

Mr. Gladstone and the Free Church.

The Free Church of Scotland has found an eulogist of such conspicuous standing and eminence as to satisfy the most ardent of her sons. If it has been foretold in the years which immediately preceded the Disruption, when she was a suppliant at the door of the English Parliament, and Lord Brougham and Sir Robert Peel were standing out against her claim of rights, that the day would come when one of the foremost men of the realm would rise in his place and couple her name with such words of honorable commendation as has never before been uttered of any Church in that place, the prophet would have been suddenly dismissed as a vain "dreamer of dreamers." That was the time when sneers and denunciations, and sharp and bitter words were flung from high places against the men who followed Chalmers and Cautlish in their struggle for the spiritual rights of the Church they loved.

But thirty years have passed, and the Free Church has achieved success. It is a power in the land. Its principles are understood; its sacrifices are appreciated; its noble men are justified, and its work for Christ and man so commended to the world, that no man can hereafter deny it, without proving himself thereby ignorant of facts which he ought to know, or prejudiced against the people whom he ought to respect. The speech of Mr. Gladstone, the late Premier of England, and the most eloquent statesman of the times, made in the House of Commons on the evening of July 6th, does justice to the Church which a former Parliament drove into poverty and exile, and makes the Free Church of Scotland as much a name of honor as it ever was a term of reproach.

Mr. Gladstone's eulogium is also the more remarkable and valuable that it was simply incidental, and thrown out in the course of a powerful argument concerning the matter of patronage in the Established Church of Scotland. It came in his way to mention the Free Church, and without purpose, as it seemed, and briefly, as if the haste of rapid argumentation forbade longer mention of the worthy deeds which he recalled, he bade "the House remember that the great secession of 1843 had the effect of earning for Scotland throughout the Christian world a degree of notice, a degree of celebrity, and a degree of honor that no such limited country ever enjoyed before. The promoters of the movement went forth from their churches, their homes, and their friends, and flung themselves on the bounty of the poorest part of the population, being strong only in the consolation of having obeyed their consciences. Their conduct drew forth a universal burst of applause all Christendom, and it was admitted that great was the country which in the nineteenth century could produce men who would offer such sacrifices to their conscience and their God."

This was not all. He did not forget to remind the Commons that what they then proposed to do, was precisely what a former generation had most resolutely refused to do, and was thus the most ample justification for the existence of the Free Church: "He said:—The bill now before the House amounts to a cry of *Peccavi*, but if it is also an admission of wrong and a confession of penitence, let me say that restitution is an absolutely indispensable means of testing its sincerity. What are you going to do with these people, whom you drove out of the Established Church, and compelled to find ministers for themselves, to build churches, mansees, and schools, and, in fact, to organize and pay for the establishment of a complete system of Church Government? You compelled them to do all this, and now you say you are going to adopt the principles into which you drove them."

These are sharp words—all the sharper for their truth. The Parliament of Great Britain has made few errors more grave and important in its results, than the vote which inflected the Church of Scotland that it held its spiritual rights in entire subordination to the will of the State. Its immediate result was the disruption of 1843—the remote result, which seems now to be hastening, will be the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland. From our point of view, and in the light of our own history, we can hardly think that this, when it comes, will be prejudicial either to the prosperity or spirituality of the good "old Kirk."

We believe that we do not overestimate the value of Mr. Gladstone's eulogy of the Free Church of Scotland. Flattering words are cheap, and in the mouths of prominent politicians, there is a constant suspicion of insincerity in their utterances which spoils their sweetness. But Mr. Gladstone is not this kind of a man, and his words are too heavily laden with truth, to be considered as merely the winning baits thrown out by an expert political leader. The Free Church of Scotland, and all who sympathize with her in her principles and aims, may take an honest pride in the public vindication has been made for her so fully by the great English Orator and Statesman.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

Rightly Counted.

Recently an eminent Baptist called on Mr. Spurgeon, and made a statement to the following effect:—"Ten years ago he had set aside 1,000 sovereigns toward building a chapel, but untoward circumstances had intervened, and prevented the execution of his design. This he was now, he said, desirous of carrying into execution, and trusted Mr. Spurgeon would render him his assistance. "What do you wish me to do?" asked the pastor of the Tabernacle. "To give me your powerful aid in raising a second thousand, which is imperatively required." "Understand," said Mr. Spurgeon; "but let me see—you have had the use of this money ten years?" "During that time it must have been worth to you at least ten per cent. per annum?" "Well I dare say." "Then, my dear sir, you have got the money without troubling me. Go and build the chapel." And the applicant departed, satisfied with this business-like and thoroughly practical view of the offer.

A Philosopher's Defeat.

Eugene Lawrence, in *Harper's Magazine* for August, gives one of his bright essays on "Galileo and Pagan Infallibility," in which he traces the connection between the fall of Galileo and the decline of Italian literature as follows:

"The trial and imprisonment of Galileo form the final scene in the death of the Italian intellect. The most eminent genius of his country, if not of his age, almost the founder of modern science, the peer and contemporary of Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, the successor of Michael Angelo, had Galileo obtained an utterance in Italy for scientific truth, the spell that rested upon her might have been broken. There might have blossomed once more a literature touched by the free spirit of a Dante, a political progress that would have reflected the Puritanic revolutions of the North. But with Galileo fell the independence of Italian thought. His abjuration is the saddest picture in modern intellectual history. Conscience of the truth, he was condemned to renounce it and repeat a falsehood. The Newton, the Herschel of his age, he was forced to abjure the favourite studies of his life, and pause forever in that path of scientific discovery which had already made Italy famous. All the world witnessed his fall, and he whose eye had first pierced the mysterious vault above, who of all his race had first brought back tidings of new gods and planets in its sublime abyss, yielded to the terrors of torture, and fear of death; and sacrificed the integrity of his soul to the menaces of the church. With malignant joy the Jesuits saw the last great Italian perish within their walls, and were perhaps satisfied with the humiliation of Galileo."

"When, at the close of his splendid career, covered with renown, yet shut up in his villa at Arcetri, the prisoner of the Inquisition, watched by envious eyes, threatened, should he murmur or rebel, with the most dreadful punishments of the church, Galileo, sick and worn with age and sorrow, lamented in letters to his friends that he had ever ventured on those fatal studies which had served only to bring upon him persecution and shame, a fair-haired, blue eyed poet from the cloudy North, who was just entering with an equal ardor upon the search for truth, visited the bright skies of Florence, saw with astonishment the imprisonment of its greatest genius, and heard, perhaps, from his own lips, the unmerited sorrows that had fallen upon his later years. It was Milton lamenting for Galileo. In the cultivated society of Florence the young English scholar must often have remembered the lonely prisoner who, shut out from all the pleasures of intellectual intercourse, was confined in the distant villa. Milton at Florence wrote verses, was complimented in graceful stanzas, and was not slow to return the elegant adulation. Yet with all the more intelligent Florentines he saw typified in the fate of Galileo the quick extinction of Italian letters. In his defence of the freedom of the press, he relates to the English public how a severe Inquisition had checked at Florence all mental progress, how the accomplished Florentines lamented that they had not been born in a land like England, where learning was free, how nothing was now written in Italy but "flattery and fustian." "There," he adds, "it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition." The spectacle of the great philosopher, silenced, terrified, contemned, never passed from his mind. In his youth he had lamented over him tenderly. In manhood, when a mental tyranny like that which hung over Italy seemed about to envelop all England, and a persecuting church and a despotic king had nearly subdued its virtue, Milton, instructed by the fate of Italian thought, led on by the defenders of freedom. And when, in his old age, blind and forsaken like Galileo, he poured forth in sonorous strains the treasures of a life of study one of his most splendid smiles, one of his most touching allusions; it is when he paints the Tuscan artist on the height of Piesole, and makes the chief glory of science lend aid to the immortal grandeur of his song."

Working of the Scotch Education Act.

The Board of Education for Scotland, in their first annual report presented to Parliament, speak most encouragingly of the operation of the compulsory clauses of the Scotch Education Act. They say the School Boards have used the powers entrusted to them with firmness and at the same time with prudence. In very few instances has it been found necessary to prosecute, the mere announcement that the School Board intended to put the compulsory clauses of the Act into operation being sufficient. In one country parish in which there was a large population employed in mines and ironworks, the appointment of an officer to put the penal clauses of the Act in operation against the parents had the effect of sending 600 neglected and uneducated children at once to school. In one district in Glasgow 1400 children were found not attending school when the Board began operations, but in a brief space of time 1000 of this number were attending regularly, and in six cases only was it found necessary to resort to legal proceedings. The sparse and scattered population of the Highland and Insular districts of Scotland, however, present many difficulties to the practical application of this Education Act. In one parish in Ross-shire, owing to its wide extent, nine schools would be required to provide for the instruction of 448 children; and in some of the islands in the outer Hebrides it is calculated that the cost of educating the children would be nearly double the rental. The rental of the island of Minglay, in the parish of Burra, for example, is £57 7s. annually. There are thirty children upon it who require to be instructed, but it is estimated that this can only be done at a cost of £109 a year, exclusive of the aid obtained from the Privy Council.

Tobacco consumption seems to be steadily breaking up in England. The declared value of the importation for the first quarter of the year was only £225,308, against £385,878 for the same period last year.

The Good Fellow.

Who wonder if "The Good Fellow" ever mistrusts his goodness, or realizes how selfish, how weak, how unprincipled, and how bad a fellow he truly is. He never regards the consequences of his acts as they relate to others, and especially those of his family friends. Little fits of generosity towards them are supposed to atone for all his misdeeds, while he indulges upon them the disgraceful, inconvenient, and burdens which attend a selfishly dissolute life. The invitation of a friend, the taunts of good-natured boon companions, the temptations of jolly fellowship, these are enough to overcome all his scruples, if he has any scruples, and to lead him to ignore all the possible results to those who love him best, and who must care for him in sickness and all the unhappy phases of his selfish life.

The Good Fellow is notoriously careless of his family. Any outside friend can lead him whithersoever he will—into debauchery, idleness, vagabondage. He can ask a favor, and it is done. He can invite him into disgrace, and he goes. He can direct him into a job of duty work, and he straightway undertakes it. He can tempt him into any indulgence which may suit his whims, and, regardless of wife, mother, sister, who may be stoutened in their resources so as legitimately to claim his protecting hand,—regardless of honourable father and brother,—he will spend his money, waste his time, and make himself a subject of constant and painful anxiety, or an unmitigated nuisance to those alone who care a straw for him. What pay does he receive for this shameful sacrifice? The honor of being considered a "Good Fellow," with a set of men would not spend a cent for him if they should see him starving, and who would laugh over his calamities. When he dies in the ditch, as he is most likely to die, they breathe a sigh over the swill they drunk, and say, "After all, he was a Good Fellow."

The features of the Good Fellow's case which makes it well nigh hopeless is, that he thinks he is a Good Fellow. He thinks that his pliable disposition, his readiness to do other good fellows a service, and his jolly ways, atone for all his faults. His love of praise is fed by his companions, and thus his self-complacency is nursed. Quite unaware that his good-fellowship is the result of his weakness; quite unaware that his sacrifice of honor and the honor and peace of his family, for the sake of outside praise, is the offspring of the most heartless selfishness; quite unaware that his disregard of the interests and feelings of those who are bound to him by the closest of blood, is the demonstration of his utterly unprincipled character; he carries an unruled, or a jovial front, while hearts bleed or break around him. Of all the scamps society knows, the traditional good fellow is the most despicable. A man who for the sake of his own selfish delights, or the sake of the praise of careless or unprincipled friends, makes his home a scene of anxiety and torture, and degrades and disgraces all who are associated with him in his home life, is, whether he knows it or not, a brute. If a man cannot be loyal to his home, and to those who love him, then he cannot be loyal to anything that is good. There is something mean beyond description in any man who cares more for anything in this world than the honor, the confidence and love of his family. There is something radically wrong in such a man, and the quicker, and the more thoroughly he realizes it, in a humiliation which bends him to the earth in shame and confusion, the better for him. The traditional good fellow is a bad fellow from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He is as weak as a baby, vain as a peacock, selfish as a pig, and as unprincipled as a thief. He has not one redeeming trait upon which a reasonable self-respect may be built and based.

Give us the bad fellow, who stands by his personal and family honor, who sticks to his own, who does not "treat" his friends while his home is in need of the money he wastes, and who gives himself no indulgence of good fellowship at the expense of duty! A man with whom the approving smile of a wife, or mother, or sister, does not weigh more than a thousand crazy bravos of boon companions, is just no man at all.—*Scribner's*.

Life in the Ocean Depths.

The unscientific man is generally startled a little, when Agassiz tells him that "the ocean is the true home of animal life." He is so accustomed to think of the sea as barren and desert, that he "makes great eyes," as the Germans say, when the naturalist assures him that it is the land which is comparatively bare of animal life. The land, to be sure is the habitation of the most perfect animals, and as it is, besides, the home of our own species, we naturally connect the idea of life with it rather than with the ocean. The land, moreover, affords growing up and the question is, What more favorable condition for the development of a greater variety of functions, among which is the faculty of uttering sounds, while almost all marine animals are dumb. The latter have such a quiet way, that we are apt to overlook them—the fate of quiet people generally. Sure it is, that, in the number of both species and individuals, the ocean far exceeds the land. We begin to realize this when we look down into a shallow waveless sea, and observe the variety of creatures of all sorts—crabs, snails, worms, star-fish, polyps—which have their home among the seaweed; and yet these animals which we are able to see in their submarine abode are nothing in comparison to the hosts of smaller creatures, imperceptible to our eyes—the *infusoria*, myriads of which the microscope brings to our view, and which are all, without exception, aquatic.—*Selected*.

The *Catholic Review* thinks Catholics throughout the world should thank God and take courage in view of the passage by the British Parliament of the Public Worship Regulation bill, whereby the backbone of Protestantism is broken and the Church founded by Henry VIII., and from which all the Protestant sects, it says, have sprung, is declared not to be a Church at all, now or at any previous time.

Our Young Folks.

One Day's Work.

That was a noble day indeed—
Into the ground I dropped a seed.
Into a heart I dropped a thought,
Nothing more that day I wrought
Off, as the year rolled swiftly away,
I grieved because of it the day
Far distant lands I traveled to,
But not less I sought my home once more.
Where the seed had lain I found a tree
Whose grateful branches overshadowed me
And the thought that blossomed into life
With every leaf my purpose true.

Child's Evening Prayer.

Ever on my bed my limbs I lay,
Thou grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God, preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year.
And O, preserve my father, too,
And may I pay him reverence due
And may I be thy thoughts employed
To be my parents' hope and joy.
And O, preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,
And may we always love each other,
Our friends, our father and our mother,
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after thy great sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen.

Ocean Gardens.

It seems to me that I'm learning faster than ever I learned before. Perhaps it's on account of being helped by so many girls and boys. One of the latest things I have found out is that there are gardens in the ocean.

The paths are made of smooth, white sand, winding about among beds of rock. The plants are delicate waveings of every graceful shape, and of beautiful colours—red, yellow, pink, purple, green, brown, and grey.

Among them the coral branches wave, while out and in, around and between them, all silently swim the glittering forms of fishes as wonderful as the flowers.

A solemn sort of gardens must these be, with never a voice to be heard in them. I think I like best the gardens of the land, made glad by the voices of children and birds. On the land, at least, one would not be likely to mistake an animal for a plant.

In the ocean gardens, many of the things that look like plants are really animals, and we (if we could get at them) might try to pluck a pretty orange-coloured or purple blossom, and find out that we were breaking a piece from an animal, which would be unpleasant to both parties.—*Jack-in-the-Pulpit, St. Nicholas*.

To Put away Faults.

One day I was watching a great Newfoundland dog. He had been told by his master to fetch him a basket of tools that the gardener had left in the shed. The great dog went to obey his young master. He took hold of the basket with his mouth, but he could not lift it. What did he do? Give it up? No, never! One by one he took the things out of the basket and carried them to his master.

One by one! That is what we must try to do with our faults. Try and get rid of them one by one. Jesus knows how hard it is for you to do this, and so he has given you a word that will help you to do it, and that word is "To-day."

I will show you how. Take one fault—we will call it bad temper—and in the morning when you get out of bed, ask God for Christ's sake to help you "to-day" to overcome that bad temper. Perhaps by-and-by something will begin to make you feel angry; then remember your prayers, and try and drive away the angry feeling, and say, "Not to-day."

If you have learned any bad, wicked words, like some poor children in the streets, who do not know any better, then ask God for Christ's sake to help you to-day; then, when you are tempted to do so, remember, "Not to-day; I will not say any wicked words to-day."

And do the same with all your faults. Take them one by one, and try for one whole day not to give way to them. It will come easier then.—*Guiding Star*.

A Tree that Keeps a Standing Army.

Here's a story that a bright little humming-bird told me the other day. As it started from somewhere in the tropics, it grew to be a pretty long account by the time it reached me here in New York State; but it is founded strictly upon fact:

"What makes you live in such a thorny tree?" said the humming-bird to one of her neighbours who always builds her nest on the bull's-horn thorn.

"It's a capital place," said her friend. "The thorns keep the monkeys away from my babies, and the army drives off all the crawling pests that make house-keeping so troublesome to little birds in other trees."

"Army! What army?"

"Why, our army," said the little bird. "Don't you know that our tree keeps an army?"

You may be sure the humming-bird was surprised to hear that. *I was*. And if I didn't know her so well I should have suspected her of spinning traveller's yarns. But she's honest; what she says can be depended on.

To make a long story short, I'll tell you about that army-keeping tree. It's a thorn-tree, you must know, and as the thorns grow in pairs, curved out like bull's-horns, the tree gets its name from them. When the thorns are green they are soft, and filled with a sugary pulp, which is greatly liked by a kind of small black stinging ant, which are never found except on these trees, and the trees, it seems, cannot live without the ants, at least in that part of the world. The ants bite a small hole near the tip of

one of each pair of thorns, then gradually eat out the interior of the two. The hollow shells make capital houses for their young ones, and never go without tenants.

How do the ants live after the houses are cleared of food? The tree attends to that. On the stem of each leaf is a honey-well, always full, where the ants can sip to their heart's content. These wells supply them with drink. The leaves furnish the necessary solid food, in an abundance of small yellow fruits, like little golden peans. They do not ripen all at once, but one after another, so that the soldiers have a steady supply of ever-ripening fruit to eat, and are kept busy all the time running up and down the leaves to see how their crops come on. When an ant finds a pea ready for eating, he bites the stem, bends back the fruit, and, breaking it off, carries it in triumph to the nest.

It would be a cowardly ant that would not fight for a home like that, and these ants are no cowards. Just touch a limb so as to jar it, and the valiant little soldiers will swarm out from the thorns in great numbers, and attack the intruder with jaws and stings. Not a caterpillar, leaf-eater, beetle, or any other enemy of the tree, can touch one of its leaves without paying the penalty. Thus the tree thrives where it would otherwise be destroyed; and the ants find their reward in snug houses, with plenty to drink and to eat. The small birds, which hurt neither the ants nor the leaves, also find protection with them, and, let us hope, pay good rent in morning and evening songs.

Isn't that a profitable partnership?—*Joak in the Pulpit, St. Nicholas for September*.

Lesson for the Day.

A silly woman, pious perhaps, but very soft and shallow, hears the stirring words of her eloquent pastor; is roused, warmed, soothed, exalted—she thinks *edified*—and straightway she believes him to be the man sent to do her good. She goes to his study to tell him so: how much enjoyment she finds in the words; or she writes him a letter and pours out her little soul-full of twaddle about her gratitude for what her dear pastor has done for her; how she is "lifted up" by his instructions; how she loves him as a friend given to be her guide and comfort, and so on, and so on, more and more, running into a mawkish sentimentality, a sickening man-worship, disgusting to every sensible person, but very nectar to a vain, worldly preacher, who seeks only to make his hearers "feel good." Such people never go to their pastor to ask "what they must do to be saved." It is to tell him how good they feel; how he is "exalting" them, "filling them with joy, peace, and love." We cannot go into particulars without offending the tastes of every reader. We make our meaning plain. We wish to be understood as saying that what worldly preachers and sentimental women call "communion of soul" and "kindred spirits," "mutual help" and "holy sympathy" and words in the same strain, is not religion—it is not even religious. It is of the earth, earthy. It is "carnal, conceived in sin." It is simply the lower nature, the human passion of one creature toward another. God is not in it. God never led a man or a woman to desire forbidden fruit. "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; every man, when he is tempted, is drawn away of his own lust and enticed. Then lust, when it hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin, and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." It is in immediate connection with these divine teachings that the inspired writer goes on to say, "Wherefore lay aside all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word which is able to save your souls."

These are the truths that underlie all moral character. They condemn every thing that is earthly and sensual, and forbid the delusion that sinful passion has a divine origin. It is a travesty of the gospel to hold that this "yearning after affinity" which sacrifices the obligation of society, family, and honor is anything even akin to love. It is an insult to every pure emotion that human or divine nature ever feels to call this guilty passion by the sacred name of *love*. Lust is not love. Desire is not love. Love is of God. God is love. Love is to be gratified, for all it wants is lovely, pure, and right. It never seeks anything else. It binds the family and society and all the good in golden chains of pure affection. But it never inspired a sinful desire in a human breast.

A man who is "drawn" toward a woman whom he has no right to love, a woman "drawn" to a man whom she has no right to love, may be more sure than if they heard a voice out of the skies telling them so, that they are not "drawn" by divine grace, to a holy purpose, or any good motive whatsoever. The devil has hold of the rope that draws.—*New York Observer*.

For the Press

Among the many trials and perplexities of an editor's life, says an exchange, there is no one which is so vexatious, and so unsatisfying as the deciphering and correcting of badly written and improperly prepared manuscripts. If aspirants for literary honors knew how much really depended upon the legibility and correct appearance of their contributions, they would be far more careful than they are. The best of articles, if the "pen is poor and the ink is pale," has half its excellence obscured in the reading, whether it be read aloud haltingly and hesitatingly, and both reader and listener but half catch the meaning of the writer, or whether it is glanced over with an impatient eye, which omits what it cannot immediately comprehend.

Then even if the reader be satisfied of its merits to the point of acceptance, if the article is prepared improperly for the printer, it is still necessary to reject it. For an editor has little time to spare for the correction or re-writing of manuscripts.

But how should manuscripts be prepared to please both editor and printer?—This should be asked by all those who do not know.