

But after all is said against the Reformer, it is impossible not to respect him. And it is unjust to accentuate his part in the destruction of these sacred places, and minimise that of those whose misdeeds had rendered such destruction possible.

It is somewhat the fashion of our day to denounce the Scottish Reformation, as much as it was formerly the fashion to glorify it; to claim that it neither purified the morals, nor refined the manners of the people, and that its influence upon their intellectual life has been "distinctly disastrous." I wish with all my heart it had been conducted on the lines of the English Reformation; but considering the condition of Scotland—both in regard to Church and State—at the time, I can readily understand how it was not. The imputation on morals has been often, and, I think, satisfactorily answered. As to intellectual life, I am proud to believe that Scotland compares fairly well, and has always so compared, with other countries—not only, or mainly, in producing great literary men, but in the high mental tone of home life; and not least among those of the older school, who followed strictly the Knoxian traditions. In that old manse by the sea, to which, perhaps, I have a weakness for referring, there dwelt a minister of this sort—a man who feared God, and followed righteousness; and executed justice with equal impartiality on his congregation and in his family, with church discipline and with the tawse. The loudest promises of amendment never won the remission of a single stripe; but the moment Law was satisfied, Gospel stepped in and granted forgiveness so lovingly, that the offender never bore a grudge. Well, this minister of sound mind, and keen wit, and reverent faith, sincerely believed with the early Scottish Reformers that the Pope was Antichrist, and was fond of quoting Knox's saying—when the iconoclastic frenzy was upon him—that the nests must be pulled down to keep the rooks from coming back. We can smile nowadays at the one fancy and deplore the other. What we must not forget is that both have existed in minds that were neither narrow or morbid.

The puritan element is not a picturesque one, in song or story. It is not seen in the dim religious light of "painted windows, cobwebbed o'er," or veiled by clouds of incense. It has no grand processions, no gorgeous vestments, no sensuous music, no attractive ritual. But it is the foundation, I verily believe, of much that is best in both English and Scottish character; it is the "staying" power, both in the old world and in the new. Looked at with critical, unsympathetic eyes, it is like one of the bald, unlovely meeting-houses it once affected. I remember such a church—a perfect nightmare of ugliness—and how, after listening to just sufficient of the sermon to secure the necessary "notes" that were called for on Sunday evenings as regularly as the Shorter Catechism, I used to let my imagination wander after the stained glass I had never seen and the golden-mouthed choirs I had never heard. But, one happy day, my seat was changed to where I had an outlook of a landscape which even now seems to me as fair as any that, in long years of wanderings, I have ever seen. And what a change the outlook made! When the minister said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," I lifted up mine to our own blue mountains. When he spoke of the Good Shepherd, I looked from the "pastures green" without, to the shepherds within—the kindly men with rugged, patient faces, plaids about them, bonnet and staff in hand, their dogs waiting at the church door. When he read, "Deep calleth unto deep," I listened, and heard the waves falling on the shore. And when, in the summer evenings, he pictured that new Jerusalem that shall be builded out of Heaven to God, I saw in the western sky the jasper, sapphire, and chalcedony of its gates, and watched, slowly settling down upon land and sea, the purple, the crowning glory of the whole—"the twelfth, an amethyst." And so, it seems to me, could we enter into the puritan's spirit, and see with the eyes of his soul, we should scarce miss the accessories of worship, no matter how beautiful and helpful, in our larger, clearer vision of Him who is worship's object and end.

A. M. MACLEOD.

[THE END.]



LT.-COL. BOG, Commanding 16th Batt., C.M.
Organiser of Ladies' Infantry Drill Co.

Ladies Infantry Drill Company, Picton, Ont.

See page 537.

We have pleasure in presenting herewith views of a novel and very interesting entertainment recently afforded to the residents of Picton, Ont. It consisted of the appearance and drill of a number of the most popular young ladies of the town, who had been formed into a military company *pro tem* by Lieut.-Col. Bog, the energetic commander of the 16th Battalion, and whose portrait is also herewith given. We quote details of the event from a local newspaper, the *Times*, which said:—

"The ladies' infantry drill company's entertainment on Tuesday evening was a complete success in every respect. The programme was gotten up under the supervision of Col. Bog, and to his indefatigable zeal is due the unbounded success of the event. The occasion was evidently anxiously anticipated by the public, the sale of reserved seats being unusually large. There was a crowded house and a better satisfied audience never left the hall. The manoeuvres of the ladies' infantry drill company were executed with astonishing precision and speak volumes for the patient training by Col. Bog and the aptitude of the young ladies. The tableau of the roll call was put on admirably. Cheers for the Queen and for Col. Bog were one of the surprises. They were given with a volume and heartiness that showed the most enthusiastic admiration.

"The members of the company are Misses Madeline Alcorn, Lilla Chadd, Bessie Caldwell, Birdie Carter, Blanche Hargrove, Hattie Hopkins, Grace Loucks, Rose Millard, Emily Pruyn, Agnes Ringer, Catherine Tait, H. Welbanks, Louisa Welbanks, E. Widdifield, Annie Ward, Katie Wilcox, E. Welsh and Lena Martin.

"Bugler Harris gave the bugle calls. The 16th Battalion band furnished suitable music. The literary and musical part of the entertainment partook of the martial nature of the occasion and was brilliantly rendered. Recitations were given by Miss Jackson; songs by J. Redmond, jr., Mrs. Van Amburgh, Miss Kirby, the Van Amburgh boys, and Major McDonnell; violin solo by Miss Mabel Paterson; cornet solo by Earle Van Amburgh. Miss Stella Fralick played the piano accompaniments."

The affair proved such a success that it had to be repeated a few days later. Both entertainments were under the auspices of the "Willing Workers" of the Church of England, Picton.

The Poquiok, near Woodstock, N.B.

The Poquiok is a gorge or ravine rent by some wild convulsion of nature in a mountain of solid granite, through which the outlet of Lake George, a stream nearly 18 miles long, madly rushes into the St. John river, plunging over a precipice of 40 or 50 feet, and thence by a rapid descent through a chasm almost a quarter of a mile in length. It is situated in the parish of Dumfries, York Co., about three miles above the Square Corner, which the St. John makes at "the Barony," and about four below the Meductic Falls. Its sides are of full 75 feet perpendicular height, and if brought together would fit as closely as the parts of an old-time in-

denture. The bridge is only 24 feet in length and rests on solid rocks approaching within 17 feet of each other. Tradition states that once an Indian, who had stolen an ox from an early settler, escaped from the sheriff and his posse by a bold leap across the roaring chasm. The stream affords excellent trout fishing—particularly near Lake George—around which are valuable antimony mines. The best view is to be had from some natural steps or tables of rock below the bridge. One beetling cliff is scarred and seared and stained by the elemental war, but over the other kind nature has cast a delicate mantle of shrubbery and fern.

Nehilakin.

IV.

THE MANITOU'S GARDEN.

Now rode he on, all darkling for a space,
Bough-buried, where some monarchs of the grove
Loomed starward in columnar majesty,
Thick branched a-top; then out into the light
And efflorescence soft of flake and star.
Lo! an enchanted region, magic-made,
With witchery hung, and fenced with glamorie,
Enticing with its charm Nehilakin.
A solitary fir, immantled white,
Girt with a luminous circle, met his gaze;
Its golden ridge seemed heaped up from the snow,
And in the ring a sportive galaxy
Of winged children ran the rosy round,
Like insects in the sun, with silent glee;
Around the bole, and round and round, they went,
And soundless wove a silken harmony.

There cedar-rimmed, a clear-pav'd pigmy lake
Gave its enamelled bosom to the feet
Of the moon-people, moving mazy
From shore to shore, a glimmering gauze of gold.
The beauteous wonder held Nehilakin
Enraptured at the portal of the grove.
He looked upon the Manitou's fair garden,
In all its chastity of winter-bloom;

Feasting the poet's beauty-famished eyes,
That hunger more, the more that they are fed
On forms of insubstantial loveliness.
Never seemed infancy so fair, and never
Appeared on earth such matchless maidenhood,
The fairest daughters of his race discerning.
Their harp and censer, from its robes a pine
Shook out perfume and music, on the snow
Weaving its threads of ebon and of silver.
Midmost its branches sat a minstrel-gnome;
And as his elfin mintrelly down-floated,
The guileless wantons flung their arms aloft,
Made live their flowing gowns, and all their tresses;
Like flowers, with hands of purest shapeliness,
They gathered one another; then they rushed,
As if they chased enchantment from the lake,
And swept them round and round the haunted shore
Like bees, with most melodious interchange;
And then they marched in single file along,
In statelihood, timed to majestic strain
Half solemnly; then, of a sudden parted,
Or cluster'd closer, or devolved again.

On the lake's eastern shore, an ice-bound elm—
After the sun eve's softer chandelier—
Moon-touch'd, made canopy of diamond brilliance,
With shadow tapering all along the snow.
That was the shrine of a most lovely form,
And worshipful, in Orphic stateliness,
For all that fairy-peopled wilderness.
His gemmy robe brushed o'er a spruce shrub
That caught its skirt, as toward his place he moved,
From its green needles shook a silver dust
That sifted down and shimmered as it fell.
He stood th' informing genius of the scene,
While all consenting moved to his decree,
As ocean sways to the magnetic moon.

Forth from the grove the wondering hunter rode,
And drew his rein beside the vocal pine,
Whose burnish'd needles tasselled far aloof,
Roofed in the elfin harper, busied still
With his unutterable mintrelly.
The warrior-rage had vanished from his blood,
While gazing at that lofty-haloed brow,
And at those radiant feet,—himself forgetting,
Awe'd, deeming that he saw the Manitou;
Till, at a sudden neighing of Suppelma,
And while her voice the cluster'd cedars shook,
The pageant vanish'd, and no more was seen;
No shining genius stood beneath the elm;
No elfish children circled round the fir;
No light moon-people sported on the lake;
But glamorie had tamed Nehilakin,
And half the fierceness of his heart was gone.

—ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Poet.—I have a poem on spring.
Editor—Any blue birds in it?
"A few."
"Babbling brooklets, gentle zephyrs, laughing fountains, etc.?"
"Ye—yes, sir."
"Fifty cents a line."—*Wilkesbarre Record*.