



Fate.

The rose said, "Only let this rain be past,
And I shall feel my sweetness in the sun,
And pour its fullness into life at last."
But when the rain was done,
And fair dawn sparkled through unclouded air,
She was not there.

The lark said, "Let but winter be away
And blossoms come, and light; then will I soar
And lose the earth, and be the voice of day."
But when the snows were o'er,
And sweet spring broke in blueness overhead,
The lark, poor bird, was dead.

Yet myriad blossoms made the gardens glow;
And skylarks carolled all the summer long:
No lack of birds to sing, or flowers to blow—
But ah! lost scent, lost song;
Poor storm-wrecked rose; poor lark, that never trilled;
Dead, unfulfilled.

HATTIE COOPER.

JUST YOU AND I.

FLAG half-mast upon a grey church tower, a grey-stone manse agloom with close-barred shutters, a grey sky dropping leadenly down.

Within the church, heavy draperies of black, dim light, solemn organ notes; a gathering of people with sad faces and tear-filled eyes lifted toward an empty pulpit.

The organ voice grows softer; it ceases; a gowned minister—alas, a stranger—ascends into the pulpit; his words of prayer break the stillness. The service begins.

And through the misty tear-blurred atmosphere the people see not him who speaks, but him who has spoken from that pulpit in the long range of past years. His voice is in their ears; his presence is before them; his words, his out-giving, his life, is reaching and touching theirs as it never has done before. The sweet gravity of those strong Scotch faces; the uplifted eyes, the far-off vision, tell surely that he whose form lies white in repose within that shuttered manse, is with his people now, in the hour of their sorrow, to comfort them as of old.

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What the pastor of St. Andrew's was to his family and heart friends, only they may know; what to his people, the sweet solemn uplifting look may tell. His brethren of the ministry have extolled him as with one voice from a thousand pulpits throughout the land; there yet remains the tribute from those who know him not, save as the stranger knows, who pauses at the beautiful temple gate, listens a moment to the service within, then passes on his way.

What though the words are halting? If they express a real regret, a real affection,—if they come from a heart sore in sympathy for the passing of a good man, they may be permitted among the many more eloquent tributes.

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It is hard to separate St. Andrew's and its late pastor, in our thought; the two are as closely entwined as Boston's Trinity Church and Phillips Brooks.

The beautiful stone edifice, with its grace

of architecture, its æsthetic dignity of interior, its rich music, its service,—stately, reverent, yet glowing,—is truly expressive of its pastor. The whole form and character of the worship is the outcome of his life and thought. Because Mr. Macdonnell lived, his church lived also,—in all the beauty and reverence, all the simplicity and intensity that made its very atmosphere electric with lively conviction.

The chance visitor never entered St. Andrew's without feeling the beauty of holiness wrapping him about. That slender form in the pulpit, that dark nervous face, and eager, hesitant speech pressed instantly upon him; and he knew that here at least was one to whom the eternal verities were not vague "hoped-fors," but real and present possessions.

It was one of the features of Mr. Macdonnell's ministry,—this impress of his sincerity upon the listening stranger,—the wayfarer who crept quietly in, and sat in some far pew corner to pass an hour.

Were the visitor idle or eager, indifferent, questioning, or sceptic, the atmosphere of the place wrapped him into an outer reverence; and passing out, he knew he had listened to one who believed, and therefore spake.

O these back-pew wayfarers!—chance listeners of an hour; unknown to him who preaches and they who attend,—who shall say what momentous issues shall result in their lives and the lives of others because of their moment's pause at the temple gate? The thought of them should be present with every minister as he faces his congregation.

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What was the secret of Mr. Macdonnell's power over men and women of the world? Only that he was a good man—that was all.

Eloquence, oratory, depth of learning, none of these he had to extent; only the intensity of sincerity, the magnetism of wide sympathy. "He lived in touch with God." Thus one spake of him, and in saying it, said all.

But stop and think of it. This is a city full of churches; a country full of pulpits. Yet both those who are in the pews and

outside them, turn with bitter sense of bereavement to ask wearily of each other, "Who is there to take his place?"

Men of the pulpits, the Church's greatest need to-day, her crying need, is a ministry each member of which lives and walks "in touch with God."

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How the manner of his death has appealed to us;—this holy man of God. His was not a translation, no sudden and glorious passing. To him was given sorrow and loss, loneliness and slow decay. He suffered all the pain and the weakness of a gradual wasting. He endured the uncertainty, the longings for recovery, the hopes, the disappointments, the fluctuations, the intense weariness, of a slow decline. He was spared not one detail of the progress of disease; he,—this saintly soul, this intensely sympathetic man, drank the full cup of human weakness and bodily distress, and trod the *via dolorosa* to the end, even as his Master had done.

Lying in his quiet country retirement, with his thought and hope for his people in the busy city, his heart already with one gone before to the Leal Land; bound to earth by an infinitude of tender ties, fatherly and pastoral, drawn toward heaven by one strong vibrant cord; watching the suns rise and set, the moons grow and wane; sending loving messages to his sore-hearted church; striving to get better, then patiently waiting for the end;—the minister of St. Andrew's came nearer to his people through his sufferings than ever he did in times of health.

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It is a splendid service, on this Memorial Sunday. The music is not mournful; there are no dirges nor *dies iræ*; but the beautiful organ under the master-touch rings out, rich, full and deep,—melody exultant, not *misereræ*. The great congregation take up the psalms so strong and sweet, "Unto the hills," and "The Lord is my Shepherd." They lift their sad faces upward and sing as the Covenanters sang on the Scottish hill-side centuries ago. It seems as though the white mute-lipped form within the silent manse must hear, and hearing make answer to his people's outpouring.

But he is still,—held by the mighty bonds of our strongest foe; and his friend, Principal Grant, steps into the pulpit—his pulpit—to speak of him and for him. He tells of the source of the dead minister's strength, his freedom of thought, his spiritual power; his belief that

Somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill;

his sunny, cheery faith, and all the sweetnesses of his character.

Again the organ voice sounded, this time alone,

I know, I know, that my Redeemer liveth;
I know, I know—

Surely it was the triumph song of him whose still form lay so near his beloved church.

"Our Father who art in heaven;—the people's voice rose in united petition like the murmur of waters.

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

It was a last exultant uplifting of voice then came the benediction.

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O flag on the grey Norman tower! you should droop not at half-mast, but flutter your folds at the head; for you tell not of death, but of Victory.

FAITH FENTON.