

Pastor and People.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Into my closet fleeing, as a dove
Doth homeward flee,
I haste away to ponder o'er Thy love,
Alone with Thee.

In the dim wood, by human ear unheard,
Joyous and free,
Lord, I adore Thee, feasting on Thy word
Alone with Thee.

Amid the busy city, thronged and gay,
But One I see,
Tasting sweet peace, as unobserved I pray
Alone with Thee.

O happy life! Life hid with Christ in God!
So making me
At home, and by the wayside, and abroad
Alone with Thee.

DOLLINGER'S TABLE TALK.

BY REV. D. SUTHERLAND.

David Mason, the genial and accomplished professor of English Literature, in the University of Edinburgh, whose gigantic labours in connection with the standard life of John Milton, won for him the name of "the dray-horse of English Literature," once unbosomed himself to his class as to the kind of literature which gave him the most pleasure. He said that if he had the power to command a perpetual literary feast he would seek a constant succession of works like the *Waverley Novels*, *Boswell's Johnson*, and *Eckermann's Conversations of Goethe*. In such books he found an interest that never grew stale. We are sure he would now add to the number the *Conversations of Dollinger*, recently issued by Louise Von Kobell, a German lady who had the happiness of knowing well and talking frequently with the famous historian. The book is of the type of *Eckermann's Goethe*, and higher praise could not be given it. The picture its conversations and autobiographical glimpses leave upon the mind of the reader is far more vivid and adequate than that he could draw from the mass of biographical material which has already gathered round the name of Dollinger. The man lives, moves and speaks as we turn over the pages.

It was the late Canon Liddon, we think, who wrote that while he listened to the conversation and saw the gentleness of Dollinger he was inclined to speculate on what kind of character would have enriched human experience if the apostle of inspired dialectics had for a while blended in a single personality with the apostle of divine love, so suggestive of Paul and John were what he heard and saw. Something of the same impression must come to the careful reader of the every-day memorials of Dollinger's life. Intellectual strength and saintly sweetness of character united in making a personality as rare as it was powerful. Everybody knows the greatness of the work done by Dollinger in literature and ecclesiastical reform, but everybody does not know the greatness of the man in which his work found its source and strength. Here the curtain is lifted from the inner life by an intimate friend, who, during the ten years from 1880 to 1890, had the happiness of sharing a weekly talk with him she seeks to portray. He frankly unburdened himself on these occasions on theology, art and literature, thus opening windows in his mind and soul through which we can see his real self.

Part of Dollinger's mental power lay in his wonderful memory. Its versatility and retentiveness were simply marvelous. He could quote with equal readiness a page of Homer, a canto of Tasso or a paragraph from Sir Walter Scott. There was nothing like it in modern times with the exception of Macaulay's memory and we question whether even this was equal to it. Along with this memory there was a genial humour which redeemed the learning from antiquated ponderosity of manner. Dollinger literally sparkled with fun in the hours he gave to talk with his friends, and the fun had always wisdom in it. For example, when the con-

duct of Madame de Maintenon in being influenced by her confessor in bringing about the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was under discussion, Dollinger declared that this kind of blind reliance is not unnatural with women, who though often cleverer than the average man, are content to be ruled by him. In illustration of which he told how a French lady once asked an English ambassador how it came to pass that notwithstanding the fact that France was ruled by a man and England by a woman, government affairs went much worse in France than in England. To which the ambassador made an answer as profound as it was clever: "For this reason, madame, that a reigning king is ruled by women, but a reigning queen by men." Similar specimens of mingled wit and wisdom lit up much of Dollinger's table talk.

Dollinger's home life was patriarchal in its simplicity. Genial as he was he had a good deal of the ascetic—that is for a German—in him. Smokers he counted barbarians, and intoxicating beverages of any kind were regarded by him as the bane of mankind. His patience in household troubles could not be worn out. When cups and jugs rattled and came to grief he used to console himself with the reflection, that if he had the handling of glass or china, things would have been broken sooner. His cook was fifty years in his service, and the man-servant thirty-five. During all the years a quarrel was unknown. It may be said these are little things which reveal character, and constitute a test so searching that very few great men of our century can stand it. The master who is a hero to his valet is a master worth honouring.

Dollinger's life-work is sympathetically discussed by his Johnson. He is happily likened unto Dante in the fervour with which he cherished in his heart an ideal of the ancient Church in the observance of whose ordinances he could live and die. The errors of the Church of Rome were frankly and fearlessly unveiled by him in the hope that exposure to the light of day might lead to reform, but the effort was unsuccessful. Dollinger's attitude towards the decree of the Vatican Council on Papal Infallibility—his refusal to submit to its preposterous claim and his subsequent excommunication—is known to every reader. But the calmness of the courage with which he bore the abuse of Romish fanaticism, and the saintly charity which ultimately broke down the opposition of his enemies and converted it into a feeling akin to respectful love, are not nearly so well-known as they ought to be. To know Dollinger was a liberal education in itself. Something of the benefits of such an education is carried now to a large circle of readers in the charming *Table Talk* which brings near to us one of the most gifted teachers and powerful personalities of our century.

Charlottetown, P.E.I., Canada.

EVERYBODY'S BOOK.

BY REV. A. FORREST.

The Bible is everybody's book. Everybody can read the Bible. There is such variety in its style and matter that it will be found suited to people at any stage of life, and of every peculiarity of taste, or habit, or feeling. "It is a harp of many strings, a quiver with many shafts." You have books for children and books for grown people. You have books that your boys delight to read, and books that your daughters will sit up at night to finish. You have books for men, and you have books for women. You have books for those in youth, for those in middle life, and for those in old age. You have books of poetry for the poetic, of history for those who like history, of proverbs for those who like proverbs, of romances for those who like romances, of philosophy for the curious and all who want to be at the bottom of things, and so on; every taste, every aptitude, every mood has its own books.

But here is a book which exactly suits every class, which is adapted to every capacity, to every susceptibility, and to every mood of the mind. God intended the Bible

for mankind. Little children were to read it, so He admitted that beautiful story about Joseph, and allowed the evangelists to write concerning the young child Jesus sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing and asking them questions, and concerning Jesus at the well, and Jesus at the judgment hall, and Jesus on the cross—all narratives so simple and beautiful that a little child will like them and understand them. And the old people were to read it, so God inspired Solomon to write his book of proverbs, a world of wisdom learned from the actual experiences of life. And the historian was to read it, so He admitted the history of Moses and the other writers. And the logician was to read it, so He let Paul reason of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. And the poet was to read it, so He directed Job to picture the heavens as a "curtain," and Isaiah the mountains as "weighed in a balance," and the waters as "held in the hollow of His omnipotent hand." The complaining and sorrowful were to read it, so He made Jeremiah exclaim, "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears!" And the happy and the jubilant were to read it, so Zephaniah was made to cry, "Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout O Israel; be glad and rejoice with all thy heart, O daughter of Jerusalem!" And the lovers of the strange, and the wild and the romantic were to read it, so He let Ezekiel write of mysterious rolls, and winged creatures, and flying wheels of fire. The Bible is suited to the race, however and wherever found. It recognizes no specialty of mental conformation or temperament, and no distinctions of nationality or country. "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, and Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," can here read in their own tongue, the wonderful work of God. Oh! when you think of the universal suitability of the Bible, do you not exclaim: "Thy testimonies are wonderful!"

The Bible is none of your second-rate productions, but is the work of the highest intellect and of the highest genius. The greatest minds of the race have bowed before the majesty of Scripture truth, and found more delight in searching these testimonies than in all science, or art, or literature besides. Collins, the celebrated English poet, had no other book than the Bible when he went on his prolonged tour on the continent. The Bible was the constant companion of the great German strategist who, in our own time, raised his country to such a place of honour and influence in Europe. Sir Isaac Newton, than whom there was never a greater ornament to science, turned from his contemplation of the starry heavens to adore Him, who is the Bright and Morning Star. Locke, the profound and acute metaphysician, would leave for a while his dry and husky thoughts to bask in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, and to pluck fruit from the verdant boughs of the tree of life that grows fast by the river of God. And the great Samuel Johnson, big in body as in mind, sat like a very child at the feet of Jesus to drink in the words of eternal life.

A SOUL RESCUED.

The New York Independent publishes the following incident "without comment":

A merchant of this city met an old acquaintance recently on an elevated railway train. In the course of conversation the man told him that since they had last met, a few years previously, he had passed through a wonderful experience. He then told a story which we reproduce in the briefest possible form.

He had been a member of the Produce Exchange, and had been in good circumstances. He fell into the habit of drink, not because he loved the taste of liquor, but a mania of thirst seemed to possess him, so that he often drank from twenty to thirty times a day. He soon lost his

business and drifted steadily downward. His wife and children were forced to leave him, and he became utterly discouraged, and was most of his time in a half-drunken state. While in this condition he chance one day to meet a man he knew, who was a hard drinker like himself. After some conversation this man proposed that they should go to a certain mission to hear the singing. They went. A woman attached to the mission came and spoke kindly to them and invited them to remain; but they declined. The merchant's friend, however, felt drawn to return the next night. He went there after steadily every night for a week to the mission, feeling, he said, as though he could not stay away. Every night the faithful woman missionary would come and speak kindly to him and urge him to seek salvation; but he always declined. One night he felt as though he ought to make an effort to become a man again. While this feeling was in his heart, though he was even then in a drunken state, she came to him as usual and invited him to go forward. He got up at once and went with her. Before he knew what he was doing he was kneeling at the altar, and she was praying for him, and then he began to pray for himself. He was fully converted, and went to work in connection with the mission, to bring in others and save them. From that moment he says, the desire for drink left him entirely. Started once more in the right way, he began to prosper. He notified his wife and children, and they came back to live with him, and now he is at the head of a happy and comfortable home. He believes, it is needless to say, most implicitly in the efficacy of prayer. He believes he was led, half drunk, though he was, by the Holy Spirit to the meeting through the instrumentality of his drunken friend, and that the same Divine influence prompted him to return night after night and finally pray for himself.

DR. DUFF'S APPEAL.

When Dr. Duff, the great Scotch missionary, came home after his life-work in India, a crowded meeting was held in Edinburgh, to hear him on the claims of India upon the Christian Church. For two hours and a half the old man went on, holding the audience by his eloquence. Then he fainted, and was carried out of the hall.

Presently he came to, and asked, "Where was I? What was I doing?" In a moment, memory returned, and he said, "Take me back, I must finish my speech."

"You will kill yourself if you do," said his friends.

"I shall die if I don't," exclaimed the old man. They took him back. The whole meeting rose, many in tears. His strength failed, and he could not rise, but gathering himself up for one final effort, he said, "Fathers of Scotland! have you any more sons for India? I have spent my life there, and my health is gone, but if there are no more young men to go, I will go back myself, and lay my bones there, that the people may know that there is one man in Christian Britain ready to die for India."

DO NOT SCOLD.

For the sake of your children do not scold. It is a great misfortune to have children reared in the presence and under the influence of a scold. The effect of the everlasting complaining and fault-finding of such persons is to make the young who hear it unamiable, malicious, and callous-hearted, and they often learn to take pleasure in doing the very things for which they receive tongue-lashings. As they are always getting the blame of wrong doing, whether they do it or not, they think they might as well do wrong as right. They lose all ambition to strive for the favorable opinion of a fault-finder, since they see they always strive in vain. Thus a scold is not only a nuisance, but a destroyer of the morals of children.