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A POET-PREACHER.

Bonar is a loved and honored name in Scotland, and the work of the man whose portrait is given herewith, and who is at present travelling in this country, has served to make it loved and honored, not only in Scotland, but wherever the English language is spoken.

Horatius Bonar is descended from an old Scotch family who had large estates in Strathean, in Perthshire. Many of his ancestors were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He received his early education in the High School and University of Edinburgh. In youth he devoted himself to the service of God, and chose the Christian ministry to be his life-work. He was fortunate in having Dr. Chalmers for a teacher. The lessons taught him by that divine were doubly helpful; they laid the foundation of the solid learning which has grown with growing years, and they filled him with the enthusiasm of a master mind consecrated to the highest aims. The value of such a training can hardly be over-estimated. It gave tone and strength to a life, when most susceptible of influence.

In 1837 the student became a minister. His sphere of labor was the famous old town of Kelso, situated on the banks of the Tweed, and surrounded by a country celebrated in song and tale. He gave himself up to his work with unflagging assiduity. In the pulpit he preached with fire and unction; and in house-to-house visitation he proved himself the comforter of the sorrowful and the guide of the perplexed.

His literary apprenticeship was gained in work, for which he managed to find time in the midst of his pastoral cares, in editing a paper called *The Presbyterian* which in its day did effective service for evangelical truth. Later on and as a supplement to his preaching he wrote "The Kelso Tracts," which had a wide circulation and were eagerly read. A number of volumes, also, have come at different times from his pen.

Dr. Bonar has always been noted for his influence over the young. His Sabbath-school services in Kelso are still remembered with delight. He wrote for each service a hymn, which was sung by the boys and girls. These hymns have since found their way to most Sabbath-schools. Among them were such favorites as "I lay my sins on Jesus," "I was a wandering sheep," "A few more years shall roll." After the singing came a short address, in which the love of Christ was told. These hours among the lambs of the flock were attended with the best results.

When the disruption came, Dr. Bonar cast in his lot with the Free Church. By a happy coincidence some clauses in the title deeds secured the Kelso church to himself and his congregation, and he and his flock were not

cast out of the church even while leaving the denomination.

Efforts were repeatedly made, as his reputation grew, to lead him to a larger field of service. Such efforts were unsuccessful, till in 1865, a handsome new church was built in the suburb of Edinburgh called The Grange. He was asked to fill its pulpit, and he consented. Like-minded men and women flocked around him; and for upward of twenty years he has ministered to them. Visitors who might go out of curiosity to see

the natural world. The following poem called "The Stranger-Sea-Bird," will illustrate both qualities in his verse:

"Far from his breezy home of cliff and billow,
Yon sea-bird folds his wing;
Upon the tremulous bough of this stream,
shading willow,
He stays his wandering.

"Fanned by fresh-leaves, and smoothed by
blossoms closing,
His lullaby the stream,
stranger, in bewildered loneliness reposing,
He dreams his ocean-dream.

Forbid his hopeless flight;
With plumage scolded, eye dim, heart faint,
and wing all weary,
He waits for sun and light.

"And I, in this far land, a timid stranger,
Resting by Time's lone stream,
Lies dreaming hour by hour, beset with night
and danger,
The Church's Patmos dream:—

"The dream of home possessed, and all home's
gladness
Beyond these unknown hills:
Of solace, after earth's sore days of stranger-
sickness,
Beside the eternal rills.

"Life's exile past, all told its broken story;
Night, death, and evil gone;
This more than Egypt-shame exchanged for
Canaan glory,
And the bright city won!

"Come then, O Christ! earth's Monarch and
Redeemer,
Thy glorious Eden bring,
Where I, even I, at last, no more a trembling
dreamer,
Shall fold my heavy wing."

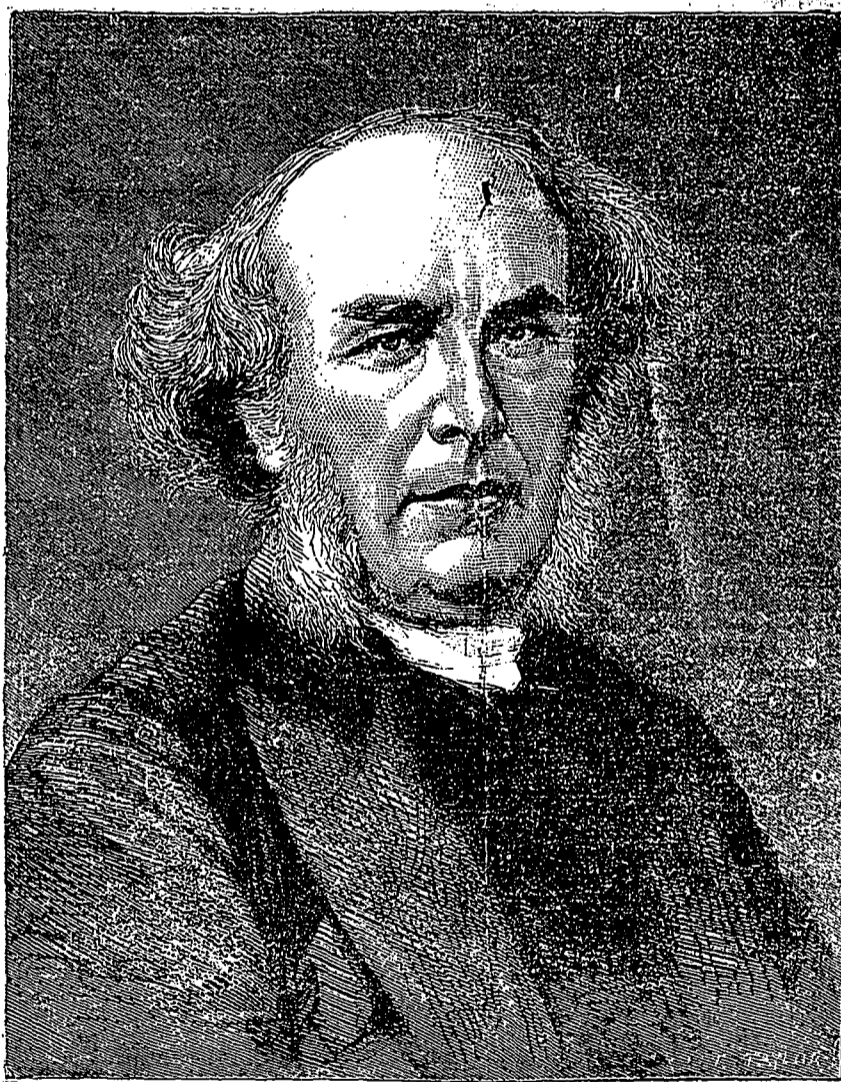
—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

ORCHID.*

My name is Orchid. I am twenty-eight years old, and have been a Christian one year. My home is at White Pagoda, and I have lived there with my mother-in-law ever since I was two months old. My father was a farmer, and could have taken care of me; but shortly after my birth a blind fortune-teller came along and told my mother that my brother, who was two years older than I, would die unless I was removed from the family. Blind fortune-tellers are to be found everywhere. They travel about, led by a child that can see, beating a little gong to let people know they are passing. Those who wish to consult the fortune-teller call him to their door, tell him the year, month, day, and hour of their birth, and he makes a calculation of times, and tells them what is going to happen. Those who are sick, ask him when they will get well; those who have absent relatives inquire when letters or money will come from abroad; those who are going on a journey seek a lucky day for starting; and those who wish to know what is going to happen to their children, call him to predict their fates. He gives a few words of advice to the person concerned, is paid three-tenths of a halfpenny for his services, and goes on his way.

It was in this way that my parents learned that they ought to part with me. They were very sorry to have me go, but as a boy is of so much greater value than a girl, they

* From "Pagoda Shadows," an admirable collection of "Studies from life in China." T. Smith, 14 Paternoster square. 2s. 6d.



REV. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

and listen to the sweet singer, were not long in the pew before they forgot the poet in the preacher. A Sabbath at The Grange has become a treasured memory to many tourists.

The poetry of Horatius Bonar is usually thought of as being simply religious. There is a religious tone to it all, and yet some of his pieces show that he is observant of nature, and skilled in depicting natural scenes. In this he resembles Keble more than Watts and Wesley, who rarely take cognizance of

"His dream of ocean-haunts, and ocean-bright-
ness,
The rock, the wave, the foam;
The blue above, beneath, the sea-cloud's trail
of whiteness,
His unforgotten home.

"And he would fly, but cannot, for the shadows
Of night have barred his way;
How could he search a path across these woods
and meadows
To his far sea-home's spray?

"Dark miles of thicket, & moorland
dreary,