

Selected Articles.

THE LONG AGO.

BY D. F. TAYLOR.

On a wonderful stream is the river Tweed,
As it glides through the realm of tears,
With a faultless and my-sic-thyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
And blends with the ocean of years.

Now the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summer like buds between
And the year in the "leat"—so they come and they go,
And the rivers breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle, up the river of time,
Where the softest airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime
And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the June with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there,
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and treasures of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And parts of an infant prayer,
There's a lute unstrung, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows, and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy
shores
By the mirage is lifted in air,
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent
roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remember for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life, till night—
When the evening comes, with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
May our "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

HAPPY DAYS IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. THEO. L. CYLER.

CALEDONIAN HOTEL, INVERNESS,
May 23, 1872.

Last Saturday afternoon, in a keen, cold wind, I crossed the railway bridge at Berwick; and when I got upon this side the Tweed I took off my hat in honest reverence for dear old Scotland. This is an enthusiasm that, with me, never wears out. At each new visit Scotland seems grander and more inspiring. The hill around Dunbar looked cold and bleak on Saturday; but still they were the very hills on which Oliver Cromwell fought the famous fight in 1650. Carlyle's account of that battle is one of his rarest specimens of Carlylese. Near Edinburgh we crossed the battle field of Prestonpans, and caught a glimpse of the monument to good Col. Gardiner, who fell in the engagement. It stands close to the cars, and is in the grounds of the "Bankton House."

An old New York friend, now resident in Edinburgh, welcomed me to his pleasant home at "Morningside." This was once a suburb but is now a thoroughly built-up part of *Auld Reekie*. It was the home of Chalmers for many years. The house in which I am lodging is immediately across the street from the plain, stone mansion in which the mightiest of modern ministers lived and died. From our front door I look across into the window of that chamber where his great spirit took wing—at midnight—to the New Jerusalem. The house is now occupied as a school for young women. A little way off lives Dr. William Arnot, whose visit to our General Assembly in 1870 has left a pleasant memory with all who looked into his genial face and heard his rich, savory discourses. His volume on the "Parables" stands unrivalled. From the opposite side of my friend's house, I look out upon the Pentland Hills, which were stained with the blood of the Covenanters, slain by Grierson of Larg. They are treeless and houseless; but on Sunday morning last they were white with snow that had fallen during the night! The season is cold and backward, and blazing fires are burning in every house I enter.

On Sabbath morning last—a bright and golden one too—I went to the neighboring "Parish Church of Morningside." (Established) whose pastor, the Rev. Mr. Lang, has gone as a delegate to our General Assembly at Detroit. I heard a sensible sermon, from Dr. Smith of Leith. The stained glass in the church windows and the hymn books in the pews were innovations which I had not expected to find in a sanctuary of the "Old Kirk" of Scotland. There were American tunes in the said hymn book, and they were used in conjunction with the ancient psalms of David! Within ten years the hymns of Toplady, and Wesley and Ray Palmer will be sung all over Scotland, and that also to the accompaniment of that long-forbidden instrument an organ. Last week the "United Presbyterian" General Synod voted to allow each congregation to vote for themselves whether they will have instrumental music or not! This was carried by a large majority. One pastor, Rev. J. S. Taylor, of Glasgow, sent in his resignation yesterday as a minister in the "U. P." denomination, simply on account of that vote! As he is a man of hasty impulse, it is thought that he will withdraw it when he has had time to cool down. But it is surprising that the effort to reunite the

diverse bodies of Presbyterianism in Scotland "hangs fire," and makes no little progress; when we see ministers of Christ contending "to the death" about questions of the most insignificant character?

On Sabbath afternoon I preached for my brother Arnot, in the "Free High Church," which stands adjoining the Free Church Assembly Hall. The building is plain and of moderate dimensions. But neither the house nor the congregation is as large as the minister. The pulpit is very high; so are the pews; and in a sort of appendage to the pulpit sit the fourteen or fifteen elders of the church. All the singing was out of the ancient version of the psalms. Dr. A. tells me that the largest salaries of the most eminent Presbyterian pastors in Edinburgh do not exceed \$8,000 per annum. Some have a manse in addition to this.

On Monday I passed a most delightful hour with the most brilliant man of the Edinburgh literary circle the world known Dr. John Brown. Who has not read "Rab and his friends?" And who ever read it with a dry eye? Yet it was written at the single sitting, between midnight and morning! Wonderful as is the dog-biography, I verily believe that Dr. Brown's monograph upon his own father is the finest gem of its kind in the English language. I found the Doctor looking but little older than when I saw him last—in 1862. His health is restored and he was as sunshiny as the weather. He spoke with much enthusiasm of my Quakeress friend, Miss Smiley, and also of our Dr. William Adams, the echoes of whose eloquent address before the General Assembly (last year) seem to be ringing in Edinbro' yet. While Dr. Brown sat chatting about Ruskin and other friends, I was watching a picture of the redoubtable *Lab*, on the wall. The invincible dog is trotting alongside of his poor master, who is carrying the burden of his dead wife, *Attie*, out to the cart. There are several other canine pictures on the walls, besides some living specimens of "black and tan" in the house. Dr. Brown is of moderate height with fair complexion, and is quite bald. He is a handsome likeness of the late President Van Buren.

On Monday evening I addressed the United Presbyterian General Synod in their "Queen Street Hall." They are five hundred strong when all in their seats. Dr. Cairns, of Berwick, was in the Moderators chair—wore a silk gown and presided with more of savvy than of promptness. The manner of the members is very colloquial; and elaborate speeches are quite rare. They are most "apronious" in their *protestation* demonstrations when they wish to applaud a speaker, and their vociferous welcome of the "delegate from America" would have done credit to Cooper Institute at a political meeting. Every expression in favor of "Reunion" was cordially approved. Yet the day of a general consolidation of the Presbyterian forces of Scotland seems now to be farther off than it did two years ago. There will be a vote of approval of co-operation in both the "U. P." and the Free Church Assemblies this year. This ensures the ready transfer of ministers from one body to the other without the old forms of examination, &c. It is a step towards consolidation. I have been greatly pleased with the earnest, genial and "progressive" spirit of the U. P. ministers. A little more American than most of their brethren I fancied.

On Tuesday I came over to *Dunfermline*, purposely to visit the scenes of the labours of that beloved disciple, Robert Murray McCheyne. To this hour his memory is as fresh and fragrant in Dunfer as on that sad day when thousands of weeping citizens followed him to his burial. I was accompanied to St. Peter's Church (of which Mr. McCheyne was the first pastor) by Mr. Mounier, one of the magistrates of the city, and an elder in the new "McCheyne Memorial Church" lately opened. "St. Peter's" is a neat, plain building, and stands in a by-street. Many of the congregation were God's poor; and I found a group of poor children playing around the door as we entered the church. The interior is in severely simple taste; the floors are uncarpeted, and the high backed pews un-cushioned. The pulpit is very small and very lofty, and is surrounded by a sounding-board. A strange thrill came over me as I entered *McCheyne's* pulpit, and laid my hand on that cushion over which he had bent in fervent prayer so often. That pulpit seemed "none other than the gate of Heaven." I went from it into the little room in which he used to meet his elders, and sat down in the chair by the old cherry table at which they met. Then I went to his grave. He lies in the churchyard, close to the southern church-wall, beneath a tasteful monument. Then I went to the house (also in a by-street) where the sweet spirit fled away to Heaven. The house is now used as an infirmary.

At twilight I went again to McCheyne's church and grave. The whole city seemed to be pervaded by his hallowed presence. I could think of no one else. Upon the monument is a

most beautiful inscription. It closes with these words: "He ceased not day and night to labor and watch for souls. And was honored by his Lord to draw many wanders out of darkness into the Path of Life." Glorious words! Glorious servant of Christ Jesus! I read and mused beside that tomb until my eyes grew dim with tears. Yesterday his eloquent successor, Dr. Islay Burns died also. The two bosom friends have met before their Redeemer's throne.

THAT NOTHING BE LOST

BY REV. C. H. PAYSON.

The multiplying loaves and fishes so that a little would feed so many, is a striking proof of Christ's divinity. But another fact from that same history, though rarely noted is scarcely of less weight. It is found in Jesus' command to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost. What human being would have given such directions at such an hour? The day was far spent. The disciples were already wearied out. They had, as Jesus well knew, a night of trial before them. And yet they must gather up the pieces. If, by the twelve baskets he would show the greatness of the miracle, it would seem of importance. But Christ expressly states the reason: "that nothing may be lost." How does that act itself at once ally Christ to Him who never loses a moment or wastes an atom. In his perfection waste seems absolutely unknown. His trams move over vast spaces at incredible speed, and yet are never the fraction of a second behind time. The trunks and branches, nay the very leaves of those ancient forests that for centuries seemed to waste away into the earth, are found treasured in the coal-beds, where God had hidden them till man should need them.

To be wasteful then, is not to be Christlike. He said, "Let nothing be lost." And yet many Christians seem to think waste and generosity synonymous. They call it mean to look sharply after the waste of store, shop, or nursery. Minutes, and pennies, and crumbs are too insignificant to be considered by a man. Does not such language reflect upon the most generous, and yet the most prevalent being in the universe? Those nails and bits of iron in the scrap-box mean money—in the dust-heap, waste. Those rags and torn papers may be turned into books, and carpets, and bless the world; into loathsome dust and curse it. Those dry bones and pieces of bread are useless in the ash-barrel. In the hands of her who looketh well after the ways of her house, they are nourishing food. Waste helps none and curses many. True generosity is ever a blessing.

We find moreover that if we would be generous we cannot be wasteful. A man that wastes often gives nothing because he has nothing. A wasteful man is usually poor. Riches, when rightly gathered come in little. Not in dollars, but pennies; not in loaves, but in crumbs, not in days and hours but in seconds. He grows rich who holds some "fleet angel fast until he bleeds." Elihu Burrit saved the minutes which other blacksmiths waste, and became one of the best scholars of the age. The richest men of New York are most watchful of the pennies. If justly theirs, they would waste a dollar as quickly as a cent. They are the men who gather their rents and interest money the very day they are due, and put them at work. To pay the government tax, one cent was added to each passenger's fare in our city cars. It seems a trifle, but to one company it made a difference of \$600 daily or \$200,000 per annum. If we look carefully into this matter, we shall find wealth is measured not by what a man earns, but by what he saves. Is it not clear that he who saves \$200 out of 1,600 is richer at the end of the year than he who with an income of \$8,000, is \$200 behind. He who saves the little, who wastes not in buying, in selling, or in using, is he who will be able to be nobly generous.

Some years since the Bible Society's collectors stood at a gentleman's door. Their knock was not heard for he was reproving his servant for wasting the end of a candle. "Do not knock again," said one, "a man that is mean enough to find fault about the end of a candle, will not give anything to our society." "Wait," says his friend, "it is our business to give him the opportunity, then the responsibility will be his." Accordingly they persevered, and to their great surprise received a subscription of \$100. They ventured before leaving to ask the gentleman how he could be so liberal to them, and yet find fault about the end of a candle. "Is it possible you do not understand it? It is by saving the candle ends that I have gathered th. dollars. If I wasted as much as my neighbors, I should probably have no more to give."

To waste is not generous it is sinful. To save, that we may have wherewith to honor God and bless men is true generosity. Who can doubt as we become better Christians, we shall oftener say, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost"?

JESUS' LEGACY.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."—John xiv. 27.

There are a few who have this world without bequeathing some of its possessions to their friends, few so poor as to have nothing to leave behind them. Yet Jesus was one of that small number. He could not leave even his garments to his followers.

There are few who leave great possessions to their heirs without leaving them also much trouble. The rich man's wealth is fruitful in quarrels, and often takes away from his heirs all harmony among each other, while to themselves it may prove a source of anxiety and responsibility.

Jesus left this world poorest of the poor, yet his legacy makes his people richest of the rich, for he left them a treasure greater than the world's wealth could buy, when he left them the treasure of his peace.

And what a time was that in which he bequeathed to them his matchless legacy. He knew that even then the street of the city was ringing with the steps of the betrayer and his band. He knew that within a few hours nothing but anguish lay before him, and nothing but sorrow before his followers. His hour was come and he realized it as only one to whom the future is open can do; and his disciples he knew that they would forsake him, deny him, and lay up store of most bitter thoughts for themselves. Yet he spoke of peace as of that which he even then possessed and willed them to possess. If in these circumstances Jesus could give peace, we may surely believe that there are no cases or circumstances in which he cannot give it, and in which his disciples may not find it in him. For this peace is not produced by outward things, nor removed by them; it is Christ's peace and is found only in Christ, as he says in another place, "These things have I spoken unto you, that ye in me might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation." Mark the contrast. If Christ has indeed left us this legacy—this most blessed gospel of the only true "sweetness and light"—let us seek after it hopefully, not doubtfully, for to doubt the reality of a gift is an insult to the giver. He has himself made our peace with God by the blood of atonement. Let us, then, believe on him till we find peace in believing—a peace which lies in a region beyond the reach of outward storms to destroy, and above the power of outward calm to produce. Peace with our God will set us at peace with ourselves, for the conscience sprinkled with the peace-giving blood that was shed for us no longer stands as an accuser, but as a monitor and guide to whom we gladly listen.

O thou who art alone the Prince of Peace, come and subdue unto thyself every thought and feeling of our hearts, that we may now and ever find perfect peace in thee!

ABOUT DANCING.

The venerable Bishop Johns, of Virginia, in a recent charge to his people, says:

"There is another subject of a very different character which I would gladly avoid, if I could do so without disappointing and perhaps discouraging some of my faithful brethren of the clergy, who are grieved because certain of their communicants do not avoid things contrary to their profession. The most offensive inconsistencies specified, consist in indulging in that lascivious mode of promiscuous dancing styled the round-dance—a demoralizing dissipation, disgusting to the delicacy of a refined taste, and shocking to the sensibilities of the renewed mind. This scandal is not to be tolerated in the church of Christ. Let every appeal be made in the way of affectionate remonstrance, judicious teaching and earnest prayer for those led astray, if God, peradventure, will give them repentance. If all such efforts prove unavailing, and to remove the scandal and at the same time employ the last expedient for awakening the offender to a sense of his sin and danger, it becomes necessary to resort to the exercise of decided discipline—it must be so. It may cause the ministers many tears, but the painful duty may not be declined. The best and surest preventive of this and other similar evils, is the constant, clear, earnest, and affectionate preaching of Christ crucified. As he is known and appreciated, sinful indulgencies lose their attractiveness, and even doubtful practices are shunned, rather than jeopardize the peace, and hope, and joy of a consistent Christian walk."

At the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church, the rule of the discipline on immoral conduct was so amended as to include "the buying, selling, or using of intoxicating liquors as a beverage; dancing, playing games of chance, attending theaters, horse-races, circuses, or dancing schools; or taking part in other amusements of an immoral tendency."

God has such patience in working us into vessels of honor!

LETTING CHILDREN HELP THEMSELVES.

BY WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

This is a great merit of wise management. It is good alike for the child and the parent. On the child's side it teaches habits of self-reliance and self-help. It tends also to make the child more careful about getting into scrapes out of which it knows it must struggle with its own strength. As fast as the child learns to help itself so fast is it learning to help you, and it is thus acquiring a valuable lesson in the art of being useful. On your side it is a very great relief not to be obliged to run to the rescue every moment at the peremptory call of the little rogue who very likely enjoys the humour of what costs you so much trouble and in the aggregate so much downright fatigue. If the cunning little creature drops its plaything for fun—that is, for the fun of seeing you pick it up—your best way probably is not to pick it up. You may enjoy doing it as well at the moment as the child will enjoy having you do it. But forbear—you will be teaching your child to regard you as the servant of its whim. Let the child pick up its own plaything itself.

If the little one is just beginning its peripatetic adventures, leaving outgrown the need of your supporting hands, and already scoring *chairs* for resting places—it will have plenty of tumbles no doubt. But unless the case is serious, do you carefully refrain from helping it get up. The little fellow will manage it for himself. Watch, and see if he does not. A cry for assistance. No one comes. He tries to get up, once, twice, three times. Then he is on his feet again, proud and happy to have done it all himself. But he will be a little more careful about stumbling next time. And if he stumbles he will have a little more faith in himself that he can get up without crying for help.

I know it will often be less trouble just for the once to give the help than to watch the effort without help. But you must look beyond the once. You must consider that you are a teacher, and the child is at school. The lesson for the child is to outgrow dependence. Your aim as teacher is to cease to be necessary to your child. Never fear that with your utmost zeal you can teach your child too fast. Our children become men and women prematurely to be sure. But it is only in manners and dress. They are not manly and womanly in character before the time. Nay, rather they carry on their proper beyond their nominal majority. They do not grow, indeed, manly and womanly fast enough. It is precisely because they are not truly mature that they assume that precocious appearance of maturity in external respects which justly offends.

So, mothers, let your little girls dress and address themselves with their own hands as soon as possible. Spend manifold the time, day after day, to teach them to do it, that you would require in order to do it yourself. The lesson once learned, you are relieved of no small daily trouble and loss of time. They on their part have found out that they can do something for themselves and you. Fathers, let your little boys do that. Of course their help will hinder. But no matter. It will make them happy and tend to make them manly. Besides, sooner than you can guess, those little boys will have become a real source of help to you. Let the children help themselves. Happy the children that cannot have nurses!

NAE STRIFE UP HERE.

It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at elders' meeting. He said some things that nearly broke the minister's heart. Afterward he went home, and the minister went home, too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him:

"Ye look sad, John; what is the matter with ye?"

"Ah," he replied, "you would look sad, too, if you had such a drech as I have. I dreamed that I had been at the elders' meeting, and had said some hard things, and grieved the minister; and when he went home I thought he died and went to Heaven; and I thought afterward that I died, too, and went to Heaven; and when I got to the gate of Heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hand to take me, saying, 'Come along, John; there's nae strife up here—I'm happy to see ye.'"

The elder went to his minister directly, to beg his pardon, and found he was dead. The elder was so stricken with the blow that two weeks after he also departed.

"And I should not wonder," said he who related the incident, "if he met the minister at Heaven's gate, and heard him say, 'Come along, John; there's nae strife up here.'—*British Workman*."

There is no such corrective of sectarianism of every kind as the repression of speech and the encouragement of action.