

Selected Articles.

MAGGIE AND MAUD.

A LITTLE girl with bare blue feet,
Stood homeless in the dismal street,
But scanty covering hid her form
From chilling wind and winter storm.

Another child, with feet well shod,
The city pavement gaily trod,
She heeded not the gloom and storm,
Wrapped up in furs she felt so warm.

With rosy cheek and sparkling eye
Fair Maud the homeless child passed by
Poor Maggie dropped a bitter tear
Beauty and wealth had passed so near.

"God help me! there is none beside
To help or pity," Maggie cried;
Maud heard the deep despairing moan,
And turning saw the orphan lone.

"What is the matter, dear?" she said,
"But first you must be warmed and fed."
We have one Father, you and I,
He'll care for you, so do not cry."

Together sped they through the storm,
And Maggie's poor chilled feet grew warm,
Kind words and acts were something rare,
She thought her friend an angel fair.

No more with bare and weary feet
She wanders through the city street,
Maud proved in Maggie's sores a rest
An angel in disguise indeed.

Ah, want and wealth, distress and pride,
Throughout the land walk side by side,
And though great wealth may not be ours,
Where else were thorns, we can plant flowers.

WHAT THEY SAY IN ENGLAND

At the laying of a foundation stone of a new church at Bournemouth, the Earl of Kintore, an Elder, said:

They had no jealousies or rivalries with sister communions. They were not ashamed of the Headship of Christ, and owning Him as their Head, they owed no man anything but to love one another; therefore, to sister communions, and to those professing Churches who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and Him only, they wished God-speed while standing true to their own individual preferences as Presbyterians. They liked their branch of the Church because she was simple, and they were reminded that the more they, as Christians, advanced that simplicity, the more were they in accord with deep spirituality. "God is a Spirit, and we must worship Him in spirit and in truth;" and when they saw great pomp and ceremony in worship, and great extreme of ritual, they were apt to say, like the disciples of old, "They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid Him." They liked their Church because it adhered to what was said in the Word of God—the whole Word and nothing but the Word. Again, they liked their Church because she told her members that it was not salvation they sought after. They received salvation; they were saved in God's sight the moment they entered into covenant relationship with Christ, but, in the words of the Shorter Catechism, their chief work was to serve Him. Taking a wider view of the Church, they desired to hail all believers, let them come from whatever branch of the Church Catholic they might, who believed in the one common Lord and worshipped Jesus in sincerity and truth. There would be plenty for them to do in common—perhaps more than they are aware of—what with Rationalism on the one hand and Ritualism on the other, the latter turning the worship of God into a mere question more or less of types and ceremonies.—He prayed that all unconverted ones in their midst might receive the blessed Gospel message; that God's blessing would greatly shine on that undertaking, so that their dear pastor might see himself preaching from a new pulpit, not, indeed, a new Gospel, but that old Gospel which was ever new, the reflex of Him who was the Ancient of Days, the world without end.

The Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., after a few words of congratulation, said they were not introducing any innovation, for Presbyterianism was a very old thing in England; at the time of the Reformation it was in the Church of England, and never was out of the Church until the passing of the melancholy Act of Uniformity. They did not want to introduce an exotic Church—a Scotch, Irish, or Swiss Church. They would like the Scotch thistle and English rose to be bound up together, but they expected that the English rose, planted on English ground, would attract the greatest admiration. It was not by depreciating the modes of worship of their neighbours, but by endeavouring to develop the capabilities of their own system, that, by the blessing of God they hoped to commend it to every man's conscience. Here and elsewhere they were trying to enlarge their borders, but they were not depending on any sectarian cry or party agitation; they were not lifting up any trumpety shibboleth, or striking the pickaxe of contention into the walls of the temple of God. They hoped to take a clear, reasonable, and Scriptural ground amid the ecclesiastical distractions of England at the present day, and then they might be able to take their ground reasonably and lovingly, and to hold it. If any one wanted a firm wall at his back against the Church

of Rome, he advised him to come to the Presbyterian Church; as an instance of this, he once asked a Roman Catholic priest, who did not know him, whom among the Protestants he hated the most, and he delighted his soul by replying, "The Presbyterians." In this Church there would be no confessional, no sacrifices; whenever it could be shown that the Apostles walked in procession, with marvellous garments and swinging censers, then they would admit themselves to be in the wrong. They looked upon that which was of the spirit, not of the flesh; they rested their hope of success on the holy testimony of the Gospel and the power of the Holy Spirit—upon one testimony, one foundation stone, even Jesus Christ, the righteous One.

Another speaker, Rev. J. Matheson, said. He claimed for Presbyterianism that to all who belonged to it it gave full liberty without lawlessness, and preserved order without tyranny. It had its courts to which those who felt aggrieved on any matter might appeal. Presbyterianism, he pointed out, was no new form of church polity. As had been shown in the afternoon, it was England's first love, and it was the Church of the Reformation nearly everywhere. He feared that Presbyterianism in this part of the country had somehow got a bad name and that it had been by some persons confounded with Unitarianism. This was really not the case. If Presbyterianism, as was stated in the afternoon, was determinedly opposed to Romanism, it was not less opposed to Unitarianism and Socinianism. Their Church was not a small one, and their form of government was approved of by a very large proportion of Protestants throughout the world. It was computed that there are altogether about 75,000,000 Protestants, and of these 34,000,000 adhered to the Presbyterian form, and if to this number they added the Lutheran Church, the Presbyterians would make up not less than 52,000,000. It was, therefore, the largest Protestant Church in the world.

LORD DUFFERIN.

I once got on top of an omnibus running from Kingston toward Piccadilly, eschewing the inside in order that I might enjoy a balmy April morning, and also a whiff of that weed which, as the Indians told Columbus, "destroys cares." By my side there sat a small man with a very intelligent countenance, who had assumed the same elevated but democratic position, from evidently the same motive as mine. We had a good deal of conversation. He was particularly interested in America, and indicated such an intimacy with its politics that he might have been mistaken for an American, especially as there was very little of the Englishman in his appearance. He had a face more Celtic than Saxon, a fine intellectual forehead, a light, soft eye, in all a face of delicate beauty, but at the same time vigorous in expression. We discussed Tennyson's poetry, and that of Robert Browning, both preferring the latter. Certain little observations made me aware that he was the personal friend of both poets. But he was chiefly interested in American politics, taking very heartily the side of the men of progress there, and asking many questions about Wendell Phillips and other reformers. He said that it had been his privilege to meet Senator Sumner when he was in Europe seeking to recover his health, and was much pleased with him, but that he felt deeply grieved by his speech on the Alabama question. It did not at all do justice even to the devotion which many of the higher classes, even the nobility—the Argylls, Granvilles, Howards, Carlises, Houghtons and others—had shown to the cause of the North, much less to the sacrifices which the great mass of the working people had borne uncomplainingly rather than countenance any of the propositions made for interfering with the determination of the North to crush the rebellion. He rejoiced in the liberation of America from slavery, and believed it would be reflected in England and in Europe in a mighty advance of liberalism. He hoped still that the Alabama difficulties would be surmounted, and England and America enter upon a friendship such as they had never known before, and march together on the highway of human progress. I was much delighted with my companion's ideas of literature, art and politics; his fine eye and his charming voice, and his beaming expression, convinced me that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. By the time we reached Regent's Circus, cigars were ended, my new acquaintance alighted, and disappeared among the millions of London, with a fair prospect of remaining with me for the time to come only as a pleasant omnibus-top memory.

But it was not so to be. A few evenings afterwards I happened to be in the strangers' section of the House of Lords. A debate in which I found little interest was going on, and my eyes were wandering about from face to face, lingering here and there upon one which seemed like a historical figure-head of ancient aristocratic England. But a voice struck me as one I had heard before. I could not be mistaken in that low and clear tone. Certainly when I looked in

the direction of the man who had begun to speak, I could not be mistaken. It was friend of the omnibus top, Dry as the theme was—I have forgotten it—the speaker invested it with interest. He had looked deeper into it than others; knew the point on which the question turned; and in a few simple words made the statement, to which nothing could be added.

This was my first meeting with Lord Dufferin, but not, I am happy to say, the last. It has been my privilege to meet him in society, to listen to him, to know something of his life, and my first impression has been more than confirmed. I am quite sure that there is no one among the peers of England who surpasses him in all that goes to make the gentleman, the true-hearted man, and the refined scholar. The appointment of Lord Dufferin, one of the most important friends and advisers of the English Government, to be the Governor-General of Canada, is at this moment very significant. It means obviously that it is deemed important that there shall be in Canada just one who has been all his life one of the most faithful friends of the United States, and also one who, as an Irish nobleman, has pursued a course towards his tenants in that country which has left him without an enemy there.

So far as America is concerned—even Irish America—his record is without a blot. Nor are these the only qualifications which Lord Dufferin has for the post to which he is sent. Twelve years ago he was entrusted with the delicate mission of settling difficulties between the natives and Christians in Syria, where he displayed much capacity, and for his services was made K. C. B. He also successfully compromised difficulties between the French and the Dutch, and showed such great tact and ability in dealing with the Turks, and other Orientals that many of the most influential men at once named him as the right man to succeed Lord Mayo in India. There was, indeed, considerable indignation in some quarters that Lord Northbrook, his inferior in every way, should have been preferred for the post in question. But Canada gains a great deal by it. England could send her no better man.

Lord Dufferin's departure for Canada will make a grievous gap in the literary society of this country, of which there are few brighter ornaments. Who has not read his admirable satire on high life, "The Hon. Impulsus Gushington?" George William Curtis could hardly improve upon it. And who has not followed the career of the yachtsman of 1859 to Iceland and elsewhere, as narrated in that pleasing book, "Letters from High Latitudes?" There is a happy humanity about the writer of that book, and a sympathetic charm, so that it is possible that many a fair reader has excused, if not envied, the old Norse landlady, who thought it necessary to see that the seeming youth in that cold region was properly cared for, to the extent of tucking him in bed and kissing him as she would a baby. Lord Dufferin belongs to a literary family. His mother, the Countess Gifford, is sister of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, both being daughters of Thomas Sheridan. He (the present Lord Dufferin) is now forty-six years of age, though he does not look forty. His name, before he succeeded to his father's title, was the Right Honorable Frederick T. Blackwood. He was educated at Eton and Christ Church College, Oxford; and his first work after graduation was to go and devote himself to the relief of the Irish during the famine of 1846-47, of which he published an account. Hardly less will Lady Dufferin be missed. Though she has not published any book, she is known as the best writer of humorous Irish song living. Her delightful ballads are sung in many drawing-rooms. She is a genius and a sparkling character, a perfect representation of the cultivated Irish woman, a type, by the way, which it would be hard to surpass by any race in the world.—*M. D. Conway's London Letter.*

INTERMARRIAGE OF BLOOD RELATIONS.

Professor Richard Owen states an important fact that cannot be too widely known, namely, that the intermarriage of blood relations is a physiological error. Close observation of this subject for many years among the families of his acquaintance where close intermarriage had been permitted, he says, the children were either deaf mutes or were afflicted by some deficiency. He knew a young man whose father was a physician, and who should have known better than to marry a double cousin. In this case the consequence was that, as the last part of the osseous system developed, the young man from the intermarriage of those in whom the same material was deficient, was prevented from having a single tooth at any period. His sister had but two or three small stubs of teeth, and their brother was altogether wanting in his mental faculty. He insists that it is a great crime for parents to allow their children to grow up with the idea that they may ever marry with blood relations. It should be a thing never to be thought of, the intermarriage of those connected by ties of consanguinity.

GOING OUT OF TOWN FOR THE SUMMER.

"The hardest year and tear upon a family-man is in the summer, when he has his family somewhere back in the country, and goes up and down every day in the cars. His meals are snatched, his business is hurried, he don't have the time to read the papers, he is continually forgetting some important business on either sides of the line, to say nothing of the waste of life and general discomfort. No wonder so many men prefer to remain in town all through the hot season than to take their country air mixed with dust, and sun, and cinders."

This little paragraph, dropped into the column of "brevities" in a daily paper last summer, arrested my eye and challenged my thought. The season for the annual exodus is approaching, and not through expecting—perhaps not wishing—to check it, yet a few queries and suggestions may not be amiss. In some cases, if not in many, an exit from the city or a change of air is indispensable to some members of the family, children especially, and to all it is more or less grateful. The long, sultry heat in our middle and Southern cities demand this change.

But has not this "going to the country," "going somewhere," become a mania, and done more because it is the fashion, "because everybody goes," than because health demands it, or because comfort is gained thereby?—Everywhere it is the same. In seaboard towns, families must go to the country. In lake-shore towns, they must go to the country. In inland towns, why, forsooth, they must go to the country or go somewhere. And the mass of these go from easy, comfortable homes, wide, airy houses, where they can live as they like, to cramped-up rooms in boarding-houses at the "lakes," at the "springs," in the country villages, or even on the farms. True, their accommodations and surroundings at the various summer-resorts range according to the price they pay for them, but would not the same expenditure in their own homes give them much larger privileges and more substantial comfort?

I am not speaking of the family excursions for a limited time to watering-places, or their tours, longer or shorter, taken for the sake of travel and recreation, but of the organized system of shutting up the house and living in trunks for the season. It is this kind of living, and this abandonment of home comforts for which the "family-man," contemplated in our opening paragraph, is to be commiserated.

But thus, as we view it, is not the darkest shade in the picture. This is hinted at in the last sentence of our little extract. This "preferring to remain in town," that tells the story,—tells the story of the faithful, toiling husband and father, who must keep to his business, or the wife and children could not luxuriate in country or sea air—could not cope with others of their kind in dress and general style; tells the story of his desolate home, with only some uncultivated hireling to provide for his necessities—the parlor cheerless and dusty—his own room silent as a tomb. Yet, he suffers it for the sake of those he loves. Or, it tells the story of restraints all removed, of the reins given loose to indulgences which we need not name. It tells the story of many a home from which mothers and daughters have gone, and are perhaps snugly located in a summer residence, at no great distance, expecting father or brothers to come to them and spend the Sundays and holidays.

But what of the week-time? They take their meals, perhaps, at a restaurant, and lodge in the deserted home, haunted not by ghosts, but by real desolation. Or, a domestic or two remains to prepare the breakfast and suppers, and look after things in general. But there is no wife or mother to pour the coffee or season the toast. The day is spent in the close counting-room, behind the counter, in the little pent-up back office or shop, which looks not only on brick walls, dingy roof, or lumbered-up yards or alleys, amidst the clang of machinery and the dust of toil, with the thermometer ranging from 88° to 90° in the shade. Then as the day wanes, they thread their way through the dusty streets to their skeleton of a home. No mother or wife to give a welcoming smile, no daughters or sisters to beguile the evening with music and wholesome amusements; and the homes of associates are alike cheerless! Is it any wonder that the tempter gains easy access,—that unhalloved associations are formed,—that the heart goes after unwholesome pleasures, and that so many feet go into the ways that take hold on death? Are not the summer pleasures of many a family doubly dear bought? How can any wife or mother, daughters or sisters, half enjoy a recreation or luxury, when husband, son, father, or brother cannot share it too?

Said a wealthy lady in my hearing not long ago: "I never go away and leave my house in summer, unless we all go. My son says to me often 'Mother, why don't you go to Long Branch, or Newport, or Saratoga?' I

reply, that whenever his father and he can have time to go, I am ready, but while they are obliged to stay in the city, I shall stay too. And really, she added, I find more comfort at home than anywhere else. At home I can dress as I please, and do as I please.—I can take the shady side of the house when the sun is pouring on the other, and in usual ways enjoy my summer in the city. A trip for a few days here and there gives us all the variety and change we want."

This course seemed to me commendable, and I have no doubt she reaps more true pleasure than many who pursue the opposite.—*Mother's Journal.*

THE MIND CURE.

The finest curative agency in the world is the mind of the patient. We do not mean to say that you can cure corns and bunions by resolving to dispense with them, or that you can restore your lungs after disease has destroyed them by having a cheerful temper, or that a cancer can be eradicated by a hopeful heart. The "Mind Cure" is not warranted to act as a specific for everything. But there is no medicine that is susceptible of such a variety of uses as this. There is no disease in which the state of the mind has not much to do with the state of the body.

Physicians prescribe travel and sanitarium, they send one man to Minnesota and another to Florida, without taking the temperament of the man into account. We have seen a man acting chief of police in St. Paul, who had been carried ashore from the steamboat on stretchers, so far was he reduced by hemorrhages. Climate? Yes, and more than climate. Doubtless the man was of a hearty temperament, and enjoyed the new and strange scenes about him. We have seen a hundred invalids in the same climate pine for home and older civilization, and die of nostalgia. Let it be understood that no invalid is benefited by a climate when he stays in that place an hour after that stay is enjoyable. If you are an invalid, arrange your life so that it may be restful and happy to you, and then enjoy it. We recall a man, a bridge builder, who carried his consumption over bleak and snowy prairies, who slept in cold beds in frontier taverns, coughing all night, who built bridges and drove business when his lungs were wasted away. He said that he was happy at work, and that work kept him alive. And it did. Year after year he managed to spin out his broken life, happy always, and making all about him happy, until he became a walking miracle. At last came the catastrophe, and he died. If your business amuses you, and you are succeeding, and you can keep your temper happy, then there is no better medicine. But he who has a distasteful business, and who has not the will or the power to adapt himself to it, is indeed to be pitied.

Life insurance companies tump your ribs and listen to the whispers of your heart. They ask about your father and your grand-father and your mother's sister and grand-father's brother. They want to know whether you have had any or all of the following diseases, etc. But when did life insurance company ever think to ask about your own conscience, your cheerful heart, your business success, your amiable domestic relations, your religious faith, and all the rest that go to make sunshine or clouds in your life?

Do not listen to anybody who tells you to travel if travel is uncongenial to your temper. But if you enjoy it, then travel is the best of all medicines. An invalid struggling for life should not have any duties. The main business at such a time is to enjoy yourself. Joy is a tonic above all.—*Health and Home.*

WHINING.

There is a class of people in this world—by no means small—whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too rainy; they whine because they have "no luck," and other prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are living; they whine because they have aches and pains and they have aches and pains because they whine, and they whine no one can tell why. Now we would like to say a word to these whining persons. First, stop whining—it is no use, this everlasting complaining, fretting, fault-finding and whining. Why, your most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you know that it is a well-settled principle of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. The life is only meant to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

Dr. Livingstone has arrived at Ujiji with Stanley of the *New York Herald*.