

## WHAT SCOTLAND OWES TO PRESBYTERIANISM.

They were taught to read, if taught nothing more, that they might at any rate be able to read the Bible—the Word of God. This was the proud pre-eminence of every Scotsman of those days: he could read his Bible, and knew its meaning word for word, equally with the most learned in the land. Alone of all the peasantry in Europe, the Scottish peasantry as a body could do this, and often by fireside and wayside.

“Reasoned high  
Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.”

And this they owed not, as has been often and most mistakenly said, to their parish schools as schools, but to their Presbyterianism. The parish school system properly belongs to the eighteenth century; Presbyterianism was the one educating power in the country from the Reformation to the Revolution. At the Revolution parish schools became a fixed part of the State machinery, and added much to the previously existing means of education; but it was Presbyterianism which gave them their distinctive character as schools—which gave them a republican and a religious spirit. They spread its leaven by the constant use of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism. What that leaven we have seen. Knox at the Reformation awoke the Scottish “commonality” from the lethargy of a long vassalage, kindled in them the first stirring of intellectual liberty and desire, and taught them the full sweep of the fundamental principle of Presbyterianism. How they answered his call we know; and it is one of the finest things in history. How the spirit of these men continued into the next century we also know; and the wrestlings and wreckage which fill it are among the saddest things in history. Parish schools were few enough in the first half of the seventeenth century, yet the intelligence of the people astonished their Episcopal well-wishers, Bishops Burnet and Leighton, who were amazed, as the former of them tells us, to see how the very meanest of them, even their cottagers and their servants, could argue on points of government and the power of princes in matters of religion. Upon all these topics they had texts of Scripture at hand, and were ready with their answers to anything which was said to them. This was in 1670. It was not the parish schools, therefore, which equipped these “cottagers” and “servants”; it was Presbyterianism with its ideals, its problems, its aims, its assured faith, above all, its constant appeals to the individual mind, and to the sense of individual responsibility. And, rightly considered, it is Presbyterianism which has made Scotland what she is, and given her a people which for intellectual fire and sustained strength of purpose and endurance has had no equal. Long distracted and spent in conflict and self-defence, these high qualities shone out in brilliant individual forms when peace and quiet prevailed; and in Hume, Burns, Scott, Livingstone, and Carlyle has given us types of human nature of universal interest and the most commanding influence.—*Scottish Review*.

## THE CUSTOM HOUSE CONSCIENCE FUND.

Charles Reade maintains that it is “never too late to mend.” The records of the Custom-house illustrate the theory of the novelist. In May, 1882, a check for \$87 came to hand from a troubled individual who had imported silks, laces, and linens in 1873, and which he then believed to be free, but had since discovered to be dutiable to that amount; \$50 to correct an undervaluation arrived the week before. Collector Schell once received \$1,500 from a burdened conscience, the owner of which requested him to acknowledge the receipt in a daily paper, which he did. Smaller sums appear in the list of the Conscience Fund, such as \$36, \$10, \$7, \$27. Most commendable of all is an item of \$10 transmitted to the Collector by an inspector, into whose pocket it had been thrust by a passenger. Tender conscience, or something else, would not allow it to stay there, and the bribe was “covered into the treasury.” With these facts before him, Collector Robertson may still hope to find out the author of the infamously celebrated “forged telegram,” and more particularly since he himself received in the month of October, 1882, a check for \$10,000 from a most excellent merchant whose clerk, unknown to him, had defrauded the government of about that sum by undervaluations. The fact of undervaluation had not been suspected at the Custom-house, and the length of time that had elapsed since it took place had placed the loss beyond the limits of legal recovery. New York has many such high-minded and sternly principled merchant princes.—*R. Whately, in Harper's Magazine for June*.

## FROM A HOTEL BALCONY IN BIARRITZ.

Far away, bounding the western shore, rose the Lower Pyrenees, their dim heights crowning the picture, and contrasting strangely with the wild waters at their feet. To two of our party this was an unknown country, and to them it seemed as if some dream had taken possession of the land. The splendour and yet the calm of it all made this first day go by like an hour. The sunset came, flooding the whole scene with a marvellous light. Trails of amber and smethyst and opal went sweeping across the sky like colours of some hidden king, trembling with a divine radiance on the waters and the distant hills, and even when the last gleam of colour faded, leaving a curious quality of light in the grayness filling earth and sky. When night fell, and the moon rose, the whole scene changed. The sea shone under the cold light with a glamour which seemed to influence all the distant country of fading hills. The sky was full of passionate throbbing from a million stars. We could only look and wonder what new glories this world might contain.

“As for sketching or painting this sort of thing,” says the voice of the artist, in a minor key, “why, it can't be done. Who could even tell of what we have seen to-day? And this moonlight!—one reads, you know, of what moonlight can do, but was there ever anything so wonderful as

the way in which it glorifies the water? Ah! there—there is the White Maiden of Biarritz!”

We all looked, but could only see, at the foot of one of the boldest rocks, a tall, thin spray of water which rose and fell on the impassive stone with a little wailing sound. Now one member of our party was particularly fond of the legendary, though he objected strongly to calling it a tale for the supernatural. He certainly found out the lore of a place almost by instinct.

“Yes,” he continued, “that is the White Maiden of Biarritz.”

“And what was her story?”

“It was a very sad one,” said the crude person, thoughtfully. “Her lover—he was a Basque knight—discovered a rival whom the girl favoured, and one moonlight night—so runs the legend—he enticed her to that rock, and there hung her over. This was about—about 1307. Ever since, at every full moon, she rises, moaning and making ineffectual attempts to be free.”

“To be free!” says a young person who always enjoys the weird—“to be free! But isn't she dead—drowned—and in heaven?”

The story-teller smiles calmly. “That's the most singular part of it,” he says. “It's most horribly fantastic; perhaps I ought not to have told it at all. No; she can never really drown—so they believe; and he is supposed to sit chained to that rock, compelled through all ages to hear her cries. The Basques are a highly organized people.”—*Luz C. Lillie, in Harper's Magazine for June*.

## THE BABY'S BEDTIME.

This is the baby's bedtime;  
Dimplechin climbs on my knee,  
With “Mamma, I'm drest as sleepy  
An' tired as I can be.”  
So I take up the little darling,  
And undress the weary feet  
That have been making since daylight  
A music busy and sweet.

“Tell me a pitty 'tory,”  
She pleads in a sleepy way,  
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her,  
“What shall I tell you, pray?”  
“Tell me”—and then she pauses  
To rub each sleepy eye—  
“How ze big pid does to martel,  
An' ze 'tittle pids all c'y.”

Then I tell, as I smooth the tangles,  
Ever at war with the comb,  
How the big pig went to market,  
And the wee ones stayed at home;  
And I count on the rosy fingers  
Each little pig once more,  
And she laughs at the “pitty 'tory,”  
As if unheard before,

Then I fold her hands together  
Upon her breast, and she,  
In her sleeping, sleepy fashion,  
Repeats her prayer with me.  
Before it is ended, the blossoms  
Of her eyes in slumber close;  
But the words that are left unuttered  
He who loves the children knows.

Then I lay the bright head on the pillow,  
With a lingering good-night kiss,  
Thinking how much God loved me  
To give me a child like this.  
And I pray, as I turn from the bedside,  
He will help me to guide aright  
The feet of the little darling  
I leave in His care to-night.

—*Harper's Young People*.

LORD SHAFTESBURY pledged himself to take the chair at the celebration of Mr. Spurgeon's fiftieth birthday, saying he would be present if he should have to be carried thither.

THE distilleries of Cambeltown and neighbourhood produce two and a-half million gallons of whiskey annually. Oddly enough the temperance sentiment of the town is stronger than in most places with a similar population.

THE unfortunate steamer *Daphne*, the vessel that capsized in the Clyde while being launched, by which disaster so many lives were lost, seems unable to escape disaster even under her new name of *Rose*, and is now to be finally broken up.

AN advertisement in the *Paris Figure* announces that a man of thirty-six, tided, intelligent, and energetic, would accept any situation, even one perilous and requiring him to go far away, or marriage, in return for the payment of \$20,000 of debt.

THERE are in Great Britain three State papers, the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin *Gazettes*. The first makes a large income by reason of the various notices which the law requires to be inserted in it. Besides these papers there is the official police “Hue and Cry” for each county.

THE heirlooms of Blenheim, which the Duke of Marlborough is trying to sell, include one of the very few services of solid gold plate existing in England. The Queen and the Dukes of Buccleuch and Wellington are understood to be almost the only other persons possessing similar services.

THE juvenile inhabitants of Berlin have grown so musical in their tastes that a petition to the city Police Department is now in circulation requesting that the practice of the art be by ordinance confined to such hours as will least interfere with the intellectual pursuits of the neighbors, who consider the eternal thrumming an insupportable nuisance.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN STAFFS.

FRANCE has given the city of Algiers municipal institutions. The town council met for the first time on May 20.

EACH of the special theatrical performances in Munich before the King of Bavaria, as sole auditor, cost over \$8,000.

DR. WALTER C. SMITH was one of the speakers at a meeting in Glasgow lately on behalf of the Highland crofters.

UNDER the title “Canadian Pictures,” an illustrated volume by Lord Lorne is about to be published by the Religious Tract Society.

AT Adelaide, and in other cities of Australasia, a strong agitation is being carried on for the re-introduction of the Bible into the schools from which it has been expelled.

THE Duke of Norfolk is building an immense Roman Catholic Church at Norwich, the largest with one exception that has been built in this country since the Reformation.

THE newest calculation made to show the enormous distance of the sun from the earth, is that a third-class return ticket by rail to the luminary would cost one million sterling.

MRS. WALL'S “beggars' meetings” in Rome continue to be a great success. Each meeting is attended by some hundred and fifty poor creatures who learn Scriptures and hymns.

THE Rev. John Rankine, Cupar-Fife, officiated for the last time as senior minister of the U. P. congregation on a recent Sabbath, and gave a touching review of his fifty years' ministry.

THE Rev. A. McKinnon, of Strathfillan, died on 23rd ult., in the eighty-first year of his age. He was the last survivor of the four ministers who at the Disruption formed the Presbytery of Breckinbane.

THE Rev. Mr. Hobart, Original Secession Church, Carlisle, preached on the 1st inst., at the religious service held on the battlefield of Drumclog to celebrate the 25th anniversary. Over 1,000 persons were present.

THE west front of Lichfield cathedral, which has been restored at a cost of \$185,000, was dedicated recently. There was an imposing ceremonial in which the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of the diocese took part.

THE Roman correspondent of the *Independence Belge* attributes the estrangement of Prince Victor Napoleon to a great degree to the influence of his mother, who holds conservative and Catholic opinions, with which she has imbued her son.

AT the annual conference of the Scottish Disestablishment Association Prof. Lindsay urged the prosecution of the movement in the counties, and Principal Rainy intimated that they must now be done with timid candidates who posed as their friends.

OF 2,141 missionaries sent forth into the heathen world by the Moravian Church no fewer than 800 have died at their post. One of them, D. Zeisberger, has laboured for sixty-three years with great success amongst the North American Indians.

THE German *Postal Gazette* contains the intelligence that a post-office is about to be erected on Mount Sinai, the monks in the Cloister of St. Catherine having arranged for a regular communication with the port of Tor, at which the Egyptian steamers stop.

A BEAUTIFUL monument, eight feet in height, surmounted by a broken harp, has been placed over the grave in All Saints churchyard of John Crawford, author of “Doric Lays,” who died eleven years ago. It has been erected by Mr. Alexander Hope Crawford, of Toronto.

THE Governor of Bohemia lately forbade the Pan-Germanic Association of Warnsdorf to sing at its meetings the “Wacht am Rhein.” It appealed to the Minister of the Interior, who said that “in view of the existing political situation he could not regard the song as seditious.”

THE divorce question in France may now be regarded as settled. The Senate has repealed the law passed in 1816, under Louis XVIII. for the abolition of divorce, which had been decreed thirteen years previously, under the Consulate of Bonaparte. The repeal of the law was carried by 160 to 118.

IN 1842 not more than four or five Parsee girls had learnt English. Now there are Parsee ladies writing English as fluently as any lady novelist at home and at least one of their number standing up as zealously on behalf of her sisters in the newspapers as Miss Becker or Miss Emily Faithful.

THE desire felt for a Scandinavian conference of the Evangelical Alliance, in spite of the disappointment in connection with Stockholm, will yet be realized. The Danish branch have given a cordial invitation to Copenhagen, and the meetings will be held in that city during the first week of September.

A SERIES of daily devotional meetings of ministers and elders of the Established Church were held during the sittings of the Assembly in the Tron Church, Edinburgh, when such subjects were considered as the relations of the Church to the non-church-going, intemperance, foreign missions, the youth of the Church, etc.

IN France, lately, a young conscript failed to answer to his name when the Council of Revision was sitting. A person present said that the young man had hanged himself, preferring death to coming before the Council. It was true. The young man's father was in the revision hall, and thought that his son was there with the other conscripts.

THE collecting craze is at a white heat in Germany. Its latest and most preposterous phase is that of collecting breakfast rolls of ladies of note, actresses *en vogue*, and, also, of distinguished men, from which rolls a bite has previously been taken. The remnant is then ticketed by the collector: “This roll was bitten into by Miss So-and-So on May 12, 1884, while taking her coffee.”