WORKING AND LIVING

AND

OTHER ESSAYS.

BY

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PREFACE.

The papers in this little volume are, with the exception of "My Relic," revised reprints from the popular Scottish miscellany, *The People's Friend*, in which they were published several years ago. They appeared over a *nom-de-plume*, which sometimes tempted the writer to indulge in personal allusions, which he hopes his readers will not always accept literally. Like all writings of their kind, intended merely for the hour, they were written rather to please and amuse than to instruct; but, where needed, advice was honestly tendered; while the language of the censor was occasionally used. The volume is now, at the suggestion of numerous friends, given to the public, in the hope that the presence of variety will atone for the absence of novelty in its contents.

J. C.

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ESSAYS.

Working and Living.

"That life is long which answers life's great end."—*Young.*

THIS life of ours is a very serious matter, and gets far less attention than it deserves. We are content to let things have their swing, if we can but move through life with an ordinary share of comfort. We get sick with philosophising about life and its duties, its ends and aims. An idea that everything will "come all right somehow" gets easily into our heads, and we gladly turn our thoughts into smoother channels. And there is no need to wonder at our perplexity, or distaste to study the whys or wherefores of our existence. The world is a confusing hubbub. Everything seems so mixed up that the separation of the individual from the mass seems an impossibility. We appear to be caught up in the perpetual see-saw—in the incessant whirl and rush and hurry. The vitality of our very being appears dependent on the constant throbbing of the great universal heart. And this is true. We are interlinked with

those around us. We are never independent of our neighbours. Daily we suffer from the actions of others, and daily by them we are blessed. All our actions are either for or against our fellow-pilgrims in the world. No man, be he ever so selfish, can work for himself alone. If he labour at all, the world shares with him the result.

But there is a little circle, within which we must be separated from all others. There are certain duties and responsibilities resting upon the shoulders of each man and woman which can be transferred to no one else. The life before us we must live. Work has to be accomplished that the world may go on, and each of us must perform his or her own part. No one of us has been sent here simply to eat, and sleep, and pass away. Such an existence is neither a benefit to man nor an honour to God. It is not a life. To truly live we must honestly work. It were better for himself and the world that the mere cipher among his fellows had never been born, for when the end comes he can show nothing that is his. Nothing is really our own but that which by our own labour we have produced. For nothing else should we take credit to ourselves; and he who by his slothfulness can show no title to credit at the end of his days has miserably failed in his mission on earth. He must be haunted by the painful conviction that he has been nought but a parasite feeding upon his toiling fellows—an incubus pressing them down.

In the world there is employment for us all. Our talents are various, and in the vast fields of earth occupations are as numerous as the stars in the midnight sky. And as one star differeth from another in magnitude and glory, so differeth the forms of human toil. All men

cannot be employed in the higher walks of labour. Humble, lowly work must be performed. The horny hand is as essential to the world's prosperity as the clear brain or the steady nerve. Our laws must be made, interpreted, and administered; our higher tastes must be gratified; our children must be educated and our religion upheld. But our houses must likewise be built, our wood hewn, our soil ploughed, and our corn reaped. Our spinning frames and looms must be fashioned, our jute changed to yarn, and our yarn into cloth. Our railways must be laid down, our ships built, our great throbbing engines hammered into shape; and from the bowels of the earth must be dug up our fuels and our metals. In the higher pathways the pilgrim at the end of his journey is often greeted with fame and the applause of a gratified world; but he who treads the humbler ways must do so in silence and obscurity. In his ears there may ring no joyous applauding shouts, and no admiring eye may be on him save the All-seeing eye of Him who placed us in life's arena. But in whatsoever sphere we find ourselves—however humble or irksome our occupation—we can still do our duty, and so reap what is higher than the world's applause, better than fame, and more enduring than bays or laurels—the inward satisfaction of having honourably and faithfully performed that work which our hand found to do.

In these lowly, honest walks it is the lot of most of our fellows to journey, and there is no need to deny that their task is extremely trying. Everything becomes monotonous by incessant repetition, and the daily recurrent round of toil which is the lot of our labouring classes is no exception to the rule. The human spirit yearns for

pleasant change, but with humble workers the necessities of life decree that the full desires of the heart cannot be gratified. In the depths of winter, when the frost is encrusted on the window panes, when the snow lies white on the frozen ground, and the snell, biting wind sweeps along in piercing gusts, we can easily sympathise with the feeling of the mechanic or factory girl that another hour in a warm, cosy bed would be preferable to the shivering morning walk through the cold streets. And quite as much can we sympathise with their desire, when summer days have come, to be away out of the dirty, dusty factory, with its horrid, clanking din, its warm, fœtid atmosphere, and incessant buzz and whirl. At such a time the mind wanders beyond its immediate surroundings. It refuses to be caged by the stone walls or the labyrinthine streets, and roams in fancy through the green meadows and by the sparkling river's side. At such a time the immured worker sighs for the pure air of the hills, for the sound of the singing birds, for that sense of freedom which the change would ensure. The desire is natural, but standing by the post of duty is a necessity. Nor is it without its compensations and its pleasures. Each day's toil has, in the often quoted words of Longfellow, earned its night's repose; it has provided for the wants of the body, and for the luxuries which all enjoy. It has added a keener zest for pleasure, when the day of enjoyment comes; and ensures the satisfaction that, whatever enjoyments are really obtainable in the circumstances, they are due to the labour which has been previously undergone.

We do not know that a much higher purpose can be fulfilled in this world than being useful to our fellows. We are sent here to bear one another's burdens—to help

one another. Were there no trial and suffering in the world there would be no need for sympathy or generosity; were there no sick, there would be no need for physicians; were there no thirst, there would be no virtue in giving the cup of cold water, and no demerit in refusing it. If we had no necessities for which we depend on the exertions of others, labour would often be an unreasonable strain. If our clothing grew in the fields, our bread on trees, pots and pans on the mountain-sides, and beef and mutton fell daily from heaven, as did manna to the Israelites, then each of us might be left to shift for himself. To us wise worldlings a state of things is quite conceivable by which a man might get along well enough without the aid of his neighbour; but the great Creator of us all has ordered otherwise. He has made us dependent on our fellow-men for the supply of our wants. We are sent here to give and take. He has so arranged that in our labour we shall be useful one to another—that my labour shall provide for some necessity of yours, and yours for a necessity of mine. It is a duty imposed on us that we shirk not our share of the world's toil, if we would have the approval either of Him, of our fellow-men, or of ourselves. Our ability to labour is our best title to live—our producing something which will benefit our neighbours is the best return we can give to God for sustaining and providing for us here. "I can do my work," said a friend one day, "but I am not able to live so well as I ought." To perform the work required of us is our mission on earth, and to live well is to perform this work with all the earnestness in our power.

It is wearing to the body to trudge for a day among the soft soil behind the plough or the harrows—it is harassing

to work in the harvest field under the blazing August sun. But the harvest is a merry season, and there is a joyful ring about the laughter of a band of reapers. Many in comfortable circumstances now may have distinct enough recollections of toiling on, thirsty and tired, behind the scythe, and in November of picking, with cold-benumbed fingers, the potatoes from the frozen earth. Painful, irksome labour this; but still it gave pleasure. It was the time when they were enabled to work for boots and clothing to keep them comfortable in the coming winter. We have looked with pride on such comforts—a justifiable pride it was, for we had laboured for them, and they were in the truest sense our own. Upon the whole, we do most sincerely believe that the most active man best enjoys life. They who do nothing are a burden even to themselves. Time hangs heavily on their hands. They cannot enjoy the sunshine and the smiling meadow with the same zest as the mechanic out for a holiday. They go to the theatre and the concert room, but they only acquire a taste for such amusement stronger than they have the power to gratify. The drama ceases to excite or the opera to delight. There is a charm in the enjoyment of such a scene as Burns describes in his "Cottar's Saturday Night," which the idle aristocrat can never understand—he may dream of the rollicking fun of "Hallowe'en," but his *salons* and ballrooms can never furnish the exuberant reality. He who knows what it is to labour, truly knows what it is to enjoy a day, or it may be a week's immunity from toil. Rest is rendered delightful. The pillow yields refreshing invigorating sleep, and not the disturbed, fitful, half-waking dreams which too often are the night companions of the idle and luxurious.

There is really something grand in the Carlylean gospel of work. The old sage of Chelsea declares that first among men he gives honour to the toil-worn craftsman, who with earth-made implement conquers the earth and makes her man's. He looks with veneration on the hard hand, crooked and coarse, and on the rugged weather-tanned face. "Toil on, toil on," he says to such an one; "thou art in thy duty, be out of it who may." Carlyle honours, too, the inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implements conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, says the philosopher, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he, too, may have light, guidance, freedom, immortality? "These two, in all their degrees, I honour—all else is chaff and dust." This is the true give-and-take idea of human toil. You in your humble sphere may represent the former—Carlyle himself truly personates the latter. You labour that your fellow-men may have daily bread—the first requisite of existence in this lower world. He has laboured well to point out to us his brethren what is best to be followed in the higher altitudes of life, that we may be happy here, and rendered ready to enter upon the duties which may remain for us in a still nobler life beyond. He has been no laggard in the world, and his grand rugged teaching will continue to mould the minds of men long after he has ceased to have any share in things earthly.

Yet, as the proverb says, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The toiling masses require to rest and play; and we often wonder whether they make the best of the spare time at their disposal. We are afraid that many of them do not; and, while we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are neither to act as preacher

nor temperance lecturer, we must state our conviction that many, perhaps because of failing to realise the true idea of existence, mistake the use to which it might be best to devote their leisure time. This life of ours is not a complete thing. We take it to be but an educative stage to introduce us to something better. There are grander worlds around us, and when we are done with this we may be required to engage in the duties of some other. Upon the point we are far from dogmatising, but we regard the thought as reasonable; and, if it should be true, ought we not, in those hours when mind and body are released from the rack of daily toil, to do something to make life really profitable here, and ourselves fitter for the ultimate state of existence into which we hope to pass? It is a law of our frame that exercise develops our faculties—our daily labour, when not too severe, hardens our sinews, develops our muscles, and improves our whole physical constitution. But that is not all the man, nor all the woman. We have other faculties to quicken. We have a nobler, higher being—a mind to educate, and a heart and soul to guide and train. During the day let us forge and spin, and sow and reap, that our bodies may obtain sustenance—during our evenings let us attend to the exercise of mind and spirit, and seek the guidance of those teachers whom Carlyle delights to honour. Let us seek stores of knowledge, that our minds may become acquainted with the great and vital facts which everywhere surround us. Books are daily issued in loads from the press. Magazines, periodicals, and newspapers are everywhere within our reach; all these bring the richest treasures of the best-stored minds to our very feet, so that we need only stoop and partake. Knowledge is a precious thing—so precious, indeed, that

no man may name its value. Reading, then, in those hours which we do not require to spend at labour, is a pleasant and profitable exercise. But books do not contain everything, nor are books at all times the best medium through which to obtain our knowledge. Having read, let us walk out and reflect. Having in the printed books read of the wondrous canopy over our heads, let us go forth and lift up our souls in ecstasy at the rich poetry of the reality. Let us read the deeper lessons written everywhere in the universe by the finger of God, Who hath studded the vast sky with worlds which no man can enumerate; Who hath painted green the blade of grass, and tipped with crimson the petal of the modest daisy; Who hath clothed the earth in beauty, and filled the groves with choristers. All around, on mountain and in valley, He hath showered objects to delight our eye and ear; and we need but go out and drink at Nature's bounteous well-springs.

Contemplating Nature thus lifts our minds above the petty trials from which neither peer nor peasant is free. It lifts our souls into a higher state, in which we can feel something of unison and harmony between ourselves and the loftier verities which everywhere expose themselves to our view. We begin then to regard ourselves as part of the universal plan. What may be intended by our presence here we may not fully understand; but true wisdom will suggest that the Eternal Wisdom which is over us, and which called us into being, had His own purpose clearly defined—and that it is our duty to toil on at our post, waiting patiently, hopefully, for our final disposal. Raised to this platform we get into a calm atmosphere of serious thought. We may then find ourselves able to say with

one whose lot it has been to work out the bitter experience of sore trial and disappointment in her own soul—"Although the world often disturbs my soul's tranquillity, and robs it for a brief period of its delightful calm, still this is only surface work—the paltry disappointments with myself and others, the little bursts of temper, of jealousy, of impatience, are as straws, withered grass, or dead leaves thrown into the placid stream. They darken the surface for a time, but quickly passing, leave it in all its smiling serenity, more beautiful and refreshing than before"—a pure thought beautifully expressed; but its principal value is, that it is descriptive not of an ideal, but of a real state.

Then we have the additional pleasure of social intercourse. The society of friends and companions should have a refining, elevating influence. Here human nature is the lesson. To master its subtleties is a task which, if always severe, is always inviting; and, like every good thing that requires patient attention and constant application, the reward is worth all the labour expended. Here we meet with the good and the bad. Here we find the reflex of good darkened by the shadow of evil. Here we have to discount much of that which is seen, and be able to appraise at its true value the hidden mechanism which so oftens controls the visible movements of the human machine.

Perhaps one lesson is worthy of being enforced as being of paramount importance. We have said that in our daily physical toil we work for the good of others. Well, that is not half so important a truth as that in our higher life we should not work for ourselves alone. A deep under-current of misery exists in the world, and there

are many clouded lives. All those warmer impulses which arise in our hearts are intended for those who suffer. The generosity, the sympathy of our natures, is for those around us. Let us lose no opportunity of exercising these nobler qualities—let us speak gently to the erring—kindly to the sorrowful. Let our hand be stretched forth to raise the fallen, and our whole strength be as a pillar upon which they may lean in the day of temptation. All of us are too apt to "pass by on the other side," but what gratification can be derived from such selfish narrowness? What is the higher and better thing to which that is leading up? It is lowering, degrading; and he who does no kind deeds, nor tries to cheer up, and make the sunshine of love shine into sad hearts, is as much a drag to the wheels of the world's progress towards that universal peace and happiness of which we all fondly dream, as the idler who refuses to take his part in physical toil is a burden upon the shoulders of those who must labour to produce the food he eats and the clothes he wears. Working for ourselves alone, either physically or morally, is the lowest aim in labour—to work for the good of others is in the truest sense preparing for the fruition of an after-life. Here those lagging behind need a word of counsel and a helping hand; there also may be found those who will require our aid. The exercise of a useful life here will be the best preparation for a useful life yonder.

"What of religion?" some one may ask. Our answer is—"Unless you may find something of religion in what has been said, we teach it not. Men must ponder that for themselves. To God alone they are responsible." Then, is this a perfect life we have been sketching?

No, verily! It is a commonplace working and living—a standing by the loom during the day, and an hour or two of serious thought at night; a trudging at the plough, a wielding of the hammer or pick in the sunshine of day; and a quiet thought about why we are here and what we should do in the shade of evening—evil thoughts borne to none, earnestness in helping our fellows, and merry, contented, singing hearts. That is all. But we think this rational living. It looks like a pulling together, and—

> "Were all we travellers
> Social inclined,
> And true, honest-hearted,
> And loving and kind;
> Nor man to man scornful,
> Nor man to man wrong,
> How happily we might
> All travel along!"

Such a life as we have been endeavouring to depict is no high ideal. Every factory girl or grimy mechanic can realise it. We neither wish them to be "goody," nor filled with a soft sentimentalism. We wish them to enjoy their fun and frolic—to have their sweethearts and their love-passages. Let the former talk of their ribbons and bonnets, and the latter of their meerschaums and games, or any other topic they may find congenial; but we ask that they take a thought of the graver questions which affect us all. Do not leave everything beyond the routine of daily work to philosophers. Let each philosophise for himself. Let each see a purpose in living and in working—a purpose beyond satisfying his need for food, and drink, and clothing. This is the way to attain true manhood; if you are being wronged, this is the initiatory step to its righting. "Surfaceman" strikes the true chord in his

songs of "Progress" and "To his Fellows." We might quote them in full, so grand is their ring, and so fully do they carry out our thought, but lines must suffice:—

> "Then seize the sledge-hammer of mighty life,
> Let the clanging blows resound:
> He strikes the swiftest and surest of all
> Who stands on no vantage ground.
> Let this earth of ours, then, from end to end,
> Be the anvil steady and strong
> Whereon we beat, in the sight of the gods,
> The hundred heads of wrong.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> He who can feel lying warm at his heart
> The higher nature of man,
> And can widen the link between us and the brute,
> Let him step to the front of the van.
> We will follow him on like a leader of old,
> And echo his battle-cry;
> Make way for men that will work like men,
> Or, failing, man-like will die."

To many, living and working are hard trials. Many, unable to work, and weary of a life which has few charms, feel that death would be a blessed deliverance. It is no easy task to comfort these. Upon such hearts, honeyed words fall as gall. We can only say—" Patience, friends; it may be well with you hereafter that ye have endured now. A little time and your present suffering may fill your mouth with a sweet and grateful song of rejoicing." For the invitation, " Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is the shining goal of work and life for all humanity.

In our Kirkyard.*

"The grave is the common treasury to which we all must be taxed."
—*Burke*.

A QUIET walk through a kirkyard has a tendency to deliver us up to serious thought. We are surrounded by the suggestive and the mysterious. We are in the midst of problems the most unsolvable, yet we would as eagerly seek to solve no others. Beneath these mounds lie the remains of those whom we fondly hope to meet in the coming time—whom we already repute as wiser than we, for we accredit them with knowing, at least in part, the mysteries which the looming eternity has to reveal.

In such a walk we need to be alone. We need to be by ourselves, that no levity may interrupt our reflective mood, that the current of our imagination may course on in its fullest flow, and that we may earnestly listen to the voices of our departed brethren, who, "though dead, yet speaketh." What is death? they bid us ask ourselves; but though we look around on the green graves and the inscribed tombstones, to such a question we can find no answer. The common fate of all, yet none can fully tell what it means. Death is ever busy. In the crowded city and the quiet village, in the foulsome den and the luxurious palace, on the broad ocean and in the lonely desert, it finds its victims and lays them low. As surely does it come to the peaceful inhabitant of the cottage on the breezy moorland as to the struggling soldier on the battle-field whose very air is pregnant with its fatal breath. And yet we

* This paper was originally published under the title of "The Sunset of Life."

wonder what it can mean. So arbitrary in its selection—here the babe is plucked from its mother's breast, and there the mother's heart receives the fatal sting, and she yields up her life, leaving a helpless infant to the care of those who can never fill a mother's place. Here the father is laid low in the prime of his strength, and there the chair of the first-born is found empty on the hearth. Here the blooming bride is called away before the fond bridegroom has fully realised the blissful rapture of her first caress, and there the manly youth on the eve of his nuptial day must leave a weeping, stricken maiden, and go on his journey to "a far country." Death never trifles. It will not be gainsaid. Would weeping blunt its shaft, tears would flow till they swelled as the Nile. Would entreaties stay its hand, words eloquent as the songs of Seraphim would arise, till the air was filled with the harmony of one universal cry. But it laughs at our tears and lamentations—our prayers and our entreaties. It makes mockery of our cares, and scorns our pomp and pride.

Yet, in itself, it is nothing. When we cease to possess life, we affix the name death to the condition which follows. It is the name given to a changed state; and here arise the further questions—What does the change involve? Is it the end of all our life, or is there a life beyond? If there be, what is its nature? Some of the queries are trying. Many who can answer that there is a life beyond the grave start back overwhelmed by the attempt to allow the mind to sketch the nature of that life. Equally puzzled are we to tell why the conditions and duration of life here are so varied. Why is this life prolonged on earth long after it has ceased to be anything

but a burden to its owner and others, while that is cut off just when blooming into fullest vigour and most perfect beauty? It is easy to answer, "Because God has so willed," but the mind with reasonable presumption still presses the question—Why? And the "Why?" must remain unanswered in time. We may speculate and argue till our brain reels, but these things will remain hidden. In the kirkyard we may muse over the silent mounds—we may read the half-regretful, half-hopeful language of the tombstones till our eyes grow dim—we may adjure the dead to speak till our spirit faint with waiting, but still must we remain ignorant.

Such thoughts, among many others, are suggested by an hour's quiet musing amid the graves. And it is to ask the reader to follow us in the experience of such an hour that we write now. Impressive it must always be to be surrounded by the green mounds which contain the remains of the dead; but when among them are those who were fond companions and kind friends, the impression is deepened to the quickening of every impulse of our nature.

Fancy yourself with us, then, in the auld kirkyard of a pleasant Scottish village. The village is dear to us, because there we were ushered into this struggling trying world. There did we pass our happiest days—the sweet days of innocent childhood, in which Nature seemed to take special delight in pleasing our boyish desires. We roamed among the green braes in the sunshine, and sought shelter beneath the rocks in the rain. The river flowed past, bright and sparkling, inviting us in summer days to paidle in its shallows. In the morning the swallow's twitter and the lark's sweet song called us out to play,

and a game at hide-and-seek with the bats in the twilight concluded the day's enjoyment; then the blackbird in the spreading beech, beneath whose sheltering shade nestled our humble hut, trilled forth our evening lullaby. In this old graveyard, too, in which we now stand, did we often play—in our more venturous moments riding on the tombstones and climbing the rowan trees. Then we had no thought of past or future. All was present, and to the full did we enjoy it. But one day our careless thoughts were arrested, and since then every grave has had for us an interest. When but a wondering six-year-old child, we stood beside that very grave on which our feet now rest. It was a yawning red hole, and into it was being lowered the remains of one whose kindly voice and pleasant smile we would have cheerfully given our own sweet life to hear and see again. We stand on grannie's grave, and a pardonable tear dims our eye. We are not ashamed of the seeming weakness—it is a tribute to the memory of that love which existed between youth and age. She had guided our first steps and our first thoughts. Our hand was in hers when first it traced lines on paper, and her wrinkled face bent over the same page from which we received our first lesson in holy things. When the earth received her remains we felt that we had one friend less in the world, and bitterly wept. We knew that the world would always seem darker and less cheerful without her presence—for already had we begun to know the priceless value of one really true friend. When calmer moments succeeded, there was borne in upon our mind the conviction that each little mound around contained the best friend of some one. This was but a simple childish thought; but in maturer years we seek not to reject it.

We cannot; it is the lesson of the graveyard. Look around—"Sacred to the memory of James, aged one year and two months, only son of William Caird and Charlotte his spouse, who died, after a lingering illness, on the 21st of September 1868." Does not this tell its own tale? Speaks not this of troubled hearts, and highest, brightest, hopes dashed to the ground? The first-born of a proud father and a loving mother given up to the God who gave it. "After a lingering illness" wee Jamie died! This is the mother's part of the inscription, and how pregnant it is with meaning. How could she ever forget those weary nights by the little sufferer's couch, or those bright hopes which an easier day planted in her breast? The records of Heaven will tell how often she tried to grope away forward into the cold unfeeling future which would reveal nothing; and they will tell, too, how little she accounted all her trials if she could but succeed now and then in bringing a smile over the dying infant's face. It is not difficult to imagine how her whole heart was bound up in the life of her boy. How eagerly and often she would scan the looks of doctor, husband, neighbour, friend, to discover whether there lurked there fear or dread. How torturing to her mind the ever-present suspense! Would Jamie yet live, and be brave and strong and manly—the pride of his mother's heart? Would he be spared to be told how much his mother had done for him? How bitter the tears shed over that little bed; how earnest the entreaties sent up to heaven! But all had not prevailed. The Spoiler had marked the fair child for his own; and the dull, heavy, cold feeling would at length be borne into the mother's heart that her boy was about to leave her. Death would then be declaring itself at work

—the grim presence but adding fresh beauty to the babe. Never before could mother have looked upon eyes so tender and rich in lustre as those now gazing into her own; upon ringlets so fair as those drooping over the white clammy brow; or upon a face on which the most finished touches of the Divine hand were so clearly apparent. At length all would be over. The young, pure spirit would have winged its flight to that brighter land where to be child-like is to be in highest conformity to the temper of its people and Ruler—and we can fancy the mother feeling as if a portion of her own soul had accompanied the spirit of her babe. It seems to have made her familiar with the life up yonder. She seems to be partially freed from the trammelling influence of human clay, and to roam at will through heaven. She can see her child smiled on by God and attended by angels. She can hear its sweet voice join in the swelling anthems of praise, and can note the new and heavenly radiance which sits upon its brow. But that fond dream of the spirit-land would be interrupted as her natural eye fell on the cold clay beside her. It, too, was something to be loved; and when it was laid in the little narrow bed on which we now gaze a mother's love was buried with it. Her soul is, indeed, if she is yet alive, linked by a new tie to heaven; but it is also bound to earth. She can mingle with the glorified above, her soul clinging to the ideal formed of what her babe has become; but earth, too, has become more dear, and by land or sea, by mountain or valley, there is no spot on which memory so fondly delights to dwell as on this green mound in the auld kirkyard.

But death takes no note of age. On this humble tombstone to the right we read that the body of Peter

Grant, "who died at the age of 83—an honest man!" rests beneath. This description of his virtues is brief, but eloquent. He had lived to have his character often weighed in the balance, and it had not been found wanting. He had gained perhaps the greatest triumph in life—the recognition from his fellows that honesty was his leading characteristic. Far be it from us to detract one tittle from the value of the inscription, but the question suggests itself—Would Peter, had he died at forty, have received the same tribute? Probably not. We think there is force in the apology offered by Professor Wilson for poor, erratic, unfortunate Robert Burns. The poet died at thirty-nine. He had been foolish in his day, and his acts of folly were remembered with painful minuteness when he died. But Wilson suggests that, had Burns lived till seventy—till his grey hairs and bent form had made him venerable—his early errors would have been mellowed into forgetfulness, and his character might have been trumpeted as loudly for its many virtues as it has been for its many failings. And, perhaps, it might have been so with Peter Grant. Were we to go back to earlier years, when the world was new to him, and when he was exposed to the first full blast of the storm of temptation, we might find here a slip to the right hand and there another to the left, which charity, in kindness, has consigned to oblivion. Perhaps the life of Peter may have been one of uniform straightforward honesty from beginning to end of its long course; but we say, suppose it had not, it is well that his early faults should be forgotten, and his later virtues held up as an example to be imitated.

But what tale has this plain white stone in the strangers' corner of the graveyard to tell?

"ERECTED,
BY A FEW PARISHIONERS,
To the Memory of a Young Woman found Drowned in the River. She was never identified, but in her pocket was a paper with the following words :—'This is my own deed. May the world forgive me, and may God, who knows all, receive my soul. MAGGIE.'
HIS TENDER MERCIES ARE OVER ALL HIS WORKS."

What had ailed you with the world, Maggie? It is bright and fair and sunny. It is filled with kind hearts, who delight in giving comfort to the downcast and the sorrowful. Perhaps not quite filled. There is a representation of the cold and heartless; and with these we suspect poor Maggie had made too close an acquaintance. But why plunge into the dark sweeping current? Perhaps hope had died. The sun had withdrawn behind a cloud —a deep shadow had fallen upon the earth, and to the wail "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" there had been no answer given. The tablet bears no record of what it was like, but we think we can see the sweet sad face—so like Hood's unfortunate in the "Bridge of Sighs." We can call it up pale and placid, with the half closed eyes, and the raven ringlets dripping on the shoulders. But we can go farther back, when it had still life and mobility—when a soul looked through those eyes, and when hope struggled with despair to give expression to those features. We can see the tears stream over the sad face, and hear the moan of agony arise from the sinking heart. Could mortal eye have gazed upon the last terrible battle between the forces of her nature, before hope delivered her up to despair and to the fatal wave, it had surely seen a sight at which angels might have wept.

"Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!"

And we can go back farther still, to the time when no trial had clouded her young spirit—when she was innocent as happy, and when the world seemed fair as her own heart. But it had changed. A season of rapturous delight, and then the slow, agonising realisation that villains could appear true. Betrayed, neglected, deserted, chilled, broken-hearted, despairing. Can this be the tale? It is at least the tale of thousands. And Maggie asks the world to forgive her! Fie—the world is too good to think of it. If we are to be forgiven, we must do as the world does—conceal our faults. Be evil if you like; but "shun all appearance of evil." That is the world's rendering of the text. Poor Maggie probably considered herself the most vile sinner the earth contained. Had she but known it a little better she might have seen reason to change her mind.

> "Who was her father?
> Who was her mother?
> Had she a sister?
> Had she a brother?"

No reference to these in that scribbled line. But we may take it she was some mother's darling and some father's pet. Did they ever foresee this end in those moments when they tried to anticipate the future before their child? Or could it be that their sternness may have caused the consummation?—could they have denied their erring child love, and pity, and sympathy?—and could the poor girl, unable to live without them, have decided that it was better to be

> "Anywhere—anywhere,
> Out of the world?"

We hope not. Will their footsteps ever be so ordered that they shall wander here, and where we now stand

behold their lost daughter's grave? Should they recognise it, a hallowed moment in their lives will have come. It is pleasing to find that kind hearts still live in the old parish, and all honour be due to those generous parishioners who raised the stone on the outcast's grave. No matter what her faults, she was still their sister and their children's sister—and they may have had firmly impressed upon their minds Burns' true lines—

> "What's done we partly may compute,
> But know not what's resisted."

If thus they judged they were God-like in their judgment, and He who knoweth all things may have found more in her character to approve than condemn.

We could linger long here playing with the thoughts that come and go. But a fresh-made grave claims our attention, and the headstone tells its pathetic tale. Here lie father and only son, and the tablet is erected by the widow and mother. The old man had been gathered to his fathers "like a shock of corn fully ripe," but over the head of the youth little more than twenty summers had passed. This inscription tells something of the trials and vicissitudes of married life, and we are apt to wonder whether expectant young folks ever look at the nuptial union in its really truest bearings. All pleasure is it, think ye? Nay. It brings care always, and suffering sometimes. This widow had not been without her trials. We know nothing of the general tenor of her wedded life. Hand in hand together, and heart to heart united, the two may have made their way first up and then down the brae of life. But at length the day came when the widow had to close the eyes of her husband in death. This, however, could hardly have been an unexpected severance

He had run the allotted course, and the end could not possibly have been expected to be far off. But with the son how different it may have been! The only son, and now the widow's staff. Her best earthly friend, her readiest comforter. He might have been expected to have length of days before him. Ruddy and strong and healthy, how he would bulk in the widow's eye! She would doubtless even be looking forward to his laying her head beside his father's remains. But, alas! for human expectations. The son and *not* the mother was to be the next required of the household. Can we fancy aught of that old woman's anguish, reader, as she bent over the form of her struggling, suffering boy? But we may not attempt to picture the hallowed scene. Let us leave the widow alone with her boy, and her boy with God. To intrude at such a time were rudeness, and we enter not the chamber of death. This gravestone tells the sequel—at least in part. It leaves us to think of the widow in her desolation—of her craving after a glimpse of the unseen—of her half-uttered wish to be away yonder with her husband and son—and of her silent tears when no eye is on her. Our comfort would be but as an ignorant infant's prattle, but the Great Disposer of all flesh has neither forgotten the widow nor the manner of His dealing with her, and upon His strength she may lean till the fulness of time come when it shall be meet for Him to say—"Come thou, too, up hither."

But the gravestones have more lessons than we can read. Around us lie the remains of all conditions. The man who has spent life worthily, and the reputedly worthless rake. Here is the grave of an orphan, and over it we might stand long and muse; there is the grave of a

mother, suggestive enough, too; but we have now reached one which moves us more deeply than all others.

Beside us lies all that is mortal of a friend of the spring-time of our life. Here rests the body of him who was guide and counsellor to our spirit when it was young and full of aspiration. Full of wisdom himself, he imparted some of his richer thoughts to us. Philosopher and philanthropist, he strove to make the world better. He was persecuted, shunned, and evil was spoken of him. He had to battle against prejudice and superstition and error. But he sustained himself in the brunt of the fight as a noble soul should. In the arena of public life we admired him; but in the quiet home circle we loved him as a father. There he delighted to talk of the marvellous wonders of that after-life of which the graveyard is so suggestive; and we listened and drank in his words till we seemed to penetrate the veil and obtain a glimpse of heaven and of God. To that after-life he was called away in the heyday of his strength. "In the clapping of a hand, in the twinkling of an eye"! And we were left to mourn. Often have we stood here, gazing at the silent grave. Often have we invoked the still voice to speak, but the silence never was broken. In our dreams we have been with him since—have seen him restored as in former days; but the morning broke the spell, and our sadness returned. Yet our thoughts are with him where he is—our every-day wish is to see him again, ennobled, glorified, but to us little changed. In solitary wanderings by night and day we have invoked him to give us a message from the unseen world—and we know that were it possible he would do so. His presence would neither fill us with trembling nor dismay; but rather cause our hearts to

bound with fond delight. But here he has now no portion. His mission on earth had ended when his spirit threw off its casement of clay. And he is now in the higher life, working upwards as he worked upwards here. "If I can lend a hand *there* that hand will not be wanting," were almost the last words written by John Sterling to Carlyle, and we can feel as if the words had been spoken to us by our friend. If he can serve us there that service will be done. Some day we hope to join him. After the sun of our mortal life has set there will follow a glorious daybreak—a daybreak so rich and lovely that we might well wish for the hastening of the time, were it not that there is need here for cheerful buoyant hearts to make the ever sad world a little brighter, and that stern duty demands our remaining by our post.

And now, with sober demeanour, we shall retire from the auld kirkyard filled with thoughts and reflections as sweet as they are sad.

Truth and Beauty.

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."
>
> —*Keats.*

THESE words, written by John Keats on a Grecian urn, are suggestive, and serve well as a starting point for a few observations on the various forms of beauty. Truth is universal—it is above, around, beneath, and within us, and if beauty be truth, then this same universality must belong to beauty. Truth is often unperceived by us, and so is beauty, though displayed before our gaze. Our fitness to perceive the truth depends on the capacities we bring to bear upon its contemplation, and our perception of the beautiful is dependent on our taste. Taste has been defined by Professor Blair as "the power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and art;" and as our appreciation of the most perfect beauties depends on our natural taste, so does our conception of the more vital truths by which we are surrounded depend on our moral or spiritual taste. The question as to whether beauty lies in the eye or the object is sometimes debated, but the discussion is little more than a mere bandying of words. Beauty exists independently either of us or our eyes. Beauty would still exist around us though to-morrow were to find us blind—beauty would exist in the world though to-morrow human kind had ceased to be. The sunrise in the east is no less beautiful though we may still be slumbering in bed; its setting in the west, when the sky is ablaze with crimson, when the slanting rays gleam along

the valleys, and when floods of glory roll along the mountain-summits, is still marvellously beautiful, though we may regard it with indifference. To those who can bring with them the power of appreciation as they contemplate such a scene, a revelation of the beautiful is present, which might move the soul with ecstatic delight.

Each of us has a conception of the beautiful, more or less perfect or vague in proportion as our taste has been educated or neglected. All men admire what of beauty they can realise, and when discovered, it immediately, in the language of Addison, "strikes the mind with an inward joy." Its influence is to cheer and delight—to calm and soothe with gentle, pleasurable emotions. External beauty, with which we are all more or less in sympathy, is everywhere present. In the rippling sea, under the moonlit sky, when the pale moon makes the foam-crests on the dancing wavelets to glitter with a silvery shimmer, and in the sparkling stars, when above us shines the brightness of a thousand spheres. Beautiful are the flowers, as they bud and bloom—beautiful is the many-hued rainbow which spans the darkness when the storm has passed. And the smiling landscape, green with the hue of rejoicing spring, is beautiful—the sky blue as azure, speckled with the airy, fleecy clouds; the meadows bejewelled with the primrose and gowan; the rivers bright and clear, and the woods gently waving with the play of the breeze; the cottages brightened by the sunlight, and the smoke curling away up against the hill-sides—all contribute to form a scene of beauty which the mind regards with a feeling of quiet pleasure. And these are only one or two of the forms in which external beauty presents itself. It is to be found in the plumage of the

bird, and in the waterfall's glistening spray; in the mechanism of the mammoth, and in the mould and outline of that tiny shell which the microscope alone can render visible to the human eye; in tropical luxuriance and colour, and in the snowy wastes and glittering icebergs of the Polar regions. Another manifestation of beauty which more frequently than all others demands our admiration and the exercise of our taste is the "human form divine," and do we not find it in the state of highest excellence in woman? Burns adopts this view when, referring to the work of Dame Nature, he says—

> "Her 'prentice hand she *tried* on man,
> And then she *made* the lasses O!"

We of the sterner sex are, as it were, "first attempts," while woman bears the stamp of perfect workmanship. In woman external beauty seems to have its culmination. And the perception of this beauty, perhaps more than of any other, calls for the exercise of discernment and taste, for beauty in woman lies not upon the mere surface. Keats' fine conception of the oneness of truth and beauty finds much of verification here. He who, gazing into a woman's face, is content with regular features, rosy cheeks, a polished brow, and eyes of his favourite colour, is no judge of true beauty. He must go deeper than this. He must watch the light in the eyes—he must study the play of expression in the features, and attend to the combined charms of colour and form and motion. By the face he must be able to tell something of the qualities of the heart. If in the face true beauty dwells, in the heart must repose those virtues which give true beauty to character. In woman the most pleasing qualities are sympathy, patience, gentleness, forbearance, tenderness, modesty—and wherever

these are to be found in the heart they are more or less distinctly indexed in the face, and are apparent to the skilled observer's eye. This alone constitutes beauty in woman. Nothing else than this inward soul-loveliness will satisfy those whose taste enables them to judge of the higher forms of beauty. They will tire of the rosy cheeks and the polished brow—of the dimpled chin and drooping lashes—these will, of themselves, in fact, disappear; but that expression of beauty which is lent to the face by purity of character will not have faded even when it has to lurk among wrinkles, and when silvery hairs adorn the brow. A poet whom we do not know well expresses the idea—

> "He who loves a rosy cheek,
> Or a coral lip admires;
> Or from star-like eyes doth seek
> Fuel to maintain his fires—
> As old time makes these decay,
> So his flame must waste away;
> But a pure and steadfast mind—
> Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
> Hearts with equal love combined—
> Kindle never-dying fires."

Burns puts it perhaps even more forcibly—

> "It is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
> Nor shape that I admire,
> Although thy beauty and thy grace
> Might weel awake desire.
> Sweetly, in ilka part o' thee
> To praise, to love, I find:
> But dear as is thy form to me,
> Still dearer is thy mind."

Here, then, we have a blending of the moral with the physical—beauty in the form and expression of face, resulting from the higher qualities, or beauty, of mind. Here we have a verification of the words of Shakespeare—"After all, the most perfect beauty is truth"—for these

living principles which we named as being the best qualities to be found in woman, and which furnish her with the most enduring beauty, are in strictest conformity with the highest, most pure truths which have been revealed to man, or discovered by him—are in harmony with all law, and order, and unity. Virtue, from which proceeds beauty, moral and physical, is the soldering, binding, linking principle in the world—it unites people to people, man to man, and man to God. Vice, its opposite, ugly and repulsive, is the disintegrating principle which separates and tears asunder—which rends the State, the family, and even the individual in his deepest being—which bloaches and blackens humanity, and drags down the tattered standard of morality till it is bedraggled in the mire!

We are now, we think, a little nearer to the doctrine taught in Keats' inscription—that truth and beauty are one. Much stronger confirmation might be found in an examination of the beauty which is the product of Art, and of that which is the result of intellectual effort. In Art, which can only live and flourish in a society whose taste is highly cultivated, there is to be found great wealth of beauty. Art in its highest, best efforts seeks to imitate natural objects, and the greater its fidelity to Nature—the nearer the resemblance of the imitation to the reality—the more readily do we recognise its oneness with universal truth—for Nature is the embodiment of truth. Art aims at pleasing our higher faculties—it tends to elevate our thoughts, equally by choice of subject and skilful execution of detail. It decorates our dwellings, our churches, our public haunts—it fills our parks and squares with statuary, embellishes our picture galleries, and lays

out our gardens; it pleases our ears, gratifies our senses, and otherwise contributes to our amusements. Everywhere Art's triumphs meet our view, and always present themselves clothed in beauty. Beauty in the important domains of Art—painting and sculpture—depends chiefly on the variety and combination of lines and colour, and its more delicate details are, therefore, very apt to be overlooked by the ordinary observer. The more apparent beauties alone are visible to the untrained eye, but by the individual whose taste is educated up to the necessary point of appreciation each discovery of a hitherto hidden line or shade of beauty is hailed with a delight which the ignorant observer can never experience or understand.

Beauty is the handmaid of the poet and the idol of the philosopher. Poets aim at displaying truth in its most attractive dressing, and so they wrap around it a cloak of richest beauty. In poetry there is measure, music, harmony, thought—and beauty results from the fitness and order of the whole composition. Should there be no order or harmony present, the beauty is destroyed, and so far as there may be a departure from perfect harmony, to that extent is beauty absent. Perfection in poetic composition would present us with the perfection of that form of beauty. To fully appreciate the qualities of poetry a keenly discriminating and finely trained taste is requisite. The most ordinary reader is, however, alive to the presence of beauty in the composition before him—he can experience and feel it—but the analysis of that beauty is a task which can be undertaken only by the very few. The philosopher whose study is the phenomena of mind and matter—who inquires into the principles and laws which regulate, not only the works and movements visible in

this world, but all the manifestations of power in the universe, also sees much of beauty. Philosophy teaches the harmony of universal law—of law silently, resistlessly, continually in operation, to which everything, animate and inanimate, is subject, and if we could but add the idea of univeral conformity thereto, the beauty of order would be realised in full perfection. Philosophy, like Jacob's ladder, unites earth to heaven. It concerns itself with the "practice of what is good, and the discovery of what is true" in all things. It seeks to establish the reign of moral beauty on earth, and to demonstrate the oneness of that beauty with the beauty discoverable in the contemplation of the Eternal. The philosopher, as well as Longfellow's poet, seeks to discover—

> "—— Alike in stars and flowers, a part
> Of the self-same universal being
> Which is throbbing in his brain and heart."

And now we pass on to glance at what in many respects is the most important aspect of beauty, and to which our remarks have been leading up. In all minds there is present in some degree a taste for the beautiful, and there is in all reasonable beings a certain degree of moral or spiritual perception—a certain degree of appreciation for moral or spiritual beauty. In some men this power of deriving pleasure from the exhibition of such beauty—from want of exercise, from the want perhaps of an agreeable object being presented for contemplation—is in a very latent, dull, or inactive state. In others the faculty is quickened to such an extent that their happiness in great measure depends on its gratification. We allude to the perception of the beautiful in religion. We are convinced that on the perception of the beautiful here

depends very much of happiness or misery. In our conceptions of the Eternal we must realise something of beauty before religion can have any place in our being—the realisation of the beautiful in the Divine Being, to a greater or less extent, we believe to be an essential condition of the existence of religious life—as essential, indeed, as oxygen in the purification of our blood or in kindling the fire in our grates. And in proportion as a man realises or fails to realise that beauty will he be drawn, repelled from, or remain indifferent to the object to which his attention is directed. Give us a man, if the existence of such were possible, with positively no power to appreciate the beautiful, either external, artificial, or spiritual, and we point to him as one who is without religious feeling, and in whom religious feeling is simply impossible. Give us a people who are deficient in their taste for beauty, and we instance them as a people low in morality, and correspondingly low in their standard of religion. Either genuine religion raises the standard of taste, or taste raises the standard of religion—we do not say which—but this much is certain, that far-seeing men seek to invest the observance of religious ceremony with as much of beauty as can be made available. Art is laid under contribution to please the eye, thoughts beautiful and pure are expressed to please the intellectual and moral taste, and the spirit is directed to look upon the beauties in the character of the Eternal, that it may be soothed and tranquilised by the "peace which passeth understanding."

Beauty surrounds us here, and there is reason to expect more perfect beauties in the world beyond. We are not to speculate in this paper on the beauties, external or

spiritual, which may be presented to us in another life, but we believe that the higher the form of spiritual beauty we seek to enjoy here the purer will be our religious life. The highest form of beauty, then—the perfection of all beauty—is to be found in the Spirit to which our existence is due—and it may be stated as a broad, universal fact, that to the contemplation of His character we find the purest minds ever turned. On our perception of beauty in the Divine nature—whatever form it may assume—depends the existence of beauty in our own. In what strikes us as terrible we observe no beauty—in what is to be feared or dreaded we cannot find beauty to please or gratify. If, therefore, we perceive nothing to love—nothing in sympathy with us, but everything to fear in the Divine character—there can be no unity—no oneness—no harmony of sentiment or feeling between us and it. But if beauty pervades that character—and in it all fulness dwells—then that beauty must arise from its oneness with the qualities which we are taught to regard as beautiful among men, and these perceived by us to exist in perfection. There must be nothing distorted, nothing imperfect. We must recognise all those qualities which captivate and charm the human soul, and draw it outward in love. We must find universal harmony, universal sympathy—and, having found these, we may have found the explanation of the idea of the oneness of truth and beauty with which we set out. God is truth—God is beauty. That is all we can know on earth, and all we need to know. Knowledge of this beauty and ignorance of it will equally have an irresistible influence on the human soul. Knowledge draws upward—ignorance impels downward. These are fixed laws.

One practical word and we are done. Our taste for the beautiful in every form can be educated. Beauty has been showered around us to please our senses, and to raise our minds to higher things. It has been showered around us to gladden human hearts, to add to the joy of the world. Ought not our teachers, then—our teachers intellectual and spiritual—to recognise its value, and endeavour to foster a taste for its study? A taste for the beautiful is always another lever lifting us above care and worry and trouble. It enables us, as we get to have elevated, far-reaching views, to perceive something like a fixed principle in life; it banishes unrest, and establishes the soul upon the surest, most enduring foundation of religion. It is a something which, once possessing, we can never lose. It is eternal and unfading—

"A living essence, an immortal thing."

My Relic.

> "'Tis a little thing—ye would pass it by
> With never a thought, or word, or sigh;
> Yet it stirs in every breast a hidden well."
>
> —*Old Magazine.*

RELICS are the cherished possessions of all ages and conditions. They may be roughly divided into two classes—those which commemorate our hopes and triumphs, or are the mementoes of our trials and disappointments; and those which are the legacy of great events, auspicious and disastrous. The former are the quiet family relics which are concealed in out of the way places, and never displayed to curious eyes; the latter are those the possession of which we regard with pride, because of some fanciful distinction they may bestow. A relic of a departed friend we do not care to flaunt in our neighbour's face; but a scrap of old iron from the field of Waterloo is conspicuously displayed. I prefer to think of relics of the former kind—those which have a relationship to social and domestic life. They possess the true human element which gives them a common interest. Keepsake-trinkets tell of absent friends, locks of hair remind us of those who filled what is now a blank on the hearth; the locket in Jenny's drawer—treasured there to recall the sweet-sadness of old times—brings back the story of a once warm but now almost forgotten love; while the wee bit of faded flower in the desk of stalwart brother John—given him one spring morning long ago by one who had too feeble a hold of the world to bear its heaving and

tossing, and who relinquished life while the maiden's snood still banded her forehead—reveals the secret of the strong man's pensive mien.

Such relics as these appeal directly to our senses and emotions. Generally the sole reason of their preservation is that the object they represent had afforded fleeting pleasure, if not permanent happiness. Each relic has a history, generally mournful and pathetic; and it is from that history it derives its value. In themselves, relics are generally of little account, but the associations they call up often help to sweeten life's cup. An old, faded portrait might appear a contemptible piece of workmanship in the eye of Flash, the photographer; but it serves to keep fresh in an aged father's mind the features and figure of his boy as he appeared before departing to a far distant colony to push his fortune, and on this account is of peculiar value to the old man. To Ellwand, the draper, Jenny's bit of ribbon may never have been worth more than a few pence; yet Jenny knows of nothing so precious. Juggle, the pawnbroker, might not advance sixpence upon the bundle secreted in the deepest drawer in the "chest;" but it contains the suit little Fred wore when struck down by the fatal fever, and nothing the world could give in return would represent its value in the mother's eye. Even the little toy trumpet on the wall above the mantel-shelf is beyond price. A very affecting incident illustrating the power of such a relic occurs, it may be remembered, in the comedietta "Off the Line." When the husband—played so effectively by Mr. J. L. Toole—quarrels with his wife, the couple, in their rage, take to smashing the furniture. Tables, chairs, and crockery are broken in pieces, the mantelpiece ornaments follow; but

the hand of the enraged and intoxicated husband is stayed when he lifts the little toy trumpet—a relic of his dead boy—to dash it to the ground. The sight of it brings him back to himself. His hand grasps a sacred thing, which drives out the demon raging in his breast, and he bursts into tears.

I do not mean to write a general history of relics, but rather to relate briefly the story of one of my own. Like most relics, it is of little intrinsic value. Two pages of a letter blurred and sodden is all the uninstructed observer would notice, nor would its verbal contents give a key to its value. Yet the sight of it and the intimation it contains awaken strong emotions in my breast. It is a letter from a friend, telling me I must be content with it instead of him; that the train which should have carried him to me would only carry his apology for remaining at home. That letter is now the relic of a disastrous event of surpassing magnitude. It was carried by the fatal mail which essayed to cross the Tay Bridge on the evening of the terrible 28th of December 1879, and was cast into the raging Tay amid the wreck and ruin of the bridge and train. The letter was recovered, and reached me next day. Cast up by the ruthless waves, it could still tell its tale and assert its value. But had it been my friend, instead of his note of apology, that was making the journey, how different would have been the result! Nevermore could I have heard his voice; no greeting of mine could have brought a smile to his face—no grasp of his hand evoked the accustomed responsive pressure. Thrown, like all others of that precious human freight, into the relentless embrace of death, his career would have been at an end, and I, instead of being

merely a casual observer of the consequences of the appalling disaster, would have been one of the grief-racked mourners to whom every sad, harrowing detail but added fresh pain.

As I look upon my relic I try to imagine the incidents of that awful and mysterious ride. I can fancy the passengers comfortably ensconsed in the closed carriages, listening to the howling storm without, heard above the shriek of the engine and the rattle of the carriages as they rushed along to their doom. Those who had come far distances, feeling jaded and weary, would lean drowsily in the corners, hoping soon to be at their journey's end. Others, taking shorter trips, and familiar with the route, would mark with interest the various stages as they came nearer and nearer to their destination. Children, finding nothing attractive in the darkness without, would creep close to their fathers, gathering confidence there to throw off the eerie feeling caused by the storm dashing against the window panes. Fathers, with solicitous care, would speak cheeringly of nearing home, and raise bright expectations in little bosoms by reference to the expected reception there. Under all the varied and mingled feelings of hope and reflection born of their varied interests and experiences, the passengers neared Dundee, at each station adding one or more victims to their number. At length St. Fort is reached, the tickets are collected, the fury of the gale suggests a half-jocular remark—laughingly put off—about the safety of the bridge, the doors are again closed, and all is ready for the passage across. The train moves on in the gloom. The moon in the "lift" overhead struggles almost vainly to send fitful gleams of feeble light through the great masses of swiftly-flying clouds that shoot

across the sky. The rain at times dashes against the shelter board of the engine as the driver stands firmly at his post. When the train slows at the signal cabin to receive the "all-clear" baton, the full fury of the blast has not yet been felt; but as it moves forward upon the bridge it becomes more and more exposed to the force of the gale. The waters of the river, lying far beneath, do not as usual appear like a dark and yawning gulf, but are lashed into furious life and speckled visibility by the vehemence of the tempest. As the doomed passengers feel the peculiar rumble of the bridge beneath their feet, and hear the windows shake with the beating of the blast, there arises more than one anxious thought of possible danger, to be again calmed by the inward reassurance of faith. Then they sternly settle down to run the gauntlet of the storm. More than one passenger, face to face with the terrible danger, like those who eagerly watched the train's progress on land, must have felt that the testing hour had come, and nerved themselves for the trial. Fathers would draw their children yet closer to their sides—for there were no mothers in the train to exert their watchful care—and children would coweringly search for confidence in the faces of their fathers. Companions would mutually express their anxiety to be safely across. Others would clear with hands or handkerchiefs the moistened window panes, and gaze across at the inviting lights of the town, promising warm welcomes and good cheer—then with a shudder at the wild commotion below. As the train struggled on, gathering in speed, we know that the gale lashed itself into hurricane fury, increasing in violence till the supreme moment had arrived. And such a moment! Who now can describe it? Perhaps there

was a rude, startling shock, suggesting in the instant—for thought is more rapid than physical motion—that the end had come. Then a wild, convulsive, helpless look from face to face; the panorama of a life darting across the quickened mental vision; a despairing clutch at whatever was nearest; an interval of swaying chaotic confusion, in which the yelling of the storm fiend mingled with the cries of agony and the crashing of bridge and train; a dull, gurgling, sullen plunge—unheard above the roar of the hurricane—into the abyss of seething water—and all was over!

All, indeed, except the reproach to science and the grief of weeping mourners. These will abide for many a day. The tempest subsided, the waters regained their wonted calm, and in a few hours nothing was visible to tell the tale of woe and disaster but the empty space and the spectral pier stumps, standing grim and silent above the treacherous waves. Then bleeding hearts, torn with anguish and suspense, bewailed the loss of fathers and children, of sisters and brothers, of lovers and friends. And without my relic I, too, might have been among those whose daily visit to the mortuary-gate betokened the keenness of their suffering. Instead of entering the hallowed chamber as a sympathetic spectator of the grief of others, it might have been my lot to share that grief as mourner for my friend. Had it been so, I know not whether I would have felt more moved than I was by the ever-recurring scenes of lamentation. They are not likely to be forgotten by those who saw them. On this side a row of dripping dead, on that another of occupied coffins. Attendants, moving to and fro with noiseless steps to perform the

last sad offices, mingling with groups of anxious relatives, with tear-stained faces, searching for those they could not find. Here a mother, kneeling beside her son's still form, fondly patting the cold cheeks, kissing the pale, white brow, and moaning endearments which could evoke no response; there another swooning ere yet she had caught a glimpse of her boy's ghastly face; a sister, whose cries rend the heart with pity, striving to strain her brother's lifeless form to her breast; then a widow, supported between two friends, tottering forward to take her last look of the husband just given up by the water, which yet retained her child. The scene that followed is too sacred to be described—it was a woman's heart wrung with agony, bursting all bounds of reserve, and pouring itself forth in an unbroken stream of anguish. Pitiable scenes were these in that mortuary during the second week of 1880; but it is hard to say whether those suffered most whose grief found full vent beside the remains of their lost friends, or those who, week after week, waited for the remains that never came. The canker worm of suspense eats quickly into the heart, and those who saw the eager looks in the deep-set eyes, red with weeping, and the haggard, anxious faces of the latter, must have noted the intensity of their suffering, and the havoc it was causing.

My relic I will always preserve. A waif thrown up by the sea, and gathered on the shore, it will be my memento of the terrible night in which it was cast into the waves. It will ever remind me that I was mercifully saved from grief and suspense. Had my relic, instead of this little note telling me of my friend's intention not to travel, been a lock of hair cut from his bleached forehead, the sad token that he had travelled and found too soon the end of his

life-journey, I should have been bowed with pain. But I should not have bemoaned his special wickedness, or felt that he had been doomed to death for the sin of Sabbath-breaking. In the brief moment which may have elapsed between the warning and the end, the gain might have been his, who had travelled, and the loss and suffering mine, who had not travelled—a mal-administration of punishment as unlikely as it would have been unjust. Lessons—sometimes one, sometimes many—are, we know, to be taken from all events, great or small; and the Tay Bridge disaster will probably teach several. One at least seems perfectly clear—that the accident belonged to the category of preventible occurrences; and that, had all necessary precautions within the scope of human agency been employed, the storm of that fatal night, whether it had occurred on a Sunday or a Monday, would have raged but to show the supremacy of Man over the wildest tempest that ever swept down the Firth of Tay.

Blighted Hopes.

> "It is not in the storm nor in the strife,
> We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no more,
> But in the after-silence on the shore,
> When all is lost except a little life."
>
> —*Byron.*

"HOW beautiful they looked yesterday," said a maiden to us one day as we stood together in a fine garden. Her tone was full of regret, and she was pointing to some withered leaves and stems, the remains of a dahlia border. Yesterday the flowers had been blooming in all their loveliness, full and fair to the eye, resplendent in their bright hues and colours, and pleasing in the delicacy and elegance of their mould and form. Buds clustering from every stem seemed visibly opening under the warm influence of the autumn sun, but to-day they hung their heads—stock, stamen, leaf, and petal were of one sickly yellow hue. The frost during the night had blighted the bloom, and now all were shrunken and faded

"They remind us of those whose dearest hopes have been blighted," we replied, "who, though still before our gaze, but little resemble their former selves, and are in reality dead to all the joys of life." And, filled with the memories suggested by the association of ideas, we turned and moved along the path, leaving the maiden to contemplate the faded flowers. All the recollections which at that moment passed before our mind we cannot recall, although there are some we can never forget. Visions rose before us, and had we not known too well that the moving pictures were no vain fancies, but begotten of

stern reality, we might have mistaken them for the "coinage of the brain." We remembered of walks through quiet kirkyards, with here and there a broken column bearing token of a young life called away. We recalled men bowed and broken, with whom but a few months before all had seemed happiness and prosperity. We thought of "Chatterton, the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride;" of Henry Kirke White, whose lyre of surpassing sweetness so soon was hushed; of Tannahill; and of Robert Burns, "who walked," says Wordsworth, "in glory and in joy behind his plough upon the mountain-side." Poets they, resembling eagles in their flight, and in their fall like the king-bird pierced by the barb of death. Blighted were their hopes, and sad the memories they left behind.

Then our mind rested on scenes which, though full of interest, had remained unknown save to a more or less interested and limited circle. We remembered a day when we were in a great city. It was a day of general rejoicing; a Prince was being married, and the loyal people were celebrating the event. The bells were ringing, flags waved from every spire and hung in bright festoons across the streets; strains of music and loud shouts of joy and revelry filled the air. The people were exuberant. In the evening bonfires were to be lit in the public park, and grand illuminations were to be exhibited. A young and happy mother—the fresh bloom of maidenhood still on her cheeks—had attired her little boy in holiday suit, and when the evening came—having imprinted many a kiss on the round, white brow—she stepped forth to show him the sights, and to listen to his quaint, odd remarks, his merry laughter and joyful glee as novelty after novelty

met his gaze. In her heart was a deep and secret well of joy, and in her face was reflected the pleasure she felt. She was a sailor's wife, and her husband had left to cruise in distant seas when the now prattling boy had been born but a week. This night she anticipated his home-coming; in her bosom, next her heart, lay the letter telling her to expect him, and therein he expressed his anxiety to be again beside her, and to kiss the little cherub she had been tending so carefully since he left. She felt proud of her boy, and with rapturous secret delight contemplated the happy father's look when she should present to him his son. Her hopes were high indeed. But the streets were crowded when she went forth; there was a rough jostling of eager women and heavy men. For a time, as the mother went along the streets, she firmly held the child's little hand; but suddenly, at a corner, it slipped from hers, and as she stretched forward to regain it, a confusion arose; there was a shouting, a swaying, and a struggling; then the crowd parted, and a horse dashed past. What an agonising scream arose from that mother's lips as she was the first to see the horse's hoof planted on her helpless child's breast; and, when the cry of horror which burst from the crowd had subsided, and the little innocent was lifted in strange arms, it needed but one look at the mangled body—crushed as an egg would have been—and into the bruised and disfigured face, to tell that the child was dead! A sudden transition this from joy to despair! A sudden scathing of the bloom—a sudden shipwrecking of the mother's hopes! And when, at a later hour, the expectant husband, with buoyant heart, entered the little room where all was so still, the shrouded form in the wee crib, and the blank look in the

pale, haggard face of the woman he could scarcely recognise as his wife, told him that he, too, must dismiss hope and joy from his breast, for the child was his no more, and the mother's heart was broken. What anguish did these parents endure! What pen can describe it? We can only tell that when the first burst had passed away, they seemed like dead things—like trees blasted by lightning—like flowers blighted by frost. They were dead to everything that could give a thought of pleasure—unless, indeed, it might be that they sometimes turned their eyes yearningly heavenward, wearying for the time when they, also, should be permitted to leave the cold, cheerless earth, and join the throng of sweet singers among whom their babe was one. It was all that remained to them of hope, and they braved the chill of but a few more winters when together they went trusting to realise the gratification of their desire.

Again—we were in a small inland town. A man was with us, who, though past his prime, was still erect in figure and strong in body. We walked abroad in the early morning to breathe the fresh air from the green fields, to hear the songs of birds and listen to the murmur of rippling streams. The sun was up in the heavens, the air came cool and bracing from the still snow-capped northern hills (for it was early spring), and the larks seemed to take flights higher than their wont. And with the fresh vivacity of the scene our spirits strove to be in unison. We became light-hearted and glad; and the old man, his eyes sparkling with paternal pride, spoke to us of his only boy, a sailor, then breasting the stormy waves in the craft of which he was commander. He described him as being almost his ideal of what a young man should

be—comely in figure, generous in heart, and with a soul full of manly courage. He was also kind to his father; and of many of the little acts of filial love performed the parent spoke with a fondness which showed the depth of his affection for his son. Satisfied with our morning ramble, we returned to the little town and walked through its quiet streets. We passed a bookseller's door and paused a moment to read the prominently exposed newspaper contents-sheet. Our arm was linked within that of our companion, and suddenly we felt a magnetic thrill as if a shudder had passed through his frame.

"Come!" he said, hoarsely, moving hurriedly on, and almost dragging us with him, "I never like to see that. I always—fear—that something——. And yet it is mere folly, after all. I shall read on." So saying he turned again to the placard.

Our eyes followed his, and we read—

"DISASTER AT SEA." And then immediately underneath, in smaller capitals, were the words—"TOTAL WRECK OF THE MERRY LASS."

A low cry of anguish, and the old man had darted into the shop. The next instant he reappeared with the paper; and there, in the middle of the street, with trembling fingers, opened it, and, with eagerly-distended eyes and palpitating heart, searched out the fatal news. One moment of scanning, then, with a wailing cry of—

"My son! my son! God help me!" he sank into our arms.

He was broken—crushed! When night came, he who in the morning had been so buoyant and happy was as a bruised reed. He was stricken down, and for days he could only continue his low wailing cry of "My son! my

son!" and wring his hands in the excess of his anguish. A mighty wave of grief had surged through his being and had overwhelmed him, body and spirit. A week later we saw him stretched on the pallet of death. When we entered the room he looked toward us, and, seeming to bring his senses back from the confines of another world, slowly murmured—

"I—I see it all now. I have read everything. Let me tell you. I see before me the towering waves rush on with resistless force; the heaving ship, with its precious freight of human beings; the pale, anxious faces of doomed men calmly and fearlessly contemplating the death which is inevitable. I can single out the form of the boy I loved so well; I can see him rise to the ideal I had formed—brave, manly, noble, generous, skilful, and beloved by his men. I see him survey the scene, and hear him, with calm though firm voice, utter his commands. I hear the creaking of the planks and the crackling of the masts. I hear the wind whistling through the shrouds, and the wild shout raised as one and another of my brave boy's companions are swept from the deck into the boiling sea. And still the brave commander keeps his post and flinches not. The ship heaves and tosses before me—the masts fall upon the deck. It cannot be cleared, and the cry of 'The boats, the boats,' is raised. But too late! The brave craft pitches wildly, and the mighty waves engulph her. Struggle as she may, they bear her down, and she slowly disappears. Forms are buffeting with the waters —I see the struggling men, and the wild appeals for help from earth or heaven, from men or angels, sound in my ears. My boy is amongst the number. Must *he* be lost? Can *he* not be saved? No, no! At last, at last, he has

disappeared, and the sea rolls over the place. Tom, Tom, I follow. Say I—am—coming! Oh, Tom!" There was a long-drawn breath, a gurgle in the throat, and the spirit of the stricken man had gone to announce its own presence in the kingdom beyond.

Our thoughts, gliding on, rested on yet another sad scene of woe and blight. It is one that, having respect to the feelings of those who still mourn, we shall endeavour to touch with a kindly hand. A son had grown up to manhood, and with his years his intellect had expanded, and his mind become filled with knowledge. Born in humble life, earning his bread by the labour of his body and the sweat of his brow, this breadth of intellect and fulness of knowledge were accounted singular, and gave much promise of success in another field. He visited and abode at the halls of learning, and the Fickle Dame smiled upon him. His mind became more enriched, and his intellect more keen and searching. The wonders he had achieved in the domains of literature and philosophy became subjects of talk, and a proud yet humble father listened with a secret and joyful delight to the stories of his success. But he had only started on the way, and the path led to higher altitudes, which the youth determined to reach. Up the rugged steep of learning did he clamber, treading tracks difficult and rough, till honours poured in upon him, and he became crowned by fame. At length this working lad—when but eleven short years had elapsed since upon the handloom he earned his daily bread, and while still a young man—received a call to fill a professor's chair in one of our colonies. With the best wishes of multitudes of friends, he left for the scene of his labours. Learned and wise men had spoken of him

in unmeasured terms of praise, and the reading of their words had caused the father's heart to throb with joy. Eleven years between driving the shuttle and filling the professorial chair! It was a quick change. But a quicker transition was too soon to follow. Still poor and struggling was the old man, and now he saw that, while this fame and honour would secure to his son a position in the world, it would also give to him a pillar upon which to lean. While, however, he was rejoicing, the sad intelligence reached him that the chill winds of the northern clime to which his son had gone, had seized the study-weakened, though apparently robust frame, of the young man, and that it was necessary he should return to Scotland to recruit his health.

He came. He was again among friends and familiar scenes. The spreading meadows and rolling river, through and by which he had in boyhood roamed so often, again greeted his gaze; and these, with a mother's fond care and the fellowship of old companions, for a time cheered his spirit. Hope smiled. There was a rift in the gloomy sky, and the blue ether was seen beyond. But again it became beclouded, and soon the day arrived when he lay upon the bed which was soon to bear but his lifeless clay. The shadow of death hovered over him, and that old father, and a fond mother and sorrowing sisters, stood around. What an anxiety filled all their breasts; and what a sadness shrouded the spirit of the youth himself! A sweet poetess, inspired by the theme, has written—

"Oh, hard for him to know that he beneath
The sod must lie, while summer decked her bowers,
And fame was holding out to him a wreath,
Not of leaves only, but buds and flowers."

Death was there struggling with the man who had overcome all difficulties which he had yet encountered. Could he overcome it? Man had never more faith in man than had this father in his son; but he knew that a power was now set against him which could not be gainsaid. The blow was terrible—all the more terrible that it was unexpected. As the hours wore on, and the struggling youth, in the whirls of delirium, gave utterance to thoughts touching in simplicity, lofty in sentiment, penetrating in depth, and fervid in their eloquence, the old man deeply yearned for a ray of hope to tell him that he might yet enjoy the fellowship of his son—that he would yet be spared. But the grim shadow only grew deeper; and, while the lips yet moved in the utterance of thrilling words of wisdom, the ghastly presence entered, the tongue was stilled, the mouth was sealed, and Death had dashed the hopes of that aged parent to the ground. A sore trial this to those left behind. Need we wonder though the old man's hair grew quickly grey, though his head hung forward, though his face yet wears a careworn expression, though life has for him no charm? We need not; for

> "Nought in a' revolving time
> Can gladness bring again to him."

And we can imagine we hear him saying further, with Burns—

> "In weary being now I pine,
> For a' the life of life is dead,
> And hope has left my aged ken,
> On forward wing for ever fled."

Grief is gnawing at his heart, and his only hope of rest is beyond this fitful, feverish scene. And he longs for it

—longs for the time when his sorrows can be forgotten, and when his heart will cease to bleed.

Such were a few of the recollections suggested by gazing on the frost-blighted dahlias. And we reflected further that there is more frosting, more blighting in the moral world than many imagine. Less may chill than the loss by death of those near and dear. A cold or angry word, a mocking laugh, a sneering remark, or want of charity in thinking or speaking may often sadden a heart. Disappointment, too, has drawn forth many a sigh. There is vastly needed in every-day life more of charity, more of generosity, more of consideration for the feelings of those with whom we are thrown into contact. Were men and women with such qualities more abundant, there would be more of vigorous growth and fewer blights.

Looking Forward.

> "O thou Futurity! . . .
> I draw nigh to thee with timid pace,
> And tremble, though I long to lift thy veil."
>
> —*Elliot.*

IN life we are always looking forward, yet we do so no more frequently than we need. The way before us requires to be closely scanned, and our light is often shrouded and obscure. Where leads the way? What are its difficulties? and what the aids to surmount them? are vital queries—easily put, but uneasy to answer. How often as we gaze forward into the gloom do we repeat with Hamlet—"To be, or not to be? that is the question!" Honour, or dishonour—brooding calamity or joyous pleasure—realised hopes or bitter disappointment—which? This peering forward into dim uncertainty seems natural to us alike collectively and as individuals. There may be troubles ahead for the Church, and as a Church we concern ourselves with the issue. The State may be in danger, and with anxious hearts we fain would learn whither we are being borne by the current of political events. The honour of the family may be at stake, and we would give all we possess to know whether our escutcheon will come through the ordeal clean or tarnished. Whether collectively or as individuals, the future is the one leading idea of our existence. It contains the limit of our joys and our cares. All things indeed are to be found there—toil and rest—success and failure—honour and dishonour—sorrow and deliverance from sorrow. It is the solver of

all problems, alike of life and death; and beyond the second veil—when time with us has ceased, and Eternity has begun—we may be ushered into yet greater mysteries, with a still more dark and impenetrable future stretching away into the unbroken ages.

In the present paper let us endeavour to take a glance forward as individuals—and generalising must be pardoned, for since no two individuals can live the same life, no two can have the same future. Yet we will find certain conditions common to all—we will find that, whatever our position or circumstances, our conception of the future affects the present; if we can regard our future as fair and prosperous, it will gild our present with a bright radiance; but if it seems dark and dismal and brooding, then will our present be filled with heaviness and desolation. Perhaps it is here that we should seek to learn the secret of the universal happiness of children. What a joyous glee bursts forth in their shrill laughter—what a confident sparkle in their bright eyes and beaming faces. They ever look forward with eager hopefulness. Their little heads are full of ideals, their little hearts of expectations; and they believe they can foresee the time when everything they now desire can be realised. They are as fresh spring flowers, knowing nothing of the dull, searing influence of autumn. They have no gloomy past full of disappointments and trials to throw a shadow over their future. They anticipate that increase of years will but bring increase of pleasures, that the more swiftly the years pass the more speedily will approach the time when perfect joy will be theirs. Their actual experience, however, very much resembles that of the weary, thirsty traveller crossing the desert. Before him, gladdening his

soul, appear, fair and beautiful, the sparkling waters of the charming oasis. Groves of umbrageous trees invite him to recline in their shade, and waving green grass gives promise of a pleasant couch. But as he approaches the vision recedes; the more quickly he hurries forward the more rapidly does it dance away—ever beckoning onward, never to be reached—till the painful truth bursts upon his mind that he has been chasing but the fleeting mirage. And so with youth as years roll over its head. The glorious visions of infancy prove no more real than the shadowy mirage of the desert; the day of unalloyed pleasure so fondly expected is never experienced, and riper knowledge at length sobers the buoyant heart and forces home the lesson that, as the past has begun to try us, so with greater severity the future may continue the discipline.

But, upon the whole, we do not take kindly to the lesson. That inspiring hope planted in our breasts in those early years ever struggles to be the medium through which we look forward on the days to come. Colour the future truthfully as we may, we are always apt to allow some touches of gilding to get on the brush. If we are very happy now, what a lustre we throw on our ideal picture. We accept the joy of to-day as but a mere foretaste of what is in store, for

"Man never is, but always *to be* blest."

If we are depressed now, we reconcile ourselves in our better moments with the thought that things will improve by-and-by—that the "darkest cloud has a silver lining," and that matters when at their worst soon begin to mend. Thus we gild and polish—thus we speculate and anticipate, always brightening as much as we can—living, in fact,

more by faith than sight. However, the capacity to look hopefully forward to the battle of life is upon the whole a good thing. Hope is as balm to many a wounded spirit —it is the only consolation to many a weary, tried heart —it alone in many cases makes life possible. When friends have deserted us, when affection is dead, when duty appears an intolerable burden of care, when existence seems simply to mean our being torn asunder by opposing forces, this inborn jewel brightens the gloom enveloping our destiny and sustains us in our present struggle—nay, it even gives us periods of rejoicing, fills our minds with pleasant thoughts, and our mouths with cheerful songs.

It is well known that certain states of atmosphere cause the hills to loom up as if quite close at hand, while other states seem to greatly increase their distance from us; but in sunshine and mist the distance is, of course, the same. And so in trial and prosperity the future is equally impenetrable; but it does not appear so. There are times when we fancy we can see far away before us—when we think we can read the history of years to come—while at other times a few hours shut up the prospect, the mind refusing to project itself further into the great mystery. It is hope that spreads out the future in long pleasant vistas; but despair brings down the dark mantle close to our eyes. Perhaps we could illustrate this. Suppose a blooming maiden on the eve of her nuptial day. Hope is the great leading fact in her existence, and that hope bears her eager spirit away far forward into the blissful regions painted by her bright buoyant fancy. The silken cord of love binds her heart to that of the noblest, truest, and manliest of human kind; and she feels that as yet she has

been but sipping at the lip of the great cup of felicitous enjoyment which her wedded life will enable her to drain to the last drop. Full of health and strength, a long life seems before her—a life spent in the constant society of him whom until now she has met but at intervals. Then she pictures the "olive branches"—the smiling babes in all the loveliness of youthful innocence—and her heart swells at the thought of a proud husband loving her still more dearly because of the new tie. The children develop and grow, and forward still does fancy fly till gentle daughters and stalwart sons—fair women and noble men—sit around the hearth and do honour to their parents. A bright, enticing future this, and the fond girl fancies it all within her grasp! She has forgotten all about care and disappointment and the varying chances of life. She is under the dominion of hope, and it claims the right to range in wide circuits through fair and pleasant fields. But it is otherwise with the pictures painted by despair, and in many ways might this be illustrated. With, for instance, the prisoner in the condemned cell, who has been told that a reprieve or even a respite has been refused, hope plays few tricks, and his future becomes easily limited by the days, or it may be hours, which his fellow-men have adjudged him to live on earth. Or take another case. How far into the future can the working man gaze who has a large dependent family to provide for, and who has suddenly been thrown out of employment? But a short way indeed. Wandering from place to place, and finding neither sympathy nor work, his mind becomes fearfully engrossed with the present. Care becomes oppressive. Bread, the first necessary of existence, has been denied him, and his mind refuses to enter the

veil even in fancy, because the very first step cannot be got over. True, hope is still lingering and struggling to remain there, but dread and the cold feeling of relentless despair are fixing their iron shackles upon the poor man's soul. Or, take the poor friendless girl, whose father and mother sleep beneath the green sod, and who is sisterless and brotherless, alone among strangers, homeless and destitute. She has proved by experience the "rarity of Christian charity." She has learned how cold and pitiless and neglectful the world can be. She has met men willing to give gold to buy her honour, but refusing a copper to provide her with bread. She knows the heartlessness of her fellows, but has heard of the goodness of God, and, tired of earth, hungers for heaven. There is one way open. The dark-flowing river sweeping past beside her may bridge the gulf, and she is prepared for the issue. This poor girl lives neither by faith nor sight. Hope in all mundane things has fled, and Despair is monarch. And the future? That is an empty name. She knows not of it—dare not think of it. In time, at least, she has no future that she can see in which to exist; hence her determination to flee from the world. What misery and suffering is ever present among us, shutting up all life to the present moment, and that a moment almost unbearable! "I've stood up to the ankles in snow till after midnight, and I've wished I was snow myself, and could melt like it and have an end," said a poor fellow to Henry Mayhew in the streets of London. "God knows," said a starving cripple to the same gentleman, "how often I have lain through the long night and wept as I thought of how mother was to get breakfast if I was unable to go out for something to help her." These were unfortunates who

could look but a little way forward; the future to them was a sombre dark pall, ending in the near gloom of the silent grave.

But we must hasten to speak of that which appears of more importance. Not only has each of us a future, but that future is to a great extent in our own hands. And now for a brief minute let us address ourselves more particularly to young men. Full of life and hope and vigour, in their own hands is the world. If it be possible to make the world better, by them must the work be done. The prospect before the youth just merging into manhood is sometimes bright and inviting, but it is always stern and real. In that future he must make or unmake himself. He has to choose an occupation and a way in life. He has to determine what manner of man he will be. The resolutions formed in the present must be carried out in the future. He must throw aside the dreams of the past and prepare himself for the issues with which time will cause him to be tried. To master his occupation he must give all the attention in his power. But he would require to do more. It is not enough that he be a good mason, or joiner, or clerk, or shopman; he would require to be a whole man. It is well that we should see a motive in life higher than executing our daily round of work; and, working in accordance with that motive, form what we call character. It is well that we should set up an ideal as attainable by us, and work up to that. Generally, we grant, we fall far short of our own ideal; but let us ever be looking forward to its ultimate realisation—let us ever be moving towards it; and though we approach not directly, but by corkscrew twists and turns, we are ever gaining ground in the rugged and thorny pathways which

lead to true manhood. We may have done our duty when we have finished our day's toil, but we can always do more. Mere duty seldom taxes our powers to the utmost, and every manly act performed brings with it its own reward. Carlyle speaks of John Sterling at the age of twenty-one as being "a young ardent soul, looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before; overloaded, overclouded, to the zenith and the nadir of it, by incredible uncredited traditions, solemnly sordid hypocrisies, and beggarly deliriums old and new; which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning up without delay." Well, John Sterling did exert all his willing energies to improve matters; and Carlyle himself has spent the thunder and lightning of earnest eloquence, and given with true nobility of soul the struggles and example of a hard-worked life towards the same object—and yet, sad to tell, the world remains very much the same. We can still look forth on the same chaotic, stupid, sad, sinful world as did Sterling and Carlyle—and the noblest part young men can play is to take up these men's work and carry it on. The influence of brave true hearts is ever making the world better—it is ever drying up, if but by a drop in a year, the great tide of woe sweeping through our streets, and submerging alike our cots and our palaces—it is ever making men truer, and more inclined to listen to the voice of truth and reason, whether speaking within their own breasts or by the lips of their fellows. The influence of brave, manly souls is the great lever lifting us up into higher being. Have your careless moods, have

your fun, and frolic, and play, and laughter, but see that they cause no one pain, and, above all, be not guilty of the folly of supposing this to be living your life. This would be a living in the present indeed. Cast your minds forward often—ponder on life and its issues, and see whether the exercise will not sober you down. Ask yourselves why you were sent here, and whether you are working out to the best advantage the problem involved in your very existence. Live as if there were a future before you—as if there were a life beyond this chequered scene, into which you might one day be ushered, and into whose work you would be required to engage.

"Love is the great want of the world," was said recently in our hearing. Yes, love is wanting in many ways—the world is full of spite and rancour and hatred; but we think a greater want is the want of earnestness. We are in the midst of one great universal sham. There is so much seeming that we cannot tell what is real. What we call honesty is only a lesser degree of hypocrisy—hypocrisy less tinkered, and looking fairer to the eye. Genuineness is the great want alike of youth and age, and the sum of all we have said is that the young man, looking from the stand-point of twenty into the days before him, had better resolve to be genuine and leal-hearted, if he would realise aught similar to the future he paints.

"An idealistic picture," some one may say; but we answer—Not quite. When we have chased the future up to the verge of the grave—when little more of the struggle of life remains to be contemplated, and when we are prone to glance back into the past, note the landmarks left behind, and consider all that has been gained on the journey, we

may find that on nought but good deeds can our minds rest with pleasure, and that the only possession we value is the character we have made. Then we see things as they are, and if we possess no character for sincerity, and have done nothing to better our fellow-men, we have missed our aim—our mission here has been a failure, and all we have done has been to hinder the world's progress toward universal peace and happiness.

Reminiscences of a Postman.

> "Every day as sure as the clock,
> Somebody hears the postman's knock."—*Anon.*

I USED to feel not a little proud of my occupation as postman. I was a good deal mixed up with other people's affairs, and had to do with many joys, and as many disappointments. I had a sort of inward idea that I and the other deliverers in the office were really the greatest sensationalists that moved about the streets of the town, and firmly believed that we were the men, could we have paused to watch the effects of our visits, on families and individuals, to verify the truth of the proverb, that "truth is stranger than fiction." But we could not stay. We were ever on the move—ever hurrying on with our messages to eager and expectant human hearts.

The bundle of letters in my hand I used to consider a very suggestive sight—it always sent my mind away on a speculative excursion into fields where fancy delighted to roam. How varied were the missives in size and form! There ever seemed to be some ponderous mystery about those large official documents, sealed and embossed, which were dropped into the lawyers' boxes; while about the plain white ones there were a character and method which breathed an air of quiet respectability. I instinctively felt that greatness had bent over the heavy aristocratic envelope, ornamented with crest and monogram, but experience taught me to look with profound contempt upon those ugly blue ones retailed at something less than

6d. a hundred. I thoroughly despised them. They are generally reserved for the scavenger work in correspondence; and I felt that delivering them was little better. They always smelt of the counter and the shop. They might sometimes contain a draper, a shoemaker, or coal merchant's account; they might enclose a notice to Simpson the grocer from Tierce the sugar-refiner that "our Mr Sweetmouth would call on or about the 21st curt., when the favour of your orders would oblige;" or an intimation from Messrs Swallowtail, Longcan, and Tartanchecks, that "the orders of Mr Lappel (the village tailor), which are always greatly esteemed, would have our most prompt attention;" but they had in them neither mirth nor melancholy. They never contained a secret, or anything to make a heart flutter—if they did, I think the fact bespoke an entire absence of taste on the part of the sender. As well write a love-letter on foolscap—a perfect outrage on all properly balanced ideas of æsthetics—as enclose anything of real interest within a blue envelope. But I have often felt my heart thump against my ribs when I came upon a neat wee thing addressed in a lady's hand to some one who was not her brother, and have often stared at such as if I could pierce through the slender but sufficient shield to the secret within. However, there was little use in speculating upon them; I might wish I knew exactly what it was all about, but then I could not. Sometimes I would have a bold, square envelope, addressed in a free, round hand to, let me say, Miss Angelina Hopeful, and marked "private;" and this sort never failed, even after the experience of years, to agitate me a little. There was something here which the old folks were to know nothing about—some-

thing for Angelina herself—perhaps an easy way of popping the question, without causing either to blush; perhaps Fred scolding because he had seen Angelina smile to a fellow he didn't like; or it might be a gentle intimation that he couldn't see his way to carry out his engagement at the time previously spoken of; or perhaps——but then I needn't run over every supposable thing that such a missive might contain. I often came to get an inkling afterwards, and have found a note marked "private" to contain nothing more than a hint to Angelina that Fred meant to call upon a certain evening, and that she might endeavour to have "chops and tomato sauce" for supper!

Then, as now, Christmas, New Year, and St. Valentine's mornings brought us a good deal of extra work. There was a cheerful look about all to whom I used to hand a letter on these mornings, and I knew that every missive I delivered was expected to contain something of happiness—perhaps they contained more of sentiment than real heart, for at such times love speaks more by ritual than inspiration; but the tenor of all was congratulation, joy, and goodwill. And yet there were exceptions even to this, and the result of one letter I delivered to a happy family on a New Year's morning I shall not readily forget. John L—— was one of the most prosperous merchants in the town—a man of influence and position. His rise had been steady as the progress of the year, and his happiness was increased by a good wife and blooming, promising children. On the New Year's Day to which I have referred the hand of his eldest daughter was to be given in marriage, and on Hogmanay evening a grand feast had taken place. His place of business was shut on New Year's morning, and I left his letters at his private resi-

dence. There were a number addressed to the young folks, probably containing cards and congratulations, a number of newspapers, and one letter bearing a foreign stamp and postmark addressed to Mr L——. He met me himself, and took them out of my hand—his beaming face, pleasant "Happy New Year," and handsome *honorarium*, as he called it, indicating the cheerful state of his heart. Two hours afterwards I passed him in the street—and I needed no more but a look at his downcast air and changed, saddened face, to understand that something was wrong. An hour later all was explained. The lifeless body of the merchant was recovered from one of the deepest pools of the river, and carried, in the midst of an agitated, swaying crowd, to what in the morning had been his happy home. In his pocket was found the letter I had delivered. Its contents were brief but crushing. It was from a firm in Hamburg, announcing that it had been compelled to stop payment, and that it was not expected that a liquidation of its affairs would show divisible assets amounting to more than 6d. in the £. On the blank sheet in the merchant's hand, but written in tremulous characters, were pencilled the following words:—

> "What a blow has fallen to-day! I am unable to bear up under it—my all has been risked, and I am worse than penniless. I am ruined, and have promised so much. In a few hours my daughter will claim her wedding gift. Oh, God! it would break my heart and turn my brain to meet her. Her happy voice, and her mother's, and the sound of my children's gleeful laughter reach me here, and send a barb as of burning steel into my very soul. I *cannot* break the news, my brain is on fire. I feel beside myself, and must be out of the world. Father in Heaven, forgive me! Oh, forgive me, and be a comfort to my children."

I need not pause to speak of the woe and desolation produced in the family; but, unreasonable though it was,

I could not for a long time rid myself of the regret that it had fallen to my lot to hand the fatal letter to honest John L——.

But I sometimes experienced a satisfaction at being privileged to carry tidings which brought happiness to sorrowing hearts. I'll never forget the pleasure I felt at being able to convey a piece of welcome intelligence to old John Somers. His son had shipped for New Zealand, but after the vessel sailed no further information regarding her progress reached home. Months passed, a year, but no word. The papers were eagerly scanned—but not a syllable of the vessel. The owners were communicated with, but they could only indicate that they feared the worst—that she had foundered in mid-ocean, without a soul being saved. Day by day old John's head sank further down—the anxious look upon his face deepened—his hair changed quickly from iron-grey to silvery white—and he often sighed heavily, though he tried to speak with resignation of the loss of his son. Poor John had no correspondents, and I knew that the long lingering look he often gave me when passing on the street—a look with almost as much of despair as hope in it—arose from an unbanishable notion that I might some day convey something to him which would tell of Tom either dead or alive. So often, indeed, had I seen the look that from the depths of my heart I wished I could satisfy it. Well, Tom Somers and I had been schoolfellows, and I knew nothing better than his grand, flourishing capital S. When, therefore, in sorting my batch one morning, I came across a foreign envelope addressed to "Mr John Somers," and bearing the identical flourish, I knew at once that Tom had addressed that envelope to his father, and that he was

still alive. Never did I exhibit such feverish haste as on that morning to get out of the Office. I was eager to put an end to the pain ever gnawing at the old man's heart, and I ran from house to house that I might the sooner bring him joy. He was standing in his door as I approached, and the old hungering look was there. He saw my quickened steps, and something in my face must have revealed the truth, for he tottered towards me, and with tears gushing from his eyes and down his furrowed cheeks, cried out—

"At last—at last—bring ye news o' my bairn at last?"

I could not speak, but thrust the letter into his hand, and was passing on. He called me back.

"Stay, stay!" he gasped. "Read it—read it, an' ye'll hae an auld man's blessin'."

Willingly I read. The letter was from a living, breathing, hopeful, manly son, who, with one or two companions, had escaped the peril of shipwreck, and after enduring many privations reached a point where communication could be had with home. With very joy the old man wrung my hands—in the same breath he thanked God and blessed me—and I left feeling a degree of happiness thrilling through my being which it has seldom been my lot to experience.

But very often have I seen anxious glances cast towards me by those whom I was never able to satisfy. I may mention one particular instance. I always finished my round at one of the suburbs, and daily passed a pretty cottage, whose inmates evidently carried on very little correspondence. I didn't require to ring their bell more than twice in a quarter. One day, as I approached the little wicket gate, I noticed a fair girl, just blooming into

womanhood, leave the parlour window out of which she had been gazing. She had the door opened before I reached it, and her hand was extended to receive what I had to deliver. It was an ordinary tax-collector's notice, and I observed the eager, happy look leave her face, and the bright flush give place to pallor as I placed it in her hand. I knew quite well that she had expected something else, and that her husky "Thank you" came only from the lips. But I hoped to earn her *heartfelt* thanks soon. Next day she was at the window as I passed, and I was sorry to think that she would again have to suffer disappointment. The morning after she was there, and for weeks I never missed her. Often her face was pressed against the pane, that she might obtain the first glimpse to be had of me, then her eyes, daily becoming more expressive of hungry, anxious yearning, would drop to the one or two letters still left in my hand, and at these she would gaze as if her very soul were seeking to escape. Her face was changing, too; her chin was becoming sharper, and her cheek-bones more prominent. The pallor was settling on her face, and the traces of weeping were never absent. I believed that her heart was breaking, and more than once in my prayers did I breathe a petition in behalf of the stricken girl. I could fancy more than I saw. I could fancy that I heard her wails of mortal anguish as disappointment heaped upon disappointment caused her to bury her head in her pillow and give vent to her grief. But I felt more than pity for her. I felt indignant at some one of whom I knew nothing except that he was cruelly breaking a warm, loving, trusting heart. And break it did. Ere the summer had passed I missed the familiar face. One morning I noticed

the doctor's brougham at the door, a few days afterwards the windows were draped in white, and the funeral procession was the end of all. The poor girl whose hopes had been blighted had withered and died. A simple letter containing but a few words of kindness from a careless libertine who had won her heart might have saved a life. But that came not, and the stain of blood rests as surely on that man's garments as on the skirts of the most brutal assassin who ever plunged a knife into a beating bosom.

I've seen the look of disappointment settle on the face of many a one as I passed with nothing for them; but I never remember of a case so sad as the one I have just mentioned. In the course of years I came to know the history of many families. I could read in their looks the expectations of their hearts. I knew that Jenny up at the Grange was in love with Ned, the young laird of Blinshall—and I could tell when the love brightened and when it waned. I was perfectly ignorant of how often Jenny wrote; but I carried to her all Ned's little billets. For a time they were a daily charge—then once a week, then one in a month, and finally Jenny's desponding look and pensive sigh told me that no more need be expected. Often have I blamed careless husbands away at work, and never sending home a line to cheer up the hearts of their anxious wives. Could they have seen the joy and gratitude beaming in the faces of the yearning, though patient women, when I put a husband's letter into their hands, they would, I am certain, have written more frequently. Many a mother's heart have I known to become sick at a son or daughter's neglect, but one visit from me changed their sorrowing into rejoicing. I could tell, too, of many a one to whom cruel messages have been sent; but my

heart recoils from the subject. Altogether, however, my mind goes back with pleasure upon many of the mental pictures suggested by my experiences as a letter-carrier. It opened up to me the inner door of many a home, revealing the ugly, grinning skeleton within. It laid bare periods of depression and of happiness—in short, it showed me more of the undercurrent of human life than experience of any other kind could. And the knowledge thus given me I love to treasure up and reflect upon, because some day when my own barque may become tossed about by the stormy sea of adversity, I will be kept cool and steady by looking back upon the conduct of others who stood firm and true among breakers perhaps more stormy and threatening.

Tears.

> "Tears . . . .
> Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes."
>
> —*Tennyson.*

FIRESIDES can do better without tears than without laughter, but we are afraid that tears are more or less a common experience in every home. Suffering is so prevalent in the world; it approaches in so many forms and affects so many hearts, that the families are rare indeed in which its presence is not to some extent familiar. Physical pain, the difficulty of keeping up with the world, the accumulation of family cares, the distress of friends, the infidelity and neglect of supposed friends, the malignity of enemies, the hand of death, the occurrence of great calamities, the errors of children, the cruelty of parents, anxiety for those near and dear, the threatenings of danger, the constant disappointments to which we are subject, are all causes of suffering and the occasion of tears.

Why do people weep? is indeed one of those questions which shall always be susceptible of many answers. There are many as ready to cry as to laugh, and, strewn up and down the world, like gowans on the meadows, are kind, considerate souls, ever ready at "humanity's soft call" to shed the sympathetic tear. From their tender hearts the living juices required to make many a cup drinkable are easily expressed. Their hearts are moved at every exhibition of pain and suffering—they cannot gaze indif-

ferently on the pinched face of want or the haggard look of despair. They listen with pity to every sad tale of sorrow, and condone the faults and shortcomings of those who have been the greatest enemies to themselves. Such people, soft and sentimental, childish and unfit for the world as they are by many considered, are very useful. They are needed to bless, and strengthen, and cheer the drooping around them—they are needed to nurse the sick and smooth the pillow of the dying. It is they who do the good and not the evil in the world. The evil is done by the passion-impelled throng, which is not given to shedding tears—the throng whose units preach a gospel of license to themselves and a gospel of restraint to others—the throng whose units cry—"Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die"—the throng over whom selfishness reigns as an unscrupulous monarch, tossing them about at pleasure. Selfishness it is which, apart from physical suffering and death, is the prime cause of tear-shedding in the world, and this not alone the tear-shedding of sympathy and pity, but of broken hearts and cruelly-wrung bosoms.

Tears of gratitude always carry with them reflections of pleasure. The immediate cause of weeping may have elements of sadness in it, but the mind reaches away behind these to something which stirs the heart with pleasant memories. Burns had no joy in the death of James, Earl of Glencairn, but, on the contrary, deeply mourned the loss of the kind-hearted nobleman. The sables he wore in memory of his Lordship were not the "mockery of woe," but a genuine expression of regret. He could never forget Glencairn's generosity; he could never forget his kind words of encouragement and his warm encomiums, so

grateful to the poet's heart; and so he wrote, in language full of earnestness and power—

> "The bridegroom may forget the bride
> Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
> The monarch may forget the crown
> That on his head an hour has been;
> The mother may forget the child
> That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,
> But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
> And a' that thou hast done for me."

Glencairn had found him helpless, friendless, poor, and struggling, and had at once tendered his influence and aid—

> "The friendless bard and rustic song
> Became alike his fostering care;"

and the heart of Burns, warm, generous, and sympathetic, overflowed with the deepest gratitude. "I must know where my benefactor is laid," he exclaimed, "to be enabled to shed a tear on his grave;" and as he wept the poet would remember with fond pleasure the kind deeds whose memory contributed to the emotions which made his tears flow. Poor Burns! Often did he weep. Many, and widely different, were the feelings which surged through his breast, causing the hot tears to dim his eyes and moisten his dark lashes. Tears of gratitude were not the only tears shed by Robert Burns. He knew something of most of the emotions which heal and rend human hearts —and from his eyes there would often flow in full tide tears of joy and sympathy; very often, too, we fear, were his cheeks damped with those of sorrow and despair. Nor would these at all times be visible. It is natural to seek to hide our grief, and in these solitary wanderings in which he delighted by the river and hillsides—when no vulgar eye beheld the poet merge into the common work-a-day strug-

gling man, oppressed with care and want—when there was no ear to hear his anxious, searching self-communings regarding that future which troubled him so much, communings regarding Jean and the bonnie bairns he loved so well, there would be shed many a bitter scalding tear, and many a vow of repentance would arise to be registered in heaven.

Tears are generally considered womanish. Women and weeping are often associated, and this association of idea is not without reason. We do not find that the cruel, harsh, iron nature vents itself often in tears. On the contrary, we find that weeping is the sign of a tender heart—of a heart soft, feeling, and considerate—and these qualities we instinctively attribute more generally to women than men. No one can live long in the world and mix much among his fellows without being witness to many tears shed by weeping women. A sight sad and painful enough, but neither so sad nor so painful as that rarer sight—a weeping man. It is hard to penetrate the iron casements which bind up the masculine heart. No tear can escape unless a mighty shattering blow has been struck at the strong framework. But such blows are struck. Grief can sometimes arm herself with crushing power, and the more magnanimous the heart attacked the more vulnerable it is to the fatal shaft. Even "great Cæsar" wept. When the conspirators made the too successful attempt upon his life he struggled against the odds like a lion at bay. He was well accustomed to present his face to gleaming weapons and lowering brows, and though he knew himself to be surrounded by enemies, and that his life was sought, his brave heart never quailed till Brutus approached. But when Brutus, whom he had befriended, appeared among the infuriated murderers,

when Cæsar saw him raise his weapon to strike, he became unmanned, and—burst into tears. He resisted no more, but exclaimed, "And you, too, Brutus!" covered his eyes with his hands, and sank upon the pavement, to be hacked and hewn till death ended all. Timoleon, the Corinthian General, wept because of the baseness and arrogance of his brother Timophanes in declaring himself King of Corinth; and Alexander the Great wept because he could conquer no more. But while the tears of Cæsar and Timoleon burst from hearts at the moment really tried to the uttermost, the grief of Alexander proceeded but from ungratified ambition. Sympathy with our Cæsars and Timoleons has risen in many a breast, but between our Alexanders and the great mass of humanity there will be found little fellow-feeling.

One doesn't readily forget having held the hand of a weeping man while he poured forth his tale of woe. At this moment our memory rests on such an incident. A grey-haired old man, neglected, deserted, isolated, was mourning for the society of those children whom he had dandled on his knee, and whose wee heads he had patted with a father's love. But all were gone, and of them he knew nought. Family differences had arisen—of who was right or who was wrong we cannot judge, but here was a husband and father deserted, and a life made miserable as one of the results. "God help me," he murmured, "to bear it all." This was the true spirit in which to meet such affliction. In the world there is very much to bear, and probably our capacity to bear is the most important fact connected with our existence here. If we are peevish, irritable, fretful, easily annoyed, our life is one continual source of vexation, not only to ourselves, but to

all connected with us; but if we are patient, willing to endure, and calm in adversity, we carry with us a moral power which is invaluable in the vicissitudes of life. Tried and vexed we may be, but we can still exhibit true heroism in our nature. Shakespeare, that master painter of all the processes and passions of the human mind, shows in "Macbeth" how a noble man can meet calamity. The news came like a thunder clap to Macduff that his wife and all his children had been murdered by Macbeth. He had just been told they were "all well;" and to hide the swiftly-gushing tears as he slowly awakens to the fearful reality, he draws his hat down upon his brow. The blow is so terrible he can scarcely realise it, and exclaims—

> "All my pretty ones!
> Did you say all?—all?
> What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
> At one fell swoop?
> *Malcolm*—Dispute it like a man.
> *Macduff*—I shall do so;
> But I must also *feel it as a man.*
> I cannot but remember that such things were
> That were most precious to me . . .
> Ah! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
> And braggart with my tongue."

Tears bursting from a man's eyes are no disgrace. They indicate that he feels, and they make him none the less able to bear. Tears are in many cases the "safety valve" of reason—in the language of Leigh Hunt they often "hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness."

As we said at the outset there is a good deal of weeping in the world. We know not how others are affected, but the sight of tears always makes a profound impression on

our feelings. They seem to open up the heart that we may view the raging storm within. We see, as it were, secret movements which are supposed to be hidden from every mortal eye. We have witnessed some bitter tear-shedding. Our hands have been bedewed with the first great gush, as, standing beside the still form of husband and friend, the wellgates of the widow's heart burst open. We have seen the eye of the hopeful struggling, fame-aspiring youth dimmed by the pearly drop when his glowing descriptions of greatness yet to be achieved were checked by the rude racking cough which told him that the Great Destroyer was already at work on his frame; we have listened to the moans and gazed on the tears of the mother whose favourite son had but a few short months before been laid at her feet, his heart pierced by the assassin's knife; we have watched the sobbing widow clasp convulsively to her breast the dripping remains of a husband just taken from the cold treacherous river; we have wiped the tears from a mother's eyes while she bent over the cot containing all that was left of her wee babe, and have wept in unison and sympathy with the aged father mourning the death of a son who had but taken his place in the first rank of intellectual greatness to be laid prostrate by the hand of death. We have seen tears shed, too, that might have been spared—and this brings us to our concluding remarks.

It is quite evident that much of the world's weeping is due to the inevitable. Friend must part from friend. Physical suffering is a concomitant of present existence, while death is as certain as life. Tears arising from these vicissitudes and changes, then, are ever to be expected so long as humanity is under the same conditions. But we

need not hesitate one moment in affirming that very much of the sorrow, very many of the sighs that are heaved up and of the tears that are shed, might be spared. Were selfishness less prevalent in the world grief and misery would be less common. And we need no long-drawn, finely-pointed argument to show this—it is as clear as that two and three make five. A husband spends his evenings and his money in the beer-shop, and going home drunk beats his suffering wife and starving children. Another is lazy and will not work for the support of those dependent on his exertions. No matter how a wife, still struggling to love, filled with all a mother's best feelings for her children, may toil and suffer and endure to make ends meet, the tendency is still backward and downward, and ruin and homelessness one day stares them in the face. The son of respectable, warm-hearted, loving parents will persist in spending nights out of his home in the society of fast youths of his own acquaintance—he will, despite the warnings and admonitions of parents and friends, continue to come home tipsy in the evenings, and in answer to entreaties and kind words return but oaths and scoffings. Daughters will be wayward, heedless of advice, and rebellious under restraint. Men will prove deceitful to one another. Men will betray one another, and raise their hand, Cain-like, against one another. They will deceive, betray, and ruin women, though it should end in ruin for themselves. Self must be gratified, though the gratification should cause angels to weep. And this selfishness, this short-sighted selfishness, is dragging the world in the mire. For not only does it affect thousands, who are struck, and bruised, and bleeding alike in body and spirit by its operations, but it recoils upon

those who, under its dominion, are causing all the wreck and ruin. Tears of remorse are daily flowing, tears of remorse and penitence for the cruelties we have inflicted upon those who may have doted on us, and loved us "not wisely, but too well"—for the betrayal of those who trusted us more perfectly than ever we could have dared to trust ourselves. In thousands of ways every day, through carelessness, neglect, and deceit, is misery wrought in human bosoms, and sighs and tears are the feeble outward evidence of the state of woe within. This is all needless misery—these are all needless tears. If men would be but true to themselves—if men would but consult their own most enduring happiness and best interests, and act in harmony with these, such weeping might be avoided. If men, and women too, would only become a little more considerate—reflect a little more upon the effect which this or that contemplated action would have upon those around them—tear-shedding might be greatly lessened. Fewer hastily spoken words—spoken but to be regretted—by our firesides, more patience with one another's shortcomings, more charity in our judgments of one another's actions, would also accomplish much in the way of drying the tears from weeping eyes. The spirit of discord seems abroad on the earth, and there are many sounds of jarring and wrangling. We can all do a little towards restoring the harmony. We can be patient, enduring, forgiving—bearing with all, injuring none. Peace is better than war—let each do what he can to secure peace in his own little kingdom.

Bairns.

"CHILDREN" would, we daresay, in the opinion of some punctilious persons, prove a more elegant title to this paper, but we like to speak of bairns. The word has a healthful Scottish sound—it breathes pathos and poetry—it smells of the heathery hill and the whinny dell—of oatcakes, kirn-milk, and "halesome parritch."

There were a good many bairns in the world when we were young, and there are a good many yet. Then the men and women felt proud of them, and with equal reason may we feel grateful now. For they give us half our joys—they keep the world ringing with their mirthful laughter—and are a standing pledge that innocence shall never be wanting in the midst of men. What, indeed, can be more strikingly suggestive of innocence than a sleeping infant? How placid the wee white brow—how beautiful the pouting smile wreathed around the bonnie mouth. And, as the smile deepens, and the as yet speechless lips pantomimically move, we feel that there was perhaps more than fable in the old traditions that babes in their sleep held converse with angels. Professor Wilson, seeming to foster the same thought, in his beautiful poem—"To a Sleeping Child"—has the following lines:—

> "Who can tell what visions high
> May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
> What brighter theme can brightness find
> To reign on than an infant's mind,
> Ere sin destroy, or error dim
> The glory of the Seraphim?
>
> . . . . .
>
> Ah! visions fair! that I could be
> Again as young, as pure as thee!

> Vain wish ! the rainbow's radiant form
> May view, but cannot brave the storm ;
> Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
> That paint the bird of paradise,
> And years—so Fate hath ordered—roll
> Clouds o'er the summer of the soul,
> Yet sometimes sudden sights of grace,
> Such as the gladness of thy face,
> O sinless babe ! by God are given,
> To charm the wanderer back to Heaven."

A young child asleep is indeed the embodiment of placid innocence, the rosebud which the frost of sin has never touched. Within the wee bosom dwell peace, security, faith, contentment. The babe is a gift perfect from the hand of God—a problem sent for man to solve; and no sight can have on man's mind a more softening, more humanising influence.

Of course we are perfectly aware that all bairns are not beautiful, or contented, or suggestive of innocence alike. That they are a mixed lot is a question not to be disputed. Those fortunate enough to be the fathers of families have affirmed to us that brothers and sisters show distinctions of character so marked that to lay down any general law of heredity seems to be utterly impossible. Some are forward, some are shy; some kind, some malicious; some hopeful, and some nervous and full of dread. In such circumstances the experienced reader will readily observe that a confirmed bachelor like ourselves will have no little difficulty in placing upon paper any really reliable remarks upon youngsters, unless we can hit upon some wide, general scheme of treatment, which may enable us to embrace their various peculiarities. And general our remarks will of necessity be; for to individualise would, were we to do justice to the subject, keep our pen going for twelvemonths to come.

That all bairns are affectionate is a statement which every fellow who has a whisker to be pulled will admit. The operation of pulling may cause the unfortunate possessor of the whisker to feel pained, but then the wee dears mean no harm. Perhaps they fancy we would look better without the ugly-looking black or grey, or it may be red, appendage. If so, the intention is highly laudable; and then don't the little cherubs laugh quite hysterically when they have got our noses to assume shapes and angles unknown in mathematics? And still more gleeful do they become as they test the strength of their small thumbs in the endeavour to gouge out our eyes. Scratching at somebody else's face also gives them special delight; but it all springs from the love of their hearts, for they laugh and rejoice all the while, as if a new joy-giving bond had been discovered to exist between them and their willing victims.

Perhaps the most universal trait of all children is the love they bear to their mother. We have heard philosophers—one a grey-haired bachelor—in the plenitude of their wisdom ascribe this quality to constancy of contact; but the opinion appears to us an absurdity. The mutual love enters more deeply into the nature of both than could be caused by any contact. "Next to the Creator, the mother will have the child's warmest affection," says a lady writer, "and how warm, how tender, how true, are those affections, none but a mother can know. How profound and complete may be the sympathy of a little child, no words can express. How loving and tender a caress will be felt by the mother when perhaps care and sorrow have brought a shadow on her face, and her little child sees it! How it watches the expression of her eye,

the tone of her voice! How eagerly all its powers are exerted to comfort and please her!" We think this is the image of the Creator in the child! It is pleasing to think of this love as proceeding straight from the divine heart to compensate the fond mother for all her hours of care and anxiety. Perhaps we hardly think often enough of the trials of mothers. We are too forgetful of their anxious thoughts, their vacillating hopes and fears, their watchings by the sick bed, their pensive mental gropings into the dim future, which keeps its secret so well. How much of anxiety is spent upon a child a mother only can know. How much of love and blessing she showers upon her child neither she nor it, nor any one, can compute. All she has of love and tenderness and care she bestows there—and we say that we like to look upon the love and gratitude evinced by the child as God's return for the services she has given—a return rendered the more acceptable that it is sent through the same channel which has absorbed the spirit of all that is noblest and best within her. The depth of this mutual love no pen can describe—and as little need we attempt to name its value. From the mother it secures to the helpless innocent all that it requires of anxious care and kind attention; from the child it may often compensate for an absent or lost husband's presence, or for a present husband's neglect or scowl. Love and smile on, then, ye little lambs, and send joy as ye do care through the whole earth! As Longfellow says:—

> "In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
> In your thoughts the brooklets flow. . . .
> Ye are better than all the ballads
> That ever were sung or said.
> For ye are living poems,
> And all the rest are dead."

How full of suggestiveness is the sight of a group of bairns at play! For a moment let us in fancy contemplate the spectacle. How they romp and run! What a yelling and skirling they raise! Truly they are happy! And children should be happy, for if truly unalloyed happiness be realisable by mankind at all on earth, it is only in childhood's days. When they become men and women they find it mixed with bitterness. Seldom, indeed, will they be able to drink out of pleasure's cup without finding gall one of the ingredients with which it is filled. There they are, full of daffing and glee—the men and women of the future! What can we tell of that future? Nothing. There they play, a whole dozen ranging in years from one to ten, and we can neither tell how many will reach man or woman's estate, nor, should they do so, what manner of men and women they will be. All is hidden; all is mystery. But the thought of how many great names have been handed down to stimulate men and women to noble deeds, inspires us to gaze forward on the mighty possibilities before each one. In just such groups must have mingled those great hearts which have been as levers and fulcrums in lifting the world up nearer to heaven and to God. Luther and Knox, dark and scowling, stern and forbidding as they in the height of conflict became, must have in their youth played, joyous and free and happy, with the children around. So with Shakespeare and Dante—with Tasso and Schiller—with Wilberforce and Howard. Who in Campbelltown, over sixty years ago, could have pointed to the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy running about its streets called Norman Macleod, and foretold the influence which in the years to come his great loving heart would exert on

humanity? Who in Nice saw in the boy Guiseppe Garibaldi, or in Genoa in the boy Joseph Mazzini, the great patriots of Italy? And yet there they were—at play every day—laughing with their companions, singing with them, playing with them, perhaps fighting with them. Boys these who were to make their mark not only upon their age, but upon all time. And so in this group before us may romp a Carlyle, a Dickens, a Grace Darling, or Charlotte Brontë. Some may have to brave all the dangers of an angry sea, and some in battle the violence of angry men. Perhaps this one may have to fight a battle in his own soul with doubts and difficulties which threaten to overwhelm his spirit; while that may move safely through life upon the crest of the wave of peaceful prosperity. This one, yet happy and innocent, may suffer the failure of disgrace, and bring a fond father and fonder mother in sorrow to the grave. That one may prove the support and stay of his parents in buffeting with cold poverty and stern adversity. The possibilities of success and greatness are immense, but the chances of failure are infinitely and unfortunately greater.

What a variety in their occupation—for all are busy as bees in July! Here a gleeful infant, whose shrill ecstatic laughter peals above the din and clamour, essays to run and leave the couple of wee women of three and four respectively who are at the moment its guardians. It tumbles on the greensward, and, unable to spare the time required to rise, rolls over and over in its joyous glee. Raised to its feet by the little ladies, what warnings and advice it receives! How wise and sensible they look, as, shaking their heads and lifting their fingers, they, like many men and women, give lessons which they have not

yet mastered for themselves. The little misses doubtless fancy they will never stumble more! Ah, children, there are crooked paths before you still, and when ye are blooming women, and your charge a bearded man, there may even then be pitfalls before you into whose yawning depths all the prayers and resolutions you can make will be barely sufficient to prevent your falling. And as prone to fall, and roll on where he has fallen, will be the bearded man, as is now the happy babe. To-day, however, he gives no one pain, but then he may cause more than one heart to bleed, and many eyes beside his own to shed tears.

A little apart a mixed group is singing—and the sound of children singing, of all vocal effects, is the sweetest to our ear. It is not their music, but the *heart* they throw into their song, that delights us most. It is so free, natural, and thrilling—there is a spontaneity about it which charms the soul. "Sing me a bairn's hymn," was one of the last requests of Dr Guthrie, and we need not go far to seek the dying Christian's reason. He wished to go straight to the heart of God; and if children's hymns are to be true to the nature of the sweet little singers, they must possess this quality. Between children and the Eternal there is no barrier. They go straight to the warm, loving heart of Him whom they cannot dread, for they have had no quarrel with Him—whom they must love, for all in their nature is love. Speaking of the voices of children singing, Longfellow beautifully says:—"Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of Paradise; clear, liquid tones, that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts, like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain." Sing on, then, ye wee warblers, for your music gladdens many hearts!

A few older boys play at "leap frog," and as our gleeful little mite again escapes from his nurses, he crosses the path of the boy running to make his leap, and gets knocked down. The laughter is changed to crying, and the boy, letting his game stand, drops on his knees, and, raising the child from the ground, with his sleeve wipes away the tears, pats the little fellow on the head, and leads him to a place of greater safety. Then with a laugh and a smile he runs off to resume his game. This lad has begun well, and has performed a generous deed. It displayed a consideration for the suffering of another, and the desire to help was strong enough to secure the performance of a kind action. These are the qualities which, developing as we grow older, make noble men and women. Of the scowling urchin who cried out, "Come awa', Bob, and mind yer game; what need ye mind ca'in' him doon?"—we cannot speak in the same fashion. We are afraid that this youngster evinces rather much of selfishness, a spirit which, once in possession of us, will permit nothing that is manly to live in our bosom. It blinds us to all interests but our own—and in doing this makes ourselves in reality its greatest victims. In the same heart true nobility cannot find congenial soil in which to grow or blossom; it not only saps our happiness, but our very life. Verily the child is father to the man, and when years have passed, these beginnings tell their tale.

But we promised to be general and not particular in our remarks, and one general characteristic of bairns which we must not forget is their hopefulness. Pope avers, though we are not quite certain whether to believe him, that hope is eternally springing in the human breast; but we do feel convinced that it is never absent from the hearts

of bairns. What a gilded picture they paint of man and womanhood; they yearn for the time when they shall be men and women, when they shall be permitted to join in the family circle, and engage in conversation with their elders. To them the age of twenty seems the crowning point of happiness—and with all the earnestness of their little hearts they pant for the hastening of the glorious time. Little do they know that at twenty men and women feel that they have hardly begun to live. They, too, are looking forward—ay, even at fifty anticipation is still pointing to something in the future. In this respect, as in many others, we are all children, despite our larger growth and snow-fringed beards. That future contains all the problem, and it tells not what it knows. We often look forward with doubt and dread, but it is not so with the children. Before them all is brightness and sunshine. "To their fearless gaze," says an elegant writer, "the picture looms up brilliant and beautiful as the walls of a fairy palace—there is no tear which a mother's gentle hand cannot wipe away, no wound that a mother's kiss cannot heal, no anguish which the sweet murmuring of her soft, low voice cannot soothe." Hope with them is a clear sky, with the blue heaven ever inviting them upward, and without a single cloud to darken the prospect.

We might have spoken about the training of children, but this is a task beset with many difficulties. We decidedly affirm that it must be impossible to lay down stringent regulations on the subject. To inculcate virtue is, or ought to be, the one great object in view, and each moral nature must, we think, be treated according to its qualities and attributes. "Rod or no rod" is a keenly debated question, but one which we do not think can be

settled upon general principles. Natures there are which must be broken by sheer force of power. Others, again, are so gentle and sensitive that to them an application of the rod would be a degradation, the evil effects of which might last a lifetime. We believe every child commits faults which ought to be punished, but the nature of that punishment ought to be determined not only by the nature of the offence, but also by the nature of the child. And every chastisement should be bestowed in love. For firmness is quite compatible with gentleness, if the correction of the child is a dictate of your reason and not of your passion. Under the influence of temper no child should be punished—in fact, no child should ever be permitted to see its parents inflamed by passion. *One* general rule in the training of children may be laid down—and it is one from which there ought to be no departure—the rule of good example.

Bairns bring care, as we have said, but they bring with them their own compensation in the joy they afford. All good influences are with the mother who is true to her mission, and none but a mother can know the joy of having her son well spoken of as all that is manly and true-hearted. The chosen channel through which a blessing has been sent to the earth—for every good man is a blessing to the world—she is more than compensated for all her trials and anxieties.

Norman Macleod.

I.—His Early Days.

"NOTHING will make a man truly great but being truly good," remarks Matthew Henry, the venerable Scripture commentator; and, holding the statement to be just and true, we confidently point to Norman Macleod as meeting the definition. He was great in his goodness and good in his greatness. Few men possess the same remarkable and precious qualities of heart, and fewer still are endowed with that greatness of mind and vigour of body necessary to shower over the face of the earth their good gifts. The issue of an ably written and exhaustive Memoir of his life by his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, will perpetuate the preacher's character and work; and, relying on that Memoir for our information, we propose to lay before our readers an epitome of his career, with other notes of interest.

Norman Macleod was born at Campbelltown on June 3, 1812, and was the firstborn of Anne Maxwell and the Rev. Norman Macleod, then minister in Campbelltown, and afterwards minister of St. Columba, Glasgow, and Dean of the Chapel Royal. His veins were filled with the richest Highland and Border blood—his ancestry on his father's side running far back into the dim mysteries of Highland genealogy, and on his mother's dating from the Maxwells of Newark. His parents were singularly broad in their sympathies, and the moral atmosphere in

which the boy was trained was at once natural and healthy. His father, who had spent most of his early life bounding free and buoyant over the rugged hills of Morven, wandering by its streams, and winding by its lochs and tarns, had a genial and at the same time warm poetic temperament, and was filled with a love of Nature bordering on passionate enthusiasm. This spirit he endeavoured to communicate to his children, and greedily young Norman drank it in. "Were I asked what there was in my father's teaching and training which did us all so much good," wrote Norman at the time of his sire's death, "I would say, both in regard to him and my beloved mother, that it was love and truth. The liberty they gave was as wise as the restraints they imposed. Their home was happy—intensely happy. Christianity was a thing taken for granted, not forced with scowl and frown. I never heard my father speak of Calvinism, Presbyterianism, or Episcopacy, or exaggerate doctrinal differences in my life. I had to study all these questions after I left home."

The growth of the warm, genial, healthful spirit which this broad and enlightened education was planting in the young mind, was accelerated and fostered by the external surroundings amid which Norman was placed. Campbelltown is situated at the head of a loch which runs for two miles into the long promontory of Kintyre, and not far from its southern termination. The bay forms a secure harbour, and is a very haven of safety from the rising waves and howling hurricanes of the Sound of Mull. Cultured fields clothe the slopes of the hills, beyond blooms the purple heather, and higher mountain ranges kiss the clouds. The waters of the bay are ever alive

with craft—fishing boats, vessels engaged in coast traffic, and larger merchantmen, seeking shelter from the storm raging without. Norman's was a very impressible nature, and he possessed from earliest childhood a wild, strong imagination. He had a free, buoyant heart, was full of life and daring, and was recognised as a leader among his fellows. He was brimful of laughter and glee, and his little tongue seemed to be ceaseless in its wagging. His Saturdays were generally spent rushing along by the headlands, listening with rapture to the moaning of the ocean and the cries of the sea-birds, or in boarding the craft in the harbour, chatting with the sailors, and in prying, quizzing, and climbing till he knew the names and use of "every stay, halyard, and spar from truck to keelson." He became intimate with the seamen, and mimicked their manners, to the intense delight of his companions. When he was about twelve years of age he was sent to live with Mr Cameron, the schoolmaster of Morven, that he might become versed in the language and lore of the Gaels. This was an interesting and never-to-be-forgotten period of his life, and his biographer is doubtless correct when he writes that the foundation of Norman Macleod's character was laid in the days of his boyhood spent in Campbelltown, Mull, and Morven. Their glorious memory haunted him wherever he went, sweetening and brightening his whole life, and imbuing him with an ardent desire to fill others with a measure of that joy with which he himself was filled.

In 1825 Norman's father was translated from Campbeltown to Campsie, in Stirlingshire, and the manse was situated at the opening of Campsie Glen, "on the borderland of mountain and plain." There Norman

attended for a year the Parish School, and then went to the University of Glasgow, where he did nothing in an educational point of view to distinguish himself. He did not dive deep into classics, but rather dissipated his energies upon subjects not falling to be considered in the classes he attended. His favourite authors were Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and in the works of these poets he found a new world revealed. He was as a madcap among the students, but delighted in quiet supper parties, and entered with vigour into the discussions which arose. He liked to be in contact with his fellows, and exercised to the full the keen insight into character which he possessed. This was unquestionably useful training. It was worth far more to him than "skill in Latin verse and acquaintance with the Greek particles." It enabled him to read and understand the peculiarities and wants of men. It opened up to him the way by which men's hearts could be touched and influenced for good; and when he reached the hey-day of his strength no man in Scotland stood his equal in point of ability to move those within hearing of his voice. He was ever reading and thinking, not in old, rusty, beaten tracks, but in new, fresh ways, where the herbage was unnibbled, and full of succulence and juice. His life was one of spotless morality. He was full of fun, and laughter, and pranks, but he would descend no further. In his heart there lived a genuine religion, and no temptation would move him from the high pathways of honour and duty.

In 1831 he went to Edinburgh to study theology under the professorship of Dr Chalmers, and was soon afterwards appointed tutor to the only son of Henry Preston, Esq. of Moreby Hall, then High Sheriff of Yorkshire. His power

was now beginning to be recognised. He was an able debater, and seemed to have Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats at his finger ends. A fellow-student remarks that "the sparkling effervescence of his mind often astonished, and always charmed and stirred the thoughts, feelings, and enthusiasm of his companions."

Norman's character had always a serious side; but an event occurred in 1833 which brought this phase of his nature into greater prominence. He had been warmly attached to his brother James—a mild, affectionate youth, and his junior by three years. James was now laid on his death-bed, and on Tuesday, 3d December, Norman wrote this entry in his private Journal:—"There are certain days and times in a man's existence which are eras in his little history, and which greatly influence his future life. This day has been to me one of much pain; and, oh, when the grief has passed away (and shall it ever be so?) may its influence remain. I heard that my own dear brother James was so ill that he cannot in all probability recover." Two days after another affecting entry occurs, and we transcribe it merely that the reader may judge of the tender heart of the man:—"Thursday—It is past twelve. The wind blows loud, and the rain falls. I am alone in body, but my mind is in my brother's room, where, I am sure, my dear mother is now watching her boy with a heavy heart. May God be with them both!" Simple it is, but touching. It reveals a carefully-tuned heart—just such an one as possesses the charm by which the hearts of all others on whom its influence is shed can be reached. A few days later it was all over, and Norman again wrote—"May I follow his footsteps! May I join James in the universal song! I know not, my own

brother, whether you now see me or not. If you know my heart, you will know my love for you; and that in passing through this pilgrimage, I shall never forget you who accompanied me so far." The anniversary of James's death he never forgot, but every year, as it came, in his Journal was entered a statement of new resolutions formed, each bearing evidence of deeper piety, and more earnest dedication of his whole strength to the work in which he was engaged.

In 1834 he and young Preston went to Weimar, the capital of the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar. Here he obtained new views of life, and gained much in experience. He threw himself with zest into all the gaieties of the little capital, taking ample enjoyment out of all that was good, and repelling with his strong healthy nature all that was evil. "When he returned," says his biographer, "his views were widened, his opinions matured, his human sympathies vastly enriched."

In 1835 he visited the Lake Counties, and had the gratification of a talk with Wordsworth, the poet. He went to see him, and the two congenial spirits held a time of sweet converse with each other. He attended Glasgow University in the session 1836-37, and there were several students who boarded in the house of his father, who had some time before been translated to the charge of St Columba in the city. Living with his aunt, too, was another youth, John C. Shairp, now Principal of the United College in the University of St Andrews, and between the two a very fast and lasting friendship was formed. In the Memoir the Principal gives some very interesting reminiscences of those early days, and speaks of Norman in terms of the most ardent admiration and

affection. At that time he says his face was as full of meaning as any face he ever looked upon, with a fine health in his cheeks as of the heather bloom. He had a broad, not high, brow, smooth without a wrinkle, and a mouth firm and expressive, without those lines and wreaths it afterwards had; and his dark brown glossy hair hung in masses over his brow. Norman took a leading part in the placing of Sir Robert Peel in the Rector's chair. Peel came and delivered his Rectorial address, and then at a banquet in the evening spoke to the citizens of Glasgow. Dr Macleod, Norman's father, replied to the toast of "The Church of Scotland," and Norman to that of the students of Glasgow University. It was the youth's first effort at speaking, and referring to his appearance Principal Shairp says—"I think I can see him now, standing forth prominently, conspicuous to the whole vast assemblage, his dark hair, glossy as a black cock's wing, massed over his forehead. They said he trembled inwardly, but there was no sign of tremor or nervousness in his look. As if roused by the sight of the great multitude gazing on him, he stood forth sympathising himself with all who listened, and confident that they sympathised with him and with those for whom he spoke. Many another might have written as good a speech, but I doubt whether any young man then in Scotland could have spoken it so well." Even Peel was impressed with the young man's power, and spoke to his father of his appearance in warm terms.

Next year, in the spring of 1838, as Norman himself expresses it, he "got a parish." He was appointed to the parish of Loudoun, and the succeeding five years of his life were spent among "Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes."

Filled—literally filled—with the desire to dedicate his whole energy to the service of his Master, he entered upon his labours. He was eager, buoyant, and hopeful, and everything tended to ensure success. He found the people coarse and profane, given to the discussion of political questions, and inclined to scoff at religion. He endeavoured to fill the parish with his zeal, but the opinionative Chartists, of whom there was a large number in the parish, determined that they would put an end to his evening services, and stifle his efforts to raise a genuine religious feeling. They attended his meetings on Sunday evenings and created a disturbance. But Norman was made of stuff more stern than they had reckoned. Once he remonstrated with them, but they were at the old practice on the Sunday following. He immediately told his people they would require to put the disturbers out before he could proceed! He sat down, and the sceptics, for they were really such, were summarily ejected. Strangely enough, this decided action on the part of the young minister created no bad feeling. The people saw that he was honest and straightforward, and they had many evidences of his kindness of heart. Five happy years were passed within its bounds and among its people. "These years," writes his brother, "were the very spring-time of his ministerial life. Full of romantic dreams, and overflowing with romantic enthusiasm, he seemed

'To hear his days before him and the tumult of his life.'

Many a conviction was then formed which afterwards germinated into notable actions on the larger field of his future career, and many a line of thought became fixed, determining his after course."

II.—His Ministerial Career.

While Norman was minister of the parish of Loudoun the Disruption controversy shook the foundations of the Church. He did not care to mix in the dispute, nor was he inclined to make any deep inquiry into the *pros* and *cons* urged by the leaders on either side. He felt that each side was exaggerating the importance of its case, and too recklessly pooh-poohing the averments of the other; and he was grieved at the abuse which was intermixed with their arguments. But the storm began to thicken, and he had to study the question for himself. "He went home to Loudoun, shut himself up in his study, plunged into the history and literature of the controversy, and fairly thought out for himself the conclusions which determined his line of action."

A small section of the Church, known as "The Forty," was attempting to steer a middle course between the other extremes, and to this band Norman attached himself, "expressing the hope that 'The Forty' would soon become another Forty-five to revolutionise the policy of the Church." Then he had to engage yet more closely in the contest. He had to stand up in defence of his principles. A deputation had been sent to his parish to promote secession, and Norman stretched forth his hand to quell the tide. He did so with effect. Almost every man stood by the Church. He then took up his pen, and wrote "A Crack About the Kirk," a pamphlet which had an immense influence in the crisis. He was a member of the famous Assembly of 1843, when the seceding ministers

marched out. But he did not think the sacrifice was all on their side. He felt it to be a hard trial to stand by his principles—decidedly unpopular as they were. He felt it to be harder to stay in the Church than go out of it amid the huzzas of the populace. Norman spoke twice in the eventful meeting of Assembly, and his thrilling tones and spirited enthusiasm held waverers firm, and caused one enraptured listener to exclaim—"There is life in the old Church yet!" He was terribly in earnest. "God bless all the serious among them," he wrote to his sister of those who left the Church; but he adds, in the same letter—"How my soul rises against those men who have left us to rectify their blundering, and then laugh at our inability to do so."

The whole thing was out of Norman's line. He would have gladly gone beyond the reach of the storm. "How thankful ought you to be for your lot being cast in a parish which is known only to a few sea-fowl, to Sir John Barrow, or the Trigonometrical Survey," he wrote to the Rev. A. Clark, of Ardnamurchan. "No convocationist can find you out—no *Witness* or *Guardian* newspaper has any conception where you are—no commission would know where to send for you if they wished to depose you. . . . Happy recluse! fortunate eremite!"

The fame of the preacher was now beginning to spread. His soul was stamping itself upon the hearts of his fellow-men. On the 16th of September in the same year (1843) he was unanimously elected pastor of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, and on the day following the Duke of Buccleuch offered him the parish of Dalkeith. He accepted Dalkeith, and when he went there was "rejoiced to get hold of not a few hard horny fists, and also the trembling

hands of some old women." Heavy and onerous as were the duties of his new charge, Norman proved himself able to do more work. This work he looked abroad to find. He began to take a deep interest in the much shattered fortunes of his Church, and to inquire how she could be again raised up to her former position. He was appointed a member of the India Mission, and this gave him some scope to display to his brethren his own great energy. Two years afterwards he was appointed by the General Assembly to go to America along with the late Dr Simpson, of Kirknewton, and Dr John Macleod, of Morven. The purpose which the deputation had in view was to "preach to the many congregations which had been deprived of their clergy during recent ecclesiastical troubles, and to explain, when called upon, the views which had determined the policy of those who had remained by the Church of Scotland." The deputation was very popular, and thousands flocked to hear them speak.

Norman would not have been himself if, while giving every attention to his mission, he had not exercised himself in observing and noting the peculiarities of the people among whom he found himself. But he came very near making an absurd generalisation one day. He had mounted the box of a coach, and the driver sat on his left hand. He thought this was rather strange, and inquired if this was his usual habit, to which Jehu replied in the affirmative. Norman immediately noted the fact that "*all* drivers in America sit on the left side of the box," and then inquired what was gained by this practice? "Why, I guess," replied Jonathan—"I can't help it; *I'm left-handed.*" Norman didn't put any more

generalisations in his note-book. He had some rare fun with a party of Highlanders one day. He was proceeding from Kingston to Toronto by steamer, and while walking the upper deck heard a number of voices singing a Gaelic chorus. He joined them, and when the song had ended the following conversation ensued—Norman speaking in high English:—

"Pray, what language is that?"
"Gaelic, sir."
"Where is that spoken?"
"In the Highlands of Scotland."
"Is it a language?"
"It's the *only* true *langidge*. English is no *langidge* at all, at all."
"It must be banished; it is savage."
"It's no you, or any other, will banish it."
"Pray, let me hear you speak a sentence of it. Address a question to me."
"*Co as a thanaig thu?*" (Where do you come from?)
"*Thanaig mis as an Eilean Sgianach.*" (I come from the Isle of Skye.)
"*O, fheudail! 'Se Gael tha am.*" (Ah, goodness! he is a Highlander.)

The poor men had found a friend, and were vociferous in their expressions of delight.

Dr M——, a friend whom he met, paid him a very questionable compliment, which Norman used to tell with spirit. The Doctor was a great stammerer, and one day when they were driving through a forest, the old gentleman began to implore Norman to send them a minister. "We d-d-on't expect a v-v-very c-c-clever man, but would be quite pleased to have one who could g-g-give us a p-p-plain every-day s-s-s-ermon *like what you gave us yourself to-day!*"

Four years afterwards he was introduced to responsibilities still greater than any he had yet undertaken to discharge. His friend, Dr Black, of the Barony Parish,

Glasgow, had died, and on his death-bed had expressed the wish that Norman Macleod should be his successor. The people, too, were unanimous in petitioning the Government to that effect. Norman determined to make no effort to obtain the charge himself. He knew that, if translated, he was about to enter a field which would tax his energies to the very utmost, but he looked forward with the utmost calmness. He could measure himself—the most important qualification any man can possess. "I know what I am not, and what I am," he wrote to his mother. "I am not a man of genius, or of power, or of learning, and can do nothing great in the world's sense; but, by the grace of God, I can be kind and good, and earnest and useful."

In July 1851 Norman was inducted minister of the Barony Parish, and on the 11th of August in the same year was married to Catherine Ann Mackintosh, daughter of the late William Mackintosh, Esq. of Geddes, and sister of a lamented friend and companion of his own. His home was at the western extremity of the city, his windows commanded a view of the valley of the Clyde, and away beyond were Tannahill's famed "Braes of Gleniffer." He enjoyed the scene spread out before him, and then the great bustle and almost incessant din of the city was congenial to his spirit. But the work to be done! It was that which filled his mind. Its magnitude was enormous. The largest parish in Scotland! He was pastor over an increasing population, which already numbered 90,000 souls, and any one at all acquainted with city life must know the lapsed condition in which many of those thousands must have existed. And each individual case was another pang to Norman's generous—ay, soft, heart.

Every Sunday he preached to crowds that filled seat, passage, and stair, and during the week he was ever on the move seeking whom he might raise up by breathing into them anew the breath of life. The taste of work he now had gave him a desire for more. There was no end to his labours, and still he complained of frittering away his time. On October 29th 1854 he preached by request before the Queen and Court at Crathie, and his earnest invocation to God to "bless the children" of the Royal parents present brought a lump to Her Majesty's throat. His allusions were so tender and simple. He spoke from the heart, without any strain or show. He was now recognised as a great preacher. In 1856 he preached a sermon in connection with the Evangelical Alliance which had met in Glasgow, and among the audience were Mr (now Dean) Stanley and Principal Shairp. Writing of the sermon, the Dean of Westminster said—"In short, I don't know a man in the Church of England who could have preached such a sermon. Of course, I have known men of greater abilities and character, but if he be what he seems I know no one who unites such thorough good sense, honesty, manly independence, with such working, striving, devout energy and power of appealing to the mass."

In 1857 he began to hold evening meetings for the poor, to which none were admitted except in their everyday working clothes. For the first winter the meetings were held in the Martyrs' Church, but were afterwards transferred to the Barony, where they were kept up till a mission church was erected. He took great interest in this work, which was eminently successful. "The pews were filled with men in their fustian jackets, and with

poor women, bareheaded or with an old shawl drawn over the heads, and dressed most of them in short gown and petticoat. Unkempt hair, faces begrimed with labour, and mothers with infants in their arms, gave a strange character to the scene." He enlisted the sympathy of all, and found a way to every heart.

In 1860 he added to his labours by accepting the editorship of "Good Words," to which magazine he contributed many valuable articles and serials. But he was certainly overworking himself, and the drag on his brain-machinery must have been enormous. A letter written in 1861 to Colonel Dreghorn (in answer to one reminding him of a promise to preach a sermon for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) will give an idea of how he looked upon his position himself:—"I beseech you have mercy on me as an animal, and get some other brute, equally willing and more able than I am, to preach your sermon. I have seven sermons to preach for collections in other churches before January—and I am engaged three times every Sunday till April—besides tons of other work on my back. I ask mercy with the donkey, dog, or carter's horse. My burthen is heavier than I can bear. Let the deputy-chairman spare his lash; I have no power to bite or kick. I can only groan. I'll feed the next starved dog handsomely, shelter for a week the first wandering cat I meet, even put my shoulder to the next overloaded cart of coals or iron I see. I'll listen for two hours to 'David Bell.' I'll do any deed of mercy laid upon me that I am fit for, if you spare my back while editor of 'Good Words.' In the name of every hard-used brute, lay or clerical, animal or spiritual, I crave your mercy." Of course this is fun, but there is much

that is serious in it. Norman was beginning to feel that "it is the curse of greatness to be its own destruction," but he never quailed. He was there to do his Master's work, and in that work he was determined body and soul should be spent.

April 1863 was signalised by the death of his father, but this bereavement gave Norman no pain. He had been sent for and told his father was dying. He went down and found him dead. "I went to his room," he writes in his Journal, "and there he lay as he had died—asleep! I did not weep, nor did I feel the least excited. I felt less a great deal than I had often done in visiting the poorest, even strangers, in times of distress." The old man was buried in the churchyard of Campsie, which he had left twenty-five years before, and the respect in which his memory had been held was shown by every shop in the little town being closed on the day of his funeral.

About two years later, Norman—now D.D., by the way—entered upon the great controversy with which his name has ever since been identified, and in connection with which it is perhaps best remembered. We allude to the investigation regarding his views on Sabbath desecration. A popular feeling had arisen against the using of Sunday trains and other forms of Sabbath-breaking, and the Presbytery of Glasgow, to give effect to this, caused a pastoral letter to be prepared to be read in all the churches within its jurisdiction. To ensure a fair statement of Dr Macleod's position in this controversy, it may be well that we give it in his brother's words:—"As this letter enforced the observance of the Lord's Day by arguments directly opposed to the teaching Dr Macleod

had given his congregation for many years, it was impossible for him to read it from the pulpit without expressing his dissent. He therefore felt himself bound to state to his brethren in the Presbytery the grounds on which he differed from their judgment. He believed that the authority of the Jewish Sabbath was an insufficient, unscriptural, and therefore perilous basis on which to rest the observance of the Lord's Day, and that to impose regulations as to the one institution which applied only to the other must, with the changing conditions of society in Scotland, be productive of greater evils in her future than in her past history. In proportion to the strict enforcement of Sabbatarianism there would, in his opinion, be multiplied those practical inconsistencies, dishonesties, and Pharisaic sophistries which prove, in all ages, detrimental to morality and religion. It was, therefore, with the desire of vindicating the divine sanction of the Lord's Day, as distinct from the Sabbath, that he addressed the Presbytery, and, in doing so, he anticipated, with a deep sense of responsibility, the peril he must incur, and the pain his views were certain to inflict on many of his countrymen." The speech, which occupied between three and four hours in delivery, was not, as might have been expected, fully reported in the papers; but those portions of it which did appear—the more destructive and outspoken—produced an immense sensation. He was mourned over as an enemy to the truth, and regarded with dislike and suspicion. His table was loaded with letters which remonstrated, abused, denounced, and cursed. Ministers passed him by without a nod of recognition, and one even hissed him on the street. Men apologised for being seen in his company. He was

ordered to leave the Church. He was orated against by men whom he could have put by the dozen into his waistcoat pocket, and caricatures were exhibited in every shop window. Intolerance and injustice, and—might we not say?—hypocrisy, under the cloak of zeal, annoyed him and saddened his spirit; but he bore it all as a brave man only could. It must, however, be said that in dealing with him the Presbytery acted with geat courtesy and consideration. His Kirk-Session presented him with an address of confidence, and his congregation to a man remained by it. But Norman was contending for a question wider than that involved in mere Sabbath desecration. He was contending for liberty in interpreting points in the standards non-essential to the Christian faith. "If the Assembly passes without my being libelled," he wrote, "I shall have gained for the Established Church, and at the risk of my ecclesiastical life, freedom in alliance with law, and for this I shall thank God. But should they drive me out, that day will see national evangelical liberty driven out for many a day from the old Church." It is impossible for those who realise the spirit of the man, whatever may be their opinion regarding the question in dispute, to do otherwise than admire him in the stand he took. He did not wish to fight. His flesh rebelled against it. But feeling as he did that he was called upon to speak out the truth as it was in him, how could he escape from the duty? He was invited to a conference, that his state of mind might be considered. How Norman scouted the proposal! "A conference!" he wrote to Dr Charteris. "If we are to have conferences, surely there could very easily be found subjects of discussion of more consequence to the Church

and to Glasgow than this. But it has always been thus with hyper-orthodox clergy—straining at gnats and swallowing camels. Conference! and all because I don't find the whole moral law in the Ten Commandments, or because I think the Decalogue a Covenant with Israel, and as such not binding on us, and base the Lord's Day on Christ and not on Moses, and find His teaching a sufficient rule of life without the Mosaic Covenant. Conference! If it were not my resolution to breed no disturbance or carry on the agitation, I am ready to fight the whole army of them on every point!"

Norman was not put out of the Church, and all good men readily offered him the right hand of fellowship when they came to understand his true position. Confidence was quickly restored in him. He was honoured with the performance of important duties in behalf of his Church, and in 1869 he was Moderator of the General Assembly. But we must note an act of heroic devotion performed before this. He took a deep interest in the state of India, was well informed regarding her religious state, and was desirous that a deputation should be sent there from the Church of Scotland. He even foresaw the probability of himself being appointed, and having consulted his medical advisers, was informed that such a visit would entail certain death. But he had counted the cost, and had made up his mind that, should his Church ask him to go, he would die in discharge of his duty rather than live in neglect of it. In 1867 he, along with Dr Watson, of Dundee, was appointed to go to the East. He went, and, as was expected, turned suddenly ill, the result being that he was compelled by the medical men who saw him to return home.

III.—Wit and Wisdom—Close of His Career.

Before we proceed to record the closing days of the eloquent preacher, we shall give some selections from his Wit and Wisdom, as contained in his Journal—a rare mine of wealthy thought and rich humour—in his letters to friends, and in his poetic epistles. We shall take them without much regard to order.

THE NIGHT MORE SUITED THAN DAY FOR PRAYER.

Journal.—" The night is more suited to prayer than the day. I never awake in the middle of the night without feeling induced to commune with God. One feels brought more into contact with Him. The whole world around us, we think, is asleep. God, the Shepherd of Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps. He is awake, and so are we! We feel in the solemn and silent night as if alone with God. And then there is everything in the circumstances around you to lead you to pray. The past is often vividly recalled. The voices of the dead are heard, and their forms crowd around you. No sleep can bind them. The night seems the time in which they should hold spiritual communion with man. The future, too, throws its dark shadow over you—the night of the grave, the certain deathbed, the night in which no man can work. And then everything makes such an impression on the mind at night, when the brain is nervous and susceptible; the low sough of the wind among the trees, the roaring, or *eerie whish* of some neighbouring stream, the bark or low howl

of a dog, the general impressive silence, all tend to sober, to solemnise the mind, and to force it from the world and its vanities, which then seem asleep, to God, who alone can uphold and defend."

A NOBLE SOUL REVEALED.

In November 1856 Dr Macleod suffered from a severe attack of sciatica. He was very ill, and the amount of work on his hand was overwhelming. His Journal contains this prayer :—

"My Father, Thou knowest my frame! Thou rememberest I am dust. Thou carest for me. I can therefore cast my care on Thee, and so be careful for nothing. Keep me in Thy peace. Let me ever honour Thee as the best of masters by obedience to Thy will in all things, by honouring Thy laws, whether relating to body or mind, and by doing all things and accepting all things with a calm spirit. Thou knowest Thy servant and understandest his thoughts. Help me according to Thy word. Amen."—"I do not wish to fly to that blue sky, but by the help of God Almighty to act a true and brave part amidst the smoke and mud and sin of Glasgow."

HIS PURPOSE AND DETERMINATION.

In 1863 "Good Words," of which Norman was editor, was fiercely attacked by a certain narrow religious faction in the country, and the slanders thrown against the magazine disturbed the Doctor. The following is an extract written at the time to one of the Professors of Edinburgh University :—

"With a good conscience towards God and man, I therefore crave as a Christian brother pastor, seeking to aid his Master's work, the sympathy of the good men of all parties, and of all churches—for 'Good Words' belongs to all. If this is denied me, by even a few, on those few lie the responsibility of weakening my hands and my efforts. Pro-

foundly convinced, however, of a higher sympathy, I shall go on as I have begun, with a firm clear purpose and a peaceful courageous heart. As I have sung long ago, I sing now, and hope to do so till my voice is silent—

'Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But in every word and action
Trust in God and do the right!

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right.'"

DR MACLEOD'S ARMINIANISM.

If any one should doubt Norman's Arminianism, let him read the following:—

"If Christ did not die for all men, how can it be said that God willeth all men to be saved? Can He will any to be saved for whom there is no atonement? If Christ did not die for all men, in what sense is He said to be the Saviour of all men, though specially of those who believe? If Christ did not die for all men, how can all men be commanded to believe? What are they to believe? Is not this inviting to a supper insufficient to feed all the guests *if* they come? If it is said—'God knows they won't come,' I reply, this is charging God with conduct men would be ashamed of. If He died, and they may, yet won't believe, this is moral guilt, not natural inability. It is the guilt of the drunkard who cannot give up drinking, not the guilt of the man without legs who cannot walk, which is no guilt at all."

A SOOTHING THOUGHT.

"How soothing to feel that we are not lost in the big crowd, that our case is not overlooked by Him who is guiding the stars—but that His eye of love rests upon us, and that He is attending to each of us as really and truly as He did to Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, whom He loved!"

FUNEREAL THOUGHTS.

Norman thus writes in his Journal his impressions at the funeral of his friend John Mackintosh:—

"We buried him on Wednesday last, the 9th. The day was calm and beautiful. The sky was blue, with a few fleecy clouds. The birds were singing; everything seemed so holy and so peaceful. His coffin was accompanied by those who loved him. As I paced beside him to his last resting-place, I felt a holy joy, as if marching beside a noble warrior receiving his final honours. Oh, how harmonious seemed his life and death! I felt as if he was still alive, as if he still whispered in my ear, and all he said—for he seemed to repeat only his favourite sayings—was in beautiful keeping with this last stage of his journey—'It is His own sweet will; dearie, we must be as little children!'"

HIS POETRY.

In nature Norman Macleod was a true poet. There was poetry in his every thought and word. His language but wanted the measured dressing which he had no time to bestow. But throughout the volumes of his brother there are many sonnets and lines which show that, when inclined to spare the trouble to clothe his thoughts in rhyme and metre, he possessed a full measure of the requisite taste and skill. We shall give a few specimens, "grave and gay." Here is a sonnet written to his friend Mackintosh:—

"What though we are but weary pilgrims here,
Trav'lers whose place of rest is not below,
Who must along the path of sorrow go,
For those we cherish and regard as dear,
With weak hearts trembling betwixt hope and fear;
Yet, mourning brother, wherefore should we know
That rayless grief which broodeth o'er despair?
For still a lot most full of bliss is ours!

Sweet commune with the good which are and were,
Virtue and love, high truth, exalted powers,
Converse with God in deep, confiding prayer,
An ever-present Lord to seek and save,
The word which quickens more than vernal showers,
A Father's house beyond the hollow grave !"

More beautiful still is the sonnet on hearing of Coleridge's death—

"Oft have I watched in meditative mood,
A sunbeam travel over hill and dale ;
Now searching the deep valley, now it fell,
With gorgeous colouring, on some ancient wood,
Or gleam'd on mountain tarn ; its silvery flood
Bathed every cottage in the lowly vale ;
The brook once dark amidst the willows grey,
Danced in its beams, and beauties dimly seen,
Were lighted into being by that ray :
The glory ceas'd as if it ne'er had been,
But in the heart it cannot pass away—
There it is immortal ! Coleridge, friend of truth,
Thus do I think of thee, with feelings keen
And passions strong, thou sunbeam of my youth."

With his great, strong, manly heart, he entered thoroughly into the enjoyments of young folks and children, and a dancing party was his especial delight. He has thus expressed his feelings :—

" 'Dance, my children ! lads and lasses !
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels !
Piper, war from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels !

'Make the old barn shake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum ;
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
Till the storm without is dumb !

'Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing ;
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing !'

Thus a grey-haired father speaketh,
As he claps his hands and cheers ;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears !

Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin,
Well he knows the race before them,
What's to lose and what's to win!

But he hears a far-off music
Guiding all the stately spheres,
In his father-heart it echoes,
So he claps his hands and cheers!"

His humour found vent in such pieces as "Captain Fraser's Nose," written, says his brother, when he was enduring such violent pain that the night was spent in his study, and he had occasionally to bend over the back of a chair for relief—

"O, if ye'r at Dumbarton Fair,
Gang to the Castle when ye'r there,
And see a sight both rich and rare—
The nose o' Captain Fraser!

It's great in length, it's great in girth,
It's great in grief, it's great in mirth,
Though grown in years, 'twas great at birth—
It's greater far than Fraser.

I've heard volcanoes loudly roaring,
And Niagara's waters pouring,
But, oh, gin ye had heard the snorin'
Frae Captain Fraser's nose."

His "Curling Song" well merits popularity among the knights of the broom. We give the first verse:—

"A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin';
'Tak' care,' quo the wife, 'gudeman, o' yer cough.'
'A fig for the sneezin', hurrah for the freezin',
For the day we're tae play the bonspiel on the loch!
Then get up, my braw leddy, the breakfast mak' ready,
For the sun on the snawdrift's beginnin' to blink;
Gie me bannocks or brochan, I'm aff to the lochan,
To mak' the stanes flee to the T o' the rink!'
Then hurrah for the curling frae Girvan to Stirling!
Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!
Ready noo! Soop it up! Clap a guard! Steady noo!
Oh, curling abune a' the games stands alane!"

HYDROPATHIC CATECHISM.

His Hydropathic Catechism for the use of schools—a humorous throw-off contained in a letter written from Cluny Hill, Forres, to the Rev. D. Morrison, is as follows:—

"What was the primeval state of the globe?—Water.
"What was the first blessing bestowed on earth?—Rain.
"What was the grand means of purifying the earth?—The deluge.
"Mention some of the great deliverances by water?—Moses in the Nile; ditto, the Red Sea, &c., &c."

This is laying what is called a religious foundation. Then comes the scientific:—

"What is the best music?—Water pipes.
"What is the best light?—Dips.
"What is the best wife?—A mermaid.
"What is the best death?—Water in the chest, or drowning.
"Who are the true Church?—Baptists.
"What is the best song in the English language?—'A wet sheet and a flowing sea.'
"Who are the true aristocracy?—The K. C. B.'s, &c., &c.
"This will be the most celebrated book published in the *rain* of Queen Victoria! I will dedicate it to the *raining* family!"

RE-WRITING THE FIRST CHAPTER OF GENESIS.

At the meeting of the British Association in Glasgow in 1871, Sir William Thomson, the President, delivered an address on the meteoric origin of the germs from which vegetable and animal life are said to have been evolved, and Dr Macleod afterwards, in company with a friend, suggested that "perhaps the men of science would

do well, in accordance with these latest results, to re-write the first chapter of Genesis in this way:—

1. The Earth was without form and void.
2. A meteor fell upon the Earth.
3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl.
4. From these proceeded the British Association.
5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good."

These quotations are but mere gleanings—mere dippings into the great well of thought and humour which the memoir of Dr Macleod contains; but they indicate the great, broad, irrepressible nature of the man. We must now speak of his "last days," and of his end on earth. "The last years of his life were marked by the manner in which both his character and convictions ripened. There was no diminution of the wealth of his humour, and his enjoyment of outward things was keen and fresh, though tinged with a certain pensive and recurrent sadness. But as his health became more broken, the sense of approaching age, the brevity of the time given him to work seemed to be constantly present, and lent an increased earnestness and thoughtful care to the fulfilment of the most commonplace duty." His health was gradually but decidedly becoming infirm, and in the spring of 1871 he had to retire from active labour. He roamed about a good deal, took a trip to the Continent, and returned able to engage heartily in his winter's work. Early in 1872 he visited St Andrews to speak on his favourite topic—Indian Missions; and to urge upon the students to volunteer to go to India. Principal Shairp says all were struck by his flaccid and worn appearance, and he was so infirm as to be unable to walk scarcely a hundred yards to and from the College Church to the Principal's house. Soon after he

wrote to the Principal—"I feel as if the winding-up were coming soon!" And soon it came. He was ordered by his medical adviser to give up the India Mission, and rest again. The Mission he gave up, and the rest he took. But, in delivering up his office to the Assembly, he determined to speak out the conclusions at which he had arrived on the subject. His speech was one full of force and earnestness. It was delivered with great power and feeling, though all could see how hard the speaker was labouring. "It was a last and fatal effort. . . . To more than one of those whose eye wistfully followed him as he left the house, the sad foreboding came that it was their last look of him." Illness, depression of spirits, ensued during the next day or two, but on the following Sunday he was able to preach in his own church in the afternoon. A sheet of note-paper was all he had written of this, his last sermon. On 3d June he completed his 60th year. During the next thirteen days he was very ill, but was always hopeful of getting better. On Sunday, the 16th of the same month, "the church bells had for some time ceased to ring, and the quiet of the Lord's Day rested on the city of Glasgow. His wife and one of his sons were with him in the drawing-room, where he remained chiefly sitting on a sofa. About twelve o'clock Mrs Macleod went to the door to give some directions about food. The sudden cry, 'Mother, mother,' startled her, and when she hurried in she saw that his head had fallen back. There was a soft sigh, and gently, as one sinking into sleep, his spirit entered the eternal rest." Four days afterwards he was buried beside his father's ashes in Campsie Churchyard—in the same grave as his brother James—the two loving brothers thus becoming

united in death. In the pulpits of the great metropolis of the west on that day distinguished sons of all the churches spoke eloquently in laudation of the great departed; but perhaps the testimony which Norman would himself have valued as greater than any was uttered by a brawny son of toil as the funeral procession wound slowly through the crowded streets—"There goes Norman Macleod; if he had done no more than what he did for my soul he would shine as the stars for ever!"

Thus ended the existence on earth of one of God's most faithful and strong-hearted sons. Few men have exercised such influence over the hearts of their fellows, and his name will not readily be forgotten in the country. He was a true friend, a kind husband, and a loving father. He was ever ready to help the needy, to strengthen the weak, and comfort the afflicted. To live as he did is to live that we shall be missed when we die.

Pleasures of Angling and Anglers.

" Lead me where the river flows,
Show me where the alder grows,
Reeds and rushes, moss and weed,
To them lead me, quickly lead.

. . . .

There, as with a pleasant friend,
I the happy hours will spend,
Urging on the subtle hook,
O'er the dark and chancy nook,
With a hand expert
Every motion swaying,
And on the alert,
When the trout are playing;
Bring me rod and reel,
Flies of every feather,
Bring the osier creel,
Send me glorious weather!"

" Angling Song"—*Anon.*

"PERHAPS," says rare old Kit North, "perhaps a man might write a tolerable sermon during a season of dangerous illness, a passable prayer, or a fair last will and testament. But a good work on angling can be written, take our word for it, only in a state of vigorous health of mind and body—tongue pure, eyes bright, stomach strong, and pulse steady." We are in prime health. Our eyes, brightened by many a pleasant ramble adown the bonnie streamlet's bank, are piercing as the eagle's; our stomach is submissive under a double cargo; and so well does our pulse its work that we are never alive to its presence. Such is our state of body; and our plea of insanity and non-responsibility having invariably been repelled by the learned judges who meted out justice for our many petty crimes, we are compelled to conclude

that our mental state is equally good. Coming thus so nearly to suit Kit's requirements, and being an enthusiastic angler, and divinely gifted (so our dependent relations say) with a modicum of the literary genius of "Old Izaak," we claim the right to address our readers on the "gentle art," and we ask them to blame the pen if we be prosaic.

Come with us, reader, and enjoy one day of your life away from the dust and din of the city. Come away out among the green fields that you may feel the balmy wind play upon your face, and listen to the song of the laverock as he soars away up among the fleecy clouds. Leave conventionality and snobbishness behind you, and refresh your soul with one rich draught at the wellsprings of nature. Enjoy a walk over the gowan-decked lea, and feel glad, and innocent of evil thoughts, as the sportive lambkins around you, whose emerald-hued playground you tread. Go down the tangled dells—picturesque abodes of fairy nymphs—and rest beneath the cool umbrage of the towering, spreading trees; linger by the side of the wimpling or dashing stream, where Naiads lurk in every pool; watch the play of the golden trout in the shallows, or listen to the sullen plunge of the silver-scaled salmon in the deep. And if you but try a cast in some quiet nook where the wind has raised a ripple, who knows but your running reel may emit music more charming to your ear than the fabled Syren's voice.

Angling is one of the most, if not *the* most, delightful of all sports. Rosy-cheeked, curly-haired boys angle in their first breeches, and grey-haired, furrow-faced patriarchs in their last. The first is as proud of his captive minnow or parr as the latter of his newly-run fish. There is something delightfully exhilarating in a day's angling by loch

or stream. Fish or no fish, there is always a degree of freshness about a bit of water. What can be a better change from adding up long columns of figures in a counting-room; measuring yards of cotton, silk, or calico; or selling penny candles or red herrings over a counter, than a day by the river-side engaged in a recreation so eminently healthful? You have the whole body invigorated—a spring is given to the step, a flush to the cheek, and a lustre to the eye, which even an Apollo might envy. The act of casting brings every muscle of the body into play, and yet not one need be over-strained. A tumble into the stream is generally as provocative of mirth as melancholy; and the unfortunate sportsman, scrambling up the bank and shaking himself after the manner of the water-rats and sea-mews, leaves the sun to do the rest, while he plies the rod harder than ever. Chills and colds are unknown among true brethren of the angle (they are more likely to be possessed of "Wisdom-teeth" on their first birth-day), and a thorough drenching gives them peculiar pleasure.

Then the delightful uncertainty which most anglers, on setting out for the day's work, experience—uncertainty as to whether they will return empty, or whether they will have safe in the creel the biggest fish of the season—keeps up a mild excitement, which causes the hours to glide swiftly away, and creates an appetite that would do no discredit to a race-horse. And another cause of the excitement, and no small element in the enjoyment connected with angling, is the playing of the hooked fish. If a trout—and let it be understood that we speak of angling for trout or salmon only; other fish, and the manner in which they may be caught, are not worthy to

be mentioned—if a trout, we say, he must be treated gently and skilfully, as if a single thread of a spider's web was the sole connecting link between fish and fisher. And on a clear day in a low stream it must have been no more visible, else the keen-sighted quarry would have detected the deceptive lure, and no coaxing would have tempted a rise. Of gut invisible, fine as gossamer, must have been the cast which lighted, more softly than a shadow, on the surface of the water just above where he lay. What a care must be taken in yielding to every sudden rush and plunge, in watching and guarding against every double and twist, in guiding every mad leap high in the air, so that the strain shall neither be slackened nor tightened to the snapping; and when leap, plunge, rush, and wriggle are combined in one unnameable movement, the delighted angler undergoes a trial such as Job and the Stoics never experienced! When the prize is at length laid safely on the greensward, there is good reason indeed for the triumphant feeling which fills our friend's bosom as he gazes on the writhing beauty at his feet. He is moved with the consciousness of his superiority. All his powers of body and mind have been in active play, and he feels, now that the strain is off, like a man relieved of a heavy burden. No smiling, reader! There is more truth in this than you may be inclined to believe. Just listen for a moment to the "first chemist of his day"—Sir Humphrey Davy, who was a good angler and philosopher besides:—"The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterise man in his highest or intellectual state, and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery

to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as to active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper." These are unquestionably the virtues of the successful angler; and it must be obvious to our married male readers that, if they cannot conveniently get to practise angling themselves, it might be of great advantage to send their wives. "A pursuit of moral discipline requiring patience, forbearance, and *command of temper!*" Many wives, as their husbands well know, despite the testimony to the contrary of sundry stupid novelists, do very much require exercise of this sort; and if angling has the effect, which Sir Humphrey indicates, upon women, a remedy is discovered which might by proper application shortly erase the name of henpecked husband from the list of moral nuisances. But a wife with "patience, forbearance, and command of temper!" Alas! 'tis a consummation too good to be hoped for. We fear Sir Humphrey means his remarks to apply in the case of men only; and, with a deep sigh, proceed to quote somebody else. "In angling, the intelligence, skill, and power of man is cruelly placed against the unknowing but suffering fish," writes a person whom we do not know; but the words are a slander on the art, as the simpleton who penned them would find were he to try his skill for a day. The dullest pound trout from the Forth to the Findhorn, in our opinion, knows a great many more ways of getting off a hook than the writer quoted does of getting him on. Between ourselves, trout are a great deal more nearly a

match for us than we are generally willing to admit. Empty creels on anglers' backs are often—yea, very often! —evidence of the superior tact or intelligence of the fish. This only adds zest to the sport. Were it all slaughter, with no disappointments, no exercise of skill and patience, no tantalising rises and misses, no breaking off at the supreme moment when ready to land, the sport would sink to the same level with shovelling stones into a cart at the wayside. It is these difficulties that lend the excitement when the "take" is on, and the surface of the water is boiling with the black backs of the rising trout; it is these that cause the heart to throb when the tug at the line sends the electric thrill from head to heel. If it be a salmon that has suddenly shot away into the depths with your hook in his mouth, causing your reel to spin, your point to bend and tremble, and your line to sing like an Æolian harp, the exultant shout, "There he is—there he dances!" is almost irrepressible.

"A birr! a whirr! a salmon's on!
  A goodly fish! a thumper!
Bring up, bring up the ready gaff,
And, if we land him, we shall quaff
  Another glorious bumper!
Hark! 'tis the music of the reel,
  The strong, the quick, the steady;
The line darts from the active wheel—
  Have all things right and ready.

A birr! a whirr! the salmon's out,
  Far on the rushing river;
Onward he holds with sudden leap,
Or plunges through the whirlpool deep,
  A desperate endeavour!
Hark to the music of the reel!
  The fitful and the grating;
It pants along the breathless wheel—
  Now hurried, now abating.

. . . . . .

> No birr! no whirr! the salmon's ours,
> The noble fish—the thumper;
> Strike through his gill the ready gaff,
> And, bending homewards, we shall quaff
> Another glorious bumper!
> Hark to the music of the reel!
> We listen with devotion;
> There's something in that circling wheel
> That wakes the heart's emotion!"

When the fish is on, careering down the flood, breasting the torrent, or dashing away to the opposite bank, "the fool at the other end," according to Dr Johnson, is the happiest man alive. At the moment he would scarce exchange his rod for a sceptre.

We have no intention of entering into a description of the various kinds of baits and lines in use by anglers. We shall not say what fly we prefer, or when, or how to use it. We are not to descant on the advantages of evening over morning; on sky, and clouds, and wind; nor on colour, height, or depth of water. We write not to instruct, but to amuse; and, besides, it is extremely likely that any information we have to give would not be worth receiving. The mysteries of time and place, "harelug," wood and jungle cock wings, together with "March Browns," "Earl Greys," "Butchers," "Silver Doctors," "Red Hackles," "Black Jocks," and "Professors," must be examined by each angler for himself. But this we shall say, that the riverside, and not the fireside, is the place to gain experience. As Stoddart puts it, "When angling, always keep one eye upon nature, and the other upon your hooks"—that is to say, watch the flies which cover the air and thicken the water. See to which the trout gives preference at the moment, and imitate that if you can. If you have no fly with you to suit, ask the first

angler you meet to lend you one, and the chances are ten to two that he hands you his book to select therefrom, with a look that bespeaks his pleasure at being able to oblige. But see that you ask the favour of an angler, and not of a snob in disguise.

A disappointment like the one we shall immediately quote is occasionally experienced; but, though tantalising at the time, is ever after subject for mirth. An angler, well known in his time, found himself one day on Tweedside at Ashiestiel ready to commence. His dilemma will be discovered from his soliloquy, which we transcribe:— "There's as pretty a piece of workmanship as poor Phin (the maker of the rod) ever put out of his hand, light as cork and true as steel—and such a run! Now, let us choose an irresistible leash of insects, and we lay a sovereign to a sixpence that we are fast in silver scales before half-a-dozen throws. Where the deuce is our book? Not in this pocket, nor this, nor this, nor this—confound it—that is very odd; it can't surely be in our breeches—no, no, not there. Confound it—that is very queer; nor in the crown of our hat—no—dang it! that is enough to try the patience of a saint. Where the devil can it be? Not in our basket? No—and, Tommy! can we, like a great idiot, have left our book on the breakfast table at Clovenford?" Miles away, on the breakfast table of Clovenford it was, and all the poor angler could do was to seat himself for a time at the riverside, and while he watched the trout rise, and himself unable to touch them, indulge in a train of reflection on the vanity of human wishes. Such an incident is regarded as a rare standing joke; and there are few anglers indeed who have not at some time or other gone off, leaving behind him either

book, reel, or pocket-pistol, which latter is considered among the leading essentials of an angler's outfit.

And now a word or two about anglers themselves. "Anglers," says Tom Tod Stoddart, "are a more gifted and higher order of men than others, in spite of the sneers of pompous critics or the trumpery dixit of a paradoxical poet." Though this estimate was quite true in the case of Stoddart himself, who is equally gifted as an angler, *littérateur*, and poet, we fear that every member of the fraternity can scarcely be said to come up to the same standard. Excellent all of them are. The elevating influence of associating much with Nature in her most charming moods is never without its effect. The angler's constant companions are the flitting swallow, the "linnet in the broom, the blackbird on the tree, and the lark in the rosy cloud;" and each and all teach him lessons which linger imperishably in his soul. Get an angler—one who has passed many days by the river's brim when it rushed on in resistless spate, and when it rippled past gently as a mountain rill in summer's drought—we care not how illiterate—we care not how clad, nor to what station he belongs—and you will have conversed but shortly with him when the deep-seated poetic feeling lurking in his bosom will become apparent in his speech, and give eloquence to his tongue. It may be that his words will not be well chosen, but the glowing warmth thrown into their utterance will reveal the genuine responsiveness of his soul to the beauties of nature. This is a characteristic of every angler we ever met—we have sought for and noted it again and again—"as a gift of his calling poetry mingles in the angler's being," and in this respect they are all excellent.

But there are among them degrees of excellence; and, besides, every person you may meet carrying a fishing-rod in his hand is not entitled to be termed an angler. You will occasionally stumble across a fellow who is all in a flurry to get first to a favourite pool, and looks daggers at any one who may have reached it before he comes up, panting and puffing. This chap gets sour, and not fit to be spoken to about mid-afternoon, when it becomes apparent to him, as it has been to others during the whole day, that his basket is to weigh light. And when a fish breaks him and gets off, he fumes and stamps his feet, and sometimes even swears. You will also now and then, about the middle of June, meet an ill-shapen, red-faced, dumpy-looking person, with an overcoat on his back, a thick comforter about his throat, and generally a cotton umbrella under his arm, who is puddling away with worm or salmon roe in a still pool where only one fish was ever known to lie, and that a dead one, which an otter had bitten and left to decompose. If you should happen to be on the opposite side, and wish to cross by the boat which lies moored just beside him, naturally enough you ask whether he will kindly take you over. He doesn't hear you at first. Then he doesn't understand what you say; and, finally, with an ill-natured growl, he says the boat's not his, and he won't interfere. When you do get over, by wading at the nearest shallow, you find he hasn't raised a fin or displaced a scale; and, if you should feel interested in his history, close inquiry will probably elicit the information that his father was a pork butcher, who gave up business and retired to Australia upon the recommendation of a Circuit Judge; and that his father's son keeps an establishment in the nearest town or city, where tripe

suppers, with hot potatoes and stale beer, may be had at a profitable figure. Six days of the week he spends pursuing his calling, and the seventh in speculating as to whether the next six will bring him more profits than the last, while his few leisure-moments are occupied with placid dreams of future greatness in the Council Chamber. Yet on the river side he fancies he looks like an angler, and actually cuts airs as if he were My Lord Tom Noddy out for a holiday! Ask a hook from him, and you don't get it; solicit his assistance to unravel a cast or splice a broken rod, and he returns a vacant stare. He growls at water, wind, weather in general, clouds, and sky—everything but himself; while all the while the trout are hid in the farthest recesses, trembling with alarm at sight of the monstrosity. Others with equally distinct peculiarities are to be seen up and down the river banks all the long summer; but were we to attempt an allusion to the characteristics of all, we should be led away into a descriptive essay of interminable length. The true angler is, however, always pleasant, always smiling, always contented. His creel, which he is ever ready to show, is rarely empty; and, as we have already hinted, you have but to ask a favour to receive it; so far, indeed, would his generosity extend that he would even give a word of advice or a helping hand to the pork butcher's lobster-faced son! He can sport like the lambkins, he can sing with the birds. He enjoys to the full the sight of "the leaf bursting from the purple bud;" he likes to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet and enamelled with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, and to view on the surface of the water the

gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunshine.

To say what class excels in the art raised to such perfection by our Waltons, our Stoddarts, Davys, Ronalds, Wilsons, Stewarts, Crockatts, Russells, and Lyalls were a difficult matter. It is a question we cannot settle. "The Cockneys are the best anglers we ever met," says Professor Wilson, and all will admit that he was a most excellent judge; but, says Stoddart, "The best craftsmen in Scotland are perhaps to be found among the lower orders, despite their clumsy rods and rough tackle. We have met with such as were loading their creels at every throw, and yet seemingly without effort or science. In fact, the best proof of a good angler is his ability to conceal his skill." Now, these opinions do not contradict each other. Both are right; but both may be partly wrong. Certainly *all* Cockneys are not good anglers. We have seen them at work on Lowland stream and Highland tarn; and would have no difficulty in finding a Scotch handloom weaver who could kill his half-dozen for their one.

The fraternity of anglers has been rendered respectable, if not more, by illustrious brethren. Walton, Paley of the "Christian Evidences," Admiral Lord Nelson, Professor Wilson, Sir Humphrey Davy are among those who were at one and the same time great anglers and great men; and in our own day the distinguished "Tribune of the People," John Bright, is a most passionate lover of the gentle sport.

In short, angling is a most enjoyable and innocent recreation—one at present much prosecuted by all classes. Preserves are unfortunately now few. A year or two ago the "dark moss water" of the far north was seldom

crossed by angler's rod; but in these days every loch and pool—from "far Loch Maree, wild and desolate," stretching away for miles in silent beauty, to the nameless tarn asleep among the Sutherland mists—must deliver up of its treasure to the eager sportsman. And many in search of sport have been led by the pursuit to behold new wonders in scenery, whose grandeur they had hitherto fancied could exist only in dreams.

P. T. Barnum,

"THE AMERICAN HUMBUG."

IN the matter of merely catering to the amusement of the public, and satisfying a curiosity which it is often first necessary to excite, a man, to be successful, has need of much ingenuity and skill, and in this respect perhaps few men in this century have attained to greater celebrity than P. T. Barnum, the American showman, well known by the name which forms the sub-title to our article—"The American Humbug." Barnum is unquestionably the king of showmen, outstripping the Henglers and Van Amburghs and Wombwells of his profession as far as these did, or do, the proprietor of the ordinary penny "gaff." A man of infinite resource, of unequalled shrewdness, and irrepressible energy, his life is a very interesting study. We take our facts from his own racy and valuable autobiography, "Struggles and Triumphs."

Phineas Taylor Barnum was born in the town of Bethel, in the State of Connecticut, on July 5th, 1810. He was the son of a small farmer, who sometimes kept a tavern. Young Barnum was sent to school when he had concluded his sixth year, and proved to be a willing and an apt scholar. At a very early age he began to lay up money on the "pirlie-pig" principle—a very good one for youngsters—and by the time he was six years old had small coins sufficient to be exchanged for a silver dollar. Till he was

twelve years of age he had never visited the metropolis of America—New York—but at that age he accompanied a friend of his father's to the city, and the week he stayed there proved to be the most eventful he had yet experienced. Before leaving home his mother had supplied him with a dollar to spend, and this amount he fancied large enough to supply every want which his heart could desire. A number of oranges, a gun which cost thirty-one cents, a watch, some toy torpedoes, a breastpin, and top, however, reduced his dollar to eleven cents; and after discharging, by way of experiment, two of his torpedoes at the guests of the inn where he was staying, and causing an amount of consternation which brought up the landlord to box his ears, he at length came upon the one prize which he desired to have. Then Barnum had recourse to his ingenuity. He saw in a toy-shop window a beautiful knife with two blades, a gimlet, and a corkscrew—"a whole carpenter's shop in miniature, and all for thirty-one cents!" But Barnum had only eleven cents. He was, however, determined to have that knife, and he proposed to the shopwoman to exchange his top and breast-pin for the deficit of the price, if she would let him have the knife. She consented, and Barnum chronicles this as his first "swap." Some excellent molasses candy then caught his eye, and for its equivalent in this commodity he gave back the watch. The candy was so excellent that before night his gun had gone in the same way. Then he traded his torpedoes, and finally his dearly-beloved knife. Molasses candy was for the moment his ruling passion, and after he had traded two pocket-handkerchiefs and a pair of stockings for the last nine pieces of candy, he wandered about through the city penniless and discon-

solate, sighing because there was no more molasses candy to conquer.

Three years after, at the age of fifteen, Barnum lost his father, and began the world with nothing! He had to get trusted for a pair of boots to attend his father's funeral, and he rather tersely remarks—"I literally began the world with nothing, and was barefooted at that." For some time he served in a grocery establishment at Brooklyn, Long Island; then he started a porter store on his own account. This he soon sold out to advantage, and took an engagement in another grocery store. His mind was, however, of a decidedly speculative cast, and as this situation afforded him no chance of using his energies to make money, he became dissatisfied with it, and once more commenced business on his own account in Bethel, with a total capital of 125 dollars. At this time—in 1828—lotteries were a very common speculation, and Barnum did a large business in the sale of lottery tickets. A year later, on November 8th, 1829, he was married in New York to Charity Hallet, a young tailoress, who belonged to his native town. A year or two afterwards he got into celebrity by starting the *Herald of Freedom*, and being cast into prison for the violence of one of his articles. Subsequently, late in 1834 or early in 1835, he and his family removed to New York.

In New York, Barnum had great difficulty in finding a situation to suit his taste—indeed, he altogether failed in doing so; and during the next summer made his first start as a showman, the profession in which he was destined to make a sensation throughout America and Europe. "The show business," he writes, "has all phases and grades of dignity, from the exhibition of a monkey to

the exposition of that highest art in music or the drama which entrances empires, and secures for the gifted artist a world-wide fame, which princes well might envy. Such art is inexhaustible, and so with the whole range of amusements from the highest to the lowest. This is a trading world, and men, women, and children, who cannot live on gravity alone, need something to satisfy their gayer, lighter moods and hours, and he who ministers to this want is in a business established by the Author of our nature. If he worthily fulfils his mission, and amuses without corrupting, he need never fear that he has lived in vain."

These reflections are probably the result of maturer thought than Barnum had at that time devoted to the subject, but it redounds very much to his credit that, during his whole career, although "humbugging" the public in many ways, no one could establish against him that he ever offered anything for exhibition which would bring a blush to a maiden's cheek. After a brief trial of showmanship, he gave up the business, and joined his family in New York on June 4, 1838. He then went into partnership with a German named Proler, who was a manufacturer of paste blacking, waterproof paste for leather, Cologne water, and bear's grease. But the business did not prosper in a way to satisfy Barnum, and in 1840 he sold out his share to Proler, accepting a note on credit for 2600 dollars; but the German ran away to Rotterdam without paying his note, leaving Barnum with nothing but a few trade recipes. Barnum was now almost at the wall. He had, however, a wife and family to care for, and an effort had to be made. He started on another tour with a singing and dancing company, but on his return in 1841 to New York the state of his funds was

such that he resolved that he would never again be an itinerant showman. He was now in a quagmire of difficulty, but the road to fortune was close by. He was reduced to writing advertisements and notices for the Bowery Amphitheatre at five dollars per week when a chance suddenly offered itself. To ordinary men it would have been but an idle dream, to Barnum it was a reality. Scudder's Museum, New York, was offered for sale at 15,000 dollars, and Barnum determined to purchase it. "*You* buy the American Museum!" said a friend, who knew the state of his funds. "What do you intend buying it with?" "Brass," was the reply, "for silver and gold I have none." The building which contained the collection belonged to a Mr Olmsted, and Barnum at once wrote to that gentleman, asking him to purchase the collection; to give Barnum a written document securing it to him provided he made the payments punctually, including the rent of the building. He asked twelve dollars and a half per week on which to support his family, and if at any time he failed to meet the amount of the instalment which might be due, he would leave the premises and forfeit all he might have paid. "Bind me in any way, and as tightly as you please," he wrote; "only give me a chance to dig out, or scratch out, and I will do so, or forfeit all."

After some preliminary arrangements, Barnum's offer of 12,000 dollars, payable in seven annual instalments, was accepted by the Museum proprietors, and Mr Olmsted agreed to be security. Before the writings were drawn up, however, poor Barnum was shocked to hear that a Museum Company had bought the collection at 15,000 dollars, and paid 1000 dollars in advance. Upon inquiry,

he learned that this was merely a company of speculators who wished to make a "spec" of the affair. They proposed to offer stock to the amount of 50,000 dollars, pocket 30,000, and leave the shareholders to look out for themselves.

Barnum took upon himself the duty of spoiling their game. In the newspapers he completely wrote them down. Not a share would sell, and in a year the Museum was Barnum's! He had now reached an epoch in his career which he felt to be the beginning of better days. And if he had failed it could have been through no fault of his. Everything that energy, industry, economy, could do in his favour was done. Six months after he had bought the establishment Mr Olmsted called, and found him in his ticket-office eating a frugal dinner of cold meat and bread which he had brought from home.

"Is this the way you eat your dinner?" asked the gentleman.

"I have not eaten a warm dinner except on Sundays since I bought the Museum," was the reply, "and I never intend to, on a week-day, till I am out of debt."

"Ah," said Olmsted, clapping him on the shoulder, "you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out."

And he was right. In a year Barnum had paid the full price of the Museum out of the profits, and it was then literally his own. He made it a gigantic enterprise. It ultimately became an institution more popular than even the British Museum in London. He lavished tens of thousands in supplying curiosities of all sorts from all countries, and his outlay returned in hundreds of thousands. He had hit the "popular taste," and no man knew better

how to retain his advantage. His exhibition was fitted up in the most costly style, and was visited by the highest and the lowest. He tells with pardonable pride that his Museum was the only place of popular entertainment visited by the Prince of Wales during his tour in America. His "puffing" was more persistent, his advertising more audacious, his posters more glaring, his pictures more exaggerated, his flags more patriotic, his transparencies more brilliant than his neighbours', and his Museum, ever before the public, was the most successful of its time.

"I have always made liberal use of the printers' ink," he says; and on one occasion when a man told him he had advertised three days a-week, and did not succeed in selling a really good article, Barnum replied—"Advertising is like learning—a little is a dangerous thing." Advertising, to be successful, must be persistent, he believed; and to be successful, one *must* advertise. The public rushed in shoals to the Museum. It was always open before sunrise, and at night powerful Drummond lights were placed at the top of the building, which threw such a flood of light up and down the Broadway that even in the darkest night one could read a newspaper in the street. He introduced baby shows, brought companies of Red Indians—wild and untutored—from the far West to dance their war dances and sing their battle songs. He equipped ships, and sent them bearing agents to Ceylon to bring elephants to the Museum; he constructed enormous tanks connected by underground pipes with the sea, and costing 40,000 dollars each, where he exhibited at a time two and three live white whales, which had been caught alive specially for the Museum! Indeed, while in England, he engaged to purchase the ruins of Shakespeare's

house at Stratford-on-Avon for transportation entire to the Museum, and would have done so, had not the matter oozed out, and a number of gentlemen stepped in to save the building before the bargain was concluded. Such unequalled enterprise astonished America, go-ahead as it naturally is, and the people became as anxious to see the proprietor of the Museum as the Museum itself. In two years the business had ceased to be an experiment; it was an established success, and leaving it in the hands of experienced and trusted agents, Barnum looked about for a new field for his individual efforts. This he soon found, and after he had concluded the preliminary arrangements, he set sail for England with the remarkable dwarf—Charles S. Stratton—better known as "General Tom Thumb," which name he received from Barnum. Barnum's engagement with Stratton's parents was that the General should have fifty dollars a-week, and that Barnum should have his services at that rate for one year, with the privilege of exhibiting him in Europe. He could not have dreamt of the success in store, nor of the wealth which was to be showered upon him. Upon his arrival in Liverpool, Barnum was waited upon by the proprietor of a cheap waxwork show—three-halfpence admission—who had heard of the great American curiosity, and who stated that he had taken the earliest opportunity of offering an attractive figure for the privilege of exhibiting the dwarf—two guineas per week. This damped Barnum's spirits. He fancied dwarf shows must be at a discount in England. The same evening he was informed by a Manchester lady that the price of admission to see the General in that town might be put as "high as twopence;" but her husband promptly interrupted that the usual price of

seeing dwarfs in England was only a penny, and that he needn't charge higher. Barnum was disgusted, but did not quite despair, and in a few days removed to London.

Immediately on the arrival of Barnum in London, the General appeared in the Princesses' Theatre for three nights, and proved a great success. Barnum was offered first-rate terms for a re-engagement, but his purpose had been served, and he refused to re-engage. It was now known throughout London that Tom Thumb, an unparalleled curiosity, was in the city, and it only remained for Barnum to bring him before the public in his own way. And Barnum's way was characteristic of himself. He took a furnished mansion in Grafton Street, Bond Street, West End, in the very centre of the most fashionable locality. The house had been previously occupied by Lord Talbot, Lord Brougham, and others of the aristocracy. Letters of invitation were sent to the editors of the principal papers, and to several of the nobility to visit the General. Most of the invited called, and were highly gratified. This stroke was a success. The General quickly became popular; carriages with crests drove up to the door uninvited, and Barnum's liveried servant had instructions to deny admittance to all who did not present cards of invitation. This increased the excitement, and all idea of giving offence was removed by Barnum immediately issuing invitation cards to those who had not been admitted.

The golden shower had begun to fall! A few evenings later he was at Buckingham Palace, by command of Her Majesty, and on the door of the Egyptian Hall, which Barnum had engaged for his exhibitions, a placard was ostentatiously displayed bearing the words:—" Closed this

evening—General Tom Thumb being at Buckingham Palace by command of Her Majesty." The reception of the General and Barnum by the Queen was of so interesting a charater that we give the description in Barnum's own words:—

"We were conducted through a long corridor to a broad flight of marble steps which led to the Queen's magnificent picture gallery, where Her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and twenty or thirty of the nobility, were awaiting our arrival. They were standing at the further end of the room when the doors were thrown open, and the General walked in, looking like a wax-doll gifted with the power of locomotion. Surprise and pleasure were depicted on the countenances of the Royal circle at beholding this remarkable specimen of humanity, so much smaller than they had evidently expected to find him. The General advanced with a firm step, and, as he came within hailing distance, made a very graceful bow, and exclaimed—'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.' A burst of laughter followed this salutation. The Queen then took him by the hand, led him about the gallery, and asked him many questions, the answers to which kept the party in an uninterrupted strain of merriment. The General familiarly informed the Queen that her picture gallery was 'first-rate,' and told her that he should like to see the Prince of Wales. The Queen replied that the Prince had retired to rest, but that he should see him on some future occasion. The General then gave his songs, dances, and imitations, and, after an hour's stay, we were permitted to depart."

Etiquette demands that visitors must retire from the Royal presence with their faces turned towards her Majesty, and Barnum proceeds:—

"We had a considerable distance to travel in that long gallery before reaching the door, and whenever the General found he was losing ground, he turned around, and ran a few steps, then resumed the position of 'backing out,' then turned around and ran, and so continued to alternate his method of getting to the door until the gallery fairly rang with the merriment of the Royal spectators. It was really one of the richest scenes I ever saw; running under the circumstances was an offence sufficiently heinous to excite the indignation of the Queen's

favourite poodle dog, and he vented his displeasure by barking so sharply as to startle the General from his propriety. He, however, recovered immediately, and, with his little cane, commenced an attack on the poodle; and a funny fight ensued, which renewed and increased the merriment of the Royal party."

Barnum was now at the top of fortune's ladder. He was three times at Buckingham Palace with the little General; and, of course, the force of Court example was such that the British public became fairly excited about the celebrated dwarf. The presents and money which Tom and Barnum had received at Court were almost a fortune in themselves, but these were the least part of the advantage derived. Barnum looked upon these visits to Court simply as enormous advertisements, and so they were. Not to have seen Tom Thumb was decidedly unfashionable, and for four months, at the ordinary levees given by the little General at the Egyptian Hall, the daily receipts averaged £100, and were often much in excess of this amount. The General's presents were duly ticketed and displayed in an elegant glass vase, and by-and-by these in themselves became an attraction. The Duke of Wellington called frequently to see the little General at his public levees. The first time he called the General was personating Napoleon Bonaparte, marching up and down the platform taking snuff, apparently in deep meditation. He was dressed in the well-known uniform of the Emperor. Barnum introduced him to the "Iron Duke," who inquired the subject of his meditations. "I was thinking of the loss of the battle of Waterloo," was the happy and striking reply. "This display of wit," quietly observes Barnum, "was chronicled throughout the country, and was of itself worth thousands of pounds to the exhibition."

Having finished in London, the showman and his *protégé* made a tour of the provinces, where they were equally successful. This completed, Barnum, with that sagacity and ability which so distinguished all his enterprises, made arrangements for raising the excitement in Paris to an equal pitch with that of London.

On visiting Paris he was fortunate in making the acquaintance of Mr Dion Boucicault, the well-known dramatist, who gave him great assistance in securing suitable rooms for the exhibition. All preliminaries over, Barnum transferred the General to Paris some time before the exhibitions were to begin. He so manipulated affairs, that on the very day after his arrival he was favoured with a command to appear at the Tuileries on the following Sunday evening. He went, taking the General with him, and they were introduced to the King —Louis Philippe—the Queen, Princess Adelaide, the Duchess d'Orleans, and her son the Count de Paris, Prince de Joinville, Duke and Duchess de Nemours, the Duchess d'Aumale, and several other distinguished persons.

As Barnum had anticipated, the visit proved an entire success. The little General was the admiration of all, and at the conclusion of his performance, the King presented to him a beautiful brooch set with diamonds and emeralds. At the interview things were going so smoothly, and apparently so much to the satisfaction of everybody, that Barnum, who never missed a chance, saw that the moment for a master-stroke of diplomacy had arrived, and he was the man to take advantage of the favourable circumstances. The Longchamps celebration was coming—a day conspicuous for the display of Court and fashionable equipages

in the Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne—and while the King was conversing with him, Barnum said that he had come over to Paris expressly with the intention of taking part in the celebrations, but was afraid that the General's little and elegant turn-out, his little ponies, little coachman, and footman would be crushed by the immense crowd—could the General's carriage not be permitted to appear in the avenue reserved for the Court and Diplomatic Corps? The almost instantaneous reply was—"Call on the Prefect of Police to-morrow afternoon, and you shall find a permit ready for you." Barnum had triumphed—France was at his feet! Longchamps day arrived, and among the many grand equipages in the grand avenue none attracted more attention than the superb little carriage of the General, which had its place among the line of carriages containing the Ambassadors to the Court of France! Thousands upon thousands saw the sight and cheered the General. Barnum slyly observes:—"There never was such an advertisement!" and we daresay not. Here by one bold stroke General Tom Thumb and Barnum were before the eyes of all France. Statuettes of the little General appeared in all the windows, songs were written about him, and a fine *cafe* on one of the Boulevards took his name, and displayed over the door his figure—life size. In fact, words very inadequately convey an idea of the success of this enterprise. Figures alone would do it, and these Barnum does not give. An immense fortune was realised, and finally, after visiting Holland, Belgium, England, and Scotland again, the company returned to America. Barnum was now very wealthy, and the Museum was in full swing. In 1848 he removed his family to

Iranistan, a residence near New York, which he had erected "regardless of expense," and at the "house-warming" nearly one thousand persons of all ranks and classes were present.

But he was on the eve of another success. In 1849 he heard of Jenny Lind, and at once "jumped to the conclusion" that she was sure, if engaged within the terms of reason, to prove a great success. But he took days to cipher the matter out. The result was the same. She would prove a "sure card" if he could but manage to bring her properly before the public. He selected his agent, sent him to Europe with the following instructions:—Engage her at any rate not exceeding one thousand dollars per night, for any number of nights up to one hundred and fifty, with all her expenses, including servants, carriages, secretary, and musical assistants. She agreed generally to his terms, stipulating, however, that after he had realised £15,000 by the engagement, half the profits should be hers. Julius Benedict—now Sir Julius, who, but the other day, at the age of nearly eighty, took a blooming maiden of twenty-two to the altar—was also engaged at £5000, and Giovanni Belletti at £2500, and all expenses paid. It was also stipulated that the most satisfactory assurance for the full amount of these engagements should be placed in the hands of Baring Brothers, London, before the musicians should leave for America. It was a gigantic enterprise.

"Mr Barnum, it is generally believed in Wall Street that your engagement with Jenny Lind will ruin you," said his banker, upon Barnum's applying for a loan of the few thousands of dollars he was short to make up the

enormous amount he had to send to London to ratify the engagement—in all 187,500 dollars!

But he got the money, sent it, and they came. And so busy had Barnum's active brain and hands been in the intervening six months that twenty thousand people welcomed Jenny Lind to New York. Never before had there been over any effort of showmanship such enthusiasm in New York or in America. She appeared in the Castle Gardens for the first time. The receipts were 17,864 dollars, and by mutual agreement it was decided to give the whole in charity. Barnum had again scored a hit, and says that at the moment he would not have relinquished the engagement for half a million dollars. She sang in ninety-five concerts throughout the States and in Havana, and Barnum realised in clear profit about £100,000 by the speculation.

The showman was now wealthy. He had a palatial residence, did not require to push business, and turned his attention to minor matters at his leisure. He could not be idle, and this was his weak point, for in four years afterwards he was bankrupt. He was entangled by the "Jerome Clock Company" into consenting to become responsible for 110,000 dollars. At various times he put his name to numerous notes for three, five, and ten thousand dollars, leaving, at the representation of those treating with him, the date of payment blank. The notes were not taken up, and Barnum, while fancying he was renewing, gave new notes. He had been duped. The "Company" absorbed his whole fortune, and could only pay 15 per cent. at that, and the creditors looked to Barnum for the rest, in itself an enormous sum. He was ruined! His name was in every mouth. Those who had

fawned on him in his success set upon him now, and he discovered how few his real friends were. His connection with the Museum had by this time ceased, and all he had to live on was some 30,000 dollars which belonged to his wife. He got offers of help from a few, but these he resolutely refused, wishing to rise as he had done before. *Nil desperandum* seems to have been his motto. He removed from Iranistan, which fell into the hands of his creditors, to New York. Meanwhile his eyes became opened to the enormous deception which had been practised upon him. His notes had been used to five times the amount he stipulated for or expected, and they had been applied to the redemption of old and rotten claims which had existed before he had any connection with the concern. In the midst of these extremities, Barnum received a letter from General Tom Thumb, placing his services at his command as long as he pleased. For a time Barnum declined; but finally, in 1857, he again set sail for England, accompanied by the little General, to commence to clear himself from debt and rebuild his fortune. In London he met with kind friends in a brilliant literary, artistic, and business circle—Charles Kean, Albert Smith, Thackeray, G. A. Sala, Edmund Yates, Benedict and Belletti, Horace Mayhew, George Peabody, Mr Bates, of Baring Brothers, bankers, and others being among those who rallied round him. After a successful tour in England, he went to Germany and Holland, and returned to America. While in New York he received intelligence that Iranistan, which his creditors had been unable to dispose of, was burned to the ground. It had cost over 150,000 dollars to build. In his difficulties he had neglected the full insurances, and only 28,000

dols. were realised, and this amount had to be handed over to his clock creditors. More money had to be made, and he came back to England. At the suggestion of several gentlemen, he prepared and delivered in St James's Hall, London, a lecture on "The art of money getting." The lecture was well advertised—a feature never neglected by Barnum—and the house was filled. The press was largely represented, and Barnum felt that now he must stand or fall. Next morning all the papers praised the lecture, and again Barnum's lucky star was in the ascendant. The heads of the lecture were—"Don't mistake your vocation;" "Avoid debt;" "Persevere;" "Whatever you do, do with all your might;" "Depend upon your own personal exertions;" "Use the best tools;" "Don't get above your business;" "Learn something useful;" "Let hope predominate, but be not too visionary;" "Do not scatter your powers;" "Be systematic;" "*Read the newspapers;*" "Beware of outside operations;" "Don't indorse without security;" "*Advertise your business;* if you don't, the chances are that some day the Sheriff will advertise your goods for you;" "Be polite and kind to your customers;" "Be charitable;" "Don't blab;" "Preserve your integrity." From these heads he read the meeting a lecture which affirmed the shrewdness of his mind and the thoroughness of his experience. The people felt they were listening to a man who had tasted the truth of every word he spoke. He repeated the lecture with great success throughout the country, and again returned to America. But he was still far from being out of difficulties. Every farthing he had made, and a large proportion of his wife's property, had all been handed over to his rapacious clock creditors. He was victimised again and again by pretended friends. At

length, however, in 1860, he was within 20,000 dollars of being clear from the entanglement; and he soon succeeded in becoming once more free.

The Museum had not prospered in the hands of the new proprietors, and upon satisfactory terms it was again handed over to Barnum. This was a rare turn of luck. Richard was himself again! his bills, placards, and advertisements were headed "Barnum on his feet again." All his vigour and ambition had returned, and on the opening night he delivered a brilliant address to the brilliant assembly who met to welcome the man who had struggled so heroically against misfortune.

During the next five years Barnum prospered to his heart's content, and he was again able to turn his attention to matters extraneous to his business. He was elected to the Connecticut Legislature for the town of Fairfield, and was appointed Chairman of an Agricultural Association. In 1865 he received another blow. While speaking one evening in the Connecticut House of Representatives a telegram was handed to him stating that the Museum was in ruins—burned! He read the telegram, then coolly went on with his speech to the end without betraying the slightest agitation. When he went to New York next day he saw where the Museum had stood only a pile of blackened ruins. A quarter of a century would be insufficient to replace the rarities which a few hours had destroyed, and half a million dollars could not replace their worth. The total amount of insurance on the Museum was but 40,000 dollars; its worth Barnum states at ten times that amount. He called on Horace Greeley, the celebrated editor of the *Tribune*, for advice on the subject.

"Accept this fire as a notice to quit, and go a-fishing," was the laconic response.

But Barnum had 150 employés dependent on him for daily bread, and besides he felt that New York should have a Museum. He purchased new premises, erected magnificent buildings, sent agents throughout the world for curiosities, bought numerous entire museum collections, and commenced another chapter in his career as a showman. Two years afterwards it was again reduced to ashes! Barnum lost enormously by this fire. Everything had been fitted up on the most magnificent scale, and the insurance offices would give policies for nothing like the real value. About one million dollars' worth of his property had now been destroyed by fire, and Barnum concluded he would this time take Greeley's advice—give up business and go a-fishing. This was about eleven years ago, and we do not propose to follow Barnum further in his career as a showman, although at this moment he has a monster menagerie making a tour in the States and Canada, under the charge of agents. Only a few months ago, in a letter to a Scotch newspaper which had chronicled his death, he mentioned that his "highest ambition was to pay the British Government £20,000 for the privilege of exhibiting alive for five years the Zulu King."

Bridgeport, which is some little distance from New York, is where Barnum now resides. He has erected a new dwelling—Waldemere—"Woods by the Sea"—and, like Iranistan and Lindencroft—a second residence which he built—it is a home fit for an emperor. To Bridgeport he has been a great benefactor. He interested himself in securing a public promenade and park by the sea-side, and with the assistance of several other gentlemen who

joined him, presented a magnificent "Sea-Side Park" to the town. He is now close on seventy, but "maintains the same vigour which he possessed at forty."

"All this about a showman!" some one may say, but we answer, yes, and about what other showman could so much have been said? The subject is not one-tenth exhausted. It has been skimmed—the surface taken—nothing more. Some incidents connected with his career may now be of interest; but first let us say that Barnum himself would be dissatisfied with anything going to the public as a sketch of his life which did not emphatically state that he was a teetotaller, and to this he attributes in no small measure his success in life. He never wearied when he had a leisure moment in lecturing gratuitously through the country on this subject. In his lecture on "The Art of Money-Getting" he says:—"To make money requires a clear brain. A man must lay all his plans with reflection and forethought, and closely examine all the details and the ins and outs of business; and, no matter how bountifully a man may be blessed with intelligence, if the brain is muddled and his judgment warped with intoxicating drinks, it is impossible for him to carry on business successfully. The use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage is an unmitigated evil, utterly indefensible in the light of philosophy, religion, or good sense."

Barnum is remarkable for his ready wit and power of repartee. On one occasion he was addressing a meeting in New Orleans on Temperance. There were about three thousand persons present, and while the speaker was in the midst of an argument illustrating the poisonous and destructive nature of alcohol, an opponent in the audience cried out—"How does it affect us—externally or in-

ternally ?" "E-ternally," replied Barnum, impressively. The applause which succeeded was so prolonged that it was minutes before he could proceed. During Barnum's bankruptcy he was often judicially examined, much to his annoyance, as day after day the same routine of questions were put to him by the same and different lawyers. "You see, Mr Barnum," said a young counsel one day, pushing his inquiries to a great length, "I am searching after the small things; I am willing to take even the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table!" "Which are you—Lazarus, or one of the dogs ?" derisively asked Barnum, to the chagrin of the young gentleman, who "guessed a bloodhound wouldn't scent much on this trail." At Iranistan, Barnum had a beautiful park, which he fenced up, placing deer in the enclosure. The park lay just beside the estate of Mr J. D. Johnston, a friend and neighbour of Barnum. Any one passing would have fancied the park did belong to Johnston; and a son-in-law of his one day, to play a trick upon Barnum, put up a board bearing the following announcement:—"ALL PERSONS ARE FORBID TRESPASSING ON THESE GROUNDS, OR DISTURBING THE DEER.—J. D. JOHNSTON." Johnston was elated, and boasted that he had got ahead of Barnum. One day he had a number of visitors, and took them to see the joke, when judge of his dismay to find that Barnum had added directly under his name the words—"*Gamekeeper* to P. T. Barnum."

The following incidents will illustrate the notoriety to which Barnum had attained during his connection with the Museum:—One day he was sitting in his ticket office reading a newspaper, when a gentleman entered and purchased a ticket. "Is Mr Barnum in the Museum ?" he

asked. "This is Mr Barnum," replied the ticket-seller, pointing to Barnum. "Is this Mr Barnum?" he exclaimed, when Barnum turned to attend to him, with the remark, "It is." The man looked a moment, and then, throwing down the ticket and shouting—"It's all right; I've got the worth of my money," left the office without going into the Museum. On another occasion a prim maiden lady entered his private office, and seated herself on the sofa. "Is this Mr Barnum?" she asked Barnum, who was busy writing. "It is," he replied. "Is this Mr P. T. Barnum, the proprietor of the Museum?" "The same," he rejoined. "Why, really, Mr Barnum," she continued, "you look much like other common folks after all!" Many felt disappointed when they visited the Museum and he not present, declaring they would have considered him the best show of all.

Doubtless Barnum in some respects in his public career deserved the name "humbug." He could tickle the fancy of the people perhaps better than any other man, and drag them to his exhibitions whether they would or no. But there is about him much that is real and good. He has always been courageous and independent in adversity, and success has never lifted him up with vulgar pride. His hatred of idleness, his decision, his energy, and boldness in action are to be commended to all; and it redounds much to his credit that, among the many temptations amid which he was placed, he never forgot the principles either of religion or temperance. We wish him all happiness in his declining years.

The Philosophy of Love.

> "Give me but
> Something whereunto I may bind my heart;
> Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
> Affection's tendrils round."
>
> —*Mrs Hemans.*

A GENUINE philosopher is so full of intellect that he has no room left for feeling. He is cold and dispassionate as an icicle. He experiences no emotions because he has no heart to raise them. This is our condition, precisely. Therefore be not surprised, reader, when we say that we are not in love, and never have been, and that we claim this fact as our title to write impartially on the subject, and especially under the rather high sounding title we have chosen. Were we under the influence of the wild insanity our rhapsodies would be ravings, and our declamations drivel; but we are free, and shall write from a standpoint removed far above the reach of lovers and their troubles.

Not that we have never been loved. Nearly half a century ago all the maidens within a radius of half a dozen miles were in ecstasies with us. We were *so* handsome, they remarked, as their languishing eyes bent meltingly upon our figure. We had *such* eyes; and our limbs appeared to be a direct transmission from Apollo himself. About our hair, which was decidedly red, there was nothing poetical or enticing; and our nose was just a trifle too much hooked to be absolutely pretty; but our carriage was perfection, enchanting, a positive emanation from the Graces. This brought them to our

feet. Yes, all those dear creatures on which our memory at this moment lingers loved us; but we never were so silly as to fall in love. *We never were in love!* It was necessary to repeat this with a little emphasis, for there had just floated before our mind the face and figure of bonnie Annie Snowdon. Ay, gentle creature, she did cause our soul in early youth to rise and swell like a river within the tidemark. We cared not for her face, though that was beautiful, nor for her figure, though it was slender and tapered as a lily's stem; but that hungering, yearning look which flit-flitted across her features like clouds across the summer sun, ever telling of her heart's longing for something apart from herself, which nothing within could supply—ever telling of her craving for union with some other soul with aspirations and sympathies and love like her own—that look caught our young spirit in its heedless flight, and we became a willing captive. We rejoiced in the captivity—rejoiced in the liberty it gave us to drink in sweet avowals too sacred for other ears. Let us hide the rest. Her soul, ever aspiring, sought union with spirits higher than ours. We were but of earth; she hungered for heaven; and soaring away to the regions of immortality, left us to drop a tear upon her grave. It is long years since then, but the fair face and figure still haunt our dreams; and even now, in the weird silence of our room, fancy points to her bending over us as we write.

We don't care to repeat that this was not love, but we secretly hope it will not be recognised as such. It didn't seem common enough—didn't seem foolish enough—for love-making appears a very silly thing after all. Just contemplate for a few minutes the manner of its growth :—John and Sarah have met for the first time. Neither of

them belong to the aristocratic circles in which love is considered a bore—but they can be found in "genteel" society, and from that all the way down to the first-class mason's labourer, and respectable factory girl. They have seen each other before, but have been introduced only this evening. They find themselves alone, and John, carrying his fingers to the spot where his moustache is expected to sprout in the years that are to be, twirls them complacently, and, bending forward with a simpering smile, says something meant to be smart. Sarah's lips part, then she blushes, and, dropping her eyes, gazes earnestly at the toe of her pretty boot, which she playfully taps with her parasol. Things get to a dead lock immediately. The next original witty thing can't be induced to present itself to John's mind, and after a painful pause, Sarah whispers that she must be going. Happy thought! delightful deliverance! John can, with Sarah's leave, accompany her home! The offer is politely made, and as politely accepted, and as they walk along, at the distance of an exact yard apart, the talk begins to flow again. The subject is, of course, the first that presents itself—in a town the last concert, ball, or dance are found to be very useful topics, and in a country place the deportment of the minister's wife, or the last stranger who visited the manse or the manor, stand in good stead; while somebody else's character, or new bonnet, or manner of dressing, or habit of talking scandal, are "never-failing springs" anywhere—but whatever the subject, so long as the walk continues it comes out bit by bit at intervals. But when the parting place is reached, and the walk is at an end, that confounded standing-still plays the mischief again, and John's tongue gets fast to the roof of his mouth. Every thought

has vanished, and in the most unsatisfactory manner possible he tears himself away.

They part, and all that night John's pillow seems to be the centre of a great assemblage of aerial boots of exquisite prettiness; pink ribbons float in the air, and bewitching hats, and dimpled cheeks, and pouting lips, and dear delightful noses—Sarah appearing at intervals surrounded by a halo as an embodiment of the whole. Sarah's slumbers, too, are disturbed—that enravishing curl just behind the left ear, the proud way John carries his head, and his easy yet dignified step, are, to use a familiar phrase, "present in spirit, though absent in body." In the morning both awaken to find themselves in love! In love with what?—with colour and glitter, and attitude and grimace. Not with the heart, for it has not been probed, and its quality and depth remain unknown. For the next few weeks Sarah becomes quite an adept at breaking dishes and spilling her tea on the table-cloth; while John gets up his character for awkwardness and general stupidity. The friends of each wonder if their friend's brain has not become affected. It is indeed the brain and nothing more. The two go on billing and cooing with each other for weeks and months, till perhaps John spies a maiden who appears fairer than Sarah, or carries her head or parasol in a more captivating way, and away he darts to the new object like a butterfly to an untasted flower; or perchance Sarah and he marry, and when the colour has faded and the beauty waned, they find when too late that they have mistaken the shell for the kernel, that there is nothing in common in their natures, and that their union has been a melancholy mistake.

Was this attachment between John and Sarah love? We hardly think so. Love must be something deeper, more lasting than this. Love is a chain which is so fastened to the heart that you cannot break the one without endangering the other. It is the bond that knits the world, and were its action suspended for but a day the angels might well wail a coronach for human kind:

> "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
> And men below and saints above;
> For love is heaven, and heaven is love,"

writes Sir Walter Scott, and the concluding line reads like an apocalypse laying bare the very spirit of love. It is a necessity of our nature. It is a drinking in and a flowing out. As the hart thirsts for the water brooks, so does the human spirit thirst for sympathy and love. Its fountain is the Eternal, and men and women are the channels through which is poured the precious, refreshing, invigorating stream. When the soul is weary and downcast with the multitude of troubles which "doth so easily beset it," it is no slight privilege to be able to turn to some heart that beats in fond sympathy with our own. Gerald Massey exclaims—

> "Oh, joy! to know there's one fond heart
> Beats ever true to me;
> It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
> In sweetest melody;"

and, writing to Miss Chalmers, Burns says—"Charlotte (her sister) and you are just two favourite resting-places for my soul in its wanderings through the weary, thorny wilderness of this world."

> "Some souls by instinct to each other turn,"

says Addison; and there are few tried spirits but have felt the need of a true friend's bosom on which to lean

in the heat of the day; and of an innermost recess in a friend's heart in which to seek shelter from the cold, pitiless blasts beating against their bark.

We think we have at length caught a glimpse of love. We might as well try to name the stars as give a full description of its qualities; but three, at least, of its attributes are clearly defined—these are sympathy, self-sacrifice, and incorruptible fidelity. Without possessing each and all of these, no heart can love; and the moment any one of them fails, love must die. We pause not to reason the statement. If any reader doubt its truth, let him fairly consider it before concluding we are wrong, and we will be surprised if he rise from the reflection with a desire for even the respect of a man or woman void of either of the qualities mentioned. Matrimonial love often appears a commonplace affair, and of that, being a bachelor, we could not venture to speak with any degree of authority. Filial love is more or less a common experience of humanity; but the love of lovers is the mystic tie which interests and puzzles all. It is a subject for philosophers indeed, and the special qualifications for its treatment, of which we boasted at the beginning, seem now to have vanished into thin air.

> "The sweetest joy, the wildest woe, is love;
> The taint of earth, the odour of the skies,
> Is in it."

Perhaps too much earth, and too little sky, is its leading weakness. Love at first sight we pronounce an absurdity. As well talk of a child seeing the world when first it opens its eyes. If men and women are struck with each other at first sight, the feeling begotten is curiosity, nothing more: a desire to penetrate deeper into the

character and nature of the object, and a desire for companionship that this purpose may be served. In love it may end; but it may end in distrust and disgust. What is there in mere sight to create love? what can be known of the tenderness and faithfulness of a woman's heart by a mere look into her brown, or it may be black, eyes? Are you to judge, because her cheek is fair, that her character must necessarily be the same? Are you to suppose, because she may dress with taste, that she will bear with heroic devotion the chill winds of adversity—that she will be a helpmeet in your hardest struggles in the battle of life? Verily no. There may indeed be moments in a woman's life when her whole character is put to the test, and she stands bared to the eyes of all beholders; and men, too, may at times perform such actions, noble or ignoble, as stamp their whole character with highest nobility or blackest infamy. But such moments rarely occur. What is lovable in a woman? Is it not patience, modesty, gentleness, prudence, tenderness, forbearance, courage, virtue? And in man? Perhaps we look for, though we do not always find, a little more of firmness, stronger courage, broader, deeper sympathies, and greater strength of character. But these qualities are not to be discovered by a glance; not by a meeting; but by patient watching and testing and trying. "Love is blind," some one says, but the language is not that of a lover. Love has eyes that see when others are blind. It sees the soul when others see but the body. Mistaken for a time it may be, but its ultimate findings are true. Hearts are drawn towards each other by their similarity of nature, and each new phase of mind which adds beauty to character strengthens the bond of attachment. We love

just in proportion as we see something lovable in the object of our love. And the highest form of love between man and woman is, after all, but simple friendship—the revelation of the inmost desires and promptings and secrets of the one begetting in the other, by a mysterious sympathetic power, a like confidence and trust. "Friendship," says Jeremy Taylor, "is the allayer of our sorrows, the ease of our passions, the discharge of our oppressions, the sanctuary to our calamities, and the counsellor of our doubts. Can any wise or good man be angry if I say I choose a man to be my friend, because he is able to give me counsel, to restrain my wanderings, to comfort me in my sorrows? He is pleasant to be in private, and useful in public; he will make my joys double, and divide my grief between himself and me." Love can go no deeper and do no more than this. This is the highest state of friendship, and to that condition of mind we affix the name, love—pure, rational, sustaining love.

Trust and sympathy are essential to the growth of love—they of themselves develop into love—into that pure soul-love of which Plato dreamed, and which some of his disciples have lived to imitate. A love this, free from gross, coarse passion, fitted to make youths dream of happiness, joy, peace, and a world all sunshine; and to make maidens' hearts thrill with a rapturous hope felt in the inmost core of their being, if unutterable by their tongues. Such love given and received is a strengthening power to each. The man who possesses the heart of a true woman has an oasis at hand in the midst of every desert; and his night is never so dark but there is one "bright particular star" beaming in the sky. Each look carries with it sincerity, each pressure of the hand hope, and each little act of

kindness sends a wave of gladness sweeping across the soul.

We would now have willingly laid down the pen, but there is another, though slightly irrelevant aspect, of the subject. Matthew Arnold asks—

> "Oh! must the cup that holds
> The sweetest vintage of the wine of life
> Taste bitter at its dregs?"

We know not that it must; but it often does. Though love is not blind, we have admitted that it can sometimes be mistaken; and lovers are not unfrequently guilty of the mistake. For one man disappointed in love, however, there are a hundred women; for one man deceived, his life clouded, and his heart broken, a hundred women are slighted, and very many have to pine as outcasts, and bear a load of shame which often presses them into a welcome grave. Has this ever been love? or is it love run cold, and a baser passion firing the soul? Hard questions to answer. Perhaps men are sometimes deceived themselves; perhaps they are equally unable to gauge the purity of their affections or the strength of their characters. We desire to judge harshly of none; but still less do we desire to waste mercy on villains. There are men who unwittingly make mistakes, and others who try to make them. There is, in short, many times multiplied,

> "in human form, that bears a heart,
> A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
> That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
> Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth!"

And heaven only knows the woe such men work. If one of them be reading these lines, may the barb sink still deeper into his heart, and awaken him to a truer sense of

his iniquity, as the poet's denunciation thunders in his ears—

> "Curse on his perjured arts, dissembling smooth!
> Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
> Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
> Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
> Then paints the ruined maid and their distraction wild!"

We are perfectly aware that observations of this kind will look to many like betraying an unnecessary amount of sentimentalism—perhaps a descent to positive rudeness—and we are equally ready to admit that they do not come naturally in our way in the present paper. But the fact that so much terribly real human suffering is caused by deceit and folly under the guise of love is a good enough excuse for our remarks, and the necessity for plain speaking is our plea for the manner of their expression. Society has its weak points, as well as its strong ones, and sometimes in its choice of pets it militates against its own interests. Society is too ready to forgive the sinner—fraternise and be "hail-fellow-well-met with him"—and condemn to misery, and scorn, and obloquy, his generally too loving, too trusting victim; and so long as it so acts it will continue to be guilty of a policy short-sighted and suicidal. Its almost invariable adoption of the sinner, and rejection of the sinned against, does not show it to be advancing either in chivalry, honour, or morality.

Flogging.

> "Delightful sport! whose never-failing charm
> Makes young blood tingle, and keeps old blood warm."
> —*The Rodiad, by Geo. Coleman.*

WE are unable to tell the first person who experienced the sensation of being soundly whipped, but most people will agree that the practice ought to have originated when the world was but a few days old. There should have been some wife-beating performed over that too successful attempt of old Mother Eve to bring her husband into trouble. Wife-beating can, by a perfectly legitimate process of reasoning, be traced up to the performances of the worthy couple at an early part of their career. It nominally had its origin in the Garden of Eden, and virtually it ought to have commenced there too. If our forefather, instead of stupidly partaking of the forbidden fruit of a tree, had lopped off a branch and applied it with all the force of his lusty arm to the loins of his fascinating spouse, she might have considered twice before again trying to undermine her husband's honour. And what a change it might have made in our condition! We are daily the victims of original sin. It is all around us. It is daily assuming new forms. It annoys everybody, yet enjoys the distinction of being one of our pets. It affects our stomachs as well as our hearts. It sits at our hearths, and is the presiding genius of our counters. In the pulpit it is strong, in the pew omnipotent. It is the air of the dramshop, and the wind of the Assembly Hall. It is the life of the clergy and the death of the laity. It mixes in

all our relationships—political, social, ecclesiastical, and domestic—and has had more or less influence on the cut of our clothes since the very day of the fall. In fact that horribly biting twang of toothache which at this moment made us cast about for a strong moral expression by means of which to ventilate our feelings, was, we believe, directly traceable to the weakness of Adam and the folly of Eve. Although we are, as a general rule, decidedly opposed to wife-beating, we believe our original female parent ought to have been whipped, since all of us have so much to suffer from her indiscretion.

But we suppose that flogging had not been introduced then, although it must have been very soon afterwards. Cain, who appears to have had some of the characteristics of a spoilt child, may not have been flogged much, but Abel very likely got a few firm birchings—if birch trees were then in existence. Reliable information upon such a point, however, cannot now be easily obtained; but we are informed by the writer of Exodus that flogging at the time to which he refers had become a regular institution, and the practice has never become obsolete. It has perhaps been the most generally observed custom that has ever existed, as all peoples seem at one period or other to have pinned their faith to the virtues of the rod.

Medicinally, it has been argued, the rod is a great and important agent. Some physicians have regarded it as a universal specific. It has been alleged that it stirs up the stagnating juices, dissolves the precipitating salts, purifies the coagulating humours, clears the brain, circulates the blood, braces the nerves, and in short works perfect miracles on mind and body. All of us have more or less an innate notion of its curative powers in the case of

indolence; but the cure of constitutional laziness effected by an Icelandic physician was perhaps more elaborate in its details than anything to which we are accustomed. Here is the prescription :—"Let the patient allow himself to be sewn up in a sack stuffed with wool, and then be dragged about, rolled down hill, thumped, kicked, and jumped upon by his friends and acquaintances. When he has emerged from the sack, let him take a draught to open his pores, and then go to bed." The remedy is said to have been perfectly successful—probably the patient didn't care to have another dose of the same medicine. Flagellation is alleged to act as a species of mild blistering—and its application to that part of our person which is sometimes kicked has often been attended with most beneficial results. Antonius Musa, indeed, successfully treated a sciatica, or rheumatism of the hip, of Octavius Augustus by this salutary process. In ancient times, too, flogging was employed to cure one of the most unmanageable of all maladies—love. An old writer states that it was no uncommon thing among the Romans to beat and correct youths under the influence of the gentle passion; and it was often found that the corrective was quite effectual in subduing the feeling.

The principal function of flogging, however, is to act as a deterrent from sin, and a punishment therefor. Most of our readers will have recollections, more or less vivid, of its effects in this respect. We have—very vivid. Like most other boys—always excepting little George Washington—we were, when a boy, very wicked. We supped the jam and got whipped; we salted what we had not supped, and got whipped again. We tried to discover how long pussy could endure its tail being held between

the ribs of the grate without screaming and scratching. It screamed quicker than we anticipated, and we received a caning. Disposed to give ourselves a military appearance, we smeared sergeants' stripes on the sleeves of our white pinafore with a brush dipped in coal tar, and flogging was our exceeding great reward. An old woman dwelt beside us who didn't like to be called names. We liked to call her names, and did it. She was an old hypocrite. She met us one day by accident, and in the most oily tones possible expressed her pleasure at the meeting. She wished to give us something, if we would just go with her to her cottage. We went. Our expectations were high; our teeth were watering. She sat down on an old stool and asked us to come to her feet, and when we had done so, flourished a horrifying bunch of nettles over our head and reminded us of our iniquity. Our teeth ceased watering and our eyes began. And then the old hag laid us over her knees, and our person, as yet innocent of breeches, was made to smart as it had never done before. We didn't cry any more bad names to that old woman. But the effects of flogging as a curative of the disposition to sin has not been confined in its application to boys and girls. Grown-up people have been made to suffer the infliction of the lash as a penance for their iniquities. Even Kings have been scourged in England by the dignitaries of the Church. But perhaps the less said about Church flagellation the better. It is not an agreeable page of ecclesiastical history.

In our day public opinion is divided about the application of the rod in penal cases; in the days of Judge Jeffreys it was different. Jeffreys had himself, when a schoolboy, been often severely flogged for insolence and

indolence, and what had been meted out to him so meted he out with tenfold severity to others. Titus Oates was one of those sentenced to be whipped in his time. The punishment was a most dreadful one, and it is really wonderful that the poor wretch survived the flogging. We quote from Cooper's "History of the Rod" an account of the occurrence:—"On the morning of his first flogging an immense crowd almost blocked up the line of march from Aldgate to the Old Bailey; and the hangman—according, no doubt, to instructions—laid on the lash with such special vigour that the blood streamed down his body. The poor wretch bore the infliction for a time without a murmur, but at last the pain became too much for his endurance, and his cries became frightful. Swooning several times, and apparently half dead, the end of the journey was at length reached. Forty-eight hours after he was again brought out, but in a stupefied condition, and, quite unable either to stand or walk, was dragged on a sledge the whole way from Newgate to Tyburn, and it is said received seventeen hundred stripes in the course of his journey. In Partridge's Almanac for 1692 it is stated that Oates was whipt with a whip of six thongs, and received 2256 lashes, amounting to 13,536 stripes." Such a punishment was most savagely cruel, but Oates was not the only "miscreant" so treated. A man named Dangerfield received the same treatment for being concerned, like Oates, in a Popish plot. A poor woman was also sentenced by Jeffreys to be flogged through all the market towns in the county of Dorset, but after the villanous Judge had returned to London the local Magistrates remitted part of the sentence. A youth was at the same time ordered to be imprisoned for seven

years, and to be annually whipped through every market town in Dorsetshire—a sentence which involved a whipping once a fortnight. Public feeling was, however, shocked by the brutality of the Judge, and a heavy bribe to Jeffreys was the means of obtaining a remission of the sentence. In a letter to a friend, Cowper relates a curious incident he once observed in Olney. A young fellow, who had been caught thieving, was being flogged through the town. As he performed the "penal pilgrimage" at the tail of the cart public compassion was excited by the long red stripes appearing on the youth's back, while the admiration of the people was stirred by the cool manner in which he sustained himself in the ordeal. But it turned out that the public were being hoaxed. The beadle, who acted as executioner, wielded his whip with the utmost tenderness, and before every stroke drew the lash through his left hand, which was filled with red ochre, and which left an imprint like a bleeding gash upon the youth's back. A constable, detecting the deceit, applied his cane in a very energetic manner to the shoulders of the beadle, and a country lass, "pitying the pitiful beadle," attacked the constable. "Thus," remarks Cowper, "the beadle thrashed the thief, the constable the beadle, and the lady the constable, and the thief was the only person concerned who really suffered nothing." The last whipping through the streets of Glasgow is said to have taken place on the 8th of May 1822. The culprit, who had been engaged in a riot, received his first twenty lashes with the "cat-o'-nine-tails" in the area at the south side of the gaol. At the foot of the Stockwell he received another twenty—a similar number at the head, and the final twenty at the crowded Cross.

A good deal of criminal-whipping has, indeed, been done in Scotland. It was a punishment very frequently meted out to what was at one time the great affliction of the country—witches. The Kirk-Sessions, too, in their canny and unerring wisdom, not infrequently condemned erring parishioners to be "scourgit," and Janet Robertson, of Dunfermline, was one of those unfortunate enough to be whipped in public by direction of the reverend men. In Edinburgh, in the middle of the eighteenth century, whipping was an almost daily occurrence. The whipping-course was down the High Street, the cart stopping at various points according to the offence of the prisoner. One of the last public floggings of a female offender in Scotland took place in 1817, at Inverness, when a young woman named Grant was whipped through the public thoroughfares for intoxication and bad behaviour in the streets.

China is governed in great measure by the rod. Flogging in the land of the celestials is equally a political, social, and domestic institution. Death for grave offences is inflicted by the bamboo, and the young husband bamboos his wife often for no other reason than his desire to conform to custom, and if she is affectionate and dutiful enough she returns the compliment. In fact, the violation of any of the regulations of the country regarding marriage, mourning, religion, or trading, is punishable by the bamboo. Particular crimes are, of course, dealt with in other ways, and the knife and instruments of torture are frequently employed upon the bodies of malefactors.

But Russia, miserable, agitated, and distressed, used to be, if it is not still, the country to find the lash

occupying a truly dignified position. There its sway was almost as despotic as that of the Emperor. Corporal punishment was indiscriminately applied to all classes of offenders. Neither age nor sex was a safeguard against being beaten like a dog; peasants were whipped by their masters, wives by their husbands, and servant girls by their mistresses. Every noble or official had the right to beat whom he chose; "the education of serfs and soldiers was accomplished by the stick. Had a peasant not enough intelligence, or an ear fine enough to learn music?—the stick. Did a soldier not turn on his heels quick enough, was he foolish or stupid?—the stick. For the disobedience of the slave, for the thousand and one little faults that servants daily commit, for the merchant that failed to show due respect to his noble customer—everywhere and always the stick." Catherine the Second was, it is said, quite an adept at the use of the rod, whipping with her amounting to a passion. She whipped her housemaids, dressing-maids, and footmen with the greatest possible gusto. When the maids were to be whipped, she had them hoisted on the backs of the footmen, and when the footmen were to receive punishment they were in turn borne on the backs of the maids. Catherine did not scruple to flagellate even her ladies of honour. She compelled them to dress as children, and then, acting as mamma, flogged them in truly maternal fashion! At other times she became the governess, and, giving them lessons they could not learn, whipped them for their failures. In the time of the Empress, however, it was strictly forbidden that gentlemen should beat ladies in public assemblies. But ladies were not until recently, if they are yet, exempt from official floggings. After the

outbreak of the Crimean war, an order was issued by the Russian Government for supplies of lint, rags, &c., for the wounded, to be provided by the wealthier classes. Among those who came forward was the lady of the Governor of Moscow, who, alluding to a rumour that the allied army was so formidable that they would completely sweep away the Russian forces, remarked in jest that the supplies would not be needed. Her speech was reported, and she had to appear before the police. She did not seek to deny her words, and, being informed they were treasonable, was there and then sentenced to be whipped. The Court was crowded with people, but a space was immediately cleared, and the culprit, being laid down, was held by four men till the whipping had been administered. Before more than a dozen blows had been given, drops of her blood and bits of her flesh were flying about, but the full punishment was religiously inflicted. Not more than twenty years ago three of the most beautiful ladies in St Petersburg were driven straight from an Imperial ball which they had been attending to the Police chambers, and there smartly flogged without any explanation further than a significant caution to keep discreet tongues in their heads in future. But people seem to get used to this sort of thing. In fact Russian ladies even yet, it is alleged, look upon it as a sign of neglect if their husbands do not now and again chastise their persons. Illustrative of this the following good story is told. A Frenchman was married to a young and handsome Russian lady, who, after fully a fortnight of supreme enjoyment, became very sad and melancholy. Her grief was very marked. The husband became very anxious, and questioned his young wife as to the cause of her grief. For a

time she would give no reply, but at length said—"How can I believe that you love me? We have already been united several weeks, and you have not yet beaten me once!" The husband was delighted to find that her grief could so easily be assuaged, and soon satisfied her as to the strength of his affections! This opinion that wives ought to be beaten by their husbands unhappily obtains in all ranks of Russian society. The great instrument for the infliction of flagellation in Russia is the knout—"The most formidable *punisher* ever invented by the ingenuity of man." This whip is a leathern thong of about eight feet in length, attached to a handle of about two feet. A piece of twisted wire forms the end of the lash. At each blow the sharp edges of the curved lash fall on the criminal's back, so as to cut him like a flexible double-edged sword; and each time it is drawn away it takes with it a long thin strip of flesh. Criminals are often whipped to death with this horrid instrument; and cases are recorded in which victims were dead long before the prescribed number of blows had been inflicted—the executioner, however, continuing to rain the lash upon the lifeless clay.

In the Russian army a species of flogging known as running the gauntlet is practised. The culprit is made to walk slowly beween two rows of soldiers, each armed with a pliant hazel wand or switch, with which they vigorously strike the bared back of their unfortunate comrade. The punishment is intensely severe, and often ends in the death of the culprit. In our own army and navy horrible stories are told of the use of the cat—over a thousand lashes having been often inflicted. But public opinion at length revolted against the barbarous practice,

and in 1867 it was abolished in time of peace by the House of Commons. To be tied to the triangle or grating was against the notions of freeborn Britons. It disgraced a man for life, and made as many villains as it reformed. An unsuccessful, though determined, attempt to secure its complete abolition was made in the House of Commons during the session of 1877-78, and its retention was effected only by a compromise on the part of the Government. Opinion is much divided as to the wisdom of abolishing the lash entirely, but its application is hereafter certain to be confined to what may generally be regarded as reasonable limits.

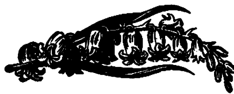
We need not speak here of the horrible cruelties inflicted on the poor negroes in the Slave States of America. To give any adequate idea of them is impossible within the scope of a paper like the present; and we have, besides, the assurance that such a description is unnecessary. Every reader must know the terrible brutalities which were perpetrated. Inhuman brutes, more devils than men, lashed the poor creatures till their arms became tired, then kicked them till their arms regained strength,—beat them not only till they were bloached and bleeding, but often till life itself had fled. And such was the state of the law that two or three years' imprisonment, and in some cases only an admonition, was all the penalty inflicted on a slaveowner for putting to death "his own nigger." We may thank God that happier days have dawned.

We might have enlarged about school-flogging, of which we have some very striking personal recollections; but then we want to know where the reader is who has not personal recollections of his own just as striking as

ours. And yet, perhaps, the most pleasing school-day episodes on which we can now look back were connected with the tawse. Boys will be boys, and the fun and frolic obtained beforehand were in many cases more than sufficient compensation for the flogging which followed. Subject to the birch and tawse are all the schoolboys of England and Scotland. This is a great recognised fact, and many masters have attained to celebrity as floggers. Some pedagogues flog upon the principle that boys ought to be flogged, while others content themselves with punishing as a means of maintaining discipline, and for offences committed. School anecdotes are always acceptable, and with a very good and very well known one we will conclude the present rather rambling paper. "One day Dr Busby of Westminster, a gentleman whose name has passed into a proverb for scholastic severity, was absent from his study, and during his absence one of his scholars discovered some plums in it, which he began to eat. First, however, he precociously called out, 'I publish the banns of matrimony between my mouth and these plums; if any here present know just cause or impediment why they should not be united, you are to declare it, or hereafter hold your peace.' The Doctor overheard the proclamation, and determined to chastise the boy, but said nothing till the morning following, when, calling the delinquent forward, and grasping the birch, he said—'I publish the banns of matrimony between this rod and this boy; if any of you know just cause or impediment why they should not be united you are to declare it.' The boy himself, to the doctor's surprise, called out—'I forbid the banns.' 'For what cause?' inquired the doctor. 'Because,' said the boy, 'the parties

are not agreed.' The objection was valid, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the doctor, who immediately remitted the punishment."

We live in the days of moral suasion, and the power of the birch is on the wane, but we are afraid that, so long as naughty boys are being reared, it will still have a province in which to wield authority.



On Style in Prose-Writing.

IT is obviously a necessary condition in literary composition that it be perfectly intelligible to those addressed. If not intelligible, it fails to attain the object for which it was executed, and cannot be termed good. All writing or speaking is designed to accomplish one or other of three principal ends—to inform, to persuade, or to please—and if the language employed be so unsuitable, or the clauses and sentences so confused as to hide rather than reveal the author's meaning, the result may be the opposite of that intended. The reader may be mystified instead of informed, prejudiced instead of persuaded, dissatisfied instead of pleased. It is sometimes affirmed—generally by those who are ignorant of the advantages obtainable from a close study of the laws of composition—that, when a man has thoughts to express, he will with ease find words appropriate to their utterance; and it is, we are inclined to believe, in no small degree due to their acceptance of this statement, and to their dependence on "native genius," that so many aspirants to literary honours miss their aim. Indeed, we do not hesitate to assert that the cases are extremely rare in which a man, however much he may be aided by natural good taste in his choice of terms and construction of sentences, can hope, without possessing a fair knowledge of the rules of rhetoric, to clothe his thoughts in language perfectly perspicuous. And, says a writer, "to speak or to write perspicuously and agreeably, with purity, with grace and strength, are attainments of the utmost consequence to all who propose, either by speaking or writing, to address the public."

In the present paper—which may be found to contain a few hints useful to young writers who have not had the advantage of a regular training in the respect named—we anticipate being able to show that rules and instructions are of very great importance. "These," observes Professor Hugh Blair, "cannot, it is true, inspire genius, but they can direct and assist it. They cannot remedy barrenness, but they can check redundancy. They point out proper models for imitation. They bring into view the chief beauties which ought to be studied, and the principal faults which ought to be avoided, and thereby tend to enlighten taste, and to lead genius from unnatural deviations into its proper channel."

The manner in which a man expresses his thoughts by means of language is termed his style; but Dr Blair admits that "it is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant" by the term. "Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style," according to Dean Swift; while Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters, writes that "style is the dress of the thoughts."

These definitions do not vary much in meaning, and if we accept that of Chesterfield, as being readily understood, it will at once appear that, since words form the texture of which the dress is composed, the quality of the latter will very much depend on the suitability of the former. Command of language, then, is the author's first requisite. Words are the materials that he works in, and it is necessary, above everything, that he have a large store at his command. In composing, a writer who has on his memory say 8000 words will have a great advantage, both in respect of speed and expression, over another who is unable to employ more than half the number. Shake-

speare, who writes with unapproachable ease and grace, drawing figures from all sources and subjects, employs more words than any other writer in the language; while it is said that Milton and Defoe in their compositions use the next highest numbers. De Quincey, Macaulay, and Carlyle, a writer on the subject ventures to say, show a greater command of expression than any prose writers of their generation; and it cannot be disputed, we think, that this fact formed a most valuable aid to the development of their genius. In the language of these men there is a universality—on all subjects they present the same copious flow; but there are others who can write successfully in one department of literature only. Thus, a person who, by the employment of abstruse terms, would be able to make himself perfectly intelligible to an audience of scientific gentlemen, might be quite incompetent, by his ignorance of the simple vocabulary, to make himself understood to a mixed meeting of working men and their wives. His similitudes and illustrations, drawn from unfamiliar objects, would probably confuse rather than enlighten. A writer or speaker who would address simple readers or hearers must employ terms—and especially figures of speech—with which those addressed are likely to be acquainted. A simple style is, therefore, preferable to a learned one, and the former is more difficult of acquirement than the latter. The simple style has, however, the advantage that it can be applied to all subjects, plain and abstruse—and Professor Tyndall may be mentioned as one who in an eminent degree succeeds in delivering himself on scientific and erudite topics in a homely but highly popular style. The admiration which exists in the mind of the Scottish peasantry for the poetry of Burns is greatly

owing to the simplicity and appropriateness of his language. He speaks to them in terms which they are every day in the habit of using. His similes and metaphors, drawn from and suggested by objects familiar not only to his own class but to Scotchmen generally, speak to their hearts with a peculiar power. In a less degree the same characteristic is found in the pastoral lyrics of Hogg, some of the simplest lines in whose sweet poems give to Scotchmen a deeper, truer view of his meaning than had the whole wealth of the Schoolmen's vocabulary been employed. Anderson of Kirkconnel, and Allan of Sunderland, in our own day, in many of their verses, also speak with increased force, because the source of their strength is the same.

"It is essential to clearness," writes Professor Bain, "that every word be employed in one of its well-understood meanings, and that the aptest words should always be chosen." It being, then, understood that a fair knowledge of words is a pre-requisite in successful literary composition, we will now consider how these words should be used. And in proceeding to enter very briefly upon this question we shall be guided in our remarks mainly by the principles laid down by Professor Bain in his "English Composition and Rhetoric," with occasional references to works on the same subject by Professor Hugh Blair and Mr William Minto, formerly Editor of the *Examiner*.

The construction of sentences is an important part of style. Indeed, it is spoken of by some as if it constituted the whole art; but Minto thinks that, "with a nearer approach to accuracy, it may be termed the mechanical part of style." The variety of forms in which sentences may be built is a calculation which, we believe, has yet to be made; but a very general distinction, and one easily

apprehended, is, that sentences are divided into short and long. Each of these has its advantages and disadvantages. While the short sentence is rarely liable to misunderstanding, the long, besides affording more room to expand the sense, may admit of an oratorical cadence, and be graduated to a climax. A succession of short sentences will be found tiresome to the reader; and it will be difficult therefrom to obtain a comprehensive grasp of the subject discussed; but in the long sentence, while there is room for the beauties of composition, the faults of intricacy, prolixity, ambiguity, and vagueness will often be found thrusting beauty aside. Sentences are further divided into the Periodic and the Balanced structures. "In a period," observes Bain, "the meaning is suspended until the close;" and Campbell says, "A period is a complex sentence, wherein the meaning remains suspended till the whole is finished. If you stop anywhere before the end, the preceding words cannot convey any determined sense." Blair affirms that the periodic style "is the most pompous, musical, and oratorical manner of composing," and Bain thinks it "desirable to counteract in some measure the tendency of our language to the loose sentence by interspersing periods on all suitable occasions." We illustrate this style of sentence by a simple example, in which it will be observed that the meaning is suspended till the close:—

"But on this topic they are either silent or speak with such uncertain utterance that they might as well have been dumb."

The periodic structure is destroyed when the sentence is put thus:—

"They are silent, or else speak with uncertain utterance, so that they might have been dumb as well."

Readers of Johnson are familiar with examples of the balanced sentence, which is thus defined by Bain:— "When the different clauses of a compound sentence are made similar in form they are said to be balanced." The advantages of the balanced construction are briefly (1st), that when a succession of clauses is formed upon the same plan, an aid is given to the memory; (2d), that sameness of form in difference of matter communicates a favourable impression and a certain degree of surprise; (3d), that when a new and distinct meaning can be conveyed in nearly the same words the feeling of surprise is all the greater; and (4th), it affords an opportunity of introducing some of the more important figures of speech. The following sentences may be taken as simple examples:—

"Contempt is the proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the first consequence of hypocrisy."

"Even now they tell you that, as you lived without virtue, you should die without repentance."

"But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous."

These are very well balanced sentences, and will be found useful to make clear the definition given above. With respect to the construction of sentences, there are still one or two considerations which must be mentioned. Campbell, in the "Philosophy of Rhetoric," observes— "The only rule which will never fail is to beware of prolixity and intricacy." Prolixity means overcrowding, and intricacy arises when there is a degree of complication amounting to the unintelligible. How to keep clear of these faults is an important consideration; and the writer must, to secure as far as possible their avoidance, attend

to Bain's rule, that "the emphatic parts of a sentence should be formed either in the beginning or in the end, subordinate and matter-of-course expressions in the middle." "There is nothing more urgently required for the improvement of our sentences than a constant study to observe this principle," says Minto. "The reader's attention falls easily and naturally upon what stands at the beginning and what stands at the end, unless obviously introductory in the one case, or obviously rounding off in the other. The beginning and the end are the natural places for important words. The arrangement is conducive both to clearness and to elegance; it prevents confusion, and is an aid to justice of emphasis. If a writer finds a construction stiff and unnatural, he may be sure that he has not succeeded in throwing the emphasis where it should be thrown; if he has not buried the important words in the depth of the sentence, he has probably done worse—he has probably drawn off the reader's attention from the words altogether, and fixed it where it should seldom or never be fixed—upon the form." Unity of sentence is also of great importance to successful writing. It is difficult sometimes to determine exactly what a sentence should or should not contain. Blair's first rule is—"In the course of the same sentence not to shift the scene;" and he gives another—"To avoid excess of parenthetical clauses." De Quincey's writings are full of parentheses and involutions, and are often a painful task to read; he burdens the memory so much before it can find relief. Minto says that the only universal caution that can be given in regard to unity in sentences is, "to beware of distracting from the effect of the main statement by particulars not immediately relevant;" but

Bain's rule—"Choose the larger breaks in the sense"—seems the most easily followed. The Melody, Harmony, or Music of Language is worthy of careful study. But it is difficult, in a compressed paper, to give a clear idea of what it means, and how it is to be secured. What is hard to pronounce is disagreeable in the act of pronouncing, and disagreeable to hear; and melody in the language employed is the art of avoiding this harshness. "If we regard," says Bain, "the sounds of the alphabet individually, we shall find as a rule that the abrupt consonants are the hardest to pronounce, and the vowels the easiest." Words, then, in which consonants are cumulated, such as pledged, adjudged, struggled, scratched, disrespect, fifthly, are harsh, and ought as far as possible to be avoided. Vocables, on the other hand, in which vowels alternate with consonants, are to be preferred, as celerity and fertility. The combinations—"a lovely boy," "a good intention," are very agreeable. It is prejudicial to melody when the same consonant or vowel ends one word, and begins the next, as, keep people, tax Xerxes, dress soon, you unite, potato only. Rare doings, calm retreat, lively oracles, blew over, are much nicer, and much more agreeable. "A due alternation," says Bain, "of long and short, of accented and unaccented syllables, is an essential condition of melody," and probably as a check upon too much refining, adds—"Monotony in sweetness is the most painful of all."

The foregoing must conclude our remarks on the "sentence," and we can only make a few observations on the "paragraph." In old, and even in many comparatively modern writers, little attention was paid to the art of arranging their sentences into paragraphs. Indeed,

writers on composition, such as Campbell, Blair, and Whately, stopped short at defining the rules of the sentence. Professor Bain, however, dwells at length on the consideration of how far rules can be laid down for the perspicuous construction of paragraphs. He defines the paragraph as "a collection of sentences with a unity of purpose," and affirms that its "first requisite is that the bearing of each sentence upon what precedes shall be explicit and unmistakeable." The other rules he gives are (1st), that "the opening sentence, unless so constructed as to be obviously preparatory, is expected to indicate with prominence the subject of the paragraph;" (2d), that "a paragraph should be consecutive, or free from dislocation;" and (3d), that "the paragraph is understood to possess unity, which implies a definite purpose, and forbids digressions on irrelevant matter." He also points out that, as in the sentence, a due proportion should exist between principal and subordinate statements. A long opening sentence in a paragraph has a bad effect, and the author should endeavour, especially in descriptive or persuasive writing, to reserve his more important remarks till nearly the close—the preceding sentences leading up thereto by easy gradations in the form of a climax.

We shall now say a few words on Figures of Speech. In speaking of Melody, we have already touched one of the ornamental branches of style. The art of employing figurative language is another. Blair says that figures "always imply some departure from simplicity of expression; the idea which we intend to convey, not only enunciated to others, but enunciated in a particular manner, and with some circumstance added which is designed to render the impression more strong and vivid."

And he describes figures in general to be—"That language which is prompted either by the imagination or the passions." They enrich language; render it more copious; and bestow dignity upon style. "Now is the *winter* of our discontent" is a figurative expression—the word "winter" being diverted from signifying a season of the year to describe a state of human feelings.

Figures of Similarity can be used either to aid the understanding, heighten the feelings, or increase the pleasure of the reader; and they are "Co-extensive with human knowledge." The more a writer knows the better able will he be to embellish his composition with figures of this kind; and the more striking, because more fresh and original, will be his comparisons. He must, however, be careful that he clouds not his meaning by a too profuse display of figurative language; his main object, he must always remember, is to fix the reader's attention not on the style but on the sense.

Figures of Similitude are sub-divided into Simile (or Comparison), Metaphor, Personification, and Allegory, and we can afford to give little more than a sentence to each. Simile or Comparison consists in likening one thing to another, formally or expressly—"*As* the stars *so* shall thy seed be," is an example. The writer, in employing this simple figure, must be careful that the comparison is just, and that it is in keeping with the character of the composition into which it is introduced. It must also be employed so as to rise naturally and easily to the reader's mind; if there is any indication of its being dragged into service the effect is injurious. The Metaphor is a comparison implied in the language used. It however dispenses with the explanatory phrases of comparison. We

speak of "the *light* of nature," of "*storming* a town," and of "the *shipwreck* of our hopes." This figure is carried by many writers to a great length; the similitude, or point of resemblance, being pursued through several sentences. This requires to be well done to avoid a *strained* appearance, and should be left to those who are at home in the art of composing. Personification is used only in the higher kinds of composition. It consists in attributing life and mind to inanimate things. "The mountains *sing together*, the hills *rejoice* and *clap hands*," are examples. It adds to the dignity, as well as the strength and beauty of composition, and is a favourite figure in poetry. It should never be used except when justified by strong feeling.

It is impossible, in a short paper like the present, to do more than merely mention the remaining figures of speech—Antithesis, Epigram, Hyperbole, Climax, Interrogation, Exclamation, Apostrophe, Innuendo, Ellipsis, and Irony—with many others, so minute and so trivial that even Professor Bain thinks them scarcely worth attention. A full consideration of these would involve a separate paper, with the probable result that it would, after all, interest but a very few. The qualities of style—clearness, perspicuity, strength, pathos, humour, &c., with all the varieties of each—must also be left untouched. To the orator or the writer all the arts of style are of service, and as he gains in experience and practice he will come more and more to see the value of happy turns of expression, skill in placing arguments, and in playing upon special emotions. As we have already said, the more knowledge a writer possesses the more variety will his writings display, and the increased variety will add to the strength

and power of his work. But the work must be done in accordance with the rules of rhetoric, and any aspiring writer without the advantage of a special training in the subject should, as a stepping-stone to his or her success, secure and study one or other of the works mentioned in this paper. That by Professor Bain is, perhaps, the best, though either Minto or Blair will be found a valuable guide.

The New Year.

> "Ring out the old, ring in the new,
> Ring out the false, ring in the true."
>
> —*Tennyson.*

HEIGHO! The New Year, with all its changes and follies, is upon us again. The fact makes us pause to think, and we do feel saddened a little when we remember how many we have seen, and how little we have benefited by them. We *have* seen a good many years come and go. The century was very young when we received our cue from the Great Prompter to make our entrance upon Time's stage. Then we were but a poor player. We could only howl and grimace, and the painful lesson which a survey of the past forces home to our mind is, that with all our years of experience, with all the bracing of adversity and the stimulation of applause, we can now, when almost ready to make our exit, do very little more. Changed we are, but the change is not altogether to our advantage. Our form is now bent, and our limbs tremulous and feeble. The cheeks which erewhile carried the full, ruddy glow of vigorous manhood are now wrinkled and sallow, and our once Rufus-like locks seem white as New Year's Day snow. But our judgment has broadened and our experience ripened; and we have learned the virtue of contentment, which is great gain.

Generally speaking, the New Year is to all a welcome Visitor; but, whether welcome or not, its coming is certain. It fills the whole earth with its presence, travelling by one

grand stride from south to north, and from east to west. A change itself, it notes all changes, and effects many. Endowed with omniscience, it gazes down into the very heart of all human affairs, and one may as well try to escape from the blessing of God as from its inspection. What a wealth of experience must it possess! Let us in fancy go with it on its midnight round—let ours be the "first foot" in many homes.

It has come! and the joy-bells ring from the steeples, cheers are rising from lusty throats, friend is shaking friend by the hand, and each wishes the other happiness, prosperity, and long life. The streets of the city are filled with the shouts of revelry—the spirit of unrest is abroad, and is swaying its votaries at will. But here we are not to linger. Away out far from the city's din let us commence our round. In the quiet village in the dell the Visitor has already announced its presence, and as we enter a humble hut we hear it made welcome.

An old man and woman sit by the cheery open fireside. They look bent and withered, and the frosts of seventy winters have whitened their hair. But their eyes are sparkling with pleasure, and their hands are fondly clasped together.

"Anither year has come, Janet! Forty o' them hae we seen thegither, an' we're aye to the fore."

"Ay, an' a' that I have born, John. Seven braw sons and twa comely dochters—a' spared us, an' maist o' them 'ill be here the morn. How glad we'll be to hear their cheery 'Happy New Year, father!' an' 'Happy New Year, mither!' an' to feel the hearty grip o' their hand in oor ain."

"That's the true joys o' the season, Janet, woman. The New Year whiles seems lang, lang o' comin', but it aye brings blessin's to us. Sic blessin's, Janet, as only a kind, lovin', mercifu' Heaven can bestow.

And lat us noo, as we've aften dune afore, kneel at His footstool an' ootpour our gratitude."

Then

> "Kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prays;"

and from this lowly altar arises a pleasing sacrifice—a sacrifice all the more pleasing indeed that, amid the follies of the hour, it forms a spectacle so rare.

Leaving the old people alone in communion with their best Friend, we enter the manse on the hill. The young pastor is found in his study, his lady by his side. Their faces wear a saddened look, but love and trust beam forth as they gaze into each other's eyes.

"Yes, Maggie, let us bid the New Year welcome. Like the past, it may have trials in store for us, but we must bow to the will of Our Father. Our loss was His gain. He had need of our wee lamb to beautify His kingdom, and He never takes away without giving in return."

"Yes, we will trust Him, James;" but a quiver is observable about the mother's lips, and there is a tremor in her voice as she thinks and speaks of her departed babe. "The day which has come may be as the dawning of a brighter time. And it is pleasant, dear, to think of our praises reaching God's ear, mingled with the angelic strains of the infant above. Its song will be everlasting. Let us pour out our hearts at His feet."

And with the cottar's prayer arises the minister's praise. The one thanks God for prosperity, the other for affliction —what a blessed thing is faith and trust!

But we hurry on. In the farm-house low down in the meadow Hogmanay cheer has been freely flowing. The lads and lasses have been skipping on the earthen floor. Blythe looks, shy glances, and stolen kisses tell tales of Cupid's work among the rustic hearts. Flushed faces give answer to soft words, and beating breasts to fond embraces.

A pause had been made to receive the midnight comer, during which the swains had dandled their dearies on their knees. Then the rafters had rung again with merry cheers—healths had been drunk in something stronger than milk or cream, bread and cheese had been broken anew, the fiddles had squeaked once more, and the hilarity is now at its height. Be merry, lads and lasses! There is a time for joy as well as a time for work. Stern toil will be required of you in the year which has come. This is a meet breathing time—inhale deeply the pure air of innocent enjoyment, that a vigorous moral health may permeate your whole being. It will strengthen you for the work lying beyond. In the struggles of the year it will bear you up. In spring time and summer, in autumn and winter, it will fill you with pleasure—the joy of the past, and the "hope of the future."

But returning towards the city we enter a spacious suburban residence. The air is filled with the soft strains of music—and the laughter of children ripples in light wavelets through the lofty rooms. Sparkling eyes, hand-clapping, and joyous cheers have welcomed alike the New Year and the "Christmas" Tree, laden with its tempting treasures, and the climax of the children's party has been reached. But in a room apart, luxuriously furnished, and richly ornamented, there paces a troubled man, the head of the house, who has for a short time sought its retirement.

"A thousand back last year," he mutters, "and this one twice as bad! I am not solvent, and what am I to do?—stop payment, or struggle on? Would to heaven trade would take a turn. How these little ones shout in their glee! God keep them from ever knowing the pain of an hour like this! Oh, dear! had this New Year kept away for months I would have had these additional months of happiness."

Further into the town we go, but can scarce pause to do more than note mere appearances. Here a company of bacchanals are deep in their orgies. Suggestive nods, stupid eye-blinks, profound gesticulations, maudlin talk and vulgar, filthy rant are the order of the night. With the same movement they welcome the New Year, and invite the "horrors" and the headache—they "honour" one another by dishonouring themselves. Next door the widow sits in the midst of her children by her husband's corpse. For her the Visitor has come draped in sadness, and the sounds of merriment that reach her ears but add keener poignancy to her sorrow. Passing a door or two we find the wife sitting with beating anxious heart, awaiting her drunken husband's return. No sign of joy here. Poverty, rags, misery—patience battling with despair. Tears are flowing down the woman's cheeks, but she realises the virtue of endurance. Neglect seems to have formed a crust over her nature, but heaven only can tell how much of genuine love may lurk beneath. Love for whom?—for the brute who has deceived her—for the villain whose happiness is purchased at the expense of her health, whose rough hand has smitten her to the dust, whose manner of living is slowly but surely effecting her murder. Darker still is the next picture. Father and mother lie drunk on the floor, and a helpless, crying babe endeavours to rouse them from their stupor. On the same flat—for we are in the crowded centre now—a reverend Father dispenses the last Sacrament to a member of his flock. The friends are gathered, the silence broken but by an occasional sob, around the death-bed. The priest has sealed the lips, and now stands with the crucifix before the glazing eyes. Here the New Year is allowed

to pass unnoticed—another and more awful Visitor is present!

On still—and we find an agitated youth sitting in his chamber alone. He is preparing for bed, but he pauses to meditate. That he has been drinking is evident from his flushed faced and unsteady eye.

"As bad as ever," he mutters. "Here's the New Year come again, and I'm not worth a stiver more than I was last, and haven't done a bit more good. Just a year ago I sat in this room with Bill Arklay, and we made up our minds to give up our fooling, and have a spell at steadiness and well-doing. Bill looks like a new man now, and I—well, I'm going to the devil, it seems. How many lies have I written to the old folks at home about bad health and such stuff, when the fact is, but for bad character I might have helped them much in their old age! And Nellie, too, still keeps up the old love. Poor lass, if she but knew all! I'm not worthy of her affection. I wonder if I might try again? I think I'll try. What's to hinder me from steadying up like other people?"

Nothing to hinder you, lad, if you only determine to carry out your resolution. Heaven will help you, if you are only in earnest, and willing to help yourself. Go on, and next New Year will peep in to see how you have succeeded. But remember this—it will find you either better or worse—there can be no standing still.

With rapid footsteps we continue our journey. A peep within each door, a rapid survey of the scene, and on we go. Happiness and sorrow, gladness and despair, poverty and waste, luxury and filth—parents deploring the errors and ingratitude of children, and children saddened at the habits of parents—in this home an altar to Bacchus, in that to God—here sufferers laid on weary beds of pain, and there the bridal party in the midst of their glee—patients moaning in the Infirmary ward, and prisoners thinking of the past within the lonely cell; each human

heart with its own trials, its own weaknesses and shortcomings, each with its own aspirations, and hopes, and dreads, each separated from the great mass around, yet all seeming to the outside beholder as if jumbled up in the seething whirling Maelstrom. Here men are staking their wives' hearts in the game of pleasure, and there mothers, cloaked in the vestments of hell, are denying their children bread that their own vile appetites may be satiated.

Keeping the New Year! Faugh, with many it is simply dancing to Satan's fiddling. But the picture has its brighter side. Many happy, joyous hearts now slumbering will on the morrow bid the young year welcome. Strong souls who can say, "another year completed, and one more step of the upward march begun," will give it a hearty greeting. They can point to resolutions kept, to successes achieved in the past, and they will go on in confidence to the accomplishment of greater triumphs ere the next New Year dawns. There is something inspiring in the grasp of their hand, something invigorating and encouraging in the ring of their voice as they wish us a "Happy New Year, and many returns." With them the New Year means something more than a time for feasting and drinking—the contemplation fetches up other visions than plum-pudding and decanters—they think of life and its earnest work—of life's shortness as a whole—and of the periods by which it is divided into parts. They wish each New Year to mark them a spoke higher on the ladder than its predecessor. They desire their inventory of character to show a better balance on the credit side.

To each and all the New Year comes checking off a period of our life gone past recall. All of us need to be made better—truer, nobler, more charitable, more full of

sympathy and kindness. We need to be trained in patience, in faith, in goodness, in love to our neighbours, in fidelity to ourselves. A good time this in which to bethink us, to note how far from perfection we are, and to discover the means by which we might best travel in its direction. If we have not gone forward, next year will discover us, it may be a little, it may be a great way back, and with less and less chance of starting anew on life's most pleasant paths. No use practising deception. Our imaginary run round with the year has shown us life *as it is*—the morrow might show it *as it seems*. Alone the cottar and his wife give in all sincerity their thanks to God—to-morrow it may not be apparent that they have done so; alone the youth condemns his manner of living—to-morrow he may not show the same contrition; alone the merchant with troubled brow contemplates his insolvency—to-morrow with unruffled face he may chat with wife and creditor as if prosperity were lavishing upon him her richest treasures. The year is with all—and though it may really *see* nothing of our hidden dark side or hidden bright side, if these sides *be*, may they not be seen? To ourselves they must be visible, in the one case giving pain, in the other pleasure. In this mixed life—this life with so much of joy and woe—if we could but gravitate a little more towards common happiness, we would have gained much. If we only would, as the years roll on they might find the living mass gradually moving upward. But, reader, whether such ever be or no, this much is clear—our duty it is to be faithful to ourselves and just to our fellows. This rightly understood comprehends all, and will secure for us in the best sense of the words—A HAPPY NEW YEAR.