

have given his hands a grip of iron and a palm of horn. But they can be very patient betimes to help toddling vikings over rough roads, or to teach them intricacies of knots and splices. The eyes, now bent with a seaman's keenness upon the tumbling offing, have in their quieter moods the sheen of dripping dulce, newly torn from the darkest recesses of a rock-pool. The wildest paroxysms of the elements are to him familiar things, powerless to blanch his cheek or cause his heart to quail; yet the feeblest cry of distress or the slightest word of affection may stir his nature to its depths. Presently, we shall see the weather-beaten face glow beneath its oak-tints at the evening welcome of his comely wife, and at sight thereof will be convinced, once and for all, that, whatever may be said to the contrary, matrimony is not always a failure.

But while we digress the beauty of the afternoon is quickly passing away. Veil after veil of thinnest mist is being drawn, as if by magic fingers, across the dappled sky, until its innumerable fleecy cloudlets are finally merged in one common pall of silvery gray. Through this, the declining sun sends a faint, yellow radiance, scarcely powerful enough to define the shadows. The emerald of the wave-crests yields little by little to a neutral tint, and here and there, as they eurl over and break, a deepening sepia tinge appears. Far out, beyond the limit of protection afforded by the beetling cliffs, the rising wind churns the tops of the swells into flying spray. Everything foretells a tempestuous night.

Our friend Pierre, who ekes out his sometimes scanty fare by occasional service as a pilot, is on the lookout for an ocean steamer, now some days overdue. The faintest shade of anxiety gathers in his countenance as he reads the warning signs of the sky. Will his comrades, who are down the coast with their seines, be caught by the storm? A moment's reflection assures him of their safety—the wind cannot reach them, in its present quarter. Suddenly, he draws from beneath his arm a scarred and ancient telescope, and levels it upon the horizon. A glance is sufficient to inform his practised eye that yon black thread is not a steamer's smoke, but a tenuous cloud-bank, forerunner of heavier masses not yet visible. He closes the glass with a snap. A second glance at the now almost obscured sun, convinces him that there is no need for further watching. The captain of the *Neustria*—an old "sea-dog"—would not dream of making the neighbouring port on such a night as this promises to be. So, after looking carefully to the moorings of the staunch little craft tossing restlessly by the wharfside he turns homewards. The strain of watching being now relaxed, all the native genialness of his face becomes perceptible.

Away up the hillside, one of a score, its exact counterparts stands his tiny cottage. Its white walls start out from the bosom of the gathering shadows, which as daylight wanes, seem to creep out from their hiding places in the crannies and fissures of the black basalt jutting out everywhere through the scanty herbage. Still higher up, dominant over all in its solitude, stands the village church. The last dim rays of the setting sun brighten for a moment the summit of the cross that tops the shingled spire: symbolizing perfectly the faith which invests the sorrows of this world with the halo of an undying hope. The unpretentious edifice is dedicated to our Lady of Good Succour, whose rudely carved effigy looks out from its niche beneath the belfry, over the waste of waters below. As the last sunbeam parts lingeringly from the holy sign above, the vesper bell sends out to all within hearing a clanging call to prayer, and Pierre, the devout son of a devout race, breathes a fervent petition for all who may have business upon the deep, during the coming night.

The village is almost depopulated, by the expedition already referred to. None remain behind save the patriarch of the community—old John Pettipas—and the women and children. Of sick there are none—a sportive tradition is current among the younger folk, that the old people cannot die until they are sent inland! To John, who looms dimly from his seat on the doorstep, through a nimbus of tobacco smoke, the young man flings a boisterous greeting and halts for a moment to exchange prognostications for "old John" is weather-wise. Here and there, in his upward course, he slows his swinging gait in order to answer some anxious matron's enquiry concerning the absent men. "There is no danger," he says, with a confident air, full of comfort to the most apprehensive ones. "The lads are close in shore where the storm cannot reach them. However, before it breaks they will be home."

At the gate of his own diminutive garden, stands Katrine, cherry-lipped, ruddy-cheeked, black-eyed, a picture of brightness. Her shapely arms bared to the elbow, enfold the infant son and heir of her stalwart lord. She smiles happily at his coming, revealing as she does so, a set of teeth that a princess might envy. Pierre's eyes flash back the welcome, which beams upon him, while Pierre, junior, leaps and crows lustily at sight of the approaching form. As the infantile challenge falls on his father's ear, it is answered by a resonant, hearty roar of mirth that echoes and re-echoes among the rocks. At the same time he unconsciously quickens his pace.

The waiting pair are reached at length. "Come!" he cries. The youngster bounds from its mother's embrace into the strong hands outspread to receive him. For thirty seconds he is held aloft, full eight feet above mother earth, in which position he laughs fearlessly and endeavours to reach with his dimpled fists the merry, swarthy visage beneath. Suddenly he is drawn down to the broad breast, where he is held for another thirty seconds in a close but tender hug. Then the hug relaxes, and a vigorous impulse of the muscular arms sends the urchin on a breathless flight

skyward. He is safely caught on the descent, and the operation repeated again and again, he all the while screaming in very ecstasy of enjoyment. Pierre's deep bass and Katrine's melodious contralto mingle with the child's shrill treble in a delightful harmony which might charm the most hopeless cynic into graciousness. Finally, tiring of this sport, the fledgling rover is perched upon his sire's massive shoulder, from which vantage he leans forward in gleeful chase of Katrine, who retreating up the shell strewn path, invites the pursuit which she nimbly eludes. And as the first brown sail of the returning boats creeps round the headland, the viking and his household divinities vanish from our sight within the darkness of the open portal.

Sackville, N. S.

R. R. J. EMMERSON.

### ANTICIPATING THE WEDDING-DAY.

(From an Old Man's Mss. of long ago.)

"Let us dream on; it can do no one any harm, and it will do us some little good."

"Let us dream on," the darling woman said,  
Waiting with hope for that auspicious day  
For which I, too, with eager longing pray,  
Though only for some fleeting weeks delayed.  
Let us dream on! it is the time of dreams,  
Wherein the glowing future to us seems  
In all imagination's hues arrayed.

Let us dream on! of love's undying flame,  
Of tenderness, and trust, and joy that conquers death,  
Of happy days and nights till latest breath,  
And all that goes to make a blessed name.  
Sweet dreams! ye innocent visions of delight,  
None do ye harm; but oh, how blissful bright  
Ye make our hearts, as joy ye silently proclaim.

### THE POET'S GENIUS.

THOUGHT born of fancy free—  
Like wild bird's warbled glee.

ITS EMPIRE.

MAN's heart e'en swayed by glorious song,  
Rich boon of ages all along.

Toronto.

T. E. MOBERLY.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—It may possibly rest in the recollection of some of your readers that in an earlier number of your journal, some three or four years since, I addressed a letter to you on the above subject. As I have more to say now than I had then, I may claim sufficient motive and excuse for entering upon it again. The interest of any light that it may be possible to throw on the Lord's Prayer can not be doubtful. It is, if I am not very much mistaken, the general, if not almost universal, opinion among theologians that the Prayer was taught on two occasions to different hearers. I venture to suggest that that view is not correct, and, with your leave, I will proceed to state my reasons for that opinion. A greater breadth of view than seems to be generally taken is, I think, required. It is not enough to take the Prayer, as it occurs in the third Gospel, as an isolated fact. It must be considered in conjunction with its contexts, as well as must the Prayer as it occurs in the first Gospel. There will then at once be found much in common between them. In the first Gospel the Prayer is imbedded in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. So it is in the third. In Luke xi., where the Prayer is found, and in the following chapter, there are no less than twenty-three verses of the same teachings, not similar, but the same, identical, verbatim. Then we have in both Gospels the presence of the multitude. And we find another curious fact. The two Gospels differ as to the place where the Sermon (known as the Sermon on the Mount) was delivered. According to Matthew, it was "up in a mountain"; according to Luke, "down in the plain." For it is incontestable that the discourse in Luke vi. is the same as the Sermon in Matthew v., vi., vii. It begins with like beatitudes, and it ends with the same parable, and is almost identical throughout, as far as it goes, not containing more than thirty verses of the hundred and eight which the Sermon comprises. But it is to be remarked that, while there is this dissimilarity, there is none affecting the Prayer, for it is not contained in Luke vi. As to the place where the Prayer was given, there is agreement between the Gospels. In Matthew it was "up in a mountain;" in Luke, "in a certain place." Now, the "certain place" had been sought by Jesus for the same purpose of prayer as the one described in Luke vi. as "out into a mountain," which is the same as "up into a mountain," and thus we reach the conclusion that that the latter expression and "a certain place" mean the same thing. We have then already what approaches very near to proof that the two Gospels refer to one and the same occasion on which the Prayer was taught. It remains to be considered whether the learners, to whom it was taught, were also the same. In the third Gospel they were the disciples alone; that is sure. Were they so in the first? It may be answered with next to certainty in the affirmative. Matthew's words are, "When He was set, His disciples came unto Him, and He taught them,"

them, the disciples. We are not told that the multitude was taught. A promiscuous multitude of people could surely scarcely have been addressed as "the salt of the earth," "the light of the world" (Matthew), and as "little flock" (Luke). Again, Luke tells us that the multitude was "innumerable, inasmuch that they trode one on another." There must, therefore, have been more or less of tumult, and, so far as conjecture is admissible, the correct interpretation of "going up into a mountain" may be a withdrawal out of reach of interruption from a mass of people in an unruly condition. Moreover, if the disciples had already been taught the Prayer in the Sermon on the Mount, they would not have required to be taught "to pray" again and been given the same form of words (Matthew vi. 9-13; Luke xi. 1-4). All this, taken all together, would certainly seem to leave little doubt of its having been the disciples exclusively to whom the Prayer was taught, and of its having been on one occasion only.

So the matter stood when there came into my hands a work of which the following is the title page: "Studies of the New Testament." By F. Godet, D.D., Professor of Theology, Neuchâtel. Edited by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttleton, M.A., Rector of Hagley, and Honorary Canon of Worcester. Third Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row: 1879, the English edition being a translation by the wife of the editor. Here follow extracts from the work: "On a closer study of the first gospel, we are struck with a salient feature which may help to put us on the right track. Interwoven into the text of the narrative we meet at intervals with certain grand discourses, fitted into the framework of the history. These discourses are five in number: 1. The sermon of Jesus commonly called the *Sermon on the Mount* (v.-vii.)—the other four being specified (p. 12). "In such a work as this, of which the historical side was almost completely effaced, it might happen that the author, in order to set forth with greater clearness and fulness the mind of the Lord on each of these five subjects, put together words spoken by Jesus on different occasions, and grouped into one whole the parables which His wisdom as a Teacher would not have allowed Him to accumulate in this way in preaching to the people; and this explains quite naturally how it is that the elements, combined together in these discourses of Matthew, are found in Luke scattered among five, six and even ten different sets of circumstances." (Here is appended the following foot note: "It occurs no less than nine times that words grouped together by Matthew in the Sermon on the Mount are found in Luke referred to particular and very different circumstances.") "It does not appear to me that, in the majority of those cases, a thorough student of the subject could refuse to give the preference to the position indicated in the third gospel." (Here is appended the following foot note: "Compare, for example, the manner in which the Lord's Prayer is placed Matthew vi. 9-13, and Luke xi. 1-4.") Pp. 15, 16: "Luke is in each case like a botanist who prefers to contemplate a flower in the very place of its birth, and in the midst of its natural surroundings. Matthew is like the gardener who, with a view to some special object, puts together large and magnificent bouquets." Here we have proof positive that, in the opinion of this Swiss professor of theology, there was but one instance of the teaching of the Prayer, and that it was transposed by Matthew from its "preferable position" in Luke to the Sermon on the Mount, in course of carrying out a special purpose and method in the construction of his gospel.

In his recent "Reply to Professor Huxley," the Rev. Dr. Wace, Principal of King's College, London, speaking of the "Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer" says "allowing for variations in form and order;" also, "many good critics have thought that the Sermon on the Mount combines various distinct utterances of our Lord."

That it is true, then, that the Lord's Prayer was taught on one occasion only there can scarcely, I think, remain a doubt. But, if so, very grave misapprehension has arisen. Of that there could be no stronger proof than a printed and published sermon in my possession. It is earnest, eloquent, and, in my humble opinion, entirely right in spirit though entirely wrong in letter, and was preached to a large congregation by a minister in all respects worthy of it. The purpose of this sermon is to enforce the (assumed) fact of the teaching of the Lord's Prayer on two occasions to two different classes of hearers; to point out *why* that course was taken—and here, if in error, the matter becomes very serious indeed—and to inculcate the lessons to be derived from it.

Faithfully yours,

D. FOWLER.

### THE PROPOSED IMPERIAL CONGRESS.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—In presenting the idea of an Imperial Congress as a simple form for giving practical effect to the principle of Confederation of the Empire, I limited myself to the barest outline of the plan, leaving details to be evolved by discussion. You have, while refraining from direct criticism or judgment of the scheme, noted some important points for consideration. In reference to these I desire space for a few explanations.

The new Cabinet Minister would be simply the representative and mouthpiece of the Imperial Congress, and his functions would not interfere with those of the Premier of Great Britain. The Imperial Congress would designate, through its minister, such of the measures before the Parliament or Senate as should be submitted to the vote of the Congress. Thus measures of only local