the memory of the last days of some beloved Christian friend, may remember, perhaps, how when watching the death-bed to which he now looks back with such touching emotion, the wish may have crossed him, 'Oh that my departing friend could leave me the peace which he has in his heart, and which to him is so blissful! I wish he could bequeath it to me.' Learn here," he continues, "the preciousness of Christ. Your Christian friend could not bequeath his peace. He had it himself. It was his own possession; and as the world did not give it, so neither could it take it away. But as little could he bequeath it himself. Christ could, however. He could give what He had. He could leave as a legacy to His Church that which sustained His own Spirit." These words are true; Christ is the great giver of peace to man. It is from Him all good men have had it; and from Him each of us must get it for himself.

Let us think for a little of Christ's legacy. What is Peace? What was the Peace of Christ? How does He give it to us?

I. What is Peace? It is that feeling which results from harmony with law. We are all placed in the midst of a vast system of laws. When we are rightly related to these laws, we are at peace; when we are not so related, when we disregard them, transgress them, fight against them, we have disquiet, pain, misery. Man's truest wisdom is to find out what are the laws of his being in body, soul, and spirit, and to bring himself into harmony with them. There are certain laws which affect man's body—the laws of health. If we obey them, we have bodily peace. If, in the smallest degree, we set them at defiance, we have all that is opposed to peace—we have discomfort, sickness, pain; and if we could get at the root of any of our bodily ailments, we would find that the laws of health have some way or other been violated. So there are certain laws which affect man's intellect. It must be in harmony with truth. If it be not, the result

is ignorance, error, dissatisfaction. When the mind apprehends a truth in any sphere—a truth of science or philosophy, or any other truth—and feels that it can rest upon it, it is so far at peace. So is it in the higher region of man's being—in his spirit. It must be in harmony with the law of its life, which is, to be one with God, and to find its joy and satisfaction in Him, to love Him with heart and soul and strength and mind. Sin, with its bitter fruits, is the transgression of that law. There can be no rest for the soul away from God, any more than there can be rest for the body when the laws of health are violated, or for the mind when it is seeking the truth, but cannot find it. "My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," cried David. "Thou madest us for Thyself," said Augustine, "and our heart is disquieted until it find its rest in Thee." "O God! O God! where is Thine infinite bosom, that I might rest thereon?" was the cry, in more modern times, of a great but despairing soul. To have these aspirations fulfilled; to have our spirit brought into harmony with its true life; to be one with, to be acquainted with God, is Peace.

II. What was the Peace of Christ? It was the feeling that resulted from His perfect oneness with God. His soul was in harmony with the law of its life. There could be no possible discord: "I and My Father are one." "As the Father knoweth Me, even so know I the Father." "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me." "Father, not what I will, but what Thou wilt." These expressions tell us whence came the peace which lay like sunshine on His inner life. He was rejected and despised of men. The outward surroundings of His life were of the saddest, but there was an inward calm which we can feel beneath the letter of the gospel story as we read it. We see it specially in the closing chapters of the life. "The hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave Me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." There was the source of His peace. "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me: for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." Words like these tell us of a deep and ineffable spiritual calm. As the great billows that break the surface of the ocean do not stir the smallest weed down in

the depths, clinging to the rocky bottom, so the inner quiet of Christ's life was unmoved by the waves that passed over Him. They did not shake even for a moment the perfect rest of His soul in God.

I have seen, as I daresay some who read this sermon have seen, many pictures of the suffering Christ. The greatest artists that have lived have portrayed their conception of Him. But there is often a vast difference in their conception. In them all, the sorrows of our Lord are delineated with greater or less effectiveness. The crown of thorns; the bleeding countenance; the very drops of blood; the form bent under the weight of the cross,—the concomitants of the tragedy all are there. But while there are some artists who have spent their strength on these outward marks of sorrow, there are others whose work is truer to the reality; you can see breaking through the countenance an inward restfulness and calm, a perfect unbroken resignation to the Divine will. These have formed some idea of what the peace of Christ was. The perfect oneness with, and repose in God, that no outward calamities could break in upon.

III. This Peace He gives to us. "My Peace."

There are often experiences given as religious experiences that are felt by us to be unreal. We set them down, perhaps truly, as the outpouring of morbid feeling; and if we do not call them extravagant, we at least regard them as mystical, beyond the comprehension of plain men and women doing their duty humbly in common life. But there can be conceived no more beautiful description of religious experience than Christ gives us here. It is His own peace. The very peace which He had Himself; that deep tranquillity and repose of soul which underlay His life. "My Peace," My own peace, I give unto you.

And how does He give it to us? By bringing us to the source whence He had it Himself. By leading us to God; by making us one with God, and so bringing us into harmony with the true law of the Spirit's life, which is to live, not from the perishing things of earth, but from the unseen and the eternal. As the physician brings peace to the body by bringing it into harmony with the law of its life, with the conditions of health; as the teacher gives intellectual peace by revealing to the mind the truth, so that it can apprehend it and rest on it,—so Christ gives us peace of spirit by bringing us into harmony with God's will. It was out of that harmony that His own peace came, and it is into that harmony He brings us. We have only to think what it would be if our soul's longing after God were satisfied; if we felt, as a living reality, that beyond the world there was a personal God, that that God was our Father, and that nothing in life or death could separate us from Him, would not the result of that conviction at once be peace? It is that Peace, then, Christ gives us by bringing us to the source whence He had it Himself—to God, the true home and dwelling-place of the soul.

But how does He do that? How does He bring us to God? It is by disclosing God to us in such a way that we can believe in Him, and come to Him, and love Him. This was the very work of Christ. It was to "reconcile us to God." We may have conceptions of God apart from Christ, but they are dim, uncertain, unattractive. We may feel, as we think of the beauty of the world, as we trace the wondrous adaptations with which it is full, that it has proceeded from a final cause. We may conclude that this visible frame is the outcome of unseen power. Nay, more, we may have a sense of that power living in the life of all lives; a sense of "something deeply inter-fused" in the light of setting suns, and the wind, ocean, and the living air, that moves through all things; but such conceptions are dim, they are not such as give satisfaction. Man cannot rest in them. He wants to know what is beyond these shadowy abstractions. But even when we do get beyond them, when we do come to an idea of the unity and personality of God, to believe that there is a Hand behind the order, and a Will behind the force, and a Mind beyond the harmony, still there is something more needed ere that idea can give rest, for there is the terrible sense of sin that haunts us, and which has found in sacrifice and bloody rite such terrible expression in the history of the world. But Christ has disclosed God to us as a Person, and that Person a Father, and that Father loving us with an infinite love, and that love showing itself in the truest form love can show itself in suffering and death. "For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell; and, having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things unto Himself." "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing unto men their trespasses." It is in this disclosure of God, in Christ's finished work, apprehended and trusted in, and made a living reality, that rest is found. "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" the very peace He had Himself, and which He gives to all who come to the Father through Him.

Does He give it? Let the history of the Church be the answer. It was this peace Stephen had when, bruised with stones, he prayed, and "God's glory smote him on the face." It was this peace Paul and Silas had when, in the foul Roman prison, their backs ploughed by the scourge, they sang praises unto God. It was this peace the aged Polycarp had when he bade the executioner leave him unbound at the stake, "for that same God, in communion with whom he lived, would nerve him that he flinched not when he died." It was this peace Luther had when he stood like a rock in presence of his foes. It is this peace of which the writings in the Catacombs tell. No inscriptions are more frequent than these—"In Peace," "In the Peace of Christ." It is this peace which thousands

among ourselves possess to-day, which the world cannot give nor take away. "Can I do anything for you?" said an officer, who relates the story, to a soldier whose life was ebbing away on the greenward, after one of the terrible battles of the American War. "Nothing," said he; "I am dying. But there is one thing I should be obliged to you for. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; open it at the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and read me the passage which begins with the word 'Peace.'" The officer took the book and opened that chapter which, you recollect, was so comforting to our own Sir Walter Scott as he passed into the valley of the shadow, and he read there the words of my text—"My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let 'it be afraid.'" "Thank you, sir," said the dying man; "I have got that Peace." Many have got it where he got it, and have it now as he had it on that battlefield.

And we too must find it where he found it if we are to find it at all. Life will be full of unrest till we come to God, till we find our centre in Him, and live from Him. To that rest we come through Jesus Christ our Lord.

It is a quaint parable of old holy George Herbert, but it is a parable for all time:—

Sweet Peace, where dost thou dwell, I humbly crave,
Let me once know?
I sought thee in a secret cave
And asked if Peace was there.
A hollow wind did answer, no,
Go seek elsewhere.

Then went I to a garden and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown imperial. "Sure," said I,
"Peace at the root must dwell."
But when I digged I saw a worm devour
What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend, good old man,
Whom, when for Peace
I did demand, he thus began:
"There was a prince of old
At Salem dwelt, who lived with good increase
Of flock and fold.

"He sweetly lived, yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.
But after death, out of his grave
There sprang twelve stalks of wheat,
Which many, wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

"It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth,
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtues lie therein;
A secret virtue bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

"Take of this grain which in my garden grows,
And grows for you,
Make bread of it, and then repose.
And Peace, which everywhere,
With so much earnestness thou dost pursue,
Is *only* there."

"O Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world! grant us Thy Peace."—*Thy* Peace. Amen.

Isaac Ronald The Dominie.

By the Author of "JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK."

XV.—A CLOSED CHAPTER.

WHEN Annie Symon had again left the region of the Bankmill the feeling that at once took the uppermost place in Isaac Ronald's mind was a sense of loss; a loss more tangible and more definite in its character than that which he seemed to experience when Annie first went out into the world to become by and by the affianced of another. But a little time and reflection brought their palliatives. Amid the assiduous performance of routine work, varied by the emergence ever and anon of new duties of an occasional kind, in the interest, temporal or spiritual, of his neighbours, and which it was never his disposition to overlook, the feeling instinctively, rather than consciously and reflectively, dawned upon him that, somehow, there was after all an element of gain in the loss. As to Annie herself—the difference between now and formerly was that, in place of an inexperienced girl moved by the finest impulses, and all unheeding of cares and disappointments lying ahead, she was a woman who had tasted the bitter things of life, and with matured and chastened feeling had deliberately made up her mind to follow the path of duty, however stern. And had she not as such given him her confidence as she would give it to no other? Such thoughts as these came up in Isaac's mind with a colour and vividness that seemed to create for him an entirely new interest in life. It was not that Isaac cherished any definite hope of winning Annie's love, even if she were free to give it; he had, at one stage of his life, set that idea conclusively aside, and it had not again obtained a place in his thoughts. Yet as he reflected upon her trustful words he could not keep down a sense of almost joyous restfulness as the conviction came home to him that, at any rate, no person of his own sex could stand between him and Annie's full confidence, and that no one had a better right to be interested in her welfare. He thought of it with increasing satisfaction and a growing feeling of the certainty of his position as her trusted friend.

"I'll write an' ask leave to correspond wi' her," said Isaac to himself. "There's no presumption in that. She hasna disdain't to hear my counsel afore noo, and, wha kens, there may be mair occasion than ever afore that she sud ken there's somebody nae likely to forget aul' frien'ship. What may ha'e been the cause o' trouble atween her an' Andrew Irvine I canna say, but o' ae thing I'm convinc't, if it were a thing proper or needfu' to be taul' she wud trust it wi' me, an' if in my power to put it richt, at whatever cost to mysel', I hope—I even think—she wudna doubt my willingness to deet."

Pursuing this train of thought, Isaac succeeded

in almost reasoning himself into the idea—a not unpleasing one he felt it to be—that it was something in the nature of absolute unkindness to Annie Symon not to write her. And he wrote her accordingly, a full, friendly, and genial epistle, in which sentences of somewhat formal construction were curiously intermingled with such familiar talk bearing on the daily incidents of life and the strain of its duties, as he would have spoken to her if she had been by his side. The subject which he had most in his thoughts, and which he was most earnestly bent on approaching somehow—the pressure of the burden on Annie's mind—was the one subject on which he failed in being able to frame a single sentence which he could accept as being at all to the purpose. But he had much contentment in the letter, notwithstanding. "Never min'," thought Isaac, as he finished his writing; "it may be better unsaid aifter a' unless Annie hersel' open the way."

As it happened, the way was opened and light cast upon certain things that had been obscure to Isaac much sooner than he had expected. His letter had been duly despatched, a couple of weeks had passed, and he had begun to speculate upon the time when he might reasonably look for a reply—an immediate answer had not been asked nor expected—when the dwellers in the locality of the Bankmill were surprised, not to say scandalised, by seeing an announcement in the Greyneess newspapers of the marriage of Andrew Irvine, solicitor, to a young lady, the daughter of a well-to-do grocer, who was one of the bailies of that burgh.

The event, as was natural, formed a nine days' wonder, and thereafter there were not wanting some who began to raise their voices in the way of questioning whether, after all, there had ever been any formal engagement between Andrew Irvine and Annie Symon, or any serious purpose entertained by him of making Annie his wife. Young women whose ambition was to be more conspicuous than became their sex and station were apt to found their hopes on little, said these people; and in their view it was held to be an enhancement of Andrew Irvine's character for prudence and regard to the proprieties of life that he had chosen as his wife one who, in the matter of means and social position, might fairly claim to be his equal.

Essentially sordid and ungenerous as this style of remark might be, and unjust as it was to Annie Symon, it furnishes a not unfair illustration of the fashion in which too many of us are apt to allow our judgments to be made up concerning the actions of our fellow-creatures, when imperfect information is accepted as the basis for conclusions that imply predominance of the lower and meaner motives, and an absence of all those higher principles that ennoble our common nature.

"Hed I dream't it was at this point I wud ha'e restrain't my han' fae writin'," thought Isaac. "Yet why should I? I've the fullest conviction

that she's actit wi' sic conscience o' the richt as will support her in facin' a' consequences at the en' o' what maun seem a clos't chapter. An' as for him, ten to ane the union he's completit has in 't elements to gi'e him 'happiness,' just in sic measure, an' o' sic quality, as his principles an' habits ha'e fittet him for. A 'respectable' mairriage, highly respectable, but nae necessarily cairryin' wi' 't the assurance o' what true affection, restin' on sincerity o' mind an' steadfastness o' principle, will gi'e in certain possession to the vera humblest."

Such was the philosophy of Isaac Ronald; and his hypothesis was not wanting in the element of charity any more than in that of probability.

XVI.—GATHERING UP THE BROKEN LINKS.

IT might be that when Annie Symon set her mind to framing a suitable reply to the friendly epistle of Isaac Ronald she felt a measure of awkwardness at some points. But one thing was certain, she could not be otherwise than perfectly natural and perfectly explicit in whatever she might say. The consciousness of genuine sympathy and appreciation, as unselfish as sincere, on the part of her correspondent, forbade the thought of even such a measure of reserve as would have left Isaac no room to be dissatisfied had it been practised. She affected no concealment of her feelings of pleasure and gratitude at the receipt of Isaac's letter; but spoke frankly of the heartfelt solace she had found in its contents, when perhaps such solace was not unneeded. Before concluding, she begged that her position might not be misunderstood. Certain recent events would have so far enabled Isaac to understand her words at their last meeting; but he must not look upon her as one who had been heartlessly deserted; far from it. It was of her own choice that, in place of having her fate linked with that of another, she was left to pursue life's journey alone; and though she felt and believed that the decision was right, it was a decision that had been the cause of pain to another as well as to herself. She could not then trust herself to write of the causes that had imperatively compelled her to do as she had done; but she felt certain that if he had known them, her resolution, arrived at and adhered to amid much anguish of heart and not a few misgivings, would have met his approval.

"Weel, weel," thought Isaac to himself as he finished reading Annie's letter. "'The heart knoweth its own bitterness.' Even so; an' never mair than in the discovery o' misplac't affection. I kent that something had come atween her an' Andrew Irvine o' a kin' that stampit him as little worthy o' ony sic woman's love. An' I might ha'e weel concludit that it could ill be itherwise. The lack o' moral stamina is ill to hide, even under the maist takin' address; an' it was his weakness. Annie has found him oot. Sincere an' honest natures are never the readiest to suspect their

fellow-creatures, nor to tak' their impressions o' humanity spontaneously fae its worser attributes. But when the real data for determinin' character come fairly afore them their judgments are the safest o' ony. A pure-min'et, sensible woman, that fully faces the responsibilities o' life, sud be the quickest an' keenest o' judges in this regaird; an' I verily believe whaur they fail properly to judge unworthy men, it's aftenest on account o' their unduly subordinatin' the sense o' responsibility, an' lattin' the affections—strong an' endurin' in them—get the upper han' an' lull the judgment to sleep, an' a' to the sad cost o' mony ane o' their number."

As he thus soliloquised within himself, Isaac Ronald felt curiously exercised in mind. On the one hand, there was the feeling of strong satisfaction that Annie, through sheer force of principle, had been enabled "for conscience sake" to put an end to an engagement which to many in her position would have been too flattering to be voluntarily foregone, whatever the risks involved. But on the other hand, what suffering had it not cost her! And though the issue might seem to be to him the opening up of large possibilities in the way of continued correspondence with Annie, he had a sensitive dread lest in endeavouring to prosecute that correspondence he should touch on any chord too delicate for his handling. Very likely this latter thought might have been a cause of continued perplexity to Isaac, had not the straightforward common-sense of Annie's father promptly helped him over his difficulty.

The miller, or rather the miller's wife, had of course learnt the whole of the essential facts, so far as Annie could bring herself to state them in articulate form, at the time she was last under their roof. And although, like prudent people, they had as yet uttered no word on the subject, the miller now felt it no longer needful to conceal his sentiments, nor the facts as known to him, from one with whom he stood on such a footing of familiarity as he did with Isaac Ronald.

"Your frien' Annie's hed a dowie throucome, maister. Ye wud ha'e seen that it's a' up atween her an' that chiel. But nae doot ye hed your ain thochts aboot it whan Annie was here," said the miller.

"I kent that Annie had got sair cause o' trouble somehow," said Isaac; "but that it sud ha'e been trial like what it's been I could ha'e never suspekkit."

"Ah weel, weel, maister. Lat it go. I pitied the lassie fae the bottom o' my hert. But till her mither an' mysel' it's a maitter rather o' satisfaction an' thankfu'ness that she's clear o' him."

At this statement Isaac looked half incredulous, and the miller went on with a good deal of fervour and feeling.

"Nae doot in a worldly point o' view it micht ha'e been what they ca' an 'eligible match' for my lassie to be mairriet to a young man wi' the pro-

spects o' Andrew Irvine. But I never cud lay my hert till't without misgivin's, though I'm free to admit that I allow't my better reason to be blin'et so far. Far be it fae me to judge the man, or ony ither man, unwarrantably; but the rule is plain aneuch, 'by their works ye shall know them;' an' judg't by that test, Andrew Irvine, wi' a' his plausible address, wasna in the least likely to mak' Annie a happy wife. He hed never fae his bairnhood learnt obedience, or a sense o' duty, an' still less the principle o' self-sacrifice in onything for the sake o' anither. An' it's a solemn thoct that if twa join't thegither in the closest and maist sacred union that is possible in this mortal scene dinna prove mutually helpfu' in strivin' onward an' upward, then it's maist a certainty that the ane whose nature is mainly bent to the earthly an' sensual, will o' necessity influence the ither in a doonward direction, bluntin' the moral feelin's, stuntin' spiritual growth, an' so on; an' women, bein' o' safter mould than men, suffer the greater risk. But what need I speak, for I'm only repeatin' what I've heard fae your ain lips owre an' owre again."

"That may be, miller; but it's nane the less a case o' sair an' desolatin' trial."

"Nae doot: but the warst o' the trial ocht to be past an' awa noo. The chiel, against a' reason an' richt feelin', keepit pesterin' her wi' letters, lang aifter she hed taul' him to desist an' spare her, declarin', as her mither cam' to ken, that he cudna live without her. An' to the vera last, Annie cudna keep fae tormentin' hersel' wi' the thoct o' what *he* must be sufferin', an' whether, aifter a', she had actit honourably in gi'ein' him up. Weel, weel, nine months ha'e barely pass't whan he's mairriet till anither, wi' nae en' o' show an' parade. An' that was the worth o' a' his professions."

"We mauna judge him owre hardly. It micht be harsh to express a doot as to whether it's in his nature to be deeply impressed; but let us hope that a' men are nae so fickle," said Isaac, with a quiet smile.

"An' indeed we ken they're nae," replied the miller promptly. "To be perfectly plain wi' you, maister, my lassie has mair belief in your ain constancy, nae to say your judgment, than she has in her ain father's. I dinna blame her for't. But what I wantit to say was this—Annie's aware that whan it cam' to this pass ye wud be taul' a' that we ken oorsells. You, but nae ither. It wasna her proposal. But I think I'm as muckle in sympathy wi' my ain bairn as to be perfectly sure that it'll be a satisfaction an' comfort to her to ken that ye're acquaintit wi' the haill affair, as far as ony third pairty can be; an' that ye're able to un'erstan' the pairt, first an' last, that she's hed to play."

And thereupon the miller proceeded to give Isaac his account of the course which the love of Andrew Irvine and Annie had run in its later stages, and as linked on to the story of their early engagement, full ten years ago, when her ideal characters were

shaped according to the crude conceptions of inexperienced girlhood. But as the omniscience of the story-teller has enabled us to put the reader in possession of a more complete account of the crucial passages of their courtship than was known even to the miller, there is no need to take further note of what he was able to communicate.

Low Summer Wind.

O LOW, low wind,
O sweet, sad wind,
What aileth thee this summer eve?
I cannot hear
Thy moaning drear,
But I, too, must in sorrow grieve!
I feel thy weird, unearthly touch,
Sweep o'er my heart—a harp for thee!
And oh, how mournful, sweet, and strange
Is that awakened melody!

Is't of the Past,
A lay thou hast,
Or of some coming grief or pain?
'Twixt thee and me
Some link must be,
Some chord that thrills between us twain!
In thy low, sobbing voice I hear
The voice I heard at eve and morn
Long since, when loud the branches swayed
Round the old home where I was born!

A Forest child,
Nursed in the wild,
Schooled early in sweet Nature's lore,
Though far away
From Nature's sway,
Her spell is o'er me evermore!
And chief of all her faëry wiles,
Hath thine, O Harper Wind, the power,
To stir old feelings into life,
E'en in the soul's most languid hour!
E. V. O. E.

The Guild.

OUR readers are aware that *The Guild* is one of the most important subjects at present under the charge of the Committee on Christian Life and Work, and we have pleasure in giving the following extracts from speeches made in course of the excellent discussion in the General Assembly on the Report of the Committee. They show how the Guild is regarded.

The Rev. Dr. J. Cameron Lees (who moved the adoption of the Report in a remarkably successful speech) said that the Committee had taken up a very heavy piece of work in connection with the Young Men's Guild, and he hoped that the result of their operations in this direction would be the establishment of Societies in every part of the country, which would be associated with the Guild.

J. M. Martin, Esq., yr. of Auchendennan, in seconding the motion, said:—

"With reference to the Young Men's Guild, I think not only is it a very useful and desirable organisation in the way of giving reasonable employment and recreation in the evening where, in its absence, there might be very much the reverse, but it also fosters in young men a certain feeling of responsibility—I may almost say *esprit de corps*. The fact of their being members of this Union leads to reluctance and hesitation in the doing of many thoughtless things which formerly, especially if without the ties of church membership, they would not have hesitated to do. I think, however, perhaps the most

important use of this organisation is its value to young men quitting home for the first time and going out into the world. We all know that this is the most critical point in a young man's life, when, freed from home control or supervision, he feels for the first time that independence and absence of restraint which are in themselves so seductive. It is a great thing that through this Guild we can step in and offer a lead in the right direction at this juncture to keep the youth in the same line that he was accustomed to in the home parish, whereas if that lead was absent he might, from want of knowledge or otherwise, be drifted into another course which it would be hard at a future time to get out of. I would venture earnestly to point out to ministers, and those in control of congregational agencies, the serious responsibility they incur if, when a young man leaves his home in a parish where such an organisation exists, and seeks in his new sphere such a body to affiliate himself with, he finds no such thing, and suffers religiously or morally in consequence. The clergyman or congregation who take such a responsibility undertake a burden which I should not like to bear on my shoulders."

The Rev. Dr. Phin, who did not like the word "Guild," thought the "Union" calculated to do a great deal of good, and that, if it were generally established, it would be of vast use in preserving our young men from yielding to the temptations by which they were encompassed; and he thought that, if properly worked, the Union would enormously strengthen the Church.

The Rev. George Wilson, Cramond, would like to remind the Assembly that this Young Men's Guild was only one aspect of a very large question, and only a very small contribution to the solution of a very great difficulty. The whole question of the relations of young men, not only to the Christian Church as an organisation, but to Christian faith and work, was well worthy of the very serious consideration of the Church. . . . "We may expect through this Guild a more favourable opportunity for ministers approaching the young men of our parishes and bringing them into sympathetic fellowship. If this Guild is to succeed, it must be taken up heartily and carried through with enthusiasm and wisdom by the parish ministers. This Committee can do little by itself. It may give suggestions, encouragement, co-operation, but the parish ministers themselves must work."

The Rev. Dr. Story thought the Church could not feel too profoundly the immense importance of doing something to keep its hold upon young persons at the critical period when they had passed their first communion, and had gone out into the world. He believed there were more lives wrecked at that period than at any other, when the young communicant was apt to think himself independent, and one on whom the Church had relaxed her instructive and guiding hand. He recognised in this Guild an instrumentality which would obviate that.

"Searching the Scriptures."

A SUGGESTION.

MANY intimations have reached us that our Bible Questions excite interest among children. Some would like the Editor to invite answers from all our young readers, and to pronounce upon their merits. The amount of time that would be requisite forbids this plan. But ministers who have Supplements will find that what cannot be done for the whole Church is pleasant and profitable when done by a minister or other qualified person for one congregation. Several have made the experiment. They receive answers every month, and in due time announce the results in their Parish Supplements, placing the names in the order of merit, or assigning a value to each paper. One minister, though he gives no prizes, has received each month about fifteen sets of answers, many of them of great excellence.



The West Kirk, Aberdeen.

PRESENTED, WITH VIEWS OF THE TAPESTRIED ENTRANCE, AND OF THE EFFIGY OF
SIR ROBERT DAVIDSON, BY GEORGE REID, ESQ., R.S.A.

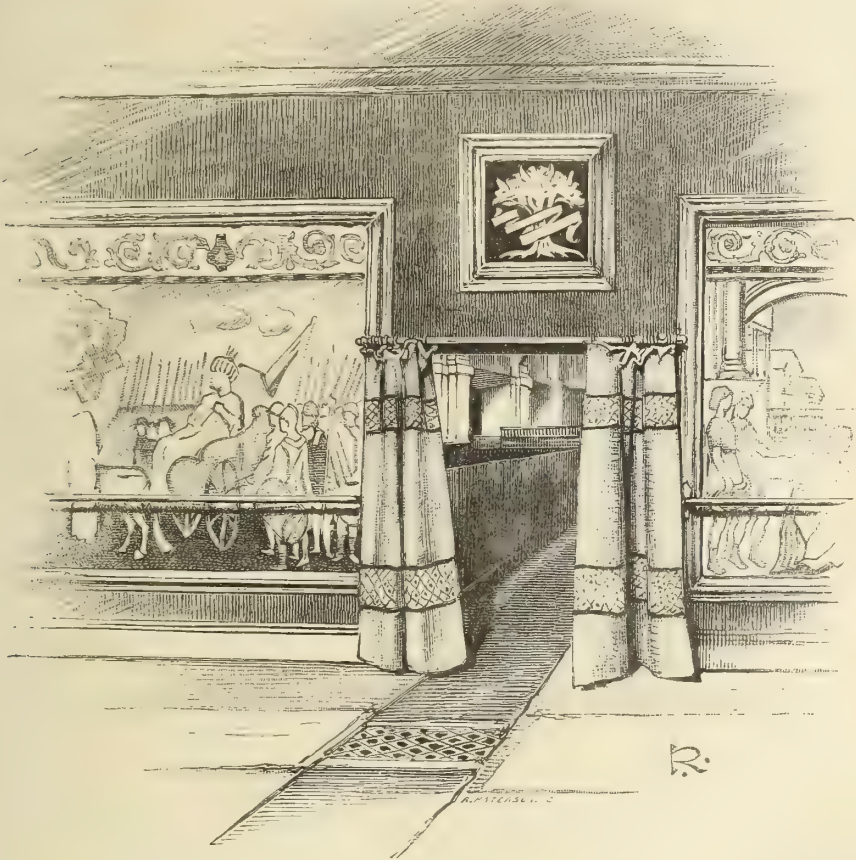
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. PATERSON.

The West Kirk, Aberdeen.

By the Rev. J. R. MITFORD MITCHELL, B.A.

THE visitor to the Granite City, as he traverses the long and handsome street which constitutes one of the chief features of the town, cannot fail to be struck with a colonnade of granite pillars, which forms the entrance to a well-kept graveyard. In this stands a large church built in different styles of architecture, the western end Italian, built of sandstone; the eastern, Gothic of a debased kind, built of gray granite, with a transept in the

centre from which springs a lofty and ornamental granite spire. If the visitor consult his map, he will learn that these are "the City Churches." If he ask the passer-by, he will be told that they are the "East and West Kirks." The West Church, the interior of which is represented in the plate, drawn by one of her most devoted and distinguished sons, who takes pleasure in her stones, and to whom her dust is dear, occupies the site of the nave of the old collegiate Church of St. Nicholas. That Church was probably founded about 1060, in the reign of Malcolm Canmore. The



remains of the ancient building which still exist point to such a date. At first the Church consisted of a nave, with side-aisles, transepts, and chancel. It was dedicated to St. Nicholas, who in the beginning of the fourth century was Bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, and who was the patron of mariners, and famous for his miracles and apparitions by sea. In 1477 the Magistrates and Town Council, at the request of the Bishop, commenced the erection of the choir, in place of the old Byzantine chancel. For this good work contributions poured in from the inhabitants, salmon forming no small item of the gifts. The building was consecrated by Bishop Elphinstone, the founder of King's

College, in 1508. The Magistrates presented the worthy Bishop, in return for his services, with two puncheons of claret, and wax and sweetmeats. The enlarged and restored Church involved an increase of the clergy, and it is sad to relate that, owing to their dissensions, the services seem to have been discontinued in 1523. The "strike," however, was not of long duration, and ended in more gifts being exacted from the citizens.

At the Reformation the building was adapted for Presbyterian worship. A stone wall divided the nave and choir, which were henceforth called the Old and New Churches. There were no seats in either of them. But the Magistrates soon per-

mitted corporations and private persons to erect "lofts" and pews for their own use.

The Church was then esteemed one of the most handsome Parish Churches in Scotland. An unknown chronicler thus describes it :—

"Sant Nicolas stately structure here doth stand,
No paroch kirk can match't in all the land ;
Our architects, most worthy of renown,
Did build this church for to decore the town ;
And that God's worship might be in it raist ;
Should not their virtuous paines be highly praist
Who such a splendid fabric did erect ?
No Momus eye can blame its architect.
With all the ornaments fit to decore
A Temple, where our God we should adore
In Sp'rit and truth ; with fear and trembling we
Should worship him within his sanctuarie."

The Old or West Church was the scene of an important event in 1590—the public renunciation of Popish errors, and of all "querreles," and the open profession of the Reformed Faith, by the Earls of Huntly and Erroll. We are told that there was "of nobillmen, baronis, gentelmen, and comoun pepill, sic a confluence that the lyke was never seen in that Kirk." At this reconciliation there was much joy which had its expression on the following day in a great feast in the open air, and in an unusual and very detrimental consumption of the claret from the civic cellars.

The Church saw in these days the various changes from Presbytery to Episcopacy, and from Covenanting to Royalist ministers. The Aberdeen Doctors strongly and ably supported the views of Laud and Charles I., while in their turn of the wheel of fortune, the Covenanting preachers denounced their opponents with equal vigour and ability. The City suffered equally from the visits of the armies that supported the claims of each sect. On the whole, however, Episcopacy flourished in Aberdeen, and the clergy of St. Nicholas held by the Church of the Restoration and of Charles II., till the very last. In 1694 a Committee of the General Assembly was sent to organise the Presbyterian Church in Aberdeen. Erastianism seems to have been rife, even at the time to which many look back with such complacency, for we are told that, "under the authority of the Magistrates," the Episcopal Session was dismissed. The three ministers resigned their charges, as they refused to conform to the Constitution of the Church.

The fate of the original fabric of the Church is very sad. Through neglect the Nave or West Church became ruinous, and was abandoned as a place of worship in 1732. No attempt seems to have been made to arrest decay; the lead was stripped from the roof, and the pillars having given way in 1742, the building became a complete ruin. The Choir had a worse fate. It was a beautiful specimen of old Scottish Gothic architecture, and at the time of its destruction was in good preservation, only needing repair. In perhaps the most debased time of architectural taste in Scotland, the minister, so the story goes, persuaded the magis-

trates that the Church was unsafe; and some plaster having fallen, a panic arose, and the building was condemned. Gunpowder had to be used, however, before the solid masonry could be demolished. This happened only in 1835, when the present East Church was erected, which, though comfortable and handsome after its kind, is a very poor substitute for the exquisite church which was so wantonly destroyed. The transepts and crypt are all that now remain of the ancient fabric. The West Church lay in ruins for ten years, and was rebuilt from a plan presented to the magistrates by Gibbs, a native of the city, the architect of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in London, and of the Radcliffe Library in Oxford. It is built in the Italian style, and is said to be modelled after one of the basilicas in Rome. It cost about £5000, a large sum for a church in the eighteenth century. Unfortunately this expenditure furnishes no proof of the liberality of the age, as it is stated in the Council Register that the expense was defrayed from funds belonging to the Church, and no part of the charge was either imposed upon the inhabitants or contributed by them. The thick piers, the beautiful round arches, the cloister-like roof of the aisles, the exquisite proportion of the various parts, the perfect colouring of the stonework of the walls and pillars, the dark wood of the seats and galleries, the handsome oak pulpit, and the unusual though graceful canopy above the magistrates' pew, all lend a peculiar dignity to the interior of the Church. It is unique in Scotland, and is the most ecclesiastical edifice erected from the Reformation until the present era of church-building. It was opened for public worship in 1755. Since then its external history has not been striking. Principal George Campbell, the opponent of Hume, and the well-known writer on the Gospels, when Biblical Criticism was a rare study, was the most famous of the ministers of the West Church. Of him Dean Stanley writes :—"The crowning example of Christian courtesy was shown by Dr. Campbell. Before publishing his treatise he submitted it to Hume's perusal, and at once accepted his great adversary's criticisms on passages in which the meaning of the controverted word has been misunderstood, or which needed to be softened. Hume himself gracefully acknowledged the urbanity of this truly Christian controversialist."

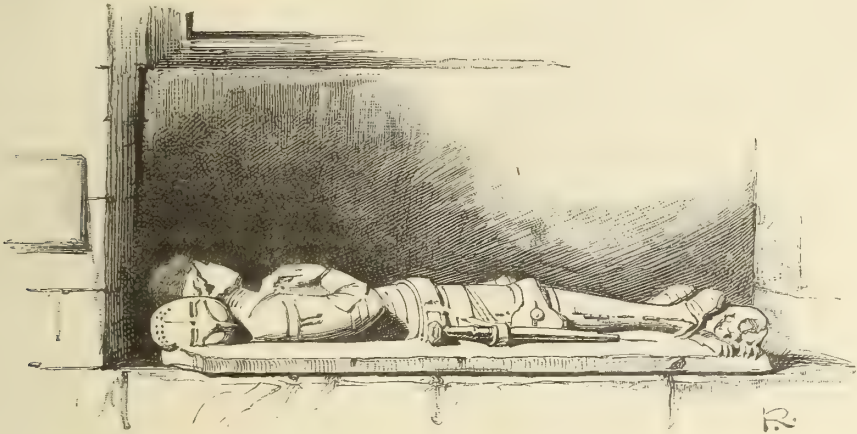
The West Church, as the meeting-place of the Synod of Aberdeen, was the scene of many of the fierce ecclesiastical fights which preceded the Disruption. The county was a stronghold of the Moderate party, while in the city the ministers to a man seceded.

Within the Church are several objects of interest. On the sills of the windows lie various stone effigies, all reckoned fine specimens of that class of monumental work. One of these is the effigy of the famous Sir Robert Davidson, provost of the city, who fell at the battle of Harlaw, along with

a great number of the burgesses, but whose efforts were successful in resisting the Celtic barbarian and preserving Aberdeen from pillage. The effigies of Sir Gilbert Menzies of Pitfoddels and his Dame are also here. These were cast into the churchyard at the rebuilding of the Church. They lay uncared for till a descendant carted them out to the churchyard of Maryculter, whence within the past few years they have been restored to their original resting-place. In another sill lies part of a sculptured lid of a stone coffin, dating, it is supposed, from the twelfth century. Near the west entrance is a "brass" in memory of Dr. Duncan Liddell, a famous scientist of the seventeenth century, who endowed the Chair of Mathematics in Marischal College. The remarkable tapestry is one of the chief objects of interest in the Church. It was wrought two hundred years ago by Mary Jamesone, the daughter of George Jamesone, Scotland's first

native painter. The tapestries are four in number, representing the finding of Moses, the vow of Jephthah, Esther and King Ahasuerus, and the Apocryphal incident of Susanna and the Elders. They are placed in panels on a screen, and form, with some handsome mural monuments, a very imposing entrance to the Church.

Such is a brief account of St. Nicholas' Church, and especially of its western division. Like many old things, it is becoming more appreciated in the present day. The citizens of Aberdeen are taking a greater pride than formerly in the fabric, and in the history of their mother church, which has for so long been the symbol of religion to one generation after another, and in which the holy rites and blessed truths of the gospel, though celebrated in diverse fashions and presented in different lights, have cheered and guided their fathers, as they cheer and guide them to their fathers' God.



An Artisan Missionary: a Martyr of the Congo.

By Rev. THOMAS NICOL, B.D., Edinburgh.

HUGH M'KERGOW was born at Dalrymple, a sweet little village on the "banks o' bonnie Doon," a few miles from the "auld clay biggin'" where he was born who has made them classic. Born of parents in the labouring rank of life, who still live and adorn their station by the fear of God and every homely virtue, he was brought up by them to attend the Parish Church, received a good education at the Parish School, and at the age of seventeen was apprenticed to a joiner in the neighbourhood of Ayr. While still an apprentice he was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. In a letter written home in the course of his voyage to West Africa, he says of his conversion, "I saw that salvation was a work accomplished by another, and was not—what I imagined—something to be felt within me. The Spirit of God applied the truth, and light sprang

up amidst the darkness. I could rejoice in God, for I was saved through the blood of the Lamb. Without boasting, I can say from that moment to this my path has been that of the just, shining more and more bright." It was on January 9, 1874, that he passed from death unto life, and from that day forwards he was wholly consecrated to Christ. He had not long had experience of the new life till, like many another, he felt strongly the desire to become a missionary to the heathen. "When once I had seen the mercy of God in Christ Jesus," are his words, "and read the doom of those who are strangers to His grace, not merely had I sympathy for those around me, but Africa, that great country which has been for so many ages the habitation of cruelties, so settled upon my heart that the joy of God's salvation was diminished in my soul." He betook himself earnestly to the study of the Word of God and the reading of religious literature, and endeavoured to prove his capacity for a missionary's work by addressing religious meetings. In this, not unlike Living-

stone, he found little encouragement. He had a defective utterance, and was far from fluent, inasmuch that he came to the conclusion that his capacity for mission work was not equal to his desire. For a time, accordingly, he gave up the idea of being a missionary altogether, and, indeed, he seems never after to have cherished the hope of becoming a regularly ordained missionary to the heathen.

But in May 1876 an apparently trivial circumstance gave a new and a definite direction to his missionary yearnings. Dr. Black was about to go, as a medical missionary, to Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa—where, alas! he found an early grave—and delivered an address in Newton Free Church, which M'Kergow heard. It was from this address that he learned for the first time that artisans, especially carpenters, were much needed for mission work in Africa; and from that day his resolve was taken. "I drew out a plan for my future life in this fashion. I would work at my trade and get a practical knowledge of every branch. I would also get a knowledge of architectural drawing, and an elementary knowledge of the different branches of science that might be needed in the foreign field. At the same time I would engage in gospel work, and when about twenty-eight or thirty years of age I would offer my services to some society for mission work in Africa as an artisan. This was my object in life." In the spring of 1879, having come to Edinburgh from the west in search of employment, he joined the Tolbooth Congregation. The writer still remembers the well-made figure and ruddy countenance and frank expression of the devout worshipper, and recalls with a sad pleasure occasions when the young joiner told him what was in his heart about Africa and its spiritual necessities, and sought help and counsel for the futherance of his views. He became a zealous worker in connection with the Sabbath Morning Free Breakfast. He visited in the lodgings as he had leisure, and assisted at cottage meetings in courts and closes of the city. All the while Africa was burdening his heart, and he looked upon the Christian work in which he shared as helping to train him for the service of her darkened children. When, through the good offices of friends in Edinburgh, he was offered admission to Mr. Grattan Guinness's Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, London, he accepted the offer, only regretting, with genuine Scotch independence, that he should be in any way upon the funds of an institution. He had been but a few months in the Institute, giving his heart to the various studies of the place, and with the intention of taking a course of medicine in addition, when he received an invitation to labour in Africa which he could not decline. Mr. Adam M'Call of Leicester was organising the missionary expedition to the Congo, at the head of which he may be said to have fallen, only the other day, so heroically. The work which Mr.

M'Call had undertaken in connection with the Livingstone (Congo) Inland Mission was to explore the Congo upwards,—through those rocky gorges and dangerous cataracts, which Stanley traversed downwards, and has described in *The Dark Continent*,—as far as Stanley Pool, 300 miles from the coast. Between Stanley Pool and the coast he was to establish a line of mission stations; at Stanley Pool itself he was to build a central station, extend stations from thence on the north side of the Congo River, and establish trading with the natives to make the mission self-supporting. Truly a huge enterprise, and, as far as attempted, beyond the slender resources both of men and means at the disposal of its promoters. It was the very kind of enterprise on which M'Kergow had years before set his heart; and though he gave up his student's life and the prospect of labour more directly spiritual among the natives of Africa with a certain amount of regret, he did not hesitate to undertake a three years' engagement as carpenter to the expedition. It was arranged that he should go out in advance of Mr. M'Call to have a house erected by the time the expedition should arrive. Under that arrangement, without the opportunity of saying farewell to friends at home, he was ready to sail from Cardiff by the middle of December 1879 for the Congo. His own simple and touching words in a letter to his parents will best tell the feelings with which he left the shores of England for the land where he has found his grave. "All this has not taken place without a good deal of mental suffering. I have learned within the last few years that it is a solemn thing for a young man to follow the Lord fully, and realise an unseen hand guiding him in the path of daily duty; but I see that the Lord prepares us by little things for greater things. When I left Edinburgh I laid the world's gains to one side, and I vowed that if my sacrifice laid on the altar (Rom. xii. 1) was accepted, I would follow the Lord fully. But I had a severer test than that. It was to leave my friends without the hope of meeting them till after the lapse of years spent in an uncivilised land. The conflict lasted for hours, but the Lord made the rough way smooth, and I saw His salvation. This conflict took place the night I wrote home saying that I had offered my services for work in Africa. The letter I received from home was a cheering one. It told me you were willing that I should go to Africa, and L——'s little letter checked my unbelief. In it she said you were all sorry that I was going away so far, yet (said she) 'you have the same God to protect you in Africa as what we have at home.' I received many encouraging letters from friends, but that simple remark gave me more encouragement than all the rest." After a tedious voyage he set foot on African soil at Banana, on Sabbath, March 28, 1880, another agent of the mission and his wife having been his companions on the voyage.

He at once proceeded to Mataddi, which had been chosen as the first inland station, 100 miles from the coast, and set to work with such materials as were to hand to erect a suitable house. With the aid of Kroo boys hired for the mission, and of members of the mission already on the spot, one of whom fell a victim to the climate whilst the work was going on, he had the house in readiness when Mr. M'Call and his party arrived by the end of May. When Mr. M'Call and other members of the expedition went up the country towards Stanley Pool, M'Kergow and another were left in charge of stores and various works at Mataddi. They had frequent intercourse with members of the mission party at Palaballa, a station some distance from the banks of the Congo, and separated from Mataddi by the river Mpozo. Although his work was hard and his fare but poor, and although he was again and again down with the fever bred in the vicinity of the river, he was by no means disenchanted of his dreams of work for the sons of Africa. In letters home he said he liked the life he was then called to lead. He missed the services and the fellowships which he had enjoyed in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and he longed for the time when he might not only live and toil as an example to the uncivilised tribes around him, but speak to them also of Jesus and His love. Meanwhile he toiled diligently at the manual work set before him, following, in his humble way, in the footsteps of Livingstone, who once wrote: "I have laboured in bricks and mortar, at the forge and the carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and in medical practice. I feel that I am not my own, and that I am equally serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men or taking an astronomical observation." And yet he did all his work solemnly, as if overshadowed by a near eternity. On his birthday in 1880—he little knew it was his last—he makes this entry in his diary after a hard day's work on "the house." "I am twenty-five years of age to-day, and nothing real done for Christ. Lord, if I have more years to work for Thee, enable me to do it with my might. Above all, enable me to live from day to day realising eternity may be at the door!" Thus the summer passed, and the year drew to its close. Towards the end of December his companion had gone for a time to Palaballa to try and shake off fever which had kept him down, and in his absence M'Kergow was seized with a bad attack. The Mpozo was flooded; the canoe had been swept away; and Mr. Craven, the missionary in charge at Palaballa, did not hear of M'Kergow's illness till the new year. He was removed from Mataddi to Palaballa with all speed, and treated with every kindness and care. But his course was run. When told he was going home to be with Jesus his answer was, "His will be done;" and his stupor soon deepened into the sleep of death. He died January 11, 1881. They placed his remains in a

coffin, a decency not always observed in those regions. King Kagampaka attended the funeral with many of his people. Service was conducted at the grave, and Christ proclaimed as the Resurrection and the Life to the awestruck and reverent crowd of savages. The young artisan lies by the side of Mr. Telford, who had fallen earlier,— "another stone," as a survivor puts it, "in the road into the interior of Africa." He sleeps far from the churchyard in the sweet little Ayrshire village where his kindred have found their long last home, but the eye that guided him living watches his dust in the land of strangers, and the voice that called him to the distant Congo will summon him to his reward in the day of resurrection.

How many graves will it need to take possession of the Dark Continent? Our own Mission at Blantyre is perhaps the only mission in the inhospitable regions of Africa that has escaped such trials. The mission at Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa, lost Dr. Black; on Lake Victoria Nyanza, the Church Missionary Society lost another brave missionary in Dr. Smith. It is the missions without medical missionaries that have suffered most, and those on the west coast have suffered severely. The Livingstonia (Congo) Inland Mission has lost five labourers in less than that number of years, and among them the devoted and energetic Mr. M'Call. But what do these missionaries themselves say of the work and its cost? Dr. Black said shortly before his death: "Africa must not be given up, though it should cost thousands of lives."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IN MEMORIAM.

WE mourn thee, sweetest singer of the West,
 Who love thy muse,—it sweeps not swift along
 Like a far-echoing torrent, deep and strong,
 Wild leaping from the mountain's shaggy breast;
 But like a brook by sun and wind caressed,
 Flowing green dells and blossomy leas among;
 Clear as the dear bird's note that pours her song,
 The thorn against her throbbing bosom prest.
 Thine was the skill to lead thy happy rhyme
 In woodland ways with forest music sweet;
 And so that king and peasant list the chime
 Wherein all gentle influences meet,
 Nor high, nor deep, nor flushed with fervid heat,
 But bright, and pure, and true, and lasting for all time.
 ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.,
 Author of *Beneath the Southern Cross*.

Wee Nell.

"AN' wee Nell will min' to come an' meet
 father?"

"Ay, I'll be sure an' come. I'll be at the broom
 bush at six o'clock; an' ye mauna be late, father,
 for I'll bide till ye come."

And the little arms were clasped close round his
 neck, and the little mouth kissed him over and
 over again, as he put her down at last.

"Rin awa' hame to mither noo, my dawtie," he
 said, "or I'm thinkin' I'll be late."

So with a farewell hug they parted; she to go slowly back along the country road to the cottage, at the door of which her mother stood watching them; he to go on to his work in the Laird's garden.

John Dey was head-gardener up at Cairndoon, and a very intelligent, hard-working man, as so many Scotch gardeners are, but with, alas! the one great weakness which is so common to many of his class; he could not resist a dram, and in spite of many a resolution, made, it would seem, only to be broken, he was getting worse and worse, and was going near to break his wife's heart. For the Laird had warned him several times that if he did not give up this growing habit, he would have to dismiss him, good workman and faithful servant though he was. Sometimes his wife thought that if it were not for the disgrace, it might almost be a good thing if it came to that, and if they had to go to a new neighbourhood, for here the temptations were more than he could resist. A low public-house stood right on the roadside between Cairndoon and the cottage, and some of his fellow-workmen were almost sure to ask him in on his way home to take a dram, and once begun, he could not stop.

"Wee Nell," a dear little dot between five and six, was their only child, and the very apple of her father's eye. If anything could have kept him straight, it would have been his love for his little daughter; but even that—strong as it was—sank as nothing before the craving demon within him; and so poor John was going downhill fast.

Long before six on this particular evening Nell was at the tryst, a broom bush at the foot of the brae below the cottage, which commanded a stretch of the road from Cairndoon, and from which Nell often watched for the first sign of her father's coming.

But to-day she watched and waited in vain, for no "father" was to be seen. Her mother had come several times to the cottage door, and had called to her to come in, but she would not leave her post, and only shaded her eyes with her hands and looked the more anxiously along the road.

At last, at seven o'clock, Mrs. Dey came down the brae, her own eyes looking suspiciously red and swollen.

"Come awa' in, Nell," she said; "father'll no be till late noo, an' it's time for your supper an' bed."

"But I promised father I would bide here till he cam'," and the eyes filled with tears, and the little mouth quivered painfully. "Mither, what can be keepin' him?"

"There'll hae been an extra turn o' work, or maybe the Laird's ta'en him owre to Glenaffrey. He's aye been at him to gang an' see the roses, ye ken," the poor mother said, trying to hide from Nell that anything was amiss.

"But ye canna bide up for him, Nell, for he mayna be hame till late."

So the child let herself be taken in and put to

bed, and soon was sound asleep in her little attic above the kitchen.

She never knew how long after this it was when she heard her father coming heavily up the steep wooden stair, and jumping up, she ran out in her little nightdress to meet him.

"Oh, father, what keepit ye? I waited——" she was saying, when he lurched heavily against her on the narrow landing—so heavily that she lost her footing and fell backwards down the stair—down, down, to the very bottom, where she lay a tiny, limp, unconscious heap.

Her besotted father—not knowing what he had done—staggered on into the bedroom, and throwing himself dressed as he was upon the bed, was soon as unconscious as his little daughter downstairs.

Meanwhile the poor mother, hearing the fall, came out, and with a face from which despair had chased away the tears, lifted Nell up and laid her tenderly on the bed in the kitchen. Then very quietly she went to a neighbour's door, and asked her to get her husband to go for the doctor, merely saying wee Nell had had a fall. When the woman asked if she could be of any use, and offered to come and stay with her till the doctor came, she thanked her, and said she would rather be alone.

The doctor was a long time coming, and how Elspet Dey got through that dreadful night she never knew. At last he came, but only to tell her that there was injury to the spine, as well as concussion of the brain. "But children come through so much, you know," he said comfortingly to the poor mother, and when he had done all he could, he left her, promising to come again during the day.

It was past ten o'clock when John awoke from his heavy sleep, feeling a sort of vague uneasiness, as if some calamity were hanging over him.

At the foot of the stairs his wife met him, instead of, as usual, Nell, who always made a point of running out to meet her father at the first sound of his step on the stairs. The look on her face told him that there was something beyond the ever-recurring sorrow over his having yielded once again to his enemy, and the hitherto undefined uneasiness began to take shape in his mind.

"Where's Nell?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, John! wee Nell's hurt hersel'! She fell doon the stairs an'—John! John! dinna gang in there!"

In an instant the truth flashed upon him. He turned round and seized his wife's hands in a vice-like grip. "Woman, she's no deid?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

Her eyes, which had held never a tear all through that terrible night, were wet now, and her sorrow, which before had been, she thought, greater than she could bear, seemed to dwindle almost into insignificance before the fearful bitterness of remorse in his face.

"No, no, John; she's no deid, an' the doctor says——" but she was speaking to deaf ears, for John had gone straight up to the bed where wee

Nell was lying, and kneeling down by the side, was calling to her to speak to him.

"Nell! Nell! my ain wee bairnie, waken an' speak to father. Tell father ye ken he didna mean to hurt his wee lammie. Do ye no hear me, my dawtie? Wee Nell wadna leave father? O God!" he cried with a sob, and buried his head in the bedclothes.

It was a drawn, haggard face that looked up from the bed when the doctor came again, and it was a rough hoarse voice that said, "O doctor, say she'll no dee. Tell me I hae na killt my bairnie! Ay, it was me," he said bitterly, seeing the look of astonishment on the doctor's face; "I was drunk, an' I ca'd her doon the stair."

Tears were in the kind old doctor's eyes as he laid his hand firmly on John's shoulder. "Please God, she'll win through yet," he said reverently; "but it will take a long time."

And it did take a long time before Nell recovered even consciousness to recognise her father at all, far less to remember any of the events before her illness; but one evening John, who was sitting by her bedside—indeed he never left it except to go to his work all through that time of fearful anxiety—heard her whisper, "Father!"

"What is't, my lammie?" he asked, bending down to kiss the wee white face on the pillow.

"Father, what ails me? What for am I lyin' here?"

"It was me, Nell; do you no min'?" the poor father said, covering his face with his hands. "It was father that did it to his ain wee bairn."

Gradually she began to remember what had happened. "Na, father," she said, stroking his cheek, down which the great tears were running, "it wasna you; it was—O father," she broke off, "ye'll never tak' it again?"

"Never again, Nell, so help me God," he said solemnly.

And he never has. Nell is now about ten years old. She has never recovered the use of her back, and sometimes suffers great pain; but she tries bravely to hide it, and generally succeeds, except in the case of her father. He knows every shade of expression on the little wan face, and when he sees it wear a look of patient suffering, I think he feels the pain more than Nell does herself. Certainly his pain has a bitterness in it which she never dreams of, for never again has either of them alluded to the cause of Nell's illness. He spends every moment of his spare time with her, and is constantly devising some new means of making her lie more comfortably, or concocting some plan for her amusement. It is touching to see him carry her out on the warm summer evenings, so tenderly he holds her, and so delighted he looks when her happy laugh rings through the wood, for she is a cheerful, happy little soul, and is always at her best with "Father." And he—well of him, as of so many, it may be said, "A little child shall lead him."

J. F.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Name Abraham's family burial-place. Find five passages in Genesis recording the burial of members of the family.
2. Find the record of Rachel's death and burial near a well-known town. What two greater persons than Benjamin were born there?
3. Find two passages where the buried Rachel is poetically represented as weeping for her lost children.
4. Find a command to the Levites to bless the people upon a mountain; and a reference to the same mountain in St. John's Gospel.
5. What two persons of the Old Testament does St. John the Baptist resemble in respect of his birth and of vows being upon him from childhood?
6. Find six miracles of Jesus told only by St. John.
7. Find two miracles of Jesus (besides His resurrection) told by St. John, which are also recorded by other evangelists.
8. Find two statements that Jesus did many works which are not recorded.
9. What was the relationship between Annas and Caiaphas? Find passages calling each of them High Priest.
10. On what occasion did Caiaphas prophesy?

ANSWERS FOR JUNE.

1. Esth. 9. 26 (or 3. 7).
2. Jonathan, 1 Sam. 14. 45.
3. His son (seed) should build it, 2 Sam. 7. 12, 13. 4. 2 Sam. 24. 18-24.
5. That he had shed much blood, 1 Chron. 22. 8.
6. Slaughter of the young children in Bethlehem, Matt. 2. 16.
7. A fox, Luke 13. 32; St. John the Baptist.
8. Manaen, Acts 8. 1.
9. Raising of Jairus's daughter, Luke 8. 51; His transfiguration, Matt. 17. 1; His agony, Mark 14. 33.
10. 1 Tim. 1. 15; 1 Tim. 4. 8 (or 10); 2 Tim. 2. 11; Tit. 3. 8.

Calendar for July.

1	Sa.	O give thanks unto the Lord.—Ps. 105. 1. [Heb. 10. 25.]
2	Su.	Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together.—
3	M.	Those things which ye have heard, do.—Phil. 4. 9.
4	Tu.	And the God of peace shall be with you.—Phil. 4. 9. [4. 3.]
5	W.	This is the will of God, even your sanctification.—1 Thes.
6	Th.	My kindness shall not depart from thee.—Isa. 54. 10.
7	F.	My times are in Thy hand.—Ps. 31. 15.
8	Sa.	Prepare your hearts unto the Lord.—1 Sam. 7. 3.
9	Su.	The Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the Word.
10	M.	The Lord is my portion.—Lam. 3. 24. [Acts 10. 44.]
11	Tu.	Pray to thy Father which is in secret.—Matt. 6. 6.
12	W.	The Lord is on my side; I will not fear.—Ps. 118. 6.
13	Th.	Believe on Me.—John 14. 1. [23.]
14	F.	All things are possible to him that believeth.—Mark 9.
15	Sa.	Thomas said unto Him, My Lord and my God.—John
16	Su.	In the Spirit on the Lord's day.—Rev. 1. 10. [20. 28.]
17	M.	Ye that love the Lord, hate evil.—Ps. 97. 10.
18	Tu.	Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.—1 Pet. 3. 8.
19	W.	Be clothed with humility.—1 Pet. 5. 5.
20	Th.	Thou art a God ready to pardon.—Neh. 9. 17.
21	F.	Be sober, and watch unto prayer.—1 Pet. 4. 7.
22	Sa.	Who shall stand when He appeareth?—Mal. 3. 2.
23	Su.	No servant can serve two masters.—Luke 16. 13.
24	M.	Blessed are the poor in spirit.—Matt. 5. 3. [18. 37.]
25	Tu.	Every one that is of the truth heareth My voice.—John
26	W.	I am the Vine, ye are the branches.—John 15. 5.
27	Th.	To him that knocketh it shall be opened.—Luke 11. 10.
28	F.	Remember not the sins of my youth.—Ps. 25. 7.
29	Sa.	I sought the Lord, and He heard me.—Ps. 34. 4.
30	Su.	The good hand of our God upon us.—Ezra 8. 18.
31	M.	Complete in Him which is the Head.—Col. 2. 10.

AUGUST.

- 1 Tu. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John 14. 27.
- 2 W. My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.—Matt. 11. 30.

Notices of Books.

THE WORSHIP AND OFFICES OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. By Rev. GEORGE W. SPROTT, D.D., North Berwick. (Blackwood and Sons.)

A BOOK dealing with subjects in regard to which many people have strong feelings without corresponding knowledge, cannot fail to call forth difference of opinion. But neither the special learning nor the fairness of the author, nor his loyalty to the Church whose divine offices he so temperately expounds, can be called in question. The volume consists of lectures addressed to candidates for the Ministry; but it has a wider usefulness, and Dr. Sprott has earned the thanks of the intelligent laity as well as of the clergy of Scotland. The author is no rash innovator; restoration of the practice of the Church of Scotland in its best times is his usual aim, and the tone of the book is conservative. Thus, simultaneous communion, which modern innovation he calls "receiving in pews," finds no favour with him.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of the book is the success with which the author shows that the mutilated and unworthy service which some old people can still remember, together with various customs which the uninformed regard as of the essence of Presbyterianism, are not the original usage of the Church of Scotland. English Independents were the chief corrupters of our old Scottish way. They stirred up, about 1638, a fanatical party in the Scottish Church, who objected to the use of the Lord's Prayer, the singing of the Doxology, and the minister's bowing for private devotion. They called the Lord's Prayer a "threadbare prayer." Their views afterwards, and for some generations, prevailed; but at the time they were passionately opposed by the leading clergy, such as Henderson, Baillie, and Robert Douglas; the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1641 issued a solemn warning against them as Brownist errors, and the Covenanting Assembly of 1642 threatened with deposition some ministers who had adopted them.

Another characteristic of the Cromwellian party was that churches were held in no more reverence than any other buildings. A bitter fruit of this doctrine is the lingering spirit of irreverence which makes it possible even now in some quarters to hold political meetings and "soirees" in parish churches, though these desecrations have been forbidden by the General Assembly so recently as 1863. Again, it is true that for the greater part of two centuries the service of our Church did not include reading of the Scriptures, but this was simply due to the suppression of the "Reader's" office at the time of the Cromwellian invasion. Until that time the reader read prayers and the Scriptures before the minister began his part of the service. Till 1638 the clergy wore gown and bands in Synod and Assembly. "One explanation," says Dr. Sprott, "of the dying out of churchly usages after the Revolution is that the older dissenters rejected gowns, paraphrases, hymns, and suchlike, under the mistaken notion that they were walking in the footsteps of the Covenanters of 1638 and 1643, when they were really taking a leaf out of the book of the Cromwellian sectaries, and Church people got infected with these historical delusions, and wished to be as faithful and loyal to the past as their worthy neighbours." It was at the same innovating period that Fast-Days, Monday Services, and perhaps long Table Addresses in connection with the Communion, came in, not without strenuous opposition; while daily prayers in church, with sermons twice a week, were discontinued, having previously been common in all the towns and villages.

We have little space to continue these notes from a book which is a mine of historical information. Most people are now becoming aware that marriage in church is the law of the Church of Scotland, so far as her Directory can make law. Marriage in private houses was unknown till about the year 1700. When it began

to come in, a frequent entry in Session Records is, that such and such persons were "fined for being married out of church." "This," says our author, "is but one instance out of many where what were formerly the characteristics of our Church have been relinquished to Episcopacy, and we have fallen into those usages of the Independents from which our clergy in the seventeenth century shrank with much more aversion than they did from the ceremonies of the Church of England." Many people are under the impression that "reading the line" during singing was a venerable Scottish custom, handed down by the Covenanters. The truth is that it was a feature of Anglicanism, objected to by Henderson at Westminster, and regarded by the Scots, when it was forced on them, as an indignity to an educated people. A fact even more singular is that the posture of standing at prayer was introduced into the Church of Scotland by the Episcopalians who conformed at the Revolution. The original custom of the Church of Scotland, for a hundred years after the Reformation, was kneeling at prayer: sitting was substituted "during the irreverent time of the Commonwealth."

OUR LITTLE LIFE; Essays Consolatory and Domestic, with some others. By the Author of "Recreations of a Country Parson." (1882. Longman.)

THE readers of "Life and Work" have a special interest in this volume, for the most valuable "Essays Consolatory and Domestic" which it contains are those for which we all looked so eagerly from month to month last year. No one needs to be told that the writer is a Scottish Minister, the Parish Minister of old St. Andrews, and many know that there is no more methodical and diligent Minister in all Scotland. The writer of this notice believes that he has read all the nineteen volumes which are enumerated on the fly-leaf as "By the same Author," and in the reading of every one of them he has found pleasure and profit; but he thinks now, as he thought when they appeared in this Magazine, that A. K. H. B. never wrote so charmingly as in these essays on "Our Little Life." There is something specially tender and kind in the way the gifted writer talks to us—something that makes us close each essay not only hopeful that we shall yet grow better in our own selves, but also anxious to find some way of doing good to other men. Dr. Boyd is at his best when he is most wistful, and the wistfulness of the great essayist was never more attractive and suggestive than when he wrote on "Life, what always hangs over it," on "Worry as a means of Grace," on "Blinks," on "Stricken." He was writing to 80,000 Scottish homes, and he knew it; and all that he has learned of the sorrows and the sins and the strivings of his fellow-countrymen in his thirty years of the ministry helped him to say just what they needed. And we are very glad that he said it through our pages. The essays that he has added to "Our Little Life," are not, to our thinking, so good. They are certainly not of the same kind. "Of the Opposition" is the quaint title of a thoughtful Essay on Patronage in the Church of Scotland, which would have been better in some other volume. And we take leave to say also that in those added essays there is rather too high praise of one man, and too much denunciation of another, both repeated very often.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SAVONAROLA. By ANNE C. MACLEOD. (Edinburgh. Gemmill.)

IT is pleasant to welcome this little book by a daughter of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. We understand she here makes her first appearance as an authoress. Her volume requires no other recommendation than its own merit. It is something to tell so tersely, so carefully, and with such pathos, the story of the great preacher and martyr of Florence; and to bring it within the reach of the poor. We should like our Sunday Scholars to know something of Savonarola—a reformer before the times were ripe for reformation.



AUGUST 1882.

Sermon.

JOY.

By the Rev. JAMES BARCLAY, M.A., Edinburgh.

"Rejoice evermore."—1 THESSALONIANS V. 16.

IN these sermons which are appearing from month to month in "Life and Work" our reader will observe that different stages of the Christian life are described, from the awakening of conviction to the full peace of assurance, from the spiritual birth to full spiritual manhood. It is a very high and beautiful stage about which I have been asked to write. "Rejoice evermore!" This is one of the precepts in St. Paul's letter to his converts in Thessalonica, which take us somewhat by surprise. We fancy the writer of them must have lived in quite a different world from our own, in some high and holy dreamland. He seems himself to have lived, and expects others to live, an ideal life—a life of lofty purity and close fellowship with God, such as the world has scarcely, if ever, seen, of which we can scarcely conceive, much less attain to and enjoy. Yet we know well who the writer of those words was; we know the story of his own life; we know something, too, of those to whom he wrote—weak, erring men and women like ourselves, surrounded by temptations and exposed to trials; and yet, with a strong confident hope that they would be fulfilled, St. Paul enjoined upon them these precepts. Of us, too, the same life is asked, and the same character expected; and in some way the expectation can be realised, or the demand would never have been made. "Rejoice evermore" is no exceptional, no isolated statement in the New Testament, uttered in some moment of rapture, or high and holy aspiration. The New Testament is full of exhortations to joyousness.

I know well this is not the popular notion of religion—in Scotland at least this has not been the dominant idea of Christianity. There has been, and still is, a strong tendency in Scottish Theology and in Scottish Ecclesiastical life to make the severity of the gospel more prominent than its goodness, and to dwell on the solemn rather than on the gladsome aspects of our religion. Our visits in our thoughts and in our teaching are more frequent to the cross than to the empty tomb of the Risen Redeemer. We are apt to bring more sin-offerings than thank-offerings to the altar.

We think and speak far oftener of Christ as the Man of Sorrows than as the Prince of Life. Whilst we have dwelt on the duties of religion, and its helps, and its comforts, and even its hopes, we have not held forth sufficiently its delights, its high and pure joys—so much so, that happiness has sometimes been thought incompatible with religion; any joy that belongs to it being a future joy, a joy to be looked forward to and hoped for, but not now and here attained, not now and here attainable. Our Sabbaths, instead of being days of rest and rejoicing, have been too much, as Isaiah describes them, days for bowing down the head and afflicting the soul—days of enforced retirement and unduly prolonged exercises of devotion for the grown, and, in many cases, an intolerable burden and weariness and restraint to the young—miserably poor interpretations of the "Delight thyself in God" of the Old Testament, and the "Rejoice evermore" of the New. I know of no man in this world who should be so contented, so happy, so truly glad, as the Christian; and the Christian who has no joy is either under the tyranny of some sadly-erroneous teaching, or is still so hindered and fettered by sin and the love of sin that he has not risen, and cannot rise, to the full height of the Christian faith, to the hope that maketh not ashamed, to the perfect love that casts out fear, to the joy that anticipates heaven even here. Religion is something more than a stern sense of duty and self-denial and self-sacrifice. It has been too largely represented as being merely this, and hence fear of God has predominated over love of God, and terror has been a commoner thing than trust. Religion has its joys as well as its duties, and it were strange were it not so—it were strange if in a world where God has provided so much happiness, there should be none in the breast of the creature nearest to God himself, and stranger still if happiness decreased in proportion to the growing nearness to God. Who can look at the happy fish sporting in the laughing waves, at the butterfly flitting in the summer's sun, the bird singing its merry carol on the bough, the lamb gambolling about the fields, or even the snake basking in contentment in the sunshine, and not feel that happiness is the gift of God, and not repudiate the thought, no matter what weight a false theology may have given to it, that to the believer in God, the child of God, joy is forbidden?

Yes, "rejoice evermore" is a fitting precept for a Christian. Joy is of different kinds and of various degrees, and no man is without a faculty for happiness: to some it comes through the senses of the body, to some through the higher faculties of the mind, to some through the channel of the affections, but the highest of all joys is the joy of the Holy Ghost, the joy of a spirit in harmony with God's Spirit, the joy commended and commanded in our text. As has been powerfully said, "An hour of love is worth an age of lust, and all joy must be measured by its quality."

I can but indicate one or two of the leading sources of the Christian's joy.

(1.) There is joy in *believing*. There is deep happiness in the thought, the Christ-given thought, that the eternal God, the Maker of heaven and earth, in whose hand is the destiny of the world and our destiny too, is our Father, a Father watching ever over us with pitying eye and loving heart, not only sending rain and sunshine alike to just and unjust, but giving His only begotten Son for sinners, to rescue them from sin and misery, and draw them into heaven. Clouds, dark clouds, of suffering and sorrow, of anxiety and fear, may be ever and anon casting their shadows on the earth, on our homes and on our hearts, but it is cheering and gladdening to know that behind these clouds the sun is ever shining, that the clouds will pass away and the sunshine will last; that behind all the mysteries of life and all the terrors of conscience, eternal love is watching and pitying; that terror, like the cloud, shall pass away, and love, like the sunshine, will endure. In the midst of life's discipline—a discipline, remember, which comes to all men, to the irreligious as well as the religious man, with its defeats, and disappointments, and failures—is there no joy in the conviction that every moment even of our quietest hour and every seeming trifle of our uneventful history are under the ceaseless care and guidance of a loving Father "whose love appoints us pleasant things, whose mercy orders all that pains us"?

What is the joy of believing? methinks I hear some one asking. Well, it is the joy of being forgiven, of finding rest from the stings of an accusing conscience, of consciousness of acceptance with God and communion with God; the joy of conscious deliverance from the power of present sin and from the fear of future punishment. The Christian has sorrow certainly, but sorrow is not incompatible with joy. "As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," was Paul's description of a believing Christian, and it is a strikingly true description still. No Christian can be without sorrow—sorrow arising from the sense of sin, from the sense of weakness—sorrow, too, from the thought of what sin is doing to others, of the evil it is working in the world, of the havoc it is making in the realm of human spirits. But where there is faith, along with that sorrow, and beneath it, there is an un-

broken joy—joy arising from a sense of pardon, the joy of a strength perfecting itself in weakness—the joy of hopes which have anchored themselves within the veil, and which are already a foretaste of heaven. If a man's heart be full of Christ, it is also full of joy.

(2.) There is joy in *worship*. Joy in the exercises of religion?—the world is apt sneeringly to ask; are not these a burden and a restraint; an interference with one's desires and an intrusion upon one's time? Well, yes, to some they are—to those who have only put on religion as a cloak in life, or are looking forward to it as a shroud at death; to those to whom Christianity is only a confession, and not a conviction, a creed of respectability but not a creed of the heart. To pray merely in words, to read the Bible as a task imposed by conscience or tradition, to attend church as a duty required by society, brings no joy, and well merits the scornful derision so readily and so abundantly bestowed upon it; but to meditate with faith, and hope, and eagerness to learn, on God's works and ways and word, to cultivate the highest powers of the intellect, and the purest affections of the heart, and the noblest aspirations of the spirit, brings a joy to which the unbeliever is a total stranger. To get into sympathy with the thoughts and lives of the saints of earth and the saints of heaven, and hold converse with the Great Spirit of the universe, is a delight which no pleasure of the world can equal. The uninitiated may see no happiness in the astronomer's joy, gazing night after night, when other men are asleep, into the starry expanse, observing phenomena, noting down positions unconscious of all else, and ever and anon exclaiming, like the Grecian philosopher of old, "I have found! I have found!" A life spent in the pursuit of science is a mystery to the common mind; the joy of the philanthropist is an enigma to the miser; the sensualist cannot understand the sweet delight of purity; and so the unbeliever cannot comprehend the high happiness of meditation and of worship, and the strength and joy of prayer—cannot imagine what a whole world of rest and peace there is in these!

(3.) One word on the joy of *servicing*. The soldier's delight in following an honoured captain, the scholar's joy in carrying on the work of an esteemed master, the child's happiness in pleasing a beloved parent, are but faint types of the joy of the Christian serving Christ, doing His will, doing His work, earning His approval, growing into His likeness. If there is a joy in getting, surely there is a joy in giving—in spending and being spent. There is a joy in feeling that I am right and doing right, that I am in harmony with the mind and will of God. There is joy in the consciousness of a power within me, freeing me from selfishness, meanness, sin. Whatever hard tasks of self-denial it may ordain, whatever rich offerings of self-sacrifice it may demand, strong in love, it is a joy to me

to do the tasks, and to present the offerings. But higher even than this joy is the delight of helping others, of giving to them the blessings I enjoy. To love is a high delight, but the love that is forbidden to work, to sacrifice itself, is somewhat marred, and the labour of love is the very music of life. A soul spending itself in benevolence and blessing breathes the inspiration of God, lives even now in the atmosphere of Heaven, and this is the Christian's joy. Yes, religion is not gloom but gladness; let your daily prayer and endeavour be to restore your own and other souls to the Divine image, and you must have happiness. "Rejoice evermore" is not only a gospel privilege but a gospel duty; gloom is not only a misfortune, but a sin; you must not misrepresent Christianity and drive men away from it. "Rejoice in the Lord always." You can have nothing to plead as an excuse for violating this precept. If Paul could obey it, surely we can. In labours abundant, in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft, with his feet in the cruel stocks, with his life hanging by a thread on the will of a cruel tyrant, with a memory of past sins, with a very wakeful and sorrowful conscience too, he could be always happy, happy because he knew he was Christ's and was trying to serve Christ; all things were his, because he was Christ's, and Christ is God's, and nothing could separate him from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Well might he rejoice, and well may we.

Short Sermons from the Poets.

1.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATTHEW v. 16.

"HEAVEN doth with us as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike,
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues; nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence;
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use."

SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, Act I.

2.

"Pray without ceasing."—1 THESS. v. 17.
"Pray one for another."—JAMES v. 16.

"MORE things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

TENNYSON, *The Passing of Arthur*.

Isaac Ronald The Dominie.

By the Author of "JOHNNY GIBB OF GUSHETNEUK."

XVII.—A WEDDING AT THE BANKMILL.

AGAIN a couple of years had come and gone, and to Isaac Ronald the weeks and months, summer and winter, had been weeks and months of steady uneventful attention to the duties of his humble school, varied by offices of manifold helpfulness amongst his neighbours.

Some years previous to the date at which we have now arrived, Isaac had, after much persuasion, been induced to accept the office of an elder of the parish: and his views as to the elder's function were at once characteristic and full of practical good sense. "I may ha'e little aneuch to gie to the weakest o' God's creaturs i' the way o' counsel or comfort; but if ane has little to gi'e, he has the mair need to get. An' if the spiritual and moral pairs o' oor natur' are to be enrich't, an' keepit in a state o' growth, I troo it maun be mair by makin' the hert acquaintit wi' the sorrows an' sufferin's o' ithers, an' deein' oor little best wi' God's help to cheer their hopes an' lichten the burden o' life than onything else."

And thus while Isaac's services as an elder had relation, more or less, to all the changing aspects of life, it was when trouble or affliction pressed that the dominie came into chief prominence. It might be sickness or death, it might be the loss of worldly goods, or the sad sorrow that comes of the behaviour of a prodigal son or an erring daughter. In each and every case it was felt that he might be appealed to with the certainty of helpful service. He would not spare himself of personal trouble, even if it were to walk three miles at midnight amid stormy winds and rain to fetch the doctor to one suffering neighbour, or to watch patiently night after night by the sick-bed of another, his sympathetic nature enabling him, as occasion required, to do the nurse's part with a swift gentleness and tact that seemed curiously out of keeping with his usually sedate and formal manner. And whose counsels under loss or disappointment came home so warmly and closely as his? If he had little of this world's goods wherewith to aid any unfortunate fellow-creature, he had in large measure the enviable faculty of being able to make that fellow-creature's position his own; and thus, even in the mere temporal aspect of things, his words seemed to breathe into the spirit of the troubled one the feeling of calm confidence and steadfast hope. As it concerned life on its spiritual side, it was as easy as natural for him to advert to those higher considerations which had large place in his own mind. And to his hearers he never seemed to sermonise or drag in sacred subjects of set purpose, simply because, in his own case, his religion permeated his life and lay at the basis of his character.

And what of Isaac Ronald's correspondence with

Annie Symon? One hardly knows how best to answer the question, unless it be by saying that at the end of the period just spoken of Annie Symon returned again to her father's house at the Bank-mill; and that there then came about a marriage which was to the whole parish an occasion of unusual interest, ranking in importance as a public event almost, and calling forth a general feeling of honest satisfaction, pleasantly qualified by jocular comments upon what was deemed the sly and pawky fashion in which the dominie had, up to the last, succeeded in keeping his courtship of the miller's Annie a complete secret!

"But I aye tau' him it hed to come to this," said the wright's wife, in congratulating Joseph Symon on his daughter's approaching wedding. "It wasna easy to see hoo my prophecy was to come true, an' least o' a' wi' Annie, as things war. But mairriages *are* made in heaven, if mairriages they're to be; an' I'm sure nae twa human bein's war ever mair fittet for ane anither."

"I b'lieve ye're perfectly richt in that, Mrs. M'William," said the miller. "An' nae only that, but I question whether Annie's unsuspekit affinity o' spirit wi' Isaac Ronald—datin' fae an earlier time than she was aware o'—the haud his genuineness o' principle hed ta'en o' her, wasna a quite sufficient bar to a union that wud hae been nae mairriage, apairt fae ony untoward thing o' a direct kin' on the pairt o' him that socht her."

"I only ken this, miller," added the wright's wife, "that hardly the blin'est gorbel cud ha'e fail't to see that Isaac was drawn to Annie lang ere the tither ane was spoken o'."

"An' I doubtna if Isaac hed been true to his feelin's an' spoken than, that ither micht hae never come atween them."

So said the miller, and possibly it was all quite true, though one is not altogether certain on the point. I only know this, that, in the subsequent time, when Annie Symon, with her neat, tasteful ways, her bright cheerfulness, and her active devotion to domestic duties, was the light and life of his hearth and home, Isaac Ronald did not hesitate to give certain of his confidences on the subject to the very few who had the right, as he held it, to be so privileged.

"Courtship," he would say with a touch of quaint humour in his tone, "I ken naething o' courtship, William, if it's nae in its vera essence the ootward expression o' that feelin' o' utter respect an' half-reverence which every true man must entertain for every pure-minded, true-hearted woman—that specialis't to the individual that, o' a' ither, is felt to ha'e complete sway owre your deepest emotions, an' the thoct o' whom never fails to lift you into your better self. But as for the rest o' 't—intercourse in the nature o' express negotiations, ha'ein' mairriage for en' an' object, an' so on—I hae neither experience nor opinion to put words upon 't. Grantit a' the essential conditions as I've triet to

descrie them, an' twa human bein's o' the opposite sexes, wi' hardly a direct pledge ask'd or promise gi'en on either side, may safely lapse into purpose o' mairriage, an' even the details o' date, an' place, an' much else, fa' oot, ye hardly ken hoo, only ye've the innate feelin' that it canna be, an' ochtna to be, itherwise."

Very possibly Isaac Ronald's views of courtship would be as keenly scouted by people of a sentimental and romantic turn of mind as by those who never care altogether to lose sight of the practical and business-like in their proceedings. That a considerable measure of soundness underlies them, nevertheless, would seem to me to be a not altogether unreasonable conclusion. And, at any rate, Isaac was well content to abide by his belief in the matter, leaving more recondite lines of philosophising to those who might choose to follow them.

XVIII.—THE CONCLUSION.

IT was in the truest sense a doubling of the dominie's happiness and content from the very day that the twofold life, instituted in Eden, began for him. In the prospect of his wedding, a modest "stob-thackit" cottage had been provided for his accommodation; and if his home was a picture of neatness, comfort, and order, nobody, probably, was more surprised than Isaac Ronald himself at the reformation it was found possible quietly and speedily to effect in his own personal style and outfit. In his bachelor time, it must be owned, he had unconsciously drifted into habits indicative of a mind which was little observant of small conventionalities; and in nothing was the fact more conspicuously seen than in his "ill shak'n-up" garments and his straggling locks. Now no wife in the parish could boast that her husband's shirt front and wrists presented a better show of well-dressed linen on Sunday than did Isaac's; none had more carefully-trimmed hair and beard than he; and though many might wear more costly apparel, no one had his clothes more scrupulously fresh and well kept.

"*She's* aye conform to this world, sir!" said Isaac on one occasion, making a quizzical appeal to his minister, when the latter had been kept a few minutes waiting his change of dress to accompany him on a pastoral visitation.

"Very right, very right, Mrs. Ronald," was the minister's laughing reply. "And pray, sir, have *you* not yet learnt to appreciate the character of the woman 'whose husband is known in the gates'?"

"Ah weel, I sincerely trust I ha'e," said Isaac fervently; "an' the husband in this case is little worth a' her care an' pains."

"I shall not ask your opinion on that point," answered the minister; "I know that your wife and I will not differ in our judgments, and that is enough."

Annie Symon's unremitting care for his comfort, and her intimate sympathy with him in all his pursuits, gave Isaac Ronald added strength for,

and interest in, his daily occupations. His work as an instructor of youth did not vary much in character—except in so far as unusual promise in one pupil at one time, and uncommon dulness in another pupil at another time, engrossed his thoughts and led to befitting action of a more or less special kind—and it did not in the least degree increase in remunerativeness. And it never occurred to Isaac that it should. To him the saying that “a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth,” had a meaning that was very real and very vital. If the daily needs of his body were supplied in such modest measure as he had become habituated to, his thoughts rarely strayed further in that direction, unless, indeed, it might be to talk of the abundance of the temporal gifts bestowed upon one so unworthy as himself, or indulge in a bit of quaint moralising on the uncertainty of riches, and the unsatisfying nature of worldly possessions in general. The saying of the preacher that “when riches increase they are increased that eat them,” was a favourite text with the dominie in this connection. “Ye canna ha’e mair wealth without mair care,” he would say. “Its stewardship, if a man wud use it aricht, requires great watchfu’ness an’ sense o’ responsibility; an’ hoo aften do we see riches, gaither’t wi’ care an’ pain, hoardit wi’ equal care and pain till they become corruptit, or eat as a canker into the soul o’ their owner. The sicht o’ them canna satisfy, an’ it’s nae aye the warst ootcome when they ‘make to themselves wings and fly away.’” As for himself, freed of undue care and anxiety in the direction either of wanting or having the good things of this life, was he not in the position that more than any other left him at liberty to lift his thoughts and aspirations toward the higher and more enduring realities of the life to come? And keenly interested as he continued to be in all that was “pure and lovely and of good report” in the daily ongoin’ of his neighbours and fellow-men, Isaac Ronald, as time went on, seemed to stand in a nearer and nearer relation to the unseen. In the little circle of which he and his “Annie,” as he was wont to style her, might be said to be the recognised centre—it included most of the “worthies” of the parish of whatever denomination—the form of faith that prevailed was very full-bodied and very real. While mighty in matters of Christian doctrine, and fully prepared to give account of their principles when occasion called for it, these good people rather sought to cultivate, in the most vivid and impressive fashion, a sense of the immediate presence and governance of Him who is the subject of all doctrine; and I can well believe that it would not have much surprised some of them to be told at any time of the visible appearance, as in the days of the Hebrew patriarchs of old, of angelic beings sent to perform His high behests in this lower sphere.

And so the days and years of Isaac Ronald, the

humble dominie of the Bankmill school, passed peacefully away. As they passed they found the dominie ever cheerful and contented, as ever diligent in every good work that lay to his hand, or which it was in his power to undertake in the interests of others, whether it lay to his hand or not.

“I ha’e nae richt to ask what claim a man has on me,” Isaac would say. “Ilka immortal bein’ may claim ilka ither as his keeper for that maitter; an’ my responsibility is to my Maister, whose ‘tender mercy’ is o’er a’ His creaturs. As the poet has weel sung—

‘He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.’

If I wud be like Him, what richt ha’e I to be indifferent to the troubles o’ ony livin’ creatur?”

And at last the dominie and his deeply-cherished and devoted helpmeet were gathered to their kindred in the quiet kirkyard. His place on this earth knows him no more—has not known him for years gone by; even the very foundations of the old schoolhouse are razed. But are not the richest of his contemporaries equally gone from all they claimed as their own, and which it mayhap had been the labour of their lives to accumulate? The difference between them and him, in so far as it concerns us, is, that while he who in his lifetime gathered not to himself, but sincerely sought the good of others by honest, earnest effort, and an unselfish Christian example in word and deed, left memorials of his having lived on this earth in hearts not a few, stimulated to right thinking and doing as rational and immortal beings, they are remembered, if remembered at all, simply as having for a time had such use as they chose to make of a certain portion of the dross of this earth, from which they are for ever parted, and which others now claim absolutely as theirs to have and to hold. Verily “a man’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth;” and seldom have we known a more vivid illustration of the truth of this divine utterance than that furnished by the career of Isaac Ronald the humble Dominie of the Bankmill School.

THE END.

Summer Rain.

I.
WELCOME the pools to fill,
Beautiful rain!
Earth’s kindest angel still,
Welcome again!
Sweeter than Psyche’s eyes
Dewy with love,
Thou’rt ’mid the nearing skies,
Trembling above.
Dusty the dreary street,
Feeble the weary feet,
All will thee cheery greet,
Parched and in pain—
Welcome as buds in spring,
Lovable rain!

II.

Faint hearts have sighed for thee,
 Full of unrest,
 Patience long cried for thee,
 Hoping the best,
 And *she* ne'er waits in vain :
 See what a fall
 Comes of the gentle rain,—
 Comes to us all !
 Showering on all the same,
 Heedless of praise or blame,
 Comes as the Gospel came,
 Bounteous as free,
 Strewing with lavish hand
 Broad charity.

III.

Breaking from morning cloud,
 Moisture divine,
 Rearing their heads so proud,
 Hills drink thy wine.
 Trees then in ecstasy
 Taste thy fresh dew,
 Leaves flapping joyously
 Bathe in it too ;
 And the young earth again
 Gives her flowers birth again,
 Glad summer mirth again
 Stirs woods among,
 Birds at thy magic wand
 Wake into song.

IV.

Streams, once so lazy, now
 Full of thy praise
 Dashing so crazy now
 'Tween gleaming braes,
 Bounding their seaward course,
 Leaping in pride,
 Laud thee for giving force,
 Glorious tide !
 Countless the little rills
 Pour down the steaming hills,
 Nature with rapture thrills
 At their glad gains,
 Thrills as they wash away
 All her dust stains.

V.

Emblem of purity,
 In pearls so pure,
 Type of fidelity,
 Falling so sure,
 Like to God's charity
 Blessing each one—
 Blessing abundantly,
 Passing by none.
 Life-giving rain, thy praise
 Who would not proudly raise ?
 Who not extol the days
 Bright with sweet rain ?
 Earth's kindest angel still
 Welcome again !

WALTER BUCHANAN.

Two Old Letters

Sent by Rev. JAMES ROBERTSON, M.A., Whittinghame.

READERS of this Magazine who recollect the articles which appeared in it on Robert Burns and the "Cottar's Saturday Night," will readily believe that it was very gratifying to the writer of them to receive a kind letter in regard to them

from one of the surviving nieces of the poet,—a letter which gratified him the more that it apprehended and sympathised with the more serious aim which he had in writing these articles. Miss Begg was kind enough also to send copies of two old letters, which are given below, and will, I am sure, be read by very many with great interest. That which is given first is from the poet's sister Agnes to his sister Isabella. Agnes Burns was born in the same cottage as her famous brother. When he went to Ellisland this sister accompanied him, as "Bonnie Jean" knew nothing about a dairy, and when the poet removed to Dumfries his sister was engaged to take charge of the dairy at Dumfries House (the Marchioness of Hastings), and it will be seen from the heading of the letter that she was still there in 1803, more than six years after the poet's death. The letter has never been published, and I have pleasure in being the channel through which it is given to the multitude of Scottish people who read these pages. Nothing but good can come of what recalls the manner in which the poet's father lived in his household and trained his children, and this letter may be read as a sample and fruit of that training. The writer of it never was at a school, and had no education except what she received from her father at home. Yet I feel sure that the best educated ladies will be the first to recognise the good taste with which it is expressed. The sacred poetry which the letter contains will also be felt to be of no mean order. I cannot tell the author of it, but such poetry as this, with many of the psalms and some favourite ballads, she was in the habit of repeating when she and her sisters were milking the cows of an evening. There are few readers of the Bible who have not been struck with the sanctity and dignity given to field work by the devout greetings exchanged between Boaz and his reapers, as they are told in the book of Ruth. Perhaps we have been sad to think of the contrast of field work now. Yet this habit at their evening task of the sisters of Burns may encourage us to believe that the likeness of that old fashion in our modern work is neither unattainable nor without example. The letter is as follows, and little did the writer of it (modest, retiring woman as she was) think, as she penned it, of its homely messages about "clogs" and "tea" being read in print after eighty years !

DUMFRIES HOUSE, January 30th, 1803.

Dear Sister—I received yours of the 18th, which affected me very much. I was indeed accusing you of neglect ; but, short-sighted creatures as we are, I did not suspect the cause nor ever once thought, amid all this season of wishing, which always brings to mind my absent friends, that you were suffering so much from pain and depression of spirits. But I am happy to see you make such a good use of affliction. The mind that looks up

to Heaven through the mist of affliction can never want consolation :

“ For friend or happy life,
Who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find
The shadow here.”

I have been trying to recollect the verses you mentioned, but I do not remember them all ; but here is what I have :

“ Sick of the world and all its joys,
My soul in pining sadness mourns ;
Dark scenes of woe my thoughts employ
The past and present in their turns.

I see, I feel vain life's a dream,
And never will be cheated more ;
Fair hopes, fond wishes, I disclaim,
And fly what I pursued before.

Fool that I was to dream of peace
In such a stormy land as this !
To think to hold in firm embrace
The fleeting airy shade of bliss !

The blasts that meet us in the way,
The ills by which our life's oppress,
The clouds that hang upon our day
Proclaim that this is not our rest.

How kindly are they sent by Heaven,
Misfortunes serve to make us wise ;
By joys misled, by folly driven,
How many lose the heavenly prize !

Far better to be plagued each morn
Than slain by blandishments of sense.
O rather hedge my way with thorn
And guard my steps with rugged fence !

But O what fickle hearts we have !
We rush into the world again :
We never rest but in the grave,
But court new vanity, new pain.

While here below we shift and turn,
The sport of every gale that blows,
Now soar, now sink, now joy, now mourn,
A puff exalts, a puff o'erthrows.

O happy they who ever dwell
Beyond mortality's dull scene,
Where radiant rays of light dispel
This cloud of sorrow and of pain !”

I have not heard any account of Aunt Allan yet. I have been intending a visit to Auchenbray and Mauchline this month past ; but some little circumstance has always hindered me from accomplishing it. If I don't go I will write to my aunt and give you some account. By the carrier I got the tea you sent, which is very good ; but as I do not mean to take any price for the gown, you will set down the tea to my account and consider the gown as a New Year's gift for Nancy. I got the clogs, and if you have an opportunity get another pair the size of your foot and send them for Jenny Baird, and send word of the price. If you be writing to Morham, send them my best wishes, although they seem to have forgot me. I hope you will write me soon. Give my best wishes to

my mother, and with wishing you all many happy years, I shall conclude.—Your affectionate sister,
To Mrs. Begg, Dinning, AGNES BURNS.
Closeburn, Dumfriesshire.

The other letter is one of Burns himself, never before published in this country. It is written to his youngest brother William, who learned the trade of a saddler, and after a visit of some months in 1788 to the poet at “The Isle,” Ellisland, went to England to make his way there. The two brothers corresponded in a somewhat interesting manner, the younger asking for advice and for help as needed from the elder, and getting both. William was first at Longtown, then at Newcastle, and by and by went to London, where he was only six months when he died of fever (September 1790), Mr. Murdoch (the poet's teacher) being the only friend at his funeral. His early years were so promising that his sister, Mrs. Begg, never ceased to lament his early death. It is striking to think of the portrait of the one brother (by Nasmyth) in the National Gallery in London among all the great of England, and the other brother laid in an unknown grave in St. Paul's churchyard.

The letter is without date ; but those who refer to Chambers's life of the poet will find the rest of the correspondence, and will see that this which follows must have been written between a letter dated 2d March, and another dated 25th March, 1789.

ISLE, Tuesday evening.

Dear William—In my last I recommended that invaluable apothegm, Learn taciturnity. It is absolutely certain that nobody can know our thoughts ; and yet, from a slight observation of mankind, one would not think so. What mischiefs daily arise from silly garrulity or foolish confidence ! There is an excellent Scots saying, that “a man's mind is his kingdom.” It is certainly so ; but how few can govern that kingdom with propriety ! The serious mischiefs in business which this flux of language occasions do not come immediately to your situation ; but in another point of view,—the dignity of the man,—now is the time that will either make or mar you. Yours is the time of life for laying in habits : you cannot avoid it though you would choose, and these habits will stick to your last sand. At after periods, even at so little advance as my years, 'tis true one may still be very sharp-sighted to one's habitual failings and weaknesses, but to eradicate or even amend them is a quite different matter. Acquired at first by accident, they by and by begin to be, as it were, convenient, and in time are in a manner a necessary part of our existence. I have not time for more. Whatever you read, whatever you hear, concerning the ways and works of that strange creature, man, look into the living world about you, look into yourself, for the evidence of the fact, or the application of the doctrine.—I am, ever yours,

ROBERT BURNS.

The late Rev. Dr. John Macleod,

MINISTER OF MORVEN.

MORE and more, as time goes on, great cities absorb into themselves whatever the provinces produce that is eminent in genius or powerful in character. This attraction has, in our day, from obvious causes, become all but irresistible. But a few rare exceptions there have been even in recent times. A physician in the Eastern, a minister in the Western Highlands, we have known, who, though gifted with powers which in Edinburgh or in London would have won for him the highest rewards of his profession, has, from pure love of his native district and of its people, resisted the strongest solicitations of public duty or ambition, or both, and been well content to live and labour and die on the spot where he was born. Friends have lamented his folly; strangers have marvelled that one so gifted should so throw away life's chances. But he himself has found, in working not for ambition, but for love of those among whom Providence first placed him, the satisfaction of his higher nature. And the impression he has left on his native district, the hold he has laid on men's affections, has been, if less wide, yet more deep and enduring than probably it could have been in any large city. And not their native district only, but the world, is the better for the knowledge that such men have existed. Whether present in the body or absent, these secluded and high-souled lives stand before our memory, like the great mountains, to strengthen and refresh us by the very thought of them.

Of such a life there has been, in our time, no example finer than that of Dr. John Macleod, the lately-departed Minister of Morven. Sprung from a well-known race, which has contributed many distinguished sons to the ministry of the Scottish Church, he stood quite single and unique in his marked individuality. His father, his home, and his parish, have been well described, if not in all literal details, yet in their essential character, by his nephew, the late Dr. Norman Macleod, in that most characteristic of his works, *The Highland Parish*. John, the younger of two brothers, was singularly endowed both in body and in mind. To Glasgow College he had been like the rest of his race; yet it was no college, but the sights and sounds, the silences and the solitudes of Morven, that had moulded him. In physical, as in mental, stature he towered, head and shoulders, above the people. His unusual height in no way detracted from his strength, or his fitness for hard exercise and long endurance. In youth he had been a sportsman, and his skill was known on every moor of his native region. On all those western shores was no more fearless or trustypilot. When his hand was at the tiller or on the sheet the boatman would cheerfully face the roughest cross-tides, or the strongest currents that race and chafe between the

islands, or smite the headlands of that stormy coast. These hardy qualities stood him in good stead when he entered on the work of the ministry. This he did in 1824, when, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed to assist and to succeed his father, the aged minister of Morven. The Parish is of vast extent, and all but surrounded by the sea, so that the homes of the then numerous and scattered population were many of them inaccessible, except by boat, or by long journeys on foot over moor, morass, and mountain-ridges. For there were then no roads in his Parish. In the expeditions to which duty called him—

“he had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,”

and learned to know every aspect of day and night, of summer and winter, among those mountains. In his “journeyings often, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in hunger and thirst, in cold, in fastings often,” he has been well compared to Saint Columba and the first Celtic missionaries. One who knew him well has said:—“Often amidst stormy seas his uncommon skill as a boatman carried him through dangers which few would face. His great muscular strength and his resolute spirit enabled him to follow duty by sea and land where few would venture. A faithful account of his many toilsome ocean journeyings from the Isle of Tyree to the remotest spot within the wide and rugged bounds of the Presbytery of Mull would present a record of trials and privations, of perils by land and water, which, in the present day, would, I fear, be held incredible.”

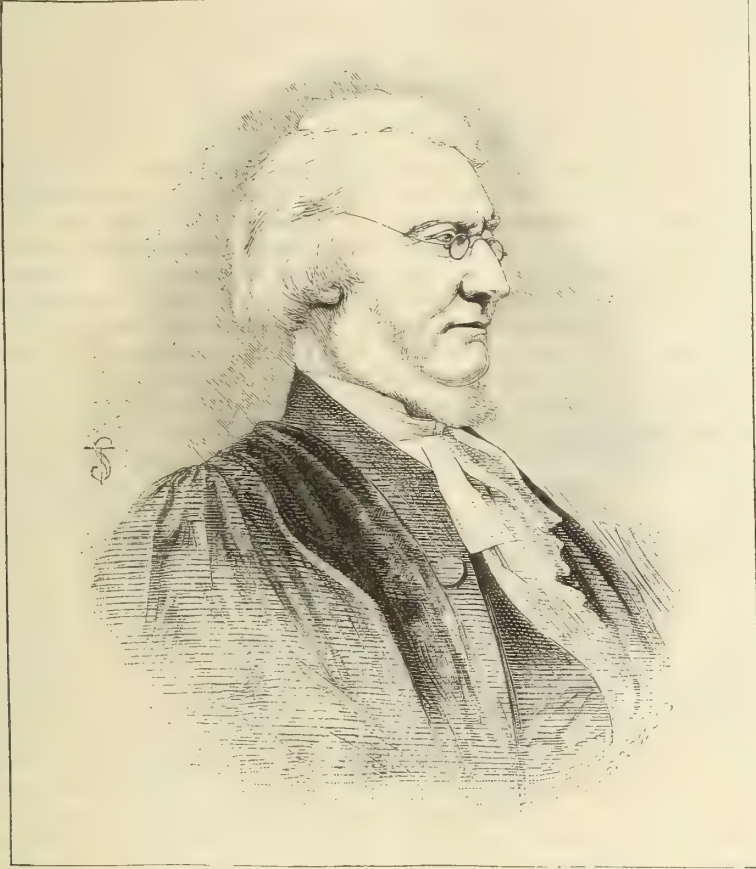
The Highland people have transferred a large part of the loyalty they formerly felt for their vanished chiefs to their ministers, who are generally their best friends. Even when these are but ordinary men, their people welcome them with a warmth and reverence that might seem strange to Lowlanders. But when one, who was a born king of men, after going through many hardships to reach them, stooping his tall form beneath their low doorway, greeted them, read the Scriptures, and prayed with them in their Gaelic tongue, with a fervour and poetry all his own, it may be imagined how he laid hold of their hearts. He loved them as though they were his own immediate kinsmen, counselled them in their difficulties, sympathised with their sorrows, and they returned his love with large interest.

The depopulation of the Highlands by the large sheep-farm system, which began in the early decades of this century, was a subject of which he often spoke—all who knew him must remember with what fulness of knowledge, and what warmth of feeling! He used to maintain that, by judicious arrangements and by proper gradation of crofts and farms, he would undertake to support in comfort all the people who were in the Highlands at the beginning of this century, and to pay to the proprietors all

the rent they now received from a few Lowland sheep farmers. So he used to feel and speak in his prime, when it was only the dwellers in the upper and remoter glens of his parish who had disappeared. At a later day, the desolation came nearer his own door.

Perhaps one of the most striking peculiarities of Dr. John Macleod was the rare way in which his fine poetic nature and his great practical wisdom interblended. In proof of the first, it was enough to have sailed with him, on a calm autumn

day, down Loch Sunart, or along the shores of Mull. That was an enjoyment, which who that has shared it ever can forget? As he gazed first to north, then to south, and pointed to rock, glen, or far-off peak, there was no spot that had not for him some legend of the long past, or some pathetic story of recent years. One can remember how he showed the green knoll on the southern side of Loch Sunart, on which one of the finest of the old Celtic bards composed his songs, and whither the youthful



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH (COPYRIGHT) BY GEORGE BRUCE, DUNS.

Thomas Campbell resorted for inspiration. Or how, at another time, pointing to Ulva's Isle, he told the story of its last Macquarrie chief, and of his bootless rescue of his last cask of claret from among the white breakers off the Treshnish Isles. On the only visit which the present Poet-Laureate paid to Argyllshire and Morven, Dr. John Macleod met him at a neighbouring country house. They two fraternised as though they had been familiar friends, and as they sat far into the night Dr. John brought forth from his exhaustless store his best anecdotes of humour and of Hebridean adventure. Next morning Mr. Tennyson told his host that he thought the Minister of Morven was the finest man

he had ever met, adding, "He is a man with a well-born head." Dr. John Macleod's poetic compositions in Gaelic, some poems, many hymns, are said by competent judges to be of the highest order. One of his boat-songs he himself translated into English, preserving the Gaelic assonance instead of rhyme, as only a master of both languages could do. A few lines still linger in memory:—

"Send the biorlinn on careering,
Cheerily and all together;
Ho ro! clansmen,
A long, strong pull together,
Ho ro! clansmen.

See the diver, as he eyes her,
Hides with wonder under water.

Ahead she goes, the land she knows,
Ho ro! the snowy shores of Canna!"

This sample makes one regret that he had not oftener cared to work in this way. But to literary, as to other fame, he was indifferent. What he loved, he loved for its own sake, not for the praise of men.

His practical powers were seen in the way in which he managed the affairs—often dry enough—of the Presbytery and of the Synod with which he had to do. His clear mental eye saw at a glance the point, and enabled him to meet objections, and to unravel difficulties, at which duller men fumbled in vain. He seldom spoke in the General Assembly, but when he did it was on Highland subjects, and then his voice was listened to as an oracle, as well from the wisdom of his counsel as from the impressiveness of his speech. A neighbouring proprietor, who knew the world well, and with whom he had sometimes disagreed at the Parochial Board on local matters, was heard after one discussion to say, That man's proper place is the House of Lords, not wrangling here over pauper's doles.

But it was in preaching the gospel to the poor that he appeared to the best advantage. When he spoke in English, men recognised a man of vigorous intellect and warm heart; but when he addressed his flock in his and their native language, he stood alone in the beauty of his eloquence and the persuasiveness of his appeals, or if equalled, it was only by his brother, the elder Norman. No one else in his Church exercised such power over the hearts of Highlanders. Hence, when the Disruption came, he was able to stem the tide of secession from Cantyre to Ardnamurchan, and it was mainly owing to his influence that Argyll furnished comparatively far fewer recruits to the Free Church than any other Highland county. His well-known powers could have easily commanded a better stipend than the comparatively poor one of Morven. He was actually offered the well-endowed living of Lochbroom, and also the Abbey Church of Paisley; and the duty of welcoming "a larger and more important sphere of usefulness" was duly impressed upon him by his friends. At first he seemed willing to give ear to their counsel, but, when the time came, his heart failed him, and he refused to say "Farewell to Funerie."

It has been said that he was by nature proud, stern, and impatient of opposition; but the discipline of life and a higher principle mellowed these natural dispositions. Reserved he certainly was, and not given to speak to mere acquaintances of the things that lay nearest his heart. It was only those with whom he was most intimate who knew anything of his inner man. To strangers he appeared grave and dignified—a man with whom no one would venture to take a liberty. But a little nearer acquaintance soon showed the warmth, the geniality, and the humour, which lay hid beneath that grave and stately exterior.

Few men have had more sorrows to bear, espe-

cially in his later years; but he bore them silently, submissively, not troubling others with his own burden. He had to bear sights in his own parish that must have greatly pained him. The Braes of Morven, stretching along the Sound of Mull, were originally covered with cottages and hamlets, that held many honest and thriving households, every member of which he had known from their childhood. How sore must the trial have been in his later years, to see almost every home that lay between his manse and his church emptied of its well-loved inhabitants, and only the bare gables left to greet him as he passed from his own manse to his Sunday duty! But desolation came still closer to him. "The household hearts that were his own," he had laid, one by one, in the old churchyard, till he was left alone in his own home. His condition then recalls the description of the old age of St. John the Evangelist, given long since by Dr. Newman. "He had to experience the dreariness of being solitary when those he loved had been summoned away. He had to live in his own thoughts, without familiar friend, with those only about him who belonged to a younger generation. Of him were demanded by his gracious Lord, as pledges of his faith, all his eye loved and his heart held converse with." But these things he bore in uncomplaining trustfulness. And one great consolation was granted him, to know that if his two sons were not beside him, it was because they were engaged, as able and honoured workmen, in large Lowland parishes of the Church which he had himself so faithfully served.

For some years his strength had been visibly declining; but he reached his eighty-first year. The end came suddenly—only four days' confinement to bed. On the last evening of his life he directed that the household should be summoned for family prayer. Having asked the schoolmaster, his neighbour, to read a portion of Scripture—it was the 53d chapter of Isaiah—he then prayed, with a strong voice and in perfect calmness, quoting passages from the chapter just read. All who were present agree that they had never heard him utter a more touching or more comprehensive prayer. After this he spoke little, and sank gently to his rest a few hours afterwards.

The old order changes—nowhere more rapidly and more entirely changes than in the Scottish Highlands. Whatever the new order may bring—and we trust it may bring much good to the religion of Scotland—it cannot bring ministers cast in the same mould, or of the same patriarchal grandeur as he was, whom all the Highlands are now lamenting! The whole tendencies of the time forbid this. But let us trust that the future may give to Scotland, both Highlands and Lowlands, many ministers who, though different in outward aspects, may be akin in soul to him, whose spirit has lately passed from Morven.

J. C. SHAIRP.

What Two Ladies can do for Christ.

THE story which I am going to tell is a very simple one. It is of the Christian work of two young ladies in Glasgow, who, with little encouragement and no outside assistance, have been labouring for their Master. They pretend to no learning, and they are possessed of no wealth; they are unknown, and wish to remain so; and they consent to the publication of the following story only in the hope that it may encourage other Christians in working for the Lord. Their mission has already lasted for seven years (some of which have been years of great depression in trade), and it is now more successful than ever. It is not connected with any congregation.

HOW THE WORK BEGAN AND PROSPERED.

After the "Revival" in Glasgow in the year 1874, a meeting for boys in shops and warehouses was begun on Sunday evenings, and a young lady was asked (along with others) to give help in singing. She had been present at some of Mr. Moody's meetings, and it occurred to her one evening to request the boys to remain after the regular meeting was over, as she wished to speak to them. A few did so; when she sang them a hymn, and told some of the stories she had lately heard from Mr. Moody's lips. Two or three times this was repeated to increasing numbers; the boys now asking her to remain and speak to them. She also gathered a few of the message boys in the shops near her father's house, asking them to tea, and taking them down with her to the meeting, at the close of which they remained with the rest. All this went on with much interest and encouragement for a few months, after which the meeting was *given up* by the gentlemen connected with it, and the young lady did not see her way to carry it on alone. But the longing never left her heart for work among the boys, over whom she had developed a singular power. A year had passed away, when she was asked by one of the boys who had been at the meeting to undertake a Bible Class among them. This increased in numbers and interest, till it began to take shape as an independent work.

By this time a younger sister had grown old enough to take part in the interest and to divide the labour. The locality is not one of the *lowest* neighbourhoods in the city; there are no "lanes," "closes," nor "rookeries" in it; it is occupied by a respectable working-class population; but there are large public works in the vicinity, employing multitudes of young men of the poorer class of artisans; and it is not far away from two districts—both of which are distinguished for outbreaks, fights, and tumults which often figure in the public prints. The one resource of the lads was the public-house, and the one pleasure of their lives, Saturday and Sunday, was drink. The two things kept in view at first were a Bible Class and

a place where the lads might go in the evening instead of to the whisky-shop bar and the street corner. Singing, newspapers, and games were added; and there was a certain amount of success. The two ladies went alone, and continually, among these lads, without any protection, any matron, any visitors, or any fear. The great enemy to be contended with, or rather the great instrument of the great enemy, was drink; and there must have been many rough scenes. A small house was at first rented (at £9 a year), consisting of a room and kitchen; and on not a few occasions lads came to the meeting the worse of drink. More than once they had painful disturbances. Two or three tipsy or half-tipsy lads came, and *refused to leave*. The police had to be sent for, and on one occasion four lads were taken to gaol, and afterwards sentenced by a magistrate to a fine, or imprisonment for thirty days. During all these scenes, not the *least* personal rudeness, or appearance of it, was offered to the ladies. They had only to lay their hand on the shoulder of the worst to insure perfect quiet for the time. Indeed, they almost ceased to need courage, they found themselves so perfectly safe. Other things were needed: the shrinking from sin and vice, and from the faces on which these were written, had to be borne, as Christ bore it, for His sake. Hope was needed,—the hope which maketh not ashamed; and faith in Christ and in the work. These were present, and they have been rewarded. Not all at once: not for years. The progress from bad to good is slow, even in an individual, much more in a class. There was a long and sore struggle with drink, which is not yet over. But at length *spiritual results* began to appear. The offer of the gospel, in the class, at Bible readings, and personally, was accepted, first by one, then by others. I suppose the teachers grew in faith and knowledge. At all events, God blessed them more than ever, and they became winners of souls. Then there came up a question, their decision upon which may be open to much difference of opinion; but I am merely telling a story and must report it as it is. *Games* had been introduced in the evenings as an inducement to attend—innocent games, of course. But the ladies came to be of opinion that their work must be directly and distinctly Christian teaching only, and that the only safety for the lads amid their daily temptations was such a decided stand for Christ as meant having nothing else at these meetings but worship and instruction in the Scriptures. Right or wrong, they have so determined the character of their recent work; and the result has been on the one hand a decided increase in the spiritual blessing, and no diminution in the numbers who take advantage of their meetings.

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE WORK.

On a Tuesday evening, at half-past seven, I

found the house open, and gas already lighted. The house now rented (at £14) has one large room, nicely decorated with texts, and ornaments cut out of coloured paper. Written over the door, in large letters, is the word Welcome; in another part of the room, "God is Love;" the decorations all quite inexpensive, but tasteful, done by the men themselves. Two lads were in the kitchen, one of whom had been smoking, which is not encouraged, but not prohibited, though confined to the kitchen. Everything was to be done just as usual, so I was taken into the small side-room, where eight or nine lads gathered. After a hymn, we all knelt down on the bare boards, and after I had opened with prayer, I asked any one to follow. Three or four did so; broken and very earnest cries for a blessing on the meeting, on the teachers, on one or two companions by name; a verse was sung when on their knees, and then we all went into the large room. One after another came in, singly, for the most part, I noticed, till nearly fifty were gathered, and the room was full. Of these three or four seemed smart, tidy lads of two or three and twenty years of age. All were pretty well dressed, and even the poorest had made an effort to be neat, by tying a scarf round their necks. Many of them are married men, but only men are admitted, except on Saturdays, when their wives may come. The meeting was solemn and lasted for over an hour.

On asking about the work, I was told that it was arranged as follows. On *Monday* evening there is a meeting for prayer, conducted generally by the lads themselves, and sustained with much interest and some profit. *Tuesday* is an evening for extra meetings, sometimes educational, and sometimes for addresses by visitors. *Wednesday* evening is devoted to the Temperance Society, which has always some business to be transacted, and is closely linked on to the Mission work. *Thursday* evening is devoted to Bible classes, each sister having a separate class, with a joint attendance of over forty lads. *Friday* evening is devoted to cleaning up the premises for the week (it is done by some of the lads themselves), though it is often spent in prayer-meetings, the cleaning being then done at some other time. On *Saturday* evening (which is of course the night of danger and temptation) there is a tea-party for all the members. An hour is spent over tea, and after the things have been cleared away, the meeting resolves into a sacred concert, when hymns and solos are sung. This ends at nine o'clock, and a short service concludes the evening. *Sunday* is a busy day; but they seem never weary of meeting together. At a quarter before ten o'clock they meet for prayer and worship, dismissing in time to let the ladies get to Church. In the afternoon (about 2 P.M.) they meet again, having a church in the house; at five o'clock there is a Bible Class for an hour; and the evening is again

occupied by a meeting. If they are asked, why so many? the answer that will be given you is, that the lads have not houses where they can rest; that most of them live in very poor rooms, which are usually crowded, so that they are glad to have the open door of the Mission Room. Anything to save them from drink, is the motto; and Christ, the only Saviour from *that*, as from all other sins. If it be asked again, why do they not go to Church? the answer which I received is that as yet they cannot be persuaded to do so; and that they fear they might not be made welcome.¹ Spiritually, the results are said, of late especially, to be remarkable. At a single meeting, not long ago, no fewer than seven men were led to profess their faith in Jesus Christ! The change of life, in a large number of cases, perhaps in the majority, has been complete, and in some it has stood the test of years. In other cases, the struggle between the Flesh and the Spirit is marvellous to see, the "law in the members" warring with drawn sword against "the law of the mind"! Sixty or seventy men already rescued from ruin and utter wickedness, "living as lights" in their little world, and having in them, I believe, the possibility of yet doing a great work for others in the neighbourhood—these are the direct results of the work. At what cost has this work been done? If the question be asked regarding money, the answer given me was, that the operations of the Mission itself, not including certain extras, did not amount to more than £20 a year, and was saved *out of dress*! There were a few extras (in time of no work, which meant semi-starvation, and meals given every day; and in ordinary times small gifts of charity to the sick, etc.), and these have sometimes amounted to as much as £20 more. In ordinary years this sum is much less. It should be added that in summer the ladies are absent from town about two months; and during the Fair week arrangements are made for bringing from fifteen to twenty of the young men down near them at the coast, where they are accommodated in a barn or other suitable place, very cheaply. If the question of cost be put not regarding money, but something higher—what has the work cost the ladies who have done it?—the answer is, it has taken all their time and strength and interest, and so far their lives. Though they are not entirely useless members of the family at home, yet they have given up everything else for this work of Christ—society, amusement, recreation, rest; in a word, the world and self. The power of singing,—the power of speaking to a few young men whom they know,—the power of prayer and of faith,—they have no other! Any who are willing so to consecrate themselves, and who are "led of the Spirit," may do the same.

C.

¹ Is not this a weak point? Would not the work gain by being closely connected with a Christian Congregation? —Ed.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find the Sabbath observed by the Israelites before the Law was given. 2. Of whom is it said in Numbers that he followed the Lord *fully*, and why? 3. Find first record of manna. Where does Jesus claim to be the true Manna? 4. Find water brought from a rock in Horeb. Where is this applied to Christ? 5. Select *twelve* verses in the Psalms where God is called a Rock. 6. Where do we read that men do not put new wine into old bottles? What were the bottles made of? 7. Which Apostle had been a Publican? What was a Publican? 8. Find two places where "Jesus" means Joshua. 9 and 10. Find in St. Matthew fifteen kinds of plants mentioned by *Christ Himself*.

ANSWERS FOR JULY.

1. The Cave of Machpelah. Sarah, Gen. 23. 19; Abraham, 25. 9; Isaac, 35. 29; Rebekah and Leah, 49. 31; Jacob, 50. 13. 2. Gen. 35. 19; Bethlehem. David and Christ. 3. Jer. 31. 15 (the exiles on their way to Babylon); Matt. 2. 18 (the children killed by Herod). 4. Deut. 27. 12, Gerizim; John 4. 20, 21. 5. Samson, Judges 13. 5; Samuel, 1 Sam. 1. 11. 6. Water made wine, John 2. 1-11; Healing of nobleman's son, John 4. 46-54; of impotent man at Bethesda, John 5. 1-16; of one born blind, John 9.; Raising of Lazarus, John 11. 1-46; Second miraculous draught of fishes, John 21. 1-11. 7. Feeding of Five Thousand, John 6. 5-14 (in Matt., Mark, and Luke); Walking on the sea, John 6. 14-21 (in Matt. and Mark). 8. John 20. 30; 21. 25. 9. Annas was father-in-law of Caiaphas; Annas, called High Priest, Acts 4. 6; Caiaphas, John 18. 13. 10. John 11. 51.

Erratum in Answers for June.

Eighth Answer should be, Manaen, Acts 13. 1.

Calendar for August.

1	Tu.	Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John 14. 27.
2	W.	My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.—Matt. 11. 30.
3	Th.	I am not better than my fathers.—1 Kings 19. 4.
4	F.	As thy days, so shall thy strength be.—Deut. 33. 25.
5	Sa.	Quit you like men, be strong.—1 Cor. 16. 13.
6	Su.	He that overcometh shall inherit all things.—Rev. 21. 7.
7	M.	Come thou with us, and we will do thee good.—Num.
8	Tu.	Waiting for the coming of our Lord.—1 Cor. 1. 7. [10. 29.]
9	W.	Let us go on unto perfection.—Heb. 6. 1. [Tit. 2. 1.]
10	Th.	Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine.—
11	F.	Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Heb. 11. 13.
12	Sa.	I live for ever.—Deut. 32. 40. [ward.—Jer. 50. 5.]
13	Su.	They shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thither—
14	M.	Weep ye not for the dead.—Jer. 22. 10.
15	Tu.	Jesus wept.—John 11. 35. [—Prov. 18. 24.]
16	W.	There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.
17	Th.	Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death.—2 Tim. 1. 10.
18	F.	I am the Resurrection, and the Life.—John 11. 25.
19	Sa.	Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith.—2 Cor.
20	Su.	Thou restrainest prayer before God.—Job 15. 4. [13. 5.]
21	M.	When Moses held up his hand, Israel prevailed.—Exod.
22	Tu.	God requireth that which is past.—Ecc. 3. 15 [17. 11.]
23	W.	And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou?—Gen.
24	Th.	Now it is high time to awake.—Rom. 13. 11. [47. 8.]
25	F.	Thou shalt not tempt the Lord Thy God.—Matt. 4. 7.
26	Sa.	Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker!—Is. 45. 9.
27	Su.	The good will of Him that dwelt in the bush.—Deut.
28	M.	Whose I am, and whom I serve.—Acts 27. 23. [33. 16.]
29	Tu.	Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.
30	W.	The Lord our God is one Lord.—Deut. 6. 4. [—Eph. 3. 15.]
31	Th.	At evening time it shall be light.—Zech. 14. 7.

SEPTEMBER.

1	F.	He thanked God, and took courage.—Acts 28. 15. [10.]
2	Sa.	Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed!—1 Chron. 4.

Naughty Baby.

By MONA NOËL-PATON.

"NOW, Baby, promise not to touch my bird's cage," said Alic, as he placed it outside the nursery window. "I want Dickie to enjoy the sun, and there's none at my side of the house."

"Does birds like sun?" inquired Baby.

"Yes, you listen, and you'll hear him begin to sing like anything. But you must not on any account touch the cage."

"All right, I won't."

And Alic went off to his classes.

Baby listened, but the bird did not begin to sing. It hopped about, and chirped, and pecked at the creepers which grew over the bars outside the window, then it began to drink out of its little fountain and to splutter the water all about.

"Birdie," said Baby, "you shouldn't do that."

But birdie went on just the same.

"Birdie, you're splashing me," she repeated indignantly. She was sitting on the window-sill close beside the cage, and some of the drops had wetted her dress. If any of her brothers had been there they would have suggested that she should change her position. But Baby was alone. She often was alone, poor little body, for the once large nursery party had dwindled down to only herself, and Nurse was often sent out messages for Mother, and Baby did not care to go down to the drawing-room, where there were often callers. I don't think she minded much being alone, unless, indeed, she were left for a very long time. It was wonderful how she contrived to amuse herself. She would play quite merrily by the hour together. But Miss Baby was a funny little girl, and had a way of pretending to be ever so many different people, and how can one be lonely if one is ever so many people? Now she was a workman coming to do repairs; now she was Mother going out to call; now she was a doctor administering horrible medicines; now she was a schoolmaster scolding and caning naughty boys; and sometimes even she was a whole tea-party, an old lady, a little girl, a gentleman, all talking and answering each other.

But to-day she had this dear bird to talk to, so she did not need to be anybody but herself. She could chat with it quite well, for she could understand its language, or at least *thought* she could, which answered the purpose quite as well.

"Where have you come from, birdie?" she began, after sitting with her dress drawn close round her, patiently waiting till the splashing was over.

Birdie chirped.

"And was it a pretty place?" continued Baby, never doubting that she knew what the bird had said.

Chirp, chirp.

"And were you sorry to leave it?"

Another chirp.

"Poor birdie, I'm sorry you're sorry. And who took you away?"

But even Baby could not understand his answer. She sat quiet for a long while, and in the silence she heard the happy twitter of hundreds of birds which were sporting in the warm summer air. She could see them flitting from bough to bough of the old pear-tree in the garden, or skimming over the green meadow beyond, away, away towards those great hills she looked at every morning from her nursery window, those hills where she so longed to go, those hills behind which the sun went to sleep when Baby's bed-time came. Oh! how she loved those hills! how she wondered at them! From behind them the big rain clouds came. They were always the same, yet always changing. Often they were all white with snow when there was no snow anywhere else; and sometimes they were all rosy and beautiful; and again they were all dark and wild.

But dear as the hills were to her, much as she wanted to reach them, she had no idea of *staying* there. No, no, she wanted to climb over them into the country beyond, the wonderful country from which the clouds came, in which the sun slept. She had often pictured to herself the sun sleeping among the soft rosy clouds—for the clouds *were* rosy at night. But still she could not be sure if her pictures were correct, and Baby liked to be sure. She thought she could not be very far wrong, because she had seen a country like what she fancied this must be. For sometimes, when, tired with play, she had thrown herself down on her back on the grass, she had seen, far away in the sky, a wonderful land, with islands and seas and mountains all blue and red and yellow and silver and white, and she felt that the country behind the hills must be something like the sky land.

Her dear little brother and playmate had gone to that country in the sky. And she used to watch anxiously on the days when the sky world was to be seen, for she thought she might see him running about the white mountains, or bathing in the lovely coloured sea, or lying on the golden sand. Then she thought she would call to him, and when he looked down and saw her all alone, she was sure he would ask God to let him come back. People had told her no one *could* get back from that land. But she was sure they could. Her little brother could walk and walk till he came to the place where the sky almost touched the hills, then he could step on to the top of the mountains and from there come leaping towards her as he used to do.

But the land *behind* the hills; things were always coming back from there. The sun came back every morning, or at least *nearly* every morning. If it was very wet and cloudy he stayed in his warm bed, and did not appear till it had grown dry and bright again. And the birds, too, came back. She had often longed to get near enough to a bird to ask it what lay behind the hills, but somehow she had never succeeded.

But here was a bird close beside her, a bird to whom she could talk, a bird whose home was in

this house, and who would be sure to come back, and tell her all it saw if she let it fly away. It was not her bird certainly, and Alic had told her not to touch it, but still, still, she *did* want to know what was behind these hills. And the bird's home was here, it would be *sure* to come back.

"Birdie," she said, "you can fly. Will you fly away to behind the hills, and then come back and tell me all about it?"

Birdie chirped.

"Will you *promise*?"

And birdie chirped again.

Baby *thought* that meant yes, and she had never had reason to doubt a promise. So next minute a hesitating hand was put forward, the fastening drawn back, and the gate set open. Birdie hopped about, but did not at once hop out. And then a queer feeling came into Baby's throat, her heart beat fast. *She* had broken her promise. What if the bird broke *his*? Perhaps she had better shut the gate. Hop, hop, birdie was still in the cage. She put out her little hand—and, hop, hop, birdie was gone. Baby saw him go. She thrust her head through between the bars and watched him flutter out of sight.

And then she drew in her head and sat very quiet. She was frightened. She had broken her promise. Alic would be angry. What if the bird did not get back before he came in from his classes. What if it *never* came. But oh! it must, it must. This was its home, it was sure to come back.

How loud the clock ticked! how hard her heart beat! She dared not move.

Hark! there was a step on the stair. Could it be Alic? Baby scrambled off the sill and went and stood by the fire, with her back to the door and her brow leaning against the top bar of the high guard.

Some one came in. Baby did not dare to look round.

"Well, Baby." It was her youngest sister, not Alic; what a comfort! Baby turned round.

"Why, what's wrong?" Baby did not answer.

"Baby, you've been up to some mischief; what have you been doing?" But never a word said Baby.

"Have you been cutting my creepers?" cried Molly, in sudden fear, and rushing to the window she saw the empty cage.

"Oh, Baby! you naughty, *naughty* girl, you've gone and let Alic's bird away. I'll go and tell Mother this very moment," and off she ran.

Baby heard an old rhyme, something about "tell tale tit," ringing in her head. But she had not time to remember what it was, before Laura and Rex, whom Moll had met and told, swept indignantly into the nursery, and overwhelmed Baby in a perfect torrent of reproaches.

Poor Baby! she knew she had done wrong without their telling her so angrily. She had been very sorry, but somehow the more they scolded the less sorry she grew. She stood with an angry feeling rising in her heart, fighting back the tears that were

rising to her eyes, and determining that nothing should now induce her to confess that she was sorry.

Presently one of the bigger boys came in.

"What right had you to touch Alic's bird?—You are a bad, cruel girl."

"It's cruel to keep birds in cages," gasped Baby, determined to brave it out. How could she pour out to these angry brothers and sisters the vague longings and thoughts that had prompted the act?

"Cruel to shut birds up in cages!" repeated Bertie. "Are you aware, Miss, that it is a deal crueller to let a foreign bird that has never known freedom *out of* a cage. It doesn't know how to look for food; it has never been exposed to the cold of night; it is sure to die."

"Yes, my dear," chimed in all the others, "the poor bird will die of hunger and cold."

The children did not mean to be unkind. Baby's manner made them think she was indifferent, and they only wanted to bring her to a proper state of mind. She was often *really* naughty and stubborn, and refused utterly to confess herself in the wrong.

"Yes, young lady, when you are lying in bed to-night all tucked up nice and warm, you'll like to think of Alic's poor bird shivering to death on the cold ground."

Then poor Baby's tears overflowed.

"Oh no! oh no!" she cried, wildly clutching her brother's coat, "it won't die, it won't die. Oh, Bertie! say it won't die."

There was a look on the child's face that Bertie did not care to think his words had brought there.

"I can't say what is not true, Baby," he answered gently; "the bird will die."

"It's a good thing you've got *some* sort of feeling in you," said one of the others. "You don't seem to care a bit about having vexed Alic and lost the bird he's so fond of." Baby did not speak; in fact she did not hear.

Her whole soul was filled with the awfulness of what she had done. To think that *she*, who loved the dear birds so well, should be the cause of one of them dying? The picture of the poor dickie-bird dying of hunger, his pretty yellow feathers all wet and soiled—for now it was raining—nearly broke her heart. She could bear no more hard words; choking with sobs, she rushed from the nursery, and found refuge and peace in the darkness of her sister's cupboard, and there she lay and cried for a long time. She was *dreadfully* sorry about the bird; she knew she had been naughty, but somehow she did not mind so much about that now. Everybody else seemed so much impressed with the fact that *she* could afford to forget it.

After she had grown quite tired of the darkness, something told her it must be getting near tea-time. So she crept softly to the nursery door and looked in. All the other children were there; for though they were "out of the nursery" they still honoured it with a good deal of their company. Baby was just going to steal away again, when one of them

caught sight of her, and called out:—"Oh! you needn't try to hide; you'll have to tell Alic some time, so——"

"Hush, Miss Molly," said Nurse; "enough has been said about that in the meantime. Come to tea, Miss Baby." Baby went and sat down, but she did not eat much, for the children *would* keep talking about her naughtiness.

"Mother has not had time to speak to you about the bird, Baby. But she says you must tell Alic about it yourself," said one.

"I pity you," said another.

"And the worst of it is, she's not a bit sorry," chimed in a third.

"Now, children," said Nurse, "you must leave the nursery if another word is said on the subject. Baby has been very naughty; she had no right to touch the cage when she promised not to do so. Still, talking about it can do no good now."

Fortunately the bell for the children's tea rang just then, and they went off, leaving the nursery in peace.

Nurse was silent for a little, then she said—"Baby, your mother has had to go out, and so could not speak to you herself, but she says you must tell Alic what you have done. She is very grieved to think you could break your word, and be so unkind to Alic, who is always so good to you."

Baby had another cry about this. She did not like the idea of telling Alic, yet since it had to be done, she wished it were over. Still the hours went past, and he did not appear. She sat in a corner with her doll, at first too miserable to play; but gradually she forgot all about her trouble and talked quite merrily to dollie, till some over-loud laugh, or the sight of the empty cage, would every now and again recall her to her misery.

At last her bed-time came, and still Alic had not returned. Then, as she lay alone in the night-nursery and heard the wind moan and the rain beat against the window, the picture of the poor cold bird wandering about without any home rose in her mind, and she cried as if her heart would break.

All at once she heard Alic's voice. He was singing as he came slowly upstairs, knocking with his books on each step as he came. Baby's heart seemed to jump into her mouth. The time had come, and though she had been longing for it, now she wished with all her heart it could be put off.

On came Alic into the night-nursery. The gas was low, Baby lay very still.

"Are you asleep, Baby?" No answer.

"Baby, dear, are you asleep?"

He bent over the cot, and a pair of soft arms were suddenly flung round his neck, a hot, wet little cheek rubbed against his.

"Poor wee body, what *is* the matter?" asked Alic anxiously, folding her in his arms.

"The bird, the poor wee bird; I opened the cage and it fled away."

It was his favourite bird, his greatest pet, and he had told her so distinctly *not* to touch it. For

one moment the arms folded round her relaxed, for one moment he had nearly pushed her from him. Then he laid his cheek against hers again.

"Alic is very sorry, not only for the bird, which he loved, but because Baby broke her word."

That was all. But it was enough. It made Baby ten times more sorry than all the scolding she had endured that day. She was sorry now, not only for the bird, and not only for Alic, but for *being naughty*. If Alic had done what for one moment he felt inclined to do, Baby would have

said not one word more, and would have cried herself to sleep with a feeling in her heart of being at enmity with all the world. Now, though she cried far more bitterly than she had ever done before, deep down in her soul there was a tender feeling she had never known, which comforted her and made her "feel good."

And then she told Alic just how it had all happened. "Alic, I'll never do it again," she whispered, "and I'll save up all my pennies and buy you a new bird."



"Thank you, dear, but it wouldn't be like the old one," he answered.

She crept nearer him and spoke very earnestly.

"Bertie said it would die. But perhaps, *perhaps* it got safe to the land behind the hills."

"Yes," said Alic, "I daresay it did."

Baby gave a great sigh, feeling the subject was done with at last.

"Oh dear! this *has* been a very very *dry* day."

"I don't think so," remarked Alic, surprised; "it rained in the afternoon."

"I don't mean that kind of *dry*, I mean like your lesson books."

Just as she was going to sleep she opened her eyes. "Shall I get behind the hills some day?" she asked.

"Yes, dear, some day. God grant it may prove as bright for you on the other side as it is on this."

And then she fell asleep, her wet eyelashes resting on her hot cheeks, her little chest heaving now and again with the remembrance of a sob.

Sleep, little one, tired out with your baby tears; and do not be in too great haste to pass beyond the peaceful hills that bound your vision of the world as you gaze from your nursery window. The sky is not all rosy on the other side.



SEPTEMBER 1882.

Sermon.

INCREASE OF GRACE.

By Rev. ROBERT BLAIR, M.A., Cambuslang.

"Grow in grace."—2 PETER iii. 18.

THE original meaning of the word Grace is favour—a favour conferred freely without any reference to merit on the part of the recipient. And as favours may be conferred in a great variety of ways, the term Grace may have a corresponding variety of significations, all of them, however, having this in common—that the blessings were gifts from the hand of God. Thus, in some passages it denotes the extraordinary gifts and powers conferred upon the first preachers of the faith. This seems to be the meaning of the word in Romans xii. 6: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us;" and Eph. iv. 7, where, speaking of the various orders of office-bearers in the Church, St. Paul says: "Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

In other passages it means that strength and support which are afforded to God's people in times of trial and difficulty. To this inward strengthening of the Spirit the term Grace is applied in that passage where the answer to Paul's thrice repeated earnest prayer is recorded. The Apostle was sorely tried by some infirmity which he calls "a thorn in the flesh." In his extremity he went to God in prayer, earnestly pleading for the removal of his trouble. His request was not granted, but patience and strength were promised, and to this aid the name Grace is given.

Again it is put for the power exerted by God in the conversion of sinners. This is evidently the sense in which St. Paul uses the word when, speaking of his own conversion, he says:—"By the grace of God I am what I am," and also where he tells Christians that "by grace they are saved." And since the gospel of Jesus Christ is the grand instrumentality through which conversion is effected, the term Grace is put for the whole gospel. Thus in Titus ii. 11, 12, St. Paul says, "the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." The grace of God that bringeth salvation—that is the gospel of His Son.

Once more. The term Grace is frequently put for those moral virtues and dispositions which are the fruits of obeying the gospel. Thus faith, hope, charity, gentleness, goodness, liberality, are called graces. We find St. Paul calling the liberality of the Macedonian Church to the poor brethren in Judea, "the grace of God bestowed on them," and he writes to the Corinthians to stir them up to a like grace. In this manner Christian virtue, or what we may call practical godliness, in whatever way it manifests itself, is called Grace. In this sense we take the word to be used in our text. When the Apostle tells those to whom he writes "to grow in grace," he means that they should increase in every good word and work.

Taking, then, the term Grace in our text to mean practical godliness, let us attend to these two considerations—

1st, That grace or practical godliness admits of growth.

2d, The means through which such growth may be obtained.

I. We observe that grace is capable of growth. This is plainly set forth in the text. Were grace incapable of growth it would be worse than mockery on the Apostle's part to desire the Christians to grow in it. It would be like binding a man hand and foot and then asking him to walk. The command given must imply an ability to obey, else it were but cruel sporting with our inability to give the command at all. God never gives a command either through His Word or in any other way without giving also the ability of complying with that command. Even where there is no inherent ability, and where the person addressed is quite unable of himself to do the thing required, yet from the fact of the command being given the ability will be granted in the effort to obey, just as it was in most of the miracles of our Lord—miracles that are all typical of the higher miracles in the spiritual world. He tells the palsied to arise and walk, commands the blind to behold, and asks the dumb to speak. And all without hesitancy obey Him. They might well plead their inability to yield obedience, but in putting forth the effort to obey the strange injunction they find to their own astonishment that they have a power they never dreamed to possess. And so is it in spiritual matters. We have commands given which of ourselves and in our own strength we could never obey, but as surely as they are

given the necessary strength will be given to those who strive to yield obedience. And so with the command of our text. It clearly implies that there is a possibility of growing in grace, and what is more, that the power of so growing is in a great measure committed to ourselves. Whilst it holds true that "by grace we are saved and that not of ourselves"—by grace free and unmerited on our part—yet we must ever remember that grace does not operate on us as if we were mere machines. We must keep in view that God in all His dealings with us treats us as reasonable and intelligent beings, and that His grace operates on, and through, the faculties He has given. Even before we come to Christ at all—in our very coming to Him—He thus deals with us:—so that whilst it is true that no man cometh to Christ except the Father draw him, yet we are to strive to enter in at the strait gate. And after we have entered in by the strait gate and come to the Father—it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do, but yet we are to work out our own salvation. Now in this there is a seeming paradox, but no contradiction, for everything, if carried to its ultimate principle (sin excepted), must end in God. He is the Fountain and Source—the Giver and Author of all life—but still to everything He has given a definite nature, and that nature has freedom of operation within certain limits. Thus, for example, our natural faculties are the gift of God. It is God that has given us the power of thinking and reasoning. But is it not patent that it lies with ourselves whether those faculties be developed or not? Now precisely so is it with us as Christians. If we are true followers of Jesus we are made such by the grace of God through the working of His Spirit. But it is in a great measure left to ourselves whether we shall advance daily until we become strong and mature Christians. Through faith we have the germs of the new life implanted in us, but we can improve or retard the growth of that life. A course of self-denying uprightness arising from love to God and man is the true Christian life, and this can only be obtained by continually practising it. Religion is as susceptible of growth as any other virtue of the soul. Like any other attainment, piety must be the result of cultivation. No one becomes eminently pious who does not strive to become so. As well expect one who does not labour at his studies to become a learned man as one who does not strive to advance in godliness to grow in grace. And as truly as a man with ordinary faculties has it in his power to make progress in knowledge and learning, so truly is it within the power of every Christian to advance in the duties of practical godliness.

II. Let us consider the manner in which this growth in grace may be obtained.

We often speak of the "means of grace," and by that phrase we generally mean all the ordinances and services of the worship of God, as the

reading of His Word, praise, prayer, the sacraments, etc. Now these are called means of grace because they are the channels often selected by God for imparting grace—the means He often uses for awakening sinners and edifying saints. The diligent use of these must therefore be ever profitable for "our spiritual nourishment and growth in grace." But in speaking of the best modes for increasing in grace, we shall confine ourselves to two things well calculated for advancing our Christian characters, and that is (1st) the cultivation of a spirit of prayer, and (2d) engaging personally in some work of active Christian benevolence.

(1.) The cultivation of a spirit of prayer always advances personal holiness. By this we mean not merely saying over prayers. That is very good and very beautiful in itself, but all that may be done without having the spirit of prayer. By the spirit of prayer we mean a sense of our continual dependence upon God, a realisation of our own weakness and a constant looking to Him for aid. We can easily see how the possession of such a spirit tends to strengthen good resolutions and advance uprightness of conduct. It ever makes us feel the nearness of God, and this feeling, that the eye of God is always upon us, must ever be a check upon the evil and a strengthening of the good in us. The thought "Thou God seest me" must ever make us pause when about to commit sin. You are strengthened to do the good and eschew the evil, just as you could not be guilty of a mean or low action whilst in company with a man of real nobleness of soul. The feeling that such a man was with you for the time elevated you above yourself and made you noble and high-souled too. So is it with a full realisation of the presence of God. And the spirit of prayer gives you this feeling of His presence.

Again, a spirit of prayer advances our personal holiness, because it tends to make us watchful. It has the effect of making us feel how liable we are to fall. And as a man journeying over dangerous ground walks warily, so will he who feels how morally weak he is be ever on his guard against the first approaches of temptation. And to be thus upon our guard is the surest way to overcome. Temptation seldom comes unawares upon him whose habit of mind it is to be jealous of even the first approaches of evil. To be forewarned is to be on your guard, and to be on guard is to be strong in trial. This forewarning and preparation we have by cultivating a spirit of prayer.

(2.) There is no surer way of becoming better, of rising in the scale of goodness, than doing good. There is not a single good deed done from a kind Christian feeling but tends to enlarge the sympathies, elevate the soul, quicken the affections, and ennoble the man. "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." Yes, reap the noblest of all fruit, the fruit that consists in having the character of

a good man, of a man who bears the impress of his Lord's image upon his soul, who is daily growing in grace and ripening for glory. There is a beautiful meaning that too often is overlooked in those words of our Lord, "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in My name to any of these little ones shall in nowise lose his reward." We invariably in reading those words think of the reward in the future life. No doubt that may be implied, but they hold true of a reward even now. In this life itself he shall not lose his reward, for the very fact of doing the kind deed tends to make the doer more Christ-like. We are ever in danger of becoming encrusted with selfishness. The tear and wear of this life has this tendency. The pursuit of pleasure, the competition of business, the rivalry of trade, the daily toil of life, tend to check the noble aspirations of the soul and the tender outcomings of the heart. They have a chilling, damping effect on that which is holy and unselfish within us. A kind word to the downcast, sympathy with the mourner, pity for the sufferer, are things that tend to break down the incrustation of selfishness that is gradually killing the good seed within. Think not that all the benefit is reaped by the orphan boy whom you taught to read, or that the only one who profited by your act was the poor invalid at whose bedside you read the Word of Life, or the hungry outcast whom you relieved. Such acts go to form a habit of well-doing that shall make you a worthy disciple of Him who went about doing good. They cause you to grow in grace, make daily progress in the Christian life, and to be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Song of the Cushat.

WE two, two, we two,
In the deep woods we dwell;
Not a sound but the woodman far away,
Down in some ashen dell,
Not a sound, not a sound the forest round;
We two, we two!

We two, two, we two!
O worn and sad,
We speak to you!
Through the forest's calm we breathe,
O leave
Earth's earthly toil!
With the timid deer to the brooklet clear,
Draw near!
Rest, rest awhile!

We two, two, we two,
With heavenly thought
Our song is fraught;
Love shines upon us from the blue!
No discords jar,
No harsh words mar
The love, the love between us two!
O love complete,
O heavenly sweet,
And falling on the heart like dew,
Comes the refrain, We two, we two!

E. V. O. E.

Buddhism at Home.

By Rev. JOHN CRAWFORD, B. D., late of Ceylon.

IN speaking of Buddhism at home, I am restricted by my experience to the Island of Ceylon, containing only one and a half millions out of the five hundred millions, at which the numbers of the nominal Buddhists in the world are put down. I shall always be grateful to God that it fell to me, first to instruct, and then to baptize in full congregation, two young Buddhists of exceptional ability and intelligence. In conversation with these converts and other Sinhalese, I could not avoid gaining some knowledge of what Buddhism means to Buddhists in Ceylon, and of the hold which the teaching and practice of Buddhism have on intelligent minds predisposed by home associations in its favour.

Ceylon has long been, and is still, the stronghold of Buddhism. The sacred books of Burma and Siam are translations from those of Ceylon. There can be no question as to the attractiveness of the character of Gautama, who about B.C. 500 left his father's court in Nepal in Northern India, and went forth, first to obtain light for himself, and then to regenerate the world. The stories, told with all the sensibility and imaginativeness of Oriental narrative, cannot be read without interest and admiration. Mr. Edwin Arnold has done much, in his *Light of Asia*, to make these legends widely known. Neither can there be any question that Buddhism has had a beneficial influence on caste, which Gautama's disciples have done much to abolish in Ceylon. Nor can any Christian study the eight "paths" of Buddha, first made known in Ceylon about B.C. 250, without being glad that those to whom Jesus Christ was unknown should have had so much to keep them mindful of their higher capabilities. These "paths" or principles are:—(1) Right Belief; (2) Right Feeling; (3) Right Speech; (4) Right Action; (5) Right means of Livelihood; (6) Right Endeavour; (7) Right Memory; (8) Right Meditation. Negative as the Buddhist's standard is, if he lives up to it he will put to shame all who do not deny themselves and take up Christ's cross and follow Him. "It is a curious part," says Mr. Rhys Davids, "of the history of the Legend of Buddha that it should have been adapted into a Christian form by a father of the Christian Church, and have been found so agreeable to the Catholic lovers of saints that the hero of it has been entered in the Roman Calendar, and is ordered to be worshipped as a saint on every 27th of November, under the title of St. Josaphat."

The growth and progress of Buddhism, and the defects which must lead to its decay, have been treated lately in the St. Giles' Lectures; and no one who has read Principal Caird's eloquent and popular exposition can be in any doubt that Buddhism is unable to satisfy the cravings of the human soul, and to urge and meet the strivings of man's spirit upwards and onwards. Yet there is no such thing

as pure Buddhism. Devil worship and astrology are inseparably mixed up with it even at Kandy; and in the western and southern provinces these agencies are slowly undermining its power. When a man is ill or suffering from any calamity he sends for the devil dancer or devil charmer. In every important step he consults an astrologer. The Buddhist monks wage a stern but losing war with devil worship.

Among outward indications of Buddhism in Ceylon which cannot escape the eye of a European, is the monk, shaven not only over cheeks and chin but over the head. He is clad in saffron robes of various shades and textures, and has a bowl of clay or iron strung from his shoulder. This he carries from door to door, receiving, but never asking, rice, curry, or any other food which does not involve the taking of animal life. The temples and other buildings distinctive of the religion arrest attention. Sometimes they are in towns, sometimes in the midst of a wide stretch of grass-land with a few trees about. Some of them are hewn out of the rock. The most interesting, at Anurādhapura, has, close by it, a Bo-tree, said to be 2770 years old. The best-known is the temple at Kandy, where the *daladā*, or canine tooth, of Buddha is kept. It is believed that the original relic is lost, and that the present object of veneration is a piece of bone of recent origin. It is seldom seen. I saw it when the temple was thrown open for a few days to receive offerings. The tooth is in the midst of gold, silver, and jewels. Very noticeable both for scent and beauty are the flowers of the champaca or temple-flower. Any one with an eye for colour would be struck with the harmony of deep red, yellow, and white, repeated in many combinations of flowers. There is much that is picturesque in the processions also, in which the saffron-hued robes of the monks, ranging from orange to pale primrose, and the maize-coloured blossoms of the coco-nut palm are marked features.

Buddhism has, in theory at least, no god; the sacred order of Buddha, accordingly, is not an order of priests. But the members of the sacred order expect, like the Jewish Pharisees, to receive honour on account of superior wisdom and sanctity. When they pass before the Governor of Ceylon they make no salaam, and even when the Prince of Wales held a levee in Colombo in 1875, they alone of all of us who were presented to His Royal Highness, walked past without a sign. Some of the monks are held in high esteem for their knowledge of Pāli, in which the Ceylon sacred books are written; but I am assured by a friend long resident in the country that the scholarship of the order has deteriorated. In June and October the country people of a district put up a roof decorated with bright cloths and flowers; and sitting there, with the palm-trees waving overhead in the moonlight, they listen through the night to the sacred books re-

peated—not read—by the monks. Much of the reciting is in Pāli, unintelligible to those present. The monks give one the impression of dignified listlessness. In many places they now interfere to keep back the Sinhalese children from Christian schools, and the Bible has been treated openly with contempt. I do not wonder at their hatred of the Christian Scriptures, for the two Buddhists whom I baptized were led to come to me simply from having read the Bible without note or comment. There does not seem to be any doubt that the influence of the order has waned, and is on the decline. And one reason why they have less influence is that their lives are not, like Gautama's whole life, an expression, though in a negative way, of great moral aims.

Where there is no god, there can be no worship, and no sacrifice. The true Buddhist does not "bow down to wood and stone;" but though Buddhism thus towers above all other heathen religions, the refusal to speak of a god has given the lower religions, whose deities are very debased, a power over the nominal adherents of Buddhism. The sense of suffering and sin which weighed down Gautama has been altogether lost. "Neither hearers nor preachers," says Mr. Rhys Davids, "have that deep sense of evil in the world and in themselves, nor that high resolve to battle with and overcome it, which animated some of the early Buddhists." These recitals "under the palms" are the only public religious services of Buddhism. Of pardon, and the need of pardon, the Buddhist knows nothing. The Buddhist goes to some monk or nun or person acquainted with the "word," and declares his intention to keep the precepts. He then repeats the words, "I take refuge in Buddha; I take refuge in the truth; I take refuge in the sacred order;" and repeats also the eight commands, against—(1) taking away animal life; (2) stealing; (3) impurity; (4) lying; (5) drunkenness; (6) eating solid food after midday; (7) dancing, singing, music, and stage-plays; (8) garlands and perfumes. The command against taking away animal life does not affect his treatment of living creatures—which is all the more strange, because to the Buddhist the man, dog, or plant, ill-used by him, may be the *Karma* (the present existence) of some relative or dear friend. The life which accumulates most merit, short of *Nirvāna* or perfect merit, goes into a higher man or god. The life which degrades itself becomes a lower animal or plant, or is sent to one of the hells. It is not the present belief in Ceylon that the man whose existence is transferred has any interest in that state after his death beyond what is felt by a trustee in handing over a fund in as flourishing a condition as possible to his successor. One of the beliefs to be abandoned at the very threshold of Buddhist holiness is the "heresy of individuality;" *Karma* is the light transferred from one lamp going out to another lamp whose wick is well supplied with oil.

Nirvāna is attained, according to Buddhism,

when the evils of existence have been got rid of. To the mass of Buddhists *Nirvāna* means extinction, means that no other lamp is lighted from the flame of the expiring wick. Mr. Langdon, a Wesleyan missionary, used to prove by experiment that the candle, as it burned, did not become nothing, and he employed this experiment to combat the popular idea of *Nirvāna*. Few indeed are the Buddhists who set before themselves the aims and precepts of Gautama, and are captivated by the noble prospect of the final conquest of sense and sin.

Gautama is only the last of twenty-four Buddhas, who from time to time have appeared—all except the first—when the teaching of the former Buddha has been forgotten, making known truth and dispelling the ignorance which had accumulated. Gautama is not to be the last Buddha; there is still to appear the Buddha of kindness; and the pure white image of this Buddha which is to come is found side by side with the image of Gautama. Is there not here reason for asking the Buddhist whether he may not find in Jesus Christ,—“touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” “tempted like as we are, yet without sin,” the “Great High Priest,” “passed into the heavens,”—the fulfilment of these expectations?

In 1876 I visited Adam's Peak, and witnessed the adoration paid to the Footstep of Buddha, who is said to have come to Ceylon three times, and to have left the mark of his foot here on one of these occasions. The Peak is 7200 feet high; and on the Ratnapura side the ascent is almost perpendicular for 7000 feet. An alpine rhododendron, not a shrub like ours, but a tree, grows there in the chinks of the rock. The view from the summit is most impressive. As the sun goes down, a shadow is thrown from the mountain on the Maskeluja valley, while all to the westward over Colombo is still lighted up. That was my first view from the top. The night following was a clear, bright, tropical night. At 5 A.M., I ascended from the talipot-palm-leaf hut of the surveyors, whose guest I had been, to the very top, a few feet higher. There lay the whole central tableland, lighted up by the moon. Soon after came one of the grandest sights which I ever witnessed. Far to the eastward, the sun rose out of the Indian Ocean. Gradually the famous triangular “Shadow of the Peak” stretched itself over cloud, sea, and land, to the westward. The monk in charge was at his post, and numbers of shivering pilgrims were making their offerings, chiefly of flowers. Many of these pilgrims had come long distances, and some were old men and women anxious to obtain merit ere the close of life. The oft-repeated “*sādhu*,” a word of Sanscrit origin, meaning good, and expressive of satisfaction, was to be heard on every side. A large band of pilgrims were taking their last view of the Peak, and it was impossible not to distinguish deep emotion in the tones in which the “*sādhu*” of their religious services was uttered.

Consolatory Thoughts for Some under a great Privation.

IT is a very faded sheet of old-fashioned letter-paper: the hand-writing is clear and legible, but the ink is faded like the paper. Seven verses of four lines each, in the familiar measure all Scotch folk know in the Psalms and Paraphrases. At the end of the verses there is written an honoured name: *J. Montgomery, Oakbrook, Nov. 5, 1838.*

No one quite forgets the author of *Prayer*, and *The Common Lot*, and *For ever with the Lord*, and *Friend after friend departs*: though the four volumes which contain his works are growing dusty now. These verses were written at the request of a friend, to whom had been appointed the great trial of the loss of hearing. And there is no doubt that Montgomery wrote them, though they have never been published till now. I know the handwriting well. The poet wrote at the top of the page, *Written at the request of Mr. — of —*. And the sheet of paper was given me by the widow of that tried man.

The verses ought to be published. They are very like the good author of them. And they seem to me very touching, wise, and beautiful. I think they should be printed as Montgomery wrote them, with a star between each verse. Poets, like other authors, have their fancies: and these should be respected. A. K. H. B.

To me, though neither voice nor sound,
From earth or air may come,
Deaf to the world that brawls around,
That world to me is dumb.

*

Yet may the quick and conscious eye
Assist the slow, dull ear;
Sight can the signs of thought supply,
And with a look I hear.

*

The song of birds, the water's fall,
Sweet tones and grating jars,
Hail, tempest, wind and thunder—all
Are silent as the stars:—

*

The stars, that, on their tranquil way,
In language without speech,
The glory of the Lord display,
And to all nations preach.

⊞

Thus, though one outward sense be seal'd,
The kind remaining four,
To teach me needful knowledge, yield
Their earnest aid the more.

*

Yet hath mine heart an inward ear,
Through which its powers rejoice;
Speak, Lord, and let me love to hear
Thy Spirit's still, small voice.

*

So, when the trumpet, from the ground,
Shall summon great and small,
The ear, now deaf, shall hear that sound
And answer to the call.

A Sunday Hour on Glasgow Green.

By Rev. THOMAS YOUNG, B.D., Ellon.

ONE Sunday afternoon, now several years ago, we set out for Glasgow Green. We had heard of its Sunday oratory and orators, but we wished to hear and see for ourselves. We went by the High Street and the Saltmarket, which were still unchanged by the extensive improvements of more recent years. The densely inhabited streets teemed with irreligion and wretchedness. Children, in almost countless numbers and in varying degrees of raggedness and dirtiness, were sprawling in the gutters or running about at play—city arabs whom no Sunday School ever welcomed within its fold. Women, with unkempt hair and hard haggard faces, were sitting on doorsteps in little groups, retailing their idle gossip, or telling each other of drunken brawls and domestic troubles—not one of whom had that day sat, like Mary, at the Master's feet to learn of Him. And men, whose unwashed and unhappy countenances told of late carousals and hopeless degradation, sauntered aimlessly about with their hands in their pockets, or lounged lazily with pipe in mouth at the entrances to the stenchy "closes." Evidently these godless sons of toil felt the day of holy rest to be a weariness and a burden. They did not seem to know what to do with themselves. The closed public-houses they *could* not, and the open churches they *would* not, enter: and so, whilst amongst them all we saw only one drunk man, we perhaps did not see a single one who had been that day a worshipper in the sanctuary. The reflection that so many were living outside the sphere of regular religious ordinances prepared us to regard some of the orators of the "Green" as fellow-workers who, in their own way, were ministering to men in danger of sinking down into a mere animal existence.

We found that the audiences of the Green were composed of a slightly better class of labourers and artisans. Entering on the west side, we came to a number of wooden erections for shows and play-houses, and, on the rough balcony of one of these, a man haranguing a large and attentive crowd. We only saw him, for we were in the very outskirts of his audience and could not hear him. His movements of face and figure, as well as the flashing of his eye and the rapid torrent of his words, marked him out as a very dramatic and fervid orator. His accents, manner, and dress were gentlemanly; and his speech seemed to be telling and effective. He was at his peroration when we arrived. Having finished, he made an announcement, in which we caught the word "Temperance," and he then concluded with a brief prayer. So the speaker was an earnest apostle of Teetotalism; and we honoured the man for bringing his message to such a place and class.

Rain was falling and many of the people were hastening home, but we moved eastward until we

came to Nelson's Monument. Here we found several groups of various sizes. The first we came to was being addressed by another temperance lecturer, whose speech was calling forth repeated bursts of laughter; but his jokes and illustrations were coarse. On the other side of the Monument there were several separate groups. In each of these there were from thirty to fifty listeners, who stood very compactly together and stretched their eager faces towards a common centre. This seemed the very heart of the disputation ground; for, in about a dozen of little circles, various disputants were at the same time exercising their dialectic powers. An unwritten, but well-defined, code of rules regulated the whole proceedings. The listeners were the umpires, who insisted on fair play, discouraged personalities, and whose applause was regarded as the wreath of victory. The discussion was always confined to two only. But the arena was free to all; and if another wished to enter it, he had to be prepared to engage with any one who would give him battle, and then these two became the centre of a new group. Often it happened that a spark from the major discussion kindled a heated argument between neighbouring listeners, so that the crowd was continually breaking into minor pieces and then coalescing again. Both old and young, both veterans and raw recruits in debate, appeared on the scene; but good-temper, and indeed good-humour, for the most part prevailed.

We joined one of these many groups. They were deep—beyond their depth it seemed—in Metaphysics. "The Great First Cause" was frequently on their lips; but their mutual aim appeared to be to push each other into absurd positions, from which they tried to extricate themselves by drawing grand distinctions between "fact" and "principle." The discussion, however, was proving uninteresting, and the listeners were falling away, when the arrival of a stranger rallied the deserters and made the group as large as ever. The stranger was middle-aged, and wore good broadcloth and a white necktie. We supposed he might be a Methodist preacher who had come hither to keep weak sheep from becoming a prey to infidel wolves; but his discourse and manner soon changed our opinion. He was himself one of the infidel wolves in the shepherd's clothing; and he seemed to presume a good deal on his white necktie, for he was conceited, dictatorial, and impatient of any opposition. With a lofty and emphatic air he put forth some very subtle absurdities about Eden, and its inhabitants and their occupations, which met with well-merited rebuke and scorn. Several able and fearless antagonists in turn entered the lists against him. But we did not wait to hear the issue of the discussion, for our attention was called off in another direction where the voices were growing loud and animated.

This other group gathered round two who were

very different in age and appearance. The younger of the two was a well-dressed artisan of about five-and-twenty, unassuming in manner, and a Wesleyan in religious persuasion. His antagonist was older by at least a score of years, was but indifferently dressed, and seemed from his face to have seen much of the "seamy side" of life. He was a Protestant of that class who boast of the name when Roman Catholics are near, but who never avail themselves of the privileges of the church; he was one of our "home heathen." Yet he had a fuller and more accurate knowledge of the facts and doctrines of the Christian faith than many who come to the Communion Table. When we got close enough to hear well, they had drifted into the subject of "the clergy."

"What business," said the elder of the two, "has any minister to come into my house when he misses me out of the church? When I don't wish to go, what business has he, or any man, to ask me for my 'raison'? An Englishman's home is his castle, and no one has any right to come into it forcing me to give 'raisons' against my will."

"But he comes," mildly suggested the other, "because he thinks you may be sick. He comes for your good."

"Good, indeed!" retorted the elder, "I tell you what—he doesn't care about me! It's not me he misses, but it's my copper from the plate. That's what he misses!"

"All ministers are not like that," answered the younger.

"Well, I don't know," said the elder, "but this I do know—I know ministers in Glasgow that have £300 a year, and they're not content with that, but they want £500 a year. And if they had that, they would not be content either."

"That may be true about your ministers," replied the younger in tones of confidence, "but our ministers are not that way."

"Who are your ministers?" was the eager inquiry.

"Methodist preachers," was the quick rejoinder, "and my minister only gets £70 a year."

"What I would like to see," said the elder in more confiding and friendly tones: for it seemed that, after all, they were pretty much agreed about the greed and arrogancy of the clergy:—"What I would like to see, would be my minister coming to see me about dinner-time and sittin' down and takin' share of my petata and hern (potato and herring): that's what I would call friendly!"

This we regarded as a climax to the conversation; for, although it maundered on for awhile longer, nothing half so striking was said. We could not but remember that there are many pecuniarily poor preachers of the Gospel in Glasgow, and yet this dissatisfied disputant and his likeminded fellows are not found filling their chapels and mission-stations.

As the fires of controversy in this circle had now burned out, we turned to another where there were both heat and noise. Here a Romanist and a Protestant were hard at work. The Protestant was a large tall man, whose dress and whole appearance were very respectable. In his physical and mental movements he was slow; but he was so sure and firm in the positions which he took up that he seemed little affected by the arguments of his opponent. The Romanist was a sharp-witted artisan, who possessed such a wonderful control over his countenance that he never gave the slightest token of feeling a thrust or of being worsted in argument. His small prying eyes and sharp upturned nose seemed to indicate an inquisitive soul. In the dialogue he was always, with lawyer-like acuteness, asking questions; and he was adroit enough to pass over the answers which were against him and to fasten only on those which he could turn to his own advantage. He was not a fair, but he was a highly-skilled debater. Here is a part of the discussion.

Romanist. "What do you believe?"

Protestant. "I believe the Bible."

Romanist. "But we all believe that. What is your Confession of Faith?"

Protestant. "The Apostles' Creed."

The Romanist, who had his arms folded across his breast and his chin resting on his right hand, now cast his eyes on the ground for a moment and then, looking suddenly up, asked, "Do you believe in the communion of saints?" The Protestant at once answered, "I do!" and then, assuming the offensive, continued—"But I never read in my Bible that the saints on earth hold communion with the saints in heaven in the sense of praying to them. I am not told in my Bible to pray to any one but to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Romanist. "Don't you read of John holding communion with an angel in Patmos?"

Protestant. "Yes." And then he went on to explain the import and occasion of that angelic conversation; but he forgot to say simply that an angel was not a saint; and that John was told to "worship God" only, and not to prostrate himself before the angel.

But we need not prolong the story. The object of our visit to the Green was to learn what the intelligent portion of the working-classes who have only a slender or no connection with our churches, were thinking and talking about; and we were surprised at their range of subjects, their depth and accuracy of comprehension, and their powers of debate and exposition. Social, philosophical, and religious questions were sometimes handled in a really able manner, and seemed, in their discussion, to be popular themes to the listening crowds.

It is a problem for the Church to solve—How to reach and hold these reading and thinking working-men who are straying, or have already strayed, outside her pale.

The Lost Boat.

By SARAH TYTLER.

THERE was no doubt that Geordie Baillie's and the Nicholsons' fishing-boat, the "Seamaw," had gone to the bottom. It had been missing from Fincraigs for a whole week after it was due. The weather had been, not so much stormy—in the sense of a set-in violent storm—as squally, with intermittent fogs, fitful gusts of the wind, and swells of the water, after days of treacherous sunshine and calm. But, as everybody interested knew, it was just the most dangerous weather for a place like Fincraigs, where the coast—though it was that of a lowland parish—was as indented, on a small scale, as if it had belonged to the West Highlands. It had high sea braes bordering arms of the sea, in which the wind was, as it were, caught and confined, and where it raged with sudden exceptional force, which would all at once take some unfortunate, unprepared little trading-smack or fishing-boat carrying too much sail, and throw it on its beam ends or heel it over. In addition, there were long reefs of rock close inshore, causing perilous surf in any disturbance of the elements, so that if a vessel or boat running before the wind, and steered by too daring and reckless hands, were cast among the breakers, there was small chance of the stoutest swimmer breasting them successfully. The "Seamaw" was by no means the first boat which had perished without sign in one of those gullies which often abounded in herring during the short season, and proved irresistibly attractive to the danger-seasoned fishermen.

When the week came to an end and no word was heard of the missing boat; when no other boat had spoken it or caught a glimpse of it; when there were enough fine days, after the intervening dirty weather, for the men to have returned home, with or without their spoil, several times, if the poor fellows had still been "to the fore;" the most hopeful mind in the little village gave them up in despair. There was a cloud over the joyous "hairst of the herring drave." Four doors in Fincraigs were closed on the sorrowing occupants of the houses; only near kin, intimate friends and comrades, with the minister—who went about doing his best with his ghostly consolations—were privileged to lift the "snecks" and enter the darkened dwellings. For though the sympathy was universal in circumstances where the lookers-on knew well that what was their neighbour's case to-day might be their own to-morrow, there remained enough of the old lowland Scotch reserve to cause the mourners to hide their bowed heads and haggard faces, and to keep people who had been saved from the calamity from intruding on what, like all deeper spiritual experience, was sacred.

One of the most retired unentered houses of the sufferers was that of poor Hughie Baillie, who had brought a young wife from a distance to the little

out-of-the-way cottage tenanted by himself and his old widowed mother, about a year from this date.

Hughie had been social enough—too social sometimes—among his thoughtless companions in his bachelor days, but since his marriage several causes had combined to keep him and his household a good deal separated from the rest of the villagers.

Hughie Baillie's cottage was "at the back of the bents," behind the intervening grassy ridge, easily surmounted by the stalwart young fisherman, but more formidable to much exercised tired feet, even though they belonged to the most gossip-loving man or woman in Fincraigs.

Hughie Baillie's mother had endured many trials in the death of her husband while he was yet a young man, in the loss of sons at sea, and in the loss of other sons, and a daughter who, in spite of the mother's sterling virtue—perhaps in a degree because of a certain pitiless austerity bound up with it—had forsaken the right road, and drifted away into darkness deeper and more melancholy than that which shrouded the fate of the drowned men. From these causes, as well as from mental constitution, old Jean Baillie was a silent, somewhat stern woman, who did not hold much intercourse with her neighbours; she cared the more for the small family circle to which her interests were confined. She was known to be a woman of strong family affections, who doted on the member of her family that had not rejected her authority and brought shame on her gray hairs. She was devoted to the only child left to her, and she had shown this devotion, not by jealous antagonism to the wife whom he brought to share their home, and whom Jean might have regarded as a rival, but by fondness of her daughter-in-law and indulgence towards her. People said Jean was more tender to her son's wife than she had been to her own daughter. That might have been because of the response which the tenderness met. Be that as it may, the attachment between the two was remarkable, and a source of much pride to honest Hugh, who was wont to make a transparent pretence of carelessness to his wife's claims, in order to bring out in bolder relief his mother's regard for them. "My certie, if my Sybbie didna get her ain way in the stickin' in o' a preen, I suld hae twa to answer to for the offence, I can tell you; I hae twa mistresses baith puin' the same gate. When the wife and the mither collogue thegither, there's little chance for a puir chiel'."

The minister used to compare Hughie's mother and Hughie's wife to the mother and wife of Coriolanus, and to Naomi and Ruth after the death of Naomi's husband, Elimelech, while her sons Mahlon and Chilion still lived, but before Mahlon had married Orpah and brought a disturbing element into the chimney-corner, and out to the bench before the door:—such a bench as that which commanded a view of the sea, and to which in summer

Jean and her daughter-in-law would carry their knitting and seam of an evening, while Hughie bore them company, lounging with his hands in his pockets against the house, in the necessity for a lean which belongs to seafaring men, the warm smoke of his pipe mingling with the caller sea breeze.

Nobody had any ill to say of Sybbie Baillie, though her mother-in-law was more respected than liked. Sybbie was a modest inoffensive girl, not strapping enough or rosy enough—for she was a

slight pale-faced thing—to have been the choice of big, bronzed, comely Hughie Baillie, some of the fisher-girls had been inclined to judge, a trifle disdainfully, on the first brunt of the marriage. But the bride bore her blushing honours so meekly that she might even have become a first favourite, had it not been for the championship of her mother-in-law, which rendered any other unnecessary, for Sybbie's shrinking shyness, and the eminent "clannishness" or standing shoulder-to-shoulder of all Fincaigs. Sybbie was a stranger in the



colony after all, so she was simply spoken of with modified approval "as a canny, well-doing young kimmer, who made and meddled with nobody," and was let alone.

The accident which had happened brought double desolation to the two Mistress Baillies, because the loss of poor Hughie was as untimely as that of the rider in the old ballad, of whom it is written:—

" His hay is uncut,
His corn is unshorn,
His barn's to big,
And his baby's unborn."

Hughie's share, along with the shares of a family

of cousins, in the boat which had foundered had as yet brought in no great profits. This very year's herring-fishing was not at its height, and the gains, of which Hughie had meant to lay by the larger portion for comforts to his wife in her season of weakness, remained unwon, and Hughie's baby was unborn. The little creature would come into a cold world, and find itself fatherless. No man's proud, kind, half-abashed eyes would gaze with an eager thrill of love and hope into its innocent unconscious face,—no big rough finger venture tenderly to stroke the soft cheek.

However, the next verse of the old, very human

ballad was left unfulfilled in this instance. It could not be said here—

“Out ran his auld mither
Greetin’ fu’ sair,
Out ran his bonnie bride
Tearin’ her hair.”

No, these women, like the other humble mourners, held their peace in their anguish, and shut the door on their lamentation. And partly because the Baillies were the most stricken by the disaster, people stood aloof in something like awe and terror of the extent of the women's loss and the depth of their grief. Partly because the couple were comparatively strange—the one from superiority of misfortune and isolation of nature, the other from the accident of birth—to the rest of the community, nobody, not even the most compassionate, took it upon him or her to do more for the afflicted household than to give a muffled knock at the closed door, “spee” in a whispered word at Jean, who always answered the summons with heart-rending misery in her dry eyes and set mouth, for the newly-made widow, and offer awkwardly—an offer uniformly declined, not ungraciously but firmly—to stay and peel the potatoes, lift on and off the porridge and kail pots, bring in water from the well, and milk from the milk-cart—necessary exertions that might be beyond the family in the height of their distress. None, save the minister, whose office, like that of his Master, was to bind up the broken hearts, entered what had been poor Hughie's Baillie's house as a matter of course and without ceremony, and came out wiping his spectacles and shaking his head, not knowing what he did. It was understood that the dimness of the spectacles came from fellow-feeling with his kind in their extremity, and that the unconscious shake of the head betokened a mild rueful wonder, even in his reverent logical mind, at the mysterious dealings of Providence.

All the same, the will of the Almighty must be done, and the inevitable accepted. So the tide of industry, which had been momentarily arrested, flowed on again in full swing, and the fleet of herring-boats sailed out of Fincraigs in a long uneven line, like a flight of rooks, as if Hughie Baillie's boat were still among the foremost.

This was the situation when, on a lovely morning of late August, the solitary steamer which had to do with Fincraigs sailed on its way to the next seaward town, and passed the mouth of the fatal gully in which the “Seamaw” was last seen. The still water was like gold and silver as the sun's rays fell on it, and in the shade the slightly rippled waves, lapping the shore, had peacock hues of blue shot with green. The sea braes and neighbouring rocks also showed patches of gold and silver in the blue-green of the coarse bent grass, and the gray and brown of the “craigs,” because of the June bracken which was already beginning to rust, and the flowers of the thrift or sea-pink, which had

faded from a rosy red to a frosty white. The sky above was the dim blue which looks so much warmer than a deeper azure, flecked and dappled with fleecy clouds, the last remnant of the dark windy and rainy rack which had appeared at intervals during the last fortnight; some small water-hens were floating and rocking themselves gently in their sea-cradle.

No scene could look more unlike a tragedy. As the crew and passengers naturally turned sobered eyes in one direction, it was hard for them to think that here, in this sunshiny familiar spot, the “Seamaw” had capsized and sank like a stone, or parted plank from plank. The hardy fishermen had wrestled in vain with darkness, tempest, and a waste of waters, till the strong men too sank heavily, with clenched despairing hands and staring unseeing eyes, to be tossed far and wide, and cast ashore, one after another, when weary weeks or months had passed, long miles away, where the obscure dead had never been heard of, and could not be recognised till some friend was summoned from his daily toil, and took a dreary journey to identify a stray rag of clothing.

As the steamboat's company looked and sighed, and felt the contrast too great to be lightly conceived, a seal was set on their incredulity by a fishing-boat suddenly creeping round a point and crossing boldly, rowed by vigorous arms, with the distance measured by keen experienced eyes, in front of the steamer.

The boat was so like the “Seamaw” that the watchers could almost have sworn it was the same. Like! It was the same. There were the white letters of the name plainly legible without the aid of a telescope; and if these men on the side next the astounded gazers were not Hughie Baillie, his otter's-skin cap drawn over his ears, laughing as no drowned man would have laughed—and Sandy Nicholson, with his ancient Kilmarnock over the white locks that fluttered above his lean, tanned cheeks—and Geordie Baillie, with his nephew Sinclair, nobody present need ever believe his or her senses again.

The solution burst in a flash of comprehension upon the amazed, well-nigh aghast company, since it was broad daylight, with full sunshine to boot, and Hughie Baillie was laughing, as has been said, and old Sandy Nicholson was wearing his faded and darned Kilmarnock, which would have been as unbecoming a costume for a ghost as resounding laughter was out of keeping with the Silent Land. The “Seamaw” could not have been lost at all; she had only been misled for a time. By some extraordinary chance she had been overlooked at her station, and delayed beyond reason till now, when she was making up for her tarrying, and hurrying back to Fincraigs with all the speed in her power.

The captain, standing on the paddle-box of the steamer, had so little doubt of the only rational explanation of the phenomenon that he immedi-

ately acted on his conviction. He made his hands into a speaking-trumpet and shouted excitedly, "Hie hame, lads, hie hame; you've a' been drowned men there for three days and mair."

Other eager voices—congratulatory, mocking, reproachful—chimed in with the captain's challenge as the steamer was quickly carried beyond hail of the boat, which, out of reach of a collision, had suddenly slackened in its rowing, and then stood still, while the fishermen turned faces bewildered and confounded in their turn back on their challengers. "Eh! birkies, I'm blithe you're to the fore." "But haste ye, haste ye, or your gudewives will be in widow's weeds ere you can land." "Na, but you were heedless heartless loons to gie your friens siccan a fleg for naething."

The last opinion might have been safely endorsed, had there not been an excuse, together with some misapprehension, which had so far justified the men of the "Seamaw" in their eccentric behaviour. After a disappointing expedition they had come at the last moment on a great shoal of herring, which the fishermen were "sweer" to quit so long as they could add to their take. If any of the women folk among the old or the young at home proved exacting and peevish, their men's pardon would soon be procured by the display of the spoil. Men and women who have to drudge daily for the bread that perishes in the using, who, with all their drudging, do not always secure the necessary bite and sup, cannot fail to set store on an unlooked for and unwonted gain. But the men had also laboured under the mistaken notion that the "Seamaw's" course, with the cause of her detention, had been seen by another boat, and that the news would be taken to Fineraigs in time to prevent any alarm on the absent crew's account.

(To be concluded.)

An Old Violin.

HAND me down that olden fiddle
That is hanging on the wall,
Ah, how many recollections
Does that instrument recall!

'Twas my father's, and he played it
All his lifelong pilgrimage,
Sang to it his early love-songs,
Crooned to it the psalms of age.

Till his palsied fingers failed him,
And he gently laid it down;
"John," he said, "the 'bonny leddy,'
Take it henceforth for your own."

And I took it, and have played it,
Lad and man, for fifty years;
Oft 't has lain upon this bosom,
Sometimes felt the drip of tears.

It has played at all the weddings
Of my bonnie lasses four;
Ah, I hear the merry voices,
Young feet skipping on the floor!

But when mother died I hung it
On that nail, and sitting lone
In my widowed chair, I never
Since that time have heard its tone.

O but there were merry meetings
In the days of long ago,
When we met on winter evenings,
Loving brothers of the bow!

Rab brought down his humming 'cello,
Pate was there, and old blind Niel;
Softly, softly, went the quartette,
Briskly the strathspey and reel.

And I never see that fiddle
But I think when it was born,
And its maker in white apron
Carried it one summer morn

To the doorway, stroked its polish,
Smiled upon its bended breast,
Strung it, laid the bow across it,
Then pronounced it far the best

Of the many he had fashioned;
Sound and true in every string,
Sounding clear, yet very tender,
Speaking nobly, like a king.

Look within, for you can see it,
But my eyes are growing blind,
Stands the place and date of making,
All with his own hand there signed.—

In the ages long since vanished
Danced the peasants to its tune,
In some sweet Italian village,
Underneath the vintage moon.

Then about the world it wandered,
High-placed now, and pleasing kings;
Played now by some poor blind stroller
For the pence the public flings.

Up and down in life—like many—
And there was a story told
By my father, a sad story,
How it once came to be sold.

For its owner had a daughter,
Only in her tenth sweet year,
Lying on a weary sickbed,
And the price of bread was dear.

And he sat and nursed her. Harder
Grew the pinch, each thing was sold
But the fiddle, the bread-winner,
That was worth a store of gold.

So he rushed abroad to sell it,
Ah, too late! when he was gone
Angels came and kissed his darling,
And God took her for His own.

And the Lord is taking me too
From this world, I think and say,
For all earth's most pleasant music
Now grows faint and far away;
But that wondrous heavenly harping
Where the happy saints are praising,
Worlds their hallelujahs raising,
All our loved ones gone before us
Swelling the triumphant chorus,
That comes nearer day by day.

T. P. JOHNSTON.

"Jist Fechtin' Awa'."

BY L. B. WALFORD.

"WELL, my good woman, how's all with you to-day?"

"Muckle as usual, doctor; jist fechtin' awa'—fechtin' awa'."

The doctor knew what she meant, that honest, toil-worn, middle-aged mother: life was no frolic to her; she was not one given to complaints; she could do her duty, and was doing it; she could ply her daily tasks, and get through them, give a sigh to her sorrows, and have done with them; she was not overmastered by her cares, nor crushed by her anxieties; but still, with it all, she was "jist fechtin' awa'—fechtin' awa'."

That expression claims kin to a feeling most of us who are serious and sober-minded folks know pretty well. We are never quite done with our fighting: we have our smooth days, it is true, our seasons of prosperity and ease; but they never last for any length of time; a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, creeps up into our sky, and we know that rough weather is brewing, and that, whether or no, we shall have to meet it. True, the withering griefs that some experience are not given to all—are not needed by all; but troubles, worries, vexations, apprehensions, and disappointments, are the common lot as we pass along on our way, and are usually—or so it seems to us—to be encountered at equi-distances from one another, like so many milestones marking the road. Sometimes a whole storm of small misfortunes will come pattering down on our heads at once; and these, methinks, have a trick of following close upon some larger grief, so as to justify the quaint saying:—

"Great fleas have little fleas
Upon their backs to bite 'em;
Little fleas have lesser fleas;
And so *ad infinitum*."

Such doleful seasons are almost—nay, why not say it boldly out?—are really—more wearing, more oppressive, and a greater trial to our patience and our faith than many an affliction. We have to be "fechtin' awa'" to some purpose when we rise morning by morning to some new and ill-favoured complication arising out of the variety of little adverse circumstances which have sprung up like mushrooms all at once, and threaten to cover the land on every side. We need the Divine help and advice and comfort just as much, or more, than under heavier loads. We need to be taught how to act, and how to speak, and what course to pursue. We need to pray, and to watch, and to look out for opportunities, and to expect deliverance. And by and by the atmosphere will begin to lighten; the disagreeables, the perplexities, and the mortifications will slide away to right and left, often as swiftly and unexpectedly as they accumulated, and the prospect will be clear once more.

That is a comfort, but while we gladly say, Make the most of it: smile, sing, raise your heads and give God thanks for bringing you back into the sunshine, we would add one little word of reminder, Do not expect but that you must be "fechtin' awa'" again ere long.

We are sent here to fight; it is our business. With some the struggle consists in the daily, homely, honest desire to make two ends meet in a world that is rather strong for them, in a hive that is overstocked already; with others the fight is with uncongenial surroundings, the fret and jar of incessant contact with those who cannot be liked or respected; with others, again, the combat is deeper-seated still; it is between the man's better self and his old habits: his pride, his avarice, his temper—the thousand evils which infest the unregenerate heart. Even those who are not Christian soldiers, and know nothing of this latter point, have plenty of fighting in a world that will not let each one have entirely his own way and jostle his neighbours out of theirs; there is plenty of annoyance and thwarting, discomfort, and, as we term it, "bother," for everybody, independently of bringing the human will into subjection to the Divine—so that none can truly say they are safe from fretting cares, they stand secure, they can take their ease, eat, drink, and be merry. Far from it—they may have to be "fechtin' awa'" at any minute; there is no guarantee for them any more than for God's people; none have immunity from loss, suffering, and vexation of spirit.

"It may be so," perhaps you say, "but it is very unpleasant and unnecessary to be reminded of it. It would embitter all my present happiness to be thinking that it could not last."

Well, but, dear friend, you *know* it cannot last. You have but to look at others; you have but to cast your eye over your own past to see that there was always *something*—some little thing as perhaps it seems now, but be sure it was not little then—which just took the edge off your being in perfect bliss for the moment, or which crept up immediately after you were at the summit of your wishes. Has it not been so? Can you recall a single period of your life when for any length of time you were *quite* at rest, perfectly free from every kind of trouble or care? No, you cannot. We will venture to say to each one who reads, you cannot. Your memory is not so dull but what you can work it if you will, and the result we confidently predict will be that there was "fechtin' awa'" in the past, as there will be in the future.

Is it a depressing thought? Is it one to clog our efforts, and unnerve our strength? It need not be. It need not cause us a thought or a sigh. It may enter into our calculations but as a matter of course, as a truism which we recognise cheerfully and willingly, which cannot affright us and cannot affront us, against which we hold a charm, a talisman infallible. The fitful blasts of capricious

fortune may blow, the waves of this troublesome world may buffet, but the peace of God in the heart of man is proof against every adversary. Hasten to possess yourself of this holy weapon of self-defence, and you are at once impregnable. Implore, and obtain it,—they are one and the same thing,—and you need not fear, come what may. Then, and only then, you can rejoice comfortably in every passing good; you may look before and behind, comparing what has already departed of your earthly sojourn with what may be, or—more venturesome this—with what you wish to be its future; you may make arrangements and enter into agreements; you may do any and every lawful thing with an easy mind and conscience.

The poor labourer's wife who was "fechtin' awa'" with her daily round had no gloomy look on her face as she spoke the words; the patient soul accepted her burden and bore it along as a matter of fact, nay, as though it were no great thing, just what all the world had, as well as she. So the world has. But whether the burden be easy, tolerable, light, or whether its weight crush us to the earth, rests with each one himself. The fights of life are many; the victory may be always our own. A hidden calm may so abide amidst the deep waters of the soul, that the roughest wind may blow over the surface in vain.

"I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory."

"SHOW me Thy glory." When the bold, brave word
Of high desire from prophet lips had broken,
We cannot tell what vision from the Lord
Passed by his 'wildered eyes in answering token.

"Show me Thy glory." Still the earnest cry
Ascends from hearts that crave the heavenly food,
While ever cometh back the calm reply
In noble suffering lives of great and good.

"Show me Thy glory." God of life and light,
Not of Thine infinite Being seek we sign;
We know Thy throne in wisdom, honour, might,
Through endless ages stands by right divine.

"Show me Thy glory." In the cleft rock hide
My trembling soul, till Sinai's thunderings past,
I hail the Man, the Christ, the Crucified,
And in His robe of mercy fold me fast!

Show me the glory of the truth and grace,
That, streaming from th' exhaustless fount above,
In rich effulgence centres in His face,
Who sealed on Calvary the bond of love.

Oh! there is nothing in earth, sea, or air,
No sight or sound 'mid all creation's splendour,
Can match the still, small voice that answers prayer
With holy promise sweet, serene, and tender!

"Let not your heart be troubled. Rest in Me,
My love, My peace, ye weary ones and sad."
It is enough. Ah! now, dear Lord, I see
Thy perfect glory, and my heart is glad.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find the five texts of the Sermon to the Young in this Magazine. 2. Find the fable of the trees choosing their king. Who was meant by the bramble? 3. Find the fable of the cedar of Lebanon and the thistle. Who was meant by the thistle? 4. Distinguish two Deborahs. Find mention of an oak in connection with the one, and a palm-tree in connection with the other. 5. What sound could the Ephraimites not pronounce? Find the passage. 6. Find in the Gospels three occasions on which a voice from heaven bore witness to Jesus. 7. Find in Acts a saying of the Lord Jesus concerning beneficence, which is not recorded in the Gospels. 8. Find in New Testament the record of the death of one apostle, and a prophecy of the manner in which another of the twelve (not Judas) should die. 9. What Christian prophet foretold—(1) a great famine; (2) the captivity of an apostle? Find the passages in Acts. 10. Of the seven Churches in Asia:—(1) Which was spiritually rich? (2) Which was increasing in good works? (3) Which was steadfast in a wicked city? (4) Which had a little strength? (5) Which had left its first love? (6) Which was lukewarm? (7) Which was dead?

ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.

1. Exod. 16. 22-30. 2. Caleb, Num. 14. 24. He trusted God, and exhorted the children of Israel to go up against the Canaanites. 3. Exod. 16. 14-21; John 6. 31-35. 4. Exod. 17. 6; 1 Cor. 10. 4. 5. Ps. 18. 2, 31, 46; 28. 1; 31. 3; 42. 9; 62. 2; 71. 3; 78. 35; 89. 26; 92. 15; 94. 22; etc. 6. Matt. 9. 17; skins of animals. 7. Matthew, Matt. 9. 9; a collector of the Roman revenue. 8. Acts 7. 45; Heb. 4. 8. 9 and 10. Lilies, Matt. 6. 28; grass, 6. 30; thorns, thistles, 7. 16; reed, flax, 12. 20; tares, wheat, 13. 25; mustard, 13. 31; fig-tree, 21. 19; vine, 26. 29; mint, anise, cummin, 23. 23. *Note.*—Fifteen, in the question, should probably have been fourteen. It would be out of place (though scientifically correct) to count *leaven* a plant.

Calendar for September.

1 F.	He thanked God, and took courage.—Acts 28. 15. [10.]
2 Sa.	Oh that Thou wouldest bless me indeed!—1 Chron. 4.
3 Su.	And the common people heard Him gladly.—Mark 12. 37.
4 M.	What think ye of Christ?—Matt. 22. 42.
5 Tu.	Not to know anything, save Jesus Christ, and Him cruci-
6 W.	Is it well with thee?—2 Kings 4. 26. [fied.—1 Cor. 2. 2.]
7 Th.	And Enoch walked with God.—Gen. 5. 24. [Acts 11. 24.]
8 F.	A good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith.—
9 Sa.	The memory of the just is blessed.—Prov. 10. 7.
10 Su.	<i>Collection for Highlands and Islands.</i> —Joshua 13. 1 (last)
11 M.	The truth shall make you free.—John 8. 32. [clause.]
12 Tu.	Ye have need of patience.—Heb. 10. 36.
13 W.	See that ye fall not out by the way.—Gen. 45. 24.
14 Th.	Overcome evil with good.—Rom. 12. 21.
15 F.	None of us liveth to himself.—Rom. 14. 7.
16 Sa.	Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray.—James 5. 13.
17 Su.	This Man receiveth sinners.—Luke 15. 2. [9. 15.]
18 M.	Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.—2 Cor.
19 Tu.	Thou God seest me.—Gen. 16. 13. [city.—Prov. 16. 32.]
20 W.	Better he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a
21 Th.	Increase our faith.—Luke 17. 5.
22 F.	We walk by faith, not by sight.—2 Cor. 5. 7.
23 Sa.	This is not your rest.—Micah 2. 10. [1 Chron. 29. 3.]
24 Su.	I have set my affection to the House of my God.—
25 M.	One thing is needful.—Luke 10. 42.
26 Tu.	Keep yourselves in the love of God.—Jude 21.
27 W.	Neither be partaker of other men's sins.—1 Tim. 5. 22.
28 Th.	Oh, do not this abominable thing that I hate.—Jer. 44.
29 F.	Am I my brother's keeper?—Gen. 4. 9. [4.]
30 Sa.	We are labourers together with God.—1 Cor. 3. 9.

"One Thing."

A SERMON TO THE YOUNG.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS!—I am now to speak to you about the Way to Heaven, and for this purpose take five texts. I would invite your family group, when sitting, on the Sabbath evening after receiving this, round the table or the fire, to hear one of the number read this sermon from beginning to end, slowly, distinctly, and solemnly. Afterwards let all present seek out the texts and read them in turn, and again at convenience read the whole, putting the texts fully in.

FIRST TEXT—"One thing is needful." Let us go to that high hill so often mentioned in God's Word—Mount Olivet. We walk up a short way, then turn round, and we see at about two miles west that marvellous city, Jerusalem. We climb to the top of the mount, and almost beside us, on the eastern slope of the hill, we see a village. It is Bethany, described by John, and known, doubtless, in heaven, as the town of Lazarus and Martha and Mary. We see the Saviour enter into their house—He often went to lodge with that family after his day's labour in teaching, preaching, and working miracles in the great city on the other side of the hill. Jesus enters the house. Martha, who it is presumed was the elder sister, sets herself to tidy the room, and attend to the personal comfort of the Divine Visitor. Mary sits at His feet, according to the Eastern custom, as a scholar, lovingly looking to Jesus, and listening to the gracious words of Him who spake as never man spake. To both sisters He said, as He says now to you and me in His Gospel according to Luke, "One thing is needful"—that is, you cannot be really happy unless you be on the way to heaven, through believing on Him, who is the Way, because "He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life;" and that is heaven begun.

SECOND TEXT—"One thing thou lackest." Once, while Jesus was passing through a multitude, a young man of pleasing appearance came forward and said to Him, "Good Master, what good thing must I do to inherit eternal life?" To which the answer was given—not to do certain things, and he replied, "All these have I kept hitherto, what lack I yet?" But Jesus knew everything about him perfectly, as He knows everything about each of us, and He said to the man, "One thing thou lackest; go, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and come, take up the cross, and follow me." The young man wanted the heart to part with what of the world he did not need, and to give it to the poor; and so he parted with Christ, at the very door of conversion, turned his back on the way of eternal life, and went away sorrowful—Jesus was sorry too.

THIRD TEXT—"One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Jesus was again passing

through a crowd, and saw a man who had been born blind, when He, the Almighty Physician, spat on the ground, made clay of the spittle, anointed with it the blind man's eyes, and bade him go and wash in the pool of Siloam. Without hesitation he went and washed, and received his eyesight. It was not because the clay was put on the blind man's eyes, and that they were washed, that sight was got; but because the man believed in the power of Jesus, and so did as Jesus bade him. The time for such wonders is long past, indeed, but Jesus by His Spirit works greater wonders still. He opens the blind eyes of the soul, and that is the greatest miracle of all. And when you undergo this change you can say, One thing I do know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. I formerly was fond of sin; I did not care for holiness or the way to heaven, nor did I know the Saviour—my soul was blind. Now, what a change! I see sin to be that which God hates, and I hate it. I see holiness to be beautiful. I love the way to heaven, and I see Jesus to be altogether lovely.

FOURTH TEXT—"This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, I press toward the mark for the prize." So said the Apostle Paul—as says every child of God. Like Peter, when on the water by Christ's invitation. He planted his feet as firmly on the top of the waves as if he had been walking on a rock. He was forgetting the fury of the sea and of the winds; he had Christ in full view, and he was drawn to his Divine Master by an invisible cord of belief and love. But the cord slackens; he listens to the roaring waves, takes his eyes evidently from Christ, and thinks of the helplessness of poor Peter himself, and so begins to sink,—till again, looking to Jesus, he is safe. Let your motto and mine ever be, "Onwards, upwards, heavenwards, looking (away from ourselves, weak and helpless) unto Jesus." Then are we without doubt on the way to Heaven.

FIFTH TEXT—"One thing have I desired of the Lord." You say, I trust I have got the one thing needful—Lord, I believe, help my unbelief; hence you say, as the Psalmist did nearly three thousand years ago, and God's people have done ever since, as it is expressed in our Scottish Version—

"One thing I of the Lord desired,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within God's house remain :"

the meaning of which is beautifully brought out in these words of that grand poet for the young, Isaac Watts :—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee !
At once they sing, at once they pray ;
They hear of heaven, they learn the way
I have been there and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below."

So say I. Amen.

R. F. F.

FLISK, FIFE.

Notices of Books.

"THE RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD," by WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism, Aberdeen. (London: Macmillan.)

THE present Moderator of the General Assembly has given us the maturity of his intellect and the fruits of his scholarship in a volume whose pellucid English, vigorous thought, and thorough honesty of treatment, must, in the estimation alike of the assailants and apologists of Christianity, place it among the most important of our modern contributions to the great science of theology.

In taking for his theme the Resurrection of our Lord Dr. Milligan very properly feels that he is dealing with no secondary or minor article of our creed. Before expounding its doctrinal significance, he has adopted the correct method of criticism, and looked first at the historical fact. Neither the scientist nor the historian can fashion the world and life after his own fancies; he must examine things as they are. The supernatural may be a great surprise in common experience, but if it has really emerged it must be accepted. The moment we are sure that it has appeared we may dismiss all speculations as to the possibility of its appearance. Following up this plain and sensible method, Dr. Milligan first questions the fact, then he examines the evidence for its reality, and tests in succession the theories that have been invented to explain it away, with the result of convincing us that the gospel narratives are much more credible and less miraculous than would be the hypotheses of unbelief, were they really substantiated.

Perhaps the chief merit of Dr. Milligan's Lecture is the prominence given to the truth, that the Resurrection, or rather the Ascension, marks the culminating point in Christ's mission to the world. The gospels furnish abundant evidence that He regarded the crucifixion and the burial as only incidents in His ministry. Beyond His humiliation He looked right on to His glorification, as one who knew that through brief, bitter anguish of death He would surely pass to eternal glories of power, to reign as head over all things to His Church.

The past powerless and still weak condition of the Church may be accounted for by its having fallen away from the true apprehension of its mission, as that of proclaiming not a dead but a risen and coming Saviour. The whole controversy between it and the world still, as in the streets of Jerusalem, is concerning one Jesus who we say is risen. Now the power of the apostles over an unbelieving world then lay in the solid witness which they bore to this truth. They not only preached, but they showed Christ risen again *in them*, by the power which they had "through faith in His name." And until the Church of Christ takes up again this testimony and lives it, the world will deride. For till then we shall have no convincing evidence of power to attest our preaching; no blind or deaf or dumb souls will be healed by us; no dead in sin will be raised to life, and we must be found false witnesses before God.

In wise and weighty sentences Dr. Milligan reminds us how, by relegating the resurrection to a minor place in its preaching, the Romish Church has been led away to make the mass the centre of its worship; and how a similar disastrous fate may attend the spurious evangelicalism, which, by resting entirely upon the sacrificial death of Christ, has fallen into the heresy which would dispense with receiving the spirit of the risen Christ into us, with all its Pentecostal grace and power. Dr. Milligan does a prophet's duty to his age, in so faithfully recalling us to the duty of preaching the Resurrection, not as the reward of His Father for His work done for us, but as part of His work to be fulfilled in us. He reminds us that our Head is a risen Lord, and that the very act of faith which unites to Him is a passage from death to life. Even now are we "risen with Christ;" "we have heard the voice of the Son of God, and we

live;" minding the things at Christ's right hand, and not the things on the earth. When this truth gets as thorough hold upon the Church of to-day as it obtained in the Church of the first days, we shall find Christianity repeating the marvels of its youth. Instead of our stunted offerings, we shall have estates surrendered as freely as that of Barnabas; instead of the intemperance and uncleanness within the Church that scandalise the world, we shall have a community of saints whose bodies will all be holy, and whose souls will all be consecrate. The miracles of Pentecost will reappear in conversions upon a far grander scale, and instead of a Church cowering before the world, we shall have the world and its multitudes in great fear before the Church, as filled with the very glory of God, and uttering His grace upon earth.

We commend this volume to thoughtful and earnest preachers, old and young, and to thoughtful and earnest Christians of all degrees, not simply because of the valuable suggestions which it furnishes for the defence and confirmation of the gospel of Christ, but because it affords to the true disciple of Christ a means of grace to advance him in holy living.

THE GENTLE HEART; a Second Series of TALKING TO THE CHILDREN. By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1881.)

Dr. Alexander Macleod's gift of speaking to children is well-known. No one has exercised it more profitably to the thousands of young people who look up to him for guidance. This book has all his characteristic excellences. It is full of anecdotes, not merely threaded together on a string, but each a link in a chain of reasoning, appeal, and instruction, tending to make hearts "gentle," because good. Many men seem to think that monosyllabic words and innumerable stories—without much bearing on any subject or object—are needed in sermons to children. Dr. Macleod's success may show that what is needed is not so much simple words as a simple purpose, with genuine feeling. The language is perfectly simple, but not that of a primer; and mature readers or hearers notice nothing exceptional in it, though children can follow the teaching from beginning to end.

THE ART OF PLOUGHING SPIRITUALISED. By Rev. J. THOMSON, Hawick. (Hawick: Morrison.)

Mr. Thomson is not the first writer who has been drawn to this pleasing subject. But his work is fresh and full of local colour. The flavour is of the soil of Roxburghshire. The illustrative stories are of peasant life at Ancrum and Jedburgh, and by the banks of Teviot and Ale. Profitable reflections abound; and the price puts the book within reach of an agricultural population.

STYLES OF WRITS, FORMS OF PROCEDURE AND PRACTICE IN THE CHURCH COURTS OF SCOTLAND. Fifth Edition. By GEORGE COOK, B.D., Minister of Longformacus. (Edinburgh: Clark, 1882.)

The "Book of Styles" was compiled and published by the Church Law Society in 1838, and was revised and supplemented so as to adapt it to changed circumstances, by the late Rev. Dr. John Cook of Haddington, in 1850. From that time it has been the trusted and trustworthy guide of every man concerned in the legal and orderly conduct of Church business, from the highest court to the lowest. Every relevant Act of Parliament is in its appendix; every needed form of minute, certificate, and notice in the body of the work. The respected Editor's last edition (the fourth) was published in 1870; but since then great changes in civil and ecclesiastical legislation have made a new edition necessary. It is pleasant to all who love the associations of the Church of Scotland, to find that the good work has been well done by the bearer of the honoured name of Cook. Mr. Cook has done it in the truthful and dutiful spirit in which so many of his name and family have so long served the Church of Scotland in her courts.



A Hay-Cart in the City.

NOT a breath was stirring
 In the narrow street,
 Hot on wall and pavement
 Fell the sultry heat.
 Sudden comes a hay-cart,
 Piled up wide and high ;
 Blocking up the causeway,
 Shutting out the sky.

Sitting at my window—
 Idle pen and brain—
 Full into my vision
 Comes the rustling wain.
 And a balmy fragrance—
 All the Summer's breath—
 Suddenly is wafted
 From the street beneath.

Quick from lane and alley,
 With a joyful shout,
 Troops of pallid children
 Scurrying, scrambling out !
 All to see that hay-cart
 Swaying slowly by—
 Like a yellow mountain
 'Gainst the dusty sky.

And my thoughts go speeding
 To the woods away ;
 Where the hawthorn hedges
 Scent the Summer day.

Where in beechen bowers
 Lights fall dim and cool ;
 And the weeping willows
 Stoop to kiss the pool.

Far away to uplands,
 Where the long day through
 Sings the happy skylark,
 Floating in the blue.
 In the river meadows—
 Ankle-deep in clover—
 Fluting clear and mellow
 Blackbirds hover over.

Who can tell the magic
 Might of little things ?
 Now my dusky room is
 Full of glancing wings.
 Breath of blowing woodlands
 Floats along the lane—
 Woodland whispers, soothing
 Tired heart and brain.

Wood, and singing river,
 Bird and rustling tree—
 All the green world seemeth
 Present now with me.
 From that fragrant hay-cart,
 May the same thoughts flow
 To the tired children
 In the street below !

ROBERT RICHARDSON, B. A.

NOTE. — The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1882.

PASTORAL LETTER.

To the Congregation.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—At the commencement of another year of congregational activity—already the eighth of my ministry in St. Stephen's—I am anxious to offer a few words of counsel and exhortation. There is some advantage in being permitted year by year at this season to make what is virtually a "new beginning," and in so doing it becomes us thankfully to acknowledge God's goodness in the peace, harmony, and goodwill which have prevailed among us, and, while thankful for any good work that has been done, to resolve that, by His grace helping us, we will do better in our several spheres in the time that is to come. Let me beg you at the outset very earnestly to consider the great ends for which we exist as a Congregation. A Congregation, be it ever remembered, "is not a number of people meeting to hear a sermon," or even to unite in public worship, without any visible coherence, social life, or united action, but a BODY, an ORGANISATION; the Lord's Supper being the grand symbol of the unity of its members with one another, and with the whole society of the Christian Church on earth and in heaven! What the Church of Christ is as a whole, that each separate congregation ought to be in miniature—a "Body" in which the eye cannot say unto the head, I have no need of thee, nor the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Is this, I would solemnly inquire, the conception of the Christian congregation which commonly prevails? I fear not. Certainly it is an ideal which is only very imperfectly realised at the best. There is too little method, coherence, brotherhood. The few work, while the vast majority do nothing. Not one in fifty has apparently any due sense of PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY. Hence little comparatively is accomplished. Hundreds "stand all the day idle," who might be and ought to be willing and honoured workmen in the Master's vineyard. Grasp, then, this fact, dear friends, that you are not mere "units" or "hearers" only, but baptized members of an organised Christian society. Have a more living and hearty interest than you have ever yet shown in all that affects the prosperity of our Congregation. Stir yourselves up, each and all, to feel that more is expected of you than criticism or fault-finding, that there is a something you can do for Christ's sake in this your short and passing day of life. By wilfully absent-

ing yourselves from the House of God, or by contributing carelessly and unworthily to any good object, or by not contributing at all, you inflict a direct injury on the congregation to which you belong, proving yourselves undeserving of its privileges and its opportunities. This is what many forget. When some particular collection, for instance, falls short of the expected sum, or a church-pew is unlet, they will speak as if that circumstance reflected some sort of discredit on the minister, and on him only. It may be his fault. Just as likely not. Any failure of this sort should bring shame to every loyal member of the Church as well as to him. If one member suffers, all the members must suffer with it!

In particular, I may mention one or two of the more essential parts of our congregational work, in regard to which we would do well to cultivate a more earnest and devoted spirit.

I.—WORSHIP.

This embraces more than preaching. Time was when the notion was not uncommon in many places that people went to Church only to hear a sermon. The other parts of the service were accounted mere "preliminaries." This view is now happily giving way to a more devout and enlightened spirit—a spirit which does not seek in any wise to depreciate God's ordinance of preaching, or to thrust it into a secondary place, but at the same time to give great prominence to prayer,—supplicatory and intercessory,—to praise, and to the reading of Holy Scripture, as essential and inherent parts of that Divine order by which we are to worship Almighty God. Be it, therefore, our constant endeavour to make our worship more decorous, more simple, more reverent, more devotional in expression and in feeling. Even outward posture is important, in so far as it may be a hindrance or a help to worship. In narrow seats it may be physically impossible literally to kneel. But, like God's people of old, we may at least "bow the head and worship." Furthermore, come regularly to the Church on the Lord's Day, and as often as you can on week-days. Never miss an opportunity of communicating if you can help it. Make your arrangements beforehand, if possible, so as to enable you to come. "Seek ye FIRST the kingdom of God." Join heartily, if you can, in the psalms and hymns that are sung in Church. No unprejudiced person can deny that of late our Church music has greatly improved. We owe much

to our excellent Leader and the Choir. Encourage them by your countenance and support. Serve the Lord with gladness. Come before His presence with singing. Enter into His courts with thanksgiving, and into His gates with PRAISE. Oh, WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness!

II.—PARISH WORK.

In almost every department of work there is need of additional workers—Sunday School Teachers, District Visitors, Collectors, and so forth. This is the time to recruit our ranks. I wish to say this particularly to young men, of whom there are many in St. Stephen's. Will you give no part of your youth and strength and activity to Christ's service? How much of your time is spent in sheer idleness! What a new zest it would give to life, apart from higher considerations, were you to undertake some little work of unselfish love for others! There is the Sunday School. Could you not be a teacher? You say you have no gift that way. Try. There is the Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association. Why is the attendance so small? Why should there not be more than twenty young men who will give themselves the trouble to meet together for three-quarters of an hour on Sunday morning for Christian edification? Is the faith of Christ languishing in your hearts, young men? Are the things of time hiding away from your eyes the tremendous realities of the life that is to come? Have you no sense of alarm in the prospect of these things that are coming on the earth? Will you kindly think of this in the light of what was said at the beginning of this paper. I know many are held back by diffidence. Others wait till they are asked. Why lay this additional burden upon us? To all the Members of St. Stephen's would I say—If you think you can be of any service, great or small, make offer of your service. It would be welcome however little you can do. O, surely you have a wish to do something for God—to give something to Him! Be up and doing, for the night cometh! Whether your work is to teach in the Sunday School, or to visit the poor and needy, or to sing in the Choir, or to promote the cause of Temperance, or whatever manner of work it may be, consecrate yourselves anew to that work for the love of Jesus and of the souls for which He died!

III.—MISSIONS.

The Church of Scotland has recently made what may be called a new departure in connection with Missions, especially Foreign Missions. She has set before herself the task of raising £25,000 a year for Foreign Missions. Is this impracticable? Not impracticable if the faith of Christ is in our hearts! Not impracticable unless indeed we are a dead Church, which deserves to perish dishonoured and unwept! But, humanly speaking, how is this result to be accomplished? Only by each separate

congregation PUTTING FORTH ITS WHOLE STRENGTH. Its whole strength how? By every individual member becoming a missionary, in the possession, that is to say, of a missionary spirit, a burning zeal and enthusiasm for Christ. St. Stephen's has long taken a foremost place in supporting the Missions of the Church of Scotland—a place now in some danger of being lost, not through our contributions being less, for they were never greater, but through other churches outstripping us in the rapidly-increasing measure of their liberality. Please remember that the three most important collections of the year have yet to be made as follows:—

Endowment	October 15.
Home Mission	November 12.
Foreign Mission	December 17.

Last year the Foreign Mission Collection was over £300. This was regarded as quite an exceptional effort. Why should it be exceptional? I fain trust the anticipation will prove to have been false. My conviction is that we might give even more annually for this one object, without hardly, if at all, feeling ourselves impoverished. But why should we not feel ourselves poorer by what we give—poorer in the earthly sense, though unspeakably richer in another? Are we not the followers of One who though "He was rich became poor for us"? Is the giving that is not "felt" real giving? Is it any true offering to Him who gave up His life for us?

These are considerations to which I invite your attention at the beginning of another season of our work in this parish. I have not spoken, at least directly, of that inner work of the Congregation by which souls are quickened and built up in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness, unto eternal life. As one who feels in increasing measure how heavy is the burden of his own responsibility, and who at least desires "to be your servant for Jesus' sake," I would earnestly entreat your co-operation, your sympathy, and your prayers. Pray, oh pray unceasingly, that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified. In fervent and believing supplications at the throne of grace entreat God to endue his ministers with righteousness and to make her chosen people joyful. Seek a special blessing for the Congregation in your prayers on the morning of each returning Lord's Day. "Ask, and ye shall receive." "The Lord is at hand." "In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus;" to Whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, be all honour and glory to the Church, ever world without end. Amen.

I remain, dear Brethren,

Yours ever faithfully,

NORMAN MACLEOD.

October Communion.

THE Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated on the last Sabbath of October, the 29th.

The arrangements, which need not now be repeated in detail, will be the same in all respects as usual.

Token Cards will be given out to intending Communicants on the afternoon of the Fast-Day, and on Saturday.

The Afternoon Table commences at 2.30 P.M.

Certificates of Membership may be handed to the Minister when convenient, or presented at the Elders' Seat on the afternoon of the Fast-Day.

The Collection on Communion occasions is for Congregational Purposes.

Preparation of Young Communicants.

Meetings for the Preparation of Young Communicants will be held in the Mission Hall, 44 Jamaica Street, on WEDNESDAY evenings during October at 8.15 P.M., commencing on the 4th. No questions are publicly asked at these Meetings. It is particularly requested that intending Young Communicants will endeavour to attend all the Meetings.

Mr. Macleod will also see Young Communicants at his house, 7 Royal Circus, on Wednesday afternoons during October from 4 to 5 P.M.

Those who attend these Meetings are recommended to bring with them their Bible and the Shorter Catechism. A Prayer for the use of intending Communicants will be found in the Parish Magazine for October 1881.

Horne Lane Mission Hall.

The Sabbath Evening Service will be resumed on the evening of the second Sunday of October at 6.30 P.M., when Mr. Macleod will preach. Subject—"How to prepare for the Lord's Supper." The attendance of working men is particularly requested.

The Thursday Evening Service will be resumed in November.

Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association.

The Meetings will be resumed in October. An Opening Address, to which all young men are invited, whether members of the Association or not, will be delivered by Mr. Macleod in the Mission Hall, 44 Jamaica Street, on the evening of the first Sunday of October at 7 o'clock.

Sabbath Schools.

The Sabbath Schools will be reopened on the first Sunday of October in Brunswick Street and Horne Lane at the usual hours. It is hoped that all the Teachers will endeavour to be present. The Week-Day Schools were reopened in September with a large attendance.

Young Men's Bible Class.

This Class, which is intended for young men of 15 years of age and upwards, will be reopened in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street, on Sunday, the 8th inst., at 6 o'clock. Mr. Macrae, W.S., who has for many years conducted it, requests the insertion of the following letter:—

To the Young Men of St. Stephen's Parish.

MY DEAR YOUNG MEN—

On Sunday, the 8th, our Class for the study of God's Word will be resumed. I earnestly hope that all who have attended during the past year will continue their connection with the Class. On the older members more than on any others the prosperity of the Class depends. I thank them for their kindness in the past, and I look to them with hope for the future.

But there are some of you who have perhaps never attended a Bible Class at all, and who are hesitating whether you will do so. You would like to know what it is and what it does before you consent to join it. Well, I shall try to explain; and if you approve of our proceedings, I hope you will join us.

In the first place, I shall take for granted that you desire to know the meaning, and to make yourself better acquainted with the contents of that wonderful Book which God has given us. You have probably found out by this time that a mere glance at its contents or the hurried reading of a chapter will not let you into the meaning of God's message from heaven to His children on earth, and so you have seen the necessity of looking a little deeper. You want to give a little time to thinking about it and comparing it with other passages, and viewing it in the light of history and geography. You want to examine it with a magnifying glass; and just as the beauty of a flower or the perfection of a tiny insect becomes plainer under the microscope, you think, and think rightly, that by a clearer insight into the Word of God you will catch sight of wonders which are not apparent at a passing glance.

Now this is just what we propose to do in the short hour during which the Class continues. For one portion of the time we take up a passage of Scripture, which is selected this year from the Book of Joshua, a book full of helpful wisdom for young men. It will be our own faults if we don't find the subject interesting. The hero of the story is one of the finest examples of Christian manliness our world has ever seen, and the high tone and purpose of his life form a noble subject of study and imitation.

If time permits we shall devote a few minutes each evening to examining some of the characters of the *Pilgrim's Progress* as affording the best illustration of Bible doctrines in the light of daily life. This was a favourite study with us some

years ago, and I have been asked to return to it. In addition to this, a necessary part of our service will consist of prayer and praise. Thanks to the musical capabilities of some of our members and a good harmonium, the service of praise has been made an enjoyment, and I hope it may be still further improved by a little organisation.

But this is not all. I would like to see the Class more than a source of instruction. It ought to be a means of social intercourse, a place where young men may make friends whose friendship is worth possessing, where lads from the country may come and find a welcome, where the fellowship of a true Christian brotherhood exists and unites all in mutual sympathy and mutual helpfulness. For this purpose I want to see our Library improved, our Literary Society strengthened, and the institution of a Choir for those of musical tastes, and a Cricket or Football Club for those who enjoy manly exercises. It may not be long before we have a more commodious Mission Hall for the Parish, in which opportunities will be given for carrying out a favourite scheme of our Minister in the shape of a "St. Stephen's Young Men's Institute."

Young Men, to accomplish all these things I require your assistance. You have gladly helped and encouraged me in the past. You have taken a pride in the Class, and made it, I trust, an instrument for good. I ask you to join with me this year, that, by God's help, something may be done to guard young men from the unutterable foolishness of sin and to lead them into the paths of wisdom, which are the only paths of pleasantness and peace.

Above all, let us unite in asking for ourselves and for our Class a large outpouring of God's Holy Spirit, that in the course of another winter's meetings we may learn from the pure fountain of truth the knowledge which makes wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

Copies of the Scheme of Lessons may be had either from myself, at 45 Moray Place, or from Mr. Cochrane, 1 Henderson Row.

Ever yours most truly,

C. G. M.

Young Women's Association and Bible Class.

The Meetings will be resumed in November on Monday evenings at 8 o'clock. The members of St. Stephen's can all be of great use in keeping these Meetings before those for whose benefit they are specially intended.

Parochial Buildings.

This important object is making good progress, and it is hoped that the final arrangements may be in such a forward state as to admit of a detailed report being made in the November Magazine. Meantime those who have not yet contributed are requested to have the kindness immediately to send their intended contributions to Colin G. Macrae, Esq., W.S., 57 Castle Street. If the Buildings are to be worthy of the parish, and thoroughly equipped for the purposes for which they are intended, a considerable addition must yet be made to the subscriptions, which are payable either at November of this year or at Whitsunday.

Temperance and Total Abstinence Association.

The Meetings, which have only been fortnightly during the summer, are now held weekly. Arrangements are being made for a course of lectures, and for musical and social entertainments, to be held during the coming winter. Much depends on the steady attendance of the members.

The Session have resolved to make an addition to their number, and hope to be able to nominate a few new Elders before the Communion. No less than eleven Elders have been removed by death during the last seven years.

The Seat-Letting will take place in November, immediately after the Term, as usual.

The Work Society Sale will be held in November. Particulars will be given in the next Magazine.

How oft with childish fancy, at the closing of the day,
We hoped that in those golden clouds the King was on
His way.

But the Day is nearer now,
Far nearer ;
And the signs of His approach
Far clearer !

Lord, make us ever ready, as each day hurries by,
To raise the welcome shout of joy—The Lord our King is nigh !

For the Day is nearer now,
Far nearer ;
And the signs of Thine approach
Far clearer !

Now we are growing older, those days and years are fled ;
And time and change have done their work ; and some
we loved are dead.

But the Day is nearer now,
Far nearer ;
And the signs of His approach
Far clearer !



OCTOBER 1882.

Sermon.

PERSEVERANCE.

By the REV. ROBERT FLINT, D.D.

"Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ."—PHILIPPIANS i. 6.

THE subject on which we are now called to meditate is perseverance in the religious life—the perseverance of the saints. It is obviously a most important one. Let us give it, therefore, our prayerful attention, and trust that God will grant unto us, while we are considering it, His guidance and blessing.

No great work can be done without perseverance. Least of all can the greatest of all works—salvation—be accomplished without it. If we would be saved we must "work out" our salvation; we must "hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." It is not enough for those who would reach the Christian goal and wear the Christian crown that they start well; it is quite as necessary that they run well. It is not enough that they run a part of the race set before them; they must run with patience the whole of it, strenuously exerting themselves, and earnestly pressing onwards, till death releases them from the necessity of further toil, or they will not gain "the prize of their high calling." A discipleship like that of those who in the days of our Lord's earthly life followed Him for a time, and then "went back and walked no more with Him," can only avail to condemnation. There are teachers who represent the whole interest of the spiritual life as concentrated at one point,—the starting-point,—and who, when they have cried earnestly, Come to Jesus, either stop there, or insist but inadequately on abiding in Jesus and following in His footsteps; but they err, not giving heed to the Scriptures. Christ Himself always warned men that they had better not come to Him unless they were prepared to deny themselves and take up His cross and follow Him until the bearing of the cross was no longer needed; His apostles always insisted on patience and endurance to the end as the indispensable conditions of entering into rest and joy. The gospel presented to us in the Scriptures is utterly unlike the gospel of those who make everything turn upon conversion, and who dwell little upon perseverance.

Not only is perseverance in the Christian life indispensable, but the danger of failure through want of perseverance is very real and very great. The Bible abounds in warnings against unfaithfulness and apostasy. It never assumes that perseverance is a matter of course. It constantly implies the contrary. According to the Scriptures, as well as according to experience, unless we watch and pray and labour, unless we distrust ourselves, give heed to our steps, and even to our thoughts and feelings, and avail ourselves of the various spiritual aids which God has provided for us, we are sure not to persevere. Thousands have failed to work out their salvation. Thousands are daily failing. Those who fail may to all appearance begin as well as those who succeed. Perseverance itself is the only sure test of the genuineness of conversion. Holding fast the beginning of our confidence to the end can alone prove that our confidence was properly placed at the beginning. If any of us fancy that we cannot fail—that we are better than all who have failed before us, and who are failing around us—it only shows that we have ourselves already failed. This foolish self-confidence is evidence enough that we have not even started well, and that we must start anew before there is any likelihood of our running well. We can neither start nor run aright—we can neither make a good beginning nor a good ending—unless we lay all self-confidence aside and place our confidence in God alone both for the beginning and the perfecting of every good work in us.

Now, this conviction, that our confidence should be not in ourselves but in God, is precisely the great lesson which the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, if properly understood, is fitted to convey to us—is precisely the precious blessing which a right apprehension and acceptance of the doctrine may be expected to bring us.

The doctrine as held by our Church, and as implied and taught in many passages of Scripture, is as follows:—"They whom God hath accepted in His Beloved, effectually called, and sanctified by His Spirit, can neither totally nor finally fall away from the state of grace; but shall certainly persevere therein to the end, and be eternally saved. This perseverance of the saints depends not upon their own free will, but upon the immutability of the decree of election, flowing from the free and unchangeable love of God the Father; and upon the

efficacy of the merit and intercession of Jesus Christ; the abiding of the Spirit, and of the seed of God within them; and the nature of the covenant of grace; from all which ariseth also the certainty and infallibility thereof."¹

Like every truth of God however certain, and every gift of God however good, this doctrine, although in itself most reasonable and salutary, may undoubtedly be perverted and abused. The careless, the self-confident, the wilful, the worldly, may so misinterpret it, and so wrest it from its proper place, purpose, and connections, that instead of being, what it ought to be, an encouragement to run with patience and hopefulness the Christian race, it will serve them as an excuse for idleness, for spiritual presumption, for continuance in sin. But for this they are themselves wholly to blame. It arises from no defect in the doctrine. If a man say, I shall not accept the Beloved until I know that God has accepted me in the Beloved,—I shall not listen to His calls to me nor concern myself about sanctification until I am certain of being effectually called and sanctified by His Spirit,—I shall neither try to enter into nor to keep in the state of grace unless I get an assurance that I shall not fall away from it,—he speaks exactly as one would do who should say, I am not going to exert my mind and body in any sort of occupation until I know that I am one of those whom God has chosen to be prosperous and rich, or I shall not take the trouble to wash myself unless it can be proved to me that God has elected me to be clean. His speech—his thought—has no real ground or warrant in the doctrine of perseverance, but originates entirely in his own folly, in his want of love to holiness and want of interest in salvation, and in his desire to find some sort of plea or pretence for his spiritual indifference and sloth. In like manner, should there be any one to think or say, God has accepted me in His Beloved—has effectually called and sanctified me,—and therefore I cannot totally or finally fall away from the state of grace, however little anxiety I may feel or trouble I may take to remain therein, he too is plainly misinterpreting the doctrine of perseverance and wresting it to his own hurt, if not destruction. There is no such doctrine as that any will persevere without anxiety as to whether they persevere or not,—that men may be saved, although they give little or no heed to the work of salvation. No man has a right to conclude that he has been certainly elected and effectually called of God unless he is giving all diligence to make his calling and election sure; no man can be aware that his conversion was a genuine one apart from the continuance and increase of the spiritual life which he then supposed to have begun within him. It is possible to have experienced very much that is Christian without having been truly born again and transformed into a new creature in Jesus Christ, and every one who

is trusting to a past conversion instead of living now faithfully unto God has reason to fear that so may it have been within him, and that the warnings of Scripture against apostasy may be more applicable to his case than the encouragements meant to strengthen and uphold the hearts of fainting and humble disciples.

In itself the doctrine of perseverance is both true and good. The denial of it leads to the most unworthy views of God, and robs us of a rich source of spiritual power and comfort. If our salvation be not foreknown and forewilled of God, but may happen contrary to His knowledge and will, then is He not an infinite but a manifestly finite God. If we owe our salvation primarily and principally to our own free will, and not to the free and unchangeable love of God, operating in and through the sacrifice of His Son and the grace of His Spirit, then are we only to a very limited extent debtors to the love of God.

If, however, we are truly anxious to obtain holiness and eternal life while also truly conscious of our own weakness and sinfulness,—if we realise, on the one hand, the magnitude and difficulty of the work of salvation, and, on the other hand, the blindness of our minds, the corruption of our hearts, the perversity of our wills, when left to themselves,—we shall not think thus meanly of God's part in our salvation, but gratefully and rejoicingly recognise that He must be first and last therein. For then it will indeed be an unspeakable comfort and encouragement to us to turn away from thoughts of self and dependence on self to trust in God's eternal love and truthfulness, in the infinite merit of His Son's sacrifice, and in the sanctifying power of His Spirit. We have only to feel aright how unable we are to keep ourselves in the state of grace, in order to derive a deep and sacred joy from the belief that we may be "kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." May this joy be ours!

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous fly into it and are safe." As the weakest persons—old men and feeble women and young children, who can do nothing of themselves to resist or repel an enemy—may be within a place so fortified and guarded as to be perfectly safe, so in the warfare of the spiritual life those who feel themselves to be helpless, if left to themselves, have only to betake themselves to God, and trust Him as what He is, and for what He has done and has promised to do, and no foe, no danger, will be able to touch or harm them. This is the faith which is victory—the conviction which we need to make our lives strong, patient, and heroic to the end. David had it, and he exclaimed, "The Lord is my rock and my fortress and my deliverer; my God, my strength in whom I will trust; my buckler and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." Luther had it, and he sang—

"A sure stronghold our God is He,
A trusty shield and weapon;

¹ Westminster Confession, xvii.

Our help He'll be and set us free
From every ill can happen."

This trust, not in the will of the flesh or the help of the world, but in the eternal love, the infinite mercy, the almighty power of God, which carried David and Luther successfully through their dangers and trials, will carry us successfully through ours. In all ages it has been found sufficient. To the end of time men will find that it does not fail them.

A Deputation long ago.

OUR readers will remember that in the end of June a deputation from the General Assembly presented an address to the Queen at Windsor, and that Her Majesty, in her gracious reply, assured the deputies of her "sincere attachment to the Church of Scotland." The members of the deputation accomplished their journey from Scotland to London in ten hours; were whirled down to Windsor from Paddington in about forty minutes; and might, had they so chosen, have been in Scotland again the day after. This, the latest deputation to a sovereign of the reigning house, stands in curious contrast to the earliest, which proceeded to London in the year 1714 to congratulate Her Majesty's ancestor, George I., on his accession to the throne of the three kingdoms.

The deputation, consisting of five ministers,—Principal Carstares, Messrs. Mitchell and Hart of Edinburgh, Linning of Lesmahago, and Ramsay of Kelso,—was appointed by the Commission of Assembly in September 1714, and set out for London on the 30th of that month. Messrs. Hart, Linning, and Ramsay agreed to travel together; and Mr. Hart, Minister of Old Greyfriars, kept the journal of their progress, from which we shall draw our sketch of a deputation a hundred and sixty-eight years ago.

It was a grave and adventurous business. Mr. Hart, who was to join Messrs. Linning and Ramsay at Kelso, mounted his horse at eleven o'clock on the forenoon of Thursday, the 30th September, at the Society Port of Edinburgh—as he tells us with as solemn a circumstantiality as if he were specifying the hour at which a great battle began. A party of thirty-four friends rode along with him to Dalkeith, where he and they parted, "all in tears, being at that time under strong apprehensions that we might never all meet together again." He had already halted at the Burrough Loch, to take farewell of his "dear wife and distressed children."

Kelso was reached on Saturday, and on Monday the three friends took horse, and lodging that night at Whittingham, got to Newcastle on Tuesday afternoon, where the four Dissenting ministers of the town came to see them, and to show them the lions. Their next stage was Durham, and thence Darlington, where they spent the night in the hostelry of one William Applebie, a tanner, like Peter's host at Joppa;

"the only innkeeper who is a favourer of the Dissenting interest in the town." It is evident that, as Presbyterians and Whigs, the deputies considered themselves bound on all occasions to seek the company of the English Nonconformists, and to eschew that of the Established Churchmen, who certainly were prelatie, and not improbably Jacobite as well. They reached York on the 8th October, and lodged at the sign of the Wild Man. They inspected the minster, admiring the "baken glass," and the stately chapter-house with its motto—

"Ut rosa est flos florum
Sic domus ista est domorum;"

but watching with a curious and unsympathetic eye the performance of evening service in the choir. "There was so much of pageantry and so little of serious devotion, that it was sufficient not only to confirm us in, but to increase, our prejudices against that way of worship." Riding by Sherburn and Doncaster, they came on Saturday night to Barnbie Moor, where they rested for the Sunday; and finding that there was to be no Dissenting service within reach, they observed the day in this wise. "Each having retired alone for some time in the morning, we breakfasted about ten of the clock, and after that Messrs. Linning, Ramsay, Adams (Mr. Linning's man), and I did shut our chamber door, and went about worship. I read, sang, and prayed, and then we retired again to our several chambers, and met about two of the clock; and Mr. Ramsay read, sang, and prayed, and after that we retired to our several chambers, and met between four and five, supped, and after supper Mr. Linning read, sang, and prayed; and after we had sat awhile, we retired, and so prepared for bed. Thus we spent the Lord's Day at Barnbie Moor, October 10."

Passing on by Grantham, and seeing Bevor (Belvoir), "Burleigh house by Stamford town," and Peterborough Cathedral at a distance of four miles, but not turning aside to examine either it or Oliver Cromwell's birthplace at Huntington, they arrived at Cambridge on Wednesday, 13th October, and lighting at the sign of the Crown, lost no time in beginning that very afternoon a visitation of the colleges, chapels, and libraries of the great University. And here, unfortunately, on the fourteenth day out from Edinburgh, there is a blank in the journal which leaves us in the dark as to the date of arrival in London. As Mr. Hart, however, paid one shilling and twopence for "winning in" to Westminster Abbey to see the Coronation on 20th October, the journey must have been prosperously accomplished within the three weeks; in fact, if the date in his "account of disbursements," which specifies October 15 as the day he bought a pair of shoes in London for 4s. 6d., be correct, the travellers must have tarried but a short time at Cambridge. While shoes in those days were cheap, gloves were dear,

a pair costing the minister; who kept a close account of his outlays, 14s. A hat was only 8s. 6d; a cane "with an agate head" 7s. 6d. "I reckon every day for dinner and supper, besides what I give for coffee and coaches, 1s." From the Four Swans, in Bishopsgate Street, where the deputies first alighted, they moved into apartments, Mr. Hart's share of the rent of which was 6s. a week. He sold his horse to Lord Dalhousie for £5, and prepared for a stay of some time in the Metropolis, not forgetting his dear wife and distressed children at home, for whom souvenirs were duly purchased, among them "as much black kallimancee and linnen as will be a twilled petticoat to my wife, 18s."—the making of which cost 8s. 6d. more; "two pair of shoes to my wife, one pair sowed, the other plain, of Spanish leather, 6s. 6d."

The date of the great day of the presentation of the address is not given; but we ascertain from the minutes of the Commission, meeting in Edinburgh on 11th November, that the report of it had reached the North by that time, and afforded unbounded satisfaction. The deputation, accompanied by the Dukes of Argyll, Montrose, and Roxburgh, had been received at a private audience by the King, who heard their address—rather a long one—and in reply assured them of his resolution to protect the Church, and congratulated them on the Church's "remarkable firmness" in the good cause of the Protestant Succession. The Prince and Princess of Wales, to whom they were also presented, were equally gracious—the Princess remarking, "I have often heard of the zeal of your Church for the Royal Family; and as you have been earnest in your prayers for it, so I beg the continuance of your good prayers for it still." The cordiality of the Royal favour was not exhausted at a single interview. On the 18th December, when the deputies found themselves at last ready for their homeward journey, the Duke of Montrose presented each of them with a gift from the King of £100, which, to save them trouble, he had brought with him, "deducting the ordinary dues for the servants in the several courts the King's order was to pass,—being in all £20 : 5 : 5, so that I, paying £4 : 13s. got a bank note for £100."

On the 21st they had a public audience of the King, to pay their respects before leaving London. The courtly Carstares addressed His Majesty, in English, and the King acknowledged his speech "with a pleasant smiling countenance." They took farewell also of the Prince and Princess—the latter, with the tact and grace which gave her so strong an influence when, as Queen Caroline, she was the ruling spirit in her husband's court, assuring the deputies that she desired their prayers, and should be glad of every "opportunity to show her sincere concern for the good and welfare of the Church of Scotland."

Having despatched the heavy luggage by the

"John of Leith,"—Robert Louchton, master,—having bought a mare, for whose keep during thirteen days, and new shoes, he paid but 21s. 6d., Mr. Hart and his friends set out from Mr. Rogers, the "stablers" in the Haymarket, at a quarter after nine, on the morning of the 24th December, *en route* for Scotland, by way of Oxford, which they reached next day. They take no note of its being Christmas; nor on the day after, which was Sunday, did they cross the threshold of any prelatial place of worship, even a college chapel, but worshipped in the "Dissenting Meeting-House," where Mr. Ramsay preached in the afternoon. Monday was spent in an exhaustive inspection of the sights of Oxford; and on the following days Woodstock, Warwick, and Lichfield, were visited. Warrington was reached on Saturday—"a great mercat for linning cloath; every mercat day, which is Wednesday, they will sell £400 or £500 of linning cloath!"

For greater convenience they pushed on to spend the Sunday at Wigan, as from Wigan "a person may travel on a Sabbath morning to seventeen meetings, and be there before service begins." They chose Hinby Chapel, two miles off, where it is noted as remarkable that there was a bell, and the minister preached in a gown. By Preston, Lancaster, Kendal, and Penrith, they made their way, ere Wednesday night, to Carlisle, and next day recrossed the Border. Passing through Moffat, and leaving Linton, where they had spent the last Sunday of their pilgrimage, they were met at the House of Moor, about two o'clock on Monday afternoon, by ten or twelve of Mr. Hart's parishioners, who had come out on horseback to welcome him, after his absence of more than three months.

They stayed at House of Moor till three o'clock, that it might be dark ere they should enter Edinburgh—to avoid, we presume, the public excitement that might attend the entrance of so interesting a retinue: "So we came altogether from the House of Moor to Edinburgh, and lighted at Robert Corsan's, stabler, about five of the clock, on the 10th of January 1715, being Monday." So ended the Deputation to George I.; and on its being reported to the Commission of Assembly by the deputies, the Commission unanimously resolved that the Commissioners had been "both faithful and diligent in the management of what had been committed to them, and that in all their proceedings they had fully observed their instructions, and therefore deserved the hearty thanks of the Commission."

R. HERBERT STORY.

OUR FORCES IN EGYPT.—Our readers can do good work by affording the Committee the means of sending "Life and Work" with Soldiers' and Sailors' Supplement to our soldiers and sailors in Egypt. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company most liberally carry parcels of magazines free from London. Subscriptions for this purpose to be sent to Rev. John Paton, The Manse, Dumfries.

The Morning Star.

By the Dowager Lady LISTON FOULIS.

I AM sorry for any one who does not know the morning star. It looks so lovely in its peaceful brilliancy that you wish it would linger in view. Before it fades, however, it has a voice for us—
"I AM THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR."

Let us listen a moment to this voice.

It is a voice of LOVE and PEACE.

It is the voice of Jesus:—"I, JESUS, . . . am the bright and Morning Star" (Rev. xxii. 16).

"Thou shalt call His name *Jesus*: for He shall save His people from their sins." As if He had said in this beautiful starry emblem—"Yes, poor sinner, you need some light amidst the darkness. Look *out* and *up* to Me. Look out from your sin and misery to Me. Look away from all self-saving and all self-pleasing to Me, who was lifted up on the cross for you. 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved.'" How loving His words are. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." "He is our Peace:" "The Prince of Peace:" "Having made peace through the blood of His cross."

It is a voice of GOOD CHEER and HOPE.

"Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh." The morning star is the harbinger of the coming day.

In the midst of trouble and sickness don't we feel as if it were night, a dark, dark night, which makes us long for the morning? Like the storm long ago, when "neither sun nor stars in many days appeared." It was a dark and stormy night with St. Paul then; how anxiously they "wished for the day"! The sky was hid with clouds, but did St. Paul not see *his* Morning Star of Good Cheer and Hope when the angel brought the message, through the howling tempest, that he and all who were with him in the ship were safe?

"When I sit in darkness the Lord shall be a light unto me." "Fear not." "I am with you alway."

St. Peter, in his 2d Epistle (i. 18), seems to find himself once more on the "holy mount," where his Divine Master was seen in glorious transfiguration. He speaks of the "Day Star." Could it be that as they, in wondering silence, began to descend the hill, the voice of the Saviour broke the stillness as He pointed to the morning star shining in the heavens:—"Soon you will know Me, not only as the Star of the Morning, but as the Sun of Righteousness. Even now I am ushering in a day of grace and glory that will never end"?

It is a voice of POWER and BLESSING.

It is the great I AM who speaks. As if He said, "I have power to chase the dark night of sin away, and usher in a glorious day, when you will know the peace and rest I give. I have power not only

to forgive sin, but to keep you safe for My heavenly kingdom. I have power to bring your hope to full fruition. I have power to save to the uttermost all who come to Me. Believest thou that I am able to do this?"

This voice of POWER is also a voice of BLESSING.

Our STAR is bright with blessings. "He is the brightness of (God's) glory."

Our STAR is beautiful, "yea, He is altogether lovely." It does our hearts good to look at Him. It makes our hearts glad to think of Him.

"In blessing I will bless you." "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

Have you seen this blessed Star?

When the Wise Men from the East saw the star rest "over where the young Child was, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy." Shall we not also be filled with joy when we see our Star of promise and peace and rest? *Have we seen Him?*

Suppose a friend were to ask you at breakfast, "Have you seen the star this morning?" you might say, "Well, no, I did not look out for it, or I was too busy, or I was too late." Ah, lie-a-beds never see the star. And is it not so with the inner spiritual life? We are too busy or too sleepy to look out and up to Jesus, our "bright and Morning Star." Not a thought to give to Him, not a moment to listen to His voice!

Perhaps some may say, "I *did* look out for the star, but I could not see it for the clouds." So if clouds of unbelief and sin come in between us and Jesus, no wonder we cannot see Him; but there may come a rift in the clouds through which we may see Him. He is there, though hid for a time. Let us pray that a gale of the Holy Spirit may spring up and disperse the clouds.

I said I was sorry for those who do not know the beauty of the morning star; how shall I pity those enough who have never seen the beauty of Jesus, *our* "bright and Morning Star"! I would both pity and pray for them, that the blessed "Day Star" may yet arise in their hearts before it is too late, that so they may one day shine themselves, "as the stars for ever and ever." For "when He shall appear we shall be like Him."

Yes, the voice of our Star bears

A message of PROMISE and PROPHECY.

While it tells of a present twilight, it speaks of a glorious day which will know no sundown. A day when He will come again, not as the Star, but as the Sun of an endless day; for "there shall be no night there." "The Lamb is the Light thereof."

And when that morning breaketh,

All darkness gone for aye—

Star of the morning blended

Into the glorious day—

Waiting will be forgotten,

The long long night when past

Will seem a dream on waking,

Since day has come at last.

Traditions connected with Old Testament History.

By Rev. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

WE have seen sometimes, standing in a wood, a noble tree around which many creeping plants have twined themselves—some of them, perhaps, very beautiful, others of them scraggy and ungraceful, and even bearing clusters of noxious berries. No one will mistake these twining plants for the grand tree itself, or suppose them to form part of it, and if we admire them it is with a very different feeling from that with which we regard the venerable oak or cedar around whose branches they have, in the course of time, become twisted. The old Bible narrative may be compared to such a tree as this; around it, in the course of centuries, legends and myths of various kinds have grown. Some of these are very absurd; others are not without a certain beauty of their own. All of them contrast very markedly with the grand Scripture story itself. Many of these legends we must feel to be childish and extravagant, and read only to forget them; others we may regard as parables, or rather as fables—not true in themselves, and yet serviceable as conveying to us moral and spiritual instruction.¹

Traditions of the Flood are found in almost every nation. Thus the ancient Indian legend is that “in the reign of the sunborn monarch Satyarrata the whole earth was drowned. While that prince was at his devotions, Vishnu appeared to him, and thus addressed him, ‘In seven days all creatures who have offended me shall be destroyed by a deluge; but thou shalt be secured in a capacious vessel miraculously formed. Take, therefore, all kinds of medicinal herbs and esculent grain for food, and, together with seven holy men, your respective wives, and pairs of animals, enter the ark without fear; then shalt thou know God face to face, and all thy questions shall be answered.’ Saying this, he disappeared; and after seven days the ocean began to overflow the coasts, and the earth to be flooded by constant showers, when Satyarrata, meditating on the Deity, saw a great vessel moving on the waters. He entered it, having in all respects conformed to the instructions of Vishnu, who, in the form of a large fish, suffered the vessel to be tied with a sea-serpent, as with a cable, to his measureless horn.”

Of Abraham many mythical tales are related, some of which are very striking, and carry with them instruction. It is thus his deliverance from the idolatry of his time is related:—“When night overshadowed him he saw a star, and said, ‘This is my Lord.’ But when it set, he said, ‘I like not those which set;’ and when he saw the moon rising, he said, ‘This is my Lord.’ But when the moon set, he answered, ‘Verily, if

my Lord direct me not in the right way, I shall be as one of those who err;’ and when he saw the sun rising, he said, ‘This is my Lord; this is greater than the star or moon.’ But when the sun went down, he said, ‘O my people, I am clear of these things! I turn my face to Him who hath made the heaven and the earth.’” This is beautiful; but some of the stories, though in a rougher way, and with humour pointing the same moral, are more extravagant:—“A strong young fellow came one day to buy an idol—the strongest that there was. As he was going away with it, Abraham called after him, ‘How old are you?’ ‘Seventy years,’ he answered. ‘Oh, you fool!’ said Abraham, ‘to adore a god younger than yourself!’ ‘What do you mean?’ said the purchaser. ‘Why, you were born seventy years ago, and this god was made only yesterday.’ Hearing this, the buyer threw the idol away. Shortly after this, an old woman brought a dish of meal to set before the idols. Abraham took it, and then with a stick smashed all the gods except the biggest, into whose hands he placed the stick. Terah, who was returning home, heard the noise of the blows, and quickened his pace. When he entered, his gods were in pieces. He accused Abraham angrily, but Abraham said—‘My father, a woman brought this dish of meal for the gods; they all wanted to have it, and the strongest knocked the heads off the rest, lest they should eat it all!’”

There are few, probably, of my readers who are not acquainted with the most beautiful legend of the Patriarch and the Fire-worshipper, which, more than any other legend of the Old Testament, approaches Scriptural simplicity. Lest, however, some have not heard it, I shall close these stories of Abraham—who is said to have died on his knees at prayer—by setting it down once more. It is of Persian origin, and teaches a lesson most pertinent to our own time:—“When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so angry that he thrust the man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to him, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, ‘I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee.’ God answered, ‘I have suffered him these hundred years, though he dishonoured Me, and couldst not thou endure him for one night, when he gave thee no trouble?’ Upon this, Abraham fetched him back

¹ For much of what follows I am indebted to Baring Gould's *Legends of Old Testament Characters*.

again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. Go thou and do likewise, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham."

We cannot refrain from noticing this pretty little story of Joseph in Egypt:—"One day an Ishmaelite passed the gate of Potiphar's garden, leading a camel. As the beast approached Joseph, who was standing at the door, it bowed, refused to follow its master, and turning to Joseph, fell before him, and shed tears over his feet. Joseph recognised the camel as having once belonged to his father, and he remembered having often given it bread. He questioned the Ishmaelite, who acknowledged he had purchased the beast from Israel."

The life of the great lawgiver of Israel has been a field where an enormous crop of myths has grown. Out of the tangled thicket we select but three, almost at random. The first refers to God's choice of him to be the leader of His people:—"When Moses was a shepherd under Jethro, a little lamb broke from the flock, and fled into the wilderness. Moses pursued it through rocks and through briars, and after hours recovered it. Then he laid it on his bosom, saying—"Little lamb, thou knewest not what was good for thee. Trust me, thy shepherd, who will guide thee aright." And when God saw his tenderness to the straying lamb, He said, "Thou shalt be the shepherd of my people Israel." Our second story is from the middle period of his history, when it is said he fell into a gloomy and sceptical frame of mind, and began to complain of the inscrutable ways of Providence:—"He met on the shores of the Red Sea one of the servants of God, and Moses said to him, 'Shall I follow thee, that thou mayest teach me part of that which thou hast been taught for a direction unto me?' He answered, 'Verily, thou canst not bear with me, for how canst thou patiently suffer those things the knowledge whereof thou dost not comprehend?' Moses replied, 'Thou shalt find me patient.' He said, 'If thou follow me, ask me not concerning anything until I declare the meaning unto thee.' They go on their journey. The stranger makes successively a hole in a ship, slays an innocent youth, and rebuilds a tottering wall in a city where they had been unfairly treated. At each transaction Moses asks a question, and is rebuked. At the conclusion the explanation is given: 'The vessel belonged to certain poor men, and I was reminded to render it unserviceable, because there was a certain king behind them who took every sound ship by force. The youth, had he grown up, would have vexed his parents by ingratitude and perverseness. The wall belonged to two orphan youths, and under it was hid a treasure; and their father was a righteous man; and thy Lord was pleased that they should attain to their full age, and take forth this treasure by the mercy of the Lord. And I did not what thou hast seen in my own will, but by God's direction. This is the interpretation of that which

¹ Stanley's *Jewish Church*, vol. i. p. 158.

thou couldest not bear with patience.'" Our last legend from the life of Moses refers to his mysterious death. The close of the great lawgiver's history is given in apocryphal narratives with great minuteness, and with many exquisite and tender touches. When God called him to leave the world he was almost at first in despair. "What shall become," he said, "of my wife and children?" Then God bade him take his staff and go down to the sea and smite it, and the waters clave asunder, and Moses walked into the depths of the sea. And there, where the eye of man had never reached, lay a rock covered with seaweed, and under the weed was a little worm, and the worm raised its voice and said, "I thank Thee, O God, that I, hidden in the depths of the ocean, where no man hath ever penetrated, can rest in Thy love; for Thou carest for me, and givest me meat in due season." When the worm was silent, God said to Moses, "Thou seest that I do not fail to consider and provide for a little worm in the depths of the sea, and shall I forget my own children who know me?" Then Moses, ashamed of his doubt, returned and fell asleep on Mount Nebo. God bent over the face of Moses and kissed him, and the soul leaped up in joy, and went with the kiss of God into paradise.

Another story, and it shall be the last. It is connected with Elijah,—a grand figure alike in Scripture and legendary history. It is an illustration of religion in common life. "A sage, while walking in a crowded market-place, encountered the prophet Elijah, and asked him who out of that multitude should be saved. Whereupon the prophet first pointed out a weird-looking creature, a turnkey! because he was merciful to his prisoners. And next, two common-looking tradesmen, who were walking through the crowd pleasantly chatting together. The sage instantly rushed after them, and asked what were their saving works. But they, much puzzled, replied, 'We are but poor workmen who live by our trade. All that can be said of us is that we are always of a cheerful spirit. When we meet anybody who seems vexed, we join him, and we talk to him so long that he must forget his grief; and if we know of two people who have quarrelled, we talk to them, and persuade them until they are friends again. This is our whole life.'"

I will only repeat, that such legends, even the most beautiful, bring into marked prominence the unsurpassed grandeur of the Scripture narrative—all that our Confession of Faith has so strikingly and well summed up in the words in which it describes the inspiration of the Bible: "The heavenliness of the matter, the efficacy of the doctrine, the majesty of the style, the consent of all the parts, the scope of the whole, the full discovery which it makes of the only way of man's salvation, the many incomparable excellences, and the entire perfection thereof." These are features which do not belong even to the best of these mythical narratives.

Elgin Cathedral.

By the Rev. R. MACPHERSON, B.D., Elgin.

THE Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity, which forms the subject of this month's illustration, is spoken of in the Chartulary of Moray as "noble and beautiful, the mirror of the land, and the fair glory of the realm." Of the ecclesiastical buildings of Scotland, "the Lantern of the North" was the loveliest and most majestic. Its ruins still retain much of the old beauty and grandeur: the western towers and the wall between them containing a round-headed window above the great doorway with its two deeply-recessed portals; the eastern wall, the whole width of which is filled with the beautiful window formed of two rows, each of five tall lancets separated by massive mullions like piers, with a circular window above the higher row; the chapter-house on the north side with seven windows of four lights each, the groined roof being one of the finest in existence; St. Mary's aisle on the south side (the burial-place of the Dukes of Gordon), with much fine tracery, still fresh and clear as when cut in the sandstone.

The Cathedral was founded by Bishop Andrew Murray in 1224, and is said to have been finished in eighteen years. Like other ecclesiastical buildings, it suffered both from accident and from violence. In 1390 it was burnt by Alexander Stewart, the "Wolf of Badenoch," in revenge for a sentence of excommunication pronounced on him, when, though not entirely destroyed, it was seriously damaged. Soon after it was rebuilt, and was completed about the year 1416 in the form of a Jerusalem Cross, with five towers, two at the east, two at the west, and one with a lofty spire between the transepts. This centre tower fell in 1506, but was rebuilt to the height of 198 feet—falling again, however, on Easter morning in 1711: the only remains now in existence are the bases of the four supporting pillars. The Cathedral was not injured at the Reformation, but it escaped destruction then only to be afterwards more deliberately damaged. In 1568 the Privy Council directed that the lead be taken off the cathedral churches of Aberdeen and Elgin, for the payment of their soldiers. The lead was shipped to be sold in Holland; but the ship containing the cargo was lost off Aberdeen. In 1637 the rafters of the choir, thus left uncovered, were blown down by a high wind, and three years later a number of local Covenanters destroyed the paintings and the rood-screen, the last remaining traces of the internal decorations. Between 1650 and 1660 a party of Cromwell's soldiers, who occupied the town, are said to have amused themselves by destroying the tracery work of the building, particularly of the great western window.

During last century the ruins were used as a quarry by the builders of the neighbourhood for erecting houses and dykes, till almost all between

the west towers and the transepts, and other parts of the building, have entirely disappeared. At last the Crown claimed it in 1820, since which time it has been carefully preserved.

The building was originally 289 feet long from the western door to the high altar, the nave and cloisters being 87 feet broad, and the choir and cloisters 79 feet. The west towers are about 84 feet high, the height of the turrets at the east end being about 60 feet.

Between the chapter-house and the north cloister are the remains of the vestry and the small sacristy containing a lavatory the rim of which is carved into leaves. It is pointed out as having been the cradle in which one of Elgin's most distinguished sons was laid while his widowed mother worked—Major-General Anderson, the founder of the large institution that bears his name, for the support of the aged and instruction of the young.

The illustration is taken from the south-east—the ruins showing dark against the twilight sky. The gateway seen to the left is the Panns Port, the eastern gate of the Cathedral wall which originally enclosed a space of 900 yards called the College. Like the other gates, it was defended by a portcullis. The river in which the towers are reflected is the Lossie, on the banks of which the Cathedral stands. Owing to intervening roofs the chapter-house is not seen.

The Anxious Mither.

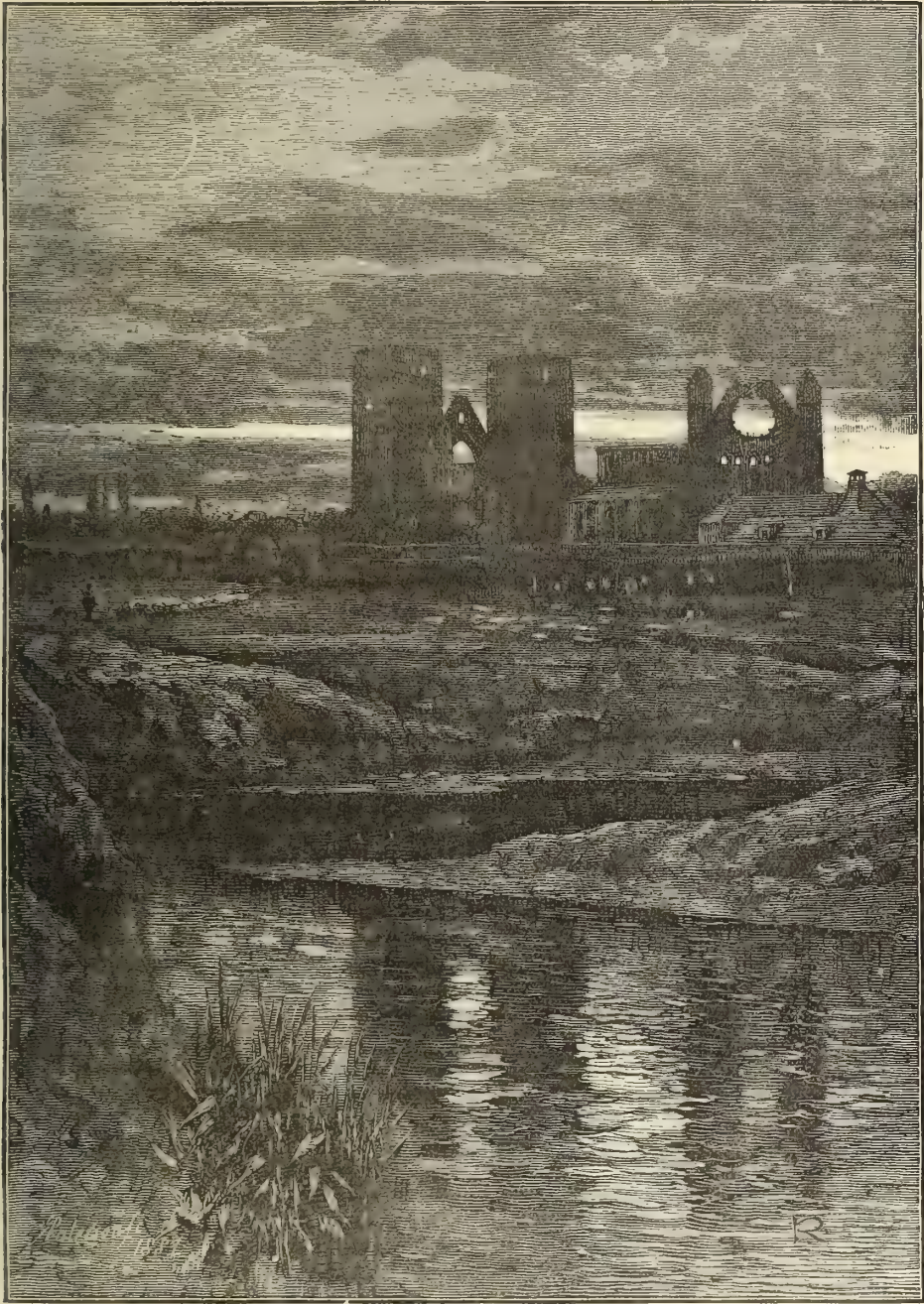
SAVE us a'! sic a day! hoo the rain's poorin' doon,
An' the lift lowerin' black as a morclath aboon;
The wind frae the norlan' is blawin' sae crouse,
That I'm fleyed it will rive a' the thack aff my hoose;
The birds ha'e ta'en shelter in busses an' trees,
Frae the cauld rain that's drivin' o'er moorlands and leas;
But my Maggie, puir lassie—the thoct gi'es me pain—
Is herdin' the furth in the wind an' the rain.

Puir thing! she's been weakly an' frail a' her days,
An' is happet but spare in her duddies o' claes;
Her plaidie by noo maun be draggled wi' weat,
An' the draps trintlin' ower her bare leggies an' feet;
She'll ha'e nae divot hoosie or couthie dykeside
To creep in an' help her the cauld blast to bide;
Frae greetin', I'm sure, I can hardly refrain,
To think she's the furth in sic wind an' sic rain.

She gaed hame i' the springtime to herd at Greenlee,
Unco blithe to be winnin' her ain penny fee;
I was wae an' doonhearted to lat her awa'
Amo' frem't folk sae early, sae young an' sae sma';
They are gude folk she's wi', baith the auld an' the young,
An' wad injure nae creatur' wi' hand or wi' tongue;
But they canna feel for her as she war their ain,
When herdin' the furth in the wind an' the rain.

Wae is me for the hardships an' perils, each day
That beset puir folk's bairns their hale earthly way;
They're in peril by day, they're in peril by night,
They're in peril oot by frae's, an' likewise in sicht,
They're in peril in fair days as weel as in foul,
An' when thinkin' o' joy afften dree mickle dool;
But they're aye in gude hand—sae I maunna complain—
It's God guides the force o' the wind an' the rain.

R. H. C.



Elgin Cathedral.

DRAWN BY GEORGE REID, R.S.A.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. PATERSON.

The Lost Boat.

By SARAH TYTLER.

(Concluded.)

EVERY reader must have noticed at some time how seldom the persons who have been so unfortunate as to excite anxiety for their welfare on the part of relatives have shown any corresponding capacity for realising the suspiciousness and ominousness of the appearances which misled the people at home. Indeed, had the absentees possessed such an amount of forethought and consideration, in all probability the panic would never have occurred.

The fishermen of the "Seamaw" had been too ready to believe what suited their purpose, as well as too much carried away by the interest of their occupation, but they were not by any means heartless. They were even horrified as well as conscience-stricken, with a dash of superstitious terror added to their vexation, the moment they learned the commotion and distress which had arisen in Fincriags when the "Seamaw" went amissing for so many days without word or sign from her men. Stout arms and hearts, eager in the new trouble to report themselves, and make amends for the wrong they had done to love, and love's fond doubts and dreads, were now rowing the laden boat, with all the speed attainable, on the nearest track to the fishing town.

But the steamer's passengers were before the principals in the accident, and proved only too officious in seeking to repair it. Rightly judging the further delay which would be occasioned by the contrary wind and tide, at the first landing-place a man went ashore, took horse, and galloped along the road to Fincriags to warn the inhabitants of the freight which was on its way to them.

The whole town rose in a tempest of joy and thanksgiving. In place of the "Seamaw's" being permitted to steal up to the pier half unperceived, —while men, hanging their heads as they were bound to do because of the cruelty of their rashness and thoughtlessness, leapt on land, and breaking from all detaining hands, hurried home to make their atonement to the kindred whom they did not startle out of their senses—entire Fincriags, three parts out of its mind, flocked to hail the arrival.

Every inch of standing ground, whether grassy knove or jutting-out rock, was covered with delirious spectators. It is not above once in a generation that the dead come alive again and the lost are found. Fincriags at least was persuaded that it was well to rejoice and make merry. What carping tongue was to recall the folly and the sufferings connected with the misadventure which had all come right at last? The women who had counted themselves widowed—with their houses made desolate, because the protectors and bread-winners were taken away before their time, so that

nothing save pinching poverty and cold charity lay before the mothers with their helpless broods—clustered on the beach sobbing in sheer thankfulness. The noisy young lads and lasses, who had been subdued into abashed, frightened silence by the woeful tale that fathers and elder brothers were gone, and mothers had now none better than these light-hearted, light-headed "halfins" to depend upon for the supply of their wants, rushed down to the shore, indulging in a thousand fresh antics, the better to throw off the brief shadow which had darkened the morning of their lives. Gladness was far louder and more demonstrative than grief, and who could refrain from being glad? Was this a time to spy ferlies?

Fast and furious as the rejoicing grew, no echo of it reached the remote cottage at the back of the bents, and nobody had sufficient leisure or thought—not to say self-denial—at first, to go out of the way to relieve the two women of the burden of mourning which had become altogether inappropriate—a discord in the harmony.

The unwarrantably assured and heedless men of the "Seamaw" were received as if they had been so many heroes—noble, dutiful, generous—who had laid down their own ease and satisfaction, and had not counted their lives dear for the peace and well-being of others, and for the cause of righteousness. Are there not many popular heroes who have as little real claim to the name as had the crew of the fishing-boat?

There is a mingled element of good and evil in human nature which renders it impulsive and indiscriminating in its tributes. The kindly side of humanity is ready to swallow a larger camel than that offered to it by the heroes of the "Seamaw," in order to have its part in the blessed tumult when weeping is changed into laughter. The sorry side will not inquire too closely into motives which reflect its own shortcomings—living in a glass-house itself, it refuses to throw stones.

To do the men of the "Seamaw" justice, they were a good deal overwhelmed by the style of their reception. They were blate to begin with; keener to escape from the ovation lavished on them than exultant in its extravagance. They tried to free themselves from their welcomers. The welcomed cried, "Houts, houts, there's naething to make a steer about! We're here, and there's nae mair to be said;" and grew impatient as well as ashamed of the infliction—the plague of popularity on which they had stumbled. They were fain to take refuge in the nearest house from their enthusiastic pursuers.

Unfortunately it was a public-house, and the public were at liberty to follow the fugitives and insist on standing them a treat all round. Who could resist such warm cordiality and absorbing regard? The objects of all this attention began to get infected with the spirit of the hour. They commenced to doubt their own secret convictions,

and to believe themselves the heroes they were represented to be. They consented to accept the homage; they waxed every moment surer that they deserved it. They raised their heads and beamed in its light and heat; then took to spinning proud yarns of the extent of the shoal which had detained them, and the amount of each man's haul.

Hughie Baillie had made a greater stand than the rest. He had protested, "I maun hame at aince, I canna bide a minute." But a dozen detaining hands had made a dash to grip his jacket, and a score of voices had risen in loud opposition—"You'll no gie us the go-by this day aboon a' days, Hughie. You'll drink a richt gude gill for auld lang syne, and because of the happy meetin' we never hoped to have again. Sowl! man, we're pleased to hae you in our midst aince mair. The mither and the wife are out o' cry; you're no that bund thirl to them, as to fear their very sheddies. You'll carry the tidings that you're still in the body to them, you're ain sell, and they'll no hae the heart to wyte you then. They'll be ower thankfu' to hear the soum' o' your vice."

Hughie had always found a difficulty in saying no. Now he was agitated, piqued, flattered, all at once. He was carried off his feet like his companions. He sat down to drink but one glass of good-will to his entertainers. Then he could not be treated without treating in his turn—especially after such a piece of good-luck as the shoal which had fallen to the share of him and his fellows. Hughie had never been mean and grudging. He recoiled from the name of such qualities as about the worst that could be applied to him. He had never set himself up in the light of being superior to his neighbours. He shrank from such an ungenerous implication; knowing well—as he did know—all the best points of the brave, kind, foolish lads around him, he even felt inclined in his modesty to rate their courage and tenderness of heart above his own.

The one glass was multiplied by five or six, till Hughie had forgotten, for the fast flying moments, all nearer claims on him, and laughed, shouted, and bragged—unassuming as he was by nature—of his exploits, with the best of his comrades.

Some of the elder and steadier of the company began to experience a reaction from their state of inflation, and to be conscious of a dawning sense of sheepish affront for the anti-climax which was likely to be the end of the incident. These calmer, more cautious spirits slipped away, one at a time. In other cases the wives of the restored men, who had not been able to let their prizes out of their sight, and had accompanied them into the ale-house, succeeded in wiling a few of them out of temptation. The gathering was dissolving by degrees; but a considerable knot of women, who were not yet far past the verge of hysterics, and of men whose glee was rapidly degenerating into riot, remained in the public-house, when the half-open

door was pushed wide by a hasty hand, and Jean Baillie, in her house mutch and apron, with no shawl round her bent shoulders, or bonnet to shelter her worn face from the hot blaze of the afternoon sun, pressed into the circle.

Jean's appearance was so unusual and unlooked for, that it arrested at once every tongue and glass, and fixed all eyes on the intruder. She came in with her wan, furrowed face, as if her eyes were dazzled. She looked as if she distinguished nobody, till her glance fell on Hughie, sitting staring open-mouthed at his mother. She gave no cry of hungry mother's love and supreme happiness, while she advanced straight to him and touched his shoulder with that shaking old hand of hers, which had once been so untiring in work and faithful in service, which had fended for him in his helpless infancy and thoughtless youth. "Hughie," she said, in shrill, vibrating tones, which rang in every ear, "I heard tell you were alive and safe, but I would rather hae kenned you dead than drunk this day. Sybbie's time has come, and her labour is hard. Her spirit is on the ficht; I kenna gin it would have stayed for you, but I thoct to win it back, or to gar it pass wi' a foretaste o' heaven's joy, at the sight o' her man, and noo, noo——" Jean broke off, dumb with reproach and despair.

It is said that a sudden, violent shock will sometimes sober even the most intoxicated man, and Hughie was more drunk with excitement than with whisky. He took in every word his mother said, and understood it all. Though his face became drawn and distorted with the mortal pain of the stroke which had been dealt to him, he was able to control himself. He did no more than leap to his feet and cry desperately, "I'm ready, mither; come on."

No one interfered to stop the mother and son, to condole with them, to say a word of apology for Hughie, and forlorn hope for Sybbie. No one proposed to accompany the pair and lend them support in their need, though a perfect gust of sighs and tempest of groans followed their departure.

Death was not to be cheated of his prize. Hughie had escaped from the clutch of the last enemy, but it was only that the skeleton fingers might be laid on Hughie's wife. Joy had come to many, but bitter sorrow and endless remorse were to be Hughie Baillie's portion. His punishment had been quick and sharp, and would last long. He was to serve in future for a warning and example to the men who felt in their honest appalled hearts that they had been no better, but, for the most part, far worse than poor Hughie had been. That lesson of the tower of Siloam and its fall was repeated for every generation. "I tell you, nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

Alone and in silence the couple crossed the bents in the unclouded sunshine. The doctor and the nearest neighbours had been with poor young Sybbie. The first had just left, since no more

could be done. One woman had already carried away the wailing baby to find a temporary place for it in her own motherly bosom and her child's cradle, though she had to turn out her own child to make room for the stranger. The other woman paused in hanging up a cloth before the window, and stole away to wait till her farther assistance was required. Alone together mother and son looked down on the motionless dead—never more to spring up and greet them.

Every vestige of suffering and sorrow had vanished with her last breath from Sybbie's face. The angel of death, which is God's angel and not the devil's after all, had brushed away with one sweep of his wings all trace of struggle and heart-break. Peace had set its ineffaceable seal on the little white face—altogether soft and girlish—which, indeed, was more like that of the bride Hughie had brought home a year before, than it had ever looked again, happy and well cared for as Hughie Baillie's wife and Jean Baillie's daughter had been.

Yet Hughie—gazing blankly at the sight of that which he still felt in his stunned heart meant the light of his eyes gone out, and the desire of his heart taken from him, so long as this life, which was still in its youthful prime for him, should last—awoke from his stupor and cried out in wild self-accusation, "Hae I killed my Sybbie, mither, though God, who sees a', kens how I lo'ed her? Will she never be able to hear me speak, or to speak to me again? Sall I never be able to make up to her for the madness of a moment? Whaur was I, and what cam ower me, that I wasna by her side when her pains took her, to bid her cheer up for my sake, and gin I but to lose her, to catch the dead-cast o' her bonnie een?"

Then his mother's heart melted towards him. She shut his mouth, and told him it was the Lord's doing, even in teaching him so terrible a lesson. She fell on his neck, clasping it as he had clasped hers of old, and comforted him as a mother comforts her only son. "My laddie, my widowed laddie, wi' a mitherless wean! even as I carried you fatherless in these auld sticks o' airms. You never meant it, Hughie, never, my son. You wadna hae hurt a hair o' her head, as wha kened that better than Sybbie hersell, that didna cry for you, seein' she thocht you were gane hame before her. Hurt! you gathered the hair thegither in a love lock and kissed it, and laid the head that bore it on your breist, and prood and blessed it was to lie there, so long as the Lord would permit. Your fell loss will never be laid at your door, or sought at your hand, never, Hughie, my man."

The minister corroborated Jean's testimony with a further solemn appeal, "Baillie, your wife died content to die, believing that you had entered before her into the Paradise of God; see that you follow after her there, where no waiting will seem wearisome, because a thousand years in His sight

are but as one day, and those who are so happy as to be with Him see the end from the beginning. It rests with yourself, under God, whether you will or will not fail your wife in the end."

In the years to come, whoever continued to frequent the old ale-house, with or without excess, Hughie Baillie's foot never more crossed its threshold. And with a curious, shy respect for the piteous calamity which had caused him to shun the place as he would have shunned a dead-house, not one of the most careless of his companions, seeing Hughie coming in or setting out for the fishing, discussing the day's events with other comrades, or playing with his child on the braes or the sands, ever asked him to relax his rule or abandon his resolution.

A Vision of Life.

THE sun was shining one gay Spring morn,
And a gladsome maid was singing,
And round her the lilac and fair white thorn
In budding grace were springing.

Her eye was bright with the early hope,
And the love without suspicion;
And the sweet lips' quivering smile bespoke
A golden dream's fruition.

Poor eyes! so bright, so soon to weep;
Poor lips! to pale with sorrow;
Poor glittering dream! to wake from sleep,
And fade in life's to-morrow.

Poor hope! so fair, to perish and sink
In the sad world's ceaseless striving;
Poor love! so sweet, to shrivel and shrink
In the bitter care of living.

Glad eyes! so pure, to turn from earth;
Blest lips! to learn Heaven's chanting;
True hope! of great immortal birth;
Strong love of God's own planting.

Fair dream of life and hope and love
Where sorrow cometh never;
The tears below, the joy above,
And the love and life for ever!

M. B. J.

Little Billy's Messenger Pigeon.

By MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES.

ONE very hot sultry day in the beginning of summer I was sitting close to the open window to catch the little breath of wind and air that was to be had. It was so hot that even the larks had ceased to sing in the sky, and had dropped into the corn to shelter themselves from the heat—a day when there was not so much as a breath of air to ripple the water or to stir a rose-leaf. All nature seemed to be hushed. Now and then, it is true, a large bumble-bee did manage to keep herself on the wing, going past, or suddenly drifting in at the open window, tempted perhaps by the shade—coming in with such a sleepy, drowsy hum as if it were all it could do to keep awake, so as

to carry its heavily-laden honey-bags to its "bink" or hive. All the field-labourers were at home resting, so that every sound was still, and had any one passed through our village it would certainly have appeared a deserted one, for even the sheep in the park lay close out of sight under shelter of a wall or hedge, almost too lazy to chew their cud.

All at once, out of the general stillness, there came from the direction of the old broken-down sawpit by the stable-green the sound of children's voices, and, as was soon very evident, they were in high dispute, soon ending in painful screams from more than one of the party. Snatching up an old felt hat and the first umbrella that came to hand, I hastened out to see if the affray could be stopped before any serious damage was done, and came upon a group of little children who were still too young to go to the district school, in the middle of which, as we suspected, was Billy Hislop, playing truant from school once more, busily engaged slapping and scratching at Peter Keith's face, and threatening with the same fate every one who tried to stop him. Being their Sunday School teacher, they had a sufficiently wholesome dread of me, so that no sooner had they become aware of my presence than Billy was standing stock-still, his hands behind his back, trying to look as if *he* at least had had nothing to do with the uproar whatever; while poor Peter, seeing that a friend had come to his rescue, opened his mouth and roared twice as loud as he had done before.

A peremptory "What is all this noise about?" caused half a dozen to call out their version of the story, some taking Billy's side, some the unfortunate Peter's, who, judging by his face, had certainly had the worst of it.

"Peter spat in Billy's face."

"Billy scratched Peter's, and his nose is all blood,"—a statement that caused Peter to shut his eyes and howl with terror.

"Oh dear, oh dear, to think of children being so very naughty, and on such a very hot day too! Come now, let us sit down, all of us, on the grass, and see what God has got to say to us about it. The birds must teach us to-day, and I am sure if you will open your ears very wide, that they have a message from our Father in heaven Himself to us His troublesome children."

Billy's curiosity having become excited, for the first time in our experience, he complied at once, while Peter, being the only one allowed to sit under the shade of the umbrella, was already smiling through his tears at the "wee housey" over his head.

Everything was so still for ever so many minutes, not even a twitter from a house-sparrow being audible, that a warning finger had to be held up, and a mysterious hush! whispered now and again to induce them to sit still. At length, instead of the song of a distant lark, which I was hoping would be heard, there came a well-known sound

—the full, rich, mellow coo of a wood-pigeon, as if brooding over its nest in the top of the tallest fir-tree in the wood close at hand,—“coo-coo-coorookity-coo.” “Hearken! what was that, children?”

“It was a cushy-doo cooing,” said Billy promptly. “And what do you think it was saying?”

“I dinna ken,” from Billy, and imitative “coorookity coos” from Peter and the others. “It had a message, though, and the message to my ears was, ‘Be ye gentle as doves.’ Now listen, Billy, and all of you: God wants to tell you by the voice of the cushy-doo that all little birds in their nests agree. *They* never quarrel and scratch each other's faces. When God sees little boys and girls fighting it grieves Him sorely, because He expects them to be as well behaved as the birds—better behaved, indeed. Weren't we speaking on Sunday about the holy angels being round about little children—?”

“Yes,” eagerly interrupted little Mary Thoms, “you said the angels guard our beds. But are they near us here, this very moment?” And Mary looked round into the sunshine with a half-scared look.

“If we love God, and try our best to be good children, ‘He gives His angels charge concerning us,’ wherever we are, by day or by night. But there are bad angels too, and sometimes the bad angels—”

“Div the bad angels do as father does?” said Johnnie Brash. “He takes my two hands in his, and makes me strike Davy, just in fun, though. Did the bad angels take a grip o' Billy's hands and make him scratch Peter?”

“What's the cushy saying noo?” said Billy, anxious to draw off public attention from himself.

“Ah, it's saying a lot of things, Billy, only it is too hot to stay and tell you just now; but when you are older, my boy, I hope you will learn to hear God's voice in a great many things speaking to you, that is to say, if you could only open your very inattentive ears. You have listened wonderfully well to-day, but you know that your ears are not of very great use to you, and don't seem to be able to take in anything.”

“I'm awa' hame to my mither,” said Billy, his lip slightly quivering; “it was a' Peter's blame, for he spat in my face first.”

“Very well, Peter must be spoken to, but as you have made his face so very dirty, you had better get me some water to wash it before going home;” and as there was no vessel handy, they got the loan of my old felt hat to fill at the well; but Peter was kept under the umbrella still, to have a private lecture administered to him against this new habit he had lately acquired of spitting in the faces of his companions, with or without any provocation. The cushy-doo had a special message for him, and it was interpreted to be saying, “Dirty little Peter! *dirty* little Peter!” The sight of the procession coming back in triumph with the hat, drove

back the tears that, in his case, were too ready to flow, and though there was not very much water left when it reached us, there was enough to make Peter's face more presentable. By that time the little thunder-storm of ill-temper had passed away, and they were soon busily engaged, in spite of the heat, building a house, and laying in a good stock of sand to turn into imaginary sugar and tea for the shop Billy meant to be master of.

And so the matter ended, as we thought at the time, but it was not so, for apparently God blessed the words that were spoken that day, the blossom of which bore fruit a short while afterwards.

Billy Hislop as a Sunday scholar had before this time been a particularly trying one to his teacher. The united efforts of two of the biggest and best-behaved boys scarcely kept him still on his seat, he was so very restless; and though he could read very well for his age, he was so provoking about it, that, oftener than not, he was passed over; time being too precious to waste on him and his tricky ways. At the day-school, when he could be induced to go there, it was just the same; and at home, though his mother tried to do her best to keep him in order, he was, as she said, "as full of mischief as an egg is full of meat," and such a trouble to her that, having so many younger than he was, she was forced to let him do just as he pleased. To complain to his father was next door to useless, for he just laughed, and rather encouraged Billy than otherwise, by saying in his hearing, it was just the way he himself had behaved when a youngster, and that the boy was "a boy of spirit, not a milk-sop, and a chip of the old block into the bargain."

The very next Sunday, after our talking to the children on the green, Billy was much quieter, and for the first time seemed to take an interest in the lessons, which happened to be, first about Daniel in the lions' den, and afterwards the story of the sufferings and death of Christ, as told in the "Peep of Day." What had come over the boy? the tears were actually standing in his eyes as he listened to the old, old story! After this, there was little or no trouble whatever with him, either at the Sunday or day school, which he attended regularly now; and at home he got himself into a snug corner, and sat reading with—his mother said—"his eyes glued to the paper." He had no time now for playing off tricks upon his companions, but would be found sitting behind a bush in a field, or up among the hay in some barn or loft, with a book, so great had his thirst for knowledge become. Between every two story-books he borrowed from us he always asked for the "Peep of Day," and once when we inquired why he got it so often, he replied quite simply and frankly, "I'm feared the story-book stories get into my head and knock Jesus out; I like the story about Him best of a'."

Though he was really so much occupied with his books, it was plainly seen that in more ways than one a great change had come over Billy, for

instead of being no help to his mother, he became obliging and gentle and useful; and as for his companions, they seemed to regard him with a feeling of wonder not unmixed with awe, so strangely good had he become.

One day, on our meeting him alone on the road from the neighbouring town, he began to talk about the Sunday lessons we had had, and after a time he said, "You were wondering why the wee laddies didna sit still; but I ken."

"Do you, Billy? then tell me."

"You forgot to ask the Dove to come and keep us a' quiet afore you opened the 'Peep o' Day.'"

Billy referred to a little prayer we were in the habit of saying, namely, "O Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, come Thou into the midst of us and help us to keep quiet while we hear about Jesus and the love of God our Father. Amen."

"So I did. Ah Billy, see what it is to grow old; when I was as young as you are, I had *such* a good memory, but now I have so many things to think of that my old head gets stupid. But I'll tell you what you can do to help me. If ever you see me forget again just you stand up."

"Ay, I dinna think I could do that," said Billy, shaking his head emphatically; "no, I couldna do it."

"What! you couldn't stand up! what's to hinder you? I was expecting better things of you, Billy. Didn't you tell me not long ago, on this very road, that you would like to be a little soldier of the Cross?"

"Yes, I said it," said Billy, "and I meant it then, and I want to be it the-now, but——"

"But what? surely you are not ashamed to stand up for Christ! Ah Billy, if this is the case, remember He will be ashamed of you."

"No, it's no' that, but——"

Unfortunately a lady interrupted us by coming suddenly upon us from a side-path, and Billy darted off without explaining his difficulty.

Next Sunday afternoon, being a little curious to see if Billy would stand up to remind me of the prayer, I made a pretence of opening the book once more, as if I had forgotten. Out of the corner of my eye I could see his face getting redder and redder, his eyes larger and larger, and his breath coming fast and faster out from his parted, quivering lips. Then, pushing his hands deep down into his pockets, up he stood.

The moment he rose to his feet I knew the making up his mind to do what he had done was no easy thing, for there was Davy Brownlee, the monitor of that particular form upon which Billy sat, clenching his hand, and looking at him with fierce, angry eyes, that were saying as plainly as eyes could, "Wait till I get you out, and I'll give you as good a welting as ever you got in your life."

But why was Davy Brownlee so angry, do you ask? Listen, and I will tell you.

(To be concluded.)

"Seven Hundred."¹

THERE are, it seems, about seven hundred names on our Communion Roll. Seven hundred persons, that is to say, who have "come out" and publicly declared themselves on the "Lord's side;" who have called heaven and earth to witness that whatever others may do they will serve the Lord; who have enrolled themselves as soldiers of the Cross, and stand pledged to war the good warfare, to fight the good fight. A battalion in the great Christian army seven hundred strong. What latent force in such a corps! three hundred made Thermopylae.

Suppose these seven hundred felt themselves, and sought to act as, "priests unto God," it is not too much to expect that they would devote an hour and a half every week to special Christian effort. That represents 1050 hours spent with the direct and distinct aim of advancing the kingdom of Christ, as much time, that is, as the fifteen ministers of the Church of Scotland in Aberdeen—supposing they work ten hours a day—give to that object. One thousand and fifty hours per week. Fancy a minister being asked to suggest occupation for these in addition to his own seventy! What a Cræsus he would feel! How lavishly he would throw about hours to this work and to that! A big slice to the children. The thirty teachers in the Sabbath School would be doubled right away. A Missionary Working Party would be crowded. The poor and the sick would never want for tending, and when all these, and various other needs, were supplied, there would be many hours still that might be spent by the wisest and most human-hearted (most human-hearted, because in most living union with the God-man, Christ) in aiding, by healing sympathy and helpful counsel, the weak, the weary, the fallen, and in bringing the wholesome breath of Christian truth into homes where its sweetness and freshness and life-giving power are as yet unknown.

But take another view. Apart altogether from the time that might be devoted to special Christian effort by seven hundred persons, supposing them wholly consecrated to the Divine service, what a witness for God there would be in their common life! for—granting the consecration—it would not be on special occasions, or in special circumstances merely, that the Christian spirit in them would manifest itself, but on every occasion, in every circumstance, wherever and however placed. The religion that is put on and off with the Sunday clothes, and not worn in the family circle, in the place of business, as well as in the House of God, is no religion at all.

One saintly life is a power. Its sphere may be a very modest one. There may be nothing potent in the life except the saintliness, but the saintliness alone makes that life a centre from which holy influences go radiating forth, to quicken here, to brighten there, to be now a shield, and now a spur, to make one ashamed of failure, another hopeful of victory. Fancy the effect of seven hundred saintly lives, so many having as their sphere the workshop, so many the office, so many the school, all the home. Seven hundred whose lives, by their faithfulness and self-forgetfulness, by their purity and sincerity, by their quick sympathy and ready helpfulness, by their fearless adherence to Christian principle at any and every cost, witnessed consistently and persistently for Christ. What an effect they would have! What a splendid volume of Christian evidences they would furnish! No sceptic could withstand the force of such an argument.

Is it unreasonable to expect that these things should be? It is only implying that the *high profession* made time after time at the Lord's table should be followed by an equally *high practice*.—From *Supplement to "Life and Work" for Rosemount Parish, Aberdeen*,—Rev. Duncan Campbell, B.D., Minister.

¹ With a change of the number, according to the length of the Communion Roll, in how many of our parishes may this article be pondered with advantage!—Ed.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. What king of Judah slew the murderers of his father, but did not slay their children? Find in Deuteronomy the commandment which he thus obeyed. 2. Find in Genesis five examples of God speaking by a dream to persons not within the Jewish covenant. 3. Find other five instances of the same thing—one in Judges, two in Daniel, two in Matthew. 4. Select from Stephen's defence (Acts vii.) at least six statements which declare that God's favour was not confined to Palestine. 5. Find four verses of the New Testament in which Christ is called the "Word." 6. What chapter contains seven of Christ's parables and the explanation of two of them? 7. To what person were two books of the New Testament addressed by the same author? Give the passages. 8. Find four New Testament texts in which Jesus is expressly called "just." 9. Find five other New Testament texts in which Jesus is expressly called "holy." 10. Find seven other New Testament texts declaring the sinlessness of Jesus, though not containing the words "just" or "holy."

ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Luke 10. 42; Mark 10. 21; John 9. 25; Phil. 3. 13, 14; Ps. 27. 4. 2. Judges 9. 7-20: Abimelech. 3. 2 Kings 14. 9: Amaziah, King of Judah, 4. Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, buried under an oak, Gen. 35. 8: Deborah, the prophetess, dwelt under a palm-tree, and judged Israel, Judges 4. 4, 5. 5. The sound of *sh*, Judges 12. 6. 6. At Christ's baptism, Luke 3. 22; transfiguration, Luke 9. 35; close of His ministry, John 12. 28. 7. Acts 20. 35. 8. James killed, Acts 12. 2: Peter's death prophesied, John 21. 18, 19. 9. Agabus foretold famine, Acts 11. 28, and captivity of St. Paul, Acts 21. 10, 11. 10. (1) Smyrna; (2) Thyatira; (3) Pergamos; (4) Philadelphia; (5) Ephesus; (6) Laodicea; (7) Sardis.

Calendar for October.

1	Su.	Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Jude
2	M.	Keep thyself pure.—1 Tim. 5. 22. [21.]
3	Tu.	Seek the Lord, and ye shall live.—Amos 5. 6.
4	W.	With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.—
5	Th.	God knoweth your hearts.—Luke 16. 15. [Isa. 54. 8.]
6	F.	We live unto the Lord.—Rom. 14. 8. [9.]
7	Sa.	Christ the Lord both of the dead and living.—Rom. 14.
8	Su.	Prepare to meet thy God.—Amos 4. 12.
9	M.	Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.—1 Pet. 3. 15.
10	Tu.	Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.—Ps. 119.
11	W.	Turn you to the Stronghold.—Zech. 9. 12. [37.]
12	Th.	Commit thy works unto the Lord.—Prov. 16. 6.
13	F.	In Him we live, and move, and have our being.—Acts
14	Sa.	Blessed is he that watcheth.—Rev. 16. 15. [17. 28.]
15	Su.	Collection for Endowment Scheme.—2 Cor. 9. 7.
16	M.	The Lord is able to give thee much more than this.—2
17	Tu.	Great is thy faithfulness.—Lam. 3. 23. [Chron. 25. 9.]
18	W.	Faithful in that which is least.—Luke 16. 10.
19	Th.	Let us search and try our ways.—Lam. 3. 40.
20	F.	Confess your faults one to another.—James 5. 16.
21	Sa.	Pray one for another.—James 5. 16.
22	Su.	The Desire of all nations shall come.—Hag. 2. 7.
23	M.	What wait I for? my hope is in Thee.—Ps. 39. 7.
24	Tu.	Set me as a seal upon Thine heart.—Cant. 8. 6.
25	W.	What have I to do any more with idols?—Hosea 14. 8.
26	Th.	He doth not afflict willingly.—Lam. 3. 33.
27	F.	His compassions fail not.—Lam. 3. 22.
28	Sa.	The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him.—Lam.
29	Su.	I will fill this House with glory.—Hag. 2. 7. [3. 25.]
30	M.	Lead me in Thy truth, and teach me.—Ps. 25. 5.
31	Tu.	Casting all your care upon Him.—1 Peter 5. 7.

NOVEMBER.

1	W.	They searched the Scriptures daily.—Acts 17. 11.
2	Th.	He kneeled upon his knees three times a day.—Dan. 6.
3	F.	When ye pray say, Our Father.—Luke 11. 2. [10.]

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1882.

SEAT RENTS.

THE Kirk-Session will attend in the Church on THURSDAY THE 16TH, AND FRIDAY THE 17TH CURRENT, from 2 till 5 o'clock P.M., and on the evening of FRIDAY THE 17TH, from 7.30 till 9 o'clock, to let the sittings to present occupants for the year to Martinmas 1883; also, on Friday, the 24th current, from 2 till 4 o'clock, to let any sittings not then retaken.

To prevent crowding and confusion, sitters in the area of the church are requested to take their sittings on Thursday, the 16th current (pews 1 to 90 between 2 and 3.30 o'clock, and from 91 to 144 between 3.30 and 5 o'clock); and sitters in the gallery on Friday, the 17th current (pews 145 to 200 early in the day, and pews 201 to 232 later).

Seat-holders will please bring their last year's tickets with them, and mark their addresses thereon, where there has been a change of residence.

The Kirk-Session particularly request that all sitters will retake their sittings on Thursday the 16th, or Friday the 17th, as sittings not then retaken will be held to be given up, and will be allocated to other applicants on Friday the 24th current.

The Congregation are requested to pay particular attention to the days and hours above mentioned, as much trouble and confusion are thereby avoided. For further information, application may be made to Mr. Smith, 7 St. Vincent Street, or to the Church-Officer at the Church.

St. Stephen's Association in support of the FEMALE MISSIONS of the Church of Scotland.

The Committee, in presenting their annual statement to the Congregation, desire to remind them that the object of the Association is to collect systematically for the Female Missions of our Church. For this purpose, the Congregation is divided into districts, with a collector for each, and the time of collecting is in November and beginning of December. It is almost impossible, with such a scattered Congregation, to include every family in a district; the Committee therefore request that any who may not be waited on by a Collector during the time mentioned, and who may wish to subscribe, will kindly send their contributions to any of the Committee.

The Female Missions of the Church are well known to the members of the Congregation through other channels; suffice it here to say, that they are most useful auxiliaries to the Schemes of the Church. A Female Agency gains access to homes which could not be reached in any other way, and by means of such an agency many of the women of India are rescued from ignorance and idolatry. The work is carried on as formerly at our various stations by means of Zenana visiting, Schools, and Orphanages, thus reaching all classes of society. The higher classes now willingly open their Zenanas to the Christian teacher, and the lower send their children

to our schools, knowing well that they are Christian schools. The sum collected for this mission last year was £18:11:6; this, in addition to the sum subscribed for Pursawaukum, the special St. Stephen's Mission, of which a special report is given.

The Ladies' Jewish Mission carry on their work principally by schools at the stations where the Church has Missionaries. These schools are all well attended, and although it cannot be said that there are many tokens of the truth taking root in the hearts of the young, the very fact that the children are allowed to attend schools with Christian teachers shows that there is not now the bitter hostility that once existed against Christianity. The work of christianising the Jew must be a very slow and gradual work; they have been too long a crushed and despised people to be speedily brought to change their religion; yet the work is a hopeful one, for we have God's sure word of promise that the time to favour Zion will come. For this object £41:10:6 was collected last year. Surely a little more might be contributed amongst us for this important Mission.

The third Association supported is the Gaelic Schools and Bursary Fund; useful as a means of helping promising lads to get sufficient education to fit them for the University, and ultimately to be trained as Gaelic-speaking Ministers. The sum contributed last year for this society was £27:13s. This, however, does not represent all the contributions from the Congregation, as a sum equal to the above was collected otherwise from members, though not through the organised channel.

The Committee would commend these schemes to the liberality of the Congregation; and while giving them pecuniary support, let the blessing of God be implored upon all the efforts made to bring many into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Committee.

Mrs. Macleod, *President.* Mrs. T. Stevenson, *Treasurer.*
Mrs. Gillespie. Miss Blackwood.
Mrs. Macnab. Miss Tawse, *Secretary.*

Collectors.

Mrs. Bilton, 17 Lennox Street.
Mrs. Girdwood, 30 Moray Place.
Mrs. Hardie, 4 Scotland Street.
Mrs. Robertson, 27 Saxe-Coburg Place.
Mrs. T. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row.
Miss Boyd, 7 Dean Terrace.
Miss Brodie, 29 Howe Street.
Miss Cœsens, 17 Hope Crescent.
Miss Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace.
Miss Forrester, 8 Drummond Place.
Miss Gordon, 30 Royal Circus.
Miss J. Kennedy, 71 Great King Street.
Miss Leishman, 4 Douglas Crescent.
Miss Mann, 22 Raeburn Place.
Miss Macnab, Howard Place.
Miss Munro, Howard Place.
Miss Pott, Inverleith Row.
Miss Stewart, 61 Northumberland Street.
Miss Symington, 13 Dundas Street.
Miss C. Tawse, 11 Royal Terrace.
Miss Stephen, 3 Gloucester Place.

The Collection for PURSEWAKUM is taken at the same time. A separate and special report will be circulated containing much interesting information recently received from Miss Gordon.

Prayer Meetings.

The fortnightly Prayer Meeting in the Church will commence on Thursday, November 9, at 3 P.M.

The weekly Thursday Evening Service in Horne Lane will be commenced on the 9th November at 7.30.

Bible Classes.

The opening meeting of the Young Women's Association and Bible Class will be held in the Mission Hall, 44 Jamaica Street, on Monday the 6th, at 8 o'clock.

New members desiring to join either the Class or Association are specially requested to attend on that evening.

All the members of St. Stephen's can help by bringing this Class under the notice of those for whose benefit it is intended, and all who are already members may do much to increase the attendance, saying one to the other, "Come thou with me, and I will do thee good."

The THURSDAY AFTERNOON Class or Bible-reading will commence on the 16th at 3.15 in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street. There ought to be a much larger attendance of the young people of the Congregation at this Meeting. It is more of the nature of a "Bible-reading" than a Class, there being little catechetical instruction given. The subjects will be afterwards announced.

Collections this Month.

The Collection for the HOME MISSION will be made on the 12th.

As usual, the "ROYAL INFIRMARY" Collection falls to be made on the last Sunday of the month.

It need scarcely be said that both are objects of the first importance.

Musical Association.

The meetings will be resumed on Friday, the 3d November, at 5 P.M., in the Mission Hall. The Association made a satisfactory commencement last year, and it is hoped that it will be even more prosperous this winter. All who desire to become members are invited to be present at the opening meeting. The music for the first meeting is "The Lord is a Lamp," and "As the hart pants."

The Choir practisings will be held hereafter in the Church on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock.

It may be mentioned that a few additional psalm and hymn tunes have been prepared, under the supervision of Professor MacLagan and Mr. Curle, including some Doxologies and Dismissals, chiefly from the Paraphrases used in the time of Dr. Muir's ministry. With these many of the Congregation have sacred associations, and they will doubtless be glad occasionally to use them once more. The tunes, which can easily be added to the present tune-books, may be obtained from Mr. Matheson at the Church, price threepence.

Children's Services.

The Afternoon Sermon on the first Sabbath of every month between the October and April Communion will be for the young. Parents, Sabbath School Teachers, and

others, are requested to use their best efforts to secure the attendance of the children on these occasions.

Mr. Playfair proposes to commence a Children's Service on Sabbath forenoons. Particulars will be given afterwards.

Sabbath Morning Christian Fellowship Association.

These meetings, held in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street, on Sabbath mornings at 10 A.M. for prayer and the study of the Bible, are NOT restricted to young men. They are open to all, male or female, who desire to attend.

Young Men's Literary Society.

The opening meeting will take place on the evening of Friday, the 3d November, in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street, at 8 o'clock. The attendance of young men is requested. The Rev. Patrick Playfair will give the introductory address.

Parochial Buildings.

Before these lines are in print, the Kirk-Session in all probability will have concluded arrangements, now all but completed, for the feuing from Dr. Skene, W.S., of the piece of ground to the east of the Parish Schools, nearly opposite the end of Clarence Street. After very careful and full inquiry, it was found that this was the only available site. Upon the whole, it is as suitable as any that could be obtained, being near the Church, in a good locality, and easily accessible from all parts of the parish. As over sixty feet of frontage will be obtained, including the ground now occupied by the east lecture-room, adjacent to the Institute, there will be ample space for the erection of suitable buildings, which will be proceeded with at the earliest possible moment.

The subscriptions now amount to about £1800, and it is requested that the instalments due at this term be remitted to the treasurer, Mr. Colin S. Macrae, W.S., 57 Castle Street. A further sum of at least £200 will be required from the Congregation; but as many, who no doubt intend to do so, have not yet intimated their subscriptions, it is hoped that there will be no difficulty in providing that amount. This is an object which has already called forth the hearty interest and support of the Congregation. Let us not forget that we are now endeavouring to complete a work that will be a benefit to the parish long after we are gone. May God, then, bless our enterprise, and make it to prosper. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it."

Work Society Sale.

This sale will take place in the Schools, Brunswick Street, on the 11th and 13th November. The kind attention of the ladies of the Congregation is directed to this notice.

Lorne Street Church Bazaar.

As there is to be a "St. Stephen's" Stall at this important Bazaar, which takes place at the end of November, any contributions of work or money forwarded to Mrs. Macleod, 7 Royal Circus, will be gratefully received. The object is a thoroughly good one, and deserves the best support of the friends of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh. Already there are 600 members connected with the Iron Church. It is indispensable that a suitable building should immediately be provided.



NOVEMBER 1882.

Sermon.

DEATH.

By the Rev. A. K. H. BOYD, D.D., First Minister of St. Andrews.

“*And to the spirits of just men made perfect.*”
HEB. xii. 23.

SOMETIMES very homely matters bring very solemn facts clearly to our minds, in a startling way.

Late last night, I left the room in which I work, the day's work being over. I put out the light before going: and there was sudden and complete darkness. The thought came upon me, Some day all outward light will go from these eyes in like manner. They may gradually lose the sense of it, through weeks of suffering, and failing strength: or it may flash away, when one's heart is full of plans and cares. And it will be very strange to think, *Now, I am dying: Now, I am dead.* Each of us will have to think that, some day.

What is Beyond? This has always been the great question. My subject is Death: and I wish to look straight at it. Not at the failing strength nor the sharp pain which may lead to it. Not even at the solemn and complete separation it must make from everything and every person here. But what will it take us to? That is the great thing.

Some one told me that he just once saw a daffodil sky. He looked out in the early Summer morning, and it was there,—the very thing: the bright yellow heaven, as the July sun was rising. But he did not think most of the aspect of Nature. For in the night his Mother had died. And he thought, with a great awe and perplexity, Where is she now? Of course, she was gone to Christ: he was perfectly sure of that. But what like now; and where?

I have known people who, even in the first great shock of great bereavement, were heavily perplexed by such thoughts. You may say, morbidly perplexed: but the questionings would not go. What were they doing, what were they thinking of, this morning when we awoke, the Father and Mother who are gone? We knew so well what they used to do and to think of here. Most of what they did, and their most anxious thoughts, were for us their children. And we never were so grateful nor so loving as we ought to have been: God forgive us! They forgave us, long ago.

There is no clearer statement of what comes after death (known to me) than we have in the Catechism:

The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory: and their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection.

The statement is clear and authoritative: but it goes into no details. No more does Holy Scripture. We need not pretend but that we should like to know a great deal more than we do. But, for whatever reason (and one can think of more than one weighty reason) the Christian revelation maintains a solemn reserve. This is a vital characteristic of it. If there were a chapter in the New Testament which gave us particulars of the present state and life of those who have gone before us, you know how that chapter would be read and re-read. But it is not there.

Let us think of what we know.

As for the Body, we know certainly what comes of that: so far. It is laid in the earth: and in a little, there is no trace of it at all. It goes back to the elements. I sometimes go and stand over the graves of good men, laid, centuries since, to rest in a solemn churchyard I know. Many good men, and some few great men, have been laid to rest in that sacred place, where are the ruined walls and arches, where is the green ivy, and all around the everlasting Sea. But the good men are not there. Not even their bodies are there. They are all away, every atom, long ago. We who grew up in the West used to be taken, when we were children, to lonely spots in the waste, among the heather; and to be told that underneath slept a Martyr. It was a vain fancy. His mortal part had been buried there, many generations back. But even it was gone. It had returned to the dust. It had entered again on the round of busy Nature. It was far away.

But what concerns us a thousand times more, is the question Where that goes which knew, and thought, and felt, and loved. Where and what is the soul? It must know where and what it is. It must be good or bad. It must be happy or unhappy. Death may look like an End, for the Body: It is a Beginning, for the Soul. This is certain: it is separate from the Body: separate for a while. In this world, body and soul united made the human being. And after the great Resurrection, it will be so again. “*When this corruptible shall have*

put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, *Death is swallowed up in victory.*" But from the day you die, till the day of the Resurrection, you will be a *disembodied spirit*. And the longer one thinks of what these two words can mean, the more bewildered one grows. Here is the place for a humble and child-like faith, which trusts everything to Christ. When you die: and when you think of father and mother and little child that died: you can never get farther on than good Richard Baxter showed us: "It's enough that Christ knows all; And I shall be with Him." And they *are* with Him. Still, holding tight to this, and trying to be content to know as little as Christ intends us, it is most right that we should watch for every ray of light the Bible gives us. And there is light in my text. There is light in Christ's words (everybody knows to whom), "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." There is assurance in St. Paul's words, "To depart and be with Christ is far better." There is infinite confidence in the unforgettable "To die is gain." Just at this time, we are going to look earnestly at the words in the magnificent passage in Hebrews: "And to the spirits of just men made perfect."

They are the same: the self-same souls we knew, or did not know: only everything good in them made infinitely better. Every weakness, waywardness, defect,—everything that had any touch of evil,—gone quite away. If they had prejudices, and narrownesses: if they took warped views, and could not understand other Christian folk, otherwise trained: if they hated anything in this Universe except Evil: if they could not see all round a large and perplexing subject: all that is gone. They have reached the "*Light, more Light,*" which the greatest understandings did here so long for. I have just finished reading a most enchaining history of the Church of Christ in a certain country I know:¹ one reads it with a very sad heart. And coming from it, how one prizes the assurance that even in clearness of head and fairness of vision just men will be perfect in the Better World who were most sorrowfully imperfect here. That which we call *Wrongheadedness* has in some centuries been very strongly present in some extremely just men. And the lack of power to put one's self in another's place, and to feel for him even supposing him wrong, is a grievous "want," and always has been so, in many zealous Christians. To say it very mildly, it is an *imperfection*. But the spirits of just men have been *made perfect*, There.

All this is good. And those earnest souls will thank Christ for it who have many times been crushed down under the terrible *What is truth, and Where*, thinking of the conflict of the beliefs of good men, and their irreconcilable differences. But, after all, the heart is of more account than

the head: and one values even more what my text says, when one thinks of the assurance it gives us of the perfect goodness of our friends who have gone to Christ. We did not love them here because they were so clever, but because they were so good. I commend, I rejoice in, the quiet unconscious fashion in which that answer in the Catechism puts aside knowledge and wisdom, and says nothing about them, though they are excellent in their way, and goes straight to the more excellent. *The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in Holiness.* Ay, it is moral perfection, not intellectual, that is the chief blessing: it is in *that* we may hope to become like Christ: and even here, kindness and goodness reach our hearts as the clearest and strongest head never can. Wherefore, thinking of the spirits of just men made perfect, we cleave to this; that they have been made perfect in Holiness: and Holiness means everything good: everything pure, kind, sweet, unselfish, loving, reasonable, true. You will never understand, though you try your hardest, what like your Father and Mother are now, who left you years ago, thinking of you to the last, and who have been with Christ in Paradise since then. But you can take this in, and understand it, and hold by it: that if they were good and kind here (and you never forget how good and kind they were), they are a thousand times kinder and better there. One has known men here, but especially women, who seemed (by God's grace) to be already so good (when at their best) that they could hardly be better: but we fancied this only because we do not in any way know how good a spirit made perfect can be. Think of His hopeful words, who said the unforgettable *If ye, being evil*: Think of the prospect of infinite attainment before us in the fashion in which Christ takes it for granted that the very best man or woman in this world is no more than evil according to the measure of goodness which is above. I think I have known men and women here (a very few) who were so good and kind (these must be the words again) that it is by looking at them at their best, and then trying to conceive something far kinder and better than that, I am able to picture out even the Blessed Redeemer, and how He feels towards you and me. Yet, strange to think it, in the brightness of the glory of goodness above, these would look dark with sin!

We shall try to rest in these things, thinking of those nearest to us who have passed into the separate state. They are living there to-day. Their minds are clear: their hearts are good. If ever there were some little weakness or waywardness about them which we wished away, it is away now. And they are happy. They are with Christ. They see the Face which we should know anywhere. Saying these things, now pray to feel them true. Pray the Blessed Spirit to make us feel them true. Pray that prayer (it will not take you long) just for a week: evening, morning, and at noonday.

¹ Dr. Cunningham's *Church History of Scotland*.

Little Billy's Messenger Pigeon.

By MRS. GEORGE CUPPLES.

(Concluded.)

THE monitor who kept the quietest seat got the best mark, and, as a reward, he was allowed to carry the large flag when we set out for our annual picnic, with the girl who kept her form the quietest seated by his side in the great hay-waggon. Two Sundays had only to come, and then the picnic, and Davy Brownlee had the most marks as yet, only Kenneth Slater was very close behind. Davy had worked hard for this place of honour, and he had managed to keep his form up to the mark, notwithstanding that he had a far more restless set to deal with than Kenneth had. And now, when he had done so well, here was he going to lose his mark that day, all owing to Billy Hislop breaking through the rules, and standing up without any cause for it whatever.

Davy looked as if his fingers could scarcely be held back from striking Billy on the spot, only our presence protected him; but I hastened to say, "That's right, Billy, my boy, thank you very much. Davy, Billy had a higher duty to perform, and a higher Master to serve. Do you know what he was doing?"

"He was standing up," said Davy half sulkily.

"Yes, he was standing up, but he was standing up for Christ;" and then I told the children all about it, and put it to them if Davy should lose his mark or not. It was gratifying to hear the voice of his rival Kenneth above the others, saying, "No, no, he should get it all the same," and when one of the girls excitedly proposed that it should be decided then and there that Davy should carry the flag, Kenneth again said most heartily yes to that too. Ah, he knew quite well that it required an amount of moral courage on little Billy's part to defy the hasty-tempered Davy.

When the picnic party set out a fortnight after, there were two large flags instead of one, exactly the same in every way, one waving from the back of the cart, carried by Kenneth, and the other in the front, in the place of honour, held aloft by Davy, who, however, pretended it was far too heavy for him, and therefore he had to get Billy Hislop to help him. If ever there was a proud and happy child it was little Billy that day, and, as he kept looking up from time to time to see that the flag fluttered properly out, we could not help thinking we could feel the presence of another banner waving over him, though unseen—the banner of Christ's love. And, while the children sang their hymns as we journeyed along the road, the favourite one with the girls being—

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss,"

we felt a great satisfaction in thinking that little

Billy was choosing to enroll himself under His banner, and to walk in the narrow way that leadeth unto life eternal.

About this time his father, Tom Hislop, had fallen into drinking habits, or rather it was an old habit revived, and his wife, who was a very diligent, decent woman, but by no means strong, seemed to lose heart so much about it, that, instead of doing everything in her power to keep the house extra bright to wile him away from the public-house, she spent too much time in sitting down to weep and mourn over her sad fate. For ever so long, Billy did not seem to notice how things were going on in his home; the swearing his father indulged in seemed to fall on deaf ears, and all the time that the father was "making a fool of himself," as Mrs. Hislop said, Billy was sitting in his corner reading steadily at the "Peep of Day," with the tears trickling slowly over his face while once more reading of Christ's sufferings.

One afternoon Billy came over to our house with an urgent request to see me alone, but on going into the room where he was, I had to wait for ever so long before he was able to tell his story, so very much agitated was he. It seemed that in the Bible lesson for the day, at school, the words had occurred, "Nor drunkards . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God," and, during the walk home, one of the boys had said in Billy's hearing that Tom Hislop, being a drunkard, would be kept out of the good place, and sent to the bad. Poor little Billy, how he did sob, and what bitter tears he shed! surely if his father had seen him, it would have turned him from his evil course. And how to speak to the boy without shaking his loyal faith in his father? But Billy himself helped us out of the difficulty by saying, "What I came for, was to see if you would ask father over here, so that he could hear the cushy-doo cooing, then maybe you could tell him God's message to him, for hasna the doo messages for big folk as well as bairns?"

"Certainly, Billy, only I think your father would rather have the messages come from God to him through *you*; I was just thinking you might turn yourself into a carrier-pigeon, and give him a special little message that might touch his heart, and keep him from going to the public-house so often."

"But what kind of a message—where am I to get it from—for father?"

"From the Bible itself, Billy; it is full of messages, for it is God's word; but supposing you were to take the "Peep of Day" home again, and instead of sitting in a corner reading it by yourself, you were to ask your father to let you read it aloud while he was at his tea, he might be so interested in hearing it that he would stop in for some time, or even the whole evening. And besides this, you can pray for your father, and so can I too; and we will ask God to give him strength to conquer the demon of drink."

Having to leave home for a week or two, I was

very much grieved to hear on my return that typhoid fever had broken out in our village, and that Billy Hislop had taken it the day before. According to the doctor's account it was going to be a mild case, he thought, but every one had an instinctive feeling that he would not recover. He had been growing so very fast of late, and when I recalled to mind the last interview I had had with him about his father, there had been such a far-away look in his eyes, that made you feel he belonged already to another world. How pleased he was that night to carry off the "Peep of Day" to his father's rescue, and with a little text stored up in his heart to repeat at a favourable opportunity, and his face lighted up with determination to do his utmost to cheer up mother so that she wouldna always be greetin'. "If she would only stop greetin';—it makes father fair daft to see her," had been his last words, showing that he had noticed, as well as other people older than himself, how matters stood, and that he was getting to have an old head on his young shoulders.

He got "the turn," and our fears were subsiding; even his mother was beginning to take heart a little more about him, more especially on the Saturday afternoon, when he seemed to have intervals of refreshing sleep and was very quiet. About two in the morning, however, he suddenly opened his eyes, and looked up with a smile into his mother's and father's faces, and turning to the former he said, "Mother, heaven must be a grand place to be in. Wouldn't ye like to be there? Tell me a story about God and heaven, mother."

"O Billy," said the poor woman, "I dinna ken ony stories o' that kind; it's sae lang since I was a bairn and at the schule."

"Open the window then, father," he said, "and we'll hear what message God will send to us. The mistress says God lets the birds tell us what's His will, if we listen very hard, and pay attention. I wish we could hear the cushy-doo, but maybe the sea-birds will do as well."

At the back of the house the broad estuary of the river stretched along, and happening to be low water at the time, the flats of sand and mud were covered with thousands of sea-birds, their wild weird cry having a soothing effect upon those long accustomed to it.

"Pee-a-weet, pee-a-weet," came stealing into the room, only the words cannot convey the real liquid sound of water, and ocean water, that a sea-bird's real cry has.

"What'll that mean, mother?" said Billy, his eyes gleaming, his face flushing with eager expectation; while his poor mother replied, "O laddie, it's jist a sea-maw's cry, nothing more; shut your eyes, and try and take another sleep like a gude bairn."

"Pee-a-weet, pee-a-weet" repeated Billy. "Couldna ye run over for the mistress, father? she'd maybe be able to tell us what the message is;" but his mother, apprehending no danger, re-

minded him that it was two o'clock in the morning, and that everybody in the village was sound asleep. At that he gave a little sigh, and then shook his head when his mother added, "When we think she's awake, we'll send over for her; so just you go to sleep, Billy." He lay very quiet for some time, with closed eyes, then suddenly opened them to say, "I hear the message now, mother; it's 'Oh, so bright. Oh, so bright!'" and he repeated:—

"There is a better world they say,
Oh, so bright;
Where sin and woe are done away,
Oh, so bright;
Where music fills the balmy air,
And angels pure and fair are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,
Oh, so bright; Oh, so bright!"

"Hush, mother! there's a 'quack' from some of the big foreign ducks; they are saying, 'Come away, come away.' That'll mean, 'Come away to Jesus.' I think, mother, you'll hae to wash my face and hands, and put on a clean, white, *white* gownie on me, a'budy wears white gownies up there; couldna I have one o' the bairn's gowns? when wee baby sister died she had on a bonny gown, and it looked as white as snow."

"My dear Billy! oh, whisht, dinna speak like that! you're a heap better, the doctor says, and you're going to grow up to be a big man, and a great comfort to your broken-hearted mither."

"If I come to Jesus, happy I shall be;
He is gently calling little ones like me,"

repeated Billy. "Na, mother, I maun be ready; hear how the birds are calling me away, calling me away, calling to the better land. Oh, haste ye, mother, an' get me ready."

To please him, as he was too big for the baby's gown to fit him now, his mother looked out one of her own that had a frill round the neck and round the cuffs; and after washing his face and hands, she fastened it on him. He was much exhausted after it, and lay for ever so long, too weak to speak. At last he whispered, "Mother, are you sure there's no ony stains on my gownie? Never mind," he added, "it'll get a' washed out when I cross the river—"

"In the blood of Christ the Lamb,
Washed of every stain I am,
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping through the gates."

Are you greetin', mother? Ye maunna greet. Do ye no' mind o' me telling ye the story o' the mountain lambie that the mistress told us about? It had to cross the river to its mother a' alane; she wouldna come back to help it, though it stood, mae-maing, like to break its poor wee heartie; but the mistress said, that when we crossed the river—mind, mother, we maun a' cross the Jordan river—that Jesus, He'll be there. He'll take a firm grip o' my hands, and *soom* me through safely to the other side. Dinna you be feared, mother, He'll haud up my head, I'll no be drowned. And

so, if there's a stain on the gownie, it'll get washed out in the river.

“ We may be washed from every stain ;
We may be crowned with peace again ;
And in that land of pleasure reign ;
Jesus died.”

“ I was wishing we could hear the cushy-doo, but the pee-a-weets are doing grand. Ye maun mind and tell the mistress what the messages were that God sent me by them.”

“ Father,” he said some time after this, “ I was beginning to read the ‘ Peep of Day ’ to ye, only I got ill, but ye’ll read it for yersel’, wunna ye ? an ye’ll no gang ony mair to the public-hoose, wunna ye no ? Ye’ll try to keep your ears open, and the cushy and the larks and the pee-a-weets will teach ye a’ about heaven ; mind ye, father, nae drunkards get in there. I asked the mistress, and though she didna like to say that it was true, for I was greetin, I kent fine she believed it. Ye wad be kept oot. Oh father, oh mither, mind ye, heaven is a grand place, and I’ll weary sair, sair for you to come to me.”

He lay still and quiet for some time once more, and his mother did her best to restrain her grief lest it would disturb him, hoping he had dropped off to sleep. But when the sun rose, sending long rays of glory across the water, then gradually seemed to fill the whole room and especially the corner where Billy’s bed was, he opened his eyes and gazed round as if taking a last look of earth and sea and sky, and the faces of those he loved. Closing his eyes, and clasping his thin hands, he repeated the last verse of the Sunday School prayer :—

“ Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well,
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.”

Once more he opened his eyes and looked out and up to the radiant sky, then with a smile, as if he saw something transcendently beautiful, he whispered, “ Bonny cushy-doo.” There was a slight quiver of the lip, and a gentle flutter of the breath, and a slight gasp or two, and the spirit of little Billy returned to God who gave it.

His mother and his Sunday School teacher liked to talk of Billy’s last words, and they wondered if the boy had seen a vision in the glory of the heavens of the Spirit of God descending like a dove, to welcome Billy home.

His death was not in vain, for his father became a changed man from that time, and a happier household could not have been found than Tom Hislop’s, nor one more regular in their place at church.

Need it be wondered at, that the wild pigeons’ nest was protected against all comers from year to year ? We liked to think it was the same pair of birds that came again and again to the old nest. Many a warning word was extracted from the soft-toned coo-coo-cooroogity-coo, and even the children

would say among themselves when angry voices were raised, “ Hush ! listen to Billy’s cushy.” Though we weren’t all harmless as doves in our village, the cushat did help us to be better, for many of us were reminded, when we heard the low soft notes, of little Billy and of

“ The beautiful land on high
Where we never shall say ‘ Good-bye,’
When over the river we’re happy for ever
In that beautiful land on high.”

Correspondence Classes.

THE Correspondence Classes of St. George’s Hall, Edinburgh, and those now conducted in Glasgow by an Association for the Higher Education of Women, both work mainly on the lines of study laid down for the Local Examinations of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities ; while St. George’s Hall takes special charge of aspirants for the St. Andrews degree of LL.A. To the many willing students of both sexes who are without opportunities of oral instruction these classes give much help by directing them in a course of systematic study, and much encouragement by securing them the services of painstaking and interested teachers. On joining a class the student receives his plan of study, and thereafter, at intervals of a week or a fortnight, a series of examination papers with questions carefully selected to test the thoroughness of the work he has been doing. Having tried his strength on the questions sent down to him, he forwards his answers to the examiner, who returns them with notes and explanations.

The programme is varied enough to meet the tastes and needs of most learners. Besides the whole circle of subjects embraced by a university curriculum in arts, there are lower and higher classes for modern languages and various departments of Natural Science ; and the grades of instruction range from the Grammar, Geography, and Arithmetic, requisite for the Local “ Preliminaries,” upward to studies in Greek and Philosophy, which few graduates ever leave far behind. The Glasgow prospectus seems to be rather fuller in the Physical Sciences, while the Edinburgh school gives special prominence to the Fine Arts. It is with special pleasure we see that St. George’s Hall, though not sooner than the sister institution, promises this session a *Correspondence Class for Instruction in Scripture*, under the superintendence of the Rev. R. W. Mackersy. An Entrance Bursary of £5 to the Ministers’ Daughters’ College is offered for competition next June at the Edinburgh University Local Examinations. Full particulars regarding it, as well as the St. George’s Hall Classes, may be obtained from Miss E. Walker, Secretary, St. George’s Hall, Randolph Place, Edinburgh. The Honorary Secretary of the Glasgow Correspondence Classes is Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

Our Farm Servants, AND HOW TO HELP THEM.

By an ABERDEENSHIRE MINISTER.

I.

FARM SERVANTS are a class by themselves. In almost every other line of life, the lower grades of it shade off into the higher. The smallest crofter has his ties of business and friendship with bigger crofters and with farmers. The smallest farmer has his larger farmer friends, with whom he comes in contact, who influence him, and whom he in turn influences. But the farm servant is separated by a sharp line of demarcation from all beyond his own class. From early morning, when he goes to work, until evening, when the horses are "suppered," his time is fully occupied. His companionship consists of his fellow-servants at his own or neighbouring farms, and he seldom or never comes at all in contact with other members of the community.

The consequence of this isolation is that he is very little understood by others. You meet two pairs of carts by the way. In the first cart of the first pair is a man in the prime of life; in the first cart of the second pair a young fellow not yet out of his teens. They vouchsafe you no greeting as you pass, except a somewhat prolonged, passionless stare. You set them down as dull, boorish fellows, who know nothing beyond their farm-steading. You are very likely quite mistaken, however. In that passing stare they have probably taken far more accurate measure of you than you have of them. That big powerful "foreman" in the first cart is a steady, trustworthy servant, a good husband and father, who reads the "papers," knows what is going on in the world, and thinks over it shrewdly too; and that "second man" in the third cart is a merry, rather reckless fellow, the wit of the farm kitchen, who, when evening comes, will do his best to set in a roar the small circle around the fire, by hitting off some peculiarity of yours, my superior friend, which he was sharp enough to mark as you passed him!

A great many unjust accusations have been brought against these farm servants, and many impracticable suggestions made regarding their improvement, which have arisen from sheer ignorance on the part of the accusers and suggesters. The writer is anxious to give some account of his experiences among them, in the hope that they may furnish some hints to ministers or others who are interested in their condition. If he fail in doing so, it is not from want of opportunity of knowing the facts of the case. Brought up a farmer's son, having wrought on the farm with the servants, for some years the schoolmaster of a rural parish, and now the minister of a parish the most of which is divided into large farms, and of a congregation the large majority of which is farm servants, he does claim to know well—their characters, modes of thought, and ways of life—the farm servants of the

north and especially of Aberdeenshire and Banffshire.

Any one who has their interests really at heart, and is anxious to do anything to promote them, must expect to find in this, as in any good work, that there are difficulties to be met with.

(1) The first difficulty is to get to know them *individually*. This, however, you must do, else any efforts you may make will have very little result. They are not at all inclined to accept of advice unless they know who the adviser is, and trust him too; and it is not easy so to come to know them as to have a personal influence upon them.

They may be roughly divided into three classes. There are, first, the married servants. These, as a rule, form yearly engagements, and if they do not stay long in one place, move from farm to farm in the same district, and you soon come to know them. There are, next, the steady unmarried servants, and the women servants, and though they "fit" much they do not move often or far from their former "places." But there are, last of all, the inferior "hands," the "halfpings," who are above doing boys' work and not yet fitted for men's, the "loons" or boys just entered service; these, with here and there an "'oot lass," of no character to speak of, form a class at once the most difficult to reach and the most in need of being reached. Boys enter service about thirteen years of age, or even earlier. They have hitherto been attending day school and Sabbath School. Now they have to attend to the cattle, and, especially in winter, have often no opportunity of getting away to the Sabbath School, and but too seldom to church. They thus contract careless habits, above all the habit of non-church-going; they lose the little taste for self-improvement which they had, and when they are advanced to the dignity of working a pair of horses, they mis-spend what time they have at their disposal. Besides all this, they have been, half-year after half-year, on the move from farm to farm, from parish to parish, and have formed no ties binding them to society around them. These it is all but impossible to lay hold of; you have seen them once or twice, and then they are off, you know not where.

(2) Another difficulty, in dealing with farm servants, is to *understand them aright*. They are not accustomed to be spoken to by those not of their own class, and the consequence is that they become uncomfortable and reserved. When a young minister who has lived mostly in towns and amid refined society, visits them and talks to them with perhaps a slightly English accent, the chances are that he is received in dead silence or with suspicious looks. He cannot get a word out of them but "ay," or "na," or "a daarsay," or "nyod, a cudna say," and he is apt to go away with the impression that they have been uncivil and sullen. They have really been nothing of the sort, they have only been "put out," and nervous; they have only been feeling very strongly that there was no common ground of

sympathy between visitor and visited. If, therefore, visiting them is to do the good it ought, those who undertake it must endeavour to understand them, their work, their difficulties, their thoughts and feelings. But of this hereafter.

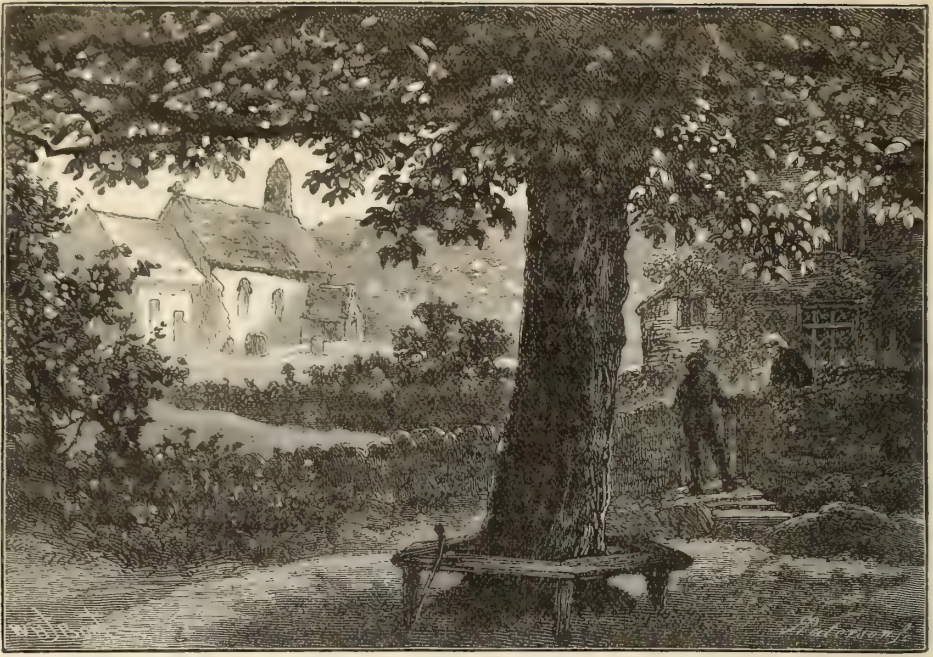
(3) Another difficulty in dealing with them arises from the conditions in which they are placed, which may render of no effect the means of improvement you wish to employ. You urge them to keep up and extend the knowledge they have acquired; that especially in the winter evenings they have much time for this. They tell you in reply that after a day at the plough, in cold and wet often, they are in no mood for study, but feel stiff and tired and sleepy. Or, perhaps, they ask you how you think they *could* study among "a' the din that gangs on roun' the fire." If you still press them by saying that they have their "chaulmer" or sleeping apartment to go to, they will farther inform you that said "chaulmer" has no fireplace, no chair, no table, and that when they do write they have to do it upon the "kist-lid," kneeling on their knees, with the "tackets" in their boots shining like twin constellations. They will go on to tell you still further that they have the cattle to "soop," or the horses to "supper," or the harness to clean, especially in view of Parkie's ploughing-match. Yes, indeed, it is very easy to tell them they should do this and that; but it is not so easy to meet their difficulties, and show them how what you suggest *can* be done. A great deal depends upon the considerateness of the master in making his arrangements with them, a great deal upon the good feeling of fellow-servants, their willingness to help each other, and so on. In short, you need to know, and it is far from easy to know, the peculiarities of each individual case, before your suggestions can be effectively made.

In another article I shall speak of the means I have found most useful in practice. Meanwhile, I would protest as strongly as I can against the sweeping charges brought, sometimes in Church Courts even, against farm servants as a class. They have been called drunken; they are no such thing, they are as temperate a class as we have in the community. They have been called immoral, and, alas, for that charge there is but too much ground; but if some of their accusers had been placed in their circumstances, they might not have had the right to cast a stone. They have been stigmatised as heathens who never go to Church, and there is too much non-church-going among them; but on the other hand, I have found the great majority of them my most regular attenders. They have been set down as boorish and unfeeling. They are not so. I have, in all my experience, been met with rudeness only in two instances. I have seen the warmest affection in servants' families that I have seen anywhere. Only the other day I came to know the following case. A widow, a crofter, has several sons in service; one visited her

recently and asked, "Mither, hiv ye gotten the rent?" "Oh ay, hive I, laddie," she replied. "Fa gied ye't?" he asked. "Oh! it was——" naming an elder brother. Both the good young fellows were prepared with the "mither's" rent, and such cases are not uncommon. I shall only further say, and I say it with the confidence of experience, that any one who approaches them in sympathy and sincerity (they are very quick to detect and resent any patronising or pretension) will be welcomed with respect.

The Death of John Knox.

IN this month of November, on the 24th day, in the year 1572, there departed (writes Knox's faithful Secretary, Richard Bannatyne—and we let our readers see exactly what he wrote) "the lycht of Scotland, the comfort of the kirk within the same, the mirror of godliness, and patrone and exemple to all trew ministeris, in puritie of lyfe, soundnes in doctrine, and in bauldness in reproving of wicketnes; and one that cared not the favor of men (how great soever they were), to reprove their abuses and synis." On Sunday, 9th November, he was in "the pulpit of Edinburgh" (the town of Edinburgh formed only one parish, and St. Giles' was the parish kirk), and, with a weak voice, which was heard but of a few, "made the marriage" betwixt Mr. James Lawsoun and the folk; in other words, he inducted his successor, and "desyred God to augment His graces in him a thousand fauld above that he had, gif it were His pleasour." The last sickness began on the Thursday after that exertion. Bannatyne's account of the days that followed is, in its unstudied simplicity, better far than a highly-wrought narrative. There is a pathetic story of a complaint against Knox, for slander, lodged at that time with the Session by the Secretary of State, Sir William Maitland of Lethington, who, we may suppose, did not know how ill his opponent was. The dying man gathered his elders and deacons together, that he might "bid them his last gude nyght;" and, stout of heart as ever, maintained that the things he had spoken would be found as true as the oracles of any of the servants of God. He caused his wife and his servant to read to him every day the 17th chapter of St. John, a chapter of Ephesians, and the 53d of Isaiah; oftentimes also some of Calvin's sermons in French, and the Psalms—for it was his custom to read through the Psalms every month. Many lords and great men came to see him, whom he exhorted to continue in the truth. To a gentlewoman who praised him, he said:—Tongue, tongue, lady, flesh of itself is "ower proude;" and protested that he did only claim the free mercy of God showed unto mankind in the blood of His dear Son, Jesus Christ. Three days before he died, he commanded his servant to "gar mak his kist" (how much better this than the translation—"to have his coffin made"!) He was much in prayer for himself and for the "troubled kirk." The day before he died, "Sunday, at afternone, all being at the kirk except thame that wated upon him," he was granted a foretaste of heavenly joy: he said the Lord's Prayer and the "Belief," with "paraphrases," that is, remarks on the petitions and articles. Of "Our Father which art in Heaven," he said, "Who can pronounce so holy words?" On the last afternoon he caused his wife to read 1 Cor. xv., concerning the Resurrection, and said to her, "Is not that a comfortable chapter?" At five o'clock he said to her, "Go read where I cast my first anchor;" and so she read once more the 17th of St. John. It is worth while to remember that that was the chapter, and to hear again his own words—"Goe reid whair I caist my first ancre." Then there was read some of Calvin on Ephesians. At eleven o'clock he entered into rest. EDITOR.



On the Threshold.

NEARER now, my father ! Gently
 Lay your hand upon my brow ;
 For my spirit faints and falters—
 Death is very near me now.
 Would that I could thank and bless you !
 Other lips than mine must try ;
 God Himself will bless you, father !
 I can but lie still—and die.
 O the dearth of that far country,
 Where my soul in bondage lay
 O its bitter memories, thronging
 Round me as I pass away !
 Yet I never felt its vileness
 As I did that summer night,
 When I saw the old home smiling
 Sweetly in the fading light.
 Saw once more the gray church belfry
 Rise where yew and cypress wave ;
 And one golden gleam of sunset
 Glinting on my mother's grave !
 Wearily I crossed the glebeland ;
 Hawthorn hedges, chestnut trees,
 Wafted their forgotten fragrance
 Round me on the passing breeze.
 Then I faltered on the threshold,
 'Whelmed beneath my load of sin ;
 But you heard me—saw me, father—
Came to meet me—let me in !

Nothing now I ask, and leave you
 Nothing but my ruined name ;
 Only in "God's Acre" find me
 One still spot to hide my shame !
 Bid the younger ones forget me—
 Thank God, *they* forget so soon !—
 Let me leave their sun unclouded,
 Though my own went down at noon.
 I remember—O the ages
 Coming, meet them where I may,
 Nevermore can wipe the memory
 Of that bitter past away !
 Nay, I know what you would tell me—
 That *His* blood can cleanse each stain ;
 But for such as I, oh father,
 Still the thorns, the stings, remain !

I remember that bright harvest
 When you welcomed home your boy,
 Fresh from college, crowned with honours—
 O my mother's tears of joy !
 And *your* warm, glad words of greeting,
 How they filled my heart with pride ;
 While that happy hour shone round us
 Would to God that I had died !
 Nay, it might not be ! The battle—
 Still to lose, or still to win—
 Lay before me ; and *I lost it,*
 Father—yet you *let me in !*

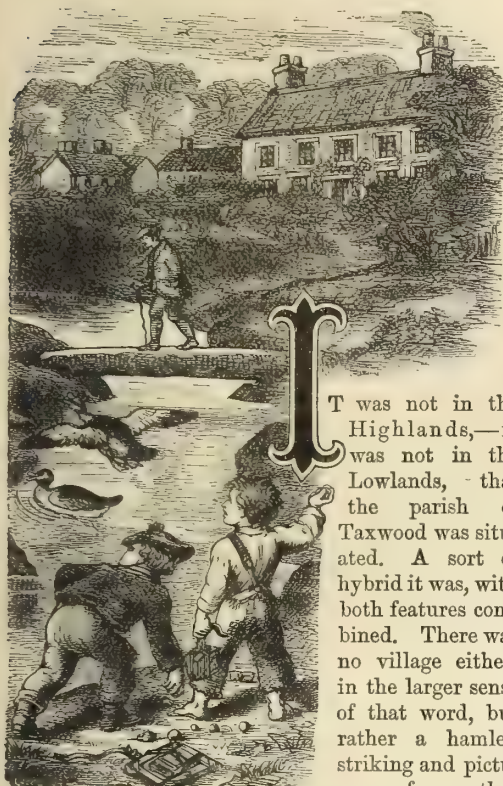
Yet one word ; for I have wandered
 Far from that I wished to say—
 Something that may soothe your sorrow
 When I shall have passed away.
 Only this : I knew the story—
 Loved where'er the gospel sound
 Wakes an echo—of the wanderer
 Dead, yet living—lost, but found
 Often have I heard you read it,
 In the tones I know so well ;
 While around you still a glory
 From the old stained windows fell.
 And *one* sermon—oh, I little
 Thought of "taking home the truth !"
 Yet I loved it—listening, maybe,
 With the restlessness of youth.
 But I want you to believe me,
 That I never felt its power,
 Saw its beauty, knew its meaning,
 As I did in that dear hour
 When you taught me by your coming,
 By your loving, frank embrace,
 That the world's great Father welcomes
 E'en the vilest of our race.
 And I read in that sweet story
 Hope for all, for slaves like me,
 Coming in the name of JESUS,
 Wishing, longing to be free.
 At the Gates across the River,
 Mourning o'er remembered sin,
 ONE, like you, will hear us, father—
 ONE, like you, WILL LET US IN !

The Parish of Taxwood, AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

I. THE MANSE.¹



IT was not in the Highlands,—it was not in the Lowlands,—that the parish of Taxwood was situated. A sort of hybrid it was, with both features combined. There was no village either, in the larger sense of that word, but rather a hamlet, striking and picturesque for no other

reason than on account of its simplicity. Except in two instances (we may include the Manse as a third) slated roofs were not to be seen to mar the unity of the thatched cottages, which clustered on either side of a winding road. About the centre a village green developed itself, forming the undoubted freehold for the Minister's cows. A stream wound gracefully through, which seemed to have made a similar unchallenged surrender to his ducks. These members of the feathered tribe are here somewhat obtrusively brought to the front for a purely personal reason, as I remember well my first introduction to the place was seeing the boys occupied, in what I afterwards discovered to be a chronic warfare, as they crossed a stone bridge leading to the adjoining school.

¹ The characters introduced in this story may be left to refute or vindicate their own identity. The bulk of them, the writer does not attempt to gainsay, are very real and distinct studies from the life; although it has been deemed desirable in most instances, for obvious reasons, to veil their personalities by a change either of name or surname, sometimes of both. His object is to give a tolerably faithful photograph of the parochial life of Scotland in a bygone and often misunderstood generation.

Great elms along the road and brook-side, intermingled with beeches, had blended their arms for a century, and we trust will be assigned a similar permanency. These, partially at least, screened manse and schoolhouse, church and cottages. The distant view, only here and there obtained by glimpses, was terminated by a background of hills, neither conspicuous in size nor artistic in outline, but clothed, too, with thriving plantations; while the intervening portion was agreeably studded with bits of arable ground, tidy homesteads, trimly-cut hedgerows, and here and there groups of old trees.

The village was a nook in Scotland little known and little visited in the olden days of which we write, and despite the larger influx of recent times, its seclusion, we believe, is still uninvaded. May it long be so! We have said enough, however, to enlist the interest of our readers in its simple charms. "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most." We shall make bold to match it against a hundred places better known and more loudly lauded. Nor dare we venture to decide between two rival memories—the beauty of the full burst of spring and early summer, when its masses of fruit-trees (in which the cherry draped in snowy blossoms preponderated), or the autumn evenings, when the blue smoke curled in fantastic wreaths from its cottages, and every tree-stem was transfigured into molten gold, the sun itself, in a sky of amber, sinking behind the distant western mountains.

As a large part of our story, or consecutive papers, will naturally gravitate around the Manse and its inmates, we may at once try to photograph both.

To begin with the former. It is very easily described. It was one of those grim, formal white mansions which still survive in Scotland as fossil representatives of the olden type. Its couple of windows on either side of the front door, with five smaller ones in formal row above, asserted at a glance their independence and defiance of all architectural style and beauty. A jargonelle pear-tree, a sort of indispensable adjunct of most Scottish manses, occupied the southern gable, and proved, generally speaking, a very prolific one in its season. In other ways, however, this rather ungainly edifice had contrived to have its revenge on the shortcomings of art, by a very simple appeal to the charities of ever beauteous and bounteous nature: for, big, straggling, unkempt fuchsias and roses, mingling in sublime confusion with masses of clematis, clambered over the rustic porch. Juno, a white pointer, rather above the average size, immaculate save a black patch on her right ear, kept watch, like another Cerberus, by the scraper. The canine name was at first a puzzle,—it must be added somewhat an offence, to more than one of the old rustic women of the village. They were troubled in spirit when the mythological term was explained, implying, as it naturally did, clerical sanction. But we may say

at once Juno came to be an established favourite, amicable and accommodating, even affectionate, in all her ways, the post-runner alone forming an exception. The legend was, that his first knock in Juno's presence had implied an amount of self-assertion to which he was not entitled, and the liberty, which somehow she could neither forget nor forgive, was resented ever after.

But letting this pass:—"The Minister" (for he was seldom or never designated otherwise)—regarded as the sort of central sun around whom the interests alike of village and parish revolved—demands more special mention. He had been settled not more than a year before our acquaintance began, and, as will soon be evident, I possessed some rare and exceptional facilities of knowing him well, with the particulars of which the reader would not in any way be interested. He was a man I would have said of five-and-thirty; rather short in stature than otherwise, of rubicund complexion, slightly inclined to baldness. He might have been pronounced plain but for a dark, kindly, gleaming eye, which redeemed all. He had by this time, too, to use the common expression, "got thoroughly warmed in his nest," and habituated to what was at first the strangeness of his new life. That strangeness (being never before accustomed in domestic matters to act, or legislate for himself) he used often jocularly to recall:—the altogether unique impressions and sensations of a first day in the manse; the feeling that for the first time he was his own master, that he could ring his own bell, and summon his own domestic, and order his own meal, and saddle his own gray cob, and plan his own plans. In a word, that in a small yet very complete way he was able to realise the meaning of the one grand object for which thousands toil and slave a lifetime before they reach it, and often, alas! when reached, are too late to enjoy it—*independence*.

His father, a respected burgher of Edinburgh, now dead, had possessed little beyond a modest competency; but he was familiarly known as a "book-worm," and his savings had gone all in the direction of a well-stocked library. His son, in student and subsequent days, had still further plenshed and supplemented the old shelves and cupboards, so that he started his new manse life in the midst of no mean intellectual wealth,—treasures in which his brethren envied him, and in which some of the more favoured occasionally reaped the benefit. Social as we shall find his proclivities were, he thus possessed another essential element of independence. Indeed it was not his least complacent thought that, by the fireside, in his own arm-chair, surrounded by obedient rows of silent and familiar friends, he could never lack good company. He had even served himself heir to the lines of Crabbe which, in his father's handwriting, in a black frame, had long been suspended over the fireplace in the Edinburgh library. They still had assigned them a similar position in the new home:—

"Here the devout their peaceful temper choose,
And here the poet meets his favourite muse,
With awe, around these silent walks I tread,
These are the lasting mansions of the dead.

"The dead! methinks a thousand tongues reply,
These are the tombs of such as cannot die,
Crowned with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time."

The room in question, however, I need hardly say, had about it all the peculiar features of the manse study,—this with very special application to the arrangement of the books. In the nearest shelves the theological element was predominating. An English Bible and Greek Testament were all that shared a place with his inkstand and portfolio, on a table of green baize close by. A shelf within convenient reach, rather in disorderly shape, contained some handy works of reference. It was before the era of volumes from the "Fatherland of Thought,"—those translated treatises of German scholars which now flood every manse library, and, we are bound to say, enrich them. Books and commentaries, both popular and erudite, were then unwritten, which have added priceless value to British theological literature this last half-century. But all the older and more familiar and valuable standard works of the past had their niche in the Taxwood study. Paley's *Evidences*, Horne's *Introduction*, Witsius *On the Covenants*, a latin folio of *The Institutes*, Owen and Baxter and Boston, South and Stillingfleet, and many others, stood as yet in no danger of ejection by their more modern rivals. Matthew Henry's three portly tomes reigned supreme amid their competitors. Can we resist the expression of a passing wish that, amid many more brilliant competitors in the race, the manse study library will always accord to these—alike by claim of hereditary right and intrinsic excellence—a place of honour? The Minister used gleefully to tell, that the highest testimony he ever heard paid to one of his sermons was from the lips of an old lonely cottager, but a merciless critic, who had, somehow or other, come into possession of this wondrous prize: "She kent fine he had been a' week *laabourin'* Mattha Hendry;"—an impeachment which cost him no blush of shame, more particularly when she added the kindly interpretation and compliment,—"It was wonderfu' how baith him and you agreed in the same meanin'." We repeat, may the day be distant when this grand old Trojan of Divines is relegated to the dust and darkness of the discarded bookshelf.

It required two years' experience and patient probation before Mr. Erskine could quietly settle down to the routine of parish duties, or, at all events, till he could satisfactorily form and mature his life-plans. Some little time previously, his only sister (of whom more anon), had joined him, and he never knew any other union. Without more special analysis of character or attainment, we may say in a word (pronouncing too a very moderate estimate), that humble, unpretending, unaspiring in himself,

he was very considerably ahead of the average specimen of his honourable calling. Enthusiast, in the very exalted sense of that term, he was not. In his temperament and ways, indeed, he was the reverse. Quiet and undemonstrative, but with a great amount too of latent vigour and reserve of power, which enabled him to rise to any great occasion. He had a supreme sense of the dignity and responsibility of his sacred office. From the hour he set foot in the parish, and accepted the vows of ordination, he became absorbed in his work, aiming alike, in and out of the pulpit, at a lofty ideal, which he so often and deeply mourned he was so little able to reach. In that aforementioned arm-chair was dreamed many a dream; from little plans of parish usefulness, to greater plans in wider spheres of church action. But his excogitations were seldom mere reveries. Slowly, steadily, but surely, his plans crystallised; organisations multiplied; and Taxwood became recognised as a model parish, in which, without the pomps and perils of royalty, the minister reigned as a little king; his territory, not hill or dale, but, that grandest of realms, the hearts of his people.

Here, perhaps, would be the befitting time to speak of the characteristics of Mr. Erskine's pulpit teaching. Alike in regard to style and creed, he had deliberately, from the first, followed his convictions, and from these there was no departure. As to the latter and the more important element, the Gospel of Christ, as an emanation of love from a heavenly Father and a religion for daily life, may, in brief, be described as his definition of true "godliness," and therefore his habitual message on Sunday. Then, as to style, including in that the important element of preparation, he was equally decided, methodical, unyielding. This especially in two particulars. In the first place, he could not away with those who presumptuously ventured to give to God what cost them nothing:—brethren, in other ways personally respected, who were habit and repute of standing up in the pulpit without a shred of preparation, and, in the words of Dr. Chalmers, "abandoning themselves to miscellaneous impulses." Disloyalty to earnest and conscientious preparation,—“slipshod,” or what he was wont to call (coining a word to be found in no English vocabulary) “unidead” sermons, where verbosity and vapid commonplace were substituted for the results of careful thought and study—these were to him a veritable pain and abhorrence. He ever felt that, deeply important as were his other duties, all ought to be subordinate and subservient to the weekly pulpit instruction. The subject selected in the quiet of the Sunday evening, after the day's services were over, was allowed to “simmer” in his mind all the week through. Moreover, in his walks and visits, the book of Nature, and the book whose pages were composed of human experience, gathered from intercourse with his people, were quite as suggestive and serviceable as the octavos and quartos of the

manse bookshelves. Indeed, the mystery remained long unsolved, how the minister in his lonely rides was so often seen coming to a spasmodic halt, reining up the gray cob and getting out his pencil and note-book. But it was simply to assist a treacherous memory, in jotting down some happy passing thought that would be available for next Sunday. His sermons thus could not fail to be replete with instruction and beauty. No wonder that honest old Saunders, to whom the utterance of indiscreet and indiscriminate flattery was an abomination, should have ventured out of his way on such an encomium as this—“Eh, mester! yer sermins are jist aiples o' gold in picters o' silver.”

Another distinctive feature worthy of mention in what may be designated “pulpit style,” was a studied and scrupulous simplicity. His language was ever draped in unpretentious words; he had a mortal antipathy to what he called metaphysical sermons. Though he preached Sunday after Sunday under the visible consciousness (for he confronted him), that “the Laird” was in church; what mattered this? He was too wise not to know that of all his hearers this often over-awing personage was the very one who most appreciated and applauded the simple element in his pastor's addresses; indeed, that he would very much have resented the idea of strong food having been served up specially for his digestion alone. The simplicity we speak of was enjoyed by the latter, not only because he had the pleasant satisfaction that the speaker was thereby addressing himself to the capacity of the humblest, but from real and undissembled personal partiality. Oh that many “Boanerges” among us might know and comprehend, that, whether amid rustic or lettered audiences, simplicity and thought combined carry the day with rich as well as with poor, with learned as well as with unlearned. *But*, will Boanerges be convinced?

One other touch to complete the rough outline of these peculiarities of style. From the contemptuous way in which he had heard his old nurse speak of “thae papers,” he had in earliest life formulated the deliberate resolve that, should he ever enter the pulpit, the pen-and-ink offence should not enter it with him; that from the first and for ever, these (what he used to call the preacher's dead weights) would be discarded. When the time came to put theory into practice, it was, it must be owned, an effort—indeed, at the outset, a desperate battle, that threatened more than once to end in disastrous discomfiture, or, rather, humiliating surrender. The difficulty in Mr. Erskine's case was aggravated, owing to the aspect in which he regarded what were called (and the progeny still survive) “committed sermons.” If there was any drudgery more than another he commiserated, it was that of a neighbouring brother incarcerating himself each week, for the best part of two days, in his study, transferring to his brain

verbatim, the lines and sentences of his MS.—the same weary treadmill complacently resumed from week to week. Mr. Erskine's invariable plan was, a thorough and most systematic mental arrangement. He was partial (when not carried too far) to the old divisions and subdivisions, leaving very much to the moment the mere clothing in appropriate words. At first, here too, there was an occasional, indeed not infrequent halt, or hiatus,—the "emphatic pause" which Dr. Chalmers, to quote him again, on one memorable occasion in subsequent years, was bold enough even to commend for the solace of a defaulter who was stammering out to the great man an apology for a momentary breakdown. Any early flounderings, limping sentences, awkward expressions, grammatical lapses, were readily condoned by unanimous verdict; the congregation got what was "from the heart, to the heart;" and, doubtless, many of these faithful teachings would have lost half their power and impressiveness, if the dark, speaking eye had been deflected from the hearers.

To complete the more personal portraiture, we may indicate in what direction lay what may be called the minister's relaxations. Yes, relaxations; for every man, whether lay or ecclesiastical, must ride some innocent hobby. The great wheels of life revolve all the more pleasantly (it is oil to the axle) when there are extra-professional resources, whether physical, literary, scientific, intellectual, or æsthetic, for the imperative "leisure hour." Perhaps the garden and manse-shrubbery formed his pet resort and pastime; and in his manipulation of material he showed how much, by dint of care and attention and cunning device, could be made out of a tiny territory. He had an able and willing auxiliary (of whom more hereafter) in the "minister's man." But his own taste was the directing and controlling power, seen in the shape of every flower-bed, and the position and pose of every tree. Often did he groan in spirit over the debased horticulture of some of his brethren, who, with greater natural capabilities in their manse surroundings, had abandoned them (in two very pronounced cases, at all events) to a wild revelry of dandelion, nettle, and bindweed. Gaps in the thorn hedge, dilapidated palings, trees with their branches clamorous for the saw or the pruning-knife, and specially weeds of every form and hue, were his abomination.

Inside the manse, in the little drawing-room or parlour (for it rejoiced in both names) was a still more singular and unusual collection, in which his sense of the beautiful was allowed at sweet will to luxuriate. What had led him to the cultivation of a taste so exceptional in its way, we cannot tell; unless it was that the gorgeous colour of the flower-beds outside was thereby transferred in a more durable shape within-doors, and rendered independent of all seasons. Suffice it to say, his gathering of shells and sea-treasures was a remarkable one.

It was impossible that such a man as Mr. Erskine could on any occasion be voted a bore; but if ever that unhappy name were applicable, it was when a dull phlegmatic company were gathered around the mahogany cabinet, listening to his fluent dissertation on valves and bivalves, stars and sea-urchins, whelks and cowries, corals and sponges, with their ocean homes, habits, families, and affinities. Beautiful certainly they were; and he handled each specimen as tenderly as he would do a child. With the true enthusiasm of a collector (it was his one act of despotic authority), no one was permitted to dust or finger the contents of these shelves but himself. The journey to London, in pre-railway times, was regarded as no inconsiderable feat, specially for the restricted holiday and still more restricted purse of a Scotch minister. Mr. Erskine was one of the favoured few who had accomplished it. But it afforded infinite amusement to discover on his return (and indeed became a favourite subject for clerical banter ever after), that the time in his power to visit the metropolitan lions had been mainly divided between the conchological collection in the British Museum, and haunts amid the slums of Blackwall and Wapping, where impecunious and improvident sailors are well known, on landing, to pawn some rare products of the deep. It is only right to add, that he had not made an unsuccessful raid to these great, though somewhat disreputable depôts of the vast harbour; rather, he had netted a goodly haul for his own delectation on his return home. Nor was the taste a selfish or purely personal one. Those gleaming stores, with their unrivalled colours, were often, in future, utilised for village lectures and Sunday School treats.

Other *dramatis personæ* of the Manse demand our attention; but the editor is inexorable; and the curtain must meanwhile be dropped, with the hope of rising again, in future numbers.

Short Sermons from the Poets.

3.

"Why dost thou judge thy brother?"—ROMANS xiv. 10.
 "But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth."—ROMANS ii. 2.

"WHO made the heart, 'tis HE alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord,—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias;
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it;
 What's DONE we partly may compute,
 But know not what's RESISTED."
 BURNS, *Address to the Unco Guid.*

COMFORT TO PASTORS.—Thomas Fuller thus comforts "painful," but apparently unsuccessful, pastors:—"Grant that God honours thee not to build His temple in thy parish, yet thou mayest with David provide metal and materials for Solomon thy successor to build it with."

For Mothers.

WHEN reading the lives of famous men of our own time how often we see mother's influence acting as the mainspring of each man's success in life! We do not find that those mothers of great men were (as a rule) in any way distinguished above other women. On the contrary, they seem to have been simply good women, guided by Christianity and common sense—which are more closely allied than is generally known. Those mothers have not been clever in the ordinary sense of the word, and yet we have *them* to thank for the men who have written their names upon our nation's heart. Every time I read a biography and find it said (as it generally is) "he attributed whatever good was in himself to *his mother*," I take courage and thank God.

Our children do hang heavy on our hearts at times. We feel as if the weight of their souls were laid upon us, and that the burden is greater than we can bear. We become discouraged when we think of our deficiencies, our weaknesses, our inability to do great actions while chained to home by trivial domestic duties. We fear we are not fit to lead them to the front, or show them how men ought to fight and conquer. Well! I think if we turn to God's Word we shall find there some very special help and comfort. We shall learn there that we don't need to be great—only good—when striving to set our children as "shining lights along the world's dark ways;" and that knowledge should encourage us to go on doing our duty humbly, waiting patiently on the Lord, never minding though our lives be hidden and obscure, just hoping and praying, and *knowing* that

"Meek souls there are who little deem
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in Heaven a martyr's palm."

I think the first case mentioned in Scripture of a mother's actions influencing the future of a noted character is that of Hagar. We are told in the 16th chapter of Genesis that the angel of the Lord said unto her, "I will multiply thy seed exceedingly—because the Lord hath heard thy affliction." She was only a humble slave-girl, but God watched over her, and when she wandered with her boy in the wilderness, outcast, forlorn, that God, *who had met her before*, spoke to her again words of comfort, which she sorely needed. I think the pathetic picture given us in six verses of the 21st chapter of Genesis, beginning at the 14th verse, contains a beautiful lesson for mothers. How many of us are driven forth into the wilderness of life—lonely, afraid! and our hearts cry out despairingly when we see our boys faint by the way. And then God hears and "opens our eyes" and shows us the fountain of living waters. Do we all act like Hagar? Do we take those living waters and give the lads drink?

Now let us glance at the story of Rebekah's influence over her son Jacob. We cannot follow the thread of that influence which clouded all Jacob's life with suffering in such a short sketch as this. It is a very warning story. His mother taught him to deceive, and he suffered all his life long from the fruits of his own deceit or that of his children and other relatives.

Very different is the lesson in the 2d chapter of Exodus, where we find a mother's faith lifting her love above fear. What strong faith the mother of Moses must have had before she dared to launch her infant upon the waters of the Nile! and it is just such faith that we all require when we are obliged to launch our children upon the ocean of life. It is probable that Moses saw little or nothing of his mother after his infancy; but her devoted love and trust in what God would do with her son had a rich reward when he became the leader and deliverer of his captive nation.

Then, if we turn to the Book of Ruth (1st chap. 14th ver.) we have that exquisite word-picture which has touched many a heart, and been applied to themselves by many tender-hearted women in all ages. I think Naomi must have been a model mother (and what is rarer still, a model mother-in-law) to have inspired Ruth with such a devoted attachment. That they both believed in the God of Israel is very plain, and that they accepted their afflictions as coming from the hand of the Almighty we cannot doubt. Little did Naomi think when she laid Ruth's baby-boy upon her desolated bosom that from him would spring the royal line of David, and that David's son would be the Saviour of the world.

The account of Samuel's birth and dedication to the Temple is so familiar that we need only dwell upon one portion of the story. Hannah asked a son of the Lord, and promised that if she received the desire of her heart she would dedicate that son to God's service. Her prayer was answered. She fulfilled her vow, and immediately after doing so she sang a song of praise. Oh, is it with songs of praise that we give to God's service the children that He lent to us? Is it with songs of praise that we answer when His messenger comes and says, "Mother, give me thy child"? And yet we know, as Hannah knew, that all we give to God is in safest keeping. That mother's prayer and vow gave the Jews the greatest of their prophets.

Bathsheba must have been an exceedingly talented woman and a most judicious mother, for she had unbounded influence over her husband as well as her son. We find her in consultation about affairs of the State with the prophet Nathan; and again she is brought prominently forward when asked to intercede with the king for a favour on behalf of the wily rebellious prince Adonijah. The respect which Solomon showed to his mother, proves that Bathsheba's character must have been marked by great strength and discernment as well as prudence

and rare tact. I suppose Solomon inherited from *her* the worldly wisdom for which he was so famous. Again and again, in the first nine chapters of Proverbs, he says that the lessons there taught were given him by his parents. We can guess which thoughts came from the tender poetic mind of his father. The last chapter of Proverbs he distinctly calls "the prophecy that his *mother* taught him." There is just one later allusion to the mother of Solomon, but it is a very significant one; for it shows that when he was at the height of his fame she was still beside him, filling a prominent place in his court and participating in all the important events of his life. The verse I mean is in Solomon's sweet marriage-song, "Go forth, oh ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith *his mother* crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart."

First in the New Testament stands the Blessed among women—Mary the mother of our Christ—not as an example of maternal influence over a life, but rather the reverse, because *her* Son was different from all other sons. Indeed it is quite remarkable how little we are told about Mary. It would almost seem as if the silence regarding her had been intentional on the part of the evangelists, as if to show that Jesus was taught and guided by His Father alone. And this fact conveys a distinct reproof to those who practise Mariolatry. We are told enough of Christ's disciples and friends to give us a very clear idea of *their* characters, but not so regarding His mother, though the little that is told of her shows that she was frequently near Him during important stages of His ministry—for instance, at Cana of Galilee, where His first miracle was performed—and again, when He was preaching, quelling evil spirits, ordaining disciples, rebuking scribes (Mark iii. 31).

Just once again in the lifetime of our Saviour is Mary mentioned; but what a pitiful picture is conjured up before the mind's eye by the brief simple words, "Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother!"

Some of us who have had to stand helplessly by the cross of an afflicted or dying child can dimly comprehend what Mary felt that day. But—thanks to Mary's Son—we can never stand as she did, alone and hopeless, hearing Him cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" *He* stands by us in every time of trouble, and in their hour of agony we can point our beloved to the Crucified One, now wearing the Crown of heaven.

A great many of Christ's miracles were evoked by mothers whose pain or love or faith had touched His ready sympathy, and the comfort they received is comfort to all mothers.

Is it a dead child we mourn? Then hear Him say, "She is not dead but sleepeth;" and very soon maternal faith will hear the thrilling, "Maid, arise."

Is it an only son whose dead *soul* is followed through the city by a widow's tears? The Lord

sees that mother's grief. He has marked her prayers; His compassion is strongly moved. He will lay the life-giving touch of His spirit upon that dead soul, and the young man will arise and be restored to his mother.

Is it a daughter, "possessed of an unclean spirit," some besetting sin which is twining its chain around the girl's heart, and leading her captive away from God? We have but to make her case our own, and with strong faith and persistent prayers to cry, "Have mercy on *me*, O Lord; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." And what is the Master's reply?

"O woman, great is thy faith! be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

You remember in Paul's second letter to Timothy how he says, "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois, and thy mother Eunice; and I am persuaded that in thee also." That instance of maternal piety bearing fruit in generation after generation ought to encourage *us* to go on quietly doing our duty, remembering that a great fire can spring from a very tiny spark. When we have finished our life-work and gone hence, our little seed may grow into a forest-king, our feeble ray of spiritual light may become a great sunshine in many a dark place.

Here is a thought from one of Mrs. Craik's books which every mother should keep like balm about her heart. "Real mothers are never forgotten. Good old maids may be remembered for many a year; but those others on whom has been conferred, with all the sorrows and cares, the great honour and happiness of motherhood, have mingled their life with the permanent life of the world. Their qualities descend and their influence is felt through uncounted generations. Thorny and difficult may have been their mortal path, many their anxieties and sharp their pangs, but they have done their work, and they inherit its blessing. They die, but in their posterity they enjoy a perpetual immortality."

A poet once said, "The two sweetest words regarding the things of this life are Mother and Home; and the two sweetest words regarding the things of life eternal are Father and Heaven." If it is so—if mothers are indeed filling the highest place on earth—though it often seems the lowliest—if the homes the mothers make for the children represent the happy one which lies beyond this earth, if Mother and Home are what they ought to be, then certainly many a would-be wanderer will be led by their influence to Father and Heaven.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

MAN should be as the eagle, who feeds and sleeps on the earth by the necessities of his nature, but dwells by choice upon the wing in the light and air of heaven. Yet most live as if the curse of the serpent had come on them; they creep on the ground and eat dust all the days of their lives.—ANON.

Notices of Books.

CHURCH HISTORY OF SCOTLAND FROM THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA TO THE PRESENT TIME. By JOHN CUNNINGHAM, D.D. Second Edition. 2 vols. (Edinburgh: Thim, 1882.)

It is needless to speak of the merits of the first Edition of this book. Dr. Cunningham's History honestly won a high place for itself, and from its honourable position it has never been dislodged. It is still the only Church History of Scotland from the earliest times to our own day written by a Presbyterian. The civil historians of Scotland cannot but speak of the doings and sufferings of the Christian Church, for there is no other country in which the Church and the State have been so united and so opposed as in Scotland; but before Dr. Cunningham's book appeared there was no record of the religious state of the realm from the days of the Druids to our own time. Dr. Grub's "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland" has since appeared, describing with great power and candour the events of the same long period, from the point of view of a Scotch Episcopalian. Dr. Cunningham had the advantage of being more in harmony with the national sentiment and national life of Scotland than Dr. Grub; and his book, though not so searching in its investigations, was written in a more easy and flowing style. From the ancient festivals of heathen times to the troubles which began in 1834, the pen of the minister of Crieff glided swiftly along the lines of the religious history of his country. Always intelligible, sometimes picturesque, frequently shrewd and humorous, full of a generous sympathy with good men of every shade of opinion, doing justice to Knox and Mary, to James and Melville, to the Erskines, the Moderates, and the Haldanes, it is no wonder that this eminently readable book became at once the standard history of the Scottish Church. It is a credit to the author, and to his Church.

We took up the second Edition with full expectation of finding it even more attractive than our familiar companion of the last five-and-twenty years. We find that the two new volumes are not so handsome as those of the first Edition, but more handy; and the one fact may balance the other. In the first volume we note several changes, usually in the way of condensation, and, on the whole, they are decided improvements. To some extent the same is true of the second volume. We turn to the wholly new portion, beginning at p. 448 of the second volume, and we find that it gives an interesting account of the "Ten Years' Conflict" (1833-1843), in which the chief feature of novelty is a free use of some valuable letters of Sir James Graham. We are compelled in honesty to add that we wish the historian had paused at 1843. He was wise when in his first Edition he stopped at the passing of the Veto Act in 1834. "But now" (he said) "we approach the region of living men, where character is sacred and passion strong, and therefore we reverently turn aside." Grown bolder, but not wiser, he now comes down to 1880, encouraging Dr. Robertson Smith in one of his closing sentences, and in another declaring that the "theology of the 'Scotch Sermons' is said to have leavened widely both the clergy and laity of the Established Church" (!). In bringing himself and his readers to this point he has not given any adequate notice of the deeds and fortunes of any branch of Christ's Church save the Church of Scotland. The "Church History of Scotland" ought to have recorded the growth and success of the Free Church, the extension and missionary zeal of the United Presbyterian Church, the liberation of Scotch Episcopacy from "Disabilities," and its immediate assumption of pre-eminence; and when they are not told, such things as even the racy paragraph on the "Cardross Case" are not defensible. But this is not all. The historian is not only engrossed with his own Church, he is not able to divest himself of personal and party prejudices when he tells the story of her fortunes in his own time. The

account of the Abolition of the Patronage Act (1874) is meagre and inadequate, because Dr. Cunningham still hankers after the Veto, as though congregations in these days would have been content with a measure which, while it robbed the patron of his power, did not give the people their choice. There is a very insufficient account of the life and labours of the men—especially of the man—who raised the Church of Scotland from the collapse and dismay of 1843 to the prestige and eager strength of 1860. Many living men of later date are mentioned, but not the venerable ecclesiastic who led the Church through the years of conflict that ended in the triumph of the Abolition of Patronage in 1874; some dead men have generous words said of them which no one will grudge, but there is no mention of the patriotism of Lord Advocate Gordon, to whose political influence the Church owes the removal of the incubus under which Dr. Cunningham himself has eloquently told how she suffered and groaned for 150 years. The whole structure of the narrative (1843-1880) is that of a clever partisan pamphlet, because it is partial alike in its sayings and in its silence, and an honest admirer of the "Church History of Scotland" may well lament the unfortunate addition to a great and valuable book.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.—*The Cup of Consolation*—By an Invalid. With an introduction by J. R. Macduff, D.D. (London: Hodder and Stoughton). "The contents," says Dr. Macduff, "consist simply of a series of texts from Scripture (for each day of the year), followed by portions from favourite authors in prose and verse, which were written from week to week by an invalid for the comfort of a sister invalid at a distance." The special feature of this collection is an honest and successful effort—perhaps only an invalid could have done it so well—to bring, as it were, the healthful touch of the outer world of nature to the prisoner in the sickroom. An index of authors would have added to the value of the book. *Our Daughters: Their Lives here and hereafter*—By Mrs. G. S. Reaney (London: Hodder and Stoughton). A good and readable book, suitable for giving or lending to senior girls. The delicate task of warning them of the perils that beset their entrance upon life is well performed. The chapters on the way of salvation are evangelical, and the author's faith is that to be truly religious is to be happy. We note a tendency to abridge Christian liberty in regard to some of the more innocent pleasures—for which, perhaps, the author seeks to make amends by hearty commendation in other directions. Her ideal good girl is a Puritan maiden who can swim, vault a five-barred gate, romp with the children, starch collars, and make her own clothes. *The Laird's Secret*—By J. H. Jamieson. 2 vols. (Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons). This book scarcely comes within our province. Written by a daughter of one justly esteemed by readers of this Magazine, the late Rev. Dr. Jamieson of Glasgow,—it has some obvious faults as a story, but has the great merit of being interesting. One feature calls for mention here. Scotland is far poorer than England, even in proportion to population, in tales imbued with affection for, and belief in, the National Church. The good which the Church of Scotland is doing at the present time to thousands of men and women, youths and maidens, in fostering their piety and their intelligence, filling their souls with healthy impulse and their lives with good work, has not been sufficiently recognised by our best writers. What we want is a book that our sons and daughters will take to their hearts, and keep on their private shelves among their peculiar treasures. If the author of *The Laird's Secret* would become a worker in this almost virgin soil, we venture to suggest that she must not merely cling to the Church of the past—she does that in this book with reinvigorating heartiness—but cultivate sympathy, wide and deep, with the living and growing Church of to-day.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find mention of two persons called Noah. 2. Find two instances of a prisoner struck by bystanders when being examined before the High Priest. 3. Find in St. Matthew twelve texts in which birds are mentioned. 4. Find in Gospels nine *different occasions* on which an angel (or angels) appeared (omit John v. 4). 5 and 6. Find in Gospels fourteen *distinct occasions* on which Jesus spoke of angels. 7. Find in each of seven epistles a promise to him that overcometh. 8-10. Find in New Testament twenty names or titles of Christ containing the word "Son" (the same title, with merely a change of pronoun or article—as, The Son, My Son—not to be counted twice; but other changes of expression to be counted).

ANSWERS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Amaziah, 2 Kings 14. 5, 6; Deut. 24. 16. 2. Abimelech, King of Gerar, Gen. 20. 3; Laban the Syrian, 31. 24; Pharaoh's butler and baker, 40. 5; Pharaoh, 41. 1-7. 3. The Midianite, Judges 7. 13; Nebuchadnezzar, Dan. 2. 31, and 4. 10; Wise Men from the East, Matt. 2. 12; Pilate's wife, Matt. 27. 19. 4. Acts 7. 2, God appeared to Abraham in Mesopotamia; 30, God appeared in the Burning Bush in Midian; 38, God had a church in the wilderness; 38, God spake to Moses in Mount Sinai; 48, The Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands; also in verses 5, 36, and 44. 5. John 1. 1; 1. 14; 1 John 1. 1; Rev. 19. 13. 6. Matt. 13. 7. St. Luke's Gospel and Acts were both addressed to Theophilus; Luke 1. 3; Acts. 1. 1. 8. Acts 3. 14; 7. 52; 22. 14; 1 Pet. 3. 18; 9. Luke 1. 35; Mark 1. 24; Acts 2. 27; 4. 27; Heb. 7. 26. 10. John 8. 46; 2 Cor. 5. 21; Heb. 4. 15; 1 Pet. 1. 19; 2. 22; 1 John 2. 1; 3. 5.

Calendar for November.

1	W.	They searched the Scriptures daily.—Acts 17. 11.
2	Th.	He knesled upon his knees three times a day.—Dan. 6.
3	F.	When ye pray say, Our Father.—Luke 11. 2. [10.
4	Sa.	Cause me to know the way wherein I should walk.—Ps. 143. 8.
5	Su.	Mine House an House of Prayer for all people.—Is. 56.
6	M.	When I awake, I am still with Thee.—Ps. 139. 18. [7.
7	Tu.	On Thee do I wait all the day.—Ps. 25. 5.
8	W.	Even the night shall be light about me.—Ps. 139. 11.
9	Th.	Let us walk in the light of the Lord.—Is. 2. 5.
10	F.	<i>New Moon.</i> Where is He that is born King?—Matt. 2. 2.
11	Sa.	<i>Martinmas.</i> The Lord watch between thee and me.—Gen. 31. 49.
12	Su.	<i>Collection for Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.</i> —Ps. 37. 25.
13	M.	Blessed shall be thy basket and thy store.—Deut. 28. 5.
14	Tu.	Be sure your sin will find you out.—Num. 32. 23.
15	W.	Search me, O God, and know my heart.—Ps. 139. 23.
16	Th.	Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. 26. 41.
17	F.	Enter not into judgment with Thy servant.—Ps. 143. 2.
18	Sa.	He healeth the broken in heart.—Ps. 146. 3. [Is. 64. 5.
19	Su.	Thou meetest those that remember Thee in Thy ways.—
20	M.	Our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away.—Is.
21	Tu.	What alleth thee? Fear not.—Gen. 21. 17. [64. 6.
22	W.	Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11. 28.
23	Th.	It is the blood that maketh an atonement.—Lev. 17. 11.
24	F.	The Master saith, My time is at hand.—Matt. 26. 18.
25	Sa.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Full with the blessing of the Lord.—Deut.
26	Su.	What mean ye by this service?—Ex. 12. 26. [33. 23.
27	M.	Ye know not what ye ask.—Matt. 20. 22. [Matt. 6. 8.
28	Tu.	Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of.—
29	W.	Why stand ye all the day idle?—Matt. 19. 6. [Ex. 3. 2.
30	Th.	<i>St. Andrew's Day.</i> And the bush was not consumed.—

DECEMBER.

1	F.	My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.—Ps. 5. 3.
2	Sa.	The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.—
3	Su.	Serve the Lord with gladness.—Ps. 100. 2. [Ps. 141. 2.

A Prayer-Hymn.

Words and Music by Rev. J. GORDON MACPHERSON, Ph.D., Ruthven.

HEAVENLY FATHER, be Thou near us,
For to Thee our hearts draw nigh;
When we praise Thee, kindly hear us,
Quickly send a sweet reply.

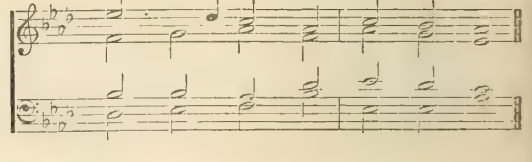
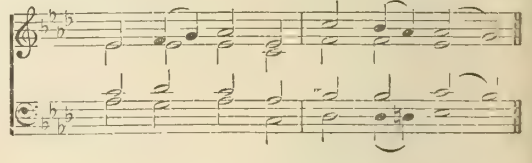
Gentle Jesus, with our Father
For Thine erring brethren plead;
Our true life and joy we gather
From Thy love, in time of need.

Now, with children's trust, confessing
All our weakness, all our sin,
Pardon ask we, and Thy blessing,
That Thy peace may rule within.

May we now live better, purer;
Make our work a living prayer;
In our cares may we be surer
Of Thine aid, our load to bear.

Cheer our sorrow, soothe our spirit,
Light our homes, and bless our friends;
En'mies even, through Christ's merit,
Bless, and fit for nobler ends.

Comfort send, when death draws near us,
Welcome us with angels' voice;
Send us heaven on earth to cheer us,
That we may in heaven rejoice.



NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

on living faith in Christ, and must be accompanied by earnest and persevering prayer. If we considered the amount of our contributions on our knees before God, how different would they often be!

We sincerely trust that the whole congregation will think of these things, and act accordingly.

Mr. Macfarlane, whose powerful and eloquent address last year will be remembered by many, has kindly consented to plead for Foreign Missions on the forenoon of Sabbath the 10th, and Mr. Macleod will continue the subject in the afternoon.

Facts regarding some of our Missions to the Heathen.

Selected from Papers recently issued by the F. M. Committee.

1.—THE DARJEELING MISSION, INDIA.

Origin of the Mission.—The Mission of the Church of Scotland was begun in June 1870, when the Rev. W. Macfarlane was sent from Gya to Darjeeling. Mr. Duncan Campbell, a lay teacher, followed him from Gya in November 1870. Mr. Macfarlane's sister, Miss Macfarlane, joined the Mission from Scotland in January 1871.

How the Missionaries worked.—They had first to learn the languages of the people. English is not employed at all by the missionaries in their work. Having learned the native languages, they began preaching in the bazaars and villages. They taught in the vernacular schools made over to them by Government. They also set up a printing-press in Darjeeling, in which schoolbooks, tracts, and translations of parts of the Scriptures, were printed in the various languages.

Early Trials of the Mission.—The Mission was sorely tried during the first few years. For four years not a man from among the hill tribes was baptized. Mr. Campbell died of malarious fever not long after the Mission was begun. Mr. Macfarlane was attacked by the same disease and laid aside from all active work. In their distress the missionaries cried unto God, and He heard their prayer, and delivered them. They often experienced the truth of that verse of the Word of God which says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Psalm l. 15).

The First Converts.—The first converts came from the training school begun in Darjeeling to provide teachers for the vernacular schools. The Nepaulese, Lepcha, and Bhutia students in that school were all taught to read the Bible; and when they understood what it contained, some of them were deeply affected. They said that they felt it was the book of the living God. Yet they hesitated for a long time before any of them would venture to come out from among the heathen and be baptized. At last one man came out and was baptized. He was a Limbu, one of the Gorkha tribes. His baptism took place in October 1874. After him first one came out, and then another, and then another. Several of the first converts were men of marked character, and they had much to suffer in giving up caste, and in being disowned by their families. All the first converts were Gorkhas, and they were all thrust out of their families when they became Christians.

After a time the work took hold upon the Lepchas and spread more rapidly among them than among the Gorkhas. On the 15th July 1882, the Mission had connected with it 113 Christian families, numbering 375 souls, who had been baptized; and there were then 107 Nepaulese and Lepcha catechumens under probation and instruction, preparatory for baptism.

Present Position of the Mission.—Two new missionaries—the Rev. A. Turnbull and the Rev. W. S. Sutherland—joined the Mission in the beginning of 1880. Under them the work is making rapid progress. 88 baptisms took place in 1881, and in 1882, in the six and a half months up to the 15th July, 135 persons, including men, women, and children, were received into the Church by baptism. There are 9 catechists in charge of the little churches scattered throughout the district, and

at the end of 1881, 436 boys and 41 girls were attending the 19 vernacular schools conducted by the Mission.

2.—CHINA.

What is the State of Protestant Missions in China?—China was practically closed against Protestant Missions till 1842. In that year five treaty ports were opened. Since 1860 the whole of China has been opened to Protestant missionaries. In the year 1843 there were only 12 Protestant missionaries and 6 converts to Christianity in all China, with its four hundred millions of inhabitants. Now mission-work is carried on by 300 ordained and lay missionaries. The number of converts has increased to 50,000, and 25,000 of these are communicants in the native churches. The converts have proved the reality of their conversion and the strength of their faith, by enduring persecution for Christ's sake. The people of China are everywhere willing to hear the Gospel, and the rapid progress of missionary work shows that they are ready to believe it.

When was our Mission in China begun?—It was begun in 1878 by a member of the Church of Scotland offering £1000 to start a Mission to China's millions. The Mission was taken up by the Church; for it was felt that, as God had opened up the country to the preaching of the Gospel, it was the duty of the Church to enter on the great work of seeking to bring the people of China to Christ.

Who are our Missionaries at I-chang?—The Rev. George Cockburn is the head of the Mission, and Mrs. Cockburn, his wife, is with him. He preaches the Gospel and teaches the Scriptures in the school. Mr. Peter Wood is the colporteur, who sells and circulates the Bible and Christian books, and Mrs. Wood, his wife, is with him. The Rev. Mr. Dousley is also at the station, and he is busy learning the language of the people that he may be able to preach to the Chinese the Gospel of Christ. There is no medical missionary at present at the station, and this is a great loss, for a doctor has great influence in China.

3.—BLANTYRE.

Where is Blantyre?—It is in East Africa, about thirty miles west from a river called the Shiré, being frequently mentioned by the great Dr. Livingstone as a suitable district for a Christian mission.

What are the Missionaries doing at Blantyre?—They have a school for boys and another for girls, both largely attended, many of the children being the sons and daughters of the African chiefs. They have built a church, in which they worship every Sunday and often during the week. They preach the Gospel to the natives, and seek to persuade them to become the children of God and followers of Jesus. They do all they can to persuade the people to abolish slavery, which is the curse of the country. They act as peacemakers between tribes, who are often at war with each other.

Who are the Missionaries?—The Rev. D. C. Scott, B.D., is head of the Mission, and Mrs. Scott assists in the schools. Dr. Peden is the medical missionary, attending to the sick, and seeking, when he visits them, to tell them of Jesus the Saviour of the soul. Jonathan Duncan is gardener, raising in the Mission garden food for the missionaries; and Mrs. Duncan assists Mrs. Scott. Dr. Dean and Mrs. Dean are home on sick leave. Mr. J. L. Nicoll has been appointed teacher, and will go to Blantyre next spring.

What is the Prospect of the Mission?—Very hopeful. All the chiefs are now friendly to the Mission. More boys and girls are sent to school than the missionaries can accommodate or teach. New stations may be established as soon as money is collected to send more missionaries. Many of the boys in school are clever, and are making great progress; and the missionaries are training them to be teachers and preachers of the Gospel. There is hope of a native church for Africa, and we are now called upon to help in the great work of training the first teachers and preachers.



DECEMBER 1882.

Sermon.

RESURRECTION.

By Rev. J. M. ROBERTSON, M.A., Tron, Edinburgh.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."—JOHN xi. 25.

IN thinking of the resurrection and the benefits it brings to believers, the first and necessary condition of our belief is to associate it intimately with our faith in Christ. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body is a peculiarly Christian doctrine. That the human body will live again after it has been once forsaken by the soul, that our corruptible parts will become incorruptible by their final and everlasting union with the glorified spirit, and that after open judgment and acquittal by God they will spend eternity in His blessed presence, are conceptions which owe their origin to the Christian religion, and which appear as precious truths only to those whose lives are hid with Christ in God. We must therefore consider the resurrection of our Lord as guiding us to a proper apprehension of our own. In the great argument of St. Paul for the doctrine, set forth at length in the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, he adopts this, the only method, of arriving at a clear and profitable understanding regarding it. We cannot do better than follow his example.

Every congregation is composed of three distinct classes of persons. There are the purely worldly, whose thoughts never rise above their common avocations and pleasures, those who are struggling after a higher existence, and those who, having emerged from the struggle, enjoy full and free possession of spiritual life. In other words, a man must either be still in sin, or undergoing change, or have passed from darkness to light and become a child of God. There is no fourth state, we must be in one of these three, and if we are genuine Christians we have experienced them all. Now for each of these states the Word of God provides. To the indifferent it presents every motive to flee from the wrath to come, disclosing a Divine tribunal before which no impenitent sinner can stand uncondemned, and declaring the inability of man to escape his inheritance of evil or to avoid its fatal consequences by any means within his own reach. By its exposure of their inherent misery and impotency, it incites sinners to supplicate the merciful help of God, at whose hands, nevertheless, it shows them they deserve not the smallest favour. Let us

suppose they have listened to its admonitions and come to a sense of their spiritual needs. They see that their whole past has been a mistake, and that they must decide which of the two alternatives they will henceforth choose and follow—a final portion with the wicked, or one with the righteous; a state of hopeless warfare, or of peace and filial communion with God. On what point, then, of the Gospel record does their attention rest? Surely on the Cross, on the death of their Redeemer. Out of the very agony of the dying Saviour they draw unspeakable comfort and joy. It is a truth dear to all who have passed from death into life, that when they felt the thick darkness of the Divine displeasure, when there seemed no break in their unhappy conviction of sin, the day-star of hope arose and shone above the Cross of Christ. They looked to Him and were lightened and saved from their distresses. Suppose, again, that all this has happened. On what portion of the Scriptures do they now delight to dwell? They still remember the perfect law that accused and condemned them, they still recall the Cross that saved them, but they turn with a deeper feeling of gratitude and hope to the last recorded acts of Jesus, and trust not merely in a crucified Christ, but in a risen and living Redeemer. To the impenitent, we ministers of the Gospel say, "See the innumerable proofs of God's displeasure at a violated Law;" to the conscience-stricken, "Look to the Cross and behold your salvation;" but to the revived spirit, "Behold the risen Christ, your representative when He overcame the sharpness of death and won His victory over the grave, your constant intercessor and friend in Heaven, whence He will come again to take you to Himself." The crucifixion and the resurrection, the cross and the empty sepulchre—these are the two salient points of interest for every Christian in the contemplation of his Lord's finished work.

When our faith in Christ enables us thus to concentrate our attention on His death and resurrection, it has the effect of uniting us with Him so closely that, in the words of St. Paul, we die with Him to sin and are raised with Him to newness of life. Conceive two human beings so connected by mutual love and trust that whatever is done by the one is approved and assisted by the other. The cords of their reciprocal affections bind them together as if they were one flesh and blood. No mere worldly motives can lead to such a union; no in-

terchange of money can bring about this interchange and community of heart. So with the union which the believer's faith and love in Christ effect. Christ dies and he dies with Him—Christ is raised and he rises with Him. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Believe in Him as thou believest in thy bosom friend, on whom thou mayest rely in thine hour of trouble, who will be one with thee in all the vicissitudes of thy lot, and from whom, even in death, thou wouldst not be divided. Every child of God and brother of Jesus feels himself bound up in this way with the crucified and risen Saviour. He has passed like Christ Himself from death to life, he has inherited Christ's blessed Spirit, he has been invested with His righteousness, to clothe him in the perfect beauty of holiness, when he stands at the right hand of the Father beside the Son ascended on high. You cannot pretend, dear brethren, to the faintest intelligence of the value of Christ's work, you cannot claim to appreciate the blessedness of His and your resurrection, until you can say, I am His and He is mine; I died in His death, and I am raised with Him in His rising again from the dead.

Our Lord's resurrection constitutes, accordingly, the guarantee of the continual fellowship of His people with Him. Christ did more than die for us; His humanity became revived and glorified, and His resurrection is the pledge of His constant presence with us, and of our companionship with Him throughout Eternity. Our life in Him can suffer no break in its continuity, since He liveth for ever and ever. "For in that He died, He died unto sin once; but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." By His rising again from the dead He hath persuaded us, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, will be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

We are now, I trust, in a position to estimate aright the benefits received by believers at the resurrection. Observe that when, in this present evil world, you are led to believe in Christ as your Redeemer, with whom you are vitally united and in whose holy and spotless life yours is spiritually merged, He is to you the resurrection and the life. Many things here prevent you from realising the full force of that great truth. Your lingering sinfulness and carnal desires, your outward connections with a world lying in wickedness, your unavoidable relations with the things of Sense and Time intervene between your loftiest Christian aspirations and their fulfilment. But a period comes which ends this. Death frees you of your bonds, and you depart to be with Christ, which is far better. The meaning of that momentous change involves nothing new and unexampled in your spiritual ex-

perience; it is simply the definite realisation in the course of your history of what has already virtually come to pass in the renovation of your nature by the power of the Holy Ghost. As you died with Christ, so now you die like Him. As you became one with Him in faith, so now you are to be ever present with Him. As you were brought by self-conviction before the bar of God and found forgiveness and acceptance through His cross, so, only openly and before all, you will be tried and acknowledged by God in the day of judgment. And just as in your inner nature you were raised with Christ from death to life because of righteousness, so you will rise again with your whole nature, body and soul together, renewed, perfected, like your Lord in every feature and property of your being, and like Him prepared to enjoy the blessedness of communion with God through all Eternity. You have only to transfer your present experience to another era, to conceive it elevated to a higher and future stage, to think of it, no longer as hidden within the depths of the soul or behind the curtain that veils from our view the counsels of God, but as actually occurring in visible form and distinctly embodied in concrete acts, and you will perceive that your resurrection, literally understood, is the result of your union with Christ, and necessarily implies the blessedness with which it is associated in Scripture.

As to the precise nature of the resurrection body, or the exact manner of its revival, the Word of God wisely leaves us in ignorance. The superficial scepticism which inquires how or when the scattered atoms of the dead can again be brought together in an animate organism, and made the tenement of an immortal spirit, receives no reply to its doubts in the Bible, for they are wholly irrelevant to the great principle of identity with Christ there set forth. Paul, indeed, stigmatises its exponents as "fools." "Thou fool," says he, to one who asks, "how are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?" "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die and God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him," reverting to the plain fact that death must precede every resurrection and echoing at the same time Christ's answer to the Sadducees, "Ye do greatly err, not knowing the Scriptures and the power of God." We must remember that we shall rise not with natural bodies, subject to decay, but as are the angels in heaven. Our present knowledge of the human body supplies no key to our knowledge of it hereafter. Faith only, resting on the divine promises in Christ Jesus, permits us to figure it as a garment of light and purity, fitted for a holy and happy eternity.

All speculations on the possible future of believers at and after their resurrection, should cease before the outstanding fact of the rising of Christ from the dead. He is the firstfruits of them that sleep. We insult His Revelation when we hesitate on paltry and shallow grounds to rejoice in its most

glorious predictions. Nay, we deprive ourselves by our foolish mistrust of its sweetest consolations. To the obdurate wrongdoer the next world offers a fearful prospect, and we can almost pardon his refusal to look it in the face. But the believer in Christ has no reason for declining to accept, in the full assurance of faith, the whole doctrine of the resurrection and of the benefits it will ensure him. He lays his friends under the sod, and in a few years he will join their company. What, say you, is his strongest feeling, while with trembling hands he lowers into their resting-place the remains of all that he loved best on earth? Is it hard blind despair? Or is it wild passionate grief? Or is it the keen pang of permanent separation? No, verily, but glad hope, tender affection, and confidence in a common Father whose home is large enough for all, where every member of His family will meet and dwell in everlasting amity. Beyond the dark night he sees the bright resurrection morn, when familiar forms and faces shall rise together and stand before the great white throne, and after blessed acquittal become fellow-partakers of eternal life through Christ Jesus their Lord. Have you this hope, dear brethren, as day by day the attachments of your present life grow fewer and you come nearer to that other world? If you have not, Heaven help you and show you how much you lack. If you have, it is because you have committed yourself, body, soul, and spirit, to One who to your entire nature is the resurrection and the life.

Christian Dying.¹

HOW gently Thou dost deal, my Lord!
 'Tis not so hard to die;
 The change should bear a softer word,
 This passing to the sky.

The valley of the shadow seems
 But narrow in the flight;
 And is illumined by the gleams
 Of the celestial light.

I thought the foe was fierce and grim,
 And would the soul appal,
 But in the unknown path, and dim,
 I find no foe at all.

I thought it was a wild dark sea,
 Where winds were keen and shrill;
 It is as calm as Galilee,
 When Jesus said, "Be still."

'Tis a strange land that lies between
 The shadows and the light;
 But 'tis a path where He hath been,
 And he will lead me right.

I know He is not far away,
 But soon will take my hand,
 And lead me from this light of day
 Into the glory land.

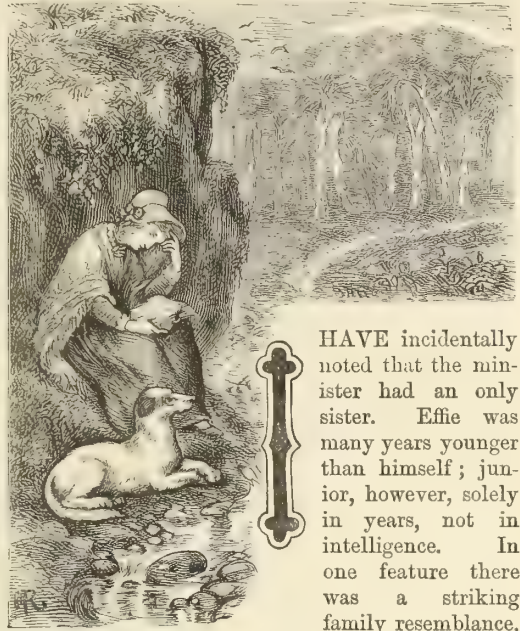
¹ Author unknown. It was a request from the late Rev. P. Macmorland, LL.D., ex-minister of North Berwick, not long before his death, that we should republish the poem.—EDITOR.

The Parish of Taxwood,
 AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

II. THE MANSE AND MORE ABOUT IT.



HAVE incidentally noted that the minister had an only sister. Effie was many years younger than himself; junior, however, solely in years, not in intelligence. In one feature there was a striking family resemblance.

Her countenance, in no other way remarkable, was made so by the gleam of a radiant eye, which carried sunshine with it wherever she went, and revealed (a true revelation besides) a latent *genius*, to which her brother had, personally, no pretensions. She had enjoyed a fairly good home education in Edinburgh, supplemented by "classes," so that others (not herself) would have reasonably claimed for her the title of "accomplished." Perhaps the æsthetic prevailed over the intellectual. It was to her the most charming of transitions to feel herself domiciled amid the quiet rural delights of Taxwood and its surroundings. Though not an artist, she was born one. Like her brother, she had almost a passionate love of what was beautiful; in a less well-regulated mind it would have passed into the romantic. Her love of outer nature was of such intensity, that everything around her, in the pages of that vast and varied Volume, was a pure delight. As the minister's sister and inmate of his house (though we shall presently see not the only one), she soon settled down to a sense of her responsibility. Many were the other outlets to her likings and sympathies, but the home and parish duties had a conscientious precedence, on which nothing else was suffered to intrude. Indeed, it soon came to be well known and understood that Mr. Erskine had not all the credit of schemes of kindness and thoughtfulness which emanated from the Manse. There was a capacious basket hanging behind the door in the

back lobby, which, had lungs and voice been given it, could have revealed many a kindly errand to various outlying nooks and cottages. It would have comprehended in its story a catalogue of home products. The minister's hens laid under contribution for eggs; the minister's cow for cream or butter; the minister's garden for cauliflower or cabbage; the minister's kitchen for soup; on rare occasions, the minister's modest cellar for a flask of wine; on rarer occasions still, the minister's purse (if her own was inadequate, which was its normal condition) for a little assistance to help the doctor's bill, or to eke out the payment of rent in times of sickness. Further, let the truth be known, she had quite as much part and share as he, in the starting and success of the Sunday School. The acknowledged leader in the staff of female teachers, she pressed others into the service, who, more from a modest pleading of dreaded incapacity than reluctance for the work, held back. In a word, she soon became a loved and honoured centre of influence peculiarly her own. As years went on, she never lost sight or hold of any one girl who had been under her fostering care. A very sacred and happy part of her life was to keep up correspondence with her Sunday scholars in after years, following them with sympathetic interest out to their places in the great world—whether to domestic service, or in homes for themselves—and no visitors had a heartier welcome in calling at the Manse, when opportunity allowed, than they. Thus Effie was the lady saint in their Protestant calendar. It was certainly no wonder they liked her, for she made their intercourse as bright as her own bright nature. There was nothing morbid, or gloomy, or sentimental, in her pietism. As the only Irish girl she had—a child of old Murphy the gamekeeper—said (and it will quite interpret what we mean), "Ech shure! and she doesn't pelt us with texts." No, and the bright sunny religion she taught to others was reflected too in her personal enjoyments and favourite pursuits. She had, indeed, her own selected religious authors, and we need not add that no book in all her library was more read and more delighted in than her Bible. It had its special allotted moments, which nothing could displace; but her reading was of the most varied and omnivorous character, and, in a mind where imagination played so large a part, we can hardly wonder at the literary selections and affinities of her by-hours. One set, one series, must claim pre-eminent mention. She lived at a time of this century's history which was memorable for a blazing star that had risen in the author-firmament, which shed its lustre not on Scotland only, but which was admired, followed, *worshipped*, wherever genius of the highest type was found. Sir Walter Scott, the Aladdin of modern literature, had comparatively recently waved his magic wand, and evoked from chaos a new world of thought and imagery. Especially had he made his native mountains, lakes, and forests, instinct with life and

loveliness, giving to "the land of brown heath and shaggy wood"—its "craggs, rocks, and knolls," its "birchen bowers" and "silver strands," a notoriety they never possessed before, and were never likely again to lose—a legacy for all ages. Effie felt the spell of the conjurer's enchantments. All the poetry in her nature responded to the great necromancer; and, whether in his teeming volumes of prose, or the subtle beauties and vigorous numbers of his verse, she was never ashamed to avow (in fact, she could not conceal) the entrancement. Of many of his characters she fancied she discovered the prototypes in some of her own loved parishioners, far and near. She could almost certify that Edie Ochiltree, with his blue homespun, had sat for his portrait under another name. If not Dandie Dinmont, at least his curs she could make sure of. Even Meg Merrilees—though not of so formidable a type—had her abode (fortunately on the outskirts of the parish); and she did not require to go beyond the village green and its cottages to find a Jeanie Deans to fit the mental image.

In the interesting memoirs of the late Dean Hook, we have described to us his devoted fondness in early life for Milton and Shakespeare, a love which survived all his marvellous labours, and broke out again, like the evening sun, to gladden the later years of comparative retirement. If we can dare compare two personages, in all respects wide as the poles asunder, what Shakespeare was to the prelate dignitary, Walter Scott was to this maiden in a Scottish Presbyterian manse. In those hours of needful relaxation we have just spoken of, she could leave, without a scruple, her brother amid his flowers, while she betook herself to reopen and resume the dog-eared page.

Whenever the season and weather at all admitted, she had one favourite retreat or "*boudoir*." Such a word would have been a misnomer within the Manse walls. Not so, however, up the glade amid the hazels and birches, where no human soul could intrude to distract or disturb the reverie. It must be owned in this oft-frequented spot there were, around her, dumb rivals that refused a monopoly of pleasure even to the "Author of *Waverley*." She would pause systematically at the close of each chapter, to get a glimpse and inspiration from the larger volume we have already said was so prized, and which has no *finis* on its ever-teeming and expanding pages to cause the sigh over other "tales that are told." There was one specially favourite morsel of green sward, with a gray rock overhead,—the said rock tapestried and fringed with moss and lichen, and where a little tiny stream was just heard, and no more, purling among the stones. There for hours would she surrender herself to this pleasing exile; having a tacit understanding, on all occasions, in case of being "to dumb forgetfulness a prey," that the Manse dinner-bell would give half-an-hour's premonitory warning, so that poetry and fiction might not be in conflict with domestic punctuality.

If by any chance, or at any time, she were, in her mental abstraction, oblivious to such a summons, she would not long be allowed the indulgence; for Juno, who lay calm and rigid as a statue at her feet, was ever impatient for the signal; and, once given, there was, by dint alike of tongue and gambol, no possibility of remonstrance or delay.

Effie shared her brother's society and home with yet one other, and not the least lovable, member of the circle. If Aunt Phemie had lost the dews of youth, these had only been compensated by the charms of that time of maturer years, when middle life begins to be sprinkled, and no more, with the gray of approaching age, without a trace of its feebleness.

Oh, ye aunts, ye aunts! what we owe you! What an institution, to be sure, you are in a thousand homes! What, gentle reader, would many a household,—many a dwelling in upper, many a cottage of humbler life, be without its Aunt Margaret, and Aunt Charlotte, and Aunt Betty?

Did you ever get a peep into a Scottish farm-house where such a relative (and of course I mean a good specimen of the *genus* aunt) was to be found? The grandmother's place of honour is at the ingle-nook, with her Book and spectacles, her knitting, or, in those olden days, her spinning-wheel. But the aunt's place!—well, its very diversity makes it impossible to define. She is a living, loving, moving, acting centre, and the whole house is her circumference. I speak now of the aforesaid conventional "farm-house;"—the arrangements of the *commisariat*, the plenshing of the "meal-kist," the superintending, if not the actual digging of the potatoes, the supervision of the cakes on the girdle, and general auxiliary in all culinary arrangements. Then what would topsy-turvy drawers be without those who have so scrupulous a reverence for "order as heaven's first law"? Farther, think of their share in Saturday night's scrubblings, alike with regard to still and "unstill" life! In the case of the latter, their triumphant curbing of unruly spirits when a mother's influence is thwarted or powerless. Yes, to be very plain, when Charlie is plunging and kicking in the tub, without the remotest concession to rhyme or reason, the recipe is—"Send for auntie!" Auntie comes, and, to be sure, a perfect tornado it has been and is; but the winds are hushed. And then—God bless you! what you are at a sick-bed! The quaint and cunning devices you have for smoothing pillows and coaxing young "Ready-to-halts"! Frank persists in throwing his medicine into the fire:—he won't take a drop of it. But Auntie again is summoned, and with her *veni, vidi, vici*, the nauseous gulp is a memory, no more.

Ay, above all—we tread on more sacred ground—a double "God bless you" here. When some sick couch has a sad and disastrous close; when hope against hope has to give way; when the doctor ominously shakes his head, and the father tries to hide his big tears, and the mother is carried

swooning to the other room. Ah, there you are! and some of us have known what you are.—But enough! Oh, ye aunts! for I must again take up the refrain—what we owe to you! Crotchety at times we allow you are. Sometimes a trifle artful; sometimes, though very rarely, a twinge of selfishness; capable of giving a sharp retort or a blunt refusal; sometimes drabbie in your persons; sometimes over careful of your purse-strings; sometimes sensitive about your years, and therefore at war with all Bible and baptismal registers; but, taking you all in all, you are a grand, indispensable institution in this wicked, many-sided world. We could not do without you. Many an epic has been written on a less noble theme. "God bless you" once more!

If such be many a Scottish aunt-type in humbler life, the reader may conjecture what place and space "dear Aunt Phemie" occupied in the Manse of Taxwood. In brief, she kept all right. There were, as we may come by-and-by to see, conflicting elements which needed management and tact and reconciliation—household cares and arrangements far outside the orbit of the minister and his sister; delicate cases of domestic casuistry that could not well be submitted to younger ears; worries that were far better left unrevealed, and to die their own miserable deaths. Then pantry and cupboards were realms she felt none could rule, and none dare enter, but herself. In the matter of pastoral labour and duty she little interfered, save a friendly call at the cottages or farm-houses which lay in the direction of her daily or rather occasional walk. As to the Sunday School, her nerves, equal to other emergencies, would have failed her here, even if she had not possessed in Effie a competent and willing substitute. She was alone great on Sunday School occasions when these demanded tea and cake for the annual treat on the village green, or in the minister's barn, when rain at times forbade the preferable resort.

There is still one occupant of the Manse, or one very closely identified with it, who challenges a brief description—any others must be content with some future passing references;—but "THE MINISTER'S MAN" in general, and the Taxwood minister's man in particular, dare not be thus summarily passed by;—to do so would be to omit the moon from the planetary system. This satellite in Scottish manse-life occupies a position altogether unique. He is worth little if he does not bulk as an important personage; his importance expanding in compound ratio with advancing years of service. The uninitiated reader will not understand, what all country parishioners fully do, that it is a most difficult feat to procure a man with such vast and varied qualifications. What must the minister's man *not* be? He must be respectable; he must understand the management alike of glebe and garden, and at any cost of physical strength undertake both. He must further be capable of taking care of the horse (and, please to note, *such* a horse!), for that member of the Manse constituency is bound also to combine

the most varied and even diverse characteristics. He must accommodate himself to the plough, the harrow, "the machine" (in its innumerable phases), and not unfrequently, as in the present case, the saddle. To all these multifarious duties—we speak now of the man—is occasionally added, as was the immemorial custom of Taxwood, the important office of "beadle" (or "Boadle" as is sometimes the preferable rendering). This, in the more slipshod days we speak of, consisted in a very superficial dusting and monthly washing of the Kirk seats on Saturday afternoon; on Sunday, the ringing of the bell and carrying the Bible and Psalm Book from the study to the pulpit. Without, however, expanding the catalogue (and it is by no means exhausted) the reader will at once perceive that the personage we describe is no secondary magnate in manse life. Of most of the aforesaid subjects—it is not to be wondered at—he is credited with a vastly greater knowledge than his master. He is generally wont to exercise an omnipotent sway over glebe and garden, byre and stable, seedtime and harvest. Dan MacGlashan was a true and unmistakable sample of his class.

The new minister came to the parish sublimely ignorant of all rural things—innocent of crop rotations; understanding as little about the insertion of turnip-seed in the glebe as of lettuce or beetroot in the garden. But the good fellow who was to be his future auxiliary, who, moreover, had long done duty to his aged predecessor, was the very last to take advantage of ignorance. Dan's natural sagacity, moreover, soon led him to perceive that he had an apt pupil, so that by degrees the despotic reins were slackened. He had the good sense, day by day, or at least year by year, to lapse into his proper place of subordination to the wishes of his superior. Though slightly passionate, any proposal to which Mr. Erskine demurred, the other received, or made an effort to receive, with respectful acquiescence. Generally speaking, he simply scratched his head by way of opening a few safety valves for the escape of his natural infirmity; said nothing, which implied assent.

As he will often reappear in future pages, we need not further enlarge, save to remark, that in outward appearance Dan could claim nothing certainly prepossessing. His complexion—partly hereditary, partly from continuous outdoor work—was of the most pronounced character—red ears, red cheeks, red nose, red hands, with brown hair dashed with gray; from which latter circumstance you would augur that he was on the shady side of half a century. Like his master he had remained, and was destined to remain, in a state of single blessedness.

His dwelling was in an extremely comfortable "loft," with window and striped window-blind, above the stable and byre. This primitive room was innocent of a fireplace, but there was caloric enough, even in the sharpest winter, from the two artificial stoves underneath. Dan was never known to grumble, but lived happy and contented on his official dignities.

The Story of the Darjeeling Mission.

THIS Mission, the youngest of our Indian Missions, was begun in 1870, after the visit of Dr. Norman Macleod and Dr. Watson to India. They reported the great success of Mission work among the Aboriginal Tribes, and led our Church to resolve to begin an Aboriginal Mission. After considerable inquiry had been made for a suitable field, it was resolved to occupy the Darjeeling District, and I was transferred from our Gya Mission in June 1870 to work in the new Mission.

The district occupied by the Mission lies in the Himalaya Mountains, straight north from Calcutta, between the Independent States of Nepal and Bhutan. The country in the Himalayas lying between Nepal on the west and Bhutan on the east, and between Thibet on the north and the plains of India on the south, is called Sikhim. Till 1835 the whole of this country belonged to the Raja of Sikhim, but since then the British, partly by peaceful negotiation and partly by fighting, have annexed the southern half of it, which is now known as British Sikhim, or the Darjeeling District. All that is now left to the Raja is the northern half, which is called Independent Sikhim, or often simply Sikhim.

The work of our Mission lay among the native races in British Sikhim. These are three in number—the Lepchas, the Nepaulese or Gorkhas, and the Bhutias. (1.) The Lepchas are a purely aboriginal tribe. They belong to the Thibetan-Burmese branch of the aborigines, and they resemble the other aboriginal tribes in being very primitive in many of their ways and habits, in their religion, which consists in endeavouring in times of affliction to propitiate by sacrifices demons which are supposed to be the cause of all calamities, and in their having no caste. A large number of the Lepchas were influenced by Buddhism before we went among them, and those of them who became Buddhists are much less inclined to become Christians than those who adhered to the primitive Lepcha faith. Till the British occupied the country the Lepchas were its only inhabitants. They used to be a migratory people living in the midst of the dense forests, never ploughing the soil, and moving their habitations every few years in search of fresh jungle and virgin soil. Since the Nepaulese came into the district the Lepchas have been obliged to give up their old migratory habits, and to settle down in one place and to plough the land; but many of them take ill to this settled kind of life. (2.) The Nepaulese, or Gorkhas, or Pahariás, for they are known by all the three names, have come into the district since it was occupied by the British. They now form the vast majority of the population, and it is by their energy, acting under British superintendence, that the Darjeeling district has been made what it is. These are the same people of whose courage every one has heard in

connection with the gallant service rendered in our wars by the Gorkha regiments in the British native army in India. There are many tribes among them, such as Limbus, Khambus, Murmis, Newars, etc. All the tribes speak Nepaulese as a common language, but a considerable number of them speak each a tribal language of their own besides. Almost all the Gorkha tribes have embraced Hinduism, and observe caste, which constitutes the backbone of Hinduism, and is the most formidable difficulty missionaries have to encounter in India. (3.) The Bhutias are found chiefly in the eastern part of the district in the tract of land annexed from Bhutan. They are all Buddhists. Our Mission has done very little among them; but from the strongly-organised system of religion which prevails among them, nearly as great difficulties will, I believe, be encountered among them as among the regular Hindus of the plains. They are a treacherous, deceitful race. The strange practice prevails among them of using praying machines and praying flags, under the idea that their praying can be done by machinery.

When our Mission was begun, our first work was to learn the native languages. The district is a perfect Babel of different tribes and languages. From first to last, our Mission has had more or less to do with four different languages—Nepaulese, Lepcha, Thibetan, and Bengali—which are written in four different sets of characters, in addition to a fifth language, Hindi, which is written in the same character as the Nepaulese. Three languages—Hindi, Nepaulese, and Lepcha—are now being constantly used in the Mission. Our Mission work is carried on entirely in the native languages. Our preaching and teaching are all done in these, and we print also in Hindi, Nepaulese, and Lepcha, in our Mission printing press in Darjeeling.

As soon as we were able to make ourselves intelligible to the people, we began preaching in the Bazaars on Sundays. The Sunday Bazaar is an institution which prevails all over the Darjeeling district. It arose in connection with the tea gardens. The planters, being English or Scotch Christians, gave leave to their coolies on Sundays, and the coolies, being heathen and having a holiday, went and everywhere set up these Bazaars, which resemble the fairs held in Scotch towns at home. We went to these Bazaars, and, standing up in the midst of the people, we told them that we were servants of the living God, who had come to reveal Him and His salvation through His Son Jesus Christ unto them; and we endeavoured to proclaim to them in its fulness the gospel message which had been committed unto us. We failed, however, in this way for several years to make any impression upon the people, such as to lead to the conversion and baptism of any. They would come and listen to us for a longer or a shorter time, as the case might be. Sometimes they would ask questions or urge objections, and at times they

would make remarks, showing that they felt the force of what we said, and then they would go away, and, as far as we could see, matters seemed to remain very much as they were before. None of them came out to confess Christ openly in baptism.

Our Darjeeling Mission was sorely tried during the first few years of our work there. Not long after it was commenced, my colleague, Mr. Duncan Campbell, who was sent with me to begin the Mission, died of malarious fever. I myself was laid aside for a time from all active work by the same disease, which clung to me for three years from the time when I first caught it. With death and sickness among us, and no converts, we had many a dark and trying day in the Mission. It often seemed as if our Darjeeling Mission were on the point of perishing. So many calamities came upon us, that one of our chaplains in India said that some fatality seemed to attend the Darjeeling Mission. Mr. Bechtold, who was labouring among the Mechis, had to return to Europe in broken health. The failure of the Rev. Mr. Anderson's health made him also leave after a service of only twenty months. Two other missionaries left after being only a short time in the field. But in our distress we cried unto God, and He heard us and delivered us. God revealed unto us our own helplessness and nothingness before He would honour us to the conversion of souls. The vessels containing His heavenly treasure were shown to be earthen, that "the excellency of the power" might be known to be of God, and not of man.

Our first converts came out in connection with our schools, which, along with an annual grant-in-aid, were made over to us by the Government of Bengal, on the ground that that Government found missionaries better agents for dealing with hill tribes than any whose services they could secure in the Bengal Educational Department. To train teachers for these schools we began a training school in Darjeeling, to which we got Nepaulese of the different tribes, Lepchas, and Bhutias, to come. They were taught the ordinary branches of school knowledge, arithmetic, geography, history, grammar, and such like, through the medium of the Vernacular languages. Special attention was devoted to their instruction in the knowledge of our holy Scriptures. My sister, Miss Macfarlane, had especial charge of this training school. She came out in the beginning of 1871, and continued with me till the beginning of 1879, when her health broke down so completely that she had to be sent home to Scotland, where she still is, with her health not yet thoroughly restored. She rendered most valuable service in the training school. It was among the students in the training school that our work first bore fruit. After they had been with us long enough to enable them to understand what our Bible really was, it became manifest that a number of them had been deeply impressed.

Several of them said that they felt convinced that the book which we were teaching them was the book of the living God. They shrank back, however, when they were urged to come forward and openly confess their faith in baptism. At last one man, a Limbu, came out, gave up his caste, and was baptized. That was in October 1874. This was our first convert from among the hill people. Since then, year by year, we have had many converts from among the Nepaulese coming out in connection with that training school. Some of the cases of conversion have been remarkable. In the case of one in particular, that of Sukhman, now our catechist in Kalimpoong, I witnessed a spiritual struggle, the like of which I never saw all my life in connection with any other human soul. One cannot but have the deepest sympathy with converts who, like Sukhman, have for Christ's sake literally forsaken father and mother, and brother and sister, and acquaintances, and become outcasts in their tribes. On account of the caste system, the Nepaulese who become Christians are separated from their families and regarded by their members as dead men. This is a very great hindrance to the progress of our work among the Nepaulese.

More than a year elapsed after the baptism of our first Nepaulese convert before we had a single Lepcha connected with the church. Now the Lepcha converts far outnumber the Nepaulese. The chief reason for the more rapid progress made among the Lepchas has been the absence of caste among them. The converts are allowed to live with their heathen relatives in all worldly things such as they were living before their conversion. Thus the Christians can tell their relatives about Christ, and in this way many from among the heathen Lepchas are led to become Christ's disciples.

I left the Darjeeling district to come home to Scotland in April last year. I left the Rev. Mr. Turnbull and the Rev. Mr. Sutherland in charge of the Mission. In their hands the work has gone on and prospered greatly. Mr. Turnbull is in charge of the western, and Mr. Sutherland of the eastern half of the district. During the past year 88 baptisms took place in connection with the Mission, and this year, up to the 15th July, 135 souls, including men, women, and children, had been baptized. On the 15th July this year there were in connection with the Mission 113 Christian families, numbering 375 souls, who had been baptized. Of these, 88 were communicants. There were then also in connection with the Mission 107 Gorkha and Lepcha catechumens under probation and instruction, preparatory for baptism. Most of these will in due course be received into the Church.

Such is the simple story of our Darjeeling Mission. Through the grace of God working with us I think we have been able to lay in the Darjeeling district the foundations of a living, successful Mission, and I expect that, if we are only faithful in carrying on the work which God has given us to

do, He will be with us in the future as He has been in the past; and that we shall be gladdened as a Church by learning from month to month and from year to year, in the pages of our Church's "Missionary Record," that many from among the heathen in the Darjeeling hills are turning to the knowledge and worship of the Lord our God.

W. MACFARLANE.

Our Darjeeling Missionaries.

THE Rev. WILLIAM MACFARLANE, M.A., is a native of the parish of Little Dunkeld. He studied and graduated at St. Andrews, was licensed by the Presbytery of St. Andrews, and ordained by the Presbytery of Glasgow. He proceeded to the Gya Mission to join Mr. Clark in the beginning of 1865, and to Darjeeling in the middle of 1870, never leaving India till his recent return on furlough. His sister, Miss MACFARLANE, studied in Glasgow, and, after taking a first-class certificate in the Glasgow Normal School, joined her brother in the beginning of 1871. After much hard work her health was seriously impaired; but she is now regaining strength in this country, and hopes to return to India.

The Rev. ARCHIBALD TURNBULL, B.D., is a native of the parish of Linlithgow, was educated at school at Ecclesmachan, studied and graduated at the University of Edinburgh, was licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1879, and at once proceeded to Darjeeling.

The Rev. W. S. SUTHERLAND, M.A., was born in the parish of Fraserburgh, and was educated at school there, studied and graduated at the University of Aberdeen, was licensed and ordained by the Presbytery of Aberdeen in 1879, and proceeded immediately to Darjeeling.

In a fuller account, which we judge to be inappropriate, there would be University and other distinctions to chronicle. We are proud of our Darjeeling Missionaries, and thankful for God's blessing on their labours.

EDITOR.

Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild or Union Conference and Public Meeting in Glasgow.

AN important Conference of Delegates from the many branches of the Guild throughout the country will be held in Glasgow on 5th December, in the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Institute. The City Hall has been taken for a Public Meeting in the evening, at which the Right Honourable the Earl of Aberdeen, Her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner to last General Assembly, will preside. It is gratifying to hear of wide-spread and growing interest in the Young Men's Guild. More than twenty new Associations have been affiliated since the General Assembly. Of these some are Christian Fellowship Associations, some are Mutual Improvement Societies, and others are Bible Classes conducted by ministers or laymen. Steps are being taken, in several different parts of the country, to form new Associations or Classes in connection with the Guild, or to connect with it Societies already in existence. Our Young Men throughout the country, as well as in Glasgow, should hasten to strengthen the Guild and make the Conference a success, by organising themselves and appointing delegates. Their ministers will be their best guides. All information may be had from the Rev. William Robertson, M.A., Garturk, Coatbridge.



REV. WM MACFARLANE, M.A.



MISS MACFARLANE.



REV. W.S. SUTHERLAND M.A.



REV. ARCHIBALD TURNBULL, B. D.

OUR
DARJEELING MISSIONARIES.

RECEIVED

Samuel Rutherford in Anwoth.

OF the great Worthies of the old Scottish Kirk few bear a more honoured name than Samuel Rutherford. Other names may be as familiar, and may even seem greater, to the student of our Church History; Rutherford is a household word among all ranks of our pious and intelligent people. Born, it would seem, in the Border parish of Crailing about 1600, he was called to fill a Professor's Chair in Edinburgh while still a youth, and he was Professor of Divinity in St. Andrews over twenty years, till his death in 1661. He was a theologian of the foremost rank, with a name and fame beyond the sea. The University of St. Andrews in his time "became," it was said, "a Lebanon out of which were taken cedars for building the house of God through the whole land." He was one of the six Commissioners from the Church of Scotland to the famous Westminster Assembly, which framed the Confession of Faith, the Larger and Shorter Catechisms, and the Directory of Public Worship. It was in no small measure due to him and his colleagues, Henderson, Baillie, and Gillespie, that the Assembly adopted so largely the Presbyterian polity, and it was his zealous advocacy of Presbyterian principles, as opposed to Independency, that marked him out for contemptuous mention by Milton, in verses ending with the oft-quoted line—

"New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large."

These distinctions, however, would scarcely of themselves have won for him the large remembrance of posterity, which has been his lot. It is as minister of Anwoth, and writer of the famous *Letters*, that he is most widely and popularly known. It is when we turn from the unreasonable and violent Protester to the affectionate, tender-hearted, self-denying pastor; when we turn from the profound learning and subtle reasoning of the keen controversialist, to the outpourings of a burdened heart, the glowing utterances of Christian joy, the warm sympathy with the bereaved and the persecuted, the solemn pleadings with the godless, to be found throughout his *Letters*, that we discover the secret of his wide and insuring popularity. There are few, we should think, who have not heard of *Rutherford's Letters*.

His work as a devoted Parish Minister and his sufferings for conscience' sake have taken a strong hold of the heart of devout Presbyterianism. He lived in unsettled and troublous times, when Presbytery and Prelacy both had a footing, and both were striving for pre-eminence. It might be supposed that in quiet and sequestered Anwoth only the spent waves of ecclesiastical strife would have been felt; and yet it was over the surrounding district that the troubles of the killing time rolled most fiercely. There is scarcely a parish for miles around that has not, either in its churchyard or on its moors, a martyr's grave. As Principal Shairp has sung:—

"The Covenanter's grave is there
With wild thyme overgrown,
And hallowed still are moor and hill
For that memorial stone.
There evermore, ye bees, hum o'er
The peasant martyr's grave;
Thy wail be heard, lone plover bird,
O'er Scotland's holy brave."

In Anwoth Covenanting memories have reached a focus. In the churchyard, under the shadow of Rutherford's old church, is a stone commemorating one of the martyrs who fell on Kirkconnell Moor in that year of dark and cruel memory, 1685. And it hardly needs the fine granite monument, standing conspicuous on one of the lower ridges of the Anwoth hills, looking up the beautiful Vale of Fleet, and across the blue waters of the Solway, to remind the visitor of Rutherford. His presence fills the air of the place. Its castles and mansions, its farms and glens, its sunny hills and its sands washed by the Solway, are all fragrant with his memory. Rutherford's Church, an ivy-grown ruin, with the date carved over the doorway, 1627—the year of his appointment to Anwoth; Rutherford's Walk, a path probably across the shoulder of the hill, from his house at Bushy-Bield—standing till 1826—towards the old church; Rutherford's Witnesses—now perhaps to be counted in a row of stones set up along a flat space among the furze, where he found and rebuked a party playing football one Sabbath day;—are still pointed out (and by none more willingly than Rutherford's successor in the charge of the Parish), and make Anwoth a place of pilgrimage to devout Presbyterians from both sides of the Atlantic.

Of Rutherford's life in Anwoth we have many interesting glimpses, and his wide and commanding influence can be gathered from the number and quality of his correspondents. It was said of him during the twelve years he was minister of Anwoth (from 1627 to 1639), that he was always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying. His preaching was frequented by godly people from great distances: "the whole country, indeed, went to him, and accounted themselves as his particular flock." It is often thought that the preaching of two hundred years ago was cold, hard, abstract doctrine, and it is sometimes said that the men of the seventeenth century believed doctrine far more than they believed Christ. It was not so with Rutherford. Throughout the *Letters* the living Person of Christ is most prominent. "O that ye would esteem highly the Lamb of God," he writes from his temporary banishment in Aberdeen to his parishioners at Anwoth, "your well-beloved Christ Jesus, whose virtues and praises I preached unto you with joy, and that ye would call to mind the many fair days and glorious feasts in our Lord's house of wine that ye and I have had with Christ Jesus!" And an English merchant, speaking of preachers whom he had heard on a visit to St. Andrews, says, "I heard a little fair man (Ruther-

ford), and he showed me the loveliness of Christ." As a proof of his wide-spread fame, and of his catholicity of spirit, the story of Archbishop Usher's visit to Anwoth is often told. Anxious to see for himself the man whose piety was so much spoken of, the Archbishop arrived on a Saturday evening disguised as a travelling-man. At family worship he was asked during the usual catechising how many commandments there were, and replied "Eleven." "Be ashamed of yourself," said Mrs. Rutherford, who conducted the catechising, "to have come to gray hairs in a Christian land and not to know that there are ten commandments." On the Sabbath the stranger was early astir, and, when Rutherford went out to enjoy his Sabbath morning walk and meditation, he heard the voice of prayer ascending from a neighbouring thicket, for blessing on the services of the day. Rutherford suspected that his guest was no common man, and soon discovered in the visitor the good archbishop. He invited him to conduct the service, and great was the confusion of Mrs. Rutherford when he gave out as his text, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," and began his sermon with the words, "This is the Eleventh commandment."

The *Letters*, written at various times from the commencement of his ministry at Anwoth, are often quaint even to what some might call coarseness and extravagance. But the homeliness of their language and the sweetness of Christian assurance and joy pervading them, together with their vein of poetic feeling, have made them widely popular. They are to be found in the manse and the shepherd's cottage, in the bookcase of the city merchant, and in the attic of the hard-worked seamstress, side by side with such books as the *Pilgrim's Progress* and *M'Cheyne's Remains*. Next to the fragrance of Christ's Person which breathes through them, is the spirit of sympathy, the fellowship of Christ's sufferings, which everywhere finds expression. "The lintelstone and pillars of His New Jerusalem," he says, "suffer more knocks of God's hammer and tools than the common side walls." "Ye have lost a child," he writes to Lady Kenmure on the death of her infant daughter; "nay, she is not lost to you who is found to Christ; she is not sent away but only sent before, like unto a star which going out of our sight doth not die and vanish, but shineth in another hemisphere. Ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. If her glass was but a short hour, what she wanted of time that she hath gotten of eternity; and ye have to rejoice that ye have now some plenishing up in heaven." Writing in troublous times of the stability of the Church of God, he says: "The government is upon Christ's shoulders, and He will plead for the blood of His saints. The bush has been burning for five thousand years, and we never yet saw the ashes of this fire."

Towards the end troubles long foreseen gathered thickly round him. He was deprived of his profes-

orship at St. Andrews and was looking forward to martyrdom, when he was seized by illness. His thoughts even then travelled back to Anwoth, and its days of blessing. He died March 1661. His last words were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

"Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear,
Even from the verge of heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh, if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My heaven will be two heavens
In Immanuel's land."

THOMAS NICOL.

A Broken Resolution.

I WAS acquainted with a man of thirty-five years of age, whose life up to this time had been exemplary. The determination of his character was strong; and his word once pledged either in a business or moral capacity had always hitherto been redeemed. The death of his mother, which happened at this period of his career, affected him so deeply that he made a solemn vow to keep the anniversary day of her death better than any other throughout the year. His conduct was to be such the whole of that day as his conscience would commend and approve of next morning.

He began the first anniversary of his mother's death determined to banish the most trivial sin from his thoughts. When he went to business for the day he received a letter which occasioned his going to a distant part of the city. On his way thither he met a friend whom he had not seen for more than a dozen years. This was an old school companion, and one of his most intimate associates of ripening manhood. Feeling and friendship absorbed his thoughts. He was induced to enter a neighbouring hotel. His friend, who had just arrived from abroad for a short holiday, was overjoyed to meet the face of an old and familiar acquaintance: one thing led on to another. The billiard room was visited. Champagne and cigars were called for. The man of resolution forgot all about his vow, or tossed it carelessly from him in the midst of his dissipation.

A quarrel arose, which was slight at first, but became more inflamed as he got more heated with the wine. The day finished most disastrously, and next morning, to his shame and humiliation, he was brought before a magistrate to meet the charge of being drunk and disorderly on the previous evening. This man, whose conduct had up to this time been so circumspect that he had never been under the influence of drink, found himself the very morning on which he was to be commended by his conscience a criminal in the hands of Justice. He had trusted in his own strength, and not in "God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

A. B. S.

The Missionary Record.

THE energetic Presbytery of Hamilton has held at Coatbridge a successful Conference on Christian Work, and a suggestive and readable summary of the proceedings appears in the Record for November. Why is it that so many, even of those who are interested in Christ's kingdom, do not read the Missionary Record of their Church, and therefore derive no information and no stimulus from such valuable papers as the one we have named? That excellent periodical is, we are glad to learn, increasing its circulation, but it deserves far greater success, and will rapidly attain it if the Church becomes deeply interested in Missions abroad and at home. From one of the papers read at the Conference, which has been placed at our disposal, we select a few sentences:—

"We regard the circulation of the Missionary Record as a matter of the very greatest importance to the calling forth of an intelligent sympathetic interest in the work of the Church. There should not be a family connected with the Church that does not get monthly a copy of the Missionary Record. No congregation can be regarded as fully equipped for doing the work that devolves on it, in which, in some way, this is not provided for. From a correspondence lately had with ministers in different parts of the country it was found that the number of congregations is increasing that provides a copy of the Missionary Record for every family and separate member. Small country congregations are distributing their 40, 50, and 60 copies of both Magazines (Life and Work and the Record), while the larger town congregations are circulating 200 and 300. The Abbey Parish congregation of Edinburgh, consisting almost entirely of the working classes, takes as many as 500 copies of the Missionary Record. Facts like these should be looked upon as full of promise for the future of the Church."

Scotch Girls' Friendly Society.

WE have received a Report of an interesting Service lately held in St. Michael's, Crieff (Rev. Dr. Cunningham's). The Sermon was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Towers of Birkenhead, to the Crieff branch of the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society. This branch has twenty-six associates, and over two hundred members, many of whom, with their parents and friends, were present. The arrival of this Report reminds us that there exist in Scotland several Associations, large and small, having for their object the promotion of Christian fellowship among young women. Their history and present condition should be topics of interest, and the working principles on which they are severally established might be usefully compared. We may be able to bring all this before our readers in due time.

Christmas.

By MONA NOEL-PATON.

"ISN'T it nice to think how near Christmas is? Only to-day and to-morrow, and then it will be here."

"Yes, it's just delightful. Such a long, long time I have had to wait for it: ever since last year," dreamily answered Kit.

"Why, of course, everybody has waited since last year," remarked the practical Robin, who, though but little older, looked down very much upon his brother for the queer "silly things" he so often said.

"No, I don't think everybody has waited quite, quite as I have," murmured the younger child. "I have thought about it so often, and counted every day."

"Why, I thought you hated parties and fuss. Besides, there are lots of days just as good as Christmas. There's birthdays."

"No, birthdays are not *quite* the same. There is no pure white snow on our birthdays, and there's not the same queer feeling. I can't tell you what I mean," he went on, without attending to, or indeed hearing Robin's very true remark, that there was not always snow on Christmas. "I can't put it into words, only when everybody goes about and says to everybody else, 'A merry Christmas!' and people shake hands that don't shake hands on other days, it is so *awful* nice."

"But I think when everybody says 'Many happy returns' to *yourself*, and kisses *you* most, and gives *you* things, and makes *you* king of the day, it's far nicer," said Robin.

"Oh no; I think that's horrid. I never know what to answer when they say 'Many happy returns.' I always feel inclined to say it back to them. And then it feels so unusual to have everybody doing just what I want. I always wish they would not make such a fuss."

"Well, you are a funny boy! That's just what I like. It doesn't feel half as grand getting presents on Christmas, for then you are no different from everybody else. Now, on your birthday you get them all to yourself."

"And I don't like that: I always wish I could divide my presents. It seems so nasty of me to have them, and the other children not to. It is such fun on Christmas to see everybody with presents, and to look at the other people's, and let them see mine. It's like everybody having a birthday at once. And it all feels so queer—the waking up in the morning, and seeing the strange white cold light the snow throws up, and the kissing ourselves and wishing us all 'A merry Christmas.'"

"Yes, and the dressing by the nursery fire," chimed in Robin, carried away by his brother's earnestness, "and seeing the light dance on the

holly and leaves the big ones put up after we were in bed."

"And the big ones coming in and kissing us all. I do like the boys to kiss me, it makes them feel so much more understandy, and kissing old Nursie, and old Nursie's eyes full of tears," went on Kit, his own voice not so steady as it might be.

"And then the giving of presents, and going into father's and mother's room and giving them our gifts. But I always wish we had not to wait for night to see the tree and mother's present. There is too much waiting about Christmas for me. First, waiting for the postman to come, and then waiting, waiting, waiting for evening when the party is," said Robin, with a shake of his head.

"How funny, I like the waiting. For it is always waiting for something awfully nice, that you know will come. The postman does come and brings cards for everybody. And night comes and brings our aunts and uncles and cousins, and the tree, and more presents for everybody."

"Yes, there's no doubt it is all very jolly, especially the supper," remarked Robin.

"I don't like the supper, for then it is all over, and I know it can't come again for another whole year."

"Well, but there are lots of other parties besides ours."

"Oh yes; but ours is on Christmas Day, and it is *at home*, and all the big ones are there, and everybody we love!"

"And is it for all these things you have been waiting so much?" asked Robin, astonished.

"No, oh no! not only for these," whispered Kit. "This last year I have waited for something more."

"For what?"

"Will you promise not to laugh if I tell you, Robin?"

"Yes."

The little boy crept closer to his brother on the rug by the nursery fire; and, sitting with his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, and gazing into the glowing "castles in the air," he spoke in a soft voice. The twilight had deepened outside as they spoke, and now the room was lighted only by the flickering flame, which kissed the two earnest faces and crept lovingly into the far blue depths of little Kit's eyes.

"Robin, last Christmas, after it was all over, and when I had gone to bed with my big beautiful new horse beside me—the one with the real hair, you know—and all my other presents and cards upon my bed, I was so happy and sorry that I could not sleep. I tried and tried, but it was no good. I heard you children all sleeping round me, and no noise anywhere. And after a long long time I could lie still no longer. So I crept out of bed and went to the window, drew back the curtain and looked out, and there I saw nothing but light, and falling snow; nothing but a strange light and

soft white snow falling down and falling down, silently and gently as if it were *thinking* all the way. And I looked up through all the moving whiteness, away up, up, and, smiling down through all the soft feathers, I saw a great clear silver star, and it looked right down, down into my eyes. And somehow, I knew that it was Christ's star—the Christmas star. And I seemed to understand all at once about the good Lord Jesus who was a little baby one Christmas night long, long, long ago, and who loved little children, and came down here to be a little child, to teach us to be like Him. And when I saw the star smiling down I felt that that child Jesus can feel for little children still, loves them still, and wants them to love one another. And I felt then what Christmas is and ought to be; I felt then that no selfish thought, no unloving word, no unkind act, should ever be allowed to spoil Christmas, I felt that Christmas is indeed the most beautiful day in all the year.

"And as I stood looking up at the star thinking, all at once I heard lovely soft music far, far away. It came nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, through the snow, and I could not lift my eyes off the star, and I could not breathe, but listened and listened, and felt my heart rise in my throat. And gradually the music died away, the star gave one bright, bright look and went out; and only the snow kept falling, falling through the stillness—angels' feathers sent by God to make the whole earth pure and beautiful as our hearts ought to be after God's Christmas."

Was it a child speaking? One can hardly believe it. But I think he had felt it all so deeply, thought about it all so constantly, allowed it to possess him so entirely, that now it was not so much the child of ten who spoke, as that the thought which had lived and grown within his soul for a whole year rushed out in spite of him, and gave him a power of expression quite beyond his years.

"And next year I am going to lie awake and see it all again," he concluded, rising and going towards the window, where he stood looking out, his heart very full.

Ah! my little man, there are no second times.

Next Christmas night he fell asleep tired out with happiness. He saw no wonderful star, he heard no waits music—angels' notes to him. But who can tell that God did not send in dreams to His loving little one thoughts more beautiful even than the snow vision brought him?

God sends his snow, "angels' feathers," to make the whole earth pure; but how soon do we soil them and turn their silver whiteness into dirt and mire!

God sends His Christmas to us with its purifying thoughts into our hearts; but how long do we keep them there? How long does the "goodwill toward men" last, how long do the good resolves live? Do they not, like the snow, soon melt away and

change into the mire and dirt of selfish, uncharitable everyday life?

But yet I have seen in a corner of a dark, wretched street a little patch of snow find a resting-place, and lie white and sparkling there as in the country fields till its work is done. And who can tell in what dark heart the Christmas message may live, as it lived in the innocent heart of that little boy?

Christmas Snow.

FALLING silently, softly,
Through the still wintry night,
Snow from the far-off heavens
Enfolds the earth in white.

O robe of spotless whiteness!
O gleaming Christmas snow!
Tell us the angels' tidings,
Sung in the long ago.

Tell us the same sweet message,
That rang o'er Judea's plain,
Of love come down from heaven
To cleanse the earth from stain.

Meet messenger of pardon,
Tell to our sin and woe
Of love's blest open fountain,
To make us white as snow.

Tell of the fair pure raiment
For all who overcome,
Of the welcome and the glory
In the far eternal home.

Tell that earth's darkest sin stain
May all be washed away,
By Him who came from heaven
That wondrous Christmas Day.

O snowflakes gently falling,
Fresh from the land above!
Tell us the blessed tidings
From the white thrones of love.

Fold our hearts into stillness,
Before the power and might
Of love so free and wondrous,
That washes sinners white.

Silently, softly it falleth,
The message of the snow;
"Trust Him, ye broken-hearted,
Because He loveth so." J. C. D.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find in Judges five cases of killing in which the weapons were (1) a dagger; (2) an ox goad; (3) a nail; (4) a piece of a millstone; (5) a jawbone. 2. Find the seventy palm-trees of Elim mentioned twice, and the palm-trees of Jericho mentioned four times. 3. Find a War-Song and a Lament (the Song of the Bow), both said to be written in the "Book of Jasher." 4. Which evangelist is the first Christian hymnologist? Find in his Gospel (1) the angelic salutation; (2) the song (Magnificat) of Mary; (3) of Zacharias; (4) of the Angels; (5) of Simeon. 5. Find in St. Matthew two centurions who had faith, and in Acts one who was devout and another who was courteous. 6. Which evangelist alone

records that Jesus took children *in His arms*? Find the two instances. 7. Find seven texts warning against intemperance in both food and drink. 8-10. Find *other* twenty passages warning against drunkenness.

ANSWERS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Noah, son of Lamech, Gen. 5. 29; Noah, daughter of Zelophehad, Num. 27. 1. 2. Jesus, John 18. 22; Paul, Acts 23. 2. 3. Matt. 3. 16; 6. 26; 8. 20; 10. 16, 29; 13. 4, 22; 21. 12; 23. 37; 24. 28; 26. 34, 74. 4. To Zacharias, Luke 1. 13; to Mary, Luke 1. 26; to shepherds, Luke 2. 10; to Joseph, Matt. 1. 20; 2. 13; 2. 19; to Jesus, after temptation, Matt. 4. 11 (Mark 1. 13); in Gethsemane, Luke 22. 43; to women at sepulchre, Matt. 28. 5 (Luke 24. 4 and 23; John 20. 12.) 5 and 6. John 1. 51; Matt. 13. 39, 41; 13. 49; Mark 8. 38 (Luke 9. 26; Matt. 16. 27); Luke 12. 8, 9; Matt. 18. 10; 22. 30 (Mark 12. 25; Luke 20. 36); Luke 15. 10; 16. 22; Matt. 24. 31 (Mark 13. 27); 24. 36 (Mark 13. 32); 25. 31; 25. 41; 26. 53. 7. Rev. 2. 7, 11, 17, 26; 3. 5, 12, 21. 8-10. The Son, 1 John 4. 14; the Son of the Father, 2 John 3; Son of God, John 1. 34; Son of the living God, Matt. 16. 16; Son of the Highest, Luke 1. 32; Son of the Most High God, Mark 5. 7; Son of the Blessed, Mark 14. 61; His only begotten Son, John, 3. 16; Only begotten Son of God, 3. 18; Only begotten of the Father, 1. 14; His own Son, Rom. 8. 32; His dear Son, Col. 1. 13; My beloved Son, Mark 1. 11; One Son, His well-beloved, Mark 12. 26; Son of man, Mark 13. 26; Son of David, Matt. 1. 1; Son of Mary, Mark 6. 3; her firstborn Son, Matt. 1. 25; Son of Joseph, John 1. 45; the carpenter's Son, Matt. 13. 55.

Calendar for December.

1	F.	My voice shalt thou hear in the morning.—Ps. 5. 3.
2	Sa.	The lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice.—
3	Su.	Serve the Lord with gladness.—Ps. 100. 2. [Ps. 141. 2.
4	M.	They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.—Isa. 40. 31.
5	Tu.	The Word is very nigh unto thee.—Deut. 30. 14.
6	W.	The Lord's portion is His people.—Deut. 32. 9.
7	Th.	Ye are not as yet come to the Rest.—Deut. 12. 9.
8	F.	He knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness.
9	Sa.	He is thy Life.—Deut. 30. 20. [—Deut. 2. 7.
10	Su.	<i>New Moon.</i> Collection for Colonial Missions.—Phil. 4. 16.
11	M.	At the commandment of the Lord they journeyed.—Num. 9. 23. [18. 21.
12	Tu.	How oft shall my brother sin, and I forgive?—Matt.
13	W.	I forgave thee all that debt.—Matt. 18. 32.
14	Th.	Blessed are the merciful.—Matt. 5. 7.
15	F.	With great mercies will I gather thee.—Isa. 54. 7.
16	Sa.	The angel of His presence saved them.—Isa. 63. 9.
17	Su.	My word shall not return unto Me void.—Isa. 55. 11.
18	M.	I beseech Thee show me Thy glory.—Exod. 33. 18.
19	Tu.	The whole earth is full of His glory.—Isa. 6. 3.
20	W.	To another he gave one talent.—Matt. 25. 15.
21	Th.	He digged in the earth, and hid his Lord's money.—
22	F.	Lord, is it I?—Matt. 26. 22. [Matt. 25. 18.
23	Sa.	One shall be taken and the other left.—Matt. 24. 40.
24	Su.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.—Ps. 100. 4. [Name.—Ps. 100. 4.
25	M.	<i>Christmas.</i> Be thankful unto Him, and bless His
26	Tu.	Who forgiveth all thine iniquities.—Ps. 103. 3.
27	W.	Who healeth all thy diseases.—Ps. 103. 3.
28	Th.	He hath not dealt with us after our sins.—Ps. 103. 10.
29	F.	Hope thou in God.—Ps. 42. 5. [Ps. 115. 12.
30	Sa.	The Lord hath been mindful of us; He will bless us.—
31	Su.	To-day, harden not your heart.—Ps. 95. 7, 8.

JANUARY 1883.

A Chapter of Proverbs may be read each morning.

1	M.	If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1. 10.
2	Tu.	That thou mayest walk in the way of good men.—Prov.
3	W.	Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.—Prov. 3. 5. [2. 20.



For Little Children.

PUSSY AND THE LARK.

THE other morn our pussy caught
 A lark with bright clear eye ;
 But she was seen and straight pursued,
 Like thief, with hue and cry.

Through hedge, o'er paling, on she flew,
 Right round the house went she,
 Until at last, oh, joy to tell !
 She dropped it 'neath a tree.

In pretty cage it soon was placed,
 Seed and fresh turf supplied ;
 For if it had been then set free,
 Perhaps it would have died.

Next day into the room came puss,
 With noiseless step and slow ;
 'Twas dinner-time, and at that meal
 Her face she likes to show.

The moment that the bird she saw,
 She stopped and at it glared,
 As if she to herself had said,
 No longer you'll be spared.

A little spring she made, then turned,
 And, running, left the room,
 As feeling the temptation more
 Than she could well o'ercome ;

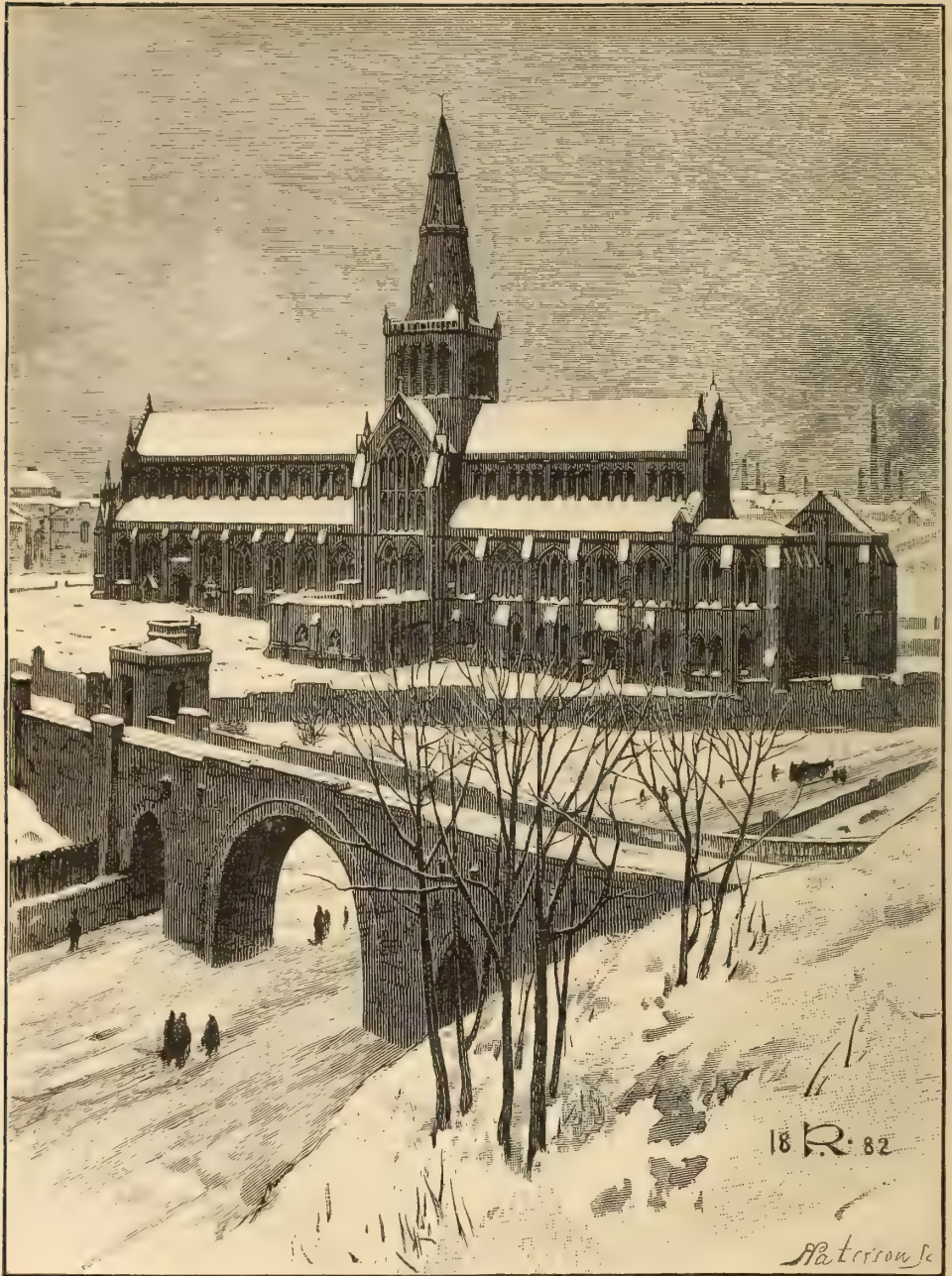
And that her safety lay in flight,
 If she'd offend no more.
 Thus wisely 'tween herself and lark,
 Poor pussy placed the door.

Next time temptation comes to you,
 Flee from it while you can ;
 So will you be a better boy,
 And then a better man.

SEAFIELD MANSE.

JAMES M'INTYRE.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



Glasgow Cathedral.

FROM A DRAWING PRESENTED BY GEORGE REID, ESQ., R.S.A.

ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY R. PATERSON.

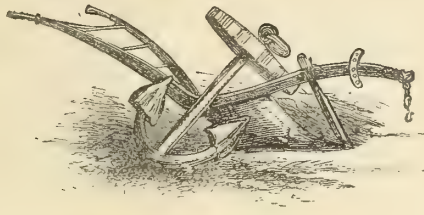
See HISTORICAL SKETCH by REV. G. STEWART BURNS, D.D., page 8.

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A Parish Magazine

VOL. V.

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ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1883.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements.

1	M.	Short Service in Church, 12 noon.
2	Tu.	Service in Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M.
3	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
4	Th.	Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
5	Fr.	Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M. Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M.
6	Sa.	Mr. Macleod sees Members regarding Baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
7	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.15 P.M. (The Afternoon Service, on the first Sunday, is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are requested to bring the Children's Hymnal. Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, Mission Hall, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 6.30 P.M. Sabbath School, Brunswick Street, 4 P.M. " " " " 6 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 4 P.M. Children's Church, Horne Lane, 11.15 A.M. Collection for the POOR of the PARISH (Coals and Soup Kitchen), which it is hoped will be liberal.
8	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Kirk-Session, 4.30 P.M.
9	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
10	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Hamilton Place Academy Hall, 8.15 P.M. Religious Address with Sacred Music, Mr. Prayer Meeting in Church, 3 P.M. [Macleod. " " " " Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
11	Th.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society ANNUAL SOIREE.
13	Sa.	Same as on 7th.
14	S.	Same as on 7th.
15	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
16	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
17	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
18	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
19	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
20	Sa.	Same as on 7th. Mission Sermon by Rev. Dr. Herdman of Melrose in the Forenoon.
21	S.	Communicants will receive their Token-Cards.

22	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
23	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M. Lecture by Rev. John Turnbull.
24	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
25	Th.	Prayer Meeting in Church, 3 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. (These Ser- vices will be preparatory to Communion.) Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
26	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
27	Sa.	Service in Church, preparatory to Communion, 2.30 P.M.
28	S.	Communion Sabbath. Morning Service, 11 A.M. Afternoon Table Service, 2.30 P.M. Even- ing Service, 6.30 P.M. Collection for Con- gregational Purposes.
29	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
30	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
31	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.

It will be observed that the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated as usual on the fourth Sunday of the month. The arrangements on that day will be the same in all respects as at the other Communion. The second or Afternoon Table will commence at 2.30, and Evening Service at 6.30.

Communicants will receive their token-cards at the close of Public Worship on the PREVIOUS SUNDAY, being the 21st, forenoon and afternoon.

Preparatory Services will be held in the Church on Thursday the 25th, at 3 P.M., and on Saturday at 2.30 P.M.

Though special meetings for the preparation of Young Communicants are held only in April and October, Mr. Macleod will be glad to see any who desire to communicate for the first time at his house on any Saturday evening in January, after 7 o'clock. Certificates from other parishes may be presented at the Elders' seat on Sabbath the 21st.

Again we desire very earnestly to entreat the Communicants to avail themselves, if they can, of ALL the opportunities of communion which they now enjoy. An increasing number would appear to do so. The total number of persons who communicated in St. Stephen's in 1882 was 1815: the numbers for three previous years respectively being 1742, 1699, and 1580. Last year 451 persons communicated only once. This number is still higher than it ought to be. 380 partook four times. The great majority of the Communicants were present on two or three occasions.

List of Special Collections at St. Stephen's Church during the Year 1882.

(This list only includes Special Collections taken at the CHURCH DOOR.)

1882.			
Jan.	Collection for Poor	£168	10 0
Jan.,	} Collections at Com- munion Services for Congregational Purposes		
April,			
July, and			
October.		111	0 0
Mar.	Collection for St. Stephen's Schools	95	8 6
Nov.	Collection for Royal In- firmary	107	12 6
		£482	11 0

Collections for Schemes of the Church—

Jan.	For General Church Pur- poses	£43	0 0
Feb.	For Jews' Scheme	110	13 0
Mar.	For Colonial Missions	104	10 0
April.	For Small Livings Fund	70	10 0
May.	For Committee on High- lands	58	2 0
June.	For Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund	82	2 0
July.	For Patronage Compen- sation Fund	40	0 0
Oct.	For Endowment Scheme	117	9 0
Nov.	For Home Mission	136	4 6
Dec.	For Foreign Missions	339	0 0
		1101	10 6

Total £1584 1 6

W. MANN, *Treasurer.*

It is only due to the Congregation to acknowledge with deep gratitude the steady progress which has been made, especially in the Schemes Collections. Anyone who wishes may find a comparative statement for the last eight years in the Parish Magazine for January 1882. Suffice it now to say that the amount for the past year is more than double the amount for 1875, since which time there has been a steady growth in these Collections, this year being much the highest point we have yet attained. For this let us thank God who hath put it into the hearts of so many of His servants to give both liberally and cheerfully. Not only has the LEVEL of giving been raised, but it is more GENERAL, as was very noticeable in the recent noble Collection for Foreign Missions; and it is but fair to say that even that Collection does not represent the whole of the Congregation's giving for "Foreign Missions," distinctively so called. For instance, the amount of our contributions to "Female Missions" in India and elsewhere (upwards of £200) must be added, and also many special donations which (perhaps unfortunately) do not pass through any CONGREGATIONAL

channel. All this is a token, so far at least, of a deepening Christian interest and vitality, for which we cannot be too grateful unto God, the Giver of all good and blessing.

Again, then, we are entering on a new year in connection with this as with other matters. It is not unnecessary to remind a congregation of this very obvious fact. Many people speak of collections as if "they went on for ever," simply because they fail to recognise any new starting-point. Shall we be able this year, by God's help, to maintain the position we have reached? This depends upon each member individually having a due sense of personal responsibility, and an earnest determination to be helpful to the utmost extent of his ability. Especially would we entreat the generous co-operation of the younger members of St. Stephen's. One by one the older members are removed by death. In recent years our Congregation has suffered heavily in this respect; and if it was not wrong to carry the burdens of the future, one might fear to anticipate the changes which a few years must bring about in the course of nature. All the more necessary is it, therefore, that the younger members should be ready to step into the front rank when one after another falls, and thus to carry forward that good work in which assuredly the "departed" would bid us labour, and not faint, if their voice could reach us from beyond the veil!

"THEREFORE, MY BELOVED BRETHREN, BE YE STEADFAST, UNMOVEABLE, ALWAYS ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD, FORASMUCH AS YE KNOW THAT YOUR LABOUR IS NOT IN VAIN IN THE LORD."

Bible Woman's Mission.

The Report for the past year has been unavoidably delayed, but will be sent out early this month.

Choir Expenses.

Contributions for this important object will be called for in the course of this month. As compared with other congregations of the same standing, our church music costs us but little. Notwithstanding, the amount given is rarely, perhaps never, as much as is required. This is not as it ought to be. For no object should we give more readily. It is one of vital importance to our congregational wellbeing.

This opportunity is taken of thanking those Members of the Congregation who voluntarily give their services in the Choir. Their steady attendance in Church and at the practisings is, upon the whole, highly commendable, and is much appreciated. We sincerely trust that they may ever have the privilege of engaging in this work in a truly religious spirit, with Christian aims and motives!

The Presbytery of Edinburgh have appointed Missionary Sermons to be preached on Sabbath the 21st It will be observed that Dr. Herdman is to take the Forenoon in St. Stephen's.

Is it in vain to expect a better attendance at the WEEK-DAY SERVICE in Church and in the Mission Halls? It would appear to be. Nothing can be more discouraging than the way in which Members, who are without excuse, deal with these Services at present.



JANUARY 1883.

Sermon.

OBEDIENCE TO THE LORD.

By REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D., Innellan.

“All these [kingdoms] will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me.”—MATT. iv. 9.

“Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.”—MATT. xxv. 23.

HERE are two calls coming to the human soul from two poles of the universe—one from the valley, the other from the mountain; one the voice of the tempter, the other the voice of God. Did it ever strike you how startlingly alike they are? They both offer the same thing. Both hold out a prize as the result of work done. Both demand that you shall begin with service, obedience, worship. Both declare that, as a consequence of that service, as the crown of that obedience, there shall enter into the soul quite a contrary experience—a sense of mighty power, a feeling of untrammelled freedom, an empire of undisputed will: “All these things will I give Thee, if Thou wilt fall down and worship me;” “good and faithful servant, I will make thee ruler over many things.”

Now, the danger of the tempter's power lies here: he claims a *monopoly* of the kingdom. He tells every youth on the mount of temptation what he told our Divine Lord—that the service of sin *alone* leads to freedom. He says to you and me: It is not a manly thing to be a *servant*, to have no will of your own. Obedient men, men who bowed the head to the yoke of another, were never counted heroes in the old times. The Greeks and Romans never called them “sons of God;” they revered men of *will*. Why should you be any longer under tutors and governors? Is not this the glorious time of youth, when life should be allowed to have its *swing*? Is your existence to be one long restraint? Is your life to be one perpetual prison-house, when all its doors are open to set you free? Come and be free. Abandon yourself to the delights of the hour. Utilise the world and its forces for your own purposes. Command that the stones be made bread. Cast yourself down from the height of a conventional propriety. Give way to the grand impulse of recklessness that lives from day to day, and looks not beyond the hour, and verily, in this service of mine, you shall know what it is to be free.

And verily the promise is true; there is a freedom which comes by the very act of sinning. Let but a man consistently and persistently resist the promptings of conscience, and there will come to him a time when conscience will prompt no more; he shall have an undisputed kingdom. Have you ever thought what St. John meant when he said, “There is a sin unto death”? He did not merely mean, as is popularly supposed, there is a sin which God will *punish* with death; his thought was far deeper than that. He meant, It is possible that you may become quite free to sin, quite calm in sinning. It is possible that you may become king over conscience, by stamping out the last elements of resistant life. Remorse may be put under your feet, the memory of a mother's prayers may be trampled down; the old impressions of love and purity may be forgotten; you may sin without a pang. Is this freedom? Yes; it is the freedom of the sepulchre; there is no strife, because there is no life. Why do you not call the rest of the grave beautiful? You call the calm of the sea beautiful; what is the difference? It is this: the grave has conquered by expelling the vital forces; the sea has conquered by harmonising the vital forces. The peace of the grave is the silence of emptiness; the calm of the sea is the silence of balanced fulness. The grave is ruler because there is none to dispute; the sea has been made a “ruler over many things.”

And this brings us to the *second* kind of obedience—the service of the Lord. Here, too, we have the promise of an empire, a kingdom, a freedom, but of a totally different order. The servant of the world can only become free by expelling the Divine Spirit, but the servant of the Spirit can become free by incorporating the world. This is clearly the thought in our Lord's address to the good and faithful servant: “Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things.” The idea is, the man who serves the Spirit will day by day get more power over matter. The range of his Christian liberty will increase in proportion to his Christian love. There will every year be a greater number of things which he can do lawfully. His liberty of diet will grow with his moral health. His antagonism to outward things will always more and more be declining. At first the many things will be forbidden to him, and the few per-

mitted; but if he persevere in his service of the few, he will become ruler over the many—"he that is spiritual ruleth all things." Let us grasp this point. It is the leading principle of our Lord's morality; and it is the very reverse of the popular opinion. How often, for example, does a man reason thus: Ought I any longer to have anything to do with what men call *innocent pleasures*? I do not deny that for others they *may* be innocent, but are they any longer food for *me*? Have not I become a member of the Church, an office-bearer, a Sabbath School teacher? Have I not taken the sacred elements into my hands, and vowed to serve the Lord? Have I not devoted myself to a more serious life? Have I not surrendered my freedom of action? This entertainment, that amusement, those social gatherings, may be very well for those of limited experience; I do not blame them. But for me who have tasted of the heavenly powers, for me who have been made partaker of the gift of God, for me who have become a recipient of the sacred mysteries, can the pursuits and projects and pleasures of the world be any longer seemly or harmless things?

Now, at the root of all this there lies a deep delusion. It is assumed that innocent pleasures cease to be innocent in proportion as a man grows in the service of Christ. Exactly the reverse is true; the servant of Christ the longer he serves becomes the ruler over more things. The truth is, no pleasure is innocent to the frivolous; the very innocence is a want of character that hurts the trifling mind. If you come to me and ask, Will it do me any harm to join this scene of social intercourse? I will answer, who is the "me" that puts the question? What are you *spiritually*? How far are you advanced in the divine life? How many things in the soul can you rule over? Can you rule over jealousy? Can you rule over malice and hatred and envy and all uncharitableness? Can you master the inclination to speak evil? Can you resist the power of temptation? Then you may be ruler over ten cities; they will do you no harm. You may take all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; they will do you no harm. The evil is not in them but in *thee*. Be thyself right, and nothing can be wrong; the servant of the Lord is ruler over all things.

And if any man doubts that the range of lawful freedom increases with the depth of our obedience to divine law, I would ask him but one question: What life in all this world has occupied the largest share in the worldly spheres? Is it not the life of Him who became obedient unto death, whose life was a service all through, from the cradle to the grave? It might have been thought that such spirituality would have disqualified Him for the world altogether; on the contrary, it gave Him the *key* to the world. He entered stainless where other men would have received pollution. He manifested His spiritual glory in the materialism

of a Galilean marriage-feast; He sat at the publican's table; He was guest in the house of a Pharisee. He went down into the shady spots of life. He touched the lepers of society and made them clean, spoke to the demoniacs and made them calm, breathed on the outcasts and made them pure. He took up the problem of the political economist, how the supply could be made equal to the demand; He broke the secular bread and fed the famished crowd. He legislated for the rights of Cæsar; He acknowledged a tribute due even to *pagan* kings. He advocated for the needs of man—the common needs: the hunger, the thirst, the cold, the sickness, the privation; His life was an acted prayer for humanity's daily bread. The most unworldly of all lives has filled the largest number of worldly spheres, has filled them, not in spite of, but by reason of His unworldliness. The secular Sadducees could not lift secular burdens, but He whose unselfish devotion could say, Thy will be done in heaven, could add that other prayer, Thy will be done on earth. He has preferred the reproach of sacrifice to the treasures of Egypt; therefore into His bosom have flowed the treasures of Egypt too. He has refused the kingdoms of the world on the tempter's terms; therefore now He has received them on His own. He and they that follow Him *rule because they serve!*

FATHER Divine, I come to Thee,
I yield, a captive, to Thy sway,
That Love's gold chain may set me free
For all the burden of the day.

I come not to avoid my care,
I come not to desert the strife,
I come to seek new strength to bear,
I fly to find new power for life.

My crosses press upon my soul,
Thy cross alone can make me free;
My waves of trouble round me roll,
Let Thy still voice speak peace to me!

Many there be that seek Thy face
To meet the hour of parting breath,
But 'tis for earth I need Thy grace,
Life is more solemn still than death!

When morning gilds the porch of day,
I feel so vile amid the glow
That I would faint, didst Thou not say,
"I make thee whiter than the snow!"

When noontide brings its work to all,
I find my task so hard to be
That I would sink, didst Thou not call,
"My strength is perfected in thee!"

When darkness leads the world to rest
The silent burden of the night
Would crush, but for Thy message blest:
"At evening time there shall be light!"

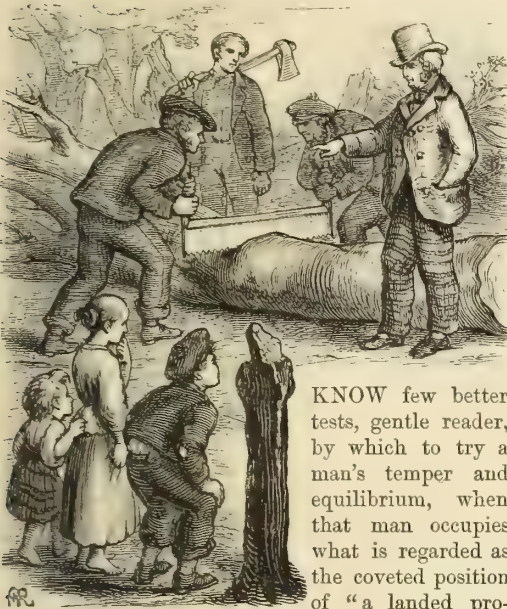
Oh! may these streams of golden light
To all my desert way be given,
Till faith itself is lost in sight
And days on earth be days of heaven!

The Parish of Taxwood, AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

III. THE LAIRD.



KNOW few better tests, gentle reader, by which to try a man's temper and equilibrium, when that man occupies what is regarded as the coveted position of "a landed pro-

prietor," than the morning after a storm; when pet specimen trees, nursed fondly for years, others the growth of centuries, have, in one brief night, paid the debt of nature. It is the autumnal winds that work destruction most savagely; for then the drapery of foliage still hangs heavy on the branches, so that many a trunk and stem, that in winter would have bravely wrestled with the tempest and come off unscathed, has to succumb; just as an expert swimmer does when hampered hopelessly with the clothes he has had no time to strip off. Yes, one night is enough; and sad to see, next day, the disclosures! One prone monster with his roots like grappling-irons in the air; another with a Titanic limb torn away, and leaving a great unsightly gash—a wound which maims it for life.

It was on such an occasion, and at the same waning season of the year, that I first set eyes on "the Laird." Havoc, indeed, his fine park had undergone, under an early October remorseless blast. It was like the morning after a battle of giants. Andrew, the forester, suggested the baser comparison of a gang of tipsy men after a night's carousal, followed by a free fight, where you had scars of all conceivable variety—black eyes, fractured limbs, broken ribs, dislocated arms; while varied minor relics of the fray lay scattered around in medley confusion. To their owner the loss was simply irreparable.

The Laird (for no other name seemed ever to belong to him) had little of what may be called

family pride in his nature, save, perhaps, that an ancestor had fought at Killiecrankie, and the dirk which had survived the possessor in that grim and bloody fray, hung inviolate above the open dogfireplace in the hall. A picture of the Pass, in very indifferent art, adorned his dining-room, while the figure of the hero himself, said to be an unfinished Raeburn, confronted on the other "the field of his fame and his glory." But of his trees the Laird had a genuine, irrepressible, ancestral pride. He doated over them as precious heirlooms consigned to his custody, and which it was his bounden duty to hand down, unimpaired, to generations. The "haugh" where the grandest monarchs reared their heads and extended their arms, was the first place, generally, to which he took his visitors at Hedleigh. The storm, too, in the present instance, had showed itself no respecter of persons. It was not the deciduous trees only which had suffered; pines and conifers and junipers bore rough marks and mementoes of the tug of war. One huge branch of a favourite cedar was sprawling over a prostrate ash. Two big elms stood still upright, poor, naked, denuded things, armless and headless, as if they appealed piteously to the storm to awaken once more, and, commiserating their plight, number them among the slain, rather than leave them thus ingloriously stripped of their armour; while one grand Scotch fir, which had given a character to the whole grove—a veritable brother in age and grace to the patriarchs in Mar forest—left nothing standing but a fragment of his red stem, like some broken column one would expect to encounter in a Syrian desert.

Amid these humbled aristocrats the Laird was conspicuous with white hat and gray tweed shooting-coat; a whistle suspended to the button-hole silently indicating sporting proclivities. To be sure he *was* a picture of good-humoured resignation and equanimity! As his men, who were already busy with pick and axe and saw clearing the ground, touched their bonnets for "wide-awakes" were then a future revelation) in respectful sympathy, they elicited no harsher word than, "Well, well! we can't help it; we can't help it! Jamie, man, they've served their day. I just hope we'll all serve ours as bravely. Cheer up, my lads! I don't like breaches in my family, as you well know" (a tear came to his eye, which will presently be explained); "but, Sandy, there are worse gaps, old fellow, than a wheen trees; and we'll just like them that are spared all the better." The tear was now tumbling down his cheek, *but not for the trees*. Sandy plied his axe the harder, that he might be saved a reply.

By this time a row of children (so very like children), on their way to school, had wandered inside the fence, and stood in a row, gaping and gazing in silence; the majority with their fingers in their mouths (an expressive Scotch symbol, indicative of mingled curiosity and sorrow). They

remained at a respectful distance when they saw the Laird was there ; although the white hat, be it said at once, was never terror or bugbear to them. I thought at the moment he might have been justified in challenging the intrusion of these young trespassers. But with his accustomed suavity and consideration for "the bairns," he came at once where they were, laid his hand on one rough, towsted head, chucked another little girl under the chin, and gave them all a general invitation, that if they liked to come on Saturday, after the early school closing, and carry away some of the branches for winter firewood, they would have his liberty to do so.

This is a somewhat long introduction to a conspicuous parishioner. There were other smaller proprietors ; worthy, and some of them excellent men in their way. Exceptions there always are among landowners, as among other owners. There was one heritor too of the gentler sex, somewhat mature in years, who went by the name of the "She-laird." The cognomen conveyed, possibly, some small reflection on her penurious habits and generally unsympathetic ways. She was seldom seen beyond her gates save on Sunday, when a musty old phaeton, with a musty old driver, conveyed her to a still mustier old cushioned seat in the side gallery.

Then there was a larger landowner still, with a goodly slice in an adjoining parish as well as in Taxwood. But he had succeeded not many years before, as a remote scion of the family ; lived the greater part of the year in London ; had his rents drawn by his factor ; and (the more unfortunate for him) was an utter stranger to his tenantry ; only, indeed, coming down for a few weeks in early winter to enjoy pheasant and woodcock shooting. He was an Episcopalian by birth and preference, so that the great ark of a church-pew right in front of the pulpit was, from year's end to year's end, a vacuity, to the regret of others as well as Dan. The latter felt more acutely on the subject than was warranted ; but, from real or pretended conscientious motives, he refused to extend to the said pew even his very superficial lustrations.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the honourable appellation "*The Laird*," was a monopoly in the person of the owner of Hedleigh. He was a constant resident on his estate. Service in youth, in the Peninsular War, seemed to have moderated, or, rather, exhausted, his love of adventure and locomotion. He was never happier than at home among his people. He was a pronounced, almost virulent Tory of the old school. On the occasion of a county election he seemed, for the nonce, to shake off his normal retiring and reticent ways, and to plunge, with a sort of wild enthusiasm and avidity, into public life. But once the exciting political crisis was past, the waves rocked themselves to rest, and, snail-like to its shell, the Laird right gladly resumed the more congenial pursuits of country life and usefulness. Yes, *usefulness* ; for

his absence from the parish and district would have been simply a calamity. What was he not ? He was, first and foremost, an elder in the kirk ; then a "Justice of the peace" (a perfect Aristides to boot, even among unimpeachable coadjutors). Then an intelligent trusted referee in most, if not all, cases of conflicting interest among the parishioners. Indeed, it was often said that the only human beings who had reason to grudge him place and existence were the lawyers of the neighbouring town. Then he was a power in the agricultural phase of his life. In his own home-farm he was breeder of stock, and rather lavish in experimenting on novel and patented implements that had the usual puffing in the then weekly newspaper. But he had many broad acres to cover these crotchets, and was prudent in all his other tastes and expenditure. Perhaps one other exception must be made, in his dog-kennel and two keepers. The former (I mean the kennel) was erected on most approved principles ; had its various compartments for pointers, setters, spaniels, and a very host of yelping Scotch terriers, from the Skye to the Dandy Dinmont. Shooting was a real pleasure to him, not so much for the mere excitement of the sport, which sometimes verged on monotony, but mainly because it gave him constant motive and opportunity for visiting, by turns, his tenants, great and small. It would be too much to say that he knew every child by head-mark ; (the multiplication of these objects of parental interest was sometimes rather an anxiety to him). But it was no exaggeration that, at least, he knew every grown-up cottager on his estate. He discouraged, in himself and others, needless and profuse charity. It must, moreover, be added what, in our advanced days, some of our readers will hardly credit (but which is a most truthful assertion), that, in these primitive years and natures of the century, the cottagers would, with rare exceptions indeed, have been the first to resent having their honest pride of independence marred and hurt by any such gratuities, save where sickness and absolute straits pleaded and demanded the exception. The Laird made it an out-and-out rule, and adhered to it, never himself to give. But when any urgent case or cases did occur, after ascertaining, in the first instance, at the Manse if Miss Effie had not anticipated, his own two daughters would be seen, the day after their father's visit, proceeding in the same direction ;—their little page, Willie, behind, carrying the provision basket, plenished with necessaries in the shape of food and clothing, supplemented with some tit-bits from yesterday's dinner-table. The Laird had undergone only one severe family sorrow. Two loving and lovable daughters, with an estimable mother, were still spared to him, but many years had now gone by since his only son, the pride and hope of his heart, and the inheritor of his name and lands, had been taken from him.

A boy of rare promise, Ronald was just completing his last term at Eton, when his young iron

frame succumbed to fever, caught by an overheat in rowing on the Thames. The Laird never got over that blow. He was always cheerful, often jocose. But those who knew him discerned, under these outer counterfeits, the delicate shadow of an irreparable sorrow, which was to follow him to the grave. The bereavement was never referred to, but the silence was well understood. There was, in one small room of the house, a bookcase full of little volumes. The Laird kept the key on his ring, but the bookcase was never opened, the reader will guess why. A chalk portrait of a boy with curly hair and a cheery face hung over his desk in the business-room; and there was one day in the year (it was somebody's birthday) on which he always took a long walk and returned late home to dinner. He liked on that particular day to retrace what had formed the last excursion on a spring afternoon which he and that same somebody had had together. His housekeeper told me, that the only chapter or portion in the Bible he could not read at morning worship was the parable of the lost sheep. It was so much the picture of his own thoughts, in the description of the shepherd ever "going after that which was lost."

It would be to omit a very prominent part of the Laird's portraiture were we to forget his relations to Sunday and the Kirk. These, to begin with, were the old "plate" days, before modern legislation made havoc of the healthy habit of the weekly offering—healthy habit to the giver, however lowly; fostering, moreover, a wholesome reluctance to be in the position of a receiver. Ah, good old times! when the parish poor were under the sheltering wing of the Manse and the Kirk-Session: every case dealt with "on its merits;" and when there was any fault committed, it was on the side of tenderness and liberality. The new régime, indeed, is a mighty saving, to these old interested trustees, of personal and corporate trouble; shifting the responsibility from narrower shoulders to the broader ones of a Poor-board. But we know that the "Jennys" and the "Maggies" have often scantier justice done them. Yes, and Jenny and Maggie's gratitude, too; for the boon conferred is a thing of the past; and what is still more to be regretted, although what was to be expected, the natural claims and obligations of sonhood and brotherhood have assuredly not been more recognised and revered under the grim grasping machinery of "compulsory enactment." Hush! It is said, the times are now wiser and better! But we were led into this digression from memories of Sunday morning at the Kirk of Taxwood; when, in company with one of the lowlier "members of Session," the Laird, with a tie (and in summer a waistcoat) of immaculate white, stood sentry over the pewter plate in the somewhat damp church-porch. His own invariable half-crown at the bottom was speedily effaced from sight by the "Dii minorum gentium," in the shape of coppers. At the close of the service, however, when he took

his part, counting the proceeds in front of the pulpit (for the church was innocent of vestry or session-house), the "power of littles" was wonderfully illustrated.

The bell rung in, and the opening psalm given out, the Laird joined his wife and daughters in their front gallery seat; a row, first of female and then of male servants and dependants, occupied two circular tiers or benches immediately behind. The Pulpit had certainly no share in the shortcomings now referred to; but partly from the lack of proper ventilation, partly from the fatigues of domestic service, eyes *would* occasionally close, and audible sounds follow suit! The latter was one of the few things which shocked the Laird's sensibilities to the past-endurance point. He himself never in his life slept in church; and therefore, I infer, he considered he had a right to be the more severe in his strictures on a class of unwarrantable liberties. A yawn, and specially in the middle of the sermon, was an offence not to be forgiven, and which the culprit rarely repeated; it was said, in one case, that a repetition involved dismissal.

As, however, the same important figure will necessarily emerge incidentally in future parts of our story, we shall leave him at present strolling quietly home from church, in a summer noon, waging a handkerchief warfare with the identical flies which had been persecuting him through all the service. Reaching his inner gate, a perfect chorus of welcome greets him from inside the bars of the kennel. He gives the inmates a quarter of an hour of exuberant freedom before the lunch bell rings; and soon the more distant summons is heard for the afternoon service.

The Bible on Business.

I DO not know whether other people feel as I do the great difficulty which the weakness of our flesh throws in the way of really and truly reading the Bible to profit. No doubt we can read a chapter, or a few chapters, and feel we are performing a religious duty, and that the words we read soothe and cheer us; but it often comes across me, and I think it must strike other people too, that this is not all that the Saviour meant when He said, "*Search* the Scriptures;" nor all that the Psalmist meant when he said, "Thy word is a *lamp* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my path."

I remember hearing a great and good man speaking about this, and it comforted me greatly when he said he had never found all the guidance he expected and needed from straight-on, steady reading; and that for him, at any rate, literal *searching* of the Scriptures was the way to get good—to go to them when in doubt on any point, and search chapter after chapter and book after book, till he had found out what the Bible says about it.

Now, if we all did this, and simply guided ourselves in all our actions and transactions by what

God says about it in the Bible, and no longer by custom, or policy, or the opinions of this or that "set," how easy would our lives become! how straight, and how unembarrassed! and how different probably, from what they at present are!

There is one subject in particular to which I would like to draw attention in this paper, concerning which I feel certain that such a mode of treatment would greatly modify our views; and that is—the amount of devotion which God intends us to give to our worldly occupation.

It is a point on which few of us have any doubt. We think we have already "searched the Scriptures" about it, and have found out that our first, greatest, and most Christian duty, is to give all our time and strength to our business and trade, reserving only for other purposes such scraps of both as it does not require. No call of charity or brotherliness, no relief of misery or soothing of bereavement, is ever for an hour to interfere with this absorbing claim. What! people will tell you, if you presume to hint that sometimes a man may be justified in withdrawing time from the business by which he makes his own and his children's bread, to help the helpless, to brighten a sad life by a little kindness, or even to add to the joy of a family festival—"What!" they will say, "have you not read your Bible? Do you not know the text, 'Not slothful in business'? Do you not know the text, 'He that provideth not for his own house is worse than an infidel'? Have you never read, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might'?" They become so sure, as they proceed, that to give all your powers of mind and body to your trade is the first duty God has laid on you, that you almost fancy you must be wrong, and that there is, though you had forgotten it, a text which says, "Blessed are they who rise early and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness!"

But are they right in this? They have found these three texts; and there are more than these which prove, if proof were needed, that God has ordained that in the sweat of his brow man is to eat bread. But, while this is so, *what does Scripture say about this earning of bread?* Is it to be the whole or even the chief duty of man? It is the curse—is it to be also the crown and end of a man's life? Where have men found the authority for this all but universal belief that "business is the principal thing, therefore they must get business"?

Now here comes in the way in which, with practical benefit to our own souls and our own lives, we may really "search the Scriptures." They are "our only rule of faith and manners." Let us look and see; let us search chapter after chapter, and book after book; and so find what is the consensus of Bible testimony on the subject.

Of course this must be done by each for himself—reverently studying each book in turn, and making notes of every statement of Holy Writ which bears

upon the point, that we may really *know*, and not *guess*, what is the will of God on the subject of our daily work. How we should pursue it; how much of our energy and vital force we are authorised to give to it; what other duties (if any) have in God's sight a stronger claim on us than it has—surely these are questions which we should desire to answer, not by the accepted traditions of our society, but by the light which has been revealed to us for the very purpose of guiding our daily steps.

It will be best for us, then, first to take the Old Testament. What does it say? There is much in it about labour for *daily bread*: but nowhere that I have been able to find is this labour spoken of as *an end* of life. Everywhere it is treated as a necessity imposed by the Fall, and one to be met cheerfully and discharged heartily as unto the Lord; but nowhere is labour, even for needful bread, spoken of as the chief end of a man's life. In Genesis God gives the decree, "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread:" the Psalmist states the fact, "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening:" the wise man says, "That every man should enjoy the good of all his labour,—it is the gift of God:" and yet he sums it up, "I looked on all the works that my hand had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit: and there was no profit under the sun." And so we find it all through the Old Testament: labour for sustenance is a means, not an end. "What hath man of all his labour?" is the burden of it all.

And while this seems to be said even of labour for the honest maintenance of a man and those dear to him, still more emphatically is it said of labour for *luxury* or for *aggrandisement*. Ecclesiastes and the Proverbs are full of statements as to the folly of labouring to heap up riches. "Labour not to be rich," says Solomon, "for riches certainly make themselves wings." "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." "The rich man is wise in his own conceit." "To the sinner God giveth travail, to gather and to heap up." It is vain for you to rise early, and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness. And what can be more touching, or more a proof that devotion to material good is not a chief end of man, than the Preacher's own account of himself? "I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards, I made me gardens and orchards . . . I made me pools of water . . . I got me servants and maidens . . . I gathered me silver and gold . . . I got me men-singers and women-singers . . . So I was great, and increased more than all that were before me;" and yet, after all, "I said in my heart, that this also is vanity." And Micah puts in one sentence all the truth about life and labour, when he says, "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth

the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Then, when we turn to the New Testament, the trade or business of a man is still spoken of as a means, not an end, in human life. "Work with your hands the thing which is good," says the Apostle. Why? "That ye may have to give to him that needeth." "Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me." "We have laboured . . . because we would not be chargeable to any of you." "Such we exhort, that with quietness they work, and eat their own bread." "Provide things honest in the sight of all men." "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." "Let your conversation be without covetousness, and be content with such things as you have, for He hath said I will never leave you, nor forsake you." These, and such like, are the references in the Apostolic Epistles of the New Testament to daily labour for maintenance.

But let us see what the Saviour Himself, the Great Example, says. Let us study the list He has given us of those who in His sight are blessed, and see if the hard-working man, entirely devoted to his worldly calling, is among the number.

We read, "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and do it. Blessed are the pure in heart. Blessed are the merciful. Blessed are the peace-makers. Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake;" but we cannot recall one word of Him who came to be our life, strongly commending devotion to the labour by which we live. It must be done—Christ assumes it must be done—but surely it cannot be the chiefest earthly duty of man, or the Saviour would have told us so, and would have exhorted us to give to it all our hearts and souls.

He who knew all things, knew that the earth which was cursed for man's sake would not sustain him without labour, and He does not condemn him for taking part in the struggle for existence, but nowhere does He dwell upon it or commend it. But rather, He—knowing what was in man—warns him over and over again not to let concern for these necessary things of food and raiment absorb his soul. "Take heed," He says, "and beware of covetousness." "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "The life is more than meat." "Consider the lilies." "Seek not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, neither be ye of doubtful mind" (margin, "live in careful suspense"): "Your father knoweth that ye have need of these things." "Seek *first* the kingdom of God: all these things shall be added." In this way did the Light that was to lighten the Gentiles teach and preach, not by one word did He ever sanction the idea which even good men have somehow come to entertain, that there is a special sacredness about the work of our daily calling which makes

it paramount, and which obliges us to postpone all other claims, of brotherliness, of mercy, of pity, to this one devouring claim of business. It is a common thing to hear it said, when appeals for work directly devoted to Christ are made, "I wish I could, but after I have attended to my business—it is a very exacting one—I have no time or strength for these things." But have we any *right* to be so fettered by our business? Does God's Word warrant us? It rests upon each man to study it for himself, prayerfully and truly: and if he cannot find there such warrant, then his business or his relation to it is wrong.

Nay, my friends. It is a spurious Gospel this "Gospel of getting on" which we have ourselves invented. The Gospel of God's love is different. Even in the Old Testament its word was this—

"Trust in the Lord and do good: so shalt thou dwell in the land: and *verily thou shalt be fed.*"

While in the New Testament, after Christ has come and shown us how to live, here are our marching orders:

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Sunshine.

SEPTEMBER 1882.

(The light of the sun has been called "the smile of God.")

IT fills the world with radiant bliss:—
Like the first kiss
Of love for love when life is sweet,
Earth and sky meet.

The stormy seas their fury cease
In dimpling peace;
The rugged hills transfigured blaze
In golden haze.

Even mourners, bearing heavy cross
Or bitter loss,
Look up like children late forgiven
Straight into heaven.

O'er new-closed graves, through pain, through sin,
Light enters in
Our dark shut hearts like God's own smile,
Saying, "Wait awhile!—"

"I seem far off, but yet am near
To eye and ear:
In all things lovely joyful be,
For they are *Me*.

"My love's sun-signet stamps thy brow:—
Thou knowest not now;
But spite of moans, fears, mocking laughter,
Thou'lt know hereafter."

The Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Glasgow Cathedral.

By Rev. G. STEWART BURNS, D.D.

“**A**H! it's a brave Kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleries and curliewurlies and opensteek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the world, keep hands and gunpowther aff it.” All who have seen Glasgow Cathedral will agree with Andrew Fairservice. It is indeed an excellent piece of mason-work, has stood for many centuries, and is destined, I trust, to stand for many more—a beautiful temple for the worship of God.

But long before the present Cathedral was built, there was a church on or near its site. That site, legend has it, was chosen in this way. St. Kentigern, better known as St. Mungo, the patron saint of Glasgow, after leaving St. Servanus of Culross, spent a night with a holy man called Fergus. During the night Fergus died. In the morning Kentigern placed his host's body on a car, to which he yoked two wild bulls, and, having done so, ordered them to go to the place “ordained of the Lord.” They went on till they came to a cemetery consecrated by St. Ninian, and there they stopped. Kentigern and his followers accepted this as an indication of the Divine wishes, and on the spot where the car had stood, buried Fergus and built a church over his grave. Of course few now believe the legend; but on a stone over the entrance to what is known as Blackader's Aisle there is an inscription in long Gothic letters, “This is the isle of car Fergus.”

It is needless to say that no part of the church built by St. Kentigern remains: but some of the dates attached by the authorities to the present building are quite incorrect, and lead visitors to suppose that it is much older than it really is. The see of Glasgow, about which almost nothing is known for at least four centuries after the death of Kentigern in 601, was refounded by King David, who appointed Achaius, once his chaplain and envoy to Rome, its bishop. Achaius built a church which was consecrated with much ceremony in the presence of the king on 7th July 1136. During the episcopate of Jocelyn, this church was burned, and another, erected by means of funds raised under a charter granted by William the Lion, was consecrated on 6th July 1197. Jocelyn's church many regard as in the main the present Cathedral. But it is a mistake. Mr. Honeyman, an eminent Glasgow architect, has shown conclusively that no portion of the existing building belongs to the twelfth century, save a bit of wall, a small pillar, and a little vaulting in the south-west corner of the crypt, the remains no doubt of some chapel, which, on account of its great sanctity, was not taken down, but assumed into the fabric. The probability is that the present beautiful church was begun by Bishop Bondington about 1235, and that the choir and crypt under it were finished in

his time. The period was one of great architectural activity, and produced in Scotland part of the Cathedral of St. Andrews, the Abbeys of Dryburgh and Arbroath, the Cathedrals of Elgin and Dunblane, and the Chapel of Holyrood. When the nave was completed it is rather difficult to determine. It belongs, with the exception of the lower part of the north wall, as its style, the Decorated, clearly shows, to a later period of Gothic architecture than the choir, and must have been built at least half a century after it. An earlier wooden spire having been struck by lightning and burned, the present stone tower was begun by Bishop Lauder and finished by his successor, Bishop Cameron, as was also the Chapter-house with the crypt under it; and as Cameron died on Christmas Eve, 1446, it is not difficult to fix approximately the date of the completion of these parts of the structure. The rood screen and crypt at south transept are the work of Blackader, the first Archbishop of Glasgow, who died in 1500. At the north-west corner of the nave, and probably belonging to the same period, there once stood a square tower, and at the south-west corner the consistory-house, but in 1836 these were taken down—an irreparable loss to the Cathedral, and an expense to the Treasury of £2400.

The choir of five bays and Lady Chapel are very perfect and most beautiful specimens of Early English; the nave of eight bays is a good expression of the Decorated style, and contains some fine geometrical tracery; the transepts keep the line of the aisles, and in that respect show clearly the presence of foreign influence; the Chapter-house is in the form of a cube, with a groined roof supported by a central pillar. The crypt is by far the finest in Britain, and like the choir, is pure Early English. It is a marvel of architectural skill. “The pillars which support the floor,” says the late Sir Gilbert Scott, “have been placed in a variety of intricate positions for no reason apparently but to produce curious perplexities in the vaulting, and create strange problems for the mere pleasure to be derived from their solution and the beauty of the puzzle when solved.”

For more than three hundred years the worship of the Church of Rome was celebrated in the present Cathedral, and during that period it was enlarged, embellished, and enriched by many pious prelates, and jealously guarded by all. Some of these were remarkable men, and did good work in their time. Besides the builders of the Cathedral, mention may be made of Robert Wischart, patriot and soldier-bishop, comrade of Wallace, and friend of Bruce: Turnbull, who founded Glasgow College and obtained most valuable privileges for the bishopric and city from Pope and King; Muirhead, who endowed the Hospital of St. Nicholas, and the Vicars of the choir; Rae, who built the first bridge across the Clyde at Glasgow; Gavin Dunbar, a prominent figure in the history of his time, and

who, if he survives in the invectives of Knox, survives also in the graceful panegyric of Buchanan.

Bethune was Archbishop when the Reformation took place, and though that event brought many blessings to Scotland, it was full of danger to the Cathedral. From 1560 to 1836, when restorations on an extensive scale were resolved upon, the building seems never to have been safe from defacement and decay. Not long after the Reformation it narrowly escaped entire destruction, for there seems now little doubt that, at the instigation of Andrew Melville and others, the Magistrates of Glasgow had resolved to pull it down, and even engaged men for the work, and were only prevented from carrying out their design by the crafts of the city assembling and "swearing with many oaths that he who did cast down the first stone should be buried under it." But though the Magistrates, acting at that time under malign influence, had nearly razed the cathedral, it is to them we owe its preservation. From 1574 to 1628, there are eight entries in the Council minutes concerning "the ruyn and decay of the Metropolitan Kirk," and the sums voted for its repair. Other cathedrals in Scotland became utter ruins through shameful neglect; Glasgow cathedral was saved by being at least partially protected from the weather.

In 1638 the General Assembly met in the Cathedral, and that is one of the most important events in its history, resulting as it did in the overthrow of prelacy in Scotland, and contributing in no small measure to the overthrow of Charles I. Hill Burton remarks, "It was a meeting eminently solemn. Of the general councils of the old church, hallowed by the presence of dignitaries whose rank made them princes over christendom, and adorned by every superfluity of pomp, few were so momentous in their influence as this gathering together, in a small corner of Christian Europe, of a body of men acknowledging no grades of superiority, and indulging in none of the pomps which were the usual companions and symbols of greatness." The Assembly met on Wednesday 21st November, with the Marquess of Hamilton as Lord High Commissioner; Alexander Henderson of Leuchars, Moderator; and Johnston of Warriston, Clerk; and before it closed its session on the 20th December it had condemned the Service Book, the Book of Canons, the Book of Ordination, and the Court of High Commission, abjured Episcopacy and the Five Articles of Perth, deposed all the bishops, and excommunicated some, and restored the Presbyterian Government by Kirk-Sessions, Presbyteries, and Provincial Synods.

Soon after the Reformation more than one congregation worshipped under the roof of the Cathedral. In 1588 we find the crypt used as a church, and from 1595 to 1801, when the present Barony Church was finished and the congregation moved into it, there is an unbroken series of ministers who were appointed to the church in the crypt. One

of these was Zachary Boyd, who in the church above his own "railed against Cromwell and his sectaries to their face," in return for which he was invited to dinner by the Protector, and treated to a prayer of three hours' length. In 1648 a wall was run across the east of the nave at the second bay, and the space beyond converted into a church called the Outer High, to which entrance was obtained by a door formed out of one of the windows near the south transept, the beautiful western and southern doorways having been built up. The third church, called the Inner High, was simply the choir disfigured by galleries.

It is impossible for any one seeing the Glasgow Cathedral as it now is to form a conception of what it was in 1800, and for some years after. As has been stated, a wall ran across the nave, and the two doorways had disappeared: but besides that, the great western window was built up, and the arches between the nave and choir: a dead wall shut out the Lady Chapel from view; the beautiful lancets of the eastern window were filled with solid stone and lime, as was also every second window in the clerestory; great ungainly galleries crowded the aisles of the choir. The furnishings of the chapter-house were mean in the extreme—a few worm-eaten benches and an old pulpit—whilst there, too, mason-work largely took the place of glass. The north transept was roofless, and much of the floor of the nave unpaved. The soil rose seven feet six inches up the western doorway. The roof of Blackader's Aisle was covered with earth, and converted into the garden of the "kirk-yard Baillie." The gallows, when not in use, found convenient quarters in one of the entrances to the crypt. Such had the Cathedral become under the care of a coarse, ignorant, and irreverent Utilitarianism.

In 1836 it was proposed not only to repair the Cathedral, but to add to it new transepts and western towers. This proposal, however, was, some think fortunately, not carried out, and the work of restoration was undertaken by Government, and completed in 1848. The work, though defective in many of its details, has, on the whole, been well done; and the result is what we now see, a venerable and beautiful Gothic church rescued from destruction, and destined, I hope, to shadow forth for many centuries to come, by its massive strength and solemn grandeur, the stability and sanctity of our divine religion, and to testify to the courage and patience and deep devotion of those who reared it, believing that they rendered to God true and acceptable service, when they sought to make "the place of His feet glorious." Private liberality has filled the windows of nave, transepts, choir, Lady Chapel, chapter-house, crypt, and some of those in the clerestory, with stained glass: and were it not for the tasteless and ungraceful arrangement of some of the internal fittings, such as the position of the pulpit and its immediate surroundings, the Cathedral would again be a church worthy of the

long roll of great and saintly names, which are its previous heritage, and of the solemn end, which for more than six hundred years, it has sought to serve—the Public Worship of God¹

Dugald Buchanan.

RANNOCH is not more celebrated for its pure and bracing air, and the exquisite beauty of its lake, mountain, and woodland scenery, than it is for being the district where Dugald Buchanan laboured for the cause of Christ during the last sixteen years of his life, and composed the greater portion of his collection of Gaelic spiritual songs, which have been the solace and delight of pious Highlanders for now upwards of a hundred years. The voice of tradition still fondly testifies to the amiability, worth, and devotion to duty of this remarkable man. The merit of his poetry is attested by the fact that several old people in Rannoch, and many Highlanders elsewhere, can repeat the most of it by heart. A handsome obelisk, erected to his memory in 1875, adorns the square of the village of Kinloch-Rannoch; and such was the veneration paid to the Bard after his death, that, until very recently, the house where he lived and the very bed wherein he was wont to compose his sacred songs were pointed out as relics to the stranger who paid a visit to the scene of his labours.

Dugald Buchanan was born at Strathyre in the Parish of Balquhidder, Perthshire, in 1716. His parents were poor but God-fearing and highly respectable, and his mother taught him to pray as soon as he could speak; and her religious lessons, lovingly instilled into his tender mind, were never afterwards wholly forgotten. It was his misfortune to lose her when he was only six years of age; and, under a stepdame, to whom he makes pointed allusion in his poetry, his moral and religious training was very much neglected. Like too many in his position in life, even in our own times, Dugald grew up to manhood in an unhealthy social atmosphere. He received a good common education, and showed great aptitude to learn; but the example of bad companions acting on his susceptible nature allured him, as he himself confesses, into every species of folly and wickedness. In his Diary, published in 1836, he tells us that he had periods of remorse wherein he saw dreadful visions of the Judgment Day; but he went on from bad to worse until at last he became an atheist. The contemplation of nature, and more especially the study of a horse's skull which he found accidentally lying on the ground, convinced him of the existence of a God; but then, for some time thereafter, under a consciousness of the enormity of his guilt, he gave

himself up for lost. At length conversion came; he received Christ in all His offices as his Saviour; and his whole subsequent career was, like that of St. Paul, characterised by a childlike faith in God, a holy and exemplary life, and an intense zeal in labouring to win souls to Christ and prepare them for glory.

Having, for some years after his conversion, in addition to labouring at his ordinary calling of carpenter, taught a small school in a remote district of his native parish, and exhorted the careless and vicious to lead a better life, and attracted attention by some specimens of sacred poetry of his own composition, which he sang at prayer-meetings, much to the edification of serious-minded people, he was, in 1752, appointed to be one of two Government teachers then placed in the district of Rannoch, and was expected to act also as catechist and evangelist subject to the direction of the Presbytery of Dunkeld.

Rannoch was at that time an extremely wild and unsettled region. Situated at a great distance from the churches of Fortingall and Logierait, to which, by a curious old arrangement, the district parochially belonged, it was very seldom visited by a minister, and the education of the young was almost wholly neglected. The people were, consequently, lawless and irreligious, joined the rebellion of 1745 nearly to a man, and, after the defeat at Culloden, had to be kept in check by three separate detachments of soldiers. Here, then, was a field for a man of Dugald Buchanan's gifts and piety and zeal to labour in! And he did a work the memorials of which are fragrant in the parish till the present day. To the discharge of his duties as teacher he applied himself with unremitting attention during six days of the week, conducting the school with all the diligence and earnestness of one who had a consciousness that he should have to give an account to his Maker for every child committed to his care. It was his grand aim to make every part of the education of his pupils subservient to the cause of religion, the great end of man's existence. On Sabbath days he made a point of holding religious services in different parts of Rannoch. His preaching is described as having been wonderfully earnest and powerful and convincing; and his appeals to the erring sinner were often so tender and moving that his audiences are said to have been frequently in tears. There is a tradition that one day he took his stand on a stone, still pointed out in the river Gaur, and preached so powerfully and lovingly to the inhabitants of both sides, who assembled on either bank of the stream to hear him, that, although at bitter feud with each other when the preacher began, they were at length so melted down as to part to be ever thereafter the best of friends. So great was the power of the gospel as preached by this earnest and sincere and godly man, that in the course of a few years a striking reformation of

¹ The Editor may add (without the knowledge of the writer of the article) that in April 1879 a grand organ was opened, presented by Mrs. Burns and her children, at a cost of £4000. Sir H. Oakley says it is one of the finest in the world.

manners was everywhere visible over the wide and populous district of Rannoch.

Buchanan composed and sang, as supplementary to his teaching and preaching, a number of spiritual songs, eight of which he ultimately published. These songs, with which his name is now chiefly associated, are admitted to have done much to pacify and evangelise the Highlands after Culloden; and the occasional sternness of their theology has no doubt also had its effect in moulding religious opinions amongst the children of the mountains. Their titles are—(1) The Greatness of God; (2) The Sufferings of Christ; (3) The Day of Judgment; (4) The Dream; (5) The Hero; (6) The Skull; (7) Winter; and (8) A prayer. There can be no doubt that the humble schoolmaster of Rannoch stands in the very foremost rank of Gaelic bards, whether sacred or secular; and some good judges of poetry are disposed to place him even before Ossian. It is certain at all events that his poetry has been more influential for good amongst his countrymen than that of all the secular bards put together. A translation of his description of eternity which occurs in "The Day of Judgment" is subjoined.

"Though I should number every star in heaven,
Each blade and leaf that ever grew on land,
Each drop along the stormy ocean driven,
And every grain of sand on every strand;
And though I'd lay a thousand years aside
For each of all these units one by one,
The great eternity would still abide
As though it were but yesterday begun."

Dugald Buchanan died of a malignant fever that was raging in Rannoch in the summer of 1768, and his body was conveyed to Callander and buried at Leny, the graveyard of the Buchanans.

JOHN SINCLAIR, B.D.,
Minister of Rannoch.

Of Work.

I. JUST ABOUT THIRTY YEARS.

I WAS present on a Sunday morning in a University Chapel, where the preacher, addressing many young men about entering on the work of their various professions, having given them certain counsels which he thought good, said

Now you young men with your life before you, I will tell you what you are going to do for about thirty years. It will just be about thirty years.

I quote no more. I have found out, now, that though very many drop long before the thirty years, and though the thirty years be a fair enough statement of the average career, some work on a great deal longer, not feeling themselves so very much changed. But you see the preacher, addressing students, took it for granted that the work of life began when they went out from the University. So it did, for them. At the University, it was Preparation. There was hard work there: never

harder: but it was all what we call *Preliminary* to the life-work. How many there are,—ay the vast majority,—whose life-work begins long before three or four and twenty! The line is drawn, roughly but adequately, when the poor human being begins to earn his own bread. The little boy who carries the milk to this house, looking quite cheerful even on a cold rainy day, and made sensibly happy by some Good Samaritan's twopence: the bothy lad whom I found one Perthshire twilight literally roaring with unaccustomed toothache, no one to care for him, and who was easily made quite comfortable by very slight skill: even he of nineteen years, promoted to the dignity of Ploughman and to the mastery of the fourth pair of horses: how soon they begin to earn their food and clothing, and to relieve the hard-wrought parents, sometimes *sair hadden down*. Yes: with many, it is far more than the thirty years. Did not I, just yesterday, in the house-to-house visitation of the parish, having plodded a good many miles through incredibly miry ways, sit down in a lonely cottage beside a good old woman of eighty, and hear her say, *Ye see, I went into service when I was a young creature: I have had a long, long life of hard work.*

The good old pilgrim by whose little fire I sat, was the kind of individual soul who is called a Pauper. When you come to have a good deal of experience, you will find that a pauper is (strange to say) a human being: and in those things most essential to humanity, startlingly like yourself. The decent among them, for many a year, had never thought to come to this. And you, my lady, have learnt to forswear the hateful cant, that "we can't reason from them to ourselves." And you pass that poor threshold with the courtesy you would show to a duchess.

If the preacher was right, the writer's work is nearly done. For the day came to him, a little while since, on which he looked back over a period which once was absolutely inconceivable in relation to one's self: saying, I was ordained on this day thirty years.

One would not say even a word of one's self, but that one is a specimen of so many who will read this page: of what they are, of what they will be. My brothers, you still get through your duty with the old feeling: but after it you are very tired. You see the Autumn leaves in the still sunshine to-day, not without a presentiment. And the Winter work is not faced with quite the spring and hopefulness there used to be. It is certain, that you cannot look back on days long departed without some tendency to the "idle tears" of our great poet. I remember once saying to a good man whose life had been one of extraordinary usefulness and success, and who complained of lack of occupation, "Why don't you write your autobiography?" But he answered, "I could not: It is too sad a story." Yet he was spending the last quiet days

amid a Martinmas summer of honour and affection. His name was Robert Chambers. And he had done a good work. Look back at the awful literature which was circulated in rural districts sixty years ago, and you will say a great work.

I believe the thought which comes vividly to most men, looking back on the work of their life hitherto, is, How short the time has been. And the next thought is, How thoroughly you are the same human being after it all. Yes: though the time exceed the Thirty Years.

I knew well a wise and good man, one of the wisest and best I have ever known: his name was Archibald Watson, and he was parish minister of the great town of Dundee. I did not meet him often: and it chanced that we met several times in circumstances which made us look back to the time when we were first acquainted. Time after time he said the same thing, in nearly the same words: one saw it was the impression always present to him. Speaking of that long stretch of years, he said, "It is nothing: we have had no life at all!" So did he sum up his life and work: the chief thing was that the life had been so short and the work so little. Do not say he was a fanciful or sentimental man. He was not: you had in him the very highest level of sound common sense. That is what you have come to, who have served the Thirty Years. That is what you will come to, young workers, who are going into the mill. "The things which are seen are temporal:" that is the great conclusion we come to. And we must learn that truth for ourselves. We said the words when we were young: young people are rather fond of saying them, in the days when they do not feel they will ever grow old. We did not know what the words meant. We know now: and we have learned, too, the unutterable pathos of Incident: the little things, the doings, the sayings, the looks, which were once, which were for their minute, and which are gone. You were walking with your little boy, and he said with an earnest face something about this world and its Maker: or, farther back into days left behind, you see your Father's look and you hear his voice. There is a yellow cornfield: there is a little river, with red walls of rock and ivy hanging over: there are school-days and lessons: these little things are the sum of our life.

But what I specially desire to say, just on this page, to those who have worked long and are working still, is this. You fancy, sometimes, that you have lost interest in your work: there is not the charm about it there used to be: it is prosaic hack-work now. Believe me, your work, after the Thirty Years, remains pretty much what it always was. You are misled by that all-pervading phenomenon, the Mirage. If you have long kept a diary, look back: and you will be startled to find that from very near the beginning you have felt towards your work just as you do now. You began to

fancy yourself tired in your very first years. Somebody lately wrote that it is now impossible without a smile to quote Campbell's line, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view:." It has been transferred from the realm of things serious, and is hackneyed into something jocular. I believe the fact is so: but the truth which the line expresses (and Dyer substantially wrote it long before Campbell did) is unquestionable. Search out the old volumes: turn over the faded pages: the old time will come over you, not mellowed by any enchantment, but in severe accuracy as it was when passing: and I venture to say, if you be a God-fearing soul, seeking to live a Christian life and faithfully to do the work God has given you, you will be made to feel that, in so far as concerns your work (unless strength and heart have actually broken down), these are your best days. The path of decent hard-working folk, when you get at the sober fact, you will find is very fairly like the morning light, which commonly grows more cheerful towards the noon-tide, even when the day is like this, no more than an overcast autumn day.

You will be startled (if you have the written record to guide you), to find at how early an age you began to think that the golden days had passed from you, and that now the dusty path must be got over, heavily. It was a good while before you were twenty. Ah, the golden days never were at all! Get back to school-days; and the little troubles were as great to our little strength as any that can come now. The work was harder than now, and far less interesting. And the outlook had its many fears.

Our life would be much richer and fuller than it is, if we had a better memory. When we go away from a place where we have lived a while, our life there, and all its surroundings, the little details in which life lies mainly, are forgotten. We go back again: In a moment the old life comes over us: we remember a hundred things which when we were away were quite forgot. We start on a little journey; we who are quiet folk. It is a great event in our history: the preparations for going: the shrinking from setting out: all the incidents of travel which does not extend beyond the seas. Yet when the thing is past, it has quite gone from you, till the next time you have to do the like; and then all the little past events waken up again. No diary will quite preserve the very feeling of departed days and distant scenes: yet it can do a great deal. A few lines written at the time recall a vast deal more than they directly record. A few lines written with the scene before you will bring it wonderfully back, long after. I wonder how people can live without such a record. The path seems to crumble away behind us, without it: and life is confined within very narrow bounds. Yes: and more important. Vain fancies take possession of us of a vanished Golden Age. If you want to take true and reasonable views of

your work, of its value, and how you feel towards it: if you would cultivate a spirit which shall be thankful, and reasonably content, not wholly disheartened (though there are discouragements) and not quite unhopeful (though you know there must be disappointments), begin, as early as you possibly can, to write some little record of your life and your work.

It was an outspoken American author (and he wrote anonymously) who, speaking of his own first book, said, "I never read a more interesting volume." But the volumes which relate your own history are more interesting still. I remember a little boy, eating a great slice of bread covered with gooseberry jam, and at the same time reading Foster's Essays: How startling it was to find Foster say, that *the train of events which make a man's own life are more important to himself than all other trains together*. "Bless me," thought that little man, "I knew that was so with me, but I did not think anybody would have said so: I fancied it was wrong." And one's diary is the history of that supremely important train.

Just a word. Do not fancy that by saying nothing about some sad thing on the day when it fell to be recorded, you make sure you shall not remember it when you read that page. It will be there, between the lines: it will be as a great blot over the whole. There is nothing you will so vividly remember, recalling any season, as the thing you would give a great deal to forget.

And a word more. After some member of the family dies, you will search the pages with a vague remorse that so little is recorded: so little recorded of such a one's sayings and doings: so little recorded of the first slight cloud of the illness which was to grow so great. You do not know in whose case all facts may soon grow precious. *That* cannot be helped. But the day may come, when reading the pages with many tears, you will say, with shame, Oh, I was not such a selfish creature as these pages would make me!

Let the record preserve the work and words of all the household, as well as your own.

A. K. H. B.

The Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild.

THE GLASGOW CONFERENCE.

By Rev. WM. ROBERTSON, M.A., GARTURK.

AS intimated last month, the Second Conference of the Delegates of this Guild took place in Glasgow on Tuesday, 5th December, and in connection with it a series of interesting meetings were held, all of which were marked by a gratifying success. As the Guild has almost doubled its Branches, and more than doubled its membership, since the first Conference in Edinburgh in March last, the meetings were altogether on a larger scale, while the heartiness and enthusiasm by which they

were characterised seemed, if possible, even greater than at the Edinburgh meetings. To make the arrangements as complete as possible, a local Committee of Delegates from the Glasgow associations was formed some time before, while the Presbytery of Glasgow appointed a Committee of their number to co-operate.

There were three Preliminary Meetings:—(1) *Fellowship Meeting for Young Men*. This was held in the Christian Institute on Sunday morning, December 3, at 9.30. The Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang presided, and notwithstanding the early hour there was a good attendance, including representatives from a considerable number of associations, and a very pleasant meeting was held. (2) *Special Sermon to Young Men*. This was preached in St. Columba's Church on the Sunday evening by the Rev. Norman Macleod, St. Stephen's, Edinburgh. There was a large congregation, and the preacher, taking for his text the words, "They helped every one his neighbour, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage" (Isa. xli. 6), preached an eloquent and impressive discourse, in the course of which he referred to the vast sphere of work lying before the Guild. He closed with a powerful appeal to young men to unite their efforts to aid and encourage one another in the work and service of God. (3) *Meeting of Ministers, Delegates, and Office-Bearers*. This was held in the Christian Institute on the Monday evening, the Rev. R. Pryde, M.A., Townhead, presiding. During the first hour the meeting was of a devotional nature, the exercises being conducted by the Chairman and the Rev. Messrs. Paton, St. Paul's, and Hunter, Partick. Thereafter the final arrangements for the Conference were considered.

Conference of Delegates.

This was the central meeting round which all the others had gathered. There was a very large meeting—about 200 delegates and ministers, representing the various affiliated Societies throughout the country, being present. The Rev. J. M'Murtrie, M.A., one of the Vice-Conveners of the Christian Life and Work Committee, occupied the Chair and opened the Conference with a welcome to the Delegates. He also gave expression to the great regret of the Conference that the Convener, the Rev. Dr. Charteris, who had done so much to make this Conference possible, had been compelled, by the state of his health, to visit the south of England. Thereafter the roll was called, and the Delegates introduced to each other. The subjects of conference were:—(First hour) Reports of Guild work done since last Conference,—Opened by Rev. W. Robertson, M.A., Garturk. (Second hour) Personal Effort: what it may do for the Guild,—Opened by M. G. Thorburn, Esq., Peebles. (Third hour) Proposed new sphere of work for the Guild,—Opened by John Boyd, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh. Not only was the conference on these

subjects very hearty,—speaker after speaker rising to contribute the fruits of experience in his own society or class, but many who were present state that they were particularly struck both by the practical character of the suggestions offered, and by the high religious tone which characterised the discussion.

Our limits will not allow of our giving any report of the discussion at present, but perhaps we may be able, in a future number, to give some short account of it. One of many practical results of the Conference is to be the preparation of a series of "Daily Bible Readings" for use by members of the Guild, so that the members of the various Branches may be united in the fellowship of Bible reading, and in intercessory prayer for one another. At the close of the Conference the Delegates adjourned on the invitation of the Committee to a Tea Meeting in the dining-room of the Institute, when the Rev. W. Brownlie, M.A., Kelvinhaugh, Convener of the Local Arrangements Committee, presided.

Public Meeting in the City Hall.

In the evening a great public meeting was held in the City Hall. The Chair was to have been occupied by the Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, but a mournful family bereavement prevented the noble Earl from being present, and in his absence it was moved by Sir James Watson that Arch. Orr Ewing, Esq., M.P., take the Chair. There was a very large attendance, considerably over 2000 being present, of whom the great majority were young men. On the platform were many of the most prominent citizens of Glasgow, as well as a large number of ministers and elders of the Church, not only in Glasgow, but from the surrounding districts, and apologies were intimated from many who were unable to be present. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Cathcart, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, and an admirable address from the Chairman, other addresses were given, and resolutions moved, as follows :—

Our Young Men—By Rev. J. MARSHALL LANG, D.D. Fellowship Associations and Bible Classes—By Rev. GEORGE WILSON. The Christian Church and Young Men: their Mutual Claims and Relations—By Rev. W. W. TULLOCH, B.D. The Guild—By Rev. WM. ROBERTSON, M.A. Sympathy of the Meeting with the Guild—By Rev. JOHN MACLEOD, B.A., and G. M'FARLANE, Esq. The Guild commended to the Members of the Church, and especially to Young Men—By Rev. J. ELDER CUMMING, D.D., and ALEXANDER SLOAN, Esq., C.A. Help to the Guild from the Young Men present: Thanks to the chairman, speakers, and promoters of the Meetings: Sympathy with the Earl of Aberdeen—Rev. J. M'MURTRIE, M.A., and R. CALDER, Esq.

The meeting was as cordial as it was large, and those present manifested the deep interest taken in the proceedings by frequent bursts of hearty applause. Altogether, it formed a fitting close to what has proved a series of interesting and successful meetings in connection with the GLASGOW CONFERENCE.

The following statistics quoted from the Report read at the Conference will show the progress which the Guild has been making since its institution.

It was sanctioned by the General Assembly in May 1881. At the Edinburgh Conference last March, it contained 63 Branches with 2000 members. At the date of the Report to last General Assembly (May last) it had 86 Branches with about 3000 members. At the date of making up this Report it contains 124 Branches with 4114 members.¹

Since the Guild was instituted, 49 new Societies or Classes have been formed in places where formerly none existed, and the membership of these alone is 1580. Besides the formation of new Branches, there has been a strengthening of those formerly in existence since the Guild was begun. Of the 63 Societies in the Guild in March last, 39 report now an increase in their membership, some of them having added as many as 40 or 50 more members. There is also reported a gratifying increase in the energy with which Societies are devoting themselves not only to the work of self-improvement which must always be their chief work, but also to different forms of Christian and philanthropic effort.

¹ There are 7 Societies or Classes, the membership of which is not included in this Report, as the Schedule of Particulars regarding them had not come to hand.

THE SCOTTISH CONGREGATION IN NEWCASTLE, CONNECTED WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The portion relating to this Congregation in the admirable Supplement to this Magazine, which is conducted by the Rev. James Mackie, M.A., Manchester, for our Congregations in England, was accidentally omitted when that Supplement was laid by the Christian Life and Work Committee before last General Assembly. The mistake being ours, we cheerfully break (for once) our rule, and give publicity to an appeal which that omitted portion contained. The Newcastle Congregation seek help to buy and improve the building in which they worship. They have £1000; they need £1500, and they ask help towards the balance of £500. The membership is about 300; the annual increase from 35 to 40. The members are mostly working men (many of them being policemen, bargemen, quay-side men, or sailors). There is a Sunday School with 130 scholars, and the minister (whose stipend is only £150) reports that there is a Young Men's Class, a Sunday School Teachers' Association, a Mutual Improvement Society, etc.; of the Magazine 175 copies are circulated every month. Will any of our readers help this energetic, but not rich, Congregation? It seems to us that Scotch congregations in England ought to contribute to all our Missionary Schemes: and that the Church of Scotland ought to make their needs her care. Thus a true union would be promoted instead of the grumbling stepmother connection which has hitherto prevailed. We see our English brethren making common cause with us in many ways, and eager to draw the bonds still closer. Many of our most popular and influential preachers have taken part in the services in Crown Court, London, and in other English congregations: and now we ask our lay brethren to come to the rescue in this typical case. Subscriptions will be received by our Secretary at 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh.

Notices of Books.

THE LIFE-EDUCATION AND WIDER CULTURE OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. By JAMES STEWART WILSON, M.A., Minister of New Abbey. (Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons, 1882.)

THIS book consists of lectures delivered at the Universities of Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and St. Andrews, and a Synod sermon, entitled "A Plea for a Learned Ministry." We heartily commend it as a volume replete with thought, and timed to meet a need of this generation, in which, says the author, preaching, evangelising, visiting, money-raising, and the construction and superintendence of ecclesiastical parochial machinery, are rising in popularity and demand every day." Mr. Wilson's teachings should be pondered by ministers and candidates for the ministry; but not by them alone. The lay members of the Church have a direct interest in the higher education of the clergy, and can do much to promote it. They can show forbearance and sympathy, they can take upon themselves, to a larger extent, those practical activities which overburden the ministers of populous parishes, and they can, in exceptional cases, make wise and generous provision for that higher education. The subject of this book is that education of the Christian minister which begins when he leaves college and enters upon real life, and which should not end till his ministry ends. Yet how many, says Mr. Wilson, even of those whose student years were full of promise, seem to stop short at ordination, as if the hands of the presbytery had produced a mesmeric effect. They yield to the soothing tendencies of a fixed position, and sleep, like the Seven of Ephesus in their cave, while the world without is moving steadily on. The author takes up in succession the influences and materials for the life-education of the Christian ministry contributed by the Past of profane and sacred history, by the Present at home and abroad, and by the Future. Admirable reflections, if occasionally almost too much elaborated, are often felicitously expressed. For instance—"The ideal of the perfect minister would just be the perfectly developed Christian man." On the other hand, certain clergymen are described as going through their professional routine "with a stiffness that suggested machinery, and made us instinctively listen for the sound of wheels." The author exemplifies the culture for which he pleads, and his learning, while never obtruded, is felt to be the solid basis, especially, perhaps, of the chapters on the profane past, and the foreign influences of the present.

THE PARABOLIC TEACHING OF CHRIST. By A. B. BRUCE, D.D., Professor of Apologetics, etc., Free Church College, Glasgow. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.)

This is a welcome addition to the not too large number of really serviceable books on the Parables of our Lord. The parables are classified under three heads:—First, *theoretic* parables, containing the general truth concerning the kingdom of God. Among these are included the Sower, and indeed, all the seven in Matt. xiii., parables relating to prayer, and to work and wages in the kingdom. Second, the *evangelic* parables, or parables of grace. Under this head are considered parables relating to forgiveness, to the joy of finding the lost, to humility and charity. Third, *prophetic* parables, or parables of judgment. Such are the Barren Fig-tree, the Ten Virgins, etc. It will not surprise the student of our Lord's many-sided teachings to find that the author has had difficulty in placing certain of the parables in his system. The controverted question of the number of our Lord's parables is partly met by including, under the title of "parable-germs," eight of His teachings, of which "the Wise and Foolish Builders" and "the New Wine in the Old Skins" may be named as examples. We thank Dr. Bruce for a book which is the fruit of careful study of the Scriptures, and of what his predecessors have written, and which bears on every page the stamp of fresh and honest thought.

Searching the Scriptures.

By THE EDITOR.

1. Who used old wine-skins, torn and mended, to deceive a leader of Israel? 2. Find the name of a Levite who forsook Micah and became a priest of the Danites.
3. Who would not come to a prince till the prince caused his barley to be burned? 4. Find a writing that came from Elijah to a king. 5. Find three examples of persons wrongfully accused of intemperance in drink. 6. Find it twice recorded that Jesus wept. 7. Write out the "seven words" (utterances) of Jesus on His Cross.
8. Find St. Paul blaming one of the twelve apostles for inconsistency. 9. Which of the four Evangelists incurred the displeasure of St. Paul? (search in Acts). 10. Find a proof in Colossians, and another in Philemon, that St. Paul and that Evangelist were reconciled.

ANSWERS FOR DECEMBER.

1. Ehud, Judges 3. 16; Shamgar, 3. 31; Jael, 4. 21; Woman of Thebez, 9. 53; Samson, 15. 15.
2. Elim, Exod. 15. 27; Num. 33. 9; Jericho, Deut. 34. 3; Judges 1. 16; 3. 13; 2 Chron. 28. 15. 3. Joshua 10. 12, 13; 2 Sam. 1. 17-27. 4. St. Luke; Luke 1. 28; 1. 46-55; 1. 68-79; 2. 14; 2. 29-32. 5. Matt. 8. 5; 27. 54; Cornelius, Acts 10. 1, 2; Julius, 27. 3. 6. St. Mark; 9. 36; 10. 16. 7. Deut. 21. 20, 21; Prov. 21. 17; 23. 1-3; 23. 20, 21; Eccl. 10. 16, 17; Matt. 24. 49; Luke 12. 45; 21. 34. 8-10. Gen. 9. 21; 1 Sam. 25. 36-38; 1 Kings 16. 9; 20. 16; Prov. 20. 1; 23. 29-35; Isa. 5. 11; 5. 22; 28. 1; 28. 7; 56. 12; Joel 1. 5; Hab. 2. 15; Rom. 13. 13; 1 Cor. 5. 11; 6. 10; 11. 21, 22; Gal. 5. 21; Eph. 5. 18; 1 Thess. 5. 7, 8.

Calendar for January.

A Chapter of Proverbs may be read each morning.

1	M.	If sinners entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1. 10.
2	Tu.	That thou mayest walk in the way of good men.—2. 20.
3	W.	Trust in the Lord with all thine heart.—3. 5.
4	Th.	Let thine eyes look right on.—4. 25. [5. 22.]
5	F.	The wicked shall be holden with the cords of his sins.—
6	Sa.	Forsake not the law of thy mother.—6. 20.
7	Su.	He knoweth not that it is for his life.—7. 23.
8	M.	Those that seek Me early shall find Me.—8. 17.
9	Tu.	<i>New Moon.</i> The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.—9. 10.
10	W.	He that walketh uprightly walketh surely.—10. 9.
11	Th.	He that watereth shall be watered also himself.—11. 25.
12	F.	To the counsellors of peace is joy.—12. 20.
13	Sa.	The way of transgressors is hard.—13. 15.
14	Su.	Fools make a mock at sin.—14. 9.
15	M.	A soft answer turneth away wrath.—15. 1.
16	Tu.	Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.—16. 20.
17	W.	A friend loveth at all times.—17. 17.
18	Th.	The name of the Lord is a strong tower.—18. 10.
19	F.	The counsel of the Lord, that shall stand.—19. 21.
20	Sa.	Even a child is known by his doings.—20. 11.
21	Su.	He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man.—21. 17.
22	M.	Remove not the ancient landmark.—22. 28.
23	Tu.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Let not thine heart envy sinners.—23. 17.
24	W.	The thought of foolishness is sin.—24. 9.
25	Th.	If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat.—25. 21.
26	F.	The slothful saith, There is a lion in the way.—26. 13.
27	Sa.	Boast not thyself of to-morrow.—27. 1.
28	Su.	He that covereth his sins shall not prosper.—28. 13.
29	M.	The fear of man bringeth a snare.—29. 25.
30	Tu.	Feed me with food convenient for me.—30. 8.
31	W.	In her tongue is the law of kindness.—31. 26.

FEBRUARY.

A Chapter of Acts may be read each morning.

1. Th. Baptized with the Holy Ghost.—Acts 1. 5.
2. F. The promise is unto you, and to your children.—2. 39.
3. Sa. God sent Him to bless you.—3. 26.

“Jesus called a little Child to Him.”

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

ONE day I sat down at a bedside in a cottage to talk to a sick boy. His little brothers came round me; they were three fine little fellows. I spoke to them, and after we talked a little I asked each of them what they would like to be. James wanted to be a joiner like his father, Willie wanted to be a baker like his uncle, and Tom the youngest one wanted to be a minister like myself. We all smiled at Tom, and were happy. I then turned to the little cripple sick boy in the bed and said, “And what would you like to be, Robbie?” He looked up to think the matter over, and then looked at me, and answered, “I would like to be like the little child that Jesus called to Him.” His good mother had been telling him about that child in the morning. I was glad to open my Bible and teach Robbie that Jesus was calling him. And this is what I want to tell all the children of the Church through this page. Jesus, my dear children, is calling you, every one of you, to come to Him. When He was on earth, one of the things about Him that made men wonder was His love for little children. They thought He was too great to be troubled with them, and that they were trifling little things, beneath His notice. But all through His life He showed how deeply He loved them, how tenderly He cared for them, how readily He helped them. When He met them He spoke to them. When they were ill He cured them. He sometimes took them up in His arms. He often put His hands on them and blessed them. When He preached He told His hearers that those who were great in His kingdom were like little children. When He was leaving this world He left this command to all His ministers, “Feed my lambs.” And though now up in heaven at God’s right hand He still loves them, and through the Bible His loving voice is still calling them to come to Him and be blessed.

Jesus is calling you with the voice of a loving Saviour. You are young, but not too young to be sinful, and sin is the great risk and danger of your future lives. From all sin, past, present, and future, Jesus seeks to save you. I once saw a little girl playing with thoughtless glee in a city street at the foot of a steep hill. While she was playing a three-horse omnibus came rattling down the hill. She neither heard it nor saw it. Many voices called to her to get out of the way, but in vain; on came the great omnibus till the heavy horses were within a few feet of her. Every one was breathless with fear. At that moment a new voice called out “Mary;” the child at once looked round, and the next second she was safe in the arms of her own mother. Jesus sees the danger you are in from sin. He loves you with more than a mother’s love. His warning voice calls

you, and His arms are open, that you may flee to them and be safe.

Jesus calls you with the voice of a faithful guide. Your way through life is often dark, sometimes difficult, and always dangerous. If you go alone you will lose your way. Jesus calls you to come to Him, and He will wisely and faithfully guide you. When a boy, I was sent with a letter to a house I had often seen, and sometimes visited. It stood in a large wooded park, at the head of a long winding avenue. I found the gate all right, but as the night was dark, I missed the avenue path, and wandered among the trees. My feet were rustling among dry leaves, my head was knocked against the branches, and my heart was filled with fear. In my distress, I heard a voice cry, “Who is there?” I answered who I was, and what I wanted. The voice cried again in kindly tones, “Come here.” I followed the sound, and found my arm taken by a warm, faithful hand. I was guided up the dark winding avenue without either stepping aside or stumbling, and when we came into the light of the great hall, I found that the master of the house had been my guide himself. Jesus calls you to come to Him, and He will be your guide. He knows the way through all its windings, over all its rough places, and past all its dangers, and at the end of it there is His own Home, in which He has prepared a place for all His children.

Jesus calls you with the voice of a tender Master. Children often have very cruel, hard masters. A bad temper, selfishness, idleness, stubbornness, pride, vanity, are among them. Jesus wants you to leave these hard masters, and come to Him, and He will rule over you gently, and employ you tenderly. There is no service so noble and so delightful as the service of Jesus. A lad came to me one day in great distress asking me to help him to get a new master. I asked him why he was leaving his old one. He said, “He gives me a man’s work to do, and as I cannot do it, he treats me cruelly; I want a master who will not ask a boy for more than a boy’s work.” Now, Jesus is your best Master. He does not ask from children, or from any one, more than their best, and He gives them grace to do their best. He is tender with them that truly seek to serve Him—that earnestly strive to please Him. He is forgiving and forbearing, and very patient, and He makes it more and more easy to be good, and to do good, as we keep trusting and trying. And everything we do for Him carries a great reward with it in the peace and joy with which He fills the hearts of His faithful servants.

Now, as Jesus calls you, you must answer and come to Him, and accept Him as your loving Saviour, your faithful Guide, your tender Master. If you put yourself into His hands, and live by trust in His grace, prayer for His help, and obedience to His will, you will be the happy children of Jesus.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1883.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements.

1	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
2	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
3	Sa.	Mr. Macleod sees Members regarding Baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
4	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.15 P.M. (The Afternoon Service on the first Sunday of the month is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are requested to bring the Children's Hymnal. Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, Mission Hall, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 6.30 P.M. Sabbath School, Brunswick Street, 4 P.M. " " " " 6 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 4 P.M. Children's Church, Horne Lane, 11.15 A.M.
5	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Hamilton Place Academy Hall, 8 P.M.—Lecture, "National Music" (with Vocal Illustrations), Mr. A. Curle.
6	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
7	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), 6 P.M., Mission Hall.
8	Th.	Prayer Meeting in Church, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
9	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society " " 8.15 P.M.
10	Sa.	Same as on 4th. Collection for SMALLER LIVINGS FUND.
11	S.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
12	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
13	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
14	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
15	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
16	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
17	Sa.	Same as on 4th.
18	S.	Same as on 4th.
19	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.

20	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M. Lecture—"The Salvation Army," C. N. Johnston, Esq.
21	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), 6 P.M., Mission Hall.
22	Th.	Prayer Meeting in Church, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
23	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
24	Sa.	Same as on 4th.
25	S.	Same as on 4th.
26	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
27	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Hamilton Place Academy Hall, 8 P.M. Lecture—"Digestion" (illustrated by Lime Light), James Foulis, Esq., M.D.
28	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.

St. Stephen's Congregational Fund.

The Committee in charge of this Fund desire again to thank the Congregation for the very liberal response which was made to their application last year, and which has enabled them to continue the Parochial and Mission Agencies of the Parish, as well as to maintain the ordinances of the Church in proper efficiency. The total amount collected by subscriptions last year was £479 : 15 : 6, and this, along with the Collections at Communion seasons and the half Church-door Collections, made an income up to 31st December of £793 : 4 : 3. The expenditure, which was rather less than the average, amounted to £768 : 11 : 2, but the Treasurers will, as usual, shortly place in the pews an Abstract of the whole Accounts for the year, which it is believed will show that the Fund has been expended for the best interests of the Parish and Congregation.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat that this Fund supplies the sources from which almost all the Parochial and Mission Agencies of the parish are maintained, and, unless it is liberally and loyally supported, the work of the Minister and his staff of assistants must be seriously impaired. This work is necessarily increasing year by year, and there were never so many agencies at work in the parish as there are at present. Those who are best acquainted with the matter are readiest to admit that, notwithstanding all that is done, the necessities of the population can scarcely be overtaken, and that it is impossible to relax their efforts without injuriously affecting the religious interests of the parish.

Some members of the Committee have kindly undertaken the duty of collecting for the current year, and these will call on the Congregation during the present month or early in March. The success which has attended this method of obtaining subscriptions has induced the Committee to continue it, and they hope that subscribers will kindly afford facilities to the collectors in making their rounds.

COLIN G. MACRAE, *Hon. Treas.*

Temperance Association.

The Annual Social Meeting was held in Brunswick Street Schoolroom on Friday evening, the 22d December. There was a very large attendance. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, Mr. Macleod, the Rev. F. L. Armitage, and others. Several songs were sung, Mr. Curle kindly acting as accompanist. The Secretary's Report showed a considerable increase on the "Total Abstinence" Section, but it was stated that the "Temperance" Branch had not made the same progress. It is greatly to be regretted that a larger number of the parishioners do not join this branch. By doing so they might greatly strengthen the hands of some who need every help and encouragement that can be afforded them. The Association continues to do good service, and beyond all doubt has been the means of lifting up not a few from the miseries of intemperance, and of holding up others in the paths of sobriety. In the course of the evening the Chairman, in the name of several members of the Association, presented Mr. Prescott with a beautiful timepiece, in token of their appreciation of his excellent services as Secretary.

Young Men's Bible Class.

The Annual Soiree of the young men attending Mr. Macrae's Bible Class was held in the Christian Association's Rooms, St. Andrew Street, on Friday the 12th ulto.

The party, including the young men and their friends and guests, numbered 156, and among those present were Mr. Macleod, Mr. Playfair, Mr. Cochrane, etc. The chair was taken at half-past 7 o'clock by Mr. Macrae, and after tea a report was given in by the Secretary, Mr. Swan. The report stated that the Literary Society in connection with the Class had this year been conducted with great spirit and success. The essays and debates had been of more than usual interest, although it would be better if more members took part in the proceedings, which afforded an excellent opportunity for the acquisition of facility in public speaking. Mr. Macrae mentioned that there were this year on the Roll of the Class 93 names, which, with the exception of one year, was the largest attendance they had ever had. He stated that the Class had joined the Young Men's Guild this winter, and would find the benefit of doing so. The Guild would be especially useful to young men leaving town, or coming from the country into town, as it enabled them to attach themselves at once to a Class or Society of Christian young men, and to find friends worthy of their companionship.

Some excellent music, both vocal and instrumental, was given by members of the Choir. Two solos on the violin by Mr. Wilson were greatly appreciated. Before the close of the evening Mr. Macleod addressed the young men, pointing out the advantages to be gained by the proper use of Literary Societies, and the necessity of their cultivating their minds that they might serve God in their various stations with all their faculties and powers. A vote of thanks to the Choir for their kind services brought the evening to a close.

To the Congregation.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—One of the chief uses of this Magazine is that it enables me from time to time to speak to you on points that appear to deserve attention. Having frequently availed myself of its pages for this purpose, I now do so with the view of saying a few words on *Church attendance*. Not that I have any special complaint to make so far as the Congregation generally is concerned. Upon the whole, I have never seen a larger or steadier attendance than during the past year. *But are all the members and adherents as regular as they might be in coming up to the House of Prayer?*

Let us consider this point quietly for a few moments. St. Stephen's is seated for about 1700 persons. And first realise what the numerical strength of the Congregation actually is. The total number of communicants is about 2200. That this is not an over-estimate is proved by

the fact that upwards of 1800 actually communicated in 1882. Add to this adults who are non-communicants, children, and young persons, and the total cannot certainly be less than 2500. As we have seen, the Church would not hold anything like this number; but then large allowances must be made. There are the sick and infirm—the mothers of young children who cannot come with regularity to Church—those whose duties make it impossible for them to come oftener than every second or third Sunday, and so forth. Then practically there is a Forenoon and an Afternoon Congregation, many being in Church in the morning who are not there in the afternoon, and what to my mind is even more to be regretted, many come in the afternoon who were not present in the morning—I mean, though they might have been. Having made all these allowances, of course our total is very much reduced. Still it is large enough to awaken considerable anxiety as to the Church attendance of many. "Am I in any measure to blame?" let each reader ask himself or herself. "Have I been attending my Church only once a month or so when I could quite easily have been there weekly if I had tried?" No doubt there are hundreds to whom these questions are inapplicable. Some are so rarely absent that when it does happen one feels a blank which almost makes the place seem strange. To such as these we need not speak. Others there are to whom it is a duty seriously to address the Apostle's warning, "*That ye forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is.*" Of course when one asks what is the cause of irregularity a minister is open to a very obvious retort either in jest or in earnest. I shall not pause to anticipate it further than to say that I humbly accept whatever share of the blame lies at my own door. Nor will I argue with those—if such there be—who are so unreasonable as to say that because the Minister goes to see them so rarely they may very well be irregular in coming to hear him! Well, if they knew all they would not say that. Besides it is not a question of "coming to hear him," but of coming to worship Almighty God according to His own appointed ordinance. Are you quite sure, my reader, that the fault does not lie with yourself as well as with the Minister or anybody else? Is there no carelessness at the bottom of it, no indifference? May it not be the result of a low tone of Christian living during the week? *Depend upon it, occasional church-going will do you little good.* No one man can declare to you the whole counsel of God in a single sermon. "Line upon line, here a little, and there a little," is the rule according to which God supplies our need.

Let me, then, beg you, my dear friends, to whom these remarks apply in any degree, to consider the following simple counsels which I offer with the earnest prayer that God Himself would incline your hearts to say: "*I was glad because they said unto me, Let us go to the House of the Lord.*"—

1. If you are in health try to come regularly to Church EVERY SUNDAY.
2. Before you come and when you enter the Church ask GOD'S BLESSING.
3. Join in the PRAYERS as much as you can, following them IN SPIRIT. Also try to join as heartily as you can in the singing, remembering that you are PRAISING GOD.
4. Fix your mind upon the whole Service, not thinking of others, but realising the PRESENCE OF GOD.
5. Endeavour to carry home with you some TRUTH or LESSON to be thought of during the week.
6. Parents should carefully watch over the Church attendance of their CHILDREN, especially lads from 12 to 18.
7. If there is any cause for past irregularity, consider seriously how best to overcome it. "Where there is a will there is a way." God will help you if you are in earnest.



FEBRUARY 1883.

Sermon.

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

By the Rev. W. H. GRAY, D.D., Liberton.

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."—EXOD. xx. 3.

THE general meaning of these words is very plain. In this first commandment the Israelites were required to believe in, to worship, and to obey Jehovah as their only God. The words "before Me" do not mean that they might have other gods after Him. They mean that they were to have no other gods at all before His face. They were to surrender themselves, in homage and obedience, to Him alone.

The giving of this law implied that these Israelites knew something about Jehovah and His claims to their homage. And they did. They had been taught that He was the only Maker and Monarch of heaven and earth. It was His word that, in the beginning, created all things. It was His spirit that moved on the face of the waters, and filled the world with light and life, with beauty and bounty. It was He that made man in His own image, and breathed into him a spiritual nature. It was He who placed man under law, and notwithstanding his transgressions, continued to care for him from age to age. They had been taught the character of this Jehovah and His worthiness to receive their homage. They knew Him as "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." They knew also Jehovah's purposes and promises, and His special claims on their obedience. The world, they were taught, would yet be delivered from its sin and misery. The woman's seed would bruise the serpent's head. In pursuance of this plan of redemption, Jehovah had chosen Abraham to be "the Father of the Faithful," and the children of Israel to be His peculiar people. He had heard their groanings in Egypt, and by Moses had brought them out of the house of bondage. He had promised to lead them to Canaan, and to watch over them till a mightier than Moses should appear, who would save them, and through them the world, with a great salvation. In the seed of Abraham all the nations of the earth were to be blessed.

All this, however, might be said and yet it might not be true. What reasons had these Israelites for believing in Jehovah? Why should they worship or serve Him or any God? Why should they believe in a living God at all?

1. As to their belief in a living God. Such a faith seems natural to man. He feels that a power—other than man's—is needed to account for the things and beings and changes around him. Whence life and the means of life, beauty and happiness, so many signs of purpose, and so many tokens of government? And if, in Nature and Providence, there seems to be a power tending to righteousness, surely that power is not unconscious Force, or impersonal Law. The Creator and King cannot be lower in the scale of being than His creatures. "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear: He that formed the eye, shall He not see: He that teacheth man knowledge, shall not He know?" This, at all events, is certain, that in the history of the world comparatively few atheists, properly so called, have appeared. Belief in *some* God seems *natural*, and therefore the *being* of a God has not been made matter of *revelation*. In the Bible it is taken for granted *that God is*. The Scriptures tell us *what God is*, and this commandment, assuming that the Israelites will believe in some god, says, "Thou shalt have no other god before Me."

2. As to the worship of God. Deeply embedded in human nature lie the sense of dependence and the sense of duty. In truth, *man is a religious being, and must worship*. The Bible assumes this. Jehovah's claim is, that He is the *only proper object* of Israel's homage. This is His command, "I am thy Lord, worship only Me."

3. As to Jehovah being the only true and living God. What reasons had the Israelites for believing that the revelation made by Moses as to the unity, character, working, will, and purposes of God was true? Why should they believe in this Jehovah as their God, and have no other gods before His face? This faith rested on two pillars. The first was the revelation itself. The doctrine of *one God*, when presented to the soul, satisfied reason and conscience, and affection and will, as the doctrine of many gods could not do. The features of the character of God also, and His works and ways, commended themselves to spiritual beings as worthy

of their faith and love. The commandments of this Jehovah were felt to be just and good—the very words of the rightful Lord of human souls. They could not paint such a portrait as Moses had painted of God,—at once gracious and true, righteous and loving, merciful and holy,—but they could see the majesty and beauty of the portraiture as compared or contrasted with portraits of Egyptian gods. Perhaps they could even recognise Jehovah as a Father long forgotten; but with the strongest claim on the homage of His children's hearts. They could not make the key Moses held out to them, but they could see it opening lockfast places and showing them therein stores that seemed fitted to satisfy their spiritual nature. And when they availed themselves of these stores, believing these revealed truths and doing these commanded duties, they felt that the soul received a diviner nourishment, and so a diviner life, than ever it had before. Thus they had God Himself witnessing within and to their spirits, that the revelations made by Moses were unveilings of Eternal Truth. The second pillar and ground of their faith was Moses himself. Whence came his wondrous power and wisdom and goodness? He declared himself the commissioned servant of Jehovah. It was to His inspiration he attributed whatever was wonderful in his own language, life, and labours. Surely God would not have set His seal to a lie, or given His glory to another. It must, therefore, have been the great *I Am* who revealed Himself to Moses and spake by him; and if so, that Jehovah had a right to say to Israel, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

But though the Israelites must have felt the duty of having Jehovah for their only God, they too frequently broke this law. If they did not altogether forsake Jehovah's throne and altar, they also worshipped before other thrones, and sacrificed before other altars. Unconsciously, but with a guilty ignorance, they offered frequently a misdirected worship. They thought they were bowing before Jehovah's throne when they were not. The God they too often believed in, loved the Israelites apart altogether from their character, while He hated others simply because they were of Gentile race. When Jesus lived, many of the Jews really worshipped and served another god than Jehovah, otherwise they would have revered His Son, instead of charging Him with blasphemy and putting Him to death. They were very guilty in the ignorance they showed; but, indeed, *they knew not what they did*. And, still, the Jews think they believe in Jehovah, while, as we believe, they pay their homage at another throne than His—Lord, have mercy upon them and incline their hearts to keep this law!

But what have we to do with this commandment given of old to Israel? All men have to do with it. It is a moral duty founded on Eternal Truth. This is an Eternal Law to every creature having

a moral nature. "Thou shalt worship and obey thy God." As Christians we are doubly bound to keep this commandment. Jesus is our Lord. He declared it the Law of God. When Satan tempted Him, His answer was, "It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." While He proclaimed those guilty who broke *one of the least* of God's commands, He declared that the first and *great commandment* was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind."

We, if guilty, sin against the clearest light. Since the law was given prophets have shed the light of inspiration on and round the throne of God. Jesus has unveiled our Heavenly Father. In Him we have seen "God manifest in the flesh"—the Son, the visible image of the Invisible Father. As we gaze on that Divine Son so full of grace and truth, as we trace His pathway from the cradle, and watch Him at the cross, we surely cannot fail to see Incarnate Deity in all the glory of holy love. Well may the beholder worship Him and say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Such homage is not treason to the only God. The Son and the Father are one.

And now, are we obedient to this law? Do we believe in this Father of our Lord as the only true God? We may not bow down to any heathen idol, and yet we may have some other god as ours. God may seem to us "the best-natured Being in the universe," and hell may be regarded as impossible. God may seem to us less loving and less worthy of our love than Jesus, and heaven may be hoped for only because our Lord has satisfied a harsh exacting creditor, and rescued us from unfriendly hands. But, even if we know God as He is, we may offer Him an unreal or divided homage, giving the devotion of our lips to Him, and giving to the world's Trinity of Pleasure, Pelf, and Power, the devotion of our lives. Alas! it is not only Romanists that break this law by giving to the Virgin, and to saints and angels, worship due to God alone. Protestants as well are daily breaking it in thought and word and deed. And how shall we escape the wrath of God? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." There is no other way. Believing in Him we have pardon for all sin. But we must repent to the obedience of the truth. Christ's salvation is from *sin* as well as *wrath*. Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. The duty God requires of man, now and always, is obedience to His revealed will. But, blessed be His name, the faith which justifies must also sanctify. Believing in Jesus and His love, we believe in the love of God, and in the God of Love. We are thus made partakers of the Holy Spirit, and quickened into new life by His mighty power; we are enabled and inclined to give ourselves up in loving self-surrender to our Heavenly Father, and to have no other gods before Him.

The Parish of Taxwood,

AND SOME OF ITS OLDER
MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

IV.

THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

NOTHING is so universally credited as the ubiquity of the ubiquitous Scotchman. The old saying has now become so stale as hardly to permit repetition, about the reaching of the north pole, and our mythical countryman sitting stride-legs on the top of it. Had that myth been realised in the times of which we write, and the afore-



said been found in the elevated and characteristic attitude, he would have been sure to have shouted out: "I owe all this, and a great deal that is better, to the parish schoolmaster."

I never could understand how, though by no means of course invariably, yet how very frequently the schoolmasters of Scotland are or were addicted to the practice of wearing spectacles. Perhaps in many cases the laudable struggles of college life and the burning of the by-no-means-superabundant midnight oil (a classical or at least poetical way of describing hard study) may so far account for a premature impairing of the sight. Be this as it may, Mr. M'Inlay was no exception to the general rule. One's first glimpses and impressions are always specially lively; and I confess that the rotund silver spectacles arrested me before I could fix attention on any more important feature; just as two rather obtrusive pillars would do in entering the portico of a temple. This first glimpse I had of the parish Schoolmaster was not a sufficiently near one; for it was on the occasion adverted to in the earliest page of these memories, when some boys from the village were indulging their warlike propensities at the expense of the minister's ducks. The retreating culprits had caught the eye or ear, possibly both, of the Master, and brought him to the foot of a flight of narrow steps which led from the schoolhouse. The prominence of the spectacles

was shared by another accompaniment. This was a familiar flexible object, which shall be nameless, associated with punishment. Mr. M'Inlay, be it said at once, was a kind-hearted man—kind and forbearing to a fault. He was before his age in the recognition of the power of moral suasion *versus* corporal punishment. But this elastic instrument of terror formed at the time so indispensable a part of all official school insignia, that he would not have been regarded by parents or scholars as fully panoplied without it,—a policeman without his baton. It was generally localised either under his arm or lay passive in his right hand, reserved for great and exceptional occasions. It looked portentous; just as the traveller in Eastern lands dangles a rusty pistol at his saddle-bow to scare away suspicious Arabs. The boys evidently, on the occasion to which I allude, knew what they had to expect—something a little beyond a mere verbal admonition. But they were also aware that the consequences would be, so far as regarded "the Mester," within the mildest limits of endurance; and they proceeded, as pictures of resignation, with some preliminary blowing in the palms of their hands, to encounter the inevitable. I thought it well to pass out of sight whilst the small private settlement was being concluded. We shall dismiss, once for all, gentle reader, this historical little bit of leather with the remark, that it has doubtless exercised its own influence for good or for evil (we shall not venture to aver which) in the moulding of the Scottish character. Like several other antiquated fashions, however, it has, we believe, been very much and very wisely relegated among the things that were, to the tomb of all the Capulets. As Mr. Tennyson sings—(this possibly included)—

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be."

I need not attempt very particularly to photograph Mr. M'Inlay, either physically or mentally. A middle-sized man was he; somewhat round-shouldered, with a good forehead, and rather a refined face; flaxen hair, that in itself was wayward by nature, and not very amenable to comb and brush. He was himself a more than creditable specimen of the average schoolmaster. While posted up in the various branches needful for the requirements of a village school, he was, over and above, a man of general reading; a fair Latin scholar; had mastered the six books of Euclid, and was facile in quadratic equations, trigonometry, and some few other studious acquirements, which of course had to lie dormant in so primitive a sphere. But he was abundantly content with his quiet position, and was guileless of future ambitions. In a word, he was a pleasant, intelligent man, who had won his way in life by dint of natural vigour and perseverance, and having won it, was calculated to make himself a favourite with all classes. His fund of anecdote made him always welcome when he dropped in, after the day's duties were over, to a social cup of tea with the farmers. He was, and

no wonder, proud of his adopted home and its primitive beauties. Nothing delighted him more than to take friends, it might be strangers, to a survey of the many charms of the village and its surroundings. One could almost at a distance, from the emphatic motions of his walking stick, guess the moment, when, in the centre of the pathway, he reached the climax with the stock quotation from Goldsmith's "Sweet Auburn :"—

"How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

Worthy man ! he had not so much as a tinge of vanity in his nature, but he never could resist still further pursuing the vision and numbers of his favourite poet, as with an honest disingenuous laugh, turning to the scene of his own labours, he claimed a personal interest in the lines—

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Perhaps this may lead me here to remark, with every respectful remembrance of him, that intellectually he would have been deserving of a higher place in his profession ; but physically he was far from strong, and suffered much from a bronchial affection, which, sooth to say, was a much greater trial and perplexity to others than to himself. At the meetings of Kirk-Session, where he officiated as clerk, he was simply invaluable. Beyond any of his other acquirements, he had a natural aptitude for business and church law—took to it (to use the Laird's phrase) as a duck to water. The Laird was all the heartier in his encomiums, as he had himself to plead shortcomings in legal acumen, whether as applied to questions civil or ecclesiastical. Another official duty, common to nearly all the parish schoolmasters of that day, Mr. M'Inlay had discharged for years ; but it must be frankly owned with a painful inefficiency. A five-pound note, whatever may be its intrinsic value with our advanced views, was, half a century ago, a great help to the Scottish schoolmaster. It eked out his small salary and still scantier school fees. This sum formed the average remuneration to the occupant of the precentor's desk. Mr. M'Inlay had, as a matter of course, been installed there ever since his appointment to the higher office ; and, moreover, even had he been willing to waive a prescriptive right, there was really no more competent hand to be found in the neighbourhood for the discharge of the weekly duty. The post of honour, however, some little time after Mr. Erskine's advent, had to be surrendered, and this for two equally urgent reasons. The aforesaid bronchial attacks had assumed more and more of a chronic character. Fits of uncontrollable coughing proved sorely disturbing in the leading of the psalms. Not unfrequently indeed, after a fair and successful beginning, there

was an awkward stoppage. The tuning fork had to be struck again, and the verse or verses recommenced. Truth also demands that a still more serious evil must be added as the result of some unfortunate habit in early life, which had become latterly incorrigible, it should rather be plainly said, intolerable. Grimaces and contortions of face, of which the good man himself was personally unconscious, acted with disastrous effect at times on the young of the congregation, and some of the old must be included in the indictment. So soon as a high note obtruded itself on his path and challenged unwonted effort, the facial disturbances followed suit. Farmer Crombie's four daughters occupied the square seat right under, and were often, as they said, "sorely put to it." Their honest father, grim and rigid in his way, ventured at times on a taciturn rebuke ; but it was always with a self-reproach, and that for the best of reasons, that he felt too a relaxation of muscles repugnant to his better nature. Moreover, as may be well imagined, what was known familiarly as the "Mester's hostin'" was little less than an afflictive dispensation to the minister. He often used to feel that at any more pathetic bit of his sermon than another, or at the crucial part on some argument or appeal, the earthquake underneath the pulpit was always sure to begin, and its upheaval became the focus for all eyes. In a word, as the factor said, "the thing could not go on." The Laird was the last who stuck loyally to his faithful Achates, but even he came to the conviction that often what was lawful was not expedient ; and he was commissioned with the delicate task of giving the gentle hint. He dwelt, indeed, mainly on the bronchial aspect, not even impinging on the other equally imperious one. The advance, kindly and considerately made, was kindly and considerately taken. A "minute," acknowledging past services, was drawn out by the Laird himself and ordered to be engrossed in the Session records. So Mr. M'Inlay retired from this conspicuous post of duty (or imagined, as in most cases is nearer the truth, he had done so) with golden opinions. Most assuredly, if we leave out of view bronchial tubes and grimaces, no prime minister could have vacated public place and office more respected or loved.

One appointment we have already incidentally alluded to as generally filled by the Schoolmaster (and which certainly in the case of Taxwood could be delegated to no other) was that of Session-Clerk, and in those good old times, almoner of parish bounty to the poor. A yearly meeting of Heritors was held in the schoolhouse, at which the disbursements of the Kirk-Session were submitted, the fruit of the church-door collections ; and before (what the Laird, at all events, would have called) the odious days of parochial assessment, the Heritors added, in proportion to their real or valued rentals, whatever supplementary aid was requisite. Human nature, even in the most primitive conditions of

life, is human nature still; and it may readily be imagined how difficult and invidious it often was, even in the case of a man of tact and kindness, like Mr. M'Inlay, to discharge to the satisfaction of his pauper clients the doles he was authorised to distribute. In by far the greater number of cases there was nothing but gratitude; most of those who shared these benefactions felt they had in him a personal friend, and received their monthly allowances as if they had emanated from the giver's own pocket. A few exceptions there could hardly fail to be; I have one notably in remembrance. Tibbie Brown was in her own fragile, aged, yet plucky and sinewy way, the sort of village carrier to and from the adjoining market town; the only vehicle for these small commercial transactions and interchanges being a somewhat capacious wicker-basket. But the revenues from her basket and store were insufficient to meet personal expenditure. After several applications, some very small (what she deemed a very inadequate) addition had been made to her income at the last "Heritors." She felt sure (no other thought could possibly be entertained by her) that the minister was strongly on her side, though he had evidently, among other hostile influences, pled her cause in vain. She had as little hesitation in attributing the failure of her own more ambitious expectations—though in this she judged erroneously—to the parsimony of "the Mester." She pent up her indignation until some befitting opportunity would present itself. Watching her chance with knowing adroitness, at last she found it. One day in crossing the green, basket in hand, she observed the Minister and the Master in close conversation under the shade of the yew hedge. She begged pardon for "intrusion," but at once plunged *in medias res*, and told her story of grievances with dramatic effect. Mr. Erskine kept his eye on the ground, while M'Inlay entered calmly, and even considerably, into a full explanation and vindication. Poor Tibbie felt that the toils were gathering round her, and that the exculpation of the impeached Session-Clerk was only too complete. She saw that surrender was the better part of valour, but like a retreating Parthian she resolved to empty any remaining arrows in her quiver. So, with trembling lip, she delivered the final volley; "Had yer gab, Mester M'Indal, in the praisance o' yer betters. Stick to your big words and your hostin', and gie nether me nor the minister ony mair o' ye." With a dramatic swing of the basket on her arm, she marched off with the air of an Amazon conqueror, or at all events with the satisfaction that it was a drawn battle. But, for the honour of the "short and simple annals of the poor" of Taxwood at that time, this little veritable episode is recorded only because of its rarity.

We have said nothing as yet of Mr. M'Inlay's domestic appointments and household economy. Our readers will almost have guessed by this time that he was a bachelor to the backbone. The question of matrimony in general, with its individual appli-

cation, used to be a subject of friendly joke and banter in his social visits among the farmers, and his own professional brethren when they met. He had a favourite reply, whose geographical allusion was often beyond his hearers—a reply he had culled, somehow or other, from the writings of Heine. It had become somewhat tiresome by repetition—specially, it was alleged, when he rehearsed it in places where it had an unhappy application. Here are the very words, for with the above explanation they are not difficult to recall,—“He that marries is like the Doge who was married to the Adriatic. He knows not what there is in that which he marries. Mayhap treasures and pearls,—mayhap monsters and tempests await him.” I repeat, this oft-used aphorism of his rendered him unpopular, as might be expected, where “the cap fitted.” But when he found he had hit too hard, he had always an ingenious subterfuge ready, as an Æolian harp, to sound at nature's dictation. “Ah! my tempest,” he would gasp out with an effort, feigned or unfeigned, “is this bronchial affection. Matrimonial affection and bronchial affection, my good friends, are simply incompatible.” On which the tempest (as if Æolus himself had been provoked by the allusion to leave his cave) broke forth very wildly and protractedly; but died away—not as tempests are credited in doing—in peals of good-natured laughter.

There were only two other occupants of the Master's house (a primitive bit of architecture, with a “but and a ben” downstairs, and a “but and a ben” upstairs, and a square garden *en suite*). The one was what is familiarly known in Scotland as a “lass”—designated, in the present case, not on her own account, but by reason of her semi-official position, by the appellation of “the lass.” She was a good specimen of the *genus*; had more of the masculine than of the feminine element about her; cheeks that suggested a dye from all the pink carnations in the garden; and arms and hands equal to any emergency, and to any conceivable or inconceivable amount of scrubbing and cleansing. She was at perpetual feud with not a few of the boys, who, with the perversity of youth, used to squeeze their noses against her kitchen window, and make other uncomplimentary signs which she would have been wiser at first to have taken no notice of, or to have resented only with one of her pleasant smiles.

Mr. M'Inlay's one other domestic care was, to everybody but himself, a peculiarly ungainly and unlovable gray cat, with liquid, expressionless gray eyes, and to whom purring seemed to constitute the half of a not very lively or exciting existence.

Meg (the lass) was sometimes, I believe unfairly, credited with private pilfering from the Mester's larder, when the real state of the case was a want of feline discrimination between *meum* and *tuum*.

We have hardly said a word yet on Mr. M'Inlay's main avocation within the doors of his schoolroom. We have a field-day to describe there, but this must be reserved for the next chapter.

The American Indians and their Earliest Missionaries.

By the LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.¹

I.—OLD INDIAN LIFE.

"I SWEAR to your Majesties that there is not in the world a better people than these—of more affection, affable, or mild." So wrote Christopher Columbus to the Spanish monarch on his discovery of America and his first acquaintance with some of the savage tribes that inhabited that vast continent. And from his day onwards the historian has always the same tale to tell of the first reception given by the red man to his white brother. From the Pacific to the Atlantic he was everywhere welcomed and treated with hearty hospitality and good faith. But for us it is impossible to read the history of those early colonists without a feeling of shame. Over and over again one finds how the puny life of the few struggling adventurers would have been utterly crushed had it not been for the Indian. In the long dark winter, when the land lay rigid as iron under frost and snow, and when providence and neglect had brought the colony down to the brink of starvation and disease, it was the Indian who hunted and brought in such supplies of fish and game as he could procure, and who shared his last grain of maize with his welcome though burdensome guests. And when the scene changes, and the Indian has become the mortal foe of the white settler, the cause has always been the treachery and perfidy of the latter. Those who came with the purpose of converting the heathen to the kingdom of Christ were the first to teach him the meaning of broken faith, insatiable greed, and cruelty, beside which his own ferocity fades. There is little comfort in turning to more modern history; everywhere the Indian, to use his own pathetic language, is "fast travelling to the shades of his fathers, towards the setting sun;" and in a few years there will probably be no trace left of these wild and warlike races. Essentially hunters, they are driven back before the advancing cultivation of the land, as unable to accommodate themselves to the new order of things as are the great herds of buffalo with which their lives were associated, and which so soon must entirely disappear. What the settler has left undone the trader and the hunter have completed; diseases fatal to their unaccustomed constitutions have swept off thousands, and the yet more poisonous "fire-water" has done its deadly work. "My God," writes Captain Butler in his well-known book, *The Great Lone Land*, "what a terrible tale could I not tell of these dark deeds done by the white savage against the far nobler red man! From southernmost Texas to

¹ It may be mentioned that the subject of the articles, of which this is the first, attracted the attention of their writer during a visit paid in the spring of last year to her brother, the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada.

most northern Montana, there is but one universal remedy for Indian difficulty—kill him."

But I do not intend here to trace this dark side of American history. Both in earlier and later days there have been brighter periods in the story, and it is a comfort to know that in Canada "the great Mother" (as the Indians call our Queen) and her Ministers have adopted a protective government towards the Indian population. The sale of liquor amongst them, for instance, is absolutely forbidden. This prohibitive law is stringently enforced, and every red man knows that his rights are as jealously guarded as those of the white man.

My present purpose is to describe the Red Indian as he lived in his primeval forests or amidst the great prairie lands. We have very accurate accounts of his appearance, customs, and religion, from the days of the earliest colonists. Fullest of these are the records left by the missionary Jesuits, of which we shall have occasion to speak by-and-by. Among the later accounts, the most minute descriptions are given in a volume written by an artist named Catlin. He spent eight years among them, from 1832 to 1839, with the view of studying their life and making portraits of them. He seems invariably to have been well received and most hospitably entertained, and he sums up his opinion of the Indian in these words, "honest, hospitable, faithful, warlike, cruel, revengeful, relentless, yet an honourable, contemplative, and religious being."

His book is full of illustrations of them and of their camp life and the surrounding country. They were always ready to sit for their portrait, though much amused at the idea of their squaws being painted, considering them quite beneath such a dignity, and they only allowed them to sit after Catlin had explained that he wished to have their pictures to hang beneath those of their husbands! The dress of the Red Indian is invariably made of skins ornamented in various ways, according to the skill and wealth of the wearer. The deerskins are first soaked for several days in water till all the hair is removed. They are then stretched on a frame, and elk or buffalo brains scattered over them. The squaws scrape the fleshy side with sharp bones, thus drying and softening them. A hole is next dug and the skin placed over it in the shape of a tent, and the interior is filled with smoke till the curing process is complete. Two skins are then put together with the necks downwards; the hind legs are stitched together, the seams running down on each arm of the wearer, from the neck to the knuckles of the hand. This seam is covered with a band of two inches in width, beautifully embroidered with porcupine's quills, dyed moose hair, or beads; and suspended from the under edge of this, from the shoulders to the hands, is a dark fringe of long black hair taken from the scalps of enemies killed in war. Skin leggings ornamented and fringed in the same ghastly way complete his dress. Sometimes a

buffalo robe is worn as a loose cloak, often painted with rude representations of the battles and other scenes of the wearer's life. Some of their head-dresses are of enormous size; Catlin describes one as a crest of war eagle's quills set in ermine, surmounted by buffalo's horns shaved thin and polished, and the whole reaching from the forehead down the back to the feet. Their long locks are carefully cherished, plaited, and often stiffened with glue. These characteristic dresses are fast disappearing, the trader having introduced cheap gaudy stuffs which have neither the beauty nor the warmth of the old costumes, which are now sold as curiosities, and soon only some specimens will be left. The Governor-General of Canada has several complete suits of these robes gathered from various tribes. The beads are nearly always tastefully arranged as to colour, and some of them show ingenuity in adapting as ornaments old boot tags and brass thimbles procured from the trader. In former times, the bow with flint-headed arrow was their chief weapon, and they were trained from their earliest years in the use of it. The children were given headless arrows, and were encouraged to shoot at every mark. Sometimes they had a mimic war among themselves. They placed tufts of grass on their heads, and when an arrow struck them they were taught to fall as if dead, while the adversary rushed up, and carried away the tuft of grass which represented the scalp. The well-known tomahawk, scalping-knife, and sometimes a long lance, completed the number of their weapons for war and the chase, till the trader brought them the steel-headed arrow and the flint gun.

They lived in tents of beautifully-dressed buffalo skin, which they called "lodges" or in some cases "wigwams." They were often of a very large size, and Catlin speaks of those used amongst the Crow nation as being most picturesque. On the whitened skin the Indians painted the exploits of his family or tribe, while the inside had for decoration the arms, shield, and dresses of the inhabitants; each man hanging his own above the place where he slept on the slightly-raised platform which ran round the lodge. One fire was in the centre, and a hole was left in the roof to admit of the smoke escaping. Twenty or thirty pine poles, twenty-five feet in height, were used to support the sides, and in those lodges sometimes as many as forty, all of one family, lived.

Their food was usually dried buffalo meat or fish, with Indian corn cooked in various ways, all equally unpalatable according to our ideas. A pot with food was always kept boiling over the fire, and any one might come in and help himself. The Indian has the highest code of hospitality: however starving he may be, he will share the last portion with his tribe or guests. The drones even of the community are allowed this privilege, though the Indians describe them by a contemptuous word meaning beggar or poltroon.

On the squaws devolved all the work except the actual hunting or fishing. The men hunted, killed the game, and afterwards the women went out, cut up and carried home the meat. Wherever the scanty cultivation of the soil was attempted, it was worked by them. The ground was scratched with a rough hoe made of bone, and little patches of maize and sunflowers raised. From the seeds of the latter they extracted the oil with which they covered their bodies.

Before closing this description of the Indian and of the life which he lived in the days before his land was trodden by the white man, I must not forget to mention his birch-bark canoe. To the tribes who lived on the banks of the great rushing rivers of North America, full of dangerous rapids and treacherous currents, his canoe was his only means of travelling by day and his shelter by night. It is so light that it is easily carried overland, if the rapids are such as to baffle even his wonderful skill, and yet, frail as it looks, it can hardly be overloaded. Longfellow has a charming description of it in these lines—

“ And the forest life is in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the tightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews.
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.”

I have endeavoured here to give a slight sketch of the Indian and his life as it was before his land was invaded by the white man, for I hope in another article to give some account of the first colonists whose lives were so associated with the Indian, and it is necessary to have some idea of how the latter lived in order to enter into a story full of interest to us, now that this great Lone Land is playing so large a part in the sphere of British interests.

Light and Shade.

THE trees were robed in freshest green,
The river lay in dazzling sheen,
And sparkling 'neath the sunbeams bright
The earth was bathed in golden light.
Yet all caught not the sunbeams' ray,
But on the hills deep shadows lay,
Cast by the clouds of fleecy white.
Full strange it seemed that things so light
And purely clear, could e'er have made
So thick a screen, so dark a shade.

Thus ever on the scene of life
Are clouds and sunshine, calm and strife,
And oft we find, on brightest day,
Some shadow fall across the way.
But not in sadness must we think
That shade with light will always link;
For every bird, and leaf, and flower
Tells us of Him whose love, whose power,
Will guide our trusting steps aright
Through earth's dark shades to Heaven's clear light.

SHEILA.

A Winter Sabbath Morning.

NO team afield ploughs up the stubborn soil,
 And pants its breath against the sharper air ;
 The ploughman rests from all his patient toil,
 The shepherd intermits his anxious care.

His fleecy charge shake from their coats the rime
 Which clothes the grass, and feathers hedge and bower ;
 And faintly-green, in morning's early prime,
 The pastures glisten with the frosty shower.

Round the horizon clings a misty veil,
 And woodlands glimmer softly in the haze ;
 The sun, low-climbing, gleams with lustre pale,
 And through the snow-white cloudlets gently plays.

The rough-turned clods await the seed-time near,
 Hard by the first green blades are peeping through ;
 The barnyards full their unthreshed treasures bear,
 And picture smiling Plenty to the view.



Wide-spreading boughs their westering shadows fling
 Across the mead, or by the farmer's door,
 Where often hums the mill, and laughters ring—
 But all is still in yard and threshing-floor.

The chuckling blackbird flits in swift surprise,
 The shelve's plaint strikes strangely from the spray,
 The very sparrow, twittering as it flies,
 Forbears its frequent chatter on this day.

The rooks, slow-winging from the woods, survey
 The fields and pastures free from man's surprise,
 Swing on the pendent boughs, and lazily
 Scan passers-by, and croak discordant cries.

A heavenly pause in life's too-restless race,
 The Sabbath comes to bathe the soul in balm ;
 Nature's repose awaits the touch of grace,
 And on the troubled heart there falls a calm.

M. MACGREGOR.

The Church of Scotland in the Foreign Mission Field of to-day.

By Rev. ARCHIBALD SCOTT, D.D., Edinburgh.

IN the beginning of the Christian Era the mission field meant the whole Roman Empire, especially the civilised peoples around the shores of the Mediterranean; and the fact that the gospel, during the course of three centuries, should have succeeded, in spite of the fiercest opposition, in converting these peoples even nominally to Christ, is one of the miracles of history. For the next twelve centuries missionary enterprise aimed at the evangelisation of the barbarous tribes of Northern and Western Europe. Then with the discovery of America, and the rediscovery of the long-hidden and almost-forgotten civilisations in the depths of Asia, there dawned upon the Church a vaster conception, which took noble shape in some heroic missions to most distant regions. But the magnificent Roman Empire, and that larger world now represented by European Christendom, and that still vaster world, whose gates the Romish and Moravian missionaries before the beginning of this century knocked at, but could hardly open, after all comprise but a fragment of the mighty mission field which invites the enterprise of the Christian Church of to-day. Now, at last, we can say that "the field is the world," for all heathendom, to its utmost boundaries, and in its most secluded fastnesses, is open to the Christian missionary, and almost everywhere within it the Word of God has free course and is being glorified.

Verily, blessed are we that we are living just when we live, for "many prophets and wise men desired to see the things which now we see, and did not see them." Eighty years ago the questions were openly discussed, How can Christianity prevail over the apparently impregnable religions of the East? yea, How can it withstand the assaults of that aggressive infidelity which characterised and accompanied the French Revolution? Yet in spite of the unquestionable growth of infidelity in Christendom during this century, Christianity has won in heathendom the greatest and most glorious triumphs of its history. Even those great Eastern faiths, solid and immovable as they seem in their vast antiquity, are surely yielding to its better influences. Their noblest representatives are preparing, like the Magi, to lay down their treasures before the Saviour. The light which is in them is fading into the better light of God in Christ, "the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

The Church of Christ never was blessed with larger opportunities than now, and perhaps never did it realise more deeply its missionary responsibilities. At this date, at least 70 Protestant Societies, employing 2400 European and American missionaries, 4560 ordained native missionaries,

and over 33,000 native catechists and teachers, are at work in the fields of heathendom. In less than sixty years the annual contributions for the conversion of the heathen have risen from £50,000 to £1,250,000. It is, alas! too true that the number of contributors in all the churches is very small, and that even among them the standard of giving is very low. The work has to be carried on abroad, in spite of a stern contest with the penuriousness of professing Christians at home. But these facts surely indicate that the darkness is past, and that even the most dormant of churches are beginning to awake out of sleep.

No one who loves and believes in the old Church of Scotland can complacently regard the small force which represents it in this holy crusade; nevertheless, we may well be grateful that we have not been altogether passed by in the baptism of benevolence wherewith God has visited His people. He has bestowed upon us the gifts both of missionaries and martyrs. He is placing before us at present very large and effectual openings, and though we have been slow in discovering it, we are surely beginning to realise the day of our merciful visitation.

In describing the position of our Church in the mission field of to-day, we must not forget (though here we can only refer to) the good work which it has for many years carried on in connection with its Jewish Mission and its Colonial Scheme. Again, the period during which our missionary operations have been carried on is much larger than is generally known. The Church of Scotland is in fact one of the oldest Protestant Missionary Churches in Christendom. The Scottish Missionary Society and the Glasgow Missionary Society, founded in 1796, though independent of Church control, and perhaps originated by the unfortunate attitude of the General Assembly towards Missions, may be claimed as Church Societies. They owed their support largely to its ministers and members, and their operations were eventually merged in those of the Church, not long after it had committed itself to the work. Their origin and history furnish another illustration of the often-forgotten fact that ecclesiastical courts do not always represent the Christian feeling and opinion of the Church. But, long before these societies were constituted, there was one Missionary Society which was called into existence by the direct action of the Church of Scotland. In 1709, at the instance of the General Assembly, the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge was incorporated by royal letters patent. Though the main object of this old and most valuable servant of the Church and of the country was the propagation of Christian knowledge in the Highlands and Islands, it, from an early period, administered funds for the propagation of Christian knowledge in foreign parts. Considerably before 1743 it had its agents in North America, but in that year the devoted David

Brainerd became its missionary to the Indians on the banks of the Delaware and Susquehanna. Subsequently John Martin, almost as widely known as Brainerd, was sent by it to the Cherokee Indians; and all through the remainder of the century, notwithstanding the troubles of the War of Independence, the missionary operations of the Society in North America can be traced in its Records. At this date an American Board is subsidised for the education of Indian youths, though the Society's principal grant has for some years been transferred to the support of our missionary in East Africa.

The first Mission directly supported by the Church dates from 1830, in which year the late Dr. Duff succeeded in opening a school in Calcutta, with an attendance of five pupils. In 1835 and 1837 similar schools were opened in Bombay and Madras; and from these small beginnings have sprung not only our present Missions and those of the Free Church, but the whole system of higher education in India. In 1843, though deserted by almost all its agents, the Church never dreamed of abandoning the posts which it had been divinely called to occupy; and so the result of the Secession, deplorable as it was in many aspects elsewhere, proved a decided gain to India. It supplied to the prodigal millions of that vast land another most vigorous missionary society, whose successful energy has done not a little to stimulate our own. In spite of many vicissitudes and troubles, in which, during fifty-two years, we have been learning our work and purchasing our experience, we may well be thankful for goodness and mercy which have followed our India Mission. A few weeks ago the chairman of the Government Education Commission stated at Madras, what was subsequently confirmed by two other members of the Commission during a visit to the schools at Bombay, that "not only was the Church of Scotland the pioneer of higher education in India, but that at this moment it has the greatest seat of higher education in the whole land." In Calcutta, the seed—small as a grain of mustard seed—planted by Dr. Duff has grown into a stately tree; for there, both in respect of numbers and of results, the General Assembly's institution continues to be the largest and most successful of all the colleges of India.

It is to be noticed that our mission in India, though small and weak in comparison with many others, yet represents considerable variety, both in the spheres of its operation and the agencies which it employs. It has its centres in each of the great divisions of India. In Bengal it is found in Calcutta and Govindpore, Darjeeling and Kalimpoong. In the Southern Presidency it is working in Madras, Vellore, and Arcunum. In the Western, in Bombay and Poona. In the Punjaub, it is to be met in Sealkote, Wazirabad, Gujrat, and also in the hill state of Chumba. Again, it aims at the evangelisation of all classes—high caste, low caste, and the aboriginal races who own no caste at all. It

attempts, through the Zenana and School Missions of the Ladies' Association in Poona, Madras, and Calcutta, the redemption of the long-enslaved women of India. Its staff consists of ordained European ministers and teachers, native preachers, catechists, and Scripture readers. It has its Medical Mission and its large educational institutions, attended by great numbers of pupils of both sexes, earning considerable sums of money, both in fees and in Government grants. This variety of work and of agency, where our means are so limited, is a sign both of health and of promise. In the past the strength of the Church has been given largely, but by no means wholly, to the educational side of missionary effort. Circumstances simply rendered this imperative, and the same course has been adopted by all the important missionary societies in India. Our future methods of work will depend largely upon the report of the Education Commission referred to, and upon the view taken by the Churches as to their duty in the changes which have already emerged. For India of to-day is immensely different from the India of fifty years ago, and Providence is manifestly calling all the Churches to reconsider their position, so as to readjust their operations to meet its most urgent necessities.

The great success which has attended our mission to the Aborigines in Darjeeling, and the fact that five-sixths of the converts of India belong to the lower castes, or to races that have no caste, seem to indicate a line along which it will be wise to proceed. Like the old heathen Roman Empire, India has a society, a code of laws, a literature, and a religion of its own. As was the case with the Roman world, we may expect that the peoples most accessible to, and most easily influenced by, the Christian missionary, will be those least permeated and bound by heathen culture. Just as Christianity reaped at first its largest harvest from the lower classes of society, so may we expect to convert India from below upward. But Christianity did not neglect the higher classes. It soon aimed at the conversion of the school, and when that was won it proved a most valuable agent in regenerating the old philosophy and civilisation. So, while we should at once with greater strength proceed with the work of evangelising the lower castes and the aboriginal races, as God gives us opportunity, we must not relax our endeavour to impress a healthy direction upon the religious revolution through which the dreamy, but now tumultuous mind of India is passing. Our higher schools and colleges may have to be reorganised, but it will not be wise even to think of abandoning them.

In China, where forty years ago it was a crime for a foreigner to learn and for a native to teach him the language, we are now watching and fostering the development of a small but promising mission. Twenty-five years ago there were only five places where a missionary might dwell, but now he can preach the Word in every town and

village of that vast and populous land. In the considerable army of ordained and lay missionaries who at over six hundred stations are conducting the work of thirty-one societies, our little contingent of two ordained ministers, one colporteur, two native preachers and catechists, seem almost of no account. Yet at Ichang, a treaty port on the Yang-tse-kiang, they have already gathered the nucleus of a small Christian church, and their efforts have shared in the blessing which makes the power of the gospel over human nature in China truly wonderful. There, however, we are only on the threshold of our work, even as our station is only at the gates of the great western regions of China, and we must step out and advance vigorously if we mean even to hold the little that we have gained.

In Africa we are attempting to respond to Livingstone's life-long call and dying prayer; and, in spite of difficulty and sorrow and shame, have succeeded in planting the Blantyre Mission in one of the most promising centres of that dark continent. There a little Christian community, with its church and school and most useful medical mission, has succeeded in winning the goodwill and affection of all the surrounding tribes. The mission is now purely evangelical and educational. Yet while commending the gospel to races frightfully scattered and peeled by war and slavery, our missionaries are teaching them also the blessings of peace and industry and settled modes of life. No one can promise such a mission immunity from all future trouble, but it is something to be able to aver that the old troubles, if not yet vanquished, are rapidly yielding to treatment.

This then is a slight summary of our mission work in foreign lands. It is not much certainly, indeed almost nothing compared with what we ought to do, but it is at least a beginning. How soon and how easily it could expand into missions worthy of our Lord and of ourselves, if only ministers and people made support of it a matter of conscience! Signs are appearing and even multiplying that many are doing so; and so, while we are hopeful that the time is not far off when it shall be a wonder to us that we ever could be content with doing so little for the cause of Christ, let us never forget the sacrifices that were necessary to bring the Church forward to its present position. Others have laboured, and we are entering into their labours. We may be called soon joyfully to reap what they had to sow in tears and sorrow. Several of our missions have been founded or watered by the blood of the martyrs. Noble-hearted men at home have toiled and lived and died for the cause. It would be invidious to select names where so many deserve recognition, but surely gratitude for their devotion, suggesting, as it does, the Saviour's sacrifice which inspired it, will lead us loyally to improve and enlarge what they have committed to our care.

Robert Douglas.

THERE is no figure more prominent in the affairs of the Church in the seventeenth century than Robert Douglas. Of his birth, as of his death, there are no authentic accounts: but rumour has it that he was the grandson of Mary Queen of Scots and of George Douglas, brother of the Laird of Lochleven Castle. Bishop Burnet probably implies his belief in this story when he says: "There was an air of greatness in him that made all that saw him inclined enough to believe he was of no ordinary descent." He seems to have begun his clerical life as Chaplain to the Scots Contingent, that went over to assist Gustavus Adolphus in the part he took with the Protestants in the Thirty Years' War. It is said that during an engagement Mr. Douglas, observing a section of the army making a move which would have proved disastrous, at once sent word to the general, who immediately corrected the mistake and gained a speedy victory. When Douglas was returning to Scotland, Gustavus said of him, "There is a man who for wisdom and prudence might be a councillor to any king in Europe; he might be a moderator to any assembly in the world; and he might be a general to conduct my army for his skill in military affairs." While in the army Douglas employed much of his leisure in committing to memory large portions of Scripture; and Burnet says of him that "he had the Scriptures by heart to the exactness of a Jew, for he was as a concordance." He next appears as minister of the second charge of Kirkcaldy (1628); then in 1639 of the second charge of the High Kirk, Edinburgh, whence he was transferred to the first charge of the Tolbooth, then a collegiate charge, in 1641, and next year, as well as in 1645 and 1647, he was moderator of the General Assembly. His name is among those attached to the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643. While minister of the Tolbooth, Douglas was named along with Baillie, Henderson, Rutherford, and Gillespie, to represent the Church of Scotland in the famous Westminster Assembly (1643); but he did not go. In 1649 he was transferred to the first charge of the High Kirk. In August of next year he is one of a commission of the clergy deputed to wait on the youthful Charles at Dunfermline, and to try to get him to subscribe a declaration of his sentiments, especially on Church questions, so as to satisfy the public mind. Charles refused on the ground that the document cast much blame on his late father Charles I. Douglas became the leading spirit in one of the parties that henceforth arose in the Church, the Resolutioners, who inclined to treat Charles with leniency in opposition to the Remonstrants, who urged sterner dealing. "No man," it has been said, "contributed more than Douglas to the Restoration of the Stuarts, or derived less benefit from it." In virtue of his high character, position, and talents, he was chosen to preach at

the coronation of Charles at Scone, 1st January 1651. He improved the occasion, it is said, in a sermon of enormous length, in which he touched on the leading topics of the time, and on some of those connected with the king's ancestors. Douglas next appears as the co-deputy designate of the famous Sharp, who was sent to London in the interests of a Presbyterian polity. It is well known how Sharp used the opportunity to serve his own ends, and how he came back holding the Royal Commission appointing him Archbishop of St. Andrews, under the new ecclesiastical order which he had no small share in helping Charles to set up. In the correspondence between him and Douglas it is curious to observe the anxiety which Sharp displays lest Douglas should go to London, and the reasons he urges against his going. Some time after, when Sharp was about to return to London for consecration, it is said that one day in conversation with Douglas he called him "brother," upon which Douglas checked him, saying, "Brother! No more brother, James; if my conscience had been of the make of yours, I could have been Bishop of St. Andrews sooner than you." There is also a story that Douglas said of Sharp, "When he came to me before he went to London, I told him the curse of God would be on him for his treacherous dealing, and that I may speak my heart of this man, I profess I did no more suspect him in reference to prelacy than I did myself." Refusing the bishopric of Edinburgh, Douglas was transferred to the Greyfriars, 2d June 1662. Like many others, he refused to conform to the new order of things, and in October 1662 resigned his charge and went to live at Prestonpans. Here he resided till 1669 apparently in easy pecuniary circumstances, as the fact that he appears as the holder of bonds over several properties in that parish proves. Under the Indulgence he was presented to Pencaitland by the Lords of the Privy Council on some dispute arising regarding the right of patronage. It is strange that the only reference to this distinguished man in the Session Records is, "Sept. 12 : 1669, preached Mr. Robert Douglas; business is delayed till another day." Burnet, who, by the way, was about this time minister of the adjoining parish of Salton, says: "I knew him in his old age, and saw plainly he was a slave to his popularity, and durst not own the free thoughts he had of some things for fear of offending the people." This is possibly a covert thrust at Douglas's true-blue Presbyterianism. Wodrow, on the other hand, says that one who knew Douglas said of him: "He was a great state-preacher, one of the greatest we had in Scotland, for he feared no man, to declare the mind of God to him; yet he was very accessible and easy to be conversed with. Unless a man were for God, he had no value for him, let him be never so great and noble." He died February 1674, in the eightieth year of his age and forty-sixth of his

ministry, but whether in Pencaitland or not, I cannot discover. The late Dean Stanley, on the occasion of one of his visits to this parish, speaking of Douglas, said to me in his own facetious way: "If you want to be famous, find out where Douglas is buried;" and then he added, "Douglas, like Moses, did a great work in his time, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

JAMES COULLIE.

The Kirk of Scotland.

LANGSYNE a Lamp of liberty and light
Was lit by Christians in Columba's Isle;
Then from our Scotland's face the clouds of night
Rolled back, and she did greet, with answering smile,
The Master's message in that beacon bright.
She took it to her longing heart, and there
She reared for it a Temple that should stand
Through all the ages; object of her care,
For which the dearest blood in all her land
Should freely flow to keep it pure and fair.
She sought not riches for that holy shrine;
She kept it from the creeds of crafty men.
Then from its altars poured the Light divine
On mountain summit and on dusky glen.
And Christ—He called that Kirk of Scotland "MINE."
Through gloomy years of anarchy and strife,
When superstitious rites held subtle sway,
When civil war and lawlessness were rife,
Our faithful Kirk sustained, in face of day,
The radiant Lamp which sheds immortal Life.
Yes, in a proven heart it still did hold
That Light of blessing, whose celestial flame
Was token to the nations waxen cold,
That *Scotland* yet stood true to The Dear Name
Of Him who loved her with a love untold.
And still the ancient Kirk of Scotland stands
Where, in the dark and troubled times of yore,
Our people bravely placed it, and commands
The homage of all men who bow before
A Faith upheld by tried and trusty hands.
And still the leal and loving—Scotland's Pride—
Do rally round it as they fondly tell
How their good fathers bore its Cross, and died
For the "auld Kirk" their Country loved so well
That Kirk and Country nothing could divide.
And still that Kirk upholds in loyal breast
The Light to Scotland given so long ago;
And ever lifts a crownèd Conqueror's crest
Above the weapons of each jealous foe,
Still blesses all the Land, and still is blest.
JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

MR. MACPHERSON of Dundee, in his *Life of Duncan Matheson*, narrates that when that Evangelist was acting as a pastor some who were sick complained that he had not paid them a visit. "Did you send for the doctor?" he asked. "Yes." "Why, then, did you not send for me? Is it because you care more for your body than your soul?" Another said, "You might have missed me out of church." "You are mistaken," was his reply. "I go to the house of God as a worshipper and a preacher, not as a detective."

The Rev. JOHN GRITTON, D.D., London, and the Rev. W. GUELPH MACFIE, B.A., licentiate of the Church of Scotland, have been awarded the first and second prizes respectively for the "Sabbath Alliance" Essays on the Sabbath. The prizes (£50 and £25) are given by Mr. Morton, London. The adjudicators were Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D., Rev. R. H. Muir, Rev. J. C. Brown, M.A.

How Grace Morris went on Pilgrimage.

A TRUE STORY.

GRACE was only a humble little village maid, who in all her dreaming—for you will see that she had a dream which shaped and fashioned her whole life and conduct—never, I am sure, once thought that her strange and touching story would some day find its way into print.

I have not given you her real name, but I vouch for the truth of the main facts of her short and obscure life, which I think may have some interest for some of us in these matter-of-fact days, when each one seems to be chiefly taken up with “getting on” in worldly matters.

Not that we do not hear of pilgrims in our everyday nineteenth century life, but these have sadly lost the savour of romance which we are wont to attach to the Palmer with “scallop shell and sandal shoon,” who made his way amid dangers and discomforts to the Holy Land in mediæval times. Our modern pilgrim—and we cannot blame him—usually makes *his* way to his favourite shrine with all the appliances of ease and comfort possible, and little or no self-denial is asked from him or needed.

Grace Morris knew nothing of pilgrims, ancient or modern, but I think you will say when you have heard her simple story that hers was the true pilgrim spirit.

The little country maid was one of what in Devonshire is called “a long family,” which means she had many brothers and sisters, and each child was of necessity sent out early into the world to earn his or her living. Grace, having been somewhat delicate, was kept at home until she was sixteen years of age, at which time she went into the service of a lady living near her native village, where her modest demeanour and gentle ways soon won for her the confidence of her mistress and the respect of her fellow-servants.

It was a most fortunate circumstance for the girl that her duties brought her into close contact with the head-nurse, Mrs. Wilson, as she was always called by the whole household, who, finding her faithful and diligent, strove, as she always did with those around her, to call out the young servant's higher nature, and, not content with training her in her outward duties, spoke to her day by day of holier things; and Grace, quick to see how Nurse lived out in her daily life all that she taught by her lips, soon became an interested hearer, and would often, after the little ones were sleeping in their beds, draw near to the little table where Nurse sat with her Bible and books, and ask to be taught something more about those precious truths which had already begun to stir her young heart strangely.

She seemed never tired of hearing how our Lord went about among the people, the poor people like herself and her father and mother, brothers and

sisters, doing good; and Nurse Wilson's sweet, reverent manner of speaking, just as if He were a real Presence to her, brought the picture of the loving Saviour so vividly before the girl, that, as she gazed up into the good nurse's sweet face, her eyes were sometimes full of a wistful yearning, as if she longed to see “the King in His beauty.” With such dispositions and under such influences, Grace, with a glad heart and thoughtful mind, went to her first Communion in her Parish Church, gaining closer, higher union with her Lord in His blessed ordinance.

Time went on, and Grace was called at last to part with this dear friend. Her mistress left England with her children, and Nurse of course accompanied them. This was indeed a trial, and tested her love and faith. But, as Nurse said in her gentle way, she could not expect to follow “the dear Lord” without being tried. “But, Grace, remember that He has said, ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’”

It was, indeed, not easy for the girl to stand alone when she went into her next place of service. The servants laughed and ridiculed her because her ways were not like theirs. They were one thing before their mistress, and another when her back was turned. Grace knew but the one open, honest way. She felt that apart from her mistress there was one Eye always looking upon her, and although she knew nothing of the saintly old poet, she lived in the spirit of his words—

“All may of Thee partake
Nothing can be so mean,
Which with this tincture—(for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

“A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.”

The months and years glided by, and Grace's fidelity was rewarded by an increase of wages. She now earned nearly double the amount she had received as nursery-maid, but her dress and habits were as simple as ever; the servants said, “Grace is a miser and hoards her money.” One who knew Grace could have told them that they misjudged their fellow-servant.

Whenever her family needed help, which was seldom, she gave freely and gladly; the rest was carefully put by where it brought her a small interest.

And now our little maid was well past twenty; her father and mother were dead, and many a young fellow would have gladly called himself her “follower,” but Grace scarcely noticed these smiling advances, for an all-absorbing thought was filling her heart and soul. She could not have told you herself how or when this thought was first lodged in her mind, but there it was, gaining day by day such mastery over her that she seemed to live only for its fulfilment.

And what was this idea that it should cause the

poor servant's heart to throb with joy when she received her well-earned wages, and placed them with her already considerable gatherings? Was it to make a comfortable home in the far-off years, when age and infirmity should have come upon her? or did she desire to raise herself a little above her rank in life? No! Grace had no ambition or care for anything of the sort. The longing desire of her heart was to go to Jerusalem! To do this she had worked and saved and prayed. For a time, as I have said, she guarded her secret like a holy treasure. But day by day, as the vision seemed more likely to be realised, that she would stand upon the same ground and pass along the same streets once trod by those Sacred Feet, she was lifted up into a sort of ecstasy, which revealed itself in her countenance. The poor girl became more silent and abstracted, and the village people, as well as the servants, said, "Grace Morris be gauen quite mazed."

Her mistress, fearing she was ill, offered her a holiday, and inquired kindly as to the cause of her changed looks. Grace assured her lady that she was quite well and needed no change. "But, ma'am," she continued with a hesitating voice, "if I might make so bold, I would like you to know what I have on my mind to do." Her mistress heard, with what astonishment I leave you to imagine, Grace's simple recital of her feelings and intentions, for plans she had none.

Her lady could scarcely repress a smile at first, but, checking herself, her next emotion was one of pity, for she concluded, as did the village people, that poor Grace was indeed unsettled in her mind.

If the girl was, as they all said, "mazed," she at any rate showed no symptoms of derangement on any other point. By degrees her purpose became generally known, and she had to endure laughter and sneers from those in her own rank in life, and steady opposition to her idea from master and mistress, who were sorry to see her hard-earned savings spent upon such folly. Even the good clergyman reasoned with her, and strove to show her all the difficulties that would beset her on the way.

But neither "perils by land nor perils by sea" could daunt our pilgrim,—she had set her face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem,—and so finally, when clergyman, master, and friends saw that opposition only strengthened her in her determination, they wisely and kindly did all they could to speed her on her long journey. Grace had reached the age of thirty before she accomplished her life's wish.

But at last the day came when she was to bid farewell to friends and all dear familiar places. Then, if ever, it was hoped she would shrink from the prospect of the strange, untried scenes which were opening before her. It was not so, however; calmly and almost cheerfully she turned from all she knew to face the mysterious Unknown.

I think she had sent her heart on before, and so it was not difficult to follow after it.

We will not follow our pilgrim as she went by

sea to Port Said, and thence to Jaffa. Though very wearied, no representations of kind people could detain her from setting out the next morning for Jerusalem, the goal of her hopes.

At last the city burst upon her wondering eyes. It would seem that the sight of the spot upon which all her desires had been centred for so many long years called forth no words from the humble traveller. Perhaps her thoughts went back to the quiet Sundays when she used to join with delight in the hymn—

"Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blessed,
Beneath thy contemplation,
Sink heart and voice opprest."

At all events she moved along silently, as if dreaming, until they came to the house of the good missionary to the care of whose wife she had been recommended. Here a comfortable room and bed for the night awaited her, and her kind friend left her with the hope that she would be strengthened and refreshed by a long rest.

The next morning, as she did not appear, they went to her door, and, knocking, entered and approached the bedside, and lo! the weary pilgrimage was over—the tired feet had touched the goal, and within the gates of the Celestial City the pilgrim now trod the golden streets of the New Jerusalem! Grace was for ever with the Lord.

I have not told you this simple story that you may be attracted to do likewise. It was specially given to this humble girl thus to manifest her love to the Lord. Many might say, as they did of Mary when she poured the precious ointment upon the Sacred Feet, "To what purpose was this waste made?" Yes! this hard-earned money might have been spent perhaps in a more practical way, in honouring the Lord. Nevertheless it seems to me that it was the Master's own way of drawing His humble servant to Himself.

V. M. C.

Notices of Books.

THE NEW TESTAMENT SCRIPTURES: their Claims, History, and Authority. (The Croall Lectures for 1882.) By A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D., Professor of Biblical Criticism, etc., in the University of Edinburgh, (London: Nisbet.)

INTO these Lectures Dr. Charteris has compressed an amount of learning and research and acute criticism, which their popular form and lucid style largely conceal. It is his mastery of the subject, and acquaintance at first hand with its numerous ramifications and its mass of details, which makes his Lectures so clear and fresh and easy to the reader. In the first Lecture the question is answered—What do the New Testament Scriptures claim to be? They claim to be *true*, they claim *unity*, they claim *authority*. The comparison which Dr. Charteris makes between our Scriptures and the Sacred Books of other religions, in respect to the claim of authority, seems a most valuable point in the treatment of this subject. In the second Lecture the difficulties besetting Inspiration are treated with a caution and a breadth which will help to gain acceptance for the author's view among fair-minded inquirers and thinkers. The third Lecture

treats of the formation of a Canon, and shows, with many interesting particulars, how the collection of New Testament Scriptures into a Canon derived validity from the Old Testament Canon, already closed and accepted among the Jews. The fourth and fifth Lectures give a sketch of the gradual acceptance within the Church of the New Testament Books as canonical and authoritative; and we know of no more trustworthy account of the formation of the New Testament Canon within the same compass. Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole course is the last Lecture, which deals with the question—Why Christendom has ascribed authority to the Canonical Books of the New Testament. The discussion is full, and the account of the views of the Romish Church and of the Reformers is admirable. The result is practically to substantiate, in the light even of the most recent criticism, the doctrine of the Westminster Confession on the subject of Holy Scripture. Throughout the Lectures there are Notes, sometimes of great critical value, showing that the author is abreast of the most recent literature bearing on his wide subject. The volume is a valuable contribution to our Theological scholarship, as well as to popular Biblical Criticism; and it cannot fail to enhance the reputation of its author.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.—*Talks with our Farm-Servants*—By An Old Farm-Servant (Edinburgh: Douglas). Many will welcome this volume, which has been reprinted, with the author's alterations, from "Life and Work." These "Talks," full of ripe wisdom and kindness, by one who knows farm-servants because he has been one of them, and who loves them because he knows them, were highly valued as they appeared in our pages, and their wide circulation as a book in our rural parishes should do much good. We observe that in the cheaper of the two forms in which it is published the book can be had at 4s. 6d. per dozen copies. In boards the book is a shilling. *The Story of a Shell: A Romance of the Sea*—By J. R. Macduff, D.D. (London: Nisbet). In dreams, says our author, all queer things lose their queerness, and all impossible things their impossibility. As the greater part of this story is supposed to be a dream, the boys and girls for whom it is written are to take it as a matter of course that a Shell should bear a little girl to the bottom of the sea, should talk with her concerning other shells and all treasures of the deep, and should bring her safe back to shore. The book has the author's wonted charm of style, and shows no little acquaintance with natural history. *Dorrincourt: the Story of a term there*—By Bernard Heldmann (London: Nisbet). A wholesome story of public school life, written for boys of the middle and upper classes. Incidentally there is conveyed to older people the lesson that not every good scholar, even though he be a well-meaning man, is fitted to be a headmaster. *England's Essayists: Addison; Bacon; De Quincey; Lamb*—By Rev. Peter Anton (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace). The minister of Kilsyth has produced a readable and instructive volume, showing honest work, sound judgment—exemplified in his narrative of the accusation of Bacon—and large sympathy, without which he could not have written as he has done of De Quincey and Charles Lamb. *Ralph's Year in Russia*—By Robert Richardson, B.A. (Nelson and Sons). Written for the young; this is a thoroughly good book which all readers will enjoy. A careful picture of Russian life is powerfully impressed on the imagination. We have not seen a better book of the kind. *The Hut in the Bush*—By the same author (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier), is a tale of Australian adventure, with some other stories added. *The Kitten Pilgrims*—By R. M. Ballantyne (London: Nisbet). Mr. Ballantyne gives the little ones wholesome teaching in a pleasant form. The Pilgrims have fierce fights with Griffin Rage, Giant Self, and other terrible monsters, whom they always overcome. The illustrations are by the author.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find three persons in Genesis whose names were changed, and give (from the margin) the meanings of the new names. 2. Find the relationship of Ruth to David. 3. Find in Old Testament three persons struck with leprosy as a punishment for sin. 4. Find in Jonah four things which God prepared. 5. Find in Numbers a prophecy of Christ as a Star, and in Revelation a statement corresponding. 6. Find mention of two birthday feasts, one in the Old Testament, the other in the New. 7. What verse records that Christ was with Satan, with wild beasts, and with angels? 8. Find in Acts to what city or country the following belonged:—(1) Barnabas; (2) Timothy; (3) Lydia; (4) Aquila; (5) Apollos; (6) St. Paul. 9. Show from a passage in Corinthians that the refusal of a boon prayed for may be the best blessing. 10. Find in Luke 8. a request granted to the great loss of those who made it.

ANSWERS FOR JANUARY.

1. The Gibeonites, to deceive Joshua, Josh. 9. 4. 2. Jonathan, son of Gershom, Judges 18. 30. 3. Joab would not come to Absalom, 2 Sam. 14. 29-31. 4. 2 Chron. 21. 12-15. 5. Hannah, 1 Sam. 1. 14; our Saviour, Luke 7. 34; disciples at Pentecost, Acts 2. 13. 6. John 11. 35; Luke 19. 41. 7. Luke 23. 34; 23. 43; John 19. 26, 27; Matt. 27. 46; John 19, 28; 19. 30; Luke 23. 46. 8. Gal. 2. 11. 9. St. Mark (John Marcus), Acts 15. 37, 38. 10. Col. 4. 10; Philem. 24.

Calendar for February.

A Chapter of Acts may be read each morning.

1	Th.	Baptized with the Holy Ghost.—Acts 1. 5.
2	F.	<i>Canclemas</i> . The promise is unto you, and to your children.—2. 39.
3	Sa.	God sent Him to bless you.—3. 26.
4	Su.	Many which heard the word believed.—4. 4.
5	M.	We ought to obey God rather than men.—5. 29.
6	Tu.	We will give ourselves continually to prayer.—6. 4.
7	W.	<i>New Moon</i> . I have seen the affliction of My people.—
8	Th.	Repent of thy wickedness, and pray.—8. 22. [7. 34.
9	F.	Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—9. 34.
10	Sa.	Who went about doing good.—10. 38.
11	Su.	<i>Collection for Small Livings</i> .—11. 29.
12	M.	Many were gathered together praying.—12. 12.
13	Tu.	To you is the word of this salvation sent.—13. 26.
14	W.	Recommended to the grace of God.—14. 26.
15	Th.	Purifying their hearts by faith.—15. 9.
16	F.	Whose heart the Lord opened.—16. 14.
17	Sa.	He will judge the world in righteousness.—17. 31.
18	Su.	Instructed in the way of the Lord.—18. 25.
19	M.	The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.—19. 17.
20	Tu.	Serving the Lord with all humility.—20. 19.
21	W.	Ready to die for the name of the Lord Jesus.—21. 13.
22	Th.	<i>Full Moon</i> . What shall I do, Lord?—22. 10.
23	F.	Let us not fight against God.—23. 9.
24	Sa.	To have always a conscience void of offence.—24. 16.
25	Su.	Jesus, whom Paul affirmed to be alive.—25. 19.
26	M.	Do works meet for repentance.—26. 20.
27	Tu.	I exhort you to be of good cheer.—27. 22.
28	W.	Salvation is sent unto the Gentiles.—28. 28.

MARCH.

1	Th.	Man doth not live by bread only.—Deut. 8. 3.
2	F.	If it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee.—Matt. 14. 28.
3	Sa.	All things are ready: come.—Matt. 22. 4.
4	Su.	Let us lift up our hearts with our hands.—Lam. 3. 41.

“He took them up in His arms.”

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

A LITTLE child once said to me, “When I am well I like to be carried by my father, but when I am ill I like my mother to carry me.” I asked him to tell me why, and he said, “When I am well, my father carries me on his back, and it is great fun; but when I am ill, my mother carries me in her arms, and it makes me feel well.” That little boy did not know that he was helping his minister to preach the gospel. I took him on my knee and told him that Jesus was like his good mother, that all the children of the Church belonged to Him, and that He loved them so much that when they were brought to Him, “He took them up in His arms, put His hands on them and blessed them.” And before we parted we sang together “There’s a friend for little children above the bright blue sky.”

I. *The arms of Jesus are “stretched out” arms.*—Ps. cxxxvi. 12. This shows that the children are welcome to Jesus, that He is ready to receive them, that He bids them come to Him, that He longs to embrace them. You have seen a mother teaching her baby to walk. She puts her child against a chair, goes back a little, stretches out her arms, and says “Come.” The eye of the little one brightens as he sees the mother’s encouraging smile, and the safe landing of the outstretched arms, the little limbs begin to move, the first voyage of life is taken, and its end and reward are the mother’s embrace and the mother’s kiss. I would ask all the children of the Church to make their first venture in life a venture into the outstretched loving arms of Jesus. One of the sweetest songs that any of us can sing is “Safe in the arms of Jesus.”

II. *The arms of Jesus are holy arms.*—Isa. lii. 10. This means that Jesus is holy, the holy Son of God. But it also means that those who flee to the arms of Jesus are made holy. When a little child was taken away from a wicked, drunken home, with a bad father and mother, and placed with other children under the care of a good woman, who was a wise mother to them all, the child said to the matron one day, “I wish my father was here, for I think I would love him good.” This is what Jesus does with all the children that come to his arms. He loves them good. When they are in His arms, bad tempers and sinful thoughts, and pride and untruthfulness, and all inward evil are cast out, and they are made by Him pure in character and useful in life.

III. *The arms of Jesus are strong arms.*—Isa. lxii. 8. I read some time ago of a shipwreck on the coast of Africa. There was a little child on board, who was a great favourite with all, and the special pet of a strong sailor. The ship struck on a rock not far from the shore, and was sinking in a fearful storm. The strong sailor rushed into

the cabin, took the little child out of its weeping mother’s arms, wrapped his oilskin coat round it, folded it to his bosom, and jumped into the raging sea. All on board perished, and the people on the shore, on rushing down to the sea, saw nothing but a man lying with a bundle in his arms. The man had a wound on his head, and was quite dead. He had been dashed against a stone and killed, but his bundle contained a living child. The child was saved by the strong arms of the sailor, though the sailor lost his own life. Jesus laid down His life to save His children, but He rose again from the dead, and now holds them in arms so strong that they are out of all danger from sin and sinful enemies.

IV. *The arms of Jesus are everlasting arms.*—Deut. xxxiii. 37. Not long ago I was visiting a dying mother. She was leaving six children, and they were all young. After reading God’s Word to her, and speaking to her, and hearing from her that she was dying in peace and hope through the grace of Jesus, I asked permission to kneel down and pray with her. She said, “Oh yes, but give me my baby in my arms.” I took her baby from a neighbour who was in the house, and laid it in her arms. I then knelt down and prayed, and when I was done she kissed her baby and gave it back to me. She died that night, and now that child is left without the comfort of a kind mother’s arms. But the arms of Jesus are not like the weak arms of flesh that fall away in death from the children they embrace. His arms are round His children all through life, and through the raging flood of death, and He keeps them after death happy and blessed in His own eternal home.

Now the children of the Church must remember that Jesus takes up in His arms *willing* children. If they refuse to come to Him and are not willing to be cared for by Him, He will let them alone. And when left to themselves they will fall into sin and ruin and be lost. And they must remember that He also wants the children He takes to His arms to *trust* Him. He knows what is best for them, where they are to live, how long they are to live, and what they are to do. He makes all the children who trust Him good and useful in this life, and happy and blessed in that which is to come. But I think I hear some manly boy saying, “I do not like to be carried; I want to walk alone.” We like manly boys; but what is manliness? The Bible tells us that it is leaning on God, trusting God, receiving grace to do the will of God. To live without God, to despise His grace, to refuse His guidance, to flee from His loving arms, is to be unmanly and unsuccessful in life. The two great lessons we all need to learn confirm the truth of the text that stands at the head of this page. The first is from the lips of Jesus, “Without Me ye can do nothing:” the second is from the pen of St. Paul, “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

MARCH 1883.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements.

1	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
2	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
3	Sa.	Mr. Macleod sees Members regarding Baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
4	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.15 P.M. (The Afternoon Service on the first Sunday of the month is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are requested to bring the Children's Hymnal. Baptism is then administered.) COLLEC- TION FOR ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOLS. Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, Mission Hall, 10 A.M. Mr. Macleod will preside. Young Men's Bible Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. Sabbath School, Brunswick Street, 4 P.M. " " " " 6 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 4 P.M. Children's Church, Horne Lane, 11.15 A.M. Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane. (Tea Meet- ing, 4-6). Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
5	M.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
6	Tu.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
7	W.	Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Hamilton Place Academy Hall, 8 P.M.—Ad- dress by Mr. Macleod. Sacred Music by Musical Association. All invited.
8	Th.	Prayer Meeting in Church, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
9	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society " " 8.15 P.M.
10	Sa.	Same as 4th. Fellowship Meeting, 10 A.M.
11	S.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
12	M.	" " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
13	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Associa- tion, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
14	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
15	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
16	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
17	Sa.	Same as 4th.
18	S.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
19	M.	" " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.

20	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Associa- tion, Hamilton Place Academy, 8 P.M. Lec- ture—"Thomas De Quincey, the English Opium-Eater," Rev. P. M. Muir.
21	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
22	Th.	Prayer Meeting in Church, 3 P.M. " " " " Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
23	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
24	Sa.	Same as 4th. COLLECTION FOR CO- LONIAL MISSION SCHEME.
25	S.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
26	M.	" " " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
27	Tu.	Service, Mission Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Associa- tion, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
28	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
29	Th.	Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service, Horne Lane, 7.30 P.M. Choir Practising, 8 P.M.
30	Fr.	Musical Association, Mission Hall, 5 P.M. Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
31	Sa.	Mr. Macleod sees members regarding baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.

Collections for 1883.

The following are the days appointed by the Kirk-Session for the "Schemes" and other collections for this year. Members unable to be in Church on the day of any collection, are requested to have the goodness to send their contributions to W. Mann, Esq., 119 Princes Street. Considering how many are absent at various periods of the year, attention is particularly directed to this point:—

Small Livings	Collection made in February.
St. Stephen's Schools	March 4
Colonial Scheme	" 25
Jewish Mission	April 22
Endowment	May 20
Patronage Compensation Fund	June 10
Continental and Foreign Churches	July 1
Home Mission	Oct. 21
Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund	Nov. 11
Royal Infirmary	" 25
Foreign Mission	Dec. 16

April Communion.

Meetings for the preparation of young Communicants will be commenced by Mr. Macleod on Wednesday, 4th April, at 8.15 P.M., in the Mission Hall, Jamaica Street

The St. Stephen's Mission Halls.

THIS important undertaking is now in such a forward state that in all probability the work of building will actually have commenced before these lines are in print. The preliminary arrangements have been carried out by the Parochial Committee, which consists of several members of the Congregation besides those Elders who are members of it; and each step has been considered and approved by the Session, on whom, of course, rests the responsibility of carrying out the Scheme.

I. THE SITE.

The site chosen is in Brunswick Street, immediately to the east of our Parish Schools, and nearly facing the end of Clarence Street. Even if this site was open to unfavourable criticism it might be enough to say that *no other was available, or likely to be available*. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether any other site, if available, would have been so conveniently situated for the *Parish as a whole*. Easily accessible from all sides, it cannot be more than seven or eight minutes' walk from any point in the Parish. Its proximity to the Church and School, as well as the general amenity of the situation, make it in all respects as suitable as could be desired, seeing that no building of the kind can be set down at every man's door! The ground has been feued from Dr. Skene for an annual payment.

II. THE PLANS.

These have been prepared by Mr. Sydney Mitchell. The sketch on the next page gives the Front Elevation. Though quite plain in its main features it is yet pleasing to the eye, and, so far as can now be judged, will be very much what such a building ought to be so far as external appearance is concerned. The Hall and Ground-plan annexed will give some idea of the internal arrangements. It is to be observed that the whole of the second story, which is reached by a short flight of steps, is occupied by the LARGE Hall, which will accommodate no less than 590 adults at 18 in. per sitter. The style of the roof and windows should give it a good appearance. It will be heated with hot water, and as all details connected with ventilation and other matters have been carefully attended to, we have every hope that it will prove one of the handsomest and most serviceable Mission Halls in Scotland. A stair from the platform communicates with the ground flat, and also affords an exit into the playground behind. Along the walls there are folding-doors or screens, which admit of being drawn out for the separation of classes in the Sunday School. At least 800 children can easily be brought together in this Hall on any special occasion.

On the ground floor, which will be well lighted, there are—

(a) A large Class Room which will accommodate 176 persons.

(b) A Mothers' Meeting Room (with commodious presses, etc.) which will accommodate nearly 100.

(c) A Session-Room seated for about 60.

(d) A Library or small Schoolroom.

(e) Caretaker's House, consisting of bedroom, kitchen, etc.

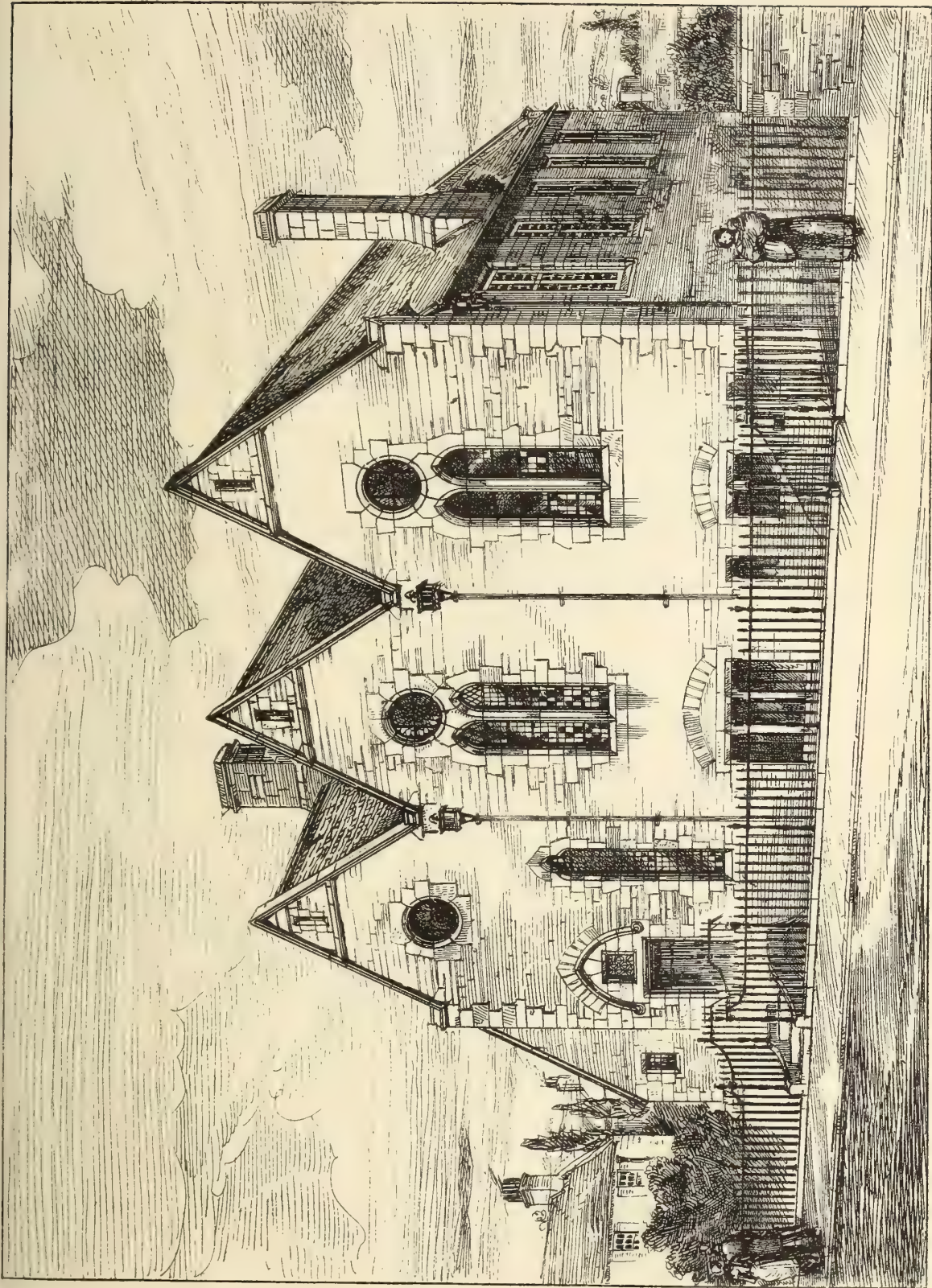
In all, the area of the two flats will give 5148 square feet of floor space. This should afford ample accommodation for Sunday Schools, Bible Classes, and all other agencies.

The contractors for the work are Messrs. D. Sutherland and Son, Builders, Inverleith Row. They have undertaken to have it completed before the end of September.

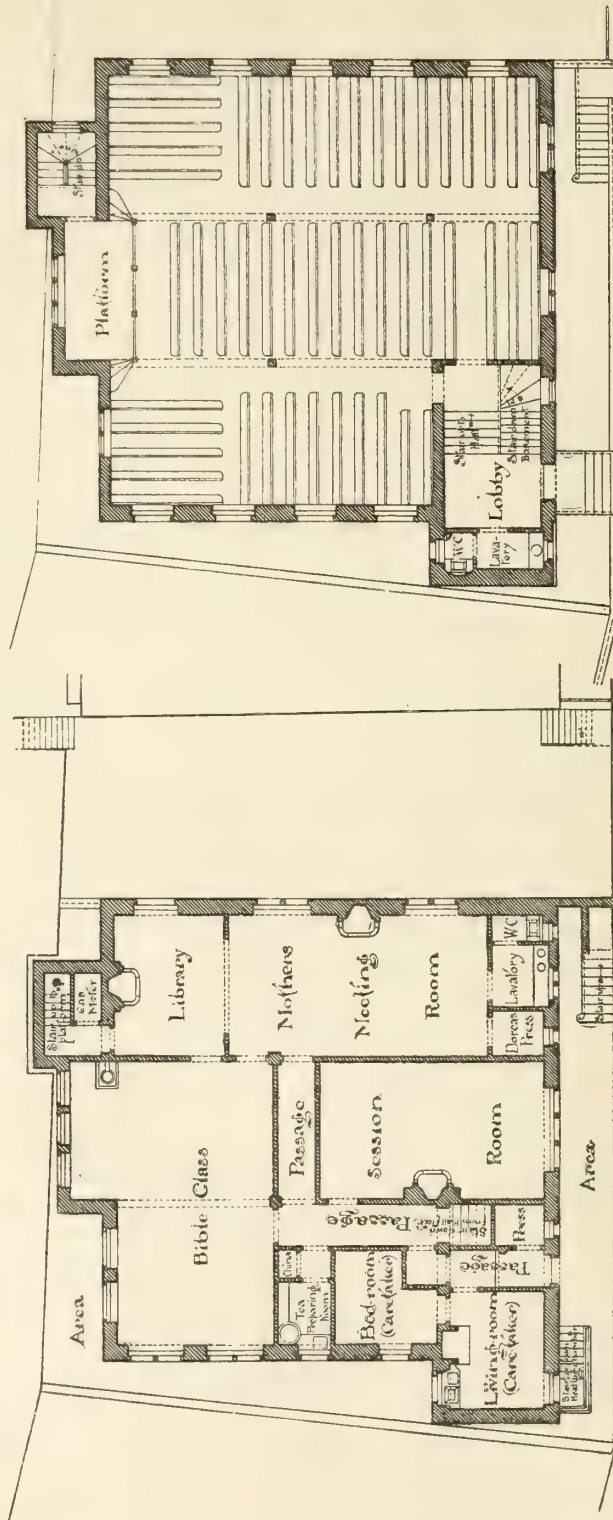
III. THE FUNDS.

Those who have any idea of the cost of building, even in these days, when it is considerably cheaper than it was a few years ago, will not be surprised to learn that the Halls, above generally described, will prove a more costly undertaking than was at first contemplated. The contract price is £2470. To this must be added say £200 for other charges not included. The sum subscribed up to date (many of the subscriptions have been paid, and in other cases the second instalment is payable at Whitsunday) is £2140. This includes £300 promised by the "Baird Trust." The number of subscribers is 347. As most of these are heads of families, it must be admitted that the Congregation, generally, has responded well to the appeal made to them. At the same time there are a good many who have not yet contributed, and we would fain hope that all will desire "TO PUT A STONE" IN THIS BUILDING. Certain it is that in order to open it without debt we must raise an additional sum of at least £500. Well now, WHY SHOULD WE NOT RESOLVE, IN GOD'S STRENGTH, AT ONCE TO DO THIS AND BE DONE WITH IT? If we are to have Halls at all, it is only fitting that they should be a credit to St. Stephen's and an example to other Parishes of what Parochial buildings ought to be. Besides, it should be borne in mind that we are now engaged in a work which will be of permanent value to the Parish long after we are gone. Other Ministers, other Elders, and other Sunday School teachers and workers, in the years to come, will reap the advantage of what we are now doing. We are about to provide a splendid instrument for the effectual carrying forward of Parochial and Missionary work. It will be our own fault if it does not give a new impetus to all our moral and religious agencies. Why then should any of us be harassed for a single week by anxiety about this £500 still required? We appeal earnestly, and with confidence, to the Congregation to provide that amount which is necessary for the completion of *what unquestionably is one of the most important objects connected with St. Stephen's which has ever been brought before them*.

It is particularly and respectfully requested that NEW OR ADDITIONAL subscriptions may be intimated as soon as convenient to Colin G. Macrae, Esq., W.S., 57 Castle Street, the Honorary Treasurer. Subscriptions may be made payable in MAY or in NOVEMBER of this year. N. M'L.



St Stephen's Mission Halls
Brunswick Street



Plan of Hall Floor

Plan of Basement Floor

Scale of 1/4" = 1 Foot



MARCH 1883.

Sermon.

THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

By the Rev. THOMAS GENTLES, M.A., Paisley.

LAST month we had brought before us the answer of Scripture to the question "What shall be the object of man's worship?" We are now to consider its answer to the question "How shall man worship God?" The question is an important one. On the answer largely depends the influence which the religious belief of the worshipper will have upon his character and life, while his belief itself will be hardly less affected by it. A pure and spiritual belief can scarcely coexist with unspiritual modes of worship.

(1) "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them."

Are we to read the first of these two clauses by itself? If so, we have a prohibition of the making by the Israelites of any image or likeness for any purpose whatsoever; and some, especially of the later and more Pharisaic Jews, did so interpret them. It is more natural, however, to read the first clause in connection with the second, especially when we consider that the Tabernacle fashioned by Moses, under the express direction of Jehovah, and the Temple of Solomon, on which was set the stamp of the Divine approval (1 Kings ix. 3), contained carved and embroidered figures of various sorts.

So read, the words prohibit the making of images or likenesses only for purposes of worship. But for this purpose they are forbidden absolutely and entirely. Now, the care which is taken to make the prohibition absolute, and the impressiveness and authority which are imparted to it by the declarations as to the Divine Nature and Providence that are conjoined with it, will not appear excessive when we consider the hold which idolatry—in infinitely varied, in many cases in cruel and loathsome forms—had of the Egyptians whose land the Israelites had just left, and of the Canaanites into whose land they were about to enter.

In the subsequent history of Israel, and even of Christendom, we see how prone human nature is to the practice here forbidden. Scarcely had the thunders which had accompanied the giving of the Law ceased to echo in the ears of the affrighted

Israelites, when they came to Aaron with the demand, "Up, make us gods (or rather a god) which shall go before us, for as for this Moses which led us out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." Now, they did not by these words mean, "There is no Lord God of our fathers, who spake with Moses in the Burning Bush." What they wanted was some material figure which should be to them what they had not so felt their need of while Moses was among them—a visible pledge of Jehovah's presence, and a help to their worship and obedience. And Aaron, fashioning such a figure, proclaimed a feast, not to another God, but to "the Lord," and called upon them to worship "the God which had brought them out of the land of Egypt," under the figure of a molten calf. "And the anger of the Lord waxed hot against them," and the judgment of the Lord fell upon them, as it has fallen, and is to this day falling upon all who violate this second commandment. God is a Spirit, a Spirit Infinite, Eternal, and Unchangeable. No material form, then, can represent or image forth such a Being, and if any such form be employed as a supposed help to worship, it must inevitably tend to lower and pervert instead of helping men's conception of Him.

Moreover, the employment of images in worship—even in the worship of the true God—tends naturally and necessarily to the worship of many gods. It is but a partial and fragmentary view of God that any one image can present. When that partial view has found its embodiment, another is needed to set forth other aspects, and another, and another, till any sense of the Unity of the Deity becomes all but impossible. The dependence of the worshipper upon the image grows with use, the symbols insensibly tend to become realities, and the idols to become "other gods." This is the plain testimony of history to the downward progress of image worship.

(2) The inevitableness of it and the explanation of it we have in the words, "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." What do those words mean? Is it merely that being free *without loss or injury to our own nature* to choose a god we have made choice of Jehovah, and so are pledged to His service? Do they not mean that "the Lord is our God, and we are the people of His pasture and the sheep of His hand," in a far deeper sense; in the sense, viz., that we have been

created by Him and in His image, that only in union with Him do we find our true life, and our true happiness only in willing surrender of ourselves to His love and service; that all dear and close ties which bind human hearts and lives together are but faint emblems of that closer tie which binds us unto Him in whom "we live and move and have our being," and "from whom to be turned away is to fall, to whom to be turned is to rise, in whom to abide is to stand fast for ever?"

I ask you to carry this truth with you in your reading of that term "jealous," at which sometimes you may have stumbled. Human jealousy is often mingled with baser ingredients. But in itself jealousy is the pain felt by wronged and outraged love. When the Bible tells us that God is "a jealous God," it is telling us that God loves us, and is not indifferent to the state of our affections towards Him, but that He longs for and claims our love and worship, and if they be withheld from Him, and bestowed—as in that case they must be bestowed—on lower objects, His indignation will be hot. Could we really love and worship Him if He were otherwise? God is a jealous God because He is a loving God.

(3) But what of the mode in which His love and jealousy are here said to manifest themselves?—"visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me."

Observe the words are not "condemning the children unto the third and fourth generation for the iniquity of the fathers." They are sometimes denounced as if they were. There is no word of judgment or condemnation here. It is "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Now is not that just what we see going on around us every day?

The father sins, the father suffers, but he does not in his own person exhaust the suffering that follows from his sin—it passes on to injure his posterity. He lives a life of vicious indulgence—he ruins his own health, but he also bequeaths a weakened constitution to his children. He pursues a course of reckless extravagance—he comes to want himself, but his children also are born to poverty. He commits some crime—he suffers as a felon himself, but the taint of their felon parentage is on his children. Though all men should forget it, they never will. Is it said this is unjust?

Look then at the other side of this law. The father lives in conformity with the laws of health—he not only reaps the fruit in his own body, he hands on a sounder constitution to his children. He lives a life of frugal industry—the wealth that follows falls not into his lap alone, but into his children's. He stands out among his fellows, conspicuous for virtue—his children on their entrance into the world, before they have done aught to merit it, find favouring regard meeting them, for their father's sake. We do not hear complaints of

injustice against those results of the same law, because all see that it is just this that makes progress possible. The world advances because the gains of one generation are the inheritance of the next.

To ask the setting aside of the law of God, by which the iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children, is to ask that progress may become impossible, and that human nature may be deprived of one of the strongest deterrents from evil-doing.

And if there be after all something saddening in the thought that our iniquities—even though repented of and forgiven—may work on when we are dead and gone, to be a blight upon those that come after us, let us rejoice in the truth which we learn from this same commandment, that the evil will be worked out sooner than the good, for while it is "unto the third and fourth generation" that iniquities are visited, it is "unto thousands" (of generations) of them that love God and keep His commandments that mercy is shown.

(4) And now briefly as to violations of this commandment. I do not need to point out how the ancient people of God violated it and were judged. Nor shall I linger on the sad violations of this commandment that mingle with the worship of the Roman Catholic Church. It is of more importance to speak here of those of which we ourselves may be guilty. "God is a Spirit." Do we worship Him "in truth"—as He is, as He has revealed Himself?

God has revealed Himself in His works, His Word, but above all in His own Son, our Blessed Lord, the Brightness of the Father's Glory and the Express Image of His Person.

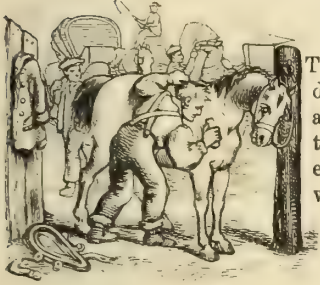
If in that conception of God which we all of us carry into our worship, we leave out aught which God hath revealed, or add thereunto from human wisdom or fancy aught which He hath not revealed, then are we as truly bowing before an image of our own making as if we knelt before some figure graven with man's hand to represent God. The image is not less an image merely, nor less dishonouring to God and less harmful to man, because it exists only in the mind and heart of the worshipper, and not in material embodiment. It may be all the nearer and more dangerous on that account. Now do we worship God in spirit? We come into God's house; do we realise there God's presence, and do we so use His house as to grow prompter to discern His presence in the world? We utter, or we join in words of prayer—do we pray with the Spirit? We read God's Word—do we bow mind and heart and will before God's truth? We bring our children for baptism—do we give them unto God and train them up for Him? We partake of the memorials of Christ's broken body and shed blood—do we feed upon Him by faith? Do we at the Holy Table hold communion of heart with Him, and going from it do we bear about in our body the dying of the Lord Jesus?

The Parish of Taxwood, AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

V.—THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.



It was always a gala day, the School Examination. If not the parish, at all events the village was in high fête, and the manse and schoolhouse formed the combined focus of attraction.

Once a year a committee of Presbytery (generally consisting of five or six members) undertook the important work within their bounds. Most frequently it was in early summer these gatherings took place, and very agreeable episodes they were, alike in clerical and parochial life.

It may be readily

imagined, that though the flutter of anxiety and preparation was pretty equally divided between the school and the manse, the preponderance was with the latter. It was a day on which Dan MacGlashan was early astir. His toilet that morning cost him more thought and deliberation. Still more had his ingenuity to be exercised in making adequate and exceptional preparations for the arrival of various horses and conveyances, the distance of the Manses rendering these aids to locomotion indispensable. He had donned his Sunday-best as the hour drew near, only hooking up his coat on a wooden peg outside the stable, in readiness for arrivals. Their own cob had, first of all, to abdicate his stall, and to be turned out for the day to the paddock, an arrangement which, we need hardly say, he did not resent. Then the two cows had to make similar surrender of their "byre," as an improvised stable. The cart had to take the chance of weather to give shelter to the nondescript vehicles; the hens alone in this case uttering a cackling protest for the intrusion on their neutral territory. To describe these assembling vehicles would be unedifying. Suffice it to say, they ranged from

the double-seated phaeton to the more primitive gig—the dog-cart being a later product of the nineteenth century. All the clerical friends handled their own reins with two exceptions—one, presently to be spoken of, who from old age could trust neither strength of arm nor failing eyesight; the other, from insuperable nervous sensations in the matter of driving, which successive attempts to overcome had tended only to increase. These, accordingly, had to bring their men with them. To Dan the two auxiliaries were not unwelcome. Indeed, he hailed their appearance to lighten his own small burden. Scarcely were the horses unsaddled and unharnessed, when the snuff-mulls were exchanged as pledge of good fellowship for the day, expressed and understood; and in due time, of course, there was a further interchange of ideas about parochial matters in general, and crops and quadrupeds in particular. The only one who, at all events at the *opening* of the proceedings, denied a very cordial welcome was Betty, whose face on this mighty annual occasion (summer, be it remembered) was, in the midst of her culinary duties, like a huge harvest moon. She felt, not unnaturally, that the appearance of "thae twa men" on the scene implied an increase to her labours and supervision. But, good soul! relegating them to a deal table at the window, she propitiated the first pangs of hunger with bannocks and a "kebbuck," *ad libitum*, giving, not a positive, but indirect hint of a reversionary interest in the big dinner, when the waves had somewhat rocked themselves to rest.

We must not forget to mention in passing, in connection with the several horses ridden and driven, that in one of the recesses of the stable stood a "corn-kist"—a great square box which had once a history of its own at the Laird's. Indeed it formed part of his "canteen" in former warlike days, but now was transferred for the more peaceful use of garnering the Minister's oats. The frisky proclivities of more than one sober animal on leaving in the evening of the examination day, told tales of Dan's equine hospitality.

The minister was at the front door, ready to receive his visitors as they dropped in one by one. Juno lay at her accustomed post by the scraper, with her head between outstretched paws. She opened her sleepy eyes in the sunshine, coupled at times with a slight spasmodic erection of her left ear, as she heard the noise of wheels or the tread of strange footsteps. But she seemed to have an instinctive feeling that they were privileged intruders, and speedily resumed her dream of manse and dog life. As the hour of twelve struck on the clock in "the Study," where they had assembled, Mr. Erskine offered his arm to venerable Mr. Winton, and the others followed suit in a body to the school-room. He was "Father of the Presbytery," and his younger brethren, or rather sons, seemed to vie to do him honour.

The School was simply an adjunct or appendage

to the Schoolmaster's house ; it had no claims whatever, rather the reverse, on the average admiration. Our modern type of building would have scorned it, as a high-bred queen's spaniel would contemplate with unaffected disdain a low-bred Scottish terrier. But to the true æsthetic eye it had its own redeeming features. The roof had become an especial pet of wandering artists. The more faded and tawdry the robes of a peer are, the more valued they are understood to be, as the indications of ancient lineage. So was it with the slates of the Parish School, which had braved the sunshine and storm of innumerable seasons. They were dabbled over with patches of moss, or with gray and yellow lichen, not to speak of the window-panes, with the great eyes, or "knobs," in their centres, that seem now to have vanished out of sight. Inside there was still less to satisfy the fastidious modern school palate. Though the room itself was large and commodious, the pitch was low ; the windows small ; the ventilation, in the dog-days, defective ; while the forms and desks were furrowed and gashed with combined age and usage. On the latter were characteristic traces of boy handiwork, thick as Vallombrosa leaves ;—efforts to perpetuate names by very crooked and inartistic initials. Even the Master's desk did not escape this profanation. Indeed, conspicuous on the back (fronting the entire school, and which Meg's scrubbing-brush had failed to erase) was a wonderful effort, depicting the terrors of the law in what was intended for a gallows with a figure depending from it—the work of some young idler, who had thus abused his hours of solitary confinement.

But the party have reached the door ; they are received by a courteous bow from Mr. M'Inlay, followed by friendly handshaking, and by the simultaneous uprising of the whole school. By "the whole school" let it be distinctly understood that boys and girls, in this more primitive era and primitive region, were associated under the same roof, and underwent the same instruction. At a later period a female school was excogitated by the Laird's wife and daughters, supported by other womanly influences. We do not for a moment question that this was a step in advance and very decidedly so. But it is only fair to add, that under Mr. M'Inlay's judicious and fostering care, the intermingling of the weaker with the stronger sex was not an unmitigated evil. The sterner and sturdier were subdued and insensibly refined by the gentler natures with which they came into habitual contact. Moreover, under rough exteriors there was (with of course exceptions) what may be called a rustic chivalry about the Taxwood boys. Enough for the present to say, that in that general uprising we have just referred to, there mingled with blue cloth and hob-nails and corduroy, many variegated frocks, spencers, and kerchiefs, faded and unfaded, simple and tawdry ; hair falling here in graceful, unsorted ringlets,—there bound up by ribands of

blue or red. A few forms and chairs were set apart for any parents or parishioners. They came dropping in as the day advanced. Mothers of course, who in a very abnormal way had left dairy, laundry, and kitchen ; who had abandoned pots to simmer at will on the hob, and delegated infants to a neighbour's care. A few fathers made for themselves spare time from the first hay-cutting, to have their paternal interest—it may be vanity—gratified. Towards the end the Laird and his daughters joined the throng, also the Factor and his family, of whom more anon. When all the prandial arrangements at the Manse were completed, Effie and her aunt—the last comers—elbowed their way to a vacant corner, amid silent and respectful greetings. We are, however, forestalling.

"And now, my young friends," said Mr. Erskine, "we shall begin our meeting to-day as usual with prayer." In deference to his age, old Mr. Winton was asked to conduct the brief opening service. In a few simple and well-chosen words he invoked a blessing on the School, on their teacher, on their parents, and their minister.

"If it be your wish, gentlemen," said Mr. M'Inlay, turning to the row of clericals seated on his own black stuffed-bottom chairs—"we shall begin with the beginning." On this trotted out a little cavalcade of very incipient parishioners. They went through their primers to a nicety, apparently unawed and undisconcerted by the formidable presences in which they stood ; stumbling and drawling over the alphabet, and mangling it in the most charming fashion.

It would be wearisome to rehearse the further proceedings. Relay after relay followed in progressive sequence. Then came grammar and geography, English and Scottish history—all conducted, and properly so, by Mr. M'Inlay :—only now and then a random shot, in the shape of a question by one of the examiners, had the effect of agreeably relieving monotony. Next came the reading of Scripture. Passages were, at the master's request, selected by Mr. Winton, both from the Old and New Testament, in order to show that there had been no previous cramming or preparation. A series of questions thereon, as well as of a more general character, ensued, evincing a creditable acquaintance with the facts, events, and characters of Sacred story. Then followed a more thorough drilling in what may well be called the *Magna Charta* of Scottish theology—the good old "Shorter Catechism." I do not suppose that any who read these lines are unfamiliar with what is, and we trust will continue to be, a household word and household treasure in every Scottish home, from the castle to the cottage. We are well aware that there are a few—not, certainly, numerically strong—who would venture to tamper with this precious heirloom of the nation's faith, if not to discard it altogether. We often wonder if such,

judging by other countries and churches, have soberly calculated the loss incurred by the want or absence of some such mould, to give strength, shape, and consistence to doctrinal teaching. Certain angularities in this traditional Standard it may be desirable to have rounded off; but there is always danger, even in the most delicate handling of the ecclesiastical or the theological chisel. This is not a place for moralising; enough to say, "Woe worth the day when this old silver trumpet ceases to sound." As for ourselves, we thank God for it, and for all the old Sabbath evenings when, at the parlour fire, and as regularly as the setting sun, we waded in turn through question and answer; that too supplemented with the inevitable "proofs." The exercise may have been at times to restive natures a little irksome, and the repetition monotonous. Grant it. But the goodly nail was fastened in memory's sure place, and many of us would not be what we are, Scotland would not be what it is and what it has been, but for this succinct yet comprehensive exposition of doctrine and duty, with its grand key-note, sustained throughout, on "Man's chief end."

The allotted time for Bible and Catechism being exhausted, nothing remained but that which is by use and wont generally reserved for the concluding part of all school examinations—viz. arithmetic. The reason of such reservation is sufficiently obvious. This branch, being of a more lively and sensational character, has a tendency to revive the lagging interest and to counteract the drowsy effects of the increasingly stifling and vitiated atmosphere. Be that as it may, the "counting" invariably, in these times and localities, came in as a bit of exhilarating poetry after hours of continuous prose. There was something awakening and inspiring in the very rattle of the slates. The forms were left; and an irregular ring was made to give breathing-room to the upstanding athletes; and elbow-room, it may be added, for slate and pencil. The farmers and their wives could, moreover, better understand and appreciate the utility of a science in which they themselves were in a very small way experts. The farmer was and is, every now and then, brought in puzzling juxtaposition with cwts., and tons, and avoirdupois weight, acres, roods, and poles; not to say, at rent-time, with the more commonplace but more dreaded and formidable £ s. d. Whilst, in respect of the latter, the pounds of butter and baskets of eggs involve, though in a very modified form, certain numerical calculations; and it is wonderful what a zest personal experience gives to all movements of life, be they great or small. Some rounds of the multiplication table took precedence; then onwards they advanced through the mysteries of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division (simple and compound). Never have we seen this primitive circle of youth in a village-school, but we recognise in it the most artistic of studies, and cease to wonder

it has enlisted so many clever pencils, from Sir David Wilkie to those of Webster and Mulready of later times. Even the best of limners, however, can, after all, only catch passing phases. The thing requires to be seen, we may say *heard*, in order to be really understood and enjoyed. The tension of body reflecting that of mind in every conceivable grotesque attitude; the complete absorption of the whole nature in the business in hand; the unmusical ring of the pencil on the slates, like the pattering of hail on the skylight; the strange physical freaks and contortions resorted to in order to assist and stimulate mental powers; the scratching of the head; the insertion of the slate pencil in the mouth; the elevation of one limb at the expense of a strain on the other; and above all—what never has been, and we presume never can be, explained—a rigid seizure between the teeth of the protruding tongue and the quickening thereby of thought and action; then the occasional unfair, furtive, clandestine glances at a neighbour's figures, and as the sum is completed, the rush to pile the slates in the order of finish one above another—the chivalry we have spoken of threatening utterly to forsake the boys and leaving the more timid sisterhood to manage, to their obvious disadvantage, as best they can in the *mêlée*. Such was the scene now transacted with undiminished dramatic effect in the Schoolroom of Taxwood. Mr. M'Inlay, with the only grimace of the day, lowering his spectacles, which had been astride on his brow, takes up slate by slate, first scanning the figures, and then, amidst much clatter and confusion, announcing the successful numbers. Aunt Phemie, be it interposed, was beginning by this time to be somewhat fidgety and uncomfortable—nervously uneasy about the interference of this rather prolonged popular entertainment with the stipulated hour of dinner, although there was nothing for it but to repress her anxieties. In due course, however, the slates were laid aside, and the whole thing concluded with a few volleys of mental arithmetic, like a closing exhibition of fireworks, perfectly bamboozling to all present (ministers included) except to the little pyrotechnics themselves.

"Our time," said Mr. M'Inlay, good-naturedly, with his silver watch in hand, "is up; the examination, my friends, is now concluded." It was the signal for Mr. Winton, as the presiding genius of the occasion, alike by age and rotation, to say a few parting words.

The long day's gathering dissolved like a snow-wreath. Mr. Erskine reconducted his clerical friends to the Manse, where they were joined by the Laird, the Factor, and, of course, the Schoolmaster:—Aunt Phemie having given her nephew a peremptory hint not to linger among his roses on the way.

The sequel within doors we must leave to the imagination. The last sight of the day, as the sun was setting behind the big elms, was Dan (his

ordinary attire resumed) leading back the cob by its forelock, while Juno was absorbed over a pail in the courtyard, gulping some of the daintiest remnants of the feast. It may only be added that it was the social gathering of the year that the Laird most enjoyed. Though with no pretension to high education or reading himself, he was well qualified to relish the play of cultured intellects. There was at table the usual mental relaxation after the somewhat arduous duties of the day—a considerable amount of pleasant, genial talk, intermixed with the sparkle of innocent banter and amusing anecdote. His daughters always knew what their father's trite quotation would be on his return home: "My dears, the old story, the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul'!"

Of Work.

II.—LITTLE YOU KNOW.

MOST people of much account in this world have to work hard. And many of you who will read this page work as hard as mortal can: but the work is what we call *head-work*. No doubt, that kind of work often breaks human beings down early: and it brings upon some workers all manner of painful nervous experiences, not to be expressed in words. I read last night concerning a famous Oxford scholar, "The silence of his house was awful, visitors said, for he could not bear the footsteps or the voices of his own children." Of another, equally eminent, it is written, "Working his head continually, he was frequently ailing." Also, "he must not be disturbed in his work. While so absorbed he felt an interruption of any kind as he would the stroke of a bludgeon or the shock of a railway collision. It was agony, and with upraised hands he closed eyes and ears." But such work does not roughen the hands. It does not take you where your garments will be soaked with rain, nor your feet laden with adherent earth. It does not bring on early rheumatism, with its painful distortions. And you who are busy head-workers have told us often how hard you work, and how tired you feel under it.

There is a silent company, far bigger than yours: a great inarticulate army of hard workers, who do not write for the press, nor make speeches, and thus make their case known, but who deserve to be stood up for. Their work is far harder than yours: though, being possible to be done without an expensive education, it is poorly paid compared with yours. I see a great deal of this work, and of those who do it. And I desire to lift up a voice for them, and to engage your real sympathy with them. Little you know of their toils, their hardships, their exposure to trying surroundings.

You, my friend, think you work very hard. I don't say but what you do. I know you do. For

my work is the same as yours, and nobody could well be more busy. But the surroundings of your work are physically comfortable. You get up on this bitter winter morning: it is a very little trial. You prepare yourself for the day's employments with everything done for you to make it easy. You are specklessly clean, and you get into nice fresh things. You come down at nine, thinking the hour rather early. You have your breakfast pleasantly. You go into your work-room, you sit by the fire and read the newspaper, thinking it self-denying to hurry through it in ten minutes. Then you screw up your courage: and a little before ten you sit down to your writing. You are in a warm, sheltered place. There is bitter wind and sleet outside: they shake your windows, and drive viciously against the panes; but they cannot get at you. It is a pull to begin: but (unless the day be very adverse) in a few minutes you are thoroughly interested in your work, and the time flies. You keep your mind (such as it is) on the stretch till one o'clock: just about three hours. And you leave off, let it be confessed, feeling like an electric eel which has given out its shock, pretty well used up. Chalmers said that two hours of the agony of writing what should be printed was all that man is fit for in the twenty-four. You have worked hard. You have faithfully improved the talent intrusted to you. And it is just conceivable that what came from your pen may reach and touch many, who may listen to it, or who may read it. But there has been no bodily discomfort. A Judge works his mind extremely hard while sitting in a comfortable easy-chair. I can answer for that of the Lord Chancellor, having sat in it myself. There is no more laborious mortal than the holder of that office, through his working months. But I go back, and request you to take note that the work does not tend towards rheumatism. The Chancellor is not arrayed in soaked clothes, tending towards inflammation of the lungs. His hands and feet are not benumbed. And as very few can do his work, it is highly paid: though I have heard a Chancellor say he was an ill-paid man. But, being asked, he stated what his official income was. And he received no sympathy nor pity.

Little you know, educated folk, of the circumstances of trial in which harder workers than you are getting through the task of this gloomy winter day. To begin, they got up very early. You say, That is not much. Try it! You say, They get accustomed to it. So may you, by doing it always. I know one who, just fifteen times, helping in a certain work of which good has come, got up on winter mornings at half-past four, and went a three hours' journey to Ephesus, there to fight as St. Paul says he fought. The dismalness, the ghastliness of these mornings he often recalled with a shiver: though no remembrance is the least like the awful reality. But this is by way

of parenthesis. Having got up so early, the workers I have in my mind go out, into the bitter weather, into the dreadful muddy fields. Go and walk ten miles through them: and then say how you feel. Cockney poets write of "the country green:" and a London man, in *The Times*, spoke of the labour of farm-workers, who "work out," as "the sweetest of all industry." Just yesterday, on a day of keen frost, which yet left the roads deep with mud, and the fields sticky, I talked with six young women, each with a hook in her hand, who, after the mid-day meal, were just going to take again to work on an expanse of turnips. They looked sturdy and rosy: they were quite cheerful, and they spoke frankly and pleasantly. But they said the work was very cold: they had each walked more than a mile from home before beginning it at 7.30 A.M., when it was still barely daylight. One said the work was extremely dirty, and very wetting both for feet and everything else; and till work ceased with the failing light there was no chance of changing their soaked garments and shoes. I don't say that with it all they seemed very sorry for themselves. But I know that you, my reader, would be very sorry for yourself with half the reason. Twice, in the last week, each day for more than seven hours, did the writer walk over a country tract of some miles' extent, entering many cottages and talking with their inmates. To many readers this is an appointed duty: a profoundly interesting duty, and always growing more interesting. When he got home, covered with mud, having waded through wet fields and miry farm-ways, the keen east wind blowing steadily and rawly over that bleak countryside, thinking he had done a good day's work, he thought of many, seen that day, who are always experiencing that rude weather and those rough surroundings: not one of them but went through thrice what he did in those hours; and resolved to do what might be done here to get you, gentle reader, to think of them and feel for them. They don't want your help. They never ask any help. I never knew a ploughman ask to have his children educated free, even in a place where well-paid artisans are not ashamed to do so: never once: and I have known such a place for many years. But all I ask is, Think kindly of such. Try to put yourself in their place. Think how poorly you could struggle through such work. Think how poorly they are paid: the homeliest food and clothing and lodging all they earn: just the patriarch's "bread to eat and raiment to put on." Think of the little children, going out each wet cold morning two and three miles to school over those ways which you and I grumble to traverse for once. Three days since, on a lonely and slippery path through specially desolate fields, two miles to walk without a dwelling near, I met, as the winter evening had darkened, a brave little boy of eight years old, coming home from school,

setting his face towards the gloomy waste. He was about half-a-mile from home: quite alone: perfectly content, and a very little thing and a kind word sent him on his way bright and happy. And, going on, I found to my cost what sort of path that little man had travelled. It is a little thing to tell: but I would you had seen the sturdy figure, so very small, and so lonely, walking manfully along in the cold gloaming: God bless him! Education is a great thing: and the State may fitly require of every parent that his children be educated. But when the details of the enforcement of this duty are pressed upon one, I confess one does not like them much. That same day, some miles off, I had gone into a cottage in a lonely place, where were five little children under the care of a little girl of twelve. Entering, I beheld with surprise a frightened look upon each of the faces: and the child left in charge of the rest burst out, "Little Jane couldna go to school this week, for a bad cold, but she's goin' on Monday." "Whom do you take me for?" was the natural enquiry. The answer was, "You're the school inspector." "O no, I'm not: Little Jane is quite right to be at home: I did not come here to scold you." And, being assured that she was quite safe, what a number of things, that brought the tears to one's eyes, that motherless child told me! Going away, I remembered with what wrath I had risen against the vile clap-trap of the Bishop who declared that he would rather see a nation free than sober: as if mortals bound by the chain of the most degrading of sins could be called free; and as if you would not, if you could, save a madman from himself. But I felt just a little inclined in the Prelate's direction: feeling that to have education pressed upon one under legal pains and penalties was sad.

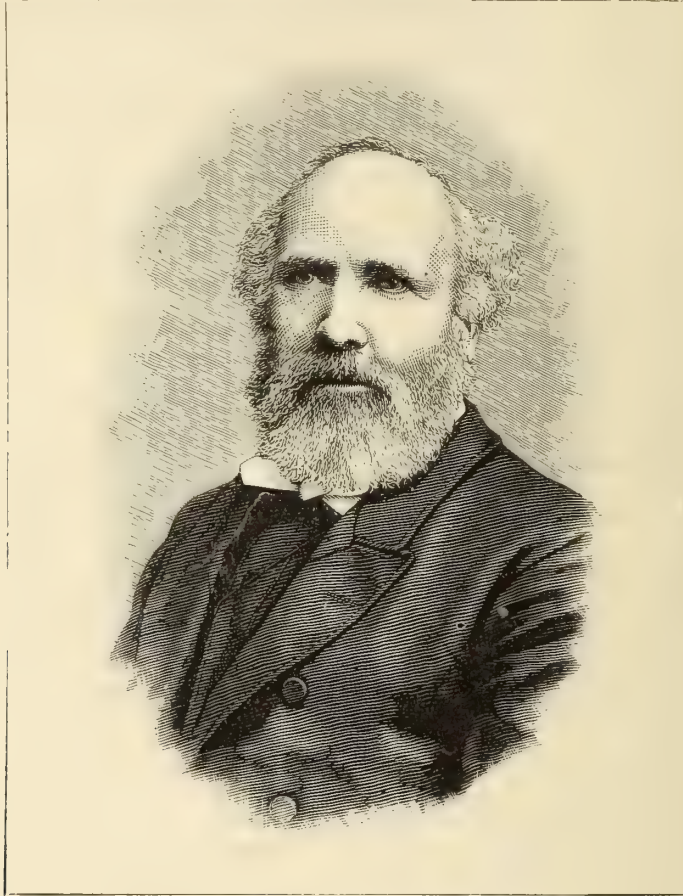
I had meant to say, before coming to an end, that you know little indeed of what any hard work is. All hard work is a very solitary thing. The many processes of thought, the many perplexities, the sustained strain, implied in even three hours of writing: how incommunicable they are to another! All mental exertion is very lonely: the worker is quite cut off from other folk, and must bear his own burden. But there is not space for that to-day. It is enough to ask you who do your work in dry and warm places, and are not frozen nor drenched in doing it, to think very kindly and sympathetically of many quite near you whose work is very rough, very dirty, very hard on body and soul, and very poorly paid. *Rural* is a beautiful word. *The Country* sounds musical to one in populous cities pent. And *Arcadian* sums all pleasant sights, scents, and sounds. But you, Edinburgh and Glasgow women, living this winter-time in pleasant parts of the town: and even Edinburgh and Glasgow men, Little you know of the stern Fact!

A. K. H. B.

Our Condensers and the Work of the Church.

THE COLONIAL COMMITTEE.

THE operations of this Committee date from 1836, and are carried on in almost every part of our vast Colonial possessions. Merely to name the stations takes a long sentence:—In Asia—Mhow, Meerut, Ceylon, Cyprus; in Africa—Cape Colony, Mauritius; in North America—British Columbia, Manitoba and the North-West, Jamaica, St. Vincent; in South America—British Guiana, Buenos Ayres, Chacomus; in Australasia—Queensland, New South Wales, Western Australia, New Zealand. The Committee are able to give grants for the work in the Colonies amounting to about £4500 a year.



The Rev. Wm. H. Gray, D.D., Liberton,
CONVENER OF THE COLONIAL COMMITTEE.

They tell us they will be able to do much more for our countrymen in the Colonies when the Church supplies them with a larger revenue. The work among our countrymen on the continent of Europe, and the providing of chaplains for the Army and Navy, are at present under the care of Sub-Committees of the Colonial Committee. Grants amounting to about £1400 annually are given for these purposes. For all information from month to month, our readers are referred to the *Missionary Record* (price 1d. monthly), which ought to be in the hands of all attached members of the Church of Scotland.

We have the pleasure of giving to our readers a portrait of the Rev. William H. Gray, D.D., the present esteemed Convener of the Colonial Committee. Dr. Gray is a native of the parish of St. Madoes, Perthshire; studied at the University of St. Andrews, graduating in Arts in 1841; was ordained minister of St. Paul's, Perth, in 1846; was translated to Lady Yester's, Edinburgh, in 1850, and to Liberton, near Edinburgh, in 1880. St. Andrews University conferred upon him the degree of D.D. in 1869.

A Saxon Story of the Heathen Time.

By THEODORA GEHRICH.

IF you walk along the road which leads from the little watering-place of N. to the top of the elevation of ground which marks the former boundary between the kingdom of Hanover and an isolated county of the electorate of Hesse, a view will open before your eyes, over a large part of the ancient county of Calenberg, or that part of the kingdom of Hanover which is situated between Deister and Leine. The first village with a parish church in it which engages your attention is Luttringhausen, and with this village we must begin our story.

It was in the old Saxon times, when our ancestors were still heathen, that a man called Lutter was living in this place. The house which he had built there for himself was made of rough unhewn stones; it was situated just at the foot of the little hill covered with purple heather, on the slope of which the village now lies, and above the tiny glen which shuts in the lower part of the village, upon the spot which even now is called the manor. At the time we are speaking of there was not a single other building worth mentioning in the place—neither church, nor manse, nor, least of all, the grand schoolhouse of our days; there was only the stone-house in which Lutter lived, and which, therefore, was called Lutterhusen:—*hus* is low German for house. All the surrounding fields and meadows, which at present are divided among the various peasant proprietors of the place, were owned by Lutter, and besides, he possessed as much woodland ground among the adjoining hills of the Deister as was sufficient for pasturage for his numerous herds of cattle. He was considered consequently to be a man of great wealth. In those times, however, there used to be almost constant warfare between the heathen part of the population of Northern Germany and the neighbouring tribes that had embraced Christianity. Lutter was a fierce enemy of the Christians, and frequently ridiculed them on account of their celebrating the sacrament of baptism, especially because they did so, as they said, for the sake of their souls' salvation. One day, a Christian tribe living farther south, having gathered large forces, approached this region; this time however their hostile plans were not directed against its inhabitants. They intended to continue their march farther northward towards the Elbe; having crossed the Weser, they meant to take their way over the hills, known to us under the name of Süntel and Deister, and then cross the river Leine, in order to attack the county of Lüneburg. But, notwithstanding the peace which had been established between them and the people of Calenberg, the latter now took up arms and collected their forces on the Süntel. Hidden by the extensive forest which then covered, and still partly covers, those hills, they waited

to attack the Christians as soon as they would approach. The roads, or whatever served in their stead, were steep and very bad; the Christians, worn out by long and fatiguing marches, were just entering the valley which separates the two hill-chains mentioned above, when all of a sudden, raising their fearful battle-cry, the heathen troops left their hiding-places, and, like wolves attacking a sheep-fold, fell upon the Christian army. It was not a fair battle, but a cruel massacre which now began. Not only the name, which the field still bears (Dachtelfeld, or field of blows) reminds us of that dreadful scene; but even now, when the ground is ploughed more deeply than usual, there are occasionally found large piles of human bones, as well as pieces of ancient spears, swords, and suchlike instruments. The foremost in the ranks of the heathen fighters was Lutter; whoever saw him with a bull's skin hung over his shoulders, and bull's horns stuck upon his head, raging more fiercely than any one else, might have taken him for an evil spirit incarnate. While he was thus killing and slaughtering every one coming within his reach, he fell in with two warriors—father and son; the son however was hardly more than a boy, still blooming in the first freshness of beauty and youth. Turning to the father first, Lutter aimed at him powerful blows, which were not long in breaking his skull. When the boy saw that his hour, too, had come, he fell down upon his knees before the grim enemy, and begged him to spare his youthful life. "I am the only son of my mother," he said, "who will give thee whatever thou mayst ask, to ransom me; let me but live, I pray thee!" But Lutter answered with a fearful oath. "Such a child as thou art I sought," he added; "whoever may have put thee in my way shall not have done so in vain. Thou shalt pay for the wrong they have done to my child. Bind the fellow with ropes," he then commanded his attendants, "and take him up with you to the top of the Deister." The servants, knowing only too well what their master meant, did as they were told. The top of the Deister, or the Osterrat as it was called, had a special dire significance of its own.

The old heathen, as we all know, used to worship their gods according to the ways and customs which they had learned from their forefathers. They had their sacred places for worship on the open heath or on the hill-tops. That of our ancestors was at the Osterrat. There you could see large masses of sandstone rising out of the ground; rocks, steep and bulky, as if giants had planted them; huge blocks were scattered about, rough and ill-shapen, which no human hand could move. Standing there, you could look far round over the valley with its hardy population, over the large forest with its game; there the wind was sighing and moaning in the branches of the old beech-trees, and at night the wolves were heard howling on the slopes of the hill. This was the spot where our

Saxon ancestors used to worship their gods with sacrifices of horses, with eating and drinking, and with wild songs which, heard from afar, were more like the roaring of wild beasts than sounds proceeding from human voices. It was on account of these heathenish doings that the Christians called the place the "devil's chamber," a name which clings to it to the present day. But more dreadful deeds even than those were done at this spot, deeds which we cannot think of without shuddering with horror; here not only beasts but men were slaughtered in honour of the Saxon gods. Prisoners taken in warfare were detained for this purpose; all such had to learn by dire experience that mercy there was none with the heathen.

And now we too know why Lutter said to his servants, "Take the fellow to the top of the Deister." Not very far from the "devil's chamber" there rises from the ground one stone larger than the rest; it is square shaped, and in the middle of the upper side there is a hole formed like a basin, with a narrow fissure opening out from it as an outlet. The heathen called it the stone of torture or the Aexterstein (the axe-stone). This was the stone upon which they used to kill their human sacrifices. In the morning following upon the battle of the Süntel, the heathen were assembled round this stone, eagerly waiting for the moment when the torturing of the poor Christians was to begin. The latter stood robbed of their garments, and bound with fetters, a little apart, at one side of the stone. Close by the stone stood the heathen priest, from head to foot dressed in snow-white linen, edged by stripes of crimson cloth towards the bottom; his beard, which was almost a yard long, was plaited through with gay ribbons, and on his head he wore a wreath of mistletoe, while his hand held the large butcher-knife made of stone. "The eldest first!" he cried in tones which sounded like the growling of a bear. The by-standing Saxons seized the eldest of the prisoners and laid him on the top of the stone. The priest, raising his knife, placed it just upon the large artery near the throat. This was the sign for the people to begin their battle-song, the awful sounds of which might be heard far and wide. The Christian, with the knife at his throat, had time left for once more repeating the Lord's prayer; while he said Amen, the song ended, and the priest dealt the fatal blow. A stream of blood gushed forth, and having filled the basin, it found its way through the fissure downwards to the ground, along the broad wall of the stone. All the heathen warriors came running to dip their shields and swords into the blood, and to besmear their arms and chests with it, since it was supposed to strengthen them for new victories, and to preserve them from mortal wounds. The corpse had scarcely ceased to throb when the priest flung it down, calling out: "Now up with the next!" Thus the fearful spectacle was acted over again and again; last of all they came to the

youngest one. "He is mine," said Lutter; and once more the youth prayed for his life; he thought of his mother, and life seemed so sweet. Then it was as if a sudden thought had moved Lutter's soul; with an expression of uneasiness in his eyes, he now glanced upon the boy, now he gazed into vacancy, and then again he stared at the boy. "Thou shalt live," he cried, "but forswear thy faith, Christian dog!" When he had thus spoken a new light suddenly shone out of the boy's eyes; these words had come in good time to support him; he was himself again; nay more, he had become a man in a moment. "Never will I forswear it," he said quietly yet firmly; "take my life if it please thee. "Up with him to the stone of torture!" Lutter called out in wild fury; "thus do I avenge my child!" Strong arms took hold of the boy, who now lay ready for being sacrificed. Then with a loud voice he uttered these words: "Thou that overcomest the world, O Christ, have mercy upon the heathen, and save Thy servant!" They were his last words: his blood rushed forth in streams, one more throb of the dying heart, and his soul was healed for ever.

"Thou shalt pay for the wrong they have done to my child," Lutter had said; and now again he said, "Thus do I avenge my child!" What, then, did he mean by speaking thus? A score of years, or thereabout, might have passed since a Christian army had entered the county of Calenberg by force; the people, unable to defend themselves at that period, were obliged to stipulate with their enemies. But in order to force the vanquished party not to break the treaty, every head of a family among the nobles and freemen was required to give up one of his children as hostage; and these hostages the Christians took with them to their far-off homes. Lutter, too, had to give up one of his children, and since his boys were too young, he delivered up his only daughter, then a maiden of sixteen. We need hardly say that the transaction was accompanied by tears and sobs on the part of the children, and by anger and fierce imprecations on that of the parents. But afterwards the young hostages were well cared for in the strange land. Instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, they all consented to be baptized. The boys were well taught and brought up to learn some trade or other, so that they all became useful members of the community, and the girls were married without exception. Lutter's daughter too was married, and had a little boy, whom she called Lutter in memory of her father. The latter, however, had never received any news from his child, and thought her dead. Heathen as he was, a deep and implacable hatred against the Christians sprang up in his heart, and revenge appeared to him as the one and only delight of his soul. It was therefore he said, "Thus do I avenge my child." When young Lutter grew up to be a boy, his mother told him about his grandfather in the heathen country; about Lutter-

husen and the devil's chamber; about the stone of torture, and how the Christians were killed there. But she had not the heart to tell him that Lutterhusen was nigh to the Aexterstein, and that his grandfather would be found presiding at the rites of torture and death. And when the boy was trembling with horror at these stories, his mother used to say, "Come, Lutter, let us pray;" and they prayed in the words the boy had uttered: "Thou that overcomest the world, O Christ, have mercy upon the heathen, and save Thy servants!" On such occasions the boy would say, "Mother, when I am a man, I shall go to Lutterhusen, to my grandfather, and I will ask him to become Christian, as we are."

Years had passed by; the boy Lutter was sixteen when the war with the people on the banks of the Elbe began, and he asked his father to allow him to go with him, as he wanted to see his grandfather. The father made no objection; relying upon the peace which had been established with the people between Deister and Leine, he had no suspicion of danger for the boy, and told him to bid farewell to his mother. So the mother gave him her blessing, and tenderly exhorted him never to forget to say his prayers while he was away. Lutter promised her never to do so; and thus he and his father started on their journey with the rest of the army. Having marched for many a day, they reached the top of the Süntel; and pointing to the hills opposite, from which they were separated by a broad valley, the father said to his son, "Yonder is the Deister; on its farther side lies Lutterhusen; soon, therefore, shall we be with thy grandfather." Soon enough, truly, should they be with him; but oh, how different the meeting would be from what they had expected! A day or two later there lay on the battlefield of the Süntel, Lutter's son-in-law, killed by Lutter's own sword; and the blood of his own grandchild, spilt on the stone of torture, cried up to heaven against him. But Lutter, though he knew it not, was not to remain long ignorant of what he had done.

To be concluded.

The American Indians and their earliest Missionaries.

By the Lady FRANCES BALFOUR.

II.—DISCOVERY OF CANADA.

THE traveller cannot fail to notice as he passes through the large tracts of Lower Canada, commanded by the picturesque citadel of Quebec, that he is among a people whose language and appearance are the same as those he is familiar with in the "sunny lands of France." He must instantly be reminded of French towns when he sees the tall wooden houses, with their hanging eaves and pointed tin roofs glittering in the dazzling sunlight of a winter's day in Canada. Everywhere along the

snowy country roads, or crossing the frozen rivers, he will meet the "habitans," as the French Canadians are called, bringing in on rough sleighs their goods to the market; and if he follows them there he will see under the thick blanket coats and fur caps drawn close over their ears the same lively, dark-eyed faces, and hear the same cheery voices which he has associated with the vineyards and olive-groves of France.

These "habitans" are the descendants of the first discoverers and colonists of "New France"—of those who were led by Jacques Cartier and wisely governed by Samuel Champlain.

The story of these first pioneers in the New World is a long and most interesting one, well repaying careful study, but my space will only admit of my tracing some of its most prominent features. In the year 1523 Francis I. King of France, jealous of the wealth which was pouring into Spain from her American possessions, decided on endeavouring to procure some share of it for his own country, and with this view he despatched Verrazzano, a Florentine, with four ships to try to find a passage westward to the rich kingdom of Cathay. Verrazzano lost two of his ships in a storm, but with the other two, after a voyage of forty-nine days, he approached land, which was the part now called North Carolina. The inhabitants hurried to the shore, pointed out a convenient landing-place, and endeavoured to make signs of friendly welcome. The surf was so dangerous that the voyagers were afraid to attempt the landing by boat, but a young sailor undertook to swim ashore. When, however, he got close to the beach he became frightened, and flinging to them the gift of beads and trinkets which he carried, he tried to return, but the surf dashed him on to the beach, and he was seized and dragged up by the savages. With horror his companions in the boat observed them lighting a large fire, which they at once concluded was for the purpose of roasting their unfortunate companion, who was loudly calling for aid. The Indians had, however, no such intention; they dried his clothes, and when he showed a strong desire to escape they "with great love, clapping him fast about, with many embracings," allowed him to depart. Verrazzano continued his voyage to the Bay of New York, and then on to Newport, and was everywhere received with courtesy and hospitality; he then followed the New England coast, but seems to have been ill pleased with its wild appearance and the hostility of the natives. He sailed as far north as Newfoundland, but provisions failing him, he returned to France, not having, it is needless to say, discovered the passage to Cathay. From Dieppe he wrote to the king the earliest account known of the United States. He had returned in an evil hour. The year had been full of disaster to France: she had been defeated in her war with Italy, and internal dissensions, coupled with the fickleness of the king, rendered

her in no state to care for discovery in the New World. A young noble, however, and favourite at Court, Philippe de Brion Chabot, decided to follow in Verrazano's path, and found a man eminently fitted to assist him in Jacques Cartier, a native of the seaport town of St. Malo in Brittany. There his portrait is still preserved, and the historian speaks of his features as being keen and full of spirit. He sailed from St. Malo in April 1534, passed up the St. Lawrence to Anticosti, still believing himself in the way to China. The autumn storms forced him back, and he returned home with two young Indians, whom he had treacherously lured on board. This time France was more alive to her interests, and Cartier was sent out again with three vessels—the largest only one hundred and twenty tons. They sailed westward along the coast of Labrador till they reached a bay opposite the Island of Anticosti. This Cartier called the Bay of St. Lawrence, a name afterwards given to the whole river, then called River of Hochelaga. The difficulty now before them was how to ascend the river with its complicated navigation, only assisted by the two young Indians, whom they had brought back with them. They succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Saguenay, and here the Indians boarded them in large numbers, filled with astonishment at the sight of the white men. Cartier treated them with kindness, and, getting into a small boat, pushed on to visit their great chief Donnacona, whose wigwam village, called Stadaconé, was built on the site of Quebec of our day. Cartier must have seen that most beautiful of situations in fullest perfection. It was autumn, and the wooded banks of the river were gorgeous in the crimson and gold of the maple and other foliage, setting out in high relief the great promontory and jutting cliffs on which the citadel is now built. The Indians informed Cartier there was a yet larger town than Stadaconé, several days' journey higher up the river; but when he expressed his intention of going there, they jealously endeavoured in every way to thwart him. Their efforts were of no avail, and Cartier, taking his smallest vessel, with two open boats and fifty sailors, pushed on up the river. The galleon soon grounded, and they had to take to their boats, but at length reached the Indian town of Hochelaga on the 2d of October. The natives welcomed them with enthusiasm to their town, fortified in the Indian way with wooden palisades, and, showering on them gifts of food, entreated Cartier to heal their sick with the touch of his hand. The French distributed presents amongst them, and leaving the town, they ascended the neighbouring mountain, which Cartier called Mont Real—Montreal, the name by which the town is now known. It is difficult to bring before one's mind, as one looks down in the present day from that height, the scene which Cartier then saw. On every side, to the farthest bounds of the horizon, stretched the primeval forest, only broken

by the windings of the lonely river, whose waters are now teeming with the life of so many nations. The French retraced their course to Stadaconé, and found their companions had not been idle during their absence; they had drawn up the two ships and moored them before a palisaded fort, and here the little band were attacked by the intense severity of the Canadian winter. Everything was frozen hard, and the drifts rose high above their fort. The Indians came wading daily through the snow, half naked and "hardy as so many beasts," says the old chronicle. But in December their visits ceased, and soon after the frightful disease of scurvy broke out amongst the French. Before long twenty-five had died of it, and the survivors were too ill to attend to the sick or bury the dead. Cartier feared that the Indians, discovering their feeble condition, would attack them, and if ever a band came within hearing he made his garrison beat on the walls with sticks and stones as if they were hard at work. Their ultimate recovery was due to an Indian who had himself been attacked by the disease, and who pointed out an evergreen tree from whose leaves they were accustomed to make a strong drink. The French hastened to try the experiment, and in "six days drank a tree as large as a small oak." The remedy thus vigorously applied was successful, and the return of spring releasing them from their icy fetters, they sailed back to France in July 1536, again treacherously kidnapping and carrying with them some of the Indians and their chief Donnacona.

We find Cartier sailing for Canada again in 1541, with a fleet of five vessels, and the post of Captain-General, given him by the Sieur de Roberval, at whose cost, aided by a grant from the Royal Treasury, the expedition was equipped. His commission tells us the object of the enterprise,—“discovery, settlement, and conversion of the Indians.” Cartier was allowed to select his crew from the criminals in the prisons, men in every way ill fitted to carry out the difficult task which lay before them. We cannot follow this second expedition to the close of its inevitable failure. The Indians, enraged with the French for the kidnapping of their chief who had died in France, held aloof from them with sullen hostility, and Cartier, dreading another winter's exile, left Roberval, broke up the colony, and deserted New France. Several other adventurers met with no better success, for they carried with them the seeds of failure. Companies were formed; monopolies of the fur trade granted often only to be annulled, and given to another as soon as the owner of them was beginning to reap the fruits of his toil. Young noblemen, restless through long times of peace, led gangs of desperadoes taken from the prisons, one and all engrossed with the idea of making prodigious and rapid fortunes in this wondrous New World. The thought of “possessing the land” in its true sense, cultivating its rich soil and making it a great and

prosperous country, was not in their minds, and consequently we read of life and treasure wasted to no purpose, till the time when Champlain comes to the front and the life of New France begins with him.

This man seems to have possessed in a high degree the qualities needed for his work. A soldier, and full of the spirit of adventure, he yet always held in view with a far-seeing sagacity the ultimate good of the colony, and much of its present prosperity is due to his statemanship and wisdom. During one of his expeditions to Canada he had explored the site of Montreal and seen its natural advantages as a place for a settlement. In France he found a fur merchant named De Monte willing to take up his scheme. This man sent out two ships—one for the purpose of trading, the other under the command of Champlain for exploration and settlement. His first act was to build a fort at Quebec, as we must from this time call it. Champlain's journal is still preserved, illustrated by himself, and among quaint pictures of Indians and strange beasts—one with the wings of a bat, the head of an eagle, and the tail of an alligator, supposed to be found in Mexico—we find the rude drawings of his early fort. A strong wooden wall surmounted by a gallery loopholed for musketry enclosed three buildings and a courtyard. A moat surrounded the whole, and small cannons were mounted on platforms facing the river. Champlain's first difficulty was a serious mutiny amongst his men, which he promptly quelled by hanging the ringleader, and, peace restored, they settled down to face the coming winter. Scurvy as usual broke out, and Champlain was amongst the few that escaped its ravages. Early in the summer he resolved to push on with the explorations which lay so close to his heart. The hostile Indians besetting every pathway and river were the most serious obstacle to his designs. Champlain decided on a course fraught with grave consequences to the lives of his countrymen, and still more so to the life of the infant Church, which was struggling to gain the Indians to her fold.

In the previous autumn a young chief, from the banks of the then unknown Ottawa river, had begged Champlain to join him against his enemies, the most warlike of all those tribes of warriors, the Iroquois or Five Nations. These Indians were the scourge of all the other tribes. Relentless and revengeful, their united strength made them so formidable a foe that the Hurons and Algonquins, against whom they chiefly waged war, despaired of resisting them without the assistance of the white man.

It had always been the French policy to hold the balance of power between the various tribes, and thus to gain complete command over all. There seems little doubt that Champlain, in acting as he did on this occasion, and deliberately entering into a war against these dangerous foes, followed this

line of policy. At first it seemed as if the result would be the extermination of the whole colony, but in after years his purpose becomes clearer and his course of action justified from a political point of view. From this time the story changes: instead of peaceful settlements, new explorations, and friendly intercourse with the Indians, we read of the white man in deadly struggle with the red man, a struggle so severe that at times it seemed to threaten the very existence of the colony. Through these dark and troubled pages, however, runs another story—the story of the Jesuit Fathers, a devoted, heroic band of missionaries. Of their part in the history of New France, of their arduous toil amongst the Indians, and of the courage with which they met the martyr's death, we shall endeavour to write again.

In Memoriam.

REV. THOMAS M'CRACKEN, M.A.,
MINISTER OF THE PARISH OF STOBHILL,
Who died suddenly, during sleep, January 19, 1883

"He giveth His beloved sleep."

ONLY a little while
The Master willed that he should stay,
To point the strait and narrow way,—
A little while.

Only a little while
To garner ripe and golden sheaves,
To cast aside the worthless leaves,—
A little while.

Only a little while
To bring the lost sheep home again,
To win the King's bright diadem,—
A little while.

Only a little while
To tell of that deep, wondrous love,
Of that grand grace which dwells above,—
A little while.

Only a little while
Till in the watches of the night
The room grew radiant with the light
Of angels' smile.

ANNIE S. SWAN.

MOUNTSKIP, GOREBRIDGE.

RECENT "MISSION WEEKS."—Last November the Rev. George Wilson, Cramond, was Mission Preacher in St. Bernard's Parish, Edinburgh. In January Mission Services were held at the same time in three adjoining parishes:—in Hamilton by Rev. J. M'Murtrie, Edinburgh; in Burnbank by Rev. G. Wilson, Cramond; in Cadzow by Rev. J. Campbell, Kirkcaldy. All the Mission Preachers were Deputies from the Christian Life and Work Committee, and were invited by the Ministers and Elders of the Parishes. The many Services were well attended, and it was believed that much good was done. The Parish Ministers had laboured, personally and by lay-workers, for many weeks beforehand, to bring about this result; and they took part in all the Services. The Mission Week—so called—usually lasts ten days; and it is customary for the Mission Preacher to give all the instruction, that there may be the benefit of continuity of teaching.

Notices of Books.

CHRIST'S AUTHORITY, AND OTHER SERMONS. By the late ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D., Dundee. With a Preface by JOHN CAIRD, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow. (Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons, 1883.)

TWENTY-THREE sermons, his concluding address as Moderator of the General Assembly of 1880, and a preface by his early and life-long friend, are the brief memorial of one who seldom spoke without teaching, and who was himself more helpful than his words. He was wont to say that he had no great sermons—with a not unkindly reference to those highly-finished discourses which some preachers repeat to many congregations. But everything he wrote was lighted up. A sermon was with him the ready outpouring of fresh thought and sympathy, and of the play of chastened fancy, when some text or incident had furnished the channel along which the living stream might flow. He did not believe that every sermon should contain all saving truth; he would probably have asked what truths of religion are not saving. One of these sermons, having for text, "To what purpose is this waste?" was preached with the single view of showing that there are forms of goodness pleasing to God and accepted by Christ, when to all appearance they do not add to the sum of human happiness or comfort. One on Christian Forgiveness appeared in this Magazine in April 1880; the author would have the Christian who has been wronged grieve most for him who has done the wrong. Another, on Christ's Forgiveness, has for text the prayer, "Father, forgive them!" a prayer which makes the thought of the Cross "for us the perpetual remembrancer of forgiveness and compassion." The last sermon was preached at the opening of the General Assembly of 1881, and was his last public utterance; he died on 20th July of that year. It was a supreme effort, and those who were present remember how his clear voice rang through St. Giles; but what touches us most, and is characteristic of the man, is to find his everyday goodness and wisdom, his accustomed calmness and moderation, filling the sermon to its close.

A special value belongs to Principal Caird's too brief reminiscences of Dr. Watson in college days and as a young minister. And all who knew Dr. Watson will agree with the opinion expressed in the preface, that with advancing years his faith in spiritual realities became always more profound. But we venture to think that the Principal's account of the growing away of Dr. Watson as a preacher from theological dogmas is over-stated; and we regret that the volume contains none but sermons of the closing years, when the deepest convictions of his soul became more and more a silent inspiration. Thus the teaching by which Dr. Watson has hitherto been best known is inadequately represented, while those who make their first acquaintance with him now cannot be expected to know that the great facts and doctrines of Christianity had more prominence in his ministry, as a whole, than they have in this volume.

MEMORIALS OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THOMAS MAIN, D.D. By his Widow. (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace, 1883.)

There is a mournful fitness in the publication of this work at the same time with the preceding. Dr. Main of the Free Church and Dr. Watson preached at the opening of their respective General Assemblies, as retiring Moderators, in 1881. On the second Saturday of the Assembly Dr. Main passed away. He was born at Slamannan in 1816, and ordained at Kilmarnock in 1839. Forty years have passed since 1843; the fire of the controversies of that time has burned low, and there is nothing to hinder any of us from reading sympatheti-

cally the story of the able young minister who consistently and unselfishly laboured to build up his Church. He is best remembered as, in later life, the busy minister of Free St. Mary's, Edinburgh. More severe editing would have kept back some of the complimentary letters, which give to this record of a well-spent life the air of being written for a circle of friends rather than for the public. The sermons which occupy the second half of the volume are markedly evangelical. The frontispiece is a good photograph-portrait of Dr. Main.

The Ringing of the Bells.

1. IN THE MORNING.

A FATHER and mother rejoicing;
The wail of new-born child;
The noise and shouting of children,
When the sport is merry and wild;
The sound of the mother's lullaby,
Singing her babe to sleep;
A father's tales in the twilight,
When flames on the bright hearth leap;
The lisping of little voices
Learning the words of truth:
These are the tones of the morning bells
At the dawn of the day of youth.

2. AT NOON.

The sound of manly voices
Proclaiming the first success;
The words which they who are lovers
Speak with each fond caress;
The shout of victory ringing
Out over country and town;
The cries of the reapers among the sheaves,
When the corn is heavy and brown;
The songs of mariners singing,
When the weary voyage is done:
These are the sounds of the Joy-bells,
That ring out under the sun.

3. AT EVENTIDE.

The sound of quavering voices,
Telling tales of long ago,
When locks were raven and auburn
That are now as white as snow;
The blessing the parent gives his child,
The command he bids him keep,
When the eye and the brain are heavy
Before the long lone sleep;
The prayer of Faith when the life is low
And the eye of sense is weak;
The sigh of Hope when the spirit sinks
And the lips can scarcely speak
The words that tell that the fitting soul
Sees far beyond the ken
Of the mortal man—far into the light
Of the dear Christ's home for men.
The sound of the last word spoken,
The beat of the breaking heart,
The burst of the pent-up feelings,
When men see the loved depart;
The low-toned prayer of the pastor,
The thud of the clay on the clay,
When the mourners stand by the open grave,
And the dead are laid away:
These are the sounds of the evening bells
At the close of life's fitful day.

J. PATON,
St. Michael's, Dumfries.

“We blessed them.”

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

A BRIGHT blue-eyed boy was one day standing with his brothers and sisters at the dinner-table in his own home, ready to eat his dinner. His father was a ploughman, and a good man, and, before they began to eat, he said to his little ones, “Children, say the blessing.” This is the name that many of the people of Scotland give to “grace before meat.” Little hands were lifted and folded, little heads were bowed in reverence, and four little voices gave thanks for daily bread. When this was done, the bright, blue-eyed boy said, “Father, when Jesus took the little children in His arms, He said ‘the blessing;’ what did He mean?” I do not know what the father answered, but I will try and explain the meaning of Jesus to the children of the Church who read this page.

1. *In blessing little children Jesus healed them.* We believe that many of the children brought to Jesus were ill. And in blessing them Jesus healed them. To bless does not mean to heal. It means to speak well of, but when Jesus speaks well of children, He first makes them well. In the Hospital for sick children in Edinburgh, a little girl once said to me, “I would like a doctor like Jesus.” I said “Why? is your doctor here not kind?” She replied, “Oh yes, he is very kind, but he can only make me well by hanging a weight to my foot, and giving me medicine, but Jesus would make me well by speaking to me.” There is great power in the word of Jesus. By His word He created the world. “He spake, and it was done.” The winds and the waves obey Jesus like obedient children. By the word of His love and grace He speaks to our hearts, and the great disease of sin passes away, and we are healed. He speaks, and we are made well. This is what is meant by His blessing.

2. *In blessing little children Jesus made them happy.* See how much happiness Jesus gives in and with His blessing. To bless is to make glad, to make blithe, or joyous, or merry. Indeed, the blessing of Jesus gives *bliss*, which is the highest happiness. A poor woman was dying in a Highland cottage. The roof was low, and in rainy days the water came in. The floor was of clay, and not very dry. The wind came through cracked walls and broken windows. The cottage stood by the side of a wild Highland loch, far from neighbours. And all day the little hut was filled with smoke from the peat fire. An English lady called to see the old woman, and began to say how sorry she was to see a person so ill in such a wretched home. The old woman said at once, in words of brave faith, “Dinna say the hoose is bad, ma’am; I’ve lived in’t for fifty years, an’ the blessen’ o’ the Lord can mak’ a worse place than this a Paradise.” There was a happiness in that woman’s heart that made her cottage like a Paradise. This is what the blessing of Jesus does for us all. It

makes a Paradise in the heart. And the inward blessedness flings its sweetness on all the trials of our outward life.

3. *In blessing little children Jesus consecrated them.* We want to keep big, hard words out of the children’s page. But “consecrate” is a very beautiful word, and its meaning is beautiful. It means to make holy, or rather to make wholly holy, to set apart as a sacred thing, to devote to a holy use. And all this is included in the blessing of Jesus. If we trace the word “bless” away back to the language out of which it springs, we find it coming from a word which means “to kill for sacrifice.” And when we receive the blessing of Jesus we die unto sin and live unto God, and are set apart as His holy children. And in consecrating children Jesus makes holy the feelings, and desires, and wishes under which children act. The voice of Jesus in blessing us speaks to us through the Bible by the power of the Holy Spirit. But after we have been consecrated by His blessing, His voice speaks within us. The conscience of a Christian child is the voice of Jesus, and every holy child listens to that voice and obeys it. We read the other day a beautiful story about a child’s conscience. A little girl came to her mother and asked for something that was not quite lawful. The mother wanted to guide her child wisely, and she said, “Go into your own room, and ask what the little voice within says.” The child went away for a short time, and came back with a grave face,—grave but beautiful with the light of righteousness—and said, “Mother, the little voice within says ‘no.’” It is this little voice within that those consecrated by the blessing of Jesus will always hear speak, and they will obey. When tempted to lie, or steal, or swear, or be cruel, or cross, or unkind, the little voice within says “no.” When asked to do anything that will please Jesus, the little voice within says “yes.” We want all the children of the Church to listen to and obey the little voice within. It is the voice of Jesus speaking in the hearts of His consecrated little ones.

4. *In blessing little children Jesus made them a blessing to others.* He heals them that they may heal others. He makes them happy that they may make others glad. He consecrates them that they may make others holy. He blesses them by making them a blessing. I lately saw a beautiful old woman sitting with her children and her children’s children by the coffin of her oldest son, who had been taken away in death. He had lived about forty years a noble, useful life. The old woman was comforting her own sore heart and the sore hearts of her children, and she concluded by saying, “Since the day he was born he has been a daily blessing to us all.” My prayer for all the children of the Church is, that being blessed by Jesus, they may be a daily blessing to their fathers and mothers, to their sisters and brothers, and to all with whom they mingle in the Church and in the world.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find in 1 Kings what was in the Ark in Solomon's Temple. 2. Find in Exod. xvi., Numbers xvii., and Deut. xxxi., three other things that were kept in the most holy place of the Tabernacle. 3. Find in St. Luke five parables spoken to persons who despised others, or wondered that Christ should receive sinners. 4. Find the names of five holy women in St. John's Gospel. 5. Find in St. Matthew six preternatural signs which accompanied the death of Jesus. 6. Name five circumstances connected with the death of Stephen which specially resembled those connected with our Lord's death. 7. Find in Acts xvi. and xvii. three *Macedonian* cities, in which St. Paul founded Christian congregations. 8. Find in Acts xx. and Philippians ii. four Macedonian Christians who left their homes and became companions of St. Paul. From what congregations did they severally come? 9. Give texts to show that the joy of the wicked and the sorrow of the righteous are short, the sorrow of the wicked and the joy of the righteous long (one good text for each statement). 10. Find the seven beatitudes ("blesseds") of the Book of Revelation.

ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Abram—Abraham (Father of a great multitude), Gen. 17. 5; Sarai—Sarah (Princess), 17. 15; Jacob—Israel (A Prince of God), 32. 28. 2. She was his great-grandmother, Ruth 4. 17. 3. Miriam, Num. 12. 10; Gehazi, 2 Kings 5. 27; Uzziah, 2 Chron. 26. 19 (= Azariah, 2 Kings 15. 5). 4. A great fish, Jonah 1. 17; a gourd, 4. 6; a worm, 4. 7; an east wind, 4. 8. 5. Num. 24. 17; Rev. 22. 16. 6. Pharaoh's, Gen. 40. 20; Herod's, Matt. 14. 6. 7. Mark 1. 13. 8. (1) Cyprus, Acts 4. 36; (2) Derbe or Lystra, 16. 1; (3) Thyatira, 16. 14; (4) Pontus, 18. 2; (5) Alexandria, 18. 24; (6) Tarsus, 21. 39. 9. 2 Cor. 12. 8, 9. 10. Luke 8. 37.



“**S**o teach us to number our days
 that we may apply
 our hearts unto wisdom.”

PSALM XC. 12.

Calendar for March.

1	Th.	Man doth not live by bread only.—Deut. 8. 3.
2	F.	If it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee.—Matt. 14. 28.
3	Sa.	All things are ready: come.—Matt. 22. 4.
4	Su.	Let us lift up our hearts with our hands.—Lam. 3. 41.
5	M.	Keep thee far from a false matter.—Exod. 23. 7.
6	Tu.	Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness.
7	W.	The Lord will provide.—Gen. 22. 14. [—Ps. 112. 4.
8	Th.	Conse unto Me, all ye that labour.—Matt. 11. 28.
9	F.	<i>New Moon.</i> I will give thee rest.—Exod. 33. 14.
10	Sa.	Thou hast not forsaken them that seek Thee.—Ps. 9. 10.
11	Su.	<i>Collection for Patronage Compensation.</i> —Rom. 15. 27.
12	M.	Walking in the fear of the Lord.—Acts 9. 31.
13	Tu.	Love thy neighbour as thyself.—Lev. 19. 18.
14	W.	Even as I had pity on thee.—Matt. 18. 33.
15	Th.	My sins are not hid from Thee.—Ps. 69. 5.
16	F.	Cast me not away from Thy presence.—Ps. 51. 11.
17	Sa.	My soul fainteth for Thy salvation.—Ps. 119. 81. [10.
18	Su.	All the city was moved, saying, Who is this?—Matt. 21.
19	M.	To Him give all the prophets witness.—Acts 10. 43.
20	Tu.	Surely He hath borne our griefs.—Isa. 53. 4.
21	W.	He made intercession for the transgressors.—Isa. 53. 12.
22	Th.	Know ye what I have done to you?—John 13. 12.
23	F.	<i>Full Moon. Good Friday.</i> And they crucified Him.—
24	Sa.	My flesh also shall rest in hope.—Ps. 16. 9. [Matt. 27. 35.
25	Su.	<i>Easter Sunday.</i> Tell His disciples that He is risen.—
26	M.	I am with you alway.—Matt. 28. 20. [Matt. 28. 7.
27	Tu.	Wilt not Thou deliver my feet from falling?—Ps. 56. 13.
28	W.	Thou art my Hiding-place.—Ps. 119. 114.
29	Th.	My servants shall sing for joy of heart.—Isa. 65. 14.
30	F.	I was brought low, and He helped me.—Ps. 116. 6.
31	Sa.	My soul waiteth for the Lord.—Ps. 130. 6.

APRIL.

1	Su.	All that the Lord speaketh, that I must do.—Num. 23.
2	M.	Go work to-day in My vineyard.—Matt. 21. 28. [26.

The Saint's Calendar.

I.

WHEN winter's dark prevails,
 Be Thou my light, O God;
 When earth is chilled with winter's gales,
 Grant Thy love shed abroad
 To warm my deadened heart anew,
 And heaven's eternal spring renew.

II.

Then shall the earthly spring
 Find welcome in my heart;
 And Thou, O Risen Lord, shalt bring
 New life to every part;
 And all my heart's dead visions then,
 At Thy command, shall rise again.

III.

But in the summer's noon,
 Blest Spirit, send thy dews
 To freshen what must wither soon,
 If thou the gift refuse.
 So shall I perfect, free from scathe,
 The blossoms of a holy faith.

IV.

Not autumn's dreary frown
 Shall steal that vernal prize,
 If Thou, O Threefold Power, send down
 The life that never dies.
 United Love and Life and Light,
 What Thou dost shield, no death can blight!

H. M. B. R.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

afternoon of the Fast-Day, or handed to Mr. Macleod when convenient.

The Saturday Service will commence at 2.30 p.m. punctually.

The Afternoon Table Service on Sabbath commences at 2.30. The Evening Service at 6.30.

Collection for Congregational purposes.

Preparation of Young Communicants.

Instruction will be given to intending young Communicants in the Mission Hall, 44 Jamaica Street, on WEDNESDAY evenings during April, commencing April 4, at 8.15. No questions are publicly asked at these meetings. The attendance of all who desire to come for the first time to the Lord's Table is invited. Those who attend are requested to bring with them a Bible and Shorter Catechism.

Mr. Macleod will also see Young Communicants at his house on Wednesday afternoons at 4.30.

The attendance of Communicants at the last January Communion was much greater than on the occasion of any previous winter Communion. We would again entreat the Communicants to avail themselves as punctually as they are able of ALL the opportunities of Communion now afforded. Further, let each Communicant pray earnestly to God for HIS BLESSING on all the services of the approaching Communion season, that the "Flock of God" which is among us may be fed with the Bread of Life, and Christ's weary heritage be refreshed and comforted. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

To Intending Communicants.

"Let a man examine himself, and SO let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup."

- (1.) Dost thou believe in the Son of God ?
- (2.) Dost thou confess thy guilt, and believe in Jesus, the atoning Saviour, for the remission of thy sins and acceptance with God as freely by His grace ?
- (3.) Dost thou renounce thy sins, and receive Jesus as thy life through His Spirit ?
- (4.) Dost thou desire to confess Christ before the world as a member of His Church ?
- (5.) Art thou resolved to abide in Christ, and to prepare to meet Him ?
- (6.) Wilt thou endeavour, as God gives thee an opportunity, to advance the kingdom of Christ by thy prayers, life, and worldly substance ?

If so, then

"Do this in remembrance of me."

"Receive ye one another, as Christ hath also received us, to the glory of God."

To Non-Communicants.

Why not "do this" in remembrance of Christ ?

(1.) "*I have objections and difficulties.*"—*Ans.* Whatever these may be, there cannot possibly be good reasons for disobeying Christ's command.

(2.) "*I am not prepared.*"—*Ans.* Why not? For unless you are prepared for *this*, you cannot be prepared for life or death, for judgment or eternity. Without faith in Christ, you are "without God and Christ in the world."

(3.) "*I do not wish to make a profession.*"—*Ans.* A profession is, and must necessarily be made, whether you obey or disobey Christ. To remain away from the Lord's Supper is to profess disobedience and unbelief. "He that is not for me is against me."

(4.) "*I am unworthy.*"—*Ans.* Of what? Is it of being saved? Christ saves *sinners*. They partake most worthily who feel themselves the most unworthy to partake. They depart richest who come poorest; they obtain most who come to receive all; and they go away full who come empty of themselves, and in order to be "filled with all the fulness of God." Beware of "judging yourselves unworthy of everlasting life." (Acts xiii. 4-6.)

(5.) "*I have been a backslider.*"—*Ans.* Jesus will heal thy backslidings. He who knows and hates all thy sins says, "Come to me." (Luke xv. 1-24; Ps. li.)

(6.) "*But I fear I shall fall away.*"—*Ans.* Jesus who begins can perfect His work. "*Jesus is able to keep us from falling, and to present us faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.*" "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (1 Thess. v. 23, 24; Ephes. iii. 14-21; Phil. iv. 6, 7.)

(7.) "*But I shall not part with my sins.*"—*Ans.* If not, thou must part with thy God, Father, Son, and Spirit; with all the saints; with thy peace of soul, and with life eternal! "How often would I have gathered thee, but ye would not!" "Ye would not come to me that ye might have life!" "This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil!" (Prov. i. 20-31.)

The following passages may be read with prayer as in the presence of God, during the week immediately preceding the Communion:—

Exod. xii.; Ps. xxii.; Ps. li.; Ps. cxxx.; Isa. liii. lv.; Matt. xxvi. xxvii. xxviii.; John vi. xv.; 1 Cor. xi. 18-34; Phil. ii. 5-11; 1 John i. ii. 1-6; Rev. iii. 14-22.

Prayer to be used by Communicants.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for having instituted and continued to Thy Church the blessed Sacrament of the dying love of Christ, setting forth before our eyes His sacrifice of Himself for us, and inviting us to receive Him into our hearts by faith, for the strengthening and refreshing of the soul. O God, make us more diligent, more earnest, more faithful in obeying His command, given in the night in which He was betrayed, to eat of that bread, and to drink of that cup in remembrance of His death and of His life after death, for us men and for our salvation. Enable us, O Heavenly Father, to come in a humble and devout spirit to the Holy Communion of the body and blood of Christ, and to feed upon Him there in our hearts by faith, with thanksgiving. May we find help and strength in that service for the daily journey of life towards the rest and the home which Thou hast promised hereafter to Thy people. Lord, we are not worthy of the least of Thy mercies, yet trusting to Thy loving-kindness we draw nigh. Wash us in that most precious blood that was shed for many for the remission of sins. Send into our hearts Thy Holy Spirit, to work in us a true, lively, and steadfast faith, that the clear light of the gospel may shine into us and lighten our minds. Bless our friends and fellow-Communicants. Confirm their faith, comfort their souls, and quicken them according to Thy word, that they may be prepared for sitting down at the Table of the Lord. Be gracious to those who are to minister to us in holy things. May they offer unto Thy Name the incense of true devotion; and grant Thy people grace to draw near with faith, and to take this Holy Sacrament to their present and everlasting comfort: through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



APRIL 1883.

Sermon.

THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

By the REV. JOHN BARCLAY, Greenock.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain."—Exod. xx. 7.

IF you send us a missionary, send us one who has learned your Ten Commandments." So said certain Indians to whom the services of a Christian teacher were offered; and their wish is a remarkable testimony to the beauty, the completeness, the authority and the worth of these solemn words of God. Nor is the estimate an erring or an extravagant one, for of the importance of the Decalogue there are manifold proofs. It was not given at second-hand like the Ceremonial Law, but came straight from God to men amid every demonstration of majesty. It was written, not on parchment, but on stone, in token of its perpetuity; and every available space on the tablets was covered, so that no room was left either for amendments or for additions. It was called by way of distinction "The Words of the Covenant" between God and man. It was kept in a chest prepared for its custody, beside other rare and sacred relics. And it is frequently referred to by Jesus and by those of the Apostles who were authors—notably by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount, and in His words to the Hebrew lawyer which, condensed, mean this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself, and thy God above all. As shown in earlier discourses, the First Commandment requires the supreme love of men for God as the One, Living, and True; the second, for His worship as a spiritual service and not an idolatry; and now this—the third—demands respect for His name as partaking of His own personal holiness. It carries with it, moreover, a weight superior to the rest of them, inasmuch as its subject inspires the first petition of the prayer that teaches to pray, in using which we ask that God would enable us and others to glorify Him in all that whereby He maketh Himself known, and that He would dispose all things to His own glory. Translated it means this, God would have us to know that for our sakes, as well as for His own, He is jealous of His name, and so He warns us against the sin of dishonouring it. Common men's names are arbitrary or accidental. Except for certain recognised family customs, one might as well be called James

as John, Martha as Mary. There is no necessary connection between the name and the character. But God's name is essential, personal, real. It describes Himself. God is "The Good One," Jehovah is "The Eternally Living One." And all other titles of Him or of His Son, who represents Him, are simply modifications of these suited to human understanding. They are true revelations of Him: they contain His biography: they make our knowledge—yea, our possession of Him possible. And so we find the Jews, who were wont to fit a man's name to his character, or to some circumstance of his life, regarding the commandment with a reverence so literal and so punctilious, that when they had occasion to write "Jehovah," the distinctive title of God, they did so not in *common* but in *capital* letters. To have done otherwise would have been regarded by them as a profanity. And a like spirit—Jewish rather than Christian—is shown by many in our own time, who bow the head or bend the knee, when the name of Christ is spoken in their hearing. Of course, if such acts be accompanied by the true reverence of the heart, there is nothing to be said against them. But in themselves and alone they are a mere ritualistic observance of the Law: they betray a superficial understanding of it: they may be only the Pharisee's title of "mint and anise and cummin." But surely to all who comprehend it, "The Law" is "Spiritual," and it is "exceeding broad." It touches man's thought, and speech, and conduct. It affects his entire life. It calls upon him to cherish always the spirit of reverence towards that by which the Almighty makes Himself known—His name as revealed—His word as written—His works in nature, in providence, and in grace.

There are, however, two applications of this commandment so important, that our attention must needs be limited to these. As we have seen, the divine name is real—it represents character. And therefore the commandment forbids I. *Perjury*; II. *Profanity*.

I. It forbids *Perjury*, or "the extreme form of untruth." It says, Thou shalt not use My name in support of what is idle and untrue: or, as Josephus puts it, "Thou shalt not adjure God to a falsehood;" or, as Christ Himself says, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself." This is not usually considered to be its primary intention; but nevertheless, the

statement is true, for everywhere in the Word of God the phrase "taking His name in vain" is used in that solemn sense: and so strongly is this felt by some that they refuse to take even a judicial oath, understanding that the Divine law forbids it; and believing, moreover, that "a person who has a conscience will state the truth without an oath ('his words are bonds'), and that a person who is without a conscience will not state it any more nearly under an oath."

"'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain, single vow that is vowèd true."

Such "swearing" however is not forbidden by this commandment. It is not "swearing" but "for-swearing" that carries guilt with it. Indeed an oath taken in earnest, to give solemnity and force to one's statement, is not only *not* "a violation of reverence," or a vain use of the Holy Name, but is rather "an enforcement of our veneration." As, however, God is the eternally and unchangeably true, any appeal to Him in support of what is *untrue* is manifestly a taking of His name in vain. "Even among the heathen," says Tillotson, "this was always reckoned one of the greatest crimes, which they believed God did not only punish upon the guilty person himself but upon his family and posterity, and many times upon whole nations, as saith the Prophet—because of oaths the land mourns."

II. It forbids *Profanity* or the guilty luxury of using on trivial occasions, or in a frivolous manner and without a purpose, or under the impulse of passion, any sacred name, which betrays want of reverence for God's sense of purity and justice and love. And the divine prohibition of this is by no means unnecessary, for while it is matter of thankfulness that the habit of profane swearing is not now so widespread as once it was, we cannot but lament that it is still so common. Indeed it is a regret to many that our English Law which, embodying as it does divine sentiments, empowers Justices of the Peace to inflict penalties for the offence, has fallen into disuse. If the swearer has no scruples in soiling his own purity, society ought certainly to be protected from his corruptions.

There is a notion abroad that profane swearing is a mere superficial habit, a trifling vice; that those who use it do not mean what they say; and that at the most and worst it is a pardonable parenthesis in our speech. If it be only a parenthesis, then it may be omitted without prejudice to our words. And is it really a surface sin—venial not mortal? It is worse and more, else it had not been denounced in terms so strong and plain: it had not been set in the very heart of the Decalogue with the law against Idolatry before it, and the law against Sabbath-breaking after it: it had not been linked with so solemn a threatening as is implied in the words—"The Lord will not hold him

guiltless that taketh His name in vain." Moreover, in itself, the sin of swearing is of the most degrading character. "Out of the heart proceed blasphemies," and these are things which *defile* the man. It destroys the moral sensibilities—"takes away from the highest themes their sanctity, and from the noblest names their grandeur." Committed in public, it pollutes men's ears, corrupts their purity, and makes him who is guilty of it partaker of others' sins. It brings with it neither profit nor pleasure. It does not make a man respect himself, nor does it secure for him the respect of others. If any sin may be described as excusable, "swearing" is certainly the *least* excusable of all, since it is not, like many others, founded on the temper of the body: it does not belong to any constitutional want; it is without reason; it is against reason. Finally, it is a desecration of God's dwelling—for we are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and if any man defile the temple of God him will God destroy.

"Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain;
It gets thee nothing and hath no excuse.

"When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed."

Now how may a man be strengthened against this vice (I refer to *profanity* as being the more common) if he has not acquired it? or how shall he be cured of it if he has already become its willing or unwilling slave? First, by a salutary fear of its threatened punishment. The divine memorial is this—"The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin"—yet with mercy (a reluctance to punish as the supreme element of His nature) "He will not hold Him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." He is angry with the wicked every day, and there is no anger so fierce as that which is kindled at the altar-fires of love.

Second, by the cultivation of a holy love. What says the Gospel in reference to this, for to us living in Christian times there must be a *Christian* authority? It says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself." Loving God, can we possibly reproach His name? Loving our fellow-men, can we injure them by foul communications or by a curse? No man, no *true* man, would ever swear by the name of his father or mother, and so rob it of all its dignity and sweetness. No man would ever blaspheme the sacred name of wife. Love prevents him. And so the love of God will fill the soul with reverence; the love of man will excite prayers for his weal. With love in our hearts, "no corrupt communication will proceed out of our mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying."

"Love is the fulfilling of the Law."

The Parish of Taxwood,
AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

VI.—SOME OF THE NEIGHBOUR COTTAGERS.



E may here interject, for the sake of variety, a chapter on a few of the lowlier villagers.

Did it never strike you, good Mr. M'Inlay, in your oft-sounded praises of the Scottish "Sweet Auburn," that there is frequently a painful discrepancy between the real and the ideal? that, in the garish light of day and of

truth, what we have regarded and worshipped as poetry, not seldom collapses under "the higher criticism" into dull prose? Such was the experience of my venerable and venerated acquaintance (now no more) William Howitt—as recorded in that most readable of books—his *Homes and Haunts of the British Poets*. A personal visit to the veritable Auburn served to denude it in his eyes of any claims, either original or hereditary, to "sweet."

Mr. M'Inlay's modern antitype "Sweet Taxwood," as he called it (and which, being the only sentimental expression he ever used, may be forgiven him), we are bound to aver, and that very deliberately, could, and does, still stand the test. We have already in a small way, at the outset of these papers, spoken of its simple and rural surroundings. We must now add that these were only in harmony with some rare and exceptional

bits of that oft-maligned thing, humanity and human nature. One feature was specially notable in the earlier years of Mr. Erskine's ministry,—the number of aged people; the preponderance of these being aged women, who tenanted cottages as venerable and picturesque as themselves. "What a fine set of old bodies, to be sure, we have!" was a sort of stereotyped phrase of Aunt Phemie's: though it really, only in a simple way, described the sober truth. She, however, on one occasion, went a little beyond the bounds of sobriety, when, dilating on the same subject, she ventured to add most gravely, "We entertain angels unawares!" "Aunt Phemie and her angels" never ceased to be a subject of good-natured banter within the Manse walls. Poor things! with their coarse blue serges, wizened hands, and furrowed wrinkled cheeks, they looked most of them terrestrial enough, and needed in no audible way to disown the well-meant compliment.

But let us take the path across the Village green, to the little rustic *rendezvous*, distinctively and favourably known to the primitive community as "the Shop." Those familiar with villages and hamlets will understand precisely, without description, what this was and meant. It was simply a thatched cottage with the tiniest of windows; but into that window everything was compressed that was compressible; designed to indicate the multifarious transactions that took place within. There were tins of biscuit, and glass cases of sweetmeats—with a buzz of flies round them all the summer long (and any surviving flies were sure to be found there at the close of the year). There were rows of pins and balls of twine; lead pencils and goosequills, before the world was served heir to the steel pen; red, blue, and yellow wafers, when the now universal envelope was an unborn boon. Then, in the centre, was the black postal letter-box with its own white-lettered designation (alphabet all awry); and, surmounting the whole, the name of the vendor and post-mistress. A worthy and lovable old official she was—the soul of honour and affability—ever ready to mingle good-natured gossip with the disposal of her goods, and sure to have the last bit of reliable or unreliable parish news. In a word, the shop occupied in those days very much the place, which the "Penny Daily" now does, before telegraphic wires made the outer world (both city and village) so exacting. Enter this tiny place of commerce and you will be almost sure to encounter a thin, scrank, wiry,—but in his way a stately, or at least erect man. The chances are that he will be seated on the top of a discarded barrel, purposely selected so as not to impede the way of traffic. He was Nelly's (the aforesaid post-mistress) only brother, an old soldier, who rejoiced in the complimentary title of "the Corporal." He is deprived of one eye; whether an honourable scar, or, as some surmised, the result of an early domestic feud, was never revealed or ascertained. He was



the authority of course on all martial matters, when these were ventilated. His glib tongue was always sure to respond when a bait was thrown out to him—although the general feeling and experience was, that he proceeded too rigidly on the principle that a good tale is not the worse of being twice told. An old Peninsular, like the Laird, the culminating and oft-rendered theme was the disastrous Corunna retreat, when for days he had nothing but honey to eat;—which incident made him claim at his sister's hand the one favour, that that condiment should not be included in her stock of merchandise, any whiff of the same being suggestive of nauseous reminiscences. Odours, in all conscience, there were in that village store, enough to render it independent of any such small exception. A singular, indescribable combination was produced from tea and candles (moulds and dips), sugar and oil, rice and soap, bottles of blacking and pots of whiting; relays of shoes and boots for the field, felt slippers for the fireside, and green cotton umbrellas as defences from a capricious climate. The Corporal was proud of his sister's varied accumulations and investments; but he himself never interfered with the shop transactions. The monotony of his life was varied now and then by lighting his pipe and having a formal promenade up and down in front, recalling forcibly the sentry-life of former days. He knew precisely what hour he might expect Miss Effie and Juno to come across for the posting of the day's correspondence, and there never failed to be a respectful exchange of civilities.

There was one other focus of interest in the Village, which divided the importance of the shop. Crossing the bridge, and diving through a winding avenue of patriarchal elms, "the Smithy" was reached. There seldom failed to be a cluster of parishioners here:—among these, "halfpins" with horses that had dropped a shoe, or requiring to be entirely re-shod; the animals themselves, secured by a ring in the door, standing pictures of patience, but with evident enjoyment also, in their own sleepy way, of this periodical relaxation from their existence of toil. A farmer or two were, as often as not, found discussing the markets or amicably arranging some barter or bargain. The Laird would himself at times make a little detour to have a chance interchange of sentiments at the Smithy yard; and the Minister always calculated, if he gave way to the magnetic influence, on having to surrender ten minutes of his time. To and from school, we need hardly add, it was the most irresistible of all fascinations for the boys to gather round the same entry, gazing at the mysteries within—the dark cavernous place itself—the roaring fire operated upon by the monster bellows, and the merry sparks flying fast and thick, each time the forge was smitten by ponderous hammer and brawny arm. The best thing, however, about the Smithy was the Smith himself. I can see him

this day as distinctly as (well, I shall not say how long ago)—with the beaded drops on his sallow but benign face. A rarely-gifted man was this same son of Vulcan. I do not mean gifted by education, for that he was not; but he was one of those not unfrequently found in humble life in Scotland, whose instinctive cleverness was nothing short of genius;—this supplemented by honesty, sobriety, and plodding perseverance. Many a mechanical invention of James Morton might have claimed and secured a patent. He left, after many years of industry, for a distant home, and for aught I know, he may be there now. Should it so happen that "Life and Work" has a transatlantic existence and be read with transatlantic spectacles, I should be well pleased were he to know that one who used to stand at times by his Smithy door, and with childish delight watch the aforesaid sparks, remembers him still, and says "God bless him."

But let us take this tree-embowered road at right angles, and pursue it till we come to a tidy row of cottages. We can hardly go wrong in entering any one of them; for, despite of variety of character and idiosyncrasies, these inmates, perhaps with one exception, are all interesting, and not a few might be termed beautiful specimens of old age in its Christian saintliness. I repeat "its Christian saintliness," for no other expression would be accurate as describing these Annas and Elizabeths of a modern century.

But here is a different type, one very unique in its way;—a rugged gnarled old oak, who has grappled with many a storm and seems to have no possible intention of succumbing to the hurricane. I can hardly fail in describing her, for, in no mere figure of speech, her portrait hangs before me on my own wall whilst I write these lines. It forms the upper one in our initial woodcut, and I can readily supplement from memory what is not included in the picture. Yes, there she is, in her own smoky little room, cowering over her smouldering fire, and which, despising the artifices of poker and tongs, she is gathering together with her twisted fingers. She has on, a faded green shawl or tippet of M'Gregor tartan with the picturesque "subach,"—perhaps all the more picturesque that its tone was in harmony with the surroundings. She has an almost ugly face, not altogether beardless, which latter feature was also quite in keeping with her masculine nature. But a small, keen, ferrety, laughing eye redeems all; and, though in other respects the reception at first is not hearty, the gleam I have just spoken of is very reassuring, and as the visit progresses she develops quite into vivacity. Perhaps of all the Villagers she was the one who had retained most thoroughly the pure vernacular of that part of Scotland. Many of her words and sayings were on that account memorable, and many more, truth to tell, demanded an interpreter. I can have room but for one such illustrative reminiscence taken at random. The word

"*vicious*," as most of my readers know, has not a very attractive or savoury meaning generally attached to it. We should say, indeed, very much the reverse. But in these regions it had rather a creditable, if not distinguishing and complimentary significance, indicating, indeed, energy, enthusiasm, and power. Meggy was speaking to me on one occasion, over her fire, of a famous clergyman of her younger days, and who subsequently was advanced to one of the few rare posts of ecclesiastical dignity. She was dilating on his ministerial gifts, and particularly on his memorable appearances when wont to come from his adjoining parish to occupy the pulpit of Taxwood. The description, graphic throughout, was wound up as follows:—"And he was *vicious* at a times, but especially at the Saâcraments."¹

We must, however, pass on. It is another and very different character who now claims our notice, and, I may well add, respect. Yes, worthy Jean (and some who read these lines will at once recognise the identity), despite of your physical infirmities your name will live, as it is doubtless living now, in a better saints' calendar than mine. Jean's sore infirmity was her deafness, a deafness so unqualified, as to defy all effort of lung and voice on the part of those who crossed her threshold. It is only a platitude to say, that of course one of the effects of this sore privation (but of which she herself was profoundly unconscious) was to render her innocent of all sounds, so that in going to visit her, in the wealth of delight in her bestowment of welcome, she used to pitch chairs and stools in the most vehement fashion, regardless of noise, for the accommodation of her visitors. Her infirmity had a more remarkable outcome still. She was, if ever there was in the world, a child of prayer. Her lonely hours in the day, her long hours in the night watches, were relieved and gladdened with the most fervent devotions. But in these she became so loud, with a similar self-unconsciousness, that her neighbours heard every word she uttered—this the more easily, considering the very superficial partitions which separated the tiny rooms in that cottage row. Then, worthy old soul, she was so circumstantial in all her utterances. Never a day passed but there was a prayer for the Minister by name and for each member of the Manse. All her blessings, or imagined blessings, were turned into matters of thankfulness and thanksgiving. No benefaction, however small, escaped recognition; and she had, moreover, a way of expressing her gratitude by repetition of every mercy acknowledged:—"Lord! the Minister gae me half-a-crune; he gae me half-a-crune. Bless the Laird. Bless him in his basket and in his store: ay, in his basket and in his store. And bless Jamie; bring Jamie a' richt, bring Jamie a' richt;"—a petition which implied too plainly that Jamie, her near neighbour, had been and still

¹ A clerical friend, who listened along with me to this complimentary testimony borne to a distinguished relative of his own, will be able to attest the narrative.

was habitually guilty of some deflections from the paths of sobriety and virtue.

We shall omit the next cottage, standing apart, for there is nothing attractive either about it or its inmate. She was one occasionally, perhaps frequently, met with in this many-sided world, no worse off than her neighbours, if anything better, as she had one surviving daughter at service who was in the habit now and then of supplementing her comforts. But she was a typical representative of those narrow, soured, heartless, soulless folks, endowed with a chronic peevishness, indulging herself and others in what are known as "*Jeremiads*." If Bunyan had lived at Taxwood instead of Elstow, and enrolled her as one of his allegorical citizens, he would have made her dwelling in "*Grumble Street*." Her music, if ever such a thing could be imputed to her, was always in the minor key. Everything was wrong with her; a constant fret over the past. She put up shutters on the bright world around her, and turned all into darkness; constantly climbing "*Hill Difficulties*," with not so much as one arbour on them. "*A puir, girnin', whingin' bodie*," was her nearest neighbour's summary of character. In a word, very innocent and ignorant was she, of all included in Keats's celebrated line—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

"Eh, woman!" was the only remonstrance on which another more patient and forbearing villager once ventured, "eh, woman, how are ye no' like the bit burnie wimplin' at your garden fit? It ne'er turns its heed and murmurs. It just gangs on, singin, singin, amang the birks; and so should yee. But that ye dinna, and winna." It was a duty, at times, to look in upon the lonely thing, but a mighty relief and escape when the duty was fulfilled, and she was left to resume her cutty-pipe and monotone.

We have come now to a very different abode, with two very different inmates. I do not attempt, Nanny and Jenny, to disguise your names. You have been for many a year sleeping with your fathers, and if any be spared to recall you, it will only be with deepest interest. The cottage was very tumbledown in appearance, but it was built of great unhewn, unequal, and uneven boulders, as if warranted to defy a century to come. The floor was clay, and the furniture sparse and fragile, but everything was scrupulously clean from door to inglenook. Jenny, though the younger, was by far the more picturesque of the two; and, as in another instance just recorded, I am not likely to be betrayed into error, as her features have been perpetuated by chalk and crayon, and greet me every day of my life.¹ Yes, there she is, unmistakably—the broad nose, the distended nostril, the eye which in benignity and kindness I never saw surpassed. I think I see

¹ See lower figure in woodcut. In the case of both heads, some doubtless still survive who can recognise their scrupulous accuracy.

her now, with her neck awry, on the lowest step of the pulpit stair, drinking in the message that was food and strength to her all the week through. Of a group of very remarkable aged women she was *facile princeps*. A critic at times in her own very deferential, yet unsparing way. What a clearing up there used to be of the Sunday's sermon with the Minister—most frequently to his gratification, but on other occasions relegating him to his commentaries and authorities! How often and how tenderly also, these two worthy souls were wont to dilate on the one great trial and bereavement of their life, the death of an only brother! I am not ashamed to think, how often since, I have rehearsed into the ear of bereavement one touch of theirs of most veritable poetry, as they described in their own homely way how the world from that moment was utterly changed to them. "The first time," said Jenny, "that I cam' out o' my cottage door, I thocht the grass was nae langer green, the sky nae langer blue, and the sun nae langer gowd. I thocht a' about me was the colour o' ashes." Ah! that was a true chord from Nature's Æolian harp, old unconscious minstrel! How many have felt the same, though they never put it in such simple words!

I presume all poets are by nature fervid, impulsive, nervously excitable. Poet or no poet, Jenny was no exception, and did not always combine the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. I shall sum up these passing allusions with a very characteristic scene; although, good Reader, all these incidents would require to have been *seen*, and are poorly rendered by verbal repetition. One day Jenny was appalled—thunderstruck—with the announcement that a patron of the Kirk had been tampering with her Minister; and, in one word, that the latter was about to leave for another distant sphere of labour. The surmise of such a calamity at first was utterly beyond the bounds of credibility. She could no more in thought dis sever Mr. Erskine from Taxwood than she could the sun from the solar system. But the rumour grew; and as the result of a personal round of inquiries the fact seemed to be only too painfully substantiated. However sore the provocation, it was a sad pass to find Jenny (yes, no other word can describe it) *enraged* at her pastor; and tenfold more so at the Patron who had tried, or was trying, to swerve him from his allegiance to his flock, and whom she regarded and spoke of in the light of a modern Ahithophel. Pent-up human nature must be relieved. Oh! Jenny, Jenny! can that day ever be forgotten, when on the other side of the village green I saw you plying, in very defiant mood, your bare, withered arm, every muscle distended for the occasion—the Minister standing contemplating at his gate, and you screaming across so that all within reach might hear, and specially the clerical culprit himself—his tempter (I mean the Patron) coming in duly for his share in the malediction;—"May the counsels of Aheethophil be turned into fullishness!"

Missions in Africa.

By the Rev. JAMES C. HERDMAN, D.D., Melrose.

WHAT interest centres in Africa! It is associated with Moses, with much in the history of Israel, with the growth of the Roman Empire, with the infant Saviour, with the early Church. Yet for long centuries it has been a synonym for the unknown and unenlightened; the land of slavery and suffering, of barbarism and blood, of ignorance and superstition. At length day begins to break; and there is no country for which providence has, in our generation, awakened more endeavour to penetrate its hidden recesses with gospel light. Twelve years ago only the portions near the coast were visited by the missionary; now ambassadors for Christ from every point of the compass press forward that they may evangelise the vast interior. That which geographers used to regard as mere desert, or uninhabited swamp, is found to be one of the most productive regions of the earth; and the entire population is estimated at 220 millions! Nearly forty societies are engaged in this work; and, while the sacrifices of life have been very costly, so plain is the duty, and so encouraging are the tokens of success, that no one for a moment entertains the thought of looking back.

It may help intelligent and prayerful sympathy if we notice the leading agencies with some of their characteristics.

Northern Africa is almost an unoccupied field. In the Barbary States the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews employs several Christian teachers; the British and Foreign Bible Society has colporteurs at Tunis and Algiers; and the Church of Scotland has her Jewish Mission at Alexandria; otherwise, from Tangiers in Morocco to the Suez Canal there were no evangelical labourers until the close of 1881, when Mr. and Mrs. George Pearse broke ground among the Kabyles. These are a hardy race of Mohammedans, under French rule, occupying small villages along the Jurjura range of mountains in Algeria. It was here that Tertullian wrote, and Cyprian suffered, and Augustine studied.

Twenty-two years ago Miss Whateley commenced schools at Cairo for boys and girls—Moslem, Coptic, Greek, and Hebrew; and until interrupted by the war they were very prosperous, with a branch at Damietta, and a Medical Mission for adults. She deservedly won considerable support for her operations, which were long carried on at her own charges; and doubtless they will again be admirably prosecuted.

No small blessing has attended the labours in Egypt of the American United Presbyterian Board. In almost every leading town, from Alexandria to Assouan on the First Cataract, is a station—35 in all; while 1000 communicants and 1200

pupils attest that the work is not in vain. Higher up the Nile, in Nubia and Abyssinia, labourers from St. Chrischona and from Sweden are endeavouring, in spite of the tyranny of King John, to teach the law and love of Jesus to the barbarous Gallas and Falashas; and portions of the Bible have been rendered into their tongue.

It was a suggestion of M'Cheyne's, that Christians should pray to the Lord of the harvest *with a map before them*. It was Christ's command to His disciples, to "lift up their eyes and look on the fields." See how vast they are! how varied! how full of mournful beauty! how parched in some instances! how ripe in others! how ready for the plough or for the harrow! how needing evangelists to sow the seed or to thrust in the sickle! As we look, our pity may be stirred, our faith strengthened, and our hope quickened.

Hitherto the principal scenes of labour in Africa have been on the west and the south. North of the Gulf of Guinea, where the coast runs westward, dotted here and there like lighthouses on lonely headlands lie many mission stations, which have been planted and maintained at a terrible expense of life owing to the insalubrity of the climate.

The Church Missionary Society lost fifty-three agents during the first twenty years in Sierra Leone; and it has expended there more than half a million sterling. But to-day that is a bright spot in the midst of surrounding darkness. In the social advancement of the negro community, in the intellectual culture of not a few, in the reception by thousands of the sublime truths of revelation, in the self-controlling condition of the native Church, the colony with all its imperfections is a witness for Christ.

So on the Niger. In 1860 there was not a baptized convert. Now? "We see a native bishop (Crowther) and ten other native clergymen at work. We see ten stations occupied, some in the Delta, and others 300 miles up the river. We see converts sealing their testimony with their blood. We see the people of Brass and Bonny, who twenty years ago were cannibals, now led by kings and chiefs who have grown rich upon trade with England, attending Christian worship by hundreds, and giving signs of soon embracing Christianity *en masse*. We see the royal idols handed over to the missionaries. We see the *Henry Venn* speeding up and down the river from station to station, under the charge of a devoted Englishman, who is content thus to serve tables, that his African brethren may give themselves to the ministry of the Word. It would be deep ingratitude to ignore the results that have been achieved by divine grace in this darkest of dark lands, and with very imperfect instruments."

In like arduous and blessed labour the Wesleyans, the Baptists, the Basle Mission, and several American Societies have shared. And at Old Calabar the Scotch United Presbyterians hold a

difficult post. They have waged a valiant campaign against slavery and the wretched usages of fetishism; and they begin to reap rich spiritual fruits.

Some of the names on the list of toilers are widely known. Many of our readers will be familiar with the story of Mr. and Mrs. Hinderer, of the Yoruba Mission; and with the memoirs of Warren, Shaw, Edwards, Samuel Brown.

But it is in the south that the most flourishing missions are grouped. The Dutch Reformed Church, the London Missionary Society, the Propagation Society, the Moravians, the Rhenish and the Paris Societies, and the American Board, are labouring in the many districts of Cape Colony; and among the Hottentots, Bechuanas, Basutos, Kaffirs, and Zulus. Here have toiled Vanderkemp and Philip, Hughes and Hodgson, Caselis and Arbousset, and many besides, enduring hardness for the gospel's sake. What lionhearted men they were! What lions they have encountered, and what lions (like Africaner) tamed! His teacher was Robert Moffat. Born in East Lothian and brought up at Carron Shore, he was ordained in Surrey Chapel in 1816, and went first to Great Namaqualand, and thence to the Bechuanas. He made fatiguing journeys, constructed house and school and chapel, taught old and young, lived holily, gained hearts by prayer and patience, and turned the Scriptures into the people's vernacular. He waited for years before he saw a single native come forward to confess Christ; he has lived to behold 50,000 of them Church members. He set his son-in-law in the way of enduring and exploring, our yet greater countryman, to whom pre-eminently the Dark Continent is indebted for awakening on her behalf the curiosity, the compassion, the combined enterprise and evangelisation of Europe and America—DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Recent attempts to force the gates of Central Africa may all be traced to Dr. Livingstone's chivalrous example, his burning words, and his tragic end by distant Bangweolo. First, in 1860 the Universities of England responded to his appeal, and sent forth, out of their best, the gifted Charles Mackenzie, with several coadjutors. One after another of these fell, the victims of hard work and inexperience in a pestilential climate. The headquarters of the Mission were then moved to Zanzibar. There Bishop Steere has conducted its affairs with signal ability and wisdom, once more throwing out his lines upon the mainland. Last year he had under him thirty-four Europeans, of whom seven were ladies—half of them occupied in the comprehensive work of the island, the rest in the Usambara and Rovuma districts. Native catechists have been trained, and important publications in the current languages prepared. And now the Master has called home this useful servant (on 27th August 1882), and within a few months three other missionaries, each remarkable in his way. The blow is

felt to be the more crushing that it comes at the very moment when prospects were most encouraging. Doubtless the gaps will be supplied, and the seed sown in the blood of the martyrs will yet yield glorious fruit; but the present is a crisis of no ordinary sadness and anxiety.

After long waiting at Mombas and Freretown, the Church Missionary Society, six years ago, found an entrance to the interior; and now its Mission at Mtesa's capital is connected with the coast by a chain of stations of which Kageni, Uyui, and Mpwapwa are the principal. Strange vicissitudes have marked the history of this Victoria Nyanza Mission—now rebuking too ready despondency, now disappointing too ardent expectations. Satan's dominion is not to be easily overthrown. "Perplexed, but not in despair," may the labourers be animated by the consciousness of *His* presence who has said, "Go preach the gospel to every creature . . . and, lo, I am with you always!" Last summer five seals were added to their ministry at Uganda.

The London Missionary Society five years ago projected a mission to Tanganyika and the territories of the great chief Mirambo. It has been established, and stations formed at Urambo the capital, and at Ujiji on the one side and Mtowa on the other of the lake—an inland sea, 300 miles by 30, which it is thought will shortly be accessible from the Atlantic. In leading on to it from Zanzibar, Dr. Joseph Mullens, the experienced and energetic Foreign Secretary, died (on 10th July 1879) at the village of Chakombe. His remains were laid in the burial-ground of the Church Mission at Mpwapwa. Other good men have fallen—one an Edinburgh alumnus, Dr. Southon, of great promise, noticed in the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society's *Quarterly* for November last.

The neighbourhood of the third great lake, Nyassa, has been undertaken by the Missions from the Church of Scotland—whose *Blantyre* is admirably situated on a plateau above the rapids of the Shiré—and the Free Church, which has recently removed its station from Cape Maclear to a healthier site, *Bandawé*, farther north. Both have had their trials; but the field remains open and tempting; and the staff, though small, is fit and capable of indefinite expansion.

Our survey is still far from complete. In memory of a son and brother the noble family of Aberdeen established the Gordon Mission in Natal, within twelve miles of the Zulu border. The U.P. and Free Churches have strong Kaffrarian Missions; and the latter owns an Educational and Industrial Institution at Lovedale. From the south the Basutos led by M. Coillard are trying to reach the Zambesi. The French Protestant Mission in Senegal has acquired peculiar interest from the highways of communication now being opened up between that district and Northern Africa. M. Golaz volunteered for the work; with his young

and charming wife, he went out in January 7, 1881, full of enthusiasm. Before the end of the year both were carried off by yellow fever. At his farewell service he had said, "Do not be discouraged if the first labourers fall on the field. Their graves will mark the way for their successors, who will march past them with rapid strides."

Three schemes have been set on foot for reaching from the west the immense populations revealed by the discoveries of Stanley. One is that of the Baptist Missionary Society. Having the Cameroons for a base, they determined, in 1876, to send an expedition to the Congo country. Messrs. Grenfell and Comber led, accompanied by three native brethren who deserve to be named—San John, John Shepherd Quan, and Misilina. They report their conviction that "the kings of Congo and Matoka have believed God's Word, love their Father and Saviour, and are trying to do God's will."

Next: the American Board have chosen as their new field the region of Bihé and the Coanza in West Central Africa, 12° S. latitude, and 250 miles inland. The leader is Mr. W. W. Bagster, a grandson of the man to whom students of the Bible are so much indebted. Hitherto the band have greatly prospered.

Lastly: the Livingstone Inland Mission is for the tribes on the Congo river. Dependent on voluntary contributions, and drawing its agents from Grattan Guinness's Institute, it enlists a wide sympathy in intercession. Considering the manifold difficulties, its progress has been remarkable. Nearly twenty missionaries are employed, and at all the six stations, scattered over 200 miles of country, preaching and teaching the Lord Jesus goes on daily. As in other missions, splendid pioneers, such as Adam M'Call, have died for Africa. But no obstacle however serious, no outlay however heavy, no labour however great, no lives however precious, will induce the Church of Christ to hesitate in this invasion of the kingdom of darkness. The call is from above, the weapons of warfare are not carnal, the aim is life and peace, the resources are infinite, and sure is the end—"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God."

We cannot close this sketch without mention of the beloved Major Malan—who visited and assisted many of the mission stations in Africa, who persevered with voice and pen in earnest pleadings for their support, who began a journal devoted exclusively to their interests, and who was the founder of the "Native African Missions Aid Association." After months of suffering, he fell asleep in May 1881, in his forty-fourth year—"a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

"MAY I not affirm that there has been a growing attachment throughout the kingdom to our National Church—an increasing confidence in her, a deeper tenderness of feeling towards her, as if it were too solemn a thing to contemplate her removal?"—*Dr. Watson's last Sermon, at the opening of the General Assembly.*



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OUR CALCUTTA MISSIONARIES.

See page 60.

A Saxon Story of the Heathen Time.

By THEODORA GEHRICH.¹

Concluded.

WHEN the news of the massacre on the Süntel became known in the Christian country, there was no end of tears, and lamentations, and questioning; and when Lutter's daughter, too, inquired after her dear ones, she was informed that there could be no doubt of her husband's having been slain; no one, however, could tell her what had become of her child. "God of all mercy!" Thoughts of the Osterrat and the Aexterstein flashed through her soul like lightning, for well did she know her own people; and a dreadful fear which amounted to agony came over her. There was but one thing the widowed mother, robbed of her only child, could do. She started on her journey, and with tottering steps, which became feebler and feebler as she went on, she wandered towards her old home.

One evening Lutter was lying on his bear's skin at the fireside; two huge black dogs, the terror of all those who had reason to fear their master, were at his side; the wall was decorated with implements of war: there hung the bull's skin together with his shield, his spear, and his sword. A bright fire was burning in the fireplace, ruddy flames seemed to be playing with each other round the logs of oak-wood, while their light fell upon the floor of the hall. Close to him on the ground, so that he could easily reach it with his hand, stood his beer-jug; it was heavily plated, and larger than any one to be seen now-a-days. Now and then a word or two fell from Lutter's lips, or a sort of indistinct muttering became heard. "What! dost stare at me, thou Christian dog?" he would say; "thou'lt drive me mad with that face of thine. My daughter is dead. Leave me alone." And again after a while he began: "What was it the boy said?"—"Thou that overcomest the world." Well, truly, thou hast overcome it! 'Have mercy,'—the heathen does not want mercy, and thou shalt have none." An occasional impatient growling of the dogs interrupted him; now a loud bark; steps outside the door became audible; the door opened, and a woman entered dressed in black, with her face pale as death. There she stood as if rooted to the ground; it was but for a moment; then, stretching her hands forward, she uttered a loud cry, "My father, my father!" and unable to keep up any longer, she sank to the ground. Lutter sprang up, and held the woman in his arms. He looked into her face; his lips quivered; but he found no words. "Father," said the woman, "where is my mother?" That made him find the use of his tongue again. "She died with grief," he answered. "Where are my brothers?" Grinding his teeth with suppressed rage, he muttered: "Killed by the Christians."

¹ Freely translated, with permission of the original author, from a story written in the Low-German dialect by the present minister of the parish of Luttringhausen.

Her head sank down upon her breast, and wringing her hands, she cried from the depth of her tortured heart: "Thou that overcomest the world, O Christ, have mercy upon the heathen, and save Thy servant!" The old man's eyes opened as widely as if they were never going to close again, and furiously he pushed his daughter from him. "Thou too art a Christian!" he cried; "who, then, was the boy whose father I killed on the Süntel, the boy I sacrificed to our gods upon the stone of torture, the boy that looked like thee, that prayed as thou didst?" Drawn up to her full height, the woman stood before him, the expression of her eyes piercing him to his very heart; with her right hand pointing upon her trembling father, she said: "The man whom thou hast killed was thy daughter's husband; the child thou hast slaughtered was thine own flesh and blood; my child, my only son, thou hast slaughtered!" That was too much for the old man; all his former strength forsook him; powerless he sank to the ground, his daughter beside him.

When the next morning dawned, we find the two still together, but a great change, bodily as well as mental, had come over Lutter in the course of one night. In a single night his hair had turned white, and now and then his whole body was violently shaken by a fit of trembling. His daughter was sitting at his side, the very picture of sorrow. Her heart wept, though her eyes had found no tears. There is a great difference, however, between the sorrow of a Christian and that of a heathen; when the fire of affliction approaches him, the heathen's heart is wholly burnt out, that nothing but ashes remain; but in the Christian's heart there is something which no fire can consume: it is his faith which comes forth from the fire purer and firmer than ever. But whatever the father lacked, that was supplied by his daughter, who never wearied of showing compassion, and nothing but compassion, to the murderer of her child.

The Holy Spirit had done His gracious work. He had moved the natural feelings like a storm chasing the clouds; and afterwards He had struck the heathen heart with the flashes of His lightnings, and now it was melting like wax by the heavenly light. Light shone upon him from the words of his daughter, whom, after having thought her lost, he had found again, and who did not put to his account the blood of her son which he had shed. It was this that in his eyes appeared as the greatest miracle, and which therefore turned the scales. The words his daughter spoke to him were the gospel of Jesus; no other words can work miracles; but those words will never cease to work miracles in the hearts of Christians and heathen. During this self-same night they had done their work in the heart of the father as well as of the daughter.

"My daughter," Lutter said on the following day, "I will send messengers to old Amelunk." (Amelunk was a Christian nobleman who lived at

the other side of the Deister, and whose enemy Lutter had hitherto been.) "If they tell him that thou hast come back to me, he may believe them that I want to be a Christian; otherwise he would never believe it; I have done him too much injury. Amelunk has a Christian priest with him; he shall baptize me in the name of thy God, and in the name of thy child's God." "Oh, the eyes of that child!" he would say again and again, "how they were flashing up with the courage of a hero! The words of that child, they were stronger than my arm and my sword! He wanted to make me a Christian, did he say? He has made me one. Christ has overcome me; His mercy shall be my only comfort. One thing, however, must be done; the blood spilt upon the stone of torture will not let me have peace; it must be atoned for. There at that stone, where I have stained my hands with a bloody crime, I will pray to Jesus, that He may wash me, and cleanse me from all bloodguiltiness. The stone of torture shall become the font at which I will be baptized."

When the messengers from Lutterhusen came to old Amelunk, he opened his eyes wide and was full of surprise, but called the priest. The latter, when he had heard the messengers, exclaimed, "Praised be Jesus Christ! Tell your master that I shall follow you immediately." The messengers went their way, and were followed soon afterwards by the priest and old Amelunk, who said that he wanted to see with his own eyes the wonder which God had done; and he saw it with great joy, praising God because He had made His light to shine into the dark night which hitherto had reigned in the country round about. Without further delay they all now went up to the fatal stone where the sacrament of holy baptism was to be administered. The priest led the way; he was followed by Lutter, at whose right hand walked his daughter, while Amelunk was at his left. Lutter's servants, together with all his followers, brought up the rear. Where their master went, they wanted to go too, and where he was, they wanted to be with him, according to the genuine fidelity of ancient squires to their lords and masters.

When the procession came near to the spot, and in sight of the dreadful stone, father and daughter could bear up no longer; all their natural strength failed them; they fell down upon their knees, and old Lutter cried with a loud voice: "Thou that overcomest the world, O Christ, have mercy upon the heathen, and save Thy servant!" "Amen," said the priest, and then he prayed, using the words of the creed of all Christendom. At last they came to the stone, and here for the first time the poor mother found tears to relieve her wounded heart; long and bitterly she wept with her head leaning against the stone, and with her hands clinging to it. When the others wished to draw her away, the priest forbade them, saying: "Leave her, for she is in her right, and is shedding sacred tears

over sacred blood." The stone was now washed by Lutter's people, and when it was freed from the last stains of blood which still clung to it, they filled the hole with pure water, and the priest stretched out his right hand, and holding it over the stone, he said: "In the name of God I command thee to depart from this place, thou unclean spirit, and to give room to the Holy Spirit of God." Then Lutter and all his dependants with him were baptized. From that hour he became another man. The first thing he did was that he built a church in Lutterhusen; and near the church he built a manse, to which he added as much land as was sufficient for the sustenance of a Christian minister. The rest of his estate he divided among his followers, who should possess it together with all the rights and privileges in field and forest connected therewith, and at the same time be entitled to bequeath it to their children, and their children's children.

Lutter died at a good old age, and was buried in the church he built, close to the chancel. His daughter likewise left the world, since the world had no longer anything to give her. On the top of the hill, near to the stone of torture, which, since those days, people called Lutter's font, and which even now we still call the old font, she built a convent, which she entered, and of which she became the first abbess. From there she had a view over the battlefield where her husband had met with his death from her father's hands; and the place where her son's blood had been shed was close to the gate of the cloister. She lived till the whole country round about had become Christian, and many a converted soul sought and found refuge in her convent (which was not then, as only too many of those places became in later times, a seat of idleness and self-indulgence; but one whose inmates sincerely tried to serve God with works of true devotion and charity). All traces of the convent have long since vanished; it was destroyed in times of war, and rebuilt at another place not very far distant; but the old site still bears the name of the cloister. The old font has remained in its former place, and many a wanderer who has passed it, wondering at the size and the peculiar form of the stone, has had no idea of the strange things which have happened there in times long past and gone. But anybody will tell you that the water in the old font is never dried up; come there at whatever season of the year or time of the day you will, there is always water in the font. Dear Christian, have the blessings which have been pledged to you in baptism remained as constant with you as the water has remained in the stone? Has the Water of Life never been wanting in your soul? Thank God if so it be, but do not forget that there are thousands and thousands of people living even now who have never been baptized, and who know nothing of Christ, and if you think of that, then pray: Thou that overcomest the world, O Christ, have mercy upon the heathen, and save Thy servants!

Lines found under the Pillow of a dead Soldier
in the Hospital at Richmond during the
American War.¹

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether the waking find
Me here or there :

A bowing burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now ;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past .
I am ready *not* to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done,
And this is all my part ;
I give a patient God
My patient heart ;

And grasp His Banner still,
Though all its blue be dim ;
These stripes no less than stars
Lead after Him.

¹ Forwarded by Rev. Dr. MacGregor, St. Cuthbert's.

Our Calcutta Missionaries.

OUR Calcutta Institution is unprecedentedly successful, and its College department is the largest of any kind in India. It is not in our power at present to give a portrait of the distinguished Principal, the Rev. W. HASTIE, B.D. But we present our readers with portraits of our other esteemed Missionaries:—

Rev. JAMES EDWARDS, M.A., was born at Lossiemouth and trained as a teacher there, studied at the University of Aberdeen, was licensed by the U.P. Presbytery of Aberdeen, after application to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was ordained as a Missionary by the Presbytery of Glasgow in 1874, gave two years' service at Bombay, and has since laboured in Calcutta.

JAMES WILSON, Esq., was born at Glasgow, studied at the High School and University there, and was appointed a Missionary in 1862. Mr. Wilson has completed twenty years' service. He received the thanks of the General Assembly in 1879.

WILLIAM FISH, Esq., M.A., is a native of Airth, Stirlingshire; studied at the Church of Scotland Normal School, Edinburgh, and is a certificated teacher; graduated at the University of Edinburgh, and was appointed Professor of English in our Calcutta Institution 30th December 1879.

Rev. BIPRO CHURN CHUCKERBUTTY was born in 1823, professed Christianity and was baptized in 1843. He is Pastor of the Native Bengali Church, which has sixty-seven Communicants, and he labours otherwise in the Mission.

John Duncan, Weaver and Botanist.

By the Rev. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

A VERY interesting life of this humble yet distinguished Scotchman has just been published.¹ It contains much that is beautiful and worthy of remembrance, and from which we can all learn something. We believe a short outline of it may be acceptable to the readers of this Magazine. John Duncan was born and brought up in the village of Stonehaven, on the rocky coast of Aberdeenshire. He never knew the care of a father, and any parental training he received was from his mother. The boy was reared in poverty, and never had the advantage even of attending school. He was naturally quick and intelligent, always picking up scraps of information; and the Castle of Duntottar, the prison-house of the Covenanters, being in his neighbourhood, he early became familiar with the struggles of our forefathers for liberty, and was imbued by their religious spirit to the end of his days. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed to a weaver at Drumlithie. Here he was so unfortunate as to have a cruel master, by whom he was overworked, and who treated him always in a harsh and savage way. His master's wife was kind to him—read aloud to him as he worked at the loom, and encouraged him to learn to read for himself. He commenced at the alphabet, and was soon able to read without difficulty. His desire for self-improvement was indomitable. He attended a night-school. Every spare moment found him poring over any books he could find, and as one of his old friends said of him, "he learned himself a great heap." He was noted also for his power of memory, being able on his return from Drumlithie Kirk, which he regularly attended, to repeat to his companions great portions of the sermon.

His kind mistress died when his apprenticeship was about ended, and the cruelty of his master becoming intolerable, he ran away, and found employment in a large weaving factory in Aberdeen, where he remained for eight years. During this time he married; but his marriage was unfortunate. His wife turned out badly, and after a period of great domestic misery she deserted him. With his heart almost broken, he resolved to leave Aberdeen and quit the scene which had witnessed his sorrows and her disgrace. He turned to the employment of a country weaver, wandering from house to house, executing skilfully any kind of cloth he might be called to make. The district that he selected in which to exercise his trade lay in the valley of the river Don and in the neighbourhood of the hill of Benachie, celebrated in Scottish song. It is a mountainous district "surrounded by countless scenes of uncommon beauty, com-

¹ "The Life of John Duncan, Scotch Weaver and Botanist," by William Jolly, F.G.S.—Kegan Paul and Trench, 1883.

manding wonderful prospects of the level country below, and richly rewarding the geologist, mineralogist, and botanist, who explore its hidden recesses." It was not the beauty of the scenery alone that induced Duncan to choose it as the scene of his labour. He had become deeply interested in the study of plant-life. When at school, he had learned something of the medicinal properties of herbs, and gradually this developed into a scientific study of their nature and place in botany. In his new home this was his passion. As he wandered about from homestead to homestead plying his handicraft, or when afterwards he attained the dignity of a "biggin' o' his ain," he was always seeking to extend his knowledge of plants and flowers. He became a botanist of no mean order, and his collection of specimens that he had gathered from mount and glen, attracted in after years the notice of men eminent in botanical science. Seldom has a humble life more devoted to self-improvement and the acquisition of knowledge been witnessed in our country. It shows what the humblest of our people, by perseverance and God's blessing, can do to raise themselves, and to enjoy pleasures of the purest kind. Though Duncan had learned, as we have said, to read, he had not learned to write, and it was not till his thirty-fourth year that by dint of hard labour and patience he acquired the power. To ability to write he added knowledge of grammar, and from this he passed to other branches of learning. He became interested in astronomy, and so eager did he become in his astronomical studies that on clear frosty nights he was seen setting off to the tops of bare hills commanding an uninterrupted view of the skies, and he did not return to his cold couch till midnight—a foolish and senseless proceeding in the eyes of more comfortable neighbours—so that he began to be thought "no very wise." Probably most of our readers will be of a different opinion. The perseverance of the man was marvellous, and his enthusiasm ever fresh. He learned Latin; he put together an astronomical watch. He could tell the hour during the day by the position of the sun, during the night by that of the stars, with remarkable accuracy. His appearance was striking. "He wore a blue dress-coat and vest of his own manufacture, with very high neck and clear brass buttons; corduroy trousers, and white spotted napkin round his throat; a tall satin hat well set on the back of his head; a big blue umbrella, which was an old-fashioned 'Sairey Gamp,' under his arm; a staff in his hand, and great boots with iron toes, full of big tackets, on his feet; while his trousers were generally rolled half-way up to his knees to keep them clean, "for fear o' bladding them." He was an old-world figure, but full of youthful fire. Even when well advanced in years he would leave the house before daybreak, tramp over the hills for miles, scanning every cranny for specimens, returning home by ten o'clock to do his

day's work at the loom. His biographer relates the joy with which, on a visit to Edinburgh, he was introduced to the wonders of the Botanical Gardens—it was the joy of a child's visit to fairyland. He was almost carried "out of himself."

Duncan was a sober, industrious man, and his whole life was pervaded by earnest religious principle. He was a constant student of the Scriptures. He even learned Greek that he might be able to study the New Testament in the original. "He threw into religion the same ardour as into science, his enthusiasm in Theology being as marked as in Botany or Astronomy." His piety was of a deep, genuine kind. In other times he would have made a zealous Covenanter. He had a great deal of the Covenanting spirit about him, perhaps occasionally in its most intolerant form. On one occasion he asserted his readiness to put down the Roman Catholics with the high hand. "You surely would not take the gun to them, John?" replied his friend; "should you not try preaching and reasoning with them?" "Well, well," said John, "but if they winna hear, what then? There's naething for't but shootin'!" There was in this something of the old Cameronian carried into our modern and tolerant times. Duncan, though his antipathies were strong, was in reality a very amiable and peace-loving man. He was fond of controversy and argument, but kept his temper and dwelt in charity with those who differed from him. He threw in his lot with the Free Church, of which he became a very zealous adherent, and to the support of which he always offered, out of his poverty, his small but willing mite. He held a Bible Class and officiated at prayer-meetings. From public worship he was never absent. "That day," says one who knew him well, "was a bad one when he was not to be seen walking to church, clean and tidy, dressed in a suit of his own weaving. His religion was real and no hypocrisy, and I can see him now holding his well-worn pocket Bible very near his eyes, as he sat reverently in his accustomed seat in church."

Sorrowful times came to the good weaver ere his hard-working life closed. He had lived a frugal life. "His one luxury had been the buying of books. His food had cost very little; he had never spent money on liquor," but hand-loom weaving went out of fashion; farmers got their cloth from town, instead of having it spun at home. When he reached his seventy-sixth year Duncan was in debt to no man, yet poverty stared him in the face. He worked as hard as his failing strength would allow him. He gave up a fire in his workshop even in winter, "still trying to make ends meet with the sturdy, admirable independence that had always characterised him, since he began to earn his own bread, at ten years of age, more than sixty-six years before." He never complained of poverty. His great wish was that he might be saved a pauper's

dole, and die amid his flowers. His collection of plants he might have sold, but he would rather die. The tottering old man of eighty sought employment at a saw-mill, willing to do anything but beg. The struggle became too much for him in the end, and he took to bed, "losing hope amid the gathering blackness." At last, in his utter misery, the old man, on a winter's snowy morning, went to ask and to receive a pauper's portion. God, whom he served humbly, remembered him in his sorrow, and caused it to be "light with him at eventide." In his eighty-fourth year an article by the kindly and clever man who has just written his life gave in *Good Words* a sketch of his remarkable history, and an appeal was made to the public on his behalf. Abundance came to him. From the Queen, from every part of the Empire, from people of every rank in life, contributions flowed in. The public press took up the cause. The *Times* referred to his "Herbarium" as a "noble work—many a patent of nobility and many a pension having been conferred for a less valuable and less dignified piece of labour." The poor weaver in his old age was greatly comforted, most of all by the thought that he would die in peace in his nest. It was a comfortable "nest" in its way. The walls were adorned with pictures, plain and coloured, of Da Vinci's Lord's Supper and other Bible scenes. The small window was hung with gauze curtains and had a pretty bead basket pendent in its centre. The floor was covered with "thick clooty carpets of John's ain weaving."

Here he at last lay down to die. He was ready. His temporal concerns were easily arranged. The "Herbarium," his beloved collection of plants, he gave to the University of Aberdeen. The money that had come to him he left—wishing to confer on others benefits he himself had not received, and to encourage in others a love for science which had been to himself so pure a source of joy—to found a scholarship or scholarships for the study of Natural Science among the youth, both boys and girls, of the parishes in which he had spent most of his life. His departure was blessed by great peace in God. One touch in his dying scene was full of meaning, and deeply characteristic of the man. When his Minister prayed with him he used the expression "the God of Nature and the God of Grace." Notwithstanding his deep prostration, the words struck an old congenial chord, and the dying man opened his eyes, and with an earnest gaze and firm grasp of the hand he whispered—it was all he was able to do—"Very comprehensive! He is the God of Nature and the God of Grace!" John Duncan lies amidst the scenes where his hard-working life had passed, neath the shadow of the mountains on which in pursuit of science he had wandered. In accordance with his last wish, a rough native block of stone was placed on his grave. His life speaks for itself; it is like that stone, humble, rugged, and unpolished, but beautiful in its humility and ruggedness.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. In Job 4. Eliphaz announces a false opinion which Jesus condemns in Luke 13. : find the two passages. 2. Find where Job says that he had not worshipped the heavenly bodies. 3 and 4. Find 27 species of animals named in Job (general terms like *beast* not to be included: the male and the female or the young and the old of an animal are only one species). 5. Find in Ezekiel the parable of the two great eagles. 6. Who were meant by those eagles? 7. Answer from John 1. :—(1) Where was Jesus before created things were made? (2) What was He then? (3) What was He doing when created things were made? 8. Answer from Hebrews 4. :—(1) Where is Jesus now? and from Acts 1. :—In what manner will He return? 9 and 10. Find it recorded (1) of John the Baptist; (2) of Peter; (3) of Stephen; (4) of Paul, that being filled with the Holy Ghost they were able to do great things for God.

ANSWERS FOR MARCH.

1. Two tables of stone, 1 Kings 8. 9. 2. Pot of manna, Exod. 16. 33; Aaron's rod, Num. 17. 10; Book of the Law, Deut. 31. 26. 3. Two Debtors (Luke 7. 39); Lost Sheep, Lost Money, Prodigal Son (15. 2, 3); Pharisee and Publican (18. 9). 4. Mary the mother of Jesus, Mary the wife of Cleophas, Mary Magdalene, Mary of Bethany, Martha. 5. (1) Darkness; (2) veil rent; (3) earthquake; (4) rocks rent; (5) graves opened; (6) bodies of the saints arose. 6. (1) False witnesses; (2) accusation of blasphemy; (3) it was without the city; (4) he commended his spirit to God; (5) he prayed for his murderers. 7. Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea. 8. Epaphroditus of Philippi, Aristarchus and Secundus of Thessalonica, Sopater of Berea. 9. Job 20. 5; 2 Cor. 4. 17; Matt. 25. 46. 10. Rev. 1. 3; 14. 13; 16. 15; 19. 9; 20. 6; 22. 7; 22. 14.

Calendar for April.

1	Su.	All that the Lord speaketh, that I must do.—Num. 23.
2	M.	Go work to-day in My vineyard.—Matt. 21. 28. [26.
3	Tu.	Let the beauty of the Lord be upon us.—Ps. 90. 17.
4	W.	The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit.—1 Pet. 3. 4.
5	Th.	Not rendering evil for evil.—1 Pet. 3. 9.
6	F.	That your prayers be not hindered.—1 Pet. 3. 7.
7	Sa.	<i>New Moon.</i> O Lord, Thou knowest.—Jer. 15. 15.
8	Su.	I have set before thee this day Life.—Deut. 30. 15.
9	M.	Love the Lord, all ye His saints.—Ps. 31. 23.
10	Tu.	If ye love Me, keep My commandments.—John 14. 15.
11	W.	He shall give you another Comforter.—John 14. 16.
12	Th.	The Lord make His face shine upon thee.—Num. 6. 25.
13	F.	God is mighty, and despiseth not any.—Job 36. 5.
14	Sa.	He hath respect unto the lowly.—Ps. 138. 6.
15	Su.	<i>Collection for Home Mission.</i> —Ps. 122. 7. [Ps. 5. 3.
16	M.	In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee.—
17	Tu.	Call ye upon Him while He is near.—Isa. 55. 6.
18	W.	The Lord will hear when I call unto Him.—Ps. 4. 3.
19	Th.	I do remember my faults this day.—Gen. 41. 9. [35.
20	F.	They remembered that God was their Rock.—Ps. 78.
21	Sa.	He hath remembered His covenant.—Ps. 105. 8. [22.
22	Su.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Cast thy burden upon the Lord.—Ps. 55.
23	M.	Found of them that sought me not.—Isa. 65. 1. [33. 11.
24	Tu.	I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked.—Ezek.
25	W.	Doth He not leave the ninety and nine?—Matt. 18. 12.
26	Th.	Washed in the blood of the Lamb.—Rev. 7. 14.
27	F.	Thy gentleness hath made me great.—Ps. 18. 35.
28	Sa.	With God all things are possible.—Matt. 19. 26.
29	Su.	Satisfied with the goodness of Thy House.—Ps. 65. 4.
30	M.	Continue in the grace of God.—Acts 13. 43.

M A Y.

1	Tu.	Keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins.—Ps.
2	W.	I have hope toward God.—Acts 24. 15. [19. 13.
3	Th.	Take us for Thine inheritance.—Exod. 34. 9.

Obedient Children.

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

I WAS ministering one day at a sick-bed. The sick person was an old man, weary and worn out with the toil of a long life. I read to him the story of Enoch walking with God and Cowper's hymn "Oh for a closer walk with God." When I was done reading the old man said in tones of Christian penitence, "Minister, I wish my life had been like that hymn." I thought the old man's words were a beautiful description of obedience. An obedient child may be called a child whose whole life is like a hymn of praise to the glory of God.

I. *Obedient children are the children who obey the voice of the Lord.* To obey means to hear, to listen, to attend to. But there must be something to hear, something to listen to, something to attend to. What is that something? It is the voice of the Lord through which He makes known to us His will. I knew a mother who was giving her boy an advice as he was leaving her home in the country to begin life in a great city. She gave him words of warning, words of instruction, words of loving cheer; but she summed up her parting words with this wise counsel—"And remember, John, always to serve the Lord, and you will best serve yourself, and your master, and your father, and me." This is the great rule of the life of Christ's obedient children. They speak the truth, for that is the will of God. They are honest, for that is the will of God. They are kind to one another, for that is the will of God. They honour their father and mother, for that is the will of God. They are diligent in any work they are called to do, for that is the will of God. What is not the will of God they dare not do. When they are doing the will of God they are doing all that man can require of them.

II. *Obedient children are the children who obey the Lord because they love Him.* A gentleman once met a little girl carrying a big baby boy on her back on a hot summer day along a dusty country road. Her face was glowing with heat, and streamlets of perspiration were running down it, and her hair was flowing in the summer wind. The gentleman was struck with the romping fresh child, but thought she was overburdened. He stopped her and asked if the baby was not too heavy. She looked up through a mist of golden hair and a wave of smiles and said—"Oh he is not the least heavy, he is ma brither." Love was the spring that made her burden light, her duty well done; and love is the secret of the obedience of all Christ's children. The obedience that is born of fear is hard heartless duty, not good for ourselves and not glorifying to God. The obedience that springs from love is free happy service, the service of children, not the service of slaves. God wants all we do for Him to proceed out of the love of the heart that He has made

clean and glad by His grace. What we do for Him depends greatly on how we do it. He thinks more of a mite that unselfish love gives than of a million that is given from selfish fear.

III. *Obedient children are the children who obey the Lord in all things.* Children are sometimes tempted to think of God only on Sundays or at times when engaged in religious services—that He is to be obeyed in worship. But He is to be obeyed in work, and in all the work that His children are called to undertake. There is a story told of a very small congregation in America. It consisted of only twelve persons, but they all agreed to do something in the service of God. They had a meeting to arrange plans and appoint "to every one his work." They began at the oldest and came down the list of members to the youngest. Some agreed to teach the young, some to visit the poor, some to conduct "little prayer meetings" some to circulate tracts. This was all good useful work. The youngest member was a servant girl. She was asked what she would undertake. She was very shy and felt herself very helpless, but she modestly answered, "I will try and serve God in the trifles of my common life." It is said that the old minister on hearing this replied, "Brethren, the youngest member will beat us all." That "youngest member" certainly teaches us all a lesson. To serve God in the "trifles of our common life" is the duty and the privilege of God's obedient children. We are called upon to be living epistles of the Lord Jesus Christ, and on every side of our life there must be written in Christian deeds the gospel we have believed.

IV. *Obedient children are the children who find in obedience its own reward.* It is not wise always to be asking, "What wages am I to get for serving God?" I remember sitting beside an aged minister who had lived a long useful life. He spoke of the many things that God had done for him, of his own deep peace and the joy of a happy trust; and he spoke of heaven. He was going there with clear bright hope. But he said a thing about heaven that made my young heart wonder. "I do not think of heaven as a place where God will reward me for what I have done for Him, but as a place where I will praise Him for what He has done for me." Surely this is the right view of looking at the rewards of obedience. Everything we do for God should be regarded as an oblation of praise for what He has done for us. At the end of the page we come back to the truth with which it opened—An obedient child is a child whose whole life is like a beautiful hymn of praise to the glory of God; and the reward of obedience is in being made by grace and truth like a Christian song. We are called upon to keep the commandments of the Lord,—His grace in Jesus is given for this great end, and the Scriptures tell us that "in keeping of them there is great reward."

The Robin's Sang.

THE mavis likes the tree-tap
 When spring gaes thro' the wud ;
 The laverock haunts the blue lift
 Whare hangs the sunny clud :
 But in a hedge or laigh buss,
 The withered leaves amang,
 Wi' a cheery hairt the robin
 Lilts his ain blithe sang.

Ye weel may teach the mavis
 To claver human wirds ;
 Ye e'en may get the laverock
 To mock some ither birds :
 But though ye wirk a lifetime
 Fu' eident an' fu' thrang,
 Ye will never gar the robin
 Change his ain auld sang.



“Wi' a cheery hairt the robin
 Lilts his ain blithe sang.”

The laverock is a sangster
 That a' delight to hear,
 An' few are praised sae highly,
 Or sing sae sweet an' clear :
 But though ye gang a far gate,
 An' though ye listen lang,
 Ye will never hear the robin
 Try the laverock's sang.

Some folk are fashed fu' sairly,
 Their breist wi' envy swells
 That ithers should be higher
 An' brawer than themselfs :
 But blessings dinna only
 To high degree belang ;
 They're blest wha weel-contentit
 Sing their ain blithe sang.

Some canna hear wi' patience
 A pooerfu' singin' cheil,
 But they maun set themselfs up
 To sing as lood an' weel ;
 'Twad save them frae a doon-come
 An' disappointment's pang,
 Wad they only like the robin
 Sing their ain laigh sang.

It's no the place or portion
 That maks us gude or ill ;
 But the way that Heaven's purpose
 We labour to fulfil :
 The question we've to answer
 When frae this world we gang,
 Is hoo ilk ane in his station
 Sang his ain true sang.

R. H. C.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



MAY 1883.

Sermon.

THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

By the REV. GEORGE W. SPROTT, D.D., North Berwick.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."—
EXODUS XX. 8.

THE first three commandments direct our thoughts to the one living and true God as the only object of worship, and to the manner and spirit in which that worship is to be rendered. The main design of the fourth is to provide rest and regular opportunities for the performance of this duty. Its place among moral precepts which are meant for all mankind shows that it embodies principles which are of perpetual obligation, and it has always been regarded by the Church as requiring the Christian observance of the Lord's Day.

I. Let us consider first our obligation to devote this seventh portion of time specially to God's service. Our Lord's words, "The Sabbath was made for man," imply that a weekly day of rest was a privilege meant for all mankind, and His declaration, "The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath," may indicate that His sovereignty over it was to be manifested by some marked change. Accordingly, after His resurrection, and in commemoration of that glorious fact which made all things new, we find the Lord's Day gradually taking the place of the Old Testament Sabbath, as Baptism took the place of Circumcision and the Lord's Supper the place of the Passover. We can quote no express precept enjoining the change. It may have been among "the things pertaining to the kingdom of God" of which our Lord spake during the great forty days that intervened betwixt His resurrection and His ascension. Be this as it may, He hallowed the first day by His triumphant return from the grave, by meeting with the assembled Apostles that evening, and on the same day of the week following, and by choosing it for the descent of the Holy Ghost—thus distinguishing it as the birthday of the Christian Church. With such associations it must have borne a sacred character from the first, and accordingly we find it referred to as the principal time on which the Apostolic Church applied itself to its work of worship, instruction, and beneficence. Thus we read that at Troas "upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread Paul preached unto them." Again, it was the time

when the weekly offerings were set apart for charitable and religious purposes. "Concerning the collection for the saints," St. Paul writes to the Corinthians, "As I have given order to the churches of Galatia, even so do ye. Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." In the book of Revelation St. John refers to it thus, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day"—words which show that this was the name by which it was then commonly known among Christians, and that the practice of devoting its sacred hours to holy thoughts and occupations was one to which they were accustomed. The seventh day, in addition to the Lord's Day, was still strictly kept by Jewish Christians in Palestine and elsewhere, and in conformity with their traditions and prejudices it continued to be long observed to some extent also by the Gentile churches, but Scripture expressly teaches that it is no longer obligatory. "Let no man judge you . . . in respect . . . of the Sabbath days, which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ."

We have thus ample grounds for believing that under the direction of inspired apostles the Lord's Day was substituted for the Old Testament Sabbath, and that its observance as a divine and not merely ecclesiastical institution is a duty of permanent obligation.

II. We pass on to notice the manner in which it should be kept.

The New Testament gives no rules on this subject beyond those suggested by the passages quoted, but light is shed upon it by our Lord's vindication of the beneficent character of the fourth commandment and His indignant rejection of the superstitious scruples, frivolous distinctions, and arbitrary prohibitions, by which the Pharisees had perverted it. This at least is certain—What He did on the one day we may lawfully do on the other, and what He rejected we should reject also.

(1.) All classes are bound to meet together on the Lord's Day for public worship. Of old, on the Sabbath "holy convocations" were held, the morning and evening sacrifices were doubled, the twelve loaves of the shewbread were renewed; and after the erection of synagogues the people assembled in them for prayer and the reading of the Scriptures. In like manner the Lord's Day was made the stated season for the solemn meetings of

the Church. It is the duty, therefore, of all Christians regularly to attend the House of God on that day, and as often as they have the opportunity to join in the celebration of the Holy Sacrament of the Supper, which was the principal part of divine service in Apostolic times. They who without good cause "forsake the assembling of themselves together," or hinder the attendance of others, profane the day, withhold from the Almighty the homage which is due, and act on principles which tend to banish the public worship of His name from the face of the earth.

(2.) A part of the day should be devoted to special private and family religious exercises. It furnishes the great majority with fuller and better opportunities than they can command at other times for private communion with God, for searching the Scriptures, for discharging the duty of self-examination before receiving the Holy Communion, for adding to their stores of Christian knowledge, and for quickening their interest in the advancement of Christ's kingdom by keeping themselves acquainted with the progress of Missions. In many homes the family devotions can also be conducted under more favourable circumstances than on other days. These golden opportunities should be improved, and we may add that nothing can be more appropriate than the growing practice of spending part of the evening in singing hymns. It is the only day on which many working men can see much of their families, and it is the time above all others for Christian parents instructing their children in divine things, according to their solemn engagements when they dedicated them to God in Holy Baptism.

(3.) Another leading duty of the day is the performance of works of charity and benevolence. Both by precept and example our Lord showed that this was an essential feature of the true keeping of the Sabbath, and therefore His people should spend part of their Sunday leisure in such duties as visiting the sick and aged, comforting the afflicted, instructing the ignorant, and reconciling those who are at variance. It would be an immense blessing if Christians recognised more fully their obligations to do good on the Lord's Day, and if, in the intervals of worship, they were more frequently seen moving to and fro on errands of mercy and kindness. It is entirely in harmony with the spirit of the day to remember upon it the claims of natural affection, and to discharge duties towards kindred and friends which cannot be overtaken at other times, and which do not interfere with its more sacred occupations.

(4.) It should be kept as a season of rest from bodily labour and worldly occupations. Amusements lawful at other times are also to be abstained from as incompatible with its sacred character and associations. A general suspension of secular business is necessary to enable all classes to discharge the duties that have been mentioned, and to provide

needful repose for body and mind. At first the law of rest was necessarily in abeyance. During the apostolic age, when the Church was exposed to persecution, and when many of its members were strict observers of the Old Testament Sabbath, while others were the children of heathen parents or the slaves of heathen masters, it would have been quite impossible to have carried it out. Still the day was appropriated to rest and worship so far as circumstances permitted; and in proportion as the Church was emancipated from Judaism and increased in influence there was a gradual transference to it of the duties required by the commandment. And when, in the year 321, Constantine, the first Christian emperor, issued an edict ordering a general suspension of business on the Lord's Day, the measure was joyfully welcomed by the Church. Human beings are so constituted that they need a weekly day of rest from toil. Nor should we be unmindful of the merciful provision made of old by God for that part of the brute creation to whose services man is so greatly indebted. Let us therefore guard its sanctity by abstaining from worldly cares and occupations during its sacred hours, and let us set our faces against all encroachments upon the rest and liberty which it secures for the working classes. Unless Christians adhere strictly to the rule, which allows no exceptions save works of necessity and charity, there is great danger of the whole day being secularised.

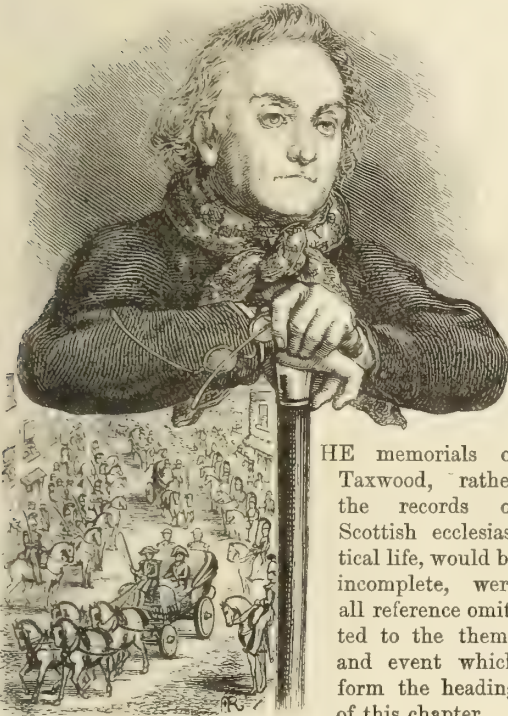
(5.) It should be kept as a season of holy joy. The early Christians thought themselves bound to keep it as a festival in token of their gratitude for that great event which turned the sorrow of the world into joy. "We keep the eighth day with gladness on which Christ arose from the dead." "Instead of sabbatising, let every Christian keep the Lord's Day, the day on which Christ rose again, the queen of days on which our Life arose, and death was conquered by Christ." "On Sunday we give ourselves to joy." Such are the terms in which the fathers of the Church with one voice speak of the day, and our observance of it should be characterised by a like spirit. They who make it a season of gloom, who suffer themselves to become the slaves of superstitious scruples such as our Lord condemned in the Pharisees, and who try to impose their austere views upon others, do much harm to religion, and, like all zealots, endanger the institution which they seek to uphold. It should be the happiest day of the week. The services of the Church should be hearty and bright, and in the dwellings of the righteous there should be joy and peace. From the first children should be taught to make a difference betwixt it and other days, but they should not have a yoke laid on them which they are not able to bear. It should be set before them as a precious gift of God, and they should be trained to love it as His people have loved it from generation to generation.

The Parish of Taxwood,
AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

VII.—THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.



HE memorials of Taxwood, rather the records of Scottish ecclesiastical life, would be incomplete, were all reference omitted to the theme and event which form the heading of this chapter.

Who that knows anything of "the North," is ignorant of the ministerial stir from John o' Groats' House to the Tweed, previous to, and at the time of, the meeting of the General Assembly? It stands out in every Manse the great occurrence of the year. To vast numbers of the clergy, and to not a few of the laity, it is what the Pilgrimage to Mecca is to the Mohammedan hadji and the followers of Islam; with perhaps this important difference, that the gentler sex are not excluded, but rather very specifically included in the festal throng which then converges to the ancient Metropolis. In many a quiet, lonely, out-of-the-way clerical home, alike in Highlands and Lowlands, it is the pleasant anticipation of the winter. If the ministers, or very many of them (and among these of course many of the best), are anxiously and thoughtfully engaged in pondering problems and formulating schemes for discussion at the great anniversary—in a preliminary way buckling on their ecclesiastical armour,—wives and daughters, it must be silently owned, have their own more worldly cogitations, connected with pecuniary investments in the shops of the Capital—whether taking the shape of personal or of domestic comfort and adornment;—investments it must be further acknowledged which occasionally

can hardly fail to exercise a mentally disturbative influence on their husbands, in the discharge of more important duties. The latter, with their very limited and restricted stipends, naturally dread such temptations to susceptible and impulsive female natures. The annual Convocation, as most who trace these lines well know, takes place at the brightest season of the Scottish year; always excepting when the poisonous east wind, which so often scourges the Modern Athens, prolongs its earlier spring visitation, doing fierce battle with delicate chests, and making plaids and bufflers in the ascendant. But when genial zephyrs and sunshine prevail, Edinburgh then dons its best. We all know, who love her, prize her, and are proud of her, what that best is,—for, with a pretty extensive acquaintance with the noted capitals in Europe and Western Asia, if mere magnitude of area and amount of population are excluded, we deliberately pronounce "our own romantic town," *par excellence* the Queen of cities.

The Manse of Taxwood participated fully in the small annual sensation just described. "The Assembly" had been, for weeks and months, the subject of agreeable domestic prattle.

The Laird, from his social position as a resident elder and heritor, coupled with his sterling character and worth, was invariably returned by the Presbytery of Forglan as their lay representative. It formed one of the few breaks in the even tenor of his way—the plodding uniformity of country life; and, along with his high sense of the duty such appointment involved, he always looked forward to his fortnight in the Scottish Capital with the liveliest pleasure. He was in the habit of securing a capacious lodging, sometimes a whole house, in Princes Street; to which, in addition to his own wife and daughters, he habitually invited the three inmates of the Manse. Even when Mr. Erskine was not returned as a member of Assembly in the ordinary rotation, he was too glad to avail himself of the Laird's generous thoughtfulness and hospitality. It was an opportunity of meeting old friends, and exchanging cordial greetings.

Let us describe such a visit in the year of grace which we shall leave indeterminate.

There was all the flutter of genial and ungenial preparation inside and out the Manse. Aunt Phemie, ably backed up by Dan and Betty, had some days of preliminary toil. Anything deemed precious in the shape of book or ornament was relegated to presses under lock and key, seeing this periodical season of absence was always dedicated to household lustration from floor to chimney. In the temporary absence of his Master, Dan became, for the nonce, a personage of no ordinary importance. He was in the lay sense of the word "curate in charge;" or shall we call it "Rural Dean;" and he made it a small matter of conscience to magnify his own importance and responsibility. These were still pre-railway times—or rather, the intricate net-

work which now prevails had only its few incipient straggling meshes. Accordingly, it was after bowling along the old turnpike in a four-horse coach, for the better half of a day, that the Taxwood party, lay, clerical, male and female, found themselves looking out of a drawing-room window, as the westerling sun was casting its glints of gold on the Castle rock of Edinburgh and tipping the trees with their early leafage in front. The same prospect had been seen again and again in previous years—but with that singular fascination which invests truly beautiful things, alike in nature and art, all appeared as fresh and bright as if it were a new and first revelation. Of course, however, it was the stream of “living life,” in street and pavement outside, that had to those, fresh from rural sights and sounds, the greatest charm of novelty. Nor was the least amusing part of it, specially to the Laird, watching the innocent—almost bewildering delight of some of the country brethren in their irreproachable black :—sometimes alone ; sometimes in friendly fellowship ; sometimes linked in the old but now discredited fashion of “arm-in-arm ;” sometimes with admiring and enthusiastic female relatives. Now a small clerical knot would form on the opposite side of the way, apart from the traffic, to hold some quiet talk about coming discussions, and “cases,” and “views :”—the (now also very much discredited) snuff-mull circumnavigating the group to quicken thought and good brotherhood.

But the morrow has come.

We have very few surviving national pageants in Scotland. One of these unquestionably is the *Levee* in Holyrood and “the Commissioner’s Walk” therefrom. We are conservative and patriotic enough to add, May the day be distant when its pomp of circumstance comes to be numbered among the things of the past ! With the exception of some occasional civic and Royal processions in London, there is nothing at all like it as an imposing spectacle—a pageant of historic and most suggestive interest, as the Queen’s accredited Representative, in regal state, with Royal escort and Royal troops lining the streets, comes from her ancient Palace to inaugurate the ecclesiastical meetings, by worshipping in the then somewhat gloomy and archaic, but now restored and beautified Cathedral. Considering, moreover, the accessories and surroundings of the route taken, whether by the ancient Canongate or Calton Hill, we question if there be anything in these realms (forgive the repetition) that can exceed it in picturesqueness ; indeed if it be not a thing unique in Christendom.

To attempt description of a meeting of Assembly, or to give in the most perfunctory fashion an outline of any one debate and discussion, would be alike beyond our object and scope, in these fugitive papers. Not but that many of these, specially at the time we write of, would be worthy of all faithful record and rendering. There may be—there are—spots even in the clerical sun ! But we assert,

with only a fair and modest estimate of her intellectual and spiritual forces, that the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland could and can hold her own with any other kindred deliberative assembly of enlightened Europe, whether these come under the category of consistory, congress, or convocation ; and therefore, that there is ground for something more than formality of words in the Lord High Commissioner’s official salutation, in the name of his sovereign—“Right Reverend and Right Honourable, we greet you well.”

We are alone concerned, however, in these memories with the General Assembly in its special connection with the inmates of Taxwood Manse. May we begin with Miss Effie ; or rather, with our restricted space, make her the pivot on which the mental Kaleidoscope turns. Supremely interested as our young friend was in church work, and in the best religious interests of Scotland and her parishes, she had no great fancy for crowds and meetings ; still less ambition or partiality to brave a vitiated atmosphere with the not unusual calamitous accompaniment of prolix speakers.

The brief sojourn in Edinburgh on these occasions was, truth to say, her one little holiday or outing for the year ; and she tried in her own independent way to make the most of it. Our readers will not be surprised, from the proximity of the Laird’s lodging to North Castle Street, that she was found, more than once, indulging in a clandestine saunter to have a peep of the window, at which the unremitting pen whose labours were so dear to her had thrown off page after page of marvellous labour ; or that she would steal, on a more distant expedition, now to the King’s Park to trace the imaginary footsteps of the Laird of Dumbiedykes ; now by the West Bow to the Grassmarket to compare another well-known and memorable scene with her own mental impression ; or, yet again, that under the wing of the Laird she would wander into the Parliament House, so long the daily official haunt of the Mighty Minstrel.

Some people, from the peculiarities (shall we say infirmities ?) of a natural, over-ardent temperament, are unfairly exacting, apt to misapprehend,—it may be censure the partialities and wishes of those not precisely cast in the same mental mould with themselves. It must be owned that poor Miss Effie was in this way occasionally stigmatised during this week of relaxation for her apparent preferences of the secular, as compared with what her censors deemed the sacred. The imputation was alike unjust and unreasonable. There was a sort of chronic damper, however, in these periodical Assembly visits, caused by the intermeddling, we might almost say persecuting, ways of two female cousins, her seniors in years, who, from their own predilections, sought to concuss her not only into slavish attendance on what, by a strange verbal conceit, are called Assembly “diets,” but also on the many and multifarious missionary and charitable

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meetings, that are crowded into that ecclesiastical week. Dear Reader, you perfectly understand (if not, be thankful) these cousinly characteristics with their varying developments. Very many of those who share or inherit them are respected and respectable; not a few worthy of commendation and esteem. But, with no serious opprobrium intended in the epithet, they must unfortunately be ranged under the somewhat compromising *soubriquet* and ban of "religious busybodies." None know them better (perhaps, were it honestly spoken, dread them more) than ministers. Some of the "pronounced" are an affliction to many a clergyman's soul and time, in their well-meant but often unrestful energy; following in their wake at preachings, meetings, and what not. That great and good man of his age and city, the late Dr. John Muir of Glasgow, happily designated them "ministerivorous." Just as we use the term gramivorous in speaking of some humbler orders of creation, so in every religious realm and community are the above to be found. We again willingly endorse the certificate of character;—excellent, devoted, enthusiastic in all their ways; yet, who are—well, to put it in the most gracious and chivalrous shape—

"A ministering angel thou!"

Of course to be in Edinburgh at the General Assembly without habitual attendance thereat, would be, in the eyes and judgment of such, to go to Egypt for ten days without a daily visit to the Pyramids.

To the gratification of her two friends, however, one day and occasion were made by Miss Effie notable exceptions. Indeed, on her part, it was only the fulfilment of a long-desired and anticipated pleasure. Among other reasons, she wished dearly to witness her brother and the Laird, sitting side by side in solemn conclave. But she had another even stronger wish and inducement. There was one member of the venerable House she had more than a special anxiety to see and to hear. One of his known field-days was selected. That member was the great Chalmers. The Assembly now, and for a long course of years, have taken possession of a handsome hall for their annual meetings; but in the days I speak of, these were held within the area of the Tron Church. At that time, whatever it may be now, this was a funny, old-fashioned building, with deep galleries for the public, but which, with all its architectural blemishes as a place of worship, was satisfactory in its acoustics, and well adapted generally for the transaction of Assembly business.

Effie, with her two gushing exuberant companions, as a reward for besieging the doors at an early hour, occupied a seat in the front gallery. As is customary (Exeter Hall in London exhibits the same affinities), the element of "ministerivorous" ladies preponderated, and gave the semi-circular gallery very much the look of a garden-

plot in full flower. The contrast was all the greater with the lines and coteries of more sombre clerical heads grouped underneath. What varied specimens of the latter, to be sure, were there! A considerable time elapsing before business commenced, Miss Effie, who had no small penetration of character, with a slight flavouring too in her nature of the quizzical, and a keen eye to the ridiculous, was able deliberately to take stock of the gathering forces from her temporary watch-tower. Some grand heads appeared; ay, and bodies too, which supported them! Without individualising, our older readers will doubtless recall or recognise the references. Some few among the laity, the inheritors of ancient names and loyal to their Presbyterian pedigree; not a few others who had better and nobler than the adventitious claims of lineal descent;—recognised leaders of thought, and doughty champions for the religious weal and progress of their country. The vast proportion, of course, in the clerical element, were men unknown to church-court fame but who had the more enviable distinction of being lovable and beloved in their own parishes and among their own people;—men of the Henry Martyn stamp and avowal,—"Nature intended me for chamber counsel, not for a pleader at the bar."¹ Most singularly diversified too were the members in mien and bearing. Some quaint in their costume, and rather Doric in aspect. A few—happily very few—rather innocent-looking young men with their fingers draped in kid-lavenders, assuming histrionic effects and conspicuous positions;—a few that had to thank their stars that a conspicuous figure in the Taxwood community, to be described in a future chapter, was not present, to unmuzzle his guns and deliver a favourite volley on the obtrusive propensities of the age.

The speaking, of course, as in all such mixed multitudes, was like the other characteristics just noted, of a very diverse description. Generally it was good; in some cases effective. Of eloquence, in the highest sense of the word, there was little, for it would have been out of place in a deliberative body.

From the first, we have resolved that these "memories" are to be impersonal;—otherwise it would have been a sincere, yet a mournful pleasure, to photograph one or two well-remembered and in every way remarkable faces, from that of the Venerable the Moderator and his equally venerable officials, downwards. Two exceptions alone can be made. One of these we have just indicated. It was a moment not readily to be forgotten in Miss Effie's mental treasury, when, as a bustle was observed at the opposite entrance, the human wave parted to make room for the beloved and acknowledged chief. In he came, with his silvery, or perhaps rather iron-gray locks, dangling over a printed cotton muffler;—a gold-headed pilgrim

¹ Henry Martyn's Journal, ii. 294.

staff grasped in his right hand, his inseparable companion. He took his seat with others inside a privileged rail; a place that had assigned it, in respect of other less welcome and entitled frequenters, an opprobrious and uncomplimentary epithet. With his dull, dreamy, expressionless eye, he first made a hasty observation of his surroundings, and then began at once to glance over notes of the coming speech that was to be tacked on to the end of an "Extension Report;"—notes, be it said in passing, abounding in hieroglyphics understood and interpreted only by himself. Near him was the only other personage I can venture individually to name; and chiefly because, owing to circumstances altogether independent of his future career, he was one whom Miss Effie was equally desirous of bringing within her orbit of vision. This was a young man, very short in stature, with long thin face, prominent aquiline nose, lofty forehead, and singularly bronzed complexion; somewhat "nattily" dressed in his white pantaloons and frockcoat—quick and energetic in his movements, perhaps betraying a consciousness of his social position, perhaps a consciousness too of that latent power which the pages of Anglo-Indian history will never let die. Yes, that young man, in the pride of youthful vigour, listened to, whenever he rose, with all the deference his name and talents might well command—was India's great coming Proconsul—the future Marquis of Dalhousie. He had shortly before, at a Parliamentary election contest, when scarcely escaped from his teens, roused the enthusiasm of all Edinburgh by the brilliancy of his eloquence, and the boldness and incisiveness of his retorts. It is enough to say that Miss Effie heard both her favourites speak; perhaps hardly necessary to add that a few subsequent speakers fell flat; in a word, that a gentle yawn betrayed a secret to her cousins, which they were wise enough to understand.

Apart from the Tron Church, and occasionally in more senses than one, its "heated" debates, there were one or two other occasions of ecclesiastical dissipation indulged in, during the present visit. The one was attending His Grace the Lord High Commissioner's evening reception in the Picture Gallery at Holyrood; an event our young friend enjoyed, fully more from the historical associations of the place than from her experiences of crush and immobility at the reception itself. The other was availing herself of an invitation to one of the innocent breakfasts given by the Moderator, when all the ecclesiastical world and his wife are feasted and fêted on tea and coffee—a pleasant and serene social gathering in its way, where old friendships are renewed, new ones formed, and a great many profitable as well as unprofitable subjects are ventilated and discussed. "The Moderator's breakfast," however, is distinctly one of the "sunny memories" to take home to the Manse.

Only once more did Effie (and Aunt Phemie, for

a wonder, joined the party on this occasion) cross the doors of the General Assembly. The Laird's interest at headquarters had procured for them privileged tickets for "The Throne," in order to be present at the end of the "Sederunt."

Say as all gainsayers will who please, it is an occasion this of a very solemn and impressive character, and those given to the emotional, in the best sense of the word, will tell you so, and perhaps sometimes wish themselves away. The Moderator (and, though his name be suppressed in this somewhat memorable year, he was no ordinary man) sums up, as most of my readers know (I refer to it only for the few uninitiated), with what is called "The Closing Address." It is pleasant to note the hushed stillness which prevails; and how those, who perhaps some days before were loud, talkative, clamorous, and—in no formidable or literal sense of the word—pugilistic, sit with dove-like meekness and submissiveness, while they receive the counsels of their accredited and respected Head. But the climax of all is the impressive moment, when, after the final prayer, the whole Assembly *en masse* rise from their seats, and with heart as well as voice, send up to heaven this *Sursum Corda*—

"Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity."

* * * * *

It is sunset next evening; a familiar rumble is heard in the Village green. Juno, who had for the last week been in an altogether morbid and woe-begone condition, now in a series of extravagant bounds—all sorts of mad frolics, some apparently extemporised for the occasion—now at the cob's nose, now at its fetlocks, now at the wheels of "the machine," is welcoming back the long-looked-for inmates to the Manse. Miss Phemie has vanished within doors to resume the reins of internal government; but Effie, with her arm locked in her brother's, is sauntering round the garden, taking note of rose and honeysuckle and fuchsia and budding rhododendrons, since they last parted company. The air is scented with hawthorn from the Glebe hedge, and the orchard puts even the Tron gallery to shame with its profusion of delicate tint and blossom. The best notes of the birds were for the day over, but here and there some straggler would perch on a branch and sing "Home, sweet Home," as best it could.

Oh, gentle Reader! the delight of such a first garden stroll after ten days of crush and bustle and excitement, and stifling atmosphere!—Oh the delight of getting back to the tinkle of the fold, the silvery warble of the brook, and the amber of yon western sky gleaming through the stems of the old branches on which the rooks have gone to sleep!

Our friend Mr. M'Inlay was no pedant, none in his fraternity were less so; but, can we wonder, as his voice penetrates the thick yew hedge, that he gives expression to the emotions of the moment from

his favourite Horace :—"Welcome ! A thousand welcomes back from the

'Fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ !'"

It was said that next evening there was a similar hearty demonstration witnessed in the Laird's kennels ; that even "Surly" (so by nature as by name, rather nature inspired the name) looked benignant, and that the more impulsive of the canine brotherhood and sisterhood were in rhapsodies.

Of Work.

III. QUITE PLEASED WITH IT.

IF a man be a fool, it is (for his immediate comfort) desirable that he should be a very great fool. For then he will never be disquieted by the suspicion that he is a fool at all.

It occurs to me that I have said something like this somewhere else, before. Never mind. Let it be repeated. Do you think the human being who first found out that two and two make four never said that but once ?

Hard-working people who have some measure of sense discern the seamy side of their own work, and the flaws in it. This always : but sometimes, for days and weeks together they discern nothing else, and are grievously disheartened. If this painful experience lead to redoubled endeavours to do better, it is all good and healthful. But it may lead to Giving Up, when we ought only to Come Down : it may make one idle and useless. One may lose heart, and be (intellectually and morally) hamstrung. In these desponding days, a little cheer coming from the outer world is a great help : it gives fresh heart and hope. It makes one thankful ; only thankful : the season of vain conceit has passed away finally. One of the best of men once said to me, "I went one Sunday evening to preach in your father's church : I thought I never preached so miserably in my life. I said to myself, Now, can any mortal be the better for listening to that ? I came home in the deepest despondency. Thirty years after, I met for the first time a good man, distinguished as a minister of another communion. He said to me, Do you remember that sermon in the Tron Church on *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved* ? It was the turning-point in my life. Whatever good I have done came of that." The grand old man told me the story, not without a tear. And the end to which he told it (never mind what) was a thousand miles away from self-puffery.

In these days, one has often envied men who are quite pleased with their own work. No doubt, this is sometimes because they have so little sense and discernment : If they saw themselves as others see them, they would flee to the desert and return no more. But it is not necessarily so. Milton had a good deal of confidence in himself : he tells us so frankly. So had Mansie Wauch, who "could

make a pair of trousers with the face of clay." And possibly, thinking of the *good conceit of one's self*, our thoughts are rather of Mansie making his trousers than of Milton writing *Paradise Lost*. But to be (in reason) pleased with one's work, is a great thing. Nor need it imply either folly or vanity. "A poor thing, but mine own : " surely that is human. It helps, when one is tried. It helps a man to do his best. Dispirited work is not likely to be successful. If you expect to fail, you probably will. I never jumped a horse across a fence in my life. But I can imagine that in such a case confidence is everything.

There are touching manifestations of it. And it meets sorrowful rebuffs. Now and then, in our local papers, one marks the Editor's reply to some lad who has sent him verses for publication, that *William Shakespeare Dibbs's poem is not up to the mark*. And one thinks that there is a heavy blow to some poor heart. All needed : but not a bit the less painful. When I was a boy, there was a certain Public Orator who held the highest place in popularity : deservedly so. No Public Orator, and indeed no human being, would stir me now to the admiration in which I held that Individual. Yet, after all, it was pleasant to think of him for a while as by and bye one left off doing. In those days, the fashion was to say that A or B was as great an Orator as C : he was the First Meridian. At that epoch, another man in the like vocation informed me that he had never yet done justice to himself : he felt it was all in him to be much more eloquent than the popular idol. Then he produced and read to me a passage which I vividly remember : though I am not going to quote it. Not merely was it not eloquence, but it showed that its author had not the faintest inkling of what effective eloquence is. It was simply a bit of bombastic and ineffectual rubbish. Yet the writer of it was quite pleased with it, and happy therein. He was by no means a fool. But he was attempting what was essentially out of his line and measure.

Many people in these last weeks have been reading an Autobiography, in two large Volumes. One comes from it with a kindly feeling towards its author. He was a very amiable as well as a very hard-working man. But he never could have done so much, and done it so cheerfully, had he seen his work as it appeared to most other folk. If they depreciated his successive volumes, he was perfectly sure that this was for any reason except the lack of merit in these books. And all this made him a happy man. All his belongings were matchless. All his geese were swans. And, in fact, such they were to him. I have remarked that where the wind is not tempered, the lamb is provided with a remarkably thick fleece. And so the odds are made even.

There is a season in some folks' *Individual Year* (call it so), in which they set themselves, of purpose, to be displeased with themselves and their

doings. If you have any discernment at all, there is no difficulty earthly in subjecting yourself to a discipline which will leave you so. And if you do this, really, and honestly towards yourself, it is unquestionable that it will do you a great deal of good. For, speaking of it in more serious phrase, this means that you set yourself to cultivate the graces of Penitence and Humility. But some recent experience makes me doubt whether some of the Christian folk who profess to be setting themselves to this discipline, quite take in what a serious thing they are setting themselves to. If the thing be truly done, it is going into a mill which will grind you very awfully before you come through it and come out again. You will not get through a real and crushing Humbling with a light heart, though you may hastily enter upon it with one. To be really *Convinced of our Sin and Misery*: brought into the dust of penitence and humiliation: is a very dreadful thing, however salutary it may be. It is not a truism, to tell either ourselves or others: You cannot be truly humbled, and at the same time keep your self-satisfaction not to say self-conceit: You cannot be quite pleased with last year's doings, and yet repent of them in dust and ashes. The things that in sober fact take us down, humble us, are either a terribly real sense of sin and folly; or the falling of some dreadful blow of sorrow or shame, upon one's self, or upon some one very near, for whom we are (in a manner) responsible. And either of these is something fearful. God help us: Pleased with ourselves or our work? Shall we ever be able to hold up our head again?

We did not think it would be nearly so terrible, when we said to ourselves (no matter when), Now, we are growing self-sufficient. We are quite pleased with our work. There have been encouraging things. We have been working very hard, doing our very best; and some good has followed. Wherefore, we shall turn the page, and see what is written against us: we shall put ourselves in the way of being humbler and more penitent. And we have done it, of a surety. But how beaten about head and heart we come out: What a scorching discipline we have passed through!

Have not I seen young girls, walking away on a certain morning in the year to a certain place where a forty days' work of true penitence ought to be begun, with a self-satisfied smile, plainly quite proud that they know (having recently learnt it) all about the day in a country where people generally do not? Ah, that will not do. You and I, my friend, must be thoroughly dissatisfied with ourselves and all we have done till now, before we shall be what will count Above as humbled and penitent! Christ may lift us up, in a little, from this depth. HE WILL. But meanwhile, in the soberest earnest, the upshot and outcome of what some folk have been going through, is that they can but cry out *De Profundis!*—A. K. H. B.

On the Death of an Infant

AT THE AGE OF THREE MONTHS.

POOR little David! ne'er for thee
The daisies whitened o'er the lea,
Nor sang the bird, nor humm'd the bee;
The brightness of the summer sky
Ne'er woke the wonder of thine eye,
Nor varied music of the year,
E'er broke upon thy childish ear,
Our dear wee boy!

Thou only saw'st thy mother's eye,
Its beaming was thine only sky;
And, for the lark upwinging high
With quivering notes to thrill the air,
There rose thy mother's silent prayer;
Thine only world thy mother's breast,
Thou hadst her love, thou hadst the best
Without alloy.

In, but not of, the world, a while,
Unconscious of its guilt and guile,
Unknowing both its frown and smile;
Untasted all the joys of life,
But all unwounded by its strife;
Thou camest here but hence to go,
If missing joy, escaping woe;
Should we repine?

'Twas sore to part before thine eye
Could smile back with a sweet reply,
Or thy wee voice could answer try.
But what if now thou art to grow
Far better love and life to know,
And with thy world-unsoiled feet
To learn to walk the golden street,
In joy divine?

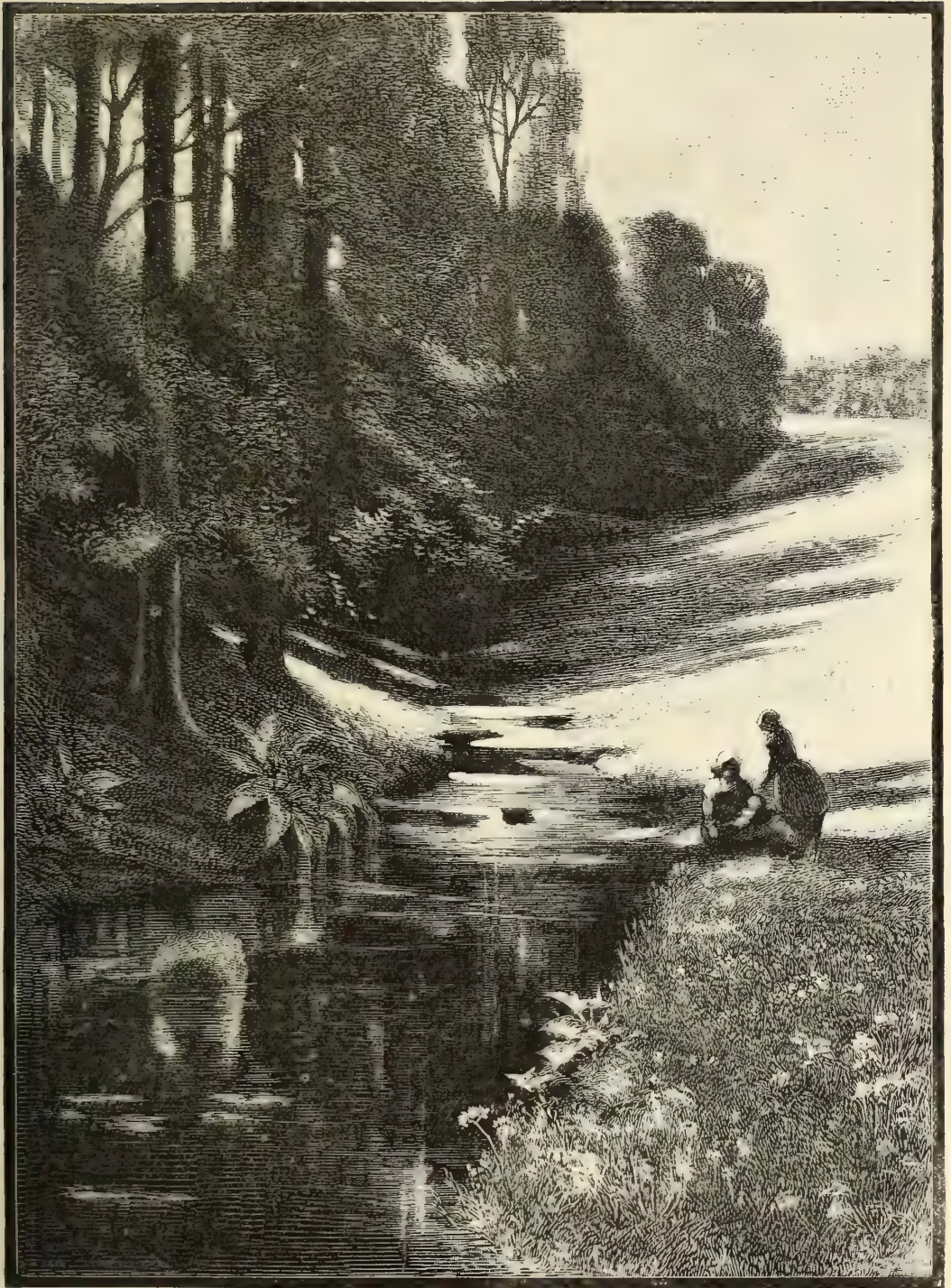
We'll not "forbid;" we'll trust that He
Who blest the babes will carry thee,
Lamb, in His bosom tenderly;
Then happiest of beings thou
Who love, and only love, dost know,
Who with short earthly sorrows done,
Far better being hast begun,
Heaven only thine!

JAMES HOGGAN.

NOTICE OF BOOK.

PROTESTANT MISSIONS TO THE HEATHEN. By Dr. TH. CHRISTLIEB, Professor of Theology at Bonn. Translated, with Additions and Appendices, by Rev. W. HASTIE, B.D., Principal of the General Assembly's Institution, Calcutta. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

It would be difficult to speak too highly of this work as a practical help to knowledge of the great subject of which it treats. Too condensed for popular reading, it is exactly the book which ministers and other speakers require, that they may select from its ample stores what will awaken interest in Missions. At the same time, its price puts it within reach of those private Christians—we hope they are an increasing number—who are willing to take a little trouble to know the grand story of modern Missions, or who wish to have a book of reference beside them when they read of, or pray for, Missions. The translator remarks of the original work that spiritual interest sustains and pervades even the driest details. It has lost nothing in Mr. Hastie's hands, and his additions are important. Students will value especially his lists of books on Missions. It may be in our power to give our readers something from this volume hereafter.



Design by SAMUEL REID.

Engraved by J. D. COOPER.

. . . "Ne'er for thee
The daisies whitened o'er the lea."

See page 72.

James Clerk Maxwell.¹

By the Rev. GEORGE WALKER, B.D.

IF, at the close of a large octavo, the biographer of the late Professor Clerk Maxwell has come to the conclusion that there was "a depth of goodness" in the man which he can only have "faintly indicated," I feel how hard is the task now before me,—to present, in anything like the space here allowed, an adequate sketch of a mind and heart so great and true, or of a life so simple and beautiful and full. But there were reasons which, as I thought, left me no choice but to comply with the request of the Editor, that I should furnish such a sketch for "Life and Work." I was a member of the last class which Maxwell taught, as Professor of Natural Philosophy in Marischal College and University, Aberdeen; and in later years, I had the privilege of renewing acquaintance with him here in his own native Galloway, and was present at the last scene of all, when he was laid beside his father in the old churchyard of Parton. Accordingly, I shall in this paper aim at presenting my old beloved master as a model for the imitation of our educated and ingenuous Scottish youth.

Maxwell was a man like to nobody but himself; and he scarcely comes under any of the ordinary and stereotype expressions which serve for other men. Close and constant observation of nature in early life and his father's careful training had given him that invaluable possession, "the present mind;" and he was as exact in statement as he was correct in observing. From childhood, his study was "of things," and he had to be at the root and reason of them. "What's the go o' that?" "But what's the *particular* go of it?" "That (sand) stone is red: this (whin) stone is blue." "But how d'ye know it's blue?" Well might his aunt confess that "it was humiliating to be asked so many questions one could not answer 'by a child like that.'"

He was an only child. His mother died when he was eight years old, and his father when Maxwell was twenty-five—the same year, 1856, in which he came to Aberdeen. The youngest professor the college then had, or had known for many a day—some of us can see him yet in thought, as he passed down Union Street to meet his class—always taking the same side of the street, and crossing at the same point—elastic in gait as if on springs; easy, not to say careless, in dress; his countenance betraying a strange mixture of the serious and mirthful; his dark eye keenly penetrating; and a brightness and freshness, as of the morning, always encircling his whole personality, both physical and mental, where he went.

I. It has been so frequently asserted that Max-

¹ "Life of James Clerk Maxwell," by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., and William Garnett, M.A.—Macmillan and Co.

well was not successful as a teacher, that on this point I would testify *that I know*. He might have taken his own advice and "given it" to us "a little thinner." But there was such a simplicity and directness (usually due to geometrical methods) in his proofs of even difficult theorems, that no student who *set himself* to profit by his instructions could fail to do so. Many of those students have risen to distinction, and they would now agree with me that to personal contact with Professor Maxwell, to the example which he set of a high ideal of work, and the enthusiasm which he inspired in us, they can trace some of the best influence of their college days. How much of Maxwell is happily revived for them in the "Life" all his old pupils and friends will acknowledge with a debt of gratitude to Professor Campbell.

II. Clerk Maxwell had not attained the age of forty when he occupied the very foremost rank as a mathematico-physical philosopher; and specially in the domain of molecular physics—the science which treats of the ultimate constitution of material things—he was acknowledged to be without a rival. And yet even a slight acquaintance showed what a complete man he was—what a well-cultured whole. He could argue questions of moral science even with his friend Canon Farrar. He was well read both in the ancient classics and in English literature, and had more than a working acquaintance with most modern languages; while even in strictly professional subjects (such as medicine or theology) professional men themselves had to beware how they rashly encountered him. His faculty of versifying—sometimes in a fine serious vein, more frequently in serio-comic—was the delight of his friends; and a collection of his poems is not the least interesting part of the present volume. He wrote much, and he talked much. In conversation, as his biographer has well observed, he might be compared with the earlier Greek thinkers, "who," says Plato, "went on their several ways, without caring whether they took us with them or left us behind." And this is also Maxwell all over:—"Gentlemen, no one knows what is meant by so and so" (perhaps a well-known quotation from Shakespeare or the Bible); and immediately passing to another subject altogether.

III. But what made Maxwell so loved and lovable was the beautiful simplicity of his whole life and character. I do not mean by "simple" that he was easily understood. On the contrary, his mind was so subtle—he saw so many hidden analogies, and was so frequently turning aside in pursuit of them (not to speak of his habit of "calling things out of their names")—that he was often provokingly hard to follow. But he was *ae-fault*—without guile. From anything like moral obliquity no man could have been more entirely free. He was "of the light and of the day." He was almost *too* unsuspecting, "taking not account of evil," but "rejoicing with the truth." His

moral education had quite kept pace with the intellectual; and that is saying a very great deal. His temper was uniformly happy; and though he could say a sharp thing or freely apply the "reductio ad absurdum," I am sure he never willingly hurt the feelings of any human being, nor wrote a line that, "dying, he could wish to blot." Another admirable trait was his fairness, of which the following homely illustration is vouched for by a friend who knew him well. Some one had remarked of a servant lassie, "Isn't it a fearful thing that that girl should have such a temper, and was seven years in a Manse?" "Think," was Maxwell's reply, "what the temper might have been, if she had not been those seven years there."

IV. I come to speak of Clerk Maxwell as a Christian philosopher and as a man of most sincere piety. While he held that "men of science, as well as other men, need to learn from Christ," he distinctly refused to bind himself or to hold others bound to the results of *present* attempts to harmonise science with Christianity, which might afterwards have to be reviewed. At the same time, he gave his unqualified testimony to the point that nothing in the very highest results of physical research had, to his mind, militated against the Christian faith; and the views of such a man on the origin of the material universe are worth cartloads of sermons. By spectrum analysis of light reaching us from most distant worlds—worlds "so distant from each other that no material thing can ever have passed from one to another"—he showed that "each of them is built up of molecules of the same kinds as those which we find on earth." A molecule of hydrogen is identical in size and properties, whether in Sirius, in Arcturus, or in the earth. It has therefore the stamp of a "manufactured article," and "precludes the idea of its being eternal and self-existent." "Natural causes, as we know, are at work which tend to modify, if they do not at length destroy, all the arrangements and dimensions of the earth and the whole solar system. But though in the course of ages catastrophes have occurred, and may yet occur, in the heavens, though ancient systems may be dissolved and new systems evolved out of their ruins, the molecules out of which these systems are built—the foundation-stones of the material universe—remain unbroken and unworn. They continue this day as they were created, perfect in number and measure and weight; and from the ineffaceable characters impressed on them, we may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement and justice in action, which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours, because they are essential constituents of the image of Him who in the beginning created not only the heaven and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consist." (British Association Address at Bradford, 1873.)

We could note Maxwell's profound reverence in

his very *manner*, when (according to college custom) he would open the morning class with one of the Church of England Collects or other short prayer. His knowledge of Scripture was remarkable, and his observations on particular passages often exceedingly happy. How beautiful is this (applying the principle of the "parallelogram of forces" to 2 Tim. iv. 6-8): "St. Paul was looking backward, forward and downwards,—so the *resultant was upwards*!" Observing, on his deathbed, that the words, "Every good gift and every perfect gift" in the original Greek form a hexameter verse, he then said, "I wonder who composed it," meaning that St. James had probably made a quotation. How true and earnest were his views of life will appear from what he wrote to his friend Farrar at the age of twenty-three, or from his lines on the death of his father; but for these we must refer to the "Life." The following also are worth remembering: "It's no use thinking of the chap ye might have been," "I have looked into most philosophical systems, and I have seen none that will work without a God." "Old chap" (to his cousin, Mr. Colin M'Kenzie), "I have read up many queer religions; there is nothing like the old thing, after all."

V. It may be here added that Professor Clerk Maxwell was sincerely attached to the Church of Scotland, although, when in England, frequenting and appreciating the worship of the English Church. In 1863, on the endowment—greatly through his own exertions—of the Parish Church of Corsock, he was ordained an elder there; and it is worthy of note that a man of such vast powers of mind had no scruples whatever, after a renewed study, in signing the Confession. It may be further related, on the authority of the minister of Corsock, that the last time Mr. Maxwell was in church (only a few weeks before he went to Cambridge to die), the text happening to be, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard," etc., he was more than usually attentive; and afterwards, in great pain and weakness, opened out his mind to his friend in some wonderful thoughts upon the probable nearness to us, even in this life, of the Unseen Universe,—to him then near indeed. In broken and difficult utterances he spoke of the invisible world as encompassing us about, heaven bordering upon earth, the human touching the divine; that it is not easy to fix on the boundary-line between, that the darkness is within ourselves, that the light is very great and very near, but that the Spirit of God comes and dispels our darkness, and then all becomes light, God filling the soul with a flood of light. For what the eye cannot see is spiritually discerned.

VI. Well might Professor Tait of Edinburgh remark ("Nature," 5th February 1880), "I cannot adequately express in words the extent of the loss which his early death [at the age of 48] has inflicted, not merely on his personal friends, on the

University of Cambridge, on the whole scientific world, but also, and most especially, on the cause of common sense, of true science, and of religion itself, in these days of much vain babbling, pseudo-science and materialism." But great as our loss is, great also has been our gain. For there remain the wealth and the stimulus of a rare example—the example of splendid powers nobly used, of untiring whole-hearted devotion to the cause of truth, and of a faith which, without exaggeration, was as that of "a little child."

Some of his verses will appear in our next.

The American Indians and their Earliest Missionaries.

By the Lady FRANCES BALFOUR.

III.—THE JESUIT MISSION.

IN following the history of the early settlers in New France, we had come to that point where Samuel Champlain had resolved to ally himself with the Hurons, against their formidable enemies the Iroquois or Five Nations, the most redoubted warriors of all the Indian tribes. His first expedition with the Hurons was up the river Richelieu, as far as the great lake which now bears his name. They encountered the Iroquois, who, seized with a violent panic at sight of the Frenchmen in armour, and still more at the effect of their firearms, were easily beaten. The Hurons returned to their country in triumph, and Champlain once more sailed for France, eager as ever to secure for the infant colony State recognition and protection. But his policy had brought it a most dangerous foe from within. The Iroquois, beaten but not subdued, were biding their time with the patience so characteristic of their race, and were to have their revenge in long years of relentless warfare waged against the French, who had now placed themselves in the position of mortal foes. One of Champlain's strongest purposes was to establish a mission amongst the Indians, whom he describes as people living "like brute beasts, without faith, without law, without religion, without God."

He returned from one of his yearly voyages to France with four monks belonging to the order of Franciscans. They reached Quebec at the end of May in 1615, and great was the astonishment of the Indians as they saw them land, dressed in their coarse gray robes and peaked hoods with the knotted cord of their Order round their waists, their feet shod with wooden sandals more than an inch thick. They erected a convent and chapel, and celebrated the first mass ever said in Canada. Then, in imitation of the Apostles, each was assigned a province in which his missionary work was to commence. Two of them spent a winter with some tribes, wandering about to their various hunting and fishing grounds and suffering the greatest hardships. In the summer Champlain led them

to the palisaded town of Otouacha in the heart of the Huron country, where the Hurons, who ever regarded him as their invincible ally against the Iroquois, received him with enthusiasm and built him a bark lodge. The monks raised an altar, and round it the little band of Christians gathered. Thankfully they knelt and raised the *Te Deum* as a song of praise to God who had thus enabled them to worship Him in the midst of the heathen tribes.

On returning to Quebec, Champlain found the colony in a very feeble condition. The merchants had nearly every one in their pay, and though he was the nominal commander, jealousy and the existence of factions had sapped his authority. The fort had fallen out of repair, and was described as having two old women for a garrison, and two hens for sentinels. Champlain turned to his task with all his usual zeal and courage. He again sailed for France to urge the necessity of sending out more men and money to reinforce the colony. The Jesuits were then in the greatness of their strength: they held almost exclusively the reins of government, and were enormously rich and powerful. A company under their auspices was started, and the king, to show them his goodwill, presented them with two ships of war. Space forbids us to follow further the political history of New France. It is with the work of that band of devoted missionaries who entered on their labours from this date that we have now to do. On Christmas Day 1635 New France lost its great founder, and the Church one of her strongest champions. After two months' illness, at the age of sixty-eight, Champlain died at Quebec, his last thought being for his beloved colony. In the annals of that time there are few greater or purer lives than his. For twenty-seven years he had laboured with a wisdom beyond that of his time, and with a rare mixture of self-sacrifice and courage, to build up the settlements on a firm basis. With his death the opening period of New France closed, and leaders of another stamp succeeded him.

Before being able to enter fully into the work of the Jesuits amongst the Indians, we must say something of them and their order, and of the religion which they found amongst the tribes. Champlain's description of the Indian as being without faith and without religion seems to have been hardly correct. To the Indian the whole material world was endowed with a spiritual existence. The animals were able to understand prayers offered to them, and had the power of influencing human life for good or evil. The hunter propitiated the spirits of the animals he killed, and there are distinct traces of a belief that men owed their first parentage to beasts or birds. But besides the conviction that there was a spiritual life both in the animate and the inanimate world, the Indians believed in supernatural existences, appearing under various forms and always of a puerile or grotesque conception. Each man had his guardian spirit,

which he gained in the following way: At the age of fourteen or fifteen the Indian boy retired to some solitary place, remaining there several days without food. In his exhausted sleep he dreamt of some manitou or spirit—sometimes a beast, a fish, or bird; this then became his guardian spirit, and he always wore about his person some portion of the object his dream had revealed to him.

In no Indian language could the first missionaries find any word expressing God or Supreme Deity. The same word was employed for anything considered supernatural, and they were forced to express the idea by "He who lives in the sky," or the "Great Chief of Men." But the Jesuits seized on one of the peculiar characteristics of their belief to bring the conception home to them. Seeing that they thought each race of animals had its head or chief, they argued thus—"If each sort of animal has its king, so also have men; and as man is above all the animals, so is the Spirit that rules over men, the Master of all other spirits." They readily grasped this idea, and whole tribes rose to the belief in one Great Spirit, though not adopting any other of the Christian doctrines.

Most of us have heard of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Order of Jesuits. A wound received at the siege of Pampeluna obliged him to give up his military career, and while recovering he resolved, after a time of great mental change, to give his whole life and mind to enforcing the doctrines of the Church. The method he resolved on was a new one. He wished to found no community or order of monks, but to bring the whole world under the influence of the dogmas whose workings within himself he had felt. Thus he set himself to organise and discipline a great body of men whose very individuality, except as a tool in the master's hand, was to cease. The result of this system and the effect it had throughout the whole of the civilised world is a matter of history—a page full of interest with its dark shadows and bright lights. From our Protestant point of view their creed appears to contain many errors of the gravest character, and leading to great abuses. Were we writing a history of the Order as a whole, it would be necessary to point out how completely the system failed in much that constitutes Christian morality and integrity. So deadly have been its effects both in religion and civil society, that the Jesuits in the present day have been driven out of Roman Catholic countries by almost universal consent. But we cannot fail to recognise and admire the earnest spirit which animated these Jesuit missionaries. "For the greater glory of God" was their motto; and their perfect discipline, the intensity of their zeal, which was however kept under perfect control, and the utter abasement of self, made them fit not only to act or wait, to suffer or die, but to succeed in their work of converting and influencing the heathen to no common extent.

To be concluded.

Searching the Scriptures.

1. Who was Jeremiah's secretary? Find in last verse of a chapter of Jeremiah the origin of the Book. 2. To what town did Jeremiah belong? Find that his own townsmen sought his life. 3. Find three texts in Jeremiah which present him as weeping over Jerusalem. 4. Find in Christ's history two incidents like those of the two last questions. 5. Where does Jeremiah compare himself to a lamb brought to the slaughter? Find this said of Jesus in Isaiah and Acts. 6. A Roman bought at its full value the ground on which Hannibal's army was encamped. Find a similar incident in Jeremiah. 7. Which books of the New Testament are addressed, or dedicated, to an individual? 8. Find Jesus announcing (1) to a Samaritan that He was Messiah; (2) to one who had been blind that He was the Son of God; (3) to the High Priest that He was the Christ. 9. Find in gospels that Jesus was sometimes thought to be a prophet risen from the dead. What three prophets are named? 10. Find in Philippians two proofs that St. Paul gained converts among the Emperor's servants.

ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

1. Job 4. 7, and Luke 13. 2, 3. 2. Job 31. 26-28. 3 and 4. Sheep, camel, ox, ass, lion, dog, goat, hind, horse, whale, unicorn (rhinoceros or buffalo?), behemoth (hippopotamus?), dragon (in Job 30. 29 perhaps means the jackal), eagle, vulture, owl, raven, peacock, ostrich, hawk, leviathan (crocodile?), viper, asp, grasshopper, moth, spider, worm. 5. Ezek. 17. 1-10. 6. The King of Babylon (verse 12), and the King of Egypt (verses 15 and 17). 7. (1), He was with God; (2), He was God; (3), All things were made by Him. 8. Passed into the heavens, Heb. 4. 14; as the disciples saw Him go, Acts 1. 11. 9 and 10. Baptist, Luke 1. 15, 16; Peter, Acts 2. 4 and 41; Stephen, Acts 6. 5 and 8; Paul, Acts 13. 9-12.

Calendar for May.

1	Tu.	Keep back Thy servant from presumptuous sins.—Ps.
2	W.	I have hope toward God.—Acts 24. 15. [19. 13.]
3	Th.	Take us for Thine inheritance.—Exod. 34. 9.
4	F.	Our eyes wait upon the Lord.—Ps. 123. 2.
5	Sa.	While they are yet speaking, I will hear.—Isa. 65. 24.
6	Su.	<i>New Moon.</i> God said, Let there be light.—Gen. 1. 3.
7	M.	Faithful over a few things.—Matt. 25. 21.
8	Tu.	Follow peace with all men, and holiness.—Heb. 12. 14.
9	W.	Wearied in the greatness of thy way.—Isa. 57. 10.
10	Th.	He that endureth to the end shall be saved.—Matt. 10.
11	F.	Comforted by mutual faith.—Rom. 1. 12. [22.]
12	Sa.	He knoweth the secrets of the heart.—Ps. 44. 21.
13	Su.	<i>Whit Sunday.</i> Collection for Foreign Churches.—Rev.
14	M.	Ye ought to support the weak.—Acts 20. 35. [2. 29.]
15	Tu.	<i>Whitsunday Term.</i> God is my portion for ever.—Ps. 73.
16	W.	Only rebel not against the Lord.—Num. 14. 9.
17	Th.	God hath given rest unto His people.—1 Chron. 23. 25.
18	F.	Peace like a river.—Isa. 66. 12.
19	Sa.	Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly.—Matt. 11. 29.
20	Su.	He leatheth me beside the still waters.—Ps. 23. 2.
21	M.	I know My sheep, and am known of Mine.—John 10. 14.
22	Tu.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Let your light shine.—Matt. 5. 16.
23	W.	God opened her eyes, and she saw.—Gen. 21. 19.
24	Th.	<i>General Assembly meets.</i> —Ps. 132. 9.
25	F.	They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.—Acts 4. 31.
26	Sa.	The multitude were of one heart.—Acts 4. 32.
27	Su.	Ye are all one in Christ Jesus.—Gal. 3. 28. [8.]
28	M.	All that the Lord hath spoken we will do.—Exod. 19.
29	Tu.	The Churches were established in the faith.—Acts 16. 5.
30	W.	The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar.—Lev. 6. 13.
31	Th.	Jehovah-nissi (the Lord my banner).—Exod. 17. 15.

JUNE.

1	F.	See that none render evil for evil.—1 Thess. 5. 15.
2	Sa.	Judge not according to the appearance.—John 7. 24.
3	Su.	Not unto us, unto Thy Name give glory.—Ps. 115. 1.

Children that will not lie.

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

HENRY and Tom ran away from school on a September day, and spent the afternoon among the ripe brambles on "Blackhill." When they were returning home Tom invented a lie that looked well to hide the fault from parents and teachers. After thinking the matter over, Henry stopped suddenly and said, "Tom, I canna say't, for last Sunday night ma father was telling us about truthfulness, and he said we were aye to mind that a lie hurt sarer than a whipping." Even Tom could not withstand this. They went home crying and confessing the truth, and were forgiven. With all his faults, Henry was one of the "children that will not lie," and the story of his tender conscience is worthy of a place in a Children's Page on Truthfulness.

I. *A truthful child is a conscientious child.*—A person who is conscientious is a person that acts according to conscience, and conscience is the voice within us that condemns us when we intend to do wrong, and that encourages us when we intend to do right. A truthful child is a child that thinks and speaks and acts truthfully under the guidance of the voice within. I knew a boy who was taken into a druggist's shop as an apprentice, and during his first week he was dusting the bottles on the counter, and one of the valuable ones fell out of his hand and was broken in pieces. He ran away to the apprentice above him and told what had happened. The older boy took another bottle out of stock and placed it in the room of the broken one, and said, "The master will never find it out." During the day the new boy was very unhappy, and said to his neighbour that he must tell his master. He was called a "softy," and told that what he had done was concealed. The boy answered, "I know that I may hide it from the master, but I cannot hide it from myself." This is what we want all the children of the Church to remember. They ought to be truthful for conscience sake. If we fear a lie only because it may bring us punishment or disgrace, we cannot be said to be truthful in any real sense; but if we fear it and shun it, and hate it, because it is an offence to conscience, then the root of truthfulness is in us.

II. *A truthful child is a trustworthy child.*—I was once visiting a banker in a country town, and one day a boy with a leather bag came into the bank and delivered a very thick letter to the banker. He opened it, and turning to me said, "Here is a foolish farmer sending £700 to the bank with that poor lad, he might run off with it. I will write him a letter about his folly." In two days he handed me the answer of the farmer. It was very short. "You might trust my stable-boy with all the money in your bank. *There is nothing false about him.*" In that short letter there is a great lesson for us all. Truthfulness in

word and deed is the ground of trustworthiness. We can only put our trust in one whom we believe to be trustworthy, and there can be no evidence for the trustworthiness of a child more satisfactory than the testimony the farmer could give of his stable-boy, that there was "nothing false in him."

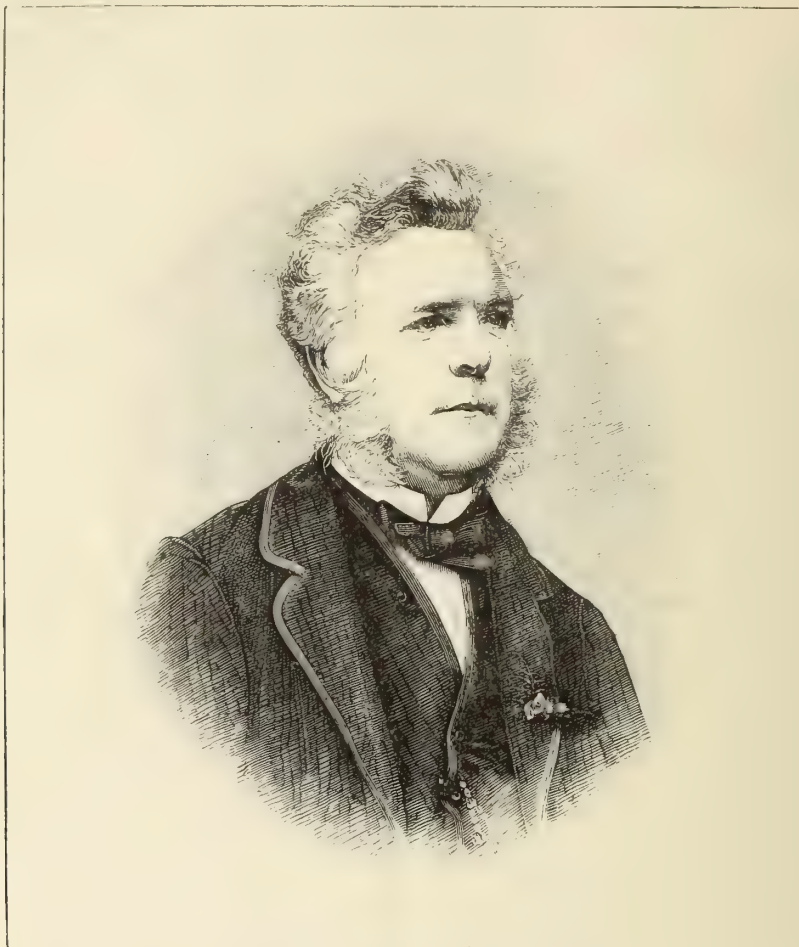
III. *A truthful child is a hopeful child.*—A child is very interesting for what he is. But a child is specially interesting from the thought of what he may become. When a mother thinks well of her boy, she calls him her "hopeful." Now nothing good can come of a child that is untruthful. I knew a small merchant in a country village who by his industry and honest business saved enough of money to build himself a house, and he was naturally very proud of it. One day when I visited the village I saw his new house with a great crack in the end of it, and along each side it was propped up with wooden supports. I went into the honest man's shop and said, "John, what is wrong with your new house?" He answered me in tones of righteous indignation, "O sir, it is tumbling down about my ears, the mason has put a lie in its foundation." Here is another lesson for us. The character of a child given to lying is like that man's house. There is a falsehood in the foundation, and the whole character will one day fall into ruin. But if there is truthfulness in a child, we have good reason to hope that under the grace of God his character will be built up into that of a true and useful man.

IV. *A truthful child is a trusting child.*—While I want all the children who read this page to hate lying, and to strive to be truthful, I would warn them against thinking that they can do this without the grace of God. Evil came into the world by man believing a lie, and men are made good by believing the truth as it is in Jesus, and by having implanted in their hearts the Spirit of Christ. It is only by putting our trust in Christ that we are made truthful in word and deed. A boy was one day standing near a blacksmith's anvil, and before he could run out of the way he was in a shower of sparks from the heated iron under the blacksmith's hammer. A tiny spark went into his eye, so small as not to destroy it, but sufficient to give him pain. He began to cry, and as the blacksmith knew what was wrong he laid down the iron, took the child on his knee, and with a feather removed the tiny spark, and there was nothing left but a little "smarting." He then set the child down, and patting him on the head said, "Willie, I can take a 'fire' out of your eye with a feather, but if a spark of evil gets into your heart, you must go to God with it, for no one but God can take it out." Willie is now a man trying to be good and serve God, but he has never forgotten the words of the blacksmith. Lies are very common sparks of evil, and they often get into children's hearts. Let us go to God with them, and He will take them out by cleansing our hearts in the blood of Jesus.

Our Convener and the Work of the Church.

THE ENDOWMENT COMMITTEE.

THIS Committee came into existence in 1846, with Dr. Robertson as Convener. We are only learning now how largely the revived prosperity of the Church of Scotland is due to the foresight and energy of the founder of the Endowment Scheme. Under his able and devoted successors, the late Dr. Smith of North Leith, and Mr. Murray the present Convener, this great enterprise has made steady and rapid advance. Three hundred and nineteen new parishes have been erected and endowed. The value of the churches, mansees, and endowments of these parishes, is at least two millions sterling. It



Thomas Graham Murray, Esq., M.S.,

CONVENER OF THE ENDOWMENT COMMITTEE.

is estimated that one-fourth of the population of Scotland is comprised within these *quoad sacra* parishes. The annual revenue of the Committee, from the liberality of the people, is from £15,000 to £18,000. The revenue from feu-duties purchased and held for payment of stipends is upwards of £23,000 a year. About ten parishes annually have in recent years been added through this Committee to the parochial system of Scotland.

We are permitted to give our readers a portrait of the Convener. Mr. Murray is a younger son of the late Andrew Murray, Esq., of Murrayshall, Perthshire. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy and Edinburgh University; passed Writer to the Signet in 1838, and continued in active discharge of his profession until a few years ago, when he retired from business. He was Crown Agent for Scotland from 1866 to 1869. Mr. Murray became Vice-Convener of the Endowment Committee, under Dr. Smith in 1866 (on the death of Mr. Macduff of Bonhard), and Convener in 1877, on the death of Dr. Smith. Mr. Murray has been an Elder of St. George's Parish, Edinburgh, for many years.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

JUNE 1883.

July Communion.

THE Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated, God willing, on the first Sunday in July, being the first day of the month. Circumstances have rendered it necessary to fix the day a week earlier than is usual, but probably this will be more for the convenience of many who are leaving town at that time.

Token Cards will be given out for the Forenoon and Afternoon Tables on the PREVIOUS Sabbath. There will be a Preparatory Service on Saturday, the 30th June, at 2.30.

Recent Communion affords gratifying evidence that the more frequent celebration of this Holy Ordinance does not materially affect the attendance at any one Communion. The number partaking this year in January, and again in April, was larger than on any previous occasion at these Communion. This is satisfactory, for it shows that the Communicants in increasing numbers are availing themselves of ALL THE OPPORTUNITIES now afforded them of partaking of the Communion of the Body and the Blood of Christ. Among the overwhelming tokens of unbelief and indifference which surround us, it is pleasing to be able to point to anything which seems at all events to indicate a better spirit.

May God increase in all of us the hunger and thirst for righteousness, and may our souls evermore be fed with this Bread of Life!

Sunday Schools.

A sermon will be preached to the Sunday School scholars and other young people of the Congregation, on the afternoon of the LAST SABBATH OF JUNE, the 24th. Those who usually occupy the centre portion of the Church in the afternoon will oblige by leaving it free for the children on that day.

On the day appointed for this Service a Collection will be made for the purpose of defraying the expense of the Sabbath School excursion, which usually amounts to about £30. It may be mentioned that for six or seven years this expense has been defrayed by a single member of the Congregation, who is no longer resident in Edinburgh. It is believed, however, that though perhaps no individual may be disposed to follow so excellent an example, the Congregation generally will cheerfully contribute to an object which must enlist the sympathies of all. The surplus, if any, will be applied to the Sabbath School Library, which stands much in need of improvement.

Patronage Compensation Fund.

The Collection for this object will be made on the second Sabbath of June, the 10th. The Collection is not one which can be expected to excite

upon in the light of a debt of honour which the Church is bound to meet for some years.

With reference to the Schemes Collections, readers of the Missionary Record for May will be pleased to find that (deducting amount of special contributions for Endowment Fund, which cannot properly be reckoned among ordinary collections) St. Stephen's has this year attained the FIRST place among the Parishes of the Church, the total amount for the Schemes being £1228. Whether this position can be retained depends on ourselves.

Choir.

Mr. Curle will be glad to get the assistance of some new voices, especially for the Tenor part. Assuming that choir-singing is undertaken in a right spirit, we would not be disposed to place it second to any Christian service which can be rendered in connection with the House of God. One of the first and most important duties which a congregation has to discharge is to provide for the musical service, and this cannot be done without trouble, expense, and personal self-sacrifice.

Any who are willing to consecrate their gift of voice to God's service are requested to see Mr. Curle.

The Poor.

In consequence of the extreme severity of the weather last December, the Coals were distributed and the Soup-Kitchen was opened at an earlier period than on former years. The usual quantity of Coals of good quality was distributed among 215 families throughout the Parish during December, and the second distribution in the end of February, among 106 families, who all belonged to the Congregation, with a few exceptions. The Soup-Kitchen was open for ten weeks. The number of families on the Roll was 168, who got a regular supply of excellent soup and bread. The expense of the coals, soup, and bread, amounted to £101:17:8, which was more than met by the liberal Thankoffering Collection on the first Sabbath of the year.

But it may be as well to remind the Congregation that there is a regular distribution of Clothing, Bread, and other necessaries, during the whole year, including a small weekly allowance in money to a few old people, carefully selected. The number of those pensioners last year was ten—all old women, some of them 80, and one understood to be 90, years of age. The weekly distribution is also under the judicious charge of Mr. Cochrane. Every item of outlay is entered in a book kept by him, which, with the vouchers, is examined and certified by one of the elders before payment by the treasurer. This outlay during 1882 came to £157:18s., which, with the sum expended on Coals and on the Soup-Kitchen, makes the expenditure for the cost

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ST. STEPHEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION IN SUPPORT OF FEMALE MISSIONS, 1882.

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Mrs. Bilton, 17 Lennox Street—</i>			
Mrs. Anderson, 21 Lennox Street	£ 1 0 0	0 10 0	0 0 0
Miss Anderson, 21 Lennox Street	1 0 0
Miss J. Anderson, 21 Lennox Street	1 0 0
Mrs. Syme, 10 Buckingham Terrace	1 0 0	1 0 0	0 0 0
Mrs. Blackwood, 5 Clarendon Cres.	0 7 0	0 7 0	0 0 0
Mrs. Ogilvie, 18 Buckingham Terrace	0 2 6
J. Lawrie, 31 Buckingham Terrace	0 2 0
Jessie Smith, 20 Belgrave Crescent	..	0 1 0	0 0 0
Bella Cramer, 13 Belgrave Crescent	..	0 1 0	0 0 0
The Misses Douglas, 1 Oxford Terrace	0 5 0
Mrs. Graham Ross, 3 Oxford Terrace	0 2 6
Mrs. Finlay, 16 Belgrave Crescent	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 0 0
Mrs. W. M. Blackwood, 3 Ravelston Place	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 0 0
Mrs. H. Reid, 1 Belford Place	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 0 0
A Member, 18 Lennox Street	0 1 6
Mrs. Bilton, 17 Lennox Street	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 0 0
..	£ 6 5 6	3 4 0	0 0 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Mrs. Hardie, Scotland Street—</i>			
Mrs. Clark, 31 Scotland Street	£ 0 3 0
Mrs. Gordon, 1 Bellevue Crescent	0 5 0	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Hardie, Scotland Street	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 2 6
..	£ 0 10 6	0 5 0	0 0 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Boyd, 7 Dean Terrace—</i>			
Mrs. Gillespie, 53 Northumberland Street	0 2 6
Miss Walker, 47 Northumberland St.	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 0 0
Mrs. Goudie, 39 Northumberland St.	0 2 6
Mrs. Campbell, 8 Northumberland St.	0 2 6
Miss Scott, 52 Northumberland St.	£ 0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Robertson, 13 Northumberland Street	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. D. Lister Shand, 38 Northumberland Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Isles, 6 St. Vincent Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Robertson, 11 Heriot Row	2 0 0	1 0 0	0 0 0
Miss J. Deuchar, 11 Heriot Row	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Smith, 7 St. Vincent Street	0 1 0
Mrs. Luke, 7 St. Vincent Street	..	0 2 6	..
Lady Deas, 32 Heriot Row	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Borland, 28 Heriot Row	..	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Maclagan, 28 Heriot Row	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Gloag, 6 Heriot Row	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Milne, 35 Howe Street	0 7 0	0 7 0	0 7 0
Mrs. Greig, 33 Howe Street	0 2 6	0 2 6	..
Miss Boyd	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
..	£ 0 18 0	4 14 0	2 14 6

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Mrs. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row—</i>			
Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Heriot Row	0 10 0	1 0 0	0 0 0
Miss Sanders, 119 George Street	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 0 0
Horatio R. Macrae, Esq., 57 Castle Street	£ 3 3 0	1 1 0	..
Mrs. Torrie, 1 Glenfinlas Street	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Mitchell, 30 Castle Street	0 1 6
Mrs. M'Queen, 33 Castle Street	0 2 6
Christopher N. Johnston, Esq., 11 Castle Street	0 2 6
J. G., 1 Hill Street	..	0 1 6	0 2 0
Mrs. Fraser, 54 Castle Street	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 0 0
Lawrence Johnston, Esq., 11 Castle Street	0 10 0
Mr. Allan, 124 Princes Street	0 2 6
Anthony Murray, Esq., George St.	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 0 0
Mrs. Stevenson, for Louisa at Calcutta	5 0 0
..	£ 8 3 0	2 9 0	2 12 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Munro, Howard Place—</i>			
Mrs. Brodie, 47 Melville Street	£ 1 0 0
Miss Brodie, 47 Melville Street	0 5 0
Mrs. and Miss Scott, 21 Drumshugh Gardens	0 5 0
Misses M'Farlane, 9 Melville Street	0 10 0
Mrs. M'Neill, Manor Place	0 5 0
..	£ 2 5 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace—</i>			
Mrs. M'Kerrell, 48 Great King Street	£ 0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Buchan, 48 Great King Street	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. MacNab, 68 Great King Street	0 10 0	0 10 0	0 0 0
Mrs. Hannah, 68 Great King Street	0 2 6
Mrs. Ross, 30 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 0 0
Mrs. Wilmot, 19 Great King Street	0 2 6
Miss Hopkirk, 75 Great King Street	0 2 6
Miss Maclean, 82 Great King Street	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
Lieut.-Gen. Robertson, 86 Great King Street	0 5 0
Mrs. Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Johnston of Sands	0 4 0	0 4 0	0 4 0
A Friend	0 1 0
..	£ 2 0 0	2 1 6	0 0 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Leishman, Douglas Crescent—</i>			
Mrs. Johnston, 17 Douglas Crescent	£ 0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Orr Ewing, 20 Grosvenor Street	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Leishman, 4 Douglas Crescent	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
..	£ 0 12 6	0 12 6	0 0 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Forrester, 8 Drummond Place—</i>			
Mrs. Forrester, 8 Drummond Place	£ 0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. White, 23 Drummond Place	0 5 0
John Lorne, M.D., 27 Drummond Pl.	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 0 0
Mrs. Adams, 10 Nelson Street	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Hutchison, 10 Nelson Street	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Sceales, 14 Drummond Place	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Dickson, 56 Albany Street	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Paterson, 40 Albany Street	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 0 0
Mrs. Maclachlan, 12 Abercrombie Pl.	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Smith, 46 Drummond Place	0 5 0
..	£ 1 7 6	1 7 6	0 0 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Gordon, Royal Circus—</i>			
Mrs. Gordon, Royal Circus	£ 0 5 0
Miss R. Smith, Bruntsfield Place	0 10 6
..	£ 0 15 6

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss J. Kennedy, 71 Great King Street—</i>			
John Kennedy, Esq.	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Kennedy	0 2 6
Miss A. Kennedy	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 1 0
Lord Mure, 12 Ainslie Place	£ 1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
Miss Millar Crabbie, 33 Chester Street	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Millar, 3 Ainslie Place	0 5 0	..	0 5 0
Janet Henderson, 15 Gt. Stuart Street	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 1 0
Misses M'Hutcheon, 5 Randolph Cres.	..	0 5 0	..
A. W. H.	..	0 4 6	..
Mrs. Mitchelson	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Kerr, 8 Gt. Stuart Street	0 10 0
Isabella Dun, 10 Gt. Stuart Street	0 1 0
Robina Farquhar, 12 Ainslie Place	..	0 1 0	0 1 0
Euphemia Watt, 2 Gt. Stuart Street	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 1 0
Helen Brown, 11 Randolph Crescent	0 2 0
Elizabeth Stronach, 13 Chester Street	0 1 0
Alex. Reid, 13 Chester Street	0 1 0
Jessie Hobart, 6 Atholl Crescent	0 1 0	0 1 0	0 1 0
May M. Murray, 14 Chester Street	0 2 0
Jane Rose, 16 Chester Street	0 0 6	0 0 6	0 0 6
..	£ 1 7 0	2 14 0	2 10 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Tait for Miss Pott—</i>			
Mrs. Leven, Saxe-Coburg Place	£ 0 5 0	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Ronaldson, Somerset Cottage	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. J. Bogle, 2 Deabank Terrace	..	0 1 0	..
Miss Pott, 1 Inverhill Row	0 2 6	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Mowat, 6 West Claremont Street	..	0 1 0	..
A Friend	..	0 1 0	..
Mrs. M'Laren, 27 Teviotdale Place	..	0 2 0	..
..	£ 0 7 6	0 17 6	0 0 0

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	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Mann, Raeburn Place—</i>			
A. W. H.	0 5 0	..
Miss Graham, 9 Malta Terrace	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Johnston, 22 Dean Terrace	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Mackay, 7 St. Bernard's Cres.	0 5 0
Misses Blackwood, Dean Terrace	£1 0 0	3 0 0	2 0 0
Alex. Blackwood, Esq.	0 5 0	0 6 0
Mrs. Bilton, 17 Danube Street	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Smith, 15 Danube Street	1 0 0	1 0 0	..
Mrs. Moffat, 33 St. Bernard's Cres.	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Wight, 26 St. Bernard's Cres.	0 3 0
Mrs. Mann, 22 Raeburn Place	0 2 6	..
Miss Smith, 5 Comely Bank	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss MacLaverty, 4 Barnton Terrace	0 2 6
Miss Stodart, 22 Ann Street	0 10 0	..
Mrs. Coltherd, 19 Raeburn Place	0 2 6	..
	£2 0 0	6 1 6	3 9 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Stewart, Northumberland Street—</i>			
Mrs. Macleod, 7 Royal Circus	£ 1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Macrae, 14 Gloucester Place	0 5 0	1 0 0
Miss Maclean, 14 Gloucester Place	0 5 0	0 10 0
Mrs. Macrae, 14 Gloucester Place	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Wells, 14 Gloucester Place	0 2 6	..
Christina Anderson, 14 Gloucester Pl.	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Robertson Stewart, 6 Gloucester Place	0 10 0	0 10 0
Isabella Douglas, 6 Gloucester Place	0 0 6	..
Misses Hope, 11 Gloucester Place	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Campbell, 13 Royal Circus	0 2 0	..
Jane C. Inglis, 13 Royal Circus	0 1 0	..
Miss Hunter, 13 Royal Circus	0 2 6	..
Miss Elder, 6 N.W. Circus Place	0 2 6
Miss Seales, 6 Royal Circus	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Stewart, 61 Northumberland St.	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Stewart	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Helen Bethune, 21 Royal Circus	0 2 0	..
	£ 3 13 0	3 15 0	

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss C. Tawse, 11 Royal Terrace—</i>			
Misses Tawse	3 0 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Dudgeon, 21 Regent Terrace	0 10 0	0 10 0
John Colquhoun, Esq.	0 10 0	0 10 0
Girls' Sabbath School, for Nunkie at Calcutta	£6 0 0
	£6 0 0	4 0 0	2 0 0

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Mrs. Girdwood, 30 Moray Place—</i>			
Miss Mure, 10 Darnaway Street	£ 0 10 0	0 10 0	0 10 0
Miss J. Mure	0 10 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Adamson, 27 India Street	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Taylor, 15 India Street	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Macrae, 45 Moray Place	0 5 0	0 5 0
George Munro, Esq., 5 Darnaway St.	0 2 6	0 2 6
G. Munro Thomson, Esq.	0 2 6
Mrs. Girdwood	0 5 0	0 5 0
	£ 2 2 6	1 17 6	

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Symington, Dundas Street—</i>			
Mrs. Finlay, 12 Pitt Street	0 3 0
Mrs. Anderson, 13 Fettes Row	£	0 5 0	..
A Friend, per do.	0 5 0	..
Miss Mitchell, 6 Pitt Street	0 1 6	..
Miss Julia Richardson, 29 Clarence St.	0 5 0	..
I. G., Clarence Street	0 2 0	..
Miss Bowie, 11 Henderson Row	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Symington, 13 Dundas Street	0 2 6	..
	£ 1 3 6	0 5 6	

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Brodie, 29 Howe Street—</i>			
Mrs. Mackintosh, 42 Queen Street	0 2 6
Miss Ranken, 68 Queen Street	£	0 10 6	0 10 6
Miss Cameron, 103 Rose Street	0 1 0	0 1 0
Mrs. Davie, 10 Rose Street	0 1 0
C. C., 19 Jamaica Street	0 2 6	..
Miss Jackson, 19 Queen Street	0 2 0	..
Miss Brodie, 29 Howe Street	0 5 0	0 5 0
	£ 1 1 0	1 0 0	

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss MacNab, Howard Place—</i>			
Mrs. Sutherland, 25 Inverleith Row	£	0 2 6	..
Miss M'Intyre, 60 Inverleith Row	0 2 0
The Hon. Mrs. Lake Gloag, 10 Inverleith Place	0 2 6	..
Miss MacNab, 22 Howard Place	0 2 6
Mrs. Greenlees, 5 Howard Place	0 7 0	0 7 0
Mrs. Gray, Bank of Scotland House	0 2 6	0 2 6
Hon. Miss Lake, Seaforth	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Sanderson, St. Martin's Lodge	0 2 6	..
	£ 0 19 6	0 14 0	

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Miss Cosens—</i>			
Miss Cosens	£0 2 6	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Pirrie, 7 Broughton Place	0 0 6
Mrs. Milne, 8 Barony Street	0 1 0	..
	£ 0 3 6	0 0 6	

	Female Education in India.	Ladies' Association for Education of Jewish Females.	Gaelic Schools.
<i>Collected by Mrs. Robertson, Saxe-Coburg Place—</i>			
Mrs. Hutton, Brunswick Street	£ 0 4 6
Mrs. A. M. Robertson, 43 Brunswick Street	0 1 0	..
	£ 0 5 6	..	

TOTAL £18 10 6 | 43 11 0 | 29 11 0

NOTE. These Contributions do not include what is given for Miss Gordon's work in Madras.



JUNE 1883.

Sermon.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

By the Rev. JAMES COULLIE, B.D., Pencaitland.

"Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."—EXOD. xx. 12.

THIS is the first commandment of the Second Table of the Law. That Table contains those six commandments which concern our duty to man, and may be said to be the basis of *moral* obligation, just as those of the First Table, referring to our duty to God, may be said to be the basis of *religious* obligation. As the *first* commandment deals with that which is the root of religion, so the *fifth* deals with that which may be called the root of morality, or at least with that condition in which the root of morality is most certainly to be looked for, viz. the family. Numerous and striking are the references throughout Scripture to the duty herein commanded; e.g. "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or mother," says Moses; and Solomon says: "The eye that mocketh at his father and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." "Children, obey your parents in all things," says St. Paul, "for this is well-pleasing to God." And our Lord gave special sanction to this commandment when He went with His parents to Nazareth, and was "subject unto them."

I. The *principle* involved in this commandment is doubtless that which is so well expressed in the answer to the question in our Catechism: What is required in the fifth commandment? viz. the duties we owe to superiors. And this, again, involves the great truth that society has been constructed by God on the principle of subordination and not of equality. It is a principle of the greatest importance. It is wonderful what effect upon conduct in general obedience at home has. Teachers can easily tell the children who have been taught to "honour" their parents. They are respectful to them as their teachers, ready to obey orders and to acquiesce in the rules and discipline of the school without murmuring. You may set it down as a rule that among young people the rude and disobedient are those who have never practised at home obedience to this fifth commandment; and there is every chance of such children

growing up to be rude, wilful, and disagreeable members of society, always ready to despise established order, and even to laugh at the so-called proprieties of life. There is no doubt that obedience to this commandment breeds in us humility, reverence for those above us, because of birth, education, or position, and a consequent willingness to accord unto all their due—"tribute to whom tribute is due, honour to whom honour;" ay, and I should go further and say that upon the early practice of this commandment depends our rendering unto God that honour which He deserves, and which is the central element in religion. Here it is that we see how closely true morality and religion are connected. The father stands to the child as the embodiment of all that is best and highest. If, then, the child does not honour him whom he has seen, how can he honour Him whom he has not seen? Thus it is that the word "piety," which we now use of religious living, referred in its original meaning to filial duty also. So much for the importance of the principle involved in this commandment.

II. Let us think of some of the more common ways in which this commandment is violated, and we may be helped to understand what is implied in the word "honour."

1. By direct acts of disobedience. Whatever the cause, it is a fact too patent in these days that children are very often the masters of their homes. Not only do they spurn the orders of the parent, but themselves give the orders, which the parents are to obey.

2. By want of proper respect. Sometimes, especially in the case of children who may be better educated than their parents or in a higher social position, we have seen a tendency to despise the parents' remarks because of their fancied worthlessness, want of grammar, or correct pronunciation. Often, too, we have in such cases seen attempts to keep the parents altogether out of sight, as if their presence was thought to be a disgrace.

3. By an assertion of independence. This is often seen where children have just begun to do something for themselves at some trade or profession. Although the paltry sum earned would not by any means keep them, so puffed up have they become with a feeling of their own importance that they are found refusing, after they come home, to give any help to their parents in the affairs of the

house, to do this message or that little bit of house-work, or even to submit to the ordinary rules and discipline of the family. So, too, the same spirit shows itself in their despising a parent's advice, in their insisting on choosing their own books and companions, in their refusing to go with their parents, as formerly, to the house of God, and in their wishing to spend their paltry earnings as they please. In these and like ways the spirit condemned by this commandment comes out.

4. So, too, it appears in a low form of selfishness. This form of the evil is chiefly seen where the parents live with the children, or are in whole or in part dependent on them. The children take the best seat, the best of the food, the best of everything, leaving to the parent the worst. Nothing can be more hateful than such conduct, and nothing, on the other hand, can be more beautiful than to see children, however independent of their parents, giving to these veterans in life's battle the seat of honour, and carrying out towards them that spirit of holy deference which this commandment inculcates.

5. There is one form of this sin which calls for special mention, viz. the willingness of some to allow their parents to go to the Poor's Board and take the slender dole, or even to the Poor's House. The Annual Reports of the Board of Supervision of the Poor prove how very common this form of the sin is; and those who have anything to do with Parochial Board business know that the evil is by no means exaggerated in those Reports. It is woeful to observe how soon in many cases the "old body" becomes a burden to the family, how grudgingly anything given is given, how unwilling many of the children are to deny themselves something which, after all, would be no great sacrifice, in order to make an aged parent tolerably comfortable. I can conceive of nothing meaner, more unmanly, I should say more cruel, than to hand over an aged parent to the tender mercies of strangers so long as we have hands to labour and brains to think, especially when we consider how much we owe to those who cared for us through so many years. That this is no undue stretching of what is implied in the command "honour," see Christ's answer in the 7th chapter of St. Mark to the unspiritual reasoning that prevailed on this subject. From that it will appear that *honouring* our parents does not mean merely cherishing respectful feelings towards them, but the actual ministering to their support as far as we can. I am not ignorant of the fact that in many cases children may not be able to do very much to support their parents, and may be compelled to ask for help. What I am seeking to hold up to reproach is that too common tendency to shirk this bounden duty and to hand it over to a Poor's Board, as if the meaning of the existence of such Boards was to relieve men and women of their natural duty. The old Scottish pride which strove

to keep parents from becoming paupers has in many cases been blasted by the degrading habit of intemperance; but not a little I fear also by a forgetting of the ever-binding force of this command, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

How we are to act towards wicked parents is a question that naturally comes up here, and it is confessedly a difficult one. It does seem hard for a child who is cuffed and kicked by a drunken parent to render him the honour that a good father would have, or for the children of a parent who has through some base conduct degraded himself in the eyes of the world to "honour" him. The general rule certainly is "reverence," however difficult the circumstances in which that command may have to be obeyed. Conscience, enlightened by the spirit of Christ, will in this, as in all duties, guide us aright. But the more fully we can under all circumstances obey this commandment, the more nearly shall we come to obtaining the reward attached to it.

Here in a sentence it may be said that parents must so conduct themselves as to inspire in their children that spirit which will produce willing and hearty *honouring*. Not only must they by their general demeanour inspire respect, but by their loving dealing and discipline seek to beget and foster love; for without love no divine commandment can be truly obeyed.

III. Briefly consider the *reward* attached to this commandment. Possibly its first reference may have been to the continuance of Israel as a nation in the land which God had given them, but it has undoubtedly a general reference too, for St. Paul, in urging it on other than Israelites, speaks of it as "the first commandment with promise." Our Catechism has wisely limited this general reference by the words "as far as it shall serve for God's glory and their own good to all such as keep this commandment." It is true you may find some who have been very dutiful children neither prosperous nor long-lived. Still the general rule remains that dutiful children will be prosperous and long-lived. And this rests on no arbitrary arrangement. Look at the matter on the negative side. Do you not find that, as a rule, disobedient and disrespectful children become the victims of vicious habits, and that those lead to misery, ruin, and an early grave? For influence on personal and, through that, on social well-being there is no place like the family. There principles are constantly appearing in insignificant forms no doubt, yet fraught with eternal consequences. Little acts of disobedience soon take shape in greater, and little acts of contempt for authority soon appear in more alarming forms, and thus the child gets on a line of ruin. We can see how those who break this commandment suffer. It is a reasonable inference, therefore, that those who keep this commandment may expect to meet with the opposite results. May it be your effort to obtain this reward!

The Burntisland General Assembly.

By the Rev. J. S. FINLAYSON, M.A., Burntisland.

IT is not generally known that the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland once met in Burntisland Parish Church—the old, square, Dutch-looking structure which stands on the high ground above the present railway station, and an engraving of which appeared in “Life and Work” for July 1881. The year was 1601, a little less than two years before James the Sixth entered what he called the Promised Land, and became King of Great Britain and Ireland. As this Assembly possessed some historical importance, an account of what took place at it may be interesting to the readers of this Magazine. We are told that the reason for holding the meeting of the Supreme Court of the Church at Burntisland, was the fact that the king had met with an accident in the hunting-field at Falkland, and finding it inconvenient to travel to Edinburgh, he had summoned the members of Assembly across the Firth, and appointed them to meet in what was then the comparatively new church. It is well known that James liked to go to the Assembly, though he had frequently good reason for being uneasy as to what the Church leaders would say about many of the measures which he sought to promote alike in the Church and in the State. At Burntisland we find him an active participator in the business of the Court. For some months prior to May 1601 the country had been in an unsettled and excited condition. There was a well-grounded want of confidence in the king’s sincerity. James had sought indirectly, and in violation of oft-repeated vows, to introduce the Episcopal form of worship and Church government, and the utmost vigilance had been required on the part of Melville and his friends, to preserve even the semblance of the Presbyterian constitution. Melville himself, on account of his opposition to the king’s schemes, had been prohibited from attending meetings of the Church Courts, though it appears that in 1601 the prohibition had been withdrawn and he was present in the Church of Burntisland.

In the summer of 1600 the country had been thrown into ferment by the discovery of that strange, and as yet unexplained affair, known as the Gowrie Conspiracy. It had led to ecclesiastical consequences which were sure to be referred to when the king came face to face with the ministers. The frustration of the plot had not been received with the thankfulness which James expected. There was general incredulity on the part of the people that there had been a plot at all. They believed that the whole affair had originated in the designing and perfidious mind of James himself. The king went the length of commanding the 5th of August to be kept as a national anniversary in all time coming; but, as Dr. Cunningham

points out, the Scottish Assembly was not quite so subservient as the English Parliament, which inserted a service in commemoration of the deliverance from the Gunpowder Plot into the Prayer Book—a service which has only of late years been abolished. There was great commiseration felt and expressed throughout Scotland for the slaughtered brothers of the Ruthven family. Five of the Edinburgh ministers had been suspended from preaching because they had refused to give thanks in their pulpits for the king’s deliverance, in the terms which James himself proposed. Robert Bruce, one of the five, declared that he could not utter in the pulpit what he was not fully persuaded of in his own mind. Altogether, when James and the Assembly came together in the year 1601 they had some exciting business to transact.

There were two things done at Burntisland which we find recorded by the Church historians. The first was the renewal of his Presbyterian vows on the part of the king. James had come to the Assembly in very compliant mood. Perhaps, the preliminary conference about the state of morals and religion in the country, when in all likelihood there was some very plain speaking, may have produced some impression upon him; at any rate, James, in presence of the Assembly, renewed in the most solemn manner his adherence to the National Covenant. He confessed his sins and shortcomings minutely and profusely. He promised that he would reform both his own life and that of his family, and that for the rest of his reign he would endeavour to govern as the Lord’s anointed. He pledged himself to live and die in the religion then professed in the realm of Scotland, and to defend it against all its adversaries: and these solemn oaths were ratified by appeal to God Almighty. James by this time, however, was becoming an adept in the taking of vows. His pertinacious adherence to despotic views in government is strangely diversified by acts like the Burntisland penitence. Judged by subsequent history, his solemn repetition of the oath to conform to the Covenant was indeed a mockery and a delusion. The king, to put a generous construction upon his doings, must have been deceived by his own facile disposition. The whole scene is only another instance of the fact, that loud and lavish confession of wrongdoing and prodigal and inconsiderate promise of amendment have generally the accent of insincerity about them.

The other matter referred to as having engaged the attention of this Assembly was the proposal, then for the first time publicly made, that a new translation of the Bible should be undertaken. This is an interesting fact in view of the recent publication of the Revised Version of the New Testament. Education and scholarship had made vast strides in Scotland during the sixteenth century. We know something of the educational advantages which Knox conferred upon his country-

men. We know something, too, of the additional advantages he was prevented from conferring upon them. Andrew Melville was learned in all the learning of the famous Continental Universities, and there were others in the Assembly scarcely less distinguished for their knowledge of the ancient languages. The mere proposal, indeed, to translate the Scriptures afresh abundantly testifies that there were men then living in Scotland fully equipped with the scholarship necessary for the work. The version used in Scotland in the years immediately succeeding the Reformation was that edition of the English Bible known as the Genevan Version. The first printed Bible was published in Scotland in 1579, though the New Testament appeared three years earlier. The printers, Alexander Arbuthnot and Thomas Bassandyn, undertook the work under an agreement with the General Assembly, and when it was completed the Assembly prepared and sanctioned a dedication to King James. It is a curious fact, illustrating the connection between the Church and the State in those days, that in 1579 it was ordained by Act of Parliament, under a penalty of ten pounds, that every gentleman householder worth three hundred merks of yearly rent, and every yeoman and burgher worth five hundred pounds, should have a Bible and Psalm-Book in the vulgar language, as it was then esteemed, for the instruction of themselves, and of those dependent upon them, in the knowledge of God. The selling price of the newly-printed Bibles was four pounds thirteen shillings and four pennies, Scots money being understood.

From the tastes and character of James the Sixth it may be readily understood that the proposal of a new translation received his enthusiastic support. James must have been in earnest in this matter, for he continued to keep his mind set upon it, and to him we owe the present Authorised Version first published in 1611, ten years after the Burntisland Assembly. Most people know about the learning and the pedantry of the king. Sir Walter Scott has painted him with lifelike fidelity, and in colours which can never lose their brilliancy and freshness. When the business of the new translation came up, the king must have forgotten his humility and repentance. An opportunity was then presented, dear to the heart of James, of which he availed himself to the utmost. He had a keen polemical scent, and was very fond of theological display. He could never restrain himself when he had the chance of showing off his varied accomplishments and powers of argument. In the High Church of Edinburgh, in presence of the people, he had more than once held debate with the preachers. He loved to argue with ministers and priests on their own favourite topics. At Holyrood on a famous occasion, surrounded by a large company of ministers, he had achieved the logical discomfiture of James Gordon, a noted Jesuit. At Burntisland

James seems to have put forth all his strength. He had an audience which put him upon his mettle. He no doubt wished to show his professional hearers that in matters lying within their own province he was a match for any one of them. And the fact was that he did produce a great impression. He knew his Bible well, and exhibited great ease and readiness in dealing with the errors of the existing translation. Spottiswood tells us that he recited whole verses of the Psalms, and showed both the faults of the metre and their discrepancy from the text. The royal scholarship and oratory delighted the Assembly. James received an unbounded measure of applause and admiration.

We have no further details of what took place regarding the proposal. The Assembly was impressed with the necessity of making a new translation, and they appointed a committee for this purpose; but we hear nothing of their labours. The times, in Scotland at least, were too tumultuous for work of that kind. James, however, kept working away at a new poetical version of the Psalms. But he was soon after removed to a higher and more independent sphere, where wealth and flattery made him forgetful of his Burntisland vows, and where, in the English bench of bishops, he found an ampler scholarship than Scotland could boast of. Episcopal subserviency suited him better than Presbyterian independence, and the memory of the Burntisland vows may have helped to inspire the persecuting spirit which James afterwards exhibited towards Presbyterianism and its Assemblies. Who knows, however, how much of our beloved English Bible we owe to that royal speech which once echoed round the square and sturdy pillars of the old parish church? History is a growth, and the history of literature and criticism is no exception. Burntisland Church and the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey, so unlike in all other respects, have at least this in common, that in both of them Christian men have deliberated in an earnest and worthy manner, as to the best form in which the Word of God can be presented to that large multitude of men and women who speak and read our English tongue. After the lapse of two hundred and eighty years, the learning and scholarship of England and Scotland are still finding scope for their highest exercise in the great and important work about which James the Sixth and the Scottish Presbyters took counsel together at Burntisland in that year of grace 1601.

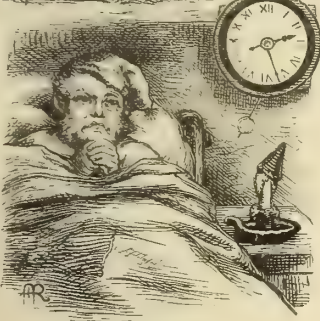
MINISTERS' PRAYER-MEETING IN GLASGOW.—A meeting of ministers of the Church of Scotland is held in the Christian Institute, Glasgow, on the first Monday of each month, from 11 to 1 o'clock, for united prayer and reading of Scripture, and for conference regarding various aspects of Scripture truth and Christian life. All ministers are welcomed. Information regarding the meetings may be had from the Secretary, the Rev. John Sloan, Shawlands.

The Parish of Taxwood, AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

VIII.—THE SCEPTIC.



JOHNNIE, JOHNNIE !
you little bodie,
coiled up in your
bed like a cater-
pillar in its chry-
salis shell, with
what mingled feel-
ings do I greet you
in these records
snatched from the
waste of memory !

Well, poor fellow,

you had a hard life of it, and a lonely one ; with all your grievous faults, your vanity and ignorance, I have a kindly recollection of you, and a kindly word for you. If you never went to Church, and thought much foolish thought and talked much foolish talk, so much the worse for you, as you came at last somewhat hesitatingly to own on your death-bed. If you and I have done no more, we have had many a friendly crack together, it is to be hoped thawing prejudice and brushing aside mental cobwebs, though I fear these latter were only too persistently weaved again ; perhaps, what is better, my occasional interviews helped to pave the way for visits more likely to do you good than mine.

Johnnie Chapman was a unique specimen of his class. His calling in younger and better days had been of the most diverse and nondescript character. In the west end of the parish he might in his small way be regarded as the rival or counterpart of the village shop in the east, in so far at least as he was the conveyer of many lowlier mercantile commodities to the residents in that quarter. He was proprietor of a small Cart and white "Shalt." The Cart and its living locomotive power were in

harmony. What would have been unkempt locks in the human being, had in the white Shalt a counterpart in shaggy mane, shaggy tail (or what tail there was), and shaggy feet, as innocent of comb and grooming as the Cart was of aquatic lustration. The latter had a great mission not only in that outlying portion of the parish, but in surrounding districts. It was used, too, for the most multifarious purposes. Its normal employment and vocation was in the sale of pots and pans, and crockery of all kinds, plain and ornamental. Amid the cottages and homesteads, indeed, where family cares rendered a personal marketing difficult or impossible, Johnnie's advent was a real boon. He was, moreover, very accommodating to the requirements of his constituents. At seasons of the year when the pan, goblet, and crockery trade was slack and at a discount, he was utilised thankfully for coal and wood carting, specially towards the end of the year, when the approach of winter recalled the claims of the ingle-nook. These manifold and distant journeys entailed, not unfrequently, absence from his own home till a late hour of the night, sometimes till early morning. It was on one of these occasions, we need not chronicle when, that, probably owing to a hazardous custom of antedating his night's rest, coupled with the erratic propensities of the nag, he tumbled from the top of the half-laden Cart, and falling under the wheel broke his leg. He had already bidden farewell, by a considerable way, to threescore years, so that with his hard life and his irreparably injured limb—first, Shalt and Cart had to be surrendered for a very modest commercial value, and then the old cripple was himself relegated for the remainder of his days to his four-poster. With the Scottish feeling of independence and thrift we have already lauded in a former chapter, he lived for a time on the eking out of his little savings ; his bank and "till" being an old stocking shoved under the upper end of his mattress. But he could not battle on with impossibilities ; so, much against his will, he had in course of time to surrender, and become dependent on the poor's box—which, with a dash of wounded pride, he called "the Mester's bawbees." He was more sensible of, and grateful for, other equally-needed and timely aid, seldom among the rural Scottish poor withheld, the kindness and helpful sympathy of his neighbours.

How Johnnie came to imbibe atheistical views and their usual accompaniment, a wild social and democratic creed, I cannot explain to my readers. I sometimes wondered if he could do so himself. Of his parentage and home-training I am ignorant. But he had enjoyed the educational benefit of Mr. M'Kinlay's predecessor at the parish school ; where, in respect of the religious element, his mind had been, to say no more, well stored with Scripture passages, and very specially, as was the use and wont in those days, with the metre Psalms and Paraphrases.

The surroundings of his cottage and its "clachan" were about the loveliest in the parish. One would have thought, independent of the kindly human influences brought to bear upon him, that these pages of the Great Lesson-book constantly unfolded, of hill and wood and stream, would not have been without their power to inspire with other and better thoughts. Moreover, that in his nightly pilgrimages he could not have listened so habitually in vain to silent voices, in the familiar words taught him in his boyhood,—

"For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

But so it was; he had lapsed into unbelief; and what was worse, despite of profundities of ignorance, he was rather proud of airing his fantasies and speculations to all and sundry, it mattered not who they were, that ventured within his door.

It was always with serene confidence in himself that he enunciated his vagaries. His clasped hands and sarcastic smile indicated the proud consciousness that he was right, and universal Taxwood wrong, "Athanasius contra Mundum." He commiserated, or affected to commiserate, all who did not share his cold and crude negations. He lay in a sort of chronic condition on his back with the aforesaid clasped fingers, and his rotund expressionless eyes fixed on the roof or on vacancy. It was, I confess, a ridiculous comparison, but I had been familiar for long with a bust of Socrates, and Johnnie's features reminded me in an absurd way of the Athenian, recumbent. He was innocent of furniture. A few empty tea-boxes rescued from the wrecks of his *commisariat* days,—memorial relics of Cart and Shalt, were extemporised in a combined fashion into seats, table, and wardrobe. A few tattered books, alas! the discredited Bible among them, were piled on the floor. The one only really conspicuous object in the room was a somewhat pretentious eight-day clock, which had a proud legend associated with it, as being a gift once on a time from the surrounding householders, in acknowledgment of Johnnie's professional services. It was the companion of many a lonely hour,—voted rather loud and monotonous by every one save himself. Yes, but if we come back to the point with which we started, and you repeat the question how a man of such insignificant mould, mental as well as physical, came to espouse views in rank hostility to all around him, I fear his kindest neighbour Jean's closing verdict lets us very much into the secret:—"Johnnie's a fine buddie, and a canny buddie, and a douce buddie, and a weel-doin buddie, but he's as fou o' conceit as an egg's fou o' meat."

Johnnie was never "fou" in any more discreditable sense of the term; this I think I can vouch for; and I record it to his advantage, as, from his calling, the rites of hospitality were doubtless frequently proffered, and sometimes obtrusively pressed. I must say more, in corroboration of

Jean's estimate. Under the manifold shifts and evasions of the same calling, he might have been tempted at times to turn a dishonest penny. I believe he was most sensitively and scrupulously honest in all his transactions. Only once had he ever owned to a deflection from the path of integrity in some small appropriation from a cart of coals (to replenish his own "bunker") on its way to a farm-house. But even in the case of an avowed infidel and atheist

"Conscience does make cowards of us all,"

for, after some months muffling the uncomfortable secret, the fault was freely confessed and as readily condoned.

Naturally this compromising incident was not a topic that allowed of any allusion. But I sometimes thought I would have liked to talk over the philosophy of the subject with my bedridden friend. What, if there were no God and no Future, no Heaven, and no Hell—what that little outraged monitor was within, that so grappled with him, made him restless and ill-at-ease, and would not permit the act of pilfering to go unacknowledged; this, too, when by no human possibility could it ever be discovered, for it was never suspected till he made the voluntary confession? I might have been tempted further to say to him in this imaginary appeal—

"My friend, does not this indefinable something within you seem to speak, not only of right and wrong, but of a Personal God?" Ay, I would have gone farther: "Does not this accusing voice speak of a Hereafter; and in connection with that hereafter, of your personal responsibility as a wrong-doer? In a word, that you are under a righteous law, and the righteous law implies a righteous Law-giver—'Verily there is a God that judgeth the earth.'"

But these Taxwood memories afford no space for pulpit moralisings and hypothetical interviews. Let me in all brevity record a specimen visit. It was so characteristic, that at this distance of time (without indicating the exact lapse of years) the whole scene comes vividly before me and often does.

"Well, Johnnie, how goes it with you to-day?" (and let me just record, in passing, with a small personal blush of modesty, that by the testimony of his neighbours I was tabulated by Johnnie as "a fell man that." Perhaps indebted for this favourable estimate to the circumstance of my invariably listening with all the patience and equanimity I could command, to his small egotisms and very big absurdities).

"Well," said he in reply, "a puzzler, sir, I have for you now." He had evidently been keeping his powder dry for the first available opportunity. That occasion had come. "It is in your own Psalm-book, sir, Psalm xxiv. 2, giving me at once chapter and verse, and of course in the metre version—

"For the foundations thereof
He on the seas did lay."

"How could the earth's foundations, sir, be laid upon the seas? I want you to tell me how sic a thing as that could be said, in what you call the Word o' God."

He said no more. He made quite sure of the physical impossibility, and the consequent error on the part of an Inspired writer. He gave a few significant winks, folded his hands complacently in the accustomed attitude, as if to say, "There is a poser and clencher for you at last."¹

He waited my reply.

What could I say? How could I manage to convey to that little illiterate rotundity before me what a child in the Sunday School would understand and appreciate, that the greatest and the grandest of inspired Penmen have used the same license (if I may employ such a term), which secular poets are in the habit of doing; conveying their noblest conceptions in poetic dress, and with poetic hyperbole? I did my best (which I need not here retail) to reconcile prose and poetry, literalism and symbolism, winding up by saying, "I wonder, Johnnie, you are content with that one passage as a puzzler to me. I wonder you did not quote from another of our beautiful Psalms, the 19th, about the Sun 'coming out of his chamber and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race: his going forth from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it.' Or that other, 'From the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, the Lord's name shall be praised.'"

Johnnie did not see the point, and the reason was obvious. He was not only ignorant of the Copernican theory; but I believe he would have resisted it as contrary to the plain evidence of his senses. The man would have been a discredit to humanity in Johnnie's estimation, whether calling himself Psalmist or Philosopher, who would dream of anything else than the earth standing still and the sun moving round it. Had he not plainly seen this every day throughout his active life? had not the constantly-moving sun been all he had for many a long year in lieu of watch? It is more than probable that his memory had retained two lines of Dr. Watts' at the end of the old spelling-book, and this authority of his boyhood would be unimpeachable—

"He never tires nor stops to rest
But round the world he shines."

As is not seldom the case with similar natures, there was a strange conservatism,—a dislike of what he called "new-fangled things," which mingled with all his radicalism. I have often wondered what Johnnie would have thought of Darwin and Darwinianism, the doctrine of evolution and the ape-theory. If accepted, he would doubtless deem "the Shalt" and of course himself,

¹ It occurred to me since, it would have been to him the assertion of a yet more startling violation of the laws of truth and of nature, had he discovered, which he had not, the kindred verse in Habakkuk regarding the same "deep," that "he lifted up his hands on high." Hab. iii. 10.

two signal examples of "the survival of the fittest." My strong impression, however, is, that, adopting one of his favourite expressions, he would have denounced the whole as "clean havens." The very idea of "the Shalt" being the lineal descendant of certain specks of "animated jelly," would have been a shock and insult to the commonplace philosophy of its owner.

I forget whether we pursued further the conversation above sketched from memory. But I broke off with an allusion to the most natural subject and object which had obtrusively suggested itself.

"You've rather a noisy companion in that Clock of yours, Johnnie," pointing to the persistent disturber of our talk, and thinking that I might appropriately, before leaving, take up the most common of all illustrations in natural theology. "Now tell me, my good friend, and don't blink the question, but tell me honestly, Did that Clock make itself? Did all its wheels and cogs, its hour-hand and minute-hand and pendulum, and striking hammer, take it into their heads obligingly one day to come together for your special benefit? Do you refuse to admit any idea of contrivance, skill, thought? In a word, the wonderful design of 'Some Designer'?"

He was too adroit not to see the direction in which I was drifting, for some friend had given him Paley to read, and the familiar opening illustration had not escaped him if all else had. He simply folded his hands and was silent. Bats in their dark holes don't like generally the admission of sunlight.

"Johnnie," said I very laconically, as I had my hand on the door about to depart; "a Clock, a Clock-maker; a World, a World-maker."

It was now as on other occasions:—I cannot say that any poor words or argument of mine made the least visible impression. The hands were only re-folded in the old reverential fashion; the globular eyes, or their yellow whites, resting on the pine rafters, equivalent to saying, "Thank you, sir, for your visit and for all your good intentions, but I am left in possession of the field."

It is no derogation from my really kindly thoughts of Johnnie and my interest in him, but, forgive me, good reader, for adding, that sometimes in my old age, in a distant scene from Johnnie's hamlet, and using a less congenial ritual, I am irresistibly tempted to think of him when I read or chant the opening words of a Psalm, as these are rendered in the version of the English Prayer-Book, "The foolish body hath said in his heart, There is no God."

I cannot say—who can dare presumptuously to venture, in such cases, on any positive averment? but with the many kindly human, and higher than human influences that gathered round the lonely home and pillow—these taken in connection with some hesitating avowals already indicated,—may we not at all events cherish "the larger hope" that,

when the Supreme hour at last came, he was able for himself to lay a foundation on surer than the unstable sea, and cling to the solid Rock ?

Young Women's Associations.

“YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.”

OUR purpose is to notice in these pages various Associations which have for their object the welfare of our Scottish young women. Some are general, having branches in many parts of the country; others are confined to one district of Scotland, or to particular parishes or congregations. They differ considerably among themselves both as to their aims and in the methods which they employ. Our notices must be brief, and it will be our business to collect from authoritative sources the information which we place before our readers.

The above-named Association is the oldest of the larger Societies, and is more fully styled “The Young Women's Christian Association and Institute Union.” It was begun in London in 1855 by Lady Kinnaird and Miss Robarts, and it has nearly 400 branches in England, Scotland, and Ireland, besides others in the Colonies and in some foreign countries. As to its strength in Scotland, the Secretary (Miss Murray Gartshore, Ravelston, Blackhall, Midlothian) writes: “It is not easy to say, as several Branches are only affiliated. We have got 81 Branches and 23 Referees.” Referees are ladies to whom young women can be referred, in places where no Branch has been formed; they undertake to introduce young women to Bible Classes, etc.

The Association was at first to a large extent a *Prayer Union*, and this name is now retained for what we may regard as its inner circle, which includes those ladies who carry on the work of the

Association (“Working Associates”), and others who agree to join in private prayer at certain stated times, and to seek the spiritual good of young women as opportunities occur. The young women who form the ordinary membership of the Society are described as belonging to the *General Circle*; they look to the Prayer Union members for guidance, and are the helped rather than the helpers. Secretaries of branches are provided with “transfer papers,” by which ordinary members who change their residence may be commended to the Branch in the place to which they remove. The other duties of Branch Secretaries are to keep a list of the members, to hold communication with them at least once a year, to arrange, if possible, monthly meetings of the Prayer Union members in the locality, and Bible Classes for the ordinary members, and to receive small subscriptions from the members.

The Association aims specially at being evangelistic, and it arranges annually (through Mrs. Malcolm, Burnfoot, Langholm) a Week of Prayer for Young Women. At the same time it seeks the good of young women in many other ways, as by Libraries, Tracts, an Almanac with motto texts, a Total Abstinence Union in connection with the “Blue Ribbon” movement, Social Meetings, and information through the Secretaries as to Homes, Lodging-Houses, Emigration, etc. Through affiliated Institutes (one of which is in Young Street, Edinburgh) it provides reading-rooms and classes of various kinds. A Registry for servants is under the care of Mrs. Cupples, York Road, Trinity, Edinburgh, who writes: “I am jealous for my Registry; the very word looks so secular that people cannot give us credit for much good.” And she tells of members from distant places coming to town, lonely and sad-hearted, for whom she finds situations, and who learn to look to her in all their troubles as they would to their own mothers.

Old Friends.

FOR AN IRISH AIR, “WELCOME AND HEALTH.”

WELCOME and health, my good old friend,
 From life's beginning unto its end !
 Through joy and grief, through smiles and tears ;
 We have seen so much in forty years !
 Forty years of forgotten pain,
 Of pleasure never to come again :
 But calm we take what heaven doth send.
 Welcome and health to my dear old friend !

Welcome and health ! though your step be slow,
 And my old cheeks long have ceased to glow,
 And the eyes of both have grown dim with tears :
 We have lost so much in forty years !
 But much, and many, remain behind :
 The true and tender, the warm and kind :
 And as we began, please heaven, we'll end.
 Welcome and health to my faithful friend !

THE AUTHOR of “John Halifax, Gentleman.”

Our Conveners and the Work of the Church.

THE FOREIGN MISSION COMMITTEE.

THE rise of a missionary spirit in the Church of Scotland can be traced through the eighteenth century ; but our Foreign Mission, as at present constituted, dates from 1829, when our first Missionary, Dr. Duff, sailed for India, under the guidance of the great founder of the Scheme, Dr. John Inglis, father of the present Lord Justice-General of Scotland. A brief statement of the present condition of the Mission will be found at page 91. A full account appeared in "Life and Work" for February 1883.



Rev. Archibald Scott, D.D.

CONVENER OF THE FOREIGN MISSION COMMITTEE.

The Committee has had many eminent Conveners — Dr. Inglis, Dr. Brunton, Dr. Veitch, Dr. Macfarlane of Duddingston, Dr. Craik, Dr. Robertson of Glasgow Cathedral, Dr. Norman Macleod, Dr. Herdman. The present Convener was called to the office on the retirement of Dr. Herdman in 1882. Dr. Scott is the son of a farmer in Lanarkshire, and was born at Bogton in Cadder Parish in 1837. He was educated at the parish school, at Glasgow High School, and at Glasgow University, where he took the degree of B.A. He was licensed in June 1859, was the late Dr. Watson's Missionary in St. Matthew's, Glasgow, and was ordained Minister of East Church, Perth, in March 1860. In 1863 he was translated to Abernethy. In 1865 he accepted a call to a wooden church on the South side of Glasgow, out of which grew Maxwell Parish Church. He was translated to Linlithgow in 1870 ; to Greenside, Edinburgh, in the end of 1871 ; and to St. George's, Edinburgh, in January 1880. Dr. Scott was Chairman of Edinburgh School Board for five years ; and he has been one of the Baird Trustees from the commencement of that Trust. Glasgow University gave him the degree of D.D. in 1876.

Moravian Missions.

By the Rev. R. HERBERT STORY, D.D.

AT the Vienna Exhibition, the prize medal for Australian arrowroot was awarded to that grown at the Moravian Mission Stations in Gippsland. In Africa, among the Kaffirs of the British and of the Free Territories, there are 14 flourishing settlements, with more than 10,000 converts—the fruit of Moravian zeal. In Cashmere, and pushing on towards Central Asia, we find the Moravian Missionaries in the van of the Christian advance. Far to the north in Saratov, in Russia, we meet them again on the confines of the half-savage Tartars and Kalmucks. In South America they are labouring among the negroes of Surinam; and in Paramaribo their converts number over 6000 souls. Among the Danish and British islands of the West Indies 36,000 Christian people, with settled churches and a theological seminary, form the Moravian community. In North America the churches of Greenland and Labrador are called by their name, and seek to win to Christ the scattered tribes of Esquimaux and Indians.

Let any one look at the map and mark the places now named—Gippsland, Kaffraria, Cashmere, Russia, Dutch Guiana, the West Indies, Greenland, and Labrador—widely separated and hard of access, and he will be inclined to ask what great wealthy and powerful Church has laid her grasp on so many distant and diverse fields. And the answer would be that this Church is great only in character, wealthy only in zeal, powerful only through faith, while numerically one of the smallest of Christian communities. No Church has carried out so nobly the divine commission, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.” Long before a Missionary Society had been formed in England; long before old Dr. Erskine, with his quaint preface of, “Moderator, rax me that Bible,” had ventured to argue for Missions in the General Assembly, the Moravians were veterans in evangelical enterprise. At the beginning of the present century there were only 7 Protestant Missionary Societies in existence, with about 170 Missionaries; and of the 170 nearly 100 were Moravians. In 1821 they had increased to 161, with 20,000 converts. They have now 95 stations, 327 Missionaries, and 73,000 converts. And all the while the Mother Church is said to number only about 30,000 souls, and its Missionary revenue to amount to about £7500 a year. That sum represents a contribution of some 5s. per head. If our Church contributed to the same extent, assuming it to number 1,500,000 souls (which is a very moderate calculation), our Missionary revenue would be not less than £375,000. Even if our communicants alone gave on the Moravian scale, they, numbering certainly not less than 520,000, would contribute a yearly sum of £130,000. The actual sum is so

much less that we need not mention it. But we do the Moravians an injustice when we speak of their money gifts, as if these were their greatest, or those in which we should best copy them. No Church is really strong through mere liberality in contributions. Its true strength is in its faith and zeal and capacity of self-sacrifice and self-devotion. And in these gifts no Church excels the Moravian.

That Church was the child of the persecution and peril that quicken faith and love. After the martyrdom of John Huss in 1415 the truth to which he had witnessed lived on in the hearts of many, who called him master, in Bohemia and Moravia. For more than two centuries oppression and cruelty made life bitter to them and their descendants: until early in the eighteenth century a large body of them sought refuge in Saxony, under the protection of Count Zinzendorf, a Saxon noble, who, touched with pity for their misfortunes and in sympathy with their faith, offered them an asylum on his lands. Here they settled and founded Herrnhut, the “Lord’s Lodge,” the spiritual mother of scores of homes of piety, philanthropy, and Christian zeal, in every quarter of the globe. Zinzendorf himself entered the ministry of the Lutheran Church, and shortly afterwards, being banished from Saxony through ecclesiastical ill-will, he began a wandering life, in the course of which he assumed the title and functions of Bishop of the Moravians, and established colonies of “the United Brethren,” as they were called, in Prussia, Holland, and the British settlements in North America. Permitted to return to Saxony, he established himself finally at Herrnhut, where he died in 1760.

It was doubtless his example that stimulated so vigorous a Missionary spirit among the Brethren, who regarded him as their founder. They came to Herrnhut in 1722, and in ten years they sent out their earliest Missionaries to the West Indies, where they settled first in the Danish island of St. Thomas, in the hope of alleviating the miseries and enlightening the ignorance of the enslaved negroes there. Their first Missionary interest had been directed to them by the visit to Herrnhut of a negro from the island, who described in moving terms the wretched condition of the slaves. About the same time the Brethren heard tidings of a Danish Mission that had been despatched to Greenland, under Hans Egede—a name worthy of honour—but which had for some years languished, in part from its being embarrassed by secular relations to a trading colony, with which it was conjoined. Three of the Brethren—Matthew Stach, Christian Stach, and Christian David—resolved to go to the rescue. They were cordially welcomed by Egede, who helped them to learn the language of the heathen natives and to construct the buildings of their settlement, New Herrnhut, and finally handed over the Mission to

their charge on his own retirement to Europe. The staff of the Mission was reinforced from home time after time, and the faithful Brethren laboured on, through the brief summer and drearily-protracted winter of many a year of lonely privation, suffering, and discouragement, ere they saw any substantial results. They travelled hundreds of leagues up and down the bleak coasts; they tended the sick, passing through one awful visitation of smallpox; they instructed the young; they tried to influence the old; they planted new Stations at points that it seemed advisable to occupy; they spent themselves in unwearying effort. At last they felt they were making progress. The pagan superstition and licentiousness began to lose their hold. One after another was converted and baptized, and became in turn an evangelist to his fellow-countrymen. After fifteen years a church was built to receive the native congregation, and the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time. By and by, in spite of the horrors of a winter of frightful severity and of a time of disastrous famine, an additional settlement was formed under the name of Lichtenfels, where a congregation soon gathered, and whence light began to radiate over a farther region. From that time the Word "had free course and was glorified." The whole country was gradually christianised; the settlements of Lichtenau and Friedrichsthal were formed; the New Testament was translated into the Greenland tongue (and published by the British and Foreign Bible Society); and Christian civilisation penetrated the whole of that desolate and ice-bound land.

The history of Missions records no nobler triumph of evangelic zeal over the opposing forces of rude heathenism and even ruder Nature.

This is the most characteristic of all the Moravian Missions. It involved a longer and lonelier period of unrewarded toil, a more complete isolation from every solace and association of home and civilised life, an experience of keener personal privation and endurance, than any of their other enterprises. In it, as in all their Missions, they applied the same principles and worked on the same method. They did not go as mere temporary visitors to the scene of their Mission. They transplanted themselves, and settled in it as their home. They did not depend for support on supplies from Herrnhut, though in the climate of Greenland these were, to a certain extent, indispensable, but tried to make the Mission maintain itself; and at the same time, by the example of their industry and skill, act as a stimulus and education to the natives. While they mingled with the people in friendly intercourse, they used every opportunity of giving them useful hints and help in their work and pursuits, and of combining therewith Christian teaching, as they were able to bear it. At the same time they paid special attention to the training of the young. The Mission was, in fact, a Christian community, setting itself down on kindly and equal terms among

the heathen natives, and bringing, through the lives of its members, the power of divine love and good-will to men to bear on their jealous and ignorant minds.

Such is to this day the Moravian system, carrying with it the most potent of all lessons (the lesson of the simplicity and godly sincerity of the gospel manifested in the lives of those who believe in it) into the dark places of the earth, and filling them with light, order, industry, Christian principle and practice. Not one of their Missions has been a failure, while they have succeeded in forming Christian communities where success was generally thought to be impossible. "Not many years ago," says Dr. Christlieb, "travellers used to affirm that the Australian Aborigines were absolutely incapable of receiving the gospel. To-day this opinion is amply confuted by the fruits of the Moravian Mission, with its neat churches, pleasant villages, and cleanly dwelling-houses." The negroes of the West Indies and Guiana, like all slaves and descendants of slaves, were peculiarly degraded; but the Moravians succeeded in raising them from ignorance and brutality to a degree of intelligent and moral manhood. Their success is owing, primarily, as all such success must always be, to their own faith and devotion; but, secondarily, to their admirable method. With them the Mission is simply a united company, going out from the bosom of the parent Church to plant itself and live its life in the waste place which it seeks to make to blossom as the rose.

The ritual of the Moravians, we may add, is very simple; its musical service and its prayers—generally, though not always, extempore—resemble our own. Their scheme of doctrine is that of the Lutheran Church. Their government is a kind of modified episcopacy, in which the bishops ordain but do not rule, each congregation having its own ruling elders, and the Church, as a whole, being governed by a synod, corresponding in its general character to our General Assembly; although not having an annual meeting.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS.—The Church of Scotland has Missions to the heathen in India, East Africa, and China. India was our first, and remains our principal, field. Our Missionaries to India labour in six districts, which may be said to have their centres at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Darjeeling, Sealkote, Chumba. The Missionary Institution at Calcutta has prospered greatly; and conversions among the hill tribes round Darjeeling have been numerous in recent years. The Mission at Blantyre, East Africa, had for a time a troubled history, but has brighter prospects now. While we write, a teacher has just sailed, and a young minister is on the point of sailing, to help our faithful Missionaries there. Our Missionaries to China are gathering in converts at I-chang. We have in India, Africa, and China about 24 European Missionaries, of whom 13 are ordained, and a great staff of native pastors, licentiates, catechists, and Christian teachers. The income of the Committee from all sources was £25,000 in 1882. Besides all this there are the increasingly important labours of the Ladies' Association—in Zenana teaching and day-schools in India.

A Glance at the Salvation Army.

By EX-PROFESSOR J. STUART BLACKIE.

"*Es ist immer gut etwas zu wissen,*" says Goethe; it is always good to know something; and, if we would know it, we must see it, and be, if possible, a part of it for a season; for outside knowledge is always superficial knowledge, as if a man should conceit himself to know a house by looking at the front face of it and counting the windows as he goes along the street. So, wishing to know something of "the Salvation Army," and learning that they had a regular meeting every Sunday night in the Vennel, a steep, narrow lane that goes up from the Grassmarket to Lauriston Place, in Edinburgh, I went and took part in their devotions. The locality was in the form of a common semi-circular church, only, instead of a regular pulpit, a platform or dais, with a free range of graduated seats rising up behind it, as in an amphitheatre. The service was a little disorderly, no doubt, in its aspect, but otherwise pretty much the same as in our Presbyterian Churches, an alternation of hymns, prayers, and admonitory addresses, by various persons, who, though they wore no official garb, were evidently accustomed to take the lead. There was a marching tramp about the hymns eminently fitted to stir the hearers to sympathetic action; falling asleep—a condition into which piously-disposed persons sometimes have been known to fall in the best-regulated regular congregations—under such a sweep of harmonised emotional energy was impossible. Interruptions now and then took place, which were easily put down by a combination of good humour, good sense, and firmness, on the part of the leaders. On two occasions showers of missiles were sent through the window-panes from evil-disposed youths on the outside; but to this the pious performers within paid no more regard than a duck would to a splash of water. They were evidently accustomed to such things, and rejoiced in the petty persecution. I felt intensely interested in the spectacle, not only on account of its novelty—though of course that influence will always tell—but on account of the honesty, directness, and smoking fervour of the whole proceedings. However the *τὸ πρέπον* [the becoming] might be violated, Nature was here manifestly, without hypocrisy and without restraint, dealing effective blows against our three great enemies—the World, the Devil, and the Flesh. In fact, in addressing masses of men—however much our preachers seem to ignore it sometimes—earnestness, stern earnestness, and a hot, glowing passion direct from the furnace of living experience, are ever the first and the last thing; grace of manner and chasteness of diction come in as grateful adjuncts, but which may always be dispensed with if the other be present. Three things struck me as particularly worthy of note in the service. (1) The preponderance of women in the more striking acts of the worship; they did not indeed

preach, but they prayed, and they sang, and they comforted. This is just as it should be. In any work where emotion and passion are the chief agents women will always be in the van. Amongst the Greeks the followers of Dionysus—not to be confounded with our vulgar beer-barrel Bacchus—were women; and Christianity wisely seizes upon the same willing tools, and gives them a more elevated employ. (2) Instead of remaining stationary, cooped up in a box called a pulpit, those who addressed the audience moved up and down, and gave free sway to their limbs; this is an example which it would be well to imitate in our churches; for, though there is no reason why a man should not confine himself to one spot during his address, if it suits him, there can be as little doubt that for certain temperaments motion is favourable to flow of ideas and effectiveness of address: it is at once more natural and more dramatic. (3) At the conclusion of the service, the direct appeal made to those who were moved by the address to come forward publicly and declare themselves willing to leave the ways of sin and serve God under the power of the Cross, whatever may be said against it as an absolute rule, was no doubt in the circumstances a most natural, proper, and effective procedure. Such a firm and decided step from the ranks of the flesh to the ranks of the Spirit, taken in the public eye, at once enlists the self-esteem of the neophyte in the assertion of his own independence, and wins for him the kindly sympathy of the fraternity into which he is thus solemnly admitted. I certainly have never witnessed in our regular church ministrations—not even in the solemn gatherings of a Highland sacramental occasion—a sight more sweetly human and more spiritually impressive than when the fair sergeants, or whatever the title be of the female ministers of this devout Army, came softly up to the kneeling converts at the base of the dais, and, bending gently over them, whispered a sisterly welcome into their ears. Surely the Spirit of God was not far where such things were done.

I subjoin some lines into which my thoughts shaped themselves, as I reflected next morning on the touching spectacle I had witnessed.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

(A KIND WORD IN PASSING.)

STRANGE world in sooth! wild whirl of joy and sadness!
Unseasoned medley of things good and bad,
Things basely sober, and things crudely mad,
Yet with sweet soul of method in their madness!
"Salvation Army!" well, they mean to save;
And in their own rough way they do, no doubt;
And I would liefer fling wild words about
With them, than slip through life, a smooth-lipped slave
Of reputable forms. Far better with too much
Of zeal to swell, and hot aggressive love,
Than sit in cleanly state, and fear to touch
The clouted sinner, lest you soil your glove:
In this waste field, where rough hands blindly throw
Good seed, you slept, and taught the weeds to grow.

* * We willingly give a place to Professor Blackie's sympathetic paper. It will do much good if it only leads the Churches to consider why they are making so little impression on the classes from which the Salvation Army draws its converts. The Army reaches the idle and vicious who spend their evenings in drinking and smoking in public-houses and "loafing" at street corners—persons who will not go to hear a clergyman, or even any ordinary evangelist. On the other hand, there are less pleasant features. We have attended their services in many towns, and we like their methods less the longer we see them. The unconscious irreverence is excessive, and there is no attempt at a better tone. Young women constantly preach, and children are encouraged to announce their conversion in public. The converts are retained, not passed on to the Churches; and therefore the Salvationists must become a new sect, though they disclaim the intention. We fear the unwholesome doctrine of Perfectionism is taking root among them. Finally, their administrative and financial system is beset with great perils, one of which is that everything depends on the capacity and integrity of the "General," who is absolutely uncontrolled. We believe the present General to be worthy of confidence. But who can answer for his successor? And, in any case, the strain on human nature is needlessly severe.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.—*Towards the Sunset: Teachings after Thirty Years*—By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson" (Isbister, 1883). This book, with a somewhat pathetic title, has all the old charm. If the light is a little softer, the colour a little warmer, we hope the title is to have no other fulfilment for a long time. We have few writers who write English so well. One of these "Teachings"—No. VI. "The Spirits of Just Men made Perfect"—first appeared in this Magazine. *My Aspirations*—By Rev. G. Matheson, D.D., Innellan (Cassell, 1883). Those who remember Dr. Matheson's "Meditations" in "Life and Work" will be prepared to find this little volume one of the very best devotional books of our day. Spiritual and profound, these "Aspirations" are poems in prose, finely touched, always readable and helpful. The volume is one of the "Heart Chords" series. Another of the same series is *My Body*—By Professor W. G. Blackie, D.D. It is a specially good book for young men, and may be read with advantage by all who desire to have the body the servant, not the master, of the soul. *Early Graves: a Book for the Bereaved*—By John R. Macduff, D.D. (Nisbet, 1883). It is needless to mention the author's qualifications for the consolation of the sorrowing. He has made the field peculiarly his own. Several interesting biographies close the volume. *Jock Halliday, a Grassmarket Hero*—By Robina F. Hardy (Olyphant, Edinburgh, 1883). We have not for a long time read a book so well suited for lads of "Jock Halliday's" class, or for a Sunday School library. Those who knew Dr. William Robertson and his work in New Greyfriars Parish will recognise some of the sketches. *The Battery and the Boiler: an Electrical Story*—By R. M. Ballantyne (Nisbet, 1883). Mr. Ballantyne writes for boys a story which they will read—wholesome though wildly adventurous, and teaches by the way many things concerning the laying of submarine cables and other electrical matters. *By a Way they knew not*—By Martha Rigden (London: The Book Society). Miss

Rigden's little book has been long on our table. It is a true story after Leigh Richmond's manner, of Fanny Winton, who in a life of blindness and suffering adorned the doctrine of Christ.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1, 2. Find the story of an oppressor of Israel who was killed by a woman when he was sleeping; and of a chief who (1) murdered his brothers and (2) was himself killed by a woman. 3-5. Find the call of the Lord coming to one future prophet in the dead of night; to another when he was ploughing with oxen; to another as he followed the flock, and was a herdman, and a gatherer of sycamore fruit. 6. Find in Acts the first recorded conversion in Europe. 7. Name seven Christian disciples of whom it is recorded in Acts that miracles were wrought by them; give one proof-text with each name. 8. Find in Acts six instances of sinners (of New Testament times) being visited with the judgment of God. 9, 10. Find in Apocalypse the number seven expressly applied to seventeen things or persons.

ANSWERS FOR MAY.

1. Baruch, Jer. 36. 32. 2. Anathoth, Jer. 11. 21 (12. 6). 3. Jer. 9. 1; 13. 17; 14. 17. 4. Nazarenes would have killed Jesus, Luke 4. 29; He wept over the city, Luke 19. 41. 5. Jer. 11. 19; Isa. 53. 7; Acts 8. 32. 6. Jer. 32. 6-15, and verses 42-44. 7. Luke, Acts, 1 Tim., 2 Tim., Titus, Philem., 2 John, 3 John. 8. John 4. 26; 9. 37; Mark 14. 62. 9. Matt. 16. 14; Elijah, Jeremiah, John the Baptist. 10. Phil. 1. 12, 13; 4. 22.

Calendar for June.

1	F.	See that none render evil for evil.—1 Thess. 5. 15.
2	Sa.	Judge not according to the appearance.—John 7. 24.
3	Su.	Not unto us, unto Thy Name give glory.—Ps. 115. 1.
4	M.	The work of our hands establish Thou it.—Ps. 90. 17.
5	Tu.	<i>New Moon.</i> Grant us Thy salvation.—Ps. 85. 9.
6	W.	Grace to help in time of need.—Heb. 4. 16.
7	Th.	Your murmurings are against the Lord.—Exod. 16. 8.
8	F.	Unite my heart to fear Thy Name.—Ps. 86. 11.
9	Sa.	I will put My fear in their hearts.—Jer. 32. 40.
10	Su.	In the temple, praising and blessing God.—Luke 24. 53.
11	M.	The Lord shall arise upon thee.—Isa. 60. 2.
12	Tu.	As the days of heaven upon the earth.—Deut. 11. 21.
13	W.	The harvest plenteous, the labourers few.—Matt. 9. 37.
14	Th.	Whom shall I send, and who will go?—Isa. 6. 8.
15	F.	Here am I; send me.—Isa. 6. 8.
16	Sa.	Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. 10. 8.
17	Su.	<i>Collection for Foreign Missions.</i> —Matt. 24. 14.
18	M.	The talk of the lips tendeth to penalty.—Prov. 14. 23.
19	Tu.	Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. 6. 11.
20	W.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Forgive us our debts.—Matt. 6. 12.
21	Th.	<i>Longest Day.</i> There shall be no night there.—Rev. 22.
22	F.	Thy God thy glory.—Isa. 60. 19. [5]
23	Sa.	Bring an offering, and come into His courts.—Ps. 96. 8.
24	Su.	The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.—Ps. 51. 17.
25	M.	Obedient unto death.—Phil. 2. 8.
26	Tu.	Separated unto the gospel of God.—Rom. 1. 1.
27	W.	Underneath are the everlasting arms.—Deut. 33. 27.
28	Th.	Be at peace among yourselves.—1 Thess. 5. 13.
29	F.	Take heed unto thyself.—1 Tim. 4. 16.
30	Sa.	The way of the ungodly shall perish.—Ps. 1. 6.

JULY.

1	Su.	Holiness becometh Thin House.—Ps. 93. 5.
2	M.	I desired mercy, and not sacrifice.—Hos. 6. 6.
3	Tu.	My work is with my God.—Isa. 49. 4.

From "A Student's Evening Hymn."

By the late Professor CLERK MAXWELL.

(Our space last month did not permit us to give, with the biographical article, a specimen of Professor Clerk Maxwell's poetry. —*Ed.*)

GIVE me wisdom so to use
 These brief hours of thoughtful leisure,
 That I may no instant lose
 In mere meditative pleasure,
 But with strictest justice measure
 All the ends my life pursues,
 Lies to crush and truths to treasure,
 Wrong to shun and Right to choose.

Teach me so Thy works to read
 That my faith—new strength accruing—
 May from world to world proceed,
 Wisdom's fruitful search pursuing;
 Till, Thy truth my mind imbuing,
 I proclaim the Eternal Creed,
 Oft the glorious theme renewing,
 God our Lord is God indeed.

Through the creatures Thou hast made
 Show the brightness of Thy glory,
 Be eternal Truth displayed
 In their substance transitory,
 Till green Earth and Ocean hoary,
 Massy rock and tender blade,
 Tell the same unending story—
 "We are Truth in Form arrayed."

When to study I retire,
 And from books of ancient sages
 Glean fresh sparks of buried fire
 Lurking in their ample pages—
 While the task my mind engages
 Let old words new truths inspire—
 Truths that to all after-ages
 Prompt the Thoughts that never tire.

Yet if, led by shadows fair,
 I have uttered words of folly,
 Let the kind absorbing air
 Stifle every sound unholy.
 So when Saints with Angels lowly
 Join in heaven's unceasing prayer,
 Mine as certainly, though slowly,
 May ascend and mingle there.

"Fule Jamie":

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG.

IN my father's parish there lived many years ago a poor idiot boy called Jamie Munro, better known as "Fule Jamie." When I say "idiot" I don't mean that he was altogether fatuous, but just what is called silly, or—and this better describes him—"an innocent"—an innocent child's mind in a body of unusual size and strength. The poor vacant face, with its constant inane smile, gave no clue to the large and faithful heart within, but that it was there we all knew well, as indeed we had good reason to know.

He was nearly always at the manse, and a great favourite with us children, especially with Charlie, my youngest brother, whose bodyguard he had constituted himself. Charlie was a dreadful little scapegrace, and always getting into mischief of one kind or another, and by the time he was six years old had had innumerable hairbreadth escapes by

flood and field; but as long as Jamie was with him, my mother was quite easy in her mind.

The queer pair used to go about together everywhere, and were great friends. In intellect the great lad of nineteen was far behind the boy of seven, but his bodily strength was something wonderful. They would set off on tramps of miles and miles into the country, by far the greater part of their journeys being performed on one pair of legs, the owner of the other pair sitting comfortably "stride legs" on Jamie's back, while he trudged steadily on, perfectly happy as long as he was with Charlie.

We used to wonder what they spoke about, and one day I overheard them, while they fed their rabbits. Charlie was laying down the law with great authority.

"You know, Jamie, the Bible says we are all bad. Even papa and mamma was bad once, but that was long long ago, when they was quite little, before they growed good. But Jesus died to make us grow good, and then we'll go to heaven when we die."

"But will we ha'e mappies in heaven?" asked Jamie anxiously.

"Oh yes! I am sure we will; for I asked papa one day what it would be like, and he said we would all be perfectly happy; and, Jamie, I'm sure I couldn't just be *perfectly* happy without my bonnie mappies; could you? But I know what I'll do. You know God builds houses up there for us all before we die, and I'll ask Him when I say my prayers to-night to be sure and make a rabbit's house for you and me."

Jamie had an invincible dislike to coming to church. My father and mother had in vain tried every means they could think of to persuade him, and at last gave it up as hopeless. Great, then, was our surprise when one Sunday Charlie appeared rather later than the rest of us, leading Jamie by the hand along the church passage to the manse seat. It was a touching sight to see the great shambling figure sitting so close as ever he could to the little fellow, and in an agony of nervousness watching and copying his every movement. He never let go his hold of Charlie's hand all through the long sermon (and sermons were longer in those days than they are now, and a country congregation, many of whom came great distances to church, would have thought themselves very badly treated if they had been "kept in" less than two hours and a half, and a sermon that did not extend over three quarters of an hour or an hour would not have been considered worth coming so far to hear).

I suppose being responsible for Jamie's good behaviour put Charlie on his mettle, for generally he was anything but famous for being good in church; but that day he was a perfect paragon of devoutness. By what powers of persuasion the child had prevailed on him to break through his long-cherished prejudices we never knew, but all

that summer Jamie came to church under Charlie's wing.

So the two went on in their strange companionship, till one day in the autumn of that same year. It was Charlie's birthday, his seventh, and he had begged for a holiday—not that he had ever much of anything else, but he had to spend an hour or two in the schoolroom every morning,—so that Jamie and he might make an expedition which they had been planning for a long time. There was a place about five miles away, famous for the quantities of “brambles” (blackberries) to be found there. It was a rocky glen, up whose steep sides they climbed in graceful festoons, and where they ripened sooner than anywhere else. We went there every autumn *en masse* with baskets of all sorts and sizes, from the small gooseberry ones, for the little ones to fill, up to the big clothes basket intended to receive and carry home the joint contributions of the family. But as some years the brambles were much later of ripening than others, and as the “bramble glen” was so far away, it was considered advisable to send out scouts beforehand to report on the state of the fruit. This year Charlie had set his heart on going, and as a matter of course Jamie had agreed to take him, as he would have done if Charlie had set his heart on going to Japan.

So my mother furnished them with bread and cheese for a “piece,” and with many injunctions not to be too late coming back, the pair departed; Charlie inwardly in high glee, but with a face of great gravity as befitting the errand imposed on him for the first time, and Jamie just as pleased and happy as the child.

“Now, Jamie, take care of Charlie, and don't let him go too near the cliffs,” were my mother's last words, as we stood at the door to watch them off.

Jamie put his arm round Charlie's shoulder with a fond protecting gesture. “Ay, ay, mammy,” he said, “dinna ye be feart, Jamie 'll tak' gude care, an' we'll bring hame a lot o' berries for jeely.”

He always called my mother “mammy,” and, poor fellow! I suppose she was all the mother he had ever known.

So they started, Jamie, the tender-hearted fellow, stopping just before they turned the corner of the avenue to gently lift and carry to the side a poor maimed chicken that had strayed on to the road, and was in danger of being run over by any passing conveyance.

We thought no more of them till rather late in the afternoon, when we began to expect them home; but time wore on and there was no sign of them, and we got more and more uneasy, and each of us in turn tried to find a plausible reason to account for their delay, and to make the others believe we were not in the least anxious; still we all had such firm reliance on Jamie's utter trustworthiness that I don't think any of us were really afraid.

At last when it was beginning to get dark, the state of suspense could be borne no longer, and my

father determined to go and find out what was detaining them, taking the dog-cart with him to bring them home. He was just turning out of the avenue when he met a gig driving in with one of our elders, who lived at a farm close to the “bramble glen.” When he saw my father's horror-stricken face he at once called out, “Charlie's all right; but”—as he came nearer—“I'm afraid poor Jamie's badly hurt.”

Then he told him that one of his sons, working in a field close to the glen, had heard wild screams, and, on going to the place, he had found Charlie in a state of frantic terror, and crying out that Jamie was killed. He took Charlie to the farm, and, taking some of the men with him, went out again to look for Jamie. They found him lying at the bottom of the cliff unable to move, or to help himself in any way. They carried him to the farm and laid him on a bed, and while his son went for the doctor, Mr. Fraser came to tell my father, and to bring him to the farm. Charlie, he said, wouldn't leave Jamie, but kept crying and saying that it was all his fault. My father came back to tell us the sad news, and then he and my mother went away with Mr. Fraser.

They found poor Charlie in a dreadful state. He ran out to meet them weeping wildly and crying—

“O papa, he did it hisself to keep me alive for mamma. He jumped down and he knew,—oh, he knew!” And then he told them, as well as he could, all the pitiful story.

It seemed that, after picking for a while down in the hollow, Charlie had espied a splendid bush laden with lovely large blackberries much higher up. A spirit of adventure seized the child, and, without saying a word to Jamie, who thought he was still quietly beside him, he moved gently away and climbed till he reached the coveted bush. He tore off a branch, and, running forward, shouted to Jamie to look. Jamie did look, and saw the boy standing on the very edge of the cliff he had been told to avoid. He dashed up the brae, but as he came nearer Charlie moved farther away to where, as Jamie knew, the overhanging edge was false and hollow. Then, with wisdom no one would have given him credit for, he stood still and implored Charlie to come back. But the more he entreated, the more the foolish child danced about, thinking, as he said, that it was “fine fun.”

At last, all at once the ground beneath him began to give way, and in another moment he would have been dashed down to destruction, but before he could even give utterance to a single scream, Jamie with a wild cry of “Mammy's bairn!” had jumped on to the crumbling edge, had seized Charlie, and, with what must have been a gigantic effort, had flung him upwards on to the firm ground.

It was all the work of a second, and when Charlie recovered from his fright enough to look round, the spot he had been standing on the minute before had disappeared, and, alas! poor Jamie with it. Then

the child got perfectly frantic, and his screams attracted, as Mr. Fraser had told us, the attention of his son.

The doctor had been there and had said the poor fellow could not possibly live any time, and all they could hope for was that death would soon mercifully deliver him from his agony.

He was quite conscious when they went in, and evidently suffering dreadfully, but he smiled as my mother knelt down by the bed weeping, and, holding and smoothing her hand, fondly said—

"Dinna greet, mammy. Charlie's awa' hame." Then, turning to my father—"Charlie said Jesus died to mak' Jamie good. Maybe He'll ken that I did my best."

After a little he seemed to get drowsy, and when Charlie, poor boy, who had been trying to restrain himself, burst at last into an agony of sobs, he said softly, and as if he were listening to something they could not hear—"Wisht, Charlie, mammy's singin' ba loo sae bonnie. I think Jamie 'll try an' sleep a while."

Then, without a struggle, he passed indeed into the sleep that knows no waking.

Many a year has passed away since poor Jamie went down so bravely to his death; but his memory is still cherished among us, and we can hardly speak of him yet without tears. And surely no wonder; for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." J. F.

In the Summer Woods.

Oh come with me into the summer woods,
They call and beckon us,—oh hark! and hear
How yon brave thrush upon the alder floods
The world with song, triumphant, silver-clear.

There is no place for heart-sick fancies here—
'Mid these green aisles and leafy solitudes
The very spirit of rest and silence broods,
To tranquil thought and happy memory dear.



The woods lie green and bright and very still,
Flutters no leaf—the grave old oaks might seem
Asleep in the warm light—yon far blue hill
Into the fainter blue fades like a dream.
Rippling amid its lily-pads the stream
Slips careless on to turn the drowsy mill;
Across it sun and shadow flit and gleam,—
And that bold thrush the air doth shake and thrill.

Oh, is there any sight the long year round
Like to our English woods in summer-time?
When the green world, like a proud monarch crowned
And garlanded, has reached its golden prime.
My boyhood's heart, come back to me to-day,
Like that victorious bird's is high and gay.

ROBERT RICHARDSON.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



JULY 1883.

Sermon.

THE SIXTH COMMANDMENT.

By the Rev. PETER M'LAREN, Fraserburgh.

"Thou shalt not kill."—EXODUS xx. 13.

THIS commandment, which has for its object the preservation and protection of life, stands at the head of those precepts of the moral law which prescribe the duties we owe to each other as members of the community. Of all the earthly blessings which God has bestowed on man, life is the most precious; in it all other blessings centre, and on its continuance with growth and increase all other blessings depend. Its loss is the greatest of all earthly privations, for with it pass away all opportunities of present enjoyment and all possibilities of future attainment. A peculiar sacredness has been therefore attached to this inestimable boon. God has not only fenced it round with the prohibition "Thou shalt not kill," but He has been pleased further to make it known that He regards the breach of this precept as a heinous offence against His own prerogative as the Lord of life, and that whosoever shall be guilty of so doing shall not escape His righteous retribution.

I. The commandment may be regarded as directed against the taking away of our own life. Suicide is such an unnatural crime—so opposed to those instincts of self-preservation planted in our breast by the Author of our being, that one would imagine the very dread of dissolution felt by the boldest spirit at the approach of danger to be sufficient to deter from such an unhallowed act. It is not so, however, for we are ever and anon startled by the announcement that some unhappy being has ventured to rush unbidden into the presence of the Almighty. No accumulation of human ills can justify taking away by our own act the life which God has given us to use for His glory. The proud and the despairing resort to suicide to escape the burden of their misery and the consequences of their sin. Let us beware of departing from the living God. Let us humble ourselves under His mighty hand. He is a very present help in trouble. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." If we commit ourselves to His keeping, He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that we may be

able to bear it. "Behold," says St. James, "we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end (of the dealings) of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."

The command not only forbids the taking away of our own life, but requires us to use all lawful means for its preservation. It is sad to think how many are guilty of shortening their lives by utter thoughtlessness—through neglect of the laws of health—by uncalled-for daring when they engage unnecessarily in pursuits which induce disease—by intemperance and impurity, while they indulge in those sins against the body which poison the springs of life and cause men to die before their time. "What," saith the apostle, "know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy."

II. Let us now consider the precept "Thou shalt not kill" as it regards the life of others. Here the statute must be taken under certain limitations. It is indispensable to the wellbeing of the community that life be carefully protected, for without some stringent provisions for its security society could not long continue to exist. The power of life and death has therefore in all nations been vested in some lawfully constituted authority, and capital punishment inflicted on those adjudged guilty of capital offences. Murder has always been reckoned one of these; and by the law of Moses it was punishable with death without remission: "Ye shall take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer." In the New Testament the civil magistrate is styled "the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

War has sometimes been denounced as "wholesale murder," and so in certain cases it is, but not in all, for it may be absolutely imperative on a nation to take up arms to ward off the unjust and unprovoked attack of an enemy. In this case, although the taking of life in the conflict is to be deplored, it is allowable both on the principles of nature and Christianity. In like manner the man who in self-defence against an assassin takes away his life—when the only alternative is that of killing or being killed—is held to be guiltless, and his act is not only permissible but a duty.

Taken literally, the prohibition extends only to the deed of murder, and in this light it is to be feared

that many are in the habit of understanding it—satisfied that they are not guilty of having disobeyed its injunctions because they have not actually committed what is here forbidden. This ignorance arises from paying attention only to the words of the command and not inquiring more closely into their meaning and extended application, as given by our Lord in His comment thereon in the sermon on the Mount, in which He declares “that he who is angry with his brother without a cause” is in God’s sight guilty of murder. In like manner St. John says expressly, “Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.” According to this exposition of the precept, the transgression of the commandment begins not with the actual deed of which human tribunals take cognisance, but with the inward feeling which may or may not end in the deed. Hence it is plain that all unreasonable anger, ill-will, malice, and hatred partake of the nature of this awful crime; for out of the heart, our Lord tells us, proceed evil thoughts, murders. When, therefore, we perceive angry thoughts to be rising in our minds, instead of encouraging and brooding over them, let us check them at the very outset, for it is in the nursing of hard thoughts and unkind feelings against our neighbour that the evil lies. When once the wish to do a neighbour harm becomes a settled occupant in the heart, it conforms him who entertains it to the image of the devil, who was a murderer from the beginning; nay, it is indeed nothing less than Satan himself dwelling in him and making him his own.

If anger has prevailed so far as to fire our thoughts, we should guard strenuously against allowing it to inflame our words. If the emotions of anger are suppressed as they arise, they will speedily die out; but if anger once find vent in words, who can tell to what it will grow? What was at first merely a feeling of dislike or a slight misunderstanding, may, by the utterance of words of contempt or reproach, be fanned into the flame of a deadly hate. Let us beware both how we speak to our brother and how we speak about him, for there is a murder of the tongue as well as of the hand. “The tongue,” says St. James, “is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison. It is set on fire of hell.” Whosoever shall make use of scornful words or contemptuous terms from causeless anger or ill-will is, our Lord warns us, “in danger of hell fire.”

Which of us can say that in this respect he is guiltless? Who is so meek, mild, and gentle in his temper that a hasty word never proceeds from his lips and an unkind thought never enters into his heart? “Who can understand his errors? Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord.”

By nature we are disposed to entertain such an overweening sense of our own importance—to be so wise in our own conceits—that we are impatient of contradiction, foolishly sensitive and ready to take

offence—to feel undue indignation at any real or supposed injuries, insults, or acts of neglect, and therefore to seek to gratify our wounded self-love by acts of retaliation and revenge. The apostle says, “Whereas there is among you envying, and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal?” Such a disposition is opposed to the spirit of Christ Jesus, who alike by precept and example hath taught us not only to forgive our enemies, but to overcome evil with good. “Ye have heard it said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you.” In like manner, and in entire harmony with these words, does St. Paul write, “Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath. If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.” And elsewhere he rests the same duty of returning good for evil on the very central truth of the gospel—“Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.”

We can only effectually overcome the corruption of our nature by having the love of Christ dwelling in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, for He it is alone who gives not only temporary but permanent conquest.

But the commandment of the Lord is exceeding broad. It takes notice of sins of omission as well as of commission, and includes within its far-reaching prohibition that selfishness which manifests itself in culpable and careless indifference to the safety of others—in the heartless disposition which replies to every appeal in behalf of suffering humanity, “Am I my brother’s keeper?”

This selfishness in a thousand subtle and dangerous forms insinuates itself into the life of every one of us—permeating the arrangements of society and the maxims of the world. Through carelessness or cupidity ships, are sent to sea ill-found or unseaworthy; mines and factories are not provided with proper appliances; houses unfit for human habitation, defective in drainage or ventilation, are let as dwelling-places; that which is due is kept back by fraud or unduly withheld; food and medicines are grossly adulterated—by these and such like acts thousands are done to death and perish prematurely year by year. Can such things be done by the followers of Him who hath given us this as the test of discipleship, “that we love one another”?

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it, and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render unto every man according to his deeds?” “Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.”

The Parish of Taxwood, AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

IX.—SOME PASTORAL VISITS.



A BEAUTIFUL crisp October forenoon found Mr. Erskine setting out on one of his annual ministerial visits.

No period of the year in Scotland is more charming than this, when the fields are clear of their harvest treasure, and the whirr of the threshing-mill is already heard in the farmyards when other work is suspended. The woods have begun to take on their autumn tints; the beech, oak, and horse-chestnut with their varied hues; the ever-graceful birch—seen nowhere to such perfection—is beginning to hang its golden tresses;

and these so lovely, that we are unwilling to think of them as the signs and auguries of decay. Then not only as a rule is the weather finer and less precarious, but *when* fine, what sky from morn to dewy eve is to be compared with an autumn one? The minister, in returning home from these pleasant and congenial duties, not unfrequently tired and weary, could not resist, on every tempting opportunity, pausing to gaze on the piles of golden cloud as the sun went down behind the western hills; at times inwardly repeating to himself the lines of Akenside, whose truthfulness had made them favourites long before he had set them in their rural frame:—

“Ask the swain,

Who journeys homeward from his summer day's
Long labour; why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunset gleaming from the amber clouds
O'er all the western sky. Full well I ween
His rude expression and untutored air
Beyond the power of language to unfold,
The forms of beauty smiling at his heart.”

The clergyman's pastoral visiting is, or was, a thing unique in its kind, at all events in the Scotland of half a century ago. The formal intimation

was made at the close of the Sunday service as to the farmhouses, cottages, or hamlets, as might be, to be thus overtaken on special days. These occasions, it need hardly be said, led to a small, in some cases to a rather large and exciting buzz of preparation. The visits themselves are, we believe, still as periodically performed as ever, although somewhat altered, or at all events modified, in their character. We are not sure but the modification is in every way an improvement. The Minister's advent in these olden times was often, or shall we say occasionally, associated with anything but pleasurable emotions. For a “catchising”—and sometimes a very rigid and sifting one, formed a rather formidable accompaniment:—servants (ploughmen and lasses), boys and girls,—and the writer has known a few instances of masters and mistresses, submitting willingly or unwillingly to the ordeal. I have just said that the laudable custom has been happily and judiciously modified; for why should the good man's friendly advent, carrying heart-cheer with it, as it always ought to do, be compromised by preceding days of mental punishment and portentous vision, fearing a break-down in one of the “required” or “forbidden;” necessitating of course at times a pastoral shake of the head, sometimes, as we have witnessed, a rather stern reproof? Mr. Erskine pursued a happy medium. He thought it well not altogether to discard the salutary custom, but it was ever performed with genuine kindness, discretion, and sympathy. His preferences were (taking the case of a farmhouse) to meet first the heads of it in a friendly way; interesting himself and even refreshing his visiting-book by recording all about children and servants; giving advice and counsel when needed. Then the dependants, male and female, were welcomed with a friendly greeting in the parlour; or, if more room for them, in the kitchen. After reading a few verses of sacred Scripture, a homely familiar address followed, in which he suited himself to the capacity of the youngest and most ignorant present, and concluded with a prayer and blessing. I am not sure whether the children were not made all the richer through Miss Effie utilising the back pockets of her brother's coat for conveying some attractive little books, and also some tracts for the adult servants.

Perhaps I may here observe, in passing, that the Minister of Taxwood was scrupulously fastidious in selecting hours, and more especially months, most suitable for these visits, so as least to interfere with the duties and labours both of employer and employed. There was a story he himself was wont gleefully to tell, about a very excellent but very indiscreet and dreaming brother in a neighbouring Presbytery—one of those town-reared men, who, by a flaw in their mental constitution (to put it no stronger), betrayed the most lamentable ignorance of what was “in season and out of season.” The aforesaid had intimated his ministerial visit to a considerable farmhouse in the middle of harvest

The good and kind farmer, from false delicacy, did not like to countermand the inappropriate and inconvenient proposal; never doubting, however, that on reaching the house, which was situated on the top of a slope (the harvest fields beneath), the urgency of the case would be self-apparent; that if not the desirability of postponement, at least the necessity of studying the utmost brevity would be recognised. He himself (the farmer) could not possibly leave his pressing work; but while remaining in the field with a number of reapers, he generously sent a considerable relay to represent the family and household in his kitchen. He had, however, mistaken his reckoning, so far as curtailment was concerned. Retaining his patience with wonderful equanimity until the close of the first hour, he could wait no longer. But with no breach of respect or courtesy (even although the idea of a "tether" was suggestive of something rude in his figure of speech), he hollowed out to one of his binders, "Peter! rin up bye, man, to the hoose, and *louse* the minister."

But to return from this digression. Let us follow Mr. Erskine as, on this October forenoon, with no such reaping impediments to hinder him, he sallied from the manse. Juno invariably claimed the privilege so far to accompany him, surrendering herself as they started to every mad and wayward impulse, barking and circling and pirouetting; indulging at one time in some imaginary chase, and then, as if second thoughts were best, returning to fawn on her master and receive from him tokens of approval; always obedient, however, when the word or sign for dismissal came; received certainly with unwilling ears, and obeyed in such a slouching, loafing style, as to the uninitiated would have been taken for the twangs of a guilty conscience. He began the duties (in his case the pleasures) of the day at the small farmstead (for farm it could scarcely be called) of Claydykes. It was a modest half house, half cottage, which had about 20 acres of land attached to it—enough to keep three cows and afford work for one horse with occasional assistance from an obliging neighbour. The dwelling itself was beautiful in its more distant as well as more immediate surroundings of firwood and dropping trees. But the amenities close by were not remarkable. The old tenant, bordering on fourscore, had lost in early years, if my recollection does not fail me, the one who would have given greater brightness to his ingle-nook and greater attraction to what was outside it. The usual and conventional accompaniments and characteristics all can understand. A straggling unkempt hedge had its gaps and deficiencies supplemented with "stabs." A pathway of round uneven stones, gathered from the adjoining field, led to a door with a dilapidated porch; over which, what was once a climbing rose was engaged, in strangling fashion, in a desperate struggle for life. Then there was the inevitable "midden" with the inevitable hens on

the top of it. Why should the latter make so indelible an impression on the memory at this distance of time? This we cannot tell; but there they were, with all the vigour of Californian gold-diggers; some taking the operation coolly, others accompanying the effort with uplifted dignified erection of head and what they could claim of face, up to that cloudless Autumn sky. Others were strutting about more deliberately, and mingling their cackle with three or four very Bceotian-looking frolicsome calves of dun colour. Then there was (what seemed a domestic appendage in Taxwood wherever you went) the indispensable dog. In this case it was alike of unattractive appearance and unamiable nature. Its home an old barrel; its ceaseless barking had developed a chronic bronchitis. Ted, to venture at random on a name, was no respecter of persons: prince or beggar evoked the same violent evolutions. In a series of spasmodic bolts or rushes he illustrated all day long in a small way the centripetal and centrifugal forces. Thanks to the stout chain that the latter did not at times preponderate.

But, Reader, pray come inside without delay, and mark that old man sitting by the fire and casting fresh pine logs upon it. Yes, watch him well, for I can tell you it is worth your while. I am drawing no ideal picture when I say again, deliberately, he is worth studying. That great broad blue bonnet would have made even a less expressive countenance remarkable. The two together, under Landseer's brush, would have immortalised him. No! he does not need it. Saunders, under that rudest homespun, has a better immortality than earthly pigment or genius could give him. He is an old Covenanter (and the best of their type) resuscitated. Rather, let us not identify him with sect or denomination. He is one of God's heroes. To tell the thing more simply, he is a venerable saintly Christian. In anticipation of his visitor he is clean shaved, and we may add washed, for once, in the middle of the week. The normal condition was very different; for generally the face of the worthy old man might have recalled Lord Palmerston's subsequent definition of dirt, as "earth out of place;" while his chin was suggestive of one of his stubble fields. With no disrespect to his minister as the latter enters, the blue bonnet, with the elfin white locks stealing out beneath, is still retained; although he rises from his rough log stool and directs his guest as well as a deaf man could do to his own wooden arm-chair. The curtain here must drop over that rugged personality; for a few years after, on a most memorable deathbed, he revealed, under the seal of secrecy, the story of his life:—the vehement, sore struggles of middle age, with its tempests of gloom and despair; until God (in the same wonderful way in which His Spirit has been found oftentimes to operate on the soul) spoke comfort to him by means of a vivid and startling dream, the scene of which lay

among his somewhat distant native mountains. The darkness was for ever past, and the true light for ever shone. There can be no breach of faith in quoting the concluding words of this dying "Confession of faith:" "Ever since that hour I have enjoyed thae three things—1st, Pace o' conscience; 2d, Joy in the Holy Ghost; 3d, The assured hope o' a glorious immortality beyond death an' the grave."

Ay, Presbyterian or non-Presbyterian Reader, if you had heard that man's prayers, your faith in the need of liturgies would have been a trifle startled and shaken. It mattered not to Saunders, even though his minister was present; he did not surrender his claim to be "High Priest in his own household." He was steeped in the Boston and Erskine theology—the theology and phraseology of the Covenants; and his prayers, as may be imagined, were saturated with the same. What of that? They had a ring about them such as I have not heard before or since; for I have knelt with the old patriarch on his clay floor. That grand "thunder of God" seems still to mutter in the sky, though a third of a century has since come and gone. Nor can I omit to add, that on several occasions, when, owing to his physical infirmity, he was unconscious of any one coming behind him as he paced his fields (the last time I remember was in a ridge of swedish turnips), I found him indulging in a constant habit of talking aloud. But these talks (soliloquies) were invariably of one kind. I never knew, save in his case, the literal sense and fulfilment of the Apostolic injunction "Pray without ceasing."

A straggling hamlet was close by this farm. Accordingly, Mr. Erskine, after visiting in a friendly familiar way individual occupants of the separate cottages, met the little coterie, each bringing a chair, or "cutty," to Saunders' house. They were ushered in by his son, a well-conditioned man of middle age, who had for years relieved his father of the varied anxieties of the "pendicle"—crop and stock and market. The kitchen, though not very amply dimensioned, was abundantly adequate for existing requirements. The good man's lowly influence was sensibly felt among the neighbours, young and old; so that (what was not always the case) the present formed a gathering of congenial spirits.

He "haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enrol."

A few fresh logs sputtered and sparkled on the fire, as the minister (the high-priestly functions referred to were, once a year, in abeyance) read what we have already stated to be his wont, a short portion of God's holy Word. This was followed by the conversational "address;" the only member of the small congregation unable to profit, being, for the aforesaid reason, the venerable householder himself. It mattered little. He was pleased and gratified at his kitchen resolving itself into

"the prophet's chamber." His kindly eye rested benignantly on the recognised and respected spiritual guide of the parish; and as his own lips did not appear to cease their silent but habitual movement, he was doubtless accompanying all with prayer for a blessing. When the neighbours had retired, a bowl of milk and some oaten cake refreshed the speaker after this first instalment of the day's duties; then he hastened by a short cut across the fields to the next farm embraced in the Sabbath announcements.

This (Craighlands) bulked in larger importance in the rent-roll of the chief heritor; and so far as importance in another sense was concerned, so also did the farmer and his wife. The former was a fair average specimen of the better-class agriculturist. He was the son of well-to-do parents, who had furnished him with a considerable capital in the first instance to stock his holding, and he himself had no lack of energy and industry to keep it up. In appearance he was farmer-like. His face was bronzed with constant exposure; and tufts of coarse iron-gray locks, dashed with white, went straggling and rambling over a deeply-lined brow. If I might venture a suggestive resemblance, it would be in the portraits (past middle life) of our countryman Thomas Carlyle. The same look of brooding anxiety and melancholy was there, arising, however, from a cause, on account of which Carlyle, of all men, had not to suffer. Truth to say, it was Mrs. M'Losky who afforded her husband chief matter for pensive reflection. With several redeeming features she failed utterly, somehow or other, to combine the requisites of a cheerful and helpful wife. Yet, with all her drabby and slatternly ways, she was one of those folks often found in the world and in every rank of life, who are afflicted with that silliest of human weaknesses, an airing of their grand relations; of course, with the accompanying would-be effort to be beyond their neighbours. Saunders, our old friend, was incapable of making one sharp or cutting or uncharitable insinuation, but we have known him occasionally to state general propositions without any individual application. It is just possible that he may have had some such specific illustrative case in his eye, when, denouncing the sin, which he always most vehemently detested in fallen human nature, he averred of pride, that "it was the sark o' the soul, first on and last af."

* * * * *

These asterisks indicate that I have reached my prescribed limits in this paper, and I am under sacred obligation not to transgress. The description of the M'Losky family and the specific occasion, must therefore for the present be terminated.

Let me only further add, that after accomplishing other three similar visits, Mr. Erskine wound up by dining quietly and pleasantly at the Laird's, a thing he was in the habit of doing when his duties lay in that quarter of the parish.

When sitting by themselves, at their after-dinner talk, rehearsing the day's proceedings, the Minister could not resist entertaining his host (Friend and Elder) with an account of his always somewhat dreaded visit to Mrs. M'Losky.

"A good fellow M'Losky is himself," said the Laird, "a thorough good fellow." At the same moment, with a quizzical look and merry twinkle in his eye, he rose as if a sudden thought had struck him, and, hoisting his spectacles, fumbled for some book in the corner cupboard. "Yes, here it is at last, the best and most innocent of humorists. Just listen," he continued, readjusting his glasses. "Mind, like old Saunders, I venture on no personal application. But let me read to you these lines of Thomas Hood's; you can change the sex and make the application if you please:—

"There morbid, all bile, and verjuice, and nerves,
Where other people would make preserves,
He turns his fruits into pickles;
Peevish and envious and fretful by day,
At night to his own sharp fancies a prey,
He lies like a hedgehog, rolled up the wrong way,
Tormenting himself with his prickles."

The Laird laughed very heartily at his own parallelism, only reddening a little, as if considering whether he had possibly gone too far.

"Come," said he, putting his arm into Mr. Erskine's, "let us go to the drawing-room and join the ladies."

"His father saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."—

LUKE xv. 20.

NOT Law but Love can win the soul
That long has fled the home of Truth,
And wasted all the strength of youth,
And failed to reach the gleaming goal

That drew it to the stranger's land,
And, stricken into dumb despair,
Throws prayerful arms into the air,
And fain would touch a Father's hand.

For Law says, 'Thou shalt love the Lord;'
But Love says, 'God so lovéd thee,'
And took thy form for sympathy,
Express in the Incarnate Word,

And now would fold thee to His breast,
Enveloping thy worthlessness
With arms of love and robes of grace,
To fit thee for the household feast."

Yet Love and Law are one in Him,
Twin truths that in His nature meet
In closest union, and complete
The circlet of His diadem.

And lack of love is breach of law,
The essence and the curse of sin,
Which petrifies the heart within,
And dries the springs whence joy must flow.

O Thou, whose Life was heavenliest Love
And holiest Law! help us in Thee
To find the law of liberty,
And all its precepts to approve.

W. S. BRUCE.

Young Women's Associations.

"SCOTCH GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY."

THIS Society, briefly designated by those who are familiar with it, who probably do not dislike the masonic appearance of the name—S.G.F.S., is quite distinct from the English Girls' Friendly Society, though they were both founded in 1875, and from the Young Women's Christian Association sketched last month. It is, however, on terms of friendly intercourse with those Societies, and in common with the latter it uses the "Home Friend" as its magazine. That well-written periodical is specialised for the members of this Society by a leaf called the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society Reporter, somewhat as "Life and Work" is localised for many parishes, or for soldiers and sailors, by means of a Supplement.

The Society is in its vigorous youth—only eight years old; yet it has already 92 Branches with 9500 members, and 1180 Working Associates, besides 570 Honorary Associates from whom a larger subscription is expected. The members are girls of the working classes, above the age of thirteen; the Associates are ladies who first of all admit the members, then help them in any way they can—as by having classes for them, working parties, savings banks—or by finding situations for them, or perhaps most of all by causing each member to "feel that she has a friend to whom she can go for sympathy either in joy or sorrow, and who really cares for her." The last statement is quoted from a short explanation of the objects of the society which the President, the Dowager Countess of Aberdeen, has kindly communicated. We cannot do better than continue our quotation:—"The Society was started to supply a want which has long been felt by those interested in young girls, namely, some means of keeping up intercourse with them after they have left the Sunday School or Bible Class and gone to service or other employment, perhaps in some distant place without a friend to whom they could turn. This society is to provide friends for the working girls of Scotland in a class above their own, and to help them to avoid bad company by introducing them to earnest and pure-minded women wherever they go."

Members subscribe not less than 6d. a year, and Associates 2s. 6d. Two features of the Society may help to explain its success:—

1. It is unsectarian. Too often this word only means that the established church of the country is feebly represented in the management. But Church of Scotland ladies have from the first in large numbers filled influential positions in the Society. This secures the confidence of the country districts, where the majority of the girls who go to situations in the towns have been accustomed to attend their parish church. At the same time other churches are amply represented.

2. It is a fellowship Society. We quote from a paper furnished to us by the Rev. Mr. Reith of Rickarton, who has long taken much interest in the Society:—"The corner-stones in which its strength rests are (1) the individual tie between the member and her associate; which tie, in many cases, neither is willing to sever, even when the two are widely separated, and which, instead of being broken, is only lengthened by the member being commended to other associates; and (2) the friendly feeling which is produced among the members themselves. By the half-yearly or annual festivals, as well as the numerous other connecting links which the Society creates, all the girls belonging to a branch are drawn more closely together, and a feeling of unity and a desire to help each other as far as possible, are promoted. In short, the members of the whole Society are banded together into one great sisterhood, so that wherever a member may go, she finds herself not only commended to an associate who will do everything in her power to help her, but in the midst of friends of her own class." "How different," says Mr. Reith, "is her condition in this case from that of a girl going to a large town, or other strange place, and finding that there is not a soul in it who takes the slightest interest in her! No one who knows anything of human nature can fail to understand that to a girl to whom the idea should come forcibly home, 'There is not in this place one who really cares whether I do well or ill,' there would be a strong temptation to indifference and recklessness."

There are two other features of the Society which can be defended, but to which criticism is likely to be directed:—

1. Its distinction between working-class girls and their lady-friends, even in the act of linking them together for mutual help. In a young men's Society a similar recognition of classes would ensure failure. That it is not an insuperable barrier to success among women has been proved by this Society. We are happy to add, on the information of one of the secretaries, that the Associates belong to many different social positions. And there is this also to be said—the ladies accept precisely the same rules as the members. They all adopt the motto of the Society, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God," and all promise not only to wait on God in the ordinary means of grace, and to remember each other in prayer, but also "to avoid reading bad books and magazines; to endeavour to spread no scandal, and to repeat no idle tale to the disadvantage of others; to dress simply, according to their station, avoiding all exaggerated fashions."

2. Its apparent relentlessness towards the fallen. It does not accept them as new members; for its lapsed members it has no door of return. The answer is found in the statement which the President has sent to us:—"The object in view is to help the pure to keep pure, to set a stamp on the

value of a good character, and to seek to prevent that great sin which is so terribly common in this land." The method adopted is at any rate complimentary to young women of the working classes, for it seeks through them to raise the low tone of the community to which they belong regarding impurity when it is connected with courtship. All honour to the ladies who, in the strength of their pure womanhood, are not afraid to lay a hand that is not less kind because it is firm on this painful subject! Will our readers hear one of them speak? We have permission to quote from an address which was given to the Dunblane Branch last February by an Associate who does not wish to be named here:—

"Even among the wild wandering gipsies of Spain, no girl would dare to be guilty of the disgrace that is spoken of in Scotland as 'just a misfortune.' Is that the right name for the act by which a woman flings away for ever her most sacred treasure? Call it by its true name, a disgrace. Understand that no marriage can undo what has gone before; once make public opinion set against the sin, and depend upon it it will become less shamefully common. I am not speaking of unhappy girls who go wrong because no one has taught them to live rightly, but of girls in comparatively well-to-do positions, who must know what is right, and therefore we are forced to think do not care, but fancy they can make what they are pleased to call honest women of themselves by marrying after they have sinned. As long as that is the common idea we may blush to feel that our patriotism is mere talk, and our religion is dead. What business indeed have we women of Scotland to pretend to any patriotism at all while we know of this national shame and humiliation, and do nothing to remove it? We want the men of Scotland to feel that a girl who belongs to our Society is sure to be one whom they must respect and treat as every right-minded woman should be treated; one who will certainly set her face against drink, against bad language, bad conduct, everything that drags men and women down from the level of the children of God."

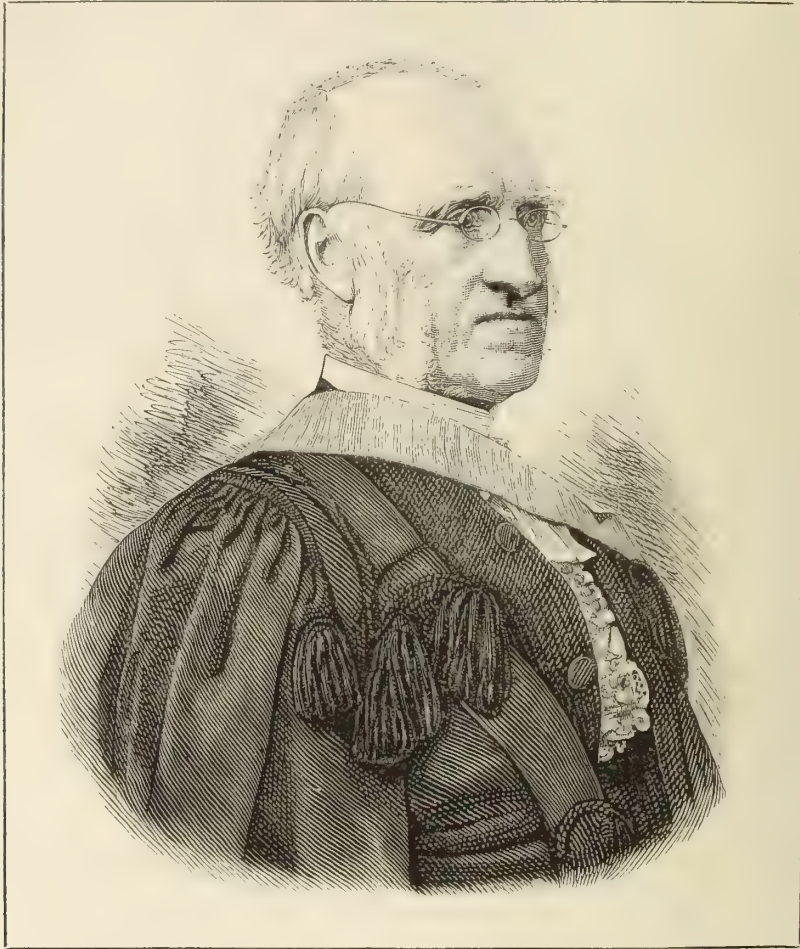
We have left many things unsaid. Her Majesty the Queen has become patron, and has graciously given a donation of £50. The Society has a Sick Fund; a Biblewoman to labour among destitute and friendless girls; a "Lodge" at 38 Castle Street, Edinburgh, where Members, coming from the country, can be boarded and lodged at a cheap rate; a Library, and a Registry.

More Associates are needed. The General Secretary is Miss Macleod, 20 Coates Gardens, Edinburgh, who will be happy to give all information. The Secretary for the Central Branch is Miss Mary Davidson, Inchmarlo Cottage, Banchory. The Organising Secretary is Miss C. Neaves, 7 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

EDITOR.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

THE General Assembly of 1883 met on Thursday 24th May, and was closed in daylight on Monday 4th June: an Assembly of the best kind, free from agitating controversies, and occupied with the great enterprises of the Church; so that Members returned to their parishes (as the Moderator said in his able closing address) gratified that the work of the Supreme Court had been quietly and effectively done. The Reports of Committees were generally hopeful; they were the records of a growth during the past year which gives promise of better things to come. The Communicants of the Church of



The Right Reverend the Moderator, John Rankine, D.D.

Scotland were returned as probably amounting to 530,292, an increase of 14,506 since the year 1878. The Christian Liberty of the Church for 1882 (so far as returned in schedules) was £326,201, as compared with £281,503 in 1881. This does not include seat rents, which are nearly £60,000 more. The Home Mission Committee voted Grants during the year to 121 Mission Churches and Stations, amounting to £4515, and 22 Church-Building Grants, amounting to £6688. The Endowment Committee reported the endowment and erection of 11 new parishes last year, making 323 new parishes in all. The Foreign Mission reported an income of £25,000, and special success at various stations. The Mission to the Jews reported extended work and increased revenue. The income of the Colonial Mission was close on £6000. The Sunday School Committee reported 194,220 scholars, 17,833 teachers, and 48,228 adult scholars in Bible Classes. More or less encouraging Reports were received from the Committees on Small Livings, on the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, on Intemperance, etc. An Appendix

to the Scottish Hymnal was laid before the Assembly ; but approval of it was delayed for a year. The Christian Life and Work Committee reported a great addition to the Young Men's Guild, and a steady rise in the circulation of the Magazine, which is now 90,000 monthly.

His Grace the Lord High Commissioner permits us to give his portrait, engraved from a photograph taken by Mr. Marshall Wane towards the close of the recent General Assembly. The Right Honourable John-Campbell Hamilton-Gordon, seventh Earl of Aberdeen, was born in 1847, and is grandson of that Statesman and Prime Minister whose name is associated with the Scotch Benefices Act ("Lord Aberdeen's Act"). He took the degree of M.A. at Oxford in 1870. He was President of the Social Science Congress



His Grace the Lord High Commissioner.

at Aberdeen in 1877, and has occupied a leading place in various religious and philanthropic movements. He has been Lord High Commissioner to the last three General Assemblies. It is unnecessary, but it is pleasant, to say that His Grace has endeared himself to each General Assembly by his great courtesy to the members, by his known sympathy with all that is most spiritual in ecclesiastical affairs, and by being ever on the side of Christian work, and of whatsoever makes for the healing of divisions.

The Assembly was most fortunate in its Moderator. Dr. Rankine was born at Knockdone in the parish of Maybole in 1816. He was educated at the Parish School of Maybole, at Ayr Academy, and at the University of Edinburgh. He was licensed in 1842 by the Presbytery of Ayr ; was for a short time Assistant to the late Rev. Mr. Cosens of Lauder ; and was ordained Minister of Sorn by the Presbytery of Ayr on 30th November 1843. In 1880 the University of Edinburgh gave him the degree of D.D. The portrait is from a photograph taken during the Assembly by Mr. Moffat.

The American Indians and their Earliest Missionaries.

By the Lady FRANCES BALFOUR.

III.—THE JESUIT MISSION—(*Concluded*).

OUR last Paper closed with a reference to the evils of the Jesuit system and a recognition of the merits of the Jesuit Missionaries who were sent out to preach Christ and His Cross through this vast country. We may follow the lives of some of them for a little way.

We have the most accurate descriptions of their life at Quebec and their wanderings with the Indians in the Jesuit Relations, journals sent to the Superior at home, pages written often under the greatest difficulty, with hands whose fingers had been cut off or mutilated by the savages, and their blood dyeing the pages as they wrote of their toils and sufferings, with gunpowder and water as a substitute for ink. Their lodging at Quebec was of the roughest. Within a palisaded enclosure were two buildings—one used as storehouse, stable, and bakery, the other the dwelling-house, consisting of one story, the cells in which the priests lived being only eight feet square. Here they busied themselves endeavouring to master the difficulties of the various languages, tilling the ground with their labourers, catechising the few Indian children they were able to collect, and writing home that the harvest was plentiful, but the labourers few. Nothing daunted, however, they toiled on, and Le Jeune the Superior writes describing himself as learning the language by the help of an Indian whom he kept at his task by small presents of tobacco. As he wrote during the long winter nights, his ink froze solid and the blankets of the priests were fringed with icicles from their congealed breath. Father Le Jeune spent the first winter with one of the wandering tribes, living with them in their crowded filthy lodges at night, and sharing all their toils by day. There exists a paper containing directions for the Fathers when living among the savages, and in itself it tells the story of some of the hardships and petty annoyances which they constantly had to undergo.

“You should love the Indians like brothers, with whom you are to spend the rest of your life. Never make them wait for you in embarking. Take a flint and steel to light their pipes and kindle their fire at night, for these little services win their hearts. Try to eat their sagamite as they cook it, bad and dirty as it is. Fasten up the skirts of your casseck, that you may not carry water or sand into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoe; but you may put them on in crossing the portages. Do not make yourself troublesome, even to a single Indian. Do not ask them too many questions. Bear their faults in silence, and appear always cheerful. Buy fish for them from the tribes you will pass, and for this purpose take with you some awls, beads, knives, and fish-hooks. Be not ceremonious with the Indians; take at once what they offer you; ceremony offends them. Be very careful when in the canoe that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better to wear your nightcap. There is no

such thing as impropriety among Indians. Remember that it is Christ and His Cross that you are seeking, and if you aim at anything else you will get nothing but affliction of body and mind.”

Acting in such a spirit as this, the Fathers gained considerable influence over the Indians, and, as a whole, they were welcomed and listened to with respect; and though their progress in impressing the Christian truths was very slow, still at times, in spite of much discouragement, they saw the good seed bearing fruit. It was not till they ventured among the Iroquois that their real difficulties began. Many years had passed since Champlain had made war on these people, and now the missionaries of peace were to be the first to suffer the revenge which only burned the fiercer from the length of time it had had to wait. The Jesuits had established a mission in the Huron country, and sent several priests to work and live amongst them. These were now in want of necessities, and Isaac Jogues, a young priest who is described as a man of a constitutionally timid temperament and a finished scholar, not apparently well fitted for his work, except in the burning zeal for it which inspired him, started to visit the mission; with two laymen, Couture and Goupil, attached to the order, and accompanied by a band of Hurons. They accomplished their task, and were coming home down the three rivers, when from an ambush on the shore the Iroquois rushed upon them. The Hurons, seized with panic, fled, and only a few converts stood by the Frenchmen. Jogues nearly escaped, but seeing that Goupil and Couture were taken, he had not the heart to abandon them, and delivered himself up to the savages who were employed in capturing the flying Hurons. All three were at once horribly tortured; they were beaten and their hands lacerated by the savages, who tore off their finger-nails with their teeth. They then embarked with their prisoners, but not before killing an old Huron convert whom Jogues had baptized with his wounded hands.

After a wearisome journey, during which the French, in spite of their condition, were obliged to carry heavy loads in a hot sun, they reached a Mohawk town. Here they were subjected to tortures too horrible to relate, all designed to cause the greatest suffering without loss of life. This continued for several days, and they were led in triumph from town to town, everywhere, in spite of weakness and pain, seizing on any opportunity of preaching the gospel of Christ and baptizing the young children. Couture was adopted into a family in place of a dead relation, and after almost incredible suffering was allowed to live peacefully amongst them. Jogues was daily expecting to be burnt to death. One day while he and Goupil, clad in tattered robes of skin, had withdrawn themselves into the forest, preparing for their end and consoling each other with prayer and exhortation, two Indians followed them, and killed

Goupil with a blow from a hatchet. He fell murmuring the name of Christ; and Jogues, kneeling, bowed his head for the expected blow, when he was ordered to get up and return home. In the late autumn he was obliged to accompany the Indians on their yearly deer hunt. The game they took was dedicated to their demon god, and Jogues refused to touch it. Shivering and famished, he crouched in a corner of the hut at night, and by day worked for his masters, bringing them firewood and patiently bearing with their abuse and cruelty; but when they scoffed at his God he assumed an air of authority, and, with the strange power he seems to have possessed over his captors, sternly rebuked and silenced them. Sometimes he escaped from what he called "this Babylon," and going forth into the forest he would carve a cross on some pine trunk, and kneeling before it in the starlight and solemn peace of the night prayed for strength to bear his cross after the pattern of his Master. The Iroquois were constantly successful in their raids against the Hurons, and Jogues was forced to watch the prisoners, the allies of the French, tortured and burnt to death. Everywhere he went amongst them, consoling the dying, preaching, and baptizing.

After many months the Iroquois took Jogues to Fort Orange to trade with a settlement of the Dutch. These aided his escape, which he effected with great difficulty. He sailed to England in a Dutch vessel, and after many misfortunes reached France, and made his way to the nearest Jesuit college. His story had reached home, and the Superior, hearing he came from Canada, asked if he knew Father Jogues, whether he was not murdered by the Indians. "No," answered Jogues, kneeling for the Superior's blessing, "I am alive and at liberty." That night there were great rejoicings through the community, and Jogues had reached at length a haven of rest. But he only remained long enough to recover his strength, and soon we find him again labouring through the burden and heat of the day in that great vineyard. Some years after he was sent as an ambassador to the Mohawk towns to endeavour to establish a truce between the Huron and Iroquois, one of the many which the French tried to negotiate, fearing the entire destruction of the Hurons. At first he seems to have recoiled in horror at the thought of returning to encounter again the tortures of which his mutilated hands and scarred body reminded him only too vividly. But he conquered the momentary weakness, and departed, thanking God who thought him thus worthy to suffer and die in His glory. "I shall go, and shall not return," he wrote home, and he was soon to enter into his rest. The negotiations failed, and Jogues was once more cruelly tortured, greatly incensing his enemies by his calm fortitude. One evening, as he was sitting wearily in his lodge smarting with wounds and bruises, an Indian entered and ordered

him to appear at a feast. To refuse would have given great offence, so rising he followed his guide. As he stooped to enter the lodge of the Chief an Indian concealed within struck at him with a hatchet. A friendly Iroquois who had followed to protect him raised his arm to ward off the blow, but it cut through it, and, piercing Jogues' brain, killed him on the spot.

"Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal Peace."

He seems to have been one of the greatest among that missionary band. He had so given up his life to fulfilling the will of God, that he was able to conquer all the natural infirmities and weakness of his human nature and to be strong to endure and suffer all things for his Master's sake.

There is little doubt that the Mission gained at length a great hold on many of the tribes, and the sincerity of the converts we can realise by one incident which is mentioned in the Relations. One of the tribes amongst whom the Fathers had been particularly successful was hard pressed by the Iroquois, and seemed almost on the verge of being exterminated. On a Good Friday the Jesuit writes that they spread on the snow their best robe of beaver-skin, and raising the crucifix, knelt around it in prayer. And what was their prayer? Not for success in the deadly struggle against their enemy or for prisoners to be burned or tortured. They prayed that the Iroquois might be forgiven and brought to the knowledge of that faith which in their misery and weakness they had learned to turn to as their hope and strength.

We can imagine the joy of those who knew by their own terrible experience how strongly the feelings of hatred and vengeance were developed in the Indian character, and they must have felt rewarded a hundredfold in seeing such results springing from their labour. They had borne torture and want with heroic courage and patient submission, and they had toiled on through what is to the missionary spirit the greatest of all suffering, apparent failure, with a firm faith in God and His promises. Their labour had not been in vain. Then, as now, the example of pure and holy lives, of upright dealing and consistent conduct, had brought the light to those who were sitting in the darkness and shadow of death, and taught them something of the true meaning of the gospel of peace and goodwill to all men.

Triumphs of faith and zeal such as these might almost make us forget the many grave errors and crimes with which the political history of the Order which trained these devoted missionaries has been stained. It is a relief to turn from so much with which it is impossible to sympathise to the lives of such men as we have been writing about, and to feel that above all things they possessed that Spirit of Christ which is the life of His Church.

Of Work.

IV.—THE FIRST WHO CHEERED IN IT.

DO you sometimes, when you have got to the full length of your tether, and are doing your work fairly, think kindly of those who cheered you at your first start in it? You have not come to much, and you do not fancy you have. But I remember how a good man, who might have been an eminent man had not his lot forbade it, told with great feeling how when he was a little boy without shoes and stockings, an old woman said to him, "Never you mind: Ye'll be" no matter what. It was what he came to. And the kindly prophecy had helped him towards it, in days of painful struggle. So he said. And I am sure he spoke true. He is gone where tried and good men go.

It is quite certain that hours come to some folk, on in the pilgrimage, drawing towards the end of their work,—in any case when they are not likely to do anything better than they have done,—quiet hours, when they are left alone for a few days in a dwelling usually populous, possibly at some very memorable season in their Individual Year, when the old time comes over them, and specially this one remembrance revives. Gray-headed and subdued, you are a lad again, in the environment and the atmosphere of those departed days: and you look back with an indescribable interest upon those who cheered and encouraged you at the outset of your life-work, long unseen and most of them dead. You need not be ashamed to say that the experience is a very touching one. And the chief thing that strikes one is, How the old friends have fallen away. If they are not dead, they are alienated. You never quarrelled: and were you to meet, it would be as old friends. But then you do not meet. You have been put far apart in life. And change of place makes a terrible severance, do what you may.

I am speaking, you see, of the first start in the life-work. I am not going back to earlier encouragements: the mother's bright face when her little boy came in and told he was head of his class or when he brought home his prize: though little boys like grown men need encouragement, and cannot do their best without it. And it is a very miserable thing when father and mother are not proud of their son's success at school or college. I was just twelve years old, when I heard it told, to the disparagement of a good woman of lowly estate, that on the Examination-day she appeared as though a little more would have made her dance on the street, going home from the Academy where her son James had got three medals and various books. And, inwardly rebelling against the spirit of what was being spoken, I said to myself, "And quite right too!" Nor am I speaking of cheering words coming from schoolmasters and professors: though these have stayed in divers memories long after they

were forgotten by those who uttered them. One thinks of the Glasgow student of whom a famous professor said, "That lad will wear the mitre." So he did, and a very big one. But though the prophecy came true, it was uttered without good reason. Its sole basis was that the lad was a good Greek scholar, sensible and well-behaved. And such predictions prove false a hundred times for once they prove true. I know a good man, one of the best of men, of whom it was solemnly prophesied that he should wear the mitre the Glasgow lad wore. He well deserved it; and he rose high; but not to that. And he cannot now.

It is when you have gone out from your father's house, and fairly entered on the work of your vocation, that a youth is so helped by kindly cheer coming from those who till then were strangers. I am not thinking of praise, though the encouraging word is sometimes priceless: but of interest and sympathy. Nor is it any way needful that these come from the mighty of the earth. I have known two or three, in succession working hard in a somewhat difficult place, who never got more heartening than from the sympathetic though quite unflattering talk of one who though a good Christian and a thoughtful man, was nothing bigger than a poor maker and mender of shoes. You, Very Reverend friend, have risen to eminent place: but I know you have not quite forgotten the little window by which you sometimes sat (how many years since), and looked out on the turbid river running below, and the strange old bridge hard by: and listened to that heavily-tried old man discoursing with a quiet Christian wisdom, come of long experience and much tribulation, which (at that epoch) greatly exceeded yours. And you, my friend, who took me once to a green grave, and standing over it said, "There is a dear old woman laid here, who when I was a young curate at no matter where said she was sure I should be a Bishop," remember her kindly now and then, I know, though her worldly place was undistinguished. It was not her prophecy that made you what you are. For such honour must happily (in these days) come unsought. Neither will the self-seeking schemer who puts himself in the way of it commonly reach it.

Nothing is easier than to smile at the encouragement the lonely young preacher, abiding in his comfortless lodging, and going forth on Sundays to instruct older and wiser people in matters very imperfectly understood by himself, gets from good old ladies, not always maiden (the kindest some of us have ever known were matrons): but it has been a great help and cheer to very many, who will remember it gratefully while they live. And the kindness was most unselfish: it was the pure outcome of a good Christian heart. And it went forth upon generation after generation of those who needed it. Have not you, my reader, after thirty years, found that the same kind soul who cheered you at your first start, unwearied and unchilled, is cheer-

ing some hopeful youth in whom you seem to see yourself again? It is a privilege of advancing years that without accusation of sentimentalism or fear of being misinterpreted, one can lift up a testimony which is veracious, and declare among whom one has found the Best of the human race: for kindness, sweetness, patience, unselfishness, surely but a very little lower than the angels. Nor, thinking of one's own vocation, must the cheering word of venerable men be forgot. I never will forget more than one or two, in whom wisdom and benevolence met in beautiful union. I have known both the Brothers Cheeryble: I have been well acquainted with the Man of Ross. And don't you know, even you who have done more than fairly well, that you disappointed that early friend's too favourable appreciation? He expected you would come to more. I should startle you, my reader, if I told you what outstanding Scotchman I have heard called a sad failure.

I fear it is to be confessed that the encouragement we all got in our work from those unforgotten friends, founded upon something besides kindness: there was the favourable estimate of ourselves and our little doings. After all is said, to feel kindly towards any mortal must imply that (to a certain degree) you think well of him. No doubt, the most friendly thing you can say of a fellow-creature is that you think he does his work well. And the most unfriendly, that he does his work miserably. Authors are drawn to reviewers who praise them. And some, who started on the heroic principle of never thanking any one for a favourable review, break down from that as years go on. But when the youth of whose outset we are thinking has grown a good deal older and got more experience, he ceases to be so amenable to the simple cheer that comes of the assurance that he has got through his work well. You know yourself perfectly whether you have or not. And you can distinguish sharply between the kindly estimate which is really felt, and that which is expressed to the end of heartening under absolute or comparative failure. Have not I, coming out of a certain grand church on a Sunday morning, said (after some consideration) to an illustrious preacher, "Well, I was quite interested in your sermon." I really could not say more. But the great man's answer was, "Oh no: I know I did not get on heartily: and you know that too." A gloomy silence ensued. The great orator was plainly wondering if he was ever to get on heartily any more. But just that evening, how things were redressed! Body, soul, and surroundings were all at their very best. And about the result there could be no question whatsoever.

The strange and sad thing is, How men grow out of the acquaintance of those who cheered them at the beginning of their career. That appears to be a general law. And people bow to the law, when one would say they might successfully resist it. I have known a very successful man speak of

a young couple who had been wonderfully kind to him when he was a friendless youth, forty years before. Of the young wife, specially, he spoke with singular warmth: saying that she was one of the most remarkable women he had ever known. "I don't think," he said quite unaffectedly, "I should have come to where I am, had it not been for them; but particularly for her." He added, with a sorrowful smile, "You know I always needed to be encouraged." Making sure it was the right thing to say, I enquired, "Is it long since that good woman died?" "Dead," was the reply: "she's living yet, and within a hundred miles. But we have quite grown out of acquaintance. We have not met for five and thirty years. My theology became"—here he mentioned a certain Dimension:¹ "hers stood as before. The little rift came, and it has grown as wide as death. But I often think of her kindly." Observe, there was nothing sentimental in the case. It was simply a remarkable man's appreciation of a remarkable woman. And it was the confession of one who for many a year had needed nobody's help, how much he had been helped long ago.

If it were possible for any one who can read this page to know of whom I speak, of course I should not have said this. But it is impossible. Yet coming to the case of homely folk like ourselves, many miles lower down, let me ask a good many of my readers, Have you not found it so? How long is it since you saw, or spoke to, some who did the most to cheer you at your start? There was no quarrel. You have no reason to think that any one made mischief between you: though there still are tale-bearers, who "separate chief friends," as in Solomon's days. But I have remarked, as a curious thing, that when, well on in life, the suggestion has been made, Why not take up the old thread again: Why not try to recall the past? it is resolutely put away. Oh no: *that* would never do. You prefer to think of those early friends as of the dead. Possibly there is the lurking sense that there is a good deal of possible illusion in the case; and people prefer to cherish a pleasant fancy. There can be no harm in referring to a specially conspicuous instance, which a recent biographer has made no secret. Did not a very great man, who had been not merely cheered but most substantially helped at the outset of what was (after all reservation) a great career, by one of the chiefest of the earth, try extremely hard, in a fashion which some lesser men would not have resorted to, to take up the broken thread after long alienation? But he found it would not do. Let it be said, that taking together the cold shade of later neglect and the excessive sunshine of early favour, that remarkable human being may be regarded as having got quite as much as he deserved. And, brilliant soul as he was, I believe that the common sense of most will

¹ You fancy, suspicious reader, that it was *Broad*. It was not.

say, that (taking his own exhibition of himself) he got all he was fit for.

You quite understand, you in divers vocations who are growing old, what the thing is which I have tried to describe to you. You are hard-worked; and you are a good deal worried: yet the quiet time comes now and then. And a breeze from the far-away reaches you across the waste of years. You think, Does that old friend remember me? Does he think me ungrateful? He little knows that he has never been forgotten. But time went on. One did not write; and we did not meet. And it seems, somehow, that the division is impassable now.

You know yourself so changed. And, after years, you cannot take up things where they were left. Neither can you explain things.

Yet, now and then, you read in the newspaper the announcement of a death. And you wish you had recalled yourself to the remembrance of that old friend. Possibly it might have pleased him to know that he was really something in your life. But it is too late now. A. K. H. B.

An Indian Tea-Party.

THE warm afternoon sunshine made even the mud buildings and irregular streets and lanes of the city picturesque, as we drove beneath the railway archway which separates the civil station of Allahabad from the Native City, one afternoon in the month of December.

Carriages of all sorts and sizes, from the oddly-shaped little Ekha, with its diminutive pony, or shabby "ghari" (carriage), to the handsome barouche of some wealthy civilian, were rattling along, and strings of hackeries, which are native carts drawn by patient bullocks, filled up a great part of the narrow street.

The curious open shops of various kinds, with their owners, chiefly stout Bengalis, sitting quietly inside; the water-carriers, with huge skins full of water slung over their shoulders; the groups of half-clad natives, clustered together, and squatting on the ground at one place, where a "punshayat," or conference, was going on; and, above all, the white clothing and bright-coloured turbans and sashes of the better class of the gesticulating crowd who filled the streets, made up a strangely different "tout ensemble" from what one would have seen on their way to any of the annual Christmas or New Year treats at home.

There are always a certain number of poor East Indians, and sometimes even Europeans, who cannot afford to live anywhere but in the Native City; and, as the distance is too great for those who are Presbyterians to attend St. Andrew's Church, one of the elders has a meeting for them in a room in the city every Sunday morning and Tuesday evening. Through the kindness of some members of the congregation, an annual "tea-party" is provided for

these poor people, which they look forward to with great delight; and it was to this gathering we were now going. Our carriage stopped at the entrance to a narrow lane; passing along it, through part of a ruinous building, and up a steep sort of alley, we came to a few steps which led up to a door in the wall, after the curious fashion of Indian houses. When we got up to this door and through it, we found that we had to descend again by a few steps into an inner court, where the tea was laid and the company assembled. This open court, with verandahs, or rather rooms open on one side, surrounding it, was part of an old house, which had probably belonged to some mahajan, or banker, in its day, and this place, in which our tea-party was being held, was the court of the Zenana, or women's apartments. In these rooms, and others opening from them, these poor creatures lived, and in this court they enjoyed all they had in the way of air or exercise, except when on rare occasions they went to a mela or some other entertainment closely shut up in a palki!

Its present occupants were very different. A motley assemblage of young and old—mothers with babies in their arms, and little toddling children hanging on their gowns; big boys and girls, and elderly faded men, who looked as if any energy they originally possessed had long since vanished in the hard struggle for existence. A few of the women and girls present wore the native dress, and looked much better in their large white muslin "chuddars" than their neighbours in European dress.

In a gathering of the same kind in Scotland, there would certainly have been a number of "old" people—who does not know the tidy old grandmother, with her close white "mutch," her large apron, and her shoulder-shawl? But here there were only one or two solitary exceptions; one was a cheery, apple-faced old lady, who had a tall granddaughter with her, just home from the Lawrence Asylum for soldiers' orphan children—a bright girl, with rosy cheeks; then there was a deaf old woman, who rejoiced in the name of Mrs. Hammerdinger! It sounded ludicrous enough at first, but became afterwards invested with almost pathetic associations from the patient efforts—efforts, crowned with success, too—of the old woman at a sewing class afterwards held in the city, to learn to sew!

While the attendant Khitmutghars (table attendants) were busy preparing the tea, and pouring it out in one of the recesses before mentioned, we took a look at the tea-table. It was nicely covered with white table-cloths, and had for centre ornament a large iced plumcake strewn over with pink sugar. This was flanked by numerous plates of sandwiches, as nicely cut and served as if they had been for the table of the "Chief Sahib" (Chief Justice) himself! There were sundry shapes of savoury jelly with meat embedded in it, which were much appreciated; there were cheesecakes, queencakes, and "cookies." There were plates of the native sweetmeats, which look

like dainty shells, pink and white squares of coconut tablet, and wonderfully indigestible-looking compounds of sugar and ghee, full of almonds and pistachio nuts, while piles of golden oranges and green guavas gave the finishing touch of colour to the table.

After the blessing had been asked, there was a great clattering of cups and saucers, and presently the Khitmutghars handed round the tea, while the visitors looked after the distribution of the eatables. Human nature being pretty much the same everywhere, there were the usual phases of character seen at every tea-party—the timid people, who sit on the edge of their seats, and are with difficulty persuaded to eat anything; the people who take everything offered to them, and gradually accumulate a small pile of viands round their plates; and the children, who persist in beginning their meal with sweetcake! The cups passed back and forward so briskly that the brow of the old Khan-saman (butler) became somewhat gloomy; he feared that his supplies might run short, and thereby he himself would be covered with confusion, and lose his character for good management. Luckily that catastrophe was averted, as even tea-drinking must come to an end.

And now a buzz of friendly chat filled the court: one gentleman was surrounded by a bevy of children, and was giving away, to old as well as young, picture-cards, texts, and hymns; the minister had a word with this one and that; a tall girl collected a group of little folks round her, and made them happy with a "story;" finally a baby cried most lustily, and had to be carried off.

Then there were one or two short speeches in English from the minister and others present, and an address in Hindustani from one of the American Presbyterian missionaries for those who did not understand English. One tall Khitmutghar stood with folded arms listening most attentively, as the missionary touched on the simple truths of the gospel, and one could not help wondering what his thoughts would be concerning the whole scene before him; but there was no trace of any emotion on the keen dark face.

The sunlight had long died away, and the dusk was creeping rapidly on, so the meeting closed with a hymn and a few words of prayer—a little band in the midst of a city of idolaters. Finally the "Good-nights" were said, and before separating, the little old lady before mentioned thanked the ladies and gentlemen, in the name of the company, for "giving them such a happy evening."

E. A. J. WILLIAMSON.

To Ladies of the Church of Scotland.

A LADY is required for Mission Work in Calcutta in connection with the Church of Scotland. The necessary qualifications are a true missionary spirit, experience in teaching, and an aptitude for acquiring languages. For further particulars apply to the Secretary of the Ladies' Association for Foreign Missions, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh.

Life and Work Notes.

THE reopening of St. Giles' Cathedral on Wednesday the 23d of May was an impressive ceremonial and service. His Grace the Lord High Commissioner, about 300 of the clergy, and representatives of many public bodies, were present. The service was conducted by three of the Royal Chaplains—Dr. Donald Macleod, Dr. Malcolm Taylor, and Dr. Cameron Lees; the last-named preaching an appropriate sermon from "What mean ye by these stones?" The interior is very fine; and it appeared to be as easy to speak and hear in restored St. Giles' as formerly in the choir.

The ceremony took place in the interval between the death and the funeral of the munificent donor, Dr. William Chambers. Dr. Cameron Lees thus writes in St. Giles' Parish Magazine:—"The unexpected removal of the generous restorer cast a shadow over the whole ceremonial. It is not improbable that some fitting memorial to him will be placed within its walls. A Chambers aisle may be opened up, or a stained window placed in position; but whatever may be done in that way, it may be fitly said of him as of the architect of St. Paul's: 'Si monumentum queris, circumspice.'"

The hospitalities of Holyrood Palace during the Assembly were graced by the presence of the Countess and Countess-Dowager of Aberdeen.

The Countess-Dowager attended the breakfast held in connection with the Church of Scotland Temperance Association.

The Rev. Mr. Robertson of Whittinghame has succeeded the late Dr. Russell of Yarrow as chaplain to His Grace the Lord High Commissioner.

Meetings of Ministers and Elders for prayer and conference were held at 22 Queen Street during the Assembly, and were presided over by Dr. Elder Cumming, Dr. Marshall Lang, and Rev. George Wilson.

The Annual Meeting of the Church Service Society took this year the form of a breakfast. More than a hundred ministers and elders were received as new members.

Dr. Horatius Bonar, whose hymns enrich every modern hymnal in our language, was the esteemed Moderator of the General Assembly of the Free Church.

Gethsemane.

GRIEF bowed my head;

I knelt to pray

'Neath wintry skies

At close of day—

And I thought as the moon shone fair on me,
So it shone one night in Gethsemane.

My tears fell fast

As raindrops fall—

"Red tears of blood

He shed for all:"

The pale moon said as it shone on me,—
"I saw them that night in Gethsemane."

"My cross is heavy,
And dread the night."

"He died on His
To give thee light;

He knew its weight when He wept for thee,
That awful night in Gethsemane."

"Does He still love,
And can He care,
Yet give this cross
So hard to bear?"

And the fair moon said as it smiled on me,
"He loves as He loved in Gethsemane."

J. C. D.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

Take only the very words of Jesus in St. John's Gospel, and find in them :

1. Jesus is the Ladder, the Bread of Life, the true Vine. 2. He was lifted up (on His cross)—(1) that believers might have eternal life; (2) that all might be drawn to Him. 3. He is the Good Shepherd, the Door of the sheep, the Way. 4. He inviteth all who thirst; and will not cast out any who come. 5. He is the Light of the world; evil men hate Him; they that are of the Truth receive Him as their King. 6. He giveth living water; sendeth the Comforter; giveth His peace. 7. Jesus must wash us; we must be born again. 8. Jesus had no sin (give three texts). 9. He predicted His own resurrection; He will raise believers. 10. Three prayers of Jesus, the words of which are recorded.

ANSWERS FOR JUNE.

1. Sisera killed by Jael, Judges 4. 17-23. 2. Abimelech killed his brothers, Judges 9. 5; was killed by a woman, Judges 9. 53. 3. Samuel, 1 Sam. 3. 3, 4. 4. Elisha, 1 Kings 19. 19. 5. Amos, Amos 7. 14, 15. 6. Lydia, Acts 16. 14. 7. Peter and John, Acts 3. 1-10; Stephen, 6. 8; Philip, 8. 6, 7; Ananias, 9. 17, 18; Paul and Barnabas, 15. 12. 8. Judas, Acts 1. 18; Ananias and Sapphira, 5. 1-10; Herod, 12. 23; Elymas, 13. 11; sons of Sceva, 19. 16. 9, 10. Churches, Rev. 1. 4; Spirits, 1. 4; candlesticks, 1. 12; stars, 1. 16; lamps, 4. 5; seals, 5. 1; horns, 5. 6; eyes, 5. 6; angels, 8. 2; trumpets, 8. 2; thunders, 10. 3; thousand men, 11. 13; heads, 13. 1; plagues, 15. 1; vials, 15. 7; mountains, 17. 9; kings, 17. 10.

Calendar for July.

1	Su.	Holiness becometh Thine House.—Ps. 93. 5.
2	M.	I desired mercy, and not sacrifice.—Hos. 6. 6.
3	Tu.	My work is with my God.—Isa. 49. 4.
4	W.	New Moon. Edify one another.—1 Thess. 5. 11.
5	Th.	He hath wrought with God this day.—1 Sam. 14. 45.
6	F.	Not by might, but by My Spirit.—Zech. 4. 6.
7	Sa.	Every one that asketh receiveth.—Matt. 7. 8.
8	Su.	Joyful in My House of prayer.—Isa. 56. 7.
9	M.	I am a companion of all them that fear Thee.—Ps. 119.
10	Tu.	Fear not, neither be discouraged.—Deut. 1. 21. [63.
11	W.	The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.—Ps. 74. 16.
12	Th.	Jesus came preaching the Gospel.—Mark 1. 14.
13	F.	Buy without money, and without price.—Isa. 55. 1.
14	Sa.	The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine.—Hag. 2. 8.
15	Su.	Collection for Endowment Scheme.—Neh. 4. 19-21.
16	M.	Buy of Me gold tried in the fire.—Rev. 3. 18.
17	Tu.	The redemption of their soul is precious.—Ps. 49. 8.
18	W.	Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us.—Rev. 5. 9.
19	Th.	Oh save me for Thy mercies' sake!—Ps. 6. 4.
20	F.	Full Moon. I cry unto Thee daily.—Ps. 86. 3.
21	Sa.	Our God is able to deliver us.—Dan. 3. 17.
22	Su.	Them that honour Me I will honour.—1 Sam. 2. 30.
23	M.	The Lord hath given me my petition.—1 Sam. 1. 27.
24	Tu.	Hold that fast which thou hast.—Rev. 3. 11.
25	W.	Of Whom it is witnessed that He liveth.—Heb. 7. 8.
26	Th.	Is the Lord among us, or not?—Exod. 17. 7.
27	F.	He showed Himself alive after His Passion.—Acts 1. 3.
28	Sa.	Thy mercy is great unto the heavens.—Ps. 57. 10.
29	Su.	Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.—Rev. 3. 20.
30	M.	I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter.—Luke 7.
31	Tu.	He was guest with a sinner.—Luke 19. 7. [6.

AUGUST.

1	W.	Lammas. Speak ye every man the truth.—Zech. 8. 16.
2	Th.	The Lord upholdeth all that fall.—Ps. 145. 14. (Rev. 3. 2.
3	F.	New Moon. Strengthen the things which remain.—



"The Children's Service."

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GEROCK.)

THE church-bells are merrily pealing,
The parents already are gone,
Three babies, with fair golden ringlets,
Are sitting at home all alone.

The lively and spirited children,
"Too young for the church" (so they're told),
Yet know 'tis the blest day of worship,
And they wish to "be good" like the old.

Each little one seizes a hymn-book,
And sings from the page, upside down;
The faces are red with exertion,
Each tiny brow knit in a frown.

Not one of them knows what he's singing,
Each sings in a different key;
Sing on! ye dear children—those carols
Accepted in Heaven shall be!

Yes! there stand the dear little angels,
Their voices in triumph they raise
To Him who is Lord of the children,
Who loveth their sweet song of praise.

Sing on! there, beyond, in the garden,
The birdies will join in the choir;
They perch on the trees and the hedges,
Whilst each strikes a note on his lyre.

Sing on! the old folks join the chorus;
Then read, and—we hope—understand;
But how often, alas! do the old ones
Hold the book upside down in their hand!

Sing on, for the noblest of choirs,
What is't but an infantine strain,
Which reaches the ear of Jehovah,
Resounding in Heaven again!

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



AUGUST 1883.

Sermon.

THE SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

"*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*"—EXODUS xx. 14.

By the Rev. GEORGE RITCHIE, D.D., late of Jedburgh.

WHEN this commandment was given from Sinai no new revelation of the will of God was made, but a rule of life as old as creation was renewed. This law existed from the beginning, and its violation entered largely into the sins which brought upon the earth the destroying waters of the flood, and in later times the rain of fire from heaven on the cities of the plain. In the history of Joseph we have a proof of the high place given to purity of life in the religion of the Patriarchs, and how precious it was in the sight of God. From the days of Abraham to the coming of Christ the law existed in the form of a direct command from God; and nowhere do we find its importance, as a rule of life, more clearly and vividly set forth than in the Psalms of David, the Proverbs of Solomon, and writings of the Prophets. In the Sermon on the Mount our Lord selects this commandment to illustrate the spiritual nature of the service which God requires of man, and He extends its authority to the secret thoughts of the heart. In the same way also in the teaching of the apostles there is no sin more frequently or strongly condemned than that now spoken of, and which, we are again and again told, excludes from communion with the earthly church and also from the kingdom of heaven.

I. *The Commandment is an essential part of the Divine Government.* It is immutable in its operation, as are the laws of the material world. Whether we obey or disobey we are under the law. We may forget it, we may break it, but cannot escape from the consequences of disobedience. We may trifle with fire and with poison, but fire will still burn and poison kill, and that not more certainly than does the sin forbidden in this commandment corrupt and destroy the soul.

There is nothing more needful in our day for the young than a clear knowledge of the existence of such spiritual laws and of the immutable distinctions which exist between what is good and what is evil, between what is pure and what is impure. Good and evil are so mingled in society and in the individual that we are apt to consider

them as inseparable, and so to rest satisfied with imperfection and sin. Nothing, however, can be more inconsistent with the divine government or injurious to our own best interests than such a conclusion. So long, indeed, as we are in the flesh, so long will there be sin, but not sin as something we are to rest satisfied with, but as something to be striven against and overcome. There is a tendency in our day to underrate the distinctions between good and evil and to speak lightly of the sin forbidden in the text, and, with a vast amount of religious and useful literature issuing daily from the press fitted to promote the best interests of man, there is a literature of a very different kind finding its way into the hands of young and old, calculated to do much harm. If the opinion of man, boldly expressed and widely circulated, could destroy the authority of Heaven, this commandment would cease to be a rule of life; yet the law remains, and its violation as surely destroys all that is good in the individual, and all that is good and pure and beautiful in society, as the pestilence kills. Human opinion and practice cannot change the laws of God; and to imagine that sin is less dangerous because it is prevalent and openly committed is just as foolish as to say that the pestilence is less terrible when it not only walketh in darkness but also wasteth at noonday. Who can estimate the evils, the shame, the agony, the degradation, which result from this sin, or think without sadness on the hallowed homes which it darkens and the happy, hopeful, and beautiful lives which it degrades and destroys?

II. *The Commandment requires a willing obedience.* We are not merely to abstain from what is evil, but we are to do that which is right and pure in the sight of God, and this our obedience to His will is to be willingly and cheerfully rendered. We are even required to do more than this; we are not to suffer anything, however good or lawful it may be in itself, to come between us and our duty to Christ. If need be we are to forsake all and to follow Him; and if this be so, how much more needful to forsake all that is sinful and expressly forbidden in God's holy commandment! Self-denial is an essential part of the duty of the Christian, but except in the degree required, and the high motives under which it is exercised, it is not peculiar to Christianity; it is an essential

element in all human progress. If all men were to be guided by passion and appetite, neither families nor nations could exist. Hence, among all nations and at all times, those who have abandoned themselves to self-indulgence and sensuality have been viewed with contempt as the pests of society, while those who have resisted temptation and exercised self-restraint have been honoured as benefactors. It is well that the breakers of this commandment should understand this, and that they are not only sinning against the law of God and the gospel of Christ, but against human society and all its best and holiest interests.

The gospel does not change the commandment which remains unchanging as the holiness of God, and essential to the peace and purity of society; but the gospel does change the nature of man, *subdues and purifies it*, and makes it obedient to the law of God. There is still joy in heaven over the sinner who repenteth, and still sorrow and tears on earth because of sin, and much love to Jesus, and loving service, because much has been forgiven. Old things pass away *and all things become new*, evil passions lose their power, and reason and conscience reign supreme in the soul. Under grace man is still a man, but a better, wiser, and stronger man than before, with like passions to other men, but with power to regulate these so as to further his own happiness and that of others. The gospel, therefore, gives more than pardon and peace, it gives power to resist evil, and, better still, power to do good and to serve God. This is the true service of God by which His kingdom is to come and His will to be done—a service never, as yet, fully rendered by His Church in which men may worship and work with motives no better than those which influence the men of the world. Nevertheless it is still true that God requires the worship of pure hearts and the work of clean hands, still true that the power of the Church will ever be in proportion to its purity, and that the holiness of the Church will ever be in proportion to the pure and blameless lives of its members. That there is corruption and ungodliness in Christian lands is no proof that the gospel has lost its power, but a sign and token that God is calling upon His Church to seek higher attainments in grace and to put forth greater efforts in His work. In the day of God's power a willing people shall be found.

III. *The Commandment requires a personal obedience.* There are two ways in which the Word of God comes to man. It speaks to him as individual, separates him from his fellowmen, and brings him into the immediate presence of his God. It speaks to him as a member of society, unites him with his fellowmen, and leads him to regard them with special interest, as objects of the same divine mercy and fellow-workers in the same cause. It is to the first of these effects that we are now to look; for, while the purpose of God in His gospel is to unite,

to gather into one, all the families of the earth, this great end can only be accomplished by the conversion and sanctification of individuals. The sin forbidden in the text is altogether selfish, and its tendency is to dissolve all the sacred ties which bind men together in families and societies; and when the remedy is applied to this evil, God speaks to men individually, one by one, calling every man in His own way, and, as it were, by his own name. The Word of God, whether in the requirements of the law or in the invitations of the gospel, has not truly reached us until it comes to us thus personally, and we are made to feel and confess that God is speaking to us, and to no one else, calling us, as it were, by name. There is no thunder, as on Sinai, nevertheless there is still the dread prohibition "*Thou shalt not*," there is no light from heaven such as fell on Saul on his way to Damascus, nevertheless there is still the true Light, the gracious and loving One saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." When God thus deals with us, thus removes us from the crowd, thus leads us into the solitude of our own thoughts, and into His own presence, we feel the vanity of the things on which we have set our hearts, the value of the things we have been putting away from us, and, above all, we feel in a way we never felt before the infinite value of our own souls.

Selfishness is truly the source of all sin—"Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts," and "the things which defile a man." Sin is just the blind indulgence of self-love, and that in defiance of all the sanctions of God's written and unwritten laws; and as the evil thus begins in self, so does the remedy begin there. Grace does not destroy personality, but it sanctifies it; it does not even destroy self-love, but it changes, elevates and purifies it with the love of God. The new creature in Christ Jesus is still a man, with a soul and a body, but with affections purified and a body whose members are no longer the instruments of unrighteousness, and which has become the temple of the Holy Ghost. These remarks apply in an especial manner to the seventh commandment, which embraces the whole nature of man bodily and spiritual. We are to glorify God with our bodies and our spirits which are His, and we are to do this by denying ourselves to all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and by living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world. This is a work which no one can do for us, we must do it ourselves. It is not to be done at the ends of the earth or outwardly, but in our own hearts. It is not to be done to-morrow or next year, but now. In this work there is no compensation; no putting of one duty in the place of another; no picking or choosing what we shall do, and what leave undone; in what way we shall serve God, and in what way we shall not. God must be served in His own way, and the service which He requires is the service of a pure and loving heart.

The Parish of Taxwood, AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

X.—THE LAIRD AGAIN: THE BEREAVEMENT.



THINK my Readers will not be sorry to meet the Laird again, nor will they object to a new revelation of his character.

They may have already guessed what was a predominant feature in his simple, yet many-sided nature, —a feature, indeed, which assumed such large proportions as in the eyes of some would have been deemed a fault,—his intense love of children. Nor did it matter to him whether these were rich or poor; and of course the latter, in Taxwood as everywhere, numerically preponderated.



Perhaps his own early sorrow may have fostered the innocent infirmity. Enough to say, growing years did not diminish, but rather intensified, such amiable proclivities. The children of his own dependants and of the cottagers on his estate naturally asserted a first claim; then, of course, he had among varied specimens of the rising generation his likings and partialities. George, the coachman, had his domicile in the back court of the house, above the stable. He and his buxom wife had two daughters, who, though still in their teens, had gone out to service. But, after a long pause in the family genealogy, a little boy was added to the circle, who inherited from an uncle the name of Sam. Sam, as might have been expected, was hailed as a prodigy, and grew up to be one. He was spoiled at home—that was also natural, as the Benjamin of the household. But, with his old-fashioned talk and winning ways, he took the Laird also fairly by storm. The latter's daughters alleged, their father was always rather glad than otherwise to have a personal errand to the coach-house or harness-room, simply to bring him in contact, and have an interchange of civilities, or more likely oddities, with his child *protégé*: all

which were duly afterwards reported in the drawing-room. Sam was confessedly no beauty, indeed very much the reverse. A very plain and big-featured face lurked under his curly, matted hair. He was one of those children that affected a precocious manliness—a great *bravado* in his way; one who would in all likelihood develop, in course of time, into the soldier or sailor. But he was, without doubt, a juvenile original; not only unawed by the Laird's presence, but quite capable of making passing observations which subjected him to private parental admonition on the first convenient opportunity. One such saying alone I may recall, when the tiny, yet sturdy fellow, big broom in hand, asserting the legitimate rights of his father's son, addressed the Laird, in broad Doric, with inimitable nonchalance: "Had oot o' my git, Laird, till I soop the gutter."¹

If there could be a contrast in the world, it was between this young, bluff hero of the stable and coach-house, and the little golden-haired, blue-eyed child of four or five years, who, with an older brother at school, constituted the entire family of the gardener. The gardener, Charles, was himself a man of taste and fair education. He and his wife together seemed to understand well the simple art of making an otherwise very tiny unambitious cottage look to advantage. In the one "family room," the latter was not without some small pride in her brightly-polished mahogany table, her clean dresser, with a systematic row of plates above, her white dimity curtains, and green blinds. He had his two window-sills outside rimmed with beech and elm bark—encasing geraniums, lobelias, mignonette, and other floral favourites—before the virgin cork of more modern days had sprung into notoriety.

¹ This and other similar drastic sayings interspersed throughout these papers may have their little tinge of vulgarity, and possibly grate on refined ears. But the above, with its *ipsissima verba*, I give, as being long retained a veritable household joke in the Laird's family. It was recalled only the other day to the writer's remembrance by a friend.

As the present chapter mainly relates to child-life, it may not be inappropriate to add, without specifying names or localities, that the region all around Taxwood was, and is, famous, in the case of young as well as of old, for its advanced vernacular. The singular sayings (*Scottice*) of children at his or other Sunday Schools, formed to Mr. Erskine a little storehouse of quaint, and not unfrequently amusing memories, faithfully treasured. Take those of one child, and just because she was the *merest* child, certainly a precocious and original one, though in this case it was not in his own but a neighbouring parish. A relative of his was the little thing's Sunday teacher, and retailer of its grotesque fancies. "Maggie, I have just been speaking to you about the story of Jairus's daughter: What did Jesus say to the little girl?" *Ans.* "He telt her to come atour and gang aboot." "We are told here about an angel: What are angels?" *Ans.* "Buddies wi' white dresses, and wings put on." "What were some of the beautiful things, Maggie, in the Garden of Eden?" *Ans.* "Berry busses." Another child-remark retained in Mr. Erskine's treasury was that of a little fellow in whom he had a special interest, who, on reaching the second book of Samuel, asked "if the second Samuel was as good a boy as the first"!

It was one of Daisy's favourite exploits (it was a pet name of the Laird's, and Daisy she was called) to gather the fir-cones in the adjoining wood for further purposes of decoration. The Laird, in his generous way, had not stinted Charles in his own garden domain; and, without invading the time due to his master, the latter did his best, with the aid of his wife and son, to make it a little nook of paradise. A deep-yellow canary, Daisy's very own (for it was the Laird's present on her third birthday), was hung in its cage outside the door—the cage affixed to one of the spruce-fir posts of the rustic porch; while one of the monster fuchsias for which Taxwood seemed famous mounted over all, or rather seemed bent on a race with a Virginian creeper, as to which was to reach soonest the top of the thatch roof.

The "big garden"—distinctively so called—was always a delight to the Laird, quite as much as to his wife and daughters. But though, amid a profusion of floral beds, he had daisies innumerable decking the plots close by, there was another floweret, bearing the same name, who had more attractions to him. He seldom was allowed to cross the iron gate alone. A tiny hand was generally ready to be locked in his, and the prattle of the little silvery, musical voice beguiled many a half-hour after he had finished his morning engagements, and despatched his never very onerous correspondence. All sorts of playful talks were indulged in. Inside the cottage he knew every doll in her wooden press by headmark, entered sympathetically into their pedigree and history, and he never seemed to get weary of the iteration. Outside the garden was a place called "*The Wilderness*," where Nature was surrendered to her own sweet revels, with mimic forests of bracken, and tiny bits of mossy grass, and a runlet of water. At the edge of this was a summer-house, smothered in roses and honeysuckle. From spring to autumn it formed a frequent resort with the Laird and Daisy. The former never tired helping her to string her gowans and plait her dandelions. Then, leading by a gravel path from this, and closely adjoining, was the Laird's most expensive luxury, already indicated in a former chapter, his Dog-kennel. Daisy's favourite diversion of all was to accompany him thither. It was strange, but the very presence of the little thing, with her loving ways and gentle tones, seemed to be the signal for wild quadrupedal delight. It was only maternal instincts and duties that would allow higher claims, and even these with dubiety and hesitation, as was amusingly witnessed (it was one of the Laird's stock legends) in the case of a female setter. This animal had a litter of pups. In a state of joyful exuberance, yet of bewilderment and vacillation, she first rushed out, then rushed back again, painfully divided between fondness for Daisy and her parental responsibilities. The latter, however, as they ought, carried the day; for at last she made a final bound into her crib, and smothered

the little rotundities with canine kisses, licking them all over, and receiving a very hearty and merry approval of her good deeds from both on-lookers. Not only, however, had Daisy this singular talismanic power to rouse all the enthusiasm of dog-nature, but to lull also their savage ways and propensities, conquering in dumb animals what refused to be amenable to other influences. The least amiable member of the Laird's kennel (he has previously been incidentally introduced to our Readers as rejoicing in the name of "*Surly*") was a brute, dull, sulky, crossgrained, vicious, unprepossessing, with blear eyes, and hideously underhung (*gash gabbit*). Surly's uncharitable disposition extended even to keeping his indulgent master at a distance. When Surly was on chain the former was not permitted with impunity to approach his couch. Daisy was allowed every imaginable liberty; hugging him by the neck, getting inside the huge tub of a domicile (a new but very faithful rendering of "*Beauty and the Beast*"), the bairn, in child-delight, bidding the Laird defiance from her house of refuge!

Nor, in these reminiscences, must I fail to add that Daisy had a privileged welcome inside the big house too—a privilege which, young as she was, she never abused. In winter, when she came on no unwilling errand from the cottage, it was now and then a grotesque picture—the Laird buried amid the cushions of his easy-chair, with the child clambering up his knee. The former was far from fertile in the region of imagination; but with Daisy's ceaseless craving for stories he had to do his best; and a very meagre tale had always music and adventure in it, coming from his lips, amply sufficient to satisfy the insatiable petitioner. Daisy never seriously objected, when these small dramatic occasions were terminated by having a silver sixpence thrust into her hand, to go to Nelly's shop and supply the place of some superannuated doll.

Ay, Reader! but it was again the old, old story, recalling one of the few memorable heathen sayings—"Whom the gods love die young." Like many bright and beautiful things in the outer world, the tender, loving flower was to get no further than the early bud of promise, and, as we say in our harshness and unwisdom, was prematurely to fall. And this brings to the front the unsuspected element in the Laird's nature I have alluded to in the opening. And yet why should we say unsuspected? For all loving natures are most susceptible to the pang of sorrow and most sympathetic to the sorrowing. The remembrance of his own early heart-wound was often overwhelming; and any rude hand touching the string was more than he could bear. I remember, when spending some weeks with him, in an easy, friendly way, when we were sitting one afternoon round the fire-side—he reading the newspaper—a strolling band of musicians, vocal and instrumental, came to the

front door, and suddenly struck up the well-known music and words, specially familiar to him,—

“Love not, love not, the thing you love may die.”

The newspaper dropped. He flung his purse in my direction on the table. “Stop them” was all he could gasp out, and left the room, not returning till the dinner gong sounded. Nor had these tidal waves, so suddenly and cruelly roused, ebbed when the candles were lighted for bed. It was doubtless, I repeat, this personal affliction which increased his natural sensitiveness in entering into the sadness of others. He greatly disliked meeting the bereaved, or perhaps, I should rather word it, intruding on the sacredness of grief (I believe we all do). It was often a trial to him. Just in very proportion as he felt the tenderness of his own sorrows, he respected those of others. What, however, was a painful, even repellent duty in some cases, he experienced to be a mournful gratification in others. The same sunny, genial temperament which induced him to “rejoice with them that do rejoice,” with an equally irresistible potency led him to “weep with them that weep.” None were more welcome than he in the smitten home; though, as often as otherwise, his ministry of consolation was with no redundant artificial gush of words—the mere commonplaces of condolence. The little said was generally accompanied and emphasised with the press of the sympathetic hand or the moistening of the sympathetic eye. So much was all this felt and appreciated, that, while in the hour of bereavement the minister’s ever-welcome presence was the first sought and obtained, the next person thought of, and generally the first to be there, whether in farmstead or cottage, was *the Laird*.

This will prepare our Readers for the intensity of the present impending sorrow.

“My wee Angel! my wee Angel!” was all he could stammer out when the unexpected reality was first conveyed to him by too reliable lips. From that hour onwards no day elapsed without morning and evening a personal visit paid to the cottage. All he could think of he did, to soothe and smooth that tiny pillow. Many little things were brought to the sick-room, never by others, always by himself. In the hot summer it would be some ice from the ice-house, to cool the lips or apply to the hot, throbbing temples. The choicest little *bouquet* his hands could cull was put in the flower-glass by her side, or laid on the counterpane. The grape scissors he always carried in his side pocket seldom passed the vinery without detaching a tiny cluster of black Hambro’s. Now it was a bright picture-book, now it was the music-box from his daughter’s cupboard, with which he could indulge the child’s favourite taste without sounding too loudly. These and many similar ingenious devices were taken by him to beguile the weary suffering hours. Occasionally, but very rarely, he would speak to his “wee Angel” about the Angels’ home. When he

did so, he tried always to say something bright and joyous. It might be a scrap from some of the hymns she had often repeated to him on Sundays. But too often his tears would come unbidden, and he would change the subject. When the end was drawing nigh, the mother afterwards told how the dear child in her wanderings seemed to have one specially favourite and ever-present recollection—an uppermost thought. The pale, restless, attenuated fingers were seen busily plaiting necklaces and crowns of gowans and buttercups, just as she had so often done in the summer-house that very spring; and “the Laird” was the name and word, of all others, that retained hold to the last in her memory. She was heard indistinctly to mutter it till articulation failed. The sentiment of the following familiar words would have been in thorough harmony with his own sad and sorrowful feelings. He might not have known the lines; Miss Effie knew them well. They were one of the marked bits from her favourite Wordsworth—

“Never—never did my steps
Approach this door but she who dwelt within
A joyous welcome gave me, and I loved her
As my own child. Oh, Sir! the good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer’s dust
Burn to the socket
She is dead :
The light extinguished !”

Yes! All was over now: the green blind was down. The bright ethereal spirit had joined the other child-angels who “do always behold the face of their Father in heaven.”

Daisy’s death took place at the fall of the year,—one of the last days of August. The birds were still prolonging their later summer song, and the garden flower-plots were still looking their best. The date survives, because a mournful gathering took place around the Gardener’s cottage on the 1st September. That day—the season of the year when the sun’s rays are generally tempered, and when the stubble fields were generally cleared—had always been, as with most country gentlemen, a marked anniversary of the Laird’s—the first day of partridge-shooting; an occasion in his somewhat monotonous life to which for previous weeks he always looked forward, and to which even the very dogs, from their restless demeanour, by some strange instinct seemed alive. But it was unkept on this day of sorrow. The gun-room had the key turned in it, and the companions of his sport were left to bay in their kennels. He and his two keepers held sadder tryst.

Not a large crowd, but a small and select one, assembled at midday round the cottage porch. We need not describe it. It is one of those scenes best relegated to “mute expressive silence.” The Laird was there; but he had come purposely late, and he was not visible till the little cortege had left the door. He had been obliged to turn his back on

the company, glad to hide his irrepressible emotion behind one of his own big elms nigh the house. Although he followed the procession to the burial ground, I am not sure that he was able to stand more; but, turning at the Church gate, quietly made his way home through a woodland path.

Not long after, a tombstone, with a slab of white marble inserted, was erected over a tiny grave. There was no name given: only—

“TO A LOVED, LOVELY, AND LOVING CHILD,”

with the touching Bible words beneath—

“AND WAS UNTO HIM AS A DAUGHTER.
2 SAM. xii. 3.”

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

OFTEN when above me dark
Frowned a murky rainy sky,
Mid the clouds, a gleaming arc
Promised that the storm would fly.
So though clouds my future dim,
Fears be many, hopes be few;
I commit my ways to Him,
Who hath helped me Hitherto!

Hitherto!—in darkest night
As a beacon it appears,
Falling with a solemn light
Down the pathway of the years.
Hitherto! yea, thus the Lord
Many perils brought me through,
'Tis a prayer, a signal word,
Hark its magic!—Hitherto.

Yes, I see the road behind—
There 'twas weary, here 'twas gay,
There heartsease I once did find,
Growing by the dusty way.
Here no roses shed their bloom,—
Far thro' groves of sombre yew
Stretched my path in deepest gloom,—
Yet I whispered,—Hitherto!

I can trace each step I took
As I backward cast my eye:
There I drank of Baca's brook
In an arid land and dry.
There the tempest roared around,—
Fierce and fast the hailstones flew,—
Boldly still I kept my ground,
Girt about with—Hitherto!

As this thought the past recalls,
Doubts dispelled and perils o'er,
With a hopeful light it falls,
On the way which lies before.
Spectres of my pathways old,
Will ye seek to haunt the new?—
Then my talisman behold
In the legend—Hitherto!

If some flood of glorious light
From the gates of paradise
Flashing on my wondering sight
Hide the pathway from mine eyes,
Warily I'd journey on,
Though all Heaven were in my view,
And shall learn, the battle won,
All contained in—Hitherto.

L. A. JOHNSTONE.

The Moderator on Practicable Church Reforms.¹

WE select from Dr. Rankine's address at the close of the General Assembly suggestions which will be read with the remembrance that the speaker is one of the wisest and best of parish ministers, offering counsel from a position of great responsibility. Seldom is long experience combined with such sensitive perception of the changes that are called for by the circumstances of the present day. We have only space to say that the speaker is facing two facts of terrible significance, namely:—that an undetermined, but very large proportion of the population is outside of every form of the Christian Church; and that the Church, where it is most vigorous, gives no sign of being able, on present lines, to cope with the evil.

Setting free a Part of Sunday for Evangelistic Work.

It is evident that more aggressive measures ought to be adopted. The resources of the Church ought to be better accommodated to the requirements of these altered times. The whole Church ought to rise to meet the pressing emergency. I have great sympathy with the views of those who would release their ministers from the afternoon service, in order that they might devote themselves to evangelistic work among their ignorant and unheeding parishioners. The territorial would thus coincide with the congregational, and the principle of a National Church would rise conspicuously before the minds of men. Self-indulgence has reigned too long in the professing religious world. This must cease. The necessities of the times call for the sacrifice. Well-organised congregations may reasonably be asked to forego the luxury of a double service for the sake of others. They do not need this luxury. They have their Bibles and the unction of the Holy One. And indirectly greater blessings would come to themselves. In seeking the religious well-being of others, their own souls would prosper all the more. And, going forth themselves to help, they would obtain a greater luxury still—that of winning souls to Christ.

Something to be learned from the Salvation Army.

The problem of the reclamation of the masses presses for a solution. How shall this be done? Shall it be by the action of irresponsible sectaries, or by that of the constituted Churches? . . . It is, I think, impossible any longer to overlook or ignore the work of the Salvation Army. This movement has become a great fact in the religious world. Its numbers, its resources, its widely rami-

¹ Address at the close of the General Assembly, 1883. By the Rev. John Rankine, D.D., the Moderator. Blackwood and Sons.

fied operations, its unusual methods, are fitted to arrest attention and constrain inquiry. We cannot wonder that this movement has its imitators, nor that the ever-watchful bishops of the Church of England are giving earnest heed to it. One of the most learned prelates of that Church has declared that while the Church and Nonconformists have allowed the masses to drift away from them, the Salvation Army has recovered the lost ideal of the Christian Church, the universal compulsion or constraint indicated in the parable of our Lord. . . . Our resources are large—men of means and men of power! Methods will suggest themselves as the work goes on. May not a new Home Scheme be instituted—missionary in the highest sense, as directed to the recovery of the most lapsed of the masses? Support would not be wanting. The public Christian conscience, now so disquieted, would seek relief by liberal gifts.

Allocation of Seats should cease.

In rural parishes all seats are already allocated. The minister has no accommodation to offer. . . . Many trace their defection from ordinances to this cause alone. Coming as strangers to a locality, they do not know where to apply for sittings in the Parish Church, and the first steps to habitual neglect are taken. The same difficulty has agitated the Southern Establishment. It has given rise there to a demand for open pews in parish churches. Indeed, an influential society has been formed with this object in view; and its efforts are rapidly forming a public opinion in favour thereof, which will ultimately prevail. It is very generally felt that if the National Churches are to stand—if they are to be in a position to do their territorial work—this restriction must be removed. Unfortunately for us, law and long practice have left the inhabitants of villages and small towns outside of our parochial provision. These can be accommodated in our churches only by the permission or courtesy of the persons to whom the sittings have already been allocated; and the difficulty is too frequently increased by the unthinking exclusiveness of some of our people. Possessing the right, and perhaps valuing it, they guard it too selfishly. Though themselves occupying only a small part of their pew, they too often resist the entrance of others, and are offended if the kirk-session suggests the propriety of accommodating others. These facts lead one to favour the suggested plan of open pews in National Churches. The Church would then become more truly national—the house of God for all. Nay, one is sometimes tempted to go even further, and to wish that our parish churches were replenished with rush-bottomed chairs, like the naves of cathedrals.

Seat-Rents an Anomaly.

I am not sorry that the question of seat-rents is being agitated. These are an anomaly in an Established Church. The removal of them would un-

doubtedly add to her usefulness, and would make her more fully and truly territorial and national. Difficulties—the growth of years—lie in the way, but they are not insurmountable. Even this impediment to her higher usefulness may disappear.

Personal Effort more than ever required.

Formerly the Church, as a Church, with all its venerable and authoritative traditions, held the larger place, and was generally the greater power. Individual action was less prominent. If not priests, ministers were the representatives of an august and venerated system, and as such wielded a power which was generally felt. Now the system has retired. The individual has advanced. Personal contact is now more imperatively required. Multiplication of religious denominations is in part the cause of this change. Mere authority has waned. Constant and all-constraining individuality is therefore called for. The drifting of our youth and of our working men from old religious habitudes will best be met by devoted, sympathetic, personal action. This doubtless will call for more time and labour. It will demand home visitations in the evening; stated presence in Sabbath Schools; careful personal handling of adult classes; personal and individual action in all departments of work. With working men this is particularly called for. They must be sought in their homes after working hours. Day visitation does not reach fathers and grown-up sons. The minister and they are strangers. Their ways of thought are unknown, or only theoretically guessed at. Their prejudices remain in full force. The parish church is nothing to them but a building where others worship. It is no church to them, and in consequence alienation subsists.

Work for the Young Men's Guild.

May not the Young Men's Guild be made useful here? The Church owes much to the Life and Work Committee; and not the least of its services is the formation of this Guild. It is cause of sincere regret that the wise and energetic Convener of this Committee has been prevented, by indisposition, from giving the Assembly the aid of his counsels. The question is, How shall this Guild be turned to best account as a helper in the work of the Church? Doubtless mutual edification is the primary object; but I think that the organisation is capable of more extended usefulness. It may make the minister's personal influence more fully and frequently felt in the parish; it may be a link between him and those whom he seeks to influence for good. We must not, indeed, expect too much at first. A gradual training to this work will be necessary. But I can look forward to a time when the Guild will furnish the minister with his most energetic helpers, and carry his personal influence more widely than is at present possible.

A Scotch Philosopher.

"NA, na, I didna greet. I could hae wrocht wi' him, and focht wi' him, but I couldna greet. I'll tell ye what it is—it's little that we can thole, but it's muckle that we maun thole."

I could hardly see the speaker, for even in the daytime the place was almost dark, the window being too small to let much sunlight into the room. Now and then the fire made some feeble efforts to burn brightly, lighting up the figure of the old

woman, who sat with her feet on the fender, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting on her clenched fists, and shining on her dark brown eyes, that were still as keen and young as if her hair were not gray, nor her face wrinkled by years and sorrow.

The firelight crept into the dark corners of the room till it reached the "dresser" in the background, with its meagre show of plates and broken tea-cups, and flickered into the face of the ponderous eight-day clock, while the "kist," which held the family wardrobe, the half-empty barrel of meal,



and the two "box-beds," appeared and disappeared in the darkness. There was a man in the bed which stood opposite the fireplace; in the twilight it seemed as if the upturned face were almost as white as the bandages bound round the head, or the pillow on which it lay. Poor man! he was always there.

One day—it was the longest day in summer, seventeen years ago—the neighbours in the High Street stood watching John, the widow's son, as he came down his rickety ladder. He had finished thatching the roof of the cottage with twigs of birch and heather brought by his mother from the

hill behind the house. "It's done, and well done, and I'm glad it's done and over," he was saying to old Andrew, the next-door neighbour, turning his head as he spoke, when his foot slipped; he fell, and never rose again, for his spine was injured. The neighbours carried him into the house, and laid him on the bed.

"I couldna greet," said his mother; "I could hae wrocht and focht, but I couldna hae grat. Mary Maculloch, at the heid o' the village, she aye screamed, and Margit Maxwell gied the ither skirl. 'He's a corpse,' says the ane; 'That's death,' says Margit; but I spak nane. O wumman, ye canna

tell what a moment may bring tae the heart. He's nocht better nor death syne. Year out, year in, he's aye there, for a' the warld like ony corpse, and by the hour thegither he speaks nae mair nor stock or stane. He's no wise like whiles," she continued, with an apparent indifference to the fact that her son could hear her; "it's his trouble's maist awsome, an' it kin' o' weakens the judgment. He keeps company noo wi' hens, an' doos, an' rabbits, an' siclike varmin. The Lord be praised! they keep him divertit."

Mrs. Murdoch made a movement of the head in the direction of half-a-dozen hens and chickens congregated at the foot of her son's bed. A motherly old hen had left the group, and was just then crossing the room, pursued by a rabbit, while she tried in vain to maintain her dignity, and ignore his attempts to be sociable.

"Aren't they rather a trouble to you?" I asked, with vague memories of unsatisfactory poultry-yards and discontented hen-wives.

"Hoots, no a bit. The hens hae their nest by his pillow, and the doos they flee tae his han'; it's little they get, but I aye tell him he'd share his last bite wi' the varmin."

Something, perhaps it was the expression in the keen brown eyes fixed on my face, made me ask: "Do you never resent your lot, Mrs. Murdoch?"

"Me? Whatna just cause o' complaint have I? We maun a' be content, wumman. We canna expect tae gang through life dammerin'. Gin I'm at rest in my heart, an' at peace wi' my Maker, what mair do I need?" "Then you envy no one?"

"Na, na, that was never the way wi' me. Noo there's folk, they canna see ocht bonny, but it turns them frae food an' rest that they haena gotten it in their ain han'. Whaur's the sense in that, I wad thank ye to know? Ye've gotten silks, an' I've gotten rags, but hae ye the happier heart? An' if ye haena rest in your heart, what's a' the warld's gear? I could never be fashed wi' thae yammerin' folk."

The woman's reality made one hail her as an oracle, or as something better than that, for is there not some difference between a faith that is lived and any unexperienced knowledge?

"But there are other troubles in the world," I ventured to suggest, "worse than envy or jealousy, that sadden people." "Whatna else?"

"Oh, heaps of things." "Havers."

"It isn't havers, Mrs. Murdoch. You must know yourself of other miseries, and that there are sorrows of life as well as of death. I know a girl now, for instance, whose father has been condemned to penal servitude. It is a long story, too long to be told just now; but she was very fond of him, poor thing, and now she only looks half alive, she is so unhappy and wretched."

There was a long pause, during which Mrs. Murdoch stared thoughtfully into the fire. A rabbit hopped unnoticed on to the edge of her old faded petticoat, and settled there with friendly

content. One of the pigeons had fluttered on to the bed, and a thin white hand was put out to stroke its head and folded wings.

"I tell ye that's maist awsome," said Mrs. Murdoch at last, slowly, her sympathies having made her forget her argument. "What pleasure can a' the warld contains bring till her noo? driven like a bird frae its nest, tossed like a wave o' the sea, wi' her heart aye fluttering in her breast, she'll aye sit think, thinkin', and then she'll flee tae evil, *for it's seldom that we flee tae guid.*"

"Oh no, she won't do that," I said, thinking of the poor girl as I saw her last. "She will never fly to evil—she's too good for that. But she certainly is wretchedly unhappy, and what would you say to her, I should like to know?"

"The Lord will give her rest," said Mrs. Murdoch at last, with a quiet smile. "Didna He suffer for our sins, an' will He no' tak' compassion on a spirit broken for another? Will He no' stand by her noo, an' gin a body lift ae side on a weight when ye've gotten the tither, is yer burden lighter or is it no? Eh, wumman, He's aye there wi' the peace that passeth understandin', but we dinna tak tent—we dinna heed Him. I'll tell ye what it is—whan we're young we're wild and weanly, an' whan we're in middle age we're ta'en up wi' the affairs aboot us, and whan we're auld we haena the capacity. It was lang that I stood mysel' wi' my back tae Him, and nocht but trouble garred me turn my heid. But I thank the Lord that noo I've gotten peace."

Mrs. Murdoch resumed her studies of the fire. It was rapidly going out, and her son had fallen asleep, with the pigeon nestling peacefully under his hand. At this moment a low knock at the door was followed by the entrance of a child of about thirteen years of age, who came half-way into the room, and standing beside Mrs. Murdoch, said to her—"Mither says, will ye come tae Johnnie, for he's wearying sair."

"That will I," answered Mrs. Murdoch, rising at once; "it's a neighbour's lad that's poorly," she added, turning to me, "and I aye tell him he's the better for a crack wi' his auld wife;—that's me, ye ken," and Mrs. Murdoch smiled to herself.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"He's nae lang for this warld, puir laddie," she answered, "but I'm thinkin' he's nane the waur for a lauch while he's in it."

"Well, I suppose you ought to go to him now," I said, rising too, "so I shall say good-bye, and I hope we may meet again."

"Hoots ay; an' if it's no' here, it's there. Weel, I wuss ye weel tae the journey's end, and aye mind it's a dark land that the sun never shines on."

She went with me to the door. As I looked back she was still standing there with her arms akimbo; the hens and chickens had gathered round her, and were clucking their convictions that they too would get their meat in due season.

John Eliot, Apostle of North American Indians.

By the Rev. JOHN F. W. GRANT, M.A., Haddington.

WRITING home to the Mother-Country, his friends styled him THE INDIAN EVANGELIST. But in his quaint, humble way he would not own the name. "Suppress all such things," he writes. "It is most becoming of Jesus Christ to lift up Christ and ourselves lie low." Eliot's was the heroic work of "pioneer."

He was born in Essex in 1604, and died in 1690. If he had not genius, he had all the industry and patience that belong to genius. Even in his eighty-sixth year, when too infirm to preach or do anything out of doors, he set himself to instruct a blind boy. One of his favourite counsels to students was, "I pray, look to it that you be *morning birds*." Not knowing what his after-work would be, he wisely sought at Cambridge, where he took a Bachelor's degree, to fit himself for life by doing well the studies that lay to his hand. The special aptitude he showed for the study of languages and theology stood him in good stead afterwards as a missionary. The impressions which turned his life-course into the channel of the ministry were received when he was usher in the school of one Hooker, an eminent divine and rigid Puritan. In 1631 Eliot joined English Puritans who sought a home and freedom in the wilds of America. He landed at Boston harbour in that part of the United States which was known as New England. Soon after he was appointed pastor of the church at Roxbury, a mile distant from Boston. This office he held till his death. He devoted much time to the instruction of the young. Carrying out also that system of education which has helped to make Scotland great, free, loyal, in the past, he sought to establish a good school in every part of the country. Finely independent, he wished in old age to give back his salary, that the community might not have to support both himself and his successor. But his congregation, to its immortal credit, told him "his very presence was worth a salary." He was charitable to a fault: as he oddly put it, "looking over his accounts, he could nowhere find the God of heaven a debtor." Still he sometimes left his own family straitened for the comforts of life before another payment was due. To prevent Eliot paying away his money before he got home, the parish treasurer once tied the salary into his handkerchief with several firm knots. The good man went his way to a sick and needy family. After trying in vain to untie the knots, he became impatient, and handed the handkerchief, money and all, to the mother of the house, saying with trembling accent, "Here, my dear, take it; I believe the Lord means it all for you."

This is a glimpse of Eliot, the man and the pastor; it is time to put, in the few words allowed,

something of Eliot, "the Indian Evangelist." To understand his labours of forty-five years, we must know something of that red or copper-coloured people of many tribes and many languages who once peopled America. Though called by the misleading name of Indians, they are probably a distinct branch of the human race. They have been unjustly described as "the veriest ruins of mankind upon the face of the earth." True, they had all the helplessness, all the vices of savages; but they were quick to learn, ingenious and subtle, easily impressed with good, and in their own way hospitable and careful of their aged and poor. If they worshipped many gods, they had no idols, and had the idea of "one Great Spirit ruling over the others." They paid more respect, however, to the "Evil Spirit," whom they feared more. This fear the pow-wows (priests) took care to keep alive by magical arts. Their manner of life was of the simplest and rudest kind. They lived from hand to mouth, their food being got by hunting. The soil was rich, but they tilled it only for a little maize and vegetables. They were ignorant of the simplest mechanical arts. Young trees bent to the ground, and covered with rush mats, formed their wigwams (huts). What could be done with a race who thirsted for war and vengeance, who tricked themselves out with war-paint and feathers, whose ominous companions were bows and arrows, tomahawks and scalping-knives, and, above all, who cared merely for a roaming and idle life?

With a practical wisdom which the future sadly justified, Eliot saw the need of "carrying on civility with religion." He often complained of the converts that, while they observed fairly well one part of the Fourth Commandment, by resting on the Sabbath, they neglected the other, which enjoins six days of labour. To train them in a more settled mode of living, he gathered such as were willing into separate villages, which were called the "Praying Towns." The men earned wages according to their work. They were taught agriculture, the arts, and the use of tools. Their huts were improved, and their grounds fenced with ditches and stone walls. The women learned to spin, and in time were seen at the markets of the white men with brooms, staves, baskets, fish, poultry, and the fruits of the season. The good example spread, and by 1674, the year of greatest prosperity, about 4000 "Praying Indians" were gathered into the various settlements.

It must not be thought all this could be done without hardship and risk of life. In one letter he writes: "I have not been dry night nor day from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition; and at night I pull off my boots, wring my stockings, and on with them again, and so continue." One time, the Indians having fled, pale with terror, Eliot was left alone in the presence of a wrathful chief. His bold defiance saved his life. "I am

about the work of the Great God," he cried, "and my God is with me. I fear not you nor all the Sachems in the country. I am resolved to go on. Do what you may, you cannot hinder what I have begun. Touch me if you dare." Before such a spirit of moral courage, the power of brute force quailed and slunk away. Over against this may be put the tribute of an aged Sachem, "Sirs, you have been pleased for years past to apply yourselves unto me and my people, to persuade us to pray to God. I have all my days used to pass in an old canoe, and now you exhort me to change my old canoe and embark in a *new canoe*. I have hitherto been unwilling; but now I yield up myself to your advice, and enter into a new canoe, and do engage to pray to God hereafter."

Perhaps we are omitting the best fruit of Eliot's wisdom and industry—his translating into the native tongue of the Scriptures and many pious works and catechisms. His was the *first* Bible printed in America (1663). It was a great task. The language was unwritten, and its laws were unknown. To eye and ear the dialect is harsh and confused, "being combined," as one has said, "in words long enough to tire the patience of any scholar in the world. One would think they had been growing ever since Babel." Put such a lengthy word in our own language as "disproportionableness" beside the longest one used in this Bible—"Wuttappesittukqussunnookwehtunkquoh," that is, "kneeling-down-to-him." Here is a word longer still, "Kremmogkodonatootummootiteaon-ganunnonash"—in English, "our-question." As a specimen we give the first petition of the Lord's Prayer: "Nooshun kesukqut, wunneetupantamunach koovesuonk." No wonder these words of strong sense are found at the end of his Grammar: "We must not sit still and look for miracles. Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, can do anything." In the faith that he was working for the future, we find the old man of eighty-five still at his desk. But no one living speaks this language, and scarcely any linguist can read it. The tribes and the dialect have long ago perished together.

But we must hasten to the end. The year 1675 was the beginning of sorrows. A series of bloody wars broke out between the colonists and the Indians. In one twelvemonth the labour of years was undone, and many of the "Praying Towns" were destroyed. This explains the sad pathos that clings to the declining years of the heavenly-minded and devoted missionary. "I desire to see it (meaning another edition of the whole Bible) done before I die, and I am so deep in years that I cannot expect to live long; and sundry say, if I do not procure it printed while I live, it is not within the prospect of human reason whether ever, or where, or how, it may be accomplished. I have added some part of my salary to keep up the work. This world is a place and state wherein God's

people must expect nothing steadfast—all things are mutable and affecting." Four years later, in 1686, on seeing the great work completed, he says: "I have nothing new to write but lamentation. Our Indian work yet liveth, praised be God! The Bible is come forth; many hundreds are bound up and dispersed to the Indians." About this time the partner of his youth died, and the aged husband, standing with tears over her grave, said: "Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful wife; I shall go to her, and she not return to me." Often he would say to himself: "I wonder why the Lord Jesus lets me live; He knows that I now can do nothing for Him;" and he would quaintly remark that "he had a pleasant fear lest the old saints of his acquaintance who were in heaven before him would suspect him to be gone the *wrong* way, because he stayed so long behind." On hearing bad news he would say: "Behold some of the clouds in which we must look for the coming of the Son of man." Worn out with age, and attacked by fever, Eliot's health now rapidly gave way. His greeting to his successor, who came to pray for him in his sufferings, was: "Brother, thou art welcome to my very soul. Pray retire to thy study for me, and give me leave to be gone." Speaking of the evangelising of the Indians, he said: "There is a cloud, a dark cloud, upon the work of the gospel among them. The Lord revive and prosper that work, and grant that it may live when I am dead! It is a work I have been doing much and long about. But what was the word I spoke last? I recall that word, *my doings*. Alas! they have been poor, and small, and mean doings; and I shall be the man who will throw the first stone at them all." One of his latest utterances was: "Alas! I have lost everything; my understanding leaves me, my memory fails me, my utterance fails me; but I thank God my *charity* holds out still; I find that *rather grows than fails*." In his dying moments the expression "Welcome, joy!" broke from his lips; and repeating the words "PRAY, PRAY, PRAY," his devoted spirit passed away on the 20th May 1690, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The *direct* results of his life-work may be said to have died with him. But it is a noble testimony to the zeal, intelligence, and love of this great-souled man that he did so much. At the present day, the work is still vigorously carried on, but the settlements are now hundreds of miles *westward* from the scene of Eliot's earlier efforts. The command to the human race is, "Arise, shine, for thy Light is come!" but the red man, with not a few qualities that call forth our pity, refuses to obey, and so presents the sad picture of a race doomed to perish before the superior nation ever pressing on its path. With footsteps sullenly retreating from forest to forest and prairie to prairie, the last remnants of that race, which once peopled the United States, now flutter like a waning phantom between the Rocky Mountains and the Western Sea.

Daisy.

AN ANGLO-INDIAN SKETCH.

"COME along, Daisy! We're all waiting for you!"

These words of welcome rang from a good many voices as the loungers in our verandah caught sight of their little playmate. There were so few children about that remote plantation of ours that I am sure Daisy—a bright attractive little five-year-old—ran considerable danger of being spoiled. Well! if these big, bearded planters did not disdain to while away an evening hour with her baby-talk and kitten-like gambols and tricks, I, for one, could not but think it better so, than that skittle-alley or card-table should monopolise them,—so much at least may be granted to a partial parent's fancy!

How well I remember that evening when the fair, flaxen-haired creature made her appearance, in the brown arms of her faithful "Ayah." A cool sweet breeze had wakened after a day of languor and oppression, and as it swayed the long slender bamboo stems, and shook the rich clusters of magnolia blossoms round us we all felt as if a fresh current of life had come sweeping through our veins. Everybody grew more lively and talkative, and before long we were in the middle of an eager dispute—animated yet friendly—as to our various nationalities,—for there were among us English, Scotch, Irish, and German, and we dearly loved to show off our patriotism occasionally.

"Let the child decide for us!" shouted Dennis O'Brian, a tall, strapping Irishman, with hair and temper alike fiery. Fiery indeed! And yet there was something so hearty and lovable about him that he was a special favourite with everybody, most of all with Daisy. He had lifted her high in his arms while he spoke, and now set her on a tall flower-stand near us, saying in the rich "brogue" he frequently assumed for her amusement:

"Now, Daisy darlint, tell us thrue! which is the very best—the very *beautifullest* of all countries? That's the question, mavourneen! Mind now all I've told you about the green Emerald Isle—the pride of the ocean, and say, '*Erin go bragh*,' my beauty! Ireland for ever!"

"Nonsense, Daisy! don't listen to him!" cried young Macalpine, equally enthusiastic about his own "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." "Remember dear old Scotland, your mother's country, with the heathery hills, and glens full of wild deer! Why, the bluebells alone would make it better than any other place under the sun!"

"No, no! St. George and merry England!" sang out quite a chorus of voices. "Think of the English fields and meadows, Daisy—what splendid green grass to play among! And the Christmas trees, and Christmas games and——"

"Ach, mein Liebchen!" interrupted the German, who sat a little apart, enveloped in a cloud of

smoke, "Think rather of the Vaterland! Speak up for the Rhine, Daisy, and the fine old castle you and I are to go and live in some day!"

My husband and I alone kept silence, wishing to leave Daisy quite unbiassed in the settlement of this knotty question. And there the little thing stood in the midst of us all, quite still and self-possessed, her tiny hands firmly clasped, her bright eyes looking shyly out from the fringing locks over her forehead—a fairy-like figure, in soft white muslin frock and dainty ribbons. At first she seemed bewildered—then grave and thoughtful. Last of all an arch smile stole softly over the little features, and Daisy raised her head quickly, tossing back the flaxen tresses, with a look that said plainly she had found an answer.

What could she be going to say?

Everybody had grown still and quiet for a moment. We only heard the quiver of the bamboo stems, and the dropping of a magnolia leaf here and there.

All at once Daisy unclasped her hands, raised one tiny finger to the blue, sapphire sky shining above us in all its quiet loveliness, and said softly,

"*Dere is ze boofoo country!*"

A second or two of silence followed, and then, of course some murmuring.

"Oh! you know, Daisy, that isn't fair!"

"We weren't speaking about *that* just now!"

"Little plagiarist!" muttered Höfner, "who could have thought *she* had read that ballad—what is it again?—"*Da liegt das schönste Land!*"

But Daisy had certainly never read—never even heard of that!

O'Brian was the most serious objector of all. He looked positively angry—too angry even to laugh!

"That is a country I know very little about, Daisy. If you know anything, please to tell us!"

The child's quick ear had caught the offended tone in his voice. He was her greatest favourite there, and in a moment she had jumped down from her lofty perch, on to his knee, while her little arms were twining around his neck. Then she whispered,

"Me tell zoo tumting 'bout ze boofoo country, if zoo will be sure to 'member!"

"Very well, Daisy, fire away!" said the offended giant, thawing a little, as he kissed his little playmate.

"Not dust now, tum ozer time!" she pleaded coaxingly.

"Very well, mavourneen! just as you like! Let's have some fun for a change now," answered O'Brian, all sunshine again, "but mind it's a bargain, Daisy! You're to tell me something some day about the "boofoo" country!"

"And zoo are to 'member!"

"Honour bright! I will remember what you tell me!"

No more questions would Daisy listen to that

night. She was in the highest spirits, and all the usual romping and merry-making had to go on for her benefit.

"Mrs. Avenel! you must soon be sending that child home! Don't you think she is growing too fast?"

"Daisy wants some nice Highland air to put colour in her cheeks, Mrs. Avenel. Don't you think so?"

"Isn't that child growing thinner? When are you thinking of sending her home?"

O kindly questioners! How like some sad refrain came ever and anon that word of yours—"home"! Was not my Daisy going home before a few short months could pass? Was she not growing daily more pale and slender before our eyes? Like one other anguished heart of old, old time, I could sometimes have answered you bitterly enough, saying,

"Yea, I know it! Hold ye your peace!"

Just one other evening at Kalimbad I must tell you of. It was a quiet one. Quiet at least in our leafy verandah, for the loungers had all dispersed for a time. I sat there with my work alone, but for Daisy, who played near me on the steps—that was all.

But suddenly from without came angry words, the sound of sharp blows—words not such as a Christian man should use. Alas! they were not unfamiliar in my ears at Kalimbad!

It was O'Brian, who, out in the compound, had just encountered a renegade *coolie*, whose conduct had sorely troubled him for days back, but who had, till now, eluded his grasp. *Of course* the fiery temper of our Irish giant got the better of him at once. *Of course* the shower of blows came down on the crouching creature, and the torrent of angry invective poured from O'Brian's lips!

I covered my face with my handkerchief;—I tried to shut out all sounds from my hearing; and when I raised my head Daisy was gone! I knew afterwards where and why she had gone.

O'Brian's short-lived anger was scarcely over—the poor, beaten coolie had hardly crept out of sight, when a timid hand touched the big planter's knee, and he turned to find Daisy, alone and unattended, standing by his side.

"You here, Daisy? What are you after, Puss?"

"Me want to tell zoo tumting!" announced the little visitor, who was probably not very welcome at that moment.

"Oh! won't it do any other time, little one? You see I'm—I'm—busy just now!"

"No. Must tell zoo dust now, not any ozer time."

The little lady was decided in her tone, and O'Brian good-humouredly raised her in his arms, and tried to forget his own worries for the moment.

Daisy kissed him, and burrowed her flaxen head on his shoulder, but no words came for a little while.

"Well! what is it, Daisy?" asked her big friend a little impatiently. "I haven't time for nonsense just now."

"Zhey don't speak ugly words—not any at all—up zere!" this was Daisy's murmured reply.

"Eh! what?—what are you talking about, child?"

"I was to tell zoo, and zoo was to 'member!" pleaded Daisy in an apologetic tone, for O'Brian had spoken sharply.

"Oh yes! I know, I remember now! But you are a little goose, Daisy, and don't understand what big people have to worry them. Why! that black fellow there—but why on earth should *you* mind what I say to him, Daisy?"

"'Cause," said the child hesitatingly, "'Cause zoo mightn't be let in zere tum day, and Daisy would never be happy—never any more!"

O'Brian raised the little face to his own. He looked into the clear shining eyes—wet now with some unfallen tears, and full of eager wistful longing. His own grew somewhat clouded then, and his voice was husky as he said softly,

"I'm sorry to have vexed you, mavourneen!"

Perhaps it was because the face was thinner, more transparent than it used to be, and the blue eyes shone with a light that was not all of earth. Daisy saw her advantage, and followed it up.

"But zoo will 'member, will zoo not?"

"Yes, yes! Daisy—anything you like! I will remember—I will try at least. I will never say the "*ugly words*" again—God helping me!"

The day came when white sails bore my darling far away from those unhealthy Indian shores—far away from our longing hearts and straining eyes. Among the many friends who bade her good-bye that day was Dennis O'Brian, and, as the big, burly planter folded her in his arms, he whispered in her ear, "*I will remember, Daisy!* I will never vex you again!"

And I think he *did* "remember." Never any more did we hear the "*ugly words*" from Dennis O'Brian's lips!

Daisy—little Daisy! Some eyes grew dim with tears to-day that read thy name among the quivering grasses and "forget-me-nots," graved on a little marble cross, where mimic doves fold their white wings and watch thy place of rest. Not in thy early home, where still the bamboos spring, the magnolias spread their blossoms—but here where wild winds sweep o'er lonely moor and heathered hill—where kindred dust is laid.

Some eyes grew dim—but thine are tearless now, for they have seen "the King in His beauty, and the land that is very far off."

R. F. HARDY.

"A little child shall lead them."

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Cramond.

I ONCE came upon a West Lothian miner reading his Bible under a hawthorn hedge, on a lovely summer day. He was reading the chapter from which the text at the head of this page is taken; and repeating the text itself he said, "I know that is true." I said, "Yes, it is true; for there is coming a time when there shall be such peace on the earth that it will be like a little child leading a wolf and a lamb in one string." He answered, "I am an ignorant man, sir, and do not understand deep things; but I know that I was living a life worse than that of a wild beast—drinking, swearing, and hating God—and I was led to Jesus by my little boy; and I have always looked upon this text as fulfilled in me." I of course encouraged the good man to continue to take comfort out of the text; and I want now to apply the meaning the miner took out of it to the children of the Church, and to try and show them how they, as Christian children, may lead others to the Saviour.

I. *A little child shall lead men to Jesus when the little child is led by Jesus.* A boy about fifteen years of age was sent as an apprentice to a country carpenter, who lived with his three young lads in one room, a very cheerless place. The carpenter was a very clever workman, but very drunken; and very unkind to his lads. Soon after the new boy came, the carpenter discovered that he got up very early on Sunday morning, and took the shop key off the nail where it hung, and went out. Thinking the boy was going away to examine all the things in the shop, and, it may be, to steal some of the valuable tools, he one morning got up and followed him. When he came to the shop door he found the boy had locked himself in. He listened and heard the boy's voice in prayer; and as he continued listening he heard the boy pray for his master, that God would make him a good man.

The carpenter was at first angry, but went away back to bed and said nothing. Soon after, the boy was astonished to find his master asking him if he might go to church with him, and sit in his seat. They went together; and as they were coming home the old man said to the lad, "What takes you out to the shop early on Sunday morning?" The boy hung down his head and blushed, and said nothing. The old man said again in kindly tones, "I am not angry; tell me." The answer came very humbly, but quite firmly, "I go to meet God." "I know," responded the man with a tear of penitence, "and I want you to take me with you next Sunday." That humble carpenter's shop became a very holy altar to the master and his lad; and God turned the old man from his sins to the Saviour. The child led that wild, wicked man to better things, even without knowing it, simply because Jesus was leading the child.

II. *A little child shall lead men to Jesus when*

the little child is like Jesus.—A rich London merchant tells the story of the great change in his spiritual life through the influence of his little daughter. Through the dying words of his wife the merchant's little child was led to give her heart to Jesus. After the loss of his wife the merchant was a little touched, but he soon became engrossed, fully taken up, with making money. He did not go to church, did not read his Bible, did not pray, and boldly said that he did not even believe in Jesus as the Son of God. He got a very clever governess for the education of his child, but gave strict orders that she was not to be taught anything about religion. One day the governess came to the merchant and said, "If you do not want Mabel taught the Bible you must forbid her to read it, for she is teaching herself; nurse tells me that every morning she finds the Bible on Mabel's pillow." The rich man said nothing, but that night he went upstairs, when all was quiet, to his child's room, and she was asleep with her mother's Bible open by her side. He lifted the open book and saw this text marked by the hand of his wife, "The epistle of Christ, written with the Spirit." He laid down the book, and looked upon his daughter, sleeping peacefully, with a pure holy light upon her face. Solemn thoughts came to him—thoughts of what was working in his child's heart, thoughts of his wife having left her influence upon his child while he had resisted it. He went away saying to himself, "Perhaps God means Mabel to be a living epistle of Christ to me." It was even so. The whole life of his little child was so like the life of Jesus that it led her father into the kingdom of God. There is no sermon so beautiful and so helpful as that which a little child preaches who is one of the living epistles of Jesus.

III. *A little child shall lead men to Jesus when the little child is taken home to Jesus.*—I write this page for the children of the Church, whom I pray that God may spare to serve and honour Him by the faithfulness of Christian men and women. But "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," not merely because through death they enter into glorious fellowship with Him, but also because by their death they often lead the living to His feet. There are few things more beautiful in the story of the Church than the way God has made the death of Christian children the means of leading fathers, mothers, and companions to the new life. It is said that when a shepherd would take his flock over a stream he lifts a lamb and carries it over, and the mothers follow. God often takes away a little child from the mother's arms that the mother's heart may be given up to Himself. I pray that all the children of the Church who read this page may learn that by following Jesus, by being like Jesus, by living and dying for Jesus, they can make the world know the truth and beauty of this text, "A little child shall lead them."

Notices of Books.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.—*Scottish Divines: St. Giles' Lectures—Third Series.* (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.) These twelve lectures make us regret that the space at our disposal is so narrow. The catalogue must be our commendation of the book. *Knox*—By Professor Taylor. *Andrew Melville*—By Mr. Campbell, Dundee. *Samuel Rutherford*—By Mr. M'Adam Muir, Archbishop Leighton—By Principal Tulloch. *Ebenezer Erskine*—By Dr. James Mitchell. *Principal Robertson*—By Dr. F. L. Robertson. *Edward Irving*—By Dr. Story. *Chalmers*—By Dr. Donald Macleod. *James Robertson*—By Mr. Wilson, Cramond. *Bishop Ewing*—By Dr. Lees. *Robert Lee*—By Dr. Cunningham. *Norman Macleod*—By Professor Flint. The lectures are not of equal merit, and there has, most properly, been no attempt to make the lecturers "speak the same thing," so that the careful reader will find collision of opinion. This does not lessen the interest of the book. *The Evangelical Succession: Second Series.* (Same Publishers.) The St. Giles' Lectures have no mean rival in the seven lectures delivered in Free St. George's. Curiously enough, the subjects of three of them are the same—Knox, Rutherford, and Leighton. The special object of these lectures is to illustrate the "genius of the evangelical principle"—the power of the doctrines of Divine grace to mould diverse types of character. *Compendium of the Acts of the General Assembly relating to Procedure in Church Courts—With List of Office-Bearers.* Edinburgh: Neill and Co., 1883.) This little book will be of service to Ministers, Kirk-Sessions, and Students of Divinity, as it has been the aim of the compiler to include all the acts and regulations to which reference is ordinarily required. All ecclesiastically-minded persons will prize the lists of Royal Commissioners, Moderators, Clerks of Assembly, Procurators, Agents, Printers, and Meetings of the Assembly at Edinburgh, from the beginning of the Reformed Church of Scotland to the present day. *Catechism and Prayers for the use of Young Communicants*—By the late Rev. William Malcolm, Minister of Leochel-Cushnie. Revised and enlarged by the Rev. James Grant, M.A., Minister of Fordyce. Price 2d. (Aberdeen: Smith. Edinburgh: Wm. Ritchie.) This Manual, which, in its earlier editions, has long been favourably known—especially in the North—has been considerably improved by its present Editor. Some of the old answers have been re-cast. Most of the new questions relate to the important subject of preparatory duty. Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, Edinburgh, send us a beautiful chromolithograph of the Lord's Prayer (prayer-book version) very suitable for nursery or school-room wall.

Life and Work Notes.

WORK AT BARRA.—The Rev. John Webster, Cluny, gave a month's earnest labour, from 11th May to 11th June, among the English-speaking fishermen at Barra, as a deputy from the Christian Life and Work Committee. He writes:—"There were three diets of worship at Castlebay and three at Vatersay every Lord's day. I was present at half of the thirty services on the five Sundays, preaching the sermon or wholly conducting the service at twelve of the fifteen, and at the remaining three assisting the deputies of the other churches by taking part in the devotional exercises. I visited almost daily the huts, bothies, or cantonments of the curers, coopers, and females employed, and when there were opportunities I held meetings for the women, at some of which I was assisted by Mr. Barras of Bellgrove U. P. Church, Glasgow. The numbers attending the services were large. From the visit of the Royal Commissioners on 25th May, but more especially from the success attending the herring fishing, officials, merchants, traders, and sailors, came in greater numbers

than last year, and the attendance included a greater variety. Gentlemen from London and from the Continent of Europe, curers from various ports, sailors from vessels lying in Castlebay at anchor, reporters from leading newspapers, natives of Barra standing aloof or clustering on a neighbouring hut, hundreds of fishermen seated on the rocky slopes, in front a choir of forty-five women leading the praise, all under the blue vault of heaven, formed a congregation such as one rarely addresses. I have testimony, oral and written, from curers and others to the good done last year, and this season the hand of the Lord was with us also. A practical union of ministers and of professing Christians was realised; persons of all denominations were at the services, and I heard of no Separatist meetings. It is of the utmost importance that this work should be maintained from year to year. Fishermen depend much on oral teaching, and when from home especially hunger and thirst for the Word of Life.

At last half-yearly meeting of the Border Elders' Union, held at Hawick—Hon. Major Baillie in the chair—a paper on Sabbath Schools was read by Mr. Andrew Brotherstone. Mr. Brotherstone reported a want of suitable accommodation for the Sunday School in many parishes, so that classes cannot be properly separated. He regretted that so few of the educated and influential are Sunday School teachers. Yet the highest qualification is love to the souls of the young. Teachers should be trained in the minister's class. Office-bearers in the church, if not themselves teachers, should give the teachers their hearty sympathy. Scholars should be taught in the schools to value national religion, and to contribute to the Missions of the Church.

The Presbytery of Lanark began last month to issue "Life and Work" with a monthly Supplement for its thirteen parishes. The Supplement is well edited by a Committee of the Presbytery. It extends to eight pages, and includes a sermon by one of the ministers, "The General Assembly" by one of the Presbytery's Commissioners, Report of last Meeting of Presbytery, intimation of a Bazaar to endow a chapel within the bounds, a poem by a local author, and various items of parochial news. All success to the enterprise!

Another new Supplement comes to us from St. Andrew's Church, Alexandria, Egypt. It deals with the special duties and difficulties of the congregation, the Bethel services, the Jewish Mission, and the schools. Services in church for children, and Temperance work among Her Majesty's sailors and soldiers in Egypt, are also treated of in the first number.

A copy of the Report of the Christian Life and Work Committee to the recent General Assembly will be forwarded with pleasure, free, to any of our readers who desire it. The Report contains information as to the Committee's Deputations, the Magazine, the Young Men's Guild, etc. Send post-card, *before 15th August*, to the clerk of the Christian Life and Work Committee, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh. Write on it:—Please send Report to (*Name and Address*).

An Edinburgh city Minister sends us the following:—Tracts may not be always as wisely distributed as possible, but an incident came under my notice to-day which I think would encourage those who are casting their bread upon the waters in this way without seeing much result. A lady was distributing tracts the other day in — Place, in the New Town. She offered one at a door and it was rudely refused. A boy passing at the moment, and noticing her look of disappointment, said, "I'll take it." She gave it to him, and he took it home to his mother, a poor woman whom I saw to-day lying on her deathbed. She told me that that tract was the first thing which brought light and comfort to her soul, and when her husband came in, she said, "Read that, every word seems as if it was written for myself."

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1-5. Find the record of remarkable storms—(1) the first recorded, when it rained forty days; (2) when the Lord rained fire on wicked cities; (3) great hailstorm in Egypt; (4) thunders and lightnings on Mount Sinai; (5) when the Lord discomfited five kings by a hailstorm (Joshua); (6) when He discomfited the Philistines with a great thunder (1 Sam.); (7) great rain after long drought (1 Kings); (8) a wind that brake the rocks (1 Kings); (9) when ships of Jehoshaphat were wrecked (1 Kings); (10) when seven sons of a good man were killed; (11) when the people trembled for the great rain (Ezra); (12) when a prophet was thrown into the sea; (13) when Jesus was in the boat; (14) when Jesus walked on the lake; (15) when an apostle was shipwrecked. 6. Find the Psalmist longing for rest and escape from the storm of trouble. 7. Find where Jesus offers (1) rest, (2) peace. 8. Find Isaiah's prophecy of a man who shall be a covert from the tempest. 9. Find Christ's parable of the house that the storms could not throw down. 10. Find in Rev. 21. that in the heavenly Jerusalem there will be (1) no sorrow, (2) no sin.

ANSWERS FOR JULY.

1. John 1. 51; 6. 35; 15. 1. 2. John 3. 14, 15; 12. 32. 3. John 10. 11; 10. 7; 14. 6. 4. John 7. 37; 6. 37. 5. John 8. 12; 3. 20; 18. 37. 6. John 4. 10; 15. 26; 14. 27. 7. John 13. 8; 8. 3. 8. John 8. 29; 8. 46; 14. 30. 9. John 2. 19; 11. 25. 10. John 11. 41; 12. 27; 17.

Calendar for August.

1	W.	<i>Lammas.</i> Speak ye every man the truth.—Zech. 8. 16.
2	Th.	The Lord upholdeth all that fall.—Ps. 145. 14. [3. 2.]
3	F.	<i>New Moon.</i> Strengthen the things which remain.—Rev.
4	Sa.	Faint not when thou art rebuked of Him.—Heb. 12. 5.
5	Su.	Let us go speedily to pray.—Zech. 8. 21.
6	M.	He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul.—
7	Tu.	This is not your rest.—Micah 2. 10. [Prov. 8. 36.]
8	W.	Ye have in heaven an enduring substance.—Heb. 10. 34.
9	Th.	Let Him do what seemeth Him good.—1 Sam. 3. 18.
10	F.	I am oppressed; undertake for me.—Isa. 38. 14.
11	Sa.	Is anything too hard for the Lord?—Gen. 18. 14. [18.]
12	Su.	He is able to succour them that are tempted.—Heb. 2.
13	M.	Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul.—Deut. 4. 9.
14	Tu.	I will set no wicked thing before mine eyes.—Ps. 101. 3.
15	W.	The Lord your God He shall fight for you.—Deut. 3. 22.
16	Th.	Thy God reigneth.—Isa. 52. 7. [Rom. 8. 37.]
17	F.	More than conquerors through Him that loved us.—
18	Sa.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Every word of God is pure.—Prov. 30. 5.
19	Su.	See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh.—Heb. 12. 25.
20	M.	Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned.—Ps. 51. 4.
21	Tu.	God hath granted repentance unto life.—Acts. 11. 18.
22	W.	He was wounded for our transgressions.—Isa. 53. 5.
23	Th.	Son of David, have mercy on me.—Luke 18. 38.
24	F.	The Strength of Israel will not lie.—1 Sam. 15. 29.
25	Sa.	The Lord trieth the hearts.—Prov. 17. 3. [16.]
26	Su.	I command thee this day to love the Lord.—Deut. 30.
27	M.	Show me Thy way, that I may know Thee.—Exod. 33.
28	Tu.	Jesus saith, I am the Way.—John 14. 6. [13.]
29	W.	The God of peace make you perfect. Heb. 13. 20, 21.
30	Th.	What the Lord saith, that I will speak.—Num. 24. 13.
31	F.	He that hath a bountiful eye shall be blessed.—Prov. 22. 9.

SEPTEMBER.

1	Sa.	<i>New Moon.</i> Thy kingdom come.—Matt. 6. 10.
2	Su.	I was sick, and ye visited me.—Matt. 25. 36.
3	M.	If thine enemy hunger, feed him.—Rom. 12. 20.



→ “Thou hast made Summer.” ←

PSALM LXXIV. 17.

Hymn of the Seasons.

○ THOU that dwell'st with perfect calm
In Thy pure home above!
To Thee all things are but a psalm
Of everlasting love;
Each human life is but a tone
Of praise ascending to Thy throne.

All voices of the earth and air,
All sounds of stream and sea,
Thy universal might declare,
And through all time to be
Nature's sweet music shall arise
Like wreaths of incense to Thy skies.

When vernal sunshine draws from earth
The glory of the flowers,
And warms the green buds into birth
Amid the brightening bowers;
The river sings, the boundless sea
Thunders his gratitude to Thee.

When Summer clothed in robes of light
Smiles o'er the grateful lands,
And all things beautiful and bright
Flow bounteous from her hands;
Thou walkest 'neath the twilight gold
Within the garden, as of old.

When Autumn fills the fading woods
With dreams of splendour fled,
And slow-declining sunset broods
Like beauty o'er the dead;
Thy voice like some sweet psalm is there
Breathing through all the listening air.

When Winter on the restless shore
Pours loud the whirling spray,
And wrathful tempests rise and roar
Through all the darksome day,
In leafless glens the sad trees wave
O'er nature's wild and lonely grave.

But Thy dear voice is with us still,
Wherever we may go,
Amid the silence of the hill
And where the waters flow;
Till time becomes eternity
Thy still, small voice with us shall be.

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

MAIDENKIRK.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.



SEPTEMBER 1883.

Sermon.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

By the Rev. JOHN PATON, St. Michael's, Dumfries.

"*Thou shalt not steal.*"—EXODUS xx. 15.

THIS is a plain and forcible statement, on the surface of it, and every one who reads it, at once understands its meaning; but perhaps not all its meaning. It seems simpler than it is, and because it is so simple we rest contented with the meaning which at once flashes into the mind, and do not trouble to think more about it. To understand the full meaning of the words "Thou shalt not steal," we must go back to the first principle of the Law of God. This principle is *love*. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. God gives us His law because He loves us. We can fulfil the law of God perfectly, only when we love God perfectly, and love our fellow-men perfectly. The Lord Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."

We are so made that our highest happiness consists in loving God, and loving our fellow-creatures, and this is why God commands us to love, and gives us the Law to keep.

Now when we come to think the matter over in the light of what God has taught us in the Bible, and in the life of Christ, we find that what is required of all human beings, that they may live at the best, and obey God's will and law, is complete *unselfishness*. Pure love, which is the essence of the law, is quite *unselfish*. Such love never asks, "What can I get for myself?" It always asks, "What can I give to another?" Self is denied where there is true love. To please, to bless, to enrich another, is the continual thought of the individual who really and purely loves. It is by the reflex power of love, the feeling that arises from the knowledge that another whom we love is happy, is pleased, is blessed *in and by us*, that our true joy in loving comes.

Look at the eighth commandment in the light of this principle. He who steals in place of loving and being utterly unselfish, is so selfish that he will not take the trouble to please God by accepting

His arrangement of things and obeying His law. He is so selfish that instead of seeking to bless his fellow-men, he will take from them for his own selfish use what is valuable to them, either because they actually need it to live happily, or because of some old or hallowed association; thus not only injuring them in their property, but injuring them in their feelings, and destroying their confidence in their fellow-men.

In this light we desire to direct attention to three things connected with this commandment—

I. *Whoever steals dishonours God*, by showing disregard for His arrangement of things. God in His wonderful overruling providence has given to each one his place, and share of the good things of this life. Each person's property, of whatever kind it be, is what God has given him. The thief says in his heart when he steals, "I am not contented with God's method of division of property, I want something that God has not given to me, but to my neighbour. I will take it;" and so by his theft he sets about correcting God's arrangement. In this light is not theft an impudent and reckless crime? It shows that the thief is regardless of God and God's law of love; and he therefore breaks the first great commandment.

II. *Whoever steals wrongs his neighbour*, and so breaks the second great commandment. We surely do not need to prove this, and yet a great many petty thefts are justified by the argument. "What I take is so small he will never miss it; or if he does, it will do him no harm." Some thefts are so great as to bring ruin on those from whom the thing is stolen; as for example, when some gigantic fraud is committed, and the means of whole families and of hundreds of individuals are taken from them by the dishonest dealings of wicked men in finance or commerce; and some are so small that most people think them perfectly excusable. Yet all theft is breaking God's law and wrong done to fellow-men. The value of the thing stolen has nothing to do with the principle of the thing. To steal is the wrong. If we would fulfil the law towards our neighbour we must do nothing small or great to injure him in any way concerning his property of any kind.

III. *Whoever steals wrongs himself*, puts himself in a worse position than he was before in regard to property, and spoils his character.

No one can point out a thief who ultimately

prospered and was happy in this life. The thief may gain a little amount of property by his theft, but he is not the richer for it. It is never his. It is always another's, though in his hands, and he will come to learn this very soon. It will not bless him. It will not increase in his hands as honestly-gotten wealth does. It will curse him. He will go from bad to worse unless he changes his evil methods. He will grow more selfish, more cruel, more discontented with his lot, and will be driven from the fellowship of men, not only by others when they come to know what he is, but by himself, because his conscience will tell him that he is the enemy of his kind, and that he is a living lie and cheat, when he pretends to be the friend of any man.

We may be tempted to think that within the bounds of the Christian Church such a sin is unknown, and that within the bounds of good society so vulgar an offence cannot find a place. If we, however, look a little below the surface, we will find that theft is by no means unknown, even among professing Christians and in what is called respectable society. Men and women who speak of the common thief who would break into a house, or rob a till, or pick a pocket, as belonging to the criminal class, and, therefore, a social outcast, will, nevertheless, themselves condescend to steal. They will unlawfully take the property of others, and injure them in respect of their goods and worldly state. What is the extravagant man, who, knowing he has not the means to pay, "takes on" goods from the struggling shopkeeper, and pays him as a bankrupt only a few shillings in the pound, but a thief? What are the men who, to float their own selfish schemes by land or sea, induce other men and women to give their money, perhaps all they have, and after a few years of bubble success, leave them to ruin, but thieves? What are tradesmen who cheat the poor by selling them adulterated goods for good money's worth but thieves? What are men who cheat Benefit or Funeral Societies or Insurance Companies by false statements as regards life and health, but thieves? What are men and women who conceal children's ages to cheat railway and steamboat companies in the matter of fares, but petty thieves? What are men and women who defraud the community, their fellow-men as represented by Government, by making false returns of their income to the tax-collector, or by cheating the excise, but thieves? Let us think of the thing, and not of the word, and we shall learn that what we want, in this keen age of rivalry everywhere that men may live, is more of upright, downright manly honesty, or, to quote from the "Larger Catechism," "truth, faithfulness, and justice in contracts and commerce between man and man; rendering to every one his due."

No class in society can claim exemption from sin, and no class is free from temptation to sin. But

while this is so, it is also true that certain classes have more serious temptations to certain sins than others. We may very well ask, therefore, if there are any who have stronger temptations to the sin of theft than others. When we come to ask this question, we find a guide to the answer in Agur's prayer in Proverbs xxx. 8—"Remove far from me vanity and lies: give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain."

There is no doubt that the poor are often tempted to dishonesty, and we have a word of sympathy and warning for them. "A good name is better than riches."

It is hard to feel want and to know that by putting out the hand to steal a supply of what is wanted can be had. Specially it is hard to know that some other person may have more of what we want than he can use—in his field, in his barn, in his orchard, or in his purse. Often must it seem that there is something wrong in the distribution of things. A great many evils have risen in society owing to wrong theories about this. Revolutions have occurred and overthrown kingdoms from no other cause. But we must remember that we know little about the reasons of things, and about the significance of poverty and riches as effecting the real condition and happiness of men; while we do know for certain what God's moral law for us is, and that He has emphatically told us not to steal. If we break that law we break one of the laws of our moral life, and all must go wrong. If we keep God's law and do our best, God will provide. None will provide for the thief. God is angry with him, and man hates him. It is here that the power of Christianity, or rather, let us say, the very power of Christ, comes to the poor man's aid. St. Paul gives us his experience about this in Phil. iv. 11—"Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. *I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*"

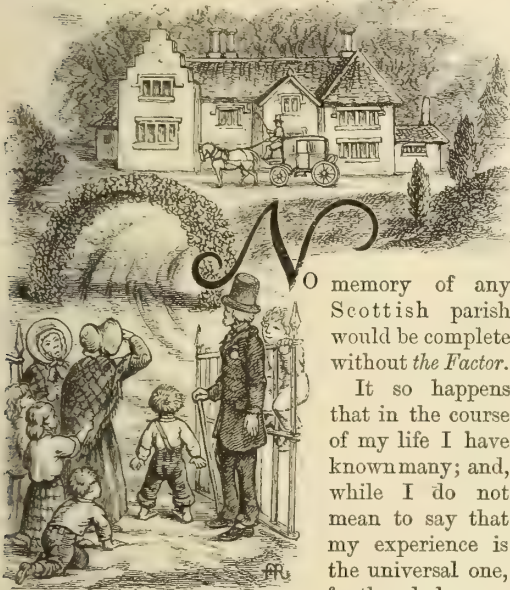
In conclusion, it is of the greatest importance to train the children from their earliest years to shun and hate this sin. Children are very apt to think that there is no harm in taking small things which belong to others—pence belonging to their parents and friends, sweets, fruit and flowers from the orchards and gardens, various things from the woods and fields; and thus, unless checked, learn to be dishonest; and the evil habit once begun soon grows, and becomes confirmed. Parents, guardians, and teachers should warn children of this, and punish them if they steal. Prevention is better than cure.

The Parish of Taxwood, AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

XI.—THE FACTOR—THE MARRIAGE PARTY.



memory of any Scottish parish would be complete without *the Factor*. It so happens that in the course of my life I have known many; and, while I do not mean to say that my experience is the universal one, for the whole mental group, living and departed, I have reason to entertain sincere regard. Among the latter there is one—the oldest friend among them all—on whose cairn I am glad to have the opportunity of placing a stone in grateful and affectionate remembrance. Of all Scottish professions, or rather positions, with the single exception of the clergyman's (for that I must always except), none do I envy more. In his own realm the Factor is omnipotent. If he be a faithful steward and a good man, I know no happier life. He is second neither to laird nor lord in parochial importance; often, indeed, enjoys the dignities and pleasures without the worries and responsibilities of his superior. He has generally a comfortable, sometimes it may be a luxurious home; a little independence, with his horse and conveyance, his garden and paddock, his dairy and poultry-yard, and many other perquisites we need not enumerate. Then his *status* is unique. His person, if he possesses the aforesaid qualifications, is regarded with respect and deference—at times, it must be allowed, with something akin to awe. I remember, at a well-known spot in the Highlands, meeting a humble official who acted as gatekeeper to a private path leading to a very picturesque glen. He had, only a few weeks before, had the rare honour of conducting the Queen down to witness the grandeur of rock and waterfall. I asked him what his sensations were, and how he felt in the presence of royalty. His reply was, “Ou, naething ava’. I wid be fearder far at the Factor.”

With these preliminaries, let me introduce Mr. Maxwell on the scene at Taxwood.

He lived in a quaint old dwelling, called—I cannot account for the Anglican name—“the Manor House.” It had a dash of the early Tudor in its windows and gables. Tiles, a rare thing in Scotland, finely weather-stained and weather-toned, covered its roof. A weather-cock, altogether out of proportion large, was poised on a turret at the north angle. This “finial” (to use the technical term) is memorable at this date from one speciality, that on every windy day (sometimes, I used to think, without the aid of the elements) it indulged in a tiresome monotone: in this respect quite as bad as the similar historical appendage which croaked all night long in the Deanery of Exeter, to the confusion of the slumbers of Catherine of Arragon—the mayor receiving orders to oil it next morning. It was one of the Factor's few *nostrums* not to interfere with the execrable music; so this Æolian harp was left unmolested during his tenure of office.

“The Factor” (for he seldom or never got either Christian or surname) was a man a little past middle age, inclined to stoutness, yet vigorous and active in all his ways, and, let it be added in a comprehensive word, of sterling worth. He had a countenance marked with intelligence, and an eye that had an unmistakable dash of the humorous. His main outward but very pronounced peculiarity was his baldness. It was fortunate that his forehead, and the general contour of his head was what he had no reason to be ashamed of; but few could be more utterly innocent of nature's usually bountiful gift:—“a clear-headed man,” as a wit once addressed a friend similarly bereft; or according to the clever impromptu of Theodore Hook, “He used to cut his hair, but now his hair had cut him.” Mr. Maxwell was an excellent talker; but he never flagrantly transgressed bounds—never laid himself open to Charles Lamb's rejoinder to Coleridge, who all the world knows was afflicted, or rather afflicted others, with immoderate loquacity. Coleridge, who delivered himself occasionally in Unitarian pulpits, asked Lamb if he had ever heard him preach? “I never,” was the reply, “heard you do anything else.” Indeed, the Factor's converse was too general and versatile ever to verge on boredom. He was naturally an authority on what might be called professional matters with agricultural bearings,—crop rotations, drainage, soils and sub-soils, artificial stimulants for the land, and suchlike. But a well-furnished as well as receptive mind was capable of a wider range, and he could hold his own on most subjects. Some fine old line engravings, which hung on his dining-room wall bore witness to his aesthetic tastes. I may only add the further characteristic, that he had, perhaps to a little excess, some very decided and pronounced sentiments on men and things. Kind and open and generous to a degree, he was yet quick to discern and loud to reprobate any blot or stain on the body politic in general, or in

individual defaulters in particular. There was one culprit (an abstract one) he never ceased arraigning at the bar, and pronouncing condign sentence against, though, alas! condign *punishment* was only too successfully evaded. This object of unsparing and unrelenting denunciation was what he summed up in one brief word—an epithet perfectly well understood, but not so easy to define or translate in pure Saxon—that of “*cheek*.” Somehow or other, by hook or by crook, he managed on all occasions, both in public and private, to ventilate his abhorrence at what the word meant. One would have supposed, indeed, that one of the superlative ends and aims of his own non-professional existence was, in his own eyes at least, to denounce, if he could not exorcise, the foul demon. He saw in it the base and unworthy way to success in all things, and in all departments of life; the ladder which mounted to wealth and fame and position and what-not. He regarded it as the “Open Sesame” in every profession—in factors as well as in others (perhaps in his professional eyes and experience *more* than in others). But the indictment was served on all alike. If the Laird, in one of his quiet saunters with him, would be tempted humorously to say—as the theme was unfortunately stumbled on, and the sleeping giant roused,—“Why, Maxwell, my good fellow, you ride your hobby to death,” it would only tend to prolong the parable, somewhat in this fashion, with variations:—“Not a bit of it, not a bit of it. Cheek, sir! the world is governed by cheek. I like fine gold. I hate pretentious brass and pinchbeck. Tell me of a man that has cheek—to a certainty that man carries the day, distances his fellows, and wins the race. Pluck, sir, is a grand English word; we are all proud of it. But Cheek is a poor, base article. Pity for its very boldness and baseness that it cannot be kicked out,” etc. etc. But in the words of Cowper to his “Dear Joseph,” “the long argument verbosely spun” need not be pursued.

Mr. Maxwell had an excellent wife who, with three daughters, kept his house in irreproachable tidiness, and made him, through time, also amenable to order, though it was not naturally with him “heaven’s first law.”

It was a saying of one of Scotland’s noblest and best, and one which he was in frequent habit of carrying out in a very practical form in his hospitable home, that “Lions are best seen at feeding-time.” With this authority and warrant, we shall proceed to say what has still to be said of the Taxwood Factor, in connection with a memorable feast-day in his domestic history; besides being an event which may surely claim a niche in Parish recollections.

I was almost about to remark that the three daughters were, externally, not peculiarly or exceptionally winsome. Yet I must retract the unchivalrous statement. Winsome assuredly the eldest of the three had proved herself to be. For it was the auspicious occasion of her union with a

small Highland proprietor, which had gathered a very lively and interested company under the Factor’s roof-tree. Taxwood was, for the hour, in high fête. It was one long midsummer day that the pretty village and its surroundings woke up to the consciousness that something unusual was astir, and that “something unusual” was Miss Nelly’s marriage. The school was voted a holiday; and, for one reason among others, that Mr. M’Inlay was among the invited guests. Dan, half superstitious in his way, was profoundly and ominously interested in the weather. He had at the earliest hour in the morning been along the Manse passage in his stocking soles to tap the minister’s barometer. The “Machine” and the cob, which were to be in requisition at a later period, had extra pains evidently bestowed upon them. Some roses from the garden had been taken along immediately after breakfast, as a contribution to the Triumphal Arch which was to span the Factor’s approach; and about the same hour, Betty had been seen with a capacious basket slung on each arm, evidently subsidised for the extra culinary demands of the Manor House. Juno seemed the only exception in the general hilariousness. She was quite cognisant that something out of the way was in the air, but it was a problem her canine instincts could not solve. So she looked on, cowed and uncomfortable, sniffed about Dan’s feet, and wagged her tail, more as if it were a duty than a pleasure. Dan’s meteorological observations and prognostications, or rather, his wishes in connection with these, came all right. The day was a cloudless one, and the July heat was pleasantly tempered with a breeze. By two o’clock the various conveyances, pretentious and primitive, had set down their occupants at the Factor’s doorsteps.

We need not give any circumstantial rehearsal of the mere marriage ceremony itself. In those days when “Euchologion” Societies (though we speak with sympathetic appreciation) were unknown and undreamt of, I used to think that if tastefully and judiciously performed, the simple conventional Presbyterian Service was all that could be desired; honestly avowing, at the same time, that in the hands of indiscreet men I *have* detected, though rarely, daubs of untempered mortar that would have been better omitted. Mr. Erskine could be well trusted in this as in other things; any awkwardness, as generally happens, was in the blundering nervous ways of Best-man or Bridesmaids. There were happily too, in the present case, no “scenes,” parental or filial. The “victims,” as the Laird said, “stood fire well;” and, the Minister taking the initiative of hand-shaking, they received the warm congratulations of the assembled spectators. A little (to use the same word) “conventional chaffing” was followed by the signing of documentary evidence that all the forms had been legally completed. An adjournment was made to the parlour, or business-room, to

inspect the presents. For her father's sake as well as her own, the Bride had been generously gifted with these. Even the farmers' wives and daughters, either conjointly or individually, formed no exceptions. The Laird himself, who always liked to give people pleasant surprises, accompanied his congratulatory shake by clasping a gold bracelet round her wrist. Books, of course, as they always do, and generally in tasteful bindings, preponderated. One little volume was positively ludicrous for its duplicates. There is a good story told of an English bride (apocryphal it may be, doubtless must be), but told it was as follows: About this same Taxwood epoch the publication of all others in most repute in religious circles in England was, as my older Readers may remember, Mr. Bridges' well-known work on the longest psalm in the Bible. The legend was, that one happy, or unhappy bride, in the multiplicity of her marriage gifts, had received one hundred and nineteen copies of "Bridges on the 119th Psalm." The Factor's daughter was not so copiously dowered and overpowered as that. But Miss Effie's gift of "The Lady of the Lake," bound in irreproachable white calf, had unfortunately some four or five "replicas," two of which emanated from the Doctor and the Schoolmaster. We need hardly say whose tastes and partialities were responsible for the super-numeraries.

Ere long, the next stage in the proceedings was reached. The groups were gathered round the door to witness the departure of what is known as "the happy pair." With another of his genial surprises, the Laird had managed, from a relative on the braes of Athole, to secure the services of a Highland piper, duly accoutred in the garb of old Gaul; and the nearest approximation the bagpipe could attain to Mendelssohn's Wedding March was suddenly given at this supreme moment. Mr. Tomlin of "The Rising Sun," in the neighbouring market-town, had sent, furbished up for the occasion, his one-horse Brougham; and amid a copious shower of old shoes, mingled with some of Dan's best roses, lilies, carnations, and some rarer specimens from the Laird's conservatory, the aforesaid "happy pair" vanished down the avenue. A representative village group were gathered round the opened gate. Conspicuous among these were the Postmistress, the Corporal—with his Waterloo medal, the rarity of the occasion justifying its public obtrusion—and our old friend Jenny, with her eyes in their normal liquid condition whenever there was any appeal to the emotional side of human nature. Of course a bevy of children—a few passive and taciturn—the majority demonstrative.

After an hour of languid gossip, followed the immemorial and indispensable Feast. The minister occupied the seat of honour by the side of the Factor's wife, opposite him the Laird. Several faces familiar in Taxwood, male and female, flanked

both ends of the table, mingled with those of strangers, the relatives and friends of the Bridegroom.

To all, and to none more than to clergymen, who are familiar with such occasions, there was, and it is presumed is, an almost ludicrous uniformity. The Factor, despite of mingled feelings, was in his element; and, to use the common phrase, "at his best." He was gratified at the assemblage which had gathered round his board; that gratification was not materially diminished at the thought of the speeches in reversion, the bulk of which would necessarily devolve on himself, either in the shape of proposal or reply. He was attired, characteristically in these days, in a blue coat with yellow brass buttons and velvet collar. A chain, another characteristic of the earlier part of the century, with a gold seal in the shape of an isosceles triangle, reserved generally for Sundays and such rare opportunities as the present, dangled from his watch-pocket.

After the viands had been deliberately discussed, rubbing his spectacles with a red and green handkerchief formed the signal that the earnest work of the afternoon was to be commenced. He rose for the opening speech. His hand was thrust into his waistcoat pocket, a device which, speaking generally, is found, no one knows how, to help through perplexing passages. This, in his case, was further occasionally aided by the fumbling of the just-mentioned watch-chain. We shall not attempt the rôle of reporters. His opening speech—the speech of the evening—was long; but really, as one might have expected, despite perhaps a little dash of pardonable sentiment, in excellent taste, and exceedingly good. Of course there was that remarkable clause, which, like a piece of old mosaic, some way or other finds its ways into every paternal utterance on these occasions, and never fails, however often its changes are rung, to be rapturously applauded, as something at once telling, pathetic, brave, and original—"Though I have lost a daughter I have gained a son." I have always noted, however, gentle Reader, that the heroism of this self-surrender is partly qualified by something soft and moist tumbling down from the hero's cheek, and bringing to his own recollection as well as that of his guests, that the heroism has its misgivings too, and that, in the good soul's deepest heart, the loss preponderates over the gain. In Mr. Maxwell's present mingled emotions, the plaudits of his forbearing friends saved further nervous disaster, a twitch of the watch-chain brought him, once more, to the crest of the wave, and he rode out the storm.

It is unnecessary to prosecute the description, even did space permit, which it does not. A few minor toasts and compliments followed, among which those of the Minister and the Laird were conspicuous. Even the Schoolmaster, coupled with "the cause of Education in the Parish," had his own modest place in the programme. We must not fail to add that he had both cough and grimaces

under marvellous control ; and, of course, no one of the company could possibly demur, considering the appropriateness of the occasion, to the introducing in his few remarks of our old (or rather *his* old) friend—the Doge and his Adriatic bride.

The carriages, great and small, were in due time announced. The company dissolved like a snow wreath, and the “auspicious event,” in due time, like many other bright things in the world, took its place among “the olden memories.”

Our Best for Christ in the Ministry.

EVERYWHERE we hear, especially from laymen in all the Churches, that men—and most of all the right men, the needed men—are not offering themselves in sufficient numbers for the ministry. What is to be done? At the very most the remedies commonly proposed—more bursaries, earlier encouragement, shortening of divinity studies, etc.—could only supply dry bones.

“Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He would send forth labourers into His Harvest.”

Should there not be a day set apart for humiliation that there has been so little Christian chivalry and devotion in this matter in all classes among us? and for prayer, too, that God would mercifully change all this, and now send labourers—men after His own heart? We humble ourselves for a bad harvest of grain; should not so bad a harvest of harvesters, such a famine of offerers for temple service, be a good cause for humbling ourselves under the mighty hand of God, and crying to Him that He would take away our reproach?

If God would enable His own people among us to pray from the heart, not that other fathers and mothers may dedicate their sons to the ministry, but that they themselves may do this, that they may resist the devil's suggestion that their children can serve God as well in other ways, without making the pecuniary or social sacrifice which serving Him as ministers would require, then God, our own God, would bless us. But He cannot bless us if we are holding this back which the Lord is so plainly asking. If we see that He is needing our sons for His service in the Church of their country—to which they belong—and yet are not daily praying that He would call them, *them*, not other people's children, and daily striving to show them the beauty and blessedness of casting worldly considerations behind their backs, and obeying this call when it comes, how can we expect that He will make them servants of His at all? that He will accept them at all, if we will not give them as we see He needs them? It is He, not ourselves, who has placed us where we are; it is He who has given us our position, our influence, our responsibilities; and when His Church in our own land—our own Church—is crying out for earnest men, men full of the Holy Ghost and of power, to fill her pulpits, how can we answer,—as prominent

and truly pious members of the church have been known, virtually, to do—“Yes, Lord, we will pray for such men, but take them, we pray Thee, from another class than ours; our children are too well born or too rich or too refined for such work; we will give them to Thee—oh how gladly!—to serve Thee as laymen, or as soldiers, or even—if so it must be—as clergymen of the Church of England, but do not ask them to be ministers in the Church of their baptism, of their own land! We do not think the tone of religion is *high* enough in our own Church, the tone of consecration is not *high* enough: therefore if Thou givest us earnest sons we will not send them where Thou so greatly needest them! where, by Thy providence, Thou so plainly callest them, but rather to some other place, where devotion is already strong and where men's hearts are already warm.”

Surely we would not willingly mock God by praying like this. But if we are asking Him to send more spiritual labourers to our waste places, and yet are not willing, nay, are not most anxious, that He should take of our own into His service, in the way He most needs them, and not in the way we would prefer giving them, what else are we doing but mocking Him?

Will not the Church pray for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost to enlighten her in this matter?

Of Work.

V.—ALL OVER.

THEY each worked hard, these two good men: one of them, for years, as hard as man could. Each had his storm to go through: I have heard my countryman called “An Infidel, or a Presbyterian, or something of that kind;” and the other called a Papist. Each did work which has served many. They were very unlike; and their places in life were far apart. One passed to his rest from the stately halls of a Prince of the Church: the other from the charming little College in the quiet Sussex village-town. But the storm is hushed: the work is all over. They are at rest now.

Not here. I know it is not here. In neither of these spots at which I am present in spirit as I write this line. But you know the confused way in which we go to a grave, and think of the sleeper beneath as though he were there. He is far away.

I believe very firmly in the words written on the spot and at the time. They bring back all surroundings, wonderfully.

The Longest Day. A beautiful Longest Day; such as Wordsworth describes in his delightful poem. And in a new and strange place.

There is no lovelier spot in lovely Sussex. The country round is rich and green beyond words. The views are wide: the horizon is miles away; and the blue sky bends over, a great uninterrupted arch. It is a quaint little town of old-fashioned

dwellings, stretching out into the country lanes. The church is disappointing, and need not be named: but I have come to a corner in the churchyard, and am standing by a grave which is covered by a low flat stone. The sleeper beneath I never saw. He was a stranger; though I knew him by correspondence, which I should not have presumed to begin. Yet to many who never saw him, he was not quite a stranger: for his words were very often in their memories. The last sermon I preached, I ended with four lines of his: there was nothing the congregation so listened to. At the last service in which I took part, just five hundred miles off, two of his hymns were sung. He once came to hear the present writer preach; and wrote expressing his surprise that he had heard nothing in which he did not agree. I do not know what he had expected. He wrote many volumes, some of which caused keen controversy. But these are comparatively unread. Probably most readers of this page never heard of them. But very many who never read Bernard of Clugny's extraordinary poem, and who could not translate *Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora*, know well a famous hymn which begins with the words *Jerusalem the Golden*. The mortal part of the writer is laid here, in East Grinstead churchyard. For many years he was Warden of that beautiful little Sackville College, hard by. Round the lowly gravestone there is an inscription in the Latin tongue, of which it may suffice to quote the first words: *Misericordia Jhesu Hic requiescit Joannes Mason Neale*. He died August 6, 1866, aged 48 years.

I have had opportunities (too many) of knowing how the opinions of even competent judges differ as to the merit of individual hymns. As for the opinion of wholly incompetent judges, for the most part expressed with singular confidence, their discrepancy is wonderful. But there is hardly a hymn concerning which there has been such sharp contrariety, as this best-known of Dr. Neale's. Lord Selborne excluded it from the first Edition of his *Book of Praise*, which contained a good many very wretched pieces: and he admitted it to subsequent Editions under protest. Dean Alford likewise thought little of it. But Archbishop Trench, a most competent authority, writes of "that lovely hymn, which within the last few years has been added to those already possessed by the Church. A new hymn which has won such a place in the affections of Christian people as has *Jerusalem the Golden* is so priceless an acquisition that I must needs rejoice to have been the first who recalled from oblivion the poem which yielded it." The truth is, that hymns are good or bad to individual souls according to their nature. And if a man (or woman) does not like a hymn, there is no use in assuring him (or her) that the hymn is a fine one. You can but suggest that for the sake of weaker brethren it ought to be admitted to any Hymnal designed for general use.

But though Dr. Neale was a controversialist, one forgets all controversy here on this quiet summer day by his grave. That is all over. And I suppose that even here few really good men ever entered into controversy without regretting it. When the morning has awakened, and the shadows have decayed, one would say it will be looked back upon with wonder and consternation from the passionless land of rest. Let it be said at this point that the writer has a friend whose judgment on poetical matters is of special worth (he is indeed Professor of Poetry in the greatest University in the world) who said to him that nowhere in Dr. Neale's hymns is there anything that rises higher than the familiar verse which makes mention *Of full and everlasting And passionless renewen*. Just the day before, another friend, a sharp business-man, informed me that in a collection of hymns which need not be named there was much rubbish, but that the most unintelligible nonsense in the little volume was a verse which spoke *Of full and everlasting And passionless renewen*. Please to remember that the writer is one of a little company whose duty it is to endeavour, in the matter of hymnology, to please both of these most admirable men. The day came on which Dr. Neale died: and on the card bearing the tidings of his death which was sent to his friends, there was added a short passage of holy scripture (you will easily find it out), which has always appeared to me as chosen with remarkable felicity. There is no mention at all in that brief inscription of the controversies in which he had taken part: but the text of scripture touchingly suggests that by which plain Christian folk best knew him. He "passed to his country," it is said, on such a day. Then it comes: **AND THE KING SAID UNTO HIM, COME THOU OVER WITH ME, AND I WILL FEED THEE WITH ME IN JERUSALEM.**

The Longest Day is gone, and this is the Sunday after it: Sunday the Twenty-Fourth of June. To the writer it comes as a Sunday free from the accustomed duty of conducting public worship. And it is very pleasant, on this bright June morning, to be permitted to go and worship as one of the congregation, the usual strain quite away. Yet let it be confessed, the experience is pleasant because it comes seldom: once in the year and not more. I know, my brothers, what you would say in the like circumstances: No, so long as strength abides, let us have the dear old duty of all these years. It is a pull, no doubt, on nerves and heart: but one does not talk of that to anybody. And nobody thinks of it.

This beautiful village: so intensely English. On the right hand, pretty white cottages grown over with roses: standing apart, each in its little garden. On the left hand, green fields of growing corn. Let us walk away down this hill. The ground undulates, as much as Perthshire. Indeed,

you come to turns of the road at which you would say you were in Perthshire. But we are here amid the wonderful greenness and foliage of the Surrey hills. You would not believe that great London begins but a very few miles away. Once reach the railway, two miles off: and minutes will carry you where you may look forth for miles from the level of the housetops, over that great brick and mortar sea. To some folk, the sight is awful. It is so, to the friend under whose roof I now abide. And it ought to be.

Let us go on, in the blazing sunshine, down this quiet lane. There is not a soul in view, all the two miles. At length, standing out against that great mass of wood (the Archbishop's woods), you may see on the left a modest yet massive tower of flints, covered with a low spire of red tiles. It is the tower of a beautiful country church, standing in a little churchyard, quite level, and carefully tended. I am here half-an-hour before service. For I have come to visit another quiet grave, the grave of one who is laid here with others who held his office, but far from most of his kith and kin. Few of our race have known days more crowded with anxious work: but now it is all over. And a good many of our race would have had their heads turned by a much less elevation than he reached: but his head was not turned at all. Yet his office did not lose in his hands. And this was no more than his duty. So, here is the last resting-place of the lad who had his lodging in College Street, looking into High Street, at Glasgow, so many years ago. To the very end, he was quite recognisable for the very same human being.

Many esteem the place he reached as an enviable one. There are attractive things about it, but heavy drawbacks too. The responsibility is nothing short of awful. The pressure of work is excessive. I have remarked of some of his Order, as the result of their extreme and anxious occupation, that days come to them in which,

1. They never fully take in anything they read.

2. They never quite understand anything that is said to them.

That is, unless the things said to them or read by them bear upon their proper work. And then they are as sharp as needles.

Let us go into the little churchyard: turn to the left: pass under the western tower: and go a few steps on. Here are three graves, side by side. Under no pavement: No, not in Westminster! "Be the green grass above me, With showers and dewdrops wet." Last Summer I was here: there were two graves then, of mother and son, with a vacant space between them, which was Waiting. Well, my reader, there is some place, somewhere, waiting for you and me. But the tenant is here now, of this narrow house.

I have not stood beside a resting-place, more touching for its entire simplicity. At the head, a low cross of gray granite. O builders of ostenta-

tious tombs, go and look at it; and think how much fitter it seems, yes and how much a finer thing, than yours! The shortest and simplest inscription gives the names of the mother and the son, and the days on which they died, not long divided. Then, straight to holy scripture: Nothing else is like it over a grave. WE TOOK SWEET COUNSEL TOGETHER: AND WALKED IN THE HOUSE OF GOD AS FRIENDS. Not the translation of the Psalm he knew as a youth, but one which grew most familiar to him as a man. Then, two other short texts. Then a little space, still blank. But the space is so little, that it will be impossible to relate his work, unless in the fewest words. I know what they will be, if he is to be named as simply as the two who went before him, and who are laid hard by. For this is the long home of the wise and good Scotchman, who rose high in another country than the country of his birth, and another Church than the Church of his baptism: Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury. It is a great place: and he filled it worthily and well. Doubtless, others might have done so too. But they were not tried. He was: and no man could call him a failure. There were those who did not like him. There were those who disapproved things he did. But none could call him other (none worth counting) than an honest, strong, and brave man. And his country is proud of him: the son of the Church of Scotland who became Primate of the great English Church. But now, these beautiful Addington woods, the Scotch firs and the heather of Perthshire, but the vast rhododendrons of Surrey: and the historic towers of Lambeth: the grand throne at Canterbury, and the plain chair to the right of the Holy Table in this little Addington church: likewise the anxious seat next to the Ministry in the House of Lords: all have passed to another. And Archbishop Tait is one of the four Primates whose mortal part is laid in this quiet spot; far from Edinburgh where he was born: far from musical Clackmannan, where his kindred sleep, and whose name William IV. fancied was a bad joke. You remember how at a Levee somebody from Clackmannan was presented to him. But the monarch reddened with wrath. "Clack what, sir? Clack! Pass on, sir. No jesting here."

We give Thee hearty thanks, for that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world. Times beyond number had each of these good men said the solemn words, standing by the open grave. They were both needed here: and one of them was taken at an age which might be called untimely. But it is so much better where they (by God's mercy) are, that even looking round on this beautiful world on those two lovely June days, one could but silently lift up the heart in thanksgiving that their anxious work is All Over.

A. K. H. B.

Under Clouded Skies.

"Are ye not much better than they?"—MATT. vi. 26.

SAD? oh yes! I was sad that day,
Wandering here alone;
Low at my feet the blossoms lay,
For the rude north wind had blown.

And a ruder blast, with its cruel breath,
Had shattered my green roof-tree!
Alas! for the heart that lay hushed in death,
And the arm that once sheltered me!

They were filling the air with their merry din—
My little lambs newly shorn;
Must I watch the faces grow white and thin,
The raiment scanty and worn?

And oh! in the years they were yet to see,
Would the world pass coldly by,
While my darlings asked (could it ever be?)
For the crust of Charity!



“ONLY A NEST.”

So the care that only a mother knows
Came over my heart that day,
As I thought of them all—my baby Rose,
And Maud, and Harry, and May.

You ask what made me more glad, more wise,
On that changeful April day?
Something that met my tearful eyes,
Half-hid in the hawthorn spray.

Only a nest—a soft brown thing,
Woven with wondrous care;
A linnet fluttered, on outspread wing,
Over her nestlings there

Fluttered with joy on that chilly morn,
Watching with sparkling eye;
While her mate, perched high on a twig of thorn,
Sang out to the cheerless sky.

All safe, so safe, in our Father's care,
Needing no barn, no store;
I only looked at the nestlings there,
And my downcast mood was o'er.

For, with joy that only a mother knows,
I felt that more safe than they
Were my little shorn lambs—my baby Rose,
And Maud, and Harry, and May!

R. F. HARDY.

Lord Hatherley, Lord High Chancellor of England.

ANY visitor to Westminster Abbey two or three years ago might have noticed among those attending the early service at half-past eight, a venerable, stately-looking gentleman, with fine open countenance, and snow-white hair—accompanied by his wife. The two were never absent, and showed by the earnestness with which they joined, especially in the Psalms, how interested they were in the service. The gentleman was the Lord High Chancellor of England, who day by day sought refreshment and strength in the worship of God before proceeding to his arduous duties in the Court of Chancery or the House of Lords. The life of this devout lawyer has just been published,¹ and a slight sketch of it may not inappropriately be given in this Magazine. It is a beautiful life, and one which we may be thankful to think of as having been lived out in all its simplicity amid the difficulties and temptations of public life in our own time.

William Page Wood, born November 29, 1801, was the son of a wealthy London merchant who became Lord Mayor of that city, and who from his position in life was able to give every advantage to his son. He received the best education that could be got—both in this country and the Continent, and passed from one school to another till he entered the University of Cambridge, where he distinguished himself and became a Fellow of his college. After leaving the University he made choice of the law as his profession, and went to the bar, determined to be no drone in his vocation, and to command by familiarity with its details respect if not success. His career was of the most successful character. He worked hard first at the Parliamentary and afterwards at the Chancery bar, where he was always recognised as an honourable and painstaking counsel. He grudged no trouble in the mastery of detail. He was never idle, and in the midst of his severest work read literature largely—studied the classics, and turned his attention to philosophical and theological problems. After attaining a respectable position he entered Parliament, where still greater success awaited him. He was made Solicitor-General for England, and afterwards a Vice-Chancellor or judge of the High Court of Chancery. Wood was now high in position. His popularity as a judge was great. His judgments were seldom appealed from. "To a profound knowledge of law and sound judgment in determining the value of evidence and arguments he united the most invariable patience and courtesy towards counsel," and the *Times* said truly that "on his judgments there was placed an amount of reliance

unshared by any other living judge." After being fifteen years Vice-Chancellor he had conferred upon him the highest honour to which a lawyer can aspire. He was made Lord High Chancellor of England and a peer of the realm with the title of Lord Hatherley. This honour was conferred on him unsolicited. He shrank from the responsibility of high office. He was in his sixty-eighth year, and thought of retiring from public life altogether, but after he accepted office he bent all his energies to fulfil it with his accustomed earnestness and conscientiousness of purpose. He was universally esteemed in Parliament—his clear voice, his dignified presence, his well-known upright and unstained character, always commanding attention from all who listened to him, and respect from those whose political views differed from his own. He remained Lord Chancellor four years, when failing health compelled him to resign the office.

His career as a professional man may be said to have been one success without a check. Intellectually, politically, socially, he stood high in public esteem. It may be well for us now to penetrate so far as we can to his inner life—to get behind the outward framework and to reach the motives by which, in his high-toned and prosperous career, he was animated. It may be truly said of him that "the life he lived in the flesh, he lived by faith in the Son of God." In his boyhood he was religiously impressed. The preparation for his first communion affected him deeply, and he received then such a sense of the reality and importance of spiritual things as never left him. He was fortunate at that early period of life in his friendship with one who became in after life a distinguished clergyman, and with whom he maintained—until the death of the latter—the most intimate relations, interchanging confidences, especially upon the subject of religion. From the letters that passed between the two friends we see how true and heartfelt was the piety of the successful lawyer, and from the diary which he kept we learn how deep was the feeling of his own imperfections, how hard often he felt the struggle against temptation, and how unceasingly he prayed to God for strength to quit himself like a man. On his entrance to active life, when called to the bar, there is in his diary a distinct dedication of himself to God—"I do most heartily from mine inmost soul promise a more perfect obedience to Thy will henceforth until that awful moment arrive when I must give an account as well of my past actions as of the fulfilment of this present vow." This was the spirit in which he entered upon his profession, and it was that which coloured his hard-working life all through. He lived it out as in the presence of God and under a sense of his responsibility to Him. Few men were better acquainted with the Bible than he was. He had always been a regular student of the Sacred Volume, and "after his marriage it was

¹ A Memoir of the Right Hon. William Page Wood—Baron Hatherley—edited by his nephew, W. R. Stephens, M.A. Bentley and Son. 1883. 2 vols.

his invariable custom to read three or four chapters daily with his wife, by which method they read through the book every year." He meditated, when off duty, much on religious subjects, and found in Sunday great refreshment to his spirit. "Few," he wrote, when at the height of his fame as a counsel, "can feel the value of Sunday more than I have done of late, for I have been so hard worked and immersed in worldly matters these last few weeks that, were it not for the calmness of the day, I should become a mere machine, the sport of all the events in which I find myself, as it were, irresistibly engaged, and should scarcely be conscious of a soul within me." At an early period of his career he took up his residence in the neighbourhood of Westminster Abbey and did all he could to help on Christian work amid the dense population of that part of London. Through his energy and personal liberality, schools and churches were erected in localities where they were needed. He was ever foremost in every good work in his neighbourhood, and the hard-working clergy always knew they had in him a friend who would stand by them and strengthen their hands. He was an attached member of the Church of England, but as a churchman he was distinguished more for his charity than his partisanship. "I endeavour," he wrote in a time of controversy, "to think only in prayer of the sad divisions in the Church. I am determined to read fewer books than ever on disputed points and the Bible more. A little quiet parish work would be better, I think, just now, than all the volumes of pamphlets; our strength is to sit still." The quiet parish work which he desiderated as an antidote to fevered controversial strife was what he himself found beneficial. For forty years, without intermission, he was a teacher in the same Sunday School while in London, and when Lord Chancellor of England he never missed meeting his class and carefully preparing himself for it. I have already noticed his attendance at morning prayer at Westminster Abbey. There, his biographer tells us, "the faithful and loving pair knelt side by side, a picture of deep devoutness, rapidly but reverently saying the alternate verses in the Psalms, he often unable in the imperfect light to read the words clearly, and depending upon her good eyesight or perfect memory to keep him right."

At eventide it was light, with the good old Chancellor, despite sorrows of a heavy kind that fell upon him. The loss of his noble-hearted wife was a terrible blow to him, and failing eyesight, approaching to blindness, cut him off from many of his old pleasures; but he worked on to the last, taking his seat regularly in the House of Lords, and rendering assistance in the disposing of appeal cases in the highest Judicial Court. "I am content, and even happy," the old Judge could say, "but I am like a schoolboy counting the days to the time when the holidays will begin." "My remaining

days," he wrote, "must be few here; my sorrows have been those common to all, my blessings far beyond the common lot of humanity, and I am now made to feel the need of help, as to acknowledge more than heretofore the joy and blessedness of pardon leading to peace. I was brought near to my Saviour by joy, but needed grief to make me rest on that which must be purified by suffering." On the 10th July 1881 he passed quietly away to his rest—so quietly that those watching him were hardly aware when the last sigh was drawn. All who knew him revered his pure Christian character. When Dean Stanley, then on his own deathbed, heard that Lord Hatherley was gone, he said "he felt as if a pillar of the Abbey had fallen." Seldom has a truer and more eloquent tribute been offered by one good man to another than that pronounced by the present Lord Chancellor in the House of Peers. "I think," said Lord Selborne, in the course of his speech, "he had as much purity and simplicity of character, as much thorough conscientiousness, as much energy and sound judgment, as, taking into account the infirmity of man, any of us could hope to attain to. My Lords, from that intimate knowledge which I had of him, and which, as I have said, lasted for forty years, I might even go further. There are but a few men of whom one would say that, as far as one may presume to judge from public and outward signs of character, one looks upon them as examples to be held up for imitation by other men, but of him I would presume even to say that I am sure that judgment cannot be mistaken." To this tribute we may add the words of Lord Cairns, a political opponent, and his predecessor and successor in the Chancellorship. "As a judge, as a Christian, as a gentleman, and as a man, this country has not seen, and probably never will see, any who is his superior." To this generous expression of what Lord Hatherley was, by one so qualified to form an opinion, little need be added. We often hear the feeling expressed, even within the Christian Church, that "the former times were better than these," and that faith in our day has grown weak and inoperative. Lives like this which we have sketched form the best answer to such desponding statements. Amid our complex social life, and the burdens and difficulties which are our peculiar heritage in this nineteenth century, Christian faith has, we see, as much power to build up a beautiful and admirable character as it had in the first, the second, or third century, or in those primitive times to which some look back as to a golden age. No philosophy of life evolved by the restless brains of men, no theory of morals, or carefully-constructed code of duty, could possibly give us more beautiful and perfect lives than those which in our own time have been simply lived "by faith in the Son of God," and have, like that which we have sketched in this paper, drawn their strength and power from Him.

J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

The Carus-Wilson Soldier Work.

THIS Mission with an unfamiliar title is an old and tried one, dating back to the time of the Crimean War. Its "headquarters" are a private house in the suburbs of an English town.¹

If we examine the every-day trials of a soldier's life, we may find some excuses for his faults, and rejoice that such a Society is doing its best to brighten his lot. There is the ordinary case of the man who, anxious to "turn over a new leaf," has taken the pledge and attended some meetings where the truth, as it is in Christ, has been proclaimed. It has attracted his attention—fixed it for a time perhaps; and he might now seek a scripture reader or other friend who would finish the good work begun. But no such counsellor being within reach, he once more joins his comrades, with his vow to seek the Saviour half performed. And there it ends! The old pleasures resume all their charm, he imagines "he is not so bad after all," or "he will see to it some time or other." Or take another case, also a sample of thousands. A good lad has transgressed: he has returned a blow; perhaps in a moment of weakness he has denied his Saviour. Suddenly he sees his sin—and having imagined himself far advanced in the divine life, the blow comes heavily upon him. Disappointed with himself, vexed, dispirited, he may, when brought up in the guard-room to answer for his conduct, say something hastily, to be afterwards repented of:—"It is no use trying to be a Christian in the army," is his desponding conclusion, and so it proves to him.

Now think of their difficulties, the "lions" in what seems to them such a new and strange way. A Christian must "forgive his enemies," and to be a Christian in the barrack-room is often to have almost as many enemies as you can count companions. A sergeant, who is not himself a servant of the Highest, can render a man's life anything but enviable; and the trivial but provoking ways in which a soldier of Christ can be wearied and have his temper tried by his comrades in the ranks are simply endless. And it *must* be borne. To quote from one, herself a "Soldiers' Friend"—"When a civilian is converted, though he may have much to bear from his fellow-workmen as long as he is with them, yet he is not always necessarily in their society. He can be away from them at meals, and, his work over, he goes to his home, and has some hours free from their persecution and temptations. But with the soldier, this is quite different; morning, noon, and night, on parade, on guard, or in his leisure hours, he is continually in the company of his godless comrades. There is no escaping from it. When, as is too often

the case, he is the only Christian in the room, he leads, so to speak, the life of an alien. From being completely at home with them, the life and soul perhaps of all the 'goings on' in the room, he suddenly falls into almost the place of a stranger; sometimes not noticed at all, sometimes noticed as the fitting butt for some scathing irony or some unseemly jest."

It is no slight comfort at such a time to have a letter come in from a friend, one whom he has proved to be true, and whose prayers he knows are as sincere as her words are cheering. Many a lad now serving his Master, many a brave fellow at home and abroad, would point to some such crisis in his history, and some such letter, and say of it, "That saved me when nothing else could."

The Carus-Wilson Soldier Work Society was originally started by the Rev. W. Carus-Wilson of Casterton in Westmorland. Having been in Italy in delicate health, he had taken an interest in the soldiers of the Sardinian Army, and, returning home still an invalid, he went to reside in the Isle of Wight, within easy access of the garrison at Portsmouth, where his face and voice were soon well known and dearly loved. His death, however took place in the year 1859; and but for the devotion of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Shephard, it is probable his work would have died with him. She took it from her father as his most precious legacy, and ceased not to make the welfare of the British soldier her loving care till her death in 1873. She was succeeded by the present Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Fyfe, wife of an officer high in the medical department. In all essential points the Carus-Wilson Society is the same as it was in the days of its founder; if we except the additional tact and inexpressible winningness with which the printed letters of a *lady* are written.

The work of the Society is briefly this:—Eight hundred packets are sent every month to regiments on foreign service; this includes 125 specially intended for children. Each packet contains suitable periodicals, and two copies of a printed letter specially addressed to soldiers on foreign service, and entitled "Letter to Soldiers in India and elsewhere." Four thousand such letters are printed monthly, and despatched to regiments serving both at home and abroad, including the household troops. Each soldier on the list has also an almanac, a motto for the year, and one of Miss Kershaw's flower letters sent to him. The written correspondence with soldiers abroad has always been one of the principal features of the work. Twenty ladies, besides the honorary secretary, carry on this correspondence, and in this way about 400 men are brought under the influence of kindly sympathy and Christian experience.

The Society's rules are these: the lady correspondent must not be a Ritualist or Plymouth Sister—beyond this she is free; her being a member of Christ's Church on earth testifying to

¹ The addresses of the Honorary Secretaries are:—Rev. C. Carus-Wilson Shephard-Walwyn, West Lea, Ripon, and Mrs. W. Johnstone Fyfe, 2 Rodney Place, Clifton, Bristol.

her fitness for assisting a believer in the same Saviour. She binds herself to avoid all points likely to cause dissension in a regiment, or lower the service in the eyes of soldiers; and she is not supposed to send any publications to those with whom she corresponds, without the express sanction of the honorary secretary—from whom, however, suitable packets can be obtained. A book is kept by each of the twenty correspondents, and in it are entered the dates of all letters written and received, and how each soldier is doing. These jottings, in the form of a small report, are forwarded in January to the joint-secretaries, Mrs. Fyfe and the Rev. C. Carus-Wilson Shephard-Walwyn, grandson of the founder.

These two things should be mentioned: (1) Of the £300 annually spent upon this work, not one farthing goes otherwise than directly to the men; there are no paid assistants whatever: (2) the men themselves are steady contributors; last year they gave £34, no mean sum when we consider by whom it has been raised. The following is from a letter written by one of them:—"I feel sure all Christian men in the army are very thankful to God for raising up earnest workers for Him among our English ladies. I for one could willingly, were it needful, lay down my life for such kind friends. A Christian brother has given up smoking, that he may send six rupees each year to you, to help on your work." We may think six rupees (12s.) not much, but it meant to him who gave them *his one luxury*; and as such they have doubtless been valued by Him to whom the widow's two mites were precious.

The extracts which follow are from soldiers' letters. The letters have not been picked.

"I thank you much for your valuable papers. I had an old soldier on the same guard with me this morning, and I read him the 'Soldier's Victory' out of the *British Flag*; when I had finished he said he would, as soon as ever he got off guard, go home and gather his wife and children, and make them all kneel down for prayers, and that would be the first time that ever they kneeled together since he joined the army."

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in forwarding the enclosed (£1). I have now been eight years in this country, and without intermission correspondence has been going on between you and your friends and the military. I have spoken to various men of other regiments, and the question alwa asked has been 'How are we to show our gratitude for such kindness?'"

"No one but a soldier can form any idea how the greatest nation in the world is hated or liked according to the influence of its soldiers."

What reason then that these, by whom such a kingdom as ours is judged, should be God-fearing noble-hearted men!

"I have started a Temperance Society, which is flourishing, the number of members being 203."

"There is one of my comrades in my barrackroom, a drunkard, who has often called me a 'blue light' and other names. This week, when the packet came, your little tract was the first I read, and seeing how affectionately you spoke, I took it to this young man, and asked him would he mind reading it. He took it, and

read it, and came back to me with it; I could nearly see the tears in his eyes. He said, 'I read your tract; I am sorry I have often called you names, but I never will again!' He shook hands and asked me to forgive him, and since, I am happy to say, he often reads his Bible."

"That letter was the means of my taking the total abstinence pledge, and then giving my heart to God."

"The tracts you sent me in May I showed to a corporal who was very ill. He told me after reading them that he felt quite happy to die, and he died four days after, trusting in Jesus."

"There is one in my company I must tell you about. Of late he has been reading his Bible, and although he said nothing to any one, still one night he surprised the whole room by going on his knees at his cot in prayer, and the same next morning. I saw him that same night with another man who lives in his room; he was asking him to give his heart to Jesus."

The following from an artilleryman in Ceylon has certainly not been prepared for publication:—

"It would do your kind heart good to see the rush to my bed-cot for the first turn to read the papers, and I am sorry to say they led to a fight one day; for one man, the worse for drink, made a disparaging remark about them and their writer, and another man, also the worse for drink, told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and knocked him down for it. It did the man good, for he was the worst in the battery. He took up the *British Workman*, and read 'Chalk your own door,' and it made such an impression on him that he vowed he would do the same, and he has been enabled to keep his vow, and to keep out of prison too. For out of seven years' service he had six years' imprisonment. So it was a wonderful change, and he is now a Good Templar."

"My object in writing is to make your personal acquaintance, as far as that can be done by letter. I am so deeply thankful to God for inclining so many ladies to the precious work of leading sinners to Jesus, because I know the power they possess over the hard hearts of men. I know that a good woman will find a way into a man's heart which one of his own sex would never discover."

Few, reading such passages from our men's own warm-hearted truthful letters, can say that the Carus-Wilson Society's work is not a noble one. It cares equally for Scotch, English, and Irish Regiments, and has correspondents in all of these in all parts of the globe. Few of the men are ever for more than a short time within reach of such privileges as the Soldiers' Homes, and Scripture Readers' society, and in many foreign stations they are entirely without them or any compensating spiritual advantages.

It may be asked: Are not our soldiers drawn from a better class than formerly, and so less in need of our care? They are; but the proportion of *young* soldiers is much greater than it was of old. Rorkes' Drift was defended, and Tel-el-Kebir was won, by lads. And once these men are led to a Saviour, they are not only the finest soldiers, but the noblest men, of which our land can boast. If one wishes to find the qualities supposed to belong to the knight of olden days—the patriotism, patience, gentleness, and unflinching courage, of which our ancient authors have told us—they will be found nowhere so surely as in the Christian soldier.

C. G. C. M.

A Child's Work.

SHE was not a "taking" child, this poor little heroine of whom I am going to write. Her name was Elsie Scott. She was only twelve, with an old face, large, wondering, blue eyes, dark hair that was never kept tidy, and a thin, ill-grown body, which looked as if it never had been nourished properly, and never had found time to clothe itself properly either. When Elsie was ten her mother died, leaving behind her a baby of six months old, two boys younger than Elsie, and a husband who was idle and dissipated—so no one need have wondered that, in the short period of two years, Elsie got to feel and to look very old indeed. She had the entire care of the cottage, which consisted of two ill-furnished rooms; all the baking, mending, and washing fell to her share; and of course every spare moment left over from these duties was devoted to the poor, weakly, youngest child, who even now was a helpless little creature, in consequence of a hurt received in her infancy by a fall from poor Elsie's arms, which were then very unable to carry her baby-sister. She was the house-mother, sister, and daughter all in one; knew what it was to wait and watch for her foolish and drunken father; and had all the responsibilities of a woman of mature years on her young head. She never had a moment's rest, poor little girl, from the time she rose in the bitter cold of a winter's morning, till she lay down, sometimes at midnight; and if you had spoken to her of enjoyment or rest she would have looked at you wonderingly out of her great eyes, and not have understood what you said. The house Elsie lived in was one of many, in a long street, in a busy town; her father, when steady enough to work, was employed in a factory close by, and, but for his bad habits, would have made enough weekly to keep his family in comfort and plenty. Most of Elsie's near neighbours were hard-working men and women, who also went to factories and mills; even if they had been inclined to befriend the little, heavily-burdened Elsie, they would not have had time to do so; but when they showed no inclination to do her any good turn, she naturally regarded them all as entire strangers, with whom she had no connection at all.

Sometimes, when Elsie's father was too unsteady to walk home on his own legs without help, one of the coarse, rough-spoken men or women would assist Tom Scott to his own door, and, opening it, would push him in, carelessly enough, and, with a half-pitying look at the little, old-fashioned Elsie, would go away heavily down the creaking stair, wondering how "that slip of a lass" got on.

But, except the wild brothers, who were at a day-school, and who tried Elsie's patience sorely, and the delicate little girl, who was her constant charge, Elsie had no companions; and, except a brief walk in front of the doors when the sun shone into the dusty street, Elsie and her little sister

knew nothing of fresh air or the beauty of country sights and sounds. In spite of this, however, Elsie had her own thoughts about such things, and often, when she saw the sparrows bathing themselves in the spout that ran past their little window, she would think, a little confusedly, perhaps, but still longingly, of places far away in the country, where there might be lots of flowers, rivers, and green branches. Once or twice some young ladies had come to Elsie's room and brought flowers; but, though the poor little oppressed house-mother liked them, she had looked so shy, and strange, and half-frightened, that ever after she was left alone to her own devices, and the flowers were taken elsewhere.

Very often Elsie's arms ached so after her day's work that she could scarcely get to sleep, and then her mind got full of sad thoughts, very unlike those of a child. Her father was never positively unkind to her, but she could not help feeling that it was a hardship that she and her brothers must go almost bare-footed because he chose to spend so much of his money at the public-house; and she remembered how often she had seen her mother in tears, the reason of which she did not then comprehend, but which, in a dim way, she began to see cause for now.

Elsie's mother had been a good woman, and had taught her child many things which Elsie still carried in her mind. These were verses of hymns, little isolated texts, and some childish prayers her mother had sought to impress on her memory; she often found these rising to her lips as she did her daily drudgeries. One verse in particular came up many times a day, and kept ringing through her head. It was this—

"One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love."

Elsie had no very clear or perfect understanding of who the Friend was, but she thought it was God or Christ, and she fancied that if she did her work well, said her childish prayers, and frequently repeated these floating fragments of verses and Scripture, she would surely be looked upon by God who was in heaven with a measure of favour. She had no idea of anything higher than this, and never dreamt of reading the Bible, which, to be sure, lay on a high shelf covered with dust, and considerably out of reach of her short arms.

Over the chimney-piece was nailed a text in large letters, which her mother had received as a gift from an old mistress. It ran thus—

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

When Elsie felt unusually tired, sick of her daily work, and ready to give up, she was wont to

glance up at this text, and though such a mere child in understanding, she always felt afterwards as if some tangible presence were with her in the room. And no doubt God *did* watch in a peculiar way over the lonely child.

Elsie had just "tidied up" after a more than usually trying day. To begin with, the day was a fearfully hot one in June; her father had been late of coming home the night before, and was not very fit for work this particular morning; the boys had been noisy and troublesome; little "Cissy" had been ailing and fretful; Elsie, herself with a very bad sick headache, had washed up the dinner dishes, scoured the floor and the wooden tables, and had set all in order. She thought as it was still early, and an hour or two till supper time, she would take Cissy for a turn—perhaps it would not be so hot and stifling out of doors. So she bathed her face, gave her hair a slight brush, and, putting on Cissy's things and her own, went down the long creaking stairs, and out into the glare of sun, which beat fiercely on the long street. Holding the child firmly by the hand, she went past the doors adjoining (they were all closed just now), and, taking a few steps, was aware of nothing for what seemed to her a long time. Then she felt herself being carried a great distance, heard in a confused and muffled way a sound of voices, and knew no more till she woke without pain, in a quiet lofty room, where were many white beds and women with quiet steps and hushed voices, who stole up and down the rows of beds. Presently one of the women came to Elsie's bedside and gave her something cool to drink, telling her in a gentle tone that she must try and sleep; which Elsie did in a minute or two, being so tired she could not keep awake.

When Elsie woke she felt that she must get up and prepare her father's breakfast and get the boys off to school. But when she had fairly opened her eyes she remembered with a start that she was in this strange room and not at home at all. Then she wondered where Cissy was, and kept wearily for some one to come and tell her how she had got there, and where her child was. And presently a kind, grave man, who she discovered was a doctor, came to her bedside, and when she asked him very quietly where "Cis" was, he said, "You must not trouble yourself about Cis, but try to get well soon." After which one of the women came to her with a basin of some nice warm soup, which when she had eaten she again fell asleep, and it was not till a week later that she heard how she had come into that large roomy place, called an infirmary, where sick folk were taken care of and sent out cured. By this time Elsie felt stronger, so they told her very gently that, being over-tired and giddy, she had fallen beneath the wheels of a

brewer's drag which was driving rapidly along. Cissy was killed at once, and she herself had been dragged out from beneath the horses' feet with considerable difficulty and quite unconscious. Elsie gave a quick cry of terror as she heard of Cissy's death, and then, raising her sorrowful eyes to the kind nurse, she said, "Will mother be angry 'cos Cissy's dead?" "No, my child," was the reply, "you did your best for your little sister, and now she is with your mother, and feels no pain, but is happy for ever."

"And what has father and the two boys done without me all this time?" asked the pale child, hiding her face in the pillow.

"Your father has been to ask for you every day, and saw you once or twice when you were asleep. He is well; so are the boys."

So it came to pass that Elsie found great good come out of evil. Her father had really been sobered by the death of little Cissy and by his fears for Elsie, and had gradually got into steady ways. One of the rough neighbours, with a kind heart, had come in and done little neighbourly kindnesses for Elsie's father; and the last time we saw the Scotts there was a look of comfort and well-doing about them which gave us great pleasure. Elsie quickly lost that old look, and is growing up an open-faced and pleasant young maiden—the joy of her father's heart, and looked up to by her brothers, who are now away from school and working in the factories. Elsie confesses that her childhood was unhappy, and declares that she never knew what peace of mind was till she had gone through that dark period of loss and sorrow in the infirmary. Somehow she found Christ close to her then, and knew that she had found rest in Him. Her work before that was weary and hopeless; and now she works in a different spirit, doing all her duties cheerfully, "as to the Lord, and not to men."

J. C. HOWDEN.

The Bonnie Burn.

O BONNIE Burnie, wimplin' doon,
My heart sings wi' thy winsome croon,
Aye liltin' the Creator's praise,
Wi' never wearyin' Heaven-taught lays.

O bonnie Burn, thy crystal stream
Hauds in it's fa' the sun's bright gleam;
The bauld bluff rock thy spray bedews,
Wi' ever varyin' rainbow hues.

O bonnie Burn, thy licht and sang,
Windin' thy banks and braes amang,
Still mind me, wanderin' here below,
O' love's eternal, ceaseless flow.

O bonnie Burn, still lilt thy lay,
Glad in the blithesome licht o' day—
And a' night lang, unwearied sing
The praises o' our Lord and King.

A. E. M.

Life and Work Notes.

A CHURCH in Bread Street, Edinburgh, was not long ago acquired by the Congregation of St. Cuthbert's, with a view to its endowment as a *quoad sacra* Parish Church, and was opened for worship in connection with the Church of Scotland on 3d June by the Rev. James Barclay, who, with many good wishes and regrets, is about to leave for Canada. Dr. MacGregor tells the parishioners of St. Cuthbert's, in their Parish Magazine, why the Church is to bear the name of *St. Aidan's*. Twelve centuries and a half ago, when the country between the Forth and the Humber formed the heathen kingdom of Northumbria, Aidan came, a missionary monk from Iona, to found a new Iona at Lindisfarne, and to become the apostle of the east. His successor at Lindisfarne was St. Cuthbert. "Is it not fitting," says Dr. MacGregor, "that the first church which bears St. Aidan's name should be connected with St. Cuthbert's, and that in the relation between the two churches there should be a memory of the connection between those good men?"

A two days' meeting of ministers for "Rest and Conference" has been held in an East Lothian Parish. The arrangements were:—*First Forenoon*—Prayer and Short Sermon; subject of Conference, Consecration to the Ministry: *Afternoon*—Conference, Aims of a Minister's Life and Work. *Second Forenoon*—Prayer and Short Sermon; Conference, Unity of the Church, and Fellowship of Ministers: *Afternoon*—Conference, Personal Parish Experience. The meetings were held in the Manse, and were felt by all present to be both pleasant and helpful. They were not made public in any way. We have asked permission to mention them here.

A proposal to establish a Theological Book Club for the Church of Scotland has originated in the Presbytery of Meigle; and at a meeting held in Edinburgh during the sitting of last General Assembly an influential Committee was appointed to co-operate with that Presbytery. The object is to enable ministers to buy the best modern books at a price not greatly exceeding one-third of their published price. The best new books are dear, and ministers must too generally resign themselves to do without them, though they know quite well that poverty in the library means poverty in the sermons. It will repay the laity to give liberal support to this movement. That it has attained its present stage is greatly due to the Rev. Mr. Haldane of Kingoldrum.

The Band of Mercy Society is of English origin; it has for its aim the promotion of kindness to animals, and it works especially among the young. The Minister of Leslie, in Fife—the Rev. A. Russell, M.A.—informs us that, through the efforts of Christian ladies connected with the Parish, a Branch of the Society—believed to be the first in Scotland—has now been established there for a considerable time. It has upwards of 500 members in Leslie or the immediate neighbourhood, and several hundred members in a wider district. Meetings are held from time to time, at which addresses are delivered, intended to cultivate the intelligence of the children in relation to the object of the Society. The co-operation of parents is invited. The Society does not aim at the suppression of cruelty by legislative enactments, nor does it take up controversial points. Its pledge is:—"We agree to do all in our power to protect animals from cruel usage, and to promote as far as we can their humane treatment."

Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen, send a series of good photographs illustrative of restored St. Giles' and of the re-opening ceremonies. By the instantaneous process the crowd is taken without blurring, the spokes of the wheels of the Commissioner's carriage are distinct as though the wheels had not been revolving, and in the procession of gowned and hooded clergy individuals can be readily recognised.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find two minor prophets making reference to a great earthquake which happened in the reign of Uzziah. 2. Find the story of the apparition of Samuel after his death. 3. Find in Isaiah the dead kings of the nations represented as moved at the coming among them of the king of Babylon. 4. Who represented the Law and the Prophets at Christ's Transfiguration? Find in Old Testament that each had departed from the world in a mysterious manner. 5. How many Old Testament persons can you find named in the Epistle of St. James? 6. Find (St. Luke and St. John) two ineffectual attempts on the life of Jesus—(1) to cast Him down from a height; (2) to stone Him. 7. Find (in St. John) two instances in which those sent to capture Jesus were awe-stricken. 8-10. Find in Acts—(1) that many priests became Christians; (2) that one believed and was baptized, yet was afterwards declared to be in the bond of iniquity; (3) that St. Paul contended with, and parted from, a fellow-missionary.

ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.

1-5:—(1) Gen. 7. 11, 12; (2) Gen. 19. 24, 25; (3) Exod. 9: 22-25; (4) Exod. 19. 16; (5) Joshua 10. 11; (6) 1 Sam. 7. 10; (7) 1 Kings 18. 41-45; (8) 1 Kings 19. 11; (9) 1 Kings 22. 48; (10) Job 1. 19; (11) Ezra 10. 9; (12) Jonah 1. 4-15; (13) Matt. 8. 23-27; (14) Matt. 14. 22-33; (15) Acts 27. 14-44. 6. Ps. 55. 6-8. 7. Matt. 11. 28; John 14. 27. 8. Isa. 32. 2. 9. Matt. 7. 24, 25. 10. Rev. 21. 2; 21. 27.

Calendar for September.

1	Sa.	<i>New Moon.</i> Thy kingdom come.—Matt. 6. 10.
2	Su.	I was sick, and ye visited me.—Matt. 25. 36.
3	M.	If thine enemy hunger, feed him.—Rom. 12. 20.
4	Tu.	Let there be no strife between me and thee.—Gen. 13. 8.
5	W.	Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—Matt. 22. 39.
6	Th.	With Thee is the fountain of life.—Ps. 36. 9.
7	F.	In Thy light shall we see light.—Ps. 36. 9.
8	Sa.	The firstfruits unto the Lord.—Lev. 23. 17. [25. 2.]
9	Su.	<i>Collection for Army and Navy Chaplains' Fund.</i> —Exod.
10	M.	Love one another: for love is of God.—1 John 4. 7.
11	Tu.	How often would I have gathered thy children—1 Matt. 23. 37.
12	W.	Bidden to the wedding: and they would not come.—
13	Th.	Behold, he prayeth.—Acts 9. 11. [Matt. 22. 3.]
14	F.	He remembered that they were but flesh.—Ps. 78. 39
15	Sa.	I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.—Ps. 17. 3
16	Su.	<i>Full Moon.</i> The earth is full of Thy riches.—Ps. 104. 24.
17	M.	<i>High Tides.</i> So is this great and wide sea.—Ps. 104. 24.
18	Tu.	<i>High Tides.</i> Thou rulest the raging of the sea.—Ps. 89. 9.
19	W.	I do set My bow in the cloud.—Gen. 9. 13.
20	Th.	The Son of Man hath power to forgive.—Matt. 9. 6.
21	F.	Himself took our infirmities.—Matt. 8. 17.
22	Sa.	Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me.—Matt. 11. 29.
23	Su.	<i>Day and Night equal.</i> —Gen. 8. 22.
24	M.	He is not far from every one of us.—Acts 17. 27.
25	Tu.	O send out Thy light and Thy truth.—Ps. 43. 3.
26	W.	That glory may dwell in our land.—Ps. 85. 9.
27	Th.	He hath not dealt so with any nation.—Ps. 147. 20.
28	F.	Should not a people seek unto their God?—Isa. 8. 19.
29	Sa.	<i>Michaelmas.</i> —Blessed are the peacemakers.—Matt. 5. 9.
30	Su.	Thou shalt find Him, if thou seek Him.—Deut. 4. 29.

OCTOBER.

1	M.	<i>New Moon.</i> The Lord will prosper thy way.—Gen. 24.
2	Tu.	A contrite heart Thou wilt not despise.—Ps. 51. 17. [40.]
3	W.	Unto God belong the issues from death.—Ps. 68. 20.
4	Th.	Light is sown for the righteous.—Ps. 97. 11.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1883.

To the Congregation of St. Stephen's.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—As we are now beginning what is virtually a new year in a congregational sense, it is not unfitting that I should embrace the opportunity of saying a few words to you with reference to our several duties and responsibilities. To many of us our gracious Master has said, as of old to His wearied disciples, "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile." In these days, happily, there are few who are unable to avail themselves, in some form or other, of those facilities for recreation which have been so wonderfully multiplied in our time. But recreation is only a blessing when it follows work and is the preparation for work. The world is not, and it cannot be, a play-ground for any of us. We have been sent here to do real earnest hard work in whatever place God has set us. Meanwhile my business is only to speak of congregational work. And if from that work our Lord has bid some of us "rest awhile," He has only done this in His goodness, that with renewed vigour of body and mind we may go forth again to serve Him.

It is indeed a lamentable fact that so many of our Congregation have apparently no adequate sense of the obligation which rests upon them to take some part, however humble, in the Church's work. Do not mistake me; I know how many are faithfully serving God and their generation whose names are not to be found among those who are called "workers." It cannot be said too strongly that home duties have the first claim on everybody's attention. Parents, for instance, are bound to cultivate that vineyard before they attempt a wider husbandry. In this world there can be no work for God of greater worth or dignity, or more enduring in its effects, than that which is wrought by every Christian mother, who, in the sweet patience of a self-denying love, "has brought up children, has lodged strangers, has relieved the afflicted, and diligently followed every good work." Far be it from me to insinuate that all the good in this world is done through the channel of parochial or ecclesiastical organisation. At the same time let me entreat you, dear friends, not to overlook the great purpose for which we are united in the fellowship of the Congregation. We have been associated for WORK as well as for WORSHIP, and every member, as well as the Minister and Office-bearers, is answerable for the manner in which the whole body

is fulfilling the grand end of its existence. Now think—Is there no good you can do during the coming winter? Look around, look within, look up, before you answer. Look around and see how much need there is for your help. Look within and consider what means of doing good God has given you; what power, and talents, and opportunities, and what use you have made of them hitherto. Look up to God, your Father and Redeemer, who has blessed you with so many gifts of Providence and of Grace. Do you owe nothing in return? Are you not a believer in Jesus Christ? Are you not walking in the light of God's reconciled countenance? Oh, is there nothing you can do—you, my brother or sister, who have a heart to feel, and a hand to work, and a tongue to speak?

Well, if you think you can do anything directly for Christ's sake this winter, do not wait to be asked. Make offer of your service. It is a poor life which is given wholly either to pleasure or to business. Selfishness is a deadly plant, and it is apt to grow and to spread, even in Christian churches. I say emphatically that your duty to St. Stephen's is not exhausted by mere church attendance. Not, indeed, that it is needless to speak of that. There are some in all our congregations who come to church very irregularly. I hope that every reader of these lines will make a resolution to correct that fault this winter, if he feels that he is in any measure chargeable with it. My hands are weakened when any of you are wilfully absent, and my usefulness proportionately diminished. But I plead for more than this. I ask your co-operation, your sympathy, and your prayers.

Keeping this in view, then, I proceed to mention some branches of our work which demand special attention at this season.

OCTOBER COMMUNION.—The Lord's Supper will be celebrated as usual on the last Sabbath of the month. The Preparatory Services will be as follows:—

Thursday. Forenoon—Rev. David Paul, Roxburgh.
" Afternoon—Rev. George Wilson, Cramond.
Saturday. 2.30 P.M.

On the Sunday the Services will be the same as formerly. The Afternoon Table commences at 2.30, the Evening Service at 6.30. The latter will be conducted by the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell of the West Parish, Aberdeen.

Communicants will receive their cards on Thursday afternoon and on Saturday.

Certificates to be given in on either of these occasions, or handed to me at my house when convenient.

PREPARATION OF YOUNG COMMUNICANTS.—I intend to hold meetings for this purpose on **SABBATH EVENINGS** in the **MISSION HALL**, 44 Jamaica Street, commencing October 7 at 7.30 o'clock. I invite the attendance of all who are not Communicants. And I trust I may have the comfort of seeing many coming forward on this occasion. Beware of "putting off" from time to time what you know is your duty. If you have difficulties I will try to remove them. No questions are publicly asked.

I will also be at home to see Young Communicants on Wednesday afternoons from 4 to 5.

PAROCHIAL BUILDINGS.—These are making good progress, and will be complete in a few weeks. One of the first things we have got to do this winter is to raise the amount (about £500) still required for this important object. We are about to be put in possession of the best Parochial Buildings, so far as I know, in Scotland. No more valuable aid could have been provided for the doing of our work, and, if we have wisdom to use it aright, it can hardly fail to tell powerfully on all our schemes of usefulness. The Session will consider the best method of raising the funds still required, but in whatever form the appeal is made I do trust that by one vigorous and united effort the thing will be done, and done quickly.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.—These meanwhile will meet at the same time and place as formerly. It will, of course, be necessary to make some changes when the new Mission Hall is available. With the present Schools we shall then have ample accommodation. Probably it will be found most convenient for all the Schools to meet at 4 o'clock. We have now 58 teachers, but we need more.

YOUNG MEN'S CLASSES AND ASSOCIATIONS.—
(a) Mr. Macrae, W.S., proposes to resume his Bible Class on Sabbath the 7th, at 6 o'clock. All young men above 15 years of age are cordially invited. The Class will meet for the present in Jamaica Street Hall. Subject of Bible Lesson for next Session—"The Ministry in Galilee." The lessons on the Pilgrim's Progress will be continued.
(b) The Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association will meet on the first Sabbath in **NOVEMBER** at 10 A.M. The attendance of young men is very specially invited. Numerically this meeting has never been as successful as could be wished. I would like to see a "St. Stephen's Young Men's Christian Association" embracing all existing societies, only immensely extended.

MINISTER'S BIBLE CLASSES.—These will be resumed in November.

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.—This valuable agency will resume its operations, we trust with increased vigour, during this month. A Course of Lectures is being arranged for the winter, and other entertainments will, no doubt, be provided as formerly, to the great advantage of the parishioners.

MISSIONS.—The Collections for the current year have been satisfactory upon the whole. Some of the most important, however, have yet to be made. The **HOME MISSION** Collection has been fixed for the 21st. This, as is well known, is one of the chief enterprises of our Church, and deserves special liberality.

1.—In connection with that branch of its operations which refers to Church Extension, we find that 22 new Churches have been built during 1882, costing £37,572, and adding 9176 sittings to our present accommodation :

2.—71 Mission Churches, supplied by ordained ministers, have received aid ; the salaries paid to these amounted in all to £7741 : there were 15,358 in attendance on these Mission Churches, and 9550 communicants connected with the congregations :

3.—50 Mission Stations were supplied by licentiates, or lay evangelists, costing in salaries £3339 ; with 6772 of an attendance, and with 2174 persons in full communion.

Or, adding these figures together, we find that £48,652 has been spent during the year by the Church in connection with the Home Mission ; that 121 agents are employed, ministering to 22,130 attendants at ordinances, and 11,747 communicants.

We must all acknowledge that this is a great work, and that it is impossible to exaggerate its importance for the religious and social welfare of the country.

Speaking of Missions, let me remind you that the Collections for **FEMALE MISSIONS**, and more particularly for that branch of these Missions which we support at Madras, will be made by the Lady Collectors soon after the Communion. Full information regarding Miss Gordon's work will be given in due course, but I add a few extracts from some of her recent letters, which will, I am sure, be read with interest. She is now at the head of the Church of Scotland Female Mission at Madras, and it should be an honour and privilege to us to regard her specially as our representative. Her letters are full of enthusiasm for her work, in which she appears to have ever-increasing comfort and joy. She continues in good health. Let us not forget her earnest wish that we should pray for her. The Church is awakening to a sense of the splendid opening afforded by Zenana work—one of the greatest, perhaps, that has ever occurred in the history of India. God is thereby setting before us

"an open door." May we have faith and courage to seek an entrance by it into these homes, that we may fill them with the light of the glorious gospel!

It only remains for me to add that the various meetings, conducted by the Rev. P. Playfair, by Mr. Cochrane, Miss Miller, and Miss Strachan, will be resumed this month at the usual hours. Other notices may be reserved for the present.

I cannot conclude this brief statement of the work which lies immediately before us without thanking the teachers in the Sunday School, the district visitors, the singers in the Choir, and all other workers, for their loving and zealous help. May the Lord continue to accept and to increase abundantly their faith, piety, and zeal. They have all their several places of honourable service, and I pray God that they may fill them with ever-increasing faith and joy. For my own part I am deeply sensible of many grievous shortcomings, especially in the matter of PASTORAL VISITATION. In such a Parish and Congregation house-to-house visitation can only be overtaken by a minister in a very imperfect manner at the best. There are limits to human strength and time. I know that in trying to overtake this part of my work amongst you, even in such poor measure as I have done so, I have often unduly curtailed the time and vigour which the paramount claims of the pulpit demand. As to the future I can only undertake to do my best, but as to this I cast myself on your kind forbearance, of which I have already had many proofs. I feel increasingly that the position of ministers—especially of city ministers—is fraught with great peril to their own souls and to the souls of their people. Amidst this incessant whirl how hard it is to find time for thought or study, or even for prayer! It is indeed a most serious difficulty. Only one request I must again make, that you will not fail to intimate to me if in any way, or on any occasion, I can help you. I cannot, in fairness, be held answerable unless you do so. It is greatly to be desired, for many reasons, that the members of the flock would exercise more frankness towards the pastor, and put more confidence in his honour, discretion, and sympathy. To a large extent, as things now are, his preaching can only be like "drawing a bow at a venture."

Lastly, let me entreat you to bear me up in your private prayers. Even the Apostles of the Lord were not insensible of the value of the prayers of the lowliest of their hearers. "Brethren, pray for us," was their oft-repeated request. May God forgive the indiscretions, negligences, sins, provocations, and failures of us all, for Jesus Christ's sake. May He endue us plenteously with His own Holy Spirit, that we who have been brought together in the unspeakably solemn association of minister and people, may be enabled this year to do some true and honest work for His glory and the salvation of

immortal souls. May He in His mercy deliver us, as a Congregation, from the unfaithfulness of enjoying Christian privileges while we shrink from the performance of Christian duties.—Ever yours faithfully,
NORMAN MACLEOD.

Extracts from Recent Letters from Miss Gordon.

FLOWERS ROAD, EGMORE, MADRAS,
July 7, 1883.

It is now two months since Mrs. M'Isaac, now Mrs. Burnet, left me. I cannot say I felt half as lonely as I anticipated I would. As soon as she was gone, I set my mind to visit *all* the Zenanas she used to visit, and to get acquainted with all the masters of the schools. The masters at Pursewaukum I know well. I must say I was very much struck with the very kindly way they all received me. It *is* true the ladies in the Zenanas *are glad* to see us. I often ask them if they are, and I only wish you could see their faces when they answer me; it needs no words to answer the question. I was looked at by the teachers in the schools at first a little suspiciously. I suppose they wondered how they should like me for a superintendent; but I took no notice, but just inquired into all the particulars I wanted to know. The first eighteen days of May I was very busy. I was glad I had the two horses, and I made ample use of them,—indeed I had no time to feel lonely, and many kind friends came to inquire after me. On the day we closed for the holidays I visited each school, and addressed a few words of good advice, just as we would on the same occasion to our pupils at home, telling them to keep out of mischief, and do what they could to help their mothers, so as to let them see what nice good ways they learn in school. Since then I've been told by some of the mothers that their girls told them all "the lady" said, so you see it is worth while putting one's self a little about to say a parting word. What I mean by putting one's self about is, that on that day, to get to all the schools meant being in my carriage nearly the whole day. We had four weeks' holidays exactly; and on the day we opened I again visited each school, to welcome back those who came on the first day of opening. We had a very good attendance indeed. In Triplicane we had 77 girls present, in Pursewaukum 89, and in Blacktown 94; so we had great reason to be encouraged. I welcomed them all back, and left them, telling the different teachers to visit the absentees of their own class. The full numbers are not come up yet.

During our holidays, we got our writer to draw up a schedule requiring the name of each master and teacher, when he entered our Mission, and at what salary engaged, his present salary, and the date of his last increase, what language he teaches, what standard and class, and whether or not he is certificated. This I did for my own information,

as I want to get to know all about them, and also because I think it right that you should know as much as possible all about those who are drawing their salaries from our funds.

I am a little sorry to find that only the head-master of each school has a certificate of any kind, and the master of Pursawaukum only sat for his last December.

On Tuesday last I thought it best to call a meet- of all the masters and teachers, to be held at the Mission-house at 7 o'clock A.M., when my *munshi* was present, and interpreted to them what I said— viz. that I am very anxious for them all to have a certificate of some kind, and therefore hope they will make it their business to study and pass in December next for an Upper Primary certificate. One reason I gave was, that I am receiving applica- tions from certificated masters every day, and of course the only way to secure their situations against the Government changes and new regulations, re- quiring the pupils to pass in certain subjects higher than formerly, is to be provided with a certificate, as a test of their ability to teach the prescribed subjects. I think they all understood that it is for *their own* benefit; hence my reason for venturing to propose it.

I may mention that I am not one of those who think it absolutely necessary for a good teacher to possess a certificate. Many of the best teachers at home and abroad never sat for a certificate; but for us who do not know the language, and who cannot for ourselves test the capabilities of our teachers in their language, a certificate of some kind is a sort of guarantee that those we are superintend- ing do know something of what they have to teach.

We have a fair division of Christian and Hindu teachers—perhaps the latter predominate; and this makes me anxious to open our schools on Sabbath, so that Scripture may have *our* strict attention on that day. You will, I am sure, be glad to know that I have arranged with Mr. Samuel, our native pastor, to have a Bible examination once in two months; so hereafter I shall be able to forward to

you his reports on the same. I am very glad that Mr. Samuel has consented to do this for me, as then we will be able to see what progress they are making in this direction.

To-morrow, the second Sabbath in July, we hope to open Blacktown School, for the first time, for Scripture alone. Then next Sabbath we shall open Triplicane. I am opening them one by one, so as to be present on the first day myself. When they are *all* opened, then Miss Gray will be in attend- ance at one, my *munshi* at another, and myself at the other. The hours will be from 7.30 to 8.45 A.M. We will try these hours. As Pursawaukum is near this, I thought we might try and have it in the afternoon, and then, instead of having the children in school, ask the conductresses to bring them to our own verandah, when it would allow either Miss Gray or myself to be present at each school on Sabbath. But we shall see how things will work. In India I find we have to suit our- selves to circumstances. All the teachers and children will be invited, but none *compelled*, to come. I do hope and pray that all will accept the invitation. I would like all the children in our Sabbath Schools at home to ask God for a blessing on this new undertaking. And you who always remember me in prayer on the blessed Sabbath morning, I hope will not forget to add a petition for the teaching in our Sabbath Schools. It will be a little additional work, but I am well and able for it. Besides, is not Sabbath the special day on which we should work for God?

In a later letter she says:—

You will be glad to know that all our Caste Girls' Schools are well attended on Sabbath morning for religious teaching alone, and they are in no wise forced to attend. I really enjoy this day's work, and the children all look so happy. O pray for the Spirit's power. The children of Pursawaukum School meet on our own verandah; I think they like to come to the "lady's house," but I'll try and tell you all about this in my report.

"The joy of the Lord shall be your strength."

LORD, send me work to do for Thee,
Let not a single day
Be given wholly to myself,
Or idly pass away.

And teach me how to work for Thee,
Thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
That I may serve Thee less from fear,
More from a loving heart.

And bless all work I do for Thee,
Else I must toil in vain;
Mine be the hand to drop the seed,
Thine to mature the grain.

Thrice happy he who works for Thee;
Grant me, O Christ! Thy grace,
That I may serve Thee while I live,
Then see Thee face to face.



OCTOBER 1883.

Sermon.

THE NINTH COMMANDMENT.

by the Rev. GEORGE PORTER, D.D., Maybole.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."—EXODUS xx. 16.

SOME of the commandments are negative in form, but of course we must understand that while they prohibit what is wrong, they also enjoin what is correspondingly good. The ninth commandment, then, bids us be true as well as forbids us to be false; and though it forbids only one particular form of falsehood, viz. that of bearing false witness, it forbids implicitly all falsehood whatsoever, and declares the duty of being true in all the concerns and relations of life. In substance it means that we are to love the truth and do it.

1. *We are to be true in our words.*—It was once said that the use of language is to conceal thought, which amounts practically to saying that language is mainly an instrument of lying. No, we are prompted alike by instinct and conscience to speak what is in our minds; and our words are true when they agree with what we think and wish others to think. We may use words which agree with what we think, but are so framed as to make others think differently; and when we do this for the purpose of misleading, "with double sense deluding," we equivocate or shuffle, a form of falsehood very common, and deserving of righteous scorn.

To use words which convey directly the reverse of what we think—this is vulgar lying. Liars have many motives or ends in view. They may seek gain, as when the shopkeeper sells inferior goods as the best of their kind. Or they may be moved by envy and malice, as when people slander their neighbours, inventing and spreading evil reports against them. This is one of the worst forms of lying. It destroys or injures what every one prizes—his good name; and it works harm in a thousand other ways. A great painter once figured envy as a man with clawed fingers, and a serpent curving out of his mouth; and, indeed, the envious tongue which poisons truth is both cruel and crafty in its working. A word dropped here and there, a mere hint, the tone of the voice, a particular emphasis, may serve the wily deceiver's purpose; and he carries on his slimy

policy without compunction and without shame. Or it may be vanity that urges people to lying. Self-conceit is a fruitful source of lies, tempting people to put a matter not as it really is, but as it may serve to glorify them. Or, again, falsehood may be due to mere levity. People often talk in a loose inaccurate way—"their lies and their lightness" (Jer. xxiii. 32); they will not take the trouble to define their meaning and weigh their words, and the result is, that they add, day by day, perhaps without being distinctly aware of it, to the gathering cloud of lies that obscures the mind and conscience of the world. Once more, people are often too timid to be true, and they tell lies rather than face the consequences of telling the truth. Nay, weak persons often make a sort of merit of being false, as when they tell a lie "to keep down mischief," as they say, that is, to prevent quarrelling, to screen a friend from blame, or something of that kind.

We should bear in mind that lying fails in the long run. It may succeed a while. If you throw plenty of mud, some will stick for a time, but it is of the nature of mud to dry by exposure to the sun, and peel off and fall away. A lie has indeed many lives, and is hard to kill. But it *does* die. The lies of history, accepted (may be) for centuries, and seemingly secure in their hold of the world, are detected by some inquirer, and the reality appears at last. In the same way the liar is found out; for lying is *unnatural*, that is, it is contrary to the nature of man and of things; and the liar, however skilful and wary, cannot thwart the holy order of the world. And this judicial bias or tendency of things should remind us that lies cannot escape the final condemnation of God (Matt. xii. 36, 37).

"Words, though from earth they fly away,
Yet perish not, nor lose themselves in space,
But bend their course towards eternity,
And roost beneath the judgment-seat of God."

2. *We are to be true in our works.*—Our works are true or false as well as our words. We bear witness by what we do as well as by what we say.

What we do may condition or qualify what we say. The orator uses action to give point or emphasis to his words, "and the action which suits the words" is action which helps out their meaning. The action is a sort of speech which co-operates with and supplements the spoken words. In

pantomime proper there is no articulate speech at all, but only dumb show—bodily movements which can be made so expressive as to tell the story without the aid of the human voice. You can understand then how action linked to speech may make the speech true or false. We may be guilty of evil speaking by what we do rather than by what we say. The liar often uses words that are not false, but accompanies them with signs or gestures which make them false—which make them convey an impression that is false. A wink of the eye, a shrug of the shoulders, a turn of the head or hand, may thus serve to utter a lie. The language used may be verbally true, but *as* used or accompanied it is practically false, and the slanderer, safe from the charge of literal lying, achieves his malicious purpose.

But action may be *directly* false. False work is bad work pretending to be good. "Scamped work" has the quality of falseness as much as a spoken lie. In these days of piecework and keen competition tradesmen often lose their sense of honour and excellence. One of the evils against which Thomas Carlyle wrote so vehemently was the prevalent dishonesty of work; and he meant to give his father, who was a stonemason, the highest praise when he said of him, "Nothing that he undertook but he did it faithfully and like a true man." Every time we do our work in a slovenly or specious manner, hiding flaws which will appear when the job is out of hands, we are acting a lie; but when we do our work thoroughly and are proud of it as capable of standing any test, we are acting the truth; we are bearing witness to the truth or reality of things.

3. *We are to be true in our thoughts.*—It might be said that this head should have been first instead of coming last; for that truth of thought, to "speak truth in the heart" (Ps. xv. 2), is the foundation of truth of life. This is so; and unless we are true and sincere within, all about us must be unreal and false; but, we should observe, "truth in the inward part" is at once a cause and a consequence.

It is a cause. If a man is inwardly true he must also be outwardly true. The body is servant of the spirit, and its movements share the qualities of the spirit which wields it. If then we are straightforward in mind and purpose, our conduct will be straightforward too, free from craft and crookedness, an embodiment of our cherished simplicity and sincerity of soul.

But inward truth is also a consequence. By being habitually false in speech and behaviour, we become false in character; the evil we do or say reacts on the spirit, defiling and debasing it. Conduct is a great former of the spirit, an enlightener or a darkener of it, enhancing its love of truth and goodness, or its lust of lies and badness. Conduct has a twofold effect—an effect on outside material things and an effect on the soul. The first is

obvious and unmistakable, the second is secret and unseen, but not the less real and enduring. When we do an evil thing frequently, we come to love the doing of it; and this wicked love is the consequence of doing it. In the same way, to speak falsely once and again and again begets "a lying spirit," a falseness of character which remains when the lies have passed out of remembrance. "Thus build we up the being that we are." Our character is no doubt founded on original qualities of heart and mind, but to a large extent it is of our own making, the fruit of our doings and sayings. The details of our life seem to pass like the waters of a stream away, but they leave a deposit of good or evil in the soul, and this deposit makes us morally and spiritually what we are before God.

This is the divine law of truth. I do not say that it was to the Israelites all that it is to us. It has gathered meaning and positiveness as revelation went on from age to age. It has been becoming broader and more searching; and now, under the gospel, it applies to every feature and department of life; so that we may say of truth, as is said of love, that it is "the fulfilling of the law;" for to be true in all things is to be at one with God. Jesus Christ was true in all things; He was "the Truth," and this does not mean that He was a mere preacher of true doctrine, but that He manifested truth in a living concrete form, and showed at once how to hold the truth, and how to do it. This is the reason why He was an offence to the Pharisees, who were as a class false men, astray both in their creed and in their life. And this is the reason too why He is an offence to many people in our day. They wish to be saved without being *altogether* true; they wish to be saved by merely believing and saying certain things, whereas they cannot be saved unless they *do* as they believe and say, unless they are possessed by the truth and ruled by it in every affection and energy of their nature. May we be "of the truth." May we be united through the whole compass of our being to Him who "was called Faithful and True."

For Jeannie.

By the Rev. JOHN ALISON, D.D., Edinburgh.

OR JEANNIE, dear wee lamb! It's a year past sin' she was ta'en frae us, an' she was just three years auld. Her death was a sair stroke, but we dinna murn. We've been learnin' to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." He sent a blessin' wi' her when she cam, but 'deed I sometimes think that He left a bigger blessin' wi' us when He took her to Himsel' again. I aye think o' her when I hear thae words o' our Saviour, "It is expedient for you that I go away." We've learnt and gotten mony things by her goin' that maybe wudna hae been learnt without it; an'

though it was a big price, it's no sae big as it seemed ance, for ye ken, we haena lost her. She seems to be wi' us always, an' we hae made up oor minds, wi' God's help, to haud on the way that will tak' us to whare we'll see her again.

John, that's my man, an' me, gaed up last Sunday to the Grange, to see her grave. We could see the mark o't in the sward, but God had been there before us, for it was covered owre wi' His green grass an' gowans. I said to John, "That's hoo it is in oor hearts as weel. We'll aye see the mark o' her loss, but He hasna forgotten either us or her, He has healed oor wound, and made oor hearts fresh and sweet wi' His new life. As for her, I have never thocht o' her as lyin' there. We hae her wee chair, an' her socks, and wee shoon, an' ither claes at hame, an' her body, like the claes God gied her, is in that wee grave, but she is wi' the angels in oor Father's hoose."

Wee Jamie was rinnin' about pu'in' the wild flowers among the grass, but I cudna help feelin' that, though I cudna see Jeannie, she maybe wasna in spirit far frae us, an' was watchin' baith us an' him.

I canna tell what a blessin' she has been to baith o' us. John was aye a weel-daein' lad. Never sin' we began to gang thegither as lad an' lass have I seen him the waur o' drink or heard a bad word frae him; as for me, I had been in service, an' keepit my places lang, an' didna waste my wages, but had something laid by to help to furnish when we were marrit. We were real happy, for there was true love atween us, and we had resolved to do weel. He never earned a sixpence without bringin' it hame to me; he never speired hoo I spent it, an' I aye took care no to waste. Still, I can see noo, there was ae thing wantin' in baith o' us. We hadna heard God sayin' anything to us, an' hadna felt oor hearts touched an' drawn to Him. We baith gaed to the kirk, but my thochts whiles were ta'en up mair wi' my ain brows an' wi' ither folk than wi' the worship or the message. We used to spend oor Sunday nichts very happily by oorsels, but John had never ta'en the Book for worship, an' I had never asked him. Partly it was blateness an' want o' gift, but it was as muckle want o' deep eneuch sense o' the duty and the privilege. I hae thocht whiles sin' syne that it might gie a timely hint and help to mony a young couple if a simple prayer fit for their family worship were in some way pit into their hauns. It wad break the ice for them, an' encourage the richt spirit till God maybe send something o' His ain to melt the hardness within, an' mak' their prayers flow in their ain words. Somebody might speak to them that write in "Life and Work" to print a prayer noo and then.

When oor wee bairn cam', baith John and me felt that God had come nearer us. The wee thing was sae wonnerfu'. I was never dune drawin' it close to my breist, and lookin' at the wooner to

me o' its wee fingers and taes, and thinkin' how strange that God sud hae made everything about it sae perfect without the help or care o' onybody, an' how kind o' Him to gie her to my man an' me. John didna say much, but I saw that he was mair than ta'en up with the bairn; he had thochts like me o' Him that had gien her, an' o' a chairge for Him. Still oor thochts didna fin' utterance as they sud. We sud hae joined in thanking God for her an' promisin' to take care o' her for Him.

I needna speak o' the next three years; o' a' the joy that ran through oor care an' o' the comin' o' wee Jamie.

We began to notice something wrang wi' Jeannie, an' when the Doctor tell't us it was water in the heid, I kenned owre weel hoo it wad end. We did oor best for her, but at last she was ta'en awa', an' 'deed I was glad to see the end, for she seemed to suffer sae, though the Doctor said, No, it was just the nerves. Dear lamb, we laid her in her white robes, quite sure that He who had heard her so often say,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little lamb to-night,"

had gien her the robes o' an angel in heaven.

That nicht when we were left by oorsels, John took my haun, for I had been greetin'; an' he said, "My dear, we maunna grieve owre much. She has gone to Him who said, Suffer her to come. She is in the fold of the Good Shepherd. But I'm no pleased wi' oorsels, we hae had her a' this time, an' we haena' yet thankit God for her. Maybe He took her back just to mind us o' oor neglec'. But I'm sure he'll forgi'e us gin we ask Him, an' then we may fin' that He has ta'en Jeannie to bring you an' me nearer to Him. We're missin' her sair, but I'm sure that the nearer we get to God the nicht, the nearer we'll be to her, so we'll kneel down an' pray."

Eh me! I thocht my heart wad hae meltit an' ran oot in tears, I was sae glad. We kneeled thegither for the first time, an' tho' the prayer wasna lang a' oor heart was in it, and God kenned that; an' we kenned that He had heard us by the token o' the peace in us that passeth understanding. We haena forgotten to pray thegither since, as weel as to open oor hearts to Him by oorsels, an' ither changes mair than I need tell hae followed. We are trying to live to Him, to whose goodness and mercy we owe everything; an' we wad like to learn of Him, who gave and took Jeannie, hoo to sing the song which her sweet life is singin' in oor Father's hoose.

TO LADIES OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—A young lady is required as Assistant Missionary at Calcutta, by the Ladies' Association of the Church of Scotland for Foreign Missions, including Zenana work. The necessary qualifications are an earnest missionary spirit, love for children, some experience in teaching, and an aptitude for acquiring languages. For further particulars, apply to the Secretary of the Ladies' Association for Foreign Missions, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh.

Carmen Vitae.

By ROBERT RICHARDSON, B. A.

WHY should I doubt to follow Thy clear guiding—
To walk in Heaven's free light;
Not take the help that is of Thy providing,
Who art so strong in might?

So strong and yet so gentle, pitying ever
Thy children weak and frail;
Compassionate to cheer the faint endeavour
Of those who strive and fail.

There may be some so strong in self-reliance,
So firm of will and heart,
Can find sure resting-ground in "law" and science—
God hath not any part

In all their scheme of life—the world containeth
For them no mysteries;
They scan the heavens, wherein no God remaineth,
With smiling heart and eyes.

Supreme in life, 'twould seem, supreme in dying,
They pass and make no sign:
Their strength is past my ken, beyond my vying—
This courage is not mine.

I ask not, Father, God, that thou shouldst spare me
The battle-brunt of life;
But for a steadfast heart that I may bear me
With courage in the strife.

A little strength beyond my own possessing
For life's unequal fight;
And in my search for truth—vague, darkling, guessing,
Some ray of heaven-born light.

A will to overcome the subtle forces
That in my weak heart meet;
Help when I stray and trip in devious courses
With aimless, groping feet.

When with the world's ambitions, fears, desires,
My heart no longer thrills;
And at the close of day the sunset fires
Fade pale along the hills—

And when my feeble pulses hardly rally,
And life's faint flame shall fade;
Oh, guide me safe along the darksome valley,
And through the awful shade.

And when I reach the river flowing coldly
(I see it oft in dream),
Touch Thou my hand that I may enter boldly
The dark and mystic stream.

It may be when I feel around me sweeping
The rush of that cold flood,
And o'er my faithless heart the death-chills creeping
O Father, faithful God!

That I shall sorely need in that dark hour,
Thy presence at my side;
Oh, bear me up with arms of pitying power
Above the surging tide!

And may I find a bright-robed guide to meet me,
The river-passage o'er,
Happy if one approving smile shall greet me
Upon the farther shore.

The Parish of Taxwood, AND SOME OF ITS OLDER MEMORIES.

(IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.)

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

XII.—SOME CO-PRESBYTERS.



N the similar principle of variety which dictated the former paper, I should like to say something in the present about a few of the Clerical neighbours near and distant.

The only one of these to whom the reader has been already introduced is venerable Mr. Winton. Of all Mr. Erskine's ecclesiastical friends, he was the most beloved, and the affection was reciprocated.

Shortly after the Minister's settlement at Taxwood, it came to be a regular recognised arrangement that they would mutually assist each other at their summer communions. Mr. Winton generally cheered the home of his younger brother by arriving at the Manse on Saturday evening, so as to rise refreshed for his Sunday engagements. Mr. Erskine, on the other hand, when it reached his turn for the complementary duty, was uniformly in the habit of having first a short morning service for his own people at home. At its close, Dan and "the machine" (the latter still left an indeterminate quantity) were ready at the door for the seven miles' drive. The Sunday evenings at the respective Manses—the prolonged sacred services over—were invariably times of refreshment, in which reminiscences of the solemn work of the day were mingled with advice mutually asked and given on parochial schemes of usefulness, it may be parochial difficulties and trials.

By far the ablest member of the Presbytery was nearer in point of distance to Mr. Erskine; one, too, greatly esteemed by him. From Mr. Winton he obtained strength and encouragement; but in every case of serious and anxious perplexity, where the intricacies of Church law and procedure demanded wariness and prudence, it was to Mr. Thomson and the Manse of Frognaal he repaired. It is a fact in the mental constitution—we may add in the clerical constitution—neither to be gainsaid nor wondered at, that the administrative and the didactic seldom run in the same groove; so that in this parish you may have an incumbent with little

that is effective in the pulpit, perhaps very much the reverse, yet bristling all over with legal acumen; (never happier, never more at home, than when called in to the unravelling of some knotty point of ecclesiastical legislation); while his next neighbour, fully adequate for the Sabbath services, is profoundly unversed, perhaps hopelessly ignorant, on everything appertaining to the statutory duties and jurisdiction of Church courts. It is the old story—rather the wise Providential apportionment and arrangement—"to every man his work;"—to every man his assigned niche in the temple. And the Church and the world would be the loser were it otherwise. Such, in a word, were the relative positions, or rather gifts and callings, of Mr. Thomson and the Minister of Taxwood.

Owing to lack of space we must forbear further enlarging on an excellent and estimable divine. We shall take, by way of contrast, a different type in a still more distant parish. A young man was this Mr. Armstrong, with much that was attractive in his nature, by no means deficient in ability, and faithful beyond the pulpit in the discharge of ministerial duties. One speciality, however, not to put it more strongly, operated largely to his disadvantage, and interfered much with his Sunday usefulness. It was an error incidentally adverted to in the abstract in one of the earlier of these papers, but which in his case had assumed a concrete form. In the language employed in his various services (to employ a common phrase), he shot completely beyond the comprehension and capacity of his people. He was young, and the fault would doubtless in time, that healer of all things, be moderated, if not cured. But in the years to which we at present refer, he indulged in a lavish way the propensity of what Dr. Guthrie used to speak of and stigmatise as "the showing off his college accomplishments in the pulpit"—a jumble of religion, rhetoric, and metaphysics; sentences of interminable length, and words at times portentous in their syllables. I am well aware that with some the propensity is natural; just as one painter obeys some inner instinct or impulse to load his canvas with colour, for the purpose of bringing out an effect that would be much better and more truly rendered by lightness of touch and paucity of pigment. Perhaps no man who ever adorned the Scottish Church so erred in this respect as the man who adorned it most, and the simplicity of whose character was out of accord with the redundant rush and torrent of his magnificent verbiage—I mean Dr. Chalmers. Many of my readers may know the amusing story (although I shall not be responsible for its accuracy, I only give it as I have more than once heard it) of his being asked to take a primitive little prayer-meeting in a Highland village; and how his intimate acquaintance, the pastor, knowing the great man's grievous infirmities in this respect, had requested him as a favour to speak in the homeliest possible way, using only the

simplest words and sentences. The Doctor promised obedience. But, alas! his opening statement was enough to convince of the utter unavailingness of the hint—"My friends, I have been specially asked, in addressing you to-night, to avoid the technical nomenclature of scholastic theology." Mr. Armstrong might, therefore, have vindicated himself by the plea, that if he sinned, the usage of more conspicuous offenders might so far condone. He was remonstrated with in a gentle way, including exception taken to some new-fashioned vagaries in dress, by a senior minister. The remonstrance, unhappily, was ineffectual.

In this brief *résumé*, it would be unpardonable to omit, in passing, an allusion to Mr. Erskine's nearest ecclesiastical neighbour of all. That friend and fellow-labourer, however, did not belong to the Established Church. There was no Dissenting chapel in the parish itself; but in the very borders of the adjoining one was an "Old Light" congregation, under the respected ministry of Mr. Walker, a man who had the doubtful blessing of a large family, and the not doubtful evil and drawback of a small stipend. He claimed among his flock several householders in Taxwood—those who had been trained under, and who naturally adhered to, the ecclesiastical principles adopted by their fathers. The utmost harmony of brotherly feeling subsisted between the two neighbours. They met frequently,—now at a funeral, now at a marriage, often exchanging friendly calls or friendly chats on the wayside. At the annual summer treat of the Sunday School Mr. Walker was invariably invited, along with the juveniles of his own flock. He had a happy knack of saying a few homely words to the youthful assemblage when the games were over on the green, and the entertainment finished off in the schoolroom, amid tea, buns, and home-made confections, which had engrossed Aunt Phemie's time and ingenuity for days before. With all his broad and liberal charity, he was a man who could speak and act with great independence. He had no sympathy with the Laird's ultra Toryism; but he smiled benignantly at it, and had an occasional quiet chat with him at the Thursday Market, where clericals of all shades (what in modern times would be called "schools") were in the habit of weekly forgathering, not for any commercial purposes, but for friendly interchange. Moreover, the Laird's gamekeeper was instructed to give a practical shape to his Master's respectful feelings and good wishes by handing in, every now and then at his door, a brace of partridges and a hare or pheasant, as might be.

One other gleanings alone can be made from our clerical portfolio. With it we may appropriately close this chapter. Although not a member of the "Presbytery of the bounds," Mr. Tyndall's Manse was within two hours' driving distance of Taxwood; situated on a picturesque angle, if I may so describe it, of the adjoining ecclesiastical district. The Village, inferior to Taxwood in point of real and

varied beauty, had an advantage the latter did not enjoy, of contiguity to green hills, and at least one musical stream. The Pastor—one of special interest—may be described as of middle age, inclining rather to youth, and at all events to youthful aspirations. It was fortunate for him that Wetherley was the smallest and most manageable parish all around; for ill-health, that, too, of a chronic kind, would have totally forbidden the discharge of duties more onerous in their nature. The struggle of early college days had left their too indelible marks on a naturally fragile frame, and the penalty had for years been an exacting one. He was a man of gentlest disposition, refined taste, and unmistakable religious earnestness. Some who are of what is called “lowly origin” (though we always use the word under protest) seem incapable, in outward manner and deportment, of taking on subsequent polish. Not so was Mr. Tyndall. Though of humblest parentage, he was one of the few—shall we say of the many?—who, to use that fine old phrase, are born and bred “God’s gentlemen,” and who never can be anything else. From his student days, onwards to the early close, he vindicated his title to the honourable epithet.

Perhaps he owed to one accidental circumstance an advantage over his contemporaries. His winning manners and culture combined, had secured for him the privilege, comparatively rare in those days, of a travelling tutorship. So that he had been early familiarised with what are now much more common, though they never can be “common-place,” the great Art treasures of the Italian cities. The Titians and Tintorets of Venice, the Giotto of Padua, the Raphaels and Michael Angelos of Bologna, Florence, and Rome, had been, ever since, the choicest treasures of memory. These æsthetic tastes and their gratification, however, were conjoined with sterner stuff. His old aptitudes for mental labour were revived, rather than discontinued, under enforced seclusion. There were still locked up in the drawer of his writing-table two memorials at least, in the shape of a gold and silver medal, which bore silent testimony to early intellectual triumphs; and he was not content to rest on his old-won laurels. His favourite studies had, in more recent years, taken the direction of ecclesiastical history; divided between the early Fathers and the heroes of the Reformation in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. His interest in the latter had been quickened by the appearance of those volumes of d’Aubigné that have scarcely sustained or survived the interest they awakened at their birth. Though freely indulging such-like congenial occupations, he had too deep and sacred convictions of the ministerial life and its responsibilities to allow them to absorb his time and strength. Fortunately, he was able, save in inclement seasons, to undertake the one Sunday service; and the church being exceptionally small, no great effort of voice was rendered necessary. The “Study” of

Wetherley was scrupulously tidy—not invariably the accompaniment of genius. It is said of De Quincey, that he used to keep his books in a great wash-tub by his side. Very different was it in the present instance. Mr. Tyndall’s library was by no means large, perhaps for the reason that he was continually weeding it of all that was trashy and nondescript. Dummies and laggards were an offence to him. But his mental companions (generally in irreproachable bindings) were screened in glass cases. Seldom could a volume be found misplaced, if we except the auxiliaries (tools, as he called them) which lay on his desk for immediate use and reference, and which, when their task was fulfilled, were as systematically reposed. The window of this habitual sitting-room looked right up a little valley, hemmed in by the aforesaid green hills. The valley or dell was guiltless of trees, save one white-stemmed birch that looked pensively down on the stream which fed its roots as it hurried by. In the early spring and summer, however, the slopes were golden with broom and whins. Autumn displayed miniature forests of tawny bracken; while, perhaps most enjoyed by him of all, was when winter spread its fantastic wreaths and curvatures of virgin snow—those loveliest of forms on which the human eye can rest. The reference to winter recalls that, though Mr. Tyndall was innocent of any love for domestic pets, canine or feline, we must make exception of a solitary robin which season after season had established very familiar terms with himself and the *débris* of his breakfast table.

To complete this rapid sketch, it must be added that the innate and intuitive love of order just referred to, was amply seconded, perhaps mainly fostered, by a counterpart of the Manse of Taxwood. Like Miss Phemie (only sister instead of Aunt) and as lovable. One of those, happily not seldom found in the world, gifted with many things; but conspicuous among these many things, that best thing, *goodness*. She had the rare art of extracting happiness out of all with which she came in contact; a sunny soul that had eyes only to see brightness and beauty, never unseemliness or distortion; praising all that was praisable, never the converse; in a word, “thinking no evil.” Even at this distance of time she recalls old Rossi’s description of the female artist, Angelica Kauffman—“Hers is the nature of the bee, she only sucks honey from the flowers.” In parochial visits and inquiries, which her brother was unable to make, she was alike a willing and acceptable proxy. Perhaps of many modest efforts, the one she most personally enjoyed was superintending, in the Manse kitchen on Saturday evenings, the distribution of a loan library, instituted mainly for the men of the parish, but embracing a goodly circle of readers. It was always a true pleasure to join her brother in greeting those honest fellows after their day’s toil. They had conjointly, I mean

brother and sister, been most careful in the selection of volumes adapted to the singularly varying tastes of their constituency,—from those whose preferences were in the purely secular direction of Mungo Park, Captain Cook, Robinson Crusoe, and kindred books of travel and adventure; to the opposite pole of the old Scottish divines, from Thomas Boston and Samuel Rutherford to the largely manipulated “Gospel sonnets” of Ralph and Ebenezer Erskine. A great boon to the recipients in the long winter nights were these small intellectual doles, to say nothing of the pleasant personal contact they allowed the invalid pastor to enjoy with many of his flock, which, for reasons already stated, would have been otherwise impossible.

The castle where the young pupil of Italian days and travel was now ensconced as “Lord of the Manor,” was close by. Mr. Tyndall was forbidden, on medical authority, to share its hospitalities. But throughout the year, specially in autumn, when it became the haunt of “good society,” his own Study was now and then brightened by congenial visitors and friends. Several from across the Tweed, who were reared under a different Church ritual, returned to their southern homes with kindlier thoughts than they had been taught to associate with John Knox and his successors. The high-toned Christian character in the Manse, the equally high-toned services in the pulpit, seldom failed to disarm prejudice, conciliate, sometimes prepossess.

“*Able pulpit discourses!*” I have often thought, gentle Reader, with a sigh, in the case of Mr. Tyndall, and many such as he, what the fate is of those brain-webs of patient labour which week after week are fabricated! in plain language, what becomes of the piles of elaborated manuscript sermons? Surely worthy of a better fate than that of dust and darkness and neglect; more frequently, I fear, of incremation. Well, be it so. Other things, thank God, cannot perish. High and noble ideals of life, such as the Manse of Wetherley yielded, are beyond the reach of fire, neglect, oblivion. “No man”—no man such as he at least—“dieth to himself.” Piety, in the true acceptance of the term, seemed with him to deepen and intensify as his too brief years advanced. An early sorrow, well known, but relegated to a sacred nook in his own heart, instead of crushing and prostrating what was highest and best in him, rather transfigured his whole soul and life, and glorified most of all its end. The familiar saying, alas! proved, ere long, to be too true—“The sword was too sharp for the scabbard.” The day at length came when the bow was broken, and when mourners could only speak, through tears, of the many arrows that had sped from it on deathless missions. The uppermost memory of all was that embodied in the funeral prayer, when thanks were rendered for his “Christ-like life.” It is one of

the most beautiful legends of the mediæval Church that an Angel is seated outside the Golden gate waiting to receive the departed spirit at death. This Angel is represented as holding in his hand a likeness of Christ. Resemblance to that likeness is further stated to be the warrant of admission—the passport within the portals.

In this case the “Good and Faithful servant” stood the test, and received the “welcome.”

Christian Emblems.

SHE was only a woman, poor and lone, in a lowly little cot,
Whose chiefest grace was a clean hearth stone, and a floor without a spot:
Each morn she knelt by the empty hearth, and with careful, eydent hand
She laid the faggots in order neat, and then applied the brand.

And when light illumed the little place, as the crackling thorns grew red,
A smile broke over her rugged face, and in prayer she bowed her head;
For sacred emblems stirred her heart, as cold to warmth was turned,
And as she mus'd on heavenly things, the fire within her burned.

She carried her pitcher to the well, and drawing from thence she said,
“I drink of this water and thirst again! but our Great High Priest and Head
Will give me drink from a living stream, whose fountain is never dry—
The quiet floods by the pastures green upspringing perpetually.”

At noon she spread her humble board, and rais'd her eyes to heaven,
And broke her bread, and thanked her Lord for the gracious manna given;
Then rising to wipe her table down, the crumbs that lay scattered there
Became to her the children's crumbs that fall to the Gentiles' share.

She swept her floor, and the prayer rose, “Oh, give me a clean heart, Lord—
Garnished and swept of all its foes, according to Thy Word;
But not that the Wicked One may come my tower to undermine,
And my last state be worse by far, and the arm'd man's fate be mine.

Her candle burned at evening hours, and as she gazed she said,
“No man placeth a bushel thereon, nor putteth it under a bed;
I know I must let my light shine forth, how feeble soever its rays,”
And her tremulous voice, in accents weak, quavered a song of praise.

Her humble couch, with its covering bare, received her weary frame—
“Thank God,” she said, “there remaineth a rest for all who fear His name;
And should my slumber this night be such as no earthly waking knows,
Emmanuel stands with outstretched arms to guard my last repose.”

A. L. O. S.

University Local Examinations.

THOUGH the value of University Local Examinations is becoming more appreciated and better understood, still, we are sometimes asked, What is the use of them? They were instituted by the various Universities of the country to serve as a test of the education received by boys and girls between the ages of thirteen and eighteen, and during the period of their school-life when they are receiving what is called secondary instruction. Those who satisfy the Examiners by passing in the Preliminary Subjects—which every boy and girl must learn, and in at least two special subjects, such as English Literature and Latin, or German and Geography—receive a certificate, which serves as an evidence of a certain attainment of knowledge in the subjects in which the candidate has passed. In the Board Schools, we know, each child must pass in the Standards and satisfy a Government Inspector; but how many children are being educated through the length and breadth of the land whose progress never is tested, and who may be the victims of bad instruction or of idleness? Now these Examinations may be used as a valuable adjunct in private teaching. Take, for example, the case of a private governess and her pupils. Unless the parents take some intelligent supervision of the schoolroom work, it is quite possible, nay, in many cases probable, that time and energies are being wasted. Want of system, want of outside interest, and want of competitive stimulus, may exist, and render home education dull and desultory. We have never found that efficient and conscientious governesses shrink from having their work tested by an examination. It is generally when pupils are being sacrificed to the incompetency of their teachers that objection is made to the Local Examinations. In other houses home education has to take care of itself, under the guidance of parents too busy to attend to it, or of elder sisters, themselves just out of the schoolroom. In such cases the Local Examination would be helpful in giving direction to work, and in testing the results of the amateur teachers. In many schools, both in our large towns and in country places, the preparation for these Examinations would be a great assistance to teachers, and an assurance to parents that their children are receiving an education adapted to their years. We know of one school, the young ladies of which "enjoyed" the Examinations.

There are, as has been already noticed in this Magazine, aids to preparation for these Examinations in the various "Correspondence Classes." It gives some idea of the growing importance of this work to read that in the Correspondence Classes connected with St. George's Hall, Edinburgh, there were last session 900 students. Many have joined these classes who at first had no intention of becoming candidates for examination, but after

six or nine months' study have been induced to try their fate, the result being alike satisfactory to themselves and to their teachers.

We may add, in the interest of the Correspondence Classes, and for the encouragement of young people who do not wish to go up for the Examinations, that by joining these classes not only can help be received in all the usual branches of Education, but such special studies as Drawing and History of Art can be prosecuted. Painting, sculpture, and architecture are subjects full of interest and fascination, and are studies which may well be engaged in when the work of school-days is over. A course of such instruction would, we are sure, enhance the pleasure of a foreign tour to many young travellers, and quicken their intelligent observation of the treasures of Art galleries.

What has been said may help to make the nature of University Local Examinations better understood by parents who are anxious about the education of their children, and who would gladly secure for them the benefit to be derived from having a definite aim. Such an incentive working for an Examination is well fitted to give, and aid to the necessary preparation is open to all who care to avail themselves of the help and guidance provided by the system of instruction by Correspondence, for particulars of which apply to the Secretary, St. George's Hall, Randolph Place, Edinburgh, or to Miss MacArthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Glasgow.

M. M. H.

A Mother's Teaching.

FAITH, HOPE, LOVE.

ON this the blessed day of rest
My little children three
I gather, two are by my side
And one upon my knee.

Their hearts with heavenly truths I feed
—Not setting toilsome task—
But telling of some saintly lives
I thus then simply ask:

"What will you be, my little ones?
Which grace within your hearts
Will brightest shine, when in the world
You come to take your parts?"

"I will be faith, that with clear eye
Looks up to see the Lord,
Then with strong arm slays doubt and fear
With sharp two-edged sword."

"I will be hope, that with bright hues
The future loves to paint,
And speeds on angel wings to those
Who weary are and faint."

"I will be love, that to its heart
Folds all the helpless poor,
The hungry feeds, the naked clothes,
And opens the prison door."

"Nay, little ones! nay! do not part
These heavenly graces three;
But in your lives let mingling blend
Faith, hope, and charity." A. PATON.



Drawn by HUGH CAMERON, R.S.A.

A Mother's Teaching.

“What will you be, my little ones?”
See preceding page.

Engraved by R. PATERSON.

William Carey and the Serampore Mission.

By the Rev. W. W. TULLOCH, B.D., Maxwell Parish, Glasgow.

ON the 31st of May 1792 the Baptist Association met at Nottingham. The preacher of the opening sermon was William Carey. He was then thirty-one years of age, having been born on the 17th of June 1761 in the village of Paulerspury in the county of Northampton. The son of a weaver, he had begun life as a cobbler, but for the last eleven years he had devoted himself to the work of the ministry and teaching. While giving his pupils a lesson in geography, his own mind inflamed by the perusal of Cook's *Voyages round the World*, the thought suddenly struck him with overwhelming force that almost nothing was being done to carry the glad tidings to those who dwelt far away in those distant lands. He saw clearly the Church's duty and recognised his own divine call. While ministering at Moulton he proposed at a gathering of his brethren as a subject for discussion, "The duty of Christians to attempt the spread of the gospel among heathen nations," and was met by the rebuke, the spirit of which was then prevalent even amongst the most devout of ministers, "When God pleases to convert the heathen He will do it without your aid or mine." Nothing daunted, he published at Leicester, where he went to minister in 1789, an essay on the same subject, and at the opening of the Congress at Nottingham he chose as his text Isaiah liv. 2, 3 : and the sermon he then preached was instrumental in creating the Baptist Missionary Society. It was this Society that a year later sent out Carey and his family, along with Captain Thomas, to Calcutta, where they landed on the 11th November 1793. Kiernander had already sown the seeds of Christianity in Calcutta, and benefiting by his experience and labours, Carey set about learning the language, and was soon preaching the gospel in places of public resort. His difficulties commenced with his arrival. He was somewhat disappointed in his companion Thomas. He had to live in a wretched hovel, having sometimes scarcely the bare necessities of existence. His family were in ill health, and he was constantly exposed to the upbraidings of his wife, who had accompanied him very unwillingly. He soon found it necessary to remove to the Sunderbunds, but, finding this district unhealthy and unsuitable for Missionary operations, he undertook the management of an indigo factory at Mudnabutt.

In 1799 Marshman and Ward, along with other missionaries, came out to join the Mission. Owing to the hostility of the East India Company they arrived in an American vessel, and, instead of landing at Calcutta, they proceeded to the Danish settlement at Serampore, about sixteen miles up the river Hooghly. The Danish governor took

them under his protection, and did all he could to persuade them to begin work in his territory, and the result was that instead of joining Carey, Carey joined them. Thus the Baptist Mission was established in Serampore, and thus Carey, Marshman and Ward commenced a lifelong friendship and an immortal work. A large house and grounds were at once purchased, a printing press was set up, and Carey's Bengali New Testament was put into type by Ward. By February 1801 two thousand copies had been issued. Carey carried the first copy into the Church, and while he reverently laid it upon the Communion Table, his companions gathered round and united in a fervent thanksgiving to God. By 1809 the entire Bible was published in Bengali. Carey's labours in the important direction of translation were simply enormous. In 1806, we are told, proposals were issued for the publication of the Scriptures in fifteen Oriental languages, including the Sanscrit, and in 1822 it appears "that the entire Bible had actually been published in six of them, the New Testament in fourteen, while in thirteen others it was then being passed through the press."

Nor was education lost sight of. The boarding schools of Marshman and his wife became not only well known and highly popular, but the revenue derived from them became almost indispensable to the Mission. Vernacular and normal schools were established, and no fewer than forty-five schools were soon in full operation within a circle of twenty miles round Calcutta, in which 2000 children were receiving a first-rate elementary education in their own tongue.

The first Hindoo female convert was baptized in 1801; the first Brahmin in 1803.

Carey was now teacher of Bengali—soon to be made a professor in Fort William College, Calcutta. This appointment was a great triumph, as well as a distinct advantage, to the Missionary cause. Things were prospering with him and his work in every way, yet he was not without many troubles. Death invaded the precincts of the devoted band. The missionaries Grant and Fountain died in 1800, Thomas in the next year. Carey's wife was under "personal restraint" for twelve years, and died in 1806. He himself had a narrow escape from death in 1809. He was nursed through this dangerous fever by his second wife—an admirable woman, with whom he spent some of his happiest as well as most active years. Then in the course of his work he had often to encounter manifestations of the anti-missionary spirit, strong in Government circles; to put up with the indiscretion and inadvertence of his less prudent brethren, specially of some of the younger Missionaries; and he heard afar off, and suffered from, the noise of the storm at home raised by misrepresentations of the labours of himself and his comrades and the charges brought against the character of some of the converts. Then came the

terrible disaster of the fire in the printing press at Serampore, in which the labours of twelve years were destroyed in a few hours. The extent of the damage and the terrible nature of the loss to Carey may be guessed when we consider the work he was busy at besides the many translations of the Scriptures in which he was engaged. He had published grammars of the Sanscrit, Bengali, and Mahratta languages, and he had in the press various other grammars. A Bengali dictionary was also in the press, and he was collecting materials for another of the Oriental languages derived from Sanscrit, with the corresponding words in Greek and Hebrew. No wonder, then, when the news of the fire reached him, and the loss of so many precious manuscripts, he was so stunned that he could not utter a word. Afterwards he was able to write, "The ground must be laboured over again, but we are not discouraged; indeed the work is already begun in every language; we are cast down, but not in despair."

Notwithstanding all this, the great work went on. In ten years stations had been established in various parts of Bengal, at Patna, in Burmah, and on the borders of Bhotan and Orissa. Ere Fuller died in 1815, he had the joy of knowing that the progress was great and genuine. Nearly 700 converts had been baptized; 10,000 heathen children educated, and the Bible, or great parts of it, could be read in twenty-seven languages.

During these years of activity the conviction he had always cherished steadily increased, that the great power for accomplishing the downfall of the heathen stronghold was native preaching. For the training of these native teachers and preachers, Serampore College was started. It was open, also, to all students, whatever their religion or caste. The spirit animating Carey and his coadjutors in this, as in all their other labours at Serampore, was broad and catholic. They recognised that a training, purely theological, though good and necessary as far as it went, was not enough to afford the highest Christian culture. And while they thus endeavoured to impart to their students knowledge of all kinds, they were chiefly concerned that they should have within their hearts the spirit and essence of Christianity, rather than they should be merely stereotyped representatives of any particular form of it. Denmark and India helped them to establish their College. England, though visited by Ward specially with the view of raising money for this purpose, held aloof. Nevertheless, after great exertions, a building, which cost £15,000, was erected, and the College fairly started. It was the first of its kind in India, and its institution marks a new departure in the work of evangelisation. In connection with it numerous schools were formed in the neighbourhood, under the successful charge of Marshman's eldest son. A savings bank was also started at Serampore, and we may here mention, as indicative of Carey's

zeal in all directions, that he founded in Calcutta—what has become one of the great institutions of the country—the Agricultural and Horticultural Society.

Shoulder to shoulder, in work and warfare, in disappointment and apparent defeat, had the Serampore triumvirate stood all these years, but now the triple tie was to be broken. In 1823 Ward died very suddenly of cholera. The sorrow of both Carey and Marshman may be summed up in the words of the latter. "I have lost the desire to live except for the Redeemer's cause." Carey himself was dangerously ill, and sorrows and anxieties multiplied. Neither his personal affairs nor the affairs of the Mission prospered. Home supplies were stopped, and the professorships in King William's College abolished. Yet his spirit did not forsake him, nor did he leave off any of his duties. In 1829 a great joy was given him. For years he had prayed for it, and now Suttee was abolished by law. The original enactment reached him on a Sunday for translation. He at once set to work, exclaiming, "No church for me to-day. If I delay an hour to translate and publish this, many a widow's life may be sacrificed." In 1833 a great wave of commercial disaster broke over Calcutta, and, but for the generosity of Mr. Garrett, the Serampore Mission, with its sixteen stations and forty-seven workers, would have been ruined.

If there were troubles without, there was however peace within. His heart was filled with the light that comes at eventide to the good man, the patient worker, the soul at rest in Christ. "The gospel," which he had done so much to extend was "true," and that was "everything" to him. Dr. Duff visited him on his deathbed. He naturally talked to the old man of his missionary labours, and of all that he had accomplished, till he was interrupted by a request to pray. Duff did so, and then said "Good-bye." As he was leaving, Dr. Carey called him back, and in a feeble voice said to him, "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Carey, Dr. Carey; when I am gone say nothing about Dr. Carey, speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." He died about sunrise on the 9th of June 1834, and next morning he was laid to his rest in the Mission burying-ground, where now reposes, along with his own, the dust of three generations of native converts. Surely we may look with joyful hope—Until the day dawn and they awake together! On Sunday Dr. Marshman preached his funeral sermon, and on the Monday evening the strains of the Bengali hymn, *Pæritran Krister morone*, "Salvation by the death of Christ," rose from sorrowful hearts. Prau Krishnu, the oldest disciple, prayed, and Mr. Mack, who had been the greatest help to him and to the Mission during these last years, spoke to the band of mourners from Carey's Bengali translation of the words, "So David, after he had served his own

generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." This is the inscription on his grave, *William Carey*, born August 17, 1761; died [June 9, 1834].

"A wretched poor and helpless worm,
On Thy kind arms I fell."

This, and by his own direction "nothing more," marks the last resting place of one who has been well called an "Eastern Wicliff," the "pioneer of Bible translation and Christian literature in India."

A Minister's Thanks to the Afflicted.

By Rev. JOHN ALEXANDER, M.A., Symington, Biggar.

WE are sure that you who have been laid aside for years are often tempted to believe that you are of no use in the world. Sad thoughts will come up, disquieting imaginings will disturb the mind, the tempter will raise doubts, and all these unite in discouraging and making you unhappy. You do not want to mourn, to complain, to murmur, you try to dismiss every unkind thought of God, and you cling more firmly to your belief in Him as a loving kind Father, but still there are these great realities of your present life, your sufferings, your pains, your loneliness, your feeling vexed to find that you cannot do some active work, cannot do what you would like, viz. have your share in bearing the burdens of others instead of being burdens yourselves. Now we wish to try to comfort you a little by saying that really we who are in health and strength, busy with the cares and duties of life, cannot do without you. This does seem strange, you say. Yet it is true. We cannot do without you. We would have you all go in and out amongst us rejoicing in health and strength,—we would have you all to be freed from your physical pain, to be eased of your severe sufferings, and raised to be of those who serve, but still we cannot do without you. For little do you know how great good you do those who visit you. Little do you know how much comfort and strength you impart, how many a weary load is made to feel lighter through your patient, quiet way of bearing things. When desponding, low in spirits, sad and vexed over some trifling trouble, or some great trouble, what do you think we say to ourselves? We must go and see our sick ones. And we enter where you are lying,—you seem pleased to see us, and look your thanks: you have lain for many years, you have your days of severe suffering, you have sometimes not the comforts of many around you, and yet what do we find you doing? Why, you speak very little about yourselves, and seem so much concerned about the good of others that you forget your own troubles. And when we find you, with so much to complain of, losing sight of them in your interest in others, we see the secret we are in search of—we are to look away from ourselves and consider others.

Then when we speak of Jesus your faces lighten

up with such a glow of pleasure that we say to ourselves, Jesus is indeed precious, He is truly loved, He gives peace, He ministers comfort, He fills the soul with joy. Ah! it is at your bedside when reading and telling of Jesus, of His love and of His promises, that we get the greatest encouragement to go and tell others that He is worthy of all honour and worship, that He is the only one who can make truly happy.

It is often from your lips, or while speaking ourselves to you, that we get something from God to say to them who are active, and are bearing the burden and heat of the day. We are tired, fatigued, and need to be refreshed ourselves, but the very exertion of speaking to you revives us; thought, memory are quickened, the word is caught at, and we go from you often with the text which has got hold of us, and which we were longing for so earnestly.

Again, where do we find our Aarons and Hurs? Who hold up our hands and wrestle with God on our behalf? To whom do we say, "Pray for us, remember us, bear us on your heart at the throne of grace"? From whom do we get the ready answer, "That we will," but from yourselves? Little do you think that oftentimes, when we are pleading publicly with the Almighty, you come into our minds; we see you lying, we hear you praying, we realise your deep sympathy and tender love, and we are stirred up to plead with God in no formal manner.

Ah! dear, suffering, afflicted ones, be comforted, be cheered, for we gladly bear testimony to the great good you do us. Often our happiest and most profitable moments are spent with you, for then we are led to see how grateful we should be that we are not afflicted as you are; we learn to forget our little troubles; we discover what strong, earnest pleaders with God on our behalf we have; we have made known to us the power which comes from loving the souls of others, and we feel stirred up to go to our duties because you have given us to know something more of Jesus whom we love, and who will take you and us to dwell in heaven above, where "there shall be no sorrow, nor crying, neither any more pain; for the former things are passed away" (Rev. xxi. 4).

The Artificial Flower Maker.

A LESSON IN CONTENTMENT, FROM REAL LIFE.

(IN TWO CHAPTERS.)

By JANE M. KIPPEN, Author of "Flora MacLean's Reward," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A NEW EXPERIENCE IN LIFE.

IN recalling an incident of my early life, with the hope of enforcing on the reader such a lesson as was then brought home to my own heart, memory carries me back to a certain bright summer day

when I walked along the west-end suburbs of Glasgow, on my way to visit a friend.

Early morning showers had laid the dust of the streets, and freshened the air pleasantly. And now a soft, balmy breeze, driving white fleecy clouds over a sky unusually clear and blue for that generally smoky atmosphere, helped to temper the heat of the midday sun, while tending to raise the spirits and impart elasticity to the step and vigour to the frame. But, though then in the very prime of youth and health, and with no real cause of disquietude, I was indulging feelings of discontent which I would have shrunk from any one discovering, especially the dear friend I was going to see.

A few years previous to this time a change of circumstances consequent on my father's death had compelled my mother to dispose of our pretty villa, in the neighbourhood of one of those beautiful watering-places for which the Firth of Clyde is celebrated, and to remove with her family to Glasgow.

Her chief reason for this step was inability, owing to a greatly-diminished income, to live in the style to which we had hitherto been accustomed; her chief motive for fixing on Glasgow as our new place of residence, the hope of obtaining employment for her two sons, now entering on that period of life when a widowed mother's anxieties for their future are naturally awakened. Not without hesitation had our mother brought her mind to adopt this resolution. For, dearly loving, as we all did, our sweet home at the coast, hallowed to us by the memory of many happy years spent with our dear departed father there, it cost us all an indescribable pang to leave it. But a sense of duty to her children, strengthened by habitual resignation to the will of God, had carried our excellent surviving parent through this trial, and even rendered the necessary accompanying sacrifices and exertions comparatively easy to her.

And now, cheerful and contented, she set us a bright example of self-denying energy in daily life, by doing everything in her power to reconcile us to the change, and to render our new home happy and comfortable. And soon she was rewarded in the accomplishment of her principal object by securing, through the interest of old friends of my father's, promising openings in business for both of my brothers. But very different, I blush to own, was the spirit in which I had met this reverse of circumstances.

Instead of trying to copy her example of quiet submission to the inevitable, I was constantly murmuring and complaining on account of the many deprivations, real or imaginary, to which it had subjected us, myself especially, as, of course, self is ever uppermost in the thoughts of those given to indulge such sinful feelings. And now, as I pursued my way through a succession of fine terraces and crescents (our own residence being a top flat in a rather obscure quarter, far west from the then prin-

cipal and most fashionable localities), such unworthy reflections as the following occupied my mind:—"What a hard fate mine is, to be cooped up in a mean suburb of this great, smoky city, and in a crowded, common tenement up two pairs of stairs, while almost all my acquaintances"—glancing, as I passed, at the invariably papered-up windows of successive rows of elegant, stately mansions—"are enjoying this delightful weather at one or other of those charming places down the coast, where we used to live!" And I sighed deeply as a vision arose to my mind's eye of the blue waters of the Clyde and those of its tributary lochs, now rippling and sparkling beneath the beams of a sun which seemed scarcely the same to me when shining on the deserted terraces of the Park, and lighting up the—to my fancy—already darkening foliage of its trees and evergreens. "This park is all very well, a wonderful privilege to the working-classes, who have probably never known anything better"—I continued to muse; "but its wearisome monotony, its everlasting sameness, make it a poor substitute for the varying beauties of the scenery to which I was so long accustomed, with its rippling waves, its pebbly beach, its delightful fresh breezes, and its grand mountains! And then our own lovely villa, with its green lawn—oh, so different from this dingy olive grass!—its flowers, its roses and fuchsias, so superior to those of their boasted Botanic Garden here! And above all, our delightful boating excursions, our fishing and rowing matches, our picnics in the woods! And now, to think that my brothers, after toiling at their desks all day, have no amusement but playing in that eternal bowling-green opposite our windows—it makes me sick to look at it night after night. And I still worse off—the few acquaintances I have away to the coast or country, and not a soul to speak to the whole livelong day! I wonder if any one besides myself was ever placed in a position so unlike what I would have chosen if I could!"

O most inconsiderate, selfish creature! In my absorbing feelings of envy for those enjoying superior advantages to myself, not one thought of the multitudes in that very city pent up in squalid lanes, inhabiting close, stifling garrets, or breathing the vitiated air of crowded factories, perhaps pining in hopeless poverty and want, or tossed on miserable beds of sickness or racking pain, without one of the many comforts left to me, but now overlooked and forgotten in my sinful, ungrateful spirit of discontent.

Ere that day closed I was to receive a needed lesson, a striking rebuke to that unworthy repining temper of mind, in the discovery of a new phase of existence, and that among my own class of society—a glimpse of a life of toil and privation as yet undreamt of in my calculations. While still indulging such reflections, I reached the residence of Miss Walton, situated in Sauchiehall Street, like our own, a top flat, and in one respect,

to my ideas, more objectionable, being up three instead of two pairs of stairs.

I found my friend in her pretty little drawing-room, a very model of taste and neatness, with its open windows admitting the fresh, pleasant air, and looking across the street to a row of old-fashioned villas, whose trees, shrubberies, and flower-borders gave somewhat of a rural aspect to the view, from which circumstance, as well as from its central position, and the moderate rent suiting her slender means, Miss Walton had chosen this locality.

Though almost entirely confined to her sofa by an affection of the spine, no one, from her cheerful appearance and constant lively flow of spirits, would have supposed her an invalid. And while considerably past middle age, her face still retained much of youth's comeliness, and wore an expression of kindness and serenity, the outward index of a mind at peace with God and man. For Miss Walton was a Christian in the truest sense; "doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with her God;" her consistent piety evinced not by high-sounding profession, but by untiring efforts to help and benefit her fellow-creatures; unostentatious deeds of benevolence done for the sake of that Saviour whom she loved and served with all her heart. She greeted me with her usual cordiality, expressing her pleasure at seeing me in a manner very soothing under the then state of my feelings.

"Come away, my dear," she said. "It does one's heart good to see your blooming face; and you are looking so nice in your pretty new summer dress which you've made up so neatly. It really does you great credit." For she knew that the lilac muslin I wore, a gift from a friend, had been my first effort in dressmaking; and one of the many lovable features of her character was a willingness to gratify by always bestowing commendation where she considered it due.

"And you," I replied, anxious to say something pleasant in return, "are as usual busy with your pretty handiwork." And I took up and admired some pincushions, needlebooks, and penwipers, in the manufacture of which and similar articles she was quite an adept.

"Yes; my charity-box wants replenishing, and I'm getting those ready before the return of my kind friends from the coast, in hopes of finding purchasers for them."

"How I wish I could buy some of them!" I replied; "but unfortunately, I've nothing in my power in that way, as you know."

"Never mind, my love. Be thankful that you have other ways of doing good; if it were only by showing an example of cheerful contentment for the many blessings you enjoy, which I am sure you are always willing to do."

Naturally wincing under this remark, considering my present very opposite mood of mind, I changed

the subject by turning to admire a beautiful bouquet of flowers set in a glass on a side-table near a window.

"How kind your friends are in keeping you supplied with such lovely flowers as you always have, Miss Walton," I said, bending over the nose-gay to inhale its fragrance. But I started in extreme surprise on discovering that it was destitute of perfume, the flowers being artificial, and made of paper of various colours!

Miss Walton laughed merrily, much enjoying the compliment to her bouquet implied in my mistake. "How delighted and proud the poor old lady that made them will be, to hear that her artificial flowers have been taken for real!" she exclaimed.

"You don't mean to say that those exquisite flowers are actually the work of an old lady?" I rejoined in increased surprise.

"Not only so, Ella, but her chief means of support," was the reply.

And in answer to my eager questions, Miss Walton proceeded to tell me her remarkable history.

Her father, she said, had been a merchant belonging to the city, and her only brother a colonel in the army. On the death of the latter, who was long laid aside from active service in consequence of wounds received in battle, his two surviving sisters had invested the little money he bequeathed to them, along with their still smaller patrimony, on a security which had turned out so ill that all they possessed in the world was lost. And now, with the exception of a very slender annuity from the Fund for Indigent Gentlewomen, they had nothing to depend on for subsistence but the proceeds of the sale of those flowers made by the younger of the two, the elder having been for years a confirmed invalid from asthma and other complaints. "And think of them, Ella," she concluded, "living in a close, ill-aired attic in the High Street; the one toiling at a work miserably paid even when successful in getting orders, generally 'few and far between;' and the other, wearing out a dreary, suffering existence, without the means of procuring one single comfort which her state of health so urgently requires. The friend who made me acquainted with their case said she never would forget the affecting sight of the two—the younger thus employed, and the poor invalid, in her intervals of suffering, sitting up in bed, and trying to assist in cutting out part of the flowers."

I, too, was deeply affected on hearing this sad story, the more so that my pity for those poor ladies was intensified by a conviction of my extreme sinfulness in having so recently given way to such shameful feelings of discontent with a lot which, when contrasted with theirs, seemed now the very acme of comfort and happiness.

"I shall try to do something to help them," I exclaimed, impulsively, after expressing so much of those feelings as was unconnected with shame

and remorse; "perhaps I may induce some of my friends to give me orders for their flowers. I have scarcely any one in town at present to apply to, but I shall write and tell them about this sad case, and surely I'll succeed with some of them."

"Do so, dear Ella," said Miss Walton, evidently pleased with my proposal, "and doubtless God will prosper your kind efforts on behalf of those poor old ladies."

In a very different temper of mind from what I had indulged on my way down did I now pursue my walk homewards. And the resolution born of my interest in, and desire to benefit, those whose sad case had produced the happy effect of stirring up the better feelings of my nature, now helped to impart a buoyancy to my step and an exhilaration to my spirits, which two hours earlier I could not have imagined possible.

The streets appeared handsomer and much less deserted than before, while the grass and trees in the park seemed actually to have changed their dingy hue to one of renewed verdure.

And the kindly greeting of my mother as she hailed my return to our "top flat" sounded in my ears like the sweetest of music. Are any of my readers prone to such unworthy feelings as possessed the ascendancy over me till thus dislodged? I should advise a similar method of ridding their minds of such guests.

Life and Work Notes.

WE hear with pleasure that Branches of the Young Men's Guild are increasing in number throughout Scotland. Every month reports are being received of Young Men's Societies desiring to be affiliated, and of others being started in parishes where hitherto there had been none. A Branch of the Guild has just been established in the Parish of Ellon, Aberdeenshire. It is thus noticed in Ellon Parish Magazine:—"We had an interesting meeting in the Church on the evening of the Fast-Day, which was attended by, among others, nearly all the members of the Kirk-Session. The Rev. Thomas Burns, Edinburgh, a deputy from the Christian Life and Work Committee, spoke of the general advantages of the Young Men's Guilds; and the Rev. James Cooper, M.A., Aberdeen, gave a detailed account of the working of the Guild in his parish. Mr. Rae, Mr. Spittal, and Mr. Copland said each a word in favour of forming a Guild in Ellon—the last named moving a vote of thanks to the deputies. A meeting was afterwards held, when a Provisional Committee was appointed to draw up a Constitution, to be submitted to a future meeting of those intending to join the Guild." We wish this Branch every success, and hope that the example of Ellon will be followed by other parishes throughout Scotland where no Branch as yet exists.

Many of the September Supplements to "Life and Work" have reached us. Not a few of them are edited on this occasion from remote places by busy ministers enjoying a well-earned holiday. Their parishes will be no losers. They will preach and visit with a fresh heart when work is resumed.

The Lanark Presbytery Supplement is well maintained. Among the articles is an excellent Health Lecture by Dr. A. Turnbull Smith, Glasgow.

Perhaps the most interesting of the Supplements is one for August, giving indication of having been disinfected at some frontier. It is from St. Andrew's Church,

Alexandria, Egypt, and the Editor, Rev. W. Kean, has not been resting, but has been over-tasking his strength by going about to cheer and help the cholera patients. He does not say this; we happen to know it. He only says, in recording the deaths of members of the Congregation, "We have all been passing through a serious time, with death very near to us." Otherwise the Supplement is a record of school-work, Bethel-work, temperance-work, etc.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1, 2. Find eleven miracles in the history of Elijah in 1 Kings and 2 Kings. 3. Find two of these used in a New Testament epistle to illustrate the power of prayer. 4. Which of them would Jesus not allow His disciples to imitate? and why? 5. Find mention in Hebrews of another who was translated without seeing death. 6. Find in Romans a reference to Elijah. 7. Where is the Old Testament prophecy that Elijah should come again? 8. In whom did Jesus say that that prophecy was fulfilled? 9. What do we find that Elijah spoke of at the Transfiguration? 10. Find that at the Crucifixion the Jews thought of the coming of Elijah.

ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Amos 1. 1; Zech. 14. 5. 2. 1 Sam. 28. 11-20. 3. Isa. 14. 9-19. 4. Moses, Deut. 34. 5-7; Elijah, 2 Kings 2. 11. 5. Abraham and Isaac, James 1. 21; Rahab, 1. 25; Job, 5. 11; Elijah, 5. 17. 6. Nazarenes, Luke 4. 30; Jews, John 10. 31, 39. 7. Officers of Sanhedrim, John 7. 46; band from the priests, John 18. 6. 8-10. Acts 6. 7; Simon Magus, 8. 13, 23; Barnabas, 15. 39.

Calendar for October.

1	M.	<i>New Moon.</i> The Lord will prosper thy way.—Gen. 24.
2	Tu.	A contrite heart Thou wilt not despise.—Ps. 51. 17. [40.]
3	W.	Unto God belong the issues from death.—Ps. 68. 20.
4	Th.	Light is sown for the righteous.—Ps. 97. 11.
5	F.	He that believeth shall not make haste.—Isa. 28. 16.
6	Sa.	In confidence shall be your strength.—Isa. 30. 15.
7	Su.	Your little ones—them will I bring in.—Num. 14. 31.
8	M.	Hath He said, and shall He not do it?—Num. 23. 19.
9	Tu.	Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.—Isa. 55. 6.
10	W.	Be renewed in the spirit of your mind.—Eph. 4. 23.
11	Th.	Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.—John 21. 15.
12	F.	Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake?—John 13. 38.
13	Sa.	First be reconciled to thy brother.—Matt. 5. 24. [32.]
14	Su.	<i>Collection for Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.</i> —Lev. 19.
15	M.	I am a stranger and a sojourner.—Gen. 23. 4. [49. 25.]
16	Tu.	<i>Full Moon. Partial Eclipse of Moon. High Tides.</i> —Gen.
17	W.	<i>High Tides.</i> Known unto God are all His works.—Acts
18	Th.	We all do fade as a leaf.—Isa. 64. 6. [15. 18.]
19	F.	My soul shall be joyful in my God.—Isa. 61. 10.
20	Sa.	Enter into thy closet, and pray.—Matt. 6. 6.
21	Su.	The Son of Man is Lord of the Sabbath.—Matt. 12. 8.
22	M.	Filled with the Spirit of God to work.—Exod. 31. 3, 4.
23	Tu.	Great shall be the peace of Thy children.—Isa. 54. 13.
24	W.	Obey them that have the rule over you.—Heb. 13. 17.
25	Th.	We count them happy which endure.—James 5. 11.
26	F.	What will ye do in the day of visitation?—Isa. 10. 3.
27	Sa.	Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.—Ps. 61. 2.
28	Su.	The House of God the gate of heaven.—Gen. 28. 17.
29	M.	One greater than the temple.—Matt. 12. 6.
30	Tu.	<i>New Moon.</i> Comest Thou to me?—Matt. 3. 14. [1. 24.]
31	W.	<i>Hallowmas Eve.</i> Thou knowest the hearts of all.—Acts

NOVEMBER.

1	Th.	Enter ye in at the strait gate.—Matt. 7. 13.
2	F.	Not crowned, except he strive lawfully.—2 Tim. 2. 5.
3	Sa.	Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Matt. 7. 7.
4	Su.	I will bless thee; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12. 2.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1883.

Seat-letting.—The following are the days appointed for this purpose:—Thursday the 15th, and Friday the 16th current, from 2 till 5 o'clock P.M.; and on the evening of Friday the 16th, from 7.30 till 9 o'clock, to let the Sittings to present occupants for the year to Martinmas 1884; also on Friday the 23d current, from 2 till 4 o'clock, to let any Sittings not then retaken.

It may be mentioned for the information of Parishioners that considerable changes have recently been made in the way of rearranging the prices of Seats, especially in the gallery, to the extent, even, of somewhat diminishing the rental. Seat rents in parish churches are, no doubt, an anomaly, but much as we may deplore the existence of such a system, there seems, meanwhile, to be no escape from it. In present circumstances, whether we like it or not, this undoubtedly constitutes one of the most essential elements of the material power and stability of a congregation, a fact of which too many in our churches seem to be forgetful.

Congregational Prayer Meeting.—This Service will commence on Thursday the 8th November at 3 o'clock. On that day the address will have special reference to the Female Missions of the Church of Scotland. After the beginning of December the Prayer Meeting will be held in the large hall of the Parochial Buildings, but meanwhile it will be in the Church as formerly. It is to be hoped that one good effect of holding it under somewhat more favourable circumstances as regards warmth and comfort than can usually be obtained in such a large building as St. Stephen's on a week day, may be visible in a larger attendance.

Bible Classes.—The *Monday Evening Bible Class* and *Young Women's Association* will resume in Jamaica Street Mission Hall (during November), on the 5th November at 8 o'clock. The subjects for this session embrace—"Lessons from the lives of Daniel and Nehemiah," by Dr. Macleod; "Old Testament types in the light of New Testament teaching," by Mr. Playfair; and at all the meetings "readings from the *Pilgrim's Progress*."

The *Thursday Afternoon Class* or *Bible Reading* will be resumed on the 15th at 3.15.

Sabbath Morning Christian Fellowship Association.—The first meeting will be held in Jamaica Street Hall on the morning of Sunday, the 4th November, at 10 o'clock, when the opening address will be given by Mr. Colin G. Macrae, W.S. The attendance of young men is earnestly requested.

It may here be mentioned that a "St. Stephen's Bible Class Guild" has been formed, consisting chiefly of young men who are or have been members of Mr. Macrae's class. It is to be an "undenominational" branch of the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild or Union, its objects being the general improvement of young men—both spiritually and intellectually—by means of the Bible Class, Course of Lectures, Literary Society, Library, Mis-

sion Committee, etc. We are sure that all will watch its progress with interest and sympathy.

The Office-bearers are:—

Hon. Presidents—Dr. Macleod and Colin G. Macrae, Esq.

President—James W. Swan.

Secretary—James Mill.

Treasurer—John MacReadie.

Workers' Monthly Meeting on the first Tuesday of November at 3 o'clock (Jamaica St. Hall). District Visitors, Sunday School Teachers, Collectors, and all other workers invited, and all who may wish to give their help in any department of the Church's work. The object of the Meeting is to ask God's blessing on all our work, and to transact any business which has to be done.

Children's Church.—Mr. Playfair will resume the Children's Church in Horne Lane Hall on the first Sunday of November at 11.15. This, as well as all other meetings, will of course be transferred to the new buildings whenever they are ready, which will be before the end of the month.

Evening Service.—As has been intimated already from the pulpit, it is intended to make the experiment of having a *Monthly Evening Service* in St. Stephen's on the *first Sunday* of every month at 7 o'clock. On that day the *Afternoon Service* (which is to commence hereafter at 2.30) will be for *children*, though, of course, any others who care to attend will be welcome. The *Children's Service* will not occupy more than an hour. Will parents and others kindly do their best to make it successful?

Sabbath School Library.—This Library, which is largely used, has fallen into an unsatisfactory state. It is believed that about £12 could go far to re-establish it. This opportunity is therefore taken of appealing to the Congregation kindly to contribute that sum. Some may perhaps be able to assist by sending suitable books. Bound or unbound copies of such magazines as the "Leisure Hour," "Sunday at Home," etc., are found very useful. Over and above this, however, we will certainly need £12 worth of new books. Contributions towards this very important object may be sent to William Finlay, Esq., 16 Belgrave Crescent, or W. P. Hardie, Esq., 4 Scotland Street, and these will be acknowledged in a future Magazine. It will be an additional kindness if those who are disposed to assist will send in their contributions before the end of this month, so that immediate steps may be taken to place the Library on a proper footing.

The Musical Society.—The object of this Society is the cultivation of musical knowledge. It is very desirable that there should be as large a membership as possible connected with the Congregation. Hitherto the meetings have been held in the afternoon, but it is proposed, during the ensuing winter, to have them upon Wednesday evenings in the Hall of the Parochial Buildings at 8 o'clock. It is hoped that the Congregation and Parishioners will largely take advantage of the oppor-

tunity thus afforded to them of musical training, and that the Service of Praise in Church will be thereby improved.

The music to be practised will include secular as well as sacred pieces, and it is in contemplation that during the winter the Society should give two or three public recitals for the benefit of the Parishioners.

The first Meeting will be held in the Hall on the evening of the first Wednesday after the public opening of the Parochial Buildings. At present it is impossible to give the date more precisely, but it is not likely to be later than the third week of November.

Subscription 2s. 6d., exclusive of music. Names will be enrolled by Mr. Bilton, 21 Hill Street, Honorary Secretary, before and after the Meeting.

Temperance and Total Abstinence Association.—The first of a Course of Public Lectures in connection with this Association will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. MacGregor of St. Cuthbert's in the new Hall on the evening of Tuesday, December 4, at 8 P.M. It is intended that there should be a Monthly Lecture till May, and members of the Congregation generally are very particularly invited to give their attendance on these occasions. It must obviously be a cause of regret and even humiliation if distinguished lecturers, as has happened more than once already in much smaller halls than our new one will be, are allowed to speak to almost empty benches. This is a matter which needs to be carefully attended to.

St. Stephen's Association in Support of the Female Missions of the Church of Scotland.

The Committee have the pleasure of announcing to the members of the Congregation that the Collectors will wait upon them in the course of this month for the purpose of receiving contributions for the Female Missions of the Church of Scotland.

They do not think it necessary to give any formal report of the Indian and Jewish Associations, as the work carried on by them must be familiar to the Congregation from the authorised periodicals of the Church, and the Annual Reports will be found in the April and July numbers of the NEWS OF FEMALE MISSIONS.

Every year's experience shows that for the evangelisation of the women of India female agency must be employed, and this being the case, the Ladies' Association is acknowledged as necessary to the General Assembly's Schemes. It must be borne in mind, however, that while it is sanctioned by the General Assembly and co-operates with its Committees, it is not maintained from the same funds, but by what is collected either congregationally or by individuals.

The Committee is persuaded that the best way of supporting this Association is by systematic collecting, and therefore (as has been explained in former reports) the Congregation is divided into districts, with a Collector appointed to each, and they earnestly hope that members will kindly give their contributions to their Collector. They would further request that members who reside in the outskirts of the town, and are not waited on early in the month, will send their contribution to Mrs. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row, Treasurer of the Association, or to any of the members of Committee.

Last year £18 : 10 : 6 was collected for the Ladies'

Indian Association; this included £6 from the girls of the Sabbath School for the support of an Orphan at Calcutta. It must be remembered that this sum is given to the GENERAL FUND. The Congregation, besides, pay Miss Gordon's salary from their special Pursewaukum Fund, of which a separate report is given.

For the Ladies' Jewish Association £43 : 11s. was contributed. The Committee trust a still larger sum may be contributed to this very important Association.

The home Scheme embraced is the Gaelic School and Bursary Fund, to which last year £29 : 11s. was contributed, besides some other sums that were not paid through the Association. This is a valuable Scheme for helping Gaelic-speaking lads to be educated with a view to their entering on a University training for the ministry.

The Committee would commend these objects to the sympathies of the Congregation, and urge that liberal support should be given, that we may thus prove that we value our own privileges so highly that we would they were extended to others less highly favoured throughout the world, that they too may be brought to participate with us in the blessings of the gospel of Christ. "Unto whom much is given, of him shall much be required." "Freely ye have received, freely give."

COMMITTEE.

Lady Gillespie.	Mrs. Macleod, <i>President</i> .
Mrs. MacNab.	Mrs. Stevenson, <i>Treasurer</i> .
Miss Blackwood.	Miss Tawse, <i>Secretary</i> .

COLLECTORS.

Mrs. Bilton, 17 Lennox Street.
 Mrs. Girdwood, 30 Moray Place.
 Mrs. Hardie, 4 Scotland Street.
 Mrs. Robertson, 27 Saxe-Coburg Place.
 Mrs. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row.
 Miss Boyd, 7 Dean Terrace.
 Miss Brodie, 29 Howe Street.
 Miss Cosens, 81 Great King Street.
 Miss Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace.
 Miss Jameson, 2 Abbotsford Park.
 Miss I. Kennedy, 71 Great King Street.
 Miss Leishman, 4 Douglas Crescent.
 Miss Mann, 22 Raeburn Place.
 Miss MacNab, 22 Howard Place.
 Miss Pott, 1 Inverleith Row.
 Miss Shepherd, 3 Gloucester Place.
 Miss Stewart, 61 Northumberland Street.
 Miss Symington, 13 Dundas Street.
 Miss C. Tawse, 11 Royal Terrace.
 Miss Walker, 31 Buckingham Terrace.

The Collection for Miss Gordon's work at Madras will be made in connection with the objects above mentioned. A separate report will be issued, to which special attention is now directed.

Collections for November.—Two Collections fall to be made this month. One for the AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' Fund on the 11th, and the usual INFIRMARY Collection on the LAST Sunday, the 25th. The title of the first almost sufficiently explains its purpose. The object commends itself increasingly to the best friends of our Church as most worthy of support. The Infirmary Collection never fails to awaken sympathy, and we hope that St. Stephen's will not lose that honourable place it has long taken in connection with this matter.



NOVEMBER 1883.

Sermon.

THE TENTH COMMANDMENT.

By the Rev. J. W. FLEMING, B.D., Buenos Ayres.

“*Thou shalt not covet.*”—EXODUS xx. 17.

OF all the commandments this is perhaps the least thought of. Usually, when we do a wrong thing, the feeling comes into our minds that we have broken a commandment. If we have told an untruth, conscience is very apt to call out, “Thou shalt not bear false witness;” and even if we have lost our temper, we often think of our Lord’s exposition of the words, “Thou shalt not kill.” But when does the thought arise, “I have broken the *tenth* commandment”? How seldom do we say to ourselves, “I have been guilty of coveting;” or, “I have resisted that temptation to covet.” And yet, if the explanations which we are going to give be correct, it is broken far more frequently than any of the others or than all of them put together. For it is the only commandment that directly speaks of the state of the heart.

Perhaps one reason why we do not quite grasp the meaning of this commandment is the Oriental—or to speak more correctly the Arab—form in which it is cast. We are told not to covet our neighbour’s wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass. Now at first sight, and without looking at what these things signify, most of us would be prepared to say that we rarely or never do covet such things. Coveting our neighbour’s *house* is perhaps a sin we would at times acknowledge, but not often; and then the words “anything that is thy neighbour’s,” are so very general that we miss any specific force in them. These may be some of the reasons why this command is so little thought of, and perhaps also because the word “*covet*” is anything but a simple word. We seldom use it in everyday life, and if we turn to our version of the Scriptures for a meaning the result is rather confusing. We find several words used to represent this sin. But what complicates the matter is, that we find “*covet*” sometimes used in a good sense. St. Paul says, “Covet earnestly the best gifts,” and again, “Covet to prophesy;” yet the same apostle says that it was because the law said, “Thou shalt not covet,” that he got to know what sin was. Christ says, “Take heed and beware of covetousness;” and enforces this by the very striking and awful parable of “the rich

fool.” Covetousness is called idolatry, and the covetous man is over and over again singled out as one of those who will be doomed at the last day.

In the commandment itself the word means simply to “*desire.*” “Thou shalt not *desire* thy neighbour’s house, nor anything that is thy neighbour’s.” In other places we find it has the meaning of “*fixing the mind on a thing,*” of “*extending the arms for anything,*” of “*gaining dishonestly,*” of “*wishing for more;*” and there is a peculiar meaning where it signifies “*the love of money;*” for example, we read, “Let your conversation be without *covetousness*”—literally, “Let your turn of mind be free from *the love of money.*”

Having now tried to define the word “*covet,*” let us attempt to explain shortly the meaning of the Tenth Commandment. To accomplish this we cannot do better than turn to the exposition given in our own Shorter Catechism. There we are told that the Tenth Commandment forbids all discontent with our own estate, envying or grieving at the good of our neighbour, and all inordinate desires towards anything that is his. It calls us, on the other hand, to be contented with our own condition, and to “*have a right and charitable frame of spirit towards our neighbour and all that is his.*” No one can thoughtfully read these words without seeing what a sweep this commandment has; and as a matter of fact it is even wider than at first sight appears from these explanations.

We may here touch on a distinction that is rather interesting. In the Catechism of the Church of England this commandment is explained thus:—“Not to covet nor desire other men’s goods; but to learn and labour truly to get my own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.” Now, there are many points common to both catechisms, but, at the same time, the point on which stress is laid in this catechism is quite different from the important point in the Shorter Catechism. In the Episcopal Catechism the emphasis is laid upon contentment and upon the evil of anxiety for what we do not possess. In our own Catechism the emphasis is upon “*our neighbour.*” There is little about discontent, little about “*earnest longing for more.*” The evil is the desiring what is *another man’s.* We have neither space nor inclination to discuss the different views. We can only refer to a passage which bears upon the question. Christ said, “Take

heed and beware of covetousness," and brought home this warning by the parable of the rich fool. But this man, so far as we are told, did not in any particular covet the goods of another man.

The nature of the Tenth Commandment thus becomes clear to us. We can see that, while the sixth, seventh, and eighth, forbid us to injure our neighbour in deed, and the ninth calls on us to do him no harm by word, the tenth goes further back still. It teaches that even in our thoughts we are to do no injury to our neighbour. The sins that issue forth in words and deeds must first pass through the broken gate of the tenth commandment. Ere ever the deed has been done or the word spoken, the sin has been committed, for no action can take place without first being adopted by the heart and mind. Whether that action, word, or thought, be a sin against God, as when we complain of His providence; against man, as when we grudge another what we do not possess; or against ourselves, in being discontented with our lot; in any case, the Tenth Commandment is broken.

It is the source of all sin against our neighbours in word or deed, irrespective of the open act. The other commandments which guard our brother's welfare cannot be broken without the tenth being violated first; but it by no means follows that when the tenth is broken any of these others must also be visibly infringed. The opposite is frequently the case. The sin may never pass beyond our heart, we may give no one a hint of what we desire or long for, no word may have passed our lips, no finger may have been lifted, and yet the sin may have been committed, ay, and noted by Him who knoweth the inmost imaginations of the thoughts. The man who would steal, but does not for fear of being found out, or who would cheat, and swindle, and lie, were it not for the force of public opinion, or the certainty of his future being blasted if he were detected, has already sinned. We do not say he has sinned as heinously, but still as clearly against God, as if the deed had been done.

It is a sin against conscience, and only a sensitive conscience can feel it. The commandment is, however, none the less practical, in that it has to do with the design and not the deed. The design is the spring. It colours all that passes outward. It stamps the character of our actions. However good a deed may appear, that in itself is not enough. God considers the motives that prompted it. This law, therefore, gives great support to Conscience. It tells us that if the heart be wrong, the hand cannot be right, and that, in God's sight at least, if the heart is right, the hand cannot be wrong—that the acceptable man is "He that speaketh the truth in his heart."

To sum up, then, this commandment is meant to guard against the idea that our thoughts and intentions are not subject to the same laws as our words and actions

Now what is the scope and extent of this commandment? We have seen that we are to look at the thoughts for its sphere of action, and we can see at a glance that there are certain motives which are specially condemned, viz. covetous motives, longing earnestly for what we do not possess, and grudging another the possession of things which we may or may not have, and we can hardly help thinking that there is a special reference to such thoughts as are not likely to be put into action. But all desire is not wrong, all longing is not sinful, all coveting is not an evil coveting. So long as we can keep from murmuring or repining at God's providence, or grudging others their luxuries and good things, so long as we feel grateful for and rightly use our own position and blessings, there is no wrong in trying to improve that position and surround ourselves with further blessings. If we are in poverty, it is folly to say that we should not long earnestly for escape from it. If a situation becomes vacant, it is not wrong for us to seek it; though, before the vacancy took place, it would have been sin to desire that the holder of the situation should be deprived of it for our advantage.

We must not content ourselves with submission to the inevitable. Contentment is not stoicism, or apathy, or indifference. There are circumstances in which no healthy mind or no healthy body can be contented, and we are bound to make an effort to get them changed. We are not asked to be happy when racked with pain, or when one dear to us is very ill, but we are asked to be submissive and to feel that it is God's loving hand that is upon us.

Nor even in such a case are we to envy those who are well, but to feel that for a wise end (which it is often in our power to discover) we are thus laid aside. We are commanded not to repine at our lot, not to be ungenerous in our thoughts of others, not to feel that because others have succeeded in the world, and we have not, any injustice is done us, not to wish we were in other people's shoes, or to envy those who are possessed of any element of happiness denied to us. Were it for no other reason than this that greater blessings mean greater responsibilities, greater influence greater temptation, and greater fame greater danger, we should not be covetous. No doubt it is easy for us to lay down the law, easy, too, for a man in an arm-chair to moralise upon covetousness and the evil of discontent. But if you picture a poor man, destitute, weak, and out of a situation, with his wife and children crying for bread, and add to your picture a selfish rich man rolling past in his carriage, and yet find this poor man so far contented as to make no murmuring outward or inward at God's Fatherly providence, and to cherish no feeling of envy towards the rich man, then I say you have found one in possession of the highest and rarest of the Christian graces.

To Our Lads.

MARTIN LUTHER, BORN NOVEMBER 10, 1483.

Among the masters at the School of Eisenach Luther attached himself particularly to John Trebonius, a learned man of pleasing manners. Martin had remarked that when Trebonius entered the class he took off his hat, and bowed to the students, and this had pleased the young man, and made him feel that he was not a mere cipher. The colleagues of Trebonius, who had not the same custom of taking off their hats, having one day expressed their astonishment at his extreme condescension, he replied in terms which are paraphrased below.—See D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, vol. i. p. 111.

IN the old School of Eisenach, years ago,
 Trebonius entered, humbly bending low,
 And with his head unbanned and bare
 Made kind obeisance to his scholars there ;
 And the good teacher, asked the reason why,
 With all humility made this reply—
 "Who knows what destinies these lads await ?
 They yet may shape the fortunes of the State,
 Or sway with eloquence the list'ning throng,
 Or bless the world with ministry of song,
 Or lead great armies to the tented field ;
 I sow, but know not what the seed may yield."
 Brave words and true the old professor said,
 For in that class, with bowed and studious head,
 Young Martin Luther bent him o'er his book,—
 Luther, who gathered strength until he shook
 The Papal power, and from the kingdom hurl'd
 The Roman tyrant that bestrode the world,
 And gave the people light and eyes to see,
 And broke their chains and let the nations free.

So now we give you greeting one and all,
 Not knowing what high destiny may fall
 On one or all of you in future days,
 To crown you with true honour and fair praise.
 Go forth and forward, let the fruitful hours
 Which knit your strength add wisdom to your powers :
 Tutor the temper of each rougher mood,
 Smooth down the rudeness of your hardihood,
 Set high your hopes, with spirits fresh and free
 Quit you like men ; so shall you ever be
 Sufficient, steadfast, valorous, and strong,
 Friends of the right and foemen of the wrong.
 Press on undoubting, heroes in the fight,
 Thrusting all lying errors into light ;
 Make Christ your Saviour, in your hearts enthroned
 Him as your King, and serve the Christ alone.

JAMES STRANG.

Luther.

By the Rev. JAMES COULLIE, B.D., Pencaitland.

WITH the approach of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther it may not be out of place to give a brief sketch of his life and work. A study of these makes one feel that his friend Melancthon did not exaggerate his merits when he claimed for him a place beside Isaiah, John the Baptist, Paul, and Augustine. It is a life of many sides. You may see in it a striking commentary on the common proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way," a wonderful instance of the leadings of Providence, a specimen of character such as divine grace alone can produce, or an example of what head and heart sanctified by that grace can achieve for the race of man.

He was born at Eisleben on the 10th of November 1483, and was next day baptized by the name of Martin, in honour of the saint whose feast-day it

happened to be. His father, Hans, although a "genuine peasant," appears six months after his son's birth as a miner at Mansfeld in Saxony. For long it took all the efforts of his excellent wife, Gretha, and himself to make ends meet. Hans, filled with the love of learning, and conscious, at the same time, of his son's ability, his own circumstances having somewhat improved, sent Luther, at the age of fourteen, to a school at Magdeburg, and next year to Eisenach. Here the young man devoted himself to his books, while in spare hours he would sing in the streets to eke out his scanty home-allowance. Ursula Cotta took him in pity into her own house, where for the next three years he lived in comfort, and prosecuted his studies with such success that at the suggestion of his teacher he was sent, in 1501, to the University of Erfurt, then the most famous in Germany. Here he studied the scholastic philosophy, but found himself at the same time drawn into close friendship with some disciples of the new learning which was now making its way into the universities. He had graduated Master of Arts in 1505, at the age of twenty-two, and everything bade fair for his taking a high place in the world. His parents destined him for the law. It is, however, at this point that a new life began to show itself.

For some time that question of questions had been working in him, "How shall I be at peace with God ?" And the answer, "Be holy," was shaping itself within him. How to accomplish this was now the consuming desire of his heart. His home and school training, which was of the harshest kind, served to give a foundation of fear to his religious ideas ; the murder of his friend Alexis, a dreadful thunderstorm that burst upon him near the town, conspired to make his sense of personal demerit very vivid, and to intensify his desire after righteousness. He thought that only the life of a holy monk could solve the problem. So on the 17th of July 1505, to the astonishment of his friends and the great grief of his father, he entered the monastery of the Augustines, dragged rather than drawn, as he expressed it, and bearing with him from the world nothing save two books, Virgil and Plautus.

Having received priest's orders, he forthwith applied himself with all the eagerness of his anxious nature to solve the problem he had set himself. Gladly he welcomed, as means to this end, the most menial offices, all the penances and bodily tortures laid upon him ; he studied theology, the Fathers, the Schoolmen, diligently, but withal the solution of the problem came not. He was almost goaded to madness. Two comforters were raised up—one an aged monk, who told the distracted youth that God commands us to believe that our sins are forgiven : the other Staupitz, the General of the Augustine Order, who bade him cease torturing himself for his faults, and cast himself into the arms of his Redeemer, assuring him that God was not against him.

Meanwhile he had been diligently reading his Latin Bible, and, as he says, the words now came skipping to him as friends. He saw, as he never had seen, that the righteousness which God gives to faith, not that which the sinner tries to make by works, is the essence of the gospel. Now the secret of peace began to open to him. In 1508, after three years in the monastery, he was appointed, through the influence of Staupitz, who might be called his good genius, to the chair of philosophy in the new University of Wittenberg. In 1512 he received the degree of Doctor of Theology. The oath which was imposed on such an occasion meant much to him, and has been well called the key-note of the Reformation: "I swear that I will manfully defend evangelical truth." He was lecturing to his students on the Psalms and the Epistle to the Romans, and as he went on the full truth lighted up his own soul, and the words of the prophet quoted by St. Paul henceforth became the watchword of his life: *The just shall live by faith*. St. Augustine's works helped him much, and the works of the mystic Tauler stirred his inner being; but above all the Bible, and specially St. Paul's Epistles, brought light and comfort to him. He frequently preached, and the burden of his teaching was that the existing corruption—his sense of which a visit to Rome had by no means diminished—was caused by the priests. No place in Wittenberg was large enough to hold the crowds that gathered to hear him. "His words were born not on his lips but in his soul," said Melancthon.

The idea that the Church could forgive sin had shaped itself into a remarkable instrument called the Indulgence, and the sale of this form of pardon was becoming a public and scandalous traffic. Rome sent forth indulgence-vendors to replenish her empty coffers. Tetzel, the boldest and most active of these, came within four miles of Wittenberg. In the pulpit, at the confessional, Luther condemned this traffic, and refused to pronounce absolution even when the sinner presented his purchased pardon. Luther addressed a letter to the dignitaries of the Church, condemning the Indulgence; and to the Archbishop of Mainz he sent the Ninety-five Theses, which on the 31st of October 1517 he affixed to the door of the Church of Wittenberg. The burden of these was that the sinner receives complete forgiveness if he be truly penitent, and that the Pope's absolution has no value in and for itself. Popular feeling was roused, and Tetzel had to flee from Saxony. John Eck, the most renowned theologian of South Germany, and others arose to combat Luther. By writing and by public disputation he met their arguments. Within two years Luther's writings were spread far and wide through England, France, and Italy. A papal legate Cajetan met Luther on three occasions at Augsburg, not with argument, but with a simple demand to retract. A discussion with Eck at Leipzig only drove Luther to face the wider question of the general power of the Pope. Erasmus and Von

Hutten supported Luther, and he grew bolder. On the 24th of June 1520 appeared his *Appeal to His Imperial Majesty and the Christian Nobility of Germany on the Reformation of Christianity*, and on the 6th of October his *Babylonish Captivity of the Church*. These works, together with his treatise on *The Freedom of the Christian*, contain the kernel of the Reformation.

The Pope issued his Bull against him, but that once awful document fell harmless among the enthusiastic people. The students of Erfurt threw it into the river, saying: "It is a bull, let it swim;" it was publicly burned at Wittenberg. At the Diet of Worms, 1521, the Reformer uttered his ever-memorable saying: "I neither can nor dare retract anything unless convinced by Holy Scripture or by clear reasons. To Councils or to the Pope I cannot defer, for they have often erred. To God's Word my conscience is a captive, and it is neither safe nor right to act against conscience. Here stand I: I can do nothing otherwise. God help me. Amen." He set out again for Wittenberg, but was seized on the way and taken into a friendly captivity by the Elector of Saxony, and safely lodged in the Castle of the Wartburg close by Eisenach in the silence and retirement of the Thuringian Forest. This friendly act frustrated the designs of Luther's enemies.

The first section of his life ends, and the second begins, here. The one may be described as destructive, the other as constructive; and the basis of it was the translation of the Bible he here began, and afterwards, with the scholarly aid of Melancthon, finished. The distinctive feature of this translation is that, unlike others, it was made from the original and not from the Latin Vulgate, and its publication marks an epoch in the history of the German language as well as of the religious life of the people. It is not to be wondered at if this new spiritual force urged popular feeling to foolish and unwarrantable acts. There was rioting against the Mass; violent attacks on monks and monasteries; and, to crown all, fanatics appeared proclaiming themselves prophets of a new revelation superseding human learning, and even the Bible itself. From his "Patmos," as he called the Wartburg, Luther wrote condemning all insurrection, even for the sake of righteousness, as unrighteous; but his efforts were unavailing; and he finally left the Wartburg and appeared on the scene.

By tongue and pen he reproved the people, while at the same time he warned the nobles that much of the blame lay with them because of their unchristian conduct. Melancthon and he drew up rules for the guidance of the Reformed Church. A prominent place in public worship was given to the reading of the Bible in the language of the people, and to singing. In the absence of the monasteries the rulers of the people were exhorted to establish schools, for which a liberal and enlightened system of education was drawn up

by Luther. He urged the foundation of public libraries. He was the patron of music and the fine arts, and a devoted lover of poetry. Not a few of the best hymns in the German language are from his pen, and many of the most stirring tunes. In 1525 he married Catherine von Bora, who had once been a nun, and in no better aspect does Luther appear than in the home-life then begun. Meanwhile the new ideas were working their way. In 1529 the reformers gained for themselves the name of Protestants at the Second Diet of Spire. Next year the Protestant Creed was formulated and laid before the Diet at Augsburg, and the German Reformation reached its climax. Matters were finally consolidated by the Religious Peace of Nürnberg in 1532. While anxiously watching the progress of events before the Diet at Augsburg, in which he did not take part, Luther gave vivid expression to his feelings in the well-known hymn set to his own music, *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*.

He lived for fourteen years after this, but no great event marks this period. Grief at the intolerance shown towards the Reformed Church, and also at many evils which showed themselves in the Church itself, together with ill-health and the reaction from the toil and excitement of years, conspired to draw clouds of despondency over his latter days. Elijah-like, he was fain to die. Anxious to quell a strife which had arisen between the Counts of Mansfeld, he removed to his native Eisleben. Three weeks later, on the 17th February 1546, he lay down to die, thanking God for revealing His Son in him. Asked whether he were willing to die resting on the doctrine which he had preached, he replied with a distinct Yes, and then in the morning of the next day peacefully fell asleep. His body was laid in state in the Church of Wittenberg, and at his grave, amid the gathered thousands, Melanethon spoke a Latin oration full of appreciation of the life-work of his friend. History presents few such characters, and to-day the intellectual as well as the religious world owes him a deep debt of gratitude, for he it was who brought to light again that Truth which alone makes men prosperous and free.

The Artificial Flower Maker.

A LESSON IN CONTENTMENT, FROM REAL LIFE.

By JANE M. KIPPEN.

CHAPTER II.

THE BLESSING OF ONE THAT WAS READY TO PERISH.

ONE way of seeing the world in a phase perhaps new to many of us is to set about trying to interest people in some benevolent or charitable object. The aspect of human nature thus unfolded affords, I suspect, a pretty good test of character. And if that of the majority of people is to be judged of by their willingness to "consider" the case of their "poor" fellow-creatures, my experience forces me

to conclude that kindly interest and unselfish generosity are rarer qualities than could be wished.

At least, in this my first attempt of the kind, I was sadly discouraged in some of my efforts to obtain assistance for the poor lady flower-maker; and the greatest amount of coldness and indifference I encountered was generally from quarters where I expected something very different. But preferring to dwell on the bright side, I shall pass over those instances of churlishness, and rather speak of my success with persons of a very opposite disposition. From some of those I got orders for flowers. From a more numerous class, who, having gardens and green-houses, didn't care for any artificial specimen, I obtained donations of money, varying from a guinea to half-a-crown, till, to my extreme joy, I had collected nearly £5.

I need not say with what feelings of mingled triumph and delight I carried those donations, along with the list of orders I had received, to my friend, Miss Walton; nor shall I repeat her expressions—sincere and heartfelt as I knew them to be—of gratified approbation. Just one sentence was sufficient to make my heart glow and to fill my eyes with tears.

"God will bless and reward you, my dear child, as no deed of kindness done out of love to our common Saviour will ever, as He has Himself assured us, be allowed to pass unrecompensed."

I could not help blushing as I turned away my face, from a consciousness that the motive she named had not been the one uppermost with me, but rather deep sympathy for the old ladies, joined, I fear, to a desire to stand well with Miss Walton, whose approval I valued. And my first impulse (for with all my faults I was ingenuous) was to confess as much, for I shrank from taking credit of which I was undeserving. But a fear of wounding the feelings of my dear friend, along with the hope that I might yet come to find, like her, my chief impetus to such efforts in the one ruling principle that prompted all her actions, induced me to refrain.

And then she told me with what pleasure she would immediately transmit the orders to old Miss Graham, adding, "But I must wait for the return home of Miss Morton, the friend who first interested me in her case, before sending her the money; for it requires all the tact and delicacy I know her to possess to give that kind of assistance without wounding the feelings of those who have been reduced from a position equal to that of the donor."

Some weeks afterwards I was made even more happy by receiving a note from Miss Morton conveying to me a touching expression of cordial thanks from those I had benefited. And the orders sent at the same time were executed in a marvellously short period, considering the advanced age and depressing circumstances of the artificer.

But I had not yet heard the last of those objects of my newly-awakened interest. Walking through the streets one day in the succeeding winter, I en

countered a young lady whom I had once or twice met at the house of a mutual friend, and of whom, even on this slight acquaintance, I had formed a very high opinion. It could scarcely be otherwise, as there was something so singularly attractive about Katherine Stewart that to me she seemed one whom to know was to love. The genial kindness of a warm true heart beamed in her sparkling dark eyes, and animated her fine expressive face, and the impulsive frankness of her disposition was regulated by good sense, superior talents, and unusual discretion.

Finding that I was going in the same direction with herself, she asked me to join her, and in the course of conversation she told me, somewhat to my surprise, that she was on her way to visit Miss Graham, in whom I soon discovered that she felt as deep an interest (augmented, in her case, by personal acquaintance) as I did myself. From her I now heard that the invalid had died on the previous week.

"As close attendance upon her at the last has, of course, put a stop to her sister's work," she continued, "you may easily fancy the destitute state to which the survivor was reduced. Indeed, she told me that but for some kind assistance from friends—among whom it gave me much pleasure to hear her mention yourself, and that is my reason for speaking of her to you—she could never have managed to get on. And now I am going to tell her of my most gratifying success in having procured, through the generosity of some of my friends, a sum sufficient to pay her sister's funeral expenses—a vast relief to her I am sure this will be, as the impossibility of meeting them herself weighed very heavily on her mind. And others have supplied me with nice mourning for her out of dresses they had laid aside, which will be a great additional comfort to the poor old lady."

There was such a total absence of ostentation in all she said, with such an evident desire to give credit to the donors far more than to her own exertions, that no feeling of envy at hearing of a success so superior to my own in those benevolent efforts, marred the admiration with which I looked upon the glowing countenance of this kind-hearted girl as she spoke, and expressed my warm congratulations. And, when we parted, it was agreed that she should call for me the following week to take me on a visit to the old lady in whom we were mutually interested. I shall never forget the impression made upon me by that visit.

The dwelling of poor Miss Graham was even more dismal and dreary than I anticipated. A close, confined garret, containing two small rooms and a kitchen, situated in a squalid entry leading off from the High Street; with no sight to be seen from the small dingy windows but the roofs and chimney-stalks of adjoining houses; no pleasant sound to greet the ear; no fresh air, such as I enjoyed in our "top flat," to bring health and

vigour to the inmate. And here, amid the relics of the past—for her close rooms contained some old-fashioned furniture and other belongings which had doubtless been considered handsome in her youth—lived this now entirely lonely woman, her circumstances, of course, precluding the attendance of even a little girl domestic. And yet, to my infinite surprise, she seemed perfectly contented.

Her face, which had evidently once been beautiful, expressed calm resignation; and the deep mourning she wore became well her tall, stately figure, as yet unbent by age. She spoke of her departed sister with the greatest composure. But for the loss of a lifelong companion, she had no cause to mourn one who, she had every reason to believe, had passed from protracted suffering and privation here to eternal bliss above. And then there was the consolation, inevitable, I should fancy, to all well-regulated minds in advanced life, that the separation between them would of necessity be short. But, as I glanced round her dreary room, and thought of the sad scenes of want, suffering, and anxiety it had witnessed, I felt it scarcely possible to realise the placid contentment and gentle submissiveness exhibited by its inmate.

In a few touching words she spoke of the kindness she had met with, and thanked "her dear young friends," as she called us, for all we had done for her. And sure I am that neither of us could express our gratification at the thought that we had been permitted to be instrumental in helping her to the comparative comfort she now enjoyed. At parting she asked us to repeat our visit, which, I need hardly add, we often did.

As we descended the stair, I could not help remarking to my companion, that "truly the one half of the world does not know how the other half lives."

Many years have passed since then. The latter days of this old lady were rendered comfortable by the thoughtful kindness of a benevolent friend, who settled a small annuity upon her, preferring this way of providing for her wants, to leaving her a legacy which she might not live to receive. Miss Walton has passed away to her reward; and Katherine Stewart has married, carrying into her new duties the same active benevolence which rendered her so beloved and useful in her early days.

My brothers have succeeded in business, and have homes of their own. And I, with my dear mother, have returned to reside in the old coast place which each loved so well, though not to our former house, but to a pleasant cottage, sufficient for all our moderate wants and wishes.

And I have only to add, that amid my heartfelt thankfulness for many undeserved mercies, I have always cherished the remembrance of the happy revolution brought about in my state of mind by my opportune introduction to the "Artificial Flower Maker."

Our Farm Servants,

AND HOW TO HELP THEM.

By an ABERDEENSHIRE MINISTER.

II.

ADMITTING that the class of farm servants, like other classes in the community, is in need of improvement, the question is, what can be done for that end? That question I shall try to answer, at least to some extent, from my own experience.

(1.) And first of all I place the absolute necessity of *Ministerial Visitation*. Not only must the Minister know and understand them, but *they must feel assured of that*. Unless they trust him, he will not exercise much influence over them, and that they will never do unless he gain their trust by showing that he really understands and sympathises with them.

Ministers of course in different parishes and with varying circumstances have their own methods of work. I can only describe that which has been hitherto found effective by me. My practice is to visit every family in the parish immediately after the Martinmas term, and immediately after the Whitsunday term I visit also the big farms and the married servants' families who have at that term come into the parish. Of course, in a very large parish it would be impossible for the minister personally to do this; but surely, in every parish, it could be done by him along with his assistant or elders. It is no more than the Church expected of her ministers when country parishes were, as a rule, much more extensive than they now are. In the year 1650, at the October Synod at Aberdeen, the following Act was passed:—

“Ordained that every minister within the province visit the families of his congregation twice every year, viz. twenty days after Martinmas and twenty days after Whitsunday, and an account to be craved at every brother at every provincial meeting how he goes about the duty in pressing family duties, in searching and reproofing the sins of the family, taking notice of the use of the Larger and Shorter Catechism,” etc.

This Act shows how much importance was attached by the Church to frequent visitation in those days. It is as important now as then, for, if there is less ignorance, there are more frequent changes and far less community of feeling between the servant and the served.

(2.) Visiting must be conducted with *Christian prudence and tact*. Some ministers intimate from the pulpit at what hour they will reach the farms, and expect the farmers to have the servants ready to receive them whether their visits are made during the servants' working hours or not. This expectation is seldom or never disappointed, as farmers, to whatever denomination they may belong, are always ready to give the minister any help they can in this matter. My experience has led me to adopt a

somewhat different plan, founded upon a twofold principle, viz. to visit the servants in their own time, and also in their own apartment. For this purpose I have the parish divided into districts, each containing a day's visiting, and so arranged that I can visit householders before the forenoon's “loosin' time,” or the time when the servants unyoke. I then—that is, between eleven and one o'clock—visit a farm or two. In the afternoon I have another list of householders which occupies me till evening, when I overtake another farm or two. I endeavour to reserve the large farms for my evening visit. The servants are much more accessible after “supper-time,” when the day's toil is over and they have themselves tidied up. It is astonishing how much more self-respect, and self-confidence too, a man acquires from a consciousness of clean hands and face, tidy hair, and a smart jacket! I attach no little importance also to visiting them in their own time, because they see me of their own free will. They know that they may run away if they so choose. During my earlier visits a good few did so, now almost none do; last year, only one made off. I generally manage afterwards to meet them somehow, so they know it's of no use going away then. For example, I had been visiting one of the largest farms in the parish. All the servants were present except an “oot lass” named Jean. On asking what had become of Jean, I was told that “she wis awa' at the merchan's an eeran'.” My way home happened to be the same as that to the “merchan's.” It was a very dark night. When some way from the farm, I met a passenger. I could not see who it was, but thought it was a woman, and made up my mind to risk it. “Is that you, Jean?” I asked, speaking the broadest Aberdeenshire. “Ay, jist me; fa is't it's speerin'?” queried Jean. “It's me, Jean, it's the minister,” I replied in my natural voice. Dead silence for some moments, and then explanations, alas! of the usual kind.

It is much better also, it seems to me, to see the servants, if they are at all numerous, *in their own apartment*, whether kitchen or bothy. To bring them “ben,” into a carpeted room, to set them upon stuff-bottomed chairs, before minister and master and mistress, is, in most cases, to shut their mouths most effectively. Are you, my farmer friend, sure that you would be quite at your ease, and ready fluently to express yourself, in the drawing-room of the Laird, with his friends looking on? Where there are so few servants that they are on terms of intimacy with the master and his family, it does not much matter; but when there are so many that they are not, you can talk to them, and get them to talk to you, far more easily at their own fireside. Besides this, when they see you there, they feel that your visit is to them personally, and accept it with pleasure accordingly. Let me shortly sketch such a visit. The farm is a very large one. The farmer is widely known and respected no

less as an agriculturist than as a man of business. He is not a Churchman, but is as willing to lend the minister a helping hand as though he were. It is the evening of a somewhat stormy winter day. The minister has found a comfortable tea very refreshing after his day's wanderings, and is talking with the family, when the servant comes in to announce that "they are ready now." He forthwith proceeds to the kitchen, accompanied by the farmer and his family. And such a kitchen! There, as you enter by the end door, right in front of you, at the other end, blazes a fire which bids defiance to the stormy night outside. Along the sides, and across, are chairs. Most of them are already occupied by the servants, the others are taken possession of by the family and the minister, the latter placed in a coign of vantage, not far from the fire! And now look along those lines of faces and say is it not a sight worth coming to see. There they are, these servants, some eleven men and three women, ranged according to the strictest etiquette, from the grieve, at the end of honour and dignity, through the various grades of foreman and horse-men, down to the humbler place of the "orra man," or the "strapper," with the women servants forming a link between the farmer's family and the others. Are they not worth doing something for, these strong manly-looking fellows? Does not the thought rise instinctively—if they were as powerful and well proportioned morally and spiritually as they are physically—in soul as in body—what splendid men they would be! The heart of the minister is stirred within him as he thinks that it is his work to try, however imperfectly, to make them that. He knows some of them, generally the most of them, and to these he addresses a kindly word of recognition as he notes down their names, asking for an ailing member of the family, or when "word had come" from that other who has crossed the sea to seek his fortune in the Far West. He then proceeds to take down the names of those who are strangers to him, asking them such questions about Church membership, past service, etc., as may be answered without inconvenience, noting, at the same time, any one whose circumstances seem to require further investigation privately. A short passage of the Word of God is now read, a few kindly words simply and earnestly spoken, prayer united in, and with a shake of the hand and "good-night" all round, the visit is over.

As I have before remarked, prudence and tact are required in conducting such visits. When the work was new to me, I used to ask those present to read a passage of Scripture, each taking a few verses. I soon found reason, however, to give that up. It inflicted intense pain upon some who had then for the first time to exhibit before others, who might be strangers to them, their educational deficiencies; and I could ascertain, by other means, who were most in need of improvement in this and other respects. Indeed, one cannot be too consider-

ate of the feelings of those men and women. If their reflective powers are too often dormant, their sensibility is acute. Their very bluntness, or even apparent rudeness, is frequently pure sensitiveness, and it is not the least important qualification of a visitor to them to be able to "put them at their ease." The following is a case in point:—The visit was to a pretty large farm at which the farmer was not then resident. When I entered the kitchen I found the servants seated in a circle round the fire. A chair was placed at some distance, in the middle of the floor, evidently for my accommodation. They were all strangers to me, with the exception of one young lad, who welcomed me with a nod and smile of recognition. Not one of them rose from his seat; but, leaning forward with elbows on knees, pretended to be engaged in profound contemplation of the glowing peat fire, with an occasional furtive glance over the shoulder at the ministerial intruder. I stood in amused silence. Dead silence all round. At last I said, "Now, sirs, do you think this is just quite fair play? There are you all round that famous fire, and have I to sit down here and get no share o't?" All were instantly in motion, every chair was shoved back—they never lift a chair when shoving will do—and, an opening having been formed, I became one of the "circle," and proceeded to "grow aquaant" with them.

In asking questions, personal questions I mean, on such occasions much discrimination must be exercised. Some are naturally reserved, others communicative; some have nothing to conceal, others have a "history" which it is very necessary for you to know, but which you cannot hear then. You can only ask general questions before the rest; experience will indicate those cases that have to be seen privately. For instance, at a large farm, I found an "oot lass," Isabella —. I was struck with something about "Isy" which seemed to say that she had seen better things. After being told by her where she came from, I asked to what church she belonged. She named a church in a tone which seemed to say, "You had better ask no more." I was not satisfied, however, and one day finding "Isy" employed at one of her "oot" duties, and alone, I spoke to her, told her frankly what my impression was, and, remarking that she could answer or not as she chose, asked if it was a correct one. She said it was. I replied that it was to such as she that I was anxious to be helpful, and requested her to call and see me. She came, told her miserable story, and when I asked why she said she belonged to the church she had named, confessed that she did so because the minister was the only one who had "spoken a guid word till her." After a correspondence which proved the truth of her statements, and a period of probation, "Isy" was admitted to the church, and, so far as man can see, is leading a changed life. There is no more regular worshipper now than she who hardly ever "darkened a kirk door."

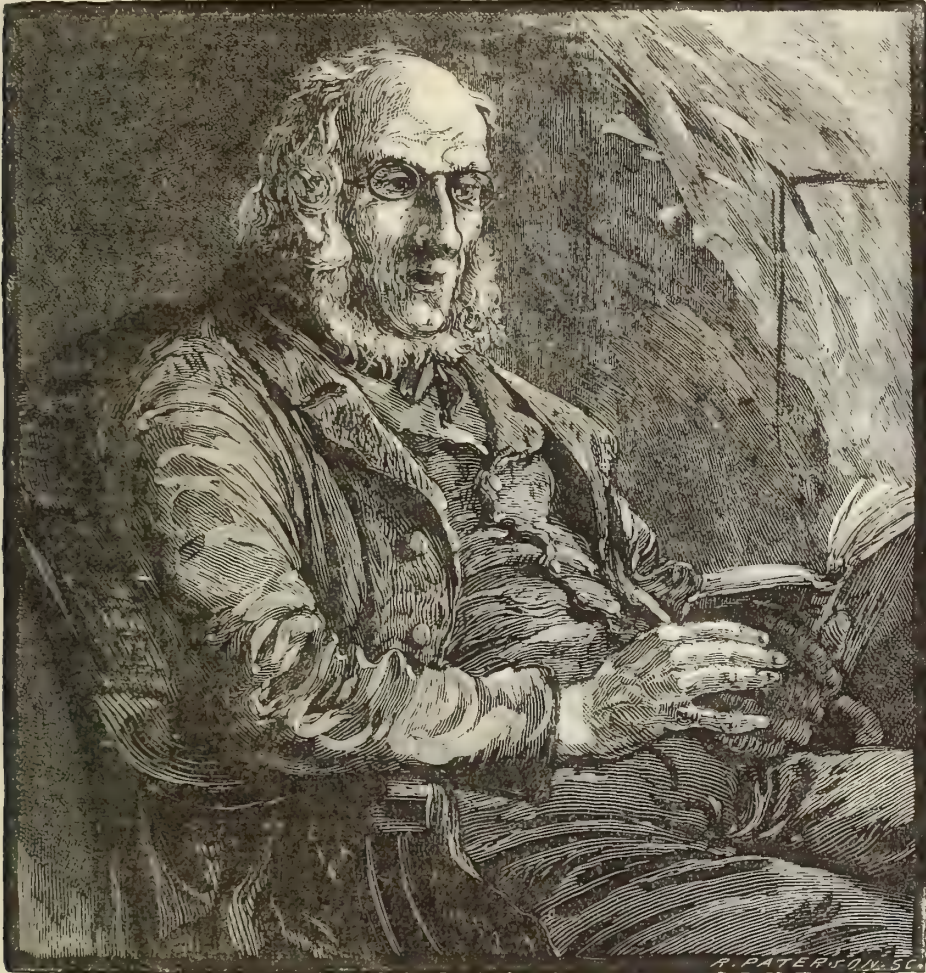
Gran'faither.

By the Rev. JOHN ALISON, D.D., Edinburgh.

SPEAKIN' o' takin' the Book minds me o' gran'-faither, that is, my mother's faither. At oor faimily worship I often think o' him. He was a fine-lookin' auld man; an' his hoary heid was indeed a croon o' glory. His heart was fu' o' the Lord's richest things, an' his prayers brocht ane

into the very presence o' oor Heavenly Father, mair than ony I've ever heard sin' syne. After grannie's death he cam' to stay wi' us; for my mother was a widow, wi' fowre o' us weans. He was abune seventy when he cam', an' he was taen awa' at fowrescore.

We, like a' my faither's folk, belanged to the Auld Kirk; but gran'faither had been brocht up amang the Anti-Burghers. As he used to say himsel'



whiles, in his joky way, when speakin' o' auld times, "Ye ken, the Burghers an' the Anti-Burghers were then in the lan'." Hoo he left the Anti-Burghers, an' for years traivelled five lang miles every Sunday to the Burgher Kirk in the neebourin' Pairish is worth tellin'. It will gie young folk an inklin' o' the change in some things frae thae days. Gran'faither was aye fond o' music; an' to the last he wad gie oot a psalm an' raise the tune at oor faimily worship—maistly it was Coleshill or Stroudwater. Weel, ae Sunday something had come in

the way o' the Anti-Burgher precentor, an' gran'-faither's gift bein' weel kent, he was pressed to gang up into "the bench" and lead the singin'. There were then some seven tunes that by use an' wont had been appruv'd. About that time, hows'-ever, the tune Irish had been written, and was sung by them that could read music, an' maybe in the Auld Kirk. In coorse o' the service gran'faither led aff wi' that tune. Hoo it gaed I ne'er heard; but the innovation was sae grievous to the minister and elders, wha, nae doot, thocht it in some way

unscriptural, that he was summoned to appear afore the Session to confess a fault. Gran'faihter couldna see the fault, an' sae wadna confess, but left the Kirk.

After he cam to bide wi' us he gaed regular to the Auld Kirk; for by that time he had grown out o' sectarian claes a'thegither, an' was wearin' only the easy an' simple anes the Lord had gien him, that were sae beautifu' when worn by Himsel' langsyne.

"Maggie, my dear," I've heard him say to my mother, "it's peetifu' to think, wi' a' oor kirks an' contendin' for purity o' doctrine an' worship an' oor speeritual richts, an' sic like, hoo little the speerit o' the Maister is shown amang us. I'm feared that muckle o' the zeal we see is but the hemmin' an' braidin', for man's ain' glory, o' the shreds o' His rent garment. A' this fechtin' about the richt way is like to mak' folk forget the wan thing needfu'. Misca'in' oor neebour's kirk, I'm thinkin', maun be aboot as sinfu' an' harmfu' as misca'in' oor neebour. It winna bring us nearer the beautifu' gate, at any rate. Them that's within that gate, we may be sure, hae gotten their places an' their croons for ither kin' o' service."

It was fine just to see the auld man when he spak' that way about sic things. There was a kin' o' far-awa' luk in his een, as if maybe he was thinkin' o' grannie, an' wonnerin' hoo she might be feelin' about it a'. He seemed to be waitin' at the gate for any messages that might be sent to him, frae Him at whase feet Mary sat. His heart was wide open in that airt to gie an' get, till the sma' things o' human strife had nae interest ava'.

But to hear him when we gaithered roun' at nicht for worship, ye wad hae thocht that he saw the windows o' heaven as wide open as his ain heart. The verra quaver o' his auld failed voice in the psalm—I think I hear't still—had something in it that made us young folk think o' the meanin' o' what we sang. When he read the chapter, I min' I often began to think o' the auld prophets, an' without meanin' it, I wad see in some o' them a luk o' gran'faihter. His prayers were by-ord'nar'; they were sae simple, an' yet sae rich in meanin'. Young as we were, we cudna help listenin' and joinin' in them. His words, tae, were sae hamely; and his auld-fashioned way o' pronouncin' some o' them gied them a kind o' savour like nae ither. I likit weel to read the *Scots Worthies* that lay on the drawers-heid in the kitchen; an' thae prayers were to me then like things borne on the soft south win' frae Lochgoin an' the muirs o' Fenwick.

I canna mind ony o' them frae en' tae en', for nae twa o' them were the same. He spoke owre straucht frae his heart to be content to reel aff ony form o' words. There were bits, how'sever, that stuck to me. Its wonnerfu' hoo ane keeps a haud o' either the gude or ill that's learnt in oor young days. I had written oot some o' them, but when I read them I saw that the want o' the auld man's

utterance made a great difference, and I was feared that they nichtna impress them that hadna heard them.

Gran'faihter had his ain views o' a' things an' was gey far-seein'. Sabbath Schules, I min', were comin' into fashion, an' oor minister, a very fine young man, was very pressin' that a' the bairns sud come to the Sabbath Schule. Him an' the schulemaister and some young lads and lasses took the classes. They had bits o' treats whiles to entice the weans. Gran'faihter wad shake his heid an' say "Nae doot, sir, the young hae been sair negleckit in the services o' the Kirk. Oor Lord left a special charge to feed His lambs: but I'm feared that pawrents may lippen owre muckle to thae ance-a-week Schules and negleck their ain daily duty. I wad hae ye tak tent o' thae free treats tae; it will no be lang till some winna be sweirt to think that they're doin' somebody a favour in sendin' oot their bairns to be instructit." 'Deed he wasna far wrang. I ken by mysel'. I fan' mysel' lippenin' Jamie to ither mair than I sud, an' a' when o' my neebours ne'er fash themselves at a' aboot teachin' religion to their bairns. Maist feck o' them I daursay haena muckle themselves. The best o' teachers can dae but little in an oor once a week, gin we dinna lay foundations an' be aye helpin'. A favourite text o' gran'faihter's was "Stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein." He aye mainteenit that naebody could tak' parents' places wi' their bairns, an' that nae parent sud be willin' to mak' owre sae great a preevilege to onybody. We sud seek a' help, but it sud be help only. I canna be thankfu' enuch that my ain mother learnt that frae him weel. She's awa, but she left the lesson wi' me. I'm tryin' tae haud on the road she set me on and gaed before me, an' I hope wi' God's help to lead mine in the same way to whare she an' faihter an' gran'faihter an' oor ain bairn, an' mony mair are, amang the ten thousan' times ten thousan'.

An Autumn Thought.

I STOOD within a calm secluded dell
 Eyeing the brown leaves drifted in a heap;
 Sudden a vagrant wind with devious sweep,
 Out of what quarter puzzles me to tell,
 Upon those nestled woodland slumberers fell
 With subtle force, and roused them from their sleep,
 Making each startled leaflet whirl and leap,
 And seek some other nook wherein to dwell.

So have I known a slight chance influence stir
 Fallen leaves in quiet corners of the mind,
 Past thoughts, sere hopes, old feelings pure and kind,
 That once bright buds in life's green forest were;
 What an awakening may we thence infer,
 When o'er the spirit sweeps the last great wind!

R. H. C.

Of Work.

VI.—TRACELESS.

I AM not thinking, on this morning of mist and drenching rain, of the work, sometimes specially wearing and worrying, which leaves Little to Show, or even Nothing to Show. There is work which leaves its abiding memorial, as in the pages written. There is work which just bears the burden of the day and keeps our little machinery going; but which leaves no trace. Most men in my vocation are obliged to feel that their energy is frittered away on a host of little things, which leave no apparent result and are mainly forgotten the next day. And we fancy, vainly, that we should have come to more, had we not been so driven. But I have discoursed upon that subject elsewhere. And I have a quite different subject to-day.

I am thinking, this morning, of the work, sometimes very laborious and conspicuous, which a man does, and does well; yet which leaves little or no trace upon him in the way of apparent wear. Now and then we have all been surprised to see how fresh and youthful a man looks, after having for many years lived a very laborious life; which (we fancy) should have pulled him down and aged him. All people one knows as hard-working people, it may here be said, look younger and fresher in warm summer weather.

There are few things more interesting, or more perplexing, to those tried mortals on whom their work lies heavy, than to see and mark those favoured ones on whom much harder and (you would say) more anxious work lies very lightly. There is no more marked difference between men. People who are worn and weary, and who look it all, regard some of their brethren (if we may presume so to call them) with unfeigned wonder, and with an envy which is as innocent as envy can be. Days come on which the work-worn and care-worn of poor Humanity appear (to some observers) to be the exceptions. We expect to see on our fellow-creatures, on lined face and on bent frame, the trace of what they have come through: of what we know for certain they have come through, both in the respect of Work and the respect of Trouble. It is not there. With very many, much hard work and much great trouble are Traceless.

One or two instances stand out vividly in one's memory. The like are of course in the memory of every reader.

At a certain crowded and inconvenient railway station, here are the bustle and the throng of mid-August. I see an active figure, slender, dressed in a gray tweed suit and wearing a hat with a low crown, standing as one of a little crush waiting to get their tickets. Nobody remarked him. I did; knowing who he was, and what he had been. A great scholar at a very great University; none more eminent. A very hard-working and learned lawyer; many a dreary volume those black eyes

must have read, and many a dismal manuscript mastered. Many an anxious client had gone into Court in a morning, knowing that the very best would be made of his case by that unobtrusive man. He had, on some day, got a letter from the proper quarter, offering him the Solicitor-General's office. It must have been an exciting day in his home. By and by he was Attorney-General. And how an Attorney-General has to work, not many know. Finally, he had reached the summit of that kind of distinction: he had been Lord Chancellor. He had done the endless duty of that station (which, in fact, cannot be adequately done by any mortal) as well as the very best of his predecessors. This ought to be recorded, in describing his career: for there have been extremely weak Lord Chancellors. He was out of office on that afternoon. Yet how unworn, how fresh and youthful, the good man looked after all he had come through. As anxious and wearing work as could well be laid upon human being had really left little or no trace upon him. It was a thoroughly good face: keen, but with nothing of the objectionable sharpness of some in the lower grades of his profession. I shall not tell you who he was: and what has been said hitherto would apply fairly well to each of two human beings, still abiding. I will confess to liking the man I mean a very great deal more than I am able to like the other. When I saw and heard him next, it was wearing a great wig, in some measure resembling that of the Sphinx, and presiding in the House of Lords: it was making a very sharp and eloquent speech there, from the opinions set forth in which I presumed to entirely differ. My last glimpse of him was walking out of that magnificent chamber to his robing-room, in solemn state, preceded by two fellow-creatures, each carrying a mace. I should not like to walk about with two fellow-creatures carrying maces before me.

Then I go to another day, a very warm and bright summer day, the first of July. It is Sunday morning, and I am sitting in a beautiful little parish church, far South in England. A white-robed procession had come in to perform the service: a very reverent congregation filled the widely-set benches. Counting the Choir, of eighteen, it numbered exactly forty. Yet it looked a considerable congregation: one felt no lack of fellow-worshippers; and the worship was most hearty and lifting-up. We had reached the time of the sermon: a young preacher, earnest and unaffected, was speaking serious words without book which were listened to with all due attention. Hard by, I beheld a slight form, of middle stature; the face was eager, the hair hardly gray. There was a general look of elasticity and readiness and youth: the good man wore a rose on his breast, a large red rose. I thought of more than thirty years of hard work in the Church, in most diverse fields of duty; of years, specially, on each Sunday in which

that youthful-looking human being had gone through the great strain of preaching, without a scrap of manuscript to guide, to a congregation numbering near three thousand in one of the largest, costliest, and ugliest of London churches; and finally, how for six years he had been called to the oversight of one of the most populous dioceses in the world, where the demands upon thought and energy are beyond reckoning. Yet, for the time, all the work of these laborious years was traceless. Listening diligently to the sermon, in the simplest and most natural fashion, without a vestige of that irritating air of sitting in critical judgment which one has witnessed in certain preachers, you could not have guessed, had you not known who he was, that he had ever worked hard, or ever known a care. No doubt, it was only for the time. I have seen him look like his burden: look like it all.

Quite as touching to me as either of these cases of Traceless Work, is it in these August days to see a little school-boy of thirteen years, his whole soul occupied in some boyish game, and shouting with glee, who has read the *Alcestis* in Greek, and who could write such Latin verses as you could not to save your life. That smooth little face has looked anxious enough over the dreadful tasks of the past term. But the term is past, and here are the holidays. Work is meanwhile as though it had never been.

Then, side by side with these world-worn men on whom work and thought have left so little mark, one recalls the weird faces of Carlyle and Newman, on which there is written what their owners had gone through. One thinks of the poor labourer whom Carlyle describes: aged before his time, warped, bent, shrivelled; all *For Us*: so the great genius puts it. And, going beyond our own anxious Race, one sees the poor horse, with trembling knees and drooping head: for which most of us have just about as much sympathy as a great lord of the middle ages had for the serfs who beat the ponds all night to silence the frogs that interrupted his sleep. People who talk of the *good old times* had better get up some rudimentary knowledge of history.

But I put that away. And going back to the fortunate souls on whom work leaves so little painful trace, I ask, How do they manage it?

Well, of course, men work out their nature. It is in the make of some to take things more easily than others can. But I remark three facts about the workers who look so little worn.

1. They do their work, hard as it may be, at Low Pressure. Very hard work may be done without flying at it with that tension of soul and body which I call High Pressure. For a familiar example: Compare a moderately distinguished Anglican preacher with an eminent Scotch one. The latter puts about seven times the wear into the delivery of his sermon. By consequence, he takes a totally different grip of the congregation.

But, at the end of the day, he is like an electric eel which has given off its shock. The other is quite unwearied. Of course, there are great exceptions. But these are preachers who have formed themselves upon the Scotch or French model. Take another instance. Compare Dickens, writing one of his Christmas stories: putting his whole soul into it for three weeks, night and day, and (as he said himself) "coming out, looking as haggard as a murderer," with one of the good old Puritan divines, who wrote, leisurely and quite extempore, what very few now can read. You remember how that great genius, having written the description of little Paul Dombey's death, walked the streets of Paris the whole night in a burning sleepless fever. That is what I call working the mind at High Pressure. And many a finely-strung man, with nothing of Dickens's inspiration, is obliged by his make to drive just as hard all the mind he has got. Very ordinary preachers can write themselves into a fever. Then compare Dickens, tearing about the midnight streets like a hunted beast, with the placid Chancellor, taking a quiet walk after a day of hearing appeals, with a face so sweetly composed that it stirred the wrath of a dreadfully clever rival, who, beholding him from the other side of the street, uttered to a companion a most unsympathetic and unfair criticism in the memorable language, "See that 'oly 'umbug! I've no doubt he is 'umming one of his hown 'ymns!" No wonder that Dickens looked so deeply lined in his latter days: no wonder he died worn out at fifty-eight, while Chancellors hold on to eighty-nine. But we have examples nearer home. We all knew two men, most unlike Dickens in other things, who were united to him in this, that they each died at fifty-eight. Good Professor Robertson (how old he looked); and William Smith of North Leith. But they took their work very heavily. They did it at very high pressure. I do not hesitate to say, as one quite outside all these Organisations, that the homely Endowment Scheme has flourished through the life-blood of its Martyrs.

2. They have long periods of total rest, during which their work ceases wholly. They quite Leave Off: they make a quite New Beginning. The Chancellor has his Long Vacation, of weeks, running to months. And going about his moor, far in Scotland, enjoying what is sport to him but death to many of his fellow-creatures, he has escaped, absolutely and completely, from the ordinary engagements of his life. Not every man who looks little worn after long labour, has attained to like dignity with the Head of the English Law. But he is like to that great Judge at least in this: that he has a true and thorough vacation, though it be not a long one. Many of us never have that. The burden is never quite away. This is not as it ought to be. And it must tell. That is sure. Ah, *video meliora proboque!*

3. They have no anxiety about making the ends

meet. Would it were so with all good men! But the burden lies ceaselessly upon many I know: and it tends to grow heavier amid the flagging heart and hope of advancing life. It is a pitiful story you may read in Mr. Forster's Biography, of how Dickens came home one night late and found the accounts for the publication of the tremendously-popular *Christmas Carol*. He had made sure of a thousand pounds: it was somewhere under four hundred. And there were great expenses which must be met at once, and nothing with which to meet them. That supersensitive soul had many miserable nights; but this seems to have been the very worst of all. And just when scores of thousands were shedding tears and forming kindly purposes over his delightful story. Compare all this sordid wretchedness with the lot of the worthy Archbishop, who mentions in an easy way that his wife's lot and his own was considerably brightened by the fact that they were always *in the enjoyment of ample means*. Mr. Thackeray's famous heroine could have said something here. The Archbishop was an admirable man. But he had very small temptation to be anything else.

Did you fancy, kindly reader, not untrained to toil, that I was going to tell you how you might take your work so easily that it would leave little weary trace on you? If you did, you were mistaken. It is given (if given at all) by the great Giver above us, to have that way of taking things which results in the unlined face and the step that remains buoyant after many years. Yet, in the Golden City above, whose gates look not all one way, but are open to those who come from many different places by many diverse roads, there is room both for poor Nathaniel Hawthorne, so wearied with his short life here that he wished for a complete sleep of at least a thousand years after it; and for the super-energetic worker whose idea of Heaven is to be about the Father's grand business, forthwith and for evermore.

A. K. H. B.

"Bessie's Plums."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

ONE bright morning in August Bessie Turner was made a very happy little girl. Grandpapa's carriage stopped at the gate on his way to his office in town, and grandpapa himself handed in a little basket of fruit for his little granddaughter. It was a very pretty basket, filled with soft green moss; and, nestling in the midst of it, were six large purple plums. Bessie's eyes danced with joy as she bore the present off in triumph to show to her mamma. One by one she carefully counted the plums on to the table.

"One for papa, one for mamma, one for Nellie, one for Archie, and——" here Bessie hesitated for a moment.

"And one for Bessie," added Mrs. Turner, with a smile. "That is five—now what is to be done with the sixth?"

"I was just wondering, but oh, mamma, I know what I should like to do," said Bessie, with a bright smile. "I shall take it to poor Mary Jones. She is not able to be out of bed yet. Don't you think she would like it, mamma?"

"I do indeed, dear, and if you like you may take it to her yourself this forenoon."

"And, mamma, may I give her mine too?"

"Certainly, darling, if you do not wish it yourself."

"I would rather Mary should have it, mamma."

The mother did not reply, but her heart filled with a proud pleasure as she watched her little daughter replace two of the plums in the basket.

"I shall add a third," she said, with a smile and a kiss, as she dropped in the one set apart for her.

"Oh, mamma, how pleased she will be!" exclaimed Bessie with delight.

Little Mary Jones, the object of Bessie's sympathy, was a very poor child indeed. Her father had been dead for many years, and Mary's mother had to support herself and child by going out to work, or taking in work to do at home, when she could get it. Mary was thus very often left alone all day; but she was only a little girl of eight years old, and could make herself quite happy playing about in the lane amongst the numerous other children that congregated there. One unlucky day these same children spied a ladder resting against one of the houses, and thought it would be good fun to mount a few steps and then jump to the ground. Bolder and bolder they grew, till at last Mary, whose turn it was, ventured too high. While looking down to her companions, and laughing triumphantly, she turned giddy, and, with a great cry, fell to the ground. There she lay, a senseless heap—her mute white face turned up to heaven. Silent and awestruck the other little ones gathered round and gazed on their helpless playmate. They thought she was dead, and, young and ignorant as they were, a sudden hush fell upon them.

"Let's run and tell her mother," at last said one, wiser than the rest.

Fortunately Mary's mother happened to be washing at home that day, and with all care and tenderness the suffering child was carried home and laid gently on her bed. It was feared at first that Mary's limbs were broken; but, after a careful examination, the doctor pronounced the spine to be seriously injured, and, though he did not quench all hopes of ultimate recovery, he said it would be many, many weeks before Mary would be able to be about again. Two months had passed, and still little Mary was unable to leave her bed. Oh, how lonely she was lying there all the days and hours her mother was gone to work! All was so still in the one little room that was their home! No sound but the tick, tick of the old clock on the

wall, and the flies buzzing over the window-panes. Now and then she would hear childish voices laughing outside—how she wished she could be amongst them! And when the sun came beating in at the little uncurtained window, making the small room feel hot and close, how she longed for a breath of fresh air and a sight of the green fields! Sometimes a kind neighbour looked in to speak a cheery word to the little invalid, and patient little Mary would give her visitor a quiet smile and grateful thanks for any little act of kindness. She was able to read a little, and was very glad to get some simple story to while away the hours "till mother came home."

Mrs. Jones sometimes worked at the Turners' house, and thus it was that Bessie came to hear of Mary's accident. So it came to pass, that bright August day we spoke of, that Bessie's little figure flitted like a sunbeam into the Joneses' humble home. She had gathered a pretty bouquet of flowers from her own garden, and placed them beside the fruit. Very gently and quietly she entered the room. Mary's eyes were closed, and Bessie thought she was asleep. So, stepping softly towards her, she placed the little basket on the bed, and was about to retire as gently as she had come, when Mary's eyes opened and rested on the flowers. Oh, what a look of surprise and delight spread over the pale weary face!

"How beautiful! oh, how lovely!" were the first words that passed Mary's lips, as she drank in the delicious fragrance of the flowers. "Can they really be for me?"

"Yes, they are all for you—the plums too," said Bessie, half shyly.

"Oh, how good of you! whatever will mamma say when she sees them?" cried the child. "Oh, what beauties! I never saw the like! I was so tired a while ago, and thought this was to be the longest, loneliest day I've had since I've been ill—but now I think it is the best of all!"

Bessie's face grew more radiant as poor Mary went on expressing her delight.

"You must be very tired lying there all day," she remarked. "How do you amuse yourself?"

"I can't do much," said Mary, with a sigh. "I say over all the hymns mother has taught me, and sometimes I try to learn a new verse; and I can read a little—but not quite well."

"I can read," said Bessie; "I'll read something to you just now, if you like. And I'll ask mamma if I may come every day for a little while and read to you."

"Oh, how nice that would be!" replied Mary; "I have read all my stories over so often, that I almost know them by heart."

"Oh, but I have a whole lot of books at home—some of them with pictures, and you shall have some of them!" At last Bessie bade her new friend good-bye, promising to ask her mamma if she might come again to-morrow.

As happy Bessie tripped gaily home her heart was full of kind thoughts, and her busy little head wondering what more she could do to sweeten poor Mary's weary, lonely life. She had this day experienced, perhaps for the first time, the real luxury of doing good—she had denied herself that she might give to another.

Little readers, have any of you ever tried to do anything like this? Remember—

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden, like the Heaven above!"

I. W. BRODIE.

Growing Old.

IF to grow old
Be just to feel that I
Love better earth and sky,
And all God's manifold
And lovely creatures—then,
Before the gaze of men
I would grow old!

If to grow old
Means that not much I cling
To life, or anything,
But with a hand-clasp loose,
That cares but for short use,
My blessings light I hold,
I would grow old!

If to grow old
Means daily nearer home,
Means never more to roam
From my dear Father's side,
But ever to abide
Within the gates of gold,
Let me grow old!

If to grow old
Means clearer far to see
What Christ hath done for me,
Higher and fuller life,
Peace 'mid the low world's strife,
On God a firmer hold,
Let me grow old!

J. C. HOWDEN.

Life and Work Notes.

A COURSE of Lectures has been arranged in connection with the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild:—

Subject—A YOUNG MAN.

- I. His Faith. By the Rev. Professor Charteris, D.D.
- II. His Aim. By the Right Rev. John Rankine, D.D.,
Sorn, Moderator of the General Assembly.
- III. His Work. By the Rev. Archibald Scott, D.D.,
St. George's, Edinburgh.
- IV. His Leisure and Recreations. By the Rev. John
Alison, D.D., Newington, Edinburgh.
- V. His Home and Friends. By the Rev. A. K. H.
Boyd, D.D., St. Andrews.
- VI. His Church. By the Rev. John Marshall Lang,
D.D., Barony, Glasgow.

The First Lecture will be delivered by Professor Charteris in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, on November 4, at 7 P.M., and redelivered in St. George's Church, Glasgow, on the following Sunday at 7.15 P.M., to be followed by the others on the first Sunday of the five succeeding months in Edinburgh, and on the second Sunday of the month in Glasgow, in the same churches

and at the same hour. Each Lecture will be published separately immediately after redelivery in Glasgow, and the whole will be published in a volume in April next. The Publishers are Messrs. Macniven and Wallace, 132 Princes Street, Edinburgh.

The Guild is spreading to the Colonies. At a recent meeting of the Young Men's Association in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Montreal—Pastor, Rev. J. Edgar Hill, B. D., late of Dundee—it was unanimously resolved to affiliate with the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild or Union. The President, Mr. J. Williamson, writes:—"We are in hearty sympathy with the aims of your Union; and, in view of the increasing emigration to Canada, such a connection, we feel sure, might become beneficial to many young men coming out here as strangers. We shall be glad, therefore, to receive and give a cordial welcome to any young men who may come out to Montreal with introductions from your Union."

CHURCH CONGRESS AT HAMILTON.—Another successful Congress on Christian life and work has been held under the auspices of the Presbytery of Hamilton. The large attendance at the meetings and the general interest excited have again shown how willing our people are to come together to hear what the Church is doing, and especially how eager Christian workers are to learn how they may better perform the duties they have undertaken. From first to last the spirit that prevailed was all that could be desired; and it is believed that not a few have been stimulated to fresh zeal in the service of the Church. The Congress was opened on the evening of Thursday, 4th October, by a discourse in Auchingramont Church, by Mr. Wilson of Cramond, who preached from Eph. ii. 10. A better introductory address could not have been given. The divine institution of the Church, the grand object for which believers have received the position they occupy, and the duty resting on every true Christian to work for Christ, were set forth in a way well fitted to rivet the attention and to touch the heart. On Friday the 5th the proper work of the Congress began. Papers were read by ministers and influential laymen on "Lay help in the Church." A free discussion followed. Many suggestive remarks were made on the various ways in which all earnest members of a Congregation could be of service, each in his own sphere and in the department suited to his abilities and tastes. In the afternoon of the same day, the large Town Hall, nearly filled in the morning, was crowded to the door by an audience including many of the most influential persons in the Middle Ward, who had gathered to hear addresses on "Zenana Missions in India." These addresses were given by Mrs. Williamson, Miss Emily Bernard, and Miss Reid, and were such as will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them. At the close of the public meeting the ladies remained, under the presidency of Mrs. Houldsworth of Coltness, for the purpose of organising parochial associations throughout the bounds of the Presbytery. In the evening a conversation took place, at which a paper was read, written by Dr. Alison, on "Music as a part of Church worship," and powerful addresses were delivered on "Missions" by Dr. Scott, on "Woman's work in the Church" by Mr. Cowan of New Greyfriars, and on "Temperance" by Mr. Wilson. A deep impression seemed to be made on an overflowing audience. On Saturday the 6th the Congress was resumed. In the afternoon meeting the subject was "The Relation of the Christian Church to those outside;" and in the evening meeting the subject was "The Church and the Young." At both meetings hundreds of Sunday School Teachers and others were present; and all seemed interested in the papers read and the free discussion which took place. The Congress was brought to a close on the evening of Sunday the 7th by a sermon in Cadzow Parish Church by the Rev. Sholto D. C. Douglas, rector of All Souls, Marylebone, London,—a clergyman who, connected by property with the Presbytery of Hamilton, has thus

shown, not for the first time, the deep interest he takes in the prosperity of the Church of Scotland. To a very large congregation he delivered a most impressive discourse on 2 Cor. iii. 13. Before entering on his subject, he spoke of the privilege he felt it to be to take part in such a Congress; and very many who attended its meetings share this feeling.

R. S. H.

The second biennial Christian Conference was held at Peebles on 25th and 26th September. Addresses on the Word and Spirit and evangelistic addresses were delivered by professors and ministers of various churches. All the meetings were well attended. Preparatory meetings had been held in many parish and other churches throughout the county of Peebles.

In reference to our article in September on the "Carus-Wilson Soldier Work," we have been asked to state that last winter a Branch was formed in Edinburgh with a view to awakening interest throughout Scotland in this work. Information will be gladly given by the Branch Secretaries, Miss A. Mackenzie, 44 Drumsheugh Gardens, or Miss M. M'Bryde Broun, 18 Morningside Place.

An esteemed correspondent writes to us suggesting forms of prayer for silent use on entering church, or for use in the family, or in private devotion before going to church. Nothing can be more becoming, or better fitted to make worship sincere and instruction profitable than such preparation by prayer. Those who desire suitable forms will find them in the *Book of Common Order*, published by the Church Service Society—in the Prayers of Invocation and Prayers for Illumination, and the Prayer (in the Appendix) for those who minister in Holy Things.

CHURCH MOVEMENT IN AUSTRALIA.—The *Presbyterian*, published at Sydney, reports the progress of a movement to unite the Australian and Tasmanian Presbyterian Churches. In connection with the contemplated union, a Conference has been held in Melbourne, at which a Committee was appointed to revise the Westminster Directory for the Public Worship of God. The result of their labours is to be submitted to the next annual meeting of the various churches.

"Life and Work" in 1884 will contain, instead of a serial tale, a series of "Stories with a Purpose," by favourite and eminent authors; sermons on Faith, Repentance, the Word, Sacraments, and Prayer; concluding essays "Of Work" by A. K. H. B.; Leaves from Scottish History; Recollections of Parish Work; Papers for Boys by Rev. Mr. Barclay, late of Edinburgh, and others; Pages for Children, by Professor Flint, Rev. George Wilson, etc.; Papers on Public, Family, and Private Worship; further Papers on Missions and Great Missionaries; Bible Questions; Notices of good Books, etc. The department of "Life and Work Notes" will receive special attention, and will include a record of good work in many parishes. Dr. Cameron Lees will notice Contemporary Biographies. Dr. Young of Monifieth and others of experience will write on Sunday Schools. It will be our aim to secure the best illustrations and the best poetry. The January number will contain "Exiled," a poem by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," illustrated by F. Noel-Paton.

PAROCHIAL OR DISTRICT SUPPLEMENTS TO "LIFE AND WORK" become constantly more numerous. This was one of the ends in view in establishing the Magazine. A considerable part of the profits of the Magazine is devoted to making it cheap and easy for Ministers and others to have Supplements, and still more advantageous terms are to be offered for 1884. May we hope that the day is not far distant when most parishes will desire to have at any rate a quarterly or occasional Supplement?

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Who were the first (1) to dwell in tents; (2) to handle the harp; (3) to work in iron?
2. Find in 1 Chronicles the story of Jabez.
3. Find in St. Matthew two occasions on which Jesus was beyond the borders of Palestine—(1) in Egypt; (2) in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon.
4. Find in the 19th chapter of St. John four cases of the fulfilment of Scripture.
5. Find in Acts two accounts of St. Peter's vision.
6. Find a good service rendered to St. Paul by his nephew.
7. Find in one of St. Paul's speeches reference to the part he bore in Stephen's death.
- 8-10. Find four distinct references to the harvest by Jesus (two parables), and one reference in Revelation.

ANSWERS FOR OCTOBER.

- 1, 2. Miracles in history of Elijah:—Drought, 1 Kings 17. 1; ravens, 17. 6; widow's meal and oil multiplied, 17. 14-16; her child restored, 17. 22; sacrifice consumed, 18. 38; great rain, 18. 45; twice fed by angel, 19. 5-7; wind, earthquake, fire, and voice, 19. 11, 12; two companies destroyed by fire, 2 Kings 1. 10-12; Jordan divided, 2. 8; Elijah taken up, 2. 11. 3. James 5. 17, 18. 4. Destroying men; because He came to save, Luke 9. 54-56. 5. Enoch, Heb. 11. 5. 6. Rom. 11. 2-5. 7. Malachi, 4. 5. 8. John the Baptist, Matt. 11. 14. 9. The decease of Jesus, Luke 9. 31. 10. Matt. 27. 46-49.

Calendar for November.

1	Th.	Enter ye in at the strait gate.—Matt. 7. 13.
2	F.	Not crowned, except he strive lawfully.—2 Tim. 2. 5.
3	Sa.	Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Matt. 7. 7.
4	Su.	I will bless thee; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12. 2.
5	M.	I will put My Spirit within you.—Ezek. 36. 27. [12. 2.]
6	Tu.	Blessed are they that mourn.—Matt. 5. 4.
7	W.	The days of thy mourning shall be ended.—Isa. 60. 20.
8	Th.	Saved with an everlasting salvation.—Isa. 45. 17.
9	F.	Christ shall be magnified in my body.—Phil. 1. 20.
10	Sa.	<i>Martin Luther born 1483.</i> —Heb. 11. 33, 34.
11	Su.	<i>Martinmas.</i> —I am thy Shield.—Gen. 15. 1.
12	M.	<i>Held as Martinmas term-day.</i> —Gen. 28. 15.
13	Tu.	I will teach you what ye shall do.—Exod. 4. 15.
14	W.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Blessed are the merciful.—Matt. 5. 7.
15	Th.	Unto this last, even as unto thee.—Matt. 20. 14.
16	F.	Let your moderation be known unto all.—Phil. 4. 5.
17	Sa.	God give thee of the dew of heaven.—Gen. 27. 28.
18	Su.	<i>Collection for Colonial Mission.</i> —Matt. 27. 35. [5. 16.]
19	M.	Pray one for another, that ye may be healed.—James 5. 16.
20	Tu.	Days of joy, sending gifts to the poor.—Esther 9. 22.
21	W.	Anger resteth in the bosom of fools.—Eccles. 7. 9.
22	Th.	Not ashamed before Him at His coming.—1 John 2. 28.
23	F.	Do justice: for My salvation is near.—Isa. 56. 1.
24	Sa.	Thou canst make me clean.—Matt. 8. 2.
25	Su.	These all continued with one accord in prayer.—Acts 1. 14.
26	M.	Lead us not into temptation.—Matt. 6. 13. [1. 14.]
27	Tu.	Neither will I tempt the Lord.—Isa. 7. 12.
28	W.	Neither give place to the devil.—Eph. 4. 27.
29	Th.	<i>New Moon.</i> He spared not His own Son.—Rom. 8. 32.
30	F.	<i>St. Andrew's Day.</i> <i>Prayer for Missions.</i> —Num. 10. 32.

DECEMBER.

1	Sa.	God hath spoken unto us by His Son.—Heb. 1. 1, 2.
2	Su.	<i>Advent Sunday.</i> Send me good speed this day.—Gen. 1. 1.
3	M.	Pass not away from Thy servant.—Gen. 18. 3. [24. 12.]
4	Tu.	I am thy God which teacheth thee.—Isa. 48. 17.



Hid My face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee.

ISAIAH LIV. 8.

The Brook's Sermon.

BRIGHT your crystal waters gleam;
Sweet your merry wavelets sing!
Tell me, little rippling stream,
What the message is you bring.

“Lovely is the azure sky,
Beauteous are the budding flowers,
Kind, to all, the sun on high
Measures out the happy hours.

“Move not then with sullen brow
’Mid the beauty God has made!
What though ills assail you now,
Hark His voice: ‘Be not afraid!’

“Clouds may gather round the sun,
Hiding all the heavens fair;
Not for that my song is done,
For I know he still is there.

“Grief may for a time endure,
Darkness shadow all your lot;
Yet the Sun of Life, be sure,
Shines although you see Him not.”

E. M. TRAQUAIR.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1883.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for December.

1	Sa.	Dr. Macleod sees members regarding baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
2	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M., 2.30 P.M. EVENING, 7 P.M. (The Afternoon Service on the first Sunday is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are expected to bring the Children's Hymnal, and to sit in the lower part of the Church. Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, Jamaica Street Hall, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Sabbath School, Brunswick Street, 4 P.M. " " " " 6 P.M. " " Horne Lane, 4 P.M. Children's Church, " " 11.15 A.M.
3	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Jamaica Street Hall, 3 P.M. " " Horne Lane, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Jamaica Street Hall, 8 P.M. Kirk-Session, 4.30 P.M.
4	Tu.	Workers' Meeting, Jamaica Street Hall, 3 P.M. Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, LECTURE by the Rev. James MacGregor, D.D., of St. Cuthbert's, in the NEW HALL at 8 P.M. All invited.
5	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Musical Association in New Hall, 8 P.M.
6	Th.	Prayer Meeting in New Hall, 3 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings, India Place, Nos. 23 and 26.
7	Fr.	Literary Society, Jamaica Street Hall, 8.15 P.M. Choir Practice, 8 P.M.
8	Sa.	
9	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.30 P.M. Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, New Halls, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, New Halls, 6 P.M. Children's Church, New Halls, 11.15 A.M. Sabbath Schools as on 2d. Service, Horne Lane, 6.30 P.M.
10	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Jamaica Street, 3 P.M. " " (Miss Strachan), New Halls, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, New Halls, 8 P.M.
11	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association. Address by Dr. Macleod. Sacred music. New Hall (class-room), 8 P.M.
12	W.	Same as on 5th.
13	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, New Hall, 3.15 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings, India Place, Nos. 29 and 32.
14	Fr.	Same as 7th.
15	Sa.	
16	S.	Same as 9th. FOREIGN MISSION COL- LECTION.

17	M.	Same as 10th.
18	Tu.	Temperance and Total Abstinence Association. Social Meeting in New Hall at 8 P.M. Service in Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M.
19	W.	Same as 5th.
20	Th.	Prayer Meeting in New Hall, 3 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings, India Place, Nos. 35 and 37.
21	Fr.	Same as 7th.
22	Sa.	
23	S.	Same as 9th.
24	M.	Same as 10th.
25	Tu.	Temperance and Total Abstinence Association. Address by Rev. George Wilson, St. Michael's (late of Cramond), New Hall, at 8 P.M.
26	W.	Same as 5th. Ladies' Sewing Meeting in connection with Missions, New Halls, 2.30 P.M. All invited.
27	Th.	No Bible Class. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings, India Place, Nos. 38 and 39.
28	Fr.	No meeting of Literary Society.
29	Sa.	
30	S.	Same as 9th.
31	M.	Bible Class does not meet. 1884. JANUARY.
1	Tu.	Service in Church at 12 noon. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association does not meet.

NOTE.—Most of the Sabbath School Classes will be transferred to the New Halls when all the rooms are completed, probably about the middle of the month.

Foreign Mission Collection.

This Collection will be made in St. Stephen's on the 16th, being the THIRD Sunday of the month.

It will be in the recollection of the Congregation that for the last two years the amount contributed by us for this object has been unusually large. In 1881 the Foreign Mission Collection was £335. At that time it was supposed by most people that this point could never again be reached. Yet the Collection for 1882 was still better, amounting at the Church door to £344:4:6, probably the largest collection ever made for any of the "Schemes" in the ordinary way. Now, without being over sanguine as to the probability of our having such a Collection again, I would respectfully and affectionately entreat the members of the Congregation to ask themselves these plain questions: Can I honestly say that I gave more for Foreign Missions last year than I ought to have given? Did I give more than I was able? After all, did that contribution imply any act of self-sacrifice on my part? Have I been obliged to deny myself one single pleasure or luxury in consequence of what I gave on that occasion? Well, dear

friends, if the answer of most of us must be No, then clearly it should not be so difficult after all to make this year's Collection as good as last. Last year's will be no exception if every member of St. Stephen's is in earnest, and gives according to the measure of his or her ability. In saying this I desire most gratefully to acknowledge the liberal response made last year and the year before to the appeal of this Committee. Including our contributions for "Female Missions," and one or two special donations, St. Stephen's contributed last year to the Foreign Mission Scheme no less than £701:17s. I do not say that this is more than we might reasonably be expected to give, but undoubtedly it was a highly satisfactory result, and I would fain hope that we may still have the faith and the courage to aim at nothing less. Whether we are to succeed depends on the way in which each of us does his duty in the matter.

And here let me say a word with regard to the present position of the Foreign Mission. It is notorious that difficulties have arisen at one of our Stations which have necessitated certain changes in our staff. As to the chief points of the painful case referred to, there is meanwhile sufficient reason to suspend our judgment awaiting further light. The friends of the Mission would do well to be on their guard, and not too readily to receive exaggerated or one-sided statements which may be submitted to their minds. This much, however, is undeniable, that serious difficulties and complications have arisen at Calcutta, and there can be no harm in stating that for the present the Rev. W. MacFarlane has been placed at the head of our great Institution in that city in place of Mr. Hastie, while other changes are in course of being carried out. Miss E. Bernard has been entrusted with the superintendence of the Female Mission work. From what we know of both these devoted missionaries, we may have perfect confidence that in due time, through God's great goodness, the present cloud will pass away, and it will be seen that our work has been placed on a more stable basis than before. We are not worthy to be called a "Missionary" Church unless we can endure "hardness as good soldiers of Christ." Why should difficulties daunt or overwhelm us? That these, when they arise, should humble and prove us is certain, but they should not unduly discourage us. Is there nothing in the condition of the Church at home that needs to be purged by this discipline? Has God no controversy with His people in this land? Who are we that we should expect to be shielded from all disaster? Would to God that our Church might hear in present events the voice of Christ calling her to far grander sacrifice and labours in His cause than she has ever yet made! Then would we indeed have cause to thank Him for any discipline, however trying, by which we were awakened from our sloth and unbelief.

But while one Indian Station is confessedly passing through a "crisis," the work of the Foreign Mission generally may be said to be progressing quietly and

successfully. Our two brightest spots are Darjeeling and Blantyre. At the latter place the old difficulties may be said to have disappeared entirely, and, though there have been trials from sickness and death, God has in many ways greatly blessed and encouraged His servants. The Mission is now beyond all doubt a real centre of religion and civilisation in East Africa. A more beautiful picture than it presents of earnest and loving Christian labour and self-sacrifice could not be imagined. Let no one suppose, then, that there is no "bit of blue" in the sky which overspreads the wide scene of our missionary efforts. Human agents may fail here or there, but the work goes on, for it is God's work, and it must triumph. We are only the channels and the instruments of His working. O high honour! O inestimable privilege! May it be ours worthily to do the part which the Master has assigned to each of us, that in that great Harvest Day which is coming we may rejoice together! Wherefore remember the words of the Lord Jesus how He said, **It is more blessed to give than to receive.**

Sunday School Library.

The attention of the Congregation is again directed to the appeal in the last Magazine. As yet the response is so small as to awaken some misgivings as to the practical utility of this Supplement.

Female Missions of the Church of Scotland.

It may be mentioned that all contributors of one shilling and upwards are members of the "St. Stephen's Parochial Association" in support of the female missions of the Church of Scotland. Contributions are now being taken by the Lady Collectors. Further, the Ladies' Work Party, which has necessarily been held in a private house till now, is hereafter to meet in the New Parochial Buildings on the last Wednesday of every month at 2.30 P.M. All are invited.

Musical Association.

The meetings are held in the Parochial Buildings every Wednesday at 8 P.M. The entrance-fee is 2s. 6d. for the season, and all are cordially invited. Conductor, Mr. A. Curle.

Elder Street Church Sale of Work.

Although it is not intended to give the New Mission Hall for extra-parochial purposes, permission has been given to the Minister of this Chapel to hold a very small Supplementary Bazaar in one of the rooms, on Friday and Saturday, the 21st and 22d of December, Dr. Macleod having a certain responsibility in regard to Elder Street as Convener of the Presbytery's Committee. The Chapel is in a poor locality, and Mr. Stobbs is doing good work which deserves encouragement. If even £50 can be raised by this means it will be a great help.

The Poor.

The usual "Thanksgiving Collection" will be made on the first Sabbath of 1884, for Coals and the Soup Kitchen.



DECEMBER 1883.

Sermon.

CAN WE PERFECTLY KEEP THE
COMMANDMENTS?

By the Rev. THOMAS NICOL, B.D., Edinburgh.

“These things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous.”—1 JOHN ii. 1.

IN considering the question at the head of this sermon we are met by an objection on the threshold, that the commandments were not given to man to be kept, but to reveal to him his sin; that as they cannot be the ground of salvation to the sinner, so they cannot be the rule of life to the Christian. The effect of the law was undoubtedly to reveal to man his moral powerlessness, and bring home to him the guilt of sin. But the confession of helplessness and guilt never could be a substitute for the obedience which the law claimed. And although God made provision for the pardon of sin, He did not therefore lower His demand for a perfect obedience to His law. The fact, moreover, that the Christian is not under the law but under grace, does not lift him above the commandments. As a rule of conduct they remain, deepened and enlarged by Christ (Matt. v. 17). The law of the Spirit and the law of Sinai are substantially the same as their contents. Will-worship, lying, theft, are not less, but more, forbidden under the law of Christ. Only, the law that was before a code of commandments, speaking from without and obeyed as a duty, is to the man with a new heart an inner force shaping and moulding the character from within (Jer. xxxi. 33); the stern tones of authority are merged in the persuasive tones of love: “If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love” (John xv. 10). The question, then, “Can we perfectly keep the commandments?” is far from being irrelevant or indifferent to any of us. And we have to answer in the words of the Larger Catechism, “No man is able, either by himself, or by any grace received in this life, perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed.”

I. We cannot keep the commandments *unto salvation.*

The spirituality of the law says we cannot. Even if by “cold abstinence from evil deeds,” like the young ruler (Mark x. 20), we observed the law in all that it forbade, could we say that

we had observed it fully in all that it required—“Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself”? (Luke x. 27). And if we should feel disposed to appeal to a general obedience to the law, as a ground of acceptance with God, the law is a standard that will not brook the slightest deviation or imperfection, and “whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, is guilty of all” (James ii. 10).

The natural sinfulness of the human heart says we cannot. Our conceptions of moral perfection have been terribly obscured by sin, and we make to ourselves false consciences and false standards of duty. Even when we know the right, we often feel carried away against our better judgment to do the wrong. The cry of the heathen poet: “I see and approve the better, I pursue the worse,” is only one note of a universal wail over the powerlessness of man to reach up to his own ideals of duty and righteousness. And with the light which Revelation throws upon the perfection of God and the sinfulness of man, the self-complacent dream of our goodness vanishes. We can no more by our efforts satisfy the requirements of God’s law than the bankrupt can pay his debts by means of dishonoured bills.

The Divine plan of redemption says we cannot. Were it enough for our salvation that we be men

“Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel
No self-reproach; who of the moral law,
Established in the land where they abide,
Are strict observers.”

what need that God should have delivered up His Son? If it were possible through natural development to reach a moral perfection pleasing to God, then a vast amount of Scripture would become void of meaning. Those who look for salvation to their observance of the commandments, however conscientious, or to moral excellence they have attained, however beautiful, look for another salvation than that which Christ has won for us by His precious blood. “Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.” “If righteousness is through the law, then Christ died for nothing” (Gal. ii. 21, Revised Version).

II. We cannot keep the commandments *unto sinlessness*. There is scarcely any truth more fully substantiated as a truth of Scripture and experience than this—that Christians, living under the power of the Holy Spirit, nevertheless come short of sinless perfection. Divine grace does work wonders in delivering men from the bondage of sin. Characters of the highest moral beauty have been seen in the Church by the power of the Holy Ghost. And there are attainments in holiness within the power of every Christian, through the divine grace and Spirit, higher than we have ever striven to reach. Yet the “infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated.” The prayers and praises of the Church gathered from all her branches in all ages; the biographies of eminent disciples and saints; the experience of believing men and women everywhere, all bear this one testimony. James, known in the Church as the Just, says, “In many things we offend all.” The beloved disciple John says, “If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves.” The same Paul who said “Reckon ye yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin,” and “Herein do I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men,” called himself the chief of sinners, and said, towards the close of his life of devotion, “Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect.” And the Lord’s Prayer, the prayer in which the most advanced Christians find their supplications summed up, contains the petitions “Forgive us our debts,” “Lead us not into temptation.” The experience of indwelling sin—the consciousness of shortcoming—is a law even of the regenerate life.

And need it surprise us that against this invariable experience—doubtless necessary to our ultimate perfection, permitted at least by infinite love—the instincts of the regenerate nature should utter from time to time their protest? It is pain to the child of God to come short of his Father’s will, to find the embers of old sins glowing at times into flame, to feel that the devil, the world, and the flesh, are ever on the watch for an opportunity to reclaim their lost dominion. No wonder that he gladly hails any view of the Christian life which promises complete deliverance.

Christian men have sometimes hoped to find deliverance by repudiating the Commandments altogether. They did so in the early days of the Reformation, when, as it seemed, intoxicated with the very liberty of the gospel, they declared that good works and obedience to the commandments were not necessary to a saved state. These views soon received a terrible practical refutation in the melancholy excesses into which they lured their adherents.

They have sought it in theories of perfection, which proceed often upon defective views of human nature and the nature of sin; take sometimes the dangerous ground of assuming a relaxation of the

law’s demands in consequence of the death of Christ; or point to an experience of entire sanctification and full salvation which is often unreal, and, at its highest, leaves room for inconsistencies, weaknesses, and failures. When Christian men come to say “We have no sin,” their consciousness of victory is in danger of leading to spiritual pride, and spiritual pride to Laodicean self-complacency, and that again to grievous overthrow and sin.

Deliverance is sought at the present day in the views of those Christians whose watchwords are “holiness by faith” and “the higher Christian life.” Some of their teaching is “perfection” under another name, or slightly modified. It is sometimes mystical and unpractical, and it is questionable whether they do not often leave unduly out of view the moral and practical sides of Christian life. But the spirit animating the movement is healthy and elevated. Its promoters rightly lay emphasis upon the power of self-consecration and of faith for the attainment of the holy life. They say to the Christian over-weighted in the struggle with infirmity and evil, “Christ is made of God unto you *righteousness*, and in that righteousness you know you are accepted with God. But Christ is made of God equally unto you *sanctification*; trust Him fully to keep you day by day, hour by hour, from failure and sin.” That is teaching which is needed by us all. It is a valuable corrective to the low standards of holiness with which so many Christians are content, for the church of Christ suffers more from the practice of imperfection than from the pursuit of theories of perfection; and its object is to lead the Church of God, in the lines of Paul’s teaching in Romans (Rom. vi., viii.), to a higher level of self-consecration and holy attainment.

III. Our Christian duty is nothing less than *entire and universal obedience to the commandments*. To play fast and loose with truth, honour, and moral principle, and excuse ourselves with the plea of natural imperfection, is dangerous presumption. On the other hand, to imagine when we have been overtaken in a fault, when we feel the power of indwelling sin, that we really do not care to be good, and are not Christians at all, is to let ourselves fall into fatal despair. The precept and the promise of the text supply the antidote against both. And whilst from St. John we have this finely-balanced statement of duty and promise, from St. Paul we have another of experience and aspiration. Standing upon the heights he had won through years of self-denial, through abundant labours, and above all through abounding grace, St. Paul could see heights of holiness stretching away beyond him, till they lost themselves in the holiness around the eternal throne. And he said, “Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

Sunday at Sea.

BY ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

OUR first Sunday at sea was an exceedingly stormy one. We were rounding Cape Horn, and for days together the good ship had been waging a hand-to-hand fight, so to speak, with wind and wave, a struggle in which it had sometimes seemed doubtful which was to remain the victor. To-day the gale seemed to have passed its climax, but the captain's presence was still constantly needed on deck. When it happened that there was no clergyman of any denomination among his passengers, as was the case on the present voyage, it was the captain's custom to conduct the Sunday service himself. To-day the office devolved on the doctor, and towards midday a little congregation met in the saloon, gathered from the first and second class passengers.

Not more than half our full complement had assembled, several of the ladies being still confined to their cabins by the roughness of the weather, and none of the sailors being spared from duty. A strange and, it must be said, not very cheerful scene we presented. The skylights were battened down and covered with tarpaulins so that no light from outside penetrated into the saloon, the swinging oil-lamps shed a sombre and ineffectual radiance, and an air of cold and cheerless gloom prevailed. The doctor, like the captain, was an Episcopalian, and the service was conducted according to the ritual of that church.

The vessel was still rolling heavily, and as the doctor stood up to read he was obliged to grasp firmly the back of the settee to keep himself upright. So it was with all our little congregation—we stood and held fast by whatever was fast and stable, by the handles of the cabin doors, by the tables, and by the settees. Our voices shook with the swaying rocking ship, and we quavered out the responses and hymns with halting intonation and sad lack of unison. But our hearts were in the matter. We had passed through a storm of exceptional violence, we had been in no small peril, and the peril was past. Never before probably, in the case of most of us, had we so deeply realised the comparative powerlessness of man in the presence of the elements, how he shrinks and dwindles into nothingness in the breath of the tempest. We had felt with an overmastering sense of awe the unfathomable and mysterious power of the Being whose will the black storm-clouds and the whirlpool of waters obeyed.

Our ship—a masterpiece of man's skill in ship-craft—had been tossed and eddied about on the seething vortex of waters like a cork in a mountain torrent. At one time it had seemed that human skill had reached its limit to guide and save our ship, and that it was about to fail, when an interposing arm, invisible, but as manifest to the spiritual sense as the lightning to the bodily, was stretched

out to snatch the storm-weary vessel from the rude grasp of the winds, and from the black jaws of the whirlpool and very destruction. In no situation or crisis probably does the mind realise more intensely the presence of an all-powerful and mysterious Ruler of the universe, a supreme Lord of nature and her laws, than in a storm at sea. Soul, heart, and imagination are wrought upon and stirred in an exceptional manner and degree, and all man's spiritual and mental faculties fall humbly prostrate in the presence of the miraculous power whose word moves the thunder-blast and stills it. There are few scriptural figures at once finer and truer, reaching a sublime height of poetic hyperbole, and yet with a marvellous realistic force and directness, than that which describes the Creator as "holding the seas in the hollow of His hand."

It was thus with hearts of humble adoration, and strange and awed gratitude, that we bent the knee before the throne of the Father, the mysterious Dispenser of good and evil, of life and death. For each one present the prayer—"O most powerful and glorious Lord God, at whose command the winds blow, and lift up the waves of the sea, and who stillest the rage thereof, we thy creatures, but miserable sinners, do in this our great distress cry unto Thee for help; save, Lord, or else we perish," was clothed with a new meaning, went home to each individual heart as it had never done before, and would henceforth possess for each of us a peculiar interest, force, and sympathy. With wavering voices, but with full hearts, we sang the hymn:

"O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea."

So the brief service proceeded and ended, solemn and reverent enough, despite the unfavourable conditions, the vessel rocking and swaying the little congregation this way and that, with every pitch and roll, the lamps oscillating to and fro like pendulums, projecting strange wavering phantom shapes around the saloon, and leaving the remoter parts and corners in Rembrandt-like shadow and gloom.

That night the storm spent its force, and next morning the ship seemed to have sailed into a new world of waters, to have passed out of a region of storm and darkness and chaos into one of calm and sunshine. A long undulating swell on the water was all that told of the rude upheaval of ocean, the confused mingling of sea and heaven, which had gone before. The sun looked forth strong and unabashed from a blue sky all the clearer and bluer for the rough purification through which it had passed, and far and wide around the ship the sea, like a broad-browed smiling god, laughed with its many-twinkling "innumerable smile."

The next Sunday of which I have a distinct recollection was after we had fairly rounded the Horn, and were rapidly running north into low latitudes. It was a striking contrast to our first Sunday at sea—a day of perfect beauty and repose,

all the more grateful to our little floating village by reason of the rugged weather we had again encountered in passing the Horn.

To-day there was scarce a ripple to break the clear serenity, and deep, intense, unfathomable blue—"blue as the body of heaven"—of the ocean. The whole ship now wore an aspect of cheerfulness and brightness that was but a reflection of the sun-bright sea and sky.

About noonday all the passengers and most of the crew were gathered amidship for morning service. A snow-white awning had been stretched overhead as a protection against the hot midday sun, and a reading-desk, covered with bunting and a flag, had been improvised for the occasion. The little congregation presented quite a bright appearance—the ladies had donned light, summer attire, cool and fresh looking; the children, of whom there was a considerable number, wore their gayest bravery, and the sailors, in blue serge and snowy ducks, had that clean, fresh, wholesome appearance which every tidy, well-washed, well-groomed sailor presents.

We had a piano in the saloon, and by opening the skylights we were easily able to hear the accompaniment to the chants and hymns played by one of our number. The captain, who in general culture was considerably above the average of merchant captains, was a good reader, and his strong, breezy bass gave an emphasis and impressiveness to the beautiful service which we have sometimes missed in cathedral aisles, where, too often, monotony of intonation is apparently regarded as the one method to be aimed at.

We had been practising the chants and hymns for several days previously, and as there were several fairly good female and male voices, both among the saloon and the second-class passengers, the musical part of the service was not at all amiss, either in regard to volume or harmony. Perhaps it was in part the novelty of the circumstances that stimulated every one to sing with heart as well as voice, with the result of giving a freshness and vitality, and almost a new meaning, to the beautiful, old, familiar hymns. It was with a deep and humble sense of gratitude that we realised how our petition had been answered, as we again sang—

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave;
O hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea."

The service concluded with a sermon, which the captain read from a volume of short discourses written for use on occasions such as this. I remember thinking at the time that it was a sensible, apposite, and impressive little homily, but what was the text, or what the exact nature of the sermon, has entirely passed from my memory, like many a good and worth-remembering discourse, I am sorry to say, before and since.

The afternoon was passed in various fashion,

according to individual tastes—by most of us in reading, or trying to make ourselves believe that we were reading, by some in sleep, either in their cabins or in hammocks slung on deck. The day was, in truth, so warm and still and sunny that the temptation to doze or laze through the afternoon was strong. Seated on the quarter-deck, in a half-reclining posture, with my back against the skylights, I was keeping up an appearance of reading the book on my knees, getting over the ground at the rate of about a page in half an hour. My eyes wandered from the book over the sea, thence to the far horizon line, and so climbed the deep, blue arch of the heavens, came back to the ship's main truck, and reached the deck again by the shrouds. This process repeated itself again and again with a dreamy, pleasant monotony, like the recurrence of a tune that has haunted the memory for days, until it, too, almost wove itself into a rhythmical cadence.

But there were sights, too, on the sea worth noting, only that they had become familiar by this time. Porpoises were playing around the vessel—now clearing the sunlit waters, or slipping smoothly over the very crests of the waves, now rising three or four abreast, shooting through the air in a swift arc, and plunging again into ocean. The petrels were skimming the waters away to larboard, now poised on the white cap of a wave, now hid in its bosom. In our wake some half a dozen albatrosses whitened the blue with their snowy plumage. On other days a small band of eager fishermen would have been seen at the vessel's bows endeavouring—and not always unsuccessfully—to lure these beautiful swans of the ocean with bait of red rag. But to-day they enjoy a respite from their human foe.

No more beautiful sight is seen in mid-ocean than the albatrosses. They float on the surface of the sea as lightly and gracefully as swans on a lake, rising and falling with the long undulating motion of the sea in calm; or they move majestically through the blue air with broad, oary wings, dip their glancing feathers in the wave, turn and flash them to the sun, and rise again on steady level pinions. At rest upon the billow, they seem to brood upon the waters, and always brought back to my recollection those lovely lines from Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*—

"And birds of calm
Sit brooding on the charmed wave."

To-day our ship is a thing of beauty past the telling, as she cleaves her way through the yielding floor of ocean, careening slightly to starboard, but steady as a rock, under a snowy, billowy cloud of canvas, the white foam parting beneath her knife-like prow, seething with a hissing sound up the bows, and now and then sprinkling the jib with flying surge-drops. The light but steady wind is singing through shrouds and stays, making of them an Æolian harp. And the ship seems, in every

plank and spar, instinct and vibrating with a joyous life and strength. On such a day in mid-ocean the mind is brought into nearer contact and closer sympathy with the spirit of nature, I imagine, than in any other circumstances that you can name. Not amid the deep unbroken solitude of the Scottish hills, where no sound stirs the air save the drop of the burn into the tarn below; not amid Alpine valleys, where a yet deeper stillness reigns, and where every silent, shining, gleaming peak, rising

“White, white, and faint,
Like the brow of a saint,”

seems to point upward to where the great creative Spirit has His vast, illimitable, mysterious abode. In neither of these circumstances does the truth of the existence of a mighty Master-mind working through all nature, with universality of power and supremacy of will, sink so deeply into a man's heart and soul.

In the sunny stillness of this afternoon, with the vast ocean spreading league upon league on every side, the great immeasurable dome of heaven arching over and down upon the waters, you seem to see the whole world unrolled before you—the broad out-flowing sunshine floods the whole, bathing the universe as in the infinite smile of the Creator, and God seems verily to “brood” over His heaven and ocean—you realise with overmastering intensity the marvellous force of that figure.

Did *chance* bring this beautiful and all-perfect world-structure together, and does a blind, unconscious, irresponsible, pitiless *law* keep it together—keep the ocean in its channels, the heaven in its arc, the stars in their rhythmical march? O mighty Master Science! I gratefully acknowledge your priceless services to humanity times out of count, I reverently bow to your decrees in all that falls within your just scope; but in the vast and mighty domain—wider even than your own—where spirit and imagination and heart must be taken count of as factors, your witness is only one among many. When you leap the fence of facts, and stray into the wide and trackless fields of conjecture beyond, you oftentimes wander as bewildered as a child lost in a Brazilian forest. It is then that, discrediting your premiss, I must decline your conclusions.

A common idea prevails that sunsets at sea are striking and beautiful before all land sunsettings. Experience of long sea travel has not led the writer to endorse this idea. To obtain the most perfect sunsets—if that epithet can be applied at all when no two sunsets are ever alike—you must have hills to catch and hold the lingering dying light. At sea the sun often dips down behind the horizon with a sudden drop like a Jack-in-the-box.

Oftentimes, however, a very fine though somewhat brief effect is witnessed, and it was so on the occasion I am recalling. The great disc lay suspended on the farthest rim of ocean, as though pausing a moment ere bidding the world a last adieu, throbbing, palpitating, quivering like a live thing, with

clear-flaming fire. A moment or two only it lingered, a sudden, deep, intense, and solemn hush seemed to enwrap the wide, blank immensity of the heavens, and at the same instant a flashing golden pathway stretched itself from out the very heart of the sun down to our vessel's side—a gleaming crimson floor, trembling and overflowing with myriad burnished ripples, a glorified stairway cut straight across the ocean, along which the imagination passed up and through the great sun-globe as through a golden door, into the mystical other-world beyond. A moment or two only the glory lasted, and then the sun sank in silent majesty from our gaze and the splendour died out on the sea.

At night a second short service was held on deck. Lamps were so suspended and arranged that the captain could see to read, but the rest of us had to trust pretty much to our knowledge of the prayer book. Nevertheless this service in the darkling light, beneath the grave canopy of heaven, was invested with its own solemnity and impressiveness; while the singing of the chants and hymns had that peculiar softness and sweetness which musical sounds seem to take on when wafted across still water.

A night of exceptional clearness and beauty succeeded. Most of the passengers lingered late on deck—only a very dull soul would have been proof against the spell of the tropic night. The long broad trail of phosphorescent splendour—flashing with a strange magical beauty, constantly shifting through a thousand different colours and never remaining for a moment quite the same—which the vessel left in her wake, was alone a sight to watch for hours together.

The purple-black heavens seemed to be *raining* stars. Turning the gaze upwards you saw faintly the mast-heads of the ship rocking to and fro among the stars, while ever and anon one literally dropped from its cluster, made a swift gleaming arc, seemed to fall right among the black network of spars and ropes, and vanished.

After long and silent watching of a starlit sky, the effect upon the senses is almost like that of music. The stars seem to beat and throb in a measured cadence, the “music of the spheres” seems no longer a figure; you realise with the simplicity of experience how the morning stars sing together. The sweet influence of the Pleiades is the influence of celestial music, and sinks into the heart with the same still majesty.

Impossible, for ever and for ever impossible, to believe that there is not *mind* behind that mystical starry framework—all-comprehending mind—and not dumb-driving force.

“To one conclusion
No ingenious shift—illusion—
Should the reason blind;
One great fact denies rebuttal;—
All existence, simple, subtle,
Points you with behest imperious
To a Source, profound, mysterious,

No'er to be defined ;
 Yet of might so transcendental,
 All the powers that men call ' mental '
 Are its dim reflections, merely
 Glimmerings of a glory clearly
 Inexpressible more nearly
 Than as ' Primal mind. ' ”¹

The infinitude of the midnight skies, especially when beheld arching the immeasurable vast spaces of ocean, is calculated to impress a man with his own infinite littleness, and exercises a wholesomely humbling effect which most of us abundantly need. The eternal stars shine on for ever, but of all God's creations man is perhaps the most evanescent, fleeting, shadowlike ; his brief, swift life is rounded with a sleep. Yet so bold and confident is the race of man, so prepared to pierce *per fas et nefas*, that it climbs to the stars to dethrone their Maker, and

“ in a Leyden jar.
 We bottle the Creator.”

But how immeasurable the domain of human knowledge still untraversed—untraversed ! nay, undreamt of ! How much of our actual knowledge is but a guess. “ The best-directed effort of man,” says Hawthorne, “ accomplishes something like a dream, and God is the sole worker of realities.”

At last one by one the passengers sought their cabins, the decks were deserted save for the watch, the silence that reigned around deepened ; and the wind through the cordage, the occasional flap of a sail as the wind shifted a point, and the measured footfall of the officer on watch, were all the sounds that broke the midnight stillness. It seemed as though the ship should sail on always till her goal was at last reached with those calm seas and tranquil heavens ; but many of us retired to rest, I fancy, with the echoes of the hymn still lingering in our hearts—

“ O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.”

The Druses of Lebanon.

By GHOSN AL HOWIE, L. A.

THE district known by the name of Lebanon is a mountainous country a few miles east of the Mediterranean Sea, and is familiar, by name at least, to Scripture readers throughout the world. It would appear, however, that many of those who are little versed in books of geography and travels conceive of Mount Lebanon as a district covered with forests and uninhabited. The truth is, that it is studded with hamlets and villages, and even towns of considerable size, and in all has a population of 250,000, composed chiefly of Maronites, Orthodox Greeks, and Druses, the last of whom must form the subject of the present paper.

This Sect or Society is generally not understood in the West : nor is this to be wondered at, for

even in Syria itself various opinions are entertained as to the origin and creed of those hardy mountaineers. According to the most authentic history, El Hakim (by interpretation, The Ruler) flourished in Egypt during the first half of the eleventh century, and was a descendant of a Mohammedan dynasty. In worthlessness and cruelty El Hakim has seldom been equalled and never surpassed by any despot who ever tyrannised over any country. Without much provocation he slew his tutor ; and on one occasion, without cause assigned, he built up the doors and windows of a bath which was crowded with women, so that the whole of those unfortunates perished. Again, he professed to give an entertainment to the ladies of his subjects, but many of them were sewn into bags and drowned. He once ordered the destruction of all the dogs in the land, and it is said that thirty thousand of them were despatched. At another time he strictly prohibited the use of a certain kind of food, for no other reason than that a certain historical personage whom he hated was fond of it. At one time he would profess the highest zeal in the religion of Mohammed, and soon after he would stop pilgrimages to Mecca, and wage violent persecution against Mohammedans. He was known also alternately to favour and oppress the Jews. Perhaps his crowning act, however, was when he conceived the idea of representing himself to the world not only as a prophet, as Mohammed had done four hundred years before, but as the very Deity incarnate.

At this point Ali El Derzi, a Persian, arrived in Egypt, and soon after presented himself at El Hakim's Court, and by degrees became the depositary of his secret thoughts and designs. El Derzi flattered and professed heartily to adopt the King's notion as to his divinity, and wrote a book setting forth and expounding the subject ; but when he attempted to read it in an Egyptian mosque, the rage of the populace was such that with difficulty he escaped with his life, and immediately betook himself to the country on the base of Hermon. There he preached and zealously propagated the new religion. Evidently many of the people, who had lately come from the countries east of the Euphrates, were in a state of preparedness to receive and adopt the new doctrines.

In a short time, however, intoxicated by his success, El Derzi despised his original lord and master, and started on his own account ; instead of the missionary he became the sole object of the new religion. His own converts, evidently dissatisfied with his later conduct, informed against him at headquarters. El Hakim then despatched Hamzi, a mystic, to take off the head of the apostate and succeed him in office. Hearing of this, El Derzi disguised himself and fled, taking shelter at an oven or bakehouse, the proprietors of which, happening to be of his own converts and knowing his circumstances, conspired and threw him into the flames. Thus perished El Derzi the Persian. But,

¹ *Ranolf and Amohia*, by Alfred Dorrett.

in spite of the undying dislike with which he was and is regarded by the sect, he left and imposed upon them his name; for, according to the most intelligent and painstaking inquirers, the Druses derive their name from El Derzi, their first missionary.

Meantime El Hakim continued to grow less human and more brutal, so that his sister, together with a courtier, plotted and secretly accomplished his destruction. To account for his disappearance they placed upon the doors of the mosques a statement to the effect that "the Prince of the Faithful" had voluntarily absented himself in order to try, or prove, the faithful. Hamzi, his late vizier, took up the work, and became the chief expounder of the faith and the most esteemed by the followers of El Hakim. The sacred literature of the Druses is made up of several epistles, partly by El Hakim himself and partly by his immediate missionaries. These epistles have been guarded with the utmost care, and largely commented upon.

That this religion struck no roots whatever in its native soil, but had to be transported to another and very distant country, was due, no doubt, to the fact that the Egyptians knew too well the nature of the claims and pretences of El Hakim to be carried away by his heresy. The scheme evidently had the best chance among the people of Lebanon who were farthest from El Hakim and knew least about him. Contrast with this the conduct of Christ, who commanded His apostles to begin their work of preaching the gospel at Jerusalem, the very place where He had suffered, where He was best known, and where He had most enemies and gainsayers.

According to the creed of the Druses, El Hakim will in due time return to judge the world. In dismay and terror the infidel nations especially shall appear before him, when the faithful shall receive mansions or palaces to dwell in, and shall have at their disposal and enjoy all imaginable luxuries of a sensual paradise. The infidels shall be disposed of according to their degree of guilt; some of them shall be made to inhabit the bodies of dogs, some those of asses or swine, and others shall be imprisoned in blocks of iron, which must be heated and hammered by smiths. The worst conceivable punishment is reserved for apostate Druses. Christian ministers, priests, and dignitaries of other religions, if exceptionally good, may retain their human forms, and be clerks and menials in the palaces of the faithful.

Some of their other religious ideas are these:—

In the beginning, human forms, that is, the bodies of men, were scattered about lifeless, like leather bottles; but life was instilled into them as soon as El Hakim willed. They believe in transmigration of souls, and that the exact number of souls which first came into the world has never increased nor decreased. Death is thus, in their view, only a change of abode by the soul; there is a birth corresponding to every death, so that the

individuals inhabiting the world, from first to last, are ever the same in number. Repentance is held to be inefficacious. Hence, since the death of El Hakim, conversion to the faith is neither admissible nor possible. The true religion was proclaimed in his lifetime in the ears of the whole world, as all who can be present on earth at any time were present then, and those who received his offer shall reap the benefit, but those who refused must suffer the consequences.

The Druses possess many villages entirely, and share many more with other sects. Socially they are divided into lords and commons. The former are subdivided into four classes, differing in rank. Religiously they are distinguished as prudent (or enlightened) and ignorant. In truth, the former alone compose the members of the Society of Druses; for they alone are initiated into the rites and mysteries, the promises and threats, of the religion. The ignorant differ in nothing from infidels except that they are born with the right to initiation and admission into the Society as soon as they comply with some preliminary conditions. The Society imposes upon the candidate the obligation never to reveal, never to whisper to outsiders, anything whatsoever of their faith and practice. If this obligation be violated, the severest punishment, possibly death, follows. Women as well as men may become members of the Society. Their meetings are always and entirely closed against non-members. Outwardly (for convenience sake) they may profess any religion provided they keep El Hakim in their hearts; and hence in Syria, and particularly where Mohammedanism preponderates, they are as nearly as possible Mohammedans. Polygamy is forbidden, but divorce and re-marriage may be repeated indefinitely; but no man can again marry a woman whom he has once divorced. In general, they are temperate in the extreme. The "prudent" are abstainers, not only from intoxicating liquors, but from tobacco and all such luxuries. They discourage the use of animal food, and live in the main on olive oil, olive berries, melons, cucumbers, pumpkins, gourds, tomatoes, egg-plants, grapes, figs, etc.

In some books of travels they are described as industrious. This, however, is the very reverse of the opinion their neighbours entertain of them. Hardy, brave, courageous, and, above all, hospitable, they undoubtedly are. Of late many of the so-called lords and nobles have been reduced to abject poverty; for they regard nearly every kind of employment as beneath them. Although Protestant aggressive missions were planted in Syria more than seventy years ago, there are hardly half a dozen of Druse converts. One I do know, who has become a licensed preacher of the gospel. Another has laboured four years in Lebanon, with his wife, an English lady. They are hopeful of ultimate success, and they find their work among the young by far the most promising.

"Unto the Hills."

THE land is wrapped in a purple glow,
The fields lie brown 'neath a golden sky ;
The river's singing hath fallen low ;
Summer hath gone, and Winter is nigh.

The sun-gleams fall with a softened light
O'er wooded valley, down bracken dell ;
The swallows flutter their pinions light,
Preparing blithe for a long farewell.

The rowan drops fire, and the nuts show brown,
The bramble glows with a rosy red ;
Already the sere leaves flutter down—
Winter draws nigh, for Summer lies dead.

The swallows mock us in merry scorn,
Twittering tales of a sunnier clime ;
The elm and laburnum stand forlorn,
Sighing in gusts, "It is Winter-time !"



But this I know, as I watch the sun,
Monarch-like, dying in red and gold,
Though passeth each glory one by one,
Something enduring we still may hold.

To north and east each eternal hill
Shall changeless stand until time be run,
And every morning, passionless, still,
Receive the kiss of the rising sun.

In storm and sunshine, serene and proud,
The far-off heights are ever the same,

Whether their raiment be mist and cloud,
Or shimmering azure, all slashed with flame.

Their steadfast gaze is on heaven's white gate,
Through frost and snow, as in sunlight warm ;
Unmoved by time, they may calmly wait
June's shadeless glare, or December's storm.

O Hill, thou sure hast a voice for me
Of a Rock beneath thee, firm and broad ;
Earth's lights might shift did I rest with thee
On the changeless Strength and Peace of God !

L. A. JOHNSTONE.

Madagascar and its Missions.

By the Rev. CHARLES M. GRANT, B.D., St. Mark's,
Dundee.

THE story is the missionary romance of modern times. It has been often told, but it may be told once more—briefly. The island itself is the gem of the Indian Ocean, lying, almond-shaped, along the south-eastern coast of the "Dark Continent." It is 1000 miles in length, by 350 in breadth, its total area being more than two and a half times that of Great Britain. What New Zealand is to Melanesia, what Japan is to Asia, and what Britain is to Europe, that Madagascar is fitted to be to Africa. Strangely enough, considering its proximity to Africa, its inhabitants are preponderatingly of Asiatic descent, a branch of that vigorous race which has spread from the Malay Peninsula through the great islands of the Pacific. The island seems, however, to have been peopled by successive waves, each wave flowing in not merely as emigrants, but as conquerors. Divided originally into about fifty separate tribes, they finally united into four, the number of each being, roughly speaking, nigh one million of souls—the total probably amounting to at least four millions. The process of unifying these tribes is now going on, but necessarily it is a slow one. The smallest, as regards numbers, the Hovas, has for the past sixty years constituted the ruling power. About the beginning of this century, their ambitious chief, Radama, set himself to the task of bringing the whole island under his personal sway. He wisely courted the friendship of Britain, agreed to co-operate in the suppression of the slave trade, obtained from us a small money grant, and the services of a few non-commissioned officers to drill his troops. He then took the field. There was no power able to withstand him, and before his death in 1828 his aim is achieved: he is the first king of Madagascar.

But ten years previously the advance-guard of the army of "another king, one Jesus," had reached his shores. Two agents of the London Missionary Society, Messrs. Bevan and Jones, with their families, had landed at Tamatave, the seaport town recently bombarded by the French. They had barely begun their labours when dire disease swept them all away save one, Mr. Jones, and he, sore smitten with fever, only escaped with life to Mauritius. But in 1820 he bravely returns, recruited in health, and this time makes direct for Radama's capital, Antananarivo. He is kindly received, sets to work at the language, establishes schools, successfully breaks ground. Reinforcements arrive, and the spiritual siege of the capital begins. They find the people densely ignorant and grossly idolatrous, but quick to learn, ingenious in mechanical arts, and with a decided aptitude for business. Their idolatry, because of its very grossness, had not won for itself a deep place in their hearts, and being destitute of

a hereditary priestly caste for its defence, it did not possess that organised character which gives such massive power of resistance to the idolatries of India and China. The knowledge of medicine and of industries possessed by some of the missionaries conciliates the goodwill of a people keenly alive to personal interests; and curiosity, mingling with nobler motives, crowds their chapels. They wisely concentrate their strength on translation and education. At the date of Radama's death (1828) they have scored a deep mark on the city and its people. The Gospel of St. Luke is in type; hymns and catechisms are translated; schools are multiplied; and, though none have been baptized, there are many real believers, and many more "almost persuaded." The king is succeeded by his queen, Rānavālonā, combining in herself the qualities which have made the names of Athaliah and Jezebel to be bywords in the Church. Like the former, she "rose and destroyed all the seed royal," and she was like the latter at once in cruelty and courage, in inflexible will and idolatrous zeal. At first her hostility is concealed by her contempt, but when baptisms become numerous, her contempt is lost in wrath. The fifteen years of seed-sowing are followed by twenty-five years of blood-watering. The infant Church becomes the "Martyr Church." The royal rage waxes more and more hot. Proclamation after proclamation is issued against the "praying people." The converts are commanded to confess and abjure, with the penalty of death over against disobedience. The missionaries are first forbidden to preach, then commanded to leave the country. Sadly they depart, sorrowful for those they have begotten, and whom they must now leave amidst the fiery trials. Sheep without shepherds, how shall they escape the ravening wolf? Solemnly has the queen sworn: "Never, never shall there be any more praying in Madagascar." Can it be other than that in a few years every vestige of their toil shall have passed away?

A strange page it is that is now turned in this island-story—one to rebuke the weak faith that likes to lean on man. A spirit of prayer possesses the Christians, and power comes with prayer. "You are leaving us," they cry to the missionaries, "but the best teacher of all, the Holy Spirit, abides in our midst." The same faith and patience continue during all the years during which the anger of the queen rains down upon them its pitiless fire. They were "destitute, afflicted, tormented . . . they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." Sometimes the fire slackened, but it never ceased; at times the wild beast seemed gorged, but it never was satisfied. The story is long and heartrending, and every page is soaked with blood. Let me narrate but three out of its many dread events.

The proto-martyr was a young woman named Rasalāma. After torture she was led to execution. A rapture of faith conquered in her alike womanly

weakness and the fear of death. All along the way she sang the well-loved songs of Zion. "There I heard the words of the Saviour," she exclaimed, as she passed the chapel in which she used to worship. When the field of blood was reached she kneeled down, committed her soul to her Redeemer, and quietly awaited the deadly spear. The body was left to be devoured by the wild dogs that haunt the places where criminals suffer. On that spot—one of the most elevated in the capital—there now stands a large memorial church, the spire of which is one of the first objects visible, from whatever side the city is approached!

This was the first drop of a torrent of bloodshed. Religious fanaticism is the true "daughter of the horse-leech," and its cry ever is "Give, give." The royal tigress, having once tasted blood, continues to feed her growing appetite. The year 1849 is known as that of the Great Persecution. It is calculated that nineteen hundred persons suffered either death, slavery, or flogging, in the spring of that year alone. On one day eighteen offered up their lives for the testimony of Jesus. Of these, fourteen were led to the edge of one of the bold cliffs, 150 feet high, which guard the western side of Antananarivo. On the face of the precipice, about half-way down, there is a projecting ledge, on which a falling body would strike and be broken in its descent. The fourteen are suspended over the cliff by ropes tied round the middle, the horrid depth yawning below. The executioner passes along with a knife, and the officer in charge puts the question to one after another: "Will you cease to pray?" Not one fails in his faith. As the resolute refusal is heard the signal is given, the knife is drawn across the rope, and in a moment a mangled body lies below. For the other four—one a woman—a worse fate is reserved. Being nobles, it is unlawful to shed their blood. A cruel irony, therefore, decrees that they shall be *burnt*. As they march to the stake they sing a hymn beginning—

"When our hearts are troubled"—

each line ending—

"Then remember us."

Sounds of praise and prayer continue to be heard amid the noise of the fire. A fifth, and unconscious, martyr is added, by a birth among the flames, and the spirit of the child accompanies that of the mother up to God. On the spot where this martyr-babe was born and died there now stands the "*Children's Memorial Church*"!

"And, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." Rather does the flame-circle extend and the light of its testimony increase manifold. Here is something which neither heathen queen nor people can understand. Degradation from rank, slavery, the spear, the precipice, fire,—all have been tried, and in vain. Once more, in 1857, Rànavàlona resolves to drench

it out in blood. And of all her efforts this is most relentless. Poisoning and stoning are now added to the former list of terrors. At one time between fifty and sixty are compelled to drink deadly poison. "They remembered One who had drained to the last a bitter cup for them: they drank it and died."

But the dark night is now nigh its dawn: the wild storm is nigh its calm. The queen's death and the accession of her son, Radama II., brings deliverance. The prisons are emptied, slaves set free, toleration proclaimed, the missionaries invited to return, schools reopened, churches built and filled. The end of a quarter of a century of persecution finds the converts multiplied twenty-fold in number; deepened in life and quickened in zeal; and so purified in faith and chastened in love as to have constrained the goodwill of the very heathen. Truly, the wrath of man had been made to praise God!

Neither Radama nor his successor professed Christianity, but during their short reigns (only seven years) the Church had rest, "and, walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, was multiplied." But with the accession in 1868 of the queen (Rànavàlona II.), who died only a few months ago, came her open triumph. The queen made no secret, from the first, of her determination that her reign should be a Christian one. "I will rest my kingdom upon God," were her words to her Prime Minister—afterwards her husband—on the evening previous to her coronation. Three hundred thousand of her subjects are said to have witnessed the ceremony of the next day. Round the canopy over her throne was inscribed the text: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men." On one side of her lay the crown, on the other a Bible. Shortly thereafter she herself, her Prime Minister, and several of her nobles, were baptized. Ever after she lived a consistent, pure, and pious life, and proved herself a very nursing mother to her Lord's Church. Her own chaplain testified at her funeral that for the past seven or eight years he had never known her to be once absent from family worship; and one of the ablest of the European missionaries writes: "Those who knew her best agree in testifying to her simple and earnest Christian faith. . . . During the troubles of the past few weeks she still maintained her trust in God, saying that she had from the beginning rested her kingdom on Him." The record of her fifteen years' reign is one of steady progress. Be it remembered that the means at the disposal of the Church have not yet enabled her to bring the gospel fairly before one half of the inhabitants of the island; that only in the two great central provinces has she been able to organise herself after even the most elementary fashion; that the great mass of the population is still something more than semi-barbarous; and then some slight conception of the difficulties of

the position of the Church and the Government may be formed. To indicate, after briefest fashion, the amelioration of the laws and specially of the penal code, the efforts to establish an educational system, to train a native clergy, to develop national resources, and to organise a public system, would of itself require a lengthy article. A few statistics will indicate the magnitude of the *direct* results. The Decennial Report of the London Missionary Society, published in 1880, enumerates 1142 congregations, with which are associated 604 native pastors, 124 evangelists, 4134 native preachers, 71,585 Church members, 214,197 adherents, 862 elementary schools, and 43,904 scholars. The efforts made to provide a circulation of the Scriptures, a healthy literature, and a higher social life, have also been vast and productive of incalculable results. All this machinery for the welfare of a nation has, for the present at least, been thrown into hopeless confusion by the aggressive enterprise of a great European nation. Madagascar resounds with warlike preparations, and it cannot be doubted but the dying charge of the queen to her Prime Minister and her successor, "that not one foot of her land is to be given up to the French" finds an echo in every faithful Malagasy heart. In the meantime the prospect is dark; but

"God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world."

Spiritual Blindness—A Natural History Illustration.

THERE are few phases of spiritual life which may not be illustrated and explained by incidents to be met with in the natural world. We are all familiar with the expression "spiritual blindness." Our Lord complained of it when He said of His hearers, "Their eyes they have closed, lest at any time they should see with their eyes." They neglected the exercise of their spiritual vision to such an extent that the faculty became so impaired, so degenerate, as to be utterly incapable of perceiving spiritual things. "Their heart waxed gross, and their ears became dull of hearing, and their eyes they had closed;" "the light shined in darkness, but the darkness comprehended it not." Now this "spiritual blindness" from which the people suffered is to be ascribed to the neglect and consequent degeneration of spiritual vision. A parallel to this is found in the world of nature. The *Proteus* is an amphibious animal which has taken up its abode in dark caverns where eyes are not needed, and Nature has taken her revenge on neglect and destroyed its power of vision. That the rudimentary eyes of this animal are a degenerate form of the more highly developed eyes of its progenitors, there is every reason to believe; and there is as little reason to doubt that to the disuse of these organs in perpetual darkness we are to

attribute their destruction. The *Mole* offers another familiar and even better example. This animal, whose peculiar habits are known to every one, has true eyes, though of the simplest structure; yet they are reduced to almost total inefficiency even when by chance it has an opportunity for using them. This almost total blindness in the mole is found to be the result solely of complete degeneration of the optic nerve, which, through disuse, is incapable of transmitting to the brain the image formed on the retina. There is also conclusive proof that the blindness of the fully-grown animal is the result not of inheritance, but of the directly injurious effects of darkness on the optic nerve in each individual. Thus if the *proteus* take to the dark cavern, and the *mole* live beneath the surface of the ground, where eyes are not needed, Nature will close them. Nature's laws declare with no uncertain sound that nothing shall exist in vain, and if animals thus cease to use the gifts of Providence, they shall be deprived of the power of using them. On the same principle the spiritual eye must die and lose its power if the soul choose to walk in darkness rather than in light; for "unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light."

W. BOYD.

"It is the Lord."

ALL night the fishermen had toiled for naught;
And when the flush of tender dawn once more
The lake's blue breast and dewy slopes had caught,
What voice is this gives greeting from the shore?

"Cast ye the net the right side of the ship;"
Straightway they cast, and lo! a full reward;
Then the beloved John with quivering lip
Whispers, in soft amaze, "It is the Lord."

"The Lord!" in sudden joy another cries,
And flings him with wild haste into the sea;
He reads the Master's bounty in the prize,
And all his heart goes out in homage free.

So be it ours when'er our toils at last,
That fruitless seemed, a plenteous harvest meet,
To say, "It is the Lord," and instant cast
Our gladdened souls adoring at His feet.

And, better still, when sorrows wave on wave,
Death, sickness, penury, and cruel slight,
Come like a flood, yet find us calm and brave
To say, "It is the Lord, and all is right."

"Thou shalt not covet." No! Not gold nor power,
Nor ought of earth to be the soul's award,
But faith, victorious faith, in every hour
Of changeful life to say, "It is the Lord."

JANE C. SIMPSON.

A Lame Boy.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

TO-DAY we had our School Feast; the sun was good enough to come out brightly all afternoon, and we had games in the fields—the time-honoured games which we repeat every year—"Cat and Mouse" and "Post" and "Jingo's ring," and one peculiar to this countryside, with its pretty singing accompaniment of—

"Down on the carpet let us kneel,
The grass grows, the grass grows, on yonder field;
Stand up, stand up upon your feet,
And show me the one you love so sweet;"

and we ran races for "sweeties," and gathered great bouquets of sweet orchises and buttercups and foxgloves, and then we had tea, all sitting round on the grass holding our mugs, while the tea went round in great ewers, and the bread and jam "pieces" and "cookies" were handed round in baskets; and finally we all assembled before the house and sang a few songs at parting.

And even while the fun was at its height, and clear, shrill, children's voices were ringing gleefully in my ears, my heart felt heavy as I looked round in vain for the tall figure, and active crutch, and earnest, dark eyes of the boy who, in other years, had been the leader in all the games; the swiftest runner—in spite of the poor lame leg, the keenest partaker in all the jokes, the self-elected master of ceremonies; who had never allowed fun to turn into riot, who had marshalled the train into orderly ranks on its arrival and departure, and had courteously thanked the donors of the feast in the name of the others, and had led the ringing cheer which always ended the proceedings. All these remembrances, and many others of a deeper and more earnest nature, connected with religious talks, and, alas! with pain and weakness and death, but also with faith undimmed, come crowding into my heart to-night as I sit and write of my friend John G., the lame boy, who, three summers ago, at the age of seventeen, went home.

It was just such a school feast as we had to-day, only eight years back, when I first saw John, a little fellow in a rather ragged jacket, with a crutch and a pair of the brightest black eyes I ever saw. We had newly come to the place, and knew none of the children as yet; he was the first to attract our notice, partly by reason of his misfortune (one leg was quite useless, being somehow caught up at the knee) and the pluck and spirit with which he kept up with the others in all active exercises in spite of his lameness, and partly by reason of his greater frankness and easy respectful manner.

After this I saw more of him; he used to come on Sunday afternoons to a small class we had started. The rest of the children were younger than he, and the teacher herself was not very old nor very experienced, but never had any one a

greater help in a pupil than she had in her lame boy; he was not specially quick in answering, he had not so much knowledge as some others, but he had a way of fixing his eyes on his teacher, with a look of quiet attention and of desire for instruction, more helpful than quickness could have been.

By and by he grew too big for school, and was then apprenticed to a tailor, and it became a solemn engagement between him and his teacher that the first piece of independent work he did was to be a jacket for her. He had grown a great boy now, and the other members of the original class had all gone away—some to farms and some to be apprentices in the neighbouring county town—but John still continued to come steadily, though his class-mates were now chiefly girls or smaller boys, and his teacher, knowing the self-consciousness and susceptible dignity of boys, would not have tried to persuade him to come against his own wish.

We knew little of his people at that time, but we heard that they were very poor, and that the family was large and young. The mother, with her hands full of work, could not or did not manage to go to church on Sundays, and the father, too, had fallen out of the habit of going, as men will when their wives cannot accompany them; but John, since he was quite a little fellow, had begun to go regularly to the church at the head of the village. A friend of mine had once seen him one Sunday morning, soon after he had begun to work with the tailor, with two fellow-apprentices near the church. They were persuading him to give up the service and come with them for "a lark" (and in spite of his lameness John had a hearty, boyish love of any kind of fun); he didn't answer much, but there was a very resolved look on the expressive young face, and just as they reached the church door he turned round, nodded to them with a broad smile, and disappeared into the porch. His mother told me this anecdote after his death, as if it were something sacred; at the time, I fancy, she thought it just part of his "queerness."

In the winter of 79-80 I heard that his father had died suddenly, leaving his wife with a large family, of whom John was the eldest. Soon after we happened to be in the neighbourhood of our summer home, and went over to spend a day in the village and see our friends there. I ran into the tailor's workshop for a minute to see John. I could only say a few words, but I told him how sorry I was to hear of their loss, and how I hoped he would try to be a stay to his mother and a real head and example to the rest of the family. He did not say much—it never was his way to say all he felt—but the look in his eyes and firm young mouth spoke volumes of quiet resolution.

When I returned in spring they told me that my lame boy was not strong at all, and when he came up to see me, the second Sunday after my return, I thought he looked white and thin, but he did not

complain. There was a serious, almost sad, look about him, partly due, no doubt, to his failing health, but also in part to the sense of responsibility with regard to his mother and brothers and sisters, which seemed to rest heavily on his young shoulders. I asked him if he still thought of going out to America after his apprenticeship was over—for this had been his favourite castle in the air all his life; but he said quietly, "Oh no; I must stay with my mother now." I told him that I did not like to ask him to come to my class now, as I had only girls, but he said, "Please, I should like to come; I should like another year of it." Then he told me that he hoped to "go forward" to the Sacrament for the first time the ensuing month, and we arranged that he should come up rather sooner than the rest that we might read a little book on the subject together. But the boy always approached this subject with great reverence and shyness.

For two Sundays he came, bringing the same attentive manner and admirably-prepared lesson, but the young face had grown very white, and the old boyish fire had gone out of the big black eyes. The third Sunday he did not come, and they said he was not well; but next day he was at his work as usual. On the Wednesday we had our annual School Feast, which his kind master always allowed him to come to, to help us to keep order and to start the games. He did not come, and when I asked about him one child told me that he was in bed with an abscess in the head, and the doctor had small hope of his recovery. I went down at once to see him; it was a sad contrast, going out of the field, radiant in the July sunshine and merry with children's laughter, into the small darkened room where the lame boy lay, wearing out his young life in pain. I don't think he ever really expected to get well, though at times, if he felt a little better, he would talk of all he meant to do, and the good life he meant to lead, when he should be able to be about again.

"I have such strange thoughts lying here on my bed. I can't tell you about them," he said once; and when I asked him if he were afraid, he answered simply, "Oh no; I am in God's hands there, as much as here."

One day he showed me a very small Bible, which he said the minister had given him. I was surprised at his having given a sick person so small a volume, with its necessarily tiny type; but the minister told me afterwards that the laddie had particularly asked for one small enough to go into his pocket. "For I should like to carry it about with me always when I get well, that I mayn't forget all I have been thinking about here.

One Saturday evening, hearing the six o'clock bell ringing—it was the time he had always got his weekly wages—he turned to his mother with a smile, "Ah, mither, but you'll be missing my bawbees the nicht."

"Ay, lad; but if ye get well ye'll bring me mair bawbees."

"Yes," he said earnestly, "that will I. And eh, mither, but I'll lead a better life than I have done."

"And I'm sure his life wasna that ill," added the poor mother with a burst of tears, when she told me the little story.

He must have been ill for three weeks, and was tenderly nursed, not only by his own mother but by one or two neighbours, whose hands—apparently more than full with their own duties and cares—were yet swift to do good in their neighbour's time of trouble. One of them told me of talks she had had with the boy in the long, wakeful hours of night, when he had spoken simply and penitently of all wrong he had done, and humbly and thankfully of the hope he had of God's mercy through Jesus his Saviour; but as a rule he spoke little, by reason of his bodily weakness and from habitual reserve. So the days passed on, and we who sorrowed for him lost all hope of his recovery, and only longed for the time when the tired body should be at rest, and the soul "at home with God." On one Monday morning early, in the sweet summer dawn, the young spirit passed away, and we knew that it was well with him.

I saw his mother next day; fortunately, perhaps, for her, one very small boy—"wee Tommy"—was not very well, and clamorously demanded her attention. "Mither, mither," he wailed, climbing on to her knee.

"Mither, ay, it's a kind word," she said; "John aye cried on 'mither' when he wanted aught." And she told me much of the boy's former life, and the steady independent way he had gone to church and Sunday School of his own will. "I have been careless enough about going to church," she added, "what wi' the bairns and other things, but I'd like to go now for my lad's sake."

In the village there was but one voice of cordial respect for the boy and sorrow for his early death. One woman, the wife of the shoemaker, and the niece of a deaf and dumb man, told me two characteristic things about my lame boy.

"He never could abide to see ony o' the other bairns teasing my uncle; even when he was quite a wee laddie, and lame forbye, he would be ready to fly at ony o' them who were laughing at him. He was a real kind lad."

During his last winter he would often talk to this kind woman of his family responsibilities and all his anxieties for the younger ones. He had had to buy a pair of boots from her husband, she told me, which he could not pay for all at once, "and he was that ill about his debt till it was paid off, that he would be in almost every evening, saying, 'Oh, Mrs. M., is there naething I can do for ye? nae darning or mending till I get the money to pay for the boots?' It's no every young lad who feels his debts such a burden." F. A. S.

Life and Work Notes.

THE YOUNG MAN—HIS FAITH, HIS AIMS IN LIFE, HIS HOME, HIS FRIENDS, HIS WORK, HIS RELATION TO THE CHURCH.—We have much pleasure in drawing attention to a series of Lectures under the above headings, which describe their special subjects. The Lectures are to be delivered by the Moderator of last General Assembly (Dr. John Rankine), and by Drs. Scott, Marshall Lang, Alison, A. K. H. Boyd, and Charteris. The first one on "The Young Man—his Faith," has been delivered by Professor Charteris in St. George's Church, Edinburgh, and in St. George's, Glasgow, to large audiences, composed almost entirely of young men, members of the Young Men's Guild, and their friends. Nothing could have been more gratifying than the sight of those many hundreds of young men devoutly worshipping God, and reverently hearing the teachings of His Word on the faith which is according to godliness. There is something very attractive and stimulating in the way the young men respond to every effort made for them by the promoters of the Church of Scotland's Guild. Our readers can help us to meet them. We draw public attention to the Lectures in their published form, as being a handbook which ought to be put in the hands of every young man. Each Lecture will be published (by Macniven and Wallace, Edinburgh) at 3d., but any member of the Guild ordering copies through the local Secretary, or through J. A. Graham, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh, will be supplied at 2d. a copy. There is also a cheap edition for general circulation at 1d. a copy. Ministers, elders, employers of labour, philanthropists concerned for the well-being of the people, often ask us "how to get at young men." We say to them, Help us in circulating the Lectures in their separate form, and in the volume, over the length and breadth of Scotland. What more suitable new year's gift or Christmas present could be imagined than an order to a bookseller securing that copies of the Lectures as published shall be sent to each of a number of young men in your parish or neighbourhood? The Lectures will be published immediately after they are delivered in Glasgow on the second Sunday of each month. The first (by Professor Charteris) is now ready.

FORMS OF PRAYER FOR SILENT USE IN CHURCH.—Our paragraph in last Magazine in reply to a correspondent has drawn attention to this subject. We have been reminded that the General Assembly's Book of Prayers for Social and Family Worship (Blackwood and Sons) contains excellent prayers suitable for use at home on Sunday mornings, and some of them, with a little shortening, are well fitted for silent use in Church. The late Professor Thomas J. Crawford, D.D., beloved and revered by the whole Church, was Convener of the Committee which prepared the book. We hope to give in an early number some prayers selected from various sources. Meanwhile, we may remind our readers how easy it is to turn many passages of the Psalms into prayers appropriate for use at the beginning and end of divine service in church. We believe that any one "in whose heart are the ways of them" will naturally find suitable words for his devotions at such times. We take leave also to say that in the pew, as at home, the Christian worshipper is under obligation to pray for others along with himself. A selfish prayer, such as a mere entreaty for blessing on one's own soul, is contrary to the spirit of the gospel. Any worthy petition, however short, will ask that the Minister may be upheld by the Holy Spirit, and that all the worshippers may receive grace according to their various needs. The following may show what we mean:—

ON ENTERING CHURCH.

O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me and bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy taber-

nacles. Bring all of us who worship Thee here this day. Bless our Minister. May the power of Thy Spirit be with him. For Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

AT THE CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

O Lord God, let Thy blessing be upon us as we leave Thy house. May our strength be in Thee and Thy ways in our hearts. May we be enabled to serve Thee in our daily life, in our work, at our fireside, and with our substance. For Jesus Christ's sake. *Amen.*

MAPS, etc., for SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—Bishop Moorhouse, speaking lately at a Sunday School Association meeting in New South Wales, said: "Last Sunday I went to inspect a Sunday School. I wanted to direct the children's attention to the substance of the lesson, and to speak about the island of Cyprus and certain other places; but I found the walls absolutely bare. What would be thought of a State school which did not possess the necessary apparatus for instruction, such as stands, and black-boards, and maps, and pictures? This is not a thing we may forget."

THE MAGAZINE.—"Life and Work" now circulates in from 800 to 900 parishes in Scotland. It is regularly or occasionally accompanied by a Supplement containing local intelligence, etc., in about 200 parishes. As is well known, the Magazine is not conducted for gain, but to do good, and to give ministers and others a suitable periodical, which they may localise by means of a Supplement if they think fit. At the same time it is conducted on sound commercial principles. While Supplements have been more liberally aided year by year, and while no minister is allowed to be out of pocket on account of the transport of the Magazine to the most remote parish, the Committee always take care that there shall be a margin of profit, not for themselves, but for the cause of Christ. They were able to report to last Assembly that the circulation had risen to 90,000 monthly, and they have a great desire to report to next Assembly a circulation of 100,000. Will our readers help them? Some parishes take more than 800 copies monthly, but other parishes take only a few. The programme of arrangements for next year is ready, and as many copies as may be desired will be sent free on application to David Douglas, publisher, Edinburgh. The Committee wish to make the Magazine always more worthy of its great circulation. They wish to make it more helpful to Spiritual Life and Christian Work in 1884. Their aim will be to have the Magazine full of Living Religion, and there is no reason why that should not be associated with the best literary form.

"Life and Work" is now printed in Messrs. R. and R. Clark's new premises in Brandon Street, Edinburgh, by entirely new and improved machinery, and therefore with much greater expedition. There ought to be no complaint in future of late arrival of the Magazine, if orders are given in good time.

The Editor desires at the close of the year to thank the very numerous friends of the Magazine who have offered articles—frequently of much merit—which it has not been possible to publish. It may here be added that it is in all cases necessary that the Editor should know the name and address of the sender of a paper.

Those interested in the Highlands, and in Soldiers and Sailors, should remember that "Life and Work" is also published with a Gaelic Supplement, and with a Supplement for Soldiers and Sailors.

Our January number will contain the First Part of a Tale by R. M. Ballantyne; a Sonnet by Sir Noël Paton; a Poem, "Exiled," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," illustrated by F. Noël Paton; an Essay by A. K. H. B.; an illustrated New Year Poem by Dr. Macduff, etc. etc.

A Prayer.

WRITTEN IN CYPRUS, AT A TIME OF GREAT MORTALITY
AMONG CHILDREN.

GOD, whom we fear, God, whom we love,
Look down in mercy from above !
Thy lightnings strike the lofty pine,
Marking with fire Thy finger's sign ;
They spare the tender infant tree,
That lives and grows so joyously.

Thy bitter frosts, Thy blinding snow,
Shatter the lofty mountain's brow,
But spare the lowly hills that stand
Close to the genial ocean's strand.
Then, God of pity, God of love,
Look down in mercy from above !

H. M. JOHNSTONE,
Lieutenant, Royal Engineers.

Notices of Books.

Life : Is it worth Living ?—By John Marshall Lang, D.D., Glasgow. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) It is busy men, for the most part, who do difficult work ; and we owe much to Dr. Marshall Lang, who, amidst the manifold activities of the Barony Parish, has faced some of the hardest questions which underlie our complex modern life. Even to formulate the questions which bear upon the significance of man's life, and to help readers to think clearly by putting before them, temperately and fairly, the non-Christian as well as the Christian answers, is no slight service. Many passages are lighted up with a genuine emotion which helps the reader. The concluding chapters, which regard the significance of human life as declared by the incarnation of Christ and by some other aspects of the gospel, will commend themselves to a wide circle.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE. — *Archbishop Leighton*—By William Blair, D.D., Dunblane. (Macniven and Wallace.) No lover of Leighton will think this volume superfluous, even though his life has been already sketched this year by Principal Tulloch and by Dr. Blaikie. Dr. Blair's researches have enriched the memoir with notes. A good work will have been done if the large extracts which are given in this book lead many to become readers of Leighton. *Luther Anecdotes*—By Dr. Macaulay. (Religious Tract Society.) The Editor of the *Leisure Hour* has told the story of the Reformer's life by stringing together, in anecdote form, his memorable sayings and doings. *About Ourselves*—By Mrs. Henry Wood. (Nisbet.) A little book of old truths, earnestly enforced. It consists of five lay sermons on the text, "The one shall be taken, and the other left." *Voices of the Good Shepherd and Shadows of the Great Rock*—By the author of *Morning and Night Watches*. (Nisbet.) A new text-book for the mornings and evenings of a month. Dr. Macduff is at home in work of this kind. It is needless to say it is well done. *The Parish of Taxwood, and some of its Older Memories*—By J. R. Macduff, D.D. (Edinburgh: Douglas.) We welcome "Taxwood" as a book. As its twelve chapters passed through these pages, many testimonies to the accuracy of its descriptions reached us. The author gratifies older readers by faithful commemoration of some forms of Scottish parochial life which have passed away. Younger readers in rural parishes will note, perhaps with surprise, how much of that life survives to the present day. Dr. Macduff, from his distant English home, views with sorrow our Scottish ecclesiastical divisions, but all his words are those of kindness and healing. *Dusty Diamonds*—By R. M. Ballantyne. (London: Nisbet.) There can be few better Christmas books than this story of the reclamation of boys and

girls (but chiefly boys) and degraded men and women of East London. Little children listen to it with delight (we have made the experiment), and for older people Mr. Ballantyne has a teaching :—There are many more gems lying in the dust of our great cities, waiting for Christ's workers to dig out and cut and polish them. *Tom Telfer's Shadow*—By Robina F. Hardy. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 1884.) If we are not mistaken, this book will be as popular as its predecessor *Jock Halliday*. It stirs sympathy at many points, and we are not sure that the nominal hero will be the chief favourite. Anyhow, this Edinburgh story, with its wider outlook into missionary life, deserves our best commendation. *Trot's Message* (same author and publishers) is a charming and touching story for children. *The Children of the Bible—Old Testament Series*. (Same author.) This little volume is appropriately dedicated to the Sunday-school children of all churches. It is written with Miss Hardy's well-known power of graphic and poetical description. We recommend it cordially to both old and young.

Before the year closes we would mention some volumes that have been too long on our table. Several of them deserve much fuller notice :—*The Galilean Gospel*—By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.) This thoughtful author finds little to awaken enthusiasm in the actual Christianity of our day—in the controversies and divisions of the Church. His aim is to meet unbelief by remounting to the fountain-head—"the authentic Gospel preached by Jesus in Galilee, and the type of piety exemplified by the Preacher." Dr. Bruce may not always convince, but he never fails to be fresh and suggestive. *The Speeches of the Holy Apostles*—By Donald Fraser, D.D. (Macniven and Wallace.) The speeches are those contained in the Acts of the Apostles—seven of St. Peter, one of St. James, seven of St. Paul. "Our holy religion," says Dr. Fraser at the close of his volume, "originated in a spoken, not a written, Word." On this theme he has given us a vigorous book, ending with the appropriate lesson, that, however we may multiply Bibles and Christian literature, the Power from on high will use, in our own day as at the beginning, apostolic men and apostolic speeches. *Memorials of a Colonial Ministry*. (Edinburgh: Elliot.) A volume of thoughtful and evangelical sermons, by the late Rev. Robert Russell. Mr. Russell left Scotland in 1837, immediately after receiving license to preach, and spent his life as minister of a village congregation in Tasmania. The Minister of Free St. George's, Glasgow, has prefixed a biographical notice. *Aldersyde*—By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.) An interesting story of the Scottish Border; wholesome reading for week-day leisure. *Expelled*—By Bernard Heldmann. (Nisbet.) A good sequel to *Dorrincourt*, which was favourably noticed in this Magazine. In this story, school-days end, and the duties and trials of life begin.

Home Missions—By Donald Macleod, D.D. Published by request of the Elders' Union of the Church of Scotland. (Glasgow: Macleod.) Dr. Macleod's Address on Home Missions was one of the most effective speeches in last General Assembly. In this cheap form it ought to be widely circulated.

Communion Manuals. Catechism, with Prayers, for Young Communicants—By Clericus. (Glasgow: Hopkins. Aberdeen: Milne.) We believe this Catechism has been found very useful to the less educated. It is probably not intended that it should be committed to memory. *The Lord's Supper: Text-Book for Communicants*—By Rev. H. P. Cameron, M.A., Milton, Glasgow. (Menzies and Co.) Ministers who prefer statements and explanations for the instruction of catechumens will find this Manual a good guide ; and it may be read with profit by older communicants. The price of each of these books is 2d.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

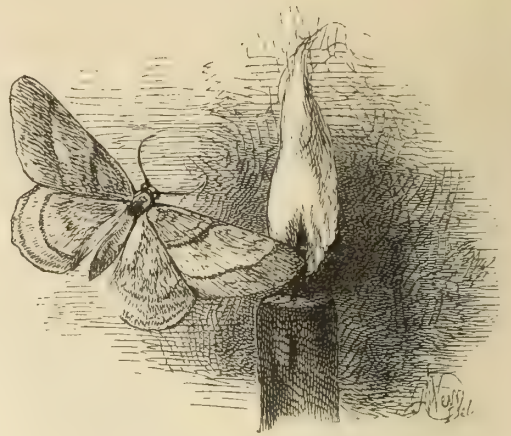
1. Find the call of Elisha to the prophet's office. Who was his father, and in what city in the Jordan valley did he live?
2. Point out a difference between the answer of Elisha to his call and the words of the man in Luke ix. 61.
3. Find at least three of Elisha's miracles bearing considerable resemblance to the miracles of Jesus.
4. Which incident in the life of Elisha least resembles any of the works of Jesus?
5. Three of the original twelve apostles were special witnesses of Christ's glory. Find a record of the early death of one, a prediction of the manner in which another should die, and an intimation that the third might live very long.
6. Find three persons called apostles who were not of the original twelve, but who had certainly seen Christ.
7. Find another called an apostle of whom we can only be sure that he was a Christian at an early period; and find a statement that he was sent to the heathen.
8. Galatians was Luther's favourite epistle. Find in it at least three good texts for justification by faith in Christ, or by grace.
9. Find four texts, in four different chapters of Galatians, showing that the Galatian converts had been readily turned from the gospel of the grace of God.
10. Luther did not like the Epistle of St. James. But what is St. James's own account of the faith that cannot save—James ii. 14?

ANSWERS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. (1) Jabal; (2) Jubal; (3) Tubal-Cain, Gen. 4. 20-22.
2. 1 Chron. 4. 9-10. 3. Matt. 2. 14; 15. 21. 4. John 19. 24, 28, 36, 37. 5. Acts 10. 9-16; 11. 5-10.
6. Acts 23. 16-22. 7. Acts 22. 20. 8-10. Matt. 9. 37-38; 13. 30; Mark 4. 29; John 4. 35; Rev. 14. 15.

Calendar for December.

1 Sa.	God hath spoken unto us by His Son.—Heb. 1. 1, 2.
2 Su.	<i>Advent Sunday.</i> Send me good speed this day.—Gen. 24. 12.
3 M.	Pass not away from Thy servant.—Gen. 18. 3.
4 Tu.	I am thy God which teacheth thee.—Isa. 48. 17.
5 W.	The Spirit will guide you into all truth.—John 16. 13.
6 Th.	He that doeth good is of God.—3 John 11.
7 F.	He that doeth evil hath not seen God.—3 John 11.
8 Sa.	I will wash mine hands in innocency.—Ps. 26. 6.
9 Su.	All that believed were together.—Acts 2. 44.
10 M.	Not worthy of the least of all the mercies.—Gen. 52. 10.
11 Tu.	He forgetteth not the cry of the humble.—Ps. 9. 12.
12 W.	Why art thou cast down, O my soul?—Ps. 42. 5.
13 Th.	Arise, shine; for thy Light is come.—Isa. 60. 1.
14 F.	<i>Full Moon.</i> Jesus both Lord and Christ.—Acts 2. 36.
15 Sa.	It is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts 20. 35.
16 Su.	<i>Collection for Jewish Missions.</i> —Num. 10. 36.
17 M.	My heart trusted in Him, and I am helped.—Ps. 23. 7.
18 Tu.	Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.—Ps. 32. 5.
19 W.	Because they had no root, they withered away.—Matt. 13. 6.
20 Th.	He that loveth his life shall lose it.—John 12. 25.
21 F.	The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.—Ps. 25. 14.
22 Sa.	<i>Shortest day.</i> Watch and remember.—Acts 20. 31.
23 Su.	Lord God, what wilt Thou give me?—Gen. 15. 2.
24 M.	Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.—John 14. 27.
25 Tu.	<i>Christmas.</i> Emmanuel, God with us.—Matt. 1. 23.
26 W.	God hath endued me with a good dowry.—Gen. 30. 20.
27 Th.	How can I sin against God?—Gen. 39. 9.
28 F.	Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good?—Gen. 44. 4.
29 Sa.	<i>New Moon.</i> Purchased with His own blood.—Acts 20. 28.
30 Su.	Walk before Me, and be thou perfect.—Gen. 17. 1.
31 M.	Until I shall pass over Jordan.—Deut. 2. 29.



Turn away mine eyes from be-
 >> holding vanity <<

Ps. cxix 37.

The Moth.

For the Young.

A MOTH had slept in the folds of a rose
 Through the glare of a long summer day;
 When the sun had gone down she stretched her wings,
 And gaily fluttered away.

It was joy to be free that balmy eve,
 And she danced in the breathless air;
 The nectar sweet from each flower she sipped,
 That grew in the garden fair.

Tired with pleasure, she chose a leaf
 To rest on with outspread wings;
 Feeling damp and chill with the dews of night,
 In through a window she springs.

The warmth of the parlour restored her glee,
 Through the curtains she roamed with delight;
 Then she settled to rest on that gauzy bed,
 But straightway appeared a strange light.

Its beams pleased her better than e'er did the sun's,
 Whose splendour but dazzled her sight.
 She longed for a dance to air her gay robes
 In the glow of the candle bright.

With gladness she skipped round the radiant flame
 And its pillar of marble hue;
 She struck at the light with her silver wings,
 But missed, and away she flew.

Regardless of danger, once more she tried,
 And round it still nearer she sped;
 With a frantic effort she hit it at last:
 It was death, and her beauty all fled.

So pleasure allures with its treacherous lights
 The unwary, the young, and the fair,
 To a frolic at first, and then a wild plunge
 That sinks them in death or despair.

CHARLES NEILL.

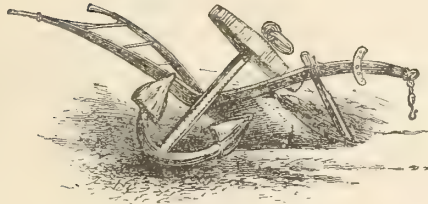
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LIFE & WORK

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ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1884.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for January.

1	Tu.	Service in Church at 12 noon.
2	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class (Miss Miller), Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M.
3	Th.	No Prayer Meeting.
4	Fr.	Literary Society, New Halls, 8.15 P.M.
5	Sa.	Dr. Macleod sees members regarding baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
6	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M., 2.30 P.M. EVEN- ING, 7 P.M. COLLECTION FOR COALS AND SOUP KITCHEN. (The Afternoon Service on this day is speci- ally intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are expected to bring the Children's Hymnal, and to sit in the lower part of the Church. Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, New Halls, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, New Halls, 6 P.M. Sabbath Schools, New Halls, 4 P.M. Children's Church, New Halls, 11.15 A.M.
7	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Jamaica Street Hall, 3 P.M. New Halls, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, New Halls, 8 P.M.
8	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, New Halls, 8 P.M.
9	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Musical Association, New Halls, 8 P.M. Choir Practice, New Halls,
10	Th.	Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings, 38 and 39 India Place. Afternoon Bible Class, New Halls, 3.15 P.M.
11	Fr.	Literary Society, SOCIAL MEETING, New Halls, 7.30 P.M.
12	Sa.	
13	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.30 P.M. Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, New Halls, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, New Halls, 6 P.M. Sabbath Schools, New Halls, 4 P.M. Children's Church, New Halls, 11.15 A.M. Mission Service, New Halls, 6.30 P.M.
14	M.	Same as 7th.
15	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association. LECTURE by PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, New Halls, 8 P.M.
16	W.	Same as 9th.
17	Th.	Prayer Meeting in New Halls, 3 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings, Nos. 43 and 44 India Place.
18	Fr.	Literary Society, New Halls, 8.15 P.M.
19	Sa.	
20	S.	Same as 13th. COLLECTION IN AID OF THE NEW MISSION HALLS. Com- municants' Cards given out.
21	M.	Same as 7th.

22	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Associa- tion. CONCERT. All invited.
23	W.	Same as 9th.
24	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, New Halls, 3.15 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings, Nos. 47 and 50 India Place.
25	Fr.	Same as 18th.
26	Sa.	Service in Church, 2.30 P.M.
27	S.	COMMUNION SABBATH. Evening Ser- vice, 6.30 P.M.
28	M.	Same as 7th.
29	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Associa- tion. Lecture, "Things that struck me in America." Rev. S. S. Stobbs, New Halls, 8 P.M.
30	W.	Ladies' Sewing Meeting in connection with Missions, New Halls, 2.30 P.M. All invited. Other Meetings same as 9th.
31	Th.	Lecture in New Halls to Young Men's Guild by Colin G. Macrae, Esq. Subject, "Sydney Smith," 8 P.M. All invited. Prayer Meeting in New Halls, 3 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings. Nos. 53 and 55 India Place.

JANUARY COMMUNION.

The Lord's Supper will be administered as usual on the **Last Sunday** of January. There will be a **Forenoon** and **Afternoon** Table, the latter commencing at 2.30. A **Preparatory** Service will be held in the Church on Saturday at 2.30 P.M. Communicants' **Cards** will be given out on the previous Sunday at the close of Public Worship forenoon and afternoon.

Dr. Macleod will be glad to see any who desire to communicate for the first time at his house on any Saturday evening in January after 7 o'clock. The total number of *persons* who communicated in St. Stephen's in 1883 was 1747. Of these 495 partook *once*, 1252 *twice*, 755 *three* times, and 362 *four* times. There is a considerable increase on the number partaking four times (see this Magazine for January 1883). All the figures of this very important and instructive return indicate progress.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON BIBLE CLASS.

These meetings will be resumed on the 10th, at 3.15 P.M. The attendance of the younger members of the Congregation is particularly requested. The subjects of the Addresses will be as follows:—Jan. 10. *Why we believe in God.* Jan. 24. *Why we believe in Immortality.* Feb. 7. *Why we believe in the Bible.* Feb. 21. *Why we believe in the Resurrec-*

tion of Jesus Christ. Mar. 6. *Why we believe in the Holy Ghost.* Mar. 20. *Why we believe in Prayer.* Apr. 3. *Do ye now believe?*

"Be ready always to give an answer to every one that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

LECTURES, &c.

On Tuesday, the 15th, Principal Shairp of St. Andrews will deliver a Lecture in the Mission Hall at 8 P.M. Subject: "James I., his Character and Poetry." These Lectures, held in connection with the "Temperance and Total Abstinence Association," are intended for the benefit of the Parishioners generally. All are invited, and it is to be hoped that when a gentleman of the eminence of Principal Shairp, as an Essayist and Poet, favours us with a Lecture, there will be an audience worthy of the occasion.

On the 31st January a Lecture on "Sydney Smith" will be delivered in the Class-room, New Halls, by Mr. Colin G. Macrae, W.S., in connection with the "Young Men's Guild." All are invited. A Collection will be taken at the door in aid of the Society's Funds. Dr. Macleod in the Chair.

The **Annual Soiree** of the Literary Society will be held in the New Hall on Friday, the 11th January, at 7.30. This meeting embraces all the members of the Young Men's Bible Class and any friends.

Tickets can be obtained from Mr. James Swan, 40 Howe Street.

It must be gratifying to the members of St. Stephen's to know that the Young Men's Associations are prospering so well. It is most pleasing to observe how many young men of talent and promise are interesting themselves in various ways in connection with this important branch of our organisation.

TEMPERANCE AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Social Meeting of this Association (which embraces, as is well known, two branches under the form of Constitution approved by the General Assembly) was held in the Mission Hall on the evening of Tuesday, the 18th December. There was a very large attendance, upwards of 300 persons being present.

The Report was submitted by the Secretary, Mr. Richard Prescott. It stated "that 39 members had been added during the year, and that after deducting those who had removed or fallen away, the membership stands much the same as at this time last year." "Still," the Report went on to say, "the number of those for whose special benefit such Associations are intended, though happily on

the decrease, is yet large enough to call forth our strongest efforts in their behalf, and it is to be hoped that our future endeavours will be even more successful, now that we have such a comfortable and attractive place of meeting in these elegant buildings. As members of the Association, and also as residents in this locality, we desire to congratulate the Congregation of St. Stephen's on the completion of a work which was very much needed in this district." Having referred to the Lectures and Entertainments provided last year, and to those on the programme for the present season, the Report concluded by the expression of an earnest hope that the good work of the Association will go on and prosper.

The meeting was greatly indebted to the ladies and gentlemen who kindly sang and played on the occasion.

MISSION HALLS.

These buildings, which were formally opened on the 27th November, may now be said to be complete. Of course there are many details which have yet to be attended to, and some time must elapse before everything settles down into full working order; but they must indeed be fastidious with regard to Parochial buildings who are not pleased with the general result. There is no Parish in Scotland that might not be proud to possess accommodation so extensive and so elegant.

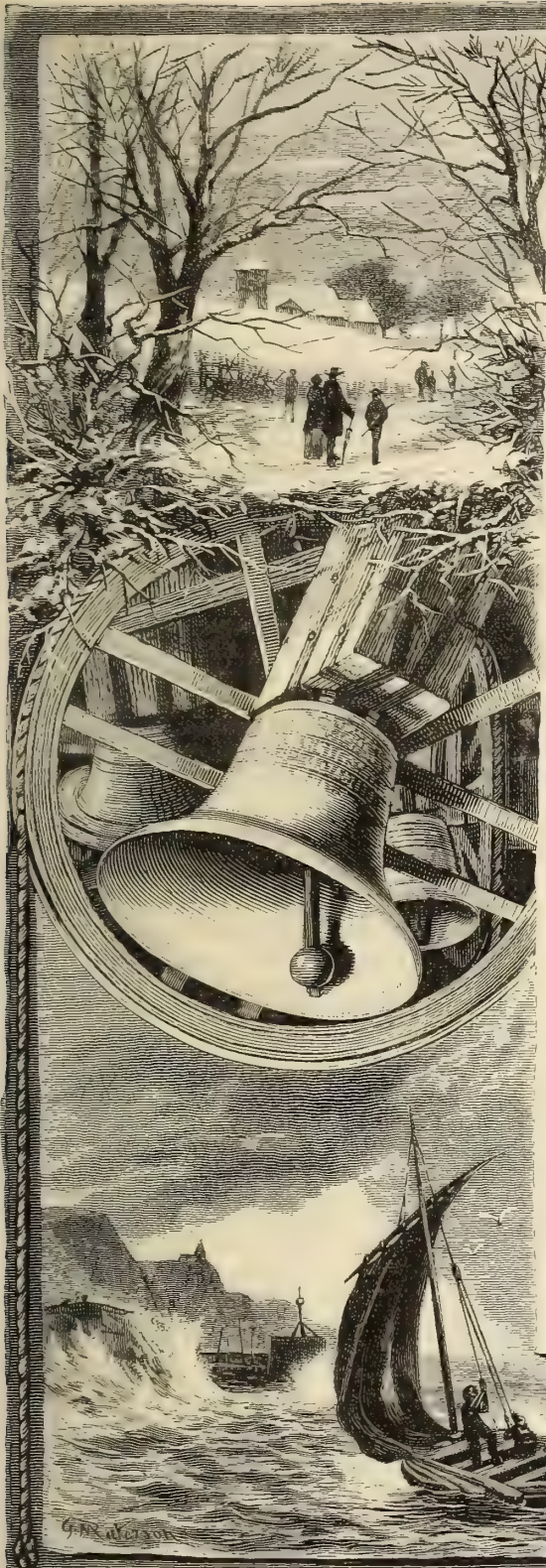
The total sum already subscribed for this important undertaking is rather over £2400. A balance of about £400 has yet, however, to be provided, and it is proposed to make an immediate effort to wipe out the debt. With this view a **Collection** is to be made on the **THIRD SABBATH of JANUARY**. Before that date, a circular will be issued to the members and adherents, giving full particulars, which cannot now be done. We must try by a vigorous and united effort to complete the work so well begun. Probably no sum of equal amount was ever collected in any congregation with less trouble than this fund so far has been.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

This opportunity is taken of thanking many who have kindly sent contributions of books and money for the **Sunday School Library**. The small amount (£12) indicated in the November Magazine has not yet been made up however. This is a matter of pressing importance.

The "Depot" for cast-off Clothes.

An increased supply of cast-off Clothing, particularly for women and children, is much required, and may be sent any day to the Infant School, Brunswick Street, care of Mr. Cochrane.



A Chime of Sabbath-Bells

FOR

THE FIRST SUNDAY OF THE YEAR.

(A prolonged echo from "In Memoriam.")

DAY of gladness! Day of rest!
Ring loud thy hundred bells!

O'er mountain crags and rugged fells,
Where streamlets sing or ocean swells,
'Mid busy mart or rural dells,
Where labour toils or splendour dwells,
Day of gladness! Day of rest!
Ring loud thy hundred bells!

Chimes for the wandering and the lost,
The weary and the tempest-tost;
Chimes amid spring and summer hours,
Chimes amid childhood's sunny hours;
Chimes when "the deep calls unto deep;"
Where watchers watch and mourners weep;
Where "the dark Valley" shadows fall,
Chimes for the Better festival!

Day of gladness! Day of rest!
Ring loud thy hundred bells!

Ring out the base assassin crime,
Ring out the discord of the time,
The sensual forms that please the throng,
The crude in art, the low in song.
Ring out—and hide the base from sight,
Ring in the beautiful and bright.
Ring out each rampant phase of ill,
Proud reason's pride—the wayward will.
Ring out the slave—ring in the free,
Ring in earth's promised Jubilee.
Along the churches' desert wold
Ring out the clang of rival fold.
Ring in the childlike creeds of faith,
Ring out the party shibboleth.
Ring out the wrong—ring in the good,
Ring in the world-wide brotherhood:
Ring in a heaven in every home,
Ring in the Christlike Christendom!

Day of rest to mortals given,
Day—the best of all the seven,—
Your bells of earth are bells of heaven.

Day of rest, accept this lay,
Begin!

Ring in!
Ring loud your hundred bells to-day!

J. R. MACDUFF.

Sermon.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

By the Rev. J. STEWART MILLER, Thurso.

"For the wages of sin is death."—ROM. vi. 23.

GOD hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ. The story of man in this world is the story of God's salvation. The end and purpose of preaching is to bring to bear upon all the grace of God, which bringeth salvation. We know well how fully St. Paul felt the greatness of his calling as a minister of grace. In the beginning of this Epistle we read: "So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." He made a point of telling the Corinthians: "I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." "God sent me to preach the gospel." In his most touching farewell to the elders of the Church of Ephesus he describes the ministry, which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to be to testify the gospel of the grace of God. No theme is more blessed than the telling forth of all the fulness of God's grace. To preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, to make known that love which shines forth with such glory in God who so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life,—that is the commission of the ambassadors for Christ.

But no one can rightly know what that gospel is who has not a deep sense of what sin is. Full apprehension of the grace of God in Christ is always accompanied with a deep conviction of the awful nature of sin. The more we see the darkness of sin, the more brightly does the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shine before us. Let men but come to think lightly of sin, and of what its end is, and we may be quite sure that Christ—the glory of His person, the mystery of His cross, the wonders of His redeeming love—will be little thought of.

The connection of the deepest conviction of sin with the unfolding of the grace of God in Christ is shown in the Epistle to the Romans. In this Epistle St. Paul most fully sets forth the justifying grace of God. But here, too, he paints the sin of the world in the darkest colours. He utters the words: "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men;" and he shows us in his withering exposure of the abominations of the world how terribly this wrath was manifested. After many words spoken that every mouth might be stopped, he reveals still further, in the full light of God's grace, sin's deadly nature. In the passage in which he writes of the wages of sin, the great word he uses is Death,—“What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death,” “The wages of sin is

death.” The old word holds good, “In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die.” That is God's decree. Death is that which tells of the supreme curse, beyond which nothing worse can be; the endless end; it lets us know what God's estimate of sin is. It is there as the wages which sin pays: fully earned, sure to be paid; wages which the sinner must take; not like wages in general, the prospect of which helps to make the toil sweet, but cursed wages hard earned.

Opposite stands eternal life—full, glorious life. That is not earned, it is given. Death can only be swallowed up in that eternal life which is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

What, then, is included in the wages of sin? All the miseries of this life are due to sin. All that makes it the valley of the shadow of death comes from this, that death has passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. When, in carrying out the decree “Thou shalt surely die,” God said to Eve, “I will greatly multiply thy sorrow,” and to Adam, “Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life . . . till thou return unto the ground,” He told of all our woe as because of sin. A world of sin is a world of misery. Its sicknesses, its bereavements, its cares, its weariness, its oppressions, its broken hearts, its darkest tragedies, are there because sin is there. God's promise concerning the new heavens and the new earth where sin is not, tells of these all gone. God shall wipe away every tear from every eye; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. I am not speaking at present of the direct personal wages of sin. I do not know if anything tells more impressively of the terrible curse from sin than the sufferings and death of little children. God is Love, He is our Father in heaven, His love has been manifested to us in Christ, yet these dear little children, such as Jesus took in His arms and blessed, have so often to die—to die after days and nights of agony, rending parents' hearts; and then to lie with face so calm and beautiful in death, before they are laid in the dark grave. Sin must be an awful thing. But the sorrows and ills of life, with death as the end of them, though they are all the fruit of sin, are not always in a strict sense the wages of sin. They are there that the works of God may be made manifest. The curse is turned into a blessing. These calamities become God's means for saving the soul; they are often the chastening of a Father's love. Through Christ death has become gain.

Sin separates from God: therein is given that death which is its wages. It is spoken of by St. Paul when he says that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven. Look at some of the aspects of this. Its immediate effect is that the sinner lies under God's condemnation. How awful

the death of the soul with sin unforgiven! It is a very serious thing in our relations one to another here. What a wall of separation it makes! We can realise what it is if we think of a prodigal child come to the sense of the wrong done to loving parents by the life that has been lived. What a cry of agony has then often risen! The deepest need is to be forgiven. To have to die without it, or to come home too late to hear it from the lips sealed in death, oh, how terrible is that!

And such is the relation into which sin has brought us. It is a wall of separation between us and our God. So to be in guilt unforgiven is death. If it be so that one does not feel it to be misery indeed, it is just that the wages of sin are still more awful. For it must then mean that sin has so made the heart dead to God—so separated that there is no longer any cry for His love; that the sinner is so *dead* in trespasses and sins that the voice which would tell of what he needs is silenced, and the foreboding of the doom of an eternal separation there.

Sin at once brings the soul under condemnation. That is separation from God. To be in that fear, which is torment, is to know that we are separated from God, and that His wrath lies heavy upon us. That is death. To have the eye so blinded to the holiness of God as to be all insensible to the sinfulness of sin, is something like the second death. Thinking little and lightly of sin, as if there were no reality in God's condemnation of it, is seen to be a terrible part of the wages of sin, when we remember that in God's sight it was so real that Christ our surety must needs die for us. In the agonies of the cross, where Christ was made sin for us, where He cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" we learn how dread that death is which is the end of sin, and we see how dead that man must be who is insensible to its guilt. In the soul untouched by this commending by God of His love to us, in the sinner unreconciled to God in Christ, we see in the most awful way that the wages of sin is death.

Look at another way in which sin pays its wages. St. Paul includes it in the wrath of God revealed from heaven. He describes it as God giving men over to a reprobate mind, to work all uncleanness with greediness. He speaks of it in the words, "Ye have yielded your members servants to uncleanness and to iniquity unto iniquity." He gives the most scathing description of that cultured heathen world which seems to some so sweet, though heathen writers who lived in it, like Juvenal and Tacitus, agree with the apostle. In all its terrible abominations, its lust, its cruelty, its despair, we see in full manifestation what the wages of sin are. That God's offspring is so given over, and that sin so holds the mastery, is one of the most dreadful ways in which sin's wages are paid. How terrible is that state in which everything vile and unholy is the soul's delight! Think

of it in its very darkest colours, there where sin is at its worst; remember that this human nature is that nature which shines in such perfect beauty of holiness in Jesus our Lord, and that through Christ its predestinated end is to be conformed to the image of God's Son, and say, Is that "dead in sin" not a dire wage of sin? Oh! how terrible to think of that as the end of sin, and can we say it is the end? How very solemn to realise that wherever sin reigns, in an ever-deepening moral and spiritual night of sin, our being is ever more completely separated from our Creator, is ever further off from Him; and that is eternal death. Unlikeness to God is separation from God. The reality of this separation will become plain if, for a moment, we glance at it otherwise. How morally and spiritually helpless is the sinner! His sin forges chains he cannot break. "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself; and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." It is that expressed by St. Paul in the next chapter, and which is so strikingly put in the words, words often re-echoed, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Sin has everywhere reigned in death. It needed that the Son of God should come: that One made in the likeness of sinful flesh, but unstained by sin, should redeem, unless death were to be universal and for ever. Sin so holds that no deliverance from the body of this death could be, except this further truth were there, "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The wages of sin is death. Death is the close of the earthly life. With all its dark horror, with all its pain and agony, with all its fear, it has passed upon all men for that all have sinned. But death is no longer the wages of sin to him who is in Christ. Christ has taken away its sting, which is sin. Its wages have been received; Christ, made sin for us, has died. Death is thus swallowed up in victory.

But what is it apart from Christ? There where the soul is not redeemed from sin? Then death in all its fulness is the wages of sin. And then beyond! the full meaning of all the separation from God shall be found; the wrath of God abiding upon the sinner; the awful far-offness from God expressed in the words of Jesus, "Depart from me, ye cursed." For ever separated from God is the second death, as for ever with the Lord is eternal life.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If but one little cloud appear
In their great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful joy are filled,
If but one ray of light,
One gleam of God's own glory, gild
The darkness of their night.

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Ireland's Apostolic Bishop and the Gaelic Bible.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

IN the old Library of the Parish Church of Rothesay there is a large quarto volume, "The Book of the Old Testament, translated into Irish by the care and diligence of Dr. Wm. Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore, in Ireland, and for the public good of that nation." It is a "Donation of the honourable, pious, and learned Robert Boyle, son to the Earl of Cork, bestowed in 1685 on the Parish Church of Rothesay, to continue there as a Church Bible."

The story of Bishop Bedell, whose translation of the Scriptures into the Irish language was for a long time the Bible of our Scottish Highlanders, would be worth telling in these pages even for its own sake. Born in Black Notley, Essex, in 1570, and descended from the lords of the Manor of Bedell's Hall, after passing through the curriculum of the English schools of the time, William Bedell was entered as a pensioner of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1584, where he studied for the Church under the famous Dr. Chadderton, one of the translators of our Authorised Version. He was distinguished above his equals in the study of philosophy and divinity, and was the moving spirit of a little band of earnest youths, who supplied religious services in the places adjacent to the University where there were no pastors. He was ordained priest in 1596, and, on receiving license to preach, became preacher of St. Mary's, in the town of St. Edmundsbury, Suffolk, where his great talents soon attracted attention, and led to his appointment as Chaplain of the Embassy at Venice, accompanying Sir Henry Wotton thither, at the critical period when the Venetian Republic was excommunicated by the Pope. In Venice he formed the acquaintance of several eminent divines, among others, Diodati, the translator of the Protestant Italian Version of the Bible, and he acquired Italian so that he could speak it like a native, besides studying Hebrew under the chief Rabbi of the Jewish synagogue there.

In 1615 he was promoted to the parsonage of Horningsheath, and in 1627 he was elected, by Archbishop Ussher, with the concurrence of the Fellows, to the office of Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and by the special request of Charles I. he removed to Dublin in 1628. As provost, he reformed the constitution and improved the discipline, and endeavoured to make Trinity College a Protestant nursery for training young men to preach the gospel amongst the native Irish in their own language. In 1629 he was advanced to the Irish Episcopate as Bishop of Kilmore and Ardagh in the counties of Cavan and Longford. He found the dioceses in a deplorable condition—the clergy few in number, unlearned, and little respected, churches unbuilt, parsonage-houses in

ruins, and incumbents non-resident, the property of the Church in the hands of lay members, and dilapidated by churchmen in favour of relatives and children. The Protestant ministers and curates numbered only thirty-two, and of these only seven or eight in each diocese were at all passable, none of them could perform divine service or converse with the natives in the Irish language, some of them were married to Roman Catholic women, and their wives and children attended mass. The Protestants did not number one in ten of the population, and these, too, mostly English settlers.

Bishop Bedell set about the work of reformation at once. He put an end to pluralities, as he found most of the clergy holding two, three, four, or more vicarages apiece, and to set an example, he himself resigned the See of Ardagh; he insisted upon residence on the part of the clergy, and on the maintenance of schools in the several parishes; ruinous churches were repaired; he sat himself in the ecclesiastical courts and exercised the ecclesiastical jurisdiction instead of leaving it in the hands of his lay chancellor, and thus put an end to much corruption and scandal; he entered into friendly discussion with some priests in his diocese, and induced many of them to forsake popery, and promoted them to livings in the diocese; and only one of these converts ever afterwards apostatised. To quote the testimony of Bishop Mant¹—"The history of the whole Church of Christ does not, in all probability, contain a more perfect pattern of a Christian bishop than may be contemplated in the life of Bishop Bedell."

He made the native Irish, who formed the vast majority of the population, his special care. In his old age he acquired the Irish language, and he was constantly present every Lord's Day at the Irish service in the Church of Kilmore, and he insisted upon all new incumbents performing divine offices in a tongue understood of the people. Seated at his table might be seen the poor ragged Irish who could not understand a word of English; and, indeed, such was his love towards them that a waggish priest looked in derision on one occasion to see "whether my Lord of Kilmore wore brogues or no." He employed an Irish converted priest to translate the Old Testament into Irish, and during the progress of the translation he never rose from the table after dinner or supper till he compared it with the original Hebrew, or the Septuagint, or Diodati's Italian Version. The translation was made ready for publication at his own expense; he had agreed with a person about the printing of it, and had sent for the types to Holland when the work had to be suspended. "It is scarce to be imagined (says Bishop Burnet²) what could have obstructed so great and so good a work. The priests of the Church of Rome had reason to oppose the printing of a book that has been always so

¹ "History of the Irish Church" by Bishop Mant.

² "Life" by Bishop Burnet.

fatal to them ; but it was a deep fetch to possess reformed divines with a jealousy of this work, and with hard thoughts concerning it ; yet that was done, but by a very well disguised method." The translation was assailed with all manner of obloquy and malice, the work held up to ridicule as a weak and contemptible performance, and men were suborned to persecute the converted priest who assisted him in the translation. It is to the honour of the Irish nation, however, that even the Roman Catholics awaited its publication with the greatest interest, and spoke of Bishop Bedell in the most extravagant terms, preferring him before St. Patrick, and calling him their patron and patriarch ; and Roman Catholics and Protestants alike are unanimous about the excellence of the translation.

Through the jealousy of "reformed divines" the door of grace temporarily closed against Bedell's great work, the Irish translation, and another door opened. The last words in the controversy about the Irish Bible had scarcely died away ere the Rebellion of 1641 convulsed the whole of Ireland. The Rebellion commenced in Ulster, and spread over the whole island, and Bedell was the only Englishman in the county of Cavan who was permitted to stay under his own roof ; and from the 23d October till the 17th December his residence was the only sanctuary to which Englishmen could flee ; and a vast multitude sought shelter in the out-buildings, in the church and churchyard, where they lay upon heaps of straw or hay, and lived upon broiled wheat. The rebels continued to show the bishop great respect, never attempting even to interrupt the services regularly conducted by him in the Church of Kilmore. They asked him, however, to dismiss the refugees whom he harboured, and on his refusal to comply with the order they made himself and his two sons and son-in-law prisoners, confining them in a castle (Lough Oughter) about a mile and a half from his residence. They refrained from putting him, like the other prisoners, in irons, and he had regular service in the prison (the keepers furnishing him with bread and wine to celebrate the Communion on Christmas Day) even when a priest was celebrating mass in the next room. He was kept in confinement from the 18th December till the 7th January, when he was released and allowed to reside at the house of a Roman Catholic converted priest, where he continued to preach. He preached his last sermon on 30th January on Psalm cxliv., being the psalm for the day. That week he sickened and gradually sank, till on Monday, 7th February, about midnight, he peacefully passed away.

His funeral was remarkable. "So on the 9th day of February 1642" (says his son-in-law¹) "he was laid in the grave, according to his desire in his last will and testament, hard by his wife's coffin, that had been buried there four years before.

¹ "Memoir" by Rev. Alexander Clogy, M.A.

The chief of the Irish rebels gathered their forces together, and accompanied the corpse from Mr. Sheridan's house to the churchyard of Kilmore in great solemnity, and desired Alexander Clogy, the minister of Cavan, to perform the office for the dead (according to the manner in former times), and promised not to interrupt in the least ; but we, being surrounded with armed men, esteemed it more prudent to bury him, as all the patriarchs, prophets, Christ and His apostles, and all saints and martyrs in former ages were, than attempt such a hazardous office (and sacrifice for the dead, as they call it), and needless at such a time, in the presence of those Egyptians. But instead thereof they gave him a volley of shot, and said with a loud voice, 'Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum' — May the last of the English rest in peace ! For they had told him at the first rising that he should be the last Englishman that should be put out of Ireland, because he was stiled by men of understanding the last and the best of the Bishops, 'Ultimus et optimus Episcoporum.'"

A plain tombstone with a simple Latin inscription in a retired part of Kilmore churchyard marks his grave. "Close to this spot," says Dr. Monck Mason,¹ "and in the bishop's garden, he planted a tree, a sycamore, which afterwards attained to a remarkable size and a most beautiful form. It is still universally known by his name, and while it is sometimes visited with feelings of reverence by a few who know his worth, it is consecrated by affectionate tradition among a few others of the people to the memory of some undefined object of ancient love and respect of which no other trace now exists."

A new Cathedral Church, specially designed for a monument to Bishop Bedell, was consecrated at Kilmore in 1860. But the lasting monument to his memory is the "*Irish Bible*." His library and most of his MSS. perished in the Rebellion, but the MS. of the Bible fell into the hands of Rev. Dennis Sheridan, and finally came into the possession of Dr. Narcissus Marsh, and 500 copies of it were printed in 1685 in the *Irish* character, towards the expense of which the Hon. Robert Boyle contributed £700 ; a large number of these were circulated in the Highlands of Scotland. In 1690 a second edition of it in the *Roman* character was printed, and nearly the whole of that issue, consisting of 3000 copies, was sent to the Highlands, and it continued for long the only Bible fairly intelligible to Highlanders. It was only towards the beginning of this century that the door was opened for its circulation in Ireland, chiefly through the zeal of the Irish Society, through whose operations thousands of copies were received with joy in Irish cabins ; and need we despair yet to see the book, which is the "birthright of our numerous population," and which Bishop Bedell tried to endear to Irishmen, circulated as the only message of permanent peace and prosperity all over Ireland ?

¹ "Life" by Dr. H. I. Monck Mason.

Of Work.

VII.—WHAT REALLY KEEPS ONE AT IT?

I WANT to have some quite outspoken talk on a matter concerning which there is much insincerity about; and a great deal of conventional communication between civilised human beings, which has no earthly relation to any conscious fact.

I know many very hard-working men and women, among those who are called the *Educated Class*. I know men who from their student days till they grew old were always aware of a certain remorse when they resolved, like Wordsworth, "This one day, I give to idleness." They were always working. Sometimes complaining how constantly and how hard they were driven; yet always working on.

What is the real spring of it all? What is it that makes a man each morning take to hard work, though sometimes shrinking from it? Can I forget, when I had a beautiful country parish, those summer mornings of unutterable glory on which it was so painful an effort to turn away from the sunshine, the roses and the green leaves outside, and to go in and sit down at the study-table and spread out the blank sheet and bend all the mind one had to the weary task of covering it? Yet the effort was made, and the page was somehow covered. O clump of evergreens, long unseen, surmounted by a great red standard-rose: O steep green hill beyond, crowned with noble trees; how often these eyes have looked longingly at you just for a minute, lifted up from the darkening page! Even such are the old familiar faces, which will stay by one to the last. And what is it that has, in sober verity, made me sit down at this table and write these lines this morning, though the place be Perthshire and the time a bright August holiday?

Let us begin at the beginning. Let us begin low down. It is Necessity that makes most men work, to start with. Their work is that which is by some called *Pot-boiling*. The imagery needs no explanation. They must work, or they would starve. Even if they do not like work, they seek it, and are thankful to get it. We ask our brothers of the earth to give us leave to toil, as Burns puts it; that we may earn the wages whereon to live. There were Serfs still in Scotland when I was a boy; and there is something very like them still in regions I should be glad to indicate, and under the rule of Specious Shams. The labouring man,—the human being concerning whom his poor wife tells me that he is "just a labourer" (and the words go to my heart every time I hear them),—gets the price of his work at the end of the week or of the day: and then the children have their food and clothes and schooling; the anxious wife managing the little revenue with a skill which is marvellous, and thinking the very last of all of herself. It is with unfeigned reverence I look in the face of many a wife I know. If there be a noble self-denial upon

God's earth, a self-denial so real that it is unconscious: if there be a human soul whose life and work are all for others, and that without a murmur, thankful if the children and their worn father are but right, no matter what comes of her: if there be true heroism left in what is (to some few I know) a self-indulgent age: I can find all these under the lowly roof of many a labouring man that works for day's wages.

It need not be said that other work than hand-work is done under the same stern pressure. Eloquent essays have been written by famous men, which were pot-boilers. Popular pictures have been painted by great artists, which were pot-boilers. The man did not aim at producing his best work, but that work which would hit the common taste, which would yield immediate pay.

Here is the Basis. Everybody understands this. You remember that touching lyric, in which good Lord Neaves reminded his generation who and what was the first Master of Arts. But let us go farther. After that Motive (though possibly it is still in the background) is no longer pushed forward to the same degree: after it has become a latent Dynamic force, of whose existence men are hardly conscious: why do many of them work as hard still?

My Theory is perfectly simple, and it appears to me to state the certain fact. Hard-working men, no longer under the spur of Necessity, do in fact work hard just because it is their nature to do so. There is a general sense, always present to many men, specially to such as have worked hard all their life, that they ought to be busy, that they ought not to be idle. They have, half-consciously, discerned that Charles Lamb's dream-child who was to be called Nothing to Do, and who was to do nothing, and so be quite happy, would in truth have been a wretched creature, as well as a bad creature. And homely Dr. Watts, in lines far too familiar for quotation, gives us a bit of very sound philosophy, in a statement both who will provide work for otherwise-idle hands, and what sort of work it will be. Let us thank God, too, that one knows a good many men and women, who must, by their make, be *Thorough*. What their hand finds to do, they do with their might. They always try to Do their Best. And though it may not be very good; and though nobody may think it very good; yet, within themselves, there are occasional brief minutes when they have their reward.

Now I go on to say some things concerning the hard and faithful workers I know, of whose truth I am perfectly sure.

They do *Not* work as they do, because they think they are laying up merit against a Future Life, and earning a reward There. I have heard people talk of that motive. I have read statements about it. I do not believe that in these regions it now exists at all. Possibly St. Francis Xavier felt it.

Possibly he dreamt that the inexpressible self-denying work he had done for Christ would be remembered to his credit, far away. I do not believe he did. And though, quitting this troublesome life, he might think, following a very sound and memorable example, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day," I do not believe his work for his Redeemer was done for reward. No: I will take his own word for what was *not* his motive: What his motive was, he could hardly say. "My God, I love Thee: not because . . . I hope for heaven thereby." But he looked to his Saviour: and he thought of his Saviour on the Cross: and, never thinking nor reckoning at all, the irresistible impulse came that made him work as hardly ever man did. Do you think Alexander Duff, working as he worked just because he could not help it, ever dreamt of a reward? No: the poor Hindoo was there, knowing nothing of up-lifting truths he could tell: and Duff must tell them or die. It is so with all good workers known to the writer. No Bishop nor curate, no philanthropic woman nor humble Shaftesbury nor James Baird who has but the two mites to give and gives them; no Sunday school teacher nor district visitor, ever thinks of a reward. Our theological teaching, for centuries, whatever it has failed in, has succeeded in quite banishing that notion from Scotch or English head and heart. For which, God be thanked. Is there a soul among us that on the verge of death could really take comfort or confidence in looking back on the life-work, no matter what it was? Or is there not rather the sense of unutterable foolishness and unworthiness? like that which made the holy Thomas à Kempis (we should call him such) say, looking back on his life, "I cannot remember that I have ever done any good at all." No: the trust is not there! Or take a homelier instance, nearer home: good Dr. Robertson, who had worn his life out, toiling beyond strength for what he was sure was Christ's cause. "I am a poor sinful creature: I place no confidence whatever in anything I may have done: all my hope of salvation is in the righteousness that is of God in Christ." Lengthy in expression even to the end, good man: I have abridged his dying confession, but he said these very words and a great many more. Yet he meant exactly what the mediæval saint said more briefly and gracefully.

I go, next, to a serious matter: yet the truth must be said. The good workers I know do not work as they do, for Christ's sake. Not consciously so. Not consciously so, on many busy mornings. They do not, looking (like Archbishop Tait) at a great basket of letters, and saying, *Now it will be pleasant if we can answer all these before going to bed*, quite consciously think, *This work is Christ's, and we are going to do it because we want to do something for Him*. It would be very uplifting

and cheering if we could do that always. But I will believe that in all faithful Christian men and women, working hard, this grand spring of all good work is always latently there. When a fine young business man, being asked to undertake a long and worrying work, said to me, *Well, I have been feeling I ought to do something for the Church, and I will do my best to help you*: I know what he meant, though he modestly shrank from saying it fully. When one who had retired, after forty years, from the management of a great business, said, *I have got a little leisure now, and I feel I must give it to the Cause*: you know what was really in his mind, though in this reticent country it was not spoken.

I cleave to this belief, that good folk, in all their work, are acting from a grander impulse than they know. The work is really and truly done, just because they naturally take to it. But Who was it that made their nature such? Why do certain men and women now in my mind go on diligently in well-doing, after thirty years of it, when they would be exactly as well off if they ceased from it? They tell you, and they say to themselves, *We cannot see work to be done and leave it undone*. They make a list in the morning of things to be done in the day: not one of these, being done, will put money in their purse: not one of these, being left undone, would bring them any blame. They never ask Why. They do not think Why. The work ought to be done: that is all. And they would be miserable if it were not done. But I know, and am sure, what sublime Dynamic Force, unthought of commonly, is behind the homely task, and sends on the lowly errand. *The love of Christ constrains them*: they being, most times, really too busy to think what keeps them at their work. And I will believe, till I die, that every kind and good impulse in human soul comes from the Blessed and Holy Spirit.

A. K. H. B.

A FORMER MISSIONARY.—Do many readers remember the early years of the Church of Scotland's Mission to the Aborigines of India, now more commonly called the Darjeeling Mission? Mr. Conrad Bechtold, son of a German clergyman, was a pioneer lay missionary from 1869 to 1872, and earned the thanks of the Church for his labours and explorations among the Mechis of the Terai. He developed many of the qualities of a great missionary; but his health broke down at Goalpara under the strain of trying duty, so that he was compelled to return to Prussia. On the restoration of his health he resumed study for the ministry, and former friends will be glad to hear that he has been for a number of years an ordained Pastor of a German Church at Marthasville, St. Louis, Missouri, U.S., showing his undiminished interest in the cause of Missions by editing for several years a missionary periodical in the German language. No better written or more beautifully illustrated paper comes to us among our editorial exchanges than "Der Missionar," and we observe it has now under new auspices become the organ of the Missionary Society of the German Evangelical Synod of North America.

Sonnet.

By Sir NOEL PATON, R.S.A.,
Her Majesty's Limner for Scotland.

I DREAMED that, after turmoil long and sore,
I had o'erpassed the mystic bourne of Death,
And, calm and strong, and drawing tranquil breath,
Stood all alone upon the farther shore.
Deep silence and a fathomless repose
Enwrought me for a space. Then suddenly,
With a great pang and an inaudible cry,
My heart awoke to the dread sense that those
I loved were sundered from me, nor could hold
Henceforth communion with me, nor could know
How still I yearned towards them as of old,
Seeking their love. I cowered in utter woe;
When a small hand touched mine, and in my ear
Softly our lost one whispered, "I am here."

The Prairie Chief and the Preacher.

A TALE. IN FOUR PARTS.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

PART I.

WHITEWING was a Red Indian of the North American prairies. Though not a chief of the highest standing, he was a very great man in the estimation of his tribe, for, besides being possessed of qualities which are highly esteemed among all savages—such as courage, strength, agility, and the like—he was a deep thinker, and held speculative views in regard to the Great Manitou (God), as well as the ordinary affairs of life, which perplexed even the oldest men of his tribe, and induced the younger men to look on him as a profound mystery.

Indeed the feelings of the latter towards Whitewing amounted almost to veneration, for while, on the one hand, he was noted as one of the most fearless among the braves, and a daring assailant of that king of the northern wilderness, the grizzly bear, he was, on the other hand, modest and retiring—never boasted of his prowess, disbelieved in the principle of revenge, which to most savages is not only a pleasure but a duty, and refused to decorate his sleeves or leggings with the scalplocks of his enemies. He had even been known to allow more than one enemy to escape from his hand in time of war when he might easily have killed him. Altogether, Whitewing was a monstrous puzzle to his fellows, and much beloved by many of them.

The only ornament which he allowed himself was the white wing of a ptarmigan. Hence his name. This symbol of purity was bound to his forehead by a band of red cloth wrought with the

quills of the porcupine. It had been made for him by a dark-eyed girl, whose name was an Indian word signifying light-heart. But let it not be supposed that Lightheart's head was like her heart. On the contrary, she had a good sound brain, and, although much given to laughter, jest and raillery among her female friends, would listen with unflinching patience and profound solemnity to her lover's soliloquies in reference to things past, present, and to come.

One of the peculiarities of Whitewing was that he did not treat women as mere slaves or inferior creatures. His own mother, a wrinkled, brown old thing resembling a piece of singed shoe-leather, he loved with a tenderness not usual in North American Indians, some tribes of whom have a tendency to forsake their aged ones and leave them to perish rather than be burdened with them. Whitewing also thought that his betrothed was fit to hold intellectual converse with him, in which idea he was not far wrong.

At the time we introduce him to the reader he was on a visit to the Indian camp of Lightheart's tribe in Clearvale, for the purpose of claiming his bride. His own tribe, of which the celebrated old warrior Bald Eagle was chief, dwelt in a valley at a considerable distance from the camp referred to.

There were two other visitors at the Indian camp at that time. One was a Wesleyan missionary, who had penetrated to that remote region with

a longing desire to carry the glad tidings of salvation in Jesus to the Red men of the prairie. The other was a nondescript little white trapper, who may be aptly described as a mass of contradictions. He was small in stature, but amazingly strong, ugly, one-eyed, scarred in the face, and misshapen, yet wonderfully attractive, because of a sweet smile, a hearty manner, and a kindly disposition. With the courage of the lion, Little Tim, as he was styled,

combined the agility of the monkey and the laziness of the sloth. Strange to say, Tim and Whitewing were bosom friends, although they differed in opinion on most things.

"The white man speaks again about Manitou to-day," said the Indian, referring to the missionary's intention to preach, as he and Little Tim concluded their midday meal in the wigwam that had been allotted them.



"It's little I cares for that," replied Tim, curtly, as he lighted the pipe with which he always wound up his meals.

Of course both men spoke in the Indian language, but that being, probably, unknown to the reader, we will try to convey in English as nearly as possible the slightly poetical tone of the one and the rough backwoods style of the other.

"It seems strange to me," returned the Indian, "that my white brother thinks and cares so little about his Manitou. He thinks much of his gun, and his traps, and his skins, and his powder, and

his friend—but cares not for Manitou, who gave him all these—all that he possesses."

"Looke here, Whitewing," returned the trapper in his matter-of-fact way, "there's nothing strange about it. I see you, and I see my gun and these other things, and can handle 'em, but I don't know nothin' about Manitou, and I don't see him, so what's the good o' thinkin' about him?"

Instead of answering, the Red man looked silently and wistfully up into the blue sky, which could be seen through the raised curtain of the wigwam.

Then, pointing to the landscape before them, he said in subdued but earnest tones :—

"I see him in the clouds—in the sun and moon and stars ; in the prairies and in the mountains ; I hear him in the singing waters and in the winds that scatter the leaves, and I feel him *here*."

Whitewing laid his hand on his breast and looked in his friend's face.

"But," he continued, sadly, "I do not understand him. He whispers so softly that though I hear I cannot comprehend. I wonder why this is so!"

"Ay, that's just it, Whitewing," said the trapper. "We can't make it out, nohow, an' so I just leaves all that sort o' thing to the parsons, and give my mind to the things that I do understand."

"When Little Tim was a very small boy," resumed the Indian, after a few minutes' meditation, "did he understand how to trap the beaver and the martin, and how to point the rifle so as to carry death to the grizzly bear?"

"Of course not," returned the trapper ; "seems to me that that's a foolish question."

"But," continued the Indian, "you came to know it at last?"

"I should just think I did," returned the trapper, a look of self-satisfied pride crossing his scarred visage as he thought of the celebrity as a hunter to which he had attained. "It took me a goodish while, of course, to circumvent it all, but in time I got to be—well you know what, an' I'm not fond o' blowin' my own trumpet."

"Yes, you came to understand it at last," repeated Whitewing, "by giving your mind to things that you *did not understand*."

"Come, come, my friend," said Little Tim with a laugh, "I'm no match for you in argument, but, as I said before, I don't understand Manitou. I don't see, or feel, or hear him, so it's of no use tryin'."

"What my friend knows not another may tell him," said Whitewing. "The white preacher says he knows Manitou and brings a message from him. Three times I have listened to his words. They seem the words of truth. I go again to-day to hear his message."

The Indian stood up as he spoke, and the trapper also rose.

"Well, well," he said, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "I'll go too, though I'm afear'd it won't be o' much use."

The sermon which the man of God preached that day to the Indians was neither long nor profound, but it was delivered with the intense earnestness of a man who thoroughly believes every word he utters, and feels that life and death may be trembling in the balance with those who listen. It is not our purpose to give this sermon in detail, but merely to show its influence on Whitewing, and how it affected the stirring incidents which followed.

Already the good man had preached three times

the simple gospel of Jesus to these Indians, and with so much success that some were ready to believe, but others doubted, just as in the days of old. For the benefit of the former he had this day chosen the text, "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus." Whitewing had been much troubled in spirit. His mind, if very inquiring, was also very sceptical. It was not that he would not, but, that he could not, receive anything unless *convinced*. With a strong thirst after truth he went to hear that day, but, strange to say, he could not fix his attention. Only one sentence seemed to fasten firmly on his memory—"It is the Spirit that quickeneth." The text itself also made a profound impression on him.

The preacher had just concluded, and was about to raise his voice in prayer, when a shout was heard in the distance. It came from a man who was seen running over the prairie towards the camp, with desperate haste of one who runs for his life.

All was at once commotion. The men sprang up, and while some went out to meet the runner others seized their weapons. In a few seconds a young man with blood-shot eyes, labouring chest, and streaming brow, burst into their midst with the news that a band of Blackfoot warriors, many hundred strong, was on its way to attack the camp of Bald Eagle ; that he was one of that old chief's braves and was hastening to give his tribe timely warning, but that he had run so far and so fast as to be quite unable to go another step, and had turned aside to borrow a horse or beg them to send on a fresh messenger."

"I will go," said Whitewing, on hearing this ; "and my horse is ready."

He wasted no more time with words, but ran towards the hollow where his steed had been hobbled—that is, the two front legs tied together so as to admit of moderate freedom without the risk of desertion.

He was closely followed by his friend Little Tim, who, knowing well the Red man's staid and self-possessed character, was somewhat surprised to see by his flashing eyes and quick breathing that he was unusually excited.

"Whitewing is anxious," he said, as they ran together.

"The woman whom I love better than life is in Bald Eagle's camp," was the brief reply.

"Oho!" thought Little Tim, but he spoke no word, for he knew his friend to be extremely reticent in regard to matters of the heart. For some time he had suspected him of what he styled a weakness in that organ. "Now," thought he, "I know it!"

"Little Tim will go with me?" asked the Indian, as they turned into the hollow where the horses had been left.

"Ay, Whitewing," answered the trapper, with a touch of enthusiasm, "Little Tim will stick to you through thick and thin, as long as——"

An exclamation from the Indian at that moment

stopped him, for it was discovered that the horses were not there. The place was so open that concealment was not possible. The steeds of both men had somehow got rid of their hobbles and galloped away.

A feeling of despair came over the Indian at this discovery. It was quickly followed by a stern resolve. He was famed as being the fleetest and most enduring brave of his tribe. He would *run* home!

Without saying a word to his friend, he tightened his belt and started off like a hound loosed from the leash. Little Tim ran a few hundred yards after him at top speed, but suddenly pulled up.

"Pooh! It's useless," he exclaimed. "I might as well run after a streak o' greased lightning'. Well, well, women have much to answer for! Who'd iver have thowt to see Whitewing shook off his balance like that? It strikes me I'll sarve him best by lookin' after the nags."

While the trapper soliloquised thus he ran back to the camp to get one of the Indian horses wherewith to go off in search of his own steed and that of his friend. He found the Indians busy making preparations to ride to the rescue of their Bald Eagle allies; but quick though these sons of the prairie were, they proved too slow for Little Tim, who leaped on the first horse he could lay hold of, and galloped away.

Meanwhile Whitewing ran with the fleet, untiring step of a trained runner whose heart is in his work; but the way was long, and as evening advanced even his superior powers began to fail a little. Still he held on, greatly overtaxing his strength. Nothing could have been more injudicious in a prolonged race. He began to suspect that it was unwise when he came to a stretch of broken ground, which, in the distance, was traversed by a range of low hills. As he reached these he reduced the pace a little, but while he was clambering up the face of a rather precipitous cliff the thought of the Blackfoot band and of the much-loved one came into his mind; prudence went to the winds, and in a moment he was on the summit of the cliff, panting vehemently—so much so, indeed, that he felt it absolutely necessary to sit down for a few moments to rest.

While resting thus, with his back against a rock, in the attitude of one utterly worn out, part of the Missionary's text flashed into his mind—"the race that is set before us."

"Surely," he murmured, looking up, "*this* race is set before me! The object is good. It is my duty as well as my desire."

The thought gave an impulse to his feelings; the impulse sent his young blood careering, and, springing up, he continued to run as if the race had only just begun. But ere long the pace again began to tell, producing a sinking of the heart which tended to increase the evil. Hour after hour had passed without his making any perceptible abatement in the pace, and the night was now

closing in. This, however, mattered not, for the full moon was sailing in a clear sky, ready to relieve guard with the sun. Again the thought recurred that he acted unwisely, in thus pressing on beyond his powers, and once more he stopped and sat down.

This time the text could not be said to flash into his mind, for while running it had never left him. He now deliberately set himself to consider it, and the word "patience" arrested his attention.

"Let us run with patience," he thought. "I have not been patient. But the white man did not mean this kind of race at all—he said it was the whole race of life. Well, if so, *this* is part of that race, and it *is* set before me! Patience! patience! I will try."

With childlike simplicity the Red man rose and began to run slowly. For some time he kept it up, but as his mind reverted to the object of his race his patience began to ooze out. He could calculate pretty well the rate at which the Blackfoot foes would probably travel, and knowing the exact distance, perceived that it would be impossible for him to reach the camp before them, unless he ran all the way at full speed. The very thought of this induced him to put on a spurt which broke him down altogether. Stumbling over a piece of rough ground, he fell with such violence that for a moment or two he lay stunned. Next moment, however, he was on his legs and tried to resume the headlong race, but felt that the attempt was useless, and with a deep irrepressible groan, he sank upon the turf.

It was in this hour of his extremity that the latter part of the preacher's text came to his mind—"looking unto Jesus!"

Poor Whitewing looked upwards, as if he half expected to see the Saviour with the bodily eye, and a mist seemed to be creeping over him. He was roused from this semi-conscious state by the clattering of horses hoofs.

The Blackfoot band at once occurred to his mind. Starting up, he hid behind a piece of rock. The sounds drew nearer, and presently he saw horsemen passing him at a considerable distance. How many he could not make out. There seemed to be very few. The thought that it might be his friend the trapper occurred, but if he were to shout and it turned out to be foes, not only would his own fate but that of his tribe be sealed. The case was desperate; still, anything was better than remaining helplessly where he was, so he uttered a sharp cry.

It was responded to at once in the voice of Little Tim, and next moment the faithful trapper galloped towards him, leading Whitewing's horse by the bridle.

"Well, now, *this is* good luck," cried the trapper as he rode up.

"No" replied the Indian gravely, "it is not *luck*."

"Well, as to that I don't much care what you call it, but get up! why, what's wrong wi' you?"

"The run has been very long, and I pressed forward impatiently, trusting too much to my own strength. Let my friend help me to mount."

"Well, now I come to think of it," said the trapper as he sprang to the ground, 'you *have* come a tremendous way—a most awful long way—in an uncommon short time. A fellow don't think o' that when he's mounted, ye see. There now," he added, resuming his own seat in the saddle, "off we go—but there's no need to overdrive the cattle, we'll be there in good time I warrant ye, for the nags are both good and fresh."

Little Tim spoke the simple truth, for his own horse was a splendid animal, much more powerful and active than the ordinary steeds of the Indians, and that of Whitewing was a half wild creature of Spanish descent, from the plains of Mexico.

Nothing more was spoken after this. The two horsemen rode steadily on side by side, proceeding with long but not too rapid stride over the ground, now descending into the hollows, or ascending the gentle undulations of the plains; anon turning out and in to avoid the rocks and ruts of rugged places, or sweeping to right or left to avoid clumps of stunted wood and thickets, but never for a moment drawing rein until the goal was reached; which happened very shortly before the break of day.

The riding was absolute rest to Whitewing, who recovered strength rapidly as they advanced.

"There is neither sight nor sound of the foe here," murmured the Indian.

"No, all safe!" replied the trapper in a tone of satisfaction as they cantered to the summit of one of the prairie waves, and beheld the wigwams of Bald Eagle shining peacefully in the moonlight on the plain below.

(To be continued.)

A Boy's Prayers.

A PAPER FOR BOYS

I KNOW that there are many boys who never pray at all. They are not heathens, nor even sceptics—few boys are. They have a strong notion that it would be right in some circumstances to pray. In sickness or death they would quite approve of some one being asked to pray for them; but just now, when they have health and can enjoy themselves, they "don't see the good of it."

Now I am far from wishing to scold or even to blame them. I wish they could "see the good of it," and I feel sure that if they saw the thing in its right light they would change their minds. Will they allow me to reason with them for a minute on the subject?

Why don't they pray? One reason is very clear. It is plain that they do not understand what prayer means. I never knew a boy yet who did not long for a wishing-cap or a fairy wand, or for the possession of some magic secret like that by which

heroes and knights of old obtained the gratification of their desires; and I feel sure that if a boy believed that there was a real way of getting what he wanted from one who had all power to give, he would not be long of asking.

Now let us talk about this matter in a plain, common-sense way. Is it true or is it false that what we ask on earth is heard in heaven? Is it true or is it false that God gives what we ask? If it be true, surely no one would hesitate for one moment about trying it. But if it were also true that this great and good God not only gave what we asked, but only gave it when He saw that we were asking a thing that was good for us, and kindly refused to give a thing which He knew would hurt us, would not that increase the favour? But suppose a further case. If that kind Giver not only refused to give us what was harmful, but when He was refusing it gave something instead that was better, surely you would say that such a being was one to whom you could go with confidence. That Friend, unseen though He be, would be the best, the kindest, the truest friend you had.

Now I am prepared to say without reservation and without hesitation that this is just exactly what God does. And I shall prove it to you. Suppose you had a petition which you wanted to present to some prince in a foreign court, and suppose you required to present it personally, there are two things you would do. First you would *ask other people* about him; you would find out whether he were agreeable and friendly to strangers. If you had a good report of him you would beg an audience and proffer your request for yourself. And it would strengthen your confidence if you had seen a printed proclamation issued by Himself promising to give a favourable reply to such requests as yours. Now I want you to act in the matter of your prayers precisely as you would do in the case I have supposed. Inquire about Him. Find out what men say who have applied to Him. You can be at no loss. Ask David, and Nehemiah, and Paul, and the holy men of old. They were sensible, clever men in their day. Their testimony is pretty strong. Consult the biographies of great men in later times—I mean men who were great in the highest sense, who did great things for the good of the world. Above all, take the evidence of the vast mass of human beings who for ages have made the experiment, and made it over and over again, because they found it so successful. What do they say? Do they not with one voice declare, "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice"? If all these people are under a delusion it is very strange. People who suffer from delusions, rarely have the same form of malady. But here you have millions of the human race uniting in the one conviction, which they express by saying: "I sought the Lord, and He heard me."

The next thing a wise boy will do is to *test the*

truth for himself. He will go straight to God and humbly ask to speak with Him. Not indeed as having any right to ask anything, but as a sinful, undeserving creature, to a holy Creator, confident that, through the merits of a Saviour's death he will receive what he wants. And he takes with him God's word as the charter of his liberties; therein he finds that there is no limit to the extent of his permission. He may ask everything that he knows to be not sinful. Along with his prayers for pardon and holiness he may, he ought to, ask for food and clothing, for health and happiness, for help in his smallest troubles, and success in his smallest enterprises. It is told of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson of Brighton, one of the manliest men that ever lived, that the earliest incident in his life which made him feel sure that God heard his prayers was on the occasion of his going out for the first time to shoot partridges. He had fired and missed again and again; at last in despair, as he was walking up to a point, he thought he would ask God to make him kill his bird. He asked, and he killed it. From that time he was certain, not so much that God heard prayer—he believed that in a kind of way before—but that God heard *him*. In the same way Henry Martyn learned the power of prayer, from finding that he was answered when he asked that he might win a prize at school. Of course it is easy to laugh at all this and to explain it away, but, believe me, there is a deep mystery in such answers that wiser heads than yours or mine cannot explain. Fortunately, God does not say, Find out the way in which I answer prayer, but He says, "Ask and ye shall receive," "Taste and see that the Lord is good."

I might say a great deal more on this subject, and perhaps I shall do so another time, but just now I must close with one or two practical rules.

Don't pray long prayers, but ask what you wish in the shortest, simplest way.

Speak to God knowing who He is, and as if you felt Him near you.

Ask temporal mercies only on condition that it is agreeable to His will.

Do not be afraid to ask for spiritual mercies; they are always pleasing to God.

Let your petitions be not wholly selfish; put in a word for other people.

Ask everything for Christ's sake.

Try these rules and you will know the blessedness of prayer. The spider that hangs by its tiny web within an inch of the ground, may seem to be closely in contact with the earth, and yet it clasps with its hands a fairy cord by which it may in a moment rise to the branch above. And just so, the lad who prays is linked by a golden chain to heaven. Often he may be drawn very close to the world, but he has that which lifts him up each morning and evening, and at times even in the course of a busy working day, to the very fellowship of God Himself.

COLIN G. MACRAE.



† † † † † † †
 H, every one that thirsteth,
 Come ye to the waters
 † † † † † † †

ISAIAH IV. 1.

THE authoress of that charming book, "Magyarland," tells of an intermittent spring in a lonely Transylvanian valley, which, at intervals of hours' duration, wells forth in great abundance water of the sweetest and purest kind, then suddenly ceases. It was not found flowing by her, but the pebbles were still wet, as if not long before it had come on its errand of blessing. The inhabitants of the valley had arranged a simple and ingenious mechanism by which, whenever the water came, a hammer sounded forth on a metal plate a constant chime while the flow lasted. Animals of all kinds came at the sound, and even the wild deer had been known to seek refreshment there.

A Fountain's Voice.

HARK! the strange notes, harmonious, sounding far
 Thro' the lone Vale!
 'Tis not the Shepherd's pipe, nor trump of War,
 Nor wild Æolian wail,—
 A tinkling sound, as if some fairy bells
 Had rung out music from the forest dells!

Sometimes it wakes the sleeper from his dreams
 At dead of night,
 Or comes at sunset hush with day's last beams—
 Or with the Dawn's first light—
 Or in the ardent heat of drowsy noon,
 And dies away with its sweet echoing tune.

And lo! what time the notes ring on the air,
 A gathering band
 Of young and old comes trooping everywhere;
 And by yon Fount they stand,
 And slake their thirst, or bear with joyous glee
 The precious treasure home, so fresh and free.

The fleecy flock, too, know the signal well,
 And troop along,
 And loving cattle, drawn by the strange spell,
 Come with the Shepherd's song;
 And in the morn the wild deer seek the brink,
 And, fearless in their need, they stoop to drink.

Strange freak of Nature in this valley lone,
 The soul to cheer;
 As if some angel stirred it, and was gone,
 But left his blessing here!
 That thus the welling spring should come and go,
 And man, the thirsting, marks the wonder so!

The very Vale seems consecrated ground
 With these soft chimes;
 Like sweet Cathedral bells, the hallowed sound
 Calls each and all betimes
 To come and drink, while living waters flow,
 That none may lack, and none unblessed may go.

So rings a holier Voice through all the spheres—
 "Here peace is found!

O mortals! worn and weary, dry your tears,
 And listen to the sound.

Now Mercy calls! Now Truth pours forth her stream!
 Come while ye may, no longer listless dream!"

M. MACGREGOR.

Newton, Dalkeith.

“For Thy name’s sake lead me and
guide me.” PSALM xxxi. 3.

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, St. Michael’s, Edinburgh.

WE are now at the end of another year, and are entering into 1884, with hopes that we may be bright and happy and useful, and with fears that we may have trial and sorrow and pain. We cannot tell what a day may bring forth. It is in love that God hides the future from us. He sees it is better for us to live by faith than to live by sight. And we know that in the leading and guiding of our Heavenly Father we are safe, whatever be the events of our future life. We therefore ask the children of the Church to make the text that stands at the head of this page their daily prayer all through the coming year—“For Thy name’s sake lead me and guide me.”

I. *God will safely lead you and guide you through all dangers.*—Even the life of a child is a life full of dangers. His body is in danger from accidents and sickness and death. His soul is in danger from evil thoughts and bad companions, and the many snares that Satan sets to tempt and ruin the young. Now, against all these dangers you cannot be your own defence. And no man, however much he may love you and however strong he may be to help you, can safely guide you amid the dangers that beset your young life. But you are perfectly safe in the guiding of God through Jesus Christ. Jesus is the Greatheart of all little pilgrims, and shields them from all the dangers in the path of life till they enter into the blessedness of their heavenly home.

II. *God will successfully lead you and guide you over all difficulties.*—A child’s life is full of difficulties. His lessons at school, his evening preparation, his obedience to father and mother, and his care of younger sisters and brothers, are all things that are difficult for a child to do well. And then there is the overcoming of a cross temper, the resisting of temptation, the giving up of bad habits, and the learning of good ones. These are all difficult. But God is able and willing and anxious to help you. If you are careful to let Him lead and guide you, all that is naturally difficult will in time become easy through His grace, and you will find that He will make you an overcomer of difficulties.

III. *God will wisely lead you and guide you in all duties.*—The duties of a child are as valuable in their way as the duties of a strong man. God means every child to be useful. There are duties in the home, in the day school, in the Sunday school, in the playground. A child must always remember that God wants him to use his life so that the world shall be made better for the services of his boyhood. A child often thinks that he cannot work, that as a child he can only prepare

for work. But he *is* working, and by his working he is making the world in which he lives better or worse. Now he is useful only when he is dutiful, and in striving to do his duty God is his only wise leader and guide. If a child tries to please God in everything he does, seeks in all that he is and says and does to be guided by the will of God, he will be a valuable and helpful little minister in the service of Jesus, who is the best of all masters.

IV. *God will surely lead you and guide you in peace and happiness.*—It is very natural for a child to be happy. God means him to be happy. He can only be good and do good when he is happy. But there are many guides to false happiness. Satan tempts a child to sin by making sin a pleasure. If Satan did not make sinning pleasant he would not succeed so often as he does. Therefore we need to know that true happiness is always found in doing what is right, and hence God is the only sure guide to a happy life.

We wish all the children of the Church a Happy New Year, and bright happy hearts all through the coming days of 1884. The Church loves her children and prays for them. They are growing to be her strength by their goodness and their service, or to be her weakness and her shame by their faithlessness to God. We commend to them this text as a New Year’s prayer: “For Thy name’s sake lead me and guide me.”

I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost !
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone,
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But Thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me ;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

I could not do without Thee !
For oh ! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee ?
I do not know the way ;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

Manitoba.

THE name of Manitoba has been assiduously kept before the British public as an attractive field for agricultural settlement, but only a very few have any knowledge of the important work done by the various sections of the Christian Church for the settlers who have of late been drawn in such numbers to the Great Lone Land.

In this great work the Presbyterian Church of Canada has been second to none. The foremost men of the body have been sent out to fill the pulpits of the principal churches, while pioneer preachers, missionaries, students,

and in some cases elders with approved qualifications have been sent out to labour permanently or temporarily in the 200 stations now occupied by the Church, one man often having charge of half a dozen stations and visiting them in regular order. At the more important stations, churches, and even in some cases mansees, have been built; but where there is a will there is a way, and whenever a little group of hearers can be got together, there the missionary "takes hold," preaching in any building that comes handy, sometimes in no building at all. Most of the settlers who are thus cared for are poor hard-working men who have a stiff fight to keep a foothold for themselves, and can do almost nothing for the first year or two toward the support of ordinances; but wherever a settlement has existed for a few years the adherents and members tackle manfully to their duty, and the little churches become self-supporting or nearly so. A dozen of the churches are now self-supporting, some helping in their turn to support others. A dozen new churches and three new mansees have been built within the last year, and fifty new stations taken up. These simple facts serve to show that Canadian enterprise is not confined entirely to the getting of dollars, and that the Canadian Church is doing its duty to its utmost ability.

In pursuance of their policy of putting the best men to the front, their last General Assembly asked Dr. King of Toronto, a Scottish Borderer hailing from Lord Polwarth's estate, to leave one of the very best churches in the Dominion, where he has ministered for twenty years with special acceptance and success, to take charge of the struggling infant College of Manitoba; and against the advice of some of his best friends, in response to the call of duty, he decided to accept the appointment, to which he has just been formally inducted.

At the *Conversazione* held in the College the evening after his induction, it was curious and specially gratifying to see the catholicity and cordiality of the welcome accorded by all ranks and religious persuasions to the new Principal. The Lieutenant-Governor and Prime Minister of the province were there. Ministers and members of every persuasion, including a Professor from the Roman Catholic College of St. Boniface, vied with each other in eloquent expressions of welcome and sincere appreciation of the quiet, unassuming Scotsman.

This College, from a very humble beginning, under the care of the late Dr. Black of Kildonan, has now a very handsome building in the outskirts of Winnipeg, with forty students, of whom about one fourth are theological. These are employed in the Mission Stations nearest the city—going out on Saturday and returning on Monday to their studies. The whole Mission work of the Church is ably superintended by the Rev. James Robertson, who is a sort of peripatetic bishop.

The pecuniary support of both Missions and College is supplied partly by funds raised in Winnipeg itself, and partly by contributions from the eastern churches; a little help being given by a few friends in Scotland. Any help given from the old country to either churches or college would be of special value just at present. Sectarian limits are little taken note of in new settlements, and adherents of every Protestant sect mix almost indiscriminately in their religious services. There are in Manitoba many young men from Scotland, who, if not promptly followed up to their outlying farms, are tempted to fall into religious indifference, if not something worse; and it would be not only generous but just that the Church at home should gratefully acknowledge and do something to help the Presbyterian Church of Canada in the noble work she is doing in the New North-West.¹

Manitoba. R. W. M., AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

¹ The Church of Scotland's Colonial Committee gave a grant for Manitoba last year, though not so much as they could have wished; and in 1882 a grant was also made to Winnipeg College.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

THESE Questions are for private and family study, especially among the young, and are also suitable for use in Congregations. The answers are given next month. Some of the Questions are easy, that many may try to answer them. Some are more difficult, in order that Ministers and others who invite their young people to compete may not find (as has sometimes happened) that all the candidates get equal value for their papers.

1. Find where it is told that God changed the beginning of the year. What great festival took place in the first month?
2. Find in Old Testament the story of a child of royal descent who fled into Egypt to avoid being slain, and returned to his own land when the king was dead.
3. Find four instances of a kiss of forgiveness.
4. Two instances of a kiss of leave-taking, and two of a kiss of treachery.
5. Who kissed the dead?
- 6, 7. How many passages can you find in St. Matthew, in which it is expressly stated that what is there recorded was a fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy?
- 8, 9. St. Mark is supposed to have written for Gentiles. How many passages can you find in his Gospel in which he informs those readers of customs or beliefs among the Jews?
10. Find four places in St. Mark where Hebrew (Aramaic) words are given and explained.

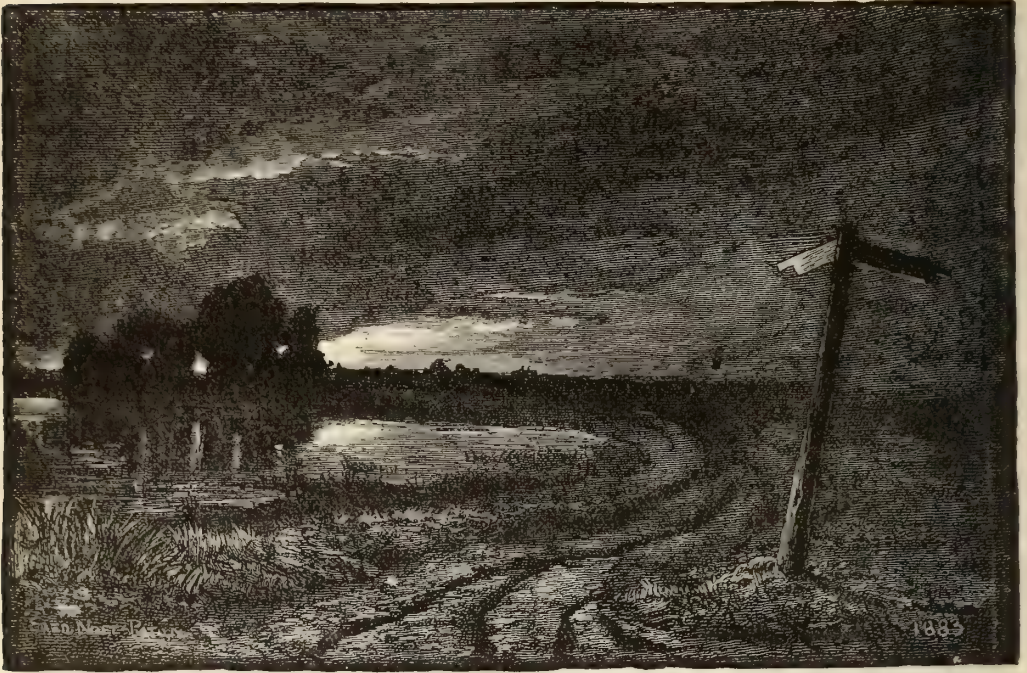
ANSWERS FOR DECEMBER.

1. 1 Kings 19. 19; Shaphat; Abel-meholah. 2. Elisha had not already (in the spiritual sense) put his hand to the plough, and was therefore not looking back in a wrong way. 3. Shunammite's son restored to life, 2 Kings 4. 13. Miracle of the loaves, 4. 42. Naaman the leper healed, 5. 14. 4. Cursing little children, 2 Kings 2. 24. 5. James killed, Acts 12. 2. The manner of Peter's death foretold, John 21. 18. Intimation that John might live very long, John 21. 22. 6. Matthias, Acts 1. 26. Paul, 1 Cor. 9. 1. James, the Lord's brother, Gal. 1. 19. 7. Barnabas, Acts 4. 36, and Gal. 2. 9. 8. Gal. 2. 16; 3. 11; 5. 4. 9. Gal. 1. 6; 3. 1; 4. 9; 5. 7. 10. It is a mere profession of faith, without reality, like the benevolent speech of a man who gives nothing to the poor.

Missionary Hymns.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF A PRIZE.

THE Magazine Committee hereby announce a Prize of Five Guineas, to be given in 1884, for the best Mission Hymn. The Hymn must include, or be applicable to, the subject of the conversion of the heathen, but may refer also to other forms of missionary enterprise, if authors see fit. It is requested that the hymns may be sent to the Editor soon, and none will be received after the end of June, unless in the case of a hymn sent from a distant country. They should not exceed the length of hymns usually sung in churches. Any of the hymns judged good enough for publication in this Magazine will be paid for at usual rates as accepted contributions, and the prize will be additional. The Committee may give a second prize if they see cause. Competition is not restricted to members of the Church of Scotland. The result will be announced towards the end of the year. It is in all cases necessary that the name and address of the author should be known to the Editor.



Drawn by FRED. NOEL-PATON.

Engraved by J. D. COOPER.

Exiled.

FOR AN OLD IRISH AIR, "I SHALL LEAVE THIS COUNTRY."

I AM leaving this country with a merry merry heart :
 Hard mother she has been many a year unto me ;
 And I choke down the tear that is ready to start,
 And I dance like a child that is free.
 I turn my eyes away from the skies so gray,
 From the weariness, the hunger, and the cruel, cruel pain :
 O I'm glad this day is done ! that I've watched the last red sun,
 And I'll ne'er see old Ireland again !

And yet as I stand at my own cabin door,
 My children all playing on the turf so green,
 I feel my eyes are wet to think they'll soon forget
 The graves lying lonely where no foot has been.
 And my heart is loath to go from the sad land I know
 To the country that I know not, where is pleasure and not pain :
 And I kiss the blessed sod, and I lift my prayer to God,
 May I see dear old Ireland again !

THE AUTHOR OF "John Halifax, Gentleman."

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1884.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for February 1884.

1	Fr.	Literary Society, 8.15 P.M.
2	Sa.	Dr. Macleod sees members regarding baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
3	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M., 2.30 P.M. EVENING, 7 P.M. (The Afternoon Service on this day is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are expected to bring the Children's Hymnal, and to sit in the lower part of the Church. Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, 2.30 P.M. Sabbath Schools, 4 P.M. Children's Church, 11.15 A.M.
4	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Jamaica Street Hall, 3 P.M. " " Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Meeting of Session, 4.30 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, 8 P.M.
5	Tu.	Workers' Meeting, 3 P.M., Mission Hall. Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association. LECTURE by PROFESSOR BLACKIE, 8 P.M.
6	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Musical Association, 8 P.M. Choir Practice.
7	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, 3.15 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings.
8	Fr.	Same as 1st.
9	Sa.	
10	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M., 2.30 P.M. Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, 6 P.M. Sabbath Schools, 4 P.M. Children's Church, 11.15 A.M. Mission Service, New Hall, 6.30 P.M.
11	M.	Same as 4th.
12	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M. ADDRESS by DR. MACLEOD. Sacred music.
13	W.	Same as 6th.
14	Th.	Prayer Meeting, 3 P.M., Mission Hall. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings.
15	Fr.	Same as 1st.
16	Sa.	
17	S.	Same as 10th.
18	M.	Same as 11th.
19	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M.
20	W.	Same as 6th.
21	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, 3.15 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings.
22	Fr.	Same as 1st.
23	Sa.	
24	S.	Same as 10th. COLLECTION FOR ST. STEPHEN'S SCHOOLS.

25	M.	Same as 11th.
26	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M. CONCERT. All invited.
27	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Musical Association, 8 P.M. Choir Practice. Ladies' Sewing Meeting in connection with Missions, 2.30 P.M. All invited.
28	Th.	Prayer Meeting 3 P.M., Mission Hall. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings.
29	Fr.	Same as 1st.

List of Special Collections at St. Stephen's Church during the Year 1883.

*(This List only includes Collections taken at the
Church Door.)*

1883.			
Jan.	Collection for Poor	£187	0 0
Jan., April, July, & Oct.	Collection at Communion Services for Congregational purposes	86	0 0
March	Collection for St. Stephen's Schools	100	7 0
June	Collection for School Children's Excursion	32	7 0
Nov.	Collection for Royal Infirmary	100	10 0
		£506	4 0

COLLECTIONS FOR SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

Feb.	For Small Livings Fund	£93	5 0
March	„ Colonial Missions	98	0 0
April	„ Jews' Scheme	116	5 6
May	„ Endowment Scheme	114	2 6
June	„ Patronage Compensation Fund	45	12 6
July	„ Continental Churches	27	5 0
Oct.	„ Home Mission	114	10 0
Nov.	„ Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund	81	2 6
Dec.	„ Foreign Missions	305	0 0
		995	3 0
Total		£1501	7 0

W. MANN, *Treasurer.*

This Statement is upon the whole an extremely satisfactory one. The amount for the "Schemes" is not so large as in 1882, but last year there was one Collection less than in the former year. A few contributions have been paid in at the Offices of the Church, which bring up the total to upwards of £1000, which is no doubt a very handsome sum as judged by any standard, and especially so if we compare it with these Collections were only a few years ago. May God dispose

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE.

all our hearts to give with increasing liberality for the advancement of His kingdom and glory! May He purify our motives and enlarge our sympathies, that what we give may be a worthy expression of our faith and our hope! Whether St. Stephen's is to maintain the honourable position it has taken among the congregations of the Church of Scotland in connection with this matter depends on the measure in which the individual members realise their responsibilities and use their privileges. Alas! it is only too true that in this, as probably in all congregations, there are some who act, practically though not intentionally, as if they wished to "hinder" rather than to "help," and were disposed to ask, "To what purpose is this waste?" But such results as are set forth in the above Statement could not have been accomplished without the hearty co-operation of the Congregation as a whole; and for this we "thank God and take courage," trusting that this year may be one of even greater progress than that which is past.

Collections for 1884.

The following are the days appointed by the Kirk-Session for Special Collections during this year.

It is particularly requested that those who are for any reason unavoidably absent on the day of a Collection will have the goodness to SEND THEIR CONTRIBUTIONS TO WILLIAM MANN, ESQ., 119 PRINCES STREET. This is a point of great importance. At certain seasons of the year very many of the members of St. Stephen's are absent, and it is obvious that the Collections must suffer unless the course now recommended is adopted generally, as happily it is already adopted by many:—

St. Stephen's Schools . . .	Feb. 24.
Home Mission	Mar. 16.
Small Livings Fund	April 20.
Patronage Compensation Fund	May 18.
Endowment Scheme	June 15.
Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund	July 13.
Colonial Scheme	Oct. 19.
Jewish Mission	Nov. 16.
Royal Infirmary	" 30.
Foreign Missions	Dec. 21.

Parish Notes.

The Annual Social Meeting of the St. Stephen's Literary Society and Young Men's Bible Class was held in the Mission Hall, Brunswick Street, on the evening of Friday, 11th ult. Colin G. Macrae, Esq., President of the Society, occupied the Chair. The number present was large, amounting to nearly 200.

After Service of Tea a most interesting Programme was gone through, the entertainment being chiefly furnished by St. Stephen's Church Choir, and also by the Literary Society itself.

Addresses were delivered by the Chairman, by Rev. Dr. Macleod, and Rev. P. Playfair.

A Report of the Society's progress was submitted by Mr. Chapman, the Secretary.

At the close of the meeting Mr. George Lisle moved a

vote of thanks to "the Ladies," and Mr. James Burns, President, to the "Speakers and Chairman."

Mr. Macrae replied, and also moved a vote of thanks to "the Singers," especially thanking Mr. Curle for presiding at the Harmonium.

On New Year's Day the Sunday School children were entertained in the New Mission Hall with a Christmas Tree, when upwards of 600 children received little gifts of one kind or another. Thanks to the kind efforts of the teachers and other friends, the gathering was a highly successful one.

This opportunity is taken of thanking those who have kindly contributed books and money for the Sabbath School Library.

The usual New Year Social Meetings in connection with Miss Miller's Mothers' Meeting and Young Girls' Bible and Sewing Class were held in the New Hall on the evenings of January 7 and 8. There was a large attendance at both these interesting meetings.

The first of four monthly free CONCERTS was held on the 22d January in the Mission Hall. The music was provided by the Choir and Musical Association, and was much appreciated by the large audience which filled the Hall.

The next Concert (which the Misses Butter of Faskally have kindly undertaken to arrange) will take place on the 26th February.

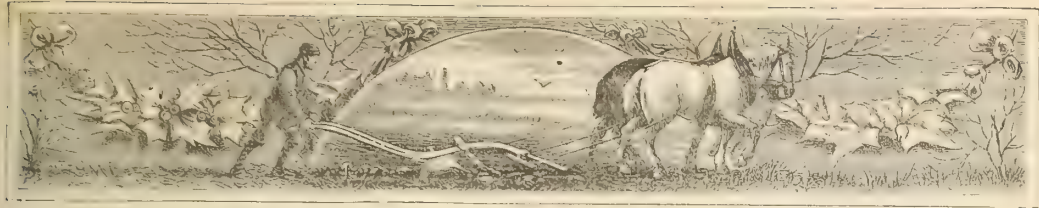
The Lecture by Principal Shairp on the 15th January was well attended. None could have failed to appreciate its cultured eloquence and ability.

The Lecturers for this month are Professor Blackie and the Rev. S. S. Stobbs.

The Supplementary Collection at the Church door on the 20th January for the Parochial Building Fund amounted to £264:6s. This was a gratifying response to the appeal made to the Congregation, and though there is still some debt (about £200), we trust it will speedily be wiped out. Contributions for this object will be received and acknowledged by Mr. Colin G. Macrae, W.S., 57 Castle Street, the Honorary Treasurer for the Fund.

Attention is directed to the fortnightly Prayer Meeting, which, though fairly well attended, might be and ought to be much larger than it is. Also to the Addresses on alternate Thursdays in the Mission Hall at 3.15, which are open to all. The attendance of the younger members is specially invited. Subjects for this month—"Why we believe in the Bible," and "Why we believe in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ." For the days of Meeting, see Calendar.

A room in the Mission Halls will hereafter be available on Sundays for any who may wish to remain during the interval of public worship.



FEBRUARY 1884.

Sir Walter Scott on the Scottish Metrical Psalms.

A LETTER BELIEVED TO BE UNPUBLISHED.¹

Contributed by Rev. THOMAS YOUNG, B.D., Ellon.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century there sprang up a desire for a new translation of our Metrical Psalms. The General Assembly appointed a Committee to undertake the work, and they put themselves in communication with some of their contemporary poets. Dr. Brunton wrote to Crabbe: but Crabbe did not know who Dr. Brunton was, and, in asking information from Scott, said that he had "no great opinion of this undertaking," and called it "cooking up a book of Scottish Psalmody." Sir Walter himself was even then of a somewhat similar opinion. The labours of the committee continued for several years, but came to nothing. Dr. Cunningham, in his "Church History of Scotland," seems to be of opinion that the project was finally dropped in 1822. But it was certainly revived in 1827. The General Assembly in that year appointed another Committee consisting of "Dr. Baird (Convener), Dr. A. Brown, Dr. David Ritchie, Mr. Lundie, Mr. Chas. M'Combie at Lumphanan, Dr. A. Thomson, Professor Ferrie, Dr. Chalmers, and Robert Paul, Esq.," "for the purpose of enlarging the collection of Translations and Paraphrases from sacred Scripture, and otherwise improving the Psalmody." Mr., afterwards Dr., Chas. M'Combie, was then a young man, aged 22, fresh from literary work in London, where he formed several notable literary acquaintances. To him, therefore, it fell to write on the subject to Sir Walter Scott, Dean Milman, Thomas Campbell, and Thomas Moore. Their replies are still extant. They all expressed their appreciation of the honour of being asked to aid in the work, but shrank from it for the reason assigned by Moore—"It is far, far above my powers:

¹ Inquiry in several likely quarters has failed to bring to light any published copy of this letter. Should one exist, information regarding it from any reader will be welcomed by the Editor. In any case, the present publication will have value, as the original letter has been very carefully collated. The letter is written in a flowing hand, without any interlining. It bears the postmark Jun. 29, 1827, and is directed to the Rev. Mr. Charles M'Combie, Tillyfour, Aberdeenshire.

where so many able men have failed, it is not for me to hope for success." But the longest and most interesting reply was from Sir Walter Scott. It is believed never to have been published, though the fact that Sir Walter declined to aid in revising our present metrical version of the Psalms is well known; and it seems right that his views should be put on permanent record. I have only to add, as to the history of this letter, that it remained with Dr. M'Combie till his death in 1875. It then passed with his other papers to his elder surviving daughter; and I now have it in my possession as his son-in-law.

T. YOUNG.

"Rev^d. Sir,

"I am honoured with your letter, and as I have not at present much leisure for introduction or apology, I will proceed immediately to answer it as relating to a subject which I have had repeatedly placed under my consideration, and, as you seem to be attached to poetry, I think it likely I may place before you some difficulties in the improving of our ancient version of the psalms, which do not so readily appear at first sight.

"In the first place, agreeing as I sincerely do in the beauty of Hebrew poetry, I must observe that these beauties with which it abounds are of a kind peculiar to the Oriental languages, and not very capable of being transferred into the language and poetical dress of any other nation except in the shape of prose translation. Before you can make Hebrew poetry English poetry, you must deprive it of much that constitutes its peculiar beauty and characteristic force; just as before you made an Orientalist an Englishman you must entirely change his dress, and place him in the far less picturesque habit of an European. You are well acquainted, doubtless, with Homer, and must be sensible how much of the Grecian is lost in sacrificing necessarily to the English idiom and structure of verse, and yet were not such sacrifice to be made, the translation would not afford us pleasure at all, excepting precisely to the persons who did not need it—that is, to those who understand the original. This is one almost insuperable difficulty to be encountered in making an English poetical translation of the psalms.

"There is another which arises out of the excellence of the subject itself written, as all Christians believe, under the inspiration of the divine spirit, and which (*sic*) therefore human unaided genius

must feel it not only a daring and a difficult task, but almost a desperate one, to add the mere graces of style to poetry produced by an *aflatus* of the divinity. There are many subjects, which, though in the highest degree impressive and dignified in nature, cannot possibly be imitated in the art of painting, not because they are not in themselves most highly interesting, but because their extent and character defies human art. Dr. Johnson was, I suspect, right when he imputed the numerous failures which we see in the attempts at devotional poetry, to the circumstance of the attempt to hang the trivial ornaments of diction, rhyme, and ornament of a poetical character upon themes, which, far from being proper subjects upon which to exercise the imagination, are fit only for silent admiration. I may be wrong, but I have seen modern versifications of the psalms of David, which reminded me of nothing so much as the waxen dolls I have seen in foreign Catholic churches, where the virgin Mary is bedizened with all the frippery of a lady going to Court in the reign of Louis XIV.

"A third reason, and a very strong one, will, I hope, induce the Kirk of Scotland to be very cautious of laying aside or even undervaluing their own ancient translation of the psalms. It is in some cases, perhaps, bald and rude considered as *rythmical* composition, but I am very doubtful whether even the rudeness of its literal simplicity does not make it more fit for the purposes of devotion than the affectation of a more ornate version. The spirit of devotion in which these psalms ought to be used should be animated with the sentiment and purpose of worship too much to be anxious in requiring the frivolous ornaments of poetical art, and, in my opinion, are (*sic*) more likely to be disturbed than enhanced by such garnishing. For the same reason, although to a certain extent church music is highly impressive and solemn, yet I doubt whether in point of edification it does not draw too much attention, and place the fascinating art itself in a point of rivalry with the solemn purpose which it is designed only to aid and enhance.

"But there is still another argument in favour of the old psalmody, and it is with me a decisive one. It has not escaped you, though you have not drawn the conclusion at which I arrive. The psalms of the old version are those used by the fathers of our church to express their sorrows and their triumphs, their hopes and fears, their prayers in danger, and their gratitude for deliverances. This ought to make them invaluable, and with my consent not a line of them should be altered. The lower classes, indeed, would be greatly shocked with an attempt to change the psalmody, and I am convinced that the attempt would be a great encouragement to schism if violently enforced. And there is no knowing where such alterations were to stop, for, assuredly, if the psalms were retranslated in the year 1827 there would be the same reason for another version a hundred years hence, when the

present style of poetry will necessarily become in its turn antiquated.

"I hope therefore the zeal of the General Assembly will pause before they alter the public worship in such an essential point, and if they do not, I will venture to prophesy that making the best exertions they can, and getting the best assistance, they will not produce a version superior to that now in use in a different degree than Tate and Brady are superior to Sternhold and Hopkins. And in order to gain this very questionable advantage they will break a hundred devotional associations by which men's minds are invincibly bound to the present version. The very uncertainty attending the persons of the ancient translators is in favour of the effect of their translation. But suppose a psalm were given out, the known production of Lord Byron, or Tom Moore, or Sir Walter Scott, would not the whole or greater part of the congregation be engaged in canvassing not only the merits of the poetry but the merits and demerits of the author, and might not the imputations, just or unjust, with which every public man must lay his account to [be] loaded, impede the utility of the task which he had submitted to from the best motives? I think it would, and the ark would be suffered to drop on account of the real or supposed unhallowed character of the worldly hand too rashly extended to support it.

"I do not, however, carry these objections so far as to object to increasing the number of paraphrases either of particular psalms or other passages in Scripture. Logan made some beautiful versions now in common use. This may gratify those who are very sensible of the deficiencies of the old version, and I think could not offend any conscience however tender.

"I long since expressed myself willing, were such an idea adopted, to try something of the kind, as it is almost naturalised in our church, for so I call that of Scotland, though I belong in form to the Episcopal persuasion of the same kingdom. It is now seven years since I had some communication with my friend Dr. Baird¹ upon the subject, and expressed to him at the same time my sentiments upon a general retranslation of the psalms, and my determination, on principle, to have nothing to do personally with an undertaking which, though excellently intended, carries in it, I think, much danger to the national church.

"I have written at length, much contrary to my wont, because I would not be thought indifferent to a subject of such importance, and I have only to request your forgiveness, *rev^d*. Sir, of sentiments not entirely agreeable to your own, though not differing in any particular which can give you offence.—I remain, your obedient Servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 26 June 1827."

¹ The letter to Dr. Baird appears to have been published.

Sir Walter Scott's letter is a tempting subject for comment. But we only add that it is published here solely on account of its own interest, and without reference to the opinion of any persons that it is desirable, or otherwise, to revise our metrical Psalms at the present day. The same remark applies to our publication of Sir Walter's doubt as to the advantage of "church music." Circumstances have greatly altered in fifty-six years.

Sir Walter's recognition of Logan's share in the composition of the Scottish Paraphrases is not without value; and the terms in which he, as an Episcopalian, speaks of the Church of Scotland are peculiarly interesting.

We have reproduced the spelling of the original letter, even printing "aflatus" and "rythmical"; and the small letters where capitals would now be employed are as Sir Walter wrote. It will be obvious to many readers that, if the author had prepared this letter for the press, he would have amended certain sentences: but it has been judged better to make no change.

Too Late.

WELL, Jim, I'm not of the softest,
But sometimes at night I start,
I hear her voice, and its music
Goes echoing through my heart.

Many a time in the darkness
I lie awake in my bed,
And things I had quite forgotten
Keep running all through my head.

I wasn't the best of husbands,
And often I wonder how
She ever could come to love me,
Ay, man, I can see it now.

Why, Jim, I cannot remember
That ever I tried to say
The least little word of cheering
When work was done for the day.

And yet through it all she loved me—
O God! I would give my life
To know I had done my duty
To her as I called my wife.

I see it all, I can picture
The last long night when she died,
She looked in my face so calmly—
She looked—and I—well, I cried.

The eyes of the blind were opened,
At last I could clearly see,
In the flash of that lifelong moment,
How selfish a man could be.

And she, poor lass, when she saw me,
Seemed somehow to understand,
For up from her bed outstretching
She caught me fast by the hand,

And whispered softly and slowly,
"O Willie, the past is past,
We've not been all that we should be,
But love will come right at last."

We've not—O Jamie, I trembled,
And knelt down there by her bed,

And prayed the Lord to forgive me,
Then rose, and, Jim—she was dead.

Dead! and I had not told her
Love had come right at last!
Dead! and I had not kissed her;
Dead! and the past was past.

Ay, mate, she had done her duty,
But mine was a selfish life.
The Lord in mercy forgive me—
And you—be good to your wife.

JAMES STRANG.

Sermon.

FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.

By the Rev. ANDREW W. WILLIAMSON, M.A.,
St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh.

"Ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."
GALATIANS iii. 26.

COLERIDGE used to say, "I believe Plato and Aristotle, I believe in Jesus Christ." The distinction is very deep, and goes a long way towards solving the mystery of faith, about which we often puzzle ourselves very seriously. It has been a difficulty throughout the whole history of the Church; it is a difficulty in the religious history of almost every man; but it is a difficulty which in a great degree we make for ourselves. We think more about our faith than about its object; we believe in Justification by Faith more than we believe in Christ. We forget that it is not to be able to tell what faith is that will or can save a man, but Jesus Christ alone. The centre and the substance of the Christian's faith, "the end of all his conversation," the object of his adoration, must be the Person of our Blessed Lord.

To the true disciple the first and deepest object of faith is not the truths which He taught, but Himself. It is not doctrines about Jesus. It is Jesus. We are saved not by believing in the Crucifixion, but in Jesus Christ and Him crucified; not by believing in the Resurrection, but in the risen Lord; not by believing in the Ascension, but in Him our ever-living Saviour, who once died for us, and now pleads our cause at God's right hand.

This may seem a very obvious truth, yet it is not so obvious that it has not often been denied. It has been said that the Person of Jesus ought not to hold the first place in the regard of His followers. The objection has taken many forms, but there are two in which it has especially shown itself. The first is that of direct denial. The second is that of practical error rather than explicit opinion. Of this second form it is more necessary to speak.

The doctrine which we regard as the glory of Protestantism is the doctrine of Justification by Faith. But do we not emphasise the faith rather than the Object, and thus lead ourselves into the very error which it was intended to avoid? Look at the history of the Church in the time preceding the Reformation. What is the moral which that

history teaches us? The church had dethroned her King, and had put in His place a great array of saints, who played a part in her worship and teaching something like that of the inferior deities in the classic mythology. What was it that produced the mighty revolution which resulted in the emancipation of the Church? It was neither more nor less than a return to the primal truth of the faith, and to a personal trust in the divine Saviour. The great leaders of the movement were distinguished by nothing so much as by the fervour with which they clung to the Person of Jesus. The externalism into which the Church had fallen had raised a barrier between the soul and the Saviour which must be broken down. The glittering rites of her priestly sacrifices, the pomp and circumstance which had destroyed the simplicity of the truth, must disappear, and men must learn that "there is one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

And what is seen in the history of the Church is equally apparent, and is even exhibited with greater reality in the history of the individual soul. Strange and saddening is the history of those whom we name, and justly name, as the glory of our faith. Bitter and sorrowful have been their confessions, and many have been the errors and sins into which they have fallen. But the records of their lives, and the testimony of a man's own experience, show that it has been in all cases due to the neglect into which the central principle of the faith was allowed to fall—the fact of a divine Saviour who is not only a power of the past but a sustaining influence in the present. When we turn from Him and try to build a confidence of our own, when we put our trust in the correctness of our creed or the intensity of our feelings, when we turn from the fountain of all truth, and try to dig wells of our own, then it is that we discover our weakness and the soreness of our need.

I have said that the centre of the Christian's faith must be Christ Himself. It must not be doctrines about Him nor feelings about Him. It must not be His teaching nor His example alone. It must be Jesus Himself, "as He is offered to us in the Gospel." And the reason is very obvious. Doctrines are the opinions of men, and may vary from age to age: feelings are proverbially transient, they come and go and are and are not, but Jesus Christ is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever.

Viewed as a mere historic fact, there is nothing more wonderful than the abiding influence of Jesus Christ. The Church which He founded may change and doubtless has changed much in its outward aspects. Its energies may be thrown into new and untried channels of activity. The ideal of the Christian life may change from age to age, for it is only slowly and through many failures that we are leading up to that perfection of life which Christ pointed out. With the most sincere Christians and with the Church in her best ages, the

struggle has passed into many wayward channels, but at all times and in all changes it has still been the same power which has been at work. With the saintly everywhere there is one common bond, and though the forms in which the life of holiness is sought may vary, this bond of sympathy unites them all. The Christian of to-day may seem to have little in common with the monk in his lonely cell, but it is really not so. The life of the Christian has at all times been drawn from the same source.

Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?

Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn;

Love is life's only sign.

The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embraced, as God adored.

Manifold have been the forms which the struggle for the life of holiness has assumed, but its value for us lies not so much in its variety as in the secret of its inner intensity, and that is to be found only in the abiding influence of Jesus Christ. Through many centuries we have seen the spectacle which is still the standing miracle of our own age,—the spectacle of a high and intense moral life growing amid temptation and obloquy to a serene and unrivalled beauty. And thus we see it is in the heart of the true Christian that Christ has set up His temple. It is there that His power has worked and is working mightily at this hour. It is in the inner depths of the soul that His greatest conquests have taken place. It is there that He still lives and acts. It is no dead faith that we preach. It is no abstract system of doctrine which can be separated from the living person. Such has been the case with those great teachers whose genius has enabled them to guide their followers in the realms of thought. Their thought may remain, their personal influence dies. It is not Plato but the Platonic teaching. It is not Newton but the law of gravitation. With Christianity it is not so, Christianity is Christ.

Undoubtedly a great system has been raised. Christianity has become, with the lapse of time and with the growth of the Church, a great and wide-spread system. Its doctrines have been developed and expounded to the coherence of a scientific structure. This is plain and undeniable. But still the fact remains that the power of Christianity does not lie in its validity as a doctrinal system, or in its strength as the creed of an organised and militant body. All these are but the outward expression of that inner power which lies beyond the compass of any human formula. That power is not a doctrine, but a person, it is not a dogma, but a living Saviour. The individual Christian, as well as the Christian Church, lives only because Christ liveth in him.

It is this thought and this alone which is fitted to inspire us when, amid the darkness, we are tempted to forget that the source and ground of

our salvation is a living Christ. He came to earth to suffer and to die for us men and for our sins. And He ever liveth to make intercession for us. In Him and in Him alone we have the strong assurance of the Father's undying love. We have not only an atonement for the past, but a promise of life for the future. We are not asked to trust in a Saviour who has passed away. We do not stand over an empty tomb seeking to have the stone rolled away. The grave has not conquered Him, but He has conquered death and sin, and has brought to us the victory.

Surely there is no man to whom this assurance of a living Saviour should not bring joy. We live in a world of changes. We have a past behind us which is darkened by a record of sin. We have a future before us which is dark and uncertain. Amid the unceasing round of daily duties and the hard commonplace of this world's battle we are hurried ever onwards. There is for us a joy in human friendship, but it is fleeting and fickle at the best. There is a noble pleasure in the sternness of daily toil, but the night cometh when no man can work. What shall be our stay in this shifting scene, who will take us by the hand and lead us through the darkness to the brighter day? There is only one stay on which we can securely rest, there is only one who can lead us through the darkness, and that is Jesus Christ. It is the Person of Jesus that is offered for our veneration, and to believe in Him, "to receive and rest upon Him alone"—that is to be saved. The salvation of the Church, as of the individual, is a living Christ. We must not think of ourselves, or we are lost. We must go out of ourselves into the Infinite Temple that is around us. We must see Christ everywhere—in the service of the Church and in the common round of our daily lives. "To look to Him is to be justified by faith; to think of being justified by faith is to look from Him, and to fall from grace." This is a truth of which we need perpetually to be reminded, for it is one which above all others we are tempted to forget. The centre and the substance of the Christian faith is the Person of Jesus. It is not Jesus Christ as a human teacher, though that is much; it is not Jesus Christ as a great miracle-worker, though that also is much; it is not even Jesus Christ as the holiest of men; it is not even His death and resurrection. All these are great and blessed truths, but they must not and cannot be put in a place which does not belong to them. In themselves they have no value nor significance. That which alone gives value and significance to them is the Person of Jesus, that Person which embraced in mysterious union the human and divine, which took up into itself the weakness of man and the might of God, and so by His life of perfect obedience upon earth and by His death upon the Cross, reconciled God and man, and, ascending to heaven, draweth all men unto Him.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.—PSALM XXIII. 4.

THERE is a valley paved with tears,
Whose gates my soul must pass,
And to dim sight it yet appears
Darkly as through a glass.
But in its gloom faith sees a light
More glorious than the day;
And all its tears are rainbow bright
When Calvary crowns the way.

Jesus, my Lord, within that veil
Thy footsteps still abide;
And can my heart grow faint or fail
When I have these to guide?
Thy track is left upon the sand
To point my way to Thee,
Thine echoes wake the silent land
To strains of melody.

What though the path be all unknown,
What though the way be drear,
Its shades I traverse not alone
When steps of Thine are near.
Thy presence, ere it passed above,
Suffused its desert air;
Thy hand has lit the torch of love,
And left it burning there.

GEO. MATHESON.

Protestant Missions to Israel.

By the Rev. HENRY WALLIS SMITH, D.D., Kirknewton.

THE Reformation did not immediately call forth missionary activity on behalf of the Jews. Luther's early interest in them gave place to indignation with their unbelief, which he expressed with characteristic vehemence. Still there were many Jewish converts connected both with the Lutheran and Reformed branches of the Church in Germany.

The first Protestant who devoted himself to mission work among German Jews was Esdras Edzard, a pious merchant of Hamburg, who died in 1708. There are many Christian families in the old Hanse towns, whose ancestors were converted from Judaism by Edzard or his sons. The three men who probably did most to revive true religion in Germany during the latter part of the seventeenth and earlier years of the eighteenth century—Spener, Franke, and Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravian Church—were all deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of Israel. But the honour of having instituted the first society for their benefit belongs to a pupil of Franke's, Professor Callenberg of Halle, who in 1728 founded the "Callenberg Jewish and Mohammedan Institution" for the training of missionaries especially to the Jews. This institution came to an end in 1792, but, during its sixty-four years of existence, it had sent forth twenty labourers, of whom the most remarkable was Stephen Schultz, who in twenty years of active missionary life journeyed over thirty thousand miles of land and sea, and preached the gospel in at least twenty languages.

The Callenberg missionaries made many converts, but among these were no men of commanding position or talent. The next great movement towards Christianity, or, at least, away from Rabbinitism in Germany, had its origin with the Jews themselves. It had among its leaders two distinguished men—the philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn, grandfather of the famous musical composer, and David Friedländer. Both of them advanced far within the lines of Christianity. Friedländer even proposed a scheme for admitting Jews into the Church under certain conditions—one of these being that they should not be asked to submit to baptism. Both he and Mendelssohn lived to see all their children become Christians, and neither of them made any remonstrance. To a very considerable extent, the ultimate effect of this movement has unfortunately been to shake the faith of the Jews, not only in Judaism, but in any religion. At first, however, at least in Prussia, it led many to Christianity. According to the Jewish historian Grätz, in thirty years half of the Jews of Berlin had gone over to the Church.

The time had now come when England was to enter on the Jewish Mission field. The efforts made by a converted Jew named C. C. Frey on behalf of his countrymen in London led to the establishment in 1809 of the "London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews." Among the earliest supporters of this society were H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, the father of our Queen, Charles Simeon of Cambridge, Legh Richmond, and Robert Hall. But the man who did most for its success in those days was the Rev. Lewis Way. The story of the origin of his interest in the conversion of Israel is somewhat remarkable. Riding with a friend between Exmouth and Exeter, his attention was called to some very fine oaks, which were protected by an injunction of their deceased proprietor that they should be left standing till the return of the Jews to Palestine. The incident made a deep impression on him, and led him to engage in unceasing labour in many lands on behalf of Israel. The Society formed by Mr. Way and his associates began its operations in London, where it has always had its headquarters. Thence it extended its labours to Poland, Russia, Palestine, Holland, Germany, Persia, Turkey, North Africa, and Abyssinia. In 1880 it had 37 stations, with about 136 missionaries of all classes, of whom 84 were converts, while its income amounted to £35,203. In workers and money its contributions equal those of all other societies with the same object in all the countries of the world. It has issued two translations of the New Testament into Hebrew—the first of which appeared in 1817 and the second in 1838—also Hebrew-German and Judæo-Polish versions of the Scriptures. One of the missionaries of the Society, the late Dr. M'Caul, has in his "Old Paths," given one of the most valuable controversial treatises on modern Judaism. The first

Protestant bishop of Jerusalem, Dr. Michael Solomon Alexander, was one of its early converts, and the late bishop, Dr. Barclay, was long in its service. In England the converts made by the Society during the first twenty years of its history were so numerous that attempts were made in 1832 and again in 1866—happily without success—to establish a "Hebrew-Christian Church." From its institution up to 1879 four thousand converts had been made in England alone, where the number of Jews is estimated at 50,000. At Jerusalem, the missionaries have lately had a wide opening for work among the Russian Jews, who have found a refuge in the Holy Land.

One early effect of the efforts of this Society was to reawaken the zeal of German Christians on behalf of Israel. The Berlin Society for the promotion of Christianity among the Jews was founded in 1822 largely in consequence of a visit of Mr. Way to the Prussian capital. Four other societies with the same object in view have their headquarters in Germany or Switzerland. The income of all united is small, but they have drawn forth the interest and efforts of distinguished men, especially of Professors Tholuck and Delitzsch, the latter of whom, himself an Israelite, has taken a very prominent part in defending his countrymen from oppression, and in seeking to bring them to a knowledge of the truth, notably by the production of the best existing translation of the New Testament into Hebrew.

The secession from the London Jews' Society of its Nonconformist supporters led to the institution in 1842 of the "British Society for the propagation of the Gospel among the Jews," the honorary secretary of which is the well-known Dr. Adolph Saphir of London, the firstfruits of the Church of Scotland's Jewish Mission. This Society supports 27 agents—all converted Jews—at 19 stations in England, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Russia, Turkey, and North Africa.

To the Church of Scotland belongs the high honour of being the first *Church* which took part in this work. The resolution to make inquiry as to suitable fields was adopted by the General Assembly of 1838. In 1839 this was carried out in a journey through Europe, Palestine, and Turkey, by a deputation consisting of Drs. Black and Keith, Mr. Andrew Bonar, now the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bonar of Glasgow, and Mr. Robert Murray M'Cheyne of Dundee. Their report was presented to the General Assembly of 1840, when it was unanimously resolved that a Mission to the Jews should henceforth form one of the great missionary schemes of the Church. The first stations occupied were Jassy in Moldavia, under the Rev. Daniel Edwards, still in the service of the Free Church as their Missionary to the Jews at Breslau, and Pesth in Hungary, under Dr. John Duncan of Milton Church, Glasgow, afterwards well known as Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh. All the agents of

the Mission cast in their lot with the seceding party in 1843; and the work begun by the Church of Scotland in 1840 was then adopted by the Free Church, who have now stations at Constantinople, Pesth, Prague, Breslau, Strassburg, and Amsterdam. The work at Pesth was suspended for eleven years in consequence of the interference of the Austrian Government. The missionaries were expelled from Pesth by the Austrian Government in 1852, and were not allowed to return until 1863. Mr. Edwards was driven successively from Jassy and Lemberg. But the Mission has done and is doing much good. It has had times of notable success, and it has made some remarkable converts.

The Church of Scotland, though deserted by her missionaries, resolved to continue the work which she had begun in 1840. Cochin, on the Malabar coast of India, was the first station occupied after 1843. Subsequently agents were sent to Tunis, Gibraltar, London, Karlsruhe, Darmstadt, Würzburg, and Speier. For various reasons all these stations were given up, and, for the last twenty-five years, the work of our Church has been confined to Turkey, Egypt, and Abyssinia. In 1856 missionaries were sent to Salonica and Smyrna, places recommended by the deputation of 1839. Afterwards Alexandria, Constantinople, and Beyrout were successively occupied. The Mission is now carried on at these five towns; for the interesting and successful labours of Messrs. Staiger and Brandeis in Abyssinia were brought to a close by the persecution which led to the war of 1868. Our stations are under the charge of ordained Scottish ministers. We have schools for the young, visitation and religious meetings for adults. In 1882 a Medical Mission was opened in Smyrna in close connection with our Jewish Mission Scheme, and has proved very successful. We have now at our 11 schools 2233 pupils, of whom 1106 are Jews. At Smyrna some Jewesses are present at our meetings for inquirers. At Constantinople Jews read the New Testament in Judæo-Spanish, verse about with our missionaries, and attend the Sunday morning service in considerable numbers. Four of our converts are engaged in the Mission, and are doing their work well. There is clear evidence that our agents have produced a considerable and growing impression in favour of Christianity on the Jewish mind. One of them—the Rev. Dr. Christie, now of Gilmerton—has done much to advance work among Spanish Jews by his excellent revision of the Judæo-Spanish version of the Old and New Testaments.

From 1843 many additions have been made to the list of Jewish missions. In that year the Irish Presbyterian Church entered the field. It was followed by the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland and the English Presbyterian Church. Holland, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and within the last seven years America, have all taken part in

the work. Altogether, there are now labouring for the conversion of Israel more than 20 societies, with about 270 labourers, of whom about the half are of Jewish extraction, and a gross income of £70,000. According to Dr. Heman of Basel, 240 of the agents and £63,000 of the income are contributed by societies and churches in Great Britain and Ireland.

As to results, and looking to the whole Church, Protestant or otherwise, it is calculated that since the beginning of this century 100,000 Jews have embraced Christianity. It is supposed that out of an estimated population of 7,000,000 Jews throughout the world 20,000 are now Christians, besides a great multitude who are theoretically convinced of the truth of Christianity. Of the 20,000 converts, more than 300 are men occupying influential positions as ministers, theological professors, and teachers in the Christian Church. No fewer than 110 of these are ministers of the Church of England, and, in numerous instances, Presbyterian and dissenting pulpits are filled by converted Jews. Such names as those of Professors Neander, Delitzsch, and Cassell, Dr. Adolph Saphir, and Mr. Ridley Herschell, father of the present Solicitor-General of England, show how the Christian Church has already been enriched by the conversion of Jews. The churches of every land number very many who are descended from converts from Judaism. In every part of the world the Talmudical wall of separation is being broken down, and the Jews are becoming more accessible to Christian influences. The signs of the times are calling the Church to be in earnest in a work fraught with blessings to her own members. For if the casting away of Israel is the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead?

THE REV. GEORGE MARJORIBANKS, B.D., of Stenton, one of the Sub-Conveners of the Church of Scotland Committee on Intemperance, writes to us that beautiful Pledge Cards—the design for which has been executed, free of cost, by a highly accomplished lady artist—have now been issued, and may be had on application to Messrs. Alexander Ritchie and Son, 51 York Place, Edinburgh. The Card, which measures about 15 inches by 10 inches, with an exquisite border of Scottish blue-bells and heather, forms quite a charming picture in itself, and will no doubt be largely taken advantage of by all classes. Suitable texts of Scripture are interwoven in coloured ribbons throughout the border, the central figures are graceful and picturesque, and the whole design is thoroughly national in character. The Cards are 6d. each, and will be supplied bearing the pledges either of the Total Abstinence, General, or Band of Hope Sections, according to order. The words "Church of Scotland" can be omitted. Should pledges other than those recommended by the Committee be adopted, a small extra charge will be made for printing, and these must first be submitted to the Convener, the Rev. George Wilson, St. Michael's, Edinburgh. For further information, ministers and all engaged in Temperance work are requested to apply to Mr. Marjoribanks, or to Messrs. Ritchie and Son who will give particulars as to cost of framing the Cards, which can be done for a comparatively small sum.



BY ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM S. BLACK.

SHE cometh down at midnight,
 On wings so soft and light,
 You cannot hear their rustling,
 Nor trace her silent flight.
 She passes o'er the sleeping world
 With swift and muffled feet ;
 And lo ! at dawn the hills are white,
 And shining white the street.

She wraps the earth in soft repose,
 And keeps the seedlings warm ;
 Their winter sleep is long and deep,
 And safe from every storm.
 And when the kindly Spring returns,
 With sun and soft warm rain,
 She kisses the flowers with sparkling showers,
 Till they bud and bloom again.

But oh, for all her gentle ways,
 She is a fickle sprite ;
 And oft the Fairy's slim white hand
 Is terrible to smite.
 She meets the homeless wanderer
 Upon the lonely wold ;
 She strikes him with her icy spears,
 And cramps his heart with cold.

She breathes upon his cheek and brow
 Her keen and icy breath ;
 She kisses him with her faithless lips,
 And her cold white kiss is death.
 And when at last he swoons and falls,
 All baffled by the storm,
 She wraps her mantle for a shroud
 Around his fainting form.

Oh, gathering round your winter fire,
 With faggots blazing bright,
 Think of the houseless wanderer
 Upon the hill to-night ;
 And pray that he may safely pass
 The waste and lonely heath ;
 Nor meet the weird Snow Fairy,
 Whose white embrace is death.

I pray you, of your charity,
 Keep open heart alway
 For those who roam the careless town
 This weary winter day.
 For Christ's dear sake be pitiful
 For all sad hearts forlorn ;
 And ye shall hear the angels sing
 Who sang when He was born.

The Prairie Chief and the Preacher.

A TALE. IN FOUR PARTS.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

PART II.

HOW frequently that "slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" is observed in the affairs of this life! Little Tim, the trapper, had barely pronounced the words "all safe" when an appalling yell rent

the air, and a cloud of dark forms was seen to rush over the open space that lay between the wigwams of the old chief Bald Eagle and a thicket that grew on its westward side.

The Blackfoot band had taken the slumbering Indians completely by surprise, and Whitewing had the mortification of finding that he had arrived just a few minutes too late to warn his friends. Although Bald Eagle was thus caught unprepared he was not slow to meet the enemy. Before the



latter had reached the village all the fighting men were up and armed with bows, scalping knives, and tomahawks. They had even time to rush towards the foe and thus prevent the fight from commencing in the midst of the village.

The world is all too familiar with the scenes that ensued. It is not our purpose to describe them. We detest war, regarding it, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, as unnecessary. Sufficient to say here that the overwhelming numbers

of the Blackfoot Indians were too much for their enemies. They soon began to overpower and drive them back towards the wigwams, where the poor women and children were huddled together in terror.

Before this point had arrived, however, Whitewing and Little Tim were galloping to the rescue. The former knew at a glance that resistance on the part of his friends would be hopeless. He did not therefore gallop straight down to the field of battle to join them, but, turning sharply aside with his

friend, swept along one of the bottoms or hollows between the undulations of the plain, where their motions could not be seen as they sped along. Whitewing looked anxiously at Little Tim, who, observing the look, said:—

“I’m with ‘ee, Whitewing, niver fear.”

“Does my brother know that we ride to death?” asked the Indian in an earnest tone.

“Yer brother don’t know nothin’ o’ the sort,” replied the trapper, “and, considerin’ your natur’, I’d have expected ye to think that Manitou might have *some* hand in the matter.”

“The white man speaks wisely,” returned the Chief, accepting the reproof with a humbled look. “We go in His strength.”

And once again the latter part of the preacher’s text seemed to shoot through the Indian’s brain like a flash of light—“looking unto Jesus.”

Whitewing was one of those men who are swift to conceive and prompt in action. Tim knew that he had a plan of some sort in his head, and, having perfect faith in his friend’s capacity, forbore to advise him or even to speak. He merely drew his hunting-knife and urged his steed to its utmost speed, for every moment of time was precious. The said hunting-knife was one of which Little Tim was peculiarly fond, having been presented to him by a Mexican general for conspicuous gallantry in saving the life of one of his officers in circumstances of extreme danger. It was unusually long and heavy, and, being double-edged, bore some resemblance to the short sword of the ancient Romans.

“It’ll do some execution before I go down,” thought Tim, as he regarded the bright blade with an earnest look.

But Tim was wrong. The blade was not destined to be tarnished that day.

In a very few minutes the two horsemen had swept round the thicket which concealed them from the enemy. Entering this they dashed through it as fast as possible until they reached the other side, whence they could see the combatants on the plain beyond. All along they had heard the shouts and yells of battle.

For one moment Whitewing drew up to breathe his gallant steed, but the horse was roused by that time and it was difficult to restrain him. His companion’s steed was also almost unmanageable.

“My brother’s voice is strong. Let him use it well,” said the Chief, abruptly.

“Ay, ay,” replied the little trapper with a smile of intelligence; “go ahead, my boy. I’ll give it out fit to bu’st the bellows!”

Instantly Whitewing shot from the wood like the panther rushing on his prey, uttering at the same time the tremendous war-cry of his tribe. Little Tim followed suit with a roar that was all but miraculous in its tone and character, and may be described as a compound of the steam-whistle and the buffalo-bull, only with something about it intensely human. It rose high above the din of

battle. The combatants heard and paused. The two horsemen were seen careering towards them with furious gesticulations. Red Indians seldom face certain death. The Blackfoot men knew that an attack by only two men would be sheer insanity; the natural conclusion was that they represented a band, probably hidden in the thicket. They were thus taken in rear! A panic seized them, which was intensified when Little Tim repeated his roar and flourished the instrument of death, which he styled his little carving knife. They turned and fled, right and left, scattering over the plains individually and in small groups, as being the best way of baffling pursuit.

With that sudden access of courage which usually results from the exhibition of fear in a foe, Bald Eagle’s men yelled and gave chase. Bald Eagle himself, however, had the wisdom to call them back.

At a council of war, hastily summoned on the spot, he said:—

“My braves, you are a parcel of fools!”

Clearing his throat after this plain statement, either for the purpose of collecting his thoughts or giving his young warriors time to weigh and appreciate the compliment, he continued:—

“You chase the enemy as thoughtlessly as the north wind chases the leaves in autumn. My wise chief Whitewing, and his friend Little Tim—whose heart is big, and whose voice is bigger, and whose scalping-knife is biggest of all—have come to our rescue *alone*. Whitewing tells me there is no one at their backs. If our foes discover their mistake they will turn again, and the contempt which they ought to pour on themselves because of their own cowardice they will heap on *our* heads, and overwhelm us by their numbers—for who can withstand numbers? They will scatter us like small dust before the hurricane—*waugh!*”

The old man paused for breath, for the recent fight had taken a good deal out of him, and the assembled warriors exclaimed “*Waugh!*” by which they meant to express entire approval of his sentiments. “Now it is my counsel,” he continued, “that as we have been saved by Whitewing we should all shut our mouths and hear what Whitewing has got to say.”

Bald Eagle sat down amid murmurs of applause and Whitewing arose.

There was something unusually gentle in the tone and aspect of the young chief on this occasion.

“Our father, the ancient one who has just spoken words of wisdom,” he said, stretching forth his right hand, “has told you the truth, yet not quite the truth. He is right when he says that Little Tim and I have come to your rescue, but he is wrong when he says we come alone. It is true that there are no men at our backs to help us, but is not Manitou behind us—in front—around? It was Manitou who sent us here, and it was He who gave us the victory.”

Whitewing paused, and there were some exclamations of approval, but they were not so numerous or so decided as he could have wished, for red men are equally unwilling with white men to attribute their successes directly to their Creator.

"And now," he continued, "as Bald Eagle has said, if our foes find out their mistake, they will without doubt return. We must therefore take up our goods, our wives, and our little ones, and hasten to meet our brothers of Clearvale, who are even now on their way to help us. Our band is too small to fight the Blackfoots, but united with our friends, and with Manitou on our side, for our cause is just, we shall be more than a match for them. I counsel, then, that we raise the camp without delay."

The signs of approval were much more decided at the close of this brief address, and the old chief again rose up.

"My braves," he said, "have listened to the words of wisdom. Let each warrior go to his wigwam and get ready. We quit the camp when the sun stands *there*."

He pointed to a spot in the sky where the sun would be shining about an hour after daybreak, which was already brightening the eastern sky.

As he spoke the dusky warriors seemed to melt from the scene as if by magic, and ere long the whole camp was busy packing up goods, catching horses, fastening on dogs little packages suited to their size and strength, and otherways making preparation for immediate departure.

"Follow me," said Whitewing to Little Tim, as he turned like the rest to obey the orders of the old chief.

"Ay, it's time to be lookin' after *her*!" said Tim with an approach to a wink, but the Indian was too much occupied with his own thoughts to observe the act or appreciate the allusion. He strode swiftly through the camp.

"Well, well," soliloquised the trapper as he followed, "I niver did expect to see Whitewing in this state o' mind. He's or'narily sitch a cool unexcitable man. Ah! women, you've much to answer for!"

Having thus apostrophised the sex he hurried on in silence, leaving his horse to the care of a youth who also took charge of Whitewing's steed.

Close to the outskirts of the camp stood a wigwam somewhat apart from the rest. It belonged to Whitewing. Only two women were in it at the time the young Indian chief approached. One was a good-looking young girl whose most striking feature was her large earnest-looking dark eyes. The other was a wrinkled old woman, who might have been any age between fifty and a hundred, for a life of exposure and hardship coupled with a somewhat delicate constitution had dried her up to such an extent that, when asleep, she might easily have passed for an Egyptian mummy. One re-

deeming point in the poor old thing was the fact that all the deep wrinkles in her weather-worn and wigwam-smoked visage ran in the lines of kindness. Her loving character was clearly stamped upon her mahogany countenance, so that he who ran might easily read.

With the characteristic reserve of the red man, Whitewing merely gave the two women a slight look of recognition which was returned with equal quietness by the young woman, but with a marked rippling of the wrinkles on the part of the old. There still remained a touch of anxiety caused by the recent fight on both countenances. It was dispelled, however, by a few words from Whitewing, who directed the younger woman to prepare for instant flight. She obeyed with prompt unquestioning obedience, and at the same time the Indian went to work to pack up his goods with all speed. Of course Tim lent efficient aid to tie up the packs and prepare them for slinging on horse and dog.

"I say, Whitewing," whispered Tim, touching the chief with his elbow and glancing at the young woman with approval—for Tim, who was an affectionate fellow and anxious about his friend's welfare, rejoiced to observe that the girl was obedient and prompt as well as pretty—"I say, is that *her*!"

Whitewing looked with a puzzled expression at his friend.

"Is that *her*—the girl, you know?" said Little Tim with a series of looks and nods which were intended to convey worlds of deep meaning.

"She is my sister—Brighteyes," replied the Indian, quietly, as he continued his work.

"Whew!" whistled the trapper; "well, well," he murmured in an undertone, "you're on the wrong scent this time, altogether, Tim. Ye think yerself a mighty deal cliverer than ye are. Niver mind, the one that he says he loves more nor life 'll turn up soon enough no doubt. But I'm real sorry for the old 'un," he added, in an undertone, casting a glance of pity on the poor creature, who bent over the little fire in the middle of the tent, and gazed silently, yet inquiringly, at what was going on. "She'll niver be able to stand a flight like this. The mere joltin' o' the nags 'ud shake her old bones a'most out of her skin. There are *some* Redskins, now, that would leave her to starve, but Whitewing 'll niver do that. I know him better. Now then (aloud), have ye anything more for me to do?"

"If my brother will help Brighteyes to bring up and pack the horses he will do good service."

"Jist so. I'll do it. Come along, Brighteyes."

With the quiet promptitude of one who has been born and trained to obey, the Indian girl followed the trapper out of the wigwam.

Being left alone with the old woman some of the young chief's reserve wore off, though he did not descend to familiarity.

"Mother," he said, sitting down beside her and

speaking loud, for the old creature was rather deaf, "we must fly. The Blackfoots are too strong for us. Are you ready?"

"I am always ready to do the bidding of my son," replied this pattern mother. "But sickness has made me old before my time. I have not strength to ride far. Manitou thinks it time for me to die. It is better for Whitewing to leave me and give his care to the young ones."

"The young ones can take care of themselves," replied the chief, somewhat sternly. "We know not what Manitou thinks. It is our business to live as long as we can. If you cannot ride, mother, I will carry you. Often you have carried *me* when I could not ride."

It is difficult to guess why Whitewing dropped his poetical language and spoke in this matter-of-fact and sharp manner. Great thoughts had been swelling in his bosom for some time past, and, perchance, he was affected by the suggestion that the cruel practice of deserting the aged was not altogether unknown in his tribe. It may be that the supposition of his being capable of such cruelty nettled him. At all events, he said nothing more except to tell his mother to be ready.

The old woman herself, who seemed to be relieved that her proposition was not favourably received, began to obey her son's directions by throwing a gay-coloured handkerchief over her head and tying it under her chin. She then fastened her moccasins more securely on her feet, wrapped a woollen kerchief round her body, and drew a large green blanket around her, strapping it to her person by means of a broad strip of deerskin. Having made these simple preparations for whatever journey lay before her, she warmed her withered old hands over the embers of the wood fire, and awaited her son's pleasure.

Meanwhile that son went outside to see the preparations for flight carried into effect.

"We're all ready," said Little Tim, whom he met not far from the wigwam. "Horses and dogs down in the hollow; Brighteyes an' a lot o' youngsters lookin' after them. All you want now is to get hold o' *her* and be off; an' the sooner the better, for Blackfoot warriors don't take long to get over scares an' find out mistakes. But I'm most troubled about the old woman. She'll niver be able to stand it."

To this Whitewing paid little attention. In truth his mind seemed to be taken up with other thoughts, and his friend was not much surprised, having come, as we have seen, to the conclusion that the Indian was under a temporary spell for which woman was answerable.

"Is my horse at hand?" asked Whitewing.

"Ay, down by the creek, all ready."

"And my brother's horse?"

"Ready too, at the same place; but we'll want another good 'un—for *her*, you know," said Tim, suggestively.

"Let the horses be brought to my wigwam," returned Whitewing, either not understanding or disregarding the last remark.

The trapper was slightly puzzled, but, coming to the wise conclusion that his friend knew his own affairs best, and had, no doubt, made all needful preparations, he went off quietly to fetch the horses, while the Indian returned to the wigwam. In a few minutes Little Tim stood before the door, holding the bridles of the two horses.

Immediately after, a little Indian boy ran up with a third and somewhat superior horse, and halted beside him.

"Ha! that's it at last. The horse for *her*," said the trapper to himself with some satisfaction; "I know'd that Whitewing would have everything straight—even though he *is* in a rather stumped condition just now!"

As he spoke, Brighteyes ran towards the wigwam and looked in at the door. Next moment she went to the steed which Little Tim had, in his own mind, set aside for "*her*," and vaulted into the saddle as a young deer might have done had it taken to riding.

Of course Tim was greatly puzzled, and forced to admit, a second time, that he had overestimated his own cleverness, and was again off the scent. Before his mind had a chance of being cleared up the skin-curtain of the wigwam was raised, and Whitewing stepped out with a bundle in his arms. He gave it to Little Tim to hold while he mounted his somewhat restive horse, and then the trapper became aware—from certain squeaky sounds and a pair of eyes that glittered among the folds of the bundle—that he held the old woman in his arms!

"I say, Whitewing," he said, remonstratively, as he handed up the bundle, which the Indian received tenderly in his left arm, "most o' the camp has started. In quarter of an hour or so there'll be none left. Don't 'ee think it's about time to look after *her*?"

Whitewing looked at the trapper with a perplexed expression—a look which did not quite depart after his friend had mounted and was riding through the half-deserted camp beside him.

"Now, Whitewing," said the trapper with some decision of tone and manner, "I'm quite as able as you are to carry that old critter. If you'll make her over to me you'll be better able to look after *her*, you know. Eh?"

"My brother speaks strangely to-day," replied the chief. "His words are hidden from his Indian friend. What does he mean by '*her*'?"

"Well, well, now, ye *are* slow," answered Tim; "I wouldn't ha' believed that anything short o' scalpin' could ha' took away yer wits like that. Why, of course I mean the woman ye said was dearer to 'ee than life."

"That woman is here," replied the chief gravely, casting a brief glance down at the wrinkled old visage that nestled upon his breast—"my mother."

"Whew!" whistled the trapper, opening his eyes very wide indeed. For the third time that day he was constrained to admit that he had been thrown completely off the scent, and that, in regard to cleverness, he was no better than a "squawkin' babby."

But Little Tim said never a word. Whatever his thoughts might have been after that he kept them to himself, and, imitating his Indian brother, maintained profound silence as he galloped between him and Brighteyes over the rolling prairie.

(To be continued.)

Our Farm Servants, AND HOW TO HELP THEM.

By an ABERDEENSHIRE MINISTER.

III.

THE MINISTER'S BIBLE CLASS.

ONE result of the visiting spoken of in our last paper will be to secure a good many for attendance at the Minister's Bible Class. It would be difficult to over-estimate the vital importance of this link between the Sunday School and the Church. Boys leave the former for service, to be employed chiefly amongst the cattle; and girls leave it to be nurses or "general" servants. From the nature of their work, and still more from the want of proper arrangements, they attend Church only now and then, and not infrequently lose the habit of regular Church-going altogether. To prevent this, to keep hold on those young lives which are in so much danger just then of venturing upon "the downward slope to death," the Bible Class is the main instrument.

The parents feel its importance, and very often a condition of engagement is that the boy or girl shall be permitted to attend it. Masters and mistresses make efforts and arrangements which they would not otherwise make, in order that their younger servants may not be deprived of the privilege. Besides, not the least powerful influence in this direction is that of the young men and women themselves, who, interested and benefited by its work, seek to gain the attendance of their friends.

Experience proves that the best time for the Class to meet is before Service. It is not possible, in our country parishes, to have it on a week-day. It is not desirable to bring together a mixed class of young people in the afternoon. But let it meet an hour before Service, and you secure not only the improvement gained by attendance at the class, but also the habit of regular Church-going as well. The experience of many of my brethren, as well as my own, has shown that such a class will be well attended.

IMPROVED ACCOMMODATION.

Passing now from what may be regarded as help to be given by the minister, let us see what help is needed from other quarters. And our pressing

need is Improved Accommodation for both married and unmarried servants. In many parts of the country the cottages in which the former are compelled to live are a disgrace to us. Improvement in this direction there has been. On some estates, notably those of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Earl of Aberdeen, cottages have been built which give accommodation, in some cases, more than ample. On other properties farmers have done what they could, and in many cases more than could have been expected of them. But in too many cases the housing of the married servant is miserably bad. It is of this kind. The cottage is old. It was perhaps an outhouse of the old stead-ing, or the "fire-house" of a now extinct croft, or small farm, which has been swallowed up by the larger holding. Its roof is of thatch, sadly in want of renewal. Its walls are of clay, with many crevices, through which the wintry winds whistle. Its floor is earthen, and is no stranger to the inroads of "underwater," or water entering under the walls. It has one apartment, formed by the end and side walls and a "boun briest," consisting of a "press" and box-bed. Besides this there is an "orra place," at the back of the said bed and between it and the other end wall, in which is probably another bed or two standing back to back with the former; a "meal kist," a tub or two, and sundry domestic appliances. If there is a "laft," a floored space between the "baulks" of the couples and the roof, the "orra things" may find accommodation there. And this miserable place is the "home" of father and mother and, as a rule, a numerous family. What makes matters worse is that such cottages may often be seen attached to farms with handsome steadings, in which no expense has been spared to provide every comfort for the brute beasts.

For unmarried servants the "sleeping" accommodation has also of late years been improved, but much still remains to be done. Take one of our larger farms, on which the "farm-kitchen" system prevails—and that is the system all but universal in these north-eastern parts. It is a "three-pair" farm. The staff of servants consists of a married foreman, who works the "first pair," and has a cottage on the farm; a second and third horseman, unmarried; a "loon" or two; a cattleman, who is married and has a house; and two women-servants. All have their meals in the kitchen. After "supper," the foreman and the cattleman retire to their own houses. Then those five or six young men and women, from fourteen to twenty years of age, are left in that kitchen to conduct themselves pretty much as they choose. They are practically without supervision; for, under this system, the best master or mistress is almost helpless. What can we expect from it but just the dire results which make other parts of the country point the finger of scorn at us?

What is urgently needed is that at every farm where the servants do not form part of the

farmer's family, there shall be a comfortable apartment for the unmarried men-servants, where they may not only sleep, but spend their spare time, and see their friends in comfort—with, of course, fire and light in the winter. I don't say that even this improvement would cure the evil I allude to; but it would give the female servants a *chance* of protecting their virtue, which, under this system, they hardly have.

Just let us think how it works in regard to young men and women who wish to see each other, whether as "sweethearts" or not. "Jamie" and "Nelly" were fellow-servants together, and a kindly feeling sprang up between them; but the term came, and separated them to different farms. He "thinks lang" to see her again. How is he to do so? If he knows one of the servant-men at the farm where she is, he may pretend that his visit is to him. If he does not, he dare not venture to call while "the men are i' the hoose." He would be made the victim of much not over-refined wit, and even, perhaps, of some rough horse-play. So he must sneak round after dark, to be surprised, possibly, by the indignant farmer, and ignominiously chased off the premises—which, poor fellow, in the circumstances, is probably the best thing that could happen to him. Surely this simple statement of facts shows the need there is for a thorough change here.

RECREATION.

Another form in which "help" is needed for our farm servants is that of rational Recreation. As a rule, servants have little of what can be called by that name. After their work is done, they may "step ower bye" to a neighbouring "toon," or to the smithy with their "irons," and have a "news" over the latest parochial incidents. Or, staying at home, they may take a turn at the "dams," that is, draughts, or a "han' at the cairts;" or, if one is musical, have a song, or a tune on the fiddle or concertina. Occasionally, too, there is a "Public Entertainment" of Readings, Vocal and Instrumental Music, etc., at which they delight to attend. Of this latter, however, there is too little, partly because, in many parishes, there is no suitable accommodation for holding them. All honour to those men—generous and noble in the best sense—who are erecting Parish Halls for such objects. Given the accommodation, past experience shows that it will not be left unoccupied. It is a pity that the dull routine of the servant's life should not be lighted up with gleams of poetry, and song, and music.

But, after all, the great means of help to our servants must be *Self-help*. And as a stimulus and guide to it, I earnestly urge any servant, who has not already read it, to get and read "Talks with Farm Servants, by an Old Farm Servant." Ponder his earnest words, try to follow his wise counsels, and you will get the best of all help—the help of Him who alone can help you "savingly and to profit."

Notices of Books.

The Missionary Problem—By James Croil (Toronto: Briggs). The Editor of the *Canada Presbyterian Record* has succeeded in his aim, which was "to give a concise, yet comprehensive, sketch of the rise and progress of Protestant missionary effort in heathen countries, from a purely undenominational standpoint." Mr. Croil has the art of giving a great deal of information while maintaining the popular and readable character of his book. *The Gospel in Paris: Sermons*—By Eugène Bersier, D.D. (Nisbet). It is well to know the best preachers of other nations, and the Rev. F. Hastings has conferred a benefit on the public of this country by giving them in vigorous English these sermons of the great French preacher. The sermons have the eloquence of thought as well as of passion. The volume contains an appreciative sketch of Dr. Bersier by the translator. *The Atonement: A Clerical Symposium* (Nisbet). Fourteen authors, who represent many shades of religious belief, write here concerning Atonement, each from his own point of view. The result is a book which should be of great advantage to such as really study the subject. Merely to read in the ordinary way one after another these conflicting opinions regarding a doctrine so vital to Christianity is, in our opinion, an occupation of doubtful value. The title "Symposium" is not to be commended. *Over the Holy Land*—By Rev. J. A. Wylie, D.D. (Nisbet). We had thought there was not room at present for another popular book on the Holy Land. But Dr. Wylie's work takes hold of the reader, and makes him, as it were, see Palestine; and we cannot imagine any one reading this volume without understanding the Bible better than he did before. *The Parables of Jesus*—By the Rev. James Wells, M.A. (Nisbet). We can recommend this book to the young and to those who teach them. It is written for senior scholars. The author arranges the parables in three divisions—(1) the first circle, including the seven of Matt. xiii.; (2) the later parables, all in St. Luke; (3) the last parables, chiefly in St. Matthew. *The Parables of our Lord*—By Marcus Dods, D.D. (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace). This volume is limited to the parables in St. Matthew. It is a book of thoughtful expository discourses.

Battles with the Sea—By R. M. Ballantyne (Nisbet). Mr. Ballantyne is at his best when describing in this book for boys battles with the storm by the heroes of the Lifeboat and the Rocket. *The Thorogood Family* (same author and publisher) needs no commendation to our readers, as it was originally written for "Life and Work." It has been slightly enlarged since those days. *The Madman and the Pirate* (same author and publisher). The story is laid among islands of the Pacific where missionary enterprise has had its triumphs, and the power of the gospel is shown in the reclamation of the pirate as well as in the conversion of the natives. *Stephen, M.D.*—By the Author of the *Wide, Wide World*. (Nisbet). More years have passed than we care to count just now since this author took possession of us with one of her early stories. Her hand has not lost its cunning, and the familiar features are here still—the American English, the immense detail which yet stops short of wearying, the sympathy with child-life, and belief in the power of the gospel to create nobility of character. *My First Pound Note*—By Jane H. Jamieson, (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier). We highly commend this book—it is only a twopenny book in a paper cover—to our senior girls, and to many others, whom it may set on the path of saving, instead of spending their hard-earned wages on dress. It is a story which they will read. *Catalogue of Books for Church of Scotland Sabbath School Libraries* (Dundee: Alexander and Co., Courier Office). Dr. Young of Monieth and the General Assembly's Committee on Sunday Schools

have done a good service to all the Sunday Schools of the country by providing them with a copious list of the best books for their libraries. The price of each volume is stated. There is also a list of books for teachers, and information is given as to various methods by which Sunday Schools may obtain grants of books on favourable terms. The catalogue is 2d., post free. *The Story of Blantyre: Missionary Life in East Africa*—By E. Rodger (Edinburgh: Blackwood and Sons). Mrs. Rodger has done excellent work. Her little book ought to be widely read, and the substance of it should be given in many a congregation, work-party, and family circle. Among magazines, etc., we have received—*The British and Foreign Evangelical Review* (Nisbet), which maintains its high character, and never fails to have something in it of lasting value; *The English Illustrated Magazine* (Macmillan), a sixpenny magazine of high-class literature, resembling the best American periodicals in the quality of its illustrations and its paper; *The Christian Church* (Elliot Stock), devoted to the defence of Christian truth against its assailants of the present day; *The Scottish Church and University Almanac, 1884* (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace), full of information—nine-tenths of it ecclesiastical. The price is 1s.

To Ministers and Kirk-Sessions.

The Assembly Query for 1884.

WHAT methods of working (ordinary or special), or what plans or organisations for Christian work in connection with your congregation, have, in your opinion, been specially successful? Will you state the circumstances which you consider to have principally contributed to that success?

Note 1. The object of this Query is not to collect complete statistical information, but to enable the Committee to place before the Assembly—and, through the Assembly, before Ministers and Christian Workers generally—information with regard to methods of work which have succeeded—information which may suggest to Ministers and others similar methods of work in their Parishes.

Note 2. The Query is not intended to apply merely to Parishes in which there is ample scope and facility for Christian work, though answers from such Parishes will be invaluable. Ministers and Sessions of small or thinly-populated Parishes, or districts of any kind in which special hindrances have to be overcome, are particularly requested to send replies. They may be able to give information and encouragement to others similarly situated, who would regard the methods adopted in populous Parishes as not applicable to their case.

Note 3. In Parishes where there is a great deal of organisation, the Minister and Session are requested not to report on everything, but to select for report what has been specially successful.

Many schedules have come in; but there are strange gaps in the list, and it has been ascertained that not a few ministers are of opinion that they “substantially answered the question some years ago.” But the Committee have no right to go back upon the papers of any former year, and they would like that ministers would kindly take the trouble to answer this question in the light of their experience and convictions at the present time. If, however, any minister believes that his paper in some bygone year contains, under some other heading (it cannot have been quite the same), what he regards as a still applicable account of the most effective portion of his work in his parish, he will oblige by returning *this year's schedule*, with a reference to the former paper, and a request that the Committee use it. If ministers and Kirk-Sessions will agree as to the terms of the answer for this year, the trouble they take will make the results

well worthy of the Assembly's consideration. It does good to the whole Church to have a discussion as to the real work so well done in so many parishes.

Life and Work Notes.

RESUMPTION OF DAILY SERVICE IN ST. GILES', EDINBURGH.—After a cessation of more than 230 years daily Service was resumed in St. Giles' Cathedral—in the Moray Aisle—at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of 1st January 1884. There was a good attendance. The prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Somers, B.D., and the musical part of the service consisted of the singing of psalms and hymns. The Rev. Dr. Lees preached a short sermon from Exodus xl. 2, “On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the Tabernacle.” He said that in the spirit which these words indicated they commenced that day the daily service in that Church. Such a thing was not altogether new in the Church of Scotland. Immediately after the Reformation there was daily Service in that Church, and in all the large churches throughout the country where there was a considerable population, and prayers were read from the Book of Common Order, and portions of the Scripture were read and the Psalter sung. The daily Service ceased in St. Giles', as far as can be ascertained, in the month of July 1650, and had never been resumed from that time until to-day. He (Dr. Lees) was going back to the old practice of the Presbyterian Church, and not borrowing a custom from any other church of Christendom. Dr. Lees then went on to say that the Service which it was intended to conduct in St. Giles' would be of the simplest kind, and that he hoped it might be a benefit to many lonely and sorrowful persons such as were always to be found in a large city like Edinburgh. Dr. Lees will be always glad to avail himself of the assistance of ministers from the country who may attend the Service.

THE BORDER ELDERS' UNION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.—The Union has published a valuable Report on Congregational Organisation. It recommends the Schedule System of collecting for the Schemes, *gratis* distribution of the Missionary Record to all families of the congregation, a uniform scheme of lessons in the Sunday School, the erection of Halls for Sunday Schools and for other congregational purposes, Elders and other members of the church taking part with the Minister in the service of the Prayer Meeting. The Young Men's Guild and Temperance Associations are specially recommended. The Elders insist that Ministers and Office-Bearers should make it their aim to enlist the services of every member of the congregation in the work of the Church.

LOCHMABEN LADIES' ASSOCIATION.—As the result of stirring addresses from Sheriff Hope of Dumfries and Mr. Macfarlane of Darjeeling in April of last year, a flourishing Auxiliary of the Church of Scotland's Ladies' Association for Foreign Missions, including Zenana work, was formally constituted and office-bearers appointed in May following. Eight parishes of the Presbytery have already joined the movement and given substantial token of the interest excited on behalf of our heathen sisters, and it is hoped that in another year all the thirteen parishes of the Presbytery may lend a helping hand. A sale of work, in which seven Parishes took part, was held at Lockerbie on the 13th December last. Mr. Jardine of Castle Milk, M.P., and Sheriff Hope, opened the sale, and the considerable sum of £187:15:9 was realised.

PRIZES OFFERED FOR ESSAYS ON THE SABBATH.—Sums of £100, £50, £30, and £20 are offered this year, through the Sabbath Alliance of Scotland, as First, Second, Third, and Fourth Prizes for an Essay on the Sabbath. Information as to the subjects and conditions prescribed is to be obtained from the Secretary, James Brown, Esq., C.A., 26 George Street, Edinburgh.

The Rev. Thomas Bartly, M.A.

IN connection with an article, "Our Underpaid Ministers," which is held over till next month, we have obtained leave to give our readers a portrait of the energetic Convener of the Church of Scotland's Committee on Small Livings. Mr. Bartly, who was born in 1838, is the son of the late esteemed Dr. Bartly of Bendochy, Moderator of the General Assembly of 1868. He studied at St. Andrews, and in 1856 took the degree of M.A. of that University. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Meigle in



1860, and ordained Minister of Kirkcolm, near Stranraer, in 1862. He has been Convener of the Committee on Small Livings since the death of Dr. Cook of Haddington. Mr. Bartly is Clerk to the Synod of Galloway, Vice-Convener of Glasgow Examining Committee for Students entering the Divinity Hall, Chairman of the School Board and of the Parochial Board of Kirkcolm, and a Fellow of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. What prophet did not live the life of the righteous, but wished to die his death? 2. Find it stated in three books of the New Testament that he was unrighteous. 3-5. How many occasions can you find in Bible history when a Divine Presence was manifested by the shining of a light or fire? 6. Find instances of miraculous fire that destroyed human lives. 7. Find one in the Old and one in the New Testament to whom gold or silver sinfully obtained brought death. 8. Find Christ examined before Annas, Caiaphas, the Sanhedrim in the morning, Pilate (the first time), Herod, Pilate (the second time). 9. Find His twofold accusation before Caiaphas, and His threefold accusation before Pilate. 10. Who were made friends during the trial of Christ, and who found that tempters are cruel?

ANSWERS FOR JANUARY.

1. Exod. 12. 1, 2, The Passover. 2. Hadad, 1 Kings 11. 14-22. 3. Jacob forgiving Esau, Gen. 33. 4; Joseph forgiving his brethren, Gen. 45. 15; David forgiving Absalom, 2 Sam. 14. 33; the father forgiving the prodigal, Luke 15. 20. 4. Leave-taking—Orpah, Ruth 1. 14; Elders, Acts 20. 37; Treachery—Joab, 2 Sam. 20. 9; Judas, Matt. 26. 49. 5. Joseph, Gen. 50. 1. 6, 7. Matt. 1. 22; 2. 5; 2. 15; 2. 17; 2. 23; 3. 3; 4. 15; 8. 17; 11. 10, 14; 12. 17; 13. 14 and 35; 15. 7; 21. 4; 26. 56; 27. 9; 27. 35. 8, 9. Mark 2. 18; 7. 3, 4; 12. 18; 14. 1 and 12; 15. 6; 15. 42. 10. Mark 5. 41; 7. 11; 7. 34; 15. 22 and 34.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

MARCH 1884.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for March 1884.

1	Sa.	Dr. Macleod sees members regarding baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
2	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M., 2.30 P.M. EVENING, 7 P.M. (The Afternoon Service on this day is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are expected to bring the Children's Hymnal, and to sit in the lower part of the Church. Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, 2.30 P.M. Sabbath Schools, 4 P.M. Children's Church, 11.15 A.M.
3	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Jamaica Street Hall, 3 P.M. Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Meeting of Session, 4.30 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, 8 P.M.
4	Tu.	Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association. LECTURE by SHERIFF NICOLSON, 8 P.M.
5	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Musical Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Choir Practice.
6	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings.
7	Fr.	Literary Society, 8.15 P.M.
8	Sa.	
9	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M., 2.30 P.M. Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, 6 P.M. Sabbath Schools, 4 P.M. Children's Church, 11.15 A.M. Service, Mission Hall, 6.30 P.M.
10	M.	Same as 3d.
11	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M. Same as 5th.
12	W.	Prayer Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
13	Th.	Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings. Same as 7th.
14	Fr.	Same as 7th.
15	Sa.	
16	S.	Same as 9th. COLLECTION for HOME MISSION SCHEME.
17	M.	Same as 10th.
18	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association. CONCERT, 8 P.M.
19	W.	Same as 12th.
20	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, 3.15 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings.
21	Fr.	Same as 7th.
22	Sa.	
23	S.	Same as 9th.
24	M.	Same as 10th.

25	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M.
26	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Musical Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Choir Practice. Ladies' Sewing Meeting in connection with Missions, Mission Hall, 2.30 P.M. All invited.
27	Th.	Prayer Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Dr. Macleod's Evening District Meetings.
28	Fr.	Same as 7th.
29	Sa.	
30	S.	Same as 9th.
31	M.	Same as 10th.
Ap.		
1	Tu.	Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, LECTURE by DR. P. A. YOUNG.

Preparation of Young Communicants.

Meetings for this purpose will be held by Dr. Macleod in the Halls on Thursday evenings during APRIL, commencing on the 3d, at 8.15 o'clock.

The Congregational Fund.

The purposes of this Fund ought to be clearly understood by EVERY MEMBER of the Congregation. It is indispensable that such a Fund should exist and be heartily supported if the work of the Parish is to be carried on in a living, healthy, and successful manner. For convenience it may be desirable to explain shortly:—

(1). ITS OBJECTS.—(a) To meet ordinary congregational expenses, such as the internal repairs and cleaning of the Church, the salaries of Beadle and Door-keepers, gas, coal, taxes, besides the maintenance of public ordinances. (b) Supplementary stipend, the salaries of the Assistant and Lay Missionary, the outlays in connection with the Mission Halls, the Sabbath School, Magazine, and various other things.

(2). SOURCES OF INCOME.—These are (a) the **Weekly Church-Door Collections**, one half of which is available for the above objects under deduction of £50 paid to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. From this source a sum of £161 : 3s. was obtained last year, but a very slight increase in the contribution of each member would raise the amount almost indefinitely. The other half of these Collections is paid through the Treasurer of the Kirk-Session for the relief of the Poor of the Parish. The ordinary Church-Door Collections average from £6 to £7 a Sunday, at all events during the winter months, and this amount might obviously be increased with great advantage. (b) Collections on **Communion Sundays** and at Prayer Meetings. These Collections have somewhat fallen off lately, having only produced £93 : 5 : 1 last year. It is thought that an average of £30 at each Quarterly Communion is not too much to expect. (c) **Subscriptions and Donations.** These are collected by members of the Committee of Management, who call once a year on the seat-holders. Several large subscribers of former years have recently died, and the present may be thought a suitable time for younger and more recent members to consider their responsibility in

the matter. Last year £472:19:6 were subscribed in this way, but the Committee are anxious that the amount should not fall short at any time of £500.

The Committee recognise most gratefully the liberal support they have received from so many members. They feel, however, that the support of this Fund is a duty of which EVERY ONE should take his share. About £800 are required annually, and in no way can a member show his interest in the success of the Congregation so directly as by giving what he can to maintain a Fund which may be called the very heart or mainspring of its organised life.

An explanatory Statement, with Accounts for last year, has already been placed in the pews, and it is hoped that contributors will kindly afford facilities to the Collectors, who will probably call in the course of a few weeks.

COLIN G. MACRAE, *Honorary Treasurer.*

District Nurse.

Although it is not specially connected with this Congregation, it may be mentioned that a Scheme has lately been set on foot to establish a Nurse for the sick poor of the Stockbridge district, on a similar system to that already successfully instituted in other parts of the city. The object is a good one, and if it succeeds a felt want will be supplied. The expense will not be great, and it is earnestly to be hoped that such a praiseworthy object will not be allowed to fail for want of funds.

Subscriptions and donations may be sent to Miss Inlach, 48 Queen Street, or A. G. Herries, Esq., 16 Heriot Row.

Home Mission Scheme.

It will be observed the first of the "Schemes" Collections for the current year is to be made on the 16th on behalf of the HOME MISSION. We trust that it will be worthy of the object, and that it will mark a good commencement of our Collections for 1884.

Bodily Infirmary as a Hindrance to Prayer.

By W. WALSHAM HOW, Bishop of Bedford.

There are states of bodily health in which prayer becomes exceedingly difficult. "The corruptible body presseth down the soul." Yet often the true cause of the difficulty is not known, and great trouble and misery is felt at a want of power to pray, which is supposed to be a spiritual malady, when it really springs from bodily causes.

Now I would not have any one who reads these words say, "This is most likely my case. I find my heart cold and dead, and I cannot account for it. It seems of no use to try to pray. I must set it down to the state of my health, and be content. Suppose there is some other cause? Suppose there is some secret sin—pride, or envy, or uncharitableness, or impurity, or sloth, or worldliness—which is the real malady, it would be a fearful thing to deceive oneself, and to cloak the true evil under a false excuse. Oh! do not grasp at a way of accounting for your want of the spirit of devotion, because it is easy and soothes your conscience, but be very strict and searching with yourself first of all, so as to make sure that the root of the evil is not elsewhere. When you cannot account for it in any other way, when you have striven in all lowly anxiousness and earnestness to discover the hindrance in your soul, then you may ask yourself, "May it be traced to bodily weakness?" This is the true cause, more often perhaps than is thought, and many a poor weary desponding soul needs the comfort of knowing this. Yet the humble Christian will accept this reason very unwillingly, with much fear and trembling, and with many a sigh if so it must be.

There are states of bodily infirmity which betray themselves chiefly in their effect on the mind and feelings. There is no pain, only a sort of general lassitude and want of vigour and brightness. It is hardly enough to be

called disease. Yet it is just this state which renders devotion so very difficult. Mental effort and strict attention are needed for prayer, and these seem beyond the power of one in this state. There is the attempt made; but even the body is wearied by the attitude of kneeling, and the mind seems utterly powerless to overcome the wandering thoughts, and sense of deadness and vacancy, and miserable reluctance to pray, which beset it. It is wretched enough to feel these. God seems, oh! so far off. We are sinking in the cold waves, and there is no JESUS with His kind pity to stretch out His hand and lift us up. Probably in such a state no words will be found more helpful than those of the 77th Psalm. They draw a lifelike picture of a soul suffering under the sense of desolation and banishment from God. Who has not known moments when he could make these sad questions his own: "Will the LORD absent Himself for ever? And will He be no more entreated? Is His mercy clean gone for ever? And is His promise come utterly to an end for evermore? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? And will He shut up His loving-kindness in displeasure?" The true answer is in the next words, "And I said, It is mine own infirmity." Yes, thou poor suffering one, it is thine own infirmity—thine own weakness, which brings to thee such sad desponding thoughts. God hath not changed: He is not absent from thee: He hath not forgotten to be gracious: He will not shut up His loving-kindness in displeasure. No; the cloud which so hides away the sunshine of His love hangs very close to thine own soul. It may be dark and thick as thou lookest up. Yet if thou couldst only for one moment gaze through its folds, thou wouldst see that blessed sunshine as bright and beautiful as ever beyond. Oh! remember the years of the right hand of the most Highest. "Call to mind" His "wonders of old time." He is the "FATHER of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He that loved thee in times past loveth thee still. Why wilt thou doubt His love because thou seest not thine own?

And now you ask, "What shall I do?"

You must do what you can. You have been trying to do more than you can. God only asks from you what He gives you power to do.

1. Be content with a shorter prayer. You may probably be able to make up for its shortness by greater attentiveness.

2. Be content if you can attain to attentiveness even without warmth of devotion.

3. Offer to God what you thus do as a most unworthy and imperfect offering, to be accepted only for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, who offered Himself for you.

4. Try to say a brief ejaculatory prayer to God sometimes during the day, such as, "O FATHER, have mercy on Thy poor helpless child, and save me for JESUS CHRIST'S sake."

5. Bear your want of power to pray as a cross to be taken up humbly and carried after Christ.

6. Hope that it will not always be so.

Oh, how happy and beautiful it will be to worship God when all mists and clouds and darkness are burnt up in the brightness of His manifested presence! "Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face." Meanwhile we must not behave as if God were that "austere man" of the parable, taking up where He has not laid down, and reaping where He has not sown. Oh no; He is our loving, generous, most merciful FATHER, and we His little children, looking up to Him in the spirit of adoption, and not in the spirit of bondage and fear. O FATHER, Thy child cannot always see Thee. Thou hidest Thyself sometimes in clouds and thick darkness. Yet will I believe Thy love. Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. And when that morning breaks there will be no more night, but the lifting up of the light of Thy countenance upon us, for "in Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."



MARCH 1884.

Woman's Work: and its possible Organisation. A Woman's Guild.

By the Rev. Professor A. H. CHARTERIS, D.D.

WHEN one looks closely at the work done by a congregation in aid of the minister, women obviously get most of it to do. The *contributions* to Scheme Collections are conventionally understood to be from men, because man is the breadwinner of the family; but in any household where the amount given represents anything like a real sacrifice on the part of the household, the pinch of it will be felt by the wife and mother more than by the husband and father. He will go to his work as before, and his clothes will be got just as if no money had been given away. But she has to arrange the details of daily provision for the household, for the summer holiday, for the tear and wear of the furniture, for the amount to be spent in hospitality, and so on; and the money that was parted with would have made many things easier to manage. Thus even as regards the pecuniary contribution, the woman (always supposing that there was some sacrifice made when it was given) has probably more to do with it than the man. But at all events, men do little beyond that. The duties of elders, as commonly understood, are not exacting; and the elders are few when compared with the numbers of households in the congregation. Yet the elders, and a few young men who teach in the Sunday School, are for the most part all the male allies of the minister; whereas the women-helpers are numerous, and in most cases are rescuing time from other duties that they may be able to help. The *Sunday School* itself is mainly taught by women. I found that women are the best teachers of girls of any age, and that a class of big bad boys is sooner brought into better tone by the influence of a lady teacher than by any amount of discipline or constraint; while as a rule (though not always) the great mass of children too young to read are best taught by a woman. The Clothing Society and the Mothers' Meeting are of course handed over to the female workers. What minister has a "Fathers' Meeting" conducted by gentlemen? and yet what more obvious means of usefulness exists? The District-visiting—hardest, most trying, but most

effective of all mission agencies—is as a rule entirely done by the minister and his "lady visitors." It is a thousand pities that it should be so. A Christian man who occasionally left his own fire-side of an evening and went to offer his friendly help to poor men who had come from their work to a "home" which poverty makes gaunt and bare, would find that he has gained an influence over the whole household which no lady calling on the mother in the afternoon can ever have. I find with pleasure that many lady visitors now go in the evenings to call on their poor friends, so that they may meet with the father, and try to secure his good-will towards their attempts to do good to his family. I hear of young ladies, accompanied by a domestic servant, going about in "courts" and "closes" in the evening, but I have not heard of one accompanied by her father or her brother. Yet who can doubt that such companionship would often be of priceless value? Not for the visitor's protection! She is safe in her panoply of innocence and Christian love. No rude hand or rude word—in Scotland at least, for I have heard that in London it is sometimes different—will ever disturb her in her mission of mercy. But there are things which men can do for men, fathers for fathers, young men for young men, which no woman can do, and which are laymen's work, not a minister's; yet the minister and his lady visitors are left to do it all as best they may.

Another department of work which is almost entirely left to women is *the Bazaar*. The extraordinary development of this mode of promoting a good cause is the most remarkable fact in the external fortunes of Christian Churches during the last ten years. No cause can be carried to completion without a Bazaar; none can fail if the Bazaar be brought to bear on it. Bazaars have gone through the invariable history of good movements. They have overcome opposition, they have lived down ridicule, they have prevailed over indifference, and now they are an accepted institution. The secret of their success is in their enlisting the hearts and hands of women whose time is at their command. There was in every parish, and almost in every house—certainly in every household not engrossed with manual labour—a great deal of unoccupied time and unused strength, and in consequence much of that aching of heart which comes to the

unemployed. The Bazaar has appealed to women with time to spare ; and they rejoice to take part in preparing for it. Many a one, too, who never thought it possible to do anything beyond the necessary work of her own household has found that to occupy fragments of time in behalf of something beyond her own hearth gives her the pleasure which always comes from unselfish exertion, and so brightens all her life. She looks out on a wider horizon, and is glad.

It is in the same way that the remarkable extension of women's work for missions to heathen women has done so much good and promises to do so much more. Work, money, volunteers for the mission-field—all are coming increasingly from women at home to the "help of the Lord against the mighty" in heathendom. The amount of trouble which women take with their working-parties, their collecting-books, their sales of work, their despatch of garments to foreign mission stations, has no parallel in what we of the male sex do for a mission when we drop a coin into the plate as we pass by, or give a cheque to the lady-collector (it is nearly always a lady) when she calls. And in the mission itself what changes are wrought by women as agents ! Doors of Hindoo houses are now eagerly opened to women-missionaries by husbands and fathers who would have thought the world near an end if they had been so much as asked to admit them a few years ago. And with their admission begins a new chapter in the history of missions to India. Those men who already see how greatly the nature of Indian women would be raised by Christian civilisation, will soon see it more clearly, and they and "all their house" will rise into the Divine Truth from which the civilisation springs. I see that the brother of three devoted English ladies who are missionaries in connection with the Church of Scotland is now Acting Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal ; and the quickly sensitive Hindoo will appreciate the love of souls which makes women of so high social position—nieces of a Viceroy and sisters of a Governor—come to toil in dull zenanas. If this were the time to say it, one would like to dwell on the high consideration which Scottish women of similar rank would earn among us at home if they would volunteer for the mission-fields of India, or of China, or of Africa. We have far too few of our upper classes who understand that the highest honour their sons and daughters can achieve in this life is to be approved workers in the Christian ministry.

A few years ago, after the visit of the American evangelists, ladies with a gift of song found a blessed exercise for it in going to the bedside of the sick poor and singing hymns to cheer the sufferers. This is still not unknown in hospitals, but there is reason to fear that fewer of those helpful minstrels climb the dark stairs and sit beside the pallets of the poor in their own homes.

The mention of hospitals may remind us how great is the change accomplished in them, and through them in private houses also, by the work of ladies. The days of pauper-nurses and of stupid women who were mere nursing machines are at an end, and in England and Scotland educated and cultured women are dedicating themselves, as trained nurses, to the service of their suffering fellow-creatures. No one can see those bright, active, young ladies in their comely uniform moving about in a sick-room without wondering whether the existence of such people as "Mrs. Gamp" was a fact or a dream. I wonder if any woman ever did a more abiding work in our land than Florence Nightingale did when she turned the tenderness and aptitude of womanhood to the work of nursing, as at once a science and a Christlike occupation for life.

It is from meditating on the progress which nursing has made through organised societies in connection with which nurses are trained and, when qualified, are enrolled, that I have come to think that woman's work in the Church of Scotland would make much greater progress if it were organised. Organisation has given to nursing not a little of its power to draw to it as an occupation bright and eager young lives that without some such outlet would fret themselves away in listlessness at the parental fireside. The apprenticeship of nurses, and the common rules and the high-toned discipline by which the skill of the experienced is imparted to beginners, do much to keep alive in a young nurse's mind the conviction that she is one of a noble band, and that she has the honour of her sisterhood as well as her own credit to maintain.

And could not something of the same kind be done with our devoted women-workers in the Christian Church ? Take the case of what are called "Lady-Visitors." They are often much in want of training : there is little systematic effort to convey to beginners among them the gathered and growing experience of those who have been long at work ; there is no attempt whatever to give them the moral support of conscious union in purpose and practice with other likeminded labourers in other parts of the land or even in other parishes of the same city or presbytery.

It was not so in the early Church. I am not going to quote the practices of the Church in its days of corruption and decay ; but readers of the New Testament know that many women had a definite official position in the Church of the apostolic age. Not to speak of many women whose work however valuable may not have been official, we remember that Phoebe was a "deaconess" of the Church in Cenchreæ, and that the word is just as much a designation of a female official as the word "deacon" is of a male official. There were deaconesses for many centuries. Pliny tells us that he put two "deaconesses" to torture in order to find out what Christianity was. But while deaconesses

probably looked after what may be called the active business of the Church, going to and fro as missionaries and so on, there was another order of women-officials known as "widows," who differed from deaconesses very much as presbyters differed from deacons, *i.e.* in having duties of superintendence rather than of detail laid upon them. We read of them in 1 Tim. v. 9-14,¹ and we know that they long continued in the Church. A special seat was set apart for them: they were the superintendents of the female part of the congregation; they wore a special dress and they were ordained with "laying on of hands." In course of time the functions of "widows" and those of "deaconesses" were mixed up; and the Eastern Church differed from the West regarding both the names and the duties of female office-bearers. So it has been also in regard to the offices held in the Church by men. The Presbyterian Church has almost abolished deacons; the Episcopal Church has the name, but attaches to this office duties and a rank of which we have no trace in the New Testament. But the Scripture record remains. The corruption of the Church does not destroy the fact that there was for long an official rank assigned to certain women, and that the office was regarded as an apostolic institution.

When, therefore, I suggest the enrolment of women who are willing workers in Christ's service I have New Testament authority. Why should we not have a Church of Scotland Association of women who are engaged in Christian work? why should it not have a Centre? why should it not have Branches in every district? why should it not be an object of honourable ambition to young workers to be enrolled in it? and why should it not have rules and regulations requiring of all who would enter it some sufficient proof of their fitness for such work as it implies? I should expect from the mere consideration of the subject an elevation of the standard, a raising of the tone, throughout the Church. Training would become the rule, and by and by be systematised; and readiness to "go anywhere and do anything," as Christ's cause shall require, will become as common as it now is rare. And if the name of the Association were to be called The Church of Scotland Women-Workers' Guild it would have no bad name. But the name is not the main thing.

What I speak of has been done in Germany, as is well known to all. It is not fifty years since

Fliedner, the pastor of the little parish of Kaiserswerth, founded the now famous Deaconess Institution, which has been, not only to its own members, but to many more, "a mother-house" indeed, from which "sisters" trained in good works and full of love for God and suffering men have gone forth to the ends of the earth. In it nurses and school-mistresses are trained, and other sisters whose mission is to rear orphan children, or to shelter released prisoners, and to reclaim the fallen of their own sex. There is also a house of shelter for aged deaconesses, bearing the quaint title of the "House of the Festival Eve"—for it is their place of rest before the great joy of eternity. The deaconesses trained here are found everywhere in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. They are found in mission-schools, in hospitals, in orphanages abroad; or working as Biblewomen and Scripture-readers at home. They are well known to the Church of Scotland's Missions to Jews; for our work is beside theirs in the great schools of Smyrna and Beyrout, and in that most home-like of hospitals which is still one of the unchanged features of ruined Alexandria.

No one can deny that the success of Kaiserswerth, with its many branches and imitators—so great that there are now 53 "Mother-Houses," with 5000 "Sisters," working in 1500 fields of labour—is due to the conviction in men's minds that this idea is a Christian and Scriptural one, worked out in a spirit of faith and love. When we think of our untrained Biblewomen, and our inexperienced lady-visitors, we may perhaps conclude that the Church of Scotland could and should have some such Institution for training some, and over and above that a means of uniting in a great society all throughout the land, who, doing the same work, would like to learn from the growing experience of others likeminded. We have many willing workers, many well qualified, and I have found that they were eager for some such union as I have sketched. I think it should have a distinctive name; I think it would be a help to its members to have a distinctive dress when they are "on duty" in their holy occupation; but the great thing is to have some recognition of the need of training for the great work. And our Church is free to adapt herself to the wants of our time in this as in all things good.

Repentance unto Life.

By the REV. HENRY M. HAMILTON, Hamilton.

"Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."—
ST. LUKE xiii. 5.

¹ They were not the same as the poorer widows mentioned in the previous verses (1 Tim. v. 3-8), who were supported by the Church because they were old and lone and poor. The subject is a difficult one; but we seem to have in St. Paul's writings mention of three classes of women enrolled for specific purposes by the Church—(1) widows supported by the Church because of their poverty (Acts vi. 1; 1 Tim. v. 3-8); (2) "widows" set apart to honourable rank in the Church because of their distinguished works of active piety (1 Tim. v. 9, 10); (3) deaconesses, whose duties were those of female pastors.

WHAT is Repentance? In ordinary language when men say they repent of something they have done, they mean they are sorry for it, that they see they have made a mistake, and brought trouble on themselves thereby. And they

are apt to fancy that the Repentance spoken of in the Bible means the same thing.

But Repentance unto life is more than sorrow or regret. Men may be very sorry that they have allowed themselves to fall into a particular sin or to acquire some evil habit, or to be brought into unfortunate miserable circumstances; looking to the past or present they may be full of shame and remorse, looking to the future, so far as they permit themselves to do so, they may be conscious of uneasy dread and fear, and yet all this may do them no good—it may only make them unhappy, fretful, discontented, anxious to be rid of such self-reproachful uncomfortable thoughts.

If you have ever been called on to visit those in sickness or trouble, you must often have seen instances of what seemed sharp and unfeigned penitence, but when health or prosperity returned you may have been pained to see how unfruitful and false the apparent Repentance proved itself to be. And this came about not simply because such persons in their penitence went no further than being sorry for their sin, but because their sorrow was selfish and had no reference to God. They were sorry because of what they felt they had lost, or because of the positive evil and disgrace they had brought on themselves, or because of the dread with which an unknown future and an angry God brought suddenly very near, filled their minds. If only they could persuade themselves that these things were far from them, and they could be indifferent and unbelieving about them as before, if only they could be sure they might commit the sin and not incur the fear of detection or punishment, they would be found as ready as ever to do the evil act. And so the return of the power and opportunity only shows how merely *selfish* fear or sorrow has left them just as they were, without any change in character—nay, has probably helped to harden them because it has given them a conscious sense that they have gone along at least a part of the path of Repentance.

But even when the sorrow is toward God, when it has reference not only to self but to God our Creator and Preserver, our Redeemer and Sanctifier, it does not constitute the whole of Repentance. It is only its beginning and source. "Godly sorrow," says St. Paul, "*leadeth* to Repentance." And he distinguishes between "godly sorrow" and "the sorrow of the world" by pointing out that not only has the former reference to God, but also that, however deep and sincere and enduring it may be, it is not without *hope*, and leads to action and a change of heart and life, whereas "the sorrow of the world worketh death"—ends in remorse and despair, or in the fatal effort to drown and ignore it.

The ground of confidence for the man who has learned in sincerity and sorrow to say, "I have sinned against the Lord," and who in this light has come to apprehend what sin means, is, as

our Catechism expresses it, "the apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ." This is the comfort which comes to those who have been convinced of sin. Great as their sin is, they feel that the love of God is greater. "There is forgiveness with Thee that Thou mayest be feared," they learn to say; and looking to the love and pardon offered to all who will receive them in Christ Jesus, they feel the desire and power of a new life enter into them. Contrition, Confession, Amendment—these may be said to be the elements composing true Repentance, which, beginning with sorrow before God, and proceeding through shame and humiliation, strives,—with many falls and backslidings it may be,—yet ever strives to enter on the narrow path of reformation and of the new life which has *Christ* as at once its source and object.

As there are mistakes regarding the *nature* of Repentance, so are there mistakes regarding the *place* it occupies in the Christian life. Many speak of it as they do of conversion, as the entrance to or beginning of the new life, as something which, once felt or passed through, ceases to be any longer necessary; but if Repentance has really taken possession of the heart it never leaves it. The Repentance that seeks forgiveness with anxious entreaty, and the Repentance that lives under a daily sense of pardon vouchsafed, may in many respects differ, but in their nature they are one. It is shallow teaching which tells men that what God forgets we should forget too, and that it shows want of faith in Christ's atoning work when we continue in penitence to remember sins which He has declared to be forgiven.

There are, of course, different ways of remembering sin, and it is not meant that our remembrance should prevent our rejoicing in all Christ has effected for us, or interfere with our faith in the completeness of His work; but just in proportion to the value we attach to God's forgiveness, will be our continued sorrow and shame, not only over constantly recurring sins and infirmities, but over sins of the past which we know God has covered, sins which we painfully feel have been committed against His infinite love and goodness. No man dwelt more than St. Paul on the duty and privilege of "rejoicing always in the Lord," but no man continued to feel in deeper penitence the dark shadow of past and forgiven sin. While he magnified the grace of God for that which He had wrought in him, to the very end he spoke of himself as "the chief of sinners, and not worthy to be called an apostle, because he had persecuted the Church of Christ." His sense of the Saviour's love did not tempt him to pass lightly by and forget his sin, it only helped to deepen and perpetuate his consciousness of its great evil and shameful-ness.

Sometimes, too, men feel and speak as though

Repentance were for those who are great sinners, not for those whose lives have been preserved from open or conspicuous vice. But surely that is to take a very insufficient view of sin. Surely every one whose mind has been enlightened by the knowledge or love of Christ must feel that not to be lifted by it above the trials and temptations of daily life, not to love Him in turn with heart and soul, not to yield himself wholly to Him, are grievous signs of faithlessness which call for penitence. Repentance is a universal necessity for mankind, and we never in this life grow beyond the need of it. "God commandeth all men everywhere to repent," and perhaps it is the holiest saints who do so most unfeignedly, because they best have learned the evil of sin, the love of God, and the blessedness which comes through acceptance of God's pardon, and through the new life of obedience to which His Spirit strengthens them.

We talk of "Repentance unto *Life*," and we have represented Repentance as that which brings pardon and deliverance. But it is not meant that Repentance is so good and meritorious a work that God rewards it by granting us pardon and remission. If it is merit we look for, we must look for it to some One outside ourselves. What is meant is that Repentance is the condition or frame of mind which alone makes it possible for us to receive the forgiveness which God so freely holds out to us.

You see this in the story of the prodigal son: though the Father's love was there, and though He waited to give assurance of forgiveness and readiness to receive the wanderer back again, this availed nothing (except in so far as it encouraged him to make the attempt to return) till the prodigal in penitence felt and said, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." This was Contrition and Confession, and his arising and going were the beginning of Amendment.

Thus even in the first stages of the great moral change which had come over him, he was made to realise as never before the truth of the Father's readiness to pardon, and was able to accept it thankfully; receiving with joyous heart the tokens and assurances of forgiveness and restored favour, he heard the blessed words, "This my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found."

The difficulty with many people is, How is this necessary condition, this change of heart and life implied in Repentance, to be effected in us? We *know* we ought to repent, we *say* that we desire to do so, and yet we *feel* as though it were impossible. These words sound plausible, and yet thus to speak does not represent the whole truth. It is possible in a way to desire a thing, and yet never to put forth an effort after it, because of a greater wish for something else. That is the spiritual condition of many. They desire to repent, but more strongly they desire to remain as they are, or

to keep their sin, and the stronger desire naturally prevails.

Repentance, let it be remembered, is not a grace which men work out for themselves. Like all other graces, it is a free gift from God. Speaking of the risen Christ, St. Peter says, "Him hath God exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to *give repentance* to Israel and forgiveness of sins." Being then a gift coming through living union with our exalted Saviour, and through the working in us of His spirit that "convinces us of sin," Repentance is a grace which all who truly desire may receive.

And yet let it be remembered, as truly as it is God's work and Christ's gift, so truly is it man's work also; For God cannot work it when we will not receive it. We must use God's means of grace, we must enter on God's way, we must give and yield ourselves to His dealings, we must pray to be "made willing in the day of His power." If thus we do in all sincerity, then shall we no longer have cause to complain that we cannot obey Christ's call to repent. Of this as of every other communication of grace Christ says: "According to your faith be it unto you." "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me." Amen.

I.—Mission Hymn.¹

BEFORE the Lord to Heaven ascended,
'Twas His dearest, last command,
"Go ye forth, and make Disciples
Unto Me in every land.

"Every People, every Nation,
Far and near, wherever found—
Let them see the Light arising,
Let them hear Salvation's sound.

"Let the Darkness, thickly brooding—
Darkness foul of Sin and Death—
Flee before you, driven and scattered
By the Spirit's living breath.

"Joy be yours for everlasting;
Heed not present pain or loss,
Marching still, and still victorious
'Neath the banner of My Cross!"

Such the word the Lord hath spoken;
Haste we, Brethren, to obey;
Let the Called go forth and prosper,
While we speed them on their way—

Speed them with our Prayers and Alms-deeds,
Till the Nations all adore
Him who died and rose to save them,
Pealing praise from shore to shore.

Glory to the All-loving Father,
Glory to the Saviour Son,
Glory to the Spirit, binding
Whom He halloweth all in one.

W.

¹ The numeral refers to the order of publication. Other Mission Hymns written in response to our announcement in January of a prize of Five Guineas, and judged worthy of publication, will appear in future numbers.

Of Work.

VIII. YES, TO THE VERY END.

I KNOW, my brothers in my own vocation, that we sometimes, as the years behind us grow many, look ahead; and think of things which seem sure to come. It is wise, no doubt, like Sydney Smith, to "take short views:" which (after all) is only putting in the language of ordinary life a counsel addressed to us all by an infinitely more venerated Authority. The day's work diligently done in the day, without too much thought of tomorrow, is the best thing for us now. For the event may be quite different from all anticipation: and the anxieties we often feel (which are infinitely less for ourselves than for those whose stay we are) may prove to have been quite needless. It was a wise saying of Abraham Lincoln, and many of us should lay it to heart: "My rule in life has been, never to cross the great Bigmuddy Creek till I came to it." We, on the contrary, tend to cross that Creek (which lies in front of us all) a good many times before we come to it. And on the occasion of these anticipatory crossings, we find the Creek even bigger and muddier than it is in fact.

You will not judge it a paradox when I say, that all experience of life has shown us that it is very likely that a great many very unlikely things may happen. And though it is good (in some sense) to pass the time of our sojourning here in fear, that does not mean that we are to be always afraid of what is coming to us. If that were the meaning of the advice, I know many people who carry it out only too faithfully. Rather we might try to turn into another way: though moods will vary, and we cannot be always at our best. There is (what often seems to us) a counsel of unattainable perfection which begins with the words "Be careful for nothing:" And there is a promise to the effect that "The Lord will provide." Sometimes, one has gone out for a lonely walk feeling very anxious and downcast. But sometimes, too, thinking over things, and trying to lift up a tolerably heavy heart in the right direction, one has attained to saying it, quietly to one's self, "And the changes that are sure to come, I do not fear to see." Yes, one has sometimes attained to that: attained to it for a little while. Then we went downhill again.

You know Miss Rossetti's touching little poem which bears the title *Up-Hill*. Just four verses. The first two lines are "*Does the road wind up-hill all the way? Yes, to the very end.*" That is the out-look which lies before you and me. We must go on, while we can keep upon our feet: and that for divers reasons which need not be set forth. There is no retiring from our work: unless indeed God should bid us irresistibly to stand aside from it by striking us down incapable of it. Neither can there be any material change in the character

of our work. We have settled to the task: and we must go on till strength shall fail. Or, as a very great ecclesiastic, who might (had he willed it) have risen so high that none could be higher, once put it in a New Year's letter to a friend, "All is strangely mingled,—light and dark, hope and dismay. While the earth remaineth, . . . cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night,—*shall not cease.*"

Ay, *shall not cease*: that alternation of dark and light, of sorrow and joy, of anxious care and comparative peace, of immemorial days at home and of unspeakable bereavement. Once, we hoped it would be otherwise: that at the least, after the storms of busier life, a calm Martinmas Summer would come, unvaried and unbroken.

It would be a great thing for some of us, whose work is very heavy, and is a pull upon nerves and heart, if we could have a pleasant change of work when we are growing old. Still let it be essentially the dear old work, which we should choose again with even firmer resolution than we chose it in hopeful youth: feeling that God did indeed lead us into the right way for us: feeling that our work has been congenial; and knowing that we have done our very best, though no one knows better that it has not been very good after all. But the day comes when it would be very cheering if our work could be made somewhat lighter: if we could be excused doing those parts of it which younger men could do as well or better; and permitted to give our entire strength to what lengthened experience has fitted us to do better than when we were young: if the perpetual pressure of parochial and pastoral duty could be borne by others, and more time and strength left for preparing sermons and preaching them. The work of preaching is really congenial to so very few, and it fits so wonderfully the few whom it suits at all, that a born preacher (once strength has begun to fail) should be permitted to do little else than preach. One looks with longing eyes towards what can never come to us, the transference of the incumbent of a large parish who is growing more than a little weary of the ceaseless watching and pushing on of its machinery, to the position of Dean or even Canon of some beautiful Cathedral: where there is work enough but not too much: where the work is far less trying than the work of the pastorate: and where all the surroundings are soothing and uplifting. One has heard stories of quite other things: but to the over-driven Scot the green close, the quaint dwellings, the glorious church with its ceaseless services, are as a glimpse of Paradise. But for us these things are not: and indeed even on the sunny side of the wall they can come only to a fortunate few, whom none but very simple folk will believe to be always the most deserving. As for us, we must plod on; even when the work grows heavy, and the old elasticity is greatly gone. It is infinitely touching (though people do not always

feel it so) when the aged preacher, deep-lined and gray, weekly ascends the same well-known pulpit-steps as when he was a smooth-faced youth: or when he sits down quietly beside the dying, his visits growing ever kindlier and *shorter* through the experience which comes to us from having been ill ourselves.

If the heart has been in the work, and if it be the work for which the worker was made, there must be no thought of quite retiring from it. You know how the accustomed occupation keeps an old man upon his feet: you have seen how speedily (in some cases) a Chancellor breaks down and dies when he has resigned the Great Seal on the ground of age. Three weeks have done it. And one would earnestly hope and ask to be fairly equal to doing some portion of the appointed duty to the very end. One thinks of the petition which a Chancellor of eighty-one would have added to the Litany: *From lingering illness, Good Lord, deliver us.* And to be for a long time quite laid aside seems as sad a possibility as may be. Yet it has been searchingly said that Christian activity has its perils; and that *the love of work means too often love of self.* This last statement, though it was a blow to hear it for the first time, I fear we must admit to be true. Yet one has known earnest souls who, even recalling the grand assurance that they also serve who only stand and wait, would cry mightily *Not that: not that.* Of course there goes without saying the *Not my will but Thine.* And we can understand the curious inconsistency of Faber's hymn: "I wish to have no wishes left, But to leave all to Thee: And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will Things that I wish should be." Some day, my brother, you and I may have to ask, thinking of the place we fill, Am I equal to it? Is it fair to the Parish? Should I go? And that will be a very trying day. The time may come, in which such a question would be answered for us. Some one (I could give his name) once said so to dear Dean Stanley. He answered, in his eager way, speaking with immense rapidity, "I hope I may be dead and buried before that time comes." For many strange things will have come then too, which most of us should not like to see.

It is very touching, to all worthy hearts, to see the aged man striving to go through his work as when he was young. And sometimes in the ashes there lives no small measure of the wonted fires. It is not so long since I heard a preacher of nearly four-score years deliver a sermon. Once he was a great popular orator: crowds flocked to his ministrations. And he was well equal to his work in those departed days. I heard him on several occasions then. He rose to the call upon him: every nerve seemed tense: the multitude inspired and did not frighten him. Cultured folk, and some envious, might talk of tawdriness in style, and falsetto in feeling: I have but to record that (as a lad) he swept me off my feet as nobody could now.

It was very interesting to listen to him as the man of seventy-five. And it was charming oratory still. The pathos was subdued: and the entire discourse was quiet: but he preached just as well as ever. What greatly helped was that his sun was going down amid all that was kindly and prosperous. All honour that was possible had come to him; and he had found a beautiful retreat from the excessive toil of the city in one of the sweetest of country parishes. Of course, he talked sometimes of the exciting and crowded services of other days, in a fashion which reminded one how Mrs. Siddons as an old woman recorded how flat it seemed to sit down by herself on an evening and try to be interested in a book, just at the hour when Lady Macbeth used to present herself before a breathless multitude amid a tempest of applause. For human nature will be poor human nature. And who shall grudge it the little blinks of cheer that keep it from breaking down? It was very pleasant to see that the old man eloquent was quite pleased with himself. And I think that most of us did not fail to render all kindly deference to the old, when we ourselves were young. Let us not fail, while we can do so, to keep up a failing heart. Nor is this because we anticipate the day when we shall need it. It is rather because our heart must warm, till the last chill touches it, in the remembrance of a Father's revered and honoured age.

Then, though the work be so well done by the aging worker, it taxes heavily the enfeebled powers. Earlier in the pilgrimage, while yet few would think us old (and I see a great American preacher gently upbraids the present writer for thinking long of the work of thirty years), though the duty be got through with as much spirit (so we fancy) as ever, it leaves one very tired. I spoke of this, two days since, to a preacher who is also a poet. I never heard him preach, but I have read his poetry: and the true spark is unmistakably there. And he is getting through his thirty-fourth year of duty. Tuesday, he said, is his worst day. The shock has been given off: the wheels are run down. Robertson of Brighton died at thirty-seven: but his biographer remarks that even he took very gloomy views of all things, after Sunday was over, till about Thursday in each week. To be tired, if that were all, is nothing. Rest cures that: and mere healthful weariness makes rest delightful. The sad thing is, that nerve-weariness and "brain-fag" tend to bring darkness over all the prospects of those who are growing old: to vaguely warp the entire nature, and make it seem as though everything were amiss. People who work only their muscles cannot take in how painful is the experience. And if they did, they would not sympathise with it. They would think the whole thing fanciful. They would offer the irritating advice to make an effort and cast it off. But that cannot be done. We know that, my brothers.

The week has flown. Let us try, honestly, on

many days, to offer the flock some new instruction : not repeating what was well in its time, but what is somehow out of date now. Give the people the benefit of your lengthened experience. And some aging men are under the cheering fancy that they have more to say than ever. They would willingly undertake (for a few weeks at least) to preach every day if anybody would come to hear. The reservoir might empty faster than they think. But surely men might speak from the fulness of their own heart, and tell what it is that has helped and sustained themselves. Then, after all these years, work is not so uncertain as it was once. You can make sure of doing even head-work fairly, upon most days. I do not quote the instance of Anthony Trollope, for he was an exceptional man ; and one could quote many instances which look the opposite way. These last were doubtless in the case of great geniuses : and, through long use, for the homelier task of producing plain prose, the mind may be put in harness on most mornings with fair results. It was very different when one was a lad. I remember one who on a fine morning went out from his study-table, quite disheartened, and looked on with envy at a mason who was building a wall on the Glebe (at the cost of the Heritors). Addressing the mason (who was a most intelligent man, and who quite grasped the idea), he said, *How happy you are in your work! You can make sure of doing your task in the day. I cannot. I have been trying hard to write for the last hour, and I can't find a word to say.* In that early stage too, when you cannot write, you fancy you never will be able to write any more. Having stuck in the slough of despond, you think you will never get out of it. Now you know better. And further : you have gained an entire assurance that when you have to speak to your fellow-Christians, a message will be given you. Say you have to preach at four o'clock on a Wednesday afternoon : I mean of course to your own flock, or a fraction of it. It may come at early morning, which is pleasant. But if the morning leaves you still blank, do not be the least afraid. Go out about your pastoral duty. Visit some sick and aged folk. And one of them will say something, will recount a bit of personal history, will tell you of some little trouble : and in a moment it will flash on you, your message for that day. And it would come home to others, if you could say it as it came to you. The writer is not a mystic : but he believes in continuing Inspiration, if you go to the right place for it. There is a hymn of Bishop Heber's, which begins, *Spirit of truth, on this Thy day, To Thee for help we cry.* The General Assembly would not allow it to go into the Hymnal. But no earthly power can prevent your saying it for yourself. You remember how John Foster says, in his Diary, that on awaking one Sunday morning he reflected, with dismay, that he had to preach that day. Then he adds : "Sat up in bed, and caught some very considerable

thoughts." Something like that has come to you : and it will come again.

How generously, too (when things are right on both sides), one has known the aged pastor, still doing some little share of the work, rejoice in the fame of his young coadjutor ! You, my dear friend, most attractive and charming of pulpit-orators, who preach each Sunday to a congregation of near three thousand souls, never quite forget one who so believed in you these many years ago, and foretold what if you lived you would come to be. You helped him, nobly, no doubt, to bear the burden which was beyond his all but four-score years. But I think, too, that his warm and hearty appreciation of your yet unacknowledged powers helped somewhat to make you what you are to-day.

A. K. H. B.

The Prairie Chief and the Preacher.

A TALE. IN FOUR PARTS.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

PART III.

THE sun was setting when Whitewing and his friends rode into Clearvale. The entrance to the valley was narrow, and for a short distance the road, or Indian track, wound among groups of trees and bushes which effectually concealed the village from their sight.

At this point in the ride Little Tim began to recover from the surprise at his own stupidity which had for so long a period of time reduced him to silence. Riding up alongside of Whitewing, who was a little in advance of the party still bearing his mother in his arms, he accosted him thus :—

"I say, Whitewing, the longer I know you the more of a puzzle you are to me. I thowt I'd got about at the bottom o' all yer notions an' ways by this time, but I find that I'm mistaken."

As no question was asked, the red man deemed no reply needful, but the faintest symptom of a smile told the trapper that his remark was understood and appreciated.

"One thing that throws me off the scent," continued the little trapper, "is the way you Injins have got o' holdin' yer tongues, so that a feller can't make out what yer minds are after. Why don't you speak—why ain't you more commoonicative?"

"The children of the prairie think that wisdom lies in silence," answered Whitewing gravely. "They leave it to their women and white brothers to chatter out all their minds."

"Humph ! the children o' the prairie ain't complimentary to their white brothers," returned the trapper. "Mayhap yer right. Some of us do talk a leetle too much. It's a way we've got o' lettin' off the steam. I'm afeard I'd bust sometimes if I didn't let my feelin's off through my mouth. But your silent ways are apt to lead

fellers away on wrong tracks when there's no need to. Didn't I think, now, that you was after a young woman as ye meant to take for a squaw, and after all it turned out to be your mother!"

"My white brother sometimes makes mistakes," quietly remarked the Indian.

"True; but your white brother wouldn't have made the mistake if ye had told him who it was you were after when ye set off like a mad grizzly w' its pups in danger. Didn't I go tearin' after

you neck and crop as if I was a boy o' sixteen, in the belief that I was helpin' ye in a love-affair?"

"Would you have refused to help me if you had known better?" demanded Whitewing somewhat sharply.

"Nay, I won't say that," returned Tim, "for I hold that a woman's a woman, be she old or young, pretty or ugly, an' I'd scorn the man as would refuse to help her in trouble; besides, as the wrinkled old critter is *your* mother, I've got a sneakin' sorter



fondness for her; but if I'd only known, a deal o' what they call romance would ha' bin took out o' the little spree."

"Then it is well that my brother did *not* know." To this the trapper merely replied "Humph!"

After a few minutes he resumed in a more confidential tone:—"But I say, Whitewing, has it niver entered into your head to take to yourself a wife? A man's always the better of havin' a female companion to consult with an' talk over things,

you know, as well as to make his moccasins and leggin's."

"Does Little Tim act on his own opinions?" asked the Indian quickly.

"Ha! that's a fair slap in the face," said Tim with a laugh, "but there may be reasons for that, you see. Gals ain't always as willin' as they should be; sometimes they don't know a good man when they see him. Besides, I ain't too old yet, though p'raps some of 'em thinks me rather

short for a husband. Come now, don't keep yer old comrade in the dark. Haven't ye got a notion o' some young woman in partikler?"

"Yes," replied the Indian gravely.

"Jist so; I thowt as much," returned the trapper, with a tone and look of satisfaction. "What may her name be?"

"Lighthouse."

"Ay? Lighthouse. A good name—specially if she takes after it, as I've no doubt she do. An' what tribe does——"

The trapper stopped abruptly, for at that moment the cavalcade swept out of the thicket into the open valley, and the two friends suddenly beheld the Indian camp, which they had so recently left, reduced to a smoking ruin!

It is impossible to describe the consternation of the Indians, who had ridden so far and so fast to join their friends. And how shall we speak of the state of poor Whitewing's feelings? No sound escaped his compressed lips, but a terrible light seemed to gleam from his dark eyes, as, clasping his mother convulsively to his breast with his left arm, he grasped his tomahawk and urged his horse to its utmost speed. Little Tim was at his side in a moment, with the long dagger flashing in his right hand, while Bald Eagle and his dusky warriors pressed close behind.

The women and children were necessarily left in the rear; but Whitewing's sister, Brighteyes, being better mounted than these, kept up with the men of war.

The scene that presented itself when they reached the camp was indeed terrible. Many of the wigwams were burnt, some of them still burning, and those that had escaped the fire had been torn down and scattered about, while the trodden ground and pools of blood told of the dreadful massacre that had so recently taken place. It was evident that the camp had been surprised, and probably all the men slain, while a very brief examination sufficed to show that such of the women and children as were spared had been carried off into slavery. In every direction outside the camp were found the scalped bodies of the slain, left as they had fallen in unavailing defence of home.

The examination of the camp was made in hot haste and profound silence, because instant action had to be taken for the rescue of those who had been carried away, and Indians are at all times careful to restrain and hide their feelings. Only the compressed lip, the heaving bosom, the expanding nostrils, and the scowling eyes told of the fires that raged within.

In this emergency Bald Eagle, who was getting old and rather feeble, tacitly gave up the command of the braves to Whitewing. It need scarcely be said that the young chief acted with vigour. He and the trapper having traced the trail of the Blackfoot war-party—evidently a different band from that which had attacked Bald Eagle's camp—

and ascertained the direction they had taken, divided his force into two bands, in command of which he placed two of the best chiefs of his tribe. Bald Eagle himself agreed to remain with a small force to protect the women and children. Having made his dispositions and given his orders, Whitewing mounted his horse and galloped a short distance on the enemy's trail followed by his faithful friend. Reining up suddenly, he said:—

"What does my brother counsel?"

"Well, Whitewing, since ye ask, I would advise you to follow yer own devices. You've got a good head on your shoulders and know what's best."

"Manitou knows what is best," said the Indian solemnly. "He directs *all*. But His ways are very dark. Whitewing cannot understand them."

"Still, we must act, you know," suggested the trapper.

"Yes, we must act, and I ask counsel of my brother, because it may be that Manitou shall cause wisdom and light to flow from the lips of the white man."

"Well, I don't know as to that, Whitewing, but my advice, whatever it's worth, is, that we should try to fall on the reptiles in front and rear at the same time, and that you and I should go out in advance to scout."

"Good," said the Indian, "my plan is so arranged."

Without another word he gave the rein to his impatient horse and was about to set off at full speed, when he was arrested by the trapper exclaiming, "Hold on! here's some one coming after us."

A rider was seen galloping from the direction of the burnt camp. It turned out to be Brighteyes.

"What brings my sister?" demanded Whitewing.

The girl with downcast eyes modestly requested leave to accompany them.

Her brother sternly refused. "It is not woman's part to fight," he said.

"True, but woman sometimes helps the fighter," replied the girl, not venturing to raise her eyes.

"Go," returned Whitewing. "Time may not be foolishly wasted; the old ones and the children need thy care."

Without a word Brighteyes turned her horse's head towards the camp, and was about to ride humbly away, when Little Tim interfered.

"Hold on, girl! I say, Whitewing, she's not so far wrong. Many a time has woman rendered good service in warfare. She's well mounted and might ride back with a message, or something o' that sort. You'd better let her come."

"She may come," said Whitewing, and next moment he was bounding over the prairie at the full speed of his fiery steed, closely followed by Little Tim and Brighteyes.

That same night, at a late hour, a band of savage warriors entered a thicket on the slopes of one of those hills on the western prairies which form what

are sometimes termed the spurs of the Rocky Mountains, though there was little sign of the great mountain-range itself, which was still distant several days' march from the spot. A group of wearied women and children, some riding, some on foot, accompanied the band. It was that which had so recently destroyed the Indian village. They had pushed on with their prisoners and booty as far and as fast as their jaded horses could go in order to avoid pursuit—though, having slain all the fighting men, there was little chance of that, except in the case of friends coming to the rescue, which they thought improbable. Still, with the wisdom of savage warriors, they took every precaution to guard against surprise. No fire was lighted in the camp, and sentries were placed all round it to guard them during the few hours they meant to devote to much-needed repose.

While these Blackfoots were eating their supper, Whitewing and Little Tim came upon them. Fortunately the sharp and practised eyes and intellects of our two friends were on the alert. So small a matter as a slight wavering in the Blackfoot mind as to the best place for encamping produced an effect on the trail sufficient to be instantly observed.

"H'm! they've took it into their heads here," said Little Tim, "that it might be advisable to camp an' feed."

Whitewing did not speak at once, but his reining up at the moment his friend broke silence showed that he too had observed the signs.

"It's always the way," remarked the trapper with a quiet chuckle, as he peered earnestly at the ground which the moon enabled him to see distinctly, "if a band o' men only mention campin' when they're on the march, they're sure to waver a bit an' spoil the straight go-ahead run o' the trail."

"One turned aside here to examine yonder bluff," said the Indian, pointing to a trail which he saw clearly, although it was undistinguishable to ordinary vision.

"Ay, an' the bluff didn't suit," returned Tim, "for here he rejoins his friends an' they go off agin at the run. No more waverin'. They'd fixed their eyes a good bit ahead an' made up their minds."

"They are in the thicket yonder," said the Indian, pointing to the place referred to.

"Jist what I was goin' to remark," observed the trapper. "Now, Whitewing, it behoves us to be cautious. Ay, I see your mind an' mine always jumps together."

This latter remark had reference to the fact that the Indian had leaped off his horse and handed the reins to Brighteyes. Placing his horse also in charge of the Indian girl, Tim said, as the two set off—

"We have to do the rest on fut, an' the last part on our knees."

By this the trapper meant that he and his friend would have to creep up to the enemy's camp on hands and knees, but Whitewing, whose mind had been recently so much exercised on religious matters, at once thought of what he had been taught about the importance of prayer, and again the words "looking unto Jesus" rushed with greater power than ever upon his memory, so that, despite his anxiety as to the fate of his affianced bride and the perilous nature of the enterprise in hand, he kept puzzling his inquiring brain with such difficulties as the absolute dependence of man on the will and leading of God, coupled with the fact of his being required to go into vigorous, decisive, and apparently independent action, trusting entirely to his own resources.

"Mystery!" thought the red man, as he and his friend walked swiftly along, taking advantage of the shelter afforded by every glade, thicket, or eminence, "all is mystery."

But Whitewing was wrong, as many men in all ages have been on first bending their minds to the consideration of spiritual things. All is *not* mystery. In the dealings of God with man, much, very much, is mysterious, and by us in this life apparently insoluble; but many things—especially those things that are of vital importance to the soul—are as clear as the sun at noon-day. However, our red man was at this time only beginning to run the spiritual race, and, like many others, he was puzzled.

But no sign did he show of what was going on within, as he glided along bending his keen eyes intently on the Blackfoot trail.

At last they came to the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where it was rightly conjectured the enemy lay concealed. Here, as Tim had foretold, they went upon their knees and advanced with the utmost caution. Coming to a grassy eminence, they lay flat down and worked their way slowly and painfully to the top.

Well was it for them that a few clouds shrouded the moon at that time, for one of the Blackfoot sentinels had been stationed on that grassy eminence, and if Whitewing and the trapper had been less expert in the arts of savage war they must certainly have been discovered. As it was, they were able to draw off in time, and reach another part of the mound where a thick bush effectually concealed them from view.

From this point, when the clouds cleared away, the camp could be clearly seen in the vale below. Even the forms of the women and children were distinguishable, but not their faces.

"It won't be easy to get at them by surprise," whispered the trapper. "Their position is strong, and they keep a bright look-out; besides, the moon won't be down for some hours yet—not much before daybreak."

"Whitewing will take the prey from under their very noses," returned the Indian.

"That won't be easy, but I've no doubt you'll

try; an' sure, Little Tim's the man to back ye, anyhow."

At that moment a slight rustling noise was heard. Looking through the bush they saw the Blackfoot sentinel approaching. Instantly they sank down into the grass, where they lay so flat and still that it seemed as if they had vanished entirely from the scene.

When the sentinel was almost abreast of them a sound arose from the camp which caused him to stop and listen. It was the sound of song. The Missionary—the only *man* the Blackfoot Indians had not slain—having finished supper, had gathered some of the women and children round him, and, after an earnest prayer, had begun a hymn of praise. At first the Blackfoot chief was on the point of ordering them to cease, but as the sweet notes arose he seemed to be spell-bound, and remained a silent and motionless listener. The sentinel on the mound also became like a dark statue. He had never heard such tones before.

After listening a few minutes in wonder, he walked slowly to the end of the mound nearest to the singers.

"Now's our chance, Whitewing," said the trapper, rising from his lair.

The Indian made no reply, but descended the slope as carefully as he had ascended it, followed by his friend. In a short time they were back at the spot where the horses had been left in charge of Brighteyes.

Whitewing took his sister aside, and for a few minutes they conversed in low tones.

"I have arranged it all with Brighteyes," said the Indian, returning to the trapper.

"Didn't I tell ee," said Tim with a low laugh, "that women was good at helpin' men in time o' war? Depend upon it that the sex must have a finger in every pie; and, moreover, the pie's not worth much that they haven't got a finger in."

To these remarks the young chief vouchsafed no answer, but gravely went about making preparations to carry out his plans.

While tying the three horses to three separate trees, so as to be ready for instant flight, he favoured his friend with a few explanations.

"It is not possible," he said, "to take more than three just now, for the horses cannot carry more. But these three Brighteyes will rescue from the camp and we will carry them off. Then we will return with our braves and save all the rest—if Manitou allows."

The trapper looked at his friend in surprise. He had never before heard him make use of such an expression as the last. Nevertheless he made no remark, but while the three were gliding silently over the prairie again towards the Blackfoot camp he kept murmuring to himself—"You're a great puzzle, Whitewing, an' I can't make ye out nohow. Yet I make no doubt yer right. Whatever ye do comes right, somehow; but—yer a great puzzle—

about the greatest puzzle that's comed across my tracks since I was a squallin' little babby-boy!"

(To be continued.)

Our Under-paid Ministers.

By the REV. THOMAS BARTY, M.A., Kirkcolum.

RICHARD BAXTER'S saying is true that "all Christian churches rise or fall as the ministry doth rise or fall." The welfare of the Church and the wellbeing of society are closely bound up with the efficiency of the clergy. It is therefore of great importance that there should be an adequate supply of faithful and able ministers, fitted by spiritual gifts and by mental training to guide men through the temptations of modern life and the perplexities of modern thought; men neither unwilling nor afraid to hold up with steady hand the light of God's Holy Word, and able to exemplify its teaching. To have such men, and many of them, would be a blessed thing for us and for our children, and for the land that is dear to us. How are they to be secured?

So long as the gospel of God's love is a living power in this world, some men will be found who, even at the hazard of their lives, will declare its glad message, and who will not be restrained by any consideration of personal advantage from serving God in the gospel of His Son. Moreover, Christian ministers of the right kind are not to be had to order, or for money. They come "not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." If we desire faithful labourers, we must pray the Lord of the harvest, who alone can send them forth.

But, allowing the fullest weight to these considerations, there remains a clear, urgent, scriptural¹ duty for the Church to perform. The Church must take the best means to secure the best men. And to the members of the Church it ought to be—far more than it ever yet has been—a matter of the deepest interest what kind of men and how many are preparing for the work of the ministry, what kind of training they receive, and what obstacles stand in the way of young men entering the profession. What sort of men are henceforth to fill the pulpits of Scotland depends in no small degree upon the members of the Church, and, as time goes on, our ministers will more and more be what our people make them.

Of the serious responsibility thus resting upon the Church, the easiest part, so to speak, is to secure a sufficient maintenance for all its ministers. But the Church of Scotland has not yet done this, though it is the National Church, and has the vantage-ground of possessing an ancient and considerable patrimony, and claims to have a very large and rapidly-increasing membership who possess a fair share of the country's wealth.

¹ See Malachi iii. 8-12; 1 Cor. ix. 14, xvi. 18; Phil. ii. 29, iv. 10; 1 Thess. v. 12; 1 Tim. v. 17; Heb. xiii. 7.

Of the total number of parish ministers in Scotland, one third, at least, are not sufficiently provided for. More than three hundred of them have livings which, including the value of the glebe, are each under £200 a year. Many more are only a little above that sum. What does this imply? That a large proportion of our ministers are set to work under such conditions as must seriously interfere with the efficient performance of their duty. A parish minister with less or not more than £200 a year, of whom it is demanded that he shall maintain himself and his family in a respectable manner, and meet all the expenses incident to his position and necessary to the proper discharge of its duties, can never be free from the pressure of anxiety. It must be a constant struggle, a lifelong burden for him. It has proved so to many, though for the most part they have been silent sufferers. There is not, in ordinary life, a more trying experience than that of a parish minister who, as he gets old in the service, finds his worldly cares increasing, and knows that when he dies those who are dearer to him than life must leave the manse not only in sorrow but in poverty. There are secret records of clerical life in Scotland which tell a tale of care and hardship that is little thought of. It is hard to believe that the Church willingly allows such things to be, and we shall prove ourselves to be not only ungenerous but short-sighted if we do not now bestir ourselves to remedy a state of matters from which, in the end, the people will suffer as much as the ministers.

We have been somewhat slow to move in this matter. It is more than seventeen years since the Church set about the attempt to raise all parochial livings to £200 *per annum*, which can be done for £12,000 a year. Since that time the cost of living has increased, and £200 cannot now be regarded as more than the barest maintenance for a clergyman. But even this modest figure has not yet been reached. The plan aimed at has been to provide a capital fund of £120,000 to yield £5000 *per annum*, leaving the rest to be made up by annual subscriptions and a general collection for the Small Livings Scheme once a year. The Assembly's Committee co-operates heartily with the Church of Scotland's Association for augmenting the Smaller Livings of the Clergy—an Association consisting chiefly of gentlemen belonging to Glasgow and the West, and having for President His Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.T., with A. Campbell Swinton, Esq., LL.D., as Convener. The capital fund now stands at £71,000, and the Committee has never yet been able to distribute in one year more than £8000, from all sources. Experience, however, shows that with adequate organisation, and a little personal effort and self-denial on the part of the members and friends of the Church, it would not be difficult to remove what is at once a cause of reproach and a source of weakness.

A Boy's Thanksgivings.¹

AN old Scotch lady of my acquaintance used to ask with an air of confidence, as if the question did not admit of an answer, "Who ever heard of a feelin' laddie?" I am not sure that she was right; indeed, I am pretty sure that she was not right. It is true that boys have an awkward custom of putting their sisters and other pets to inconvenience at times, but for all that I believe in "feelin' laddies." Not on the surface, but down under the crust, there are kind feelings and warm hearts. But of course they would not like to confess it, and I would be the last to reveal so profound a secret.

One of their feelings—I know it is there, though they will not own to it—is gratitude. A boy of the right sort despises a fellow who can receive a kindness, and, like the serpent in the story, return it with ingratitude. "Thank you" is a phrase very often on his lips; but, my young friend, let me ask you, Have you ever said it to God? Perhaps you have never thought (it is that "never thought" which ruins boys), perhaps you did not think that He wanted thanks. But He does. He says in very plain words, "In everything give thanks."

Don't say this is a subject in which you have no interest. It is a very practical matter for us to talk about. For one thing, your character largely depends on it. A thankless child cares little for his father, but a grateful heart is generally a loving heart; and if you keep up a spirit of gratitude to God it will give a colour to every act, and gild the whole tenor of your life.

Now you will ask me two questions: (1) Has a boy any reason to thank God? and (2) How may he do so?

1. Listen to me, and I will give you some reasons. If you have read my last paper, you will know what it is to pray for a thing when you want it. I tried then to guard you against supposing that God gives us everything we ask just exactly in the way we ask it. I believe there is not such a thing as an unanswered prayer, but you can easily see what a world of confusion and even unhappiness this would be if everybody got everything he asked without regard to whether it were good for him or not. Let us suppose, however, that you have got it; are you to forget the Giver? Would that be manly, honourable conduct in ordinary life? Few boys will even ask the hour from a stranger on the street, and forget to thank him for telling it; and yet you will obtain from God a thing you wished more than you can tell, and then go your way, and never say so much as that it pleased you. There is truth in

¹ I gladly take this opportunity of correcting an inaccuracy in my former paper relating to a story of the boyhood of the Rev. F. W. Robertson. It appears that it was his father who was shooting on the occasion referred to, and the son, then a little boy, prayed as he came up to the point that his father might kill the bird.

the words put into the mouth of the heroic Ajax by an old Greek tragedian—

“It becomes a man to bear a grateful mind.
Kindness gives birth to kindness in the heart,
When grateful memory holds its seat no more,
The man to every generous sense is lost.”

But God gives you a great many things beside. Perhaps no creature on the earth has so much cause for thankfulness as a boy. He has youth, with its bright freshness usually unclouded by care or sorrow. He has, as a rule, health of body and vigour of mind, with that keen sense of enjoyment which springs from the exercise of the powers and faculties. He has hope, with its gayest dreams of fancy, and an untrodden future, with its great possibilities, before him. Surely, if any one ought to be thankful, it is a free-hearted, happy boy. And then have you ever thought from how many dangers you are daily protected? That cricket ball which flew past your head, so that you could almost hear the rush of air close to your ear, who saved you from being struck by it? That stone in the deep pool of the river which you had not seen, or you would not have taken a “header” near it, who shielded you from it? That companion whose impure example you were with some misgivings following, who called him from your side, and set you free? Whatever may be the mercies of your life, for which you have reason humbly to be thankful, thank God most of all for the mercies that you never knew.

Once more, *it is a good thing to give thanks unto God.* It is good for ourselves. Our blessings are like iron filings in a heap of sand. The finger of common observation may pass through the grains and fail to distinguish them, but take the magnet of a thankful heart, and they will all stick to it. Only get into the way of forgetting your mercies, and you will soon come to think that you have no mercies to remember. And what will be the result of that? You will grow peevish and discontented. The greatest blessing a man can have in this world, is a thankful heart. It means a contented mind, a glad spirit, a cheerful countenance. It means seeing the rose and not the thorn, seeing the sunshine and not the cloud, it makes the difference between a life of brightness and one of gloom.

It is curious, if you think of it, that God should value our thanks. Can it really matter to Him whether He receives our poor thanks or not? I can imagine a king dispensing his bounty according to his sovereign will, and careless whether he is thanked or not. But he would be a king without a heart. And God is not so; He desires our thanks just because He has a heart overflowing with kindness, and He wishes you and me to know and feel how much He loves to do us good. If He has thought of your wants, will not you think of His praise?

2. But how are you to thank Him?

Let me venture again to offer you a few practical advices.

First. Cultivate a habit while you are young of watching for God's kindness—for His little favours as well as His great ones. This will excite a thankful spirit.

Second. Mingle your thanks with your prayers. At his window in ancient Babylon Daniel was found on his knees praying and giving thanks every day.

Third. Thank *heartily*. No man likes a cold, indifferent expression of thanks any more than he likes a cool shake of the hand. You can scarcely invent a more sure way of offending a friend than by disregard of his favours. And, if we may say so, with reverence, God likes to be thanked as good King David thanked Him—with the whole heart.

Fourth. Try not to think too highly of yourself. People who value themselves too much think everything that comes to them less than they deserve, and how can *they* be thankful?

Fifth. Give Him the highest thanks of all, in an earnest, faithful, unselfish life. Sometimes be ready to give up what you wish or value because your duty to Him requires it. Let this be your sacrifice of thanksgiving.

Lastly. Thank Him most for the gift of His Son Christ Jesus. What after all would the best blessings of earth be, if they were poisoned by the bitter reflection that we were the enemies of the Almighty? Just as in the jewelled casket there are many fair and precious stones set in sparkling beauty, but one supreme gem to which the others form a setting; so the favours of a gracious Providence, good and lovely in themselves, give a double radiance to that rich and costly token of divine love.

Thank God for all things temporal and spiritual, but Thank Him most for His unspeakable gift.

COLIN G. MACRAE.

Chinese Gordon.¹

By the Rev. DUNCAN CAMPBELL, B.D., Aberdeen.

“WHO is Chinese Gordon?” is a question which many have been asking. I cannot here tell the story of his life; I wish merely to point out some of its notable features. He has gone to pacify the Soudan. God help him! There will doubtless be further tidings of his mission before these lines reach the reader.

Much has been written and read about his campaign in China and his work in the Soudan under Khedive Ismail, much said of his “original military genius,” his “absolute disinterestedness and fearlessness,” his “extraordinary ascendancy over savage races,” his “capacity for inspiring trust,” but the root-principles of his character and conduct are not known so widely as they ought to be.

It takes us back to Covenanting or Puritan times when we read of the great soldier's childlike trust in the direction and upholding of his life by God, as evidenced by such passages as these—which occur again and again in his letters:—“My work is great, but does not weigh me down. I go on as straight as I can. I feel my own

¹ Authority—*The Story of Chinese Gordon.* By A. EGMONT HAKE

weakness, and look to Him who is almighty. . . . I trust God will pull me through every difficulty." "Were it not for the very great comfort I have in communion, and the knowledge that He (God) is Governor-General, I could not get on at all." On leaving Cairo upon a difficult mission to Abyssinia, he wrote, "I go up alone with an infinite almighty God to direct and guide me, and am glad to so trust Him as to fear nothing, and indeed to feel sure of success." At Khartoum, on one occasion, he was received with great ceremony as the representative of the Khedive—a royal salute fired, etc. He was expected to make a speech, but all he said was, "With the help of God I will hold the balance level."

Gordon is a tremendous disciplinarian; can be the sternest of the stern where need is, but he knows also how to forgive. An agent in whom he had reposed great confidence proved unworthy, and was dismissed in disgrace. But when asked by some of his officers to give him another chance, Gordon at once agreed to do so, using these remarkable and touching words, "One wants some forgiveness oneself, and it is not a dear article."

Gordon is often called a Fatalist. On this subject he writes—"We have nothing further to do when the scroll of events is unrolled than to accept them as being for the best. Before it is unrolled it is another matter; and you could not say I sat still and let things happen with this belief." If that is Fatalism, let us all be Fatalists, but such a spirit is *not* Fatalism but Faith.

Very significant, too, are his words with reference to the practice of prayer and his belief in its efficacy. "Praying for the people ahead of me whom I am about to visit gives me much strength, and it is wonderful how something seems already to have passed between us when I meet a chief (for whom I have prayed) for the first time." A confession like this from a man like Gordon will have weight on the prayer question, in quarters that no voice from the pulpit ever reaches. The passage has probably already sent to their knees men who have not prayed for many a long day.

Gordon's life is simple to austerity, his sole aim in life to do good. While acting as Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend, his house was "school, hospital, almshouse, in turn." He was constantly visiting among the poor and the sick, and was often sent for by the dying, that he might give them Christian counsel ere they passed. He would never take a prominent part in great religious assemblies, but was always willing to conduct services for the poor, and address a sweeps' tea-meeting. He spends almost nothing on himself. A friend, coming into his room one day, tells us, "We found his tea waiting for the Colonel, a most unappetising stale loaf and a teapot of tea. I remarked upon the dryness of the bread, when he took the whole loaf (a small one), crammed it into the slop basin, and poured all the tea upon it, saying it would soon be ready for him to eat; and in half an hour it would not matter what he had eaten." Once, in order to send £10 for those who were suffering from the cotton famine at Manchester, he sold a medal he had received from the Empress of China, for which he had a special liking.

It is, indeed, something to be thankful for, when so many are asking—"Is it really possible amid nineteenth-century conditions to live the Christ life?" to be able to point for answer to Chinese Gordon.

Life and Work Notes.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND YOUNG MEN'S GUILD.—Thirty-four new Branches have been affiliated since the report was presented to the last General Assembly, viz.—Rosemount, Aberdeen (Bible Class); Rubislaw, Aberdeen; Woodside, Aberdeen; Aboyne; Ayr; Braemar; Clarkston; Cruden; Dalziel; Dryfesdale; Dumbarton; Newington, Edinburgh; Ellon; Galashiels (Fellowship Association); Bluevale, Glasgow; Blythswood, Glasgow; Kingston,

Glasgow; Govan, Gaelic; Dean Park, Govan (Fellowship Association and Bible Class); Glasford; West Kirk, Greenock; Hallside, Cambuslang; Johnstone; Kirknewton; Lonmay; Morton; St. Mary's, Partick (Bible Class); Peterhead; Portobello (Working Young Men's Bible Union and Literary Society); Quarter; Skelmorlie; and Montreal. Steps are at present being taken to have Branches started in other parishes, and they also will shortly be affiliated. All information regarding the Guild will be gladly supplied by the *Secretary, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh.*

CRUDEN PARISH.—A meeting was held in the Lecture Room of the Parish Church on the evening of January 15, for the purpose of forming a local Branch of the Young Men's Guild. The Minister of the Parish presided, and the Rev. Thos. Young, Ellon, addressed the meeting. Thereafter it was agreed to form a local Branch of the Guild. Thirty enrolled their names as members, and elected a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and seven of a Committee.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY invites applications for the situation of colporteur. It is desirous to obtain men for this work who are possessed of sincere piety and zeal. There are about 190 such colporteurs presently engaged in selling books, periodicals, and tracts, in town and country districts. Last year the Society sold an amount equal in value to £38,248, and about 47,000 Bibles and Testaments. It is not possible to estimate the good that may be done by a well-organised body of efficient colporteurs carrying the gospel into the homes of our rural population. Particulars as to salary, etc., may be obtained from the Secretary, 13 South St. Andrew Street, Edinburgh.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Name the king who offered his eldest son for a burnt-offering. 2. Find from one of the minor prophets that an earlier king of the same nation seems to have proposed a similar sacrifice, and was restrained by a prophet. 3. Find notice of a choir of 288 skilled minstrels in 24 courses; and of 4000 Levites who praised the Lord. 4. How many direct references can you find in the New Testament to Christians (in this life) praising God by singing? 5. Find the last prediction in the Old Testament, and its fulfilment in the New Testament. 6-10. Find at least three texts for each of the following:—(a) We are to avoid occasions of sin; (b) to watch, or pray, against temptation; (c) to resist temptation; (d) the Lord is able to keep us from falling; (e) the Lord promises to deliver us from temptation (or trouble).

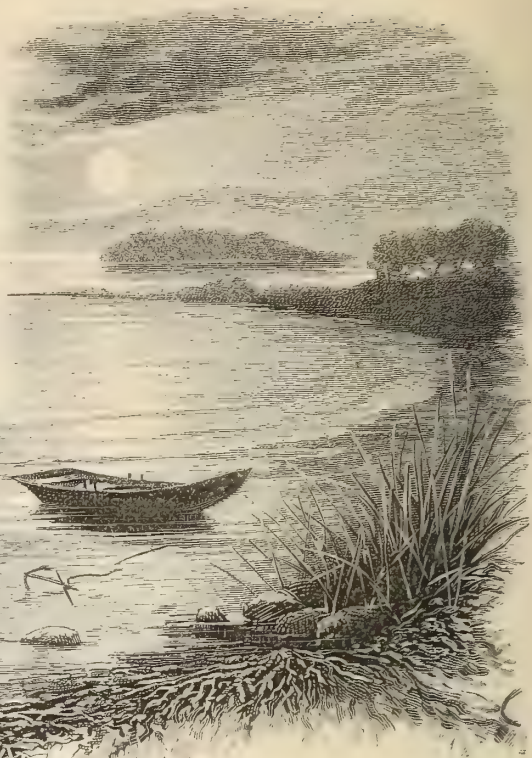
ANSWERS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Balaam, Numb. 23. 10. 2. 2 Pet. 2. 15; Jude 11.; Rev. 2. 14. 3-5. Gen. 15. 17; Exod. 3. 2; 13. 21; 14. 19 and 24; 16. 10; 19. 18; 24. 16, 17; 33. 9 (the cloudy pillar); 33. 22 with 34. 30; 40. 34, 35; 40. 36-38, and Numb. 9. 15-23; Numb. 14. 10; 16. 19 and 42; 20. 6; Lev. 9. 23, 24; Deut. 31. 15 (pillar of a cloud); Judges 6. 21; 1 Kings 8. 11; 18. 38; 2 Kings 2. 11; 6. 17; 1 Chron. 21. 26; 2 Chron. 7. 1; Ezek. 1. 4; 10. 4; Matt. 17. 2 and 5; Luke 2. 9; Acts 6. 15 (probably); 9. 3 (26. 13); 12. 7; Rev. 1. 14-16. 6. Gen. 19. 24; Exod. 9. 23-25; Lev. 10. 1, 2; Numb. 11. 1; 16. 35; 2 Kings 1. 10, 12; Job 1. 16. 7. Achan, Josh. 7. 13-26; Judas, Matt. 27. 3. 8. Christ before Annas, John 18. 13; Caiaphas, Matt. 26. 57; the Sanhedrim in the morning, Luke 22. 66; Pilate, John 18. 29; Herod, Luke 23. 7-11; Pilate, Luke 23. 13. 9. Matt. 26. 61 and 63; Luke 23. 2. 10. Pilate and Herod, Luke 23. 12; Judas, Matt. 27. 4.

Scriptural Sonnets.

"There shall be no night there."

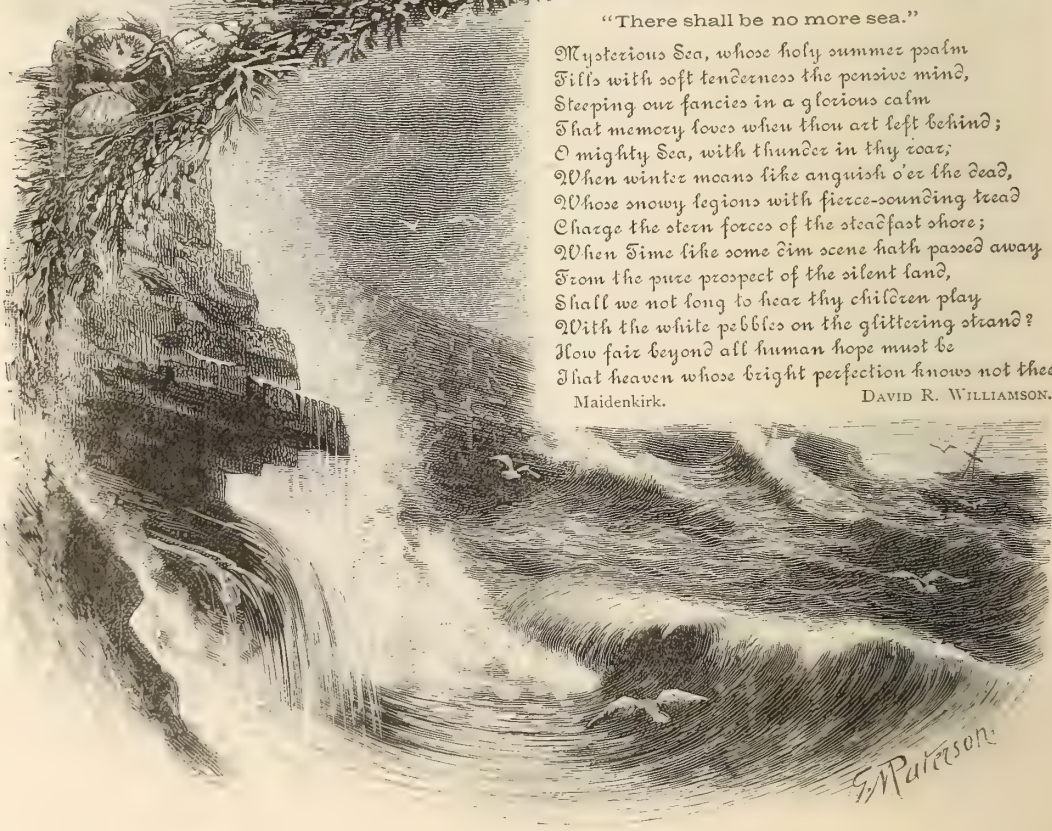
In Heaven there is no night. O Truth divine,
Found by the Preacher in the lonely isle!
Like some effulgent star thou didst beguile
His silent meditations, and didst shine
Like tender moonlight o'er the desolate sea
That heaved for ever round th' encircling shore.
No night, no darkness there! for we shall be
With God's own light and love for evermore.
No fear, no sorrow there! but heavenly bliss
That happiness of earth hath never known;
For we shall see the Father as He is,
Bathed in the living glory of His throne;
While seraphs sing: "Behold God's deathless day
For Death is dead, and night hath passed away."



"There shall be no more sea."

Mysterious Sea, whose holy summer psalm
Fills with soft tenderness the pensive mind,
Sleeping our fancies in a glorious calm
That memory loves when thou art left behind;
O mighty Sea, with thunder in thy roar;
When winter means like anguish o'er the dead,
Whose snowy legions with fierce-sounding tread
Charge the stern forces of the steadfast shore;
When Time like some dim scene hath passed away
From the pure prospect of the silent land,
Shall we not long to hear thy children play
With the white pebbles on the glittering strand?
How fair beyond all human hope must be
That heaven whose bright perfection knows not thee
Maidenkirk.

DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.



ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

APRIL 1884.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for April 1884.

1	Tu.	Service in Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, LECTURE by DR. P. A. YOUNG, 8 P.M.
2	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Musical Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Choir Practice.
3	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Meeting for preparation of Young Communi- cants, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
4	Fr.	Literary Society, 8.15 P.M.
5	Sa.	Dr. Macleod sees members regarding baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
6	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M., and 2.30 P.M. EVENING, 7 P.M. (The Afternoon Service is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are expected to bring the Children's Hymnal, and to sit in the lower part of the Church. Baptism is then administered.) Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, 10 A.M. Young Men's Bible Class, 2.30 P.M. Sabbath Schools, 4 P.M. Children's Church, Mission Hall, 11.15 A.M.
7	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Jamaica Street Hall, 3 P.M. Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, 8 P.M. Meeting of Session, 4.30 P.M.
8	Tu.	Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Service, Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association. Address by Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D. Sacred Music, 8 P.M.
9	W.	Same as 2d.
10	Th.	Prayer Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Meeting for Preparation of Young Communi- cants, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M.
11	Fr.	Literary Society, 8.15 P.M.
12	Sa.	
13	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M., 2.30 P.M. [A.M. Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, 10 Young Men's Bible Class, 6 P.M. Sabbath Schools, 4 P.M. Children's Church, 11.15 A.M. Service in Mission Hall, 6.30 P.M.
14	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Jamaica Street Hall, 3 P.M. Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
15	Tu.	Service in Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, CONCERT, 8 P.M.
16	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M.
17	Th.	Meeting for Preparation of Young Communi- cants, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M. [P.M. Literary Society, Valedictory Address, 8.15
18	Fr.	
19	Sa.	
20	S.	Same as 13th. COLLECTION FOR SMALL LIVINGS FUND.

21	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Jamaica Street Hall, 3 P.M. Mission Hall, 3 P.M. No Bible Class.
22	Tu.	Service in Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Associa- tion, 8 P.M.
23	W.	Same as 16th.
24	Th.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.30 P.M. Fore- noon, Rev. Bruce Begg, Abbotshall. After- noon, Rev. Charles Cowan, Morebattle.
25	Fr.	Choir Practice in Church, 8 P.M.
26	Sa.	Service in Church, 2.30 P.M.
27	S.	Communion Sunday. Services in Church, 11 A.M., 2.30 P.M., 6.30 P.M. Sabbath Morning Fellowship Association, 10 A.M. No Children's Church, Schools, or Class.
28	M.	Same as 21st.
29	Tu.	Service in Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, 8 P.M.
30	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Jamaica Street Hall, 6 P.M. Ladies' Sewing Meeting in connection with Missions, Mission Hall, 2.30 P.M. All invited.

April Communion.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated on the last Sabbath of April.

Token-cards will be given out to intending Communicants, who have not previously received them, on the *afternoon* of the Fast-Day, and on *Saturday*.

For particulars as to the services on these days, see Calendar.

Certificates of membership from other churches or parishes to be handed in to Dr. Macleod, 7 Royal Circus, when convenient; or they may be presented at the Elders' seat on the Fast-Day, in the afternoon.

Young Communicants will be admitted by the Kirk-Session at the close of public worship on the forenoon of the Fast-Day. Any who desire may remain for this interesting service.

On Communion Sunday the services will be as usual.

The Afternoon Table Service commences at 2.30. The Evening Service at 6.30.

Special Collections at all the services for congregational purposes.

PREPARATION FOR YOUNG COMMUNICANTS.

Meetings for this purpose will be held in the Halls on Thursdays during April, commencing on the 3d, at 8.15. No questions are publicly asked at these Meetings.

Dr. Macleod will also preach a Special Sermon with reference to the Holy Communion at the Evening Service in the Church, on the first Sabbath of April. The attendance of *non-Communicants* is particularly invited, as the object aimed at will not be indiscriminately to upbraid or condemn such as are in this position, but to help them out of their difficulties, and to quicken in their hearts a sense of the value and importance of this ordinance.

Small Livings Fund.

The Collection for this Scheme will be made on the third Sabbath of the month, the 20th. Some interesting facts regarding it will be found in a paper by the Convener in the last number of this Magazine. It surely behoves the members of the Church of Scotland seriously to ponder the fact that there are more than 300 of our ministers who hold "livings" which, including the value of the glebe, are each under £200 a year! Many more are only a little above that sum. No one can fail to see what this implies.

The first of the "Schemes" Collections for the present year—the Home Mission—has been most satisfactory. It amounted to £145.

Hints with regard to Public Worship.

Attend regularly.—It is by no means unnecessary to say this. Many attend with great irregularity. Of course allowance must be made for those who can only come every *second* Sunday—or only *once* on any Sunday. Again, for the mothers of young families, and others, who can only attend with the utmost difficulty. But, admitting this, there remains the fact that there are Communicants who wilfully absent themselves from public worship far more frequently than is justifiable. What does this indicate? In many cases religious indifference, lack of interest, a practical ungodliness.

Prepare yourself.—How few consider that the blessing of public worship depends largely on this! Never come to church without asking God to make the service a profitable and happy one. Come expecting and desiring to get good. "Open thy mouth wide, and God will fill it." "He filleth the hungry with good things; the rich he sends away empty." Pray for the minister, on whom rests the awful responsibility of conducting the service, and of "rightly dividing the Word of Truth." Think sometimes of the difficulty he must have in choosing subjects, and in handling them. Pray that he may be guided week by week to subjects *suitable to the occasion*, and that he may be endowed with *wisdom, utterance, and power*. Cast yourself utterly on the grace of God—the Holy Spirit.

Try to join heartily in the Service.—The practice of offering silent prayer on entering and before leaving church, now so common, is a most excellent one. It calms and solemnises the mind,

and draws down a blessing on speaker and hearer. Make an effort so to follow the prayers *in spirit*, that you may be able to say "amen" in your heart before God. It would be a great improvement in our Presbyterian service if "all the people were to say amen" audibly. If you are able to sing without inflicting pain on those sitting near you, do so. Our congregational singing is certainly a great improvement on what it once was, and probably in another building it would sound far more effective even than it now does; but it might be better still. Hundreds listen who ought to sing. Those who have any idea of music would do well to get the General Assembly's *Psalter*, and acquaint themselves with the practice of chanting the prose Psalms. This is the proper use of the Psalms; and in no part of the service should there be greater spiritual power if it is properly conducted. Above all, *every one*, without exception, should join audibly in the concluding Ascription, Glory be to the Father, etc. The utterance of these ancient and solemn words should ever form the culminating point in the act of public worship. The idea that people *only* come to church to hear a sermon is rapidly disappearing. The preaching of the Word is God's ordinance; so too is prayer and praise. There is much room yet, however, for a purer and more spiritual conception of what worship is.

Seek to carry away some definite Lesson or Truth.—To this end reflect on the psalms and hymns sung, as well as on the lessons for the day, in which there is generally some unity of idea. Recall the sermon, not critically or harshly, but with a readiness to receive whatever guidance, or comfort, or rebuke it was fitted to give.

Use whatever Influence you possess, in order to draw others to the House of Prayer.—Say "Come with us, and we will do thee good." "Compel them to come in."

Passages to be read every Sunday Morning.—Ps. xlii. and xliii.; Ps. lxxiv.; Matt. xxviii. 18-20; Luke xi. 9-13; 2 Tim. iv. 1-8.

A CLUB has been opened at 24 India Place for the use of working girls above the age of 13 years. The Club is open every night from 8 to 10 o'clock, and amusements and occupations, including games, needlework, singing, reading, etc., are provided for the girls; a short Bible lesson is also given every evening. 1d. weekly is paid by each girl taking advantage of the Club, to meet the expenses of lighting, firing, etc. A Committee of Ladies has undertaken the management of the Club, which is under their immediate personal superintendence. The undertaking is "undenominational," and we wish it every success.

Mr. James MacIntosh, 42 Queen Street, an ordained Elder of the Church of Scotland, formerly connected with New Greyfriars Church, has joined the Kirk-Session of this Parish.



APRIL 1884.

The Orphan Homes of Scotland.

By the Rev. JAMES MURRAY, M.A., Kilmalcolm.

I KNOW not that there is in broad Scotland a nobler charity, a more genuine example of Christian life and work, than that which I am now privileged briefly to describe. If my sketch prove uninteresting, the fault will be mine, not that of the subject.

The Homes are situated in the parish of Kilmalcolm and county of Renfrew. The traveller by the Glasgow and South Western Railway to Greenock gets a glimpse of them as he is whirled past. Soon after leaving Bridge of Weir Station, while the train is steaming along through a quiet rural district, suddenly, in a sweet nook among the hills on the left, there bursts upon his view a compact little village. In the centre he sees a large imposing building, flanked by two handsome towers, and grouped around it a number of pretty villas or cottages. In front flow the clear waters of Gryffe, and, on a green bank sloping up from the stream and turned towards the line of railway, there is cut out, in gigantic letters, this legend, "The Orphan Homes of Scotland." Seven years ago there was only a small farmhouse on the ground; now it is occupied by buildings representing a sum of over £40,000.

Before taking a closer survey let me say something about their origin.

One winter day, many years since, a boy of tender age stood bare-footed, bare-headed, cold and hungry, on the streets of Glasgow, appealing, piteously enough, to the compassion of the passers by. But no one seemed to care for the fate of the little waif—alas, his case was so very common; but the pity of it pressed heavily on the boy, and out of the heart of his own desolation there arose, that day, the thought, the resolve, that, if he were spared to grow to manhood, he would not be thus careless of the destitute little ones. He was spared, and he did not forget his resolve. These Homes are his work. His name is William Quarrier; and it well deserves to rank with those of the greatest of Scottish philanthropists. For more than twenty years he has been engaged in the Christ-like work of saving destitute little children. He began, in a very humble way, while working at his trade as a shoemaker; he continued, and extended his labours

as his business increased and his circumstances improved; and now, for two years, he has given up every other occupation, and, without fee or thought of reward, devotes his whole time to the care of helpless orphans. Twelve years ago, he told me,—and I relate the incident as throwing light on the peculiar character of the man,—it was borne in upon him that he should establish Homes for Orphans on a wider scale than he had hitherto thought of. He laid the matter before the Lord. "Lord," he prayed, "if it be Thy will that I should build a Home, as a token that Thou art with me, send me presently £2000." He told no one of his prayer; he waited quietly for an answer; and, ere many weeks, the sum asked was sent. On this simple principle, that the Lord answers prayer, he has acted ever since. His life of "faith" is a very striking phenomenon in this nineteenth century. He asks no one for subscriptions; he has no Board of Directors; he refuses to accept any endowment: the Lord, he says, will provide; he trusts Him literally for daily bread. A marked proof of his sincerity was given lately, when a lady offered him £8000 to endow his hospital home. He could not, and did not, accept it. To do so, he felt, would be to weaken his dependence on the Lord. Now, very likely, we may not agree with him in this matter; we may believe that the annual revenue from an endowment is as much sent by God as a hand-to-mouth supply; we may even regard his action in refusing the money as imprudent, as the very Quixotism of faith; but yet we cannot but admire his consistent adherence to the principles he has adopted.

The Homes that he built, and still maintains, in Glasgow were soon found to be insufficient; and, the money being sent him, as usual, unsolicited, he purchased, about seven years ago, the small estate of Nittingshill in Kilmalcolm Parish. The next year he began to build the large hall, and the money for it came in just as the work progressed. Thereafter the cottages were built, one after the other, each costing for erection and equipment £1500. In some cases the whole sum necessary to provide a Home was given by individuals in memory of some one dear to them who had passed away; and surely such a memorial is more worthy and becoming than the useless monuments that are often erected.

It may serve to give some idea of the magnitude of the work in which Mr. Quarrier is engaged, to state that during last year no fewer than 932 children were dealt with. Of these 682 had been permanently helped and taken care of, while the remaining 250 had received temporary assistance and shelter, for a day, a week, a year, according to the necessity of the case.

Where do the children come from? Literally from the highways and hedges, from the streets and slums of our cities, from every district in Scotland. Let us take an instance. Suppose any reader of this Magazine is moved to pity by the miserable appearance of, say, a boy and girl that he finds begging on the streets. He speaks kindly to the wretched little creatures, and learns that they have no home, no parents, or worse than none, that they sleep anywhere, in an entry or on a stair, and that they pick up their food just as they can. He is sorry and perplexed; but what can he do for them? How can he really help them? Here is the answer. Send, or rather, if possible, take them to Mr. Quarrier, at his City Home in James Morrison Street. No letter of recommendation, no voting paper or subscriber's card is necessary. They will be taken in and warmed and fed, while their case is being thoroughly investigated. If it shall appear that the children are really destitute, and that there are no friends able to support them, Mr. Quarrier will adopt them into his large family. After a period of probation in the City Home very likely they will be sent to the Orphan Homes in the country. Thither let us follow them, and see what life there is like.

In less than an hour from Glasgow we have travelled to Bridge of Weir station, and driven to Nittingshill. At the entrance to the Homes we are met by Mr. Quarrier, or his able lieutenant Mr. M'Connell, the schoolmaster, and really welcomed to as thorough an inspection as we have time or inclination for. There are no days or hours set apart for visitors; they are welcome at any time to see things just in their normal condition. On our left, as we enter, we notice a house larger and handsomer than the rest. It is the hospital—the "Bethesda Home" it is named. It is really a Home, also, for incurable children, only Mr. Quarrier's "faith" will not suffer him to regard any case as incurable. Here the sanitary and heating arrangements are excellent. The wards and corridors, with their polished wooden floors and tiled walls, are comfortably warmed, but fresh and airy. In one ward we find six or seven very little ones lying in tiny cots, their pale, wan faces turning towards us with a smile of pleasure as we enter. On the walls are bright pictures, such as children love; and the kindness of a friend has adorned even the windows with brilliant transparencies, representing the familiar nursery tales. In another room there are perhaps a score of convalescents playing very happily with their toys, under the

care of a motherly-looking woman, who is their nurse. Leaving the hospital, we now visit one of the ordinary cottage Homes. Very properly, it is not so nicely furnished as that we have left, but all is beautifully clean and orderly. At the head of it are a husband and wife called "father" and "mother," and under their charge are thirty children. These are of different ages, from a toddling infant of a twelvemonth to a boy or girl of twelve years. We find the family at dinner, each with a goodly mess of plain but wholesome food, to which ample justice is done. The days when they knew starvation are sufficiently near to give an additional relish. Upstairs are three large bedrooms, with ten cots in each, and at the head of each cot is a plain box, ingeniously constructed to serve as wardrobe, chair, and table. In this way every child is taught to be neat and orderly, and to take a proper care of its own possessions. Then there is a large bathroom, with every necessary appliance. Provision is also abundantly made for amusement; and, on the whole, the children look wonderfully cheerful and contented, especially the girls, who may be seen romping merrily about, as if they had never known want or care. There are twelve such Homes, substantially alike, and each accommodating, besides those in charge, thirty children. As they are at present nearly fully occupied, there are in all about 350 orphans. In addition, there are what are called the "Ferguslie Offices," presented by the late Thomas Coats of Paisley, combining steam washing-house, laundry, workshops, etc. The central building is worth a visit also, not only for the sake of the spacious class-rooms where the children are taught, or the great hall where they meet on Sundays for church, but, most of all, for the wonderful store-rooms. What supplies there are in one of bread, and meal, and rice, and barley, and pease, and every kind of substantial food. On a shelf, too, we are pleased to see jars of tempting sweetmeats. In another there are such heaps of miscellaneous clothing, old and new, of every size, and shape, and colour. It is a feature in these Homes that there is no depressing uniform. The children are not dressed alike—no small boon to them, I should think. This helps to take away the demoralising stigma of pauperism, and to encourage the free family and home feeling, which so much is done here to foster.

What is done with the children? I have already transgressed my allotted space, and must answer in a single sentence. Some are placed out at home, adopted, or sent to trades or service; but a large number—about 200 last year—are sent to Canada. There they find homes and work readily enough, and are carefully supervised and guided till they are at least eighteen years of age. A record is kept of each case, and Mr. Quarrier is prepared, from actual statistics, to prove that 95 per cent have turned out well.

May we not well call this a great and interesting

work? Is there any one who would not heartily wish it "God speed"? Remember, however, it costs money. More than £12,000 was expended last year; and, so strangely does it come in, from the most various and unexpected quarters, that there is seldom more than a week's supply in hand. It is well for Mr. Quarrier to have faith in God: but what of our faith? "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit?"

Sermon.

THE READING OF THE WORD.

By the Rev. THOMAS LEISHMAN, D.D., Linton, Kelso.

"Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—PSALM CIX. 105.

THIS verse implies that man is a wayfarer on a dark and unknown road. Not that revelation was needed to tell us this. Our earliest recollections are of a time when we had already come some way on our journey. Since then we have been always advancing, uncertain what the next step might bring, but knowing from what befell others that we must soon be "covered with the shadow of death." We are not in utter darkness. Reason and conscience cast some rays on the track at our feet. Yet we cannot but wish for some clearer light to make the path less obscure, and pierce the gloom that lies beyond. The Psalmist tells us here that God gives such a light to those who have His Word and use it rightly.

This enlightening Word has been given in divers manners. There were many ages in which there was no written revelation, "but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." As time passed, He made some of these utterances to be recorded, that they might remain for the instruction of His people ever after. The collection of histories and prophecies, of treatises for instruction and forms of worship, which we call the Old Testament, was thus gradually compiled. Then One who is in a far higher sense the Word of God "was made flesh and dwelt among us;" and He said of Himself, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." After His ascension the Scripture was completed by the memoirs of the Redeemer's life, the history of the infancy of His Church, and revelations of higher doctrine through His disciples. Afterwards ages passed, during which a volume that could be multiplied only by the slow labour of the copyist was a rare and costly possession. Now, however, the art of printing has so increased the books, and education the readers, that there are hardly any among us who cannot possess

and study the Word of God. It is a law of His kingdom that "to whom He hath committed much, of him He will ask the more." As no people have had more free access than we to the wells of salvation, of none will He require a more strict account as to the use made of the water of life.

In dwelling on this subject let us keep before us the figure used by the Psalmist. He compares the Scripture not to one of the lights of heaven, but to a lamp, sufficient for little more than to direct our steps on the road which leads by the way of death to the judgment-seat of God.

Many persons in reading the Bible forget this. Some, for example, study it as if it were meant to be a manual of scientific knowledge. It does touch on such matters incidentally, often in the phrases of popular speech. But the facts are alluded to, because of their connection with the spiritual history of man from his fall to his redemption, not that they may be fitted into their places in the system of the astronomer or geologist. The light of Scripture is given, not that we may look back on the distant past from which we have come, not that we may linger to examine what is around us, but that we may press forward to that which is before, and look upward to Him who is above, God blessed for ever.

There are people, too, who, seeking amusement rather than light, confine their reading to the narratives of Scripture. When they open their Bibles they turn to the histories of the patriarchs, or the annals of the Jewish nation, or, it may be, the Gospels. But they never think of studying the Psalter, or the Prophets, or the Epistles. Perhaps they have brought this habit with them from the days of childhood. They heard those biographies and histories from the lips of parents whose hope was that their children, having learned to listen with reverence and interest to the Book of God, would be impelled by the expanding powers and deepening feelings of later years to search the other parts of it. No doubt old and young alike may be profited by the historical portions of Scripture, by no books assuredly more than by the writings of the Evangelists. But "all scripture is profitable," and if persons of sufficient age and intelligence neglect that large portion of God's Word which has come to us by the ministry of prophets and apostles, are they not lessening the radiance of the heavenly light?

Others, whose mental force or activity of conscience prevents such partial and superficial use of the Word, give heed to the whole counsel of God, but allow the mists of controversy to darken its light. Doctrine is not like science, a thing apart from the proper matter of the sacred writings. They set forth what man is to believe concerning God, as well as what duty God requires of man. To search out, to verify, to compare their doctrines, is one of the most responsible duties, not only of the ministry, but of the private Christian. But this

is profitable to those only who never lose hold of the truth that the Word is given to throw light on our heavenward way. It is well to remember this, for there are men who search the Scripture rather for intellectual exercise than that they may learn how to confess Christ and deny themselves. And there are those not qualified to be prominent disputants themselves, in whose eyes a stout controversialist is the highest type of a holy man. Your chief concern in doctrinal questions is the profit they can bring to your own souls. Thus it is of little avail to speculate on the order of God's counsels in the past eternity, or the mode in which He now directs the operations of His grace, if we fail to see that these truths are revealed to confirm the hope and fix the trust of the penitent, conscious of his own weakness and the fearful power of Satan. The doctrine regarding the Blessed Trinity may be held with unimpeachable orthodoxy, but without any experience of the personal illumination given to those who have learned to embrace in One, and without any distraction of affection, the Father, the Enlightener, and the loving Saviour, our very brother, who dwelt with us and died for us. So every doctrine of Scripture may have a darkening or an enlightening influence, as it is used for speculation or for guidance. Many gazing on these deep things of God, and taking no heed to their steps, have stumbled and fallen.

Why is it that in these days when "the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth," so many who are interested in the Word of God fail to be enlightened by it? There is in man a native repugnance to the paths of pleasantness and peace. It is this that makes him so ready to use the Bible in any way rather than as a director of his steps. In the words of Jesus, he "sees, and does not perceive;" "his eye being evil, his whole body is full of darkness." To find true profit and pleasure in the Word, we need personal enlightenment from the same Spirit who gave it to the world. His blessing is always ready to be bestowed through the pleading of Him who in old time loved to open to the day eyes that had been sealed from birth, and still rejoices to grant the desire of those who cry, like Bartimæus, "Son of David, have mercy on me." When you are about to open the book of Scripture, let some silent prayer like this rise from the heart, "Lord, help me to read, to understand, to love, to follow Thy Word. Lighten my darkness by Thy Spirit, that I may see the way and walk in it."

Reading of the Word ought to be a frequent and regular exercise. Doubtless you wish to do more than to receive unconsciously those Christian truths and influences which no one living in a Christian community can escape. Every one ought to do and believe certain things in submission to the will of God, revealed to himself in earnest and prayerful study of the holy volume. Do this both in God's house and in your own.

Thanks be to Him, the day is past when it was necessary to plead for the restoration of Scripture-reading to its vacant place in the service of our Church. But it is still requisite to remind worshippers that a heedless demeanour or wandering thoughts are as inexcusable at this part of divine service as at others. There are Christian people who show more interest when a fellow man is setting forth the way of truth than when God Himself is the teacher. But let me also press on you that part of the duty which is of more constant obligation, and more easily evaded—the reading of the Bible in your own homes, both in the closet and at the family altar. So often as you are entering on it, consider that you ought to do so, not to keep up a habit, not to search out dark questions wherewith to exercise the intellect, but that you may have light thrown upon your journey for that day. It will give forth its teaching in rich variety. You will find duties recommended, now in direct counsels, and again, by the examples of holy men who fulfilled those duties, and so found peace of conscience, good repute among men, and favour with God. Be followers of them, when the same duties lie in your way. You will find sins condemned, and their bitter fruits shown forth. Do those sins tempt you in your daily life? Keep the hand from working them, lest on you too judgment should fall. Is the desire of them in your heart? Cast it out, lest the thought become the act of evil. Is the memory of them on your conscience? Redemption from sin is the very burden of Scripture. In the Gospels you can follow the life of One who was unwearied in calling sinners to come to Him for pardon, or read of the death whereby He reconciled them to God. In the Epistles you can study the truth regarding the risen Saviour, as it came from men who had found peace in Him, and who there tell to others what He had done for their souls.

Every privilege has its corresponding temptation. It is possible to become so familiar with the letter of Scripture that it is no longer to the reader as the voice of God. There is no better way of withstanding this danger than to keep firm hold of the truth set forth in the text, that the Word is a light given to illumine our way. Do not read it as men study a work which attracts them by presenting new thoughts in striking language, but rather as they master a practical manual treating of their own avocation, thinking always of the end for which they would make its lessons available. You will never find the Bible read in this way becoming too familiar to profit you. You will be constantly discovering new relations between its truths, new touches of character in its examples, new applications of its precepts. The longer you are guided by it, you will be associating reminiscences with every part of it, which, like long-remembered poetry or an old strain of music, will waken emotions deeper though calmer than the sudden

surprise of novelty can excite. Giving heed to these things, brethren, you will find the path of life becoming clearer and easier, till the day break and the shadows flee away.

The Stranger.

THERE came to the door of the grand new church
A stranger poor and old,
And the trim, bald, pewman he showed him a seat,
With a look austere and cold.

His back was bent with an age's toil,
And white was his untrimmed hair,
And his old gray coat of a homely cut
Was time-rent here and there.

He took the seat that the pewman showed
With a humble and thankful air ;
And, ere he sat down, on the desk he leaned
And travelled to heaven in prayer.

"But where does he come from, that strange old man,
With the coat so rent and bare ?"
Asked every eye in the area wide,
With a long, uncivil stare.

"Where does he come from, we want to know,
And what in the world means he ?
Shall he come to our church in a coat like that,
And be more devout than we ?"

They let him sit on, but they shunned him, all,—
He sat in a crowd, alone ;
No Bible nor book of his own had he,
Nor seemed he in want of one.

The ploughman he robbed of his wonted sleep,
And the shoemaker stared so long
He missed the text, and he lost the "heads,"
And his mind-notes all went wrong.

And the teacher's wife, in a neighbouring pew,
When her thoughts began to roam,
They strayed to the stranger and his coat,
And not to the wants of home.

And over the heart of the good J.P.
A feeling of loathing crept ;
"He cannot be clean in that coat," thought he,
"And the church must all be swept."

But little for looks cared that strange old man,
And less for their thoughts cared he ;
For his soul was athirst for the stream of life
That flows from Galilee.

He moved his lips when the pastor prayed ;
He crooned when a hymn was sung ;
And watched with an eye and an ear for all
That fell from the preacher's tongue.

And when the last word had been said and heard,
While the people were pressing past,
He sat in his seat till the way was clear,
Then went—of that crowd the last.

But whether his soul is so thirsting still,
Or whether his longings are o'er,
In that grand new church there is no one that knows,
For he came, to be shunned, no more.

DAVID WINGATE.

Morrison and China Missions.

By the Rev. ROBERT MILNE, D.D., Perth.

THE name of Robert Morrison, the first Protestant Missionary to China, is not so familiar to the present as it was to a former generation. Yet it is a name well worthy of being kept in remembrance. His life, measured by years, was not a long one. He died at the age of fifty-two. But few lives, even of those who occupy a distinguished place in the annals of missionary enterprise, have been marked by more intense devotion, practical sagacity, and unwearying diligence, or by fuller and more fruitful work.

He was born on January 5, 1782, at Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland. Shortly afterwards his father, James Morrison, who was a native of the district of Dunfermline, removed to Newcastle, where he established a successful business as a last and boot maker. He was an exemplary and God-fearing man, and for many years he held office as an elder in a Scotch Church in the town. Robert at an early age was apprenticed to his father's occupation, and "served his time" in that spirit of fidelity always so characteristic of him. While so engaged, however, he became the subject of deep religious impressions, and began to look forward to the work of the ministry. Having, by means familiar to the poor but earnest student, made some progress in classical learning, he applied (1802) for admission to Hoxton Academy (High-bury College), an institution which has rendered valuable service to many young men like minded. The application was favourably entertained, and the regular course of instruction completed with success and credit. It has been stated by one of his intimate friends that the "early development of his mental character was marked by no predominant feature save that of intense and continued application ;" but his personal influence was from the first of a notable kind. Among his fellow-students he had been accustomed to speak, "in a tone of most fervent and impressive conviction," of the claims of the heathen world on the Church ; and the strength of the conviction was shown in the offer of service made by him (1804) to the Directors of the London Missionary Society.

The offer was free and without reserve. He was willing to go wherever he might be sent. And it having been intimated to him that the Directors were desirous he should proceed to China in order to lay the foundation of a Protestant mission there, he at once set about the necessary preparation. In addition to special training, which he received at the Missionary Institution, Gosport, he attended lectures on astronomy and medicine. Not only so, but by the help of the somewhat scanty materials at that time contained in the British Museum, combined with the instructions of a native Chinaman to whom he had been introduced, he contrived to acquire a considerable knowledge

of the Chinese language. On 8th January 1807 he was ordained and set apart to his work in Swallow Street Church, London, a place of worship long connected with the Church of Scotland. His instructions, conceived in the spirit and wisdom of true Protestantism, and showing an appreciation at once of the possibilities and difficulties of his position, were to master the Chinese language and translate the sacred Scriptures, waiting to see what should or could next be done.

A week or two later, in company with certain fellow-missionaries going to India, he embarked at Gravesend for Canton. It was necessary that the voyage should be made by New York, passage being taken thence in American vessels. In those days missionaries could not go out to India in an English vessel except by permission of the East India Company, a permission often refused. And, though never once wavering in his purpose, we can discern something of the sore trial at this time experienced by Morrison in connection with the sacrifice and service of faith he had undertaken. It was trial to be encountered in sharper form than now, when the ends of the earth are so closely brought together. The missionary of the present day can look forward to the well-earned furlough, in course of which he may revive former friendships, make known, with much advantage to the Church, what things God hath wrought by his ministry, and in the communication of grace find his own spirit strengthened. But in a former age it was different. At that period proceeding on a mission to such a country as China seemed to imply a final farewell to one's father's house and native land. And the parting, to a man of Morrison's tender and affectionate disposition, must have been unspeakably painful. We perceive this from several entries in his diary, *e.g.* "Feb. 27.—Last evening we saw the Isle of Wight, in all probability the last of the English coast that we shall see. It is a land that is dear to me, that of my fathers' sepulchres. There rests my mother. Epithets fail me. Suffice it to say she was my mother. There live my father, my brother, and my sisters. The God of heaven bless that happy land."

The voyage lasted for several months, and lay for the most part over rude and tempestuous seas. At length (September 1807) Canton was reached, and a first glimpse of the scene of his future labours obtained. The situation was a most difficult one. Missionary work was then under prohibition. Natives were not even allowed to give instruction in the language to foreigners. Ere long, however, he discovered a Roman Catholic citizen of Peking, who agreed to run the risk of being his teacher. Never was there a more diligent student, and seldom has more rapid progress been made. He had resolved on preparing a Chinese Grammar, a Translation of the Scriptures, and a Dictionary, and he laboured incessantly in order to accomplish his purpose. After a time he removed to Macao, on the western side

of the estuary of the river. Here, in 1809, he married Miss Morton, the daughter of a resident medical gentleman, and fixed his chief place of abode. The same year he was appointed Secretary and Translator to the British Factory, as the Company's establishment in Macao was called. The appointment was in every respect advantageous to him. It was a testimony to his attainments as a scholar. It rendered his position more secure. It brought him into contact with the different classes of the natives, and gave him opportunity of becoming better acquainted with their manners and customs, phrases and forms of speech. And, while the varied and often difficult duties of his appointment were discharged with rare tact and ability, his work as an ambassador of Christ continued to be his first and chief thought.

It was a great satisfaction to him to learn, in 1812, that the Society had been able to associate with him in the Mission the Rev. W. Milne from Aberdeenshire. The selection was a most happy one. Men of kindred spirit, they took sweet and profitable counsel together. It having, however, been found impossible, owing to the suspicions of the Romish Ecclesiastics on the one hand, and of the Chinese authorities on the other, for Mr. Milne to remain either at Macao or Canton, he settled at Malacca as the head of the Anglo-Chinese College—an institution which was intended to furnish to the natives instruction in Chinese and European literature, in the expectation that some of them might become missionaries to their countrymen. Mr. Morrison had hoped for much from this institution, of which he was virtually the founder. It was a great sorrow and discouragement to him when Dr. Milne, who had guided it with much skill and enthusiasm, and who had, moreover, rendered valuable assistance in the translation of the Scriptures, was removed by death.

Yet, amid all difficulties and disappointments, Morrison continued steadfast and energetic. What he found to do was done with might. His fame as a scholar went abroad; learned men at home and on the Continent corresponded with him on linguistic matters. The University of Glasgow had, in 1817, bestowed on him the degree of D.D., in "acknowledgment of the philological books he had published and was publishing." But, whatever the distinction he might receive, there was no intermission of his toilsome activity. It told upon him, no doubt. Occasionally he speaks of the weariness and fatigue attendant on "dictionary writing." But it is a signal proof of his industry and perseverance that, within fifteen years, in addition to many other publications, the great works he had undertaken were completed. No doubt, as he often modestly remarked, these works might be far from perfect, but he had at least laid a foundation on which others might build. And the valuable service he rendered in this respect has continued to be widely and gratefully acknowledged.

In 1824 he was enabled to return home, and during that and the following year he addressed many meetings with great effect, and succeeded in awakening no little missionary enthusiasm. For his word was with power—the living utterance of what he felt and longed for. He returned to China in 1826, having married a second time while on his visit to England. (His first wife died in 1821.) Eight years more of active labour were allotted to him. They were busily spent, as bygone years had been. But his strength—no wonder after what he had accomplished—had been weakened in the way. He began to feel and to say that his work was done. It became necessary too that his home should be broken up, and that Mrs. Morrison with some of the younger members of the family should return to England. On the 14th December 1833, in the growing darkness of the evening, he saw them embark on the homeward voyage. It was a final parting. *They* accomplished the voyage in safety; but, after a few months of anxious occupation and increasing infirmity, *he*, on the 1st August 1834, entered into rest. He died at Canton, but was buried at Macao in the spot where others dear to him had already been laid. His death was widely mourned. He had been the savour of life unto life to many. If he had not been able to carry on direct evangelistic work to any extent—that in the circumstances was impossible—he had from first to last been the devoted Missionary serving God in the gospel of His Son.

The Roman Catholic Mission, designed by the illustrious Francis Xavier, and begun in the 16th century, claims to have made many converts. But, for long, Protestant churches appeared to look in helplessness and hopelessness towards the immense country with its 400,000,000 of population. Protestant missionary effort in connection with it is to be dated from the appointment of Morrison. And wonderful changes have occurred since. The country, in which he could not dare to make known for what purpose he had come, is now open to the preaching of the gospel. Missionary interest is every day being quickened. It is estimated that 29 Missionary Societies, represented by 250 ordained Missionaries, are now at work in it. Our own Church, though somewhat tardily, has entered the field, and has already reason to give thanks for what has been wrought by her. The converts, attached to the various churches and societies, are said to number 20,000; and there are many adherents. "If," it has been remarked, "Protestant Missions increase at the same rate as within the last 35 years, there will be in A.D. 1913 in China 26,000,000 communicants, and 100,000,000 Protestant Christians." But whatever may be the successes or disappointments of the future, there can be no doubt as to the duty of the Church of Christ. On one occasion at an early stage in his career, the question was put to Morrison in that

hard and scornful spirit, not seldom displayed even by members of Christian churches towards the work of the Missionary—"Do you expect you will make an impression on the idolatry of the Chinese Empire?" "No," was the answer, "but I expect that God will." And in proportion as the church is animated by a like spirit of holy confidence and consecration, the work of the Lord is wrought by her, and His glory revealed to her, righteousness and praise springing forth before all the nations.

The late Hugh Barclay, LL.D.,

SHERIFF-SUBSTITUTE OF PERTH.

WITH PORTRAIT.

A VENERABLE man, the oldest judge and the oldest Sunday School teacher in the land, has fallen asleep. Sheriff Barclay had been, long ago, one of the founders of the Glasgow City Mission: he had taught a Sunday School class for more than sixty years, and was at the time of his death superintendent of the large Sunday School connected with the West Parish, Perth. He had a great reputation as an able and painstaking judge, and his *Digest of the Law of Scotland for Justices of the Peace* has passed through four editions—an unusual fact in the case of a large and costly book of law. For many years he was one of the most influential members of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland; and those who have longest known the Assembly will have most difficulty in realising that he will no more start from the front cross-bench and press his clear earnest counsels on the fathers and brethren who held him in such high regard. He was one of the original members of the Committee on Christian Life and Work; and a steady friend he proved to be in many a day of conflict and difficulty. Many a long letter he wrote upon its business, in the large, round, firm writing that was so characteristic of his strong open character. His colleagues will miss him, and mourn him so long as they survive him. He was a constant contributor to this Magazine in the form of its monthly issue which is prepared for soldiers and sailors.

We cannot attempt to give a biographical notice: a tribute of sorrowing regard is all we can attempt. But our readers will think it right that we record a few facts concerning him. He was born in Glasgow in 1799, his father being a cadet of an old Scotch family of distinction. He became a member of the Glasgow Faculty of Procurators in 1821, and was preparing to pass into the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh when he was turned from that course by the offer of the Sheriff-Substitutship at Dunblane, in 1829. The income was at that time only £200 a year. He was afterwards appointed to the more important post of Sheriff Substitut at Perth, and he held it until a few

months before his death, when the infirmities of old age induced him to retire. Sixteen years before his death he was presented with his portrait and a large sum of money, to which many friends at a distance, and all his neighbours in Perthshire, had subscribed, in token of their warm appreciation of his integrity and public-spirited benevolence. He had not only done all his own work well, but had been for many years foremost in every good work to which citizens and Christians give their help. He was a loyal churchman; but he was no sectarian; and men of all churches honoured him. When the end came he was ready to go. He knew in whom he believed, and his strong simple faith did not fail him in the supreme hour of trial. He

had left written directions that his funeral was not to be a public one, but he wished the children of the three Industrial Schools in Perth to attend it. A public funeral it was—though not formally so—and all the city was moved, so that the long procession, with the children leading it, passed through sorrowing thousands, “some of the poorest in rags, and many of all classes in tears,” says one who saw the memorable scene of the beloved sheriff’s burial.

We shall not look on his like again. The Church of Scotland has always had good cause to be proud of her elders in the General Assembly. There are young and able men—some of high rank, many of great social and public influence—now occupying those cross-benches where the good Sheriff sat among



his contemporaries, many of whom passed away before him. The good cause will not lack friends and defenders. But none know better than those younger men how great is the change which has left the place vacant for them. We think of Mr. David Smith, Mr. Henry Cheyne, Mr. Walter Cook, Mr. James Baird, Sheriff Barclay, Dr. Andrew Robertson, Major Baillie, to all of whom the Church looked for the guidance which the experience of wise and good men can give. The venerated elder whom we have last named still goes out and in among his neighbours, bearing comfort and consolation to the poor and afflicted, but the General Assembly will see him no more. The rest are with “the majority.” And none of them was—no man could ever be—a better type of the Scottish Elder than Sheriff Barclay. Finding his most

cherished relaxation from professional toils in good works done to those around him, with a keen eye for the needs of men, and a sound head and heart leading to the right supply of those needs, himself a humble and consistent Christian, he was a tower of strength to the congregation in which he was an office-bearer. In the public discussions to which prominent men like himself are called, he was prompt in argument, strong in statement, quick to detect a fallacy, still quicker to welcome sound reasoning, courteous to every opponent, and loyal to his friends,—a man in whom no selfish ambition, no motive lower than the highest, had a moment’s sway. God send the Church he loved so well, and served so long, men like him! God comfort the widow and children who so sorely miss his wise and loving life!

A. H. C.

The Prairie Chief and the Preacher.

A TALE.

By R. M. BALLANTYNE.

PART IV.

ON reaching the neighbourhood of the Blackfoot camp, Whitewing and his companions crept to the top of the eminence which overlooked it, taking care, however, to keep as far away as possible from the sentinel who still watched there.

Brighteyes proved herself to be quite as expert as her male companions in advancing like a snake through the long grass, though encumbered with a blanket wrapped round her shoulders. The use of this blanket soon became apparent. As the three lay prone on their faces looking down at the camp, from which the sound of voices still arose in subdued murmurs, the young chief said to his sister—

“Let the signal be a few notes of the song Brighteyes learned from the white preacher. Go.”



Without a word of reply the girl began to move gently forward, maintaining her recumbent position as she went, and gradually, as it were, melted away.

The moon was still shining brightly, touching every object with pale but effective lights, and covering hillocks and plains with correspondingly dark shadows. In a few minutes Brighteyes had crept past the young sentinel and lay within sight—almost within earshot—of the camp.

Much to her satisfaction she observed that the Indians had not bound their captives. Even the missionary's hands were free. Evidently they thought, and were perhaps justified in thinking, that escape was impossible, for the horses of the party were all gathered together and hobbled, besides being under a strong guard, and what chance would women and children have out on the plains on foot against mounted men expert to follow the faintest trail? As for the white man,

he was a man of peace and unarmed as well as ignorant of warriors' ways. The captives were therefore not only unbound, but left free to move about the camp at will, while some of their captors slept, some fed, and others kept watch.

The missionary had just finished singing a hymn, and was about to begin to read a portion of God's Word, when one of the women left the group and wandered accidentally close to the spot where Brighteyes lay. It was Lighthouse.

"Sister," whispered Brighteyes.

The girl stopped abruptly and bent forward to listen with intense anxiety depicted on every feature of her pretty brown face.

"Sister," repeated Brighteyes, "sink in the grass and wait."

Lighthouse was too well trained in Indian ways to speak or hesitate. At once, but slowly, she sank down and disappeared. Another moment and Brighteyes was at her side.

"Sister," she said, "Manitou has sent help. Listen. We must be wise and quick."

From this point she went on to explain in as few words as possible that three fleet horses were ready close at hand to carry off three of those who had been taken captive, and that she, Lighthouse, must be one of the three.

"But I cannot, will not, escape," said Lighthouse, "while the others and the white preacher go into slavery."

To this Brighteyes replied that arrangements had been made to rescue the whole party, and that she and two others were merely to be, as it were, the firstfruits of the enterprise. Still Lighthouse objected, but when her companion added that the plan had been arranged by her affianced husband, she acquiesced at once with Indian-like humility.

"I had intended," said Brighteyes, "to enter the Blackfoot camp as if I were one of the captives and thus make known our plans, but that is not now necessary. Lighthouse will carry the news; she is wise and knows how to act. Whitewing and Little Tim are hid on yonder hillock like snakes in the grass. I will return to them, and let Lighthouse, when she comes, be careful to avoid the sentinel there——"

She stopped short, for at the moment a step was heard near them. It was that of a savage warrior whose sharp eye had observed Lighthouse quit the camp and who had begun to wonder why she did not return.

In another instant Brighteyes flung her blanket round her, whispered to her friend "Lie close," sprang up, and, brushing swiftly past the warrior with a light laugh—as though amused at having been discovered—ran into camp, joined the group round the missionary, and sat down. Although much surprised, the captives were too wise to express their feelings. Even the missionary knew enough of Indian tactics to prevent him from committing himself. He calmly continued the reading in

which he had been engaged, and the Blackfoot warrior returned to his place, congratulating himself, perhaps, on having interrupted the little plan of one intending runaway.

Meanwhile Lighthouse, easily understanding her friend's motives, crept in a serpentine fashion to the hillock where she soon found Whitewing—to the intense but unexpressed joy of that valiant red man.

"Will Little Tim go back with Lighthouse to the horses and wait, while his brother remains here?" said the young chief.

"No, Little Tim *won't*," growled the trapper, in a tone of decision that surprised his red friend. "Brighteyes is in the Blackfoot camp," he continued in growling explanation.

"True," returned the Indian, "but Brighteyes will escape, and even if she fails to do so now, she will be rescued with the others at last."

"She will be rescued with *us*, just *now*," returned Little Tim, in a tone so emphatic that his friend looked at him with an expression of surprise that was unusually strong for a red-skin warrior. Suddenly a gleam of intelligence broke from his black eyes, and, with the soft exclamation "Wah!" he sank flat on the grass again and remained perfectly still.

Brighteyes found that it was not all plain sailing when she had mingled with her friends in the camp. In the first place, the missionary refused absolutely to quit the captives. He would remain with them, he said, and await God's will and leading. In the second place, no third person had been mentioned by her brother, whose chief anxiety had been for his bride and the white man, and it did not seem to Brighteyes creditable to quit the camp after all her risk and trouble without some trophy of her prowess. In this dilemma she put to herself the question, "Whom would Lighthouse wish me to rescue?"

Now, there were two girls among the captives, one of whom was a bosom friend of Lighthouse; the other was a younger sister. To these Brighteyes went, and straightway ordered them to prepare for flight. They were of course quite ready to obey. All the preparation needed was to discard the blankets which Indian women are accustomed to wear as convenient cloaks by day. Thus, unhampered, the two girls wandered about the camp as several of the others had occasionally been doing. Separating from each other, they got into the outskirts in different directions. Meanwhile a hymn had been raised, which facilitated their plans by attracting the attention of the savage warriors. High above the rest, at one prolonged note, the voice of Brighteyes rang out like a silver flute.

"There's the signal," said Little Tim, as the sweet note fell on his listening ear.

Rising as he spoke, the trapper glided in a stooping posture down the side of the hillock, and round the base of it, until he got immediately behind the youthful sentinel. Then, lying down

and creeping towards him with the utmost caution, he succeeded in getting so near that he could almost touch him. With one cat-like bound Little Tim was on the Indian's back and had him in his arms, while his broad, horny hand covered his mouth, and his powerful forefinger and thumb grasped him viciously by the nose.

It was a somewhat curious struggle that ensued. The savage was much bigger than the trapper, but the trapper was much stronger than the savage. Hence the latter made fearful and violent efforts to shake the former off; while the former made not less fearful, though seemingly not quite so violent, efforts to hold on. The red man tried to bite, but Tim's hand was too broad and hard to be bitten. He tried to shake his nose free, but unfortunately his nose was large, and Tim's grip of it was perfect. The savage managed to get just enough of breath through his mouth to prevent absolute suffocation, but nothing more. He had dropped his tomahawk at the first onset, and tried to draw his knife, but Tim's arms were so tight round him that he could not get his hand to his back where the knife reposed in his belt. In desperation he stooped forward and tried to throw his enemy over his head; but Tim's legs were wound round him, and no limpet ever embraced a rock with greater tenacity than did Little Tim embrace that Blackfoot brave. Half choking, and wholly maddened, the savage suddenly turned heels over head, and fell on Tim with a force that ought to have burst him, but Tim didn't burst! He was much too tough for that. He did not even complain!

Rising again, a sudden thought seemed to strike the Indian, for he began to run towards the camp with his foe on his back; but Tim was prepared for that. He untwined one leg, lowered it, and with an adroit twist tripped up the savage, causing him to fall on his face with tremendous violence. Before he could recover, Tim, still covering the mouth and holding tight to the nose, got a knee on the small of the savage's back and squeezed it smaller. At the same time he slid his left hand up to the savage's windpipe and compressed it. With a violent heave the Blackfoot sprang up. With a still more violent heave the trapper flung him down, bumped his head against a convenient stone, and brought the combat to a sudden close. Without a moment's loss of time Tim gagged and bound his adversary. Then he rose up with a deep inspiration, and wiped his forehead as he contemplated him.

"All this comes o' your desire not to shed human blood, Whitewing," he muttered. "Well, p'raps you're right; what would ha' bin the use o' killin' the poor crittur? But it was a tough job!" Saying which, he lifted the Indian on his broad shoulders and carried him away.

While this fight was thus silently going on, hidden from view of the camp by the hillock,

Whitewing crept forward to meet Brighteyes and the two girls, and these, with Lightheart, were eagerly awaiting the trapper. "My brother is strong," said Whitewing, allowing the faintest possible smile to play for a moment on his usually grave face.

"Your brother is tough," returned Little Tim, rubbing the back of his head with a rueful look; "an' he's bin bumped about an' tumbled on to that extent that it's a miracle a whole bone is left in his carcase. But lend a hand, lad; we've got no time to waste."

Taking the young Blackfoot between them, and followed by the silent girls, they soon reached the thicket where the horses had been left. Here they bound their captive securely to a tree, and gave him a drink of water with a knife pointed at his heart, after which they regagged him. Then Whitewing mounted his horse and took Lightheart behind him. Little Tim took charge of Brighteyes. The young sister and the bosom friend mounted the third horse; and thus paired they all galloped away.

But the work that our young chief had cut out for himself that night was only half accomplished. On reaching the rendezvous which he had appointed, he found the braves of his tribe impatiently awaiting him.

"My father sees that we have been successful," he said to Bald Eagle, who had been unable to resist the desire to ride out to the rendezvous with the fighting men. "The great Manitou has given us the victory thus far, as the white preacher said He would."

"My son is right. Whitewing will be a great warrior when Bald Eagle is in the grave. Go and conquer; I will return to camp with the women."

Thus relieved of his charge, Whitewing, who, however, had little desire to achieve the fame prophesied for him, proceeded to fulfil the prophecy to some extent. He divided his force into four bands, with which he galloped off towards the Blackfoot camp. On nearing it, he so arranged that they should attack the camp simultaneously at four opposite points. Little Tim commanded one of the bands, and he resolved in his own mind that his band should be the last to fall on the foe.

"Bloodshed *may* be avoided," he muttered to himself; "an' I hope it will, as Whitewing is so anxious about it. Anyhow I'll do my best to please him."

Accordingly, on reaching his allotted position, Tim halted his men and bided his time.

The moon still shone over prairie and hill, and not a breath of air stirred blade or leaf. All in nature was peace, save in the hearts of savage man! The Blackfoot camp was buried in slumber. Only the sentinels were on the alert. Suddenly one of these—like the warhorse who is said to scent the battle from afar—pricked his ears, distended his nostrils, and listened. A low, muffled, thundrous sort of pattering on the plain in front!

It might be a herd of buffaloes. The sentinel stood transfixed. The humps of buffaloes are large, but they do not usually attain to the size of men! The sentinel clapped his hand to his mouth, and gave vent to a yell which sent the blood spirting through the veins of all, and froze the very marrow in the bones of some! Prompt was the reply and the turn-out of the Blackfoot warriors. Well used to war's alarms, there was no quaking in their bosoms. They were well named "braves."

But the noise in the camp prevented them from hearing or observing the approach of the enemy on the other side till almost too late. A whoop apprised the chief of the danger. He divided his forces and lost some of his self-confidence.

"Here comes number three," muttered Little Tim, as he observed the third band emerge from a hollow on the left.

The Blackfoot chief observed it too, divided his forces again and lost more of his self-confidence.

None of the three bands had as yet reached the camp, but they all came thundering down on it at the same time and at the same whirlwind pace.

"Now for number four," muttered Little Tim, "come, boys, an' at 'em!" he said, unconsciously paraphrasing the Duke of Wellington's Waterloo speech!

At the same time he gave utterance to what he styled a Rocky Mountain trapper's roar, and dashed forward in advance of his men, who, in trying to imitate the roar, intensified and rather complicated their own yell.

It was the last touch to the Blackfoot chief, who, losing the small remnant of his self-confidence, literally "sloped" into the long grass and vanished, leaving his men to still further divide themselves, which they did effectually by scattering right and left like small shot from a blunderbuss.

Great was the terror of the poor captives while this brief but decisive action lasted, for although they knew that the assailants were their friends they could not be certain of the issue of the combat. Naturally they crowded round their only male friend, the missionary.

"Do not fear," he said, in attempting to calm them, "the good Manitou has sent deliverance. We will trust in Him."

The dispersion of their foes and the arrival of friends almost immediately followed these words. But the friends who arrived were few in number at first, for Whitewing had given strict orders as to the treatment of the enemy. In compliance therewith his men chased them about the prairie in a state of gasping terror, but no weapon was used and not a man was killed, though they were scattered beyond the possibility of reunion for at least some days to come.

Before that eventful night was over the victors were far from the scene of victory on their way home.

"It's not a bad style o' fightin'," remarked Little

Tim to his friend as they rode away; "lots o' fun and fuss without much damage. Pity we can't do *all our fightin' in that fashion.*"

"Waugh!" exclaimed Whitewing; but as he never explained what he meant by "waugh" we must leave it to conjecture. It is probable, however, that he meant assent, for he turned aside in passing to set free the Blackfoot who had been bound to a tree. That red man, having expected death, went off with a lively feeling of surprise and at top speed, his pace being slightly accelerated by a shot—wide of the mark and at long range—from Little Tim.

Three weeks after these events a number of Indians were baptized by our missionary. Among them were the young chief Whitewing and Light-heart, and these two were immediately afterwards united in marriage. Next day the trapper, with much awkwardness and hesitation, requested the missionary to unite him and Brighteyes. The request was agreed to, and thenceforward the white man and the red became more inseparable than ever. They hunted and dwelt together—to the ineffable joy of Whitewing's wrinkled old mother, whose youth seemed absolutely to revive under the influence of the high-pressure affection brought to bear on a colony of brown and whitey-brown grandchildren by whom she was at last surrounded.

Reader, we must now dismiss our friends of the prairie, but not without telling you that the doubts and difficulties of Whitewing were finally cleared away; that he not only accepted the gospel for himself, but became anxious to commend it to others as the only real and perfect guide in life and comfort in death; and that, in the prosecution of his plans, he imitated the example of his "white father," roaming the prairie and the mountains far and wide with his friend the trapper, and even visiting the lodges of his old foes the Blackfoot Indians, in his desire to run earnestly, yet with patience, the race that had been set before him—"looking unto Jesus."

THE END.

[* * * In May: A TRUE SOLDIER. A Tale, in Three Chapters. By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.]

Our Sunday School System.

SOME OF ITS DEFECTS.

By the Rev. JAMES G. YOUNG, D.D., Monifeth,
Convener of the Church of Scotland's Committee on
Sunday Schools.

ACCORDING to the last Report on Sunday Schools presented to the General Assembly on the 29th of May 1883, the Church of Scotland has under instruction, including advanced classes taught by Ministers and Elders, 242,448 scholars, with, including the instructors of advanced classes, at least 20,000 teachers—262,448 in all; while beyond this region of exact statistics there remains, and pro-

bably always will remain, a number of unreported schools which work on in silence and give no sign. The system of Sunday School instruction has therefore obviously attained to such dimensions, and is still so far from having reached its limits, that it well becomes us to inquire what can be done to remedy its defects and increase its influence.

The Sunday School system has many defects: it is susceptible of many improvements; its most enthusiastic advocates will not dispute this position; its sober-minded friends have already recognised its truth; it may therefore be reasonably hoped that none will refuse either to consider defects or to institute those improvements which have presented themselves to the minds of those who have had much experience in this department of the Christian field. A complete review of the subject as thus presented is not possible in this Magazine. The way is long, the stations to be noted many. The present writer can only set out on a journey which others perhaps may hereafter pursue.

1. *Want of Co-operation between Teachers and Parents.*—One of the most serious objections, if not the most serious objection which has ever been advanced against the Sunday School system of religious instruction, is its alleged tendency to interfere with or obscure the great principle that the Christian parent is the natural instructor of the Christian child, and that parental affection and parental influence is the best and most legitimate channel for the communication of religious truth and religious impression. In proof of the soundness of this objection it has been affirmed that the idea has gone abroad among the people that the religious education of their children is now perfectly undertaken for them, and is being carried on by those who are more competent to the task than they can pretend to be. It is of no use to make light of this objection, and to pretend to brush it aside as if it were of no consequence; it is of the most serious consequence; if it has not found out a joint in our harness and inflicted a mortal wound, it has indicated one of the weak points, not so much inherent in our Sunday School system as in that state of society amidst which it has arisen and with which it must deal. There will always be tares among the wheat; both, we know, must grow together to the harvest. Yet it does seem strange, it is disheartening to be told that side by side with our schools there should have grown up a feeling that parental love and parental influence are no longer the best and most legitimate channel for the communication of religious truth and religious impression, and that, as a result of this feeling, many heads of families have forgotten their baptismal vows to train up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and made over the religious instruction of their children entirely to Sunday Schools. If such feelings and such conduct were the necessary result of our system, if it

could be demonstrated that wherever Sunday School teaching flourished there parental instruction as uniformly decayed or was altogether given up, then there would be nothing for us but to cease from our labours. The altar by the hearth is the most sacred of all: it warms while it enlightens, it writes its law in lasting characters on the heart; nothing can ever come in place of what children learn at a mother's knee or by a father's side; if, however, these great changeless truths have in our day been cast even temporarily into the shade, the Sunday School system cannot be fairly held as responsible for the eclipse. Far from interposing between the Christian parent and the Christian child, it seeks a closer union with both, it desires to be understood and accepted not as an independent but as an auxiliary institution; its declared aim is not to work *for* parents, but to work *with* them, and to sustain and stimulate their endeavours by its own better methods and higher culture.

2. Another defect in our system of Sunday School instruction is *Want of Unity*. While it is neither possible nor desirable to concentrate our forces in one place, and to cause them to pass in review under the eyes of those most fitted to judge of their quality and efficiency, it might be found possible to learn a little more of one another's proceedings than we do at present. We live too much in seclusion—one School does not know what is going on in another. There is no provision for the interchange of ideas or the communication of methods of instruction which have been found specially useful. The Annual Report to the General Assembly does indeed confer a kind of unity on our system, but it is a comparatively dead and lifeless unity; so much so that the Assembly, amidst its multifarious business, can scarcely be got to listen to the details, and dismisses the subject, as often as it is brought up, with "all convenient speed." The Annual "Conventions"—the idea of which was suggested nearly twenty years ago in the Reports of the General Assembly's Sunday School Committee—have been of much use in many ways, and might, with a broader basis, be made still more beneficial; but they have not given us unity; the stimulus of co-operation and mutual inquiry is greatly wanting to us. This is a serious defect, and such a bar to improvement that until it is in some measure removed progress must be, if not impossible, at least uncertain and slow. In some instances Sunday Schools are showing a tendency to seek a union of their own, and this is perhaps an indication how much the want of unity is felt, and that, if not attained under the Church, it will be sought apart from it.

3. Another defect is *Want of System*. What is to be taught; who are to teach; where and when classes are to meet;—these points, which have an important influence on the efficiency of instruction, are not yet placed on anything approaching to a common foundation; and while it is not desirable

to subject our schools to any fixed and unbending system, which would leave no room for independent action, yet it would not be difficult to render our present methods less desultory and more systematic without unduly interfering with that liberty which our Sunday Schools ought always to possess. And this, perhaps, might be accomplished by preparing a uniform scheme of lessons, by endeavouring to secure more highly qualified and better trained Sunday School teachers, and by providing convenient and properly equipped buildings for the accommodation of Sunday School scholars, where the organisation of the various classes might be improved and their instruction be carried on in a manner more memorable and attractive than is possible at present. These points, however, are only indicated, as they cannot be discussed within the limits which must now be observed.

4. The absence of any provision for the *Inspection* of our Sunday Schools must also be regarded as a *defect* in their constitution. At present the schools are left wholly to the individual ministers and their teachers. If these happen to have a turn for organisation, and are acquainted with and put in practice good methods of teaching, and of otherwise caring for their scholars, the schools will prosper. If, on the other hand, ministers and teachers have no particular turn for organisation, and are not conversant with the best methods of teaching, little progress will be made, and both teachers and taught are in danger of being discouraged and becoming weary in well-doing. At present, notwithstanding the recognised differences in our schools, nothing is done to *equalise* the quality of the instruction conveyed; no adequate means have ever been employed to stimulate our best schools to still higher attainments or to help those of inferior quality. At once to remove so serious a defect, and to raise everywhere the standard of efficiency, it would be well for us to set on foot a well-devised scheme of inspection.

Ministerial Support.

WE are indebted to the *Messenger and Missionary Record* of the Presbyterian Church of England for the main passages of a stirring letter addressed by the Rev. Dr. John Hall of New York to the Rev. Dr. Irenæus Prime on the occasion of the fiftieth year of his ordination, and sent to all the religious papers in the United States. Dr. Hall says to Dr. Prime, "Forgive me, if, under the force of feeling which I cannot repress, I request you that you lay out your strength in an effort to remedy the state of things out of which this pathos comes." The evils to which Dr. Hall refers are by no means confined to the American churches. His letter is an eloquent plea for ministerial support, which we, on this side also, have much need to take to heart:—

"We are a people growing in wealth more rapidly than any other. We have thrown away the principle

and the burdens of an 'establishment,' and we have a clergy in whose straits and privations the writer of touching columns finds the readiest material for rousing cheap sympathy. We in the religious world are lamenting—I had almost said whining—over a deficient supply of candidates for the ministry, and we are making things artificially and unhealthy easy for such as come; and, side by side with our joy over ten millions of communicants, is the pitiful tale of domestic distress and pinching poverty in the homes of those who minister to these millions. We rejoice that our Protestantism has set us free from the evils of a celibate clergy, and re-echoed the Bible assurance that 'marriage is honourable in all;' and we condemn a large proportion of those who are looked to for examples in model Christian homes—the wives of our ministers—to a life-long struggle with limited means. The salaries promised are all too often ridiculously small; and the churches and church officers, whom the Word teaches to 'owe no man anything,' are at ease with even these salaries irregularly, meanly, sometimes dishonestly, though technically paid, or paid after the labourer has had to mortgage the amount of his poor hire to get the necessaries of life.

"We require in most cases educated men for the ministry, and we demand the service of their lives, in a majority of cases, for incomes lower than a New York postman or policeman receives. And even the obligation to make regular payment of such incomes is all too often forgotten. We require ministers to maintain a certain social standing, as indicated by residence, dress, surroundings, habits, modes of travel, by hospitality, by courtesies that cost something, and by money contributions. The people fix the standard, and suspend the ministers' usefulness in a good degree on their coming up to it, and yet with combined folly and cruelty we make it impossible for them to maintain it. We require hard work from ministers—work that wears men—and when a man's hair has grown gray we think it would be better for the interests of religion, or for 'the cause,' to have a younger man. We magnify independence, and glorify those who 'get on' financially, and yet we compel the majority of the younger men to toil on incomes that forbid the making of adequate provision for unemployed old age. All this we do; and we do it while holding that our Christian system embodies the loftiest ethical principles, among which 'to do justly' is by common consent fundamental.

"In many instances church officers, trustees, deacons, and others are at fault. In many instances the 'evil is wrought by want of thought.' In many instances the denial of rights is loosely justified to the conscience by overdrawn pictures of eleemosynary interposition, which ought never to come into the case, and men neglect their ministers that Providence may care for them.

"We invite the sons of such men as can educate their boys at their own cost, as physicians, lawyers, artists, engineers, sometimes sending them to Europe for greater advantages—we invite them to the ministry, practically telling them in our literature and our life that we shall reckon closely the minimum on which they can live, and 'retire' them without pension when they have passed their prime. And we wonder that they do not come to our seminaries. We may tell them, indeed, that the disciple has to take up his cross; but the average American youth has sense enough to know that ministers are not specially singled out for the cross; that it is for all; and that it is possible to serve God faithfully without being in the ministry. And so they stay away, and we have to adopt exceptional methods to draw good and educated men into the profession.

"Now, dear sir, justice, truth, loyalty to God, regard for our national repute, and even a wise church policy, require us to correct such evils; and I earnestly commend the cause to you for your advocacy. The time is favourable for calling attention to it. Our churches generally, under the various names, are full of hope, and

a growing missionary spirit implies a readiness to learn and to do duty at home.

"You will pardon me for bringing this to your notice. Many a time, as I have mused and studied the condition of my brethren, the fire has burned; but the recollection that I was a new comer, and liable to be criticised for seeming to find fault, has suggested silence. Having spent over sixteen years here, and been allowed to speak on other matters, I may be pardoned for pleading this cause; and if only a hundred ministers—such as I have the opportunity to know of in connection with our own Board of Missions—should reap the benefit of the discussion, there would be ample reward. Many a more forcible voice than mine is silent on this matter, lest it should be thought to be raised for selfish objects. So placed that I have no need to plead my own case, I shall be credited, I hope, with honesty and disinterestedness in urging juster, wiser, better provision for the Church's servants; and in help to my brethren there will be glory to Christ, 'their Lord and ours.'"

II.—Mission Hymn.¹

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."—ST. MATT. ix. 37.

BEHOLD the golden harvest
Withers and droops and dies,
Because no hand will gather
Its generous supplies.
The yellow grain must perish,
Fresh blade and fully grown,
Because no hand will cherish
The seed in springtime sown.

Behold still richer harvests
Wither and droop and die;
The souls of heathen millions
In night of darkness lie.
Through lands by God created,
All gloriously fair,
An awful voice is calling—
The voice of man's despair.

Servants of Jesus, waken,
Arise, and to the field,
And toil till all the vineyard
A hundredfold shall yield.
The scattered grain is precious,
The labourers are few,
The tending and the reaping
Are trusted unto you.

O tell of Living Waters;
Tell of the Bread of Life;
Tell of the promised guerdon
After the toil and strife.
Tell of the golden garner
Where every sheaf may come;
Tell of the angel gleaners;
Tell of the Harvest Home.

Tell of the Master Reaper;
Tell them of Jesu's love;
Tell of the cross of anguish,
The ladder raised above.
Yes, toil within the vineyard,
Where souls in darkness roam,
Till they and you in heaven
Shall sing the Harvest Home.

J. C. D.

¹ The numeral refers to the order of publication. Other Mission Hymns written in response to our announcement in January of a prize of Five Guineas, and judged worthy of publication, will appear in future numbers.

From the Supplements.

ST. CUTHBERT'S, Edinburgh, has undertaken to raise annually for the Waldensian Church £25, the amount spent by that church *daily* in its Italian Missions. It is understood that some other congregations are doing the same.

The Minister of Cambuslang writes:—"There are a certain number of the congregation who are never by any chance absent from the Weekly Prayer Meeting; others come occasionally, and very many not at all. Now I would not wish to lay a burden upon any one, but I think that those who never come at all might occasionally come, and others might come more regularly, and those who always come might strive to induce some neighbours to come with them. The meeting has kept up fairly well, but why should it not be steadily on the increase?"

Kirkliston has five Sunday Schools in different parts of the Parish. The Supplement intimates a Week Night Cottage Meeting in some district every week, and a Congregational Prayer Meeting in Church every Thursday evening.

Barony, Glasgow, reports 1258 scholars in its Sunday Schools, with 88 teachers and 27 monitors. Twenty new teachers were admitted at the Forty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Barony Sabbath School Society.

St. Columba's, Glasgow, has held a Competitive Written Examination of its Sabbath Schools. The Committee awarded prizes to two boys and fourteen girls.

The first Communion was celebrated in Crown Court Church, London, in 1719; the last which the present congregation will partake of there was dispensed on January 27, and was felt to be specially solemn. It is intimated that their new church in Pont Street will be opened on 30th March by Principal Tulloch.

At the close of Anniversary Services in the Scotch National Church, Carlisle, the Rev. Thomas Burns of Edinburgh addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting of the young men connected with the Congregation, and a Carlisle Branch of the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild was formed. The aim of the Guild in Carlisle, and in other English cities and towns, is that those young Scotchmen, members of the Guild, who cross the Border, may present their certificate and find themselves at once in the midst of friends.

"Searching the Scriptures." In Arbroath the number of young people who take an interest in the questions is increasing; they leave written answers at the Vestry of the Parish Church. In St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, eighteen young people compete for prizes this year by sending answers to the minister. A similar plan is followed in Flisk; West Church, Aberdeen; Rosemount, Aberdeen; and other parishes.

From the Supplement of the vigorous Congregation of Kingussie we take the following:—"Would that the Churches in Scotland saw eye to eye, and that in the Highlands especially we were all united as of old! 'What brain waste! What money waste! What loss of temper, of charity, of every good thing!'—two, and sometimes three, men, in many of our loneliest Highland glens even, doing the work of one, and not doing it so effectively as the one would, and all because of our religious divisions. Sadly enough may we all exclaim—'Oh the sin and the shame of it!' It is simply a scandal, not only to our common Presbyterianism, but to our common Christianity, that the Churches should carry to heathen lands the petty differences which divide us a few yards at home—differences requiring, as somebody has aptly said, a microscope to distinguish. God grant that our Presbyterian Churches in Scotland may soon become more united than they are in a policy of liberality, toleration, charity, and peace, and combine more than they do in a common war against every form of evil and falsehood that afflicts the world!"

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

Seek out passages which show that we ought to give of our means to the Lord. Texts are to be reckoned which teach giving to the poor:—

1. Two or three texts which show that we should give on some method, or in proportion to our ability.

2. We should give willingly—three texts.

3. We should give without display, or without thinking that we are doing anything remarkable—two or three texts.

4. A text to show we should not delay giving till tomorrow, if we can give to-day.

5. Six texts which teach that giving brings reward.

6. Give four examples of persons whose giving is expressly set forth by Christ or His apostles for imitation.

7. Find in the New Testament other six examples of bountiful giving to the Lord.

8. Find in the Old Testament five examples of persons giving large gifts for the Service or House of the Lord.

9, 10. Give other texts—in regard to giving—not used in any of the answers to the preceding, so as to bring up the whole number of your passages to at least fifty.

ANSWERS FOR MARCH.

1. Mesha, King of Moab, 2 Kings 3. 27. 2. Balak restrained by Balaam, Micah 6. 5-8. 3. 1 Chron. 25. 7-31; 23. 5. 4. Acts 16. 25; 1 Cor. 14. 15; Eph. 5. 19; Col. 3. 16; James 5. 13. 5. Mal. 4. 5, 6; Matt. 11. 14. 6-10. (a) Ps. 101. 3; 119. 37; Prov. 4. 14, 15; (b) Matt. 6. 13; 26. 41; 1 Pet. 5. 8; (c) Eph. 6. 16; James 4. 7; 1 Pet. 5. 9; (d) Heb. 2. 18; 2 Pet. 2. 9; Jude 24; (e) Ps. 50. 15; 1 Cor. 10. 13; Rev. 3. 10.

Notices of Books.

Plain Discourses on the First Epistle of St. Peter—By Rev. G. F. I. Philip, M.A. (Aberdeen: Smith. Edinburgh: Menzies). The Minister of New Deer has given us a series of excellent sermons, practical, evangelical, carefully written and lighted up with thought, yet never above the comprehension of the ordinary reader. *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*.—By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E. (Hodder and Stoughton). We have not been in haste to notice this book. We have read it, and re-read it; we have taught it to two Bible Classes—and we can thoroughly recommend it. In the pages of this author Biology becomes the handmaid of Christianity, and the most precious truths of the gospel have a fresh light thrown upon them from Natural Science. It is a book for the thoughtful, and for advanced classes. *The Public Ministry and Pastoral Methods of our Lord*—By W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D. (Nisbet). Professor Blaikie earnestly and profitably enforces his belief that ministers and other Christian teachers have a great deal to learn from the example of Christ and His ways of working. A part of the author's lectures on Homiletical and Pastoral Theology, delivered to the students of the New College, Edinburgh, is included in the volume. *The Voice of Jesus Day by Day*—By F. M. Macrae (Nisbet). This little book will help many sad and suffering ones. Dr. Hugh Macmillan truly says, in an introduction, that sorrow makes us all simple and childlike, and that this volume in the sick chamber may make its narrow bounds a large and wealthy place. Original hymns alternate with the narratives and reflections. *Every Day in the Country*—By Harrison Weir (Warne and Co.) A very charming variation from the usual Birthday Books. We turn up April 1, and find the notes for the day:—"Cuckoo Pint flowers. Curved dotted moth flies. Larks cease to flock. Field-fare last seen." The illustration for the day is the Cuckoo Pint (*Arum maculatum*). The 400 Illustrations and the letterpress are all by Mr. Weir, who always pleases while he instructs the young.



The winter is past, the rain is
 ober and gone; the flowers
 appear on the earth; the
 time of the singing of birds is come.

CANT. ii. 11, 12.

The First Spring Song.

IT was an eve of early Spring,
 The rain had ceased, the winds were low,
 Soft vapours, gray and amber, streaked
 With crimson, set the skies aglow;
 When sudden on the silence broke
 A little song so sweet and clear,
 We looked into each other's eyes,
 And, gently wondering, paused to hear.

And there upon a leafless bough,
 The topmost of our garden trees,
 We spied a tiny minstrel poised,
 And trilling loud in gladsome ease!
 'Twas like a messenger of grace
 To bid our hearts be pure and true;
 Ah! birds may minister to souls,
 As falls on flowers the tender dew!

JANE C. SIMPSON.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

MAY 1884.

Bible Class and Young Women's Association.—The Annual Social Meeting will take place on the evening of Friday the 2d May. The Class will meet on 5th May, 2d June, and 7th July. Those who wish to join the Association are requested to attend on the 5th May.

Jamaica Street Hall Weekly Prayer Meeting.—This Meeting will be held hereafter on **Thursdays at 7 P.M.**, instead of **Tuesday** as hitherto.

Work Society Sale.—The half-yearly sale will be held in the Mission Hall on the 15th and 16th May, during the day and again in the evening. The attendance of members of the Congregation of all classes is requested. The Society is one of the oldest connected with St. Stephen's, and is worthy of all support. It has done and is doing much good.

Collection for Patronage Compensation Fund.—This Collection will be made on the 18th May. The present position of the Fund and the object for which it exists are fully set forth in a recent number of the "Missionary Record." It should be looked upon as an obligation which the Church is bound in honour to meet, and some considerable time must necessarily elapse before it is finally discharged.

Ladies' Working Party.—There will be no meeting in May. The closing meeting for the season will take place in June.

OUR GIVING.

(The following are some extracts from an excellent pamphlet on this subject):—

It is undoubtedly the intention of the great Giver of all things—"the Giver of every good and perfect gift"—who has said, "Ask, and it shall be given you," that every one should give of his substance for the purpose of relieving the wants of his fellow-men, and diffusing throughout the earth the knowledge of the truth. To every rank and condition of life—rich and poor, high and low, old and young—the questions come: "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" (1 Cor. iv. 7); and "how much owest thou?" (Luke xvi. 5). If we would do the will of God, and enjoy His blessing, we must learn to get and give at the same time.

We do not sufficiently realise the blessing to ourselves which results from a habit of giving. It elevates the character, enlarges the heart, invigorates spiritual life, tends to check in us any inordinate love of money, teaches us to hold our possessions loosely, and to set our affections on things above. It affords happiness, by enabling us to feel that our lives are directly employed for God; by enlisting our minds in the progress of Christ's cause; by raising our esteem for the work of God; by cherishing our gratitude and love to God, and deepening our sympathy with our fellow-men. It is a "happy privilege, which the humblest may enjoy, of thus associating the common labours of life with the grateful service of the Saviour, and of making that which naturally leads the heart from God subserve the highest spiritual good."

Giving is one of the works which should ever be associated with real faith (see Jas. ii. 14-17). "True religion consists in both piety towards God and practical sympathy towards man" (see Jas. i. 27). "An essential element of a lofty piety is a warm generosity." "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how

dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth" (1 John iii. 17, 18).

"Were it more habitually before our minds how brief this present life is in comparison with eternity, and how bright and glorious and unspeakably precious the blessings are which await the believer in the day of Christ, how gladly should we seek habitually to spend and be spent for Him! Let the believer only realise the vanity of earthly things, and the preciousness of heavenly treasure, and he will seek to live for eternity, and, among other things, will be delighted to 'lay up treasures in heaven.'"

We need more and more to take, hold, spend, and give our money as not our own, but His who gave it. "Then, when it is so, there will be an end of covetousness; money will be in its proper place, it will be use without abuse; no root of evil; no source of discord; no occasion of stumbling; no instrument for self-laudation, or rising over others; no log or chain to burden and warp spiritual life; no canker; but a blessing, to be freely used for the Lord's sake, and to His glory."

Says a writer on the subject, "Search the annals of the world, show me the record, or find me the instance of a man who became poor by giving as a Christian. I'll find you murmurs and regrets from human hearts for every other way in which money can be sunk, but never a murmur from the soul of a saint for having given for Jesus."

"This truth I will speak," says Baxter, "for the encouragement of the charitable, that what little money I have by me now, I got it almost all, I scarcely know how, at that time when I gave most; and since I have had less opportunity of giving, I have had less increase."

"A man there was, tho' some did count him mad,
The more he cast away, the more he had."

Mark Antony, when depressed, and at the ebb of fortune, cried out that he had lost all, except what he had given away.

"What we give we have, and what we keep we lose."

In our giving we must be *honest*. Alone with our conscience and our God, we must ask ourselves how much we can give. "God is not mocked." "God, who sends our income and knows our income to the last penny, is the only One to whom we are to give, and the only One who knows our proportion of giving. But may we all realise that certainly with Him we have to do, and with Him exclusively!" It is "better not to acknowledge God's claim, than to slur it over with a species of moral eye-service." We must give a proportion of ALL—not only of our regular income, but also of any other sums we may receive. If covetousness and love of money are our besetting sins, and it is a hard and painful thing for us to do this, then let us strive the more earnestly against these, and pray for deliverance from their power. Let us lay aside the proportion *at once*, "and, by always making this separation our first step, a habit will be formed that will be curative in its progress."

We should never diminish our giving "because others, equally able, are not giving up to their measure." What have we to do with what others give? Our part is to consider what *we* have received at God's hands, and what we owe to Him. We must each account for the

talents entrusted to us, and let us not lose the blessing, because it is not said exactly how much we are to give.

There is no absolute or universal rule in the New Testament for giving to God to which all are required to conform—no solemn law which all must obey. "New Testament institutions appeal to a willing heart, more than to a legal mind." We serve no Egyptian taskmaster, no grasping usurer, no hard husbandman who expects to reap where he has not sowed,—but ONE who is just in all His ways. We are left at liberty to decide for ourselves—to do each "as he purposeth in his heart," and to determine, "in the light of Scripture, and in the exercise of conscience, justice, and love," how much it is our duty to devote to God. "The whole genius of Christian giving is, that it is excited by, and is commensurate with, a principle of grace, and not of demand." We are told, however, that our giving should be proportionate to our means—"as God hath prospered" us (1 Cor. xvi. 2). "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required" (Luke xii. 48)—and we must admit the justice of this. It is also clearly indicated for our guidance that, under a dispensation of inferior privilege, God claimed as His portion one-tenth at least of every man's means, besides what he might choose to give as voluntary offerings.

The law of giving a tenth to God would appear to be not merely Levitical, but "a far older rule, running all through the Bible" (see Gen. xiv. 20; xxviii. 22; Heb. vii. 1-10).

Many get into the habit of giving stereotyped sums, and never think of increasing them according as they prosper in the world—though perhaps ready enough to find an excuse for diminishing them.

"Few have any idea of the small proportion of their gifts to Christ's cause, as compared with what they spend on themselves."

Why should the whole giving in each town, or district, or church, be so often left to a few generous souls, who, although they may be far from wealthy, yet give for the whole community?

Christians, we must *raise the standard of giving*. "A high standard is essential to a high attainment." Let us pray earnestly to be delivered from all lukewarmness, coldness, and indifference; and let us show the world that there is a mighty constraining power in the love of Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Don't let the poor man say, "It is easy for the rich to give, but not for me." That is "a mere make-shift to set the supposed burden on the shoulder of another. For if you cannot give say one penny out of your tennepence, far less would your heart allow you to give a pound if you had ten, or give a hundred if you should fall heir to a thousand. Observation will tell, facts will show, experience will prove, that the facility or easiness of a man's giving does not increase with the increase of his wealth, but rather the reverse." Let the poor man be faithful in that which is little, and he may soon have an opportunity of being faithful in that which is much (see Luke xvi. 10). If he waits until he gets so much *more*, thinking that "then he will be able to be useful, and to give freely, and do much good," he makes a great mistake, and loses a great blessing. It is a most unreasonable and injurious idea which some have, that the rich should be the support of God's cause on the earth.

"How many poor ones might be helped, how many ignorant children instructed, how many home-heathen have the Gospel sent to them by the tract, the Scriptural book, and the living voice of the faithful missionary, by the money that is worse than wasted upon the very superfluities of hurtful luxury! Oh that men would consecrate their gain to the Lord!"

"If there be among you a poor man of one of thy brethren within any of thy gates in thy land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother: but

thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth. Beware that there be not a thought in thy wicked heart, saying, The seventh year, the year of release, is at hand; and thine eye be evil against thy poor brother, and thou givest him nought; and he cry unto the Lord against thee, and it be sin unto thee. Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto. For the poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land" (Deut. xv. 7-11).

"All things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee," etc. (1 Chron. xxix. 14-16).

"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine" (Prov. iii. 9, 10).

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself" (Prov. xi. 24, 25).

"There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing: there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches" (Prov. xiii. 7).

"He that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he" (Prov. xiv. 21).

"He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker: but he that honoureth him hath mercy on the poor" (Prov. xiv. 31).

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again" (Prov. xix. 17).

"Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard" (Prov. xxi. 13).

"The righteous giveth and spareth not" (Prov. xxi. 26).

"If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?" (Prov. xxiv. 11, 12).

"He that giveth unto the poor shall not lack: but he that hideth his eyes shall have many a curse" (Prov. xxviii. 27).

"There is a sore evil which I have seen under the sun, namely, riches kept for the owners thereof to their hurt" (Eccles. v. 13).

"Freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. x. 8).

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35).

"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him" (1 Cor. xvi. 2).

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich" (2 Cor. viii. 9).

"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly," and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully" (2 Cor. ix. 6).

"Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work" (2 Cor. ix. 7, 8).

"Working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth" (Eph. iv. 28).

"To do good and to communicate forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. xiii. 16).



MAY 1884.

Lay-Workers, and their Training.

BY "lay-workers" I mean those who, though not ministers or probationers, are engaged in ministering to their fellow-men in the things of religion. There are objections to the use of the word "lay," because it implies in the mouths of some who use it an acceptance of what used to be thought Roman Catholic ideas as to ministers of the gospel being a "clerical" order. We do not in Scotland take naturally to the word "orders" at all; we do not talk of a "clerical order," for we prefer to speak of men set apart to the "office of the ministry." The office—the work a man has to do—is the important thing, while his rank, or "order," is not of much moment.

So we reason; but all the same we know that the ministry is a holy office of divine appointment, to be perpetual in the Church, and certain duties are regarded as specially belonging to it. The minister's functions have long been in Scotland hedged round with sacred reverence, and the one man in the congregation who welcomes young life into the Church—both in the early unconscious stage for which baptism is provided, and in the beginnings of independent responsibility for which the Lord's Supper is the divine ordinance of enlistment—that man is regarded with wholesome awe and deference by all.

At one time the minister was regarded not only as the man whose special and perpetual function was to "dispense the Sacraments," but as the man who alone was entitled to expound the Scriptures, to teach, or to preach. Something of this idea still remains, but it is largely abandoned in populous places, where there is far more work to be done than can be overtaken by the ministers. We may say that, besides the ministry, there is a large amount of ministrations, highly useful—nay, even essential—which is done by those whom we may without offence call "lay-workers." The "cottage-meetings" in the country which elders and others address, the stair-meetings of the same kind in towns, and the great and growing work of our Sabbath Schools are enough to show how great is the amount accomplished by "lay-workers."

The plea advanced in a recent number of this Magazine for the organisation of women-workers

may be repeated in respect of the men who are doing Christian work as representatives of the Church. Some among us are not aware of the extent of that work.

(1) There is an immense amount of lay-preaching in the Church of Scotland. First of all, students habitually preach. Five and twenty years ago very few students of divinity had ever been in a pulpit before the great day when they were "licensed to preach the Gospel." Nowadays there are very few who have not preached many times before they are authorised by the Church. I know that many of them are able to speak with freshness and force, but still it is not according to order that "license to preach the Gospel" should be in practice preceded by habitual preaching. *The Directory for Public Worship* says: "Howbeit, such as intend the ministry may occasionally both read the Word and exercise their gift in preaching in the congregation, *if allowed by the Presbytery thereunto.*" I have put the last words in italics because they seem to point to special recognition in each case. And it is recognition by the Church Court. It will be observed also that only an "occasional" exercise of the student's gift is contemplated. I am inclined from experience to believe that anything more is hurtful to the student himself as taking him from study, which is his proper work at that stage. But students are not the only laymen qualified to speak. It seems to me that occasional addresses or sermons by cultured Christian laymen would be a great and happy boon to many congregations and to their ministers. Men who have grown gray in the service of Christ, and who have the gift of speech, would often be able to leave on one side our conventional topics and phrases, and to tell their fellow-sinners in simple words the secret of their power and their peace. It is, indeed, a matter of daily observation that those who have not been regularly trained for the ministry are specially effective in such occasional addresses. What is called the Congregational "Prayer-meeting," which is in nine parishes out of ten a week-day service by the minister, might be an occasion on which "lay-workers" took part with him both in leading the devotions and in teaching the people. If it were thus regarded as a union of the people for mutual edification it would be much more interesting and profitable also than it is at present.

But altogether apart from those occasional speakers are those *laymen*—whether students or others—who are *regularly employed* by the Church to conduct sacred services. The General Assembly last year approved of the Home Mission voting £620 towards “stations supplied by non-licentiates,” and in many other cases laymen are employed and paid to conduct services. Regarding them the question arises as to qualifications. We must confess that hitherto the Church of Scotland has not tested such qualifications. In the case of an ordinary layman there is, so far as I know, no standard whatever of attainments or gifts before he is employed as a home-missionary, any more than there is in the corresponding case of a “Bible-woman.” It may be said that students of divinity have been examined by Presbyteries, so that some measure of attainment is secured in their case. But as a matter of fact, the work to which students give their strength before they enter the classes of divinity has no special fitness to make them preachers; and presbyteries do not until the very last—until they are on the point of license—test the students’ power of preaching. And yet this power to preach is the very point on which information is needed. It implies (1) knowledge of the Bible; (2) experimental knowledge of the truth; and (3) the power to express convictions naturally and attractively. In our days of class-work, with a view to making theologians, the studies in divinity halls do not bring men to that position.

To what, then, does this point? It seems to me to call for the Church to proceed less blindly, and to regulate and test the lay-preaching which circumstances have led her to sanction. Would it not be a mere matter of honesty to require that any layman in a pulpit should be so arrayed that the simplest hearer would know it is a layman and not a minister who is in the minister’s place? And then, furthermore, would it not be right that before a man habitually expounds the Word, he should have for that purpose the approval of the Church? It would do the Church great good to be called upon to recognise the special gifts of some “evangelists,” who are at present ignored by the “pastors and teachers,” and elders in Church courts.

(2) There is a large amount of lay-teaching which is not quite preaching. I do not think there are many large parishes in which there is not some devoted layman conducting a class of lads, or holding a district meeting, or managing a Sabbath School. And there is the Sabbath School itself, with young men and young women teaching boys and girls all the religious knowledge they acquire in connection with the Church; for children do not understand the church services to which they are taken, and never expect to “follow” the sermon. What test is there of the teacher’s knowledge? what test of his success as a teacher? There is

really none but the simple appeal to his popularity with the children, which I admit to be, if fairly worked and left to show itself, a test of considerable value. But there are cases where it does not work; and there ought to be some diploma or commission from the Church possessed by Sabbath School teachers before the ministers can be warranted in delegating to them a most sacred function of the pastorate in “feeding the lambs” of the flock; and before parents can be justified in leaving to the Sabbath School so much of the fulfilment of their own vows to “bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

(3) There are posts connected with congregations at home and with missions abroad in which *specialty-trained* laymen are needed. We are just now searching for a teacher-evangelist to send to Blantyre in Africa; we have similar posts elsewhere. There are plenty of such places in India, and yet the Church has done nothing to prepare men for such work. When a post is vacant the Committee has to get men trained in Krischona or at the Guinness Institution, or has to sift a mighty mass of certificates which mean a great deal less than they say. The large and growing interest of the Church of Scotland in missions at home and abroad is such as to warrant our having a Training Institution of our own. And if the time for it be really come—as I believe it is—the ways and means will soon be forthcoming.

(4) There are not a few men acting as district visitors—though they are few in comparison with the women-workers—who (as in the case of the women) might well be associated in some union or society, membership of which would depend upon qualification for the work undertaken. On this I must not dwell. The subject is a tempting one. But I have gone beyond my limits. I shall only repeat that there is no good reason for men doing so much less than women in Christian visiting. I know some instances of vigorous and successful visiting of the city poor by gentlemen. I know many instances of such work among cottages in the country. The venerable author of *The Moor and the Loch* has been a lifelong visitor in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and his foot was not readier on the mountains than in the long dark stairs. He trained his children to the same good work. But such cases are few and far between.

The conclusion to which in this second paper, drawn from my own experience, I would point, is, that the ministry of men is not nearly so much developed among us as it might be; that in what we have of ordinary lay-teaching we take far less than the necessary pains to test and train it; and that the development of lay-preaching is already such as to make it the duty of the Church to recognise it thankfully, and to regulate it, not with a view to its repression, but in order to its greater and more healthy development.

A. H. CHARTERIS.

The Preaching of the Word.

By the Rev. JAMES COOPER, M.A., East Church,
Aberdeen.

"As soon as they hear of Me, they shall obey Me: the strangers shall submit themselves unto Me."—PSALM xviii. 44.

"THE Spirit of God," says our Shorter Catechism, "maketh the reading, but especially the preaching, of the Word an effectual means of convincing and converting sinners, and of building them up in holiness and comfort, through faith, unto salvation." Although the words were "agreed upon" at Westminster by an Assembly of Divines who were mostly English, no statement could be more characteristic of the reformed Church of Scotland. One of the worst abuses attaching to our Church before the Reformation was the neglect of preaching, at least by the parochial clergy and the bishops. Indeed the provincial Council of Edinburgh, held in 1552, under the presidency of Archbishop Hamilton, the last archbishop of St. Andrews of the ancient hierarchy, admits that the "inferior ecclesiastics, and the prelates for the most part, were not sufficiently learned to be able, without assistance, to instruct the people in the Catholic faith, and in other points necessary to their souls' health." In this matter things probably were worse with us than in any other country in Europe, except Sweden and Norway; and consequently the demand for preaching was the more emphatic on the part of all who longed for a reformation in the Church. Nowadays, perhaps, we are in danger of running to the opposite extreme. We have neglected, comparatively, the other ordinances of religion, and we are tempted to disparage preaching in order to exalt them. That is a great mistake. The different ordinances are not rivals, and ought never to be put in competition. Every one of them has its proper use, in its proper place, and none may be neglected with impunity.

Preaching is a divine ordinance, yea, it is the special weapon of our Lord Jesus Christ in the warfare which He wages. It is so spoken of in prophecy, as, for example, in my text—"As soon as they hear of Me, they shall obey Me." "How shall they hear" (as St. Paul says) "without a preacher?" And again in Isaiah—"He shall smite the earth with the rod of His mouth, and with the breath of His lips shall He slay the wicked" (Isa. xi. 4). Mahomet made the sword the key of heaven and of hell; our Lord bade St. Peter put it up into its sheath. His servants do not fight; their weapon is "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God" (Eph. vi. 17). Their commission is not to force, but to persuade men; to "be made manifest in men's consciences" (2 Cor. v. 11); "to make all men see" for themselves "what is the fellowship of the mystery which from the beginning of the world hath been hid in God, who created all things by Jesus Christ" (Eph. iii. 9).

Preaching, I repeat, is not the *only* ordinance of the Gospel. It must not be relied on to the exclusion of the rest; but no movement could be more retrograde than one which would in any way disparage or displace it.

Our Catechism treats of it before it takes up the Sacraments. And very properly; for though preaching cannot effect that "signifying, sealing, and applying of Christ and the benefits of the covenant of grace" for which the Spirit employs the Sacraments, yet the Sacraments are limited to those who have believed and to their households, whereas preaching has a mission first of all to the unconverted. It speaks to the worst and lowest. It announces to all men the gospel of God's love, warns them of the coming judgment, shows them their present wretchedness, and points them to the Saviour. Nor does its function cease when conversion has taken place, and the sometime *stranger and foreigner* has been made a member of Christ in baptism. St. Paul, who preached to Jew and Gentile that they should believe in the Lord Jesus, preached also, whenever he had an opportunity, to the converts he had made, as for example at Troas, where "on the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, he preached unto them, and continued his speech until midnight" (Acts xx. 7). His Epistles may be called sermons to Christians.

For those who are already Christians, preaching is the great appointed means of "building them up in holiness and comfort unto salvation." Reading the Word may enlighten the mind, but the living voice of the preacher is naturally calculated to affect the heart. Preaching moves the will, which in turn is strengthened at the Lord's Table. God uses in this ordinance the ministry of men, just as, in His ordinances of the State and of the family, He makes us dependent one upon the other. But it is worth our notice that the Catechism says nothing about the *human* preacher. He, for all that it says, may be good or bad, eloquent or stammering; he is, in the Catechism's view, only an agent in the hand of a Higher Power—the Holy Ghost. It tells us that He is the real author of the blessing. Then it goes on to speak of the condition *we* must fulfil, if ever the Holy Ghost is to make preaching useful to us. That condition on our part is faith, as it is said in Hebrews (iv. 2), "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it."

This, then, is what is needful if we would really find this ordinance a means of grace. We must look beyond the human messenger, and go to hear, not him, but "the law of God at his mouth" (Mal. ii. 7). "I will hear what God the Lord will say unto me," realising that He alone can be my teacher. Then, when we see that the sermon is in accordance with the Bible, we must "receive it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God" (1 Thess. ii. 13). Well, therefore, does the Catechism

follow up its doctrinal statement in the 89th Question by its practical one in the 90th, "That the Word may become effectual to salvation, we must attend thereunto with diligence, preparation, and prayer; receive it with faith and love, lay it up in our hearts, and practise it in our lives." Which may God in His mercy incline and enable us to do, to His glory in Christ Jesus! Amen.

Of Work.

IX. DONE LONG AGO.

YES: let us carry out this great mass of Manuscript here to the back-green: the Sermons written by a very dear hand forty, fifty, sixty years since; and useless since he went who wrote them. And that was eighteen years ago. They shall not toss about the floor of some dusty lumber-room when we are gone. We shall reverently and sorrowfully burn them. No irreverence can befall them now.

It is not everybody I would have with me at such a time. Not everybody could quite understand. It is infinitely touching, to destroy the faithful work of even a departed worker, which has served its turn. Each of these faded pages, shrivelling up in the flame or darkening in the smoke: we know who bent over it, with his mind upon the stretch on an immemorial day now quite forgotten. A little boy, gone absolutely and completely away, gone for ever, because lost in an aging man, lay upon the carpet and looked up sometimes at the anxious face.

And now the best way is that the memorial of that faithful work should perish. It goes to your heart to see how the hand-writing changed, with years. It goes to your heart to make an end of what was so valued in its time. He used to say, as an old man, that if anything came over these precious papers, he would have to resign his charge. Yet now the very worst that could have befallen them during his life has befallen. And though done sorrowfully, it is done without hesitation. It is the right thing to do, and better far it be done by you than by any mortal else.

Have you remarked what different value you set on work just done, and on work done long ago? Without any great effort, you stick your own old manuscript into the fire. But it would be a heart-break if the like happened to the new one, fresh from your pen.

I do not mean, at present, that reading over what you wrote long ago, you find it so poor. No doubt that is so. For now you see on the page only what is written upon it. Then, your mind was full of the subject, and your heart was hot with it: you saw on the page far more than was there. You saw what you had wished and designed to say: not merely the poor fraction of it which you had actually said. You know with what interest and "go" you deliver a sermon written the week before. The sad reflection will intrude that when you think

so little of the work done long ago, it probably strikes you as it would always strike a stranger.

But that is not my subject, just now. The present thought is our great abatement of interest in the work of days long past. One's self, of long ago, has become (so far) somebody else, and an outsider. It is in the present and the future that our life is mainly comprised: "*Henceforth* I live." If you look back at some record of departed days, there is not a thing which will more impress you than this: How concerned, how fevered sometimes you were, when they were present, about matters which now move you not at all. Ay, and which, but for that record, you could not have believed ever did much move you. It is a great blessing that our memory is so imperfect. If it were otherwise, we could not bear the growing burden of our life.

I have no doubt, you readers who were hard students at College, but that you sometimes sit down, and look back, and pity yourself, your young self. But you do it with a smile (rather a sad smile indeed) because you have forgotten so much. How hard you worked: grudging even one day without its line: and how little has come of it all! Others, quite idle in those days, husbanding their energies, have got on just as well. You know, my brothers, how, entering upon our profession, all student-standing goes for absolutely nothing: and you have just to begin again anew. Those mornings when you went to bed at 2 A.M., and had to be at College again at 7.30: what is the outcome of it all? And when you entered upon the life-work and went at it with your might, dwelling alone in some remote nook of the land, spending hours weekly on a dismal task from which the new generation is quite delivered, the task we used to call *Committing*: there is nothing to show for it now. When I look daily at a friend who took a distinguished degree, the thought comes how few know or care about the hard, forgotten work, done long ago, which is signified by the two letters M.A. Then the old elaborate Prize Essays: one doubts now, in the unconfiding spirit of the latter days, whether these great volumes were very carefully read by those who should have read them: and not even the Prize would (once upon a time) have quite compensated for that neglect of the result of days and nights of toil. I suppose, too, that the immemorial labour of the first years in your own Manse did all we had a right to expect when they kept in motion the little machinery of which you were the moving spring for the time then present: possibly with some abiding results of which you were not aware in help and comfort given to some quiet soul that never told you. Neither need any of us pretend to make light of the work which earned us Jacob's "bread to eat and raiment to put on:" and which bought the precious volumes which were so prized and so studied because they must needs be so few.

And wherefore should there be more? Was not that enough? A better than the best of us was content with less than that. Dear brothers, I think we who are brain-working men tend sometimes to be unreasonable in our expectations from our work. We think that traces should abide which do not abide of the common labour of man. We think we should be getting hold of people. The man who lives by the sweat of his brow (as you by the wear of your brain) looks for no more than that the week's wages should supply the week's wants. I know very many such: and I know that therewith they are content. And if such (men and women) sometimes tell me of long hours and weary walks and hard privations when they were young (and the burden falls on some so early that the mention of it draws a tear), it is with no idea that even now some accumulated result should abide with them of those hard days. They bore their own burden, each of them: and there is no more to be said or looked for. There is an exception, God be thanked. I will not forget the dear old gray-headed woman, abiding with her decent old man in her beautifully-tidy cottage, by whose little fire I sat just the other day, and listened with reverence as she told me of the years of toil and self-denial which clothed and fed her eight children and gave them their godly upbringing. And now the reward (in God's kind Providence) is here. All living: all grown-up: all doing well: all in homes of their own: not one ever forgetting the old father and mother: all creditable Christian folk. And now the struggle is over. Decent competence (with God's blessing, surely) is by that true Scottish fireside: and the fruit of past work remains.

Then, all the forgotten work of immemorial days went to make you what you are: though sometimes that is not a very cheering reflection. For we might well have been something else: something better.

But to sum up. You are content to burn your old essay, which cost great trouble in its time. You wrote yourself into a fever over it. You thought you had never done anything quite so good. You don't mind at all when you are introduced to somebody, quite unknown, apparently not of very fine fibre, who pleasantly says to you that he heard you preach twenty years ago, and that the sermon was "very poor." Probably it was: though you did not think so at the time, and should not then have liked to be told so. I once saw a list of papers contributed to a famous Review, by an eminent writer. Appended to one, I read the words: *Lost, through the inexcusable carelessness of no matter who: a very renowned Editor.* There was bitterness in the heart when that line was written. But when I read it, there was a smile on the writer's face. He cared but little for the work done so long ago.

A. K. H. B.

III.—Mission Hymn.¹

ROUSE thee, O Church of the Crucified One,
Why dost thou slumber so long?
Up! for the battle is only begun,
Thine is no victory song;
China and India and isles of the sea
Wait for the message of mercy from thee!

Lift up thy banner, be valiant in fight,
Conquer the lands for thy Lord;
Cover thyself with the armour of light,
Strike with thy keen two-edged sword;
Africa's slaves and the sons of the West
Plead with thee loudly for freedom and rest!

Weep for thy sins and thy strifes in the past
Grieving the Spirit of God;
Rise to the height of thy duty at last,
Duty at home and abroad;
Asia's plains and Corea afar
Look for the dawn of the bright Morning Star!

Teach us, O Father, to give of our best,
Gladly our treasures to bring;
Till the dark kingdoms of earth are possessed
Only by Jesus our King;
Regions of ice send the cry to our shore,
Give us God's Word, that we perish no more!

Teach us to give to Thy service with gladness
Treasures and talents and life;
Lay on our hearts as a burden of sadness
Heathendom's foulness and strife;
Sore is the need of the Gospel of Peace,
Bidding the wail of oppression to cease!

Hasten the day when with joyful acclaim
Nations shall kneel at Thy feet,
Offering praise to the thrice Holy Name,
Joining in melody sweet;
Hasten the day of the Conqueror glorious,
Over earth's kingdoms and nations victorious!
M.

IV.—Mission Hymn.¹

TRIUMPHANT Saviour, who hast borne
Earth's wildest woe, earth's sin and loss,
The hate of friends, and bad men's scorn,
And death upon the bitter cross!

Awake our torpid minds to feel
Pity for those who know not Thee;
Thy glorious light and love reveal
To heathen lands beyond the sea.

Wake our cold hearts to work and pray
For all who in thick darkness lie;
Sweep Superstition's mists away,
Cause Vice and Ignorance to fly.

Oh that throughout Thy boundless realm
One hymn of praise to Thee might rise—
A song whose tones should overwhelm
Earth's lower, baser melodies.

Lord and Redeemer, haste and bring
The day when Thou alone shalt reign;
When heathen lands shall own Thee King,
And Thou shalt walk on earth again!

J. C. H.

¹ The numeral refers to the order of publication. Other Mission Hymns written in response to our announcement in January of a prize of Five Guineas, and judged worthy of publication, will appear in future numbers.

Pagan and other Theories of the After Life.¹

By the Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D. D., Edinburgh.

WHEN we survey what highly civilised but spiritually unenlightened men in all ages have thought of the great problems of life and death, there are one or two broad facts which distinctly emerge.

(1.) The very first is the infinite sadness and weariness of humanity, uncheered by Christian light and love and hope, its overwhelming sense of the evils of life, and its passionate longing for some method of deliverance. On thoughtful men the mysteries of life and its miseries have ever pressed like a nightmare from which neither in this world nor in any world have they been able to discover a satisfactory relief. We find all through human history, when man could think at all, a deep and universal conviction of personal wrongness, of something out of joint which needed righting. He has never felt himself to be what he feels he ought to be. The doctrine of human depravity lies at the core not only of the Gospel, but of every system of religion which man has ever framed. It was not death which men like the Brahmins and Buddhists feared: it was life under conditions like those of the present, life with its present burdens of ills and miseries. And trying hard to understand what all this evil means, they have either with the Buddhists ignored God altogether and placed their supreme hope in final annihilation; or, with the followers of Zoroaster, they have imagined a powerful being almost equal with God as the author of evil, but whose power, being a perpetually decreasing quantity, must necessarily, along with the evil which arose from it, finally disappear, and God and good be at last triumphant; or, with the Brahmins, they have dreamed that human souls, like the universe of which they form part, will finally return to and be lost in Him from whom they came; and God, and God alone, shall be all in all.

(2.) Very remarkable, too, is the wide-spread conviction that there must be some way of deliverance out of this evil if they could only find it: and how hard they struggled to find it we have already seen. Very pitiful, indeed, is this wail of humanity on every continent and shore over the evils around them; this cry for a deliverer and a deliverance; this longing for salvation and this earnest but ever-baffled effort to find it.

Those Eastern sages, especially, tried, as men have never done before nor since, to open the fast-locked chambers of the dead, and get some light from the future on the mysteries of the present. Like their brethren of a less remote East, who

“Heard the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again,”

they were a contemplative people, but they never reached higher—how, indeed, could they?—than a

¹ From a lecture delivered on the evening of Sunday, 20th January 1884, in St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh.

surmise or a guess; and while we admire their courage and their pertinacity, we cannot but pity their unavailing efforts. Far from a close inspection of those old religions raising them to something of a level with Christianity, it only lifts Christianity high above them as heaven is above the earth. It is the one answer to all their questionings, the one solution of all their doubts. And nothing should make us more thankful to God for the light which beams around ourselves than to contrast it with the darkness which surrounded them.

(3.) Another fact which forcibly strikes us is their astonishingly just conceptions of this present life as a struggle between good and evil, a state of conflict and probation. Ignorant though they were, with nothing but their reason to guide them, they saw as clearly as we do that there were two great forces struggling for the mastery of every human soul, and in dim fashion they saw that some way or other the end beyond was being shaped by their life and actions here. Retribution, judgment, heaven, and hell, in some form or other, are found in those great Eastern creeds.

(4.) And it was no mean standard of holiness which they kept before them as not only possible but necessary for the attainment of the final destiny of man. “Strait” too with them “was the gate and narrow the way that led unto life, and few there were that found it.” It was the very highness of that standard, attainable by but few men in this life, and these men who gave themselves to self-denial and mortification of the flesh and perpetual contemplation of God and of eternal realities, which led to that extraordinary doctrine—the transmigration of souls. Millions of existences, each one more or less miserable, was the dark prospect which lay before the great majority of men, before their final happiness was complete.

Buddhism was and is atheism; but atheism though it be, it cuts from beneath the feet of the sinner the hope to which many a sinner clings—that the grave closes all accounts.

And what, you may ask, has all this to do with us?

I answer: These men were preachers to us, telling us of our ingratitude for our mercies; of our spiritual sloth and unfruitfulness; of our wilful blindness to our responsibilities.

There is not a doubt which troubled them, not a question which perplexed them, not a fear which haunted them, which have not been removed for us in Christ. Where is the return we have made for our advantages?

They cried for God, even the living God. From the awful heights of His immensity He has come down and spoken to us in the person and life and words and works of His own dear Son. Do we know this God for ourselves as the God of our salvation?

They sought deliverance from the grasp of the malign powers around them. “For this purpose

the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." Are the works of the devil destroyed within our hearts and lives?

They sought for salvation from the evil that was in the world, and from the sin that was in themselves: "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Is that victory ours? Christ hath redeemed us from our iniquities: are we redeemed?

They tried to conquer death, and they but added bitterness to its sting: that sting for us has been taken away by Him who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light by His Gospel. Are there not many here who "through fear of death have all their lifetime been subject to bondage"?

They thought that an interminable round of weary existences lay before the dead: for us to die is "to be present with the Lord." Do we believe that and live on the belief?

Their hell, like ours, was a place of punishment: their heaven at best was but a dream. Is our heaven the same?

Their highest and justest conceptions of a future state had all the uncertainty which must ever attach to mere human speculations; our conceptions, such as they are, rest upon the solid rock of divine revelation. These men were desperately in earnest about the future. What was to become of them when this short life was by, was to them no idle question to be yawned over for an hour on Sunday and forgotten during the rest of the week. That to them was the one question worth looking at, the one thing worth living for, that they might so pass through the things temporal as not to miss the things eternal.

And surely it is a most weighty consideration which I now do well to enforce; if with our enormously clearer light and higher advantages any of us are leading lives very much less pure, less worthy, less noble than were led by many of them; if what to us is matter of fact is of much less practical importance to us than a matter of speculation was to them; if God, and sin, and salvation, and death, and eternity, and heaven, and hell are to us mere thoughts that occupy an idle hour,—then may we not fear lest, even as the men of Nineveh will rise in the judgment and condemn the men of Christ's day, Brahmins and Parsees and Buddhists may rise in that same judgment and condemn ourselves (Matt. xii. 41)?

"Other sheep," Christ tells us, "He has which are not of this fold; them also He must bring, and they will hear His voice, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." "In every nation he that feareth God and doeth righteousness is accepted of Him."

One great lesson comes clear out of this subject, that the best of us have made far too little of our divine religion, have lived too little in its strength and light and love, and done too little to spread its truth and gladness into heathen lands. If Christianity has any sweetness, any strength, any blessing

for ourselves as individuals and as a nation; if that blessed Master whom we believe to be at once our Brother and our God be more to us than a name; if we have ever felt the light of His presence around us when our hearts were heavy and our hours were dark; if, as we have looked into the open grave, where the dust of our dearest was being laid, there came into our spirit's ear a voice which we knew to be His, saying, "Let not your hearts be troubled," then, my brethren, will the thought not often arise that what has been so good for us is good that is meant for all, good for the poor Indian in his wigwam, good for the Hindoo mother sitting by the Ganges, and weeping as she watches her dying child, good for the poor Esquimaux as he shivers in his hut of snow? Will not the thought arise: Here on this sin- and blood-stained planet we have brethren in number as the sand on the shore, Hindoos in India, Confucians in China, Buddhists in Thibet, Mussulmans in Turkey, negroes in Africa, and savages in many a lovely isle of the distant southern seas, who are yearning to know the Christ whom we know, and are spiritually dying for lack of the Bread of Life?

It is not the will of our Father in heaven that one of these His numerous family of dark-eyed, dusky-skinned children should perish. Their souls are in His eyes as white, as precious, as pure as our own. They are dear to our great Master, for He died for them as for us.

What awaits them beyond this life is His allotment, and He is love. But for this life even, what a dreadful burden of doubt, of anxiety, of superstition, of slavery, of inhuman practices, of many-sided misery would be lifted from off the millions of heathendom, if they but knew, as we know, the great love of God in Christ, and could lift up their hands in prayer, and say as we do, "Our Father which art in heaven." It will come—if the Protestant churches of Europe and America were but half aroused, it would come soon—when on every shore the heathen temple will give place to the Christian Church, and their hideous rites to our simple spiritual worship. What a day for the world! what joy to the watching angels! what gladness to the heart of our great Master Christ, when at long last "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied." For this great work we are all responsible. The Lord help us, the Lord honour us all by our efforts, our means, and our prayer, to hasten the coming of that happy day!

WE heartily commend a movement on the part of the "General Presbyterian Council" to raise £5000 for the Reformed Church of Bohemia. That ancient Church has a history almost as interesting as that of the Waldenses; and every Protestant minister in Scotland might with advantage tell his people the story of its sufferings and constancy. It may become the same missionary power among the Slavonic races of Eastern Europe that the Waldensian Church has been to the Latins of the Italian peninsula.

A True Soldier.

A TALE—IN THREE CHAPTERS.

By JESSIE M. E. SANBY.

CHAPTER I.

"EH, I'd like weel to be a soldier, mither."

The boy who spoke had been watching a company of the Scots Greys riding along the road, and when they were out of sight he had run to his mother's side with face aglow with "martial fire."

The mother sighed and stroked his brown curls,

looking into his eyes with wistful tenderness as she replied, "It is but natural of you, Davie, to have such a wish."

"I *will* be a soldier then," cried Davie; but the mother shook her head and whispered, "I have nae but you."

"Yes, mither, and I'll be awful kind to you always, but my faither was a soldier, and why no' me?"

"True, bairn, and that's why I said your wish was natural. But, Davie"—and there her manner became solemnly impressive—"I'm minding that



your faither was cruelly killed by blacks during a war that mony folks said was not a righteous war. It is true he—he, my bonnie man—died as a brave soldier should, and his officers spoke of him afterwards as a man that had done his duty nobly. But for a' that, Davie, my lad, he died far from home, and left me to warstle my lane."

The boy's bright face was clouded for a moment, and he could not speak for rising tears of disappointment, but his mother resumed more cheerfully:

"There are mony ways of being a soldier forby taking the Queen's shilling and going to foreign lands. And there are mony ways of fighting a

brave fight forby shooting our fellowmen. It sounds fine, nae doot, to hear of charging up the heights and taking the enemy's guns, and being killed amid the roar of cannon, and flags flying, and bugles sounding, and a' folk speaking afterwards of how our men fell covered with glory. But, Davie, there's anither side to the picture. There are wives and mither's left weeping, and bits o' bairns that will never ken a faither's love. And the dear faces that were sae full of kindness lying white and cruelly mangled on some far hillside—Davie, think of it! Think of your mither's black gown and widow's cap as weel as of your faither's red coat and glittering sword." The boy's lip

quivered, and he said, half-reproachfully, "Then ye dinna wish me to be a soldier?"

"Bairn," the mother asked quickly, and smiling through her tears, "bairn, what was it that John Barclay said to you when ye brought his baby safe off the lines twa years syne? but you've no' forgotten?"

Davie threw up his head and answered promptly, "John said I was a brave boy, and a true soldier's son, and no soldier could have done a finer deed—that's what he said." The boy spoke with honest pride, not boastfully, and his mother answered:

"And John Barclay kens what true valour means, for he was a soldier once himself, and he is now something better still—a policeman." Davie opened his eyes, and Mrs. Blair, reading his thought, added, "Yes. We think little of the police mostly, but he mon be a brave man wha enters the force. I tell you, my Davie, men often fight a far grander battle by their ain fireside, or in the streets of Edinburgh, than the Highlanders did when they charged up Balaklava. I've seen chaps do as gallant deeds near this very spot as ever were done on a battlefield."

"Oh, mither," cried Davie, "tell me how that could be."

The woman's saddened face kindled as she answered. "I saw a fisher lad fling himself into the sea to save a drowning bairn, and he held it up even when he himself was sinking from exhaustion. He had no' grip the hands that came to save till they had hold of the wean.

"I saw four miners go down the shaft to rescue their perishing comrades when there was scarce a chance that any one wad come up again alive.

"I saw an old man go into the public-house yonder, where men half mad with drink were rampaging like wild beasts, and he spoke to them such words as sent them home with hanging heads and remorseful hearts.

"I saw a little boy—a wee laddie—do what scarce the bravest soldier would have done." She smiled, though tears gushed from her eyes, and she drew Davie within her arm with a glance of proud possession as she went on. "An infant had crept upon the railroad, and a train was coming up. The laddie saw, and ran on to the lines right in front of the train, and caught up the babe and saved it, and was saved. Does my Davie mind that?"

Davie blushed, and then his mother kissed him and said, "Never fear, my boy. Ye'll be a soldier somehow, though ye may never wear the red coat. Though love and duty may bid you no' to forsake your auld mither, yet I ken the Lord will let you fight under His banner if ye enlist with the Captain of our salvation."

Davie Blair never forgot those words spoken when he was a boy of ten years of age, and whenever the old longing to be a soldier came back upon

his mind he thought of what his mother had said, and consoled himself with her speech.

As he grew older, and the time came when he must work not only for himself but for her who had toiled hard for him, he saw that duty distinctly forbade his joining the army as he so eagerly desired. He was sure no blessing could come to him if he forsook his mother when her strength was failing, and she was learning to lean upon his young manhood with a glad sense of being supported in so sweet a way.

Davie had grown tall, broad-shouldered, and handsome, and he was often urged to enlist when he loitered near Jock's Lodge or the Castle parade ground, but he resisted the temptation; and then there dimly rose up within him a consciousness of being actually "in uniform;" for the fight with the world, the flesh, and the devil had begun, and the brave lad said to himself, "I'll do battle manfully and conquer the foe, though I die on the field and though no men applaud. That's what I'll do."

CHAPTER II.

"EH, I'd like weel to be a soldier, lassie."

Twelve years had gone and Davie Blair had grown a man, but his mother had not been able to give him much education or apprentice him, therefore he was only a railway porter, and often thought regretfully of his old longings after the army.

The child of John Barclay, whose life he had saved, had become a fair maiden, and they loved each other, but Davie had his mother to support, so that marriage was not to be contemplated for some years. In the meanwhile May had taken service with a wealthy family who lived in a large house situated in a rather lonely part of the suburbs of Edinburgh. The young couple were happy and hopeful in their love, and May's mistress gave them frequent opportunities of seeing each other, when the girl was wont to encourage Davie to be patient and persevering, for, to tell the truth, he lost heart at times, and feared that he was going to lose in the fight after all.

It was when May and he were strolling in the Park, talking over their plans for the future, that Davie once more gave utterance to his old boyish wish. The girl lifted her soft eyes admiringly and thought how well her bonnie lad would look in a soldier's dress. Then she said, "It would be fine, no doubt, in some ways, and you are cut out for some trade of the sort, ye carry yourself so well, Davie, and you are so brave and steady. But—why don't you go into the police, like father?"

"I've thought sometimes of that," said Davie musingly; "but though they have drill and the like, it's—it's different. It's not just——" and he paused.

May laughed. "Oh yes, I know what you are

thinking," she said. "It seems to you a mean sort of soldiering to catch other men when they trip, to take fellows up to the office, to poke and pry, to lay hands on women and bairns too. But I tell you, Davie, *that* is a wrong way to look at it. I think a man need have more courage to be a *good* policeman than to be even a *bad* soldier. So there."

"I think ye're right, May," said Davie. "Even a bad man can be brave when he is charging under orders, and wi' all the pride and pomp of war about him; but it must take a mint of heart-courage to do police duty honestly."

"Ay, that is true," replied May. Then, after a short silence, she resumed, "You talk to father about it, and he will give you good advice. He is wise and good, Davie. He is always sorry for the bad folks he has to look after, but he says that the truest kindness he can do them is to arrest them. And you don't know how often, often he helps people and puts them right with a kind word or a warning glance."

"I think," said Davie musingly, "that it is real brave o' the police to tramp, tramp all night long through the dark closes and other horrid places, keeping guard over sleeping folks."

"Oh," May exclaimed, "sometimes I am dreadfully frightened in the night at Dunville House, for the back garden is so unprotected, and the ladies have such heaps of jewels and plate, and only boys and women in the house. I lie awake and listen, and then I hear the policeman walking slowly past, and I feel safe. You can't think how it quiets a frightened lass to know that some one is keeping guard outside," and the girl glanced meaningly into her lover's face.

Davie laughed a little, but her words had weight with him, and after one or two talks with John Barclay the young man decided upon entering the police force. His mother's cordial approval was given, and that was compensation to the son for much that was disagreeable in his new life.

To be honest, I must admit that it was some time before he became reconciled to the work he found he had to do, and it required something more than even a keen sense of duty to help him in controlling his feelings at all times.

I think the most pleasant part of his work was night-duty, when his "beat" lay in the direction of Dunville House. He would pace slowly past the lonely darkened mansion, emphasising his tread when he walked up the lane leading to the back premises; and he would think with a glow of delight that timid May was perhaps listening to the measured foot-falls, and being reassured thereby. Often (when May had received a hint that her lover's duty would bring him in that direction at a certain hour) the blind of her window would be lifted for an instant, and the girl's bright face would beam softly upon him.

We may be sure that the halo of romance so

thrown around the young policeman's irksome duty greatly helped to reconcile him to it; but it was a higher power which ultimately taught David Blair that the vocation of guardian of the peace is as noble a one as that of any soldier.

It is no part of my purpose, however, to enter fully into this part of our hero's experience; therefore I must beg you to imagine that for yourselves—not a difficult task if you will take the trouble to think.

CHAPTER III.

"EH, I'd like weel to be a soldier, man!"

Once more Davie spoke those words. He was proceeding towards his post of duty, accompanied by John Barclay, and the merry bugle-call was borne to their ears from the Castle, suggesting to Davie some of his old longings.

John smiled and said, "Haven't you found out yet that you *are* a soldier, Davie?"

"Yes, I know, in one sense, perhaps in two,—but still," and Davie heaved a little sigh. His companion laid a hand on the young man's arm, and said impressively, "Before long, I am sure, you will have soldier's work to do; most of us police do sooner or later. By *soldier's work* I mean fighting for the defenceless, opposing fearful odds, shedding of blood. Pray, Davie, that when your turn to do those things comes you may be enabled to perform your duty in the spirit of a true soldier—not for men's praise, not in revenge or anger, but for God and your country. Good-night! my way, you know, is yonder," and John, pointing to a street not far from the quiet road they were upon, nodded adieu, and left Davie to pursue his way alone.

The evening had closed in, and the way was quiet, so that the young policeman was left very much to his own thoughts, as he walked along his "beat." Now and again a civil citizen said good evening as they passed each other, or a reckless youth tossed coarse jokes at "the Bobby," but Davie's mind was engrossed by John Barclay's parting words, and he took no notice of the rudeness. But as he neared Dunville House, his thoughts began to flow in other channels, and he wondered if he would have a word with May, before the doors were closed for the night. But the doors and windows were all closed that evening much sooner than usual, for some suspicious-looking men had been seen loitering near the garden at twilight, and the household had deemed it prudent to barricade itself after dusk. As Davie did not know that the fears of the unprotected women had been roused, he was a little surprised as well as disappointed. He walked slowly on, and very soon his thoughts reverted to Barclay's speech. Now the words *would* come back again and again, until Davie exclaimed to himself, "I declare it sounds like a prophecy. I feel as if I were putting on

armour this moment! Well, God teach me, if I have it to do, to act a soldier's part in the cause of peace."

Some hours later Davie's perambulations led him once more in the vicinity of Dunville House, and, as he drew near, he saw that a light was being carried up the stair. That some one in the house was ill suggested itself as a solution of the early closing as well as the candle carried about after midnight, but in a moment another reason flashed across his mind, for his quick ear caught the sound of breaking glass. Davie could not have explained *why* that noise made him suspect something wrong at Dunville House; why he hurried towards it, making no noise, and carefully hiding his bull's-eye; why he crept stealthily round in the lane; why he thought particularly of a low pantry window which looked into the kitchen-garden, and was easily reached from the lane. As Davie cautiously neared this window, he saw that it was open; and at that moment, he heard a stifled cry proceeding from a remote part of the house. Quickly and noiselessly the young man entered through the window, determined to do what he could. He knew that any call for assistance was useless; no help was within reach, and his quick wits told him that his only hope must be in coming upon the burglars unaware. There were no sounds to be heard in the house, and no light except his own lantern. By its aid and his knowledge of the house Davie made his way upstairs. As he reached the drawing-room door he heard whispered talk and some smothered movements in an adjoining room. There was a light in the room, and the door was ajar. Peeping in, Davie saw a sight to nerve any true man's arm.

The lady of the house was held in bed by a brawny ruffian, who was compelling her to tell him where to find jewels, plate, etc. Another man was rifling boxes and cabinets, and a third was tying the spoil up in bundles. All three were armed with knives and short heavy sticks, and at the moment when Davie looked upon the scene, there flashed again across his mind, the words of John Barclay, "fighting for the defenceless, opposing fearful odds, shedding of blood."

With a silent cry to God for help Davie sprang upon the man who held the lady, and dealt a blow that sent the fellow reeling against the wall. In a moment the others were on Davie, and he was stabbed brutally in the shoulder by one while grappling with the other. The lady screamed and swooned, and the domestics, aroused by the noise, came trooping to Mrs. Dunville's room, from whence they all fled again on catching sight of the men fighting—all fled save *one*.

The light which the burglars carried had been placed on a table. It shone on the combatants, and May Barclay readily recognised her lover in the bleeding policeman, who was fighting so manfully, armed with nothing but his baton.

With a wild cry the girl darted away to the boys' room, where she found the two elder lads preparing to come down in hot haste. "Your revolver, Master George, quick!" May panted, and the boy hurriedly produced the weapon, and strove to load it. But his hands trembled, and it was May's steadier nerve that adjusted the cap and ball. It was May's hand that fired the shot which brought one of the burglars to the ground, and frightened the others, who, thinking that efficient aid had come to the policeman, fled, leaving Davie to fall bleeding at the feet of his brave sweetheart. "A true soldier—May darling, I—for God and country," whispered the young policeman as his life flowed away with the stream of his best blood.

They buried Davie Blair with martial honours, and the cowards who took his life were convicted of manslaughter. The world did not say much about our hero's tragic end. *It* reserves its raptures of joy or sorrow for the *red* coats—not the *blue*. Within the circle of those who loved him Davie is remembered, and in the police force his example has done infinite service. May Barclay will always talk of him as her "true soldier," and his mother keeps his baton (hacked by the burglars' knives) beside his father's sword.

THE END.

[* * In June: The First Part of ARCHIE. A Tale, in Six Chapters. By ROBINA F. HARDY.]

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice."

HEB. iii. 7.

FROM the sunshine of Thy dwelling
Thou hast sent me this new day,
Laden with Thy love excelling,
Tidings of Thy glory telling,
To refresh my way.

Good and perfect gifts are lying
Wrapt within its folds of light,
Pledges of a faith undying
That earth's sorrow and its sighing
Will but last a night.

Solemn is this day descending
From the fulness of Thy years,
With my past and future blending,
New life opening, old life ending,—
Born 'mid smiles and tears.

Shall it bring my footsteps nearer
To the Light above the sun?
Will it show my pathway clearer,
Will it prove Thy presence dearer,
Ere its course be run?

May I feel that Presence guiding
All its moments, every hour!
Through its shadows never hiding,
'Mid its errors gently chiding,
'Neath its changes still abiding,
Making weakness power!

GEO. MATHESON.

James Melville's Autobiography.

By the Rev. GEORGE D. McNAUGHTAN, B.D., Ardoch.

JAMES MELVILLE, nephew of Andrew Melville, the Hildebrand of Presbytery, left behind him an Autobiography, in which, from his own standpoint, he describes the men and the events of his time. King James regarded the nephew as the more dangerous of his two great clerical opponents. "Mr. Andrew," it was said, "is but a blast, but Mr. James is a crafty, byding man, and more to be feared than his uncle."

James Melville was born at Baldowy, in the shire of Angus, on the 25th July 1556. Scotland was then in the first throes of the Reformation, and his father and friends were all zealous adherents of the Protestant cause. In the very year of his birth John Knox was preaching in the immediate neighbourhood, under the protection of Erskine of Dun. Before he had grown up, the new cause had triumphed. When he was four years of age, the first General Assembly met. Exciting events took place during his boyhood. While at school he heard of the marriage of the Queen, the murder of Rizzio, the murder of Darnley, the capture of the Queen at Carberry, the escape from Lochleven Castle, and the battle of Langside. While all this was happening, James was being trained by the new Protestant minister at Logie Montrose¹ in "letters, godliness, and exercises of honest games." He was taught to read the Catechism, Prayers, and Scripture, to rehearse by heart the Catechism and Prayers, "to abhor swearing, and to rebuke and complain upon such as he heard swear." Gradually he mastered the rudiments of Latin and French, and from the *Minora Colloquia* of Erasmus went on to the *Eclogues* of Virgil and the *Epistles* of Horace and Cicero. The "honest games" were handling the "bow for archery, the club for golf, the batons for fencing; also to run, to leap, to swim, to wrestle, every one having his match and antagonist both in our lessons and play." At a very early age he began to take an interest in religion; when eight or nine he prayed "going to bed, and rising, and being in the fields alone to pray over the prayers which he had learned, with a sweet moving in his heart." In all this we have a graphic picture of the manner in which the first generation of Scottish Protestants endeavoured to bring up their children. In case, however, any one should suppose that boy-nature then was very different from what it is now, take the following incident of school-life in Montrose, whither James had been sent for further instruction. We find our way into the interior of an old Scottish schoolroom. "Having the candle in my hand on a winter night before six hours in the school, sitting in the class, bairnly and negligently playing with the bent,² it kindled so

on fire that we had all ado to put it out with our feet."

The battle of Langside was fought in 1568. Queen Mary became a prisoner in England. Murray, the good Regent, was assassinated in 1570. Lennox, Mar, and Morton in rapid succession were filling the same perilous office when, in 1571, James Melville, now fourteen years of age, returned home, his school-days ended. What was to be his life's-work? "My father sets me about the harvest labour, wherein I had little pleasure; for, howbeit, I spent not the time so fruitfully as I might at school, yet I liked the scholar's life best, but my father held us in such awe that we durst not reason with him, but his will was needful obedience to us." But, like Jane Welsh Carlyle and her *penna pennæ* under the table, James had his own devices. He wrote a sermon and placed it within the pages of a book his father was in the habit of reading. His father read it and determined to send him to college. James got a bursary and went to St. Andrews. There he began to study Aristotle with so little effect that (to use his own language) "he did nothing but bursted and grat¹ at his lessons, and was of mind to have gone home again." In a little, of course, he got over his difficulties, and took kindly to student-life.

Meanwhile exciting events were going on in the great world. In 1572 the massacre of St. Bartholomew startled Europe, and finally ruined Queen Mary's party in Scotland. At this time Edinburgh Castle was held for the Queen, and the city being at the mercy of the garrison, John Knox had taken refuge at St. Andrews. Owing to this chance, the young student had an opportunity of hearing the great preacher, now tottering on the brink of the grave. More than any other passage from the Autobiography has this description been quoted as showing what the old man was to the very last. "I saw him every day of his doctrine go hulie and fear, with a furring of martriks about his neck, a staff in the one hand, and good godly Richard Ballenden, his servant, holding up the other oxtar, from the Abbey to the parish kirk; and by the said Richard and another servant lifted up to the pulpit, where he behoved to lean at his first entry; but or he had done with his sermon, he was so active and vigorous that he was like to ding that pulpit in blads and fly out of it." James Melville took notes of these discourses, but confesses that "when he entered to application, he made me so to grue and tremble, that I could not hold a pen to write." Not so often quoted, but not less interesting is the following notice of the great reformer. "Mr. Knox would sometimes come in and repose him in our college-yard, and call us scholars unto him and bless us, and exhort us to know God and His work in our country, and stand by the good cause,

¹ So in Autobiography. Probably Logiepert is meant.

² Dried grass strewed on the floor.

¹ Sobbed and wept.

to use our time well, to learn the good instructions and follow the good example of our masters." Towards the close of that same year Knox died. In the case of young Melville at least, his words were sown in good soil. Thus exhorted and taught, James passed some years of student-life at St. Andrews, gradually making progress in all the learning of the time.

In 1574 Andrew Melville returned from the Continent. To him, intending to reside quietly in his native Forfarshire, the further education of his nephew was entrusted. Fresh from the university, James thought at first he might in learning be a match for his uncle, but soon discovered his mistake. Andrew Melville already possessed a European reputation, and his nephew soon found how little in comparison he himself knew, and how much he had still to learn. The great scholar was not long allowed to remain in obscurity. He was called to become Principal of Glasgow University, and took James with him to help him in his work. On their way thither, at Stirling, they had a glimpse of the child-king of Scotland, James VI., then about eight years old; "the sweetest sight in Europe that day, for strange and extraordinary gifts of ingyne, judgment, memory and language. I heard him discourse, walking up and down in old Lady Mar's hand, of knowledge and ignorance to my great marvel and astonishment." Such in his childhood was the British Solomon.

The new Principal revolutionised the system of instruction in Glasgow, and James, as one of the Regents, was an active assistant. Both uncle and nephew remained there till 1580, in which year they were removed to St. Andrews.

Meanwhile the nephew had thoughts of marriage. His choice in many respects was curious. Going to Edinburgh to the Assembly, he usually resided with John Durie, one of the ministers of that city. This minister had a daughter of whom the following is a description. "Taken with the godly order and exercise in the family of John Durie, and with that careful walking with God I saw in him, as also with some appearance of God's fear and honesty I saw in the face and fashions of the bern, being but about eleven or twelve years of age, I resolved with my God to settle my heart there, take her for my love, and put all other out of my heart. And this almost a four year before our marriage."

From 1580 onwards the two Melvilles set diligently to work at St. Andrews—James teaching Hebrew, and having Robert Rollock, afterwards first Regent of Edinburgh University, as one of his students. In 1582 he was called to become minister of Stirling, but was not allowed to accept the call either by his uncle or by the Church. "Howbeit my mind was to the ministry, remembering ever my vow, and not the more unwillingly that I had the purpose of my marriage in hand." St.

Andrews College still needed him. However, in 1583 he married, being now twenty-seven, and the "bern" before spoken of fifteen—as one would think, a "bern" still.

James VI. was now becoming old enough to interfere in the ecclesiastical affairs of the nation. His object was to develop the prevalent Presbyterianism into a modified Episcopacy. Andrew Melville was one of the sturdiest of his opponents. After a bold appearance before the King and Council he was obliged, in order to escape imprisonment in Blackness Castle, to flee into England. In a short time all the leaders of the party, his nephew amongst the rest, were compelled to follow his example. James describes in a graphic way his escape by sea. His cousin had undertaken to convey him dressed as a fisherman from St. Andrews to Berwick in an open boat. "So after consultation with my God, and finding His warrant in my heart, I concluded to go, albeit not without great trials and much heaviness, yet on the part rejoicing that God gave the heart to leave native country, house, and sweet, loving, new-married wife." In St. Andrews harbour he had to lie beneath the sail, where he was nearly suffocated, lest he should be spied of some ships riding beside them. At last they got fairly started. "The day was hot. There were but two men in the boat, besides two cousins of mine, with myself. Of these two we had one at our devotion; the other was the owner of the boat, and very evil affected, but the hot rowing and the stoup with the strong ale hard beside him made him at once to fall over asleep. . . . Ere ever our skipper wakened we were a good space be-south the May, who, seeing he could not mend himself, was fain to yield, and agree with his merchant for a hire to Berwick. But being off and on with Dunbar, about one afternoon, comes off the hills of Lammermuir-edge a great mist, with a tempestuous shower and drow,¹ which, ere we could get our sails tackled, did cast us about, and ere my cousin was aware carried us back almost to the May, with such a how wa² and spene drift³ that the boat, being open, he looked for great danger had the stormy shower continued. But the young man, being very skilful and able, starts to his chest and took out a compass, and finding us against our course with much ado, wanting help and shipping of much water, he cast about and sailed near the wind, holding both the helm and sheet, sustaining in the meantime evil language of the skipper instead of help, till it pleased God mercifully to look upon us, and within an hour and a half to drive away the shower and calm the drow, so that it fell down dead calm about the sun drawing low."

The voyage, with its incidents half pathetic and half ludicrous, was not yet over. "To keep the sea all night in an open little boat it was dangerous, and to go to Dunbar we durst not, so of necessity

¹ Squall. ² Hollow wave, high sea. ³ Flying spray.

we took us toward St. Abb's Head. But we, having but two oars, and the boat slow and heavy, it was about eleven hours of the night ere we could win there; howbeit no man was idle; yea, I rowed myself till the skin came off my fingers, more acquainted with the pen nor working on an oar." Passing the night on shore under the crag, they were awakened by the sea-fowls, and, covered by a mist, succeeded in passing the residence of Alexander Home of Manderston, "one of our chief confederate enemies," who had intercepted some fugitives not long before. "So we came on hulk and fear till we were within the bounds of Berwick, where we were in greatest danger of all, beset in the mist by two or three of the cobles of Berwick, which were so swift in rowing that they went round about us; but we being five on board, and having two pistols with three swords, and they no armour, they were fain to let us be, namely, when they understood that we were making for Berwick." Thus like the great apostle had James Melville been in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, and in perils from his own countrymen. His description of his voyage is so graphic that one can almost smell the sea-breezes of three hundred years ago.

His wife followed him to England, and in Newcastle, where he ministered to the exiled Scottish lords, his eldest son, Ephraim, was born, so called because he felt that his position was not unlike that of Joseph in Egypt. But it was not long till a counter-revolution occurred in Scotland. The exiled noblemen with some of the exiled ministers crossed the borders; the south country rose around them, and the court retired to Stirling. "Marching forward with diligence, they (*i.e.* the exiled lords) came to St. Ninian's Kirk, a mile from Stirling, and there encamped, to the number of ten thousand horsemen. . . . On the morne soon by break of day, they beset the town, and with great quietness and unresistable courage, ministered by God, scaled and clam over the walls," those old walls of Stirling, parts of which still remain. James VI. was forced to yield; a change of government was the result, and the Melvilles were free to return to St. Andrews.

Here in the meantime we shall pause.

"Woman's Work: and its possible Organisation."

NOTICE OF AN EXISTING GUILD.

BY A CITY MINISTER.

THE paper of the Rev. Professor Charteris on this subject in the March number of "Life and Work" strikes a note to which there ought to be a very wide and general response throughout the Church of Scotland. The success of the Young Men's Guild made it inevitable that ere long the movement should extend to the other sex; while the development of similar societies for women in

the Reformed Churches alike of Germany and of England, and the great benefits which both these Churches have derived from their organised assistance, must have kindled in many of our earnest female workers a strong desire that in their own beloved Church some place might be found for their devotion. There may be features of these societies as they exist in Germany or in England which we do not wish to copy; but we may take what suits our case and leave aside what we do not like. If the thing be new to us, so in many respects are the circumstances of our age; and our Church, as Dr. Charteris says, "is free to adapt herself to the wants of our time in this as in all things good." Moreover, he has shown conclusively that it is far more in accordance with the New Testament to have such organisations for female work than to be without them.

But sermons are preached in order to be acted on; and those readers of "Life and Work" who are desirous to reduce to practice Dr. Charteris' precepts may be glad to hear something of the constitution and operations of a Young Women's Guild, which has now been working for well-nigh two years, in a poor parish in one of our largest cities.

The Guild in question consists of Members, who are communicants of the Church of Scotland, and of Associates, who, if not yet communicants, look forward to the participation of that Holy Sacrament. It is governed by the Minister of the Parish and his Assistants, who are *ex officio* President and Vice-Presidents, and by a Council of twelve members elected annually. The annual subscription is 1s., and each member on admission receives a badge of bronze, which she must return in the event of her leaving the Guild; the Council having power, with the consent of the President, to request any member whom they deem unfit to remain in the Guild to retire from it. The membership includes women of very different social rank, but within the Guild, as in the Church, they are all equal. This is indeed one of the points in which the Guild differs fundamentally from the "Girls' Friendly Society," another distinction being that the Guild is of set purpose a Church of Scotland Association, and that it has specially in view the aid of the parish minister in his *parish* work. But the very difference of the two societies in scope and constitution prevents them being rivals. There is no reason why girls who are members of the one should not also be members of the other.

The objects of the Guild in question are these:—

"1. To assist those who join it to live a deeper spiritual life.

"2. To draw others to the Saviour.

"3. To undertake some work or works for the good of the Parish or Congregation, or of the Missions of the Church, such as—

"(a) Visiting the sick and needy, reading to aged and infirm neighbours, and speaking words of comfort.

“(b) Endeavouring to bring to Church those who do not go there; persuading parents to bring their children to be baptized, and to send them to Sunday School; and non-communicants to come to Holy Communion.

“(c) Teaching in the Sunday School, singing in the Choir, and helping the unlearned, whether young or old.

“(d) Encouraging innocent amusements and recreations, giving help in Mothers' Meetings, needlework, or whatever is undertaken for the good of others.”

These objects the Guild endeavours to carry out in various ways. For example, they maintain at their own expense, and officer with Teachers, a Mission Sunday School which is attended now by 243 pupils. They provide a choir of their own number to lead the singing at the Parish Mission; and the Mission Room, which was formerly dingy and uninviting, they have repainted, refurnished, and brightened in every possible way; and by their exertions among the poor they have not only largely increased the attendance at the Mission but led a very considerable number on from it to the Parish Church. With the help of some matrons, they conduct the Children's Working Party on Saturdays; once a fortnight they have a Working Party and Dorcas Meeting of their own; and every Thursday, such of them as have the forenoon free go, so many at a time, to the Parish Buildings and there—with utensils purchased by themselves—they cook soup and other little delicacies, of which the materials are provided from the common purse of the Guild, and carry them to the sick poor, nine persons being supplied each week, besides eighteen of the poorest children of the neighbourhood for whom a wholesome dinner is prepared from what is not suitable for the sick. The revenues of the Guild are derived (1) from their own quarter pennies; (2) from the Weekly Collection at the Young Women's Bible Class; and (3) from the proceeds of their Annual Sale of Work. It illustrates the power of little things that in the first year of the Guild's existence it spent on religious and charitable objects in the parish no less than £45. Of course many of the members teach in the Congregational Sunday School, or give their services as Collectors, or in the Choir; their Annual Conversazione is an opportunity for bringing many of the Congregation together; and but for the help of the members who can play or sing, the Open Meetings of the Young Men's Guild would be shorn of their chief attraction. In another way the Guild does good. *There are young women as well as young men who come friendless to our large towns*, and are thankful to be received into a good set. For the promotion of what is the Guild's first object, the deepening of their own spiritual life, the Guild has each year a number of Special Services, conducted by the Presidents or other Ministers. These are sometimes held

early on Sunday morning, sometimes on an evening of a week-day, and are both hearty and helpful. In addition, all the members read a portion of the Bible daily, and remember each other in mutual intercession. The membership at present is upwards of 85.¹

Chinese Gordon.

“I WANT a hero”—well, that wish is wise;
Who hath no hero lives not near to God;
For heroes are the steps by which we rise
To reach His hand who lifts us from the sod.
I'll give you one. You've heard of Chinese Gordon,
Who laid the hot-brained pig-tail rebel low,
Strong, shod with peace or with sharp-bladed sword on,
To gain an ally or to crush a foe,
And reap respect from both. How came it so?
He used no magic, and he owned no spell,
But with keen glance, strong will, and weighty blow,
Did one thing at a time, and did it well;
And sought no praise from men, as in God's eye,
Nobly to live content or nobly die.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

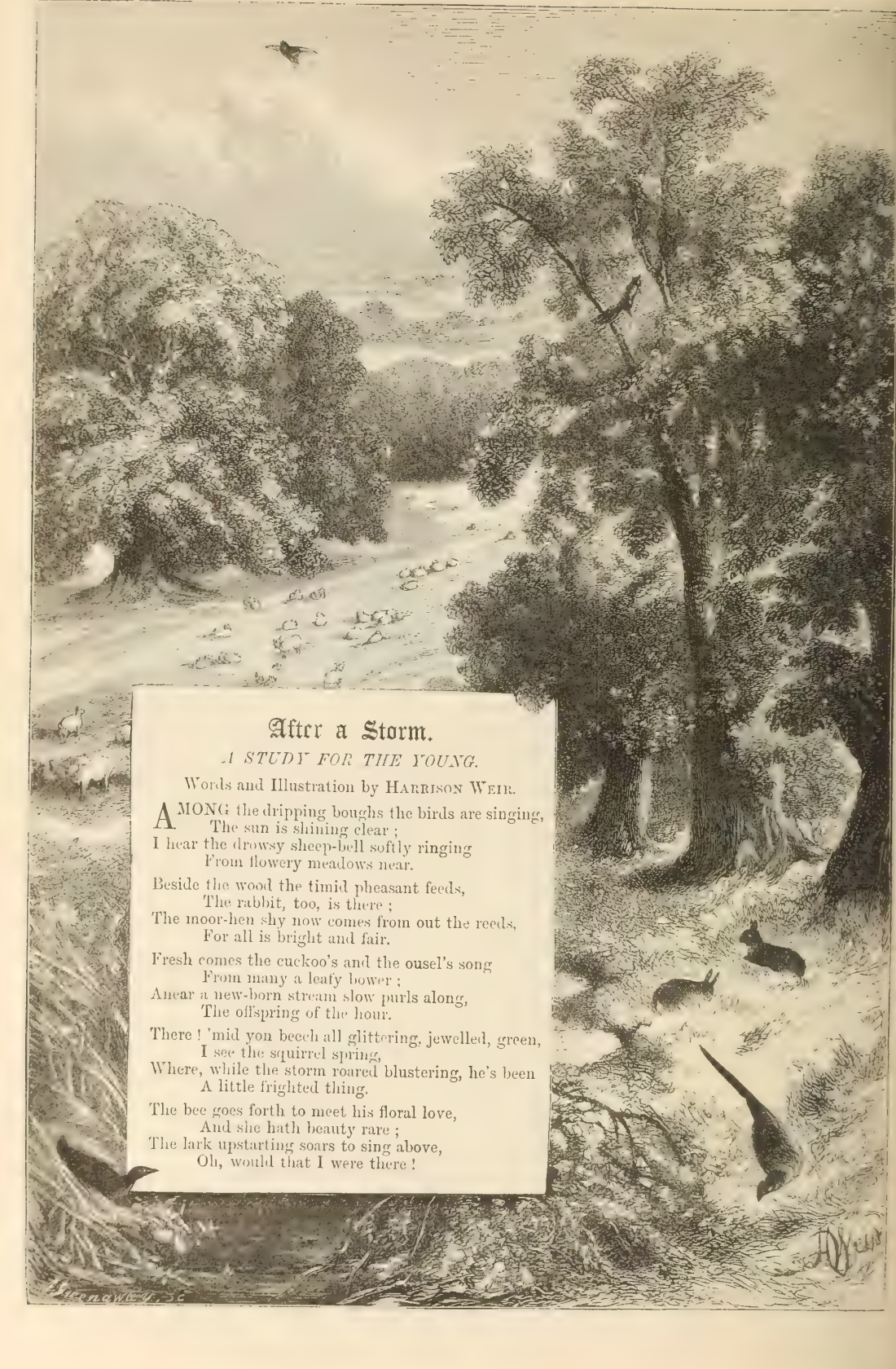
The answers to be all from the New Testament.

1. Where is it said that the modest and pure life of a Christian woman may gain her husband to Christ?
2. Three texts telling Christian women how to dress or adorn themselves for the Christian assembly or anywhere.
3. Two texts forbidding them to speak in the Christian assembly, or to be public teachers of men.
4. Find in Romans six women (not counting “Junia”) named as specially engaged in Christian work.
5. How many Christian women (exclude Sapphira) are named in Acts?
6. Find that one of those named in Acts helped to instruct an eminent Christian man.
7. Find in Pastoral Epistles two women named to whom another eminent Christian owed much.
8. Name five women who ministered unto Jesus of their substance when He was in Galilee.
9. Try to distinguish six Marys in the New Testament.
10. Where are the children of Christian wives called holy?

ANSWERS FOR APRIL.

1. 1 Cor. 16. 2; Gen. 28. 22; Deut. 16. 17. 2. Exod. 25. 2; 2 Cor. 8. 12; 2 Cor. 9. 7. 3. Matt. 6. 2-4; 10. 8; perhaps Rom. 12. 8. 4. Prov. 3. 28. 5. Prov. 11. 25; 14. 21; 19. 17; 22. 9; 28. 27; Isa. 58. 10, 11; Luke 6. 38. 6. The poor widow, Mark 12. 43; the Samaritan, Luke 10. 37; the Macedonian Christians, 2 Cor. 8. 1; Christ Himself, 2 Cor. 8. 9. 7. The Magi, Matt. 2. 11; pious women, Luke 8. 3; Mary, John 12. 3; Joseph and Nicodemus, John 19. 38-42; first believers, Acts 2. 44, 45; Barnabas, Acts 4. 36. 8. The Congregation of Israel, Exod. 35. 21-29; Princes of Israel, Numb. 7. 2, etc.; David, 1 Chron. 18. 11; Solomon, 1 Kings 8. 63; Nehemiah, the chiefs, and the rest of the people, Neh. 7. 70-72. 9, 10. Deut. 16. 10; Ps. 37. 21; 41. 1; 112. 9; Prov. 3. 9; 14. 31; 19. 17; 29. 7; Isa. 32. 8; 58. 7; Ezek. 18. 7; Matt. 5. 42; Luke 8. 11; 11. 41; 12. 33; 14. 13, 14; 16. 9; 18. 22; Acts 10. 4; 20. 35; Rom. 12. 13; Eph. 4. 28; 1 Tim. 6. 18; Heb. 13. 16.

¹ The author of this notice will be glad to give further information to any who may contemplate forming similar Guilds. The Editor of “Life and Work” will forward communications.



After a Storm.

A STUDY FOR THE YOUNG.

Words and Illustration by HARRISON WEIR.

AMONG the dripping boughs the birds are singing,
The sun is shining clear ;
I hear the drowsy sheep-bell softly ringing
From flowery meadows near.

Beside the wood the timid pheasant feeds,
The rabbit, too, is there ;
The moor-hen shy now comes from out the reeds,
For all is bright and fair.

Fresh comes the cuckoo's and the ousel's song
From many a leafy bower ;
Anear a new-born stream slow purls along,
The offspring of the hour.

There ! 'mid yon beech all glittering, jewelled, green,
I see the squirrel spring,
Where, while the storm roared blustering, he's been
A little frightened thing.

The bee goes forth to meet his floral love,
And she hath beauty rare ;
The lark upstarting soars to sing above,
Oh, would that I were there !



JUNE 1884.

Science and Religion.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE
TERCENTENARY.

By the Rev. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

ON the 14th of April a great sight was witnessed in the Scottish capital—the University of Edinburgh kept the three hundredth anniversary of its foundation, and learned men from all countries in Europe, and from distant parts of the earth, joined with the professors and students in its celebration. The old historic Cathedral of St. Giles was chosen for a special religious service. More than three thousand people thronged the aisles, most of them in academic costume; all the foreign deputies attended, many of them in the gorgeous raiment of their own Universities. Many as have been the strange scenes this venerable church has witnessed, it may well be doubted whether it ever witnessed a sight so imposing, so suggestive, and so solemnising, as it witnessed that day. It was not merely the vast multitudes that thronged every part of the building; it was not merely the scenic display, the brilliancy of colours, the quaintness of academic dress, the sweetness of the music, the vast volume of sound, that impressed one; it was the thought that in the temple of God the wisest men that our time has seen, from our own and many lands—representatives of every form of intellectual culture—knelt together side by side, joined their voices in the same hymn of praise, and united in uttering as with one voice the great common prayer of Christendom. It was the tribute of culture to faith; it was the homage of science to religion; it was the humble and reverent acknowledgment of God as the source of all knowledge, the “light of all our seeing,” the fountain of all our wisdom. None of those who were, with the writer, present at the scene are ever likely to forget it; it was like a bright and inspiring vision.

It was said by the illustrious Count Saffi, who was present on one of the days of the celebration—which lasted over a week—that the “grand, the noble, the inspiring, feature” that struck him was “the union, the intimate union, between religion, patriotism, and science, which presided over all the proceedings connected with the festivity. In

Catholic countries,” he said, “it is our great want, owing to the decay of the old belief and the want of the substitution of the new one, that we labour under a complete deficiency of true, real, genuine faith.” And a professor from a distant Danish University expressed his gratification at the good feeling which prevailed between the clergy and the men of science—“such,” he added sorrowfully, “was not possible in his own country.” The speeches made by the foreign delegates to the students of the University were all pervaded by deep religious feeling and called on these young men to hold fast the precious heritage of the faith in which they had been nurtured in Protestant Scotland. “Scotland, religious Scotland,” said Professor Beets, “commencing all its great and small proceedings with prayer, and doing itself the honour and the benefit of revering the Lord more openly than many a country of the present day.” Virchow, chief of living physiologists, warned the students against relying upon Darwinism and its doctrine of the descent of man as established truth, and making it the basis either of a religious or general education. “Natural Science,” he said, quoting from Liebig, “is modest.” His humorous description of the scientist seeking for the “pro-anthropos,” or the man before man—the primeval, pre-human man—and not finding a trace of him, but finding it on that account all the easier to make theories regarding him, will not soon be forgotten. “Open on the one side on the left,” said Professor Laveleye of Liege, the great political economist, “the economists Adam Smith and Stuart Mill; but on the other side on the right open the gospel; and if ever there is disagreement, follow above all the gospel, for between the good, the righteous, and the useful there cannot truly be contradiction. Recall to yourselves that admirable and profound word of Jesus, which would put an end to our miseries and discords, if it were listened to, ‘Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and the rest shall be added unto you.’” The addresses of the celebrated Pasteur and Helmholtz were pervaded by the same devout sentiments.

In our time, when science and religion are supposed by some to be engaged in an interminable conflict, when sometimes religion is heard anathematising science; and when, perhaps oftener still, science is heard sneering at faith, the voices of

this great gathering at Edinburgh are full of encouragement and hope. We are led to feel how true is the saying of the old Christian father, Clement of Alexandria, "Neither knowledge without faith, nor faith without knowledge." Religion, alas! has sometimes set herself against the discoveries of science, as when Peter Ramus was banished, and Bruno burned at the stake, and Columbus anathematised, and Galileo forced on his knees to recant, and the heroic Kepler persecuted alike by Catholic and by Protestant, or when a Church, setting herself up as infallible, would save men from using the faculties God has given them, and do all their thinking for them; and science has too often been dogmatic, and her specialists have despised the religious feeling which lifts the soul upward to an invisible Lord of the conscience and the life. But true religion and true science must ever be in harmony. Truth in the one sphere cannot contradict truth in the other, for truth is one. As it is only in unhealthy conditions on the one side or the other that mind and body are not in harmony, so it is only in unhealthy conditions that there can be friction between the intellectual and religious life. Let us reverence the intellectual life of man, whose triumphs have been brought before us by this gathering of the greatest men in physical science, in literature, and art, that our marvellous time has seen. Let us, each in his own sphere however small, keep our minds open to the light from whatever quarter it may come, and pick up every beautiful pebble and shell by the ocean of truth that we can find, though, like Newton, we feel the great undiscovered sea is ever before us. But let us intensely feel that human knowledge is not everything. If religion has in times past been allied with superstition, science and culture have been allied, as in ancient Greece, in the Italy of Leo X., in the France of Louis XIV., with the foulest individual and social corruption. There is a region into which the High Priests of Science as such cannot come, but into which a little child may enter. We know the facts which science has collected, but there is another class of facts of which she has nothing to say. Benevolence, purity, reverence, worship, are as real as stones or stars, or nerves or germs. There are hours in human life when we must turn from the teaching of science to that of faith—when all that science can say to us of law, force, genesis, evolution, seems to us only as the babble of a little child. The soul thirsts for God, the living God, and finds its rest in Him, and penitence kneels humbly at the foot of the cross.

Baptism.

By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

I HAVE been asked to address you, in this course of sermons, on *Baptism*, the initiatory rite of

the Christian dispensation. May He who instituted it vouchsafe His blessing!

I. Were it befitting to tell in this place what may be called "the History of Baptism" from the earliest ages of the Church till now, it would not be without its interest, and in these times its warnings. Erroneous views, in the course of years, gathered around the ordinance. Tertullian, at the close of the second century, speaks of some of these arbitrary usages—consecrating the water, anointing the limbs with oil, bestowing the kiss of peace, also giving a mixture of milk and honey to the baptized. A century and a half later, the rite seems to have been administered on Easter eve, and during the night by the light of lamps. So, at least, it is described by Cyril regarding the Church of Jerusalem. The most impressive of these ceremonies would seem to have been when, on emerging from the water, the candidates were clothed in white linen garments, as the emblem of spiritual purity and joy, the pledges of a future holy life.¹ Our own Church, as you know, properly rejects these and other symbolismisms that might be mentioned, adhering to the simple significancy of the original institution, the sole accompaniment being what Augustine calls the evangelical formula—"I baptize thee in the name (or into the name) of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

II. The departures I have referred to were followed by more serious errors. In the course of time, when the Church got involved in various corruptions of doctrine and practice, Baptism came to be credited with saving efficacy, indeed, was made synonymous with regeneration, "the gate of admission into the kingdom of heaven." The very font in the baptistry was spoken of as a "laver of most blessed regeneration for remission of all sins," and the song of the baptized, in coming forth from the water, was "Blessed is he whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered." As a natural consequence there followed, first, the assertion and claim of sacerdotal efficacy; and then the dispensation of the ordinance itself came to be considered so indispensable, that those unbaptized were placed outside the pale of salvation. It grieves one to think that this latter view has its votaries and supporters still in reputed Protestant churches. I could tell of a case within my own cognisance, when, through unavoidable causes, the baptism of the little one had been delayed, and meanwhile its unlooked-for death occurred. The clergyman called to minister to the parents in this the tenderest of human sorrows, had no better balm to offer—and I put it in the mildest form of the verdict—than that their child was unsaved.

Where is any support to be found in Holy Scripture for either of these assumptions? St. Paul, the noblest representative Christian, was him-

¹ Those who are curious on this subject are referred to an exhaustive article in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*.

self baptized by no apostolic or even ordained brother, but by a lowly Christian—"one Ananias." So little did he look to the mere rite itself, or claim any virtue or charm for its dispenser or dispensation, that he especially says to his Corinthian converts—as if anticipating these arrogant conclusions—"I thank God that I baptized none of you." Can we imagine that he, to whom the *saving* of souls ever formed "his heart's desire and prayer," could have uttered such a sentence, if Baptism, in any way, or through the instrumentality of any special priesthood or exclusive *caste*, "saved"? On the other hand, Simon Magus had the rite administered to him by an authorised evangelist of the apostolic age; one of those described as "full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom." Yet his baptism, circumstantially narrated in the Acts, was in itself powerless to transform his character and make him a Christian, for he was pronounced after it (not by a "successor of the apostles" but by the Apostle Peter himself) to be "in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity." Moreover, with all the preciousness and significance of the rite, let it be unhesitatingly asserted that Baptism is not absolutely and necessarily essential to salvation. Cornelius, the centurion, had obtained acceptance with God and salvation before he was baptized. Simon Magus, we have just seen, was baptized, and yet he remained the slave of Satan and sin; while of the unbaptized little children of Judea, the Saviour Himself declared that the kingdom of heaven was peopled with such; and the unbaptized thief on the cross was welcomed by Him to paradise. Our Westminster Confession of Faith wisely says:—"Although it be a great sin to contemn or neglect this ordinance, yet grace and salvation are not so inseparably annexed to it, as that no person can be regenerated or saved without it, or that all that are baptized are undoubtedly regenerated." "We must not commit idolatry," says Archbishop Usher, "by deifying the outward element." Is it to be inferred from what has been said, that we either depreciate the importance of the ordinance or seek to relax its binding obligation on Christian parents? By no means. Forbid that by rushing to an opposite extreme we should regard the rite as a mere outward form, far less as the customary and conventional occasion, and nothing more, for "giving a child its name." In common with the other Sacrament of the Gospel dispensation, as we shall immediately see, it is undoubtedly a divine channel of grace. The parent too, let it be added, in bringing his child to baptism, and thereby obeying the Saviour's last injunction, does himself obtain (as indeed in all acts of Christian obedience) a reflex blessing. In the present case, may he not be warranted to appropriate one of the manifold applications of the Master's gracious words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me"?

III. But it is time we come to glance, though it

must be very briefly, at the nature and design of the Ordinance itself.

(1) *Baptism is a badge of admission into the Visible Church.* It is spoken of by one of the old Fathers (Gregory of Nazianzen) as "the mark of ownership." As one sees in a flock of sheep browsing in the meadow or on the mountain-side, a mark, or initial, indicating to whom the flock belongs, so have the lambs of the Saviour's flock this mark impressed upon them, denoting them as His—bearers of the Christian name. As the servants in a great mansion have a peculiar livery and dress by which they are known to the world as belonging to that particular household, so Baptism is the first putting on of the uniform by which, in a visible sense, we become servants and members of the household of God. Chrysostom employs the equally significant comparison to young soldiers who have a martial sign branded on them, in order to be identified as belonging to the host of the Lord.

(2) *Baptism is a sign of spiritual blessings.* A sign is used to convey the meaning of an important truth by having something placed before the bodily senses. The most striking and beautiful Bible sign, perhaps, is *the Rainbow*, which God ordained to be a token, or pledge, that He would no more destroy the earth. A sign must always have reference to something signified. The Water sprinkled is the sign in Baptism. The thing signified is the two great blessings of the Gospel—comprehensive of all others—*Pardon* and *Grace*. The Water significantly points to the cleansing influences of the blood of Christ—the efficacy of the atoning death of Him who is said to have "washed his people from their sins in his own blood." Also, if possible, still more significantly to "the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost"—the sanctifying influences of the Spirit, whose operation on the soul is so frequently set forth in Scripture under this figure.

(3) *Baptism is a seal of the covenant of grace.* In transactions between man and man (take, as an example, in the disposal and transference of property) a seal is appended to written deeds, by which there is a ratification of the bargain, and the transaction or agreement is made legally binding. Baptism is the stamp or signature which God annexes to the great covenant-deed or charter of Redemption, of which this is the sum and substance—"He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life." All these three views now stated are summarised as follows in our Westminster Confession:—"Baptism is a Sacrament of the New Testament, ordained by Jesus Christ, not only for the solemn admission of the party baptized into the visible Church, but also to be unto him a sign and seal of the covenant of grace."

I sum up these few thoughts by recalling to the mind of Christian parents, who bring their child to receive the ordinance of Baptism, that they are

the accountable guardians of an heir of immortality. As its responsible sponsors, God then seems with peculiar solemnity to whisper in their ears the words—"Take this child and nurse it for Me!" While they, on their part, can plead His own gracious promise—"I will pour My Spirit upon thy seed, and My blessing upon thine offspring." "I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." "The promise is unto you and to your children." It is a beautiful legend, derived from Tertullian, that there is a special angel from heaven commissioned to be present on the occasion of every baptism. The idea or dream of this Christian Father was only a renewal of the older Jewish belief that a guardian angel was sent down to earth at the birth of every Hebrew child, to be afterwards its conductor and guide from the natal hour until death. May we not claim a diviner Presence and Reality, and believe that a mightier than created angel assumes the alleged lifelong vigil? May we not picture the true Aaron, who of old took infants in His arms and blessed them, standing by the font, with the hoarded love of eternity in His heart, and, with outstretched hands over each dedicated little one, saying, "on this wise":—

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace!"

"For I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."

Christian Frederick Schwartz.

By Rev. JOHN MARSHALL LANG, D.D., Barony, Glasgow.

LET it be remembered that, eighty-seven years before Carey landed at Calcutta, the first Protestant mission to India was organised. It was a Danish mission. A large part of Southern India was then a dependency of the crown of Denmark. And the king, moved by the pleading of his chaplain, resolved to send godly and earnest men to tell the story of the Cross to his far-distant subjects. All honour to Frederick IV. for so doing! His conduct strikingly contrasts with the miserably timid, time-serving policy of the East India Company at a later date. All honour to the brave and good men who obeyed his call! The names of Ziegenbalg, Plutsch, Grundler, Kiernander, deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance. Their difficulties were great, but their zeal and wisdom, by God's blessing, overcame them. They studied the Tamul; they compiled their grammars and dictionaries; they translated the Bible; they established their schools and seminaries; they erected their places of worship; they preached and they taught with an energy which never faltered. The first native whom God gave to them was baptized in 1707; sixteen years afterwards, their converts were numbered by hun-

dreds, and though "not many mighty were called," some persons of high rank, including a prince of ancient lineage, took upon them the yoke of Christ.

The succession of Danish missionaries was continued by a young man who, although born in North Germany, was ordained to the holy ministry in Copenhagen. The young man was Christian Frederick Schwartz, and it is with him and his work that we are at present concerned.

He had been dedicated to the service of God from infancy. His mother, who died when he was but a child, on her death-bed besought her husband to bring up their son for the ministry of the Church. In early youth it did not seem as if the parent's hope would be realised. But with opening manhood a change passed over the spirit of the life; and at the early age of twenty-three, having the orders of a Lutheran clergyman, he became for Christ's sake an exile from country and kindred. He never returned from India. In it and for it he lived and died; and the good old age which he reached, without furloughs and visits to Europe, suggests that possibly climate and heat are not so exhaustive of vigour as in popular estimation they are held to be.

The first field of the young missionary's efforts was of course Tranquebar. There he remained "in labours abundant" for upwards of fifteen years. He was induced to visit Ceylon, but he spent only a year in that island. Thereafter, he began the most fruitful time of his apostolic ministry. From Madras he proceeded on foot to Tanjore. Thence to Trichinopoly, where his efforts were so blessed that a large church was erected. Both as missionary and as garrison chaplain he had an interesting work to do, and he did it with all his might. He is presented to us in these years having no home but "a room of an old building just large enough to hold himself and his bed," his daily fare rice and vegetables, from morning to night toiling among natives or among the British soldiers. From Trichinopoly he proceeded again to Tanjore. It was the home of the last twenty years of his life. The Rajah gave him "a parcel of ground," and on it he built a house which he filled with orphans for whom, from his own slender means, he provided. Here he trained his catechists and evangelists, prayed, preached, and taught. From his house, ere yet his eye was dim, he could look over plains and villages whose people, before his arrival, had walked in darkness, but who had seen a great light. In Tanjore the old missionary sang his "Nunc dimittis," and, surrounded by those to whom he had been as a father, fell on sleep in Jesus.

Such is a bare outline of the events. But within this outline is a biography—one of the most striking in the annals of missions. Schwartz was a great missionary, he was also a great man.

His policy, as indeed the policy of the early

Protestant missions, may have been wrong. He did not insist on the renunciation of caste. In the opinion of many—it may be said of the vast majority of missionaries—this was a mistake. It was a bowing down in the house of Rimmon which, as is the case generally with temporising expedients, was in the end a failure. But, apart from this, there can be little doubt as to the wisdom of the means which he employed. The Christian education of the young was a first care, and in his school work he was indefatigable. His preaching was always simple and real. His character gave force to all his instruction. His desire was not so much himself to instruct as to train natives for ministering to natives. A pleasing picture, indeed, is that which we have of the venerable missionary seating himself in the morning beneath the tree in his compound, and gathering his catechists around him that they may sing together their morning hymn, and that he may give them his charge for the day; and again in the evening listening to their tale, teaching them for a little, and finally commending all to God and the word of His grace.

It was a native Christian—one trained by him when he was at Trichinopoly—who bore the glad tidings to Tinnevely 200 miles distant. This was the beginning of a work there which has been remarkably blessed. The readers of this page, turning to the map of India, will find that Tinnevely is near the southern extremity of the great Indian Peninsula. In 1771, when the influence of Schwartz first penetrated to it, the people, numbering nearly a million, were almost entirely Hindoos, with something of a patriarchal system of government and strict in the observance of old heathen customs. The seed taken from the basket of the missionary whom Denmark had sent found a good soil. It sprang up a hundredfold. After his death the mission was extended by the Society for Propagating the Gospel, with which Schwartz was latterly connected, and the Church Missionary Society. The famine years of 1877-78 were especially great harvest-years for the kingdom of God.

Schwartz was a really great man. He possessed statesman-like qualities of the highest order. He was sagacious and far-seeing. And, in an eminent degree, he had the faculty of swaying the wills of men. A humbler, more unobtrusive man never lived, yet he was "every inch a king." The temptation to "meddle in the affairs of this life" was one which beset him, and which only his rare consecration to Christ enabled him to overcome. He was for a time associated with the British Resident in the government of Tanjore. He was the guardian—really, though he declined to be officially—of the young Rajah; and mainly through his exertions the prince was made secure on the throne. When the Carnatic was overrun by Hyder Ali, and Tanjore itself was threatened, the word

of the missionary at once obtained what native ruler and British Resident could not accomplish. When he sent his catechists asking the country folk to send cattle and provisions, and promising payment, the request was at once obeyed; his word could be trusted. Nobler testimony to the force of character was never given than that of Hyder Ali, "the Tiger of the Mysore," when refusing to treat with the agents of government, he said, "Send the Christian to me, him I can trust."

Truly beautiful was the character of this man of God. Personal ambition within him was dead. His charity was unbounded. In Trichinopoly he was "passing rich" on £48 a year. The additional £100 of his chaplaincy were given away. "Poor, yet making many rich," was true of him. Everybody loved and venerated him. The Rajah stopped the procession on the funeral day that he might have one last look of the beloved form, and he covered it with a rich cloth of gold. Statesmen acknowledged that, in the death of the lowly missionary, a prince and a great man had been taken. The East India Company endeavoured by statue, as in writing, to immortalise his memory. And India wept over the grave of one of her purest and noblest benefactors. When men sneer at missions and missionaries, they forget that the latter part of the eighteenth century was illumined by the love, the wisdom, and the piety of Christian Frederick Schwartz.

Sunrise.

"His mercies are new every morning, and His compassions fail not."

HIS mercies are new every morning,
Heavy and long is the night;
The sea moans in blackness of darkness,
There may be a wreck ere the light.
But, sudden!—a gleam on the mountains!
The shadows are fleeing away:
God touches the clouds with sun finger,
And opens the gates of the day.

His mercies are new every morning,
And oh! His compassions ne'er fail,
To the timid sheep, cropping the herbage:
The mariner breasting the gale;
The child, born for love and for laughter;
The sinner, whom tears cannot shrive;
The mourner, left "sleeping for sorrow,"
The sick man who wakes up alive.

"His mercies are new every morning,"
In the joy of our youth-time we sung;
"His mercies are new every morning,"
We sing yet, with faltering tongue.
And we'll sing it till bursts the full music
That all earth's weak anthems stills;
And we see the Day-star arising
Above the eternal hills.

The Author of "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

James Melville's Autobiography.

By the Rev. GEORGE D. McNAUGHTAN, B.D., Ardoch.

(Concluded.)

SOME years of quiet work followed the return to Scotland. In 1587 James Melville at last got his desire, being called to the parish of Anstruther in Fife. 1588 was the year of the Spanish Armada. After the death-struggle in the Channel with Elizabeth's small but gallant navy, the remains of that mighty fleet sailed along the east coast of Scotland, to be wrecked in the Pentland Firth and on the Western Isles. The minister of Anstruther saw something of it. "Early in the morning, by break of day, one of our bailies came to my bedside, saying (but not with fear), 'I have to tell you news, sir. There is arrived within our harbour this morning a ship full of Spaniards, but not to give mercy, but to ask.'" The "honest men of the town," with their minister, being assembled in the Tolbooth, "there presents us a very reverend man of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, gray-haired, and very humble-like, who, after much and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face near the ground, and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue, whereof I understood the substance." The Spaniards were kindly treated, and afterwards sent home. "But verily, all the while my heart melted within me for desire of thankfulness to God, when I remembered the prideful and cruel nature of these people, and how they would have used us in case they had landed with their forces among us; and saw the wonderful work of God's mercy and justice in making us see them, the chief commanders of them, to make such salutation to poor seamen, and their soldiers so abjectly to beg alms at our doors and in our streets." They were not ungrateful—their commander interesting himself in the release of an Anstruther ship he found arrested on his return, inquiring for the laird of Anstruther, for the minister and for his host, and sending home many commendations. "But we thanked God in our hearts that we had seen them among us in that form."

Ministers were scarce in the early days of Scottish Protestantism, and for a time James Melville had no less than four parishes under his charge—Abercromby, Pittenweem, Anstruther, and Kilrenny. Afterwards he got them disjoined, and the burden laid upon other shoulders, he himself becoming minister of Kilrenny. Presbyterianism was gradually triumphing all over the country, and in 1592 was solemnly sanctioned by the State. In these years the minister of Kilrenny was engaged in doing his parochial work, in attending the weekly meeting of Presbytery, in interesting himself in all the general affairs of the Church. On one occasion he almost came into direct collision with the king. A collection was being made in Scotland on behalf of the city of Geneva, and James Melville was collector

for the Synod of Fife. He was accused of using the money to aid Lord Bothwell in his seditious designs. When the Assembly met, some of the members did not wish to appoint him on the ordinary commission to the king, on the ground that he was "suspected and evil-liked." James insisted on going, and after the business was over, asked "If his Majesty had anything to say to me." He answered, "Nothing more than to all the rest, save that he saw me one in all commissions." I answered, "I thanked God therefor, for therein I was serving God, the Kirk, and the King publicly, and as for any private, unlawful, or undutiful practice, I would wish traducers (if there were any of me to his Majesty) should be made to show their face before the King." The secret slanders, of course, were unable to bear the light. The king was satisfied. "Taking me aside, he caused the Cabinet to be dissolved, and there conferred with me at length of all purposes. So, of the strange working of God, I that came to Stirling the traitor returned to Edinburgh a great courtier, yea, a Cabinet counsellor." For some time he was in high favour, and, being a man of mild, equable temper, was of great use in mediating between the king and the wilder leaders of the Kirk, amongst whom must be named his uncle Andrew. His object was "to make the king to know that we loved him dearly, and would do anything that lay in us for his pleasuring, with the warrant of God and a good conscience, that by his thorough liking and conjunction with the Kirk, matters both in Kirk and policy might go right and well forward." The king, on the other hand, was trying to win him over to his designs. "But as I was thus about to win the King, as in me lay, to the Kirk, so was he in winning me to the Court; and when on either side all means were used, and both kept our ground without great vantage one of another, we relented, and fairly retired. For myself, as God knows, I had never a crown by my Court-ing, but spent every year the half of my stipend thereon; and the truth was, I never sought none, and I got none unsought."

Accordingly, when after a few years King James renewed his attempts to modify the Presbyterian government of the Scottish Kirk, both the Melvilles gave him their most strenuous opposition. So long as James was merely King of Scotland the parties were not unequally matched, but when he became King of England as well, the odds were against the leaders of the Kirk. But so long as the Melvilles were in Scotland, the king did not feel himself at ease in carrying out his designs. In 1606 they, with some others, were summoned to England, nominally to consult with him in regard to Scottish ecclesiastical affairs, really to get them out of the way. James Melville had now for twenty years been a minister in Fife; he was destined never to see his flock again. In London every attempt was made to gain them over to the king's party. They

were feasted and flattered by bishops and deans. They were led into the royal chapel, seated in a row, and preached at from time to time. The stubborn Scottish ministers would not yield. At last, for a stinging epigram on what he had seen in the royal chapel, Andrew Melville was sent to the Tower, while, soon after, James was ordered to proceed to Newcastle, "there to make his stay and abode; and no way to depart forth thereof and two miles about the same, under pain of rebellion."

James Melville had been in Newcastle before during his first exile, and had to make himself at home there as best he could. During his absence his wife died; and it was with great difficulty that he obtained permission to run down to Scotland, arrange his affairs, and return. No efforts were spared even yet to gain him over. It was said that he was offered a bishopric. Petitions were sent by his congregation entreating that he might be restored, but he was too much feared by his enemies for that. With his uncle he continued in constant correspondence, helping him with his purse too, though he himself was poor enough. One part of this correspondence is very interesting, having reference to a second marriage which James Melville was contemplating. He was now above fifty, had five children alive; the young lady was but nineteen. The old bachelor in the Tower wrote, strongly dissuading him from this rash step, but James was not to be persuaded. At the worst, he said, he would have a faithful and affectionate wife to watch by his death-bed, and to close his eyes. In spite of his uncle's remonstrances, the marriage took place.

His words with regard to it were almost prophetic. 1612 was the year of his second marriage, 1614 that of his death. He had been eight years an exile from Scotland, and matters there, in his opinion and to his great grief, were gradually going from bad to worse. The king and the prelates were obtaining a more and more complete control of the ecclesiastical government of the country. Andrew Melville, freed from his imprisonment, had obtained an appointment in the Protestant University of Sedan in France. James's health was failing. At last he had been permitted to return to Scotland to make some permanent arrangement about Kilrenny. He reached Berwick, but was able to go no farther. It was soon evident that the end was near. His family was gathered around his bed. Like one of the old patriarchs, he blessed them.

To Ephraim he said, "God make thee as Ephraim, which is answerable to thy name, being fruitful in all sort of good works."

To John, "that he might be gracious both in the sight of God and man, through God's grace."

To Isabel he wished "that she might be like her mother in all godliness, virtue, and in all comely behaviour."

To Anna he wished "humility and meekness; and that, according to her name, she should insinuate herself in the acceptance and love of all."

Nor did he forget the king, the Kirk, his friends, his enemies, and his distant parishioners of Kilrenny. He comforted his soul by the remembrance of various passages of Scripture in which he delighted. "Lord, lift up the light of thy countenance upon me." "The Lord is my light and salvation; what can I fear?" "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for God is with me," etc.

"When we thought all his senses were gone, and he almost without feeling, he lay so quiet, his son cried unto his ear and asked, What he was doing? He answered, albeit with great difficulty, that he was 'singing the song of the Lamb.' At the which all there wondered. We desired him to give us the last sign of his inward joy through the sense of God's presence, and his readiness to depart cheerfully. He lifted up both hands and said, 'Sweet Jesus, receive my soul.' After these words he never stirred, but sobbed softer and softer, till at length he surrendered the spirit, and that so quietly, peacefully, and insensibly, that none could perceive; and, like the patriarch Jacob, he ended his days, which were few and evil, and wholly spent in the service of God, as the story of his life will declare." He died at the age of fifty-eight, and was buried at Berwick, just on the borders of his native land.

By following James Melville through school and college, by land and water, at home and in exile, and by connecting his life with the great events of his time, we are enabled to breathe the social, political, and religious atmosphere of Scotland in the latter half of the sixteenth, and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries. We are brought into contact with a person of a peculiarly individual character, and yet, perhaps, the truest type of the generation immediately succeeding that of Knox. He lived at a time when the Scottish national faith was wrought upon by many influences, and he helped to mould it into the form which it ultimately assumed. When he died the labour of his life seemed lost, he was himself in exile, and the Presbyterian polity wholly destroyed. In reality it was but a seeming defeat, and long after both the Melvilles were in their graves, the policy which they had consistently advocated triumphed at last. 1638 and 1688 made ample amends for all their struggles and sufferings.

This one lifetime saw many changes. When it began, the pre-Reformation Church, though tottering to its fall, was still in existence; when it ended, England and Scotland were united under one sovereign, Romanism had virtually disappeared, and the only question of practical politics was as to which form of Protestantism should ultimately prevail.



A Mother's Joy.

A SONG IN JUNE.

A WHISPER steals from out among the leaves,
 A murmur low from rivulet,
 A perfume from the violet,
 A muffled twitter from the casement eaves.

From cloudless sky comes down a trilling voice,
 The bee goes past on humming wing,
 In brake and copse the song birds sing,
 Each answering each, so fully they rejoice.

But richer is the music in my heart
 The voices of my children wake ;
 A heaven on earth for me they make
 As now in all their gladness I have part.

For all the brightness of the day I share
 In mingling with their childish glee ;

And all God's goodness then I see
 And ask, with gladsome heart, Is heaven more fair ?

Lo ! suddenly thick clouds obscure the sky,
 And shroud the glory of the day ;
 While birds their songs more quickly stay,
 Like hovering speck the kite has poised on high.

And so my troubled heart is filled with fears
 For children's weal, lest sudden pall
 Should cloud their lives, or they should fall
 A prey to evil in their tender years.

All earthly glory fades ; but heaven is fair
 With cherubim and seraphim,
 And angels' songs, and light of Him
 Who lighteth all ; nor cloud nor night is there.

A. PATON.

Archie.

A TALE IN SIX CHAPTERS.

By ROBINA F. HARDY.

CHAPTER I.

So nigh is grandeur to the dust,—
So near is God to man;—
When duty whispers low 'Thou must!'
The youth replies 'I CAN!'



COME home to-morrow, 3 p.m. train. We are all well, but you are wanted."

Such was the brief telegraphic message over which Archie Fraser stood poring,—all his heart in his eyes,—and scanning each word, each letter, as if to detect some dark and dreadful meaning. With a long sigh, almost of relief, he at last crumpled up the

tawny envelope and its sphinx-riddle-like enclosure, thrust the same into his greatcoat-pocket and came to something like a decision.

"They are all well." Thank God!

And what *does* the rest matter after all? And, do what I like, I can't leave sooner than to-morrow now. Yes, I may as

well go to Moray Place. What good would it do to mope in my lodgings? When 'they are all well' too! No, if I am to leave to-morrow for a week perhaps, I *must* say goodbye to—them all!"

Before this soliloquy was quite ended the youth had run quickly down the three long stairs in College Street leading from his own plain, scantily furnished lodgings, and was off to spend the evening in more congenial quarters. The drab greatcoat covered a perfectly faultless suit and the latest style of collar and cravat, besides which Archie Fraser's own personal appearance was one fitted to grace any drawing-room. He was tall, fair-haired, well-built; thoroughly Celtic in features, and withal not quite without a certain glow of healthy colour that bespoke him country-born.

A small musical party was gathered that evening in Mrs. Seymour's drawing-room—a select, quiet, fashionable sort of affair, quite *recherché* as to music, guests, and everything. But Archie Fraser had learned to feel quite at home in that luxurious room with its soft lights and glancing mirrors—its visions of culture and refinement. Frank

Seymour was a college crony and so an introduction came naturally and easily to him. And now after some months of frequent intercourse the young Highland student found himself looking to the Seymours' household as to a second home. To leave its precincts even for a few days was something serious.

The evening's programme—stiff with German nouns and names of great composers—was rigidly adhered to. Some hours had passed, and still Schubert and Chopin were having their say—still the fashionable audience seemed absorbed in them. One elderly dowager in crimson satin and marabou feathers, her neck blazing with jewels, had turned a severe look on Archie Fraser more than once for whispering softly to a fair girl seated near him. It was evidently next thing to high treason to talk at present, and the offender relapsed suddenly into due and decorous silence.

It was perhaps not wonderful—with that telegram in his pocket—that his thoughts wandered a little during this enforced silence. Not wonderful either that his thoughts conjured up the vision of one low-roofed parlour very far away from Moray Place—a cosy enough room perhaps, but with very plain furniture and very commonplace surroundings. The sort of life there was quite familiar to him—he had been very happy there—he might be so again. But what would the Seymours think of a place like that? How could he ever ask any of them to visit there? Was there not a chasm yawning between them which he could never hope to bridge? "Not that I am ashamed of them—God forbid!" he said to himself fervently. "My mother—Elsie—Joe—all of them! They are far truer and nobler and better than the very best of these gossipmongers and butterflies! I know it—and I can understand—but—but—there are things the Seymours—accustomed to all this luxury and refinement of manners—would *never* understand! Eva might—she is so different—so superior—and yet, even for her it would be hard—very hard!"

It was a deep sigh that ended Archie Fraser's soliloquy, so deep that Eva Seymour took pity on him, and, Chopin being at last laid to rest, began to rally him a little on his dismal aspect.

"You must be writing a tragedy, I think!" she said gaily. But when her companion had briefly told his story—about the mysterious telegram and his sudden recall to home—it was Eva's turn to look grave.

"You are going away! And so soon?" she said in low voice and looking very pale. There was something in the tremor of her voice that sent a thrill of gladness through Archie Fraser's heart. But Bach's symphony in G-minor was just beginning, and again the marabou feathers were nodding awful threats at Archie. Again he had time to conjure up the old farmhouse parlour and its homely group. This time, though, Love and Hope

had the best of it. He saw them in a brighter, softer, happier glow. Yes, Eva *would* understand—*would* appreciate for his sake! And then—in the golden future before him was there not some sweet quiet nook—some white-walled manse nestling among orchard blooms—a home of culture and even elegance—which Mr. Seymour himself would allow to be worthy of his Eva! That symphony in G-minor seemed the pleasantest thing he had ever listened to, and the owner of the marabous was pleased to remark that “Mr. Fraser—was that his name?—was really *unexceptionable*—decidedly handsome—good style—and evidently musical.”

“I’m afraid our duet-singing will suffer by your absence,” Eva tried to say lightly, as they parted that night. It was so nice, Archie thought, to hear her talk of “*our*” anything!

“I hope soon to resume it,” he answered. “I’ve been practising that Troubadour thing most furiously.”

“Oh yes,” laughed Eva, “but you’ll easily forget the Troubadour in the land of bagpipes and strathspeys!”

“No, I promise you, I won’t forget him—I will neither forget him—nor—*you!*” The last word was very softly whispered as they said good-bye in the hall, and if Eva Seymour heard it she made no sign either of approval or disapproval. Only her sweet blue eyes filled with happy tears, and she turned quickly away, leaving her lover to the commonplace realities of the cigars and lively chatter of the other “fellows,” to the long tramp homeward through wet and wintry streets, the winding stair and the shabby lodgings, but through and above them all—the dream of a Golden Age to come!

CHAPTER II.

“You can tell me nothing more, then, Sandy? How is my mother bearing up?” So Archie Fraser eagerly questioned his father’s grievance, as the farmer’s gig made the best of its way through a storm of blinding rain and sleet, from Aldochie railway station to Mossknowe.

“I ken nae mair, Maister Airchie, true’s I’m leevin’. The mistress is jist extraordinary! But she aye keeps a calm sough about her in time o’ trouble like this.”

“A time of trouble indeed!” sighed the young man, thinking of the altered state of things at home. His father had failed. It was a bad failure—a regular “break down.”

“Uncle Peter, you say, is there? And looking into the matter?”

“Ay, ay, sir! Your gran’uncle was rummagin’ awa amang a when auld papers an’ accoonts when I cam’ aff—jist rael cheery like.”

Archie groaned. “Quite in spirits of course—just like him!”

The long uphill drive came to an end at last,

and the soaked travellers jumped off at the brae foot. There was only one window lighted in the old farmhouse. Archie’s sisters were at the avenue gate to meet him, wild as the night was, and before long his mother’s arms were round him. “Oh, Archie, my son, my son! You are our only hope now! I knew you would not fail us!”

“Don’t say anything to vex father, Archie!” whispered Elsie, his favourite sister. “He feels it terribly, and it makes him—you know what!”

“*Awfully* glad to see you, Archie!” cried his brother Joe, running past him to help Sandy with the mare. “But for any sake take care how you answer Uncle Peter! I’ve put my foot in it already!”

It was gratifying, of course, to be so much wanted, so warmly welcomed; but what did all these warnings and enigmatical counsels mean? He was not in the habit of vexing his father or of quarrelling with Uncle Peter!

Things looked dull enough in the little parlour where the poor, broken-down farmer sat in his armchair by the low fire, looking moodily into its depths. He only rose and grasped his son’s hand; then immediately returned to his former attitude and silent cogitations. His wife’s uncle, the “Uncle Peter” so frequently referred to, sat by the table with books and papers before him; a red Kilmarnock cowl surmounting his wizened face and ferret-like eyes—features to which an old yellow wig, slightly “agee,” gave a touch of the grotesque, but which were yet not altogether unkindly in their expression.

“Ay, ay, lad! We’ll get things into shape noo a bit, if ye’ll sit down an’ attend to what I have to say,” said Uncle Peter authoritatively.

But a mother’s care was still round Archie Fraser, and not without a good, comfortable meal would she allow her wet and weary traveller to enter on such vexing details as she well knew lay before him. So they all gathered round him at the tea-table, and pressed him to the homely fare, and tried to speak for a little while about the home news and the country news, everything but the *one* dark theme of which all hearts were full! But the table was cleared at last, and Uncle Peter’s turn came.

Fully half an hour the old gentleman went on in his weak, grating voice, proving to Archie’s bewildered senses that nothing but ruin—blank, bare ruin—stared them in the face. Mossknowe must be left at once. He knew of a man who would relieve them of the tack. As for “*some people*” (here Uncle Peter bobbed his red cowl in the direction of the farmer, still seated motionless as a lay figure by the fireside, his back turned towards them), it would be better for *them* “no to meddle wi’ fairmin’ again.”

“But, good heavens, sir! what is to be done?” asked Archie in a low voice.

Uncle Peter tapped his silver snuffbox, cleared

his throat, adjusted his wig. "Faur he it frae me, Airchie, to haud aloof frae my ain kith an' kin in the day o' adversity."

Archie muttered something about endless gratitude.

"Dinna say owre muckle, my lad. Dinna let words but deeds be ma raicompense! Ye'll mind Benjie Wilson, maist likely?"

"Your overseer at the Tannery, sir? Oh yes! of course!"

"Aweel! Benjie's gettin' frail an' wants to retire! No jist on bear-meal bannocks an soor dook aither! Benjie's been a savin' laud an' has turned a bonnie penny, I can tell ye!"

"Well, sir?" asked Archie at last, as his grand-uncle seemed inclined to pause in silent jubilation over Benjie's success.

"Well, sir?" repeated the old gentleman, mimicking his tone with some displeasure. "I'm willin' to put you—you, a young, inexperienced callant—into Benjie's shoes this verra meenit. Gif sae be ye promise to throw yer hert into the thing an' gie up all hankerin' aifter ither profitless pursuits. I think ye are something like mysel', Airchie, an' hae a speerit o' determination to get on in ony trade ye set yer mind till. Noo, what say ye?"

"Sir! sir! My vocation—my studies—my future prosp—"

"Vocation indeed!" shrieked Uncle Peter. "Studies! Whae's to pay for them? Your future prospects! What are they? Your mother and sisters' future prospects are the puirshoose, I'm thinkin'! No, no, my lad! Think it owre, sairously. I'll gie ye till to-morrow mornin'. Ye'll hae Benjie's pay, an' his biggin' at the Tannery to shelter thae puir cratur's ben the hoose (Mrs. Fraser and the girls had retired from the business conversation). Serve me weel, an' I'll no prove a hard maister. The wage'll aye be risin' as ye come on in the business; an' I'll no be slack to raise it, for what a frien' gets is no jist lost. It's a gran' openin', Airchie; sae tak' counsel an' be wise. Refuse ma offer, an', ma certy, ye may seek a better ane to yersel, an' dinna luik for Peter Caw to haud yer heid abune the water! But guid nicht be wi' ye a', for I maun hae my rest." So saying, the old gentleman seized his candle and went upstairs.

Archie Fraser sat for a long time, his elbows planted on the table, his face buried in his hands. His father said not a word; only a fierce little poke at the smouldering embers told now and then of his inward irritation. Presently another sound struck on his ear. It was the "thud, thud" of poor Elsie's crutches, for Elsie, with her sweet face and sunny hair, was a helpless cripple! She put her arm softly round her brother's neck and whispered—

"Archie! One little bit of good news! I won't be any burden—at least not for any time. I've got such a nice situation in Craigtown already, at Miss Grimm's, the best milliner there, you know!

Isn't it good? I was getting frightened about things, you know, though we didn't like to tell you. So I made inquiry, and Miss Grimm took me down for a week to try me, and she was so pleased! And I'm so thankful!"

Archie stared at her in new and utter dismay. Elsie, the home favourite, with her fine musical genius just developing—to degrade herself and them all by becoming—a milliner's girl! It was too much!

"Nonsense, Elsie! You don't know what you're speaking about. Don't say that again for any sake!" They were the roughest words she had ever had from Archie, and tears sparkled now in the soft hazel eyes, as she turned away in her fresh disappointment.

"I say, Archie, old fellow! I'm awfully sorry for you," said Joe in his usual blunt and bluff style. Joe's face and hands were rough and red with outwork, and there was a general atmosphere of ploughed lands, barn, and stables about him. He was younger than Archie, but had twice his strength—a rising giant in fact. "I asked Uncle Peter to take me instead, but it was no go. I'm to stay on here as grieve to this precious old file he knows that's to take over the farm. A good job too, so far's it goes, but—I'd like to have saved you from the tan-pits, Archie! I would that, man! Why, you've been getting on so splendid, and—and we were all so proud of you—that's a fact! It'll break my mother's heart altogether."

Archie only wrung his brother's hand again in silent gratitude for this true-hearted sympathy. It touched him deeply that they were all so kindly thinking of him, while he — No! he could not yet face that sacrifice he was asked to make for them! He could support himself easily by teaching and by newspaper work in town; for the matter of that, he had pretty well done so already. But there were five brothers and sisters younger than Joe and Elsie, besides the mother and the broken-down father. Was he to leave "those few sheep in the wilderness" and fight the battle of life on his own account solely? Joe and he conversed for a while quietly, in as near an approach to a whisper, indeed, as Joe Fraser ever could arrive at. It was evidently thought prudent to leave their father to his own meditations as yet. The result of the conversation was a thorough conviction in both minds that to escape from Uncle Peter's bondage was, in the expressive language of Joe, "to coup the kirn."

It was long past midnight before the Moss-knowe family had all gone to rest—even Joe, who had to be up at four, sat talking till the last stroke of twelve sounded from the old eight-day clock in the lobby. But at last Archie was left alone in the parlour. He was to sleep in the neatly-curtained box-bed, which was the only "spare room" in that crowded house. It was no unfamiliar object truly,

and many a good night's rest he had known in it; but now it looked as if it would stifle him with its close environment. His mother was the last to leave him. That mother and son had much in common in their natures. Perhaps they understood each other better than any of the others could do.

"My boy!" she said once more, "indeed my heart is *vae* for you this night! Do you think, dear, you can—do it?"

Archie took his mother's hands in both of his. "Mother, I would do anything for your sake. I am willing to do this—at least I ought to—indeed *I must!* But give me till the morning to think. Oh, mother! I had fixed my mind—my heart—on such different things! Can you understand how hard it is to give up that other life? *I don't* want to vex you more, but I have always had your sympathy. Dear mother! let me have it still!"

"You have, Archie. You will always have. I think I do feel how hard it must be to give up your studies—your college life and friends—your hope of a high and holy calling. It almost breaks *my* heart to think of it, Archie; so what must it be for *you*?"

Archie had again buried his face in his hands. His ruffled hair stood up in wild confusion, his face was sharp and colourless. A sort of groan escaped him.

"Mother! mother! there was something else—something I cannot tell you. It might be folly for me to think of *her* even as it was—and *now*——"

Mrs. Fraser showed no surprise.

"Something else, Archie? Yes, maybe I *can* understand that trouble too. Oh! my son, I have known an hour like this of yours. God knows whether I did right or wrong *then*—but—I did it for the best! My poor Archie! I have often prayed that none of my bairns might ever pass through the same deep waters as me, but I doubt that prayer has not been heard! But go to rest now, my boy, and we will both ask counsel of the Lord before to-morrow's work be done."

Left alone now over the dying fire, Archie mused long and wonderingly on his mother's last words. He had always felt that it was no very tender bond that united his parents. His father's "dour," reserved nature had little attraction even for his children, though there was much in it worthy of their respect. Some dim traditions haunted his mind still (carried down from the old days when certain "little pitchers with long ears" had caught the chance converse of too loquacious aunts and nurses), traditions which told of his mother having been coaxed into making "a very good match" for the sake of her family. Where was the "very good match" now? He knew to-night that the old tradition was true!

It was but a troubled night Archie spent in the narrow sphere of that box-bed. Fitful slumber—broken dreams—wild upstartings to some visionary conflict or desperate endeavour—that was its tenor.

Now he was in the elegant drawing-room at Moray Place, with the symphony in G-minor grinding in his ears, and the old dowager's marabou feathers bobbing up and down before him. Again he was in his uncle's tan-yard, dressed in old Benjie's fustians, and groping among raw hides and piles of bark, with nauseous smells and sights all round him. And yet again he saw Eva Seymour drowning in one of the great foul pits there, and he was rushing wildly in to save her. Then Elsie would appear carrying a handbox through the High Street of Craigtown, and Eva Seymour, though newly rescued from destruction, would immediately leave him, and cut his acquaintance for ever! They were pleasant dreams truly!

But "with the morning calm reflection came." Very early morning too. Archie was up not long after Joe, and in a quiet, solitary hour came to his final resolve. God helping him, he would complain no more of his own blighted hopes and aspirations, but turn fixedly from glowing visions to most sober realities. For the sake of mother, father, and all of them, he would quietly don old Benjie Wilson's leathern apron, and become—a tanner!

"I had thought to follow Thee, O my Master, in higher, holier service!" So he prayed.

His mother's well-worn Bible lay on the window-shelf. He opened it at random, seeking a text for the day.

"*My son, give me thine heart.*"

"Yea, Lord!" said Archie half aloud. "It is not my service but my *self* Thou seekest.

"Take it, Lord, and let it be
Consecrated all to Thee!"

(*To be continued.*)

Searching the Scriptures.

1. Find the command that a king should write a copy of the law, and keep it by him, and read it.
2. Find the command that the law should be read in the hearing of all the people once every seven years.
3. Find in 2 Kings a proof that these two commands had not been obeyed.
- 4, 5. Find twenty persons in Old Testament of whom it is stated that they prayed (only one text for each).
6. Find in Gospels six instances of Christ going apart, or to a lonely place, to pray.
- 7, 8. How many other instances can you find in the Gospels of Christ praying or giving thanks?
- 9, 10. In how many places in St. Matthew does Christ tell His disciples to pray?

ANSWERS FOR MAY.

1. 1 Pet. 3. 1, 2. 2. 1 Cor. 11. 5, 6; 1 Tim. 2. 9, 10; 1 Pet. 3. 3, 4. 3. 1 Cor. 14. 34, 35; 1 Tim. 2. 8-12.
4. Phœbe, Priscilla, Mary, Tryphena, Tryphosa, Persis.
5. Mary, the Lord's mother; Dorcas; Mary, mother of Mark; Rhoda; Lydia; Damaris; Priscilla. 6. Priscilla helped to instruct Apollos, Acts 18. 26. 7. Lois and Eunice, 2 Tim. 1. 5. 8. Mary, mother of James and Josès; Mary Magdalene; Salome; Joanna; Susanna—Mark 15. 40 and Luke 8. 3. 9. The Virgin; the wife of Cleophas (Clopas), who is probably the same as the mother of James and Josès; Mary Magdalene; Mary of Bethany; the mother of Mark, Acts 12. 12; Mary Rom. 16. 6. 10. 1 Cor. 7. 14.

A Woman's Thoughts on a Women's Guild.

DR. CHARTERIS' Paper about Women's Work in the March Magazine is a very interesting one, and I cannot help thinking about the subject of it. Let me tell here a few of the pros and cons that are floating in my mind. That I am not at all able to translate thought into action is nothing!

That there is already an immense amount of excellent woman's work done in the Church of Scotland—I would rather say in the Churches of Scotland—goes without saying; that there are wonderful possibilities in the same direction, practically inexhaustible springs of energy, perseverance, lovingkindness, I think no woman at least will deny. The work is there, and the workers: the problem is to give to the first order and some degree of uniform method, without taking away spontaneity and local colouring, and to the second the cultivation and training of their individual gifts by what one may call a technical education in different branches of Christian work.

As it is, the work in every parish or congregation is, in the great majority of cases, to a young minister and his willing helpers truly a great unknown, with whose outline and proportions they very commonly make acquaintance by running their heads first against one corner and then against another. By the time that they have made a good many discoveries and learned to know each other, very probably the minister, for reasons more or less weighty, accepts a call from another congregation, and the whole machinery which he has set in motion is at a standstill or dissolves like a rope of sand. "New men, new measures," and after an *interregnum* the next incumbent begins afresh—very probably seeking the same ends by an altogether different road, and with either a new or a bewildered staff of workers. When Her Majesty changes her ministers the nation is not sensible of any such hiatus or *jerkiness* in the national machinery, and I suppose the reason is that though the ministers go out the under-secretaries and clerks stay in, carrying on in the meantime and initiating their new superiors in the daily routine. Something like this takes place in an exceptionally well-organised parish even now. When a vacancy in the ministry occurs all stick to their posts, and make it a point of honour to welcome the new incumbent, not to a chaos, but to an organised, if imperfect, little world. Now, as women furnish almost always—not from their greater efficiency, but from their more leisure—the main body of "workers" in a congregation, it would be an immense gain, especially during the frequent vacancies that occur, if they had the cohesion of a guild or corporation. Such a body, both in its centre and its branches, has a tendency to bring out the special

qualities of its members, and make apparent which among them possesses the valuable faculty of *wisely* and *humbly* leading others. Such a guild would gradually, one might expect, gather unwritten rules and precedents for the guidance of its younger members and the conduct of its ordinary work; and information and advice could always be had from headquarters, so bringing the experience of Maidenkirke to the aid of John o' Groat's, and *vice versa*.

As to the actual training of workers. Suppose a Church of Scotland Guild of Female Workers to be organised, might it not be possible to make it an educational agency by means of correspondence as is so successfully done in most branches of knowledge nowadays? Why should not experienced workers in the cause—say, for example, of Zenana Missions, of Nursing the Sick, of conducting Bands of Hope—give in writing the results of their experience and their thought to beginners, answering their questions and giving advice in difficulties? The commonplace relation of a fee—small but definite—between teachers and taught would, I am persuaded, be for the good of both, and would help to defray the inevitable expenses of all corporate bodies. The Council or Committee might also perhaps entertain requests for the services of one or another of their number to personally aid in organising missionary or benevolent schemes in particular localities.

In visitation of the poor, in nursing the sick, in teaching the Bible Class—in *what not* of good works in fact—example is better than precept; hence the immense indirect power, as an educator and instigator, of Pastor Fliedner's Deaconess' Home. But alas! such things *grow* and cannot be *made*, and I think they grow only through the inspiration of a consecrated individual life. It has been so at Kaiserwerth, it has been so at Mildmay, it has been so at Bristol. The Church can only adopt and foster and in some degree guide the work which the faith and wisdom of a son or daughter has brought into existence. I feel therefore as if for our Scottish Mildmay or Kaiserwerth we can but hope, pray, and expect. All the same, the beginning of a Women's Guild of Workers would show in what direction the Church's prayers and hopes go, and would show also that she will not look coldly on the new life when God shall give it to her.

Let me add just another sentence. Surely every one who joins a Women's Guild should set down, not only her attachment to the Church and her desire to take *some* part in the Church's work, but should specify what particular bit of work—be it ever so tiny—she is either trying to do, or has definitely resolved to begin, and this not in a formal column under a printed heading of "Nursing," "Sunday School Work," etc., but in her own words with more or less of detail.

A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.



Buy of Me gold, that thou mayest be rich.—REV. iii. 15.

Neither thieves, nor covetous, shall inherit the kingdom of God.—1 COR. vi. 1.

Gold that no Man can gather.

O BURNISHED gold that the sunset leaves
Ablaze on the window-pane!

'Tis no sorrow to me that you fade away,
And are not for barter and gain.

O burnished gold on the rippling sea!
I joy that you cannot last;

I am glad no net can gather you in,
No net that a fisher might cast.

O burnished gold of the glowing clouds,
That bear the wearied day home!

'Tis good that they hide your wealth in their breast,
As they sleep 'neath a starry dome.

O burnished gold of the streets of God!

'Tis your light on sea and on sky;
God's pure-robed traders walk there in peace,
And no lover of gain draws nigh.

A G

Life and Work Notes.

THE YOUNG MEN'S GUILD—EDINBURGH DISTRICT.—A very interesting meeting in connection with the Guild in this locality was lately held in the Hall of the Offices of the Church. The attendance numbered over 150 young men, and was representative in its character, each branch within the District being asked to send two representatives in addition to its ordinary delegates. The Rev. Professor Charteris presided, and on the platform were several clergymen and others interested in the work of the Guild, including Representatives of the Sabbath Morning Fellowship Union of the city. After tea the Secretary read an excellent Report on the work of the District Committee and the progress of the Guild in Edinburgh since its formation, showing that the efforts of the District Committee had been the means of greatly strengthening and extending the Guild in the locality. Addresses were delivered by the Chairman and others on subjects connected with the work of the Guild, and these were responded to with great enthusiasm—one of the speakers (Mr. W. Kennedy, Secretary of the Fellowship Union) testifying to the manner in which the Guild and the Union had been mutually a source of help and strengthening to each other. A well-arranged programme of music and readings of an unusually high-class character contributed to the enjoyment of a meeting which was most satisfactory in every respect, and reflected great credit on the Committee who took charge of the arrangements for it.

CONFERENCE OF THE SYNOD OF ARGYLL.—A well-attended Conference on the Life, Work, Home and Foreign Missions, of the Church was held at Oban in the end of April, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Clerk of Kilmallie, Moderator of the Synod. Sunday Schools and the whole relation of the Church to the young were discussed by the Moderator and by Mr. Colin G. Macrae, W.S., Edinburgh; Mr. J. Neilson Cuthbertson of Glasgow; and the Rev. John Dewar, B.D., Kilmartin. The Rev. Dr. Russell of Campbeltown dealt with the question of increasing the efficiency of the Church in the West Highlands. An evening meeting, presided over by Colonel MacDougall of Macdougall, appears to have been very successful. Among the speakers were the Rev. Dr. F. L. Robertson of Glasgow; the Rev. Robert Blair of Cambuslang; and Mr. T. J. Wilson, S.S.C., Edinburgh.

ILLUSTRATED MISSIONARY LECTURE.—The importance of interesting the young in missionary enterprise is so great that a good scheme intended to put vividly before them the conditions of life and thought with which our missionaries have to deal should be welcome. The Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland are at present organising a scheme of this sort, having remitted to a small sub-committee to prepare a Lecture on India and our Missions there, to be illustrated by Magic Lantern views. There will be pictures of Indian towns and temples; of incidents in the worship and common life of the people; of mission houses and mission schools, etc. The lecture and views will be ready for circulation in October. Particulars as to the mode and order of circulation will be afterwards announced. Communications on the subject may be addressed to the Rev. Duncan Campbell, B.D., Aberdeen.

Notices of Books.

A Young Man: His Faith; His Aims; His Work; His Church; His Home and Friends; His Leisure and Recreation (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace). These are lectures by Professor Charteris; Dr. Rankine, Moderator of last General Assembly; Dr. Scott, Edinburgh; Dr. Marshall Lang, Glasgow; Dr. Boyd, St. Andrews; and Dr. Alison, Edinburgh. They were delivered to very large audiences of young men in

Edinburgh and Glasgow. If the Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild had done nothing else than draw forth this wise, fresh, sympathetic teaching, it would have vindicated its right to exist, and established a claim on our gratitude. Young men everywhere would find their advantage in making this little book a familiar friend.

A Book of Common Order—Issued by the Church Service Society (Blackwood and Sons, 1884). This well-known book—still bearing on its title-page its early name, *Euchologion* (Εὐχολόγιον)—has just reached a fifth edition. The Editorial Committee have taken the opportunity of making many changes and additions. They have revised the "Lectionary," rewritten many Services, and added others for Special Occasions, or for Daily Use.

The Churchless and Poor in our large Towns—By the Rev. R. Milne, M.A., Minister of Towie (Blackwood, 1884). We hope to furnish a full notice and outline of this able book in an early number. For the present we can only say that the problem before the Christian Church has never been better stated, nor the one answer more clearly established. The minister of the quiet country parish has not forgotten his early experience in city work.

Exegetical Studies—By Paton J. Gloag, D.D. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark). What student of the Bible does not know fluent commentators who glide over the difficulties, and are prolix where their assistance is not required? Dr. Gloag follows exactly the contrary course; and every "study" in this volume is an attempt to interpret some really difficult passage of the New Testament. A few of the subjects are:—Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost; Our Lord's Blessing to Peter; Women veiled because of the angels; Paul's Thorn in the Flesh; the Spirits in Prison. All are discussed with moderation and learning. The author is never seeking to support an opinion, but only to arrive at the truth.

Sermons on unusual Subjects—By J. M. M'Culloch, D.D. (Blackwood and Sons, 1884). Dr. M'Culloch is best known to the public by the educational manuals of his earlier years—his *Series of Lessons*, his *Course of Reading*, and other works—by all of which he was a benefactor to many thousands of his countrymen. Yet he was long a preacher of note, and for nearly forty years was Minister of the West Parish, Greenock, where he died only last year. The sermons of such a man could not fail to have many excellencies. Some of the "unusual subjects" are—the Imprecatory Psalms, Shipwrecks, The Voice of Epidemics, Juvenile Mortality. The sermons are introduced by an interesting Memoir, written by his son-in-law, the Rev. Dr. Rankin of Muthill.

Life and Work of the Rev. G. Theophilus Dodds—By Horatius Bonar, D.D. (Nisbet). Mr. Dodds was born in 1850, laboured for less than five years in the evangelistic work of the M'All Mission in France, and died in 1882, aged only 32. The immediate cause of his death was mistaking some poisonous fungi for wholesome mushrooms. But it is believed he might have recovered had his strength not been undermined by his labours. He had been to Mr. M'All as a son. May the book help the noble enterprise in which he died! It is needless to say that Dr. Bonar—whose daughter Mr. Dodds had married—has done his work well.

Memoir of Mrs. Stewart Sandeman—By her Daughter (Nisbet). Mrs. Barbour has given us a very readable book, in whose pages we make the acquaintance of many good and notable people. We close it with the impression that the venerable and beloved lady (she died last year at the age of 80) was meant to have wider sympathies, but that the controversies and separations through which she lived were unfavourable. Withal hers was a beautiful life, which her family have done well to set before a wider public. She is a typical

example of a deeply religious Scottish lady of the olden time, whose character was moulded by the influences which first formed and long governed the Free Church of Scotland.

V.—Mission Hymn.¹

WHEN peace on earth, good will to men,
Proclaimed the Babe divine,
The Jewish herd and Eastern sage combined
To worship at His shrine;
And angel choirs sang
Hallelujah!

An earnest this of coming weal,
In ages past ordained,
When all the nations of the earth in Him
Shall find their bliss regained,
And join the song of
Hallelujah!

But many years of sin and wrong
Have wearily passed by,
And jar of strife and clink of sordid gold
Have risen to the sky,
And wellnigh drowned the
Hallelujah!

Yet waiting, praying, travailing,
Thy Church still has retained
A feeble echo of the angels' lay;
And still, though night has reigned,
Ascends the song of
Hallelujah!

But day is breaking o'er the lands;
The Spirit gave the word;
The mighty hosts advance to gain a world
To Thee, O Christ the Lord!
Singing their song of
Hallelujah!

O God! arise, and take to Thee
Thy mighty power, and reign,
That all earth's realms may be Thy Christ's and
Thine,
Raising to Thee again
A universal
Hallelujah! L. B.

VI.—Mission Hymn.¹

IN the distant regions and countries wild,
Where the banyan shelters the dark man's child,
In those lands of all bright and all beautiful things
Few prayers ever rise to the King of kings!

In those far-off climes 'neath the burning sun
What sad sights are witnessed, what dark deeds are done!
From the heathen countries beyond the sea
Comes the cry for a guide for Eternity!

On those beautiful shores where the cinnamon grows,
Where the sunflowers wave and the cactus blows,
Where the gay bird chants to the sea-waves' moan,
The Lord of the universe scarcely is known!

Then haste with the tidings—Ah! make no delay!—
For thousands of souls are fast passing away!
Bear the news that the Shepherd, the Heavenly Guide,
Has a thought for His sheep on the far mountain-side!

F. M. M.

¹ The numeral refers to the order of publication. Other Mission Hymns written in response to our announcement in January of a prize of Five Guineas, and judged worthy of publication, will appear in future numbers.

The late Earl of Seafield.

FROM the Rev. Gavin Lang, Inverness, we have an interesting notice of the late Earl of Seafield (Ian Charles, the eighth Earl), who was to have been a representative Elder in this year's General Assembly. Born October 7, 1851, he died March 31, 1884. In reference to the young Earl's intimacy with the late Duke of Albany, Mr. Lang writes:—"These two young men of illustrious rank met at Knowsley Hall in the end of 1883; and at the close of their visit, on the invitation of His Royal Highness, they spent the last Sunday of the year in each other's company at Claremont, neither dreaming that, within a few months and during the same week, both would be lying in the arms of death." "Like Prince Leopold," says Mr. Lang, "he was blessed with wise and pious parents, his mother especially exercising a wholesome influence over his disposition and training." He was one of the frankest and most genial of men, and the sight of his handsome form was always hailed with pleasure by his tenantry and dependants—among whom he moved about kilted, as befitted a great Highland chieftain. Deeply attached to the Church of his fathers, and delighting in its services, which he regularly attended, he took his place at the proper time in the Young Communicants' Class in the Parish of Inverallan, Grantown, and went through the regular course; and only last September he was, with six others, ordained to the office of the Eldership in the Parish Church of Inverallan—Dr. Thomson, the Parish Minister, being assisted in the solemn ceremony by the Rev. Dr. Mackenzie of Ferintosh, Moderator-elect of the Assembly. On Sunday, 2d March 1884, he partook of Holy Communion, serving at the first table, and sitting down at the second among his clansmen and fellow-parishioners. When attacked by the malady which carried him off, he was looking forward with unbounded satisfaction to attending the meetings of the Assembly, to which he had been commissioned by the Presbytery of Abernethy. He was a faithful visitor of the sick, and he engaged in this duty as an elder even after his last illness had begun. He was a careful student of the Word of God, which was his constant companion and inspiration. He attended the meetings of the Young Men's Guild, where he imparted as well as received spiritual instruction. At Cullen he took part in a series of Evangelistic Meetings; and in various ways he indicated that had he lived his influence would have been thrown into the scale for Christian union, and against sectarianism everywhere. A few sentences from Dr. Thomson's Funeral Sermon at Inverallan will fitly close this notice. What they relate to is most sacred: but it is within the scope of this Magazine to show how a Christian may die.

"From the first he thoroughly realised the extreme gravity of his case. 'It is God's will,' he

said, 'and therefore it must be right. All I have to do is to pray for patience to bear it.' He never asked to be spared from the last dread enemy for his own sake, or that death might be made easy for him. He did pray that his darling mother might be spared this fresh agony. This, too, was his prayer:—"If it be Thy holy will to spare my life, let me only be more and more devoted to Thy glory, and to the good of my tenants, and of the people whom Thou hast given me; and if not, O God, comfort my mother.' His dying smiles were so beautiful that his mother said, 'Surely, darling, that smile means that Jesus has come for you, and that His pierced hands are clasping yours, as He leads you across the river, and the river is dry.' He could not then speak, but his answering smile was so heavenly and so sweet that it seemed to all present that it was Jesus Himself who came."

Dulce Domum.

("From the clods beneath to the clouds above.")

DEAN STANLEY

LIKE cloud along the sky-way,
Like mist upon the hill,
Like snowflake on the breezes,
Like leaf upon the rill,
Like bird on restless pinions,
Like bark on crested foam,—
My soul is drifting, drifting,
Drifting to its home.

Like traveller who wearies
To reach his journey's end,
Like lonely heart that seeketh
A sympathising friend,
Like child that fain would nestle
Upon its mother's breast,—
My soul is longing, longing,
Longing for its rest.

Like maiden musing sweetly
Upon the coming time,
Like poet when he lingers
Above some ancient rhyme,
Like exiles when they ponder
Upon the days of yore,—
My soul is dreaming, dreaming,
Dreaming of you shore.

Like Earth when night-engirdled,
Like Spring ere dawn of May,
Like folded blossoms stirring
To greet the coming day,
Like eager bosom opening
For love on it to fall,—
My soul is waiting, waiting,
Waiting for its call.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

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JULY 1884.

The Foreign Mission.

I FEEL that a few words of explanation are due with reference to the very arduous appointment which I have undertaken for a short time along with my friend Mr. Pagan of Bothwell, in connection with this Scheme. Conscious as I am of my inability to overtake my proper work, it will be believed that it was with extreme reluctance that I responded to the call addressed to me by the General Assembly. I only did so when it was represented to me that by consenting I would relieve the Church from a temporary difficulty, and it was on the explicit understanding that under no circumstances could I consent to occupy the post for more than a year. Meanwhile, however, I fear that I shall need the kind indulgence of the Congregation even more than formerly. For some time back I have been greatly hindered in the work of pastoral visitation by numberless interruptions of one kind or another, and few things I regret more than my inability to meet this department of duty as efficiently as I could desire. It is always difficult, but will be doubly so this year. When it is remembered that besides the stated meetings of the Foreign Mission Committee there are no less than 13 Sub-Committees, some of which meet frequently, and all of which the Conveners are expected to attend, not to speak of correspondence, etc., it will readily be seen that the demands on time are of such a nature as fully to justify the resolution of the Assembly, to secure the services of a Conventer who will be set free from Parochial duty, and thus be enabled to give his whole time and strength to the work of the Church's Foreign Mission. Meanwhile I can but strive so far as strength permits to discharge these duties without injury to other work which not only has the first claim upon my service, but is much more congenial to me.

Let me here renew a request often made, that any who wish to see me in cases of sickness, or for any other reason, will be so kind as to let me know. N. M'L.

Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.

The "Scheme" Collection for July is for this object, and will be made on the 13th.

Temperance and Total Abstinence Association.

The Annual Sermon in connection with the Association will be preached on the Forenoon of the third Sabbath of July, by the Rev. Robert Milne, Minister of Abbey Parish.

St. Stephen's Schools.

The following are the arrangements for the Annual Examination of the Parish Schools:—

The Minister and Session will hold a special Examination in Religious Knowledge on Tuesday the 15th July, commencing at 10 o'clock with the Girls, and at 11.30 with the Boys. Parents and others who desire to be present will be welcome.

The usual examination and prize-giving which precedes the closing of the Schools for the Summer vacation will take place on Friday the 18th. The Infant-School Examination will commence at 10.30. At 1 o'clock the Boys' and Girls' School will meet together in the HALL of the Parochial Buildings. After the examination, a short address will be given to the children, and the prizes distributed to both Schools. All interested are invited.

Recent Collections.

The Collection for Patronage Compensation amounted to £74. This is considerably above any previous Collection for this object.

The Collection for the Sick Children's Hospital amounted to £30.

In response to the statement made on one of the Assembly Sundays by Principal King, D.D., of Winnipeg, in behalf of the Mission work of the Canadian Church among the settlers in Manitoba, the sum of £33:9s. has been contributed by several members of the Congregation. These kind contributions are gratefully acknowledged by Dr. King.

The Annual Collection for the Endowment Scheme was made on the 22d of June, and amounted to £84, a satisfactory result CONSIDERING THE SEASON OF THE YEAR.

Sabbath School Excursion.

Before these lines are read, the Annual Excursion will be over. The Congregation, however, are reminded that the expense has yet to be provided for. It usually amounts to rather over £30. No doubt, many will cheerfully contribute for a purpose which must command the sympathy of all. Those who cannot give personal service in the Sabbath School should esteem it a privilege to be allowed in this way to help forward, indirectly at least, this good work in a way which gives pleasure to a very large number of children. A Collection will be made for this purpose on the 20th, unless indeed the required amount has been contributed before that time, which we trust may be the case. Contributions will be received by Dr. Macleod, or by Mr. Cochrane, 1 Henderson Row.

Arrangements for August and September.

During these two months, the Congregations of St. Stephen's and St. Bernard's will be united, as has been the practice now for many years. The arrangements will be as follows :—

August	.	Forenoon—St. Bernard's.
"	.	Afternoon—St. Stephen's.
September	.	Forenoon—St. Stephen's.
"	.	Afternoon—St. Bernard's.

Mr. Playfair's address is 8 Greenhill Park. During August and September he will, as a rule, be found at the Mission Hall, Brunswick Street, on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 10 to 10.30 A.M. Messages may be left with Mr. Matheson at the Church.

Baptism will be administered on the last Sabbath of July.

Miss Gordon's Work at Madras.

The following is taken from the Annual Report of the "Ladies' Association" for the past year. It will be gratifying to the members of St. Stephen's to know that Miss Gordon's work is prospering.

Miss Gordon's success as a teacher is shown by the increase in the Government grant for this year being over Rs.400. She reports as follows :—

"I now give a summary of the work our Association has been doing during the past year, or at least that part of it during which I have been in charge from May.

"I found, on my first visit to the Caste Schools, the number of pupils on the roll and the average attendance in each school to be as follows :—

	Roll.	Average.
Black Town . . .	150	97
Triplicane . . .	136	92
Pursewaukum. . .	124	89
In all . . .	410	278

"When the schools were reopened in the middle of June, after the midsummer vacation, it was necessary for us to use what efforts we could to try and get the children to attend more regularly ; and, in order to do this, the teacher of each class was instructed to visit the absentees of his own class. Though it was a little extra trouble, I am glad to say the children during the latter part of the year attended more regularly, and, as a result of this, we were able to present more pupils in each school for the Government examination, and more of them were able to pass the required standards. The result of the Government examination you have already received. When we closed these schools for the Christmas holidays on the 24th December, our numbers on the roll and average attendance were as follows :—

	Roll.	Average.
Black Town . . .	153	118
Triplicane . . .	145	108
Pursewaukum . . .	127	101
In all . . .	425	327

This is certainly not as large an increase as we should like to report, but sufficient to show an improvement. I may mention that Triplicane and Pursewaukum Schools have had to be extended, as the accommodation was barely sufficient. The house next door to Pursewaukum School was much larger, and as it belonged to, and was inhabited by, our landlord, he fitted it up for a school, and exchanged. This was done during the Christmas holidays.

So now our schools are all in a good state, and we need not fear the heavy rains of the monsoon, as we did last year. When we get our new furniture into each, I shall be able to report still better results, I hope. My visits to these schools number twice and thrice a week ; during the preparation for examinations they were oftener, and the visits of longer duration. I go at any hour of the day ; the masters never know when to expect me, except when I make an appointment with them, such as when I want to meet a parent, or examine in a particular subject, and so on. I look at the registers, examine the sewing and teach a class in Telugu (though I am still far behind in it).

"On the 1st November last I supplied every school with a log-book, so that the head-master might enter the especial events of each day—whether all the teachers are present and in time, if the lessons have been given according to the time-tables, also to record the dates of my visits, and so on.

"During the year I have been obliged to dismiss two heathen teachers for misconduct in presence of the children, and for deliberate deceit and falsehood. Their places were supplied by a Christian and a heathen teacher, both working satisfactorily. Two months after I took charge, I found it necessary to dispense with an inspector, as I wished to get thoroughly acquainted with the masters and teachers myself, and with the general school-work. I have not engaged another yet, but to-day I have arranged with Mr. Sinclair of the Foreign Mission to take a young man who was educated at the Assembly's Institution, and who has passed the matriculation examination. In addition to overlooking the masters, he will teach the Bible in Black Town, where the head-master is a Brahmin. Though we have two Christian teachers there, I do not think that either of them is quite capable to teach the Scripture lessons as they ought to be taught, and as Mr. Sinclair highly recommends this young man, who is a son of the late pastor of our Native Church, I hope to have much help from him.

"I am on the outlook for Christian teachers, as I think it is most important to have them employed in our mission schools, and as Government is offering encouragement to young men to attend the Normal Training Colleges, we hope to have them soon. I fear the day is still a good way off till we can fill our Schools with Christian female teachers. Missions where they have boarding-schools have the advantage over those who have not, as they can train their own girls to be teachers.

"On the second Sabbath of July last, we opened Sabbath schools in our three day schools. I must say, as far as number is concerned, our efforts in this direction have been abundantly rewarded. The average number altogether that come on that holy day to be taught of God and Christ is 208. Sometimes a feast-day falls on a Sabbath, and our numbers are reduced a little, but I marvel that so many attend in spite of it ; and yet, why should we marvel when we ask God to send them ? I have more than once invited parents and friends, but as yet there has been no response. We are, however, thankful to have the children.

"Of the 20 teachers employed in these Caste Schools, 11 are Christian and 9 heathen. Then, in addition to the three Caste Schools, we have the Industrial School, 39 boys and girls on the roll, mostly the children of Christian parents who are poor ; 5 board in the school, 20 more have their dinner every day, and the remaining 14 pay a very small fee. Mrs. Thomson is the matron there, and Eunice, our native pastor's daughter, is the teacher. I visit this school along with the other schools. No industry is taught further than needlework and knitting. But a few of the older girls might be sent to the Normal Training School not far off, with a view to employing them in our mission schools. I can with confidence report upon the most satisfactory way in which Mrs. Thomson does

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her work. She cares for the children just as if they were her own. I find her a very great help to myself."

Zenana visiting is continued as formerly. There are five zenana teachers, and during the past year 71 houses have been visited, and over 90 pupils taught. None are visited unless they consent to be taught the Bible.

Miss Gordon and Miss Gray have Tuesday afternoon as an "At Home" day, when they receive any of the zenana pupils who may care to visit them. The native ladies avail themselves of the privilege, spend long afternoons with them, and are often very unwilling to leave. The time is employed in conversation, singing hymns, and doing needlework.

At a recent exhibition of needlework held in Madras, forty-two pieces of work were sent from our zenana pupils, and eight of them got prizes.

ST. STEPHEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

IN SUPPORT OF THE

FEMALE MISSIONS of the CHURCH of SCOTLAND.

Mrs. MACLEOD, *President.*

Mrs. T. STEVENSON, *Treasurer.*

Miss TAWSE, *Secretary.*

The contributions in first column (India) do not include the amount contributed for Miss Gordon's work at Madras, which is reported specially in November.

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
<i>Collected by Mrs. Bilton, 17 Lennox Street—</i>			
Bella Crerar, 13 Belgrave Crescent	£	..	0 1 0
Jessie Smith, 20 Belgrave Crescent	0 1 0
Mrs. G. Ross, 3 Oxford Terrace	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Blackwood, 5 Clarendon Cres.	..	0 7 0	0 7 0
Mrs. J. Brodie, Belgrave Place	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Jane Fisher, 4 Lynedoch Place	0 1 0
Miss Orr Ewing, 3 Lynedoch Place	0 2 6
Mrs. Ogilvie, Buckingham Terrace	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Ogilvie, Buckingham Terrace	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. W. M. Blackwood, 3 Ravelston Place	..	0 7 0	0 7 0
Mrs. H. Reid, 1 Belford Place	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. A. D. Anderson, 21 Lennox St.	..	1 0 0	0 10 0
Miss Anderson, 21 Lennox Street	..	1 0 0	..
Miss J. Anderson, 21 Lennox Street	..	1 0 0	..
Janet Hulley, Lennox Street	..	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Finlay, 16 Belgrave Crescent	1 0 0
Mrs. Lewis Bilton, 17 Lennox Street	..	0 10 0	0 10 0
	..	£ 5 1 0	3 7 0

Collected by Mrs. Hardie, 4 Scotland Street—

Mrs. Clark, 31 Scotland Street	..	£ 0 3 0	..
Mrs. Hardie, Scotland Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
	..	£ 0 5 6	0 2 6

Collected by Miss Boyd, Gloucester Place—

Miss Walker, 47 Northumberland St.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Lady Gillespie, 53 Northumberland Street	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Scott, 52 Northumberland St.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. D. Lister Shand, 38 Northumberland Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Campbell, 8 Northumberland Street	£0	2 6	..
Mrs. Robertson, 13 Northumberland Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Mill, 35 Howe Street	..	0 7 0	0 7 0
Mrs. Greig, 33 Howe Street	..	0 2 6	..
Lady Deas, 32 Heriot Row	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. MacLagan, 28 Heriot Row	0	5 0	..
Mrs. Borland, 28 Heriot Row	..	0 2 0	..
Mrs. W. E. Gloag, 6 Heriot Row	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. A. M. Smith, 7 St. Vincent St.	0	2 0	..
Mrs. Isles, 6 St. Vincent Street	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Boyd, 7 Dean Terrace	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss J. Deuchar	..	0 2 6	..
	£0	19 0	2 6 6
			1 12 0

Collected by Mrs. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
Horatio R. Macrae, Esq.	£3 3 0	1 1 0	..
Mrs. Torrie, 1 Glenfinlas Street	0 5 0
Misses Fraser, Castle Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
C. N. Johnston, Esq., Castle Street	0 2 6
Lawrence Johnston, Esq., Castle St.	0 5 0
J. G., 1 Hill Street	..	0 1 6	0 2 0
Miss Sanders, 119 George Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Anthony Murray, Esq., 141 George St.	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
E. Allan, S. C. Club	0 2 6
Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson	..	0 10 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Stevenson for orphan	5 0 0
	£8 3 0	2 5 0	2 9 6

Collected by Miss Walker, Buckingham Terrace—

Mrs. and Miss Scott, 21 Drumsheugh Gardens	£	0 5 0	..
M. Marshall, 32 Melville Street	..	0 2 0	..
C. Turnbull, 34 Melville Street	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. P. Brodie, 47 Melville Street	..	1 0 0	..
Misses Macfarlane, 9 Melville Street	..	0 10 0	..
	..	£ 1 19 6	..

Collected by Miss Gordon for Miss Cumming—

Mrs. Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace	£	0 3 0	..
Miss Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. M'Kerrell, 48 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Buchan, 49 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. MacNab, 68 Great King Street	..	0 10 0	0 10 0
Miss Maclean, 82 Great King Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Hopkirk, 75 Great King Street	0 2 6
Mrs. Wilmot, 17 Great King Street	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Hanna, 68 Great King Street	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Ross, 30 Great King Street	0 5 0
Mrs. Taylor, 14 Great King Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Cosens, 81 Great King Street	..	0 2 6	..
	..	£ 2 0 6	1 15 0

Collected by Miss Leishman, Douglas Crescent—

Mrs. Johnston, 17 Douglas Crescent	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Leishman, 4 Douglas Crescent	£0	10 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Edington, 2 Grosvenor Cres.	0 5 0
Mrs. Hope Finlay, 19 Glencairm Cres.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
	£0	10 0	0 15 0
			1 0 0

Collected by Mrs. Robertson, Belgrave Place—

A Friend	£	..	0 2 0
Mrs. White, Drummond Place	..	0 5 0	..
John Lorne, Esq., Drummond Place	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Sceales, Drummond Place	0 2 6
Miss Paterson, 40 Albany Street	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Dickson, Albany Street	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Adams, Nelson Street	0 2 6
Mrs. Hutcheson, Nelson Street	0 2 6
Mrs. MacLachlan, Abercrombie Pl.	0 2 6
	..	£ 0 17 6	0 19 6

Collected by Miss Jameson, Abbotsford Park—

Mrs. Jameson, 2 Abbotsford Park	£	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Greenlees, 16 Morningside Park	..	0 7 0	..
Helen Morrison, 9 Napier Road	..	0 2 0	..
Annie Morrison, 9 Napier Road	..	0 2 0	..
Miss C. R. Smith, 9 Bruntfield Cres.	..	0 10 6	..
Mrs. Matthew, 10 Gillespie Crescent	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Stewart, 2 Orchardfield Street	..	0 0 6	..
Isabella Learmonth, 2 Salisbury Rd.	..	0 1 0	..
Elizabeth Guthrie, Minto Street	..	0 1 6	..
Mrs. MacLaren, Montague Street	..	0 1 0	..
Catherine Lamond, Clinton House	..	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Rhind, St. Helen's	..	0 2 6	..
	..	£ 1 17 6	..

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE.

Collected by Miss J. Kennedy, 71 Great King Street—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
A. W. H.		0 5 0	..
Lord Mure, Ainslie Place	£1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Millar, Ainslie Place	0 5 0	..	0 5 0
Robina Farquhar, Ainslie Place	0 1 0	..	0 1 0
Jessie Hobart, 6 Atholl Crescent	..	0 1 0	0 1 0
Lilias Thomson, 20 Atholl Crescent	0 1 0
Jane Ross, Chester Street	..	0 1 0	..
Miss Millar Crabbie, Chester Street	0 5 0
Mary Murray, 27 Chester Street	..	0 1 0	..
Elizabeth Stronach, 13 Chester St.	..	0 1 0	..
Miss M'Hutcheon, Randolph Cres.	0 5 0
Helen Brown, 11 Randolph Crescent	0 2 0
Mrs. Kerr, 9 Great Stuart Street	..	0 10 0	..
Janet Henderson, 15 Gt. Stuart St.	..	0 1 0	..
Mrs. Mitchelson, Great Stuart St.	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
John Kennedy, Esq.	..	0 10 0	0 10 0
Mrs. Richardson, 22 Stafford Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
	£1 8 0	2 17 6	2 16 6

Collected by Miss Pott, Inverleith Row—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
Mrs. Leven, 26 Saxe-Coburg Place	..	£ 0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Pott, 1 Inverleith Row	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
C. M'Laren, 27 Teviotdale Place	0 5 0
Mrs. Mowat, 6 Claremont Place	0 1 0
	..	£ 0 7 6	0 13 6

Collected by Miss Mann, Raeburn Place—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
A. W. H.	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Johnstone, 22 Dean Terrace	..	0 2 0	..
Miss Smith, 15 Danube Street	£1 0 0	1 0 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Bilton, 17 Danube Street	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Misses Blackwood, 19 Dean Terrace	1 0 0	3 0 0	2 0 0
Alex. Blackwood, Esq., Dean Terrace	..	0 5 0	0 6 0
Mrs. Mackay, St. Bernard's Cres.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Wight, 26 St. Bernard's Cres.	0 3 0
Mrs. Moffat, 33 St. Bernard's Cres.	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss Smith, 5 Comely Bank	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Graham, Malta Terrace	..	0 2 0	0 2 0
Mrs. Mann, 23 Raeburn Place	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Coltherd, 19 Raeburn Place	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Ronaldson, Somerset Cottage	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Miss M'Laverty, Barnton Terrace	0 2 6
	£2 0 0	5 17 0	4 13 6

Collected by Miss Stewart, Northumberland Street—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
Mrs. Macleod, 7 Royal Circus	..	1 0 0	1 0 0
Mrs. Campbell, 13 Royal Circus	..	0 2 0	..
Jane C. Inglis, 13 Royal Circus	..	0 2 0	..
Miss Hunter, 13 Royal Circus	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Sceales, 6 Royal Circus	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Jas. Gordon, 30 Royal Circus	..	0 5 0	..
Helen Bethune, 21 Royal Circus	..	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Robertson Stewart, 6 Gloucester Place	..	0 10 0	0 10 0
Isabella Douglas, 6 Gloucester Place	..	0 0 6	..
Misses Hope, 11 Gloucester Place	..	0 2 6	..
Miss L. C. Hope, Gloucester Place	£0 2 0
Mrs. Macrae, 14 Gloucester Place	..	0 5 0	1 0 0
Miss Maclean, 14 Gloucester Place	..	0 5 0	0 10 0
Miss Macrae, 14 Gloucester Place	..	0 5 0	..
Mrs. Wells, 14 Gloucester Place	..	0 2 6	..
Christina Anderson, 14 Gloucester Pl.	..	0 2 6	..
Miss Elder, 3 Circus Place	0 2 6
Mrs. Stewart, 61 Northumberland St.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Miss Stewart, 61 Northumberland St.	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
	£0 2 0	3 19 0	3 12 6

Collected by Miss C. Tawse, 11 Royal Terrace—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
Misses Tawse	£0 10 0	3 0 0	1 0 0
Misses Dudgeon, 20 Regent Terrace	..	0 10 0	0 10 0
J. Colquhoun, Esq., 1 Royal Terrace	0 10 0	..	0 10 0
	£1 0 0	3 10 0	2 0 0

Collected by Mrs. Girdwood, Moray Place—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
Miss Mure, Darnaway Street	..	£ 0 10 0	0 10 0
Miss J. Mure, Darnaway Street	..	0 10 0	0 5 0
Mrs. C. Macrae, Moray Place	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Girdwood, Moray Place	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
Mrs. Ross, 7 Forres Street	0 2 6
	..	£ 1 10 0	1 7 6

Collected by Miss Symington, Dundas Street—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
Mrs. Anderson, 13 Fettes Row	..	£ 0 5 0	..
J. G., Clarence Street	..	0 2 0	..
Miss Bowie, 11 Henderson Row	..	0 2 6	0 2 6
Mrs. Symington, 13 Dundas Street	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Finlay, 12 Pitt Street	0 3 0
	..	£ 0 12 0	0 5 6

Collected by Miss Brodie, Howe Street—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
Miss Ranken, 68 Queen Street	..	0 10 6	0 10 6
Mrs. Mackintosh, 42 Queen Street	0 2 6
Miss Jackson, 19 Queen Street	..	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Davie, 10 Rose Street	0 1 0
Miss Cameron, 103 Rose Street	..	0 1 0	0 1 0
Miss Cochran, 104 Rose Street	..	0 1 0	..
Mrs. Brown, 83 Rose Street	..	0 0 6	..
Mrs. Geddes, Abbeyhill	0 1 0
Miss Brodie	..	0 5 0	0 5 0
	..	£ 1 0 0	1 1 0

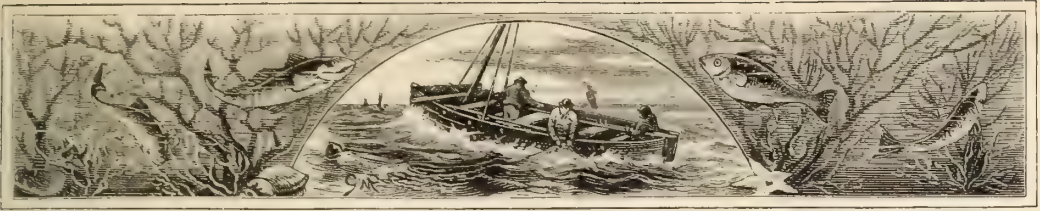
Collected by Miss MacNab, Howard Place—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
Miss MacIntyre, 20 Inverleith Row	..	£ ..	0 2 0
The Hon. Mrs. Lake Gloag, 10 Inverleith Place	0 2 6
Mrs. Winchester, 42 Inverleith Row	..	0 2 6	..
Mrs. Slater, 3 Warriston Crescent	0 1 0
Mrs. John Robin, 15 Warriston Cres.	..	0 2 6	..
A Friend	0 1 0
Mrs. Macnab, Howard Place	0 5 0
Miss Macnab, Howard Place	0 3 0
Mrs. Scott, 13 Eildon Street	..	0 2 0	..
Mrs. Sanderson, Wardie Crescent	..	0 5 0	..
The Hon. Miss Lake, Wardie Cres.	..	0 2 6	..
A Friend	0 2 0
	..	£ 0 17 0	0 14 0

Collected by Miss Shepherd, Gloucester Place—

	Indian.	Jewish.	Gaelic Bursary Fund.
George Mathison, St. Stephen's Ch.	..	£ ..	0 1 0
Mrs. A. Shepherd, Gloucester Place	0 5 0
A Friend	0 5 0
	..	£ ..	0 11 0

TOTAL . . . £14 0 0 | 37 18 0 | 29 0 0



JULY 1884.

The Princess Alice.

SOME one has said that "the power of loving is as rare as genius." There is not a page in the *Biographical Sketch and Letters of the Princess Alice* now before us which does not witness to her deep capacity for passionate devotion. "Oh, darling mama," she writes to the Queen, "were there words in which I could express to you how I am bound up with you, how constantly my thoughts and prayers are yours, I would write them." Again, "My love for you is strong and constant; I would like to shelter you in my arms, to protect you from all future anxiety, to still your aching longing. My own sweet mama, you know I would give my life for you could I alter what you have to bear."

A devoted sister, the Princess Alice helped to nurse the Prince of Wales through a long and dangerous fever—that illness which ten years before had proved fatal to her beloved father. A loving wife, she writes in 1864, "I have nothing on earth to wish for. To be able to make a bright and comfortable home for my dear husband is my constant aim." The fond mother of her children, whom she nursed, taught, and played with by turns, the Princess felt that "for their sakes one must forget oneself, if everything is as it ought to be."

There was in this love a tenacity which survived death and separation. With the death of the Prince Consort her happy girlhood ended. Worshipping him "on this side idolatry," and yet forgetting her own grief to minister to her mother when he died, the Princess wrote after many years had gone, "When those past so happy days came to a close I lost a greater part of my joyousness, which, though I am so happy, has never returned. A certain melancholy and sadness sometimes overcomes me which I can't shake off: then I have a *Heimueh* (home-sickness) after adored papa to such an extent that tears are my only relief. Dear beloved papa, he never half knew how much, even when a foolish child, I loved and adored him."

No one, at the same time, ever realised more keenly than she did the never-dying influence of the dead. "If ever a life has outlived a man, dear papa's has done so. In my thoughts and aims he ever remains the centre and the guiding star. I

do strive earnestly and cheerfully to do my duty in my new life, which is but doing what dear papa would have wished. He *was* and *is* my ideal. The separation seems so short; I can see him and hear him so plainly."

An anchor to earth had been lifted. Henceforward there is an ever-deepening sense of the transitoriness of all this fleeting show, which makes "life a real earnest and no dream, a journey to another end, a preparation and expectation for eternity. The day passes so quickly when one can do good and make others happy. Oh that I may die having done my work, and not failed with 'Unterlassung des Guten' (omission to do what is good), the fault into which it is easiest to fall."

These were no expressions of mere feeling or idle opinion. They were convictions which were embodied by her in action. In 1862 the marriage of the Princess Alice to Prince Louis, eldest son of Prince Charles of Hesse and nephew of the reigning Grand Duke, took her from the country that she loved so well to Darmstadt and the land of her adoption. Never was there a happier wife, a more fondly loving mother, nowhere a happier home. "There is such a blessed peace being by his side, being his wife," she writes of Prince Louis. "I always feel quite impatient until I hear his step coming upstairs when he returns." Of such simple and touching confessions these pages are full. They are also full of tender records of her children. Now she writes that "Ella won't leave me when I come into the room; she keeps kissing me and putting her fat arms round my neck. There is each time a scene when I go away." Or of the Princess Victoria, who "goes out walking with her papa before breakfast quite alone, with her hands in her pocket, and amuses him very much." Or again, of Prince Ernest, who "reads in my eyes, as I do in his what is in his little heart." At the same time, side by side with the happiness and responsibilities of her domestic life, there were duties belonging to her high position which the Princess did not fail to fulfil. It was in this that the influence of the Prince Consort was above all seen. Her political insight—"remarkable for breadth and sagacity"—the keen interest taken by her in science and art, in the encouragement of trade and agriculture, are only slightly indicated in the letters which have been given to the public. But the

“Alice Society” for aid to sick and wounded, which she called into existence, the “Alice Hospital,” the “Alice Bazaar,” which received and sold work and found employment for women, the “Alice Lyceum,” intended for the intellectual culture of women of the higher classes, all bear witness to the reality of her creed.

“The other day I went to visit a case *incog.* with Christa,” she writes in 1864, “in the old part of the town, and the trouble we had to find the house! At length through a dirty courtyard, up a dark ladder, into one little room, where lay in one bed the poor woman and her baby. . . . I sent Christa down with the children, then with the husband cooked something for the woman, arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing—and did odds and ends for her. I went twice. The people did not know me, and were so nice, so good and touchingly attached to each other; it did one’s heart good to see such good feelings in such poverty. . . . If one never sees any poverty, and always lives in that cold circle of court people, one’s good feelings dry up, and I feel the want of going about and doing the little good that is in one’s power. I am sure you will understand this.”

The soldiers wounded in the Franco-Prussian War and lying in the Darmstadt hospitals learned to bless the presence of the Princess Alice, who, in spite of her own sleepless anxieties about her absent husband, with her calm dignity and that grace and charm which endeared her to all, knew how to soothe and comfort them in a hundred womanly ways.

So the Princess did her duty, with her sweet face saddened by the suffering of that time, adding simply after the words of the Field-Marshal Wrangel, “Accept my congratulations that your husband is a hero, and has fought so magnificently”—“I am very proud of all this, but I am too much a woman not to long above all things to have him safe home again.”

Throughout these letters there is evidence of a deeply religious spirit, whilst there is a perceptible growth in her spiritual life. Her fearless sincerity made her at one time openly protest that to be humane was a human as much as a religious duty. At another it led her to give a public recognition to the influence of Strauss on her opinions. As time went on, whilst never ceasing to regard him with “esteem and gratitude,” the Princess “agreed less and less with his religious views.” “After her son’s death,” writes a friend, “I observed a change in her feelings. . . . Some time afterwards she told me herself in the most simple and touching manner, that she owed it all to her child’s death and to the influence of a Scotch gentleman, a friend of the Grand-Duke and the Grand-Duchess, who was residing with his family at Darmstadt.” “The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had built up for myself,” she said, “I

find to have no foundation whatever. Nothing of it is left; it has crumbled away like dust. What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith, if we did not believe that there is a God who rules the world, and each single one of us?” And so in the end, when sorrow and necessity—when the Divine Spirit—had written these lessons on her heart, she united a blessed testimony of faith with her loving submission to the Divine Will.

The war of 1870-1 was over and peace was restored. Princess Alice carried on her interests with untiring energy, and was “ever full of new plans for further good works.” She paid almost yearly visits to her early home, and, happy in the sympathy of a loving husband, devoted herself to the training and education of her children. But some of her old strength was gone, and in 1873 the shock of the loss of a beloved child, who, falling from an open window, was killed almost before her eyes, sapped some of her vital energy which never afterwards returned. The Princess Alice, now Grand Duchess of Hesse, confesses often that she is “tired and useless” and “absurdly wanting in strength.” Towards the end of 1878 she writes, “Only a feeling of weariness and incapacity is in itself a trial.”

Some knowledge of this suffering condition deepened the anxiety all felt when they heard in the last months of 1878 that the Princess had been attacked by diphtheria. She had nursed her husband and five children through the alarming illness, she had seen her youngest, the Princess “May,” her “sunshine,” taken from her. Then she too fell ill. Patiently and uncomplainingly she endured the pain, regretting on the last day of her life that she “should cause her mother such anxiety.” On the morning of the 13th of December, when those around her knew all hope was over, she “composed herself to rest, saying, ‘Now I will go to sleep again.’ And out of this sleep she woke no more.” At half-past eight on the morning of the 14th of December, the day on which fourteen years before her father passed away, the Princess Alice died, “peacefully murmuring to herself like a child going to sleep, ‘From Friday to Saturday four weeks—May—dear papa.’”

And as she was borne to her rest the old English colours lay above a noble princess, a brave and unselfish woman, a loving daughter, sister, wife, and mother, and a devout and humble Christian.

ANNE C. MACLEOD.

The Alphabet of Philanthropy.

IN my heart a query glows,
How to bless Humanity;
From on high the answer flows,
Christ reveals His will to me:
“Be a blessing unto those
That are nearest unto thee.”

DUNCAN MACGREGOR.

INVERALLOCHY.

Sermon.

PREPARATION FOR FIRST COMMUNION.

By the Rev. BRUCE B. BEGG, M.A., Abbotshall.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?"
MICAH vi. 6.

THERE are young persons, I trust not many, who look forward to their first communion rather lightly. They have no very clear idea of the solemnity of it, or of the practical results in personal life and conduct that are to flow from it. They are merely yielding to custom, or the wish of a friend, or some notion of their own not very easily explained or specially sacred. And the only preparation which they think of as needed is the catechising by the minister—to which they look forward with unreasonable fear. If that be got happily through, young persons are apt to imagine themselves as thoroughly prepared for the Communion as need be.

Now the intending Communicant must first of all clearly understand what the Communion is. In its lowest aspect it is the commemoration of our Lord's death, as the atonement for the sins of men, as the crowning exhibition of divine love—the reconciliation between God and a sinning world, the source of a new and better life for humanity. That is not a thing in which any one can take an intelligent part unless brought into sympathy by previous earnest thought. In a higher aspect the Communion is an actual meeting with the living Christ at His own table, and being fed spiritually by His own hand. That is not a thing for which one can be fitted without very special preparation. And in a higher aspect still the Communion is the communicant's solemn and public consecration to the lifelong service of the ever-living Christ, in body, soul, and spirit. Looked at in this light, the first Communion marks a very solemn turning-point in a young person's life—so momentous that scarce another can compare with it. It is like leaving home and entering on one's first situation of trust,—only as much more solemn as the service of Christ surpasses in sacredness the service of the world. It is like the step taken by the young woman who, with mingled hope and misgiving, leaves her mother's home and care, and by marriage enters on a home and responsibilities of her own—only infinitely more solemn, inasmuch as it is the wedding of the soul to Christ. It is like the position of the young man who, leaving home and parents and youthful freedom, enters the army, and swears his own liberty, and life if need be, into the hands of his country and commander—only it is as much more momentous and solemn as ordinary soldiering is surpassed by the fight of faith under the banner of the Cross. To assume a position like that without due thought and preparation is certainly a grave mistake. The pre-

paration, too, must be of no outward or superficial kind; it must be deeper and more thorough than can be had from the catechising or counsel of even the wisest and best of men. "Let a man examine *himself*, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup," says St. Paul. "It is required of them that would worthily partake of the Lord's Supper that they examine *themselves*," says the Catechism. And certainly, in addition to all available human aid, the young communicant must, in the companionship and help of Christ, carry on an earnest preparatory work in the quiet of his own home, and in the well-searched depths of his own heart.

The Catechism (Question 97) tells us that they who would worthily partake of the Lord's Supper must bring with them to the Lord's table five things—knowledge, faith, repentance, love, and new obedience. And in working towards this five-fold end, the preparatory work of the young communicant will be found mainly to lie along three different lines.

First. Prayerful study of the Word.—To all Christians, even those whose journey and communion seasons are coming to an end, but especially to those whose journey and communion seasons are but beginning, God's Word fulfils the same indispensable part which the lamp does to the miner, or which the scroll, every now and then unfolded, did to Bunyan's Pilgrim. He cannot find his way or know his whereabouts without it. Till the preparatory time and the first Communion be profitably over, and the Christian work well begun, it should often be in his hand and never out of his heart—a habit not to be given up when the first Communion is over. The whole Word of God is of use to direct him in examining and preparing himself. Scarce a passage but will light up some dark neglected chamber of his heart. Yet are there passages deserving primary attention and full of special light. The young Communicant must read them with the greatest care. Such are the passages which tell—of our Lord's institution of the Supper and His directions regarding it (Matt. xxvi., Mark xiv., Luke xxii., 1 Cor. xi.); of the Passover and the Paschal Lamb and their typical prophecy of Christ as the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" (Exod. xii., etc.); of the suffering and death of Him whose body was broken and whose blood was shed (Matt. xxvi., xxvii., etc., Isa. liii.); of Christ being at once the sacrifice and the High Priest for all sinners (Heb. iv., vii. 22, ix., x.); of the laws laid upon God's servants in the Old Testament (Exod. xx.); and of the more perfect life opened up for Christians in the New Testament (Matt. v., Gal. v. 22, etc., John xvi.); of how alone the Christian character and life are sustained,—by the Bread and Water of Life (John vi., iv. 13), by being sheep of the Good Shepherd (John x.), branches of the True Vine (John xv.), members of

Christ's Spiritual Body (1 Cor. xii. 27). These passages and truths of Scripture need to be "marked, learned, inwardly digested," got into the heart as part and parcel of its spiritual being. One must not only *know* them, but *believe* them. They must be the object not only of "knowledge," but of "faith." One must find in them the faith—the Saviour, the life of the soul—and be ready to build, nay, be already building on them, the hope and daily endeavour.

Second. Putting off self.—The study of God's Word, when taken up earnestly, leads the Young Communicant only to further preparatory work in dealing with *himself*. In his heart and life he finds many things that must be cast out. The Catechism, in its inventory of Communion graces, significantly puts "repentance" immediately after "knowledge" and "faith," as if the immediate fruit of knowledge and faith were the discovery in oneself of evil things needing to be repented of and cast out. And this certainly is the first necessity which forces itself on him who, with any knowledge and faith, takes up, even in prospect, a Christian position and life. Paul found it so. Though a man of earnest type, yet he found that in becoming a Christian there were not only "childish" things to be put away, but "hidden things of dishonesty" to be renounced—in fact few things that he had not to renounce. Luther, when as a young man he devoted himself to God in the Erfurt Monastery, had to bid farewell not only to all his old haunts and friends, but to his own old life and self. And a necessity deeper, harder than this has to be faced by him who with any acceptance would join himself to God at the Communion. No matter what his past or present character, there are many things of which he must first get rid. Like Joseph when called before the king, he must put off his own poor prison raiment. The more earnest he is, the more keenly will he feel how much there is about him to be cast off before with peace he can enter the Lord's presence and sit at the Lord's Table. From old companions, dear to him once, but seen to be unsuitable now, he will have to break off. Prejudices, jealousies, enmities, thought harmless once but felt to be hurtful now, he will have to cast out. Separation there must be from all former ways and habits inconsistent with the Christian character. There is in fact no inner depth of self to which this process of renunciation and putting off must not be carried. All that is meant by self, all that is one's own apart from God, must be laid aside as poor and bad. "Poor and miserable, blind and naked," the soul must be got to lie low at God's feet. To accomplish this is no short or easy task. It implies a hard struggle, timeously begun, earnestly carried on, if the Communion Sabbath is to find one in thorough penitence and yet in thorough peace.

Lastly. Putting on Christ.—We are reminded by the Catechism that the Communicant must

bring to the table not only "repentance," but "love and new obedience;" not only sorrow over evil things already put away, but joy over better things already possessed. And certainly it is a memorable truth, for old as well as young, that, whether at the Communion or elsewhere, a heart merely emptied of self and not filled with Christ would not be a satisfactory, even if it were a possible thing. Luther in the monastery, though he had left his old life and self behind, had no peace either with God or himself till his empty and aching heart had been filled with God's light and love. At the Marriage Supper of the King's Son no guest would have found it enough merely to put off his own raiment. Till clad in the wedding garment there was neither welcome nor blessing for him. And the Young Communicant must come not merely unclad of self, but clothed in something better. If it be wished to define that something more clearly than it is defined by the "love and new obedience" of the Catechism, I should say the Apostle's injunction gives the root and gist of the matter, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Romans xiii. 14). What is required is that the Communicant come consecrated by Christ's grace to Christ's service and to Christ's people. With that secured, "All is ours, for we are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Only if the Communion is to find one thus clothed, there must be timeous and earnest preparation. It will not do to put off seeking for the wedding garment till the very Communion morning when sitting down at the Table. If delayed till then the search is certain, like the foolish virgins' knock, to be too late. From the moment when the intention of Communion is first formed, Christ Himself should be the chief companion and counsellor of the Young Communicant's heart. Without Him there can be no preparedness; the heart will not be touched; the Communion will not be blessed. But let Him be daily, prayerfully sought; His Word—especially the passages already mentioned—carefully studied; His presence and grace secured in the heart: and the preparedness will be thorough,—the Communion cannot but be fraught with holy joy and peace.

An Appeal to Christian Women.

FOR many years one department of the work of the Committee on Christian Life and Work has been to maintain special services in the ports where the herring fisheries attract strangers for several weeks every year. At Wick, Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Stornoway, and Barra, the deputies of the Committee have special services during the fishing season. Quite of late stations in Shetland have been added. Good has been done; and, under the new regulations approved by last General Assembly, it is expected that the work will be still more efficient. Encouraged by the fact that the General

Assembly has appointed a collection in aid of the funds of the Committee, to be made throughout the Church on the 11th of January 1885, we are anxious to introduce some new features into our operations. In addition to the deputy ministers, who aid the parish ministers desiring their services, the Committee hope to enlist lay agency during the current year. They have received and have accepted some offers of help, one from a gentleman and his wife, anxious to "do some good in the holiday time." They propose to give to such volunteers their expenses, so that the agent who gives time and labour may at least be spared pecuniary outlay. But it is as to a *mission field* that they invite helpers to come forward. During the months of August and September, the population of Wick, Fraserburgh, and Peterhead is more than doubled. Many thousands of men, women, and children are crowded together in those towns,—the same is true of Shetland,—and the accommodation is sometimes very inadequate. The men are, of course, often on the sea, but, in ordinary circumstances, they are on shore from Saturday afternoon till Monday afternoon. The women and children who accompany them are encamped as "strangers and pilgrims." The hundreds of women who are employed in the toilsome and unsavoury occupation of herring-curing have often leisure time between their bouts of work. Many of these workers speak only Gaelic; most of them are strangers in the place of their toil. Are there not Christian ladies who will give a month or two months, in August and September, to such work among those women as only a lady can do—helpful, affectionate, sisterly, elevating work, done for Christ's sake? To read the Bible and other good books to knots of them; to help others in their troubles; to promote church-going; to show some of the mothers how to bring up their children; in one word, to do good to those crowded pilgrims, because of loving them,—that is what we mean. We know that in Highland valleys and city homes there are gentlewomen longing for an opportunity of service. When they read this will they at once communicate with me or some other member of the Committee, or with the Secretary of Christian Life and Work Committee, 22 Queen Street, Edinburgh?

A. H. CHARTERIS.

Archie.

A TALE IN SIX CHAPTERS.

By ROBINA F. HARDY.

CHAPTER III.

IT was still quite early when Archie went for a turn round the old place which was to be his home no longer. He wandered about the stack-yard, the out-houses, the sheep "pens." Many of the latest improvements in farm implements met his eyes there; new and expensive kinds of machinery too, for Simon Fraser had been known in all

the country round as a most energetic and daring experimenter, unfortunately not always a successful one.

"Ye'll be takin' a bit dauder roun' the place, Maister Airchie?" said the hearty voice of the old griever, Sandy Dewar; "'deed I'm dounricht dowie that ye've had sic a hame-comin' this time. As I was sayin' to Mysie last nicht, the Maister's improved an' improved awa' at this bit, till, wow but he's improved himsel' an' thae bonnie youngsters a' oot at the door!"

"I doubt my father's schemes have been too many and too venturesome for his means, Sandy, but we needn't blame him now when his back's to the wall; and, after all, he did everything with the best intentions. He thought these outlays would yield a good return some day."

"Ay, ay, sir! As I was just sayin', the Maister's just had owre sair a grip o' the waurld maybe; but wae's me! he grippet the wrang soo by the lug when he pit his name to "Leein' Watty's" bills. I aye thocht he had mair *nous* than that, onyway!"

Uncle Peter was more graciously inclined that morning, especially when Archie gave a frank and even grateful assent to his somewhat arbitrary conditions. After breakfast he ordered his trap to be in readiness, got himself muffled up in a most comfortable fashion, and decreed that Archie should drive him over to Craigtown and be personally introduced to the scene of his future labours. The young man did not look forward with much enthusiasm to that ten miles' tête-à-tête with Uncle Peter, but he did his best to look acquiescent and even cheerful.

"Ye may tak' the reins, Airchie. But keep a steady pace, mind. Robbie's no' used wi' ony o' your cantrips. He's gettin' up in years, like mysel'."

"Keep a good heart, mother," whispered Archie, as he bade her good-bye for the day or two he would be gone. "Better days will come yet, I'm sure; and, whatever happens, we are in God's good hand. We will trust Him still."

It seemed a long drive indeed to Craigtown that day, for Uncle Peter, being nervous about gig accidents, insisted on walking all the downhill bits of road, and Robbie, being old and also tyrannical, insisted on walking all the uphill ones, between which there lay comparatively few miles of level ground in that region. Uncle Peter occasionally beguiled the way with converse, and at other times fell into reverie, wherein his nephew followed his example more readily. The earlier and later history of the Craigtown tannery—its rise and progress—its scope and management—successes, losses, prospects, difficulties, and encouragements—all had been carefully gone over, and the next time Uncle Peter unbent to social intercourse it was in a livelier—even a jocular vein.

"An' noo, Airchie, my man, ye needna think

ye'll hae to follow my example in a' thing, for a' that I've been tellin' ye hoo to conduct the business. Na, na! ye're young yet, an' I'm an auld douce carle. There's nae need for you to remain a bachelor, ye ken, for ae thing—that's to say, when you've got the wherewithal duly provided."

An impatient flush spread over Archie's cheek, and he gave a short, angry tug at the reins, which Robbie resented at once.

"Have a care, Airchie! Have a care o' the beast! But, as I was goin' to say, there's mony a smart-lookin' lass in Craigtown will be settin' her kep afore lang for the braw young tanner! Ho! ho! ho!"

"I'm going to stick to business, uncle, I can assure you of that."

"Hoot toot, lad! Ye dinna ken your ain mind yet. Besides, a man may stick to business an' get a weel-tochered wife to help him on wi' t into the bargain. An' when ye come to think o' the like o' that, I wad bid ye turn your attention to Jaicobina M'Caskie" (another angry tug at the reins, and another revolt on Robbie's part)—"ye've clean forgot yer drivin', Airchie, wi' thae tramway caurs ye crack aboot—but Jaicobina M'Caskie, the distiller's ae dochter, she's a wiselike lass to luik to, prudent tae, an' thrifty beyond her years. She may hae the advantage o' you by a year or twae, but that aye maks a bien hoose, ye ken. An' there's maybe a slicht cast o' the richt ee, ye'll be sayin', but *no* verra observable; then——"

"I have really no wish, sir, to become a suitor for Miss M'Caskie's hand," said Archie haughtily, "nor have I any desire to—to—detract from her personal charms!"

"Weel, weel, lad! Tak' yer ain gait! But ye'll maybe wish ye had listened to an auld man's advice when it's owre late. Jaicobina M'Caskie has, to ma certain knowledge, ten thousand pun' in her ain richt, her mother's money, forbye her due share o' the distillery whan auld M'Caskie's dune wi' this waurld's gear. But tak' tent to the reins, Airchie, for I canna bide thae thrawn turns Robbie's taen, an' I'll no speak for a while to distract yer attention."

When Craigtown came fairly in sight, however, the old gentleman renewed his discourse with fresh vigour. This time it was to point out the handsome new villas and churches gathering so rapidly round that popular little town. "An' yonder's the Heedropauthic, Airchie! Isna't a *gran'* structure? Hae ye seen anything better in Auld Reekie? I'll tell ye what, lad, I hae taen a gude when shares in that concern, an' there's no' sayin' *whae* may be the better o' them yet whan I'm awa'. If I saw ye satled wi' a wiselike wife in time to come—Gude help us, Airchie, I was near oot o' the gig the noo! Robbie maun be losin' his judgment! But here we're at hame noo, mercifully. It's aye a blithe sicht to me, that tan-yaird reek."

The sun shone fairly on the bustling little county

town, and, quiet as it might seem after life in the metropolis, it had many advantages to offer. A compact mass of narrow thoroughfares and heterogeneous buildings, Craigtown seemed to have settled, after the fashion of a swarm of bees, on one long low spur of the Grampians. To the north its highest towers and chimney-cans peered through a belt of Scotch firs, beyond which rose the green "Knock" and some sterner elevations, while southward and westward the eye rested on wide strath and stately forest, green meadow and shining river, stretching for many miles around, one of the finest panoramic views in Scotland. Archie Fraser's eyes rested more readily on the faint outlines of Ben Ledi and Ben Voirlich, then darkly rising from a purple mist of rain and thunder-cloud that had veiled them for a while. That sorrowful glow had some charm for him that the gayer landscape lacked.

But Robbie was getting up his paces in style now that he was nearing his own cosy quarters at the tan-yard, which was to him as well as to his master "aye a blithe sicht," and Archie had to leave off romantic musings and attend in earnest to the reins. The steep and somewhat picturesque little High Street was lively just then with a number of country vehicles and market carts, while one or two dashing equipages belonging to the greater county magnates were drawn up at the post-office, the bank, and the principal drapery establishment, or swept past, it might be, making the shop windows rattle and the ragged urchins "hurrah," as they ran after them in hope of some chance "bawbees."

Mr. Peter Caw, being "a citizen of credit and renown," had numerous respectful and cordial salutations as his gig made its way down the street, and even Archie Fraser was not without some old acquaintances there to bid him welcome. It was the hour when Craigtown Beauty and Fashion were wont to air themselves, sauntering from Miss Grimm's and other *modistes* to Zenana meeting or afternoon tea. But even Uncle Peter's sharp gray eyes looked in vain on that occasion for the graceful form of Miss M'Caskie. She was nowhere to be seen.

"It's a peety," muttered the old man to himself. "First sicht's aye the maist to be ware o', an' *she* luiks best wi' a bannet on her heid they tell me! Hoots! but there's plenty time yet for that. I'm an auld fule, an' hae mair need to be learnin' the lad his tredd."

The tannery stood at the very base of the town, down one long, narrow lane leading to the river. It had great, staring, blue-painted gates, ornamented with handbills of the latest public amusements. Around these clustered a lot of dirty, untidy dwellings, the homes of Mr. Caw's numerous employés, while one long, gaunt, whitewashed building known as The Binns—I know not why or wherefore—was pointed out to Archie as the future home of his family.

Archie sighed. It was all very unlike his late surroundings, and a pang of regret awakened once

more as he thought of the dear old University so far away, the great quadrangle which he had often paced in sober meditation, and the wide steps on which he daily lounged, chatting gaily with his fellow-students. Ay, and there were other memories, other visions, on which he dared not dwell! Here was Craigtown, the scene of his new life and future calling. He must forget the golden past, and become as quickly and as thoroughly as possible—a tanner.

CHAPTER IV.

ONLY a few months more and Archie Fraser was fairly settled in his new and uncongenial office, while the purposes and dreams of his former life seemed already to be separated from him as by a mighty chasm. He was being carefully initiated by the retiring Benjie into all the mysteries of the tan-yard, and could already boast no small skill in the discernment of hides, whether raw and reeking from the animal, or in any of the numerous stages between that and superfine dressed leather. For Archie the "pits" had lost their horrors, and the huge piles of oak-bark, gambia, and sumach, as well as the different "lakes" where these seethed and boiled in fragrant conglomeration, were most interesting studies! It had all been an ordeal at first, no doubt, but he had gone through it.

He had gone through another trial too! After brief winding-up of his Edinburgh affairs, brief farewell to college chums and professors, he had gone over to Moray Place, and left his last—his most painful—"good-bye" there.

"We shall miss you indeed, Mr. Fraser," said Mrs. Seymour kindly, but in a tone that seemed to imply that this was an eternal separation. "Frank has grown quite dependent on you of late. I don't know who will be his next crony!"

"The change is so sad to me," said Archie, trying to speak lightly, "that I am not able to commiserate anybody else. And Frank is at no loss for friends." The spacious drawing-room had begun to fill with its usual fashionable tide even while they spoke, and the young man rose to take his leave.

"Well, Fraser!" said Mr. Seymour, entering at that moment, "what's all this I hear about you? Changing your plans, eh? Ah, well, there's no doubt you're doing the right thing. Come and see us when you're in town, remember. Good-bye."

But Eva, more pale and sorrowful than he had ever seen her, had whispered eagerly, "You are doing a brave and noble thing. I wish such a chance were mine."

"No, no!" said poor Archie, with all his heart in his tones. "Not that at all. It is only because I *must*—I cannot help myself." But Eva's words, however foolish some people might think them, had a wonderful power to raise his spirits and help him on through some vexing enough passages of daily life.

In that gaunt, many-roomed, old-fashioned "Binns," close to the works, just newly vacated by Benjie Wilson, the rest of the Fraser family—except Joe, who was to remain at Mossknowe—found refuge in their calamity. Archie's mother set about at once getting lodgers, and doing whatever came to hand. Elsie was at Miss Grimm's; the children were at school. The unhappy bankrupt himself was the only one who could not fit readily into the new life. He only wandered about moody and miserable over the Laigh Muir or the lonely Knock of Craigtown. But they let him have his way.

The young overseer, though he was often enough at the old folk's house, had his own quarters in Uncle Peter's brand new villa, farther up the "brae." He scarcely liked that so well, but no choice was offered to him. And though the old man was kind enough in his own fashion, still there were odd things innumerable he said and did that grated on the freshly wounded nerves of his sensitive nephew.

"The Heedropauthic" was still a favourite subject of course. Shares were running up famously, for Craigtown was fast becoming a first-rate summer resort. "There's some braw fo'k come frae Glesga side this week they tell me," said Uncle Peter. "If ye're takin' a bit turn that way, Airchie, the night——"

"I have no time, sir, I'm afraid," said Archie, raising his head from a pile of books, for he still kept up his studious habits to a certain extent.

"Hoot, toot! ye maunna be aye at thae deid laingages now that there's na the same need for't. Ye'll jist pit on ye're best Sunday claes an' gang up for a turn at the baugatelle-brodd or the like o' that, to show that ye're jist as braw a callant as ony o' thae Glesga lads, for I'll tell ye something, Airchie. There's ane they ca' *Smith*, an' he's got haud o' auld M'Caskie, an' they tell me *he's* no oonlikely to get the start o' you wi' Jaico—— Whew! Whaur's the laddie aff to in sic a hurry? But it's maybe thae Drumshairlie hides he's after, for he's an eident lad and keeps his mind on the business. I'll say that for him."

But Archie Fraser did not affect any recluse airs in spite of his altered circumstances. On the contrary, he mingled not unfrequently in Craigtown society, which was always of a very hospitable nature, and was quite a favourite generally with the various circles of that busy little town. Yet he was far from forgetting the past. Many and many a silent hour after nightfall he spent by the banks of Craigie Water, dreaming of the old days or of the higher calling he had forfeited, or conjuring up visions of what Eva Seymour might be doing, wondering within himself if she could quite have abandoned all thought of *him*. At other times he would be trying vainly to crush all these fancies and to still the throbbing of his own restless heart. And it was doubtless all this that gave him an absent, *distract* expression on various occasions—

one that touched deeply some of the more tender-hearted daughters of Craigtown; but of this Archie was ignorant.

Neither Joe nor Elsie were idle in their new spheres. Elsie particularly shone in the millinery establishment of Miss Grimm, for her native taste was that of a true artist, while her lithe, light touch seemed to *create* rather than laboriously to *make* the fairy tissues and *tôques* that were to adorn the Craigtown belles. But Elsie had another gift of genius. Nature had well compensated her for the poor, helpless feet that could not carry their appointed burden. Elsie was a born musician, and the talent always came to light—it was not to be hidden. No voice like hers—a rich and pure contralto—rose from the curtained pew where the choir sat immured in the old Parish Church. And no hand like hers could bring such wonderful meaning out of the great organ, which had just been introduced there, and of which all the people were so proud. It was the organist who first discovered Elsie's capabilities for the instrument, and he took pleasure in teaching her in leisure hours—a pleasure which grew to pride as he watched his pupil's rapid progress. And so Elsie had many an "hour of Paradise," as she enthusiastically termed it, sitting alone in the great empty church at the "gloaming," while the grand strains of Mozart and Handel rose and swelled around her, then died away among the gathering shadows.

And thus, as the time wore on, they were all settling themselves in their respective niches better than might have been expected. Archie had still many remembrances of the old Edinburgh life in the shape of affectionate, *newsy* letters from particular friends, or a chance paper or magazine addressed in some familiar hand. And when the next summer came, bringing the usual flock of tourists to the Craigtown Moors and the "Heedro-pauthic" halls, Frank Seymour was among the first of them, and he lost no time in finding out Archie's quarters. He had a new set of friends with him, of course, for he was never happy without a "following" of some sort. One of these was a handsome young Englishman—a barrister of the Inner Temple.

"I say, Fraser," said Frank, as he went rattling over all his home news, "I'll let you into a secret, old fellow. That Courtney—he's immensely clever, you know, and has a fortune in prospect—seen

through the pleasing medium of an old grandaunt, aged ninety-six or so—well, you know, he's tremendously struck with Eva, poor little Eva, who knows nothing about love affairs yet, and it's such fun, you know, to watch them."

Fraser scarcely saw the fun of it however, and thought Frank was growing more frivolous than ever, while that man from the Inner Temple—his character seemed to come out in the very darkest colours. Alas! poor Archie!

(*To be continued.*)

VII.—Mission Hymn.¹

"*Thine is the Kingdom, and the Power, and the Glory for ever.*"

O KING of Missions! who hast said,
"Go out to all the world of man,
Go, tell that, risen from the dead,
To highest Heaven I lead the van;"
Help Thou Thy living Church to-day
To hear Thy message, and obey.

O risen Master! who didst send
Thy faithful few to tell abroad,
From river to the world's end,
The boundless grace of Highest God;
Breathe Thou upon us from on high,
That we may tell this mystery.

O Crucified! whose name divine
Is potent all the world to save,
Lift high Thy Cross, through darkness shine,
Redeem the heathen, free the slave;
Earth travails, and the ages meet
Adoring round Thy pierced feet.

O Christ! whose love to all the world
Has breadth and depth beyond our ken,
Be Thy great standard wide unfurled,
Be Lord of nations, King of men;
Gird wheels of light upon Thy car,
Ride forth and wage Thy holy war.

O Son of God! and Heir of all!
Earth's longing heart is turned to Thee,
Thy ransomed millions prostrate fall,
All tribes and nations bow the knee;
All tongues unite to hail Thee blest,
Messiah reigns from east to west!

A. B.

¹ The numeral refers to the order of publication. Other Mission Hymns written in response to our announcement in January of a prize of Five Guineas, and judged worthy of publication, will appear in future numbers.

The time for sending in Mission Hymns has now (July 1) expired, and no more can be admitted to competition. Very many have been received. A statement of their number will be made next month, but the prize will not be adjudged for some time.

The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

THE General Assembly of 1884 met on Thursday, 22d May, and was closed on Monday, 2d June. Shadowed by trouble in one part of its Foreign Mission field—to which we refer on another page—and not free from cases of discipline at home, it had, notwithstanding, many features which will be remembered with satisfaction. The work of the Church abroad has been fairly maintained—we can hardly say more; but the Home Mission and Endowment Schemes are brimful of life. The Communicants of the Church have increased by 13,677, and now amount to 543,969. The Christian Liberality of the Church in 1883 amounted to £316,480, seat-rents not included. The Assembly, by approving of a very large Appendix to the Scottish Hymnal, virtually gave the Church and the country a new Hymnal

for congregations and for children. The Christian Life and Work Committee obtained more complete recognition and approval than it ever asked for before. Its Magazine, its Guild, and all its works are prospering.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Aberdeen was again Lord High Commissioner; and the Earl and Countess, by their courtesy and their other personal qualities, gained the affections of the whole Assembly.

It was no ordinary pleasure to have as Moderator one of the most highly esteemed of the Highland clergy. We believe that Dr. Mackenzie is the third Highland Minister who has occupied the Chair within living memory. We may be permitted to say that he discharged his duties as Moderator in a way which commanded the approbation of all.



The Right Reverend the Moderator, Peter Mackenzie, D.D.

(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. MOFFAT, EDINBURGH.)

Dr. Mackenzie of Urquhart (better known as Ferintosh), in the Presbytery of Dingwall, was born in the neighbouring parish of Contin, and was prepared for the University at the Parish School of Lochcarron, where his father, the late Rev. John Mackenzie, was Parish Minister. He matriculated at King's College, Aberdeen, in 1825, and received license from the Presbytery of Lochcarron in 1833. He was resident in Yorkshire during the greater part of the "Ten Years' Conflict," safe from the excitements of the period, and (to use his own words) "willing to return to Scotland even for a Royal Bounty Mission, if the Church would give it." He was recommended by the late Duke of Sutherland in 1843 for presentation to the Parish of Tongue, and was inducted there in September of the same year. In the following year the Presbytery of Dingwall, into whose hands the patronage had come, presented him to the parish of Urquhart, where he has ever since officiated. His University employed him for two years, shortly after license, as one of the preachers in the College Chapel, and in 1875 gave him the degree of D.D. We may add that Dr. Mackenzie, when in England, had warm friends among the English clergy, and the same cordiality has marked his relations with the ministers of the Free Church in the North, where his influence in sweetening ecclesiastical society has been very marked.

Conferences on Christian Life and Work.

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Edinburgh.

DURING the sittings of the General Assembly a devotional meeting for ministers and elders was held every morning in the Tron Church. The meetings were held in connection with the Committee on Christian Life and Work, and were promoted for the purpose of bringing ministers and elders together in prayer and conference over the spiritual and practical interests of the Church. The following were the subjects under consideration:—(1) "Means of deepening the Spiritual Life of the Church;" (2) "Christian Home-Life;" (3) "Christian Fellowship in Worship and Work;" (4) "The Church in relation to the Non-Church-going;" (5) "Intemperance;" (6) Foreign Missions; (7) "The Youth of the Church;" (8) "The Church in relation to prevailing Forms of Unbelief;" (9) "The Spiritual Life of Ministers and other Office-Bearers." The Chairmen at the meetings were—(1) Professor Charteris; (2) Rev. R. H. Muir, Dalmeny; (3) Lord Polwarth; (4) Dr. Norman Macleod; (5) Dr. Marshall Lang; (6) Dr. Herdman; (7) Dr. Rankine of Sorn; (8) Dr. Alison; (9) Professor Milligan.

It is not possible to give here even an outline of the teaching and practical suggestions; but the mere fact that the above subjects were prayerfully considered by men seeking a more complete consecration to the service and glory of Christ will be an encouragement to many throughout the Church. Many valuable suggestions and directions were given bearing upon the sacred duties of office-bearers as they face the great duties to which God has called them. The following were again and again emphasised:—1. That those in the ministry and the eldership must adorn their office by devoted personal holiness if they would be effective and helpful in professional work; and that therefore they must be careful in prayer and study to keep themselves open to the great resources of grace and truth that are in Christ Jesus. 2. That in teaching and preaching and ministering in the sacraments they must keep themselves in close union with the gracious purposes of God towards those for whom Christ died; and that therefore they must look on themselves as those through whom God is carrying on the widening of His kingdom and the perfecting of the saints. 3. That in dealing with unbelief and sin they must view these hindrances in the light in which God places them, and remember that the only effective weapon against them is the Spirit-imbued truth of the gospel, and that therefore the great question is how best to apply that truth to the forms of error and wickedness that prevail. 4. That in church courts and business committees the office-bearers of the church must strive to maintain the Christian spirit and temper;

and that therefore they must watch and pray that the Spirit of Christ may animate all their thought and work. 5. That in guiding parochial workers they must seek out those of effective gifts, sufficient knowledge, and devoted purpose; and that they ought to be frequently in prayer and conference with their workers. There was an interchange of opinion and experience over many of the difficulties that the servants of Christ have to encounter, but they all came to this, that there is in Christ a grace provided and pressed upon us sufficient to make us more than conquerors.

While the conferences were intended to quicken and strengthen the office-bearers of the Church, the spiritual interests of the people were not overlooked. We can only indicate a few of the things that were kept in view. 1. That parents ought more and more to feel their solemn relation to the spiritual interests of the children, and seek to teach and train in such a way that Christian truth and a Christian life might be attractive to them, and that therefore home exercises must be so adapted that sacred things may always appear realities to young minds. 2. That in Bible classes, communicants' classes, and Guild meetings of a religious kind, the truth presented must meet the generous aspirations of the young and bear directly on the surrender of the young heart to God. 3. That the profit of the services of the sanctuary depends not merely upon the officiating minister but on the spirit in which the members of the congregation come together to worship God and learn His will, and that therefore the members of the Church must more and more realise their part in the ministry of the sanctuary. 4. That all in the Church should seek after a conscious realisation of their standing in Christ, and remember, in their fellowship with one another and with the members of other churches, that the body of Christ is one, and that all are bound to strive to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. 5. That large communion rolls, parochial organisation, liberality in giving, are a strength to the Church and an honour to Christ, only when these are the outcome of the Spirit's working in the hearts of men, and that therefore the great need of the Church is always this—a yielding unto God and a waiting on Him who gives to His people the Spirit of wisdom and of power.

Those who attended the meetings from day to day were brought face to face with these and other great realities. May we not ask the readers of *Life and Work* to make this record of them a fresh call to consecration as the children of God and the servants of Christ? We live in trying times, within and without difficulties emerge; the voice of the judgment of the Lord is searching the conscience and the heart of the Church; but it is not a voice that spurns us, but draws us near. He delights to heal the backslider; He still loves us freely; when we turn away from Him all is dark; when we turn unto the Lord there is boundless hope.

Of Work.

X.—TOO MUCH OF IT.

SHALL I set myself, on the morning of this Twenty-Ninth of April (a memorable day in my Individual Year), to enforce a truth which all brain-driving men know, but which certain of my best friends utterly disregard, living and working precisely as though they knew it not? This same they do to their present painful cost: and to the shortening of the season of their useful and cheerful working.

I know one, a hard-working man, no longer young, who two years since had the prospect of a fortnight's holiday in the pleasant May. Thinking to enjoy his holiday the more through feeling he had earned it honestly, he made, six weeks before, a list of many pieces of work to do. And by very steady pushing, both early and late, sometimes when not equal to it, he succeeded in "clearing his paper," as Lord Chancellors used to say. Then he set off, shaky and nervous, far southward, to the longed-for Rest. He abode in the loveliest and most congenial of all surroundings, and with the kindest of all friends. But the holiday proved a disappointment and a failure. Through long overwork, extending far beyond the six weeks named (though these last had been a special spurt, like the Irish post-boy's "trot for the avenue"), that miscalculating soul had been so overwrought, that when the need for exertion was gone, he ran down, he collapsed. That is, morally and spiritually. He had not to take to his bed: he could go out and in. But the holiday proved a very gloomy time, though the outer sunshine was of the brightest. Nothing was enjoyable. And in such circumstances, not only does a man take gloomy views and twisted views, but his entire nature is *thravn*. He is snappish, hasty-spoken, uncharitable. He gets angrier than he ought: even where there is reason to be angry. Briefly, he is disagreeable to talk with and to deal with: and (as Charles Simeon said) for a Christian soul to be disagreeable is High Treason. He is at his very worst and unhappiest. All the while he is thoroughly ashamed of himself: feeling that he is ungrateful for a hundred undeserved blessings. But truly he cannot help it. Yet in such a season you learn something, not to be forgotten, of one transient though not insignificant result of Over-Work.

Do not say, my brothers who will read this page and who will understand it, that this is a light thing. I know there are far heavier. But we ought to enjoy our holiday as well as get the good of it: it ought to be a pleasant as well as a restful time. There is a very real sense in which Aristotle's saying is true, that "the end of work is to enjoy rest." And more: you do not get half the reviving and restoring help of your holiday unless

you enjoy it. You, my friend, who break away now and then from a pressure and hurry which I could not bear (thank God daily for your equable temperament), and have three or four days' rest in what seems to some the oddest way, not merely picking up uncommon objects on the beautiful seashore, but finding strange specimens of the Creator's handiwork in grimy canals in the Black Country: do you fancy that peculiar holiday would do you any good if you hated it?

Modest enjoyment of both our work and our play enters into the plan of our kind Maker. And we have no right to do that which is quite sure to make us unhappy.

I said, there are far heavier things, coming of over-driving nerves and brain, than being gloomy and snappish during certain sunshiny days of May among the beautiful Surrey hills. There are those who often remember (some of us not without some little remorse) a certain homely man, wonderfully simple and single-minded, and at once very wise and singularly lacking in worldly tact, who made himself early old and who finally died through overwork. Never was there work more disinterested. Never was there work better-intended. And though it would be wrong to say the work was thankless, yet (as matter of fact) a very great part of the thanks came when the worker was beyond knowing of them. One who knew him well told me a story of his last hours which (as it is not to his disadvantage) may probably be true. I have done wrong, he said to his Doctor, in working so much beyond my strength: Henceforward I shall work under your directions, and do no more than you tell me I may. But the Doctor had to reply to that earnest and devoted man, Ah, my dear friend, your work is over. He bore it, grandly: but all the same it was a heavy blow to one whose heart was so in his work. And it seems a terribly hard thing that if, from the noblest motives, you break the laws of health, possibly not knowing what these laws are, there is no place of repentance. That is, you may repent ever so bitterly, but you will never be able to put yourself in the same position as though you had not broken these inexorable laws. It is not merely, as a great philosopher puts it, that your ears are boxed, and you are left to find out why for yourself. You get a knock-down blow, under which you fall upon the earth not to rise again: and then you bethink yourself why this came, and you are just able to say for yourself, with a very sore heart, and with pretty nearly the last use of your head you can make;—

I have done wrong. I have worked too hard that I might do the duties of my vocation; that I might educate my poor little children and start them well; that I might push on Christ's Kingdom some little. I did it all with the very best intentions. I never failed to ask God's blessing upon it all. But it has broken me down, it has killed me, all the same.

It is here, rather than in the spiritual kingdom of things, that the awful text comes true "Then shall they call upon me but I will not answer: they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me." If by excessive exertion you soften your brain, or bring upon you a stroke of paralysis: though you have done this in the very best of causes: repentance will not avail to set you where you were before you did wrong. Error, involving no sin: violation of natural law which was wholly free from intentional wrong-doing: is punished (in this world) more inexorably than the gravest moral transgression. This is a very dreadful thing. My subject this April morning is a far graver one than at the first glance you thought. It is only now we are learning truths of which our fathers did not think: and happily for them, in the days of that fine old leisure which has mainly departed from a hurried and over-driven world, they managed wonderfully well without thinking of them. Such a truth is this: You felt weary: It was God telling you to stop in your work. You went to church and preached a third time that day, when every word was a painful effort: You had no right to do so. You sat up, far into the night, writing yourself into a fever, or worrying over the proffered contributions to the Magazine of which you were Editor: You were breaking God's law, so doing, as really as if you had broken any one of the Ten Commandments. Yet curiously, a man who would never dream of saying *I want money for my children's school-fees; I shall steal it from old Baggs, who has far more than he needs:* will go and outrageously overwork himself to earn the needful money, without ever thinking that he is doing wrong. You remember what Kingsley said when Norman Macleod died: "He is gone, as I am surely going: a man who has worn his brain away." Yet Kingsley, that best and most chivalrous of men, who had preached the care of health to others as a Christian duty, seems never to have thought of stopping that wear of his brain. He thought he was unlucky, in that he had to work so hard: never at all that he was a wrong-doer, disregarding God's manifest will. Stranger still, as showing how excessive indulgence in the very best work will kill as surely as excessive indulgence in alcohol or opium, was the case of Dean Alford of Canterbury. He had been sucked into the vortex: and he could not leave off overworking: till he was obliged to leave off and die. A friend of both remembers well how Archbishop Tait (who shortened his own life by over-work) said to him, *I cannot understand Alford so over-working himself: he did not need the money: it was infatuation.* There is not a subject on which men speak, in such singular contradiction to their action. The friend looked in the Archbishop's worn face, always sorrowful: he marked his feeble steps as they walked up and down together by a river's side: and he thought to himself, *There is not a man in Britain who is more outworking his strength than*

you. The only parallel case of the like strange inconsistency, is in the matter of men making their will. You remember how a great genius relates certain of the last words of one who died suddenly. "On the very last day when I saw him, he told me that he had made his will, and that his affairs were long since settled. That looks unpromising, was the answer. Surely you don't doubt, I began. My good friend, was the answer, if you had been here as long as I have, you would know there is no subject on which men are so inconsistent, and so little to be trusted. Why, bless my soul, he made that very remark, I replied persistently. I should call that almost final, was the answer: My opinion is—no will. And there was none." Even so it struck one when the Archbishop of Canterbury, dying on his feet, lamented the overwork by which his Dean had cut short a noble life, and a lovable one.

I fancy that all of us, whose vocation it is to preach, often think how little result, in many of our hearers, is likely to come of our preaching. We are not, indeed, so outspoken as a grand old man, known to me in my early youth, who one Summer afternoon was going on with great animation to the large congregation he served. He had spoken just ten minutes, when a painful impression suddenly crossed his mind. He stopped on the instant: and added, in a changed and mournful voice, "Toots, what's the use of preaching to you? You'll never be a bit the better. Amen." For it was with *Amen* that sermons ended in that distant day: sometimes with grotesque effect.

I wonder, as I write, whether the unquestionable truth I am setting forth will have the smallest practical effect on any reader. Judging from personal experience, I should say None at all. We all say these judicious things to other people. We do not mind them ourselves. The more is the pity. I will confess that just at this moment I feel greatly discouraged. We all often do. Yet let us go on.

I have an old friend, he must be a very wise man, for to-day he is (with universal approval) not merely a Bishop but a Metropolitan, who once addressed to me the paradoxical statement that it is impossible to overwork a healthy man. No amount of congenial work, he held, is too much. It is worry, he said, not work, which ages and breaks down the toiler. And possibly no amount of varied occupation which could be put into the day would harm, if there were not the pressure of anxiety along with it: the feeling of hurry, the sense of being overdriven. To some men, nothing is so killing as to have twenty things to do when there are time and strength only for ten. Buffon, we have often been told, could sit at his desk for fourteen hours at a stretch, thoroughly enjoying his work all the while. But in actual fact, excessive work is almost always complicated with worry.

It is done under painful pressure, and with a mind ill at ease. It has got to be done in haste, in too short a time. And a morbid eagerness to be done with the task in hand possesses some workers. I know men who write a great deal: but all the while they are writing they are thinking of fifteen things, or even twenty-five, claiming to be attended to outside. Yes, and perhaps of some trying and perplexing business to be seen to within doors: an anxious letter to write, or a large payment to make. No wonder that they fail to do their best: that the task drags heavily: that they break down early. The most awful instance on record of that kind of work is (of course) Smollett's History. Under deadly pressure for money, the unfortunate genius wrote four great quarto volumes in fourteen months, consulting over three hundred volumes for information. When he sat down to his task, he was "harassed by duns," and by the vexations of law. He took no exercise or recreation, and sat almost constantly at his desk. He was a medical man, and knew how outrageously he was violating the laws of nature. These months brought upon him various forms of disease; and thenceforth he never knew health more. It is a most extraordinary and pitiful story. And, strange to say, the best and most pitying relation of it is by one who, without poor Smollett's need for money, brought on softening of the brain by overwork with his pen. Yes, we are inconsistent creatures.

One would say that Buffon must have been very leisurely at his work. He did not fly at it, like Dickens, with mind and body strained to the top of their bent. He took it easily: like Goethe the self-indulgent: like Buckle (of the History of Civilisation), who "never allowed himself to be hurried." At least he said so, to the present writer. But he broke down at forty. So probably he was inconsistent too.

Some work, though not so much in mere quantity, is by its nature a very heavy pull on the worker. Such is the preacher's, who has to minister to a large congregation: or, for that matter, to a small one. For there is such a thing as being screwed up, and as being let down. At one time I scoffed, when a very brilliant pulpit orator (who is also a very dear friend) assured me that it was easier to preach three times a week than once in six months. I understand him better now: though I do not entirely agree with him.

Let me add, that if there be any arrangement as to the conducting of public worship which makes it a needless pull upon the minister without adding anything to the profit of the congregation, such an arrangement ought to be changed. I am not going into controversy: wherefore I shall give no details whatever of what I mean. But I have them in my mind. And I have spoken of them and shall speak of them freely, elsewhere.

A. K. H. B.

Our Foreign Missions.

IT would be inappropriate to enter even remotely, in this Magazine, on the merits of the painful proceedings which occupied so much of the time of the late General Assembly, further than to say that, in regard to Mr. Hastie, the action of the Foreign Mission Committee has been approved, and that, following on the decision of the Supreme Court in India, Mr. Wilson has been replaced on our missionary staff. One or two obvious reflections, however, may not be unsuitable in the circumstances. Trial is incident to the work in which the Church is engaged. Though a divine work it has been entrusted to human hands, and we must *expect* to have to bear our share of that heritage of suffering and disappointment which has been the Church's portion from the first, even while labouring to fulfil her Lord's commission to preach the gospel to every creature. Nor can it be said that such trials are *unneded* or *undeserved*. Is there no voice in them summoning us to a higher consecration of our gifts and of our own selves to the service of the Lord? no call addressed to a slumbering church to awaken to a truer sense of the value of Christian privileges and opportunities? no answer, as by "terrible things in righteousness," to the prayers which have ascended from many hearts for the spirit of a more loving and genuine missionary enthusiasm? Certainly there can be no justification of the attitude of those who make the troubles through which we have passed an excuse for withdrawing their support from Foreign Missions. We cannot believe that any true Christian will be guilty of such faithlessness or cowardice. Nothing has happened to diminish our interest in this great work or to exempt us from the obligation of promoting it to the utmost of our power. Rather may we hope that these events—which, under some aspects, have been greatly exaggerated—will unite us in the determination to extend the missionary enterprise of the church along the whole line. "Although the concern arising from such misfortunes can hardly be too deep," said the Lord High Commissioner in closing the Assembly, "yet it is to be hoped that such concern will not be allowed to take the form of dejection or despondency, but rather the form of a spirit of subduedness and heart-searching in connection with what should be regarded as troubles and trials to be shared by the whole Church—in short, that there should be a tone responsive to the keynote which was struck by some of the leading speakers on these subjects, when they expressed the hope that out of these distresses might arise an increase of a charitable and humble-minded recognition of the due relation, or rather the subordination, of the external or mechanical to the more vital and spiritual elements of such work as that of Mission enterprise, and a more faithful and entire dependence upon the divine guidance." These are

words of wisdom to which every member of the Church would do well to give heed at this trying moment in the history of our Foreign Mission Scheme. Though cast down, we need not be unduly discouraged. God can bring good out of evil. Our very failures should become "stepping-stones to higher things," making us more watchful in time to come against those causes which have led to this trouble, and nerving us to fresh effort and to nobler sacrifice on behalf of that great cause which is unalterably dear to every Christian heart.

Further, let us bear in mind that, while no doubt there have been serious troubles at one of our stations, we have been cheered by the account of good and true work done at all the other stations, notably at Blantyre and Darjeeling. Very striking was the testimony borne in the Free Church Assembly to the Blantyre Mission by a distinguished member, Mr. Drummond, who recently visited East Africa. "He had passed through the Blantyre Mission," he remarked, "and he had to make a good report of it. It was in no spirit of mere courtesy to a sister Church that he said that he did not believe in any part of the world there was a safer and more solid foundation laid for any Mission than that which was now laid by the Established Church at Blantyre. And there was no Missionary at any Mission Station in the world better equipped for his work, nor a man of a finer spirit, of a more consecrated life, or whose teaching was more evangelical, than Mr. Clement Scott, the head of the Mission."

At Darjeeling the work of our devoted missionaries continues to be owned by God. During the past year there were 111 baptisms, and the year before there were 202. The first convert was baptized in October 1874, and now there are 540 baptized native Christians at this Station.

It is also gratifying to know that never have the Ladies' Association presented a more satisfactory report than this year. Their work has been greatly strengthened and consolidated by the appointment of several new agents to the Indian field; and they have, moreover, had the courage, in what seemed to be a moment of defeat, to extend their operations to Africa, a female agent, Miss Walker, having been appointed quite recently to Blantyre.

Thus, while there is much to depress, there is also much to quicken and encourage us. The crisis is one which demands the united effort and the fervent intercession of all true friends of Missions. While laying to heart the lessons of the past, let us try to forget its shame and its sorrow, and to go forward in the name of God, with courage and a good hope, to the work to which our Master calls us. May God pour forth upon us and upon His whole Church the spirit of love and of power, and of a sound mind!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

Why Judy believes "Example is Better than Precept."

A STORY FOR CHILDREN: IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

JUDY was not a model little girl, but you may like to hear about her in spite of this. Her real name was Judith, but everybody called her Judy. She was not very big, although she had one little sister and two little brothers smaller than herself. When my story begins the children were all very happy. They had come, with their father and mother, to live for two months in a big, old, white house near the sea. Hidden away behind the house were many things that children love—green chestnut trees with low, spreading branches, still bearing many a snowy shower; pink hawthorn and white; slopes of mossy grass, studded with pale, shy primroses.

Inside the house the children's chief joy was a queer little wooden gate, which separated the nursery rooms from the rest of the house. This gate was like those you may have seen in front of cottage gardens. The children never tired of swinging on it, climbing over it, and tying it up tight that no one might get through.

The day after they came nurse was busy unpacking, so the little ones were sent into the garden under Judy's care. Proud of the trust placed in her, Judy scampered off, followed by Madge and Harry and little Phil. "Now, children," said Judy, "we shall play at Follow my Leader. This is how we do it, baby," and she turned to little Phil. "Every one follows me, and every one does just what I do." Baby seemed quite to understand, so she continued, "Now I am going to be a railway train; you must all run after me and squeal when I squeal." Round and round the garden they ran, until they reached the tennis-lawn, where they stopped breathless. "We are so hot I think we should have a bathe," exclaimed Judy, and as she spoke she put her foot on the grass and shivered. Then she ran to the middle of the green and did her best to swim without water. Tired of this they next ran under a chestnut tree, where the drooping branches made it seem like night. "Our den!" cried Judy, down on her hands and knees. "We are lions!" and she growled fiercely. Just then they heard the big town-clock strike four. Up sprang Judy and spoke to little Phil. "Baby, mother said you were to go in at four o'clock."

But Phil shook his head and said "No."

"Then I shan't play with you another day, you naughty boy," said Judy.

"I don't care," said the ungrateful baby.

Judy was at a loss for a moment, then she thought, He won't go, but perhaps he will come; so began to play again. "We are pussy-cats now, and we must go very softly in case we frighten the mice," said Judy. Then she ran on tip-toe across

the grass, and entered the house by the back-door. Next upstairs and through the wooden gate, the children following her closely. So Master Baby, almost before he knew, was joyously hunting for mice on the nursery floor.

Sunday came, and Judy was glad to go to church, specially glad to-day, because she knew she was to sit in the gallery. At home she sat down below, and often looked up with envy at the happy little boys and girls who enjoyed this treat.

The walk to church was not far, and just as the bell in the old red tower gave its last clang-clang, Judy, with her father and mother, climbed up the outside stair that led to the gallery. Inside the church they found themselves in what Judy called "a dear little room, with a chair for everybody,



and one over." Look at the picture of Judy in church. It is plain that the artist knows the little town on the bracing Lothian shore, just where the Forth becomes the sea; and he has been in the church—not the fine new church where the congregation now worships, but the old parish church that had the large family pew right over against the minister.

I may mention one good thing about Judy—she never ate "sweeties" in church, and she always sat very still. To-day she listened to the minister while he was reading, because it was a story she knew and liked. It was the story of the poor man who was robbed, and nearly killed, on his way to Jericho. When the sermon began Judy did not listen any more. She gazed through the window at the fleecy white clouds, and the tender green leaves flickering in the sun, and thought her own little thoughts. At last her eyes wandered back to the minister's face, and she heard him say something that puzzled her rather. This is what it was—"How quickly children show us 'example is better than precept!'" I wonder if you will remember what he said? Judy did.

ANNIE BEATTIE.

TALKS WITH FARM SERVANTS.—At this season, when families are going to the country, we take leave to remind them that the gift of this excellent book to some of the young people near them would be a neighbourly act. Publisher, D. Douglas. Price 6d. and 1s.

A Half-Hour with the Supplements.

BY THE EDITOR.

DR. CAMERON LEES, writing from some Highland seashore (he does not say where), records in *St. Giles' Parish Magazine* the Communion Service held in *St. Giles'* at the opening of the Assembly—a Communion in which the Lord High Commissioner and many members of Assembly took part:—"In compliance with a requisition from a number of ministers and elders, our Kirk-Session agreed to hold a celebration of the Lord's Supper. It was a refreshing and strengthening meeting, and I feel sure many found it so, and went to their Assembly duties animated by a more earnest desire to serve Him whom they had remembered in this our ordinance. But what a blessed day it would be if the ministers and elders of both Assemblies would so forget the little that divides them, and could take the bread and wine from each other's hands. All Scotland would rejoice at the scene, and it is almost as certain as the sun is in the heavens that it would be followed by a sweeping away as by a mighty yet gentle tide of all formal divisions, and in any case, by what is better still, an outpouring of that love which, after all, is 'the fulfilling of the law,' and that charity which is the bond of perfectness. As I look from my window the tide is far out, and here and there on the shore are deep pools of water; it would take much labour to join them, and only children would think of uniting them in that way. It is better to wait quietly for the incoming tide, and they will naturally become one. Here is a little parable which I hope my readers can, and I wish devoutly our ecclesiastics could, understand."

Dr. Scott, who has recently returned from Rome, bears testimony in the *St. George's Magazine* to the reality of the good work done by the Waldensian Church in Italy:—"I felt it to be a great pleasure to see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears what these earnest and able Waldensians are doing. I worshipped in the New Waldensian Church in Rome. It was the evening, and therefore not the best attended service—so I was afterwards informed. At first I feared that we were to have a poorly attended and coldly conducted service; but all fears were dispelled when the minister appeared, and when the first hymn was sung. After the manner of Italians, many came in while the service was going on, but very few indeed went out again till the service was over. The congregation represented all classes of people—a few well-to-do, but, generally speaking, the remainder belonged to the small trader and working classes, soldiers, artisans, servants. It was to this kind of people that the service was addressed, and one could see by their attention to it that it was succeeding. And all this takes place in the very heart of Rome, within a gunshot of the great Church of the Jesuits!"

Mr. Nicol begins an account to the Tolbooth people of his recent visit to Palestine. Of Jaffa (the ancient Joppa), where he landed, he writes:—"As we walked through the lemon and orange groves, some trees loaded with ripe fruit, others fragrant with the blossom of another crop to come, and heard in the distance the plash of the waves on the sandy beach on either side of the town, we felt that in natural beauty our landing-place at least had not disappointed us. We paid a visit to Miss Walker Arnott's Schools and to the Medical Mission under the care of Miss Mangan. We did not know which to praise most. No one can see the practical sense and complete consecration of those ladies and their fellow-workers without having a higher opinion of Missionary labour." The narrow steep streets of Jerusalem, "most of which would be thought worthy only of the name of closes in Edinburgh," did not delight him:—"At any rate there is nothing holy or sacred in what meets the senses in the streets of

Jerusalem to-day; its sacredness belongs to the past or to the future. Dirt and unsavoury smells, bigotry verging on fanaticism, superstitions which are a mixture of credulity, imposture, and idolatry—these disenchanted the pious traveller who imagines that in Jerusalem he can get near to Christ, and may be able better to worship Him who is a Spirit in spirit and in truth. . . . We were glad whenever we could to escape from the stifling atmosphere of the city itself to the breezy slopes and valleys outside the walls. We could revel in the valley of Jehoshaphat, in the brook Kedron, in the pool and village of Siloam, in the road up to Bethany, in the olives of Gethsemane, in the Mount of Olives—even though some of them are disfigured by Greek or Latin convents and religious edifices—as true and unmistakable sites of most sacred scenes."

Teviothead Supplement for June must have been dictated by the minister a few days before his lamented death. The Rev. Robert Young finished a faithful and laborious ministry of thirty years in Teviothead, on 26th May, on which day he died in the manse after a protracted illness. Mr. Young was a constant supporter of this Magazine, and his regular local Supplement has been long a bond of union in his large and thinly-populated pastoral parish. He says here:—"It grieves me that when this is written the prospect of my being able to discharge duty again is a remote one. My malady, apparently, must go on till it reaches its height, and in the meantime it is acting very hurtfully upon me. I can only commit myself into God's hands and abide His will. I would humbly ask for the intercession of His servants, not forgetting that the fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much. I cannot tell how much I long to minister again as in other days; and if I should be permitted, in God's providence, to resume my ministry, I feel that I have it in my heart to minister with new fidelity and earnestness. In the meantime, as I ask for intercession of others, my daily cry ascends to God, in particular, in behalf of the souls for whom I have been specially responsible, that they may be blessed and saved." His final words are, "To have a right spirit in all duty is a very vivid thought to one who is unable to do more than to try to think and to give feeble expression to his thoughts."

Mr. Paton's Special Supplement for Soldiers and Sailors is always good. The June number has a Watchword for men, "Beware thou pass not such a place," keep away from the places where you will be tempted to—(1) Drunkenness; (2) Gambling; (3) Unchastity. There is an excellent article (we believe by Mr. Weir) on the Kaiserswerth Deaconesses and Hospital Nursing.

A feeling of shame comes over us as we look at Dr. Archibald Clerk's Supplement for the Gaelic parishes. It looks so good; and we don't know what it is about! If it was French or German, or even Latin or Greek, we might manage to read it. And to think that we don't know ten words of the beautiful language of one-half (on the map) of our own country! There is blame somewhere for this ignorance.

The contents of Supplements vary wonderfully, according to the circumstances of parishes and the tastes of ministers. The Church of to-day is photographing itself in these Supplements. North Leith reports 2604 communicants, of whom 1753 communicated last April; the new Church of St. Michael's, Edinburgh, has already 882 on its roll. Bathgate gives the names of 47 young communicants admitted in one day; and Ladhope has 50, more than half of them young men. Old Deer Supplement is devoted this month to missionary information; that parish is divided into 20 mission districts with collectors. Arbroath Supplement has instruction by the Minister to the young people who answer to him the Bible questions in "Searching the Scriptures." Pollokshields announces the psalms and hymns, with the tunes, for all the ensuing Sundays of the month. St.

Bernard's, Edinburgh, gives a list of 14 of its students who have gained university honours; Newington tells of its trained nurse, who attended 90 patients last year, and of its Flower Misson for the sick poor. In Tillicoultry and other parishes the Minister is at home to his parishioners on a stated evening every week. In the excellent Lanark Presbytery Supplement the Minister of Douglas tells the brief history of all his predecessors from the Reformation, with anecdotes illustrative of the men and of their times. In Maxwell the Minister seeks to direct the reading of his people, as he is well able to do, by recommending recent books and magazines: he neither omits nor unduly eulogises his own very readable magazine called "Sunday Talk." The article, by-the-by, called "Woeland," in the June number of that periodical, founded on Mr. Milne's book lately noticed in our columns, is an admirable plea for members of the Church engaging in work among the churchless and the poor, as a duty incumbent on all. The Reports of the Committee on Christian Life and Work have often pleaded for this, and we hope that this eloquent appeal will be sent broadcast over the land.

Many parishes which have not hitherto localised the Magazine have now a Supplement for the first time. Examples are:—Hawick, Bathgate, Castle-Douglas, Tillicoultry, Logie-Easter. Ardcloch and Auldearn join for a two-page Supplement; each of the ministers has a page.

Ministers who get their Supplements printed locally will confer a favour by sending a copy to the Editor.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find two places in St. Luke where Christ said or showed that He is to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures.
2. Find in New Testament two texts which speak expressly of searching the Scriptures.
- 3, 4. Find God's Word likened to ten pleasant things in the 119th Psalm.
5. Find in the 1st chapter of St. James eight characteristics of the true Christian.
- 6, 7. Those who want to work for Christ must believe on Him and love Him: find in New Testament eight good texts which, taken together, prove this.
8. Find from two passages that St. Paul expected to be with Christ as soon as he died.
9. Which Epistle is an intercession for a runaway slave?
10. What was the name of this slave? Find mention of him in another Epistle. What do these passages tell us concerning his conversion?

ANSWERS FOR JUNE.

1. Deut. 17, 18, 19. 2. Deut. 31. 10-13. 3. 2 Kings 22. 8-13. 4. 5. Abraham, Gen. 18. 23; Jacob, 32. 9; Job, Job 42. 10; Moses, Num. 21. 7; Gideon, Judges 6. 39; Samson, 16. 28; Hannah, 1 Sam. 1. 10; Samuel, 8. 6; David, 2 Sam. 24. 10; Solomon, 1 Kings 8. 22; Elijah, 18. 36; Elisha, 2 Kings 4. 33; Hezekiah, 20. 2; Isaiah, 2 Chr. 32. 20; Manasseh, 33. 13; Jonah, Jonah 2. 1; Jeremiah, Jer. 32. 17; Daniel, Dan. 9. 3; Ezra, Ezra 9. 5; Nehemiah, Neh. 1. 4. 6. Mark 1. 35; Luke 5. 16; Matt. 14. 33; Luke 9. 18; 9. 28; 22. 41. 7. 8. Matt. 11. 25; 14. 19; 15. 36; 19. 13; 26. 27; 27. 46; Luke 3. 21; 11. 1; 22. 32; 23. 34; 23. 46; 24. 30; 24. 50; John 6. 11; 11. 41; 12. 27; 14. 16; 17. 1. 9. 10. Matt. 5. 44; 6. 6; 6. 9; 7. 7; 7. 11; 9. 38; 18. 19; 21. 22; 24. 20; 26. 41. (Less direct passages, 11. 28; 17. 21; 24. 42; 25. 13.)



AUGUST 1884.

The Little Elevenpence-halfpenny.

By L. B. WALFORD.

"Do not be over fond of anything, or consider *that* for your interest which inclines you to any practice which will not bear the light, or look the world in the face."
ANTONIUS.

WALKING along the streets of any city, town, or village in the United Kingdom, the lover of shop-windows must be familiar with a curiosity in trade which displays itself for the benefit of those in search of cheap goods.

Attached to these are labels of prices—labels on which is very largely marked the first numeral—the shilling, or the ten, or twenty, as the case may be—but whereon the *little elevenpence-halfpenny* which follows is so small in size and so faint in outline as to be overlooked by any but a close and wary observer. *It* is in pencil, the rest is in ink; it is as near the line of demarcation 'twixt shillings and pence as possible; it altogether hides and screens itself; and, as a matter of fact, it is not meant to appear at all until the time comes for handing the purchase money over the counter.

Now this is not a pleasant thing to notice; it may not be exactly a wrong thing; the real price undoubtedly is stated for all who take the trouble to look for it; and it may be urged that it is at their own risk that buyers are too lazy, or too disdainful, or too stupid, to be on their guard against a mere business stratagem, but we will just put this question, "Which of you has a very high opinion of any tradesman in whose front windows the 'little elevenpence-halfpenny' appears?" and then make here and there a suggestion arising out of the inquiry.

A thing may not be actually sinful, and yet it may be very mean, very petty, very unworthy of a Christian man or woman. For instance, two motives are equally at work within your breast, the one being creditable, or, at least, natural and excusable, the other paltry, and you are ashamed of it. Well, what do you do? Do you trade upon the first, make capital of it, put it in great letters, as it were, in *your* front windows, while the other, the baser, is so dimly visible, if visible at all, that it escapes attention of set purpose? You plead that you were not obliged to thrust it forward, that if pressed you would have allowed it was there,—

but you certainly did take care that it should not appear unless called for. Just so; that is your "little elevenpence-halfpenny."

To create a false impression, and yet say not one word which is not strictly true, is by no means difficult. The story which magnifies by the mere power of the *voice* and distorts by the *tone*, while, perhaps, every word is repeated with accuracy—who can say that it does not "bear false witness"? The impression conveyed is distinctly at variance with the matter as it stood; the softening smile, the gentle mirthful accompaniment of a *look*, has been left out, and all is altered; a purchaser for your wares, in other words an audience for your tale, has been found on false pretences, and the "little elevenpence-halfpenny" lurking behind has been the means of taking in many who would otherwise never have stopped to listen.

Again, we will suppose that some of you are still young, and living beneath the roof of your parents or lawful guardians, and that you really desire and profess to honour and obey them; but you are no longer quite a child, you have your own fancies and notions, and these do not always coincide with those of the "powers that be," but you have not the courage or the wish to say openly, "I have a right to judge for myself in these matters;" you would fain avoid contention, even if it did not end in defeat; so by way of saving everybody's feelings and gaining the cherished points into the bargain, a little underhand business is carried on, necessitating some trouble, inconvenience, and *dodging*, together with not a few explanations and asseverations which, to say the least of them, are apt to sail very near the wind! If you can hobble along without openly flying in the face of any given command—although in your heart you cannot but feel it is the spirit and not the letter of the law you are called upon as Christians to keep—if, however, you can manage to have all smooth on the surface, are you not, some of you, disposed to think there is no harm?

And oh, why should not the point of *honour* be more regarded among us who are followers of Christ? Can you tell me, you Christian people who read this, who live amongst Christians and have them for your friends, relations, associates, can you truly assert that among these and of these—dotted only here and there, we will hope, but still to be found

—there are not some whom you would hardly care to leave alone with the open letter on your blotting-book, or the key in the usually locked desk, or the gossiping servant? You would not put your fears into words, but you will carefully guard against any such contingency, never asking yourself why, but simply warned by instinct that there is *that* about your friend which makes it never absolutely sure whether what he says or does is in exact accordance with what he feels or thinks, so that it is best to be on the safe side with him; “the little elevenpence-halfpenny” system, in short, pervades his morality and smirches and dims his perhaps otherwise estimable character.

Or do you puzzle your brains over a letter because, while all that you read seems plain and plausible enough, yet you cannot refrain from wondering what your correspondent would *be at*? You know the writer, you know that simple as is the epistle it is not likely to have been penned without some hidden springs being at work. Aha! what is here? Something comes to light *between the lines*; you rub your brow, your eyes open, your lip curls, you have found out the “little elevenpence-halfpenny,” cunningly as it had thought to lie concealed. The pressing invitation or the pitiable account has *meant something more*, something which was not to catch the eye, but which was none the less the real object your correspondent had in view, and the ostensible motive was the large figure in front of the label set as a lure to entrap.

Hard, indeed, to root out of some natures is this inherent *doubleness*. It enters into every concern, great and small, it intrudes into the most solemn crises, it maintains its hold even when—oh, it is a shame that it can be said—even when the tear is in the eye and the tremble in the voice,—for whether it be exaggeration of our own woe or of our sympathy in that of another, down in the depths of the heart will lurk the unuttered thought, “This is all as it should be; this is creditable and appropriate; I am showing off in a proper light to those about me;” and all unsuspected will be the feeling, for *it* is genuine, spontaneous, real, while the rest, cultivated and adorned, is only half nature and half art.

But as we remarked of “the little elevenpence-halfpenny” in the shop-window, so we would say of the disingenuous, there is a nameless something about those who are habitually not *quite* straightforward, not absolutely honest, whose word is not to be in all things relied upon, which, like the sickly odour of a plant not perfectly healthy, just prevents their being held in general esteem. They may be liked, admired, made use of, but they never take a high place even in the eyes of worldlings; nay, it is notorious that the most irreligious, the most careless about their own speech and actions, are the most exacting in the matter of honesty of all kinds from those who, as they phrase it, “set up to be better than their neighbours.” From

them not the slightest deviation from the naked truth is tolerable, and the strictest and most ungenial of religious people, provided they are recognised as “sincere,” will evoke the awe and respect of the thoughtless, while the plausible, agreeable Christian, about whose word or whose motive they can never be *quite sure*, inspires only contempt.

And is it not just that this should be so? Should not Christians be above the miserable little device, the trifling meanness, the paltry excuse?

“It behoves the high,
For their own sake to do things worthily.”

Let us turn the blind eye and the deaf ear of charity when we detect in another the littleness or the pettiness, but let us be down upon the traitor when he would harbour in our own hearts; no spreading forth of excellencies we do not possess, no setting out in our front windows of aspirations and sentiments which will be found to bear another aspect when followed up within; no keeping back one part of us and parading another, the one in capitals, as it were, black as ink, the other pale and faint and minute in its proportions,—none of this trickery should belong to us who are followers of One who “desireth truth in the inward parts.” What was it that moved our Lord Christ to greater warmth of indignation than either idolatry, or adultery, or cruelty, or any of the sins by which He was surrounded in those evil times? Was it not the fair and specious outside cloak which served to cover the rottenness within? Was not His severest term of reprobation—we might say of disgust—“Ye hypocrites”? And though it is true that the word was used in its fullest sense and in its greatest need, yet may we not from this go a step farther, and with reverence infer that of all the blemishes which mar and defile the characters of many who in the main are true Christians, none is so displeasing to Him as a lack of perfect *sincerity*, perfect *straightforwardness*, perfect *truth* about the details of our everyday life.

Archie.

A TALE IN SIX CHAPTERS.

By ROBINA F. HARDY.

CHAPTER V.

AFTER that chance hint, dropped so carelessly by Frank Seymour, an additional zeal for business suddenly manifested itself in poor Archie. Uncle Peter saw it, and rejoiced. But outsiders thought it was no improvement to the youth. They said he was more reserved and silent than formerly; that there was no getting any fun out of him now, and would soon turn a perfect misanthrope. Well! one enterprise, at least, served to save Archie from that dismal fate.

Coming so much and so closely as he did in contact with his uncle's men at the tannery had revealed to him how few and far between were

their means of moral and intellectual improvement. Fine manly fellows there were among them—heads capable of thought and observation, and hearts true as steel. But how many nights these heads grew muddled at the “Cross Keys” for want of some better and more elevating amusement! How often the kindest-hearted men had grown fierce and bitter in their homes. And how often, too, these homes were made desolate and bare by their own recklessness!

It was all this that now stirred Archie Fraser’s soul most deeply. And here it seemed to him there was yet some good work to do for the sake of Christ—his Master still, though the dreams of youth had perished!

It was in a very small and quiet way that Archie began his work. Only a few of the younger lads gathered for an hour’s reading or writing in an empty loft. Then as these increased in numbers, and grew interested in various branches of science and natural history, a room in the town was substituted for the bare “skinner’s laft,” where winds whistled “eerily” all round them through open wooden “berges.” Then the audiences became larger, the lessons grew into lectures. And there were Sunday evening meetings too, that were more like some homely family gatherings on a large scale, where Elsie led the singing with her own rare voice and the help of a small American organ. Archie drew his grown-up scholars with unwearied interest, step by step, through all the wondrous life that had been lived for them in Syria, to the death-darkness of Calvary and the glory of the Resurrection. Not a few of them, he had reason to know, were already following that risen and ascended Lord, all the more closely and consistently because their young teacher had come among them and found the clue to their hearts.

So Archie’s prayer was no longer one of plaint, but of thanksgiving—“*I thank Thee, O my Lord, for having given me this work to do.*”

Uncle Peter made no objection to all this. He found both overseer and men fully more alive to the proper treatment of “pelts” and “pole-hides,” now that the former had his mind distracted from brooding over his own troubles, and the latter generally spent their leisure hours in rational and elevating pursuits. Inward improvement leads naturally and easily to external. The long rows of cottage-homes near the tannery became something like a model village. Tiny plots in front vied with window-boxes above in displaying the finest stocks or pansies, geraniums or fuchsias. People came to see the place, and to admire; and Uncle Peter benignly took it all as a compliment to his own first-rate management.

But he was very proud of his nephew too—a fact which would frequently ooze out in his confidential discourse with old Craigtown cronies.

“That lad’s warth his meat an’ his wages baith, as I aye say! He’s jist something like mysel’—

as was easy seen in him even when he was a bit laddie—in that *push an’ throughpit* that maks a man o’ business. An’ for a’ the college lear that’s inside his heid, ma word, there’s no mony o’ yer college chields that can haundle a ‘grainer’ like oor Airchie!”

Still the old tanner’s favourite hobby was the “Heedropauthic,” and as that structure rewarded him well financially, he was emboldened to go on with other building speculations in the same district. On the fine wooded slope above the old gray town rows of handsome new villas made their appearance; and over this new success Uncle Peter chuckled to himself quietly, like a hen over her new-laid egg. But one large mansion, finer than the others, became the centre of admiration and wonder to Craigtown. The finishing touches bestowed on it seemed destined never to end; and as yet no offers were asked, nor even listened to, for “Craigeyrie.”

“I wad like to see that bonnie hoose duly an’ decorously appinted within as weel as without, Airchie,” the old man would say; “No ony o’ yer flash caibinet-waurk, kofft at a roup, but solid mahogany furnitur’, made till the order. Noo, there’s auld M’Caskie, ye ken, ’s weel able to gie his dochter——”

But at this point of the conversation Archie generally managed to shunt the old gentleman’s discourse dexterously on to another line; so that Craigeyrie went on improving without any rash promises on his part.

A new summer-tide was breathing its health and sweetness over Craigtown, bringing long, cloudless twilight hours of rest and gladness and hope. Archie was looking forward to a long-promised month of holiday. He would go to Orkney, he thought, or Skye—some remote region, at all events. He would certainly *not* go near Edinburgh—no! never again!

In one of these sweet, lengthening twilights Elsie Fraser sat alone in the little organ-loft, wakening the soft, dream-like strains she loved so dearly. Shadows from the massive pillars and the darkly-groined roof were falling round her, and seemed to mingle in her reverie. Even so shadows had gathered round her young life; yet even so had sunlight flecked the spaces between these, and still it was throwing a soft golden lustre over all things. For a moment it seemed to Elsie as if some shade, darker, sterner than the others, were about to overtake her; and then again a gleaming as of angels’ wings lifted her spirit out of the low regions of care and fear and sadness. Changing moods only, born of the music she had herself evoked; not worth recording, perhaps, and yet—they were so like Elsie!

A light footfall on the crisp matting near her, a gentle voice saying in apologetic tone—

“You will forgive me, will you not, for disturbing you? I heard you playing a great favourite of

mine, and thought I might venture to ask you something about it. That *andante* you played a little ago—oh! is this it? Thank you so very much for showing it to me. But—but—can you be?—pray excuse my seeming curiosity—but I see your name is Fraser—*Elsie Fraser!* Have you a brother—named——”

“Archie?” Elsie interrupted. “And are you Miss Seymour? Oh! I *thought* Miss Seymour would be just like *you*. I knew, though Archie said so little at any time, and now he will *never utter your name!* But I knew well enough how beautiful you must be.”

“Foolish child!” said Eva Seymour laughingly, and blushing vividly at this frank, enthusiastic admiration. “And—your brother—why will he never utter my name? Is he angry with me? And why?”

The young organist sat with her hands tightly clasped over each other, and gazing with all her soul in her eyes at this strange and lovely apparition. At last she answered.

“Angry?” she repeated. “Angry with you? Oh no! he has no right to be that. It is only because—you *know!* *His heart is broken!*”

“No, no! not that,” cried Eva, bursting into tears. “You must not say that. It is not true. He is too brave and good to break his heart for *me!* But listen—you have made me speak, I don’t know how, far more frankly than I ought to a stranger—you will keep my confidence, won’t you? I can read truth in your eyes, that is enough. And now I want you to tell your brother we are here, in that big Hydropathic up there, and he must bring you to see us and to make friends. He is not to come without *you*—do you hear? And you promise? Yes, that is well. And now I have to run home quickly, for my mother is a great invalid,—tell him that too,—and will be missing me. Good-bye, dear Elsie!” And with one hurried kiss on the bewildered Elsie’s cheek, the visitor was gone as swiftly and silently as she had come.

Elsie played no more that night. She made her way quickly down the darkening High Street, brimful of her news for Archie. There was a little crowd gathered by the tan-yard gates. Their faces were grave, their voices subdued. Something had happened. Archie met her first on her approach. His face was very pale, his hand trembled. This was no time to tell him the great news.

“Elsie, dear Elsie!” he said kindly, taking her hand in his, “our good, dear father—you will try to be calm, dear, and help me to tell them all. They don’t know yet, not even my mother. He died at Mossknowe—on the old bridge, Elsie—died all alone, just an hour ago.”

CHAPTER VI.

IT was a great shock to all of them. Perhaps grief took its sharpest sting from the consciousness

that there had been but little tenderness in their intercourse through all the bygone years. Some golden link had always been strangely wanting; it never could be fashioned now! Yet they had respected him and, in a sense, loved him. Unquestionably he was worthy of their regard, worthy, too, of their deep compassion. Ay me! if there was indeed a broken heart among them it was not, as Elsie’s sisterly enthusiasm fancied, the young man around whom still lay all the boundless possibilities and projects of life; but it was the old broken-down bankrupt, who, like some uprooted tree stretching its torn and bleeding fibres backward to the familiar sods, had feebly wandered back to his old farm to die. He had just reached the bridge that last led him from its long-loved shelter, where he laid him down never to cross that bridge in life again.

“Aye thrawn an’ thriftless to the very hin’er end!” grumbled Uncle Peter, busying himself in arrangements about conveying the body home. “Could he no jist hae dee’d cannily at the Binns, whaur I had sattled him, an’ saved a’ this trouble an’ ex——Eh! but we’re a’ frail human cratures, nae doot, an’ puir Simon’s gane till his accoont. It’s no for us to judge him!”

It was a goodly company that gathered in the Craigtown High Street, to follow the hearse so far on its way to a distant parish. Just outside the town most of these strangers turned, and at that moment Archie Fraser became aware of one having joined the mourners who was, to say the least of it, an unexpected guest.

“Fraser! you will forgive my coming here uninvited.” It was Mr. Seymour who spoke, laying his hand kindly on Archie’s shoulder. “I could not help showing my sympathy and respect. God bless and comfort you all!”

So saying, and having pressed Archie’s trembling hand warmly, he turned and disappeared among the crowd. Few as the words were, they shed a glow of warmth and strength over Archie’s downcast soul which it sadly wanted just then.

They were no mere “words of course.” Mr. Seymour having brought his ailing wife, by the doctor’s orders, to Craigtown Hydropathic, had not been long of learning the high esteem and respect in which his son’s quondam college friend was held there.

“Tanner though he be,” said Mr. Seymour, “that fellow is doing a noble, a glorious work! We must give him the right hand of fellowship, Kate, and show that we recognise true metal whether we find it in a university or a tan-pit—eh? As soon as you’re a little better, my dear, we’ll ask him up to spend an evening.”

Then came the news of the Frasers’ bereavement, and the good man’s sympathy welled up more strongly still. Mrs. Seymour looked very dubious, but her husband always carried the day. He was a restless, rather officious, impulsive little man,

always in a hurry to set somebody or something right—not a bad sort of eccentricity by any means!

And so it came to pass that after the first sad days were over, Eva's innocent project was easily and naturally carried out. Archie brought his sister Elsie up with him to the Hydropathic on many of those sweet summer evenings that were

"So calm, so cool, so bright,
Bridal of earth and sky."

And the two girls learned to know and appreciate each other, especially united by that music which they both loved so intensely. But another and a deeper friendship was renewed during that happy time, and if Eva Seymour and Archie Fraser had known many an hour of bitter parting and cruel disappointment, these only served to brighten with rainbow colouring the happy present and the smiling future. For, in spite of some demurring on the part of his wife, Mr. Seymour could see no difficulty in allowing his beautiful Eva to marry the man of her choice, even though he was "in trade." Archie was, of course, no longer "overseer," but one of the heads of the firm of "Peter Caw & Co." And Uncle Peter surprised everybody by declaring that Craigeirie had always been intended for no other than his nephew, "whae was a wiselike callant, an' like to mak' a gude match aifter a', though he had missed his chance o' Jaicobina M'Caskie. For they tell me, Airchie," he said one day, "that she's been nailed noo by that Glesga chiel. Oh, man! it's a peety ye were that blate. Ten thousand pund o' her mither's money, forbye—"

"My dear sir! I'm delighted to hear it," said his nephew in a most cordial tone. "I'll dance at her wedding with the greatest pleasure, if she'll ask me to it."

"Aweel, airchie. Tak' yer ain gate. But that lass o' yours, though she's a bonnie cratur, 'll no hae onything like the tocher o' Jaicobina M'Caskie."

In due time, however, Craigeirie was furnished, so handsomely as even to eclipse Uncle Peter's highest expectations, while the grand wedding in Moray Place almost turned his head altogether.

* * * * *

Archie Fraser's life-work is going on steadily and prosperously. He is satisfied thoroughly with the little bit of God's great vineyard given him to keep. Elsie has been sent to Munich to cultivate her noble art. Joe has become full-fledged farmer at Mossknowe, and taken his mother and the rest home again. After many clouded days the sun is shining on them all.

It is in the old familiar parlour at Mossknowe that they are telling Eva of her husband's long-past hour of struggle between Love and Duty, and his mother smiles somewhat sadly as she says, "Ah, Archie! I would have been so proud to see my boy a minister—to see him fill my father's pulpit perhaps."

"And I," continues Eva, leaning her head on Archie's shoulder, "am prouder still of him because he—"

"Turned tanner?" asked Archie, laughingly finishing the sentence for her.

"Yes, Archie."

THE END.

[* * In September will be begun THE MANSE BOYS. A Shetland Story. By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.]

"We know that it is there."

NOT long ago I was walking with a friend along a precipitous path on a fine though somewhat misty day. On one hand lay the open country, and on the other the wide sea with the distant coast of a neighbouring county shrouded from our view by a golden haze.

"What a pity," said I, "that we cannot see across the bay! I wish it were bright and clear, and then we could see the opposite shore." My friend smiled and looked thoughtfully at the mist-enveloped horizon. "We know that it is there," said he. I only answered yes, and repeated his words idly after him as we walked onwards.

Since then I have often thought of those words, and felt their comfort. Is any one we love absent? We can picture his surroundings, and, though we do not see him, we know that he is breathing the same air, looking at the same sun, living on the same earth as we are—we "know that he is there," and are content. Are those dear to us "departed in the Lord"? Have we mourned because in this life we shall never see their loved faces or hear their well-known voices again? "We know that they are there," in that far Land of Glory which we have not yet seen, which is hidden from our sight, and that thought brings consolation.

And then when we think of heaven itself, and are sometimes tempted, amid earthly cares, to doubt if there be a place there ready for us, we have but to look across the narrow sea of death, and though we cannot see the many mansions, though a veil is before our face, though "through a glass darkly" is darker than any earthly mist! as surely as the coast lies athwart the shrouded sea when we look across on a calm summer day, trying to see the opposite shore, and "know that it is there," so surely do we know, though we cannot see it now, that heaven is there also, and that we may one day behold it and live for ever.

C. R. W.

DEPUTIES who have returned from the Presbyterian Council at Belfast speak with enthusiasm of that great meeting of ministers and elders from all parts of the Christian world. One of them will give his impressions of the Council in our next number. The first Council was held at Edinburgh in 1877; the second at Philadelphia in 1880. The fourth Council will meet in London in 1888.

Sermon.

THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

By the Rev. Professor ALEXANDER F. MITCHELL, D.D.,
St. Andrews.

"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do shew the Lord's death till He come."—1 Cor. xi. 26.

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?"—1 Cor. x. 16.

THIS Holy Sacrament is in a true sense the most precious of Christian ordinances because it leads most directly to our blessed Redeemer, and relates most exclusively to Him who is the centre of our faith and worship and life. "It is all of Christ and Him crucified. He is the Alpha and Omega of the Lord's Supper."

Instituted in the night before He, our Passover, was sacrificed for us, it sets before us in the most lively and affecting manner the Author and Finisher of our faith offering up Himself as a sacrifice for sin, the eternal Son of God who had become a son of man to make us once more sons of God, working out our redemption by His own toil and agony, enduring the cross and despising the shame to avert from us the misery and shame and everlasting contempt which were our just desert. It tends by its hallowed symbols to impress more deeply and abidingly on our dull minds the exceeding evil of sin, which caused His sufferings and required Him to pour out His soul unto death that we may be filled with godly sorrow on account of it, and inflamed with holy resolution against it. It discloses to us most fully, winningly, and constrainingly that love which prompted all He did for us men and our salvation, that our love to Him, and to all who are in Him and share with us His love, may be quickened and intensified and called into lively exercise. It proclaims in trumpet tone the work of redemption finished and accepted, the new covenant of grace ratified and sealed in His blood, a fulness of spiritual provision offered, exhibited, and actually conveyed to every believing recipient of the symbols of His broken body and shed blood, that they may be encouraged to abide in Him who is so full of grace and truth, and may be enabled to go on their heavenward way with joy and unflagging perseverance. It is the Sacrament of our spiritual nourishment and growth in the divine life, as baptism of our initiation into it.

It would be difficult to find a more comprehensive definition of the Lord's Supper, of its true nature, uses, and benefits, than is given in our Confession of Faith and Catechisms Larger and Shorter: "The Lord's Supper is a Sacrament wherein by giving and receiving bread and wine, according to Christ's appointment, His death is shewed forth, and the worthy receivers are, not after a corporal and carnal manner, but by faith, made partakers of His body and blood, with all His benefits, to their spiritual nourishment and

growth in grace," or, as it is in the Larger Catechism, "have their union and communion with Him confirmed, testify and renew their thankfulness and engagement to God and their mutual love and fellowship each with other, as members of the same mystical body." These statements, as I have said elsewhere, are as far removed from the bare remembrance theory attributed to some of the earlier Swiss Reformers as from the views of the Lutherans and the Roman Catholics. They are so spiritual yet so really satisfying that even some High Churchmen have spoken of them with favour, while those of another school freely grant that they do not perceive a shade of difference from the teaching of the sister Church. Fully to explain these definitions one would need to speak at some length on both the texts I have placed at the head of my discourse. For the sake of conciseness, however, I must try to arrange all I wish to say under a brief exposition of the first of them.

The Greek word represented by "shew," or "shew forth," in this text and the Catechisms, in Acts xiii. 38 is rendered "preach." In the revised version in both cases it is rendered "proclaim." The Christian, therefore, in this ordinance is to be regarded as by significant symbols and actions making solemn publication of the death of his Redeemer and his trust therein. He proclaims:

1st, the *fact* of our Lord's death. It has been said that when an event in history is of such a nature that the external senses may judge of it, when it has happened in the presence of witnesses competent to certify to its occurrence, and has been duly authenticated by their testimony, and when some public institution or rite commemorating it has been established at the time of its occurrence and continued through succeeding ages, the highest possible evidence is given of its reality. Now these conditions are all satisfied in the event commemorated in this sacred ordinance. The death of our blessed Lord was a fact of which men's external senses qualified them to judge. It happened in the presence of witnesses competent to testify to its reality and has been authenticated by their testimony. The Lord's Supper instituted at the time to keep it in remembrance has been observed in the Christian Church through all the intervening ages. And in celebrating that holy ordinance we solemnly proclaim our belief of this fact, and exhibit before the unbelieving the crowning and condemning proof of its reality. We avow our conviction that we have not followed cunningly devised fables, but a truth confirmed by many infallible proofs, and which is to us the very power and wisdom of God. We express by action what the Apostle does in words when he says, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

2d, the *nature and design* of His death as a sacrifice for the sins of men. Had our Lord been,

like other men, the inheritor of a corrupt nature, He would necessarily, like them, have been subject to death, and could not have borne it in the room and for the benefit of others. But He was free from all taint of sin—holy, harmless, undefiled; yea, perfect God and perfect man; such an high priest and sacrifice as became us; able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. So He was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities. He suffered for sin—the just for the unjust—and bore our sins in His own body on the tree. And when we partake of the memorials of His broken body and shed blood, we solemnly proclaim our belief that He died as our Sacrifice and in our stead. We confess that it was necessitated not by His own, but by our sins; that His blood was shed to wash away our guilt, reconcile us to our offended Father, and secure to us all the blessings we need to make us entirely holy and eternally happy. We express by symbol and action what the prophet did in words when he saw His day afar off: “Surely they were our griefs He bore, our sorrows He carried;” “all we like sheep have gone astray, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.” Striving through the sacred symbols to fix our gaze on the Man of Sorrows, stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted, we say with an old divine: “What is that cross He bears and that crown He wears? My sins. What are those nails in His hands and His feet, and that spear that has pierced His side? My sins. Oh! my sins, my sins!”

3d, the *efficacy and virtue* of His death. Had our blessed Lord only died, and not risen again and ascended to the glory which He had with the Father before the world was; had He only undertaken our cause, and not also succeeded, and wrought out our redemption, we might have had reason to admire His self-sacrificing love, but we should not have had reason with joy and gratitude to commemorate and show forth His death. But He finished the work given Him to do, made an end of sin, made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness. God was glorified in His work, and set His seal to it by raising Him from the dead and calling Him to the right hand of the majesty in the heavens, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, and hath put all things under His feet, and given Him to be head over all things to the Church. Sinners, even the chief, have now ample warrant to come to Him as able to save unto the uttermost and give them all things that pertain to life and godliness, ample warrant to appropriate all his fulness. And when we partake of the symbols of His broken body and shed blood we avow in most solemn form that we individually appropriate the Saviour and His fulness as all our salvation and desire, that we take His body and blood as “meat indeed” and “drink indeed,” not after a corporal and carnal but after a

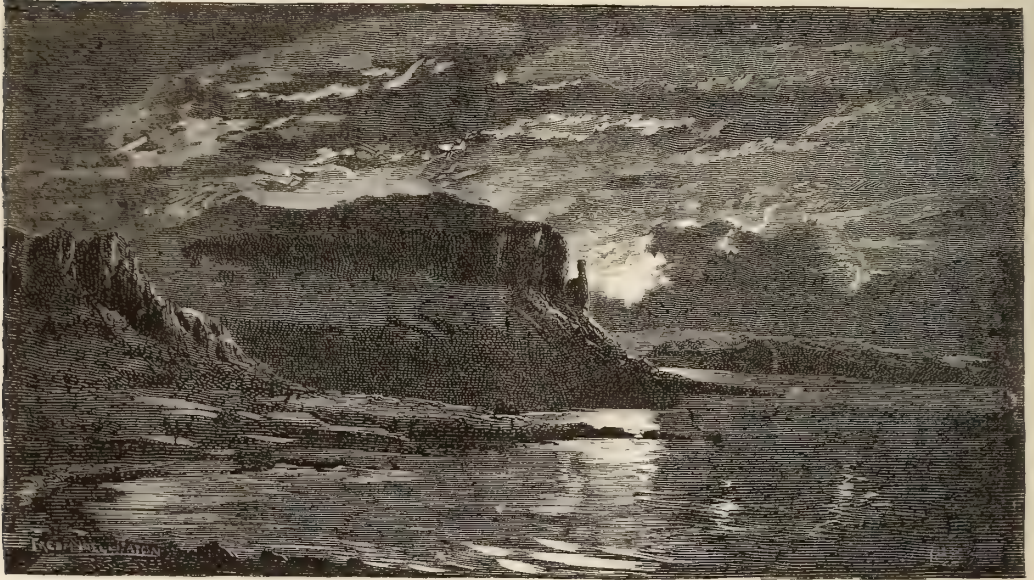
spiritual and heavenly manner. For the ordinance acts not as a charm but as a moral instrument. It is not the mere receiving of the material signs that profits, but the reaching forth of the soul after that which they signify. It is not the touch of priestly hand or the spell of priestly word which imparts to it efficacy and virtue, but the blessing of Christ and the working of His Spirit in them that by faith feed on Christ and Him crucified.

Receiving this seal of the new covenant, we declare our belief that that covenant is well ordered in all things and sure, that full atonement has now been made, perfect righteousness provided, and all the grace the guiltiest and most sin-laden can need is treasured up in Christ, our covenant head, and dispensed in “the house of His continual residence,” through the channel of His ordinances. By symbol and action we avow that because of these things we, though conscious of many sins and shortcomings, have confidence that our heavenly Father will in no wise cast us out or send us empty away, and so we come and take Christ, the crucified and risen, as our only and all-sufficient Saviour, and the symbols of His broken body and shed blood as the pledge and earnest of unsearchable riches of grace and inexhaustible treasures of glory, and we renew our vow to love and serve Him who has so loved and blessed us. We ratify our union and communion with Him and with all who are in union with Him; we own Him as our common Head, ourselves as the members of His body, and all who are so related to Him as our brethren, the sharers of the same privileges, the heirs of the same glorious inheritance. We promise to act to each a brother’s part, to walk in love as Christ hath loved us and given Himself for us, to encourage each other to abound more and more in His work, coming behind in no gift or spiritual attainment, yet waiting and hoping for the grace to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ, when He who was once offered to bear the sins of many shall appear the second time without sin unto salvation.

Such things we all avow and profess when we take our seats at the communion table. Would to God that we all did them in truth! Surely then the Lord Himself would meet with us, and make His grace abound toward us. He would feed us as with bread from heaven, and enable us with joy to draw water from the wells of salvation. And the world would take knowledge of us that we had indeed been with Jesus and received in fuller measure the indwelling and influences of the Holy Spirit. In the holiness of our walk, the heavenliness of our aspirations, the integrity, self-sacrifice, brotherly kindness, and charity of our lives, all would have convincing proof that we were indeed heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, who are really finding in Him spiritual nourishment, growth in all Christian graces, and good hope through grace that He who hath begun such a work in us will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.

His compassions fail not. They are new every morning.

LAM. iii. 22, 23.



"The wings of the morning."

PSALM CXXXIX. 9.

ON the wings of the outspread morning
 My heart ascends to Thee!
 And its darkness melts in the sunlight,
 And its burden drops in the sea;
 And its song is untouched by sadness,
 For its cares are cast away,
 And it hopes for a boundless treasure
 In the gifts of the coming day.

On the wings of the outspread morning
 Let me reach Thy golden light!
 To know my path with Thy knowledge,
 To see my way with Thy sight:
 For without Thy light to lead me
 I shall choose my gifts in vain,
 And the glitter of earth shall be dearer
 Than the life of Thy cross of pain.

On the wings of the outspread morning
 Let there enter into my soul
 The sigh of the hearts that are heavy,
 The sound of the waves that roll!
 Let them enter and stir my spirit
 With the burden of griefs not mine,
 To bear on the wings of the morning
 Its message of love divine!

GEO. MATHESON.



Youth and Age.

ON lawns all white with daisies,
 Where *we* played long ago,
 New little hands are plucking
 The blossoms as they grow.
 New little hearts beat blithely,
 New little voices sing,
 And make the dear old garden
 With happy laughter ring.

Are skies as blue above them
 As in the days gone by?
 Do hours all bright and golden
 On rosy pinions fly?
 Are flowers as fresh and fragrant,
 Is fruit as cool and sweet,
 As when *we* trod the pathway
 With happy childish feet?

For now the shadows lengthen,
 And we are growing old,
 And grief has chilled our spirit,
 With touch all icy cold—
 The sunlight does not cheer us
 With thrills of long ago,
 Nor chestnuts bend to kiss us
 With branches waving low.

Yet who would move life's dial
 Back to the childish days,
 To tread the same old footprints
 Through all their devious ways?

Ah no! though brows are furrowed,
 And hair is turning gray,
 We look beyond, and upward,
 To the Eternal Day,

Where we in heavenly gardens
 Shall all again be young,
 And join with happy voices
 In songs by angels sung;
 In pastures where no shadow
 Chills with its mist and cold;
 And we shall ne'er be weary,
 And never more grow old.

But oh! the children's voices
 Calling among the trees,
 And oh! the happy laughter
 Borne on the cooling breeze;
 We love the glee and singing,
 And little dancing feet
 That wander through the pathways,
 And make the old home sweet.

We love the smiles and dimples
 Around the rosy lips,
 And pray that no dark shadow
 Their beauty may eclipse;
 That Christ will make the children
 Meet for His own dear Fold,
 Among the blessed angels,
 Who ne'er know growing old.

JESSIE DENT.

MINING MEMORIES.

No. IV. — Strikes and "Runaways."

WE had been sitting as usual around the paraffin lamp, and the conversation, in which I joined but rarely, after many a strange turn, fell upon "*runaways*"—glorious and inglorious, from the immortal Dick Whittington himself down to the latest known truant from school. The boys and their little sister were carrying on the matter in which they had taken an interest very well I daresay, at least to their own satisfaction, and I had been endeavouring, vainly no doubt, to show them that even Dick's fortunes began to mend, not when he ran away, but when he began to walk back. I was illustrating my moralising by using an incident that I had heard them talking of and laughing over, and was saying that if the boy who was so ignominiously taken back to school the other day, with an ear between his mother's finger and thumb, had only gone back without crying he might have been in a fair way of becoming a scholar. Crying, I was saying, was but a poor remedy at the best, but crying when you deserve a whipping and have not got it was—— Suddenly a new departure was given to the conversation by little William, who asked,

"But, father, did you never run away?"

"Nonsense," I said, "why should I have run away?"

"Yes, but did you?" he persisted.

"Oh, well," I said carelessly, "never above-ground at any rate."

"I suppose," mother said, "it would not be easy to run away underground?"

But William had underground experience in the form of one visit to a mine, and so, after declaring that he thought running away would be very easy down there, he returned to the attack with—

"Did you ever run away underground, father?"

"Yes I did," I confessed.

"But they found you again?" said William.

"Seeing that he is here now——" his elder brother began.

But William did not wait to be floored logically. "He might have come out himself," he said, adding, "Tell us about it, father."

"Well," I said, "there is not much to tell, but I must begin at the beginning, and I must begin by saying that but for the strike that occurred among the men at my native place——"

"A strike!" said Thomas. "Were there strikes in those days? I thought strikes were a modern invention."

"There was one just before the time I am going to speak of," I said. "What it was about I do not remember now. Very likely it was about some trifle that could easily have been put right by amity had master and men been equally earnest to have it so. I know, however, that idleness had been

going on for about six weeks, when some of the men who had large families began to see the folly of the matter, and, leading the way, began work on the terms which the master had offered at first. Everybody in the circle in which I moved (an outer one, for I lived about a mile from the mining village) was sure that but for two circumstances there would have been no strike at all. One of them was the admission of some strangers to the works and village, an innovation that had not often happened. *That* consisted of two families, with three or four workers in each. They were folks who had seen the world—had wrought in various counties, and had even wrought in English and Welsh mines. The mothers even had been *colliers* in their youth, and so they were all proud of their experience, and were disposed to make the most of it. From their first coming they were grumblers and hard to please. Hence, from that point of view, the strike. The other circumstance was the absence of old William."

"Was he not dead?" said William.

"Yes, and therefore his voice was not heard warning the fathers of families against the folly of fighting against a nobleman to whom our working or going idle was of as little account as the death of a wild rabbit."

"Old William was but one," said Thomas.

"Just so. But he was one who feared no man's jeer when he thought he was right. He would as usual have denounced idleness, and led the way to work promptly and without faltering. Nevertheless there was one man in my circle, as I have called it, who from the first spoke against idleness. I used to fear the influence of that man; for I must confess that at that time, being but a boy, and of course foolish——"

"That's one for us," said Thomas.

"I——" I went on, "well, I held up my hand for idleness; for, boy though I was, I was permitted to vote in that way among men who were fathers of families, and in a case of dubiety my boy's hand would have counted *one*."

"Well, the man I spoke of, who was always in a ridiculous minority when working was voted for, threatened to go to work many a time, but remained idle like the rest—for weeks remained idle. It was an exciting time. Every day there were meetings. Sometimes *we*—for I was always with them—went away many miles to hear harangues about the terrible injustice we, in common with our collier brethren, had been suffering, and of course we were always told that now or never was the time to force justice from the 'heartless tyrants,' our employers. Being but a boy, I liked it very much, but now I think there were men among us who ought to have seen the folly of the venture. At length the minority of whom I have spoken did go to work, and I—unwillingly, I confess, but induced by my mother, to whom my wages were a great deal—went with him."

"Oh! father was a knob," said William, laughing.

"He does not seem much the worse of it," said Thomas, looking up from the "pen-and-ink" battlefield he was sketching, for a moment.

"Yes," I continued, "I went with him, going and returning by byways, and remaining at home when work was over—all, as I have said, because I was a boy and lacked moral courage. At length the strike came to an end. What bitterness followed! There were some who never ceased to say that the defeat of the men was due to the conduct of our neighbour, and there were some—boys of my own age—who taunted me continually for helping to cause the general defeat. Underground and aboveground this went on, until—still lacking in moral courage—I could bear it no longer, and ran away underground."

"But where could you run to?" said Thomas, looking up after having given the final touch to a dead soldier in the battlefield which he had been sketching. "I would like to know that."

"Well, you could not run a great distance," I said, "but to go out of sight was possible, and that I soon accomplished. Close to the pit-bottom there was a disused opening, leading to where I know not. It was not a very savoury nor a very safe place—safe to life and limb, I mean—but precisely because it was unsafe to life and limb it was safe to one whose only idea of danger was that of being discovered. Straight away from the pit bottom the old drift ran, and acting impulsively, at a moment when I found myself alone, I rushed up there instead of taking away the empty hutch that I should have gone away with. Not very far did I run, although at the moment it seemed a long way, but I was out of the reach of human vision. I did not put out my light altogether, but I made it as small as possible, and with pieces of shale so hid it, that, looking from the pit-bottom, no eye could see it. Having made that arrangement I selected a seat for myself and sat down. I remember, even yet, what a joy it was to feel that I was away from human voices, which were my chief trouble at the time. True, I saw lights at the pit-bottom now and then. The merest indication that some one was shouting sometimes reached me, but I heard no taunting, and, as I sat, I felt sure that I had done a very wise thing.

"The roof!" I said, in answer to a question by Thomas. "Yes. Only a foolish boy, eager as I was to escape as I was doing from the terrible and continuous jeering of his companions, would have sat where I was sitting. The roof stones were just 'hanging,' as the phrase is, above me, but then the fact was, as reflection now tells me, that those loose stones were there hanging nicely balanced on the fast-rotting props beneath them, and bound together by a brown fungous growth of great thickness. Undisturbed they might hang there for a long time, and I, acting under the one idea of making no noise, did not disturb anything, scarcely

even the solitude. So I was in a sense safe. There so I sat for several hours. What a mingling of pleasure and torture, and dread and expectation, there was in these hours! Bodily suffering I had none. There must have been little or no movement of air about me, for although I was sweating profusely when I sat down I never felt chilly. But as the day wore on and voices from the pit-bottom, always faintly heard, became rare and more rare, and the flash of a light less and less frequent, the joy of being alone began to wane. I do not know whether the suspicion that nobody was caring whether I was there or elsewhere was creating an unpleasant feeling. Certain it was that I began to feel my situation less pleasant. By and by it began to be apparent that I had been missed—that was pleasanter. Yes, I had been missed; for two men came up the drift a considerable distance, near enough to be heard distinctly, and one (my master) said, 'He hasnae been ben since the twalth rake,' and the other said, 'Weel, he's no up, for I was speerin', and I just cam doon to tell ye.' 'At ony rate,' said my master, 'he wouldna gang farther up here. I'll awa an' fill my hutch. He'll come hame or lowsins' likely.' And so I remained for the time unfound. 'Lowsins' time came. The last lamp-flash had been seen, and the last voice had been heard, when I ventured from my hiding-place, letting my lamp flare out in the usual way. I came straight to the pit-bottom careless of, or at least not afraid of, being found. There was no signalling apparatus at that pit, so I 'cried' once, and had I been heard I would have gone up and gone home, but I was not heard. What to me seemed a long time passed, and then I heard a movement of the ropes that told me the engine was in motion and somebody most likely coming down—somebody who would not fail to taunt or scold at least. So, acting under the spiritless state of mind which had possession of me, I fled again. This time in the direction of the faces, and I made no pause till I reached one of them, and there I sat down."

"And how did it end?" said Thomas, observing that I had paused for an instant.

"It ended," said I, "in a very proper way, but with two incidents which were equally unexpected."

"Ended with two?" queried Thomas.

"Yes. In this way. It was soon known over all the village that I was still in the pit. At home there was some wondering at my being so late, but yet no alarm. Conjecture was making herself very busy in the village as to what had befallen me, but efforts more practical than hers were needed to solve the question. Accordingly several men, including a near relative of mine and a lad of my own age—a faithful crony, and indeed the only lad whom I could so call—came down to see what was wrong. I felt sure that my relative would be among the searchers—how I arrived at that conclusion I cannot tell—and I thought the best thing I could do was to go to his working place and wait.

Some hours were spent in searching lonely places for me, and I began to grow weary of not being found. I began to have some doubt as to the correctness of my expectation that being found in my relative's place would have a softening influence on him. I was afraid the fact of being found there would not turn aside the punishment which I now feared I deserved. However, with a pick which I found I made a little noise now and then, not doing any useful work, and filling in the time with eager listening. At length the long-expected voices were heard.

"There's a licht! Yonder he's!" I heard, and other sounds which warned me that my strategy of mollification would likely prove a failure. The growling of my relative was very audible, and I knew what to expect. But the expected did not exactly happen. Only a few seconds passed till a strong hand had me by the collar, and a rough voice said, 'What am I awn ye for a' this bother?' I did not answer him, and he seemed in no hurry to begin payment. He was panting with exertion and wrath, and I suppose was waiting till he could pay me more effectually. The only one with him was the crony I have already mentioned. To him I turned an appealing eye, hardly expecting succour from his feeble hands. But he suddenly exclaimed, 'Oot frae b'low that bad stane, Gibbie!' Gibbie sprang aside, inadvertently releasing me. I was not slow in taking advantage of my release. At the same instant my crony, in his hurry to get out of the reach of the 'bad' stone too, lost his light. Mine had already gone out, owing to the way my relative had seized me, and now my crony stupidly (let us say) ran against the only light that was left, putting it out also.

"Capital, crony!" little William exclaimed; while Thomas, looking up, said, "Very well executed! But in the dark how did you get away?"

"Easily," I said. "I spoke not a word, but fled down hill, guiding myself, after I had run a little way, by the ruts cut in the pavement by the hutch wheels. In a very short time I was beyond Gibbie's reach. Knocks and scratches I got plentifully from the rough matter I was rushing past, but I did not mind them. The other searchers were all on the other side of the pit, and so I met with no one. At the pit-bottom all was dark, but I found the hutch, with the chain attached, just as the men who had come down to search for me had left it. I seated myself in it and shouted, 'Ca' awa,' with the fullest voice I could command, and then clutching the 'bauk' with both hands, I was, with a good deal of knocking about, drawn to the surface. My mother, much alarmed, was there, and gave me a heartier welcome than I deserved. With her I went away home before Gibbie came 'up,' and so escaped what he intended for me."

"I suppose," said Thomas, "that bad stone was not a very dangerous one after all."

"Not very," I said, and I meant instantly to

moralise on the folly of such doings, and how richly they merited punishment, but the joyous laughter which followed little William's exclamation, "Well done, crony!" showed me that it would only be words wasted. They were only doing what boys will do, and were perhaps proud to think I had once been a boy like themselves.

DAVID WINGATE.

Marriage in Church.

By the Rev. JOHN MACKIE, M.A., Dalbeattie.

FOR a long time, as is well known, the marriage service in Scotland has been conducted in private dwellings. It is only within very recent years that a change in this respect has begun to appear. The feeling is reviving that the proper place for the solemnisation of marriage, for which the sanction and blessing of the Church are asked, is the church. Let no one say that we are Anglicising, that we are aping the practice of the sister kingdom—though to imitate good wherever seen, and to try to make it our own, is surely no cause for shame, no heinous crime. We are advocating no adoption of foreign custom, either Anglican or Roman, but a return to what was the custom, and to what we believe is the law of the Scottish Church. In the first General Assembly of the Church held in Edinburgh in 1560, it was ordered in the *First Book of Discipline*, drawn up by that Assembly, that "After the banns or contract hath been published, the parties assemble at the beginning of the sermon and the Minister at time convenient shall proceed with the Marriage Service." Such was the mind of the Church even at that early time regarding the place for the solemnisation of marriage. If also we turn to the *Acts of the General Assembly of 1571*, eleven years after that book was published, we read, "The Assembly statuteth and ordaineth that all marriages be solemnised in the face of the congregation according to the public order established." And sixteen years later, in the General Assembly of 1587, of which Andrew Melville was Moderator, William Callan at Auchentaile was charged with having solemnised the marriage of William Kirkaldie or Kerr, the Laird of Grange, in his own house. The accused confessed, but pleaded that he had done so because of the Laird's illness. But the deliverance of the Assembly was—that they find he hath transgressed the Acts of the Kirk in making the said marriage *intra privatos parietes* (in a private dwelling) and therefore to have incurred the penalty thereof, viz. deprivation from his office and function in time coming. Thus suffered William Callan for doing what is now done daily with impunity. Still further onward, in the General Assembly of 1602, it was enacted for securing publicity of marriage even when solemnised in Church, "That no marriage be celebrated early in the morning or with candle-light; and [the General Assembly] finds

likewise that it is lawful to celebrate the band of matrimony upon a Sabbath Day, or any other preaching day, as the parties shall require." But not simply because it is an old custom or law to solemnise marriage in the Church do we wish to see it adopted. We urge it because of the apostolic injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order." There is little or no decorum, orderliness, or solemnity in our household celebration of marriage, except, perhaps, in the spacious apartments of the rich. In the dwelling, or room, of the poor, the surroundings are generally very incongruous. The crushing guests and the festive board are no aids, but hindrances, to solemnity. We urge it on the ground of economy. The marriage feast, now considered an essential part of the marriage service, often entails an early and protracted fast, often leads young people into difficulties at the beginning of their married life, and oftentimes the fear of this helps the postponement of marriage. We urge it on the ground of morality. The drinking and the dancing through the midnight hours that sometimes—we do not say often—accompany the household celebration of marriage are not calculated to promote what is pure and lovely and of good report. On the ground of antiquity, solemnity, economy, and morality, we advocate the solemnisation of marriage in the church, in the hours of day. We are glad that already a beginning has been made amongst us, and we hope that before very long marriage in a private house will be the exception and not the rule.

Our Mission Hymns.

IN January the Magazine Committee announced a Prize of Five Guineas, to be given in 1884, for the best Mission Hymn—the hymns to be sent to the Editor before the end of June. Three hundred and five hymns have been sent! They are from all parts of Scotland, from England, Ireland, the Continent, North and South Africa, and India. Some of the writers tell their ages, which vary from fifteen to considerably above fourscore. Doubtless the majority belong to the Church of Scotland, but many have informed the Editor that they are office-bearers or members of other churches. The Manses of Scotland have sent many hymns. Of the whole number, about eight were marked by the senders as not in competition; four or five were not original, but were evidently sent from misunderstanding the announcement; and one was posted after the close of June. There are thus about 291 hymns whose merits have to be considered.

While the contest has thus interested so many who have found it pleasant and profitable to compose the hymns, there is but one drawback—that, of course, room can be found in the Magazine for only a very small number, and many hymns of merit have to be returned. To our friends whose hymns we do not publish we would say:—It only means that some twelve or fifteen of this great

number of hymns have been thought better than yours; and that here, as elsewhere, the making of verses must for the most part be its own reward.

Mission Hymns will continue to be published for a few months. It is expected that the prize will be announced in the December Magazine.

VIII.—Mission Hymn.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—JOHN iv. 35.

"The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."
LUKE x. 2.

THE harvest-moon is waning,
The hour is wearing late;
O who would empty-handed meet
The Master at the gate?
He high reward has promised
For those His work who do
In fields, now white to harvest, where
His labourers are few.

With labours late and early—
From India's palmy lands,
From snowy Greenland's ice-bound coast,
From Africa's burning sands;
From earth's remotest nations,
From islands of the sea—
We'd gather, Lord, a harvest full
Of golden sheaves for Thee.

Then let, Lord of the harvest,
Thy blessings on us flow;
And by Thy grace, at home, abroad,
Where'er Thy four winds blow,
Strong in Thy strength we'll labour,
Nor for the heat refrain,
Till we return with precious loads
Of ripe and golden grain.

Then shall we gladly welcome
The gospel jubilee,
When from the brightness of Thy face
The heathen night shall flee;
Then men shall break their idols,
And sheath the cruel sword,
And, side by side, with joy proclaim
One Saviour, Christ the Lord.

J. R. M.

Why Judy believes "Example is Better than Precept."

A STORY FOR CHILDREN: IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

ON Monday morning Judy was in the drawing-room playing her scales, when suddenly she twirled round on the rickety old piano-stool, and said—

"Mother, what did the minister say *I* could show *you*?"

"He said nothing like that, Judy," answered her mother, who was busy thinking of what she would order for dinner.

"You surely can't have listened, mother," said Judy reprovingly; then she jumped off the stool and ran to the open window, stretching out her little neck to see if the big town-clock would say she might stop her music. After this she came to where her mother sat, and repeated slowly,

"This is what the minister said: 'How quickly children show us example is better than precept.'"

"You are right, Judy; I remember now," her mother answered. "He meant that children copy what they see us do, much sooner than they do what we tell them."

"I think that is true," said Judy, meditating, "at least baby was like that on Saturday when we were playing;" and she went slowly back to the piano.

At ten o'clock Judy finished her scales. The day was too cold for the children to bathe, but the mother said they might go with nurse to the west bay, and play on the sands. The start was soon made; the children in front with spades and pails, nurse behind with baby Phil, and a large umbrella to shelter her from the wind. Across the links they went with eager dancing feet, and on to the sands, where the waves were gently breaking over the rocks. This was Phil's first sight of the sea, and nurse put him down on his own restless feet, and turned to seek a sheltered spot. Suddenly she was startled by a splash and a scream. Phil, very brave through ignorance, had made quick use of his freedom to run straight into the sea, and had fallen before the first wave. Nurse rescued the choking, sobbing child, scolding him all the time.

"Oh, nurse, it is not his fault," said Judy, scarcely able to speak for laughter; "he was copying what we did on Saturday."

"And a bad example you've been," said nurse, with a very red face and a very wet gown. Then she added, "Must I drag you all home again, or can you take care of the children till I come back, Miss Judy?"

"Oh yes, nurse," said Judy eagerly; then with unconscious sarcasm, "I shall look after them even better than you."

"Don't let them go on the rocks, and don't let them touch my umbrella," said nurse, as she hurried off with Phil.

Merrily the children played; they built sand-castles, dug wells, and gathered shells—until Judy, in search of something new, wandered on to the rocks followed by Harry the chubby. Over the rocks he followed her with many a narrow escape till he reached some slippery seaweed where he stumbled and fell. The sharp barnacle shells scratched his poor little hands and knees, and the tears stood in his blue eyes. Judy led him back to the safety of the sands, and told him as she did so that rocks were meant for big girls, not for stupid little boys. Then she opened nurse's big umbrella and stuck it fast in the sand-castle. "Creep under this nice little tent, Harry, and I shall look at your wounds," commanded Judy. Before she could do this, however, a sharp gust of wind seized the umbrella and carried it off in triumph. Away along the sands it trundled, first slowly, then faster and faster. Judy, followed by Madge, at once gave chase, shouting—"Don't

move till we come back, Harry." The children ran at full speed, and soon got very near the umbrella, as it scudded before the wind. Sometimes it went with great leaps along the sand. Now it stopped till Judy and Madge almost touched it. Then it started wildly off again, past all the houses, past the golf links, on and on it went, like a living creature. Judy and Madge still followed,



breathless with running and crimson with excitement. It caught at last in some seaweed, and Judy had just cried, "I've got you now," when, with a wild whirl, it flew right away out to sea. For a few moments it floated, then filled with water, and sank to the bottom.

"Poor thing!" said Madge with pity. "It is drowned now."

Judy threw herself down exhausted, and exclaimed, "O Madge, I never had such fun in my life!"

They rested a few minutes and then turned to go home. They were too tired to go quickly against the wind which cooled their flushed cheeks and lifted their golden hair. The way seemed very long, but at last they got back to the rocks and met nurse, who looked very cross, and said:

"What do you mean by this, Miss Judy?" then in dismay, "and where is Master Harry?"

"Is he not on the sand? I left him there," said Judy, the bright colour slowly fading from her childish face, as she saw that the tide had long since washed away every trace of their play. Then she told nurse why she had left Harry, and the sad fate of the umbrella.

This time there was no ripple of laughter in her sweet young voice. They sought Harry everywhere, but he was not to be found. On the links, on the sands, and down by the harbour, but all in vain. Judy every now and then gazed fearfully out to sea with pale cheeks and a heavy heart.

Far and near the news had spread, and the poor anxious mother had many a willing helper. Among the most eager in the search were three little girls who lived in a house on the links. They only stopped now because the hour for their bathe had come, and they wished to catch the tide before it turned. They hurried down to the shore, but found to their surprise that their bathing box

would not open, and yet they knew it had been left unlocked. "What is the matter with the door?" cried Edith, pushing it with all her might. "I do believe some one is inside." Thereupon the door opened and the girls saw a fat little boy, in a blue jersey suit, with a very dirty sleepy face. "Harry!" they cried with joy, and they carried him in triumph to his mother. The little truant explained that when Judy left him he was frightened a shark would come and eat him, so had hidden in the nice little house. He had slept peacefully nearly all the time, and could not quite understand why such a fuss was made over him. When he got home he was very hungry, and submitted rather unwillingly to all the kissing and hugging. That night Judy's mother said to her:

"It was not right of nurse to leave you alone on the sands, but, Judy, I am afraid I can never trust you again with the little ones."

"Don't say that, mother," pleaded Judy, the tears in her eyes. "I am sure I shall always remember now that

EXAMPLE IS BETTER THAN PRECEPT."

ANNIE BEATTIE.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find that the Lord said He would cover Moses with His hand; and find that after this Moses' face shone.
2. When did Moses put on a veil, and when did he take it off?
3. Find where St. Paul says (1) that in his day the veil was on the hearts of the Israelites, and (2) that we may without a veil behold the glory of the Lord.
4. Find six miraculous things in the life of Gideon.
5. Find the story of Gideon's youngest son being saved from massacre.
6. Find in Kings a similar story of the son of a king saved from a massacre of the seed royal.
7. Find in St. Luke four occasions on which Jesus was falsely accused of not keeping the Sabbath-day, or of allowing His disciples to break it.
8. Find in St. John the same false accusation brought on two other occasions; and a place in another chapter of St. John where Jesus defends Himself against that accusation.
9. Find in a chapter of 1 Timothy ten things (name them) that a minister ought to be:
10. And in the same place six things that a minister ought not to be.

ANSWERS FOR JULY.

1. Luke 4. 21; 24. 27. 2. John 5. 39; Acts 17. 11.
- 3, 4. God's Word is likened in the 119th Psalm to—riches, 14; songs, 54; thousands of gold and silver, 72; delights, 92; honey, 103; a lamp, a light, 105; an heritage for ever, 111; fine gold, 127; great spoil, 162.
5. The Christian prays in faith, James 1. 5; endures temptation, 12; is swift to hear, 19; slow to wrath, 19; a doer of the word, 22; bridles his tongue, 26; visits the afflicted, 27; keeps himself unspotted, 27. 6, 7. Luke 22. 32; John 6. 28, 29; 15. 5; 21. 15-17; Rom. 12. 5-8; 2 Cor. 4. 13, 14; 5. 18; Gal. 1. 15, 16; 2 Tim. 2. 2. 8. 2 Cor. 5. 8; Phil. 1. 23. 9. Philemon.
10. Onesimus, mentioned also in Col. iv. 9, converted by St. Paul at Rome, became a faithful and beloved brother.

A Second Half-Hour with the Supplements.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE had not thought to resume this page quite so soon. But so many friends have responded to our request in last Magazine by sending their July Supplements, that we should be withholding something from our readers if we did not give them another glimpse into the life of our Scottish parishes.

How many ministers will echo the words of Dr. Boyd and Mr. Anderson in their St. Andrews Supplement:—"In many parishes, unreasonable persons may be found who give no information to Ministers or Elders when a visit is desired, and then grumble at not having been visited. As in cases of sickness you send for the Doctor, so send for the Minister. The one is not likely to know he is wanted without being told any more than the other.

"If it were possible so to print this paragraph as to make it cry out from the page, we should; so needful is it to be said in every parish known to us."

Govanhill Supplement has been written on Midsummer Day, and, while Mr. Muir has, no doubt, as usual, his Church notices and Church Register of baptisms, marriages and deaths, the speciality of the Supplement is an answer to the question, Why do we love the Summer? Here is a fragment of the answer:—"There seems to be some connection between our growing love of the summer and our growing older. It may be that we feel somehow that daylight and sunshine are our more congenial element. It may even be the shadow always lying in our path, seen or not seen, that we and the Summer shall never meet again; and as we hold long in our hand the hand of one we love, loth to let him go lest we should never see him again, so would we fain keep the Summer with us—its feasts of beauty, its fountains of pleasure. We do not let it go from us as a thing that we are glad to be rid of; but rather, we bid it sorrowfully farewell as it slips away, and slips away, like the receding voice of a friend. 'I recline,' says Nathaniel Hawthorne, 'upon the still unwithered grass, and whisper to myself, O perfect day! O beautiful world! O beneficent God! And it is the promise of a blessed eternity; for our Creator would never have made such lovely days, and have given us the deep hearts to enjoy them above and beyond all thought, unless we were meant to be immortal. This sunshine is the golden pledge thereof. It beams through the gates of Paradise, and shows us glimpses far inward.' There may be here, we say, some indication why we love the sunshine best."

Mr. Robertson of Clepington, Dundee, writing to strengthen his Sunday School of 260 children, prints a poem by one of his faithful band of teachers. It is not commonplace, and it may encourage teachers elsewhere:—

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

Standin' in the seat o' duty,
 Facin' hungry, soul-fu' een,
 Hearin' a' their tasks repeated,
 Tellin' what the hard thochts mean.

Strivin' sair to pu' the thistles,
 Plantin' holy seed instead;
 Weak an' weary, hopefu', cheery,
 Wi' a fu'er heart than head.

Every power strained to teach them,
 Watchin' ilka changin' mood:—
 Jamie, wi' his funny answers,
 Maki the ithers lauch aloud.

Hearts unstrung an' stamacks cravin'
 Steerin', wearied to be free;
 A' in vain the words o' wisdom!
 Mind an' ear they winna gie.

Vexed, an' pleased; cast doon, uplifted;
 Chequered weeks run into years;
 Near despair, yet perseverin';
 Hope triumphant over a' fears.
 Gallant hearts, be brave and steadfast;
 Godlike wark wins Godlike prize;
 Gowden blinks frae heaven's glory
 Gild your active sacrifice.

Mr. M'Naughtan of Ardoch encourages *his* Sunday School by giving the names of the boys and girls who attend most regularly. Having as yet only a small circulation, and being, as Presbytery Clerk, possessor of a "cyclostyle," he gives his Parish a monthly Supplement at an almost nominal expense. We do not know what a cyclostyle is, but from the specimen-supplements before us, it would appear to be one of the recent contrivances for multiplying copies of a written circular by an easy process.

Dr. Macleod of St. Stephen's informs his Congregation that in response to the call of the General Assembly he has undertaken for a short time to be Joint-Convener (with Mr. Pagan of Bothwell) of the Foreign Mission Committee. His words should be considered by the Church at large:—"When it is remembered that besides the stated meetings of the Foreign Mission Committee there are no less than 13 Sub-Committees, some of which meet frequently, and all of which the Conveners are expected to attend, not to speak of correspondence, etc., it will readily be seen that the demands on time are of such a nature as fully to justify the resolution of the Assembly, to secure the services of a Convener who will be set free from Parochial duty, and thus be enabled to give his whole time and strength to the work of the Church's Foreign Mission."

The July Supplement for Daily Parish brings to a close the story of a parishioner in the seventeenth century, John Stevenson of Camregan, a Covenantanter who fought at Bothwell Bridge. His hairbreadth escapes during nine years' hiding, and his prayers and reasonings, by which he found his way to join in communion with the restored Church of Scotland, though he "thought the covenants not renewed and all guilty of sad defection not duly censured," form a picture not easily forgotten.

Mr. Stewart Wright of Blantyre is also giving biographies of the eminent men of his Parish. He tells of great merchants, founders of the Blantyre Mills, whose struggles and success have the interest of romance. But his greatest name is that of David Livingstone, who was born "in a little room, up a spiral stair, in a three-storied block of buildings at the Blantyre Mills." Mr. Wright met him only once:—"We were under orders for India, and he was about to start on his second expedition to Africa. There are sunny spots in a man's memory, and such is the hour of conversation we then had with Livingstone. It could scarcely be called a conversation, for he talked and we listened; and never can we forget the eagle eye, the fervid talk, the warm, loving heart, the self-abnegating spirit, the nobleness of the gentleman."

St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, gives an analysis of the Church connection of 364 families in the poorer districts of the parish:—Church of Scotland, 134; Free Church, 54; U.P. Church, 52; Episcopal, 24; Roman Catholic, 22; other denominations, 14; no church, 48; not ascertained, 16.

Mr. Watt has a monthly page for Fetteresso. A large part of the town of Stonehaven is in this parish (the rest is in Dunnottar). He has just visited the *landward* part of the parish, and finds that out of 143 families 111 are in connection with the Church of Scotland. He gives the names, the course of study, and the prizes gained by a Bible Class of 39 young men, and rejoices in admitting to the Lord's Supper 15 from this Class. Altogether, 44 Young Communicants are admitted at

this time, whose names are printed. In the case of older persons who might not like such publicity, the names are withheld. Mr. Watt's wish for all his Young Communicants is that the prayer of St. Augustine may be fulfilled in their happy experience:—

"Lord, take my heart, for I cannot give it to Thee;
 Lord, keep my heart, for I cannot keep it for Thee."

From Dr. Gloag's excellent monthly Supplement we learn that a "Mission Sabbath" has been kept not only in Galashiels, but throughout the bounds of the Presbytery of Selkirk. The different ministers exchanged pulpits and gave addresses on Missionary subjects; and in the evening they held a united meeting in Galashiels. Dr. Gloag thus goes to the root of much of the indifference which prevails in regard to Foreign Missions:—"We must be born from above and have implanted within us those graces which form a missionary spirit before we can be truly anxious or make any real efforts for the spread of the Gospel among the heathen. None but a regenerated soul can enter truly and deeply into the great work of converting the world unto Christ."

The minister of Rayne, Aberdeenshire—Mr. Greig—has a sermon, "Is it waste?" Is it waste to spend money on spiritual work, on Foreign Missions, on beautiful churches? His answers are (1) Secularism builds no infirmaries, almshouses, orphanages; Jesus has been the best friend of the poor. (2) The Church that neglects foreign work is not full of enthusiasm for home work, and those Christians who earnestly and prayerfully seek the extension of Christ's Church among all nations are found giving most and working hardest for the poor and wretched near at hand. (3) In the beautiful church Christ may see what He values most—love and faith and gratitude. And may it not, standing from age to age, be the most fitting memorial of a great and deep love, and to many yet unborn a stepping-stone to higher things?

Polmont gives the chapters to be read during Divine Service for three months. St. Aidan's, Edinburgh, has formed a Branch of the Young Men's Guild; and Slains, Aberdeenshire, a Branch of the Scottish Girls' Friendly Society. Kelvinhaugh has cleared off its debt; and the Barony has subscribed £3664 towards a New Church. Mr. Rensison is leaving Alloa, to be Minister of the Presbyterian Church in Fiji, where, says Mr. Bryson, "he will practically fix the tone and character of the Presbyterian Church in the Southern Pacific." God's blessing go with him! Morningside, Edinburgh, is reorganising its Juvenile Missionary Association. The Minister of Canongate, in announcing the addition of part of New Street district to Canongate, pleads for more Ministers and Missionaries in populous parishes, rather than the building of more churches. Dr. Wilson writes brief Memoirs of his Predecessors in New Abbey Parish. He is only the fourteenth pastor since the Reformation—a period of 320 years. The three ministers who preceded Dr. Charteris in New Abbey served the parish for 133 years. May Dr. Wilson rival them in a long life as in everything else that is good!

Some ministers are about to have a holiday, and they say so. If they have worked hard their people will not grudge them their rest. "Were there no other need for holidays," says Mr. Campbell of Rosemount, Aberdeen, "I would defend them stoutly on the ground that they afford an opportunity of freshening the spirit, and of adding new interests to existence." But we must pause. We had noted fifteen parishes that tell of their Sunday School "Day in the Country." Neither they nor any that are named in this paper were spoken of last month; and all these are but samples out of many more. First Supplements have reached us from Durriss (Aberdeen), Bothkennar (Stirling), and Lorne Street (Edinburgh). Ministers who get their Supplements printed locally will at all times confer a favour by sending a copy to the Editor.



SEPTEMBER 1884.

The Manse Boys.

A SHETLAND STORY.

By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

CHAPTER I.

"Brave hearts and clean! and yet—God guide them—young."
TENNYSON.

THERE is no denying the truth—they were wild laddies. Ten times a day the Minister had occasion to put a hand distractedly to his brow and exclaim, "Dear me, those boys! what will they be at next?" Yet he was obliged to laugh more often than scold when the tale of their misadventures reached him.

All the Parish predicted that the Manse Boys would come to "nae gude;" and yet, upon inquiry, their father was satisfied that the misfortunes which followed their pranks proceeded from nothing worse than the "outcome" of mere boyish fun and uproarious animal spirits.

Their little mother—sometimes frightened into hysterics by a mad freak, sometimes driven to bay by complaints made against her offspring—could, nevertheless, always hold up her head proudly, and say, "My boys never did a mean or bad deed. No one can accuse them, with justice, of acting from wicked motives. Heedless, forgetful, foolish, they certainly are, but nothing worse, thank God!"

"That is true," the Minister would reply, with a smile; "but all the same, my dear, we must allow that such tricks as they are for ever playing are not becoming in a clergyman's children."

"They will learn wisdom with time," the mother would add; and then the father, knowing that life's trials come (all too soon) to tame the exuberant spirits of youth, would inflict some light punishment and let the culprits go.

We can always train other people's children better than their own parents do, at least so we think; and everybody affirmed that Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell did not manage their boys in a right way. A more strict discipline was required, less time allowed for amusement, and no permission to act on their own discretion given.

But, to do the folk justice, though they prophesied darkly regarding the Manse Boys, they liked the frank, reckless laddies well enough, and were by no means hard upon them otherwise than in speech.

Only one family in the whole Parish cherished a bitter dislike towards them, and lost no opportunity of showing it. This ill feeling was caused as much by the fact that the Minister had been obliged to administer church discipline in the case of a member of that household as by any act of aggression which the boys had committed. The family of which I speak consisted of four individuals, namely, Ned Harper, a surly man of middle age; his twin brother, a cripple; and two sour-tempered old maid sisters. The characters of all these individuals were marked by much eccentricity, which amused their neighbours, and caused the Manse Boys to look upon the family as fair game. And yet any one of the youthful marplots would willingly have done a kind action for the Harpers if occasion had offered. There was no malice in the boys, though Hagar Harper affirmed that they were the "wickedest bairns in the Isle," and one of them she named "the mainspring o' a' mischief," he being usually the ringleader in any plot against the peace of her family. Of course the boys were quite aware of the hostile feeling among the Harpers, and that knowledge—far from making the lads ashamed of themselves—only provoked a wilder spirit of mischief and a determination to torment the enemy yet more.

The Manse of Westervoe was situated at the head of one of those winding fiords which intersect the Shetland Isles, giving to them that varied beauty which is less common in the sister groups of Faroe and Orkney. These rise higher than the Shetlands, are individually larger, and are generally girdled by uniform ranges of lofty rock. The Shetland Isles lie lower on the ocean, and their outlines are broken by arms of the sea curving out and in among the rocks and green valleys, and giving endless variety to the landscapes.

Westervoe ran far inland, widening as it went, until it took a lake-like appearance. Its entrance was rendered dangerous by a reef of rock, covered at high water, but left dry when the tide was out. On that reef was always to be found a plentiful supply of shell-fish, and in consequence it was frequently visited by men and boys in search of bait.

A few scattered hamlets added life to the shores of the Voe, and the hills rising abruptly on every side gave an aspect of peace and solitude to the scene, causing one to feel as though the world were

shut out—with all its restlessness and strife—from this “Island-valley of the Blest.”

Ned Harper's cottage was not far from the Manse, so that his “rigs” were divided from the glebe by nothing more than a rugged stone fence, over which Mr. Mitchell's boys and Harper's ponies were perpetually making inroads upon the domains of their respective owners, and in that way keeping up the feud which would have been better left to die a natural death.

One morning Ned made his appearance at the Manse with an ugly frown on his face, and inquired for the Minister in a tone which boded no good. “Is it onything very particular?” asked the maid; for the time was Saturday morning, and Mr. Mitchell was understood to be employed on his sermon for next day at that hour, and not to be disturbed except on urgent business.

“Yes, it is very particular,” said Ned in a surly voice. “It is *sae* particular that if I can't see him now I'll go to the Laird wi' my complaint, for I'm determined I'll have my revenge.”

These words (at least part of them) were repeated to Mr. Mitchell, and Ned was admitted to the study. The anxious, harassed expression of the face turned to greet him might have deterred a better-tempered man from speaking as Ned did; but he was vindictive, conscious of ill-usage, and a great many evil passions had rule over his spirit. He began his complaint at once. “Sir, those boys o' yours hae gone beyond a' thing noo. I kent afore lang they wad bring themselves within the power of the law—and that day has come!”

“What has happened?” the Minister asked, rising to his feet, and paling a little. But before Ned could answer a tap was heard at the door, and then Mrs. Mitchell came in. The maids had informed her of Harper's words, and maternal anxiety overcame every scruple. “I *must* know what they have done,” she said, in answer to her husband's hurried “Run away, my dear, till Ned has done speaking, then I will come and tell you what is wrong.”

The mother turned her white face to the accuser of her sons and asked, “Is any person hurt?”

“Nae *person*, ma'am. But my best pony—a beast worth £10 at the very laist—and he's lying dead under the stane-dyke.”

Both parents were relieved at once, for they had feared something far worse, and the shadow of a smile flickered around the corners of Mrs. Mitchell's mouth, while the Minister resumed his seat and said, “I am very sorry for your loss, Harper. Tell me how it occurred.”

“This was hoo it was. The crater had lain down at the side o' the wa' that's atween your field and mine, and one o' yon spirits o' evil (I can ca' them naething better) came by. The mischief in him made him draw the beast's lang tail through the holes o' the wa'; and then he plaited the hair around the stanes. Ye ken yourself that the stane-

dyke is rucklie and ready to fa' at a touch; so, of course, when my pony gaed to lift himself he pu'd at the wa' and it fell upon the tap o' him. A bonnie job for a young gentleman to do to a puir man's crater!”

Mrs. Mitchell's eyes flashed; but the Minister asked mildly, “How do you know that it was one of our boys that did this?”

“Nae doubt they'll deny it,” exclaimed Ned in angry tones; “but a' the same I hae witnesses for what I say. Your ain farm-servant, John, and my brother, puir Bartle, saw the boy poking at the wa' where the pony was. And, forby that, the plaits were tied wi' a bit o' red cord like ye have up yonder at your pictures; and nae folk in Westervoe have string o' that sort to gie to boys, unless it be the Ha' folk, or yourselves.”

“Where are the boys, do you know, my dear?” Mr. Mitchell asked his wife.

“Somewhere not far distant. Don't you hear them?” and the lady, going to the open window, through which the merry shouts of young people could be plainly heard, leaned out and called, “Boys! boys! here! You are wanted, quick!”

Down from the top of an outhouse scrambled four laddies, rosy-faced, bright-eyed, curly-haired. Four handsome, athletic boys, brimful of animal life and happiness, all unconscious of the thunder-bolt to be discharged on their heedless heads. They raced round to the window, and the eldest, a youth of fifteen, asked, “What's up, mother?”

“Your father wishes to speak with you—all; come in directly;” she said, very gravely; and the culprits, aware that some delinquency had transpired, went round to the door with sobered countenances, and came trooping into the study making vain efforts to look cheerful and unconcerned.

As soon, however, as they saw Ned their faces fell, for they knew too well that he was there to denounce them. No person in the Isle, except Ned, ever dreamed of carrying tales of the boys to their father.

CHAPTER II.

“He makes no friend who never made a foe.”—TENNYSON.

“Boys,” said the Minister, angry at what they had done, pitying them for their “sins of youth,” yet curiously proud of their appearance, and confident of the answer he would receive, “boys, some one played a shameful trick upon one of Harper's ponies last night. The animal was found dead this morning. I shall have to pay its value to the owner if it can be proved that one of you was the perpetrator of that cruel, thoughtless trick, and you know what pain it will be to your mother and myself to see such a deed brought home to our sons. Can you tell us anything further about it?”

Without a moment's hesitation the “mainspring o' a' mischief,” Mr. Mitchell's second son, aged four-

teen, stepped forward, and with quivering lips said "I am very sorry, father. I didn't think it would hurt the *pony*. I only thought of—of teasing Ned."

"Ay," exclaimed Ned, "teasing me! That's what ye're for ever thinking o', but ye've gone ower far this time, and I'll have my revenge upon you."

"Not upon Frank. You can't hurt *him*," said Mrs. Mitchell. "You will have your revenge sure enough, but it will be visited on his father——"

"Hush, Mary," the Minister interrupted. "It will not be revenge but simple justice. The boy has erred, and Harper must not suffer."

Ned's face flushed crimson, and he drew back abashed, as the Minister went on in gentle sad tones. "What price was your pony valued at?"

"£10, but—but—I'd take less, and it—it was—weel, sir, I think the boys should pay *themselves* for the ill wark they do."

Without attending to his words Mr. Mitchell opened a small drawer in his desk and drew out two crisp new five-pound notes.

"There is the money," he said quietly, as he handed it across to Ned, who drew back a little and stammered, "Sir, there is no' that hurry. I wad rather see the boy thrashed and——"

"Stop," said Mr. Mitchell sternly; "I will deal with my son as I think right. Take the money, for it is justly due."

Ned's hand shook as he put it out, and the boys could not help wondering at his emotion. Then the Minister turning to Frank said, "I request you to apologise to Harper for what you have done. It was very wrong indeed."

The brothers had stood humbled and astonished since Frank's admission. The fault of one they felt to be the fault of all, and their shame burned on their faces when the "mainspring o' a mischief," in obedience to his father's command, made a straightforward and manly apology to Ned, who received it with the worst grace imaginable, and took the opportunity offered by a silence which ensued to depart after muttering, "Gude-day, sir."

When the door closed upon Harper Mr. Mitchell turned to his wife with a weary smile, and said, "Well, my dear, there went the £10 we had saved for our long-deferred, much-needed little holiday!"

His wife burst into tears, and sobbed, "It is too bad; oh, it is very hard indeed that *you* should suffer thus."

Not a word did either of them address to the boys, who still stood in a group gazing blankly at their father. But his mother's tears Frank never could hold out against, and, with large drops falling from his own blue eyes, he went to her and cried, "Oh, mother, I will do anything—anything in the world to make up for this, and I'll never vex you so again. Do forgive me, father, for I am so miserable."

Mr. Mitchell laid a hand kindly on his boy's shoulder as he answered, "I do forgive you, Frank.

But I have heard you make similar resolutions before, with this result. So I confess I do not take much comfort from your present words of repentance, and I will not exact any promise for the future. All I would ask you to do is to seek the guidance of God, and learn that mere thoughtlessness becomes sin if left to itself. You all see what trouble this foolish trick has brought upon us; you cannot see the end of it, for you can scarcely understand what a loss that small sum is to me. It may seem a trifle in your estimation, but you know my income is very limited, and your requirements many. But there—I will say no more. You are not little children, you are almost men (at least two of you), and I hope you have only to *think* to see your errors and amend them. I am sure this misfortune will be a lesson you will not soon forget. Now go away. I am tired, and I have work to do."

The boys stole off to their room considerably subdued in spirit, but determined to "make up" for what Frank's mischief had done. "I'll tell you what we can do, boys," said Eric, the eldest. "We will persuade John to let us help him with the farm-work. I can plough as well as any man; and you, Frank, know how to manage cattle and that sort of thing. Then Harry can see after the garden and poultry, and Bill knows all about peat-fitting and hay-stacks. We *all* can work, and we *WILL* work, so that father may not have to call in extra hands this season; and in that way we will save his money, and get back that unfortunate £10."

Frank, whose spirits had fallen to the lowest ebb, brightened up at once; and the four boys were soon happily engaged in devising plans for their future line of action.

It is remarkable that they never once said a hard word of Harper, or dreamed of revenging themselves upon him. The truth was this calamity which had befallen them had been so much more serious than any former scrape, that everything connected with it was lost sight of beside their mother's sorrow and their father's disappointment.

The Manse Boys never let the grass grow under their feet, and at once, to everybody's amazement, they set to work at jobs which previously they would have scorned to do.

Nor did they conceal the why and the wherefore of this change in their line of action, which caused Mrs. Mitchell to say with a certain exultation, "The boys have true hearts, though their heads are a little unsteady at times."

Ned Harper, turning turf on one of his rigs, saw the "mainspring o' a mischief" building up the "slap" which had been made in the fence by the pony's frantic struggle to free himself, and Ned could not resist calling out, "So you've had a lesson, my lad! Ay, you're better employed biggin' up the wa' than plaiting horse tails through the cracks o' it."

Frank took no notice; and then the cripple man, who was with his brother, said jeeringly, "It's gude that mends! and I'm thinking the Minister wad hae been wiser if he had made the pack o' you work like yon afore noo."

"My father has not *made* us work," Frank burst forth indignantly. "We are doing it of our own free will, and if you don't keep civil I'll——" what he meant to threaten I cannot tell, for quite suddenly he stopped speaking and walked away from the place, leaving the Harpers to comment as they pleased upon his words and action.

Frank's temper was quick, and action a necessity of his nature, therefore "blow followed word" with him usually, and to threaten meant to execute without delay. These characteristics of his were well known, and by none better than by Ned Harper, who shook his head as the boy moved away, and muttered, "I do believe he's no' ta'en it to heart after all, and he'll be after some mair mischief afore lang! a gude thrashing is what he needs."

"I wish I had the laying on o' the straiques," added the cripple maliciously, as he looked after Frank.

Frank did not hear their words. If he had it would have made no difference to him, for he was trying to learn one of life's hardest lessons just then—the great lesson of ruling his own spirit—and he had to fight a battle with himself before the rebellious temper within him was brought into subjection. His father's words had not been lost upon the "mainspring o' a' mischief," and the boy was wise enough to seek Divine help in the struggle with self. He who fights with God's aid must be a conqueror in the end, and so before long Frank Mitchell could laugh at the Harpers' ill-natured speeches, and meditate no fresh scheme of vengeance.

A few months made a radical change in Frank, but of course the change was so gradual and (outwardly) so little noticeable, that only his father had observed it, so that he was still regarded by all who feared the Manse Boys as the "mainspring o' a' mischief."

(To be concluded.)

Sermon.

CHARACTER AND DUTIES OF COMMUNICANTS.

By the Rev. JOHN PAGAN, M.A., Bothwell.

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."—MATT. vii. 21.

ALL who take the grave step of becoming Communicants should very seriously weigh the obligations under which they are laid. They declare before the world that they cast in their testimony with Christ, and that it is the deepest desire of their heart to live for and with Him; and that their determination is that, so long as their life is

spared to them, it shall be such as becomes servants and disciples of Jesus Christ.

The questions, therefore, that first come are—How is this to be done? What is to be the character of him who makes good the pledge that is given by his participation of the Christian Communion? The pre-eminent answer to these questions is this—He should seek that "the same mind be in him which was also in Christ Jesus." He should do what in him lies to live again, in the station in life in which God has placed him, the life of Christ. He should seek in all he does to be animated by His Spirit. He should, by divine grace, cast from him the power and influence of sin in every shape and form. His life should be such that of itself it shall declare to all who see it that he is a faithful follower of Christ.

It was said of Dr. Samuel Johnson that "he did not engrave 'Truth' on his watch-seal, but that he stood by it, spoke by it, wrote by it, lived by it;" and so the proof that any one is a true disciple of Christ should not be merely that his name is on the Communion Roll of His church, but that his inmost spirit breathes true and sacred thoughts, and the deepest joy of his heart is to do Heaven-inspired, divinely-directed deeds. In other words, his character should be such that men "take knowledge of him that he has been," and is, "with Jesus."

But there are specific duties that devolve upon every member of the Church. To two of these let us direct attention—1. Public acknowledgment of Christ. 2. A faithful discharge of the personal duties of the Christian life.

I. Public acknowledgment of Christ.

When any one becomes a member of the Christian Church he should realise that a very special duty rests upon him of openly confessing Christ. This is one of the express conditions of acceptance—If we confess Him before men, He will confess us before our Father which is in heaven.

His disciples should publicly acknowledge Him in several ways. They should do so—

1st, By the fidelity of their attendance on the ordinances of the Church. In the unflinching regularity of attendance upon the weekly services of the sanctuary there should be public testimony borne to the place which Jesus Christ has in His people's hearts. The example of Christ and of His apostles, the express commands of Scripture, unite in declaring that in the house of God, on the day appointed for His worship, every member of His Church should seek to be present to render to Him the tribute of allegiance that is His due. Nothing short of a necessity which cannot be set aside should be permitted to interfere with the discharge of this most sacred duty. When the time for the observance of the Communion comes round, the sacrifices cheerfully made, in order that the privilege may be enjoyed of partaking of it, should show how dearly God's appointed ordinance is

prized. Every recurring Communion time should be regarded as an occasion when the heart can gladly and openly avow its faith in, and its devoted loyalty to, Christ.

And, 2d, There should be a public acknowledgment of Christ on the part of the members of His Church, by the firmness with which, on all occasions, they stand forward when any one seeks to dishonour His name. No word or deed, come from whom it may, that throws reproach on His truth or work, should be permitted to pass unchecked. The maintenance of their Master's honour is a portion of the trust that has been committed to them. To this, at the Communion Table, they pledge their hearts and lives, and they fail in the duty they have undertaken if any one, in their presence and unchallenged, casts aspersion on His name. It may be at times difficult and trying, but the first question with the Christian should ever be—Is it duty? and if it be, all considerations of difficulty or trial should be matter of secondary account.

And yet further. The members of the Christian Church should give proof of the reality of the tie that binds them to the Master whom they serve, by the readiness with which they stand forward to help in everything that gives promise of doing good. Their Master's single aim was to be a blessing to the bodies and the souls of men. To every appeal that was made to Him to succour the distressed, to cheer the sad, to help the weak, He gave a prompt and cordial response. If the members of His Church are to show that His spirit has possession of their hearts, they must, so far as power and opportunity are given to them, identify themselves with every effort put forth to do good to their fellowmen. The class taught in a Sunday school, the visit that carries with it sympathy and help to the homes of the afflicted and the poor, the aid given to organisations which have for their end the intellectual, the social, the spiritual wellbeing of the community,—these good works, if they are done because of the love that is borne to Jesus Christ, are, one and all, proofs of the best kind that He has the place in the heart and in the life that is His due.

And yet again. There should be an acknowledgment of Him by using every fitting opportunity of testifying to the place which He should have in every human heart and life. The soldier in the battlefield does not wait till the attack is made upon his lines, but if his commander point out to him a way by which his country's cause can be helped, he is ready in all circumstances and times to carry forward the flag which has been put into his hands. And so with the Christian soldier in his Master's service. He should regard it as one of the most prized privileges of his life to declare how dear to him is everything that is associated with Christ, and how strong are the claims which He has on the love and devotion of the world.

By testimony thus clear and unhesitating does the true disciple of Christ show the sincerity of the profession which he has made at the Communion Table.

But besides such public acknowledgment of Christ, there are duties of another kind to which, not less, and in some aspects even more, attention is due from every member of His Church. And so we come to consider—

II. The obligation that rests on every Communicant to discharge faithfully the personal duties of the Christian life. The life must be in strict accordance with the profession. It is not he "who saith unto Him, Lord, Lord," that shall be admitted to that Communion which is infinitely more precious than any Communion of earth; but it is he who "doeth the will of His Father which is in heaven." The members of the Christian Church should carry their Christianity into every position in which in their life they are placed.

To three of these positions let us briefly advert—1. The Home; 2. The World; 3. The Church.

1. In their home all who are members of Christ's Church should be thoughtful and loving. They should think not alone of themselves and their gratifications, but setting before them the example of Him who "pleased not himself," they should have no sweeter joy than to make the life that is around them purer and brighter. The cup of the household, like every other earthly cup, will have at times its ingredients of trial and of sorrow, but with gentleness and submission it is to be accepted from a loving Father's hand. It will have also its happiness and blessings, and these are to be received with glad and thankful heart. In everything it should be seen that the life of God in Jesus Christ is the ruling influence of the home.

2. In the world the presence and influence of Christianity should be revealed in the integrity and honour in word and deed of all who are members of the Church. They should in their business transactions, in their ordinary intercourse with their fellowmen, make it felt that because they are disciples of Christ they are resolved, God helping them, that they shall not swerve one jot from what is honourable and right. They should determine that whatsoever things are "true," and "honest," and "just," and "pure," and "lovely," and of "good report"—these and these alone they will "think" and "do."

And lastly, in their relations to the Church, all who are members of it should prove that their Christianity is living and true. Jesus Christ, when He ascended into heaven, left to the members of His Church a mighty work to do. By the purity and the consecration of their life to His cause, they were to influence the world around them. But beyond and above this they received a commission to make known His truth to

every people of the earth. They are to go and "teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever He had commanded them," and in pledge of His presence and support He told them that He to whom all power in heaven and in earth had been given, would be with them "always, even unto the end of the world." That commission He still puts into the hands of every member of His Church. The fulfilment of that promise is still sure to all who accept the commission that He gives. By warm personal interest in the work of spreading His truth, by earnest prayer that God may bless and prosper it, by willing dedication of substance to further it, let all, therefore, who at the Communion Table give their pledge of loyal obedience to Christ show that it is their single and earnest desire to discharge this and every other duty that He asks of His faithful followers.

AN old couple who had in their early married life lost their whole family of four lovely children used to converse much about them at their lonely fire-side. When the wife lamented bitterly that they should be thus left alone in their old age, the husband, who was an advanced Christian, would try to comfort his wife with words like these:—

"The Bairns are a' at Hame, Wife."

THE bairns are a' at hame, wife,
A' safe frae cauld and care ;
Within our Father's hoose they dwell,
To wander oot nae mair.

Their wee bit faces are fu' bricht,
Wi' licht that canna fade ;
Yet we'll ken them for the same
That ance about us played.

The tree o' life blooms fair, wife,
The heavenly gates within,
The Living Water aye is fresh
Where they dwell free frae sin.

Nae mair earth's cauld winds blaw, wife,
Where oor bit bairnies smile ;
Their feet are set in pleasant ways,
They ken nae grief nor guile.

And when oor years are dune, wife,
An' we gang where they've gane,
They'll be the verra bairns we lost
That year o' bitter pain.

Wee Robin will be fair, wife,
Wi' licht upon his face ;
An' little Mary, rosy-cheeked,
Wi' twice her laughin' grace !

An' Willie, wi' the hazel e'en
(Oor fav'rite o' the four),
Will rin wi' gleefu' step to meet
His mither at the door !

An' Elsie, wi' the dark brown hair
Ye were sae prood to kame,
Will laugh wi' gladness when she sees
The auld man come frae hame !

An' sae, wi' their bit hands in oors,
We'll come an' tak oor stand,
Wi' gladness at oor Saviour's side,
Safe in the heavenly land.

Oh weel may we endure, wife,
A few mair lonesome years,
An' smile beside oor lanely hearth,
An' laugh amid oor tears !

Yet oor kind Lord, wha kens oor hearts,
Your tears, wife, winna blame ;
For weel He kens ye trust Him—and
The bairns are a' at hame.

J. C. HOWDEN.

Of Work.

XI.—AFTER A WARNING.

DOCTOR, how long will it be ?
About half an hour.

I see, in this moment, the worn old man who thus related the story of a solemn period in his history. Then he paused, the old time coming over him ; and added, amid deep silence, *That was forty years ago.*

He was making a speech, which was a little autobiography. Fitly so : for he was thanking a pretty large company of friends, young and old, who had met to do him honour on his completing fifty years in his sacred office. Though a little man, he had a big manner. His blood was noble ; and he had the stately old-fashioned courtesy of a departed age. I do not know if he had ever worked his parish in the feverish fashion common with many of us now. Yet he had been a pattern of faithful diligence : he had never fallen below the highest level of the esteem of all who knew him : and the fine old gentleman (I can say of personal knowledge) was truly beloved by not a few. You remember him, my reader : who are not unacquainted with the Scotch metropolis ; and who have grown old. It was in affection, not in irreverent familiarity, that many of us called him JOHN HUNTER.

As he told this story of what had come to him, so long before (most of us knew it already, though not so circumstantially), a hush fell, an audible hush : and one thought of many things, both in one's own little life and work and in his.

That Doctors make mistakes sometimes goes without saying. For, much as we owe to them, infinitely more than any money can pay, and greatly as we prize them, we know that they are human beings ; and it is human to make mistakes. That good Doctor rejoiced to find himself far wrong.

Not many get such a Warning. Not many who have yet much of their life-work to do are brought so face to face with that which is waiting for us some little way on. Yet some have had a Warn-

ing: though it did not come quite in that dramatic way. You made sure you were dying; and many things changed their look; and you got the view of this life which can be had only from what seems its close. But you came back: and you were enabled to take again to your work in a way which had once appeared the most impossible of all dreams. You made sure that after such a Warning your life and your work could never be the same again: that all your days you would walk in a solemnized and earnest spirit. But after a while it seems as though all that had in great measure worn off. Which is strange.

You sometimes think, very vividly, These things will be here again: that strange and awful experience. The red curtains round you, the gleam of the fire coming through: the endless night: at first the bitter remembrance of a hundred things that should be done, which you vainly fancy no one else can do: perhaps the awful pain: surely the unspeakable weakness, as if sinking through the bed, down, down: a hurry of feet, and all things are away. But you come back: you had fainted for a little, and knew nothing. If that be death, the bare physical fact of it, it is not very difficult to die.

Yet you do not take these things in, working on, working hard, day after day. At the first, coming back, your work was indeed different from what it had been before. You took each day thankfully, looking no farther. You were very serious and subdued: very sympathetic with all sufferers. You could not feel unkindly to any of your race, nor say a harsh word. That capacity seemed gone. Ah, failing nature can simulate growing grace: the mild old Duke of Wellington had an awful temper while he was young and strong. Your factitious amiability, I fear, has gone away. You go through your work, it often seems, just as you used to do before you went through that dreadful mill. You say severe things: occasionally ill-natured things. For long, you thought, continually, *I am over-due: I should have been away but for the kindest and most patient of all care.* And, so spared, you felt, very really, that you must indeed make the best of the time measured out to you. You remember how, walking on such a June day as this over the grass, rich with daisies, amid the fragrant summer air, laden with lilac and hawthorn, you thought, times innumerable, without affectation (for you never said so to any mortal), that you might well have been beneath it: and said to yourself, like poor Keats fading fast, *I feel the daisies growing over me.* But that gradually passes: and you come to persuade yourself that it was morbid. Yet after such a Warning, there is a change. Yes, there is a change. One is not sure it would continue, if one had to work on for forty years. He had his lighter moods, that dear old clergyman. He could tell an amusing story, and enjoy it: and wherefore not? Yet somehow one

always felt the solemn remembrance was not far away. You cannot go down so far, yet completely get over it. Anything that looks like frivolity cannot last long, now. The change, indeed, is not so great as you thought it would be: when, lying on the bed from which you might never have risen, you thought how and in what spirit you would work if ever you were allowed to work at all. *I am working out my little reprieve*, you sometimes think to yourself: and then that mood is gone. One would like to know exactly how King Hezekiah felt, as he wore out his extended tale of years. Possibly, if you had dined with him, you would have found him very much like other folk. And even a mortal man so solemnly placed must have taken his dinner. Yes, and tried on a new purple robe, and admonished a neglectful manservant. Ay, though he had been sick unto death; and though it had been revealed to him when he must die.

You have read the legend of Lazarus. Probably it is not true: but, like many of the old church legends, it is infinitely touching. If you can believe it, you will believe that after his Warning, he was permanently changed. It is written (nobody knows by whom, but certainly not by that Evangelist) that when he came back to life, he at once earnestly asked of the Saviour if he must die again; and being told he needs must, he never smiled more. There was One Who being raised from the dead died no more: but even His favoured friend must pass again through the dark valley. And even at the feast, where he sat at the board with his Redeemer amid harmless mirth and smiles, the solemn face rebuked frivolity, of one who knew he had to die, and who knew by experience what that meant.

Coming back, my reader, who have gone down to the very verge, though only the hither verge, did not you think for a while you would go through all remaining life gravely as Lazarus? It seemed as though this world were too serious a place for mirth, now. Here you were wrong. The bow cannot be always bent. And the endeavour to keep it always bent results in manifold evil. The very best Christians I have known, and Christians who have been led through fiery trials, often wear a smiling face. They have their blink of sunshine: though no doubt one easily sees that the face can very swiftly turn to you with the apprehension of coming trouble written on it. They go through the heaviest work, calling for the greatest mental strain: work which cannot be done unless you give your entire mind to it. But a vague aching is always present. And in the second plane of the mind, there are undying remembrances. What may reasonably be expected is, that in all our work after such a Warning as we have been thinking of, we should keep the good of the training which God gave us therein. There is something far wrong, if we are not in the least degree the better for that

terrible school-time: something far wrong if we know in ourselves that for a while we were greatly the better for it, but that now all the good impression has faded away.

Everybody is touched, thinking of Swift beginning to "decay at the top," reading one of his own books (there is no good in remembering which); and saying, in bitter distress, "Ah, what a genius I had when I wrote that!" But it seems to me a great deal sadder when a human being without the shadow of a claim to Swift's genius turns up a faded letter (or some other document) written years ago under special feeling, and is obliged to think how devout, resigned, humble and kindly a Christian soul it was that wrote these lines, feeling them in the very heart; and how entirely the writer (man or woman) has passed away from all that. Sir Isaac Newton sitting down with faculties enfeebled by age to read his own demonstrations, and finding himself unable to understand or follow them, is not nearly so sad a picture as is a human being whom Christ has led through a severe discipline; and who feels he cannot in any way spiritually understand or follow, now the Warning is far away in the horizon, what he thought and felt when the Warning was recent. Ah, gone far downhill!

Did something ever come to you, kindly reader, like that which I have tried to indicate rather than to describe? The impression and the influence must not go like the early dew. No worthy nature goes through any great trial, but what some mark is left on the soul, and on the face. Did some one tell me, gaily, of an awful night he once spent on the bank of a great Indian river, making light of the past extremity which was very nearly death: did not one feel, even looking on the bright young face, that such a lesson of the possible awfulness of this life was never entirely forgot even by a lad of twenty-one? We shall try to keep with us the solemn impression which the Warning left: as we would keep (if we could) the kindly humbled trustful feeling of Holy Communion when we were at our very best, and really on the Mount of Ordinances. And that which has been called the Warning need not have been some terrible pressure resting directly on yourself. Other things can speak with the very same voice. Something that befel another, very dear, can make a new era in your history: can cut off all previous life, and make a fresh beginning from which you reckon every event that comes to you.

Let me say that I do not believe we get over the Warning (whatever it was) so lightly and completely as we sometimes upbraid ourselves for doing.

Have we ever got over it: the kind old face, the first we ever knew, hidden for this life beneath the green sod; the little one laid many a year since in the little grave; the dear lad that left us and went thousands of miles away?

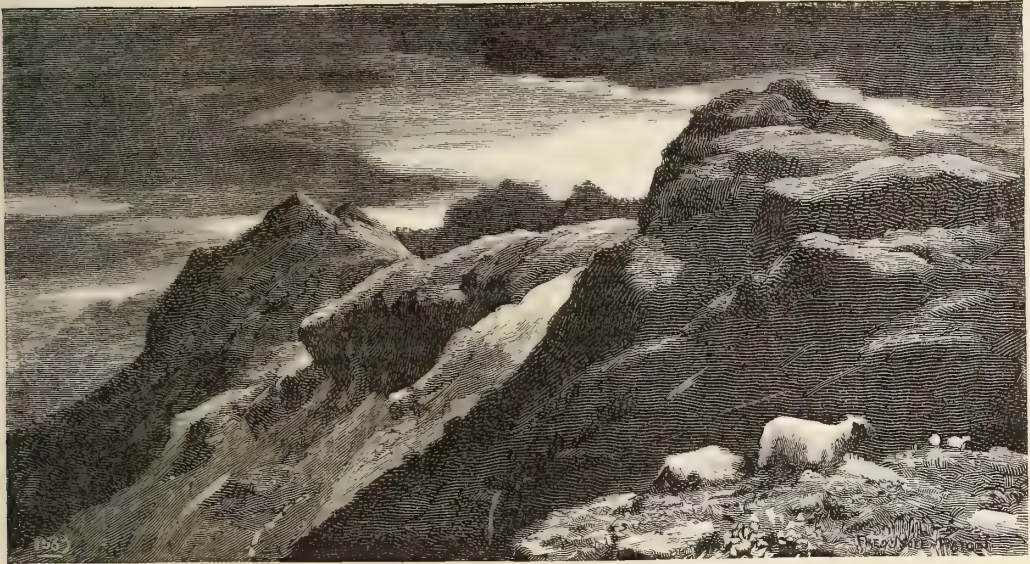
What do you mean by getting over it? If you mean even that like that loveable genius Christo-

pher North, the man will never let the "weepers" be taken from his coat-sleeves through all remaining years: If you mean to sit by the fireside *with the handkercher at the een* (as Sir Walter put it), not fit for our work: if you have got over it when you cease from such things, then you have got over it [as God intends you should]: for in a little you took to your work again. *That was a thing of necessity*: as the greatest Scotchman put it too. You have worked very hard at very many things: and been aware of the satisfaction of faithful work done to your very best, even though there was no one now to tell about it. You have sometimes laughed heartily. Many hours have passed over you in which you cannot say you were distinctly remembering the one lost. People thought you wonderfully bright and cheerful after all you had come through. But we know extremely little of the real life and heart even of people we continually see. In truth, we know nothing at all of these. But you know, for yourself, how very often you have looked back upon that time: read some little record of it on a page that has been wet with tears: turned over faded writing which no one ever saw but yourself, or ever will see if you can help it: the looks and words coming back again vividly. There is a quiet time in your life, a silent space in your heart, always given to that unfading remembrance. You have reckoned all events in your life from a date of which you make no mention. *That* was your true Era: though in dealing with outside folk you use the Gregorian style. You stand alone, wistfully, before a picture on the wall. You take out, now and then, from where you keep it safe, a lock of hair. No, you have not got over it. Your life has never been the same.

Even so, of a surety, my brother, has it been with all your work after that great Warning. You never can have one more solemn. And it may be the last. It is to be sorrowfully confessed that you have many times fallen sadly below the level you desired to keep. You know that as well as any. But a Christian's best mood is his true self. God be thanked, it is when we are at our best that we have *come to ourselves*. There will be matter for confession (only to Christ), and for humiliation, to the very end. And I suppose there is no greater temptation than society: if it go beyond the intimate circle of the dearest friends. The outsiders do not know what you are thinking of: far less, what you are remembering. Many, who see you continually, do not know you at all. They see you going through your work: they see you in conversation with some with whom you never talk of anything for which you really care. They see you sitting in a railway carriage reading the newspaper. That is not you.

I have marked the sudden gravity fall on a face (and a good face) when it was no longer needful to keep up before strangers. And I felt I knew the man now.

A. K. H. B.



They remind me of His Love.

Drawn by F. NOEL PATON.

"God with us."

By the Rev. THOMAS F. JOHNSTONE M.A. Greenock

O GOD of glory, let me feel
That Thou art nearer than the sky
For to Thy love I'd fain appeal,—
As to a Father standing by.

I know Thou art the Lord of all,—
Creating and sustaining Power,—
The farthest star's within Thy call,
Thy fingers paint the tiniest flower ;

Yet not as Him who made the light
To show His glory, and display
The wonders that were wrapt in night
Would I regard Thee when I pray ;

The name most dear to human ear
Is not Jehovah, Lord, Most High,
But Father, Brother, Comforter,
A living presence standing by.

When gazing on Thy vault above,
And knowing Earth itself a star,

I see Thy power, but not Thy love,
Thy glory gleams, but 'tis from far !

And when my heart swells at the wild
Tumultuous music of the sea,
I rise, by sight and sound beguiled,
To prouder thoughts, but not to Thee.

O let me hear Thy voice more clear
Than when Thine awful thunders roll,
Not striking inward through the ear,
But whispering outward from the soul.

What Thou shalt be may best be known
Through evidence of what Thou art ;—
To see Thee on Thy starry throne,
I'd hold Thee first within my heart.

And if in yonder valley drear
Some shadows rise my hope to quell,
Come, Perfect Love, cast out the fear,—
God with us still, Emmanuel !

"Moggie."

A STRAY LEAF FROM A MINISTER'S NOTE-BOOK.

By the Rev. JOHN PATON, Dumfries.

ONE Sunday evening I was on the point of dismissing a mission-school in the district under my charge in a fair city which Sir Walter Scott made the scene of one of his most thrilling tales, when the door of the schoolroom was slowly pushed open, and a big girl, apparently about twelve years of age, came just inside, and stood still, evidently afraid to come farther. The sound of the opening door made all the children look round. They laughed when they saw who it was, and I heard a whisper run round the benches—"It's Moggie."

A rude boy near the door whispered something to the girl, and immediately it seemed as if she had been transformed into a fury. She did not move from the place where she stood, but with gleaming eyes, and pointing a finger at him as if directing a curse to fall on him, she shouted at the full pitch of her voice—"Minister-man! minister-man! he lees—he ca's me dafty, and that's a lee!"

I have not often witnessed such a scene. It was tragic. All the teachers and children looked first at the girl and then at me, as if thunderstruck. The state of matters was evident at a glance. The girl was mad, and had been taunted with her madness. I smoothed matters over as I best could, telling the teachers and children never to mind, and directing the poor girl to remain behind after the others had gone.

I found that the girl was the child of an Irish woman, and that there was some mystery attached to her father, as she could tell me nothing about him, either who he was, or where he was. She had heard me ask her mother, at whose house I had called in the course of visitation, if there were any children in the house who should be at Sunday School. She had watched me that evening, and followed me till she saw me enter the school, and, arrived at the school door, had not been able to screw up her courage to enter till near the hour of dismissal, as we have seen.

The teacher in whose district Moggie lived visited her and got the consent of her mother that she should attend the Sunday School.

She could not read, and could not be taught to read, poor child, but we contrived to teach her the Lord's prayer, and some texts and hymns, after a fashion.

For several months she was one of the most regular attendants at the Sunday School, and then we missed her. I went to see after her, and found that she was sick. It was one of the most painful things possible to hear her trying to repeat the "Lord's prayer." Reason seemed to ebb and flow. One minute she would repeat a sentence of the prayer, and the next break away in the most arrant gibberish. The poor weak mind and irresolute will

were striving to know and keep the truth, and yet they could not. What a lesson to those who, with all their faculties about them, refuse to learn, and reject the truth!

The child recovered from her bodily ailment, and on the Saturday evening after she was able to go out again, I was astonished in a distant part of the town to see her running after me, evidently in great mental distress. She had been ordered by the Roman Catholic priest and her mother never to enter my Sunday School again, or to speak to me again, and had tracked me to this distant street to tell me so, and to entreat me to make the priest let her come to school. What could I do? I must let her natural guardians do as they pleased. The priest was only doing what he believed to be his duty in the matter, and the mother had a right to direct her child. I tried to see the mother, and had the door shut in my face. It gave me much pain for several Sundays after this to see the poor girl skulking in the lanes and doorways, watching my Sunday scholars going to school. What longing was there expressed in those wandering dark eyes! How fain would she have gone with the rest into the forbidden room! Outside it was cold, piercing cold, and she was solitary and friendless; inside she would have been warm, and would have heard sweet Sabbath hymns and kind, holy words, and would have seen loving faces of pupils and teachers, happy together, teaching and learning the gospel of salvation. What a contrast to her!

By and by I missed the child from the district altogether, but I had not seen the last of Moggie.

About four months after this I was sitting in my study about eleven o'clock one night, when a policeman called with a message to the effect that a lady had bidden him ask me to be so kind as come to see a dying child at No. — of a particular "vennel" which he mentioned, and which had the character of being one of the worst in the town. He likewise said that the case was urgent.

Of course a few minutes found me on my way. The prospect of a visit at midnight to the building to which I had been directed was not pleasant. I made my way through several muddy and dark entries and back streets, and at last arrived in the "vennel," and began to hunt for the number. It was soon found over an old-fashioned, quaintly-carved doorway, for this vennel had in olden times been the abode of nobility.

Entering, I found before me a wide stone staircase, with steps almost worn away. Up this staircase I felt my way with my walking-stick, and, having got to the top, I found that I was in a long balcony, open in front, and with about six rooms opening into it from behind.

There was evidently a thriving colony of Irish folks on the balcony. Most of the rooms were lighted, and there was eating and drinking and boisterous singing going on in two or three of them. I began to wish I had fetched the policeman with

me; but it was too late, for it was soon known that I was about; so I walked into one of the rooms, and asked if any one there wanted me, as I had been sent for to see a sick child.

“Who are ye?” demanded half-a-dozen gruff voices all at once.

“Can’t ye hould yer whisht, ye spalpeens—can’t ye see he’s a praisth?” cried a woman’s shrill voice. “It ’ull be wild Norah yer riverence ’ull want. Her gosseen ’ull be to shrive, poor craythur!”

As this woman seemed inclined to be civil, I asked her to show me where “wild Norah” lived, though I began to think that the policeman had called me in place of the Roman Catholic priest.

The woman directed me up a narrow stair, to get at which I had to go through one of the rooms before mentioned. When I got to the top of the stair I heard a weak, plaintive child’s voice saying, “Is’t the minister-man? is’t the minister-man? Mother, I’ll no dee till the minister-man comes to hear me pray.”

The door of the little room stood open, so I at once went in. The room was rudely furnished, but it was clean, and a ruddy fire blazed on the hearth, and made all look bright. A sick child lay on a flock bed by the corner of the hearth, and I saw at once that it was poor Moggie.

The moment she saw me a bright gleam came into her dark eyes, and she began to repeat the “Lord’s Prayer” as fast as she could, but, after saying a sentence or two, lost the connection of the words, and then said, “Minister-man, minister-man! pray for me. Say, suffer little childer—little childer!” Reason, it seemed, had come for a moment, just as she was about to enter the heavenly light, and she said to her mother—“I’ll dee now, if the minister-man ’ull pray. Minister-man, let me dee!” Then the flickering lamp of life went almost out, and there was a terrible, wild, mad laugh. I prayed, and before I had done the child had fallen into a deep sleep.

The mother told me that Moggie would not rest satisfied with the visits of the priest, but had cried out for days for the minister-man; that she did not know what she meant till a lady had called, and heard her raving, and discovered that she meant me. The poor mother, who, in spite of her wild life, was truly fond of her child, said the priest would be angry, but that she could say with a clear conscience that she had not sent for the “Prodestan Parson,” as the ledly had done it.

I never saw Moggie again. She died before morning. Is she not with her Saviour now?

I do not write this as recording a conversion from the Roman Catholic faith. Poor “Moggie” knew nothing of creeds. I write it to encourage district visitors and Sunday School teachers in their Christian work. No one can trace the mysterious channels by which Christian personal influence is conveyed to poor burdened souls—leading them to Christ and rest in God.

IX.—Mission Hymn.

“The field is the world.”

FAR, far away, the heathen lands are calling
 “Christians, arise and send us light and peace.”
 O brothers, haste, ere evening round us falling
 Tell life is o’er and here our labours cease!
 Soldiers of Jesus, children of light,
 Help ye your brothers who stand yet in the night.

See! o’er the world the Cross of Christ advancing
 Gathers around it all the true and brave.
 Wide as the sun its rays shall yet be glancing;
 Speed, speed its path o’er desert and o’er wave.
 Soldiers, etc.

Heroes of God resigning all for Jesus,
 Saints of all time have trod this blessed way;
 Spirit of Christ, from sinful sloth release us;
 O may we too Thy mission-call obey!
 Soldiers, etc.

Light of each life and Hope of every nation,
 Dayspring in gloom and Joy in our despair,
 Send o’er the world Thy blessed consolation,
 Jesus, our God, O save man everywhere!
 Soldiers, etc.

God be their aid, who, strong in self-denial,
 Bear Christ’s sweet peace to darkened lands afar!
 Who saves a soul through peril, pain and trial,
 Outshineth far heaven’s brightest beaming star.
 Soldiers, etc.

Lord, let us each to his own heart be calling,
 “Wide as the world the Master’s field for me!”
 Hear us, O Christ, and ere the night be falling,
 Help us to lead our brothers home to Thee!
 Soldiers of Jesus, children of light,
 Help ye your brothers who stand yet in the night.
 J. D. D.

X.—Mission Hymn.

LORD, take to Thee Thy mighty power!
 We think Time long, we hope and pray;
 On heathen lands arise and shine,
 Their midnight darkness turn to day.

O haste the promised time when heard
 Shall be the angels’ cry in heaven,
 “Behold! the kingdoms of the earth
 To God and to His Christ are given.”

But how shall we lift up our face
 For shame!—so laggard to Thy call,
 Thy high command, Thy latest voice,
 “Go tell My grace and love to all!”

Awake, my soul! to duty wake!
 Let rich and poor forthwith unite
 To bring their offerings to the Lord!
 He looks, accepts the widow’s mite.

And ye whom inly God doth call—
 Upon your brow of youth the dew—
 Go hasten on the day of God;
 The field is great, the workers few.

O conquering Lord, make bare Thine arm,
 Subdue men’s hearts to own Thy sway;
 Pour down Thy grace; then men shall cast
 To moles and bats their gods away.

Will you come?

A MESSAGE FROM A ROYAL INFIRMARY.

Communicated through the Rev. Dr. ALISON.

WE need hospital servants. In addition to our large staff of 100 nurses, 76 female servants are required for the new hospital, besides 8 for the old house. There must be many throughout the parishes of Scotland to whom such work would be congenial, and whose services would be of great value. Some of these may read this message. A familiar because often-repeated scene rises before my mind. It is a poor man's house in a village street or a moorland, or by the sea-side—a cottage with a "but and a ben." A woman of from forty to fifty years is sitting in it by the fireside with perhaps her Bible beside her. The house is simply furnished and very clean, and she in her trig dress and hair neatly brushed under her widow's cap, having finished her day's work, has sat down to rest and think. Her thoughts go back to the time when she was Bailie Nicholl's *lass*, or may be "Bell" of some manse, or the mistress's right hand in a farmhouse or inn—active, thrifty, light-hearted, perhaps with a "tongue that keepit aye her ain side for her." Can it be five-and-twenty years since that grand Friday night of her marriage? "Waes me! an' it's a' bye like a breakfast." She may be excused for indulging for a little in the luxury of "a good greet," as she goes back on all that has happened since. Her "man" has been dead now for about a year, and her family are scattered: some are married, others abroad, and most of them have enough to do to provide for themselves.

What is she to do? How can she find means of living and occupation to give fresh interest to her remaining years? Kind friends are probably consulting over her, friends who may perhaps read this. Her old mistress, the minister and his wife, the doctor, kind neighbours or relatives are exercised as to what this Nanny, or Jean, or Bell will do. In few of those quiet parishes is there any industry by which she may live at home as she naturally longs to do. Where then can she go, and what may she put her hand to which her previous training would enable her to do well, and with pleasure as well as profit to herself? This message is meant as an answer.

In Edinburgh (for the writer of this paper has authority to speak for only the Edinburgh Infirmary¹) we have what may be called a Royal House, for though our Queen does not live in it she has sanctioned it as royal, and has walked through its corridors, and has left her name and that of the "good prince" on it, and the memory of her visit sweet in many hearts. But in a still

higher sense it is royal, for the "King of kings" has said of those who occupy its wards, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye do it unto me;" and those who serve there He owns as "fellow-workers with him." Its charter bears that "it shall be open to the destitute distressed, from whatsoever quarter of the world they come." Some hospitals are the heirs or surviving fragments of monastic institutions, honourable and interesting as such, but with private means that make them independent of the help of the present generation. Others have been built and endowed by the rich of more recent times; but the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary has a different history. From the Sovereign to the humblest, all classes contribute to it and all classes derive benefit from it. It is a medical school from which some of the best doctors in the world go forth; it is an asylum for the distressed by sickness or accident, who need no other recommendation than their distress. When the old Infirmary was built one hundred and fifty years ago, not only did the rich from far and near give of their money, but merchants gave materials, farmers lent their carts and horses, and working men gave days' labour. Since the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, we know no record of any house more willingly or lovingly built. That original warmth which entered into its walls seemed to radiate cordiality through all parts of the household.

The great new house was built and furnished and is maintained in a like spirit. Gifts of all kinds and degrees are brought to it—intellect, kindness, patience, labour, money, clothing, pictures, toys, and flowers—and there is no work done in it that may not be regarded as religious duty and privilege, down to the scrubbing of its floor.

"Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

Every one knows the value of a good servant in a household, especially in sickness. Think, then, of the needs of this great household, complicated by its immense medical school. The kind of servants needed is not the raw and untrained, the flippant, the thoughtless, the broken-down, and easily-tempted, or the "fashionless." Young women do well if they have good hands and sense. There is even an advantage in their elasticity and brightness, but it is not in the nature of things that these should be available in large numbers, and we cannot expect to keep them long. Nursing is now a favourite profession. It has its heroine chief in Miss Nightingale. Its upper ranks have great attractions for kindly, well-educated women, strong in domestic aptitudes.

But there is an honourable sphere in the lower ranks as well. The greatest in this world said, "I am among you as he that serveth." In the hospital, as in any home, the faithful servant is cherished. No help would be more welcome than that which

¹ If those who have a right to speak for any of our other Scottish Infirmaries wish to concur in the invitation contained in this article, the Editor will be happy to say so.

the widow whom I have pictured could give. Her life has been a preparation for this branch of hospital work, while its conditions are such as she will value. She has already learned nicety and order and economy in management. Experience has made her sympathetic. The place will suit her also because its work is familiar and well defined; because she will have her private bedroom, with definite free hours; and because, in common with the nurse, she will feel deep interest in the patients. She will find others in like circumstances and like-minded with herself, and younger ones as true and steady and sensible as those older.

We have many good servants, but not enough. Will ladies and others throughout the country who know what household management is, and who know what sickness is, and who can imagine how it must all be complicated in a vast institution like ours, help us? They will do so greatly by directing to us some of those douce, sensible, industrious, kindly women, who may be built as living stones into the fabric of our Royal Infirmary.

MINING MEMORIES.

No. V.—John Mulldoon.

I HAVE often thought that as an instance of personal perseverance in order to earn bread, the case of John Mulldoon was without a parallel. He was a miner, an Irishman who had been long in Scotland, and he was blind. He had received an injury from a spark of coal flying from his pick, which in a short time deprived him of the use of the eye which was hit; but ere long, owing perhaps to unskilful treatment (it is over forty years ago), the other eye became blind, and he was apparently helpless. He had several sons, but, except the youngest, all were married, and had enough to do with themselves, and so when the eyes were healed, though blind, he had made up his mind that he would go to his work again. Therefore—

“Biddy,” he said suddenly, when they—that is, his wife and he—were alone, “where have ye my pit clo’es?”

“Your pit clo’es!” she exclaimed, “sure I know where they are; but what would you do wid pit clo’es?”

“I want to see them,” said John.

“See them!” Biddy cried, thinking something worse than blindness had befallen her husband. “Och, the Lord love ye, John! Have ye forgotten that ye can see nothing entirely?”

“No, Biddy, but I’ve been toul’ that some people can see with their fingers. I want to try. Get me my pit clo’es.”

She brought them to him, and he passed his hands slowly over them, examining them one by one.

“Here’s a hole in the breeches,” he said at length.

“Sure, John, it was there when you threw them off, months ago,” said Biddy.

“I know,” he said; “I knew I could see it.”

“Och, John, John, for mercy’s sake, let me lay back the oul’ clo’es. Blindness is bad enough, but och! och!”

“Och what, Biddy?”

“Sure, the Lord love ye, John! It’s crazed you are.”

“Didn’t ye hear Jack yesterday?” said John, “telling us how he could get better wages if he was able to ‘draw’ in the dook. Well, I’m going to help him. Sure there’s no craze there, Biddy!”

“Och, John, John,” said Biddy, looking piously upward. “Isn’t the harvest coming? And won’t I be going out? and the potatoes afterwards. Sure ye worry me wid your notions, John.”

“It’s no notion, Biddy, I’m going to help Jack.”

“Sure the pit’s as black as pitch,” Biddy said.

“Yes,” said John, “and it’s as black as pitch here.”

“Will ye worry me to death?” she said.

But the end of all this was that John’s clothes were put in order, and when Jack came home he was told what his father wanted to do. Mrs. Mulldoon tried hard to persuade her son to turn his father from his intention, but Jack saw less difficulty in the matter than his mother did, and so it was soon arranged that old Mulldoon was going back to the pit.

It was an odd sort of thing certainly, and as such it seemed to strike the few who were at the pit-head when he appeared, led by Jack, though resolutely striving to need as little leading as possible—an odd sort of thing that a man in that condition should think of going underground. Accordingly, as soon as he appeared at the door of the “lodge” (let readers remember that it is at least forty years ago), certain privileges were at once accorded to him. “Whare will ye sit, John?” one said. “Come in owre ayont the fire,” said another. But John said, “I’ll sit here,” and took a seat in the corner nearest the door, and *that* by common consent was John’s morning seat afterwards; he found it easily, when entering unled, as he preferred, and could handily find his “foot-clouts” where he had laid them on the previous day. At the time appointed, between four and five A.M., the men began to be let down, usually in the order in which they had arrived. Old Mulldoon suffered himself to be led on several mornings to the pit mouth and to be helped on to the swinging and swaying means of descent and ascent, which was then in use, but by and by he insisted on going alone. The darkness or clearness of the morning of course made no difference to him. To himself he only stipulated that he would descend by the side nearest the lodge, where an erection of wood gave some protection to a man in his condition

In what we have said of John there seems nothing eccentric—nothing but what a resolute man might achieve. But there was one little bit of oddness which may be noted. After he had been at work for some time, and was coming home well pleased with himself, one night Biddy said :

"Maybe, John, you'll be rewarded with your eyesight yet."

This hope, it appeared, had not entered his mind. But now he said,

"Where is my lamp, Biddy?"

"Your lamp? sure it's over the fire there, where it always stood."

He took it in his hand and satisfied himself that it was his. Then he found for himself a piece of old rag and cleaned it inside and outside. Then he said, "Are the wicks in the oul' place, Biddy?"

"Sure, dear, they are," said Biddy.

He found what he wanted without trouble, and soon had a proper "wick" in his lamp. Then he went to where he knew the oil-can stood. From it he filled his lamp, and going to the fire, lit it in the usual way. His fingers told him when the flame was properly trimmed, and then he held it up before his face, and after staring at it a short time, he shook his head, and, after blowing out the flame, set the lamp down in its place over the fireplace.

"Och, John dear, what are ye doing at all, at all?" Biddy said, wringing her hands the while.

"Maybe what ye said will come true," said John, "and I'll take my lamp with me every day."

This instance of "hope in the human breast" caused some wonder among the miners when he appeared with a lamp hanging on his bonnet like the rest of them. One of them asked what good the lamp would do him, and John answered, "Sure, Jack's light may go out;" and so from day to day the strange spectacle of a blind man wearing a lighted lamp was witnessed.

As time went on, however, the sort of veneration which the resolute conduct of the old man had inspired grew weaker, and rough lads began to play practical jokes upon him. His son Jack might have prevented some of them from being played, but he did not always choose to do so, but seemed willingly to permit the infirmity of his father to afford amusement to the youths about him. One favourite joke was to put two round pieces of timber under the seat where he sat waiting, like the others, till his "ben" came. Then, when he was fairly seated, some one would give the deal a push, and John and it were hurled towards the pit-bottom. He was sometimes a little hurt, but for a time he grinned and bore it. At last one day he said to Jack, "Give me the 'ropes,'¹ Jack; I'll go in front."

¹ "Ropes" were two loops of flat leather fastened strongly together, and having an iron hook attached to the lower end, to which a chain could be hung or taken off at

"How can you do that?" said Jack.

"Never you mind," said the old man; "I'll do it."

So John assumed the ropes, and it was not long till the old trick was tried. But the old man was watchful and prepared to act, and so when the customary push was given he sprang up, and snatching his chain from its hook, he swung it about, not knowing nor caring whom he hit or hurt. Then he got one of the rollers on which his seat had been placed, and threw it where he heard some one breathing. It just missed his son Jack, but it did all of the roisterers good, as showing them that the old man was not so very helpless after all.

By and by a new arrangement of his underground work had to be made. His son aspired to being a collier, like the rest of them, instead of a drawer. The old man agreed at once.

"I will make as much as we both do," said Jack stoutly, "and you can bide at hame."

"We will make more than we both do, for I will go with you," said the old man.

"What could you do with a pick?" said Jack.

"Maybe as much as you can," John replied.

"In any case what I do will be something."

And John took to the pick. He had his lamp always lighted and hung up near him somewhere—always using the argument, "Sure your light may go out, Jack."

Whether there was anything in the mere fact of his imagining light near him I cannot tell, but every one, and there were many, who came to see his work, was surprised to see the quality of it. As to the quantity, his son Jack said, "Sure he's as good as any other man." Of course this was not quite so, but by dint of keeping himself busily employed, never appearing to be tired, and keeping the work of "shearing" and "holing" well forward for his son, the result was that the Mulldoons were generally able to earn as much as the rules of the colliery permitted a man with a son of Jack's age to earn.

This changed, however. I remember that it began to be whispered that Jack had got lazy. The earnings grew less, although it did not appear that the old man was less busy. At length the oversman, who had been observing this, said :

"John, there's a pump to work on the other side. Will you go to it?"

"And what about Jack?" said John.

"Oh! he'll go with you."

"Will you go, Jack?" said John.

"I don't care."

"Then we'll go, sir," said John. "We'll clear out here and go. I suppose the wage will be a decent wage?" and he added sadly, after a moment or two, "I suppose one lamp will do us."

the will of the wearer. When in use the loops lay under the arms and along the back, and enabled one to apply his full strength to the "hutch" that was to be pulled along.

"A decent wage, John! As muckle's ye're makin' here; and a verra wee licht will ser' ye," said the oversman.

John, therefore, went to the pump. There was work enough for them both, but they were quite able for it. John was there every day, although Jack was sometimes absent, but he had given up carrying his lamp with him. Perhaps he had concluded that never on earth was he to be "rewarded," as Biddy had suggested, with a return of his eyesight. He was a somewhat pitiful sight as he sat in the dark, when Jack was not there, resting, with clasped hands and breathing heavily. But any idea of tormenting old John with fun had long been given up, and, as every one who passed up or down the dook had to pass his pump, he did not lack a little help to "keep the water out," when he was alone.

His appearance at the pump is the last that I remember of him at work. He was old and frail then, and for toil quite unfit. How or when he passed away I cannot tell, but I passed the place where he used to live not long ago, and it is to that circumstance that I am indebted for this *Mining Memory*.

D. WINGATE.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Who was the meekest of men? Find the statement in the Old Testament, and an example of his meekness.
2. Yet find a notable instance in which he failed in meekness, and drew down the Lord's anger upon himself.
3. Who was celebrated for patience? Find the statement, and an example of his patience.
4. Yet find—(1) that he cursed the day of his birth; (2) that he was righteous in his own eyes; (3) that the Lord rebuked him; and (4) that he repented.
5. Who was the wisest of men of the Old Testament time? Find this stated. Give an instance of his wisdom. Where do we read of his fall into idolatry?
6. Find Christ called a Shepherd in four different chapters of the New Testament.
- 7, 8. Write out at least 12 texts, each consisting of only 3 words, from St. John's Gospel. (The texts must be important, each must be a complete sentence, and the 3 words must stand together.)
9. Find in St. John's Gospel at least 2 good texts, each consisting of only 2 words.
10. Find in a verse of the Sermon on the Mount 3 good texts, each consisting of only one word.

ANSWERS FOR AUGUST.

1. Exod. 33. 22; 34. 30. 2. Moses put on a veil when he spake with the children of Israel, and took it off when he went in before the Lord. 3. 2 Cor. 3. 15; 3. 18. 4. The angel's visit, Judges 6. 11-21; fire came out of the rock, 6. 21; fleece wet, 6. 33; fleece dry, 6. 40; dream of the Midianite, 7. 13; defeat of the Midianites, 7. 22. 5. Jotham saved, Judges 9. 5. 6. Joash saved, 2 Kings 11. 1-3. 7. When the disciples plucked ears of corn, Luke 6. 1-5; when He healed a man with a withered hand, 6. 6-11; when He healed a woman with a spirit of infirmity, 13. 10-17; when He healed a man who had dropsy, 14. 1-6. 8. When He healed a man at the pool of Bethesda, John 5. 2-18; when He opened the eyes of

a man born blind, 9. 1-16; Christ defends Himself, 7. 21-24. 9. 1 Tim. 3. 2-7—Blameless; the husband of one wife; vigilant; sober; of good behaviour; given to hospitality; apt to teach; patient; ruling well his own house; having a good report of them which are without. 10. Not given to wine; no striker; not greedy; not a brawler; not covetous; not a novice.

* * * In October the Church of Scotland will become its own publisher, with Messrs. R. and R. CLARK, 42 Hanover Street, Edinburgh, as printers and publishing agents, to whom orders for copies of the Magazine are in future to be sent.

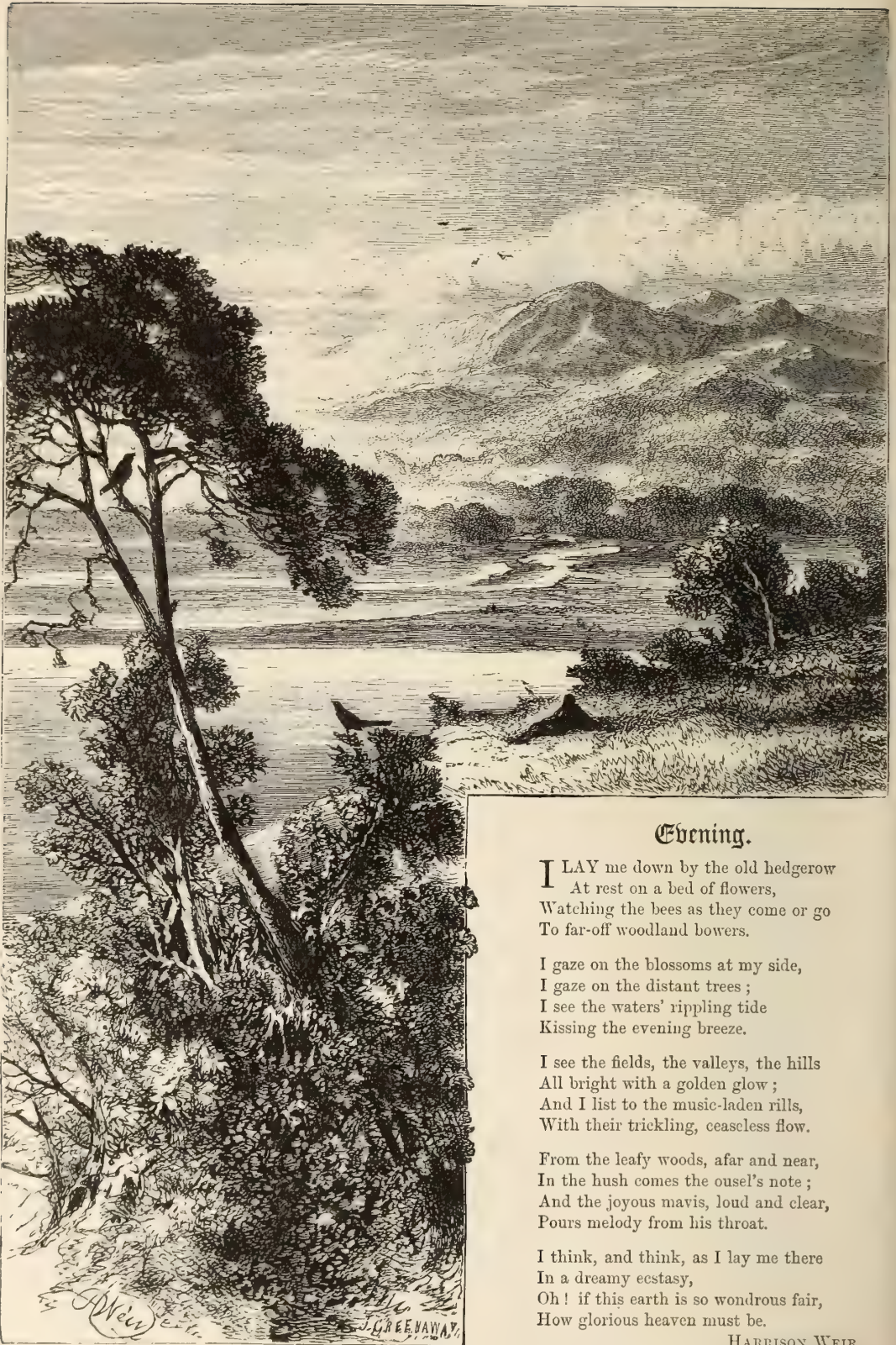
This change is made solely from regard to the best interests of the other periodicals of the Church, which also will now be printed by Messrs. R. and R. Clark, and sold at 42 Hanover Street.

Nothing could be more cordial than the relations which have always existed between the conductors of this Magazine and Mr. Douglas, who has been publisher from an early date. We have pleasure in laying before our readers the relative portion of the Report of the Christian Life and Work Committee to the last General Assembly:—

"In concluding this portion of their Report, the Committee have only further to mention that, as the result of an arrangement into which they have entered at the request of the Joint Committee on the Schemes of the Church, the Magazine 'Life and Work' will, after September next, cease to be published by Mr. David Douglas, and will be published 'For the Church of Scotland' at a new office, at which the 'Missionary Record' and the 'Juvenile Missionary Record' will also be published. In taking this step the Committee are in no degree influenced by considerations affecting the Magazine, for they have found the existing arrangements perfectly satisfactory. They are acting solely from regard to the best interests of the other periodicals of the Church. And in taking leave of Mr. Douglas they desire to put on record the deep sense entertained by them all, but especially by those actively engaged in the production of the Magazine, of the great kindness and courtesy which they have invariably experienced at his hands. They will part from him with much regret, and will always have a grateful recollection of his labours and those of his son, Mr. William Douglas, on whom have fallen the details of the necessarily numerous arrangements for the issue of the Magazine every month."

There is no rivalry between this Magazine and the "Missionary Record" of the Church. That publication is to be improved and enlarged. It will be of the same size as "Life and Work," and the two, bound together, would form an annual volume of much interest.

The Programme of "Life and Work" for 1885 is in preparation. Various improvements will be introduced, and it is hoped that the Magazine will be found still more efficient as a Parish Magazine, and worthy of its great circulation.



Evening.

I LAY me down by the old hedgerow
At rest on a bed of flowers,
Watching the bees as they come or go
To far-off woodland bowers.

I gaze on the blossoms at my side,
I gaze on the distant trees ;
I see the waters' rippling tide
Kissing the evening breeze.

I see the fields, the valleys, the hills
All bright with a golden glow ;
And I list to the music-laden rills,
With their trickling, ceaseless flow.

From the leafy woods, afar and near,
In the hush comes the ousel's note ;
And the joyous mavis, loud and clear,
Pours melody from his throat.

I think, and think, as I lay me there
In a dreamy ecstasy,
Oh ! if this earth is so wondrous fair,
How glorious heaven must be.

HARRISON WEIR.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1884.

To the Congregation of St. Stephen's.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—We have now arrived at that season of the year when it becomes our duty, as well as our great privilege, to resume the work which God has committed to us severally in this Parish. Among the many advantages connected with that interval of comparative rest which occurs in the autumn months, one of the most important is that it gives us annually the opportunity of making what is virtually a **new beginning**. With gratitude for past mercies, then, and with fresh courage and hope as regards the future, let us go forward earnestly purposing in our hearts to do better in time to come than we have done in years gone by, and anew consecrating ourselves to the service of our dear Lord and Master. Specially would I entreat you during the coming winter to take a **hearty and intelligent interest** in all that concerns this great Congregation to which you belong. Do try, I beg you, to remember that you are **personally** responsible in some degree for its usefulness and prosperity. It is easy to find fault, easy to say that this thing or the other might be better done, but how many will do that who are not giving any real help whatever to the common cause? You may ask, what can I do? Well, there is much you can do, and perhaps it may not be unprofitable if I venture to give a few simple hints or counsels on this subject, which I hope every one will lay to heart.

1. **Attend Church with regularity.**—Of course it is unnecessary to say this to many. Others, however, need to be reminded. In a large congregation it is easy to absent oneself not unfrequently without attracting the notice of the Minister or anybody else. But close observation has convinced me that there is a large class whose attendance at Church is **monthly** rather than **weekly**. Anyhow, let each reader of these lines make this resolution—"This coming winter, if God give me health, I will be found every Sunday whenever it is possible in my place in Church."

2. **Join earnestly and devoutly in the Service of the Church.**—I have often heard it remarked by strangers that St. Stephen's has the appearance of being a reverent Congregation. Upon the whole I think the observation is a just one. Still there is room for improvement in this respect. Owing to the present construction of the pews (which I trust may one day be remedied) it is perhaps physically impossible literally to **kneel** at prayer; but there is no reason why all the Congregation should not "bow the head and worship."

To my mind there can be nothing more offensive or grossly unbecoming than to see any one sitting "bolt upright" or lounging in the seat during prayer without any change of attitude at all. But the outward attitude is not everything. You come to Church to **worship** Almighty God. O see that you do worship Him in spirit and in truth! Join as best you can in the singing. I have always maintained that there is more singing in St. Stephen's than we get credit for. The building, as every preacher knows, has some extraordinary acoustical peculiarities, and I am certain that the same amount of singing could tell with immeasurably greater effect in many other churches. But how many there are, fifties and hundreds, who think they can praise God with sealed lips!

3. **When Collections are made let all give honestly and conscientiously according to their ability.**—Far be it from me to complain. Most thankfully do I appreciate the general liberality of the Congregation. I may even be allowed to say that I am justly proud of it. For several years back we have maintained our position as one of the three largest contributing congregations in the Church of Scotland; the other two being The Park, Glasgow, and St. George's, Edinburgh. At the same time it is notorious that many of our number do not bear their fair share of this work. In particular the **ordinary Sunday Collections** might very easily be doubled with immense advantage to the Congregation if those who can well afford it were simply to give a sixpence or a shilling instead of our old friend the penny, which is such a familiar object in every church plate. As regards the Mission Schemes of the Church I will only say just now that, so far as this year has gone, the result has been very satisfactory. However, some of the principal collections have yet to be made. Be it remembered that in the matter of collections the heaviest "pull" is always from October to the end of the year, and I trust that this year we will be able to meet the demand in a manner worthy of ourselves.

4. **Consider seriously whether you can do anything this winter that will be helpful to the Congregation.**—We need additional singers for the Choir. Will those who have some musical knowledge and training not come forward to take part in what seems to me about the most important and honourable service which can be rendered? Then there is the Sunday School, District Visitation, and the like. Do not wait to be asked. Make offer of your service. It is really

an awful thing to give the whole of one's time to business or to pleasure when there is so much to be done. Ah, my friends! some of you would find it a great blessing to your own souls if you would even give **one hour** in the week to the doing of some unselfish work for Christ! Think of this.

Finally, let us all seek to be united more closely than we are in the bonds of a living and loving Christian brotherhood, that, carrying one another's burdens, we may fulfil the law of Christ. The time is short. For each and all the day of privilege and opportunity is hastening to its close. May God deliver us from the spirit of sloth and indifference, and quicken us more and more to do the work which He hath given us to do before the night cometh! May these weeks and months of toil which lie before us be fraught with richest blessing to our own souls and to the souls of our fellow-men! May the word of the Lord grow mightily and prevail! "God be merciful unto us and bless us and cause His face to shine upon us."—
Yours ever faithfully, **NORMAN MACLEOD.**

October Communion.

The Lord's Supper will be celebrated as usual on the last Sabbath of October.

The Preparatory Services will be as follows:—

Thursday Forenoon—Rev. James Farquharson of Selkirk; Afternoon—Rev. D. MacAlister Donald of Moulin.

Saturday, 2.30 P.M.

On the Communion Sunday the services will be as usual. The afternoon table service commences at 2.30, the evening service at 6.30. The Rev. James Buchanan of Langholm will officiate.

Communicants will receive their token cards on the afternoon of the Fast-Day or on Saturday.

Certificates of Church membership may be given in on either of these days, or they may be handed to the Minister (which is preferable) at his house when convenient.

PREPARATION OF YOUNG COMMUNICANTS.

Dr. Macleod intends to give three addresses to intending Young Communicants on **Sunday evenings** during October, in the **Mission Hall**, Brunswick Street, at **6.30**, commencing on Sunday the 5th.

As there is plenty room, any are welcome to be present at this service, but the attendance of those who are not communicants is specially entreated. Those who have the intention of being Young Communicants on this occasion should endeavour to be present at **all the meetings**. Members of the Congregation will confer a favour by making this intimation known to any whom it concerns.

Sabbath Schools.

The Schools will resume on the first Sunday of the month at 4 o'clock. Teachers and scholars are requested to be present. The new Scheme of Lessons will be sent to the teachers some day during the preceding week.

Collection for Colonial Scheme.

This Collection will be made on the 19th. It is warmly commended to the Congregation. The notion prevalent in some quarters that the work of the Colonial Scheme is now less important and less necessary than it was is founded on error. There still is a great work for it to do among our fellow-countrymen who are settled in the Colonies. Gradually the aid of the Committee has been withdrawn in all cases where it was considered that local effort could meet the need. But, scattered abroad over the face of the earth, there are Scottish communities who look to us for assistance in maintaining those ordinances of religion which are so dear to them. And it would be a sad misfortune for us as well as for them if we could not respond to the affecting and pressing appeals which so often come to us from far distant shores.

Young Women's Association and Bible Class.

These meetings will commence on the first Monday of November, when new members will be enrolled.

Young Men's Guild and Bible Class.

Mr. Colin G. Macrae will open his Class for Young Men on the evening of the first Sunday of October at 6 o'clock.

He has addressed the following letter to former members:—

OUR BIBLE CLASS meets for the ensuing season in the MISSION HALL, Brunswick Street, on *Sunday, the 5th inst., at Six p.m.*, when I shall hope to see you. Be so good as bring your Bible; Hymn books and copies of the Pilgrim's Progress will be provided. Annexed will be found a scheme of our Studies for the Session.

Those who are interested in the Class and are anxious to promote its success can best do so by mentioning it to young men of their acquaintance and asking them to join. Last year we had much reason to thank God not only for our prosperity in point of numbers (there having been 109 on our roll), but more especially for the genuine interest displayed by the members, and the ready ardour with which they supported every section of the Class operations. This year, through the kindness of Dr. MACLEOD, it is proposed to institute something of the nature of a Young Men's Reading-Room in connection with the Class Guild, and I shall require active help from many willing hearts in carrying out this new project for the benefit of yourselves and other young men in the district.

Every one of us must feel that life is a poor thing if we only live to ourselves. Let us therefore make it our aim, as a class, to glorify our Master and to do some good to others.

The Class is warmly recommended to young men. Large as was the attendance last winter, it still admits of being greatly increased. All above fifteen years of age are invited. Nothing can be more admirable than the interest and enthusiasm with which the business of the Class is carried on. Here also members of the Church may be useful. Probably there are few who do not know some lad who might be induced to attend. It rarely happens that any who have once become members fail to

find both pleasure and profit in their connection with the Class.

As regards the Class Guild, the following notes may be of interest. Last year a Committee of twelve was elected to take charge of the collections for missionary purposes. They entered upon their duties with spirit, and attained some degree of success. The collections during the session 1882-3 were £2 : 1s.; during last year, by the efforts of the Committee, they were increased to £4 : 6 : 4½. Acting under the direction of the Guild, donations of £1 were given to the Indian and African Missions of the Church of Scotland, and to the Winnipeg Young Men's Christian Association.

The Literary Society had a very successful session last winter. There were 47 names on the roll, and there were twenty of an average attendance. The papers were in every respect quite up to the standard of former years, while the debates and criticisms on the essays were entered into much more freely on the part of the younger members. The Library continues to prove a useful addition to the work of the Literary Society. It is largely taken advantage of by the younger members of the Bible Class. It has been kept open during the whole of the summer months, and has been well patronised. Additions are being made to the Library from time to time, and it now contains a considerable number of volumes in biography, travel, science, history, etc., suited to the taste of young men.

The following are the Rules and Constitution of the Guild :—

CONSTITUTION.

I. The Society shall be called the St. Stephen's Bible Class Guild, and shall be an undenominational branch of the Church of Scotland's Young Men's Guild or Union.

II. The object of the Society shall be the general improvement of young men, both spiritual and intellectual, by means of its Bible Class, Course of Lectures, Literary Society, Library, Missions Committee, and such other sections or classes as may from time to time be found suitable or desirable.

III. The Society shall consist of all young men who are or have been members of Mr. Macrae's Bible Class; along with any duly admitted members of the Literary Society who may not belong to the Class.

IV. The Office-bearers shall consist of two Honorary Presidents, President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Committee of four or more members. The Office-bearers shall be elected annually at the beginning of each session.

V. The Society shall meet quarterly on the first Wednesday of November, and every three months thereafter for the transaction of its business; and at the last meeting of each session a report of proceedings shall be read by the Secretary, and a statement of the Treasurer's intromissions submitted.

VI. Advantage shall be taken of the Guild system of letters of commendation for the transfer of members to and from other branches.

VII. It shall be optional to send one or more delegates to the Annual General Meeting or Conference of the Union.

VIII. Bye-laws may be enacted, which it shall be in the power of members to alter or suspend, upon a motion of which notice has been given at a previous meeting; or of which the Secretary has received intimation a week before.

The foregoing Constitution can only be altered at a special meeting called for the purpose, and a majority of three-fourths of the members present, who must be not less than twenty, shall be requisite to effect such alteration.

RULES.

1. The Guild shall meet in St. Stephen's Mission Hall, Brunswick Street.

2. All Meetings shall be opened and closed with prayer.

3. The President shall take the Chair at all ordinary Meetings of the Guild, conduct the business and sign the Minutes; and his decision on points of order shall be final.

4. The Chairman shall have both a deliberative and casting vote.

5. The Secretary shall keep Minutes of all Meetings, conduct the correspondence and call the Roll, and draw out letters of transference. He shall also furnish a report to the general Union.

6. The Secretary shall be bound to call a Meeting of the Guild on receiving a communication signed by seven members.

7. The Treasurer shall have charge of the Guild finances; the expenses shall be defrayed by a Collection taken as required.

8. The sections of the Guild shall each have one representative in the Committee, who shall, at the quarterly meetings, furnish a report, in writing or otherwise, of the work done by the section.

9. The sections of the Guild shall have power to elect their own Office-bearers, and shall, if necessary, have their own code of rules, always provided that such rules are not inconsistent with the interests of other sections of the Guild.

10. The Missions Committee shall consist of eleven members and a Convener, who shall also be Treasurer. They shall have charge of all sums collected by the Guild for Missionary purposes, with authority to disburse the same subject to the approval of the Guild.

11. The Library shall be under the management of a Sub-Committee appointed by the Literary Society.

12. The Committee shall have power to arrange an annual Course of Lectures.

13. The Bible Class shall meet on Sunday evenings during the session between 6 and 7 o'clock.

14. The Missions Committee shall, in the event of a vacancy, have power to elect *ad interim* members till the Meeting of the Guild next following.

In connection with the Guild a special Sermon to Young Men will be preached by Dr. Macleod, on the forenoon of the first Sabbath of November. A Collection will be made on that occasion for the Library and Reading-Room. About £20 will be required in connection with these objects.

Congregational Prayer Meeting.

This Meeting will commence on Thursday, the 13th of November, in the Mission Hall, at 3 P.M. The first meeting will have special reference to the Female Missions of the Church of Scotland, and all subscribers and others interested are particularly requested to be present.

Ordination of a Missionary for India.

The Presbytery of Edinburgh have appointed the ordination of Mr. Walker, one of two new Missionaries about to proceed to India, for Wednesday, the 15th October, at 2 P.M. It will take place in St. Stephen's. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance of the Congregation.

Seat Rents.

The seat rents will be collected as usual in November, immediately after the term.

It cannot be said too often that every effort is made to provide free sittings for the parishioners. At the same time, others should remember that they have a duty and responsibility in this matter. The disproportion between the number of members actually communicating annually and the number of sittings let is greater in St. Stephen's, as probably in other churches, than it ought to be. The amount derived from seat rents continues much the same from year to year, sometimes a few pounds more or less (last year it was £771 : 17 : 7, as compared with £789 : 8 : 4 in the previous year). But it is hardly realised as it ought to be that there are literally scores of our communicants, who cannot plead poverty, who never think of becoming seat-holders. The attention of all whom it may concern is directed to this point. With such a congregation as ours, it is surely a natural and pardonable ambition to desire that there should not be a **single unlet sitting**.

This opportunity is taken of respectfully urging the Congregation to be kind and considerate in accommodating strangers.

The Circulation of the "Parish Magazine" and "Missionary Record."

It is much to be desired that both these Periodicals, which cost only One Penny a month each, should, as far as possible, be in the hands of all the members of the Church. The latter is about to be placed on a new footing and greatly improved, excellent in all respects though it now is. If new subscribers will have the goodness to send their names and addresses to the Church-Officer, Peter Gaylor, the Magazine and Record will be regularly delivered at their homes.

Thursday Evening Prayer Meeting.

This meeting is held weekly in the Jamaica Street Mission Hall at 7 o'clock.

Temperance and Total Abstinence Association.

This Association has resumed its weekly Tuesday evening meetings. The Syllabus for the winter months has not yet been prepared, but it is hoped that a series of concerts and lectures may be arranged for, not less attractive than that of last season. This Association does an extremely good work at an inappreciable cost. The principle on which it is founded is that broadest one possible—"Love thy neighbour as thyself," and it welcomes all friends of Temperance whatever their particular standpoint may be. While many of its members can testify to having, through their connection with this Association, received Divine strength to overcome the severe temptation of intemperance, there are also many who have become, and many who remain members—all honour to them—merely to help their weaker friends. Would that both classes

were largely augmented! The former will probably increase just in proportion to the increase of the latter.

With reference to the **Concerts** it may be said that admission will, in every case, be secured by tickets distributed to and through the members of the Association, and it is earnestly hoped that they will exercise great care in giving them away, so that they may get into the hands of those who have no opportunity of hearing elevating music or of getting an evening's rational and improving entertainment. Mr. Playfair will give an opening address on the 7th October at 8 P.M. **All invited.**

Children's Church.

In prospect of the reopening of the Children's Church on the first Sunday of November at 11.15 A.M., it may be well to remind parents of the position which it holds in the organisation of the Congregation. No one desires that it should take the place of the Sabbath School, or of the Children's Service on the first Sabbath afternoon of each month, or of the ordinary services of the sanctuary. It is intended to supplement the teaching of the school by training and habituating the children to worship the God of whom they there learn. It is intended to extend the principle involved in the monthly afternoon service. And further, to mitigate the evils of the existing system of seat-rents, it being frequently impossible for parents to afford to pay for sittings for their families as well as for themselves. No doubt what one would like to see would be parent and child worshipping side by side their common Father in heaven; but, where that is impracticable, it is right that extra provision should be made for the young. As a matter of fact the great majority of those who attend the Children's Church, would, if it did not exist, be at no place of worship at all. Many young people, it is to be feared, absent themselves from the ordinances of religion just because they have never acquired the habit of regular church-attendance. The children's church should act as the "feeder" of the adult congregation.

The service is, of course, in all its parts, made specially simple, short, and, as far as possible, interesting. Mr. Playfair conducts it with as much regularity as he can command. Six ladies play the harmonium in rotation, and two gentlemen mark the rolls. Contrary to the usual custom in children's churches, there are no monitors, so that instead of perhaps fifteen or twenty there are only **three** adults asked to sacrifice their morning service each Sunday. The older children are found to be very willing, active, and useful in preserving good order among those who are younger. The attendance has increased fourfold within the last two years; but, as the highest point reached has been 179, it is evidently still very far below what it should be. Parents, Sabbath School Teachers, and District Visitors, can do much to improve the attendance in numbers and regularity.



OCTOBER 1884.

Life Assurance for All.

By L. B. WALFORD.

"By doing the proper duty in the proper place, a man may make the world his debtor."

"LITTLE good will it ever do me!" Such is the first thought of the selfish man, the unspoken, immediate, vivid recollection which starts up in his heart when he is asked to insure his life. *His* life? And what, he desires to know, what is *his* life to anybody but himself? Daily he is defrauded of manifold possessions, daily he is being obliged to make innumerable concessions to the claims, the follies, the rapacity of mankind, but he vows he will draw the line somewhere—when he dies nobody shall be the better for it. And it seemeth to him a hard thing and unjust, forsooth, that it should be so much as suggested that he should stint his few pleasures and break into his small boards (for thus he deems it), that those who come after him should live in luxury. Or—he goes not so far as to resist in words—he will yield,—grumbling as he does so,—but he will put off the evil day; he "supposes it will have to come to something of the sort in the end," "he will see to it"—grudgingly—"when he has time;" and the moment passes, and the years slip silently away, and the vaunted "time" never comes, and the inclination never comes, and the memory, if it arise at all, is thrust peevisly aside, for who sought or desired its intrusive presence? and then, we all know the end—

"For the hand of Fate is on the curtain,
And gives a scene to light."

The husband and father is summoned to his account in the next world, and widow and children are forced by his own actions towards them (or, to be more correct, by his neglect of them) to judge him here on earth. They may try not to do so, but, after all, can it be helped? The widow, she who perchance had erewhile been foremost in opposition, ready to proclaim that were *he* taken she would care but little what became of her and the little ones,—it is upon her that the blow now falls the hardest. She had never really thought to see this day, she had reckoned upon years and honours to come,—and now, must she absolutely leave the old home fraught with a thousand associations, and is

it imperative that she should drudge through those terrible accounts, and when all is said and done, what does it amount to? Poverty and heart-burnings to the end of her days, rough ways and bitter struggles for the youths and maidens, defence we will hope of the dead, but ah! we fear, with many an inward misgiving, many a choking sigh and stifled whisper of "He might have spared us this!"

But the man himself is out of it all. What is it to him that the flush of shame or the tremor of anxiety mingles with the tear of sorrow? He is gone. He has left this world of cares and hopes and pleasures, never more to revisit it. While here he led a jocund life; he feasted with the best; he was clothed in purple and fine linen every day, his houses, his equipages, his servants and trappings made the crowd gape; and, to the last moment of drawing breath, he had the enjoyment of it all. What he made he spent. The physician departed and the chamber of death closed, want, like an armèd man, may break in upon the terror-stricken household, for aught he has to do with it. That silent face will never more be moved. Those lips part no more, those eyes unclose no more, those ears hear no more; and the evil he has done and the mischief he has wrought hem in the lifeless clay upon every side, but powerlessly, impotently, for the spirit is not there.

True, this is not what had ever been meant to happen had the man forecast the future. He had never wilfully hardened his heart to such a scene, but it is nevertheless a question whether, along with the vague belief in a fortunate star arising, there is not a secret lurking consciousness—how secret, how hidden, he himself wots not, that, come what may, the worst cannot affect *him*. And, taking this to be a certainty, why, he argues, to avoid an uncertainty, why, to provide against harm that may never come to pass, should he curtail present expenses, and give himself and his family present uneasiness?

It all sounds honest and reasonable enough, and only the facts of everyday life rise up in grim array to shake their warning heads and deride the dreamer's argument. He is to live twenty, or thirty, or forty years yet, is he? The next year, or the next week, or the next hour, may see him a corpse. He will make his thousands, will he? He never earns another penny.

This happens every day. . . . We will now turn from this fool (for so he must be regarded) to the more thoughtful builder of his fortunes, who, steadily pursuing his upward course, plants his feet firmly on the ground before him, limits his expenditure, feels his way, and is truly worthy, truly upright, truly straightforward in all his dealings. No mean reservations in his case: no pampering of self to the detriment of kith and kin: no, indeed,—year by year a snug sum is being deposited in the bank for wife and children—or, it may be, for other dependent relatives. At any rate, it is for those who, while he lives, look to him as their support, and have no other. He will not fail them. He will take care that none has bitter cause to rue his demise. There is a moisture in his eye and a proud satisfaction in his step as he pays in the yearly addition to his store, and considers that there will soon be enough to set poverty at defiance, and make each and all easy in their several conditions. The capital is growing, the good man is prospering, he contemplates increasing his annual payments, he feels he can very well spare a little more without hurt to any one; but, alas! the kind hand has given its final dole, and the heart that “devised liberal things” has been for ever debarred their execution, for on him too has fallen the doom of men. They know what he would have done; they know how well he had meant to do; and to each other they say, What a strange Providence it is that called the strong away and spared the weak; but there is no help now; one thing had been forgotten—life’s uncertainty.

And this leads us to contemplate a third class of people, those who dispute the value of one of the most valuable of human institutions, looking at it from a conscientious, but, we venture to think, mistaken point of view. One of this sort considers that he has no right to deal with the future, that he would be, as it were, taking the future into his own hands, should he provide for its necessity. If Providence curtail his existence, he says, he may safely leave to the care of Providence all those near and dear to him. He has done all he could (this usually meaning that the annual sum has been laid by, according to our last sketch); and, had no other means of arranging for the support of his family ever been set before him, we will own that the feeling is a justifiable one; but when it is clearly shown that he could at once and absolutely make provision for every emergency by a simple and small deduction from his yearly income, but that, in lieu of this, he trusts to his own making up of capital, when such a trust involves life, health, and a thousand risks, who will say that he has done “all he could”? If he be a landed proprietor, simple life may indeed be sufficient, he may be able to lay by enough of his annual revenues to make the required provision, in the event of his merely living long enough, but, at any rate, there is always

that risk, whereas, in the cases of professional men, business men, tradespeople, and labourers, life without health, health without success, a thousand chances may interfere to prevent the fulfilment of the best intentions. You will say that taking out an Assurance policy in itself is not an absolute cure? Well, it is, at least in so far as that it represents an actual sum of money standing to the man’s credit. A very trifling annual amount is all that is needed to keep it there, if the policy has been early taken out. As long as he can pay this small amount—or even should untoward circumstances prevent his paying it, if he has friends who will tide him over the evil day—he has the comfortable certainty that the large sum is his, his for his heirs, indubitably, absolutely.

It is theirs, it belongs to them; no one can interfere with it, nor deprive them of it, nor fritter it away. How soon they may need it, none can say; but so much can be averred, that it will come to them when their need comes; and that, however great may be the trial, however blighting the affliction, there is a certain measure of comfort in being thus respectably provided for, and being able to continue living in their accustomed style, instead of having, as the phrase is, to “come down in the world” all at once. Then, too, the Life Assurance policy is paid so promptly; legacies frequently have to be waited for, money matters take time to arrange, and, though perhaps all will come right in the long run, much inconvenience and petty misery may have to be undergone, which would have been avoided had a suitable Life Assurance policy been taken out. *It* would have been paid down just at the time when expenses were heaviest; it would have given the widow a start in the world, if she be in humble life; or, in a higher station, it would have enabled her to settle all claims at once and await the future without anxiety.

Bulwer Lytton in *My Novel* graphically portrays the astonishment and pleasure of his Italian, Riccobocca, on learning in what a simple fashion he could make provision for his little daughter, he himself having barely anything but the income of his wife’s fortune. He was told he could insure his life for Violante’s benefit. He could scarcely contain his raptures. It was to him a wonderful, a wellnigh incomprehensible opening in the cloud. He looked upon the idea as upon a ray of sunlight.

But we, who are accustomed to companies upon companies, to every kind of competing institution, do not realise the vast service they are doing our race. They are—shall we say it?—rather a nuisance than otherwise. They bore us. They set us thinking, and we don’t thank them for that. They want us to go to the doctor, and perhaps he finds out some flaw in our constitution; we don’t bless them for that. Aha! here is one of the deterrents we had overlooked (and such a deterrent as it is!), but all the same, it exists.

"I—well the fact is—can't I get in without being overhauled by a doctor?"

"No, you can't. What matter? you are all right, you know."

"Jones was not all right, and he thought he was. I hate doctors."

"Suppose Jones was not all right, was it not as well he should know it?"

"Not a bit. If your doctor were to find out I have a heart complaint or something, and stop my being assured into the bargain, it would be a nice state of things."

That is not an unnatural feeling, for, after all, it is awkward to be refused by an office, not knowing why, but with an inner lurking dread of something wrong which makes it doubly hard to bear. If you shrink from the ordeal, young man, all we can say is, pluck up spirit, be brave, and have it out; twenty to one you are as sound as a bell, and can snap your fingers at medicine, doctors, and assurance companies, make the best of terms for yourself, and look the whole world in the face, having done your duty. Says Paley: "No man's spirits were ever hurt by doing his duty; on the contrary, one good action, one sacrifice of desire or interest for conscience sake, will prove a cordial for weak and low spirits far beyond what either indulgence or diversion or company can do for them."

(To be concluded.)

Sermon.

PRAYER.

By the Rev. DONALD MACLEOD, M.A., London.

"Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes."—GENESIS xviii. 27.

"Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—ST. MARK xi. 24.

1. WHAT is prayer?

It is "speaking to the Lord." The idea is a very simple one, but it is not so easy to realise it. To get the seen outshone by the unseen, to call upon a Person who is invisible, and not think of Him as "far from us"—this is not easy. When we have entered into our closet and shut the door, have we never found it difficult to realise that God was actually "near to us" when we prayed? We think it is not all at once, or without effort, that most men attain to know what prayer in this sense means. But when we do come to feel, like Abraham, that we are speaking to a personal and a present God, it is not hard to understand how prayer becomes then a very separating, strengthening, sanctifying thing. Oh, how real, how precious, it would make our prayers, if we could but enter enough into this idea of prayer—the child coming in the right and confidence of sonship to speak to God his Father, to tell Him the story of his heart's wants and

wishes, *believing* that He "will withhold from him no good thing."

2. What makes prayer?

Our second text tells us—"desire" and "*faith*." But desire implies something else, something before.

(a) It is the sense of Need. There are men who live "without God in the world." They do not feel that they *need* from God. They are content with the world itself, and with what the world gives them. These may miss no day without "saying their prayers," but they could do quite well without praying. It is no part of their real life. They could throw it from them and never miss it. That is not prayer. Prayer is soul work; it is the utterance of the heart, rather than of the lip; it is the feeling deep down within us of need—real, terrible need, forcing us at times, with the publican, to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" "I perish with hunger." This was the first cry of the awakening prodigal. Then came the *desire for bread*, and then that other and nobler cry, "I will arise and go to my Father."

(b) Desire: The man who asks of God must desire too. In worldly matters we seldom ask for what we don't wish to get; but is it such desire that constrains us always to prayer? How often is there no desire! Does it never happen that a man's soul is completely out of tune with the words he utters? He does not mean what he is saying. We have sometimes asked God to pardon us, and we were not sorry for our sin. We have prayed, "Lead us not into temptation," when we did not wish to avoid the very place and company where we knew too well we were sure to be tempted. We have said, "Deliver us from evil," when we had no fixed purpose to give up the evil, but rather (opportunity given) would sin again in the very same way, as we had often done before. And all the while we were speaking to a God who was searching us through and through, and who was measuring our prayers by the *heart* that was in them.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

Such was the prayer of blind Bartimæus. As the people throng past him, he asks, "What means this strange commotion?" They answer, "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by;" and he cried, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy upon me." "And many charged him that he should hold his peace." Did he? Hold his peace, keep silence, when He who could give sight to the blind was passing by! "He cried the more a great deal." And He who "looketh on the heart" found there what was needed to the answering of prayer—"desire and faith together"—and the answer came quick, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."

(c) Faith: Prayer without desire we might liken

to an altar without the sacrifice; but prayer without faith, even if there be desire, would be the sacrifice without the fire. And is it strange if sometimes so little of the heavenly fire comes down upon the sacrifice when so little faith has mingled with our praying? We ask from God every day, but do we look and wait for those things we have prayed for? How often rather have we been "doubting in our heart," even while we prayed! And if God has made faith an essential condition to His answering prayer; if this was the truth which our Lord was so continually pressing upon His disciples and followers on earth—that according to their faith would be the measure of His help: no faith, no help; little faith, little help; great faith, great help—need we wonder that some prayers are so barren and command so little blessing?

Would we know what is meant by *believing* prayer? A centurion of Capernaum has sent to Jesus beseeching that He would heal his sick servant. And now, as Jesus is on His way, another message meets Him: "Lord, trouble not thyself, but say in a word, and my servant shall be healed." Jairus could believe that if Jesus "came and *laid his hands* on his little daughter, lying at the point of death, she should be healed," and this was no small stretch of faith. But the faith of the Roman soldier has risen far above that of the Jewish ruler. "Speak the word only, and without further troubling thyself," for what matters distance or nearness, absence or presence, to Thee? "And Jesus said, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel!" Where is there so great faith to be found among Christians still?

What is it that takes the warmth and life out of our prayers? What is it that makes us, for one moment, doubt God's willingness to grant our desires? What is it that hinders us from making large requests when we ask from one who is Almighty? Need we answer "want of faith"? Faith and prayer!—they have well been called "the two great forces of the spiritual world." If we could but realise and use the power contained in them, what might we not be able to do? We would never dream of failure when we knew it was a God-given work which we had to do. And we would never miss what, in God's sight, was true success.

3. What hinders prayer?

(a) We need scarcely say that anything like hankering after "the God-forbidden," tampering with "the wrong," cherishing or indulging "the sinful," is enough to keep us from prayer. How can we hope to rest in God's presence, or speak comfortably to Him, if we are allowing in our heart or life anything which He hates? And so we might mention many things which must hinder prayer.

(b) But there is one reason why prayer is of too little help and value to some who by no means

neglect prayer—they *do not pray enough*. True, there may be much speaking and very little prayer. But it is quite as true that short prayers may be as lifeless as long ones, and surely, if prayer be the "Christian's vital breath," that soul can hardly be in health or prospering which can do with infrequent prayer. What an example our Lord's life is to us in this matter!

He could do without many things—He could do without meat and drink—sometimes He "had no leisure so much as to eat"—He could do without sleep—see Him linking two days of unceasing toil by a whole night's watching on the mountain-side. But He could not do without prayer. We know the sort of excuses which we plead when we compare our own hurried uncertain snatches to our Saviour's frequent and continued seasons of prayer—We are so busy, so burdened with the world's work and care, our time is so little our own, it is so difficult sometimes to get even one unbroken hour. But what life was so full of toil, so often broken in upon, as Christ's life? and yet He found times, long times, for prayer. It was the toil of the day that turned His night into a vigil. That which we plead as excuse was the very cause why "He continued all night in prayer to God!" Oh! is it strange that just because some men are so unlike Christ in this matter, their lives should be so unlike what His life was in the world? so little prayer in them, therefore so weak and worldly, so full of halting and shortcoming, of failure and defeat. Yes! when have we been so unfit for work or conflict as in the times of little prayer? And when have we gone out to duty or trial feeling so strong to do and overcome as when we went, breathing the very air of prayer, as men and women whom God Himself had sent and strengthened? Too busy to pray! Might we not as well say, too busy to be saved?

4. What helps prayer?

(a) One of the best helps to prayer is prayer itself. Our prayers are so apt to be cold and lifeless; sometimes we feel so unfit to pray; we have been even tempted to give over praying. These are the very times when we so much need to pray. The devil does not like to see us on our knees, and it is then he often tries his best to distract and trouble us. But let us not mistake here. In the experience of God's saintliest children, the time of prayer has not always been that of soul-resting and spiritual refreshing, but the season often of soul-struggling and spiritual conflict. We are not ourselves the best judges of our prayers. The prayer which costs us little effort may not be the most pleasing to God, or bring most good to ourselves. At any rate we *must* pray. When we cannot pray as we *would*, let us pray as we *can*.

Nor let us be faithless if God does not answer *as* or *when* we desire. We believe there is no such thing in the long history of God's kingdom as an unanswered prayer. He may refuse what we ask—what we would have never asked if we had only

known better. Elijah prayed that "he might die," but he who was heard, so as to close or open heaven, was not heard for himself, for God would give His prophet something far better. Ten more years of faithful work and witness for Jehovah on earth, and then Elijah was taken up, *without dying*, into heaven.

Paul's prayer *was answered*. The trial was not to be taken away, but, better far, the apostle was to get strength to bear it, and be perfected by it. Is it not enough for us to know that God *hears* us when we pray? "Lord, have mercy upon me," cried the Syrophenician woman, "and Jesus answered her not a word." We do not read that "He did not *hear* a word," and if He *waited*, was it not that He might call forth still more earnest prayer, lift the afflicted mother to still higher faith, and say to her at last "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt"! Let us *pray on* then, for as the very end of prayer is to bring the soul near to God, so shall our loving trust in God be strengthened, and deepened, and enlarged through prayer itself.

(b) The "Personality of God" helps prayer. We feel sure that there would be little doubt or fear amongst us concerning the good and efficacy of prayer if we realised enough the great Scripture truth with which we started, that we pray to a *personal* and *present* God. So it was in the days when Christ dwelt among men. Every day of His ministerial life was spent amidst countless prayers from suffering men and women. They could not keep away. They knew their own need, and that there was *One* in the midst of them who was mighty and willing to save; and so lepers in body and lepers in soul, the sick, and the afflicted, and the hopeless crowded round Him, they prayed to Him, and they were never sent empty or disappointed away. And He is the same Saviour still, the same as when, in answer to those hot tears, He said to the woman in the city who was a sinner, "Thy sins are forgiven;" the same as when, in answer to that touch of faith, He "healed immediately" one who had been for twelve long years so sorely afflicted; the same as when, in answer to yon message from Bethany, though He tarried for a while, He gave back to the sorrowing sisters their beloved brother. "We have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Amid the glories of heaven His heart is still the same, ever bending on earth the eye of a brother, ever longing and praying for the salvation of the race for which He died. Yes, *He prayeth for us*, by His voice, by His love, by His blood. "Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace," nothing doubting, though we are ourselves so unworthy, but in the assurance of faith, because we ask in His name and for His sake who is infinitely worthy, the well beloved and only begotten Son of God, who gave Himself for us and is now "in the presence of God for us."

"The Lord has a Meaning in it."

ON a dark November afternoon a young woman was lying in one of the beds of a ward of the Old Infirmary in Edinburgh. It was evident that she had suffered, and suffered much, as I afterwards learned. But the pain had passed and there was on her pleasant features a sweet look of peace and bright resignedness, if I may call it so. She had undergone one painful operation for an internal complaint, and there was another to come, but she had no fear. She had been frightened at first, she said, when the doctor and the students gathered round her bed, but when the chloroform was given to her she felt as if Christ came and stood beside her and held her hand in His, and then she was not afraid. When she awoke from her dreamless sleep it was all over.

I do not remember how it was that we got into confidential talk, but presently she was telling me the deepest experience of her life. She had not always had the same bright faith. She had married a decent well-to-do man, had lived happily and comfortably with him and with her children, without any serious thoughts of God or of another life. But her baby, a child of fifteen months, took ill and died. The blow was the first that had fallen on her, and it struck home. The iron entered into her very soul, and the whole world became dark to her; for this baby seemed the most precious thing she had, and he was gone. The day after the child died a neighbour came to see her with a kindly desire to offer comfort. As she was leaving, she said, "You may be sure the Lord has a meaning in it." On the funeral day another friend came to sit with her, and, speaking of the child, she used, strangely enough, the same words, "You may be sure the Lord has a meaning in it." But the poor mother could see no meaning in such a stroke. The heavens were to her as iron and the earth as brass; the dull stunning pain was all she could feel, and, "Oh, my baby, my baby!" was all her poor heart could cry. She had wept little, she told me, and made no outward moan. A few days after the funeral she roused herself so far as to go to see an intimate friend, who was a dress-maker, a very good woman. She thought perhaps the walk might do her good; but the dull, deep pain was always in her heart, and she could find no comfort. "It was a November day, just like this," she said, "and everything was dark and cold outside, just as it was in me. I thought perhaps my friend might say something to comfort me—and she did. Surely God sent me to her. After speaking about other things she spoke of my baby and the great loss it was to me, and then she said, as if she knew it to be true, 'You may be quite sure the Lord has a meaning in it.' It seemed so strange that I should hear these words again, for the third time. And as I went home through the dark, damp afternoon, I thought, Well, perhaps

the Lord *has* a meaning in it, and if He has, it must be worth while to find it out. And I determined that with His help I *would* find it out, and that I would not rest till I did. . . . It did not come to me all at once, but slowly, slowly, the light came, and I began to see what the Lord's meaning was, and that it was one of love both to my baby and me. And so He made that baby the cord to draw me to heaven and to Himself. That child still is more to me than any of the others, though they are so dear. I never forget him, but I am far happier now than before I lost him. I know that baby is safe with our Father in heaven, and that some day He will bring me and those I love, to be for ever with Himself where baby is."

M. M. A.

Of Work.

XII.—THE STORY OF IT ALL.

THINKING of your work, and of the day when it will all be ended, would you wish any record of it preserved? Would it be a pleasure to you to think that the story of it would be told?

Put aside the transient mood in which you would say that you could not bear that your life should be written. It was too sad a failure, too bitter a struggle and disappointment. You want to slip away and to be forgot.

But, quite apart from that unthankful mood, I fancy that most of us never dream of such a possibility as that our life should be written, or the story of our work. And in all sincerity, very many of us would not wish it. Not that there is no story to tell. The story of any human life, rightly told, is worth the telling. It would interest many. It would come wonderfully home to one here and there. It would teach divers lessons. But there is more humility about than is sometimes supposed. We should wish, most of us, to pass quietly away. If any good at all was done by us, the result might for a time abide in some. And the abundant evil might be mercifully forgotten.

All this, however, is not what one desires at present to say.

Thinking of our work, which we each know so much better than any one else knows it, discerning the ins and outs of it, and the seamy side which is turned away from public view, one has thought, Who could tell the story of it? Who is there in this world that could write your life, my reader? There is nobody, but yourself. And you would not write it.

Who knows all your little ways of doing your work, which are such a real and characteristic thing in your life? Who but yourself ever knew the effort by which you braced yourself for your work: the shrinking from beginning: the actual strain and effort of doing it: the jar of all the mental machinery that comes of interruption in it, of which

those around you never think at all: the doubt whether you could ever do the like again?

Biographies beyond number are printed and published. But Lives, one feels assured from growing experience, are hardly ever written at all. From what each of us knows of his own case, we discern that they cannot be written. Only a supreme genius, here and there, continually watching a man, comes to know him accurately and fully. And even the supreme genius does not know the man fully. The people about you, even those very near to you, do not know what you are thinking of from day to day: do not know what clouds and lights pass over you, hour by hour. You could not tell them: and it would be undesirable that you should try. Read Mr. Hurrell Froude's diary: and you will learn the wisdom of the advice to *burn confessions*. You have your own ways of arranging your papers, and your books. When I look at any busy man's study-table, I feel that a mystery is before me to which I have not the key. A page written in an unknown tongue is presented to my eyes. I have not the least clear idea of how he does his work: beyond the assurance that it is in a way a thousand miles distant from the method in which I do mine. The variety of nature and of life is infinite. Yet, when you begin to write an account of any man, there is at the very foundation of all you say the wild fallacy that he is very like yourself. No two educated souls are very like one another. You look into your own mind, as you tell the story of your friend and of his work: not aware that you are painting your portrait by looking at the wrong face altogether. In a certain fashion, you may write a biography which will be accurate so far as it goes of outstanding men: in whose case there are great outward events to be related. But your biography will go but a very little way. It is not telling the story of any poor mortal's real life, to narrate what his external lot has been. I go about continually among the decent hard-working poor: I know what some folk would describe as *All About Them*. But I feel, continually, that I know next to nothing of struggling anxious men and women whom I have known for years, and who have honestly tried to tell me very much about themselves. They have not succeeded. No soul on earth can really express to another its true thought and feeling. I long, as I grow older, to know people better. But every fellow-creature abides a mystery. I could not pretend, this day, to write the life of one single soul I know. I could not write my own, even if I wished to do so. You know, my reader, whosoever you may be, there is not a creature on this earth who could write yours.

One has heard vapouring mortals say that they could read their fellow-creatures like a book. Ay, like a book in an unknown tongue.

And the case is more difficult than even that

For the most self-conceited vapourer, not having learned Hebrew, would be aware, if a Psalm were set before him in the original tongue, that he could not read it. But such a one would be quite assured that he had read his fellow-man, when he had discerned something which was not there at all. You read yourself into your fellow-man: and that is a misinterpretation. It is better that one should blankly gaze at an old parchment, and confess he can make neither head nor tail of it, than that he should glibly read off something which was never written there.

Already mortals who write books and the like, have sometimes a forewarning of the misinterpretation which is sure to come should their lives be written. You write your chapter, whatever it be: you try to make your meaning plain. But many people are extremely stupid, and cannot understand you: notably, are incapable of taking in the resultant meaning of carefully-balanced statements which look different ways. Many people are extremely hasty, and fancy they have caught the gist of a chapter when they have read a very little of it. One here and there is very malicious, and would like to make it out that you said something which he knew perfectly you did not say. And the upshot is, that you find it recorded that your meaning was something you never meant: possibly (as sometimes with Maurice) just the opposite of what you meant. I fancy that when a young writer reads the first elaborate review of his first book, he is startled to find how he has been misunderstood. And notably, where lengthy extracts are given from his book, they will probably be the very last he would have chosen to convey his meaning. Think what it would be to have your entire life-work misapprehended and misrepresented in like fashion.

There are people who, when they find it related in print that they said or did what they never said nor did, hasten to contradict that erroneous statement. This they call *Keeping themselves right with the public*. There are others who quite contentedly read false stories to their own prejudice, and take no notice of them: indeed speedily forgetting them. It is a question of idiosyncrasy: I do not say that the tranquil bearer of accusation is a whit better than the fussy self-defender. But beyond the subject of representation and of comment, there are his kindred to be thought of. You would not wish your boy to read, in some story of your work, something which is at once quite erroneous and very much to your disadvantage. There is a rough desire in humanity to have justice done it if it be noticed at all. And knowing as you know that it is a toss-up whether what you do at some critical point in your life (think of Bishop Wilberforce on the elevation of Bishop Hampden) shall so strike your biographer as to be put favourably for you or unfavourably, you will probably conclude that it is better the legend should never be written at all. And the verdict

will be for you or against you not merely as the matter may strike your biographer, but as the nature of each individual reader shall impel him to take it up. It is very touching, to find Bishop Wilberforce writing to a valued friend, and saying he hopes the friend will not condemn him as a *rascal*. When a man gets upon the Episcopal Bench, one would have fancied that the risk of such condemnation was over. But it is not over: not even after the man has got to Paradise. Tell me, my reader: supposing you to have been that great man, would not it seem as though you would fain cry from your Rest, *Oh, do not anatomise me: leave me alone: I wished to do right: Try to believe that. And if I did wrong, forget it!*

It will bear being quoted a good deal oftener than once, that saying of Sir Robert Walpole: "Do not read history to me; for that, I know, must be false." The unscrupulous Minister who had so long directed the destinies of Britain was aware that so far as he had made history, the outsider, even if he desired to tell the truth, could not know it. Walpole and his co-workers had made it quite certain that the outsider should not have the chance to know it. But if history must needs be false, or at the least be incomplete, even so with biography. Each man that lives may cry aloud, quite as confidently as Walpole spoke, "Let no one say he has written my life. He has not the needful information. He never knew nor understood the crowd of little things which went to make my individual being and career: Nobody knew them but myself." So much each human being might confidently declare, *à priori*. But much more vehemently and earnestly, when looking at the portrait actually painted, and the story actually told, would he hasten to deny that any the smallest approximation to the truth was there. Not that the portrait did not flatter: it might be intended to flatter highly. Not that the story was not a panegyric: it might be designed to set forth a career a good deal higher than that of any conceivable angel. But only that the human being, if honest and truthful at all, knowing himself, his poor anxious heart, his curious mixed motives sometimes acting almost automatically, his devious and petty way, would be constrained to testify in anguish, with touching and inevitable defiance of grammar, "That is not Me!"

One has known very hard-working men who were quite alone in their work. Not merely alone in the actual agony of doing it, in which every very hard worker must be alone. But alone in the sense that there was no one to whom to tell how much had been done that day; no one to be glad when a good day's work had been done, or to cheer up when the day had been disappointing. And it is a touching thing to see, many times, those who specially needed some one to lean on, to

advise with, to get sympathy from, constrained to learn, slowly and sorrowfully, to do without what would have made life so different. No matter how high a man's place is, nor how dignified his work; no matter how beautiful the home to which he goes back wearily after the day's task is over; no matter, even, with what warm affection he is welcomed back by bright young creatures who cannot understand his work or the strain with which it is done; he is a man to be felt for by all good hearts. It is touching, too, to remark how lonely workers confide to their diary what they would not say to any mortal; making a revelation of weakness never suspected by such as see only the brave face shown to the world. It is presumptuous to differ from illustrious friends who will set before all men what they hold as the Truth: no matter with what harm to the memory of the dead or to the hearts of some living. But I will venture to say, that in such an intimate chronicle, we have moods reflected which are not the permanent mind: and that to publish these hasty lines leaves an impression which is not only unworthy and regrettable, but essentially untrue. I am not going to mention names, which are only too sure to occur, either of men or women. To show any mortal in the transient evil hour, of darkness and discontent and bitterness, is not simply unkind: it is unjust. These were evanescent shadows: of which Immortality will be rid finally. And, God be thanked, it is when a human creature is at his best, his wisest, his kindest, that we have the sublimest of all possible authority for saying he has "come to himself." *That* is the poor immortal. Therein you behold what he is to be at last, and for evermore.

Some have known what it is when brought very

low, when it seemed as though they were dying, to try to explain to some one who must somehow take up their work, a host of little details as to their way of managing things: where to find papers; how accounts used to be kept; what must be done in this or that contingency. Even that was very difficult to tell, and very imperfectly understood: you knew there would be many blunders. I remember well how touching it seemed when one of the best of men (he was a Bishop), after showing me his repositories of manuscript and other documents, said, as to himself, in a low voice, "Yes, there will be a good deal of trouble when I die." But beneath all these outward details, there is the deep current of your life, wherein you are alone. Nobody knows it, save most imperfectly. Nobody could tell of it. You could not tell of it yourself.

Let us hear the sum of the matter. As for us ordinary anxious hard-working men and women, the story of our work cannot be told: told in a fashion which we should recognise as true. And it is better that no likeness of us be preserved, than a likeness which bears no resemblance to the original. Only a very great genius can tell the story of a life's work in such a manner that you feel it is at least possible that such a life's work might have been done by somebody. Now and then I glance over that composition which is called a *funeral sermon*. Would that such should cease finally and for ever to be preached at all! For even when preached by a very great preacher, the impression strongly conveyed to my mind was not merely that the picture was not the least like the person it pretended to represent. Much worse than that: Biographical genius is the rarest of any. The picture was not that of a human being at all.

A. K. H. B.

Answered.

FAR in the night a weary wife
Tired vigil for her husband kept,
And in her little room alone
She knelt to pray, and praying, slept.

The firelight flickered on the hearth,
Across the roof the tempest swept,
And on the window dash'd the rain,
While kneeling, as in prayer, she slept.

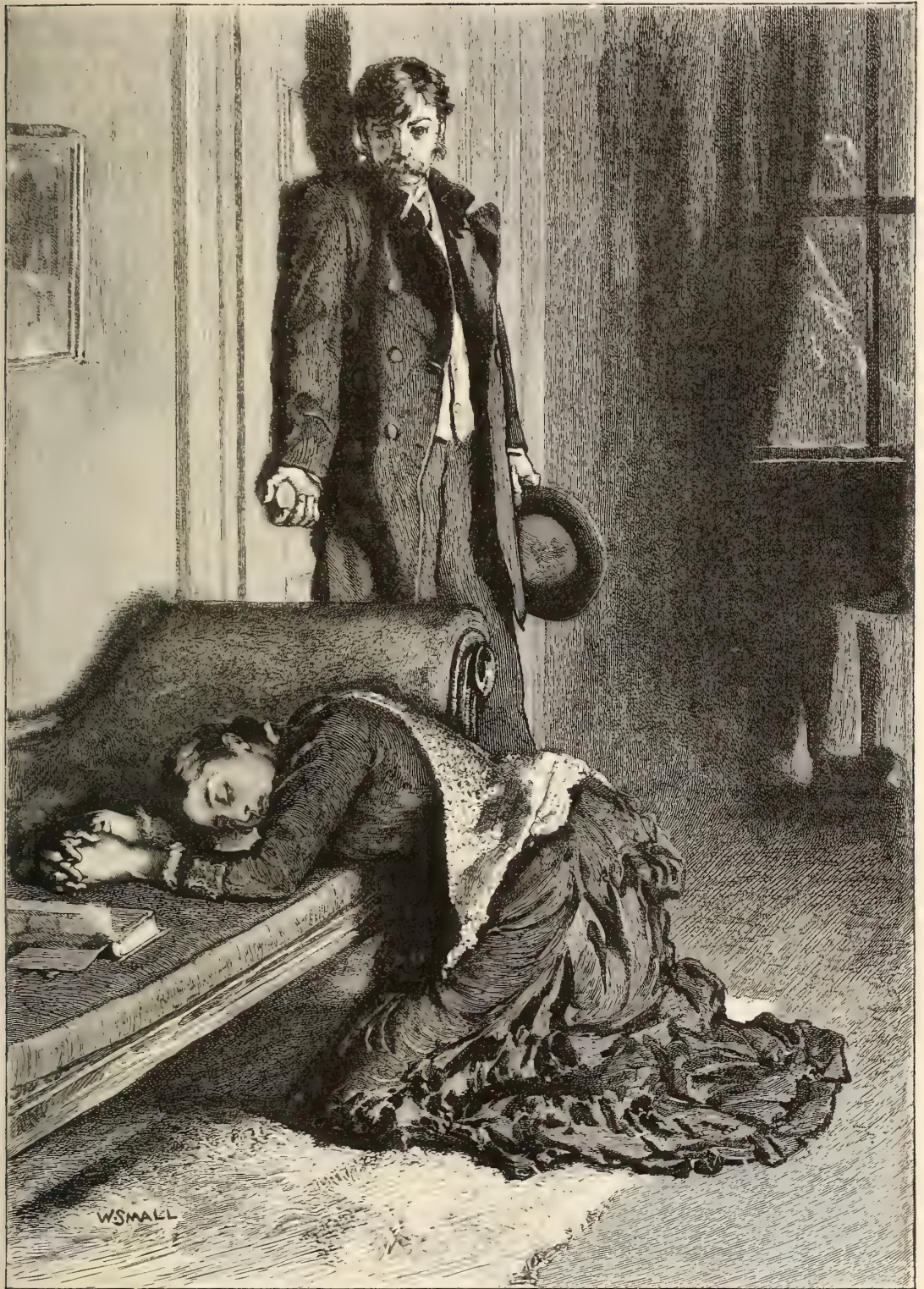
A heavy foot was on the stair,
Her husband o'er the threshold stept;
He paused, and watch'd with rev'rent hush
That weary one who prayed and slept.

The vision of the vanished years
Arose, and in his heart there leapt
The old glad love that once was hers
Who now in sorrow prayed and slept.

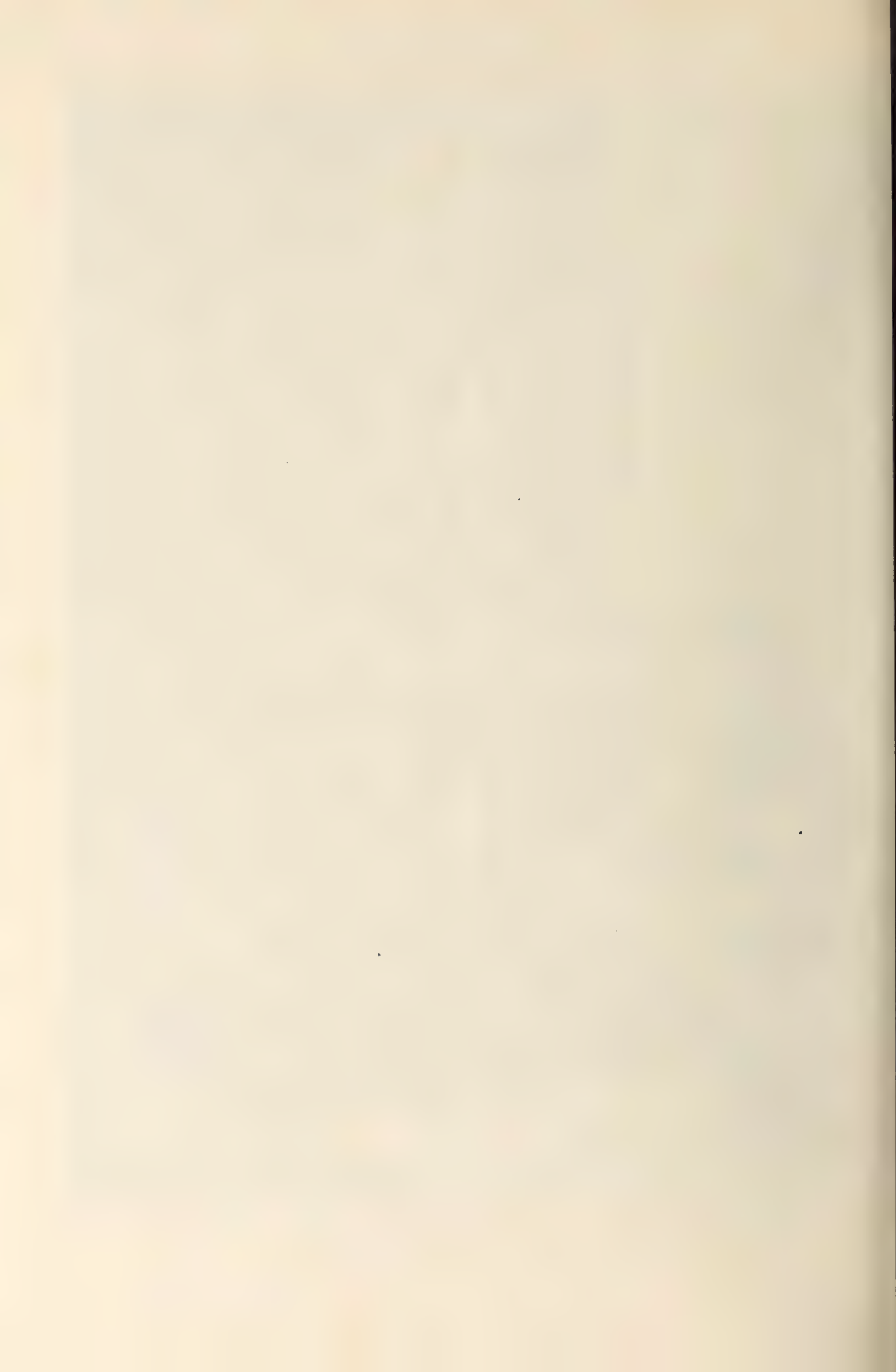
Then lightly o'er the shadowed floor
To her dear side he softly crept,
And like a little child he knelt
By her who prayed and praying slept.

God's whisper all his spirit shook,
Beside his wife in prayer he wept;
And He who knew what she would say
Gave loving answer while she slept.

JAMES STRANG.



"ANSWERED." Drawn by WILLIAM SMALL.



The Manse Boys.

A SHETLAND STORY.

By JESSIE M. E. SANBY.

CHAPTER III.

"And in the great sea wash away my sin."—TENNYSON.

ONE evening the four young Mitchells went for a ramble by the sea-shore. They had well earned any relaxation they took, and their father had that very day informed them that during the past six months they had "saved" his purse much more than £10 by the way they had used their leisure time in farm-work. Also, like a wise father, he added that the comfort their late good conduct had given him was worth a little fortune in itself.

So the boys were in high spirits when they went out to ramble that evening, though I must confess that their talk was mostly concerning a frolic which they purposed engaging in after dusk.

They wandered slowly for a considerable distance beyond the hamlets and towards the mouth of the fiord, where (as I said) a reef almost closed the Voe from navigation at low water.

The tide was coming in swiftly when the boys reached that part of the coast, and they were greatly disappointed, as they had hoped to have a scramble among the skerries, which lay high and dry at ebb-tide.

"How provoking!" said Bill the youngest. "Now, if we had but come an hour ago, as I wished,"—and he glanced reproachfully at Frank, who retorted gaily, "Duty first, pleasure afterwards, old boy." Bill was about to answer sharply when he was stopped by Eric, who suddenly exclaimed, "I say, boys, what's that?" and he pointed swiftly to one of the rocks almost covered by the incoming tide. They all gazed one moment in the direction indicated, and then keen-eyed Frank called out, "It's *a man*, as sure as anything."

"Don't you hear him?" cried Harry, whose tongue wagged less than those of his brothers, but wagged to some purpose when it did move. "Don't you hear him? He is calling for help! he will be drowned."

It was true enough. There was a wretched man clinging to the sea-tang which grew upon the rock. He was screaming wildly, and already his chance of escape had dwindled to a very small one, for the skerry was nearly submerged.

The Manse Boys gazed in horror, and their pain was even augmented when Harry declared that the drowning wretch was none other than their cripple neighbour, Bartle Harper.

Evidently he had been out to gather bait on the rocks, and as he often used to sit down and nod under the shelter of a crag, it was likely that he had been caught thus napping—caught by the fisherman's "ruthless friend and generous foe," old ocean.

The skerry to which the cripple clung was not much more than a stone's throw from the shore, but to a helpless creature who could not keep himself afloat one instant the distance was of no account. A mile or a few feet was all one.

"What is to be done?" Eric asked in great distress.

"To be done! why, fetch a boat as fast as we can, of course," said Harry.

Frank turned round, and quickly unbottoming his jacket flung it on the ground as he said, "Yes, boys, fetch a boat, and fetch her quick, I tell you."

"What are you going to be after?" his elder brother asked. Frank was unlacing his boots by that time, and too much engrossed to reply; but Harry did for him.

"He's going to swim out, I believe."

The boots were kicked off, and Frank Mitchell stood up with the sublime courage of a man in his attitude and expression as he said simply, "Yes, I'm going to help cripple Bartle."

"You are good for a longer swim than that," said Harry encouragingly; and Bill could not resist giving utterance to a quavering "Bravo!"

"I wish *I* could go too," remarked Eric in regretful tones; then to Frank, with grave anxiety in his voice, he said, "I know you can easily go that distance, but can you keep him up till we come with the boat?"

"I'll try," answered Frank. He had divested himself of almost all his garments, and he stood there in the light of heaven, a slim, graceful boy, with the soul of a hero in him. There was a flush on his brow, and his lips were tightly compressed, for he was quite alive to the peril of the adventure; and he said, "Now, boys, if you ever ran in your lives, *run*, and if you ever pulled in your lives, *pull* to the rescue."

He closed his hands together then, gave one swift imploring glance upward, and took a flying leap from the crags.

His brothers only waited to see him come up to the surface and strike out for the skerry before they flew off towards that part of the shore where they knew they would find a boat.

As good luck would have it, they came on Ned Harper just getting into his boat. He had arranged to join his brother at the entrance to the Voe, when they meant to go a-fishing with the bait which Bartle expected to secure. Ned supposed he would find the cripple waiting quietly on the shore, and we can scarcely imagine what his consternation was like when the Manse Boys informed him of his brother's position.

Now it happened that Mr. Mitchell, out for a stroll, came near the same place. He saw his sons rushing along with fear, and a tale of danger depicted on their faces. He missed one from their number; he knew at once that the "main-spring o' a' mischief" was not there; he saw the

pounce they made on the boat; he heard the startled cry of Ned. An accident had happened without doubt, and the Minister ran with quick throbbing veins to learn what had occurred.

Few words sufficed to tell the truth, and in a minute Mr. Mitchell, Ned, and the three laddies, were pulling their hardest towards the mouth of the Voe. Not a word did any one utter. Bill and Harry had an oar between them, and kept the boat even, though Ned Harper was putting all a strong man's power into every stroke upon the other side. Eric and his father were on the other thwart pulling with equal strength, and the boat shot along at a great pace; yet it seemed an age before they neared the skerries, and still the boys seemed to hear a voice say, "If you ever pulled in your lives, *pull* to the rescue."

Meanwhile Frank had swum out to Bartle, whose terror was so great that the boy did not dare approach too near lest he might be clutched and dragged under at once. He swam round the rock and tried to encourage the cripple, but the surf was rising around his shoulders by that time, and he was beside himself with fear. He could only scream and moan when Frank tried to exhort him to trust in God and be of good courage. At last, as the waves rolled over the skerry, covering the last bit of it, Bartle's feeble grasp on the growing seaweed relaxed, and he fell back senseless.

It was that moment which Frank took for his opportunity. A vigorous stroke or two brought him to the cripple's side, and as he sank back the brave boy caught him by the shoulder. Fortunately, Bartle was too exhausted and benumbed by that time to struggle, so that Frank's efforts were not frustrated, but he found it required all his strength to keep himself afloat so burdened. He was wise enough not to attempt to reach the shore, for a good deal of white water was breaking on the crags then, but simply remained floating and allowing the waves to bear him onward in their passage up the Voe. He never relaxed his hold upon the man, and even when he became faint and was almost sinking he never contemplated the possibility of saving his own life by leaving the cripple to his fate.

Anxiously Frank looked up the fiord for a coming boat, and at last, when sight and hearing were beginning to fail, and the splash of oars sounded like some far-off music he had dreamed about but never expected to hear, he could scarcely gather strength to shout, "Here, boys, here! oh, pull fast!"

The feeble cry was heard, and the Minister called back, "Courage, my son, we are here."

Then Eric, who could swim a very little, went overboard and assisted his brother, and in a few moments the boy and poor unconscious Bartle were safe in the boat.

The soft spot in Ned Harper's heart was love for his twin-brother, and all the unselfishness, devotion,

affection which he might naturally have expended upon many objects he garnered up to lavish on the cripple. We can scarcely comprehend what power belongs to such a concentrated passion reigning in the heart of such a man; but the Manse Boys got a revelation that day when Bartle, half-drowned, was hauled into the boat, and Ned, wild with grief, hung over him and wept, crying to Mr. Mitchell, "Oh, dear sir, for the love o' the Lord, do something to bring him round. Save him! save him! and I'll bless your boys evermore!"

Mr. Mitchell, like most country clergymen, had some medical knowledge, and he knew how to act in the present case, so that in a few moments Ned had the extreme satisfaction of seeing Bartle open his eyes. Then the Minister said, "He will do now, I think. Go on rubbing him. He is coming to fast. That's all right. Now, Frank, my own good laddie, how do *you* feel?"

Frank's head was drooping on his breast, but he lifted it to smile at his father, and he answered faintly, "I shall be all right soon." Then the head fell a little lower and the Minister put out his arm quickly. Frank smiled again and leaned on the outstretched hand, leaned heavily, ah, so heavily. Then slowly from between his white lips a stream of blood trickled to his father's fingers.

CHAPTER IV.

"Dearer to *true* young hearts than their own praise."
TENNISON.

"You are better now, Frank, darling?" It was Mrs. Mitchell who spoke as she bent over the boy's couch and kissed his brow. He had lain there for days, ever since the day of the accident to Bartle Harper, and in the fitful delirium of fever he had never ceased to talk about Ned and the pony, about his father's holiday lost through his folly, about drowning men and rocks and resistless waves. It had wrung the paternal heart to hear the oft-repeated, "Oh, I am so sorry! I did not think it would hurt the creature! Oh, will God be angry with me for *not thinking?*"

In vain they tried to soothe him. That bit of mischief done in a heedless moment haunted poor Frank like a demon. At last he grew more quiet, then fell into a gentle sleep, and afterwards awoke quite conscious.

"Thank God!" said his watching mother, "you are better."

"I am *here*," answered Frank feebly, "still *here*, and I want father." The Minister was by his side in a moment. "Father," said the "mainspring o' a' mischief," "I want you to tell me if you think God will be hard with me for wicked things I did *without thinking?* I was so thoughtless often, often."

A strange foreboding knocked at Mr. Mitchell's

heart, and he could only say in reply, "Was I ever too hard upon you, my boy?"

"Oh no!" said Frank, with the ghost of his old humorous smile, "oh no! You always let me off very easy."

Then the Minister answered, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame."

The sick boy looked up gratefully, and held out his hand, which his father clasped closely between his own,—ah, how we cling to those wasted hands, as if we thought our warm pressure could bring back the life to theirs!

"Thank you, father dear, for taking away my fears," said Frank. "I shall not mind confessing my sins now, for if God is like a father—like my father—I know He will forgive me, and love me, and have patience with me."

"The Lord bless thee and keep thee," said the Minister, bowing his head as he noted the look in Frank's bonnie eyes.

"I am still sleepy and tired, mother," the boy said presently; "will you sing me to sleep again?"

She knew the words he loved best, and his favourite tune, so drawing his head to her bosom, while the morning sunlight stole softly into the room and shone upon his placid and still beautiful face, the mother sang in trembling tones—

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee,"

and before the last verse was ended Frank had fallen into quiet sleep.

A few hours later Eric came out of the Manse with haggard face and listless gait. He had sat up every night while Frank lay ill, helping to nurse his brother, and now he was quite worn out. He walked away from the house until he came near the place where Frank had committed that gravest of all his boyish misdemeanours. There Eric cast himself upon the turf and buried his face in his arms.

How long he lay there he could not tell, but his solitude was interrupted by Ned Harper, who, coming upon him abruptly, said: "Can I see the Minister this morning? I've been trying to see him for days. I want to tell him the rights about the pony."

"What do you mean?" asked Eric in bewildered tones.

"Just what I say," replied Ned brusquely. "I mon tell your faither the truth and gie him back his money."

"I don't know what you are speaking about. I declare I think I am half asleep still," Eric answered slowly.

Ned looked at the lad's bloodshot eyes and pale cheeks, and felt truly sorry for him, the first time he had felt one spark of sympathy with one of the Manse Boys.

"I'm thinking ye've had a sair time o' it. Puir

Master Frank! Naebody has felt mair about his illness than myself—though ye wad no' think it o' me. And they telled me that he speaks, in his wanderings, on and on about that crater o' mine. They say he canna get it out o' his head, and no mair can I—for I did your brither a great and bitter wrang."

Eric started up, all his faculties on the alert then. "You mean to say," he cried, "that it was not as was supposed? How could that be?"

"I'm willing to confess my faut and be punished for it," said Ned; "for the service your brither did us is like coals o' fire upon my head. I tell you I did him a wrang. It was no' Master Frank that killed the pony."

Eric gave a moan of anguish, as he said, "How could you? oh, how could you? and yet, he—dear Frank—owned he had done it."

"Yea, yea! *he* tied the crater's tail, nae doobt, but for a' that he did no' kill the pony. The truth is this—and Lord forgie me for keeping it sae lang hid—the pony had jumped anither wa' and had broken its leg, forby bursting itself someway. I had found it afore ever your brither came nigh, and I kent weel it had to dee; so I left it there. It could no' move itself frae the spot, and there was no use in moving it for it was in the dead-thraw. But by and by I saw Master Frank there, and I watched him tying its tail; nae doubt he kent no' that the beast was ill, and—then ye see—I thought of taking my revenge for mony a trick played upon me and mine. *That* is the honest truth o' the matter; and I fear I wad never hae brought myself to confess as much if *he* had no' done such a service for me, and if I had no' heard that he was sair troubled in his mind about it—thinking, puir lad, that he had done the wrang."

Ned paused, and Eric said softly, "It does not trouble him now."

"Weel, I'm glad o' that; then he's better? Eric nodded, but before he could speak Ned went on, "Now, if ye please, I'd like to go to the Minister at once and tell *him*. I'm clean ashamed o' myself, and humbled afore God."

"You may well be that," said Eric sternly. Then as if he too were ashamed he hung his head and was silent. Presently he spoke: "Come with me, and I will see if father can speak to you." He led the way, and Ned silently followed. When they reached the Manse, Eric (knowing well that nothing would afford his father greater pleasure just then than the information Harper had volunteered) went direct to the study and tapped at the door. "Come in," said the Minister, and Eric and his companion entered the room.

Mr. Mitchell was sitting in his big arm-chair with his head leaning on his hand. The anxious vigils of many days and nights had written their pathetic history on his features. His son went up to him and laid a hand softly on his shoulder, saying as he did so, "I knew you would be very very glad

to hear what Ned Harper has just told me, so I have brought him here. Dear father, can you bear to listen?"

Mr. Mitchell did not look up, but he answered, "I am ready to hear what you please, Eric."

"Ned, tell him what you told me," said Eric; and then Harper gave his account of the affair without the least attempt at excusing himself, and he ended by saying: "I'll pay back the money gladly, and I wish, I do earnestly wish, sir, that I could take back a' that happened as well. I canna forget the puir boy's tears that morning. And then to think o' what he has done for us since! and a' the work it cost him, and the way it lies upon his mind, and he innocent o' the whole! Sir, I'll no' be happy till I can come face to face wi' Master Frank, and beg his pardon as freely as he begged mine. It wad ease my mind if I could tell the fine lad what I think *noo* o' his character, and how I will do a' in my power to stand by him, and prove my gratitude in the future."

The Minister rose from his chair. He had not spoken one word while Harper was talking, but the expression of his face had changed often, and Eric had felt the arm which lay under his own start and tremble more than once. He trembled yet more as he rose to his feet and said to his visitor, "Follow me, and you shall see him."

Leaning on Eric, Mr. Mitchell crossed the hall, while Ned followed rather awe-struck and perplexed by the strange look in the Minister's face.

They opened a room door, and went softly up to a bed upon which Frank lay in the shadow of heavy curtains.

Eric gently drew the drapery aside, and let the light fall upon the beautiful, though pale face.

The lids were closed over his merry blue eyes, but a smile had sealed the sweetly-curved lips into the "rapture of repose."

Ah! Ned Harper was indeed face to face with Frank; but how to confess his sin? how to ask forgiveness for the wrong which had so clouded the glad young spirit? How to speak the gratitude felt for a rescued life?

Vainly would words be uttered now, for poor Frank, the "mainspring o' a' mischief," was dead!

THE END.

[* * In November and December: "ONLY A LASSIE."
A Story for the end of the year. In Six Chapters.
By ROBINA F. HARDY.]

"Ama Nesciri."

I WOULD "be still," and only know
That Thou, my Father, willed it so;
I would be still, and thankful take
The bread Thou givest me to break.

A lowly pathway through the broom;
A candle in a darkened room;
A rose beside a cottage door—
Such would I be, and nothing more!

I would not be or rich or great,
Or envy men in high estate,
Or grieve, when others upward mount,
That I be but of small account.

Sweet in the valley is't to rest,
While sunbeams gild the mountain crest;
Sweet, 'neath the closing wings of day,
Through briery lanes unmarked to stray.

Unknown, unknown, to all I'd be,
But, O my Father, known to Thee—
A soul bowed down in sorrow meet
Low lying at my Saviour's feet!

E. V. O. E.

Baptism in Church.

By the Rev. JOHN MACKIE, M.A., Dalbeattie.

THE administration of the Sacrament of Baptism in private houses is unfortunately too common amongst us. Indeed, in many of our parishes this is the invariable custom. Yet it is a mode of administration at once contrary to the early practice and the law of the Church. In the First Book of Discipline, approved by the General Assembly of 1561, it is written: "It is evident that the Sacraments are not ordained of God to be used in private corners as charms or sorceries, but left to the Congregation, and necessarily annexed to God's Word as seals of the same; therefore the infant which is to be baptized shall be brought to the Church on the day appointed to convene prayer and preaching." And in the Assembly of 1581, Alexander Foster, minister of Tranent, was suspended from his ministry for baptizing an infant in a private house; and at the same time it was ordained afresh that Baptism be not administered in private houses, but solemnly, according to the good order hitherto observed, under the pain of deposition from the ministry. Likewise, in the General Assembly of 1690, it was again enacted "that Baptism be not administered in private, that is, in any place or at any time when the congregation is not orderly called together to wait on the dispensing of the Word, and appointed that this be carefully observed when and wherever the Lord gave His people peace, liberty, and opportunity for their public assemblies." So runs the law, but for a long time the practice of the Church has run contrary to it. This is to be much regretted for the infant's sake, for the parents' sake, and for the people's sake. For the infant's sake—for who that has any faith in prayer at all can believe that it matters nothing to an infant in its solemn moment of dedication to God that a congregation of faithful hearts is joining in the supplications offered up on its behalf? For the parents' sake—for does it not strengthen a father and a mother in their endeavours to train their little one for God, to call to mind ever and anon that their pledges on its behalf were given before a congregation of witnesses, and that the prayers of the church were offered up that they might be faithful to their vows and successful in their efforts? And for the people's sake—for is it

not a reminder to them of the solemn engagement that was entered into on their behalf in their infant hours; a touching appeal to them to arise, if they have not already done so, and publicly ratify the same by taking their places at the Holy Table of Communion, and eating of the children's bread; and a call to them, if they have done this, to keep their conscience void of offence, their hands clean, and their hearts pure, that they may walk with Him in white—Him who came to them by water and blood, even Jesus Christ? Having such thoughts as these, very strongly would we recommend the ancient and orderly public administration of the Sacrament of Baptism. No doubt it is difficult, sometimes very difficult, to depart from a long-established custom; but it is not impossible. It is not to be done by conflict with parishioners, nor by rousing intelligent men to resist what they might deem to be idolatry of sacred places. It is wonderful what things the persuasive voice can accomplish. It succeeds where the imperious voice fails. When once a departure has been made, it will be found that those parents who are most exemplary in their attendance in the house of God and in their daily walk and conversation rarely request private baptism, except for reasons that are manifestly satisfactory; for we frankly admit that there are cases in which the minister should show himself happy to baptize in private. What we desire and plead for is that Private Baptism may soon become purely exceptional in all our parishes.

A Song of three Words.

SING me a song of three words—
The head, and the heart, and the hand;
The head to discern and to know,
The heart with pure passion to glow,
And the hand that brings death to the foe
That would crush out the life of the land!

Give me, oh give me, dear Lord,
A head that is constant and cool,
That looks all about and about,
And, when imps of disorder are out,
Can lay all their riot and rout
By the magic of Law and of Rule!

Give me, oh give me, dear Lord,
A heart full of quick-running blood,
That kindles and mounts in a flame
At the touch of dishonour and shame,
And swells with delight at the name
Of the true and the fair and the good!

Give me, oh give me, dear Lord,
A sinewy hand and a strong,
Deft, and well practised to know
When the moment is ripe for the blow
That goes right to the heart of the foe,
Whose life gives long lease to the wrong!

Give me, oh give me, dear Lord,
My part in the mystical three;
The thoughtful idea, the seed
Of the word that gives shape to a creed,
And the passion that fathers the deed,
The fruit of life's wonderful tree!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Notices of Books.

The Churches of Christendom (Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace, 1884). In this Fourth Series of the St. Giles' Lectures, Professor Mitchell of St. Andrews writes of the Apostolic and sub-Apostolic Church; Professor Milligan—the Church of the Second and Third Centuries; Professor Stewart, Glasgow—the Church of the Fourth and Fifth Centuries; Dr. Cameron Lees—the Greek Church; Mr. Watt of Glasgow—the Latin Church; Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews—the Church of the Waldenses; Mr. Graham of Nenthorn—the Lutheran Church; Mr. Campbell of Dundee—the Presbyterian Churches; Dr. Marshall Lang—the Anglican Church; Mr. Tulloch of Glasgow—the Society of Friends, and the Congregational Churches; Mr. Wallace Williamson of Edinburgh—the Methodist Church; Principal Tulloch—the Unity and Variety of the Churches of Christendom. It is no disparagement of this book to say that conflict of opinion and sentiment, among the various authors, is more noticeable in the present than in last year's course. The lectures are not all equally good; but, as a whole, they are characterised by ability and fairness. The lecture on the Waldenses, which was a good deal commented on at the time of its delivery, is not only able (that of course), but fair in its own way; for the author has tried to be fair to the persecutors. But the statement that the Waldensian Pastors "have steadily and long looked that those whom it might concern should help to support them" is likely to mislead. We are in a position to say that the Waldensian Church has probably never, and certainly not in recent times, asked money from foreign nations for itself, that is, for the support of its pastors and professors. Why should it not ask money for its missions? It is poor in money and rich in consecrated men. From its home in the valleys it has covered Italy with a network of evangelising effort, and it is, so far as we know, the only Church in Christendom which has many more clergymen in the mission-field than at home.

The Law of the Ten Words—By J. Oswald Dykes, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1884). To write a fresh book on the Decalogue was not easy; and we congratulate Dr. Dykes on the measure of success which he has attained. It is a wise, practical book, high-toned, yet outspoken where the state of modern society calls for plain, firm teaching.

Addresses—By the Rev. Francis Pigou, D.D. (Nisbet, 1883). This book should be better known. Most of it is in the form of addresses to clergymen of the Church of England, but in spirit it is for the whole Church of Christ. The Address on Woman's Work in the Church is valuable. "The deaconess of Scripture," says the author, "has been almost swallowed up in the sisterhood and nunnery of modern days. Revive the order of deaconess and we should do much towards encouraging and utilising material we cannot afford to waste." Dr. Pigou has the gift of speaking to women, and we recommend the Address entitled "Clergymen's Wives, Sisters, Daughters: how they may hinder and how they may help a Clergyman's Work." The Address on the Devotional use of Hymns directs to the best collections and to the special use of particular hymns in certain circumstances. Those interested in "Mission Weeks," as an outcome of revival movements, will find suggestive matter in the last address. Dr. Pigou has had experience and success as a mission preacher, and he prefers a Mission in one central leading Church to a simultaneous Mission in the churches of a town. He is led to this choice by the difficulty of securing uniform teaching "as regards the root of the matter, viz. that salvation is a finished work, pressed upon and awaiting our acceptance."

Heathen Mythology—By the late Sheriff Barclay (Glasgow: Morrison)—is a delightfully characteristic memorial of one of the best Scottish Churchmen of our times. It consists of illustrations and corroborations of holy scripture from heathen religions and traditions. A short memoir is prefixed. A notice and portrait of Sheriff Barclay appeared in this Magazine at the time of his lamented death.

Dr. H. Wallis Smith's *Outlines of Early Church History* (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark) covers the ante-Nicene period, from the close of the apostolic age to the beginning of the fourth century. We commend it to teachers of Bible Classes. Its price (6d. and 8d.) brings it within reach of the scholars. It is a good book, and shows acquaintance with the most recent scholarship. It is not quite a year since the ancient document called "The Doctrine of the Apostles" was given to the modern world by Briennius, metropolitan of Nicomedia; and we have found it referred to by Dr. Smith four or five times. This series of Bible Class Primers is edited by Professor Salmond, who has himself written one—*The Life of the Apostle Peter*.

The Young Churchman—By James Rankin, D.D., Minister of Muthill (Blackwood). Dr. Rankin is a vigorous Churchman, who always knows what he wants to say, and says it. The portions on the Creed, the Commandments, and the Means of Grace, are in the form of question and answer. Part iv., on the Church, is full of information, with never an unnecessary word and never a compromise. We might wish for greater attempt to conciliate, and more manifest effort to see things from an honest opponent's point of view; but the book was not written for opponents. Dr. Rankin's conclusion is that "truth, charity, and patriotism are gradually telling in favour of the good old Church [of Scotland], which has already at least one-half of the whole population—is not 'thirled' to any political party, maintains consistently its old standards, can afford to preach the gospel to the poor, and wait patiently, while busy in honest work, till misrepresentations and prejudices have cleared away."

William Ross—By the Rev. R. F. Fisher, Flisk (Edinburgh: Menzies). We welcome a new edition of this life of a good missionary. Mr. Ross was first a plough-boy on the Braes of the Carse of Gowrie. Next we find him a joiner, doing the best woodwork in Errol Parish Church. He died an ordained missionary among the Bechuanas in Africa. The revered author has told the story of his early pupil and lifelong friend simply and heartily.

Our Lapsed Masses—By the Rev. Douglas Gordon Barron, M.A., Assistant, Tron Kirk, Edinburgh (Blackwood). It is a good sign to find a young and earnest assistant-minister in a city parish grappling, in this sixpenny pamphlet, with the questions of overcrowding, the supply of sanitary arrangements, the need of moral training for the children of the worthless. His suggestions are practical. Like every other intelligent worker among the lapsed he has found that to scatter money is to increase the evil. But a Peabody Fund to provide houses for less than 20,000 people would provide for the comfort of the whole poorer working-class of Edinburgh. In Glasgow the enterprise would be much larger, but in many towns it would be far less. Who will think of it?

Glenairlie—By Robina F. Hardy (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 1884). Miss Hardy's latest book is not a story with a purpose; to us it would have been no objection if it had. Its claim to notice here is that it sets forth the life of the Scottish parish, the Scottish manse, the Scottish parish minister. We feel that the author knows this life, and that it is much to her. And she can write the Scots language purely and without vulgarity.

XI.—Mission Hymn.

WAKE, Church of God! The world is dying,
Although the stream of life flows free;
In anguish, parched with fever, lying,
She turns her troubled eyes to thee.

Like Hagar in the desert dreary,
Faint, hopeless, by the saving well;
'Tis thine to raise her, sick and weary,
'Tis thine the news of hope to tell.

'Tis thine, the angel's task, to guide her
To where the living waters rise;
Here in the wilderness beside her,
Though hidden from her aching eyes.

Wake, Church of God! for earth's dark places
Are filled with cruelty and pain;
Shall Christians turn away their faces
As if the Lord had died in vain?

Full many a hapless land lies bleeding,
Crushed down beneath sin's iron might;
Shall Christians go their way unheeding,
While angels wonder at the sight?

Here, where the light of truth is shining,
Thousands still live without its ray;
In want and vice and darkness pining,
And know no hope to cheer their way.

Go, Church of God! where souls are dying,
Where poor lost sheep in deserts roam.
The end draws nigh, and time is flying,
Make haste to call the wanderers home.

H.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Find the Ten Commandments given twice in the Old Testament.
2. Which Commandment is most changed in the second passage, and what are the chief changes on it?
3. What ceremony is described in Leviticus, signifying that God's priests should listen to the Lord, that their actions should be pure and their walk holy?
4. Find a text in Exodus, and another in Isaiah, speaking of all the Israelites as priests.
5. Give three New Testament texts showing that all Christians are God's priests.
6. Find in St. Mark the Apostles James and John "asking a miss"; and, in another Gospel, that their mother was with them presenting the request.
- 7, 8. (St. John is sometimes called the Apostle of Love.) Find twenty verses in 1 John, three in 2 John, and one in 3 John, which relate to Christian love.
9. What other apostle has left the finest description of Christian love, and where is the passage?
10. Can you point to at least four passages (one of them from the Song of Deborah) which prove that doing nothing for God is a great sin?

ANSWERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. Moses, Numb. 12. 3; 12. 13. 2. Numb. 20. 10-12. 3. Job, James 5. 11; Job 1. 21. 4. Job 3. 3; 32. 1; 38. 2; 42. 3-6. 5. Solomon, 1 Kings 4. 31; 3. 16-27; 11. 4. 6. John 10. 11, 14; Heb. 13. 20; 1 Pet. 2. 25; 1 Pet. 5. 4. 7, 8. Behold the Lamb, John 1. 29; behold the Man, 19. 5; behold your King, 19. 14; sin no more, 5. 14; search the Scriptures, 5. 39; love one another, 13. 34; keep My commandments, 14. 15; abide in Me, 15. 4; it is finished, 19. 30; lovest thou Me? 21. 15; feed My lambs, 21. 15; feed My sheep, 21. 16; follow thou Me, 21. 22. 9. Jesus wept, John 11. 35; follow Me, 21. 19. 10. Matt. 7. 7—ask; seek; knock.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

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Seat-Rents.

ATTENDANCE will be given in the Church on Thursday the 13th, and Friday the 14th current, from 2 till 5 o'clock P.M., and on the evening of Friday the 14th, from 7.30 till 9 o'clock, to let the Sittings to present occupants for the year to Martinmas 1885; also on Friday the 21st current, from 2 till 4 o'clock, to let any Sittings not then retaken.

The Kirk-Session particularly request that all sitters will retake their sittings on Thursday the 13th, or Friday the 14th, as sittings not then retaken will be held to be given up, and may be allocated to other applicants on Friday, the 21st current.

Information with regard to Sittings may be obtained from Mr. Smith, 7 St. Vincent Street, or by applying to the Beadle at the Church.

Work Society.

The half-yearly Sale will take place in the Schoolroom, Brunswick Street, on the 11th and 12th November, from 12 till 4 o'clock each day, and from 6 till 8 in the evening. The attendance of parishioners and members of the Congregation is invited. This is an old and valued parochial agency, and it deserves our best support.

Young Women's Association and Bible Class.

The meetings will be resumed on the evening of Monday the 3d November, at 8 P.M., in the Mission Hall. New members will be enrolled. The attendance of all former members is cordially invited.

Young Men's Guild.

Dr. Macleod will preach the Annual Sermon on the forenoon of the first Sabbath of the month. The reading-room has been opened, and gives promise of being very useful. A room in the Mission Hall is used for this purpose. It is open in the evening from 7.30 till 10. Books, newspapers, and magazines are provided. Some help is required towards defraying the expense of additional furnishings which were required, and generally for the objects of the Guild (which were fully set forth in the last Magazine). Any addition, therefore, which is made to the ordinary collection on Sabbath, the 2d, will be applied to this purpose. We feel assured that many will gladly assist in promoting an object so excellent as this undoubtedly is.

Temperance Association.

The first of the public Lectures for the season will be delivered in the Mission Hall on the evening of Tuesday the 18th November, at 8 P.M., by the Rev. James Rankin, D.D., Minister of Muthill. Subject—"A Visit to Eastern Africa." All invited.

Collections for November.

The Collection for the Jewish Mission will be made on the 16th, being the third Sabbath of November.

The Annual Collection for the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary will be made on the day usually appointed for that purpose, viz. the last Sabbath of November.

Congregational Prayer Meeting.

The first meeting will be held on Thursday the 13th, at 3 P.M., in the Mission Hall. Addresses will be given with reference to the Female Missions of the Church of Scotland referred to below.

The second Prayer Meeting will be held on **Wednesday** the 26th (in place of Thursday the 27th), being the day recommended by the General Assembly for general intercession in behalf of Missions.

Ladies' Work Party.

The first meeting will take place in the Mission Hall on Thursday the 27th (Wednesday having been appointed for the above purpose) at 2.30. All interested are invited to attend.

Workers' Meeting.

A meeting of District Visitors, Sunday School Teachers, Collectors, and all other workers, will be held on **Tuesday**, the 4th, at 3 P.M., in the Mission Hall. All who are willing to be helpful in any way are invited.

St. Stephen's Association in support of the Female Missions of the Church of Scotland.

The last command Christ gave His disciples before He ascended into heaven was, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations (or make disciples or 'Christians of all nations'), baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and this was not for the disciples only but for the Church in all ages. A living church will ever be a missionary church, and so with individuals; the more they feel of the preciousness of Christ themselves, they will be the more anxious that the blessings they enjoy should be imparted to others. It is not for all to go, but all may send—for every one

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can do a little by influence or means to aid in this—and it is with this in view that the St. Stephen's Association was formed, that all might, according to their ability, give some help to the spread of the gospel at home and abroad. As there are no church-door collections for the Female Missions of our Church, they are, to a great extent, supported by collecting congregationally. The collectors will call on members of St. Stephen's in the course of this month, and the Committee hope their appeal will be liberally responded to.

The Associations thus collected for are:—The Gaelic School and Bursary Fund, The Ladies' Association for Foreign Missions, and The Ladies' Association for the Christian Education of Jewish Females. The first of these is of great use for the Gaelic-speaking population of our country, as its object is to enable promising Gaelic-speaking lads, who have not means of their own, to get such an education as will fit them for a University training, and ultimately entering the Divinity Hall. The necessity in the Highlands for a Gaelic-speaking ministry is great, and it is clearly the duty of the Church to provide clergymen for such of her people as still love the language, and feel the Gospel comes to their hearts with greater power in it than in any other tongue. The sum collected for this Association last year was £27 : 11s., besides a considerable sum subscribed by members of the Congregation but not paid through this Association.

Our sympathies are not confined to home, and an interest is taken also in our sisters in India, and our Congregation shows this in the support it gives to Miss Gordon as its special agent, now Lady Superintendent of the Madras Branch. A special report of this will be issued. As regards the General Association, it may be well to mention that during the past year three ladies have been sent to Calcutta and one to Poona. For the first time also a lady has been sent to Africa for this Association. It is believed much good seed is being sown, which, watered by prayer, will no doubt in good time bring forth fruit. The sum collected for the General Association last year was £14, besides the much larger sum raised for the Purseswaukum (Madras) Mission.

While the Church seeks to diffuse blessings at home and to our fellow-subjects in India, she is not unmindful of God's ancient people; they, too, are included in the command to "teach all nations." No doubt they are at present cast out; that is only for a time; the time to favour Zion will come—we know not how soon—and it is for us to use every means in our power to bring that about, remembering that through them full salvation is come to the Gentiles, and however they may be despised now, because of their rejection of the Saviour, we owe them a deep debt of gratitude for the many blessings we, through them, enjoy. The Ladies' Jewish Association continue, as formerly, their Schools at the stations occupied by the General Assembly's Missionaries, and

with the same staff of teachers with the exception of Alexandria, where Miss Kirkpatrick is now head teacher; and Miss Calder has recently left this country to be her assistant. The collections from the Congregational Association last year amounted to £43 : 11s.

It is thought unnecessary to enter into details, as these should be well known from the "Missionary Record" and "News of Female Missions."

The Committee would urge a wider circulation of these Church Magazines. A new arrangement has been entered into for the publication of both, and those in charge of them earnestly appeal for increased support and a wider circulation among the members of the Church of Scotland.

The Committee would conclude by again urging on each, according to their ability, to obey the command to teach all nations, looking for a blessing to Him who not only gave the command but with it gave the promise, "Lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

It is impossible to include every member of such a large and widely-scattered Congregation within a district; should any member be overlooked and not called upon during this month, it will be a favour if they will send their contributions before the 15th of December, either to the Treasurer, Mrs. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row, or to any member of Committee.

COMMITTEE.

Lady Gillespie.	Mrs. Macleod, <i>President.</i>
Mrs. MacNab.	Mrs. Stevenson, <i>Treasurer.</i>
Miss Blackwood.	Miss Tawse, <i>Secretary.</i>

COLLECTORS.

Mrs. Bilton, 11 Buckingham Terrace.
 Mrs. Girdwood, 30 Moray Place.
 Mrs. Hardie, 4 Scotland Street.
 Mrs. Robertson, 12 Belgrave Place.
 Mrs. Stevenson, 17 Heriot Row.
 Miss Boyd, 3 Gloucester Place.
 Miss Brodie, 29 Howe Street.
 Miss Cosens, 81 Great King Street.
 Miss Cumming, 20 Dean Terrace.
 Miss Jameson, 2 Abbotsford Park.
 Miss Ada Kennedy, 71 Great King Street.
 Miss Leishman, 4 Douglas Crescent.
 Miss Mann, 22 Raeburn Place.
 Miss MacNab, 22 Howard Place.
 Miss Pott, 1 Inverleith Row.
 Miss Shepherd, 13 Gloucester Place.
 Miss Stewart, 61 Northumberland Street.
 Miss Symington, 13 Dundas Street.
 Miss C. Tawse, 11 Royal Terrace.
 Miss Walker, 31 Buckingham Terrace.

In connection with the above it may be mentioned that the Lady Collectors will make their Collections towards the end of the month and beginning of December. A special Report will be issued with reference to Miss Gordon's work at Madras, and contributions for that object will be taken at the same time as those for the objects mentioned in the foregoing statement. The Collectors are requested to meet immediately after the Prayer Meeting on the 13th.



NOVEMBER 1884.

“Only a Lassie.”

A STORY FOR THE END OF THE YEAR.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

By ROBINA F. HARDY.

CHAPTER I.

“IT’S a fine bairn, Lea-rig—a vera fine bairn, but I’m feared ye’ll no’ be pleased.”

So said the farmer’s wife, a blithe and comely dame, as she stood on the warm kitchen hearth, shaking the snowflakes from her duffle cloak, and regarding her old “gudeman” with a shrewd look of suspicion and yet of amusement too.

“Humph!” ejaculated “Lea-rig” (as David Elliot was invariably styled in those parts), “what for suld I trouble my heid about the wean either one way or another? I hae other things to think o’, Menie Rutherford—I can tell ye that!”

She had been his wife for forty years past, but he still always called her by the name she had borne that bright May day, so long, so very long ago, when he had brought her away from the lonely shieling among the hills to this very farm of Lea-rig. Well, it was just one of the customs of those quaint and homely dwellers among the pleasant windings of the Gala water, and we have no right to interfere with it.

Menie Rutherford put her hand kindly on the old man’s shoulder as he still sat crouching over the fire in his big armchair.

“I mind that weel, Daavid. Did ye think I was like to forget? My heart has aften times been wi’ ye, auld man, when I was kept tethered to Burnbrae for the sake o’ Mary an’ her weans.”

Old Lea-rig seemed mollified by these kindly words, and at last shook himself up to that proper degree of interest in his wife’s news, in which, to say the least of it, he had hitherto been somewhat lacking.

“Ay, ay!” he said, cordially enough, “an’ how left ye Mary? Puir lass! this isna the best time o’ year for her. Ye’ve brocht the snaw back wi’ ye, I’m thinkin’?”

“It’s a bit blatter, Daavid; that’s a’ as yet, but it’ll be deep drifts afore lang. But Mary and her babe are thrivin’ an’ like to thrive—the Lord’s name be praised! An’ tho’ it’s but a lassie——”

The farmer’s hand came down with some violence

on the table by his side at this fresh reminder of his disappointment. He had sorely longed all his days for son or grandson to carry on his own good old name to future generations, or at least to keep on the tack of Lea-rig a while. But this blessing had been denied. Three daughters gladdened his home indeed, but no noisy, rackety boys came to be praised and scolded by turns as the farmer’s mood might be. Mary was the only survivor now even of the girls; and from her happy home at Burnbrae old Lea-rig had learned to look again for that *rara avis*, a boy! But alas for him! it was the same old story over again—first one girl, then another, and now—once more—it was “but a lassie!”

“Wife!” he said sternly, “let me hear nae mair about it! I’ve heard mair nor I want to hear. Three times made a fule o’ in my young days—three times in my auld days—it’s ower muckle for mortal man to staun! The world may wag as it likes noo for me, an’ my faither’s farm may gang to the stranger whan it wull. Maybe *Wully Ainslie* ’ll get it yet, for a’ we ken!”

He spoke this name with extraordinary bitterness, but his wife seemed quite to understand, and only tried in her *couthy*, kindly way to lead him on to other subjects.

“Dinna vex yersel’, Daavid. We’re a’ in gude hands, an’ hae mony, mony mercies to think on. Thae’s a fine lot o’ stirks Michael was bringin’ in frae the laigh mead. Gat ye them at St. Boswell’s Tryst? Ye were aye a gude hand at chusin’ a baste, Daavid, my man, I can say that for ye.”

But poor Menie’s well-meant words were doomed to prove a fresh irritant to her husband’s troubled mind. Once again his clenched hand descended on the table with violence as he echoed her words.

“The *laigh mead*? Ay! An’ whaur *suld* they hae been but i’ the *nether haugh*? But that villain—that scoon’rel—*Wully Ainslie o’ Cauldshiel*, has threepit a black lee doon the laird’s thrott, an’ gar’t him tack it on to his ain bare rigs! An’ me was wullin’ to pay for’t—an’ to build the march-dyke an’ a’! He’ll come to an ill end yet, or my name’s no Daavid Elliot!”

“Wheesht, wheesht, ma man! Dinna let us wush him ill for a’ that. To his ain maister he maun stan’ or fa’, an’ ye hae land aneuch wi’oot the *nether haugh*.”

"Humph!" muttered old Lea-rig, "that's a' ye womekind can understan'!"

Mrs. Elliot had not been idle during this conversation. She had laid aside her travelling gear, shaken out and folded anew the big shepherd plaid that had shielded her from the storm in that long cart-journey from Burnbrae. And more than that, she had made a good cup of tea for herself and her goodman, she had spread their homely table, and was now engaged in putting a rasher of bacon and some new-laid eggs on the frying-pan. Perhaps old "Lea-rig" was not too much out of humour to be soothed by these simple arts. At all events he laid aside for a little the well-worn theme of the march-dyke across the river-haughs, and unbent to more ordinary and pleasing converse. He had time now, too, to notice that his Menie—his "auld wife" as he loved to call her—was looking somewhat worn and weary after those weeks of nursing up at Burnbrae; there was a bright spot of colour, too, on the withered cheek that he liked not to see there. Never from herself would he hear one word of complaining as long as she was fit to do the day's work—that he well knew—but others less afraid of wounding his feelings had shaken their heads and said—he *would not* remember what! But there crossed his mind to-night a fear that the days might not be far distant when he should miss from his daily life a blessing greater even than that sorely grudged nether haugh!

"They're ettlin' to give *you* the name, Daavid," Mrs. Elliot ventured to remark, seeing him in this softened humour. "That's to say—bein' a lassie it wad need to be *Daavida* or something like that."

"Na, na!" said her husband hastily, "I'll hae nae daft-like name to mak' maitters waur! Ye'll hae the name yersel', my auld wife, an' she'll be ca'd for the best freend she has! Menie's a bonnie name too, an' gif the lassie be half as guid as her she's ca'd for——" A tear glistened in the old man's eye, and he did not finish the sentence; but Menie Rutherford understood full well all that was in his mind just then.

CHAPTER II.

It was still early next morning when old Lea-rig, prowling about in his own farmyard, was suddenly arrested by the cheery voice and outstretched hand of Tib Rae, the dairy-woman, a tall, gaunt, dark-visaged matron, no particular favourite with the master, for all she was an old and faithful retainer.

"I maun hae a grip o' yer haund this day, Lea-rig!" cried Tib, and, unwilling as he was, the old man had to take the offered salutation. "A fine onsie lassie has been added to yer hoose—Heaven be praised! An' may she be the staff o' yer auld age, an' the licht o' yer een in the days to come!"

"Humph!" muttered the old man, withdrawing his wrinkled hand from Tib's eager grasp. "It's

gude to be thankfu' for sma' mercies. There's nae lack o' lasses in the land, Tib."

"Maybe no, Lea-rig. But, ye ken, there's aye the maist sawn o' the best crap."

Firing this parting shot after her master, Tib marched off to the byre, bearing a bright tin pitcher in each hand, and a wooden "creepie," or three-legged stool, under her arm. Leebie, her young and buxom assistant, hurried in after her, scarcely able to repress a fit of laughter at the recent scene.

"Eh, wumman, but ye've a bauld hert to speak till the maister the way ye did, an' him that angry at the bit wean for bein' but a lassock. I wadna hae washed him joy for a' the gear ye could gie me."

"Hoot, havers, lass!" retorted Tib. "Do ye think I fear the face o' man? No' me! An' I hae served ower lang wi' Daavid Elliot no to ken jist exactly the length o' ma tether—whan to speak and whan no'. *Him* to set himsel' up against the ways o' Providence, an' to grumple at the blessed infant that's sent to his bien hoose an' his weel-pleenished board! Heard ye ever the like?"

"Puir auld body," said Leebie, more sympathetically, "he's no' mony years o' this life to luik to, an' he's no' like to see a laddie born to be his heir, for a' he's set his hert on ane! But deed, he's but a cankered carle, an' I whiles wonder that the mistress is that saft an' easy wi' him. If it had been you or me, Tib, we'd ha'e gi'en him his answer back whiles."

"The mistress!" returned Tib, now seated on her creepie and performing on Brownie, her favourite cow, while Leebie "yokit to" an inferior animal in the next stall, "the mistress is just a raal saunt, if ever there was ane. Mony a time when he's on the rampage aboot this thing or that, she's said to me, 'Tib,' says she, 'my auld man's a guid man, nane better, for a' he flytes that way. He has but ae faut that I ken o'—ane that I trust he will yet conquer—an' what am I that I suld murmur at *him*? Na, na, Tib,' says she, 'I maun obey him and reverence him "even as Sarah obeyed Abraham!"' 'Weel-a-wot,' says I, 'mistress, it's weel wi' them that can do't, for I could naither hae obeyed the tane nor the tither.'"

"I thocht ye had a 'lord an' maister' o' yer ain, Tib," said Leebie, looking slyly round, with a laugh once more sparkling over her broad but comely face. "Div ye no' obey yer ain gudeman?"

"*Michael*?" cried Tib, scornfully. "*Me* obey *Michael*? Hoots, havers, lass! But let's on wi' oor wark—Brownie's no' in a gude temper the day, an' that limmer, Speckly, 'il no' staun' still a meenit. Pruchee, pruchee, ma leddy," she continued, in very conciliatory tone, addressing the latter of her milky charges, as she went over to the more distant stall it occupied.

Leebie, too, went farther off on a similar errand, and the conversation regarding conjugal obedience was not renewed. Michael Rae, the husband of

Tib, was grieve on the farm of Lea-rig, and, being a mild and peaceable man, was supposed to be pretty well kept in check by his more stirring helpmeet. But Tib's rule, if firm, was yet beneficent, and Michael made no complaint. The grieve was as much a favourite with his old master as his wife was the reverse, and when all other ways had failed to turn Lea-rig from any rash and too venturesome undertaking it was generally to Michael that even the mistress turned for a persuasive word and a prevailing counsel. He and his active spouse occupied a neat cottage just at the back of the farm, so as to be at hand whenever required.

It was a pleasant place altogether, that lowland farm, among the green haughs and the upland pastures watered by the many windings of the Gala. Fleecy flocks covered the hillside, fine well-conditioned herds cropped the rich herbage of the plain, and in this late autumn season few better filled stackyards were to be seen in all the country round than that half encircling the gray old farmhouse with its snug garden and bushy elderberry trees. Yes, Lea-rig was a pleasant home, and David Elliot ought to have been a very happy man, but, as Tib Rae sagely expressed it, “*There's aye a deuk-dub at a'bod'y's door.*”

CHAPTER III.

TIME passed, and the christening day at Burnbrae duly arrived. Long though the hill-road was, and wintry the weather, old Lea-rig himself accompanied his wife back to their married daughter's home in order to be present on the important occasion. They were “cannily driven” over the moor and up the winding rugged track—for one could hardly call it a road—in the cart, which was the only suitable vehicle for such a journey. Michael Rae drove them, and held friendly converse alternately with the master and the mistress and good old Star, his four-footed companion.

And the little round ball of a thing that had so sadly disappointed the old farmer was ceremoniously introduced to him, and was, on the whole, rather graciously received. Nobody could say exactly whom she most resembled, though there were many attempts made to trace a likeness to father, mother, and grandparents in the red wrinkled facie, and the curled-up mite of a nose, or the big mouth that seemed always gaping either for food or in yawning. According to her grandfather's wishes she received the name of Marion Rutherford; and once more a tear twinkled in the old man's eyes as he blessed the infant and wished that she might grow up “as bonny and as guid as her she's ca'd for.”

Time passed again, and before very long little “Menie,” or “Mey,” as they preferred to call her, was able to come down to Lea-rig on a visit now and again, and learned to play about the big kitchen hearth or round the busy farmyard, just as her

mother had done in the bygone days. She was still a little round ball of a creature, with no very great pretensions to beauty in her freckled face and homely features. But the winning guilelessness of childhood was hers in ample measure, and she kept the old house bright and cheery when she came with her constant prattle and pattering footsteps. Little Mey's hair, however, *was* pretty. Even people who complained of it being too bright in colour had to confess that it was nice auburn hair; and it kept tumbling about her rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes in quite an artistic kind of disorder. Mey had a will of her own, and knew how to exercise it too. Perhaps, being the youngest, she had got slightly spoiled. But when on rare occasions Miss Mey was crossed in her wishes, while staying at Lea-rig under the mild sway of her grandmother, then the little autoerat set everybody laughing by the way she imitated the old farmer himself—shaking back the “toosy” locks to show the deep frown on her baby brows, and stamping on the ground with her tiny foot as she had often seen him do.

“Preserve us a'!” Tib Rae would exclaim then. “She's a twig o' the auld tree, that one, as the sayin' goes! That's Lea-rig himsel' to the vera life!”

Curiously enough she seemed to have very much the same likes and dislikes that her grandfather had. Tib was decidedly an object of aversion to her, while Michael, on the contrary, was her prime favourite. She would sit for hours quite quietly beside him if he was at work in the fields, and she would be constantly “trotting” in and out of the little cottage at Michael's hours of food or rest. On Sunday nights particularly she loved to sit on his knee and tell him all the Bible stories she had learned, or ask him strange and puzzling questions about many things. Poor Michael was often sorely at a loss to answer these, and would have been thankful for Tib's aid in the matter, she being more of a scholar and theologian than he could boast himself to be. But then here came in Mey's obstinacy and her somewhat unreasonable prejudices, for she would not suffer Tib to interfere in the conversation even in the remotest manner.

“Michael!” asked Mey abruptly one Sunday evening after being deeply moved by the death of old Mause, her grandmother's favourite cat. “Michael! whaur do *cats* gang to whan they dee?”

Michael rubbed his sandy hair violently and seemed at a loss. Not that he had any doubt about Mause having had only temporal life bestowed on her, but then he did not wish to vex his little friend and playmate by saying so. Tib had no such refinement of feeling. She was standing over the fire cooking something for supper, and being hot and tired, perhaps, broke in impatiently with—

“*Cats! To the midden to be sure!*¹ Whaur else wad *they* gang?”

“Wheesht, wife, wheesht!” entreated Michael,

¹ A true incident.

stroking the little rumped head that lay so confidently on his breast just then. "Dinna vex the wean! It's no for us to say aught about the craters!"

But Mey darted angrily from her resting-place, and, jumping off his knee, confronted the too practical Tib with her flashing eyes and the nod of her little red "curly pow" that was so like Lea-rig's.

"Zoo bad, wicked woman!" she cried excitedly. "Mause was a great deal gooder zan zoo, and Mey will tell gran'fazzer and he will put zoo into ze midden—zes, he will!"

Tib set her arms akimbo and fairly burst into a fit of laughter; and no wonder, for Mey's wrath was ludicrous enough.

"That's the maister himsel', sure enough!" she said, on recovering her gravity. "As the auld cock crows the young anes learn!"

But Michael created a diversion in Mey's favour by taking her up on his shoulder and carrying her off to the other room to hear the starling get his lesson; a performance which always gave her intense satisfaction.

So the starling said over his old phrases and got a new one to study during the week. "Good boy," "come up," "you be quick," "look alive now," "all's well," and other incoherent observations, had a soothing effect on Mey's mind, and when Michael and she returned to the kitchen Tib made her peace by setting some nice hot pancakes before them both. "All's well!" again sang out the starling.

(*To be concluded.*)

Sermon.

INTERCESSION.

By the Rev. PEARSON M'ADAM MUIR, Morningside, Edinburgh.

"Pray one for another."—ST. JAMES v. 16.

MANY who believe in the efficacy of prayer for themselves are somewhat doubtful as to the efficacy of prayer for others. But does it not stand to reason that if there is any kind of supplication which must avail with Him who is righteousness and love, it must be a supplication which is not altogether centred in self? "The high desire that others may be blest" will surely not be less acceptable to God than the desire that blessings may descend on our own heads. It cannot be in accordance with the faith of Him who gave Himself, body, soul, and spirit, for others, that the most effectual prayer which goes up to heaven should be that which is wholly occupied with our own cares and our own wants. If work for others be nobler than work simply for one's self, prayer for others must correspondingly be nobler than prayer simply for one's self. If we, being evil, are better pleased with a person who should come to us asking a boon

for another than with a person who should pertinaciously solicit us to give any help at our disposal exclusively to him, much more will our Father who is in heaven listen to the prayer which is not offered solely on behalf of the petitioner himself.

We are so strangely connected with each other, so dependent on each other, that no action which we perform but bears fruit elsewhere—has some effect on the well-being of others. Even on the low ground of prudence, he is a short-sighted man who confines his gaze to his own more immediate comfort, who does not feel that in increasing the comfort of those about him he must of necessity increase his own. When an epidemic threatens to approach a village, which is the more sensible method for a man to adopt—to take all precautionary measures in his own house, suffering the epidemic to run riot through all the other houses in the place, or to take measures whereby the plague shall, as far as possible, be prevented from getting into the village at all? The likelihood is that if it gets into one house, other houses in the neighbourhood will not escape. Equally short-sighted is the man who, believing in the efficacy of prayer, prays only for himself, under the impression that what others do, and what others are, is of no consequence to him personally. Mere worldly wisdom might tell him that it is of great consequence indeed; and what should Christian feeling and Christian principle dictate to him? If he bears in mind that he is a member of the Body of Christ, it will be impossible for him to limit his prayers to his own desires. The griefs, the hopes, the aspirations, the struggles of others must thrill through him; he cannot stand isolated and apart. Once let him become possessed with the thought that he and each man that he meets are but fragments of one Great Body, the Body of Jesus Christ, and he will also become possessed with the thought that in praying for others he is praying for himself, or rather he will lose sight of self altogether and work and pray for the life and the health of the Body of which he and they alike are parts. It was so with the Apostle St. Paul. His epistles are pervaded with prayer for others; prayer for himself appears to be forgotten and swallowed up in the earnestness of his supplication for others; his whole life was "one great breath of intercession for all towards whom his heart yearned or with whom he had laboured."

Look at a greater than St. Paul. Look at our Lord Jesus Christ and see how He taught Intercession, how He received Intercession, how He practised Intercession.

When He said, "Ask, and ye shall receive," He did not mean that men speaking on their own behalf would alone be heard. When He commanded His disciples, "Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you," it is plain that He meant prayer to be made by us for all sorts and conditions of men; He meant us to feel that

instead of deeming our duty done when we prayed for ourselves, we were to include even those whose welfare might to ourselves seem fraught with harm.

Look again at the way in which Christ received intercessions. He did not turn a deaf ear to those who came asking help only for themselves. He healed the leper who fell down before Him saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." He healed the blind men who followed Him crying, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us." He healed the woman who for her own sake touched the hem of His garment. But neither did He refuse to extend His aid to those for whom aid was asked only by their friends. He said to the Syrophenician woman as she continued to invoke Him for her daughter, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt." He said to the centurion who sought relief for his grievously tormented servant, "Go thy way, and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." It was at the request of friends that He healed the man who was let down through the roof into His presence. Seeing *their* faith, He said unto the sick of the palsy, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." It was at the request of the distressed father that He raised the daughter of Jairus; it was touched by the spectacle of the mourners that He raised the son of the widow of Nain.

See, once more, how constantly He was in the habit of pleading with His Father on behalf of His brethren. "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not," so He said to Simon Peter. "Father, I thank thee," so He said by the grave of Lazarus, "that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always." "I will pray the Father," so He said to His disciples in His last memorable discourse to them, "and he shall give you another Comforter," and immediately after that discourse there came His equally memorable prayer for them and for all: "I pray for them. Sanctify them through thy truth. Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they may all be one." Hanging on the Cross, amid all His grievous agony of body and of soul, He prayed for them by whom the agony was inflicted, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Such He was on earth. What is He in heaven? What is the loftiest conception that we can form of His occupation there? Is it not that still, all thought of Himself abjured, He is our Advocate, our Intercessor? Still in the presence of God, as it were, praying that the faith of the impulsive fail not, that the Comforter may come into the hearts of the bereaved, that all His disciples may be rendered holy by the word of God abiding in them, that they may be all one in love, and that His enemies may be forgiven? Now, that which is done by the Head above should be the inspiration of the members here below. As in Him the Son of God we also are the sons of God, as in Him the Perfect

Sacrifice we also are to present ourselves living sacrifices, so in Him the Great Intercessor we also are to be for each other intercessors and advocates with the Father.

It is not, of course, with any side glance at our own selfish interests that we should offer our petitions for others. And yet it may be well to add how very beneficial it is for ourselves. An error into which we are apt to fall in our endeavours after holiness is the error of watching with scrupulous and morbid exactness every symptom of our spiritual condition. The most effectual remedy for this undue absorption in our own spiritual struggles is to devote ourselves to procure blessings for others, to consider how much they stand in need of, and to implore the bestowal of gifts upon them. Our own condition is thus by degrees forgotten, and when we do recall it after a time, it is to discover that our negligence has done more for it than all our previous thoughtfulness, that in pleading the cause of others we have gained much for ourselves. "Praying for the people ahead of me," says General Gordon, "whom I am about to visit, gives me much strength, and it is wonderful how something seems already to have passed between us when I meet a chief (for whom I have prayed) for the first time."¹

Another great benefit that will assuredly flow to us from the assiduous cultivation of the habit of Intercession is the increase of our charity towards others. Let us constantly pray for a man and it is almost impossible that we should cherish bitter feelings towards him. For his unrighteousness or dishonesty or selfishness, we may entertain just sentiments of indignation, but underneath all the unrighteousness and dishonesty and selfishness we shall see the man himself, and seek for his deliverance from what do not constitute him, but are in reality his deadly enemies. To one who rightly feels the solemnity and awfulness of converse with the Almighty, it must be unutterably shocking, while engaged in that converse, to look at other people save in the light of truth and fairness. The distance at which we both stand from God makes the distance between us sink into insignificance. We draw nearer to each other, our common humanity is acknowledged, when we acknowledge a common Father. Fancy a community of which every member sincerely prayed for every other member; would not that be the abode of charity and peace? would not a bond of union be there which nothing could dissolve?

Pray, then, one for another. Pray for your own household, pray for your kindred, pray for your friends, pray for your neighbours, pray for your enemies. Pray one for another, however strange or unkind or disagreeable or unsympathetic you may deem one another to be, and asperities will be softened, stumbling-blocks will be removed, your personal anxieties will be lessened, and your hearts will be expanded.

¹ *Life and Work* for March, p. 47

"Then draw we nearer day by day
Each to his brethren, all to God."

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. . . .
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

A Lay Mission Holiday.¹

"DO all the good you can, in your own time and in your own way," was the sole instruction given us by the Convener of the Christian Life and Work Committee, on our departure for Unst in Shetland last July, as deputies to the people gathered there for the fishing trade.

One naturally connects with Shetland visions of cliffs, rocks, and islands; sea-birds, seals, and whales; ponies and peats; boats, voes, roosts, and skerries; perpetual daylight, and glorious sunsets and dawns. Or, if one is a woman, they mingle with the dream visions of shawls, veils, and subtle woollen work. But pleasant and interesting as it is to think of or read about these things, there is yet a deeper interest to be felt in these densely crowded fishing-stations and in the life of the men, women, and children who sojourn there during the three or four months over which the herring fishery extends.

It is a strangely mixed population that has gathered along the shores of these voes or bays. There are fishermen from all parts of the kingdom, with the designation of their home painted in large letters on their boats, but shrunk into such laconic symbols as—ME, I. of M, INS, LH, WK, KY, etc.² To outsiders such letters afford merely a speculative amusement, but by the wives and children on shore it is often with thrills of anxious emotion that their appearance is watched for on the far-off seas.

The fishermen and their families are generally decent, hard-working, worthy people, many of them intensely, even severely, religious, developing occasionally a very noble and striking character. Then there are coopers, who, though readily distinguishable from fishermen, seem to acquire in their appearance and bearing a breeze of the sea. Many of them are young men, to whom the semi-nomadic life has special charms. Here, also, are assembled in crowds women and girls from nearly all the large towns and villages on the coast, with a goodly sprinkling of Shetland girls, whom the "big

wages" have attracted to the work of herring-gutting.

Among these women there are some of decent, modest worth and character, and others who, only too certainly, are known to belong to the ranks of degraded women. When it is considered that all these are housed close together in wooden buildings or bothies, which have been put up in a temporary and hasty manner, generally with little or no regard for sanitary arrangements, it will be readily understood that there are many and strong temptations to wickedness.

On our first visit to the stations we realised vividly the difficulty of approaching them on moral or religious grounds. "I would not myself cross their threshold, but for a lady to do so is entirely out of the question," said one of the curers when informed of our purpose. A volley of oaths and a burst of loud laughter proceeding from one of the bothies seemed to emphasise his remark. It instantly acted on us with a stimulative effect, dispelling all scruples and fears, and demonstrating how much these poor girls stood in need of some one to go among them with the message of Him who came to seek and to save sinners.

As we approached they grouped themselves together, looking bold, defiant, ready for mischief. It is just in such circumstances that the power of prayer may be felt. The weapons to be used are entirely spiritual, and the most commonplace word, look, or action may be used by God, and made the means of overcoming the powers of evil. After a few words we felt the battle was half won when, in answer to our question, "Would you allow us to meet with you in your house?" one of the girls answered, "I'm agreeable if the rest's agreeable." It was easy work then to gain the consent of the others, one by one, until we had their unanimous promise that they would "stay in" to meet with us at a given hour on the following evening. And a stranger meeting than that we have rarely seen. Every one had kept her promise, although few were apparently present, for the greater number were in bed, or lay on their beds half concealed in the shadow, or retired behind a partition, where they could hear but not be seen. The place was very untidy, and the surroundings incongruous with the nature of our gathering. A new difficulty, too, presented itself. How were we to make our voices heard through the din of oaths and foul talk arising from an adjoining bothy? In our trouble the rough voice of a woman scolding sounded almost sweetly, for she was reproving the men in no measured terms, and demanding silence, that our meeting might not be disturbed. The noise moderated, and from the first opening line of the 100th Psalm till the close of the meeting not one syllable of interruption was heard. Indeed we distinctly heard some of those in the next bothy joining in the words of that grand old Psalm. All this was very cheering, but it was even more so to

¹ This paper will show our readers how interesting is the work to which volunteers for service among the fishing population are invited. The writer and his wife spent their "Holiday" in the most northern parish of the United Kingdom, and we learn from the parish minister and others how acceptable their labours were.

² Montrose, Isle of Man, Inverness, Leith, Wick, Kirkcaldy.

find in our subsequent meetings that the house was carefully cleaned and tidied, the women neatly dressed, and in many little ways an evident interest shown in the proceedings.

It is plain that the work of reformation must be done chiefly by women, but so long as Christian ladies refuse to recognise that this is a proper work for them no advance can be made. It is very beautiful and touching to mark the strong influence a lady acquires over even the roughest girl when, without assumption of superiority, she goes among them in a simple, sisterly way.

The history of some of these poor lost ones might well soften the voice of blame into tenderest pity. Who that has considered the influence of circumstances on character will judge harshly when he learns that, from earliest infancy, some of these girls have been so educated as to have had no chance of being virtuous? But the work of reformation, though imperative, is surely not the chief work to which we are called. Preventive work lies at the hand of every Christian, and there are signs that many are waking to see the necessity and hopefulness of such efforts.

Several meetings were held with the men only; and, by means of addresses and the distribution of White Cross tracts, the duty of striving after the highest standard of purity was urged. From the earnest, hearty way in which response was made, the speaker was deeply impressed with the conviction that there is a dormant enthusiasm on this subject, which, if called into organised and directed effort, would achieve as great results as have ever been done by the Temperance Movement. It is appalling to find how much of the evil is done through ignorance, and from the prevalence of specious principles whose falsity can be so easily exhibited.

It was a great contrast to go from the bothies into the fishermen's houses. Here the home feeling is strong. The housewife loves her husband and children faithfully and devotedly, and in their service is never a moment idle. Here is a woman whose room we never approach without hearing her singing. She sings the children to sleep; she sings at her work; she sings the bairns "good;" she sings to herself unconsciously in her own joyousness of heart. And how ready she is to speak of that which has set her a-singing and gladdened all her life—the love of Jesus! After a visit to such a home one went forth with fresh vigour and hope.

We soon found that a large number went to no place of worship on Sunday. They said the distance from the Church was too great, and it was necessary to cross the voe in boats in order to get either to the Free Church Mission or to the Mission Station where the parish minister, ably assisted by his son as missionary, has large congregations twice every Sunday. For these, meetings were held in the open air at points most convenient for them.

On Sunday forenoons a congregation gathered without church or minister, precentor or beadle, elder or "plate." The people were seated on barrels, and probably some reminiscence of a pulpit induced some one zealously to place a chair in front of the speaker. And now where could a precentor be found with voice loud enough to lead? Here, beside us, is the very man. A fisherman he is, of course—trumpet-voiced, enthusiastic, and knowing all the favourite hymns and tunes of the people. One of the minor troubles of some ministers is, we believe, the selecting suitable psalms and hymns. Here their trouble might vanish. Our precentor chooses the words as well as the tunes, and he does so with an unerring exactness that is wonderful. Though he belongs to a sister communion, and is a zealous member too, he comes to all our meetings because, as he says, "The Master has need of him here."

Before the address an opportunity is given for any one to lead in prayer, and an old man stands up at once, and in plain, direct, reverent words pleads for a blessing as if he meant to get it. How much one may learn even from hearing such prayers! This is a man who gets answers to his requests, and therefore cannot glide into formal or stereotyped expressions in asking what he desires.

Great as is the need of a Sunday service here, there is still greater need in a little island about two miles off, and we offer to go there in the afternoon if one can be found willing to take us. An instant response is made; and so in two hours after we sail, accompanied by a large number of the forenoon audience.

It is Adolphe Monod who regards the time of silence just preceding an address as the supreme moment for a speaker. The mood in which he then is affects every word. There could have been no better preparation than was made by these circumstances. The scene was lovely. The sea, sky, and islands bathed in glorious sunshine; the gentle motion of the boat as she danced over the wavelets on her mission; the Sabbath stillness, broken only by the ripple of the waters; the delicious smell of the ocean, with air so pure to sight and breath; but above all, these fishermen seated there, bursting into joyous songs of praise which made glad echoes far over the sea; these, all combined, filled one with thoughts of Him in remembrance of whom we hold this day holy. The people on the island hear our songs, and, when our purpose is told, gather with evident eagerness in a hollow in the hill behind their stations. If we have had the experience of speaking to unwilling ears at some of the other stations, in this island there is a desire for worship that is very touching. One after another they come at the close and warmly thank us, and press us to come back again. On our next visits the weather compelled us to seek shelter in one of the stores; but even there, among barrels, wood, and boxes,

the earnestness and attention of the people were most refreshing.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the Sunday's work was when one or two fishermen, walking homeward with us, would tell the story of their life, and narrate, in their own graphic way, how they came to know the Lord, or how and why they gave up "the drink," or spoke of their homes and the dear ones there; and many a brave struggle with poverty and misfortune was told us in the simplest and most modest language. It is wonderful to find how even the strongest and hardest-looking men are sometimes deeply grateful for a little sympathy in their home troubles. Wordsworth well says—

"I've heard of hearts unkind; kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of man
Has oftener left me mourning."

Space does not permit the record of interesting meetings with the children, and of Temperance meetings. As our concern was chiefly with the strangers, we had little intercourse with the islanders themselves. We were struck with the liquid sound of their voices, with their gentle sadness of manner, and with the splendid physique of some of the men.

Our holiday was not allowed to be all work. Not only the minister and his family, but two or three of the neighbouring proprietors, did much to make our visit a happy one. We had picnics and sails and drives, we had pleasant walks to view

cliffs and sea-scapes, and ascents to hilltops, with the rich reward of magnificent prospects of islands, reefs, and rocks, with the ever-fascinating view of the wide ocean. On the evening of our last day in Unst it was hard to realise that we had been only a month there, and that all these faces which had grown so familiar to us would probably be seen by us no more. We had resolved that our work must not hinder our holiday, but we now felt how much it had helped to give zest to its enjoyments, to widen our sympathy with a new phase of human life and activity, and to compel us to test the reality of beliefs which are ever in danger of being held too loosely and formally.

No one could go among these people, visiting them in their homes, and seeing and talking with them at their work, without having it forcibly pressed upon one, that a word of sympathy and cheer, but above all, a word reminding them of the love of Him who is still mighty to save, is not only greatly needed but is after all the message most heartily welcomed. From no one did we receive even one rude word or look. There is a kind of loyalty to Christ among the most degraded, and a belief in those who profess to be His followers, which is profoundly touching. Are we who profess His name blameless in so seldom speaking of Him to others, in our reticence in "confessing Him before men" "with our mouth," and in trying to persuade ourselves that such duty rests only upon ministers?

ALFRED MACLEOD.

At Anchor.

ON the old stone quay—while the sunset lay
O'er the quiet waves, like a golden way
To the unknown realms of the glorious west,
Or the spirit's path to the land of rest—
We sat and talked. Then my eyes grew dim
With thick-gathering tears, for I thought of him
Who was far away on that trackless sea.
O Diarmid!—my Diarmid! so dear to me!

Then Kathleen said in her mocking tone:
"Not even for Phil would I sigh and moan!
When his white sails vanish clean out of sight
Then I dry my tears and my heart grows light,
For it's little they think of us drudging here
When they're outward bound—and the sailor's cheer
And his song go round. Oh! but fools are they
Who dream of the men that are far away!"

How could I answer her?—I who knew
That the mocking tone hid a heart as true,
As tender, as ever a woman owned!
Alas! that in secret that true heart moaned
For a lover whose faith was light as the foam
On the far, far waves of his shifting home!
Could I wound her by making my boast of thee,
O Diarmid!—my Diarmid! so true to me!

"I know it!" she cried, and her eyes flashed fire,
Her light mood changing to scornful ire.
"It's little they reckon for us left behind,
For out o' sight with them 's out o' mind.

Faces far fairer than ours, I ween,
In the sunny lands of the south are seen.
Lettice! I tell you, poor fools were we
To dream of the men that are far at sea!"

Then I spoke out. "If the heart be true
It's little it heeds though the scene be new
And the face more fair or the eyes more bright
Than the loved ones far away, lost to sight.
But oh! believe me, our loves endure
Alone in a LOVE divinely sure.
I would trust him only, whoe'er he be,
Who is leal to his Lord, to be leal to me!

"I would trust him only who bends the knee
Unto Him who rules over earth and sea,
Who loves far better than all beside
The Lord who for him once lived and died.
He will keep his lips from the scoffer's jest,
Each thought of evil from out his breast.
I know there are such,—Oh! Kathleen, say
We may dream of them still when they're far away!"

Silent I waited some taunt or sneer
While the waters lapped round the old stone pier,
But all unbroken the stillness lay
Till the flush of sunset had died away.
Then Kathleen rose and she turned to go.
"Lettice!" she whispered quite soft and low,
"I'll pray to-night that my Phil may be
So leal to his Lord, and so leal to me!"

R. F. HARDY.



"AT ANCHOR." Drawn by ROBERT BARNES.



The Scot Abroad.

BY ONE OF THEM.

THE men of whom I wish to speak are not the few who have achieved signal distinction, but the ordinary crowd of commonplace men who are year by year being scattered over our eastern and western colonies, and throughout the great Transatlantic Republic. Are they carrying with them the religion and characteristic qualities of the land of their birth? What is their record? What their condition and influence?

As a rule, I answer, that record is far from discreditable, their condition and influence good and wholesome, and likely to be abidingly so. Of course not a few of our expatriated countrymen are like the nucleus of the army of King David of old, men whom debt, distress, discontent, and, I may add, drink, have driven out, and too many of them go to swell the list of frauds and failures with which new countries, more even than old ones, abound. The evil influence of such men is aggravated by the fact that people abroad somehow expect much from a Scotsman. They expect him to be upright and downright, a safe and true man; and in spite of the black sheep—some of them very black—who turn up now and then, this favourable expectation is justified by the general result.

So far as mere blood will go, the average Scot differs little from other branches of the grand Teutonic stock from which he has sprung; but he carries with him everywhere a peculiar and unmistakable flavour of Auld Lang Syne and the Twenty-third Psalm, which time and distance can never efface. Even when the next generations have become unfamiliar with the broad Doric of their fathers, they still delight in Scotch songs and music, and remain faithful to the simple religious services transplanted from the banks of the Tweed or Clyde to those of the Yarra, the St. Lawrence, or the Assiniboine. The grandest church in the south-eastern hemisphere, the Presbyterian Church of Dunedin, and the first whose spire attracts the eye in the capital of the far North-west, bear alike the name of John Knox, the pattern, if not the patron, saint of Scotland, "who feared his God, and knew no other fear."

The Scot abroad, like the Scot at home, is essentially Presbyterian, and never appears more at home than when, to some dear familiar tune, "Praise waits for thee in Sion, Lord" is the Sabbath morning song of the sun-browned emigrant, and a Scot or his descendant fills the pulpit. Go where you will the world over, wherever you find a quiet, home-keeping, well-ordered Sabbath, you will be sure to find a preponderance of Scotch blood and Scotch influence. Self-reliant energy is a big feature in colonial religion as I have seen it; and the offerings laid on the altar by a pioneer congregation would form a very queer list indeed if fully catalogued.

Scotsmen abroad may vary a little in their religion or their want of it; they are unanimous and enthusiastic in their love of national songs and music, and look with a mixture of contempt and pity on people who change their songs as often as the fashion of their dress.

On a St. Andrew's day they and theirs fill the biggest halls, speechify a little and sing a great deal, or rather are sung to. They laugh at the Laird o' Cockpen and Robin Tamson till they quite forget their own far harder troubles, and lustily *encore* the "hearty chiel" who personates the character. Or a lassie "simply neat" steps on the stage, and after a rapturous welcome sings "Kind Robin loes Me," "Caller Herrin'," "Nae Luck about the Hoose," or "John Anderson my Jo;" an old woman at my elbow gasps out "Puir thing!" and before the song is finished you see why the girl is a first favourite with her audience. It is not only the purity and sweetness of her well-trained voice that tells; she pours out in "plain braid Lallans" not sentiment but soul; truth, love and honour find in her a sympathetic interpreter, and as she rings out with twofold emphasis—

"At a word be aye your dealin',
Truth will stan' when a' thing's failin'!"—

I think of the men outside—it may be some of them are not outside—who reckon clever chicanery the shortest road to fortune; and, in spite of my early Puritanical training, I applaud with the rest, and hope that once more the "sang may turn out a sermon."

My first meeting with three members of a St. Andrew's society was beside the coffin of a fellow-voyager, a brother Scot, who had died a few days after landing. The three were typical men. One was a cautious and successful speculator, who had in a year or two amassed a decent competence; the next perished three months afterwards, the victim of delirium tremens; the third was a Presbyterian Minister, the son of a hardy emigrant from my own native vale, who, after nearly sixty years' absence from his native land, is still hale and hearty, and staunch to all that is best in the habits and traditions of his early youth.

To parents in the overcrowded motherland who may be looking anxiously abroad for a new home for their dear ones let me say: I have only lightly touched on the moral perils and material hardships that beset the young in every new country, much more, I grieve to say, than at home.

One thing ripe experience bids me say: The young man who goes out into the world with the prayer and purpose of Jacob, "If the Lord will be my God," will never go down in the battle of life with a dishonoured name. At the worst he will still be able to say, "All is lost but honour." If you wish your children to be a blessing to the land of their adoption, a credit to the land of their birth, let their earliest and most in-

delible impressions be of a home, however humble, where the Bible is read and honoured, the Sabbath kept holy, and true religion the mainspring of all action. A mere veneer of respectability makes the meanest possible show in the rough-and-tumble of pioneer life. And whatever you wish your children to be, try to be yourselves. R. W. M.

Life Assurance for All.

A CONCLUDING WORD.

By L. B. WALFORD.

THEN a word to the overworked—the men who in full career are toiling prosperously; work congenial and remunerative pours in upon them, till nerve and brain, both at high pressure, threaten to fail, and yet to give way while money and fame and the world are at their feet is not to be thought of. But the toughest will must knock under some day, and the ambitious toiler in the midst of his vortex would fain look to a rest—even a partial rest—in this world before he goes to his long home. Well then, let him assure so much of the income which is pressing in upon him, but whose stream will dry up in a few years; let him pay well, pay heavily while gold is rife, and fix a date—say at fifty or at sixty—when the policy becomes his, and he can look to taking his repose then, should he be spared, secure in his comfortable competence. Should death intervene, the policy will be promptly handed over to his executors, as it has been made out with this in view. He will not so securely provide for the future if he trust to merely laying by on his own account.

Another case. Perhaps you have come in for a good inheritance, but your estates are entailed so that your younger children have but a sorry provision. They can have a policy to be paid them on attaining a certain age or at marriage. Many of the younger sons and daughters of English noblemen are provided for in this way. Assurance Companies leave no excuse for negligence in any quarter, and but few can plead that the value of the system has not been set before them. Why then say more? "That we ought to do an action is of itself a sufficient and ultimate answer to the question 'Why should we do it? How are we obliged to do it?' The conviction of duty implies the soundest reason, the strongest obligation, of which our nature is susceptible." This is Whewell, and we can add nothing to the weight of such an authority. We can only remind our readers of the wonderful inward peace, the serenity and ease which an early attention to this duty, a previous setting of the house in order, leaves in the breast of the dying. It cannot be doubted, it is known as a medical fact, that nothing conduces more than an undisturbed mind to a patient's chance of recovery when grave symptoms appear in the sickroom. The symptoms may indeed increase and deepen, closing but with

the sufferer's existence; but if his end have not been hastened by worrying, carking cares, by remembrances of the things he has left undone which he ought to have done, surely that is something gained, and the heart may then unfettered rise to higher things. Can a man, conscious of injustice towards his own, of having played towards them a mean, unworthy part, steadfastly contemplate his separation from them for ever in this world? Is it not a piece of presumption—little as it is intended to be so—to affirm that he confidently entrusts them to the mercy of a benign Creator, if he have basely left unfulfilled his own duty? The man can hardly, if all his senses be complete, believe in what he is saying. If he do, it is a strange perversion of conscience, and one which will only call forth the reprobation of all honest and sincere people.

"Let us so live that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May 'shrine our names in memory's light,
And the blest seeds we scattered, bloom
A hundredfold in days to come."

Nor is the subject of Life Assurance without its interest even for those who, upon due consideration, can clearly demonstrate to their own consciences that they individually have no need to assure. That they are still concerned—even personally concerned—in its promotion can be easily shown, for, were the system more widely spread, better understood and entered into by the masses, what would be the natural sequence? Fewer workhouses, fewer paupers, fewer asylums, fewer vagrants. Then start afresh, and find with fewer vagrants, less crime, less work for the police, less need of prisons. As a matter of course, destitution begets idleness, and idleness vice. In the quaint words of Chaucer,—

"Ydelnes, that is the gate of all harmes:
An ydel man is like an hous that hath noon walles;
The develes may entre in on every syde."

Children who have been left unprovided for, who have been "brought up anyhow," with nothing to fall back upon, nothing to rely upon, though perchance respectably born, are "nowhere" in the race of life.

They find themselves baulked at every turn, doors are closed upon them, backs are turned upon them, until, too often, disheartened, wretched, friendless, nothing but a choice between sin and starvation seems to be left to their bewildered vision. Thus our reformatories also fill, and we have these in addition to keep going, which otherwise might never have been needed.

Is it too much to add, moreover, that the money grudged by the thriving labouring man, that money which, laid out in a Life Assurance policy, might have saved his sons and daughters from pauperism and temptations too hard to be borne—is it too much to suggest that not unfrequently this very overplus (for an overplus there is; our work-

ing man is lavishly paid and has no need to stint and screw for domestic luxuries; he finds himself with enough and to spare when the week's work is done—the overplus then—shall we say it?—goes to swell the profits of the public-house.

The man thinks he has nothing particular to do with the extra shilling, he may as well “enjoy himself” as not. But if that shilling had been put into the little cup on the shelf, and if, week by week, the cup had grown heavier and the hoard had increased, and pay-day of the annual premium had only brought a pleasant sense of responsibility and self-approval, there would have been no attraction to enter the gaudy “public” and sip the murderous “glass.”

A man likes to feel himself somebody, and even if he have but a meagre knowledge of the merits of Life Assurance, get him to assure and he understands that he is doing a business-like thing, that he is filling up an important document, that, best of all, he is laying hold of a solid tangible benefit. The first reluctance overcome, the policy once taken out, he treads an inch taller than his neighbours. See how condescendingly he speaks of the thriftless and the improvident, how entirely above and apart from them he holds himself! An honest legitimate pride swells his bosom. He breathes importance. He is a man of fortune. Be sure *he* will grumble, whoever may not, when he is called upon to pay taxes whereby the helpless offspring of the squanderer may be supported. Be sure he looks askance at tramps when he passes them on the highroad, and shrugs his shoulders as he marks them slouch into the tavern-bar. *He* has no inclination for that sort of thing; it is beneath the dignity of a man who has an hundred pounds standing to his credit. His wife holds her chin up, sighs and smiles with a sense of irrepressible elation as she hints at the hidden riches wherewith her good-man has endowed her. She will never go to the “house,” that is certain; no one will ever be able to “cast it up” to her that she had not a husband who did well for those he left behind him. Perhaps, poor soul,—do not laugh at her,—she meditates, wiping away the tear from her eye as she does so, she ponders with delicious mournfulness on the funeral he shall have at her hands; perhaps she already hears her own voice extolling the departed to sympathising neighbours, picturing herself, even in her widowhood, the envy of many a poor, broken-spirited, down-trodden wretch. Every way the yearly payment well repays itself, and being run up imperceptibly, without an effort, it is no hardship; it is rather, as we have said, a pleasure, an interest, when the premium day comes round.

So, then, this man and his progeny are off our hands, in all probability we shall not need to pay for them either poor rates or taxes for the support of workhouses, reformatories, or prisons; and they in their turn will do nothing for our national pest the drinking bar.

Is that not something? Is not any antagonistic force employed against that terrible, ever-spreading, ever-increasing curse of nations, drink, deserving of the warmest sympathy and support from every thinking fellow-creature? And is not an antagonistic force at work when a man learns to respect himself, to look seriously on his responsibilities, to remember he is a husband, a father, a man and not a brute? Is not a germ of noble thought being sown within when he is being taught to remember that his days may be few, and that what his “hand findeth to do he should do it with his might, for the night cometh wherein no man can work”?

Is he not being taught to look upon himself in a brighter light than he has perhaps ever done before when it is set before him how he is the centre of his little world, how, tho’ but a feeble unit in creation, he yet will be called upon to render up an account of his stewardship, and that it will be vain to plead that he has done his duty towards God, if he have neglected it towards his neighbour? We have shown how bitterly and fruitlessly this recollection may arise in the dying chamber, but it is a salutary and wholesome spur to action when remembered *in time*.

Do not be daunted in a good cause, you who are labouring to extend the knowledge and practice of Life Assurance. Do not be put off with the light jest, the laughing half-promise, or the impatient refusal. Perhaps the very man whom you sought to impress when you tried him the first time, and with whom you imagined you had so signally failed, perhaps he will be one of the very first to seek you out presently. Something you said struck him; it seemed so simple, so pertinent, that he cannot get rid of the impression it left; and now, he says, he has come to see if it be *true*. He fancies he “may not have understood you aright, but if it is so”—and it ends in his sending in a proposal forthwith. Or again, circumstances may arise which may induce change of mind in one who at one time seemed just and reasonable in his opposition to your arguments as applied to himself. Never be afraid that a word in season may be wasted; there is no saying when or where you may hear of it again.

We have seen, then, that Life Assurance may be wisely and sensibly entered into at almost any age, in any rank, for any purpose, and from any standpoint. We have seen also that those who may with perfect justice hold personally aloof from it have got an interest in promoting its welfare as being beneficial to their country, and bearing on its finances (these finances also affecting the purse, be it remembered, of each individual); we have seen that crime may be repressed, industry promoted, homes protected, and duty fulfilled, by participation in its benefits; and, having shown this, are we not justified in saying that Life Assurance, whether particularly applicable to our own individual case or not, does in truth concern us *all*?

XII.—For all Missions.

O BLESSED Saviour! our dear fatherland
Hath many that are ignorant of Thee;
They know not that Thy loving, gracious hand
Offers salvation, plenteous, full, and free.
Arise, O Lord, and let Thy glad some light
Dispel the darkness of our nation's night!

Our brethren, Lord, are scattered far and wide,
And oft without instruction from Thy Word,
While snares and pitfalls spread on every side
Allure them from the service of their Lord;
Arm of the Lord, awake and let Thy might
Preserve and cheer them with Thy presence bright!

Thine ancient folk, the sons of Israel,
Blinded in heart still turn from Thee away;
Oh from their hearts remove that dark'ning veil,
And call them to the brightness of Thy day!
Arise, O Lord, lead forth Thy chosen band
Into the glories of the promised land!

Lord, there are countless millions on the earth
To whom the name of Jesus is unknown;
Sometimes devoted from their very birth
To serve the idols dumb of wood and stone,
Or bound with superstition's dismal chains,
While o'er their souls the god of this world reigns.

Arise, O Lord, break superstition's yoke;
The nations' idols utterly destroy;
Send forth the message that shall lead all folk
To faith and love, to peace and fullest joy.
Let all the peoples serve Thee, Lord, with mirth,
And praises rise from all upon the earth!

Thy people, Lord, are faithless, cold, and weak;
The tidings of great joy to all mankind,
Feeble and fearful, they forbear to speak;
Their great commission scarce is borne in mind—
"Go make disciples out of every land,
And teach them whatsoever I command."

Thy Spirit, Lord, upon Thy Church outpour,
Anew with Pentecostal fire baptize;
Bid her awake and manifest Thy power,
Bid her to Thine own work of love arise.
So shall Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Ev'n as in heaven, by all beneath the sun.

N. N. N.

XIII.—Female Missions.

HARK, my sister, hear the wailings
From afar, across the sea;
Like the voice of many waters,
Still they call and plead with thee.
Come and help us, still they cry,
Come and help us ere we die.

From beside a Hindu temple,
Washed by Gunga's yellow wave,
Hark! an anguished mother calling,
If, perchance, her babe we'll save.
Come and help us, still they cry,
Come and help us ere we die.

See where China's teeming millions
Throng o'er all the "Flowery Land;"
In that ancient home of learning
Sin and woe go hand in hand.
Come and help us, still they cry,
Come and help us ere we die.

And from Africa's lands so lonely
Slaves send forth the pleading call;
O our sisters! with salvation
Bring the freedom dear to all.
Come and help us, still they cry,
Come and help us ere we die.

Well we know the Lord of harvest
Gives us each our little day;
How shall we appear before Him
If we say our sisters nay?
Come and help us, still they cry,
Come and help us ere we die.

E. W.

XIV.—The Cry of the Heathen.

IS there no light on earth, or sea, or sky
To cheer the gloom?
No answering voice of gladness to man's cry—
"I fear my doom;"

Is there no pitying eye to see our woe,
No heart to which our trembling hearts may go?

Our loved ones perish, leave us, and are gone
We know not where;
We seek them in dark woods and thickets lone—
They are not there.
Shall we not meet them as the years go past,
Join those we love, and be with them at last?

The gods to whom we pray with outstretched hands
No answer deign;
Our cries, like breaking waves on barren sands,
Resound in vain.
Is there no love more potent than our own,
No God with ear responsive to our groan?

There is a weary murmur of unrest
Within our souls,
Struggling with hope that will not be supprest
As the year rolls.
Is this the earnest of a brighter ray,
As dawning morn brings in the perfect day?

O dwellers in those islands of the west,
Whose souls are free,
Ye have a faith makes its possessor blest—
And we would be
Blest too with radiancy divine,
An inner Sun upon our hearts to shine.

Give us your Saviour, God and man be He,
All love to win,
All power to shield and shelter such as we
From self and sin.
Teach us to reach that Saviour as we pray,
Guide us to Him, we yearn to know the way.

Come, quickly come, across the ocean's wave,
And bring us light;
Hearts are despairing—ye have power to save,
O come in might!
Then shall your songs with gladness cleave the skies
When ye have taught your brethren how to rise!

A. Y. M.

Praying for our Converts.

THE Rev. Archd. TURNBULL, B. D., Missionary at Darjeeling, India (who is to be Preacher in "Life and Work" next month), has written to the local newspaper asking the prayers of Christians for the converts of the Mission. It will be known to many of our readers that a great blessing has attended the labours of our missionaries in that region, so that hundreds have come out from heathenism and been baptized. Most of them are steadfast amidst great trials. This letter deals with the fall or danger of some. Do we often pray—even in church—for our sorely-tormented converts? Would some of our readers like to comply with Mr. Turnbull's request? There are other converts at other stations—Are those who love Missions mindful to pray for the new members of the Church?

To the Editor of The Darjeeling News.

SIR—Will you kindly allow me, through your columns, to seek for this Mission the special prayers of those of your readers who love in deed and truth the Lord Jesus Christ, who loved them and gave Himself for them, and who have the same mind in them which was in Him, so that the reproaches which fall on their Heavenly Father fall also on them. The Mission is at present being sorely chastened. Recently two husbands and fathers have been expelled for abandoning their wives and taking new ones—both in the Kursiong District; a *fakir* family of seven seems about to lapse again into the old way, chiefly, I think, because the head of it, after trying for months, finds working for his livelihood instead of begging for it more than he has received grace to bear; and generally a wave of evil seems being permitted to pass over us. I plead for prayer that God, even our Father's Name, may be glorified by the real conversion of, and the outpouring of His Spirit on, our converts, and by their holy and consistent walk and conversation; and that the errors to which He is pointing us may be discovered by us and corrected, for that is His gracious purpose. If we believe in our God we must believe in prayer, and when our prayers are for the glory of His name we may be sure that whatever the answer may be it shall be in peace. He is already, indeed, bringing good out of evil by making us thus cry aloud to Him. May His name be hallowed, and His kingdom come, and His will be done more and more in this district! If He has made us that He might be glorified in us, it is only that we may, by consequence, be glorified in Him.

A. TURNBULL.

SCOTCH MISSION, DARJEELING,
3d September 1884.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. Who was buried in an unknown grave? Who was taken to heaven in a chariot of fire? And where do we read of them appearing together in glory?
2. Where did the first High Priest die? Who succeeded him?
3. Where is Jesus contrasted with these changing High Priests, because He continueth ever?
4. Find four texts enjoining children to obey parents.
5. Find four texts which connect blessing with obedience to God.
6. Find four texts which show that Christ was obedient.
7. And other four texts showing that now He is Lord of all.
8. Can you find in St. Luke two examples of mistaken zeal for Christ on the part of the Apostle John?

9, 10. How many apostles are mentioned by name in the narratives of our Lord's last evening and night before He was crucified? Find the passages.

ANSWERS FOR OCTOBER.

1. Exod. 20. 3; Deut. 5. 7. 2. The Fourth Commandment. In Deuteronomy the intention of God that the man-servant and the maid-servant should have a sabbath-rest is more dwelt upon, and the reason annexed is that the Israelites were servants in Egypt and God delivered them. God's rest at the Creation is not here mentioned. 3. The consecration of Aaron and his sons, Lev. 8. 23, 24. 4. Exod. 19. 6; Isa. 61. 6. 5. 1 Pet. 2. 5, 9; Rev. 1. 6; 5. 10. 6. Mark 10. 35; Matt. 20. 20. 7, 8. 1 John 2. 9, 10, 11; 3. 10, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 23, 24; 4. 7, 8, 11, 12, 20, 21; 5. 1, 16; 2 John 1, 5, 6; 3 John 1. 9. St. Paul, 1 Cor. 13. 10. Judges 5. 23; the barren fig-tree, Luke 13. 6; the buried talent, Matt. 25. 26; "Ye did it not to Me," Matt. 25. 45.

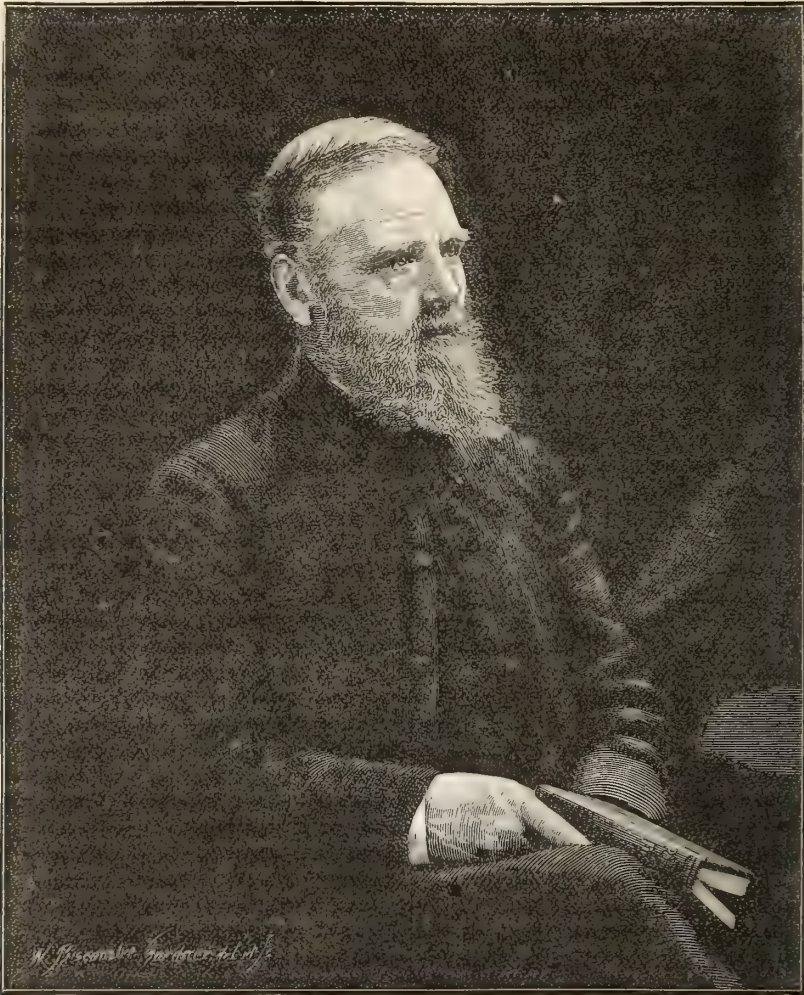
"Life and Work" Almanac.

WE have the pleasure of announcing that a large Illustrated "Life and Work" Sheet Almanac for 1885, suitable for hanging on the wall, is nearly ready. It contains a great variety of useful and interesting information, with a text for every day of the year. It can be localised for each Parish if desired, and will be sold for a penny.

Missions to the Jews, and the Rev. Henry Wallis Smith, D.D.

IT was only in 1838 that the first Report of a Committee on the Conversion of the Jews was presented to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. It led, in 1839, to the celebrated Mission of Inquiry into the condition of the Jews by four ministers—Dr. Black of Aberdeen, Dr. Keith, the saintly Robert Murray M'Cheyne of Dundee, and his future biographer Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, who happily still survives as one of the most honoured ministers of the Free Church. In the following year the Mission to the Jews was formally adopted by the Assembly as one of the great missionary "Schemes" of the Church. Our space does not permit us to tell its chequered and interesting history. On the whole, the Church's Mission to Bible lands has been a twice-bless'd mercy, of advantage to the Church at home, and more successful abroad than many imagine. Its present stations are Constantinople, Smyrna, Salonica (the ancient Thessalonica), Beirut, and Alexandria. It has five ordained missionaries, one licentiate, a medical missionary, twelve teachers, three native agents, and many assistant-teachers. In its ten missionary schools there are 1947 children, of whom 938 are Jews and 971 are Greeks, Syrians, etc. The missionaries also act as pastors to English-speaking residents, and visit sailors, at Alexandria, Smyrna, and Salonica. The Harbour Mission at Alexandria is specially important.

Dr. Henry Wallis Smith, Convener of the General Assembly's Committee for the Conversion of the Jews, is a son of the late William Smith, Esq., of Carbeth Guthrie, Stirlingshire, a much-respected elder of the Church of Scotland, who, for more than twenty years, represented the Presbytery of Dumbarton in the General Assembly, and nephew of James Smith, Esq., of Jordanhill, F.R.S., author of *The Voyage and Shipwreck of St. Paul*. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, was licensed in 1854, and after being for some time Assistant to the late Rev. Andrew Sym, D.D., New Kilpatrick, was ordained and inducted to Durrisdeer, Dumfriesshire, in 1855. In 1862 he was translated to Kirknewton and East Calder. After being Vice-Convener of the Jewish Mission for many years, he



was appointed Convener in 1875; and since 1878 he has also been Editor of the *Missionary Record*. The University of Edinburgh conferred upon him the degree of D.D. in 1882. Dr. Smith has at various times acted as Depute Second Clerk of the General Assembly, and during one Session he took the place of the Professor of Church History in the University of Edinburgh. He was one of the representatives of the Church of Scotland at the General Presbyterian Council, which met in Philadelphia, U.S. in 1880, and again this year in Belfast. In 1882 he was a Deputy to the Stations of the Jewish Mission in Egypt, Syria, and the Levant, and he has given an account of this visit in the *Missionary Record*. Dr. Smith is the author of *The Pastor as Preacher*, a volume of lectures on Pastoral Theology, which were previously delivered in Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Glasgow. A Church History Primer, by Dr. Smith, entitled *Outlines of Early Church History*, and covering the ante-Nicene period, was recently noticed in this Magazine.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.

ST. STEPHEN'S PARISH MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1884.

Congregational and Parochial Arrangements for December 1884.

1	M.	Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Meeting of Session, 4.30 P.M.
2	Tu.	Workers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
3	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M.
4	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M. Service in Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M.
5	Fr.	Literary Society, Mission Hall, 8.15 P.M. Choir Practice, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
6	Sa.	Dr. Macleod sees members regarding baptism between 7 and 8 P.M.
7	S.	Service in Church, 11 A.M. and 2.30 P.M. (The Afternoon Service, on the first Sunday, is specially intended for the young people of the Congregation. Children are requested to bring the Children's Hymnal. Baptism is then administered.) Young Men's Bible Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. (The Guild Reading-room is open to members every week-day evening from 7.30 to 10 o'clock.) Sabbath School, Mission Hall, 4 P.M. " (Infant Department, Parish Schoolrooms, 4 P.M.)
8	M.	Children's Church, Mission Hall, 11.15 A.M. Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Bible Class and Young Women's Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
9	Tu.	Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M.
10	W.	Same as 3d.
11	Th.	Service in Mission Hall, 3 P.M. Service in Jamaica Street Hall, 7-8 P.M.
12	Fr.	Same as 5th.
13	Sa.	
14	S.	Same as 7th.
15	M.	Same as 8th.
16	Tu.	Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. CONCERT.
17	W.	Same as 3d.
18	Th.	Afternoon Bible Class, Mission Hall, 3.15 P.M.
19	Fr.	Same as 5th.
20	Sa.	
21	S.	Same as 7th. COLLECTION FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.
22	M.	Same as 8th.

23	Tu.	Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall. SOCIAL MEETING.
24	W.	Same as 3d.
25	Th.	CHRISTMAS DAY. Service in Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
26	Fr.	Same as 5th.
27	Sa.	
28	S.	Same as 7th.
29	M.	Bible Class does not meet. Mothers' Meeting, Mission Hall, 3 P.M.
30	Tu.	Temperance and Total Abstinence Association, Mission Hall, 8 P.M. Address by Dr. Macleod. Sacred music.
31	W.	Girls' Bible and Sewing Class, Mission Hall, 6 P.M. Work Party for Missions, Mission Hall, 2 P.M.
1885 Jan. 1	Th.	Service in Church, 11-12 A.M. NEW YEAR'S DAY.

A Collection will, as usual, be made on the FIRST SABBATH of the year for coals for the poor, and for the Soup Kitchen.

For Sittings apply to Mr. Smith, 7 St. Vincent St., or to the Beadle at the Church.

Foreign Mission Collection.

With reference to this Collection, which is to be made on the 21st, attention is specially directed to the appeal which is distributed in connection with this month's Magazine. Much has been said as to the necessity of making the Collection throughout the Church AT LEAST equal in amount to last year's Collection. IT IS EARNESTLY TO BE HOPED THAT THIS DESIRABLE RESULT MAY BE ATTAINED IN ST. STEPHEN'S. More need not be said meanwhile. The true position of affairs is beginning to be appreciated and understood more justly than perhaps was the case some time ago. Notwithstanding the difficulties which have occurred at one of our stations in India, the mission, as a whole, is deserving of our best support and sympathy. Assuredly nothing could be more disloyal to the Church than to withhold support and sympathy at such a trying time as this undoubtedly is. It will be remembered that for the last two years respectively the collection in St. Stephen's has amounted to considerably upwards of £300.

Thursday Afternoon Bible Class.

Dr. Macleod regrets that he has been unavoidably prevented from beginning this Class at the usual date. He hopes, however, to be able to begin a short Course of Lessons or Bible Readings immediately after the New Year Holidays.

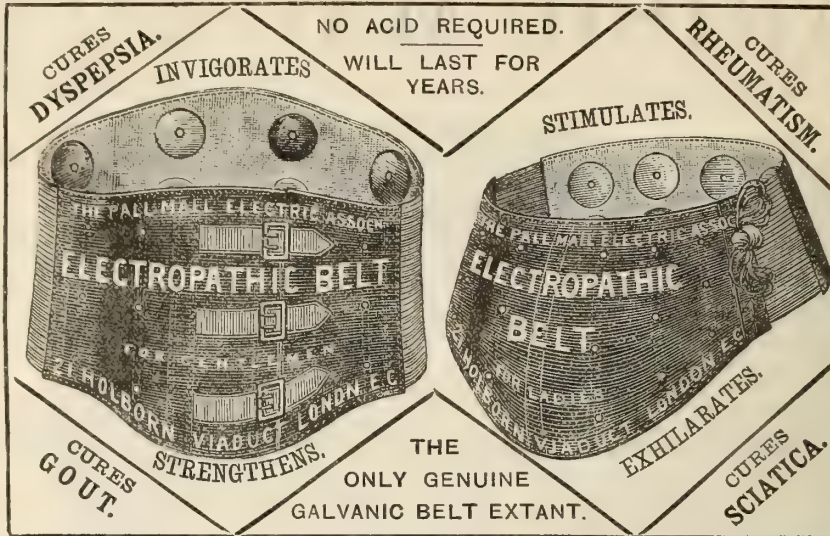
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DECEMBER 1884.

“Only a Lassie.”

A STORY FOR THE END OF THE YEAR.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

By ROBINA F. HARDY.

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE Mey's third long visit to Lea-rig happened when she was exactly five years old. These five years had been prosperous years for the farmers and shepherds of that district. Things had gone well and thriven with them. Their golden harvests had been duly gathered in each returning autumn, their fleecy flocks had multiplied upon the breezy hills and pasture lands. Time had dealt well, too, with old “Lea-rig” himself, only bending his shoulders a little, and making his tread more leisurely. Menie Rutherford, the light of his home, the pride of his heart, still was spared to him, still took her part in bearing the heat and burden of the day. Ah! but there was a sore change there. Her shapely form had grown thin and wasted, her comely face pale as ashes. Only a bright spot often burning on her cheek and a hand placed suddenly on her breast told now and then of a deep-seated pain, which the best skill in the land had been powerless to relieve. Fell disease had been suffered by the Lord to hurt so deeply this gentle, loving servant of His; not suffered yet to break the thread of life, but rather to be as a thorn in her side—a voice for ever saying in her ear, “Arise, depart, for this is not your rest.”

And she who had done her part so well and cheerily in the old days of common sunshine and shadow was not found wanting in this day of sorer trial. No; there were many times when even her husband could forget that anything was wrong, when the bright, blithe spirit would assert itself and be a well-spring of gladness to all around her, as in the days gone by. And even when the bitterer hours darkened round her for a while, it was with a brave upward glance of the blue-gray eyes that she would say, “‘In all their afflictions HE was afflicted.’ It is the old story still, Daavid. And ‘the angel of His presence’ will yet save me!”

And so Mey came back once more with her curly auburn locks and her eager wondering eyes, and the funny little nod of the head that was “so like grandfather’s,” came back too for quite a long spell,

for there was a new baby now at Burnbrae—a laddie this time mercifully—and as Mey's mother was not extra strong she was glad to get the most stirring of her brood into safe keeping for a while. But Mey had come back when harvests were no longer plenteous and sheepfolds no longer full. A very bad year this had been indeed, more especially for the backlying and exposed regions of the Gala district. And so, though bad times made little difference as yet in David Elliot's well-stocked premises, it was very different in the homestead of his old enemy, “Wully Ainslie o' Cauldshiel.” In spite of Willie's success in the matter of the nether haugh, he had been anything but a prosperous man for many and many a year, and this adverse one seemed likely to finish him altogether. He was not without his faults, even allowing for a little prejudice in Lea-rig's estimate of him. Grasping, selfish, over-reaching, not altogether scrupulous in his dealings—almost everybody would have said that of the farmer of Cauldshiel. Only a few more pitiful souls, thinking of the wife and bairns who were growing so careworn and hungered-like now in the evil days, would say, “Puir fallow! ‘greedy an' needy,’ as the auld proverb has it. That's the way wi' Wully Ainslie!”

Some of them at last ventured to suggest that a helping hand should be extended to him in his hour of need, and they had even broached the subject to old Lea-rig himself. But it was observed that any man who had the hardihood to do that *once* had never been known to repeat the effort. He had got his answer pretty smartly from Lea-rig.

Winter began early that year, as if to add to the troubles of the unfortunate farmers. A long, deep-lying snowstorm mantled the lonely hills and open pasture lands before November fog and gloom were well away. It was hard times in many a household then, and no more clamant case was known of, far or near, than that of the family at Cauldshiel. Michael Rae, soft and timorous though he might be in general, summoned up courage to speak to “the maister” about them.

“I canna sleep at nicht,” he said, “for thinkin' o' thae puir craters. Lat the auld birds fend for themsel's, ye may say, but eh, the young anes maun be gapin' an' gamtin' mony a time, wi' ne'er a bite to satisfee them. A freend o' my ain gaed

up last Friday nicht wi' a bit meal-poke she hed gathered for them, an' wow, bit they were gled to set een on 't. Ye wadna think o' sendin'—"

"Michael Rae!" thundered his old master, "I aye took ye for a sensible man afore noo. Daur ye speak to me o' Wully Ainslie an' his corbie bruid? What care I for them bein' famished? As a man saweth that maun he reap."

"Aweel, maister," quoth Michael, retreating, "some o' huz folk micht be fear'd till see oor ain lairst. I'm no' that sure o' mine, ony gait."

Michael had not told that it was his own brisk partner Tib who had trudged bravely up the moorland road, through the deep-lying snow, to feed the hungry "corbies" last Friday. Nor did he venture to disclose that she had another such enterprise in view to-night, and was only anxious to have a little more substantial aid from the farmer himself before setting out with what Michael and she could spare from their "weel-hained" meal-kist store.

And so the dreary wintry month sped on. December was already drawing to a close. New Year's Day would soon be here, little Mey remembered in the gladness of her heart—"New Year's Day, when a'boday wad be blithe."

CHAPTER V.

THE old year was dying fast. It was Saturday afternoon, and Sunday would be New Year's Day. And it was dying in gloom and storm too as regarded the outer world. Snow lay deep in the deserted valleys, and the white-mantled hills gleamed ghostly in the fading daylight. The horizon all round was dark and heavy with portending tempest.

But within the stout walls of Lea-rig farm peace and plenty reigned. The kitchen fire roared merrily up the wide chimney as if defying the elements, and David Elliot sat comfortably by his well-spread board with little Mey upon his knee listening to her constant prattle with even more interest than usual.

A calm sweet face looked out smiling on them both from the neat "box-bed" near to the fire-place, for Menie Rutherford, having been forced to take pretty constantly to bed nowadays, had chosen this as the most fitting resting-place where she could still be in the midst of her household, and give what light and comfort she could give in these feeble days. She had been suffering a good deal that day, and was only now beginning to revive and to put in her word or two now and then, whereat David Elliot would lift up his head again and look more bright and hopeful than before.

But there was another picture than this present to the old man's mind—one that had been forcing itself into view for some days and even months past—by reason perhaps of Michael's hints and

muttered remarks and chance bits of gossip going about the farmyard. It was the picture of a bare and cheerless home where ruined father and broken-hearted mother sat listening to their hungry children clamouring for bread that they had not to give—a home to which the New Year would only be glad because the Old Year so dark with evil days would have passed away!

What would the future bring them? Old Lea-rig had been more touched than he cared to show by the chance lights that fell on this picture from time to time, concerning "Wully Ainslie and his shilpit wife an' weans." He even seemed to hear the stray hints and pitiful words repeated ever and anon in the crackling of the blazing logs, or in the dreary "thud, thud" of the falling snow against the window panes. He would not show in any way that he was moved—not by word or look even—only he felt chafed and worried inwardly by this constantly-recurring refrain of "Wully Ainslie."

The storm was too severe to let the old man venture forth, at least at this dead time of the year when there was nothing needing his special supervision; and so he sat there quietly enough when the "kail" and the "tatties" had been cleared away—sat in his own big armchair with little Mey on his knee as I said before, with Menie Rutherford's sweet calm face looking out upon them both.

"Ye maun read me a psalm, Daavid, ance mair afore the year be dune," said Menie in the voice that was so blithe and cheery still for all she had come through,—“the ane I like best. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.’”

Lea-rig made no objection, and little Mey jumped down from his knee and fetched the big-print Bible, from which grandfather always read. He turned over the pages slowly, while Mey settled herself again in her place. Her "gleg" blue eyes caught sight of the names written on the fly-leaf—written in David Elliot's best handwriting, when he and his wife Menie Rutherford had first set up housekeeping forty years ago. His name and hers were at the head of the brief list of household names, also of the various births, marriages, and deaths that made up the household history. Mey followed her grandfather's trembling hand as he traced them all out for her, telling her what each entry was.

"Ay!" she said, with a funny little sigh of satisfaction when this was finished, laying her curly head again on grandfather's shoulder.

"So ye see yer name's written in the Bible, Mey!" said the old man; "what think ye o' that?"

"I want to see it in the *prent* noo, gran'fazer," said Mey, with her finger in her mouth, and looking as if she had not had all her rights yet.

"Hoots, havers, lassie! What pit that in yer head? Nae man can read his name there—faur less a wee lassie like you!"

“Ay, but, gran’fazer, *Tib* can find a man’s name zere, an’ what for no a wee lassie’s? *Tib* fand *Wully Ainslie’s* name zere last Sabbath.”

Old *Lea-rig* started. It was the same tiresome refrain again. Always “*Wully Ainslie,*” do what he would!

“His name indeed!” he muttered. “Ye hae little need to come ower the havers that *Tib* tells ye!” he added aloud for *Mey’s* reproof.

“But, gran’fazer,” persisted *Mey*, nodding her curly head in defiance, and putting on that “dour” look that was so like the old man’s own. “Gran’fazer, *Michael* luiket at it, an’ *he* said it was *Wully Ainslie’s* name!”

The old man wasted no more words on this obstinate little opponent. He only took a handful of odd coins from his pocket—some pence and halfpence, with a slender mixture of silver—and shaking them together held them out to *Mey* that she might have her choice.

“Tak’ whilk o’ them ye wull,” he said, smiling grimly, “gin *Michael* or *Tib* can show ye the place in this buik whaur they read *that!*”

Mey looked long and earnestly at the glimmering coins. She had not had much experience yet in that line. It was a big substantial penny that she at last selected in preference to the more valuable shillings and sixpences; but it was one of the old pennies of our childhood, never seen nowadays, with a broad rim round it, and altogether so heavy and important-looking that one felt quite rich in its possession.

“*Vara weel,*” said the old man, laughing. “*Awa wi’ ye* to *Tib wi’* the buik, an’ come back for your penny!” Away went *Mey*, shouldering the big-print Bible. She would come back very doleful, the old man felt sure, and he held fast the big penny in his fist, so as to comfort her with it when he had teased her a few minutes. There was silence in the room, broken only by the crackling logs within and the pelting snowflakes without. *Menie Rutherford* lay back on her pillows with a somewhat sad and weary look. Something in the playful dispute had vexed her perhaps, and she only murmured to herself, “Blessed are they whose names are written in the Lamb’s book of life.”

Back came *Mey* after a little while. She had had to find both *Tib* and *Michael*, and also to wait till these two had taken counsel together as to the wisdom of their reply! And *Mey* came back, *not* doleful and disappointed, not in the least,—rather, on the contrary, triumphant!

“*Zere, gran’fazer!*” she cried; “read zat, an’ gie me ma big penny!”

Old *Lea-rig* took the book again at the open page and read: “*If thine enemy hunger, feed him.*”

He sat a good few minutes quiet, looking at the words with something like a gloom on his brow. It was the old story coming up again—that man and his hungry bairns! Was he never to get rid of the thought?

“Havers, lassie!” he said at last. “That’s but an idle trick o’ *Michael’s*. But there’s yer penny, an’ gang noo an’ play yersel, for I maun read to yer grandmother, I hae nae time for sic daffin’!”

Mey went off quite satisfied with her penny, and never in the least concerning her mind about the words in the book. Her grandfather had been defeated, and that was all she wanted to know!

So *Lea-rig* settled to his reading again, and for an hour at least he went on in his loud and sonorous tones, while *Menie Rutherford* listened with her own quiet peaceful look, and again he had to read her favourite words: “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE sound of reading ceased at last, and there was perfect silence, for the old couple seemed drowsy, and were perhaps half-asleep—“*doverin’*” they would have called it, and little *Mey* had never returned. Still the pitiless storm pelted and pattered outside, still the yellow light waned away into the early darkness of a December afternoon.

Suddenly old *Lea-rig* started to his feet, throwing down the Bible that still lay on his knee.

“I canna bide this ava!” he said, excitedly, as he stooped to lift it.

Menie opened her eyes in mild astonishment.

“What is’t, *Daavid*, my man?”

“It’s the *thocht* o’ that man an’ his hungry weans that’s aye comin’ in my gait,” answered *David*, in a quavering voice. “There’s nae use seekin’ to smother’t doon—I canna do’t—I canna! an’ thae words aye ringin’ in ma lugs like the kirk bell—‘Bless the Lord, an’ forget not a’ his benefits’—I’ll no’ say them again till *Wully Ainslie’s* oot o’ the mire!” and the withered, shaky hand came down with some violence on the Bible as it lay on the table before him.

A gleam of light came into *Menie Rutherford’s* eyes.

“*Daavid*, my man!” she said, in her own gentle tones, “whatever the Lord puts into your heart—that do. Ay! an’ do it quickly!” He was out of her sight as soon as the words were well uttered, and she was left alone in silent prayer—for him—for them all.

“*Michael!* wull ye do me the best service I hae ever socht o’ ye?”

Old *Lea-rig* spoke these words as he laid a trembling hand on his faithful grieve’s shoulder. *Michael* started as if he had seen a ghost. “What’s wrang, maister? Is she waur, think ye?”

“It’s no’ the mistress, *Michael*. It’s naething wrang wi’ her. But wull ye yoke *Star* an’ gang this wild, murk nicht ower the *Muirfoot* hills as far as *Cauldshiel*, an’ bring thae puir, starvin’ cratur’s down here, whaur there’s a warm fireside and bread eneuch an’ to spare? Wull ye do this

for my sake, Michael? I'm ower auld, or I'd hae gane mysel'." Michael started joyfully to his feet.

"It's the best biddin' ye ever gave me, maister! I'll no' be lang o' takin' the rodd. But am I to bring them ane an' a'? Wully himsel', like, an' the mistress?"

"Ay, ay, Michael! bring them a'! Dinna leave a saul belangin' to him! But haste ye as ye may, an' God keep ye this night, for it's as wild a blast as ever ye hae faced——"

"Hoots, maister! dinna fear for me. I was jist fair wearied oot o' my life for something to dae. Sittin' by the ingle-neuk doesna suit me that weel yet!"

In ten minutes or less Star was yoked to the new cart—a strong and light one fitted for the journey—and well filled by Tib's careful hands with shepherd's plaids and old shawls—as well as a "bite for the weans by the way"—oat-cakes and cheese, as an earnest of what they might expect at Lea-rig!

There was a tear glittering in the maister's eye when he returned to the kitchen to tell Menie Rutherford of what was done. She looked up at him admiringly. That "one fault" she had sometimes spoken of to Tib—was it going to be cleared off at last, and was his character now to shine out clear and spotless as she had always known it to be—this little spot of rust always excepted?

"Daavid!" she said, solemnly, when all was told, and they had agreed to wait in patience—after making some necessary preparations—till Michael's long journey could be accomplished—"Daavid! there's another verse o' a psalm that has come strangely into my mind—come even as by a voice from heaven—

'I shall not die but live, and shall
The works of God discover;
The Lord hath me chastised sore,
But not to death given over.'

"God grant it!—Amen!" was Lea-rig's fervent response.

Six hours later Michael had safely landed his cartful at the "bien" farmhouse of Lea-rig. Wully Ainslie, a weak, fragile-looking man—looking very much ashamed of himself in this hour of deliverance—helped down his trembling wife from the cart, and turned just in time to meet the hearty grasp of his old enemy's hand—his truest friend's now. And the four little starving children, blue with cold, and shivering in their thin rags—what a short time Tib Rae took to get *them* all settled comfortably round her own warm cottage hearth, where little Mey presided as hostess for the occasion! For Tib had decreed that, however good in itself this step might be, "they were no' to kill her mistress with all that racket and steer. No! just let Wully an' the auld man hae their crack by the fire—that'll no' hurt her—but the weans are best wi' me!"

And what a glad New Year's Day that was for

young and old that they all spent together under the wide roof of Lea-rig, heedless of the heavy storm still raging without.

"There's jist ae thing I canna get ower," sighed Wully Ainslie, in his usual "fusionless" way. "It's the gruppin' kin' o' wye that I gat haud o' the nether haugh whan the laird was no' jist himsel'—like. But oh, man! I was in a sair strait for siller whan I said the words!"

"Wheesht, man," responded Lea-rig, not yet caring overmuch for that topic; "we'll let that flee stick to the wa'. What I canna get oot o' *ma* heid is the fact that a' this gude turn has come about through sic' a feeble instrument as wee Mey there!—her that I sair misprised when she was gien to us—for bein' ONLY A LASSIE!"

And did this happiness last? Did Wully Ainslie henceforth pursue a more honourable and successful career? Was Menie Rutherford really restored to health?

Well, the happiness did last so far as any earthly happiness can last. Wully Ainslie did take to better ways, being truly ashamed of his miserable past, and his wife and children went on more bravely and cheerily on the uphill path of life because kind hands were helping them—true hearts loved and cared for them.

And Menie Rutherford? It was only a little while—what is all life but a little while? But the pain—the agonising pain was gone, never to return; and when she passed away, gently and quietly, as had been her wont in life, she could still murmur, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

* * In January will be begun "**Comrades**," a New Story, to be continued throughout the year, written for this Magazine by SARAH TYTLER.

* * "LIFE & WORK" will present new and interesting features in 1885. Programmes, in any quantity, free on application to Messrs. R. & R. CLARK.

Sermon.

THANKSGIVING.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD TURNBULL, B.D., Missionary of the Church of Scotland at Darjeeling, India.

"Giving thanks always for all things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father."—Eph. v. 20.

THANKSGIVING is ever an appropriate subject for meditation, but especially so at the close of another year of grace. Our text teaches us that it is the very beginning, middle, and end of our religion. God formed us for Himself that we might show forth His praise. Praise is the purpose of our being, and it ought to be the business of our lives. We are to praise God for what He is in Himself, and for what He is to us and others. The latter of these two forms of praise we call thanksgiving.

As in His relation to created being God's goodness is the sum of His glory, so in his relation to the Creator man's thanksgiving is the sum of his duty. Thankfulness unto God is to be the single motive of our every thought and word and deed. Whatever in our worship is not prompted by thankfulness is self-righteousness, which is worse than useless; and whatever in our work does not seek the glory of God is selfishness, which is idolatry. Christianity alone of all the religions of the world recognises and realises this essential principle of true religion; for it alone proceeds on the revelation of the God of love, the God of salvation.

What is thankfulness but the acknowledgment of grace? And, since grace is all in all to us, thankfulness ought to be all in all in us. Since grace is the source of all we are, thankfulness ought to be the source of all we do. The true "genealogical tree" of our religious life and work is this: God's grace the root, man's thankfulness the stem, good words and works the branches, and the glory of God the fruit. And the condition is faith. Without faith in God and His grace, of course, we could not thank Him for His grace, especially when He chastens us. But where true faith is there also must be thankfulness, which grows into love; and faith working by love is the new life which is hid with Christ in God. All is of grace; for all is of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

And why all this grace? It is all that we may give thanks unto the glory of God. He formed us for Himself that we might fill the earth, and the heavens too, with His glory, as the sun, moon, stars, and all nature do in their own way and measure. But why thank Him for forming us for Himself? Because all the gain is really on our side: "all things are for *your* sakes." God made us for His own glory, not because He needed anything at our hands, or as if we could add anything to Him, but because that was the highest glory even He could confer on us. We might even say that our creation, providence, and redemption have been, not a gain but a loss to God; though, of course, on the other hand, however much infinitude of love gives out of grace it still is undiminished. Though He created us to glorify Him, He sees that we violate His law; day by day, as He provides for us, He sees us unworthy of the least of His mercies; He has redeemed us, not by any mere arbitrary decree of His sovereign will, but by Himself paying the stupendous ransom-price, that most dear in His sight, even His own only Son, His second self. Yes, if God has done all for us that He might be glorified in us, it was only that by consequence we might be glorified in Him. He made us for His glory that we might participate in His goodness. For His goodness is His glory, and it is that for which all His works do praise Him and the saints do bless Him; and by blessing Him for it they share in it, which is the highest lot that can fall to finite being. It follows that since

God has not been selfish towards us we should not be selfish towards Him, but that as His glory is goodness, so also should ours be. His glory is goodness done in grace, ours should be goodness done in thankfulness.

Such is Christianity according to the gracious will of God. Let us examine what it is according to our practice. Are we like the chosen David, who in his prayers ever made it his plea, that, if God's people were put to shame, the name of His people's God would be dishonoured in the sight of the heathen; who, even when he thanked God for personal deliverance from, and vengeance on, his foes, rejoiced only that God's faithfulness had been vindicated; who set apart whole bands of Levites "to record and thank and praise the Lord God of Israel;" and whose own inspired psalms were delivered to the chief of the musicians "to thank the Lord"? Are we like the devoted Paul, whose epistles are one prayer and thanksgiving from beginning to end, that always, in all things, God may be glorified by the life and work, the walk and conversation, of Christ's people; who himself could sing praises to God even in manacles and fetters and the prison-cell; and the principle of whose whole precept and practice was that, whether we live or die, we are God's through Jesus? Above all, are we like the beloved Son Himself, whose meat it was to do the Father's gracious will, ever praying and working and suffering, only that God's glory might be "manifested" in gracious deeds of goodness, and rejoicing and giving thanks only when it was so manifested? (Matt. xi. 25; John xi. 41, 42.)

Or are we like the heathen? Are our worshiping and working, praying, praising, and preaching, doing and giving, from the same self-interested motive as the Hindu's? Do we remember that all that is necessary for our welfare and salvation has been done for us by the grace of God, and that all that remains is to praise God for it? or, forgetting this, are we really, by our piety and benevolence, seeking to do it all over again for ourselves? We attend church. Is it that we may be saved? or is it that God may be praised? We pray for our daily bread. Is it that we may receive a day's food for ourselves? or is it that we may be able to do a day's work for our God? We return thanks for received mercies. Is it because we ourselves have been gratified? or is it because God has been, and that He may be, glorified? Can we thank God only for what is agreeable to the natural man? or can we also cheerfully, adoringly, gratefully, yea exultingly, acquiesce in and assent to adversity and affliction and sickness and death, believing that these also are sent in grace, that God may be glorified in us and we in Him? In a word, do we, can we, give thanks *always* for *all* things in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ to God, even the Father?

If we cannot, let us wrestle till we can. It

is a grace, and to acquire it we must use all the appointed means: *the "singing, with grace in our hearts, to God of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs;" the Bible, not only reading and meditating on the words of our text and kindred passages, but also learning them off; above all, prayer, "praying not for what we want," for all things are ours already, "but for the manifestation of what we have," as Christ did, that God may be glorified. By all such means, examining our motives in everything we think, say, and do, let us practise and exercise ourselves, like a man training for gymnastic competition, not only in our hours of devotion, but always in all things. The effort will not be in vain—no effort made in such a spirit and for such a purpose could be—and the fruits will be most glorious.*

The new spirit of perfect thankfulness will give effect to all we do. Believing that we have what we ask for, our *prayers* shall be with thanksgiving, and therefore glorifying to God and effectual. We shall seek our daily bread, and the forgiveness of our sins, and a forgiving spirit, and preservation from temptation, and deliverance from evil, only that we may be enabled without let or hindrance to seek the hallowing of the Name, and coming of the Kingdom, and doing of the Will on earth as in heaven. Our *worship* shall be in spirit and in truth, neither self-seeking nor self-righteous. We shall esteem one day spent in God's Courts as better than a thousand spent elsewhere, and, instead of being at our wit's end to find pretences for disregarding the *Sabbath*, shall be profoundly grateful for it, as the special season when we go up to the House of God, to God our chiefest joy. Our *givings* shall be indefinitely increased in bounty and blessing, being given out of a full heart, not only to fill up the measure of the wants of our fellowmen, but also to "abound through many thanksgivings unto God," that He may be praised by their thanks for our liberality, and honoured by their prayers for ourselves, for they shall be grateful both to us and to Him. Our *humility* shall be perfect and holy, for "the expulsive power of the new affection" shall empty us thoroughly of our unworthy selves, and fill us wholly with the gracious God and His purposes. The blessed *peace* of believing shall be in our own hearts, and we shall be in *harmony* with the universe, which is but the harp of God's praises and we strings in it. The evil spirit of *sectarianism* shall be exorcised, for we shall be "of the same mind one with another according to Christ Jesus, that, with one accord, we may with one mouth glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." *The great commission* to evangelise the world shall no longer be executed in the reluctant spirit of obedience to a mere command—and there could be no clearer proof that under moral government mere law is of itself powerless to bring about its own fulfilment than the history of missions—but by constraint of love, as a glad some

labour of boundless gratitude, men and women and money forthcoming according to the full, vast capacity of a highly-favoured Church; and all in a way truly glorifying to God, and in a spirit that shall effect its own glorious triumph. "God has saved us, therefore will we praise Him among the heathen," shall be our motto. "That dead nations may be restored to life, and useless peoples to usefulness in glorifying our God," shall be our motive. If we glorify Him in our missions, He shall glorify us. On the contrary, as we have reason to know, if we dishonour Him, He shall dishonour us. If we judge ourselves, we shall not be judged. In short, our whole life and work shall be revolutionised. The unspeakable gift of thanksgiving shall turn everything to gold, and pervade every event with sunshine, making every task easy, every duty pleasant, and every burden light. We shall have righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, rejoicing always, glorifying God in all things, established in every good work and word, standing perfect and complete in all His will; God the Father glorified in us, and we His children glorified in Him, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen and Amen!

XV.—Mission Hymn.

THANKSGIVING.

WE thank Thee that the gracious sound
Of mercy full and free
Is hindered by no narrow bound
Of race or land or sea.
So hasten, Lord, the glorious time
When Satan's reign shall cease;
And soon in every land and clime
Speak to the heathen peace.

We thank Thee that Thy Word of life
Can in the darkest soul
Subdue and calm sin's deadly strife,
And Satan's power control.

We thank Thee that in heathen ears
Thy saving truth is preached
By those who, having sought with tears,
Its peace at length have reached.

We thank Thee, Lord, that everywhere
Some stammering lips can frame
That sweetest plea of every prayer—
The blessed Saviour's name.
And that, however strange the tongue,
Some grateful hearts can raise
The hymns which they have ever sung
Who celebrate Thy praise.

We thank Thee, Lord, that some are found
Amid the heathen night,
To let faith's lantern shine around
With clear and steady light.

We thank Thee that the dying hour
Of many a timid saint
Has witnessed to Thy promised power
To help and cheer the faint.

We thank Thee that Thy boundless grace,
Descending from above,
Encircles every tribe and race
Within its wondrous love.

So hasten, Lord, the glorious time
When Satan's reign shall cease;
And soon in every land and clime
Speak to the heathen peace.

J. P. H.

Christmas in a Scottish Children's Hospital.

A LETTER TO CHILDREN.

DEAR CHILDREN—Some of you may like to hear how Christmas is kept in a Children's Hospital. I think I hear you say, "Oh! it will make no difference to the poor sick children; they won't know it is Christmas." Just wait till you have read my letter, and then I think you will wish to visit a hospital yourself at Christmas time. For weeks before the greatest excitement and expectation prevail, traditions of wonderful doings—trees, toys, etc.—have been handed down by former patients, one or two, maybe, had been patients last year at Christmas time, and have dim visions of good things. But in one thing, at least, they are all agreed, and that is, "Not to be better or go home till after the good time that is coming." One wee fellow tells the doctor daily that he's "no nae better," and then confides to you that "he's no to be nae better till after Christmas." But, indeed, they need not fear, for it seems a settled rule among the kind doctors that no child is sent away during that season; and if it is necessary that room should be made for a very sick child, or, as the children say, one who is "badder 'an me," then the name and address of the little one who is going away is written down, and he is invited to come back on the eventful day when the usual "Treat" takes place. A few days before Christmas a large fir tree is carried into the ward; and not only into one ward—each ward has its tree. You should hear the merry voices that greet its appearance. Then come evergreens, and with them the children's kind friends,—the lady visitors, who make wreaths and decorate the ward with holly and fir. This takes up two or three days, and then comes the decoration of the tree, which, in the children's eyes, is the most important part of all. Lanterns, tapers, toys, and ornaments, are soon fastened on, and what causes the greatest admiration of all is the large doll that goes on the very topmost branch below the flag. Many are the conjectures among the children as to which of all the beautiful things will fall to their share, and they find great amusement in deciding what they would like, or, as they say, "what they will pick." One wee boy, Sammy, who is ill with croup, and has been put in a "steam tent," peeping out through his curtains watches closely all that goes on; his affections are set on a horse that he notices fastened to one of the branches, and he never varies in his wish for it. I need hardly say that when the presents were at length given, Sammy did have his wished-for horse. Another boy, Willie, the musician of the ward, was most anxious for Santa Claus to bring him a "fiddle"! Many of their wishes were gratified, as you will hear. At length Christmas Eve arrived; notice had been given in the morning that all were

to hang up their stockings at the foot of their little cots at night, and then go off to sleep as fast as possible. This at first caused great consternation, as many of the children were not able to be out of bed, and consequently had no stockings! However, their fears were soon calmed, and stockings provided for all. Before going to sleep the night nurse had several requests to watch the door for Santa Claus coming! It was only by telling them that as long as they were awake Santa Claus would not come, that at length the excited little ones were reconciled to fall asleep.

It was a touching sight to go round the wards that night; the large "Tree" with its decorations in the centre, and the rows of cots, each with its little sleeper, and at the foot of each a stocking pinned up. Even a wee baby asleep in a bassinette had a tiny sock fastened to the side. In due time Santa Claus visited each little sleeper, and I suppose you wish to know what he brought. Well, first he dropped an orange into the toe of each stocking—those oranges were sent for the purpose by a kind lady, who never forgets the sick children at Christmas, then a tiny bag of sweeties, then a scarf, cuffs, etc.; then a toy, and on the top a pretty Christmas card. On each little pillow was laid a "Christmas Letter," this contained a little book and a pretty card.

Great was the glee and excitement on waking, and much wonder expressed over the contents of the stockings; the little tongues chattered away very fast, and soon from every ward came shouts of delight, and various noises of trumpets and whistles. One wee girl was made very happy with a pair of gloves; she had never possessed such things before, and for some days after she employed herself putting them off and on, and, as a great treat, lending them to be tried on by the other children. You will be amused to hear that she was even discovered asleep at night with them on. On Christmas day all had a special dinner of turkey, jellies, and lemonade; a kind gentleman sent them this, and much they all enjoyed it. Two days after Christmas the "Children's Treat" took place; but before I go on to tell you about it perhaps you would like me to describe what the wards looked like. Some of you may have visited a hospital, but for those who have not I will try to give you a picture of a ward.

A long, long room, dark shining polished floor, a row of little red-covered cots down each side, with little sliding wooden trays across them, those held the children's toys. Above each bed a little shelf on which stands the medicine bottle belonging to the occupant of the cot. You will be astonished to hear that not to have a bottle is considered a great indignity by the children, and even the wee ones point up to their shelf with its "messin" bottle with an air of great importance. Over one cot hangs a pretty painting, with the inscription "Children's Cot," this means that children

and Sunday scholars are the subscribers to this bed. Is it not a pleasant thought that the little suffering occupants of this cot owe their comfort and relief to the kindness of their more fortunate brothers and sisters? Pretty pictures hang on the walls, wreathed with holly and evergreens; over the fireplaces are scrolls of scarlet with white letters, "A Merrie Christmas" on one, "Welcome" on the other. From one end of the long ward to the other is stretched a thin wire, from which are suspended lanterns and coloured balls. In the centre stands the Christmas tree laden with its magic fruit, close to it is a large white barrel wreathed with holly, with a cover concealing its contents. Many are the conjectures as to what it contains, and many the questions asked. The reply to all such curious little questioners is, "That's Father Christmas's luggage; wait till he comes, and then you will see." At length the long-looked-for day arrived; after the children's dinner there were great preparations, clean pinafores put on, hands and faces washed, and so on. One quaint little couple attracted much attention, Marjory and Matthew, or Mattie, aged five and three years. Marjory looked as if she had stepped out of an old picture: she was attired in a long red frock, white pinafore, and many-frilled white cap, certainly very like what the children called her, a "wee grannie!" Mattie, a sturdy, rosy little fellow, thought himself quite a man in a serge tunic, collar and bow. Poor wee Mattie, he knew no home but the hospital, no father, and a mother in prison; some time after this he was taken to Canada, where he has been adopted into a comfortable country home; there Mattie will be able to indulge in his love for horses as much as he likes. Soon some visitors who wished to see the tree lighted up and the presents given began to arrive, and at four o'clock the children all had tea, and for a short time quietness reigned in the ward, while they did full justice to the good things provided for them. After this came a Punch and Judy show, and the shouts of delighted laughter showed how much this was enjoyed. Then the gases were lowered, lamps lit, and the beautiful tree was lighted up, as one little girl remarked, "It was maist like a sight o' fairyland."

Next in came Father Christmas in a long red cloak and snowy beard, holly wreath and staff in hand. The children did not in the least recognise a friend; but we suppose the secret must have oozed out, as some time after a small boy was heard to remark, "I know'd him!" The barrel was now uncovered, and it was found to contain numerous small packages of toys of all descriptions, each marked with a child's name, and just the thing he had longed for and hoped Father Christmas would bring: there was Nellie's doll, Willie's fiddle, Katie's workbox, and so on.

As each child received her prize the remark was heard all over the ward, "That's just what I was wantin', how did he ken!" They did not think it

had been part of their nurse's work during the past week to make silent notes of the freely-expressed wishes. Among all the happy eager little faces one I noticed particularly, and that was dear wee "Baby Mary," as she sat up in her cot, embracing a large doll, her usually pale little cheeks pink with excitement, and her great dark eyes shining. This was her last Christmas on earth, very soon after I heard she had gone to the "Happy Land" that the children sing about.

After the toys were all distributed, it was found that Father Christmas had not yet come to an end of his treasures; at the bottom of his barrel was discovered a nice bundle of clothing for each child, and those gave almost, if not quite, as much delight as the toys had done. Frocks, petticoats, scarfs and stockings were given all round. One of the ladies present noticed a pretty bright little girl examining and admiring very intently a warm petticoat she had got; on asking her what she would do with it, at once the child replied (she was only five years old), "I'll gie it to my wee sister, she's nakeder 'an me." Unselfish little Katie, she was then warm and comfortable, but still the wants of the wee sister at home were not forgotten. After the presents were all distributed the children were assembled together and sang a Christmas carol and some hymns, which they did very nicely, a lady accompanying them on the piano. After this, and some music and singing from the ladies present, the visitors left, and the tired but happy little ones were put to bed. Such a bright happy day would be an event in their lives never to be forgotten; in the wards for weeks after it was the one subject of conversation among the children, and many were the amusing remarks and criticisms one heard. About a month after, Willie, the Willie, you remember, who got the fiddle from Santa Claus that he had wished so much for, now quite strong again, was going home; before going he begged that he might come back next Christmas, and went away quite content at having his name and address written down, and told that he would have an invitation when Christmas came round again.

Perhaps some of my little readers are subscribers or collectors for a "Children's Cot" in a Hospital for Sick Children. If so, you will like to know that the little "Baby Mary" I have told you of was the occupant of the Children's Cot at Christmas time; and thus it was children who made her last weeks on earth happy and comfortable.

SANTA CLAUS.

GUILD CONFERENCE AT ABERDEEN.—The Church of Scotland Young Men's Guild have held an exceedingly successful Conference, at which a membership of 7190 young men was reported. The clergy and citizens of Aberdeen supported the movement with enthusiasm, and the public meeting in the large Music Hall—which was completely filled—is spoken of as the heartiest Church meeting in that city for many years.

Janet's Baby.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

WHEN a young man—now, alas! many years ago—I had been sketching in one of the most lovely and most lonely parts of Arran—that “Island of Delight”—when, just as I was bundling up my things to return home, I was overtaken by a sudden and violent storm, which swept down from one of the glens, changing the blue August sea to murky blackness, and bringing with it such thick blinding

mist, that it became impossible to see more than a few yards in front of me. Getting my things together as quickly as I could, I set off tramping through the heather; for, knowing the country pretty well, I hoped to find the road in spite of the dim light, and once on the road I should be safe. But the darkness deepened so rapidly that I was soon brought to a standstill. I remembered that there was a long reach of terrible cliffs somewhere not far off; and the sea sounded so near that I became afraid to move, lest I should find myself



suddenly walking over two hundred feet of nothing, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The gray swirling masses of mist tossed and tumbled all around me, the wind whistled down the glen and over the moor, and the sea kept sobbing in a fearsome way that made one think with a creepy horror of the spirits of drowned people haunting the shore near which they had gone down. Should I have to pass the night there, with this uncanny darkness all round me, and that terrible moaning in my ears all through the long hours? The thought was not pleasant. I am Highlander enough to have a slight dislike to dark moors with ghostly “standing-stones,” and driving mists and

wailing sea, and I decided that for every reason it would be well to find some shelter before night set in. Unguided, I felt I dare not move; but perhaps there might be some cottage near, whose inhabitants were within hearing, and might answer me if I shouted. I shouted. Nothing but the echo answered, repeating my cry as if in mockery from rock to rock. With somewhat unreasonable impatience I shouted again, and yet again. The third time a voice answered me through the mist, a real, good, honest voice—the voice of a collie dog. Once more I hallooed, to make sure of his direction. Once more he answered, and so led by his voice I groped my way towards him.

Having evidently after careful consideration made up his mind that I was "a human" and no ghost, he presently came bounding towards me through the half light, "gurred" at my heels, smelt me, liked me, wagged his tail and trotted on before me, looking back from time to time to make sure that I was following.

Soon a small white cottage loomed large through the mist, and as we neared it I saw an old man standing at the door, peering through the silver shimmer with keen gray eyes.

"Welcome!" he said; "it is good that you have found my home. It would not be good to sleep this night out upon the moor. I am glad you found my home."

"I did not find it," I answered with a laugh; "your dog found me."

"He is a good dog, come of a good family. I could tell you many a story of that dog and his ancestors. But come in, come in out of the wet."

He led me into his tiny one-roomed cottage, and, with true Highland hospitality, set me in the warmest corner, forcing me to accept the loan of a dry pair of hand-knitted stockings, which I noticed, as I drew them on, had been rather badly mended.

Everything about the room was clean and tidy; but, as the old man lifted the great pot off the hook over the fire, and "dished" the supper, I could not help wondering how one who evidently lived quite alone could be so awkward about small household tasks.

"Do you live here alone?" I asked him, as he was "redding up" after we had finished our good, though plain, meal.

"Yes," he answered with a sudden contraction of the pupils of his strange eyes, "I do now, since my Janet went home three months ago."

I was silent for a few minutes.

"And have you any children?" I presently ventured to inquire.

"Yes, one."

"And where is that one?"

"Gone home," he answered quietly.

He spoke, as most Gaelic-speaking people do, the most perfect English, while his voice was rendered unusually sweet, for a man of his class, by the nationality of his mother, of which he by and by informed me. But what struck me still more than his mere tone was the beautiful way in which he expressed himself. But I found that though otherwise uneducated he had read largely in the "One Great Book," and having spent almost the whole of his life alone on the hills, he had got used to commune with himself in its grandly simple phraseology.

I did not speak again, and after a time he drew his chair close to the fire, and sat gazing into the glowing peat.

"If you will take your pipe I will tell you a story. I have hardly had any one to talk to since

Janet went home; and I should like to tell you the story if you would care to listen."

I lighted my pipe and prepared to listen, watching the while his wonderful old face.

"It was not exactly our own child; that is, we only found it. But I will tell you. You gentlemen only know our island when it is all lovely, and peaceful, and good, or, at worst, when a passing storm sweeps over it, as to-day. But you little know what life is in this lonely spot, when darkness comes down and hangs over it for weeks, and when the sea roars through the mist, and the storms march like white spirits down the glens! I am a shepherd and must live here, and so I have got used to it. For I have lived here ever since I married my Janet, sixty years ago. We walked home here from her father's house at Corrie, and, though we found it quiet and lonely at first, we used to think, 'Wait till the children come, and then it will all be as merry as May.' But the years went by and no little ones ever came to us. And we both knew that we were disappointed, and did all we could to comfort each other. But still we felt the miss of the children we had hoped for; and once Janet said to me—

"O Iain! if I had but heard a child of ours cry once and then go home to its heavenly Father, I should feel it less, for it would be ours for all eternity."

"But we learned to be contented, though the longing was always there. So years and years went by, and the happiest times of Janet's life were the lambing seasons, for then she had young helpless creatures to care for, and often had to be up all night feeding and tending the poor wee things.

"At last there came a very remarkable winter—the wildest that had ever been known in these parts. For weeks we were entirely cut off from the mainland, and then, just before Christmas, there came a short tack of bright, queer weather. It was as if summer had made a mistake and come at the wrong time. Some folk thought it meant that winter was over, but we who knew the place well misdoubted the strange brightness. It was a dangerous stillness; the storm would break again, we knew; and we felt that it would come all of a sudden like lightning out of a blue sky. At last the eve of Christmas arrived. People in these parts don't care much for that season, but my mother was an Englishwoman and we were taught to reverence it. The moon was bright, the sea was calm, when my wife and I went to bed in this very room that Christmas-tide forty-five years ago. At about twelve o'clock we were awakened by an awful gust of wind, which blew nearly all the fire into the middle of the floor. At the same moment the door flew wide, and through the opening we could see the waves dashing and leaping, the clouds flying across the sky, and the moon ghastly pale in the midst of the storm.

"My wife started up crying—

"The baby, the baby! I heard it cry; listen, what was that? There, hear it—don't you hear the woman's voice?"

"She sprang to the door, and stood with the wind blowing her long hair all across my face, and her naked feet upon the wet, cold stone.

"O Iain! did you not hear the baby cry?"

"But I had heard nothing.

"We stood and listened. Only the wind and the waves, and the noise of cracking branches and falling stones.

"For some time my wife remained listening and watching; but at last, with a sigh, she turned and crept to bed.

"In the early gray of the morning she wakened me. 'O Iain!' she said, 'I have been dreaming about it—the wee baby—I saw it, Iain, I saw it.'

"She was weeping like to break her heart.

"A scratch came to the door.

"What's that?' she cried, clutching my arm; I had never seen her so nervous and strange.

"A low whine answered her. It was Maggie, that dog's great-grandmother—they are a wonderful family. She must have rushed out when the door burst open in the night, and we had not missed her. I let her in. She whined and whimpered, and then, looking beseechingly at us, was off again out at the door. 'There's something wrong with the sheep,' I said.

"Janet was already up and dressing with all speed. 'It's more than that,' she answered.

"The dog waited outside the door till we were ready, and as soon as Janet said—

"Show me, Maggie,' the dog was off, with Janet close behind her. I followed the strange pair, wondering what was about to happen.

"Everything was very still now, with a heavy mist all around, and through the gray the sea rose and fell with a sullen growl. Along the shore the dog led us; up the steep road that crosses the face of the cliff; down once more on to the shore, and so to the great "King's Caves," that every visitor to Arran knows so well. Before we reached the first one the creature ran whimpering down among the rocks. And here, thrown up upon the shore, lay a small rowing boat, dashed almost in two.

"Oh, it was true, it was true!" wailed Janet, now following at a quick run the dog, who still led onwards. Past the first small cave we went, on to the great one itself, and there we entered. And what did we find? At the foot of the large cross—which was most likely carved by King Robert Bruce's men when they sheltered there long ago—lay, fast asleep, in spite of its drenched clothes, a little baby.

"Without a sound Janet crept forward and fell on her knees by its side, mumbling its little hands and warm white cheeks, making that low, moaning sound a woman loves to make over a child. She saw nothing, she thought of nothing, she cared for nothing but the child. The dog looked at me, and

led up the dark passage which stretches back from the cave but leads nowhere. At the very end of it, pressed against the cold, damp rock, leant a woman. Her face was turned to the wall, and her long wet hair hung all about her. I touched her. She did not move. I turned her face round. She was dead. I lifted her left hand, looked at it, and let it drop. The story was told—all at least that I should ever know. Had she been driven from her home? What had she hoped? Where was she going? Had she gone out in that tiny boat expecting to join some ship throbbing its way to the New World? Had some one been on board that ship—some one she believed in still? Or had she just fled to the mighty sea, trusting rather to its mercy than to that of the human hearts around? Well, it had done its work! When I returned to the cave and saw that the snow had commenced to fall, I touched Janet on the shoulder.

"Take the child and go home. I must stay and attend to the poor mother."

"The mother! Is she here? Can I help her?" cried Janet, all eager to be of use.

"No, we cannot help her any more," I answered. "She is dead!"

"Poor thing! What will her people say? They will be sending to search for her;" and Janet's eyes were full of tears.

"I do not think any one will search for *them*. The baby is yours, Janet. Take it home out of the cold. I will come when I have brought the mother out here."

"Lay her at the foot of the cross," whispered Janet, and went away, the dog trotting on before.

"Then I raised the poor, stiff figure, and carried it out of the cold, dreadful darkness, and laid it in the pure light which streamed into the cave through the white snowflakes—laid it at the foot of the cross, where she had laid her baby in the night. And as I saw her resting there, with a smile upon her poor, pale face, and with her thin, worn hands folded over her still heart, I thought of the Christ whose birthday this was, and whose sign is the cross, and, remembering how He in His purity is far more loving and tender than we in our sin and pride, I left her with Him. When I got home I found Janet sitting by the fire with the baby on her knee, feeding it as she had so often fed the weakly little lambs. She looked up at me with eyes that shone like stars, but said never a word. The baby smiled up at her, and when she held it close to her cheek its little hand caressed her neck in baby unconsciousness.

"The whole day she sat holding the little creature, utterly happy, while I sat on the floor beside them watching the two, and thinking how this little life would brighten our home and comfort our old age. What a Christmas day it was! I felt then somewhat as, I believe, the carpenter Joseph must have felt that Christmas day nearly two thousand years ago, as he watched Mary and the child Christ.

And all day long the snow fell and everything was altogether silent.

"And that night, looking Janet straight in the face, and with a sweet, sad smile, the baby died. She did not cry; she did not speak; but in the morning, with one accord, we rose from our black, cold fireside, and following the dog once more we walked through the flying snow to the great cave. And there, with a long kiss, we laid the little baby, that had been ours for one short day, back into the arms of its mother.

"We dug a grave in the floor of the cavern, for we could not leave them there unwatched, and we knew that it might be weeks before we could hold intercourse with our neighbours, and we buried them together at the foot of the cross. Then we went back to our childless home.

"In the darkness of the night I said to Janet, 'I am very sorry for you, my wife.'

"She took my hand in hers, and answered with a wonderful joy in her voice—

"'Rather let us rejoice, for a little child angel waits for us in heaven. He will know me again. His eyes said it when he looked at me as he died.' And so Janet's baby came and went away again."

MONA NOEL PATON.

John Wycliffe.

By the Rev. GEO. D. MACNAUGHTAN, B.D., Ardoch.

THIS is an age of centenaries. Little more than a year has passed since the Protestant world was engaged in celebrating the four-hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. More recently we had the Tercentenary of Edinburgh University. The close of the year will see the Quincentenary of the death of John Wycliffe. It may not be useless, in connection with it, to endeavour to estimate his character and the value of his life-work.

For some centuries after the Norman Conquest England was ruled by foreign kings supported by a foreign nobility. The loss of Normandy, their ancestral Duchy, which in John's reign was seized by France, was the beginning of a new era. From that date onwards the different races which dwelt in England began to coalesce. In a short time the proudest boast of king and nobles was no longer that they were Normans but that they were Englishmen. The English language began to drive Norman French out of the Court and the courts of law, English literature to become the national voice. John Wycliffe, who was destined to give voice to the highest religious instincts of the new nation, was born in 1320 or 1324. He was a native of the North Riding of Yorkshire, taking his name from the little village of Wycliffe which still exists, not far from the town of Richmond, near the banks of the Tees and the borders of Durham. He possessed in high degree those sturdy English qualities

which are so characteristic of the inhabitants of Yorkshire. Edward III. ascended the throne in 1327 and reigned for fifty years. To his reign, accordingly, the whole earlier portion of Wycliffe's life belongs. Of the years of his youth we know little except that being destined for the Church, probably after being taught at the neighbouring monastery school, he at an early age proceeded to Oxford, then little more than a great secondary school, to which young men flocked in thousands, so many as thirty thousand having been said to have been there at one time. The intellectual food then provided for men's minds was the scholastic philosophy and theology, that barren system of speculation, dogmatism and subtle distinctions which dominated the mind of Europe for almost a thousand years. In these studies Wycliffe gained himself some reputation. The name given him as a Scholastic Doctor was a kind of forecast of his future renown. Curious names were given to some of them. One had been the Angelic, another the Seraphic Doctor. Others were the Irrefragable, the Subtle, the Invincible, the Profound. Wycliffe's title was the Evangelical Doctor, a peculiar name in days when theology was usually studied without its students being obliged to read a single page of the Scriptures.

There was much in the state of religion at that time to disturb the consciences of earnest men. In high politics the chief question of the hour was the relation of the Pope to the realm of England. In the darkest hour of John's reign he had surrendered his kingdom into the hands of the head of Christendom, had received it back as a fief of Rome, had rendered homage for it as to a liege lord, and had agreed to pay annually 1000 marks in token of feudal subjection. The new England which had since grown up was little likely to be content to occupy a position like this. It was the less likely inasmuch as since 1308 the Pope had ceased to reside in Rome, and now dwelt at Avignon on the Rhone, a dependant on the French kings, and a friend of the enemies of England. The tribute indeed had not been paid for many years, and when in 1366 it was again demanded with arrears, the claim was fiercely resisted alike by the Lords and the Commons, and sternly refused. But the tribute money was far from being the only right which the Pope claimed in England. Peter's pence was carefully collected every year. His Holiness claimed the patronage of all vacant livings and the firstfruits of every benefice. Foreigners, French and Italians, were appointed to many of the richest livings in the Church, and contented themselves with drawing the stipends, never setting foot in England. The flock, as was said, instead of being "pastured, was shaven and shorn." Various attempts were made by Parliament to check such abuses, with but little result. It is in connection with these things that Wycliffe first emerges from his studious obscurity. He is said to have shaped the decision of the Parliament in the matter of the tribute; he was

certainly sent as one of a number of Commissioners to Bruges in 1374 to endeavour to come to terms with the Pope. But his Holiness, while willing to give way on matters of detail, was determined in all essential things to insist on his rights. The chief result of the Commission so far as concerned Wycliffe was to begin an acquaintance with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, the king's son, and the most powerful man in the kingdom. The Good Parliament which met in 1376 expressed itself most plainly on the subject of the ecclesiastical abuses. It was not in human nature that the Oxford Doctor who had thus been lending his aid to the political authorities should be giving the same amount of satisfaction to his ecclesiastical superiors. From their point of view, he was betraying the interests of the Church. He was accordingly summoned before Courtenay, Bishop of London, a bold, energetic man, belonging to one of the first families in the kingdom. Wycliffe appeared before him in St. Paul's, but accompanied by John of Gaunt and Lord Henry Percy. Hot words passed between prince and prelate, and the scene closed in a tumult.

In the meantime the "Babylonian Captivity" at Avignon had come to an end, and the seat of the Papacy was transferred once more to Rome. Wycliffe's opinions having been laid before Gregory XI., they were condemned by him in a series of bulls, on the grounds mainly that he had disputed the Pope's temporal and spiritual dominion, had taught that nothing but sin could cut a man off from Christ's Church, and had asserted the power of the State over the Church's temporalities. Edward III.'s long reign had come to an end in 1377, and he was succeeded by his grandson Richard II. The new king had just begun to reign when Wycliffe was again cited before his superiors at Lambeth. On this occasion his part was taken by the widowed Princess of Wales and by the citizens of London, and his enemies had to be content to dismiss him with an admonition. In a little the great schism in the Papacy had taken place; two Popes reigned—one at Rome and one at Avignon, dividing between them the spiritual allegiance of Europe, anathematising and denouncing each other. This unseemly spectacle continued for many years (1378-1447), a scandal to Christendom, destroying the awe and undermining the reverence with which the successors of St. Peter had been regarded, and weakening the papal authority for all future generations.

Meanwhile John Wycliffe had quietly resumed his labours at Oxford. In 1379 he was seized with an illness so alarming that his life was despaired of. It was during this illness that he gave the celebrated reply to the mendicant friars who wished him to recant: "I shall not die but live to declare the evil deeds of the friars." And declare them he did.

Up to this point Wycliffe was undoubtedly

supported by the national feeling of England. A good churchman, he was anxious only for the reform of practical abuses. But in the midst of his Oxford teachings, or in the quiet of Lutterworth Parsonage in Leicestershire, deeper thoughts were beginning to take possession of his mind. The central doctrine of the Mediæval Church, round which all others clustered, was the great doctrine of transubstantiation—that the bread and wine used in the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, while the words of consecration were being repeated by the officiating priest, were, though the accidental qualities might remain the same, in substance changed into the very body and blood of Christ. In being able constantly to perform so great a miracle lay the secret of the Church's strength. With so wondrous a power the lowliest priest was more than the equal of kings and emperors. To challenge its existence was to destroy the Church's Samson-like strength, and to make her clergy weak as other men. Yet this was the result of Wycliffe's meditations. Consecrated the elements doubtless were by their solemn use, but their substance remained unchanged. In Twelve Theses, published in 1380, he undertook to defend this new position. A new aspect was at once given to the struggle in which he was engaged, and, whether he was conscious of it or not, from that moment the standard of revolt against Rome was virtually raised. No longer as formerly had he England with him. Politicians like John of Gaunt, deeply interested in the previous struggle against papal rights and encroachments, cared nothing about questions of doctrine, and strongly advised Wycliffe to let them alone. There comes a stage like this in all similar movements. Oxford was astounded. A decree was promulgated forbidding the teaching of such heretical doctrines within the University. From this time onwards Wycliffe's work lay elsewhere. He became less of an Oxford doctor, and more of a parish priest.

The rebellion of the peasantry in 1381 made his position still more difficult. A common terror united the Parliament and the Church. Wycliffe himself was in danger. An attempt was made to connect his teaching with the insurrection. Though the charge was without foundation, the instinct which made it was right. The strength of Wycliffe's cause henceforward was to lie not in parliaments or princes, but in the Christian convictions of the people of England.

Wycliffe's old enemy Courtenay had now become Primate. As energetic as ever, he determined by a bold stroke to crush the heretic. A Synod was summoned to meet in London in 1382. By this Synod all Wycliffe's opinions were summarily condemned. With some difficulty its decrees were promulgated in Oxford, where the Reformer was heard in his own defence. In the course of that defence he made use of the celebrated words, "The truth shall prevail," and at its conclusion, though expelled from Oxford, he was allowed to retire in

peace to Lutterworth. It was thought that his fangs were drawn.

John Wycliffe had only two years more to live, but these were the greatest of his life. Though Oxford was now closed to him there were other ways of reaching the people. At all events he could become a faithful parish priest, realising the description of his great contemporary Chaucer, who in another way was giving voice to the highest thought of England:—

“ But Christ's lore and His apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed it himself.”

In a sacramentarian church preaching has a tendency to become one of the lost arts. In homely sermons Wycliffe made plain to his people the truths of the gospel. In little tracts expressed in vigorous English he made known his opinions on more than one of the superstitions of the Church. He founded his order of “poor priests” who, clad in russet garb, wandered over the country preaching wherever they could gather audience, those “Methodists of the fourteenth century,” as they have been called. But the greatest of all his works was the translation of the Bible into English, which entitles him to be called the Father of English prose. Enemies might describe his work as a casting of pearls before swine, but he himself saw in it the crown and completion of his whole movement. He himself might be silenced; at best death would soon silence him, but so long as his version lived the work he had begun would continue. The New Testament translation was his own work; in that of the Old Testament he was assisted by others, and his quaint version still remains the earliest of our English Bibles.

The Reformer's work was now done. He died in peace on December 31, 1384, like Luther and Knox,—though they, too, like him were always in the forefront of the battle,—escaping the martyr's death.

The Bohemian movement, the most remarkable outcome of Wycliffe's influence, has a story of its own. The Council of Constance (1415), which condemned Huss, also gave orders that Wycliffe's bones should be dug up and cast out of consecrated ground. This order was not obeyed till 1428, when the quiet village of Lutterworth beheld the grotesque spectacle of the great Reformer's bones being taken from their tomb, their being burned on the banks of the little Swift which ran near, their ashes being cast into its waters, by which, being borne towards the ocean, they became, according to Fuller's remark, “the emblem of his doctrine which now is dispersed all the world over.”

In England itself Wycliffe's teaching led to the Lollard movement, which for a time was important politically, was next crushed down by fiery and bloody laws, and which, though forced to become dumb, yet lived on through the bloodiest century of English history. In the next the lion-voice of Luther was uplifted, and the Wycliffite

movement was lost in the great religious revolt of northern Europe.

It has been said that to Wycliffe “we owe—more than to any one person who can be mentioned—our English language, our English Bible, and our Reformed Religion.” The words are true, and in them is contained his claim to remembrance and honour. It might, perhaps, be added that in his appeal to the people, when princes and parliaments had ceased to listen, he has a right to be called one of the fathers of English liberty. A great change was silently taking place, and the people was about to become one of the chief factors in human progress. A parallel change was occurring in warfare, and the mediæval knight was giving way to the foot-soldier armed with spear or bow. In a little the many wisely guided were to rule the world. A truer religion both helped to elevate the people, and became the chief privilege of freedom.

Wycliffe has been called “the Morning Star of the Reformation.” The name has always been felt to be both beautiful and appropriate. The long night of scholasticism, of popular ignorance, and of superstition was drawing to a close. But the dawn has not yet come. The shadows still are powerful; dark clouds are filling the heavens. The Morning Star itself disappears in gloom. We withdraw our gaze. In a little we look again, and lo! the sun is gilding the eastern hills.

XVI.—The Missionary's Prayer.

O FATHER of all nations,
One Lord of earth and sky,
Hear our hearts' supplications,
Our faith's confiding cry.

For all who pine in sadness,
Cheered by no dawning ray,
Let morning light and gladness
Grow till the perfect day.

To every heathen nation
That wanders far from Thee,
O grant Thy great salvation,
And gospel liberty.

Not by our own endeavour
Can error be o'erthrown—
The clouds of darkness sever
Beneath Thy smile alone.

We go, from Northern islands,
Far over land and sea,
To tell 'mid pagan silence
Jehovah's grace is free.

We work, in human weakness,
Fulfilling Thy command;
Accepting toils with meekness—
A scanty soldier-band.

Hope's longing hours are weary,
We wait, and watch, and pray
O Christ, from deserts dreary
Lead back Thy sheep who stray!

Until, Thou Shepherd tender,
Sweet Fount of clemency,
All men on earth surrender,
In love, their hearts to Thee.

Searching the Scriptures.

BY THE EDITOR.

1. How many good kings of Judah (including David) can you name, each of whom had a bad son? (Name the son.)
2. Contrast the last words of a faithful priest, who was stoned to death by command of a king of Judah, with the last words of a Christian martyr who was also stoned to death.
3. Which of the bad kings of Judah reigned longest? and which of them "departed without being desired"?
4. Find two kings, and also two persons in the New Testament, who repented after great sin.
- 5, 6. Find twelve *direct* commands to sinners to repent.
7. Find at least four texts showing that Repentance is turning to God *with prayer*.
8. Find at least four texts showing that there is no real Repentance unless we give up our sins.
9. Find that the long-suffering of God, the goodness of God, and the chastenings of God, should lead us to Repentance (a good text for each).
10. Find at least two texts which show that the proper time for Repentance is *just now*.

ANSWERS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. Moses, Deut. 34. 6; Elijah, 2 Kings 2. 11; at Christ's transfiguration, Luke 9. 30. 2. Aaron died on Mount Hor, Num. 20. 28; Eleazar. 3. Heb. 7. 23, 24. 4. Prov. 1. 8, 9; 4. 1; Eph. 6. 1; Col. 3. 20. 5. Deut. 4. 30; 31; 11. 27; Isa. 1. 19; John 7. 17. 6. Luke 2. 51; John 6. 38; Phil. 2. 8; Heb. 5. 8. 7. Matt. 28. 18; Acts 5. 31; 10. 36; Phil. 2. 9-11. 8. Luke 9. 49; 9. 54. 9, 10. Seven Apostles:—Judas Iscariot, John 13. 2; Peter, 13. 6; Thomas, 14. 5; Philip. 14. 8; Judas not Iscariot, 14. 22; James and John, Mark 14. 33.

OUR MISSION HYMNS.—It has been found impossible to make an award till JANUARY. It has not been a light task to consider the merits of about 300 hymns.

"LIFE AND WORK" ALMANAC.—This large Illustrated Sheet Almanac for 1885 is ready—price 1d., per dozen 10d. It has a pleasing appearance on a wall, and should be very useful. It has "words of the Lord Jesus" for every day, and contains much useful information. The Illustrations are excellent. Large orders are being received by Messrs. R. and R. Clark.

Listen, Children, to the Clock.

IN a Sabbath School I know
 Children sometimes restless grow,
 Ruffling, shuffling with their feet,
 Talking as if on the street;
 Then the teacher lifts his hand,
 Stills them with this quaint command:
 "Listen, children, to the clock—
 Tick—tick—tick—tock!"
 Such a hush comes over all,
 One might hear a rose-leaf fall;
 Boys and girls, with smiling face,
 Stop their talking, keep their place,
 Hold their breath, and silent sit,
 Till the teacher says—"That's it!
 That's the ticking of the clock—
 Tick—tick—tick—tock!"
 Brethren, children older grown,
 Might take lesson, were it known;
 In the bustle and the strife
 And confusion of this life,
 For one briefest moment stop,
 Earth, with care and strivings drop,
 Turn within and hear the clock—
 Tick—tick—tick—tock!

HENRY DRYERRE.

Notices of Books.

Scottish Hymnal Appendix, with Hymns for the Young (Blackwood).—Our Scottish Service of Praise is greatly enriched by this Collection, which has been authorised for use in churches by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. The Appendix contains 158 Hymns; and there are besides 86 Hymns for the Young, only two of which, so far as we have observed, are included in the present Scottish Hymnal. It is no slight gain that the Hymns for Children's Services will in future be in the hands of the whole congregation. An edition with music is understood to be nearly ready; and an edition incorporating the Scottish Hymnal and this Appendix is promised shortly.

The Children's Portion—By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton).—It is Dr. Macleod's habit to give from ten to fifteen minutes of the morning service on Sunday to the instruction of the children present. In that brief space a children's hymn is sung, and a children's sermon preached. Happy children who hear these stories of God's love or of Christian life every Sunday! The teaching of their pastor flows through, not past, their lives. They are saved from forming the pathetic habit of expecting nothing in church. These expressions, by which we describe this excellent book, are taken from Dr. Macleod's preface. We wish the volume a wide circulation. If the laity learn to desire such teaching, ministers will learn to give it.

A Year's Ministry—By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton).—These sermons approach the merit of the volume noticed above. That is saying a good deal.

Sermons Preached at Ibrox—By JOSEPH LECKIE, D.D. (Glasgow: Maclehose).—These are sermons for the ear and the heart, rather than for the eye. Most of them are unwritten discourses, taken down by hearers and revised by the preacher. Earnest and thoughtful, they are deficient only in the attractiveness of form which a practised author can give to what he writes for the public.

Linda and other Poems—By Jane C. Simpson (Edinburgh: Edmonston. Glasgow: Maclehose, 1884). Mrs. Simpson is perhaps best known as the author of the hymn—

"Go when the morning shineth,
 Go when the noon is bright."

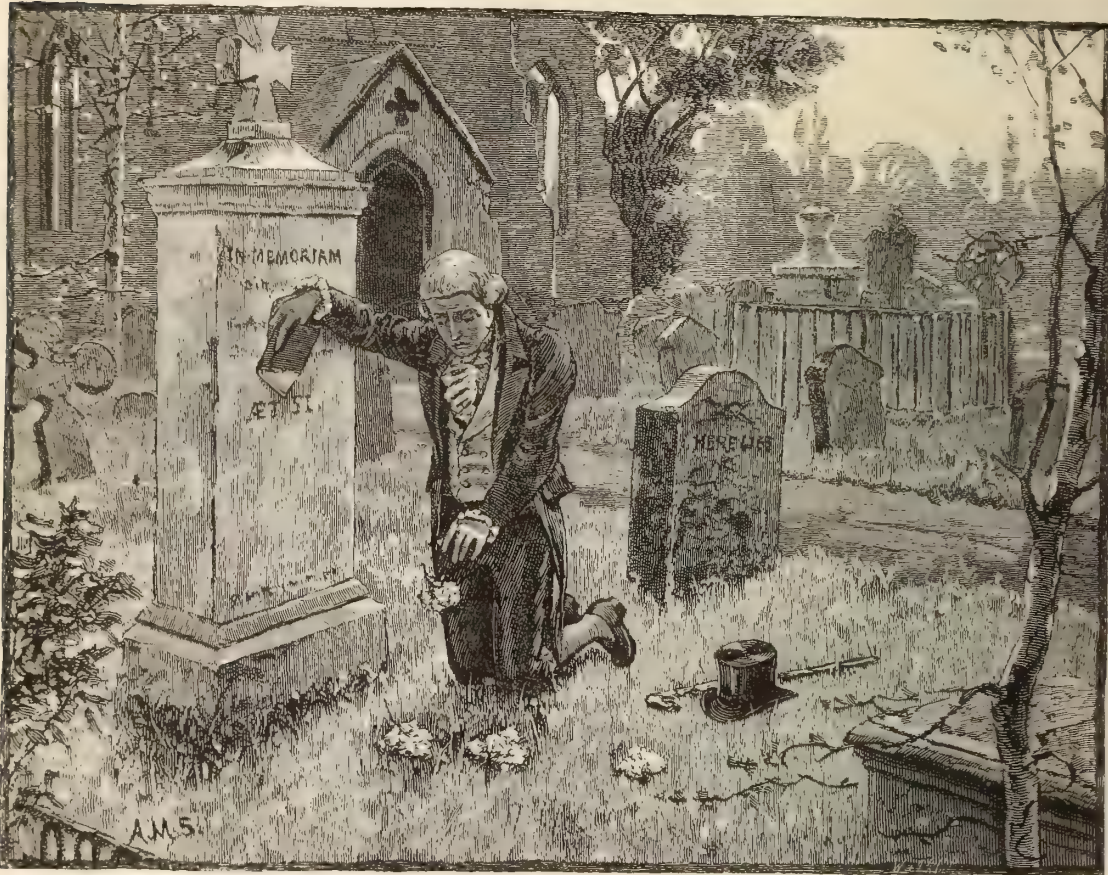
But her poems have been welcome in various magazines, our own included, and we are glad to see so many of them collected in one volume. For our own part we prefer the shorter poems. They have grace and *healing* in them, tender fancy and the spirit of charity. The book is dedicated by the author to the memory of her brother, the late Henry Glassford Bell, Sheriff of Lanarkshire.

Memoir of Captain Prescott William Stephens, R.N.—By B. A. Heywood, M.A. (Nisbet, 1884). This story, if less skilfully told than the memoir of Hedley Vicers, often recalls that book. God be thanked that there are not a few such soldiers of Christ in both the army and navy! The labours of Captain Stephens to make his men temperate, and to make them Christians, were beyond all praise. His biographer has a way of not keeping to the point which may be acceptable to young readers. Captain Stephens's ship visited Pitcairn Island, and we get the whole narrative of John Adams and the mutiny of the Bounty. He goes up to the Indian villages in Peru, and we have the story of the last of the Incas. Our Ashantee War and the recent war between Chili and Peru are properly described, for Captain Stephens saw many of the chief events. He died in Callao Bay, 12th August 1882, aged 46. On his death-bed he saw his men one by one, and had a parting word for each. When we read further that he asked each man to kiss him, we feel that his attendants ought to have told him the infectious nature of his illness, which was diphtheria.

The Golden Wedding.

"Is he mad, is he mad?" the children cried
 From their seat in the window-sill,
 And pointed to where on the opposite side
 Our grandfather climbed the hill.
 For see! he was decked in the pomp and pride
 Of old wedding garments, with wig well tied,
 And a bushel of milk-white frill.

We watched him falter upon his way
 At the spot where the hawthorns blow,
 And he pulled here and there from some branching spray
 A handful of fragrant snow ;
 Then on he went to where half a day
 Long sunbeams across the tombstones play,
 And sparkle from row to row.



Ah, slowly, slowly his steps he took
 To grandmother's place of rest,
 And he read some words from a little book
 That he plucked from out his breast ;
 Then softly and swiftly the blossoms he shook
 About that sun-warmed grassy nook,
 And his lips to the gravestone pressed

That evening at dinner grandfather said :—
 " My children, a toast have I."
 And he stood like some picture illuminéd
 Of quaint old-world chivalry :
 " Fifty years have gone by syne I was wed,
 So here's to the dead that are not dead,
 And the love that cannot die !"

L. J. GRANT.

NOTE.—The Editor requests Correspondents to excuse him from corresponding about MSS., and begs them to write on one side of the paper only. He cannot undertake to return MSS.