

"ONE OF THE SWEET OLD CHAPTERS."

One of the sweet old chapters,
After a day like this;
The day brought tears and trouble,
The evening brought no bliss.

No rest in the sties I loag for—
To eat, and refuge, and home;
Grieved, and lonely, and weary;
Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters—
The love that blossoms through
His care of the birds and lilies,
Out in the meadow-dew.

His evening lies soft around them;
Their faith is simply to be.
O hushed by the tender lesson,
My God, let me rest in thee!

TWO STRONG HIGHLANDERS.

BY THE REV. NORMAN MACFARLANE, D.D.

You boys—I don't mean Highland boys, but English boys, Scotch boys, and even Irish boys—can know little or nothing about the Highlanders. Some of you have possibly been in the Highlands, and seen the great mountains, and have been sick, perhaps, in the Highland steamers, and have fished in Highland rivers and lochs, to the amusement of the fish, though you are "awful" lucky fishers, or shot on the Highland moors with your uncles, to the amusement of the grouse, though you are "awful" lucky sportsmen, and you have had "Highland fellows" to act as guides or keepers to you. But yet you must excuse me hazarding the opinion, founded on sundry observations, that you do not know the Highlanders a bit—no more than the shoals of herring in their lochs, or the red deer on their mountains.

"And, pray, what loss is there to us if we are ignorant of those tartan-kilted, baro-kneed, bag-pipe-blowing, reel-of-Tulloch-dancing, tobacco-smoking, and snuff-taking savages?" exclaims young Hopewell from his form in a high-class English school. Easy, my dear fellow! I have almost as much admiration as you have yourself for your batting, bowling, and fielding, for your foot-ball playing, and your knowledge of society—nay, don't be over modest!—for your knowledge of everything worthy of the attention of so distinguished a gentleman. But yet I feel, with all due respect, that it would be a gain to you if you knew something about that portion of your fellow-subjects inhabiting even the Highlands, for, between us, the people are worth knowing who inhabit those wild mountains, and long gleens, and scattered islands in the north, and who battle with their fierce wintry storms, and encounter their fierce wintry seas, and know many things you know not, although they don't know Greek or Latin, even as you don't know Gaelic, and although they never dined at Spiers and Ponds, or even at the Rugby Junction. The fact is, you English boys, even when you have grown to be English men, great and good though you be, or may become, are far too apt to see everything through English spectacles, and to judge of things by an English standard. Why, you ask, should two hundred millions in Hindostan refuse to wear shoes and stockings and prefer to walk on naked feet? Why should half the world prefer turbans to hats! Why should not the Arabs have Hansom cabs instead of camels and dromedaries? What a slow coach an elephant is in comparison with a bus! Why should Esquimaux prefer walrus to Welsh mutton? and a Highlander a kilt and hose to trousers? Oh that the whole world was educated in London! "No, no," says the Scotch boy, "not London, but Edinburgh!" "What a set of prejudiced ruffians!" says the Irish boy—"Cork forever!"

Now, lads, be sensible. Every nation has its own good ways and its own evil ways, because each is in God's school, and each on its own "form," learning from its own school-books, "and we are all brethren." Hence we are very vain, and do not learn as we should do, unless we inquire with interest, humility, and charity, how our brethren have been taught, and what lessons they have learned in rougher and less advanced schools. And we must do all this with such thorough sympathy, as will make us enter into all their home ways, their stories, their prejudices, and their superstitions. In every part of the world I have always found something to learn from other people, something they had far superior to what I had, and something, too, which I may have had taught me superior to anything they possessed, and which, therefore, I was bound to share with them if I could. Anyhow, I have learned to like the inhabitants of other countries in many ways; and to like anything in a man worth liking is a great gain to ourselves. So, my lads, put away this self-conceit, and wherever you go try to respect your fellow-men, to seek for good in them, and to have kind consideration for their defects. And please don't judge Hindoos, or Chinese, by cocking up your chin, and with a contemptuous smile, saying, "This is not what we do in London," or "in Edinburgh," or "in Cork."

But I must begin my tale! I was one evening fishing cod. It was just such an evening as made one feel like

fish at the end of the lines before they were caught. The tide suited perfectly; there was a calm, with now and then a slight warm breeze to ruffle the water, and a gentle rain or *smirr* to cloud its surface. We had abundance of the best of bait.

"There'll be two or three whoppers sleepin' in the boat the night that are lively enough the noo, I'm thinkin'," said Peter McTavish, my stand-by on all fishing excursions, as he baited the lines with such mussels as might tempt an alderman if set down to him at a Guildhall dinner. And so it proved. For no sooner had we anchored near the old buoy, than one felt the "gibble, gabble, gobble," sharp and fast at the hook, and up they came with the delightful strain indicating the wisdom of the big fish, who with authority and power kept off the small fish that they might have the whole magnificent bait to themselves. What right had those small, vulgar, half-grown codfish boys to appropriate to themselves a bait which was evidently intended for their elders? "Be off with you! every one of you! Don't you know who I am? you!" And so they got their will and we got ours, and gave them a hearty welcome into the boat. Had the young fish only known! But they did not know, and so, poor fellows, they were sulky and their gills grew extra red, and their fins fluttered, and their air-bladders became swollen, and they swam home complaining to their parents about the ill-usage they had received, and of the tyranny of the big cods—vowing they would join the "International," and insist on equality in regard to the food as well as everything else. "They would be hanged," they said, unless— But it was not until the next fishing that we ascertained what success they had in their rebellion. And then we saw from the haul of small cod that they had had their own way, to their destruction.

During a pause in the fishing, when the tide was about to turn, and we began to count the scores we had got, Peter McTavish became meditative, as was his wont sometimes when idle. Breaking the silence, so intense when hauling in, he remarked, as if speaking to a large cod he was taking off the hook, "I like a strong man, I do indeed."

"That is," said I, "a man who can drink any amount of strong drink, or put the hammer very far, or dance Gillie Callum for an hour, or blow the bagpipes till he has nearly blown his brains out, or lick the—"

"No, no," said Peter, gently, but firmly interrupting me, "not at all, not at all, although such a man is both a great and a strong man, no doot, no doot, of course; but I call a strong man, a firm man."

"A man," I continued, "who is firm in good? I agree with you, Peter. Such men are scarce."

"Scarce! There's none such! none; for we're all wicked, so the minister says, and for my part, judging from myself, it's true."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Peter, "a man that will never give in, never; but will hold on to what he says, like a terrier to an otter, or to a wild cat's throat. Ha! ha! that's the man I like. Yes, yes!"

"But supposing the man to be wrong, and yet strong!"

"That's what I like. I like him if he is strong, especially when he's wrong. Any man can be strong when he is right, but give me the man who can defend himself, and fight the world, when he knows he's wrong, and when no man will stand by him. There's John McDonald, for example. He—"

"You mean the man that was sent last month to jail? But he was right, and you are a fool, Peter, to admire a man who is a mere obstinate mule when he is wrong. I would as soon admire Satan!"

"That may be," replied Peter, as if he had a lurking admiration for that villain spirit of all wickedness; "but," he continued, "I like a man with the speerit of John McDonald."

I interpreted the remarks of Peter with some charity as I thought I understood what his real feelings were better than he himself did. For this John McDonald of whom he spoke was a man who had really great pluck. I may here diverge a little, and remark that in some respects the Highlanders are great cowards. They are always so in cases of infectious disease; in all cases, indeed, in which danger is impalpable, undefined, intangible, proceeding from causes they cannot comprehend, and not to be met or overcome by any means in their power. These affect their fancy and imaginative powers, which are strong. They can face whom they can see—charge serried ranks, march up to a battery, meet steel with steel—but an unseen, mysterious thing, like ghost or goblin, or the supposed power of witch, charm, or magic, quite unnerves them, and makes them generally act what to a Southerner would be a most base and cowardly part. This presents a great and striking contrast to what I have observed among

the ordinary working-class population in a city. For example, not long ago, a mother of a large family cheerfully ministered to a neighbor whose children were stricken with scarlet fever of the worst type, saying, "Some one must help her, and why not I?" This was truest heroism, and in striking contrast to the case of a Highlander who presented himself with a severe but curable disease, and who, when asked to go to the hospital, protested strongly, saying, "Och, och, no! They tell me that other sick people are there, and they wad make me worse; and they tell me the doctors kill folk to make medicines out o' their heart, and liver, and bones! Och! och! I'll never enter the awfu' place. Heaven defend me! No, no!" But when assured of protection, the trembling patient consented to endure the ordeal. He recovered, and when the time came for his removal he had experienced such kindness, enjoyed such good food and lodgings, paying nothing for them, that he in great confidence requested the friend who had almost forced him to enter the hospital, to use his influence to get him permitted to remain there "till the next term at least," as he had no rent to pay, and never enjoyed himself, poor fellow! so much in his life!

But to return. The case referred to by my friend McTavish as an illustration of "strength" was, I must confess very characteristic of another kind of courage common among the Celts. McDonald—I conceal his real name as he still lives, and is a most respectable man—had been attacked one night by three or four men, who determined in the most cowardly manner to revenge themselves for some supposed insult, connected with a love affair, I believe. They were all beaten off—receiving severe punishment. They prosecuted McDonald for assault, and by some perversion of justice arising from unprincipled evidence, got him condemned to four days' imprisonment. He protested his innocence, and told what he declared to be true, and which was afterwards proved to be so. "I go to jail," he said, "in obedience to the laws of my country but no law can compel me to partake of your jail food, and not one morsel of it shall I eat!" And he kept his word. The jailer, an acquaintance of his own, and a kind man, brought the prescribed food, which was excellent, each day at the right hour, and implored him to eat. But no! *Not one bit was eaten during these four days;* and when he left the prison he cracked his fingers, sang a snatch of a song, and said, "I owe you nothing, and if those rascals dare insult me, I'll lick them again!" It was of this man Peter McTavish spoke when he remarked, "I like a strong man!" In such a case I think we shall all agree with Peter.

There were many other feats performed by McDonald equally remarkable. For example, he was summoned as a witness in connection with a trial which took place at Edinburgh. Without a halt, he journeyed on foot ninety miles, reaching Glasgow on a Saturday night. He had to appear in Edinburgh on Monday morning. He could, as far as his strength and pluck were concerned, have continued a part, at least, of his journey on Sunday. But like a good man, he deemed it his duty to rest the whole of that day. At twelve o'clock on Sunday night, he started again and walked forty miles in ten hours, arriving at Edinburgh in full time to stand, on Monday morning, in the witness box and give his evidence.

I must now tell a story of another kind of strength, viz., moral strength, which is equally true, and even better worth recording than the feats of McDonald. There was an old man, Malcolm Cameron, who had a small "croft" on the banks of a Highland loch. He had an only son, a thoughtless, daring, powerful young fellow, who was given to fighting, poaching, smuggling, and all kinds of things which required strength and courage, and which fed his love for excitement. His father with a weakness such as David had for Absalom, clung to him the more he was spoken against; for, like Absalom, Allister was very handsome, and, unlike him, had a passionate attachment for his father and mother. Neither of them could therefore believe that their son Allister was the sort of man he was judged to be by the whole country side. Allister became involved in some love affair; and it so happened that his rival, who excelled him in riches, and alas! in character also, was found murdered, but not robbed, on a lonely moor. Such grave suspicions were excited against Allister that a warrant for his apprehension was issued. The poor father heard the sad intelligence, and Allister fled from his home, and betook himself to a cave far up among the huge rocks of a wild long cory. The officers of justice discovered his retreat; but when approaching it they were told by Allister that he had a double-barrelled gun; that he never missed even a deer; that, as he was an innocent man, he would not disgrace his family by being brought to trial, and that he would sacrifice two lives ere his own was taken. The horror of blood felt by Highlanders, induced them to delay their attempt to seize him until they communicated with his father.

When the old man heard the news, he was bowed down with great agony. But recovering himself, he said, "Guilty or not guilty, he will be brought to trial, even over my dead body." He asked the officers of justice to accompany him as slowly and silently as he ascended the mountain and reached the cave—a wonderful stronghold for defence, as it penetrated deep into the mountain, and was hid by masses of fallen rock. He asked the officers of justice to remain near while he went in alone. "Allister, my son!" shouted the old man as he entered the cavern. "There was no reply. He went tottering on from the light at the entrance into twilight, which was rapidly leading into darkness, ever and anon repeating the name of his son with some endearing Highland epithet attached to it—"Allister, calf of my heart, hear me!" Allister, son of my old age hear your father!"

At last a faint cry was heard from a dark recess as of one moaning in sorrow—"I am hear father." Soon the old man stumbled to the spot whence the voice proceeded, and fondly put his arms around his son's neck, drawing his head to his breast. "What want you with me father? I am hunted like a fox."

"You know, you know, my boy, what your enemies say of you; and if it's true—if it's—but no, it cannot be that my Allister shed the blood of man!" the son trembled—"but they must prove it and you must be tried. This foul curse and disgrace must be taken of your name and mine."

"What do you want?" asked Allister uneasily.

"To give yourself up to justice Allister."

"Never!" said the young man, starting up. "I'll die first."

"No you won't; for I will die first if you don't yield," said his father.

"I have this gun," said Allister. "I'll shoot the first, ay, and the second to, if they dare to come near me."

"You speak, indeed, as I never heard you speak before, and as I never believed you could speak. You speak as a man who loves blood more than justice, the death of others more than your honor and mine! It was not my Allister that spoke, but some devil in him!"

"What do you want—what do you want father?" he asked impetuously. "I am sick and faint. My heart is breaking. I have had no meat for three days—my strength is gone."

"Calf of my heart, you are strong enough for doing what is right. Come with me—come, if we live we live; if you die, I die."

"Where are you bringing me to father?"

"Give me your gun, my son."

"I see it all," replied Allister. "The king's officers are watching, and they have sent you to bring your boy to the gallows. Fine work indeed for them and you! If you want to hang me, why should I care for life? I suppose my mother will be spinning the flax for the rope."

The old man groaned in agony. "God help me! have mercy on me! pity me! kill me!" were some of his low muttered exclamations or prayers. "The gun, my son."

"There it is: to you; father."

But before handing it to him he fired of both barrels, and the thunder roared through the cavern and attracted the attention of the officers of justice, who were eagerly watching near the entrance. Fearing some terrible result they rushed up.

"I was afraid," remarked Allister, "that I might be tempted. Now do as you like."

As they came into daylight they met the officers, who were about to rush on Allister, when old Malcolm, with his noble figure and white hair, stepped forward and said—

"I command you to stand back and listen. There he is," he continued with trembling voice; "there he is—my first-born. I give him up—he gives himself up, that the truth may be known and all suspicion taken of our honest family, who never did a deed of dishonor."

"Cowardly fellows!" said Allister. "I don't give myself up to you nor a dozen better men! You dared not have seized me! Even now, weak though I am, I would fight the three of you, I would defy you to catch me if I now fled, or even to shoot me, for you could never hit a house, I give myself up to him," he said, pointing to his father.

"And I in God's name, give him up to you," said the old man; but bind him not, hand or foot, touch him not, for he has given me his word, and he never did nor will."

As he spoke, he wiped his eyes with a corner of his tartan plaid, and waving his hand to Allister, disappeared among the rocks to join his wife in their lonely and sorrowing home.

To finish my story—Allister was tried. The jury returned a verdict of "not proven."

Allister never returned to his home; but about a year after the trial, was killed by the explosion of a "blast," while working in a quarry in Fifeshire.

Very soon after old Malcolm and his wife were sleeping together in the picturesque burying-place in the glen, where standing by their graves, I heard this story more than a quarter of a century ago.

This is all I have to tell you at present about the Highlanders. The only advice I leave with you is, to become imbued with the heroic sense of justice which was possessed by old Malcolm Cameron, who was verily 'a strong man.'—*Good Words.*

THE MOTHER OF NEWMAN HALL.

Mrs. John Vane Hall, the mother of six sons who have all attained distinction—some of them renown—died a few weeks since at the age of eighty-four. The funeral was remarkable for the absence of pomp. There were no plumes, no mourning cloaks, no empty carriages, and no pall. The coffin was simply adorned with ivy and flowers. After the conclusion of the burial service, the R. V. Newman Hall, paid a beautiful tribute to the love and fidelity of his pious mother in the following words:—

"The tears we shed this day are tears of love, not anguish; of gratitude, not regret. We bless our mother's God for the best inheritance of a holy example, and a life of earnest prayer. We bless the God of all consolation, for memories beautiful with earthly love, and hopes radiant with heavenly glory. We bless the Lord of the harvest, for gathering in this shock of corn fully ripe. We bless the Lord of the way, for so peaceful a close to so long a pilgrimage. We bless him who has abolished death and holds the keys of the unseen world, for so lovely an end to so lovely a life. An end! Not so! End of sorrow—beginning of bliss; end of the pilgrimage—entrance to home; end of death—dawn of life. Best and dearest of mothers! Thou livest still! In our memories, which will ever enshrine thee. In our hearts, which will ever embrace thee. And will not thy spirit, though unseen, sometimes minister to us, as we travel on after thee? Thou livest still, thou art not in this cold grave! Thou hast rejoined our sainted father, the husband who adored thee as the angel guardian of his life. Thou hast embraced the little ones whom Jesus took from thy reluctant bosom to train in the nursery of heaven. Thou hast been welcomed by friends gone before, who have long been waiting for thee to rejoin them; by many of the Lord's servants, whom it was so great a joy to thee to receive under thy roof, multitudes of the Lord's poor, whom it was thy privilege and delight to succor and console; by very many rescued from sin, and led to the Saviour, through thy loving counsel and fervent prayers. Thou hast been welcomed by the glorious company of heaven, for whose congenial society thou wast made so meek; and by thy gracious Saviour, whom, like the Mary of Bethany, thou didst so reverentially and ardently love. And now thou wilt be ready to welcome us, when we also are called to cross the narrow stream. Yes! we will not disappoint thee! Thou shalt embrace us again and forever! We, thy children and children's children, standing around this open grave where there ashes repose, swear by the God of our father and mother that we will walk worthy of your prayers! we will imitate your example! we will serve your Saviour! we will join you in your home! Dear mother! we will not leave thee, nor return from following after thee; for whether thou goest we will go, and where thou dwellest we will dwell; thy people shall be our people, and thy God our God."

THE POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

To the honor of God alone I will say a little of my own experience in this matter. I was powerfully converted on the morning of the 10th of October. In the evening of the same day, and on the morning of the following day, I received overwhelming baptisms of the Holy Ghost, that went through me, as it seemed to me, body and soul. I immediately found myself endued with such power from on high that a few words dropped here and there to individuals, were the means of their immediate conversion. My words seemed to fasten like barbed arrows in the souls of men. They cut like a sword. They broke the heart like a hammer. Multitudes can attest to this. Often-times a word dropped, without my remembering it, would fasten conviction, and often result in immediate conversion. Sometimes I would find myself, in a great measure, empty of this power. I would go out and visit, and find that I made no saving impression. I would exhort and pray, with the same result. I would then set apart a day for private fasting and prayer, fearing that this power had departed from me, and inquire anxiously after the reason of this apparent emptiness. After humbling myself, and calling out for help, the power would return upon me with all its freshness. This has been the experience of my life.—*Charles G. Finney, in the Independent.*

A heart full of the world, is a heart full of wants.