

Selected Articles.

A ROYAL RACE

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

Among the fine old things that reign Upon a simple wooden throne There's one with but a small domain But, mark you, it is all his own And though upon his rustic towers No more than standard waves its wing, Thick, leafy banners flushed with flowers, From all the fragrant ornaments swing And here, in royal houses, on, low His nut-brown coat at night and morn The crowned old Marshal of the Tower, The Chancellor of What and How The Keeper of the Golden Sticks, The mistress of the Milking Pail, The lord Knight of the Ringing Axe The Herald of the Sounding, Flail The Ladies of the New Morn H's The Master of the Staff and the The Ministers of the Glorious Lay That all the Sons of Freedom know And thus, wide on the world's long roll, He wins from the lowly king and, The brave arm and noble soul, That serve his country and his God

SELF-JUDGEMENT

Once a human foot sank divinely, Tho' men's sorrows slept,— Southed by whippers of remembrance's voice But the poet wept Once a preacher spoke a mighty sermon That had waked the dead, Yet while hearts were thrilling, he lamented What was left unsaid So the shadow of our incompleteness Spits its cruel darts, Just a little lower than our meaning, Are our highest themes

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO DUNROBIN CASTLE

SERMON BY DR. CUMMING IN THE CASTLE— DOCTOR PERSONALLY THANKED BY HER MAJESTY

On Sunday forenoon the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, by special desire of Her Majesty, conducted Divine service in the Castle. It is stated that the Queen, in consequence of the behaviour which has on some Sundays been exhibited at Cranleigh, was unwilling to attend the parish church, and hence the arrangement to have a special service in the Castle. There is no chapel in connection with the castle, and the service which commenced at noon, took place on the first landing of the great staircase, and not in the library, as was at first intended. The change of arrangements had become consequent on the large number of persons for whom accommodation had to be provided. The staircase is exceedingly spacious, and the walls, which are of white marble, are decorated with fine paintings, banners being hung from the roof. The staircase forms three sides of a square. At one end a throne was extemporized for Her Majesty, and was richly covered with crimson velvet. Almost immediately opposite a raised chair was placed for Dr. Cumming, with a velvet cushion in front. The Queen was dressed in black. Beside Her Majesty were seated Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the Marchioness of Westminster, Lord and Lady Granville, and others of the Royal suite. Altogether it was computed that about two hundred persons were present, and the staircase was insufficient to accommodate all, several being obliged to take place in the drawing room and library adjoining. Dr. Cumming appeared without a gown, there being only one in the parish, and it was in use by Mr. Jones. The service was opened by the doctor reading the 108th psalm. He afterwards offered up a prayer of the usual form employed in the Scotch service, and then gave out the text—1st verse of the 12th chapter of Hebrews—"Seeing that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." The Doctor said—

The witnesses are lookers on while we run the race of life and fulfil its duties and responsibilities. The cloud is in the sky, the witnesses therefore look down upon us on the earth. They are a great number, for a cloud is composed of millions of dew drops and an drops, strike on through by the rays of rising and setting suns. Dean Alford says—"These words must be taken as distinctively, so far, implying community between the Church triumphant and the Church below, so that they who have entered into the holy rest are conscious of what passes among ourselves." Has the Church militant on earth any relation to the Church triumphant in Heaven? Do they who occupy the Church of the universe hold any communion with us in the nave or crypt below? I believe they do. Abraham gave hospitality to visitors from Heaven; Lot entertained angels, the ancient Patriarch slept in the desert, and found it really the gate of Heaven, and angels ascending and descending. The Redeemer states that this fashion is not of the past but of the present, and continues—"Hereafter shall ye see the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." If we can carry these counsels and sympathies and consolations along the mysterious whispering wire across the Atlantic, why is it incredible or improbable that to Jesus, the new and living way, there may be ascending and descending communication between earth and heaven? We may not catch the gleam of their white pinions speeding athwart the skies, nor hear their songs as on the Plains of Bethelhem; we may not scent the celestial fragrance shaken from their wings, yet they are ceaselessly ascending and descending, ministering to those who are the heirs of salvation. We are all living stones, whether in heaven or on earth, constituting one grand edifice, on Christ the one foundation. The spirits of the just made perfect must remember this world there. Were the past blotted out in the future, we should be there

new creations—our individuality and identity perishing. Death does not quench love; faith ceases at the gate of heaven; hope vanishes; but love never faltereth. The Christian husband in heaven and the Christian wife on earth, like the twain of old, may be lovely and pleasing in their lives, and in death undivided. Those we call dead are probably nearer than those we feel to be absent. Those who remain and

they who have gone may be still intimately related. They occupy, the one a higher the other a lower floor, but under the same grand roof, and on the same old foundation. If a son or a daughter be married to some illustrious personage, you don't feel it a separation, and are satisfied. The dead and we are all one Church now, and at the resurrection shall constitute one church. It is not an inglorious ministry, we who are acting our part and fulfilling our mission beneath—the loving regards of parents we revere, and children we revere. Jesus was the son, the brother, and the friend. He had a favourite disciple, and His dying eyes sought out His mother. These relationships are consecrated and holy, and the memory of them will not die. I cannot conceive that in heaven memory should be an absolute blank. It is a picture gallery in heaven, in which dear images remain, and those images will not be effaced till superseded by the love of originals. The race here is not selected by us, but set before us. Our responsibility consists in running it. Heaven grows more home-like as the remembrance of those we love increases. The road you tread was beaten smooth by Jesus. Don't be cast down! don't sorrow! but run the race set before you—

Not enjoyment and not sorrow Is our destined end and way, But to set each to his journey Finds us farther than to-day

At the close of the discourse the Doctor offered another prayer, which concluded by asking that God might bless what had been said, that He might long spare Her Majesty to reign over a free, loyal and Christian people, and that He might watch over and sustain the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the rest of the Royal family. Dr. Cumming then pronounced the blessing, there being no singing. Afterwards a scene of great interest was witnessed. Her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess, left her seat and walked up to Dr. Cumming, whom she addressed as follows—"Dr. Cumming, I wish to inform you how gratified and pleased I have been with the discourse you have delivered, and I take the opportunity of reminding you that it is twenty-one years ago this day since you preached before me at Balmoral." The Doctor, as might be imagined, was considerably taken aback with such a recognition from his Sovereign, but he soon recovered himself, and after acknowledging it by bowing profoundly, he replied—"I rejoice that your Majesty appreciates anything I have said or done, and I pray sincerely that on your Majesty may descend all blessings." The Queen, bowing, then retired with the Duchess.—Northern Ensign.

GIVE US UNTO THE LORD.

Before us is a clear light, a perfect model. Look at it earnestly—let no part of the complete whole escape your notice. Set far back in the ages a clear and beautiful gem, it grows more and more brilliant, it shines brighter and brighter, for our emulation and example. It is our Divine Lord, doing, toiling, serving. Thus such service as could be rendered only by a Son, by one who fully understood the Father's desires. Not by services are we made sons, but by sonship we become true servants. Do you remember Jesus as sitting over against the treasury and watching that poor widow? The Servant has an eye for service. He takes a note of all. Unspareingly spending his own life, he can appreciate the giving of the "last farthing"—the "all that she had." There was peculiar sympathy between the Watcher and the watch-ee. He had made himself poor that we might be rich; she makes herself poor that the love-offering may enrich the treasury of God. Wondrous sympathy! Perfect in that Jerusalem day! Possible to day to you, toiling servant—worker in the vineyard of the Lord! And who is exempt? Who may rest on the oars and say, "There is nothing for me to do?"

Where are the "two mites" to day? millions of the rich cast in "of their abundance" may add to the church's glory on earth. They may pile costly edifices and furnish sumptuous resting-places for Sabbath entertainment. They may improve the earth and its altars, but the two mites may be used of God, specially, for the word that shall build a spiritual temple in some crumpled one, or be unity with the righteousness of God one who has been sadly sold with sin.

Therefore bring the love-gift. "Bring the cream of all the heart" to the treasury and cast it in. And He that sitteth over against the treasury will take note and use it to the best account.

LADY MEDICAL STUDENTS.

We hear glowing accounts of the reception of ladies into some of the prominent medical schools of the Continent, but after they have performed their work well, and claimed their degree, they are rather curiously dismissed, with no very complimentary or encouraging words. At the University of Zurich, a lady was publicly informed that she had acquired a certain amount of mechanical knowledge, but had by no means proved the competency of women for medical activity. This is certainly a most ungracious way of dismissing a pupil who has distinguished herself above many of the male students. It is roundly surpassed by Professor Bischoff, of Munich, in a recent address to a graduating class containing female students. The Professor had evidently donned his scientific armor for the contest, and intended to give thrusts that would hurt. He maintained that women are not adapted for the culture of science, either anatomically, physiologically, or psychologically. And in the special science of medicine, to learn which it is an indispensable condition to handle the dead dead subject, he feels that woman is out of place. Though

an old and hardened anatomist, he acknowledges an unconquerable aversion to seeing a young woman at a dissecting-table. He believes that woman may make most skilful and useful scientific nurses, but protests against their entering the ordinary arena of medicine, because, as he naively says, there are now enough in competent men, without increasing the contingent from the feminine ranks. We quote his sentiments to show their narrowness, rather than to condemn them because it is quite evident that the Munich Professor has no desire to find women adapted to the medical career. He sees the case just as he desires it may be, and rather begs his rights instead of humbling his proofs. We allude to the matter and this special case, mainly to show that even in the establishments where female students are admitted, in deference to certain public opinion, they are not as welcome as they are generally supposed to be. So the "woman question" does not seem to be any nearer to its solution, from the consideration that a few are admitted to Zurich or Munich schools, to be unconsciously dismissed after the faithful and conscientious labors of a course of study.—Ladies' Repository for October

ANECDOTES OF MINISTERS.

A person once said to his minister, Rev. Mr. C., that it was impossible for a man to carry on business in this imperfect world, and be honest and get a living. "Die then," was the emphatic reply.

A certain farmer's wife had an only daughter, whom she brought up very tenderly, not requiring her to do any work. When spoken to by a neighbor in regard to this, she replied that she was bringing up her daughter to be a minister's wife.

Dr. McElroy, of New York, being about to marry his fourth wife, some one asked his daughter who was going to perform the ceremony? She replied "I don't know, but I presume it will be Dr. Spring. He generally marries father."

The late Rev. Dr. Welch, a Baptist clergyman of Albany, was a superior preacher. One Sabbath, as he was passing out of church a prominent member of his parish, said to him, "You had Dr. Channing for a hearer this afternoon."

"Well he heard the truth," replied Dr. Welch.

Rev. Dr. Hallock, of Plainfield, was a godly man, and highly esteemed by his people. But there was one woman who did not like him, and would not go and hear him preach. When about to exchange with a brother minister, he usually took pains to inform her, that she might be benefited by the preaching of others, if not by his own. Congregationalist.

THE LAW FOR FOOT PASSENGERS.

The rights of foot passengers in crowded thoroughfares are so often infringed with impunity, that it is gratifying to hear of a case in which they were successfully defended. A few days ago a man was passing along a busy street in London, balancing a pad of ice on his head, when he came in contact with a woman who was presumptuous enough not to make room for him at once. This rough behaviour seems to have roused her wrath, and with a well-directed push against the aggressor, the pad was overbalanced, and the ice scattered and melted. A prompt assault by the man brought about a very nice legal complication. The woman summoned her assailant for battery, while, not to be backward, he sued her for wilful damage. The magistrate ruled that persons who carry articles upon their heads through the streets must put up with the consequences of their own acts. It was just as likely, he observed, that the pad was upset by the man pushing against the woman as by the woman pushing against the man, and, beyond question, he had no right to assault her. He therefore dismissed the summons for wilful damage, and fined the man 40s and costs. This example should operate as a warning to those who are in the habit of carrying heavy miscellaneous articles through the streets. It is true they generally succeed in bearing down all opposition by dint of superior force, but if they have no respect for our persons, they may feel some regard for their own property, which they will do well to remember may suffer grievous damage without the faintest chance of their receiving compensation.—Manchester Examiner.

HOW TO ECONOMISE COAL.

Under this title the Galloway Express has the following—"The plan is one which we have tried ourselves. It is simple and successful. You first of all clear out your grate, then slip a sheet of iron in so as to cover the bottom bars, and close the under draught, and thus done you fill up the grate with small coal, until the whole is brought to the level of a line between the topmost and the next topmost bars. It may seem a curious way this of going to make a fire, to fill up the grate with a solid mass of small coal before you apply a light, but it is nevertheless the proper method to be observed if you would give the experiment a fair trial. The light will come in time. On the top of this bed of coal you place your paper, sticks, and peat—if you choose to have both the latter, if not, either will do—and over these you lay a slight covering of round coal. You then apply a light and in about half an hour your fire will be, not in all blast, for that is the thing you seek to avoid, but burning steadily, and throwing off a comfortable glow. We tried the experiment with an ordinary-sized Carron grate, and the result was all that we had been led to expect. The fuel was lit shortly before three o'clock in the afternoon, and at ten in the evening it had not burnt out. In other words, we had secured a fire that burned for eight hours without mending. You must not become impatient because you do not see bright tongues of flame playing up the chimney, nor must you think of disturbing the fire with a poker. That would completely defeat your object. The room will be warmed without the roaring flame, and a saving of fifty per cent will be made on your coal. This plan is quite different from the one which has been recently recommended through the press of

merely covering the under bars with a sheet of iron. The peculiarity of ours is, that the fire is commenced at the top and burns down instead of up the fuel. It will be seen that the under-draught is stopped by the coal itself, and that a cheap fire might be had without sheet-iron at all. But it is better to have the iron if you can get it, or failing it, to cover the bars with a sheet of paper for under. This is done some little air is sure to find its way through the coal in the case of paper, and without it, the fire would of course get into ordinary activity as soon as it had burned down to close upon the bottom bars. We need hardly say that this sort of fire will not answer the purposes of cooking, but for a sitting room or bed room it will be found to have what must now be regarded as the one cardinal virtue of a fire—namely, cheapness with comfort.

THE BIBLE IN GREECE

The following letter appears in the *Lancet* London. As the circulation of the Scriptures in Turkey has been attracting late the attention of your readers, it may not be out of place to inform them how the authorities of the kingdom of Greece regard such matters. The following facts may be relied on, M. Koukouriotis, the agent at Athens of the British and Foreign Bible Society when visiting Corfu in the course of a professional tour for the sale of the Holy Scriptures, in the month of June last, was interfered with by M. Pier, the chief of the police, who stopped him from selling, caused him to bring the books to the police office, and, as he said, to have them examined by the Governor or Prefect of Corfu, and though challenged to cite any law to authorize such conduct, justified himself by saying that the books were false and anathematized by the Synod, and by accusing the seller of seeking to pervert the faith of the people. The Governor himself persisted in the same course, but knowing that these same Scriptures were, and had been for more than twelve years, publicly sold in Athens, and in other parts of Greece, he contented himself by affirming that the Corfiotes were among the most superstitious people of all Europe, and ranking them with the inhabitants of Rome and Malta. On finding, however, that the agent was not to be deterred by these considerations, he begged him at least not to attempt to sell on the following day, which was a feast day, and that was consented to. On the day after he recommenced selling, and had made a good beginning, when he was rudely interrupted by M. Pier, who, in no very complimentary terms, asked if he had not been forbidden to sell these cursed books. On the other affirming that he knew no law to prevent him, M. Pier exclaimed, "Then I hold myself free from all responsibility," and walked off. The immediate consequence of such conduct was a tumult in which the chapman's table was overturned and his books torn and carried off, and himself obliged to take refuge, first in the office of the British Vice Consul and afterwards in the police office, to which M. Pier, who soon afterwards reappeared, very obligingly offered to escort him. For this conduct, which I hold to have been both illegal, and oppressive, not to say insulting, the agent, as a Greek subject, is seeking redress in the Greek Courts.

EXTERMINATING THE BUFFALO.

The *Denver Tribune* says "Few persons probably know how rapidly the American bison is disappearing from the Western plain. At one time it is said that they were to be found everywhere west of Lake Winnipeg and the Hudson River, but for many years they have been extinct east of the Mississippi River. The work of extermination, however, appears to go more bravely in proportion as they are driven into narrower and narrower limits, and it is not unlikely that the fate of the European bison, which once abounded in the woody wilderness of Germany, northern Gaul, and neighboring parts of the continent, but which is now to be found alone and rarely in the forests of Lattinians will soon be theirs. Some idea of the extent of this ruthless slaughter may be formed from the fact that twenty-five thousand bison were killed during the month of May, south of the Kansas and Pacific Railroad, for the sake of their hides alone, which are sold at the paltry price of two dollars each on delivery for shipment to the eastern markets. And to this five thousand—a small estimate—shot by tourists and killed by Indians to supply meat to the people on the frontier, and we have a sum total of thirty thousand as the victims to a single month. If the bison were a wild, savage animal—if to kill one required any especial skill, or bravery, or nerve, there might be some justification for this enormous slaughter. But the fact is that the bison is an exceedingly mild-dispositioned animal. His looks indicate ferocity and malignity, but his nature does not correspond with his appearance."

In the course of an apology for publishing four sermons the *St. Louis Democrat* says: "It is not our duty to be more concerned to the humor of our hearers, nor to mention the fact that there is more thought in the pulpit than in the parlor, occasionally a sermon is dull, but generally a political speech is dull, and a dull sermon is better than a dull speech. We wish all pulpit orators were Beechers, but anything to beat Satan."

The pleasures of the world are deceitful, they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.

Whatever may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.—Ruskin.

One ought to love society if he wishes to enjoy solitude. It is a social nature that solitude works upon with the most various power. If one is misanthropic, and betakes him to loneliness that he may get away from natural things, solitude is a silent emptiness to him.—Simmons.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

Why has congregational singing so declined, especially in country churches? There is to-day more attention paid to vocal culture in our day-school, and more of your young people have some knowledge of music, our Sabbath-schools sing oftener and better than ever there is too much variety there, yet our church psalmody was never poorer. Can it be that this is only owing to the introduction of choirs who have monopolized our singing, when so often they have devoted themselves to retaining the old tunes, in hope of simplifying the people? Or does not the evil arise where so many seeds of failure are sown, in the family?

Time was when from every home altar ascended the song of praise from every lip, when singing was an intrinsic part of the family worship, and when old and young, master and servant, joined in some of the good old songs of the Church.

One can remember when "I was kind-ness," "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," were household words, and when an occasional innovation was made for the sake of the little ones, it was, "There is a happy land," or, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." Then the children all sang, at home and in church.

Let the children learn to sing in the family, and they will sing in church. Let them hear the good old words, and sing them over and over, day after day, at home with father and mother, and they can never hear them in church without joining to praise.

Let us then earnestly suggest to the parents of all families who constitute the Church a hearty return to the old custom of singing at family worship.

The children will thus take a deeper interest in the family service and gain a familiarity with the hymns which incline them always to sing when the larger congregation are joined together.—*Christian at Work*.

THE PIETY OF BOAZ

"The Lord be with you"—by "directs to the reapers on entering the harvest field—has the ring of sterling metal. What a contrast Boaz offers to farmers we have known, by whose lips God's name was frequently profaned, but never honoured—their servants, like their dogs and horses, being often cursed, but never once blessed! And in accordance with the apothegm, "Like master like man," what shocking oaths have we heard, volleying, as it were, out of the mouth of hell, from the lips of coarse, animal, sensual farm-servants!

Boaz almost never opens his mouth but pearls drop out. His speech breathes forth piety utterances. All his conversation is seasoned with grace, and, though the result of a divine change of heart, how natural his religion seems! and like a gala-dress assumed for the occasion—not like gum flowers worn for ornament, but such as spring living from the sward; not like an artificial perfume that imparts a passing odor to a thing that is dead, but the odors exhaled by roses or lilies bathed in the dews of heaven. One who could say, "I have set the Lord always before me." God is in all the good man's thoughts; and his holy name as often in his mouth to be honored as it is in others to be profaned. Thought it may have been a common custom to bless the harvest and its reapers, I did it in the heart, nor were they words of course or custom he spoke when, bending on Ruth an eye of mingled pity and admiration, he said, "If hath been fully showed me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thy husband and how thou hast left thy father, and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knowest not heretofore. The Lord remember thy work; and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings that art come to trust."

Nor was it only in the language of piety that his piety expressed itself. It did not evaporate in words. We have heard him speak, see how he acts. One night, sleeping by a heap of corn, alone as he supposed, he wakes to find a woman lying at his feet. It is Ruth. Instructed by Naomi, she takes this strange Jewish fashion to seek her rights, and commit her fortunes into his hands. There is not in all history a passage more honorable to true religion than the story of that midnight meeting. Silver seven times purified never shone brighter as it flowed from the glowing furnace, than Boaz's high principles then and there—nor purer or brighter the stars that look down on the scene of such a trial and such a triumph. The house of God, the holy table where, by the symbols of Christ's bloody death, saints have held high intercourse with heaven never begot purer thoughts than this threshing-floor that night. A noble contrast to such as, disgracing their professions, have received women beneath their roof to undermine their virtue and work their ruin. Boaz, in his fear of God and sacred regard to a poor gleaner's good name, is a pattern to all men. Ruling his own spirit, he stands there "better than he that taketh a city." He is enrolled among the progenitors of the Messiah; nor, take him for all in all, was there one in the list of whom Christ had less cause to be ashamed, one more worthy to be the ancestor of an incarnate God of him who was "holy, harmless, and unfeigned, separate from sinners."—*From Studies of Character, by Dr. Guthrie*.

Remembrance is the only paradise out of which we cannot be driven away. Indeed, our first parent, were not to be deprived of it.—*Richter*.

No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.—*Emerson*.

Every reader reads himself out of the book that he reads; nay, has he a strong mind, reads himself into the book, and amalgamates his thoughts with the author's.—*Goethe*.