

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

A TRUE HISTORY.

Henry C. was born in an obscure farm-house in the north of Ireland, but though in humble circumstances, he was blessed with the example and training of good, honest, industrious and religious parents. He was fond of knowledge, and from his very infancy showed a strong desire to understand everything and to investigate every subject.

The instruction of his nursery years consisted in "ballads, songs, legends, tales of border warfare and Celtic fanaticism," with such solid and more important instruction of a religious nature as a child of his years could receive. Like other proper children, Henry went to school. The school-house was a thatched cabin, with black oak sticks for seats, which were furnished by a neighbouring bog, and a fire of Irish peat smouldered in the middle of the room, sending out by a hole in the roof whatever smoke was not required to half-suffocate the children. This academy stood just a mile from Henry's home, far enough for a little child to walk every day. His teacher is described as a man with "an enormous nose, a tow wig, a long coat of rusty black, leather tights (close fitting pants), gray stockings, brogues (coarse shoes), and a formidable hazel rod." On state occasions he wore "a huge pair of black horn spectacles," with the hazel rod raised to his shoulder like the awful sceptre of an Oriental despot. He was a faithful teacher, nevertheless, and did not neglect to deal out to his appreciative pupils such lessons as the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, the Ten Commandments, the Psalms of David, the Shorter Catechism, and, when necessary, sealed home the instruction with the heavy end of his hazel rod! Our little hero, however, was too fond of study to require much oil of the hazel, and though naturally delicate, was quick in his movements and could learn easily, and also furnish entertainment in amusing and tragic stories to the other children, who looked upon him as their unrivalled leader.

Henry was sent from one school to another in pursuit of better instruction, till at length, at the tender age of eleven, he found his place in a classical school, five miles from his home. The chief difficulty in this new institution of learning was the want of a house in which to study. At length a house was secured, with two window frames, but no glass to let the light in and exclude the rain and snow. One of these openings they filled up with sods, but the other had to be left open for the sake of light. A table was the furniture and stones served as seats. Henry seems to have been the aristocratic pupil, for he had a stool to sit on; but the teacher generally borrowed it, because it was considerably softer than a cold stone. For more than two years Henry walked these ten miles daily to attend this cheerless school. He committed to memory the Odes of Horace and parts of Virgil, but he delighted most in Cicero and Demosthenes. The walking exercise proved most beneficial, and the boy grew in physical strength, could outrun all his school-fellows, lead in all games, walk on stilts as high as the eaves of the houses, and read more Latin and Greek than the best of them.

At the age of fourteen Henry set out on foot for the University of Glasgow. Walking sixty miles, he arrived at the seaport, where he embarked for Portpatrick in Scotland, where he resumed his walk, and in due time reached Glasgow, a distance of eighty miles. He was not alone, however, in these walks. Other Irish students, in similar circumstances, accompanied him, enlivening their wearisome journey with anecdotes, flashes of Irish wit and debate. Even the people who lived along the roads which these young men so often travelled on foot in their thirst for knowledge, knew them well and made them welcome at their table and fireside, asking no better reward than to hear their merry laugh and be enlivened by their good humour. Their sleeping accommodations might not be considered by the children of these days as very comfortable; but to sleep in an old arm-chair in the kitchen, or on a piece of carpet on the floor, was considered a great luxury by these foot-sore students. On one occasion, when this party "were trudging along the road to Ayr, one of them became suddenly ill. It was late at night; the town was some miles distant, and the poor young man was unable to proceed. His companions carried him to the nearest farm-house. The people were in bed, but the students

opened the door, entered the kitchen and kindled a fire. The good man of the house hearing a noise, popped his head out of the half-opened door of his room and calmly surveyed the scene. 'What's that, Jock?' cried his wife, half asleep. 'Ow, it's jist naethin ava but a wheen Irish collogioners.' Then, telling them where they would get milk and bread, and handing out 'a drap o' whisky for the sick laddie,' he shut his door and went to sleep." I have some fears that the students of our days are not so well behaved always as to entitle them to such consideration. And yet all boys may practise politeness and good conduct to deserve the respect and welcome of strangers.

He left the University in due time, studied theology, and at the age of twenty was licensed to preach the gospel. But with all his college training he never forgot the training of his early childhood, and looked upon the teaching of his mother, in the Shorter Catechism, the Confession of Faith and the Holy Bible, as the final and sole standard of appeal, as the best course in theology which he had ever taken. As a boy of twenty, dressed in a blue coat, drab vest and white cord trousers, he presented himself before the Presbytery and was licensed to preach. But surely a child so interesting, a boy so industrious and a student so successful, must become something great. Yes, and so he must. He became known to the world as Henry Cooke, D.D., LL.D., President of Assembly's College, Belfast, Ireland—a great preacher, a powerful orator, and the leading minister of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Without knowing it, he described his own character a few days before his death in 1868, when he said to a friend: "Be faithful to your country, to your religion, and to your God."

"The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait."

—A. J. C. QUINCY.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

PARADAY'S IDEAS ON THEIR ORIGIN.

Faraday's religion was of the life rather than of the lips. "In my mind religious conversation is generally in vain," he said, yet he was never ashamed to express his religious belief. "I am," he wrote in answer to a lady who wished to study science with a view to its bearing on religion, "of the very small and despised sect of Christians known, if known at all, as Sandemanians, and our hope is founded on the faith that is in Christ." Again he wrote, "The Christian is taught of God, by His Word and the Holy Spirit, to trust in the promises of salvation through the work of Jesus Christ. He finds his guide in the Word of God and commits the keeping of his soul into the hands of God. He looks for no assurance beyond what the Word can give him; and if his mind is troubled by the cares and fears which may assail him, he can go nowhere but in prayer to the throne of grace and to Scripture." "The Christian religion is a revelation. The natural man cannot know it. . . . There is no philosophy in my religion! . . . But though the natural works of God can never by any possibility come in contradiction with the higher things that belong to our future existence, and must with everything concerning Him ever glorify Him, still I do not think it at all necessary to tie the study of the natural sciences and religion together, and in my intercourse with my fellow creatures that which is religious and that which is philosophical have ever been two distinct things."

In 1854 he delivered a course of afternoon lectures at the Institution, Prince Albert in the chair. In the opening sentences of the lecture on deficiency of judgment Faraday said: "I shall be reproached with the weakness of refusing to apply those mental operations which I think good in respect of high things to the highest; I am content to bear the reproach. Yet even in earthly matters I believe 'the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and God-head,' and I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those higher things concerning his future, which he cannot know by that spirit."

Faraday came to the study of the laws by which

God governs the forces of nature, fully convinced that there could be no more noble subject for the exercise of man's intellect. But he approached the Deity in his rule over man now and forever saying, "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before Him." In that sense the devout philosopher did keep his religion and science apart, but he could not, and probably had no wish to keep them absolutely separate. Take for instance the following extract: "When I consider the multitude of associated forces which are diffused through nature—when I think of that calm balancing of their energies which enables those most powerful in themselves, most destructive to the world's creatures and economy, to dwell associated together and be made subservient to the wants of creation, I rise from the contemplation more than ever impressed with the wisdom, the beneficence and grandeur, beyond our language to express, of the Great Disposer of us all. *Sunday Afternoon.*"

CHRIST IN THE PSALMS.

There are many who profess to expel Christ from the Psalms in the interest of the Psalms themselves. But the Psalter as a living thing, and the association with it of our Incarnate Lord, stand together. "Those were memorable words which Mr. Coleridge wrote upon the margin of his Prayer Book, 'As a transparency on some night of public rejoicing, seen by common day, with the lamps from within removed, even such would the Psalms be to me, uninterpreted by the gospel.'" A living statesman has spoken in language of transcendent truth and beauty, of the Psalter in one of its aspects, as "the whole music of the human heart, swept by the hands of its Maker." But not all the human universality of the Psalter; not all its unquestionable pathos, and cries from the depths; not all the mystic elevation of the "Songs of Degrees;" not all the ringing bells of its Hallelujahs, can alone preserve for it its present place. A learned Brahmin Pundit has lately become a convert to the gospel. From his acknowledged eminence as a Sanscrit scholar, it was expected that he would first study the Greek of the New Testament as its cognate language. But his love for the Psalter is so deep that he had first devoted himself to Hebrew. For in the Psalter he finds Christ and the gospel; and, without that, he would no doubt prefer the ancient hymns of his race and country. Without an intense conviction in the hearts of God's children that Christ is in the Psalter, that it is in sympathy with His Passion and His Glory, its words would, after a brief season of deference to ancient custom, be almost unheard in our churches and cathedrals. They would be comparatively silent, for the future in sick rooms, and unbreathed by the lips of dying saints. The voice of millions of Christians about them would be like the pathetic cry of a simple old man, who said, when the photographs of his grandchildren, in a distant land, were presented to him, "It is they, and it is not they; take them away." The Psalms for the future might no doubt remain and be read in a book, of which successive editions might be called for; but the fitting symbol for the frontispiece of that book would be a broken lyre dropped from a dead man's hand.—*Bishop of Derry, Bampton Lectures, 1876.*

ATTRACTIVE PREACHING.

There is a manifest difference between attractive and sensational preaching. Attractive preaching appeals to our affections and confidence—sensational to our admiration and wonder. The one improves the heart by the sweetness of its spirit—the other startles by its novelty and abruptness. The attractive fixes our minds upon the theme discussed—the sensational inspires our regard for the speaker. In the one case the truth appears in its most winning form—in the other it is covered up and lost in the meretricious ornament of a gaudy fancy. We yield a cheerful and willing faith and obedience to the one—while the other excites a momentary impulse that passes away with the allusion. When a minister adopts the sensational rather than the attractive, he tacitly confesses his incapacity for the higher service of his calling, and descends to the ignoble plane of seeking the praise of men rather than the honour of God. The true minister of Christ only wants Moses and the prophets and the teachings of Christ and the Apostles as the sum and substance of his preaching—while your sensational ministers would join in the request of the rich man to Abraham, to "send Lazarus," or some other