

The Family Circle.

A SCOTCH STUDENT.

Shon Campbell went to College
because he wanted to,
he left the croft in Gairloch
to live in Bain and Drew.
Shon Campbell died at College
when the sky of Spring was blue.

Shon Campbell went to College,
the pulpit was his aim;
by day and night he ground, for he
was Hielan, dour and game;
the session was a hard one,
Shon flickered like a flame.

Shon Campbell went to College
and gave the ghost up there,
attempting six men's cramming
on a mean and scanty fare;
three days the Tertians mourned for him,
'twas all that they could spare.

Shon Campbell lies in Gairloch,
unhooded and ungowned,
the green Quadrangle of the hills
to watch his sleep profound,
and the Gaudeamus of the burns
making a homely sound.

But, when the Last Great Roll is called
And adsums thunder loud,
and when the Quad is cumbered
with an eager, jesting crowd,
the Principal, who rules us all,
will say: "Shon Campbell I come!
your Alma Mater hails you
Magister Artium!"

—W. A. McKenzie, *British Weekly*.

SUNDAYS IN SCOTLAND.

It was the Lord's Day. The shepherd said to his man, "O Jims, muo! Can you no gie a whistle on thae ram'lin brutes o' mine? I daurna mesel'."

Perhaps, to-day, a shepherd or pedestrian could not be found in all Scotia, who would be so scrupulous as to refrain from "whusling" or whistling on the Sabbath.

No steam, cable or horse-cars are on the tracks. No "whistle," hammer or any such thing is heard in the Sunday air. No chemists' shops are open, except at stated intervals. No barbers' shops, restaurants or places of amusement are available. No cabs are to be hired at the coach office. Only an occasional carriage or cab is seen on the streets all day long; and these are for emergencies or invalids. Church-goers walk in and from all directions. The central "Meadow Walk" is black with people, morning and evening. Being somewhat mystified, then and now, as to the difference between The Church of—Free Church of—and the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, we naturally found ourselves first in old historic St. Giles, where Johanne Knokkis, whom poor Mary could neither awe nor charm "out of his own determined way," used to bang the pulpit so effectually, according to the protocols; and where "Maister Knox" used to pray, "O Lord I if thy pleasure be, purge the heart of the Queen's Majesty from the venom of idolatry [as he always considered the mass], and deliver her from the bondage and thrall-dom of Satan, in the which she has been brought up and yet remains for the lack of true doctrine."

The contrastive and comfortal prayer we heard in St. Giles: "The Lord bless all travelers and strangers in a strange land, far from home," evoked a benediction on the heads of more than one woman, who forgot the verger with the flowing robes and silver mace, forgot the "fair to middling" sermon, forgot the high and pure soprano that floated into the upper light of the clerestory and then down among the depended battle-flags of the nave, forgot the historical tablets and monuments, forgot novelty and curiosity, forgot everything but the universal fatherhood of God.

The service was most excellent in the Augustine Congregational church (Dr. Alexander's for forty years). Principal Fairbairn, of Mansfield College, Oxford, preached fifty five minutes on Luke ii. 34, 35. It was a grand sermon, but too long for untrained foreigners.

Getting ideas wherever I am has become such a confirmed habit that even in the

heart of Midlothian, in the middle of a Scotch Sunday, I found myself mentally taking notes on meeting-house ways, which went into my diary thus:

"Umbrella-racks at the end of the pews for both canes and umbrellas (the latter article being almost as inseparable from the inhabitant of misty Great Britain as his ruddy epidermis or 'gude conceit'). No music in the hymn-books. Query: Was there any music in the hymns? And, if not, how could the congregation sing them so well, without music? While the rest of the audience was going out, the communicants quietly gathered into the middle seats, near the altar, to observe the Lord's Supper. Two deacons stood like Aaron and Hur beside the minister while he prayed. The bread was in squares, passed in the hand and broken off by each one, without a thought of germs."

A September Sunday in the Highlands, where everybody in his best Sunday brows goes to the kirk, must be mentioned. Inland-travel, people—philosophical people—are supposed to omit diaries. But my "diurnal of occurrences" jogs a delightful memory of a country Sunday in Aberdeenshire. All buildings in this northern country, farm-houses, carriage-houses and byres are of solid granite. The stone kirk was a small parallelogram with galleries on two ends and one side, the pulpit being in the middle of the other side and so near that, sitting in the gallery, we could almost touch the minister with our umbrellas. The choir, twelve in number, were in a box in front of the minister, about as thick as sardines, and buttoned in, as was the minister, by a little door in charge of the beadle. The kirk was well-filled with good-looking Scotch girls, young men and old people, who dropped their shillings and half-crowns into the box at the door. They opened their Bibles, each one of them, found the place and followed the reading of God's Word. Scripture is always read twice at each service in Scotland.

The sermon about the Leaven in the Measures of Meal, was appropriate to "Stookie Sunday," when the broad harvest-fields were covered with golden stacks of corn (as the Scotch call all grain). The cushionless seats in this kirk were ten inches wide.

It used to be customary for Scotch ministers to repeat two lines of the hymn for the choir to sing, and then two more, and so on. A strange minister came into the pulpit one Sunday morning, and began to apologize: "The print is small, my eyes are dim; I cannot see to read this hymn." Whereupon the choir took up the refrain to the tune "Old Hundred." The minister said, "I did not mean to sing the hymn, I only meant my eyes are dim." The persistent choir quickly set it to music, which provoked the exasperated reply: "I think the devil is in you all; that was no hymn to sing at all."

Another Sunday in a typical Scotch village, where the church, the post-office and the railroad station are the only places of excitement, we considered ourselves very fortunate in listening to Dr. Marcus Dods, who had come north for a respite. One could no more forget that sermon than his looking-glass. 2 Cor. iii. 18—reflecting Christ in us, as in a mirror—was the theme. We reflect the character of the people we are much with, therefore we must keep constant company with Christ. We must square ourselves to him, so not to be lopsided, so his full image can be reflected. We, as mirrors, must be unveiled—no napkins over the heart; and there must be God-given quicksilver at the back, else there will be shallow reflection.

Two lines of a hymn sung that day followed me all the way home, and here they are:

"Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away,
In Jesus' keeping, we are safe and they."

In Free St. Matthews, Glasgow, we found Dr. Stalker preaching, without notes, a series of sermons on the Life of St. John, which doubtless we shall have later in book

form. In this church there is no organ, no quartet, no soloist. A few young people lead the congregation in singing. The house is literally packed. Dr. Stalker doesn't use any bigger words than were used in the Sermon on the Mount; and, as in that sermon, his every sentence is pointed and freighted. In Milwaukee the secretary of our Young Women's Christian Association gives a cup of tea to stranger working-girls at the close of the Sunday afternoon gospel meeting, and then takes them to different churches for the evening service. She said to me recently, "I've stopped taking them to Mr. B's church. They can't understand him. He preaches right over their heads."—Dr. Stalker preaches right into their hearts. In the servants' department of the Y.W.C.A. in Glasgow I saw a picture of Dr. Stalker in one of the girls' bedrooms. It was her beloved pastor. The common people and the uncommon people understand and hear gladly this learned author of "Imago Christi." What a lesson to ministers, who are put to their wits' ends for subjects and methods to draw an audience.—*Kate Kingsley Ide, in The Advance*

CONSCIENCE-MONEY FROM A TURK.

It is always pleasant to meet with proofs of the power of conscience in persons and in circumstances where we least expect them. The following incident will show that even the "unspeakable Turk" may obey its dictates. It is told in a recent issue of the *Golden Rule*, by the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., for thirty years a missionary in Turkey:

In 1867, as I was passing an umbrella store in Pera, Constantinople, I noticed that the master of the store was also a repairer, and seemed to have very good work in hand. I showed him my umbrella, and he said that he could replace the broken parts so that I should not be able to find the place of the change. We agreed upon the terms, and I said to him, "Put a large tag on it, and write on it, 'Mr. Hamlin, of Bebek,' so that, when I come for it, you shall not waste your time and mine in looking for it."

A few days after, I was passing the shop with my son Alfred, and found the work well done. In trying to get the loose piasters from my pocket I took out a bunch of keys and a purse containing eleven Turkish liras, or \$44.48, and laid them on the counter. Having paid the money, I departed, leaving the purse. I had gone up the street a few minutes, when I became aware of the loss, and turned back, to find the store shut and the man gone. All efforts to recover the money were fruitless.

Twenty-eight years passed away, and the incident was forgotten. But a few months ago the umbrella man entered the large English store nearly opposite, and enquired of Mr. Baker whether he had known a Mr. Hamlin, of Bebek (the tag of the umbrella had stuck in the man's memory), whether he was still living, and where, and whether he could send him some money. "Because," said he, "some money of his remained with me in a certain way. I am an old man now. I want to pay it back, so that the examining angel shall find nothing against me. But I want a receipt in full, that will stand me in the judgment." He paid over six liras, and took Mr. Baker's receipt for me.

It so happened that the boy Alfred, now professor of architecture in Columbia University, was at this time on a visit to Constantinople, and Mr. Baker paid to him the six liras, \$26.64. He said to the umbrella man: "I was with my father. I remember the whole affair. It was eleven liras. You must give me five more, and then I will give you a receipt in full."

"O," replied the Turk deprecatingly, "it is an old affair, so many years ago. It is not worth while to over-haul it now. Let us call it square. It is an old affair. It is very well just as it is."

Imperfect as it is, this is an extraordinary instance of the work of conscience after so many years. The passage of time does

not affect moral distinctions. Are all Christian consciences as sensitive in reviewing the past?

WHAT DOCTORS SAY OF BICYCLING.

In the discussion that took place a few months ago at the Academie de Medicine de Paris, the members, with three exceptions, pronounced themselves against bicycling. But Sir Benjamin Richardson, of London, who has had great experience in studying the effect of the bicycle on health, is disposed to approve its use in moderation.

Bicycling has a decided and immediate action on the heart. In every rider it quickens the heart's action—the pulse may rise from 65 to 75 pulsations a minute to 200—and sometimes an increase in the size of the heart is detected. But Sir Benjamin Richardson reports no instance of overtaxing the heart, loss of breath, angina pectoris, or vertigo of sufficient importance to oblige anyone to abandon the bicycle.

But the lesson to be derived from his researches and those of other physicians is, as our foreign medical correspondent says: Moderation should be observed in all things. It is very well to use the bicycle, but this should not be carried too far. Too much and too violent exercise makes the heart muscle irritable, and has a tendency to increase its volume. The fear of accidents and the emotion felt on riding a bicycle through crowded streets may bring on palpitations and other cardiac disorders in timid and impressionable people.

The way in which this kind of sport may be harmful, or even dangerous, is in the exertion required in going up hill or in riding against a high wind, the excessive fatigue due to a long ride, and in the non-observance of this fundamental rule of the wheelman's alimentary hygiene—to have small but frequent repasts and not to over-excite the heart by alcoholic drinks. . . . I therefore think that persons with any lesion of the heart will do well not to use the bicycle unless authorized to do so by their medical adviser.—*New York Herald*.

SOME WELL-KNOWN SONGS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

It is not generally known that women have composed a majority of the well-known sentimental songs loved by men and women, says the *Mascot*. Lady John Scott gave to the world "Annie Laurie." The baroness still lives, and is well known for her devotion to the Crimean heroes. Lady Arthur Hill is author of that charming ballad "Is the Gloaming," and the Hon. Mrs. Elizabeth Norton is responsible for that languorous melody "Juanita." Mrs. Scott Gatty composed "Douglas, Tender and True." Mrs. Fitzgerald made the melody of "I remember," and the musical pathos of "Auld Robt Gray" originated in the brain of Lady Ann Lindsay. Lady Nairne, a charming Scotchwoman, has contributed two songs that need only to be sung in any clime to cause every wearer of the tartan to throw his plaid cap to the breeze. These are "The Campbells are Coming" and "The Land o' the Leal." She also wrote the well-known "Laird o' Cockpen." Johanna Baillie is another woman from the land of the heather who wrote a good old Scotch ballad "Woo'd and Married and a." "What ails this heart of mine," is the work of Miss Blamire.

The Theological Society of the Theological College, London, closed an active session by a lecture on "Robert Browning," delivered by the Rev. Dr. Monro Gibson at the college on Thursday, April 4th. The students heartily invited any friends of the college who might wish to be present.

By the death of Mrs. Bryce Allan, of Aros, Mull, widow of one of the founders of the Allan line of Steamships, the church has lost a generous contributor. It was through her kindness the ministers of Mull Presbytery were enabled to take a continental tour a few years ago.