

not destined to "make their lives sublime," we know that amid the blaze of earth's final fires every one of these children with ourselves shall stand before the Judge of all, to give account of the things done in the body. With such a prospect dare any parent neglect or pervert the sacred trust? God grant that when we take our stand among the countless throng of the last day we shall be able to say: "Here, Lord, are we and the children whom Thou hast given us."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

EUROPEAN SKETCHES.

FROM LECTURES ON SWEDEN BY REV. J. F. DICKIE.

IN THE LOUVRE.

Among the innumerable pictures in the gallery of the Louvre a strange fascination holds us fast before a weird, ghastly, grim, but most powerful, picture of the Deluge. Far away in the distance, the ark, with God's elect, rides with calm majesty upon the troubled waters. All the earth is covered with the vasty deep, save this lonely summit, on whose rocky height there stands a gnarled and knotted tree, that has borne the blasts of many a winter. In its branches a family are seeking refuge. They have fled from their home, driven in terror before the mighty waters. Ever followed they have clambered up this dizzy height, the cruel, hungry waves hissing at their heels, and moaning and roaring for their prey. The trunk of the tree is covered by the flood, but here in the tall branches, hoping against hope, they are seeking, if haply they may find a refuge. See how they are huddled together in abject terror; how they cling to each other in despair. With the one hand the father is holding one of his sons; with the other he clutches the great branch of the tree. On his shoulders the aged grandfather is sitting, as old father Anchises sat on the shoulders of Aeneas. The wife and mother is clinging to her husband, with the other hand she encircles the tree, and between her arms her infant is sleeping on her breast. Another child has seized the long fair tresses of his mother's hair, and with his other hand grasps a tiny bough, which is already beginning to snap in twain. These faces are a study; every shade and variety of deepest anguish is to be met with there. The husband wears a look of utter distraction, his wife, one of the most pleading, pitiful distress; the old man's face is white with intensest agony, as though life were still sweet, and death bitter even to him; the one boy has a look of calmness, as though he was dumb-stricken with a stony despair; the other looks as though alarm had driven reason from its seat—that demented look of his harrowing your very soul. Strange contrast over the face of the sleeping infant a smile is breaking, as it nestles on a mother's bosom.

Whilst those in the ark are safe, those, who have fled from death, find that slight avails not. There is no depth where death cannot descend, no height where he cannot pursue. What a commentary on the words, "The wages of sin is death." But there is an ark for all God's Noahs—"the gift of God is eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ."

IN A GERMAN VILLAGE.

Whilst we were talking towards evening with some friends, who had come to call for us, the bell of the village church began to ring. So on enquiring the cause we were told that it was the bell for evening prayer. Have you service in the church then? Oh, no, but every evening at twilight the bell for prayer rings, and every good German, no matter where he be, or what he is doing, joins in silent prayer when he hears the bell. If he is ploughing in the fields he will stop his horses, take off his cap, and pray. Every one within sound of the bell is praying now. And so all were silent, and with eyes shut and hands clasped across their breasts, all joined in prayer, commending themselves to Him, to whom the darkness and the light are both alike.

But now it is (as these Germans love to express it) the day of the Lord. We gather with the villagers in the village church. This church, we find to our delight, is a Reformed, or in plain English, a German Presbyterian church. Whilst the bells are ringing the worshippers stand and join in silent prayer for a blessing on the service. Their devotions over, each one takes his seat. But now the bell ceases; the pastor enters the church; and every one, from the poorest orphan to the burgomeister with the Government

decoration upon his breast, rises and remains standing till the pastor takes his place at the desk. The psalm or hymn is given out, the organ plays, and all join in. It is a slow, solemn, psalm tune, hard to sing. The prayer follows. Such solemnity, such devoutness we have rarely seen. The parallel of this can only be found in the highlands of Scotland on a sacramental Sabbath day. The service proceeds, and we listen to a sermon full of evangelical truth, simply, but beautifully, expressed, and adapted to the needs of the most ignorant and the most learned there. At the close of the prayer, which follows the sermon, all join together in the Lord's prayer, during which the church bell rings, that those detained at home may know that the Lord's prayer is being offered up, and may join with their brethren now assembled in the sanctuary in crying to the great Father of us all.

THE GRAVEYARD IN FREIBURG.

In the Black Forest city, Freiburg, in Breisgau, we sought out the old graveyard. "I like that good old Saxon word, that calls the burial place, 'God's Acre.'" At its gate stands a quaint old chapel, and on the outer walls of this strange old church, beneath its portico, are some, grotesque, faded frescoes, illustrating the conflict between death and the physician. In the end, death has, as ever, the best of the battle.

You enter this city of the dead, and pass along its silent streets. A stranger, you will naturally be drawn to stand a moment by the graves of strangers. For you these will have an absorbing and a touching interest. Here let us linger, whilst the tombstone tells that here rests the body of Margaret Vincent, daughter of John Danesborough, Esq., of Vincent Hall, England, who died in Freiburg in 1858, aged 23 years. Here, again, is the grave of an English countess: there that of an Irish peer; and here that of a Scotch boy, aged seven, a scion of the old Ayrshire house of Montgomery. But here is a grave that has for us a mournful and melancholy interest. "Born in Canada, died in Freiburg." It is the grave of a Canadian; a true Christian woman, who has a good report of them that love the truth, sleeps here, her grave in a foreign land. What boots it that she rests not beside her own kith and kin—that she is not buried in the grave of her father and her mother?

Asleep in Jesus; far from thee
Thy brethren and their graves may be;
But yet it is a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

SUNSET ON LAKE LUCERNE.

Here we rest by the margin of the lake, whose calm placid surface reflects the cliffs, and market-boats, and steamers hurrying to and fro, as

Swans upon St. Margaret's loch
Float double—swan and shadow.

How lovely this lake appears on this May afternoon, gleaming in the sunshine like a mirror of burnished gold. And yet, sitting here, you turn away from the lake, you have eyes for no beauty, save that which excelleth in beauty. You cannot but gaze upward on these snow-clad mountain peaks, whose "motionless torrents silent cataracts" are all aglow with the golden rays of sunset. But now the sun goes down, and the glow fades from their sides, as fades the flush from the cheek of the departing. These gigantic Titans are covered with the ashen pallor of the dead. All nature is wrapped in the gloom of death. A weight of sadness lies upon our hearts, for we have sat by the bedside and witnessed the last sad scene. But, lo! a tint of pale, delicate pink flushes the snowy peaks, and overspreads the snowy sides, and bathes the mountains in the soft and tender effulgence of a transfiguration. To what can we compare the unearthly beauty of the sunset's after-glow, but to a resurrection from the dead? Your heart leaps for joy, for a purer, more ethereal life succeeds the ghastly pallor of death. And the message these gigantic mountains and witnesses of the power and glory of the Eternal and Almighty God bear in upon your soul is the calm, joyful word: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Yes, these glorious Alps above you—in the wilderness of their surpassing grandeur, in their ravishing loveliness, in their lofty sublimity, in their unapproachable splendor, in the infinity of their magnificence, in the unutterable glory of their dazzling purity, in the ineffable calmness of their majesty, in the mysterious spell their everlasting silence throws over the heart—carry home to the soul a new and striking revelation of the power, wisdom, and glory of Him of whom it is said: "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains; Thy judgments are a great deep."

THE NEW YEAR.

In the bright starlight long ago,
One clear December night,
I sat and watched the good old year,
Then waning out of sight.

Hopes that had wakened with its birth
Are withered now and dead;
The memories of blighted joys
Are mingled with the dead.

From out that wreck of love and life,
And prospects held so dear,
Shall no glad voice of praise ascend
To greet the new-born year?

Our God! who led us in the storm,
Or made the storm a calm,
Owe we no debt of love to Thee,
No sweet thanksgiving psalm?

Shall we not bless Him for the fruit
Of trial deep and strong,
For strength, and faith, and for the wealth
Of gifts bestowed so long.

His love unchangeable and great
Crown all that he has given;
Love so profound that angels strain
To search its depths in heaven.

Those placid stars are shining still
As they shone so long ago,
And seem, like holy monitors,
To watch our path below.

Again beneath their solemn light
I hail the coming year;
Shed, Lord, Thy richest benison
On loved ones far and near.

Gingarry.

C.C.A.F.

A HYPOCRITICAL WELCOME TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Among the foremost to welcome the new Governor-General to Rimouski was Bishop Langevin. His name is the second among the signatures to the address there presented to him. Well, some time ago an article appeared in "Le Nouvelliste de Rimouski," in which a person who had said to some of the Rimouskians that Peter was never Bishop of Rome was called a low scoundrel (*infame imposteur*). Not a word can appear in the Rimouski paper of which his Lordship does not approve. Well, I sent a reply to the editor, which, however, I did not suppose would be even noticed. I was not disappointed. I wrote again to the editor, and said that if he did not notice my communication, I would regard him as meaning to say that every one who does not believe that Peter was ever Bishop of Rome, was a low scoundrel. He never replied. I defy any one to prove that I am not, therefore, warranted in interpreting his silence as I said I would. As I have said, the Bishop is the real editor. Now, the Marquis of Lorne, as a Presbyterian, does not believe that Peter was ever Bishop of Rome, and, therefore, according to Rimouski's Bishop, he is a low scoundrel. Therefore, Bishop Langevin, with bows and smiles, welcomed to Rimouski one who he professes to believe is a low scoundrel. If his Church had the power now that she once had, she would make the Marquis of Lorne—unless the latter would change his coat—share the fate of the good Marquis of Argyll.

Metis, Que.

T. F.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

HURON.—This Presbytery meets at Clinton, on 14th Jan., 1879, at 11 a.m.
PETERBOROUGH.—In St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, on the third Tuesday of January.
KINGSTON.—In John Street Church, Belleville, on first Tuesday of January, 1879, at 7.30 p.m.
LANARK AND RENFREW.—On third Tuesday of January, 1879, at half-past one, p.m.
BARRIE.—On Tuesday, 28th January, 1879.
GUELPH.—In Knox Church, Galt, on the third Tuesday of January, 1879, at 10 o'clock a.m.
MONTREAL.—This Presbytery meets in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, 21st January, 1879.
TORONTO.—On the second Tuesday of January, 1879, at 11 o'clock a.m.
OTTAWA.—In Bank Street Church, Ottawa, on the 1st Tuesday of February, at 3 p.m.
QUEBEC.—In Melbourn, on Wednesday, January 15th, 1879.
PARIS.—In Dumfries Street Church, Paris, on the first Tuesday of March, at 11 a.m.
HAMILTON.—The next stated meeting will be held in Central Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of January at 10 o'clock a.m.
LONDON.—Adjourned meeting in North Westminster Church, on 2nd January, 1879, at 11 a.m.—Next regular meeting in First Presbyterian Church, London, on the third Monday in March, at 2 p.m.