

The Family.

THE TWO MARTYRS.

(Margaret MacLaffin—Margaret Wilson, May, 1685.)

M. E. H. EVERETT.

AYE, the sea is God's, He made it,
Set its bounds of rock or sand,
All its depths and all its billows
He hath measured in His hand;
Time that marreth all things human
Cannot touch the raging sea
Till the flame from Heaven descendeth,
And the earth shall cease to be!

On the Firth of Forth, how brightly,
Twice a hundred years ago,
Rose the sun of bonny Maytime,
Kissing all the waves aglow.
What is man? A shadow flitting
O'er the sunny fields of dawn,
Seek again the place that knew him—
He forevermore has gone.
Yet our Master's least disciple,
Following Him with faith sublime,
Shall outlive the mighty ocean,
Changeless through the wreck of time.
With the hand too weak for striving,
God shall overthrow the strong.
Heavenly arches all are ringing,
With the martyr's triumph song.

Two hundred years ago, came marching
Down from Edinburgh, a crowd—
Two pale women, led by soldiers,
Many followed, weeping loud.
Margaret MacLaffin bowing
With the griefs of many years,
And her wrinkled cheeks still dewy
With her little grandson's tears,
Sons and daughters pressing 'round her,
With farewells and weepings sore;
They must miss her love and counsel,
Miss her prayers, forevermore.

And, (our first White Ribbon leader!)
Margaret Wilson, frail and fair,
With a snood of snowy ribbon,
Binding back her golden hair,
"Dinna greet sae, Jimmy," pled she
With her brother young and dear;
"I'll hear your sobs, an' no the angels
When they come to whisper cheer!"
At the Firth of Forth, all halted,
Loud the blackbirds piped their lay,
And the thrushes in the thorn rows,
Sang for gladness of the May.

Two tall stakes rose strong and grimly,
Where the sand and sea-waves meet,
There they bound the helpless women,
How the waves laughed at their feet!
"Pray now for the King, your master,
You are taught to pray for all!"
"Not when profligates are bidding!"
The MacLaffin's brave tones fall.
Then they lifted calm eyes Heavenward,
While the morning waves rolled up;
Weak the flesh, but their strong spirits
Shrank not from the Master's cup.

Young indeed was Margaret Wilson,
Scarce eighteen and very fair,
How her mother's heart would mourn her,
How the children miss her care!
Such loveliness and sorrow blending,
Made the magistrate relent.
"Still I'll save you from the waters,
If you'll break the Covenant."
"Nay, it was my ain hand signed it,"
Proudly lifting up her head.
"By grace o' the God o' the Covenant,
I will keep it aye," she said.

So the cruel waves crept landward,
In the happy light of May,
Hid the wrinkled hands meek folded,
Hid the snowy hands away.
With no fear and no dismay,
Prayed they who for Truth must die,
And above the troubled waters
Heaven was throbbing with their cry.
Slept the white head, angel cradled,
On the ocean's heaving breast,
Then the glimmering golden tresses,
Faded from the billows' crest!

Though the prayers of these weak women
By the mighty was denied,
Though the weak hands of these martyrs
Could not stay the ocean's tide,
While the priests and all their counsels
Lie forgotten in the dust,
Ever sounding through the ages,
Men shall hear their prayer of trust.
And when all the surging waters
By the flames are swept away,
Countless souls shall love and bless them,
For the faith they kept that day!

Sisters! ours the snow-white symbol,
Ours our leader's dauntless faith,
We a covenant have witnessed,
And we keep it unto death!
Vowed to save the young and tempted
From the drunkard's endless loss,
Vowed to banish Mammon's temple
From the Shadow of the Cross.
Doubtless, when earth's mighty slumber,
Long forgotten in the dust,
Shall our Master's true disciples
Praise Him, that we kept our trust!

—The Union Signal.

FOR THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

A "CRACK" ABOUT INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

BY THE REV. JOHN THOMSON, M.A., AYR, ONT.

(Continued from page 250.)

JUGGERNAUT AND JUGGERNETTE.

N. M.—One objection I have, Mr. Triplecharge, to using the "sweetly sounding" syllables Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, as "family" names, or, as I might call them *melodic* instead of *pitch* names, is that it would break the unity that ought to be preserved between *vocal* and *instrumental*. As in England, the ancient spelling is still retained, to show that such words as *favour*, *honour*, etc., have not come to us *directly* from the Latin *favor*, *honor*, etc., but *indirectly* through the French *faveur*, *honneur*, etc., so I would have the *absolute pitch* use of the syllables retained in order to keep up the historical connection between *vocal* music and *instrumental*.

Mr. Triplecharge.—But is it so very certain that the original use of the syllables is to denote *absolute pitch*? The latest authority I have on the subject is the recently published article on Tonic Sol Fa in *Grove's Musical Dictionary*. As nearly as I can remember it, this is what the author says:—"The method (T. S. F.) is identical in principle with the old system known by the name

of the 'Movable Do,' and the notation is only so far *new*, in that symbols are written down which have been used *orally* for some eight centuries. The syllables attributed to *Guido*, circa 1024, were a notation, not of *absolute pitch*, but of *tonic relation*, his Ut, Re, Mi, etc., meaning sometimes *G, A, B*, sometimes *C, D, E*, and so on, according as the keynote changed its pitch; and the ancient use of the syllables to represent not *fixed* sounds, but the sounds of the *scale*, has always been of the greatest service in helping the singer, by *association of name with melodic effect*, to *imagine* the sound. The modern innovation of a *fixed Do* is one of the many symptoms and effects of the *domination of instruments over voices in the world of modern music.*"

Mr. Mac.—There, there! *Domination of instruments over voices*. If the *impudence* o' that does na beat a'! Hoo does that affect your argument about the walkin' stick, Alick? Mind ye, for a' the victory ye gained ower me last nicht about the organ as a support for "weak-kneed congregations," I'm no jist prepared to thole this monstrous *domineerin'*, or, as I might say, *this changin' o' stauffs into cudgels*. Na, na; we dinna want the Stuarts back again in maysical or ony ither form, either in Kirk or State. It's "nursin' fathers an' nursin' mitthers" we want, and no ony o' your *deevin' domineerin'* gentry ava. Come, Mr. Triplecharge, tell me mair about your *singin' maister*. You's the kind o' man for me. First, ye say, he hings up his *Magna Charta* on the wa', and then he taks ae magic wand in his *richt* haun and anither magic wand in his *left* haun, and syne he persuades the singers, auld and young, to sing out wi' a' their bair; as well they may in sic an atmosphere o' peace and constitutionality. I wad hae the tane o' thae sticks made o' *silver* and the tither made o' *gold*, and I wad hae the *Magna Charta* wrocht oot in the verra brawest o' sampler wark in a' the seven colours o' the rainbow. And, Jessie, if ye ever marry a mayseecan, see if ye canna pit your fancy wark to a noble use in something o' this verra line. But to think o' the boldness o' thae deevin' tyrants! I hardly ken what to liken them till but jist the *great monstrous Juggernaut himsel!*

Alick and others.—What a comparison!
Mr. Mac.—Weel, I'll no jist say that the verra *looks* o' the organ are idolatrous (as some o' my freens hae said), but I will maintain that the *soons* o' the organ when human voices are staunin' in his road are the *soons o' manslaughter and widespread destruction*. Jist to look up at him there ahint the pulpit in oor ain Kirk haudin' in his breath and pantin' to get free a' the time the minister is readin' oot the *Psalmes!* And when the organist leans to the richt haun side and pulls oot sae mony stops, and then leans to the left haun side and pulls oot sae mony mair, and then lays his fingers sae gently down on the keyboard, it's a' the teir I can tae get thae words o' the poet oot o' my head: "*Cry 'havoc' and let loose the dogs of war,*" for noo's the time when the *weaker voices maun jist gang to the wa'*. Honest, noo! I will you organ upholders tell me that ye can distinguish *infant voices* and the tremblin' strains o' gentle women in the average flood of organ tone as easily as when the singin' is naething but vocal?

N. M.—I can't speak for Jessie and Alick, father, but as a Sabbath School teacher in a church with no organ, I often feel, when I hear the infant class in front of the whole school lispin' their "Jesus loves me, this I know," that I would not have the individuality of their singing swamped for all the organs and high art o' Christendom.

Mr. Mac.—Aye, George, that's the word. "*Swamp-it*," a word that maks me think o' the River Ganges whaur the Hindu mitthers droon their infant bairns. Noo dinna be glowerin' at me, Jessie, wi' baith your een as if I was classifee'n oor organ congregation wi' the worshippers o' Moloch and a' the lave o' thae bloodthirsty images. I ken fine that in oor ain kirk it's perfectly safe to tak' baith man-child and woman-child in at the kirk door along wi' ye, for at the same door ye'll bring them oot again as safe as they went in, but in the matter o' soon, I maun repeat what I hae said afore, that frae the meenute the organ flood begins to poor forth frae that hideous cistern o' maysical plumber wark ahint the pulpit, *fareweel infant hosannas!*

N. M.—Alick, you that are a Sabbath School superintendent may be able to speak from experience on this point.

Alick.—My experience is all the other way. In our mission Sabbath School the trouble is that the children seem to be engaged in a competition as to who will drown his neighbour the most.

N. M.—Well, that is just the same evil in another form. By "infant hosannas" father does not mean infant *screams*, but soft childlike voices. Now a child can drown this *himself* in the flood of emulation as effectually as the *sounds of the organ* can, and even more so. All the harm the *swamping tones* of the organ can do *directly* is temporary harm. But the harm that *emulation* of the kind we are considering can do, is *permanent*. If I might coin a word I would say that many children's voices are sacrificed on the altar, not so much of *Juggernaut* as *Juggernette*; in other words, not so much on the altar of the *great pipe organ* in church as on the altar of the *little reed organ* at home. It's enough to make a man "weep for youth and beauty" to hear a fine young girl, sitting on the organ-stool with all the stops pulled out, straining her *immature* voice to the very utmost to overtop the instrument. Nancy gave me a very good lesson in this respect at a very early stage of our family life. When we were married we used the reed organ, which is our only instrument, from the very first at family worship. But after the children were old enough to join us, Nancy used often to keep saying to me, "Play softer," which it was not always easy to do when I felt so thoroughly in the spirit of a triumphant hymn that I could not help giving out all the wind I had at command, till at last she said, "*I would far rather have no instrument at all, it so overpowers the singing of the children.*"

(To be continued.)

To those who continually croak about the weather we commend the following utterance of a farmer: "We all complain of the weather and can't see the wisdom of it, but I confess, in the light of forty years' experience, that if I could turn on the rain as I do a sprinkler at home I couldn't have managed it so well for this one farm, year in and year out, as it has been managed. So I take the weather without complaining. I know it will come all right in the end."

Leigh Richmond's shepherd of Salisbury Plain was as philosophic as he was pious when he said: "The weather that pleases God pleases me."
Forward.

"THE LITTLE COLONEL."

BY I. S. R.

"WELL, my man," asked the Colonel somewhat anxiously as he slowly stirred his breakfast coffee, "what news this morning?"

The orderly stood straight as an arrow before his superior officer, and saluted with military precision when he was spoken to.

"Very bad, sir," he answered. "There are four new cases, and some of the other men are sickening."

The Colonel's little son put down the bread he was eating, and scanned the orderly's face with distressful scrutiny.

"Dear me! Dear me!" said his kind-hearted father, hastily swallowing a few more mouthfuls. "This is a bad business. Where is the doctor now, Burns?"

"In the Second Ward, sir."

"Tell him I will be there directly." And in a few minutes he hurried away, leaving his little son and a huge Newfoundland dog to finish their breakfast at their leisure.

"Nilus," said the little fellow, resting his hand on the dog's shaggy head, "what will we do about it?"

The dog looked up with deep sympathy expressed in his beautiful eyes, but he could not think of anything to suggest.

Four years before, when the regiment was crossing a stretch of desert in Egypt, the good dog following after had fainted and fallen for want of water. Then the boy had come to the rescue, and with pitying heart knelt down on the hot sand, and gave the animal his share. Nilus, looking up into the little white face bending over him, licked the child's hand with rapturous gratitude, and from that time to this had followed him night and day.

For two years they had been in Bermuda, and the change from the exhausting climate of Egypt had done much for the boy's health. But still the pale face and tiny form would never be ruddy and strong, as the soldiers would fain like to see them. For even more than to his busy father, it was to them that little Jerome Maitland owed his bringing up.

His mother had died at his birth, and during his babyhood he had been carried about first in one pair of strong arms, then in another.

When the officers' wives would interfere and carry him off he would cry most piteously for his rough nurses, until they were obliged to call in one favourite young subaltern to pacify him.

And now these men, whom he loved, and with whom he had spent all his little life, were dying. How many times had they watched beside him in his childish illnesses, or made the tedious days of camp life bright for him with some clever device!

"We must do something about it, Nilus," he repeated, with a little dry sob, "but what can we do?"

He stood at the door and looked up wistfully at the barrack hospital.

Just then Lieutenant Fearing passed with two or three books under his arm. He watched him as he went by with slow, grave step, and suddenly an idea came into his head. He knew what Fearing was going to do—read to the men; and why could he not do the same thing?

No sooner did the thought occur to him than he started off to take a look at his collection of books. They were not many, or particularly choice. There was "The Boy's Own Book," one or two "Annals," some volumes of fairy tales, and a beautiful illustrated edition of "Jack the Giant Killer." He lingered over this. Perhaps they might like to see the pictures, and it was such large, clear print he could read it easily. So choosing this at length he and Nilus started off for the fever hospital.

Before he had reached the door, however, he was stopped by the officer of the day.

"My orders don't admit of your going in there, sir," he said, decidedly.

"Oh, please, Frith," pleaded Jerome, "I won't stop long." But the soldier shook his head.

"They're too knocked up to pay much attention, even to you, sir. But there are a lot of fellows in the convalescent hospital. Praps you might go there." So Nilus and Jerome started off again, and this time met with no obstacle.

The men were all seated or lying around in different attitudes in the common room, some of them playing cards. But when they looked up and saw the slight, boyish form standing in the doorway the cards were pushed aside, and a chorus of welcome to their "little Colonel" was heard on all sides.

"I thought perhaps you might be kind of dull," observed Jerome, after a little, "so I brought one of my picture books to read to you," and he settled himself on one of the high wooden chairs, and opened the book.

"All right, little Colonel, fire away," the men said cheerily, and as soon as the clear, childish voice commenced not a sound was heard in the room, the great burly fellows following with almost boyish interest and respect the varied fortunes of "Jack the Giant Killer."

At the conclusion the child said, a little timidly, "Lieutenant Fearing always reads a little prayer when he gets through. I haven't any book to read it out of, but we can say one."

Then kneeling down on the stone floor, to the utter astonishment of the men, he reverently repeated the Lord's Prayer.

One by one they joined in, and when the little fellow rose from his knees with a radiant countenance and trotted off with Nilus, there were many requests for him to "come again" and "give us another reading."

The fever waxed and waned, but through it all the convalescent ward kept pretty full.

Day after day no matter how hot or windy, Jerome would climb up the steep hill leading to the hospital and there read his little simple stories and repeat his daily prayer. He wanted so much to do something for them, these rough nurses and playfellows of his, whom he loved, and this was all he could think of. The rough men knew and appreciated the feeling, and welcomed their "little Colonel" with ready love and sympathy.

But, dear me! How warm the days were beginning to grow. A hot sirocco blew constantly from the southern seas, making all the foliage but the Pride of India trees look dead and drooping. Even the ocean beat on the cliffs below the barracks at Prospect with a dull, sullen sound. Each morning it seemed to be harder than the last for Jerome to climb up that sunny incline towards the hospital, and at length one morning he was too tired to go at all.

When the doctor saw him he shook his head.

"He has got a slight attack of the fever," he said, "but I am afraid there is not much strength to carry it off."

A week passed, but he did not seem to get much better, until one night when the stars were shining gloriously and the sea was very still, the angels

came down from the Throne of God and carried Jerome back with them, leaving only his little tired body sleeping on his white bed.

But his father had not seen the angels, neither had the soldiers. So, when they came to lay him to rest in the soldiers' cemetery, and fire a parting salute over the tiny mound, there was not a dry eye in all that regiment.

Poor Nilus! He could not tell what it all meant. And when they went away and left his little master with only the sea to talk to him all the long day and night, he lay down beside the grave and no one could get him away. But the next morning at the same hour that Jerome always went up to the hospital, Nilus was seen gravely wending his way up there, and walking into the common room took his usual place. The men gathered around him with many expressions of endearment, but he seemed to take all their advances very quietly. In about an hour's time he got up and went away, but each day the same thing was repeated. It almost seemed to the men that, unseen to them, the spirit of the boy still lingered among them. And old Nilus did much towards keeping warm and bright in their hearts the recollection of his little master's gentle, loving ways. As often as they saw the faithful dog approaching, their usual avocations were put aside, and that hour for many long months was kept sacred to the memory of their little Colonel. Never an oath or an unkind word did Nilus ever hear in his presence, and the men were better and purer for the memory of the child-life that had gone out from their midst.

"Tell us the story about the little Colonel and Nilus," the soldiers' children would say in after years as they climbed on their fathers' knees. So the oft-told tale was repeated with faltering lips, to be treasured up in the hearts of many who had never known him.—*Presbyterian Messenger*

The Platform.

ANTI-SEMITISM—ITS CAUSES—AND CURE.*

BY MR. JUSTICE TORRANCE, MONTREAL.

[NOTE.—The lecturer for proofs and authorities refers to the English Monthly and Quarterly Reviews *passim* since A. D. 1878, inclusive; and is under special obligations to the fresh and interesting book published by Professor Samuel H. Kellogg, D. D., of Allegheny, Pa., on the Jews, noticed in the Toronto PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW 7th January, 1885; and to Lucien Wolf, Life of Sir M. Montefiore, Bart.]

I DESIRE to speak of what is termed Anti-Semitism or the Jewish question—what a German writer calls the most burning question of the decade.

Anti-Semitism—a word of modern combination—though of ancient roots—is used to designate the hostility from time to time exhibited to the descendants of Shem—since known as the Hebrew race. On the far side of the Mediterranean Sea, touching the confines of three quarters of the globe, is a country about half the size of Scotland—now stripped of its rightful inhabitants, but regarded with the deepest interest by the great powers of Christendom. For some 700 years only, these inhabitants were independent, though their existence now extends over near 4,000 years. Their contemporaries, the Greeks and Romans, regarded them with dislike, if not with a feeling of hatred. This people was the Jews, from whom we derive our most precious inheritance as a civilized nation. They were strict monotheists, proclaiming the unity of God. With them the family relation—of parent and child—of husband and wife—was sacred and elevated, and though divorce was tolerated, from the beginning it was not so; it was tolerated by the law given only for their hardness of heart. Slavery was only a temporary institution, and liberty was the rule. They also cherished the belief of a coming deliverer who should save and redeem. Their strange history was recorded in their sacred books hundreds and thousands of years before the accomplishment. It was prophesied of them that they should be a nation scattered and peeled—a nation meted out and trodden down—all which has come to pass—and it was further foretold that they should reject and crucify their Messiah and, as a judgment upon them for this, should be expelled from their country, should be outcasts in all parts of the world, and that their suffering should be of long duration.

All this has come to pass. In the words of Zünz (*Synagogal poetry*): "If there is a gradation in sufferings, Israel has reached the highest acme: if the long duration of sufferings, and the patience with which they were borne, ennobles, the Jews defy the high-born of all countries; if a literature is called rich which contains a few classical dramas, what place deserves a tragedy lasting a millennium and a half, composed and enacted by the heroes themselves?"

Anti-Semitism, or Jew baiting, as it is significantly called, began more than 3,000 years ago when the Israelites, being in Egypt, became exceedingly prosperous, and the Egyptians afflicted them so cruelly that 600,000 men besides women and children and a mixed multitude with their goods and chattels in one night fled to the wilderness rather than endure the cruel bondage of the Egyptian taskmasters. Anti-Semitism was seen again, 40 years later, when the Jews were in the plains of Moab, and Balak, King of Moab, offered rich gifts to the prophet Balaam if he would only curse the people of Israel. It was then that the prophet, moved by a divine inspiration, gave utterance to words which Jew and Christian have since often pondered over: "How can I curse whom God hath not cursed? . . . for from the top of the rocks I see Him and from the hills I behold Him; lo the people shall dwell alone and shall not be reckoned among the nations." The Jewish question was again to the fore a thousand years later when the Prime Minister of the Persian King represented to his sovereign that "there is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people; neither keep they the king's laws: therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they may be destroyed, and I will pay 10,000 talents of silver to the hands of those that have the charge of the business to bring it into the king's treasures." The offer was accepted and the order sent into all the provinces to destroy, to kill and to cause to perish all Jews both young and old, little children and women, in one day, even upon the 13th day of the 12th month, which is the month of Adar, and to take the spoil of them for a prey. The unholy compact came to nought through the intervention of the Jew Mordecai and his beautiful

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